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Why I will move to Hartrigg Oaks **Edith Jayne**



Several people have asked why move so far away. I wish heartily that a retirement community like Hartrigg Oaks was available much nearer London. But it isn't. Or that OWCH might have happened faster. But it hasn't. I want to stay nearer family and friends but I also want to feel less lonely and have more available help should I need it.

Living alone is not my preferred state - I do find it hard - I always have done. I am by nature a communal beast who flourishes in family/group settings. I loved University because there were others to share things with, academic settings with Common Rooms and this is one of the many attractions of Hartrigg Oaks. I am a joiner - I like my Growing Old Disgracefully buddies and I enjoy a network of Quaker Friends who I can share joys with as well as sorrows. But many of these are not close by and require ringing and arranging - they are not available for casual contact.

I think courage comes into it too. I have had my share of challenging

circumstances - significantly losing everything, as a child, and having to flee when Hitler annexed Austria which I'm sure still has some echoes, leaving certain basic insecurities. The move from the U.S. to Europe in 1966, with young children and being on my own in a foreign country, not speaking the language, and no support network whatsoever, was one that tested me beyond endurance, surely reactivating some of the above. I simply couldn't cope and thankfully the company agreed we move to London or I would have gone back to the USA with the boys. In London we did get a network of friends and good schools. Sadly there followed the breakdown of my marriage which was incredibly hard. I felt so isolated with family thousands of miles away and no visible means of supporting myself/the children as, at that time, I had no job. It was an exceedingly scary experience.

Remarriage had its joys but also problems and there were some bleak times with family discord, and a few years later the debacle of our restaurant failure. I nearly went under at that time. Thankfully our GP arranged really useful counselling support that eventually allayed the panic attacks and difficulties in sustaining work. As the sole breadwinner that was a lifeline we needed to maintain. Moving, remortgaging, paying off the monies lost etc. took another toll on my store of courage. I took on the Open University job to do some of this but that meant I was doing a part-time as well as a full time job (and continued that for the next 17 years), sapping some emotional energy along the way.



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I do wonder if, like human eggs, we are born with a certain limited supply, in this case of courage, but it is finite. And I'd used up quite a bit by then...

The move to Devon was equally stretching as neither of our jobs panned out as planned.

Then there was the blow of Terry's declining health, taking on his business as well as my own full and part-time jobs and caring for a dying husband. A great chunk of the courage store was used up on all that. Bereavement is another quite testing process. Doing everything on my own seemed to take much more effort.

Moving to Hampton Wick was wonderful. There was also the readjustment of retirement (at least partial as I continued with the O.U. part-time for a few more years) – how to structure my time/day and to find meaning in living. Old friends were invaluable here and new ones for companionship and sharing of pleasures and joys.

I love joint experiences and insist my younger son does not bring a present but that we do something together - cinema, play, meal out, sightseeing etc., to echo my early family experience. And I try too to 'do' something with my granddaughter and step-grandchildren.

Two of my friends had serious illnesses and died being mostly alone and in the hands of carers. I dread that happening to me. I suppose too I don't really want to impose on family the care of a really needy, frail, sick or dying parent after the experience of Terry's last five months.

I certainly have no intention of copping it yet and, despite problems with mobility and back pain, I am recovering from my back operation. I hope I have a good 15 years more of life ahead. I still plan to come down to London for a 'fix' of theatre visits and museum visits but, on a day-to-day basis, Hartrigg Oaks will make life easier to manage. There are mobility buggies galore to borrow or rent/buy and I can scoot to the local swimming baths, there's a gym on site and hydrotherapy pool. There are some 35 + U3A type classes that meet on site (German conversation, photography, local history being three with immediate appeal) and there's a mini bus to ferry us to the theatre.

There's also the comprehensive care that all of the residents are entitled to, a common room to sit and read papers and see others, a canteen should I not feel like cooking, and a place to have communal dining if I'm not visiting family at Christmas time for instance.

I may be mistaken (hopefully not) but I feel I will be less lonely and more supported there and I do feel I haven't the courage I once had to battle on alone. I'm looking forward to living in a community of like-minded people.



