



OWN

News & Views



Summer 2017-2018

Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz

Merry Xmas & Happy New Year!



*Somehow not only for Christmas
but all the long year through,
the joy that you give to others
is the joy that comes back to you*

John Greenleaf Whittier



OWN is a women's network which connects women through a variety of activities and events which enhance feelings of belonging and well-being



Dear OWN members ...

I have just returned from a holiday in the Coromandel, where we used to often go when the children were young. I was overwhelmed by the beauty of the scenery; the blue seas, blue sky, and the fantastic trees. We are indeed fortunate to live in this spectacular country with its wonderful beaches, fabulous greenery, and friendly people, all within driving distance or not too far away. Good weather is always a bonus.

The OWN end of year **High Tea** Christmas party went well and was enjoyed by all who attended. Our favourite magician, *Danny*, was on hand to entertain and mystify us. One OWN member said she laughed so much that she nearly cried when he provided "colonic irrigation" to his victim. Many thanks also to *Emma*, who once again provided sumptuous catering for the occasion.

Our **OWN Theatre Group** has been looking forward to seeing the stage show *Sister Act* on Saturday, 16 December.



Happy 80th Birthday

The **Beach Haven Writing For Future Generations Group** has had their last meeting and are looking forward to hearing more interesting stories next year. The **Browns Bay Group's** end of year meeting with a shared lunch was on Saturday, 9 December. Many of you know *Anne Mutu*, who belongs to both **Writing Groups** and has been a very active OWN member. *Anne* celebrated her 80th birthday on 27 November surrounded by her whanau/family. On behalf of OWN, we wish *Anne* good health and much joy for her new year.

I wish you all the joys of the season and a wonderful year ahead. We are looking forward to lots of ideas coming from our members for activities which will enhance our feeling of being connected to each other and to OWN.

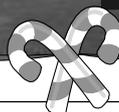
Thanks to all of you for all your support.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin
Chairperson



Hahei Beach
Coromandel

Compiling Editor: *Rosemarie Carr*



Wanted #1



We would like to hear from the **OWN Groups** telling us what is happening in your Group so that we can share it with everyone.

Also, if you have **any** item of interest that you would like to appear in **OWN News Views** please send it to me.

Rosemarie Carr, Compiling Editor, email: rrcarr@extra.co.nz or post to 5 Sandown Road, Rothesay Bay, Auckland 0630.

Wanted #2



Interest has been shown in reviving a monthly **OWN Coffee Group**.

Anybody interested in participating and / or helping to organise this Group, please contact

Val, ph: 475-6601
or *Joan*, ph: 483-9671,
or email info@own.org.nz

Proof-reader: *Patricia Russell*

Up-coming Events



Celebrating Wonderful Women

OWN Festival 2018

One of the major events coming up in the New Year is our OWN Festival: Celebrating Wonderful Women.

When: 10:30am – 3:00pm,
Saturday, 24 March, 2018

Where: Positive Ageing Centre,
The Strand, Takapuna.

More information about the workshops, etc. will be in the next issue of **OWN News&Views**.

If you would like to help in organising the OWN Festival, we would love to have you on our Festival Committee. To join in with a great team, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320.

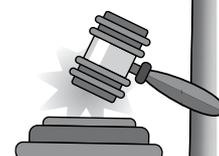


OWN AGM 2018

When: Saturday, 21 April, 2018
Time to be confirmed

Where: To be confirmed

More information will be in the next issue of **OWN News&Views**.



Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.
www.own.org.nz

OWN Groups

OWN Theatre Group

Exploring more theatre visits and other activities For details, contact *Joan Lardner-Rivlin*, ph: 483-9671.



OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on Sundays twice monthly at the *Fairview Retirement Village*, Albany. For details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.

OWN Discussion Group

Meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:00am. We are looking for more people to join in with us. A range of subjects is discussed and it is a very interesting morning held in Room 3 (first floor) of the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. If you are interested, please contact *Jeanne Ford* ph: 410-4803.

Tai Chi for Older Women

Meets on Wednesdays at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Susan Pichler*, ph: 478-5569.



Writing for Future Generations (WFFG)

Inform the Group Convenor prior to attending the Group.



Browns Bay Group meets on the second Saturday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.

