

50+

ONLINE

ISSUE 60

APRIL 2026

*Guardian Angels don't die* page 6

**"Advertising your business"**



# 50+

MAGAZINE / TYDSKRIF

**COMMENTS:**

Please send us an e-mail to [admin@topvibe.co.za](mailto:admin@topvibe.co.za) to share your opinion, ideas and comments.

**COPYRIGHT:**

Content of 50 + Magazine / Tydskrif is protected by copyright. NO part of this publication may be reproduced or used in any form whatsoever without prior settlement with the Editor.

**DISCLAIMER:**

The Editor or the publisher cannot be held responsible for damages or consequences of any errors or omissions neither do they stand warranty for the performance of any article, letter and / or advertisement. The view of other writers or articles in this Magazine is not necessarily the view of the Editor.

**EDITOR:**

Charmaine Britz

**CONTACT DETAIL:**

Cell: 072 768 8582

**WEBSITE:**

[www.topvibe.co.za](http://www.topvibe.co.za)

# 1.

**50+ AMBASSADORS:**

**MEDIA HOUSE SEEKING A AMABASADOR:**

We need a Ambassador for 50+ Magazine contact 072 768 8582

# 2.

**ADVERTISING:**

Advertise your business, products and more with us at affordable prices. For more info call 072 768 8582

# 3.

**GUARDIAN ANGELS DON'T DIE:**

Read this amazing story on page 6

# 4.

**BE ON OUR COVER PAGE ?:**

Are you 50 + meaning 50 years and older? Then enter our competition.



Photographer: Albertus Kriel  
Venue: Bar with No Name - Village

## Redakteur

*aan die woord*

Liewe leser,

Media House is steeds opsoek na 'n ambassadeur vir die 50 + tydskrif? Indien jy kans sien vir 'n lekker uitdaging kontak my, ons het 'n lekker span ambassadeurs. Jy sal tuis voel en dit geniet.

Ons 2026 projekte is soos volg: Dames kom kuier saam Media House gaan Koek en Tee bedien, ons gaan lag tot ons nie meer kan nie. Datum 2 Mei 2026 in Sasolburg, koste is R150p/p daar gaan uitstallers wees en jy kan lekker rondloop en kyk. Koop jou kaartjie en kom kuier saam met ons.

Kontak 072 768 582 en kry jou kaartjie. Ons sien uit daarna om jou te ontmoet. Hoor graag van julle.

Media House het 'n "Food Drive project". Help ons om blikkies kos in te samel vir kinders wat nie het nie.

Dankie byvoorbaart vir julle hulp.

Dan groet ek tot volgende maand!

Geniet die Paasfees!

Charms xox



## REGULARS

1. COVER PAGE 01

*Cover page: It's Easter.*

2. 50+ AMBASSADORS 04

*Our 50+ Ambassadors  
We need a Ambassador for 2026*

3. ADVERTS 08

*Find our adverts here and please support them.*

4. 50 + Cover page: 05

*You can be on the next cover page - all you have to do is to enter. Looking forward to see you on the next cover page.*

5. BACK PAGE 20

*Back page - our next issue is Mothers' day*

# Media House Projects 2026

# 50+ Ambassador

Support us!  
072 768 8582  
083 827 6556



MEDIA HOUSE  
**MEDIA HOUSE FOOD DRIVE**  
Please donate non-perishable  
foods, toiletries etc  
for underprivileged children.

**DONATIONS**

Donations will be handed over 30 May 2026.

Carin 082 827 6556 072 768 8582



**MH**  
MEDIA HOUSE

## Koek en Tee

2 Mei  
2026

Tyd:  
1uur

**RISOPP**

**Kom Koek en Tee  
saam met ons!**  
Jou lagspiere  
word geprikkel

**Plek:**  
58 van Wouw str,  
Sasolburg

**Kontak ons**  
Charmaine 072 768 8582  
Carin 082 827 6556

Uitstallers hope  
pret!

