



Autumn 2020

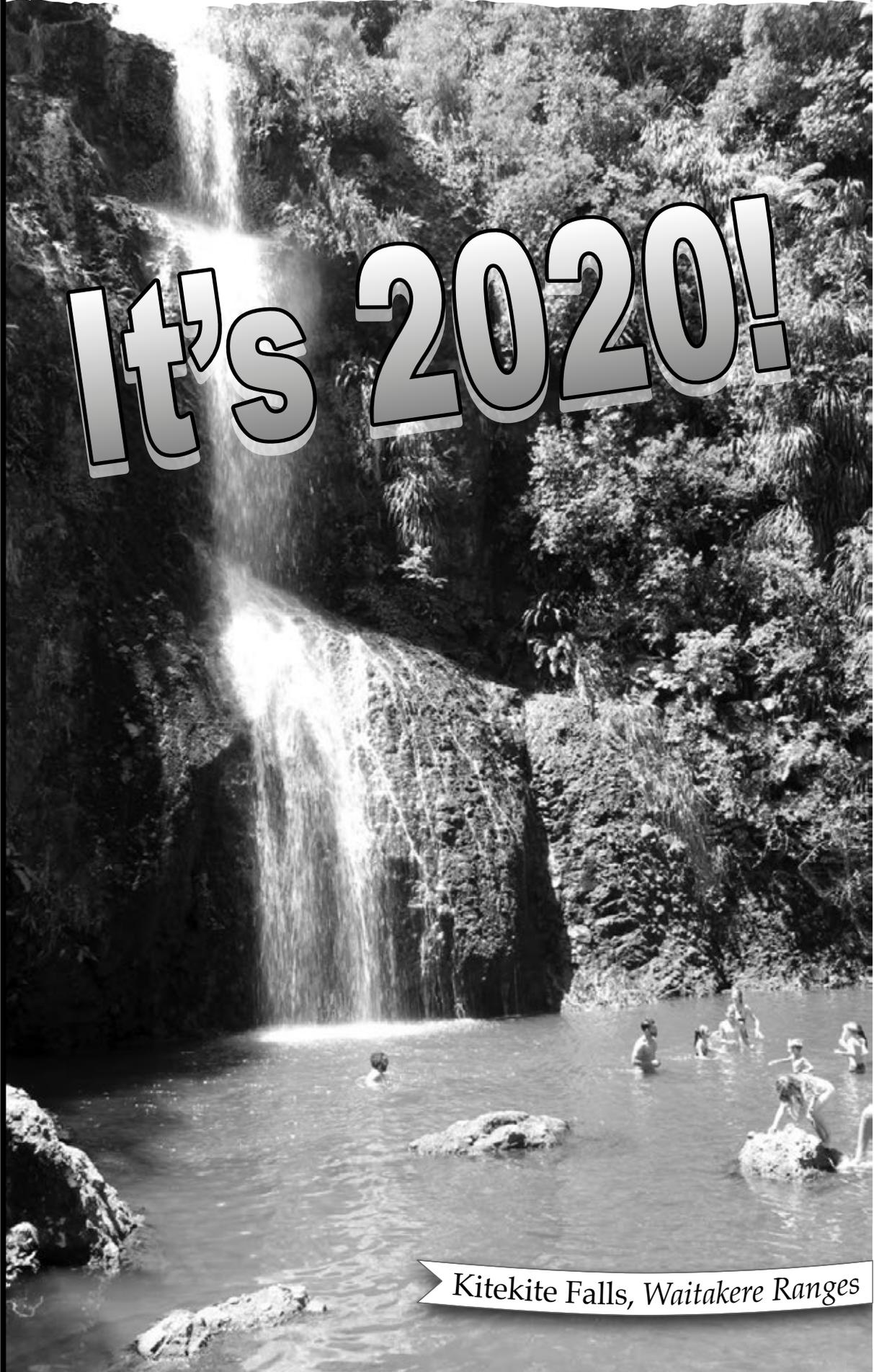
Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz

News & Views



OWN

Hamilton Trip Photos • Book Reviews • Stories, Poems, & Jokes



It's 2020!

