



Spring 2018

www.own.org.nz

NEWS & VIEWS

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



OWN

*Always find time
for the things*



*that make you feel
happy to be alive*



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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 been sitting in a pool of sunshine and thinking how fortunate we are to live in peaceful and beautiful surroundings. Spring is a lovely season which makes up for a cold wet winter! We have so many trees of different types and colours that gladden the eye.

As OWN members we hear interesting stories at our writing groups and enjoy outings to the theatre.

We are busy planning our **OWN Festival** for next May. The theme is LIFE...LOVE...LAUGHTER, thus we would welcome any suggestions for workshops along this theme. It has been suggested to me by a member that *Nigel Latta* would be ideal for this. Do any of our OWN members know *Nigel* personally?



Many thanks to all of you who have given time and effort in various roles supporting OWN.

I look forward to seeing you all at our annual **High Tea** to be held on Saturday, 27 October at the *Positive Ageing Centre* in Takapuna. It is great to get together and share these special occasions.

I wish you all good health and well-being.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin
Chairperson

Wanted



We would like to hear from other **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 at
Rosemarie Carr, Compiling
Editor, email: rrcarr@extra.co.nz
or post to 5 Sandown Road,
Rothersey Bay, Auckland 0630.

Remembering *Fran Henry*



Fran Henry was always very welcoming, when people knocked on her door. She passed away in her own home on 8 August, 2018. I think she would have turned 95 this coming November.

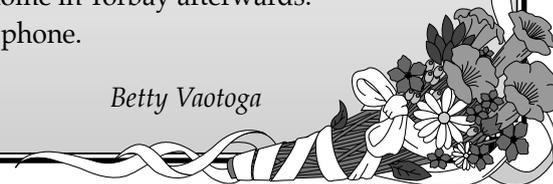


*Fran Henry at an
OWN event in 2002*

She has two daughters in Auckland and two more in Australia, and many grandchildren. She was active in the **OWN Writing Group** in the early days. She told me they had printed two books with their stories back then. She was delighted that she was still receiving the *News&Views* as she managed to get her caregivers to read some of it for her. She always asked me, "any news from the Writing Group?", "Who is on the Committee?"

I met her at the **Browns Bay OWN Writing Group** some years ago. She was already starting to lose her sight then and stopped coming not long after. We had become friends and I visited her at home in Torbay afterwards. When I stopped driving, we kept in touch by phone.

Betty Vaotoga



Up-coming Event

OWN Bus Trip?

There has been some interest in a trip to Matakana – the *Brick Bay Vineyard & Sculpture Trail*. The walk is as long or as short as you can manage. We hope to have enough people to make this worthwhile and thought that March 2019 would be a good month weather-wise. We will be looking into cost, and the more people who come, the more economic it could be. We know that it is a long way off, but we need plenty of time to organise it. If you are interested, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320, or email: lenniec@xtra.co.nz



A big thank you to Lennie for great work she does for OWN!



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

OWN Groups

New

OWN Browns Bay Coffee Group

A new *Coffee Group*. Meets at 11:30am on the last Tuesday of the month at *White Flower Café*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Val Bird*, ph: 475-6601 or email: valbird51@hotmail.com



Back

Rummikub Club

A good way to keep your brain active. Anyone interested in getting together for monthly sessions, contact *Rika Werner*, ph: 950-6501, or mobile: 022-151-3957.



OWNs Alone Lunch

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

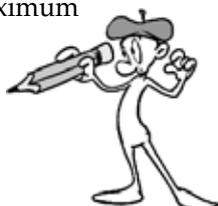
OWN Theatre Group

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



Heloisa's Art Classes

Classes are held at the *Mary Thomas Centre*, Takapuna on Tuesdays (2:00pm - 4:00pm). The classes are free, but a gold coin donation to cover material costs is appreciated. Classes are limited to a maximum of 10 people, so registration for a class is necessary. Contact *Sarah Thorne*, Takapuna North Community Co-ordinator, ph: 486-2098 or email: office@takapunatrust.org.nz



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, contact *Jeanne Ford* ph: 410-4803.