Beach Haven Group meets on the fourth Saturday of each month at the *Cedar Centre*, Beach Haven. For details, contact *Anne Mutu*, ph: 483-7704.

Heloisa's Art Classes

Heloisa Barczak has resumed her classes this month at the *Mary Thomas Centre*, Takapuna on Tuesdays (2:00pm - 4:00pm). The classes are free, but a gold coin donation to cover materials is appreciated. Classes are limited to a maximum 10 people, therefore you must register for a class by contacting *Sarah Thorne*, Takapuna North Community Co-ordinator, ph: 486-2098 or email: office@takapunatrust.org.nz





The Sewing Box



The year was 1990. Christmas was approaching. A model on television was advertising a sewing box. It had a hinged lid, which when opened cantilevered out with several shelves containing minute containers. These were filled with cottons of every colour, pins, needles, tape measure, a needle threader, scissors, and a pin cushion. Everything for the keen sewer. Just what I needed.

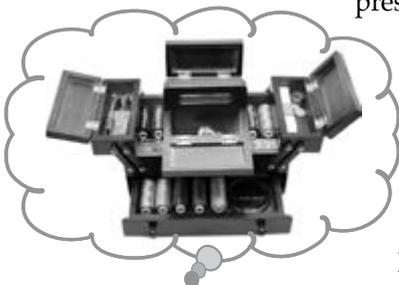
I looked at my sewing box, a red Griffins biscuit tin with the contents all awry. It definitely needed replacing. I mentioned to our daughters, *Jo* (aged 21) and *Nicki* (aged 20), that this would make an ideal Christmas present for me.

Christmas Day dawned. The tree was surrounded with parcels and I could see a brightly packaged parcel about the size of the sewing box. It bore my name. **Excitement!**

When *Graeme* handed me my parcel, I eagerly undid the ribbons and ripped off the paper. Inside was not the desired sewing box, ... but an empty fishing tackle box. Shocked, I burst into tears. With the stress of cooking Christmas dinner for 16 people, a power cut, and not much help in the kitchen I was stressed. It did not take much to bring me to tears.

The girls explained they thought I could fill it myself with all that I needed. As it turned out they had missed the deadline to purchase the advertised sewing box and tried everywhere, but could not obtain one.

I was devastated. This was my worst Christmas present ever. (They did have other Xmas presents for me).



Oh well, back to using the biscuit tin.

I never did get that lovely sewing box.

Judy Brocherie



Time On My Hands

**My passport is proof
With written confirmation
I'm officially "Retired"
It's there under "Occupation"**

**Those years in the office
Have drawn to a close
I'm now free as a bird
Or, that's what I suppose**

**Now in my golden years
I live life as I please
So I join the gym, or go for a swim
At least until I give out at the knees**

**It's a fact all this exercise
Most surely have its perks
So, it's coffee with friends at the café
Straight after our physical jerks**

**With my *Seniors* card
I can travel for free
On buses and trains
Or by ferry to Waiheke**

**The movies are cheap
And occasionally free
With my *Cine Buzz* card
They include morning tea**

**Would I ever be tempted?
To stay in pyjamas
and turn on the TV
For the afternoon dramas?**

**I banish such thoughts
Of life as a senior slob
It's a fact I'm now busier
Than when working a full time job!**

**The week is mapped out
Before it's begun
Each day is accounted for
Including the school run**

**It may not be the lazy life
I envisaged at the outset
Would I rather be a "lady of leisure"?
"Not on your nelly!" Well, not yet**

Patricia Russell





Three Wise Kings



Magi • Die Drei Koenige

When I came to New Zealand and started to go to church here, I immediately felt at home. There are differences in some details, but all in all the Mass is the same.

In Germany, we receive our presents on Christmas Eve, after Mass, and we call 25 December "First Christmas Day". The 26th of December is the "Second Christmas Day", or among Catholics it is also known as "St Stephen's Day". On both Christmas Days all of the shops are closed and they are national holidays.

Then, on the 31 December we celebrate the feast of *Saint Sylvester* – everybody calls New Year's Eve "Silvester", but only a few people know that it derives from *Pope Sylvester I*.

