



Die Rietstok

42ste Nuusblad van Streek Rietvallei

Oktober 2019

Lente



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SAWA Webblad:

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Uit die pen van die Voorsitter – Pieter Viljoen

Rietvalleiers

Die jaar spoed verskriklik vinnig verby. Op hierdie spoed is ons binnekort by Kersfees 2019. So, as ek iets wil sê moet ek dit vinnig doen voordat die groot gegroet van die Jaareinde ons vang.

Ons het 'n suksesvolle AJV gehad Augustus 2019 en kort daarna ook 'n heerlike Kongres. Ons gelukwense aan die nuwe Dagbestuur wat ons vir die volgende jaar moet lei.

Ons het ook twee nuwe lede op ons bestuur en dit met die oog op ons toekoms beplanning.

Die afgelope kamp by Silver Rocks was daar slegs 6 kampeerdere. Heelwat van ons lede het egter getoer. Die komende kamp by Weaversroost sal nou die grootste kamp wees met 28 lede wat gaan kamp.

Dankie aan elke Rietvalleier wat so getrou blikkie kos saambring na die kampe, soos ooreengekom tydens die AJV. Dit is regtig verblydend om te sien hoe groot ons lede se harte is. Kom ons hou so vol.

Ons beplan weereens 'n kuier oggend in November wanneer die kerkkollekte aan Horison Sorgsentrum oorhandig sal word. Gedurende hierdie geselligheid word lekker gekuier, gehuil en "memories" gemaak. Ons as bestuur hoop om sommer baie van julle daar te sien.

Besondere dank aan Tjaart wat weer voor vat wat die reëlings betref.

Tot ons mekaar tydens ons jaarafsluiting te San Cha Len sien, sê ek vir eers groetnis.

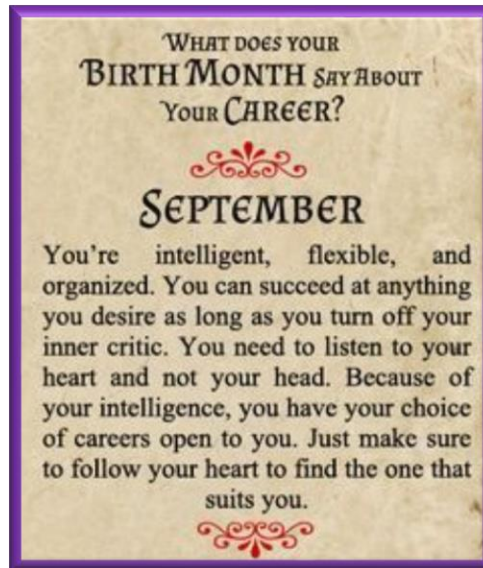
Pieter Viljoen

Seniorburgerhoekie

Sommige van die seniorburgers was op toer die afgelope paar maande en kon mens geen haarafmaak van waar almal hulle bevind het nie. Sommige van hulle was in die Kruger Wildtuin, ander was iewers op toer deur Namaqualand. Die dinge het net baie lekker gegaan met al die toerende Seniors van Rietvallei.



