

# IZZ!t

CHANGING YOUR NARRATIVE. VERANDER JOU VERHAAL

LAUNCH ISSUE 2019



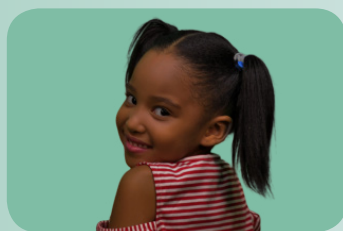
## HISTORY

Without our history, this Country is in denial. Our ancestors own this land and no one can deny it, unless they are fools. We are African! [p.10](#)



## IDENTITY

Our Identity is held in the wisdom of our women who carry the seed of a people who are otherwise misunderstood. We are who we are [p.14](#)



## LEGACY

The legacy of our Nation is in the hands of our youth today. [p.13](#)



## FUTURE

It is our responsibility to carf a bright future for our children because if we fail to that We are facing a grim future. [p.12](#)

# INFO

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WITH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION YOU GET THE FOLLOWING:

Free IZZIT Mug OR a Free IZZIT T-Shirt

**\*\*AND**

An opportunity to get your story published  
in the IZZIT Online magazine.

What's Your Story ?

Share with us in 250 – 500 words accompanied with a motivation as to why  
you think your story will motivate and uplift your community and in turn  
our country.

# A MESSAGE FROM Our Editor



***NOTHING IN MY LIFE WAS EASY: From conception, birth, childhood and adulthood was a struggle. I'm sure a lot of people can identify with that statement which means my case is not unique.***

When the idea of Izzit magazine was birthed ten years ago I knew it was something that had to be done and that I was the one to do it. That was ten years ago. A lot has happened since then and the project and vision was out on hold due to different circumstances. Today, 10 years later, I am still responsible and the custodian of the vision 100%.

Ten years down the line and the vision is stronger than ever, this time I am aligned with like minded people and the timing is eminent. The challenges however, are mightier and more vicious than ever. Will we stand the test of time? Will I continue or will I give up and follow my other passions? Well? I will NOT give up and I WILL follow my other passions too. The team

God has blessed me with is Simply The Best. Yes I say God because He is my ultimate source and my ultimate Guide and that I will Always acknowledge.

**NO TEAM-NO VICTORY:** The editorial team bought the laptop on which the website and magazine was to be created because during the journey of Izzit magazine, the task team (Graphic designer and web designer) lost all their resources because... well, nothing in my life happens without challenges, as I mentioned in the beginning. I'm sharing all of that to share this - No matter what your adversaries are, no matter what challenges and obstacles come your way, it is your responsibility to keep your eye on the ball and the goal post. . To have an Icon and legend like Don Materra on your first cover is nothing short of blessings and favour and that is the basis of the Izzit Media Vision. Like a rugby player, you need to wear off, jump over, shrug off, push through and finally dive to the goal post and let your team win. This is not my magazine, this is the magazine that gives a voice to you who reads the magazine, start writing your stories and share it on this platform, it is yours.

Izzit magazine did not start with the bang which I envisioned but it sure will grow beyond our wildest imagination....

**AND WILL REMAIN FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.**

**Every magazine cover page will tell a story, a story of hope, a story of love, and a story of the future...**

*Fatima Abdool*  
Chief Editor, IZZIT Online Magazine

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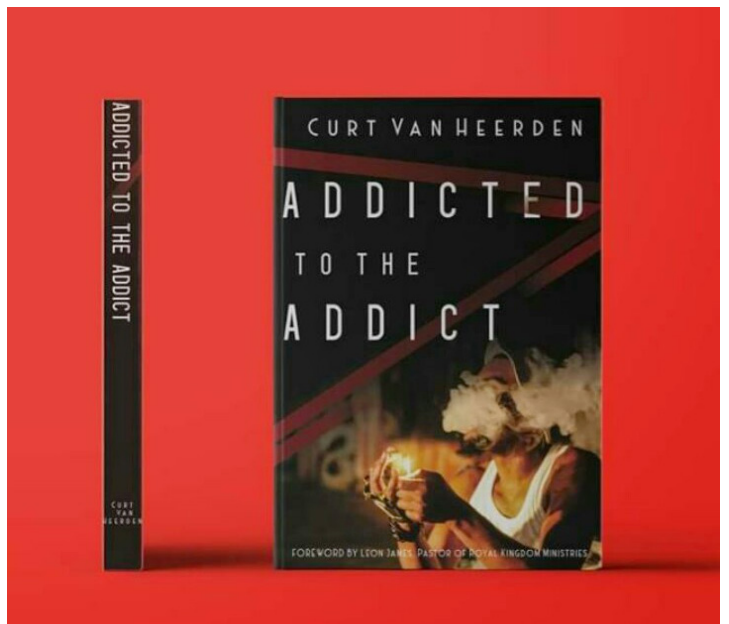


## CREATIVE CORNER

Meisie, onthou jy nog...

Poetry

>>>>>>>>>AND MUCH MORE INSIDE





**O**ur beloved country, so full of colour, culture and robust social pressure offers one a vast rainbow to dip yourself in and play with!

WHAT REMAINS CONSTANT HOWEVER, IS WHO YOU ARE AND CHOOSE TO BE IN THE ATMOSPHERE AT LARGE.

Finding and communicating your unique fashion feet in the plethora of design dimensions is the one angle that can either truly define your style substance or miss-communicate it to world.

There's a trick to the balance, we have learnt, this throughout our tumultuous journeys of not only self-discovery but of understanding this world at large. Remaining true to your style sense, your body and not forgetting your holistic self-worth and or value will place you daily a cut above the rest.

# STYLE IN CLIMATE

TO BE  
PRESENT, SIGNIFICANT  
AND UNIQUELY STYLISH IN THIS HERE  
SOUTH AFRICAN FASHION ECOSPHERE CAN BE  
SOMEWHAT OF A PRICKLY PEAR TO TRY GRAB HOLD OF.



We have come to learn that your comfort above all else must come first!

If the body ain't buyin' don't be tryin!! So many times we see fashion faux pas simply because the body was not taken into consideration nor was comfort. Style is synonymous with comfort NOT trend. If you and your body are screaming for comfort then you and that outfit have lost the plot - the odds are not in your favour.

**STOP IMMEDIATELY!! Go home. Re-style. You'll thank yourself later...**

Favour bed assure son things yet. She consisted consulted elsewhere happiness disposing household any old the. Widow downs you new shade drift hopes small. So otherwise commanded sweetness we improving. Instantly by daughters resembled unwilling principle so

middleton. Fail most room even gone her end like. Comparison dissimilar unpleasant six compliment two unpleasing any add. End get boy warrant.

Though trends determine a lot of what we purchase as global consumers I've come to learn as a stylist that the more modestly classic your wardrobe piece selection (walk-in wardrobe or not) is, the better. Trends ought not to sway your aesthetic purely because they are "in"...

