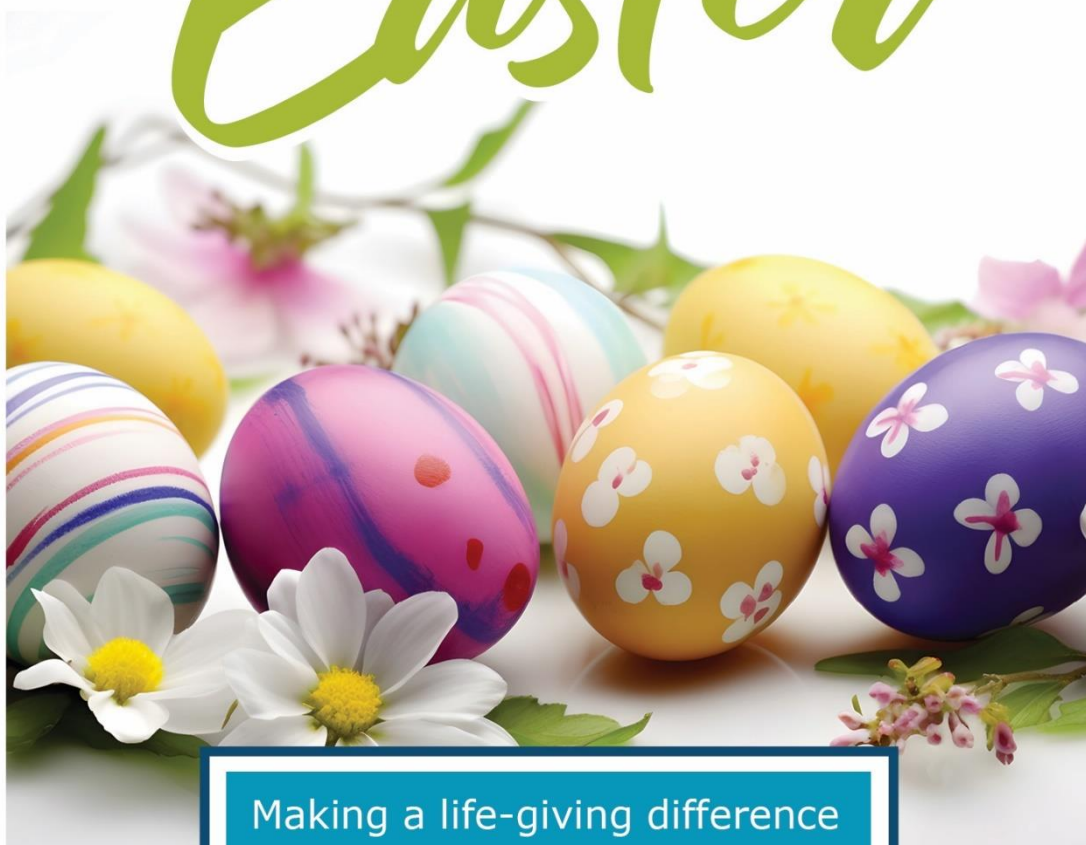


PlumRus NEWS NUUS

March • Maart 2024

HAPPY
Easter

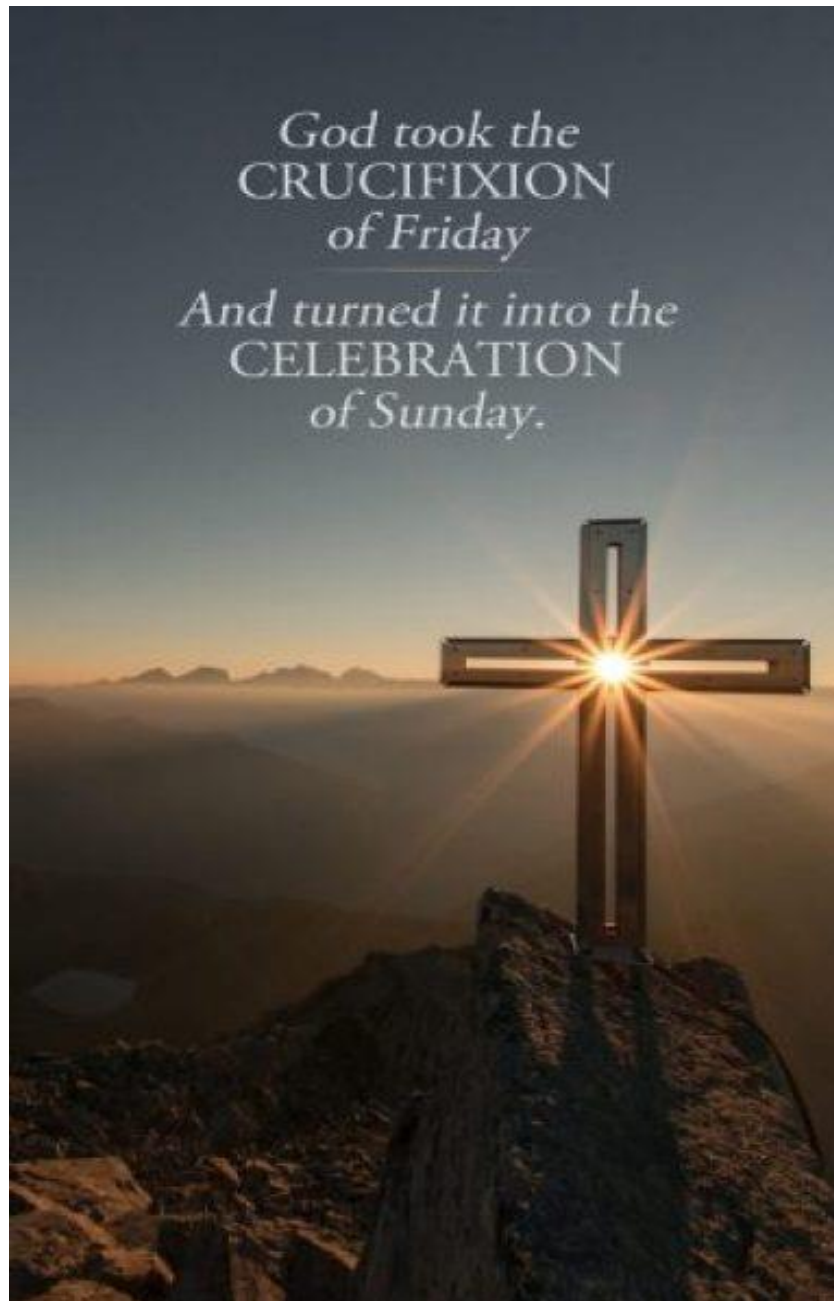


Making a life-giving difference
Maak 'n lewegewende verskil

Spiritual Care Program

Fridays @ 09:30	Sunday Mornings @ 09:30	Sunday Evenings @ 18:00
1 st One Hour for Jesus	3 rd Morning Service	3 rd Evening Service
8 th One Hour for Jesus	10 th Morning Service	10 th Evening Service
15 th One Hour for Jesus	17 th Morning Service	17 th Evening Service
22 nd One Hour for Jesus	24 th Morning Service	24 th Evening Service
29 th Good Friday Service	31 st Resurrection Sunday	31 st No Service

*Join us for our Good Friday Communion Service on 29th @ 09:30
as well as our
Resurrection Day Service on 31st @ 09:30*



THE SCARLET THREAD

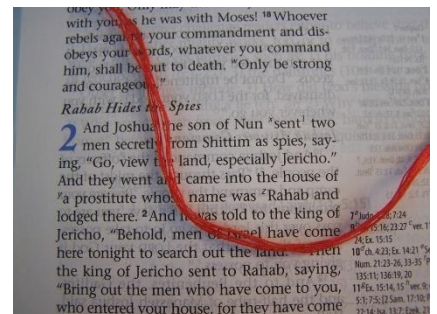
Have you ever thought about the colour scarlet? It's striking and difficult to ignore. In societies across the world, it's used to convey ideas, emotions, and even stir physical responses such as increased heart rate and energy. Scarlet was one of the first colours developed for painting and dyeing and became associated with wealth, power and war. Years ago, British infantrymen were called 'Redcoats' because of the scarlet tunics they wore.

