ADVENT 2018

The ANGLICAN PACIFIST of Aotearoa/New Zealand

Newsletter of the New Zealand Branch of the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship

Chairman's Letter

LIFTED UP!

It would have been on a stable floor, dampened by blood-tinged amniotic fluid, that Jesus took his first breath of air. Had he remained on the floor unattended, hypothermia would have set in.

But someone lifted him up from between his mother's thighs and placed him in the safety of her arms.

Mary may have done this herself, or it might have been a kind woman of Bethlehem, or it might even have been Joseph, forced by circumstance into a world normally reserved for women. Not surprisingly Matthew and Luke do not tell us these details, but Luke does say that Jesus was wrapped in swaddling cloths. This is an undoubted sign that some normal procedures were available, even if a manger was not the right place for a newborn. Swaddling cloths are also a sign that the baby was loved, cherished and accepted by his parents. We do not know whether the cloths were obtained locally, or were carried to Bethlehem by Mary and Joseph.

Childbirth was very much women's business and normally the labouring mother would have close friends and family with her to encourage and physically support her through her pains. They would continue to help with the actual birth and the immediate care of the baby. If all this were done by Joseph, as we often imagine, then the Holy Family was shamefully abandoned.

Mary and Joseph were strangers to Bethlehem as were many others arriving for the census, so life in town must have been pretty chaotic. However, I think it likely that one or two women deserted their lucrative kitchens to help the young girl in her need.

Mary had said 'yes' to the conception, but from that moment on the normal physiological processes of pregnancy and birth would have taken over without the need for any further conscious decisions on her part. Until that moment when Jesus lay on the stable floor. We do not know who lifted him up to warmth and safety, but it was the first conscious act of kindness that he received on earth. God was so vulnerable and empty of power that his very life was dependent upon someone lifting him to the warmth of his mother's breast.

We do not know who it was, but I am sure that when Mary told the young Jesus how he came to be born in Bethlehem, she would have lovingly remembered the names of those who helped her.

Many years later, at his arrest, Jesus once again made his life totally dependent upon the decisions of others. (John 18.5.6.) At the moment he declared this, his captors stepped back and fell to the ground in awe, for they must have seen the Glory of God in his face as

he stood before them. So his helplessness as a baby was not an unfortunate aberration to be left behind as soon as possible, as his adult moment of vulnerability and total dependence on others had revealed God's Glory.

We hate being helpless and vulnerable, and we spend much energy, time and money on building up our defences, even though we know that the Blessings are given to people poor in spirit and meek, to people who are mourners and peacemakers.

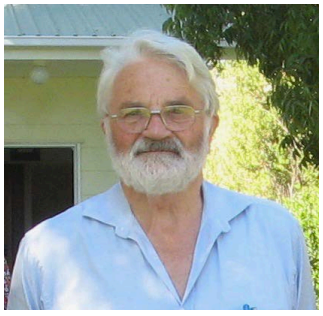
Jesus shows us that to be defenceless and vulnerable is not shameful but is a situation where we can unexpectedly glimpse God's Glory.

I marvel that the Creator of the universe can owe his earthly life to being lifted up by an ordinary pair of hands. It is a great responsibility.

Advent and Christmas blessings to all,
V. Jonathan Hartfield.
25th November 2018.

APF NZ Chairman's report to AGM, 2018

V.Jonathan Hartfield.



It is my pleasure to present the annual report. (Several plane cancellations have seriously depleted our attendance.)

It is with regret that I record the death of Arthur Palmer in July, a long-term advocate of pacifism. For many years a member of the Christian Pacifist Society, joining with us some years after that ceased to exist. He was active in collecting and disseminating peace material until the end of his life. We give thanks that he is resting in the peace of Paradise.

A new initiative this year was the APF study day organised by lndrea in Dunedin. This followed the very successful peace conference held by the National Centre for Peace and Conflict studies which lndrea and I attended. Our APF day included a tour of sites associated with the Parihaka prisoners.
It was good to have Chris and Pat with us. The next day, Sunday, found us in local pulpits.
It was good to have a meeting in the South Island again and though it was small it is a good principle to piggy-back our meetings onto a larger one that has brought people to the area. Should we consider having regular meetings linked to Synods and other church conferences?

Auckland study day last year was of high quality, but despite its excellent content and Cathedral location the numbers attending we're not as high as we had hoped. (45). Fortunately many of the papers were published in our newsletter and have reached a wider audience. I thank Chris for master-minding that day and this year's day as well.

Once again it is a joint venture with New Zealand Christian Network Pax Christi and the Aoteroa NZ peace and conflict studies trust, and we thank them for their help. I hope these organisations get copies of the papers as do our own people. Unarmed peacemaking is such a minority view that we need to combine as often as possible to make our voice heard, and to gain encouragement from others of like mind.

Internally, lndrea has been updating our members list which was no easy task. We have 75 members and 14 Associates.

She has distributed Remembrance Day resources sent to us by UK APF, and these were sent to all members and Associates and all diocesan offices. I hope members have forwarded copies to their clergy. I had a small input into this through sending a copy of Shirley Murray's fine Anzac Day hymn to the compilers who have included it in their resource.

Last year UK APF asked us if we would like to provide a trustee, and after gaining more imformation, we said yes

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DOROTHY BROWN MEMORIAL LECTURE and STUDY DAY

9th-10th November 2018, Selwyn Library, Parnell, Auckland

Ko te pono o te wa o mua ko te tino o te mauritau i te rongo…
Truthful Remembrance leads to Enduring Peace.

There was a 60+ attendance at this year's Peace Study weekend, arranged by Aotearoa New Zealand Peace and Conflict Studies Centre Trust, NZ Christian Network, Pax Christi and Anglican Pacifist Fellowship. The lectures were of a high standard and thought-provokimg. We intend to publish all the texts in our APF newsletter, beginning with the two in this number.

Moriori - Six Hundred Years of Peacekeeping on Rekohu (Chatham Islands/New Zealand) - Myths, Misconceptions and the Struggle for Truth

The practice of peace, especially in times of provocation and conflict, requires a strong commitment to principle. The Moriori People (the original settlers of Rekohu or Chatham Islands), demonstrated such a commitment in taking a conscious stand for peace in response to the invasion of their island home by two Maori tribes from Wellington in 1835. Centuries earlier, Moriori had abandoned warfare and killing on their Island home and had successfully lived in peace for 500 years. They were not prepared to violate that ancient covenant with their gods even if it meant death and destruction for themselves and their culture. Not all would, today, agree with such a stance, but in taking it, Moriori steadfastly believe that they have held onto their mana as a people and the mana over their land. They had, collectively as a people, upheld the covenant they made with their gods to never again take a human life by violent means. The commitment to Peace is therefore at the center of Moriori culture and their modern-day renaissance. Over the last two hundred years, the Moriori people and their culture have struggled against genocide, oppression, suppression of identity, myth making and political manipulation. Over the past 30 years the descendants of this much maligned and misunderstood people have begun the long and arduous journey to recover and reclaim their culture and identity and rightful place in Aotearoa/ New Zealand. This presentation will tell the story of the Moriori Peoples and their contribution to peace making in this country and of survival/revival against almost impossible odds. Most of all it will it tell the story of the power of peace as a guiding beacon of light and hope that has inspired the current generation of Moriori People.

Mihi and Karakii

Acknowledgment of Dorothy Brown (and also Chris Barfoot)

Introduction

I have given a lot of thought to this presentation and decided that I wanted to make it a personal account of my own journey about my experiences over the past 35 years rediscovering and reclaiming my Moriori identity. The very heart of what the Moriori renaissance has been about: identity – the denial of that identity (by others) and the struggle to reclaim it. But it has also been about re-building our capacity to ensure our survival and prosperity into the future.

