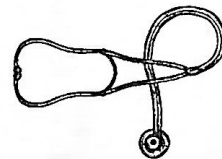




THE MED

GALA News

BUSAMED
Premium Care. Personal Touch.



WELCOME to our Gala Event.

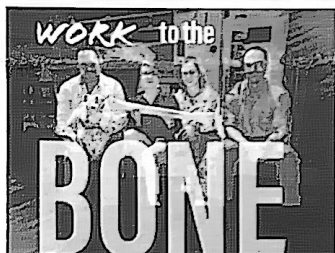
A celebration of the arts but also of teamwork and charity. Thank you to everyone involved. May this event grow into an annual occurrence to the benefit of the greater Nelspruit Community. Enjoy the evening with regards from the LMACS committee.

Attie van Wyk, Linda Kuhn, Caro de Witt, Schizelle Theron
André Hattingh, Joyce Hattingh, Sias Willemse, Reon van Aardt
Mario Rudolph, Soekie Dierks, Taryn Laas, Sarah-Marie Snyman

{VOORHAPPIE}

Canapé

COMPETITION PARTICIPATING TEAMS

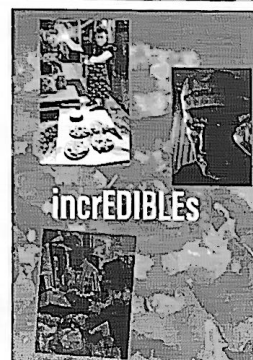
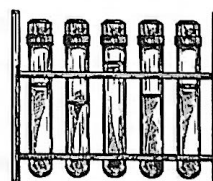


Rules of the CANAPÉ {VOORHAPPIE} Competition

- ONE VOTE PER GUEST
- BRIBERY IS STRONGLY DISCOURAGED!!
- HONESTY WILL COUNT IN YOUR FAVOUR.
- NO INTIMIDATION ALLOWED

JUDGE: GT LUNDIE OF ZEIT RESTAURANT
WEIGHTED VOTE

WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENT



Hopskoppe

BEER - MENU -



Constaporter

Robust English Porter based on an 18th century recipe. Lovely marriage of coffee, chocolate and malt flavours

5.6% ABV

Placebo Blond

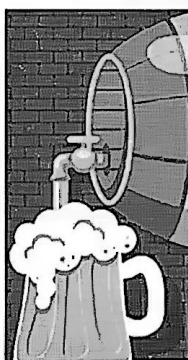
Belgian Blond Ale. Staple diet of monasteries through the ages

5% ABV

Rapid Sequence Induction

Malty with a hint of spice. Wheat and rye will take you high

5% ABV



• CPR South African Pale Ale 4.8% ABV

Made only with South African ingredients, this smooth drinking beer shows characters of juicy fruit, mangoes, plums and kool-aid...

• White Matter 4.5% ABV

A Typical Bavarian style Weissbier with hints of cloves and banana. Great for a hot summers day

PROGRAM

Music & Arts Festival

- 15:00 "Voorhappies" & Wine Tasting & Art/hobby Exhibition
 16:40 Guests take their place
 16:50 Mario Rudolph (MC)
 Attie van Wyk
 Sunny Govender (Chief Financial Officer: Busamed)
 Pediatric Care Africa
 (André Hattingh)
 Beyerskloof (Beyers Truter)
- 18:10 1st course to be served
 18:30 Music Program Starts (First half)
Gerda Smook (*flute*) & **Anlie Endemann** (*violin*)
 & **Reon van Aardt** (*piano*)
Dirk Lourens & Chrisna Goddefroy (*vocals*)
Herman van Duyker (*piano*)
- Nadine Retief** (*vocals & piano*)
Nadine Retief & Petro Vermooten (*vocals & piano*)
Petro Vermooten (*piano*)
Louis Hartley (*vocals*)
Jacob van Zyl & Caro de Witt (*vocals*)
Caro de Witt & Reon van Aardt (*vocals & piano*)
Jan-Anton Theron (*saxophone*)
Hannes Naudé (*piano*)
Paul Coetzee (*guitar & vocals*)
Andriette van Immerzeel & Anlie Endemann (*piano*)
Neil Taverner
- 20:10 Interval
 20:30 Wine Introduction & 2nd course to be served
 21:00 Music Program Continues (Second half)
André van Schalkwyk (*harmonica*) & **Anlie Endemann** (*violin*)
Jolene Basson (*flute*) & **Carine Smit** (*flute*) & **Anlie Endemann** (*violin*) & **Mario Rudolph** (*bass*)
Dirk Lourens & Chrisna Goddefroy & Caro de Witt & Pierre Taljaard & Stefan Basson (*vocals*)
Caro de Witt & Reon van Aardt (*vocals & piano*) & **Carine Smit** (*guitar*) & **Mario Rudolph** (*bass*)
Schizelle Theron & Reon van Aardt (*saxophone*)
- 21:30 Wine Introduction & 3rd course to be served
 22:00 Raffle Ticket Draw & "Voorhappie" Prize Giving
Paul Coetzee (*guitar*) & **Pieter van Immerzeel** (*drums*)
 & **Hilma Visser** (*guitar*) & **Mario Rudolph** (*bass*)