Kitekite Falls, Waitakere Ranges

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 wish you all a wonderful year in 2020. I hope it will be a happy year for us all.

Some discussions are already taking place on "arrangements" for our free time. We are fortunate that we have *Lennie* who is so good in putting our ideas into practice.

On Wednesday, 12 February we went to Hamilton for lunch. *Beate* and I went to a Dutch café there and were most impressed, so we have arranged with



them for OWN to come to Hamilton and have lunch. The café has been based on the family house they had in Holland. Lunch was followed by a river cruise on the Waikato! (See page 4 for the report and photos.)

On Saturday, 29 February, I have booked tickets for a play at the *Waterfront Theatre* at 2:00pm. It is a play by *Roger Hall*, and aimed at an older audience – I think. If you want to go, please contact me asap.

Please remember our **AGM** on Saturday, 18 April. I hope to see you there.

If any of you have ideas for trips or activities which our members will enjoy, please let us know and we will see what we can arrange. It seems like we all like outings – so let's see what this year will bring!

Joan Lardner-Rivlin
Chairperson

Brown's Bay Writing Group Christmas Lunch

We had a delightful end of the year lunch on Saturday, 14 December, 2019 – good companionship, delicious food and lots of laughter.



Left to right: Judy Brocherie, Meg Norton, Patricia Russell, Lennie Crawford, Wendy Macleod, Helen Welsh, Sanny Leur, Shirley Williams, Ann Mutu, Betty Vaotogo, and Elizabeth Pennington.

A Tribute to

Irene Bradshaw

Irene Bradshaw passed away in February this year, surrounded by her beloved family. She was part of the **Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations** group for many years, where she entertained us with stories of her early life growing up in the North of England, before emigrating to New Zealand shortly after her marriage. *Irene's* sense of humour and love for her family shone through in all her stories. She was adored by her grandchildren and played an active part in all their lives. **Rest in peace, Irene.**

Thank you Patricia Russell for this tribute and sharing the photo of Irene (left) and you.



OWN Groups

Writing for Future Generations

Please inform the appropriate Group Convenor prior to attending.



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



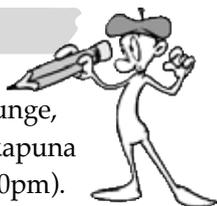
OWN Discussion Group

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 (1st 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



Up-coming Events

OWN AGM 2020

We need your attendance and we are always ready to welcome new people for the Committee!



When: 12:30pm, Saturday, 18 April
Venue: Rothesay Room, *Bays Community Centre*, 2 Glen Road, Browns Bay

We will have an interesting speaker for you and we are looking for at least one or two people to put their hand up to come onto the *OWN Committee*. Don't be shy as we don't bite and our meetings are always light-hearted and interesting and it also gives you an insight into the workings of OWN.

For more details, please contact *Joan Lardner-Riolin*, ph: 483-9671, or *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320.



OWN Festival 2020

When: Saturday, 16 May
Venue: *Positive Ageing Centre*, The Strand, Takapuna



The theme and workshops for this year's **OWN Festival** are yet to be decided. If you would like to contribute or have some suggestions, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320 or email: lenniec@xtra.co.nz



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

Hamilton Trip & River Cruise

Wednesday, 12 February was a very hot and sunny day as 36 OWN members and friends travelled on a lovely coach to Hamilton. *Paul*, our patient driver tolerated all the lively chatter and raucous laughter.

We stopped in Hamilton at *Zenders Café*, a Dutch café. Lunch was well organised with great hospitality and an interesting talk on the history of the café by one of the three sisters who are the proprietors. We then carried on to the *Hamilton Gardens* where the boat for the Waikato River Cruise departed. The river was calm with lovely reflections. Children splashed and swam, and some of us would love to have jumped in too! On return we toiled up the hill in the blazing sunshine to the coach and departed for our journey home.