I first became involved in Moriori matters at the tender age of 23. I am now 58. I was appointed by the family as the Chairman

of the Tommy Solomon Memorial Trust Foundation at a hunau reunion in Temuka in December 1983 and have been on every Moriori organisation from that time to the present.

I am currently the Chair of Hokotehi Moriori Trust as well as the CEO of our business entities which employ 14 staff on Rekohu and NZ. Today Hokotehi has 1800 registered members, we own numerous assets on Rekohu including conservation land, two sheep and cattle farms, a large portfolio of fishing quota, 50% ownership of a local fishing company, commercial real estate (in Wellington), a large Marae complex, a 24 room tourist lodge complex, a native plant nursery, 9 residential properties, a mechanics workshop and a fleet of vehicles and large machinery. We are also partnering with the ANZPCS Trust in the National Centre for Peace and Conflicts Studies at the University of Otago and have relationships with numerous governments departments, agencies, museums including Te Papa and the National Iwi Chairs Forum, to name a few. We also have extensive research relationships with institutions both nationally and internationally. We are currently about half way through negotiating a settlement of our historic grievances against the Crown and hope to sign a final deed of settlement by mid next year. Not very bad for a people who only 40 years ago were regarded as extinct and were left virtually landless on our own Island home.

I remember being told by my social studies teacher when I was in Form 3 at Temuka High School in the 1970s that Moriori were a myth and that we had never actually existed. I was confused by this because I knew that my grandfather, Tame Horomona Rehe (better known as Tommy Solomon), was the last known Moriori of full blood – so that made me part Moriori to, didn't it? My father, Charles Teteira Horomona was Tommy's eldest son, so there was a close family connection. I grew up being proud to be part Moriori, but I didn't know anything about our history or culture. For that matter neither did my father or even Tommy himself. By the time Tommy was born, in 1884, the people, language and culture had been almost entirely obliterated. I remember saying to my school teacher – "but Sir, my grandfather was a full-blooded Moriori." His reply was, "young man there is no such thing as a Moriori, they were just a myth." End of discussion. [There is a nice sequel to this story because that very same teacher who told me I wasn't Moriori, was instrumental in helping me win a Rotary Scholarship to Canada in 1978 which was a major turning point in my life. In 1991, I was invited to give a keynote address at the 125th centenary of Temuka High School and my old teacher, Sandy Brown, was there and made a point of apologizing to me. We remained firm friends until he passed away in 2002.]

I learned later that my experience at school was a very common one for many people of Moriori descent – being challenged about our identity growing up, being told never again to mention the word Moriori in the classroom, being laughed at and teased by other students – sometimes Maori kids – saying things like "haha, we ate all you Moriori" or "your people were weak and inferior to Maori" and on it went. Some of this still happens today if reports from my nieces and nephews attending school is anything to go by. Not as bad as it was but still damaging to the psyche and confidence of a young person's developing persona and sense of identity.

For 100 years, school teachers had been fed a diet of misinformation and myth about the Moriori people and were teaching this to successive generations of New Zealand children. I'm sure many of you here this evening will be familiar with the myth that Moriori were the first people to arrive in Aotearoa before the Maori and were beaten up and driven out to seek refuge on the Chatham Islands? And this was because, according to the myth, Moriori were too weak to resist the newly arrived people who were superior in every way and much stronger? Ring any bells? A very convenient history to teach young New Zealanders if you are trying to justify the fact that your own ancestors came and displaced Maori from their lands and culture. 'We only did to Maori what Maori did to Moriori', or so the story went. And the masses lapped it

up and many still do as a convenient counter-argument against Maori Treaty claims – a la Don Brash and his band of merry red necks.

Little wonder then that for generations after the genocide that occurred on Rekohu in the early Nineteenth Century, that many of those surviving individuals consciously jettisoned their Moriori identity – especially those who had escaped to mainland New Zealand or were the descendants of slaves taken from the Island. In those times the name 'Moriori' was like a red flag attracting opprobrium and worse. From both Pakeha and Maori alike. But there was enough information, often secretly passed down from one generation to the next by these morehu (survivors), that today we are able to slowly and painstakingly piece together the tragic stories and threads of these families. But they are also stories of survival against incredible odds – not just survival of people but survival of the spirit of belonging and identity. Today there are dozens of families who can trace their hokopapa back to a Moriori rapuna or ancestor. But many still choose not to due to the lingering stigma that some associate with the old myths of Moriori as either a slave people or being too weak to resist the Maori invaders.

There are also stories of Moriori individuals such as Hirawanu Tapu, aged 11 at the time his homeland was invaded in 1835 by two Maori tribes – who remained on Rekohu and dedicated his life to the recording of Moriori traditions and the perpetuation of the Moriori blood lines. He was also a key advocate for justice for Moriori during the latter half of the 19th Century until his death in 1900. My own Solomon family are the result of a marriage Tapu arranged between my Moriori great grandfather, Rangitapua and my Moriori great grandmother Ihimaera TeTeira. He also arranged the marriage of another of the main Moriori families still on Rekohu today – the Riwai and Karaka families. He was determined to keep the Moriori bloodlines going because, I believe, he could foresee that a day would come in the future when Moriori would again take our rightful place on Rekohu and in New Zealand history.

It is to Hirawanu Tapu that Moriori owe a huge debt of gratitude and so it is to Tapu that I dedicate my korero this evening. He was the man who wrote the 131 page heart-rending petition to Sir George Grey in 1862, seeking the intervention and protection of the Crown from the slavery his people had been brutally subjected to by Ngati Tama and Ngati Mutunga for 27 years. And the return of their lands stolen from them. All while the Crown stood by on the sidelines doing nothing. But Moriori were to be bitterly disappointed – and would remain so for 140 years. The following is a quote from the letter that accompanied the Petition for Justice:

Friend, greetings to you with the law of England and the law which comes from the Scriptures….England holds the cause of God and a cannibal people cannot rise above nor refute the law of England because God is the source of Pakeha law…..Friend Grey, here is our word to you concerning our two Islands… the rights of the Maori are not straight, they are stealing the rights to our land…..the rights of our islands are with us. We are the original inhabitants. This is our word…our law says that land taken unjustly must be returned to those whose it was before. Enough, come to set this island right…the doings here are not in accord with the law"

Sadly, this appeal for justice and fairness, which Moriori had been led to believe by the early missionaries to Rekohu was a hallmark of the British justice system was to no avail and Moriori were to be bitterly disappointed. I will return to this a bit later in my korero.

I want to now share with you something that has challenged and perplexed me for the past 30 or so years. I have often wondered what it would have been like to be present at the large gathering of Moriori in 1836 when they debated over a 3-day period what response they would make against the aggressive Maori invaders recently arrived from New Zealand? What would I have done faced with those dire circumstances? Last year I wrote a short story following a creative writing work-shop at Kopinga Marae that was run by one of New Zealand's best emerging writers – Tina

Makareti. (I can highly recommend her books and especially 'Where the Rekohu Bone sings' – which is a fictional writing about a journey by a brother and sister to discover their Moriori heritage – a fantastic and emotional read!).

The story places a young Tapu at the large hui held at Te Awapatiki on Rekohu in early 1836 where 1000 men are said to have gathered and debated their response to the invasion. I'm not sure if Tapu was at that meeting (he was after-all, only a boy of 11 at the time), but being the type of man he became, it is not difficult to imagine that he might have been there. The story is based partly on fiction and partly on fact. It tells of Tapu's internal struggle with the decision his people have to make that will ultimately seal their fate. It reflects my own internal struggle to comprehend the scale of the decision that was made and how the outcome for Moriori might have been different had we made the decision to break with our ancient covenant of peace and fight the invaders. Many of the named characters are based on real people who were involved in this momentous hui, including my own ancestor, Torea Takarehe a tribal leader from Ouenga and also Koche who was the only Moriori known to have vigorously resisted the invaders – even if only by his steadfast refusal to have his iron will broken. I will read to you a few extracts from that short story:

The Gathering

by Maui Solomon (copyright 2018)

Tapu peered cautiously from his hiding place in the kopi bush at the scene unfolding in the sheltered hollows of the forest grove. One thousand of his kinsfolk had gathered at Te Awapatiki on the eastern coast of Rēkohu where the lagoon opens to the sea. A long finger of forested land bordered the sea on one side and the lagoon on the other. A sacred place. A place where his people met only to discuss very important matters. This was the largest gathering that Tapu could remember in his short lifetime.

