



EDITORIAL

Dear Residents,

As the winter chill settles in, there's something especially comforting about life here in our village. From the smell of warm soup in the corridors to friends gathering for games and chats, it's the little things that make this season feel like a time of quiet joy.

July may be cold outside, but inside our community is alive with warmth and togetherness. Whether you're braving the brisk garden walks or enjoying the view from a cozy armchair, winter brings its own kind of magic.

We also extend a warm welcome to the newest members of our village. May you quickly feel at home among friends. To those celebrating birthdays or anniversaries this month, we send our heartfelt congratulations.

A special thank you to our tireless staff and volunteers who help keep the village running smoothly through these chilly months. Your care and dedication don't go unnoticed.

Stay warm, stay well, and if you have a story, photo, or memory you'd like to share in the next edition, we'd love to hear from you.

Editor Angie Moir

SPIDER WEBS OR COB WEBS?

By: Members of the Wetland Working Committee

Early one morning, while walking in the open space I noticed two very different spider webs covered in dew.

The first one was a perfectly crafted funnel. It belongs to a member of the spider family that is very common in our highveld grasslands, namely the grass funnel web spider or Agelenidae. These fast, skittish spiders sit out of sight at the bottom of the funnel but will come out when something triggers the web. The funnel web spiders found in South Africa are generally not considered as dangerous.

The second web was a curious, chaotic tangled ball of spider silk with no apparent structure. It is usually found close to the ground and often in vegetation. In South Africa it belongs to the Theridiidae family. A well-known member of this family is the brown button spider (*Latrodectus geometricus*) with its distinctive orange-red hourglass marking on its abdomen and is known for its venomous bite. Tangle web spiders are generally shy and prefer to retreat when disturbed, so bites are rare.

Source: Secretive and shy critters of Renosterveld: Meet the web-dwelling spiders. <https://overbergrenosterveld.org.za/web-dwelling-spiders/> [Accessed: 2025-07-02]



Grass funnel web spider's web



Tangle web spider's web

RESIDENT SPOTLIGHT



Resident Spotlight.

Hi, I am Victoria de Boer, born on July 1, 1945. My maiden name was Sundstrom.

I worked at the Cape Times and then moved to Walton's Stationery until I married. I married Andries de Boer on July 27, 1968. We had two daughters, Tania and Michelle.

My husband passed away in 2019, and shortly thereafter my daughter Michelle moved to London with her family. I was devastated. My only grandchild Miya, then 9, was my sunshine. We had such good times together. My life changed overnight.

My elder daughter Tania, who lives close by, married in July three years ago.

I moved to Olivedale Retirement Village in 2017 and I love it here. I have met some lovely women and we have become good friends. We spend lots of time together, chatting in our coffee shop, enjoying something to eat and drink.

I enjoy reading, sport, knitting and walking, but most of all just having a good life here at ORV. I am still able to drive, which is great.

My family from London arrived to be with me as we celebrated my 80th birthday. It was the best gift ever, having them here. I want to thank my two daughters for their unconditional love and support over the years. Being their mother was easy as everything they did made us proud. What a blessing it is to have them in my life. May their marriages be as happy as mine was. We had our problems, but we worked through the rough times. No one is perfect.

To couples out there, love and respect each other today, tomorrow may be too late.

Blessings to all,
Victoria de Boer.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS JULY



"A joyful birthday celebration was held in honour of all the residents born in July. The gathering was filled with laughter, cake, and warm wishes as we celebrated another year of cherished memories and friendships."



MANDELA DAY

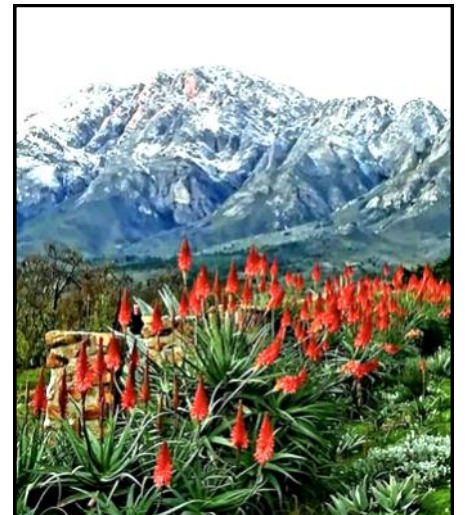
Children from Summerfield Nursery School, aged between 3 and 5, visited our village to hand out beautiful handmade cards they had created for Mandela Day. Their thoughtful gesture was aimed at brightening the day for our residents — and it certainly did!



