



OWN

# News & Views



Summer 2019-2020

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



Hamilton River Cruise  
See page 3!

**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 do hope you are all enjoying the Summer weather – both the rain and sunshine.

OWN is looking forward to 2020 when we are planning outings and the **Festival**. If any of you have ideas for what sort of activities you would like to do, please let us know.

We value input from all of our members:

- Any ideas for the theme of the **Festival**?
- What sort of workshops would you be interested in?

Please call me, ph: 483-9671. I look forward to hearing from you. All the best for the holiday season,

*Joan Lardner-Rivlin*  
Chairperson



## Birthdays

It has been suggested that we acknowledge our OWN members on their special day.

If you would like to be included, please send the day and month of your birthday (the year is not needed), please contact:

Lennie, ph: 444-3320,  
mobile: 027-217-4783,  
email: lenniec@xtra.co.nz  
or email: own@own.org.nz



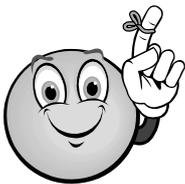
## Thank You ...



On behalf of the *OWN Committee* and *OWN members*, we wish to thank *Rosemarie Carr* for her dedication and commitment in compiling **OWN News&Views** over the past four years.

We have all appreciated and enjoyed the diverse and vibrant editions and we recognise the significant contribution that *Rosemarie* has made to *Our Women's Network*.

## Subscriptions Due



OWN's financial year finishes at the end of December, so please remember that your \$20 membership fees are due on the 1 January, 2020.

Some members have been generous in donating more than the amount due and we are very appreciative of this. If you donate more than \$10 we can issue you with a tax receipt (please supply a stamped, self-addressed envelope).

You can pay online or in-branch to our bank account:

ASB Birkenhead Account number: 12-3053-0401733-000

(Don't forget to put your name and what the payment is for!)

Or, send a cheque with your details to:

OWN, PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746.



*As we grow older,  
our Christmas list  
gets smaller  
and we find out  
the things  
we really want  
can't be bought.*



# OWN Groups

## Writing for Future Generations

Inform the appropriate 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.

## OWN Theatre Group

Exploring more theatre visits and other activities. For further details, contact *Joan Lardner-Riolin*, 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 Browns Bay Coffee Group

Come and join us for a cuppa, or maybe lunch. Meets at 11:30am on the last Tuesday of each month at *White Flower Café*, in Browns Bay. For details, contact *Val Bird*, ph: 475-6601 or email: [valbird51@hotmail.com](mailto:valbird51@hotmail.com)



## OWN Discussion Group

Meets at 10:00am on every second Tuesday of the month. We are looking for more people to join us. A range of subjects is discussed and it is a very interesting morning. Held in Room 3 (1<sup>st</sup> floor) of the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Jeanne Ford*, ph: 410-4803.

## Heloisa's Art Classes

New members welcome.

Held in the Channel View Lounge, *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. To register, contact *Roanna*, ph: 021-416-778 or email: [roanna@takapunatrust.org.nz](mailto:roanna@takapunatrust.org.nz)



# Up-coming Events



## Hamilton Trip & River Cruise

The bus can seat up to 40 people, so bring along your friends!

**Book Now!**



**When:** Wednesday, 12 February, 2020  
the bus leaves Browns Bay near the *Browns Bay Bowling Club* at 9:30am

**Cost:** Free!

First stop for early lunch at the *Zenders Café and Venue* ([www.zenders.nz](http://www.zenders.nz)) in Hamilton, then on to our Waikato River Cruise. The River Cruise will be paid for by OWN, so members only have to pay for their lunch and tea / coffee on the cruise.

We need to know numbers coming for catering purposes, – if you plan to go or for more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320 or mobile: 027-217-4783, or email: [lenniec@xtra.co.nz](mailto:lenniec@xtra.co.nz) or email: [own@own.org.nz](mailto:own@own.org.nz)



Remember to check out [www.own.org.nz](http://www.own.org.nz) for news, pictures, events, etc.





# OWN High Tea

On Saturday, 2 November our annual **High Tea** was held at the *Positive Ageing Centre* in Takapuna. This event is eagerly looked forward to by our members and friends. It is a chance to dress up in our finery and play "Ladies".

Thirty ladies attended. Many thanks to our pianist *Jeanette* who provided a musical background as she tinkled away on the ivories. *Emma* once again supplied her delicious food – thank you, *Emma*. Thanks also go to *Sarah Thorne's* daughter *Maddie* who made the tiniest of beautifully decorated cupcakes. There was no excuse for anybody to say they went home hungry with the array of delectable delights on display. It was obvious from the sound of chatter and laughter that the ladies were enjoying themselves.

