



OWN

News & Views

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



Autumn 2022

www.own.org.nz



Happy Easter



**News • Events • Stories • Poems • Jokes
and more ...**

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 beautiful summer we are having. It is great to be able to get out and enjoy a walk in the sunshine; so good for our mental health.

As Covid is still with us, this forced the cancellation of the **Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations** Christmas lunch and the February meeting.

The *Committee* had planned a bus trip in March to the *Polish Village* in Howick. This has also been cancelled, such a shame as our ladies enjoy these bus trips. Unfortunately, with Covid, the plans the *Committee* make for our *OWN* members are now on a month-to-month basis.

In the meantime, look out for each other, especially members and friends whom you know to be on their own. Your visit or phone call might just make their day.

I look forward to catching up with you as soon as it is practicable.

Warm regards,

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



A Reminder... OWN Membership 2022



Annual subscriptions of \$20 were due 1 January, the start of our financial year. Even though our expenses have risen, we have kept the subscription at \$20.

Thank you to all the wonderful members who have added donations to their subscriptions this past year. We really appreciate your thoughtful generosity and support. Every donation helps us to continue our activities. Donations over \$5 will receive a tax receipt and can be sent to you by request.

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

Bank: **ASB Birkenhead**

Account N^o: **12-3053-0401733-000**

Please put your name and what the payment is for as the deposit reference.

If you are unable to access internet banking and wish to pay personally by cash (now that cheques are no longer usable), please contact *Lennie*, ph: 444-3320 to arrange to have your subscription payment collected and banked for you.

The Gentle Hope of Autumn

The many-hued leaves that fall
To nurture the life lying below the ground
The songs of birds trilling out
Lifting our spirits
The chill of mornings that lead
To a day of sunny warmth
The final ripening of fruit
Before the winter chill arrives
The light of dawn when I rise (sometimes)
And the early dusk that calls me
To quiet evenings of thought, prayer and words
Be still as all slows down
Be still in this time of quiet gathering
Be still and listen to Earth going to rest

Be still in peace in the hope of new life to come
For from the dying of Autumn
Comes the birthing of Spring
In the passing of the past
Comes the arrival of the future
In the changing of what has been
Comes what will be
In the moving forward of one generation
Comes the moving in of the next
In the silent listening of questions
Comes the answers for our times

Angela Coleman

Up-coming Events

OWN AGM 2022

We need your attendance.
We are always ready to welcome
new people onto the Committee
and welcome your ideas for discussion.

**Diarise
Now!**

When: 12:00 noon, Saturday, 9 April

Where: Rothesay Room,
Bays Community Centre,
2 Glen Road,
Browns Bay

Held after the **Browns Bay Writing for Future
Generations** group's monthly meeting.
A light lunch will be served.

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



OWN Festival 2022 "Flexibility"

**Diarise
Now!**

When: 10:00am, Saturday, 21 May
(registration at 9:30am)

Where: *Positive Ageing Centre,*
7 The Strand, Takapuna

Cost: \$25 for members, \$30 for non-members.

There will be three workshops (to be advised), a
session with *Marta*, and a speaker. A fantastic lunch,
provided by *Emma*, will add to a day to look forward
to. We'll let you know more information later.

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



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

OWN Groups

Hopefully for all to enjoy again, when circumstances allow. Check by phoning co-ordinators for details.

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 Discussion Group

Held in Room 3 (1st floor) of the *Bays Community
Centre*, Browns Bay. 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. For
details, contact *Jeanne Ford*, ph: 410-4803.

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.

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



Irene Knowles

Another OWN member celebrates 80 years!

Irene was born in Berne, Switzerland on 11 November, 1941. Her siblings, a brother and sister, still live in Switzerland. They have visited Irene and Anthony in New Zealand.

She emigrated to England in her early twenties, where she was employed as a secretary in a Law Office. She met Anthony Knowles, a Kiwi guy, on the escalator at Piccadilly Station. He was six-foot-five and very handsome (and Irene says he still is). The couple returned to Switzerland, where they were married on 12 February, 1968. They have two daughters: elder daughter Jacqueline was born in Switzerland in 1969 and two years later their second daughter Kiri was born in New Zealand. Both girls live here in Auckland and are a great support to Irene and Anthony. For many years Irene ran a successful business in silk dyeing from her home in Torbay. Her two daughters often helped.

