



Kersuitgawe

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Rietstok nommer 43

Kersuitgawe



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Rietvallei Bestuur

Voorsitter

Pieter Viljoen 078 094 7436
pieter@thechef-boys.co.za

Ondervoorsitter

Rudi Britz 083 309 9664
rjnood@gmail.com

Penningmeester

Tjaart Klaasen
tjaartjk@absa.co.za

Sekretaris

Pieter le Roux 083 258 3613
rietvallei.sawasekr@gmail.com

Redakteur

Magda Britz 082 083 9295
magdabritz@gmail.com

Senior Burgerverteenwoordiger

Margriet van den Berg 082 586 0480
wavdberg@telkomsa.net

SAWA Webblad:

www.sawa.org.za



Kersboodskap vanaf Voorsitter

Liewe Rietvallei vriende

Ons bevind ons vinniger as verwag weer by die voorstoep van nog n Kers seisoen. Ouer mense sê altyd dat hoe ouer jy raak hoe vinniger voel dit dat die tyd verby gaan. Ek stem deesdae hiermee saam.

Wat 'n wonderlike jaar was dit nie vir een en almal nie. Ons het lede wat goed herstel het van operasies asook ander met ernstige siektes soos kanker. As ons hierdie stories lees en beleef, dan besef ons net weer dat ons 'n ongelooflike GOD dien.

My wens vir almal is dat ons weer sal besef wat die ware betekenis van die CHRISTUS FEES is en dat ons dit so sal fier met die nodige toewyding en respek wat HY verdien.

Dié wat weg gaan met vakansie, ons werkendes sal jaloers wees, maar gun almal "n welverdiende breek. Sleep veilig en kom terug in een stuk.

2020 Wag vir ons om nog te lag en kuier en onvergeetlike "memories" te maak.

Wees veilig en Geseende Kersfees met n Voorspoedige Nuwe jaar vir almal.

Pieter Viljoen

Senior Burger

SENIORS – KUIEROGGEND DONDERDAG 7 NOVEMBER 2019

Die tafels is getooi in blou,

kyk hoe mooi lyk dit nou.

Waaier van serfette in 'n glas,

blink blou klippies om daarby te pas.

Sjokoladetjies word oor die tafels gestrooi,

In helderkleurige papiertjies, so mooi.

Gee Rina net 'n halwe kans en

sy raak heeltemal in 'n trans.

Verskillende papiertjies word gou omskep,
In spinnekoppies, en dié gee baie pret.

Twee van ons lede, elk tagtig jaar,
kry spesiale gelukwense want hul verjaar.

Steve en Lulu, al amper 60 jaar saam,
Nog goeie jare toegewens, word deur almal beaam.

Koffie, tee en vrugtesap,
word mildelik in bekers en glase getap.

Bordjies word met lekkernye gelaai
met koek, tert en koeksisters gedraai.

Pasteitjies, worsies en koekies gesmeer,
van alle soorte en nog soveel meer.

'n Paar van ons lede het getoer
en gou word daar na 'n paar foto's geloer.

Namakwaland se prag en praal
Het 'n hele paar oee's en aa's behaal.

Daar word heerlik gelag en gekuier,
vol geëet en net al luier.

Gesels, gesels en baie luister,
dis alles behalwe 'n gefluister.

Skelm word gou agter die ore gedraai,
verminder daarmee die groot lawaai.

Dis gou alweer tyd om te groet,
Geseënde Kersfees en baie voorspoed.

Margriet



Die blomme in
Namaqualand



Mrs Kombrink's Christmas Pudding

There are degrees of silence. There is the silence of the deepest underground caverns, and of the vast deserts of the earth. And then there is the truly profound silence that signals the imminent reading of a will.

Into such a silence Mr Klein, of Berkowitz, Berkowitz, Berkowitz and Klein, rose to his feet, shuffled his papers, adjusted his spectacles, harrumphed importantly and began to read:

"This is the last will and testament of Elsie Agatha Kombrink."

He paused to bask in the rapt attention written in the unblinking stares of thirty-one pairs of eyes, and the stillness of thirty-one bums perched on the edges of the elegant seating in the late Elsie's Bishopscourt Lounge.