An occasion like this does not happen on its own. Many thanks to our Secretary, *Lennie*, who did a great deal of the organising with the *Takapuna North Community Trust* Co-ordinator *Sarah Thorne*. Thank you, *Lennie*, for sharing the hilarious 'etiquette' of **High Tea** and some amusing stories from early copies of **Older & Bolder**. We also thank *Sarah* and the *Takapuna North Community Trust* Board for their invaluable help which means so much to us.

Roll around November 2020 so we can enjoy our **High Tea** all over again.

*Judy Brocherie*





It was Christmas Eve 1963. I had bought presents for *Graeme* and his family, except for his mother. After dinner he and I went into Christchurch city to find a suitable gift.

It was a terrible night, pouring with rain. I would sooner have stayed at home, but it was the last opportunity to shop. I knew *Eileen*, *Graeme's* mother, appreciated quality.

Our first port of call was *Ballantynes*, *Eileen's* favourite shop. As we passed through the china department, I saw a set of three porcelain jugs. They were of varying sizes with a large bright pink rose in the centre of each jug. They were beautiful. The



perfect present. I looked at the price. They were beyond what I had planned to spend, but I knew she would love them, so I bought them. The sales assistant carefully wrapped them in tissue paper and put them in a brown paper bag. I was so proud of my purchase.

It was still raining heavily as we walked out of the shop. We ran

from the shop to the car. When we arrived home, we ran in the rain from the car to the house. We were absolutely soaked. So was the paper bag holding the precious gift. As I ran up the steps to the front door the bag split open sending the jugs to the ground, smashing into many pieces. I was heartbroken.

9:00pm, Christmas Eve, by now the shops were shut. No chance to buy another gift.

The large box of chocolates I had been given by a workmate was wrapped and put under the tree, but it was far from the perfect gift I had originally purchased.

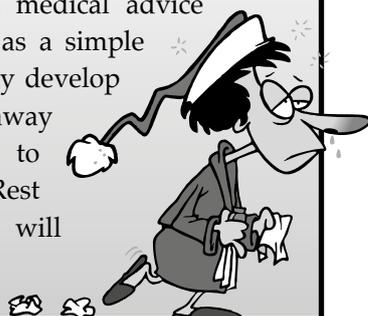
*Judy Brocherie*

## Festive Season Ills

As we race towards Christmas and the festivities, it is not uncommon to feel out of balance. Routines change, demands on our time and energy increase leading to stress. This in turn can have an effect on our immunity. Our illness fighting white cells can decrease with stress, increasing the risk of becoming unwell from viruses and bacteria.

**Let's really look after ourselves so that we can enjoy whatever Christmas brings.**

If you are unwell, seek medical advice sooner rather than later as a simple chest infection can quickly develop into pneumonia. Stay away from groups of people to reduce transmission. Rest and plenty of water will support a quick recovery.



## Surrogate Grandparents

For those of you who have grandchildren far away and don't get to see them very often, but would really like to connect with some grandchildren who have no one, there is an organisation called **Surrogate Grandparents**. All the details are available on their website at [www.surrogategrandparents.org.nz](http://www.surrogategrandparents.org.nz) or you can phone them, mobile: 021-288-8875.

This would be something that you could do to overcome loneliness and isolation for some very vulnerable families.





# Strawberries ...

## Five <sup>Other</sup> Good Reasons to Eat Them

### 1 Cancer Fighting

Plant compounds found in strawberries called flavonoids (specifically anthocyanins, quercetin, and kaempferol) have the power to fight cancer and oxidative stress (the ageing process) and help build your natural defences against the development of cancer and tumours.

### 2 Mood Lifting

There's little more cheerful than a bowl of red strawberries on a summer's day, but these delicious berries contain plant compounds that really can boost your emotional and mental functioning – the key lies in the tiny seeds which contain the omega-3 fatty acid alpha-linolenic acid, which has been proven to improve mood. Buy local fruit if you can to maximise your nutritional intake. Fruit that has travelled far is likely to have been picked early, whereas local fruit is allowed to ripen naturally which gives the plant more exposure to the sun, resulting in higher levels of antioxidants.