Irene's only grandchild is grandson Matthieu, 16 years of age, of whom she is very proud. Approximately six years ago Irene joined the Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations group. She keeps the members entertained with her humorous and interesting stories, especially those set in Switzerland.

Irene's daughters made sure her 80th birthday was celebrated in style.

We congratulate Irene on her 80 years and wish her many more years to come.

Judy Brocherie



Gonna Be a Bear

In this life I'm a woman. In my next life, I'd like to come back as a bear.

When you're a bear, you get to hibernate. You do nothing but sleep for six months. I could deal with that.

Before you hibernate, you are supposed to eat yourself stupid. I could deal with that too.

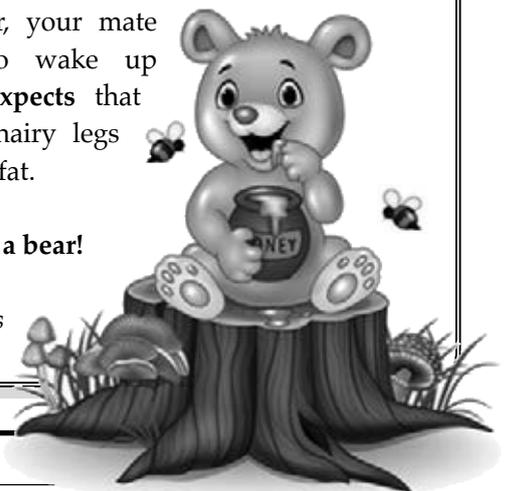
When you're a female bear, you birth your children (who are the size of walnuts) while you are sleeping and wake to partially grown, cute, cuddly cubs. I could definitely deal with that.

If you're Mama bear, everyone knows you mean business. You swat anyone who bothers your cubs. If your cubs get out of line, you swat them too (just a tiny swat). I could deal with that.

If you're a bear, your mate **expects** you to wake up growling. He **expects** that you will have hairy legs and excess body fat.

Yep ... gonna be a bear!

Anonymous



The Road Trip

This road trip took place in Malawi nearly 40 years ago when I travelled with two friends, *Iris* and *June*, from the Forestry Station, where *Iris* lived in the north, to Zomba in the south of the country, where *June* and I lived. This was long before the modern express buses which now cater for tourists.

Iris's husband dropped us at the bus stop in the nearest small town to catch the daily bus, which for some reason that I have no explanation for, was known as "The Night Compost". The bus was already packed by the time we boarded. *Iris* and I were lucky enough to get two seats right at the front of the bus – later we were to discover why these seats were unpopular. *June* squeezed into the back seat between two very large, perspiring ladies.

We spent 16 tortured hours on that bus. Poor *June* slowly melted away in the back of the bus where not a breath of air penetrated. *Iris* and I held on to each other in terrified silence as the bus careered over the pothole-filled road. It bounced into every rut and gully with teeth-shattering ferocity. Each time the driver



rammed on his brakes, which was often, we were in danger of being flung head first out of the bus. I suppose we should have been grateful that the bus had brakes.

Lilongwe was the second largest town in Malawi. It was about half way to our destination, so it was to be a long day.

Periodically someone would yell at the driver to stop and he would pull up in a series of jerks, whereupon nearly every man got off the bus. They stood in a row backs to the bus, thankfully, and relieved themselves. A few of the women would also get off and wander into the bush. We sat with our legs crossed and suffered. We suffered not because we were too modest to pee in the bush, but because we knew from experience that miraculously every

