



Winter 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

Celebrating



30 Years!

OWN Festival 2021



See more photos inside ... in colour!

Also inside this issue ...

- ✂ events
- ✂ stories
- ✂ poems
- ✂ articles
- ✂ jokes
- ✂ recipe

and *Our OWN Stories* ebooks!



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 ...

After the winter we had in 2020 with events being cancelled due to Covid-19, we are hoping this does not happen again this year. It is most important that we meet up with one another for friendship and enjoyment.

The Committee puts a lot of time and effort into planning these occasions and when they are not very well supported it is most disappointing. Let us all make a concerted effort to attend as many of these events as possible. If any of you have any ideas you think may interest our OWN members, please let the Committee know. We are open to all suggestions.

I look forward to seeing you all soon.

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



OWN ... 30 Years

This year we are celebrating 30 years of OWN's existence.

I joined OWN in 2001 after being asked to do a workshop at their Festival. I decided to stay for the day and joined a writing workshop as I had wanted to write some family history down for my grandchildren.

I found out they had a Writing Group going, and so I promptly joined both OWN and the Writing Group. I want to say what a wonderful time it has been. So many hours spent listening to each other's stories, attending the Festivals, and other events.

It has been a really wonderful way to spend my older years. So many thanks to OWN for being there and enriching our lives, and to the lovely ladies I have met there.

Anne Mutu
(left in photo)



Compiling Editor: *Chris Griffiths*



OWN eBooks

To acknowledge and celebrate the 30th Anniversary of *Our Women's Network* (originally called the *Older Women's Network*) we were inspired to gather some more of the many stories written by the members of the *OWN Writing for Future Generations* Groups.

Our Own Stories 3 is now available for free on our website. We have also uploaded the two previous OWN storybooks as ebook versions. Go to ...

www.own.org.nz/publications.php

or visit the www.own.org.nz and click on "Publications" in the section links at the top of the page.

They are all normal PDF documents, so anyone using a computer, tablet, or smartphone, who goes to the website should be able to simply click on a storybook cover image to open or download it.



Proof-reader: *Patricia Russell*

Up-coming Events

OWN Games Day

This will be a fun day with board games, bingo, and quizzes ... with lots of laughter! Light finger food lunch will be provided.

Diarise Now!

When: 11:00am – 2:00pm, Saturday, 3 July
Where: Bays Community Centre, 2 Glen Road, Browns Bay
Cost: \$10 per person (incl. lunch)

To register or for more details, contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320, ph: 027-217-4783, email: lenniec@xtra.co.nz or *Judy Brocherie*, ph: 473-5016, ph: 0210-239-4270.



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 Windsor Park shops)
Cost: \$37 each singles,
 \$34 each for groups of five, or \$33 each for groups of 10

Book Now!

Let us know if you are interested so that we can book seats ASAP and not miss out. Contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320, ph: 027-217-4783, email: lenniec@xtra.co.nz or *Anita Knape*, ph: 483-7762, ph: 021-024-40894, email: anitaknape@slingshot.co.nz



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

Out of the Mouths of Babes ...

I let my niece out of her car seat and said, "You're free!"

She responded, "No, I'm free and a half!"

Excited, our daughter ran in to tell us about the new girl in the class from China who spoke apricot.

My mother took me to a funeral when I was really little. While we were waiting for it to start, I asked loudly, "What's in the box?"

My son refers to tissues as crying napkins.

Little Johnny asked his Grandma how old she was. Grandma answered, "39 and holding." Johnny thought for a moment, and then said, "And how old would you be if you let go?"



OWN AGM 2021

Saturday, 10 April • Bays Community Centre, Browns Bay

Jennifer Ward-Lealand was the guest speaker at our OWN AGM in April. Having worked in the entertainment industry for almost 40 years, her anecdotes were both informative and amusing. To be honoured as *New Zealander of the Year 2020* was well deserved recognition of her many achievements throughout her career, including her services to theatre and the community. The half hour or so that she was allocated sped by, as she regaled us with stories of her life "treading the boards".

