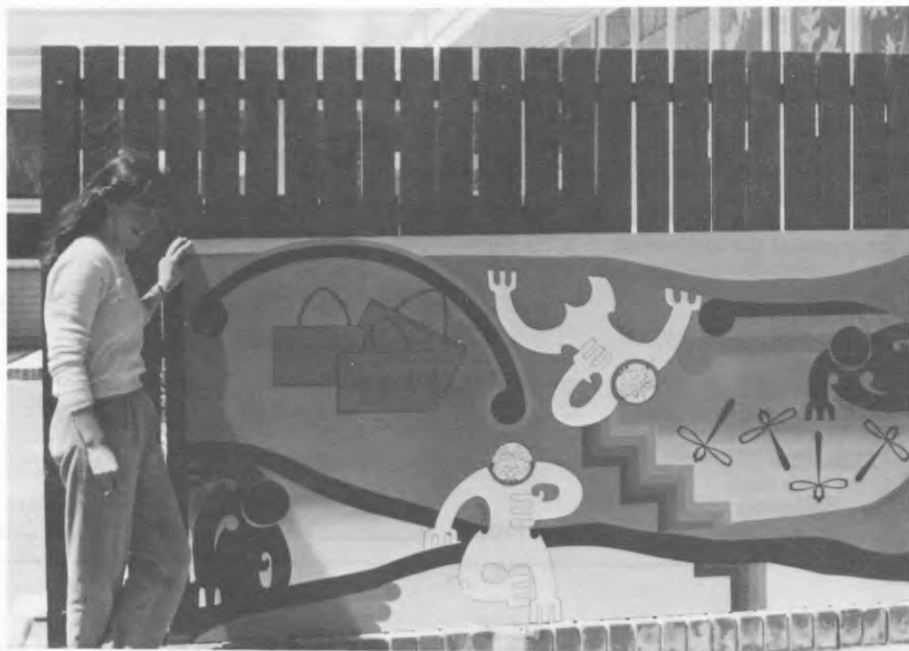




MURAL UNVEILED

This Mural, depicting the Legend of TANE in his search for the THREE BASKETS of KNOWLEDGE was painted by Michelle Teresa Ruihi Gunson, 17 yrs. old Senior Art Student of MANA COLLEGE, PORIURA.

Michelle has made this mural her "koha" to her school ... her gift of 'Aroha', to usher in, the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of Mana College scheduled for April 1982.

Bilingual Courses

A programme was begun last year in several Porirua primary and intermediate schools to encourage teaching the Maori language to children interested in learning.

The emphasis was to be on spoken Maori with the hope that teaching would eventually enable children to use conversational Maori. A series of six-week teacher release courses were arranged providing training in spoken Maori and teaching methods.

Most schools in Porirua East and Titahi Bay Intermediate sent teachers to at least one course, a commitment which reflects the considerable importance being placed by educational authorities on restoration of the language.

Bilingual classes will be taught in the Titahi Bay Intermediate next year. Such a programme cannot be effective in the long-term without adequate support from the community.

To gain support and promote Te Reo Maori, seminars were arranged for teachers and parents. There is still need for parent/community support, as teachers need to be guided by the parents/community in what they see as the future, do we want the language, do we care?

The coordinators of these courses are Don Fergusson and Liz Hunkin.

Whitianga — Opotiki

Surf, searock and sand sweep wind up
dry hills to sky ...
inconspicuous marae 'mongst noisy pines
who'd think this was a place of dreams —
where dreams and reality meet
and reality — inevitably — loses
I remember ...
days of shared laughter — lunacy
quick smiles, quick wit and hard work ...
shared pain and smoke — roll-your-own
soaking wet teatowels, dishwasher hands
aroha and —
tears
late evening and Ringatu Karakia
uncles Spacley and Mau — incanting —
slowly, slowly
waiting quietly for the responses
i-semi-conscious, curled into aunty Em
— safe —
hear beating to the rhythm of
her breathing
— warmth —
an angry night and wild sea outside this
wharepuni
the only backdrop to this moment ...
one heartbeat in time
Nighttime a mihi a waiata lighthearted now
romantic
heck! so much laughing!
Gee — lights out already?
tired bodies mould themselves to lumpy
mattresses
but minds are still alert and the old ones
drift into a reverie of chaotic reminiscing
Does the laughter here ever stop?
One place, one time, one soul ...
that never looks back without —
longing

Mereana Waaka

Giz a Ride

Hurry that breakfast down,
you're gonna be late again.
If you miss the bus today you'll just
have to walk,
And that's that!
For Heaven's sake boy,
don't eat like a pig.
What's your hurry!
And look at that bed,
D'you call that made ...
Honestly!
Oh crikey ... it's 10 to 8,
the bus gets to our corner at 5 to ...
I'll never make it!
If I eat any faster
she's likely to crack me one.
Anyway ... I didn't even want any
breakfast
'cause I've got soccer practice soon as I
get to school.
On the other hand,
If I don't eat it she's gonna rave on
about all the hungry kids in the world
who'd give anything for a spoonful of
porridge.
Talk about it!
I'm not too fussed about the bed tho',
Even when I DO make it properly,
she goes and makes it all over again.
So ...
Well, that's breakfast.
Don't forget your lunch money,
it's on the sink next to the toaster.
Thanks Mum.
Hey Mum, I've missed the bus.
Giz a ride!

Nanny

I can still see my nanny's face
a thousand dreams away,
All bent and huddled over she sways
upon her walking stick,
She turned and smiled — so tender
Such expressions I'll never forget,
When she laughed her old face would
wrinkle even more and her mouth would
open wide.
I loved each line of age upon her brow,
Sometimes I'd trace my fingers along
each curve so smooth and soft,
I once asked her "Nanny, how come you
lived so long?", "Well Girl," she said "God
doesn't take ragwort, that's why I'm still
here today",
"Oh Nanny! stop telling lies" I says,
"I know! he saves the special ones till last,
yeah that's why".
Now I see my Nanny's face,
She's lying here beside me,
But she has no expressions,
Just one of peaceful sleep.
No more laughter or sitting on her knee,
No more touching and caressing of her
guiding hand,
She was all the things I dreamed
of,
All things gentle and loving,
I'll miss my Nanny now she's gone
I'll miss her very much
But since she's such a special
person,
I know she's safe.
In God's own arms.

Mrs Ann Watene