At the age of ninety-six Elsie Kombrink had, thanks to the canny investments of her late husband, accumulated a large fortune. She had also accumulated a veritable battalion of hopeful beneficiaries – many of whom were crowded into the room. Mr Klein resumed: "To my daughter, Penelope."

He turned his head as an inexperienced young sparrow, deceived by the clear glass, thumped and fluttered noisily against the window. But no one else in the room heard a sound.

"... to my daughter, Penelope, I bequeath my Bishopscourt house, my residence in Jersey and my villa in Haute Savoie, together with all their contents except for the items listed below."

A spry grey-haired woman, sitting on a Louis Quinze chaise longue, relaxed back into the rich cream brocade. Penelope, at seventy-four, was the sole survivor of four siblings. She had fully expected to be her mother's main beneficiary. But you never knew with Elsie. She had been a notorious eccentric who had never lost her childhood penchant for practical jokes. Her descendants would have been disappointed — but not surprised — if she had left everything to the SPCA or even to the Salvation Army of which she had been an ardent member since the days of General Booth.

"To Gladys Purbright ..."

A corpulent woman in a short skirt, who had been relentlessly munching her way through a bag of toffees, froze in mid chew. She was perched, ludicrously on a dainty three-legged Georgian stool. Her thighs were so grossly fat that, as Mr Klein observed over his half glasses, she was unable to get her knees together. He hastily returned his gaze to the will. "... to Gladys Purbright," he resumed, "who nursed me with such devotion during my last illness but one, I bequeath my eighteenth century

Findlater mantle clock.

"To Sean O'Toole, my admirable vet, I leave a sum of money to ensure the continued wellbeing of my five cats and my Yorkshire terrier, Tinkerbell, amounting to sixty thousand Rands."

At this a large pink bald man, sporting a forest of ginger beard, exclaimed: "Begorrah, the woman was a true lover of animals."

This remark broke the tension. The company relaxed as Mr Klein reeled off the remainder of the bequests – starting with a tidy annuity for Elsie's maid and gardener.

By the time he had reached the penultimate item, the room was lit by a bevy of smiles that turned into applause as he announced:

"To my entire tribe of descendants — of whose names I have long lost track — I bequeath, to be equally divided between them, my entire share portfolio. Which," added Mr Klein, "is worth around eight million Rands."

The young sparrow made another abortive assault on the window. This time it was heard by everyone. With one exception: a severe fortyish woman perched stiffly on the stool of the deceased's Bluchner grand piano. Her mouth was puckered into an expression of prim disapproval that had an air of permanence about it. Only her toes moved – curling and uncurling inside her shoes. As Mr Klein started to read the final item they froze in the curled position.

"To my neighbour, Helen Grundle, for all her little kindnesses over the years, I bequeath" Mr Klein paused. He looked slowly round the room, a glint of almost sadistic amusement in his eyes. ". . . I bequeath one of my famous Christmas puddings."

The prim mouth puckered even more tightly. The nostrils widened in furious disbelief. "How could she! After all I've done for her!" She almost shouted the words out loud.

Mind you, a genuine Elsie Kombrink Christmas pudding was not to be sneezed at. Five years previously BBC Television had flown Elsie to London to take part in their "Great Christmas Pudding Bakeoff" competition. She had won hands down. The judges had never tasted anything like it. It was a sumptuous, fabulous aristocrat of a pudding. A pudding to be transported in a golden coach with six white horses. Harrods of Knightsbridge had offered her a fortune for the recipe. But she stoutly refused to reveal her ingredients which were known by her close friends to include fruit steeped in copious amounts of Grand Marnier liqueur spiked with Calvados. Even more unconventionally, she included dashes of Guinness and Earl Grey tea. But there were other subtleties, so exotic and fanciful that she carried their secret to her grave.

As a sort of postscript, the will directed that two magnums of Veuve Cliquot (they were waiting in ice buckets behind Mr Klein) be drunk by the assembled company. They needed no urging.

Amid the popping of corks and the buzz of happy voices Helen Grundle retrieved her pudding from a kitchen cupboard and, refusing to expose herself to further ridicule, slunk out through the back door.

That evening Mr Grundle came home later than usual. It was getting dark but there were no lights on in the house. He found his wife sitting at the kitchen table. A cigarette between her fingers glowed red in the gloom. Next to her was a full ashtray, a glass and a half empty bottle of vodka. She was staring at what appeared to be a huge pudding bowl.

