



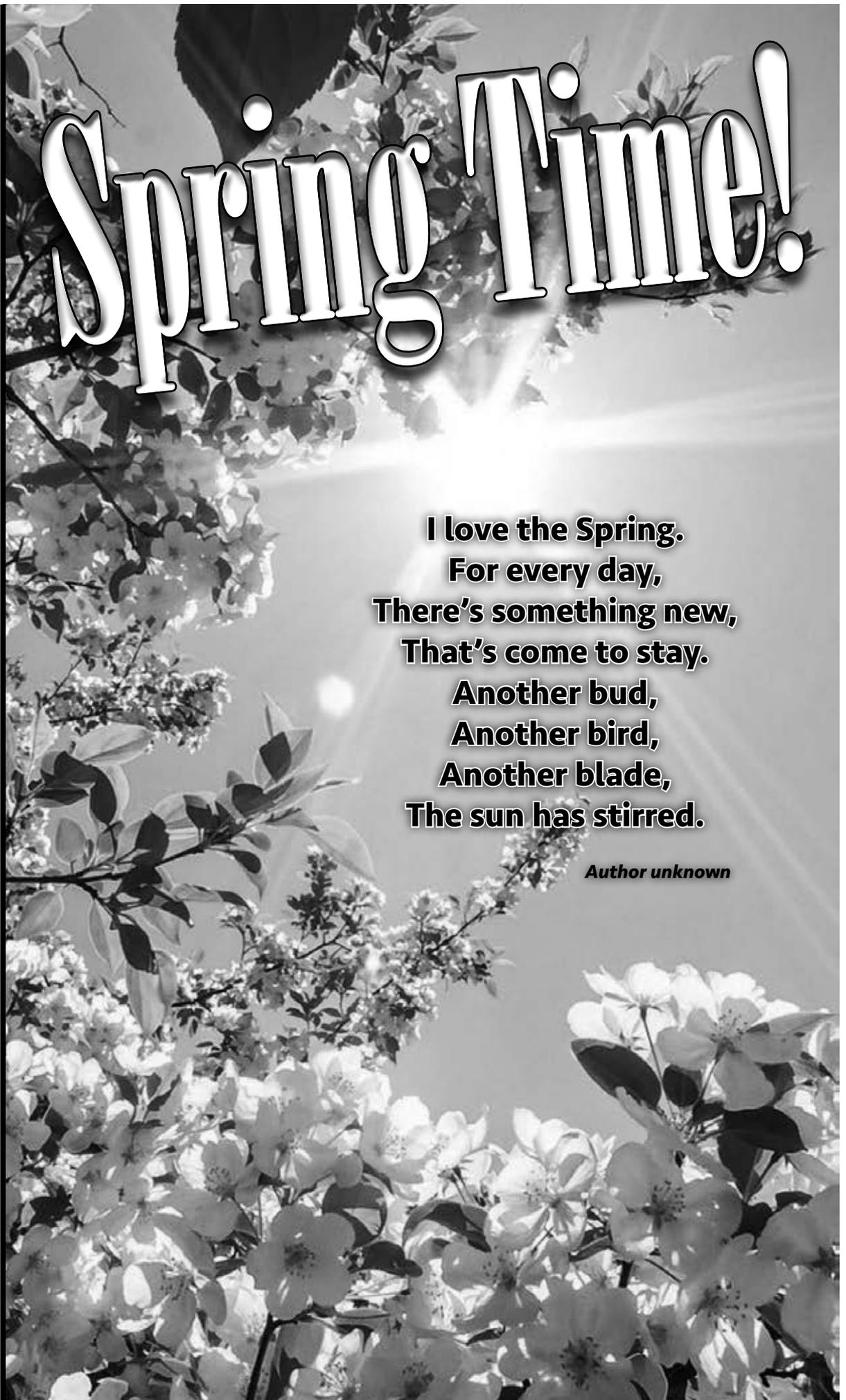
OWN

NEWS & VIEWS



Spring 2019

Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz



Spring Time!

**I love the Spring.
For every day,
There's something new,
That's come to stay.
Another bud,
Another bird,
Another blade,
The sun has stirred.**

Author unknown

OWN is a women's network which connects women through a variety of activities and events which enhance feelings of belonging and well-being

Dear OWN members ...

It is now officially Spring ... so I want to wish all the best of the season!