Zenders Café in Hamilton



A delicious lunch



Waikato River cruise



Joan Lardner-Rivlin and Anne Mutu



Anne Shaw and Jenny Goldsbro

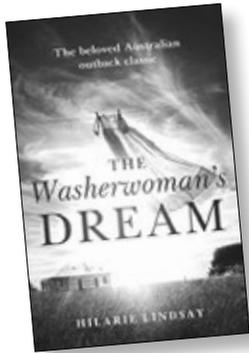
Thank you *Lennie Crawford* for her outstanding organisation of this trip, *Beate Matthies* for the excellent photos, and *Shirley Williams* for her thoughtful comments in this report.

This day was in memory of *Betty Faesen*, who passed away in July 2019.

Betty donated money to OWN for future trips. We have so many happy memories of a wonderful woman. She would have been smiling down on us and her family will be so proud that we celebrated in such a meaningful way.



Quick Book Reviews



The Washerwoman's Dream

by *Hilarie Lindsay*

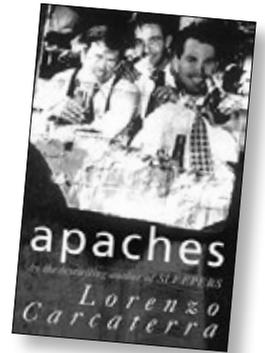
From diaries, letters, and writings, the book's author has pieced together the true story of *Winifred Steger* and her remarkable life in the Australian Outback in the 19th century. This is now considered to be an Australian Classic.

Apaches

by *Lorenzo Carcaterra*

(#1 New York best seller)

This falls into the genre of suspense / thriller about some cops who are no longer cops, but have formed a renegade unit working on their own against the evils of crack cocaine in New York in the 1980s. It is described as an "electrifying explosive and startling" novel.



It is No Secret

by *Donna Meehan*

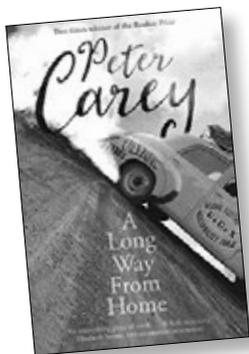
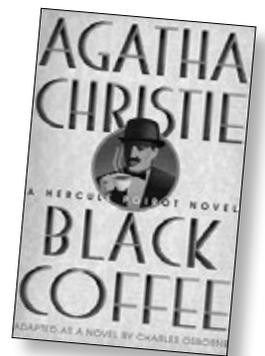
At the age of 40, *Donna* tells of her pain and isolation when she was removed from her natural Aboriginal family to live with a white family in Newcastle. She tells of her struggle to re-establish her culture, but at the same time she recognises her strong ties

with her foster parents. For those of you who have seen or read *The Rabbit-proof Fence*, this will resonate.

Black Coffee

by *Agatha Christie*

This story has been adapted by *Charles Osborne*. It is a novelisation, by an Australian-born writer and opera expert, of the 1930s play of the same name by *Agatha Christie*. As usual *Hercule Poirot* has to untangle family strife, love, and a suspicious visitor in order to clarify the murderer and prevent disaster.



A Long Way From Home

by *Peter Carey* (his 14th novel)

This is the story of a light skinned indigenous Australian who has been brought up white, to address the county's brutal history of racism. Asked why he had not written about this topic before *Carey* replied, "You can't be a

white Australian writer and spend your whole life ignoring the greatest, most important aspect of our history, and that we – I – have been the beneficiaries of genocide."

Lizzie's War

by *Tim Farrington*

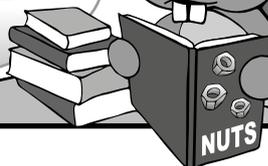
An unconventional love story set during the conflict in Vietnam. It is described as a "family epic, laced with authenticity, wit, and unforgettable characters. *Liz O'Reilly* has a husband in Vietnam, four children under the age of 12 years (and one on the way), and a burgeoning crush on the Parish Priest. An unconventional love story".