Goodbye, Edith, and good luck!



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Information from Money Saving Expert website

This article is about spam text messages on your mobile phone.

These can cost you money (sometimes a lot) without you realising, so here's how to deal with them. If you don't know who the message is from **BEWARE, it's probably SPAM!**

What type of text is it?

In the world of spam texts there are three main types of message, and how you deal with each type is totally different.



Legitimate Marketing Messages

These messages should include the name and contact details of the sender. You will usually have given consent for them to be sent, though possibly unknowingly.

How to spot them: Firms will identify themselves within the body of text or in the sent-from number (this will show as text). If they don't do this, it's breaking regulations and can be considered spam.

How to stop them The first port of call is to text STOP. Firms are legally obliged to pay attention to this. However, make sure you are 100% certain that the message is legitimate otherwise you may get even more spam.

If that doesn't work try the website of the company named in the message, where you should be able to find an option to opt out of

receiving their texts. If not, phone the company and request it stops.

If that doesn't work, complain to the Information Commissioner who can punish the firm with fines. To complain to the ICO you can...

Phone their helpline 0303 123 1113

E-mail casework@ico.gsi.gov.uk **them**

By post to: *First Contact Team, Information Commissioner's Office, Wycliffe House, Water Lane, Wilmslow, SK9 5AF*

Premium Messages



These are sometimes called 'reversed billed' messages. It's where you get charged for receiving a text to your phone and is becoming more and more common - normally for subscription services such as ringtones, or weather/news updates. Often you will have signed up for these services in the past, but subsequently forgotten or not cancelled. The cost can run into £100s, so act quick to avoid paying a fortune.

Again these are services you have agreed to get (though you may be unaware that by buying a ringtone or service on your mobile you're getting a regular, charged text).

How to spot them: It will be from a four, five or six digit number



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and will bill you for receiving the message.

How to stop them?



Reply STOP or STOP ALL, in order to block future messages from that company. This should work, but if the messages keep coming get in touch with your network provider ie, O2, Vodafone etc and ask them to stop the messages.

If this fails and you're still tearing your hair out, the final stage is to get in touch with [PhonePayPlus](#), the premium rate regulator who will investigate your complaint.

Spam Texts



Never reply

How to spot them: They usually come from an 11 digit mobile number, and the company isn't usually identified. They are trying to entice you to reply.

Spam Texts:

These are messages that you've never asked for and don't want. It's likely to be generic, not targeting you personally, though with the more sophisticated ones that can happen. Spam texts usually offer to help you reclaim PPI, write off your debts, or make a personal injury claim following an accident (which you may or may not have been involved in).

Increasingly common, these messages are sent by computers to masses of randomly generated numbers. They use multiple pay as you go sim cards which will often only be active for a week or two. It's a scam aiming to obtain genuine personal details. The GOLDEN rule is...

**Do NOT reply, at all, ever -
do NOT text STOP!**

These texts WANT any response, as it confirms you are a real person and not an unused mobile number. Some even try to trick you by saying 'Text stop to be removed from the mailing list'. IGNORE THIS! (though of course it can be difficult to split the legit from not).

Any numbers that are confirmed are likely to be sold on to injury claim specialists, PPI reclaiming firms or other unscrupulous marketers who may further spam you with unsolicited calls and texts.

<http://www.moneysavingexpert.com/phones/s-top-spam-texts#marketing>

**“Remember that wherever
your heart is
there you will find your
treasure.”**

~ Paulo Coelho



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Older women inspire me Blog by Carol 45

It's amazing how your perspective changes as you get older, the things you realize. I remember when I was a child, my mother, grandmother, older aunts, were just there. I didn't think of them as having thoughts, feelings, insecurities like I did. They were old, they were just there. It was almost as if I thought they existed just to be my mother, grandmother, aunt, etc, as if, outside of me, they didn't have a life or interests. They were old, they could not possibly understand anything about me, my friends, my life.

Now that I'm older, I realize these women I have loved as if they were part of the furniture actually had feelings, wants, desires, and those things had nothing to do with me! How could that be? I was sure I was the centre of the universe when I was younger and I didn't believe they had a single thought that didn't have to do with me?

