



OWN

NEWS & VIEWS



Spring 2021

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



*You don't have to
be great to start,
but you have
to start to be great.*

Zig Ziglar

(US author and motivational speaker)

See page 3
for details of the
OWN High Tea

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 ...

There was great feedback from the recent **Games Day** (see the report below). Those attending thoroughly enjoyed themselves and suggested this could be twice yearly. Thank you also for the good response to our request for suggestions for workshops / entertainment for our next **OWN Festival**.

We are still looking for a Treasurer. If any of you know a person who would be ideal for this position please let me or a Committee member know.

The **Browns Bay** and **Beach Haven Writing Groups** continue to be well supported. Because of COVID these get-togethers have been cancelled. Hopefully it will not be too long before we can meet again.

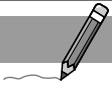
In the meantime Spring is here and we can enjoy walks out in this lovely weather.

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



Welcome to the new Compiling Editor: Jos Coburn

Thank you very much from everyone Jos for taking over the editing of the **OWN News&Views** newsletter.

 OWN Event Report

OWN Games Day



Our **Games Day** on Saturday, 3 July in the Rothesay Room, at the *Bays Community Centre*, kicked off with 14 of us pitting our wits to become this year's champion.

Commencing with Bingo, we then took our turn at a variety of taxing board games, once we had become familiar with the rules and had learned how to play. Then moving from table to table, swapping games, with a whole lot of frivolity, and just a little bit of cheating, before moving on to some very difficult questions in the quiz. It was noticeable that some did very well, answering most questions – there were a few quizzers left floundering, but these made up for their lapse in a second quiz later after an enjoyable lunch, which came as a welcome break, prepared as usual by the capable *Emma*.

A most entertaining day, and as discussed at the end of the afternoon, another will definitely be 'on the cards' in the near future.

Jo Vince

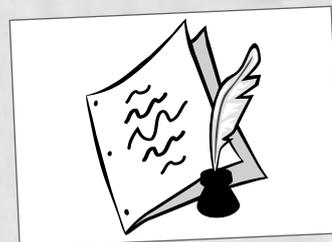
WANTED



OWN Treasurer

As most of you know, *Beate Matthies* has resigned after being OWN's dedicated Treasurer for seven years. Please, please, we need someone to step up and take over. Please contact *Judy Brocherie*, ph: 473-5016, ph: 0210-239-4270.

WANTED



Stories & Articles

Your stories, items of interest, wise sayings, and jokes you would like to share with the **OWN News&Views** readers.

Please send any items to:

Jos Coburn,
Magazine Compiling Editor,
Email: joscoburn@gmail.com
35 Reynolds Place,
Torbay, Auckland 0630
ph: 473-6743

Note:

Articles will be printed at the Compiling Editor's discretion, if and when space allows.

Up-coming Event



OWN High Tea

A guest speaker, Christmas quizzes, and delicious food. Hats are not compulsory, but if you can find one with a Christmas look, it would enhance the ambience of the day.

When: 12:00 noon – 3:00pm, Saturday, 27 November

Where: Positive Aging Centre, The Strand, Takapuna

Cost: \$20 per OWN member and \$25 per non-member

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.

Book Now!



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

OWN Groups

Writing for Future Generations

New members welcome

- 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.

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



OWNs Alone Lunch

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

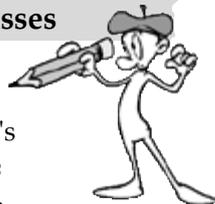
OWN Discussion Group

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.

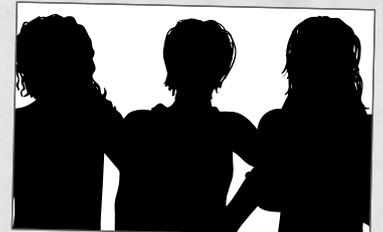
Heloisa's Art Classes

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



WANTED



New Group Members

We welcome new participants to our *OWN Groups* activities ... it's as easy as phoning the Group Co-ordinator to let them know of your interest in attending.

“We need old friends to help us grow old and new friends to stay young.”

Letty Cottin Pogrebin
(US author and social activist)

Re-tracing My Roots



Hugs

There's something in a simple hug
That always warms the heart;
It welcomes us back home
And makes it easier to part.