**Green  
Candy**  
DOOL CALM CANDY



**SJAMBOK  
MUSIC**

**SJB**  
Live music for all occasions  
WhatsApp 074 409 3929

# Guardian Angels don't die

One day I came across this and I would love to share this.

The five-year-old girl refused to release the dead biker's hand even when paramedics tried to pull her away. She screamed and held tighter, her tiny fingers wrapped around his massive tattooed knuckles like she'd never let go.

"He's my guardian angel," she kept screaming. "You can't take my angel!"

The intersection was chaos. A mangled Harley lay twisted under the front of a semi truck that had run the red light. The biker had seen it coming before anyone else. He'd shoved the little girl out of the path and taken the full impact himself.

They'd covered him with a sheet eight minutes ago. The paramedic had checked twice. No pulse. No breathing. Called it at the scene.

But the girl wouldn't leave him.

Her mother, Claire, stood ten feet away, trembling. "Sarah, baby, please. Let the doctors help him."

"He squeezed back!" Sarah shrieked. Her voice cut through the sirens and the crowd noise like a knife. "My angel squeezed back!"

The paramedic knelt down. Pressed his fingers to the biker's neck more out of obligation than hope.

His face went white.

"I've got a pulse," he whispered. Then louder, grabbing his radio. "I've got a pulse! Weak but present. Get the trauma kit now!"

He ripped the sheet away. The biker's eyes were open. Pale blue, startling against the blood covering his face. His gaze locked onto Sarah with an intensity that made every person nearby take a step back.

His lips moved. One word. Barely a whisper.

"Sarah."

The little girl's face lit up like Christmas morning. "That's my name! He knows my name!"

Claire pushed forward. "Baby, you need to let them work on him—"

"No! He needs me. He told me in my dream."

The biker's lips moved again. "Pink... bicycle... training wheels..."

Claire's knees buckled. Those words described the bike in their garage. The one Sarah had gotten for her birthday two

weeks ago.

"How do you know about her bike?" Claire whispered.

Sarah answered like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Because he's been watching me, Mommy. He's been keeping me safe."

The biker's hand moved toward his vest pocket. The effort was enormous. Sarah understood before anyone else. She reached over and carefully pulled out a photograph. Worn soft from years of handling. Creased at the corners.

When Claire saw it, the sound she made wasn't quite human.

It was Sarah. Not the five-year-old standing here in a bloodstained dress. A newborn. Tiny. Hooked to machines in a hospital NICU. Fighting for her life. Date stamped five years ago.

"Mommy?" Sarah looked up. "Why does he have my baby picture?"


The biker's eyes found Claire's. "Promised... her... I'd watch over you both."

Claire's hand flew to her mouth. The memory hit her like a freight train.

Five years ago. A different night.



# "Advertising your business"



We will Manage your business  
Facebook page  
Call 072 768 8582 for more  
information



The Vaal Triangle's  
Preferred Choice!

STAY HEALTHY,  
STAY SAFE,  
STAY TUNED IN!

SMS: 41022 (R1.50 per sms)  
Studio: 014 667 6000  
Office: 014 667 2214  
Marketing: 014 667 4304 / 4404 / 3488

WhatsApp: 082 851 8870 | www.ifmradio.co.za



**CompMed** Medical Aid  
Services

Jan Bekker 082 881 8307

Tel: 016 932 2061  
Tel: 016 932 2917  
Fax: 016 932 2597  
Email: bekker@compmed.co.za

148 Louis Trichardt Boulevard, SE 2, Vanderbijlpark



ORDER YOUR  
COPPERBRITE TODAY

THIS PRODUCT  
IS EASY TO  
USE AND LEAVES  
NO RESIDUE

**Copperbrite**

**COPPER & BRASS  
CLEANER**  
CLEANS QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY

Sole agent in the Vaal  
Charmaine 072 768 8582

# Guardian Angels don't die

A desperate, pregnant woman stranded alone on a dark highway. Car broken down. Labor starting six weeks too early. Headlights passing without stopping.