With thanks to *Dorothy Meyer* of *Settlers Lifestyle Village*, Albany.

“Rainy days should be spent at home with a cup of tea and a good book.”

Bill Watterson (US cartoonist)



“If you don't like to read, you haven't found the right book.”

J.K. Rowling (UK author)

Don't Judge a Book ...



Many years ago my husband told me of a conversation he had with his cousin when they were discussing their sons-in-law. The cousin spoke of one of his, "He is as rough as guts." He said this son-in-law was untidy, unshaven, missing teeth, ... an altogether unpromising appearance, and he probably liked a drink too. But they always had food in the fridge.

A few years later, when he and his wife were expecting their third child, his wife was diagnosed with cancer. I think it might have been ovarian because they, the health people, wanted to abort the baby,

but she refused. Three weeks after giving birth, she died. We went to her funeral, it was terribly sad.

What was to become of this young family? Well, the father didn't want to part from his children, so he became a solo dad and looked after the children himself.

I didn't see him again for about 12 years, but one day I ran into him in the street and we stopped to talk. He looked very respectable. Clean shaven, with his hair in a neat pony-tail, and tidily dressed. He told me that he was doing a warehousing

course in preparation for re-joining the workforce. I was impressed.

I saw the family again at the hangi of my husband's cousin and some years later I heard that he had passed away, but the children would then have been just old enough to look after themselves.

It all goes to show that you shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

Anne Mutu



Walking the *Heaphy Track*



Our guide, *Marty* suggested, that on the last day of the *Heaphy*, to be especially aware of our surroundings, as part of this trail evoked a strong spiritual presence for him. As I walked I kept getting two words: "They knew." Later that night I wrote this:

The 'Knowings'

Tangata Whenua
You knew

The tread of the pathways
The rounding of boulders
The patchwork of hillsides
Many colours of green

The clinging of rata
The silk of the river
The standings of nikau
Many crossings of streams

You knew

The strength of the mountains
The mist hiding outlooks
The wave crash unfurling
Many moments to dream

The beauty of mosses
The writings of cloud-forms
The friendship of fantails
Many weathers extreme

You knew

The call of the bellbird
The stretch of the tree-tops
The patterns of tide-reach
Spent bodies that gleam

The pathways of spirit
The power of the journey
The coming together
The close bonding of team

You knew ...

Jos Coburn

The Maiden Voyage of the *Santa Catalina*

We had been boating since 1984 and sold our sailboat *Bloodline* in 2003.

While emptying her, we could not believe how much stuff had been stowed away in the various holds of the 36ft sailboat. In total it took five carloads to clear! Much of this we stored at my mother-in-law's place in Manly as I thought that we would be without a boat for a few years and finally do some much needed maintenance on our house.

However, *Rod* had different ideas and was scouting the internet. He spotted a Catalina for sale and I did not have the heart to say no! Thus a few days after Christmas of 2003, we were heading out of *Gulf Harbour Marina* on the *Santa Catalina*.

As we had little time to get ready for our big trip it was a rush job to put all the bedding and provisions on the boat. Our daughter *Angie* and her husband *Nigel* arrived from Brisbane on Christmas Eve to join us on the sailing trip. I barely had time to prepare for the family Christmas dinner.

Boxing Day: By the time we loaded all the provisions into the boat it was already mid-afternoon. *Rod* was anxious to leave so we could get to Kawau Island before nightfall. As soon as we were underway, he called the coastguard: 4POB (persons on board) and 1DOG aboard – *Frodo*, our dog naturally was with us.

While the others were in the cockpit taking us out of the marina, I was below, hardly able to move with the salon floor completely covered in boxes and bags. Finally having stowed away all the perishables (fresh supplies and frozen meat) in the galley and finding under seat room to stow cans and other non-perishables, I realized that we did not have any pots or pans. We had food for three to four weeks, yet nothing to cook it in!

