



TAKINA
TE HAU
E
TE REO
KARANGA

EDITORS

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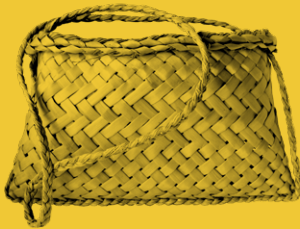
Whāriki Puawaitanga



Kete Haukāinga



Kete Manuhiri



Kete Wānanga



Kete Pai Mutunga

WHĀRIKI
PUAWAITANGA



Nā Estelle Lloyd

TE REO KARANGA

[AUDIO LINK]



HE KUPU KŌRERO WHAKAPŪARE

Mai ē runga
Mai ē raro
Mai ē roto
Mai ē waho
Tihei wā mauri ora!

Tuatahi e mihi kau ana ki te whenua
o Rangimatarau
Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka
Te Marae o Te Noho Kotahitanga
Ngā Whare Pūkenga, Ngākau Māhaki me Manāki

Ki ngā pou arataki mai te timatanga, o te Whare Pūkenga tae noa
ki te wa o ināianei

he mihi mutunga kore ki ngā mahi rangatira ko tutukingia.

Ki ngā kōhikōhinga kōrero o ngā hunga māreikura ma, i ā rātou
whakāro, whiwhinga, matauranga, pūkenga nōki ko mau e rātou i
te pukapuka nei. Nei ra ngā mihi māreikura mā.

Ki Te Reo Karanga ka rere, ē rere, ki ngā ao katoa.

Mā te whakamahinga tonu i te taonga tuku iho nei ka manahia ko
Te Reo Karanga, ka ora mārīka tonu ai mo nga uri Māori rātou
horekau ano kia whānau mai.

Ka mana ai, ka ora nōki ngā mea katoa, mai i te rangi ki te
whenua, ki te taiao, tae noa ki te ao tangata.

Mā Ranginui, mā Papatūānuku me ā raua tamariki Atua mai hei
korowai ē manākingia ngā taonga pū kōrero ko tāngia i te
pukapuka nei.

From the world of Ranginui
From the world of Papatūānuku
From the world within the self
From the outer world
There Life begins!

First acknowledgement is to the land of Rangimatarau
To Unitec – Te Pūkenga
To the marae of Te Noho Kotahitanga
The houses of Pūkenga, Ngākau Māhaki and Manāki.
To the leaders from the establishment of the house of Pūkenga
to now,
acknowledgements of their noble achievements.

To the māreikura, whose collections of thoughts, acquired
knowledge and also their skills gained are here epitomised in their
writings, acknowledgements to you! To the mana of the voice of
the call of wahine, ascend and traverse all dimensions, including
the environment and the world of mankind.

May the esteemed woman's voice of her call continue to be a living
voice, for the wellbeing of all things of the heavens, of the earth
and mankind to descendants not yet born.

To also honour all things of the heavens to the earth, the
environment and to mankind.
May Ranginui, Papatūānuku and their deities cloak and bless the
stories in these writings.

Tāngata ako i te whare, te turanga ki te marae, tau ana.
People taught in the meeting house, stand grounded on the marae.

He Pou Karanga – Te Taonga Tuku Iho

Ko Ranginui te tuanui
 Ko Papatūānuku te paparahi
 Ko oku maunga ngā poupou
 Ki te whei ao ki te ao marama
 Tihei wa Mauri ora!
 Ko Ngā Puhi-nui-tonu me Ngāti Kahu ngā Iwi
 Ko Rahiri rāua ko Ahuaiti ngā Tāngata
 Ko Te Parata rāua ko Kahutianui ngā Tāngata
 Ko Te Mamaeroa Cowie ahau

He Mihi – Acknowledgement

Whiua ki te rangi, whiua ki te mata o te whenua, whiua ki te taiao, mai i a Rangi Atea ki te pito o Papatūānuku ka puta ki te pae tāngata te taonga tuku iho ko te reo karanga. E tika ana rā, kia mihihia ngā tapuwae o ōku tupuna mai i a Hawaiki ki Te Tiritiri o Te Moana, Aotearoa. Rātou mā ngā tupuna, i kawea mai te taonga tuku iho ko ‘Te Reo Karanga’, hei Pou Karanga mā ngā māreikura ō te iwi Māori e pupuri ai kia ora tonu ai. Aue! Te aroha mutunga kore kia rātou mā! Me pēnei ra te kōrero kia kaua e mahue atu i te taha Whatukura, rātou mā nōki i te hapai te tikanga karanga o ngā māreikura. Hei oranga mo te ao katoa mai rānō. E tū, māreikura mā, tū kaha, tū maia, tū pono, tukua te reo orooro kia poipoia ngā mea katoa e te taonga tūpuna nei. Tukua kia rere ki ngā mea katoa mai te rangi ki te mata o te whenua ki hei painga mo te katoa.

Te Whakatupuranga – Upbringing

As children of the 1950s (I was born in the 1940s), my sister Wharetatao King and I were raised by dedicated and loving parents. Despite the ongoing impact of intergenerational colonisation on us as a whānau, their best efforts and interests in nurturing us are highly commended.

As a whānau, our experience could be perceived as that of being raised and living in a world of double standards – the world of Christianity versus Te Ao Māori. Māori culture was not the driver of our lives but rather it was tikanga Hāhi (faith-based values and protocols) that primarily governed our lives. This was within the faith of Ngā Kaikauhau o Ihowa, Jehovah's Witnesses. Our life within our Māori hapori community was highly restrictive. This had an impact on our relationships and social engagement with our whanaunga (relatives) outside of the church in our hapū (subtribe) lands, which were strongly discouraged. Our whānau connection to hapū events such as tangihanga (funerals) was limited to the provision of koha kai (food gifting) to the marae in the form of hua whenua (vegetables and meat produce of our lands).

Our parents, on the other hand, were practitioners of Māori healing such as rongoā (natural medicinal remedies) and ancient karakia, particularly when accidents would occur to us as children. A further example of the duality of our worlds relates to my sister Wharetatao: prior to her birth, our parents were approached by tohunga of our village, who foretold of a child to be born to them. This child to be born would come through with a specific whenua (placenta); this child was not theirs but was chosen to be a child of the world. This was fulfilled with the birth of my sister. Her life was one of being trained in the kura wānanga (customary school of higher learning). From the age of three through to 14, she was taught by kuia and kaumātua of both our iwi, Ngā Puhi and Ngāti Kahu. For her, the world of karanga began in early childhood under the guidance of her tohunga (specialist teachers). Her higher learning and training were to prepare her to walk in the world of sovereignty – Te Wakaputanga o Tino Rangatiratanga o Nutireni, The Declaration of Independence 1835. This mission she took up with dedication and passion, as she worked hard to achieve what she was able to do for our people on the journey of reclamation of rangatiratanga (sovereignty), until she passed away in 2018.

Another example of double standards in our lives, or what some might describe as richness within my whānau, is that the first language of both

my parents was te reo Māori, but they each had their own worldview. Our father only spoke English to us as children and our mother only spoke te reo Māori. They both staunchly promoted their individual kīwaha (colloquial saying) at every opportunity. Our father's was: "This is a Pākehā world, you need to think like a Pākehā, be like a Pākehā, but know you are Māori." On the other hand, the kīwaha of our mother, who only spoke Māori to us throughout our childhood, enriched our tikanga Māori worldview: "Naku te whenua, naku te reo, tou tero tāu Pākehā" – "This is my land, this is my language, get lost Pākehā."

My personal journey as child was that of being educated, groomed and trained to be a missionary. Which I did fulfil in part, serving as a full-time minister for a number of years. The duality of world values and customs was a common feature within whānau of our generation; some children were selected for traditional education and training, as was the case of my sister Wharetatao. Other siblings were educated in the world of Christianity. In the early 1960s, my parents, with five children living at home of the 12 children in total, migrated from rural life in the Hokianga to urban life in Te Waipounamu.

He Pou Karanga

Accepting and standing in the role of He Pou Karanga is an absolute privilege for all wāhine Māori. To stand as the voice of Papatūānuku – which in its entirety empowers all in the experience of karanga, as defined in our culture as the voice of the caller – touches the higher self and the soul level of all.

It was in my early 30s that my journey as He Pou Karanga began. This was in the early 1980s, as my eldest daughter was a student at intermediate school in Ōtautahi Christchurch, and she desired to learn te reo Māori. Given that I was raised in a bilingual home, I identified that the teachers, non-Māori, were teaching te reo Māori incorrectly, both written and

spoken. I approached the school principal to address the matter, and there began my career in teaching te reo Māori me ona tikanga, spanning nearly three decades.

Truly teaching te reo Māori me ona tikanga was my lifeline and a saviour for me as a wahine Māori tuturu, an Indigenous wahine. This was a major contributor to my reclamation of my manamotuhake (self-determination) and rangatiratanga (my divinity as a noble), as a Māori. This then led to my going on a number of decolonisation wānanga journeys, for which I am ever grateful. Thankful, too, am I to the leaders of those wānanga in the early 1990s.

To hold space and time in a sacred and precious ceremony as a He Pou Karanga in the tikanga Māori process, unique to the Indigenous people of Aotearoa, is a great privilege. Truly it is a taonga tuku iho (a sacred treasure) of the ancient ones passed down that we must always honour in the changing world around us. It is a space where attendees and participants share a journey in the presence of the ancients that enriches all.

To be a part of Wananga Karanga i Wairaka, now in our fifth year, alongside Whaea Lynda Toki, has added much to my kete as a He Pou Karanga, not only as a pouako (teacher) but also as a learner. I will be forever grateful to have shared the journey with Whaea Lynda as the Pou Arataki, and all the māreikura who attend. Being a member of this collective of māreikura elevates my aspirations for the future of our people as we hold on to our living culture and taonga as tangata whenua (Indigenous people) of Aotearoa. This continues to empower me as an enabler to impart the taonga Reo Karanga to others, as in this kīwaha: “E kore e mimiti, Te Reo Karanga ina ka tohatohangia e ngā pou whakāko ki ngā hunga ako” – “The voice of the caller will never be lost when shared by the teacher with the learners.” Hei kōrero whakakapi te pū kōrero nei, ka huri ki ngā kupu o te whakataukī raro iho nei, hei akiaki tonu ngā hunga e whaiwhai ana te tū hei He Pou Karanga. May the words of the proverb below be inspirational to all who aspire to pursue this precious taonga of ours.

Ehara tāku toa i te toa takitahi, he toa taki tini.
 My success is not achieved alone; it is with the
 contributions of many.

Nā Te Mamaeroa Cowie



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Mokau ki runga
 Tamaki ki raro
 Mangatoatoa ki waenganui
 He mihi nunui ki Te Arikiniui
 Hau Paimarire ki a ratou
 Parehounuku, Pare Waikato
 Pare Hauraki, Pare Raukawa
 Te Kaokaoroa a Patetere ki Te Nehenehenui
 Ki Maniapoto
 Ko Lynda Toki ahau

Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka – Tuu Puna

Nei ra te mihi ki a Ranginui e tu iho nei
 Ki a Papatuanuku e takoto ake nei
 Ki a raua Tamariki Mokopuna, nga Pou Arahi mo Te Ira Tangata whanui
 Ki a koutou nga taonga katoa a Te Waonui a Tane
 Koutou nga Tipuna Kuia ki tuu a Te Arai, puta noa i Te Motu i whakato
 te mauri mo tenei huarahi
 Ki Te Tipuna Wairaka no Mataatua Waka
 Koutou nga Pou Rangatira Kaumatua o mua, o naianei hoki a Te Whare
 Wananga o Wairaka
 Koutou nga Rangatira i Te Whare Wananga o Te Taihuhu o Te Waka a
 Maui hoki
 Tena ra koutou katoa

I acknowledge, first, charismatic friend and sister, staunch advocate of
 He Wakaputanga and Te Waka o Nga Mokopuna ki Aotearoa, Wharetatao
 King (Kingi Waiaua) (Ngati Kahu, Ngapuhi-nui-tonu), for her koha aroha in
 the sharing of her dynamic self and ancestral knowledge received as a child
 during wananga within Waipoua Forest, Northland.

Moe mai ra e Te Whaea, I nga ringa o nga Atua o ou tupuna, moe mai ra,
 moe mai ra.

To Raina Atareta Ferris (Ngāti Kere, Porangahau, Ngati Kahungunu),
 māreikura extraordinaire, of Rongomaraeroa Marae and Nelson
 Marlborough Institute of Technology (NMIT), for laying the foundation
 for karanga as a programme to have an official place within education at
 Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka, Unitec.

From March 2014 to October 2016, the relationship between NMIT and
 Unitec grew and developed through Whaea Raina, her support people
 Leonie and Ora, NMIT enrolment administrators, and the four Noho
 Marae held each year on different aspects of Pou Pou Karanga, at Te Noho
 Kotahitanga Marae, Unitec. This was supported by Director Maori Studies,
 NMIT, and encouraged by Director Carol Ngawati of Maia Maori Centre,

Unitec, where the programme ran out of NMIT for Unitec female staff and students who wanted this structured learning. We at Wairaka are very grateful to the foresight of those from NMIT who were willing to share this taonga kaupapa matauranga.

The programme supported historical emphasis on HER stories, acknowledging the tapu and mana of our creation stories, Atua wahine, and tipuna wahine in regard to their many skills, nga puukenga, taonga i tuku iho, inclusive of karanga, the mana of the marae, especially the tapu of the Atea and the weaving of whanaungatanga within powhiri. It also encouraged the research of ancestresses, where I acknowledge Wairaka, of Mataatua Waka, after whom our institution is named. Heartfelt thanks go to all attendees of Ngati Awa on this occasion, for their Wananga Hitori, taonga tuku iho held in Ngakau Mahaki, Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae, March 2009.

From March 2001 to the present time, I acknowledge Unitec, Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka as the only Maori ancestress named within Tertiary Education throughout Aotearoa New Zealand, that also has a treaty with Iwi, acknowledged by Te Noho Kotahitanga Principles, signed with Ngati Whatua, at Orakei, 26 March 2001.

The year 2022 acknowledged the last operational year as Unitec, before the integration of all polytechnics across the country to Te Pukenga in January 2023. This book acknowledges Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka – Tuu Puna, the Wananga Karanga programme that has continued from 2017 to 2022. The programme builds the capacity of kaikaranga and women in leadership at Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka, and supports not only Te Roopu Mataara, our forum for Maori Staff, but all staff and all students of Unitec.

We have brought together a series of reflections by participants in the programme, some in the form of extended essays, some shorter prose reflections or poems. All the contributions express the powerful experiences of the authors as they came together for Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka – Tuu Puna. We begin with acknowledgements. What follows is a collection of kete that carry the reflections, each preceded by the

pepeha of the contributor. Te Kete Haukainga contains reflections from the perspective of the marae, Te Noho Kotahitanga, on Unitec's Owairaka campus. The reflections in Te Kete Manuhiri focus on arrivals, whether to physical places or to new experiences and understandings. In Te Kete Wananga, discoveries are made, knowledge is gained, and old wisdom is rediscovered. In Te Kete Pai Mutunga, contributors pause to take a breath during Covid lockdown and absorb their learning before continuing their journeys. This book acknowledges Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka Unitec Institute of Technology as their place of learning.

May you enjoy these reflections from taura wahine who are staff and students, inclusive of other cultures and nationalities, as they acknowledge an aspect of their learning journey within karanga, another facet of who they are still 'Becoming'.

Ki a koe e taku hoa piripono, hoa pouako Te Mamaeroa Cowie, e kore e mimiti haere te aroha mou.

Nei ra te mihi ki a koutou katoa nga rangatira, nga kaiwhakahaere, nga pouako, nga kaiako, nga kaimahi me nga taura huhua o Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka, piki mai, kake mai, nau mai, hoki mai, haere mai, whakatau mai ra i runga i te noho kotahitanga, te rangimarie, me te ngakau mahaki!

Na Lynda Toki



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Pūkōrero Whatukura

Ko te karanga he tikanga o te ao Māori tino hira rawa. Inā, ka kawea anake e te māreikura, te kuia, te wahine mai te tīmatanga o te pōwhiri. Ngā mihi manahau ki a mana wāhine mo ngā kōrero hāpai, awhina, manaaki i roto i te pukapuka Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka, araa, ka mōhio tonu, e kore tonu ngā āhuatanga o te kōrero e ngaro.
Mauri ora!

Nā Matua Hare Paniora

He Pou Kōrero

Ko puke hāpai, ko Taniwha, ko Turotu ngā maunga
 Ko Mangataiore, ko Mangamuka, ko Waiaruhe ngā awa
 Ko Ngātokimatawhaorua te waka
 Ko Ngawha, ko Te Paatu ngā marae
 Ko Ngāti Kahu, ko Ngāpuhi ngā iwi
 Ko Te Paatu, ko Ngāti Rangi ki Ngawha ngā hapū
 Ko Nicole (Rowena) Fonoti ahau

Takina Te Hau e Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka

Ko ōku tūpuna, he matekite rātou katoa. I kite, i whiria e rātou i tōku ara i mua i te tūtakinga o ira rāua ko tōhua.

My ancestors, they were all seers of the future. For they saw and wove my path before I was conceived.

This whakataukī illustrates how my path has come into fruition. Throughout the following discussion I will highlight parts of my childhood that link directly to my path, which was seen and woven by my ancestors.

Growing up as a Catholic in a very Westernised world, and knowing I was of Māori descent, I always felt something was missing in my life. My family and I moved to Auckland from Kaitiāia in the early 1980s, which caused a disconnect from our tribal roots. Growing up an urban Māori, I only ever remember going to either of my marae for tangihanga. I remember thinking way back then that I needed to learn more about my own culture, especially the language and songs.

I was about seven or eight when my eldest sister came home from school tasked with making a poi. She also taught me how to make my very first poi and showed me a few poi actions. Every time my sister had kapa haka practice she would pick me up from school and take me with her – I knew kapa haka would be in my future.

While I started my schooling in a Catholic school, it wasn't long before we had to move house, which meant a change of school. I attended a public school, where I first started learning my language and participating in kapa haka. I learnt my pepeha, and basic Māori words and sentences, and there were so many waiata learnt during my time at this school. My very first kapa haka performance was in front of the school. I had my first moko kauae drawn on my face. I knew I would eventually have a moko kauae etched into my skin and it would never come off.

At intermediate school and college, I continued to learn my language and participate in kapa haka. I was 14 years old when my tutor pulled me aside to

teach me a karanga. She wrote down a few sentences on a piece of paper and told me to take those words and practice doing the karanga in my head. She very specifically said, do not practice the karanga out loud. The words read:

Haere mai, haere mai, haere mai
Haere mai e ngā manuhiri tuarangi e
Haere mai, haere mai, haere mai rā e

This practice was in preparation for a pōwhiri, and as it grew closer my nerves started to kick in. It was time to stand as kaikaranga for the very first time in my life. I remember standing outside the school hall looking directly at our manuhiri, feeling overwhelmed, anxious and excited all at the same time. I felt my body shaking – it started at my feet and travelled right through my body, up into my mouth, and out came my karanga. I had never made that sound and vibration with my voice before and I was shocked. Although anxious, overwhelmed and excited in that one moment, I felt privileged to have been chosen to stand in this role for the first time in my life. These feelings lasted for the duration of my karanga.

All of these childhood experiences have groomed who I am as a Māori woman today. Although I didn't know it then, these experiences were a form of karanga. He karanga-a-ngākau, a calling of the heart, which has led on to my learning journey of karanga as I now know it. Through my own internal whakapono (belief system) and my determination to reciprocate these karanga-a-ngākau, I have now found myself being brought back to the path seen and woven for me by my ancestors.

Nā Rowena Fonoti



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Ki te taha o tōku pāpā, ko Jameilia Lahood tōku kuia, ko Jusef Fakhri tōku koroua ko Hunna Fakhri tōku pāpā. Nō Lebanon ōku tīpuna. Ki te taha o tōku māmā, ko Jessica McAra tōku kuia, ko Eric Duff tōku koroua, ko Pamela Duff tōku māmā, nō kōtimana ōku tīpuna. I whānau mai au i Ōtepoti, kei reira ahau e tipu ake. Ināianei, kei Waitākere ahau e noho ana. Ko Moss Te Ururangi Patterson taku hoa rangatira. Tokorua ā māua tamariki, ko Anahera Irihau te mātāmua, ko Māia Atirau te pōtiki, ko Annabel Fakhri tēnei. He kaiwhakawhanau, kaiako ranei ahau. Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā tātou katoa.

Ko Maunga Piko te maunga
 Ko Parengarenga te moana
 Ko Kurahaupo te waka
 Ko Pohurihanga te tangata i runga
 Ko Te Reo Mihi te Whare Tupuna
 Ko Te Hiku O Te Ika te marae
 Ko Murikahara te hapū
 Ko Ngāti Kuri te iwi
 Ko Claudine Murupaenga ahau
 Tihei mauri ora

all that is behind the veil will emerge
all that is separated will reunite
all that is forgotten will be remembered
all that is silent will sing
all that is stagnant will flow
all pain will turn to medicine
all tears will return to moana
For through karanga all is embraced

Nā Annabel Farry and Claudine Muru

KETE

HAUKĀINGA



Kete nā Whaea Lynda Toki

Jo Diamond

This is our first and primary kete-ā-koha (organised and collected contributions). Here our perspective rests, as it does in all marae, on the haukāinga (hosts, home people); those who prepare for and manage the marae in expectation of the arrival of manuhiri (guests). Haukāinga gather resources ranging from wairua (those spiritual) to pūtea (monetary), reflecting on current and future needs as well as time-honoured tikanga and kawa (rules, protocols, customs). Those relate to values such as manaakitanga (hospitality) and whanaungatanga (assertion of family ties), amongst many others. Our Atuatanga (spiritual belief systems) and tūpuna/tīpuna, such as our tupuna whaea (female ancestor) Wairaka are, of course, ever present. Our mauri manaakitanga is expressed deeply in all we do and brings forth our connections with the taiao, including all sentient beings, tangible and not so. Exemplary is the image of the beautiful toi of Piri Cowie that directly follows this kete introduction. This kete holds such wondrous examples of manaakitanga and kaitiakitanga as this work. The kaupapa (intentions, purposes, agenda) of our hui (gathering) is set now for all manuhiri by this haukāinga. Ko te kaupapa nunui, ko te karanga.



Mauri Tuna. Nā Piri Cowie



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Rangimatarau

Beautiful, sprawling, ghostly haze
 Hinepukohurangi e korowai ana
 Nga tipu a Tane e kore kitea
 Engari i mohio au, kei kona tonu
 Shadows smoking from the ground up
 I rongu au te wai kia rere
 Nga rakau i tu orite nga hoes
 Behind the mist of hope and intention
 By her name she speaks of a hundred faces
 As they make their way across campus

For today is their orientation
Filled with hope and expectation
Kua tae mai ratou o matou tauira
Ki te waha roa i te taha manu pukeko
A ka haere ki waho ko Whaea Jess
Ki te whakarite a ratou mahi
He mahi whakawhanaungatanga
Kia tau ai te mauri o nga tauira
Ka ako ratou he waiata a ringa
Ki te tautoko te mahi a te kaikorero
Ka reri ratou e tatari ana
Ka puta ka ora mai hoki te karanga
Ki a Rangimatarau te ihi rangaranga whenua
E takoto i raro to matou wananga
Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka
Ko Rangimatarau ke te mana
Na te kuia hoki ko Wairaka
Nana te ki, nana te karanga, nau mai, haere mai, ki to matou wananga!!

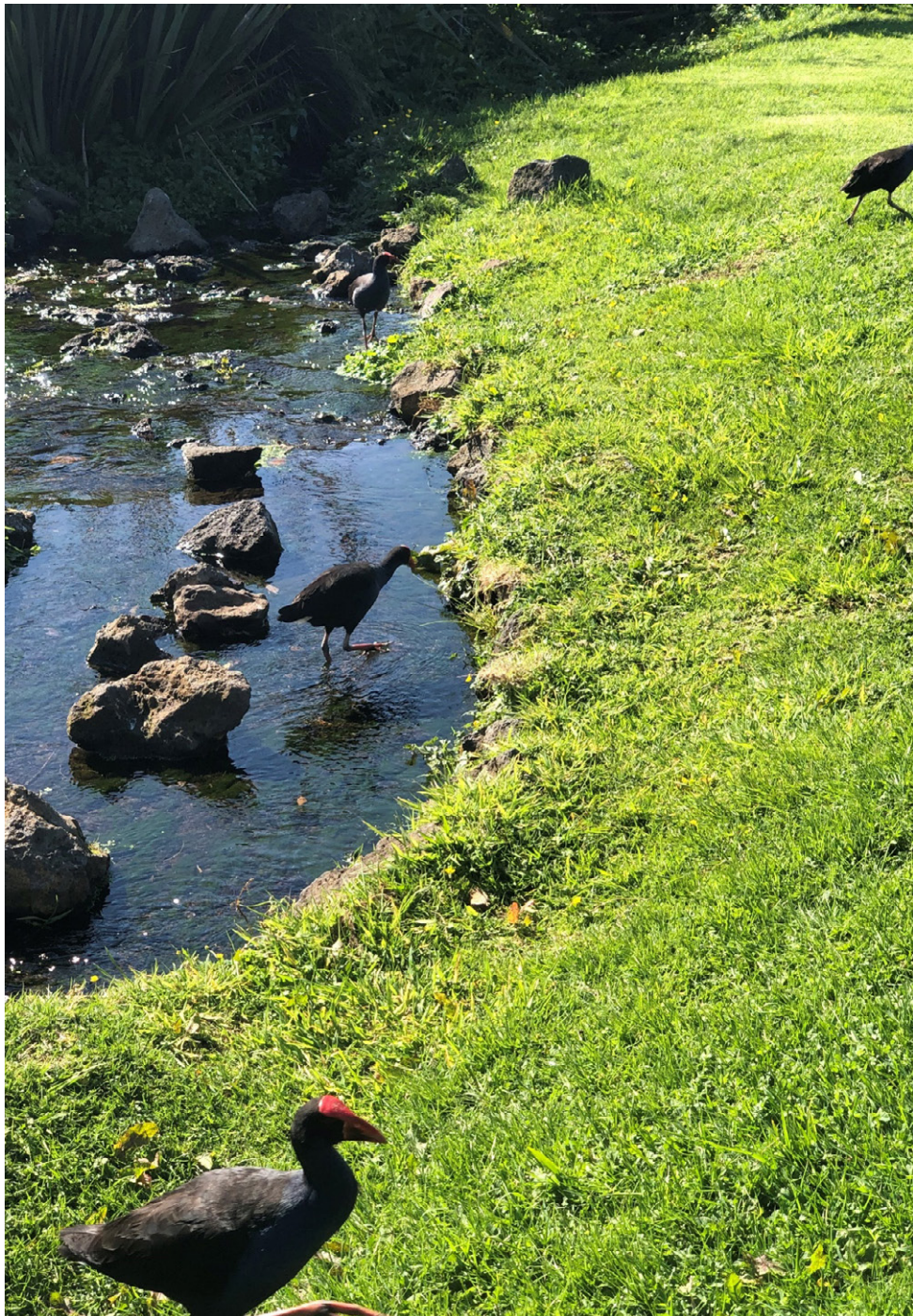
Na Lynda Toki



Rangimatarau. Na Lynda Toki



Rangimatarau, our outdoor classroom. Na Lynda Toki



I te taha o tōku Māmā
Ko Mangaokewa te maunga
Ko Mangaokewa te awa
Ko Tainui te waka
Ko Te Kuiti te pā
Ko Te Tokonganui a noho te wharenuī
Ko Ngāti Rora te hapū
Ko Maniapoto te iwi

I te taha o tōku Pāpā
Ko Parahaaki te maunga tapu
Ko Kahumako te manga
Ko Takitimu te waka
Ko Houngarea te marae
Ko Te Pakipakitanga a Hinetemoa tāku tūrangawaewae
Ko Ngāti Ngarengare tāku hapū
Ko Kahungunu ki Heretaunga te iwi
Ko Jess Aranui ahau



Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae
Ko Ngākau Māhaki te wharenuī
Ko Manaaki te wharekai
Ko Pūkenga te whare tuatahi
Ko Te Rangimārie te pā harakeke
Ko Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka te puna
Ko Te Whare Wananga o Wairaka te whanau
Tihei mauri ora
Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae
Piki mai, kake mai, haere mai rā
Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka
Tū mai ra ki te mihi ki te kaupapa kua wharikihia i tenei wā
Ka rere ngā mihi ki ngā maunga whakahī
Ki ngā awa ngā reo ngā mana
Haere mai rā
Ko Ngākau Māhaki ko te whare kōrero
Ko Manaaki, manaaki te iwi e
Piki mai, kake mai, haere mai rā

Nā Jess Aranui

Mokau ki runga
Taamaki ki raro
Mangatoatoa ki waenganui
Pare Waikato, Pare Hauraki, Te Kaokaoroa o Paatetere
Ki te Nehenehenui me te Kawau Maaro o Maniapoto
Ko Rangi Joseph ahau

Blue Whispers and Koroua Speak

Blue whispers on hi and koroua creaks
O Tiriwā, pou tāwhito speak
Thank you mokopuna mā, yon' ears of old
Your care sincere conveys pure gold
Planes fly incessantly, on and on it goes
Filter systems upload, tata pau te hau
But you care like yonder years we know
Remembered sincere me tō aroha kua mau
Local rāhui no longer enough, our world we will not concede!
Blue whispers doth brush my cheek,
Hinemoana and kauri speak!