Patricia Russell

*Winter
is the season
in which people
try to keep the
house as warm
as it was in the
summer, when
they complained
about the heat.*

Charles Dickens
(English author)



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



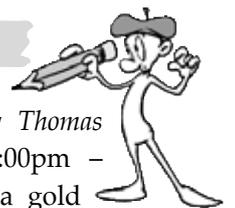
OWN Discussion Group

Meets at 10:00am on every second Tuesday of each 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 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



Happy Birthday!

Lennie Crawford

Lennie was born on 28 March, 1941 in Clovelly, a suburb in Sydney Australia. Her mother was a Kiwi and her dad an Aussie. Her two sisters were also born in Australia.

The family sailed to New Zealand on the *Monowai*, arriving here in January 1949.

Lennie started her schooling at *Vauxhall School*. When the family were given a State house in Meadowbank, she continued her schooling there. Her high school years were spent at *Otahuhu College*. Lennie represented *Otahuhu College* in the swimming competitions and was also a member of the *Meadowbank Marching Team*.

The most memorable moment for Lennie was when *Sir Edmund Hillary* visited *Meadowbank School*. He gave a most interesting talk on his recent conquering of Mt Everest. *Sir Edmund* lived just up the road from Lennie and was a local hero. Another memorable moment was the visit to New Zealand in 1953 of *Queen Elisabeth II* and her husband *Prince Phillip*. Children from all the schools went to the *Auckland Domain* to see them. They were given flags to wave as the Royal entourage passed. This made them feel particularly important.

On leaving school, Lennie worked for *Warner Bros.* as a shorthand typist / receptionist. Lennie married and had three wonderful children. She is now blessed with five grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Lennie's life was varied as she had many interesting jobs. Some of these included taxi driving for 10 years and working in various offices. Lennie and her husband went into business on their own for the next 33 years. She joined the *Citizens Advice Bureau* in 1995, and for the last 25 years has thoroughly enjoyed this and has made many wonderful friends. Five years ago, Lennie joined *OWN* after having her arm twisted a few times by *Joan Lardner-Riolin*. She has never regretted this, met some marvellous people who she is privileged to call her friends.



Anne Briggs (OBE)

Winifred gave birth to her first child during an air raid on 1 May, 1941. It was the time of the Blitz. Later *Winifred* was not quite sure what she was most frightened of – the birth or the air raid. The child was given the name *Anne* when her father *William* came home on a 48-hour pass from the army to see his new daughter. *Winifred* was distraught. The whole layette and her plans had been prepared for a boy with an "A" embroidered on the carefully prepared layette ready for *Alexander*, a cherished family name. *William* decided they would call the babe *Anne* after his favourite aunt.

The child was premature, but flourished. When the War was over the little family made a home in the Suffolk countryside near where *William* was stationed (near the excavations seen in the film *The Dig*). The countryside was a magical place, a vastly different world from war torn London.

Two much younger sisters came along in 1947 and 1952 and the family got used to travelling from military base to military base in the UK and Germany. When *Anne* completed her sixth form year at *St Martin in the Fields High School* in London, she had attended 11 schools. A love of travel had been established, with a fascination for languages and strong interests in literature, history, music, and theatre.

A secretarial career gave her the opportunity to work in Europe. Marriage to a Kiwi followed and a new life in New Zealand. Fund raising to build a new kindergarten in *Woodlands Crescent, Browns Bay* introduced her to an interest in primary education, she taught French evening classes, and then went to *North Shore Teachers College* as a mature trainee. "One of the best times of my life," she says. "Lots more to tell some other time," this OBE said (Only B... Eighty).

Anne now lives in the Bay of Plenty. She has one daughter, one son, four granddaughters and one grandson, and two great granddaughters.



We congratulate both Lennie and Anne on their 80 years and wish them many more years to come!



