

He was also very patient with us learners, encouraging us with words like, "ka piki te matauranga, ka mohio. A kaore e mohio ana, a me patai, me patai, he aha i pena ai?"

I think he was daunting to some, who preferred to lay back in the whare tupuna where the sessions were held, and not show their ignorance by a dumb question. For my part I felt he was just warming up when the bell would go. It also usually took us students a while to get into the session. There is an added point of natural reticence on the part of Maori youth to question their kaumatua outright about why such and such a practice takes place. My upbringing was anything but traditional and rural, but even I held back from some areas. Of course my reo wasn't adequate to convey what I really wanted to question, but perhaps that will come at a later hui when I have the confidence.

Learning waiata tawhito with Rangiamohia, Rongokino and Tukawekai was another pleasure. The pressure was off to make yourself understood in Maori and for me it was plain sailing to immerse myself in the wairua of the tupuna kaitito, their thoughts and dreams.

That doesn't mean I was able to memorise the lines, but it felt good taking part in waiata that have been handed down through the ages. I must say that the kuia and koroua were extremely patient with us, especially when we forgot lines or the rangi. For future wananga I would like to see more waiata tawhito taught perhaps in the early morning or late at night at a time of less distraction. I think the waiata and the kaumatua who can pass them on are too precious for us not to be more serious about this.

Kai time was a serious time also for some of us, with not much korero a waha but plenty of kai a waha. Raukawa did us proud with nga hua o ta ratou rohe, kanga, pipi, paua, mereni me era atu kinaki.

We were each allotted a work group to help on the marae with the wharekai, kihini and nga wharepaku. This got us together talking about the work with necessity proving the mother of invention many a time. I mean when your mates have shut you in the freezer, you soon find the words to let them know where you are and what degree of makariri you are. Also the absence of help-mates when it's your group's turn to set out one thousand knives and forks soon encourages speech. "Kei hea aku hoa o mua, hah! Ka ngaro te katoa."

Afternoons saw a two hour break which I used to go swimming at the beach and the river. The Maori language flowed much more smoothly then as we first cadged a ride, "he waka tau, a, kia ora e hoa".

Then we progressed to finding out where there was a wahi pai mo te kaukau. And of course on the way we had the sights pointed out by the locals,



"ara kei reira te wananga o Raukawa, he pai ne ra?"

As one friend said, "koinei te wa tuatahi kua ruku au mo nga pipi". That was on account of the tide being high and the pipi being low under the sand.

Karakia took place each evening after the meal with several of us students being asked to take parts of the service. I found this very satisfying, being able to worship my God in the native tongue He gave my people. It was also a chance for us to see the purpose in having an ecumenical response for people of differing

religions. The presence of my friend, Father John Palmer, from the Catholic Maori Mission, only served to show the workability of this kawa.

One night we had karakia in the beautiful carved church of Rangiatea. I never got tired of listening to Te Koroua Whakamoe with his little eulogies based on the whakapapa of the tupuna of both the Maori and pakeha world.

In the church Rangiatea it was particularly relevant that he spoke about the whakatauki, te kakano i ruia mai i Rangiatea, the seed scattered and sown from