



KHANYISA SCHOOL NEWSLETTER

October 2009

Belated Eid greetings from Khanyisa School



To fast is to attempt to discipline our will, cleanse our heart of all spiritual ills, and to calm our minds. It is a threefold process of thinking, feeling and willing in order to gain remembrance of our own Divine origins and reconnect to that All-Encompassing Truth which some of

The anticipation of the citing of the new moon for the feast of Eid ul Fitr and the ending of the fast is often heartbreaking as well as being joyous for some Muslims, for when the essence of fasting has been realised in the individual, it is difficult to part with The Month of Mercy, Ramadaan, which becomes like a dearly beloved friend. It is this message, which we hope to pass to our children at our festivals; that we are not merely material beings that are bred to survive in a cold world but to remember that we are threefold beings of body, soul and spirit fulfilling a higher purpose on earth. In the words of Rudolph Steiner; " Give to your teaching what the Spirit has given you and you will free humanity from the nightmare that weighs upon it through materialism".

by Mrs R Darries

This year has been special to us as it was the first time that Khanyisa School in its history celebrated a Ramadaan Festival. It was held the last day of the month of Shabaan before the citing of the new moon for the month of the fast, Ramadaan.

us simply refer to as God. It is for this reason, that in true Waldorf Spirit, we felt that every one of all religions should feel that they too could share in the joy of celebrating such a holy undertaking by their Muslim staff and learners. It was a memorable day, as it celebrated the coming of the month and not it's ending.

Mrs Francis Class 4

Geography Main Lesson articles:

I live in Steenberg.
I travel to school by car.
Some areas I travel through are Retreat and Diep River.
A few things I see on my way to school is a school, train-station, Mosque and a cemetery.

Junior Muller

I live in Cape Town.
Our country is called South Africa.
The country is in a continent called Africa.
The continent is part of the world.

Saliem van der Schyff

The area I live in is Belhar.
The name of our city is called Cape Town.
We live in the Western Cape.
There are nine provinces.
The name of our country is South Africa.
Our national anthem is Nkosi Sikelele 'Afrika.
Our national flower is the protea.
Our national animal is the springbok.
Our national bird is the blue crane.
There are eleven official languages.

Noel Daniels

Mrs Darries Senior Group 18-19years



On 19th August Lauren Fourie from Class 11 attended the Oral Health Fun Day, held at Hyde Park Primary School. She was job-shadowing the dentists and did dental assistant work. She trained as an oral hygiene assistant and received her certificate from Dr. Y. da Costa. (pictured above)

Lauren says about her day:

This term I got to do a dental course at Dr Da Costa's office in Hyde Park. Then after our training about Personal Protection Equipment (PPE), management of dental sharps, and infection control,

we had a little test about everything we had learnt. Then we were ready.

So the day had finally come, the oral fun day where I'd be a real dental assistant! My heart was racing because it was the real deal. I was wearing the gloves, masks, clothes, I even had a name tag. It was an amazing experience. I got to work with a real dentist and oral hygienist. They are great at what they do. I worked with small children, who seem to love their sweets! They were from Grade 1 – Grade 4, from 3 different schools. I never thought I'd enjoy this course as much as I did.

It was a great opportunity and experience for me. So maybe one day I will follow upon this course and make it my job. I mean, it's great being part of something that can brighten up someone's day, cause all you need is a smile! And I got to make some peoples smiles great.

I would have never been able to have this opportunity if it wasn't for Mrs Klassen and Mrs Darries, so thank you.

Lauren Fourie



Last term Joseph Ramba restored this beautiful old wrought iron chair to its former glory. Well done Joseph!

Mrs Petersen Class 5

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Mrs Petersen's class has been busy making beautiful cushions in handwork classes, which they are very proud of. They also made photo frames, and inserted pictures of themselves and/or their parents (see below)



Mrs Abrahams Senior Group 16-17years

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History main lesson stories:

