



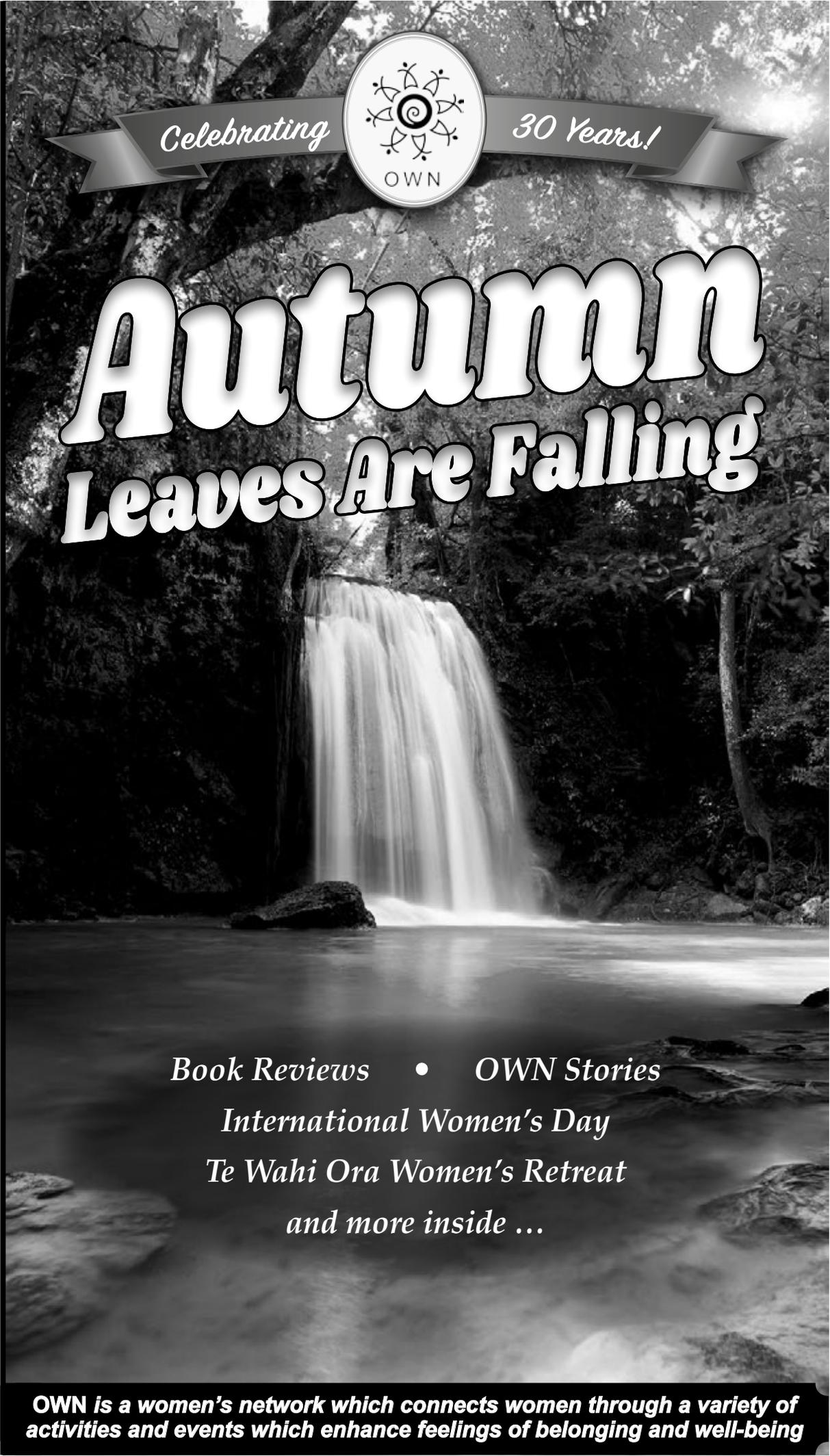
**Autumn 2021**

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

# NEWS & VIEWS



OWN



# Autumn Leaves Are Falling

*Book Reviews • OWN Stories  
International Women's Day  
Te Wahi Ora Women's Retreat  
and more inside ...*

**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 ...

What a glorious summer we are having. Compared to the rest of the world suffering with the effects of the Covid pandemic, we are extremely fortunate to be able to get out and about to enjoy special times with family and friends.