"Don't ask," she said.

"But what did the old girl leave you in her will?"

"You're looking at it."

"But what is it?"

"What does it look like?"

"It looks like a pudding."

"It is a pudding, stupid!" she shouted. "After all I've done for her, the old bitch goes and leaves me a pudding. A miserable pudding, for heaven's sake! Haven't I changed her library books, haven't I read to her, haven't I fetched her shopping for the last three years? And what the hell are you grinning at?"

Hiding his smile too late, her husband replied: "I was just remembering something you said, darling, about a year ago. Now what was it. ah, yes. 'The old trout has not much longer to go. And, make no mistake, she's loaded. If I butter her up she'll put me in her will. She has hinted as much. Consider it a bluechip investment,' you said."

Next morning, Helen Grundle answered her front door to a familiar, but less-thanwelcome face. It was Mrs van Schalkwyk, a tiresomely assiduous worker bee from the church committee.

"Ah, Mrs Grundle," she said. I've come to collect your contribution to the Bishop's Christmas auction. A small piece of jewellery I think you said."

The words hung in the air. Helen Grundle had no intention of relinquishing the gold bracelet she had promised in an unguarded moment. Her calculating little brain raced desperately, then clicked into gear:

"I seem to have mislaid the bracelet," she said. "But I have something else for you. Something really exotic and famous."

"Lot twenty-four," called the auctioneer. "A Christmas pudding." But this is no ordinary pudding, ladies and gentlemen. This is a pudding of international distinction – made by the hand of the late Elsie Kombrink to the same recipe that won her first prize at the BBC's Christmas Pudding of the Year competition in London. This is a pudding to make the most jaded of gourmets salivate. Who will start me off at two-hundred Rands?"

An elegantly-dressed woman in the front row abruptly sat up straight. She was Deborah Willoughby-Smythe, well-known society hostess and social climber of great agility. In two weeks' time she would be throwing an extravagant Christmas dinner party. Among the guests would be the editor of a national women's' magazine. What a talking point the Kombrink pudding would be. Why, she could even have it piped in by one of those handsome, kilted young men from the Cape Town Highlanders. What a coup. And what a chance to upstage that little upstart Edna Prendergast. She caught the auctioneer's eye and nodded.

"Two hundred I am bid," he called.

Unfortunately for Deborah Willoughby Smythe, her 'little upstart' was sitting at the back of the hall. Edna Prendergast, a stockbroker's wife from Somerset West, was also planning a lavish Christmas party. She also had seen the social potential of the famous pudding. She raised her folded pink programme.

"Three hundred. From the lady at the back."

"Four hundred. From the lady in front."

"Five hundred," Deborah Smythe-Willoughby turned around, recognised her rival, scowled, turned back to the auctioneer and nodded.

"Six hundred."

"Seven hundred."

The audience began to turn their heads in unison like spectators at a Wimbledon final.

"Eight hundred."

"Nine hundred."

"One thousand rand I am bid for this fabulous pudding. Any advance on one thousand?"

There was a slight pause, then:

"Eleven hundred, from the lady at the back."

"Twelve hundred."

There was a longer pause as dozens of craned necks waited for the flash of pink.

"Thirteen hundred I am bid. Any advance on thirteen hundred. Going at thirteen hundred." Dora Willoughby-Smythe moved in for the kill. She gave a distinct double nod.

"Fifteen hundred rand," called the astounded auctioneer.

Edna Prendergast subsided furiously into her seat as the auctioneer's hammer sounded the death knell of her plans.

Outside the church hall the victor placed the pudding carefully into the boot of her Mercedes. On her

way home she parked at a shopping centre, having collected her two-year-old son, Rodney, from his crèche. Before extracting his push chair from the boot she placed the precious pudding out of harm's way on the roof of the car. The newly-bought push chair seemed to have been constructed by a designer of Chinese puzzles. She struggled for five minutes to open it. Rodney hated it on sight. It took her several more frustrating minutes to install the kicking, screaming child. Finally, cursing under her breath, she stalked off towards the shops.

On the roof of the blue Mercedes the pudding bowl stood out like a white beacon.

Seven-year-old Jake Nolutshungu, who had been begging between the rows of parked cars, spotted the strange white object. Scrambling onto the boot lid, he grasped the pudding. One sniff told him it was food. He looked furtively around before he slithered to the ground, cradling the heavy pudding in his arms. He hoisted it onto his head. Then he trotted off towards the distant township – the pale undersides of his brown heels twinkling in the sunlight.

