

# St John's D.S.G

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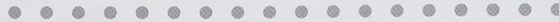


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OLD GIRLS

## Class representatives:

Matric



*Michelle Browne*



*Katherine Wilkins*

Grade 11



*Amy Frenkel*



*Kim Wilson*

Grade 10



*Kelly McBean*



*Nikki Heenan*

Grade 9



*Alexandra Stewart*



*Lauren Boyd*

Grade 8



*Samantha Lennox*



*Kayleigh Leisegang*

Editor: Mrs Mary-Lynne Tennant

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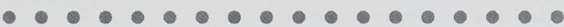




**ST JOHN'S D.S.G.**  
PIETERMARITZBURG



# SCHOOL SONG



*ST JOHN'S! THE CALL COMES RINGING CLEAR AND CLEARER:  
TO LABOUR AND TO PRAY WITH ALL OUR MIGHT;  
STILL SEEKING NOBLEST TRUTH, AND GAZING UPWARDS,  
TO MOUNT ON EAGLES' WINGS TOWARDS THE LIGHT!*

*THEN LATER, SCHOOL-GATES PASSED, LIFE'S WIDER SERVICE  
SHALL CLAIM US AND DEMAND OUR FULLEST STRENGTH;  
NOT LESS WE'LL LABOUR, PRAY, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.  
ON THEN, ST JOHN'S! WE'LL REACH THE GOAL AT LENGTH!*

*Words and Music by Mr Cyril Wright*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Cavern Berg Resort*



# ADDRESS

## ... by the Headmistress

I am pleased to deliver my eighth annual report in St John's 105th year.

Challenged by changes in education and the country, beset by the unstable Rand and rising prices, rocked by lowered moral standards and the disintegration of families, threatened by the effects of AIDS, violence and corruption in society, who would imagine a school like ours could still be something of a haven, a centre of happiness where a spirit of hard work, faith and compassion exists? It is a joy and a privilege to work with young people in the environment here, though the task to inspire and lead them can be daunting at times.

In a fable about education at a certain School for Animals, the Administration of the School Curriculum, with reference to individual differences, was the focus. (Not written by Dr Kader Asmal, but adapted from Dr George H. Reavis!)

"Once upon a time, the animals decided they must do something heroic to meet the challenges of a new dispensation. So they organized a school. They adopted an activity curriculum consisting of running, climbing, swimming and flying. To make it easier to manage the curriculum, ALL the animals took ALL the subjects. The duck was excellent in swimming, in fact better than his instructor; but he made only passing grades in flying, and was very poor in running. This was kept up until his web feet were badly worn and he was only average in swimming. But average was acceptable in school so nobody worried about that except the duck. The rabbit started at the top of the class in running, but had a nervous breakdown because of so much make-up work in swimming. The monkey was excellent in climbing until he developed frustration in the flying class where his teacher made him start from the ground up instead of from the tree top down. He also developed lameness from overexertion and then got C in climbing and D in running. The eagle was a problem child and was disciplined severely. In the climbing class he beat all the others to the top of the tree, but insisted on using his own way to get there. At the end of the year, an abnormal eel that could swim exceedingly well, and also run, climb and fly a little, had the highest average and was Dux.

The meerkats stayed out of school because the management would not add digging and burrowing to the curriculum. They apprenticed their children to a badger and later joined the warthogs and porcupines to start a successful alternative learning centre.

There should be no doubt in anyone's mind that the objectives and curriculum of what St John's offers are a far cry from the fabled school for animals, where equality and mediocrity were prime objectives.

For schools to be effective and dynamic, teaching and learning need to be responsive to major trends locally, nationally and globally; we have to rethink educational contexts and challenges presented, be alert to change and ready to question key issues for our pupils to survive and

thrive in the future. In this school we do not aspire to the "equality and mediocrity" of the school for animals. At St John's our aim is to provide the kind of "true education" which, in the words of Felix Schelling, "makes for inequality; the inequality of individuality, the inequality of success, the glorious inequality of talent, of genius. For inequality, not mediocrity, individual superiority, not standardisation, is the measure of progress in the world."

It is at our Annual Prize-giving that we celebrate together and congratulate successful girls with 'unequal talent', 'individuality' and perhaps, occasionally, even genius! It gives an opportunity to reflect on the year and its achievements, and is a special occasion to focus on the Matrics. The 2002 group have had a hard act to follow with the 2001 Matric results being outstanding. But certainly the top group will more than match their predecessors' record, if the year's results are anything to go by. It is exceptional that on the basis of their Trials results, four girls were awarded Academic Honours this year (one being a re-award to Sarah Mathews, who first achieved hers at the end of Grade 11!) The other three are Jacquelynn Sparks, Elizabeth Yeats and Michelle Browne. It gives us special pride that three of these girls have come from our own Junior school. They are girls in whom we celebrate "the glorious inequality of talent".

I would like to make special mention of someone else in this group who was the first to achieve an Honours blazer. She did this at the earliest possible opportunity - at the beginning of her Grade 11 year, receiving the school's acknowledgement of that 'individual superiority' to which Felix Schelling refers. By this time she was already a well-known National and International swimmer, specialising in backstroke. She was the first recipient of a Sports Scholarship at St John's, and, while being an outstanding sportswoman, she has maintained an excellent level of academics throughout her career at this school. Besides maintaining this sound balance and being a prefect, Lindsay is modest, courteous, kind and always smiling. Lindsay Backhouse personifies what we would like the typical St John's girl to be.

The Matrics pointed out in their final Chapel service last Friday, that 2002 should be remembered for its record of eight Honours Blazers - a remarkable achievement in a group of 48 girls: two traditionally awarded for Service to the Head Girl and Deputy, Kaylee Jo and Catherine; four for Academics, of which I have already spoken; Lindsay's one for Sport and Tessa Heenan's Cultural Award for Drama. Reflecting over the weekend, I realised what an excellent balance has been achieved within their group - that very balance which we strive to emphasise in the experience of everyone who attends this school. I am particularly delighted that Academics have taken top honours!

Last term, I enjoyed teaching the matrics one of their set poems, Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Constantly Risking Absurdity". As the Matrics leave this 'haven' I referred to earlier, they will 'constantly be risking absurdity', negotiating



Mrs Jill Champion



that tightrope which is life, but as long as they are faithful in maintaining 'taut truth', their sense of balance will keep them steady and safe.

I should like to repeat the last verse, concerning wisdom and understanding, of this morning's reading from Job: "And [God] said to man, 'The fear of the Lord - That is wisdom; and to shun evil is understanding.'" My wish for the Matrics, as they approach examinations and the future, is that they be filled with wisdom and understanding. I Thank the Matrics, for their contribution to St John's. Every one of them, in her individual way, creates the balance which a school needs. My special thanks go to the Prefects, led with great generosity of spirit by Kaylee-Jo and Catherine. Their service and loyalty to the school are especially valued.

Looking back over the events of the year, several shine as highlights: the Drama department's production of Arthur Miller's play, "The Crucible" was referred to as 'the best school production I have seen' by someone I respect greatly, and I concur. We continue to work well in the field of drama with the boys from Maritzburg College. Another extraordinary highlight was the Fay Forbes musical production of "I am Woman", with a cast of girls from Grade 0 to Matric numbering over 200 - nearly half of the school! It was a roaring success, unleashing previously unrecognised talent and providing a wonderful vehicle for joy and fun.

The Blood Donor Clinic here on Market Day was indicative of the spirit of senior girls, staff and parents of this school, where service to the wider community is constantly encouraged. The Blood Donor Clinic has a high public profile, but ongoing projects to Ashburton Farm school and those supported by Interact and Youth Forum, every year, are less visible. We hope these experiences develop in girls a spirit of service - a social conscience for life.

A new event (at least in the Senior School) last term, was Grandparents' Day. It was a heartwarming occasion, completely oversubscribed with more than twice the number of replies arriving. We were delighted by the response and plan to repeat the event regularly.

One of the improved facilities this year is the new school shop, "Uniform-i-Tea", run by Erika Barthorpe, which is a great asset for both parents and girls. Situated conveniently for both Junior and Senior school in the middle of our campus, it offers one-stop shopping in a relaxing environment with a tea garden on the terrace for parents. The outdoor furniture and some of the interior fittings were bought with funds raised through the efforts of the Parents' Committee, for which we are most grateful.

The Indoor Centre continues to be used extensively throughout the year. During 2002, phase 2 of the Centre's development was embarked upon with our own maintenance staff completing two new sets of toilets. Next year we intend to add the facility of extra changerooms. From 2003 it will become the new venue for graduation ceremonies of the Pietermaritzburg campus of the University of Natal, during the

Easter holidays. So it truly is a Multi-Purpose Centre and a tremendous asset to both our school and our community.

I have spoken of just two of our excellent facilities - the new School Shop and our Multi-Purpose Centre - as great assets, but as I have said every year and have no shame in repeating, by far our greatest asset at St John's is the staff! I speak of all the staff: Boarding, Kitchen, Laundry, Grounds and Maintenance, Drivers, Nursing sister, Marketing Officer, Lab and Library Assistants, Administration including Accounts, Secretarial and shop staff - and of course Academic staff, who provide the core business of a school. The commitment, loyalty, expertise and energy that all these people channel into St John's, ensure its success year after year. I am profoundly grateful to have staff of this calibre.

I am fortunate too, to have the support of the extended family of St John's: the Board of Governors and its new Chairman, Bishop Michael Nuttall. What a gift to St John's is his leadership! The Sisters of the Society of St John the Divine, as regularly as ever, travel from Durban to be part of the life of this school. The Old Girls' and Parents' Associations, continue to work for our good. Our Chaplain and his assistant, Fathers Lloyd Smith and John Read from St Alphege's, are our spiritual guides; and in the background we have individuals and groups of parents, past and present, who pray for us and work indefatigably in a myriad ways to support our school.

We have a growing collection of Matric Art enhancing the walls of the theatre and foyer. The framing is sponsored by a generous past parent and Old Girl, now also a Board Member, (Di Fitzsimons) and the paintings are loaned by past Matric girls. Another three paintings will be added to this collection from the 2002 Matric art exhibited in the Gym Hall at present. It is a wonderful legacy.

At the Heads' Conference in Somerset West this year, an impressive educationist, Rev. Frank Jarvis from Boston, Massachusetts, USA, spoke of the malaise and despair of modern youth in America, where no spiritual life is offered as part of their educational system.

I pray that I am not mistaken in thinking that a school like St John's with its ethos of caring and strong faith, provides that spiritual base that not only stabilises us, but makes us happy and able to give love in the world. With all the skills and knowledge that a good education gives, life will have no meaning or balance unless one is happy and able to give love.

I end with the words of Mother Theresa: "Spread love everywhere you go: first of all in your own home. Give love to every member of your family, to a next door neighbour... Let no one ever come to you without leaving better and happier. Be the living expression of God's kindness; kindness in your eyes, kindness in your smile, kindness in your warm greeting."

*Jill Champion*





## ADDRESS BY GUEST SPEAKER

### ... Prof Stuart Saunders

I must thank Mrs Jill Champion, the Headmistress, for asking me to talk to you today. At my stage of life you think you know all the answers, but the questions are seldom asked – so it is marvellous to have a captive audience! Most of us have a need to pass on experience – teachers and parents do so constantly and doing so is part of the reward of being a teacher or a parent. There are other ways of passing on experience – writing one's memoirs, setting out the facts of what happened and why, and speaking on occasions such as this, for instance. And so I am glad to be here to meet you, the girls of St John's Diocesan School, at the cusp of your lives as you are about to take off... up, up and away ... and to meet the teachers who have empowered you to take off and given direction to your flight in life.

You will, of course, reject many things you've been taught at school, (perhaps what I am telling you now as well) but it is likely that, later, you will reconsider and reclaim some of these values. This would be especially true for those who, like you, have had the privilege of attending a school with such noble ideals. But still, to test, reject and reconsider ideas and values is part of the process of defining oneself. Throughout life one travels towards self-knowledge and it is all about making choices.

So much of what you will get out of life will depend upon the choices you make. This is my message to you today. Make those choices. Decide what you want to achieve and go for it, consider your values and stand by them. Do not drift, do not go with the flow – not in your career, not in your personal life, not where broader, socio-political values are at stake because these issues too, form part of your life. Chance plays a role, but do not leave too much to chance. Decide what you want. And having made the decision, having chosen, be prepared to work hard for it, to defend it, because you will, ultimately, be working for your sense of self, your definition of who and what you are. You will be defined by the choices you make.

The issues you must face as young women are different to those my generation faced after leaving school – the second world war took place during my school days and I was a

student when the apartheid regime was established. Yet the choices we faced and those you will have to deal with are essentially the same: do you identify with the society you live in – are you willing to stand up for your values – what can you do to



*The Guest Speaker, Prof. Stuart Saunders, with Sarah Mathews, Dux of the School, the Headmistress, Mrs Jill Champion, Chairman of the Board, Bishop Michael Nuttall and the Head Girl, Kaylee Jo Small.*

ensure a better future for those who come after you? And it is not all a matter of taking a public stand. You do not have to be a politician to realize that it is important to exercise your democratic rights – to vote or not to vote and who to vote for. But do give the matter serious consideration. Many have suffered to give you that right.

Fairness in the workplace is another issue. Our constitution has put the checks and balances in place to achieve fairness and redress the wrongs of the past, but it is up to your generation to see that it works. Be vigilant in guarding the rights of others, speak up in shops, in pubs, wherever you see unfairness. Multiple individual acts finally make the difference.

Individual acts of kindness, of outrage and of ethical behaviour finally make the difference. Never say "the problem is so big ... what can I do?" You can make a difference. Consider the unethical behaviour at Enron which resulted in an enormous company becoming insolvent and many folk losing their life savings. Corruption in major corporations in the US has given rise to serious international concern and where do these problems begin? They start with the failure of individuals to recognise that they are faced with a serious ethical problem or choosing knowingly to deny that is the case.



It is vital to recognise that what you are asked to do is unethical and have the courage to act correctly. It is not easy. All sorts of pressures may be put on you rationalising away the dilemma. Codes of conduct and mission statements are well and good, but fine words butter no parsnips. In the end it is individual values and courage that count. Do not let yourself down. Each act of proper behaviour in the face of temptation puts another brick in the wall of civilisation. And you will certainly be tempted. Your best defence is a strong value system and moral sense.

Much has been achieved in the past decade. You are the children of these changes in our country and the responsibility passes on to you to see that this gift, this promise of a fair society, is secured.

There are many buzz words in world politics. I don't want to go into that today, suffice to say that both fairness and democracy are interpreted differently by different people. My point is that you should decide what it means to you and then demonstrate those values in your daily lives. Live your values.

You will make mistakes. But as long as you don't make the same mistake twice you can recover. You can change careers, get out of a bad relationship, kick a bad habit. Life is too short to let the fear of making a mistake prevent you from writing a novel or speaking in public or choosing a difficult course of study or backpacking through remote places. It is also long enough to allow for change; it is both shorter and longer than we think at the beginning of our adult lives.

This was recently brought home to me when my name appeared on a publication which was discussed at the annual research day at the department of medicine at UCT. A young doctor asked one of my colleagues: "Is that the same Saunders?" "Yes". The young man paused and then asked "Is he still alive?" Like Mark Twain, I'm happy to report that the rumours of my demise are much exaggerated.

To return to your options, the choices you make. You have not chosen the era to which you belong. The problems which the world now faces will impact directly on your lives, but you can choose how you will relate to this world. The AIDS epidemic will certainly impact the society of which you will be part. Be fully aware of how AIDS is acquired, of how it can be prevented and show compassion and understanding to those who carry the HIV virus. The epidemic seems to be so overwhelming that many feel helpless. But you can help in so many ways. Get involved in NGOs, support those who live with HIV and AIDS, help the orphans. It will enrich their lives and your own. I was very pleased to learn that many of you are

involved. It says a great deal about you and this school. But your commitment must continue after you leave school.

Another change which affects you is that women of your generation are expected to follow a career. It is no longer just a feminist issue, but also one of economics. Very few couples can afford to have one partner staying at home and society cannot afford to lose 50% of its work force. In an increasingly competitive world, only good qualifications will ensure job satisfaction and a reasonable standard of living. Make sure that you are well qualified. Affirmative action will level off as more and more women succeed at executive level and during your working careers it will become tougher to climb to the top. But then, I don't believe that any of you would want to hold a position for any reason other than that you were simply the best person for the job.

Part of the excitement of living in the world today is the development of electronic communications. It has turned the world into a global village as they say, but has also added stress by accelerating the pace and volume of communications. And one of the results of this has been an increasingly sloppy style of writing. I think this is dangerous. You cannot know what you think or know what another is trying to say if you do not communicate precisely. Peter Sellars was a comedian who used to make me laugh so much that my sides ached. In one scene a man asked him if his dog bites. Sellars replied, "My dog does not bite". The man walked towards him and the dog promptly bit him. "But you said your dog did not bite" said the enraged man. "It is not my dog" replied Sellars. Use words precisely. Our global village has narrowed down the number of languages used for international communications. English is high on the list and, therefore, whatever your home language or your course of study, make sure that you hone your skills in the use of the English language.

Have you ever been out at night in the countryside, in the bush in kwaZulu-Natal or the veld of the Karoo? Have you lain on your back and looked up at the stars and wondered at the immensity of it all? Have you listened to the deafening sound of silence? Take those precious moments to be thoughtful, to wonder who you are and what it is all about, to think of what is of value to you, to dream while awake and to let your spirits and thoughts soar. Good luck. Have fun.

*Prof. Stuart Saunders*



# ADDRESS

## ...by the Head Girl

When I was in grade 8, God sent me a sign. Or at least I thought He did. I didn't realise that the cross on the back wall in the chapel shines because it has a light behind it. All I saw was a huge, glowing cross and the fact that no one else seemed to think this amazing made it all the more obvious to me that it was a sign from God. However, I soon realised that it was lit by fluorescent lights, and could be turned on and off at will.

If someone had told me, five years ago, that I would be standing here today giving you my Head Girl's speech, I would not have believed it. I was not born a leader, nor was I born Head Girl. But through my life I have learnt what it is that a good leader possesses; I have learnt to develop the skills that this requires. I have always been Kaylee Jo, but the past five years of my life have truly shaped the person you see now. A few years ago, I battled to stand up in front of my class and give an oral. I didn't choose to speak in class unless I had to. And here I am. St John's has grown on me and it is here that I have grown.

This year has been the most exciting and challenging year of my life. It has been a mixture of joy and happiness, but also sadness and sometimes loneliness. I have had to make sacrifices; I have faced conflicts within myself and between people I care about. But the honour of being Head Girl manages to push any negativity aside. The pride I have felt has been huge. I have gained much working knowledge about life and have come to know people so much better. This opportunity has also provided me with insight into the amount of hard work, effort and often stress, that goes on behind the scenes to run a school like ours. My thanks go to those people with whom the prefects and have worked closely, and who have supported and advised us this year.

Mrs Champion, I wish that every girl could see what I have seen this year. So often, you bear the brunt of things that we are never aware of, and yet you manage to lead us with grace and dignity. We have much to learn about what it takes to be head of a school, but we see through you, your strength in upholding all that is just, even when it is not the popular thing. Thank you for your guidance and support this year.

To quote Mr Wotherspoon in one of his perceived moments of intelligence during a higher-grade maths lesson, "I'm losing brain cells faster than you're gaining them." Sir, this may have been the case at the beginning of the year, but I am afraid that when Michelle Browne gets 98% for geometry during trials, this is no longer true. You may still be losing them, but we are gaining them! I wish to thank you, sir, for all your efforts; things would get done a lot slower if it weren't for you. Your unfailing ability to have a sense of humour, even during the most trying of times, is truly admirable.

The staff has played an invaluable role in the Matrics' lives. I wish that I could thank you each individually for everything that you have given

me, given us. In particular, Mevrouw Malherbe and Mrs Grey, have looked after the prefects and Matrics this year. Thank you for your care in making sure that we never got lost below the water! Mrs Champion believes that the greatest asset that St John's has is its staff. I always believed it was the girls. But I cannot ignore the fact that without the staff, we would be far from where we all are now. Mrs Witherspoon, Ms Wintgens and Ms Weitz have also played a significant role this year, and for that I thank you.

The first time I came to look at St John's, I knew that this was where I wanted to be. Looking back on the years I have spent here, and in spite of having complained about some things, there is no place I would rather have been. What is it that makes St John's so special? Perhaps it is the sunlight that seems to be perpetually bouncing off the walls. Maybe it is the close working environment which gives to each girl all she needs to equip her. Is it the food? The gardens through which we leisurely stroll trying to miss a few more minutes of the class for which we are already late? No. It's the people. "A person is a person because of people." I have made it through this year because of the people who have surrounded me.

A St John's girl is recognizable from afar; partly because she is the only schoolgirl in 'Maritzburg who has to wear a basher, yes, but more for who she is. She is the girl who smiles at people, greets them. Not only because she has been told that this is the right thing to do, but also because she feels the need to. She is the one who doesn't let the opportunity to have fun pass her by. She is the girl who knows where she is going. More than anything, she is the girl who loves. I have been on the receiving end of much love and kindness this year. Not only from the Matrics, who made sure that I never walked alone, but from girls in other grades as well. A simple hello, a smile or sharing a joke with one of you has made me feel supported this year. You need not even have spoken to me, which happens mostly with the grade 8s who are too scared, but a smile speaks immeasurably during a tough day. You have made me proud this year; you have made me laugh and sometimes you have made me cry. But mostly, you have made me proud. Thank you for your support and your kindness. I hope that if ever I see any one of you after we have left St John's, we can be friends.

Next year I will not miss maths; I will not miss exams and I will not miss waking up early to go to swimming training. But there is so much that I will miss. I don't know if you know, but Miss Davies can rap. In fact she raps rather well and with considerable rhythm. I will never forget the time she made our Biology night lesson all worth it when she burst into rap. I will miss sitting outside in the sun with friends at tea, staying as long as humanly possible after the first bell, and then scuttling off to the classroom. I will miss acting like grade 2s during gym. I will miss walking uninterrupted through the school watching girls part like the red sea before the all-



Head Girl - Kaylee Jo Small



powerful matric crest! I will miss seeing a friend no matter which direction I turn. I will miss recognising each face that passes by. And I will miss sharing each day with my fellow classmates – my friends.

Matrics of 2002, how well you have done! We were the troublesome bunch, the ones who added more than a few grey hairs to some of the staffs' heads. But I really believe that we have grown through it all. The energy and passion that overflows from you is amazing. They can call you tiring, they can call you hard to deal with at times, but they can never call you ordinary. How many other Grade 12 classes can put four Honours blazers to their name for academics alone? You boast superb acting and musical talent, writing talent, sporting talent. But you know that the friendships and relationships that you cultivate along the way, and the fun that you have, are more important than any of these. To you, I wish to say thank you. This year has been up and down. I have made my fair share of mistakes and miscalculations, but nonetheless, you have supported me through it all - in the form of a kind note, a friendly hug, a wink while passing.

To the prefects: you have served the school this year with enthusiasm and energy and have needed little assistance from me. You have been committed, but you have also had fun. You have handed out punishment with humility, but with the right amount of sternness! I am so grateful to each of you for your support and friendship this year. It has not been easy, but together we managed and I have been honoured to serve the school with you this year.

Cath, you have been my tower of strength. I will never forget the day I met Catherine. She walked into the history classroom and stated, "Do you know who I am?! I'm Catherine Avery – the history teacher's daughter!" That's Cath - bold and outspoken, and I have so benefited from your strength this year. You have been my friend before any other duty we have shared, and for that I am so grateful. Amy, I don't think I will ever meet anyone else who has an ability to entertain people like you do. You have provided me with spiritual strength this year but also always reminded me that we are supposed to be having fun. You have done a fantastic job, treading on new ground; thank you for your love and joy. And then, to Lisa, the most organised person I know. Need a list? Go to Lisa! Lisa, you have shown courage and determination this year, and an irrepressible desire to keep the girls at St John's behaving as they should – even if it means being on the Grade 11 hit list for taking their lawn away from them! Your commitment shines. Thank you for your constant support this year.

There is a misconception that life begins after school. Don't slip into this way of thinking. Life is here and now. Happiness is here and now. Don't defer your happiness by thinking you'll be happy when something changes. Be glad for today. Be happy today, because you have exchanged one day of your life for it. If I could give you one piece of advice that I hope you will take away from me - take life one day at a time.

Be grateful for those whom you love and those who surround you. I've come to realise that life is not about how much you weigh, how many A's you get or what you have. We're all part of a beautiful thing much greater than ourselves. Success is never final and failure is never fatal. Learn to love who you are and find out what it is that you can give to someone else. In the end, people won't remember you for what you wore, or what car you drove or how much money you had. They will remember how you made them feel.

There are four special people whom I wish to thank: my family. I am standing here today, balanced and happy, because of what I have received from you. Dad – I have never seen you give up. You strive for excellence in everything you do, and this has rubbed off on me. You are a shining example of persistence and you have guided me ever so gently through this year. Mom, everything I have been through this year, you have been through as well. You have shared my heartache, but you have been the first to delight in my joy. You have never taught me how to live. You have lived and I have watched you. Khara-Jade, I admire and love you for all you are and I am so grateful for all that you have helped me with this year. Keagan – you are very special to me. You always remind me to take life little bit by little bit. I love you all and can only thank you for what you have given me this year, and every other year before this.

Matrics – we have sat here for the past 5 years and watched girls crying and preparing themselves to leave this haven of love and support, and each time we have returned. But next year we won't be coming back to each other. I wish for all of you love, success and happiness. Remember that happiness is not a guarantee – it is a choice. We have the power to make that choice, so make it, always. In the words of Waratwa Mtshali, "I'm too smart and too talented not to be the best that I can be." You are too smart and too talented not to be the best that you can be. "May you have enough happiness to make you sweet, enough trials to make you strong, enough sorrow to keep you human, enough hope to make you happy." I will miss you all.

If you walk around the gardens at St John's you will see many flowers and plants which brighten up the school and add fleeting joy to our lives at a passing glance. One flower stands out in my mind. If you look up 'rose' in the dictionary, it is defined as 'prickly bush or shrub bearing a beautiful and fragrant flower.' This year, the beauty I have experienced has outshone the prickly parts. In hindsight, perhaps God was sending me a sign on that Friday morning five years ago when the cross magically lit up. If He had had the chance to speak to me at that moment, I think he would probably have said, "Joey – you made the right choice."

There is a saying that reads, 'Home is where the heart grows.'  
If this is true, then this is home.

*Kaylee Jo Small – Head Girl*





## Honours Blazers



Kaylee Jo Small -  
Head Girl



Catherine Avery -  
Deputy Head Girl



Sarah Mathews -  
Academics



Jacquelynn Sparks -  
Academics

# PRIZE LIST 2002

## Class Prizes

### Grade 8 Merit Certificates

Megan Blore, Jenna Brown, Alice Durnford,  
Tristan Duthie, Deborah Gouweloos,  
Sudha Krishna, Katherine Robertshaw,  
Anthea Taylor, Bianca Westhorpe-Pottow.

### Grade 9 Merit Certificates

Kate Attwell, Lauren Boyd, Rebecca Burne,  
Rayne Cockburn, Katie-Lee Essom,  
Monja-Marie Nortjé, Toni-Lee Sterley,  
Alexandra Stewart

### Grade 10 1st

Andrea Müller

### Merit Certificates

Emma du Preez, Jennifer O'Neill,  
Erica Stephen

### Grade 11 1st

Glynis Marwick

### Merit Certificates

Louise Hedges, Nothemba Luckett,  
Stacey Wright

### Grade 12 Honours Certificates

Michelle Browne, Barbara Couperthwaite,  
Sarah Mathews, Jenny Preiss, Julia Ramsay,  
Natalie Robinson, Amy Schladenhauffen,  
Kaylee Jo Small, Jacquelynn Sparks,  
Elizabeth Yeats

## Special Awards

### Music: Middle School Award:

Toni-Lee Sterley

### Senior School Award (Francine Bowker Shield) : Megan Cowie

### Alison McLean Poetry Award

Catherine Avery

### Wilson Public Speaking Cup

Barbara Couperthwaite

### Labistour Cup (for the best individual debater): Barbara Couperthwaite

### Kate Holmes Trophy

(for the most promising actress):

Amelia Frenkel

### Lectern Cup

(for the most improved speaker):

Kim Symons

### Practical Art Award:

Kaylee Jo Small

### Practical Home Economics Award:

Elizabeth Yeats

### Speech and Drama Award:

Amy Clarence

### PINNY MAPHAM MEMORIAL TROPHY

(for Altruism): Shelly Low

### JOANNE (DALTON) BEATTIE MEMORIAL

TROPHY (for creativity): Kaylee Jo Small

### ASHLEIGH WIENAND CUP (surfing):

Kelly Johns

### GREYLING CUP (for sportsmanship):

Kaylee Jo Small

### GOODMAN CUP

(for all-round sporting achievement):

Lisa Brown

## Matriculation Subject Prizes

Afrikaans: Sarah Mathews, Natalie Robinson

Computyping: Amy Clarence

History: Barbara Couperthwaite

Speech and Drama: Kaylee Jo Small

Home Economics: Elizabeth Yeats

Accounting: Michelle Browne,  
Elizabeth Yeats

Physical Science: Michelle Browne,  
Elizabeth Yeats

Mathematics: Michelle Browne

Advanced Mathematics: Jacquelynn Sparks

Art: Jacquelynn Sparks

Geography: Jacquelynn Sparks

English: Sarah Mathews

French: Sarah Mathews

Biology (Rosalie Franklin Memorial Cup):  
Sarah Mathews, Jacquelynn Sparks

## Tokens of Appreciation

### Long Attendance (Grade 1 to Grade 12):

Michelle Browne, Lindsay Carte,  
Hailey Gardiner, Jessica Hart, Katherine Leff,  
Sarah Mathews, Emily Ogram,  
Stephanie Poltera, Geanne Taylor

Sacristan: (Presented by the Old Girls)  
Sarah Seymour

Senior Chorister: Amy Clarence

GEM Award: Kirsty Bowles,  
Lindsay Backhouse

Deputy Head Girl's Award: Catherine Avery

Head Girl's Award: Kaylee Jo Small

DEBI SHREEVE TROPHY (for Fellowship):  
Stacey-Lee Green

### GETLIFFE CUP

Tessa Heenan, Sarah Seymour

DUX of the School (Abbott Cup):  
Sarah Mathews

ST JOHN'S CUP: Catherine Avery,  
Kaylee Jo Small

*This page kindly sponsored by  
Sarah Mathews*



# ACHIEVEMENTS 2001 - 2002

## 2001 Matriculation Results

INDEPENDENT EXAMINATION BOARD  
100% pass, 48 candidates entered:  
43 Matric exemptions, 5 senior certificates  
16 A- aggregates, 71 distinctions:  
58 Higher grade subject As,  
13 Standard grade subject As

## Honours Blazers

Head Girl:	Kaylee Jo Small
Deputy Head Girl:	Catherine Avery
Academics:	Michelle Browne Sarah Mathews Jacquelyn Sparks Elizabeth Yeats
Speech and Drama:	Tessa Heenan
Swimming:	Lindsay Backhouse

## Honours Bars

Academics: Louise Hedges, Glynis Marwick, Andrea Müller, Kaylee Jo Small, Stacey Wright  
Basketball: Kaylee Jo Small, Nolwazi Nkosi  
Drama: Amy Clarence, Kaylee Jo Small  
Tennis: Louise Shone

## Colours Bars

Academics: Tracy Blore, Barbara Couperthwaite, Kendall Crous, Jennifer O'Neill, Amy Schladenhauffen, Erica Stephen  
Basketball: Nolwazi Nkosi, Amy Schladenhauffen  
Debating: Barbara Couperthwaite, Gemma Thompson  
Drama: Kirsty Bowles, Tammy Stafford  
Hockey: Sally-Ann Culverwell, Julianne Fifield, Kaylee Jo Small  
Indoor Hockey: Julianne Fifield  
Swimming: Robyn Bowles, Romi Hillermann  
Squash: Jessica Gouweloos, Carey Lindsay

## Achievement Bars

### English Olympiad

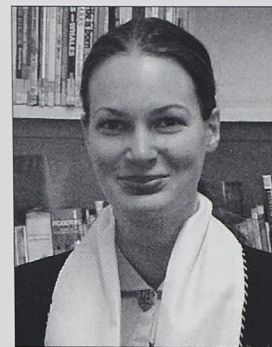
Gold medal: Sarah Mathews placed 27th (out of 3871 entrants)  
Silver medals: Candice Gallagher, Jessica Jenkin, Jessica Hart, Catherine Avery, Jessica Kretzmann, Louise Hedges, Tessa Heenan

### National Youth Science Olympiad:

In the 2nd round Jacquelynn Sparks was placed 13th and Sarah Mathews 15th in the country.

## Maths Olympiad:

These girls were in the top 20% of the 2nd round of the junior section: Toni-Lee Sterley, Megan Cunnama, Rebecca Burne and Paulette Josiah. Toni-Lee Sterley and Megan Cunnama represented the Midlands in the Interprovincial Maths Olympiad.



Sarah Matthews-  
Dux of the School

## Dance Academy of South Africa:

- In recent Academy exams, Sarah Seymour has been Highly Commended with a B symbol;
- Coralee von Weichardt received Honours, Highly Commended with an A+ as well as getting an Intermediate pass in classical ballet.
- Melanie Haralambous was Commended in her Grade 6 exam.

## Basketball:

Kaylee Jo Small and Nolwazi Nkosi were selected for the U18A KZN Midlands Team.

## Cross Country:

Roxanne Vale participated in the Zonal Cross-Country trials and was placed 1st in her age group.

## Equestrian:

At the SAPPI Horse Trials in August, Jenny Pickles won the Children's Intermediate Competition, thereby becoming the children's Eventing Champion of KZN.

## Gymnastics:

### Rhythmic Gymnastics:

- Natasha Haralambous, Toni-Lee Sterley and Natalie Miller represented the Natal Team in their respective age groups at the S.A. National Championships in Stellenbosch, in the Michaelmas holidays.
- Toni-Lee Sterley achieved a Bronze Medal for Hoop Level for over 14

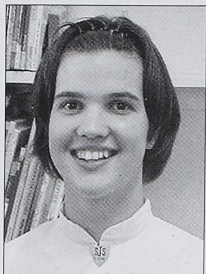
### Artistic Gymnastics:

Laura Taylor came second at the National Gymnastics Games in Stellenbosch, where she achieved 3 Silver Medals. She has been awarded the S.A. Federation Colours and will be representing South Africa at the Zone 6 competition in December.





Shelley Low



Stacey-Lee Green



Lisa Brown



Barbara  
Couperthwaite



Kelly Johns



*Front row:*

Julianne Fifield, Nicola Wichmann, Lindsay Backhouse, Miss L. van Breda, Kaylee Jo Small, Kelly Johns, Louise Shone

*Middle row:*

Laura Taylor, Jenna Brown, Nolwazi Nkosi, Jenny Pickles, Retlotluoe Nakin, Thobile Manzi, Natalie Miller, Sally-Anne Culverwell

*Back row:*

Robyn Bowles, Debra Gouweloos, Romi Hillermann, Carey Lindsay, Sally-Anne Snyman, Natasha Haralambous, Jessica Gouweloos, Tristan Duthie

## Hockey:

- Julianne Fifield was been selected for the Midlands U21B Indoor Hockey team.
- The following girls were selected for the Midlands teams:  
 U19B - Kaylee Jo Small (Captain),  
 Nikki Wichmann (Vice Captain);  
 U16A - Julianne Fifield,  
 Sally-Ann Culverwell;  
 U16B - Romi Hillermann,  
 Robyn Bowles;  
 U14A - Retlotluoe Nakin,  
 Tristan Duthie and  
 U14B - Jenna Brown, Thobile Manzi

## Squash

Carey Lindsay and Jessica Gouweloos have been selected for the KZN U16A team and Deborah Gouweloos has been selected for the KZN U14B team.

## Surfing

Kelly Johns surfed in the U18 KZN trials and was placed 2nd. This has earned her a place in the KZN Provincial Team to compete in the SA Championships in Cape Town in October.

## Swimming

Lindsay Backhouse, Robyn Bowles and Romi Hillermann swam in the SA High Schools' competition. Romi came 8th in the 50m Breaststroke and Lindsay 1st in the 50m and 100m backstroke. Lindsay Backhouse took part in the Senior National Championships this year.

## Tennis

Louise Shone has been selected for the U18A Midlands Tennis team and Sally-Anne Snyman for the B team.



Kirsty Bowles and Lindsay Backhouse

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Backhouse family*



# STAFF OF 2001



## Front row:

A. Harris, F. Malherbe,  
C. James, A Symes,  
J. Champion,  
M. Wotherspoon,  
S. Davies, C. Dreboldt,  
J Westwood

## 2nd row:

E. Murray,  
Y. Schlebusch,  
N. Bhengu, A. Tivcheva,  
K. Stakemire,  
P. Avery, P. Rhodes,  
A. Burn, J. Weitz,  
C. Coombes

## 3rd row:

R. Cruikshank,  
K. Anderson, N. Foss,  
M-L. Tennant,  
J. Grové, M. duToit,  
D. Adam, L. van Breda,  
C. Beattie, D. Murugan,  
K. Bowker

## 4th row:

Y. Wintgens,  
W. Griffiths,  
E. McDonald,  
S. Dinkelmann,  
B. Kidd, T. Moir,  
B. Hornbuckle,  
C. Campbell, J. Attwell,  
J. Huntley, S. Miller,  
E. Barthorpe

## Back row:

F. Forbes,  
D. MacLachlan,  
J. Smallie,  
M. Cunnama,  
C. Harris, G. Ducasse,  
M. Filmer, L. Smit,  
Q. van Rensburg,  
A. Lockhart, L. Joubert,  
R. Payn

**Mrs Jill Champion, B A, U E D HEADMISTRESS**

**Mr Max Wotherspoon, B SC, PCE DEPUTY HEAD / MATHEMATICS**

**Mrs Annette Symes, NTSD, HDE DEPUTY HEAD / HEADMISTRESS JUNIOR SCHOOL**

**Miss Sally Davies, B SC, HONS, GCE HOD (SCIENCES) / BIOLOGY**

**Mev. Frith Malherbe, BA, HOD HOD (HUMANITIES) / AFRIKAANS**

**Rev. Lloyd Smith, RECTOR OF ST ALPHEGE'S SCHOOL CHAPLAIN / DIVINITY**

**Rev. John Read, ASSISTANT PRIEST ASSISTANT SCHOOL CHAPLAIN / DIVINITY**

## Teaching Staff

**Mrs Désirée Adam, NTCD, HDE GRADE 6**

**Mrs Kim Anderson, HDE, FDE GRADE 7**

**Mrs Joan Attwell, BA Hons, HDE DRAMA**

**Mrs Patricia Avery, BA, HDE HISTORY**

**Ms Chantél Beattie, BA FINE ARTS, HDE ART**

**Mrs Kerin Bowker, TTD GRADE 1**

**Mrs Angela Burn, DIP ED, FDE**

**COMPUTERS**

**Miss Claire Campbell, B.COM HONS**

**ACCOUNTING**

**Mrs Candy Coombes, HDE, FDE GRADE 5**

**Mrs René Cruikshank, BA, HDE ENGLISH**

**Mrs Margaret Cunnama, BA, H DIP LIB  
SENIOR LIBRARY**

**Mrs Gillian Ducasse, NTSD, HDE GRADE 4**

**Mrs Marié du Toit, B Sc (Ed)  
MATHEMATICS / GENERAL SCIENCE**

**Miss Moira Filmer, BA HONS, HDE  
DRAMA / ENGLISH**

**Mrs Fay Forbes, DED GUIDANCE**

**Mrs Natalie Foss, B SC, HDE, B ED  
GENERAL SCIENCE,**

**PHYSICAL SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY**

**Mrs Yvonne Fritsche, NTSD GERMAN**

**Mrs Clemency Grey, B SC, GRAD CE  
GEOGRAPHY**

**Mrs Wendy Griffiths, NTSD, HDE GRADE 0**

**Mrs Judith Grové, BA, HED, DIP ZULU  
ZULU / SPORT**

**Mev. Antoinette Harris, NTSD, HDE  
AFRIKAANS**

**Mrs Lynne Joubert, NTSD GRADE 3**

**Ms Belinda Kidd, BA, HDE, B ED  
ENGLISH**

**Mrs Yvonne Langeveldt, NCTD  
COMPUTYING**

**Ms Alison Lockhart, MA ENGLISH**

**Mrs Denise MacLachlan, BA, HDE, B ED  
GEOGRAPHY**

**Mrs Tania Moir, BA MUSIC MUSIC**

**Miss Joyce Ngcobo, DIP ED  
ZULU**

**Mrs Patricia Rhodes, NTSD, H DIP ED  
GRADE 2**

**Mrs Janet Smallie, NTSD, DSE REM ED  
JUNIOR REMEDIAL**

**Miss Lisa Smit, BA (HMS)**

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION**

**Mrs Kay Stakemire, TD  
MATHEMATICS**

**Mrs Mary-Lynne Tennant, BA, H DIP LIB  
JUNIOR LIBRARY / ART**

**Mme Atina Tivcheva, MA FRENCH**

**Miss Linda van Breda, BA HONS (HMS)  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION**

**Mrs Jennifer Westwood, HDE**

**HOME ECONOMICS, TECHNOLOGY**

**Mrs Brenda Willows, BSC, HDE  
BIOLOGY**

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Coombes family*





## FAREWELL

### ...Charles James

In the eleven years that Charles James has been Business Manager at St John's, the school's financial position has been consolidated, despite the withdrawal of the State subsidy to Independent Schools. His meticulous control of budgets, attention to the detail of the school's running costs and persistent efforts to ensure regular payment of school fees, have ensured the school's stability.

During this period, major capital developments have taken place including the Matric Wing of the Senior Boarding Establishment, new classrooms in both the Senior and Junior School, the upgrade and extension of the Science Block, and most recently, the Indoor Multi-Purpose Centre. It is a proud record, which has been possible because of the sound business decisions that have been made by the Board of Governors and our highly efficient Business Manager, Charles.

To his credit also, is the top condition of our grounds and buildings which are so often commented on favourably. Through his good relationship with the Estate Manager, Mr Chester Harris, and his staff, St John's can

always be proud of its campus.

Surrounded by a staff largely of women, Charles has shown great patience and care in handling a wide variety of issues, and in dealing with the personal needs of the whole cross-section of staff. His fairness in always ensuring that what is best for St John's is paramount, emphasises his integrity and common-sense. His ability to focus on what is really important and to dismiss superfluous frills, have made him a steady influence with sound consequences when decisions about spending money have been made.

Charles' and Barbara's daughters, Laura and Helen, were both educated at St John's and Charles has always set as a priority the needs of the girls, both in and outside the classroom, and in the Boarding Establishment. His decision to retire early has filled us all with regret, as it will be difficult to find another Business Manager of his calibre. We wish Charles much happiness in the future and are grateful for the valuable contribution he has made to the school.

*Jill Champion*

### ...Jenny Peddle

"You can stay as you are for the rest of your life or you can change..." - not very profound, we agree "Madame", but it was a great loss for St John's when Madame Jenny Peddle decided upon a change in her career path!

Jennifer Peddle joined the St John's D.S.G. in January 1994. She had a passion for the French language and her enthusiasm was exuded to all her learners. She had a gift of varying her approach to cater for a wide range of learners' abilities, from complete

beginners to highly competent Matriculants. As well as organising two highly successful overseas Cultural Tours for senior girls to Europe while she was at St John's, she was actively involved in promoting the school to present and prospective parents.

Her gregarious, fun-loving nature will be missed by the family of St John's and we wish her well as she embarks upon her new career.

*Bridget Hornbuckle*

### ...Lynn van Rensburg

Lynn served St John's for 10 years, equipping our girls with vital life skills of budgeting and 'balancing their books.' Her expertise and conscientiousness were an asset to the Accountancy department and also helped ensure the efficient running of the school tuck shop.

Lynn was always prepared to go that extra mile, from providing extra evening classes for the matrics, to giving sound entrepreneurial advice to girls about to embark on their own small business

ventures and to the Grade 8s in preparation for their Market Days. Her honesty and forthright manner motivated pupils to perform at their peak.

Lynn has taken up a full-time position at GHS and will be remembered for her care and kind-heartedness towards staff and pupils alike. We wish her everything of the best.

*René Cruickshank*



*Charles James*



*Jenny Peddle*



*Lynn van Rensburg*



# FAREWELL

## ...Marié du Toit

Marié du Toit joined St John's at as a part-time Maths and Science teacher at the beginning of 2001, bringing with her an open and friendly approach that quickly made her a part of St John's. The pupils have appreciated her dedication to revealing the mysteries of Maths and Science, and her encouragement in helping them to come to an understanding of their own.

Her straightforward manner and her willingness to say what she thinks are tempered by a gentle and caring nature and a wicked sense of humour. Her unique qualities have engendered respect and

endeared her to staff and pupils alike. This same balance is reflected in everything she does: Marie enjoys discussing a good book that she has read as much as she enjoys her cycling and running. She is able to prioritise her work, as well as make amazing cakes for Rosie and Frankie's birthday parties.