There are many references to the colour scarlet in the Bible. Scarlet threads were woven into the curtains of the wilderness tabernacle and the temple in Jerusalem. The sacred apron, worn by the high priest over his tunic, was also embroidered with scarlet thread. Here the colour scarlet represents blood that's shed through sacrifice. Old Testament sacrifices were required by God for the forgiveness of the sins of his people. This was a temporary arrangement, because the shed blood of animals could not permanently take away their sins. These animal sacrifices pointed to the perfect and permanent sacrifice Jesus Christ would one day make. Thousands of years later at a place called Calvary - not far from the temple in Jerusalem with its scarlet flecked curtains, the blood of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God, was shed for the forgiveness of the sins of the world.

The 'scarlet thread' of sacrificial blood runs right through the scriptures!

After crossing the Jordan River, Joshua and the Israelites entered the land God had promised them. In the dusty valley before them lay the high-walled and well-fortified city of Jericho. Conquering this impenetrable city seemed an impossible task. Wisely, Joshua sent spies into the city - he wanted to know more about its people and its defences. Once in the city the spies met up with a woman named Rahab - a prostitute. Her home was built into a section of the high wall surrounding Jericho and she invited the spies to overnight there. The king of Jericho got wind of the spies' arrival and quickly sent soldiers to arrest them. Rahab refused to hand them over. Instead, she hid them on the roof of her house and sent the king's soldiers off on a wild-goose chase! She had a feeling something much bigger was going on. She'd heard about the God of Israel and how he'd miraculously parted the waters of the Red Sea when rescuing his people from Egypt. And how he'd defeated two powerful kings not too far from Jericho across the Jordan river. Surprisingly she believed the God of heaven and earth had given Israel the land they were entering, and he would help them overthrow Jericho. Afraid of what was to come, she asked the spies to spare her and her family when the city was attacked. The spies agreed, making a covenant with her...her life for their lives. She and her family wouldn't be killed if they gathered in her home and hung a scarlet rope from the window. The soldiers would see the scarlet rope and spare everyone in the house. That's exactly what happened! When Joshua captured the city, only Rahab and her family were spared, everyone else was killed.

Rahab's story is a wonderful picture of God's saving grace. She was an unlikely recipient of God's kindness. As a Canaanite and a prostitute, she seemed outside of God's loving concern. But in his providence, God touched her heart stirring an awareness of his presence and power. Rahab's reverential fear of God caused her to turn to him, asking to be spared from destruction.



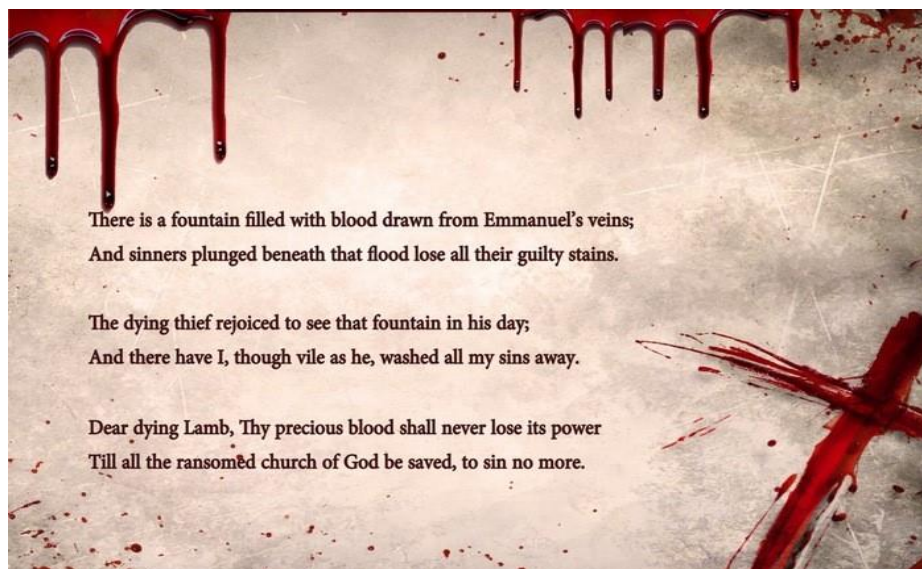
She didn't understand much about the God of Israel, but believed he would be merciful enough to save her and her family regardless of her past life of sin. And that's what God did, and he still delights in saving people of doubtful reputation! People like you and me! But that was not the end of God's generosity towards Rahab. In response to her faith, God included her his bigger salvation story. Sometime later, Rahab married an Israelite called Salmon, and through their descendants, Rahab later became an ancestor of Jesus Christ. What amazing grace!

Perhaps the scarlet robe the Roman soldiers mockingly draped over the shoulders of Jesus before his crucifixion, pointed back to the scarlet cord Rahab hung from her window. That rope was a sign of Rahab's faith and led to her salvation. In scripture, this rope of scarlet threads has become a symbol of the blood of Christ. Those who put their faith in the crucified Son of God whose blood was shed on Calvary are saved from the judgement of God. In Jesus a covenant of forgiveness has been established - we all need forgiveness because our sin has separated us from God. Through Jesus, an unbreakable promise has been made to take away our sin. As far as the east is from the west, that's how far God separates our sins from us! God's forgiveness leads to a process of transformation in which he creates a new and clean heart within us. While we don't instantly become perfect, our sin-focused hearts become God-focused. And through the power of the Holy Spirit and God's life-giving word we're slowly transformed to be more like Christ.

Because of God's generosity, Rahab's faith ensured she wasn't only spared when Jericho was destroyed but was also included in the eternal purposes of God. God still does this today. This is how Paul the Apostle explains it...

*"We're...always thankful to the Father who has made us fit to share
all the wonderful things that belong to those who live in the Kingdom of light.
For he has rescued us out of the darkness and gloom of Satan's kingdom
and brought us into the Kingdom of his dear Son,
who bought our freedom with his blood and forgave us all our sins."
Colossians 1:13-14*

Forgiveness of our sins can only come through faith in Christ and his blood shed on the cross. Like Rahab, you can be rescued and brought into the Kingdom of God's dear Son. By believing in Jesus the Lamb of God who laid down his life to take away sin of the world including yours, you too can tie a scarlet thread from the window of your heart...



But godliness with contentment is great gain...And having food and raiment let us be therewith content. 1 Timothy 6: 6,8

A poster in Spanish, is translated as follows: "With money you can buy a bed but not sleep; books but not wisdom; food but not appetite; luxury but not beauty; a house but not a home; comfort but not peace; entertainment but not joy; pleasure but not love; companionship but not communion; religion but not salvation. Jesus Christ gives what money cannot buy." It's true, isn't it? How much better to put your trust completely in the Lord Jesus Christ and be happy and content in Him. After all, money doesn't make the world go round – He does!

Carl Knott

He walks beside me every day, He guides me in the things I say,
He stands beside me when I pray, He's all the world to me.

U storie kan 'n verskil maak!

Sowat twaalf jaar gelede het ek gestaan en kyk hoe my studente die klas instap vir hulle eerste lesing van Die Teologie Van Geloof. Daar het ek vir die eerste keer vir Tommy gesien.

Ek het my oë geknip om seker te maak ek sien reg: hy was besig om sy lang hare te kam – hare wat tot ses duim onderkant sy skouers gehang het. Dit was die eerste keer dat ek 'n seun gesien het met sulke lang hare - daardie mode het seker maar so pas die wêreld getref. Ek het natuurlik besef dat dit nie dít op jou kop is wat tel nie, maar wat binne is, maar ek was totaal onvoorbereid vir hierdie gesig.