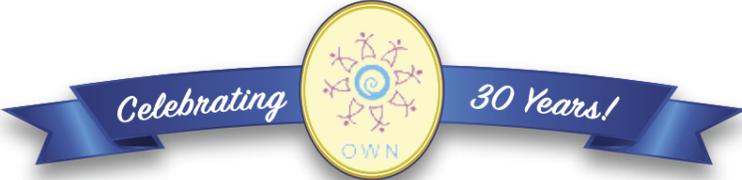



OWN

CELEBRATE OUR ANNIVERSARY OF 30 YEARS

ON 29TH MAY, 2021

POSITIVE AGEING CENTRE,
THE STRAND, TAKAPUNA



Our OWN Festival commemorating 30 years of *Our Women's Network* was a huge success held at the *Positive Ageing Centre*, Takapuna on Saturday 29 May. We were fortunate to have *Ruth Jackson*, the *Devonport-Takapuna Local Board* Chairperson to officially open the **Festival**, and in addition welcomed *Toni Von Tonder* who is also a Board member. We are most appreciative of the monetary grant donated by the Board to help cover our **Festival** and three workshops.

For the 30 ladies present, the day was informative and memorable, with a good deal of chatter and laughter. *Lennie* gave us an outline of the organisation's history and it was interesting to see the satin Cloak on display that was worn during the ceremony for inducting new members in times past.

Te Aorere Chan very ably led the Karakia for us. We enjoyed doing the Circle Dance with *Marta*, who tolerated our missteps, and some hidden talents came to the fore during the workshops, such as drawing flowers on cards and rolling around the floor to learn the technique of being capable of getting up should you fall over. *Moana's* talk was very informative as we are all now capable of recognizing medicinal plants in the bush. All great fun with good humour. Excellent workshops – our thanks to: **Cardmaking** with *Heloisa Barczak*, **Fall Prevention** with physios *Kyndra* and *Kate*, and **Maori Herbs** with *Moana Mutu*.

The lunch was outstanding, supplied as usual by *Emma*. The 39cm chocolate birthday cake finished off the meal nicely and was much appreciated.

Lennie and *Judy* have had a number of calls congratulating the organisation on the success of the day.

Our thanks go to so many who contributed, including those behind the scenes – *Sarah* and *Elle* of the *Takapuna North Community Trust* for their invaluable help in setting up the tables and preparing the room for us. A huge thank you to you all for participating in our **Festival**.

WITH THANKS TO OUR SUPPORTERS



WITH THANKS TO OUR SUPPORTERS



Jo Vince

Beekeeping

In 1948 we moved to the Royal Borough of Lauder in Berwickshire. There were two churches there, and ours was once a free church and also covered the village of Channelkirk. The Manse was not the conventional three storey building of Scottish Manses, but a two storey stone building with the church alongside.

bearing black, red, and white currents, also gooseberries. So my father decided to take up beekeeping as a hobby.

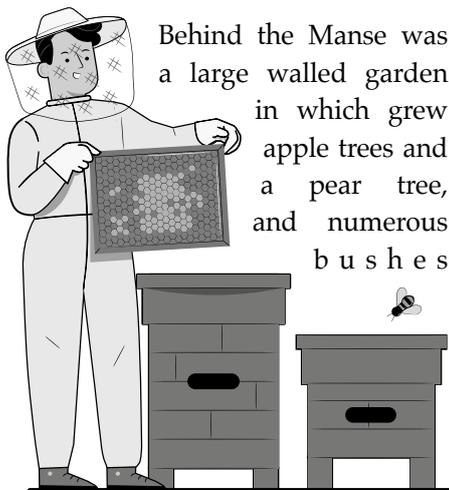
born in each hive. So we had to keep an eye open for the Queen and her followers going off to set-up a new hive.

We acquired two or three hives and the paraphernalia of beekeeping, including netted headgear, gloves, bicycle clips for the bottom of trousers, and most importantly a smoker to puff at the bees to calm them down.