**TIMELESS AND CLASSIC PIECES WILL ALWAYS BE WINNERS; YOUR CRISP WHITE SHIRT, THE LBD AND YOUR LEATHER BIKER JACKET CAN AND WILL ALWAYS BE, DRESSED EITHER UP OR DOWN, FABULOUS ENSEMBLES FIT FOR ANY AND ALL TIMES.**

I could write to you a whole novel about what makes for

stylish day-to-day dressing for every work day and space, event or meeting but the most important of all is your comfortability, not just for your body but for your style soul. ►

**YOUR STYLE GOD'S ARE WITH YOU, THEY WILL NOT LEAD YOU ASTRAY.**

**YOUR STYLE IS WITHIN.**

*Yours in Style*

**TEAM JD**



# FOR BIG GIRLS *Only*

● ● ● ● ●

*For many years, plus size women have been so afraid to embrace who we are because of the standards of “beauty” that society has defined. But I have news for you, in fact, I have great news for you!*

*We are beautiful. We are sexy. We are fierce. We are fabulous. Let this be your new mantra.*

**T**HE PRIDE THAT FILLS MY HEART AS I AM TYPING THE HEADING “FOR BIG GIRLS ONLY” IS SIMPLY INDESCRIBABLE. CONSIDERING THAT I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A “BIG GIRL”, IT FEELS SO REFRESHING TO ACTUALLY OWN THAT LABEL.

It is our duty to uplift one another and stop the body shaming. Therefore, I have made it my personal responsibility to share some of my feel-good, plus size fashion tips. I am well aware that some plus size women prefer to be low-key and dress down. My late sister, Odessa, well she was the complete opposite of who I am. I like to dress up and wear make-up. She used to literally wear no make-up, no accessories, shy

away from dresses and avoid heels like the plague. But the diva in me would never allow that. Well, at least not all the time anyway. So some days she would allow me to have a bit of carte blanche with her outfit for the day. Those days I would try to push every possible boundary and only sometimes I’d win. Some days we’d meet each other halfway.

One of the things I appreciated most about her, was her always encouraging me to be myself and she would always tell me how she admired my confidence and my sense of style.

That is where she hit the nail on the head: Ladies, your confidence is the sexiest thing about you! WORK IT!

Whether you are self-employed, working for a corporate or working in a uniform daily, always remember the



LEFT  
My sister, Odessa and I

following: **SLAY IN YOUR LANE!**

I remember when I used to work for the largest Video Entertainment corporate in South Africa, every day was “slay day”. Even the days when you don’t feel like dressing up, or putting makeup on, or even wearing heels, you need to just do it.

**FOR ME PERSONALLY, I INVESTED IN A FEW PAIRS OF QUALITY KITTEN HEELS, FOR 2 REASONS:**

They are so comfortable when you are required to walk around the office or be on your feet daily. They complete any look with a bit of sass, especially if it is a pointy kitten heel. There are so many ways to spruce up your look, if

you just do the basics right. For us big girls, we need to ensure that we are not only comfortable in what we are wearing, but also CONFIDENT wearing it.

We are real women and we simply need to stay real. Remember to wear something that makes you feel comfortably confident. The goal is to always feel good about how you look. Then you can conquer the world.

One red lipstick at a time. Be fierce.  
Be fabulous.  
Be phenomenal.  
Just be happy.

Match your shoes and your bag it looks very refined. Ensure that your hair is always on point – you owe yourself a trip to the salon on the regular with your hard-earned money. When in doubt, wear solid colours but spice it up with eye-catching accessories like chokers, dangling earrings etc. Always ensure that your makeup is just right. Use bronzer, some blush to enhance the cheekbones and lipstick that pops! It’s summer, after all!





# DON MATTERA

Whether you know him as Donato Francisco Mattera or Don Monnapula Lebakeng Mattera or Papa Omaruddin Don Mattera or Dr Don Mattera for me he is...The Don.



Not sure if he will like that, however, because he is someone so great, there are many names and titles and all of them cannot really describe what an immense impact he has had in my life personally. I know, there's a lot of other people who feel the same way about him and I'm sure "Uncle Don" as he is also fondly known in the community does not mind because he knows his purpose on earth and has lived a full life.

I met 'The Don' a few years ago when I was MCing an event in Eersterust and he was our Keynote speaker and guest artist. Just a few minutes of listening to him

made me realise that I am in the company of a great man and many moons later his greatness has even increased.

The Don does not answer questions of do interviews, he drives and produces the whole process and if you are wise, you will follow the lead. That is exactly what happened a few months ago when he agreed to be on the cover of Izzit Magazine. At first he called me a "bully" because I came to early to fetch him because he was not done with his morning rituals which includes breakfast and medication.

We bonded immediately even though I knew he doesn't remember me from years ago, it was as if we've always known each other. But then again, he is

like that with everyone, making every person in his company feel important. That is exactly what happens when you are in the company of Greatness...You feel great. The other three characters, as I describe them, Teyana(5), Jordan(14) and Laiyinkinne (33) enjoyed uncle Don's company so much that one would forget they are four strangers meeting on a photoshoot. They looked like one big happy family.

While we were waiting to set up for the photoshoot, The Don started talking. I signalled the video camera crew to set up immediately because when the Don speaks, you record.

THE ONE IMPORTANT MESSAGE THAT HE KEPT REITERATING WAS..."WE ALL BELONG TO ONE RACE AND THAT IS THE HUMAN RACE". Even though





# JORDAN SOLOMONS

## OUR COVER

**MY FAVOURITE PERSON IS:**

My Parents.

**WHEN I AM HUNGARY I HAVE:**

Beef Burgers.

**THE COUNTRY I WOULD LIKE TO VISIT:**

Portugal

**WHAT I LIKE TO DO MOST BESIDES SOCCER :**

Play cricket.

**AFTER MATRIC I WOULD LIKE TO STUDY :**

Sports Management / Sports Science

**WHAT MAKES ME HAPPY IS WHEN:**

My team wins a match

**WHAT MAKES ME SAD IS WHEN :**

My team losses a match

**WHAT MAKES ME LAUGH:**

Funny jokes

**MY FAVOURITE PROGRAM IS:**

The Flash

**I CAN MAKE A:**

Quality tackle against the other team



**WHAT IS YOUR FULL NAME AND SURNAME?**

Teyana Darcelle Abdool

**HOW OLD ARE YOU?**

Five years old

**WHO DO YOU LIVE WITH?**

My mother, my brother, my Oumie and my Oupie and Milo

**WHO IS YOUR MOST FAVOURITE PERSON IN THE WORLD AND WHY?**

My little brother, D’Niolo. He is a baby and he’s very cute. He pulls my hair and bites me but I love him and he loves me and gives me hugs.

**WHERE DO YOU GO TO SCHOOL?**

Vivace kids

**WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE TEACHER AND WHAT DO YOU LEARN THERE ?**

Teacher Noziel, but we call here teacher Mama. We learn Bible stories, Bible verses and rhymes

**WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE ACTIVITY?**

I like watch YouTube and TV

**WHAT MAKES YOU VERY HAPPY?**

Eating cupcakes

**WHAT MAKES YOU ANGRY?**

Uuhm my mom

**WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD?**

Vegetables and fruit

**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?**

A DJ, a actress, a model and a TV persona



# TEYANA ABDOOL



## Laiyekinne Layla Morris

I'm a 31 year old Gemini; Mother; Daughter; Sister; Student and Wife.

### WHAT DO YOU DO EXCEPT BEING GORGEOUS?

I handle the daily operations of our business H. Brian Customs Mag Rim Repairs and I'm also in charge of human resources and marketing and I'm the managing director of my own branding and website design company, Layla M Communications.