Christmas time in Germany officially ends on 6 January. The Catholics who would have put up a little Nativity Scene under their Christmas tree would then add the figurines of the Three Wise Kings. These figurines only stay there for one day because usually all Christmas decorations and the Nativity Scene are stored away on 7 January.

What makes 6 January so important? Why is it so much a part of the tradition that we call it "Dreikoenigstag" ("Three Kings Day")? Just like "Weihnachtstag" or "Silvestertag" this name has become synonymous with a certain day of the year.

One of the reasons why the Three Wise Kings are so famous in Germany is certainly the stories about the relics of these three Saints which were brought to Cologne in the 12th century as a gift to the *Emperor Frederick Barbarossa*. The Three Wise Kings were not only Magi, but they are considered to be the first Christian Kings.

The town crest of Cologne has three golden crowns on the top – a symbol of the Three Wise Kings.



As children of a Catholic parish in Southern Germany, we looked forward to participating in the younger tradition: the "Sternsingen" – the "Singing to and with the Star". This tradition is based on a very old custom which might remind some people of Halloween. During the cold winter season when the poor people often depended on alms, they would send their children from house to house to ask for some food and recite a poem or a prayer. There are pictures from the Middle Ages that depict these scenes.

Since 1959 the children in Germany have been sent out on behalf of the Mission organisation *Kindermissionswerk*, which is an aid organisation supporting disadvantaged children in developing countries. Each year a different country is the focus, e.g. Papua New Guinea, Bolivia, Nigeria, Ecuador, Bangladesh, Eritrea, etc.

First, we learned more about the Three Wise Kings, the fact that they were travelling long distances and following a star which showed them where *Jesus* was born. Then, we learned about the project that we were supporting with the donations we would collect. We had to be able to tell the people about the specific project and where the country was in which it was carried out.

This was the theoretical part of our preparation. We then had to be assigned to a certain group and to a

Continues ►





◀ continued.

particular role, and each group would walk a different route and visit different houses.

All of us had to practise a song about the meaning of the star and the birth of *Jesus*. We were all dressed up with big cloaks on top of our winter coats. We had to look somehow Middle Eastern, but given the cold weather that we usually had, it was not so easy to dress up properly.

Each group went from house to house, sang their song, and asked for a donation for the specific project. Once the song was sung and the donation received, someone in the group with chalk would write the blessing on the upper door post. This blessing contains the numbers for the year and the letters CMB – it is not clear if this stands for the names of the Wise Kings or if it is a Latin blessing. The photo above, which was taken at the beginning of October 2012, still shows the writing about 10 months after Epiphany.

The first and the last number together make up the year, in this case 2012. The star after the first two digits refers to the *Star of Bethlehem*. The three + symbols represent the *Trinity*, and the three letters CMB stand either for “*Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar*” or



“*Christus Mansionem Benedicat*” (Christ, may He bless this house).

I liked thinking of this beautiful tradition of sending out “*Sternsinger*”. I always look forward to seeing the children coming to my door, nicely dressed in their beautiful garments, singing a nice song, and telling me about the children’s project that they were collecting for.

Similar to Halloween, yes, maybe – but very positive: no witches, vampires, or scary masks. Instead, joyful children eager to help other children through their walks, songs, and dressing up!

Beate Matthies



Respite for Santa



**Exhausted, *Santa*, work all done,
Parked his sleigh and had a doze.
He woke all sweaty in the sun,
Blisters blooming on his nose.**

**He took the plunge, he made a splash,
And set off east towards the ocean.
With power and style he made a dash,
But where he went we have no notion.**

**He took his suitcase from the sleigh,
Unpacked his togs, all new and bright.
And put them on, which by the way,
Was not that easy, they were tight.**

For all we know he’s swimming yet.

Helen Welsh

**Full of mince pies, full of booze,
He weaved his way down to the bay.
He should have gone on with his snooze,
He might have had a better day.**





My Christmas Story



On Christmas Day 1961, *Peter* and I were somewhere in the calm blue Pacific Ocean, between Tahiti and Fiji, travelling from England to New Zealand.

Peter had been away from his homeland for about five years, in Canada and England, and now had been offered a job back in Auckland. We had been married in London in April, 1961, so for me all this was rather a big (and just a little bit scary) adventure.

The big day dawned beautifully as usual, and we all went down to a full trimmings breakfast in the dining room, which was all decorated, complete with butter sculptures.