Marié leaves us to go with her husband and two children to Scotland, where Jean has been offered a post. We will miss her, and we wish her, and her family, everything of the best. She will always be welcome at St John's.

Alison Lockhart

## ...Clair Campbell

St John's was fortunate to have Clair join the staff when she took up the Accountancy post at the beginning of the second term. She has been a serene presence in the school, and her efforts have been characterised by a cheerful sense of purpose.

Clair has thoroughly enjoyed her work in the classroom, finding it challenging, and the interaction with the girls most rewarding. The success of the Grade 8 tour week was due in no small part to her organisational talents. She was also the driving force behind the Grade 8 Market Day which provided a fun opportunity for girls to learn and apply small business and entrepreneurial skills.

Her experience at St John's has led Clair to

consider completing a PGCE at some stage, so that teaching will be an option for her in the future. Her immediate plans, however, are to complete three years of articles with the local branch of Ernst and Young, and to write the Board Exams that will lead to her qualification as a CA.

Members of staff have admired Clair's warmth and seeming unflappability, and her valuable contribution to the academic programme has been appreciated. We hope that she will find fulfilment and happiness in her future endeavours.

Belinda Kidd

## ...Denise Maclachlan

After thoroughly enjoying a locum tenens at St John's, Denise Maclachlan joined the Senior School on a permanent part-time basis as Geography teacher, and has now been on the staff for eleven years.

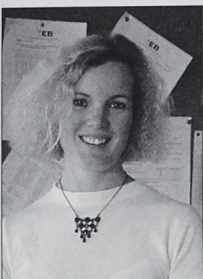
It is with regret that we say farewell to Denise as she leaves St John's, not to retire, but to broaden her horizons.

She has a deep love for her subject which she has taught with enjoyment and conviction. The girls have benefited enormously from her wide knowledge of and interest in Geography.

Denise spent many additional hours, during Curriculum Enrichment, teaching girls the intricate art of doll making. She also accompanied groups on leadership weekends away, as well as on third term academic tours. All these activities she executed with great enthusiasm.

All the very best to you, Denise. We will miss your very special brand of humour.

Judith Grové



Marié du Toit



Clair Campbell



Denise Maclachlan



## New Staff



Ms Belinda Kidd -  
English



Mme Atina  
Tivcheva - French



Mrs Désirée Adam -  
Grade 6



Mrs Angela Burn -  
Computers

## 2002 Aministrative Staff

**Mr C James**  
BUSINESS MANAGER  
**Mrs C Dreboldt**  
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT  
**Mrs S Miller**  
BURSAR  
**Mrs E McDonald**  
SECRETARY, SENIOR SCHOOL  
**Mrs J Huntley**  
RECEPTIONIST  
**Mrs S Dinkelmann**  
SECRETARY, JUNIOR SCHOOL  
**Mrs B Hornbuckle**  
PRO  
**Ms N Bhengu**  
ADMIN. CLERK  
**Mr C Harris**  
ESTATE MANAGER  
**Mrs E Barthorpe**  
UNIFORM SHOP

## Staff Development 2002

Coming to grips with OBE has occupied much of staff time and various groups have workshopped all aspects related to the concept of OBE. Ros Janish, an assessment specialist from the IEB, spent two afternoons with staff in both the Junior and Senior schools, and did a tremendous job unravelling the maze of questions that were posed.

Tim Barry, Rob Pluke and Patsy Church facilitated an afternoon workshop where staff addressed the dynamics of interpersonal relationships within the school. Although this was quite a difficult

## Additional Staff

**Mrs S Bower, BMus**  
SNR CHOIR, RECORDER  
**Mrs S Forsyth**  
PIANO  
**Mrs T Govender, BA, B Ed, ATCL**  
PIANO  
**Miss E Murray, LRAM**  
PIANO/FLUTE/ CLARINET  
**Mrs S Wallis, BMus, B Bibl, MA**  
VIOLIN  
**Mr W Shone**  
GUITAR  
**Mrs D Murugan**  
LABORATORY ASSISTANT  
**Mrs V Schlebusch**  
LIBRARY ASSISTANT  
**Mr Q van Rensburg**  
COMPUTER TECHNICIAN  
**Mr A Thabethe**  
DRIVER  
**Mr Ross Payn**  
DRIVER

concept, which many felt uncomfortable with, it certainly promoted much conversation and healthy debate.

A refreshing diversion in the form of Bush Golf was enjoyed by all staff who laughed their way through the impossible course at the Howick Falls. Perhaps it is true that "the staff who play together - stay together." A team-building exercise (literally) such as this goes such a long way to instill a wonderful sense of fellowship and spirit amongst colleagues.

Fay Forbes - School Counsellor

## Boarding Establishment

LADY WARDEN  
**Mrs D Witherspoon**

MATRONS  
**Mrs J Weitz**  
**Mrs Y Wintgens**  
**Mrs E Blignaut**

NURSING SISTER  
**Sister C Seggie**

BOARDER MISTRESSES  
**Miss C Collins**  
**Miss D Brogan**  
**Miss L A'Bear**  
**Miss B Harris**  
**Miss S Jordaan**  
**Miss B Kitney**  
**Miss C Scott (St Joseph's)**  
**Miss C Keogh (St Catherine's)**

**Miss G Diederichs**

CATERER  
**Miss P Naidoo**

ASSISTANT CATERER  
**Mrs P Moodley**

LAUNDRY  
**Mrs A Tomlinson**

HOUSEKEEPING  
**Mrs T Zimu**  
**Ms R Mchunu**

LAUNDRY ASSISTANTS  
**Ms M Tsolo**  
**Ms M Mjoli**  
**Ms A Mbona**  
**Ms S Nzimande**



*New Staff*



Miss Linda van  
Breda - Phys. Ed.



Mrs Judy Hartley -  
Reception



Mrs Erika Barthorpe  
- Uniform Shop



Mr Ross Payn -  
Driver

**BRIDAL COUPLE  
OF THE YEAR**



When our Science teacher, Miss Natalie McDuling, married Graham Foss, it was very much a St John's do: the couple were wed in the school chapel and the reception was held in the senior dining-room. We wish them all the very best for the future.



In 2003, Mrs Patti Avery will be taking a year's leave to travel and work in the UK.

At the time of going to press, we were delighted to learn that our friend and colleague, Cynthia Dreboldt, is to be married to Prof Bill Guest on the 7 December this year.



Mrs Margaret Magwaba retires at the end of this year, after being at St John's since March, 1973 - 29 years' service! Known as Greto to the kitchen staff, Margaret has been a hard-working and committed member of Miss Naidoo's staff, and always cheerful. We wish her a well-earned retirement and a good rest.



Ms Joyce Ngcobo, "Tisha" to the Junior School girls, proudly shows her new baby, Olwethu, born on 2nd August, this year.





*Back:*  
Mr Christopher Mhlomeni

*Middle:*  
Mr Amos Buthelezi, Mr Nicholas Qwala, Mr Petros Ngobese,  
Mr Clifford Mazibuka, Mr James Ndebele, Mr Sam Mgubane

*Front:*  
Mr Innocent Ndebele, Mr Caiphus Mkhize (Supervisor),  
Mr Chester Harris (Estate Manager), Mr Dennis Jasson (Carpenter),  
Mr Sheriff Moses (Painter)



*Back:*  
Mrs Gwen Reddy, Mrs Mary Fasson

*Front:*  
Mrs Michelle van Amsterdam,  
Mrs Rosabel Hitler, Miss Lizzie van Wyk



*Back :*  
Miss Pinky Msomi, Mr Amos Ngcobo, Mr Welcome Mkhize,  
Miss Zanele Zikalala

*Front:*  
Miss Margaret Zuma, Mrs Pat Moodley,  
Mr Joseph Mkhize, Miss Joyce Dlomo, Mr Bigboy Mkhize

## OBITUARY

### *Zithulele Ernest Maduna*

On 1st April 1988, Ernest Maduna joined the staff of St John's, thereby continuing his family's long association with the school. His father, Wilfred Maduna, was to spend 53 years of his life here before retiring at the end of 1991. Ernest was not, unfortunately, able to give the same lifelong service to St John's as his life was cut short by a long illness, beginning in 2000. Ernest started as the internal messenger and graduated to being one of our two reliable drivers - a position of which he was extremely proud. We miss his familiar face as he went quietly about his daily business with humility and courtesy, in much the same committed manner as his father before him. Siyakukhumbula, Ernest. Hamba kahle.

*C. Dreboldt*

It is with great sadness that we report the deaths of two former members of staff.

### *...Jess Mills*

Mrs Jess Mills taught at the Junior School for twenty years. She died in December last year, after a long illness. Her long association with the School is perpetuated by the scattering of her ashes, earlier this year, in the chapel garden.

### *...Margaret Cherry*

Mrs Margaret Cherry was Head of the Music Department for many years. After visiting family in the UK and France earlier this year, Margaret joined her daughter and son-in-law in Australia - just in time for the birth of her eighth grandchild. She died after a short illness, on the 21st August.



# CHAPLAIN'S REPORT

At the end of September and October 2001, we bade farewell to Fr Richard and Rev. Jenny as they moved to pastures new.

I thank God for the foundation that they laid for the chaplaincy ministry. This year, an effort has been made to ensure that members of St Alphege's clergy ministry team shared in the school chaplaincy. Fr John, Rev. Mabel and I appreciate the opportunity for ministry that our work in the school has provided.

I am often aware of the presence of God in our school and this is not restricted to the chapel. The Wednesday morning and Sunday evening chapel services represent a highlight of the week. The full participation of the girls and members of staff in both the formal and informal services is a cause for great joy.

The monthly chapel services for the Junior School are always a special joy. The Divinity classes for Grades 10 and 11 have often been lively, leading to many digressions, but always engaging and leading us into a closer relationship with our Lord and each other.

One of the challenges that we face relates to confirmation preparation and the ongoing nurturing of the faith in our girls. I hope that

early in the new year we will move toward a more effective process of confirmation preparation.

Three of the confirmation candidates were baptised on the 11th September. This year, Bishop Mbhele confirmed twenty girls. It was his first official engagement in the school and I am sure that his ministry among us will be appreciated.

Father Lloyd C. Smith



St John's Day



Back row:  
Tessa Heenan

Middle row:  
Kelly Johns,  
Kendall Crous,  
Natalie Robinson,  
Laura Christer,  
Katherine Wilkins,  
Elizabeth Hobbs

Front row:  
Amy Clarence,  
Mrs J. Champion,  
Sarah Seymour,  
Mr M. Wotherspoon,  
Lindsay Carte





## REPORT

### ...by the Chairman of the Board of Governors

It is a strange experience to be making this report when, so far, I have chaired only one meeting of the Board of Governors, but it does give me the welcome opportunity to thank in public my immediate predecessor, Tim Stent, for a sterling job carried out with great dedication and love for this school. He is still a member of the Board where his counsel continues to be valued.

Yvonne Spain gave up her membership of the Board in order to concentrate more fully on her work with the outstanding NGO called CINDI (Children in Distress). Yvonne continues to be involved with St John's as a parent.

Ron Gevers headed up the General Purposes Committee until his term of office on the Board came to an end. As parent and farmer he applied himself with devotion and skill to the minutiae entailed in this work.

We express our gratitude to these two past members of the Board and to Tim Stent, the outgoing Chairman.

Peter Fowles has joined the Board as a new member and has taken charge of the General Purposes Committee with his well-known enthusiasm.

I would like to thank the newly elected Deputy Chairman, Reg Zammit, for his role on the Board over several years. Most recently this included chairing a Board meeting when I was away and heading up the selection committee for the appointment of a new Business Manager to succeed Charles James in the new year. In this connection we welcome the appointment (by the Headmistress, with the Board's approval) of Mr Malcolm Taylor who, we are sure, will maintain and develop the the excellent financial management which we have come to associate with Charles James.

Last year Reg Zammit facilitated, with the able assistance of his daughter Debbie who is a St John's Old Girl, an important Goal Setting Workshop for both Board and staff. A significant outcome of this has been the creation of a Marketing Forum as a further sub-committee of the Board as we allow the theme of a creative marketing of our school to become a more specific and professional

activity. Board member Di Perrett heads up this initiative in a dynamic and challenging way.

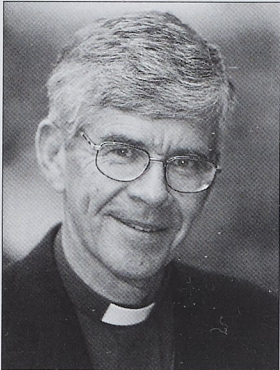
Professor Tony Barrett was a cherished member of our Board for many years. His knowledge of education was huge and his wise contributions to the work of the Board were always valued. We grieve his death earlier this year and extend our loving condolences to his wife, Gwen. He was a gentle man with a great and disarming courtesy.

I do not want to end my mentioning of some, particularly at Board level, who have served this school well without acknowledging also the gracious, skilled and mostly hidden work of 'the lady with the hat'. Lorraine Raab's continuing activity in the school gardens, creating an atmosphere and environment of subtle indigenous beauty, is a great example to us all and we are deeply grateful.

A subtle indigenous beauty: it strikes me that this is what this school as a whole is all about. There is unquestionably something subtle, almost intangible, about its ethos, its inner quality. Our new Business Manager felt, when he came here to be interviewed, that he had come into a home. This was a revealing comment from a first-time visitor. It is an indigenous home in that it is South African and wants to be not only in Africa, but of Africa. Our hope is that St John's will reflect this quality more and more as time goes by. Finally, the beauty is there not only in its unique buildings and grounds, but above all in the quality of character we seek to nurture and encourage in this place. It was said of St Monica, the 4th century mother of the great North African Bishop Augustine of Hippo, that she preached to her husband not with her lips but with the beauty of her character. This played a major part in transforming her son's life also. We should never underestimate the influence that wives and mothers - indeed all women - can have in this still heavily masculine world.

A subtle, indigenous beauty: I think this is the essence of what we are after in this fine school.

+Michael Nuttall



Bishop Michael Nuttall

### Board of Governors

Chairman - Bishop Michael Nuttall  
Bishop Rubin Phillip  
Revd Mother S.S.J.D.  
Sister Mary Evelyn  
Mr Barry Clarke  
Mrs Di Fitzsimons  
Mr Peter Fowles  
Mr Robinson Manzi  
Mrs Di Perrett  
Adv. Rob Seggie  
Dr Geoff Soni  
Mr Tim Stent  
Mr Howard Timm  
Mr Reg Zammit

### Tribute to Prof. Tony Barrett

It is with great sadness that we record the death of Prof. Tony Barrett who served on the Board of Governors for more than 25 years! The St John's community pays tribute to Prof. Barrett for the interest he showed in the school, and for the guidance he gave, both as an educator and as a member of the School Board.



## *...by the Chairman of the Parents' Association*

The 2002 Committee took office in May, following the AGM at which five new members were elected, namely Kirsten Dales, Arnie Meyer, Heather Reynolds, Denise Essom and Trevor Cowie. The decision by Les Wilkins, Heather McCallum, Jane Seymour and Roselle Yeats to stand down as their respective children are in their matric year, was noted with regret and sincere thanks for their significant contribution to the activities of the Association over a number of years.

Major issues that have received attention from the Association this year were:

- Medical insurance - an amendment to the scheme with effect from 1 February 2002 means that parents no longer need to present their claims to their respective medical aids first before enjoying the benefit of cover.
- Help towards the resolution of the hot water problem in the boarding establishment.
- Negotiations with representatives of New England Pre-primary School on revised traffic arrangements at the New England Road entrance and exit.



*Mr Peter Fowles*

- Members of the Committee and volunteer helpers again provided support to another very successful St John's Day function held on 5 May 2002.

This support was also provided to the school for their wonderful production of 'I am Woman' and their successful Golf Day on 27 July 2002.

Projects that the Committee were able to support during the year through funds raised by the popular '100 Club' and functions such as St John's Day were:

- provision of new theatre curtains;
- provision of spotlights, blinds, crockery, cutlery and outdoor furniture for the new school shop, a facility of which the school can be justifiably proud.

My thanks and appreciation are extended to all the members of the Committee, including Jill Champion and Annette Symes and members of their team, and many of our parents who have so willingly contributed to the success of our activities this year.

*Peter Fowles - Chairman*

### *2002 Parents' Association Committee*

**Mr Peter Fowles** (Chairman)  
**Mr Trevor Cowie**  
**Mrs Kirsten Dales** (Secretary)  
**Mrs Denise Essom**  
**Mrs Laura Fleischack**  
**Mr Tony Kaye**  
**Mr Arnie Meyer**  
**Mrs Jenny Marwick**  
**Mr Ahmed Osman**  
**Mrs Helen Reynolds**  
**Mrs Jane Seymour**

### *Staff representatives:*

**Mrs Jill Champion**  
**Mrs Annette Symes**  
**Mrs Bridget Hornbuckle**  
**Mrs Tish Rhodes**  
**Mrs Patti Avery**





## REPORT FROM BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT

.....

A part from the upgrading of the hot water system and the tiling and carpeting of the downstairs verandah passageway and the area outside the counsellor's office, the biggest changes to the B.E. this year have been centred around St Joseph's.

A dormitory has been turned into our modern new school shop and a deck has been added where parents can enjoy a cup of coffee. The common-room and upstairs dormitories in St Joseph's have been beautifully painted and refurnished.

St Theresa's has had combination desk and bunk beds fitted and a small, but much needed, ablution area has been built in the vicinity of the Board Room.

The dining-room has colourful new tablecloths to complement the servery built last year and the plate collection on the walls, all donated by the girls, continues to grow.

Sister Seggie, Mrs Weitz and Mrs Wintgens continue to care for and look after the needs of the girls.

*Di Witherspoon - Lady Warden*



*Mrs D Witherspoon*



*The poor matrics, under enormous pressure towards the end of the year, show the effects of exam stress in some odd last-day-of-school behaviour!*

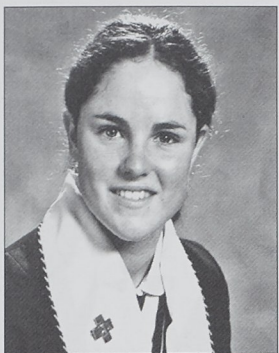
*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Faure family, Bio-Ceramix Dental Laboratory*



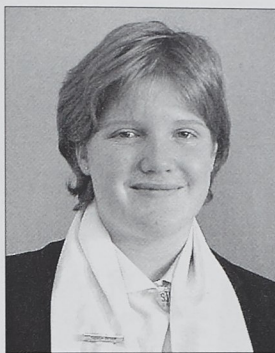
# MATRICES OF 2001



*Catherine Avery*



*Lindsay Backhouse*



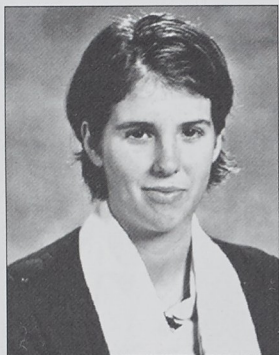
*Amy Balcomb*



*Bridget Bassage*



*Erica Boettiger*



*Alice Booth*



*Kirsty Bowles*



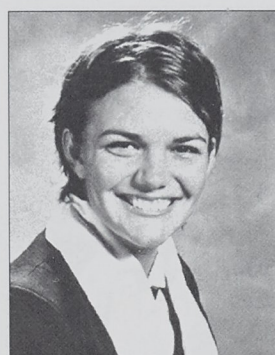
*Lisa Brown*



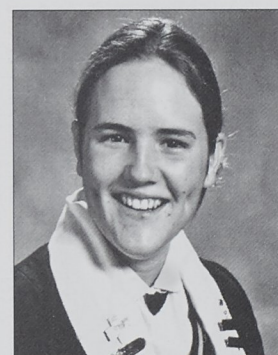
*Michelle Browne*



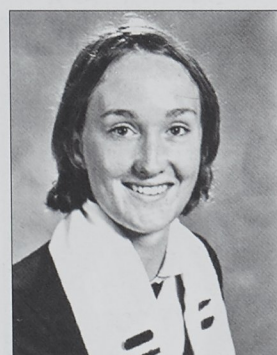
*Roxanne Bunge*



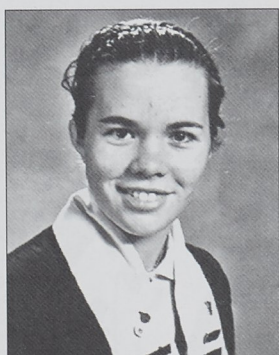
*Lindsay Carte*



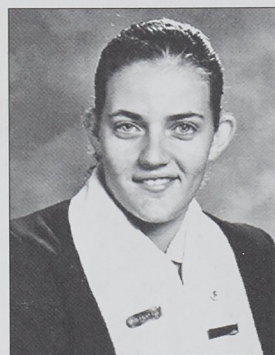
*Amy Clarence*



*Laura Christer*



*Barbara Couperthwaite*



*Kendall Crous*



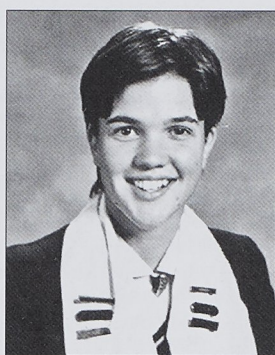
*Haley Gardiner*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Bowles family*





*Kate Gordon*



*Stacey-Lee Green*



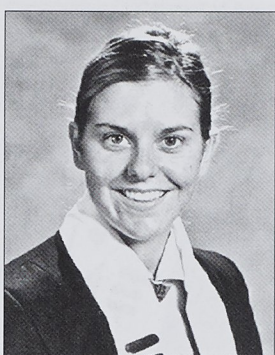
*Jessica Hart*



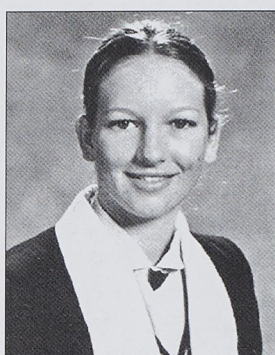
*Jenna Heath*



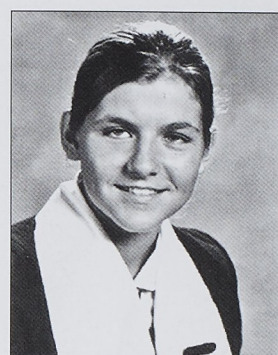
*Tessa Heenan*



*Elizabeth Hobbs*



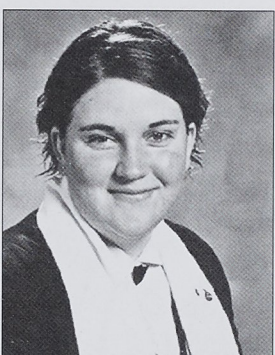
*Jade Jahmig*



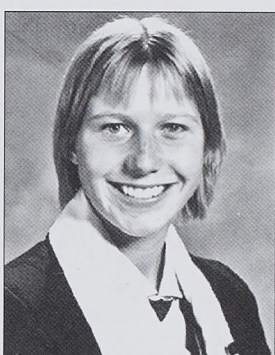
*Kelly Johns*



*Katherine Leff*



*Justine Lindsay*



*Shelley Low*



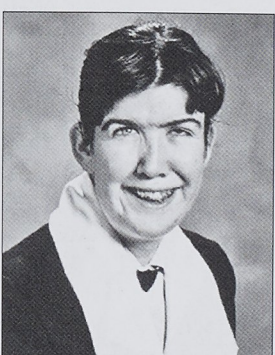
*Sarah Mathews*



*Kim McCallum*



*Zola Mkize*



*Emily Ogram*



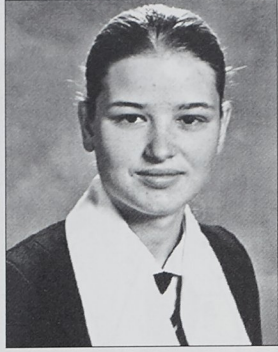
*Stephanie Poltera*

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the Gordon family*





*Jenny Preiss*



*Julia Ramsay*



*Natalie Robinson*



*Jane Rogers*



*Amy Schladenhauffen*



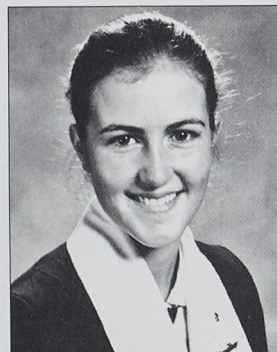
*Sarah Seymour*



*Aalia Sharif*



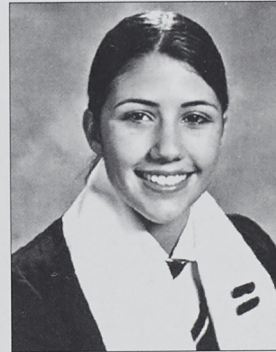
*Kaylee Jo Small*



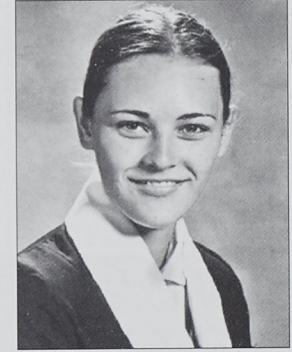
*Jacquelynn Sparks*



*Tammy Stafford*



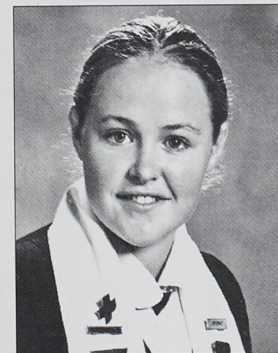
*Kim Symons*



*Geanne Taylor*



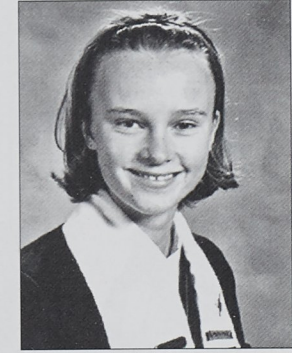
*Gemma Thompson*



*Nicola Wichmann*



*Katherine Wilkins*



*Elizabeth Yeats*

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the Yeats family*





## SENIOR ACADEMIC – MATRIC

### PREFECTS

#### Grade 12M

Catherine Avery  
Lindsay Backhouse  
Alice Booth  
Michelle Browne  
Lindsay Carte  
Barbara Couperthwaite  
Kendall Crous  
Stacey-Lee Green  
Elizabeth Hobbs  
Kelly Johns  
Shelley Low  
Sarah Mathews  
Zola Mkize  
Emily Ogram  
Stephanie Poltera  
Jenny Preiss  
Julia Ramsay  
Natalie Robinson  
Amy Schladenhauffen  
Kaylee Jo Small  
Jacquelynn Sparks  
Kim Symons  
Gemma Thompson  
Elizabeth Yeats

#### Grade 12G

Amy Balcomb  
Bridget Bassage  
Erica Boettiger  
Kirsty Bowles  
Lisa Brown  
Roxanne Bunge  
Laura Christer  
Amy Clarence  
Haley Gardiner  
Kate Gordon  
Jessica Hart  
Jenna Heath  
Tessa Heenan  
Jade Jahnig  
Katherine Leff  
Justine Lindsay  
Kim McCallum  
Jane Rogers  
Sarah Seymour  
Aalia Sharif  
Tammy Stafford  
Geanne Taylor  
Nicola Wichmann  
Katherine Wilkins



Back row:

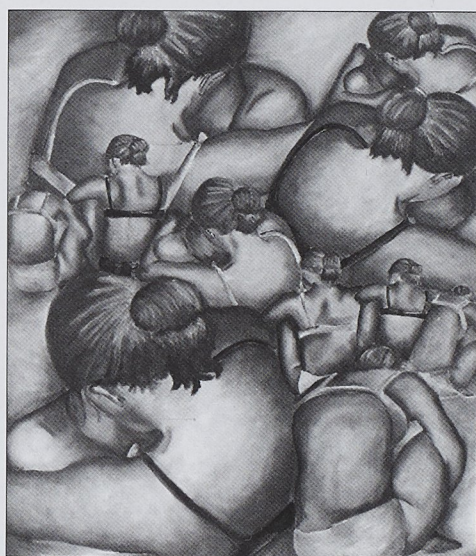
Kim McCallum, Natalie Robinson, Sarah Seymour, Gemma Thompson, Stacey-Lee Green

Middle row:

Nicola Wichmann, Kirsty Bowles, Tessa Heenan, Lindsay Backhouse, Jacquelynn Sparks, Elizabeth Yeats

Front row:

Amy Clarence (Head Boarder Prefect), Mr M. Wotherspoon, Kaylee Jo Small (Head Girl),  
Mrs J. Champion, Catherine Avery (Deputy Head Girl), Mev. F. Malherbe,  
Lisa Brown (Deputy Head Boarder Prefect)



Above: Kelly Johns

Left: Aalia Sharif

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The Quarry, Hilton



*These Girls were at St John's from 1991-2002*



*Back row:*  
Emily Ogram,  
Sarah Mathews,  
Michelle Browne,

*Front row:*  
Jessica Hart,  
Geanne Taylor,  
Lindsay Carte,  
Stephanie Poltera,  
Kate Leff

*Inset:*  
Haley Gardiner



*They've grown from this...*

*to this*







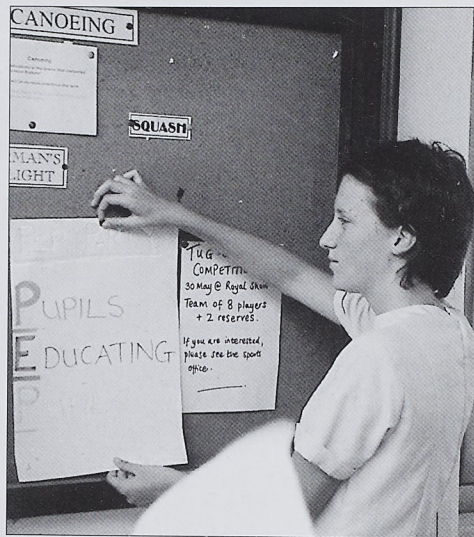
## SENIOR ACADEMIC - MATRIC

### Pep Party

It doesn't take very much for a matric history class to down books and take part in a demonstration. The PEP Party (Pupils Educating People) was established to protest against child abuse and maltreatment. One of the other aims of the party was to get involved in less privileged schools and to share our notes and extra learning with them.

Mrs Mchunu came to talk to us about her school in the Pongola area. A plan has been made to get five of the pupils from the school to St John's so that they can get a focus on what they can achieve in this world. Now that the PEP party has been formed, we hope that it will be continued by the matrics over the next few years. We have started a fight against a lack of education. We can make things happen. We know how to toyi-toyi.

Barbara Couperthwaite



We know how to toyi-toyi!



### Matric Goal-Setting Workshop

A psychologist, a helper, but most of all an entertainer, Jonathan Black, on the 9th of February, joined the matrics to do a goal-setting workshop. With dishes of sweets on each table, and pizza on the lunch menu, we got off to a good start - focusing on food before the actual function.

Jonathan Black helped us determine our goals, find our feet and start the year off with smiles and enthusiasm. We worked our way through unusual exercises and entertaining video clips; not a minute went by where we lost interest or grew tired. The morning was a great success and we all enjoyed ourselves. Jonathan Black proved to be an extremely inspirational and motivating speaker, and everyone came away with a positive outlook and plenty of energy to cope with the workload that was soon to confront us.

Kirsty Bowles and Kim McCallum.



Laura Christer

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Crystal Valley



## *I didn't want to go...*

I don't remember that day very well. But I remember feeling as though my heart had been ripped out and then left in the sun to dry. It's that feeling when the world seems to end and you wish the earth was flat so that you could find the edge and jump out into space. I do remember Papa arriving for dinner. Since he and Ma got divorced last summer, Papa came around for dinner once or twice a month so that I could have time to see him. It was nice. In winter we'd sit around the fire and tell each other how our day had been and in summer we'd sit outside looking at the stars. Papa sometimes let me have a sip of his beer before dinner, something Ma never let me do.

Ma would send me out after we'd eaten, to make the coffee and, from the kitchen, I could hear their murmurs. I didn't like to interrupt their private time together, so I never made a scene about it. What made Ma and me feel most sad was when Papa kissed us before he left. He did it every time. He always kissed Ma for longer, which I didn't mind because I didn't really want his hairy face pressed against mine for too long. Sometimes when Papa had left, Ma would go to the kitchen to tidy up after dinner and, when she thought I was upstairs doing my

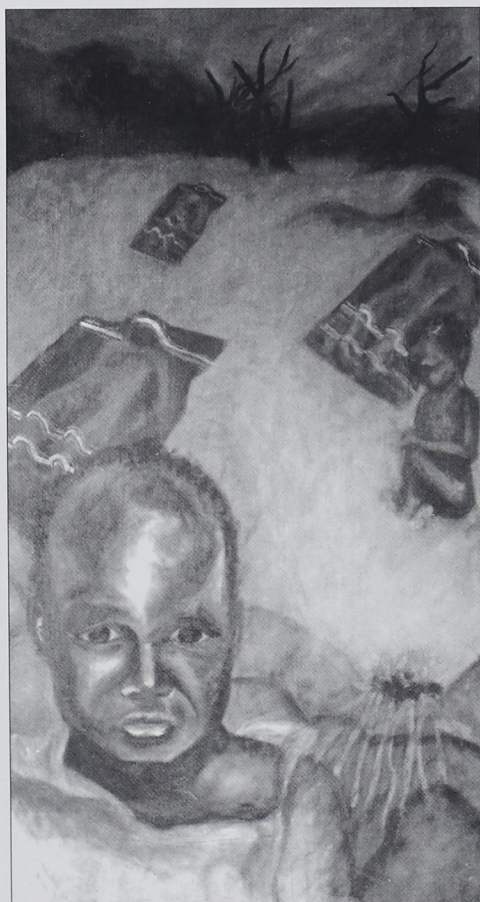
homework, I'd slip down to listen to her cry. I don't know why I used to listen to her. It made me sad. I wanted to hug her and tell her it was okay, but something made me stop. I think Ma and I both wished that some day he'd come back. He never did.

One night we were sitting in the living-room after dinner, talking about the weekend. I wanted to go out with my friends, but Ma was worried. She worried a lot. I was always told to be careful of boys who smoked or drank. She was afraid that one day I'd come home and tell her that I was pregnant. Papa thought that my weekend plans were fine - which made Ma change her mind. Our conversation ceased and there was awkward silence. It was then that he told me: he was moving to Africa. It was as though I was suddenly transformed into a mute person. I'd never had a problem with words before, but that night I couldn't say anything. He must have sensed my panic, because he explained that he had very important work there. I had wanted to ask if it were more important than his own family, but I didn't. I knew that Papa had trouble finding work in England, but I didn't understand why he had chosen Africa. Papa was a doctor and he told me that the people in Africa were very sick and they needed his help. He promised he was going to pay for me to go and visit him every holiday. I didn't want to go.

Papa didn't seem to notice that I was crying. Tears were burning my cheeks and I saw Ma lower her head once or twice. He kept talking about how good it was for him and how it was going to make him happy. "That's what I wanted, wasn't it?" he kept asking. I'd never noticed how much he talks about himself until that night. He went on and on. Eventually, I stopped listening and started to imagine Christmas, sitting on a tuft of grass in the middle of Africa, with lions and elephants running past: then going inside my papa's little mud hut for dinner: a juicy bit of dad's cousin's leg. Since he had died last month, we might as well eat him before he went "off". The thought made me sick. I knew it couldn't possibly be like that, but secretly, I wished it would be.

He eventually left that night and it was the first time since they had got divorced that I didn't kiss him goodnight. I didn't want to speak to him about his exciting adventures to Africa, or about the poor children who are dying of AIDS. I didn't want to hear that they needed him so much. I went to bed that night without showering or brushing my teeth. I bet people in Africa don't even have toothbrushes!

*Catherine Avery*



*Shelley Low*



## *Go on, buy it. You deserve it.*

You have been at work since seven o'clock this morning. Seven o'clock! It is so hot that the nylon in your designer suit is melting and your once shapely blouse is reduced to a sweaty, slimy, second skin. You had soup for lunch: it was all that was left in the house this morning, and you left your wallet at home. Why? All because your lousy boss asked you to 'pop in quickly' on Saturday morning. It's now three o'clock on Saturday afternoon and you're finally on your way home. When, while listening to the radio, you are caught up in the husky voice of a man advertising ice cream. You realise that it is just an advert, but the man's sexy voice and soothing words enchant you, and you find yourself whole-heartedly agreeing when he says: "Go on buy it. You deserve it."

Sure, you've had a hard day at work and some ice cream would make you feel better, but why exactly do you deserve it? What is it about this new consumer trend, of buying something because you deserve it, that we find so appealing? Does it make us feel special: we've worked so hard that we deserve something more than our salary? Or we deserve it just because we are such nice people. We all deserve to be happy, but does happiness come in the form of a chocolate or a new appliance? Or are we just led to believe this by cunning advertisers?

Everybody needs something unexpected in their lives. Life has become too organised and too routine. So we revert to alternative forms of introducing the unknown or unexpected into our rather dull lives. Go back in time by a few hundred years. Making sure we had something to eat that day was in itself an experience filled with excitement. Although it had to be done everyday, for example hunting, it was an uncontrollable situation, anything could happen. Nowadays it's not often that we go to work thinking anything could happen and generally nothing new or unexpected does happen. Therefore, we look for other ways of introducing that element of excitement into our lives. There are many ways of doing this: many people choose drugs and clubbing, some turn to extreme sports and some become compulsive shoppers. Going into a shop with no idea of what we are there to buy and yet coming out with something new each time adds excitement to our lives. It changes the normal routine.

So, how can we get away from buying things to make us feel better, or add excitement to our lives? What alternatives are there to buying something to make us feel better? Each person is different and will naturally enjoy different things, but for a start, I think we should avoid planning our whole day and

sticking to that plan. Of course, you have to have some organisation and idea about what you are going to do that day, but you should leave space for an impulse decision. Go out with a friend at the last moment; don't plan it weeks before. Avoid getting into a steadfast routine. Have something different for breakfast.

These are forms of adding excitement, or lessening the dullness, in our lives, but how do we make ourselves feel better? A few suggestions: we should try not to be alone all the time doing nothing. Get a pet. Have family and friends around for supper. Go for a walk. Do something. Don't let yourself be bored. If there is something causing you unnecessary stress deal with it and move on. Don't dwell on it and get to the point where you need something else to cheer you up, you can't do it yourself. Try to experience new things, introduce new activities into your life.

So, the next time you have a bad day and you're on your way home, when, while listening to the radio, you are caught up in the husky voice of a man advertising ice cream. Change the radio station, turn up the volume and take a different route home, while saying: "Sure I deserve it, but I don't need it!"

*Michelle Browne*

## *14 February 2002*

To my dearest B,  
On this, the worst, soppiest and most  
exploited-by-the-media, sickening day of the  
year,  
In which we find ourselves surrounded by  
simpering fools who -  
Emboldened by mass-produced, rhyming,  
 clichéd poetry  
Written by lonely, failed writers  
In small, paper-weighted, airless offices-  
Utter sweet less-than-nothings  
In secluded, neon-lit corners of fast-food  
outlets,  
Amongst a multitude of photocopied cupids  
Or strangers sitting in stiff silence  
Searching sentence-ends for a continuation  
of dull dialogue  
Or a magical creation of common interest  
From dust.  
On this day, may I wish you a twenty-four  
hour lapse of consciousness,  
In which no lisping, lying lips may taunt you.  
All my love S.

*Sarah Mathews*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
Steve Crous and family : Creighton Bakery*



## Memories

Sometimes, memories are painful. Sometimes, they lie quiet and docile, somewhere at the back of your mind; other times, they lurch and tear, trying desperately to get to the surface. Sometimes, they make it, and they stagger through you, gasping for sweet air, which revives them, re-fuels them, and gives them back-breaking strength.

This is how it was for me. Bits come to me now; gestures, movements, sounds; all bits of a puzzle, a puzzle so complex that it takes me years to put it together, without the help of the picture on the box. How funny, that one small incident, or accident, can expose a thousand painful memories, like nerves on a grazed knee. One must take it, bit by bit, because in its entirety, it is something altogether too powerful and terrifying.

It started one Saturday morning, one perfectly ordinary, run-of-the-mill, rainy Saturday morning. It's funny how, when you think back on these "life-altering" events, they seem to happen in slow motion. I was singing, of all things, when it happened. It was one of those cheesy songs, you know, that play on the radio approximately every ten minutes, one which you can't help singing along to. I didn't realize what had happened at first, when it hit the windscreen, but felt the sickening sensation of realization when I saw the vein like cracks on the glass, the little pieces, like diamonds

and rubies, still holding out the rain.

It lay there, its tiny heart thumping in its chest, and when I picked it up, it was warm, but shivering spasms ran through its body as it came face to face with its killer to-be. It was the picture-perfect, olive-branch-holding, biblical dove of my childhood, and suddenly it all came back to me. Sitting in the rain, with a bleeding dove in my hands and a cheesy song on the radio, it hit me with a fierce and unexpected blow. And suddenly I was crying.

Twisting and crying, trying to forget as I twisted the life-force out of the broken bird. How many times did I wish that I could be that bird, that I could escape, could fly away from a world of sadness and abuse? I tried to black the memories out, but they had seen the light, and were forcing their way to the surface with an irrepressible strength.

There is no hope. I shall never escape these memories. Though I can try to fly away from them, I can never escape them. They will always be there, ready to stop me in my tracks, and destroy all that I have worked for, all that I have succeeded in doing. I realize now, that I will never forget it, forget him, and that nothing, not even birds, are ever truly free.

*Alice Booth*

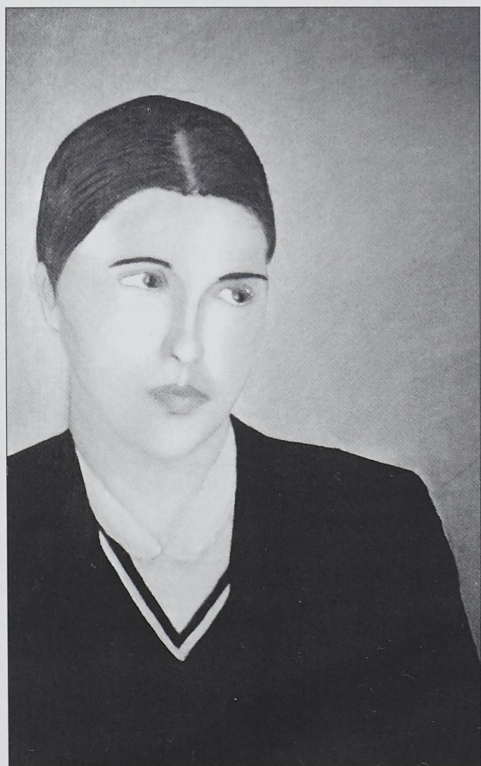
## Poem

Since I met you, you've become my life,  
If only I could be your wife.  
You drive me nuts, you good-looking squirrel,  
I'm so proud to be your girl.

Get some sticks and build a nest,  
'Cause you're the one that I like best.  
Let's jump together from tree to tree,  
I'll help you and you'll help me.

We'll gather nuts and eat like kings,  
Knowing your love me has given me wings.  
I want to be your lifetime mate -  
Let's get together and hibernate!

*Amy Schladenhauffen*



*Alice Booth*





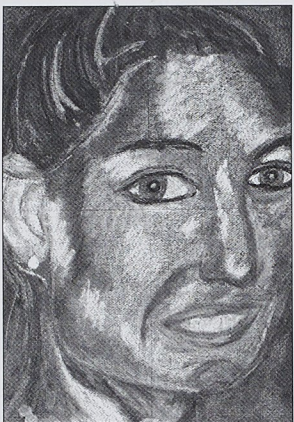
Jenna Heath

## Death by chocolate

"Mmmm, delicious!" Eating chocolate is one of the most pleasurable experiences, but did you know that for every bar of chocolate bought, you could be enriching a brutal slave master?

Most people associate slavery with the darkest aspects of colonial experience. Four hundred years of the slave trade saw 13-million people shipped across oceans from Africa to the new world. Slavery is now, according to most people, history: a terrible aspect of the past – or is it? Developing countries, whose governments are in debt, are encouraged by development agencies to grow cash crops like cotton, coffee and cocoa. This should be a step forward for the country, but some of the worst cases of slavery are found in these commodity industries.

Four hundred years ago the slave masters justified their act of enslavement by blowing out of proportion a few minor flaws of the enslaved. Because of a language barrier, lack of education and not understanding the slave masters' ways of doing things, they were called stupid. Because their sexual practices and manner of dressing were not those of the slave masters, they were called immoral. Because they objected to being slaves, they were called troublemakers. All these differences were said to make them inferior. All this was said to justify their enslavement. Today, what justifies cocoa slaves to be kept like animals in captivity? It is the greed of the consumer that dictates the amounts of cocoa needed, and thus the extent of the slavery on the Ivory Coast?