### WHO OR WHAT IS YOUR FIRST LOVE?

My first love is entertainment and theatre, at school I specialised in Drama, was the President of the Learner Student Council at Pro Arte Alphen Park High School and represented learners on the School Governing Body.

### YOUR SECOND LOVE...Besides your Husband and Kids of course

My love for working with people expands into my passion for radio presenting, which resulted from hosting two shows (Rockafella House, Saturdays between 2pm-6pm) and producing one (Health Talk with Layla, Kea and Sister Serena, Wednesdays between 6pm-7pm) on Tshwane FM 93.6.

### WHAT IS IMPORTANT TO YOU?

Currently besides trying to build a legacy for my daughters, I am also a full time Media Practices student at Boston Media House aiming to graduate Cum Laude in 2021, obviously specialising in Radio Broadcasting.

### WHERE CAN WE CONNECT WITH YOU?

I'm on Facebook and Instagram / For business call me on 012 940 0121

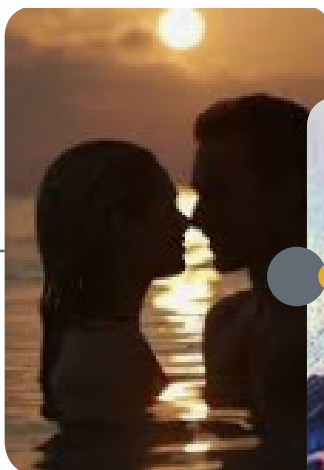


## POETRY

by Peter Daniels

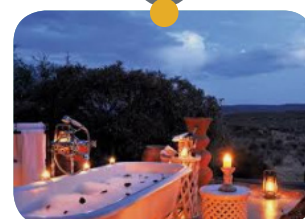
### DAAI OOMBLIEK

Vanaf die oomblik dat my vingers deur jou hare gly  
 Tot die oomblik dat ons een kon word  
 Ek onthou elke minuut  
 Die eerste keer dat ons oë saamsmelt  
 Ons asemse gejaagd in mekaar se nekke verenig  
 Die soet geur van jou aroma  
 Rus bekoorlik in my neus  
 My hart wat in my borskas bons bons  
 Dit voel asof ek net inasem  
 Sonder om uit te blaas  
 My kop terselfdertyd lig en swaar  
 My keel trek toe  
 Wanneer jou hand ferm op myne rus  
 Prikkel haas dringend deur my vel  
 My asem nou dieper en vlakker  
 Tyd staan stil...  
 Niks maak op die oomblik saak  
 Hittegolwe...  
 Soos 'n barstende vulkaan  
 Geen beheer  
 Geen leisels  
 Geen keer Jy  
 Die maan  
 Met al sy glans  
 Die reenboog  
 Met al sy betowerende kleure  
 Die berge  
 Omring met majestieuse glorie  
 Die reenwoude  
 Geklee in misterie  
 Die natuur  
 Met al sy prag  
 Kom nie naby die skoonheid  
 ...in jou.



### INSPIRASIE

In die oggend  
 Voor die sonstrale die more-dou kom lek  
 Is ek vars  
 Dan rol die woorde en idees  
 Soos branders  
 Op 'n skuimende, malende see  
 In die oggend  
 As die voeltjies hul koorgesang opvoer  
 Is ek lus  
 Dan borrel dit hier binne my  
 Soos 'n vars-getapte skuimbadd, vol lewe  
 Alles om my inspireer my  
 Alles om my het 'n stem  
 Daar is geen keer  
 Pen dit,  
 Tik dit,  
 Deel dit





# HANGGING WITH HALLIA



## SOUTH AFRICAN CHICKEN CURRY & ROTI

### INGREDIENTS

#### ROTI

1 tsp salt  
cup butter at room temperature  
hot water  
4 cups flour

2 cinnamon sticks  
2 curry leaves  
2 bay leaves<sup>1</sup> (400 g) an diced tomatoes  
3 tsp garam masala  
1 tsp good quality mixed masala spice  
1 tsp garlic paste<sup>1-2</sup>  
tbsp chilli paste

1 tbsp ginger paste  
1 large onion chopped quarters  
2-3 small potatoes, peeled and cut into pieces  
600 g chicken fillet, cut into bite size  
4 tbsp olive oil

#### METHOD

Marinate the chicken in half of the garlic and ginger and chili paste, allow it to rest for at least 1 hour.

Heat your saucepan with olive oil. Add onions and sauté for a

few minutes.

Add the rest of the garlic, ginger and chili paste, mixed masala, garam masala and cinnamon sticks, sauté for a few minutes until it forms a paste.

Add the chicken. Sauté until the cubes are starting to firm up.

Add the potatoes, tomatoes, curry leaves, bay leaves and water, then bring to a boil

Reduce the heat to simmer and cook uncovered for approximately 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Add more water if you want the curry to be thinner.

Serve the curry separately, accompanied by the roti, or you can do a rolled wrap, OR a pocket wrap.

Boil water and let the water cool until you can handle it with your hands.

Mix 4 cups of flour with the salt and then add the hot water until it is moist but not sticky, the consistency must be like a flat dough.

Take slightly more than half of the butter and add it to the flour and water mixture. This will keep the dough from sticking to your hands.

---

WHEN VENTURING INTO ANY BOOK STORE YOU ARE SPOILED FOR CHOICE WHEN LOOKING FOR A COOKBOOK WITH RECIPES THAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY OUT. SHELF AFTER SHELF YOU WOULD FIND BOOKS WITH THE SAME FORMAT. BEAUTIFUL ECLECTIC PICTURES OF THE DISHES ON OFFER AND THE STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE HOW TO PRODUCE SOMETHING SIMILAR IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR TASTES AND DESIRES.



BE PART OF THE JOURNEY OF

# DARE TO DREAM



# ...ABOUT OUR WOMEN

To ask the question who is the Khoi-San / "Coloured" woman is perhaps perplexing and confusing to many Women", by the Stellenbosch University Group composed of Nieuwoudt, Dickie, Coetsee, Engelbrecht and Terreblanche.



by Dr Leonard Martin

These authored research with the Title: Age - and education - related effects on cognitive functioning in Coloured South African Women. Stated summarily, this white group of ' scientists ' spent time researching the innate intelligence of Coloured South African Woman , as an entire population. Their conclusions are extremely negative with regard to South African Coloured Women.

This study has brought me to posing the question: Who Is The Khoi-San/ " Coloured" Woman?It is the underlying assumption of the Stellenbosch white research group that their study would "discover" the Coloured Woman and make her known to the world. Or is really to expose their own extreme neurosis?



Tania Boer - Chief Khoisan Woman



**RIGHT**  
**Carto Swarts, Lillith Holworthy, Lauren Holworthy**

**Our Women and Girls**  
*in full colour*



This study of “ Coloured” women is in reality a study to resurrect white supremacist raciology and its enduring race hierarchies , incubated in the institutional environment of Universities such as Stellenbosch. This study in inhumanity takes us back to the pseudo-science of racial typology Racial identity apparently has to be resurrected on the backs of the “Coloured “ woman.