Planning events for the upcoming year is not easy. The OWN Committee is always open to suggestions from members. With what we have planned I am sure there will be something of interest for you.

The AGM (Annual General Meeting) 2021 will be held at the Bays Community Centre in Browns Bay on Saturday, 10 April – (see page 3). Our guest speaker this year will be Jennifer Ward-Lealand, renowned Kiwi actress. She will be interesting to listen to.

This year is the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of OWN and it will be the theme of our OWN Festival in May (see page 3). Looking through the very first magazines, times, clothing, and even food has changed.

Looking forward to seeing you all at these events.



*Judy Brocherie*  
Chairperson

## Westbrook Winery Trip

On Tuesday, 15 OWN members travelled through the delightful leafy green countryside in Coatesville and Riverhead to the Westbrook Winery which is in Waimauku, set amongst grape vines, ponds, and a rolling green lawn.

Our tables were laden with platters of delicious looking breads, cheeses, meats, and many accompaniments. There was much chatter and laughter, and several ladies enjoyed the local wines.

This was a most enjoyable outing and many thanks must go to Lennie Crawford for organising it.



Thank you to our dedicated President, Judy Brocherie, who has a broken wrist and wrote this in haste on her iPhone with one finger!



## Christmas Lunch

Browns Bay Writing  
for Future Generations  
December 2020

Our last Writing Group meeting of the year saw 20 of us reading our stories, followed by a delicious shared Christmas lunch. The festive mood was alive and well, bolstered by a delectable array of food and beverages. It was a relaxing way to finish what can only be described as an unusual year, with much laughter and chatter.



Thank you to Patricia Russell  
for convening our group  
with dedication and love.



# Up-coming Events

## OWN AGM 2021

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



**When:** 12:00 noon, Saturday, 10 April  
**Where:** Bays Community Centre,  
2 Glen Road,  
Browns Bay

With a shared lunch followed by our guest speaker *Jennifer Ward-Lealand*, actor and director.



We know that the word 'AGM' often puts people off, but this is an opportunity to socialise with everyone, listen to an interesting speaker, and enjoy a light lunch. Please come along.



For more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320.

## OWN Festival 2021 "Celebrating 30 Years"



**When:** 10:00am, Saturday, 29 May  
(check-in at 9:30am)  
**Where:** Positive Ageing Centre,  
7 The Strand, Takapuna

We are 30 years old this year so we will be celebrating in style. Keep this date free and you will be advised of workshops, etc. real soon!

For more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320.



## You Make Me Feel Like Dancing! – Operatunity Concert



Get ready to boogie as we sing and dance the day away to your favourite hits of the 50s, 60s, and 70s.

**When:** 11:00am, Wednesday, 18 August  
**Where:** Windsor Park Baptist Church, 550 East Coast Road,  
Mairangi Bay (behind the shops)  
**Cost:** \$37 each singles,  
\$34 each for groups of five, or \$33 each for groups of 10



Please let *Lennie Crawford* know so that she can book seats ASAP so that we do not miss out, ph: 444-3320 or 027-217-4783, or email: [lenniec@extra.co.nz](mailto:lenniec@extra.co.nz) or [own@own.org.nz](mailto:own@own.org.nz)



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

## OWN Membership Subs 2021

Thank you to those who have already paid their OWN membership for 2021. Those who haven't can pay online – our ASB bank account number is 12-3053-0401733-00 (remember to include your name as the reference). If you prefer, you can give cash to either *Beate Matthies* or *Lennie Crawford*. Cheques are being phased out, but we can currently still accept them.



# Coping With Bad News

## Accept Reality

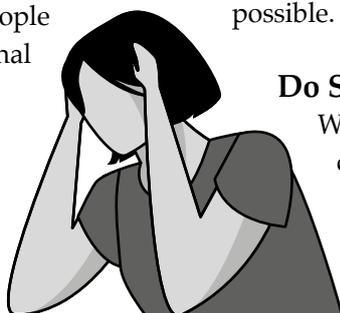
When faced with bad news, it's easy to waste a lot of time thinking things like "this can't be happening", or "this shouldn't be happening to me". But this isn't the time to waste your vital resources worrying about fairness. Accept the situation. That doesn't mean you have to agree with what's going on, but it does mean that you're willing to acknowledge reality. Only then can you take positive action.