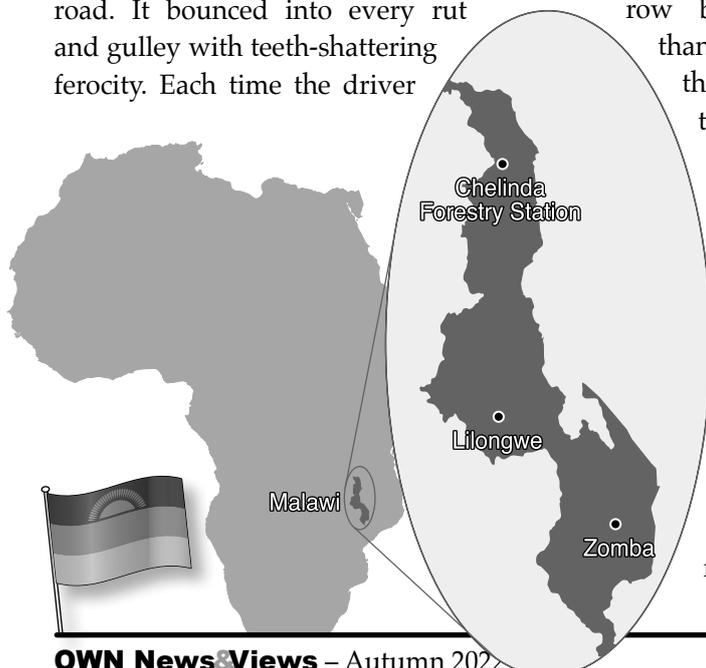
child in the neighbourhood would appear and follow us.

Eventually, bursting for the loo, we arrived at Lilongwe bus station, where we immediately went in search of a toilet – they were conspicuous by their absence. Just as we were about to give up, *June*, who had wandered off, returned holding aloft a key and pointing to what looked like a dog kennel in the middle of the bus station. *June* went first. She went in and came out. "Can't see the loo," she said. Pitch black inside, no windows; no running water either, but did we care? No, we did not. *June* dutifully returned the key to the office, as promised and we went on our way.

Our respective husbands, or at least mine and *June's*, were waiting for us and, oh boy, were we pleased to see them? When I got home I needed to be restored by a very large gin and tonic before falling into bed.

The three of us often had a giggle over that journey. We never did it again.

Helen Welsh



Foods That Cause Inflammation



1 Processed Corn

A number of corn derivatives are used in processed foods, such as high-fructose corn syrup, corn starch, and corn oil, because it is cheap and plentiful. In its refined form, corn spikes blood sugar, leading to increased insulin and an inflammatory response.



2 Vegetable Oil

Many vegetable oils are high in omega-6 fats, reducing your body's critical balance of omega-3. It is recommended to cook with just a tiny amount of coconut oil. Olive oil is okay in small amounts. Avoid corn, soy bean, safflower, etc., oils, and products that contain them.



3 Foods Containing Chemicals

The human body has not evolved to eat artificial chemicals (additives, preservatives, food colouring, and the many other chemicals) found in processed foods, so doesn't recognise these things as foods, it launches an immune system response.



4 Sugar & Refined Starch

Every time you eat refined carbohydrates (any type of sugar including HFCS, sucrose, lactose, and others, as well as white foods such as white bread, etc.), it results in a rapid rise in blood sugar.



5 Peanuts

Peanuts are one of the most common food allergens. There are naturally occurring moulds found on peanuts. Even if you don't have an anaphylactic response to peanuts, your body may recognise them as foreign invaders and create an inflammatory response.



6 Dairy Products

Dairy can cause inflammation because your body recognises it as a foreign invader and fights it with an inflammation response. That's because the human body does not process the high levels of protein (casein) or sugar (lactose) in dairy products well.



7 Red Meat

Eating red meat produces a chemical called Neu5gc and the body produces an inflammatory immune response to it.



8 Wheat, Rye, & Barley

These grains all contain the common allergen gluten. When an allergen enters the body, the result is an immediate inflammatory immune response.



9 Foods High in Trans Fats

When you eat trans fats (hydrogenated oils found in processed foods), they create low-density lipoproteins, which feed inflammation.

Foods That Help With Inflammation



1 Cruciferous Vegetables

Broccoli, cabbage, and others cruciferous veggies are high in anti-oxidants and they have a natural detoxifying effect. Therefore you can eat them and cleanse your body of any harmful chemicals that are contributing to inflammation.



2 Shiitake Mushrooms

These Asian mushrooms contain high-molecular-weight polysaccharides (HMWP) which have been shown to improve immune function.