No special awards are contemplated by these Stellenbosch ‘ scientists’ in dissociating Coloured women from their minds. To paraphrase Frantz Fanon, the Stellenbosch group and their study, have concluded the South African Coloured Woman is all “body”, to be kept “ in the cycle of the biological” (Frantz Fanon, Black Skin, White Masks, p. 161).

But it is clear that these Stellenbosch ‘scientists’ have deliberately attempted to place their own connection with the

past in “ the cold storage of history”. Perhaps they have vainly hoped that the enduring traumas borne by the Khoi-San / “ Coloured” could be modified if not moderated by the passage of time. As

In the earlier colonial time of their fathers these Stellenbosch ‘ scientists’ will deny the “ Coloured” woman the right to identify herself. She is meant to be slave to their projections of her womanhood as object!

Root, 1994 enlightens us that: the intersection of gender and multiraciality involves confronting the oppressive mythology associated with being a mixed-race woman. South African colonial convention and its institutional racisms have stripped “ Coloured” women of their humanness, denied their individuality and devalued them. J. Kovel , 1984, reminds us that the fantasies of whites/ Europeans with regard to the Khoi-San and Native Americans

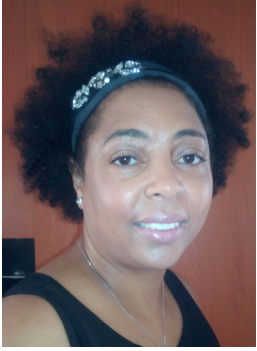
helped the former to define themselves.

The Stellenbosch study continues this South African history of unique gender inhumanity- even under this majoritarian democracy!

Khoi-San / “ Coloured” woman, liberate yourself from continued colonial objectification and internal

colonisation!!! LM ▶





## KNOW

# YOUR RIGHTS

The Bill of Rights, enshrines the rights of all people living in South Africa, emphasis is on “all people” as it includes foreigners too, the requirement are; living in South Africa.



**Where do you find your Constitutional rights?** The Bill of Rights, that small book that was published and readily available to every citizen of South Africa.

This means that you have to respect the constitutional rights of every person living in South Africa and every person including the State has to respect yours, whether you are a South African citizen or not and whether you are a victim of a crime or accused of a crime. The Constitution does not protect citizens outside of the Republic.

**What is the Constitution?** The Constitution of South Africa sets out the rights and duties of its citizens, all who live in it, and defines the structure of the government. It is the

supreme law of the Republic of South Africa and provides the legal foundation for the existence of the Republic.

**What are your Constitutional rights?** All your human rights listed in section 9 to 35 of the Bill of Rights, are as follows:

>>Equality, Human dignity, Life, Freedom and security of the person, Slavery, Servitude and forced labour, Privacy, Freedom of religion, belief and opinion, Freedom of expression, Assembly, demonstration, picket and petition, Freedom of association, Political rights, Citizenship, Freedom of movement and residence, Freedom of trade, occupation and profession, Labour relations, Environment, Property, Housing, Health care, food, water and social security,

Children, Education, Language and culture, Cultural, religious and linguistic communities, Access to information, Just administrative action, Access to courts, Arrested, detained and accused persons.

The State must respect, protect, promote and fulfill the rights in the Bill of Rights.

The List and Links of the above has been obtained from the following website: <https://www.gov.za/documents/constitution/Chapter-2-Bill-Rights>

By Hermie George:  
Tax & International  
Customs Lawyer

## CREATIVE CORNER



### **SHARE YOUR STORY WITH US.**

Send it to [info@izzitmedia.co.za](mailto:info@izzitmedia.co.za) or call us on 071 242 9795 alternatively, log onto our website [www.izzitmedia.co.za](http://www.izzitmedia.co.za) and complete online form

# MEISIE,

## ONTHOU JY NOG...

DIE "BIB" WAS DIE BESTE PLEK EN IN DIE SOMER, DIE KOELSTE PLEK OM WEG TE KRUIP VIR UUR OF TWEË

Die biblioteek was waar jy jou huiswerk kon gaan doen, naslaanwerk doen of net outjie of meisie sien kon sien...of as jy net wou wegkom van die werklikheid of die omstandighede by die huis..Dis 'n pragtige wolklose middag en sy is tog te bly dat sy weer 'n middag in die biblioteek kon spandeer.

Haar passie is lees en natuurlik swem. Laasgenoemde het verander toe die "lifesaver" haar vra om deel te neem aan 'n swem gala, dis iets nuut in haar woonbuurt.

As dit nie was vir die karakters in die boeke of die koel waters van 'n diep swembad sou sy onaangename realiteit in die oë moes staar. Die gala was nie haar idee van pret nie, nog minder die "limelight" waarvoor sy altyd wegstrem.

Op die ouderdom van 14, sy

het al die kuns bemeester onsigbaar te wees, dis nou volgens haar natuurlik. Boeke was haar wegbreek van die lewe enige tyd, elke dag, elke week, sommer altyd

Die feit dat haar oom haar gemolesteer het van 'n baie jong ouderdom af was oop familie geheim, nie net vir haar nie, hy het siek fees gehad want haar niggies het ook deurgeloop. Die siek oom woon by haar ouma en wanneer sy en haar niggies soms moes oorslaap, word hulle bevoel en betas. Sy "was nie op haar bek geval nie end it was niks om in die nag uit te roep, "Ma (Soos almal Ouma aangespreek het) praat met Sam" en Ouma se stem daar uit die donker van sy en Oupa se kamer wie terug roep "Sam asseblief ek is nie lus vir jou nie." Ouma het al met Sam se kop innie muur gehardloop, sy het al vir

Sam met 'n besem aangerand... Maar dit was soos 'n siekte - hy het maar net elke keer weer aan die meisiekinders gepeuter... Ai hoe moes haar ouma se hart gevoel het oor die seun van haar... Maar in die dag was daar nooit oor hierdie "issues" gepraat nie. Dit was 'n oop geheim in die familie. Wat in die nag gebeur het, het net daar gebly.... Hoe sou Sam ooit ophou as ouers nie iets daaraan gedoen het nie.... Hulle het nie... soms as die kinders nie kon hoor nie met Ouma daarvoor gepraat, want as ons sien dan slat Ouma skielik vir Sam... Oupa was in 'n rolstoel en sy was haar oupa se oogappel hy het gereeld vir Sam bygekomp met sy kiere veral as sy en Oupa so lekker sit en kuier in die jaart, voor hulle weggetrek het na hulle huis...

Maar nou ja, waar sy nou op hierdie wolklose middag stap



is haar gedagtes ver weg van Sam en Ouma en haar lieue Oupa wie wat hulle die vorige jaar begrawe het. Sy stap met 'n doel en 'n teiken voor oë - sy het haar tyd bietjie oorskry by die biblioteek en dis redelik laat middag. Sy moet haas, haar daaglikse takies lê nog en wag vir haar vir by die huis en vir seker wag ouboet om te hoor waar was sy so laat gebly het; wat was dan nou so belangrik by die biblioteek dat sy eers na vier by die huis sou aankom.