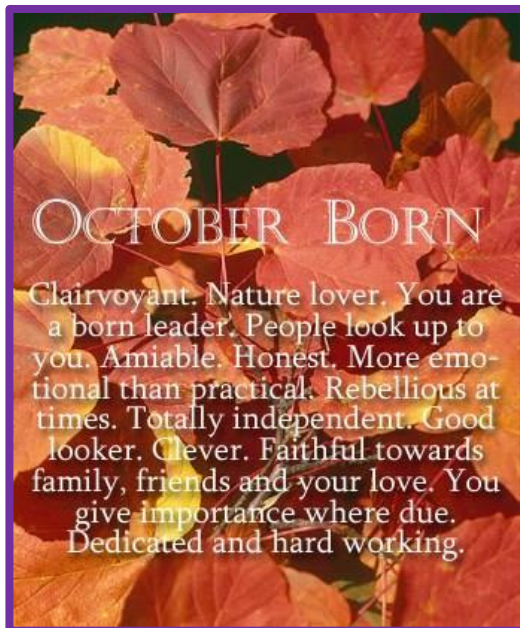
Verjaardae



Amanda Fourie
Abrie van Rensburg
Daan v/d Berg
Cornel Fourie

Pieter le Roux
Fanie Jacobs
Jake Erasmus
Bob Vaughan

Alta van Eeden
Rina de Klerk
Ann Steward



Margriet v/d Berg
Anne-Marie Engelbrecht
Steve Kleynhans
Sonja de Jongh
Alida Venter
Frans Scholtz
Henry Hill
Corné de Wagenaar
Chris Stander
Johan la Grange
Neels de Klerk
Hilly Henze

Seënwense vir julle vir 'n baie mooi en gesonde jaar.

Huweliksherdenkings



Aan almal wat in Augustus, September en Oktober Huweliksherdenkinge gehad het. Hartlike gelukwensings. Mag julle huwelike ryklik geseënd wees en julle nog lang en gesonde jare saam beleef.

Lief en Leed

Jaco Viljoen: Herstel goed na ongeluk.

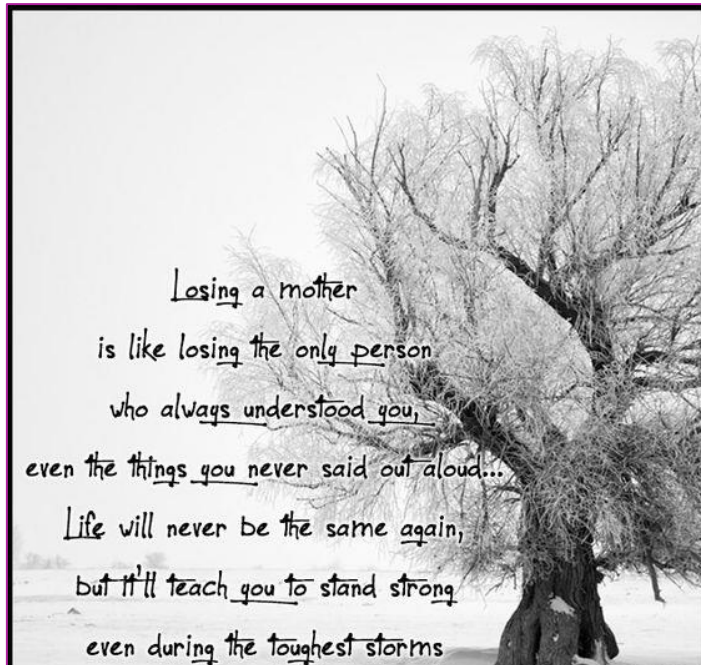
Rina de Klerk: Mediese procedure wat sy ondergaan het was sukses.

Fanie Jacobs: Gaan goed na oogoperasie

Ons is so dankbaar om te hoor dat dit sommer baie beter gaan met ons lede wat siek en ongesteld en in ongelukke was en ook draai in die teaters gemaak het. Pas julle op. Julle is kosbaar.



Fanie Venter word 80



Jake Erasmus en Alida Lloyd se Moeder is oorlede.



Fanie Jacobs het draai in die teater
gaan maak en Elzette Jacobs gaan
eersdaags daar 'n draai maak.
Margriet van den Berg moes 'n oog
operasie ondergaan.
Roekie Hill gaan steeds moontlik vir
kankerbehandeling.
Henry Hill- Geopereer vir kanker.

Knuppeldik



Neute tert

Bestanddele

250 ml suiker
4 eiers
1 pakkie (200g) Mariebeskuitjies grof gebreek
200g pekanneute gekap
1 blik (360g) karamel kondensmelk
250 ml geklopte room

Metode:

Voorverhit die oond tot 180 grade en smeer 'n losboomkoekpan van 20cm met olie. Klits die suiker en eiers goed tot lig en donsigtig. Voeg die gebreekte Marie beskuitjies en pekanneute by, roer goed en giet in die voorbereide pan. Bak 20-30 min lank tot goudbruin. Laat afkoel, smeer gekookte kondensmelk oor en versier met geklopte room.