## Seek Support

Talk to your friends. Ask for help from a professional. Reach out to your loved ones. Whatever you do, make sure that you ask questions, tell people what you need, and get the emotional support that could assist you.

## Create a Helpful Mantra

Develop an affirmation, like "I've survived tough times before – I will get through this too", and repeat it



to yourself as needed. It can help drown out negative thoughts that are bound to swirl in your mind, and it can keep you on track so you can move forward.

## Practise Self-care

Take short walks if you can. Make healthy eating choices and rest when you need to. Avoid too much news media – most of it is repetitious and not always reliable.

## Ask Yourself What Advice You'd Give a Friend

This helps to take a lot of the emotion out of the equation, which can be key to making the best choice possible.

## Do Something to Keep a Sense of Normalcy

When the entire world feels like it is upside down, try and do one thing that helps you feel normal. It might be walking in the morning, knitting, or doing puzzles. Maybe catch up with a friend for coffee.

## 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 or ph: 021-064-9522.

*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.

### 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 further details, contact *Joan Lardner-Riolin*, ph: 483-9671.



### 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*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Val Bird*, ph: 475-6601 or email: [valbird51@hotmail.com](mailto:valbird51@hotmail.com)



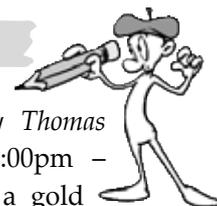
### OWN Discussion Group

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 St Anne's room, *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)



# Daily Life in Samoa

1958 – 1962



The first bus was often heard passing on the road well before dawn. Because our village, Samusu, was near the end of the island, shopping in Apia meant an early start. People taking produce or cooked food on the bus to the market would get it ready the night before.

There was a lot to see when travelling on the bus.

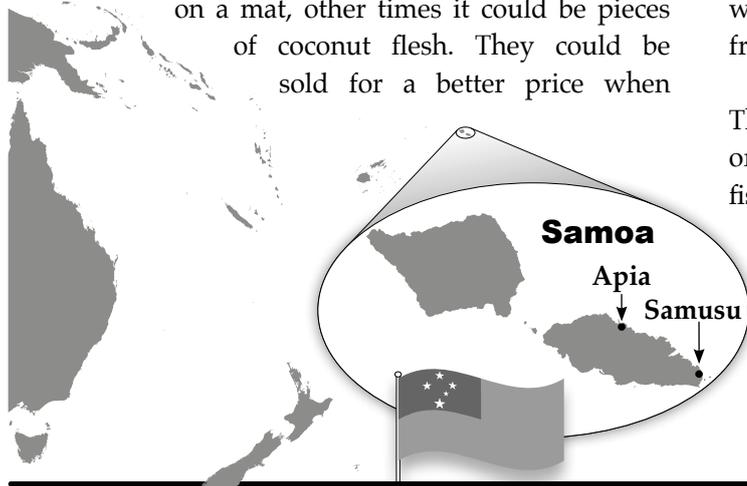
Often a small child carrying a basket would be picking up rubbish around their house. Sometimes a conch shell was blown early to announce a working bee in a village. Able-bodied men would gather, carrying their long bush knives and attack the grass on the village green, or maybe to do some other work to benefit the local population. Other places people would be walking some distance to their land to harvest taro, yam, or green bananas for their main meal. Often at dawn I heard an old person praying aloud, when some of the family were still waking up.

In many places women would be taking a bundle of washing to a spring or river where they could have quite a social time sharing their news, while washing their family's clothes. When I returned, my mother-in-law *Lina* would sometimes ask me, "And did you hear some gossip at the river this morning?"

We also saw children walking to school in their nice bright uniforms.



Most days were sunny, and women would dry a variety of things in the sun. Cocoa beans were spread on a mat, other times it could be pieces of coconut flesh. They could be sold for a better price when



dry. Grated coconut could be turned into oil, if left long enough in a bowl in the hot sun. But all those things needed a grandma to sit there with a stick to keep the chickens away. She was not to take her eyes off the things she was watching as pigs might be wandering free and try to steal a snack too.

Late morning, we would usually be offered a hot drink with bread and jam, or pancakes. That is if there were no cooked taros or bananas left from the night before. Sometimes you would see women sitting weaving mats for hours, other times maybe the local Minister would visit.