JULY'S BREATH

The wind bites cold, a frosty kiss,
Upon the cheek of weathered stone.
Bare branches etch a stark design,
Against the sky, a canvas shown.
But in the hearth, a ruby glow,
A crackling warmth, a fragrant steam.
A blanket draped, a quiet peace,
Where stories flow, a waking dream.
The hardy birds, a feathered flock,
Find shelter in the winter's keep.
The sun, a pale and distant friend,
Whispers promises in slumber deep.

Though winter's grip, a chilling hand,
Brings stillness to the land outside,
Within our hearts, a fire burns,
A warmth that time cannot divide.
So let us gather, close and near,
And share the warmth of winter's night.
For even in the coldest hour,
Hope's gentle flame will shine its light.
Author unknown



AN EVENING WITH THE STACCATOS BAND SATURDAY 19TH JULY

What a memorable night! The legendary Staccatos, South Africa's last remaining band of their kind, entertained our residents right here in the village.

The atmosphere was electric, the music unforgettable, and the dinner absolutely delicious. It was a truly wonderful evening filled with laughter, nostalgia, and joy. A night to remember for all who attended!



The Staccatos were a South African band formed in 1961 by Brian Le Gassick, initially known as The Staccatos. They gained significant popularity in South Africa, particularly with their hit song "Cry to Me," which spent 38 weeks on the charts in 1969. The band eventually changed their name to Five Man Electrical Band and had a successful career in Canada.



"In and Around Our Village"



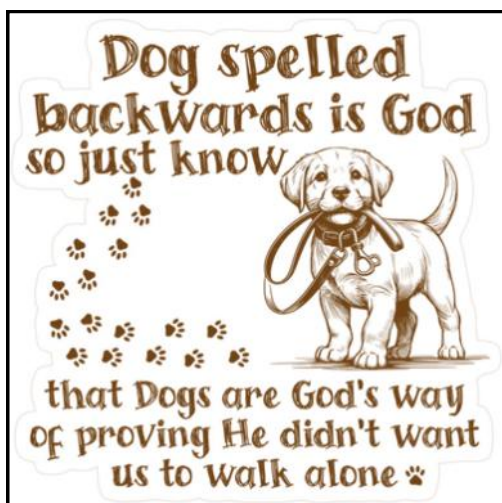
The local pit stop during walk time



Charlie and Bonnie with Cecille



Celebrating Majorie and Rita's July birthdays at the Ocean Basket, Northriding Square.



"Therapy dogs from Top Dogs recently visited our Frail Care, bringing comfort, joy, and wagging tails to the residents."

RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD WOMAN. 20

By Maureen Lamprecht.

August is upon us. Where have the first seven months gone? It has been a very cold winter, as I'm sure most of you will agree. It will soon be spring, a beautiful time of the year when new leaves appear on the trees, the grass starts to turn green and there is renewal all around.

My story for this issue is always good for a laugh. Shortly after we moved here, in 2015, I went to Shamdor to buy material to make kitchen curtains. On the way home, at some stage I turned left instead of right and I just kept going, even when I realised that I had made a mistake. It is so hard to turn around when there are cars coming at you from all angles. Eventually I found myself in Fourways on Cedar Street. So I thought okay, from here I'll find my way back.

No sooner had I sorted out my direction than my car died at a major intersection. No matter what I did, it just would not start. I got out of my car hoping that someone would lend a hand, but not a chance. Everyone just went around me and on their way. Fortunately there were some men selling their wares on the side of the road, and they came to my rescue. I put the car into neutral and released the hand brake, but they still had to push really hard to move the car out of the way. Still nobody stopped, but at least I was off the road. I then phoned my insurance company, and they said they would send assistance. My husband was sitting at home waiting for me and he was not at all well, and I had to let him know what had happened. I then phoned my sister to tell her the bad news, but she was at work in a meeting and could not speak to me, but said she

would phone after the meeting. I knew very few people at Olivedale at that stage and couldn't think of anyone who could help me.

