

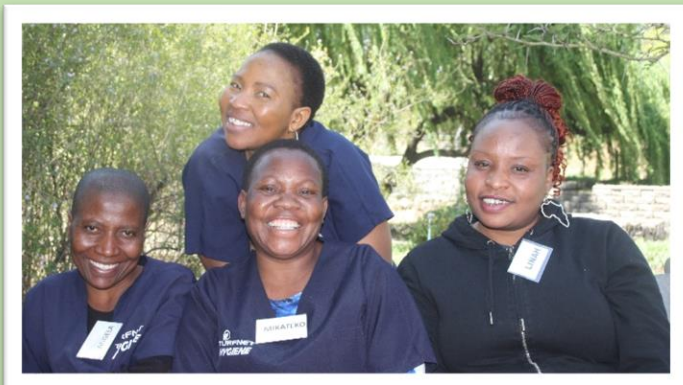
NEWSLETTER – 4th QUARTER 2024



The wind told the grass and the grass told the trees
The trees told the bushes and the bushes told the Bees
The Bees told the Robin and the Robin sang out clear
Wake up, wake up, SPRING IS HERE!

10th ANNIVERSARY OF THE DRV GARDEN EXTRAVAGANZA

A lovely start to this inspiring day for residents to enjoy. Art in the Park, Feedem Tea Garden and live entertainment. Residents and their visitors were encouraged to view the finalists' beautiful gardens.



HATS OFF TO ALL OUR WELL-DESERVED WINNERS

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE GARDEN OF THE YEAR



**A HUGE thank you to the Judges
for all their time, effort and expertise . .**



AN EMOTIONAL AU REVOIR . . . there were tears a plenty, as DRV residents said their farewells to the woman, known to us all as Matron Jackie.

Colin de Villiers thanked Matron, for her great contribution in establishing the foundation of DRV's nursing care. Jackie (Manager) gave a very heartfelt speech and thanked Matron, as a friend and work partner, for her hard work and commitment.

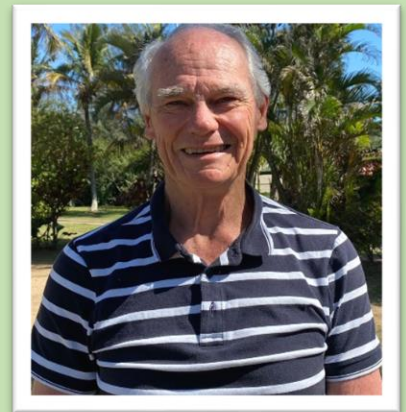
Together, 12 years ago, they had entered a building site that was to become the DRV Village we have today. Matron Jackie is looking forward to her retirement and spending time at her home in Umzumbe on the South Coast We all wish her good health and happiness in this new chapter of her life.



Thank you to the ladies from the Care Centre for their lovely singing.

RENOVATIONS TO THE MAIN EAST DAM WALL

Congratulations and huge thanks from DRV to Colin de Villiers and his team, Rob Fraser and Alan Forsyth, for undertaking the repairs to the Dam wall. Special thanks must go to Rob, a qualified civil engineer with years of experience in this field, for his expertise and dedication to what was a mammoth project.



Inadequate repair work carried out in 2018 by the Developer



The improvement to the area is quite incredible. A wonderful safe Walkway for all to enjoy.

HAVE YOU HEARD

It was a sad **FAREWELL** to Ann and Adrian, a much-loved duo, who were among the first to settle in DRV.

One of the most well-known couples in the Village, Ann has been a wonderful active member on the Social Committee and will be missed. As will Adrian, with his entertaining 'dance' moves. He gave a very poignant, heartfelt farewell speech.

We wish them all the best and much happiness in their move to the Cape.



The newly introduced, monthly '**BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION**' has proved very successful.

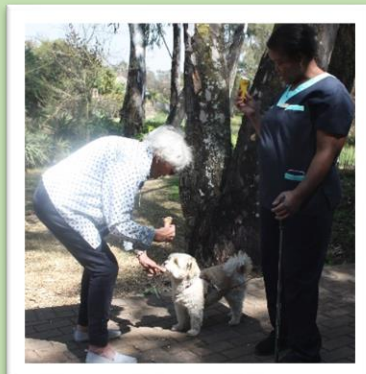
Celebrants are welcome to invite family and friends to enjoy tea and birthday cake, along with a rousing chorus of 'Happy Birthday'.