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.

Two Brothers

The two brothers came to live with us when they were nine months old. They had both lived in different homes until circumstances drove them together again, and they found themselves in our care. The two brothers, *Max* and *Kurt*, were long-legged Jack Russells.



There had only ever been cats in my life and I had not developed an attraction to dogs. But *Richard* always wanted a dog. His father would not allow him to have one when he was a child, so at last he had his wish. He had two bouncy, playful, naughty white terriers. (Should I say terrors?)

Richard fed them, walked them, bathed them, and loved them dearly. I was the assistant and helped when I was needed, but they were essentially *Richard's* dogs. Max and Kurt brought him a lot of joy.

At age 14, *Max* succumbed to an illness and the vet had to be called to relieve his suffering. It was a truly difficult time for *Richard*.

Kurt lived for a further 18 months. He died suddenly on 31 August, 2013 (probably a stroke).

To help *Richard* with his grieving I wrote the letter on the right to him from *Kurt*. *Richard* never wanted to read it because he knew it would make him very sad.

Cherrie Keane

To Richard from Kurt

I had not been laying long on the grass when I called to you, and you came to me in the dark. You scooped me up into your arms and I felt warm against your body and soothed by the beating of your heart.

As you laid me down so carefully on my old familiar cushion by the fire, I was home. Your slow, gentle stroke along my back comforted me.

The two steps leading up to the kitchen have become so difficult to climb; the succulent treats you give me are no longer tempting. And though I still love to wander beside you in the open air, those walks now seem too far.

My body, but for the heaving of my lungs, is too tired to stir, my breathing is laboured, my legs unwilling to bend.

I know you are here with me. I know you love me – as I do you. But it is my time.

I am at peace. I am ready to leave you now.



Judy's Kitchen

Easy Savoury Cheese Puffs

Ingredients

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| ½ cup Milk | 1 Egg (lightly beaten) |
| 2 cups Cheese (grated) | 1 cup Self-raising Flour |
| 3 Bacon Rashers (diced) | 1 Onion (small, diced) |

Method

1. Pre-heat the oven to 200°.
2. Combine egg and milk in a bowl. Add remaining ingredients and mix well.
3. Line a baking tray with baking paper. Drop large teaspoons of the mixture onto the paper.
4. Place in the oven and bake for 20 minutes or until slightly golden on top.



More

Inventions Created by Women

Adding to the list in the Autumn 2018 issue of *News&Views*, here are a few more inventions by women which show that necessity proved to be the mother of invention for the creators of these (among many others) ...

Kevlar

This life-saving material that is five times stronger than steel and used to make bulletproof vests was invented in 1965 by *Stephanie Kwolek*.

The Modern Paper Bag

Margaret Knight invented a machine that makes square bottomed paper bags in 1871. She almost didn't get credit when *Charles Anan* tried to steal her work claiming that it wasn't possible for a woman to create this brilliant invention. *Margaret* also invented a safety device for cotton mills when she was 12 years old which is still being used today.

Wireless Transmission Technology

Hedy Lamarr, a world famous film star, invented a secret communications system during World War II for radio-controlling torpedoes. This technology also paved the way for many things used today, including wi-fi and GPS.

Central Heating

Although *Alice Parker's* invention in 1919 of a gas powered central heater was never manufactured, her idea was the first that allowed for using natural gas to heat a home, inspiring the central heating systems used today.



An Amazing Milestone

This year is the 125th anniversary of New Zealand women getting the vote! Yes, we were the first country in the world to give women the vote!

The last issue of *News&Views* (Winter 2018, page 10) included the excellent article written by *Jenny Goldsbro* about *Kate Sheppard*, and you may also remember the article about *Kate Edger* in the Spring 2017 issue (page 4) – she was the first woman in the British Empire to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree and the first woman in New Zealand to get a degree in 1887.

The *University of Auckland Faculty of Science* is celebrating the 125th anniversary of universal suffrage in New Zealand by highlighting “the considerable contribution women have made to the development of science in New Zealand as a contribution to the more general celebration of universal suffrage.”