In my gedagtes het ek vir Tommy geliasseer onder "V" vir Vreemd – baie Vreemd. Dit het so uitgedraai dat Tommy die "plaaslike ateïs" van my Teologie klas was. Hy het tot vervelens toe gekerm, smalende aanmerkings gemaak, en enige moontlikheid van 'n onvoorwaardelike, liefdevolle Vader/God in twyfel getrek. Ons het mekaar in relatiewe vrede verdra vir die eerste semester, maar ek moet byvoeg dat hy dikwels maar vir my 'n ernstige pyn in die agterbanke was.

Na die eindeksamen stap hy na my toe en vra smalend: "Prof, dink jy ek sal ooit vir God vind?" Ek besluit om 'n bietjie skokterapie toe te pas: "Nee!", sê ek kortaf. "O," reageer hy verbaas, "Ek het gedink u sal die produk wou verkoop"

Ek het hom kans gegee om so vyf treë uit die klas te loop voordat ek hom agterna geroep het: "Tommy, ek dink nie jy sal ooit vir God kry nie, maar ek is beslis seker dat Hy vir jou sal kry!"

Hy het vir 'n oomblik gehuiwer, en toe verdwyn hy uit my klas en uit my lewe. Ek was teleurgesteld dat hy nie my slim antwoord: "Hy sal jou kry!" gesnap het nie. Ek het ten minste gedink dat dit 'n baie slim lyn was.....

Ek het later verneem dat Tommy graad gevang het, en ek was dankbaar. Maar toe kom die droewige nuus: Tommy het terminale kanker. Voordat ek hom kon opsoek

het hy eendag na my toe gekom. Ek het geskrik toe hy in my kantoor instap - sy liggaam was uitgeteer, en die pragtige lang hare het uitgeval van die chemoterapie, maar sy oë het geblink en sy stemtoon was vir die eerste keer selfversekerd.

"Tommy, ek het so baie aan jou gedink. Ek hoor jy is siek", stamel ek dit uit.

"O ja, ek is baie siek. Ek het kanker in albei longe. Ek het nog net 'n paar weke oor."

"Kan jy daarvoor praat, Tommy?" wou ek weet.

"Seker, wat wil jy weet?" antwoord hy.

"Hoe voel dit om maar net vier en twintig te wees, en sterwend te wees?"

"Aag, dit kon baie erger gewees het."

"Hoe so?"

"Wel, ek kon vyftig gewees het sonder enige lewenswaardes of ideale; vyftig, en al wat tel is drank, om vrouens te verlei, en om geld te maak; dat dit die enigste groot dinge in die lewe is."

Ek het deur my liassering stelsel begin soek onder die letter "V", daar waar ek vir Tommy onder "Vreemd" geliasseer het. Dit lyk vir my dat almal wat ek probeer van ontslae raak in my klassifikasie - vir hulle stuur God weer terug in my lewe in om my te kom opvoed.

"Waaroor ek u eintlik kom sien het", sê Tommy, "is oor iets wat u gesê het op die laaste dag wat ek in u klas was." (Hy het sowaar onthou!) Ek het u gevra of ek ooit vir God sou vind, en u het 'Nee!' gesê - iets wat my werklik verbaas het. Maar toe sê u 'Maar Hy sal JOU vind.' Ek het baie hieroor nagedink, alhoewel my soeke na God nie juis baie ernstig was nie. (My slim antwoord! Hy het sowaar daarvoor nagedink!)

"Maar toe kom die slegte nuus, toe die dokters 'n knop uit my lies moes verwyder, en hulle my moes meedeel dat dit kwaadaardig was. Dit is tóé wat ek eers werklik vir God begin soek het. Die kanker het deur my hele liggaam versprei, en ek het my vuiste rou geslaan teen die hemel se poorte maar God het nie te voorskyn gekom nie. Om die waarheid te sê, het absoluut niks gebeur nie!

Professor, het u al ooit vir 'n lang tyd baie hard probeer om iets reg te kry sonder sukses? Sielkundig takel dit jou totaal af. Jy raak moedeloos, en uiteindelik gee jy moed op. Wel, een oggend het ek wakker geword, en in plaas daarvan dat ek weer 'n paar bakstene oor daardie hoë muur van die hemel probeer gooi het om God, wat dalk nie eers daar is nie, wakker te maak, het ek net opgehou probeer.

Ek het besluit dat ek rêrig nie meer omgee oor God of Sy ewige lewe of enigiets nie. Ek het besluit dat ek die tydjie wat ek oor het, baie beter kon gebruik deur iets werklik lonend te doen. Ek het baie gedink aan die dinge wat u in die klas vir ons gesê het, en een van die dinge wat ek kon onthou was dat u gesê het: 'Dit is tragies om deur die lewe te gaan sonder liefde. Maar dit is net so tragies om hierdie wêreld te verlaat sonder dat jy vir diegene wat jy liefhet vertel het dat jy hulle liefhet.'

En so begin ek toe met die moeilikste een - my pa. Hy het gesit en koerant lees toe ek by hom kom.

"Pa...."

"Ja, wat?" Hy het my geantwoord sonder om eers die koerant te laat sak.

"Ek wil graag met Pa praat."

"Nou toe, praat maar."

"Pa, dis baie belangrik."

Die koerant sak so effens. "Wat is dit?"

"Pa, ek is lief vir Pa. Ek wou maar net hê dat Pa dit moet weet."

(Tommy het breed geglimlag, en ek kon duidelik sien dat 'n warm gloed van vreugde uit hom straal.)

"Die koerant het uit my pa se hande geval. En toe doen hy twee dinge wat hy nog nooit voorheen gedoen het nie: hy het gehuil en hy het my styf omhels. Ons het die hele nag deur gesels. Dit was 'n wonderlike gevoel om so naby aan my pa te wees, om sy trane te sien en sy omhelsing te voel, en om hom net te kon hoor sê dat hy my liefhet.

Met my ma en my kleinboet was dit makliker. Hulle het ook saam met my gehuil en my omhels, en ons het mooi dinge vir mekaar gesê. Ons het die dinge met mekaar gedeel wat ons al die jare vir mekaar geheim gehou het.

Daar was net een ding waarvoor ek so bitter jammer was - dat dit so lank moes vat voordat ons hierdie dinge kon doen. En hier was ek nou, besig om oop te maak teenoor almal wat al die jare baie naby aan my was.

En eendag, toe ek weer sien, toe was God daar! Hy het nie na my toe gekom toe ek Hom gesmeek het nie. Ek dink ek was dalk soos 'n leutemmer wat met my hoepel gestaan het en vir God probeer sê het: 'Spring! Spring! Ek gee U drie dae - drie weke.....' Dit lyk my God doen dinge op Sy eie manier, en op Sy eie tyd. Maar die belangrike ding was dat God daar was! Hy het my gevind.

Ja, u was reg Prof., Hy het my gekry, selfs nadat ek opgehou het om vir Hom te soek."

My mond het oopgehang: "Tommy, jy het iets baie belangrik vir my vertel - iets wat baie, baie groter is as wat jy dalk sou besef. Wat jy eintlik sê, is dat die maklikste manier om God NIE te vind nie, is om Hom jou persoonlike besitting te probeer maak - 'n soort-van probleem oplosser of 'n kits-troos wanneer jy in die nood is.

Dit is beter om eerder net jou hart oop te maak vir liefde. Jy weet, Paulus het gesê dat God liefde is, en dat as jy in liefde leef, dan leef jy met God, en God in jou.

Tom, kan ek jou 'n groot guns vra? Jy weet, die tyd toe jy in my klas was, was jy vir my 'n groot pyn. Maar nou kan jy opmaak vir alles, as jy sou instem om na my Teologie-klas toe te kom en vir my studente te kom vertel wat jy vanoggend vir my vertel het. Hoe lyk dit? Jy weet, as ek dit vir hulle moet vertel sou dit nie naasteby dieselfde effek hê nie."