Welcoming
Opening

Introduction

Wine Introduction

Czardas (Vittorio Monti)

Suiderkruis (JNDR)

Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven)

Piano Variations

Clarity (Jocelyn Scofield)

Alone (Heart)

Gnossienne No 1 (Eric Sadie)

Vincent (Don Mclean)

Die Tyd (Herman van Veen)

Die Taal van my Hart (Stef Bos)

Improv Saxophone solo

Piano solo

Leader of the band (Dan Fogelberg)

Grand Galop Concerto (Wilhelm Ganz)

Readings from other things amanzi

Focus; you can't win them all

O Mio Babbino Caro (Giacomo Puccini)

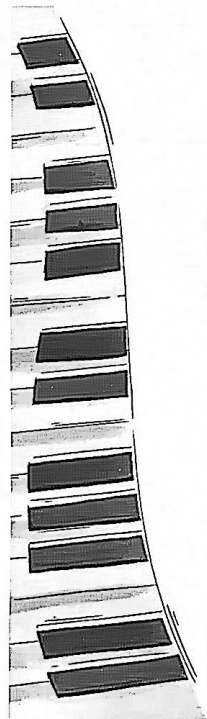
Piano Man (Billy Joel)

Memories (Maroon 5)

The Longest Time (Billy Joel)

Ongerep (Simone Roets, JNDR)

Livin' La Vida Loca (Ricky Martin)



Menu

Canapes: Beyerskloof Pinotage Rose & Beyerskloof Pinotage

Starter: Beyerskloof Chenin Blanc / Pinotage

Grilled Lesotho trout, avocado, pickled cucumber, micro greens, lime hollandaise & salsa Verde

Main: Beyerskloof Pinotage Reserve

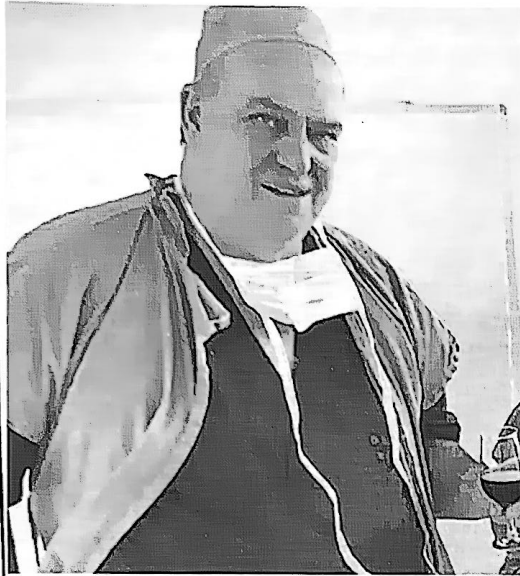
Moroccan lamb shank with chermoula & mint jus, pomme puree, baby vegetables

Dessert: Beyerskloof Lagare Cape Vintage Port 2020

Decadent dark chocolate tart, short bread crumble, white chocolate and preserved melon truffles



Dr Eamon Maree in Memoriam



Creativity knows no boundaries, nor limitations,
and more so the imagination of the artist at work.
The artist, a dreamer. The creator of woven dreams.

Filled with a cornucopia of senses.

Life, the unfinished symphony as the likes of
Scriabin's Mysterium. Sadly unfinished,
but completed by another composer.