Firewood was collected daily for cooking. A child was sent next door to fetch a light when the cook wanted to light the fire. The child would carry a few longish dry leaves and stick one end into the neighbour's fire until it smouldered enough to last while he hurried home and got their own fire to burn from the dry leaves he had got to smoulder. There was hardly anyone who bought matches as it was free to light their fire from a neighbour's fire.

The family would mostly cook taro, green bananas, or breadfruit, with coconut sauce, and some meat or fish. Other times a can of corned beef might be heated with onion – especially if visitors were being entertained. Before the evening meal the family usually sang a hymn, and had a bible reading which was followed by a prayer.

Continues ➤

◀ continued.

Whenever someone walked past the house while the family were having their meal, they would be invited to stop and partake, before continuing their walk. They seldom accepted, knowing well how little most families had to go around.



Sunday was literally a day of rest. No work was done, except essential cooking and maybe a quick iron of the best shirt or white dress for Church.

Afterwards, most widows and single women would share the Sunday meal in their usual meeting house. The men in the village would do the same elsewhere, and some people would eat in the Minister's house.

No sport or noisy games allowed afterwards, no swimming or fishing on Sundays.



Many villages had no running water, but water would be carried in buckets from a well or river to



their houses for cooking, drinking, etc.

At one time we lived in another village, where they had piped water and four public taps which were situated at intervals beside the main road. Very handy for collecting water for the house, for showers, and washing clothes.

The Minister was lucky as he had a private tap beside his house and the water pressure was better there than at the other taps. I was often invited there to do my washing.

Once, on a Sunday morning, I had a little problem after I washed my baby's nappies. It was not long before a message was delivered from the Minister: 'Would you kindly refrain from washing clothes on the Sabbath!'

Later I got my own back on the Minister when he had not paid his account at the local shop we were managing. I asked him, "Do you mean to say that you, a respected Minister of Satitua, cannot pay your bill as you promised me?"

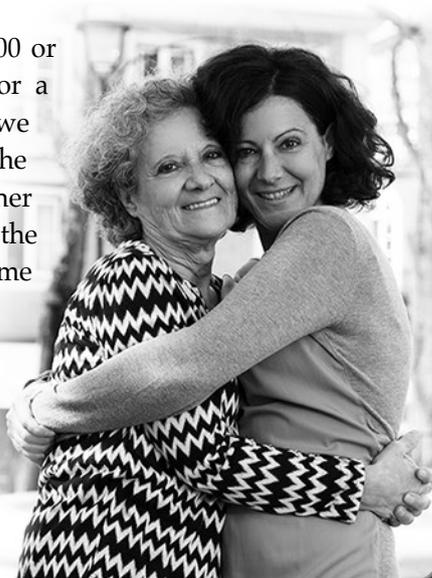
Betty Vaotogo

## The Best Things in Life

As we grow older, and hence wiser, we slowly realise that wearing a \$300 or a \$30 watch, they both tell the same time. Whether we carry a \$300 or a \$30 wallet / handbag, the amount of money inside is the same. Whether we drink a bottle of \$300 or \$15 wine, the hangover is the same. Whether the house we live in is 300 or 3,000 sq. ft., the loneliness is the same. Whether you drive an \$8,000 Honda or an \$80,000 Mercedes, they both serve the same purpose. You will realise, your true inner happiness does not come from the **MATERIAL** things of this world.

Therefore, I hope you realise, when you have mates, buddies, old friends, brothers and sisters, who you chat with, laugh with, talk with, sing songs with, talk about north-south-east-west or heaven and earth ...

*that is true happiness!!*



# Luwawa, Malawi

In January 1969 we arrived back in Malawi after leave in the UK. We had left our two oldest children, *Melanie* and *Martin*, behind at school. I was feeling bereft. In addition to that, *George* was required to remain at headquarters for a while before we could continue our journey north.

Thus, it was that I was staying with a friend in Blantyre, whilst *George* was occupied with work. I soon grew weary of hanging about and just wanted to be back in my own home, especially as *Gina* was missing out on her schooling – she was about to start correspondence school. And so it was decided that *Gina* and I would proceed to our new forestry station on our own.

