



methodist homes

# MHA on the Bay

This issue compiled by  
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No. 35  
Autumn 2022

## Autumn - A Beautiful Season for Renewal

Excerpts from an article by Nina Zapala

Like computers or cell phones, sometimes we just need to shutdown and reboot.

There's a very noticeable shift that occurs in the world around us when summer transitions into autumn - not only in the physical landscape but also a shift in energy. This is a good time to go inward, to be more introspective. It's a good time to make room for new experiences and growth.

Autumn is a beautiful season for renewal, a time to celebrate the colourful way Mother Nature calls us to let go. Forests magically flip a switch turning their leaves from emerald green to yellows, reds and oranges. Nature gently reminds us of this universal principle; in order for us to grow, we must shed something. While the leaves blanket the ground and slowly decay they ultimately provide a nutritious treat for the roots of the trees. The composted leaves feed the tree roots and sustain them during the cold, dark days of winter.

As the leaves compost and nurture the roots of the tree, letting go of negative thoughts, habits, gossip and judging, nurtures the heart and mind for healthier habits and new beliefs to bloom.

The last two years of Covid have been rife with reasons to let go of what's no longer useful for soul growth. A lot of us have been experiencing painful changes. We've given up many freedoms, many we've taken for granted, socializing with friends, eating out, travel and celebrations. For some, this has caused great anger and anxiety, coupled with loneliness and frustration, which is understandable because the situation was thrust upon us.

Amongst the chaos, we somehow found a new rhythm to life —a simpler way to be in the world. We've slowed. Stopped the hurriedness and had time to figure out what's important; family, friends.

Get out into Mother Nature. Mothers are nurturing as they know what's best for their children. Mother Nature is no exception. Nina Zapala uses this affirmation, "Help me open my heart to allow the messages from the birds, trees, and flowers to flow to me"

Our halls have opened and we can once again begin to get together with friends. Monthly braais are being very well attended and functions in the hall are attracting record support. Let us continue being positive and supporting each other. We are so fortunate to be living in these special communities.



Do your **little bit of good**  
where you are; its those little bits  
of good put together  
that **overwhelm the world.**

— Desmond Tutu



AZ QUOTES

### In this issue:

<i>Autumn, A Beautiful Season for Renewal</i> .....	Page 1
<i>Congratulations to those born in</i> .....	Page 2
<i>Quote from Tutu Foundation</i> .....	Page 2
<i>Ode to a Pill</i> .....	Page 2
<i>Timing Clocks were A-Ticking</i> .....	Page 3
<i>Covid Vaccinations</i> .....	Page 4



## CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL WHO WERE BORN IN THE 20s, 30s, 40s and 50s

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us and some even lived in houses made of asbestos. They took aspirin, ate blue cheese, raw egg products, loads of bacon and processed meat, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then after that trauma, our baby cots were covered with bright coloured lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets or shoes, not to mention the risks we took hitchhiking.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. We drank water from the garden hose and NOT from a bottle.

Take away food was limited to fish and chips, no pizza shops, McDonalds, KFC, Subway or Nandos. Even though all the shops closed at 6.00pm and didn't open on the weekends, somehow we didn't starve to death.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and NO ONE actually died from this. We could collect old drink bottles and cash them in at the corner store and buy Toffees, Gobstoppers and Bubble Gum. We ate cupcakes, white bread and real butter and drank soft drinks with sugar in it, but we weren't overweight because WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on. We would spend hours building our go-carts out of old prams and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. We built tree houses and dens and played in river beds with matchbox cars.

We did not have Play stations, Nintendo Wii, X-boxes, no video games at all, no television, no video/DVD films, no mobile phones, no computers, no ipads, no Internet or Internet chat rooms.....WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them.

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no Lawsuits from these accidents. You could only buy Easter Eggs and Hot Cross Buns at Easter time.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just yelled for them.

RUGBY and CRICKET had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!! Getting into the team was based on merit. Our teachers used to punish us with canes. The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of.....they actually sided with the law.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned HOW TO DEAL WITH IT ALL!

And YOU are one of them  
**CONGRATULATIONS!**

## QUOTE FROM TUTU FOUNDATION WEBSITE:



Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu's spiritual leadership helped guide South Africa through and beyond apartheid, and thus set an example to the world. His selfless guidance—focused as it was on healing a deeply divided society—sought neither personal power nor political office. It held fast to an ethical keel, remaining

idealistic, always forgiving and inspiring. It brought moral insight to a torn society, encouraging constructive dialogue, consolation and the healing of divisions. One of the great moral leaders of our time, Tutu won the Nobel Prize for Peace for his role in the opposition to Apartheid in South Africa.