LIFE IN WAR TORN GERMANY by Daniel Kemp

My name is David and my brother's name is Uri. Uri and I were born on 29 February 1929 in Berlin, Germany. We lived in a smallish home with four bedrooms. I also have another sister and brother. When I was 7 years old we went to a Waldorf school, close to our home. My dad worked in a shoe factory and my mother worked in a bookstore. In our spare time my brothers, my sister and I like to play in the street with other children. When I was about 11 years old the bombing started. We were all very scared and ran into hiding. The planes and the bombings were very noisy overhead. There was smoke everywhere. Shortly after that my father came home one day badly bruised. He told us he was beaten because he was a Jew. On her way from work my poor mother was thrown into the street and young German soldiers started beating her. My brothers and were not spared any beating either. We lived in fear. What I feared the most, happened one morning. They stormed into our

house and took the valuables and whatever they could find and shot the house to pieces. All that we could do was watch. We were sent to live in an area which they had fenced in and put all the Jewish people together. One thing they did not take was our violin. Lucky for us as we had hidden money in it. When I was 12, the Nazis came, they split up our family. We never saw my mother and sister again. They put my father, my brother and I into a cattle truck with many others. It was so dark and scary and also smelly inside. There was hardly place to stand up straight. After a long and scary trip we arrived at a concentration camp. At this camp the young and able bodied ones were made to work under terrible conditions. They made us young ones clean guns and weapons from 4am to 10pm. With very little food and water during working hours. The living conditions were very unhygienic. People around us were falling over; getting sick; very weak and dying through starvation or beatings. If I did not manage to clean 5 guns every 5 hours I got a severe whipping. Often my flesh split open from these beatings. Even after the beatings they would then make

our food portions even smaller. One day I collapsed from the pain. Despite this I lucky as there were many who, just because they didn't work properly, were shot in front of us. This they would warn us was what would happen if we tried to slow down or not carry out our tasks. There were also the many who the Nazis felt were no longer of use to them; they were sent to the gas chambers. The smell coming from these gas chambers' chimneys made us feel sick. We worked hard at not showing any signs of weakness. However this suffering came to an end when Germany was conquered. Their reign was over! All of us set out to look for our families. I was glad that my father and brother also survived the camp. We were very sad when we discovered that my mom and my sister were victims of the Nazis shootings of the weaker ones. I started anew, went to study further as more colleges and schools were established. Eventually I got married and we have a young daughter of our own. Although I had settled down I will never forget the constant fear we lived in and hope my child will never have to experience such atrocities.

Mrs Abrahams Senior Group 16-17years

LIFE IN WAR TORN GERMANY by
Paul Brice

I was born on 31 March 1928 in Frankfurt – am- main in Germany. My parents were Isaac and Rebecca Goldberg. For 2 years after they were married they lived with my grandparents. They lived in the upper- class part of Frankfurt in Nertoustrasse on Beethovenplatz. My sister Rachel was born in 1926 and a year later my family moved into their own apartment in Narbachweg. This was on the outskirts of Frankfurt. The rents were much lower here and the apartment was spacious. It was a two- story and also a large backyard for us children to play in. This neighbourhood was not upper – class and the families formed a very close community though they came from different backgrounds. My father was a banker and had been part of the family bank for many years. My mother was a housewife. My sister Rachel attended Ludwig School on Eachersheimer. She worked hard and did very well at school. I only started school once the family had moved to Holland. As children we played all sorts of games like “school” and “church. We even had a” priest “ when we played church. In 1940 life became difficult when German troops and planes swooped down on the towns in Holland Everyone woke up in shock and turned on their radios to listen to the news. For fear of their lives the children started staying away

from school. The adults continued to go to work to get money for supplies for their families. But I am sure they could not work, as they were worried about the children’s and their own safety. Suddenly the German soldiers started attacking Jewish people. Couples were separated and children torn from their parents last efforts to keep their families together. Most Jews were sent to German concentration camps. Whilst all this was happening I was by then also forced to leave the German school I attended and go to an all-Jewish school. When the Nazis came to storm our home we were lucky to hide in an annex, which was 50 square metres in total. We hid safely for a long time until a German informer told the Gestapo about us. They stormed into our home and took all the valuables and interrogated my father and a few other Jewish men. Our family was sent to a concentration camp known as Westerbrok, a transit camp in Holland. Later we were taken by cattle- car to Auschwitz. By now Germany had also occupied Poland. Once at Auschwitz the women were separated from the men. I went with my dad to the right line where all the other men were lined up. I felt sad and worried when I saw my mother and sister leave us. They were taken to a building where all the women’s heads were shaven and given shoes and a sack type of overall to put on. They tattooed a

prison number on each prisoner’s arm. It was very cold and dirty in the camps. All the prisoners were given very little food and had to work long hours without a break. The Germans never held back on severe punishments for the smallest thing that did not please them. This abuse went on all the time. Grass had to be dug up and then thrown onto other soil and then the whole thing was repeated. The “Kapos” ran among us constantly shouting “faster!! faster!! Nobody dared disobey them. Many prisoners suffered from disease such as scabies (itchy red blotches caused by foul water and unhygienic living conditions.) Also red and black sores from lice bites. The weak, the aged and those who displeased the soldiers too often were sent to the gas chambers. Fortunately I survived the dreaded Auschwitz camp. We were freed when the Russians soldiers attacked Germany. Once I was out I discovered that in 1945 my dad had died from hunger and distress. I hoped that at least my mom and my sister were alive. Eventually I arrived back in Amsterdam where I stayed with friends and started working in their small business. Sadly after much searching I found out that my mother and my sister’s names were on the Red Cross list showing that they had not survived.

