

PROBUS NEWSLETTER



Howick East Combined Probus Club

A Politically Correct Christmas Poem

by Harvey Ehrlich (1992, modified a little!)

T'was the night before Christmas & Santa's a wreck...
How to live in a world that's politically correct?
His workers would no longer answer to "Elves,"
"Vertically Challenged" they were calling themselves.
And labour conditions at the north pole
Were alleged by the union to stifle the soul.

Four reindeer had vanished, without much propriety,
Released to the wilds by the Humane Society.
And equal employment had made it quite clear
That Santa had better not use just reindeer.
So Dancer and Donner, Comet and Cupid
Were replaced by flying pigs, you know that looked
stupid!

The runners had been removed from his sleigh,
The ruts were deemed dangerous by Waka Kotahi.
And people had started to call for the cops
When they heard sled noises on their roof-tops.
Second-hand smoke from his pipe had his workers
quite frightened,
His fur trimmed red suit was called "Unenlightened."

And to show you the strangeness of life's ebbs & flows,
Rudolf was suing over unauthorised use of his nose
And had gone on TV, in front of the nation,
Demanding millions in over-due compensation.

So half of the reindeer had gone; and his wife,
Who suddenly said she'd enough of this life,
Joined a self-help group, packed, and left in a whiz,
Demanding from now on that her title was Ms.

And as for the gifts, why, he'd ne'er had a notion
That making a choice could cause such commotion.
Nothing of leather, nothing of fur,



Lynda's Outlook

Which meant nothing for him, and nothing for her.
Nothing that might be construed to pollute.
Nothing to aim, nothing to shoot.
Nothing that clamoured or made lots of noise.
Nothing for just girls. Or just for the boys.
Nothing that claimed to be gender specific.
Nothing that's war-like or non-pacific.

No candy or sweets....they were bad for the tooth.
Nothing that seemed to embellish a truth.
And fairy tales, while not yet forbidden,
Were like Ken and Barbie, better off hidden.
For they raised the hackles of those psychological
Who claimed the only good gift was ecological.

No netball, no football....someone could get hurt,
Besides, playing sports exposed kids to dirt.
Dolls were said to be sexist, and should be passé
And Nintendo would rot your brains away.

So Santa just stood there dishevelled, perplexed
He just could not figure out what to do next.
He tried to be merry, tried to be gay,
But you've got to be careful with that word today.
His sack was quite empty, limp to the ground,
Nothing fully acceptable was to be found.

Something special was needed, a gift that he might
Give to all without angering the left and the right.
A gift that would satisfy, with no indecision,
Each group of people, every religion,
Every ethnicity, every hue,
Everyone everywhere.....even you.
So here is the gift, its price beyond worth....
"May you and your loved ones enjoy peace on earth."

And to those who witnessed the "frenzied candy cane" dancing at our Christmas Party, a large slice of "whatever she's on" was simply the Christmas spirit and free to all.

NEXT PROBUS MEETING
Tuesday 20 January



WOW what a fantastic Christmas Party we had on the 18th!

Peter and Maureen were colourful door greeters as Santa and his Elf.

A great crowd with everyone dressed in their Xmas finery. The father and son duo who entertained us were magic and had everyone singing and dancing along, lead by our candy striped President!

The food was amazing and special thanks go to Shirley for her meticulous planning, making the lunch such a success. A big thank you also to Jean, our catering executive extrodinaire.

A huge thank you to the committee from all our members for the fabulous morning which was so enjoyed by us all.



Every year I ask you for a huge Christmas bonus, and a tiny little butt. And every year you get it backwards !



I'm dreaming of a White Christmas but if the white runs out I'll drink the Red !



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Website Link -

<https://www.probussouthpacific.org/microsites/howickeast>
www.facebook.com/howickeastcombinedprobus/



• Our 'Speaker' for the first meeting of 2026 will be a QUIZ !
• These are always lots of fun with everyone getting involved in solving the questions.
• You can certainly look forward to an entertaining morning!



Age is something that does not matter unless you are a cheese.



Heaps of fun and games happening and a chance to catch up with everyone in the New Year !

If you have any queries, please contact Janelle Lucas - phone: 021 915 969



WELFARE
Welfare/Sickness Issues :
Please inform
Maureen Saunders
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Looking for a 'Special Person'

A President to guide our Club
in 2026/27

We have a Committee of dedicated members who are great at the roles they carry out. They would support you 100 percent and do all they can to make your time as President as smooth and fun as possible.

It is only for one year and if other commitments arise from time to time, there is a deputy to fill in for you.

We have had some wonderful Presidents over the years. I'm sure if you asked any of them, they would tell you it is rewarding and they have each brought their own special personality to the role. It is an opportunity to help keep our wonderful Probus Club running smoothly for another year.

So, if you feel you would like to consider helping with this important role, please contact Tom Owen (Secretary) for a chat. He'd love to hear from you.

Tom's contact details:

Email: metsol@msn.com
Phone: 021 034 7504



Brian Stocking
is available for
JP duties on
Club days from
9.30 a.m.
Many thanks
Brian

It is with sadness we note the passing of Roy Crafer. Our thoughts are with his daughter at this sad time.

- A heartfelt thank you to our wonderful committee members for their dedication and commitment to making sure our Probus club was full of fun, friendship and fellowship over the past year. We are truly blessed to have them at the helm.
- A very special mention to the Coordinators who look after the various groups, keeping their particular interest group ticking along. Thank you.



She hurried to the pharmacy to pick up the medication.

When she got back to the car she found her keys locked inside.

The woman found an old rusty coat hanger on the ground. She looked at it and said, "I don't know how to use this," She bowed her head and asked God to send her some help. Within five minutes an old motorcycle pulled up, driven by a bearded man who was wearing an old biker skull rag. He got off his cycle and asked if he could help.

She said, "Yes, my husband is sick. I've locked my keys in my car. I must get home. Please, can you use this hanger to unlock my car?"

He said, "Sure." He walked over to the car and in less than a minute the car was open.

She hugged the man and through tears said, "Thank you God for sending me such a very nice man."

The man heard her little prayer and replied, "Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got out of prison yesterday; I was in prison for car theft."

The woman hugged the man again, sobbing, "Oh, thank you God. You even sent me a professional!"

THREE WISE WOMEN

Would have asked directions : Arrived on time : Helped deliver the baby : Brought practical gifts : Cleaned the stable : Made a casserole : and there would be Peace on Earth