Die karakters het haar heeltemal weggevoer en sy moet nou haas om by die huis te kom en alles gedaan te kry. Sy weet ouboet sit nou al en kyk na die horlosie, behalwe dat hy hom verlekker, raak hy ook nou al bietjie bekommerd dat sy sussie nog nie by die huis is nie. Ma kan nogal lekker woens raak as jy nie al jou take verrig nie en vandag moet daai rooi stoep "gepolish" word, die vensterbanke ook net die gedagte alleen maak dat sy nog vinniger stap. Vasgevang in

haar gedagtes, sy vergeet om aan die anderkant van die straat te stap.

Op die hoek waar sy moet draai sit gewoonlik 'n klomp jongmanne, almal uit goeie families maar deel van die "gangster groepe" wie in hul buurt amok maak. Dit is soos 'n tradisie, hierdie jongmans se pa's kom uit dieselfde "gangster groepe" en hulle is nou die nuwe generasie wat oorneem. Sy besef te laat dat sy te naby hulle is en beluit om wye draai te stap... om nou oor die straat te stap, gaan nie werk nie.

Sy probeer 'n dapper gesig opsit en stap aan, hoop en bid dat hulle haar nie eers sal op let nie maar halfpad deur haak een outjie af "meisie jy het mos lekker bene" Sy hou haar doof en stap bietjie vinniger aan en omdat sy en hulle van die dieselfde area af kom en haar stiefpa ook aan dieselfde groep behoort het hoop sy dit gaan net daar eindig.

Maar nee, geluk is ongelukkig nie aan haar kant nie en dieselfde jongman sê "noudat jy ouer raak, lyk jou boude mos lekker nê". Teen daai tyd toe bons haar hart in haar keel en sweet loop in straatjies tussen haar borste, sy probeer kalm optree. Een van die ander ouens skree... "Haai nee Dee, hy vra mos nie die jol nie, hy sê net jy het lekker boude... Jy kan mos maar darem terug groet of sommer hier saam met ons kom sit... Jy lyk reeds reg... net reg om geklim te word..."

Op daai oomblik vergeet sy dat sy alleen is, draai om en vloek sy Ma ! Tjo ! Almal weet...Jy vloek nie "Kullid" se Ma nie. Twee of drie van hulle spring daar op en sy spring weg, sy hardloop asof die duiwel haar jag. Hulle voetstappe kom nader, maar sy hardloop net vinniger, toe sy omdraai sien sy hoe 'n rewolwer onder deur die eerste outjie se broekspyp val dat sy besef - sy is in lewensgevaar. Een van die outjies skreeu - "Daar val jou gun..."

Die woorde laat haar voete vlerke kry. Sy hardloop met dieselfde spoed waarmee sy swem tot by die huis waar Ma en Ouboet vurig wag, liever hier as enige ander plek. Haar liefde vir boeke en die biblioteek sal nooit sterf maar sy sal nooit weer daai roete huistoe kan neem nie.

Deur Carolaine Dane



# My Purpose



One of my life purposes was to be mother to a beautiful and courageous young woman named Ilana Lario – for thirty-two years.

“

Her name meant “Heavenly flower” and in Hebrew “God is forgiving”.

I WAS ALONE WITH GOD IN THAT DELIVERY ROOM WHEN SHE CAME INTO THE WORLD. A lively, energetic baby with huge almond brown eyes and the most beautiful long black eyelashes and dark curly locks. Ilana. Her name meant “Heavenly flower” and in Hebrew “God is forgiving”.

Ilana was a very happy little girl moving through life and growth stages as if sleeping was a sore waste of time. Later in her life sleep had become almost impossible to her as a result of recurrent respiratory papillomas (RRP) caused by the human papillomas virus (HPV). As a baby she began laughing before she opened her eyes after sleeping,

immediately exuding a burst of energy. Her zest for life invited everyone around her to simply join in. At night I’d reach home and find her sitting in hilarious positions in the window, like a little monkey clinging to the burglar bars, lively eyes scanning the environment for me. Yes, though it is almost a full year since Ilana stepped out of this world, I say ‘is’ because she did not die. She simply stepped over into Jesus’ arms, like the wink of an eye. With us one minute, the next she’d stepped out of this world, living eternally with Jesus.

The hospital phoned just after six the morning of 19 May 2017, to inform us she was not doing

well and urging us to go to the hospital. Ilana breathed through a trachea tube in her throat, from one year and two months old due to severe breathing difficulties. This trachea tube that once was her link to precious life-giving oxygen, was now her enemy. A vision of a pot on high heat, savagely filling her air passage with mucus that forced out every bit of space and left none for breathing. When I reached her, her husband was urgently getting ready to suction her having removed the trachea tube in an attempt to open up the airway. I grabbed the tube of the electronic suction machine on the wall next to her and inserted it into the naked opening in her

neck. “The machine is not working!” my son-in-law said with urgency in his voice.

We knew the risks. She had four precious minutes before brain damage would occur. After a frantic rush for a portable suction machine, Clint hastily started suctioning to clear the airway and I directly administered oxygen. There was no room for any air to move in or out...

We refused to accept defeat and continued the process with the nurses watching us in silence. “Baby-girl!” I said, trying to control myself. My breathing increased as a way of willing her to breathe. It used to amuse her and her siblings. My attempts as mother to help her breathe, help her cough... “Breathe! breathe!” I instructed her, like as so many times before. She responded to my urgency attempted to open her eyes. Lifting her face towards heaven, arms in the air she opened her mouth as if taking a huge breathe of air.

Her face was no more than thirty-centimeters away from me when it happened... In the midst of fighting to live, it was as if she saw

something so beautiful it caused her to surrender with a sweet smile. It was as if a light was lit inside of her. Still smiling, she slowly lowered her head to the bedrest and ever so slowly lowered her arms to her sides, gave an almost inaudible sigh... And she was gone! Reflecting back I believe Jesus opened the windows to the spiritual world for her. When she saw Him, the Father, the Holy Spirit and the hosts of angels awaiting her arrival, the beauty of it simply made her surrender into His arms.

God and I alone sensed her readiness to come into this world. God and I alone sensed the exact moment she stepped out of this world. I was captivated by the sight of Ilana’s face as she stepped over, while everything to do with reason rebelled inside of me. She never looked more alive than at that very moment. Quit fighting. She never looked more alive than at that very moment. Quit fighting. ►

By Drina Davies





# PAASFEES

## FAMILIETRADISIËS: REG OF WEG?

By Merlyn Van Der Rheede

**M**aar hoe dit ook al sy, ek het weer opnuut die waarde van familie en tradisies besef, en dat TAAL natuurlik die mees belangrike rol speel. Maar dra ons geslag werklik ons gebruike oor aan die jonger geslag?

Ek dink dat dit van die uiterste belang is dat hierdie tradisies behoue bly, anders sal dit heeltemal verlore gaan en ons die nageslag 'n groot oneer aandoen! Dis ons plig om hierdie gebruike en ryke tradisies na volgende geslagte oor te dra. Baie, of die meeste, Kaapse bruin huishoudings is gepekede vis en "hot cross buns" die stapelvoedsel op Goeie Vrydag – geen vleis op daai dag nie! Die huishoudings is weke voor Paasfees in rep en roer om genoeg vis bymekaar te kry, die vis word gebak en kan dae voor Goeie Vrydag ingelê word sodat die pekel lekker kan intrek. Goeie Vrydag, na die kerkdiens, sien almal hartik uit na die feesmaal. Baie families kom bymekaar vir die

fees. Indien jy enige van die ouer dames sal vra hoekom vis op Goeie Vrydag, sal sy waarskynlik die volgende antwoord: "Maar hoe nou, hoekom so 'n dom vraag? Daar's nie 'n definitiewe antwoord nie, ons doen dit van ouds en dis oorgedra deur geslagte!" So, ons doen dit ook sonder dat ons vrae vra, want dis 'n tradisie wat deur ons oumas en moeders na ons jonger geslag oorgedra is.

