



SAIV WEL-EN-WEË-BRIEF – AUGUSTUS 2023

Dagsê Veteraan, met hierdie Wel-en-Weë-Brief wil die SAIV veterane in kontak bring met mekaar deur kennis te neem van jul welstand en wetenswaardighede en om allerlei brokkies nuus mee te deel.

- **Verjaarsdagwense** aan die veterane, asook die gades wat hierdie maand verjaar.
 - ❖ Die verjaarsdagsteen vir Augustus is die Sardoniks en is die samevoeging van twee Griekse woorde nl sardion en oniks, simboliseer liefde en vertroue.
 - ❖ Verjaarsdagblom: Gladiolus [Swaardlelie].
 - ❖ Vgl Eksodus 28:20; 39:13; Openbaring 21:20.
- **Medelye met:** Lea Maasdorp, Wes Randtak, en haar familie: broer is oorlede.
- **Spoedige Beterskapwense aan:**
 - Lt. Genl. Wessel Kritzinger, Senior Lid, in `n versorgingsoord.
 - Genl. Maj. Gert Opperman, President SAIV, heupvervangingsoperasie goed afgeloop.
 - Ria Opperman, genl. maj. Opperman se eggenote, katarakoperasies goed afgeloop.
 - Brig. Genl. Lee Le Crerar, Senior Lid, ontvang mediese sorg.
 - Brig. Genl. Johann (Vossie) Vorster, Senior Lid, ontvang mediese sorg.
 - Geoff Holland-Muter, NUR Lid, ontvang mediese sorg.
 - Sam Thwaites, Tuinroete Lid, ontvang mediese sorg.
 - Flip Marx, drastiese beterskap na maandelange ongesteldheid.
 - Herman de Beer, Melksbosstrand, in Pinelands in hospitaal, ontvang mediese sorg.
 - Robbie Godley, West Rand Branch, at Swartruggens, still dependent from COPD.
 - Peet Dreyer, NUR Lid, sukkel met asemnood en gebruik suurstof.
 - Dirk Botha, Hoëveldtak, longprobleme.
- **Koringkorrel** (Engels: Spiritual `nuggets`) – Na aanleiding van Ps 23 vers 2 (By water waar ek kan rus).

“Na groen weivelde lei Hy my, met groot vreugde laat wei Hy my, met kristalhelder water verkwik hy my, in nood staan Hy my by.” (Paul Gerhardt)
- **`n Mondvol**

“Om `n pen op papier te plaas, steek meer vure aan die brand as wat vuurhoutjies ooit kan doen.” (Malcolm Forbes)
- **Kontak:** Wel-en-Weë-Brief: welenwee@sainfantry.co.za

➤ **Naskrif** – Nuusbrokkies ontvang van Veterane:

✚ Vir meer **inligting** ivm die volgende besoek: **www.sainfantry.co.za**

- **SAIV Algemene Jaarvergadering** vind 19 Augustus 2023 plaas by GEM Village.
- **Centuriontak Hinderlaag:** 5 Augustus 2023 te GEM Village.
- **Military Fair, Witbank:** 12 Augustus 2023.
- **Trans Magaliestak, Spitsbraai + Kunstenaar:** 2 September 2023

✚ **Marius Oelschig, die digter!** Só stel Senior Veteraan, Johann Vorster, ons bekend aan Infanterie Veteraan, Marius Oelschig. Hy en sy vrou Corina is in Kanada woonagtig en hy het ten tye van sy aftrede in 1997, 37 jaar se diens agter die rug gehad.

In verband met sy digkuns skryf hy: "Daar is nou al vier bloemesings van my in die VSA gepubliseer. Die aansporing was dat ek in die afgelope tien jaar twee keer die eerste prys in die jaarlikse landswye kompetisie van die Poetry Institute of Canada verower het en ook 'n paar ander toekenings ontvang het." Marius vervolg soos volg:

"While stationed in France as the Defence Attaché to our Embassy in Paris, I was privileged to visit many of the military cemeteries for those who perished in Europe during the First and Second World Wars.

As a soldier, and a South African, it was gratifying to see how meticulously the cemeteries and war graves all over France, and especially at Delville Wood, were kept and maintained.

For those who do not know, the Delville Wood South African National Memorial is a World War I memorial located near the commune of Longueval in the Somme Department of France. It is opposite the Delville Wood Commonwealth Graves Commission Cemetery and, as a small piece of South Africa in France, was in my 'bailiwick' as the military representative at the Embassy."

Midnight in Delville Wood

In the shadow of an oak tree
With low clouds scudding by,
In the silent soldiers' cemetery
Under a moonlit sky,
Stood a figure of a soldier.
Helmet and rifle complete.
Forlorn he stood in the shadows,
With his rucksack at his feet.

Then, in the haunting stillness,
As the dew began to freeze,
Like whispering in the darkness,
Wafting on the breeze,
The murmur of soldiers' voices,
Insistent, sad and low,
With a cold mist slowly rolling
Between the headstones – row on row.

"Will my children remember me?"
"Did my brother make it home?"
"Was my father proud of me?"
"Will my wife survive alone?"
"Why must soldiers suffer so?"
"When will this madness cease?"
"Why can't we live in harmony?"
"Please, let us rest in peace?"

The soldier moved his helmet,
Knelt and bowed his head.
Then, barely heard,
Three anguished words -
"I'll not forget!" he said.
He slung his pack to his shoulders.
In the frosty, ghostly night;
He stood, saluted, turned away
And disappeared from sight.

From notes made in Paris, November 1988