

RESCOM
CHATTER
JULY 2021



*Our picture this month - Cederburg Mountains
Western Cape*

If you have not been there, add it to your bucket list

What a month we have had. Up to Level 4 (maybe 5) down to level 3, it becomes very weary on the brain to remember where we are?

Then Wimbledon, Tour de France and the Olympics all together, then the 2nd Jab, then Zuma in orange, then the pesky riots, and to top it all poor Sally's house fire.

But we have survived, thanks to our secure location and being looked after by Wilma and her team.

From Chairman Hennie

Dear fellow residents,

There hasn't been a contribution from me since the end of April. Please accept my apologies for that lapse.

We successfully held our 8th RAC at the end of May. A number of issues were raised by you; some have already been attended to and the others will be reported on by management at the AGM. Royston Knowles had previously resigned from ResCom and Jim Goodwin and I indicated that we weren't available for re-election. Three new members, Brenda Brophy, Cecil Fann and Colin Grenfell were nominated to fill the three vacancies.

Royston had served on ResCom since its inception early in 2013, a period of 8 years, interrupted for 2 years. He returned as leader of the Governance portfolio. He made many valuable contributions to the functioning of the committee in general, and in particular to our many attempts to draft, firstly the EVL Generic House Rules and then the Broadacres Annexure A rules that were published in this month. Royston, a fine record and on behalf of all the residents I thank you most sincerely.

Jim had been co-opted onto ResCom in April 2020 after John Parrott had resigned from the Finance portfolio. That was at the start of the lockdown and Jim had to pick-up the pieces by phone and e-mail because John had moved out of the village. But with the help of Margo, his wife, he soon got on top of it and kept a beady eye on the finances, not only of ResCom but also of the village. To Margo and Jim as well, a sincere thank you on behalf of all the residents.

Subsequent to the meeting, Basil Bold has also withdrawn his nomination as leader of the Projects portfolio and Judy Stuart has accepted nomination of the new Health portfolio. That brings our ResCom in line with the portfolios listed in our Annexure A house rules.

Eskom increased it's charges by 15,06% on 01 April, but we were spared the increase until 01 June. Wilma had been incorrectly advised and the incorrect rates were charged from that date. This has been corrected and the correct rates applied from 01 July. Wilma will announce how those who purchased electricity in June will have their overcharges refunded.

July ended with the tragic fire in Unit 36. Fortunately both Sally Branson and Pippa, her dog were safely evacuated and are now with her Sally's daughter. Once again, you have shown your deep concern and kindness and have come forward offering to help Sally in any way you can, but to quote Wilma "We ask that you give Sally and her family some time to work through the shock of the situation. We will be communicating details of how and where people can assist if they want to". And Judy Stuart has put up her hand to lead your ResCom's work with management to coordinate this process, thank you Judy!

This will be my swansong! It has been my privilege and pleasure to serve you as chairman of ResCom since August 2018, and as leader of the Environmental portfolio since March 2013. But the time has come for me to pass the baton.

Thank you for all the support and cooperation Marion and I have enjoyed, especially in my role as Environmental portfolio leader. The 8 Arbor days are particularly memorable. With the help of many of you we have changed the face of this village. Just to set the record straight: the idea of holding the first Arbor day came from Jill Blignaut, our village manager at the time, and not me as has been the popular belief. All that I did was to organize the first and subsequent Arbor days, with advice and support from Dick Sheppard.

But my favourite memory is the weeding day in 2014 when the Phase 1 residents weeded the newly sown veld grass, filling the gardeners' shed with weeds! The pictures over the page tell the story!



Our Henry started his crowd bombing career by hiding in amongst the taller weeds!



EVERGREEN "GRASSHOPPERS"
OUR STORY

Sitting at the then infamous round table in the temporary clubhouse one Wednesday social dinner, the chat moved to our school days. As it turned out all 3 of us were ex. Glenwood High students.

Dick Shepherd (1941/44);
Barry Forbes (1944/47);
Graham Langmead (1949/52).

All 3 recall one special teacher Max Sandler!!!

But why Grasshopper? It is derived from ancient history.

Glenwood's BIG opposition was is and will always be DHS.

DHS estab 1866 east north of Berea Road:
GHS estab 1910 south west of Berea Road

Glenwood called DHS "Horseflies" from the many stables in the area and DHS called Glenwood "Grasshoppers" from a locust plague that at one stage infested the schools playing fields.