In November, the ground floor atrium of the *Science Centre* on Symonds Street will be permanently renamed to the *Kathleen Curtis Atrium*. She was an astounding scientist and contributed immensely to mycology and plant pathology. *Kathleen* graduated from the university in 1914 with a Bachelor of Arts degree, with a Senior Scholarship in Botany, followed by a Masters with



Kathleen Maisey Curtis, painted by Colin Allen.

Source: Parliamentary Service

First Class Honours in Botany. She was also the first woman in New Zealand to gain a Doctor of Science, which she obtained at the *University of London* in 1919. She was also involved in the *New Zealand Federation of University Women* and in 1936 she was the first female elected to the *Royal Society of New Zealand*.



The Power of One

The thing I really like about retirement is the gift of time ... time to read books, to enjoy the people and beauty around us, and time to reflect on your life.

When the *Queen's Birthday Honours List* came out, I thought about all the marvellous things these people had done in their lives, especially those who had spent their lives working to make life better for others

And then the thought came, "Anne, what have you done with your life?" Nothing, in comparison with what these people had done. Then, I got to thinking about events in my own life.



I worked in a candle factory, making candles, for 37 years. It was a happy place to work. I had good workmates, who became good friends, and we worked together for many years. Then, one by one, they left, moving away, retiring or moving on to other work. I missed them and started to think maybe I should also leave.

But, then I remembered one person, our delivery and odd job man. He was such a nice person. He had a wonderful, positive outlook on life and always had a



cheerful word to everyone. And I thought, "Well, as long as he's here, I will stay". And, of course, I got to know and like the newer people who had taken the place of those who left and, in turn, became good friends with them.

It took just one person to make me stay.



Then, there was the story a friend of mine told me. She was going through a bad time in her life and had had a run-in with a neighbour. She was contemplating selling her house and moving, but then she remembered that there was one nice person in the neighbourhood, and that made it bearable to stay.

So, sometimes all it takes is one.



I remember one day seeing an older Muslim woman with her scarf

covering her hair, sitting outside the supermarket. I sat down next to her, smiled hello, and asked her where she came from. She made me understand that she couldn't speak English and came from Afghanistan. I said a few more words to her, shook her hand and wished her good luck. I hoped I made her feel that New Zealand was a good place to be.



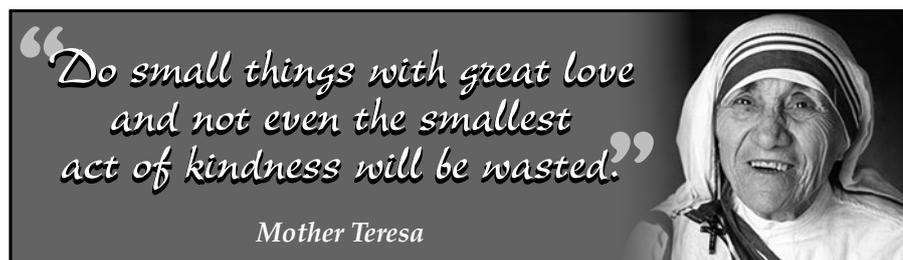
Maybe we can't all aspire to an MBE or a Damehood, but we can do our best, such as lending an ear to another person's woe. You never know what trouble and sorrow someone's carrying, so a friendly smile never goes amiss.

There are always random acts of kindness, such as making up the shortfall when the person in front of you at the checkout didn't have enough money to pay for her groceries; or the young person with a backpack, who had been travelling all day, but didn't have enough money for the last leg of their journey home, and you pay his fare; or buying a hamburger and saying a kind word to a homeless person.

These are small things we can all do to make our community a good place to live. And remember to smile, for no-one needs a smile as much as the one who has none to give.

I just hope that once or twice in my lifetime, I was the one who made a difference.

Anne Mutu



The Story of 'het Kwartje'



It started off as a joke.

When my sister *Toos*, who is two years younger than me, was engaged to get married, my boyfriend *John* said to the groom to be, *Cor*, "You do know you will have to pay for her?"