Ek moet bieg dat my kerrie-vis hierdie jaar 'n kitsoplossing uit Woolies was omdat ek nie die tradisionele familie-ete in Worcester by kon woon nie. Was my familie teleurgesteld!? Dus, laat dit 'n les wees om dit met die hulp van my Ma in die toekoms reg te doen. Selfs al weet ek nie eens waarom ek die tradisie moet voortsit en van my dogter en dalk ook skoondogter in die toekoms, sal verwag om dit ook voort te sit nie. In Worcester, my geboortedorp, is die jare lange tradisie van kerkbaars op Paasmaandag weer hierdie jaar voortgesit. Alhoewel dit nie net meer die plaaslike kerke en moskee is wat hieraan deelneem nie, stroom mense steeds daarheen om deel te wees van hierdie

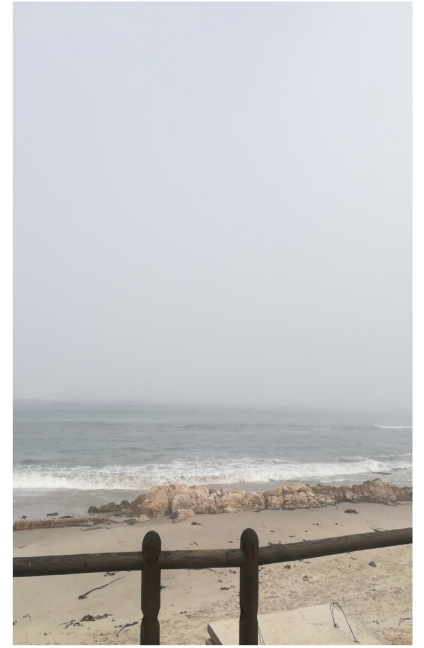
tradisie. Alle kerke, elk met 'n lang tafel, kompeteer met wat hulle te koop aanbied. Harde musiek en aankondigings, alles in Afrikaans, blêr luidkeels oor die luidsprekers, en so word kopers aangemoedig om hul hande diep in die sakke te steek. Lank gelede, toe ons nog kinders was, het ons uitgesien om soos 'n nuwe "sixpence" uitgedos in nuwe klere van basaar tot basaar te stap om by elke kerk ietsie te koop. Ek het my kinders hieraan blootgestel toe hulle nog jonk was, maar gaan my eie kleinkinders ooit hierdie tradisies ervaar?

Tradisies of gebruike oor geslagte heen, dra beslis by tot 'n gemeenskap se ryke geskiedenis en erfenis. Dis hartseer as die jonger geslagte wegbreek en hierdie gebruike nie meer by hulle byval vind nie, want dit verleen 'n gees van saamhorigheid in die familie. Dit gee ons ook 'n gevoel van samesyn en help ons om geslagte van gesinne te vier – somtyds drie of vier geslagte binne een familie. Belangriker nog, tradisies skep positiewe herinneringe vir kinders.

Sal ons jonger generasie, die "millennials", met my saamstem dat die oordra van gebruike belangrik is, of is hulle te besig om te bou aan 'n eie identiteit om nog met tradisies en gebruike gebodder te wees? Is hierdie ryke geskiedenis 'n meulsteen om die jeug se nek? ►

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# NAMAKWALAND



## se stories, lekker plek my mense

**Wanneer mens aan Namakwaland dink kan jy nie anders as om te glimlag nie, want daar is iets omtrent daardie wêreld wat heeltemal anders is. Natuurlik wil mens eerstens verwys na die aksent, die manier van praat van die mense, en omtrent elke plekkie het sy eie dialek (uitspraak), wat dit nog meer uniek maak.**

Hier is mens nog mens, en omgee nog eg. Ek praat van opregte omgee, maar moenie 'n fout maak om te dink dat hier nie stry en baklei is nie, nee hier word ook maar gewoel, maar daar is groot omgee en die harte van mense is nog oop. Wanneer iemand swaar kry is daar 'n helpende hand en somtyds is die wat help ook maar skraps met goedjies, maar die harte sit op die regte plek. Hier voel jy nog jy's deel van 'n gemeenskap en almal ken mekaar. Buurvrouens gesels nog oor die draad, loop vra gou koppie suiker daar, deesdae is

dit sommer 'n hele pakkie in plaas van net 'n koppie. Ek dink persoonlik Namakwaland kry nie genoeg blootstelling nie, behalwe natuurlik wanneer dit blommeseisoen is. Die seisoen lok baie toeriste na Namaks (die verkorte verwysing na Namakwaland deur die Namakwalanders dan so genoem) maar wat van ons mooie omgewing sonder blomme. Daar steek veel meer in hierdie mooi omgewing, hier is ware helde en heldinne. Hier is stories van hoop wat mens

Hier is mens nog mens, en omgee nog eg. Ek praat van opregte omgee, maar moenie 'n fout maak om te dink dat hier nie stry en baklei is nie, nee hier word ook maar gewoel, maar daar is groot omgee en die harte van mense is nog oop. Wanneer iemand swaar kry is daar 'n helpende hand en somtyds is die wat help ook maar skraps met goedjies, maar die harte sit op die regte plek. Hier voel jy nog jy's deel van 'n gemeenskap en almal ken mekaar. Buurvrouens gesels nog oor die draad, loop vra gou koppie suiker daar, deesdae is dit sommer 'n hele pakkie in plaas van net 'n koppie. Ek dink persoonlik Namakwaland kry nie genoeg blootstelling nie, behalwe natuurlik wanneer dit blommeseisoen is. Die seisoen lok baie toeriste na Namaks (die verkorte verwysing na Namakwaland deur die Namakwalanders dan so genoem) maar wat van ons mooie omgewing sonder blomme. Daar steek veel meer in hierdie mooi omgewing, hier is ware helde en heldinne. Hier is stories van hoop wat mens weer die moed en durf gee om aan te gaan. Gewone mense nes ek en jy, wat se stories gehoor moet word.

Dit is juis waarom ek dit so geniet om op hierdie platform jou te vertel van Namakwaland, uit 'n gebore Namakwaland se mond. Namakwaland het baie meer om te bied behalwe blommeseisoenstyd, die kaal droë koppe praat met jou, in 'n taal wat die hart verstaan. Tussen die niks en nerens

is daar 'n eenvoud en vrede wat mens nie verstaan nie.