We were heading for Great Barrier Island, then on to Whangaroa in the far north and perhaps beyond. Then, just as we were already rounding

the Whangaparaoa Peninsula, I remembered that we had stored a lot of the items from *Bloodline* at *Nana's* place and a phone call confirmed that sure enough the pots and pans were still in her basement.

By now it was pouring rain, but we had to make the detour into Manly Bay. There was a strong off-shore wind when *Rod* dropped the anchor and he had to stay at the helm to hold the boat, so it was up to someone else to brave the waves. Since neither *Nigel*, *Frodo* the dog, nor I were competent 'rowers', it was left to poor *Angie* to battle the wind and a fair few breakers to retrieve the pots from *Nana*.

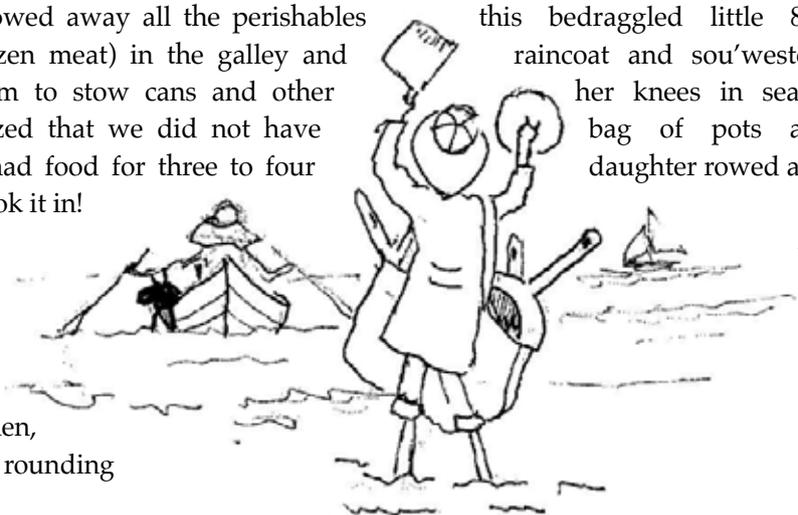
On the beach stood *Nana*, a little lady in an old raincoat and sou'wester hat with light blue polyester pants rolled up to her knees, which made her look even tinier than she was. Dear *Nana*, who was always so neat and tidy and concerned about her appearance!

When the dinghy arrived she waded out and helped *Angie* pull it in. They then stacked all the pots and pans into the boat, as well as a grater and cheese knife that *Nana* thought we might need ... unfortunately no can opener. She then hugged *Angie* and helped her launch the dinghy. The wind meant that the dinghy was almost propelled back to the *Santa Catalina*.

Nana stood there holding her hat, watching and waving until *Angie* was safely back on-board. Then she turned and struggled up the beach through the sand, much of which would have been flying straight into her face. Even now I can still picture her – this bedraggled little 89 year old lady in raincoat and sou'wester hat standing up to her knees in seawater holding a huge bag of pots and pans whilst our daughter rowed ashore to retrieve it.

A pity that we did not realise we needed to request a can opener as well!

Rosemarie Carr
(picture by Helen Welsh)



The Potatoes

My grandparents used to live in Moravia, a neighbouring region to Bohemia (where the first Puhoi settlers came from). In both regions there were many German settlements for almost 200 years. *Catherine the Great*, the German wife of Russian *Tsar Peter III* invited Germans to come and settle in these regions, which then belonged to the powerful Russian Empire. My ancestors were part of these immigrants.

After World War II, the Czechs expelled all ethnic Germans from what now was Czechoslovakia and took over all their possessions. Most men spent several months in Czech concentration camps. If they survived, they were then put in cattle wagons and transported to Germany. My grandparents were happy that at least they were almost all together (two of my uncles found my grandparents months later).

