



GRAND RE-OPENING OF THE OLIVEDALE RETIREMENT VILLAGE NATURE PARK. 22 NOVEMBER 2025

ORV NATURE PARK

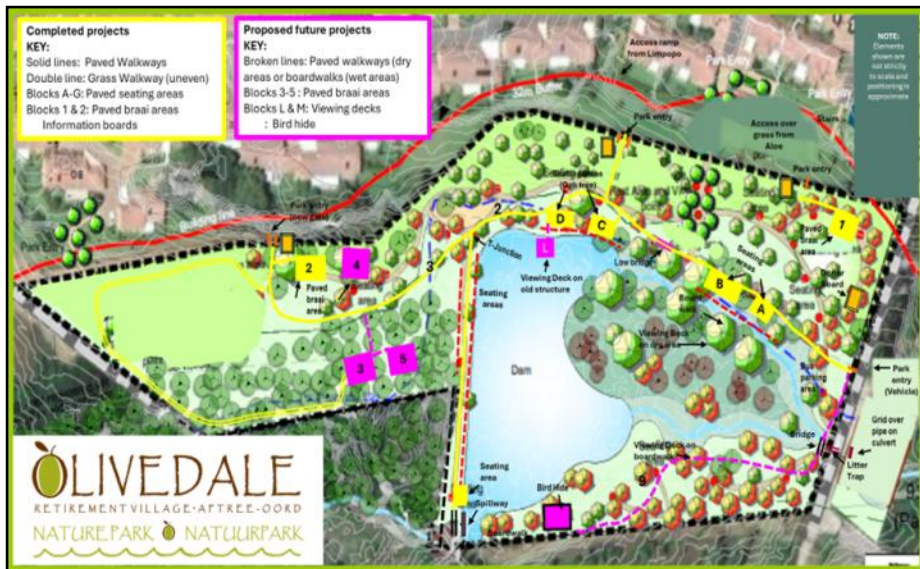
Where quiet paths and soft winds
meet, and sunshine dances at our feet.
A little haven, calm and bright,
Where days slow down in golden light.

Birdsong drifts from tree to tree, a
promise of serenity.

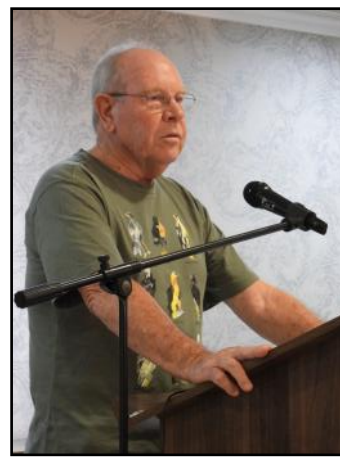
Here nature wraps us in her grace.
A healing, peaceful, sacred place.

In every leaf and every stone,
We find a space to call our own.
A place where hearts can breathe and
stay,
At home in Olivedale each day.

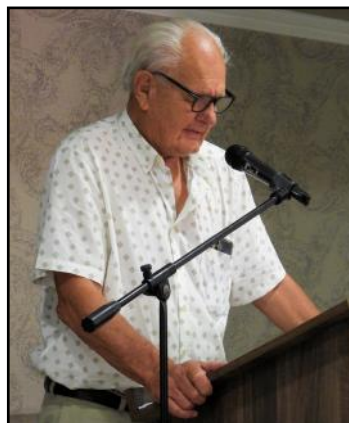
Angie Moir



Adam Mostert



Dave Marshal



Andre Jelliman



Linde McLaren

The long-awaited Grand re-opening of our “Open Space” formerly known as the Wetland — took place on 22 November at 10 a.m., with a wonderful turnout from residents and guests. The ceremony began promptly under the guidance of Master of Ceremonies, Adam Mostert, the Director responsible for the “Open Space” portfolio. Adam warmly welcomed everyone and expressed gratitude for the strong community support.

He then introduced Dave Marshal, Chairman of the Board of Directors. Dave extended heartfelt thanks to all who contributed to the project, with special mention of Andre Jelliman and Linde McLaren for their exceptional efforts. He praised the transformation of the area as a significant milestone for the Village.

Dave also announced the results of the Wetland Working Committee’s competition to rename the space. An impressive 71 suggestions were submitted — with one enthusiastic resident contributing 30 of them! After thoughtful consideration, the committee selected the new name, The Olivedale Retirement Village Nature Park.