I want to thank all of our members for their contribution to OWN. Some have been more active than others, but I hope our programme will expand.

The **Writing Groups** in Browns Bay and Beach Haven are enjoyable to attend. The **Theatre Group** went to see **Six Degrees of Separation** at the *ASB Waterfront Theatre*. It was a disappointment, but not too bad!



We are now busy organising our **OWN High Tea** on 2 November (see page 3 for more information). We are also looking at going for another bus trip, as we did to Matakana. *Lennie* is making enquiries!

If you have any ideas for outings, etc. please let us know. I look forward to hearing from you.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin
Chairperson



'Boomers'

This website has been recommended by a friend and offers five ways for people to maintain their health and their mental well-being late in life. Sometimes we focus on our physical health, but our mental health can experience some of the greatest challenges as we age. This can be due to physical changes such as chronic illness, disease, surgery, and other things such as grief and loss to name a few.

tinyurl.com/OWN-Boomers

“ A single cloud can hide the Sun. One wrong or unhelpful thought could be the equivalent of such a cloud. Recognise dark ideas. Flood them with light and entreat the winds of change to blow them away. Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a battle you know nothing about. ”



A Tribute to **Betty Faesen**

Sadly, on 16 July, 2019, *Betty Faesen* passed away, just two months short of her 94th birthday.

Betty has been a much loved and treasured *Our Women's Network* member for many years.

She knew the correct way a meeting should be run, having been President and Chairman of organisations in the past.

She looked after herself well, always being beautifully dressed and making sure she wore matching colours. Until recently she lived alone and drove herself everywhere. She was very young at heart and certainly up with the play regarding the latest technology, being competent with Internet, Facebook, and used an iPhone.

At morning teatime, *Betty* was the first up to put the jug on and make the tea and coffee. A while later you would see her at the sink washing the dishes.

She was also a member of the Browns Bay **Writing for Future Generations Group**, where we write stories of our earlier lives for children and grandchildren to enjoy. *Betty's* stories were always interesting and humorous. We will certainly miss *Betty* and those lovely stories.



OWN Groups

Writing for Future Generations

Inform the appropriate Group Convenor prior to attending the Group.



Browns Bay Group meets on the second Saturday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.

Beach Haven Group meets on the fourth Saturday of each month at the *Cedar Centre*, Beach Haven. For details, contact *Anne Mutu*, ph: 483-7704.

OWN Theatre Group

Exploring more theatre visits and other activities. For further details, contact *Joan Lardner-Riolin*, ph: 483-9671.



OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on Sundays twice monthly at the *Fairview Retirement Village*, Albany. For details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.

OWN Browns Bay Coffee Group

Come and join us for a cuppa, or maybe lunch. Meets at 11:30am on the last Tuesday of each month at *White Flower Café*, in Browns Bay. For details, contact *Val Bird*, ph: 475-6601 or email: valbird51@hotmail.com



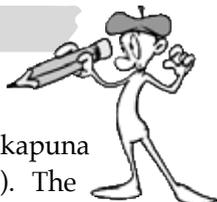
OWN Discussion Group

Meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:00am. We are looking for more people to join in with us. A range of subjects is discussed and it is a very interesting morning. Held in Room 3 (first floor) of the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Jeanne Ford* ph: 410-4803.

Heloisa's Art Classes

New members welcome.

Held in the Channel View Lounge, *Mary Thomas Centre*, Takapuna on Tuesdays (2:00pm – 4:00pm). The classes are free, but a gold coin donation to cover material costs is appreciated. To register, contact *Roanna*, email: roanna@takapunatrust.org.nz or ph: 021-416-778.



Up-coming Events

High Tea

This is a really fun time so bring along your friends to join in with us! No need to wear a hat and gloves, but dressing up would be great.

Book Now!

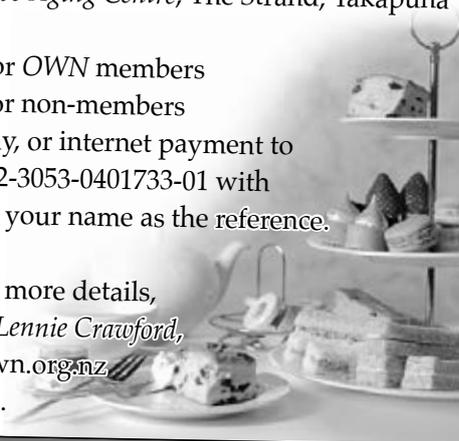
When: 1:00pm - 3:00pm, Saturday, 2 November

Where: *Positive Aging Centre*, The Strand, Takapuna

Cost: \$15 for OWN members
\$20 for non-members

Cash on the day, or internet payment to ASB account 12-3053-0401733-01 with 'High Tea' and your name as the reference.