Geanne Taylor

Slavery on the Ivory Coast in the cocoa industry is aimed at adults and teenagers rather than at young children because of the hard physical nature of the work. Working from dawn to dusk and being locked up at night is routine. Why don't they do what most people being kept in confinement do? Because running away results in almost certain death. Being caught means multiple beatings, being tied and locked up, with flies left to infect and breed in pulpy wounds.

So what can a chocoholic do? Cocoa has been decreasing in price over the last 15 years. This means farmers receive less money for their cocoa and with the little money they have they resort to slave labour. By giving up chocolate, less chocolate will be bought and it will become cheaper, therefore this method of trying to curb slavery is counterproductive. Being proactive is a better solution. Putting pressure on the food giants who buy cocoa in bulk to buy from reputable sources, and pressuring governments to enforce laws on trafficking of slaves could help to improve the current situation.

Controlled by fear, brutally beaten and scarred, many slaves have never been paid or ever had a piece of mouth-watering sweet that is the proof of their hard labour. Everyone deserves enjoyment and life's little luxuries – but the sweet things in life have hidden costs. The decision is yours: where do you draw the line?

Elizabeth Hobbs

## Un Événement Profond

Je me rappelle comment le soleil brillait. Je me rappelle aussi qu'il faisait du vent faible. J'étais dans la chambre de ma mère, entourée par les murs blancs. Ma mère m'a demandé de m'asseoir sur son genou. Ma grand-mère nous regardait tristement. Je ne voulais pas m'asseoir sur son genou comme une enfant, mais elle a insisté. Elle a hésité un instant et puis elle a dit : 'Papa ne reviendra jamais. Il est mort à onze heures hier soir.'

Mon père est mort. Un jour j'avais un père et puis le lendemain je n'en avais plus. Très simple n'est-ce pas ? Non, c'est plus compliqué, mais une enfant qui avait sept ans ne le comprendrait pas.

Quelques années plus tard j'ai commencé à voir l'importance de cet événement. J'avais

été très triste mais je n'avais pas réalisé que je serais comme ça longtemps. Mon père et moi, nous faisons toutes les choses ensemble. C'était seulement après qu'il est mort que j'ai compris que j'avais tant d'amour pour lui. Il n'est pas suffisant de dire qu'il était bon et sympathique. Il était le meilleur père du monde pour moi. Je ne peux pas remplacer mon père. C'est impossible. Il faut vivre avec ce manque.

Il n'était pas seulement un père magnifique, il a aussi aidé la lutte contre l'apartheid. Il a reçu un doctorat honoraire de l'université 'Wits' pour son travail.

Donc, le même jour où j'ai perdu mon père, le monde a perdu un homme considérable.

Sarah Mathews

This page kindly sponsored by  
Philippa Hunt



*'Your presence is foreign, as strange to me  
as a thing'* – line from a poem by Pablo Neruda

She stares up at him from her precarious perch on the armchair, face blank, expression unchanged in the large eyes. He regards her, searching for some sign that his words have reached her, some outward expression of what is inside – perhaps turmoil, perhaps anger – instead, nothing. He searches for some further insult or sneering comment to provoke at least tears. He usually manages that much. Still she stares and says nothing.

The familiar and usually comforting whiskey in his hand suddenly seems alien and this young girl, this child, a part of him, is a part that causes him pain. The moment passes.

"Have you become bored with me?" What a question! How can a father become bored with his own daughter? The anguish in her face serves merely to irritate him further. Why must she come back from a single term of boarding school so changed, so reserved and unaffectionate? It is not that she is rude or inconsiderate, she tries very hard to please him, but she has become so... independent. But surely he should not mind that? A suppressed sob brings him out of his reverie. "What has become of the little child who used to run and embrace her father and tell him all the secrets she was keeping from various friends? The child who played with dolls and wore a flower behind her ear? I don't know this quiet, sullen girl who is always off on her own and who conceals things from me." Hard words from a man made hard by years of judging people he does not know.

He has hurt her deeply; criticized the very matter of her being, but she shows no sign. It is like talking to a hollow shell or a glass doll – murky glass. With a delayed, sharp intake of breath she replies, "I have grown up." His frustration increases. This slight, naïve young girl considers herself an adult? The thought is preposterous! She is his little girl, his little fairy-child with the blonde ringlets and lively eyes. She has barely finished school. He ignores her matured features and reserved manner.

The girl is no longer staring at him. Her attention seems to be focused on something halfway-between the floor and his knees. She had taken a tissue out of her pocket and it is now clenched in a tight ball in her fist. She is not moving; he can barely hear the sound of her breathing, silent though it is in the large, dark room.

Another thought occurs to him and he wants to tear himself apart to remove the painful, expanding tumour from his thoughts. The self-control makes his manner cold. "I suppose you will wish to marry?" She looks up, but he does not wait for an answer. "Just tell me when you are planning to do it and I will have your things packed up and removed." He expects to receive that blank white wall he has become so used to, but instead she smiles. "I do not want to marry. I want to study to become a magistrate." She leaves the room as silently and gracefully as a feather.

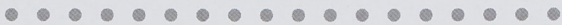
Sarah Mathews



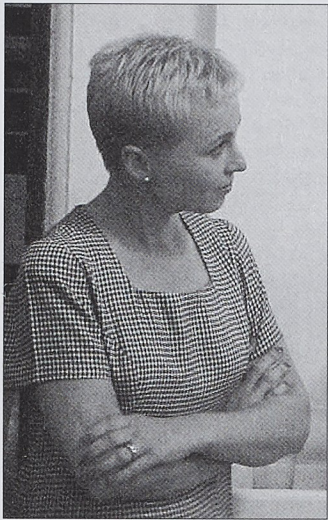
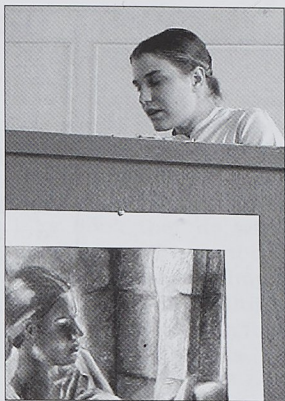
Emily Ogram



# MATRIC ART EXHIBITION



Getting ready for the Exhibition



Three girls opened the Matric Art Exhibition, always a popular occasion, which was attended by...



siblings,



former staff members,



proud parents,



friends,



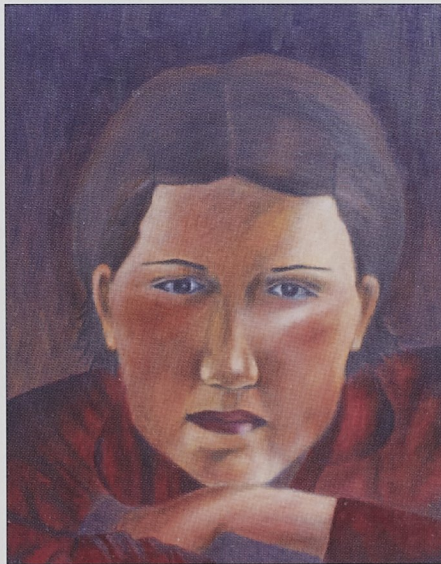
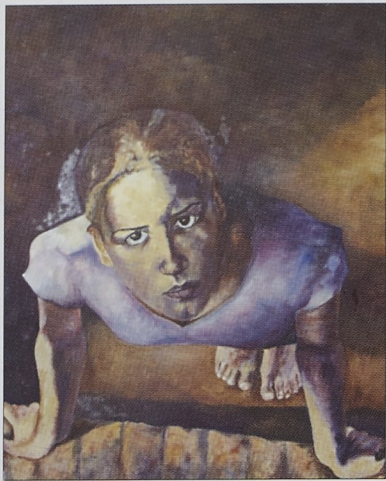
luminaries,



and staff.

This page kindly sponsored by  
Crystal Valley





## MATRIC ART

*Top left: Kaylee Jo Small*

*Top middle: Kirsty Bowles*

*Top right: Nicola Wichmann*

*Middle left: Jacquelyn Sparks*

*Middle right: Justine Lindsay*

*Bottom left: Jacquelyn Sparks*

*Bottom right: Jessica Hart*



# THE MATRIC DANCE

.....

2002



The beautiful theme of MOULIN ROUGE was the perfect excuse to be a little bit wicked!



Yes, there were males there - and very attractive props and bookends they made too!

Moulin Rouge





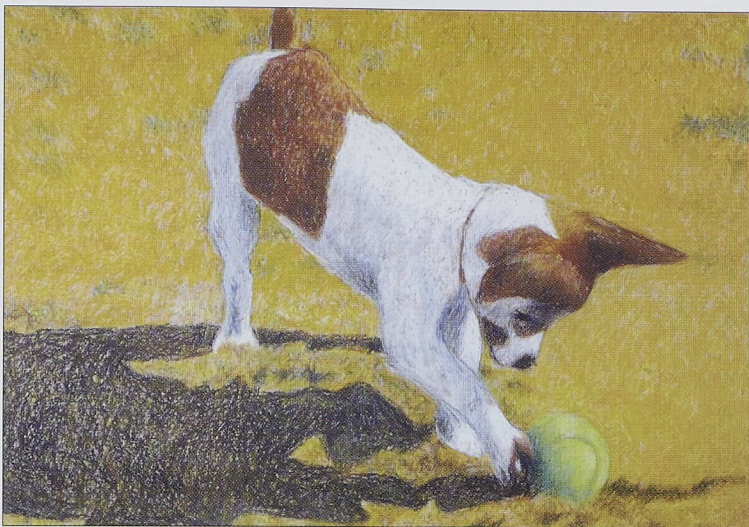
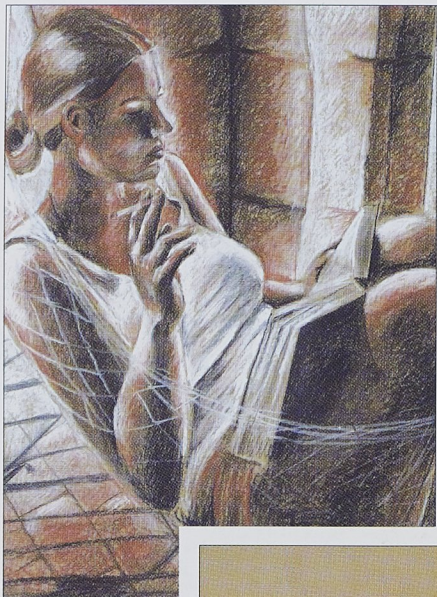
*But the evening was mainly about beautiful dresses...*



*...and beautiful girls!*







## MATRIC ART

*Top left: Julia Ramsay*

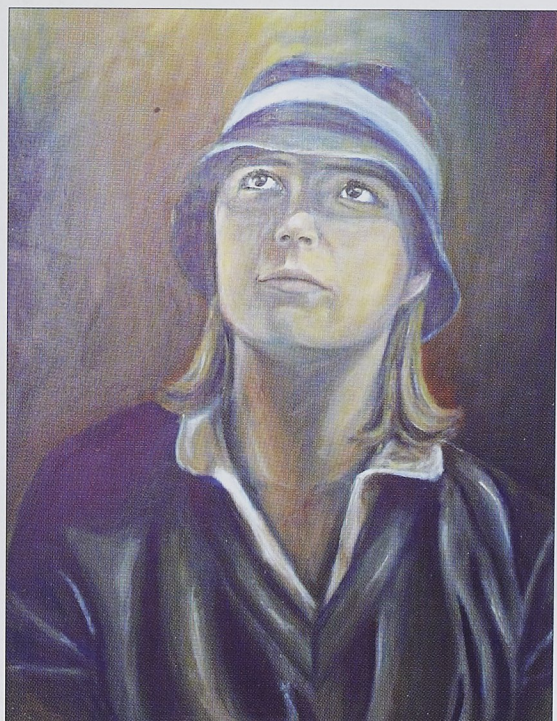
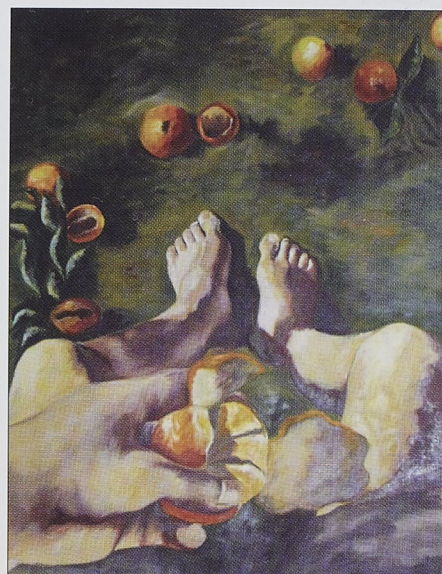
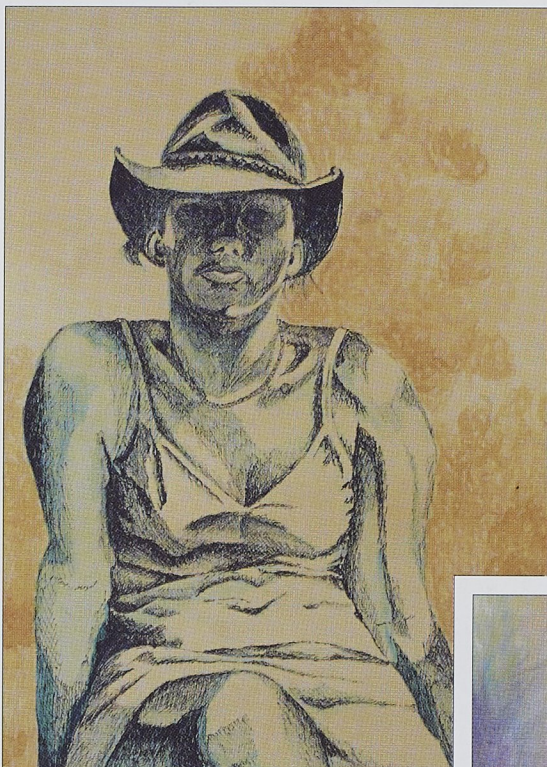
*Top right: Tammy Stafford*

*Middle left: Laura Christer*

*Middle right: Kaylee Jo Small*

*Bottom left: Jenny Preiss*

*Bottom right: Stephanie Poltera*







Shelley Low

## Salute to the Matric girls 2002

While sorting photographs for the magazine, I had trouble establishing exactly where I should place some of them. Did they belong under Interact, Youth Forum, SCA, Outreach? No.

I was not going to exclude the very dear pictures that you see on this page and, after invading St Catherine's, I learnt from Michelle Browne, the story that lay behind the pictures...

When she was in Grade 11, Shelley Low, for her English oral, gave a talk on Mrs Pam Boake and the various children whom she fosters. In the direct and, in this case, hard-hitting, manner of "show and tell", she brought with her Mrs Boake and two of the children: Joy, a victim of brittle-bone disease, and Brenton, a severely brain-damaged child as a result of being beaten with a cricket bat - by his parents.

Not unexpectedly, Shelley's peers were very moved. Instead of feeling paralysed by the inability to help, they decided that they, too, could make a difference. Little Joy's birthday was soon after Shelley's presentation. The classmates collected money and, on Joy's

birthday, loaded up a bus and off they went to give Joy a birthday party with all the other children.



At the end of the year, the girls gave Mrs Boakes' children a Christmas party - with Father Clarence...er, sorry, Father Christmas making an entertaining appearance.

In 2002, this same group of girls has carried on making a small difference to the ever-changing group (some of them die) that Pam Boake cares for. They made a list of all the children and their birthdays, put in money for each child and, when possible, gave birthday parties. One thing is for sure: none of these disadvantaged children goes without a special birthday. Our matrics have ensured that each child gets a special card and present for his or her birthday.



Shelley and her peers are to be admired for organising and seeing through their small contribution to cheering the lives of those so much less fortunate than theirs, without their good work falling under any banner - entirely of their own accord.

M-L Tennant





## *My passies*

Natuurlik wil ek my eie oorspronklike idees hê en so my tweede passie is om hulle te skryf. Ek kan nie regtig sê hoekom nie. Die stories is net daar, in my gemoed, en hulle wil geskryf word. Ek weet nie regtig waarvandaan hulle kom nie. Miskien van God. Miskien is hulle herinneringe aan ander lewens. Partykeer dink ek 'n storie vir myself uit maar die meeste is net eendag daár en ek dank God vir hulle en die talent om hulle uit te skryf. Ek hoop ek het die deursettingsvermoë om voluit te skryf.

*Emly Ogram*

Daar is baie dinge waarvan ek hou, maar net 'n paar wat regtig passies is. Dis dikwels moeilik om te weet wat die verskil is, maar ek dink die ware passies in enigiemand se lewe is die belangrike goed en dinge waarvan jy nie moeg raak nie.

Soos bome. Ek het min of meer dertigduisend verskillende bome in my lewe gesien en ek kry nog daardie gevoel van rustigheid as ek na daardie hoë groen blare teen 'n blou lug kyk en weet dat dit iets is wat sal oorbly nadat ek, en duisende ander mense, verbygestap het.

*Sarah Mathews*

'n Baie groot passie in my lewe is my maats en my familie. Daar word altyd gesê dat jy jou maats kan kies, maar nie jou familie nie. Maar as ek die kans gehad het, dink ek dat ek niks sou verander nie, want ek is lief vir almal in my familie. Sonder my maats en familie, sal ek nie bestaan nie, want dit is hulle wat my die rede gee om aan te hou leef. Hulle is altyd daar om my aan te moedig wanneer ek net wil opgee.

*Natalie Robinson*



## *2002 Prefects' camp at Shongweni*

**W**e had no idea what challenges were in store for us! Besides growing closer together as a team, we overcame fears and obstacles like heights, rope burn, high walls with splinters, snake pits and kilometer hikes on wrong paths. It was a beneficial weekend for us all, a real opportunity to plan our year ahead – setting our goals. A wonderful way to start off a year that we hope will be a very successful one.

Our leaders were encouraging and supportive – Quinton steadily became the favourite. But besides the camp romances, the group and the individual development were outstanding. Good luck 2003 prefects, Forget yesterday. Think today. Dream tomorrow.

*Amy Clarence*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
RISTAR – PIETERMARITZBURG*



## *Infinite memory*

Look back in time, further, and still further back, until memory begins to crumble, to come apart like bread soaked overlong in the warm milk of time. Memory has no end.

It begins at a point: the present. For a while it is perfectly clear - as pristine and exact as cut glass. But soon the cutter's hand begins to waver, the detail is lost but not yet the pattern. Day after night, week after week - it is there, ordered and in place. With growing up time has become more important and so memories are kept track of and carefully slotted into place.

Thinking back, it is childhood that brings disarray. There is a quiet chaos like that in a child's room. Everything is cared for, but nothing has a place. Memories are played with or discarded at whim - some lost for ever, others to be discovered unexpectedly at some later date. The sense of time has slipped away because it is no longer needed. The memories of sandy Botswana are linked to those of sharp, white seagulls at the coast, even though those holidays were years apart.

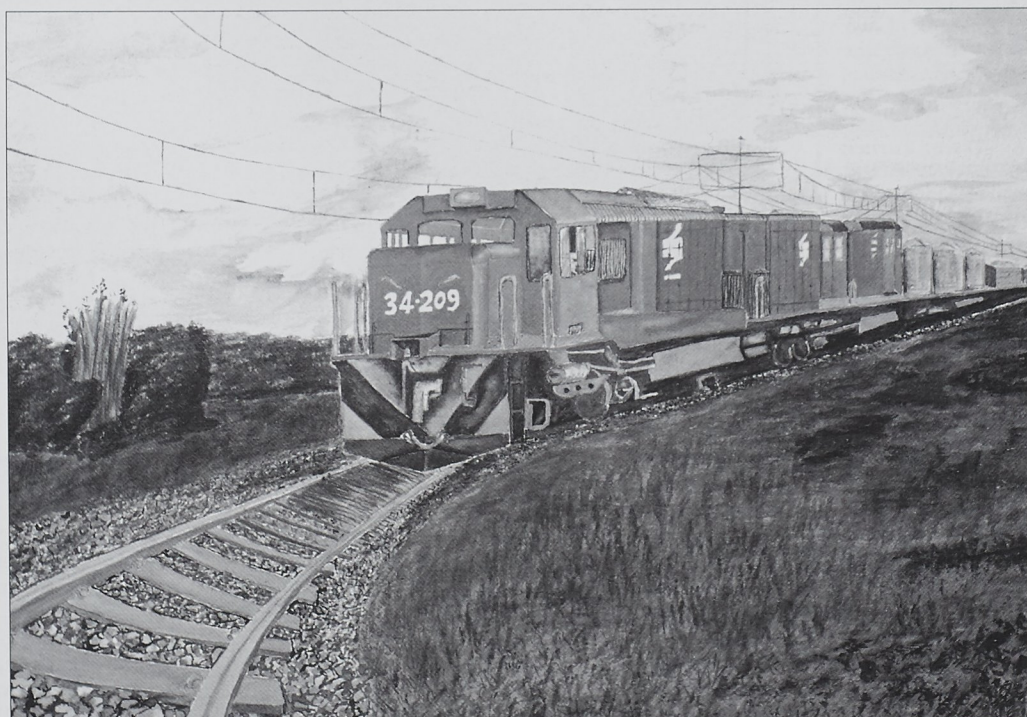
There is, however, a seemingly endless store of memories as clear, if not clearer than those of yesterday. There is no real order to

them; sometimes there seems to be no particular reason for them, yet there they are and hopefully they will stay for ever. Yet there is no surety. For now they are solid and unforgettable, yet they may still break apart under the patient persistence of time and leave only a vague feeling, triggered by a certain smell, or the touch of an old jersey, or something less definable.

There is, it seems, a lifetime of memory contained in childhood. A child notices everything and so something easily forgotten later on in life will form a lasting memory for a child. And the rest mix together into a vague, indistinguishable broth from which bits occasionally surface and then sink back into the general conglomeration.

And then look further back. The memories continue to break down leaving unclear glimpses, so that it is impossible to tell which is the earliest, which marks the end of memory. There is no end. They melt together into an unclear haze and slight sense of golden existence. Memory is as infinite as time.

*Emily Ogram*



*Jenny Preiss*



# SENIOR ACADEMIC - GRADE 11



Back row:  
Megan Hodson,  
Roslyn Thwaites,  
Gemma-Kate Bishop,  
Ruth Bird,  
Tarryn Kirkwood,  
Andrea Temple

Second row:  
Megan Cook,  
Nicola Main,  
Robyn Bezuidenhout,  
Barbara Faure,  
Sarah Preston,  
Phillipa Hunt,  
Clair Goosen,  
Nolwazi Nkosi

Front row:  
Coralee von Weichardt,  
Emma Pitman,  
Julianne Fifield,  
Mrs P. Avery,  
Kristi Goodman,  
Candice Quinton,  
Tatum Swinny



Back Row:  
Sarah Dawson,  
Carmen Gracie,  
Melany Hope,  
Glynis Marwick,  
Pamela Koch,  
Louise Shone,  
Margot Flint,  
Amelia Frenkel

Second row:  
Tracey Turner,  
Elizabeth Fletcher,  
Kirsten Talbot,  
Jeanine Becker,  
Tracy Blore,  
Charlotte Watcyn-Jones,  
Julie Harris,  
Louise Hedges

Front Row:  
Samantha Zungu,  
Sheldeen Cameron,  
Tiffany Hughes,  
Ms B. Kidd,  
Justine Smit,  
Solveig Gevers,  
Jessica Kretzmann

Absent:  
Thembi Luckett,  
Stacey Wright



## Soos Vingerafdrukke, verskil mans en vrouens van mekaar.

Ek stem nie heeltemal saam met hierdie aanhaling nie. Ja, natuurlik! Mans en vrouens verskil op allerhande maniere: hulle het verskillende hormone, dus sal hulle verskillende gedrag hê; maar dis belangrik om te weet dat mans en vrouens baie met mekaar in gemeen het.

Mans voel net soos vrouens: die verskil, afhangende van die persoon, is dat vrouens

hul gevoelens makliker as mans wys, want arme mans is in 'n gemeenskap gebore wat nie sensitiewe mans verdra nie. Dis nie manlik vir 'n man om sy gevoelens te wys nie, dus doen min mans dit. Vrouens moenie hulle blameer nie maar hulle het 'n reg om kwaad te wees, natuurlik!

Stacey Wright

This page kindly sponsored by  
the Thompson family





*Louise Hedges*



*The Grade 11s and Ms Beattie go to great lengths (and in some cases, great heights) to ensure that the Matric Dance will be a great success.*



*This page kindly sponsored by  
Ruth and Jo Bird*



## Trust Eskom

The wind whistled down the hill and past the historic graveyard. The four of us stood shivering in our Natal-thin cotton pyjamas. In the dark. In the middle of nowhere.

Minutes before, we had been contentedly cooking dinner for ourselves, watching TV on the only one in the camp, which we were so smugly enjoying in the best cottage there. We were just getting used to the warmth and comfort, when, with a self-satisfied 'click', we were enveloped in blackness. After the inevitable screeches and panic, our eyes adjusted, and we stumbled around like drunks, searching for the fuse box. But when we found it, of course, no amount of flicking switches made any difference. This meant locating torches and finding our way down to the residence of our guide. In the dark. At this stage, the hysteria was setting in. The unexplained loss of power was definitely the work of some tormented spirit searching for some light relief. (This was not altogether impossible, considering the camp used to be a hospital, which our over-imaginative minds had turned into an asylum filled with former convicts.)

We knocked on the door and waited as the young child called her off-duty mother to aid us. All she could tell us was that she could do nothing but call the manager. So we waited while she did so. We were then told to make our way back to our cottage and wait for Dash, the manager. Unfortunately, Dash is not the most appropriate name for him, as when he finally arrived, and following a thousand apologies, he wasn't exactly speedy in gathering that we had checked the fuses already and that it was, indeed, only us who had no electricity! He continued to live up to his name by sending us to sit in the

warmth and light of friends' cottages with assurances of fixing the problem.

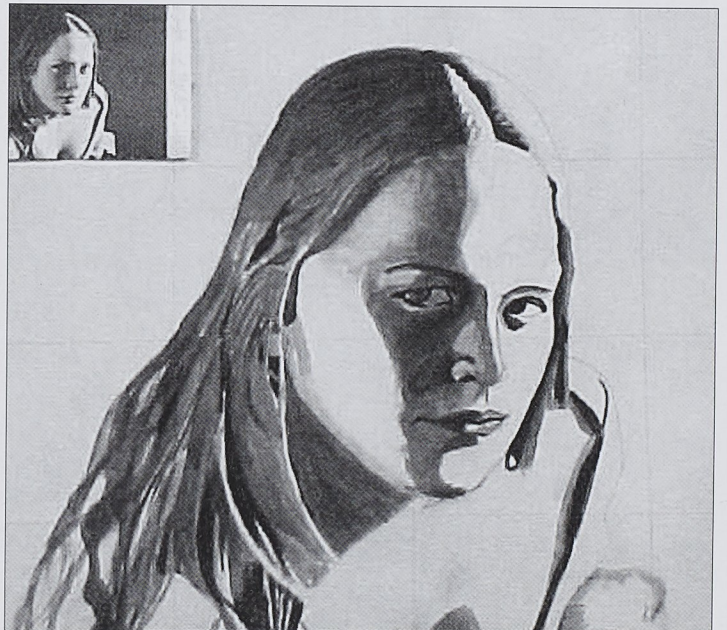
On visiting our residence hours later, we discovered that not only was there still no light, but there was no sign of 'Dash' either. So we made the trip yet again (back to the antique ward) to the company and safety of friends, until we were alerted, finally, way past our bed-time and 'Sex and the City', and we trudged, for the last time, back to our beds and slept.

In the dark.

Sarah Dawson



Designer-labelled, well-accessorised pyjamas made in HE and modelled by their Grade 11 designers



Emma Pitman - work in progress

This page kindly sponsored by  
the "Teeth for Life" family



## *"Jy wat jonk is, moet vreugde vind in jou jeug en jou jong dae geniet"*

### **Prediker 11:9, Nuwe testament**

Dit was net twee weke toe ons hom laas gesien het. By daardie rugbywedstryd - ons was so opgewonde! Een jaar na skool was hy daar om sy span te ondersteun. Hy was net 'n "gewone" seun, maar hy het alles gehad: veral een van die beste persoonlikhede wat ek al ooit geken het. Ons het gepraat en gelag...

Gister was dit Charlie se begrafnis. Die afgelope week is ons almal geskok en ontroosbaar. Hoe kan hy dood wees? Dit gebeur nie met jong mense, mense wat ons ouderdom is nie. Toe het ek lank en diep daaroor nagedink. Miskien sal ek volgende wees? En wat dan? Is ek tot nou gelukkig met my lewe? Wat dit in die Nuwe Testament sê is presies wat ek gesoek het, "Jy wat jonk is, moet vreugde vind en jou jong dae geniet". Nou beseft ek dat ek net my bybel moes gelees het om raad en antwoorde te vind.

Charlie het iets baie belangriks vir my geleer. In daardie tragiese motorongeluk het 'n gelukkige seun gesterf - 'n seun vir wie almal

lief was. Hy het net sy skooljare gehad om te leef, dus kan ons nie dink dat ons die lewe na skool sal geniet nie. Wat as daardie lewe nie kom nie? Dis moeilik, maar ons moet elke dag, elke minuut waardeur. Elke oomblik moet ons leef. Die lewe is te kort om dit weg te wens en net vir naweke leef.

Daar is baie tye om jou oor sake soos geld en mans te bekommer wanneer ons ouer is, maar ons is nog jonk. Niemand het teruggedink en gewens dat hulle meer bekommer het nie. Ons is jonk en vry en dis ons plig om ons jeug te geniet!

Ons moet ook vreugde vind. Vir my, vind ek my diepste vreugde in die Here, maar dit verander met verskillende mense. As ons ons vreugde vind, sal ons sterk wees en kan maklik elke dag geniet.

Ek is so dankbaar vir my vriende, my familie, my diere, my alles - my lewe. Ek gaan beslis die res van my jeug leef en geniet!

*Louise Hedges*

## *Inter-House Gala*

The Inter-House Gala (21st February) was both a gruelling and rewarding way to start Grade 11. I think we were all relatively prepared for what was in store for us, having attended previous galas, and we soon learnt to appreciate the huge amount of work that goes into preparing them.

There was a spirit of friendly rivalry in the weeks before, culminating in a final week of practice stints and skit preparations. The last test was waking up very early on Thursday morning to hang banners, dress up and do last minute organising. The day went off wonderfully, with comfortable weather and a supportive crowd. The Grade 11s of Big Brother Athlone (always watching), Too Hot to Handle Connaught, and the Swimadelic Austin Powers Rhodes crew did everyone proud.

*Amy Frenkel*



*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Fifield family*



## Grade 11 Tour 2002

I think the early morning 4.30 am departure on Monday was more daunting for some than the twelve-hour bus ride that lay ahead. Unfortunately, I was completely aware of the 'riding' section of the trip and soon realized I was suffering from travel sickness as nausea enveloped me! Luckily the journey was broken by welcome stops along the way.

We arrived at Moholoholo in the afternoon and divided into groups to accommodate our comfortable cabins. That night, after supper, we embarked on a night drive. We divided into two groups and, after coming back fairly disappointed that we had spotted only birds, I had a feeling that the second group would see something. True to life, they came back proudly telling how they'd been introduced to the "pet" lion, when our guide got out of the land rover to romp with him!

The following day we visited the Reptile Park and were given a very informative talk by the competent guide on differentiating between the diverse species of snakes inhabiting South Africa. Then it was off to the Cheetah Project where we viewed the adolescent cheetahs eating. Amusingly, they are very fussy about where they eat and have to have their food placed on the concrete slabs to protect their delicate digestive systems.

Next was the Rehabilitation Centre where we were allowed to get up close with the animals ranging from a bush baby to a serval. We were also introduced (not as closely) to the rest of the wild cat family, including a young male lion. He showed us his prowess by, certainly gracefully, turning his...tail to us and marking his territory on the astonished crowd!

On Wednesday we visited the Hoedspruit

airbase. Having not even realized the town existed, I was very impressed by the friendly attitudes and the efficiently-run base. To everyone's delight, lunch was at Harry's Pancakes in Graskop where we were able,

finally, to taste what the tour is famous for! On our trail to Pilgrim's Rest, we enjoyed the awesome view across the Blyde River Canyon at God's Window, and the impressive natural formations of Bourke's Luck Potholes.

As we arrived in Pilgrim's Rest that afternoon, it was like stepping back in time. It was lovely to see the quaint, original houses and shops and to be lucky enough to stay right in the village at the Educational Centre.

Thursday dawned and we gathered to walk along the abandoned railway track to

visit the Gold Diggings. We were given an explanation and historical background of the area including a demonstration of how people would have sifted for gold. There were even authentic Pilgrims dressed up and wandering around whom we included in our photos. Having seen the Gold Mining, we went to Alanglade house which was built originally for the mine manager. It was interesting to see a collection of early twentieth century furniture, design and architecture and one could imagine the sort of life they led. That afternoon we were left to our own devices to explore Pilgrim's Rest. It was wonderful to investigate the shops and many groups got together to have a black and white photo taken dressed in Pilgrim attire.

Friday signalled our departure. The final excursion on the way was stopping at the Sudwala Caves. These ancient natural monuments proved a magical way to end off a wonderful tour.

Amy Frenkel



Sarah plays suricate mother



Campfire



At the diggings

This page kindly sponsored by  
Viv and Kirsty Turner



## Rotary Youth Leadership Course

The start of July saw Coralee, Nolwazi and I embarking on the Rotary Leadership Course. I can imagine that many of my school peers didn't envy our missing the first week of holidays, but having attended the course, I can't imagine not having gone.

A group of 44 Grade 11 pupils from a variety of schools arrived at the St Christopher's boarding establishment to begin the five-day course - a course where we gained knowledge on inter-personal and inter-cultural relationships to prepare us for the not so distant future. I was both challenged and rewarded by my experiences, and truly feel that everyone developed on a personal level. The days were divided into thought-provoking lectures (from motivational to public speaking) as well as ones allowing us to voice our opinions and questions on the diverse cultures that form our nation - lead by a variety of guest speakers. Our evenings were filled with fun, bonding experiences: a line dance, a talent contest and on one night we were taken out to dinner by some of the Rotary families.

The skills we had learnt were tested with various practical group activities. One task was to build and run an island. We were told what assets and features it possessed, and then we had to create a name, a flag and some sort of ruling system. We also had to manipulate the other islands, forming alliances and working on importing and exporting. Left to our own devices, and in the space of just an hour, corruption and undermining had already taken place and anarchy ruled. We realised we had all been bought, and were currently being run by an island whose military might far exceeded ours!

The "Adventure in Service" meant we were able to experience a practical study of business and commerce with special interest in business ethics, its role in society, employer relations with a focus on the leaders of the business. The businesses ranged from Umgeni Water, Shurlock and Webroy to Preformed Line Products. They were welcoming and the day was informative. On

returning, we proceeded to deliver presentations on all we had learnt during the day.

The week culminated in a "Carnival for Kids" on Friday. We spent the day planning and preparing fun activities for the children to participate in and a show to entertain them. The children from the local orphanage arrived in the afternoon and spent it flitting between the stalls we had created, getting their faces painted and being amused by the clowns among other things. This was followed by a supper which we had made for them, and the show, "Little Red Riding Hood" played by a not-so-little St Charles boy! Once the children were gone, the parents arrived for the presentation of certificates and a mixture of our most talented performers.

The knowledge gained subtly from merely talking to people, made it feel as though I'd always known it. It was both incredible and educational working and forming bonds with people from other schools, and was certainly an invaluable life lesson.

Amy Frenkel



Margot Flint and other Grade 11 girls from Interact visited God's Golden Acre



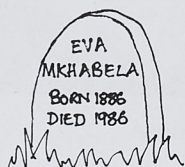
## EVA'S STORY

(Inspired by a visit to the cemetery in Pilgrim's Rest)

My name is Eva Mkhabela. I am a mother of five children and a grandmother of seven grandchildren. I have three great-grandchildren, ages one, three and four. I was born in 1886 and came to live in Pilgrim's Rest in the 1930s. My family and I came here in the hope of finding jobs. My husband worked in the butchery, but was poorly paid. He died in 1954. I was fortunate enough to get a good job, working for the Barry Family. They were good to me, and allowed my two daughters to come and work for them, when my husband died. It was my job to clean out the fireplaces in winter and to do the laundry and clearing away of dishes after meals, or tea.

(Eva Mkhabela died in 1986 aged 100. She passed away on Christmas day, resting after lunch.)

Philippa Johnson



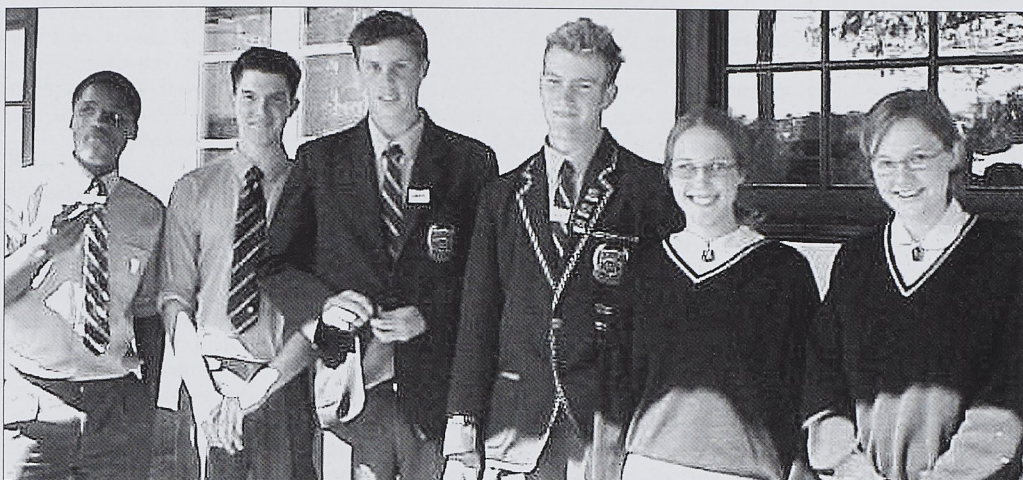
## Grade 11 Gender Workshop

On the 19 September, the Grade 11s from St. John's and St. Charles participated in a pilot project organised by Mrs. Forbes. For the majority of us, the Gender Workshop was initially quite daunting due to the fact that we were expected to discuss contentious issues with strangers.

We discussed various topics relevant to the youth in society, including sexual abuse and dating. The time spent with the St. Charles boys provided us with the opportunity to develop conversational skills with members

of the opposite sex and to develop our understanding of issues that affect our society. Over the course of the workshop, people became more open in their discussions with one another. The one and a half day course was followed by an "Etiquette Dinner." The dinner proved to be a huge success as it allowed friendships to be formed. An enjoyable time was had by all who participated and we are all extremely grateful to Mrs Forbes for organising it.

Margot Flint



St Charles boys joined our Grade 11 girls for a two-day Gender Workshop

## The Diary of Agnes Theresa

### Dear Diary :

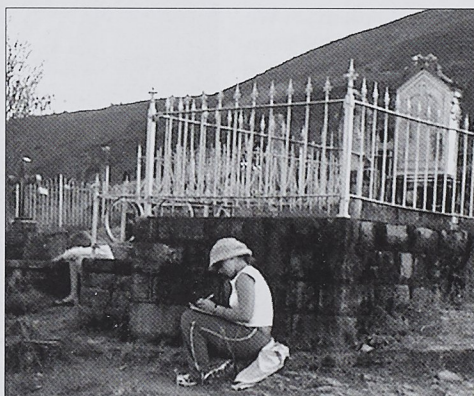
Today has been a struggle for survival. We had to pack our bags and leave for a place called Pilgrim's Rest. We had no idea of how to get there, but my father was adamant. There is news all over town about gold in Pilgrim's Rest creek. We are now camping on the side of the river. My mama is crying because we have no food.

### Dear Diary :

Today has ended up a lot better than we thought. We have found a little house above the creek. My pa has made a claim and I'm hoping we will find gold soon. We are very short on money and so I had only a slice of bread today. I'm starving. It is extremely hot today and I feel so sorry for my pa working in the heat of the sun.

### Dear Diary :

There is still no gold. I wish we had never come here. My mama keeps crying and pa doesn't leave the creek until dark. I am very lonely and mama is teaching me to sew so that I can get a job.



### Dear Diary :

We have gold! We are rich! My pa found a pure nugget. He has promised to buy a mansion and I will have my very own room! I can't wait.

### Diary Diary :

I am so weak I can hardly write (or move). I have malaria - I think I'm dying. I suppose I will never get my own room or my dream house...

Kim Wilson

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## Formal Dinner

On Sunday 3rd of March 2002, a group of exhausted Grade elevens, brooms and dustpans in hand, tidied away the remains of a magical evening that had unfolded the night before. The bare interior of the gym hall was in stark contrast to the enchanting atmosphere of the silver forest that had inhabited the hall.

A mere twenty-four hours before the hall had been filled with silver fir trees, fairy lights, beautiful people and a tangible sense of electricity in the air. Although very tired, this group of girls still had the memory of a night that had gone off with barely a hitch.

The scene of dirty Grade elevens in boxer shorts and T-shirts was very different to the scene of ladies in a stunning array of dresses in every imaginable colour, not a hair out of place and their make up painstakingly applied, elegantly drifting through the doors of the gym hall.

I think it is fair to say that the Formal Dinner 2002 was a great success for everyone who was involved and who attended. The end product of the magical silver forest was definitely a fair reflection of the blood,



sweat, laughter and tears that were put into this year's formal dinner.

Thanks must go out to all the mothers who added their touches and fetched and carried, Patti and the kitchen for the delicious main course, Ms Kidd, Miss Davies and Mev. Malherbe who chaperoned the evening and to all the girls and their partners who attended and added the extra sparkle to the evening.

Jessica Kretzmann



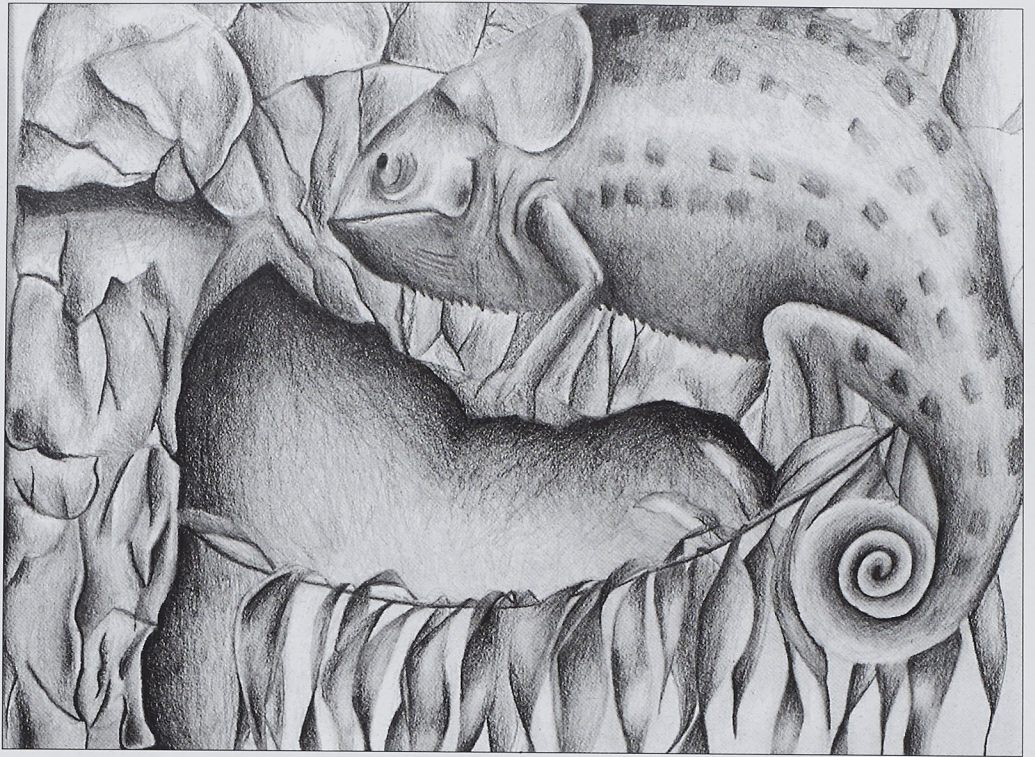
The buck stops here!  
This formidable-looking  
group of girls is the prefect  
body for 2003.  
You have been warned.

The Formal Dinner, held on 2nd March 2002 this year, is always organised by the Grade 11 girls. Here are some of their thoughts about the occasion:

It was an incredible, unforgettable experience. The blood, sweat and tears of the preparations resulted in smiles, laughter and a wonderful evening. In fact, the hard work we had put in increased our enjoyment and satisfaction of an evening we'll never forget. From girls wearing dirty clothes in an empty hall, we were transformed, on Saturday evening, into beautiful princesses in a silver forest.