It was all fun and games at the **PUB NIGHT 'Charades'** evening.

A bottle of wine was awarded to the winning team

DRV residents welcomed the first day of Spring with a **GARDEN PICNIC** under the trees.



Our social committee handed out ice creams, which was a big hit with everyone.

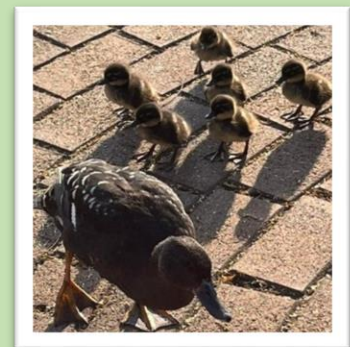


THANK YOU to Paddy MacDonald and Jenny Fraser for donating 16 trees to the new garden, along the wall at the CSI staff parking area.

Jabu and his team attended to the new irrigation system along the garden bed and saw to the planting of the trees.

DRV residents take such pride in our wildlife.

These 'baby goslings have certainly thrived and bring us so much pleasure



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Please feel free to email your comments and suggestions. We would love to have any photos taken in the village, or your ideas for interesting pieces. Kindly forward to - barbaraholcroft@gmail.com



KNOW YOUR VILLAGERS

Our amazing Librarian **Lee Wrogemann**, is just one of the many unsung heroes that we are so lucky to have in our Village.



The Library is Lee's 'happy' place and her genuine love of books is obvious. She ensures, on a daily basis, that our library is kept in tip-top shape, providing an ongoing selection of interesting and entertaining books for our residents.

Let me tell you a little about her. . . . Born in the UK, Lee came to SA with her parents when she was very young. Her father, an educationalist, accepted a teaching position in Springs, where he went on to become the Headmaster of Springs Boys High School.

Lee recalled growing up with her two sisters in a wonderful cultural environment. Springs was a booming mining town in the 50's. There were excellent facilities, provided by the mines for sports and leisure. Lee was a member of one of the towns dramatic societies, putting on productions at the local Theatre. It wasn't unusual for Johannesburg Shows to perform in the Springs theatre.

Like her father, Lee also chose a career in education, travelling to the City every day to complete her degree at the Johannesburg Teachers Training College. Her first teaching post was at a primary school in Springs, where she was responsible for establishing the schools first Library. Teaching is a profession that Lee loves and she was determined to make a difference in the lives of her many pupils.

Lee and Theo met when they were both auditioning for a play, soon love and marriage came calling. Theo had just returned from studying music at Trinity College London, having been awarded the prestigious Royal Commonwealth Society bursary for music, which was presented to him at St.James Palace, by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

Sadly, Theo's budding future as a concert pianist was cut short, when he developed a serious muscle problem in his right arm and could no longer perform. In 1966 he accepted a position as a lecturer in Music at UNISA and following the birth of their first daughter, the family moved to Pretoria,

Both daughter's attended St. Mary's Diocesan School for Girls (DSG) and Lee accepted the post of running the schools Media Centre. She remained for 20 years until her retirement in 2004. With her family all living in Johannesburg, Lee made the decision in 2013 to settle in Douglassdale.

Her eldest daughter Claire inherited her parents creative talents and trained in Drama and English at Wits. She was a successful actress and appeared in many stage and TV productions in SA.

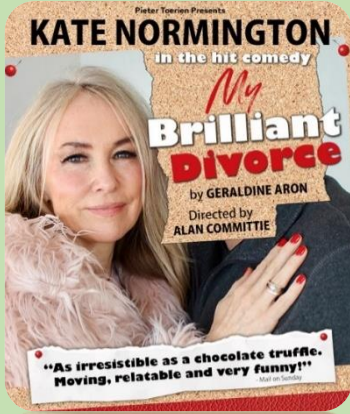
Claire is now an Internationally qualified therapist and coach, while Lee's younger daughter relocated recently with her family to the UK.



We tend to forget that Lee is a volunteer, she can be seen so often, day and night hard at it in the library. Diligently working through the boxes of books that are regularly donated. Ensuring that only books from credible authors and in the best condition are placed on the shelves.

Thank you, Lee you really are most appreciated.