As I said, the church was alongside so my Father had a good view of the garden from the pulpit and could track the movements of the bees. They usually settled on a tree branch in the garden and in the evening we'd put a cardboard box under the tree and catch the Queen, easily distinguishable by her size, then knock the surrounding bees into the box and run them back into the hive.

We enjoyed the honey and my parents were able to collect a little reward by selling some to shops in Princes Street in Edinburgh.

Wendy Macleod



Behind the Manse was a large walled garden in which grew apple trees and a pear tree, and numerous bushes

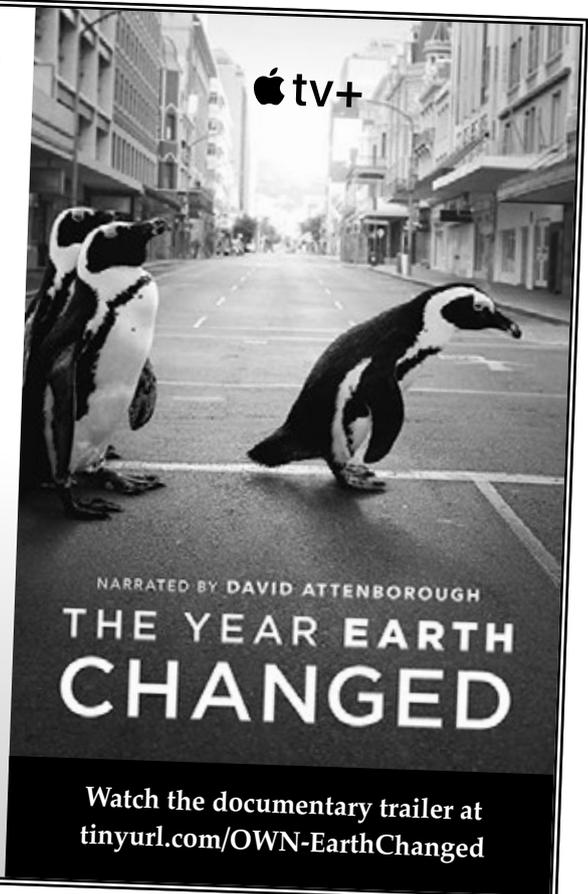
To prepare for the bees we purchased boxes which had to be bent into shape with a square of wax in the middle for the bees to draw out to deposit the honey in. In Winter of course there were not so many flowers, etc. and the bees had to be fed a sugar and water syrup, but once Spring and Summer came along the bees got busy and a new Queen would be

Nature Heal Thyself

Produced by *BBC Studios Natural History Unit*, **The Year Earth Changed** is a documentary on Apple TV+ that looks at what happened to the natural world when much of the human population stayed indoors for a few months.

From hearing birdsong in deserted cities, to witnessing whales communicating in new ways, to encountering capybaras in South American suburbs, people all over the world have had the chance to engage with nature like never before. In the one hour special, viewers will witness how changes in human behaviour – reducing cruise ship traffic, closing beaches a few days a year, identifying more harmonious ways for humans and wildlife to co-exist – can have a profound impact on nature.

The documentary, narrated by *David Attenborough*, is a love letter to planet Earth, highlighting the ways nature bouncing back can give us hope for the future.



Apple tv+

NARRATED BY DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

THE YEAR EARTH CHANGED

Watch the documentary trailer at tinyurl.com/OWN-EarthChanged

Changing Times



Times, of course, have always been changing. But now, in my 80s, I have been looking back and remembering how life was 50 to 70 years ago.

I think of life like it was then, and remembering one aspect of life then. People turned around in the streets when they saw a Pakeha girl with a Maori or Polynesian boy. It was very difficult for any non-European to get permanent residency here. But, Pakeha citizens from Commonwealth countries and Northern European countries were welcomed here. Assistance with the fare to New Zealand was provided for British and Dutch people, if they agreed to work and stay in certain areas for two years.

I recall a statement from a Member of Parliament that we should welcome our 'kith and kin' from Rhodesia at their time of independence. I don't think our Treaty partners, the Maori, felt any particular kinship with the Pakeha there. There was racial discrimination in housing, jobs, the picture theatres, and barbers in Pukekohe.