A hug's a way to share the joy
And sad times we go through
Or just a way for friends to say
They like you cause you're you

Hugs are meant for anyone
For whom we really care,
From your grandma to your
neighbour,
Or a cuddly teddy bear.

A hug is an amazing thing
It's just the perfect way
To show the love we're feeling
But can't find the words to say.

It's funny how a little hug
Makes everyone feel good;
In every place and language,
It's always understood.

Author unknown

In 1994, I had the opportunity to re-trace my roots. When we landed in Coimbatore, Southern India, a strange feeling came over me. I have not experienced this feeling again. We didn't have any relatives living in India, but we did have a good family friend, *Mrs Nedley*, who was quite happy to take us around with her driver driving the car and showing us things I wanted to see.

I visited Grandma's house – nobody was there, but the well was still in the garden that I used to play around. There were houses built next door to Grandma's place, but when I lived with her, there was a forest next door, with jackals in it. I said this to *Mrs Nedley* and I thought, 'I'm sure she thinks I'm mad.' "Yes", she said "there were."

We visited Grandma's grave, the church I was christened in, and the school I went to. I always remember at school, we had lots of school concerts and once I was an angel. I fell off the stage, and a fallen angel I became.

After we left Coimbatore, we went to Madras – which is now called Chennai – and we were able to visit the church where my parents were married. When my Mum died, she was buried in Lahore, which was part of Southern India, but when we arrived in 1994, Lahore was part of Pakistan. There was unrest in Pakistan and we were unable to visit and see her grave.

When we got home from India, a friend of my husband said he would get his brother, who lived in Pakistan, to find the grave, which he did. It was quite amazing. A photo was taken and the grave was in good condition. My husband's friend went over himself for a holiday in Pakistan. I had a paua plaque made with the names of my sister and myself on it. I also sent some silk flowers. The opportunity of this friend going to Pakistan and helping me find my roots, and to know where my Mum is resting has given me closure. What a special experience.

Meg Norton



One of the streets in Coimbatore, India

Night Classes

In 1970, *David* accepted a teaching position at the newly opened *Glenfield College*. He was primarily a French teacher. During his first year, the teacher who taught French at an evening class at the college, fell ill so asked *David* if he would continue the class, one night a week. That began a process which developed into the largest community education programme in the country 10 years later.

Government policy said adults could attend daytime classes in schools as well as evening classes, and adult education boomed. *Glenfield College* Principal, *Ken Buckley* was a supporter of the scheme, and within five years *David* was full time administrator of the Community Education process.

He enlisted me and a friend to staff a stall in the new *Glenfield Mall* from 10:00am to 2:00pm during school holidays promoting the classes and asking people what they would like taught. The stall was on the top floor of the mall near the huge aviary. It was a great job, talking to people, and persuading them to take courses. The government paid the teachers, the schools provided the classrooms, so fees were a very low \$10 to \$20 per term. We did this for six to seven years.

Ken Buckley also provided a suite of classrooms which could be used during the day as well, and because the *Pottery* classes were the most popular, fund-raised to build a kiln there. There were five pottery classes every day and evening. Some famous North Shore potters were the teachers.

I taught some classes myself. In those days people who took on apprenticeships had to

have School Certificate English, and as I had been an English teacher, I stepped up to teach them. The apprentices were so motivated that teaching them was a delight. I also taught *Assertiveness for Women*. That was fascinating, as many women were brought up to be submissive to their husbands, and to anyone in authority. I was not popular with their husbands!

The classes were a boon for new migrants who could learn cooking, language, and housekeeping skills. The new technology was arriving, so computing and keyboard skills boomed. I attended several classes such as *Haircutting*, *Te Reo*, and *Computing* classes.

It was a fantastic service to the community providing skills, new interests, and hobbies to thousands of people. It also gave school leavers who had failed at school a second chance as they were accepted back into classes with the regular school pupils. At one stage there were as many 'adult' students in regular classes as school age students.

The oil price shocks of the late 1970s and again in 1991 forced the government to reduce spending in many areas, including adult education. They would no longer pay the salaries of teachers, so fees had to be raised to pay them. Classes became too expensive and night classes died.