Nā Rangi Joseph



Te Hikoi

A Saturday morning middle of June
 We all gathered none too soon
 To the karanga to assist
 The hikoi o nga pou across campus
 It was a huge group young and old
 All going to where we were told
 For this was a special day in so many, many ways
 Most departments were here to help
 That's what the day was all about
 Breaking off into our groups
 With water stops along the route
 Brace yourself, take the strain, all for one, one for all
 Ssttoopp! Uuuppp! Ddoowwnn! was the call
 There were all different ways to assist
 Like playing the guitar and singing, while others were carrying
 If you were too short, you were power lifting
 It didn't matter, everyone was involved

Moving the pou from point A to point B already solved
To the sound of the karanga, pou were placed
In the area that was to become their space
Health and safety that day was amazing
One little toe got all the attention
Papa Dan from Engineering, thanks to Whaea Haami he was okay
What a marvellous, wondrous wairua day
When we work together, collaborate as one, a unified intention, we've
already won
Te Noho Kotahitanga, that's how we are
I runga i te karanga o Wairaka

Na Lynda Toki



Nā Tonina Ngatai

Ko Ngongotaha te maunga
Ko Rotorua nui a Kahumatamomoe te moana
Ko Utuhina te awa
Ko Papa-i-Ouru te marae
Ko Ngāti Whakaue te hapū
Ko Te Arawa te iwi
Ko Te Arawa te waka
Ko Tonina Ngatai ahau

Manaaki

This word speaks for itself. Manaaki is not only the name of our wharekai but represents the values and expectations of all those who are kaitiaki of this beautiful space. It was my bound duty as Kaitiaki Manaaki to ensure it was filled with music, aroha, and good home-cooked meals that reminded people of home.

My favourite group to cater for at Te Whare Manaaki was our beautiful Karanga Wānanga ladies. Every noho was an experience and a half. It was like being in a river that took you on a journey of self-discovery. There were tears of laughter, tears of deep emotion, tears of sadness, tears of gratitude and tears of aroha knowing in you belonged to an amazing group of mana wāhine. They made my job so much easier because they filled the wharekai with waiata, laughter, music and soul. One of the most beautiful sounds to fill the four corners of Manaaki was the mauri of karanga. After every meal someone, or a group of wāhine, would karanga to the ringawera, and it was always a heart-melting moment to be acknowledged that way.

I can't think of anyone better to be leading out on this kaupapa than Whaea Lynda and Whaea Te Mamaeroa – two very special ladies who have brilliantly orchestrated a safe space for wāhine to come together and grow in their mana motuhake through karanga. Their guidance in informing, educating and sharing their knowledge with wāhine from all ages and

stages of life has been absolutely amazing to observe over the years that I have catered for them.

It was an absolute privilege to manaaki our Karanga Wānanga whānau. A special memory I will forever keep dear to my heart.

Nā Tonina Ngatai



Nā Tonina Ngatai



Mō tātou, ā, mō kā uri ā muri ake nei. Nā Piri Cowie

PEPEHA

E rere ana ngā kahu
 I te taha o ngā kuaka
 Maranga, maranga!
 Ka ngā manu ki te waka o Aoraki
 Ko Kaitahu, ko Ngā Puhi-nui-tonu me Ngāti Kahu ngā Iwi
 Ko Piri Cowie ahau

Tuhituhinga

Tōku reo, tōku ohooho,
 tōku reo, tōku mapihi maurea,
 tōku reo, tōku whakakai marihi

Ko tōku reo karanga,
 nō tua whakarere,
 nō mua rā āno
 nō ōku tūpuna,
 ko taku mana wāhine

Nei rā tāku mihi aroha ki ōku Pou Karanga, ko Whaea Lynda Toki, rātou ko tōku whaea kēkē, ko Wharetatao King, ko tōku māmā, Te Mamaeroa Cowie.

Nōku te whiwhi ki te piri ki ōu rātou taha i ngā Wānanga Karanga o Wairaka.

How fortunate I have been to receive this opportunity to be guided by our Pou Karanga, i roto i ngā Wānanga Karanga o Wairaka. He tino taonga, rātou katoa ngā māreikura nei. Wāhine who led by example, gently guiding and challenging us. He mana nui rawa te reo karanga.

There has been a multitude of enlightening wheako during these Wānanga Karanga, including waking up to morning karanga offered to Te Tai Ao – our natural environment – and being invited to tuku karanga. Observing the mana of our kaikaranga respectfully, and with aroha, stop a kaikōrero mid whaikōrero on the pae, for speaking in te reo Pākehā.

It has been empowering to see and hear te mana o te reo karanga on our whenua, moana, puna, ngāhere, ki te taone, me ō tātou marae.

Personally, these wānanga have enabled me to reclaim tōku reo karanga, as a natural part of my tuākiri (identity). To further build on the tūāpapa (foundation) of guidance that I have received from our kaikaranga in Te Waipounamu. Returning home, I have been able to connect with and incorporate my observations from Te Tai Ao into my karanga me ngā pao. I have felt comfortable kia rere pai tōku reo karanga for a variety of kaupapa, from opening exhibitions to supporting the blessing of my sister's whare and my whare toi (studio).

A highlight this year was to karanga alongside my tuakana as we took our whānau, etahi waewae tapu, onto our Marae i Puketeraki ki Karetane, Kāti Huirapa Rūnaka ki Puketeraki. We were honoured on this occasion to be called on by a senior Kāi Tahu kaikaranga.

Our Wānanga Karanga o Wairaka have deeply instilled in me the significance of being clear of the kaupapa (purpose) of the karanga, kia ngākau māhaki taku tū (to stand with humility), kia whai mana ngā kupu (to have dignity and power in the kupu that are offered). Heoi anō, when I have been called on to be a kaikaranga i ngā tangi, ka rongo au, kua tipu pai aku pūkenga karanga, now I have a clearer understanding on how best to prepare myself, kia rere tōku reo.

There have also been many joyful moments of whanaungatanga that have arisen naturally from being surrounded by wāhine passionate about te reo karanga.

He tino whakahirahira ēnei wānanga karanga
 Kia rongo tātou i tēnei taonga, te reo karanga
 He taonga tuku iho ki ngā māreikura, kia rere pai toku reo karanga mai i a Papatūānuku ki te Ao!

Nā Piri Cowie





Nā Estelle Lloyd

Ko Manawarū te maunga, te kāinga o ngā kūmara
 Te kī o Rongowhakaata
 Tēnei maunga he iti, ahakoa, he iti, he pounamu
 Arā, ko Hinehākīrangī te tuahine a Paoa, te kapene o Horouta
 Tēnei whenua e ū ki te whānui
 O ngā rākau o Tāne Mahuta, me te kāinga o ngā manu
 Ko Ani Rangitūnoa tōku tipuna
 Ko tāku tama e Oli raua ko Nick
 Ko Diane Menzies ahau

Journey to Knowledge

My wairua comes from my tīpuna. Ani Rangitūnoa must have been a strong woman as many of my cousins have the same feelings of connection. Of course that spirit passed down did not start with Ani. Her mother was Hariata Hineitauaraia, of Aitanga-ā-Māhaki; and her father, Nikorima Tuhiku, of Rongowhakaata, and her ancestors passed down that same spirit, descended from the first human female, Hineahuone, made from the red clay at Kurawaka by Tāne Mahuta.

The whakapapa which our whānau received, dictated by Judge Carr, starts with the many phases of Te Kore and Te Pō, to commence life with a single drop of water. I don't recall seeing Hineahuone in that whakapapa so maybe that is a reflection of the source. The whakapapa also contains some opportunity for misunderstanding. All of my cousins and whānau had understood that we were uri of Ngāti Kahungunu and our uncles and others had been searching for over a generation for our tūrangawaewae in the Heretaunga area, individually, and through whakapapa experts in Kahungunu, who assured us we were Kahungunu but passed us from place to place, marae to marae. We were convinced there was a place for us and eventually we found our tūrangawaewae not in Heretaunga but at Manutūkē, a hapū of Rongowhakaata.

My father came from Gisborne, from a largish family. Their maid, Bertha, whom he feared, helped in his upbringing, as did his older siblings, as it is with many big families. My Granny Bloomers (as she was affectionately known) was also a strong presence, was well, and enjoyed life. For a while my dad was called Pōtiki, maybe that name stayed, but a sister and brother followed him. Two of his tuākana were killed in World War 2. The Bright whānau must have sent at least four boys to war. Two returned, but I think the effects of war after growing up in the relative peace of Gisborne had a marked effect on the two returnees and their health. His other brother died at a relatively young age and my father had heart issues for many years, although he virtually never spoke of the fighting in the Egyptian desert. The last of his generation died some five years ago, and only a few from my generation remain. But the uri are strong and when the cousins located our turangawaewae in Manutūkē 18 months ago, over 80 joined a whānau hui in Gisborne to celebrate our tupuna Ani Rangitūnoa, and our connections. They came from Darwin, other Australian cities, Los Angeles, and throughout Aotearoa. One couple had only been married 36 hours and felt the hui was important to attend, along with their parents. But I am getting ahead of the journey.

I was born in Te Whanganui-a-Tara, across the road from where the Beehive is now. I lived in Kelburn, then Karori (suburbs in Wellington), then Surrey in England for a year, Whanganui and Christchurch; and later Belmont, Lower Hutt, with my parents and my only sibling, a younger brother. During that time I was also a boarding school resident in Wellington. I gradually felt like a wanderer (as I have heard Ani Rangitūnoa's iwi Aitanga-a-Māhaki described), without particular ties to maunga, awa or place. From my home in Karori, when I was young, I could look up at Johnsons Hill (I never discovered the Māori name), where I later went for long walks through forest and farmland on Saturdays when I was at boarding school. Our home snuggled at the foot of Wrights Hill and I spent many afternoons in our neighbour's stream investigating the home of kōura and other water ngāngara. A later home looked out over the ever-changing harbour of Tara across to the occasionally snowclad Tararua Range.

My mother was also born in Gisborne and came from a legal family. Her brother was in the family law firm in Gisborne, then his son was for a while. My mother had Scottish and English ancestry, and although they had lived in Aotearoa for three generations, she still called England home and bought clothes made there. She trained as a beautician and was a full-time mother once I and my brother arrived. I was sent to a private school from age five and told I must follow an academic path. I loved art at school but was not permitted to continue with it after I was 15, in order to study rather than indulge myself, as it was thought at the time. Instead I could learn art as an extra topic after school. (I later studied and have worked in a design profession most of my life, but design 60 years ago was not regarded as a serious occupation for an academic student.) One afternoon I overheard the perceptive art teacher describing how her pupils tended to reflect themselves in their artwork – drawing their understandings of the world. She had noted that I always painted people brown, something of which I was unaware. She may have even mentioned Māori, because that is who I was painting. This puzzled me and I mentioned it a few months later to a cousin who said, “Didn’t you know?” and described my dad’s family and iwi links. Even at that stage I was still bemused and mentioned it to my mother, whose aggrieved response was, “Promise me you will never, ever mention this again. Your father would be so ashamed and would lose his job.” While there was some truth in the job issue, as employers in Aotearoa New Zealand 60 years ago were not immune from racism, she was adamant that raising this issue would hurt him so much that I never did. The only time I heard my father speak Māori or recite his whakapapa was when he was heavily drugged in hospital after a coronary, or when he was teaching me to drive. Learning to drive in our own little car was a stressful experience for us both and when emergencies occurred he shouted in Māori.

It should probably not have been a surprise when I realised in later life that my mother was what is now understood as a white supremacist, but as a child and teenager I was unaware. I had no inkling, apart from my unquiet and sometimes rambunctious childhood, that I was not what she hoped I would be or seemed to be. My mother’s view of race relations was that in New Zealand we should all be one, speak the same language, do the same things. When I commented that we would both need to sharpen our te reo,

she just did not understand what I was talking about. She trained me by mocking, laughing at the way I might stand, or my opinions, or what I did. There must have been a purpose in this, and it was certainly effective in some ways, but it also convinced me that I had no reason to be confident. I struggled for many years, when I was meeting people or speaking in public, to shake off feelings of inadequacy (and still do). Although this was not linked to culture it was part of the baggage I brought to the karanga journey that needed to be addressed, because confidence and focus are essential if you are to stand by yourself, in contact with the wairua of ancestors past, and call to the haukāinga. I would have loved to have called to recognise and thank the lecturers at Otago University and Harvard in the US when my sons received their degrees, but that was a step too far for me, and I regret that. The call was inside me but stayed there.

Early in my marriage we did a road trip around the East Cape, camping and enjoying the summer. Before reaching Ruatoria, we turned off on a gravel road towards the coast, crossing the same stream about seven times before reaching a beautiful small, enclosed bay with just one cottage near the beach, partly concealed by a thriving late-summer vegetable garden of tall clumps of corn, with an elderly couple working in the low evening sunshine in the front garden. We drove along the beach to avoid disturbing them and put up our small tent by a sheltering grove of karaka, on a rocky headland. In the night I saw terrified young women screaming, running away, leaping ditches, running and stumbling, clutching their babies to their breasts. I could feel their fear, that a murderous group had invaded their security and were chasing to kill them. I thought about this as maybe a reaction to what I had eaten. We enjoyed a lazy day, but moved a little further down the coast the second evening, because I suspected the nightmare could have been associated with the place where we were camping. But the frightened spirits of the women were still with me, so we left and drove on, back over the stream and towards the north. The little bay we had camped in had once been a thriving settlement, I learned later, with some 7000 Māori living there. The village, Tuparoa, had been attacked, sacked, and people killed and driven away. It seemed there had been such bloodshed that no one had returned, except maybe the old couple as kaitiaki.

I learnt a little of our whakapapa from my cousins, and when my two sons were born I was determined that they should learn more. I took them to the Ngāti Poneke Marae for kapa haka for several years after school. At the same time, though, I was still trying to make my mother proud, albeit struggling. I had married someone who I thought she would love as well (she did indeed, but my mistake) and worked hard in my career. But I failed to make her proud. I received a letter some 20 years ago advising that I would receive an Honour for services for the environment, which I thought would please and excite her. She rang me to let me know that her father had been offered a knighthood, but had turned it down. And she was not impressed when I was elected to a local council and I let her know I was attending an investiture at Government House with the local mayor. This was for a new Governor General with iwi links and she had heard his whānau were arriving at Government House for a noho there, as is custom. “Queen Victoria would be rolling over in her grave,” was her comment. When my son stayed with her while doing immersion te reo at Raukawa in Ōtaki, she never discussed what he was doing during the day, although she enjoyed his company. She did not attend their Māori graduation ceremonies at University, either. I worked for local councils, and government departments, headed my professional organisation in Aotearoa and was the president of the global federation. When I was elected to that international role I had a press release drafted noting I was the first Kahungunu person (as I then thought, and, by the way, the first New Zealander, too) to head the federation. At the same time, I was working and determined that I would not be invisible, because some had assumed I would be seen only occasionally, with New Zealand so far from the global professional centres such as Paris for UNESCO. I travelled for work throughout New Zealand, and for international meetings very frequently, on one trip visiting three continents and 12 countries in under two weeks. My air travel was so frequent that the Air New Zealand Koru Lounge staff in Christchurch greeted me by name and asked me to sign a farewell card for one of their staff. That eventually had health repercussions, although also sailing on a small yacht for a year across several oceans as a whānau, being a workaholic, and then dealing with a divorce certainly would have contributed to that. I had faced and recovered from breast cancer, and the building my flat was in had been destroyed in the Christchurch earthquake.

I moved to Auckland the same day as the ‘big one’, and then within a month I lost my job through politics, as I later found out: I was a nominee of the Green Party, and deemed unwelcome by the then-incoming National Government. My life was disrupted, blitzed, and I was a refugee from Christchurch, displaced, but I moved into and made a different world.

When I started lecturing and supervising students at Unitec (while also flying weekly for two to three days to Wellington to do similar work for Victoria University), I heard that there was a karanga group and was keen to join and learn more. Previously, while working in Christchurch, I had learned some te reo at Te Wānanga o Aotearoa and had joined both Kahungunu ki Ōtautahi kapa haka rōpū with Norm Dewes, and then a local kapa haka group with Chatham Islanders for a few years. I had also learnt a little of karanga from Tiahuia Grey when I was at Victoria University, but had never been fluent in te reo, and wanted to learn more. When I joined the karanga wānanga whānau I was battered, mentally and physically, although much I had inflicted on myself. My wairua was firmly suppressed, and my mauri feeble. I found karanga testing on both mind (insecurities were revealed) and body, but how that has changed, as I return and return, gradually learning more and gaining more as passion builds. At first I could scarcely do a mihi to the wāhine present without feeling nervous and tearful.

And the breast cancer returned, too, after four years. I found lumps, had a biopsy and, as I feared, it was cancer. Whaea Lynda suggested I have a session with her before my booked operation. My wairua and mauri were at a low point then and, yes, I did feel angry with myself and others, which a reiki specialist also addressed with Whaea Lynda at the time. I had the operation for the cancer a while later, and no cancer was found, despite the evidence in the biopsy.

I continued to travel for work, attended overseas conferences (I love different cultures, different foods), and have moved to working mainly on research on Indigenous landscape and cultural issues, and particularly cultural justice. After having a relatively privileged upbringing, I want and need to give back to my profession, to students and young professionals

as a mentor. But my driving passion is mostly for the whānau who are still resilient but have lived in emergency motels, or survived in ways in which many in Aotearoa New Zealand would have no conception of, and it seems many in better circumstances have no interest in or concern about.

And then Covid-19 arrived. I had been to Gisborne in February for the whānau hui, then to Adelaide to interview an Aboriginal colleague's whānau, driven to Taneātua, then flown to Great Barrier Island to join friends for a short holiday in a natural area: still trying to do things planned, keeping to commitments at a frenetic pace. Suddenly we needed to rush home, buy groceries and lock down. By comparison, the lockdown gave me time to realise what a strange life I had been living, and no wonder I struggled to think. I could suddenly hear the birds. I could return to Ngākau Māhaki and the warmth and beauty of the whareniui at Unitec and learn more. We could relax and listen, observe our world.

I have an old friend whose son produced a series of diaries called *This diary will change your life*, full of irreverent and very funny (to some) comments. Instead, karanga wānanga is changing my life, my spirit is gradually getting stronger, and I am beginning to enjoy life rather than living a duty. I am warming and opening to the real company of people, but most of all, being in touch with myself and Papatūānuku.

During the reiki/healing session with Whaea Lynda in the whareniui Ngākau Māhaki, nothing seemed to happen at the time. After the session Whaea Lynda mentioned that she had heard the word Takipu a number of times. I interpreted that as meaning she was hearing Takapau, in Heretaunga, as a tupuna's connection. I only realised how right she was when I was driving with whānau to look at some land that ancestor Ani had owned (her name was listed on a number of land blocks in the Gisborne area, as researched by cousins and my sister-in-law). We had been at the Rongowhakaata Marae in Manutūkē and were heading for Te Karaka, north of Gisborne, when I saw a sign to Takipu Marae. I knew that was Ani's marae without any further information. I realised immediately that Whaea Lynda had heard the name. I insisted that we pull into the driveway to the marae. Although a Sunday, a large number of cars were arriving so I

asked a kuia getting out of her car alongside us whether there was a tangi. “No, but you come in with me,” she said and grabbed my hand. “But I am waewae tapu,” I said. “Doesn’t matter, you come with me, dear,” was her reply and she pulled me along, my brother following. Aitanga-ā-Māhaki were having a Treaty Settlement vote, had people there to receive us in the wharenuī, and after giving our whakapapa we were registered as members of Aitanga-ā-Māhaki to vote. We voted. We had performed our duty to Ani, and then made it to the airport for the flight back to Auckland. By happy coincidence, the secretary of the iwi was also at the airport waiting for a later flight and gave me some pepeha and whakapapa information while we were waiting.

Our karanga wānanga sessions can include the unimaginable and unexpected, from learning the hula from an expert, as a means of invigorating mind and body, to a swim in a sacred pool, to helping to farewell Nana Florence at the beach. We had driven to the beach an hour later than we planned and arrived to find the tide was receding, to our happiness. A wide strip of sand allowed us to gradually walk into the water and call to Hinemoana and all her creatures and connections. Just as we were retuning to the cars, a kaikaranga overheard a group of clearly distressed people talking about scattering ashes on the water we had just been swimming in. Concerned that this would not align with tikanga, our whaea explained to the group that there was an ideal place at the back of the beach, where their Nana could nestle among the roots of a large pōhutukawa. We showed them where, they placed Nana Florence’s ashes among the roots, and we all joined in a karakia and hymn for her. Later one of our group, as promised at the time, returned and planted some small flax plants among the roots as well.

A ritual swim in a sacred puna was to support a colleague who was to have her moko kauae chiselled on her chin, as was traditional practice. We travelled south, visited a healing retreat and walked into the forest to a pond, surrounded by bush. It was winter and the paths were muddy but soft on our bare feet and although the water must have been cold, it didn’t feel that way. The whānau were all satisfied we had shown support and were sure her mokopapa would go well.

The karanga wānanga organisers also arranged for some voice exercises in joik, the sounds used traditionally to call reindeer in the far north of Norway and Sweden. While this was learnt as enjoyment, I grew interested in the practice, and when I more recently travelled to Norway, I was keen to hear traditional joiking. The conference organiser, with whom I had been in contact, helped by arranging for a traditional but modern joik singer at the start of the conference who sang (joiked?) along with a tuba, which was a wonderful experience.

Leaders at Ngākau Māhaki had planned a mokopapa, the ceremony of skin marking, and encouraged me to join them. I was initially hesitant and was concerned it may not sit well with my shaky te reo and other deficiencies. I thought I was not sufficiently steeped in tikanga and mātauranga. But a few months before the event I received a surprise Kahui Whetū award from Ngā Aho, the Māori designers network, and realised that I should accept this through a moko kauae. I put this to my two sons for their thoughts. After a few weeks of silence they both came back to me the same day, to support this. The expert kaitā was Jonine Brooking, who asked for information covering iwi and place in my family. At that stage our whānau still thought we were Kahungunu, so later, before I was due to be called on to the Rongowhakaata Marae, I asked whether I would need further work on my moko kauae. “No,” Whaea Lynda told me. “They will recognise who you are the minute you come in the door. Your kaitā whakapapas to that iwi,” she said with a smile. And she was right. Our mokopapa ceremony at Ngākau Māhaki was linked to other events that attracted First Nations people who were at an arts conference with Auckland Council, and there were whānau and others to support our women. My son and two grandchildren arrived and stayed, and I am hoping they will understand more of their roots through participation in the mokopapa. I later heard my grandson explain to one of his six-year-old friends who had asked about my face, “That is her signature.”

The wānanga kaikaranga generally visit the tops of volcanoes, especially our nearest maunga, Ōwairaka. From there we can look north, south, east and west to other volcanoes, forests and mountain ranges, and include their stories in our karanga. Although the physical places are important,

the intangible links to deities, ancestors and whakapapa are of more importance as those are deeply imbedded in culture. Buffeting winds and storms often join us on our visits to the hilltops, and I can always feel Ōwairaka vibrating under our feet as we call from there.

Ngāti Whātua Ōrākei called kaikaranga and cultural supporters to a huinga karanga on Ōwairaka, to address a cultural hē. A young Taranaki woman with a moko kauae had been walking on the maunga when she was accosted by other people and abused for wearing the moko kauae. Ngāti Whātua Ōrākei, in reinforcing their status as mana whenua, had sent a pānuī to address this wrong in a peaceable way through karakia and karanga. While this was not at a time when we were holding a karanga wānanga, their message was passed on and several of us joined some 300 kaikaranga from Ngāti Whātua Ōrākei and elsewhere on the sportsfield in a large circle, and from the cone, calling to Papatūānuku and her children for peace, to address the abuse.

Sacred Ihumātao land was a reason to visit Puketāpapa volcanic cone. While a two-year occupation had taken place on the site at Ihumātao to protest impending construction by Fletcher Building, some six weeks before our visit police had arrived in force in the night to evicted the occupiers. The police had chosen a cold winter night to carry this out, repeating the forced evictions imposed on Ngāti Whātua Ōrākei at Bastion Point 40 years earlier by 200 police. This eviction from Ihumātao in turn led to a greatly increased protest, involving the Māori King and Members of Parliament in the dispute. As the protest swelled in numbers and intensity, the Prime Minister asked the developer to halt the work that had precipitated the police eviction and continuous presence, but a call had gone out from Save Our Unique Landscape (SOUL) cousins for help. Our group planned to follow the route of the kūaka, the bar-tailed godwit, which uses the volcanoes for orientation on its departure flight across the seas to Russia each year. The storm that day was so violent that we were delayed at the first volcano, so proceeded to Ihumātao, after calling for help from the cone. The sun came out after we had assembled at Ihumātao and joined other groups who were arriving in support. Our visit was to express unity with those who supported their culture, tikanga, ritual and history. We were

received into the SOUL space with ceremony, listened to the steps being taken, and continue to support them. No long-term resolution has been achieved by the Crown to protect Ihumātao yet, so we continue to watch carefully.

The pā harakeke, Rangimārie, in front of Ngākau Māhaki wharenuī, has been planted and carefully tended by Unitec staff members led by Tanya White, an expert weaver, who also attends the wānanga. The pā harakeke is a resource for weavers, who have in turn passed on pouraka, cradles, to mothers and beautiful works to others, as well as taught the skills of weaving. During our wānanga there may be Tanya or other weavers listening while they prepare the flax, and weave, carefully gathering all discards to return to the garden. The pā harakeke is a home for insects and a shelter for birds, including the pūkeko whānau who are so vigorous and such an adornment on the lawns of Unitec. The harakeke also helps to stabilise, protect the banks and provide some water cleansing of Wairaka stream, which flows from the sacred puna, now released from strangling weeds.