Lag 'n slag

Camping:
Where you spend a
small fortune to
live like a homeless
person.



DEAR DIARY,
TODAY
MY FRIENDS ASKED ME
TO GO CAMPING SO I MADE
A LIST OF
THE THINGS I WILL NEED:

1. NEW FRIENDS

ONEHOTMESS

Camping is not a date;
it's an endurance test.

If you can survive
camping with someone, you
should marry the one on
the way home!

Die tannie sleep 2 swartsakke straat af. Die een skeur
en 'n vreeslike groot klomp R50 note val uit.

'n Polisieman sien dit en vra: "Waar kry tannie al die geld?"

Die tannie sê toe: "Ek bly langs Loftus en die mans pee deur
die draad in my blombeddings. Dan staan ek reg met my skêr en sê:

"Betaal R50 of ek sny af"

Polisieman: "Wat is in die ander sak?"

Tannie: "Nie almal betaal nie..."

Boer van Senekal het n voëlverskrikker gemaak wat soos sy skoonma lyk.
Hy sê die voëls is nou so bang, hulle het die oes van verlede jaar terug gebring!

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In 'n skool in Aggenys het die onderwyser in 'n vraestel gevra: "Wat is die trappe van vergelyking van deur" Een van die kinders se antwoord was: "Deur, dwarsdeur, anderkant uit, m*#r toe"

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Kampnuus

Kamp by Silver Rocks – Septeber 2019



Lekker kuier en eet by Silver Rocks



The Windmills of Your Mind (Ray Hattingh)

He had no idea why he was drawn to see **The Thomas Crown Affair** but a song in the film was to leave him with something that filled his consciousness for the rest of his days. A song that resonated with something deep inside his psyche. A song that stayed with him all his life as its words attached themselves to his memories - or was it the memories that attached themselves to its words?

His mind went back to the farm. It was during their umpteenth time playing around the farm windmill that he first experienced the feeling that she was no longer just a playmate. But he never dared tell her.

"I love windmills, she'd said, "they're so beautiful. Dad says that without them we could not farm, we'd have no water, they bring us life."

His heart jumped at her words, "I love them too, and I..." his voice trailed off.

"I what?" she questioned.

"I forgot, he lied.

He left the movie house with "The Windmills of Your Mind" ringing in his ears. To his delight the next morning he found a 78 single, "You're lucky," smiled the salesgirl, "now we're sold out.

It did not take long for the words to cement themselves into his memory. They reminded him of his life so far - and of her.

Memories of her began to circle with the song in his mind.

For the first time he understood his lifelong fascination of windmills. Whenever he saw one, he photographed it. His consulting room walls were festooned with photographs of windmills.

It gradually began to dawn on him that the reason that he was forty-two and single was that he was hopelessly in love with her. He always was and he always would be.

Could he find her now? She'd probably be married - with kids. He could just say hello and ask, "Do you still like windmills?" She'd laugh and respond, "What makes you say that?" People forget things that are meaningful to you and not to them. Her reaction would confirm that she had no reciprocal feelings.

No, he could not intrude on her life. But she could live on in his mind, as an image in the song. Did it not say, "When you knew that it was over in the autumn of good-byes for a moment you could not recall the color of her eyes?" To his chagrin he could not remember.

And so, the years passed.

He was a loner by nature but still his few friends could not understand that he would not react to any of the many women in their lives who found him charming, amusing and attractive. He seemed to be asexual. He simply remained an enigma to all.

As the first of January 2006 dawned, he pondered over the fact that he would be eighty that year. He'd often idly wondered why he was still carrying on. Perhaps it was that vague feeling that he still had something to complete.

As the morning progressed a strange feeling arose, a feeling that began drawing him, as never before, to the town where they met on the first day of Sub A and where they were inseparable till the end of standard five, when his father was transferred.

Yes, that was it. He had not been back in sixty-eight years. He could make some discrete enquiries. Perhaps see the farm. Her family may still be there and the windmill. For the first time the feeling that he may intrude on her life was not present.