David left *Glenfield College* in 1981 to become Community Education administrator at *Carrington Polytech*, and so ended our relationship with the college and its fabulous adult education policies.

Pat Lythe



Glenfield College is the last North Shore secondary school to be still providing Adult and Community Education classes on a small variety of topics. You can find out more information on their website at tinyurl.com/OWN-AdultEd

“Anyone who stops learning is old, whether at 20 or 80. Anyone who keeps learning stays young.”

Henry Ford (US industrialist)



A Snippet of a Memory ... of a Place I Love

Summer breezes set the tent flapping, bringing memories of other canvas, of remote camping spots at the top of the Coromandel Peninsula. But this isn't remote. This is civilised beachfront, only 40 minutes away from home. Martin's Bay is our favourite base camp for sea kayaking.

The tui's call from towering pohutukawa signals daylight breaking. Below on the sand oystercatchers strut and pause, strut and pause. Seagulls, screeching their dominance, as they vie for space in pools left by a receding tide, join them. Along

the bay, a lone runner appears, setting out to better yesterday's effort. Further out, as sun splits open the clumped clouds, Kawau and tiny Beehive Island emerge more clearly.

We haul our kayaks down newly-cut grassy slopes to the shoreline. 6:30am on the dot. The first local speedboat divides the silver water, bumping its way noisily out to a favourite fishing spot. We follow, but ours is a near silent entry.

The kayaks glide, slipping through the glassy, clearness. We adjust

kayak skirts and lower rudders, as our yellow-orange and red bows slice the water. It folds behind us with barely a disturbance. Paddles dip, pull alongside, and then lift out of the water again. Drips bounce off the sleek surfaces. We marvel at reflections. A lightening blue sky welcomes us as our rhythm picks up. Our paddling rhythm soothes, lightens us. We head out, absorbing the early morning tranquillity, towards the seclusion of our favourite Moturekareka Island and the shipwreck.

Jos Coburn



Martin's Bay, Mahurangi Peninsula



Moturekareka Island shipwreck

The Wisdom of Trees

It was not for nothing that many races conducted their religious ceremonies in sacred groves. Amongst trees the mind quietens, the sediment of anxiety and obsessive thought sinks to the depths; you become aware that you are not only breathing in the Universe – the Universe is also breathing you. In the company of those grave, pacific creatures you sometimes experience a blazing flash of insight, a psychic shock, when argument and emotion disappear, and you see things as they are.

Author unknown

GREEN PAINT



Kuwait was proud of its desalination plant which turned seawater into pure water, but it was advisable to boil it first as when delivered the water tank operators could be seen sitting on the tank with their feet cooling off in the water. Because it was a desert region it was said that if anyone knocked on your door for water you were obliged to offer it.



The family who had previously lived in the bungalow certainly had quite a different taste in paint colours as every room was a different colour. To get anything done you had to put in a request to the relevant government department, so we requested the rooms be repainted – pale apple green for the walls with white ceilings throughout. Couldn't go wrong with this.

While *Ron* was at work, two painters arrived with brushes as big as broom heads and I explained everything and left them to it.

I was taken aback to find that they had painted walls AND ceilings in apple green, even painting over light switches and power points. Shocked, I told them, "Oh, no! I must have white ceilings," not mentioning the green power points or light switches. Their excuse was that my husband had told them green ceilings, which seemed ridiculous and hard to believe. I guess it was easier for them to go up the wall, across the ceiling, and down the wall on the other side!



The funny thing was that about two weeks later we

put in a request for a plumber, and guess what ... yes, when I opened the door, the same two guys were standing there!



We were advised about grocery shops and that meat arrived from Australia on Wednesdays. There was no shortage of milk as a local company called Kuwaiti-Danish had been set up in the early 1960s to supply fresh dairy products.

Kuwait was a dry state (in other words no alcohol was sold), so people made their own. Our specialty was rice and raisin wine which was drinkable so long as you had it with tonic and ice.

There were few restaurants that you would want to patronise, so most entertaining was done at home. Curry lunches were popular especially on Fridays, but no suitable programmes on TV as the only programme in English was *Popeye the Sailor Man*.