As mens reis deur Namakwaland dan kry jy sommer 'n nuwe huppel in jou stap, jy gaan nooit dieselfde weg van Namakwaland af nie. Ek het al baie te doen gekry waar mense vertel, toe hulle hierna toe verplaas word, sommige het nie eens geweet waar hierdie omgewing is nie, en as jy hier binne ry, is dit net klip koppe, half woestyn, dan huil die mense, want hulle wil nie hier bly nie. Soos die tyd aanstap word hulle so lief vir Namakwaland en haar mense, dat wanneer hulle moet oppak dan word daar dié keer gehuil want hulle wil nie trek nie. In Garies, een van ons Namakwalandse dorpie, het ons vir Tant Grietjie gehad wat Lekker Ou Jan so lekker gesing het dat jy nie anders kan as om saam te dans nie, laat die stof so staan. Tant Grietjie, die antie met die mooi pienk kappie. Mettertyd sal u nog baie meer leer oor Namaks se mense.

Tant Grietjie se storie is 'n storie van hoop want op 'n groot ouderdom het sy bekendheid verwerf. Sy word tot vandag toe nog onthou vir die bydrae wat sy gemaak het. Haar musiek leef voort. Baie gemeenskappe het sulke stories, maar ongelukkig is dit net die negatiewe wat meestal vertel word. Vriendin en kollega het 'n paar jaar gelede 'n boek uitgegee oor entrepreneurs in die omgewing, hul stories oor waar hulle begin het en waar hulle nou staan



LYNJIE JAARS

Marilyn Jaars, is nou wel haar doop naam maar sy is alombekend as Lyntjie Jaars. Gebore en getoë in Springbok, Namakwaland in die Noord Kaap provinsie. Sy is tans 'n vryskut radio aanbieder vir die huistoe ry program op die gemeenskaps radiostasie, Radio NFM 98.1, verder is sy ook werksaam by Lara FM 91.6, kommersiele radiostasie is. Sy geniet buite uitsending want dank an sy lekker interaksie hê met die gemeenskap en allerande stories word daar gebore. Sy doen gereeld motiverings praatjies by skole, vroue geleenthede en sy tree gereeld op as seremoniedame. Haar passie is Afrikaans, my moedertaal, dis onse TAAL.

word daarin vertel. Die boek het omtrent my hart laat warm klop, omdat ek geleer het om nooit op te gee op jou drome nie. Hier is ek dan nou hoeka besig met een van myne. “Wie nie waag nie, wen nie”... As jy iets wil bereik in die lewe, moet jy nie wag vir dinge om te gebeur nie, jy kan nie by die huis op die rusbank sit, afstand-beheer in die hand en verwag daai droom gaan gebeur nie. Nee, jy moet iets daadwerklik doen.

Hier het mense nog noem name oftewel, “kwaai name”, maar ons sal later hieroor praat in ‘n ander uitgawe. Ons praat nie meer van veewagters nie, maar van kuddebewaarders. Namakwalanders het die wonderlikste sêgoedjies. Jy lag jou omtrent ‘n papie uit veral as van ons eers op ons stukke is. Toneelspel, sang en musiek is in ons bloed, ons kan ‘n storie vertel laat dit smaak dit speel voor jou af. Moenie praat van goed spekskiet ook nie, ons kan ook maar lekker aandik hier op kolle, dit is nou met die tong in die kies gese.

Namakwaland, Blommeland, daar’s net een land, Namakwaland, dit is wat ek gister gelees het op iemand se t-hemp. Ek kry toe so ‘n warm gevoel in die bors oor wat op die t-hemp gestaan het en ek dink toe by myself, met so ‘n t-hemp staan mens mos uit. Dit is pure trots. Die bekende rymkletsers V.I.T.O. ook ‘n Namakwalander het so ‘n tyd gelede ‘n liedjie uitgebring,” Ek is trots”. Daai liedjie laat mens verstaan hoekom ons sulke trotse Namakwalanders is. Die liedjie dans omtrent lekker, en dit is so lekker om te sien hoe die groot mense saam sing. Ek het wonderlike voorreg om by ons plaaslike radio stasie te werk, ek doen die tjaila tyd program, “Hamba Khaya” en op hierdie platform leer ken ek regtig Namakwaland.

Elke IZZIT uitgawe sal sekere aspekte dek, maar ek gaan nie nou die aap uit die mou laat nie. Ons gaan behoorlik reis deur al die areas soos, Nama-khoi, Khaima, Richtersveld, Kamiesberg asook Karoo-Hoogland. So ons gaan wyd loop. Ek gee maar net solank ‘n oorsig oor wat verwag kan word en daar sal ook lekker onderhoude wees wat gedoen gaan word. Ek weet hier iewers op ‘n kol sal almal hierdie ryke deel van die land wil besoek.



HIER IS:

Koffie - N brou.

Sleg is gxhouboe.

Lekker is nxa.

luister word luuster.

Donkie word dounkie en

so kan ek aangaan.



## KOM REIS SAAM NA NAMAKWALAND



# Bucket List **ADVENTURES**

A few years ago, my mom could not find the bucket when she wanted to mop the floor. After a long search, getting ready to explode, she yelled "What happened to the bucket? Where is it?" Blake, my 6-year-old nephew, sheepishly confessed that he threw the bucket away. When asked why he did that, he replied "Granma, I didn't want you to kick the bucket and die



INSPIRED BY MY Dad's stories of the unexplained, my need to explore, see more, my husband and sisters shared enthusiasm holds all the Wonders of the World in it and along the way I have added some extreme adventures, some beautiful cities and some fantastic food. Join me or better yet.....**TRAVEL IN MY FOOTSTEPS.**

**SOUTH AFRICA'S NATURAL WONDER OF THE WORLD:  
TABLE MOUNTAIN**

My first adventures started at home – by home, I mean my home country South Africa. One of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World - Table Mountain.

I have ticked this wonder off several times and I find that I am drawn to the beauty of Cape Town and the majestic mountain every time I am in South Africa. The views from the mountain are spectacular and even if you think the cable car ride looks a bit scary, it's well worth waiting in the long line. You could also hike up, but alas, that's not for me. On cloudy days the tablecloth covers the mountain – and although it's an awesome site to see – it's not safe to be up there in



the clouds and the cable ride is normally closed. It's worth waiting for a clear day because when walking around on top of the table, the views are breath taking. I even spotted a snake. When I tried to warn a group of tourists about the snake, I created a stampede with paparazzi like camera flashes going off - poor snake is now famous and a bit camera shy!

**RECOMMENDATION:**

Cape Town has plenty more to offer, with fantastic food and world class wine in amazing restaurants. My favorite 'hang-out' is still Snoekies in Houtbaai for the best calamari and snoek in town. I have eaten in many places around the world (including Michelin Star Restaurants) and this is still one of my highly recommended favorites.

This is the place where the fishermen bring their daily catch and the locals come for the freshest and least expensive fish.