About 45 minutes later the recovery vehicle arrived and winched my car up onto the flatbed. But then I was stuck on the side of the road. I looked at the driver and his mate and said that they couldn't just leave me standing there in the middle of nowhere, if one can be in the middle of nowhere in a built up area! But that was how I felt. So they agreed to take me with them to the car dealership on Malibongwe Drive where they were taking the car. Have you any idea how high those vehicles are? The bottom step was at least half a metre from the ground and I just could not lift myself onto it. So the driver pulled me from the front and his mate pushed me from behind, and amidst much laughter they got me into the cab. And there I sat, on top of the world it felt, between two Zimbabweans, discussing politics. Two really nice guys, as helpful and friendly as they come.

When we reached the workshop it was another effort for me to climb down without slipping and falling, but eventually I was on terra firma again. I thanked them profusely and they said it had been a pleasure. My sister came during her lunch break to pick me up and deliver me safely back to my home and husband. Quite an experience that I will never forget. By the way, the problem was, the water pump had given up the ghost and the engine shut down to prevent damage from overheating.

More recently I had been to my favourite butchery and vegetable shop on Republic road, when my car started

cutting out on Malibongwe Drive. I think that is possibly the busiest road in Johannesburg, and there I was in the right hand lane, with a car that would start, move a couple of meters, and then cut out again. I needed to get off the road and turn left, so that I would not block the road. So I turned on the emergency lights, gestured wildly, and cars behind me let me move over, limping a few metres at a time. Eventually I was able to turn into a side street and use the slope of the road to pull into a parking area. I opened the bonnet and smoke was pouring out. Two people came out of a shop and asked if I was alright. I said yes, but my car isn't. They were very kind and even phoned my regular mechanics, who came to fetch me. They soon found out that it was the compressor on the air conditioner that had burned out. When that was turned off the car was fine. There was no way I would have known that was the cause. Anyway, a few thousand Rand later I had my wheels back. My car is now 22 years old and is costing me money, but I love it and find it the most convenient design, perfect for me as it is not so low that I have to crawl in and out of it, nor is it too high for me to get into it. I hope it lasts until I can no longer drive. The thought of losing that independence is terrifying. I was recently without my car again for three weeks and hated it. But we have to recognise when we should no longer be driving and accept the fact gracefully.

Until next time, keep well, keep warm and take care. It's a jungle out there!

In die ontplooiing van hierdie roman pas alles netjies in mekaar soos 'n stel Russiese poppies. In hierdie storie kom ons poppe uit die harde wêreld van Namakwaland en die Richtersveld. Hulle praat Afrikaans en Nama, 'n streektaal eie aan hierdie deel van Afrika.

In die barre en gestroopte landskap van die Richtersveld neem Twali, wat in 'n ander wêreld ook bekend sou wees as Isabeau, afskeid van 'n swaarkry tyd met geheime en geheimhoudings. Sy stroop haar van 'n lewe wat agter lê en bewys haarself as 'n 'gaanhaler', iemand wat die moed het om haar toekoms te gaan haal.

Dit speel af op die vlakte tussen Maanhaarberg en Haaslipkop op die fiktiewe plaas Tabernakel waar die Albrechts, met Braam Albrecht die patriarg en sy seuns regeer.

Let, by wie Twalie grootword, beskryf haar as 'n anderste enetjie, partymaal dink ek dis omdat daar soveel Lig in jouse binneste is, dat jouse kophare uitskiet soos twa. Al is jy nog 'n tjênd, is jouse gees klaar gebrandsteek.'

Die verhaal gaan oor Twa, die tydloper, 'n Namavrou en begin in haar sewende lewensjaar. Twa in Nama beteken 'growwe gras', so genoem omdat haar hare daarmee vergelyk kon word. Sy word ook beskryf as 'n gaanhaler',

menende dat sy dinge uitpluis en oopmaak. Mense soek hulle lewenspad, 'tot dit na hulle toe deurslat dat die antwoorde wat hul soek is waar hul begint het – by die Vader. In Sy annertyd. Daai plek waar dit altyd nou is.'