Spawned by Durban Tech, It was not until January 1929, that the School was able to move to its present premises in McDonald Rd. In 1934 the name was changed to its present name, "Glenwood High School". From humble beginnings in 1910, when there were just 26 boys on the roll, Glenwood High School has grown to be one of the leading schools in KZN and South Africa.

The school badge was designed 1937 (ironically, the year Graham was born).
On top the Tech school badge with the cross bar indicating the break from Tech in 1934
The Trees recall the bush around school.

The Falcon at the bottom indicates attitude in sport swift to strike
And the motto means: 'Nothing that concerns humanity is unimportant to me'





**10 days in Quarantine
or
Nearly Home Alone in Room 115**



Karen Stowell returned to the UK after four years in South Africa.

This is her experience of the obligatory UK Hotel Lockdown at the Holiday Inn, Heathrow

Hi all - from my official Day 1 of quarantine. The first day is actually Day 0, and as an Accountant - this is unacceptable Maths !!

The flight to Paris, Charles de Gaulle was reasonably full. I did have an empty seat between me and the unaccompanied 8-year-old little French boy at the window, and I let him use the empty middle seat to sleep during the night. The full Paris - London connecting flight was painless, and I arrived in an overcast Blighty as scheduled around 8 on Sunday morning.

At Heathrow, there was a very short "red country" passport control queue, so I was through in a flash. My ignorant hopes to sneak outside to replenish my depleted nicotine stores (before identifying myself to the expected person holding a name board) were completely scuppered. At passport control, my passport was immediately handed to a security guard, and I was escorted to a waiting area like a criminal. We were eventually led, single file, through the airport onto a coach. With 2 coach changes and 4 other hotel stops, I was eventually dropped off at my new home. By now I knew the routine, they take your passport and make sure your hotel booking is in order and then they come back and let you off the bus. Having spied the smoking area at my new home, I asked if I could have a ciggy whilst I waited for my booking to be confirmed - permission denied (\$&**\$%#@@).....Minutes later my nicotine addiction was satisfied.

The exterior of the hotel looks very "Covid times" neglected but inside it is lovely. Whilst I was completing the necessary paperwork and daily menu choices I noticed a gym, which is sadly out of use. (When I say sadly, I actually mean, now I won't have a guilty conscience for not using it !!).

We are allowed 2 x 15-minute outdoor breaks per day - this is going to seriously affect my smoking career. I got into my room, connected to the Wi-Fi and then lay on my bed to read the approximately 20 pages and pages and pages and pages of rules. I fell asleep before I could even open the envelope (not sure if the trigger was sleep deprivation or an aversion to rules).

Time for my first "take my ciggie for a walk". I dialled 0 for reception, to get a security person to come to your room and escort you outside. After a few minutes I left my room and went to speak and wait with the permanently stationed security person outside the lift. I was immediately told to go back and wait in my room. Eventually there was a knock on my door. I was signed out of the building (name, room number and time) and I checked back in after 2 deeply inhaled ciggies. Whilst I was out, I ventured 5m from the tarred car park onto the grass to look at the cherry trees with near ripe fruit - I was immediately cautioned and had to return to the tarmac.

Back in my room I failed to get the mini-bar fridge working (I never knew a fridge needed a TV antenna). I dialled my new favourite number "0" and maintenance arrived with a mini fridge.

Beer purchases are now possible.

Day Zero breakfast and lunch were cold and prepacked, so my hot delicious salmon supper, served on crockery with metal cutlery was a pure delight. After a hot shower, using supplied bodywash, I slid into the massive bed and feel asleep with immediate ease, despite my beer and nicotine deprivation.

The picture opposite my bed probably mirroring my feelings "a JOURNEY of a thousand miles begins with a single step (Lao-Tzu)

Day 4

I am living a mixture of Ground Hog Day and Cell Block H. Actually, it's not that bad - each day the on line bridge is different as is the tennis and this morning the sun is trying to break through for the first time since I arrived. I think this is celebrating my Day 2 negative Covid Test result that arrived late yesterday evening - Yay.

(I Self-administered my Covid test with a determination that would have made Sister Marius proud, I think I did actually manage to reach my brain cells with the overgrown ear bud, with eye watering effect.)