"Ooooo ek weet nie so mooi nie - ek was gereed om vanoggend met u te kom praat maar vir die klas - daarvoor sien ek nie so mooi kans nie."

"Gaan dink maar daaroor, en as jy gereed is laat jy my weet." 'n Paar dae later skakel Tommy my, hy was gereed om sy verhaal met die klas te kom deel, en hy wou dit doen vir God en vir my. Ek het 'n afspraak met hom gemaak, maar hy kon daardie afspraak nooit nakom nie, want daar was 'n ander, baie belangriker afspraak wat hy moes nakom - baie belangriker as ek of die klas.

Inderwaarheid was sy lewe nie be-eindig deur sy dood nie - dit het net verander. Hy het die reuse stap geneem van geloof na werklikheid. Hy het 'n nuwe lewe gekry, baie mooier as wat ek en jy ooit van kan droom - baie heerliker as wat enigeen ooit gesien of ondervind het.

Voordat Tommy dood is het hy nog een laaste maal met my gepraat:

"Ek sal dit nie kan maak na die klas toe nie."

"Ek weet Tommy."

"Sal u asseblief vir hulle vertel? Sal u my verhaal aan die hele wêreld vertel asseblief?"

"Ek sal, Tommy, ek sal my bes probeer."

Dus wil ek vanoggend vir jul, my liewe vriende, baie dankie sê dat jul die tyd afgestaan het om hierdie eenvoudige verhaaltjie van liefde te lees. En vir jou, Tommy, daar waar jy êrens in die hemel is - ek het vir hulle vertel Tommy, so goed as wat ek maar kon.

Hierdie is 'n ware verhaal - vertel dit gerus maar oor vir 'n vriend of twee.

Met groot dank...Professor John Powell

(Ingedien deur: Jan Lourens)



Care for the Elderly (by: Adin Harmer)

Because there was no mention of Joseph, it is safe to assume that Mary was a widow by the time of Jesus' crucifixion. It was also the custom that the eldest son had the responsibility of caring for a widowed or elderly mother.

Jesus, even in the agony of the cross, attended to this when he saw his mother, with other women, and John among the onlookers. How agonizing for Mary to see her first born on the cross.

Jesus called out to his mother, "Behold your son" and to John "Behold your mother", and it is written that from that day, John took Mary under his roof. (John 19 vs 25-26)

*Dear mother, you did not expect to see
Your firstborn crucified on a tree;
But beloved John your new son shall be,
Drawn by cords of love you shall see.*

SONG SNIPPETS

How often we sing hymns and spiritual songs without really thinking about the words. Over the last few months, I have written down lines from songs to take home and think about. You might like to meditate on them too.

"Nothing good have I whereby Thy Grace to claim."

"Genade onbeskryflik groot."

"I come empty to be filled."

"Dit is my roemtaal: almagtig, verhewe, Majesteit."

"All of my days, I want to praise, the wonders of your Mighty Love."

"Mercy and Grace, my freedom bought."

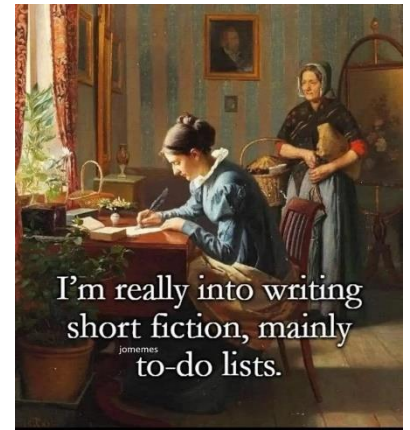
"Come and join us, in the river, to find Life beyond compare."

"Liefde sluit die Lewe oop."

"I'm longing to bring something of worth."

"You are Waymaker, Miracle Worker, Promise Keeper, Light in the darkness."

"Nou kan ons uit God gebore uit die Bron van Liefde leef."



(By: Verena Salzwedel)





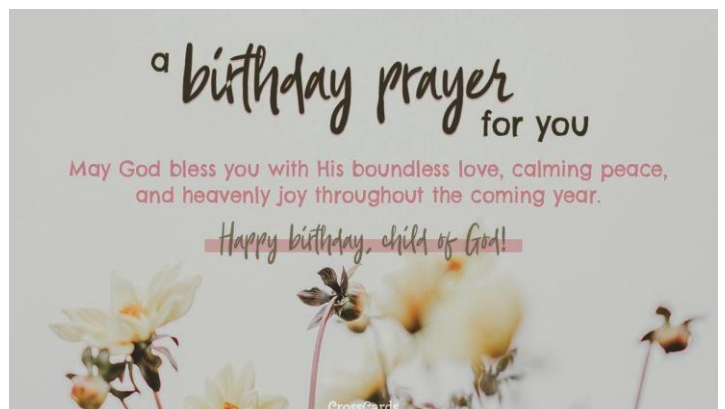
Geluk aan ons Inwoners met hul Verjaarsdag

<i>2nd</i>	<i>Hilda Robertson</i>	<i>R47A</i>	<i>96</i>
<i>3rd</i>	<i>Veronica Ramawoothar</i>	<i>R75</i>	<i>87</i>
<i>5th</i>	<i>Peter Dowling</i>	<i>R58</i>	<i>91</i>
<i>6th</i>	<i>Deanna Fourie</i>	<i>F123</i>	<i>80</i>
<i>11th</i>	<i>Senbagavallie Nair</i>	<i>R11</i>	<i>84</i>
<i>13th</i>	<i>Tiny Jones</i>	<i>MV103</i>	<i>86</i>
<i>14th</i>	<i>Maureen Sims</i>	<i>N109</i>	<i>81</i>
<i>15th</i>	<i>Pauline Rix</i>	<i>F101</i>	<i>90</i>
<i>17th</i>	<i>Naomi Jacobs</i>	<i>F109</i>	<i>92</i>
<i>18th</i>	<i>Pat Jones</i>	<i>MV103</i>	<i>82</i>
<i>19th</i>	<i>Wendy Ollis</i>	<i>R25B</i>	<i>79</i>
<i>21st</i>	<i>Esme Hindes</i>	<i>H005</i>	<i>94</i>
<i>23rd</i>	<i>Lola Cuddon</i>	<i>F007</i>	<i>86</i>
<i>24th</i>	<i>Jeanette Ravenscroft</i>	<i>R60</i>	<i>87</i>
<i>25th</i>	<i>Catherine Leotta</i>	<i>R65</i>	<i>78</i>
<i>29th</i>	<i>Beryl Ely</i>	<i>N211</i>	<i>83</i>

Nog n jaar ouer!
 Pasop vir die
 Verjaarsdag feetjies
 Elke keer as hulle Kom kuier
 Bring hulle
 Hulle vriende saam
 Plooi feetjie, Tandelose
 feetjie, Grys hare feetjie,
 Swak rug feetjie, Groot gat
 feetjie, Swak oe feetjie,
 Lekker verjaar!

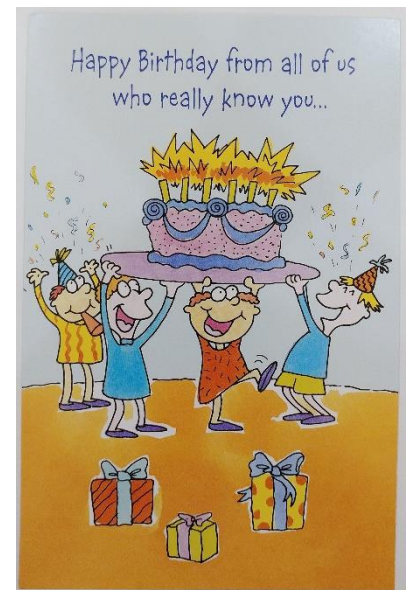
Happy Birthday to our Board Members

<i>7th</i>	<i>Ursula Van Wyk</i>
<i>8th</i>	<i>Terence Parker</i>



Congratulations to our Staff celebrating birthdays in March!