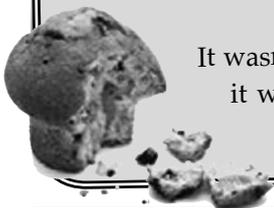
We had a little man come round the streets who was deaf and dumb with rolls of fabric over his shoulder, calling out what sounded like, "Chum, chum." I always made him welcome as there was little to choose from in the shops, and we would sit on the verandah with fabrics spread out for me to choose.



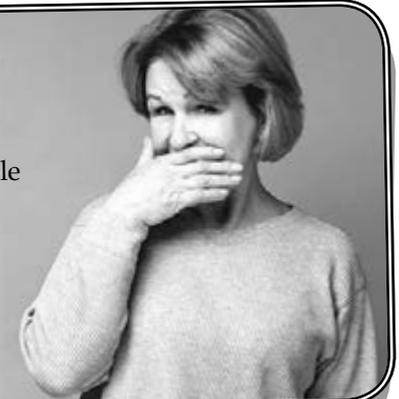
Jo Vince

Small Embarrassments

I was at a coffee shop waiting for my coffee when I ate the largest muffin sample on a plate.



It wasn't until I'd started to try one more tasty sample that I realised it wasn't free samples, but someone's dirty plate they'd returned to the counter. I left without my coffee in horror.



Resilience

Researchers have found that the experience of heartfelt positive emotions – like joy, gratitude, serenity, interest, hope, pride, amusement, inspiration, awe, and love – can make you more optimistic, more resilient, more open, more accepting, and more driven by purpose.

Studies by *Professor Barbara Fredrickson* from the *University of North Carolina* have repeatedly demonstrated that positive emotions help you broaden the way your brain responds to opportunities and challenges. Positive emotions accrue; they also build up your psychological, intellectual, social, and physical resources, leaving you more resilient.

It appears positivity may also be a tipping point. Some research has found that people who experience at least three heartfelt, positive emotional experiences that uplift them, for every one heart-straining, negative emotional experience, are more likely to flourish and feel alive, creative, and resilient.

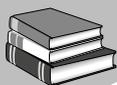
You can shortcut a downward spiral when negative emotions aren't serving you well. It appears you can put the brakes on your downward spiral by injecting a small 'jolt of joy'. Try listening to a favourite song, taking a walk outside, genuinely connecting with someone, or anything that makes you smile – other examples are on the right.



Author unknown

Make a list of what the *Jolts of Joy* are for you. Here are a few possible suggestions ...

- ✓ **Get Inspired:** read a quote that inspires you and pop it somewhere you can see it throughout the day.
- ✓ **Savour Success:** reflect on what went well today and what made it possible.
- ✓ **Be Spontaneous:** try something new today that you've always wanted to do.
- ✓ **Call Someone:** call someone who makes you smile and take a few minutes to catch up with them.
- ✓ **Stretch Yourself:** learn something new today for the joy of learning, even if you're not very good at it.
- ✓ **Get Grateful:** write down three things you're grateful for today – and why.
- ✓ **Play / Have Fun:** give yourself permission to have fun, knowing that this is how your brain is wired to create and learn.



Book Review



The Couple Next Door

by *Shari Lapena*

The story of a couple who are invited to a dinner party next door. They leave their beloved daughter in her cot on her own. "She will be safe, we are only next door." When they return from the party their daughter is no longer in her cot. It is a novel of secrets, betrayal, and parental guilt. The reader has mixed feelings for the couple with emotions that alternate between empathy and revulsion, and everything in between. *Anne Conti* did not want to leave her baby alone that evening, but her husband was very keen to go to the next door neighbours' dinner party. I thoroughly enjoyed this book – one of my favourite books of all time.

Judy Brocherie



Handy Hint



The Ahh Bra

Cleaning Stainless Steel Sinks

If your kitchen sink is a bit dingy, then make it look just like new with eco-friendly items you already have in your kitchen. Safely buff your way to a fresh and sparkling basin that will stay that way for weeks.



You will need:

- Baking Soda
- Soft Sponge
- Vinegar
- Paper Towel
- Lemon or Orange Peel

Give your sink a quick wash and rinse, removing all dishes and any food bits from the drain. Then sprinkle the entire sink with baking soda and use a soft sponge, working in a circular movement, to scrub the basin. Baking soda softly cleans without scratching stainless steel.