The next event was the Christmas religious service in the main auditorium, conducted by the Captain. The service was carefully written to be suitable for all Christian denominations, and included many well-known hymns and carols. It was so peculiar to be singing these in such hot weather, but strangely reassuring that Christian beliefs are the same all round the world, and that they go with us.

After the service was over I couldn't get to our cabin quickly enough. I remember that I sat on the edge of my bunk and I cried many tears. All of a sudden it had hit me - the thought of being so far away from home, and everyone and everything familiar to me. I realised the significance of what I had done. I couldn't go back. I had

travelled too far now. And anyway, where exactly were we? Miles away from anywhere, it seemed. The only thing to do was to take a deep breath, go forward, and do the best I could with whatever was ahead of me. I hadn't yet met *Peter's* family or been to New Zealand, so I would just have to give it my best effort.



In the afternoon we had horse races on deck. I can't exactly remember how they did it, but it certainly didn't have any horses.



In the evening we had the most sumptuous meal, with all the trimmings, and the stewards were superb. One passenger asked for two-dozen scallops, nothing else, and he got them. He sat there with a most contented expression

on his face. In the evening the nightclub was full to bursting, and a good time was had by all.

Just as we had been leaving our Christmas dinner, our steward had whispered to us that the crew were having their Christmas dinner after they had cleared up our meal, and that the service on Boxing Day might not quite be up to standard.

It wasn't. It resembled *Faulty Towers* on a larger scale.

Our steward's uniform was all dishevelled - his collar undone, his face beetroot red, and he obviously had a whopper of a hangover headache. He muddled up all our orders, or ordered twice, so we swapped things over ourselves and everybody at our table got fed.

All the stewards were the same. In the dining room that morning were numerous skids and collisions, with plates and food all over the floor. One slip is bad enough when a steward is carrying several plates up his arm, but there were several that morning, far worse than there had been in all the rough weather.

One elderly lady at our table wanted to complain, but we others persuaded her against it. Really our steward needed nothing more than his bunk, in order to sleep it off, and sure enough, he emerged later in the day in much better shape.

Jenny Goldsbro





Senior Christmas Poem

T'was the night before Christmas at *Rock-A-Way Rest*,
and all of us seniors were looking our best.
Our glasses, how sparkly, our smiles, oh how merry;
our punch bowl held prune juice, plus three drops of sherry.

Support hose were taped to our walkers in hope,
that *Santa* would bring us soft lollies and soap.
We surely were lucky to be there with friends,
secure in our residence and our *Depends*.

Some of our grand-kids sent Christmassy crafts,
like angels in snow-suits or penguins on rafts.
The dental assistant here borrowed our teeth,
from them she crafted our holiday wreath.

The bed pans, so shiny, all stood in a row,
reflecting our candles in a magnificent glow.
Our supper was festive, the joy wouldn't stop,
with creamy warm oatmeal with sprinkles on top.

Fruit salad with jelly, all jiggly and great,
and puree of fruitcake was spooned on each plate.
The Social Director then let us play games,
like "Where do You Live?" and "What Are Your Names?"

Old *Mr Simpson* was feeling his oats,
proclaiming that reindeer were just fancy goats.
Our resident wanderer was tied to her chair,
with hopes that at bedtime she still would be there.

Security lights on the new fallen snow,
made night look like day to us old folks below.
Then out on the porch there arose quite a clatter,
(but we're all so deaf that it just didn't matter).

A strange little fellow then flew through the door,
he tripped on the sill and fell flat on the floor.
T'was just the Director, all toggged out in red,
who giggled and chuckled, and patted each head.

We knew from the way that he strutted and jived,
that our pension cheques had just arrived.
We sang and we hummed in our monotone croak,
till finally the clock chimed its 8:00pm stroke.
And soon we were snuggled again in our beds,
while the nurses distributed our nocturnal meds.
And so ends our Christmas at *Rock-A-Way Rest*,
'fore long you'll be with us ... we wish you the best!