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the Marwick family





*Kim Wilson*



## *St John's Day*

**W**e were blessed with a beautiful, sunny day on which to slow down and spend time with family and friends. It was a lovely bonding weekend and a great opportunity to

share our beautiful school with others. Imagine: friends, family, food and music - what else could a girl ask for?

*This page kindly sponsored by  
Pippa Hunt*





# SENIOR ACADEMIC - GRADE 10



Back row:  
Stacey Kaye, Jessica Jenkin,  
Lindsay Small,  
Andrea Müller,  
Emma du Preez,  
Kerryn Moolenschot

Third row:  
Ashly Dorkin,  
Robyn Bowles,  
Alexa Labuschagne,  
Jessica Gouweloos,  
Jeanne Cuénod,  
Sthabisile Gwala

Second row:  
Anndrea Naidoo,  
Erica Stephen,  
Ashleigh Fowles,  
Robyn Taylor,  
Jennifer O'Neill,  
Candice Gallagher,  
Nikki Heenan,  
Elizabeth Robinson

Front row:  
Tanya Meyer,  
Jennifer Campbell,  
Glynda Swaine,  
Mrs K. Stakemire,  
Lindsay Everson,  
Natalia Ing,  
Katelyn Warren

Absent:  
Mme A. Tivcheva,  
Jessica Bünger,  
Lerato Mfeka

Back row:  
Sarah Pover,  
Romi Hillermann,  
Melanie Haralambous,  
Joanna Bird, Ashlea Evans,  
Nothando Hlatshwayo

Third row:  
Kelly McBean, Carey Lindsay,  
Penelope Ralfe, Amy Furniss,  
Kirstin Adam, Jolene Crous

Second row:  
Sarah Nellist, Kirsten Craik,  
Justine Naidoo, Linzi Stead,  
Donna Stokes,  
Kim Drummond,  
Nicola Schröder,  
Stacy-Lynne Graham

Front row:  
Sally-Ann Culverwell,  
Tarryn Jones,  
Linda Dickinson,  
Mrs K. Stakemire,  
Cassilouise Blesovsky,  
Patience Ostrich,  
Megan Cowie

Absent:  
Teri-Ann Burroughs



## The way you are

When I held your hand for the first time  
It was like a spark being added to a dying flame  
With your hand in mine we could conquer the world  
You are light and fragile, but when we are together  
We can beat anything that comes our way  
Even in the silence you talk to me  
With a voice that whistles a sweet and distinct sound  
You are entwined in my heart's strings

And if one had to break we would fall apart  
Sleek, dark and handsome, my love  
You are always there when I need you  
You protect me, you save me  
From the hurtling balls of pain  
When we spend time together we get hot and sweaty!  
But still I couldn't live without you  
You are there for me and I am there for you  
This is because you are my squash racquet!

Anndrea Naidoo (1st team Squash!)

This page kindly sponsored by  
Vicki, Lucy, Gina and Beth Robinson



## Snow Day

It came slowly at first. Minute, precious crystals floating out of the heavens and into a rushed and bitter world.

Still quicker it came and the wind howled, sending the crystals swirling in frantic spirals. And the world was white. And still it came... Grass was smothered in its merciless blanket. Trees snapped beneath the weight. Ditches became drifts. Rivers were suspended in frozen animation. Huts huddled in tight clumps sending inviting steams from their chimneys. Cattle and cars, like paralysed hulks, pressed against the spidery framework of fences and battered farm gates. The steel sky hung like a bulky sphere above the town, clashing with the vibrant walls that were tucked snugly beneath their winter coats. It still came, crushed by the traffic as it chugged and coughed through the mushy street, its sounds smothered by a deafened world.

The bell clanged. A gust of humid air condensed in the street. The room clung and

clattered. Children cried. Men rumbled. The door squeaked and closed with a crash. The wintry world was shut out of this plastic greenhouse. The crimson seat clung with desperation to its occupant, gazing out of the misted windows. The steam train lay dormant under its icy capsule as lights flew rapidly past - lost souls in the search of an unknown destination.

A wandering mind was shaken back and badgered for a request. The order came quickly. Hands clenched around the mug, longing to regain life. The steaming liquid scorched the throat. The chatter became a monotonous drone. Sweat, coffee and dust became indistinguishable. The mind wandered once more: beyond the door where pedestrians swished by in dark blurs; above the arguing street; skimming the rooftops and past the outskirts; flying up to the heavens to where the crystals began.

*Kerryyn Moolenschot*

## Orienteering

The warm afternoon sun slowly thaws the ghostly white bodies; bodies that have been trapped and suffocated in tracksuits, socks, gloves and beanies for the long and cold winter. The first hints of spring are peeking out from their stuffy holes where they have been hibernating for the four months of winter. We are on a great trek. We are going orienteering. The unrealistic, neatly laminated maps are glanced at every now and again. We are racing to be the first to finish the 7km so-called "walk" which will allow us to explore Babanango Valley. The different groups head off in different directions hoping that they have chosen the correct route.

The dusty, gravel road crunches beneath our feet with every step that we take. The stream that bubbles over the rounded stones is crystal clear, but icy cold. Without thinking, we all reach down and dip our hot hands into the numbing water to take a chilly sip. The sun has done its job and the sweat is tracing its way down the once "frozen" bodies. The cold water slips down our throats and refreshes the hot and parched people. Now, slightly refreshed, we take a quick look at the map, scanning it for short cuts. Then we set off on our adventure to find the "big boulder". On our way we come across a rusty, dilapidated, old barbed-wire fence that we have to climb over carefully, and through the lethal obstacle to continue our ascent to the "big boulder".

After some time of steady climbing, the paths start to grow narrower and the thorn

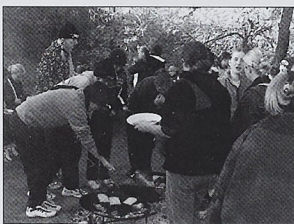
trees seem to close in on us, digging in their long, thin, sharp fingers, tearing our vulnerable skin. The path also starts to wind up the towering mountain slope and soon we are all scrambling over rocks, having to haul ourselves up onto the bigger ones, using the often thorny and unstable branches of nearby trees. The treacherous climb seems to go on forever, but after a while the nerve-shattering climb comes to an end. We have reached the top of the mountain. We are on the top looking down at the breathtaking view of Babanango valley. For a while, the blood trickling down our battered and bruised arms and legs is forgotten as we stand in silence, in awe of the beauty of the valley. We soon come to our senses and after a long scrutinizing study of our map we decide that we are lost, and our best strategy would be to walk across the mountain. Maybe on our way we will come across the big boulder that we are searching for. So, after catching our breaths, we set off on our expedition again.

Eventually, we discover the boulder and walk some (a lot) more. We cross icy streams balancing on slippery rocks, then trek through the dry, crispy grasslands, walking wrong paths while searching for the missing clues. After a long (much longer than 7km) trek, we arrive back at camp and have a well-deserved shower and a hot meal. This is just another day in the wild jungles of Babanango valley.

*Kelly McBean*



*Off to Babanango!*



*Orienteers cooking their hard-earned supper*



## Formal Dinner

This year's formal dinner was magnificent - from the beauty of the silver forest entrance to millions of stars everywhere! Every table was elaborately decorated; the girls looked lovely in their elegant dresses; the boys looked very smart and behaved like perfect gentlemen.

The evening was a great success and will always be one of our fondest memories of High School.

Thank-you Grade 11s for the perfect settings,



Katelyn Warren and Nikki Heenan - roses between the thorns

Grade 9s for the waitressing and the teachers for making the whole evening possible.

Jo Bird, Megan Cowie and Katelyn Warren

## Was ware, wenn ich zaubern konnte!

Wenn ich zaubern könnte, wäre die Welt traumhaft und wunderbar! Es gäbe weder Krieg noch Zank. Der Friede würde überall herrschen! Keine Schule, keine Schuluniform - wäre wunderschön! Kaum auszudenken, wie schön! Ich würde mir eine Farm, mit Nilpferden herzaubern. Als Mann, würde ich mir Heinz Winckler, von den "Pop Idols", herzaubern. Wir würden in einem

riesengrossen Haus wohnen, mit unseren Zwillingen. Ausserdem würde ich Hansie Cronje wieder herzaubern, denn ich möchte ihn so gerne kennenlernen. Das wäre gut. Das, wäre alles, wenn ich zaubern könnte! Mein Leben und meine Umwelt wären ein Traum!

Tanya Meyer

## Junior Achievement



This entrepreneurial programme proved to be most worthwhile and valuable. We had to start and run our own mini-company for eleven weeks. Each week posed a new challenge for us, having to make and sell our

products, which often proved more difficult than expected.

Each person was given a position in the company and this was very successful because, as with any successful company, strong leaders are vital in the running of your business. This also gave us a taste of what it must really be like out there in the business world. Each person in the company was unique and interesting and many valuable life lessons were learnt from fellow members of the company who were from different cultures and backgrounds.

JA was a most memorable experience and the profits shared between us made everything seem worth the hard work.

Alexa Labuschagne, Cassi Blesovsky, Candice Gallagher



Carey Lindsay and Sarah Nellist.

Alexa Labuschagne, Candice Gallagher, Cassilouise Blesovsky

This page kindly sponsored by  
Nikki Heenan



## My Masker

Ek is 'n mens wat altyd emosionele bagasie rondsloop. Dit is asof ek 'n groot tas het wat propvol met gevoelens gepak is en ek kan dit net nie los nie. Soms voel ek dat my rug onder die gewig gaan breek.

Maar, gelukkig vir die mense wat om my is, is ek 'n meester van vermomming. Ek kan my buie blitsvinnig wegsteek en 'n masker opsit wat dit sal versmoor. Wanneer ek 'n bietjie ongelukkig voel en 'n bietjie liefde wil kry, sit ek 'n masker op wat 'n groot breë glimlag daarop het, en die masker maak seker dat ek baie snaakse dinge sê sodat mense lag. Ek voel asof ek geliefd en populêr is wanneer mense vir my grappies lag.

Ek dra maskers om my onsekerhede weg te steek, en my gevoelens te vergeet.

Emma du Preez

*These Grade 10 girls were appointed Wardrobe monitors for the Drama department:*

*Back:*  
Stacy-Lynne Graham,  
Linda Dickinson

*Sitting:*  
Kelly McBean,  
Miss M Filmer, Jolene Crous

*Absent:*  
Ashly Dorkin, Jessica Bünge

## The five senses

All that I love I hear:  
the sound of laughter  
bursting in and filling up the empty room  
that sounded so hollow before;  
the gurgling river running rapidly  
over rocks through a valley.

All that I love I see:  
my family together, filled with joy;  
the small green caterpillar transforming  
into a butterfly  
and the moon that shines so brightly  
that even the stars seem dim.

All that I love I smell:  
the strong, but fresh, smell of grass and cows  
as I dodge through our  
cattle at home with my dad  
on a late afternoon.

All that I love I taste:  
the sweet nectar we sucked from flowers  
in my early childhood;  
raw tomatoes that I would eat while running

wildly between the fields on our farm.

All that I love I feel:  
the feeling of being safe with my family  
and their love given to me;  
the wet grass beneath my feet  
when I go outside after a violent, midday  
storm.

All that I love I know:  
what I believe in - God and Jesus;  
my family that I love  
beyond what I can express.

I believe that all I love  
is a reflection of the person I am  
and will become,  
and the love I feel now  
will increase and carry through  
with a new and ever-growing love  
that I will feel one day.

Erica Stephen

## Cows

My dad always goes first and holds the spiky fence open for me, while I crawl through. I go slowly and am careful not to get hooked on the wire. The small holes in my dull, blue jersey, with many childhood stains, is evidence of how many times I've done that. It is a crisp, cold morning and I notice the soft white air coming out of my dad's mouth as he speaks. His warm hand is holding mine; it's muscled, but gentle. I look back at the dark, green patches where our feet have walked; they stick out between the glittering dewdrops on the grass blades. We walk under the tall trees; the coolness makes me quiver and I wrap my scarf tighter around

my neck.

We see the cows asleep like big dough balls covered with soft, hairy fur. I often imagine how nice it would be to worm my way underneath the swollen bellies and cuddle to keep warm on a cold day like today. My image is usually disturbed by the thought of the cuddly dough ball weighing 500kgs with me firmly stuck underneath.

The young calves, some older, others newborn, playfully dance around their sleepy mothers. They remind me of rocking horses. I can almost hear their childish giggles as they bother the "old ladies". We sit down on the damp grass and watch the children with their big, glossy, innocent eyes.

They are inquisitive and get braver. I feel a warm, milky breath on my face like a gentle whisper. With its wet nose and slimy rough tongue it leaves a trail of slobber on my jersey. My nose crinkles up and I try to find something to wipe the goo on. With a sudden movement, the calves scatter and jump away with excitement. I hear my dad chuckle as he passes me his handkerchief. I now have spit on my face from my jersey. I lie back on the wet grass and smile.

Robyn Bowles



*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Schröder family*



## The art of survival

The bombs drop around him, flung down with sickening crunches and cracks. Each reverberates on the floor as it drops. He knows there is only one way out and that is to survive.

The giants tower above him unleashing their fury and terror. Their agony-filled screams and yells don't stop. Each heaves from leg to leg hurling what missiles they have left. Why? He has done nothing wrong only wanting the warmth the sun alone cannot give him and the food that Mother Nature cannot provide. He ducks to the left, then dodges to the right. The thought of dying and leaving his family to fend off these tyrants increases his will to survive. His brain tells him to give up the game, but his heart does not.

There are many blocks to hide behind. They are soft and warm. Bags that are full of blankets for his family to sleep well in. But the giants do not agree. Each block is no longer a hiding place, but is ripped up from the already torn battlefield or bashed over

like a sandcastle on a summer's day. He is the fastest of his kind and his long, spindly legs scramble to avoid the terror.

There are one, two, three...five giants in all, screaming and terrified of him. Only one, not moving or screaming, but staring, searching, studies his every move. When he moves, so does the giant. Suddenly a large white cannon looms on the horizon. The giant coils like a cat ready for the kill. He backs into the corner trapped like a rat with no escape. The giant springs and all that remains is the scarred battlefield. He shuts his eyes, preparing for the blow. The art of survival is one he has not mastered.

He struggles to open his eyes, expecting to feel pain, but there is none. He looks round and realizes he is back to where he started - outside and in the cold.

But one thing is certain. It is a dangerous place for a spider to be - in a girls' dormitory.

Stacey Kaye

## Ma Journée Magnifique à Paris

Je me lève et le soleil brille. Il fait chaud. Quelle journée superbe! Je regarde par la fenêtre et quelle vue merveilleuse sur Paris!

Je quitte l'hôtel et d'abord je flâne le long des Champs Elysées. Je cherche un café- j'ai soif! Je demande un chocolat chaud. Mmmm... c'est délicieux! Je paye et je quitte le café. (Et je laisse un pourboire pour le garçon!!)

Puis, je vais au Louvre. Il y a beaucoup de monde! Je vois enfin La Joconde- c'est magnifique! Certes, Monsieur da Vinci a un don pour les dessins!! Ensuite je vais à la Place du Tetre.

On fait mon portrait... c'est très cher! Je paye 250 francs, mais mon portrait est très beau. Les Galeries Lafayette sont près de la Place du Tetre. Je vais aux Galeries Lafayette et j'achète une jupe rouge- c'est minuscule! J'aime beaucoup ma jupe.

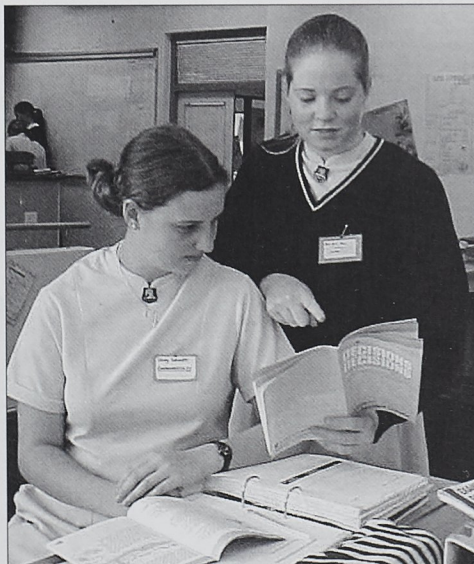
Enfin, je vais à la Tour Eiffel. Je fais l'ascension de la tour. La vue du sommet est magnifique! Je vois Paris... c'est superbe et je veux voir Paris encore une fois. Quelle journée agréable!

Candice Gallagher

Grade 10 library monitors, Stacey Kaye and Nothando Hlatshwayo



Decisions, decisions! Concerned environmentalists discuss serious issues during Biology



This page kindly sponsored by  
Werner and Pinkie Meyer



## Mission: Stalk the Lantern

Day three, 20:00 (hundred) hours.

**Location:** Babanango Bush Camp.

**Enemy:** Babanango Torchers.

**Mission:** Stalk Private Lantern and eliminate.

**Team:** Navy Officers Labuchagne(Lab)and Fowles and myself Sergeant Bles.

Our mission didn't seem hard on the night of July the 29th, but risky. Our defense mechanism was to remain Camouflaged. Our game plan, the element of surprise. We were going to work our way from behind and sabotage.

We set off as planned running furiously through the veld, blending in with our surroundings. The air had a slight chill in it; the night was silent as if it was watching, waiting to see what would happen next. The moon was high, lighting our way as we approached enemy ground. Like serpents of the night we slithered undetected into the danger zone. Every move, every sound that we made was one step closer to our doom.

Hand signals throughout that night were our way of communication, as if we were controlling a highway accident. Moving in closer to where Private Lantern was located, I placed my hand down, only to feel agonizing pain. It was a booby trap. As tiny pinpricks punctured my palm, the pain, like a lightning bolt, shot charges through my body. Being an experienced officer, I should have known that that was the oldest trick in the book - Paper Thorn Trap.

With one hand lame I carried on. Officer Lab noticed it first... Like lions on the prowl, the Torchers were only a couple of meters away. Breathing so fast, as if these were my last few breaths of my life, I lay there as stiff as a board, while they moved on, leaving us undetected and alive.

Still moving in, we were in the red zone. A life or death zone. Lights prowled the veld as

if this was the county jail. Undetected no more. The camouflage on our boots had fallen off to reveal silver buckles which reflected the light, pin - pointing our exact location to the enemy. That was the end of Officer Fowles and myself; it was up to Officer Lab to complete the mission.

It was about 12:30 when a guard took a smoke break. That was our ticket out of there! Wammmmm! I knocked him to his feet, he stumbled and hit a rock and knocked himself unconscious. That was one of the famous moves that I learnt while watching a Jackie Chan movie.

Still crawling through the undergrowth, trying to remain undetected, Officer Lab was alone and needed help. I used my initiative. I used the buckles on my boots, so that I could morse code Officer Lab our whereabouts and about the next step of the plan, by using the lights which scanned the veld. Officer Fowles was going to create a diversion so that we could get to Private Lantern.

The diversion took place leaving two guards standing by Lantern. Officer Lab took one and I took the other. I smothered ether on my sleeve and gagged it around the guards and left them unconscious. Private Lantern was now in sight. He shone like gold among copper. He was placed in a tree, unaware of his execution. I placed my hands on either side of his throat, throttling him so that gold turned to blue, pulled him to his feet, and extinguished his life light.

**Status: Mission complete.**

*Cassilouise Blesovsky*

When the Grade 10s learned to make soufflés in Home Economics, the first step was to attempt a lumpless roux, which, combined with all the other ingredients, would produce a magnificent dish. While Stha and Jo (above) react to the idea of a lumpless roux, Kim and Nikki (below) wonder if the idea isn't full of hot air.



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## *My fifteen minutes of fame!*

It was a normal, routine school day until 12:00. It was an exciting and nervous day for me. I spent most of it rehearsing my speech and checking my watch anxiously. This was the day that I, Head Girl of Umhlali Primary School, was going to thank Thabo Mbeki, in Zulu, for visiting our school and community.

At 11:30 I walked to the enormous, white tent on the bottom field, in which I awaited his arrival. I was trembling and began to forget my words. This is when it all began! I turned my back to see a shiny, white limousine approaching the field. On its arrival, five giants in black stepped out of the limousine and prevented people from harassing the President. The giants covered him totally and he could only be seen once he walked into the fenced-off tent. I waited for my cue and finally stepped forward. I looked into the sea of people, went blank and nearly burst into tears. It was a disaster! My over-practiced speech had been totally forgotten.

To my surprise, a very caring man began to calm me down and say that I could do anything if I tried. He hugged me, smiled and sent me back to the microphone. The one and only Thabo Mbeki had personally helped me. I did not realise my fame at that moment as I had too many wide-eyed pupils staring my way. With the support and encouraging words of Thabo Mbeki, I stood up proud, said my speech and turned to thank him as the crowd cheered. My face was red with embarrassment and so I tried desperately to hide myself behind my Head Mistress. She smiled and said that things happened for the best. I walked away from the tent as though it had all been a dream. So many questions were being asked and people were showering me with congratulations. It was too much to handle!

As I look back on that day, I realise that what happened did turn out for the best. There were articles written about it, photos in newspapers and even a photo of Thabo Mbeki and me on a collage made personally for him by our local artist. That day was a learning curve in my life. One thing I'll try not to forget is another speech, but above all, I learned that often it's moments that seem really bad that can turn out quite well. My precious fifteen minutes of fame is a story I'd like one day to tell my Grandchildren.

Nikki Heenan

## *My Masker*

Dit is vir my baie belangrik om te glimlag en goedgehartig teenoor ander mense te wees. Baie kere wil ek nie vriendelik teenoor hulle wees nie, Partykeer wens ek net dat hulle my sal uitlos en alleen laat, maar ek kan nie altyd vir hulle sê? nie. Dit is wanneer ek my masker opsit. Ek probeer my bes om my slegte gevoelens weg te steek. Ek probeer glimlag en grap met ander mense om te bewys dat daar niks fout is nie, maar dikwels kom my goeie vriende en vriendinne dit agter. Hulle vra vir my wat fout is. Ek sê? maar net dat dit niks is nie, of dat ek net moeg is. Hulle gaan dan maar net aan met hulle lewe, maar soms kan ek sien dat hulle my nie glo nie.

Alexa Labuschagne



*Walking skeletons. The Grade 10s carefully labelled every bone in their bodies to show off their knowledge. But, alas, their labours were destroyed by a howling gale which, however, could not be heard whistling through their still well-fleshed skeletons.*



*Gr 10 Art - Work in progress*

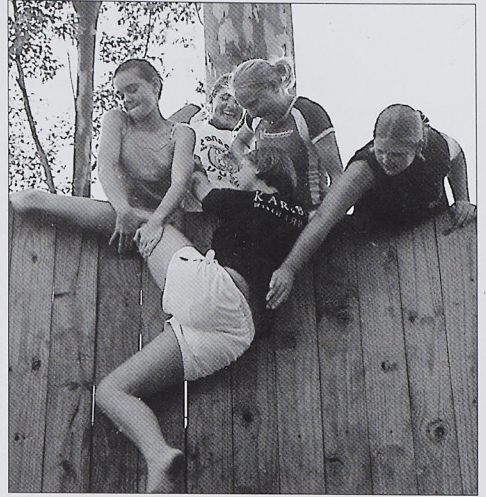


L'Abri was an unforgettable experience. From our first step into its enchanting surroundings, we were captured by its rugged beauty. It had, perhaps, a few too many hills, but for every hill we walked up, we walked down the other side and it did burn off the calories from the delicious food that we ate! Our walks to the beautiful waterfalls, hanging on to branches like G.I. Jane, ended in much-needed refreshment from the relentless midday sun.

Camping under the stars was a highlight of the weekend: the sky was as black as the ace of spades and the stars were brighter than sparkling diamonds. The fact that there were only twenty of us there made it all the more special.

We were all close and we enjoyed our laughing moments with and at each other. It was a balance of hard work and fun which resulted in acquiring leadership skills that we will carry with us forever.

*Nothando Hlatswayo, Stacy Graham and Sarah Nellist*



*Getting to the bottom of the problem*



*On an exercise like this, one must expect to get one's hands dirty...*



*...but it all comes out in the wash.*

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# SENIOR ACADEMIC - GRADE 9



Back row:  
 Natasha Haralambous,  
 Roxanne Vale,  
 Monja-Marie Nortjé,  
 Caitlyn Nothard,  
 Toni-Lee Sterley,  
 Lauren Hallowes

Third row:  
 Kara Schladenhauffen,  
 Bridget Meyer,  
 Kathryn Jenkins,  
 Megan Cunnama,  
 Milena Gevers,  
 Katie-Lee Essom

Second row:  
 Sharlene Moodley,  
 Olivia Temple,  
 Katherine Main,  
 Janice Southey,  
 Julie Shewan,  
 Rebacca Burne,  
 Paulette Josiah,  
 Annie Fleischach

Front row:  
 Katherine Wood,  
 Amy Quinton,  
 Sithembile Majola,  
 Ms C Beattie,  
 Nompumelelo Koloane,  
 Lauren Boyd, Amy Hylton



Back row:  
 Tasha Ross,  
 Lee-Anne Meyer, Jenkins,  
 Alexandra Stewart

Third row:  
 Sally-Anne Snyman,  
 Lilani Biddulph,  
 Gillian Pooler,  
 Cara Hackland,  
 Rayne Cockburn,  
 Phillipa Floros,

Second row:  
 Dominique Cronjé,  
 Hayley Schoeman,  
 Lee-Anne Morriss,  
 Roxanne White,  
 Ntonhle Sokhela,  
 Natalie Britz, Karma Hart,  
 Kate Attwell

Front row:  
 Mary Campbell,  
 Courtney Thompson,  
 Alycia Murugesson,  
 Miss M Filmer,  
 Catherine Lee,  
 Kerry Hedges,  
 Trisha Maharaj

Absent:  
 Derryn Percival



## These have I loved:

The purring sound of a contented cat and  
 The familiar smell of home; clean, soft  
 clothes;  
 Warm sun streaming through a window;  
 White, towering mountaintops blowing their  
 chill wind;  
 The thick vapour from a hot cup of tea;  
 happy laughter;  
 The electric excitement of a storm; the warm  
 musty smell of  
 Hay and old, smooth-worn leather; fit  
 muscles rippling  
 Under a silken coat; a great beast's relaxed  
 sigh;  
 The freedom of open fields and the greens  
 and greys of the bushveld.;  
 Huge soaking drops of a downpour and the

sound of rain on the leaves,  
 Lulling me to sleep;

The amazing thought of how we are put  
 together  
 So perfectly that we can live, and the  
 inspiring feeling  
 Of work well done; the innocence shared  
 By only animals and small children; the sight  
 of the full moon  
 Regarding us from the heavens; the changing  
 seasons and  
 Pleasant weather, all proving that there is  
 Someone showing the way...

Rebecca Burne

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 Pietermaritzburg Power Products





Kerry Hedges



Olivia Temple

## What do teenagers want and what do they really need?

"Those were the days," my mom said with a sigh as I walked into the room. She was flicking through a photo album of all her photos from high school.

"Pardon?" I said very confused.

"I would give almost anything just to relive one of my days back in my teens. Those luxurious days of lazing about in the sun tanning with cooking oil smothered all over our bodies." I was quite shocked to hear about the cooking oil stunt, as my mom was forever ordering me to load the sunscreen onto my already, ghost-white skin.

"It's amazing how so many things change. Especially all the things we 'just couldn't live without!'," my mom exclaimed with a dazed look. She waltzed out of the room still drenched in all the memories of her teen years.

I scuttled upstairs to my room with a coke in one hand and a cucumber sandwich in the other, then slouched onto my beanbag and began to think about what my mother had just been saying. Was it true that things could change so drastically?

Would I ever be able to get boys out of my head? When would I fall in love properly for the first time? Mom met Dad when she was nineteen. I want to meet my husband before I am nineteen. I want a crisp, white wedding. I want the perfect honeymoon in Paris. I want strawberries and cream to be the pudding that I eat on my first night in my first own home. I wonder if any of that will

ever change?

I pick a photo up from my dressing table. What would I do without my friends? Every teenager needs friends and good relationships with people. The more I think about it, the more I begin to think teenagers are just like lost sheep! They won't survive without a few of their friends to keep them company. They should also, always, rely on God to help them find their way.

I put the photo back onto the table and glance at my calendar. My eye catches sight of a big red cross on one of the days marked "Parents suck". I try to think back to the occasion and remember that that was the night my parents wouldn't let me go to a party because they thought there might be drugs and alcohol there! I suppose teenagers need parents to protect them from these situations because that night one of the boys got knocked unconscious in a fight.

I sit on my bed and pull the giant pillow that my mom gave me for my second birthday onto my lap. Images creep into my head of my mom helping me, teaching me and also shouting at me over all the years. My eyes well up with tears. A mom is what every teenager girl needs.

I hurry to the kitchen where my mom is engrossed in her latest recipe and put my arms around her waist. "Thank-you for always doing your best for me, Mom," I say in a shaky voice, "I love you."

Derryn Percival - Grade 9F



Drama prac - 1st term

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Posbus 84  
Balgowan  
3275  
6 September 2002

Liewe Amy

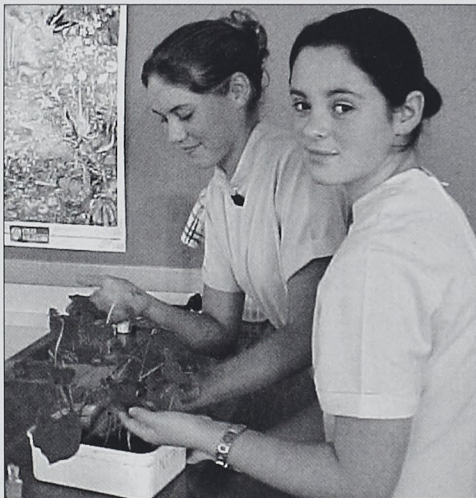
Ek is so opgewonde oor die komende Kersvakansie. Ek dink ek sal my hare rooi streep vir die vakansie. Ons sal 'n hele week in 'n hotel in Durban bly.

My ma het gesê dat ons na Gateway kan gaan om klere te koop. Ek kan nie wag nie want ek het 'n baie mooi paar skoene daar gesien. Dit is 'n Diesel. Dit is blou en wit, maar dit is baie duur. Dit kos amper R700. Ek het R350 en my ma se dat sy my R350 sal gee. Ek sal ook nuwe jeans en 'n baadjie koop.

Ek kan nie wag vir Kersfees nie. Ons sal vir Kersaandete na my ouma se huis gaan. Ons sal 'n groot gebraaide kalkoen eet, baie groente en dessert. Ek kan nie wag nie. Ek word honger wanneer ek daaraan dink. Skryf aan my wat jy vir die vakansie sal doen.

Groete

Sharlene Moodley



*It would appear that the Grade 9s need Jack's help to make their beanstalks grow.*

## *These I have loved*

The smell of just-washed hair;  
The comfort of a friends embrace;  
The feel of cold, hard rain  
striking down on my face;  
The thrill of the violence of a storm,  
or the muted breathing of a sleeping child-  
safe, peaceful and warm.

The feel, the sound of laughter,  
running infectiously through a group of  
friends;  
The end of an exciting book  
when the writer ties up all the loose ends.

Lauren Boyd

## *Reflections*

I reluctantly flick my pen and stare at this blank page. I perform for my friends a very professional impersonation (including facial expressions and hand gestures) of our English teacher: "Write a four to five page essay on the topic of your choice. Try to take a different approach to the topic, and remember, Process! Process! Process!" Sure, whatever.

My mind is an empty theatre...  
The lights are off and only silence fills the hollow blackness. As I wearily enter, the musky smell of dust pours into my nose. I can't see a thing, so I stumble over a cardboard box filled with props as I reach for the light switch. Flick! As my eyes adjust to the welcome light in this place, I try to take in what I can of my surroundings. I see a great stage. There is a long, black, dusty curtain, which is half - drawn. A pitch-black backdrop adds to the expanse of shadow. A sea of chairs reaches for the back of the hall.

As I make my way towards the lighting box, I notice three short, tubby little women swishing feather dusters to and fro come toddling in. Without a word, the cleaning machine sweeps around the theatre, before a quick spot check and a silent departure.

I sit down on a little wooden chair in the lighting box. I switch the spotlight on and it begins to make a humming sound. A stage crew comes onto the stage lugging planks, nails, hammers and paints. A cacophony of activity bounces off the widespread walls. I watch as they tirelessly work. The world takes shape. Stillness settles like a feather on my senses. The set that will witness the excitement of the awaited performance is finished.

Lights flash! Cymbals clash! The extravagantly clad performers burst onto the stage. Colours and movement dance before my eyes. Swirls of energy portray their souls on their toes. They shout, scream, whisper, in hot flames that lick my imagination. My emotions are stirred. The wizards on the stage bewitch my mind. In what seems like a split second, it is over. The spotlight fades into the blackness, along with the magic. My memory is stained with the reflections of the abstract world. I am finished here. I switch off the lights and leave the theatre.

My arm is aching and my pencil is blunt. I stare at this no-longer blank page. I see a reflection of my adventure in the depths of my mind. My essay is finished.

Rayne Cockburn

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## St Lucia Sonsopkoms

Die skulpe  
Wat half onder die sand  
begrawe is  
Fluister die geheime van  
die see.  
Die klein brandertjies  
spoel teen my kaal voete  
En die sand gaan sit tussen  
my tone.  
Dan in 'n ommesientjie,  
Is daar 'n glans van kleur  
Wat oor die horison vloei.  
Die wolke verander in 'n  
glinsterende oranje;  
Die son skyn soos  
blinkende diamante  
Wat oor die diep blou see  
gestrooi is.  
En so...  
Word die skepe wakker.

Alexandra Stewart en Karma  
Hart

## St Lucia

Miesies in bikinis,  
Strand, son en see.  
"O nee," skree St Lucia,  
"Dis St John's meisies  
weer!"

Meisies storm uit die bus  
En hardloop wild rond.  
Piep, die fluitjie blaas,  
En almal sit op die grond.

"Welkom," sê oom Louis  
"Ek hoop jul geniet julle  
toer.  
Eers gaan ons krokodille  
toe  
So laat jul litte roer."

Die krokodille was aaklig  
groen  
En lyk asof hul slaap.  
Skielik gaan hul monde  
oop  
En gee 'n groot, lui gaap.

Elke dag was vol van pret,  
Van swem tot roomys-eet.  
Dit was n wonderlike toer,  
Ons sal dit nooit vergeet!

Lee-Anne Morris en  
Gillian Pooler



Monja-Marie Nortjé

## The first fourteen years

For fourteen years I have lived. I have not just existed as a species of our human race, not just played a role in my society and not just been a part of the earthly, monotonous routine of life. I have lived.

Since the day I was born, fourteen years ago, I have experienced the greatest gift of all, I have experienced a life and a beautiful life at that! One hundred and sixty eight months ago I graced this earth with my presence and was graced by it. Five thousand, one hundred and ten days ago I cried as my tiny lungs embraced that first breath of impure air. Seven million, three hundred and fifty eight thousand, four hundred minutes ago, I entered this world. As a pure, vulnerable infant I entered a world filled with hate, violence and cold, unmerciful humans yet I found a touch of goodness, here and there, in the hearts of some people. I gathered together all I had and painted a picturesque life filled with joy, love and hope.

I also like to think that I allowed a few streaks of comfort and joy to run into the lives of those around me. I accepted the sheer reality and harshness of life. I took the support offered to me from my loving parents and other loved ones and with this I grew stronger and more determined. I created goals and dreams. I built bridges to success and gained the courage to cross them. I am glad to know I seized the moment with a smile. I grabbed every opportunity to excel in life.

When I took that first breath of air I cried, but then I began to live!

Toni-Lee Sterley

## Wavey, Wavey

"One, two, three..."

RUN! Run as fast as you can and hide as quickly as possible. I see everyone scatter, trying desperately to find a good hiding place: A place surrounded by dense bush, in a tall tree or even on the old mossy roof tiles.

As I crouch, hunched up clutching my legs close to my body I try to make myself as small and unnoticed as possible. My heart is thumping; my ears are sensitive to the smallest sound.

Here she comes! Like a prowling hunter searching for prey. I see her pounce upon poor Janice. "Found you," she yells, terrifying me to the utmost. I make a ball of my body once again, even pointing my toes to try and camouflage myself around the corner and...She has vanished.

Now it is time for me to move; it is far too risky to stay her any longer. I look left and sharply right, wait! Escape! Sprit as fast as my legs can carry me, like a deer escaping for its life from the horrifying jaws of its hunter. I run in the opposite direction and DIVE! Leopard crawl over the leaf littered soil. Out of breath I jump under the nearest shrub, and take shelter. Silence. As I sit there in absolute solitude my body tenses. I don't want to breathe too loudly in case I get caught. I feel that I am an escaped convict from prison, trying to free himself.

There is a rustle in the small shrub beside me. Could it be "her?" Am I about to get caught? My heart is racing so fast, I'm bearily breathing and just too nervous to move. The shrub is now viciously shuddering. I sit rigidly. I see an arm, a leg and...it's only Caitlyn. I sigh a sigh of relief! We huddle close together with all four eyes wide open. I see Toni only a few meters away in a nearby tree. "TONI! I FOUND YOU!" We hear Cathy shout.

It was not safe for the both of us to stay in that hiding place another minute. Caitlyn goes first and darts around the corner. I can see her nodding her head eagerly, giving me the "All Clear" sign. "1;2;3" I count softly to myself. I shoot out of the bush determinedly, but to my shock and horror I hear my name, "BRIDGET!!!" I have been caught! At first it is unbelievable. My heart drops and disappointment is like a burden above my head. Caitlyn escapes narrowly!

That is the most tense and tiring game of wavey, wavey I have ever played!

Bridget Meyer

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Cyril Naidoo Racing Stable



## Early Morning Rising

I reluctantly slid out of my cosy sleeping bag, and got dressed with my eyes shut. It was five thirty on Monday morning and it was freezing cold.

I fumbled up the bus stairs not seeing a thing around me as the darkness engulfed me. I found a free chair and closed my eyes trying to catch up on my missed sleep, but the early birds didn't even know the difference or what time of 'day' it was, and they chatted loudly. Then I heard the brakes hiss as we came to a halt. People stood up all around me pushing and shoving to get out.

The last thing I felt like doing was listening to oom Louis' voice or anyone's at that! And the first thing I felt like doing was covering my face under my insulated sleeping bag, and only dreaming of the awaiting sunrise.

I sat on the damp sand listening to the monotonous yet peaceful sound of the sea, as it lapped the shore like a hungry kitten. The

sky was getting lighter, but there was still a sneaky breeze that made my teeth chatter as it crept up my back. I cuddled my knees to keep warm.

As I waited for the sun to grace the world I listened to the Fish Eagles calling as they flew overhead and watched the Sea Gulls soar the sky and have a few tussles against the wind. No one spoke yet there was a thunder of different sounds around me as the animals had their own conversations. Then everything was silenced by oom Louis' piercing whistle that indicated the sun's arrival.

I became oblivious to everything around me except the burning red ball as it climbed higher up into the sky. As it did so I felt myself 'defrost'. The line of clouds that covered

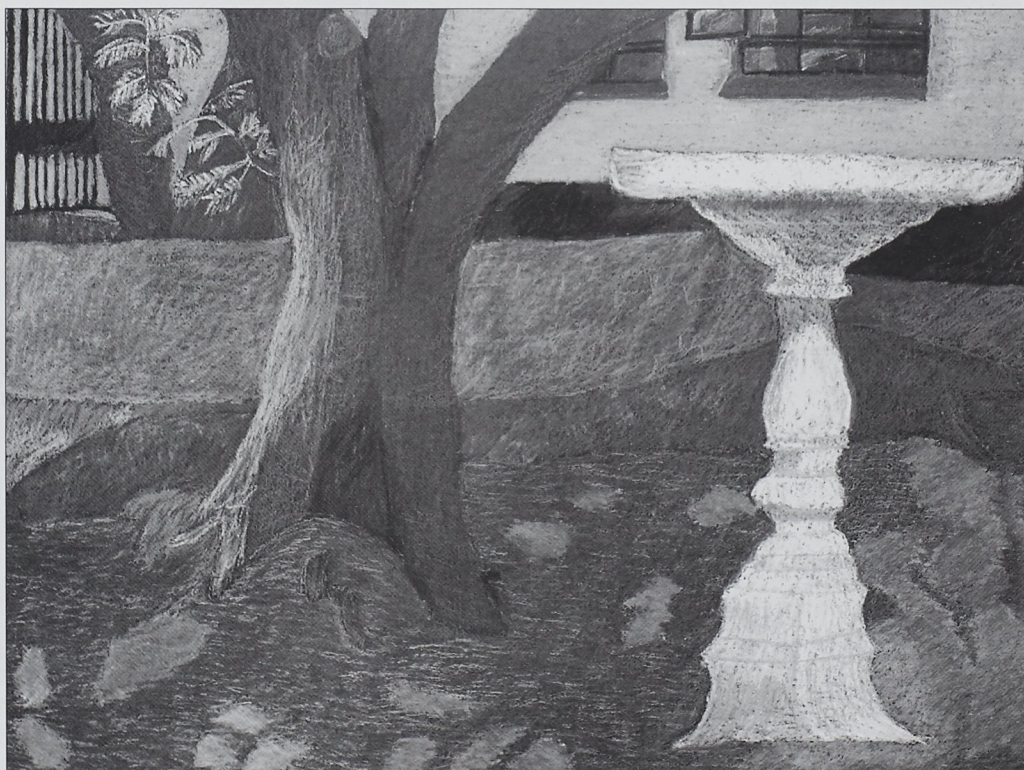
half the sun turned a pretty purple-gray and the sky a clearer blue.

Everything seemed perfect and I was so grateful for my early morning start.

*Gillian Pooler*



*Ntonhle Sokhela*



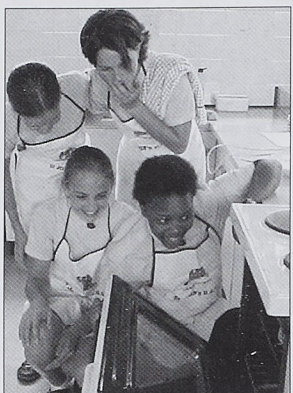
*Roxanne Vale*

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Joelene Small*





Many hands make light work.



A watched pot never boils; and this cake is not very likely to rise.

## The walk of life

I tripped over a root. I gasped, lurched forward and spread my hands out, grabbing the nearest thing I could. I quickly got to my feet.

It was early in the morning, the crisp air nipped at my flushed face. The dewdrops clung to the grass, the ground was damp and there were clusters of leaves hanging from the mottled bark of the trees. I looked towards the path in front of me. I was alone. My heart skipped a beat. My eyes darted from tree to tree. The massive trunks seemed to move in on me.

Paranoid, I turned around in panicky circles, searching for something familiar. The crackling leaves quickly attracted my attention. Everything seemed bigger, scarier and different than before. The trees reminded me of old men with their mangled trunks. Wrinkled, old brown leaves and mossy beards dangled from their thin branches. And empty silence fell over the forest. Then a few birds began to pipe and wail to each other. I seemed to be aware of everything. The light faded and the leaves on the trees rustled softly. Any sound seemed unfriendly. A faint sound of familiar giggles echoed through the forest. I made my way cautiously to the welcoming sound and then started to sprint, hurtling over anything that came in my way.

Out of breath, I reached my group of friends. Looking up at the emerald green canopy of trees, I realized, this path is like my life. The trail is never - ending. There are choices everywhere. The many winding pathways seemed like a wandering course with a new choice of rails around every corner. Filled with its fears, glories and mainly the choices. Glancing over to my friends, I realised that those choices don't have to be made yet. There is still some time...

Karma Hart



Getting down to some serious study - notice the thickness of those tomes!

## The dune forest

One of the things I enjoyed most about our trip to St. Lucia, was the walk in the Dune Forest. I felt very in touch with nature and it was a relaxing, but stimulating experience. Six girls and I journeyed into the forest together, armed with our 'to find' list. Many tall trees peered down at us as we ventured along the path. Each tree's personality was exposed by its armour - thorny, knobbly, rough, prickly, shiny or smooth. Their green, leafy crowns showed their rankings - bitter, jagged, slender, sweet, curled. Their arms were gnarled and tangled, stretching out to catch the sunlight.

Many creatures revealed themselves. A pretty corn-yellow butterfly fluttered by, greeting us with her simple beauty. Shiny, black dung beetles ambled along slowly next to the path, pushing balls of earth and manure. Fortunately, the slithering snake was too afraid to show his face. We also discovered a moss-covered log, lying across the path like a roll of velvet. The moss was a soft carpet under our fingertips. Birds flew to the branches above us, eyeing us suspiciously, wondering why we were invading their territory.

The sandy soil beneath our feet crunched softly with every step we took. Sunlight escaped through the gaps in the twisted arms stretching above us, casting blue dappled shadows on the ground around us. All too soon, our journey was over. The earth beneath us began to tilt upwards - we were climbing a sand dune. A welcoming breeze lifted our hair and played across our faces.

We reached the top of the dune and surveyed the scene before us. We took in a stunning, unspoilt beach waiting to be explored. Our soul-searching journey had come to an end.