From being hard working, proud farmers, raising a big family my grandparents and many others found themselves now as refugees

in Germany. This was the country of their ancestors, but they had never been there nor did they know anybody there. They arrived in refugee camps where there was not enough food or water for the refugees coming from all parts of Eastern Europe. They were treated like beggars and were often badly humiliated by the local Germans who were supposed to share, but often did not want to.

When harvest time came, my grandmother took, every now and then, some of her 10 children with her and went to different farms where she asked if they could collect the potatoes on the field that the farmers left after harvesting.

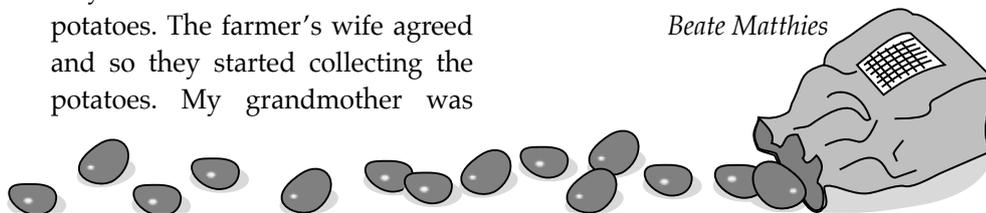
One day she arrived with some of my uncles and aunts at a farm and asked the farmer's wife if they could collect the left over potatoes. The farmer's wife agreed and so they started collecting the potatoes. My grandmother was

so happy when she touched each single potato. She started to think of how she would prepare the potatoes and feed her family. The smell reminded her of her own fields "back home".

When they had collected a sack full of potatoes and wanted to leave the field the farmer arrived suddenly and ran towards them shouting that they were thieves and should give him back the potatoes which belong to him. My grandmother was shocked and tried to explain that she had received permission from his wife. The farmer would not listen. He took the sack, emptied on the ground, gave her back the sack, and chased her and her children from the field.

My grandmother could never forget this incident. It was burnt deep in her heart.

Beate Matthies



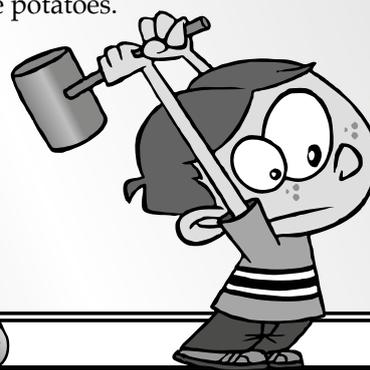
Making a Meal of Dinner

My 12 year old son called me at work early one evening, writes a contributor on an internet messageboard. He was home trying to help with making dinner for his siblings and for me and his mum before we got home. I could hear the frustration in his voice. He was trying to mash the potatoes.

"Holy Cow, Dad. I never realised how strong Mum was! I can't do it!"

It took me a minute to think and then I said, "Ummm ... did you cook them all the way through."

"Cook them!?" he replied.



Passion

Me:

(Sobbing my heart out, eyes swollen, nose red)
 “No! I can’t see you any more ... I am not going to let you hurt me like this again!”



Trainer:

“It was just one sit-up ... you did *ONE* sit-up!”

My emotional support dog ...



after I finished telling it all my problems!

People are passionate about all kinds of things, from engines to ancient manuscripts, but for *Eleanor* it was all things botanical, and her passion for wildflowers was infectious, as I was to find out.

She strayed into my life when I went for a walk with her one afternoon. She was nearer 70 than 60, a tiny woman a shade over five feet tall. She looked even smaller when dressed for botanising. She would wear a large battered felt hat on her head, an ankle length shapeless cotton dress and hefty black boots on her feet. Laden down with flower presses and armed with a long shepherd’s crook, she would set out on her gathering. She was tireless, she could walk forever over the roughest ground. I don’t think she was aware of either time or territory.

