



Summer 2024-2025

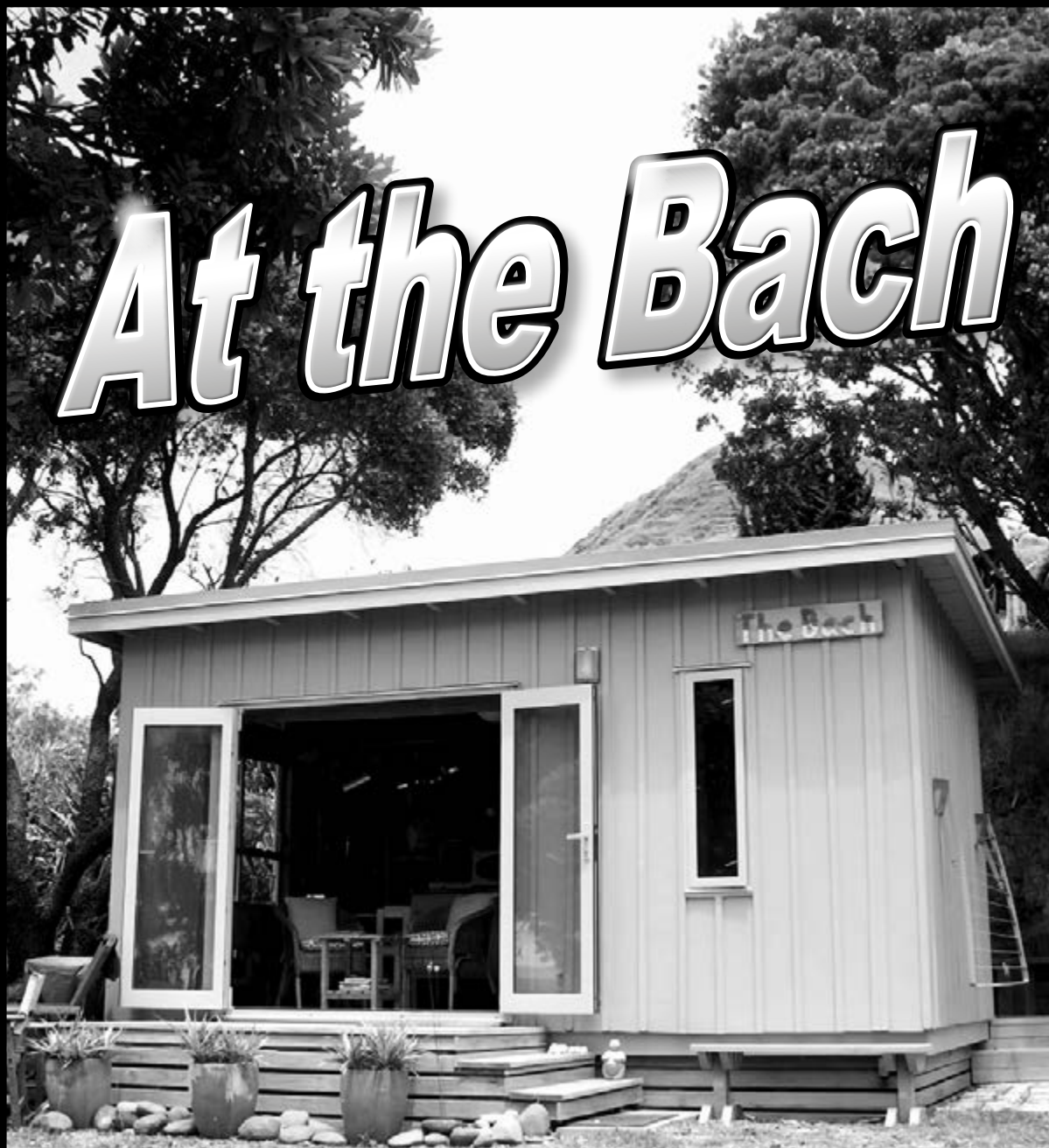
Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz

News & Views



OWN

News • Events • Stories • Poems • Jokes • and more ...



*Creaky old bed,
with rumpled sheet,
sunburned skin,
and sandy feet.
Moon at the window,
Sea by the door,
Waves hush-hushing
on the shore.*



*Under the pillow
one white shell
and sea-washed glass
with salty smell.
Plump up the pillow,
Put out the light,
Good day, good sea,
good sand, goodnight.*



Joy Cowley
(New Zealand author)



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 . . .