Anne Fleischack



In Technology, the Grade 9s made beautiful wall-hangings which they then donated to children's places of care.

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Mr and Mrs J. L. van Rensburg



## SENIOR ACADEMIC - GRADE 8



Back row:

Kate Lister, Chloë Clegg,  
Cara Stone,  
Deborah Gouweloos

Third row:

Darelene Chengan,  
Melisha Durais,  
Jodi Theron,  
Lauren Stratford,  
Katherine Robertshaw,  
Mbali Ngcobo,  
Sarah Lester,  
Rosalind Adkins

Second row:

Sasha Gunter,  
Anthea Taylor,  
Lee Symons,  
Tristan Duthie,  
Kayleigh Leisegang,  
Retlotlue Nakin,  
Bronwyn Koch

Front row:

Laura Taylor,  
Jenna Brown,  
Zincedile Mahlobisa,  
Mev. A Harris,  
Nelisile Ndimande,  
Katelyn Naidoo,  
Alexandra Hainsworth

Back row:

Megan Blore,  
Lauren Hathorn,  
Jessica Lawrence,  
Jenny Mckenzie

Third row:

Lauren Horner,  
Zama Mtolo,  
Thobile Manzi,  
Nicola Withey,  
Samantha Lennox,  
Joanna Spain,  
Mandy Killian,  
Nadine Visser

Second row:

Bianca Westhorpe-Pottow,  
Cherné Glas,  
Jennifer Pickles,  
Shannon Milojkovic,  
Kelly de Charmoy,  
Saira Webber,  
Alice Durnford

Front row:

Sudha Krishna,  
Mesuli Bhengu,  
Philippa Taylor,  
Mrs J Westwood,  
Lauren Pissarra,  
Natalie Miller,  
Nondumiso Shabalala



### A real war

My first real nightmare had begun.  
My dream was now reality!  
My passion as a young boy was to go to war:  
Honour, glory, courage, leadership,  
endurance, uniform!  
Fear embraced me now:  
Deafening silences, explosion, pain, sorrow.  
The putrid smell of death engulfs me.  
I choke back my tears.  
I'll lose everything...  
Family, memories, friends, love,

In exchange for honour, indifference,  
killing...  
I close my eyes and pray in the silences of my  
soul  
For my loved ones,  
For me,  
For the war!  
The next few months, years will be like...  
Winters of my grief.

Bianca Westhorpe-Pottow



## The final touch

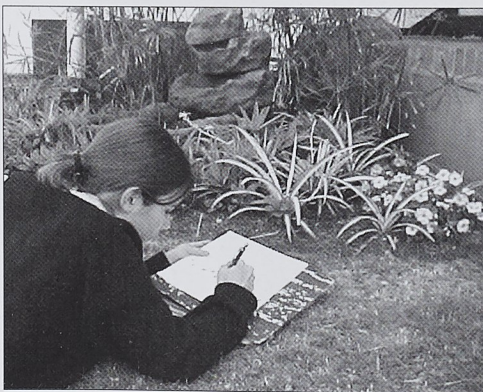
There she was: set down comfortably on her stuffy throne. I was mesmerized, yet I still tiptoed gently toward her and touched my shivering lips to her pearly cheek. I retreated and gazed lovingly at her. Her eyes still twinkled playfully like diamonds. Her lips, as luscious as strawberries, were set in a slight pout. Her wrinkles seemed to me like ripples on a lake – gentle and careful.

The sparrows chirruped in the fairy garden she was so proud of just outside the open French windows. My throat was closed. I couldn't open my quivering lips. A pioneer tear slowly dribbled down past my nose and off my chin. Tears welled up in my eyes and gathered enough momentum to spout and mess my immaculate make-up. I lifted my warm hand and caressed her cold one gently. I sat. I don't know how long I was there, whispering.

I told her how much I missed her, expressing the feelings that had been written in my diary in illegible and tear-streaked writing. As my hand, too, grew cold and my eyes grew weary, I paused and we sat in silence while I revelled at being alone with her. And slowly my fears subsided as I closed my eyes and smiled: I heard her laugh tinkling in my ears. I remembered certain quotes from her library of knowledge and felt her fairy-soft touch caressing my golden hair as I bowed my head. I could feel the love that permeated all corners of the room. I didn't want to open my eyes. I didn't want to frighten away the images and be confronted with bleak reality.

I summoned all my emotional strength and turned away. I could not bear to look as she was lowered into the ground, but I quietly said a prayer and softly called out "Goodbye, Gran!" I then walked away.

Kate Robertshaw



Art



Geography presentation

## Slow dance

I received an invitation. It was pale blue with "disco" written in bold at the top. I carefully peeked inside - Time: seven o'clock to eleven o'clock, Place: my house. As soon as we arrived home I raced to my mother and thrust the invitation into her hand. She read the information and a nod of her head set my heart racing. I was going to my first disco!

On the day I had all my make-up, jewellery and clothes ready and waiting. I started to dress myself at three o'clock. First was my black three-quarter skirt then my lilac, thin-strap top and twinkling button-up jersey. I slipped into the garments as if I was dressing someone else. My hand shook violently as I tried to cake my eyelashes with mascara, but steadied as I carefully placed shimmering eye shadow on my eyelids. A squirt of body spray reassured me. I was ready!

Claire and I arrived together, and as we stepped out of the car, our ears were greeted by the thumping music. Our eyes rested on a dance floor throbbing and moving with dancing bodies. A technicoloured light sprinted across the walls and bounced off the dancers. I felt the urge to dance and soon my body was swaying along to the constant thump. I moved to the middle of the crowd and as I spun around, I saw him.

He was the object of perfection: he had a smooth, sun-kissed skin, blond spiked hair that resembled a halo and he was dressed like a model. My knees buckled as our eyes met and he flashed me a gorgeous, dimpled smile. He loped out of the door leaving me numb. Claire pulled me to the zebra-print couch and left me to gather myself. My favourite song filled the room and couples joined like magnets before me. I jumped as I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to meet the boy's blue eyes. He didn't ask me, but just took my hand and led me to the centre of the slow, revolving crowd. He slipped his hands around my waist and pulled me closer. I

rested my head on his broad shoulder and a shiver went up my spine as the smell of Ego filled my nose. The last beat of the song ended and he unfastened his grip and looked me straight in the eyes. I stuttered "thank you" and he returned it with a kiss on the cheek. We pulled away and the dance was over.

I never saw him again, but I will always have the memories of my first slow dance.

Kayleigh Leisegang



## The biggest secret ever

Tom sat at a table and ordered a glass of wine. He was just a boy really, hardly eighteen. The pub was a strange place; the only light it received was from narrow slit windows. Tom eyed the customers: there were only a few soldiers with their swords strapped to their belts, tree farmers, all thoroughly drunk and laughing uproariously, and that was all. No, far into the corner shadows was a man.

Tom could tell that he was old. Grey wisps of hair stuck out from under the black cape which swathed him. At a glance Tom could tell he was a foreigner: thick eyebrows almost covered his dark eyes, quite unlike the fair-haired people of this country. Although Tom knew it was rude to stare, he continued to peer at the man.

Suddenly the man raised a long gnarled finger and pointed. Tom blushed. Had the old man seen him staring? "You, boy," said a deep, accented voice, "Come here." Tom got up timidly. "Yes sir, what may I do for you?" The old man laughed eerily. "Nothing, no, you can do nothing for me." Tom was bewildered. "My name is Alfonso. Please have a seat," he said patting the one next to him. "Now boy, would you like to hear the story of the biggest secret ever? It all happened when I was about your age." Tom wondered how long ago that was. Deep rivulets of sweat ran across his face and his teeth were chipped and yellowed. Tom nodded and Alfonso sighed.

"I used to live in Spain until I was eighteen; it was then that I was given a task by the king himself." It was a beautiful summers day; the king sat upon his magnificent throne within the Spanish palace. Two guards brought the boy to him. He was well built and darkly tanned. The boy fell to his knees. "Tell me

your name!" the king ordered.

"Alfonso, sire,"

"Are you brave enough to carry out a mission for me?"

"A mission sire?"

"A mission, a quest, a task, whatever you may call it."

Alfonso was amazed. Just five minutes ago he had been working in the fields and now he had been brought before the king and told to carry out a task for him! "Well, will you do it?" Alfonso knew it was more of a command than a request, and he hurriedly nodded his head. The King told him that a dark-skinned, old woman had come before him and asked whether he would like to know the biggest secret in the world. She had then pointed Alfonso out and said that he was the only one to be trusted to fulfill the task. Alfonso would have to travel for many weeks to Africa to find two ancient Umvithi trees entwined together on the banks of the Tugela River and chant 'Khuphuka, imfihlo, khuphuka.\*' It would be a terrifying journey.

So began Alfonso's quest. He travelled aboard ships for weeks without seeing land. Alfonso, who had never been out of his village home, felt more sick than ever before in his life. He fell into uneasy dreamless sleeps and woke early with his stomach churning. One day when he awoke, it was full light and he felt absolutely fine. "Mornin'," said the captain "This is where we leave you." Alfonso looked at the sweeping yellow grasslands dotted by a few thorn trees. The captain looked pityingly at Alfonso as his small figure left the boat.

During the next few days Alfonso travelled down river surviving on fish and water, running from elephants, hiding from rhino, starting in fear at each new sound. He was filthy, alone and bewildered. About to give up hope on one particularly screech-filled night, he eventually fell asleep under the sheltering branches of a gnarled tree."

The old man stopped to drink from his cup, he smiled grimly at Tom, "I was sleeping under the two Umvithi trees. I chanted the words, the ground shook and the waters boiled, and..."

"Yes," Tom said impatiently, "What was it, what was the biggest secret in the world?" Alfonso bowed his head. "I am afraid I cannot tell you." Tom was astonished, "Why not?" "The old lady was right: I am the only one to be trusted."

Alice Durnford



Was Queen Elizabeth I justified in condemning Mary, Queen of Scots, to death for treason? The Grade 8s, in contemporary dress, debate the issue in a History lesson.



## The great deception

Robert Thompson was a poor man who lived with his wife and four children. He tried his best to make as much money as he could, but he never came out very successfully. Even though his family was not supplied with the best food and clothing, they were always happy and satisfied.

Robert worked for a Lord Michael, one of the richest men in London. Although rich, he was not at all charitable. He always wore expensive suits and was never seen without his Silkwood cane. He had a curly moustache and a short beard. He was never kind to his employees, who worked like slaves for very little pay. In fact, he tried his best to pay them as little as possible. Robert longed to find another job, but he wasn't qualified. He hated his master so much; all he did was charm the ladies and bully his workers.

Lord Michael was always trying to make more money, so he would often send Robert to buy him a lotto ticket. Robert watched the numbers every day; he wished he could afford to enter, but he didn't have enough money.

One late evening, when Robert had just finished work, Lord Michael called for him. 'Go and get me a lotto ticket now! I don't care what numbers you choose for me, just go!' he screeched. 'Yes, master,' Robert said as he took the money and walked out of the door. He was exhausted, and didn't want to stand

in the rain to get his boss's lotto ticket. Just then, he had a sneaky thought: what if, just this once, he bought his own ticket, just to see what it was like. He did this and thoroughly enjoyed doing so. Of course, he used his own money, thinking that it was only for this one time.

Robert ran home, but still got soaking wet. He was tired, but felt very proud of himself. He got dry, and at supper, he and his family listened to the radio; they didn't have a television. He couldn't wait to hear the lotto numbers. Eventually, after a long wait they came on. Robert was so excited he got out his ticket and marked down the numbers. His excitement was shortly ended when he found he didn't have a single number. 'What a waste of money...' he thought, as he stared gloomily at his ticket trying to find a number that matched. Robert was never going to do that again - waste a lot of money (in his case) which he wouldn't be able to get back that easily. Rob got out his boss's ticket and started matching up the numbers, still thinking how on earth he was going to repay the money he had wasted. He had just finished checking his boss's numbers when his eyes nearly fell out of his face. He saw that his horrid boss had just got every single one of the winning numbers. His boss had just won five million pounds!

Robert could not believe his eyes. How unfair was that - his wicked boss winning money that he didn't need, and poor Robert left with nothing? Robert thought that it was too unfair, but he thought of something that would solve his problem...he swapped the tickets around. After all, he did choose those numbers. He thought to himself how he would never tell a soul his secret; it was the biggest secret ever.

Lord Michael already had much more money than he needed. It was better this way, who would know? Robert felt a little guilty at first, but he soon got used to his wealthy living.

Shannon Milojkovic 8W



*Maths may well be thirsty work, but what you see here is one of Dad's empties being put to use as a fulcrum in a balancing act that introduces the girls to equations.*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
Dragan's Steelcraft*



## Trip to Midmar

Slowly and sluggishly we shuffled into the bus. My face was not showing any sign of great excitement or enthusiasm. Already we had spent a day of our 'outing' at school, but I must admit that the talks and activities were actually very interesting and important for entrepreneurship skills and all-round future experiences. Thoughts were passing through my head. What were we going to be doing? Was it going to be fun or a bore? Is it going to be interesting and were we in for a surprise? Well, it was indeed a surprise! The bus disturbed my thoughts as it choked, recovered, and then we were on our way.

The bus gave a wheeze as it rounded the tight corner that curls into the village of Nottingham Road. This was to be our first stop. We cheered as we had a chance to grab something to eat and stretch our stiff legs before we ventured any further. Firstly, we stopped at 'Out of Exitus', a busy little papermaking business. Here, we had a chance to look at and experience the art of papermaking.

We got back into the bus, and went along a short stretch of road to a well-known shop and restaurant called The Junction. I must add that the most delicious pizzas are sold there, as my friends and I soon discovered! For lunch, we popped into Clifton, my former school. We settled on their front

lawns and tucked into our packed lunches. I had a wonderful time showing my friends around the school and meeting old teachers and friends. We meandered for the rest of the afternoon around the Midlands, visiting places like Rawdons Brewery Company, a little decoupage shop and a tiny bead business.

We chugged into Midmar late in the afternoon and were welcomed by a stunning display of sky that was magnified by its reflection in the dam.

I was extremely excited about staying in the wooden bungalows; never in my life have I had such good accommodation on a school trip. We were spilt into groups of four and were allocated our separate bungalows that consisted of four beds, a cupboard, a table and chairs, a stove and a fridge, as well as the beloved kettle. We settled into an evening of games, quizzes, braais and hot chocolate. By now, there was a very different atmosphere to what we had felt at the beginning of the week. After a shower and some valuable free time, we all settled into our snug beds and took a night's rest before another busy day in the Midlands. As I lay down, I thought to myself, 'this was not so bad after all!'

Megan Blore



The Grade 8s braai their supper after a busy day in the Midlands



## *A Child of our time*

I was crammed into a dark corner, my body huddled up in a ball. I could not face the fact that I had to go to school the next day. As much as I longed for a good education, and to read and write, I couldn't bear to tell anyone the secret that had changed my life.

I was born HIV positive. My mother had been raped at the tender age of sixteen. The culprits did not even serve a year in jail. They were let off because of lack of evidence. My mother contracted AIDS and died a year ago. I was forced to leave my home and forget about my past. I reluctantly tried to forget my mother, but her beautiful face kept reappearing. I could not prevent the visions: the times we laughed together, but also that unforgettable day when my mother passed away. Her eyes were not shining that day. Tears welled up and trickled down my cheeks. I was only a young boy, still dependent on my mother, but now she was gone and I had to accept that she was never coming back.

I was taken to an orphanage. By law, I had to go to attend school. It was not an option. I

constantly worried that I would not fit in. I knew I was different from the other children. Most of them had at least one parent. Would they tease me? Would I be an outcast? These questions had tormented my mind day in and day out.

The morning that school was to start, I awoke with a sudden surge of excitement. Just as quickly as it came, it vanished. The reality of AIDS struck me again. My heart sank.

I threw the duvet off, and stumbled out of bed. I dressed carefully, making sure everything was neat and tidy. I staggered down the stairs towards the dining room for breakfast, the questions still firmly planted in my mind. The fear was intense. My mouth was extremely dry and my heart was beating furiously. I couldn't bear much longer, the anxiety of going to school, and, of course, the embarrassment of my illness.

I checked myself one last time before opening the classroom door. I said my prayers. I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. I opened the door. There was a sudden buzz of chaos. The parents were saying goodbye to their children. All the parents looked very proud of their children. There was a plump-looking boy sitting all by himself in the front row. The teacher walked over to him. She knelt down and held his hand. She had hair the colour of honey. It was rich and vibrant, shining in the sunlight. Her smile was like a rainbow, bright and happy. She gently ruffled his hair. He forced a smile. I was so entranced by her that I hadn't noticed that everyone was seated. I took the last seat next to the red-haired boy. I thought he must have a million freckles on his face alone. The nametag on his desk read 'James Lawson.' He gave me a nervous smile.

The teacher introduced herself as Miss Mc Cathie. When it came to my turn I swallowed and muttered, "Thulani Ngubane." The teacher then replied, "Thulani was born HIV positive, but, class remember a friend with AIDS is still our friend." My head drooped. It was no longer a secret. To my astonishment, the class stood up and applauded. My heart skipped a beat. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It felt as if a shadow had been erased from my life.

The lunch bell rang. "Thulani, Thulani!" everyone shouted. "Come and sit with us!" beckoned one group. "No, come and play soccer with us!" cried another group. Slowly a smile spread across my face. Perhaps I could live life now without having to be ashamed about the tragedy that had changed my life.

Lauren Stratford



Michaelangelo's Moses with hair and beard by Retlotluoe Nakin.

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## A Nightmare

I slipped into my bed. The warmth of the bedcovers enveloped me. Outside, I could hear thunder in the distance. The rain pattering onto the windowsill could have been mistaken for excited whispers. The wind howled like an injured wolf. Despite the chaos outside, I was still sleepy. Glancing out of the window, I observed the lightning brightening up the sky with a supernatural brilliance. I stared drowsily at the ceiling for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually, I became surrounded by a blackness, a blackness that spread. When I awoke, I felt an eerie sensation in the house – something was not right. I tiptoed out of my room and crept stealthily down the passage. It seemed as if the house was deserted. It was totally isolated.

I was puzzled and frightened. Where was the rest of my family? I entered the kitchen and was astonished to see that the back door was wide open. My feet tapped lightly along the ice that was the kitchen floor and I went to investigate outside. I shivered as the icy midnight air penetrated my clothes. Then I froze. Now I was certain that something was wrong. Instead of standing in my garden, I was encircled by pine trees: I found myself in a forest. Some distance away, a tree rustled and I spotted what appeared to be the vague outline of a person. Fear rushed through me like a bolt of electricity and questions flooded my head.

"Where am I? What am I doing here? Who could that be?" I jogged towards the figure until I reached a clearing. I had an ominous feeling in the pit of my stomach. Then I saw it. It was an old lady. Her frizzy, rat-like hair

concealed her face; she wore an old, faded, grey cloak and she was writing something in the mud. She quickly turned her head in my direction and when she saw me, she pointed to the ground. I strained to make out the letters. Engraved in the mud were the words: "Whatever you do, bad fortune awaits you, Try to run, and I will pursue."

I stared in horror at the withered hag's face. Shadows consumed her face and it was nothing but darkness. I tried to let out a shriek, but it seemed as if I had lost my voice. I dashed into the forest and, while I was running, I could feel her eyes on my back. I knew she was following me. I stumbled blindly until I came to a cliff. I didn't know what to do. If I didn't jump, the hag would get me. I had no choice. Either way bad fortune awaited me. I shut my eyes tightly and jumped. I could feel myself descending deeper and deeper, plunging into the depths of darkness. It devoured me, then suddenly, I could feel the ground below me. I had landed.

I was afraid to open my eyes because I was terrified of what I would see, but eventually, I hesitantly opened them. I looked at my surroundings. I was back in my bedroom, but I was still cold. It was then that I noticed that I was lying on the floor. I had fallen off my bed! Picking myself up, I glanced out of the window. I was relieved to see that the garden was on the other side. I then cuddled back into my bed.

"It was only a nightmare," I told myself, "just a nightmare."

*Sudha Krishna - Grade 8W*

## GRADE 8 MARKET DAY

The Grade 8 market day was a great experience: we learnt how we could run our own businesses efficiently. My partner and I wrote a list of the things we thought people would want, need and enjoy. We then crossed out the things that were too difficult or too expensive to make. Next, we thought of things to support our business (posters, business cards, music) to attract customers.

We priced things, did calculations, drew up a plan and then bought what we needed. Nobs and I learnt that money was not the most important part, but the experience and entrepreneurial skills gained from the exercise will help us in the future.

*Nadine Visser*



*These girls add two more skills (charm and persuasion) to their entrepreneurial enterprise.*

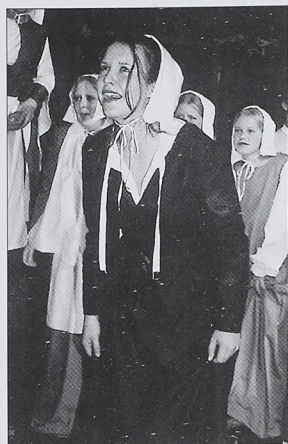


## DRAMA

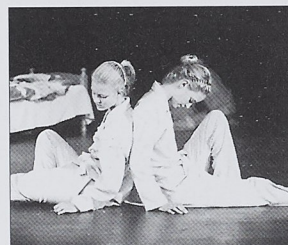


Front:  
Kelly McBean,  
Miss M. Filmer,  
Jolene Crous

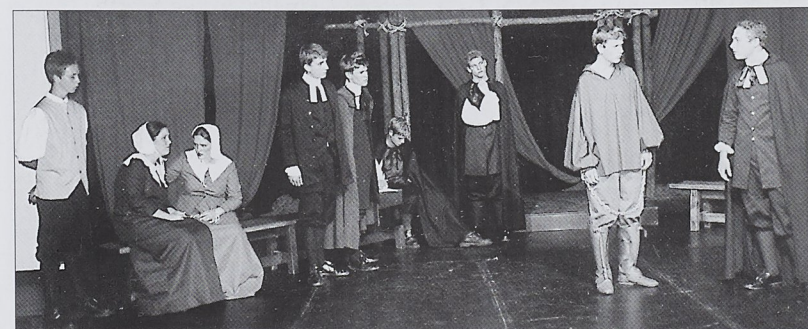
Back:  
Stacy-Lynne Graham,  
Linda Dickinson



Scene from "The Crucible"



Zzzzz...



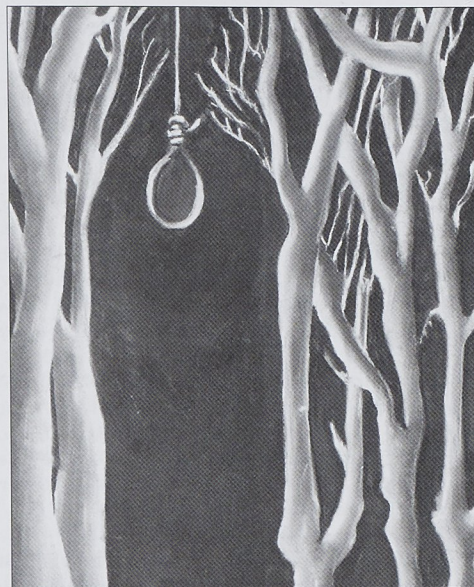
St John's again collaborated with Maritzburg College in their 2003 production.

First of all, welcome back to Miss Moira Filmer, who spent last year in England teaching and travelling. It is wonderful to have her back and we are glad that the UK schooling system was not attractive enough to make her want to stay.

We have had a good year - busy as always and especially challenging. We decided this year to tackle the demanding and, at times, gruelling play, *The Crucible*. Such tough material, probing the prejudices and undercurrents of society, was taken on with determination and spirit by the cast. This was a most successful production and one of the most rewarding and moving working experiences ever. To work with such a dedicated and generous cast of actors was a privilege, and we all grew through the production. Thank you once again to Maritzburg College for loaning us their boys. They were fantastic and a credit to their school. Thank you also to Mr Colin Chapman for his support and enthusiasm throughout the whole production.

Following close on the heels of 'The Crucible', were the completely contrasting demands of Millennium Funk. Once again, this annual schools dance event proved to be a fun-filled and exciting co-operative event. This year saw an increase in the number of schools participating and the new input proved to be exciting and inspiring. It may be that the lack of sleep that the Drama staff suffer during production determined the subject of our piece "Zzzzz ..."; but whatever the reason for the content, we commend our dedicated cast for their commitment and professionalism at a very busy time in the school year. It was again a pleasure to work with such talented young people.

It has been another extremely busy year for the Matrics. Those who chose to produce their own practical pieces of theatre for the projects were busy and pressured at the end of the second term. As last year, the standard of work was extremely high and showed what talent our St John's girls have. This showcase provides many opportunities for performance in the school, and enables the drama girls in the junior standards to see where to set their sights.



Ms Beattie's artwork for "The Crucible" programme and poster.

Not long into the third term it was time for House Plays. We set the girls a very specific task this year: they were to choose a one act play and tackle translating it from the page to the stage. At the start, it seemed as if some felt that this was restrictive and would not be either fun or creative. The end product tells a different story. We were treated to a fabulous morning of theatre - three plays all creatively directed by the Grade 11s. We commend everyone involved, and congratulate them on setting such a high standard of work for years to come.

We have had a very exciting time re-organizing the backstage space. Since the establishment of the beautiful new school shop meant the emptying of the backstage area, we have been able to move our wardrobe out of a million cardboard boxes and into cupboards. We enlisted the help of the girls for the project and now we have a wonderful wardrobe where everything is accessible and visible. We have appointed wardrobe monitors to help with the loaning of costumes and the maintenance of the wardrobe. We also have a new Drama office, and along with all this has come a newly decorated Drama room. Thanks to all involved.

To conclude, we would like to thank all those who have supported our endeavours this year. Thanks to all who have listened, advised, challenged and questioned us. We appreciate all your input. Thank you, finally, to the girls who make this all possible with their enthusiasm and energy and, above all, for their joy at participating in all we do.

Joan Attwell and Moira Filmer



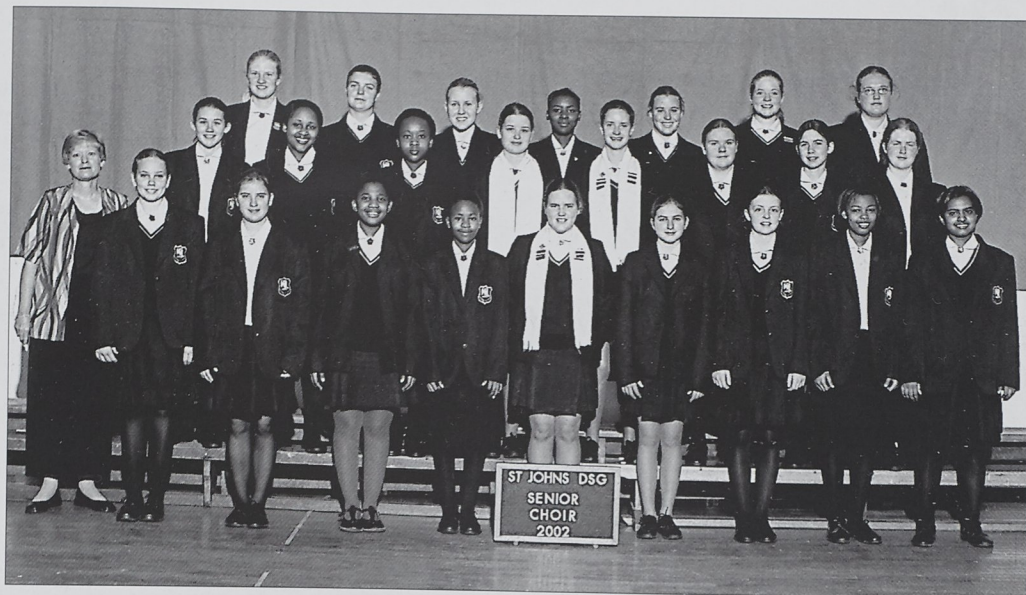


# MUSIC

Back row:  
Lindsay Smail,  
Lee-Anne Meyer,  
Barbara Faure,  
Nolwazi Nkosi,  
Phillipa Hunt,  
Emma du Preez,  
Lauren Hathorn

Middle row:  
Mrs Bower,  
Kate Attwell,  
Retlotlue Nakin,  
Mbali Ngcobo,  
Julia Ramsay,  
Sarah Seymour,  
Samantha Lennox,  
Katherine Robertshaw,  
Robyn Bezuidenhout

Front row:  
Nadine Visser,  
Mandy Killian,  
Samantha Zungu,  
Nondumiso Shabalala,  
Amy Clarence,  
Megan Cowie,  
Lauren Horner,  
Thobile Manzi,  
Darelene Chengan



The Senior Choir's first performance for 2002 was at a special Easter Service, held in the theatre towards the end of the first term. From the beginning of the second term, the choir directorship was taken over by Mrs Sandra Bower, who also filled Mrs van Dam's position in the Junior School when the latter emigrated to the Netherlands.

The choir sang beautifully at the St John's Day Communion Service, led for the first time by our new chaplain, Father Lloyd Smith. After the service and a lovely tea, the Picnic Proms took place outside the gym hall. This year, bands from the Wykeham Collegiate, Michaelhouse, St Anne's and Hilton College, Westville Combined Schools, Epworth, as well as the KZN Youth Wind Band joined the St John's Steel Drum and Marimba Band. The concert was ended with a mass item, with the emphasis on 'mass', as

we really struggled to fit all the players in!

The Confirmation Service in September was once again blessed with the beautiful singing of the choir. Their contribution added immensely to the service led by Rev. Fundinkosi Mbhele, Bishop Suffragan of Natal.

The third term ended with the Music Department Evening, where the senior and junior choirs combined for massed items, as well as their separate performances. Various girls in the senior school also performed instrumental solos. During the year, a number of girls took part in music exams, ranging from Royal Schools to Trinity College of Music and Unisa. Their results were good and it is particularly rewarding to see how the girls develop from year to year. In 2002, it was also the first time that any of our girls played the Trinity College First Concert Certificate exam. Well done to all the exam-candidates: your excellent results are evidence of long hours spent practising.

Finally, in the fourth term, the choir performed at Prize Giving, the Carol Service - once again in combination with the junior choir - and the Valedictory Service for the Matrics.

Tania Moir - Head of Music



Music hath charms...





# COMPUTERS

## Senior Computer Report

This year St John's has 2 computer centres in the senior school, running Windows 98 operating systems on a Windows NT 4 server. All the computers are connected by a fibre optic system. The machines range from Intel Celeron 400 MHZ to 1.2 GHZ with 64 or 128 MB of RAM.

The girls are able to access their mail at all times using an exchange 5.5 mail server.

We thank our technician, Mr Quintus Janse Van Rensburg, for his hard work and patience in dealing with the day-to-day problems.

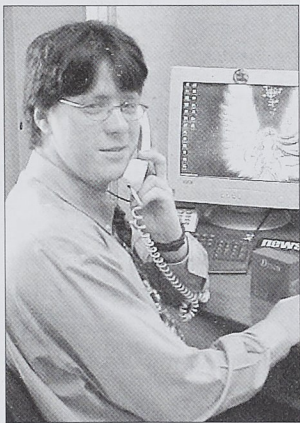
The girls in the Senior School cover the

International Computer Driving Licence curriculum and complete all 7 examinations during their time at the school. Some subject projects are also covered during school time.

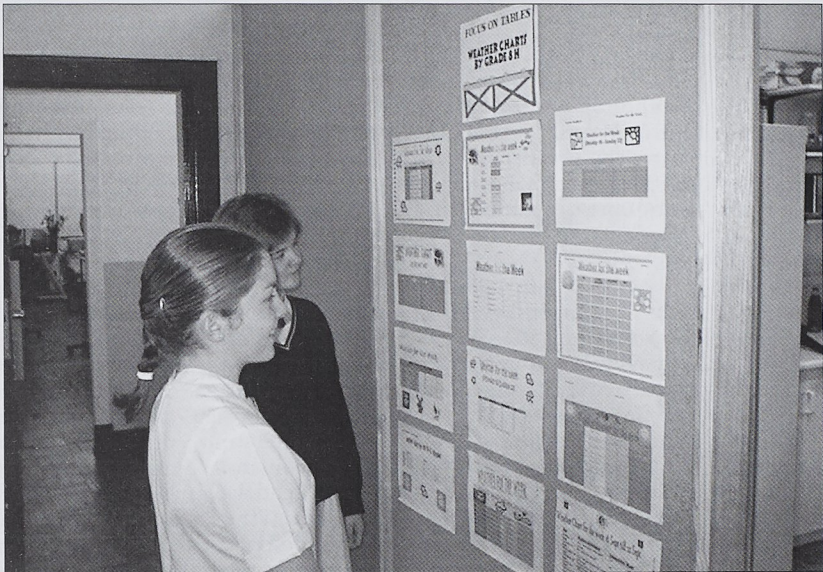
Computing is covered as a subject by all Grade 8 and 9 pupils and then can be chosen as a matric subject.

This year the following girls have been Computer monitors: Kim Drummond, Candice Gallagher, Melanie Haralambous, Kelly Mc Bean and Erica Stephen. I thank them for their time and commitment to the Computer Centre.

Angela Burn - IT Department



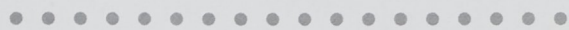
Mr Quintus van Rensburg,  
Computer Technician







# EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES



## Interact

First and foremost, a big thank-you must be extended to the committee of 2002. The team spirit was wonderful which, to me, was the key element in the success of our year as Interact.

Our goal this year was to have a more 'hands on' approach rather than just donating money. We achieved this with Friday afternoon birthday parties at God's Golden Acre, visiting Pam Boake and her children, and helping physically challenged children at Stepping Stones. Having met with all the other Interact committees around Pietermaritzburg, our aim for the fourth term is to have a money mile with all the other committees at Cascades Shopping Centre. The money raised here will go towards the building of a school near Wartburg.

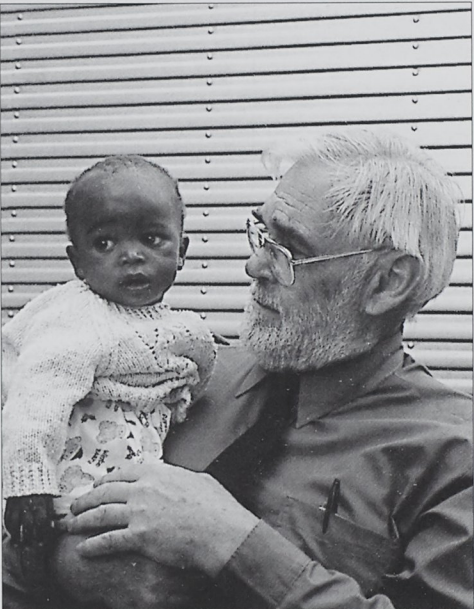
All this could not have been achieved without the grade 10s, 11s and 12s supporting our fundraisers which included McDonald's evenings, the annual Coin Chain, video evenings and the very popular hobo evening, which will be our main fundraiser next term, together with Friendship Friday.

Thank-you, Sir, for all your help and advice and to Coralie von Weichardt, the vice-president, for everything you have done.

Good Luck to next year's committee and have fun!

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, help to make the Earth happy."

Tiffany Hughes - President



Despite the many doting females, this little chap at God's Golden Acre preferred a Father figure.





## Youth Forum

Back:  
Sally-Anne Culverwell,  
Jessica Jenkin,  
Penelope Ralfe,  
Elizabeth Robinson

Front:  
Jessica Kretzmann,  
Elizabeth Fletcher,  
Mrs K Stakemire,  
Louise Hedges,  
Louise Shone



Youth Forum has enjoyed an eventful and entertaining year raising funds for local charities and creating opportunities for the Grade 8s and 9s to interact and bridge the gap between the grades.

Youth Forum's motto: "You open other people's hearts when you open your own."

*Elizabeth Fletcher - President*

We kicked off the year with a games afternoon on the first weekend of the year. This allowed the committee to work together for the first time, as well as giving the Grade 8s a chance to let their hair down after a hectic first week.

Throughout the year we have raised funds through civvies days, raffles, a junk food evening and an especially successful sports social with Weston Agricultural College. With funds raised, we were able to sponsor Innocent Ndebele's transport costs to Cape Town where he ran the Two Oceans marathon. Innocent did extremely well and Youth Forum was proud to support him. At the end of our fundraising year, the committee will donate funds to organizations and people who are doing good work locally; they are the people who deserve our help.

Finally, we say a big thank-you to Mrs Stakemire for all her support (and running around) when events got busy. The committee of 2002 have been a delight to work with. Their innovation, hard work and great sense of humour have made the year a very special one. Their enthusiastic work has illustrated



Grade 8 girls braaing after the sports social with Weston Agricultural College arranged by Youth Forum.



Innocent Ndebele shows his Two Oceans marathon medal. More recently, he came 7th in the Duke of York marathon outside Pietermaritzburg, in an outstanding time of 57 minutes!



## Outreach

Back row:  
N. Schroder,  
C. Gallagher,  
K. Craik, L. Evans,  
L. Mefeka, J. Bird,  
R. Hillerman, P. Ralfe,  
K Drummond, D. Stokes

3rd row:  
N. Heenan, S. Kaye,  
C. Lindsay, K. Adams,  
D. Gouweloos, J. Cuenod,  
L. Stead, A. Labuschagne,  
S. Nellist, S. Graham

2nd row:  
M. Cowie, L. Dickinson,  
P. Ostrich, L. Everson,  
E. Stephen, C. Blesovsky,  
G. Swaine, J. Campbell,  
T. Jones, A. Dorkin

Front row:  
K. Warren, E. Robinson,  
J. Crous,  
Mrs K. Stakemire,  
T. Meyer,  
Mrs J. Westwood,  
A. Fowles, K. McBean,  
S-A. Culverwell



Stacey Kaye and cheerful Ashburton pupils



The staff of Ashburton Farm School: (from left to right) Mrs Girly Goge, Mrs Eunice Ntshangase (Principal) and Mrs Zodwa Ziqubu.



Kelley McBean with some of the learners



Ashleigh Fowles removing soccer game mud from her shoes



Who's for soccer?



Both Junior and High School girls collected jumble which was sold by the Ashburton schoolchildren. With the proceeds, a wattle and daub kitchen was built for the School. Money that was left over from the 1992 matrics reunion this year was kindly donated by Louise Chennells to Outreach and this paid for the plastering of the walls.



Linda Dickinson, Sarah Pover and Jolene Crous - classroom assistants.



## Lectern Club

*Back row:*  
Glynis Marwick,  
Lisa Brown,  
Margot Flint, Amy Frenkel

*Middle row:*  
Julianne Fifield,  
Louise Hedges,  
Kendall Crous,  
Stacey-Lee Green,  
Charlotte Watcyn-Jones,  
Samantha Zungu

*Front row:*  
Amy Clarence,  
Kim Symons,  
Natalie Robinson,  
Mrs P. Avery,  
Barbara Couperthwaite,  
Kim McCallum,  
Katherine Leff



*Committee:*  
Barbara Couperthwaite  
Kim McCallum  
Natalie Robinson  
Kim Symons

Unfortunately for the Lectern society this was an extremely busy year. It was very difficult to find a time when both the Matrics and Grade 11s were available. The season began with a closed evening just for the St John's girls in the 4th term of 2001. We invited an old girl, Debbie McCarthy, to be our guest speaker and she spoke on the rules, or guidelines, for a good speech as well as evaluating the two prepared speeches for the evening. Her advice benefited many of us. All in all, the evening was a great success as, without the restrictions of guests, the girls could express themselves freely. The impromptu speeches were exceptionally well done and everyone had a chance to participate as we held a backwards debate to end the evening.

We were able to have one meeting in the first term to which we invited a number of schools. It was intended that the evening would be just for the matrics in the various committees, but a few Grade 11s seeped in. With Epworth, St Charles and Maritzburg College attending, the evening was as enjoyable as always and the prepared speeches were of an incredibly high standard. The evening ended with a backwards debate which caused great hilarity. This was the only function that we were able to have, but we hope to have another one or two evenings towards the end of the year as people become less busy.

*Barbara Couperthwaite - Chairwoman*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Couperthwaite family*





Tessa Heenan



Nondu Shabalala

Darelene Chengan

## I am Woman

Rehearsals for this production commenced at the beginning of the year and throughout all the weeks, I was constantly amazed and enriched by the many people who were involved - both on stage and off.

The girls in the cast showed great commitment and spirit and I would like to commend them, not only on their talent, but on their wonderful enthusiasm and sound work ethic. I truly believe that participating in a production not only enhances self-esteem, but also teaches many other life skills such as time-management, self-discipline, self-motivation and team work.

The synergy that was apparent between parents, staff, friends and families was absolutely fantastic. Unity is, most definitely, strength. All in all, "I am Woman" was a wonderful success, and an experience which lifted our spirits and enriched our lives.

Fay Forbes - Director



Grade 3 comments - Mrs Forbes played very fast on the piano. She jumped around so much, she must have been dizzy afterwards.



Elizabeth Fletcher and Kirsty Bowles



Sam Zungu



Emma Pitman



Stha Gwala and Tristan Duthie

Tammy Stafford



## Junior Debating

Back:  
Katelyn Warren

Middle:  
Alexa Labuschagne,  
Rayne Cockburn,  
Roxanne Vale,  
Lee-Ann Meyer,  
Monja-Marié Nortjé,  
Candice Gallagher

Front:  
Julie Shewan,  
Katherine Wood,  
Kate Attwell,  
Tonsch Sokhela

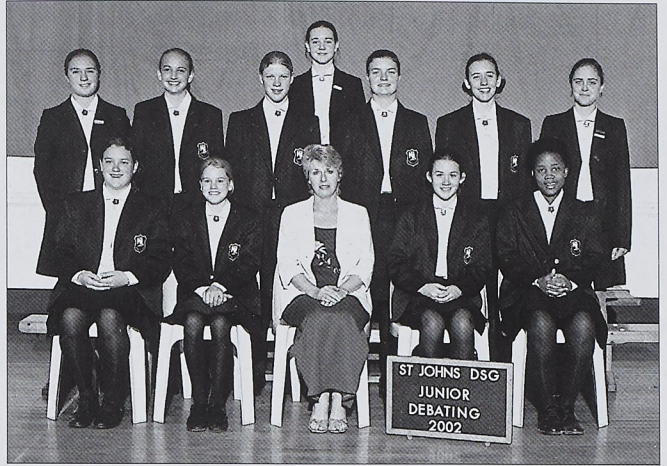
The season commenced with two eager teams and enough girls for another two teams to back them all the way. Each week offered a new challenge – the topic for the next debate, which was tackled with enthusiasm and focus.

The teams always came out tops after each debate, whether or not they had won, because we always learnt something new and enjoyed arguing with our fellow students from other schools. Interesting questions were raised which made us think of issues from both sides.

Rayne Cockburn, Katelyn Warren, Alexa Labuschagne and Candice Gallagher were each awarded Best Speaker at some point during the season. Both our

teams did very well.

Candice Gallagher – Grade 10



## Senior Debating

Back row:  
Kristi Goodman,  
Samantha Zungu

Front row:  
Julianne Fifield,  
Glynis Marwick,  
Ms B. Kidd,  
Barbara Couperthwaite,  
Louise Hedges

The debating results may not look very good on paper this year, but the reality is that the debating team improved in leaps and bounds until the final debate where we were able to give the excellent College team a real run for their money.

The year started off with our attendance at courses that were designed to give us a feel for the new World Schools style of debating. Our first debate against Epworth was the first time we had ever debated in this style. Unfortunately we lost, but we were awarded Best Speaker. One of our weak points was the fact that we did not have a set team and rotated whoever was available. (The debating girls are usually amongst the most committed in the school.) St John's nevertheless managed to acquit itself quite well in the league, winning three Best Speaker awards (all Barbara Couperthwaite) and two debates. Hopefully next year the



proposed “pool” system will level the playing fields a bit, in that our teams will not have to debate teams that have far more experience in this style and we should do better.