Jake's mother, Lucy, was incredulous.

"You found it where? On top of a car? Do you think I'm stupid? You stole it didn't you?" She took the pudding from him to give him a good smack. As she lifted it up, her nostrils caught the pudding's magical fragrance. A second sniff, with closed eyes, at the subtly delicious aroma soothed her anger and sparked off an idea.

Times were bad for Lucy and her family. Her husband had lost his job as a night watchman six months ago. Lucy had struggled to feed her four children in their wood and iron shack by charring in the not-so-nearby white suburbs. Now her best 'madam' had announced her imminent departure to Australia. Christmas, due in two weeks' time, would be a bleak celebration indeed were it not for the kindness of her sister, Tandy. Tandy was a primary school teacher married to a policeman. They lived in a nice brick house in Langa. She had invited Lucy and her family over for Christmas dinner. But Lucy was looking forward to it with mixed feelings. She was embarrassed that she could contribute little to the celebrations beyond a few sweets for the children.

Now Lucy smiled. This wonderful pudding was indeed a gift from heaven. The trembling Jake was astonished to receive a kiss on top of his head.

The party was a great success. There were ten children and seven adults, including Lucy's mom and dad who had bussed down from Transkei. Everybody tucked into the three chickens, braaied to a golden brown in the yard by Tandi's husband, Temba.

Then Lucy served up the pudding. She held her breath as her father raised the first spoonful to his mouth.

"Ow," he said. "This is delicious. This is very special. This deserves a toast. The adults raised their glasses to the blushing Lucy.

"There's plenty more for seconds," she said – an offer that was soon taken up. Little Jake was halfway through his pudding when he gave a sharp cry. He pulled something metallic out of his mouth. Lucy gave a concerned look across the table.

"Oh, you lucky boy," she said. "That looks like a fifty-cent piece." The others dug hopefully into their pudding, but with no luck.

Later that afternoon, while the grown-ups were asleep, Jake took the coin to Mr Alvez at the Portuguese café at the edge of the township. He asked for some sweets.

Mr Alvez examined the coin with a frown.

"I'm sorry my boy," he said. "This is a worthless foreign coin. I can't give you anything for this." Then, seeing the boy's crestfallen face – and no doubt warmed by the few glasses of Christmas cheer he had imbibed earlier in the day – he presented Jake with a five-rand bar of chocolate. Absentmindedly he tucked the coin into his pocket.

Late that evening, after locking up, he went around to his car at the back of the shop. Feeling for his keys in his trousers pocket, his fingers closed on the coin. He gave it a cursory glance before flipping it far out onto the dusty veld.

"It is definitely missing," said Giles Kombrink as he sat in the bank vault sifting through his late

Grandmother's coin collection. "It was the centre-piece of the collection – a Charles the First golden sovereign dated 1671."

"Was it valuable?" asked the executor.

"You could say that. Try sixty-thousand Rands for a start."

Out on the rubbish-strewn veld a small, half-buried disc of pure gold gleamed feebly in the light of the dying sun – its fate as ignominious as that of the English king depicted on its surface. For a few minutes a stray sunbeam, refracted through an old Coke bottle, brought a brighter glow to the embossed face.

Was it a trick of the light? Or was that a sardonic smile on the king's lips?

Anonymous

Horison Sorgsentrum

Horison Sorgsentrum

Kollekte en Kersfeespakkies

18 November 2019

Rietvallei het weereens besluit om die kollekte geld wat ons gedurende die jaar se kampe in, te oorhandig aan die sorgsentrum. Maar buiten die bydrae is die kinders en personeel by Horison Sorgsentrum vir oulaas die jaar bederf met 'n feestafel van eetgoed en geskenkies. Vir die kinders is weereens lekkergoed pakkies opgemaak. Die personeel het ook elkeen 'n geskenkpakkie gekry.

Die kinders was baie opgewonde oor die "PARTY" want daar was weer onder andere kaaskrulle en koeldrankies op die tafel en in hul geskenkpakkie. Dit is werklik so kosbaar om daardie vreugde op hulle gesiggies te sien. Moenie die personeel se gesiggies miskyk nie!