Lately two women have been inspirational to me. They have reminded me that I can still be something else when I grow up, or grow into the woman I will be. They have reminded me, at a time when I'm feeling like a middle aged adolescent, that I still have more and more and more to give, learn and be.

I follow the first of them, Ivy, on Twitter; she is 104 and still tweets! She updates us on her life, the staff, TV shows they watch and what the other women think and feel. Did I mention she is 104? I love her, she is very optimistic and upbeat - just getting a tweet from her makes me smile. She has seen so much in 104

years and adapted, she twitters for heaven's sake!



My second inspiration is 107 year old Wook Kundor from Kuala Lumpur who is divorcing her 37 year old 22nd husband, and has her eye on a 50 yr old that she would like to make husband 23. I say, you go girl!



These women inspire me to take charge of my life, keep learning new things, live large and set my sights on what I want and go for it.

By the way, I wonder if that beautiful boy from Enfield would like to be husband number 4 for me? I have quite a bit of catching up to do!

**“No one grows old by living
only by losing interest in living.”**

~ Marie Beynon Ray

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The Rescuing Hug



This is a picture from an article called "The Rescuing Hug" which details the first week of life of a set of twins, Kyrie (red dot) and Brielle (blue dot).

Apparently, each were in their respective incubators, and one was not expected to live. A hospital nurse fought against the hospital rules and placed the babies in one incubator. When they were placed together, the healthier of the two threw an arm over her sister in an endearing embrace. The smaller baby's heart rate stabilized and her temperature rose to normal.

They both survived, and are thriving. Let us not forget to embrace those whom we love and never underestimate the power of a hug!

**Our power is virtually limitless
when we fuel our intentions with
heart-based emotions
Hug someone today !**

This story was published in Worcester Telegram & Gazette (November 18, 1995), Life Magazine (June 1996 - Page 18) and Reader's Digest (May 1996 Pages 155-156)

The Saturday Walkers Club

The Saturday Walkers Club (SWC) is a London and Southeast England based walking group.

The club organises several walks each week in South East England, about an hour by train from central London. The walks are public transport friendly (but you are welcome to drive), and stop at a pub for lunch (but you are welcome to bring a picnic).

All club walks are free, and everybody is welcome. Just turn up!

As the walks have leaderless, they ask that you bring a copy of the route - either the appropriate Time Out book or a printout. The club is creating new walks, over 80 so far, which you can download and print.

The walks:

- are public transport friendly – they start and finish at train stations about an hour from London
- pass through glorious countryside, with historic sites and fine views.
- stop at country pubs for lunch and finish at places for tea or a drink afterwards.

Most of the walks contain detailed walking instruction, no map required. A few however, do require an OS map, but there are links to websites where OS maps can be printed for free."

More information from:

<http://www.walkingclub.org.uk>

By Dominic Hughes Health correspondent, BBC News

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People over 65 should drink less, a report says

Reports Health correspondent, BBC News, **Dominic Hughes**

The Royal College of Psychiatrists says people over 65 should drink a maximum of only 1.5 units of alcohol a day. That is the equivalent of just over about half a pint of beer or a small glass of wine.

The report says older drinkers are less able to process alcohol and the drink might also interact with medication they may be taking for other ailments.

'Unbelievable'

But there has been an angry reaction from many older people to the suggestion that they should cut down on their drinking.

Saga magazine editor Emma Soames described the recommendations as "unbelievable".



silver threads amongst the gold

this week I note atop my head
pale hairs amongst the erstwhile
ginger and I reach for the
bottles - peroxide and gin-
in equal quantities
taken externally and
internally upon demand

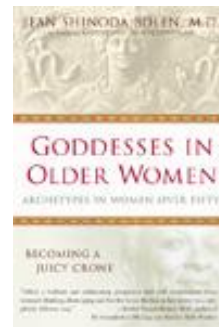
afforded without
question acquired with
discretion anointed with
affection
to surprise myself

Astra

Goddesses in Older Women

Archetypes in Women over Fifty

By **Jean Shinoda Bolen, M.D.**



At some point after fifty, every woman crosses a threshold into the third phase of her life. As she enters this uncharted territory -- one that is generally uncelebrated in popular culture -- she can choose to mourn what has gone before, or she can embrace the juicy-crone years.