She had a wealth of knowledge about all plants and if she found something new that she didn’t recognise, her enthusiasm knew no bounds. Every walk turned into a treasure hunt. *Eleanor* didn’t keep the hundreds of specimens she collected. They were all carefully catalogued, and then parcelled up and sent to the various herbariums round the world.

I only knew her for a few short weeks, but she imbued me with her passionate absorption in



wildflowers – the difference was she dried them, I painted them.

That was in 1969. I spent another 11 years in Africa and I painted well over two hundred different wildflowers before we left. I don’t think a day ever passed without me painting some plant that I had found whilst walking the dogs.

When I returned to the UK, I continued my love affair with botany. I could not have lived in a more perfect spot in the West Country to do so.

That brief friendship with *Eleanor* did more to change my life than any other event, and for that I shall be forever grateful.

Helen Welsh

“Flowers always make people better, happier, and more helpful; they are sunshine, food and medicine to the mind.”

Luther Burbank (US botanist & horticulturist)

Smell the Roses



The last three weeks have been very sad. I have been to three funerals in three weeks. Yes, you might say, you are in that age group. No, two of these people were young. It has really made me think about my life and life in general. Do I expect too much of myself?

I thought what matters to me most, my family and my friends. So when the opportunity came to go to Christchurch to celebrate my special birthday, off we went.

On arrival at the airport, *Blake* said, "Grandma, I will put your luggage in the boot so don't look in the boot. When we get home go straight to your room for a few minutes and don't go into the laundry. When you wake up in the morning, stay in your room till we call you."

When I finally walked into the kitchen, two lovely bunches of gerberas of different colours adorned the table. Chocolate chip croissants, waffles, bacon, eggy bread, fried bananas, berry sauce, and juice. Cooked by my son and two grandsons. Yummy!

Later in the day we went to a fun place called *Crate Escape*. We were locked in a room and we had to break codes to escape – we had an hour to do it in and we got out with four minutes to spare. We all worked together and had a lot of fun. After that we walked through Christchurch city looking at the re-build, making our way slowly to the *Riverside Market*. The market is inside a building consisting of eating places, stalls to buy produce, and even a cooking school. We were all starting to feel hungry so we decided to make our way to the restaurant *C1 Espresso* where we were going to have tea. The children were fascinated as some of the food and drink were delivered to the table down perspex tubes.

What a great ending to an exciting day.

Meg Norton



Gardening God's Way

Plant three rows of peas:

- * Peace of mind
- * Peace of soul
- * Peace of heart



Plant four rows of squash:

- * Squash gossip
- * Squash indifference
- * Squash grumbling
- * Squash selfishness



Plant three rows of lettuce:

- * Lettuce be faithful
- * Lettuce be kind
- * Lettuce really love one another



Water freely with patience and cultivate with love. There is much fruit in your garden because you reap what you sow.

Author unknown

Thank you to Betty Vaotogo for sharing this gem.



Seeing is Believing

After 50 years as a health professional, I continue to find sceptics who do not believe in natural health. I was a Clinical Nurse Educator at Waitemata District Health Board in mental health and substance abuse for many years. I was dedicated to bringing 21st century healing into the medical model.

As a regional service we had:

- ✦ A team of midwives who worked with pregnant women who had substance abuse problems and parents with children under three.
- ✦ A team of nurses who supervised detoxes in the community.
- ✦ An 11-bed In Patient Unit for those needing hospital admission.

Energetically, you can sense what's happening in a home or a hospital unit as soon as you walk in. Perhaps a drama, an angry client, a death.

One day, as we wrote an Incident Report, my boss asked what I could do to calm things down. I said that I did this quietly when I came on duty. I explained that a psych nurse who was a naturopath had worked there in the past and clients would still ask to see him for magnesium oil for restless legs or lavender under their pillow, etc. He was eventually asked to present a scientific submission and was manoeuvred out.

My boss said that Kaumatuas were legitimate, so asked me to go ahead and make up some *First Light*



Flower Essence sprays to clear and liberate unproductive energy. The staff then began to use the sprays very effectively.