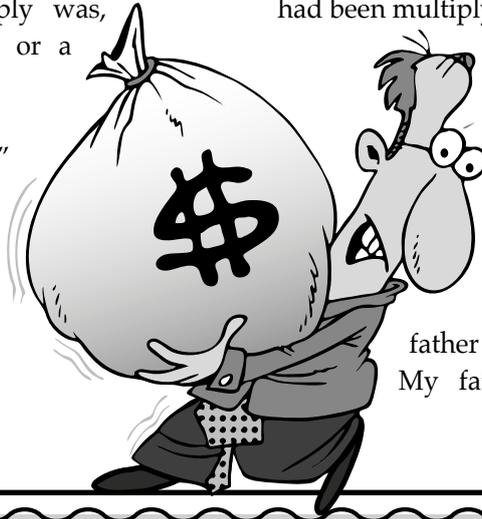
Cor took it seriously and his reply was, "How much will that be? A cow or a pig? Like in the time of *The Bible*?"

John replied, "No, it is only a kwartje," (which was the name of the 25¢ piece).

Cor pulled out his wallet and paid that kwartje to my father right away.

Big hilarity of course!

When the second girl got married (me), the groom (my *John*) had to pay two kwartjes. The next one had to pay four kwartjes. And so the joke went on for years, until the last of my sisters, *Margriet*, got married. As you know, we were a home with 10 girls. All of us girls got married, so the last groom, *Willem*, had to pay 512 kwartjes. That was of the way the payments had been multiplying: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512.



Willem made it a real event. He went to his bank and asked if he could have 512 kwartjes. The bank agreed and even gave him a real bank bag to put them in. During the dinner on the wedding day, the bag was handed over to my father under big applause by everyone. My father could hardly lift it. I cannot

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This Little Piggy



My husband and I moved to the country with our baby son. We had a boarder who had been given a pig dog. Our boarder thought that the dog would be good to go pig hunting with him.

Later my husband was given a pig who was the runt of the litter. The first night that we had this pig we could not find him anywhere. We searched high and low. Our boarder then had the bright idea to get his dog to find him.

We found the pig and the dog curled up together in the henhouse, so that was the end of the dog for pig hunting.

The pig became a pet and used to sleep under the pram outside in the day, but still went to bed in the henhouse. He knew he could not come inside and so he used to put his two front legs on the back step with his nose just jutting inside. He would follow me to the clothesline and out into the garden, and behaved just like a faithful dog would.

We shifted and unfortunately could not take the pig with us. We gave it to the farmer next door and it was with great sadness that we left him there.

My husband and the farmer decided that they would slaughter the pig and share the meat. I was not happy, but decided that it had to be done.

The first night I cooked pork chops. My husband hoed into them and said it was the best pork he had ever had. I took one mouthful and promptly threw up, so consequently the rest of the pork meat went to various neighbours much to my husband's disgust.

The story was told to everyone and then retold many times. It was many years before I could ever eat pork again.

Lennie Crawford

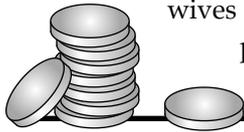


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remember how he spent it. It was just 126 Guilders – perhaps he bought a nice bottle of Dutch Gin or two.



With these 10 sisters there were also six brothers. They were free of any contribution. Two brothers have immigrated to New Zealand and both have also been married for 50 years. Two of the brothers lost their wives recently and are still in the grief process. My oldest brother never got married and passed away



some years ago. My youngest brother is still single and will have his 65th birthday this year.

We lost one sister when she was only 54. Two sisters lost their husbands, but they thankfully got married again. Four of my sisters' marriages ended in a divorce and only three are still with their life-long sweethearts. That includes me, almost 55 years in love with my darling *John*.

Now, don't you think that my husband got a good bargain for 50¢?