His heart was pounding because he knew he wasn't supposed to be there. He had been told by his tane matua, Maikoua, to stay home and tend the fire in the kainga. He had always been a very bright child and now he was a precocious teenager. He just had to be at the biggest gathering of his people since the arrival of the 'Sun People' in Kaingaroa when his own father was a small boy. Tapu recalled his father telling him that the visit of the 'Sun People' had ended in tragedy for his people with the killing of Tamakaroro on the beach at Kaingaroa. His hunau had always claimed that Tamakaroro was only defending his fishing net from being taken by the white strangers. As his father had explained, the death-sound was like "the crack of the kelp of the god Hauoro!" Tamakaroro's people had later learned that it was the "crack" of a weapon the white man called a 'musket' that had ended his life. Their gods were indeed powerful! They were like the weapons that the strange and fearsome people from across the salt water had recently brought with them to Rēkohu.

It seemed like only a few moons ago that the New Zealanders – the name given by Tapu's people to the Maori invaders – had arrived in the white man's big waka in the bay at Whangaroa. The canoe was named 'Rodney'. They had come in two groups; the second group arriving not long after the first. Tapu recalled that he was visiting his uncle Tamahiwaki's hunau in Whangaroa, when the flax flowers were in bloom, so it must have been in the month of Whareahi when the New Zealanders came. What he didn't understand and what he desperately needed to find out was why, after his matu ke Tamahiwaki and their family had observed the tikane and shown the visitors the manawareka that the people of Whangaroa were famous for, had they later been chased down and killed by these people. He had seen with his own young eyes members of his own hunau lying dead and dying on the 'oka ohaere', some with bullets wounds in their backs, having tried to flee their attackers. Others had tomahawk blows cleaving their skulls apart. He had even heard, horror of horrors, stories that some of these family members had ended up in the umu pits of the New Zealanders. Had they offended them in some way? Had they violated a t'chap they did not know about? Something that the New Zealanders had brought with them? All Tapu knew was that he was scared for himself and for his hunau at the terrifying customs of these strangers. Although they looked like his own people, Tapu thought they had a darkness that hung over them and a cruelty about them that he had never thought possible.

A call had gone out to all the men, young and old, from the hunau groups living on Rekohu and Rangihaute to attend a great gathering at Te Awapatiki to discuss what they were going to do about this invasion of their homelands. What to do about the strangers who had brought death and destruction with them to these peaceful islands. The old death-custom which Tapu knew from his own tohinga or baptism by his father several seasons ago had been outlawed by the ancient Tohuk', Nunuku-whenua. This had been the law that had guided his people for countless generations since. But what were they to do now? Should they fight back against these people his father had called "kai tangata kaupeke" – man eating demons - and risk offending their own gods? Or should they hold fast to their ancient covenant of peace and by doing so honour their own laws and customs? Deep down Tapu, who had thought about almost nothing else over the past few moons, hoped that the men at The Gathering would decide once again to pick up the old weapons of war and fight back against these "man eating demons". If they didn't, Tapu feared that they might all be doomed to end up in the hangi pit.

Tapu could hear the korero going back and forth in the clearing. The young men, led by Koche, a strong willed and powerfully built man, were in favour of resisting the invaders. "Are we not strong of limb and strong of heart?" urged Koche, thrusting out his powerful right forearm and making a bunched fist to emphasise his point. Koche had seen twenty-five summers and was in the bloom of his strength and manhood. Tapu was in awe of this man and wanted to be just like him when he came of age. He hung onto every word that Koche spoke: "We are many and they are few; we should act now or it might be too late. Many of us may fall but I am confident we will prevail over the kaupeke. How many more of our people must die before we understand that our ancient peace laws are useless against these strangers!"

The blood in his neck muscles throbbed in time with Koche's fiery words. "They have no respect for our customs or for human life! They defile our t'chap and even feast on our dead like the skua's that gorge on the defenceless hopo' chicks!! " Koche's eyes glowed with the horror-memory of his friend and mentor, Mauhika, being cooked in one of the earth ovens of the strangers while he was forced to look on, helpless to intervene. There were shouts of assent from among the young men at The Gathering, their flax maro whara wrapped around their toned bodies. Hopo feathers adorned their hair and beards. Some were carrying the tupurari or wooden staff, and were brandishing these above their heads in support of Koche's words of revolt.

Torea Takarehe, the elder and leader of the Ouenga people, had been listening intently to Koche from his seated position at the head of the large gathering. He was becoming concerned at the rising passion of the young men to resist the invaders even if this meant breaking with the ancient laws. It was he, Torea, and twelve of the other tribal elders from Rēkohu and Rangihaute who had called the men together on this spot two days earlier to consider what they should do in the face of the recent attacks.

Torea had learnt of the landing of the white man's ship in Whangaroa five moons ago and the cargo of four hundred and fifty New Zealanders that it had brought with them. He had travelled to Whangaroa with an ope of his own hunau members to find out what this meant and what their intentions were. He took stores of kai including smoked tuna, paua, kina, karengo, and dried kopi nuts to help feed the large numbers of people from the whiteman's ship. He knew his relations in Whangaroa would struggle to feed all these additional mouths and it was the way of his people to provide manawareka to hunau and visitors to make sure they were well cared for. When he arrived, he was greeted by the sight of hundreds of men, women and children milling about, most of them still recovering from the ocean sickness, hungry and thirsty from the long voyage from New Zealand to Rekohu. They had encountered a severe storm on the crossing and this had delayed their arrival by several days. Food stocks had run out the third day into the voyage and water on the fifth day. It had taken ten days before they made landfall and many of the strangers were in bad shape. With so many people crammed into the ship's hold, with standing room only and no sanitation, it was small wonder that many more deaths had not occurred during the crossing. As it was twelve bodies - mostly children - were buried at sea on the way over and another dozen or so were in critical condition under the make-shift tents erected on the beach.

What struck Torea the most about the strangers was the scarrings that many of the men – clearly the leaders among the group from their strong physiques and general demeanour – wore on their faces. This gave them a fierce appearance which Torea thought might be the

intention as he had heard sailors from visiting sealing and whaling ships tell stories that the New Zealanders were a war-like people and revelled in the fight. Their hair was also tied in a top-knot similar to how his own men wore their hair with long feathers jutting out from the top. Apart from these facial scarrings they looked similar in body shape and colouring to his own imi and spoke a language that, with some differences, was not unlike their own re. The two groups could understand one another with little difficulty. Their women wore rain cloaks made of a fibre similar to that of harapepe or local Island flax.

Some of the women bore the same scarrings on their chins which Torea thought made them look dignified. Most of the women were busy either cooking over hastily made fires on the beach or taking care of the sick children and men. There looked to Torea to be about ten times the number of visitors than the total of those in the local kainga and there were about fifty people living at Whangaroa. But what were they doing here and how long did they intend to stay? These were the questions that Torea wanted answers to. Even feared the answers to.