OLIVEDALE RETIREMENT VILLAGE NATURE PARK / NATUURPARK

A name that honours both nature and the bilingual character of our community.

Dave went on to congratulate the two residents whose entries were chosen as the winning suggestions: Sean Rayne and Dave Caddy, who received their prizes to warm applause.

Adam then welcomed Linde McLaren, who delivered a fascinating and well-researched presentation on the history and evolution of the Nature Park. Her talk, accompanied by a slide show, traced the journey back to 2018 when the late Kobus Booyens, then a director and resident, first questioned the absence of the dam depicted in the village model. Linde highlighted the many challenges faced over the years navigating authorities, clearing invasive vegetation, and dealing with theft and vandalism — all of which made the development's success even more meaningful.

Next, Andre Jelliman introduced the special guest speaker, Dr Gwen Theron, sharing an impressive overview of her academic achievements and professional contributions. Dr Gwen spoke "from the heart" about her deep love for nature and her support for the project, inspired by her friendship with Andre. She encouraged residents to visit the Nature Park, immerse themselves in nature, and even "feel the soil with their bare feet."

Andre expressed appreciation to Dr Gwen for her guidance throughout the journey, and conveyed thanks to all members of the WWC, with a special tribute to Linde. He presented beautiful bouquets of flowers to both Dr Gwen and Linde. Andre also honoured the memory and efforts of the late Alan Sharp, Kobus Booyens, John Retallack, the Boy and Girl Scouts, the WWC, and many others who played important roles. He concluded by announcing his retirement as Chairman of the WWC, officially handing the "baton" to Adam.

To close the ceremony, Adam once again thanked everyone for their support and invited all attendees to walk down to the newly named Nature Park to enjoy refreshments and the beauty of the revitalised natural space.



The winners receiving their Prizes for the renaming of the wetlands



Dr Gwen Theron



Chris Heyneke our general manager serving the residents boerie rolls



Relaxing in the ORV Naturepark: Susan, Annatjie, Lynette and Louise

BIRTHDAY TEA CELEBRATION NOVEMBER

This month, we came together to honour our residents celebrating birthdays in November. The afternoon was cheerful and light-hearted, with plenty of smiles, conversation, and the shared joy that naturally fills the

room when neighbours gather.

A special moment was set aside to acknowledge those celebrating milestone birthdays — a wonderful opportunity to applaud their journeys and share in their happiness.



IT'S A CELEBRATION

This month, we are delighted to shine the spotlight on Keith Baillie, who recently celebrated his 90th birthday. Keith and his wife, Diana, have been part of our ORV family for the past five years, enriching our community with their kindness, warmth, and gentle presence.

Keith has always been a man of many passions. A lifelong sports enthusiast, he enjoyed playing cricket, tennis, soccer, bowls, and badminton over the years — proving that staying active is truly a timeless joy. Beyond the sports field, he devoted time to stamp collecting, a hobby that brought him both enjoyment and a remarkable sense of discovery. He also belonged to the GEM Society, where he connected with others who shared his curiosity about the world's natural treasures.

We are grateful to have Keith as part of our community and celebrate the wonderful life he continues to lead.



“Good company. Good food. Good memories.”

EDITORIAL – DECEMBER EDITION

As the year draws to a close, I am reminded once again of the remarkable spirit that makes our village so special. December is always a time of reflection, gratitude, and celebration.

Looking back, we have shared moments of joy, laughter, achievement, and togetherness, from our events to the many improvements around the village, and the countless acts of kindness that happen quietly every day.

Please note that the editorial committee will be taking a short break, and our next edition will be published in February 2026.

Glan and I will also be away from the 19th to the 26th of December.

As we move into the festive season, may you enjoy the friendships, warmth, and support that surround us. Whether you are attending end-of-year gatherings, spending time with loved ones, or simply soaking in the holiday cheer, may this December bring you peace, joy, and a renewed sense of hope.

Warmest wishes for a blessed festive season.

Angie Moir, Editor



Shared in public domain

THE CHRISTMAS BLANKET ON THE BENCH

Every December morning, when the village gardens shimmered with early summer sunshine, Mr. Harris made his way to the wooden bench beneath the bougainvillea tree. The blossoms, bright as Christmas ribbons, decorated the path like nature's own festive garland.