Until one motorcycle pulled over.

A biker with a gray beard and kind eyes. He'd called the ambulance. Held her hand through contractions in the back of it. Followed them to the hospital. Sat in the waiting room for seventeen hours while her premature baby fought to survive.

He'd asked only one thing. The baby's name.

Sarah.

Then he'd disappeared. The nurses told Claire later that he'd paid her entire medical bill. Over fifty thousand dollars. Left only a handwritten note on the reception desk.

"Every child deserves a chance. I'll be watching over her."

She'd never seen him again. Never got to thank him. Never even learned his name.

Until now.

"Tommy Morrison," the biker managed. "Kept my promise."

As they prepared to move him, his vitals

dropped. The monitors screamed. But every time Sarah gripped his hand, the numbers climbed back.

"She rides with us," the lead paramedic decided. "The kid keeps holding his hand."

They loaded Tommy into the ambulance with Sarah still attached like a tiny anchor keeping him in this world. Claire climbed in after them.

That's when the motorcycles started arriving.

Dozens of them. All wearing the same patch Tommy wore on his vest. Guardian Angels MC. A child's handprint stitched into the center.

An older biker approached Claire before the ambulance doors closed. "Ma'am, I'm Wolfman. Club president. Is that the little girl? Is she the one?"

"The one what?"

Wolfman's eyes were red. "Five years ago, Tank lost his daughter. Car accident. She was five years old. Her name was Sarah."

Claire felt the ground shift beneath her.

"Born the same day as your Sarah," Wolfman continued. "Same hospital. Tank said God took one Sarah and gave him

another to protect. He's been watching over your girl ever since. Rode past her school every morning. Parked outside your house during thunderstorms because she was scared of them. Sat in the hospital parking lot for three days when she had pneumonia."

"I never knew," Claire whispered.

"That was the point. Guardian angels don't announce themselves." Wolfman's voice cracked. "Until they need to take a semi truck for the ones they love."

At the hospital, doctors couldn't explain it. Tommy's injuries should have killed him. Did kill him, for eight minutes. But with Sarah's hand in his, his vitals held steady. When they tried to separate them for surgery, he flatlined.

The trauma surgeon stopped arguing after the second time. "The child stays."

Sarah slept in a chair pulled up to his bed. Her hand never left his.

Days passed. Tommy improved in ways that defied medicine. Not completely. Some damage was permanent. But enough to speak. Enough to tell the story Sarah had been waiting for.

"There were two Sarahs," he said on a quiet evening, Claire sitting nearby.

**CONTINUE PAGE 14**



# Voorblad geleentheid in 2026

Will jy ook op 'n tydskrif se voorblad verskyn?

Jy kan al wat jy moet doen is om ons Facebook blad dop te hou en sodra jy die advertertensie sien skryf in en jy mag dalk net ons volgende voorblad gesig wees.

Dit kan heerlike pret wees, ek hoor al hoe spog die kleinkinders met oma en opa op die voorblad of wat van oma en opa saam.

Ja dit is nooit te laat nie, maak 2026 jou jaar en waag 'n bietjie ek belowe dit gaan pret wees..

My kontak nommer is 072 768 8582 vir meer inligting..



# Guardian Angels don't die

One was my daughter. She loved butterflies and chocolate ice cream."

"I like those too," Sarah said softly.

"I know." His smile was sad and beautiful at the same time. "She went to heaven on a rainy Tuesday. I was supposed to pick her up from school. I was five minutes late. Just five minutes."

He stopped. Swallowed hard. Claire put her hand on his shoulder.

"That night, I wanted to follow her. Couldn't see the point of a world without my Sarah. But then I heard about another Sarah. Born too early. Fighting to live. Her mama all alone."

He looked at Claire.

"I thought maybe God was giving me a second chance. Not to replace my Sarah. But to make sure another Sarah got the life mine couldn't have."

"So you saved us," Claire said.