But New Zealand was growing and there were plenty of jobs, and not enough people to fill low-skilled and low-paid jobs, and so Pacific people were allowed in to fill them. That was fine until the oil crisis in the 1970s caused a downturn in the economy and unemployment. The Government looked at who had overstayed their work permits and were no longer entitled to stay here, and they were deported to their own countries.

Remember the 'Dawn Raids', when Pacific people could be stopped and asked to prove their right to stay here? Many, of course, were New Zealand citizens or permanent residents. I don't recall the same treatment happening to people of European origin.

Then, things began to change.

The 'No Maori, No Tour' to rugby games with South Africa in the 1970s and the Springbok tour debacle in the 1980s, which polarised many people.

Immigration rules also changed. Now, it was your qualification that mattered, not where in the world you came from, and so our society changed. In our small parish, we have parishioners from 29 countries! I don't recall any consultation of our citizens about the changing immigration rules happening or indeed any consultation with our Treaty partner, both of which I think ought to have occurred.

Our society has changed, with people from all corners of the world now living here. And, I certainly think it made the average Kiwi think more multi-culturally. I certainly see it within my own family – three grandchildren with New Zealand Pakeha spouses, one with a Serbian, one with a Maori, as well as one Indian girlfriend and one Chinese boyfriend now in the mix.

But, I do have a bit of a worry. Last year, a young Pakeha woman wrote a very positive article in the North Shore Times about her journey in learning Te Reo and received some very nasty comments on social media. And, the story a South African coloured man told me – his children were playing with some white South African children at the beach, when their father told them in Afrikaans, "Don't play with those coloured children", thinking they were Polynesians, not knowing their father understood what he had said. We remember the fanatic who went to the extreme of shooting 50 Muslims in their place of worship. I would not like to see us become like the USA in that regard.

So, times have changed.

Anne Mutu



Shirley



My mother *Margaret* had one sister *Sadie*. *Sadie* married *Sandy*. They had three children – a daughter *Shirley*, and two younger sons *Jim* and *Joe*. *Sadie* was particularly fond of these three children, but was extremely close to *Shirley*.

When I was born *Shirley* was 11 years of age. She spent a lot of time at our place helping Mum, firstly with me and then as the family grew my four brothers and sisters. All our lives *Shirley* and I were very close. *Shirley* would have loved a sister, didn't matter whether the sister had been older or younger, all she wanted was a sister.

Shirley eventually married and had four children of her own – two daughters and two sons.

In March 1969, a month before she turned 60 years of age *Sadie*, *Shirley's* mother, died suddenly from a heart attack. At the time I was eight months pregnant with our first child, *Joanne*, and was not allowed to attend the funeral. Mum and her siblings were all born in Scotland where it was superstitious for pregnant women to attend funerals.

There was a death notice in the *Christchurch Press* from *Shirley* and her brothers, and another with the wording "*Sarah* much loved mother of *Veronica*." When *Shirley* saw this, she was annoyed. How could the paper make such a mistake? She contacted the *Press* about their error, only to be told it was correct. She was given the name and phone number of the person who had put the notice in the paper. *Shirley* phoned the lady

named *Veronica*, known as *Vonnie*, to be told she was a full sister to *Shirley* and her two brothers. *Vonnie* had been born before *Sadie* and *Sandy* were married.

Before meeting *Vonnie*, *Shirley* wanted to see if this could be verified by anyone within the family. She asked my mother, *Margaret*, if this could be true. Mum said in 1928, *Sadie* was nursing in Wellington when she "apparently became ill with peritonitis". Her mother flew to be by her side. After a couple of weeks *Sadie*, her mother, and a baby girl came back to Christchurch where the baby named *Veronica* was put into an orphanage. Why an orphanage? To be kept a secret from *Sadie's* father, my grandfather. Apparently if he knew his elder daughter had had a child out of wedlock it would have 'broken his heart'. He never did find out about this child.