The first person that Torea wanted to see was his hunaunga and leader of the Whangaroa hapu, Tamahiwaki. He made his way to his friends kainga nestled in among the kopi grove inland a few hundred paces from the beach. He followed the well-worn track past the familiar tree markings that signified he was getting close to his friend's home. These kopi trees spoke to Torea of old acquaintances and the spirits of those karapuna who had passed into the spirit world. They were both comforting and also a reminder to Torea of his own mortality. Would his own hunau take up the old tools and bruise the tree bark to memorialise his life and help his passage into the afterlife when his time came? He was sure they would, but he also hoped that that day was still a long way off in the future. With the tattooed strangers now darkening the shores of his Island home he was not so sure.

It had been some time since the two leaders had seen one another so Torea and Tamahiwaki greeted each other in the ritual manner by reciting the Hou rongo, karakii and hokopapa that connected their families and themselves. They then sung the songs of greeting and concluded with the hongi or pressing of noses that mingled their breath and made them as one again.

"Tell me old friend, what of the strangers who have arrived on your beaches and are eating all your kai? Who are they and what are their intentions? Will they be staying long?"

Tamahiwaki, who had been smiling happily upon reuniting with his old friend, suddenly darkened at the mention of the strangers' arrival. "They arrived unannounced following the last big storm. I was gathering paua from the reefs in the bay when the white man's big ship appeared on the horizon. They were moving against the wind and an ebbing tide so it took most of the day for them to reach the harbour. Once anchored four long boats were lowered from the deck and the people brought to shore. The first man ashore was the headman of the ship – a man calling himself Captain Harewood. I welcomed him in the traditional manner for strangers with a garland of kawakawa leaves on the end of my tupuari and invited him to take it. I then threw my cloak over his shoulders and made the speech of welcome." This had been the practice of the people of Rekohu since after the visit of the Sun People on the ship 'Chatham' forty-four summers ago. In this manner the hokomaurahiri or welcome for strangers was completed with the expectation that this would establish a firm and lasting peace between the tchakat henu and the visitors.

The ceremony was repeated for the next few boat loads of visitors comprising the New Zealand natives, some of whom responded with what Tamahiwaki described as much dancing, prancing, shouting, rolling of eyes and tongue poking. This performance reminded Tamahiwaki of the ancient stories of his own distant karapuna that his grandfather told him about when he was just a boy – they too had been a warlike warrior people in their ancient past but these practices had been set aside after Nunuku's law was laid down.

"Many of their people were very ill from the long sea crossing and I had my people provide food, shelter and water. Some needed the rongoa to aid their recovery, but many are still sick from the effects of the lack of food and water on board and from the ocean sickness" explained Tamahiwaki. "I asked their headman, Meremere, how long they intended to stay and the purpose of their visit but he did not answer me directly. Instead he said they needed help to get back their health and that they planned to then look around the Island for a time. He told me he was from the tribe called Ngati Tama and that he was expecting another group of his relations to arrive just as soon as the white man's ship could return to NZ and bring them back here."

At this juncture Tamahiwaki paused and furrowed

his brow. He was a handsome man in his middle ages with high cheek bones and a hooked nose that was a feature of many of his people. He wore the hou or kura – a triangular shape made of muka interwoven with the red feathers of the kakariki– tied to the front of his forehead with a finely plaited cord of flax. The kura symbolised his senior status within the tribe along with the soft bunches of hopo feathers attached to his greying beard. "When I asked Meremere why more of his people were coming here he simply shrugged his broad shoulders and mumbled something about his people needing rest and getting food supplies for another voyage but when I pressed him for details he turned on his heels and walked off. Perhaps they intend to harm us but we don't know for sure. They have not shown any intention in this regard in the three days they have been here, but I am suspicious given that they avoid answering my questions. We have shown them manawareka since their arrival, so they have no reason to fear us." Torea listened intently while his friend continued: "As you know, Torea, the Council of Rangata Matua decreed after the first visit here by the white man's ship forty summers ago, that we are to welcome visitors and show them kindness. It would be against our ancient laws to attack these people even though, collectively, we are much greater in number. No; we must be patient and help them recover their health and then perhaps once they are ready and have food supplies they will leave." They had seen many white men's ships come and go from Rekohu over the past forty seasons to hunt the seals and more recently the whales. Maybe these New Zealanders would do likewise?

Torea, who had already been feeling anxious about the stranger's intentions before he arrived, was not in the least comforted by his friend's words. But he also knew that he was right – their tikane forbade warfare and killing. Had these violent practices not been outlawed for good reason in the distant past? But would the strangers have any respect for their laws and customs? If they gave them no reason to fear or attack them and showed them hospitality would this be enough?

As Torea wearily stood to address The Gathering in the kopi grove he now knew the answer to this question. Not only had the strangers not left once they had fully recovered their health, but another ship load of New Zealanders, as portended by Meremere, had arrived in Whangaroa. This almost doubled the number of strangers arriving to Rekohu in less than one full moon cycle. This new group were called Ngati Mutunga and since their arrival, together with their tribal relations, Ngati Tama, they had been 'walking the land' killing and enslaving the local people as they travelled from village to village. Taken by surprise by this sudden turn of events and shocked to their atavistic core, the local villagers, apart from a few isolated cases, had put up no resistance. It had been rumoured that the captain of the Pākehā ship that had brought them from New Zealand had been paid handsomely for his services with barrels of pork, rum, tonnes of potatoes, two carved war canoes and most prized of all by the captain, six dozen muskets.

Tapu, who had been transfixed by the powerful korero from Koche, saw Torea stand and was shocked to see how much this great man had visibly aged over the last three days. He was an elder, sure, but now he looked like one of the ancient ones. Lines of worry and sorrow were etched deeply into his features like the markings he had seen on some of the older kopi trees. It looked, thought Tapu, that Torea could see into the future and was at this very moment experiencing the pain and suffering that lay ahead for his people. Tapu sensed the moment had now come when the chiefs would make their final decision. Torea, the main spokesman at The Gathering, was on his feet. The meeting was into its third day of intense debate and all who wanted to, had spoken. The young men led by Koche were strongly in favour of resistance, but throughout, the chiefs had spoken of patience and peace. Now it was up to Torea to present the elder's decision to the throng of expectant men.

Torea began by reciting the ancient karakii to the old gods and karapuna. He reminded the people that the place they were gathered upon was the t'chap or hallowed ground of Te Awapatiki – the Path of the Flounder - into which their founding rapuna, Rongomaiwhenua, had planted the very first pou to mark the beginning of 'ko hokorong' tiring' - the time of the first "hearing of the ears" in this new land. Thus, establishing for all time Rongomaiwhenua and his descendants as 'no ro whenua ake' or those who had first "sprung forth from the land." He told of the waka that had come from Hawaiki carrying Rongomaiwhenua and his younger brother Rongomaitere. That after setting up the first altars to the gods on the island they named Rekohua, Rongomaitere had continued on his journey westwards. It was known from the stories passed down about the great navigator, Kupe back in Hawaiki, that another much larger land, 'Aotearoa', lay to the west. The land from whence the invaders had recently

come. From Rongomaitere other navigators in Aotearoa - including Kahu who captained the 'Tane' waka, - had learnt of the Islands of Rekohu and Rangihaute that lay to the south and east of Aotearoa. These later waka had brought people and plants with them, such as the kopi trees. Some of the people had stayed and married into nga uri o Rongomaiwhenua – the descendants of Rongomaiwhenua – but others, like Kahu, had stayed only a short while and finding the climate not to his liking had returned to Hawaiki.

He told of the arrival of the Rangimata and Rangihoua waka from Aotearoa followed later by Moe on the Oropuke at which point manslaying and cannibalism on Rekohu commenced. It was here in the narrative that Torea paused and looked around the large gathering of men. Focusing his attention especially on the young men with fire in their eyes and courage in their hearts. If he were a young man again Torea wondered if he might not also desire to stand among their ranks with the same burning fervour over the injustices done to his people by these invaders. But now he was older and wiser. Wasn't he? Did this situation call for wisdom such as that passed down by the ancient ones or did it call for action? Urgent and immediate action? Torea had been struggling with this internal dilemma for three days now but had finally, after much soul searching and debate, come to a resolution as had the other tribal elders.