"No. You saved me. Every time I saw your Sarah growing and laughing and living, it healed something in me. Made my Sarah's death mean something."

Sarah listened with five-year-old solemnity. Then she said something that made both

adults stop breathing.

"Heaven Sarah talks to me sometimes. In dreams. She says her daddy is the best guardian angel ever. She says thank you for sharing him."

Tommy's face crumbled. Tears spilled down his scarred cheeks. He sobbed in a way that released five years of grief all at once.

Claire held one hand. Sarah held the other. They stayed like that until the shaking stopped.

When he could speak again, he looked at Claire. "How do I ever repay you? For giving me purpose?"

"You saved my daughter's life twice," Claire said. "Once when she was born. Once on that street. There's no repaying. There's only family."

Tommy never rode again. His body wouldn't allow it. But he found a different purpose. Teaching motorcycle safety to kids at schools and community centers. Sarah was always his assistant. The Guardian Angels MC was always his backbone.

The news story went viral. The girl who wouldn't let go of the dying biker. The miracle at the intersection. But the real story was quieter than any headline could capture.

It was about two Sarahs. One in heaven. One on earth. And a broken man who'd found a reason to keep living by protecting a child who wasn't his.

It was about a promise made in a hospital hallway five years ago and kept every single day since. Through school mornings and thunderstorms and a three-day pneumonia vigil in a parking lot nobody knew about.

It was about a little girl who held a dead man's hand and refused to let go. Not because she was scared. But because she knew something the adults didn't.

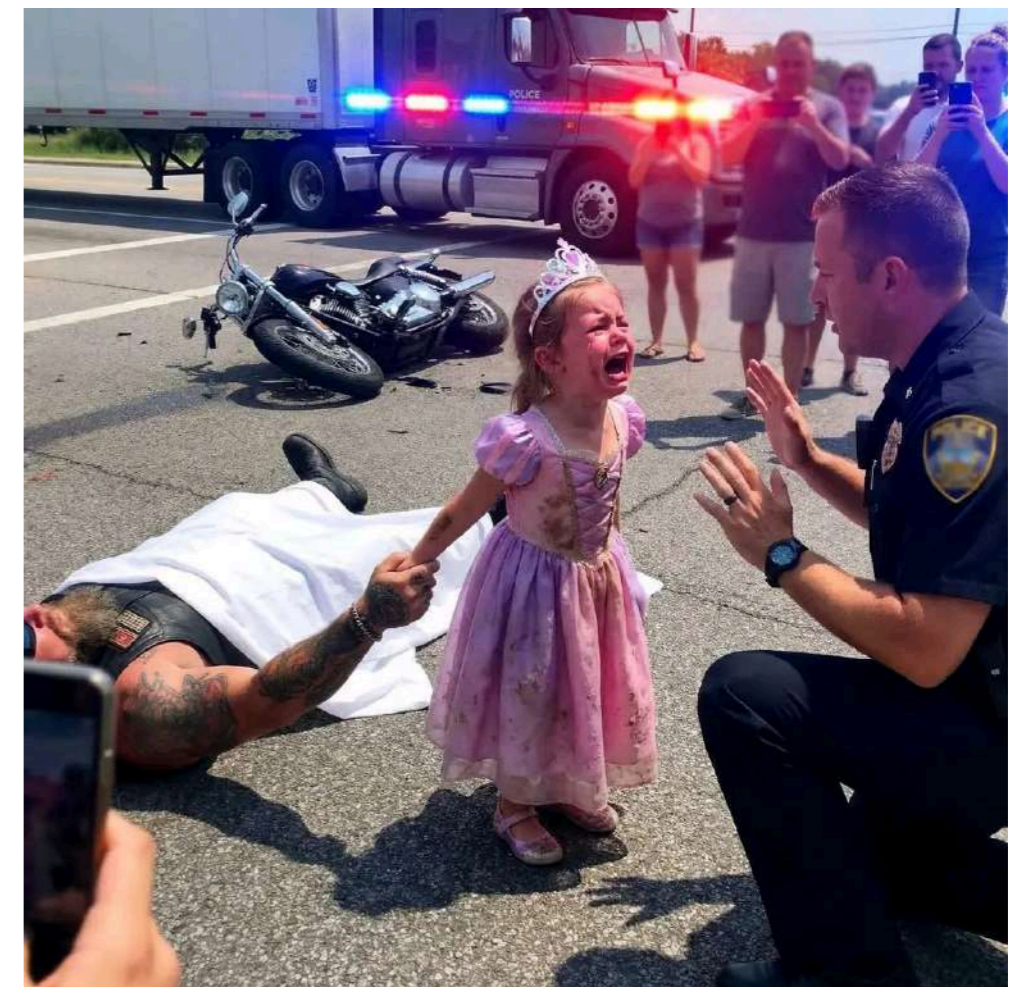
Guardian angels don't die. They just get