<i>2nd</i>	<i>Misca Lewin</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>2nd</i>	<i>Liam Smith</i>	<i>Coffee Shop</i>
<i>4th</i>	<i>Crystal Harris</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>14th</i>	<i>Craig Freeman</i>	<i>Coffee Shop</i>
<i>17th</i>	<i>Nikita Fouten</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>20th</i>	<i>Denita Blankenberg</i>	<i>PlumRus Care Services</i>
<i>20th</i>	<i>Debbie Botha</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>21st</i>	<i>Anthea Lewis</i>	<i>PlumRus Care Services</i>
<i>23rd</i>	<i>Wendy Moses</i>	<i>CCℓ</i>
<i>24th</i>	<i>Monica Tseou</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>26th</i>	<i>Chante Aploon</i>	<i>PlumRus Care Services</i>
<i>26th</i>	<i>Randall Dietrich</i>	<i>CCℓ</i>
<i>26th</i>	<i>Daphne Murphy</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>27th</i>	<i>Shirlene Roberts</i>	<i>PlumRus Care Services</i>
<i>28th</i>	<i>Bernadette Snyders</i>	<i>PlumRus Care Services</i>
<i>28th</i>	<i>Michelle Jood</i>	<i>CCℓ</i>
<i>29th</i>	<i>Judith Merkloe</i>	<i>Health Care</i>
<i>30th</i>	<i>Janine Ficks</i>	<i>Coffee Shop</i>
<i>31st</i>	<i>Tania Martin</i>	<i>Health Care</i>



Happy Birthday to all our Members and Clients

- 2nd Mrs. Sietie Barnardo*
- 4th Mrs. Elizabeth Bell*
- 4th Mrs. Yvonne Van Der Berg*
- 5th Mrs. Cathleen Plaatzjes*
- 8th Mrs. Patricia Kirby*
- 11th Mrs. Maria Lewis*
- 12th Mrs. Mariam Salie*
- 14th Mr. Jeff Petersen*
- 14th Mrs. Vivian Purcell*
- 16th Mrs. Salama Wippenaar*
- 16th Mrs. Hester Monk*
- 16th Mrs. Nathalie Kruger*
- 19th Mrs. Rachel Pollard*
- 21st Mrs. Lydia Stober*
- 22nd Mrs. Theresa Jones*
- 22nd Mr. Clive Sharrock*
- 22nd Mrs. Lorraine Sivewright*
- 26th Mrs. Beatrice Cochrane*
- 28th Mrs. Isabel Africa*
- 28th Mrs. Barbara van der Horn*
- 29th Mrs. Freda Van Dieman*
- 29th Mrs. Olga Appolis*



March Birthstone

• Aquamarine •

A symbol of honesty, loyalty, and beauty. The aquamarine is supposed to offer protection from evil and is also said to bring love and affection back into a failing relationship.



Lift for PlumRus East/Hyser vir PlumRus Oos

There is a great need to install a lift for our Residents in PlumRus East. The East building is our oldest Residential area and will undergo a massive upgrade with the installation of a lift. The estimated cost of this project is between R700 000 and R1Million.

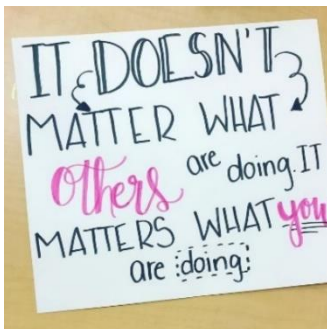
What we really need is a philanthropic donation of an estate or two to better put us within reach of this goal.

If you require an 18A certificate for tax purposes, please contact Cindy on cindy@plumrus.co.za with all the relevant details and she will happily oblige.

Payments can either be made at our Reception or directly via EFT into the following bank account:

Account: Plumstead Rusoord Board Account
ABSA - 450640409
Code - 632005
Reference - Donation Lift

Balance as January 2024 – R38 499



WE DIDN'T REALIZE
we were
MAKING
MEMORIES
WE JUST THOUGHT
we were
HAVING FUN



PlumRus is YOUR HOME. Every activity/event is planned for everyone's participation. We do not have special cliques operating for only a privileged few. We would like to encourage ALL residents to feel free to participate in any activity/event that tickles their interest. Do you know that we have gym trim sessions every Tuesday, bingo every Thursday, prayer meeting every Wednesday, an English church service every Sunday morning and an Afrikaans service very Sunday evening, with our special One Hour for Jesus happening every Friday morning? Monthly activities include garden club





meetings, resident's talks, outings, writer's club meetings, shopping trips twice a week, YouTube evening, lotto draw, bring and braai and our morning market. There are Residents who play bridge, scrabble rummikub, cards and those who would love to be challenged to a game of chess, table tennis or pool. We have a group called Friends who welcomes new Residents and visits the sick and lonely amongst us. If you would like to find out more about any of these activities please speak with the staff at reception or alternatively speak with Portia; they will be only too happy to assist you.

**“Tell me
and I forget.
Teach me
and I remember.
Involve me
and I learn.”**

PlumRus has signed a Service Level Agreement (SLA) with 2 Military Hospital which offers their Nursing Assistant students, studying towards their R169 course under the new scope/framework of the South African Nursing Council (SANC), an opportunity to meet the practical component of the course. Our Sister-in-charge will mentor the students and guide them in accordance with their expected outcome requirements.



We will be hosting 3 to 4 students at a time throughout the year as they complete their block sessions and come to do their practical training.

We are excited about this collaboration and look forward to the impact this will have on the holistic Basic Care we provide to our residents and clients. We wish the students all the best with their studies and for their future.



Ladies do you know that you can book a special birthday massage with Louise Edgumbe (Ext.2130). Zelda Pover was the 1st lucky recipient of Louise's generous time and gift, and says it was the most amazing experience first thing on her birthday, which just set the tone for the rest of the day's celebrations. They also realized that they had so many common threads weaved through their lives. Sorry gents, this is a Ladies only gift.



At our February meeting we explored the theme of HOME, SWEET HOME, enjoyed reading each other's writing and practiced our editing skills. Here are the pieces we have chosen to share with you. Our next meeting is on Tues 12 March @ 3pm in N203. We will be swopping April Fool's stories - the tall and the short. Do come along and share yours.

THE SOUND OF HOME (by Verena Salzwedel)

I have had many "Home, Sweet Homes" in my life, each with its own sound-bytes locked into my memory.

At my childhood home in Mowbray, the winter rains pounded the corrugated iron roof so that you could not hear yourself speak. When the rain paused, the fire crackled in the grate, shedding scant warmth. We burnt driftwood, which smelt of the sea and spat at us. During hot summer days, the hens clucked lazily. The smell of the loquat tree in which I perched and daydreamed, still lingers somewhere inside of me.



Stellenbosch varsity days are reminiscent of water running in the street furrows and hot nights with res doors banging and much kicking of the "tickey box" to persuade it to work and my "kamermaat" rustling papers all night, supposedly studying whilst I preferred sleeping.

My first flat in a far-flung town overlooked a parking lot. At 6 a.m. every morning, a going-on-duty policeman started his car at least six times and counting.

My first marital home had large rubber tree leaves flapping up and down the driveway and birds pecking at their reflections in the windows and the burglar alarm screeching in response until we learnt to keep the curtains drawn.

My last marital home was haunted by the nightjar every evening. During the day, you could hear the dassies chewing up the garden, when the wind wafted, you could hear and smell the distant sea from the front door.

And then, at last, to Plumrus, with my hearing impaired by chemotherapy. Having finally agreed to fit hearing aids, I now wake to the Robin Chat's dawn chorus, am sleepily aware of the passing of the 6 a.m. suburban train and am even becoming quite fond of the guinea fowls.



