

There is a place.....

There is a place...where the tide ebbs and flows, where the water , at high tide, seeps slowly between the reeds surreptitiously encroaching on to the flat grassy plain. Where children run and play, where they win, or lose, the World Cup Soccer, the Cricket Series or just the 'learning to walk' and fall down series!

At any time can be seen myriads of small white balls scattered around as potential World Cup Golfers putt and drive, in methodical fashion, while the dogs dart in and poach the balls. Others practise Thai Chi, and stretching, while others mind the children chattering and climbing like squirrels under the large social 'parents' play tree.

The dogs.....ah, yes, the dogs.....this is a place where the dogs of Knysna gather in force, there is Gumbo and Abby, Ollie and Zulu, Tara, Sultan, Mojo, Bonzo, Bobbie, Keira, Maggie, Toby and Likkie.....and all the others in the vast dog family that visit and live in this place. They, are a law unto themselves, these dogs of ours....happiness is the order of the day as they bound, scamper, snuffle and scuffle around. They leap delightedly into the water at high tide, frightening fishes skulking on the bottom, while low tide brings the ever endearing delight of mud, mud, glorious mud, the run and slide in, only to be found out and to be taken home to be bathed and ridden of THAT FOUL SMELL! We have dog parties, with all sporting bright bows and doggie bags of the real sort are given out, the owners sitting around in chairs delighting in the lovely surrounds and viewing the sea and distant hills.....ah.....this place.....

Spring is here, and this place now erupts in a palette of bright colours and perfume hangs heavy in the air.....bright orange, yellows, magenta, brilliant white, tiny blue, the sunbirds dart in and out flashing scarlet and green underbellies feeding on the abundance of food. In the freshness of the early morning the Storks paddle in the rain soaked puddles while the Spoonbills and Cranes meander around in the shallows.....this place is a rare place - it is.

The people of this place.....are many and varied, they weave the paths and grassways, chattering, interacting, politising, laughing and enjoying. They are the backbone, the front bone, rear guard and the front guard....they are the custodians and carers - they are the Alpha and the Omega of "This Place" - because they are the ones who make it happen, who clean up after themselves and others.....who cherish and love and who want to spend hours just being in this place, this haven and this heaven.....this.....is Steenbok Park, this is Leisure Island.....and we, love it.

Janet Penberthy

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