The puna Te Wai Unuroa o Wairaka was ignored when the site was previously part of the Oakley farm estate and Wairaka Stream then resembled a ditch. Some years ago, Matua Haare Williams encouraged the rebuilding of respect for the spring and stream through ritual and care. It is now well maintained and frequently appreciated by visitors, students and staff, surrounded by native trees and shrubs, and the water quality of the spring is monitored (Tane, n.d.). We often walk to other parts of the Unitec grounds during our wānanga, such as to the walkway that links Te Auaunga (Oakley Creek) to the neighbouring suburb of Waterview.

The Unitec site was previously a rambling psychiatric hospital and many of the buildings and related structures still remain, repurposed for education after the hospital was closed in 1992, and acquired by the government for tertiary education. Sad and violent treatments took place in the hospital, as perceived by kaikaranga who reacted with intense distress when we stopped by the building used for electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) treatment of patients. The building remains, although apparently unused in the last

25 years. However, kaikaranga recounted seeing people's faces looking out from upper-floor windows and could feel the horror of those who had been there. After that encounter, which shocked many of us, we continued to the waterfall at the north edge of the grounds. The pond was deep enough for some to swim, and soften the unsettling dread of the hospital building. The splash of the cascade muffled the hum of the nearby motorway and the waterfall and pond is an unexpected natural area in an otherwise more intensely developed site.

As with frequent ritual on a marae, we commence our wānanga sessions with mihi, after our pōwhiri and evening meal. The mihi is intended to be the opportunity for each to share important events, life progress, learning and experiences since we were last together. Some are spoken in Māori, some partly in English and some may be chanted. We are challenged to improve our language skills, and for those who hear and use Māori less frequently it is a pleasure to hear te reo flowing. Similarly, the farewell before we leave is also an opportunity for honesty with ourselves, and introspection. This is often the time when those who are working hard on their health and skills feel most vulnerable and can surprise themselves with a torrent of tears. This can be a time of confronting our own issues and mental strengthening, with the support of all others in our rōpū.

Through the wānanga, what of my tinana and what of my hinengaro? Progress and greater peace: I am on a journey of learning so that I have the confidence to fulfil the role of kaikaranga in a wise and confident way. I have come a long way in recognising barriers I have erected in my own life. I feel more confident, more contented, but have a long way to go for te reo fluency after not using previous learning for many years. It will require immersion language training, which I am now undertaking, and a great love and appreciation of all who share their journeys, which in turn makes it easier to understand where we ourselves have been walking.

A recent Australian participant in a webinar asked us how we pass the custom and ritual of karanga on to others. The kaikaranga leading our wānanga are imparting their knowledge for those who are learning. For those who have daughters and mokopuna, this is another opportunity, and

for others it is through mentoring. However, the learning is an ongoing, life-long journey. For me it includes repeated journeys back to Gisborne to learn of our ūkaipō from kuia, so that I can share this with our whānau. It is also an opportunity to share learning so that we can better braid the cultural streams, such as putting out a karanga to farewell an old school friend, which happened recently.

My journey continues, although I am a recidivist at learning, frequently losing confidence, but continue with immersion language, hoping that I can share more and better help to protect our world.

Ko te whakataukī mō te mirimiri o ngā whaea o te marae o Mānutūkē,
i pānui a Reweti Kohere:

Toia ngā waewae o tō tamahine,
Kia tau ai te haere i ngā parae o Manutūkē.

He tikanga nā tētahi hapū o Manutūkē, ko te mirimiri pēpī kōtirotiro. I whakaaro ngā whaea i te marae o Manutūkē, me noho ngā wāhine ki runga i te parae, i mua i te marae.

Nā Diane Menzies

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Nā Tonina Ngatai

He Waiata

(tune – This Little Light of Mine)

E te Atua, toi o ngā rangi
 Te mana tapu, te mauri ora
 E te Atua, ko Io Matua
 E Io, e Ia, e Au!

Ka ranga te Ao, maranga mai ra
 Ka ranga te Pō, maranga e ko,
 Ka ranga te Rā, kia Papa ki raro
 Ma wai ra tāua (e) awhi mai?

Ko Wairaka e, te Māreikura
 Tupuna aroha ki Rangimatarau
 Au-au ngā kurī, ki te wairere e
 Tuu Puna karanga nau mai ra!
 Karanga Wānanga – Tuu Puna

Nā Rangi Joseph

KETE

MANUHIRI



Kaiwhatu kete tautangata (Takoha: Leslie Stewart)

He Tuku Karanga

Jo Diamond

Here the kai tākoha (contributors) focus on arrivals, whether they are to physical spaces and places such as marae, or to experiences and realisations that are relatively new and sometimes strange or unexpected. While such spaces and places may eventually become more familiar and feel like home, recollections of first encounters there remain poignant and sometimes challenging. These ‘arrivals’ are important and are often approached most effectively with an open heart and soul. An intrinsic part of pōwhiri/pōhiri and whakatau (welcoming ceremonies) is relationship building and the possibility of positive transformation, however that may manifest. We are mindful of where we have come from and, step by step, where we are going. The universe opens through, and with, karanga. We respond to the call of our haukāinga. Karanga mai, tau mai, karanga mai rā.



Kia ora tātou

Ko Psiloritis te maunga
 Ko te Anapodaris te awa
 Ko Mesogeios te moana
 Nō motu Kriti ahau
 Ko Ioannis Papoutsakis tōku pāpā
 Ko Anthoula Kavlentaki tōku māmā
 Ko Papoutsaki-Kavlentaki tōku whānau
 Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae
 I Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka
 Ko Evangelia Papoutsaki tōku ingoa

Tūrangawaewae: Belonging and Inclusiveness

Karanga Whakawātea

Haere rā, e te Rangatira
 Haere rā, i runga i tōu haeranga
 Haere rā, i runga i te Rangimārie me te aroha
 Mā ngā manu koe e tiaki, e ārahi
 I tou haerenga i runga i te waka moana
 Kia hoki ora mai koe ki te kāinga

The Departing Boat

Όταν το πλοίο έχει σαλπάρει
 Και από τα μάτια σβήνει στεριά
 Με στα κατάρτια πετούνε οι γλάροι
 Και εγώ σου λέω έχε για!

When I was invited by the Inclusive Aotearoa Collective to participate in their Community Voices webinar series on the topic of What's Your Tūrangawaewae – a Māori concept of belonging, a place where we feel especially empowered and connected – I hesitated to accept at first. Partly because I still feel a bit conflicted about my own sense of belonging, as someone who has long wished to be accepted by my chosen community but is constantly reminded of my 'otherness.'

We were asked to come prepared to discuss a few questions that led me to reflect a bit more than I had anticipated. Although I believed I had largely dealt with my identity issues, this event offered me an opportunity to clarify where I stand (literarily and metaphorically) and where my roots hold to, resulting in a renewed confidence and affirmation about both, but above all a strong feeling of gratitude for my whakapapa and those strong but flexible island roots of mine that stretch all the way from the Mediterranean Sea to the South Pacific.

Around the same time, and in a serendipitous way, I participated in Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka, a karanga course offered by Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae at Unitec. In one of our gatherings I felt safe to speak to my tūrangawaewae, surrounded by fellow wāhine participants and the wise whaea who hold the sacred space of nurturing kōrero among us. I felt so deeply heard and understood in that karanga gathering that it was possible for me to share in my mother tongue a waiata relating to that archetypical island scene that all islanders are familiar with, when the ferry is leaving the port accompanied by the seagulls and someone is farewelling the person that is departing. It was highly relevant to me as I was preparing to return to Crete, my ancestral island, after two and a half years of being away and longing for family reunions.

This became my own karanga whakawātea, with the guidance of Whaea Te Mamaeroa Cowie, one of the kaiako reo for the wānanga reo karanga, resulting into a te reo version so deeply and meaningfully contextualised to my imminent departure from the shores of Aotearoa (see above). The karanga spoke of farewelling but also wishing for a safe return, and this

spoke volumes for where I stood in terms of my tūrangawaewae, being able to come and go between two places of belonging, one of birth and the other of choice.

WHAT IS MY TŪRANGAWAEWAE?

I am an islander by birth, and by choice. I also happen to be an island studies scholar, which gives you a good indication of my positionality. The question, however, was not about who I am, but rather where I belong, and where my sense of home and roots is.

I was born and brought up on the Mediterranean island of Crete, and for the last 35 years I have lived and worked in several distinctively different communities around the world, including here in Aotearoa – which I now call home, a home of choice, along with my birth island home. It's possible, I feel, to have multiple homes and also to choose where to belong.

I like quoting the African writer Taiye Selasi's concept of 'multi-local' people, who feel at home in the town where they grew up, the city they live in now and maybe another place or two. So, in this case, I am a local to Auckland, Heraklion, and a couple of other spaces/places perhaps that have made me feel welcome and included. These places are not necessarily always geographically or ethnically identified but are communities of practice, like groups of women, creatives and social changers.

I am trying to avoid mentioning countries as places of belonging as I feel they don't represent who I am as a woman and as a feminist, with their hard borders and rigid rules of belonging that I feel are patriarchal in nature. I find it so foolish of humans to claim ownership of land when it's the land that is generously letting us co-exist with and live off it.

Saying that, although all these places have had an impact on who I am and what I have grown to become over the years, I am strongly conditioned, to quote Timoti Kāretu, by the physical, cultural and social environment of the island on which I grew up. As Selasi says, culture "exists in community,

and community exists in context” and geography, tradition and collective memory are still very important.

Islands are unique places that shape identities in ways that differ from mainlands, as my island scholarship also testifies to. Their geographical features (land surrounded by water) and their small-scale social groups where cultural interactions are densely intermeshed shape distinctive communities, defined by a collective identity and close, reciprocal relationships. A significant characteristic of the island is the direct and frequent contact between its members and the feeling of ‘belonging’ and ‘sharing’ that has developed over a period from within. Island communities are actively constructed by their inhabitants, whose island identity results from this process. Mine is an eco-social and eco-cultural identity that has been conditioned by the island’s physical and cultural landscape.

This might be the reason why Aotearoa New Zealand, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland and, most specifically, Waiheke Island in the Hauraki Gulf resonate with me, more so than other places I have lived, because of their connection to ‘islandness’. The natural demarcation of an island’s borders defined by the moana offers me a much softer, more watery and invitational way to understand my boundaries and my belongingness.

I often liken the feeling of living on a small island and being surrounded by the sea to that of being in one’s mother’s womb, floating in the amniotic fluid. I can’t think of a better ecological metaphor than that of the island/mother/earth, ocean/amniotic fluid/sustenance and connectedness/one source/life.

While on the mainland, people ask me where my accent comes from; on the small island of Waiheke what matters is whether you are an islander or a visitor. If you live on the island and are part of the community, that’s your tūrangawaewae.



The Venetian Port in Heraklion, Crete, where the ferries arrive from Athens. This is also the view you get when you are about to land at the nearby airport, a symbolic and welcoming sight on your arrival on the island that presents you all at once with different layers of the island's history. Nā Evangelia Papoutsaki

THE CONCEPT OF TŪRANGAWAEWAE IN MY ISLAND CULTURE

There are a couple of ways the concept of tūrangawaewae is communicated in my island culture, one connected to place and the other to whakapapa or genealogy.

“Από που κρατούν οι ρίζες σου” (Apo pou kratoun oi rizes sou) translates directly into “Where are your roots holding to?” There is something active and empowering in this question that I really feel drawn to; an implied understanding that my roots still hold me where I am in the present

time and place, but also that these roots are more akin to rhizomes than roots in the traditional sense, as rhizomes are more resilient, flexible, communicative and adaptable. I love the etymological root of this word for all its symbolism: from Ancient Greek $\rho\acute{\iota}\zeta\omega\mu\alpha$ (rhízōma) ‘mass of roots’, from $\rho\acute{\iota}\zeta\acute{o}\omega$ (rhizóō) ‘cause to strike root’, a modified subterranean plant stem that sends out roots and shoots from its nodes. My island rhizomes are capable of generating new roots!



Kawau Island, Aotearoa New Zealand. Nā Evangelia Papoutsaki

We often hear the expressions ‘rootless’ or ‘without roots’ or ‘uprooted’ or ‘with roots left behind’ when we leave our place of birth or the place of our ancestors. I remember once a conversation on the way to the airport with a Singaporean taxi driver, who scolded me after questioning me about where I was heading to, where I was born and where I was living, and had lived in between (including to whom I belonged as a wife ... assuming I was married with children at my age). “So what are going to do, wander aimlessly without roots forever?” Aside from the patriarchal tone of the scolding referring to a woman’s job to procreate and be by her husband, his assumption that I was rootless because I was choosing to live in different places (and not married at that), was interesting coming from someone who was clearly a migrant. He was expressing his longing for his roots, left elsewhere and unable to be claimed, depriving, I felt, his ancestral rhizomes of their capacity to regenerate where he was.

The process of exploring linguistically this concept of belonging in my island’s dialect reassured me that not only do I know where my roots are but that these roots are still with me, enabling me to stand where I am now, stretching all the way from Crete to Aotearoa and Waiheke Island; flexible enough to accommodate multiple belongings, carrying the confidence of knowing what it means and feels to be part of something or a place that allows you to come and go, always there to receive you when you choose to return but not holding you down.

When I was growing up in Crete in small communities, the question wasn’t so much where one was from. If you are on an island that has the sea as a natural boundary, the assumption is that you are from the island because your looks, your accent and your surname automatically confirm your belonging to the nisi/motu/island or a particular area of it.

However, there was another question that was more important, I feel; not so much where you’re from but “Whom do you belong to?” (pianou’sē si/παιανου’σε συ?). In other words, who are your people? To me, that is a direct question about your whakapapa. Your genealogy was and still is a primary identifier, a way of recognising who you are through your people,

and therefore where you belong (to a human collective, in this case to an island community).

I still marvel at my 84-year-old mother in her perseverance in asking these two questions to random people, assuming that either of these questions will yield connections, mutual points of reference on an island where someone will know someone who knows your village or your relatives.



The matriarch's grave at the village cemetery, Mesohorio, Crete. Nā Evangelia Papoutsaki

WHAT WORDS, ICONS, IMAGES OR OBJECTS DESCRIBE MY TŪRANGAWAEWAE?

Belonging is a sensory experience, both individually and collectively. You engage with all your senses – visual, auditory, taste, smell, touch – and, in a Buddhist kind of manner, through awareness/consciousness.

I experience belonging first at a deeply personal level, when it refers to my islandness: the islandscape, sea horizon, saltiness in the air, deep blue skies, olive trees, sounds of island music and dialect, the smell of yemista (baked stuffed vegetables) on a Sunday lunch table, the sound of the ferry leaving the port, the marina promenade. It's in all these sensed experiences that I become aware of where my belonging is situated, in regard to a physical place. It's also where my beloved grandmother's grave is. It's where and when nobody asks me where I am originally from or where my accent comes from.

Belonging is found in the dialect of the island that my grandma used to speak to me and which I feel myself returning to when I need emotional comfort. Language is, after all, one of the deepest ways of expressing belonging. I can't even begin to imagine the deep wound of Māori people, whose own language was prohibited for so long.

I was recently reading in *The Guardian* a news story from Catalonia, where a project of getting migrants to teach their language to locals is seen as an invitational act from the locals to belong, a symbolic act of mutual effort to reach to the other. We so often expect the new arrival to adapt to our ways, but what if we genuinely and openly engage with the newcomers' culture and language? Don't we all stand to gain when our new neighbour feels part of our neighborhood?

But belonging is also experienced at a collective level: in the media when I see and hear myself and the 'other' in equal terms (especially when that 'other' is me, the othered, the newcomer); in the taste and smell of food from different places, catered not only in ethnic restaurants but in your average neighborhood café; in the awareness that I and you are not the 'other' but a manifestation of many ways of being.

While I was preparing for this webinar, I happened to have a conversation with a dear old friend, David, a Canadian Chinese man who had experienced multiple migrations in the course of his long life, including refugee status as a stateless person in Hong Kong and later in Canada. He talked about other people's efforts to Westernise him so he could fit in or be more acceptable to his friends. And he poignantly spoke of feeling belonging for the first time when his wife's American family unconditionally accepted him as he was. Belonging does not have to be tied to a place; for David, just being accepted by fellow human beings, as he was, was all it took.

It also reminded me of another conversation, with a Japanese artist I met years ago in Kyoto, a biracial man growing up in the monocultural society of post-war Japan, who longed to belong in the land of his birth. He spent his entire design career producing a single product, a pencil case in the

shape of a person, but coming in thousands of versions with distinctive patterns and fabrics, representing his desire to demonstrate that while we are all distinctively different, we all come in the same human shape. Being othered resulted in creating symbols of togetherness, based on the common ground of our humanity.

WHAT CAN WE DO TO ENSURE EVERYONE IN AOTEAROA NEW ZEALAND CAN FIND AND TALK ABOUT THEIR TŪRANGAWAEWAE, THEIR PLACE OF BELONGING?

In this a highly diverse society, when we go to the supermarket, to a café or to work, we are constantly encountering people from other cultures, whether they are recent arrivals or born here but still carrying the values of their ancestral land and whakapapa.

To me, belonging essentially means being included. There are, of course, many ways we can foster and nurture inclusiveness in Aotearoa. How could we do that? A good starting point would be by stopping the practice of attentional violence. This is a concept developed by Otto Scharmer from MIT, who says that when we are not engaging in deep listening, we are committing attentional violence and that's the first step towards alienation. So, in order to rectify attentional violence, you need to engage in a deep listening process that involves an open mind, which brings curiosity about who the other person is, their culture and values. "I'm curious to know about things that I don't know about others."

And to put this into context, one should remember that attentional violence has been practised in Aotearoa on the tangata whenua for so long, first by the colonising authorities and then by a 'settler' society that was consciously and unconsciously unwilling to let go of their privileges. Because if you do listen deeply, you can't possibly ignore the other, their needs and rights to their language, culture, spirituality.

Scharmer says that's not even enough – an open mind also requires an open heart. It's not enough to be present in someone's life, you also need

to practise presensing, a composite word of being present and sensing. Listening from a more open heart means that you're not only listening to the facts but you're also listening to detect how the other person is feeling. This is how you can better express your solidarity, in a more profound way that creates the conditions to be more proactive in including others.

This links to a third and much deeper level of listening, the level of open will, which is generative and manifests as an act of solidarity that is paired with action. Drawn from Eastern philosophies, this means that we are all part of one source. That you and I are just different manifestations of that oneness, and once you see the other – who might look distinctively different and behave differently to you, because they have a different language, accent, skin color, hair, looks or clothing – if you think of them as part of you, as part of the source that you are part of, this invites you to be more engaged and become proactive in creating spaces for this other, because the other is also a part of who you are.

So how do we foster inclusiveness? I believe we all need to come from a space of generosity of spirit that brings in an open mind and an open heart and recognises that we are all of the same source. “I feel you feeling me,” as Thomas Hübl says, inviting us to experience a relational attunement that helps regulate our nervous system, which leads to a relational resonance that creates a sense of safety; and there is no better way to do that than through presensing. I feel that, before Aotearoa embraces an inclusive future, a historical correction needs to take place and that's only possible with us feeling the tangata whenua feeling us and vice versa.

POSTSCRIPT

A few days after my webinar participation I happened to visit an exhibition, *Magical Uprooting*, by the Sur Collective (a group of Latin American migrant women artists) at Studio One Toi Tū in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland. Their installation *Dialogue Between Beliefs and Belongings* caught my attention. To me, it serves as an apt concluding note to these reflections on tūrangawaewae:

“Magical uprooting is part of a process, our process, the first step towards unknown places,” the artists wrote. I sense the magical part of uprooting is that it offers the potential of re-rooting or re-planting your roots in a new ground. I know my rhizomes are happy being rooted in their Cretan soil while their little tentacles send me nourishment all the way in the South Pacific, sprouting new roots here, too.



“I build beliefs in spaces where I don’t belong; I belong in what I believe; I am what I build; I belong here where I believe and inhabit.” Sur Collective, *Dialogue Between Beliefs and Belongings*, installation view, Studio One Toi Tū, courtesy of the artists. Nā Evangelia Papoutsaki

With deep respect and much love to Whaea Lynda Toki, who has been my kaitiaki all these years here in Aotearoa. She made it possible for me to find a second home, where I feel welcomed by the tangata whenua. I am forever grateful.

A special acknowledgment goes to Whaea Te Mamaeroa Cowie for gifting me this most beautiful karanga whakawātea. I will always remember her patient efforts and great sense of humour in helping me to pronounce it properly in te reo, which involved learning how to project my voice clearly and in tune. I felt it like an act of meditation.

Nā Evangelia Papoutsaki

On Karanga

Did you know the air vibrates, interlocking the voices calling to te taiao?
 Have you felt the hīnawanawa on your skin as nature listens, pauses?
 Do you see the ripples in the water, hear the song of birds in response?
 Wake from the soft warmth of the body of the whare in the darkness,
 Carefully step outside, avoid disturbing those still resting,
 To watch the sky streak pale in the chill morning air,
 As the light touches the rounded banks and rākau,
 As movement in shadows across the green reveals pūkeko grazing in
 deep-blue groups
 Safe in the dawn and dew.

A low hum in the throats of wāhine, kuia, standing solitary but
 companionably on the ātea,
 Swells to alert the space, the world.
 We are here, we are listening, we hear, we call.
 We are together
 We are the same.
 Breathing, not breathing.
 We are one.

Nā Diane Menzies

Mihi Maioha ki a Wairaka

I thought I didn't know you well enough to mihi to you.
 You who lived hundreds of years ago
 You whose deeds were told and passed down through generations
 You from Rangiātea.
 Though if I connect to my tīpuna kuia, I feel your strength, your
 connection to this place,
 This sacred water, sacred springs, this land.
 Your name, your stories, your mana,
 Remain with us, to in turn pass down,
 To inspire wāhine yet to be.
 Ngā mihi a Wairaka.
 We gather, we call,
 To Hinemoana, to Hine Te Iwa Iwa, to Hine Ahu One, to Papatūānuku.
 Also to you, Wairaka.
 Your wairua is in this water, in this soul, in this place
 And in other land across Aotearoa.
 Ngā mihi a Wairaka.

Nā Diane Menzies

I te taha o tōku matua
 Ko Tai-Shan (Tai Mountain) tōku maunga
 Ko Huang-He (The Yellow River) tōku awa
 Ko He-Nan Sheng (He-Nan Province) tōku rohe
 Ko Ji-Yuan (Ji-Yuan City) tōku wahi
 Ko Po-To Tai-Shan tōku iwi,
 Ko Dai tōku hapū
 Ko Dai Sheng-Tang tōku pāpā

I te taha o tōku whaea
 Ko Zhong-Yuan (central plateau) te whenua
 Ko Huang-He tōku awa,
 Ko He-Nan Sheng tōku rohe
 Ko Meng-Xian tōku wāhi
 Ko Liang-Cun (Liang Village) tōku iwi
 Ko Liu tōku hapū
 Ko Liu Ai-Lian tōku māmā
 Ko Liu Lan-Ying tōku whaea
 Ko Dai Hua ahau
 E noho ana ahau ināianei
 Ko Tāmaki Makaurau i te hau o uru
 Ko te Wao-nui o Tiriwa te maunga
 Ko te Wai o Perera te awa
 Ko Piha te moana
 Ko Te Wahi Ora te papa kāinga
 Ko Hua Dai ahau
 He kaimahi ahau, i Te Whare Wānanga O Wairaka Ki Waitākere
 Nō rēira
 Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou
 Tēnā tātou kātoa

The Old Pattern

Like a petal
 Has fallen off the base
 Peacefully
 With no struggle
 It was time

A new pattern has been in the making
 Now
 Is felt
 Being experienced and experiencing
 A new life

Happy birthday Hua

Nā Hua Dai

A Space in Between

Opened
 Blessings flow in
 As I journey with wāhine mā on Karanga Wānanga

The beginning of the big shift
 Deep healing
 Bursts into my reality

I am co-creating my soul's journey
 On earth
 Tihei-wā mauri ora
 I am getting real

Nā Hua Dai

Nā Hua Dai and Wonder Zeng



PEPEHA

Ko Te Pare o Te Rawahirua, te maunga
Ko Waitahanui te awa
Nō Rotoehu i Te Waiariki ahau
Ko David Natusch tōku pāpā
Ko Mary Monk tōku māmā
Ko Natusch tōku whānau
Ko HMS *Canterbury* (1886) tōku waka
Nō England a Poland i ahu mai taku whānau
Ko Jan Natusch tōku ingoa

My Karanga Journey

When did my karanga journey begin? Probably in the 1990s, when I consciously wanted to find out more about Te Ao Māori but didn't know where to start and who to talk to. I had been studying and teaching Shamanism and the basic worldview, principles, rituals and healing techniques of Indigenous cultures from other parts of the world – North American Indian, Inca (Peruvian), Celtic – for more than 20 years, running regular workshops called An Introduction to Shamanism, and yet I knew almost nothing about the Indigenous peoples of my own land. But I also didn't know who to ask or how to approach it. Perhaps Māori would not be interested in sharing their worldview, language and principles with me, a Pākehā. I didn't know how to find a way to gain more knowledge of Te Ao Māori. Back then there was almost no reo in broadcasting, so even the language was a mystery to most Pākehā. At the time, too, there was a lot of talk of the tangata whenua of this land and I began to wonder where I fitted into the world – if I was not tangata whenua, but had been born here, where did I belong?

Then in 2011 my friend and fellow Shamanic journeyer, Deborah, and I put out a call for women in Aotearoa to gather and share stories with a group of women visiting from America, Canada and other places. The response was huge, and women from around the country came, showing us there was a thirst for women to come together to learn and to share.

Out of that four-day gathering, a small group of women in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland met regularly to carry on the kaupapa of that gathering and see where it took us, and so began my journey into Te Ao Māori, thanks to the whaea who were part of that group – in particular Whaea Wharetatao, Whaea Lynda, Whaea Erina Ulu and Whaea Te Mamaeroa. It was a gift and a treasure for me being able to start my journey of learning some of the language, the karakia, the waiata and the knowledge that came from the ancient ones.

Following on from our first Grandmothers' gathering, we were called, over the following two years, to hui for wāhine in Ōtaki, Whakatāne and Pōrongahau. All were powerful learning experiences for me and a deepening into the journey of Te Ao Māori.

GISBORNE: THE 13 INDIGENOUS GRANDMOTHERS

In 2013 a gathering in Gisborne was called by Pauline Tangiora, inviting woman of Aotearoa to come and share with, and learn from, 13 Indigenous Grandmothers representing 13 countries, who were visiting Aotearoa New Zealand for the first time. A group of us from Tāmaki Makaurau travelled to Gisborne to be part of the three-day event. On our first evening there we (the Aucklanders) walked down to the harbour edge to paddle in the waters of Hinemoana. We found the water to be dirty, and so cloudy we couldn't see the bottom. Lynda Toki and Eila Paul led us in a karanga to the water and when we returned in the following days the water was clear and swimmable! One of my first powerful lessons in the power of karanga.

KARANGA WĀNANGA

In 2016 some of us joined Te Raina Ferris's karanga workshop at Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae, and it was an introduction for many of us in how to use our voices in a powerful way to acknowledge the whenua, the wai, Rānginui, the rākau, the harakeke – to call to te tūpuna, te Atua, te rā. She showed us how to project our voices out loud and clear – both Māori and Pākehā women finding their voices for the first time in this way.