So what have I learnt: (quite a number of things really)

1. There is an inch high step into my bathroom and for the first couple of days I crash landed onto the loo. Yesterday I discovered a bruise on my right elbow which can only be from this sole source of tripping. I have now learnt to pick my feet up.
2. A knock on the door signals the three times daily arrival of your meals. In the beginning I would open the door, with people needy zealous, but realised this didn't allow the porter any time to flee from my leper status. I now shout "Thank you" from the inner sanctum and wait for the retracting footsteps.
3. Breakfast and lunch come with a plastic knife, fork and teaspoon. The first time I got soup for lunch, I painstakingly endeavoured with the tiny plastic spoon. Realising that my lukewarm soup would be stone cold before I even got halfway, and as no one could see me, I simply slurped the rest straight from the bowl. My fellow inmates (at cigarette walking time) gave me a great tip - keep your metal cutlery from your evening meal. Now I eat my soup with manners more in keeping with Mother's approval.
4. I quickly learnt to buck the twice daily walks. The security guards change their 12-hour shift at 7:30. So I walk my cigarette twice with the one set of security and twice with the other set (I am sure they are fully aware of the situation as there are registers - but I like to think I am being a smart arse). Most people take their walks very seriously and are intent on getting their 10,000 steps - I am working solely on getting 10,000 puffs.

That's all for now - my cigarettes are barking at me to go for a walk.

Day 7 and three quarters

this is starting to sound a bit like the diary of Adrian Mole...

I must say that I am extremely grateful for the daily online bridge games and Wimbledon that I can watch guilt free, as my job jar is just a jar. Today is Sunday and due to insufficient rain, there are no catch up matches and this afternoon and evening seemed to be filled with additional empty hours.

Day 5 was awesome, my very special brother arrived with a suitcase laden mostly with beer - yay bootcamp is over. (Move over bottles of water, the previous sole contents of my fridge).

I made sure I was downstairs "walking my ciggies" for Bruce's arrival, as it can take half an hour or more to get escorted downstairs. Bruce wasn't allowed into the hotel or to join me in the "walking" carpark at the rear of the hotel. They kindly let me stand on the edge of the carpet (no chalk dust please) near the lifts and held the glass front door of the hotel open so we could see each other slightly better. We chatted on the phone as we couldn't hear each other over the 30-40m distance between us. The lump in my throat converted to tears - this was a real case of so close but way too far. I waited until the evening until Bruce and I Facetimed to crack open my first much appreciated beer.

In South Africa, I had proudly designed and made a camping set-up in the rear of my Ford Ranger and am possibly planning to do something similar in a transit van here. Without a tape measure, I have paced out the length and width of the various hire car transit vans in our car park with my trainers. I marked the height off the ground using a soil mark on my jeans and height of the vehicle with a finger line in the dust on the paintwork, so as to get the interior height. I am sure my suspicious looking interest in the vehicles befits my perceived current criminal like status. The measurements have been transferred to paper using the salt and pepper sachets that accompany my calorie laden meals. (Another content of Bruce's suitcase was "screwy pepper" (Stowell name for pepper mill) - what a luxury). I have used my trainers to measure an acceptable bed size and size for a toilet/shower. Using the scissors I packed into my main luggage (recommended by a friend who has recently endured this ordeal), I have cut out paper shapes (from the rules printed pages and pages of paper) and am happily designing away.

I have to confess that my isolation manners have become socially unacceptable. Despite my earlier attempts to eat my soup properly, I have just reverted to drinking it straight from the bowl - it's just more efficient. To counter this, I do actually dress up to go outside as I do put on my "over shoulder boulder holder", that otherwise lays idle on the chair!!

I normally fall asleep at the drop of a hat (or quicker), but as my bed doubles as a couch, I am now displaying near narcoleptic symptoms, so trying to sleep at night time has become unusually difficult for me. Tonight I went out at 11:30pm (to avoid the midnight departure rush for the security guards, for those inmates on their last night). To my horror I discovered that some of my "buddies" were in the smoking area as they still hadn't received their Day 8 test Covid test results back and weren't allowed to leave. I felt so absolutely gutted for them and transferred this onto how I would feel if this happened to me in a few days' time.

I arrived here with a tank full of acceptance and patience but am definitely starting to feel the "wearing thin" factor (the only thing that currently has "thin" implications).

Day 8

8am-ish ciggy (before online bridge at 9 am) and one of my buddies that should have left last night is still smoking (in both senses of the word). His phone is permanently glued to his ear as he tries to get his test results from the NHS. My heart is absolutely broken for him, and he only lives a couple of miles away.

Breakfast didn't arrive and I had to call room service. Wow a different button to press on the phone - I am so adventurous! I think that my excessive calorie intake has become visible. This is coupled with the proof that my lunch time "can of pop" that used to be Pepsi is now Diet-Pepsi and lunch didn't arrive either.