Barbara Couperthwaite – Matric  
Ms Belinda Kidd



# SCA

## Students' Christian Association

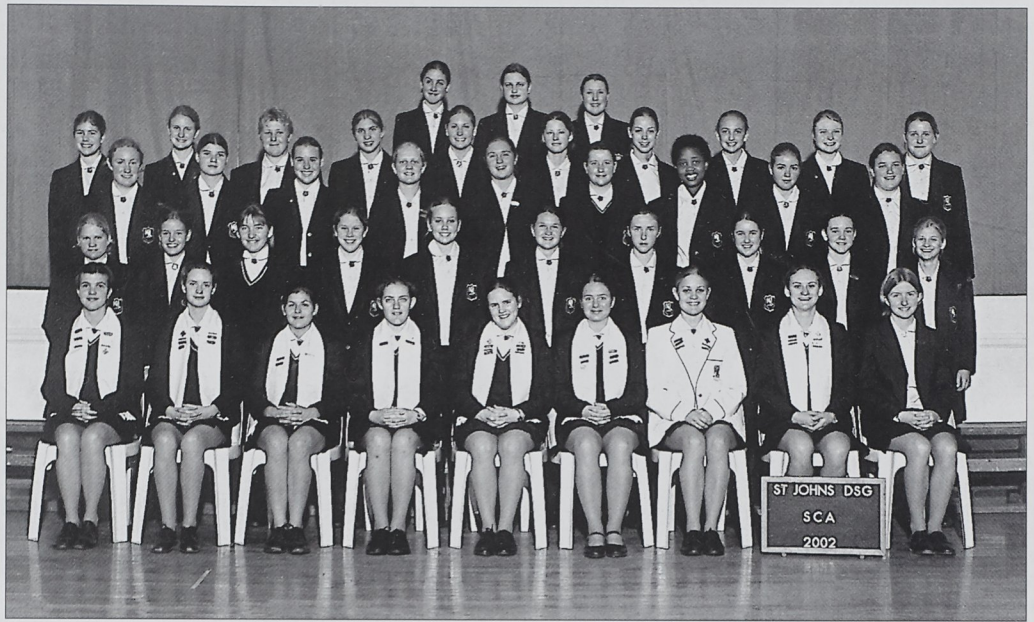
Back row:  
Megan Blore,  
Nicky Schroder,  
Anthea Taylor

4th row:  
Kelly de Charmoy,  
Roslyn Thwaites,  
Chloë Clegg,  
Jessica Lawrence,  
Cara Stone,  
Gillian Pooler,  
Cara Hackland,  
Rayne Cockburn,  
Tarryn Kirkwood

3rd row:  
Derryn Percival,  
Phillipa Floros,  
Phillipa Hunt,  
Nikki Heenan,  
Alexa Labuschagne,  
Jenny Pickles,  
Ntonhle Sokhela,  
Leanne Morris,  
Julie Shewan

2nd row:  
Philippa Taylor,  
Kerry Hedges,  
Catherine Lee,  
Cherné Glas,  
Nadine Visser,  
Hayley Schoeman,  
Bronwyn Koch,  
Lauren Pissarra,  
Katelyn Warren,  
Jenna Brown

Seated:  
Stacey-Lee Green,  
Sarah Seymour,  
Kelly Johns,  
Kendall Crous,  
Amy Clarence,  
Kirsty Bowles,  
Tessa Heenan,  
Lisa Brown,  
Pamela Koch



Let everything that has breath praise the Lord - Psalm 150:6  
Our year as a committee began with an SCA committee camp and leadership training in Baynesfield. This camp allowed us, as a committee, to grow closer to God and to each other.

It was good to see many new faces after the grade 8 braai. Our membership grew from thirty to about fifty during the course of the year. God really provided us with strength and determination to tackle a tough, yet extremely rewarding year. The committee attended Unity at Hilton College twice a term. It was here that we could learn how God was working in other schools around our area. During the course of the year we had various speakers and bands like Sway and Peculiar People livening up our meetings. These meetings were a time where we could discuss problems and speak openly and freely about God.

The highlight for us this year was definitely Breathe - the rally that was held in the Gym Hall. Over 320 people attended. Sway led the worship and Greg Wynn shared an amazing word. We used the money from this rally to buy bibles for the local prisons. God has blessed us tremendously this year; we have so much to be thankful for.

I would like to thank Mrs Grey and Miss Filmer for the constant prayer, friendship and advice that they have given this year. To the committee, thank you for the effort and commitment during an extremely busy year. I hope you will continue to walk closely with God in the future. Good luck to the 2003 committee and God bless.

Dear God, thank-you for blessing us. You are Lord of Lords and King of Kings and we are blessed to be your children. Amen.

Amy Clarence - Chairperson



Back:  
Kendall Williams, Nonhlanhla Zondi, Caitlyn Corrigan,  
Robyn Beattie, Kamohelo Liphapang, Patricia Hathorn

Seated:  
Gigi Liphapang, Tarryn Kirkwood, Bophelo Nakin,  
Roslyn Thwaites, Kimberky Fall





## BLOOD DONORS



*Back row:*  
Roslyn Thwaites,  
Natalie Robinson,  
Ruth Bird,  
Sarah Matthews,  
Katherine Leff,  
Penelope Ralfe,  
Tarryn Kirkwood

*Middle row:*  
Lindsay Everson,  
Solveig Gevers,  
Janine Becker,  
Elizabeth Fletcher,  
Sarah Dawson,  
Charlotte Watcyn-Jones,  
Sarah Nellist,  
Nicola Main

*Front row:*  
Erica Boettiger,  
Amy Balcomb,  
Stacey-Lee Green,  
Miss S. Davies,  
Phillipa Hunt,  
Laura Christer,  
Barbara Couperthwaite

This year our blood donors gave up a lot of their time as well as something of themselves. Many girls I have known reel at the idea of having a needle stuck in their arms and a pint of blood removed, but those who have been able to conquer their fear have all declared that they would definitely be back to give of themselves once more, now they know that it's not nearly as bad as it sounds.

In the third term, at the Grade 8 Market Day, we set up a mini-clinic in the Indoor Centre. Many first-time donors from St John's donated blood as did parents, siblings, staff

and outside visitors too. The clinic was a great success!

We must not forget to thank Miss Davies for so often giving up her time to take us to and from the Blood Donor Clinic in Loop Street. Without her we probably wouldn't be motivated to go on our own. Not only does she provide transport, but she also gives us courage when we get scared and makes sure that we are healthy and feeling strong after our donation. Thanks must go to all the other committed donors as well.

I leave you with a quote that hangs on the wall of the PMB Blood Donor Clinic:

*When you give blood,  
you give another birthday,  
another anniversary,  
another day at the beach,  
another night under the stars,  
another talk with a friend,  
another laugh,  
another hug,  
another chance.*

*Stacey-Lee Green*



*Mrs Smallie and Mrs Griffiths were among the many staff, parents and girls who donated blood at the clinic held at the Grade 8 market.*



## GUIDANCE/LIFE SKILLS

This programme is run every alternate Wednesday afternoon and affords the girls the opportunity to develop and learn life skills which, we believe, are an essential part of education.

The Grade 8s have learnt the basics of First Aid, taught by Sister Seggie, and have also been involved with the Grey's Hospital Occupational Therapy Assistance Programme, facilitated by Mrs Clem Grey and Mrs Frith Malherbe. They have made chairs for cerebral palsied children, and toys, as well as bath mitts for the disabled.

The Grade 9s have done a semester in Self Defence, presented by Don Gold, as well as a semester of Design Technology which is now part of the OBE syllabus. This has been run by Mrs Natalie Foss and Mrs Jenny Westwood.

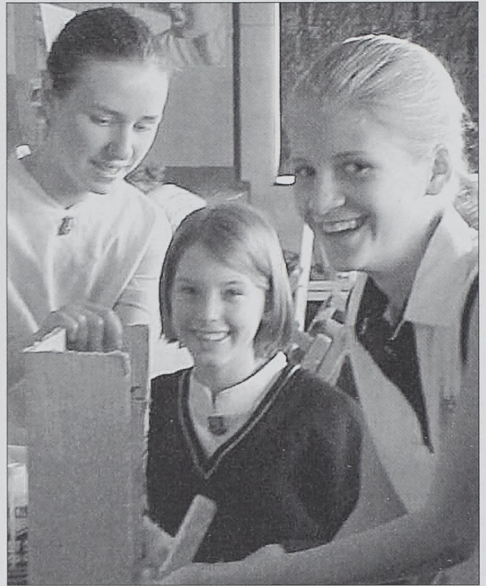
The Grade 10s were introduced to the basics of public speaking, presented by Mr Peter Southwood, ballroom dancing (assisted by Mrs Belinda Kidd) and, during the latter part of the year, have commenced the Covey Course - The Seven Habits of Highly Effective Teens.

The Grade 11s completed the Covey Course during the first semester and thereafter devoted all their energy to the organization of the Matric Dance. A music club was

organized by Mrs Malherbe for the last quarter of the year.

The Grade 12s completed a diploma in basic computer skills and attended a lecture regarding legal contracts and insurance policies.

*Fay Forbes - School Counsellor*



*Learning to make papier - maché chairs*

## CURRICULUM ENRICHMENT

This programme alternates with Life Skills Extension on Wednesday afternoons. We endeavour to create awareness and interest amongst our pupils regarding topics and issues related and unrelated to our curriculum. We were privileged this year to have Pieter-Dirk Uys visit our school and present his controversial Aids play which had both pupils and staff sitting on the edge of their seats. He certainly conveyed a powerful message - using sharp humour and shock tactics.

Internationally-acclaimed Ellis and Bheki once again visited our school and performed 'The Hungry' for all pupils from Class 0 to Matric on the Circular Lawn. This was brilliantly performed and dealt with issues (and the perils) related to rural people striving for material wealth.

Other presentations this year included:

- a play by Steve Hamilton entitled 'Riders of the Storm' which graphically portrayed his life in the drug world.

- Merrill King encouraged the girls to develop public speaking skills.
- The Covenant Players performed a series of mini-plays - all dealing with relationships and communication.
- Ros Janish, an assessment specialist from the IEB, explained to the Grade 9s how OBE operated and how schoolwork would be assessed.
- Members of SANOP (narcotics police) delivered an informative and visual lecture on currents drugs in circulation within the teenage club scene
- Julie Collings, a past pupil, now a professional make-up artist, demonstrated her creativity.
- Gari dos Santos, the new director of the Lexden Leadership School, delivered a motivational talk.

*Fay Forbes - School Counsellor*





## TUTORS WORLDWIDE

Woodbridge School,  
Suffolk



After an initial interview with Robin Finney from Tutors Worldwide, a well-established New Zealand-based company that has been in operation for five years, and the submission of an in-depth application, I waited for confirmation that I had been accepted into the programme. I was accepted by Woodbridge School in Suffolk, UK, to work as a Reception classroom assistant in their pre-prep. department. There are positions available in New Zealand, Australia and the UK, the majority being in the United Kingdom.

My gap year as a classroom assistant at Queen's House was a truly amazing experience and words don't really do it any justice. I worked every day from half eight to half three and one day a week I helped with an after-school craft/art club until half four. I also helped out with the Brownie group, swimming lessons and horse riding with the older children. There was plenty of opportunity to get involved with activities both within the school and out.

For my year there were four gappies: two



Lynn King (on the right) next to the teacher and his wife who kept a kind and caring eye on the gappies who spent a year at Woodbridge School.

Australians, Richard and Nikki, and two South Africans, Lauren and I, at Woodbridge School. Lauren and I shared a flat which was situated above the senior school dining hall. It meant we always knew what was for dinner, but it also had terrific views over the school grounds.

Working at a school gave me structure and security during the term time and the freedom to travel during the holidays. I travelled extensively throughout England, both Northern and Southern Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. I spent a wonderful week skiing in Austria during the February half-term when I accompanied the years 9 and 10 on their school trip, and also saw Mickey Mouse in Disneyland and the sights of Amsterdam!

For so many of us the normal course of life is that of school, university, getting a good job, settling down and supplying our doting parents with grandchildren. I'm afraid that the last thing that I wanted to do when I had finished matric was to have to think about spending the next four years studying for my career, when I wasn't even sure of what that career was to be.

I'm back in South Africa now, studying to be a teacher. Had you asked me before I left if that was ever possible, I'd probably have answered no. Teaching is the last career that I ever thought I'd follow, but here I am doing it. I'm not saying that taking a year out is going to make one a teacher, because it probably won't, but it's going to give you a chance to re-evaluate yourself, and to discover what you never knew about yourself and others - a time to grow.

Lynn King - Matric 2000





# HOUSE REPORTS

## Athlone

As I look back on my years at St John's and my years as an Athlonian, I see a time filled with fun and spirit. From the gala to the inter-house music evening, the members of Athlone always pull through and do their best!



As always, the year started off with the inter-house gala which was incredibly successful. Mel Hope and her team did an excellent job. The theme was 'Big Brother', which was very appropriate as the Big Brother fiasco was sweeping the country at the time. Once again, Athlone was awarded the spirit cup - it's a great achievement for us to have stayed consistently good with our cheering over the years. Well done Grade 11s!

Athlone went from strength to strength and managed to win the inter-house debating.

Both the seniors and juniors put on very efficient fronts and prepared very detailed speeches. Sam Zungu was awarded best speaker in the seniors and Kate Atwell in the juniors, and both of them are Athlone girls!

The netball was also very successful even though we didn't win. We had some fantastic players in seniors and juniors. Nolwazi Nkosi played really well and shone like a true Athlone star.

The senior hockey this year was once again very successful, with the girls beating Rhodes and Connaught. The juniors weren't that successful though, but they didn't give up and they kept trying their best.

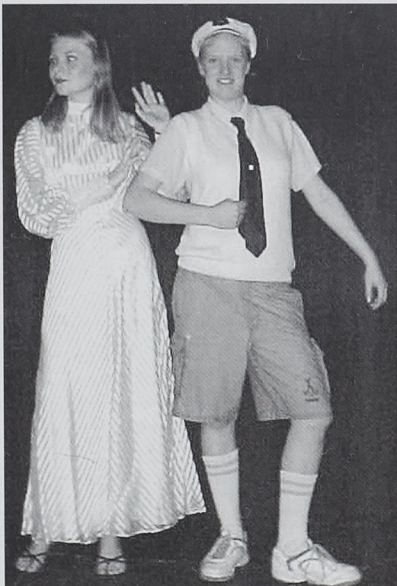
Unfortunately, the number of people who ran cross-country this year wasn't that great. There seemed to be an epidemic of colds and 'flu. However, Athlone still shone! Roxanne Vale ran so well that she was the first person to finish, so she won the juniors section. Lisa Brown came in soon after her to finish second overall and winning the seniors section.

The inter-house plays this year were all of an exceptionally high standard. Sam Zungu directed the play that Mel picked and they both produced a very good piece of theatre. The play was called 'I'll ring for more toast!'. The acting was very creditable and the challenging roles were tackled with ease. The cast was small and well-chosen. There are definitely some budding Hollywood stars in Athlone!

This year has been a hectic year for me and I could never have managed the role and honour of being house captain if it weren't for two people. Firstly, without Mel behind me, I would never have been able to cope. She was always willing to take on all that she could handle. Thank you, Mel. You are going to do such a good job next year.

The second, and most important person, is Mrs Stakemire. Athlone is so incredibly lucky to have her as their housemother. Mrs Stakemire never misses a game or a play; she is always very enthusiastic - from pushing Stacey and Nikki away from the edge of the hockey field during an exciting inter-house hockey match, to making sure that I did this house report in time! You are such a credit to the house, Mrs Stakemire. Please don't go anywhere! It's been an amazing year and I have a strong feeling that there are many more to come. Keep it up, guys, and fly that Athlone flag high!

*Sarah Seymour - Athlone Captain 2002*





## Connaught

As I look back over this past year, I can only be proud to be the Connaught House Captain. With great enthusiasm and pride, Connaught achieved brilliant results in all inter-house events.

In the first term we were all very "fired-up" in starting the year off with the gala. Tiffany and the Grade 11 firemen outdid themselves and put on a terrific display by making a grand entrance in a fire-engine. They outshone everyone; the hard work paid off; well done girls! With the juniors doing exceptionally well, we were placed second.



We were less fortunate with Public Speaking and came third. However, the

spirit was excellent and in true Connaught style, we were very proud of our willing speakers who introduced most interesting topics of a high standard. It was an enjoyable evening.

The second term was more eventful, and, "even if it meant matrics having to leave tea a little early", we were lucky to have huge dedication in our house, with everybody wanting to take part in every Connaught team. Overall, we won the Netball, which was absolutely fantastic, and we came second in hockey, which was also pleasing as the competition seemed a little tougher. However we weren't short of excuses for Cross Country: there seemed to be a 'flu plague at St John's when this event took place, which was disappointing, but hopefully next year the girls will realise it is a fun sport and should be enjoyed. I hope we will have many more '5th runners' in Connaught next year.

Although the third term is a very demanding term, a high standard of inter-house plays is required. Of course, this challenge would never cramp our style. We produced 'A Weighty Problem.' Connaught once again showed true colours and came 1st. Well done to the cast and directors, Amy and Coralee.

This year has been an honour for me, but



without the most amazing and willing support from my vice-captain, Tiffany Hughes, most of this would not have been achieved. A vice-captain has an extremely demanding role and is often overlooked, but working with someone as committed and humble as she is, has filled me with admiration. Well done, Tiff; you did a sterling job! To Mevrou Harris, such an encouraging, willing and dedicated housemother, we all appreciate your support. Thank you.

Connaught gals, from Grade 0 to Matric, you made me a very proud Connaughtarian. Keep that true Connaught spirit that we are renowned for, and those flags flying. Good luck for the future years. In my mind we are without doubt the champion house.

The road to success is always under construction. Remember that success doesn't always lie in winning, but in how you

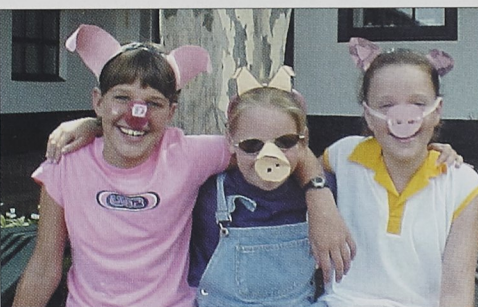
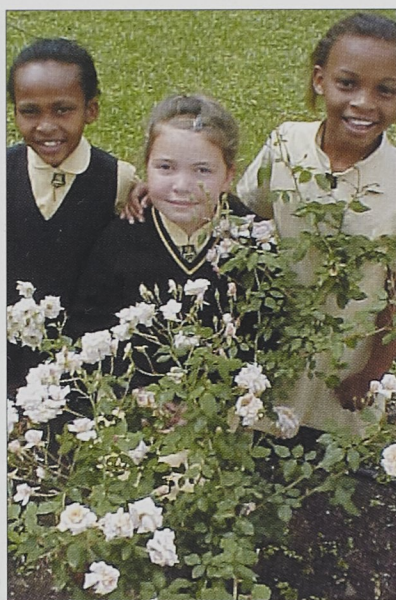
dedicate yourself to the task.

I wish the future captain and Connaught all the success they deserve. Go get him!

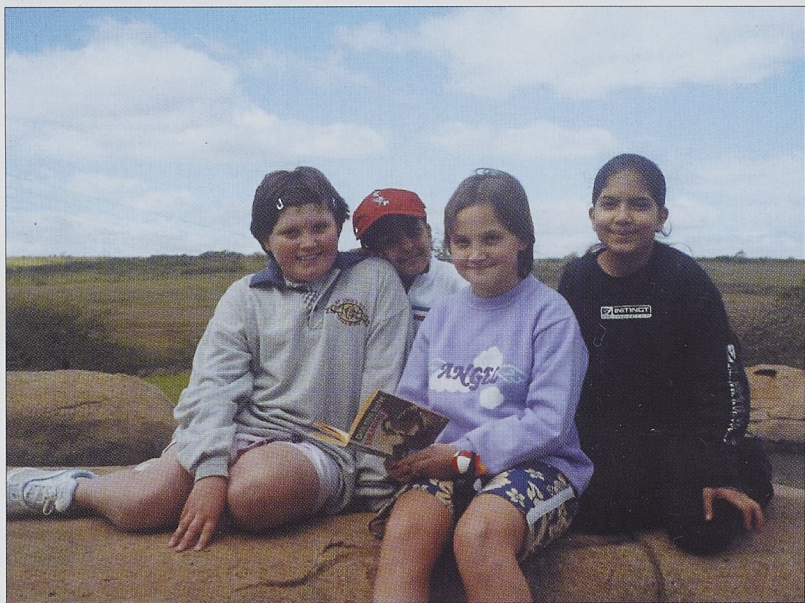
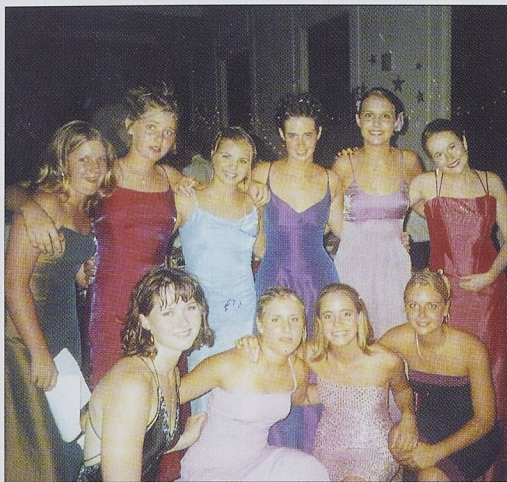
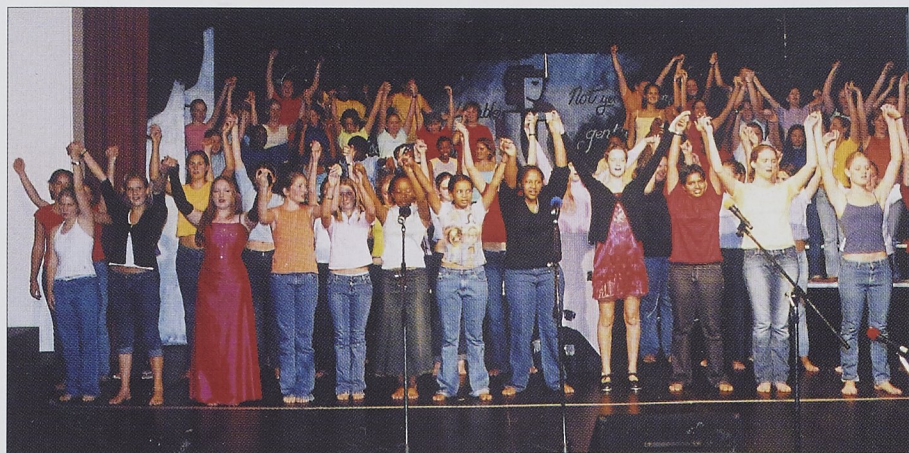
Nikki Wichmann - Connaught Captain 2002



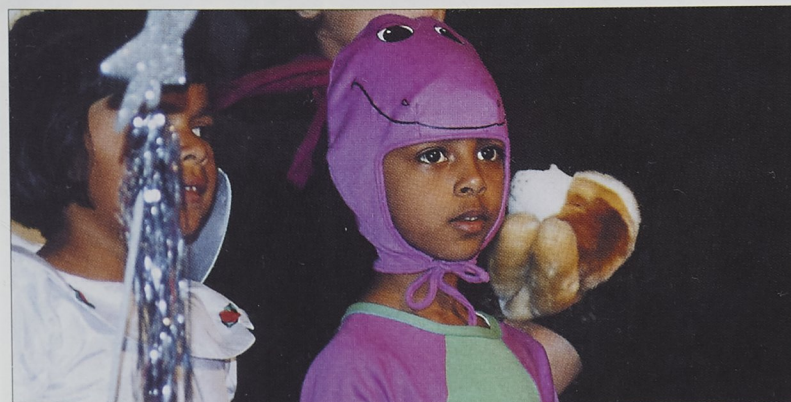
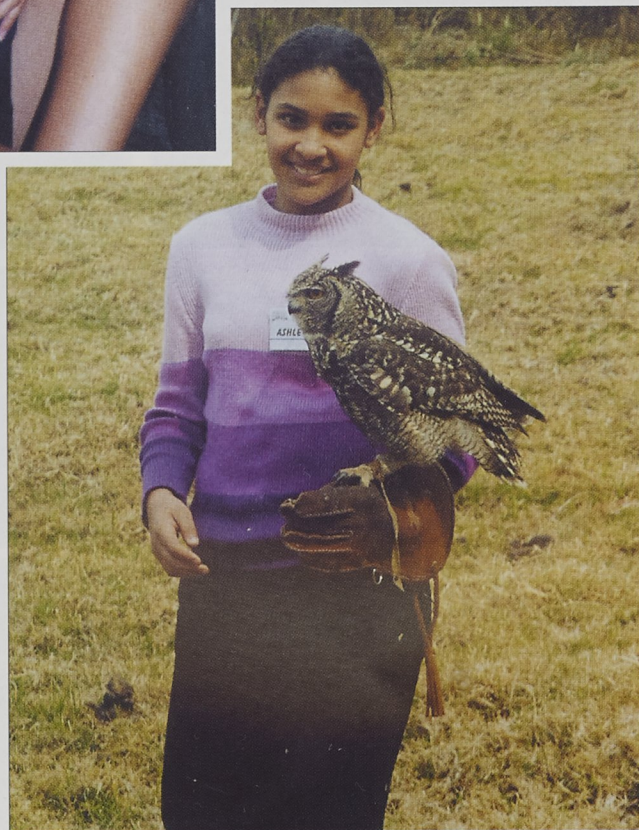
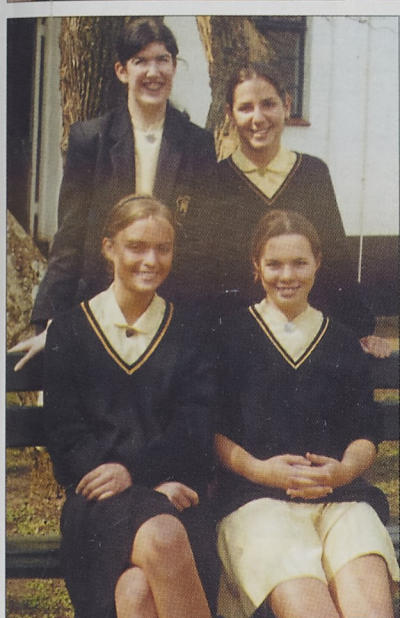




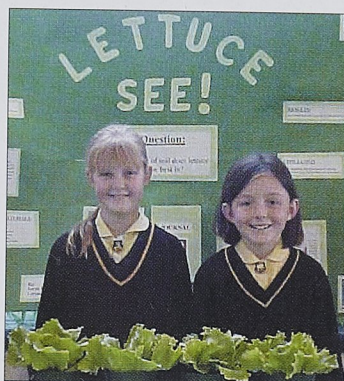
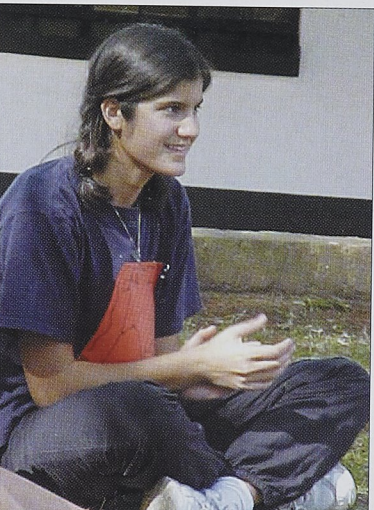
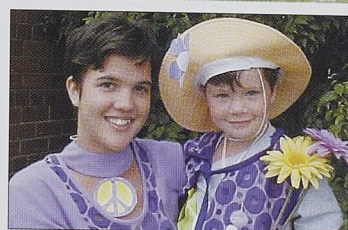
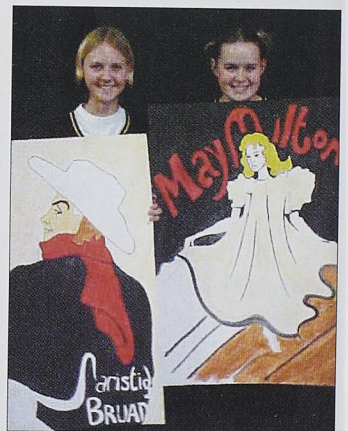
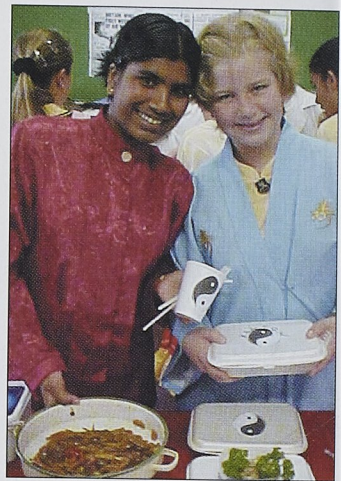














## Rhodes

Looking back at this past year, I am extremely proud of Rhodes' achievements! The girls' willingness to participate in inter-house events has astounded me and their spirit and attitude towards the tasks set was fantastic. It has truly been an honour to lead such an enthusiastic group.

The grade 11s began the year with the swimadelic theme of Austin Powers. I dressed up as Felicity Swimwell and Lou dressed as Austin Rhodes Powers. Not only was the gala absolute fun, but we also had the luck and the talent, lead by Lindsay Backhouse to win the gala with 516 points! We then had the Public Speaking competition. Personally, I was amazed at the excellent arguments and the clever ideas that the girls came up with, and they managed to secure 2nd place. Unfortunately, the netball wasn't as successful, but watching the junior teams, I have confidence in the abilities of our girls in the years to come.

The hockey once again lifted our spirits and, after narrowly beating very tough opponents, we were able to snatch 1st place from them. The junior girls, I have to say, made me feel very proud because of their tenacity, energy and their will to win even

without their full team. Special mention must be made of the other teams supporters who cheered our girls on. The attitude in which the inter-house activities take place is something I think everyone can learn from.

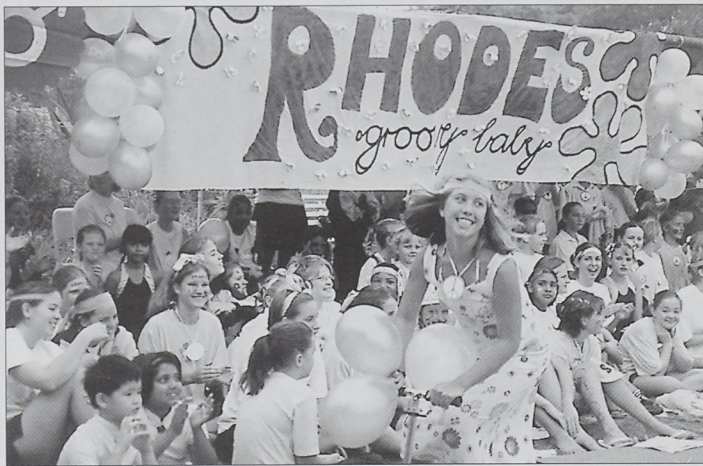
After begging, bribing and nagging, I eventually got most girls to run the cross-country and, to my elation, we

came first for having the most girls running. Sadly our academics let us down a bit, but we can work on that next year. The plays this year were outstanding and Sheldeen Cameron and her crew can be proud of their achievements. The amount of time and effort put in by these girls was evident in the final production.

A huge thank-you goes to every Rhodes girl from Grade 0 to Grade 12. Each of you has made my year as Captain worthwhile. Bigger thanks must go to Lou and her Grade 11 sidekicks who have taken the pressure off me with their swimadelic support.

Remember always: it is the enjoyment that counts - the winning is just a bonus... Thank-you, and good luck.

*Stacey-Lee Green - Rhodes Captain 2002*





# SPORTS

## Basketball

Since the building of the new Multipurpose Indoor Centre, St John's basketball has gone from strength to strength. Hoards of girls have participated in the sport and we have managed to field many teams.

The first team has done very well this season. We have a talented team consisting of 4 matrics, 5 grade elevens and our baby grade 10. The team started the season off very well, attacking confidently, but taking a while to sink the baskets! Our defence has proved to be solid and a force to be reckoned with, even causing a few of the top GHS players to get a bit ruffled. The tremendous thing about basketball is that you may have the greatest bunch of star players but if they do not play as a functional unit, they are worth nothing.

The first team learnt this early on and we have come together and have played as a team. The spirit in the team is always evident; continual cries of support and encouragement ring out from the first team bench and it is a pleasure to play with this kind of spirit. The skills of the players were a little shaky at the beginning of the season, but they have improved and many of the players have become a lot more consistent in

their play.

My thanks go to Miss Smit who has been the keystone in the success of the first team this season. Her passion for the game translates into brilliant, enthusiastic coaching and it is easy to play when you are continually pushed forward.

My wish for the future of basketball at St John's is that it continues to go from strength to strength, and that the passion for the game, which is already evident amongst even the youngest players, grows.

*Kaylee Jo Small - Captain*



## Canoeing

We entered a small but enthusiastic team of canoeists, captained by Lisa Brown, in the 2001/2002 season.

Our star performer was Sarah Dawson who participated in five of the six schools' events and also completed her first Dusi Canoe Marathon, partnered by her father.

In the Three Hour Enduro our junior team once again finished first in the junior section.

*Margie Cunnama - Coach*



Back row:  
Jenny Pickles,  
Megan Cunnama,  
Glynda Swaine

Front row:  
Lindsay Everson, Lisa Brown,  
Mrs M. Cunnama,  
Sarah Dawson (captain),  
Stacey Kaye





## Netball

*Back row:*  
Justine Smit,  
Robyn Bowles,  
Jeanine Becker,  
Nolwazi Nkosi

*Front row:*  
Kim Wilson,  
Laura Christer (captain),  
Miss L. Smit (coach),  
Lindsay Carte,  
Sarah Mathews

We started the season with an almost totally new group of aspiring netball players, and ended as a united group of friends as well as team mates. Only two of us had participated in the previous first team, so much experience needed to be gained.

After a slow start the team went from strength to strength and in the end we pulled together to achieve a good result in the St Mary's Sports Festival. With each match our play improved. This became evident when, in a scintillating showdown, we were able to beat Epworth at the St Anne's tournament after losing to them in the beginning of the season.

In the middle of the term our spirits soared with the arrival of our new kit: warm, black, hooded sweatshirts ("hoodies") and personalised match shirts. A big thank-you must go out to our sponsors, Montusi Mountain Lodge, The Cavern and Country



Craft Thatching. We were the envy of many other netball teams and were pulled into a closer unit because of it.

Without Miss Smit there would be no team, so a huge thank-you must go out to her as well as to the team. We rocked! To next year's team, good luck, play hard and have fun: you'll be marvellous.

*Laura Christer - Captain*

## Cross-Country

*Back row:*  
Kristi Goodman,  
Janice Southey,  
Roxanne Vale,  
Cara Stone,  
Megan Cunnama,  
Kirsten Craik

*Front row:*  
Jenna Brown,  
Lisa Brown,  
Mr M. Wotherspoon,  
Penelope Ralfe,  
Jennifer McKenzie

The season started with only four senior and five junior runners. Miraculously, the requisite team of four was fielded for all the league runs and the senior numbers increased to six, but the juniors dropped down to only four. Having always advocated the importance of the 'fifth runner', it was no joy to see how much the teams were affected by the lack of one. An off day by one runner then meant a great difference to the result achieved by the team. Nevertheless, Lisa Brown managed to keep both teams trying and I am grateful for her enthusiastic and organised leadership.

Roxanne Vale had a successful season again and was rewarded by making the top ten of the Pietermaritzburg and Districts junior runners. She won her race in the zonal trials, but was not well when the Midlands Trials



race was re-run. She also came first in the Inter-House Cross-Country. This proved to be a very close competition with Rhodes just pipping Athlone. One more finisher for Athlone would have seen the result reversed!

*M.R. Wotherspoon - Coach*



## Waterpolo

Back row:  
Jenny Preiss

Middle row:  
Tiffany Hughes,  
Kim Symons,  
Lindsay Carte,  
Laura Christer,  
Justine Lindsay,  
Andrea Temple

Front row:  
Lisa Brown,  
Jenna Heath  
(vice-captain),  
Mr L. Wilkins (coach),  
Stacey-Lee Green (captain),  
Katherine Wilkins



Back row:  
Bridget Meyer,  
Melanie Haralambous,  
Kim Wilson,  
Natasha Haralambous

Middle row:  
Jessica Kretzmann,  
Anndrea Naidoo,  
Nikki Heenan,  
Robyn Bowles,  
Justine Smit,  
Kristi Goodman

Front row:  
Jolene Crous,  
Kirsten Craik,  
Miss M. Jonck (coach),  
Penelope Raffe,  
Elizabeth Robinson

The main focus of this year's water polo team was to have as much fun as was possible, while still playing to the best of our abilities. We were entered into a night league and this gave us the opportunity to play in a relaxed environment with different schools around Pietermaritzburg.

Despite chilly weather virtually every match night, and tough competition, by the end of the season, our team was looking and playing like champs! Special mention must be made here of Andrea Temple who is our top goal-scorer, Carey Lindsay our best defender and Catherine Wilkins, the team's star goalie.

We wouldn't have been able to play at all, if it was not for one vitally important part of the team, our coach, Mr Wilkins. He has guided us throughout the years and playing for him has been a pleasure, so a big thank you must go to him for the many hours he has put into



making us the players we came to be.

A doubly huge thank you must go to each and every girl who participated and made our time together so much fun. Good luck for next season girls, I know it's going to be great!

Stacey-Lee Green - Captain



## Squash

*Back row:*  
Jessica Gouweloos,  
Louise Shone

*Front row:*  
Anndrea Naidoo,  
Mrs J. Mill,  
Carey Lindsay,

St John's had a very encouraging year with many players making great progress. We entered a team into the Ladies Night League and their results were commendable. With the help of our coaches, Mrs Mill and Mr Carbutt, we can be very proud of the achievements.

All the teams were very succesful and special mention should be made of the following girls: Carey Lindsay and Jessica Gouweloss (both grade 10 pupils) were selected for the KZN U16A team and Deborah Gouweloss (grade 8) for the KZN U14B team. They excelled at their inter-provincial tournaments held in Bloemfontein and Hilton respectively.



*Louise Shone - 1st team*

## Hockey - Indoor

*Back row:*  
Julianne Fifield

*Middle row:*  
Kelly Johns, Shelly Low,  
Nikki Heenan,  
Louise Shone,  
Jacquelynn Sparks,  
Elizabeth Yeats

*Front row:*  
Kaylee Jo Small,  
Kate Gordon,  
Miss L. van Breda,  
Nicola Wichmann  
(captain),  
Jenna Heath

At the beginning of the year we entered the Women's League with two senior teams. However, with enthusiasm growing for the sport, we could have entered many more teams.

This was a brilliant way to start the hockey season, as team spirit and team-building began early. The first side came third overall, which was excellent and most encouraging as the side was very young - indicating the large amount of talent in our little school.

Indoor hockey is more a fun sport than a serious game, with everybody (including the goalie) playing an important role on the field.

This is a growing sport and, with so many young players taking part, 2003 should be a good year. All the best!



Kate Gordon has been a wonderful vice-captain, working very hard and being most encouraging.

*Nikki Wichmann - Captain*



## Hockey - Outdoor

### Back row:

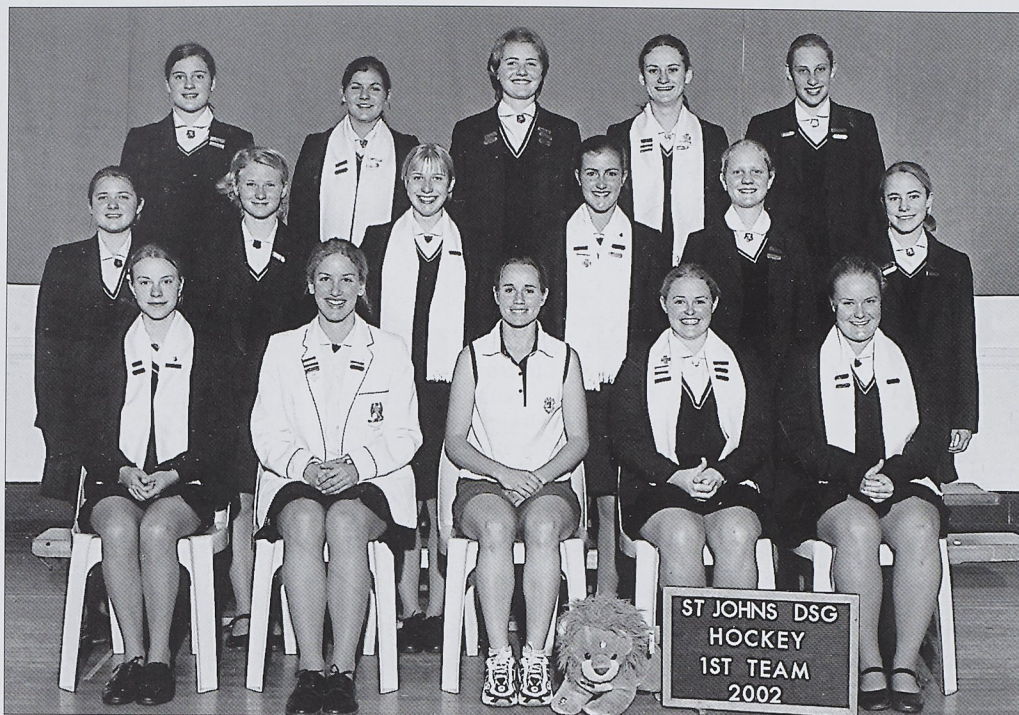
Robyn Bowles, Kelly Johns,  
Louise Shone, Lisa Brown,  
Romi Hillermann

### Middle row:

Sally-Anne Culverwell,  
Elizabeth Robinson,  
Shelly Low,  
Jacquelynn Sparks,  
Elizabeth Yeats

### Front row:

Kate Gordon,  
Kaylee Jo Small (captain),  
Miss L. van Breda,  
Nicola Wichmann  
(vice-captain), Jenna Heath



**P**lay with passion. Anything's possible. The first hockey team experienced mixed fortunes this season. The team was very young with only a few players having had previous first team experience, and so we began with a shaky group of players and a brand new coach. Developing our players as best we could and finding our feet as a team, not just a group of individual players, was our biggest and toughest opposition. The start of the season was not as strong as we would have liked, but we managed to beat Treverton and Wartburg before our first big game of the season - The Wykeham Collegiate. We went out onto the park with big hearts and nothing to lose. We gave it our all, pressurizing a very strong and capable TWC team and denting their defence, attacking with some excellent play. We lost 1-2, to a stronger and more established team after playing a tremendous game of hockey.

After this very positive game, we hit a bit of a downer - only managing to draw to Voortrekker 1-1 by scoring in the last 5 seconds of the match. We dominated the game from the first whistle. A lapse in concentration allowed Voortrekker their only goal. This sparked us back into life, but we just didn't have the edge and didn't make use of our many scoring opportunities.

We certainly made our comeback when we played Carter. This was our first big-scoring win, 3-0. We played with unlimited enthusiasm and put them under a tremendous amount of pressure. We

managed to score three fantastic goals after a dry period of scoring a maximum of one goal per game. This was our biggest weakness in the league - our perceived inability to hit the back of the box! But we kept on pushing forward and hit the jackpot with this comfortable win.

Our toughest physical opposition, year after year, are GHS. They have a tremendous hockey foundation on which they continue to build and a large number of talented girls to choose from, and this automatically gives them the edge over our very small school. Our team was the weaker side going into the game, but after watching the first half of the game, one would never have thought so. We played skillful and clever hockey, creating many opportunities for our strikers, but never quite being able to capitalize on them. We went off at half-time with a score of 0-0. Unfortunately, we were unable to keep absorbing the pressure from their strong strikers, and, after their first goal against us, we couldn't pull it back. The end score, 0-3, was disappointing because it was by no means a true reflection of the game. It is always hard to congratulate the opposing team after they have scored three goals against you, but we could be proud of our effort and ourselves, and go forward with our heads held high.

Epworth was the next team we played. We proved to be a better and stronger team than they were, dominating the entire game and scoring early to rattle their defence.



However, we thought we had won too soon – they scored in the last 40 seconds off a badly defended short corner on our part, defeating our wholly attacking game. This was a very disappointing game because, even though we didn't lose, we went off afterwards feeling like we had. We learnt a very important lesson from the experience: a game is truly never over until the final whistle and you can never count your goals till the end.

Our next game was against St Anne's – another strong and dominant team in the league. We went into this game without our trusted and experienced goalie, Kelly Johns, who was injured, and so took on two very brave and willing substitutes in the form of Kirsty Bowles and Robyn Bezuidenhout. We had to play extra hard in the field to help them out in the box. The half-time score was 0-1 to them, after very even playing. The final score was 0-2, another disappointment after we had played very well. But we didn't concentrate on the loss for too long, because that weekend was the St Mary's Sports Festival in Kloof.

The team played very well on the grass, but more importantly, had fun and enjoyed themselves. One often tends to forget that enjoyment should be the dominant factor in any sport when one is competing. A love for the game and the people you play with, is the foundation for any successful team.

Our last Pietermaritzburg league game was versus Howick and we went all out. If one thing is permanent about St John's girls, it is the spirit with which they play. We won 2-0, ending off a relatively successful season under the circumstances.

Our annual hockey matches versus Durban Girls' College were played away from home this year, and in the rain. Due to the weather, the first team match was cancelled at half-time, which was very disappointing as we did not have a chance to fight back after a weak first half on our part, in which the opposition scored three goals against us. The trophy did not come back to St John's this year, but, no doubt, it will be back in the trophy cabinet next year!

It has been an honour to lead the first team this year, with the continual help and support of our vice-captain, also one of our strongest players, Nikki Wichmann. Hockey, for me, is a source of enjoyment, satisfaction and

knowledge. Life has so much in common with this game. If you have the game right in your head, you're halfway there.