The following year when Whaea Lynda and Whaea Te Mamaeroa took up the reins to continue the karanga journey, meeting four times a year in the bosom of Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae, I was so excited to continue my journey with them and all the beautiful wāhine that were part of those

gatherings. Over the next few years we journeyed to the elements of Earth, Water, Air, writing our own karanga in groups and sending them out in all directions, watching the response of each element or rākau or animal or bird as we acknowledged them. We learned new waiata, karanga, karakia and we deepened our knowledge of the seen and the unseen, of the forces that have shaped Te Ao Māori over centuries.

TĀWHIRIMĀTEA

On one of our weekends we travelled to Puketāpapa Mount Roskill, to send our karanga out to all the maunga in Tāmaki Makaurau. As our voices soared across the land, Tāwhirimātea swirled around us, taking our voices and almost pushing us over. That day the wind caused havoc on the roads, tipping over vehicles and damaging houses, but we stood firm on the maunga and continued our mission. Then the rain came in horizontally, and still we stood our ground on Puketāpapa, blessed and acknowledged by the elements.

HINEMOANA – RANGIMATARAU (POINT CHEVALIER)

On one of our Sunday mornings at Point Chevalier beach we stood as usual in the water or on its edge to send out our karanga and waiata to Hinemoana. When Whaea Lynda sent out a long karanga as we stood by the water's edge, watching on this very still, still morning with not a boat in sight, I noticed the small ripples on the water's surface getting bigger and bigger, riding into shore on the vibration of the karanga.

KARAREHE

One morning, an arrangement had been made with the manager of Auckland Zoo to visit before the official opening of the gates so we could karanga to the animals and birds that had come to Aotearoa from other parts of the world. We spent time in the exotic bird enclosure and other

parts of the zoo, sending out our karanga, to welcome them all to this land which is so far from their homes. Their response and curiosity as they gathered around was enough to show us that they heard our intentions and our love and our welcome to them. Karanga cannot be ignored.

MY KARANGA JOURNEY

My karanga journey has been just that – a journey! A journey deeper into the Māori worldview, deeper into finding my own voice, deeper into feeling more confident with expressing te reo correctly. I have enjoyed learning the karanga, the whakataukī, the waiata, the karakia. As a non-reo speaker it has been a challenge and I sometimes get frustrated that it does not come as easily as I wish, or stick as it should. Aiiiee, the challenges of becoming ruahine!

I was drawn to these workshops, not only because of the beautiful wāhine I knew would be attending and whose company I respect and enjoy – Whaea Lynda, Te Raina, Te Rangimārie, Wharetatao, Te Mamaeroa, Te Pora – but also because I knew it would give me the opportunity to extend my te reo skills and my appreciation of mauri ora. I will never stand on a marae and karanga, but I know that I can call out to the elements, to the directions, to the maunga, the rākau, the manu, and to the ancestors and the tangata whenua and acknowledge them, honour them and call them into my life as allies, as guardians, as guides.

In my shamanic work I always honour the four directions, the above and below and the spirits of the land where we are standing, before starting any work or training. Now I can do that in te reo, the language that feels so much more right and powerful for this land.

Papatūānuku, te whaea, tēnā koe
 Ranginui, te pāpā, tēnā koe
 Ki te raki, te rāwhiti, te tonga, te uru, tēnā koutou
 E ngā tangata whenua, tēnā koutou

Me ngā tūpuna, tēnā koutou katoa
E te whare, e tū nei, tēnā koe.

I am grateful, so grateful, for the journey into Te Ao Māori over the last ten years and to all the beautiful wāhine who have been part of that journey.

Nā Jan Natusch



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Ka tū ahau i runga i te tihi o Maungatautari
 Kei raro iho e takoto ana te riu o Hinuera, ko tāku ūkaipō
 Ko Ngāti Hauā tēnei whenua
 Ko Ngāti Rangī Te Oro te hapū
 Ko Raungaiti te marae
 Ka rere tāku wairua kite maunga o Tapu Āriki,
 Ko Ōhinemuri te awa
 Ko Tamaterā te iwi
 Ko Ngahutoitoi te marae, te tūrangawaewae o tāku kuia
 Nei rā te karanga o te mokopuna
 Ko Kim Himoana Penetito tēnei

Ka Tere Te Reo o Te Karanga

Ko te aroha anō he wai

I am reminded of the essence of wai and how the sound and the movement of wai ignites my ihi ... ko te aroha te wehi.

It is a deep respect I have and a calling to wai, that has been with me my whole life.

The river speaks to me, the creek plays with me, the sea roars to me. Not always gentle with me but teaching me lessons about safety and about being in tune with the taiao.

And ... the rains calm me into a stillness that is deep, it is my oriori.

E pupū ake ana

It also stirs my very core and bubbles through my veins, exciting my loins ... I feel wai.

I stop time to let the rain on my face sting my skin. I turn my ear to the drumming of rain on the roof, and I wade through puddles and puna.

Parawhenuamea draws me to stop and run my hands and toes through her waterways. They cleanse and replenish me.

I emerge with a tingle of self-assurance ... I can breathe again!

He awa he māpuna mai ana

It is my awa that wells up in my heart, that is fluid and sure.

The awa is my tupuna, ko āu te awa, ko te awa ko au!

The awa brings clarity, rhythm and kōrero.

It brings currents and rapids, rocks and pools.

It holds taniwha and shares pūrākau, it is our DNA.

The awa is never predictable ... and it is forever there.

This is my source of strength and my identity.

It is the Waikato who once flowed in the riverbed that is my ūkaipō.

The whenua holds the memory of a water bed that has enriched the soils to sustain my whānau for generations.

I roto i te whatu manawa

It is the pool of my emotions, the wai settles my unrest and brings my tears – as Nani Rangimarie espoused, “It is the sacred pool of healing.”

Healing of the unseen and the unheard that sit just under the skin and pinch at my manawa.

The memory bank of

Smoothing out those knots of self-doubt, releasing the fears of the little girl.

Raising up the wisdom of the kuia, the ruahine, the māreikura.

Ko tōna mātāpuna he hōhonu

It is the deep source of who I am, and who I belong.

I am Himoana, I am the water dragon, I am a pluviophile.

I am wahine, I am whaea, I am kui, I am sister and daughter, I am a child, I am a niece and auntie, I am mokopuna.

I am the awa, I am the whenua, I am kaiwhatu and kaikaranga.

I know who I am ... I am the vessel and voice of my tūpuna kuia.

A inā i a ka rere anō

I feel the stirring in my korokoro, that unharnessed spirit that oozes into tributaries of bloodlines ... ka rere atu.

My tūpuna I carry with me.

I call on them to look after me, to guide me, to protect me.

I seek their confidence through my karakia.

I reach down for in my whare tangata, the true source of life for mankind for my voice to create safe passage.

He tai timu

The tide that relieves the shores and lets Papatūānuku breathe.
Hā ki roto, hā ki waho ... My feet grounded in the earth and connected on so many different levels, will be washed as the tide moves out.
Exhale to give space in the lungs and in the heartbeat.
For the rhythm to form and the kupu to come together.

He tai pari

The tide that floods the shoreline and quenches her thirst from the exposure to the elements of Tāwhirimātea.
I taste the wai on my lips as the breeze touches them.
Tangaroa returns to cloak the coastline.
Inhale – fill the whare tangata like a bagpipe, warming up windpipes, gathering the breath to proceed.

He tai ope

The tide that nourishes the people.
My wairua is fed, my being is tau, my heart is open.
Ko te ira tangata: Who are we, what is our hononga to those we respond to, he aha te kāwai whakapapa?
Nei rā mātou te manuhiri e karanga mai ki a koutou ngā ahikāroa.

He tai ora

The tide that filters and purifies the wai to bring life and wellbeing.
The healing washes over me and lifts me into a new space of knowing and consciousness
Ko te ira wairua ... ko te kai karanga te ara o te ao wairua ki te ao kikokiko.
Tukua te taurāhere!

He tai nui, he tai nui

The king tide, or spring tide that cleanses every surface and crevice, and breathes new life into all it touches.

My relationship with wai, its beauty and strength, is a love affair with wai, a respect for wai, and worship of wai ... it is responsible for our waiora.

Riding the crest of this 'pure', oblivious until this moment, of change that has uplifted my belief in me and restored a faith in me that is beyond me.
Ka rere te karanga – whakararangatia e te ruahine

Nā Kim Himoana Penetito

PEPEHA

Ko Papaka te Maunga
Ko Maraehara te Awa
Ko Horouta te Waka
Ko Hinepare te Marae
Ko Te Tai Rāwhiti te Wharenuī
Ko Hinepare te Wharekai
Ko Ngāti Porou te Iwi
Ko Ngāti Hōkōpu te Hapū
Nō Rangitukia ahau
Ko Marino Blank tōku ingoa.

Hine-tītama

A skink slithered moved serpentine
across my path today
Keith Hay Park cycleway
taniwha black and beautiful
grabbed its opportunity
as the sun blessed the dance
of black on white concrete
Puketāpapa not far away
I was transfixed
rang Larry

tohu I said
Hine-nui-te-pō
the walk to Puketāpapa
took me down Albrecht Avenue
thoughts drifted
my Covid level four depression
reminded me of redundancy depression
how dark it is before the dawn
ata pō ...
the after effect of redundancy was
a job that was filled with possibility and connection
Just signed up with “Investor Bird”
financial advisor
the significant birthday of
sixty passed a few moons ago
celebrated in Martinborough vineyards
the landscape of mountains vineyards and plateau
was a new vista
it came close that horizon
I could touch the dawn
Hine-ata-uira

Nā Marino Blank

Ko Mirela Szekely ahau
 No România ahau
 Ko Bucegi te maunga
 Ko Ghimbășel te awa
 Ko România te whenua
 Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae

Reflection

Scriu această reflecție cu bunica mea de la Buzău (mamaia) în gând care m-a crescut cu aceleași valori regăsite aici în Aotearoa în Te Ao Māori. Natura, familia, iubirea și respectul pentru tot ce e în jurul nostru au fost mult mai importante decât valorile financiare.

Ka hoki ōku mahara ki tōku mamaia no Buzău. Nānā i whakatō ngā tikanga ō te whānau, ō te aroha, ō te whenua, ō te Ngākau Māhaki; ehara noa iho mō te putanga pūtea. Koinā tōku tirohanga ki Aotearoa nei, ki Te Ao Māori.

I write this reflection thinking of my grandmother from Buzău, who instilled in me the values of land, family, love and respect rather than financial value. Values that I found here in Aotearoa, especially in Te Ao Māori.

As an immigrant, I acknowledge that through language one can connect with the culture. So through my reflection I will use words in Romanian and te reo Māori to keep connecting and learning. As Whaea Lynda Toki once said: you need to strigi/karanga/call locurile tale pāmāntești/whenua/your land, you need to acknowledge and call it – that's how it will live and flourish.

My role at Unitec consisted of supporting staff across the organisation to register for the suite of Te Rito courses offered as part of professional development. At that stage my job was based on tasks rather than

understanding the importance of mātauranga Māori in my practice and how to connect with it. Throughout my learning journey I feel that I have moved from my inactivity to the next level on the Mauri model: Mauri Oho. I learnt so much. It happened gradually by building relationships, attending pōwhiri, group waiata and karakia, with the aim of extending my knowledge.

One of my considerably awakening moments was when Whaea Lynda Toki invited myself and my girls (Mara, 13 years of age, and Ina, 10 years of age) to have a noho at Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae, at Unitec. As part of the Karanga Wānanga at Unitec, a group of femeie/wāhine/women gathered for their noho at the marae. They all welcomed the girls and me with open arms, hearts and minds. It was a very deep experience for us. We were at a stage of grieving heavily, so we were struggling to connect with others, but felt very comfortable around all these wāhine. Throughout the whanaungatanga I realised that I was not the only one grieving – every femeie/wahine/woman from the group shared their different experiences of grief – so I connected straight away.

This process helped me to have a better understanding of the essence and deep meaning of mātauranga Māori. So I enrolled in Karanga Wānanga at Unitec to keep connecting, exploring and learning. My journey had begun, with Ngākau Māhaki and Mahi Kotahitanga as the prime values. This began the foundation of whanaungatanga within my professional and personal life.

The impact of Karanga Wānanga on myself as a Tangata Tiriti and how I connected:

Ngākau Māhaki – for me this value reflects who I am, with my strengths and weaknesses. With my ups and downs. It connects me with my own Romanian culture and my own values. It reminds me of my mamaia/kuia/grandmother and the way she raised me. She raised me to respect the elderly and my parents, she raised me to be humble and to help, she raised me to be a good human being and to stand up for myself and my family with kindness and beliefs. Therefore, my ability to connect has been an easy

process and supported me to find my place.

Rangatiratanga – bringing my whole self to the kaupapa. Understanding what my role and my place was in the wānanga – as someone who is open to listening, learning and growing, and being aware of my own vulnerabilities.

Kaitiakitanga – I protect and cherish all my learning and the knowledge gained. I maintained all the relationships and friendships developed during the Karanga Wānanga. I protect all the sharing and experiences.

Wakaritenga – I feel that now I am more confident to legitimise and acknowledge the different perspectives. I learnt that reflection is more important than expressing your words. I also learnt that is my right to challenge what I do not believe in.

Through *Mahi Kotahitanga* I felt welcomed to this kaupapa. The shared experiences brought us close to each other, the unexpected life experiences during the wānanga made us understand that life is not linear – it is very much up and down – but all these ups and downs give us the strength to carry on if we are together.

i cu asta închei reflecția mea. Nu am reușit să gădesc poză cu bunica mea să o atașez aici, dar probabil ca ea nu a vrut să o gădesc – ea e mereu în inima mea.

Kei roto tōku mamaia i tāku ngākau. Kua ngāro haere tōna whakaahua, heoi ano, tēnā pea kahore ia ka hiahia te puta mai.

This is my reflection. I could not find the photo of my grandmother to attach it here, but maybe she did not want me to – she is always in my heart.

I would like to acknowledge Darlene Cameron for te reo Māori translation.

Nā Mirela Szekeley

Ina and Mara

Mama took my sister and I to sleep over at Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae two years ago. I was almost 11 years old when I experienced this. We went there at 5pm and had a pōwhiri. After the pōwhiri we went to the wharekai to have dinner. I loved it so much. Whaea Tonina cooked for us all such indulgent and delicious food. I helped Whaea Tonina in the kitchen. She showed me how to cook and I was very impressed with everything. I liked the desserts the most: home-made ice cream, fruit salad and my favorite, butterscotch sauce.

Anytime my mum would go to Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae she would take me with her. I would go to the kitchen and Whaea Tonina would show me what she was cooking, taking her time to explain it to me. One of her recipes that I will always remember is her famous cheese scones. Whaea Tonina taught me how to make them. They are very tasty and fluffy.

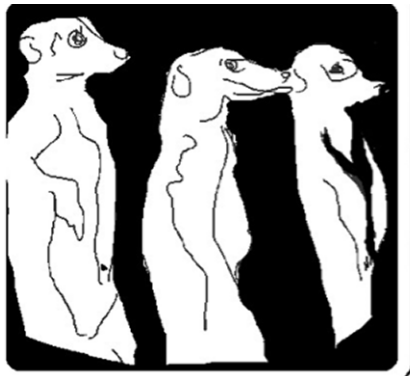
Ina – 13 years old.

Reflection written on 22 November 2021

I remember staying the night at the Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae. I chose to put my stuff in the corner, next to the power socket for my phone. I did not really use it, though – I was inspired by the whakawhanaungatanga and the conversations that were shared among all the women. I woke up the next day to see that my mum and sister were helping in the kitchen, so I went and got dressed. I heard Whaea Lynda singing a waiata, it fascinated me and I thought to myself, I have to go tell my mum.

Mara – 16 years old.

Reflection written on 23 November 2021



Meerkats and Baringo

Never before have we been acknowledged
 Our mana from distant lands
 But here in little Aotearoa, our hearts you did expand.
 Captives of human conservation, Auckland Zoo did recognise,
 One man alone our mana did see, pōwhiri did organise.
 To Wairaka he went, whare wānanga and Te Noho Kotahitanga
 A case for pōwhiri he did plea with Ngākau Māhaki.
 Four legs, two legs, feathers or fur, manuwhiri nevertheless
 From far away we all did come,
 Your fair land, no doubt your guests.
 And come they did, tira wāhine
 Rangatira they did greet
 Ahi kā o te Waonui o Tāne Mahuta!
 Reo karanga and waiata rang sweet across the sky
 My heart did flinch for distant home, mokemoke was my cry.
 I was not there when you arrived, enclosure moved was I
 But you felt my deepest pain, identity from Kenya plain, ko Baringo my
 name!
 My kaki roa, my waewae four, of human birth am not.
 Why humans claim me with their name, for fame I know not what!
 But comfort now mine from pōwhiri
 We sentinels divine

Meerkats and Baringo
Recognised by distant land!

Nā Rangi Joseph

Sacred Lands

A desire to be more than they were
They travelled the world
Where they found land
Land assigned under native protection
They worded their treaty
In English and Māori
Using the Māori language
To entice the natives
into signing their Treaty
They brought their people to the land
And gave them land that wasn't theirs
Land originally assigned
under native protection
They trampled all over Te Tiriti o Waitangi
And continued cheating natives out of land
For the more land they gained
The more fortuitous they became.
Many years later now here I stand
a māreikura
Learned in the ways of my people
Learned in the ways of tikanga Māori
Te reo Māori and karanga
Here I stand on Papatūānuku
a land long assigned
to my people to protect.
Here I stand on sacred lands
acknowledging my ancestors
and all that was lost

due to a fraudulent and unjust Treaty
 Here I stand with love in my heart
 continuing the work of my ancestors
 Work that included sustaining the land
 For future generations yet to come
 Sustaining a culture once almost lost
 And the continuation of stories of old
 To preserve the memory of my ancestors
 Who fought for the land, their people
 And generations to come
 I am my ancestors and my ancestors are me
 I am Papatūānuku and Papatūānuku is me.

Nā Rowena Fonoti

Taniwha

We arrived at Puketāpapa
 Tāwhiri blew and blew as the wāhine arrived at peak
 The wāhine were not worried as they stood fast on sound foundations.
 We faced the wind and let our karanga fly.
 While karanga were soaring high and far
 Aniwaniwa appeared
 A tohu displaying our next destination.
 A golden dragon pendant was my next tohu that flashed before me
 Signalling what was yet to come.
 We achieved our mahi on Puketāpapa
 we made our way out to Ōtara.

We reached our second destination
 where we were given swift instructions.
 We stood in a line and the vibrations of vowels
 synthesised with Papatūānuku.
 While I stood there with my eyes closed
 a golden dragon appeared before me.

He was curious and wondered of my intention
a breath of aroha was sent from me to him
And in return a hongī was fulfilled.
As I stood, present in the moment
A forceful shove to my left shoulder was felt
changing my direction and focus.
A gravitational pull was felt by all
as we ended up in the same space in time.
The earth started to shake and street lights flickered
And all trapped taniwha were released
from far beneath the concrete
that had blocked their natural path.
I could not believe my eyes or my mind
as I watched what I think were taniwha
continuing their journey, afar.

Nā Rowena Fonoti

KETE

WĀNANGA



Kete nā Whaea Judy Robson-Deane

He Tuku Karanga

Jo Diamond

This kete holds koha of shared and amazing learning. We have grown through the collective experience in our karanga wānanga. Our values are asserted and reaffirmed, supported by our leaders. Our wānanga strengthen and deepen along this karanga pathway that offers many insights and perspectives. Some surprise us, then grow on us. Others are rediscoveries of primal ira wahine (femaleness) connecting us with atua, ancestors, our taiao (environment), homes, families, all sentient beings, life and life supports. Wairaka remains ever present. She stays with us as our karanga is nourished in wānanga. Throughout this learning, our sense of self and community is enhanced by karanga. Knowledge of the universe encompasses mitochondria as much as everyday and night-time living, galaxies and stars. Our karanga-based world grows around us as we often call for redress, reconciliation, justice and peace. Our voice might be timid at first. It becomes unstoppable. E tū ana tō tātou tuku karanga i ngā wānanga.



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Nō Te Papa-i-oeca
 Ko Manawatū te awa
 Ko McGregor, Currell, DeCleene me Schwamm tōku whānau
 Ko Nola Currell McGregor tōku māmā
 Ko Ivan Leonard Schwamm tōku pāpā
 Ko Fiona Mary McGinnes tāku teina
 Ko Burnside te kura
 Ko te Whare Wānanga o Waitaha
 Naiane ko Rangitoto te maunga
 Kei Tāmaki ahau e noho ana
 Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae
 I Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka
 Ko Andrea-Rose McGregor ahau
 Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa

Karanga

Karanga our clear connection to/of our mother Papatūānuku and from her to deep connections of reality

We call. We stand before her Papatūānuku as individuals within our past, present and future whakapapa, and our current reality/ies ... We speak through her to each other as the ritual of karanga ... We expand our vision/world to incorporate all that is, starting with what was and is – the joy and the pain ...

She speaks. Our goddess responds from within her depths – her birds, her trees, her insects, her people, her companions the atua both wāhine and tāne, her consorts, her children ...

We listen. We accept her messages, her gifts, no response is too small or too overwhelming ...

We hear from beyond time and form ...

We are grateful ...

We respond. New choices are born within us from our listening – our new reality/ies form ...

We are humble.

Papa Rangi IO

The cycle of connecting through karanga continues as the expansion extends and we carry our/the service wider and deeper.

Arriving here as a delighted, inquisitive and slightly cautious Pākehā, I am thrilled to be accompanied as I very tenderly step into this portal of karanga literally surrounded by welcome whanaungatanga.

To be invited back has been a gift of peace and belonging I could not have previously conceived of.

The gifts extend to a place for myself and my whānau that I never understood – the history of colonisation rarely makes good bedfellows.

My recent tūpuna emigrated to New Zealand in the 1880s under the banner of the British Colonial machine – each strand/hapū merging to become myself and my whānau. Each was a remnant of their culture embracing the opportunity provided by British colonial expansion. They come as either servant/workers or the rejected poor relations from Ireland, Scotland, Germany or Belgium – accepting that if their whānau was to succeed in this machine then they must relinquish their ancestral identity to become useful in the British colony and take from it what they could. Now, the only relic I have from the cultures and languages of my forebears is a Scots word ‘oxter’, meaning underarm. The loss of their cultural identity, losing sons and families to the wars of the British Crown and accepting the prescribed status quo without issue, came at a price. The consequences of loss to

roots is mighty, often breeding vicious, unloving, unstable people and environments, but we kept trying to look as though we fit in, nor are we British. I do not know many of my extended whānau yet. Could this pattern be the root of the high levels of violence in New Zealand?

Recently I have ached with awkward, embarrassed envy seeing new immigrants being encouraged to maintain and display their individual cultures. In the past, when I heard the word Pākehā I wished over and over again that someone would care and ask me what my Pākehā roots are, so that I could say who I was – that rarely happened until now.

Years ago I changed my German surname to my Scottish one, and was surprised to be generally treated better for it. From that, the message to me was suppression of identity, assimilation and denial pays.

The karanga wānanga is the first place that I have felt that it's OK to be me – to bring all of me. Actually the first place that has actively encouraged me to be proud of my forebears, to stand with them and be present in my strongest and most spiritual forms – to forgive them their sins and begin to love and honour all of them.

The sad irony of me receiving this gift of identity, whilst myself reaping the obvious cultural assimilation benefits of my tūpuna relinquishing their identities, by behaving and looking like the English for the benefit of their children – within the context/arms/heart of te ao Māori where, like so many other British colonies, Māori are almost completely subsumed by its policies and disdain, and who are statistically, systematically turned into failures in their own land – does not escape me, it saddens me.

I am no saint.

To finally find a place to stand where I am asked to be me – expected to be me, to bring all my whānau/tūpuna and for us to all be welcome at Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae – it expands who we are and makes me capable of moving on and creating a better world. I already knew that to change one

person at their core changes the DNA past and present of all the family/
whānau lines. So, well then, this has begun to happen.

On top of that, to be invited and expected to raise my voice to karanga ... no
words can express.

≈

My heart is alive, she sings with joy, with presence and companionship
We sing of life, she sings in response with joy
I am different today than I was – I am different today always

≈

Today I heard – how can I be a better partner – hmm, partnerships remind
me of te Tiriti o Waitangi – until now I have not been courageous enough ...
to look

≈

I know you are there
I feel you nudging at the boundaries of my being
I welcome you
Burst forth so that we may know the dance – to speak the truth of now
We call together – the truth of today

≈

Nā Andrea-Rose McGregor



Nā Estelle Lloyd

PEPEHA

Ko Rangitoto te maunga te rū nei tāku ngākau
 Ko Manukau te moana e mahea nei āku māharahara
 E mihi ana ki ngā tohu o nehe o Tāmaki Makaurau e noho nei au
 Ko Pākehā te iwi
 Nō Titirangi ahau
 Ko Allan Tyler rāua ko Carole Leech ōku mātua
 Ko Vicky Tyler tōku tuakana
 Ko Alan Dragojevic tāku hoa rangatira
 Ko Izzy tā māua tamahine
 Ko Olly tā māua tama
 Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae
 I Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka
 Ko Cathy Tyler tōku ingoa

My Journey in Karanga Wānanga

Karanga, the first sound that you hear when being greeted onto a marae. The first time tāngata whenua meet and greet manuhiri. The ceremony of the pōwhiri with acknowledgement of our ancestors and the whenua, the sense of sacredness it brings. Many cultures have lost this, the art of bringing together and acknowledging the other. This first introduction to another being the foundation for relationship and future collaboration.

I was drawn to attend this wānanga, having a deep interest in te āo Māori; my memories of growing up in Papakura and part of the first generation of primary school students having weekly waiata practice. I have also studied music of many genres and was blessed to be taught overtone chanting by voice teacher Jill Purce, an art she was taught by the chant master of the Gyutö Tibetan Monastery. Having the opportunity to chant in Ngākau Mahaki and incorporate overtones in karanga is truly special and I am whakawhētai (grateful) for the guidance and wisdom of Whaea Lynda Toki, Whaea Mamaeroa, Whaea Jess Aranui, Whaea Nix, Whaea Kimi and all the other ataahua wāhine of the karanga wānanga who connected and shared our experiences.

Karanga mai, karanga mai, karanga mai rā
 “Sometimes we need to look back to go deep.”
 Whaea Lynda Toki, 2020

KARANGA TAHI

7 MARCH 2020 – KO TE KAWA ORA

(HEALTHY PROCESSES)

During the whakawhanaungatanga many wāhine talked of their sadness of not learning the art of karanga from their elders, and being able to learn the art now is a true gift and part of the decolonisation process.

The knowledge of IO and the link to the binary code and our DNA. Chanting IO on the wharenuī as Rā rose over the horizon was a profound

experience. Reflecting on this and trying to put it into words is difficult; an ancestral memory awakened. I-O-E-A-U

Karanga wānanga has extended my knowledge of tikanga and expanded my te reo, learning the deeper meanings of kupu has built a solid foundation in which to apply further learning. At this wānanga, Whaea Jess (a wahine in the rōpū) learned of a relative passing away suddenly in a car accident; experiencing how this was acknowledged was deeply moving.

Whaea Lynda talked of the change heralded by the northeast wind moving into ngahuru and the importance of setting up and gathering what we need as we head into winter. This was also the time for moving from the world of the environment to the world of people.

Papatūānuku – the first Kaikaranga

In our rōpū, we performed the following whakataukī as a karanga and wrote the second verse together.