Mrs. Jacobs always arrived a few minutes later, her knitting bag packed with sparkly red, green, and gold yarn for the season. She'd settle herself down, give Mr. Harris a smile brighter than the fairy lights in the dining hall, and say:

"Ah, we've made it to another beautiful December day!"

One morning, she handed him a small knitted square — red with a fleck of gold.

"It's the first piece of our Christmas blanket," she said. "One square every morning until Christmas Eve."

Mr. Harris laughed. "I still haven't mastered this knitting business."

"That's the joy of it," she winked. "Christmas is about trying, sharing, and adding a bit of sparkle — even if the stitches wobble."

And so they continued, morning after morning. Some squares were perfectly neat, others had loops that looked suspiciously like reindeer antlers, but each one carried a story. A childhood Christmas memory. A favourite holiday recipe. A laugh shared over a dropped stitch that rolled away like a runaway bauble.

By Christmas Eve, they stitched the final pieces together, forming a blanket as colourful and warm as the season itself. They draped it across the bench, admiring their work.

"It's beautiful," Mr. Harris said softly.

Mrs. Jacobs patted his hand. "It's more than that. It's a December full of moments — and moments are the best gifts of all."

And every year after that, when the bougainvillea blossomed and the carols started drifting through the village halls, the Christmas blanket returned to the bench a reminder that friendship, shared traditions, and new beginnings can be the brightest part of the festive season.



Shared in public domain



Congratulations to our employee Michael Moreroa (middle) for an outstanding achievement at the Jacaranda–City Marathon Challenge on Saturday the 8th! Running the full 42.2 km, Michael crossed the finish line with an impressive time of 03:11:26. His dedication, endurance, and commitment truly shine through this accomplishment. We are incredibly proud of you, Michael.

Chris Heyneke
General Manager

Health is not a goal.
It's a lifestyle.
Nourish your mind, body & spirit everyday.



Fanie Kruger



George Ralf



Philip Salzwedel

Our Parkrun Heroes!
These three dedicated residents continue to inspire us all with their energy, commitment, and love for staying active. They show that age is no barrier to passion and perseverance. Well done, gentlemen!



The Pirates Race – Greenside, Sunday 16 November
Angie Moir apartment 565 on a mission! Not even heavy rain or wild winds could stop us. Her team pitched up, powered through, and somehow still smashed it.
We didn't just run — we survived sideways rain, wet socks, and wind that tried to blow us back to the parking lot. But we pushed through every drop and crossed that finish line like soggy champions.

THE TUESDAY ART CIRCLE



The Art Group began two years ago when two residents approached Jan Barrett for guidance in watercolour techniques. Jan, who is exceptionally gifted and produces truly beautiful work, gladly shared her talent — and from there, the group blossomed.

What started with just two residents has grown into a vibrant group of 12. Members bring a range of skills and styles, and each week they look forward to gathering on Tuesdays at 2 p.m. for a relaxed and creative afternoon.

The sessions are free to attend, and residents simply bring along their own art supplies. It has become a highlight of the week — a place to learn, create, and enjoy each other's company.



FRAIL CARE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Our end-of-year Frail Care Christmas Party, held on the 20th of November, was truly something special.

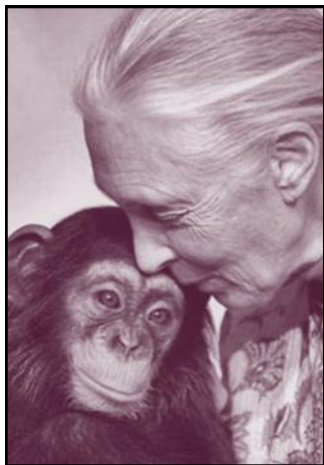
We started the evening with a heartfelt message from our pastor, Trevor Slade. His words were thoughtful and grounding as he spoke about the challenges in our world today—the violence, the uncertainty, and the unrest we all feel at times. He reminded us how important it is to stay connected, to support one another, and to choose compassion wherever we can.

From there, the night flowed beautifully. Lauren, our wonderful Frail Care physiotherapist, treated us to a few songs. We all know how talented she is in her work, but hearing her sing was an absolute gift—her voice added so much warmth to the room.

One of the highlights of the evening was when our Frail Care staff and carers took the stage with joyful Christmas songs. Their smiles, their rhythm, and the fun energy they brought had everyone feeling the festive spirit.