To RSVP or for more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, email: own@own.org.nz or ph: 444-3320.



Fo Guang Shan Buddhist Temple

Unfortunately, due to a low response, the trip to the *Fo Guang Shan Buddhist Temple* in Flat Bush, South Auckland had to be cancelled.



Please let an *OWN Committee* member know if you are interested in re-scheduling the visit during the warmer weather.



Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.
www.own.org.nz

The Men's Shed & King's Garden Centre

On 6 July, 2019 *Graham Bolton* hosted an OWN visit to *The Men's Shed* in Glenfield. Eleven of us were made welcome and it was very interesting. We were shown around by the men who are very enthusiastic about their involvement. (Photos by *Beate Matthews*.)

Later, eight of us enjoyed lunch at *King's Garden Centre*.



Above, from left to right: Rita Webster, Anita Knappe, man at work, Betty Vaotogo, Anne Mutu, Val Bird, Graham Bolton, Lennie Crawford, Chris Griffiths, Shirley Williams, Jenny Goldsbro, and Joan Lardner-Rivlin.

The Men's Shed eBook

The Men's Shed ebook is progressing well. This is an OWN project supporting *Graham Bolton* to create a pictorial history of the *Glenfield Men's Shed*.

OWN eBook

This is an amazing and exciting opportunity for *Our Women's Network*.

Please support this initiative by sharing one or two of your favourite stories. We will choose some of the stories for the ebook, along with a short history of OWN. In time we will also be able to change the stories and add new ones.

Please submit your stories (maximum of 500 words) to either :

Lennie Crawford
email: lenniec@xtra.co.nz

or

Chris Griffiths
chris.griffy@slingshot.co.nz



Right: Sisters Betty Vaotogo and Anne Mutu



Above: Bernard Gardner shows us around... Anita Knappe, Lennie Crawford, man at work, Val Bird, Jenny Goldsbro, Shirley Williams, Anne Mutu, Betty Vaotogo, Joan Lardner-Rivlin.

My Wonderful Time as an Au Pair in Paris

In Switzerland it is compulsory to learn French in secondary school, where you gain a basic knowledge of the language, but not really enough to be able to work and correspond. As I wanted to go to Paris, I decided to up-skill there and keep myself above water by working as an au pair, looking after children.

The family who employed me lived in a semi-detached house on the Boulevard de Port-Royal, within walking distance to Montparnasse, the *Luxembourg Gardens*, university, and even *Notre Dame*. Monsieur

and madame were in their early forties and had two boys, aged three and five. There was also a long haired dachshund.

Madame's mother lived in the semi-detached house next door. She was widowed and rented her house to male students.

Monsieur was an organiser of classical concerts in Paris. I was made welcome to go to any venue I fancied. What a chance to be able to hear so much beautiful music!

Quite often after a concert the artists would be invited to the house for

supper, where I was introduced like a member of the family. Caterers would bring food and drink, serve it, and clean up afterwards.