Now we can welcome summer and enjoy the colour and brightness it brings. We are indeed fortunate to live on the North Shore with all the trees, open spaces, and beaches around us.



This year we have enjoyed several lunches at the *Bays Club* in Browns Bay. These are well supported by the OWN members (see page 3 for the latest luncheon photos). I have booked the next **OWN Luncheon** for the 7 December, 2024. The meal this year is a Christmas-themed menu, which is something special to look forward to.

On the last Tuesday of each month there is a group of ladies who meet for the **OWN Coffee Group** at *Sugar n Cup Café* in Browns Bay. All members are

welcome. This also proves to be popular.

The **OWN Games Day** we had recently was our only other event for the year. Those who attended said there was much fun and laughter.

Lennie Crawford is trying once again to organise a bus trip for you all. Details are being finalised for early in 2025. This can only go ahead with your support.

The lunches at *The Bays Club* and the bus trip are paid for by OWN. The coffee meetings at *Sugar n Cup Café* is paid by each individual attending.

The **Beach Haven** and **Brown's Bay Writing Groups**, although smaller in numbers, continue to thrive. Thank you to *Anne Mutu* and *Patricia Russell* for co-ordinating these groups. These are happy fun occasions. Even if we have not written a new story an old one can be re-read as possibly not all members will have heard the original telling. Between the stories we enjoy a chat and a coffee.



Many thanks to our Secretary, *Lennie Crawford* who works tirelessly behind the scenes organising events.

Thank you to our past-Treasurer *Dale Everiss* and *Anita Knape* our current Treasurer for keeping our books in order. To the remaining dedicated Committee members – *Val Bird*, *Pat Bish*, and *Patsy Aagesen* – thank you all too.

Jos Coburn, thank you for the amazing work you put in to ensure we have an informative and interesting **News&Views** magazine. Thanks also go to *Anne Mutu* and her merry band of helpers who ensure we receive our magazines in a timely manner, and to *Patricia Russell* for her excellent proofreading.

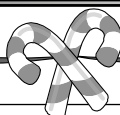


As we age, keeping in contact with others is so important, especially those who live alone. We should take every opportunity to mix with others when an occasion arises.

I wish you all a Happy Christmas and holiday season with family and friends, and I look forward to seeing you all in 2025.



Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



OWN Groups

Check for details by phoning the co-ordinators.

OWN Writing for Future Generations

New members welcome - please inform the Group's Convenor prior to attending.



Browns Bay Group meets on the second Saturday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For more details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 021-064-9522.

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 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 *Sugar n Cup Café*, Browns Bay (79 Clyde Road, opposite *Unichem* chemist). For more details, contact *Judy Brocherie*, ph: 021-0239-4270.



Up-coming Events



Come along and join us at these great OWN events – the more, the merrier ...

Get in quick!

♦ OWN Christmas Lunch

7 December, *Bays Club*, Browns Bay

♦ Warkworth Bus Trip

To be decided – February or March, 2025

To register your interest (for numbers attending) or for more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320 or ph: 027-217-4783.

OWN Event Report

OWN Luncheon

Saturday, 21 September, 2024 • *Bays Club*, Browns Bay



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



A Letter From Anne Briggs



To the OWN Writing Group,

I joined OWN so I could join the writing group. It was something I had wanted to do for some time, but as a full-time worker it had not been possible. It proved a great opportunity.

Now, with the passing of time and my re-location to the Bay of Plenty in 2017, I no longer attend meetings, but pay my subs(!) and Judy keeps me up to date with developments. It is great to follow your stories when the newsletter arrives. I need hardly tell you that you are all "living treasures".

This year we have lost several members, and we will have valued memories of them and their stories. I set out below a forward I wrote for the first book of stories we produced. I hope it will remind us of how special our meetings and associations are, how privileged we have been to share the lives of one another through our stories, and how we got to know members on a very special level. It was with great sadness I wrote letters to their families as I was unable to attend farewell services for those members who have left us.

"Women from many places, many walks of life get together because they all share a love of writing.

The diversity of the members contributes a richness to the Group. Meetings produce a feast of wonderful stories written about their own lives and their heritage.