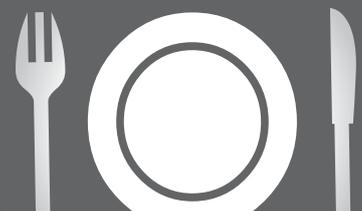
Unknown author



Eating in the 1960s

- ☉ Indian restaurants were only found in India.
- ☉ A takeaway was a mathematical problem.
- ☉ A pizza was something to do with a leaning tower.
- ☉ All potato crisps were plain – the only choice was to add the salt or not.
- ☉ Rice was only eaten as a milk pudding.
- ☉ Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
- ☉ Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold. Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.
- ☉ Fish didn't have fingers in those days.
- ☉ Healthy food consisted of anything edible.
- ☉ Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than petrol for it, they would have been a laughing stock!

... but the one thing that we never ever had on our table were elbows or phones!



Six Little Stories

- 1 Once all the villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella.
That's **FAITH**.
- 2 When you throw babies in the air, they laugh because they know you will catch them.
That's **TRUST**.
- 3 Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning, but still we set the alarm to wake up.
That's **HOPE**.
- 4 We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future.
That's **CONFIDENCE**.
- 5 We see the world suffering, but still we get married and have children.
That's **LOVE**.
- 6 On an old man's shirt was written the sentence, "I am not 80 years old; I am sweet 16 with 64 years of experience."
That's **ATTITUDE**.

**Have a happy day
and live your life
like the six stories.**

Unknown author



Special People in My Life



Dad was amazing after Mum died. Grandma helped him for three years until I was seven and my sister was five. I can remember Dad looking after us on board the P&O ship *Oronsay* during the long voyage from India to New Zealand.

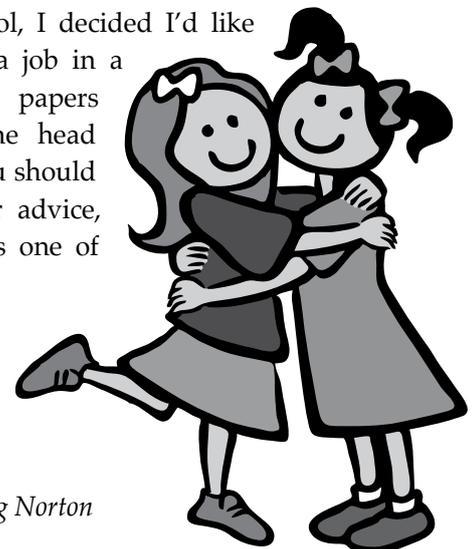
On our arrival in New Zealand, we stayed briefly at *The People's Palace*, a boarding establishment run by *The Salvation Army*. As there was little household help in those days, my sister and I then went into the *Papatoetoe Orphanage*. Dad visited us every Saturday without fail, with his two pounds' worth of fruit, biscuits, and lollies. He also provided lots of goodies for our birthday parties.

We usually spent our school holidays in the orphanage, but one holiday all the children were billeted to Te Kauwhata, a farming area in the Waikato. I went to the *Jackson's* home and had a lovely holiday. Subsequently, I spent many holidays with this family. *Nanna Jack*, as I fondly called her, stood in as my Mum on my wedding day. She took my own children under her wing, knitting several garments for them on her knitting machine. When we built our home in Torbay, *Nanna Jack* came to help lay the lawns and garden.

My mother-in-law was an amazing person. Mum – as I called her – taught me to sew, knit, and bake my own Christmas cake. I could talk to her about anything, and she would listen. Every Sunday, she would have her five siblings, their partners, and her grandchildren, over for lunch and dinner. She never said an unkind word about anyone. I was very humbled when my three sisters-in-law asked me if I could come up from Christchurch – where I was living at the time – and help nurse their mother at home. She had terminal cancer and wasn't keen to go into the hospice.

After my children had all started school, I decided I'd like to do something for myself, so I got a job in a pre-school centre. I did a couple of papers through correspondence. Then *Jan*, the head teacher of the pre-school, said, "*Meg*, you should go to training college". I followed her advice, and although it was hard work, it was one of the best things I've ever done.

I feel these role models have taught me values that have influenced me in my life to make me the person I am today.



Meg Norton



One Hot Day



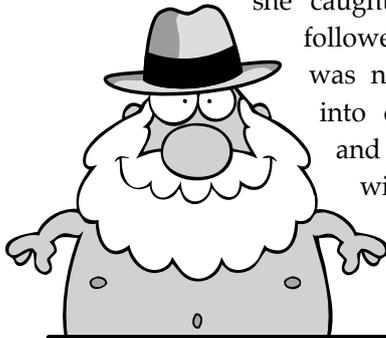
Remember,
if Christmas
isn't found in
your heart,
you won't find it
under a tree.