I self-administered my Day 8 and final Covid test during bridge. I think I have become a bit of a pro at this now, although not as swift with assembling the flat pack box that you have to put it into.

In my striving to be a "smart arse", I took a photo of the NHS online barcode registration confirmation of my Covid test to try to avoid any possible delay in my departure on Thursday morning.

"The Complainers", a couple from Turkey who endeavour to find fault in everything, outsmarted me - they took a photo of the parcel tracking number on the outside of the flatpack box too. That was definitely a smart thing to do.

Going outside is definitely a "when you want to" activity and the perceived initial strict 2 x 15 minute breaks are just a non-executed item in the rule's pages and pages and pages. Actually the guards are really friendly and enjoy travelling up and down in the lifts and chatting to their inmates as it gives them something to do.

Anyway that's all for now as I crack a beer and munch on some chilli biltong, courtesy of my legendary brother. Happy days

Day 9

3:20 am and I rolled over in bed with my frustrating new inability to "sleep like the dead". With one eye slightly open, I noticed an email notification on my phone. With two eyes open I read the joyous email that my second and final Covid test was negative. I am going to be FREE. The email had arrived at 1:00 am. OMG this is truly Christmas in July and I am spared the excruciating wait for the results that had delayed the scheduled departure for 97 of my fellow inmates yesterday (Official stats from the "Complainers")

I am now a confirmed NON-leper and NON-criminal, and all I want to do is show my Cheshire Cat smile without a mask. I also feel "clean" enough to escort myself outside without the over 1-hour excruciating wait I endured this morning to go for a celebratory infect of my lungs with something other than Covid.

If I thought my patience was wearing thin 2 days ago - my patience has now become anorexic.

Day 11 - FREEDOM DAY

Bruce is coming to collect me at 11am. Thankfully Mum has organised Bridge to start at 8am.

I knew this morning's hours would feel like days.

Before bridge and per "the rules", I stripped my "infected" sheets and put them into the provided bags. This was definitely "rule follow" time, as I didn't want anything to jeopardise my exit from my non window opening room.

(I did change my sheets half way through my "holiday" and made a very easy decision that becoming a chamber maid would NOT be one of my many varied desired career change decisions).

All in all this was "A short walk to freedom".

Karen Stowell - July 2021

Karen is alive and well and living in London.

Her mother is living at No 56!

Her cigarettes have taken on a new meaning
in her life, and look forward to regular walks
in the open air.



Scam Alert

The Insurance Crime Bureau (ICB) has recently issued a vehicle recall scam alert following a resurgence in the number of cases, while blue light hijackings are also on the rise again in South Africa, with Dialdirect Insurance urging vehicle owners to be vigilant.

"Criminals execute a recall scam by contacting unsuspecting vehicle owners while posing as officials representing a car manufacturer. They convince the owners that their vehicle is part of a batch being recalled due to some or other malfunction or mechanical issue," said Anneli Retief, head of Dialdirect Insurance.

"With the promise of a repaired or replacement vehicle, many people buy into this scam and end up losing tens, or even hundreds of thousands of rands."

The ICB said that initial contact is normally made telephonically, where a criminal posing as an official informs victims that their vehicle is being recalled.

This is often followed up with a spoof e-mail to make arrangements to collect the vehicle with a tow truck. Several days later, the owner would typically phone the dealership for an update, only to discover that the vehicle has in fact been stolen.

Dialdirect and the ICB offer the following tips to avoid becoming a victim:

- Limit the amount of personal information you share on social media and telephonically. Criminals use this to build a detailed profile of their victims.
- Be vigilant and maintain a healthy sense of scepticism when talking to strangers. Make every effort to verify that they are indeed who they say they are and that they are an employee of the company they claim to represent.
- Check with the manufacturer and/or dealership directly to verify that the recall is legitimate. Don't trust the contact details provided by the person who called you.
- It is very unlikely that the manufacturer will send a tow truck to collect your vehicle - in most cases, they will expect you to bring your vehicle to them.
- Report any suspicious calls to the authorities, the manufacturer and/or the dealership.

Recall scams aside, Dialdirect, through its claims data, said it has also noticed that that higher value vehicles in South Africa are being targeted in hijackings.

"This spike in high-value vehicle hijackings over the last three months is largely attributed to syndicate operations using the blue light robbery technique," said Retief.

What is the blue light robbery technique?

This refers to a modus operandi where criminals impersonate law enforcement officials to commit hijackings - a method otherwise known as blue light robberies.