From his hiding place, Tapu could feel the tension in the air as Torea's words echoed through the forest groves. Torea had stopped his korero and was looking around at the young men. Tapu felt as though Torea was looking directly at him even though he knew he couldn't possibly see him in his well concealed position in the bushes.

"This was a terrible time for our people", continued Torea, "The laws that had been handed down to us from Rongomaiwhenua, Mu, Weke and Pakehau to live in peace and to share what we had were discarded. Tribe fought tribe, hapu fought hapu and death and destruction were like a plague upon the land. The ultimate abomination and violation of t'chap, the eating of human flesh, was begun then. A terrible time," repeated Torea. There were murmurs of assent from the older men at The Gathering, who remembered the stories they heard growing up as told to them by their own fathers and elders gathered around their village fires late into the night.

"The violence and killing continued for three Matariki cycles until one day, our great tohuk' Nunuku Whenua, sickened by all the fighting and death came among the people and cried out 'ko ro patu ko re kei tangata me tapu toake', - "cease your fighting, lay down your weapons and from this day forward forget the taste of human flesh. Are you fish who eat their own young?" Torea recited the ancient covenant of Nunuku: "You may continue to fight with wooden staffs the thickness of my two thumbs but upon first blood being drawn fighting must cease". He decreed that from that day forward the people were to live in peace and share the bounty the land and seas had to offer. There was enough for all on these islands and it was only man's greed and hunger for utu that had caused the troubles among the people. Nunuku spoke his curse – "the day you disobey, may your bowels rot." Palsied with fear from the sudden spirit like apparition among them of the old tohuk, and mesmerised by his words, the warring factions obeyed his injunction. From that day forward - many notches back in the hokopapa rakau- the people lived in peace and observed Nunuku's laws.

Torea explained to The Gathering that from that time onwards the power of life and death had been removed from the hand of man and placed into the hands of their gods. The old weapons were placed on the tuahu or altars and were only removed for ceremonial purposes. As part of the tohinga or baptism for a young boy, the father would take the child to the tuahu and remove the stone okewa once used for making a killing blow to the head, and place this in the hands of the boy. He would then explain Nunuku's laws to the child, recite the karakii, and the ceremony was completed by the child replacing the old weapon back onto the tuahu. In this way the knowledge of the covenant was passed from father to son; from one generation to the next.

As Torea spoke, Tapu was recalling his own tohinga ceremony with his father and the great sense of calmness and peace he had felt afterwards, even at that relatively young age. It had left a strong impression on his young mind and also a sense of responsibility. It was not just Nunuku's laws but the laws of their gods that they must now obey. Did not their gods have the final say over who lived and who died and not men? Tapu could feel the heavy emotions swirling within his breast at the thought of breaking with these laws and the spiritual consequences this might bring for his people if they angered the gods. But what of the living? – would they not continue to suffer from the hardships imposed upon them by the strangers if they did not resist?

Torea continued his address – "These laws passed down to us through the generations are not a strategy for survival - they are a moral imperative. Our mana as a people is at stake. If we pick up the weapons of war and resume killing one another we are no better than the strangers; our gods will be displeased. No, we must honour our covenant with the gods and resume our efforts for a peaceful solution with the New Zealanders. Let us return each to their own kainga and resume our lives and renew our efforts for a peaceful outcome. The decisions we have made here today will be for future generations to judge us on."

With these words, Tapu had heard all he needed to know. Although feeling terrified by the potential consequences of this decision for his people, the final words spoken by Torea had struck a chord within him. He resolved within himself that no matter what happened from here on, he would do all in his power to survive. He would survive so that he, Tapu, could tell his mokopu and they in turn would tell their mokopu the stories of the courageous decisions made by his people at The Great Gathering – how in the face of the greatest provocation his people had ever faced they had the strength to hold fast to their mana and to honour the ancient covenant with their gods.

Short Story insert ends

The Crown's response to the 1862 petition for restoration of land rights and manumission from slavery was a statement in 1863 that slavery was no longer to be permitted on the Chathams although many instances of it continued after that date. They established a Native Land Court (NLC) on Rekohu in June 1870 and proceeded to award 97.3 of the land to the invaders who had returned to their home in northern Taranaki by that date. Crown agents actively encouraged Ngati Mutunga to return to the Chathams because they didn't want them adding to the unrest in Taranaki in the mid 1860's. They promised them land back on Rekohu if they returned. The same Native Land Court judge, John Rogan, who had sat in Taranaki courts in 1866-67 also sat on the same court on Rekohu in 1870. It was a foregone conclusion that the land would be awarded to Ngati Mutunga even before the Court opened its doors on the Island. The Crown saw an opportunity to solve a problem and Moriori were to be the sacrificial lamb. Soon after receiving these large land awards, Ngati Mutunga sold or leased the bulk of it to European farmers and settlers living on the Islands at that time. Europeans who were leasing land from Maori were keen to have those leases confirmed and to buy as much land as they could. So, they were also very supportive of title being confirmed in Maori ownership. As observed by the Waitangi Tribunal in its 2001 Rekohu Report: "the Government [in 1870] clearly expected that Rekohu, or at least a reasonable share, would pass to Maori hands." (WTR, page 105).

On the issue on whose custom the NLC should have applied, Moriori or Maori, the Tribunal concluded that:

"On Rekohu, in 1840, Maori had none of the elements to achieve an ancestral right, by incorporation, by intermarriage, or by maintaining control and burying their dead on the land over some generations. At 1870, they had dead on the land, but then the living had largely left. We consider that, both at 1840 and 1870, as a matter of custom, Maori had no right unless they could prove that they were away on business and intended to return……. This shows the inadequacy of conquest as the sole determiner of rights for the uncustomary task of determining ownership at English Law. "(WTR, page 145)

At page 174 of its Report the Tribunal found that:

"On a common-sense view, the Maori had taken possession of the land. But it was not their ancestral land. It was really Moriori land, and Moriori people, that the Maori controlled and possessed. The invasion itself was recent, and a result of European influences that, according to the preamble of the Treaty, the Crown was anxious to suppress. The Treaty had envisaged just outcomes for the future. Moreover, Moriori had remained upon the land, most Maori had been absent for the last 20 or so years, and many had no intention of returning at all.

In the light of all these factors, it ought to have been obvious that an award of a mere 3 per

cent of the land to Moriori was indefensible and was insufficient for their future survival and development. The Treaty obliged the Crown actively to protect the interests of the Moriori people. Indeed, in article 3 the Queen extended the 'Natives of New Zealand' her royal protection.

We are of the opinion that, to give that protection in this case, the Treaty obliged the Crown to intervene on behalf of the Moriori people; and that, in breach of that obligation, the Crown failed to do so.

The approach we have taken is not new. It is substantially the approach proposed by Hirawanu Tapu, a visionary Moriori leader, though still young at the time in question. He put the matter simply and profoundly to the government of the day. He sought that Rekohu land question should be decided, not upon any narrow construction of law, be it Maori or other law, but according to the higher principles of justice. Assuming that that might be found in the new regime that the Treaty ushered in, he made his appeal to the Queen's law. He then asked that the land be shared."

Accordingly, the Tribunal found that Moriori were entitled to, at the very least, a half share of the land on the main Island, on Pitt Island and in the case of the outlying Islands such as Motuhara or the Forty Fours, our people were entitled to the entire Island.