Mrs Dramat Senior Group 14-15years

“The Power of Sight” science main lesson culminated in these group models of the eye:



Mrs Dramat's class also made up some Afrikaans poems. Well done to the authors!:

MY KAT

My kat, haar naam is Libby
 En haar bynaam is Squibby
 Sy is oranje en wit
 En sy's my gunsteling
 My kat, Libby

My kat, Libby, het 'n kort stert
 Haar lewe is 'n interessante verhaal
 Sy het drie susters, Sassy, Grace
 en Molly
 Sy is vriendelik en liefdevol
 My kat, Libby

Deur Greg Smith

FAMILIEDINGE

Winter is verby en almal is nou bly
 Kom ons sing 'n liedjie net vir 'n bietjie
 Kom ons sit by die put
 Hier by die vuur net vir 'n uur
 Kom vertel vir ons 'n stukkie
 Oor jou sussie en jou niggie
 Kyk, daar gaan jou niggie
 Alweer oor die bruggie
 Met haar lelike gesiggie!

Deur Daniel Joubert

DIE DYDELIKE PREKER ('n gedig in Kaapse Afrikaans)

Se vir jou ma en jou pa dit is ek
 Die seun van die Grassy Park
 Is nou 'n famous preker

Uit my huis kom die woorde wat ek praat
 Die mense klap hulle hande
 Vir die wonderwerke wat ek maak.

Deur Dale Weber

OUMA

Ouma is soet
 Sy koop baie goed
 Sy maak lekker kos
 Ons stap ook in die bos
 Soms kyk ons bioskoop
 Ek is lief vir Ouma

Deur Hannah Alexander

Mrs Klaasen Class 6

Riddles are questions that need to be answered.

They are also brain-teasers.

Are you as smart as the class 6 learners? Put on your thinking caps and try to solve these.

What is black and white and red all over?

A zebra with sunburn.

Why did the strawberry cry?

Because his mom was in the jam.

What did the big chimney say to the small one?

You are too young to smoke.

Which building has the most stories?

The library.

What happens to a white hat if you drop it in the Red sea?

It will be wet.

What makes mom cry even if she's not sad?

An onion.

A man went to town on Friday, stayed for three days and came back on Friday. How is this possible?

His horse's name is Friday



Mrs Klassen's class with the woodwork items they made in the last term with their woodwork teacher, Mr Beckett. Much hard work and dedication went into these items, with beautiful results.

New Appointments

A warm welcome to two new staff members, Jenni Brassington as a fundraiser, and Lynn Henrickse as our secretary. We are very happy to have you both in the office!

Smalls

RECENT THANK-YOU'S:

In response to our needs list that went out, Mrs Ibrahim organised a large donation of tiles and paint, and finance for a new cupboard for the staff bathroom. Mrs Brice and Mr Birkett for extra funding for the hall painting. Thank you so much parents!

A big thank you also to Mrs Daniels, who donated curtaining materials for Mrs Klassen's classroom and the office, and her mother, who sewed them all.

To Mrs Isaacs for the book donation for our new library.

To the DG Murray Trust for funding for the new tarmac surfacing in the back.

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO ASSIST US HERE AT KHANYISA SCHOOL

Tribute to Eileen Parker:

Our wonderful colleague and friend, Mrs Eileen Parker, passed away peacefully on Tuesday 13 October. She had been battling with cancer since March 2008, and left Khanyisa School at the end of July this year to spend time with her family. She was at Khanyisa School for 12 years as a fundraiser and administrator, becoming a friend and respected colleague to all that had the privilege of working with her.

Her sterling work and the energy and time she invested in Khanyisa School bore rich fruit over the years, as she assisted our school in many ways in its growth and development. Her presence is sorely missed, she was an integral part of the fabric of Khanyisa, and very dear to all the staff and children. She is pictured here at her farewell lunch on 31 July. Our thoughts and love go with you, our dear friend.