If you are in such a situation, where an unmarked vehicle with a flashing blue light is trying to force you to pull over, you should immediately switch on your emergency or hazard lights to acknowledge the person trying to pull you over, indicate that they should follow you and drive to the nearest police station or a busy public area.

What to do following the theft of your vehicle

- If you have a vehicle-tracking device installed, immediately call your tracking company to report the theft.
- Report it to the SAPS and file a stolen vehicle report within 48 hours.
- Make sure you have the vehicle details: model, colour, vehicle identification, and registration numbers, etc. available to assist with the identification and recovery of the vehicle.
- Report your claim to your insurance company. If your vehicle is stolen after hours, call your insurance company on the next working day.

"Covid-19 lockdown regulations seem to have done little in the way of curbing vehicle theft, with the South African Police Services reporting 4,513 carjackings in the first quarter of this year - an increase of 4.9% compared to the first quarter of 2020.

"Always be alert, don't trust too easily, and always remember that your life is more valuable than your possessions," said Retief.

Six strange Olympic facts

Even if you don't care much about sports, there's something magical about the Olympics: athletes train for years to give their all and deliver the performance of a lifetime — often within a few seconds. These weird Olympic facts could help you appreciate this year's very unusual Olympics.

1 In ancient Greece, where the Olympics were born, Olympic athletes competed naked.

2 Back then, the games lasted five or six months.

3 Women have only been allowed to compete in the Olympics since 1900.

4 From 1912 to 1948, artists participated in the Olympics: painters, sculptors, architects, writers and musicians competed for medals in their respective fields.

5 The following sports are no longer part of the Olympics: solo synchronised swimming, tug of war, rope climbing, hot-air ballooning, duelling pistol, tandem bicycle, swimming obstacle race, and plunge for distance. Luckily,

live pigeon shooting was a one-shot and only part of the 1900 Olympics in Paris.

6 During the 1936 Berlin Games, two Japanese pole-vaulters tied for second place. Instead of competing again, they cut the silver and bronze medals in half and fused the two different halves together so that each of them had a half-silver and half-bronze medal. Source: ef.com



Our Fairy popped up from nowhere.

Now we all know that fairies live at the bottom of the garden, our one has broken cover and is hovering out there somewhere



I have now been vaccinated twice, much against my will. I changed my mind when it was pointed out to me that I was being selfish and only thinking of myself. I must say I was most impressed with the way everything was handled & was very proud of Evergreen.

Now, I have a little story to tell you. When in the Kruger Park I met a lady and her husband who told me how they knew a man who could ease my pain as he had worked miracles with her when she had a horrendous motor accident and also another time when she fell off her horse. How many times have I heard about these wonderful people who can 'cure' me?? I have learned to just smile, ooh and aah at the appropriate places and sometimes even give it a try, something I seldom do.....however, I had been in quite a bit of pain so I weakened and phoned him. The good thing was he would come to my house.

He arrived carrying his heavy massage bed which has one of those holes you can put your nose and mouth in so you can lie on your stomach comfortably and breathe at the same time,

He "made" the bed and I was told to strip down to my knickers (always a bad moment for me these days) and to lie face down on the bed. He then massaged me for TWO HOURS!! I have never had such a long massage ever. He said that my sciatic nerves had slipped and that was causing me all the pain. He found the wrongly placed nerve by poking his finger hard into and thru all the layers of Oedipus tissue (don't look that up as I have spelt the first word wrong but it sounds like that!) and asked if it was sore. It wasn't. He then repeated the process in different places lower down my butt. When he pressed in one particular place, I nearly took off. That is where the errant sciatic nerve had slipped to!! He then pummelled, pulled and cajoled the nerve to get to the correct position, never once hurting me, and I kid you not, it did move!! That was the first day's treatment. These treatments should be fairly close together so the next time I could see him was three days later.

As a side story to my tale, for a little while now, I have had trouble with my lower denture which I had to get to replace 4 teeth. It was getting loose and had started falling out whenever I ate things like chocolate or peanut butter but as I don't eat those things daily, I thought I'd see my dentist when I got back from the Park. Which I did and he fixed it there and then. Relieved that I wouldn't have to live without my denture for days while he sent it "away", I skipped off home.