Dankie aan almal wat dit moontlik maak om die spesiale oggend te kon laat gebeur.

Rietvallei Streek wens die personeel en elke kosbare kind by Horison Sorgsentrum 'n baie Geseënde Kersfees toe!



Groete

Tjaart Klaasen

Foto's: Marietjie Klaasen

Die aangehegte fotobeedle is "selfsprekend" van ons lekker kuier-oggend.



Afsluitingkamp 2019 -San Cha Len

Naam van oord:	San Cha Len
Ligging:	S24° 53.298' E28° 22.270' Ook S24° 53' 17.88" E28° 22' 16.20"
Afstand grondpad	4 km (Garmin-Base Camp)
Afstand van Proefplaaswisselaar	101 km (Google Maps)
Toestand van grondpad:	Basies tot goed Groot waterpoele op 18 November en 22 November.
Kamptydperk:	22 tot 24 November 2019
Totale woonwaens gekamp	19
Gaste woonwaens	2
Chalets	1
Hoogtepunte van die naweek	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Boekvat Vrydagaand deur Elmarie le Roux. • Jaar-Afsluitingsfunksie Saterdagaand. • Erediens Sondagoggend waargeneem deur Magdaleen Viljoen. • Vrugtefeestje na erediens

So! Met die kampdata aangeteken, kan julle lees van die laaste Rietvalleikamp van 2019.

San Chalen wedywer geografies met Sondela, wat aan die teenoorgestelde kant van die N1 snelweg geleë is. Die kraai-vlieg-afstand is maar 2.2 km tussen die oorde, terwyl die ry-afstand meer as 8km kan wees. San Cha Len het 'n seker agterstand teenoor Sondela, vanweë die grondpadtoegang; maar so het ook Dube en Hartbeeshoek en Eastco Magalies en Silver Rocks wat almal grondpadtoegang het. Van genoemde oorde het San Cha Len 'n beter grondpad as meeste van die ander. Dit is waarskynlik vanweë lae verkeersvolumes en goeie onderhoud. Nog nie oortuig nie? Volgens Sondela se webblad blyk dit dat mens kan verwag om so 176% meer te betaal vir 'n vergelykbare nag.

Terwyl pad-onderhoud ter sprake is, dieselfde padboustyl in die oord kan mens hier en daar op die toeganspad te siene kry en dit is waarskynlik net hier, waar die verskil inkom. San Cha Len word deur dieselfde persoon besit, ontwikkel, bestuur en onderhou. As jy die oord wil binnekomm, ontvang Whitey jou by die hek en begelei jou na jou staanplek; dit nogal nadat hy 'n kortlys van staanplekke aan jou voorgehou het . Whitey is een van daardie mense wat die vermoë het om mense se name te onthou en wanneer mens hom weer raak loop in die oord, kan hy jou op jou naam aanspreek. Dit laat mens huis en welkom voel. 'n Paar besighede in die stad kan hier kom leer hoe om kliënte (klante vir die puriste) te hanteer en dit vir 'n besigheid wat 'n klant (of is dit kalant) vir 'n paar dae sien voor hulle weer vertrek.

San Cha Len het 'n besonderse uitleg en ek glo steeds nie ek is heeltemaal seker hoe die plek inmekaar steek nie. Wat wel nodig is om te weet, is waar die ablusieblokke is, waar die "Kerktannie"-se wa staan en waar ons gaan feesvier en kerk-hou en natuurlik hoe mens moet ry om weer te kan "wegkom". Hierdie oord het unieke paaie. Die pad het 'n harde oppervlak wat woonwa-hoekstutte kan dra, sonder om mee te gee. Whitey het die oord so uitgelê dat die paaie teen die geplaveide staanplekke verby loop en wanneer jou woonwa mooi geplaas is, slaan jy kamp op en (sê Whitey) dan is dit nie meer 'n pad nie. Die eintlike merkwaardige is dat Whitey se plan só goed werk dat dit nie probleme skep met verkeersvloei nie. Welliswaar verander toegangsroetes in die oord voortdurend, maar gelukkig maak dit nie saak nie behalwe? Wel gestel jy jaag gou dorptoe vir daardie onmisbare goeters en intussen kom daar so 'n paar "kalante" aan. Wanneer 'n mens jou "fênsie" Volkswagen wil bêre is die pad wa-toe "weg". Die enigste wat dan oorbly is om te "Soek en vind" soos dit geskryf staan, al voel jy soos 'n kleuter wat 'n "soek die paadjie" raaisel prober oplos. Eintlik het dit nie gepla nie, want daar was nie huis motors te siene wat nie "aan't eie huis" afgesaal was nie.