By 1870, the Moriori population had plummeted from about 1600 in 1835 to a mere 101 individuals left on Rekohu and about another 30 or 40 on mainland New Zealand. That is a decrease in population of some 93% in less than one generation. In modern day terms that would be classified as genocide. But despite these low numbers, Moriori by 1870 again out-numbered Maori who had returned to Taranaki. After being left virtually landless many Moriori families were forced to leave the Islands never to return.

The Crown proclaimed sovereignty over the Chatham Islands on 1 November 1842 so for a period of 21 years they had stood by and watched these tragic events unfold. They knew what was happening on the Islands and the harsh conditions that Moriori were subjected to from reports from visiting missionaries and the Crown magistrate based on the Islands. In 1848, Bishop Selwyn visited the islands and recorded, in an account published the following year, that Moriori 'have been reduced to the condition of serfs and are obliged to obey the orders of every little child of the invading race'. He concluded that a 'long residence on the island would be necessary to do away entirely with this evil'. Bishop Selwyn further discussed the situation on the Chatham Islands with Governor Grey in 1849. But the Crown failed to do anything to stop the brutality and consequential deaths.

I can recall as a young man of 23 years endeavouring to understand what had happened to my ancestors and, after suffering such a horrifying fate, why had they been vilified and misunderstood for so long? As the newly appointed Chair of the Tommy Solomon Trust Foundation, (a position I still hold today), and knowing almost nothing about my own history, I spent many long hours researching in the Turnbull Library and National Archives in Wellington during 1984-85 while doing my professional law papers and working as a law clerk. What I read both appalled and saddened me but also gave me strength and determination. I learned that Moriori had once been a war-like people but had made a conscious decision to set aside warfare, killing and cannibalism and learned to live in peace for over 500 years. They had evolved a system for resolving conflict that stopped short of killing one another. And they developed a sophisticated system of sharing the precious resources of the land and the sea. This enabled them to sustain a population five times greater than the present-day population of Rekohu. Rather than a weak and inferior people I came to see that my ancestors had evolved a higher level of consciousness of how to live peacefully together and had shown great moral courage to hold fast to their peaceful beliefs in the face of the greatest provocation they would ever face.

Why then had NZ social history portray Moriori in such a poor light? I was soon to learn why. When the story of the erection of a memorial statue of Tommy Solomon became

public in early 1984, a Maori correspondent writing to the New Zealand Herald claimed that the statue project should not be allowed to proceed as it was a "fraud on all Maori". In his opinion the statue should be blown up! This man claimed that it was a conspiracy by Pakeha to keep Maori on the back foot. Pakeha correspondents replied that as Moriori were the first settlers in NZ, Maori should not have any claims under the Treaty as Moriori were here first. And around and around it went. These arguments can still be heard today on radio talk-back shows. Moriori had become a political football for protagonists from both camps to kick around whenever it suited their purposes to do so. Neither side were in the least interested in who and what the Moriori people were and the fact that we had been declared "extinct" in 1933 when Tommy Solomon died, was all the more convenient to the perpetuation of this myth. Afterall, it's hard to fight back from beyond the grave. To add to the confusion, these prejudices were being actively fed to generations of NZ school children.

Today as the result of the collective will, determination and passion from many Moriori and non-Moriori people alike, we have emerged from the dark shadows of history and back into the 'misty' sunlight of Rekohu. Our guiding lights have been the values that have been left to us by our karapuna. The values of peace, of sharing, manawareka (kindness and caring for others) and of inclusivity. Our sense of humour and fun – Moriori are a fun-loving people – has also enabled us to cope with the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune'. But we are also a determined and at times, stubborn, people. For a small Imi (tribe) we have more than our fair share of conflicts. But as I'm fond of telling our people who, understandably get hoha at times with the squabbling, peace is aspirational and might not always be practiced but it is worth striving to achieve. Peace, it seems, can only come at a price. Such is the human condition.

A major challenge Moriori face today on Rekohu is the settlement of our Treaty claims. The claim to the Crown was first filed in 1862 by thirty-three Moriori elders so it has taken only 156 years to get to this point! What should have been a very straight-forward claim to settle given the overwhelming findings of the Waitangi Tribunal in favour of Moriori in its 'Rekohu' report in 2001 (which include the specific finding that "by far the greater compensation is due to the Moriori people"). But it has proven not to be as straight-forward as we had hoped due to various strict Crown policies that govern how settlements are negotiated. For example, the Crown has consistently refused to view the unique Moriori claim as being different from Maori claims that has come before it on the mainland. So, we have had to negotiate our settlement within a framework completely unsuited to our unique historical circumstances. That's like playing an away game with a predisposed referee in charge! Nor is the Crown bound by the findings of the Waitangi Tribunal and can re-interpret or ignore them as they wish. This negotiation (that began in 2004 and had an enforced (on the part of the Crown) hiatus of several years), has been an exceedingly long, frustrating and at times, very stressful process for our negotiators and people. It has taken great patience and perseverance and also a willingness to compromise (at least on our part) and look for pragmatic solutions. As a leader of a major tribe in New Zealand who has settled recently told me, 'treaty settlements have nothing to do with justice but raw politics and the Crown settling for the very minimum they can get away with'. However, it is important that this tragic chapter in our history can be closed so we can move on. We expect to sign a deed of settlement with the Crown in mid-2019 – subject to negotiating our way through a few last twists and turns including overlapping claims/challenges from Ngati Mutunga o Wharekauri (NMOW) who are also settling with the Crown – although what their claims are remain somewhat of a mystery.

NMOW negotiators have adopted a bellicose attitude towards Moriori throughout the negotiations process. They completely refute the findings of the Waitangi Tribunal

(which heard claims from both Moriori and Ngati Mutunga in the mid 1990's) and maintain that they have exclusive mana whenua (loosely interpreted as 'authority over land') over Rekohu and that consequently, Moriori have none because, they claim, "we conquered Moriori". How you 'conquer' a people who refused to fight because it was contrary to their own law, has not yet been explained. They look to the findings of the of the Native Land Court (NLC) in 1870 to justify their position – despite the Waitangi Tribunal finding that the Native Land Court got it completely wrong and effectively acted contrary to what the Treaty required. Consequently, they (Ngati Mutunga negotiators) argue that the Crown cannot vest Crown land in Moriori without either their consent or unless the Crown offer the land to both parties. In most cases NMOW do not want the land for themselves (much of it is in reserves); they just don't want Moriori to have it. This is viewed by Moriori as mean spirited given that NMOW were awarded all the land on Rekohu and Rangihaute (Pitt Island) by the NLC in 1870 and then immediately on-sold or leased 60% of it to Pakeha pastoralists.

NMOW have also recently filed a proceeding on the High Court in Wellington to stop the Department of Conservation vesting a block of culturally and spiritually significant land known as 'Taia' back into Moriori ownership on the grounds that they have "exclusive mana-whenua" over it – notwithstanding that as soon as the land was awarded to them in 1870 they immediately on-sold it to a Pakeha settler farmer, Walter Hood. They are arguing in this case that their human rights under the NZ Bill of Rights Act 1990 will be violated if the vesting goes ahead. What about Moriori human rights I hear you ask? NMOW lost the case in the High Court in August this year but have appealed the decision of Honourable Justice Collins to the Court of Appeal. This appeal will be heard in early 2019 and likely end up in the Supreme Court. Not a great blueprint for future harmony between Moriori and NMOW.

Understandably, given the large amount of intermarriage that has occurred on Rekohu/Wharekauri over the past 50 or so years between Moriori and Ngati Mutunga families, many people feel divided or are made to feel divided in their loyalties. I especially feel for the younger generation who are caught up in the ongoing conflicts. It had been our hope that we may have been able to achieve a degree of healing and reconciliation as part of this settlement process and to leave the past in the past. But it would be fair to say that this aspiration is looking distant at the present time. But as I have previously stated in this paper, peace and reconciliation is an aspirational ideal and might not be achievable in the short term but is still a worthy objective to strive towards in the future. However, in order for there to be lasting peace on Rekohu/Wharekauri/Chatham Islands there must also be a sense of justice having been done and, just as importantly, an acceptance, rather than denial, of the past.