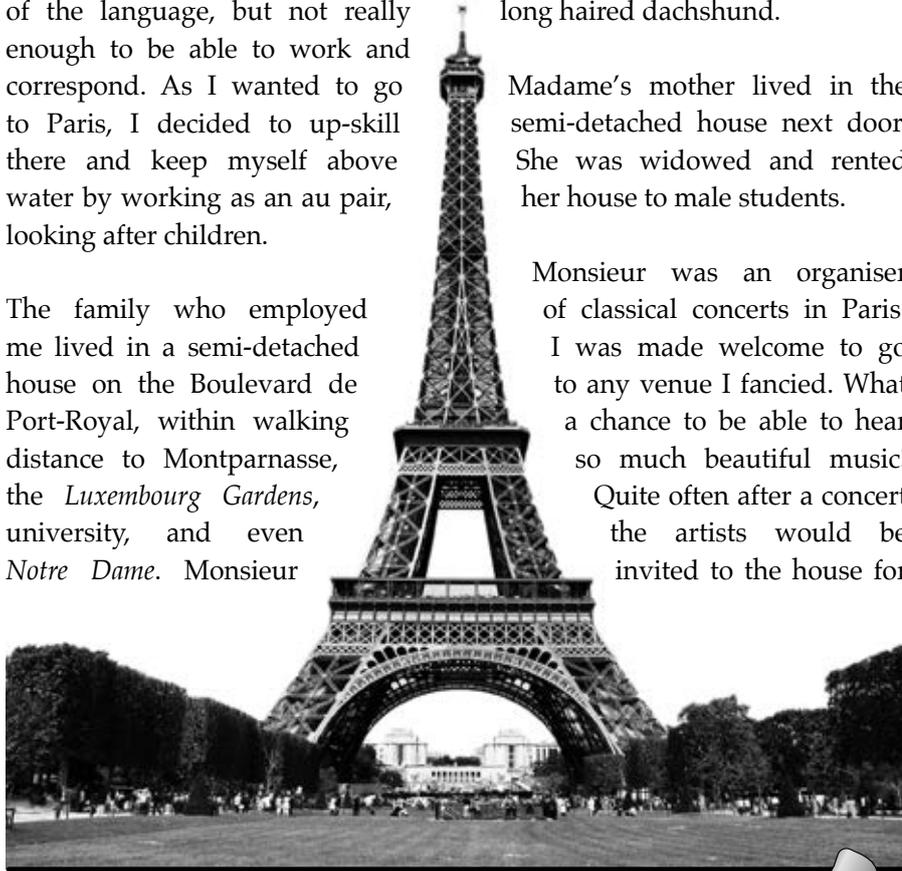


My main duty was to look after the two boys. I started the day by making breakfast for the family, tea and toast. Afterwards, I would walk the older boy to school. On coming back, it was making their beds, washing their clothes, and entertaining the little one.

In the afternoon I attended classes at the *Sorbonne*, and lastly, I helped with bathing, dinner, and putting the little darlings to bed. There was never any babysitting to do in the evening as the grandmother would have been upset if she had not been asked. And that was about it.

On weekdays, around 11:00am, the cook arrived. She was an old lady, past 70, from the Caribbean island of Martinique. She prepared a three-course lunch, something to be heated up for dinner, and left around 4:00pm, leaving an immaculate kitchen behind.

On a Friday a woman from the country arrived, to give the house a good clean. On her way home, she took all the dirty washing with her, so that it could be dried in the fresh air. Monsieur's shirts were dropped off at the laundry to be washed and ironed. As the air in Paris is so polluted one



A Few Life Lessons

- ◆ When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile.
- ◆ Get rid of anything that isn't useful, beautiful or joyful.
- ◆ Burn the candles, use the nice sheets, wear the fancy lingerie. Don't save it for a special occasion. **Today** is special.
- ◆ Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.
- ◆ The most important sex organ is the brain.
- ◆ Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.
- ◆ No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.
- ◆ Growing old beats the alternative... dying young.
- ◆ Life isn't tied with a bow, but it's still a gift.

Regina Brett (American author)



Continues ►

◀ continued.

could only dry washing indoors, in a musky smelling cellar.

For the weekends the family would drive about 30km East to their country house, where the cleaning lady opened the gates, had aired

the rooms, and would cook the meals. The park-like garden was looked after by a gardener. Again, I had a choice to join the family or stay behind in Paris.

Never in my life before nor since did I have so little to do. Even if I took the dog for a walk,

I was thanked especially. Another marvellous thing was that as an enrolled student I was given a card which entitled me to see shows, go to the cinema, and use sports facilities at greatly reduced prices.

Irene Knowles

The Trip to Timaru



In August 1977 I decided as a holiday treat I would take *Jo* (age 8), *Nicki* (age 7), and *Richard* (age 5) on a train trip from Christchurch to Timaru. I enquired about booking tickets only to be told the school holiday period was fully booked. There were four seats available on Tuesday, 16 August, a few days before school ended for the term. I spoke to the Principal, *Sister Marie*, and explained my predicament. Would it be possible to take the children out of school for that one day? She said that was not a problem. In fact, they would probably learn more on the train trip than they would miss on that day at school.

On Tuesday morning we had three very excited children up early for the trip. We arrived at the railway station and there was our train; a large gleaming black engine with many carriages. We found our carriage and were seated in plenty of time for the 9:00am departure. The train slowly pulled out of the station and gradually increased speed for our two-hour trip to Timaru.