He stopped outside the local hotel and sat listening, as his USB has just moved to **The Windmills of Your Mind**. He turned the volume up slightly, as he always did when he played it.

When it ended he turned off the radio. As he did, he became aware of someone next to the car.

"Hello," she said, "Forgive me, I could not help listening to that song, it was my Great Aunt's favourite."

Stunned, he sat quietly.

"Are you alright?" she frowned, noticing a tear roll down his face.

"I'm sorry; you're almost the split image of someone I knew here years ago."

Her voice became tender, "She must have meant a lot to you?"

He nodded. Feeling himself choking up.

"How long ago was that?" she asked

"Nearly sixty-eight years."

"Wow, that's so fascinating. I love the history of my town. Would it be an imposition if I asked you if you would you mind sharing your memory with me?"

"Of course not."

"Oh, thank you, there's a coffee shop just across the road."

He told her of the school and the year and the windmill and her eyes widened. She covered her mouth with her hands, "Oh my gosh, what was her name?" He told her and she gave a whoop of delight, "No way, that was my Great Aunt."

"You're - you're joking," he managed to blurt out.

"No. No, that was her."

He overcame his shock, "How is she?"

Her face softened, "I'm sorry . . . she died last year"

As the images unwind, like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind arose in his mind and oddly the first thing that came to his lips was, "Was she cremated?"

"No, for some reason she wanted to be buried next to the windmill on our ancestral farm. She often used to sit there for hours. It seemed to have some special meaning to her but she would never tell me."

"Did she come back here after her marriage?"

"She never married. She never left the farm. She lived here all her life. She never spoke about it but we were all sure she was pining, possibly remaining true to a lost love."

He felt as if life had driven an ice-cold dagger of remorse deep into his heart.

His reaction told her all she needed to know. "Are you going to the hotel?"

"Yes".

"Not anymore. You're coming to the farm with me; my folks will love to meet you."

The next few days passed in a blur even though he felt as if he was moving through treacle, as in a dream.

Every day her Great Niece accompanied him to the grave and the windmill where they talked for hours about the past.

One morning he asked her if he could be alone at the grave.

She knew. She kissed him tenderly on the forehead and turned away so that he could not see her tears.

The headstone faced the windmill. He sat on the grave and leaned back against the headstone. He watched the windmill lazily turning in the slight breeze. He swore he was hearing those words again, "I love windmills, they are so beautiful. Dad says that without them we could not farm, we'd have no water, they bring us life."

He'd mixed the cocktail and put it in a phial before he left. Now was the time. He smiled wanly as he swallowed the contents.

He began singing softly, more to her than to himself. The words 'Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own . . . , were his last.

As his body went limp an impish gust of wind sent the windmill spinning . . .



Rietvallei omgee



Horison Sorgsentrum - 'n plekkie in die son!



Jy word vriendelik uitgenooi om 'n koppie tee en verversings saam te nuttig tydens die oorhandiging van Rietvallei se kollekte aan Horison Sorgsentrum.

- ❖ Datum: **Maandag 18 November 2019**
- ❖ Tyd: **10:00 – 11:30**
- ❖ Plek: **Horison Sorgsentrum, Fountainstraat 260, Silverton.**



- Indien moontlik, bring asb 'n bordjie eetgoed saam (enige soet of sout), en lig Tjaart dinooreenkomstig in by 082 785 6895 of tjaartjk@absa.co.za
- Enige gebruikte klere sal ook welkom wees asb.

Groete

Tjaart

Namens Rietvallei Bestuur.

Adverteer

SAWA lede met besighede of stokperdjies!!

Ons sal jul advertensies plaas vir slegs R250 vir die jaar! Belangstellendes kan gerus 'n voorbeeld van die advertensie stuur aan Magda Britz (magdabritz@gmail.com)



Ons doen Spyseniering enige plek enige dag

*Spitbraaís, Potjiekos
funksies, Buffet etes en
“Snack Platters*



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No matter how
old you both get
never stop
holding hands,
never stop
saying goodbye with
a kiss
&
never stop saying
"I love you "

Magda Britz