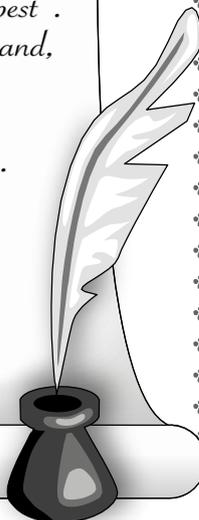
Sanny Leur

Ode to Mum & Dad



*40 years ago today,
was a very special day.
Mary and Eric said "I do",
anticipating a life so new.
One year later twins arrived
to lead their parents a merry ride.
Then along came baby number three,
another bottom to bounce on their knee.
Closely followed by number four,
then they went on to have one more.
Four young boys and a little girl,
they'd certainly given parenthood a whirl.
The quiet moments became quite rare
and conversation was often "don't you dare".
For Mary and Eric had their work cut out
with five little people to scream and shout.
But they guided the five so well
even though at times it must have been hell.
Then one by one they flew the nest
with their parent's wisdom, "just do your best".
On their own two feet some managed to stand,
while others still needed a helping hand.
But mum and dad you never let us down,
even though we sometimes make you frown.
So, thank you Mum
and thank you Dad,
for being the best parents
we could have ever had.
Happy 40th wedding anniversary,
With love from us all!*

Submitted by Mary Martin



Dogs Welcome

*For all dog lovers. Every human should
get a chance to read this!!*

A man wrote a letter to a hotel in a small town he was planning to visit on his vacation. He wrote ...

I would very much like to bring my dog with me. He is well-groomed and very well behaved. Would you be willing to permit me to keep him in my room with me at night?

An immediate reply came back from the hotel owner, who wrote ...

Sir, I've been operating this hotel for many years. In all that time, I've never had a dog steal towels, bedclothes, silverware, or steal pictures off the walls or use them as a colouring book. I've never had to evict a dog in the middle of the night for being drunk and disorderly. And I've never had a dog run out on a hotel bill. Yes, indeed, your dog is welcome at my hotel. And, if your dog will vouch for you, you're welcome to stay here, too.



Childhood Days



I was born in November 1946 in Bradford, Yorkshire, and my nickname was *Tiddy*. My sister, *Doreen*, was born in September 1948.



usually ended up rolling around in the hay instead.

Granddad had a beloved pig and lots of piglets. There is a family story about the pig disappearing when Nana and Granddad went on holiday, but I never discovered the truth about what happened.

We had a Labrador puppy called *Cheetah* and she began to steal meat from the butcher and chickens from the neighbour's coop. Mum and Dad decided that *Cheetah* would have to go to live on a farm nearby so that she would be less restricted. We were devastated.



Holidays were important and we often went to our caravan at the seaside. Dad swam for England, so *Doreen* and I learned to swim as soon as we could walk and we were members of the *Dolphin Club*.

Dad was a member of the local sailing club and we learned to sail every Wednesday night and Sunday morning. On Sunday afternoons we all went hiking in the Yorkshire Dales and we always had beans and chips, and pineapple for high tea.

When I was five, I went to *Waterloo School*. One day my friend *Margaret* and I went to Pudsey on the bus to buy a white mouse. We sat upstairs on the way home and the mouse escaped. The bus driver was very cross, but we just laughed and laughed, and finally recaptured it.

we brought home and the garden was full of frogs until they all escaped. We had a tortoise each and, in the winter, put them into boxes in the shed to hibernate.

I was confirmed in the Church of England and became *May Queen*. I wanted to be a nun, but my parents decided to divert my attention to Girl Guides and then the Youth Club.

Our little gang of friends used to make a secret den in the centre of the field nearby. The grass was very very tall, and we would eat Bovril and dripping sandwiches, and share the treasures we had found.

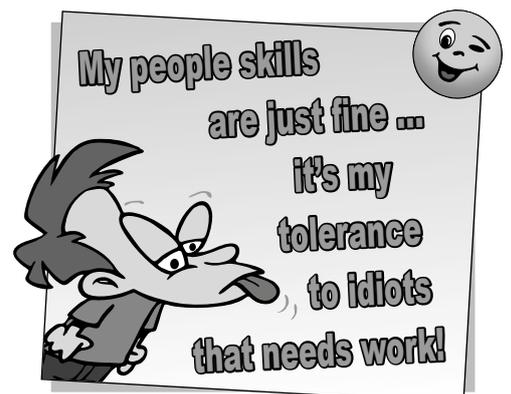
Nana used to take us to the famous *Betty's Café* where there was silver service and three-tiered cake stands. Sometimes we were allowed two cakes! My favourite was mille feuille and it is still my favourite as it always brings back such lovely memories of *Nana Parker*.