THE COW WHO FOLLOWED THE FAMILY (by June Stein)

A stranger's small bakkie broke down near my property in the sticks in rural Karoo, lost and soon in the dark. An elderly man and his wife on crutches were travelling on obscure gravel roads on an adventure from Cape Town, so I ferried them to my house for supper and to organize to be towed to George 200km away for repairs.

We had time to chat and a goosebump moment followed when the man asked if I was related to the previous owner of the cow portrait on my wall- and he named my late father-in-Law, who was a Vryburg farmer he knew about 1,500 km away, plus naming the stud cow fully as Fairbreeze Masters Blossom 3rd.

About 60 years earlier while visiting a Vryburg farmer friend the stranger had met a young boy riding his horse, and subsequently invited to visit the boy's parents on the farm next door, the stranger had seen this " Blossom" portrait of a cow wearing a Championship sash hanging on a wall in their house.

Years in the future this same young boy then became my husband & we were given Blossom's picture by his father who had started the South Devon Stud, Fairbreeze, in Natal. The cow followed us to each new home in the Eastern Cape to hang in her gilded frame in keeping with her bovine lineage.



Some years later, transported to Cape Town on a motorbike trailer, Blossom is now artistically displayed on an easel, a bit spotty with age but Home Sweet Home & somewhere in a box maybe are her many prize silver cups for bovine excellence.

MOTHER'S ANTIQUE JUG (by Vivien Spiers)

This jug is not valuable, nor will it ever feature on "Antiques Road Show", but it has been a favourite in our family ever since I can remember.

In the sixties we still had our milk delivered to us in bottles; my mother would decant a bottle, with their cap of cream, into this jug and it would stand in the refrigerator covered by a doily with its fringe of glass beads. I used to sneak gulps straight from the jug when I felt thirsty. During suppertime conversation I would stare at the jug, gathering my thoughts. The picture on the jug of an old eighteenth century bridge and houses onto the river could be any charming country scene.

And so, when we packed up my mother's house on her death, the jug came to be mine. Tucked away into the back of the cupboard, when we drew it out it, was like an old friend in a time of bereavement. Memories of the old house in Bergvliet, with the spacious kitchen and table, the old solid fridge, the noise of the ancient washing machine in the scullery with its mangle. Holding this jug in my hands it seems to echo sounds and evoke scenes from a less frantic



MAART / MARCH 2024

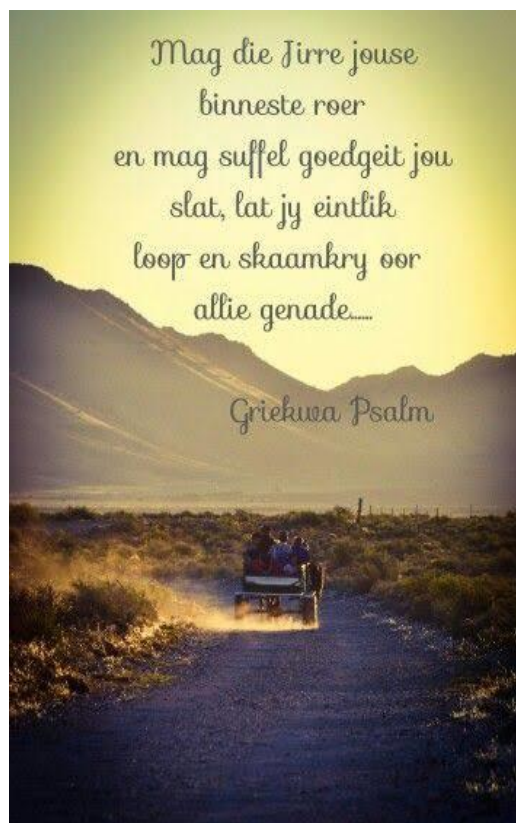
MAAND PROGRAM / MONTHLY PROGRAM

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
Gym Trim in the Hall Tuesday's @ 09:30 Prayer Meeting Wednesdays in all lounges @ 11:45 5th March 2024 Special general meeting in the hall @ 15:00 7th March 2024 Morning market in the Hall @ 09:30 13th March 2024 YouTube social evening in the Hall @ 18:00 20th March 2024 Residents Talk in the Hall @ 15:00 22nd March 2024 Bring & Braai in the Hall @ 18:00 29th Good Friday church service @ 09:30 31st March 2024 Resurrection church service @ 09:30		
4	5	6
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 08:00 Outing 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	09:00 Shopping Meadowridge 09:30 Gym Trim in lounges 10:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 10:00 Teatime: lounges 10:30 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 4 11:45 Prayer Meeting in all lounges 12:30 Fruit & Veg Lorry 15:00 Teatime: lounges
11	12	13
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 08:00 Outing 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:45 Garden Club Meeting	09:00 Shopping Constantia Village 09:30 Gym Trim in lounges 10:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Writer's Group in N203	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 10:00 Teatime: lounges 10:30 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 6 11:45 Prayer Meeting in lounges 12:30 Fruit & Veg Lorry 15:00 Teatime: lounges 18:00 YouTube Social Evening
18	19	20
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 08:00 Outing 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	09:00 Shopping Meadowridge 09:30 Gym Trim in lounges 10:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Teatime 15:00 Residents special general meeting	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 10:00 Teatime: lounges 10:30 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 8 11:45 Prayer Meeting in lounges 12:30 Fruit & Veg Lorry 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Residents Talk in the Hall
25	26	27
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 08:00 Outing 10:00 Tea Time: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Tea Time: lounges	09:00 Shopping Blue route 09:30 Gym Trim in lounges 10:00 Tea Time: lounges 15:00 Tea Time: lounges	08:30 Library 10:00 Teatime: lounges 10:30 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 10 11:45 Prayer Meeting in lounges 12:30 Fruit & Veg Lorry 15:00 Teatime: lounges

Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
	1	2	3
	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:30 One Hour for Jesus 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 3	09:30 Church 10:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Movie in Lounges Family Switch 18:00 Woord & Lied Dr. Chris Saayman
7	8	9	10
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:30 Morning Market 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 14:00 Shopping Blue Route 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Bingo in the Hall	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:30 One Hour for Jesus 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 5	09:30 Church 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Movie in Lounges Instant Family 18:00 Woord & Lied Dr. Chris Saayman
14	15	16	17
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:00 Shopping Constantia Emporium 09:30 Gym trim in the hall 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:30 One Hour for Jesus 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges	10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 7	09:30 Church 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Movie in Lounges Spelling the dream 18:00 Woord & Lied Dr. Chris Saayman
21	22	23	24
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:00 No Shopping 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Bingo in the Hall Human rights day	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:30 One Hour for Jesus 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 18:00 Bring & Braai	10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 9	09:30 Church 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Movie in Lounges keelah the spelling Bee 18:00 Woord & Lied Dr. Chris Saayman
28	29	30	31
08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:00 Shopping Meadowridge 09:00 Gym trim in the hall 10:00 Teatime: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Teatime: lounges 15:00 Bingo in the Hall 18:30 Lotto Draw in the Hall	08:30 Library / Biblioteek 09:30 Good Friday church service 10:00 Tea Time: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Tea Time: lounges Good Friday	10:00 Tea Time: lounges 11:00 Activities in lounges 15:00 Tea Time: lounges 15:00 The Good Doctor Series Season 5 Episode 11	09:30 Resurrection church service 10:00 Tea Time: lounges 15:00 Tea Time: lounges 15:00 Movie in Lounges Nanny McPhee returns No Evening service Easter

lifestyle. When mothers stayed home to welcome their kids from school and tend chickens in the backyard, damask tablecloths flapping on the clothesline and high crowned bread spread with real butter and strawberry jam.

Today it stands in pride of place on the bookcase shelf above the clock, serving as a focus point for my thoughts when lost in reverie. A reminder to "go quietly amidst the noise and haste".