Van die SAWAnante het al Maandag 18 November aangekom en ander SAWAnante vertrek eers teen 1 Desember en dis sekerlik nie die "kalante" met die langste oorstaantye in die oord nie. Hoe langer mense gestaan het, hoe meer het hulle kon sien hoe die omgewing reageer op die wonderlike reën wat in hierdie tyd geval het. Whitey was duidelik só dankbaar en "in die wolke" oor die lekker reën wat geval het. Die skrywer het selfs in die reën kamp opgeslaan, sonder enige protes. Die sanderige aard van die oord en goeie dreinering het verseker dat daar nie poele water rondgestaan het nie.

Soos te verwagte, het die reën en die hoë temperature relatiewe hoë bedompigheidsvlakke bedags tot gevolg gehad, maar dié kon mens altyd met 'n swembad of twee besweer. Nogal 'n verhitte, onderdak swembad ook, waar menige kopstukke gesels is (dis nou wanneer die manne nie nóg warm-lug met hul pratery veroorsaak het nie).

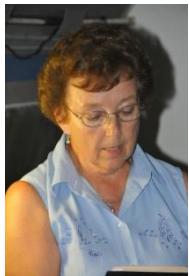
Die kampprogram het naastenby die gewone loop geneem, maar Vrydagvaand was daar geen "te-eete" aangebied nie en Saterdag was daar geen buurmanbraai nie, om plek te maak vir die jaar-eindfunksie.

Elmarie le Roux het Vrydagaand die boekvat hanteer. Die kerngedagte het sy saamgevat uit

Psalm 1:3

*Hy is soos 'n boom wat by waterstrome geplant is,
Wat op die regte tyd vrugte dra
En waarvan die blare nie verdoog nie*

Sonder dat sy dit besef, het Elmarie 'n baken in die kamp geword. Saterdagoggend kom van die kinders by haar aangedraf en vra of Tannie Elmarie die "Kerktannie" is. Wel, omdat sy wel die "Kerktannie" was, weet hulle toe ook sommer waar hul woonwa was!



"Kerktannie" Elmarie hou boekvat

San Cha Len het die etes Saterdagaand by die jaar-eind-funksie verskaf. Al wat óns moes doen, was om tafels te dek en tafels te versier. Hiervoor moes 'n paar mense versierings saam bring. Maar, soos dit gaan met sulke naweke, vergeet mens mos maar ietsie tuis, soos die tannie wat geen versierings samgebring het nie. Eerder as om in sak en braaivleis-as te gaan sit, drawwe sy so 'n uur voor die tyd in die kamp rond op soek na versierings. Kyk gerus na die foto's van die gedekte tafels; julle sal die tafel met die mooi sade opmerk. Knap gedaan Tannie!





Kamkommandante

Toekennings



Hans en Erna Koekemoer - 110 Streek

Wim en Margriet - 270 Streek





Johan en Rina 100% Bywoning
Lettie en Mel 100% Bywoning



Tjaart ontvang sy Nasionale toekenning en spreek so ook 'n woord van dank.



Pieter vertel hoe die 2019 stomp ontvangers gekwalifiseer het. Dries en Annemarie ontvang die stomp met plesier!



Rietvalleigaste: Joe en Lolla Dessels en Eugene de Beer-hulle.



Herman en Corlea Eksteen (Rietvallei se nuwe SAWAnante)
Corlea lees die SAWA erekode voor.

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 vir Magda Britz (magdabritz@gmail.com) deurgee.



Ons doen Spyseniering enige plek enige dag

*Spitbraais, Potjiekos
funksies, Buffet etes en
"Snack Platters*



078 094 7436

pieter@thechef-boys.co.za

Kersgeskenke om te gee

Vir jou vyand - Vergifnis

Vir jou opponent - Verdraagsaamheid

Vir jou vriend - Jou hart

Vir ŋ kind - ŋ Goeie voorbeeld

Vir jouself - Respek

Vir almal -

Liefde



Magda Britz