LEGENDARY PRIMATOLOGIST AND CONSERVATIONIST DIES ON OCTOBER 1ST 2025



Jane Goodall, whose lifelong dedication to understanding and protecting the natural world reshaped global thinking on animal behaviour and emotions, has passed away of natural causes while in California on a cross-country speaking tour. She was 91.

From her humble beginnings in the forests of Gombe, Jane Goodall built a legacy that changed science forever. Her groundbreaking fieldwork not only deepened our understanding of

chimpanzees, but also revealed their emotional lives, personalities, and complex social bonds—blurring the line between humans and the rest of the animal kingdom. She broke barriers for women in science, transformed research methods, and inspired generations of conservationists.

Chris King (MRV169) shared a Larson cartoon with the Vibe for us all to enjoy, noting: “This one always makes me smile. Apparently it carries Jane’s personal signature, although some of her supporters regarded it as a personal attack on Jane.”

I get the feeling she would have loved it and laughed out loud. Ed.)

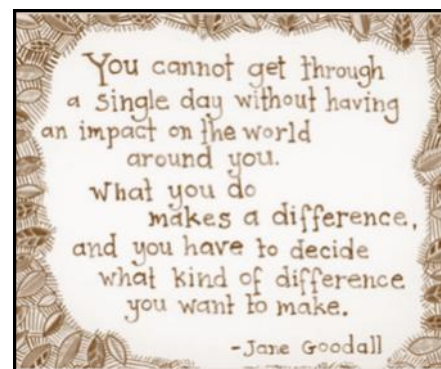
For more than 60 years, Jane searched tirelessly for ways to protect our planet, dedicating her life to ensuring a safe and sustainable future for humans and animals alike. In 1977 she founded the Jane Goodall Institute, a global community-centred organisation committed to conservation, environmental stewardship, and

empowering local communities.

Her influence has been recognised around the world, but perhaps her most memorable legacy is the message of hope she carried everywhere she went.

“What you do makes a difference, and you have to decide what kind of difference you want to make.” — Jane Goodall

An extraordinary woman. A gentle force. Gone, but never forgotten. May she rest in peace.



A TRIBUTE TO VAL PEARCE

Social Committee Chairperson (Since Inception)

Val Pearce has led the Social Committee since its very beginning, and what an extraordinary job she has done! Her organisational skills are second to none every event planned to perfection, every detail thoughtfully prepared, all meticulously done by hand. Val has managed the shopping for our activities, kept a close eye on every arrangement, and guided each event with her trademark “eagle eye” and unwavering dedication.

Although Val has stepped down as Chairperson, we are grateful that she will remain an active member of the committee. We extend our

heartfelt thanks for her incredible hard work, passion, and commitment over the years.

Val, we value you more than words can say. Take a well-earned rest and be ready for another wonderful year ahead. Much love to this very special lady.



RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD WOMAN 24

I find it hard to believe that I have been writing this little column for two years. Tempus fugit. December, the holidays (for some), Christmas and then year end and the new year lie ahead. It is a time of great joy for some, and great loneliness and sadness for others. However, it is in human nature to remember the positive, happy times in our past. I remember so well my early years when Christmas was always spent at my grandparents' home. They had a smallholding diagonally opposite the Edenvale Hospital and I and a cousin who was about 18 months younger than I, would spend school holidays with them. Also living there were two aunts who spoiled both of us so much.

On Christmas Eve pillowcases were hung on the mantelpiece and anchored somehow, in anticipation of Father Christmas coming down the chimney in the dead of night. No Christmas stockings for us, and how I wished that I had one. A saucer of milk was placed on the floor for Father Christmas' cat and a beer for the man himself. I suspect there are few households where this was the custom, otherwise the poor man would have been totally sozzled by the end of the night, unfit to drive a sleigh, that's for sure. Perhaps it was a custom handed down through my grandmother's Irish heritage. Around the room were various Christmas decorations as well as all the Christmas cards that had been sent by friends and family. Remember all those cards that were thrown away each year, and all the cards we used to send out. The SA Post office even used to deliver on Christmas day in the town where I lived.