And sometimes, when they forget that, it takes a five-year-old in a blood-stained princess dress to remind them.

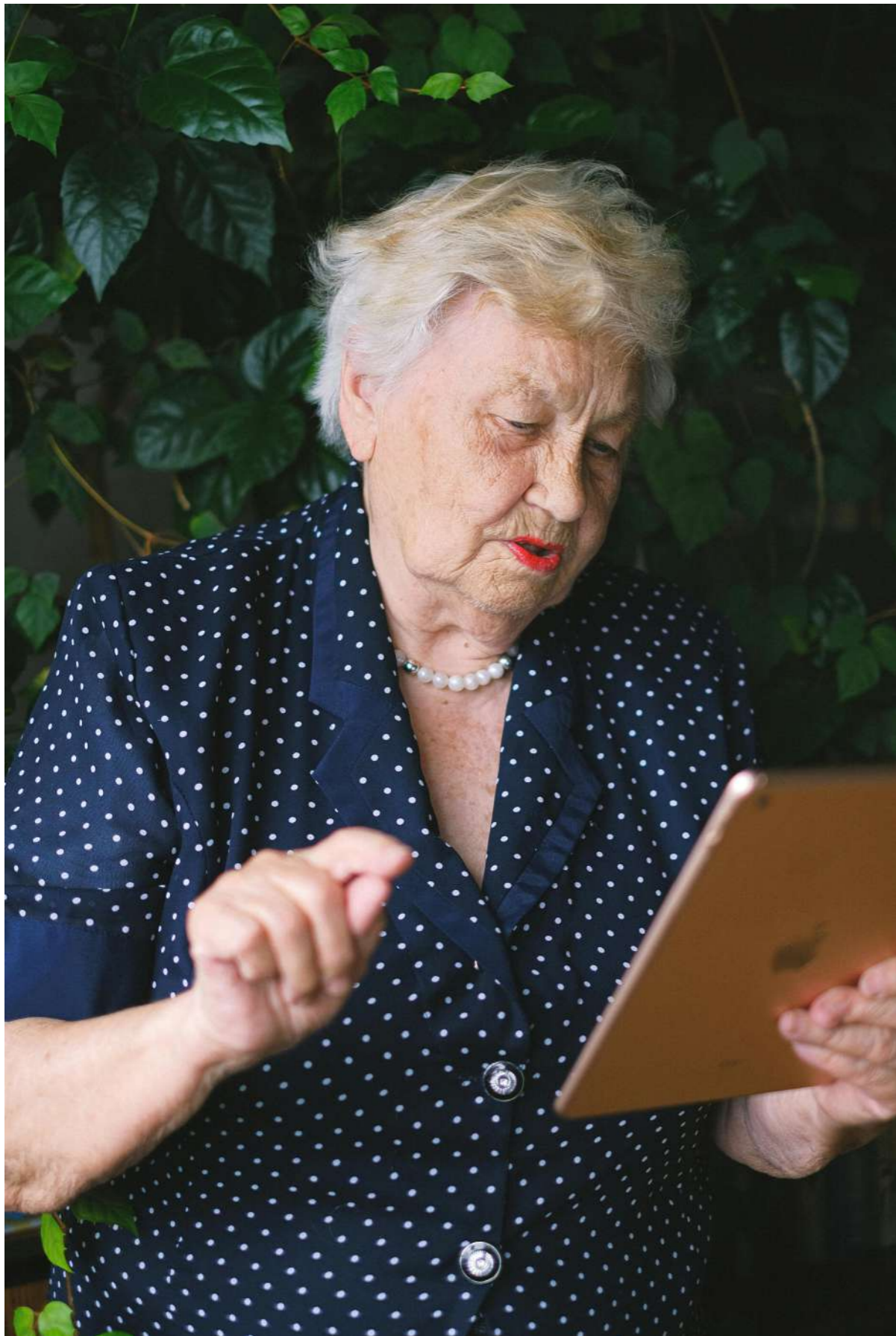
(Share this story to spread kindness and let's make this world a better place)

