

"Send all those kids outside to play," my mother called back to Auntie Annie.

Everybody started gathering around the women's entrance to the toilet block. An old and almost hairless mut lounged across to one side of the entrance, nuzzling a piece of sheep wool. Auntie Hine gave him a verbal scolding.

"Haere atu e kuri, akuni ka mamae to tau i aau!"

At that, the old dog slowly got up and slunk away between the legs of those nearest to him. He was helped on his way with a slap from a barefooted little boy.

Uncle Hoani stood, his well worn grey felt hat in both hands in front of him, coughing nervously to clear his throat, he began his speech.

"Kia ora ano tatou e huihui mai nei. Kei te mohio koutou katoa he aha te take kei te hui tatou i konei. Noreira, kaare e nui nga korero, engari ki te mihi atu kia koutou. Kua taka te wahanga ki ahau, maku e whakatuwhera i tenei o tatou whare. Otira, ma taku tuahine a Meri whakamotu te ripene, Haramai e kui!"

"Where's the scissors, somebody? Hurry up!" Nanny Meri demanded.

Out of the group crowded around the doorway came a butcher's knife, which Nanny Meri promptly grabbed and sliced the blue ribbon. The new flush toilets of the marae were thereby duly declared open. Everybody gave a very loud cheer and clapped their hands. Even the old dog gave a couple of barks in appreciation.

"Hurry up Karauria, bring those champagne bottles over here. Pass the glasses around Ketura. Give one to Nanny Meri first."

Corks began popping and wine could be heard gurgling out of bottles amongst the chatter and excitement going on. Everybody began inspecting the new toilets, sitting on the seats trying them for size, testing the flushing device, watching the water disappear and washing their hands in the washbasins to see if the taps work.

"All you kids go outside, you might dirty the toilets," called Auntie Hine, giving her commands as usual.

"Foofoo, you get your grubby hands off that wall! By crikey, I'll give you a wacking if you don't hurry up and go outside!"

"You'd better go outside," I said quietly to my nephew. "Auntie Hine will smack you." He looked at me then walked outside twiddling his thumbs.

Laughter and giggling can be heard coming from inside the ladies toilet. The men started pushing their way inside to see what was all the fuss about. Most of the women, Auntie Hine, my mother, Auntie Te Ao, Moana, Huia, Materoa, Doreen, Ketura, Tehei, Heni and Ruia were gathered around the doorway of one of the cubicles.

"He aha ta koutou mahi? What are you ones doing?" asked Old John Cross.

"Haere koe ki waho — go outside," Auntie Te Ao replied. "Auntie Meri is christening the toilets."

The last part of her reply was drowned out by the flushing of water from inside the cubicle. Nanny Meri's smiling face appeared at the door.

"Fill my glass up please! I want some more champagne!"



Tangatawairua and the Journey people of the world

As tangatawairua went about the work tasks of the whanau, he felt the wairua of the Sunriseman calling. That evening the journey was made to Puke-O-Te Rangimarie to sit quietly amongst the people who had travelled from lands beyond the shores of Aotearoa. As he sat Tangatawairua learn many things. He learnt that people in many lands used the gifts of the wairua in many strange ways. He learnt that Puke-O-Te Rangimarie had been cleansed of the tapu of the sacred rocks from Dreamtime, by a woman shedding blood in a spiritual birth. This peace-loving place was now free. A new vision to be born.

Tangatawairua told the gathering of the wairua he possessed. He told also of the significance of the Kohatutapu and the great blessed mountain of love that dominated the landscape. In the tale that he told Tangatawairua showed how a thread of aroha was being woven, a thread of aroha that would bond humanity together by the wairua of the heart. A woman rose to her feet stepped forward and handed Tangatawairua a gift. It was a pure clear crystal.

This is for you Tangatawairua, by the way of the vision. It comes from deep inside the earth from the Land of Turmoil. I believe you will unlock many mysteries from many destinies. He took the pure crystal in his hands, he felt the warmth, it throbbed with an unknown energy. Within the crystal was the vision. A key, a key to unlock the hearts and minds of men. Such was the power of this unknown gift from a strange land. He told the multitude of the vision. In his revelations he spoke of the way the energy reaches in to men from the mountains of power. He told of the crystal and the key to this power, he told of the byways that carry this mana and finally he revealed the true destiny of the gathering. That they, the Journey people of the World shall take a charter of LOVE-UNITY and HARMONY be-

yond here and that in this charter as revealed by the crystal the message "BEHOLD the VISION-HOLD FAST the VISION".

To each of the Journeypeople Tangatawairua gave a special gift. It was a black shiny stone. He bid each to remember the Mountain and the power it has. He told them of the wisdom of his tupuna. He reminded them that this rock was the message of that wisdom, "From the darkness comes all, by the way of the light".

Great was the rejoicing by the journeypeople. Greatly did they show their love for mankind and mother-earth.

The Sunriseman sang ancient songs from the land of Dreamtime. Songs were sung from the Land of the Great White Spirit. When the songs had finished, the Sunriseman stepped forth. He handed Tangatawairua the spirit of his ancestors that contained the very wisdom of life itself. From his head he took the band of mana and placed it on Tangatawairua. His words were simple "As brothers we are joined". In the embrace of the hongī fell their tears of joy. In return Tangatawairua presented the Sunriseman with two simple gifts from the land of Te Rangimarie. He spoke to the Sunriseman, "Let the adornments of Tane and the bones of Papatuanuku tell the legend of the happening. Take these to the land of Dreamtime so they may know of the light of our sunrise. But to you my great brother of yesterday's secrets I give you this Tekoteko of my tupuna. I give to you what is part of me. If ever we are to speak to each other with water between us, then speak to the guardian spirit that lies between us. For in our mana are the corridors of our minds.

Bidding farewell Tangatawairua departed by the way of the night, leaving the Journeypeople of the world gathered; to "HOLD FAST THE VISION."