In this celebration of Act Three, Jean Shinoda Bolen, Jungian analyst and bestselling author of *Goddesses in Everywoman*, names the powerful new energies and potentials -- or archetypes -- that come into the psyche at this momentous time, suggesting that women getting older have profound and exciting reasons for welcoming the other side of fifty.



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Results of the Newsletter Questionnaire

Thank you for taking the time to respond to the questionnaire. It was very helpful to your editors.

Most people read the Newsletter immediately or shortly after receiving it. A few never quite finish the Newsletter. About the same number of people have contributed to the Newsletter in the last two years as have never contributed. Almost everyone finds the Newsletter useful or interesting. Several people give feedback to contributors when they have enjoyed articles. Most people would like to receive the Newsletter 4 times a year.

10 people indicated that they would like to contribute to the Newsletter (*and we'd love to hear from you!!! Eds!*)

Some enjoyed everything in the Newsletter, but articles particularly noted were:

Maria's articles	Information eg dementia statistics
Rachel's interview	Feedback re co-housing elsewhere
Hilary's travels	Sheila's write up of a walk
Fun articles	Members' life stories
Photographs	

The following were offered for the Newsletter

To interview someone	Book review
Occasional contributions	Up-dated health issues

People wanted more of:

- ❖ Current news and updates giving details of design, planning, finances, legal decisions and decisions made by OWCH Barnet
- ❖ Cartoons
- ❖ Articles that would be helpful to us
- ❖ Reports on other people's experiences good/bad that might be helpful/in an advisory capacity
- ❖ Recipes
- ❖ News of other co housing schemes in UK – how they are getting on, any problems they have encountered
- ❖ In-depth interviews with members and people's news
- ❖ Personal reminiscences or private passions described
- ❖ Book recommendations

Two people wanted less of general chat/jokes, etc. – feeling that the Newsletter should always be group focused

THANK YOU everyone... We hope you enjoy this edition!



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Hilary's Adventure, Part 3

Kathy and I had discussed via e-mail what we wanted to do on our holiday and one of the things was to relax but neither of us wanted a beach holiday. Un-touristy Laos seemed like a good choice and the world Heritage town of Luang Prabang sounded perfect. Stepping out from the plane into the lush green mountain scenery and fresh air confirmed we had made the right choice.

Tuk tuks waited to ferry us to our hotels. I had chosen a quiet hotel five minutes walk from the centre of town, with a view of Mount Pho, which used a proportion of the money we paid for the room to support a local children's charity (there's a website for ethical hotels). The hotel proved to be clean and comfortable; however I would have described Mount Pho as "the hill" opposite! Em, the sister of one of Kathy's friends, worked in Luang Prabang so we phoned her and arranged to meet in the evening before walking into town.

The old town of Luang Prabang is bordered by the river Mekong on one side and a smaller river on the other which has protected it from overdevelopment. The newer and less interesting part is hidden across the river. The centre of town was enchanting, an interesting mix of French colonial and wooden Laos houses. The shops sold beautiful silk woven scarves, fabrics and other locally made artefacts. No touristic tat here. The town has 80 Buddhist Sanghas where, by tradition, every Lao boy has to spend some time as a monk. It used to be three years but

now can be as little as three weeks. However we met many young men who had spent 8 to 10 years as monks before leaving to marry and have families. Certainly it makes for a laid-back, less macho society.

Em's home was a traditional wooden Laos house built on stilts to keep it cool and situated on high ground overlooking the Mekong River. The house had few walls and was open to the elements but sheltered by an overhanging roof. Despite the humidity, the wind blew through it and we sat very comfortably drinking wine and watching the sun set behind the lush forest while Em told us stories of Laos and where to visit. Midway through a story someone said "geck-o" twice very loudly. Kathy and I were startled but Em laughed and said that it was a large gecko that lived in her rafters. She showed us where it hid behind a wooden post by an electric light so it could shoot its tongue out to catch unwary moths and flies. In the shadows we could see its bulging eyes staring at us and just make out its foot-long mottled body. Unlike the small geckoes it was afraid of us so it wouldn't come out into full view. Now I know how geckoes were named!