I'm sure you had tears in your eye.

Take care and be blessed



# Elderly people welcome technology



Older adults increasingly use technology for health monitoring (telehealth, wearables) and social connectivity, yet face barriers like complex interfaces, physical limitations, and security fears. While a digital divide persists, especially for those over 75, many seniors embrace technology to maintain independence and stay connected with family.

## Key Aspects of Technology for Seniors

**Health and Safety:** Telehealth, blood pressure monitors, and smart-home sensors for fall detection are commonly used, with 64% using telehealth in some studies.

**Communication:** Smartphones and apps are vital for connecting with family and friends.

**Adoption Barriers:** Fear of complexity, lack of confidence, and physical limitations (vision, dexterity) often hinder adoption.

**Solutions:** Devices with simplified interfaces, "senior modes," and voice-activated assistants (Alexa/Google Assistant) help overcome these hurdles.

**Digital Divide:** A significant gap exists between older (75+) and younger users, though adoption among 50-64 year-olds is rising.

## Impact of COVID-19

The pandemic accelerated the adoption of digital tools, with many seniors utilizing, and intending to continue using, online shopping and video calling to reduce isolation.

Older adults think technology makes it easier to reach people, stay in touch with the people they like, and meet new people. Technology also supports existing social activities with friends and enhances convenience in many life domains.

Elderly don't do that bad with technology, most of the time they can help themselves.

# Elderly people often experience higher stress.

**E**lderly people often experience higher stress due to a combination of chronic health issues, loss of independence, financial limitations, and loneliness. Major life changes—such as bereavement, retirement, or moving—along with reduced cognitive flexibility and reduced ability to process emotions, make them more vulnerable to stress.

Key drivers of stress in the elderly include:

**Health and Physical Decline:** Dealing with chronic pain, multiple diseases (dementia, diabetes, heart disease), and loss of physical abilities.

**Isolation and Loss:** Reduced mobility, bereavement of partners or friends, and loneliness cause significant emotional strain.

**Loss of Independence:** Inability to perform daily tasks or losing the ability to drive can lead to feelings of helplessness, frustration, and fear of moving into care.

**Financial Insecurity:** Living on a fixed income, managing health costs, and worrying about outliving savings.

**Biological Vulnerability:** The aging brain may struggle to regulate anxiety, causing them to be more susceptible to overwhelming emotions.

**Managing Stress in Older Adults**  
Strategies include maintaining social connections, engaging in regular physical exercise, seeking counseling for grief, and establishing routine.

**Note:**

***Chronic stress in older adults is associated with inflammation and disease, making it important to recognize symptoms such as agitation, sleep issues, or loss of appetite.***

***Men do stress more than Women, the reason is not known, it might be because they are mothers and had to learn to cope with stress.***



# ***MAGAZINE***

***MEDIA HOUSE***



**NEXT ISSUE MAY 2026**

**TO DOWNLOAD GO TO [WWW.TOPVIBE.CO.ZA](http://WWW.TOPVIBE.CO.ZA)**