Graeme had given each child money to buy morning tea as there was a dining car on the train. Within 30 minutes each of the children were sitting up in the dining car having spent their money. So much for waiting for morning tea!

Two hours is a long time to keep very small children occupied. In no time their

puzzles were complete and books read. Cries of, "Are we there yet?" began.

The train travelled along clickety clack clickety clack as we passed through lush green farmland and many small towns. As we travelled I managed to turn the journey into a geography lesson.

At 11:00am the train finally rolled into Timaru. We visited Caroline Bay then walked up and down several streets taking in the sights.

It was soon time for lunch. On our way to the café we passed a record shop. The whole front window of the shop was covered with a huge white sheet emblazoned with the words: "**Elvis Presley RIP; 8 January 1935 to 16 August 1977**".

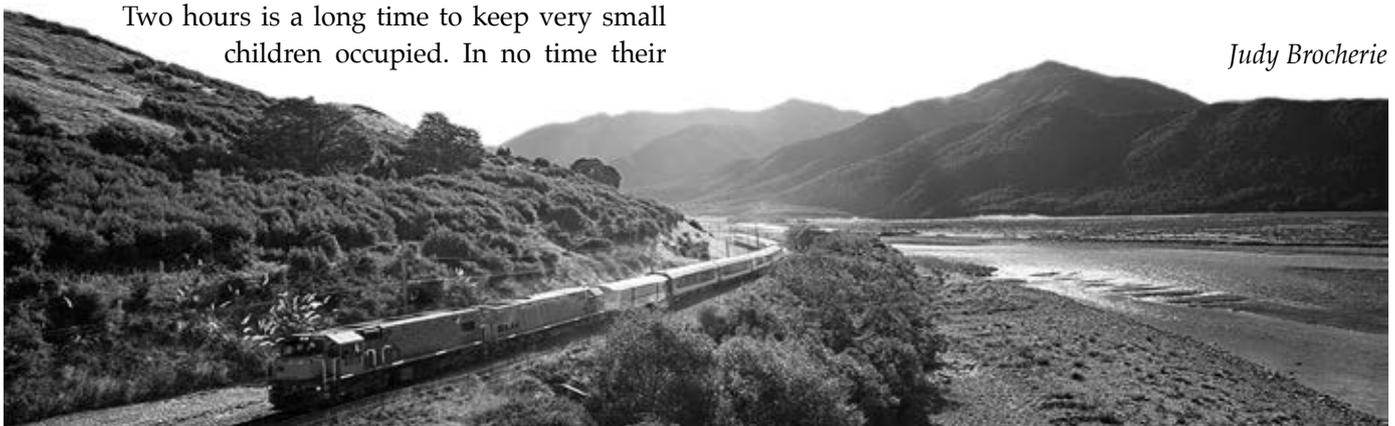
I asked the young girl, "Is *Elvis Presley* dead?"

Between loud sobbing she said, "Yes, he died this morning."



For many years *Jo* thought *Elvis* had died in Timaru. It has become a standing family joke when she passes through Timaru we get a text message to say, "I have just passed through *Elvis's* home town!"

Judy Brocherie



The ABC Minors

A True Story



Oh, how I've waited for Saturday!
We're going to the pictures for the matinee.
It's off to the Lonsdale for *Joan* and me,
Sixpence each is the entrance fee.

I'm only eight, so can't go alone,
Joan next door, is my chaperone.
We leave our house holding hands,
My mum unaware she has other plans.

On the way in, we buy some sweets,
Then wait 'til the interval for further treats.
I'm sat near the front, all on my own,
While it's the seats at the back that interest *Joan*.

Who's almost fifteen, and will soon be kissing,
The boy called *Billy* with the front tooth missing.
She ignores the screen – I think she's potty,
Her lad's hair is greasy – his face is spotty.

My mother says that *Joan's* so kind,
If only she knew what was on her mind.
She thinks that *Joan's* looking after me,
Sitting beside me attentively.

But I'd never tell on her back-row antics,
And jeopardise the Saturday flicks.
I'm sworn to secrecy and that's a fact,
I recall the day we made the pact.

She made me swear not to tell her dad,
Of her weekly tryst with this lad.
I know he'd clout her, should he discover,
The goings-on with her teenage lover.