There are valued records of what life was like forty, fifty, and sixty years ago here in New Zealand and overseas. There are stories of courage in adversity, adventures, love, and the abiding strength of families. The writers' voices give great insight into their lives and we are able to appreciate their journeys."

Our Own Stories (December 2014)

So dear Group writers, I am unable to be with you, but hope you will honour the memory of those we no longer welcome around the table and let us honour those who are celebrating milestone birthdays this year. Let us not forget what they have and are contributing to the richness of our lives.

Anne Briggs

Anne Briggs is a former Editor of the OWN newsletter **Older & Bolder** (renamed **News&Views** in 2015).



Eulogy to Ian Webster

by his daughter Sandra

I loved my Dad, he taught me well
Not boring stuff like how to spell
But wood-working – practical stuff
Raised his girl to be strong and tough
Instilled good morals and good deeds
A joy in helping those in need
Self-reliance and a job done right
To keep on trying with all your might

Think for yourself, don't be a fool
Respect your Mum – the golden rule
Treat others as you would be treated
Was a saying oft repeated
How you say it, not what you say
Not win or lose but how you play
It's little things that matter most
The thought of gift and not the cost

All these things and many more
Learnt from the man that I adored
I miss you Dad, though you're still here
In my mind, my inner ear
Your wisdom leads me through my life
In times of trouble and of strife
In our hearts you'll always be
Rest in peace, in love, in me.





Colourful Mediterranean Salad for Christmas



Ingredients

- 1 can of chickpeas, drained, and rinsed
- ½ cup of diced cucumber
- 1 cup of cherry tomatoes, halved
- ½ cup of red onion finely chopped
- ¼ cup of Kalimantan olives, pitted and sliced
- ¼ cup crumbled feta cheese
- 2 tblspns chopped fresh parsley
- 2 tblspns of olive oil
- 1 tblspn of lemon juice
- 1 tspn dried oregano
- Salt and pepper to taste

Method

1. In a spacious bowl, combine chickpeas, cherry tomatoes, cucumber, red onion, olives, feta cheese, and parsley for a vibrant mix.
2. In a small container whip together olive oil, lemon juice, dried oregano, and salt and pepper to create a tangy dressing.
3. Dressing the salad: drizzle the olive oil mixture over the salad, tossing everything together evenly.
4. Allow to cool in the fridge for a minimum of 30 minutes before serving for enhanced flavour.



Feedback Frenzy



It's in full flow, unstoppable. Emails demanding feedback from your recent "experience". Nowadays, no exchange, encounter, or transaction, however mundane, is complete until we've shared, rated, liked, or left an online review.

"How was your recent experience at the dentist?" is a prime example of this feedback mania. I'm sorely tempted to flick back a terse "painful and expensive". Instead, I take the coward's way out and press the delete button. Likewise, a visit to my local optician's triggers a follow-up email promising to only take two minutes of my time. It seems they need reassurance that my expectations have been met on all levels during my recent experience. The delete button is pressed yet again.

On a scale of 1 to 10, the local library is also keen to find out about my latest visit, asking me to rate the helpfulness of the staff, book selection, and general layout, as well as checkout procedure and cleanliness of the toilet facilities.

Online ordering can be a minefield to the uninitiated, not least of which is the follow-up contact, requesting feedback. Ranging from "Excellent" to "Dissatisfied", I'm asked about promptness of delivery, quality of packaging, and contents. Would I recommend this company to a friend and, if not, why not? Would I be willing to submit a review of my experience, hopefully to encourage potential customers?

There are post-holiday surveys to navigate, with the assurance that this will only take 12 minutes to complete. Really? Either online or pen and paper, 12 minutes inevitably extends into half an hour at the very least. How can we remember if our check-in experience three weeks ago was "poor", "good", or "excellent"? Since then, we've travelled through five countries and visited numerous churches, temples, and cathedrals. Still, we're expected to recall and record the helpfulness or otherwise of the airport and airline staff at the beginning of our holiday "experience".

Claiming memory loss in the "comments" box is a tempting option.

Patricia Russell



Betty Vaotogo Turns 90!

Betty Petersen was born on 19 October, 1934 in Vejle, Denmark. She was the eldest of four children, all daughters.

At school *Betty* had studied Shorthand and Typing. Her first position when she started working was in an office using these skills.