### 3 Boost Immunity & Fight Allergies

Just three strawberries gives you almost 100% of your body's daily vitamin C requirement, which helps you fight off infections (including irritating summer colds). Their immune-boosting and anti-inflammatory action makes strawberries a great weapon against allergies, because they contain a special anti-allergy flavonoid called fisetin, which helps the body's immune cells control inflammatory reactions to allergens.

### 4 Great for Blood Health

Strawberries are an excellent source of potassium, which helps counter the damaging effects of excess salt in the body and so can help keep a lid on elevated blood pressure. In addition, the potassium in strawberries acts as a vasodilator that improves the flow of blood to the brain, so helping to reduce your risk of stroke. The abundance of antioxidants in strawberries also offers further protection against stroke by helping to prevent the formation of blood clots.

### 5 Sparkly Clear Eyesight

Some flavonoids in strawberries, such as ellagic acid and the phenolic phytochemicals can work to help reduce your risk of age-related vision problems, such as macular degeneration.

These antioxidant compounds scavenge and trap free radicals, preventing them from damaging the delicate structures of the eyes.



Thank you to Anita Knape  
for sharing this item.



## Strawberry Santas

Strawberry Santas are fun to make and only take minutes to prepare. A healthy Xmas treat which will put a smile on everyone's face.

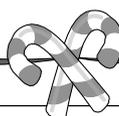


### Ingredients

- 1 punnet strawberries
- 125g cream cheese
- 2tbsp icing sugar
- ½ tsp vanilla essence
- mini chocolate drops

### Method

- In a medium bowl, using an electric mixer, combine the cream cheese, icing sugar and vanilla essence.
- Cut the bottom and the top off each strawberry, saving the pointed end for Santa's hat.
- Put the strawberries upside down on a plate and pipe some of the cream mix onto the top of each strawberry, then put the 'hat' on.
- Finally, pipe on a couple of buttons and a bobble on top of the hat, and pop on some chocolate drops for eyes.



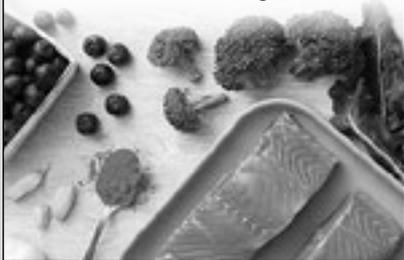
## Top 10 Foods That Fight Inflammation

An anti-inflammatory diet should include these foods:

- Broccoli, Leafy Veges
- Extra Virgin Olive Oil
- Berry Fruits: Blueberries, Strawberries, Raspberries
- Tart Cherries
- Fatty Fish: Tuna, Salmon
- Nuts: Almonds, Walnuts
- Kelp (fresh)
- Fermented Foods: Kefir / Kim Chi
- Papaya
- Green Tea

Try to avoid or limit these foods as much as possible:

- Sugar
- Gluten: Pasta, Bread, Muffins
- Barbecued Dark Crispy Food, Fried, French Fries
- Trans Fats
- Processed Food
- Soya Bean Oil
- Potatoes, Aubergines



# How to Recognise a Rotten Day

(Author unknown ... but troubled!)

☹ Your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.

☹ You wake up face down on the pavement.

☹ You go to put on the clothes you wore home from the party last night and there aren't any.

☹ You walk to the shops and find your dress is stuck in the back of your pantihose.

☹ Your twin sister forgot your birthday.

☹ You call your answering service and they tell you it's none of your business.

☹ You turn on the radio and they're telling you the emergency routes out of the city.

☹ You wake up feeling amorous and your husband has a headache.

☹ You put your bra on backwards and it fits better.

☹ Your husband says, "Good morning Linda", and your name is Shirley.

☹ Your boss tells you not to take off your coat.

☹ You wake up and discover your water bed is broken ... and then realise that you don't own a waterbed.



☹ Your car horn goes off and accidentally remains stuck as you follow a group of Hells Angels on the motorway.

Thank you Jenny Goldsbro for sharing this item.



## Life Well Lived

A life well lived is a precious gift, of hope and strength and grace,  
 From someone who has made our world a brighter better place.  
 Its filled with moments sweet and sad, with smiles and sometimes tears,  
 With friendships formed and good times shared, and laughter through the years.  
 A life well lived is a legacy of joy and pride and pleasure,  
 A living lasting memory our grateful hearts will treasure.

Author unknown





# You Are Special, You Really Are!

In all the world there is no-one like you. Never has been. Never will be.

No-one has your eyes, your nose, your hair, your hands, your voice, your smile. You are special.