First on the screen is the Queen, of course,
Side saddle and serious on her royal horse.
Now the anthem's all over and done,
It's time to sit back and have some fun.

The music quiets, the lights go dim,
Is that *Flash Gordon* – yes, it's him!
Then a cartoon and *Hopalong Cassidy*,
All this and more every Saturday.

Now for the interval, and what to eat,
A choc ice would be a welcome treat.
I might get a Kia Ora orange drink too,
Although, would it mean a trip to the loo?

Just as I finish my choc ice cream,
“*Old Mother Riley*” fills the screen.
After that, the serial will commence,
Last weeks' was full of suspense!

The time has come to rescue *Joan*,
From her back seat frolics and then get the bus home.
She's all dishevelled – her hair's a mess,
Not to mention her crumpled dress.

Her eyes are shining and her cheeks are pink,
“Remember our secret,” she says with a wink.
Of course I will, I'm not that silly,
To tell on her and *Back Row Billy*!

Joan tidies herself up as she takes me home,
Mum once again says “Thank you, *Joan*.”
“You're a good girl, and I hope *Patricia* was too,”
I smile to myself – if only she knew!

Patricia Russell

ABC Minors

In the 1940s, ABC (Associated British Cinemas) set up the first major Saturday cinema club for children, ABC Minors. At the beginning of each Saturday morning session, the ABC Minors Song would be played to the tune of *Blaze Away* by Abe Holzmann, whilst the lyrics were presented on the screen with a bouncing red ball above the words to help the audience keep the place.



The Wonderful Word “NO”



I was thinking about babies!

Well, you couldn't help thinking about them, the news is full of one in particular recently, *Prince Louis*.

It made me a bit sentimental thinking of my own babies and the wonder of their first words. Of course, in my experience of three babies, the first word is usually “Dada”, the second word is “Mum Mum” ... we mothers are always second. But the third one, and the most used in my opinion, is “NO”. They seem to say “NO” to everything. Of course, they usually don't know what it means, they just hear it all the time, often from Mum.

They generally grow out of it when they get a few more words to play with and instead of

saying “NO” they tend to just ignore you.

As we get older, and maybe not exactly wiser, we tend to say “Yes” and then we are caught up in the trap of saying “Yes” to everything in case we offend. This lasts for a very, very long time. I'm speaking only for myself.

Of course, by any standard I am considered “Elderly”, “Aged”,



“Pensioner”, and a bit kinder “Mature”. So, it has taken me quite a long time to think about the wonderful word “NO”.

I have found out I am entitled to use this great word. And it has taken a few years, to say the least, for me to discover this. So, I have started using it quite a bit now. And I am very pleased with myself.

One of the things you have to learn is not to feel guilty for using “NO”. It takes a bit of practice, but it comes.

So my advice, ladies, is to practise this wonderful word more often. The result is, life becomes a lot easier and you have more time to do your own thing.

Anita Knape

Matariki – Maori New Year

Tēnā Koutou Katoa – Greetings One and All.

Matariki is an event that takes place during winter in New Zealand (Aotearoa) and is known as the Maori New Year.

For our ancestors, it showed them how to forecast the coming year, so they could prepare themselves for what was to come. The Maori calendar, would forecast better times for fishing, gardening and everything that would help in their way of life, as hunters and gatherers.

Astronomy was an important role in their lives also, and helped in the way they utilised their land and sea for survival of their people. Maori experts were aware of their relationship between the

stars and planets, and *Matariki* (also known around the world as the *Seven Sisters* cluster or *Pleiades*) could be seen in the heavens in the early morning all over the world. Each star has a Maori name and was included in the history of their people.

In the 21st century *Matariki* celebrations brought communities, whanau (families), Iwi and Hapu (tribes and sub-tribes) together to share knowledge, food, history, dance, and a feeling of belonging to all. Celebrations now take place on Marae, in schools, communities, and early childhood facilities from June to July.

Nga mihi nui, na Matariki Hoani.

Food for Thought Equilibrium

Equilibrium is essential to any recipe for life. It's not always easy to achieve.

The key is to arrive at the right measure of each of your chosen ingredients – so that the whole mixture has a balance that makes life as easy as possible.

- ⚖ **How balanced is your life at the moment?**
- ⚖ **What would you like more of?**
- ⚖ **What would you like less of?**



“ The best and safest thing is to keep a balance in your life, acknowledge the great powers around us and in us.