On the way back to the hotel we stopped off at Big Brother Mouse to find their opening times. This is an organisation I had read about in our guidebook which encourages tourists to spend some time reading to teenagers and speaking English with them. We spent one or two hours most mornings at Big Brother Mouse having fun talking to the students about our families, food and trying to explain our work and ways of life. The boys were disappointed that I

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knew nothing about football. One 16-year-old wanted me to help him read a book about Australian animals. Trying to explain how different marsupials were from mammals was hard and they seemed alien to him. Then we reached a photograph of a fruit bat. "Ah", he said, "fruit bat" and I thought great now we have found something we can talk about. Then he added "good for eating, you must come to my village and eat fruit bat"! Even though he described it as one of the most delicious meats, I didn't take him up on his offer.

Em had recommended one of the local Spas is in the centre of town set in a lovely garden. Both Kathy and I work long hours and often weekends so we don't normally have much time to relax and spend on ourselves so we decided to try it. It was a magical place of calm decorated with local silk weavings and the women who work there wore traditional woven skirts. We decided on a half-hour foot massage which relaxed us so much we stopped talking! We were truly on holiday. After that we decided on a foot manicure and I chose dark blue nail polish and felt really girly for the first time in years. We revisited several times before the end of our holiday and enjoyed back, shoulder and full-body massages, all of them followed by cups of delicious local herb tea, but my favourite remained the foot massage.

One of the highlights of our visit was the private boat trip Em organised for us to the waterfalls some way

down river. It was the rainy season so the Mekong was high and fast flowing. The small low boat took us down river past fishing boats and people mending nets or farming at the sides of the river. We were saddened to see some logging scars in the jungle. Our boatman dropped us off at a small village where we waited for the local minibus to take us to the falls. The villagers provided us with plastic chairs and shade while we waited and then gathered to stare at us. We realised that not many tourists took this route - most catch the tourist coach from Luang Prabang and don't visit villages by the side of the river.



The falls were wonderful -- we swam in the luminous turquoise blue pools surrounded by flowering jungle plants before walking to the high falls at the top. The bear sanctuary beside the falls was an unexpected treat. Rescued bears swung on hammocks made of lorry tyres in their spacious compound.

Em had given us beer to share with our boatman but had instructed us on no account to drink it on the outward journey. Our boatman enjoyed the beer and turned the engine to half speed so he could sing to the river as we meandered back. The gentle journey was a perfect end to a wonderful day.



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I hadn't experienced Lao food before and Luang Prabang had some wonderful restaurants. I liked the fresh clean taste of the dishes which were less rich than Thai and similar to Chinese but without the strong flavours. One of the restaurants offered cooking classes so I booked to spend a whole day there. There were three other participants, a Canadian man and two young Americans. We were taken by tuk tuk to the covered food market on the edge of town to buy our ingredients. It was hard to adjust my eyes to the dark interior. There were some electric lights but many stalls had candles. The heavens opened as we arrived so the noise in this huge cavernous market was deafening as rain hit the tin roof. Within minutes the rain was flooding across the floor.

We splashed around while being shown bins of deep-fried sugared buffalo skin, bowls of blood and offal, live fish, herbs, spices, exotic fruit and vegetables alongside stalls selling marigold garlands and incense for the temples or the home shrines which most people seem to have. I would not have easily found this market on my own and certainly would not have been able to navigate it. With fresh produce in our hands we returned to the restaurant for coffee and deep-fried sweet buffalo skin (not to my taste but then nor are pork scratchings) and to be

taught how to cook chicken larp salad and spiced aubergine which we ate greedily for lunch.

Fortunately we had an hour's rest where we chatted companionably before beginning to make our evening meal of pork casserole, beans with garlic and lemon grass and sticky rice.