I look back on my childhood with love and gratitude. We were free and safe in those days. May we all work towards a better world for our children and grandchildren.

Chris Griffiths

It was safe to roam, and we took jars to the ponds where we caught tadpoles which

We used to walk through the countryside to visit *Nana* and *Granddad Topham*, where Granddad grew all their vegetables. We used to help to make bales of hay at the bottom of the garden, but



Living in 2018

You know you're living in 2018 when ...

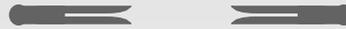
- 1 You accidentally enter your pin on the microwave.
- 2 You haven't played solitaire with real cards in years.
- 3 You send text messages to the person on the other side of the dinner table.
- 4 Your reason for not staying in touch with friends and family is that they don't have email addresses.
- 5 You pull up in your own driveway and use your mobile phone to see if anyone is home to help you carry in the groceries.
- 6 Leaving the house without your mobile phone, which you didn't even have for the first 20 or 30 (or 60) years of your life is now a cause for panic, and you turn around to get it.
- 7 You get up in the morning and go online, before getting your coffee.



Wooden Pegs



Today when you walk into the laundry section of the supermarket you will see a variety of pegs. There is a great array of colours – red ones, blue ones, purple ones orange, and yellow ones – all of the plastic variety. You can choose between spring loaded pegs or the push-on-the-line type. Not a wooden peg in sight.



In 1965, as a new bride, one of the necessities on my shopping list was pegs to hang out the washing. At the supermarket there was one type of peg on display. It was wooden with two prongs separated in the middle. This was to enable you to push the peg into the item of clothing to secure it to the washing line. With the pegs in my shopping basket, off I went home.

My mother in law *Eileen* had advised me to wash and dry the pegs before use to prevent a brown stain from marking the wet washed items. After washing the pegs, I decided to place them on the tray and dry them in the oven. The whole tray was covered with the 36 pegs laid out in rows looking like little beige coloured soldiers. I turned the top and bottom elements of the stove on high, and decided to have a bath.

After luxuriating for a while in the lovely warm water, I suddenly remembered the pegs drying in the oven. Leaping out the bath, I dressed, let the water out, and went to see if the pegs were dry.

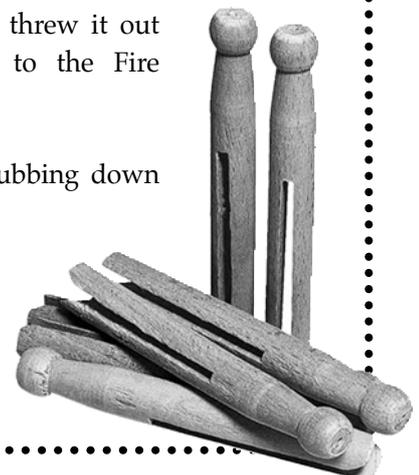
As I opened the kitchen door, I was met by a cloud of thick black smoke. I quickly turned off the stove.

Graeme was out at cricket and could not be contacted. This meant leaving me to deal with this disaster. I rang our friend *Gary* who arrived minutes later. With smoke still filling the room, as he opened the oven door I could see alas the pegs were no longer. Instead, I had rows of what looked like 36 blackened matchsticks. *Gary* grabbed the tray and threw it out the open window. Thankfully a call to the Fire Brigade was not necessary.

The rest of the afternoon was spent scrubbing down the ceiling and walls of the kitchen.

Needless to say this method of drying pegs was never repeated.