One of my colleagues, *Patrick*, who had been a psych nurse for 20 years was a vociferous sceptic. He was a good clinician and a dedicated Catholic who gave the eulogy every Sunday at Church. He was determined to discredit the sprays and we had many debates. He respected me, but had a closed mind about natural health!

One afternoon *Patrick* asked to see me. He had been a mediator with a client's family who were very angry with their son. It had been very stressful and he said the anger was still in the room so his colleague had used a *First Light Flower Essence* spray. "*Chris,*" he said. "I owe you an apology, we used a spray and it was like Holy Water."

"Of course," I said. "The sprays are made with native plants and Mother Earth surrounds us with native plants."

From then on *Patrick* was the most dedicated advocate with sceptic medics. Clients having a panic attack would be sprayed and the calming effects were miraculous. Seeing is believing and *Patrick* became quite frustrated with sceptics who tried to discredit him!

Chris Griffiths



Therapist:
"Your wife says you never buy her flowers. Is that true?"

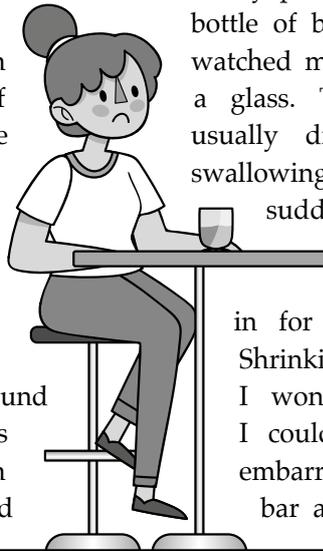
Him:
"To be honest, I never knew she even sold flowers."



Funny Tummy

My husband and I were on a cruise and had many day trips. Some of the people that we met on the cruise ended up with a “funny tummy”, which is quite normal I understand. I had some pills that my doctor gave me and blithely handed them around, and they worked beautifully. I was feeling good and in no way did I think that I would succumb.

We started out on an all day tour a couple of days late, but by the time we got to the hotel where we would be having lunch I did not feel that good and spent some time in the ladies’ room. The group would be walking around for about two hours before lunch and even though I started out I had



to very quickly head back to the hotel.

Feeling absolutely lousy and having no more pills I remembered my neighbour’s cure for a funny tummy. Up to the bar I went and ordered a port and brandy. The barman could not speak English, but with a bit of ingenuity he finally put a bottle of port and a bottle of brandy on the bar, and watched me pour them both into a glass. The first mouthful is usually disgusting and I was swallowing this when all of a sudden I was surrounded with priests in their white robes coming in for their morning coffee. Shrinking back on my stool, I wondered what on earth I could do as I was really embarrassed to be sitting at the bar at 10:00 in the morning

drinking alcohol. I slithered away and went back into the lounge where I consumed my drink. Thinking that this was not enough I went back to the now empty bar and the barman, bless him, handed me both bottles.

I had just started my second drink when everyone arrived back ready for lunch. The doctor on the ship stopped beside me and asked what was I drinking. When I explained he asked me “top or bottom” and then went on to tell me that he could give me all sorts of medication, but there was nothing better than what I was having.

The next day I was well enough to go on the excursion, none the worse for wear.

Lennie Crawford

We Have Not Come to Take Prisoners

We have not come to take prisoners,
But to surrender ever more deeply
To freedom and joy.

We have not come into this exquisite world
To hold ourselves hostage from love.

Run my dear,
From anything
That may not strengthen
Your precious budding wings.

Run like hell my dear,
From anyone likely
To put a sharp knife
Into the sacred, tender vision
Of your beautiful heart.

We have a duty to befriend
Those aspects of obedience
That stand outside of our house
And shout to our reason
“O please, O please,
Come out and play.”

For we have not come here to take prisoners
Or to confine our wondrous spirits,
But to experience ever and ever more deeply
Our divine courage, freedom and Light!

Hafiz
(Persian poet in the 1300s)