Charlotte Carpenter

Palm Beach, Waiheke Island, on a hot January day, 1978. We were just past the half-way point of a two week family holiday. On this particular day we were expecting a visit from my city-based mother, who could be relied upon to bring with her a large basket filled with delectable home-baked goodies. Waiheke Island, in those days, had only basic shopping supplies, and certainly nothing comparable to her baking.

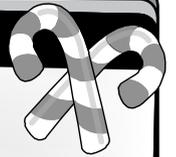
She did not disappoint, and after a scrumptious lunch, and with the tins filled for days ahead, we all strolled to the beach and then walked a little further to the next bay which was only separated by a short stretch of rocks. This was at my mother's request because the children had told her that nude bathing took place there.

As we approached, a portly elderly gentleman rose from the sand, and wearing nothing but his Panama hat, made his way into the sea. My mother in her elegant yellow and white pant-suit (very fashionable at the time) had rolled her trouser legs up so that she could paddle at the water's edge. When she caught sight of him, her eyes became fixed as they followed his progression. Unaware in her fascination, she was no longer walking parallel, but was being drawn into ever-deepening water; her 11 year-old grandson and his friend had to rescue her. We were helpless with laughter, and the elderly gentleman remained unaware that he was at the centre of a mini-drama.



Shirley Williams

Judy's Kitchen



Raspberry, Almond, & Nougat Dessert

Ingredients (makes 10 portions)

- 400g Ricotta Cheese
- 150g Caster Sugar
- 300ml Cream
- 40g Almonds (slivered or chopped)
- 160g Nougat (chopped)
- 110g Frozen Raspberries



Method

1. Line two foil loaf pans with glad wrap. (For a large crowd I cut one end off each pan and slide them together to make one long one.)
2. Blend the ricotta and caster sugar until smooth.
3. In a separate bowl beat the cream until soft peaks form.
4. Combine the almonds and nougat with the ricotta mixture in a large bowl. Fold in the cream, and then the raspberries.
5. Pour the mixture into the prepared pan. Cover with foil and freeze until firm.
6. Remove about 30 minutes before serving to soften slightly then slice into portions.
7. Serve with Raspberry Compote (see opposite page) or fresh raspberries.





The Black Lacquer Box

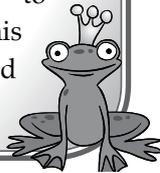
The Princess & the Frog

One day a beautiful princess was playing in the woods when she came upon a frog.

The frog begged her to kiss him, claiming he was really a prince who had been put under a spell by an evil witch. "If you kiss me, I will turn back into a prince. I promise to marry you, take you home to my castle to live with my parents, and you will be able to spend all the rest of your days cooking and cleaning, taking care of me and my parents, and raising our children."



That evening at the dinner table, the princess just smiled and smiled and was heard to say aloud, "Not in this lifetime!" as she dined on fresh frog legs.



It stood on the chest of drawers in my parents' bedroom. Where had it originated? I don't know, possibly from Japan.

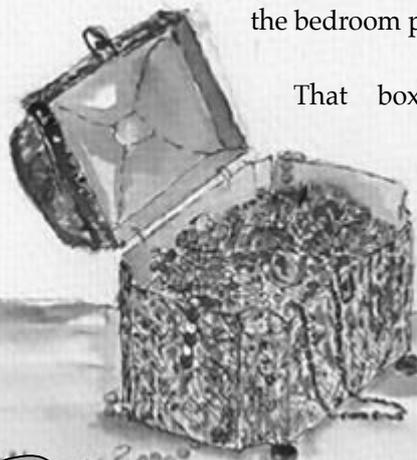
The box measured approximately 60cm x 36cm, and 36cm in height. It was made of wood covered with black and gold lacquer, and stood on four small bun feet ... well there should have been four but one was missing. The sides of the box were shaped and curved, with smoothed edges.

On special occasions, as children, we were allowed to take it down and play with the contents – special occasions included wet Sunday afternoons when the weather was too bad to go for a walk, or when we were confined to bed for whatever reason.

