

Stairs, roundabouts, family and food

If you know a local, and get out a bit, the number of hidden stairways and pathways dotted through the Neighbourhoods are quite a treat. During COVID these spots became popular for workout.....so popular they are still being used and the gyms are crying for people to come back!



There are gorgeous houses, heritage houses, original houses and houses that are trimmed with the most amazing art deco features. The gardens are lush and expansive and grow an assortment of CA, HI and South Africa vegetation. The proteas are the kicker... intricate, beautiful and stately. King Proteas (also known as Sugarbush) are the national flower of South Africa. They are a symbol of **diversity, change and courage.**

Walkabouts are a treat. They certainly show you what's up in the hood. I laugh at the "roundabouts" They are so small your car doesn't fit around them, so most of the time, you mount the curb, ignoring it and traffic completely, or, if you are a bakkie (truck) you just go straight through the middle of them.



A pedestrian has ZERO right of way.. as green walk light or a stop sign means NOTHING. People in automobiles don't STOP here, its always a roll through... first gear seldom engaged.

The local garbage company "Pikitup" is a sad combination of "pick-some-of-it-up" and "forget-to-pick-it-up". Usually you will find the Pickupguys, lounging under a tree, napping and eating as the day wobbles by and then its time to go home and so what not a whole lot gotta picked up! And parking? Just get creative....18" from the curb is not so much observed.



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Eating and coffee are a major part of everyday life... whether you host tea and cake or go out. I had a wonderful visit with my favorite closest family friend, aunty Lorraine and Uncle Robbie. They have been a constant in my life and actually introduced my dad to my step mom. They must have had a lot of persuasive power because they sold my dad to my step mom complete with two snotty kids hanging on to his legs!



Later that day was a final meal at the country club. This institution was built in 1934 and is a spectacular collection of old colonial buildings and grounds that reach to the horizon. Most of the large places have boreholes (equivalent of your own well) or JoJos (huge water collecting tanks). It seems most people (who can afford it) have a Jojo now in their backyard. It's a daily discussion on the situation of the water here ... is it on? How strong is the pressure? Are we showering today? You don't take water coming out of a tap for granted.

Needless to say the food was spectacular and we got to visit with our two adopted sisters who were brought up and educated by my family. Emma, has a masters and is one of the smartest ladies I know. When she was growing up , My sisters would pretend school with her and taught her how to read before she even entered kindergarten!

This was a wonderful end to a week with my sister and her family in Johannesburg.

Onward to Durban now.....



Thandi, Gogo, Doods, Emma and Tammy. Thandi is Emmas mom. They both grew up in our family.



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