Reeds in die eerste hoofstuk leer die leser die onheilspellende gebeure van 'n verwoestende stofstorm ken en is dit duidelik dat Twa se lewe van vroeg af vir haar skeefloop. Sy loop op 16-jarige ouderdom weg en gaan soek haar eie opvoeding. Dit is veral hierdie gedeelte van haar lewe tot en met haar matriekjaar wat met deernis en bewys van goeie psigiese navorsing oor die jong mens beskryf word.

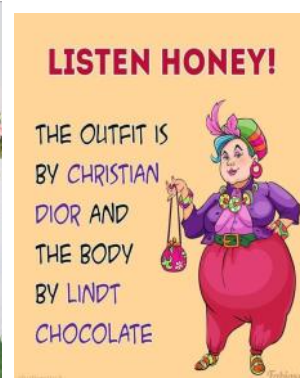
Die Namavrou Let wat reeds in die eerste hoofstuk vir Twa in die stofstorm red, speel 'n groot rol in haar lewe en haar wysheid is 'n goue draad deur Twa se lewe. Op haar laagste keer Twa (Isabeau) terug na Letgoed en praat en praat totdat sy ligter raak. Asof daar maskers van haar gesig afkom en knope uit haar ingewande gehaal word. Voor Letgoed kan sy kaalhart staan, oopgeklou.

Die storielyn is uniek, dit ontvou maklik en spanning word behou. Die karakters word getrou weergegee en geheime word ontrafel. Die taal is verrykend, simbolies, oop en eerlik. Die skrywer

skep 'n magies-realistiese agtergrond wat oor drie dekades strek.

Dit loop deur die Covid-pandemie en laat die leser deel word van 'n uitgerekte landskap met min dorpië. Dit neem die leser op 'n wonderlike, tydlose reis om met nuwe oë na die lewe en die brose mens te kyk.

Ons is almal tydlopers en gaanhalers, elkeen binne sy of haar lewenslyn en in die nalatenskap van ons bydraes en toevoegings gedurende ons lewenstyd. Laat ons die tyd uitkoop na ons beste vermoëns.



OLIVEDALE SPRING MARKET. SATURDAY 6 SEPTEMBER 09:00 TO 13:00

You are welcome to visit our market days! These are joyous occasions where we share laughter and lots of unexpected goodies to buy. It consists of various eats, cakes, crafts, jewellery, knitted articles and much more.

Please feel free to participate as an exhibitor and book a table with Caron and Audrey, unit 170, land line 5412.

Elma will be away during the end of August and beginning of September.

Invite your family and friends to come and spend the morning here.

OLYFTAK BOEKKLUB/OLIVE BRANCH BOOK CLUB

For the last two years we are enjoying reading and discussing books in Afrikaans and English. It is heartwarming to share opinions about the contents of stories and the writers who bring them to us.

Ons kom maandeliks bymekaar op die laaste Maandag van elke maand om 15h in die biblioteek op die grondvloer by die ingang van Winterberg 501.