The box was filled with a colourful collection of glass beads, bracelets, diamanté buckles, and brooches. There were two muff chains made from flat small china beads, one set red, one set turquoise blue, and a bracelet made of glass with a squiggly white line like a length of toothpaste running through the middle of it, which I was particularly fond of – my mother thought that it had come from India. There was also a belt made from brown stones with sparkles of gold, which looked as if it had been made of glitter wax.

My two sisters and I would dress up in old evening gowns from our dressing up box. We then argued endlessly over who would have first pick from the black box to festoon ourselves with garlands of beads and bracelets and strut about the bedroom preening in the mirror.

That box gave us hours of pleasure, and it gave my mother a few blissful hours to read, undisturbed by her noisy children.



Helen Welsh

Judy's Kitchen EXTRA

Raspberry Compote

Ingredients

- 300g Frozen Raspberries
- 60g Caster Sugar



Method

1. Combine the frozen raspberries and sugar in a medium pot and cook, stirring, over a low heat until berries are soft.
2. Strain the mixture through a sieve into a bowl and discard seeds.
3. Just before serving combine the raspberry puree and fresh berries in a jug. Pour over above dessert slices once served.





My Camping Experience



We'd just moved to a new area and my daughter had become friendly with the little girl next door, so when holiday time came, she was invited to go camping to Martins Bay with them. This she loved so much that she begged us to take her camping the following year, so *Jim* and I eventually agreed.

We purchased a huge tent, which had three rooms, two of which were partitioned off, with the rest as the living area.

The time came for the holiday (bearing in mind I'd never been camping before). As we owned a furniture shop, we loaded what we needed in the furniture truck and set off for the camp ground.

On arrival, we began to unload – first a set of bunks, then a set of trundle beds, a Formica dining table and four chairs. There was also a chest of drawers, a hanging mirror, and a nice piece of carpet.

By the time we were half way through unloading, we had half the camp watching us set up house. It seemed to be the entertainment of the day.

“Where do you think you’re going to put all that stuff?” was one remark.

“You’re supposed to be roughing it,” was another.

I’ll leave it to your imagination as to what else was said. By now, I was so embarrassed that I didn’t want to venture out.

Much later that day, after walking around the camp site, I soon realised what “camping” meant.

The first night there it rained and, when I say “it rained”, it was a real Christmas holiday storm.

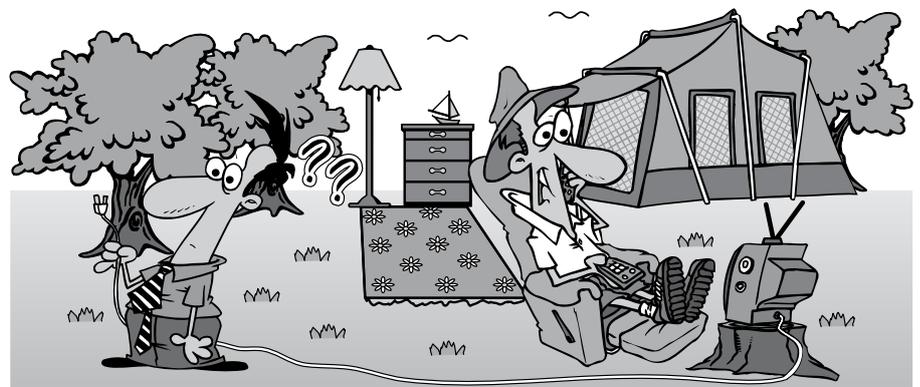
At about midnight, we were awoken by strange noises outside and, upon investigation, realised that people were digging trenches

around their tents to keep the water out. We were told that nothing was to touch the sides of the tent, or the water would come through. So, we had to start shifting furniture.

By this time, I was just about ready to go home but, in the morning when I woke, the sun was shining and the water looked so inviting that I was talked into staying.

We became friendly with many other campers and, I must say, we ended up having a most wonderful holiday – so much so that we were regulars for many years. However, we soon learned how to go camping New Zealand style.

Betty Faesen



It's OK. They will just think Santa ate them.



Christmas
is not as much about
opening our presents,
as opening our hearts.

Janice Maeditere