In 1952 the family emigrated to Wellington, New Zealand looking for a better life. Language difficulties meant working in a factory was ideal for *Betty* and her Mother. *Betty* said they were shown what to do and just followed directions.

When she was 20 years old, *Betty* met *George Vataogo*. A year later they planned their big day. *George* wanted a large wedding and *Betty* a small one. *George* said he would pay for everything. *Betty* thought she was marrying a rich man. A while later she heard *George* ask his nephew to pay some of the costs relating to the wedding as he was unable to. Her hopes were dashed!

In 1958 the family moved to Samoa. There were many cultural shocks for *Betty*, number one being she couldn't speak the local language. Life there was interesting, but she missed the comforts of electricity and running water. There was a house built for the family. The mattress and pillows were made from kapok from the local trees. *Betty* found these very hot.

In 1962, when Western Samoa became independent from New Zealand, *Betty*, *George*, and their family came back to New Zealand. They stayed for a couple of nights with a friend of *George*. The friend's wife and *Betty* were both pregnant and she said to *Betty*, "If I have a daughter, I will name her *Betty* after you." They lost contact before the baby was born and

Betty didn't get to know what gender it was.

Betty and *George's* own family grew to include four daughters and a son.

Over the years, *Betty's* interests have included gardening, knitting, zumba, and *Mainly Music* (a group for mothers and young children - see the story on page 5).

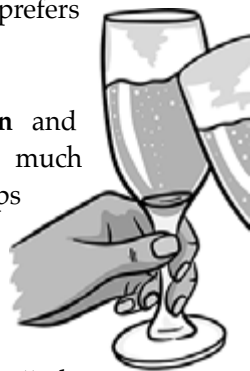
Sadly, *George* passed away in 2005, aged 80 years old. *Betty* said this was quite old for a Samoan man.

Earlier this year *Betty* was at the local shopping centre when a lady approached her and asked, "Is your name *Betty*? I was named after you." ... this was the baby from 62 years ago!

In the past *Betty* always liked to hide in the back row, but now, because of hearing difficulties, she prefers the front row.

Betty belongs to both the **Beach Haven** and **Browns Bay Writing Groups**. She gets much enjoyment from attending these groups and we enjoy her humorous, entertaining stories.

We congratulate *Betty* on attaining her milestone of 90 years old and wish her all the best for the future.



Just for fun ...

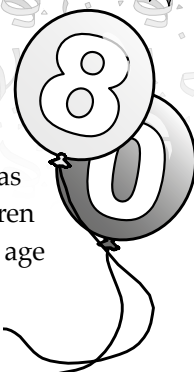
Christmas Crackers

What do donkeys send out at Christmas?
Mule-tide greetings!

What happens if you eat Christmas decorations?
You get tinsel-itis!

How do elves respond when Santa takes attendance?
"Present!"

Judy Brocherie Turns 80!



Judy White was born in Christchurch on 4 November, 1944, the eldest of five children. Her father was a school headmaster and her early life was spent in country schools: Tuhua (100km north of Gisborne) and Hatuma (10km from Waipukurau).

snow in the winter. In 1987, Graeme was transferred to Auckland. Their three children were then aged 18, 16, and 14 – a difficult age to leave established friends.

Judy worked for the *Inland Revenue Department* in Takapuna for 22 years. She really enjoyed the different positions she held there before retiring in 2009.

In 2000, she and Graeme bought a holiday home in Matheson Bay. Over the years many happy family times were spent there.

Because there was no Catholic high school in Waipukurau, she attended *St Joseph's Girls College* in Hastings. This meant private board during the week with a lovely Irish lady, Mrs McCann. Judy travelled with other students by railcar from Waipukurau to Hastings each Sunday evening and returned home by *Newmans* bus each Friday afternoon.

Judy has been very involved in community and church activities holding several senior positions. She joined *Our Women's Network* in 2010 because she was attracted to the **Browns Bay Writing Group**. She thoroughly enjoys the camaraderie and friendships from members of OWN.

When she entered the workforce, she was an accounting machine operator.

She and Graeme have travelled extensively overseas.