Weeks before Christmas THE CAKE as baked, and everyone in the household had to give it a stir for good luck and make a wish. My grandmother was very superstitious and held fast to many rituals. About a week before Christmas the plum pudding, which had no plums in it, was made. The mixture was rather thick and heavy. She would pour it into a heat proof bowl, cover with a tea towel, place a plate on top and secure the tea towel with string. This would all be placed in a pot with a tight fitting lid, and water half way up the sides of the bowl, and steamed for about four hours. On Christmas day all the family would be gathered and after the turkey and gammon and all the trimmings, the pudding would be carried in with much ceremony. Then brandy would be poured over it and set alight. No fancy words such as flambe. There were supposed to be tickeys in the pudding, but Gran would never have enough, and I so well remember all the men digging in their change pockets to fish out any that they had. Then she would boil them and sneak them into the puddings of the children. I never really liked plum pudding but ate it just for the ticky.

I had two aunts who played the piano beautifully and after lunch at some stage we would sing carols and other old-time favourites and I remember the words of most to this day. Wonderful joy-filled days that will never be repeated. Everything is just so different today. Families are scattered throughout the world and the old customs are seldom upheld.



To those of you who will be with family, I hope you have a blessed and happy time, and for those who are not with family, I wish you the very best over the festive season. To all of you I wish a healthy and happy New Year.

Perceptions change. As we mature, and grow old, we see things differently, and there are so many changes. When Freddie Mercury was at the height of his popularity I didn't like his music at all. Now I really like most of it and can appreciate his talent and gifts. When Elvis came on the scene he changed so much. Teenagers had been an almost invisible group but he changed that as his music was aimed at the younger folk. I thought he was fabulous and still do. My mother had nothing good to say about him. "Just look at him, looks as if he hasn't bathed or washed his hair for a week. And the way he moves is disgusting." These were sentiments expressed by most of the older generation. And then came the Beatles, Rolling Stones, etc. Many years later my mother came to stay with my husband and I. On the anniversary of Elvis' death the SABC showed a documentary about his life. Imagine my surprise when my mom said, "Oh, just look at him, doesn't he look so nice and clean cut". Our perceptions of necessity have to change as the world around us changes, but I still balk at long hair for men, (except for Andre Rieu), beards and tattoos. Will I change my opinion? I doubt it.

Have a wonderful holiday season, stay well, be happy, and get together with friends as often as you are able. We depend on one another for our happiness and well-being.

DIE KERSFEESPOP

ELMA VAN DEN BERG

Die pop in die glaskassie teen Ouma se kamermuur kyk vir Marike met haar sagte blou oë.

Marike glimlag vir haar, en die pop glimlag terug.

‘Kan jy nie uitklim en saam met my kom speel nie? Hoekom bly jy net in jou glashuisie? Sien jy, my oë is ook blou soos joune!’ Marike spring van Ouma se bed af en gaan voor die spieël staan. ‘My hare is dieselfde kleur en krul net soos joune! Ek gaan vir Ouma vra of jy kan uitkom.’

Sy hardloop in die gang af na die kombuis waar Ouma vir hulle tee en broodjies maak.

‘Ouma Magriet!’ roep sy. ‘Het Ouma geweet die poppie in die kassie in Ouma se kamer kan praat? Sy het gesê sy wil graag uitkom en met my kom speel. Kan sy asseblief, Ouma?’

Ouma draai weg van die broodrooster en sit die tee en broodjies op ’n skinkbord.

‘Kom ons drink eers ons tee hier op die stoep, dan kan jy my vertel waarom julle tweetjies gesels het.’

Marike spring op en af.

‘Ek het haar gevra wat haar naam is. Sy het gesê Ouma weet alles. Toe, Ouma, vertel nou! Wat is haar naam, en hoe oud is sy? So oud soos ek?’

Ouma skink rustig die tee en gee vir Marike haar bekertjie en ’n broodjie op ’n bord.

‘Haar naam is Sonja, en ek was vyf jaar oud toe ek haar gekry het. Sonja is nou 71 jaar oud.’

‘Was Ouma dan ook so oud soos ek?’

Ouma lag lekker. ‘Ja, ek was ook so jonk soos jy!’

Marike bly ’n rukkie stil. ‘Ouma, moet jy dan nie ook ’n Oupa hê nie?’

Ouma sug, maar glimlag steeds vir haar kleindogter. Sy pak die teegoed terug op die skinkbord.

‘Het jy genoeg geëet, my kindjie? Kom ons gaan gesels met Sonja.’

‘Ja, dankie, Ouma!’ Marike trippel reeds terug na die kamer.

Ouma sit die skinkbord op die tafel en fluister: ‘Frans, ek weet jy hoor my. Vandag moet jy help dat ons kleindogter kan verstaan.’