We were driven north in a government car. Our belongings, which were all crated up and waiting, would follow on our

heels on a forestry truck. It was a long tedious journey because we were going to the Northern Province of the country.

We reached our destination about 5:00pm, just as it got dark. I say arrived, but when we were half a mile short of our destination, we came to a halt, because we had a puncture. *Gina* and I walked the last little bit in almost complete darkness. I had not been to this area before so hoped that I wouldn't get lost, or worse!

Luwawa was an isolated station – not even a telephone and the nearest expatriate forestry families were 25 miles away. It was therefore a bit of a blow when the truck with our belongings and groceries on it didn't turn up, because all we had for supper was the remains of our picnic lunch and water. The watchman had met us at the house and he provided us with a hurricane lamp, so that we did have light of a sort.

poleaxed – she was at the time six years old. I lay awake. I was not used to being in bed by 6:30pm.

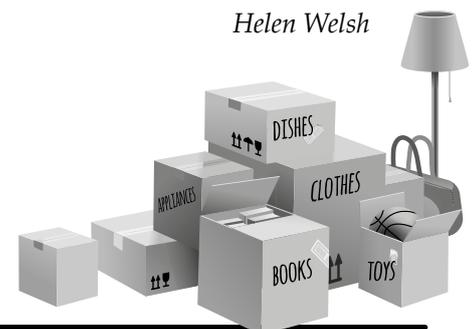
As the night wore on all kinds of peculiar noises could be heard: not just the whine of mosquitoes either. Some of the sounds I recognized, hyena and jackals are unmistakable. There was one really strange call that completely foxed me, a cross between a whoop and a whistle and whatever it was there seemed to be a lot of them. I came to the conclusion it must be some kind of bird. I am obviously no ornithologist – they were in fact reedbuck.

The truck arrived early the next morning – it too had been waylaid by a puncture. I was glad to see it, we were both famished.

*George* arrived a week later, by which time I had everything unpacked.



Since we were obviously going to have to wait until morning before we could do anything, we went to bed, tummies rumbling. Just as well it was warm because we had no bedding. *Gina* was completely worn out and went out as if

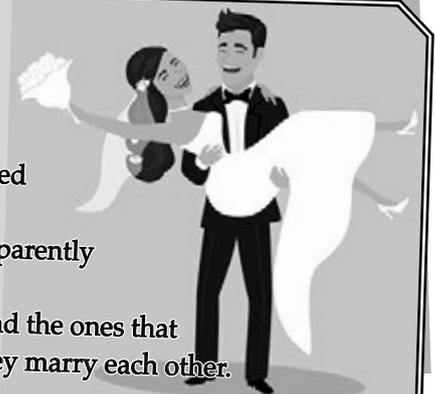


Helen Welsh



## Marriage Is ...

- ☺ My wife asked me if she had any “annoying” habits and then got all offended during the PowerPoint presentation.
- ☺ I have a cold and it's pretty bad. My wife has a husband with a cold and apparently that's way worse.
- ☺ There are two kinds of people: the ones that pack six days before the trip, and the ones that wake up on the day and realise that they need to do a load of laundry ... they marry each other.





# Quick Book Reviews



## Ko Aotearoa Tatou: We Are New Zealand

Edited by *Michelle Elvy, Paula Morris, and James Norcliffe.*

Art Editor *David Eggleton*

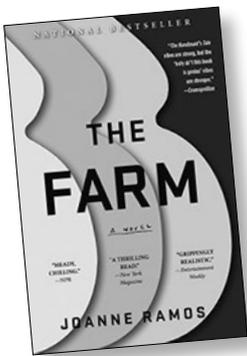
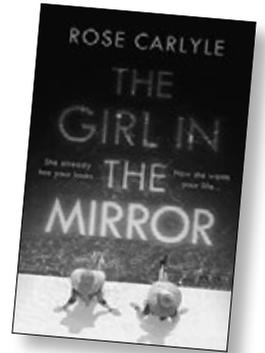
This collection was compiled in response to *Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern's* words after the devastating Christchurch terror attacks in 2019: "We are

all New Zealanders." But who are New Zealanders and what is New Zealand now in all its diversity? This book glows with aroha and kindness. He waka eke noa – we are all in this together.