When I had my 2nd treatment with Drew the masseuse guy and I was lying on the bed with my face jammed into the "breathing hole" when I laughed at something and OMG! My loose denture fell through the hole onto the floor!!! I couldn't get up so just had to lie there looking at the offending damned denture and watch Bob who had been lying asleep, get up and amble over to the teeth. Oh good grief! I thought, having visions of my Pekinese picking them up and walking round the house with my teeth in his mouth!! By this time my stomach was in a knot of nerves, my mouth was dry and I had developed a throbbing headache. I saw with great relief that Bob merely sniffed at the teeth and wandered off.

This happened towards the end of my massage but I was so relieved that I was quite relaxed about the teeth. I had also been watching Drew's feet to see if they would come anyway near but all was OK. Then it was time for me to get up. Luckily he goes out of the room while this happens so I was able to put my foot over the denture & pull it towards me so I could pick it up, can you imagine what he would have thought and said if they had rolled into his view!!!!—

Anyway I washed them off, stuck them in my mouth and walked out of the bedroom, head held high.

Bye for now from The Village Fairy.





Emergency Numbers

Other than the Telecare unit which is to be used for personal emergencies whilst in the unit.

Reception desk -	087 809 3366
Guardhouse - (Thorburn Security) -	071 173 2406
Care Centre - (Unique Health) -	011 568 4307

It is advisable for the residents to store these telephone numbers in their cellphones in case of need.

It will help if you enter these and your local relatives as ICE (In Case of Emergency). This is the first place emergency response personnel look for when trying to contact your carers etc.

So for an example the entry : 'ICE Daughter 084 123 4567' would be found very quickly if you are not able to tell them.

Remember to wear your Buddy Band at all times and your emergency button (it is waterproof)

Judy Stuart at No 87 is taking cash donations to Sally Branson's Fund

Please call by after 10.00 any morning.

Remember EFT's can be made to the ResCom bank account

FNB Account No 6284 760 6037

Can we help ??...
Have we got what you want??.

1x HP Black Ink Cartridge - OFFICEJET 901 available from Atholie Preacher, Unit 24, phone ext 1024.

I am keen on trying to enhance the ambiance in the Bistro on a Wednesday night. I wonder if anybody has surplus bedside, table or standard lamps we could use?

I have 4 so far, that's enough to experiment with, but just remember me when you are clearing out those voluminous cupboards!

Talking of clearing out cupboards, Tess Sleigh at No 68 knows a lady who buys anything and everything. She would like to come to the Village on a convenient day and collect whatever you have. Please contact Tess on Ext 1068 or 082 801 6543.

Remember that Rentia, the manager of Agora BP Garage at Fourways Gardens will renew your car licence as well as arranging drivers licence renewals. I took in my last years license papers, and a copy of my ID. Two days later I got a call to come and fetch the new disc and pay R150.

Luvuyo Memani, one of our duty managers team, is keen to buy a second hand flat screen TV. Please give him a call on Ext 1200 or 073 067 7910



Rainfall Report for July 2021

Nothing to report for this month, and we are unlikely to see much change until September.

Fortunately, total dam levels across the country continue to show an appreciable improvement over the same week last year (83% vs 69%), although the Eastern Cape continues to experience extreme difficulties.

This data as at 20 July 2021. Feel free to peruse the website sawx.co.za/state-of-dams for this and much more weather related info.

The drive to conserve water remains a national imperative however as the low-rainfall months are with us.

Rainfall in mm for 2020/2021

Aug 2020	0.0
Sep 2020	5.0
Oct 2020	21.8
Nov 2020	211.9
Dec 2020	107.5
Jan 2021	153.5
Feb 2021	165.6
Mar 2021	64.9
Apr 2021	28.1
May 2021	29.5
Jun 2021	0.8
Jul 2021	0.0