In die kamer gaan sit sy by Marike op die bed en vat haar handjie.

‘Wie het vir Sonja in die kassie gebêre? Hoekom? Kan Ouma haar asseblief uithaal?’

Marike kyk op na Ouma en sien die trane blink in haar oë. Sy klim op Ouma se skoot en slaan haar armpies om Ouma se nek.

‘Ouma, hoekom wil jy huil? Toemaar, toemaar, Ouma. Dit sal beter word. Mamma sê altyd so as ek seerkry.’

Ouma gee vir Marike ’n sagte drukkie en tel haar van haar skoot af. Sy staan op, maak die spieëltafel se laai oop en haal ’n klein sleuteltjie uit. Sy sluit die kassie oop en haal die pop uit. Sy sit dit op Marike se skoot.

‘Dankie! Dankie! Kyk haar mooi rokkie!’

Ouma kom sit weer op die bed.

‘Sonja was my sussie se pop. Ons het elkeen so een gekry met Kersfees. Ons was ’n tweeling en vyf jaar oud.’

Marike kyk met groot oë na Ouma. Sy het nog baie vrae.

‘Wat is ’n tweeling? Waar is Ouma se pop? Waar is Ouma se sussie nou?’

Marike hou vir Sonja vas soos sy sien Mamma haar boetie vashou, en sy vryf haar ruggie.

‘Stadig met die vrae! My sussie se naam was ook Sonja. Sy is nou by Oupa... en...’

‘Ouma het ’n Oupa!’ Marike wonder oor alles en sus vir Sonja heen en weer.

‘Wag, laat Ouma vir jou vertel, dan kan ons ’n bietjie rus. ’n Tweeling is twee kinders wat saam gebore word. Ons het saam grootgeword, saam gespeel, en toe ons amper ses jaar oud was, het ons baie siek geword. Die grootmense het dit masels genoem. Dit was lank terug, en die dokters het nog nie die regte medisyne gehad nie... Toe gaan Sonja dood.’

‘Hoe gaan mens dood? Gaan ek ook dood as ek ses jaar oud is?’

Ouma tel vir Marike op en lê haar teen die kussing met Sonja langs haar. Sy maak hulle toe met ’n kombersie en gaan sit naastaan.

‘Onthou jy die klein voëltjie wat ons gister in die tuin opgetel het?’

Marike knik slaperig.

‘Ons het ’n gatjie onder die boom gegrou en hom begrawe, nè?’

‘Dis reg. As ’n mens baie seerkry of baie siek word, kan jy nie verder leef nie. Dan gaan jy dood — soos die voëltjie wat uit sy nessie geval het.’

Oupa Frans was my man... en hy het ook baie seergekry in ’n ongeluk. Dit het gebeur toe jy nog ’n baba was. Oupa Frans het die kassie vir Sonja gebou sodat jy haar eendag kan kry. Sy is nou joune.

My pop se naam was Marie, en ons het haar saam met Sonja begrawe.’

Ouma Magriet sien hoe die slaap stadig vir Marike na droomland toe vat.



Christmas Word Search

O T Z N M Q N R Z E O Y E L X Y I B P W
 Z R R K T V A U V L C C A N D L E S K F
 O M C Y D L E D D U H K N W N F X Q R V
 R P B M U E M O Y C R C A R D S M B X D
 U S D W D J H L Z O I W S A W G G T C F
 K Q O G S T O P D P S Z B W Z O D E C F
 W F H R A S M H P M T G C A P C P D P Q
 D L S S N J S T S J M I A Y V U V K S U
 W B Z U T A O R Y H A N T X R Y S G E Y
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 L O A G T J M T Z O M A R E V E N V O F
 C S D O T N T E W H R D C L C A X D N M
 J V Q R T C B M R F F D E L H J K A U O
 H P E A J Q L L L R U N N S O J K T I M
 S D T P A G I F T O Y C G A F D D B B I



ANGEL
 MERRY
 SEASON
 WREATH
 RUDOLPH
 GINGERBREAD

STAR
 BELLS
 CHIMNEY
 GIFT
 SANTA
 TREE

CHRISTMAS
 CANDLES
 ORNAMENTS
 CARDS
 ELVES
 CAROL



"Celebrating the opening of ORV Nature Park with smiles, sunshine, and wonderful company."