Me rongo,
Maui Solomon 9 November 2018

Seeking a Statutory National Day of Commemoration for the New Zealand Wars.

Leah Bell, former Otorohanga College student

Tēnā koutou katoa, Ko Leah Bell tōku ingoa, Nō Waitomo ahau. He tauira ahau ki Te Whare Wānanga o Wikitōria. Ko au tētehi o ngā tāngata i tīmatangia te whakaaro ki te whakatū he pētihana ki te whakamaumahara i ngā pakanga whenua o Aotearoa. Nōku te waimarie ki te tū kei mua i a koutou ngaa Taakuta, ngā Ahorangi, ngā Minita me ngā hau e whā e tau nei. Paimārir

Today I am here representing Rangatahi that conceived of, and drove a youth-led petition seeking to commemorate the NZ Land Wars. My two friends and fellow campaigners sadly cannot be here: sad, as they have much to contribute to this study day, and somehow together we represent importantly connected but different angles of this kaupapa. Waimarama Anderson, of Ngati Maniapoto and co-signatory to the petition, is home in Waitomo being an amazing Mum to her bonny new baby Walter Marley: and Zak Henry, who also hails from Ngati Maniapoto, a stalwart of this campaign from its inception, presently needs to be in Australia.

In early 2014, Ōtorohanga College took 189 students to visit the Ōrākau battle site and the Rangiaowhia massacre site: only half an hour away from our Kura. The soil was red under our feet, damp with our accompanying Nannies' tears – still grieving their history 150 years on. We stood shoulder to shoulder, Pākehā me Māori, equally shocked at our historical amnesia: listening to Matua Rahui Papa and Nick Tuwhangai and a Pākehā military perspective from Mr. Shirley, our Maths teacher: telling us what had happened in our own backyard in our Great Great Grandparents time – our previously unheard war stories – the effect of this inherited historical mis-remembrance – we would later come to find. That trip sparked a petition that many of you will know about: two years later resulting in an annual National Commemoration Day for the New Zealand Wars. We have told our story many times – of how the campaign to remember unfolded.

Speaking today to many an influencer of our future in Aotearoa, gives us a privileged opportunity to offer a youth perspective on why the wars should be taught in schools and an analysis of how the history written about the wars have affected rangatahi knowledge and location of ourselves today.

We have learnt a lot from the privilege and pressure of this kaupapa.

We have learnt that launching an idea of national significance with the support of others carries an obligation to finish what we started. We must see it through.

We were driven to achieve our goal, albeit reluctantly at times. At different points in the campaign we found it hard to see that goal. We realised that the petition did not end with attaining a National Commemoration day – because, paraphrasing what Moana Jackson contends, "to commemorate a brutal period of time in our history we must take into account how the subjugation of people then, exists today".

We have learnt that youth have a voice that adults, organisations and politicians will band together to support, despite their differences. We quickly learnt that food and transport is a big part of any national campaign. And very importantly we learnt that all peoples want to know our localised and meaningful histories.

In preparing this speech I listened to one of the first interviews Waimarama and I did, after the petition hit the media: following Tukuroirangi Morgan's stunning announcement at the deeply moving 150th commemoration of the battle at Ōrākau; he pounded out through the microphone

dust, heat, and crowd, that two girls from Ōtorohanga College had 10,000 signatures and would be coming to parliament. This launched into immediate action two of our teachers, Mariana Papa and Linda Campbell, Waimarama, Zak, myself and anyone else we could coax on board. Step one being a rapid class with The Petition Office of parliament in how to make a legitimate petition, let alone get 10,000 signatures!... in this early interview on RNZ, our voices sounded robotic, like earnest dolls. Such conviction in every word spoken. The interview concluded with us saying "Every. Single. Person. In New Zealand is affected by the New Zealand Land Wars." I cringed listening to our naive absolutism – but then realised that what we had spoken at 14 and 16 years old was true. Every single person in Aotearoa is affected by the wars.

That day at Ōrākau we presented Kiingi Tuheitia with a letter petitioning John Key's government that he signed: and after Whaea Nanaia Mahuta readily sponsored the petition to be tabled in parliament, he was the first to sign. The Kiingitanga, and then the Iwi Chairs offered huge support and momentum to what proved to be a controversial and complex kaupapa.

We spoke at conferences, hui, festivals, in assemblies, on radio and television. We wrote articles and speeches: emailed every school in Aotearoa; and our Mayor, Max Baxter, took this kaupapa to the national mayoral conference. Interestingly most schools did not reply, or said they could not take a position. Equally interesting the Green party sent us a message that they could not support this kaupapa as it was "a re-colonising process" in their 2014 viewpoint. The mayor from Taranaki, Mr Judd, was the only mayor to reply to us at the time, writing that although he supported this kaupapa, his council must remain neutral. It is encouraging to see how positions changed by the time we went to parliament in December 2015, with 1000s of supporters. By then Mr. Judd was referring to himself as a "recovering racist" and we were received at parliament by cross-party support, with The Greens' Marama Davidson receiving the petition signatures along with National's Maggy Barry, Māori Party's Te Ururoa Flavell and Labour's Nanaia Mahuta.

Historians, church and community groups offered their support. The first sheet of signatures that came back to us through the mail was from a Teen Mums' school in The Hutt. We treasured their tautoko. However, in the end it was on the streets over two years that we collected signatures: face to face, conversation by 13,000 conversations. We learnt about our peoples' fears, hopes and views of their place and identity in the landscape of the NZ Wars. We were a small group, and often had to be dragged out of our teenage zone to do what it took to meet Matua Tukuroirangi's quota of signatures. Once we had collected the signatures, and tabled them in parliament, our job was essentially done.

During this time the public conversation grew, and New Zealanders nudged out of our corners. The concept of needing to be "neutral" shifted.

Studying history at Victoria University for two years has shown me that we must analyse in a historiographical manner how history has been fed to us: in order to make sure that when the wars are included in the New Zealand curriculum (as I'm sure will happen) that we forge an honest history. As Moana Jackson asks of us … are we in fact talking about "The Sovereignty Wars"? An honest history includes: Pākehā motivations, intentions and benefits what and how Māori defended with their lives: how kūpapa fought with AND against the crown in defence of hapū and whenua: and that some Pākehā railed against the wars to their own peril.

Youth will not engage with a divisive, simplistic, black and white history. My fellow history friend, Haley Goldthorpe, wrote in a recent social policy essay that studying real history and real people in real places engages youth with education. As Zak and Waimarama always say, kaumatua are open to sharing their knowledge about their land wars history in their rohe with their communities.
Ōrākau

In March 2016, when Waimarama and I presented our submission to the Maori Affairs Select Committee, with Matua Rāhui, we

made three main points:

1. To memorialise those who gave their lives on NZ soil with a statutory day of recognition for schools and communities
2. To introduce these local histories into the New Zealand Curriculum as a course of study for all New Zealanders and
3. That this kaupapa must be resourced.

Part of the success of the petition is attributed to it being fronted by Rangatahi. In this digital age, and as a generation pushed to illuminate the truth by the protests movements behind us, we desire truth above all else, not prettied in any way. The argument has been that wars were named to benefit certain groups of people. In general, people we have spoken with on the streets, outside shops, face to face, signature by 13, 000 signature, want the blatant truth of the wars to be told. Pākehā recognise an identity crisis from not doing so. "Mis-remembering" disconnected us from Aotearoa, from the whenua. Whakapapa, genealogy, is important, a life-force in every culture. Pākehā have been disconnected from our ancestors by not being able to talk about the wars: we exist under the lie that our country was settled peacefully; that we have no part to play in the Raupatu and misery-legacy of the living consequences for Mana Whenua that we now measure in "Māori" statistics.