Thank goodness Robert Mondavi's Opus

One wine was completed by
the winemaker himself. An "Ode to Joy"
and life. One vision. One Wine.

In the words of the winemaker, "Wine to me
is passion. It's family and friends.

It's warmth of heart and generosity of spirit."

Salut Eamon Salut 

Ek het 'n lied ontvang - deur Jacob van Zyl - 15 Januarie 2022

Ek sing die lied...wat ek kan sing
- vir my...is dit die mooiste lied...
maar ek sing dit...in volle bewustheid...
dat daar ook ander liedere is...
maar ek kan nie...al die liedere tegelyk sing nie...
ek hoop...mý lied sal jou help...
maar jý...moet jou éie lied sing...

Gee jou oor...aan die wete dat die Ewige Gees jou lei
om God sêlf te ervaar en jou voorstellings
van Hom te vorm waarmee jy kan leef
en om mee menslik...te leef.

Ons klein woordjies...verwys na Ewige Werklikheid...
wat heel te groot is...vir ons begripsvermoë...
ons woorde is net soos vingers...wat na die maan wys
- dit is nie die maan self nie...blote beelde en metafore

(Koor)

*Maar ons glo, ons leef en streef na dit wat Bo is
En ons glo, ons leef en weet...
dit bly hier diep binne ons
God is groot, Hy is goed en Hy is waar
So waar... as wat die maan daarbo is...
en ons daarna wys
(met herhaling wy...s) (herhaal met tweede stem)*

Ons beperkte verstand...
verwys na dit wat verbý woorde is...
ons woorde... is maar net strale van die son
- dis nie die son self nie maar blote persepsie,
'n weerspieëling van wat ons verstaan

(Koor)

*Maar ons glo, ons leef en streef na dit wat Bo is
En ons glo, ons leef en weet...
dit bly hier diep binne ons
God is vrede, Hy is liefde en Hy is daar
So daar... as wat die son daarbo skyn...
en óns wat maar 'n skadu gooi
(met herhaling go...oi) (herhaal met tweede stem)*

Ja, ek sing die lied...wat ek kan sing
- vir my...is dit die mooiste lied...
maar ek sing dit in volle bewustheid...
dat daar ook ander liedere is...
maar ek kan nie al die liedere tegelyk sing nie...
ek hoop... mý lied sal jou help...
maar jý...moet jou eie lied sing...

Gee jou oor aan die wete
dat die Ewige Gees jou lei om God sêlf te ervaar
en jou voorstellings van Hom te vorm
waarmee jy kan leef en om mee menslik...te leef.

Die heilige hekelwerk - Caro de Witt

'Die venstervrou is 'n oujonghooi. Sy spandeer vele ure in die oggend om op die bure te spioeneer deur haar kombuisvenster. Op 'n goeie dag trek sy haar pencil skirt aan. Op meeste ander dae staan sy in dieselfde blou rok, voor die kombuisvenster, met 'n voorskoot om haar middel.

Haar voorliefde vir swart tee, courtleigh sigarette en die kombuisvenster, hou haar vasgenaël in die haar huis.'

Venstervrou sit en staar na die vlek op haar hekel werk. "Bull's eye", reg in die middel soos hy drapeer oor die tafeltjie. Oorlede tant Stenie se koffietafel lyk maar arm sonder die lap. Die meubelstuk vra vir iets om hom te laat lyk of hy hoort in die sitkamer. Soos haar vrugtekoek wat vra vir 'n ekstra glasie brandewyn. Soos Gertjie as hy soggens nog nie sy melk gehad het nie. Soos haar leë hand sonder 'n sigaret. Eers toe die uitgebrande sigaret se as op haar pencil skirt val, besef sy dat sy sit en staar na die ding.

Die vieslike vlek het haar al raadop. Sy vermoed steeds Martie het met doel daai tee omgestamp oor die ding. Die vlek is gebore uit pure jaloesie. Martie het altyd 'n bek vol kritiek gehad oor haar hekelwerk. Sy's of nie tevrede met die ontwerp of steke nie. Sy't altyd geklets en raad gegee oor hoe die venstervrou haar naaldsteke kan verbeter. Dit alles tot die dag wat sy kom tee drink het en die room kleur kunswerk sien hang het oor die tafel. Mens kon die verwondering (en agterbaksheid) 'n myl ver ruik. Die venstervrou het star gekyk na die tafeldoek. Dan na Martie se gesig en vir haar 'n bitter koppie swart tee aangebied.