Rinse the sink with vinegar, which will bubble and fizz. Vinegar naturally disinfects while helping remove hard water stains from your stainless steel sink. Then lightly rub with the sponge and rinse the sink with water.

Put lemon or orange peel to good use, and rub the entire sink basin with a section of peel, rubbing the skin against the stainless steel, which helps deodorize the sink while helping the basin keep its new shine.

After years of discomfort, trying to keep up with fashion, making sure my boobs are perky is no longer for me a passion. Underwire cups, and a padded bra are things of the past, now we can all say, “Ahh!”

The advert says they're comfy, while giving good support, so off I rushed to the nearest shop and a new *Ahh Bra* I bought. I got home with my purchase and couldn't wait to try it on. But, Oh! Where are my boobies? They seem to have simply gone.

Awww, there they are, they're hiding in my armpits, but that's not good, nor comfortable, and not where they normally sits. No longer facing front, and standing to attention, they're now as flat as pancakes, and don't even rate a mention.

I may have lost four inches and for that I'm truly glad, but looking at my silhouette is making me feel sad. So, I'm going back to underwire cups, they really are uplifting – my boobs stay where I put them, instead of sideways shifting.

I'll be staying with my old style bra, I feel nice and comfortable in it. And as for my new *Ahh Bra* – well, I'm simply going to bin it.

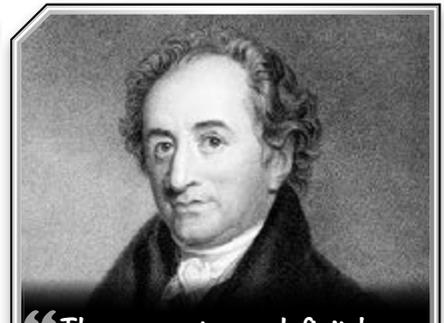
Marie Hindmarsh



“I love spring anywhere,
but if I could choose
I would always greet it in a garden.”

Ruth Stout (US horticulturist and writer)

The New Guy



“The moment you definitely commit yourself is the moment providence also happens.

All kinds of things happen to help you which otherwise would not happen. A whole stream of advantageous events flow from your decision.

They bring all kinds of unexpected chance meetings and material assistance which no-one could have foreseen.

Whatever you can do, or dream you can do, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. To make your dream come true, begin.”

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(German poet & playwright)

When I was 18 years of age, I shifted from a country town in Central Hawkes Bay to the large city of Christchurch. It did not take me long to gain employment with a company that had a large number of employees. I was made very welcome.

A month later a new guy arrived, named *Russell*. Because I knew what it was like to be ‘the new kid on the block’. I made friends with *Russell*. He had dark hair and eyes, and was rather good looking.

A week later the company Social Club organised an evening out for the staff to go to the cinema. I was hoping *Russell* would ask me to accompany him. Alas, he did not, but I went anyway with some of the girls. We arrived late and the theatre was darkened.

Sitting directly in front of me was a couple cuddling with their arms wrapped around each other. When the lights came on I could see the person on the left was *Russell*. My heart missed a beat. I was devastated. I could see why *Russell* was not interested in me, a blue eyed blonde, because the person with him had dark hair, brown eyes, ... and was of the opposite sex to me.



Judy Brocherie

OWN's Kitchen

Recipe supplied by Judy Brocherie



Rhubarb Butterscotch Tart

Ingredients

- 1 sheet of Pastry
- 6 stalks of Rhubarb
- 1/3 cup of Sugar

Topping:

- 1 Egg
- 2 Tblspns Brown Sugar
- 2 Tblspns melted Golden Syrup
- 2 Tblspns heaped Flour
- 3 Tblspns Milk

Method

1. Line a greased loose-bottomed cake tin with the pastry.
2. Cut the rhubarb into 2cm cubes.
3. Cover the pastry with the cubes tightly packed (no gaps). Sprinkle it with the sugar.
4. Topping: Beat ingredients together and then pour over rhubarb.
5. Bake at 200° for 20 minutes, then lower temperature to 180° and cook for a further 10 minutes.
6. Eat hot or cold with cream, ice cream, or yoghurt. Freezes well.