No-one anywhere has exactly your handwriting, exactly your finger-prints, exactly your tastes in food or music or TV. Since the beginning of time, there has been no-one who laughs like you, no-one who cries like you, no-one who sees things just the way you do.  
**You are special.**

Look, you're the only one on this planet who's got your set of abilities. Sure, there'll always be someone who's better than you are at some of the stuff you do – but no-one in the entire universe has your unique combination of talents and skills, dreams and feelings.



No-one else through all eternity will ever look, talk, walk, think, or do the way you do. You're special. You're rare. And like anything that's rare, you have great value.

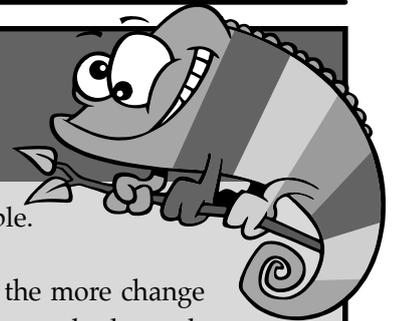
That's why you don't need to copy your friends. You can accept – yeah, you can celebrate – your differences! You can risk being yourself.

Hey, you're no accident. God made you special for a very special purpose. He's got a job for you that no-one else can do as well. Out of all the billions of applicants, only one is qualified. Only one has what it takes.

That one is you ... because **you're special!**

Adapted from a poem by Ian and Carol McKean

## Adaptability



**Adaptability** is like salt. It makes the experiences life dishes up so much more palatable.

Life is in constant change, much of which is beyond our control. The older we get, the more change we experience – in our work life, living arrangements, income, social networks, our body, and our health. Not to mention the social and environment changes that go on around us. If you can be flexible, accepting and positive in the face of change, life will be so much easier. You'll also be happier and healthier.

- ⊙ Accept that change is part of life, but take control where you can.
- ⊙ If ill health strikes, become an 'expert patient'. Find out all you can about your condition, and how you can improve and maintain your health.
- ⊙ Draw on your life experience. Use what you've learned from past experiences to help you cope with the present.
- ⊙ How you react to change is your choice – decide what your attitude will be.
- ⊙ If you feel over whelmed by change or loss, draw on your family and friends. Don't hesitate to seek professional help as well.
- ⊙ When you're feeling under pressure, tackle tasks that are Small, Achievable, and Manageable ... **SAM** for short.
- ⊙ Don't get too set in your ways. Introduce change deliberately to keep yourself on your toes.

"Every cloud has a silver lining." • "That could have been much worse." • "One door closes, another opens."





# My First Baby

On our honeymoon we had a very brief discussion on whether we wanted to start a family. We had no thought of whether we'd be able to support a family or what the future held for us, we just decided to see what happened.

Well, of course what happened was that I became pregnant very early in our married life in Scotland. The doctor confirmed this and arranged to book me into the local maternity hospital, 40 miles north of us, when the time came.

There were no such things as ante-natal classes and I acquired a number of baby books telling me about having babies and how to look after them and what I would need. I gradually amassed bundles of towelling and gauze nappies, and baby vests and nightgowns. In those days babies were kept in nighties till they were three or four months old. My husband got busy and made a cot, and my mother on a trip to Glasgow found us a Silver Cross pram.

Life went on in the usual routine till the expected time got close. My mother came to stay and one evening my husband remarked he had filled the car with petrol just in case, though it was still a week to go.

That evening as I sat at the table making my husband's lunch for the next day I was aware of an odd sensation in my stomach. We went to bed as usual, but my husband made some remark about would I know when anything was likely to happen and I said actually I felt a bit odd now. He was out of bed in an instant and getting my

mother. We decided to call the hospital and they said to come in, so about 1:00am we started the long drive to the village of Uig.

It was a beautiful moonlit night as we drove up the long winding road. My mother and husband were more nervous than I was, but eventually we reached our destination. There I was handed over to the night nurse, and mother and husband drove off again, stopping off at my mother's house for a stiff whisky before returning home again.

I, meantime, was put to bed in the labour ward and spent a very uneasy night with the nurse popping in occasionally. Morning came eventually and with it the doctor and day staff.

It was 11:25am before *Donald Neil* finally arrived weighing in at 10lbs, minus two ounces for the nappy he was weighed in. I had to have several stitches not the pleasantest sensation. The nurse told me that since I had had such a big first baby I wouldn't have any trouble having other babies, which I'm happy to say was true. I was taken through to the ward and spent a very pleasant fortnight in the hospital.