## The Girl in the Mirror

by *Rose Carlyle*

The author is a New Zealander, and her debut psychological thriller has earned her intense interest from Hollywood and a major movie deal is already signed. An experienced sailor, the story is based on some of *Carlyle's* experiences and features parts of the ocean with which she is familiar. The main characters, twin sisters, are identical on the outside but, as the blurb says, "dangerously different" on the inside. A gripping read.



## The Farm

by *Joanne Ramos*

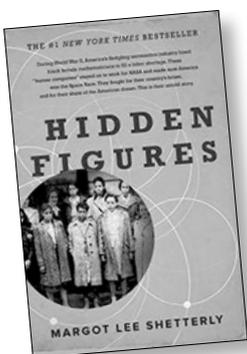
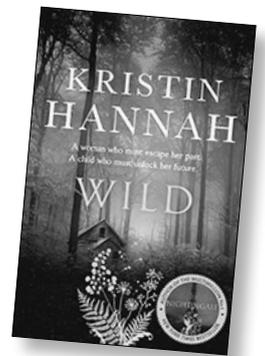
This thrilling, but flawed debut novel is a colonisation story set inside *Golden Oaks*, a baby farm in Massachusetts, where wealthy foetuses occupy immigrant bodies. These grateful "hosts" are mostly black or "mild and service-oriented" Filipinos.

"Premiere Hosts" are white, pretty and "smart, but not intimidatingly so". They carry babies for career women and ageing billionaires, while having their every move watched, etc. Although sensitively written, it is all about exploitation and the influence of money.

## Wild

by *Kristin Hannah*

When a solitary, speechless child appears from the forests in the Pacific Northwest of the USA, a child psychiatrist seeking a new start takes her case and is determined to free her from her fear and isolation, unravel her past and re-establish her in a new home. As the previous *Kristin Hannah* books I have read have been based on WWII, this will be different, but I am sure will feature the resilience of the human spirit which has marked earlier novels by this writer.



## Hidden Figures

by *Margot Lee Shetterly*

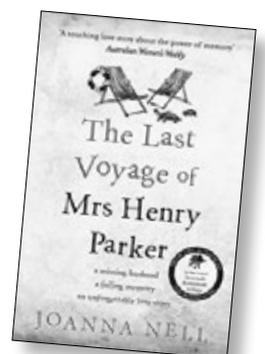
Published in 2016 and covering the years 1930 to 1960, the book chronicles and celebrates the remarkable accomplishments of four African-American female math whizzes who worked for NASA during segregation, an age of inequality and without the aid

of modern computer technology. Some may have seen the motion picture adaptation.

## The Last Voyage of Mrs Henry Parker

by *Joanna Nell*

A carefully thought out book about the devastation of family life caused by dementia. While, for some of us, this is a sensitive issue, the author treats the topic with understanding and respect. Some of you may have read the earlier novel by this writer, *The Single Ladies of the Jacaranda Retirement Village*. *Nell*, born and educated in medicine in the UK, is now a Sydney-based writer and GP.



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



# Let Me Finish

## Stop Interrupting ... and We Can Change the World

I won't interrupt you, I promise. I won't interrupt your words – or your thoughts.

Imagine it. Imagine the relief, the possibilities, the dignity. You now have ground that is yours. Unassailably. This is for you. Time to think. To feel. To figure out what you really want to say. To say it, to consider it. To change it. To finish your sentences, to choose your own words. To become a bit bold, even eloquent. To become you.

And because you know I will not interrupt you, you will want, when you finish, to know what I think, too, even if we disagree. You open your heart. And because you promise not to interrupt me, I open mine.

We all long for this; the promise of no interruption. The promise of interest. The promise of attention while we think. The promise of this much respect for us all as human beings. Every day, in every interaction, vital or trivial, we hope for the kind of presence that lets our brains and hearts find themselves.

We were born for this. In fact, says science, we were born expecting it. Our brains needed it to keep forming when we were infants, almost marsupially. They still do. To stay fully homo sapiens, our minds and hearts need this promise.

And yet it is nowhere. We look around. We see only interruption. Our colleagues interrupt. Our beloveds interrupt. Our friends interrupt. We interrupt.

In fact, according to the *Gottman Institute* in Seattle, three years ago the average listening time of even professional listeners was 20 seconds. Now it is 11. Eleven seconds! And those of us who are paid to listen – coaches, therapists, leaders, doctors, teachers, pastors – have paid for endless instruction in how to listen. But the instruction is in how to insert, how to tailgate, how to justify the populating of silence with our own view.