South African president Cyril Ramaphosa described Tutu's death as "*another chapter of bereavement in our nation's farewell to a generation of outstanding South Africans who have bequeathed us a liberated South Africa*".

In a message of condolence, Queen Elizabeth II described Tutu as "*a man who tirelessly championed human rights in South Africa and across the world*", and "*that his loss will be felt by the people across the Commonwealth, where he was held in such high affection and esteem*".

### ODE TO A PILL

Little pill here in my hand  
I wonder how you understand  
Just what to do or where to go  
To stop an ache that hurts me so.  
Within your content lies relief  
You work alone in disbelief.  
You sink in regions there below  
As down my throat you quickly go!  
But what I wonder little pill  
Is how you know where I am "ill"  
And just how do you really know  
Exactly where you have to go?  
I have got a headache, that is true,  
My broken ribs need attention too!  
So how can anything so small  
End my aches in no time at all?  
Do you work alone or hire a crew  
To do the good things that you do?  
I'm counting on you mighty strong  
To get there, where you belong.  
Don't let me down, please do not shirk  
To do your undercover work.  
So down my throat, be on your way  
And end my aches for another day.  
Don't take a wrong turn is my plea ...  
I can't take another till after three.

*Found in Stoke Climsland  
Parish Church magazine.*



Beaming from ear to ear - Rev Dick Hills with his four well deserved gold medals from this year's Masters Swimming Championship Long Course held in Cape Town.

## TIMING CLOCKS WERE A-TICKING FOR THIS CASSIA GARDENS NONAGENARIAN

The timing clocks were ticking very much in his favour as a Cassia Gardens almost nonagenarian swam his 200m breaststroke event in the 37th National Masters Swimming Long Course Championships in Cape Town recently.

The Rev Richard 'Dick' Hills, long-time resident who will celebrate his 90th birthday in August, set a new South African record for this event with a record of 10.01.455 swimming in his age group at the University of the Western Cape Olympic-sized pool in mid-March.

Not only did he pick up gold in this event, but he was beaming from ear to ear as he walked away with three other golds during the four day event at the gala dinner on the Saturday.

And to add to his delight, his son Paul arrived from America to watch his Dad participate and film his achievements.

Almost every Monday and Thursday for the past six months, one could find Dick hard at work in the Newton Park swimming pool under the watchful eye of his coach, Bob Hatherley a member of the Port Elizabeth Masters Aquatic Club.

As soon as he had changed into his bathers, Dick would jump straight into the rather cool pool and start practicing his backstroke and breaststroke lengths.

This is not the first time he has competed in a National Masters event. He took part in Germiston in 2020, but with the ongoing fear of Covid19 last year's event had to be postponed.

Dick recalls that on his 80th birthday, having just returned with his wife Mel from an eight-year stint in the UK where he had been a presiding minister in several churches, his family decided to give him a season ticket to swim in the Olympic-sized pool in Newton Park. He took to swimming twice a week and soon struck up a friendship with Bob. It was Bob who persuaded him to consider joining the PEMAC and he was soon encouraged to enter races.

When the championships were held in Port Elizabeth, Dick went along to support Bob. This sparked his enthusiasm so he decided to try out in the 50m & 100m backstroke and breaststroke events.

After some seven months training under Bob's watchful eye, Dick entered the Germiston Championship in 2020, where he was awarded two silver medals and the trophy for the oldest competitor. One of his indelible memories of that event is the sound of cheering when he finally touched the wall.

There are many things he says he has discovered on life's journey, and he shares two with MHA on the Bay.

Seven years ago he underwent a double-bypass heart operation. 'After such an experience one becomes very conscious of how precious and sacred each day is', he said.

'Never take it for granted or abuse your body.' He has regular check-ups with his specialist and is always asked, 'Are you still swimming?'

The second thing is: Don't let others talk you into believing that 'Old dogs can't learn new tricks.'

His message to all those encouraging folk in the Port Elizabeth Swimming Club: 'Young or old, we're all masters.' The club walked away with 21 golds, 10 silvers and 15 bronzes in this year's championships.



Slow but steady wins the race – Rev Hills with his 'Oldest Competitor' trophy and medals from a previous event in 2020.



## COVID VACCINATIONS

Thank you to Methodist Homes management for being so diligent in keeping us up to date with Covid developments. A very big thank you to Matron Sanet and all those who assisted her in organising for us to be vaccinated in our halls. It was a huge help to many of us.



**SOME MHA STAFF -**  
What a fantastic team of people!



Sr Gillian le Roux,  
Susan Bosch,  
Matron Sanet Marx,  
Sr Lucia van der Walt  
and Jenny van Niekerk



Thanks too to all the other managers  
who aren't in the photographs



Waiting for our vaccinations