One

One tree can give life to a forest,
One smile can start a friendship,
One hand can uplift a soul,
One idea can shape the future,
One candle can wipe out darkness,
One laugh can conquer gloom,
One ray of hope can lift your spirits,
One touch can show that you care,
One life can make a difference,
Be that 'one' today.



My life, my choice.
My mistakes. My lessons.
Not your business.
Mind your own problems
before you talk about mine.
**My life is not your
story to tell.**

**if you hate people
who don't look,
talk, think, vote,
or act exactly like
you, you might
not love heaven.**

IAN SIMKINS

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The Lamb was sure to go.
He followed her to school each day,
Twasn't even in the rule.
He made the children laugh and play.
To have a Lamb at school.
And then the rules all changed one day,
Illegal it became;
To bring the Lamb of God to school,
Or even speak his Name.
Everyday got worse and worse,
And days turned into years.
Instead of hearing children laugh,
We heard gun shots and tears.
What must we do to stop the crime,
That's in our schools today?
Let's let the Lamb come back to school,
And teach our kids to pray!



Mrs. Maureen Sims

PlumRus North

N109

Maureen joins PlumRus from Bloemfontein but is originally from Cape Town. She was born and grew up in Wynberg and lived her married life in Fairways.

She has two children, Sholto, living in Bloemfontein & Zita, living in Las Vegas. Maureen enjoys good companionship including music and dancing.

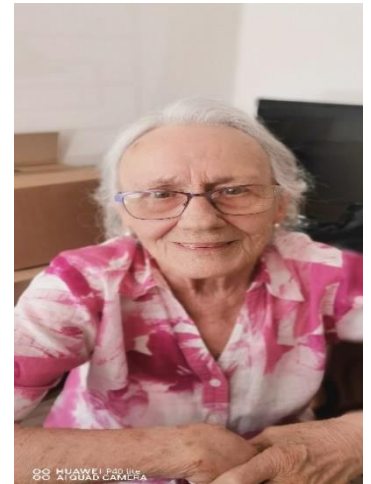
Mrs. Elizabeth Wellington

Health Care – Zone 3 - Room 33

Elizabeth started off as a member of PlumRus Care Services receiving home-based care services and joined PlumRus as a resident on the 7th February 2024 from Bergridge Park, Bergvliet.

She has two children, her son Neville, and daughter Shelley.

Elizabeth enjoys puzzles, reading and crosswords.



Mr. Paul Hirst

Health Care – Zone 1 - Room 16

We welcomed Paul to PlumRus on the 15th February 2024.

He joined us from Kirstenhof but is originally born and raised in England.

Paul has a daughter, Debbie, and two granddaughters, Sinead and Jessica.

Die wil moet daar wees

Erik het gereeld aan sy werksmense op die plaas die slagspreuk "Waar daar 'n wil is, is daar 'n weg" voorgehou. Toe hy op 'n dag vir een van sy werkers se dat dit vir hom lyk asof die bokram wat hy vir teelddoeleindes tussen sy bokooie gesit het, nie sy kant bring nie, stem die werker saam met hom en voeg by: "Wie nie wil nie, moet weg."

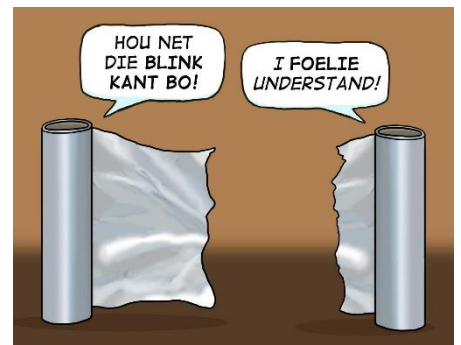
(Ingedien deur: Lida Herbst)



Almal bobbejane

'n Sekere boerevereniging in my kontrei het op 'n jaar 'n vreeslike probeleem gehad met een of ander iets wat met die landbou in hulle geweste te doen gehad het. Op 'n baie geesdriftige vergadering word daar toe oorweging geskenk aan die moontlikheid dat 'n afvaardiging van die boerevereniging die betrokke minister dringend moet gaan spreek oor hierdie problem. Iemand voel toe dat hulle nie hierdie belangrike man moet pla nie. Daarop sê oom Gawie: "Vir wat nie? Die minister is net so 'n bobbejaan soos ons. Hy sit net op 'n hoër klip."

(Ingedien deur: Lida Herbst)



Jy benodig die lepel

Dominee doen huisbesoek by 'n baie arm tannie. Sy vra of hy wil koffie drink en toe hy ja sê, sê sy vir hom dat sy ongelukkig nie melk of suiker het nie. Dominee sê toe dis reg so, sy kan maar swart koffie gee. Sy gee dit vir hom, maar met 'n piering en 'n teelepel daarby. Daarop lag Dominee en vra waarvoor die lepel daar is, aangesien daar nie suiker is nie. Daarop sê die tannie: "Maar Dominee, sien Dominee dan nie die geweldige groot vlieë wat hier rondvlieg nie? As hulle in die koffie val, kan Dominee hulle lekker uitskep met die lepel."

(Ingedien deur: Lida Herbst)



There's one thing I never understood
since the day you went away.
How traffic keeps on moving, and
night still turns to day.

How the wind keeps blowing
and leaves fall to the ground.
How the clocks keep on ticking,
even though you're not around.

How people go to work,
or are shopping with their friends,
picking clothes to suit, and
caring about new trends.

Social media is still working
and used by everyone.
How come no one notices?
Do they know that you are gone?

Sitting at a bus stop,
the bus is running late.
Time still moving forward,
but I'm stuck in a date.

People standing chatting,
everywhere you look,
yet I'm still on the page,
of the day that you were took.

The minutes turn to hours.
The days turn to weeks,
yet my face is always wet,
from my tears on my cheeks.

I will never understand,
how the world keeps moving on,
because mine has been stood still,
since you have been gone.
(J.Boyle art by Steffi Krenzek)

*grief
is
just love
with
no place
to go*



Mary Banfield 14 / 01 / 31 – 06 / 02 / 24

(Dave's prayer on the day of his Mom's passing.)

Our Father in Heaven

My mother's beautiful soul finally left us after a long, difficult, and painful fight.

As she has so longed for, please welcome her into your kingdom with open loving arms and cherish her with love and happiness.

Mom you will forever be in my daily thoughts and prayers and lovingly remembered for the love you displayed towards humanity, family, friends and loved ones. Your divine dignity, faith and devotion to Christian belief was endless and a pillar of strength we all sometime or another confided in.

We were all truly blessed and privileged to have been part of your life.

I know you've finally reached your desired destination and am happy for you. Rest in peace Mama. Always love you dearly. Amen

My Aunty Mary was a very private person, she didn't talk a lot, she loved reading, and loved watching sport on her TV.


Mary was a very special person, not only to me, but to the staff as well. I regarded her as my priority, to meet her needs, and see that she was comfortable. MHDSRIP Love always Beryl Garwood

Mrs. Banfield was a long-time resident of PlumRus. She had such a kind soul and had a very good heart. We will miss her presence here at PlumRus. She taught us all how to be strong and never give up until the very end. It was our privilege to care for Mrs. Banfield and although we are saddened that she has gone, we know she is in a better place. MHDSRIP



Lorraine Jephtha

 Sunrise: 29/03/1947

 Sunset: 03/02/2024


Mrs. Jephtha was a loving person to work with, she always had a smile on her face when we entered her room, sometimes she would be a bit grumpy and start scolding at us. She had her days that she was loving, and she had her days when she was grumpy, but she never stayed grumpy for too long. Through her ailments she always had care and concern for others. It was a great pleasure taking care of her and being there for her until her last days. Her last words to myself and Denise were "ek gaan julle skop" and we all laughed, knowing that she would never. She had a unique sense of humour which came through regardless of her health challenges. Unfortunately, the beautiful angel has taken flight, and we will always miss u Mrs. Jephtha.