Tūngia te ururoa kia tupu whakaritorito
Te tupu o te harakeke

Hoki mai kia tātou te ao tāngata
Hei oranga ngākau he pikingā waiora e

On the Rātapu we visited Taiaharau (Point Chevalier Beach), where we all chanted our group karanga and sang the beautiful waiata Hinemoana – with movements which we had learnt the previous day.

After this wānanga, I extended my pepeha and was driven to commit it to memory.

This wānanga, hosted by Whaea Darlene Cameron, was held online due to lockdown. Whaea Lynda talked us through the four different wānanga and the focus of each:

The time for planting of rākau

March – Ko Te Kawa Ora (Healthy Processes)

June – Whati Tikanga (Call out the Breaches)

August – Putaketaketanga (Alignment)

October – Mahi Kotahitanga (Collaboration)

We learnt that karanga can be a practice for health and safety, for guiding and weaving during these times. The puna can be a metaphor for our life journey – it starts its journey as a stream, runs into the awa and then to the moana; there can be struggles along the way as barriers are encountered. Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka hīkoi into the sea via the Puna – Awa – Wairere – Moana.

We were asked to put karanga into practice in the environment where we lived – to the maunga, moana, ngāhere and tāngata. I found this a grounding and a practice that gave me strength during this time, practising karanga to Te-Manuka-o-Hoturoa (Manukau Harbour), the uplifting feeling of chanting which always calls for a response.

Hinemoana, Māreikura of karanga

KARANGA RUA,
5 JUNE 2020 – WHATI TIKANGA
(CALLING OUT THE BREACHES)

It was timely that this wānanga was held as we were coming out of lockdown. A Zoom session was held where I learnt that the first breach goes back to the story of Māui telling his brothers not to cut the fish, which they ignored. We were asked to think about any breaches in our lives or our wider community which needed to be called out; shift can happen if actions are taken.

We were asked to pamper our children, they are the future. Positive social changes need to start with what and how we are teaching them.

The next day we met outside the wharenuī, Ngākau Māhaki, for karakia and then moved to Puketāpapa (Mount Roskill) where we performed karanga from the top. There was much strength in this action. I also felt sadness for this knowledge which many wāhine have missed out on receiving from their ancestors, and the need to support this knowledge being shared and integrated.

Poipoia te kaakano kia pua wai.
Nurture the seed and it will blossom.

During this time, I was experiencing challenging times with children; I used karanga as a response and received a breakthrough in our communications. An example of a breach called out and the situation being transformed.

I also reflected on my indigeneity, and feel that much ancient knowledge that should have been passed down was lost over the ages and believe this is a source of pain which goes unacknowledged in our material world of the now. Focusing on my spirituality and what defines me is a work in progress.

KARANGA TORU,
7 AUGUST 2020 – PUKETAKETAKETANGA
(ALIGNMENT)

This wānanga took place at the marae. We were asked to consider what we are, or are going to be aligning to. There was focus on exploring another pepeha; we also practised to karanga our pepeha.

Whaea Nix taught us this waiata:

Ko Wairaka te maunga rangatira
Ko Waitematā e rere nei
Ko Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka e
Ko mātou enei ngā māreikura
E pae nei, e pae nei
Whakapakari ana i te reo karanga e (*hi aue hi)

We also learnt Cook Island dancing, and the importance of having fun and laughing whilst seeking our alignment.

For our karanga in the afternoon, we were told that the puna and nearby waterways were blocked; we all performed our karanga with focus on releasing and cleansing the waterways. This was very powerful – I was literally trembling as I connected with the earth and sang/chanted like I have never vocalised before. The weekend earlier I was blessed to visit one of the largest kauri trees in Paparoa; this felt like a pilgrimage, my karanga to it filling the valley, praising its strength (it is literally holding up an entire bank), and blessing it and the ngāhere and puna with vitality.

KARANGA WHA,
3 OCTOBER 2020 – MAHI KOTAHITANGA
(COLLABORATION/INTEGRATION)

We were able to hold this wānanga in person, but it was unable to be a noho due to Covid. We met for pōhiri in the morning and spent the day in our

rōpū, mine led by tuakana Whaea Kimi. Our task was to write a karanga in our group to Rangimatarau, pā harakeke, ko Rangimārie, Te Waiunuroa Owairaka and Te Waonui o Tiriwa:

Karanga mai, Karanga mai, Karanga mai

Ko Hinemoana e mihi
Atu nei ki te ahua tau
O te whenua o Rangimatarau e

Papaki mai a Hinemoana
I ngā tai rere kei Taiaharau
Tai timu tai pari

Hurihia mātou ki te whakanui
Ngā pā harakeke o Rangimarie
Kia tu mai ra
Tū tonu tū tonu

Ka rongo hoki ki te orowaru
O Te Waiunuroa Owairaka me ngā
Wai katoa o Hinemoana
Raaranga mai, raaranga mai, raaranga mai e

Ka huri atu ra, ngā mihi
Ki ngā pae maunga o Te Waonui o Tiriwa

Manaaki mai, manaaki mai, manaaki mai e
Nei ra te Karanga ki ngā pou
Tiaki o te whenua nei

Karanga mai, Karanga mai, Karanga mai rā e

The next day we met at Taiaharau, a revered experience with the group chanting karanga to Hinemoana. We returned to the marae for the closing reflections. Whaea Maemaeroa talked about the importance of learning

te reo on the karanga journey and challenged us to learning more kupu in 2021.

The journey in karanga wānanga has been enlightening and practical, from te kawa ora/healthy processes, whati tikanga/breaches for correction, to putaketake/alignment flowing to integration Mahi Kotahitanga.

In 2021 I enrolled in the Kura Po Rua te reo class and continued to karanga to nature.

KARANGA TAHI,
5 MARCH 2021 – KO TE KAWA ORA
(HEALTHY PROCESSES)

This wānanga was held on Zoom, as we were in lockdown. It was great to see wāhine online to connect with for whakawhanaungatanga. Whaea Lynda reminded us that this was a year to take action and put our learnings into practice, and a time to karanga to the migrating birds and fish. There was an earthquake on the Tairāwhiti a few days earlier and many shared stories of their experiences; the earth changing.

My te reo classes went online at this time. My kaiako, Kiri Noho Wijohn, taught us the wellness sequence Ko Te Pito, which I have found very valuable and am working to commit to memory. I also expanded my pepeha further; thinking about my ancestors, their indigeneity and their journeys.

KARANGA RUA,
5 JUNE 2021 – WHATI TIKANGA
(CALLING OUT THE BREACHES)

Meeting on top of Puketāpapa for mihi and karanga, then sharing our experiences since the last wānanga. We were reminded that it was the end of the Māori year, with Matariki about to rise, signalling the start of the New Year.

KARANGA TORU,
3 AUGUST 2021 – PUKETAKETAKETANGA
(ALIGNMENT)

This one-day wānanga, held at Pūkenga, focused on writing our journey and experience with wānanga. The start of writing this reflection and considering what I am aligning to, moving forward. I do feel stronger alignment to nature and to the next generation; the importance of inspiring our children to lift each other up and being fully present.

KARANGA WHA,
2 OCTOBER 2021 – MAHI KOTAHITANGA
(COLLABORATION/INTEGRATION)

Wānanga hui held online due to lockdown. I learnt of the kuia from Dalmatia looking for a safe place for her people going back to a calling from tūpuna in the 1500s. We all reflected on the past year, sharing our experiences. There was talk of it being a time of transition for the earth and needing to be open to the change. The strength in opening the gate to God with karanga:

Ko Io Taketake – Ko Io Wānanga

There was comfort in seeing everyone virtually; looking forward to when we can gather again kanohi ki te kanohi.

Ā MURI ATU (THE FUTURE)

The teaching and wisdom of karanga is a type of human science; an ancient knowledge applied in the 21st century. It assists by providing healthy processes, strength to call out the breaches, awareness of what we are aligning to and the ability to integrate and collaborate, a roadmap for life.

The karanga process has the ability to heal by providing guidance for our life journey and support for mental health. The act of acknowledging our ancestors and the nature around us is a type of sacred ritual which is missing from many lives. Karanga is a grounding practice which brings a sense of connection with others; whakawhanaungatanga – a key to improving our quality of life whilst supporting and uplifting the next generation to succeed. It is a foundational tool for life which is enabling my personal growth. I look forward to continuing to respond to the call.

Nā Cathy Tyler



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Ko Takitimu te waka
 Ko Ngāti Kahungunu te iwi
 Ko Ngāi Tahu Matawhaiti te hapū
 Ko Taumutu te maunga
 Ko Mangatahi te moana
 Ko Mangapoike te awa
 Ko Ngā Tohorā Tokowhiti ngā kaitiaki
 Ko Tahu Potiki te rangatira
 Ko Hamo Te Rangi te whaea
 Ko Iwitea te marae
 Ko Chellie Spiller tāku ingoa

Ahakoā He Iti He Pounamu

I plunged my hand into the kete and pulled out a small piece of paper and unfolded it. On it was written *Ahakoā he iti he pounamu – although it is small it is precious*. This was to be the whakataukī I would practice the karanga with and take into my very being.

After everyone had received their whakataukī we were ushered to the ātea of the whare whakairo, Ngākau Māhaki. We formed a horizontal line at the threshold of where the ātea meets the grass looking out to the pā harakeke and the verdant fields dotted with pūkeko. I opened my vocal cords to the vowel sounds punctuated by consonants – *aaaaahhhhaaaaa k-oooooaaa
 hhhhhheeee iiiiit t-iiii hhhhhheeee p-ooooouuuu n-aaaaam-uuuuuuuuuu
 eeee*.

Our kaiako moved softly between us, listening as our collective voices twirled and sound tendrils entwined with each other, reaching out to the land, birds, insects, rocks, harakeke and Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka, the natural spring named after Wairaka. We were immersed in what sound artist Rachel Shearer describes as a “sonic ecology” of interconnectedness and unification with the earth, unseen forces, different intensities and

becomingness (2018, p. 3). The idea of a sonic ecology is interesting, so is Rachel's explanation of the "sonosphere", where humans attune to different earth frequencies (such as electromagnetic, geomagnetic) and relational dynamics with our bodies as perceptual instruments.

Our quivering wiri carried our sound on waves of reciprocity – an outgoing and a returning double spiral (Williams & Henare, 2009) of energy that is self-rejuvenating, energising and healing. The karanga and the wiri together forming a powerful spiral movement that amplifies intention and communication. After our karanga a pulsating silence washed over me. A reciprocal listening that unified us with the wairua of this place, of Wairaka. The medium for our karanga wasn't so much *air* as it was *wairua*. Māori musician Maree Sheehan says that karanga involves "sonic evocations, representative of ethereal voices that express the unseen essence of wairua" (2020, p. 102). An important part of what I was learning in the karanga wānanga was not so much how to release sound, but also to release silence.

I was struck by that aftermath of silence.
Perhaps I was also unstruck.

Unstruck sound, or anahata nada, Singh says, is an ancient Vedic concept associated with a fundamental level of sound vibration that is ignited through action. There is a mutuality, rhythmic reciprocity, when external sound connects and aligns with inner, unstruck sound. He highlights that unstruck sound points to that which "exists in potential, but hasn't been brought into manifestation through conscious engagement." Singh explains that he explores unstruck sound in his work, emphasising the in-between places, the margins, the unnoticed, the pauses, breaks and moments between inhaling and exhaling (Nagar, 2009, cited in Singh, 2013, p. 49).

I'm drawn to this ancient bedrock of understanding. It shows up often in my writing on wayfinding, of Te Kore and realising potential into the world, paying attention to the spaces in between, between what is known and what is yet to be, the seen and unseen, the interspace. A ruahine who moves between worlds.

Dame Naida Glavish says, “from the heavens to the Earth we are a vibrating energy field” (Māori Television, 2015, 19:19), and one of the first things our kaiako taught us was that the karanga sends forth a vibration that pierces a channel through the 12 heavens, ngā rangi tūhāhā. We connect to our whakapapa, tūpuna and wāhi tapu, the celestial realms and ngā atua wāhine such as Papatūānuku, Hine-ahu-one, Hine-tītama and Hine-nui-te-pō. Throughout the karanga wānanga we learnt about these goddesses and connected to them through karanga. We would go to Point Chevalier Beach and call out to them across the ocean, once encountering a whānau pani who invited our rōpū to join in them in ceremony. Another time we walked the land around the university campus to help heal and release distressing events of the past.

Maree Sheehan’s visual installation of cocoons evokes Hineraukatauri, the goddess of sound and music. Sheehan draws upon the explanation by Tūi Matira-Ranapiri-Ransfield that Raukatauri refers to the bag moth and that ‘Hine-raukata-uri’, a dancer of Tinirau and Kae “epitomises womanhood, complexity, music and mystery” (Sheehan, 2020, p. 58).

Snuggling up at night in the otherworldly light of Ngākau Māhaki during our noho felt like being wrapped in a woven cocoon of Hineraukatauri and embraced by Wairaka, this inspiring community of women, of ngā atua wāhine, of my tūpuna. Coming to learn the karanga was a manifestation of my whakapapa. My grandmother, Nana Wiki, would tell me about her mother, my great-grandmother, Paranihia Tamihana, who was a kaikaranga. She was a young woman when she died, in the 1918 bird flu pandemic, when Nana Wiki was about three years old. Nana Wiki loved writing – her whare was brimming with writings on any paper surface – envelopes, junk mail, news clippings, pānui that piled up around her. Her diaries, letters and fragments were bequeathed to me when she passed. During the karanga wānanga I explored my nana’s middle name, hearing her whisper to me: this name is your name. Wairakau. I would draw out the vowel sounds – Wai-ra-ka-u – remembering what my friend Robert Pouwhare told me of its meaning referring to the nectar and sap of the tree. Its lifeblood. Wairakau – the life throb of a calling transmitted from one generation of wāhine to the next.

Small yet worthy.
Ahakoa he iti he pounamu.

Nā Chellie Spiller

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Nā Estelle Lloyd

PEPEHA

“He aha te mea nui o tēnei ao?
Māku e kī atu
He tangata, he tangata, he tangata.”
Na Meri Ngaroto, nō Te Aupōuri

Ko Tawhitirahi te maunga
Ko Awapoka te awa
Ko Mamari te waka
Ko Parengarenga te moana
Ko Waimirirangi te wharenuī
Ko Pōtahi te marae
Ko Te Kao te kāinga
Ko Te Aupōuri te iwi
Ko Darlene Cameron ahau



Hutia te rito ō te harakeke
Kei hea ra te Komako e ko?
Whakataerangitia
Rere ki uta, rere ki tai
Ki mai koe ki ahau
He aha te mea nui o tene i ao?
Maku e kī atu
He tāngata, he tāngata, he tāngata.

BACKSTORY

My experience of karanga began in our wharenui Waimirirangi, Pōtahi Marae in Te Kao. Guided by our kuia, our karanga wānanga was applied by observation, watching and listening to our kuia, how they carried themselves, their movements, their tone of voice, their words.

I believe in time, place and space. I believe that there are reasons why kaupapa like karanga wānanga enter into our lives at a certain time, place and space. Having the privilege of supporting kaupapa with karanga in numerous settings was very challenging at the beginning. I felt very nervous and uncertain of whether I was adhering to the appropriate protocols of ‘karanga conversations’, as I’d like to call it. Placed in many random situations of ‘having to’ karanga, because nobody else felt comfortable, or because I was the Māori in the group or a whānau gathering and being pointed at were most often the situations I was faced with. With a brave face, a positive attitude and a deep breath I would do my best to fulfil the

obligation at the time. There was no pre-planning or pre-thinking about what I would say and when would I say it. This continued for many years.

TE WHARE WĀNANGA O WAIRAKA

In 2018, I began my journey at Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka. Walking across the ātea of Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae I felt an overwhelming sense of pride and belonging, and I had only been there for a short period of time prior to my pōwhiri. Whaea Lynda swept her welcoming karanga, covering the ātea like a red carpet awaiting our response. A quick “hā ki roto, hā ki waho” as I tried to do justice to respond on behalf of Aaron Keough and myself. Looking into her eyes as we walked forward, with my eyes wanting to connect to seek her approval, a smile or movement of acknowledgement was what I was hoping for. A sense of relief as she lifted her hands, her beautiful smile, the light in her eyes, beckoning us to enter Ngākau Māhaki. Over time, I was asked to support our marae whānau with karanga, during orientations and other events. This transcended into supporting Unitec graduations and local community events with Matua Hare. Registering with Karanga Wananga and attending noho have helped me to develop my understanding and deeper knowledge of karanga through Te Kawa Ora – Healthy Processes, Whati Tikanga – Breaches, Putaketaketanga – Alignment, and Te Noho Kotahitanga – Integration. I appreciate and enjoy building whanaungatanga and getting to know other māreikura karanga, learning about atua wāhine and connectedness to our taiao.

Nā Darlene Cameron

Kei te mihi hoki ki te kaupapa e whakakao nei ia taatou, teenei ka mihi
 Deborah Lowen tooku ingoa
 Inaaiane, ko Raetihi tooku kaainga, i raro i te maru o Matua te Mana
 Tooku matua, me ngaa tuupuna i whaanau i raro i te maru o Te Tiritiri o
 te Moana
 Taaku waka e te whakaratoa ki Papatuuuanuku, te matua o naa tatau,
 me ngaa mokopuna o te ao
 I heke mai te maunga Aoraki
 I heke mai te awa Waimakariri
 Nola me Reg Lowen taaku maatua
 He kaakano ahau i ruia mai i Rangiaatea. Teenei au, teenei au
 Noo reira, i te whaanau, teena koutou, teena koutou, teena koutou
 katoa

I acknowledge and greet the purpose that draws us together
 Raetihi is my home now, under the protection of Ruapehu
 My parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were born under the
 protection of the Southern Alps
 My purpose (my waka) is to serve Papatuuuanuku, mother of us all, and
 those who come after us, the mokopuna
 The river I come from is the Waimakariri
 The mountain I come from is Aoraki
 Nola and Reg Lowen are my parents
 I am a seed, born of the energy of creation. I am that I am
 And so, whaanau, three times I greet you

My Karanga Journey

This is my karanga journey. Written between Imbolg and Beltane, 1 August to 29 October 2021, the time of the return of the sun, the turning towards the light. For my moko, Maya Maia, who has gone back to the stars to be with her grandmothers.

May 2021. Samhain. The threshold of a dark journey that will end with the rising of Puanga and Matariki; the stars from which we come and to which we will return.

Te Taupo-nui-a-Tia is before me, and over the shining waters stands Matua te Mana, already white with snow. Steam rises up from the earth and the light shivers, forming and reforming the world and its shadows. I am at the entrance to the ātea, looking towards a whare that long ago had sheltered the broken-hearted people forced to defend their whenua at the Land Court next door. I am alone and exposed here, waiting for the karanga that will bring me into sacred space under the protection of the first sound that was ever heard.

I feel my grandmothers, three generations of them, push through my fear, urging me be braver. They have been waiting a long time. They need to be welcomed to Te Tiritiri o te Moana at last, and they need me to surrender the burdens we carry, so that we can create the world we want the mokopuna to inherit. I cannot do it alone, I need help. I call to the beautiful women who have guided me to the understanding that we are all Māori, moving manifestations of the purest spirit. The māreikura of Ngā Hakuikui o Te Waka o Ngā Mokopuna and Te Wananga Karanga o Wairaka are coming with me across the ātea. Together we are not only goddesses, but also mokopuna, unassailable in the humility of our open hearts.

The karanga sounds from the doorway. Its vibration pulls us across the ātea and our karanga weaves into it. We are here, carrying past and future, history and destiny into the sheltering arms of the whareniui.

Maia, maranga, kia tu ki te Rangi i tu iho nei
 Maia, maranga, kia tu ki te Papa e takato ake nei
 Kia arereare ai, te hono ki te pou whakatipua
 ki te pou whakatawhito, ki te poutokomanawa o te ika e
 tu nei

My grandmothers did not know how to
 fly across the universe
 and into the embrace of Papatūānuku.
 But I do.

IN THE BEGINNING ... THE KARANGA JOURNEY BEGAN WITH THE FIRST SOUND IN THE VOID

My karanga journey began long ago, before I had memory and yet I do remember; the sound of a karakia sung by a kuia as she massaged the legs of my new baby brother in a Grey Lynn boarding house. Much later, my mother took me to her classes at Auckland University's Centre for Continuing Education. There, 15 years old, I heard te reo spoken for the first time and listened in uneasy excitement and confusion to Dr Ranginui Walker and Dr Hugh Kawharu. Seven years later, my uneasiness hardened into grief as I stood with Jacquie Baxter (Note 1) at the high window of the New Zealand Room in Wellington Public Library, watching the Land March make its way to Parliament. I was a "fretful sleeper" (Note 2), as all descendants of colonial immigrants are. But I wanted to wake up. The images of the police surrounding the tangata whenua at Bastion Point delivered the blow that cleared the fog. I knew that, although I loved the land and heard its heart beat, there was no place my feet could stand. I had to leave.

When I returned 30 years later, I thought I was a different person. In London I was accepted, with indifference, but without judgement. I had relished that freedom and filled myself up with the experiences, learning, opportunities and challenges the great global city offered. I had enjoyed my work without anyone asking "Who do you think you are?" I had experienced joy in helping my neighbours, many of whom were refugees and migrants, to expand their lives through education and training. I had formed deep friendships with people from many cultures and countries. I was a citizen of the world, free of confusion and unease.

But I was not free. The ties to the past had not been severed by time or distance. Although we fretful sleepers try and try, we cannot escape our history or our destiny just by moving house. My ancestors tracked me down and demanded acknowledgement. The first up were the English ones. I lived for 20 years just off the Portobello Road, a few blocks away from the Paddington tenement my grandparents had left after the First World War. My grandfather had been a sapper; his skills at blowing things up were in high demand in the scheelite mines of Queenstown and Glenorchy.

Later, when we moved to a small town in the Norfolk Broads, I learned that my grandmother had been born in the next village. She was a cobbler's daughter who had skivvied in the kitchen of one of Norfolk's aristocratic landowners before she escaped to London. Maybe she had once loved the ancient forests, fields, commons and floods as I did. I felt her there, anyway.

I travelled to Scotland for work in Forfarshire, near the jute mills where my great-grandmother and her children had worked until she saved them from choking in the stour by bringing them all to work in the flax mills of Ōtākou.

I went to Ireland and found myself near Ballinree, County Offaly, where my great-grandparents left their families as serfs in the fields stolen from them by the English aristocracy. They sailed to Ōtautahi, and settled in Rangiora, next to Hakatere, a stream full of crystals, protected by the taniwha Tu Raki Hau Noa. Fifteen years after she disembarked at Lyttelton my great grandmother drowned herself there. She left her eight children, the youngest of whom was a 15-month girl, my nana.

Their burdens were heavy
they were alone, their whakapapa severed;
not all could endure it.

MY WHAKAPAPA KEPT TELLING
ME THAT I ONLY HAD TO CALL ...

We came back home in 2007. I began to hold gatherings to share learning gathered in London and the Americas. Many of my teachers had been Westerners who had appropriated and adapted indigenous knowledge for an audience like themselves. Often they did this for money. It troubled me deeply; but some had real knowledge and with their help I found a profound connection to Papatūānuku (called Pachamama in the Andes). I wanted to share this with community that could go beyond the bounds of culture, history, class, gender; to find a way through this chaotic world we have created and into the world of our becoming, the “Place of Meeting Ourselves Again”, where we remember who we really are and co-create the future we want for those who will come after us.

In 2010 I was asked to help facilitate a gathering of Indigenous grandmothers from the US and the Pacific. I was uneasy. The sacred knowledge of this land is alive in its people, but is rarely obvious to the uninitiated. I feared that it would be, once again, overshadowed by an assumption that knowledge from anywhere else was superior to that of Te Tiritiri o te Moana.

By then I had been going to te reo classes at Unitec for several years and I knew that a karanga was needed to make sure that the voice of Papatūānuku would be heard. I sent out a powerful one, with a clear intention to serve a higher purpose. It was answered. Very soon I was standing in Ngākau Māhaki, on the marae Noho Kotahitanga, while a dozen haku surrounded me singing in te reo. And singing in English, too, the song that Wharetatao King had heard from the old ones and written down for us – “The puriri trees are laughing, the mokopuna are returning, hoki mai, hoki mai ra, ki Aotearoa ...”

The Hakuikui gathered and grew. We became a community that tuku karanga to the world. Our karanga is for ngā mokopuna o te ao.

The first waiata tawhito that Wharetatao gave us was a statement of intention to travel always at that deepest level of consciousness. When I voice it, I am saying:

The waka of the gods is my chosen mauri. My divine design is of the undivided heaven and earth. My path is etched into the sea paths. It is the path of the heavens, of the ancient ones, of the most ancient, hidden knowledge. I set my waka faithfully on to this path. Into the challenging pathways of the physical realms, into the great tidal energies of the sea and of the moon. The tides pull me always in their flow, southwards, to Tiritiri o te Moana. And here I stand, a descendant of the ancient ones, of the divine process of creation, a beloved of the stars.

AND THOSE WHO COME AFTER US ... NGĀ MOKOPUNA O TE AO, OUR WHAKAPAPA

My descendants are also my whakapapa – first, my son, born and raised in West London and Norfolk, the places of his ancestors. His name is the sound the ancient Greeks made to call the divine spirit that resides in all that is. When he was 17, at Te Tiritiri o Te Moana he heard the maunga Aoraki call him. That karanga called us both home. Now he is a guardian of the safety of the people on the maunga Tongariro, Ruapehu, Ngaruahoe, working with the volcanos and their protectors, Tūwharetoa, Ngāti Rangī and Uenuku.

The sixth generation born here is his son. A Mexican Kiwi born under the protection of Matua te Mana, he knows his divine whakapapa through my karanga at his birth and he stands with me when I karanga to the mountain. He has brought his Spanish and Azteca Tolteca ancestors into our whakapapa. I named him Te Tai Ao, the world that surrounds us. He is three years old and is learning all three of the languages in his world: English, Spanish and te reo Māori.

To put down those ancestral burdens
is the greatest gift we can give our children's children.

And, eventually, through many deep struggles and questions, I remembered my pepeha:

Ahu hekenga toto, ngā maunga Aoraki
 Ahu hekenga toto, ngā awa Waimakariri
 Tāku iwi, ngā mokopuna o te Ao
 Tāku waka, ngā mokopuna o te Pō

My old ones came to live here, in Te Tiritiri o te Moana, the mountains flung from heaven. They were people of earth and water; from the mud-heavy tides of the Thames, from the green hills of central Ireland, from the reeds and rivers of East Anglia, from the windswept wetlands of the Moray Firth. They came, driven from their land, severed from their whakapapa, broken hearted and stupid with hope. Their waka is Te Waka Atua.

They settled under the cloak of Aoraki, the mountain that connects earth and sky. For four generations they have lived and died there. Their bones are Te Wai Pounamu.

*I am here, on Earth, with the fifth and the sixth generations,
 under the protection of Aoraki and Matua te Mana.
 Aue! Tau kukume e.*

TUKU KARANGA, TE WĀNANGA KARANGA O WAIRAKA

Then we begin. Whaea Lynda stands in the centre of Ngākau Māhaki. Her smile is the fulcrum around which the universe spins. Through her flows the ancient karanga that puts broken people back together. And through us flows the karanga that will put this broken world back together, for our childrens' children, for all beings, across all of time and all of the worlds.

Together we make the first sound in the universe, the first sound a child hears when it ventures from the wharetangata, the sound that forever creates and re-creates Te Ao Marama and carries us to the world of our becoming.