3 Avocados

This fruit is high in carotenoids which fight inflammation. They contain easily digestible monounsaturated fat. Half of a medium one is a good daily amount.



4 Dark, Leafy Greens

Spinach, kale, romaine, etc. are rich in antioxidants and other natural anti-inflammatory agents.



5 Probiotic & Enzyme Salad

This salad promotes better digestion and healthier gut flora, a potent mix for detoxification and fighting inflammation.



6 Turmeric

This pungent spice, often in curry, has been shown to have strong anti-inflammatory properties.



7 Chia Seeds

Chia is high in inflammation fighting omega-3 fatty acids.



8 Blueberries

High in anti-oxidants, blueberries are a healthy and delicious anti-inflammatory food.



9 Flaxseed

Flax contains omega-3 fats, which are anti-inflammatory.

“The food you eat can be either the safest and most powerful form of medicine or the slowest form of poison.”

Ann Wigmore (US holistic health practitioner, naturopath, and raw food advocate)



Personality Test



After a hectic weekend, our much anticipated quiet night in was going according to plan. I had shared the Toronto apartment with *Mary*, *Val*, and *Pat* for a couple of years, in which time we'd become good friends, comfortable in each other's company. Like most young women, our full-time jobs and busy social lives gave little time for relaxation and "blobbing out". This was one of those rare occasions.

While I diligently wrote my weekly letter home, *Mary* settled herself in front of the television, engrossed in *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Meanwhile, *Val* and *Pat* were making preparations for their night shift at the hospital.

Then it happened. The deafening, intrusive clanging of the fire alarm resonating throughout the building. It was relentless. Reactions were instant and various.

Mary was first to react, sprinting out of the apartment and along the corridor, clad in her nylon quilted housecoat and fluffy slippers. She immediately came to the aid of the family next door, grabbing one of their small children and carrying her to safety



to the muster point in the rear parking lot.

Meanwhile, *Pat* – ever the calm and collected one – continued to make her sandwiches for work and methodically gather her important papers from the bedroom before vacating the apartment.

Val, on the other hand, to whom appearance was everything, painstakingly removed her rollers, brushed her hair, and applied the finishing touches of lipstick and mascara. Once satisfied with the result, she suggested that she and I wait out on the balcony until help arrived. Although I hadn't come up with an escape plan as such, this didn't strike me as a very sound idea, especially if the entire building was going up in flames. So, after dismissing this option, we made our exit via the stairs to the parking lot.

As it happened, it was a false alarm, and we were all ushered back inside before frostbite claimed our extremities – the Toronto winters are harsh and unforgiving.

It's occurred to me since, how our true personalities shone through that night: *Mary* showing herself to be the most caring, thinking of others, with little concern for herself; *Pat*, ever the practical and thrifty one, ensured she had food and insurance cover, in the event of disaster; top priority for *Val* was always to look her best in any given situation, however dire the circumstances, and whatever the risk to life and limb. I'd like to think I displayed some strength of character that night, but all I achieved was to grab my passport and make a run for it with *Val*, my immaculately turned out flatmate.

Patricia Russell



Daffy-nitions

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

Tomorrow: One of today's greatest labour-saving devices.

Egotist: Someone who is me-deep in conversation.

Yawn: An honest opinion, openly expressed.

Raisin: A grape with a sunburn.



Tiniroto

Tiniroto means “many lakes”

In 1971, without completing Country Service, we faced a salary bar so, after indiscriminately filing 72 applications, we finally scooped a two-teacher school, with a schoolhouse.

Enfolded within Hawkes Bay’s hump-backed hills, 45 minutes along Gisborne’s inland road to Wairoa, lay a picturesque scattering – a spotting of farm-houses, a sports’ field, lakes, a red-roofed hotel, and, partially hidden behind poplar lines, two plain-looking prefabs: our school. Perched above it, with a vista stretching out to Waikaremoana’s Panekire Bluff, was our new home.