From all Kwagga High Care Team and everyone else at PlumRus,
MAY YOU REST IN PEACE MRS. JEPHTHA.

(Submitted by: Carer-Lameez)



Chalmerleen Lourens

 Sunrise 13/04/38  Sunset 15/01/24

Ek onthou soveel mooi van my ma. Sy was regtig 'n voorbeeld vir ons van hoe om 'n goeie vrou te wees. Jy kon haar altyd deur 'n ring trek. Sy het die mooiste naaldwerk, breiwerk en hekelwerk gedoen. Sy kon die aller lekkerste kos kook maar wat vir my baie kosbaar is, is die aande terwyl hulle by ons gebly het. Marc het altyd skottelgoed gewas. Sy droog af en ek pak weg. Dan het ons altyd die ou musiek geluister en saam gesing uit volle bors. My ma was baie lief vir musiek en het altyd saam gesing. Sy kon maklik met haarself spot. Sy was baie lief vir die Bybel en het altyd so mooi gebid. Sy was 'n baie goeie ouma vir die kleinkinders en het hulle bederf en lekker saam met hulle gespot en lal gewees. Sy was baie lief vir die mooi goed in die lewe. Met liefde - Karin



A frog goes into a bank and approaches the teller. He can see from her nameplate that her name is Patty Whack.

"Miss Whack, I'd like to get a \$30,000 loan to take a holiday."

Patty looks at the frog in disbelief and asks his name. The frog says his name is Kermit Jagger, his dad is Mick Jagger, and that it's okay, he knows the bank manager.

Patty explains that he will need to secure the loan with some collateral.

The frog says, "Sure. I have this," and produces a tiny porcelain elephant, about an inch tall, bright pink, and perfectly formed.

Very confused, Patty explains that she'll have to consult with the bank manager and disappears into a back office.

She finds the manager and says, "There's a frog called Kermit Jagger out there who claims to know you and wants to borrow \$30,000, and he wants to use this as collateral." She holds up the tiny pink elephant. "I mean, what in the world is this?"

The bank manager looks back at her and says, "It's a knickknack, Patty Whack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone."

(You sang it, didn't you? Yeah, I know you did.)

Never take life too seriously... 🤪



Woman like silent men...they think they're listening.

Never go to bed angry...stay up and fight.



There are a few things more satisfying than seeing your children, have teenagers of their own.

(Submitted by: Louise Edgcombe)

THE CASTLE

The first Military Fort of wood and iron in the early 1600s was on the present day Grand Parade in Cape Town; the massive stone walled Castle was started in 1666 with 4 "star" bastion points and it took the Dutch 13 years to complete, with then 5 "star" bastions housing their military and first prison built by the Verenigde Indische Compagnie [VOC], this being the 6 chamber-cities of the DEIC [Dutch East India Company] formed to protect their ships sea routes around the Cape to India for trade in spices, porcelain & host of products.



The guide's clue: BLONC, for the naming of the bastions, stood for the titles of the Netherlands Prince of Orange being Buren, Leerdam, Oranje, Nassau, Catzenellenbogen- some of us scaled the many steps to the latter's cannon rampart outside [& WW11 gun fixtures] with city views on land



reclaimed from the sea. The original Castle entrance was near the beach [hence the name Strand Street] but was moved for fear of a naval attack to the side where we entered through the enormous spiked doors over the moat.

Shamier, our quirky guide, switched off the light in the musty, vaulted- roof Dungeon after saying there was air for 1 person for 1 day if the window slit was closed and the latter was only open at night! The hook from the dome to drop prisoners headlong onto the peach pip floor is still there, the stocks and cat-o-9-tails whip also!



The courtyard is divided by a defensive cross wall, the Kat, for mounting cannons & later housed Governor Simon van der Stel's rooms, still with exquisite hand carved furniture displays including the Banquet room's 110-seater table. The wings housed military personnel, stables,



bakery, armory, kitchens, granary, water well & slave quarters. Lady Ann Barnard's Dolphin Pool with a sea monster statue was added later. There are life-size statues below the Kat balcony depicting the 4 main Tribal Chiefs who were kept in prison here, a forgotten history lesson!

In 1993 renovations unearthed many Dutch, British & French artifacts now displayed in the excellent Military Museum where maps depict the naval attacks from Muizenberg & Simonstown, yet the Castle was never breached; here also models of the Castle & the Battery armed with cannons.

Thank you Plumrus for this exhausting but brilliant trip, a first-time privilege for some residents. [We were well behaved, so Kurt rushed in to buy us ice creams!]



Love is in the Air



A Valentine's Day program of love songs from yesteryear brought back great memories to our Residents.





Woolworths 3Arts Mall did their bit in spreading the love with the generous bouquets of red roses which were placed around the facility. Oops! Almost Agnus was thinking there was a proposal on the cards.

Thank you, Robyn and the team at Woolworths for remembering and sharing the love with our Residents.



Ek gaan nou vanaand my eie krag af sit, net om vir ESKOM te wys wie is baas.



Dementia, The Thief

It took away your days and nights
And time became a blur
It sucked your speech right from your mouth
And your words became a slur.

It slowly imprisoned you from your life
When you couldn't walk your miles
It haunted your sleep and made you scared
And wiped away your smiles

Because it's not just memory loss
That dementia brings your soul
It gives you torturous unwanted gifts
To replace the ones it stole.

It switched your radiant laughter and joy
For agitation, sadness and fear
And stole your independence
And made your world become less clear.

Your loved ones watched you disappear
A little more each day
They wished, but all so helplessly
As it stole you right away

And in the end are precious memories
That you possess no more
But instead your loved ones treasure them
Deep within their core.

I do not know if you remember me
Or if I've been stolen from you too
But dementia will never ever steal away
The love I feel for you.

- Hannah Hillier © 2018



Are you caring for a loved one with Dementia?

Why not join our Dementia SA Support Group?

Meetings take place in the foyer of the Coffee Shop every 3rd Saturday of the month at 14:30

Watter idioom pas by watter prent?



1. Die appel val nie ver van die boom nie.

Die kind is soos sy ma of pa.



2. Daar is 'n slang in die gras.

Daar is onraad.



3. Op die draad sit.

Nie kant kies nie.

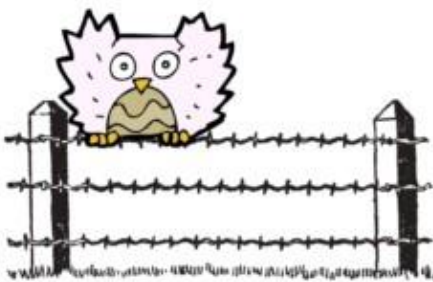


4. Elke huis het sy kruis.

Elke huis het sy eie probleme.

5. As die kat weg is, is die muis baas.

As die ouers weg is, maak die kinders nes hulle wil.



6. Lepel in die dak steek.

Doodgaan.



7. Die son trek water.

Dit word laat.



8. Alles vir soetkoek opeet.

Alles glo wat jy hoor.

9. Met 'n mond vol tande sit.

Niks hê om te sê nie.



10. Oos wes, tuis bes.

In jou eie huis is jy op jou gelukkigste.



Senior Citizen

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

Generation
 Meals On Wheels
 Wheel Chair
 Depends
 Bifocals
 Hearing Aid
 Dentures

Caretaker
 Doctors Office
 Jello
 Gray Hair
 Large Print
 Wisdom
 Arthritis

Bib
 Lift Chair
 Osteoporosis
 Silver Sneakers
 Geriatric
 Pension
 Medicare

Council on Aging
 Scooter
 Social Security
 Walker
 Baby Boomer
 Retire

Easter Word Search

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

APOSTLES

CAVE

CROSS

CROWN

EASTER

FAITH

FORGIVEN

LAMB

MESSIAH

MIRACLE

REDEMPTION

RESURRECTION

RISEN

SACRIFICE

SAVIOR

SUNDAY

THIRD DAY

THORNS

TOMB