For myself, I am grateful beyond measure that te reo Māori has allowed the story of my whakapapa to be told at last. The karanga has woven it with fire and spirit into Te Ao Marama and woven my connection to the Earth, my tūrangawaewae.

Freed from the burdens of history and destiny, I stand in my mana motuhake and karanga the great whakapapa, the descent of all beings from the first sound in the Void that sets in motion the unfolding of creation.

ADDENDUM – AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK ... AND WE DO THE WORK

In 2010 and 2011 we released waiata and karanga to the full moon, to the stars, to all the volcanos of Tāmaki Makaurau, until we felt ourselves in alignment with all that is. We know we are in alignment when feel her respond – “There you are dear moko. What took you so long? I am glad you are here now.”

We released our karanga in 2012, Te Miringa te Kakara, the Temple of the Four Winds, and felt the old ones, the waters and the land respond.

In December 2013 in Gisborne, at a Gathering of Indigenous Grandmothers, the Hakuikui stood in the restless, dirty waves of the harbour and sent out a karanga for balance and clarity, until the waters became calm and clear again. There, too, when we were told of the death of Rolihlahla (Nelson) Mandela, our karanga flew with him back to the stars.

At Whakatāne in 2013, our karanga went out across the seas to Wairaka. We called upon her gift of bringing balance into the chaos caused by humankind and she has been with us ever since.

In 2014 we called to Matua te Mana at Rangataua. With her mana in us we let go of all that we thought we were into the mountain streams, and pledged ourselves to the world of our becoming.

In 2015 and 2016 Te Raina Ferris delivered her wisdom of the wharetangata to the first Wānanga Karanga o Wairaka in the House of the Humble Heart, Ngākau Māhaki. Now Lynda Toki and Te Mamaeroa Cowie hold that space for the wisdom to grow and unfold and co-create the world for the mokopuna.

He Waka Atua

He waka atua tāku waka ...
 No te ihonga nuku, no te ihonga rangi
 No takere nuku, no takere, haea te pihere nui
 Haea te pihere moana
 Haea tāku ara ko te ara o wae?
 Ko te ara o ngā aparangi
 Haea tāku ara ko te ara o ngā tawhito
 Haea tāku ara ko te ara o ngā tuatara kauika
 Tāku ara ko te ara o ngā ruamano tāku ara.

Warea warea warea tāku ara?
 Ka takoto te ihu o tāku waka ki roto i te ara moana
 O takere nui, o takere roa
 Ka takoto te ihu o tāku waka ki roto i te awa taiheke

Heke te tai nui, heke te tai roa
 Heke te tai au kume, heke to tai au Rona
 Heke te tai paripari ki whea?
 Pari ki tawhiti ki Tiritiri o te Moana
 Tu a uriuri e ... Aue ...Tau kukume e ...

1. Jacquie Baxter was a writer who published under the name J. C. Sturm. She was the first Māori woman to gain a master's degree, with her thesis on the New Zealand character in literature. We worked together at the Library – she was in charge of the New Zealand Collection for over 20 years, while I was the Community Services Librarian for five of those years. I had never met anyone like her. She was a goddess – gentle, curious, kind, very astute and never judgemental.

2. 'Fretful Sleepers' is an essay by Bill Pearson in which he argues that Pākehā New Zealanders do not know how to be here. It was published in *Landfall* in 1952. Some things have changed in the 70 years since then. Many have not.



Tētahi Pātai

Our message must be of peace
This was the instruction from the kuia, the kaikaranga
Peace in our call of welcome
Peace in a welcome to a new baby, to family and others,
Peace, love and concern for our tuākana, the creatures and things
growing in te taiao.
But how is that possible, I thought
When Papa has been stripped of her soil and forests
When the Wao Nui o Tāne is suffering
When history recorded horrific accounts of brutal acts of terror by
colonial soldiers
When whānau are cramped and anxious sleeping together at night in
cars,
with no houses to shelter them and keep them safe?
I remember words of a battle-hardened general in Ramalla, when I
talked of mediating conflicts
“Logical but utterly irrelevant in Palestine.”
How is a message of peace rather than of fury possible?
The kuia did not say it was easy, just that ...

Nā Diane Menzies



Nā Estelle Lloyd

PEPEHA

Ko Surrey Hills ōku maunga
Ko Pāpā Thames te awa
Kei Ingarangi rātou
Kei Waitōki ahau e noho ana
Ko Rangitoto te maunga te rū nei tāku ngākau
Ko Kaukapakapa te awa e mahea nei āku māharahara
Ko Prashanthi Nilyam te whare wairua
Kei te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka ahau e mahi ana
Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae
Ko Ngākau Māhaki te whare whakaruruhau
Ko Estelle Lloyd tāku ingoa
Nō reira, tēnā kōtou! Tēnā kōtou! Tēnā kōtou katoa!

Āku Whaiwhakaaro

As I currently understand it, whakaritenga is about good practice, about travelling correctly. Like the automatic-pilot mode on a jet plane, an alignment to this value means we continuously readjust to stay on course. An equal representation of this in the Vedantic tradition is dharma.

From early adulthood, I have practised the teachings of the Vedantic tradition of India to the best of my ability. Also, being a Celt by heritage, one way in which I express tikanga/dharma is to acknowledge the beginning and completion of cycles, the transitions between cycles and energies which are at play (Sattva – pure, balanced, serene, peace and harmony; Rajas – passionate, frantic, active; Tamas – ignorance and inertia [Gita et al., 2000, pp. 145, 123, 157]). In this practice, I have recently been encouraged through my studies at karanga wānanga to acknowledge Hine Atua, Hine Te Iwa Iwa, as the kaitiaki of transitions and weaving, whether on a micro, intrapsychic, interpersonal, societal, global, meta or universal level.

Therefore, following a process that is tika helps me be present and acknowledge these transitions collectively, which is a bonus.

A tika process provides a safe passage for all present through proceedings and reminds us of the values we endeavour to uphold through Te Noho Kotahitanga. This practice aids my self-care and ability to be present for taura, kaimahi and te ao. I also acknowledge the beginning and end of my day through karanga and karakia. Now in te reo Māori, Sanskrit and English.

At home and at work, I have followed the process as taught in the Wānanga Karanga o Wairaka, that is: Ko Te Kawa Ora, Ko Whati Tikanga, Ko Pūtaketekanga and Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga. I knew the correct process (respectful engagement, collaboration, co-operation, and encouragement to be rangatiratanga and stand in their mana). I called out the whati to higher managers via a complaint process in regard to repeated bullying, and to the police regarding repeated harassment, bullying, wilful damage, theft and

reckless driving by our neighbours. In doing this, I aligned to pono/sathya/truth and witnessed the process unfold. This observation gave time for integration, the final pou of the process.

When I first came to Aotearoa, I was subject to racist bullying. I felt far from welcome. The day after we arrived, a post office worker told us: “Go home. We don’t want you here!”

My crime seemingly being I did not see the little red box on the post outside the shop because I was looking for a big red pillar box in which I was used to posting letters.

However, 15 or so years later, when attending my first noho marae experience, I learnt of the Māori kawa of acknowledging the mountain you have stayed under and sending greetings from your maunga and back again. This kōrero stirred my heart and I felt compelled to go to where I could see Rangitoto and send out this mihi. I chose to stand on the dry sand on Takapuna beach because I didn’t want to take wet feet into class and risk catching a cold in the middle of winter.

I remember standing in front of te maunga and sending the greeting, “Hello Rangitoto! I bring you greetings from Te Maunga Titirangi under whose protection I have stayed these last two days.” I was awed by the emotion connected to this mihi and how seemingly it travelled across the harbour in rising and falling waves of energy, which Rangitoto received. I remember looking down to my feet as I took in and marvelled at what I had just experienced. Then, I saw the sea come much higher than it had been and gently touch the toe of my shoe and recede. I intuitively felt this movement of water was Rangitoto acknowledging my call. For the first time, I felt I, too, had a place in Aotearoa and that I was welcome.

When travelling, I repeated this practice and gave greetings from Rangitoto to mountains all over Aotearoa, Australia and South East Asia, and brought their greetings home to Rangitoto. Many years later, when I began to attend wānanga karanga, I learnt from Whaea Lynda that when we put out a karanga, there will be a response and we need to become more open to

receiving this. This kōrero validated my experience with Rangitoto and demonstrated that following Te Kawa Ora to the best of my ability was necessary at all levels and in all places.

It was at the very first wānanga that we were invited to hīkoi the whenua of Te Wānanga o Wairaka, putting out karanga as we connected with te ao. This included karanga to ngā manu, ngā rāpeti, ngā rākau me ngā kohātu. We came to Building 76, one of those buildings on campus that had been a part of Carrington Mental Hospital until the 1980s, when residents moved to care in the community.

As we approached, Whaea Lynda told us this was the building where many tāngata Māori who were tohunga had been imprisoned with tāngata of other races because they were an embarrassment, or in the way of the rich and powerful. Wāhine began to cry and wail as they connected to the pain and anguish of this place. Whaea instructed us to karanga. I felt overwhelmed. I did not know how to karanga. So I began to sound the Pranava sound, aum, from the Vedantic tradition, over and over again. I listened to the sound coming from my depths, up to my throat and out of my mouth. I became one with the call. “Let the caller and the called disappear; be lost in the Call” (Rumi, on Poet Seers, 2002). As I called, I became less aware of the environment and in a new ‘space’. I saw Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba standing in the building. The two-storey building came up to His waist. In His orange robe with His dark, curly hair, He walked the length of the building, picking up a dark, tar-like substance in His hands and lifted it into the air, where it dissolved.

As the calling subsided, I, too, came back to earth. I realised that Building 76 would never look the same again.

When we returned to our wharenuī Ngākau Māhaki, Whaea instructed us to share what we had experienced in the karanga. I immediately felt nervous – could I say what happened? Is it safe enough? I don’t know these people. Will they judge me?

I took a deep breath when it was my turn; I stood and spoke the truth of my experience – another karanga. I heard “Kia ora” in support as I finished. When all had shared, we hugged each other and one of the wahine held me close and thanked me for what I had shared, adding, “it helped me let go of the pain associated with that place.”

The world in which we live is dualistic and relational. As Bhagavan says, “As we dig a hole, a pile of earth is produced next to it” (n.d., n.p.). So, as in all these examples, we will receive an answer as we put out the karanga. Our role is to call and listen for the reply, so we recognise it when it arrives.

Nā Estelle Lloyd

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I am owned by

Belong to
 Am in
 A force that is much bigger than what I cognitively comprehend
 Yet heartfully believe and know
 Life

Blessings Hua

Tihei mauri ora
 Hua

Nā Hua Dai

An earthly member in the family of things

Without warning,
 The air turned up
 having on a coat of chill

It winked at me
 With an in-joke in its eyes

I climbed back to bed
 staring at the window

The day was coming onto stage as slowly
 as the night was leaving
 They were taking their time, lingering along
 shaking hands,
 chatting about how things have been in the
 glorious summer that is passing

I was taken aback, utterly in awe
 by the calling of the yellow rose
 – just opened this morning
 in my garden of Wonder
 “Hua, time for your jogging in the morning!”

I was quickly called back to myself
 – A child of heaven
 an earthly member
 in the family of things

Nā Hua Dai
 25/02/2014

Standing in front of the mirror

Standing in front of the mirror
 after a shower
 I realise
 I am only a step away
 From my foremothers and my forefathers
 Dwelt in those caves
 By
 putting on my dress

I still need to forage though
 Not in the forest

In the jungle of air-conditioned office buildings

Only I have less fresh air, spring water, unspoilt food, wild salmon ...

In between those times
 There have been
 Stone Age, steam boat

When I was asked to upgrade my recently installed application system
Because the giant company will stop supporting it
“No one wants to be left alone in case anything goes wrong with it”

I realise that
My life is conditioned as the temperature in the office buildings

I am only a step away from my cave-dwelling ancestors

Only I also need to beware of
The hackers on my modern tools
While I am out
foraging
in
the
Jungle.

Nā Hua Dai
27/02/2014



Karanga mai, karanga mai ki a Io te matua kore
 ngā Atua katoa hoki
 Ki ngā Atua Mama o te Ao, karanga mai, karanga atu
 He mokopuna ahau i tēnei ao āwangawanga
 Karanga atu ki ngā ahi kā, ngā mōrehu katoa
 Ko tēnei te wā whatiwhati tikanga mō tātou katoa
 Ko tēnei te wā pure, he wā, he wā hurihuri hou hoki
 He ao tino ātaahua te kaupapa rawe nui ake
 Karanga mai, karanga mai, karanga mai

Although at the time it was conceived this karanga remained unvoiced, now I know it has been in my heart all along. Standing still at Taiaharau was one thing. I wasn't prepared for the unplanned roimata, though somewhat triggered (nicely) by our whāea pūkenga with the observation “Tuku karanga, your karanga will reach wherever it needs to.” Bleached coral weighed heavily on my mind that day but my heart continues to carry the kaitiakitanga for our taiao so much stronger, thanks to our karanga. We call for a much-needed rebalancing and renewed equilibrium in our universe: the binary coding of IO.

Taiharau Point Chevalier, Auckland, roimata tears, whāea pūkenga esteemed mothers, tuku send out, kaitiakitanga custodial responsibility, taiao natural world

Nā Jo Diamond



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Te Karanga – Te Rongoā

She scans her mauri
 Her eyes looking past her face and beyond her gaze
 She looks into the colours she sees around her
 The movement of energies and pockets of glow
 “When I first met you, you were like me. When you stood to speak your
 throat closed up and you choked on your words.
 Your eyes cast down, deliberate not to make contact, your head
 followed, and your skin turned scarlet, letting down your attempts to
 retreat and hide your whakama. Today the words are freed by an open
 throat
 The light is blue and whirling at your korokoro
 Your karanga reaches across the tops of maunga
 The atua can hear your voice, your tūpuna feel the vibration you send
 out.”
 Te ihirangaranga o te reo karanga

The shift is seen and heard
 The voice is clear, the kupu uncluttered, her ahua sure and tall
 Her doubts are hers alone, no longer surfacing
 She stands firm on the whenua
 And the whenua holds the memory of whom she belongs
 Her wairua is still, her breath steady

Ko te reo karanga te waka rangatira hei poipoia tona tuakiri wahine
 He reo tika, he reo pono, he reo a te aroha, he reo o te mokopuna o ngā
 atua wahine
 Karanga mai, karanga mai, karanga mai ra

Nā Kim Himoana Penetito

Turanganui a Kiwa

From Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka, karakia for our haerenga
 To Tuu Tainui we did go many cars in a row
 On a journey oh what fun, to a place first to see the Sun
 Carpooling a necessity, whakawhanaungatanga the reality
 Kuia o nga hau e wha all heading to Turanganui a Kiwa
 Rented place at the camping ground, 3-bedroom house and a tent
 Then to the powhiri we eight went
 Kaupapa, Thirteen Grandmothers' Circle from around the world
 Meeting, greeting, korero unfold of "her stories" young and old
 Although there for kaupapa, for us eight though, na wai te karanga
 We were drawn in to the sea Pakeha, Raukawa, Uenuku, Te Peehi
 Sludge and slime up to our shins, I couldn't see my hands in this wai
 We stood waist then chest high, we heard their korero as they went by
 Walkers, runners, bike riders, no one else,
 "What are those women doing? Can't they see, blimin nannies, that
 water is absolutely filthy?"
 Yet in we went every day, six days later, so were they, children with
 parents, adults young and old
 Splashing, playing, swimming in Tangaroa, whanau had joined us in the
 sea
 Water now pure and clean to the white sand on the bottom once unseen
 We re-joined the kaupapa to hear He Tino Rangatira had passed away
 He was a Koha for the World, at a time when Grandmothers of the
 World united
 In the place in the world first to see the Sun for a moment in time we
 were all one
 Nothing ever happens by chance, we are all called to assist even if we
 don't understand
 Drawn by kaupapa, yet we did our own thing, moved by something
 higher than ourselves
 To correct an imbalance made by man, of a taonga that flows within all
 of us
 Although we are different, we are all the same, filled with taonga of
 Papatuanuku

Shaped and moulded at Kurawaka, in water our journey of life began,
 sacred water of me, of you
 Heoi ano, this journey began at the sacred Puna Te Waiunuroa o
 Wairaka and Ngakau Mahaki
 To Sharda, then to Te Tairawhiti and waters at the port below Te Aitanga
 a Mahaki
 Na Hinemoana Te Kaikaranga and Tangaroa Te Kaimihi, ko to matou
 mahi koha, ki a raua tahi.
 Ka tuku karanga kia Hinemoana, kia Tangaroa me a raua whanaunga

Nā Lynda Toki

How to talk to a GODDESS

Stand with your feet apart
 Let the air flow through the gap of your thighs
 Remember the question your beauty consultant asked before you got
 your eyebrows tattooed
 “Do you need the bathroom?”
 It’s nerve racking standing before your GODDESS
 You will want to piss
 Stay glued to the ground, wriggle your toes in the grass
 Check in with your cranial cap
 Breathe from your pubis bone to the tihi of your head
 Connect earth to sky, Papatūānuku to Ranginui
 On a windy day atop the maunga face into the wind
 Stand strong ... you want something
 Talk to the goddess who can help
 approach with respect
 Address HER, know her name
 E te Māreikura “Calling the Goddess”
 Your name is “E Hine Te Iwaiwa”
 I know your work “Ko koe te atua o ngā mahi raranga”
 As a goddess your deity extends to the care of babies
 “Te kai-ārahi o te whānau mai pēpi”

Know where your goddess lives,
Her kāinga the moon controls the tides
Hine Te Iwaiwa has perspective from her kāinga
she can help you
map the course of change
lean into her
“Me ngā ahuatanga o te marama
Nau ano i awhina mai
Te ao marama
Te ao pō”
When you finish with your goddess
Speak to her whakapapa, her genealogy
It is only proper to do so
“Ko koe te mokopuna o Ranginui rāua ko Papatūānuku e”

Nā Marino Blank

Ko Yatsugatake te maunga
 Ko Kamigawa te awa
 Ko Suwako te roto
 Ko Hapani te iwi
 Ko Kohigashi te hapū
 Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga te marae
 Ko Kodaira rāua ko Takeuchi ngā whānau
 Ko Masatoshi tōku pāpā
 Ko Kiyoko tōku māmā
 Ko Kenji tōku tungāne
 Nō Chino, Nagano ahau
 Kei Tāmaki Makaurau ahau e noho ana
 Ko Miho Kodaira tōku ingoa

My Experience of Karanga Wānanga

Throughout the experience of Karanga Wānanga with beautiful wāhine mā, I had such a privilege and honour to get to share everyone's life journey as well as learning to voice through karanga, waiata and kapa haka.

At Karanga Wānanga, I have met beautiful soul sisters who were also eager to send their voice out to the world, regardless of their life situation and status in the community. We made circles and updated what has been happening in each other's lives, we were equally shared and heard and acknowledged. It created some sense of belonging, knowing that we had mutual experiences and related-ness, also they taught me various way to voice my thoughts. It has been a liberation to feel acknowledged for who I am. When I spoke out, I attracted people who felt related to share their experience.

It was the same with karanga, even a much deeper level. Throughout the experience of sharing, weaving and voicing karanga with wāhine mā,

I gained the access to the land we were standing on, the sky that protected us from the above, maunga, moana, awa, trees and animals. Karanga Wānanga has given me the tools to voice to a deeper level. I started feeling less alone because I had shared karanga with beautiful people. I can tuku karanga for best wishes, my worries, my appreciation to everyone through karanga.

Meeting Whaea Lynda is one of the best gifts I have ever received. Without meeting her, I would not have known about karanga, beautiful wāhine mā, the Māori spiritual worldview and how we can voice to the world. With my upbringing in Japan, I felt females are expected to take a certain role; I almost felt there were hardly any places to voice for myself. I left Japan after struggling to feel belonging and not doing right and failing to satisfy others' needs and my own. Shamefully, I was making a lot of mistakes at work and harassments made it worse at that time.

Through those wānanga, wāhine mā have become my whānau: a safe place to voice. Each time I participated, I gained more confidence to go deeper to my feelings. At one of the last wānanga I attended, I managed to acknowledge the frustration of not being heard by others, loneliness in my self-discovery journey and my desperation to be loved by my family and homeland. My voice was warmly acknowledged and I felt validated and respected. I have started to sing Japanese folk songs to express my feelings at wānanga. I allowed myself to express in my mother language and share my waiata. Although people may feel strange, I have been struggling to feel I belong to my homeland. I've been feeling I am an outcast, not fitted to the culture and not accepted. Therefore, when I left Japan, I followed the 'Western way' on my own terms: talking abruptly for my rights, disrespecting collective culture, and looking down on my Asian inheritance because I thought I was a failure, I was shamed by Japanese society. Karanga Wānanga has provided a safe space for me to learn how to be me. The more I attended this Karanga Wānanga, the more I gained acceptance of where I am from and who I am. This is because of the depth of sharing and the learning opportunity through Karanga Wānanga.

I would like to thank Whaea Lynda, Whaea Te Mamaeroa and every single wahine mā who has attended Karanga Wānanga together for their warm welcome to me as I am.

Ngā mihi nui. Arigatou gozaimasu.

Nā Miho Kodaira



Nā Estelle Lloyd

La manuia tele le mamalu ua alofia i le alofa ma le agalelei o le Atua

Nō Falelima, Savai'i, Hāmoa, tōku māmā
 Nō Cardiff, Wales, tōku pāpā
 Ko Maungakiekie tōku maunga
 Ko Talimatau rātou ko Waitematā ko Moana-nui-a-Kiwa ōku moana
 Ko Te Noho Kotahitanga tōku marae
 I Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka
 Nō Papatūānuku ahau
 Ko Rosemarie Penn tōku ingoa
 Ko kaiako kei Tōtara Hill Montessori ki Matakana, Warkworth, ahau
 Tēnā kōtou, tēnā kōtou, tēnā tātau katoa

Manuia ma le soifua i le lalolagi mama,
 Rose “Hinemoana” Penn

Hinemoana Karanga

This is an account of how learning karanga has impacted on my life and teaching, when I started at Unitec as a Pasifika lecturer in the Bachelor of Teaching Early Childhood Degree Programme in 2016.

My life has been touched, blessed, healed by the wai and whenua of Wairaka through the teachings of karanga of wāhine atua and the many opportunities to express our intentions across many landmarks in Tāmaki Makaurau. These ancient gifts of transformation have been shared with us so powerfully, and with grace, by Wharetatao, Te Mamaeroa and Lynda. My heartfelt thanks and eternal gratitude go to them all for these life-changing gifts that we have all received.

‘Teu le vaa’ means to take care of the sacred space and reverence for a relationship. This definition is a Sāmoan concept that I have chosen from Patisepa Tuafuti’s 2011 essay. It weaves its way through my karanga journey

and has highlighted my New Zealand-born Sāmoan identity through learning Māori tikanga, wāhine atua wisdoms and ways of being in the world.

My relationship with Papatūānuku at Wairaka is an example of my relationship to the physical space that impacted upon my spirituality, which informed my teaching of initial early childhood teachers as well as my personal life, creating a routine of cultural practice, for the next five years.

Having to write my pepeha as an educationalist and teacher over the years has been fraught with much confusion, discomfort and, at times, angst. My struggle came from not having a strong sense of 'self' or belonging. My relationship with Papatūānuku at Wairaka is an example of how my direct relationship to this physical whenua and significant space has impacted me and has helped connect me to my Sāmoan culture and spirituality.

The pōwhiri process had always been a highly emotional experience for me, for as long as I could remember. I think it is the acknowledgement of my ancestors that stirred and awakened something deep within. Being of Sāmoan and Welsh descent, of migrant parents born in Aotearoa, has been a journey of searching for cultural identity and belonging.

Connections and ties, umbilical cords and spiritual holds that bloodlines enable, intertwine and keep us close depending on our grounding or sense of self.

This sacred acknowledgement ignited and reconnected me to my ancestral home in Sāmoa. This reconnection happened at Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka. It was further enhanced through my direct commitment and relationship to, and reverence for, the Pā Harakeke Rangimarie for three years. The pā is named after the master weaver Rangimarie Hetet. Rangimarie means peace. My name in Sāmoan is Losamalia, Rose of Peace. I found these connections to be tohu, or signs and confirmations, of being in the right place of service.

Through our karanga noho I learnt karakia and later composed my own using my Sāmoan language, to offer as koha to Rangimarie for her guidance and her nurturing of my healing heart. This also spilled into my teaching and I started to include deliberate planning of waiata to support a focus or agenda in my teaching of our national curriculum, Te Whāriki.¹

The calming and soothing aspects of wai have transported me through space and time. Hearing experiences of students opening up and sharing with me deep stories of loss and love of fanau, I travelled through the veil, to myself as a youngster at the healing waters of Vinifou in Apia, Sāmoa. Wai has the ability to lighten and cleanse, purify and restore. It is this connection to wai that I liken to teu le vaa. For me it speaks to these ancient, sacred connections through time and space between my ancestors and my alofa for taking care of Papatūānuku here at Wairaka. My thoughts, words (karakia) and actions through nurturing of the whenua are physical manifestations of my relationship of forgiveness towards my mother.

Whenua, fonua and fanua are words that mean land, and also the placenta that binds, connects and nurtures the unborn child.

My mission in teaching is to make links of these spiritual connections of karanga and waiata to the physical experiences of Papatūānuku here at Wairaka and now in my new place of teaching. In some of my classes we have toku mihi to the whenua around campus and sing waiata to show our appreciation for the beauty and strength we receive. Ākongā mentioned that singing ‘Te Aroha’ in class held little significance until they had the chance to sing above the powerful surging wai of Te Auaunga Wairere. These experiences are tangible and felt through a person’s wairua; they move the senses in an effort to build their vaa and relationships with their attending tamariki and whānau. This is what an aspect of teu le vaa looks like from my experience of teaching at Te Wānanga o Wairaka Unitec.

Nā Rose Penn

1. Te Whāriki (1996) is the world's first bicultural Early Childhood Curriculum. It is written in both English and Māori and has five principles that structure the guidance of learning outcomes for young children in Aotearoa.

The principles are:

Mana atua – wellbeing

Mana tangata – contribution

Mana whenua – belonging

Mana reo – communication

Mana aotūroa – exploration

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Nā Estelle Lloyd

On wānanga again, here we go
We had no idea what the nannies had in store.
We entered the marae via a pōwhiri, as was our natural route.
We felt the vibrations of the karanga
And we responded with aroha.
We sat and listened as the kaikōrero spoke
Wondering who would respond for us
And just like that the koha was passed to me
Giving me responsibility.
In my mind I thought of some words to use for when I lay the koha
down.
When it was time I stood with the koha in my hand
And out went the words “nei ra te aroha e”
I was not sure what I had to do as I have never seen this process before.
We all connected with a hongī and then we heard what we would be
doing.
A hīkoi around the whenua of Rangimatarau.
We went for a kai, we learned songs and we listened
It was not long before it was time for bed.
Bright and early the next morning we let the sound vibrations of our
vowels go.
We had breakfast then we headed out.
We walked down kōhatu lane, and over the bridge.
Our first stop that day was at Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka
A few of us hopped in the puna where we sang and let karanga fly.
It was here that we realised the vibrations of our karanga and a eel came
out to mihi to us.
We gathered ourselves as it was time to move on
Next destination the waterfall ko Te Auaunga.
We arrived at last at the waterfall
Some sat on the seat, others stood chatting away.
Some of us were sitting on the rocks in the water, singing and wading the
water about.
All of a sudden I felt the pull, 1, 2,3 and just like that I was in.

