

SHOP SPOT



Solette Rhodes

Look sharp with spikes

FASHION-CONSCIOUS stylistas can look sharp this autumn as studs are going to be everywhere: from shoes to shirts. Spikes can be combined not only with leather jackets, wrist-cuffs and collars but also with girlier styles to give an edge to light chiffon dresses or short shorts. This punk rock look first became popular in the 1980s, when Doc Martens and body-piercings weighed in with a vengeance. This season – autumn/winter 2013 – the fashion pack predicts studs and spikes will pop up on most of the major brands, and on items as diverse as bracelets, scarves, shorts, tops, jackets, leggings, hats, boots, shoes, bags and even sunglasses. Port Elizabeth image consultant Solette Rhodes has tracked down a star-studded selection of the trend.



PLATFORMS: Luella, R999



PUMPS: Legit, R129.99



PEEP-TOE PLATFORMS: Truworthis, R450



HANDBAG: Surprise, R180



BELT: Woolworths, R79.95

PROFILE

Putting cheer into charity



Love for Africa keeps fire burning

PROFESSIONAL auctioneer Karen Sorbo found her soul mate on a trip to Brazil in 2007. Angolan Francelino Henriques Zau saved her from malaria – and is where her African influence comes from. He was a jewellery artist whom she met in Rio de Janeiro, and she visited him six times over the next year, once going deep into the Amazon where she contracted malaria. Zau rustled up a natural remedy and she recovered. They married four years ago and went to his home country, Angola, only to find he hardly had any family left after fleeing the civil war. Zau now travels the world with her planning to make a difference one step at a time – and the wedding rings they share symbolise their love of Africa as well as each other.



LOVE BOND: Karen Sorbo and Francelino Henriques Zau
ABOVE: The rings shaped like Africa

Sold on a life of helping others

AMERICAN charity auctioneer Karen Sorbo first realised she wanted to make a difference in the world when still a little girl – and, so far, she has raised \$450-million (about R4-billion) through more than 2 200 auctions for causes. Growing up on a Minneapolis farm, she was often told by her father how stupid she was and that she would never make anything of her life. When she was eight, she discovered her first National Geographic magazine and begged her parents to give her a subscription so she could read it monthly. They reminded her of how poor they were and told her she would never see the places featured in the magazine. She remembers how her father would take off his belt and beat her for caring about people who were less fortunate than herself. But, 20 years ago, she forgave her father for 35 years of physical and verbal abuse, tried to involve him in her life and asked if he would like to go to “school” and become an auctioneer. “He was retired at the time and was very crabby and mean. We both went to auction school and became auctioneers,” Sorbo said. In 1993, Sorbo graduated at both the Missouri Auctioneer School and World Wide College of Auctioneering. Coming from her background, she was not used to selling to affluent people in a sophisticated environment but loving a challenge, she did just that. After that, the phone kept ringing off the hook from non-profit organisations.



COMPASSIONATE HEART: American auctioneer Karen Sorbo has chosen children's home Sinethemba, in Korsten, as her charity of the year
Pictures: FREDLIN ADRIAAN, BRIAN WITBOOI