'Dis my nuutste ou lappie, somer so in 'n japtrap self gehekel.'

Sy't die stuk lap in sunlight laat lê vir twee dae. Sy't Ouma Joey se 'magic potion' probeer. Haar oë het gebrand van die Jik reuk en haar huis het dae aan een soos asyn geruik. Maar die vlek het gebly. Sy't haar moeder se boereraat van koeksoda gevolg en sy sweer die gemors het net donkerder geword.... haar ma se raad het haar nooit ver gebring nie. Sy't dit probeer verbloem met die potplant, maar sy't geweet die dames van die kerkkombuis sal die vlek uitsnuf. Sy wens Martie het hul nooit vertel van die tafeldoek nie, dan was sy nie nou in die gemors nie. Jy sien, na Martie se besoek het sy al die dames gaan vertel van die mooi patroon. Nou is almal na haar huis oppad vir hekel-klasse, aangesien almal 'n bydrae moet maak vir die 'vlytige-vingers-mark' die Sondag by kerkbasaar.

Sy steek nog 'n sigaret aan en haar oë trek skrefies soos sy dink. Sy sal moet 'n plan maak, anders sal Martie gans te lekker kry. Sy en Martie sit al vir jare nie om dieselfde tombola tafel by die kerk se kermis nie. Dis sedert Martie drie jaar terug van 'n ander gemeente hierheen getrek het. Sy wil net die show oorvat.

Sy hoor die foon lui en besef skielik die dames is al oor veertig minute daar. Wat gaan sy doen? Sy tel die telefoon op en die man van die 'Opthoek-shop' is op die lyn: "Hey Tante, die pakkie het gekom, hy's hier. Ek kon wraggies presies dieselfde een weer kry!" Sy blaas verlig die laaste rook uit en druk met mening die stompie dood. "Dankie tog, ek's nou daar. Ek's oppad!"

Halfuur later daag die eerste dames by haar huis op en sy maak die voordeur wawyd oop vir hul om in te kom. Soos hul deur haar sitkamer stap, sê 'n dame: "Maar die is darem 'n pragtige stukkies hekel die!" Die venstervrou kyk trots van die verwonderende gesigte na die vlekkelose stukkies lap en knik haar kop: "Dis my nuutse, somer so in 'n japtrap gehekel....."



DR BRAAM BARNARD,



will be retiring at the end of April.

We wish him a fulfilling 'second' life.

He will be truly missed

by the community.

BUSAMED STAFF & COLLEAGUES

In een oomblik - deur Jacob van Zyl
- 13 Junie 2021

Vers 1

In een verblindende oomblik
besef Paulus, ek en jy
dat God, heeltemal anders is
as die prentjie wat hy, ek en jy
van Hom gehad het...
Ja, in een verblindende oomblik
besef hy, ek en jy
dat God heeltemal anders is
as die prentjie wat ons
van Hom gehad het...

Vers 2

Die streng, oordelende God,
word die God wat Sy vyande liefhet;
Die God, vir wie 'n mens werk,
word die God wat deur jou werk;
Die God wat daar is,
word die God wat hier is
- meer hier, as enig(e) een van ons...

(Koorgedeelte) (Beurtsang / tweestemmig)

Immanuel - God is hier;
Immanuel - In my hart;
Immanuel - Waar ek stap;
Immanuel - God is hier.

Vers 3

In een verblindende oomblik
besef Paulus, ek en jy
dat ekself, heeltemal anders is
as die prentjie wat hy, ek en jy
van onself gehad het...
Ja, in een verblindende oomblik
besef elkeen van ons
dat onself heeltemal anders is
as die prentjie wat ons
van onself gehad het...

Vers 4

Wie kaptein, van my eie lewe was
word nou die een wat gegryp word;
Die mag, wat ek oor myself gehad het
gee ek nou aan Christus oor;
Die lewe, wat my onderneming was
word nou Christus se eiendom;
ja ek is nou, God se eiendom

(Koorgedeelte) (Beurtsang / tweestemmig)

Immanuel - God is hier;
Immanuel - In my hart;
Immanuel - Waar ek stap;
Immanuel - God is hier.