The White Mini

Some years ago I had a white Austin Mini with red upholstery. It was a dear little car and the main advantage was that it had no rear doors so our three little children could roll and romp about, but couldn't fall out. Of course, in those days, car seats were not in vogue.

The Mini was rather a favourite. We had some great excursions in it, including the time when we needed a new lampshade and we took the standard lamp to the shop in the car, tied diagonally through the windows. The other time was when we had a piece of flexible curtain track tied along one side of the car, round the

bonnet, and along the other side of the car. In both cases it was "mission accomplished", without mishap, although we got a few funny looks.

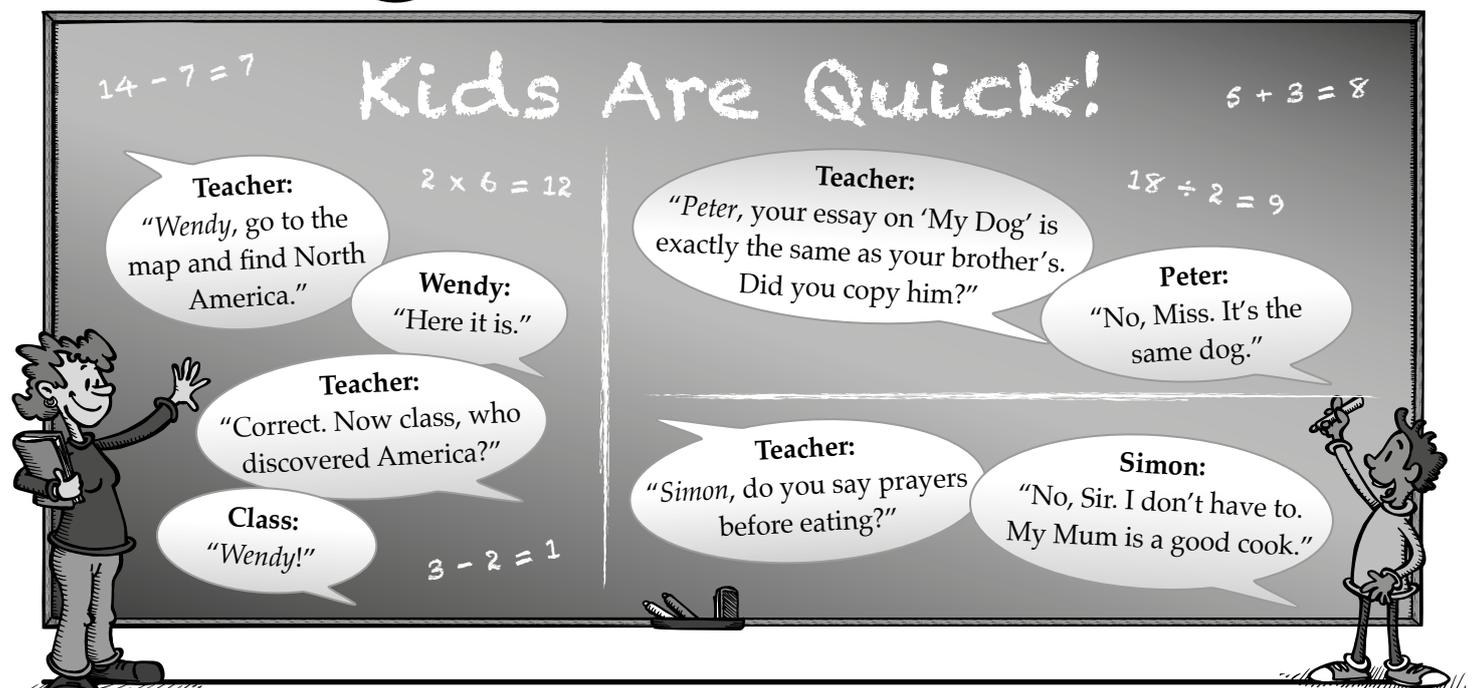
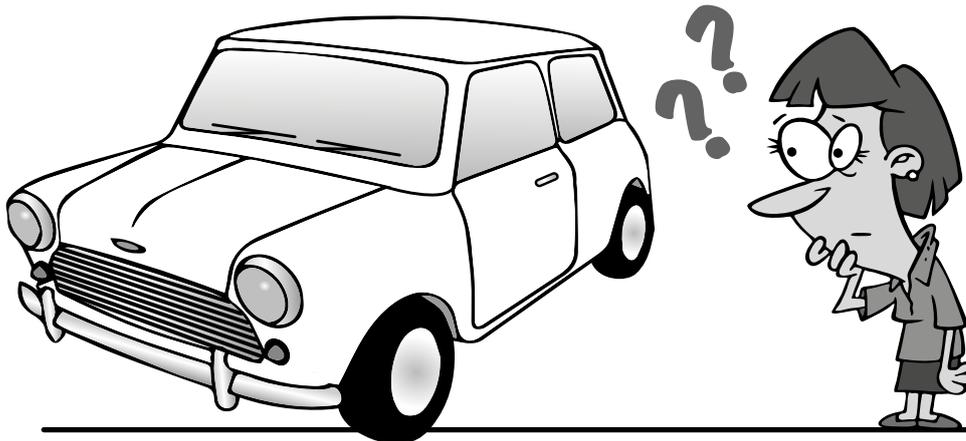
One particular day, I went shopping to *North Shore City*, and without the children for once! I had an excellent day and walked slowly back to the car, well laden. It was good to unload all the parcels, then sink down in the driver's seat, because I had walked what seemed like miles and my feet were very tired. I put the key into the ignition and turned the engine on. I was just about to change into reverse gear, to back the car out, when I spotted