If you can do that, and live that way, you are a really wise man.”

Euripides
Greek tragic dramatist
(c. 484 BC - 406BC)

Pollen Season Ahead

Despite the cold, wet, and windy weather there has been a glimmer of Spring in the air. The sun is rising earlier and the trees are glowing green as new leaves sprout from the previously bare branches. There are large puffs of yellow that float around at this time of the year ... Pine Pollen! This is released by the yellow male pine cones in Spring. This stuff leaves a fine coating over everything and combined with the rain it can be one heck of a job to remove.

Pollen is shed from flowering plants as microscopic grains 15-50 micrometres across (that's tiny). Only when they are shed in large numbers are they visible as dust or as a cloud in the air as seen in pine pollen.

Many folks are allergic to the stuff, as well as other pollens starting to appear around this time. According to *Dr David Fountain* who is the Pollen Forecaster to *Met Service NZ*, the full pollen season in New Zealand is approximately 34 weeks long. It begins in July or August and throughout those weeks a number of different trees and grasses produce pollens that can affect the health of many.

Allergic Rhinitis, commonly known as Hay Fever affects approximately 20% of the general population and of these people, about one third develop problems before they are ten. While Hay Fever typically develops in childhood, it is not unusual to develop in adulthood. It is suggested that about 50% of patients experience symptoms for more than four months per year and that 20% can have symptoms for at least nine months of the year.

Treatment involves identifying the triggers and trying to avoid them if possible. Most medication can be purchased over the counter after a discussion with a pharmacist such as antihistamine tablets, eye drops, or nasal sprays. If symptoms are particularly severe, a visit to the GP is recommended as investigations to identify the particular allergens might be warranted. To avoid transfer of nasty bugs that are still hanging around at this time of the year, the use of tissues is recommended rather than handkerchiefs. Tissues can be easily disposed of and reduce the risk of transferring bacteria between people.



A couple of interesting websites worth a look are:

The New Zealand Pollen Forecast
blog.metservice.com/pollen

Allergy New Zealand
tinyurl.com/OWN-AllergyNZ

The Cat's Pyjamas

Dogs have owners; cats have staff.
Of course that's true – you mustn't laugh.
And what we do just goes to show,
The furry-purrry creatures know,
That we are here with food and dish,
To satisfy their slightest wish.

While every dog will have its day,
Cats have more time – well-bed or stray.
To make the most of their nine lives,
For every cat fanatic strives,
To win the favour of their puss,
So no-one should call me a wuss.
To have a cat curled on my knee,
Such pleasure they have given me.

To play my part in feline dramas,
Makes me just the cat's pyjamas.
Cat or kitten, large, or small,
Young or old – I love them all.

Now, as my last long cat-nap starts,
They'll be there waiting, bless their hearts.
With coats well groomed, they're lounging by
The Great Cat Basket in the Sky.
The Pearly Cat-Flap opens wide,
And I'll make haste to go inside.
I'll enter Heaven with a bow,
They'll greet me with a joyful meow.

Norm Murray

New Zealand celebrant & author



OWN's Kitchen

Rosemarie Carr's Roast Cauliflower & Kumara Soup

Dive headfirst into all that is wonderful about this lovely soup. This has the nourishing, healing vibes, and one bit of cooking makes lunches for the week.

Ingredients (Serves 6)

- 1 medium sized Cauliflower (cut into florets)
- 2 medium Orange Kumara (peeled and cut into cubes)
- 1 Onion (finely diced)
- 3 Cloves Garlic (finely diced)
- 1 teaspoon Fennel Seeds (optional)
- 2 litres Stock (you can use vegetable or chicken)
- 1 tablespoon Rosemary Leaves (finely chopped)
- zest of 2 Lemons
- Ghee or Coconut Oil for roasting and sautéing
- Sea Salt and Cracked Black Pepper
- Extra Virgin Olive Oil for drizzling
- Rosemary Leaves and Toasted Seeds for garnish

Method

1. Preheat oven to 180°.
2. Drizzle cauliflower and kumara with oil and season. Lay out evenly on an oven tray and roast for 35 - 40 minutes until tender and lightly browned.
3. Whilst vegetables are roasting, gently cook onions and garlic in a large soup pot with a little oil for 5 minutes until soft. Do not let them brown. Add the fennel seeds and cook for a further 1 minute.
4. Add stock, water, vegetables and herbs. Bring to the boil and simmer for 25 minutes. Add lemon zest in the last five minutes of cooking.
5. Cool and blend the soup until very smooth.
6. Season generously. Garnish with olive oil and fresh herbs.