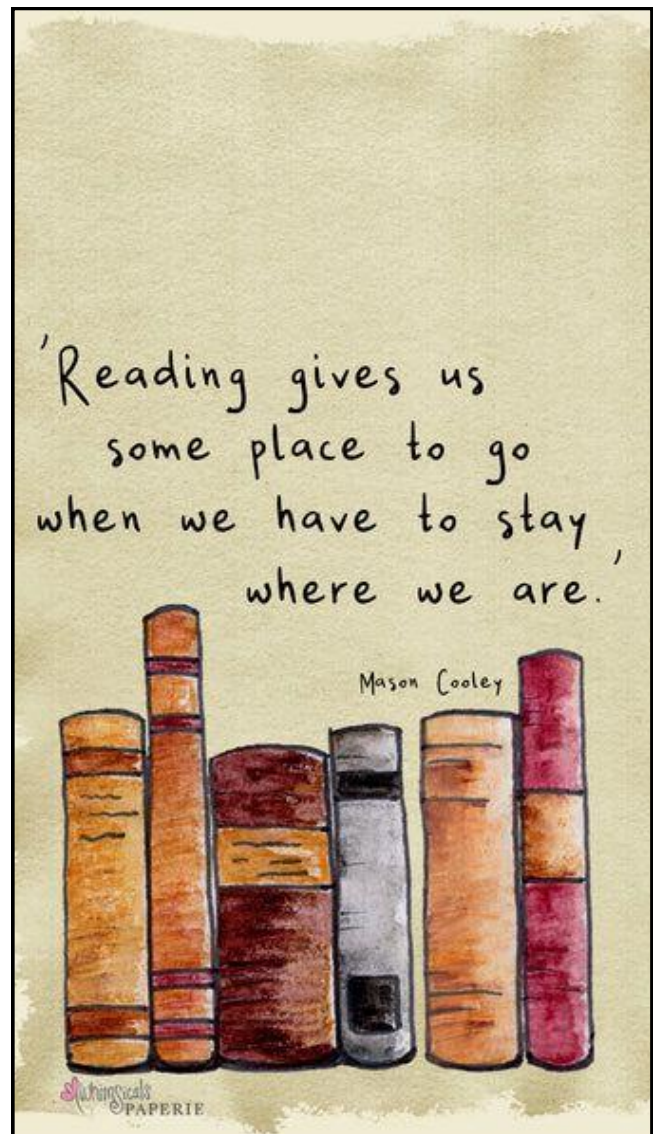
All residents who want to join us are welcome. Please contact Elma van den Berg on 0829285327 / landline 5353.

Maandag 27 Julie bespreek ons 'Bessie se Hangkas Biblioteek' deur Madeleine Rust.

The book for the discussion in September is 'Lessons in Chemistry' by Bonnie Garmus.



Members of the Olivedale book club. Susan Ackerman was absent.



Flowers Word Search



DAFFODIL
JASMINE
LILY
PANSY
ROSE
TULIP

DAISY
LAVENDER
MAGNOLIA
PEONY
SNOWDROP
VIOLET

DANDELION
LILAC
ORCHID
POPPY
SUNFLOWER
WISTERIA

TONGUE TWISTER

Try saying it fast



Betty Botter bought some butter

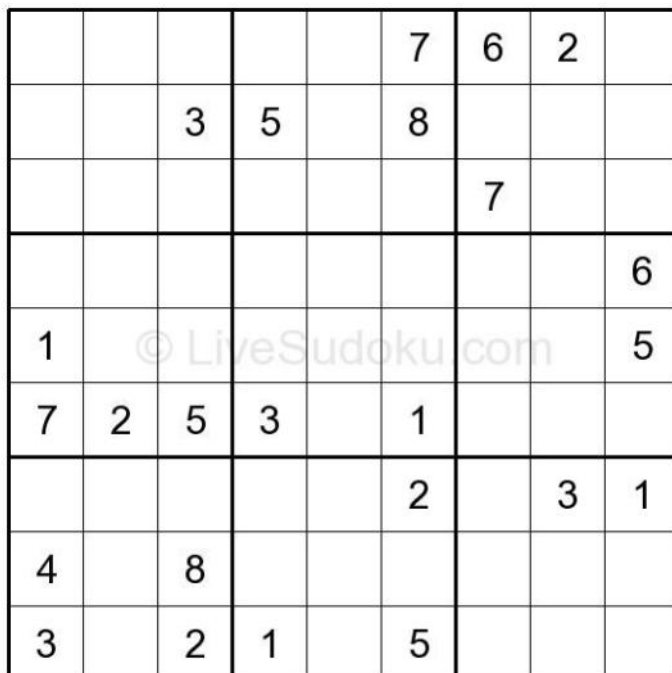
But she said the butter's bitter

If I put it in my batter, it will make my
batter bitter

ENGLISH
GRAMMAR
-TIPS-

But a bit of better butter will make
my batter better

So 'twas better Betty Botter bought
a bit of better butter



THAT'S NOT MY JOB!