Interruption diminishes us. It diminishes our thinking. That means that our decisions are weaker; our relationships are thinner.

We can stop all forms of interruption. We can decide to be masters of attention, to commit to the flourishing of our minds, of our hearts, of our very nature. This promise of no interruption, this sustaining of generative attention, can turn us towards each other.

In fact, the decision not to interrupt each other is powerful enough to mitigate the prepotent relationship issue of our time – the issue that cleaves our conversations at work, in politics, in families and invisibly inside ourselves – the societal bifurcation we call polarisation. This contemporary scourge is ancestral. And it is high time we faced it down by facing its cause.

*Nancy Kline*

Extract from *The Promise That Changes Everything: I Won't Interrupt You* by Nancy Kline.



## Six Best Doctors in the World

- ① Sunlight
- ② Rest
- ③ Exercise
- ④ Diet
- ⑤ Self-confidence
- ⑥ Friends

Maintain them in all stages of life and enjoy a healthy life. The older we get; the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

*Thank you Sue Smith, Head RN at Settlers Lifestyle Village.*





## Chocolate Chip Brownies

### Ingredients

- 1 cup of Sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of Flour
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup of Cocoa
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Icing Sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Chocolate Chips
- 2 large Eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Canola or Olive oil
- 2 Tbsps Water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn Vanilla Essence

### Method

1. Preheat the oven to 170°.
2. Lightly spray an 8 x 8 baking tin with cooking spray and line with baking paper. Spray the baking paper.
3. In a medium bowl: combine the sugar, flour, cocoa, icing sugar, and chocolate chips.
4. In a large bowl: whisk eggs, olive oil, water, and vanilla essence.
5. Sprinkle the dry mix over the wet mix and stir until just combined.
6. Pour the batter into prepared tin (it will be thick, but that is okay). Use a spatula to smooth the top.
7. Bake for 30 minutes or until cooked. Better to take the brownies out early than leave them too long.
8. Allow to cool completely before cutting.
9. Store in an airtight container for up to three days. Brownies can be frozen.



It wasn't the cold dampness of the church hall, or the cosy, patchwork, sleeping bag we snuggled into for our afternoon sleeps, or the horrible *Wendy* whose nasty pinches ruined story time for me every afternoon. No. It was my early, disregard for rules that I remember most vividly.

Before morning tea, it was toilet time. Two lines, boys and girls would queue outside in the damp, draughty hallway, waiting turns before the towering Men's and Ladies open toilet doors.

"Stand quietly in line. Reach up. Pull the chain, when finished. Wash hands. Get your play-lunch, then go out to play."

My inquiring mind first questioned the need for gender lines. I tried lining up on the boys' side. Why not? They seemed to get through much quicker. But, having been removed smartly by the duty teacher, I carefully watched and studied the boys' techniques. They were definitely much faster.

My turn. I can do this. I now know how. Stand. Face the toilet. Fumble with clothing and keep hands to the front. Go as fast as you can, pull the chain then turn and speed off to the washroom.

It was a huge shock. Why hadn't my plan worked? Instead – a totally, undignified result! Dribbles, or should I say floods, down the legs? A puddle, an annoyed teacher, and then an extra-large pair of Kindy bloomers to wear home. Mine were wrapped up in many, layers of newspaper.

Walking home, my mother, who had prided herself in top-of-the-class-toilet-training-achievements, kept asking me gently for an explanation. Little four year old talkative and constantly questioning everything me, for once, had nothing to say.

*Jos Coburn*



**“A basic rule of baking is that, in general, it's almost impossible to make an inedible batch of brownies.”**

*Linda Sunshine (US author)*



# International Women's Day

Monday, 8 March, 2021

## How did It Come About?

*International Women's Day (IWD)* is celebrated on 8 March every year. It aims to connect all women around the world and inspire them to achieve their full potential.

The history of *IWD* goes back to the early 1900s. Women's oppression and inequality was spurring them to become more vocal and active.

In 1908, 15,000 women marched through New York demanding shorter hours, better pay and voting rights.