a brown jacket on the seat beside me. I gave it a long hard look. It then occurred to me that I didn't own a brown jacket. Neither did my husband or any of our children. Suddenly I realised that I was sitting in someone's else's red upholstered white Mini!

Very sheepishly I got out, loaded myself up with the parcels and locked the doors. I was glad there seemed to be nobody around, and, as it was a gloomy day, the carpark was rather dimly lit. I slunk along the row to where my Mini was parked, about five places further along. I felt absolutely terrible and my face was burning, probably the colour of a letterbox.

If it hadn't been for that brown jacket, I would definitely have driven home in that little white Mini with the red seats. Goodness knows what the result would have been! At least, though, there was no shotgun involved.

Jenny Goldsbro



Keeping Happy



☺ Practice Kindness

I'm sure you all know what a Swear Jar is? Try this twist – drop a coin into a jar or a container every time you catch yourself having a negative or unkind thought about you or someone else. You can spend the money on something nice or give to a special cause you care about (although hopefully there won't be much in it!!)

☺ Simple Pleasures

Taking a bit of extra care over small things can give you a boost of pride and satisfaction. Maybe the art of draping a scarf so that it flatters you perfectly, or crafting a beautiful note using a good pen and nice paper, and embrace your personal handwriting style.

☺ Indulge Yourself

Treat yourself to a freshly baked treat or favourite snack.

☺ Feel Good Kit

Put together your own emergency "Feel Good Kit". Keep it handy for moments when you feel you need to remind yourself to take a deep breath, push the world aside, or enjoy something just for yourself. Perhaps include:

- Taste: a favourite tea, a delicious chocolate
- Touch: a beautiful crystal or polished rock, maybe a mini bottle of lotion.
- Smell: perfume, essential oil, or a lavender sachet.
- See: a favourite photo, a beautiful keepsake.
- Hear: a list of songs, an affirmation.

Author unknown



Things Your Younger Self Thought Were True



💡 Drink driving meant people were drinking while they were actually driving, i.e. had a glass of red wine sitting on the dashboard.

💡 First job after leaving school: I thought you paid tax, then at end of year, got it all back! I thought it was some kind of loan to the government. Heard mum and dad mention getting 'tax back' over the years and thought that was what happened.

💡 I thought when you reached 40 years old, you had all your teeth taken out and replaced with dentures.



💡 I thought the Outer Hebrides weren't real – like a phrase to describe something as very far away.

💡 When I was little, I was watching a TV drama ("to be continued next week") with my dad. He told me that all the actors had to stay in that position until the next episode ... and I believed him. I used to worry what they did about eating and going to the toilet, for a whole week!

💡 Until maybe six years ago, I thought zebras were fictional. I remember my parents telling me that a zebra was a horse in

its pyjamas ready for bed. So I spent many years thinking any pictures I saw of a zebra was a horse made to look like it was in pyjamas. Not my best moment when I realised.