It was here I realised that I was preparing for a very special day,
 The day when I would be receiving my moko kauae.
 On the last day of this wānanga we went to taiaharau.
 This was the last destination for this wānanga karanga.
 At the top of the walkway we all gathered, some went ahead but I waited
 with Whaea.
 As we approached the first lot of trees a bird tweeted and fluttered
 between trees
 Whaea stopped and I did too, and then she responded to the manu.
 I realised then that the bird's tweet was an actual karanga.
 Down fell a rau, which Whaea received, this was our wero you see.
 We arrived at the water, and quickly removed our shoes.
 We all lined up and sang a few songs, and then a few of us went for a
 swim.
 This was the last of the 'pure' just two weeks before I received my moko
 kauae.

Nā Rowena Fonoti

Karanga Te Whau

The wāhine arrived at the whau
 Where they headed to the water's edge.
 They were excited to open the flotilla that day.
 The kuia spoke with the kaumātua
 And together they derived a plan for the following proceedings.
 All of the women gathered at the water's edge
 Not knowing which way that they should face
 The water or the people?
 The kuia gave a swift head nod signalling to face the people.
 Although the majority did as they were told
 There were two who could not resist
 As they could not turn their backs on the water.
 The water continued to creep closer to their feet.
 Their excitement at this time as it looked like toes tip-toeing near.

The kuia in front let their karanga fly
 Not only did the people feel the vibrations at that time
 But in response to the karanga
 a fish jumped out of the water
 and splashed as it dived back down.
 None of this was planned
 It was certainly not coincidental
 For no one could ever plan such a amazing response.
 The two māreikura standing at the back
 Could not believe their eyes as they had witnessed this amazing cite/
 sight.
 Although the water was muggy the last thing those two saw
 Was a reflection of each other's moko kauae.
 Now this was pretty buzzy as neither of the two
 Had their moko kauae at that stage in time.

Ānei te awa
 E rere hōhonu e
 Anei te awa
 Hei muru hara e
 Nau mai ki te awa
 E rere hora whānui
 Ānei te awa
 E kore e mimiti noa.

Nā Rowena Fonoti

Ko Ohomai-a-Tia te maunga

Ko Taupō-nui-a-Tia te moana

Ko Waikato te awa

Ko Waiharuru te puna

Ko Te Arawa te waka

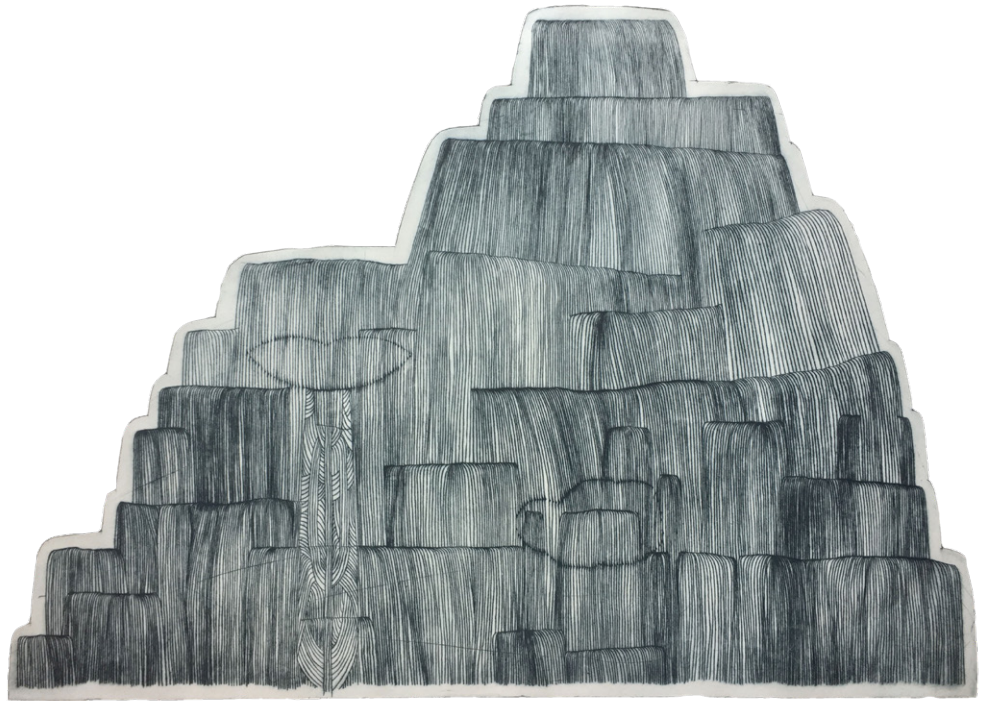
Ko Tūwharetoa te iwi

Ko Te Rangiita te hapū

Ko Te Kapa o Te Rangiita ki Oruanui te marae

Ko Natalie Couch ahau

Tūtūia ngā aho
e whātoro ana
Mai i ngā hiki
e pūhāhāhana mai
Mimiria te awki rito
Whakarewa ake ki runga
ngā wai aroha
Horahia kia fāngia
Ki te wai ora
Kia pūrea
Kia fāu
Kia wāfea
E io eee





Ngākau Māhaki whareniui viewed from Rangimārie Pā Harakeke.
Nā Emily Parr

PEPEHA

He kairaranga ahau no Ngāti Whātua, Ngāti Maniapoto, me Ngāti
 Hineāmaru
 Ki te taha o tōku whaea
 Waiomio te awa
 Miria te marae
 Te Rapunga te whare kaumātua
 Hahaunga te whare kai
 Wairere te urupā
 Hineāmaru te tupuna wahine
 Ko Tanya White ahau

It was on my mother's marae that I first saw how people are woven together, to each other, to the whenua and to tūpuna.

Rarangahia Mai Rā

This is a kōrero of aroha between te pā harakeke, raranga and te reo karanga.

The first voice to be heard from the waharoa is the karanga.

Karanga is the first pattern. The first application of raranga, of weaving. It ignites and initiates the process of pōwhiri.

It unlocks and activates the weaving together of people to each other, to tūpuna, to place, to whenua and kaupapa.

Karanga is the weaving of whakapapa.

The weaving of whakapapa begins with the application of tikanga. Tikanga pā harakeke are the systems and processes that provide a point of access to te ao Māori and specific ways of knowing and being. Pā harakeke naturally exist alongside waterways, in the transition spaces between whenua and wai. They are rongoā sites of hauora and wellbeing. The following account draws attention to karanga relationships between land and sea.

TŌROA

The birds, the sea, the land, the sky and people are all connected through whakapapa. I travelled to Te Henga (Bethells Beach) with weavers from Unitec in March of 2010. The purpose of our journey was to locate and introduce pīngao to those in the group not yet familiar with this plant. We removed our shoes and left them beneath a sheltering bush at the side of the path as we made our way towards the shoreline. The Waitākere River to our right seemed full and satisfied as it spilled forth into Te Tai-o-Rehua (the Tasman Sea). To our left, perched on the sandy hillside, was pīngao, the fiery orange eyebrows of Tangaroa sitting almost abruptly in a contest for position against the invasive introduced marram grass. I was happy to see that pīngao was winning. There were gasps of delight by one or two who knew of the efforts by many to nurture this particular group of pīngao. We were not there to harvest, but found a specimen detached and set adrift from the rest, so we accepted it and continued.

A few metres before the shoreline we came across a departed traveller, his lifeless feathered frame splayed out upon Papatūānuku. A tōroa (albatross). Whaea Lynda Toki began to mihi, to acknowledge this rangatira of the sky. We paused to contemplate the wondrous journey and immense vision acquired by this manu. I knelt beside the tōroa's carcass and began to karakia as I removed the right wing and tail feathers. The rest of the group gathered around, and someone began to dig a rua in the sand, which we lined with the pīngao we had found earlier. We heard the call from Hine Moana, carried in the spray of Tangaroa, and interwoven with the karanga from Whaea Lynda. Her reo of acknowledgement and farewell continued as we began to cover our mighty friend with a korowai of sand. Tangi, roimata and whengu hung from our nostrils, reaching down to the ground. This was our koha, as we sang ... *Kotahi kapua i te rangi, he marangai ki te whenua, kua whiti te rā ki tua o kahurangi, e kore koe e ngaro tōku reo rangatira* ... We all felt, remembered, and discovered the connection to this voyager well-travelled. Even those at first uncomfortable with the sight of death and decay were now stooping down to smooth out with their hands the mound of sand.

KARANGA KI TE WHENUA

A weaver sustains connections to the land through the tikanga associated with raranga. This includes the appropriate methods for harvesting and gathering materials and processes of raranga taonga. Tikanga associated with the gathering of harakeke, also known as korari, is expressed in the following whakatauākī:

Ki te hutia te rito o te harakeke
Kei hea te komako e ko?
Kī mai ki ahau
He aha te mea nui o te Ao?
Māku e kī atu
he tangata, he tangata, he tangata

If you pull out the young shoot of the harakeke
 where will the bellbird sing?
 If you ask me
 what is the most significant entity of creation?
 I will respond
 It is the rito, the young shoot, the mokopuna and
 rangatahi, it is people

The harakeke plant is a metaphor for whānau. The long sword-shaped leaves are joined at their base in the shape of a fan. Each fan represents a whānau. The central shoot, te rito, is the child and is also considered to be the heart of the plant. The leaves on either side of the rito are mātua, parent leaves, also known as awhirito because they embrace and nurture the rito. Outer leaves are referred to as tūpuna, ancestors. It is these outer layers which are harvested for raranga.

The paramount objective of tikanga pā harakeke is to protect the rito, because the rito ensures the continuation and longevity of the whānau harakeke. If the central shoot, the heart, or the rito of the harakeke plant is plucked out, the wellbeing of the harakeke whānau becomes severely impaired. Without new growth, or children to sustain its development, a whānau will eventually die.

This whakatauākī is an ecological model that speaks about our responsibilities towards care and protection of the whānau harakeke. It is a direct reference to the responsibilities of people to interact with each other and with te taiao in a careful and sustainable way. It speaks about manaakitanga and kaitiakitanga, and reminds us that our actions will have far-reaching consequences spanning many generations.

GATHERINGS ON THE MARAE ARE WOVEN

They are activated by karanga, the weaving together of people with te taiao. When the kuia stands to karanga and calls to the pā harakeke, she is activating the continuation of all tikanga pā harakeke in the systems and

processes of raranga. Raranga whakapapa, the woven stories of a people, are told layer upon layer, generation after generation, shaping and weaving a platform of experience from which a view of the universe is expounded.

Nā Tanya White



Nā Jasmine Te Hira

PEPEHA

I te taha o tōku pāpā, nō Te Rarawa, nō Ngāpuhi, nō Kuki 'Airani ahau
 I te taha o tōku māmā, nō Ingarangi ahau
 Ko Jasmine Te Hira tōku ingoa

How to write a love letter

*Dedicated to Whaea Lynda Toki and the wāhine of Te Reo Karanga o
 Wairaka – Tuu Puna*

*You have pulled patterns, grief and joy out of me like threads
 Your wisdom, like gems, has been threaded into a taonga whakarākei
 An incredible legacy of love to gift a whakapapa
 An inheritance*

From our wānanga karanga, I now know how
 To hold a handful of soil from home
 To recognise the rich colour of my whenua
 To transcribe te reo o te ao kōhatu
 To weave wisdoms from whakataukī
 To trace celestial heavenly bodies
 To track ancient whetū pathways
 To stitch kupu into silver kapua
 To hook karanga onto ngā hihi o Tama-nui-te-rā
 To feel the sun shine on your shadow
 To experience pure love from kuia
 To hear the reo of her,
 her māmā and kuia, all in unison, all in one
 To practice applied learning
 kawa ora, whati tikanga, pūtaketaketanga and noho kotahitanga
 To climb maunga together
 To unearth emotions buried deep by layers of memory
 To dive into laughter
 To learn the essence of play
 To breathe deeply into the whare tangata
 To stand in the hau of a sonic painting
 To call to bodies of water
 To learn the rhythms of wai tai and wai māori
 To traverse the homes of taniwha
 To chart the lines etched into the whenua
 To draw the wiri from your elbow
 To exercise our taonga
 To appreciate the koha of karanga
 To embody māreikura
 To wait for a tohu
 To map deep underground aquifers
 To let the rain reveal the manea
 To know the mahi that your tūpuna have laid out in front of you
 To decipher the reo of rākau
 To sense the stories that are yet to be written
 To find the latitudinal and longitudinal grid system

To always be in wānanga
To follow the dance of ngā kaitiaki
To understand the presence of place
To read binary code to acknowledge our unique embedded system
To see pouritanga on the horizon
To lay to rest the tinana back into Papatūānuku
To shimmer like Hinemoana
To float in her aroha
To be stitched whole by your moemoeā
To be weaved together as the wahine I am today
To know the coldness of my awa
To stand together in our maternal waters

Nā Jasmine Te Hira



Nā Estelle Lloyd

KETE

PAI MUTUNGA



Kete nā Tupuna Kuia Ngahieke Rangihaea

Jo Diamond

How unrealistic it is for us to think that all things, all matters, have a complete ending. In this kete, we are conscious of a need to acknowledge all parts of a karanga process and journey, but not to see a finality or a hard-and-fast full-stop. Rather it is an interlude; a pause to reflect back and to ponder and propose a continuation. Exact details of what comes next are not necessary or predictable at this point. Yet we are aware of a supercharging of our senses and the impact of karanga on ourselves and others. A positive, pregnant pause with momentum to maintain and nourish our karanga-based actions, going forward, is expressed. Kia mau te karanga mō ngā wā katoa, ā, kia tū, kia haere ki mua.



Nourishment into the future. Nā Tonina Ngātai

Te Ao Turoa

I used to just do, compelled to, attracted to karanga.
 The power of voice, the link to spaces, to life outside.
 I didn't wonder why, I just did.
 Now I wonder.
 Does this strong pull come from my tīpuna kuia?
 Is this an ancient echo from Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa, from Rangiātea?
 Was that why I felt safe in Manase, Savai'i, where I fled after Rūaumoko
 Tumbled buildings into clouds of dust in Ōtautahi?
 Is that why I painted brown bodies fishing from rocks into surging seas,
 unknowing when young?
 Is this why I feel goosebumps,
 Feel the empty space inside me starting to fill, just starting,
 With the deepness of wairua.
 I used to just do, think but not react, knowing, thinking, but my kare-a-
 roto held tight and still.
 Now I am listening and feel the fire, the spirit, the ihi,
 The connection, the awakening of wairua, from the sisters.
 From their karanga, and my quiet response.
 I sense the connections
 The wāhine alongside,
 The tīpuna kuia
 Te Ao Turoa.
 All.

Nā Diane Menzies



Nā Estelle Lloyd

PEPEHA

E tū ana au i te tihi o Pūtauaki
 Ka titiro atu au ki te matauri o te maunga, Taiarahia
 Ka kai aku mata ki ngā wai tapu o Ōhinemataroa, e rere ana mai i te
 whenua tapu o Ruātoki, ki te kuku o te manawa, ki Whakatāne
 I puta ai te kōrero; mai ngā kurī a Whareī ki Tihirau
 E ko Mataatua! E ko Te Patuwai e tū ake nei, e, ko Hāmua e mihi atu nei
 Ko Irene Farnham ahau

Ngo Ahau i te Karanga o Wairaka

Having wānanga in the warmth of the beautiful whare, Ngākau Māhaki. Sitting in the wharekai Manaaki, getting full on both kai and kōrero. The pūkeko outside, lazily stretching their legs and greeting us against the backdrop of the Pā Harakeke, Rangimārie. Sitting with the wāhine on the marae, Te Noho Kotahitanga, sharing and learning from each other. Sitting in the shade of Pūkenga, taking the time to absorb information.

Those experiences will stay with me. Those women, who created a space where manaakitanga was the benchmark. Where the absence of ego was the presence of aroha and kotahitanga. Walking on this journey alongside so many beautiful, interesting, and diverse wāhine has been a cultural and spiritual awakening for me. Te ture wairua.

E karanga ana te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka ki ahau; Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka is calling to me. My tupuna, Wairaka, calls to me. He uri ia nō te waka mataatua. He uri ahau nō te waka Mataatua; nō Ngāti Awa, nō Tūhoe.

Once upon a time, Wairaka would have sent out a karanga across this whenua, just as I have done, so many generations later. Her name gives me a home away from home. Her name connects me to this whenua. The puna, Te Waiunuroa o Wairaka, has her mauri, and I feel a connection to it. The maunga, Ōwairaka, stands close by. We visit that mountain of Wairaka, to tuku karanga to our ancestral maunga, wherever that may be. For some of us, our maunga are close. For others, they are distant.

I tuku karanga ahau ki Pūtauaki; I called to Pūtauaki, my tupuna maunga so many miles away. Pūtauaki, which Wairaka also connects to.

I call out the whati tikanga, and my tūpuna are with me. I stand steadfast like my maunga teaches me how to be; but also, I tremble like harakeke leaves in the wind, uncertain of my place. I am my mother's only daughter, so I feel responsibility, but also uncertainty. So many thoughts, feelings,

emotions. But the whaea brigade reminds us about belonging, about te ture wairua. They teach, and I learn.

I learn to send karanga before me, to pave a safe journey. I tuku karanga ahu ki Te Atua, hei manaaki, hei tiaki i ahau. I learn to bring my faith in Te Wairua Tapu, and my ahurea tuākiri together. The whakapapa of Te Paipera Tapu, and that of Papatūānuku, Hineahuone, Hine Tītama, Hinenuitepō.

I am still learning, and still have a long way to go. I am still a harakeke leaf, trembling in the wind. But, as I sit in the shelter of my maunga, steadfast, and unmoving, I continue to learn and grow resilient to the elements.

Nā Irene Farnham



PEPEHA

He wahine ahau o te Hokianga-nui-ā-Kupe
I te taha o tōku Pāpā raua ko tōku Māmā ko Te Hunoke, ko Whiria, ko
Whakarongorua, ko Tarakeha me Ototope ngā maunga
Ko Aotea, ko Moria, ko Puketawa, ko Mātihetihe ō mātou marae
Ko Ngāpuhi-ki-te-Hokianga me Te Rarawa ōku iwi
Ko Ngātokimatawhaorua, ko Mamari, ko Tinana ō mātou waka
Ā, tēnā rā koutou katoa
Ko Jo Diamond ahau

Karanga mihi mō te kihini

Tēnei te mihi maioha i te kihini o tō tātou wānanga karanga

Kei konei te manaaki nui rawa mai te ringa wera, nā Tonina te putiputi, me tōna whānau

Ki tōna rōpū māreikura o te whare Ngākau Māhaki

Tino namunamu te kai, tino kī te puku, te manawanui hoki

Nā Wairaka te karanga tuatahi,

Nā matau hoki te karanga pai mutunga ki ngā Atua, ngā tūpuna katoa

Mō ngā hua rawe o te ao whānui

Ngā mihi, ngā mihi, ngā mihi mutunga kore

Kia oraora mai tātou e

1. Whati tikanga – Breaches
2. Putaketaketanga – Alignment
3. Mahi kotahitanga – Collaboration
4. Ko te Kawa ora – Healthy processes

Whaea Lynda began my first karanga wānanga in Ngākau Māhaki, the whare tupuna of Noho Kotahitanga Marae, with the advice to be prepared. “Be prepared,” she advised, “to not know yourself as you have known yourself before.” I half-listened to that and many other gems of the day. Now I know some years later that my ears weren’t as open as they are now. Nor was my mind, nor were my eyes, my heart, my soul, my spirit. Such is growth that allows a person like me to reflect back on that moment as well as the whole process of learning that began at that time. Was it a healthy process? Well, I wasn’t sure then. Now I am sure it was and remains so, and, most importantly, I can share how, when and why, so this growth is no longer mine alone.

Nā Jo Diamond



Nā Estelle Lloyd

Taiaharau – Another Way

Rapu ana te kanapa
 Ki te urunga o te ra
 Ko Hinemoana e kore e kitea!

When a family from Taranaki brought the ashes of their loved one to be scattered at Taiaharau as per her Last Will and Testament, but not knowing what to do or how to do it, especially with the masses in the water swimming, playing, or those who were sitting or lying on the sand, providence has a way of intervening, by way of women from Te Reo Karanga o Wairaka – Tuu Puna.

Being made aware of the intention of this small family, it is a responsibility to share our knowledge and tikanga to assist, not just for the safety of the public, but also the safety of the family as well.

In learning the loved one had lived nearby and had walked this beach and fed the birds here every day for most of her life, hence her wish to be scattered at a place dear to her heart, our kuia said, “Let the manu decide.” Coincidentally, or not, a group of pigeons had been circling above during the conversation.

No sooner had the kuia said the words than the pigeons swooped down and flew straight to a pohutukawa tree growing by the beach. With this, the kuia asked the roopu wahine to gather handfuls of sand, as each wahine scooped sand in their hands, out came the karanga from another kuia who had followed the birds and stood below the tree.

The group of women surrounded the whanau, and guided them towards the tree amidst the chorus of response to the first karanga. Once gathered under the tree, the first kaikaranga proceeded to tuku karakia then mihi to the whanau, acknowledging the love of a mother, grandmother, for her whanau and this place, inclusive of the birds that she had fed for years, which was followed by waiata.

After this, the kuia who asked the birds to decide did a mihi response on behalf of the family and roopu tautoko. After their waiata tautoko, there was also a flurry and chorus of waiata from the birds in the tree, after which a tirairaka flitted down towards the root system. Both kuia acknowledged this was to be the resting place of the loved one, who had waited 14 years to be brought back to her beloved beach.

Assisting the family with their loved one's ashes, followed by the hands full of sand by the roopu wahine, then water rinsing the container and more sand, more waiata from the roopu and the birds, amidst tears and words of love and thanks, an invitation to eat together from the kuia was lovingly refused, as the family had a plane to catch, although did promise to eat something at the airport.

A process that began with much stress, anxiety and confusion for a family, was able to be guided by wairua and tikanga, supported by a roopu wahine and ope manu, and gave way to a joyous end for the family to be able to fulfil the wishes of their mother and grandmother.

This process also provided photos and a place for the family to come to in the future, but, most importantly, the behaviour of the manu also acknowledged this kuia, who had fed them for decades.

When humans and taonga of nature work in partnership and collaboration, the energetic taonga exchange is supportive of all systems, inclusive of the whole ecological system.

Ko Ranginui e tu iho nei
 Ko Papatuanuku e takoto ake nei
 Ko Tane Mahuta e tipu ake nei
 Ko Hinemoana e rere tonu nei
 Ko Tawhirimatea e pupuhi atu nei
 Ko Hinerangi e mirimiri mai nei
 Ko Mahuika e matimati ahi nei
 Ko Hineraukatauri e oro tonu nei
 Ko Hineahuone e mihi aroha tenei

Ko Hinetitama te ata hapara nei
Ko Hineteiwaiwa e whakamana te wharepora e
Ko Hinerehia e rarangahia nei
Ko Hinenuitepo e tatari ana ki a matou nei

We need the sun to survive, just as we need water, air, fire, sound, photosynthesis, carbon – the basic building blocks – trees, all things of nature understand the systemic aspects of survival. So too did our ancestors, who practised these tikanga daily – start now, before it's too late.

Konei te karanga o Wairaka, think collaboration, association, co-operation, partnership and teamwork, and apply in practice holistically every day or get left behind.

Na Lynda Toki



Kei te kōrero Hine-tītama
call to the goddess
the first human being
shape shifter
the dawn ata Uira
the first-born Tītama
the night te pō
the cycle
he mauri tō ngā tāngata
touch my heart

Koha
Gift your
understanding
insight
there is a time to hurt
a time to heal
there is the time of dark
the time of light
ngaringariā haere ki te ahiahi
shame be banished to the afternoon
kōrero pono haere mai i te ata
the truth will come with the dawn
pōuri haere ki te pō
sadness disappears to the night
I will navigate to the world of understanding
in the morning darkness
just before dawn
Ka whakaterere ahau i te ao-māramatanga i te ata pō
I te ata

Nā Marino Blank

She is within, your goddess
Te Māreikura
She swells in your belly with the birth of your first child
Seeps in the milk your breast produces
As your child suckles
Sustenance in the first days of life
Te Ao Marama
Connect with her as you stand
Wriggle toes in grass, the earth, your mother Papatūānuku
Know your need
Let the need speak
And reach to the goddess of choice
Lean in and connect your waters to hers
With your breath
Stand with her and believe
I am she, she is me.

Nā Marino Blank

Ko Mataatua te waka
 Ko Putauaki me Maungapohatu me Taupiri ōku maunga
 Ko Ohinemataroa me Orini ōku awa
 Ko Taiwhakaea me Pūkeko ōku hapū
 Ko Ngāti Awa, Tainui, Whakatohea, Te Arawa me Tūhoe ōku iwi
 Ko Rereorangi Tutua / Patricia Bennett ōku ingoa
 Kei te noho ana ki Whakatāne
 Ko Patricia Bennett ahau

My Karanga Journey 2015–2021, Unitec, Auckland, Ngākau Māhaki

My karanga journey started five years ago and it's been transformational for me on many levels. I actually hadn't stopped to ask myself how this karanga course has impacted my life and what experiences I've had during karanga wānanga while in applied practice. Also, the huge challenges that also came with the journey. Learning about our atua and the art of karanga allowed me to connect with this energy. We also learnt the roles and attributes/values/responsibilities of each atua, and how we as Māori are connected cosmically, atmospherically and earthly, and how the art of karanga substantiates and validates this, through applied practice. It is magical in its format and has a specific purpose; it is of utmost importance for the health, safety, wellbeing and sustainability of our people as a race. Understanding the mandalic sound of the earth and universe and how karanga is an integral part of our culture and how I witnessed all cultures having the ability to learn the art of karanga and how it brought them transformational healing and how karanga defines unity with all races. That was an eye opener and heart opener to other cultures. The magic was in my realisation that light and sound have been on the planet since the beginning of creation and that sound is universal for all humans. It was about shifting my own outmoded mindset and attitudes that didn't serve me on this journey – e.g., “Karanga is only for Māori,” and “You can only karanga if you're the oldest.”

All those stale mindsets I had to shed and release, that were given to me as a child from different whānau members.

It actually started with a mindset full of questions, which then turned into this huge knot in my puku, which then turned into fear and anxiety, and challenged every bit of my being, which took me out of my comfort zone, and this was the beginning of my karanga journey.

My head was racing with a hundred questions, like “Am I allowed to learn karanga?” My mother’s still alive, and in Tūhoe it’s not allowed while our mums are alive; also, my eldest sister is a Jehovah’s Witness and doesn’t care for such matters. I thought, “Who do I ask?”

Then I thought, “Shit, my dad’s sister is the kai karanga at my dad’s marae, Taiwhakaea in Whakatāne.” I became scared and not sure if I should do this karanga course at Unitec or not.

In my heart I felt excited and grateful for the opportunity, but my head was confused and unsure if I had the courage to let others know what my heart wanted to do. Learn karanga.

I let my mum know what I was intending to do, she just looked at me with this look of worry for me – I felt this, as she didn’t say anything negative or positive, it was more of ammmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm ok. I then let my sister know, who was okayish about it. I then proceeded to ask my dad’s sister for her blessing, which I didn’t get. Her response was not expected; her kupu to me were, “What you wanna go to the city and learn karanga for whaaa?” I felt angry at my aunty and disappointed. This made me question myself and doubt myself. My heart still said go so I had this huge fight with my heart and head, and I went with my heart. Then I received an email from Whaea Lynda Toki, who sent enrolment forms and an invitation for the first karanga wānanga to be held in Auckland, at Unitec. When this email came, my whole heart, soul and body could feel the wairua, and that’s when I felt the karanga of my tipuna, my nanny Wairaka. I felt goosebumps and the pull in my soul, and knew then it was for me. I followed the karanga of my tipuna, I hopped in a car and proceeded to drive to the city

– the pull was strong, and the fight between my ears wasn't enough to stop me. Having no real support from my own family made me sad and more self-determined to succeed.