12 Months 788.6 mm

Rainfall for July over the years

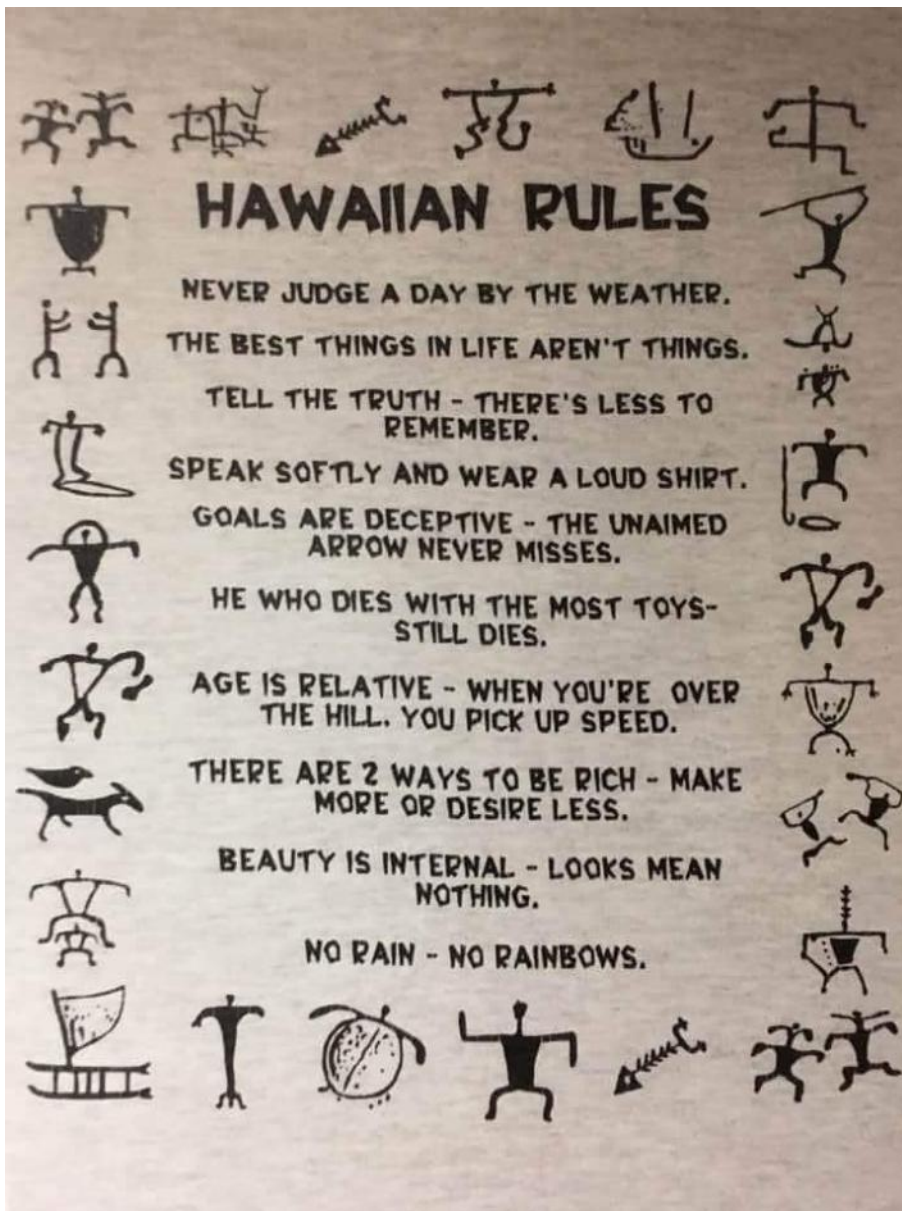
2013	0.0
2014	3.5
2015	6.0
2016	12.5
2017	1.0
2018	1.0
2019	0.0
2020	0.0
2021	0.0

Average for July since 2013 is 2.7mm

Just Like That.....

acyrologia

An incorrect use of words - particulately replacing one word with another word that sounds similar but has a diffident meaning - possibly fuelled by a deep-seeded desire to sound more educated, witch results in an attempt to pawn off an incorrect word in place of a correct one. In academia, such flaunting of common social morays is seen as almost sorted and might result in the offender becoming a piranha, in the Monday world, after all is set and done, such a miner era will often leave normal people unphased. This is just as well sense people of that elk are unlikely to tow the line irregardless of any attempt to better educate them. A small percentage, however, suffer from severe acyrologiaphobia, and it is their utmost desire to see English used properly. Exposure may cause them symptoms that may resemble post-dramatic stress disorder and, eventually, descend into whole-scale outrage as they go star-craving mad. Eventually, they will succumb to the stings and arrows of such a barrage, and suffer a complete metal breakdown, leaving them curled up in the feeble position.



FIVE BEST SENTENCES

1. You cannot legislate the poor into prosperity, by legislating the wealthy out of prosperity.

2. What one person receives without working for, another person must work for without receiving.

3. The government cannot give to anybody anything that the government does not first take from somebody else.

4. You cannot multiply wealth by dividing it.

5. When half of the people get the idea that they do not have to work, because the other half is going to take care of them, and when the other half gets the idea that it does no good to work, because somebody else is going to get what they work for, that is the beginning of the end of any nation!

Can you think of a reason for not sharing this?

Neither could I.

Why are rioters and looters not responsible for their actions. But I'm responsible for things people did 200 years ago?