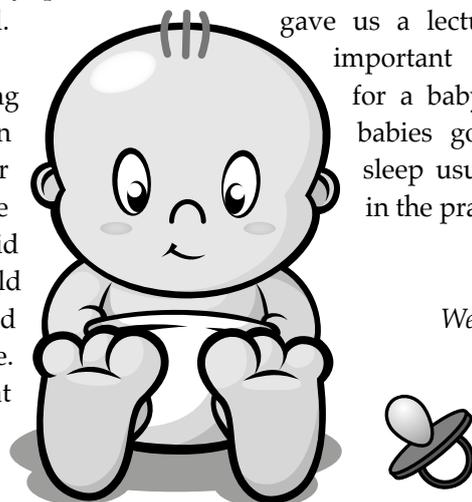
I remember being highly amused when one of the other mothers, who were all older than me, said earnestly that I should be careful that I did not go into a decline. Since I associated that phrase with romantic Victorian novels,

I thought it unlikely. I realize now she was probably referring to post-natal depression, which I had never heard of.

My mother and husband visited at the weekend, and were able to take me home the second visit. One of the first outings young *Donald* had was to the main road to see the *Queen* and *Prince Phillip* pass by – we got a big smile from *Prince Phillip*, but the *Queen* was on the other side of the car. They drove to *Portree*, where various people were presented to them, including my uncle, *Archie MacPherson*, who was for many years a County Councillor. At the time he was a patient in the infirmary in *Inverness*, but was allowed to go home for the occasion. He died shortly afterwards.

Looking after a new baby took some adjusting to, but eventually things became routine. *Oscar* the dog was a bit put out. I remember sitting down to feed the baby and *Oscar*, who was asleep on the rug in front of the fire, got up, walked round behind the settee, and flung himself down on the floor with a sigh of disgust. The district nurse called and she gave us a lecture on how important sleep was for a baby, so all my babies got plenty of sleep usually outside in the pram.

Wendy MacLeod





# The Brigadier

## Brigadier Robert Adolphus George Tilney, CBE, DSO, TD

After a year as Staff Nurse in Theatre at the *Royal Masonic Hospital*, I went home to Yorkshire. My sister was not well and I wanted to support my parents, so had enrolled as a Pupil Midwife at *Bradford Royal Infirmary*.

*Michael* was still in London at university, working night shift at *Scunthorpe Steel Mills* in the holidays. I missed him so much that I returned after six months and worked for the *London & District Nursing Agency* in Praed Street, opposite *St Mary's Hospital*, where royal babies are born.

A friend was going on maternity leave and recommended me to *Brigadier Tilney* as his private nurse.

*Brigadier Tilney* was Lord of the manor of Sutton Bonnington, Loughborough, educated at Eton and Cambridge. He commanded the Leicester Yeomanry, was captured on the Greek island of Leros and spent the rest of the Second World War as prisoner of the Germans. He married *Frances Moore* of Virginia, USA in 1933 and they had three daughters, and a son who died.

The *Brigadier* was Master of the Quorn Hunt, which was established in 1696 and is one of the world's oldest fox hunting packs. In 1965, at the age of 62, he was thrown from his horse when it stumbled at a hedge. He was unconscious for months and then lived in London to be closer to medical services.

Although "hunting wild mammals with a dog" was made unlawful in England and Wales by the *Hunting Act 2004*, the Quorn Hunt says it operates within the law and continues to go out on four days of the week during the autumn and winter months.

I was employed as the *Brigadier's* private nurse. I was there every day, and after breakfast and the morning



Brigadier Robert Tilney (right) after surrendering Leros Fortress to the German officer Generalleutnant Friedrich-Wilhelm Müller (left). 16 November, 1943.

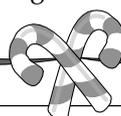
papers we would take a walk and go for morning tea at *Harrods*. The traffic in Knightsbridge was ferocious and my aim was always to cross at the traffic lights. The *Brigadier*, as Lord of the manor, would raise his cane and expected the six lanes of oncoming traffic to stop. I was terrified that he would be killed in my care and no amount of remonstrating with him would convince him there was a safer way.

I loved my work with the *Tilneys*. Theirs was an aristocratic life and yet they made me most welcome. *Betsy* was head of household. She was Welsh and used to make treats for me to take home to *Michael*. I spent time with her learning some of the finer arts and cordon bleu cooking. Famous visitors such as *Margot Fonteyn* and *Rudolf Nureyev* came for dinner, and there was always lots of activity.