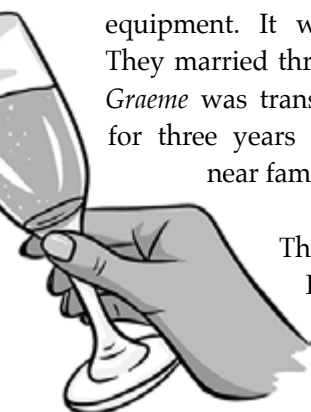
Judy moved to Christchurch in 1962 aged 18 years old. She worked at a large firm which sold heavy farming equipment. It was here she met Graeme Brocherie. They married three years later in 1965. Six weeks later Graeme was transferred to Dunedin. They lived there for three years and returned to Christchurch to be near family when expecting their first child.

For Judy's 80th birthday celebration, her four siblings, who live in different parts of New Zealand, Melbourne, and Los Angeles, were able to all be together for the first time in more than 20 years. This was a very special and memorable week.

Judy and Graeme have been married for 59 years, have three adult children (Joanne, Nicki, and Richard) and seven grandchildren.

They owned a holiday house in Hurunui, 30 minutes drive south of Hanmer Springs. Many great holidays were spent there. Really hot weather in the summer and

Judy says, "I don't feel 80 years of age, but what is 80 supposed to feel like? If it is fit, healthy, enjoying life, surrounded by loving family and friends well that is me."



What was Santa's favourite subject at school?

Chemis-tree!

What is a Christmas tree's favourite confectionery?

Orna-mints!

Who hides in the bakery at Christmas?

A mince spy!

How is a reindeer like a coin?

They both have a head on one side and a tail on the other!





My Mother



Now that we were installed in our new home, my mother felt it was time for her to go home to Scotland. She had stayed longer than her six months in order to see us established in our home. However, she had worked as a companion to two elderly ladies while waiting and had made a little money, so she decided she would like to see more of the country before she returned. Her first call was to *Social Welfare* to see if it was possible for her to pick up her British pension anywhere in New Zealand. "Are you really going back to Scotland?" asked the clerk. "You can stay here, you know. I can fill out the forms for you," he offered. My mother thought about it. She liked New Zealand and I was her only family apart from her sisters, and nephews and nieces. Also, she liked the climate and did not fancy going back to another Scottish winter.

Anyway, she set off on her travels. She visited Rotorua and enjoyed paddling in hot pools and bathing in the Polynesian pools, before visiting Wellington, and then taking the ferry to Picton. She made her way to Nelson. At the motel she was staying in, she asked if she could stay longer as she really liked Nelson, but the manageress said, "I'm sorry, but we have a conference on next week and we are fully booked."

My mother said. "I wouldn't mind getting a job here." The next day, the manageress asked, "Did you really mean that about getting a job, *Mrs Gray*? I have a friend who runs an old folks home in Richmond and she is looking for a mature assistant carer." Well, my mother went for an interview and found herself employed. At 66 years old, she found herself older than some of the residents. People went into homes much younger than is customary nowadays. One of the ladies came from Glasgow some 60 years before, but still retained her Glasgow accent and fell on my mother's neck when she discovered my mother knew where Centre Street was and, indeed, used to work with families there at the end of the first World War as a pension officer with the UK's *HM Customs and Excise*. My mother got on well with the staff and, as there were three of them named *Gwen*, she became *Auntie Gray*. She worked there for four years.

Every now and then she would take off with her string bag to visit places in the South Island. Once she got on a bus to Fox Glacier. The bus stopped at Hokitika and my mother went off and booked herself

a room and reserved a flight back to Nelson for the next day. She returned to the bus and told the driver what she had done. "But we won't be back here tonight," said the driver. So, she asked the driver to wait while she went back to alter her arrangements. She had made no booking at Fox Glacier, but two young girls offered to share their room. The next day, they went to see the glacier, but alas it was covered with mist. My mother got into a conversation with an older couple there and they offered to run her back to Hokitika. She then discovered that the lady was the sister of *Governor General Ferguson*, and was highly amused when the lady said to her husband, "*Claude*, bring *Mrs Gray's* luggage," as this consisted of her little string bag.

Of course, my mother came up to Auckland to spend holidays with us. On one visit she decided she would like to buy a little place to retire to. She would have liked to stay in Nelson, but as we were in Auckland, it seemed sensible to stay here too. We found a little bach in Torbay, just a sitting room, bedroom, and kitchenette with a separate room outside and a little out-house among the trees. However, sewerage was soon to be installed and my husband built on a bathroom. At first, she only used it for holidays, but when she became ill and had to retire, she spent 12 happy years there. She could sit at her sunny front door overlooking the hills above Long Bay. She made many friends and we visited regularly.