Shirley planned to meet up with *Vonnie*. I happened to be at *Shirley's* house the day *Vonnie* came visiting. I watched from the window as she walked up the long path from the road to



the house. There was no doubt as to who *Vonnie's* mother was. She was the spitting image of *Sadie* – the stature, the walk, the hair, and the mannerisms. *Shirley* and *Vonnie* bonded immediately. Her two brothers were not so accommodating and did not accept that she was in any way related. *Vonnie* said her mother visited her monthly on a Sunday, but once *Vonnie* turned 16 years of age all contact stopped. That was the last time she had contact with her mother.

For *Shirley*, she finally had the sister she always wanted. They kept in regular contact until *Vonnie's* death in 2011.

Judy Brocherie



Rump Steak

“Some rump steak please!”

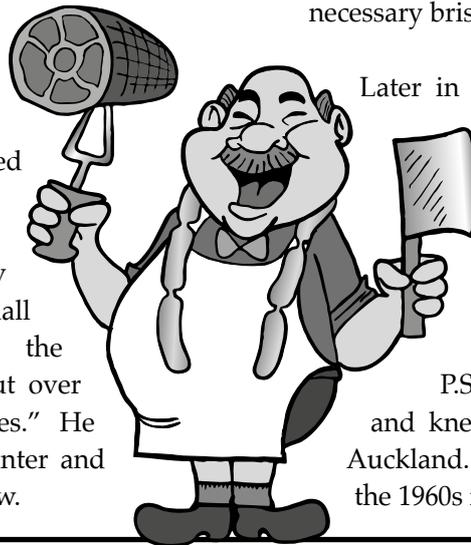
“Certainly. How much would you like?” came the cheerful reply.

I was down at the butcher’s shop in St. Heliers. It was January 1962. *Peter* and I had just arrived from England. He had already started back with his old company after five years away, and I was finding my way around my new country. We were temporarily staying with *Peter’s* sister’s family in Glendowie. But it was so hot! I was used to snow in January!

“How much steak would be right for four adults and two children?” I asked. “Would rump be the best?”

The butcher was immaculately dressed in a crisp white shirt, short-sleeved, with a rather natty red bow tie. I could see the top of his spotless apron over the counter. Everything in the shop was scrupulously clean, the wooden chopping block, the sawdust on the floor. The array of meat was tastefully displayed and looked very appetising.

“Well, we have some good quality rump today. There are these small pieces here...,” he indicated the display case in front of him. “But over here are some nice larger pieces.” He stepped out from behind the counter and waved his arm towards the window.



I realised to my absolute horror that he wasn’t wearing any trousers under his apron. I could only see shoes and socks! Had he forgotten something that morning?

My face went the same shade as his bow tie. I mumbled something, I can’t remember what. Then he turned to the window to pick up the slices. I had to look away. Surely his apron would not cover him completely at the back? Oh dear, would it be Y-fronts or boxers?

After a few seconds I steeled myself to look back at him. Phew! Between the tails of the apron he was actually wearing a pair of grey shorts. It was all most respectable.

He wrapped the meat. I paid him as calmly as I could and swiftly left the shop feeling very stupid. The necessary brisk walk back to the car cooled me down.

Later in the day, though, I told *Peter* about my embarrassing experience. All he said was that he was pleased that at the butcher’s shop there had been “no additional display of rump steak”.

Jenny Goldsbro

P.S. After that I saw many men in shorts and knee socks, in offices and in banks around Auckland. It was a common mode of dress in the 1960s in New Zealand, but not in Britain.