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BEING a blonde-haired and blue-eyed beauty, American fundraiser Karen Sorbo has always had people judge her by her appearance without looking into her heart – and this year her heart is with the children of Port Elizabeth's Sinethemba Children's Care Centre. The free-spirited professional auctioneer Sorbo landed in Port Elizabeth last week to visit the children at the Korsten centre, her chosen charity for this year, to personally see where her support is going. The “charity coxer” from Minneapolis, Minnesota, brought a donation for the home and filmed footage for a fundraiser she plans to have when she gets back to the US, where she is aiming to raise up to R200 000 for the children's care centre. Sinethemba is currently home to 27 abandoned children of all ages. It provides a caring environment with positive influences on children who are disadvantaged and underprivileged. Sinethemba translates to “we have hope” in Xhosa. In the past, Sorbo has helped Peru with funding for cleft palate surgery; a Namibian church to rebuild its structure destroyed by sandstorms; transported children from Mexico to the United States for medical treatment and been a spokeswoman against female genital mutilation for a drum group from Guinea. This bubbly personality lives and breathes compassion and conducts more than 100 auctions a year, which are so successful that she is able to fund many charities. “I decided that, every year, I will select one international non-profit organisation [that I have conducted an auction for or that I was led to from someone else]. From there, I would then donate the fee that I received from conducting the auction to the organisation that I was led to, and give to their needs. My heart's desire is to see where and how the funds will be distributed, in person.” She was urged to help Sinethemba by former jeweller Sean Austin, who, after an illness forced him into early retirement, decided to spend his time researching how to connect people internationally with local projects. “Sean is the reason I am here, he is behind all of this. And we met on Facebook, can you believe that?” Sorbo said. “I have always believed that there are two important days in everyone's life – the day you were born and then the day you discovered why you were born,” Sorbo added. She believes that she was born to make a difference.

DECOR

Make a home for odds, ends

KEEP keys handy. Unfurl a tangle of necklaces. Display a collection of vibrant scarves. Or make this pretty rack to corral the things that often collect by the front door – like backpacks, jackets and even the dog's lead. “You can make this in minutes,” says Ana White, author of *The Handbuilt Home* and the self-named you like. Find the centre of the board, both lengthwise and widthwise. Mark the placement of each knob, spacing them every 10cm at one of the Eastern Cape's many beaches and working outward from the centre. Drill a hole slightly smaller than the knob's post, and screw each knob in place. Paint or stain the wood if you like.



DECKED OUT: Take a piece of wood and use it as a hanger for items

Woman On Top



Beth Cooper Howell

Exorcising my inner tech demon is pointless, I'm hooked

I'M in my happy space again following the annual manic shell-shock that is the start of a new year, a new school term and the insanity that is working motherhood during this time, particularly. Yes, Easter break. Oh, obviously for the chocolate and back-to-back holidays, but less obvious for the moments of pause when we, the overworked, multitasking idiots who keep doing too much for everyone but ourselves, give thanks that we tackled and survived the steep ascent that is January and February. Even my daughter's teacher acknowledges

this wee victory in the face of bills, end-of-tax-year, clashing schedules and weight gain – the homework books were stamped with a “you did it, moms!” on the last day. The sisterhood gets it. Anyway, I don't have anything historic to say about Easter. I know you've eaten the kids' eggs and you're popping buttons and feeling slothful. What you may also be, if you're a with-it woman like me (do I even have to ask?), is vaguely concerned that, despite government-sanctioned chocolate frenzies and days on the beach, you're

still exhausted. “Kaput” and running on empty. And wondering why. I've examined this objectively and asked around. And it's got nothing to do with kilojoules and everything to do with my spanking new iPhone – the latest one. It's the one that everybody talks about and which irks my BlackBerry-using girlfriends, because it won't let us BBM chat for free, ever, in a million years (they could, of course, iMessage me gratis, but that is not today's point). Since signing for my Apple toy, life has turned

on its axis in unimaginable ways. I've always had a healthy appetite for technology, but balance was key. This, my Easter gift to self, has forced me to confront my inner digital demon. Until I joined the smartphone revolution – and I'm honestly not a joiner, not usually – I'd laughed at those people who posted Facebook photos of their stubbed toes, Friday fry-ups and close-ups of their half-price Maybelline lipstick haul from Edgars, or who randomly took screen shots of weird street signs and sent costly text messages to all their expat mates.

Until I became one of them at Easter. I am the woman who now checks mail while watching, with one eye, the toddler on the slide; who downloaded a guide on how to shop for junk food and Easter eggs and who now walks about the supermarket with my phone gingerly balanced on one arm, instead of a pen-and-paper grocery list, because the online one lets you write “milk, eggs and bread” in different fonts. I'll remember warmly this year of my virtual Easter, when I spent more time surfing pictures of Lindt bunnies, rather than eating them.

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