She never regretted staying in New Zealand. She did miss her sisters, but they were all getting older too and were good letter writers, so she kept in touch. As it happened only one sister (of six) outlived her.

My family were lucky to have known her, as the disadvantage of being immigrants was that we had no relations close by. My daughter especially used to envy girls at school who talked of holidays where they had gone to stay with their aunt somewhere.



Wendy MacLeod



It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas



This year will be the 21st anniversary of our Annual Tree Trimming Party and this is the story of how it all came to be ...

When you start off as a couple from opposite ends of the world, with close families at each end, Christmas logistics can get a little tricky. It's not just deciding who gets the pleasure of your company for the big day, money plays a huge part, and also one of you (at least in the early days) always feels like you're getting the short end of the stick, as you grapple with the concept of a sunny Christmas or a cold Christmas! I for one fiercely defended the Summer Christmases of my childhood, but admittedly that all changed my first Christmas in the UK. It just seemed right! That said, I was bitterly disappointed that it didn't snow every Christmas, as the Christmas cards of my childhood had suggested and once again I felt a little short changed, but this time it was by the misleading stationery!

As we were struggling students, we spent the first eight years of our relationship in the UK. We would always go to *Russ's* grandparents in Bath, and as his parents lived across the road we managed to keep the English family very happy. We would go to the midnight carol service in the village and have Christmas mince pies and mulled wine when we got home. Our Christmases were very special and after we were married we started hosting the big day.

Once the children came along, then Christmases became a whole different affair and we suddenly felt the pressure everyone talked about as we tried to balance playing with the children, catering for the adults, cleaning up, and desperately trying to find time to stop and take in the real meaning of Christmas. Don't get me wrong, we loved it, but as we were

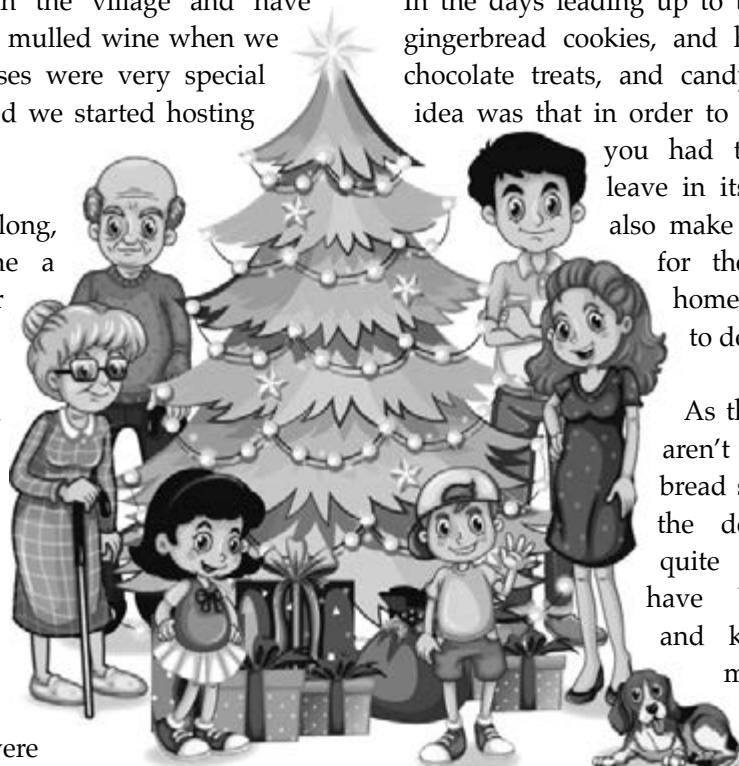
still hosting in the homes of our older relatives we felt our young children were now the ones getting shortchanged, as we found ourselves frequently saying, "In a minute", "Let me just get Nanny a cup of tea", etc. We still wanted to spend Christmas with everyone, but we just felt that when the children looked back their memories would most probably be of a frantic day, when mum and dad didn't really play with them. Something had to change ... without offending anyone!

So, we decided to start a family tradition of having our own Christmas Party in our own home, sometime during Advent. Our immediate family's attendance would be compulsory, but we'd be flexible on the dates to make sure that could happen.