Judy Brocherie



'In The Mood'

Recently I was invited to a local dinner party for a group of people, and we were requested to take a song or piece of music to contribute to the evening. I spent quite a lot of time going through my CDs to find something suitable, and came up with *Glen Miller's In the Mood* because it always makes me smile.



Back in 1943, when I was a very little child in wartime London, life was tough, with blackout, air-raids, bombing, air-raid shelters, and sirens, and so on. Food was rationed too, and we had to use coupons to get our entitlements. As my mother once said, "During the War, normal life was on hold."

My father was in the British Navy and served on the ships which escorted and protected the cargo vessels which were bringing food and other vital supplies across the Atlantic from America to



Britain. Naturally the enemy was keen to cut off these supplies and starve the British people into surrender. The Atlantic was full of enemy submarines with their torpedoes, while the surface craft used depth charges to defend themselves and those they were protecting.

It was during one of those voyages that my father was diagnosed with mumps, a rather serious disease for grown men at that time, so he finished up in a hospital in New York and missed the sailing of his ship back to Britain.

When he had recovered and was cleared to leave hospital, he took a Greyhound Bus across America to visit cousins in San Francisco who had emigrated after the First World War.

They were obviously very pleased to see him and he had a great time with them. Life on the western side of America was comparatively normal. He even bought a china

Continues ➤

The happiest of people don't necessarily have the best of everything ...



they just make the most of everything they have!

Advertorial Blues

I bought some gym equipment that stores beneath my bed. It'll make me firm and beautiful (or so the advert said).

But after thirty days of trial I didn't see much change, so tried to find a space beside the other fitness range.

I'll need a bed with higher legs if I'm to keep it all. I'll soon require a ladder and a rail, in case I fall!

Why keep on buying all this stuff to try and keep me fit? 'Cause I'm hooked on advertorials with all their hype and ~~CONSUMER!~~

Patricia Russell



◀ continued.

doll for me while he was there, which he brought back. No luxury goods at all were available in Britain at that time, so Marion became my prized possession.

While Dad was with the cousins, he went dancing, and they taught him how to Jitterbug, a very vigorous kind of jive, all knees, feet, and elbows. *Glen Miller* and his band were at the height of their popularity, and everybody on both sides of the Atlantic was enjoying the Swing music of all those big bands of the day.

When Dad got home again, it was great to have him back, but he did cause me a bit of consternation one day ...

There was **In the Mood** blaring from the kitchen, and when I opened the door, I stood there in blank amazement. Dad was teaching Mum how to Jitterbug. They were hopping and bopping all over the lino, knees raising, feet stomping, elbows flailing. Dad was not trying to throw Mum over his shoulder as she was quite a big girl, but he was certainly trying to slide her through between his legs, and trying all the other antics which he had learnt on his time away.

I had never seen my normally quiet, restrained, sensible parents ever doing anything like that! I remember standing there in the doorway, probably with my mouth open in amazement, thinking my parents had completely lost their senses. They were definitely "**In the Mood**", but, Oh dear, was this absolute madness going to be permanent?

Jenny Goldsbro



The Senility Prayer

*Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway,
the good fortune to run into the ones I do,
and the eyesight to tell the difference.*

On Growing Old & Older



I can't believe it's happened
This growing old and older
I thought I'd be forever young
With passions that would smoulder



I'm told I was a happy child
I'd sing and dance and play
My world was full of sea and sun
And shrieking every day

The teenage years were mostly good
With good health I could savour
Dances, good friends, wee romances
With a hint of naughty flavour

Weddings, christenings, parties filled
Those chocker Mummy years
With laughter chores and budgets
And not too many tears

The busy family rearing days
Flew far too quickly by
My babies grew to women
In the blinking of an eye

They tied the knots and grandies came
With all the joy and pain
What fun to act the nanny goat
Or be a kid again

And now they're growing up and I
Have passed three score and ten
What made the years roll by so fast
And how and why and when

Alas brown hair has turned to grey
The boobs race to the floor
Wrinkles re-design my face
I'm firm and tight no more

I now have hearing aids and eyes
Repaired to clearly see
Each time I face a mirror
Some old chook looks back at me

Patsy Phillips