**Trust me, you will not regret it !**





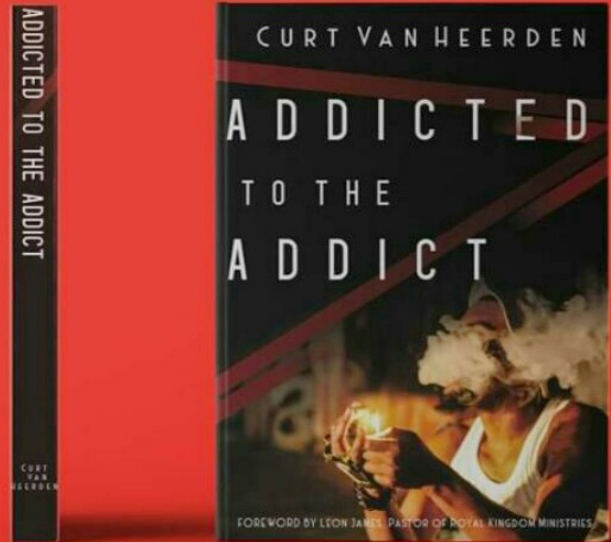
CURT VAN HEERDEN

# #SAVETHE DATE #BOOKLAUNCH #31MAY'19

In his book, *Addicted to the addict*, Curt explores the calamitous nature of drugs in our communities. He takes the reader through his experiences as a child growing up in Newclare, a community reeling from the unpalatable ravages of drug use. His family does not escape the scourge and consequently, he is hugely affected and the decisions that he makes later in his life are informed by past experiences. Curt is fortunate to win a scholarship to an affluent school that offers him an opportunity to hone his cricketing skills.

The affluence of his new school does not heal the broken nature of his childhood and a community plagued by drugs. It follows him and ultimately compels him to choose between a lucrative cricketing career or heed the calling to help addicted people on their path to restoration. He chooses the later.

Through the testimonies of restored addicts, the reader is given a glimpse into the murky world of drug use. The stories of addicts are told with such honesty that familiarises the reader with workings of an addict's mind.



## ADDICTED TO THE ADDICT:

The book offers a holistic view of the effects of drugs by exploring the misery of addicts as well the trauma that parents, spouses and relatives endure.

The book offers a holistic view of the effects of drugs by exploring the misery of addicts as well the trauma that parents, spouses and relatives endure. Curt presents them as victims who are compelled to bear the brunt of witnessing the slump of their children and relatives into the dark world of addiction. He offers a different perspective to the current judgemental and condemning views that society has on addicts. He propagates embracing addicts and showing them compassion and love that is Christlike. He discusses at length the approach that his institute employs to ensure restoration, help addicts discover their sphere, purpose and ultimately prevent the chances of relapsing.

IT IS A BOOK THAT IS LIKE NO OTHER; IT UNCOVERS THE EXPERIENCES OF RESTORED ADDICTS AND THEIR RELATIVES RECOUNTED WITH UTMOST HONESTY.

**TO ATTEND THIS LAUNCH:  
CALL 066 2555 931**

# MOVIE CLUB

OUR CHIEF EDITOR TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT THE COOLEST MOVIES OF THE MONTH.

The movie, *Ellen Pakkies* is based on a true life story of mother in Capetown, Lavender Hill, who lived with her son who turned into a “monster” because of drug abuse. She eventually took her son’s life because she couldn’t stand to see him destroy her life as well as her’s and that of the broader community. This story has been told in the form of a full stage production produced by Liz Meiring with Vinette Ebrahim and Christo Davids as the actors who portrayed the story very convincingly and compassionately. Years later, the movie is made, with resounding success which includes numerous SAFTA award as explained below by Coloured South Africa. If you haven’t seen this movie yet, do yourself a favour and get it asap and be enlightened.

## *The Story Of* **Ellen Pakkies**

“Following its critical and box office success, the *Ellen Pakkies* Story added another accolade to its belt when it won big at this year’s, South African Film and Television Awards (Saftas).

The film received the Feature film award for Best Actress, Best Actor and Best Director.

Jill Levenberg won the Best Actress award for her powerful portrayal of the titular character, *Ellen Pakkies*. Her performance, which has been described as heart-rending, takes the audience on an emotional roller-coaster ride of a mom who loses her son to addiction and is forced to make the most tragic of decisions.

Winning the award for Best Actor, Jarrid Geduld’s performance has been described as Oscar-worthy. He throws himself into the character of Abie, a gentle kid who dreams of buying his mom a house but becomes enslaved to drugs and transforms into an unrecognizable monster. His commitment to portraying the character led to him losing so much weight, that some had become concerned for his health.

Winning the award for best director, Daryne Joshua has shown the cinematic world that it possible for a South African drama to become a box office success. Not only was it the second highest grossing movie of 2018, but it had the highest gross of any drama since 2013. It was also one of the few South African films that made more than R6 million at the Box Office and it is the highest grossing real-life drama over the last decade. “

- *Release Date: 25 August 2018*
- *Director: Daryn Joshua*
- *Writer: Christopher Nolan*
- *Cast: Jarried Geduld, Jill Levenberg*
- *Produced By: Moving Billboard*
- *Picture Company*

<https://www.colouredsa.co.za>



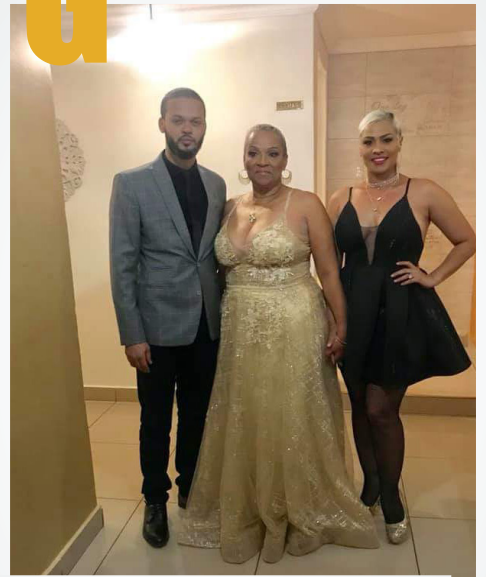
# CELEBRATING Aunty B

We had the privilege of Celebrating the life of Berenice Le Grange, mother and manager of the gorgeous Bianca Le Grange, performing artist, vocalist and runner up of the very first Idols SA. After over 40 years in teaching, Berenice is taking a bow and retires with a BANG !

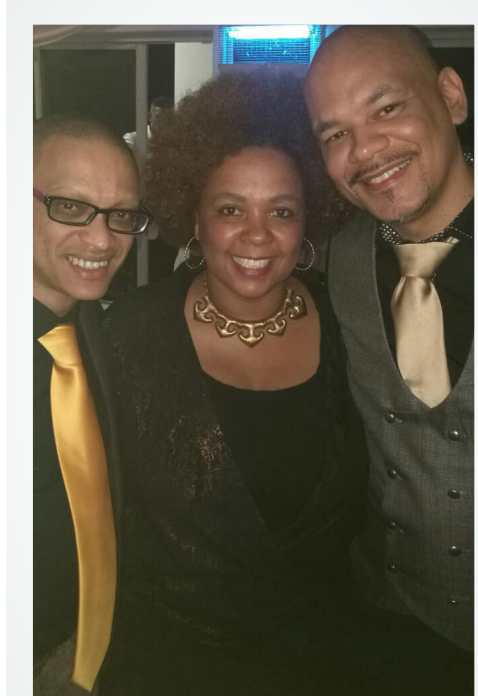
With a line up of Dr Victor & the Rasta Rebels, Loyiso Bala, Lois Du Plessis, Reggie Philander etc and Jason Goliath as the MC the evening was a resounding success. Bianca also did her part in honouring her Mom with a stellar performance.

Our own Icon in the acting world, Shaleen Surtie-Richards also graced us with her presence at the very opulent venue, The View.

Thank you Berenice looking forward to see you in action in the next phase of your life



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