As we loved Christmas craft we decided that would be the basis of our Christmas Tree Trimming Party. We scoured all sorts of magazines and craft shops for ideas, and it all took shape very quickly. The invitations would be handmade by the family and we would provide a Christmas buffet and mulled wine. We would have our artificial tree decorated as normal, but would also have a real "tree trimming" tree.

In the days leading up to the party, we would make gingerbread cookies, and hang these fancy biscuits, chocolate treats, and candy canes on the tree. The idea was that in order to get something off the tree you had to make a decoration to leave in its place. Our guests could also make decorations to take home for their trees. We also made homemade gingerbread houses to decorate.

As the children and our guests aren't quite so glitter or painted bread shape focussed these days, the decorations are becoming quite sophisticated and we have beaded angels, sewing and knitting projects, and so much more. That said, this



Continues ➤



◀ continued.

year we have a load of little ones coming, so we'll need to get the glitter out again.

Over the years we have purchased children's and adults' aprons, and there is a rule that everyone has to wear an apron and everyone has to craft, they can't just stand by the buffet. It's also not a "drop your kids and run" party, it's for families to spend time with their children before the chaos of the season kicks in. Some parents found it odd that they had to take part and resisted the apron, but the peer pressure got to them in the end!

The *Harwood* Tree Trimming Party has become a tradition, not just for our family, but so many of our friends, and we frequently get asked what the date will be several months before.

So now, wherever we spend the actual day of Christmas, the priority for our family will always be coming home for the Family Tree Trimming Party.

Natalie Harwood



The Story of *Tuffy*



I was pregnant with *Louise* when I saw, in an English magazine, a series of soft toys to sew. I was intrigued and wondered if I could make one for the new baby? The patterns were for a rabbit, a lamb, a black and white dog, and a teddy bear. I decided to make teddy. He was quick to make and with the other three children all at school, I was able to make it secretly. I gathered all the materials needed and the teddy was ready for *Louise* when she was born, tucked away where the other children wouldn't find him.

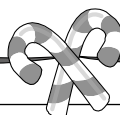
The teddy had a quiet life at first, enjoying cuddles and snuggling up to baby *Louise*, but one wet Winter's day the three bored older children decided to make a game of soccer in the passageway with teddy as the ball! When I said it was unfair to both *Louise* and teddy, they said, "Nah, he's tough, he can stand it." So teddy became "*Tuffy*"!

And he must have been, because he's still here 53 years later. Worn, but still cuddly! He's been living with us since *Louise* packed up and moved to Australia for a while.

Not quite the end of the story, however. *Louise* had another soft toy, a pink rabbit who had a whistle in his tummy. He was called *Mr Pinkwhistle*. Why? Because when I was young I read *Enid Blyton* books and some were about a magic character called *Mr Pinkwhistle*. So when the little rabbit arrived what else could he be named? It made *Louise* laugh so it stuck. Sadly *Mr Pinkwhistle* has long ago lost his whistle and is shy about his untidy state, but did allow his photo to be taken.

Tuffy and *Mr Pinkwhistle* are long time friends, and may they continue to be treasures in the family. They still live with us as *Louise* has four cats and she doesn't want any of them to upset her childhood toys. She was horrified when I suggested they should go to younger family children. They are still treasures to her.

Anne Anderson





This story was prompted by something my husband's nephew said to me at the tangi of his cousin, "You know, Auntie Anne, there are many Pākehās who would like to experience an occasion like this, but don't feel they know enough of the protocols."

That got me thinking about how privileged I really was in being married to a Māori and having attended hui and tangi with him throughout our married life. What an education it has really been to have experienced Māori life in this way as an accepted member of the family.

The other night I caught a snippet on Māori TV of *Hone Harawira* saying, "Pākehā haven't a clue about what goes on in Māori Society." Although it is a generalisation, he is largely right. And it got me thinking of the changes that have happened in Māori Society in the past 70 years.

My very first New Zealand girlfriend was a Māori girl I first met at school when I arrived here 72 years ago. I visited her home regularly, her parents making me very welcome. But I did notice that the parents spoke Māori to each other but only English to their children. So, one day I asked the father why that was. He replied that they were strapped as children if they spoke Māori at school, and he wasn't having that happen to his children! My mother-in-law would always apologise if she spoke Māori when Pākehās were present, explaining



that she could express herself better in Māori.