I shall miss playing in my school team next year. A good friend of mine said to me at the beginning of the season to make sure that if I do nothing else, I must enjoy it, for you never play any other hockey quite like school hockey. Looking back on the three years that I have spent playing for the first team, I remember all that I have learnt and all that I have gained – skill-wise, but also mentally. I wish for all girls the opportunity to play hockey. It teaches so much more than the game and this is what I will take away with me. My thanks go to our coach, Miss van Breda who did a fine job after stepping into some rather large shoes. Her talent as a hockey player is certainly evident. I wish the girls of next year's team luck, and hope that it is a season to remember. Always play to win, but remember that winning is not everything – a passion for the game and a desire never to give up... now that's more powerful than any opposition.

*Kaylee Jo Small (Captain)*



*Warming up*



*Chilling out*



## Swimming

Back row:  
Tristan Duthie,  
Robyn Bowles

4th row:  
Penelope Ralfé,  
Jessica Lawrence, Cara Stone,  
Margot Flint, Kim Wilson,  
Joanna Bird, Louise Shone,  
Melanie Haralambous,  
Natasha Haralambous,  
Kirsten Craik

3rd row:  
Elizabeth Robinson,  
Justine Smit, Jeanine Becker,  
Kelly de Charmoy,  
Megan Blore, Barbara Faure,  
Kayleigh Leisegang,  
Bridget Meyer, Lee Symons,  
Nikki Heenan,  
Hayley Schoeman

2nd row:  
Philippa Taylor,  
Natalie Miller,  
Lauren Pissara,  
Bronwyn Koch,  
Anndrea Naidoo,  
Kristi Goodman, Jodi Theron,  
Julianne Fifield,  
Katelyn Naidoo, Jenna Brown

Seated:  
Tessa Heenan,  
Stacey-Lee Green,  
Laura Christer,  
Lindsay Backhouse (captain),  
Miss M. Jonck (coach),  
Kaylee Jo Small (vice-  
captain), Lindsay Carte,  
Lisa Brown,  
Romi Hillermann



This year's swimming season got off to a very good start with the new, enthusiastic Grade 8s, as well as a new coach, Michelle Jonck.

We swam in one gala almost every week, our first being the Epworth gala where we did excellently by coming third. Although we didn't manage to maintain that position at the Inter-schools gala, and only came fifth, most of the girls improved their times, which showed that their hard work in training had paid off.

Three girls (Romi Hillermann, Robyn Bowles and Lindsay Backhouse) made the KZN swimming team, participating in the Inter-provincial gala in Bloemfontein where Romi came fifth in the 50m breaststroke and Lindsay won two gold medals for the 50m and 100m backstroke.

I would like to thank Michelle for helping the team with stroke correction which really improved our performances, as seen in our pleasing results. Thanks also to both the team for being so committed and determined throughout the season, as well as to my vice-captain, Kaylee Jo Small, for always being there to help me!

Good Luck to next year's team!

Lindsay Backhouse - Captain





## Tennis

Back row:

Pamela Koch,  
Mrs L. Snyman (coach),  
Louise Shone

Front row:

Tracy Blore,  
Sally-Anne Snyman,  
Ashleigh Evans,  
Glynis Marwick

### Results of League matches:

#### 1st Team:

Lyle League – St John's won 4 out of 6 matches played.

Winnie Louw – St John's won 6 out of 8 matches – an excellent result.

Our first team is still a young group of girls and I look forward to some exciting results next year.

#### 2nd Team:

Risely League – St John's won 2, lost 2 and drew 2 matches.  
Winnie Lowe – St John's won 3, drew 2 and lost 2 matches.  
These girls showed wonderful commitment and gained valuable experience.

#### U16 Team:

Joy Watt – St John's won 3, lost 2 and drew 1.

I was thrilled with the progress these girls made.

#### U 14 Team

Emily Howard League – St John's A Team won 3, drew 1 and lost 4

St John's B Team won 3, drew 2 and lost 1

Although the girls showed a lack of experience, their enthusiasm and efforts were noted. They improved steadily and the future should see them developing into accomplished players.

### Results of competitions

We entered two teams to play in the Smythe Trophy which was held in Pietermaritzburg on the 3rd March. Both teams did exceptionally well. Our top couple ended 5th



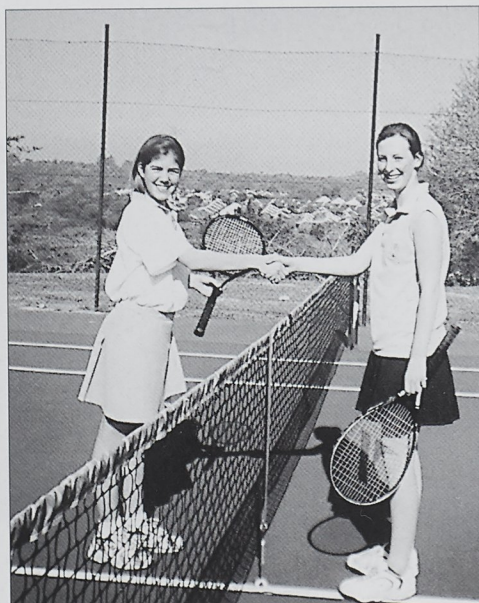
and the second couple 11th overall, with an entry of 21 school teams. Well done to Louise Shone, Sally-Anne Snyman, Amy Joubert and Katy Jenkins.

Our team excelled at the St Mary's Sports Festival which was held on the 9th June. We won our section, beating the top seeds from St Stithian's, and then narrowly lost to St Mary's in the final. Special congratulations must go to Louise Shone, Sally-Anne Snyman and Pamela Koch who showed much determination and special commitment. We are very proud of Louise Shone and Sally-Anne Snyman who represented Midlands Schools Tennis. Louise was selected for the U18A team and Sally-Anne for the U18B team. They were then both selected for the Natal Schools team. Well done to Louise Shone for participating in the inter-Provincial USSASA tournament which was held in Pretoria.

Unfortunately, St John's had to say good-bye to Katy and Carla Jenkins. They have emigrated to Australia and are sorely missed by St John's tennis as they were very capable, enthusiastic and supportive players. Our other loss to tennis at St John's is Amy Joubert (Grade 8), a very promising young junior. We are very proud of her Tennis Scholarship to attend the Tennis Performance Centre in Pretoria. She is currently top in South Africa for her age group (U13). We wish her much success in her tennis future.

Louise Snyman - Coach

Kelly de Charmoy thanks the opposition for a good game.



This page kindly sponsored by  
the de Charmoy family



# ST JOHN'S JUNIOR SCHOOL HEADMISTRESS' REPORT



Mrs Annette Symes -  
Headmistress



Mrs Sybil Dinkelmann -  
Junior School secretary



Meghan Crosby in Grade 7  
at the Junior School -  
recipient of the 2003  
Cultural Scholarship.

In these frenetic times in which we live, it is not only desirable, but essential, that we, as teachers and parents, guide our young girls towards attaining a balanced lifestyle. Teaching them the basics of language, literacy, numeracy and technology, in addition to developing in them sound values, attitudes and habits, are goals common to a team of enthusiastic St John's teachers, working side by side with committed parents. The many successes achieved in this little school over the past year bear testimony to the fact that these goals have, in the main, been realised.

The delight on the faces of so many girls who have visited me in my office as a reward for trying their best in class; the excellent results attained by girls who participated in the science exposition; the keenness with which our young sportswomen have participated in a variety of sporting disciplines; the hours they have spent practising various musical instruments in order to share their extraordinary talents with us all; the empathy they have displayed in giving so freely and generously to those less fortunate than themselves; their interest in, and tolerance of each other and the friendships they have so readily forged - these are but a few examples which indicate that our St John's girls have, indeed, understood and embraced the idea of a balanced lifestyle.

I applaud and thank, not only them, but also my staff and a friendly, supportive parent body, for making 2002 a happy and successful year. God bless you all.

Annette Symes - Headmistress, Junior School.

## ST JOHN'S D.S.G. Scholarship Winners, Grade 8 - 2003

### Academic Scholarships:

#### Dayscholar :

Anjuli Soorju (Scottsville Primary)  
Tamryn Greyling (Pelham)

#### Boarder :

Amy Dawson (Atholl Heights Primary)  
Jessica Anderson (Hermansburg)

#### Sports/ Academic Scholarship:

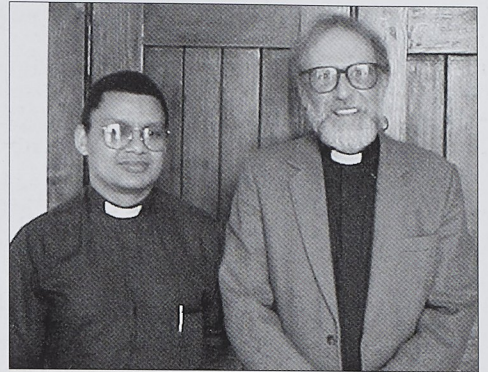
Nicola Meyer (Pelham)

#### Cultural Scholarship:

Meghan Crosby (St John's Junior School)

#### Clifton Closed Scholarship:

Jessica Hathorn



Father Lloyd Smith is the new school chaplain. He takes the Junior School chapel service at the beginning of every month and, earlier this year, he brought his assistant, the Rev. John Read, to meet us.



Mrs Eleanor Blignaut, matron at St Joseph's, with our boarder mistress for 2002, Miss Claire Scott.



Tessa Heenan and Sarah Seymour, St Joseph's prefects for 2002.

This page kindly sponsored by  
Jessica Hankey



# GRADE 0



*At the Inter - House gala*



*Future hockey stars*



*Birthday girls*



*An outing to Mrs Giffith's home*



*The Junior Primary playground has the usual swings, see-saws and slides, as well as some rather more unusual equipment.*



*Cartoon Heroes*



*Even at Grade 0 level the children have computer lessons with Mrs Burne.*



*Dancing Queens*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
Niemar Tool & Die*





# GRADE 1

## Grade 1 Mrs Bowker

Tamlyn Anderson  
Geordan Byrne  
Dayle Coombes  
Samantha Dent  
Jodie Du Preez  
Kirsty Egner  
Casey Ford  
Chloë Karappian  
Holly Kennard  
Dimpho Liphapang  
Kelly Logan  
Skhumbuzo Mazibuko  
Divashnee Naidoo  
Megan Parker  
Kimay Pillay  
Candice Price  
Merryn Reynolds  
Yashara Ryan  
Zandria Saayman  
Melissa Samuels  
Sharné Swanepoel  
Junelle Swart  
Ilham Yacoob



Cartoon heroes



Geordan and her horse

## Frog in a bottle

Oh dear. Help me. I'm stuck. I am too big,  
the bottle is too little. I can't get out. Please  
help me. I want to see my family. I want to  
go home. I feel sad. I want to go to my pond.

Jodie du Preez



At the Inter-House gala



Yashara admiring one of Mrs Tomlinson's  
puppets



JP athletics - 3rd term



The Easter bonnet parade



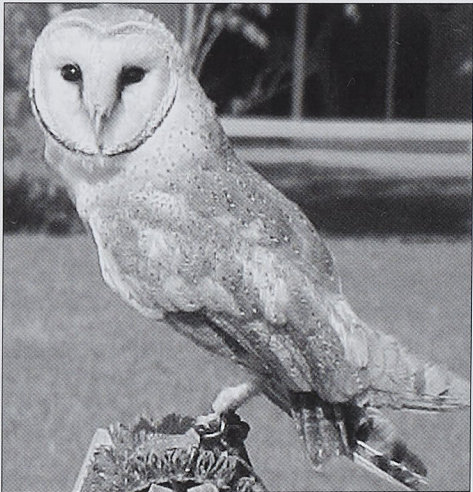
JP athletics



A visit to the aquarium



Enjoying tea-break



Sammy, the owl.

This page kindly sponsored by  
Sikhumbuzo Mazibuko



# GRADE 1

March

April

May

June

July

August

September

3rd - It is Takkie Tax day - Skhumbuzo

18th - We saw a hot air balloon. - Yashara

3rd - I played outside with my brother in a sunny spot. - Junelle

16th - I went to the beach with my family. I collected shells. - Tamlyn

22nd - We are building new rooms on our house. - Zandria

29th - I put a Burmese python round my neck at my brother's school. - Megan

21st - We saw a puppet show. It was a lot of fun. I liked it when I did a Zulu dance on the stage. - Jodie  
I liked the part when Mama Thembu had a cow. - Megan

3rd - I did gymnastics on Saturday and Gigi watched me. - Samantha  
I did a contrary thing. I slept upside down. - Kirsty

I went to the Royal Show with Junelle. - Candice

I went to the Botanical Gardens with Granny. We ate lunch. - Merryn

10th - I watched cartoons on TV. Ashleigh sat with me. - Holly

I went to Nicole and Paul's wedding. It was at Tala Valley. - Dayle

I went to the Harry Gwala stadium. I heard music and Mandoza. - Skhumbuzo

I went to the market. I ate pancakes. - Kelly

I have a new puppy. Her name is Trixie. I like my little puppy. - Kimay

I went to the park and we had a picnic. I helped Mum make a pizza. - Ilham

Storm, Justin, Mbali and I picked pecan nuts. Mum and Dad watched Bafana Bafana play soccer. - Casey

24th - At the weekend I was sick. I had no voice at all. - Divashnee

Dayle, Divashnee and I made a nest at Wylie Park from pine needles and flowers. - Sharné

I went to a park with Dad and Devon. We flew our Kite. - Melissa

23rd - We had a very long holiday. I went to the mountain peaks with my family and played with the snow. - Chloë

29th - I went to the market. I saw a little clay bird. I bought it. - Gigi

I went to James' house. I played with his little sister Emily. - Candice

I went to horse riding lessons and I jogged on my horse all by myself. - Geordan

19th - We went to Duma's house and we held the puppies. - Sharné

28th - I got some new ducks and they are Carolina ducks. - Merryn

I went to Mulberry Hill to eat pancakes. They were yummy. - Holly

My brother and I picked nuts in the garden. - Zandria

2nd - I went to the steam engine train. We saw a fork-tailed drongo. - Samantha  
It is Spring. We saw birds and a yellow-billed Kite. We had a picnic. - Ilham

9th - We went out for lunch and we were attacked by bees. They liked the coke. - Geordan

I made my mom and dad and sister breakfast in bed. I ate porridge. - Divashnee

We went to buy veggie seedlings. We planted lettuce and beans. - Tamlyn

10th - We had a braai at church. - Junelle

17th - Matthew showed us Sammy and Tom's talons. They are owls. - Gigi

On Sunday I went to the movies and my uncle was putting his head on the wall. - Kaira

Yesterday my sister and my dad and my mom played cricket and the dog bit the ball and then we couldn't play cricket. - Megan

When my mom and my dad came back from their run the neighbours gate was open and their dog bit my dog. - Jacqui





## GRADE 2



### Grade 2 Mrs Rhodes

Jodi Battershill  
Kimberley Bingel  
Faseeha Charfaray  
Kerryn Coulthard  
Kimberly Fall  
Nicole Fourie  
Kelsey Holmes  
Amy-Beth Kleinhans  
Asma Latiff  
Paige Lucke  
Kairavee Maharaj  
Amy Oldfield  
Shweta Panday  
Miasha Pillay  
Jacqui Ras  
Elsa Schärf  
Jennifer Slotow  
Joelene Small  
Tamarine-Lee van Niekerk  
Carla Visagie  
Megan Wilson

### Night noises

One night as I lay in bed listening to the noises of the game reserve, I suddenly heard a strange sound outside our rondavel. I jumped out of bed shivering with fear. I ran to my mom and dad. My mom said *What's wrong?* in a sleepy voice. I said *I heard something scratching on the rondavel.* My mom woke my dad up in a flash. My dad said *Why are you waking me up in the middle of the night?*

*I thought I heard a warthog scratching all round the rondavel.* My dad opened the curtains. He said *It's just a little bush monkey.* And the next day I was not afraid at all.

Carla Visagie

### Fun

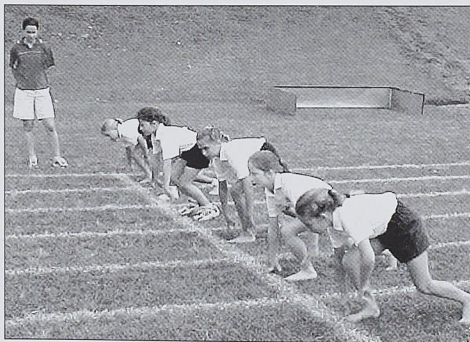
On Saturday Gigi and Kamo came over to my house. My sister was helping us do handstands and she helped us with splits too.

Amy-Beth Kleynhans

### Fun and games

On Sunday my cousins played badminton and my sister told my cousins to touch the ground and turn around and pick up your racket and hit!

Megan Wilson



JP athletics - 3rd term

### "I am Woman"

On Sunday and Saturday we did a play. It is called *I Am Woman*. Mrs Forbes played the piano and the big girls sang and danced.

Kerryn Coulthard

On Saturday we practised our show and it was fun. I had a pretty blue dress with a ribbon in my hair. We were having our tea outside the drama room. The teachers were there to watch us. The drama room was full of people

Faseeha Charfaray

### Lumps

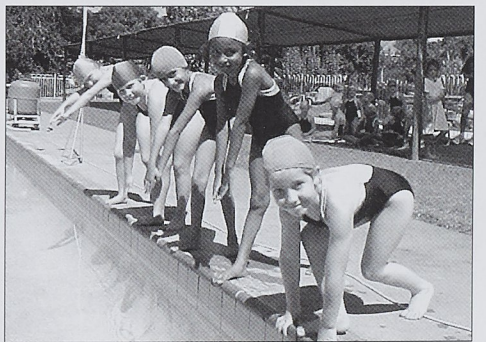
Yesterday I woke up at 4am and I pulled the duvet off my brother and I saw red lumps on his legs and on his arms. They were huge.

Nicole Fourie

### Walk for life

On Saturday we went to Queen Elizabeth Park. When we got there we walked from the top to the middle then we went to the bottom then to the top again. When we got to the car we were panting.

Elsa Schärf



JP gala - 1st term

This page kindly sponsored by  
Laurence & Coralie van Niekerk





## GRADE 2

### *A distraction*

On Friday I went to the butterfly farm and Amy was balancing on the end of the pond wall and a butterfly landed on her nose and she almost fell off.

*Paige Lucke*

### *Welcome home, Dad*

Yay! My dad is coming home tomorrow. Hooray. I haven't seen him for three months and he will come back from Nigeria.

*Tammy-Lee van Niekerk*



*Jennifer played her violin in assembly*



*Drawing by Shweta Panday*

### *The circus*

On Friday we went to the circus. It was very funny. My dad's friend's son couldn't stop laughing. He was irritating us.

*Miasha Pillay*

### *New baby*

On Thursday my sister had a baby girl. When she had the baby I could not go to see it because I was sick but when I'm better I will see her baby.

*Kimberley Bingel*



*The playground has new equipment*



*Painting - by Kimberly Fall*





## GRADE 3

### Grade 3 Mrs Joubert

Liane Chetty  
Heather de Allende  
Fiona Faure  
Courtney Graham  
Silka Guy  
Patricia Hathorn  
Nokuthula Manzi  
Palesa Masina  
Bophelo Nakin  
Yvonne Quirk  
Christelle Sewpersadh  
Sandar Shwe  
Pooja Singh  
Lauren Sole  
Chelsea Wadeson  
Kendall Williams  
Yadanar Zaw

### Hot, hot days

On hot days I feel exhausted and miserable. On hot days I am not anybody's friend. When you have just come back from the shops you find the seat very, very hot. When it is hot I don't like any work. I don't have any concentration. I want to go to sleep on hot days. On hot days my hand gets sore. I hate busy cards on hot days.

Bophelo Nakin,  
Sandar Shwe,  
Patricia Hathorn,  
Courtney Graham

### Our trip to the Farm

We went on an outing to a farm to learn about animals. On the bus I sat next to the window. I was able to sit next to my friend, Palesa. Only the Grade ones, twos and threes came. We got to feed the animals. When the animals, like goats, eat from your hand it feels slimy. Shorty, the farm dog, got very jealous when we were feeding the animals and started to show off.

At 10.30am we ate our lunch which we brought on our trip. We ate our lunch on a playground which had a jungle gym. Farmer Peter called us class by class to come on a horse ride and a tractor ride. Farmer Peter talked to us about the animals on his farm. He told us what the animals eat and drink. After that he asked us to name as many sorts of farms as we could.

I'm so lucky to go to a school like this one.

Pooja Singh



Grade 3 girls produce metres and metres of French knitting.



My Burmese granny - Sandar Shwe



Silka Guy only just visible under her Easter bonnet.

### I am Woman

In *Thank Heavens* we skipped when we went on the stage. Nokuthula and Pooja were the leaders. When we were dancing we were allowed to show off.

After *Thank Heavens* we went to the drama room to watch a movie. We had biscuits and juice. I sat with Sandar and Pooja. Mrs Forbes came to see us in the drama room. I sat with a warm, cosy blanket and a pillow. We watched the Gummi Bears.

Then we dressed up as cartoon heroes. After *Up-Town Girl* we got ready for our song. I was Snow White. After our song we went zooming up to the door and a robot girl came dancing very well.

Then we came in and sang *I Am Woman*. We stayed for Mrs Forbes' present then we went home.

Bophelo Nakin

St John's DSG  
Pietermaritzburg  
20 September

Dear Aunty Ethel

I had such a nice time yesterday. Please thank Peter for the cake and sausage rolls.

Your bedroom is magnificent and neat. I loved your teddy bears and your porcelain dolls are beautiful. Please thank Liz for all she did and please tell her that her hair is exactly like my mum's hair. Say hello to the old man who poured the juice and tell him I say thank-you for pouring the juice.

Please say hello to the ladies at reception and tell everybody that their knitting is beautiful and I wish I could knit like that.

Love from  
Trisha  
Patricia Hathorn

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the Strüwig family



# GRADE 3

## My kinda man

I would like to marry a man with a caring heart. I would like him with brown hair and blue eyes. He must not have a moustache because he will look funny. I wouldn't want a man with a beard either. He must also be very gentle. I would like him to treat me a hundred percent.

Yadanar Zaw

I would like to marry a man who is tall, handsome and very rich and kind. He must not be too serious. He can't drink or take drugs. He must be very soft.

Chelsea Wadeson

The man I would like to marry must be handsome, rich, cheerful and very cuddly to sleep with and hug. The type of clothes he must wear mustn't be too dull or fashionable. He must do the cooking, washing the dishes and be very truthful and never lie to me.

Yvonne Quirk

I would like to marry a generous and thoughtful person. I would like a smart person. I would not like a big loudmouth that always shouts and moans at the food. I would not like to have a person who fights with me.

Kendall Williams

## I am in Grade 3

We finish school at 1.20pm.

We can go to the tuck shop and buy treats.

We get lift up desks in Grade 3.

I like it when auntie Ethel comes to tell us stories.

We thought Afrikaans would be hard but it is fun.

I like doing bonds.

We go to art lessons with Mrs Tea.

Grade 3 is fun because we do French knitting.

In Grade 3 we are not allowed to tell tales.

Mrs Joubert likes the children who listen to her.

I like Grade 3 because I have lots of friends and because I have a nice teacher.

Sometimes Mrs Joubert is strict.

Yadanar Zaw, Fiona Faure, Kendall Williams, Silka Guy, Palesa Masina



The grade 3s were audience for Grade 9 Drama pracs in the first term.

## Dad

My dad looks quite fat but I like him like that because he is the best pillow in the whole entire world.

Silka Guy

My dad likes sit on his special chair and read his newspaper. My dad enjoys nice hot meat and my mom's hot soup.

Nokuthula Manzi

My dad has got black hair and is very tall. He's got chubby cheeks and he is VERY handsome. My dad enjoys playing golf and he also enjoys beer.

Lauren Sole

My dad looks a bit fat. His cheeks look like baby cheeks and he has a big tummy. His moustache is sharp and pricks me when I kiss him.

Palesa Masina

My dad has big hands and big feet. He is fat. He's also very strong. He has big shoes and big shirts.

Kendall Williams

I love my dad because he is as cuddly as a teddy. He is so nice to me when I am sick. He is always as warm as a hot water bottle.

Chelsea Wadeson

My dad has sparkly brown eyes. His hair is black with grey streaks. He is quite chubby. My dad has big muscles. My dad has light brown skin.

Pooja Singh

I love my dad because when we put on music he dances and tries to make my granny dance.

Liane Chetty

I love my dad because he is gentle and kind. He loves me and I love him.

Sandar Shwe



Peanut - by Chelsea Wadeson



## GRADE 3

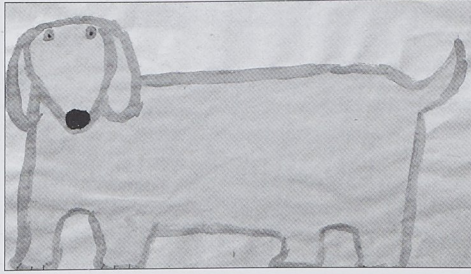
### Ooops!

One day I hurt my brother in the eye by mistake. I felt really bad and sad. I didn't know what to do. I would be in really huge trouble.

Then the baby started to cry. The door opened and in came my mum! I was really frightened because my mother was very strict if the baby got hurt. She told me to go to my room.

There I sat for about an hour. Then my mother and brother came to my room and said he was all right. From that day on I took great care of my brother and loved him very much.

*Liane Chetty*



*Sausage dog - by Bophelo Nakin*

### The Easter Bunny

Hallo, my name is Buffy. I am one of the Easter bunnies.

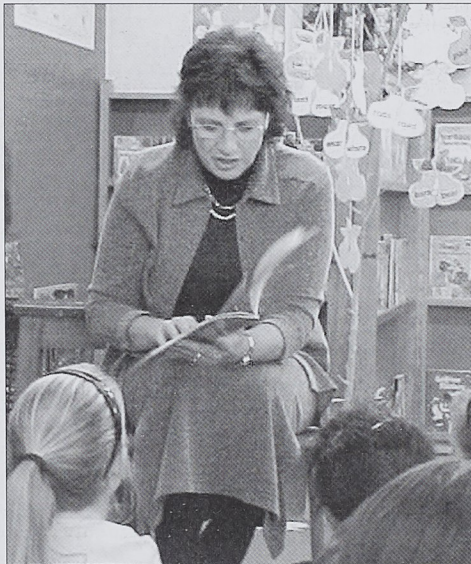
Every day I do something different. Today I am helping to see that the Easter eggs don't have dirt on them.

My best friend is Peter. He is also checking the eggs. Chickens come and help us with the work.

My best job is to paint the eggs. There are big eggs and small eggs.

I love the smell of chocolate. I was naughty once and ate an egg. I love working at the factory.

*Lauren Sole*



*Special guest on Readathon day was Mrs Forbes*



*Chelsea, Yadanar and Lauren test new playground equipment.*



*Skipping race - JP athletics*

### Grade 3 visit to the Aquarium

We went on the bus to the aquarium. I was sitting next to Sandar and Yadanar. I told Yadanar that I have never been to an aquarium. Yadanar and I were playing ABC.

When we got there we saw a puppet show so that we could learn about sea creatures. I was scared when the fisherman took the octopus' leg out for bait.

After that we went to a dolphin show. First we watched a seal that went round in circles on the ground. After that we watched a dolphin and it was splashing water on all of us in the rows. I liked it when the dolphin jumped up and hit the highest ball.

*Christelle Sewpersadh*



*Some girls are inspired to make music and some inspired by it.*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
Aintree Lodge*



# GRADE 4



## Grade 4 Mrs Ducasse

Robyn Beattie  
Siobhan Borain  
Kari Coombes  
Dominique de Mare  
Samantha Erasmus  
Sharon Faure  
Storm Ford  
Gina Frangs  
Sabrina Govender  
Darsha Indrajith  
Ashleigh Kennard  
Kamohelo Liphapang  
Kayleigh Mantel  
Koketso Mpshe  
Lauren Ogilvie  
Chelsea -Rae Osborne  
Tatum Page  
Emma Stuart-Hill  
Catherine Tatham  
Michelle van der Merwe  
Kaleigh Wadeson



Mrs Rose Tatham, an Old Girl of the school, discusses uniforms with the girls.

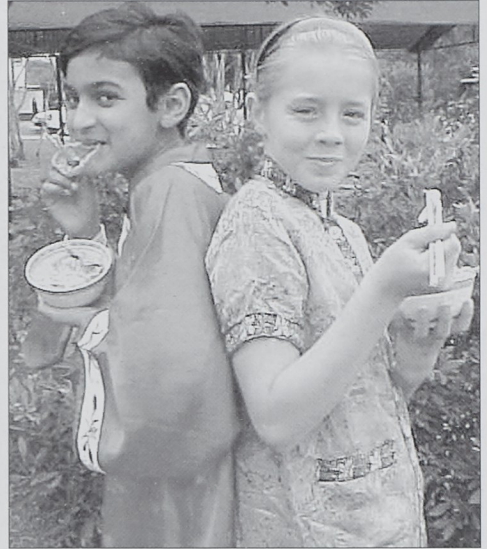


These must be Mickey Mouse's clogs!

## A true story

In May, my mom was cleaning the mouse cage with the vacuum cleaner. In I came and looked at my mom in horror! "Mom, you'll vacuum up my mice. Stop it!" I said. "Don't worry, the mice will be just fine," she said. One brave mouse came to inspect the noisy toy and guess what happened? The little mouse went flying up the pipe. Mom grabbed it by the leg and the mouse grabbed her finger with his little claw. Mom thought the vacuum cleaner would suck him in half, so she let go of him! We turned the machine off and hurried to get the lid open. I was very scared of looking inside. Well, under all the sawdust my mouse was sitting very quietly, but lucky to be alive. Mom will never vacuum the cage again!

Michelle van der Merwe



At the end of their Chinese Day, the Grade 4s cooked sweet and sour chicken stir-fry for lunch.



It's difficult to tell if Storm is being tortured by Mrs Ducasse and her classmates, or if she's receiving mass care and attention!

## I found a Dinosaur egg!

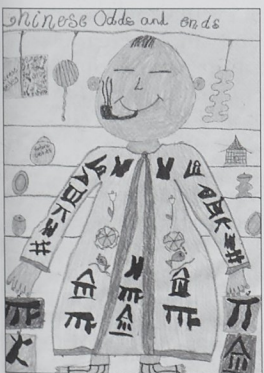
It was greeny-yellow, a beautiful colour, a metallic sort of colour. A head emerged, it sneezed, then cried. What could I feed him? Ah, milk. I ran to the kitchen, but my mom was there so I had to hide the dinosaur in my T-shirt. I ran upstairs, klip-klop, klip-klop, into my room and locked the door.

He stared at me. I decided to call him Egg. Egg had one big eye and was about fifty centimetres long. I said to myself that I was not going to tell anyone but Gran. I rushed outside to find her but she wasn't there so I ran down the road to her house and told her. She said to me that the mother of Egg would come back. I found the mother in the garden where I had found Egg. She gave me a ride on her back to say thank-you. I hope that I will see Egg again sometime.

Ashleigh Kennard



Dinosaur by  
Darsha Indrajith



Chinese Odds and Ends  
by Siobhan Borain

This page kindly sponsored by  
Darsha and Pavishkar Indrajith



## Fireworks

Bright lights fill the sky,  
Shooting up in twirling  
lines.  
Noises fill the night,  
Then slowly fade away.  
Sparks,  
Like fairies' magic dust,  
Sprinkle in the sky.  
Dogs run for cover,  
Afraid of the light  
unknown.  
After the show,  
The sky returns to  
darkness,  
Waiting in silence,  
Until the next year.

Sharon Faure



## The fierce fireworks

There's a flash of light in  
the dark night  
As fireworks swirl and  
whirl in flight.  
Rockets fly up in the sky  
While shooting stars fly  
high.  
Crackers bang! Stars  
burst!  
They twinkle over the  
town first  
Then over the hill and off  
they go,  
Getting ready for another  
show.

Kari Coombes



Greek vase - by Ashleigh Kennard

## The SPCA

Mrs Vida was our guide and she took us  
round the SPCA. I felt sorry for the animals,  
but I knew that they were being looked after

There were little kittens that were very small  
and lots of old cats came to the bars of the  
cage. They love being stroked and they purr  
loudly. All the dogs and cats pushed against  
the bars so that we could scratch, or pat, or  
rub their bodies. The dogs barked and  
wagged their tails. When you put your hand  
in the bars of the cage they lick you. They  
really need good homes.

I think it is a good idea to have SPCAs  
because lots of animals are strays and have  
nobody to feed them and no warm house to  
live in. Nothing is better to a dog than having  
food and shelter.

Sharon Faure and Tatum Page



Robyn, Sam and Siobhan enjoyed their visit to  
the SPCA and wish that they could have real,  
live animals at school.

## My dragon called Puff

One day in my garden, I was digging in a  
patch of dirt when I found a brown-spotted  
egg. I put my ear to it. There was some  
movement inside. Suddenly a wet, red tail  
came out. Then a head popped out. A sweet  
voice said, "Mommy". I picked it up. It was a  
dragon! I went inside and showed my mom.  
She thought it was adorable.

"I'll call you Puff," I said. It had white teeth  
like an elephant's tusk and sparkling blue  
eyes and red cheeks. When it was six weeks  
old it was almost the size of a grown-up dog.  
My mom thought he was quite useful  
because the fire that he blew cooked things.  
But the funny thing was that he was afraid of  
heights. I kept trying to teach him to fly, but  
he wouldn't.

"Today's the day!" I said to Puff. "You're  
going to fly, no buts." He blew smoke and  
folded his arms as if to say "OK." I went to the  
highest branch in the highest tree. I sat on  
his back and said "Flap, flap!" He started to  
lift off and up he went, higher than any  
dragon has ever been. He flew through  
clouds and past birds. I felt so happy that by  
mistake I fell off. I cried, "Help!" He came as  
fast as the speed of light and caught me just  
in time.

As we went back home, a thought struck me.  
I wonder if he misses home or his parents?  
Should I take him into the forest? Yes, that's  
what I'll do, I thought. So I went to him and  
said, "Come on, I'll take you home." It started  
getting dark when I got to the forest. I said  
goodbye with tears running down my face as  
he went off to find a new home. You never  
know, you might meet him one day.

Chelsea-Rae Osborne.

## A dinosaur party

On Friday we had a dinosaur party. We were  
in groups of four and we had to work  
together to organise a party for the Eaglets.  
We had fossils in jelly and an ice-cream  
volcano to eat. We had dinosaur juice (cream  
soda) to drink. We played Dancing with  
Dinky Dino, Musical Dinos and Pin the Tail  
on the Dinosaur.

It was a hot day but we were under a very  
shady tree so we didn't mind.

After the last one went home we were left to  
tidy up. The party was successful but it was  
very hard work. I have learned a lesson about  
how to be a mom! The Grade 0s are quite  
messy especially with ice-cream!

Siobhan Borain, Emma Stuart-Hill,  
Tatum Page and Kari Coombes





## GRADE 5

### Grade 5

### Mrs Coombes

Leslie-Anne Britz  
 Cheyenne Campbell  
 Alice Colle  
 Caitlin Corrigan  
 Tamrin Crosby  
 Tasqeen Dawad  
 Sarah Evans  
 Eve-Lyn Faure  
 Jessica Hankey  
 Huda Jooma  
 Jenna Kennard  
 Courtneë Kleinhans  
 Radiyya Latiff  
 Carmen Leisegang  
 Cara Marx  
 Hayley McDonald  
 Tegan Mill  
 Rethabile Monaheng  
 Naaila Osman  
 Lara Perrett  
 Sarah Stewart  
 Simphiwe Tshabalala  
 Brittany Westhorpe  
 Pottow  
 Nonhlanhla Zondi



On an outing to Tala Valley Ranch, the Grade 5s remembered to mark Readathon Day at 12 noon.

### My cannibal friend

I was on an island approximately the size of a hockey field. I could see that the tide was slowly starting to rise, so I ran to the highest point on the sandy beach and tried to look for a boat or even people, but there was no sign of anything at all. The island was very steep and rocky because it was a volcanic island. The beach was wide and long and there were a few small pathways where some seawater must have run through. The path was rocky and very narrow, but I kept on walking.

Strangely enough, it was taking me into a jungle. It was very pretty, with lots of plants and trees and even a few small animals like raccoons, skunks, birds and squirrels. While I was walking I began to get quite hungry, so I picked some fruit from the trees. I picked apples and bananas and pears. I hadn't walked too far when I came to a high hill. At the top I found a big black pot with boiling hot water in it. I was very confused because there were no people in sight.



Beautiful frames made during Club time.

Then I got it. It must have been a cannibal island. I didn't want to meet up with one of them, so I quickly, but calmly, walked down the hill. As I was walking through the jungle I caught sight of a strange-looking person who looked like a cannibal to me. I quickly gathered some sticks to fight with, then I ran for my life. When I landed on the beach I realised that I was totally stranded. Then the strange person came running out of the jungle.

I screamed, "Go away, you cannibal. I don't taste nice! Now go away!" while swinging a stick in my left hand. I heard a voice say, "I am not a cannibal. My name is Lagoo and I am a runaway from the cannibals." With that, I fainted. It was too much. When I woke up I was sleeping in a grass bed in a thatched hut. Then Lagoo came in and said "Good morning" and told me what had happened. I could not believe that I had thought this person was a cannibal. Lagoo asked me to stay for a while and he asked me to be his friend. I said I would be happy to stay and be his friend. Now I am living with Lagoo and we are having lots of fun and I have not seen a cannibal once!

Tegan Mill

### Cinquain

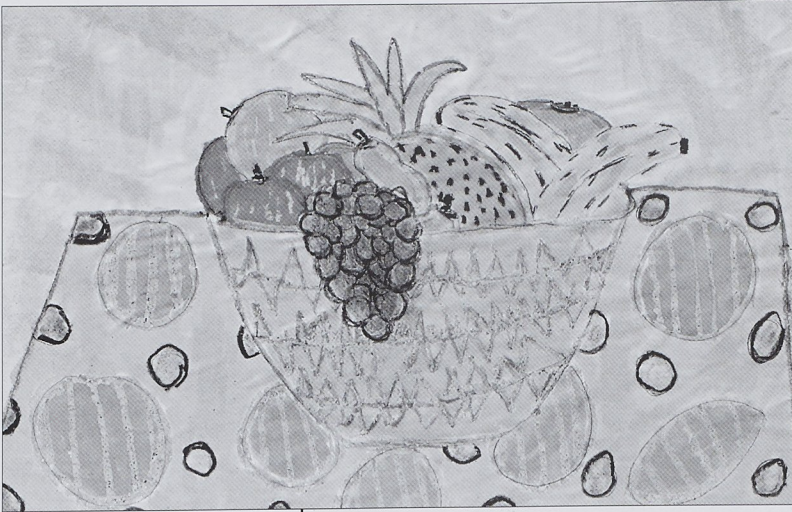
Dragon!  
 Huge wings  
 Spreading out gracefully  
 As it takes off  
 Silently.

Dominique de Mare

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the Colle family



## GRADE 5



*Fruit – painting by  
Leslie-Anne Britz*

### Romance

My name is Tammy. I am a sixteen-year old princess. I live in a magnificent castle with my parents, the king and queen. One evening when my parents were not in the castle, I decided to wander around and as I approached the dungeon, I heard a deafening roar. To my utter horror I saw an enormous dragon. I was absolutely terrified.

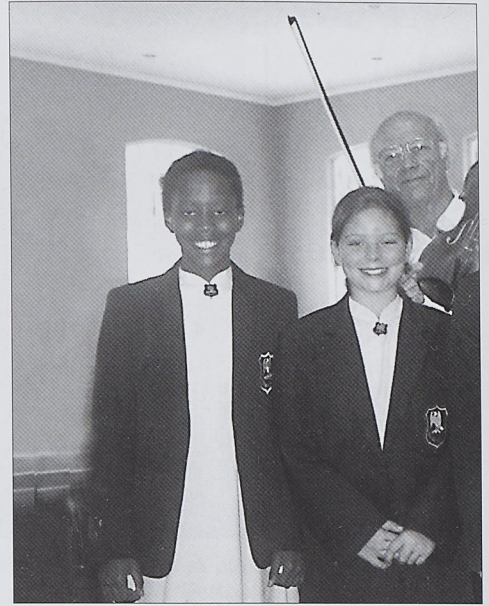
The dragon was getting very excited and broke free from the dungeon. It started moving swiftly towards me. I closed my eyes tightly and stopped breathing. I waited for slimy cold hands to grab me...but then I was picked up by warm, smooth hands!

When I was brave enough to open my eyes, the roars of the dragon were far away. Then I realised that I had been picked up by a knight in shining armour!

*Huda Jooma*



*Umama noZanele basebenza  
ekhishini.  
UMama: Shesha Zanele!  
Nginomsebenzi omningi  
ekhishini. Thatha  
umshanelo. Shanela phansi.  
UZanele: Uphi umshanelo,  
mama?  
UMama: Usekhabetheni,  
mntanami.*



*A visit to hear the NPO performing.*



*Tegan Mill won gold for her presentation at  
PINSSA. Lesley-Anne Britz and Tamryn Crosby  
both won silver.*

### Matric dance 2009

One night, while sleeping in my bed, I dreamed about my matric dance in 2009. I had the most beautiful dress which glimmered and shone. The hall was done up like ancient times and it was beautiful.

I did not have a boyfriend so I took my brother with me. He wore a black suit. My friend took her father who kept dancing on her toes. She was so embarrassed that she did not dance any more.

The food was delicious; I could not stop eating. My brother had to pull me away. The music was lovely except for Uptown Girls because we had to model our dresses in front of all the teachers. Raddiya, who used to be so short, was now taller than Courtneé and I. When I was dancing I slipped and fell and woke up to find I was still eleven years old.

*Cheyenne Campbell*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Perretts*



Grade 5s admire their work that has just come out of the kiln.



## Haiku - The Beach

The soft sand is  
hot  
Every footprint is  
well marked  
On the sinking  
sand.

Alice Colle

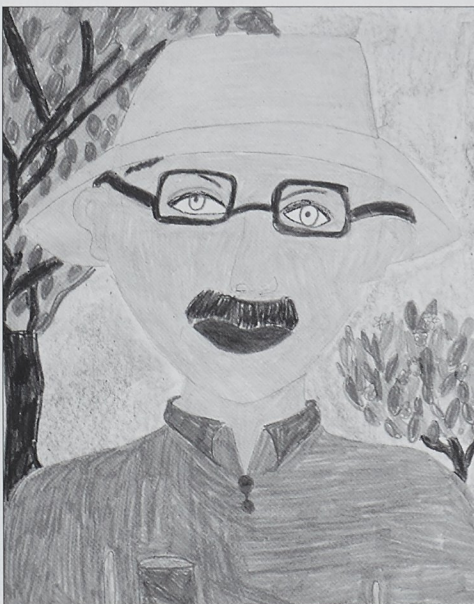
## Haiku - Shells

Shells are  
beautiful.  
They come in all  
sizes  
washed onshore  
by waves.

Carmen Leisegang



Shrove Tuesday



My Grandfather - by Tegan Mill

## Shipwreck dream

One day I was swimming in my swimming pool for too long.  
When I got out I went to bed. As my head touched the pillow, I was sleeping.

Then I heard the sound of crashing waves and I was on a ship with lots of people. I was wearing a beautiful dress and stunning shoes. I went to a mall where I bought two new ball dresses and two pairs of shoes. Then I realised that I was on a cruise.

Suddenly I felt the ship jerk and then a huge wave came down onto the ship. As we were going down a huge octopus pulled it up and everybody was safe.

When we got to shore I was tired and went to sleep. Then I woke up and went to school. I told everybody about my dream.

Radiyya Latiff

## My knight in shining armour

The day was cold and blustery. The air felt crisp as I climbed up the mountain, Snowy Peak. I saw something on the cliff and it looked like a troop of baboons.

I climbed quickly up the steep mountain for I desperately wanted to see them, but when I got to the top there was nothing except rocks and mist. I realised that it must have been my imagination. I was quite tired from the long climb, so I sat down on a rock. I could hardly see anything - just mountains and cliffs.

After a few minutes' rest, and feeling rather disappointed, I started my journey down. I was looking at an indigenous flower when suddenly my foot slipped and, with a thundering crash, I fell. Luckily, I caught an overhanging branch! I didn't know what to do. I started screaming "Help, help!"

I was sure I could hear something, or someone, in the distance. I screamed again. Suddenly I felt a tugging at my collar. When I was on safe ground, I felt a little dazed. I could not believe that someone had saved me.

As I looked up, I saw my rescuer. He was one foot high and smelt of pet food. It was my bloodhound, Jack, and he must have tracked my scent. He was truly my hero, my knight in shining armour.