Note: Leftover soup can be stored in the fridge for 3 - 4 days or frozen for up to 6 months.



The Dieter's Psalm

Oh Lord, you have probed me and know me.

You know when I eat and when I don't

You observe my weight from afar

Before my mouth has swallowed a portion

Behold oh Lord, you know the whole of it.

Where do I flee from your presence?

If I go to the biscuit jar, or the refrigerator,
you are there.

Even in the darkest corners of *McDonald's*

Hiding my French fries, you are there.

Oh Lord, my weight is always before me.

You have formed my inmost being

And I have shaped all the rest.

My frame is not unknown to you,

Your eyes have seen my diets.

My spirit is willing, My flesh is evident.

How weighty are your designs, oh God.

And so are mine.

Probe me, oh God, engage my girth,

See if my path may be a slim one.

Lead me in the ways of moderation,

For ages to come.

Amen



The Healing Power of Native Trees

Some of the most magical and powerful species of trees in New Zealand's forests have an unbroken lineage reaching far back into prehistory. Certainly for 140 million years and according to some researchers for over 190 million years ... a time when the ancient continent of Gondwanaland was still intact and dinosaurs roamed the Earth.

The English word 'truth' has a very similar meaning to the word uprightness. Truth means that which is real and genuine. It is that which is steadfast and has virtue and integrity. Uprightness also means having integrity as well as being honourable and like truth, having virtue.

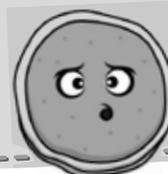
Trees in general, and especially New Zealand native trees, embody not only the quality of truth, but also uprightness. Trees grow in a very upright manner. This quality of uprightness and truth is very important when it comes to working with the vibrational power of trees for holistic wellbeing.

- 🌲 Balance, strengthen and protect the chakras
- 🌲 Inner stability and ease
- 🌲 21st century factors

Read the full article at
First Light Flower Essences
of New Zealand
tinyurl.com/OWN-NZTrees



**Waffles are just
pancakes with abs!**



A Denial

I was about eight years old when one day my mother came back into the house from the garage where she and my father had been sorting out, tidying up, getting rid of rubbish, etc. and said in a rather shaky voice, "Your father's just burnt a portrait of his great-grandmother."

I asked why he would do that and she replied that it was because she was Maori, probably a princess, and he did not want her likeness around. It had been stored behind boxes and piles of goodness knows what, which I had always been forbidden to touch and so I had never seen or known of this portrait.



Years later, I learned that this would have been *Ruawahine Puihi*, the high-born daughter of the Ngai te Rangi people in Tauranga and she had been encouraged by her parents to marry *John Lees Faulkner*, an English trader, to the economic benefit of both. One of their children, *Jane*, married *Daniel Sellars* from the Isle of Arran in Scotland who went into partnership with *John Lees*. One

of *Jane* and *Daniel's* children was *Edward*, my father's father.

Edward seems to have disappeared from his home and family until 1939 when he was dying in *Auckland Hospital*. I don't know the facts and can only surmise that after *Edward* left his family, it was likely that many would have remarked, "Oh, that will be the Maori in him ... unreliable, etc., etc." and this could have been the reason my father was so bitter about his Maori ancestry. He refused adamantly to discuss



this, or the portrait he had destroyed.

I recall that when I was in my early teenage years, my father, while filling out the Census form, paused and looked across at me silently for a moment, then said in a very serious voice, "You know *Shirley*, you are very fortunate. You will never have to acknowledge, as I am legally required to do, that you are part-Maori. I am one-eighth Maori and that is where it officially stops. You are only one-sixteenth and so you will never have to state that."

I was shocked that a part of me was denied and it fascinated and frightened me. My father would not discuss it. I did not know how to make a connection – there were very few Maori then in Auckland, nor were there any surviving members of my father's family to approach, and I felt pulled in all ways because an important part of my heritage had been denied.

I wanted to be able to claim it, but until quite recently it remained unknown.

Shirley Williams

Spring
is nature's way ...
of saying "Let's Party!"
Robin Williams (American comedian & actor)



Who remembers ... ?
waiting to call
long distance
after 7:00pm
because it
was cheaper