In 1910 in Copenhagen, and *IWD* of no fixed date was proposed to honour the women's rights movement and to assist in achieving universal suffrage for women. Over 100 women from 17 countries unanimously agreed to the proposal, three of whom were later elected the first women to the Finnish Parliament.

In 1911, the *IWD* was honoured for the first time in Austria, Denmark, Germany, and Switzerland on 19 March. More than one million women and men attended *IWD* rallies campaigning for women's rights to work, vote, be trained, hold public office, and to end discrimination.

On 25 March, a large fire in New York City took the lives of more than 140 working women, most of them Italian and Jewish immigrants. This drew significant attention to working conditions and labour legislation in the United States that became a focus of subsequent *IWD* events.

On the eve of World War I, campaigning for peace, Russian women observed their first *IWD* on the last Sunday in February 1913. In 1914, further women across Europe held rallies to campaign against the war and to express women's solidarity.

On the last Sunday of February in 1917, Russian women began a strike for "bread and peace" in



*Mostly female workers marching in St. Petersburg in 1917 demanding the government 'feed the children of the defenders of the motherland'*

response to the deaths of over two million Russian soldiers in the war. Opposed by political leaders, the women continued to strike until, four days later, the Czar was forced to abdicate and the provisional government granted women the right to vote. The date the women's strike commenced was 23 February on the Julian calendar, then in use in Russia – this day on the Gregorian calendar (in use elsewhere) was 8 March.

There have been many great improvements for women over the last 100 years. With those has come a change in the tone and nature of *IWD*, from being a reminder about the negatives to a celebration of the positives.

Not "all the battles have been won" however. Women are still not paid equally to their male counterparts, are still not present in equal numbers in business and politics, and globally women's education, health and the violence against them is worse than that of men.

For more information about the *International Women's Day* visit [www.internationalwomensday.com](http://www.internationalwomensday.com)





# Te Wahi Ora

Charitable Trust Phone: (09)812-8775

Website: [www.tewahiora.co.nz](http://www.tewahiora.co.nz) Email: [tewahiorapiha@gmail.com](mailto:tewahiorapiha@gmail.com)

Beverley Holt and Wynsome Diprose are the co-founders of Te Wahi Ora Women's Retreat at Piha, which is where I went to stay in January 2021. It is a unique retreat run by women for women. You are encouraged to do as little, or as much as you like. Sleep until late or take a dawn stroll up the beach. I loved it, the meals were delicious and I felt refreshed and renewed.

Bev told me that the founders of OWN – Barbara Stanley and Committee – visited Te Wahi Ora in the early days. She explained that when the Women's Movement surged through Aotearoa in the 1970s and 1980s, she and Wynsome dreamed of retreat places for women, able to meet needs that had never been dealt with before or at least support women in their healing process.

Bev said, "I later gained the insight that one of the 'driving forces' behind Te Wahi Ora was that I desperately wanted to provide exhausted mothers with a place where they could have a break from their 24/7 job! A place comfortable enough for women yet financially viable for all mothers, so that they could then return to their amazing task of raising the next generation with renewed energy and vision ... and not be so cranky."

"We believe that our liberation and wholeness as women is all tied up with the liberation and wholeness of all women throughout the world. Te Wahi Ora will always seek to keep and encourage compassion for the women of the world."

It was a pleasure to finally meet Bev. She is an absolute inspiration. A woman who has given so much to so many women, with unfailing determination and compassionate wisdom.

I highly recommend Te Wahi Ora Women's Retreat.

Chris Griffiths



# Be Silly!

The kids were worried about us at the start of the lockdown. I sent them some videos, the first of me jumping on the sofa like a toddler; I was decorating the house one day, so I put on silly clothes and danced around with my paintbrush to Billy Joel's *Uptown Girl*, as my wife jiggled around with a feather duster.

I worked as a supervisor at a power station for many years: humour kept the team happy and stopped them getting dejected when critical incidents occurred. A light-hearted approach instead of iron-fist discipline keeps everyone smiling and on side.

You've got to stay childish and silly; once you lose that, you settle into an austere and miserable old age. And it's not only about keeping yourself happy, but the people around you, too.

Kevan Gee (age 75, UK)



From: **Secrets of joy from the over 70s**  
by Michael Segalov, *The Guardian*,  
[tinyurl.com/OWN-Silly](http://tinyurl.com/OWN-Silly)