Tamrin Crosby





## GRADE 6

### Grade 6 Mrs Adam

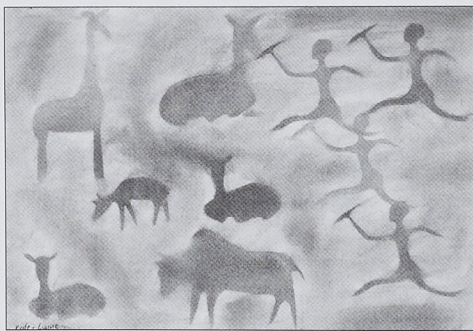
Samantha Bailey  
Sarah Bateman  
Kathryn Beaton  
Lerlin Bennett  
Kirsty Bezuidenhout  
Michelle Borain  
Ashton Botes  
Kerry-Leigh Bruce  
Monique Cronjé  
Kate-Lynne Dales  
Natasha Driescher  
Sumesha Durais  
Chanèle Evans  
Lisa Frangs  
Katie-Lee Grant  
Genevieve Hesse  
Sheridan Impey  
Kendra Joubert  
Gina Kaye  
Claire Marchant  
Chenêl Moodley  
Kimberly Noble  
Alice Ogram  
Kristy Schladenhauffen  
Tanja Williams  
Laura Wyrley-Birch



Team-building at Wildways



Little Granny - by Ashton Botes



San rock art - by Kate-Lynne Dales



How very convenient to find a chameleon when studying camouflage at Wildways!



Nenzani bangane? Sisebenza engadini.

### The Watercycle of Life

I began my life as a waterdrop in a quiet stream. My friends and I had been sitting here for ages, when suddenly, the cycle began on a very hot day. All the other waterdrops were disappearing and I started feeling quite lonely.

Oh, I remember; it's called evaporating. I was changing into water vapour and rising higher and higher into the air. It felt great seeing everything from above. I started to condense into a drop. I was quite happy until I felt very cold and turned into ice. I floated around the clouds until I started forming layers of ice. I got bigger and bigger, forming layer after layer. I bobbed around the clouds for a while and I started to feel very drowsy.

Suddenly, I fell out of the sky! It happened so fast, I got a big fright. As I fell I could hear the slapping thunder and see the flashing lightning. I was terrified. I couldn't believe my eyes.

I hit the ground hard and, ouch! another hailstone hit me. After a while the storm stopped and it was quiet. I slowly started melting and I met up with all my friends in a puddle. We stayed there for a whole night. In the morning the rain started and our puddle turned into a little stream. We flowed into a river where I met other drops, and it took four days for us to get to the sea.

In the sea we saw many different creatures; it was very exciting. It became very hot and I knew I had to leave now. I was sad when I started evaporating, but I knew my cycle was starting again and I'd have more adventures.

Kimberly Noble



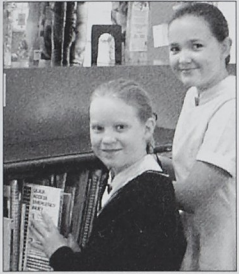
The Grade 6 assembly, 3rd term, taught us about the diversity of peoples and animals in Africa.

This page kindly sponsored by  
Wayne's Scrap Metal cc.



# GRADE 6

## Library monitresses



Ahston Botes and Tanja Williams



Monique Cronje, Kate-Lynne Dales and Katie-Lee Grant



Chenel Moodley and Lerlin Bennett



Bits 'n Bags sale



Grade 6 girls are responsible for the Junior School Coin Chain.



At Falcon Ridge



Grade 6s get their ducks in a row



Woza, ntombi! ngisize nomsebenzi epulazini.

## Naughty girls

The twins, Alice and Lucy went to visit their grandmother on the farm. The twins were very naughty and argued with their grandmother about everything.

One day their grandmother got so annoyed that she sent them to their bedroom and said that the fairies down at the pond were very, very cross.

That night, the twins thought and thought about the fairies and the next day they helped their grandmother with everything. Alice and Lucy asked their grandmother if the fairies were really down at the pond and, in a whisper, she told Alice and Lucy that if you go down to the pond and look into the water, you will see the fairies' faces, but remember, there are only two fairies and, if you touch the water, they will disappear and you will never see them again.

The children ran as fast as their legs could carry them to the pond and looked into the water, but they only saw their reflection. They walked slowly up to the house and told their grandmother in sad voices what they had seen. Then their grandmother said in a low voice that they themselves were the fairies.

After that the children helped their grandmother with everything and when they went home, their mother was amazed that every day the girls made their beds and tidied their cupboards, and this went on day, after day, after day.

Lisa Frangs

## Things that please me

Chocolate, any kind of chocolate, pleases me.  
My friends please me a lot.  
My pets, mostly my cat, please me.  
My family pleases me.  
My toys and teddies,  
Especially Dotty the Dalmatian, please me.  
My bed pleases me.  
My electric blanket pleases me!  
My home, just having a home, pleases me.  
Being able to come to school pleases me.  
Horses please me!

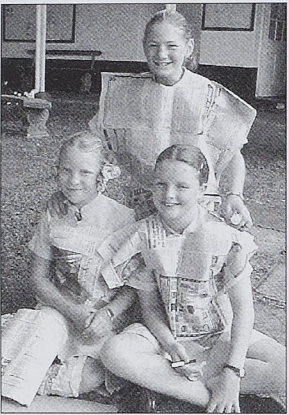
Claire Marchant



## GRADE 6



Here is the News...  
When the Grade 6 girls did orals, they took from a bottle a piece of paper with the name of an African country. Ashton got Mauritania and chose to present her information as a TV newsreader.



Being creative with newspapers was the introduction to the Grade 6 theme of Communication in the first term.



X-ray print - by Kimberly Noble

### A good deed

My gran is the matron at the Emma Barter Old Aged Home. One Saturday I decided to go along and help my gran.

I arrived there early on Saturday morning so that I could help the residents with their breakfast. I went from table to table asking where I could help. I took most of the old ladies their tea as they could not carry a hot cup of tea in their hands.

After breakfast, I pushed Mrs Roberts in her wheelchair onto the verandah and into the sun. She was very grateful for the help. I assisted Mrs Jones and Mrs Field to their rooms as they wanted to have a rest. They are both very old. Mrs Blackmore wanted me to help her walk around the garden. She was so grateful and gave me a sweet.

The rest of the morning was spent helping where I could. I went home before lunch and felt that I had had a very rewarding morning and that I had done a good deed.

Sarah Bateman



Magic and Mom - by Claire Marchant

### Don't judge a book by its cover

Long ago, in a faraway land, there was a tramp who lived in a town in the middle of nowhere. The tramp lived in a gutter by the park. He was lonely and poor, and he watched people walk into the park day after day, hoping that someday he would do something with his life. Everyday the people would walk past the poor tramp, sniggering about him, and sometimes throwing things at him.

Though the people of the town didn't know much about the tramp, they judged him for a person who had no rights at all. If only they had taken the time to get to know him better, they would have found that he was a rather nice person...for when the tramp was little, his father had abused him, and he had been thrown out of his own home. He tried to get a job, but nobody would hire him because he had no money and hardly any clothes, let alone an education.

Every Sunday, the tramp would come across a boy who went to the park every Sunday with his mother and his dog, Bluff. The little boy thought the tramp looked like a very nice person, but his parents always told him to stay away from the tramp because he was dirty and dangerous. Once the little boy tried to go up to the tramp and say hello; his mother pulled him away and gave him a good smack, so he never tried that again.

One Sunday the little boy didn't go to the park as his mother was helping his father at work; the boy was playing by himself in the street. The tramp cared for the little boy and felt he needed somebody to watch over him, so he made his way towards him.

Suddenly, he saw a truck turn the corner and realised that the boy hadn't seen it. Without thinking, he ran across the road and pushed the boy to safety...and the tramp was hit by the car.

A week later, the tramp woke up to find himself in hospital. He sat up in surprise as there sat the little boy at his side, safe and sound. The boy saw that he was awake, jumped up and gave him the biggest hug you can imagine. He shouted with joy, "Thank you, thank-you for saving my life!" Just then his mother and father walked in with a cheque in their hands.

They handed the tramp the cheque, thanking him for what he had done. The money he received was enough to get a job and start a new life, just as he had wanted to.

Kendra Joubert

This page kindly sponsored by  
Abé & Gaye Botes.





## GRADE 7

### Grade 7 Mrs Anderson

Ryleen Balawanth  
Teri-Leigh Breeds  
Heidi Cass re  
Maryam Cassim  
Tessa Cockburn  
Camilla Coertse  
Meghan Crosby  
Candice Crous  
Paula de la Hay  
Chant  du Toit  
Ashleigh Fall  
Sarah Glover  
Ashleigh Griffiths  
Sharleen Hollick  
Andrea Lindsay  
Misty McDonald  
Kirsten Mill  
Mayure Padayachee  
Tarryn Page  
Joanne Raath  
Ashleigh Reid  
Kevoulee Sardar  
Jolene Scheuer  
Angela Str wig  
Sian Waldron

### *The stormy night warrior*

The wind howled as if a murder had taken place;  
The trees bowed down for the wind had no mercy;  
The rain gave the earth a good beating;  
The thunder bellowed with anger  
And the lightning threw its bolts down to earth.  
The lightning struck its victim.  
There was an ear-splitting shriek of death  
As the tree's heart split and it crashed to the ground.  
The storm came to a sudden stop like a car at a red robot;  
The brave tree lay defeated in the hushed silence.

Sharleen Hollick

### *Friendship*

For her life's quiet, peaceful and subdued.  
For me it's rowdy and rough, a fight to be won.  
Although she's six foot tall and I'm four foot two,  
We stick to each other like paper with glue.  
And when we walk by, people stop and stare:  
O, look at that imperfect pair! But to us we're perfect, as perfect can be:  
When we see each other, our hearts fill with glee!

Maryam K. Cassim

### *My best friend*

We have things in common,  
But we are different in our own ways.  
That's what makes us special.  
She is warm-hearted, kind and caring.  
We have a spit handshake never to betray one another.  
Our friendship is like blossoms:  
They grow into beautiful flowers.  
Though seasons change  
They will always come again in Spring.

Kevoulee Sardar



Ryleen and Kevoulee presented their Geography project on computer.

### *Entrance exam*

I sit on a most uncomfortable chair.  
I'm in suspense:  
My heart's pounding,  
My hands sweating.  
Clutching my good luck charm,  
I think of my parents' good advice.

The papers are handed out.  
The girls next to me gives me a smile.  
For a minute I am at peace.  
The clock starts ticking,  
my hands shaking...  
I look through the paper: it's so hard,  
I start panicking.

I say a prayer and relax.  
I start writing.  
Somehow, it all comes to me.  
Before I know it, it's all over.  
I'm glad it's finished -  
All that suspense and fear.  
All I have to do is wait for my results.

Mayure Padayachee

### *How the Panda got its spots*

A long time ago, before you were born, lived a panda called Ernest. Ernest wasn't the normal colour of the pandas you see today; he was snowy white and this made him feel very different. All the other animals had spots and stripes and bright colours. He seemed to spend his whole life wondering why he couldn't be like the other animals.

One sunny morning, Ernest went to visit his friend, the wise owl. Ernest explained why he was so sad to his friend. The owl said he would think hard about this and talk to the other animals. The animals grouped together to try and help Ernest because they knew how sad he was.

After they had thought about the problem, the animals came up with a plan which would help poor Ernest. One hot, sunny day, the animal friends gathered together at the river and they collected bits of mud. When they were ready, the wise owl went to find Ernest.

At first Ernest was hesitant about going with Owl, but he realised that his friend was only trying to help him. Slowly, they walked down to the river and suddenly his animal friends jumped out onto the path. They ran to the river bank and began to throw mud balls at Ernest. Soon he was covered in large spots and he was very happy with his new look.

Kirsten Mill

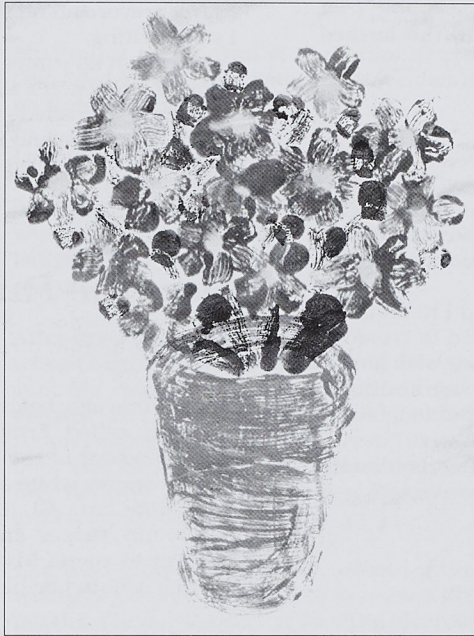


## GRADE 7

### *Alone*

It all began with a class activity.  
I was blindfolded and got spun around.  
Then I was guided to a chair.  
At least, I knew my feet were on the ground!  
I heard voices of my friends as they went past the chair.  
They shouted Look there!  
I felt lost and alone and  
very uncomfortable as the voices died.  
Then footsteps arrived!  
It was over. I was told to take the blindfold off.

*Tarryn Page*



*X-ray print of flowers - by  
Tarryn Page*



*Sarah Jane and Ashleigh  
were specially commended  
for presentation at the  
Grade 7 Treats sale.*

### *A dear old lady*

Time had drawn lines on her old, pale face.  
She was so badly hunched over that she  
could hardly move. She walked with calipers  
with much struggle and very slowly. Each  
step was extremely painful, for the  
expression on her face told me so. Her rich  
brown eyes still had love of, and desire for  
life. Her thin, grey hair was neatly combed  
off her face. She was skinny and her face was  
thin. She spoke ever so slowly. She always  
wore stockings and her dresses were well  
below knee-length. She was always tired, but  
still full of joy. Now she is gone and she rests  
in peace.

*Sharleen Hollick*



*uMnuzane Cassim ufunda iphephandaba.*



*Joanne and Teri-Leigh with woollen dolls made  
in Club time.*

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Cassim family*



## The day I shrank

On Monday morning, at six o'clock, I was woken by a big fuss at home. My mother was upset so I went downstairs to find out what was wrong. I had to take a big jump out of my bed because I couldn't reach the floor. I had shrunk! I heard my mother say to my brother that she couldn't find me in my bed.

I climbed up one of the kitchen drawers and then my mother saw me. She asked how I had got to be so small. I didn't know. She told me to go and get dressed for school, but none of my clothes would fit me so I had to wear my sister's doll's clothes. I came down for breakfast, but I couldn't pick up my spoon so for breakfast I had one Fruitloop.

When we got to school I felt strange because everything and everyone was bigger than I was (even my pencil). The bell rang and I ran as fast as my little legs would take me to the Maths classroom. It was difficult to write with such a big pencil so I snapped off the end and used that.

At the end of the day I was tired from all the hard work I had to do at school because I was so small. I did my homework, had supper and went to bed. In the morning I was my right size again and now I can do everything like I used to.

Misty McDonald



Ngicela isifutho.  
Isondo  
lebhayisikili  
alinamoya.



Do not be alarmed.  
The grade 7s  
dressed up for  
their literary  
presentations on  
Out of the Dust."

## Why sheep are woolly

Once upon a time, long ago, Sheep had no wool! He had the most beautiful pearly-white fur. All the other animals were envious of Sheep's glorious fur and Sheep was very proud of it.

But one day a newcomer arrived. Man brought a friend along with him and her name was Dog. Her coat, also white, was fluffy and soft. Man called his dog Poodle.

Sheep was jealous of Dog as he watched Man comb and blow-dry Dog's admirable coat. He realised that every time Dog's coat was blow-dried, it became soft and fluffy. Sheep really wanted his fur as soft and fluffy as Dog's.

So one day Sheep went to Dog and asked him to blow-dry his fur. Dog agreed, but on one condition: Sheep had to be Dog's slave forever! Sheep followed Dog into the house where he had to sit in front of a mirror while Dog got the hair drier ready. Dog switched it on and turned to face Sheep.

The moment the wind touched Sheep's fur, it popped up like popcorn: it turned all fluffy and became sticky! Sheep ran outside in horror. As he ran, dirt got stuck on his fur. Try as he might, he couldn't get his fur to go back to normal again. And so, to this day, sheep have sticky-brownish wool and dogs always boss them around.

Meghan Crosby



Lavender - by Chanté du Toit



## GRADE 7

### *Grade 7 tour to Dragon Peaks* (Excerpts from Meghan Crosby's diary)

**1**2th August: When we got to a place in the forest, the Black Team was divided into two groups. The first group would go to the King Swing and the second would do a water study. I was in the first group.

The King Swing is five metres high and you have to be harnessed in or you will fall out. I was so scared. My stomach did a flik-flak as I jumped off.



**14th August:** I loved watching the bird show at Falcon Ridge. We nearly didn't go because the weather was so bad! The first bird we saw was a falcon. I didn't catch his name, but he was stunning. He swooped over us to catch something and got a chicken neck as a prize. He was my favourite.



**13th August:** in our free time we went to a shop called The Oaks and then we took a raft to Bunny Island – an island in the middle of a pond with rabbits on it. I found moving the raft quite hard. It was a good thing I had eaten all my corn flakes and French toast for breakfast!



**Later that day:** Once we came to the end of the forest, we stopped at a river and had hotdogs for lunch. In the river there is a natural pool called Moonies Pool. Only the brave swam!

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Scheuer family*





# JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC

The choir started their year off with a choir camp at Annerly campsite on the South coast. We got a little more than we had planned on when Rethabile Monaheng broke her arm in a freak accident. Rethabile and I got to know the Port Shepstone Hospital casualty ward better than we really wanted to, but Rethabile was a star, staying over in hospital for the evening and returning to Pietermaritzburg for surgery the next day. The rest of the choir enjoyed the camp and, in between medical dramas, a lot of work was covered! Thanks go to Mrs McDonald (a veteran of four choir camps!) and Mrs Ducasse for all their help at the camp.



Project concert (in aid of the CINDI Project), the Hospice House and St Alphege's fairs, and the Hilton College Festival, to name but a few.

The choir's first performance was at an open day held in the first term. We sang in the chapel and choir parents also had the opportunity to hear the choir for the first time. Next on the list was Grandparents' Day, followed by the Music Department Evening where the junior and senior choirs combined for some massed items, as well as performing separately. The steel drum and marimba band also performed at both the Grandparents' Day concert and the Music Department Evening.

Early in the fourth term, the junior choir and band were joined by choirs and ensembles from a number of Pietermaritzburg junior schools in another concert to raise funds for the increasing number of Aids babies in our community.

The fourth term is Prize-Giving time and once again the junior choir delighted with their enthusiastic performance. The Grade 3 girls pulled out all the stops for the Nativity Play, ably assisted by the Grade 4 Nativity choir, also known as The Back-Up Girls!

2002 was the first year where the junior and senior choirs also combined for the Carol Service - a great success that will hopefully be repeated in years to come.

The number of girls learning an instrument in the junior school is increasing. A number of girls did music exams this year, many for the first time ever! The exams range from Royal Schools to Trinity College of Music and Unisa. Well done to all the girls taking part in the exams and a special word of thanks to the music staff responsible for preparing the girls for them. It takes a lot of time, patience and dedication and we appreciate your efforts.

*Tania Moir - Head of Music*

*Back row:*

Candice Crous,  
Sharleen Hollick,  
Chanèle Evans,  
Sarah Bateman,  
Misty McDonald

*Middle row:*

Kimberly Noble,  
Kevoulee Sardar,  
Tanja Williams,  
Lerlin Bennett,  
Mayure Padayachee,  
Meghan Crosby

*Front row:*

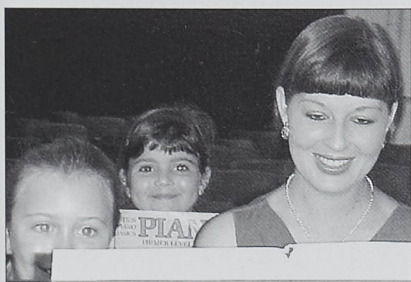
Ryleen Balawanth,  
Claire Marchant,  
Sumesha Durais,  
Mrs T, Moir,  
Camilla Coertse,  
Genevieve Hesse,  
Maryam Cassim



*The band girls practise regularly and perform often.*



*Choir Camp: divas or divers?*



*Piano performance at Friday assembly*

Sadly, Mrs Reneé van Dam, who has been at St John's for five years, left at the end of the first term to emigrate to the Netherlands. We will miss Reneé's enthusiasm and ready smile, and we wish her and her family all the best in their new homeland. Mrs Sandra Bower took over Mrs van Dam's post, as well as the senior choir. We welcome her to the St John's family. A teacher of Mrs Bower's expertise and experience is hard to come by and we appreciate all the good work she has done so far.

This year the steel drum and marimba band consisted of both grade 6 and 7 pupils. The first concert of the year was of course the St John's Day Picnic Proms. Once again, we were blessed with a most beautiful sunny day and a large turnout of parents, friends and visitors to enjoy the day with us. Bands from the Wykeham Collegiate, Michaelhouse, St Anne's and Hilton College, Westville Combined Schools, Epworth, as well as the KZN Youth Wind Band, joined the St John's Steel Drum and Marimba Band in performances which ranged from jazz to calypso and African baroque! The concert was ended with a mass item, with the emphasis on 'mass', as we really struggled to fit all the players in! The very next Sunday it was off to Westville Girls' High where we joined in a similar concert.

The band continued a particularly busy year with performances at the St John's Day Golf Day, the Thapelo

*This page kindly sponsored by  
the Durais family*





# JUNIOR SPORT

## Top Achievers 2001

The swimming squad, under the guidance of a new coach, (one of our mothers), Karen Lindsay, was committed and enthusiastic throughout the season. St John's came sixth out of nine schools in the Junior A Inter-Schools gala. (One better than last year).

Tennis at St John's seems to have taken a dip on the competitive side of things. Lots of girls are interested in this sport on a non-team level, but they need to play on a more competitive level as we have only been able to field one U11 team and two Open teams - a decrease in numbers from last year.

The hockey teams had a very successful season this year. The Open A and B teams participated with enthusiasm in the schools league in the second term. St John's did well throughout the season considering that they had a new coach and some younger, inexperienced players. The season started off well with good results against local teams. The girls' skills and abilities improved as the season progressed, as was evident in the Longmarket Girls' tournament. The Grade 7 girls showed commitment and experience, with Sarah Glover being selected for the Natal Midlands U13A hockey team. The season ended off with a friendly match against Beaumont Primary School from the Western Cape.

Netball was strong in terms of numbers this year, a good sign for growth of the sport here. The Open A team had a tough season coming up against Piet Retief in their very first match, but managed one or two wins along the way. The support from moms must be mentioned as it is much appreciated! Our U9 mini-netballers did particularly well at their mini-netball matches at Longmarket. Well Done!

Basketball is still a growing sport among Junior schools with more teams taking part each season. With our new Sports centre, girls are provided with the best facilities possible to learn and enjoy the game. We fielded two

teams in the Open section and one team in the U11 section during the first season and even more girls played in the second season of basketball during the fourth Term. Sarah Glover, Monique Cronjé and Kristy Schladenhauffen all made the U13 Natal Midlands basketball team this year.

The growing interest and participation in squash this year is fantastic. Our team coach, Janet Mill, has continued to provide top-class coaching to very eager girls. Judith Grové's contribution to the non-team squash must also be mentioned as she manages to nurture talent from the grass roots each year.

Thank you to all the staff and outside coaches who have given of their time to train and coach our eager St John's sports stars!

Lisa Smit (Physical Education Dept.)



*Michelle van der Merwe may be small, but she packs a powerful punch. In September she won Silver at a Judo Tournament in Durban.*



*At the Classic Jumping Show in August, Chanté du Toit was awarded 3rd place in Jump Out in a time of 41.3 seconds.*



*In October, Jolene Scheuer rode in the Classic show held at the Royal Show Grounds. On her horse, Sunshine Gold, she was awarded a 3rd in the AM5 and in the Spring Jump. She was placed 4th in the Accumulator.*



*During the September holidays, Claire Marchant played in two tennis tournaments. In the Jacksons at Kershaw Park she won the U12 Girls singles and was runner up in the doubles. In the Country Round Robin Doubles Tournament in Westville she and her partner reached the finals of their age group. Claire has now been invited to join the KZN tennis Squad in Durban and to participate in the Dunlop Grand Prix Mini-Series Masters which means that she has reached the last eight players over several mini-series tournaments.*





*Monique Cronjé, Kristy Schlaudenhaußen and Sarah Glover have been selected for the Midlands U13 A basketball team.*

## CAPTAINS



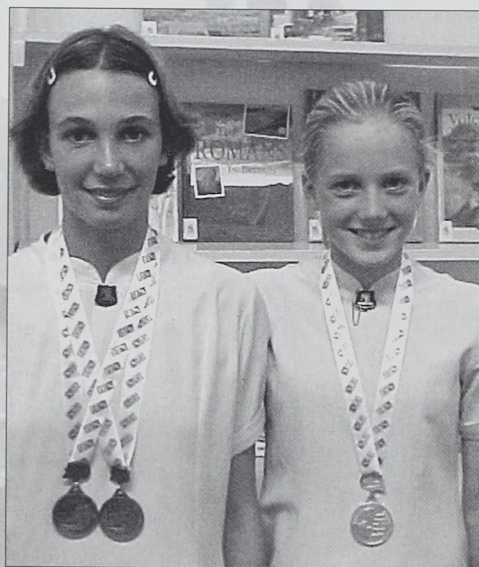
*Tennis captain, Joeline Scheuer (on the right), and vice-captain, Andrea Lindsay.*



*Netball captain, Meghan Crosby, and vice-captain, Candice Crous*



*Swimming captain, Paula da la Hay, and vice-captain, Andrea Lindsay*



*At the Newcastle Africa Challenge, Andrea Lindsay won two bronze medals - one for 100m freestyle, and one for 50m freestyle. She also made the finals for the 100m breaststroke. Sarah Glover (on the right) won a gold medal for 100m breaststroke.*



*Basketball captain, Sarah Glover, and vice-captain, Mayure Padayachee*



*Hockey captain, Sarah Glover, and vice-captain, Candice Crous*





# OLD GIRLS' NEWS



## St John's Old Girls' Association Annual General Meeting held on 5 May 2002

### St John's Old Girls' Association



Chairlady:  
Mrs Anne Steer  
(née Gregory)



Vice-Chairlady:  
Mrs Di Fitzsimons  
(née Bircher)



Secretary:  
Mrs Christine Quicke  
(née Jamieson)

#### Treasurer:

Mrs Sharon Kingham  
(née Hawkins)

#### Committee:

Mrs Rosemary Cairns  
(née Jackson)  
Mrs Lyn Watson  
(née Mackenzie)  
Mrs Cathy Bean  
(née Peattie)  
Miss Sheila Hyman  
Sister Hilary  
Ms Margie Jenkins

I begin my report by thanking the Headmistress, Jill Champion, for the report on the school which she has just given us. We are all proud of St John's and very interested in all that is going on. We congratulate the staff and girls on the excellent Matric results and we are pleased to know that under Jill's expert guidance, the school is going from strength to strength.

St John's day is always a special occasion and our thanks go to Jill and all those whose efforts make it so. Please will you convey our thanks to the staff and girls and to all concerned with the arrangements. A special thank-you goes to Lorraine de Charmoy for the beautiful flower arrangements in the Chapel and Boardroom.

The sudden and untimely death of our Association Chairperson, Pinny Mapham, in August, was a great loss, not only to us, but to the whole St John's Community. Pinny loved St John's and, as Old Girl, Parent and member of Staff, she always gave of her best especially when we were preparing for the Centenary. Today, on St John's day, we think of her especially, with love and gratitude, and I am sure she is with us in spirit.

I thank the Committee and members for all the help they have given me, which has enabled us to carry on running the Association smoothly. Christine Quicke, our Secretary, has been a pillar of strength in difficult times. A loyal and hardworking member of the Association over many years, she carries out her duties efficiently and cheerfully, and we can always turn to her for advice on how things should be done. Thank you Christine for all you do for us.

We were pleased to welcome Lynne Watson and two of our younger members, Sharon Kingham and Cathy Bean, to the Association Committee. Sharon has taken over the duties of Treasurer. She is competent and up-to-date and it is good to know that our finances are in such capable hands.

The Sisters continue to take an active part in the Association and we thank them for their interest, concern and spiritual support. Reverend Mother, as President of the Association, takes the Chair at the Annual General Meeting, Sister Hilary is a member of the Association Committee and Sister Mary Evelyn, who is in contact with many Old Girls, arranged an enjoyable get-together of Durban and Pietermaritzburg Old Girls at St John's House, in October. While on a visit to England in July, she will look up members there and try and arrange a get-together for them. We wish her a safe journey and a happy stay with her family.

Our February Committee meeting was held at St John's House and was followed by a Bring and Share lunch. As the Durban Branch no longer functions, it is essential that we keep in contact

with the Durban Old Girls.

We are grateful to Rick and Tory Mapham for hosting the Matric pudding evening at their home in September. A number of Old Girls attended and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

The Christmas Lunch held in the Boardroom was a well-attended and happy occasion. We were pleased to have with us Reverend Mother and the Sisters, the Headmistress, Jill Champion, and other members of the school staff.

At the lunch we sang "Happy Birthday" to Norma Barras whose birthday it was, and in March this year we congratulated Sybil on her 80th birthday. Sybil and Norma are longstanding members of the Association who have contributed much over the years.

The Sacristan's prize for 2001 was awarded to Caroline Wachter. The present holder of the Old Girls' Bursary is Katie-Lee Essom. As the other bursary was not taken up by any of the applicants, the money was donated to the school bursary fund.

We were sad to hear of the death of Marion Robinson in December. Marion was Chairperson of the Association from 1968 - 1973 and during her term of office she organised many fund-raising projects.

We owe so much to those past Old Girls who worked enthusiastically to raise money for our Bursary Fund and the school, and we remember them with love and gratitude. We do, however, need younger members to come forward with suggestions as to how we can revitalise and update the Association to fit in with today's lifestyle. The Old Girl's Association was founded in 1931. In 1938 there were three branches - Pietermaritzburg, Durban and Johannesburg. Now we have only a Pietermaritzburg branch. Much has changed in the seventy years that we have been in existence. Many women today have careers, as well as families to care for, and do not have the time to attend meetings or functions. A questionnaire compiled by Di Fitzsimons has been sent out to all Old Girls on our mailing list asking for suggestions and comments in this regard. We hope this will help us to find the way forward.

Before concluding, I would like to thank the School's Public Relations Officer, Bridget Hornbuckle, and the School Secretary, Erica McDonald, for all the assistance they have given us. They are both busy people, but willingly and cheerfully take on all the extra work we give them.

I have pleasure in presenting this report for adoption.

Ann Steer - Vice-Chairperson



# OLD GIRLS' NEWS

**ARNOLD, Jane** (Henderson)

Married Chris Arnold, a geologist (ex Alexandra High School) and son of Pam Arnold (St John's teacher). Have a daughter, Sarah (b.1985) and a son, Gareth (b.1988). We run a geological consulting business from home and I relief teach. [carc@ozemail.com.au](mailto:carc@ozemail.com.au)

**AVERN-TAPLIN, Brenda** (Little)

Now in the retirement village, Kew Gardens, (Westville), with husband, Edwin. Three children all still in Durban. Four and a half grandchildren! My neighbour is Jewel Barbour (née Couper). I miss the friendship of Daphne Walker (née Phillips) who I saw a great deal.

**BALCOMB, Jillian** (Shipman)

Jillian has three sons and a daughter, and is teaching at Darnall School.

**BEEVERS, Denise** (Medway)

Husband Mike is now retired and after a wonderful 7-week holiday in South Africa, we have decided to spend our winters out there and have bought a house in Noordhoek in the Cape. Apparently we will now become swallows! Three children, Simon (32), Nick (31) and Michelle (27), who are still coming to terms with their parents' impetuosity! [denisebeevers@talk21.com](mailto:denisebeevers@talk21.com)

**BROUGHTON, Dee** (Brown)

I enjoy working half-day, doing the financial public relations for an IT company. Clyde and I have been blessed with two children, Paige (4) and Travis (2).

**BROUWER, Liz** (Heyns)

Husband Hans is a Goldfields Geologist. We have three sons, Hein, (1st year Cinematography at AFDA in Johannesburg), Andrew, (Grade 11), and Johan, (Grade 7), boarders at St Andrew's, Bloemfontein. I am teaching at Westfield's Primary and hope to complete my 5th Comrades marathon this year.

**BROWN, Susanne** (Eweg)

Rosanne (Brown) Harrison lives in Canada with five daughters. Loraine (Brown) Curry has just done a production of The Witness for voices of St Martin's Anglican Church at Easter. Jenni Clare Curry is working at Gateway and studying at an IT college in Durban. Just passed her driving test!

**CAIRNS, Rosemary** (Jackson)

Daughter, Dione Webber, enjoying her new house in Pinetown. Now has 2 boys at Pinetown Boys' High. Son, Neil Cairns, working at Umhlanga Rocks, has 2 sons, 4 and 2 years old.

**CHURCH, Patsy** (Bransby)

Married to Rob who is an educator at St Charles College. We have two daughters, Eva (6) and Rosie (3). I have my own business as a consultant in organisational development.

**CRIPWELL, Elizabeth** (Carr)

After living and farming in Rhodesia / Zimbabwe for 50 years - I have now come back to living in South Africa. My

husband died 9 years ago. My four children have also left Zimbabwe; 3 live in South Africa and 1 in the UK.

**DODD, Jenny** (McLennan)

Still working hard being the Principal at Clarendon Primary School. My two wonderful daughters have given me the privilege of being the grandmother to 3 little girls.

**D'OLIVEIRA, Bronwyn**

April 2002, back in London after travelling for 27 months in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. Engaged to Luke Turnbull. Getting married in South Africa on 1 February 2003.

**D'OLIVEIRA, Bryony** (Dobeyn)

Still living in Pietermaritzburg. Hoping to retire this year from our transport business.

**DRUMMOND, Erica** (Chapman)

One grandson at Hilton and one at Highbury. Two granddaughters at St Anne's and two at St Mary's.

**EVANS, Brenda** (Kirkpatrick)

Has retired from Physiotherapy.

**EVANS, Heather** (Lipsett)

Married with two wonderful children. Sarah (10) is in Grade 5 at St John's and Luke (5) is in Grade 0 at New England Pre-Primary School. I work half-day at a computer-training centre which enables me to spend the afternoons rushing after my children and attending sports events and other school activities which I thoroughly enjoy. [oaksacad@mweb.co.za](mailto:oaksacad@mweb.co.za)

**FERREIRA, Juanita** (Morkel)

Living in Brooklyn, Pretoria. At age of 96 still plays bridge two or three times a week. Walks morning and evening and gardens. When she and her sisters attended St John's they had to catch three or four different trains from Settlers in Transvaal to get to school!

**GARRATT, Francine** (Lusso)

My husband, Mike and I are currently living in Germany having moved here from China in 2000. Sadly, I have lost touch with my old classmates, but my parents do see some from time to time in Pietermaritzburg. If anyone does happen to come this way, I would be delighted to see them and can always provide a spare bed! Our closest airport is Dusseldorf for anyone interested. We have some spectacular scenery within easy reach of us: Mossel and Rhine Valley / Amsterdam / Luxembourg / Cologne, to name just a few interesting places. [fngarratt@usa.net](mailto:fngarratt@usa.net)

**GEEKIE, Joan** (Laurens)

Unfortunately, I am unable to attend Old Girl functions, but am a great supporter of St John's. Eleven members of my family have attended St John's: my sister and myself, three daughters and 6 granddaughters, the two youngest in their matric year.

**HALLOCK, Ena** (Winifred (Wells))

I have just celebrated my 85th birthday.

I live in a cottage on my son Brian's property. I keep fairly active doing my own housework and manage to do a fair amount of gardening. I used to belong to a walking group, but I found it difficult to keep up!

**HAMILTON, Jean** (Catherine)

Moved into a retirement home in Durban.

**HARRIS, Belinda**

I am currently studying for my honours degree in Afrikaans and Dutch at the University of Natal.

**HEMSTED, Margaret** (Stanford)

Sadly, I have to report the death in August 2001 of my sister, Cynthia Payne (née Stanford) who was at St John's from 1933 to 1934. She did the carving of the Madonna in the Chapel.

**HERMAN, Penny** (Balfour)

Married to Mark - have 3 little boys and living in Vryheid in Northern KwaZulu- Natal.

**HOPEWELL, Elaine** (McFarlane)

Still living in Port Elizabeth with my husband, Graeme. This is the 18th year of running my art gallery and framing business in the historic Central Hill area of the city. Our daughter, Lauren, and her family, still in Port Elizabeth but both sons and their families are now in London and sorely missed.

**HORNBY, Caroline** (Stubbs)

I keep in touch with Helen Hingley (née Edwards). She remarried this February. I still work full-time in special-care baby unit. Activities remain sea kayaking, cycling and walking in time off.

**HORNBY, Dorianne** (Conbrough)

Moving to New Zealand at the end of 2002. Both sons will be out of school. Keith matriculated in 2001 and has been in Finland for the year on the Rotary Exchange Programme.

**JACKSON, Lalage** (Dale)

Rob and I have been in Gaborone for 9 years now and we are very busy in our 3-person veterinary practice, Rob as senior partner and I as Admin. Manager.

**JENKINS, Kelly**

Matriculated at St John's in 1997 and then won a Rotary Exchange Scholarship to New Hampshire, USA, for 1998. She went to Stellenbosch University to do a B.Com. majoring in marketing and business management. She is presently working in Johannesburg at Hollard Insurance in the corporate marketing division.

**JENKINS, Margie**

Happily living back in Pietermaritzburg. 1 Son Richard, (16), and 2 daughters, Lauren and Sarah-Leigh. Lauren has just started at St John's in Grade 8. Keeps in regular contact with Pam Stanford and Viv Dunnington (née Eudey). Sarah-Leigh is at school with Sandy Reid's (née Steele) daughter, Rosie.



# OLD GIRLS' NEWS

## JENNINGS, Evelyn

My shoe business is thriving and I so enjoy being my own boss again, working from home and travelling around Gauteng. Looking forward to a three-week break to Portugal in June. Younger sister, Paula, husband and two boys returned to KwaZulu-Natal last year and have their own business in Waterfall.

## JOUBERT, Julia (Edwards)

Married 1989, three daughters. Husband a maize farmer and contractor and I own and run a butchery in Underberg.

## LAMBERT, Bernadine Jean (Michel)

Divorced after 43 years of marriage. Very happy to be free - can't tell you how happy ! Going to St George's Cathedral and remembering St John's and all the good times.

## LAMBERT, Bronwen (Reid)

Living in Bryanston, Johannesburg. Brett (8) is at St Peter's Prep. And Kate starts Grade 0 at Brescia House in 2003.

## MacLACHLAN, Shirley (Thorne)

Living in England means I have little actual contact with the Association or the school. However, any news of either is so welcome. Even this 'vague' contact is much appreciated. Keep it going at all costs !

## MANNING, Susan Jane (du Plessis)

Married to Dave and still living on our farm that has been our home for 24 years. At this stage are not sure if we will be allowed to stay on the farm. Dave is looking into ferrying light aircraft out to South Africa from the States if we are unable to continue farming here in Zimbabwe. Have three children: Brian who, after studying at Cirencester, has had to give up farming as the farm he has been working on for two years has been taken by the government, Katharine who is in her last year of speech Therapy and Audiology at Stellenbosch, and Christopher who is in his first year at Stellenbosch. dsl@zim.co.zw

## McCABE, (Mandy) Amanda (Evans)

Together with husband left for London on 16 March 2002. Mandy is working in London near St Paul's Cathedral as a beautician. They are living in a flat in Wimbledon in the same block as Lisa Mac (now Comrie) and very happy.

## MEYER, Sue (Manners)

Living in Pietermaritzburg. Widowed with one son, Robert (19), at Stellenbosch.

## MOORE, Mary (Quicke)

Have been busy with a new house for the last few months. Went to the Cape in April for a holiday.

## O'GRADY, Terry (Ward)

Terry taught Speech and Drama in Mtunzini after marrying Greg in December 1999. They emigrated to New Zealand in January 2002. Life in Rotorua is enjoyed to its fullest by making the most of the outdoor life and

trout fishing in the beautiful area surrounding their new home. Terry has a part-time job at the local hospital and will be looking round for a more permanent position when she finds her feet. She is thoroughly enjoying rehearsals for a play. Family and friends are greatly missed.

## PEMBERTON-LOWE, Joy (Leonard)

I have moved from Constantia to Hermanus. Now an artist in various mediums, i.e. water colour, oils, mixed media. Latest work in collage. Have a son in London, son in Cape Town and a daughter and grandchild in Durban and a delightful husband, John !

## QUICKE, Christine (Jamieson)

Still very involved in Old Girls and other interests which keep me busy. Eldest daughter, Jill, moved to Johannesburg this year. Mary, still in Pietermaritzburg.

## QUICKE, Jill

Moved to Gauteng at the beginning of the year and teaching at Kingsmead College. Enjoying the challenge and the wonderful variety of things to do, see and broaden one's horizons with. Plus large choice of good golf courses to play on !

## QUINTON, Jackie (Hay)

I have been divorced for 8 years and living in Pietermaritzburg. My daughters Candice (16) and Amy (15) are at St John's.

## RALFE, Lindsay (Manning)

Married to Lawrence. Farm with stud Bonsmaras in the Biggarsberg with our son Dick and his wife, Tutu. Our other children are Angela Arbutnot, Debbie Ralfe and Carol Kamhoot. Our 7 grandchildren give us a great deal of enjoyment.

## RENCKEN, Helen (Jackson)

Settling in Australia Girls at school at Eagle Junction and loving it.

## ROBINSON, Gina

Gina is at U.C.T. studying towards a B.A. Law degree. Needless to say, she is still playing squash !

## ROBINSON, Lucy

Lucy is completing her final year of Pharmacy at Rhodes. She will then do a year of internship before possibly working in the USA where there is great demand for pharmacists.

## ROBINSON, Vicki

Vicki is in her final year at Rhodes where she is completing her B. Journalism degree. She hopes to work for a year or two on a newspaper before going overseas.

## SCHOEMAN, Teresa (Spilsbury)

I am still managing La La Nathi Guest House. Philip and I have a little girl, Justine Ivy. Born 17 February 2002.

## SCHULTZ, Penelope (Jones)

Still living in Pretoria and enjoying a year-old great grandson. My sister, Angela Pedlar, now living in Ballito.

## STREEK, Deena (Clayton)

Into my 80s and still thousands of

kilometres away in Canada ! Always delighted to get St John's news.

## TAYLOR, Barbara (Renyard)

Left Kenya in 1998 and now settled in Harare again. I have two sons, Jack (12) and Dean (10). Gary has his own IT recruitment business and I am a home executive !

## TAYLOR, Margaret (Hamilton) (Hoyte)

A night matron at Umhlanga Hospital.

## THORNTON-DIBB, Morelle (Shipman)

## VAN BREDA, Linda

Enjoyed five years at Stellenbosch University. Now the Phys. Ed. teacher at St John's. Still playing hockey at international level for South Africa.

## VAN DER VEEN, Judy

Married to Allen, have a son (15) and a daughter (13). Have my own business doing corporate clothing and promotional gifts and still very involved with squash. Last year played open Inter-Masters Interprovincial and World Masters in Australia.

## VOYIAS, Gwynneth (Temple)

Have been living in England for the last 11 years. Married to Alex (Civil Engineer) and have one daughter Gabriella (11). I run my own business from home (travel agency). I keep in regular contact with a number of my ex-classmates from 1974 !

## WILLIAMS, (Vron) Veronica (Phillips)

We have now lived in Pretoria for 48 years, 44 of them in the same house ! We plan to visit the UK in September for a family wedding and a holiday in Tuscany. Our daughter, Fritha Davidson (1976-1979) lives in Johannesburg with her husband and 9 year old twin daughters and is an international partner in her firm and travels extensively on business.

## WITHEY, Trish (Davey)

Qualified as General Nurse in 1979 and as a midwife in 1980. Married Gary in 1984. Worked as a sister for the municipality from 1981 until the birth of Michael (now at College) in 1987. Nicola (Grade 8 at St John's) was born in 1988, now working flexitime for the local branch of the Cancer Association running the womens' health clinic. Daughter Nicola has been at St John's since Grade 1.

## WYNNE, Linsey (Leslie)

I am living in Durban and have been married for five years already ! No, no children yet - just two cats Milly and Smokey as well as Buster, a boerful x Bullmastiff puppy ! Still working for SCMB and enjoying the challenges whilst running for stress relief.

## Deaths

## PAYNE, Cynthia (née Stanford)

## NICHOLSON, Barbara

## PECKHAM, Noel (née Little)



## St John's Uniform Shop



- School uniform
- Toiletries & knick-knacks
- Some stationery
- Sports equipment
- The school Uniform Shop has been relocated and now overlooks the pepper tree circle at the top of the drive from the New England Road entrance.
- The shop is open to parents, by appointment from 9.00am – 12.00noon and from 12.30pm – 4.00pm and coffee and muffins (R5.00 each) can be enjoyed on the deck .
- The shop is closed from 11.45 – 12.30 every day, and every Wednesday morning.

Scholars may visit from 1.00pm - 4.00pm every day



## DONATIONS



Many thanks to the following for their donations to the school magazine:

S. Belsham  
Guy Clegg  
Peter Fowles  
Glenda Frangs  
Margie Jenkins  
Pam Low  
Mrs D. Lucke  
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Ruwaaida Yacoob