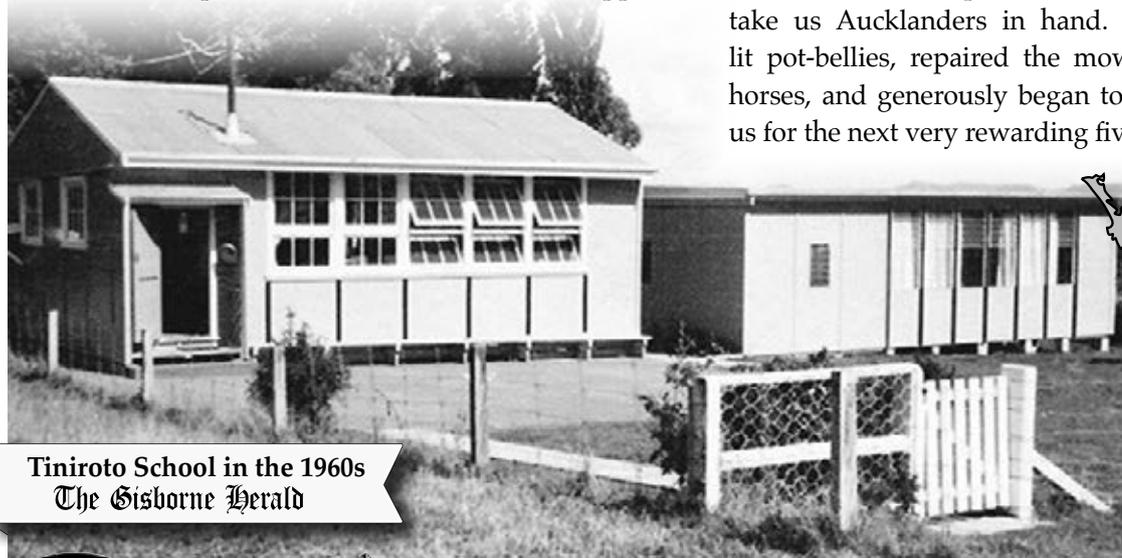
The adjustment began. May’s cold rain, imprisoned by hills persisted for three weeks. And the dark! It painted out the poplars’ shapes, only the wind whispering their presence. Bedroom curtains stayed open, hoping for a moon. Welcoming invites and roast dinners came quickly from the farming families. I was a new breed, the first Head Teacher’s wife to teach. Previous wives had stayed home and participated fully in *Women’s Division*, *Country Women’s Institute*, and the regular tennis parties.

The school’s juniors’ prefab spilled utter dreariness. It pleaded for colour. We worked quickly transforming the worn Departmental furniture into happier,

yellow-painted sunshine. Gathered gingham curtains hid mangled wooden shelves. Holidays over, my husband *Tony* (Head Teacher, Pool Attendant, Cleaner, Caretaker, and Bus Driver) arrived with pupils collected from the bus route’s terrifying meanderings. Cars swerved in. Giggling children, some with shiny shoes, others with broad, hardened, brown bare-feet, nudged each other through the gate.

The poverty and poor health of the shearers’ children stunned. One set of clothes was weekend washed. Weekend rain often meant no school. School lunches were sporadic: bread, an occasional hotel pie treat, a packet of round wine biscuits, often only ‘a tea’ before school. Shearers usually ate first, then women, and children last. Shearing quarters, sometimes with dirt floors, boxes for furniture, no hot water, a single large pot for boil-ups, contrasted greatly with the wealthy station owners’ spacious, warm homes. The resulting thick snotty noses, glue ears, and impetigo-covered legs meant only the Pakeha children had been allowed in the school pool. However, although challenging, my lunch-time “Health Clinics” would thankfully change that.

In spite of their vastly different starting points, during school time there was a happy coming together. These 24 enthusiastic, capable, country children began to take us Aucklanders in hand. They chopped wood, lit pot-bellies, repaired the mower, taught us to ride horses, and generously began to share their lives with us for the next very rewarding five years.



Tiniroto School in the 1960s
The Gisborne Herald

Jos Coburn



Doing my makeup on the train this morning and a random man told me he likes women to have a more natural look. I told him I like men to have a more silent look.

Pom's Song

Written by a 100 year old woman, living happily alone, in her off-the grid home in New Zealand's rural far north, her nearest neighbour 5kms drive away.