I became pregnant with our son during this time and they were the first to give us a baby gift, which was a little chair for him. I resigned when *Nicholas* was due and we went to live in Bradford. *Frances Tilney* loved to receive photos of *Nick*, but then in 1972 we emigrated to New Zealand and lost touch.

*Brigadier Tilney* died in May, 1981 at the age of 77.

*Chris Griffiths*





A long time ago the comment was made to me, that I was built for comfort not for speed, and that sums up my lack of ability to keep in any sort of shape. At school, sport was not for me; if I could find an excuse to avoid it, I did.

Hockey in particular, in my view, was a pointless and dangerous sport. This opinion emphasised when the head girl got her front teeth knocked out playing this ferocious game. Health and safety only stretched as far as shin pads. Take lacrosse, an absurd game. Tennis was a non-starter, since I didn't have the ability to actually get the ball to connect with the racquet, let alone get it over the net.

From time to time over the years I have made short attempts to master the art of achieving well-toned muscles. Now and then I actually quite enjoyed it. Yoga was my big success since I'm flexible. Aerobics was acceptable, as are many exercises done to music; thumbs down for those exercises done without it.

I even had a go at line dancing with my sister; she was no better than I was. Out of step or going the wrong way, total unco-ordination, everybody else of course, perfectly synchronised.

Cycling was too much like hard work. I always managed to live in places surrounded by hills and I never owned a bike that had gears. Jogging, ugh!, I shudder at the thought. I did have a cousin who went power walking. I once went with her. Her husband



dropped us off a mile or two from their home. I had hardly shut the car door and she was gone, a distant marching figure. By the time I got back to the house she had showered, and had the supper cooked and on the table.

Another episode of exercising was on a cruise to Spitzbergen. Sometimes we did exercises to music on the deck, not easy when at sea – it's hard enough to keep your balance on a flat surface, but when the floor beneath your feet is tilting in all directions, almost impossible. As an alternative we would deck walk. This involved a long line of participating passengers briskly walking in circles round the ship, up and down the stairs we went, back and forth through the seating areas, to the complete bewilderment of everybody else.

I am an ambler not a rambler. I like investigating the hedgerows as I walk, this can be irritating to anyone actually out for a brisk walk. Not for me hikes over moorland with a pack on my back, leather hiking boots on my feet, though I did once in a fit of enthusiasm buy a pair, not that

they ever got worn. The boots mouldered away in a cupboard for years.

My most recent attempt to keep fit involved a Tai Chi class. The result was predictable. Despite encouragement from fellow participants and a relaxed tutor I threw in the towel after three sessions. My brain, arms, and legs all had different ideas about what I was supposed to be doing. The tutor said, "Starting with your right foot...", my left one would be out. And all so slow, I couldn't bear it, it took so long I thought I'd fall over. I became so frustrated that I knew my blood pressure must be soaring. I decided then and there to quit whilst I was ahead.

When the day arrives that I become so unfit that I can't walk, I'm going to acquire one of those racy little motorized buggies, and zoom round Browns Bay wearing purple like the woman in the poem, putting all the pedestrian's lives in jeopardy and getting arrested for speeding. Just watch me!!

*Helen Welsh*  
(story and illustration)





# T'was the Month After Christmas

T'was the month after Christmas and all through the house,  
Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.  
The cookies I'd nibbled, the eggnog I'd taste,  
All the holiday parties had gone to my waist.  
When I got on the scales there arose such a number!

When I walked to the store (less a walk than a lumber),  
I'd remember the marvellous meals I'd prepared.  
The gravies and sauces, and beef nicely rared,  
The wine and the rum balls, the bread and the cheese,  
And the way I'd never said, "No thank you, please."

As I dressed myself in my husband's old shirt,  
And prepared once again to do battle with dirt.  
I said to myself, as I only can,  
"You can't spend a winter disguised as a man!"

So - away with the last of the sour cream dip,  
Get rid of the fruitcake, every cracker and chip.  
Every last bit of food that I like must be banished,  
Till all the additional ounces have vanished.

I won't have a cookie - not even a lick,  
I'll want only to chew on a long celery stick.  
I won't have hot biscuits, or corn bread, or pie,  
I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry.

I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore -  
But isn't that what January is for?  
Unable to giggle, no longer a riot.  
Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!

*Anonymous*



My wife was going through her wardrobe when she said,  
"Look at this. It still fits me after 25 years."

I replied, "It's a *scarf!*"



Thank goodness you're home ...



the Christmas tree has fainted!