(herhaal met laaste vers)

Immanuel - God is hier;
Immanuel - In my hart;
Immanuel - Waar ek stap;
Immanuel - God is hier.

the master has spoken - Neil Taverner

i have touched on how to spin the story correctly to your consultant in order to achieve the best possible outcome for all involved. there was another scenario where i worked it to a fine art.

the toughest firm to work in was the boss' firm. i have mentioned this before but it was difficult to avoid his wrath. generally you were placed in charge of his firm only as the most senior registrar in the department. this gave me a good few years to observe how the other guys presented their cases to him in the morning meeting and to learn from their mistakes. one thing about the boss is he was an exception to the general rule of consultants not coming out to help in theater at night. if you called him, he would come. this sounds good, but the down side is that it was not all that much fun to operate with him. he demanded dead silence and always operated himself, seldom letting his junior at the knife which meant he didn't teach too well. i learned a lot from him as far as technique is concerned but it was mostly through observation rather than through tuition. so, in summary, it was not ideal to call him out at night. quite frankly it was a pain in the neck.

but there was another side to phoning the boss at night. as a junior i often observed a hapless registrar presenting a difficult case to the prof the next morning and facing all forms of the proverbial shitstorm for not phoning the prof. it didn't matter if he had single handedly raised the patient from the dead or broken down the gates of hades to claim his patient back. if he hadn't called the boss it simply wasn't good enough. and yet, without fail, the registrars endured this tirade rather than endure the prof coming out at night. i wondered if there was a happy middle ground somewhere. it didn't take long for me to find it.

basically the prof was a surgeon and therefore had a very fragile ego. it wasn't that he wanted his sleep to be interrupted to come out in the early hours and operate. he just wanted to be acknowledged as the guy in charge. he didn't want to be surprised the next morning with weird and wonderful stories of heroism, especially when he was not the hero. i understood this and worked with it. in the end it was all about timing.

a good example of how it went when i finally worked it to a fine art is illustrated quite well by a case i still remember.

the patient was the victim of severe blunt abdominal trauma. from the first moment it was clear he was in deep trouble. there was no question about doing a ct scan or not. he was simply too unstable. to go via scan would be to lose precious time which he could ill afford. we had to get him to theater as fast as possible and that is what we did.

after opening the abdomen i was confronted with a massive amount of blood. it was the sort of thing we sometimes do see but it is always a tense situation. i went through the motions and quickly identified the liver as the source of the bleeding. segments six and seven had been totally crushed and had been pretty much ripped off the rest of the liver. being astute as i am i quickly realised this was not good. i must admit there were a few subtle hints like the anaesthetist shouting that the patient was almost in exitus and my house doctor's wide eyes. but the absolute giveaway was when the house doctor spoke.

"aren't you going to call the prof?" he asked. "do you want the prof here?" i retorted.

"of course not but you know what he is going to say tomorrow morning if you don't call him!" i smiled. "watch and learn my young paduwan. watch and learn."

i then deftly whipped out the damaged segments of the liver, controlled the bleeding and started rinsing the abdomen. the anaesthetist was looking less tense so i assumed i was on the right track. i then turned to the house doctor.

"it is time." i then turned to the floor nurse. "please get the prof on the phone for me." soon after she was holding the phone to my ear.

"sorry to bother you so late at night prof, but i just wanted to let you know about this patient i'm operating. he had a liver laceration. there wasn't time to call earlier because he was unstable and we were rushing him to theater but i thought i should tell you how it's going. i have the bleeding under control now."

"sounds good. do you need me to come in?"

"not now prof. everything seems ok now, but thank you for offering." the house doctor stared in amazement. i knew the hero worship would come later.

the next morning, in the presence of all the registrars and house doctors i was required to present the night's activities. when i started on the patient in question i could see some of the registrars' ears perk up. i think some of them might even have been delighting in what they saw as my inevitable misery. as i got to the bit about the liver looking like mince soup, the prof intervened.

"yes, bongi phoned me about this case. i advised him how to get the bleeding under control. the patient is fine now. well done bongi." the expression on the face of the house doctor was unmistakable. it was indeed hero worship. who could blame him?

Thank you

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