Like *Ruth* amid the alien corn,
I stand upon the lonely shore,
Vociferous gulls reminding me,
Of voices I will hear no more.
The ocean was my Rubicon,
I crossed new challenges to meet,
The angry pounding surf, life's storms,
Fate-shifting sands beneath my feet.
Though much has gone, yet much remains,
Vicissitudes of life abound,
Where there are losses there are gains,
And unexpected comfort found.

Here fortune smiles and nature shows,
The easy path through bright and fair,
With luscious fruit and flowers gay,
That never lead us anywhere.
The stony road is hard to tread,
Trouble could wait at every bend,
Yet somehow in the life I've led,
A strength came to me in the end.
The dying sun leaves mottled sky,
A portent of tomorrow's rain,
And musing on the lonely shore,
I know I'd do it all again.

Dori Scott Archer
The Sunday Star-Times (22 August, 2021)

The Sunday Star-Times article about Dori Scott Archer is on the Stuff.co.nz website at tinyurl.com/OWN-DoriArcher

OWN's Kitchen

Recipe supplied by Judy Brocherie



This is one of my favourite meals. It's very tasty and is quick to make because, as you can see, everything comes out of a bottle or a packet. I cut the Lasagne into nine squares and freeze them – it freezes well.

Spinach & Ricotta Lasagne

Ingredients

- 500g frozen Spinach, thawed
- 500g pottle of Ricotta Cheese
- 2 Eggs, beaten
- 750g bottle of *Dolmio Pasta Sauce*
- 1 pottle of *Turkish Kitchen Spinach & Cashew Pesto*
- 6 pre-cooked Lasagne sheets
- 1 cup Cheese, finely grated

Method

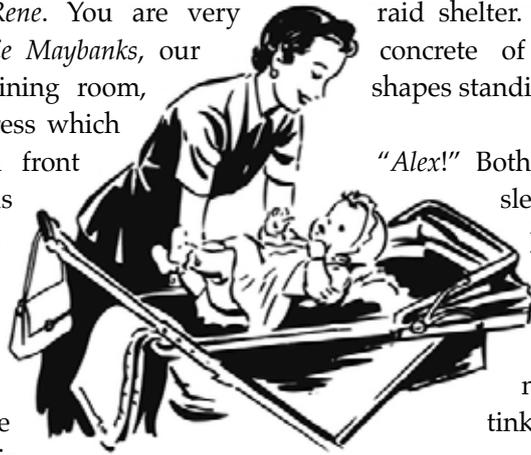
1. Squeeze excess moisture from spinach and place in a bowl. Add ricotta and beaten egg, and mix well.
2. In a medium bowl combine pasta sauce and pesto.
3. Spray a 25cm x 25cm dish with cooking oil.
4. Spread ¼ sauce mixture over the base of the dish.
5. Place 2 lasagne sheets over the sauce mixture. Spread ⅓ spinach mixture over pasta and then spread ¼ sauce mixture over the spinach.
6. Repeat the step 5 layers twice more, finishing with sauce.
7. Top with finely grated cheese.
8. Cook at 180° for 30 minutes.



Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle



"That dress looks just lovely, *Rene*. You are very clever at altering things." *Marjorie Maybanks*, our neighbour, was sitting in our dining room, drinking tea, and admiring the dress which my mother was holding up in front of herself. New dress fabric was unobtainable in London during World War II, so the women had to mend and make do with what they had.



raid shelter. Many also were embedded in the concrete of the paths. Big distorted silver shapes standing up on end at drunken angles.

"*Alex!*" Both women rushed out to rescue the sleeping child. No time to get the pram. Then they watched from the safety of the dining room as the pieces continued to fall. No explosion, no sound of aircraft, no air raid siren, just the chorus of tinkling metal.

It was a beautiful day, and we could hear the birds singing in the garden through the open French doors. Baby *Alex Maybanks* was in the garden asleep in his pram. I was a little child engrossed in my toys on the dining room floor. The war seemed very remote on this peaceful summer afternoon.

When the metal finally stopped falling, the two women ventured outside to fetch the pram. What they saw made them gasp. A large piece of twisted metal, razor sharp, had scraped down the outside of the pram on the right side, leaving a big gouge in the paintwork. It had then lodged itself very firmly between the wheels, pinning the pram to the concrete path. It was then that both women realised that, if the piece had fallen a couple of inches to the left, it would have certainly killed *Alex*.