There was a small temple on top of the "mountain" opposite our hotel so we decided to visit. At the foot of the steps up to the temple sat women with finches in tiny bamboo cages. The tradition is that for a small amount of money you can take the finch up to the temple and then release it so that your prayers can be taken up to Lord Buddha. I dislike this treatment of animals and was very torn between wanting to release the bird so it could go back to its wild life and not wanting to encourage the women to continue this practice. In the end Kathy and I both bought a bird and released them after the short climb up to the temple. We discovered later that the finches fly back down and are rewarded with food and then go back into their little cages. The temple itself was tiny but very cool because it had open doors at either end. The view of the town surrounded by jungle and the distant mountains was stunning.

Kathy had to leave a day earlier than I. We said a tearful goodbye at the



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airport and I came back into town wondering why it is possible, with some friends that you hardly communicate with for 10 years, to pick up the friendship as though you have never been apart.

I decided to do something special for my last day so I chose to learn weaving and natural dying. The organisers of the class took me to a weaving centre just outside of town set in a beautiful garden overlooking the Mekong. About 20 women worked there most of them weavers and dyers. I was amazed at the looms which looked home-made and seemed mostly to consist of found pieces of wood. I was used to the rather smart looms that are for sale in Europe. After a couple of silk worm poo tea (it was delicious) they showed me how to break up leaves, fresh sticks and earth to dye silks skeins in indigo, turmeric and a rose colour. After lunch I sat at a loom which fortunately I did not have to thread up and was taught the basics of throwing a shuttle of coloured silk back and forwards and then two shuttles to create a pattern. It was pleasant work and the weavers chatted as their shuttles flew. Mine went slower as I enjoyed the tranquillity and companionship. At the break in the afternoon's work we ate unripe green mango sprinkled with salt which was surprisingly refreshing.

My afternoon's labour produced a small table mat in two colours with a simple stripe and zigzag pattern. I proudly showed it to Emma and her friends that evening when we met for a meal in the Michelin-starred restaurant -- The Elephant -- for my last Lao meal. We chose the

candlelit garden in which to savour the flavours of our delightful meal.

Back at the hotel I said goodbye to the three small geckoes who lived in my room and thanked them for keeping it relatively mosquito-free. In the morning the friendly young staff at the hotel gave me a Lao breakfast of banana pancake and very strong Lau coffee (so strong that I felt my brain somersault), before waving me goodbye.

My holiday in Luang Prabang, its friendly inhabitants, colour, humidity and food remain very strongly imprinted in my memory.



Gotta laugh!!!

Simon Hoggart in The Guardian published a headline from a local paper that shows the cuts are beginning to bite:

"New home for elderly in pipeline".

Thanks to Shirley for spotting this!

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Whose Mum?

And finally..... can you guess which OWCH member's mother is featured in the following article

This photo was taken on an Easter sponsored walk. The family members with her are her other daughter, her granddaughter and her two great grandchildren. (She herself refused to wear a hat with ears – she has never been keen on hats!)



This Mum was a primary school teacher all her life and, on retirement at 59, did a lay reader's course because she wanted to study theology and take more part in the Church. This was very fulfilling for her and after her husband died when she was 65, she moved into a flat near the church and started a new life preaching and taking services

and helping the other daughter with the children. When she faced compulsory retirement as a lay reader at the age of 85(!) she was very upset indeed. She has had many health issues but none of them really got in the way of living! Now 89, she insists on being taken for walks as often as possible.

She is now living in a care home because she was getting very frightened at home. She was hearing threatening voices, especially at night. The psychiatrist gave her drugs which didn't help very much but, on the plus side, since she has been in the home she has stopped taking that medication. She is not exactly happy because she resents the loss of independence, but given that she has vascular dementia and her memory is poor, it is what the family thought best for her.

Guess who answers to the Editors please!



Dear Editor....

*I wanted to tell you about....
...the book I read... the film I
saw... the interesting article I
found in the paper.... the cartoon
that made me laugh... the
thoughts I wanted to share....*

**PLEASE TAKE A MINUTE TO SEND SOMETHING
TO SHEILA OR SUE FOR THE NEWSLETTER**