Side entry garage

Interesting bit for English lovers

Once Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar jokingly asked Madhusudhan Dutt, "As you are a Master in English, can you make a sentence without using a single 'e'?"

Dutt, the genius, wrote this...

"I doubt I can. It's a major part of many many words. Omitting it is as hard as making muffins without flour. It's as hard as spitting without saliva, napping without a pillow, driving a train without tracks, sailing to Russia without a boat, washing your hands without soap. And, anyway, what would I gain? An award? A cash bonus? Bragging rights? Why should I strain my brain? It's not worth it."

Some people have the lowest stress rate because they do not understand the seriousness of most medical terminology...

Artery : The study of paintings
Bacteria : Back door to cafeteria
Barium : What doctors do when patients die
Benign : What you be, after you be eight
Caesarean Section : A neighborhood in Rome
Cat scan : Searching for Kitty
Cauterize : Made eye contact with her
Coma : A punctuation mark
Dilate : To live long
Enema : Not a friend
Fester : Quicker than someone else
Fibula : A small lie
Impotent : Distinguished, well known
Labor Pain : Getting hurt at work
Morbid : A higher offer
Nitrates : Rates of Pay for Working at Night,
Node : I knew it
Outpatient : A person who has fainted
Pelvis : Second cousin to Elvis
Secretion : Hiding something
Seizure : Roman Emperor
Tablet : A small table
Terminal Illness : Getting sick at the airport
Tumor : One plus one more
Urine : Opposite of you're out

When you are bored just think about a few things that don't make sense ...like ;

1. If poison expires, is it more poisonous or is it no longer poisonous?
2. Which letter is silent in the word "Scent," the S or the C?
3. Do twins ever realize that one of them is unplanned?
4. Why is the letter W, in English, called double U? Shouldn't it be called double V?
5. Maybe oxygen is slowly killing you and It just takes 75-100 years to fully work.
6. Every time you clean something, you just make something else dirty.
7. The word "swims" upside-down is still "swims"
8. 100 years ago everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars. Today everyone has cars and only the rich own horses.

\$ Great confusions still unresolved

1. At a movie theatre, which arm rest is yours?
2. If people evolve from monkeys, why are monkeys still around?
3. Why is there a 'D' in fridge, but not in refrigerator?
4. Who knew what time it was when the first clock was made?

Vagaries of English Language!

- Wonder why the word funeral starts with FUN?
 - Why isn't a Fireman called a Water-man?
 - How come Lipstick doesn't do what it says?
 - If money doesn't grow on trees, how come Banks have Branches?
 - If a Vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a Humanitarian eat?
 - How do you get off a non-stop Flight?
 - Why are goods sent by ship called CARGO and those sent by truck SHIPMENT?
 - Why do we put cups in the dishwasher and the dishes in the Cupboard?
 - Why do doctors 'practice' medicine? Are they having practice at the cost of the patients?
 - Why is it called 'Rush Hour' when traffic moves at its slowest then?
 - How come Noses run and Feet smell?
 - Why do they call it a TV 'set' when there is only one?
 - What are you vacating when you go on a vacation?
- We can never find the answers, can we?

Barely the day started and... it's already six in the evening.
Barely arrived on Monday and it's already Friday.
... and the month is already over.
... and the year is almost over.
... and already 40, 50 or 60 years of our lives have passed.
... and we realize that we lost our parents, friends.
and we realize it's too late to go back...
So... Let's try, despite everything, to enjoy the remaining time...
Let's keep looking for activities that we like...
Let's put some color in our grey...
Let's smile at the little things in life that put balm in our hearts.
And despite everything, we must continue to enjoy with serenity this time we have left. Let's try to eliminate the afters...
I'm doing it after...
I'll say after...
I'll think about it after...
We leave everything for later like " after " is ours.
Because what we don't understand is that:
Afterwards, the coffee gets cold...
afterwards, priorities change...
Afterwards, the charm is broken...
afterwards, health passes...
Afterwards, the kids grow up...
Afterwards parents get old...
Afterwards, promises are forgotten...
afterwards, the day becomes the night...
afterwards life ends...
And then it's often too late....
So... Let's leave nothing for later...
Because still waiting see you later, we can lose the best moments,
the best experiences,
best friends,
the best family...
The day is today... The moment is now...

We are no longer at the age where we can afford to postpone what needs to be done right away.
So let's see if you have time to read this message and then share it.
Or maybe you'll leave it for... " later " ...
And you'll never share it....