"And where did you get those pretty buttons? It's impossible to buy...," *Marjorie* stopped. "What's that?"

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. The noise was coming from the garden.

Jenny Goldsbro

Both women left the table and went to the open doors to look. Pieces of metal were falling from the sky. Little pieces, twisted and shining in the sunlight, were twirling down all over the garden, and tinkling as they hit the concrete. Bigger pieces, some the size of dinner plates and even bigger, were falling forcefully. Their sharp edges were getting embedded in the lawn and in the turfed roof of the partly buried air

Footnote:

There was never any explanation for the incident. The metal had fallen over several local streets. We knew, though, that our area was of interest to the enemy. We were near a railway line, and also just over a mile from the RAF airfield at Northolt which had spitfires and other defence aircraft.

The best time to plant a tree is 20 years ago.

The second best time to plant a tree is now.

Chinese proverb



MORE

Daffy-nitions

Wrinkles: Something other people have – similar to my character lines.

Mosquito: An insect that makes you like flies better.

Toothache: The pain that drives you to extraction.

Cannibal: Someone who is fed up with people.

Beauty Parlour: A place where women go to curl up and dye.



Man's Best Friend

I was walking through the Sunday market on my way home, and as I walked I was keeping an eye out for *Esther*, well I think her name is *Esther*. *Esther* has lovely almond-shaped eyes, a Roman nose, a white coat, and is sturdily built; she is of course a Bull Terrier. However, if *Esther* was at the market on Sunday, I must have missed her.

As I walked, I noticed that there was a crowd gathering round a pram, and to begin with I didn't take much notice, but as I passed the pram a little gap opened up as the crowd parted and I glimpsed not a baby, but a pram full of Chihuahua puppies.

This set me thinking about all the dogs we had owned over the years and the pleasure they had given us, though it does have to be said that some gave more pleasure than others.

The first two that I remember from my childhood, were *Sandy*, a Cairn Terrier, and *Quibba*, a black Field Spaniel. Both of these dogs had rather grumpy personalities, the Cairn in particular.

When *George* proposed, I realised that a dog was part of the deal, the dog that he had at the time didn't belong to him, but he had agreed to look after it whilst its owner was on leave. *Tigger* wasn't a particularly friendly dog – he obviously thought that I had no place in "his" family. We did come to terms with each other ... eventually. He had a very irritating habit of chasing every goat he saw, even jumping out of the window, which was a good

six feet above the ground, in order to accomplish this. At least it prevented our rather poor vegetable patch being completely decimated.

The 23 years we lived in Africa we had a whole string of dogs including several Bull Terriers. We also looked after many other dogs of all kinds, shapes, and sizes, whilst their owners either went on leave or moved on. These included a lovely old Labrador, *Megan*, who distinguished herself by producing some of her puppies on the back seat of our car on the way to the vet. Poor, dear *Meggie* had a sad ending – whilst with friends of ours, when we were

on leave, she was snatched by a leopard when out for her afternoon walk.

Back in the U.K. we had more Labradors. The first was *Bess*, a fat little puppy with a wonderful temperament. Later she produced eight puppies. We kept *Henry*, the only yellow one in the litter, and we acquired another black one, *Tsuga*. It was just as well I was not to know these would be my last dogs. Now I have a share of my daughter's dog, *Kylie*. We sit and commune with each other like a pair of grumpy old ladies who have nothing better to do.

Helen Welsh



A Thought ...

How can you SM_LE without 'I'?
 How can you be F_NE without 'I'?
 How can you W_SH without 'I'?
 How can you be N_CE without 'I'?
 How can you be a FR_END without 'I'?
 So 'I' am very important!

How can I achieve S_CCESS without 'U'?
 How can I LA_GH without 'U'?
 How can I take a C_P of tea without 'U'?
 How can I enjoy the S_NSHINE without 'U'?
 How can I have F_N without 'U'?
 And that makes 'U' more important than 'I'.

Therefore humans, 'U' and 'I',
 we need one another in life to be happy.

Author Unknown