ORV December Bus:			Time:	Rate:
01 Dec	Mon	Spar	09:30 - 11:00	R20.00
03 Dec	Wed	Northgate	08:30 - 12:30	R20.00
04 Dec	Thu	Olivedale Corner	09:00 - 10:00	Free
08 Dec	Mon	Bel Air	08:30 - 11:30	R20.00
10 Dec	Wed	Cresta	08:30 - 12:30	R35.00
11 Dec	Thu	Olivedale Corner	09:00 - 10:00	Free
12 Dec	Fri	Chamdor	09:30 - 11:00	R20.00
15 Dec	Mon	Spar	09:30 - 11:00	R20.00
17 Dec	Wed	Northgate	08:30 - 12:30	R20.00
18 Dec	Thu	Olivedale Corner	09:00 - 10:00	Free
22 Dec	Mon	Bel Air	08:30 - 11:30	R20.00
24 Dec	Wed	Northgate	08:30 - 12:30	R20.00
29 Dec	Mon	Ferndale on Re-public	08:30 - 12:30	R35.00

8			5			6		9
	9	6						3
7								
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		4					7	
		8			6	2		
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				1		4		7
1	6				4			

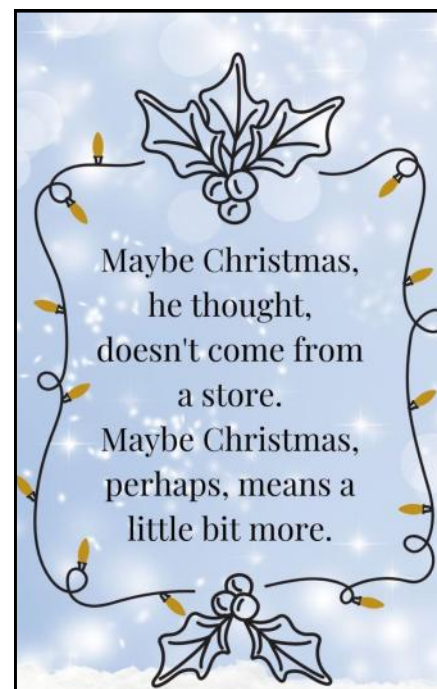


Santa's Got a New Listing – and So Do We!

This Christmas, Santa's not the only one checking his list! Our team at Property@Bowring is matching families with their perfect homes across the city — just in time to start the new year in style.

Declan Ward
 **082 819 5955**
 declan@bowringproperty.co.za

From our home to yours, happy holidays!



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PINEAPPLE CONDENSED MILK

TART

PREP TIME	1 tin condensed milk
10 mins	300 ml cream
RESTING TIME	1 can crushed pineapple
2 hrs	½ cup lemon juice
TOTAL TIME	INSTRUCTIONS
2 hrs 10 mins	Mix the condensed milk and lemon juice in a bowl.
SERVINGS	Drain the juice from the crushed pineapple and mix it into condensed milk.
8 servings	Whip the cream stiffly and fold slowly to the mixture.
INGREDIENTS	
1 readymade pie crust	

Pour into crust and refrigerate.



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Articles for Submission

Residents are welcome to submit articles for inclusion in The Olive Branch. Handwritten submissions can be handed in at Reception, or you may email them to: Angie Moir — angequemr50@gmail.com

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Angelique Moir Editor

Maureen Lamprecht

Elma van den Berg

**Tim McCrindle
Communications &
Marketing**

ADVERTISING /ADMIN

Natasha van Blerk

VILLAGE MANAGEMENT

Chris Heyneke

Disclaimer

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We would love to hear from you, your comments, views and suggestions.

Photos from your trips or, what you may have taken around the village.

Any ideas for interesting pieces, kindly forward to angeliquemr50@gmail.com

Advertising Rates for 2025

- Published monthly - format is A4 portrait.
- Circulation: emailed copies 550
black-and-white printed copies 130
- Full page: R800
- Half page, *landscape only*: R 400-00
- 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

Please note that every Sunday the following church services will be held in the village.

Roman Catholic Church @ 09H30 in the LONG ROOM,

English Service @ 09H30 in the HALL,

Afrikaans Service @ 17H00 in the HALL,

We welcome all to attend.

- You are all welcome to attend our weekly prayer meetings every Friday between 10h00 and 12h00 in the Long Room. You are welcome to come and go during this time. For any queries, please contact Marietjie Raath Unit 99 EXT 5287

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