This is a story about four people named: **Everybody**, **Somebody**, **Anybody** and **Nobody**. There was an important job to be done and **Everybody** was sure that **Somebody** would do it. **Anybody** could have done it, but **Nobody** did it. **Somebody** got angry about that, because it was **Everybody's** job. **Everybody** thought **Anybody** could do it, but **Nobody** realised that **Everybody** wouldn't do it. It ended up that **Everybody** blamed **Somebody** when **Nobody** did what **Anybody** could have done.

Articles for Submission

Hand written submissions for inclusion into Olive Branch can be handed in at reception for Liezel Nel's attention or emailed to: angel-iquemr50@gmail.com

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Disclaimer

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Advertising Rates for 2024

- Published monthly - format is A4 portrait.
- Circulation: 120 black-and-white printed copies. 300 emailed
- Full page: R800
- Half page, *landscape only*: R400-00
- Quarter page, portrait: R200-00
- Strip Ads across bottom of page: R100-00 (3cm high)
- Small advertisements and notices R15 - 00 (size subject to space availability. Size generally is about 6,5 X 4.5cm)
- Submissions by 20th of each month or preceding business day.

HEALTH

VILLAGE CLINIC HOURS - SISTER'S OFFICE /

DR'S ROOM Monday to Friday :

09h00 till 09h30 & 12h00 till 12h30

DRAWING OF BLOOD SPECIMENS

Repeat Fasting bloods:

Monday to Friday at Sister's office / Dr's Room 07h30 till 08h00

Drawing of blood in Unit/House. Book an appointment one day ahead.

Please contact ext no 5462 or 5011 and leave a message for the Village Sister.

FOR ANY EMERGENCY (24/7) PLEASE PRESS YOUR PANIC BUTTON & NURSING STAFF WILL BE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED TO YOUR UNIT.

EMERGENCY CONTACT NUMBERS 24/7

Security guard room : 010 596 5400 / 5183

Security cell number : 064 131 8274 (when landlines are not working)

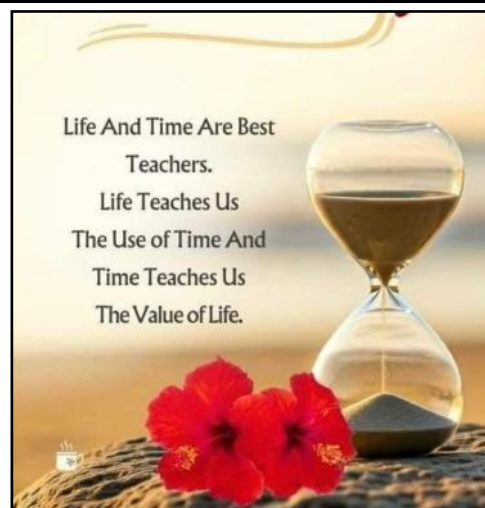
Frail care office Matron	5010
Frail care reception	5011 / 5462
Kitchen office	5493
Kitchen orders	5494
Tuck shop	5492
Hair salon	5496
Clinic sister	5495
Reception	5499 / 5500 / 9
Security	5400 / 5183
Beauty salon	5192

SUNDAY CHURCH SERVICES

Roman Catholic Church 09H30, LONG ROOM

English service 09H30, Hall

Afrikaans service 17H00, Hall





SUMMERPLACE GAME RESERVE

Waterberg Nature Retreats

Guided By:
Amber Hamilton



FAGASA Level 2

Save the date!

4-7 August

1-4 September

13-16 October

10-13 November

Other dates available on request.

Guided Nature Walks & Game Drives

Explore birds, trees, and wildlife with passionate conservationists.

Reconnect in Comfort

Unwind in luxury and stroll through pristine landscapes at your own pace.

Gourmet Dining

Savor world-class cuisine by our award-winning celebrity chef.

It's Time!

At Summerplace Game Reserve, discover the untamed beauty of the Waterberg, a UNESCO-accredited Biosphere just 2 hours from Pretoria and 3 hours from Johannesburg – where wild nature, comfort, and calm adventure come together in one unforgettable retreat.

R10,275

For 3 Nights Per Person Sharing.

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A

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