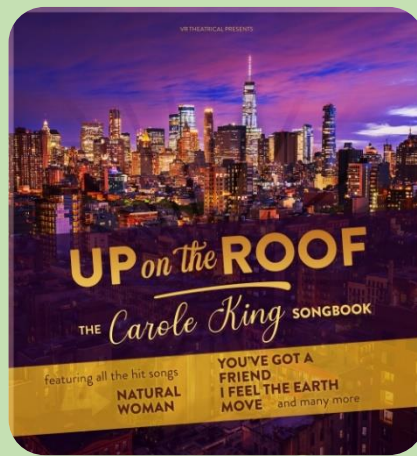
OUT AND ABOUT



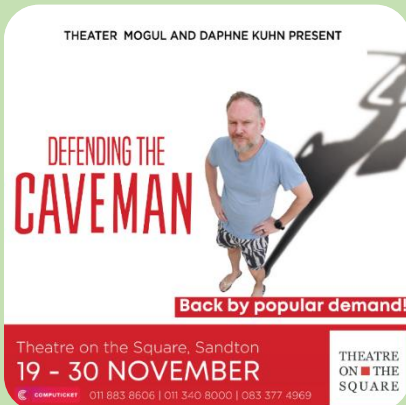
10 – 27 October
 Pieter Toerien
 Main Theatre
 Monte Casino



1-30 November
 Mandela Theatre
 JHB Theatre



1 – 26 November
 Pieter Toerien
 Main Theatre
 Monte Casino



19 – 30 November
 Theatre on The Square
 Mandela Square, Sandton



Blandford is under new Management and it shows. Enjoy teas and lunches on this lovely natural property.





A SPOT OF QUIET TIME

Make a cuppa, grab your specs and relax for 5 mins

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS – Eileen MacFarlane

I think, in a former life, I must have been a gypsy as I have always had itchy feet. The urge to travel, to discover new places, to take roads less travelled and re-visit old haunts, has always been an emotion I found hard to quell.

Recently I was asked what it was about travel I loved so much. 'All of it' was my reply.

It starts with the planning. Where to go, how to get there, what to see and do en route; dates and costs are then carefully scrutinised. This can take some time and thought until an affordable, but still comfortable and interesting middle path is arrived at. The excitement mounts, the day arrives and the journey begins.

Each journey of travel for me has been viewed as an adventure. I have never warmed to people who can't see the pleasure in ambling. Those interesting side roads that beg to be followed, or that quaint stopover in the middle of the Karoo with a dilapidated old double decker bus, now painted an eye-watering pink, urging you to pull in and discover what other quirks and mysteries lie hidden inside.

But however idyllic sounding my trips are, they don't always work out the way I had planned, and this is where I find the best memories are made, the chance encounters of people and places not previously etched onto my script, come into their own.

There was one such a time I remember well. We were holidaying in Heralds Bay during those severe petrol restrictions. On a trip back from a day in Knysna we ran very low on petrol. The petrol ran lower, stress levels rose, approaching the Wilderness we saw a sign for the Holiday Inn. We decided to seek overnight accommodation. It was Christmas, the hotel was full, no room at this inn either it seemed. Seeing our distress the manager decided to siphon some petrol out of his car and fill ours with enough petrol to get back to our lodgings. 'Don't rush back, it's Christmas, take it as a gift and enjoy your holiday' was his parting remark.

That same holiday, a retired couple we met on the beach, invited us to their home for Christmas lunch. All entreaties on our part to contribute in any way were firmly declined; all they wanted was for us to share the meal with them. When we arrived, tied on the tree were small gifts for our children. The memories of their kindness always warm me.

I remember too, the mechanic in Richmond who, reluctant to let us limp on to the next big town to have our car fixed, decided to do it himself. He had to phone a mate to drive through the night to bring a part from Bloemfontein. Overnight accommodation was arranged for our little family at a B&B close by and, working through the night, he had it ready and in working order by mid-morning.

What made this most memorable was that he asked nothing for his time, just to pay his mate for petrol and the part. 'It was my pleasure to help you', was his reply. The stranger's kindness is shown again.

So many people have, through our chance interactions during my travels, opened my mind and my eyes to places and things not always in any guide or reference book. Side roads we were encouraged to take that lead to a small clear lake with a shady beach; restaurants, hidden gems offering the locals good food at affordable prices; the battered ruins of a plane, ditched into a hill in the Highlands of Scotland as it ran out of fuel on its way back from a bombing raid in WW2. It remains there as a monument to those who fought and didn't always make it back. As we leave the fog clears and the shattered piece of wing is lit up in the sun.

So many memories, so many moving moments, this is what keeps the desire to travel alive in me always.