So many things running through my head on the drive to Auckland. I cried. I yelled at my tipuna. I was angry, excited and confused – I felt tri-polar! I arrived at Gate 3, Unitec, Carrington Road, Auckland. I broke down at the gate and bawled my eyes out all the way to the wharenuī, full of mixed emotions, still not sure I was doing the right thing and scared as hell if my aunty found out. First port of call was to enter the marae to find Whaea Lynda, Wharetatao King, Te Mamaeroa Cowie and Te Raina Ferris, our Kaiako Tohunga who were about to embark us on this journey of karanga. We realised we were the first class to come out of Te Whare Wānanga o Wairaka, which had been arranged through NMIT, a tertiary institution in the South Island, if I recall correctly.

I completed the first year with four wānanga. It was an amazing time, as we learnt through applied practice. We started with learning to karanga whakatauākī, in which we built our confidence in te reo mo ngā tikanga o karanga. We were taught about the power of our whare tangata and our connection as wāhine to Papatūānuku and Ranginui and their children.

The first year, for me, was about healing my past hurts to do with sexual abuse. Karanga was a tool for me to heal and unblock my trauma and release it. How important for me to now join a karanga course that embraced my being and helped me to understand myself – that my background and circumstances influenced who I was and that I am responsible for who I become. Each wānanga became about self-determination. To know myself, to heal myself. The wharenuī Ngākau Māhaki gave us a negotiated space to be ourselves and feel safe in the environment of the wharenuī. We demonstrated sitting in the oneness, and in that space magical moments upon magical moments were created. I would often sit in silence and wonder at how our Tohunga Nannies Whaea Lynda Toki, Wharetatao and our beautiful kui Te Mamaeroa, who shared their innate wisdom and the aroha, had the time for each and every one of us. This was what got us through those challenging mindsets,

which we all had to let go so we could grow into the beautiful wāhine we are meant to be.

Whaea Te Mamaeroa would sit with me out the back of the marae – you know, feeding the pūkeko (having a kaipaipa) – I would have 100 questions about our Māori culture and language and protocols and tikanga, as I was so hungry to learn about my own culture. Ngā mihi, my beautiful kui Te Mamaeroa, for the endless hours of awhi and supporting me for the past 12 years on my journey of knowing myself.

The second year was about learning the roles of our atua and the pūrākau that enabled us to navigate ourselves through our lives, and to recognise that these left us messages and tools to help us in our own lives. I learnt that Hinenuitepō can take our mamae and traumas if we are willing to make a free choice to let the pain, sorrow and suffering go, which we have had to endure through the impact of colonisation and being orphans on our own land.

This karanga course actually saved me from being so angry at my own iwi – for seeing business as more important than us mokopuna, who are homeless and live out of cars. My anger would have got me to jail or Ward 8 in the mental hospital in Whakatāne.

The karanga course helped me to gain knowledge that freed me from myself and my mindsets that no longer served me on my journey. This karanga course is way more than just learning to karanga. It reconnected me to who I am, and my rite of passage from my tīpuna and Io Matua Kore. Ngā mihi maioha koutou e kui mā. I could never express with words what Whaea Lynda Toki has done for me in my journey, she helps all us wāhine to believe in ourselves and love ourselves to the end degree. Yeah that's what that kui does, and for us it's worth more than a zillion dollars. Money could never teach us what that kui has done for us all. Whaea Lynda has been an integral part of my journey. Ngā mihi my beautiful, beautiful kui – I love you with all my heart and soul.

I learnt leadership qualities that Whaea Lynda nurtured in all of us. Whaea Lynda always taught with such an elegant grace, with this smile that became contagious, and her humour while doing wairua mahi was full of laughter, we could sometimes laugh that much we would cry. She had this innate ability to bring the best out of all of us, and the patience she had with us all. Also, my beautiful Wharetatao, who taught us a lot of the ancient waiata – she was stern in her teachings, and disciplined; she had a lot of male energy and taught us women to stand in our feminine energy and stand up for ourselves. Kia whakatāne au i ahau. Never let anyone treat you less than his or her equal.

The third year came around, and OMG I lost my first-born daughter, Tamara Tutua, to a car accident on 6 April 2018. This shattered my life. I have been through a lot of abuse in my life, but to bury one of your children – I had never experienced that type of pain, I literally felt my heart break that day. I immediately went into kahupō – three years it took me to navigate myself out of there. I gave up and wanted to die with my girl. I became angry at my tīpuna and Io and GOD. I disowned God for a few years.

My kui Whaea Lynda knew I was struggling to come back to the light. My family and I were resting in pieces. Two years after my girl died, Whaea Lynda drove down from Auckland and six kui took me to Torere Beach, just outside of Ōpōtiki on the way to Te Kaha. I jumped in Tangaroa, scream cried and cried and something happened, and I left the beach feeling a lot better. The nannies gifted me a taonga, the most beautiful pounamu I had ever seen – it was gold, yellow and green, absolutely stunning. They channelled some messages from the tīpuna. I never took that pounamu off until a year later.

Covid came in the fourth year, so I missed out on two wānanga that year. So here we are, arrived at year five. How befitting that the fifth year was about whakatika (fixing breaches). Teaching us to name the breaches so we can whakatika, acknowledge and heal the past breaches. Through karanga we can shift energy and connect with all that is. As I am Tūhoe, Tainui, Te Arawa, Ngāti Pūkeko, Ngāi Taiwhakaea, Indian, Welsh, German and

Scottish descent, I have carried the breaches in my DNA, and have had to use processes like wairuatanga and tohungatanga – applied practices to shift the suppressed trauma out of a cellular memory.

I am student of Pāpā Joe Delamere, a tohunga from Tūhoe and Te Arawa, who taught me an ancient wānanga, Te Omaireia. This included teachings about the whatumanawa. Te kiri o te tua. Te reo, the unspoken reo (telepathy), romiromi. I would also like to acknowledge Nanny Rose Pere, who also was one of my teachers whom we would wānanga with for endless hours in the Urewera with ngā atua. The wisdom of the four winds is my bible, Te Wānanga o Ngā Hau e Whā – this knowledge from the Southern Cross to walk the gentle way within the peace trails of Rongomaraeroa, the Atua of Peace, within the Greenstone Trails. Song of Waitaha and ancient knowledge that sits within our land. This has helped me to become the person I am today.

I have struggled with my identity for many years and this karanga course was an imperative part of my journey, where I gained more than I can express in words. The following poem sums up what my Pākehā DNA was saying to my Māori DNA.

Nā Patricia Bennett

Who Called Whom

I arrived at Wairaka without even knowing
 Through pōwhiri, an introduction I felt I had no right
 Me at tertiary, was this even real
 I went through the motions trying to remain unseen, so surreal!
 My pepeha, I gave on bended knees
 Please words, don't fail me, please, please, please
 Four a.m. karakia at the puna of my kui, kui
 Without my even knowing, she had called me
 Nau mai, haere mai e moko e!
 Haere mai ki tāku taha, ka wānanga koe
 I te taha a Fraser, Sue, Whaea Kim me Hilary mā
 Tell your boss to support you, to give you a car
 Haere mai ki Te Noho Kotahitanga Marae
 It is here you can learn if you give it a try
 You will be supported in all that you do
 This is the place for Makere and you
 Well, two-and-a-bit years later at Kahurangi
 I received my Diploma, what a sight to see
 Wearing my whānau korowai as proud as can be
 Humbled in the knowing
 Nanny Wairaka had called to me
 She allowed me to find my voice
 Helped me to understand I have a choice
 That I can't do everything on my own
 Especially in regards to seeds I've sown

I am very, very thankful to her wānanga
 More thankful still, to her K A R A N G A!!!

Nā Patricia Bennett



Te Puna o Wairaka, wearing her mask in 2019, announcing our future. Nā Patricia Bennett



Nā Estelle Lloyd

PEPEHA

Ko Taranaki te maunga
Ko Southern Cross te waka
Ko Ngāti Pākehā te iwi
Ko Ingarangi te whakapaparanga mai
(engari)
Ko Tāmaki Makaurau te whenua tupu
Ko Kaipara au e noho ana
Ko Noho Kotahitanga te Marae
Ko Spiller tōku whānau
Ko Susie Spiller tōku ingoa

I Am a Survivor – Tau Mai te Mauri

Three years ago, my sister-in-law led me to the path of karanga, where I found myself in the marae once again, listening to the stories of women. It has been one of the greatest gifts. It has helped me to make peace and to journey with my own story. There are many stories gathered over any lifetime. My hope is that this story will touch the beauty in you, like a nourishing broth. Let these words hold the hand of your stories yet to be told.

And yet despite the beauty of words, there are parts of me that cringe in shame and humiliation at chapters in my story. Some of my experiences laid down dark paths – the ones Yoda warns us about. But these dark paths catalysed me into who I am today. I am passionate about finding ways to be tender with our skeletons and being courageous enough to walk towards ourselves and talk to ourselves with warmth and tenderness.

In some ways it has been the making of me; becoming wise is what I leap out of bed for in the morning. My life's work is supporting folk on the road to navigating life; to find ways to walk towards fear and discomfort, both my own and that of others, with dignity and grace. I have found the sacred practice of karanga supports exactly that.

I am the daughter of an edge-dweller. She was a source of active hope in her community; committed to making a difference through art, drama and spiritual development. I remember as a child listening to my mother on the phone as a Lifeline counsellor. She wasn't afraid to explore some of the controversial spaces hippies flocked to in those times. She also worked at Boystown – a youth programme sponsored by the police to get kids off the streets. That's where my abuse started. A trusted family friend worked there and spent two years grooming me. As you can imagine, my relationship with trust, the police and people in power didn't get off to a great start.

Meanwhile, my mother and father were going to Centrepont Community for marriage guidance counselling, it was recommended by Lifeline in those days. It was one of the few spaces at the time offering solace and support.

When I was eight years old, we were doing family therapy – hugging trees and drinking “gypsy soup” as my dad called it. He hung in there as long as he could. When the freedoms my mother sought were more than my father could bear, they went their separate ways. My brothers went with my father, and I was left with Mum, and not impressed about that. It didn’t take long before I, too, was involved in Centrepont.

The Centrepont guru somehow became my legal guardian. Unbeknownst to me at the time, this happened to several children. I initially felt excited about being free of my parents’ painful dynamics, and being with my mother wasn’t easy. I was at Centrepont at age 13 without my parents. Two people kept an eye on me; that was a very loose arrangement. I often felt scared, lost and confused. The man was a terror, and eventually ended up in prison. The woman I admired, and have recently reconnected with. We are attempting to digest this mess together, and it’s been a very tender and healing time.

My mother, like many others, believed that this guru was one of the few people in New Zealand at the time offering a place where I could thrive. She saw the mainstream as stifling, and clearly wanted me to have a different experience. I didn’t know what my father was thinking – how could he let this happen to me? Now, reflecting on this time, I think he was probably rocking in a corner somewhere after the separation, attending to his own humiliation of divorce, with a gin and tonic and a fag in hand.

To this day, I trust that when my mother walked away she had no idea what would unfold. It was sunshine and rainbows on the outside, but I had been left in the lion’s den. At 13 years old, I became part of the notorious commune now known for leading-edge spiritual teachings, alternative therapy methods, a lack of boundaries, and, unfortunately for me, drug and sexual experimentation and exploitation.

I was completely ungrounded. There was nowhere for me to go, although I remember on several occasions sleeping in a car on the side of the road to avoid returning home. No one noticed my absence, and becoming invisible reduced the chances of being targeted by the guru and his cronies.

Nudity was expected. If you covered up, you were frowned upon as having something to hide. In order to belong, and terrified of consequences, I conformed with the craziness – with gut-wrenching discomfort. I would come home from school and stuff myself with peanut-butter sandwiches to try and settle the constant empty, sinking feeling inside for what was to come.

I remember the terror of going to bed. I was told how lucky I was to have the freedom that every teenager dreamed of. But I didn't have a room; I slept in a long house surrounded by the smell and sound of sexual exploration.

I find it hard to talk about the details, but I think you can get the picture. This is the first time in my life I have written of this experience. It feels like coming out. I feel a weird murky mix of shame, of being exposed, and very tender. The words don't flow out easily – my sense is the trauma has locked them in.

In those early days, I learnt survival meant pleasing and appeasing men. And, sadly, this led to the next 20 years of extreme trauma. While I was only at Centrepont for 12 months, this experience was followed by a series of unfortunate events. My innocence was lost and replaced with a desire to companion the most dangerous and powerful people I could find. If I was on their side, they couldn't hurt me. It was a strategy to give me a sense of empowerment and belonging – I was attracted to freedom, love and power.

It took me until my mid-30s to claw my way through the consequences. I was involved in a large-scale drug syndicate and found myself on High Court bail. For two years, I had to do random drug tests twice a week to keep custody of my daughter. There were choices I made as a young mother that I struggle to forgive myself for. But she was my wake-up – my saving grace. As I write this, she is nearly 25 and about to be admitted as a Barrister and Solicitor of the High Court. She works in criminal defence. I know that every bone in her body is going to kick some arse when it comes to women, equality and trauma. Full circle, huh?

By this point, I had been involved in Youthline for years. My whole whānau volunteered in these ways. I would read letters in my prison cell from my friends at Youthline, and others. This fierce love from different corners of my life, while I was inside, was a potent remedy. These early experiences as a child and young adult harvested great learning.

To this day I continue to debate with my dear companion, humiliation. I find myself thinking that something is wrong with me – how did I attract all of this? These thoughts can be crippling at times. Shame has been my most long-standing and constant companion.

I found myself in my early-to-mid-thirties with a little girl, an ex-husband, and a hefty sentence in the High Court as a P pioneer. Forgive me for buying into the culture that has a woman believe that alcohol and drugs can enable you to feel nothing and be invincible – I was working three jobs and trying to raise a child with my trauma and convictions hanging over my head. Being seen as competent and skinny ticked at least a few boxes, until it all came crashing down.

My work is my worship these days. To be able to gaze at another with the eyes of compassion is my craft. I have worked in many fields, offering light in dark places. I have many sources of inspiration in my work as a certified trainer of nonviolent communication, and embodied holistic wellbeing. Gandhi, King, also Te Whiti and Tohu who led Parihaka – one of the world's first recorded campaigns of passive resistance. Alongside my brother and sister-in-law, I have had the privilege of offering training at Parihaka on building bridges through nonviolence. My mother was born under that mountain Taranaki, and it was like being invited home.

Karanga has brought me to seek guidance in the elements. I have been invited into the council of ancestral wisdom. I have found it hard to talk about the details of my own story. But in this space, I can be real. The karanga is a space held with love and compassion, where my skeletons can dance freely with the skeletons of others. As a Pākehā, I carry shame remembering historical events in our shared history. The warmth and inclusion offered to me in the rituals of karanga are humbling and inspiring.

Karanga as a daily practice allows me to digest my discomfort. Disconnecting and separating from trauma can be seductive. Being distant with my story is like a lifetime of being asleep. But when I call in karanga, there is no separation. I remember I am here to serve this planet, on behalf of us all, one of the many, ready to get on with it, and here to clean up this mess.

The karanga has a direct impact on our nervous systems and the planet. I am generating a union, soothed by the vibration of communing with wairua in nature, alongside my sisters who stand with me. Cortisol levels drop; trauma in my system and the field is unlocked in the calling, releasing like compost to the earth. Spending time each day in nature, calling to the ancestors and the elements, clearing the waters internally and externally. It is working with the planet, a communion with the earth where shift happens.

The world needs active hope. Slowing down, tuning in and listening. It's a shit storm out there at the moment – some of the most challenging times for the planet. On behalf of all those who have come before us, and those who go ahead, in service to the mother herself, we walk toward the discomforts with aroha, grace and dignity; attending to the wairua is the mahi.

With the deepest of bows for all the wāhine that call alongside me. In this sisterhood we are in service to the everlasting silent forces of wairua.

Kia kaha.

Nā Susie Spiller

Ko Whakaterere Manawa Kaiaua te maunga
Ko Waima te awa
Ko Ngātokimatawhaorua te waka
Ko Tuhirangi te marae
Ko Ngāpuhi te iwi
Ko Te Mahurehure te hapū
Ko Tawhai te whānau
Ko Lucy tōku māmā
Ko Lani tōku pāpā
Ko Hinerangi Faneva ahau
Mauri ora!

Mana Wahine, the Battle for My Voice Within Aotearoa New Zealand

To be broken on a bed of hate,
to be loved in a shattered state,
to be shared with an unloving embrace,
to be the subject of undesired debate,
to be opened in a darkened space,
to be unconscious in the infinite realms,
to find solace in a piece of time,
to wipe away the un-divine,
to disregard a life sublime,
to become light with a dark shine.

Nā Hine Faneva



Nā Estelle Lloyd

WHAKAMIHIA

A Final Word about Replenishment – Karanga, Tāniko and a Food Tour

I liken choices and patterns to kai – sometimes we choose to think or presume beforehand, then accept, that a basic meal will have to do. Other times an elaborate feast is called for and we design ways and means to get it. Most kai tastes better when abundantly shared with others, rather than hoarded in a miserly way. With kai and all hospitality, manaakitanga is best for everyone.

I liken my choice to commit to a kaikaranga caller journey not only to cooking and eating kai but also to a profound food-tour pattern, like an amazing itinerary which was actually created early and keeps on growing and going. Looking back on my life, sometimes I felt bereft of precious knowledge and confidence enough to perform at anything, let alone in any kind of public event. Shy and reserved, I hoarded rare comforts such as food and was quite ungenerous, love-stingy even. I sometimes felt trapped in introspective loneliness – alone and sometimes bitter.

So to address a long-felt hunger for ‘being out there’ authentically, rather than being feebly mean-spirited, I went hunting for kai satiation – public love in all the right places. Three major love patterns have emerged and grown through that hunt: raranga and whatu (fibre art), actual kai-growing, preparing, sharing and eating of most kinds ... and karanga. Soon enough, I felt the connected pattern of belly-based pursuits in all three of these. There was belly-based laughter, sobs and kai menus along the way. So strong is this three-piece pattern for me now that for the rest of this brief kōrero (itself a karanga for understanding and public airing), it interweaves with and for everything I do. I liken patterns and choices made within my kaikaranga journey to a personally and socially important piece of tāniko. A metaphor and more ... a whole woven way of life.

Tāniko includes, but is not limited to, those amazing patterns on kākahu cloaks you see worn by people of mana and flair over time in prestigious contexts. Those patterns are also more than the sum of their parts.

Construction techniques are key, as are available fibrous materials needed to make them. A good lot of architectural design nousse also comes in handy. Planning and creating tāniko, just as in cooking kai, is often very well thought through, expecting best outcomes, though spontaneity is also often admired. As nourishing kai is eaten with relish, so is karanga welcomed with respect and gratitude. Both feed people. From the get-go of any successful kai and tāniko pattern, though, an aho tapu must exist, as I explain later. Then there is the umami deliciousness that only comes together with a combination of just the right factors – that something that just clicks together to make ‘wow’ in food ... and in tāniko ... and in karanga.

Here is my tāniko of karanga: short- and long-term patterns, spontaneity, colour, texture and, yes, umami, all included.

There is often a dominant colour. Let’s call it ‘au naturelle’ of muka (inner fibres) extracted from the ubiquitous kōrari harakeke plant. These fibres are usually creamy rather than white. Some tāniko offsets this fairly nude and fibrous paleness (not pallor) with fibre dyed black by the natural oxides in special paru (mud). Sometimes au naturelle and black reverse roles. Other tāniko colours include those from natural dyes like golden raurēkau (coprosma), reds from tānekaha bark, to name only a few, and wood-ash mordants can join and support this designer’s feast-at-hand. Taiao (nature) provides, as do all our Atua-i-a-Io (deities of the whole wide universe), with guidance, strength, awe and inspiration. So do our tūpuna, whose work and footsteps we can’t help but follow. Chemical laboratory, engineered dyes and fibres come into this visual smorgasbord, as do other natural fibres, animal and plant based. Some more popular than others. Really, this colour-filled cornucopia is limited only by human capacity to find stuff to dye and stuff to dye it with. Our choices can take account of an expectation of both fleeting fabulousness that’s not meant to last, as well as die-hard permanence (or a wish for it). Whatever colour choices are made, they set the pattern for the whole tāniko design. This colour-based pattern setting is achieved by an aho tapu that I mentioned earlier. It is the first warp–weft row that can be tutū (experimental) in setting the pattern of the remaining work. Nonetheless, a skilled and experienced kaiwhatu (weaver) of tāniko

often meticulously sets the pattern with full expectation of a particular outcome. Primo expertise combines both strict prescription and an innovative, randomly placed design to achieve a kind of unexpected (almost guess-work) and pleasing type of pattern. This is also the way of kai-based pursuits and ... karanga. Strict and rote learning of the aho and whenu warps and wefts, both those tapu and additional, is, understandably and often, required by any teacher of tāniko. This kind of ‘learning the ropes’ is also tried and tested in both kai and karanga contexts, if not most others. We lay down an aho tapu plan then follow its pattern. Does the outcome meet or exceed our expectations? Often, but not always.

Eventually, and with work, your own true-to-self pattern will emerge as a koha to the universe. It could even become a signature for you and a whole group of your associates, anywhere, waving the banner of your collective identity. A special cloak, belt, banded hat, formal outfit, or any other attire sporting some tāniko, truly can send such a message. The same can be said of the kaikaranga who has a particular kind of lyric, pitch, tone and rhythm-in-voice, recognised and cherished by those who have heard it before. People feel at ease with it; at home or warmly invited in. That kaikaranga has a signature koha for presenting hosts and guests to each other to partake of a feast of relationship building. These occasions always include kai. I am now momentarily distracted by the memory of my aunty’s signature fudge slice at one of our marae gatherings ... With courage, faith and repetition, the authentic essences of karanga, tāniko and kai are conveyed with all the ingredients, techniques and wairua (spirit) they ever need. All three ‘feed’ the people in their own special and interrelated ways.

Nowadays it’s on trend to ask about purpose: the ‘why’ of our actions. This ‘why’ is often asked half-way through an action or, self-reflectively, after the action is completed. We find meaning and purpose in establishing a ‘why’. With love and admiration for all other kaikaranga, kairaranga, kaitunu (callers, weavers, cooks), I ask what is my ‘why’ for what I do? In a nutshell, here’s my reply.

Feel, touch the fibre of your being. Feel, touch the karanga. Get tension, rhythm, tone, texture. Let it move all throughout your body. Feed that

amazing energy in your bones, flesh, tissues, cells. First rising up through you from the ground, fire, chemicals, minerals, air and water of our planet, out and up via your feet, legs, puku (stomach), lungs, throat, mouth, the call cannot be contained. Sometimes brainwork comes into it but hard-out cerebral consciousness need not. Get the wairua that's bigger than scientific calculation. It's something umami. Delicious and wholesome. Tuku karanga. Feed the world and all its beings with your karanga. See the patterns that came from your very first toddler-like steps and keep going. Whatu (weave) your patterns, from get-go to end, inviting others to join and succeed, onwards but securely anchored by your whole culture, however you define it, whatever aho tapu is there for you. Upwards, outwards, it is cast for all, for our whole universe. Your reach is strong, if sometimes or often unexpected by yourself and others. It is welcomed. Trust that. We are all mokopuna on this earth and a wairua, gulf-stream afterlife will take us further, as will our mokopuna who succeed us, joining their t̄aniko patterns with at least some of ours, keeping some and discarding others. Long may they create afresh, continuously anew, connecting t̄upuna and mokopuna, Atua and tangata, whānau katoa. Their wellbeing and manaakitanga is our karanga. All of these myriad ideas describe what motivates and fulfils me. I conclude with more of a 'why not' than a 'why' ... happily.

That's enough 'why' and 'how' from me, for now. Thank you for joining me on and within this culinary outing that wraps the flavours of t̄aniko and karanga together. Yes, it is a koha offering from my pantry of opinion, knowledge and experience. But, more than that, it is an undying, colourfully dyed gesture of aroha (love). May all your beautiful energies, your t̄aniko, be fed by the richness of karanga. Together we callers prepare and offer the kai and karanga for our mokopuna. Slow cooking, insta-cook and stir-frying are all part of our repertoire. From our very hearts, spirits and souls we karanga. Sometimes our patterns of kai and karanga are clear and obvious, like the finest t̄aniko. Sometimes not so. Yet we move forward with faith, resilience and, most of all, love. Just as a kaitaka (cloak) often features colourful t̄aniko at its hem, setting you up for a memorable visual moment to treasure, this written karanga t̄aniko is completed and donned with flourish as koha manaakitanga ki te ao whānui. May karanga hold and keep you well fed, looking and feeling t̄aniko-clad, real good and British-

Nā Jo Diamond

Further Thoughts Formed Between Myself, Jo Diamond, and Whaea Lynda Toki, Including a Golden Dragon

We represent all contributors to this pukapuka in expressing mutual gratitude for all of these shared gifts, these takoha. Beyond what is presented here as text and image have been many delightful exchanges, kai sharing and experiences – social, environmental and not always easy indulgences – shared in order to heal. Karanga is now intimately tied to our wellbeing as we call to remedy from Io and all Atua, call in our manuhiri in the spirit of manaakitanga, call over vast distances in order to address and celebrate best outcomes, call out whati tikanga as detrimental, demanding change for the better and call under the wings of the universe in order to lift skyward in our best and various pursuits. Utmost in our reflection on all the takoha is profound gratitude and the vitality of clear purpose moving forward. As our lovely contributor Rowena (Nix) has described in one of her takoha, a powerful golden dragon, full of beauty, power and hope, has launched itself from here into the future. Its magic and majesty grows through aroha, robust voices, deeply felt connection to all humanity and the profound pulse of an infinite, boundless universe.

Ngā mihi nunui kia tātou katoa

Nā Jo Diamond

Ngakau Mahaki, who was 12–1800 years in the making, according to tohunga whakairo and historian Dr Lyonel Grant, had connected and called to people years before she was even completed. Vanessa, who found her way from Germany in March 2009, to find the house that was in her dreams four years before being opened, arrived for the first noho to be held in Ngakau Mahaki. Bakti, a gift from Athens, who dreamt of Ngakau Mahaki, also a Maori woman who would ‘sing’ to her when she arrived. Sara, from Denmark, found crying on the atea of the house that called in dreams. Three of many universal women with the same story connected in dreams with Ngakau Mahaki before she was opened, then followed their hearts, nei ra te mihi arohanui ki a koutou katoa.

Nā Lynda Toki

He Mihi Ki Ngaa Whatukura

Paapaa Hohepa

Matua Haare Paniora

Chance Taylor

Nei ra te mihi o ngaa maareikura o te waananga karanga tuupuna
Ki ngaa whatukura pae aarahi, tumu whakarae, me te matua kaiako
Raatou ma ngaa pou arataki tikanga mo te marae Te Nohokotahitanga
He mutunga kore ngaa mihi kia koutou mo ngaa mahi haapai tautoko
awhina te hikingatahi tonu ii ngaa maareikura te kaupapa rangatira o
ngaa tuupuna

Teenei te taha whatukura, te tino taura mo ngaa uri whakaheke.

Ma te whatukura ka totika te maareikura

Ma te maareikura ka totika te whatukura

Naa Rowena Fonoti



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Nā Estelle Lloyd



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Takina Te Hau e Te Reo Karanga

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