In my early married life (in the mid 1950s), I noticed how my Māori friends tried to fit in to the Pākehā way of doing things. One Māori friend remarked upon seeing a newly arrived Māori family had knotted up their lace curtains, "I am no longer a Māori, I am an Islander," feeling ashamed of their behaviour.

There was no Māori radio or TV. The sole nod to our Treaty partner was 30 minutes of Māori spoken news on radio 1YA at 6:00pm, Sunday night!! And then the 1970s arrived. "No Māori, No Tour," to Rugby teams touring South Africa; the protest about the "parody" of the haka by university students; the campaign for the Māori Language; the Land March led by *Whina Cooper*; and slowly more programmes on TV about Māori subjects. Then the great loss of native speakers of te reo and the brilliant idea of the "Te Kōhanga Reo" with the revival of their language, followed by the Kura Kaupapa schools. And now we have Māori radio stations

and TV, and things are certainly improving.

I still remember my first tangihanga of my husband's aunt, taking her back to Hokianga in her coffin on the back seat of the bus. Getting off the bus shortly before arriving there to pick green leaves to be fashioned into a wreath for our heads. And sitting in the marae, even if I didn't understand the language, and returning home on the bus thinking, "I have been in another world the past three days."

I do think *Hone Harawira* is probably right in that most Pākehā don't really know that much about Māori, depending on how much contact they have had, but I have found that most New Zealand born Kiwis have, if not a lot of knowledge, at least acceptance and goodwill to Māori. If the same can be said for immigrants, I am not sure.

I do recall *Sir Dove Myer Robinson's* speech at my swearing in as a New Zealand citizen in 1960 reminding us new Kiwis that Māori people were equal citizens to us and to be treated as such.

I do know that it has been an awesome experience and education, to have been part of Māori society all these years. Something that many people don't get the opportunity to have, and I am very grateful for. And to me the Māori people are the very heart of New Zealand /Aotearoa society.

Anne Mutu





Mainly Music Group



Our *Mainly Music* group started in 2010. Volunteers were invited to a meeting to hear more about it. The purpose was to do something really good for the community.

It was arranged for us to visit a *Mainly Music* session in a church hall in Albany. We saw three ladies standing in the front doing actions to music and singing along. The words were shown on a screen. The room was full of mums and toddlers all joining in and having a wonderful time. There were props provided for some of the songs, which were passed around: a scarf, a shaker, and other items. We enjoyed watching everything, then asked questions afterwards.

We decided to join *Mainly Music* and agreed to pay their monthly fee. They would then supply us with music CDs and lots of information. We could ask further questions anytime. Then we had to practise without children. Well, we thought we could do it and advertised for mums to bring their children. Our leader, *Gill*, was motivating as well. She gave us each a CD and the printed words of the songs. We went home and practised. Excitement was in the air!

The first session went well. The mums each gave a \$3 donation when they brought one or more children. Music and actions went for half an hour. Then all the children were given "morning tea", while sitting on the mats. We gave them a drink of bottled water, along with some fruit and rice crackers. Nothing with sugar for them. When they had finished, we gave them heaps of toys. They loved that, and now it was time for the mums to sit with coffee and cake. They



Children at a Mainly Music group in Waiuku.

could watch their little darlings, while relaxing for a while. They made friends with each other and with us.

This week we had 24 toddlers and mums, three babies, and a few grandparents. We still enjoy taking part every Tuesday. Best thing I ever volunteered for!! Would you like a demonstration?



mainly music
est. 1997

Betty Vaotogo
(written in April 2013)

More information at
mainlymusic.org.nz



Judy's Kitchen

Recipe supplied by Judy Brocherie



Lemon & Coconut Tart

Ingredients

4 medium eggs	½ cup of softened butter
¾ cup of sugar	½ cup plain flour
100g ground almonds	1 cup desiccated coconut
Zest of 2 lemons	1 cup milk
1 cup lemon juice	

Method

1. Preheat oven to 170° on fan bake. Grease a 24cm flan tin, line with baking paper (greasing the tin prevents the paper from moving).
2. Place all the ingredients in your food processor and blitz for 1 minute.
3. Pour into the flan tin. The mixture is quite runny but sets beautifully while cooking.
4. Bake for 60 minutes – take care the top doesn't brown too much.
5. Let cool.
6. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve with cream or yoghurt.