OWN’s Kitchen

Recipe supplied by *Judy Brocherie*

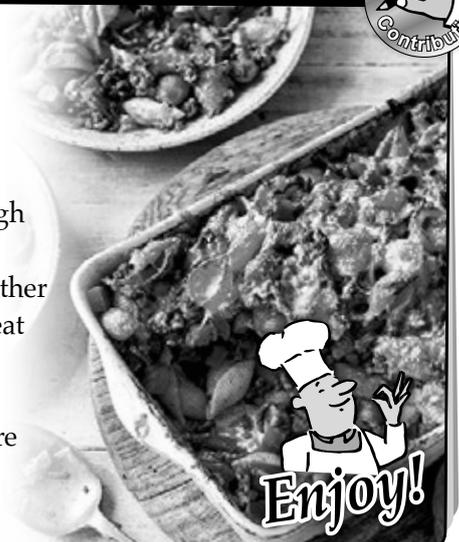
Bolognese Pasta Bake

Ingredients

- 1 packet of Pasta Shells
- 2 Tblspns Sour Cream
- 500 grams Lean Mince
- 1 Onion, finely chopped
- 1 jar of Pasta Sauce
- 2 Tblspns tomato paste
- 1 tspn Italian Mixed Herbs
- ¼ cup of Red Wine (optional)
- Salt and Pepper
- Mozzarella or Tasty Cheese, grated

Method

1. Preheat the oven to 180°.
2. Cook pasta, drain, and stir through the sour cream. Put aside.
3. Cook mince and onion. Add all other ingredients except cheese, and heat through.
4. Place pasta in a casserole dish.
5. Next add Bolognese sauce mixture then top with grated cheese.
6. Cook in the oven for 20 minutes.





A Suburban Bush Adventure



The Sunday morning of Labour Weekend in 2020 was beautiful. I suggested to my husband that we take the dog for a walk to *Awaruku Bush Reserve*. (Originally intended as a quarry, the land proved unsuitable, so it was made into a park in the 1960s. Mr Hugh Willis from Torbay was the driving force in creating the reserve.) We entered the bush from Awaruku Road and took the first turn to our left. Everything looked dry. We soon arrived at the 650 year old Kahikatea. What a tree, what a beauty!



Changing direction, we crossed the centre walkway and turned east. After a short walk a whole stand of younger Kahikatea presented themselves before our eyes. We stood before them and I tried to figure out how old they might be. I must have been very absorbed in this, oblivious to time, because when I tried to tell *Anthony* my 'findings' he was no longer there. Both man and dog had gone. I carried on a route that we had taken many times before – up many many steps hoping to catch up with them at the top which led onto a road. But I couldn't see anyone. I started retracing my steps on our usual route – sometimes calling out, but there was not another soul in the area. I got back to the entrance. Still no man, no dog. What now?

I was worried that my husband had had a fall as he is not always that steady on his feet. For me to go looking for him with my diminished lung capacity would have been idiotic. I was already exhausted. I knocked at the house next to the reserve entrance and asked the young woman who opened the door if she would call the police.

In no time at all, a police car with two female officers arrived. I gave them a description of the missing pair. An 82 year old man, 6' 5", and a small Shiatsu-cross dog. I had just finished the description when a message from another police car up the hill came through. They had been found, but when asked to get into the car my husband refused stating that he had not done anything illegal and that he had rights. So the policewomen then asked me to follow them in my car and we drove to the top of the park where he was walking.

A reunion of sorts took place. As he got into our car the only words my husband said were, "Don't do that ever again." ... I certainly hope I will never have to. What a cheek!

Irene Knowles



The Mountain

If the mountain seems too big today,
Then climb a hill instead.
If the morning brings you sadness,
It's okay to stay in bed.

If the day ahead weighs heavy
And your plans feel like a curse,
There's no shame in re-arranging,
Don't make it worse.

If a shower feels like needles
And a bath feels like you'll drown,
If you haven't washed your hair for days,
Don't throw away your crown!

A day is not a lifetime,
A rest is not defeat.
Don't think of it as failure,
Just a quiet, kind retreat.

It's okay to take a moment,
From an anxious, fractured mind.
The world will not stop turning
While you get realigned.

The mountain will still be there
When you want to try again.
So climb it in your own time
... and love yourself 'til then.

Laura Ding-Edwards