The act of sharing history is ultimately forward thinking. What we wanted was to create a space for people to share historical perspectives openly. Our response to media asking us how we dealt with negative responses to the petition was that we welcomed it. Because the more people talked about our history, the more it would spark a light, a fury, a hope – a dialogue about who we are as a nation. I have had Pākehā elders approach me in our vege shop in Ōtorohanga, to tell me of their Great-Uncles who had 'helped' alienate Māori land at an enormous scale, and their relief at being able to tell me openly about it. They are grateful to be able to talk meaningfully.

Leah, wearing her great aunt's Suffrage Medal, with Dame Patsy Reddy at Government House, Wellington

Last year living in my hall of residence, I sat down with my neighbours and talked about our origin stories – our ancestors in New Zealand. My friend living on my right from Ōpotiki grieved over the poverty, the devastation felt by Whakatōhea people post Raupatu. My friend living on my left told us how her ancestor had helped take land from Māori at a phenomenal scale in the south island. My friends, both Pākehā and Māori feel like they have to choose between the two identities, as though history is neatly racially divided. I have tūpuna who fought on both sides of the wars: Colensos against, and thanks to resources like Charlotte Macdonald's website where you can look up Pākehā soldiers that fought in the wars, I now know my ancestor, William Hussey, fought for General Cameron, from Rangiriri to Ōrākau.

It comes down to a simple statement - this generation does not know our pivotal history.

Māori are forced to know the effects today because it defines lives; and ironically carries a false assumption that the stories are at hand. One of the first statements Waimarama made when we started working on this kaupapa was that she felt ashamed that she did not know this history.

I believe that NZ can own the reputation it unjustly claims with misremembrance: that we can have the best race relations in the world. But only if we own our history. A history of police brutality, a history of dispossession, calculated violence, kūpapa slighting and disenfranchising, ideologies of racial superiority. It seems a lot to take on but as Judith Binney stated: When researching our history, we discover more often that stories of the relationships between the common people is what actually constructs out history. She said of one story regarding the courage of wāhine school teachers fighting against the violence of military men at a native school in Waikaremoana; "it is a fragment[s] - a tiny

chip – in the vast mosaic of narratives which, when brought together, reveal light and dark co-existing in our colonial history." How many women's narratives and their experience of the wars will be heard at this peace conference today?

We can allow patriotism in these histories, these wars. Because there was courage, on the many and changing sides, in pursuit of trying to do the best thing for their people.

From March 2014 to now, as a group of Rangatahi, the work of carrying our small part of this huge kaupapa has been about ordinary people. The common people. It has been a collection of viewpoints and the gathering of momentum:

- Battle sites have been repatriated and protected
- A National day of commemoration is in place: yet to become a statutory holiday. However… Andrew Little promised in Parliament's Banquet Hall on December 8th 2015, that should Labour become the government there will be a statutory commemoration day. Labour is now the government, and Anaru Iti has been reminded of his clear statement of commitment, by Waimarama, Zak and me, in a speech we gave at Te Pūtake o te Riri, in Kororāreka, in March: the inaugural national commemoration of the Land Wars. The mauri of Te Pūtake o te Riri has been handed to the peoples of Waitara for October 28, 2019.
- Cross party support for this kaupapa is evident in parliament.
- The media research, interview, report and support this kaupapa
- Schools are engaging:

  – through the Kawenata Waikato-Tainui signed with 17 schools;

  – through schools such as Fairfield college recently unveiling a magnificent Pou in commemoration and commitment;

  – through the conference of NZ History Teachers unanimously agreeing to "enhanced teaching of our colonial past", later supported by 78% of the membership (apparently a rare consensus for a bunch of teaching historians).

  – Where whole schools are not yet engaging directly, teachers are finding the resources to bring this history to their pupils in their classrooms.
- Regions and towns are making their own commemoration traditions:
- -if you drive through Te Awamutu today, you will see the main street lined with NZ Land Wars Flags, and on the 28th October this year many people gathered to commemorate at Rewi Maniapoto Reserve in Kihikihi in an impressive and inclusive ceremony.
- People are talking. A bunch of tradies were recently overheard by my Grandmother, casually mentioning in conversation that they wished they had been taught our land War history at school. She loved their nodding agreement.
- Rangatahi want to talk, we want an opinion, we want to know how the Land Wars make sense of the Treaty Settlement process. Alien Weaponry won a national music award: A Māori Metal Band singing this history. Ria Hall has named her recent album 'Rules of Engagement' – it sings of very essence of the land wars. Theatre is being performed, Poetry written, and Poetry slammed in the growing collective youth consciousness of this compelling kaupapa.

In the ode of remembrance we say, we must remember, Me Maumahara Tatou. https://www.google.co.nz/

Continued from p 2

– and I have taken on the job. One result is that our members have been asked about a name change and 18 New Zealand members and one associate replied. Maybe we should do our own survey later this year. I was able to meet Sue Claydon and Roger Payne during a visit to UK in June. They have been able to secure a one hour slot at the Lambeth conference in 2020 (pretty small when one considers how important peace is). I have recently been asked to write about nuclear weapons, a subject which was coming up at UK general synod which has recently voted strongly against them, but not unanimously. I've been writing on the UK APF blog since it began some years ago.

I have been interested in a name change for quite a while, for when they are spoken 'pacifisism' and 'passivism' sound identical and people think we are the passive option. I've written about this in the latest newsletter. It was to be discussed at the UK AGM, and the conclusions could be of interest to us.

I see our biggest need at present is for visibility. I suspect most Christian's don't know we exist.

They probably don't want to know we exist in a country where the default position is aggression. However, I hope the increasing recognition of Parihaka will make a difference. Will we as a nation become as proud of the actions of the people of Parihaka as we are of the soldiers that were betrayed, exploited and defeated at Gallipoli? I hope so.

We have a wealth of peace knowledge in our heads and libraries but it isn't often used by others. Increasing our visibility would help to see this knowledge used. I think we lack a small handout/ leave- around booklet that puts together the main Bible verses on which we build our pacifism. That is partly done in our application form but could be done more thoroughly with only the secretariy's address on it, so people could find us if they are interested. Perhaps this could be a project for the coming year as well as well as eye-catching postcards that are being developed.

Group activities have been the two study days. Individual activities have seen Richard Jackson speak at the Christchurch Cathedral on 26.8.18 as part of the prophets in the cathedral series. Juliette Kojis, David Schoullar and I took part in the Peace March at the arms expo in Palmerston North 31st of October. I have spoken to a number of groups and the select committee on euthanasia where my no to taking life has influenced my position on that subject. I've also had a few opportunities to speak about pacifism like Hiroshima day. I hope our members have also had chances to put our case and it would be good if you could let us know of your opportunities as I'm sure more is happening than I am able to record here, which, excluding study days, doesn't appear to be very much. I would like to celebrate more in these reports.

I conclude by thanking lndrea Alexander for her work as secretary, Mary Davis for her care of our finances, Pat Barfoot for editing our newsletter, Chris Barfoot for organising the Auckland study days and Edwina Hughes of Peace Movement Aotearoa who keeps us online and maybe in line at times.

from Our Treasurer

Thank you, all those members who have paid their subscriptions since the last newsletter.

May I remind others of the need to renew their annual subscriptions. Your $20 (plus any donation you would like to make) may be paid through direct credit into our bank account, **12 3014 0854633 00**, with your name as the reference. Or, a cheque may be made out to the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship and posted to me at: **Apt 205/1 Squadron Drive, Hobsonville, Auckland 0616.**

Thank you for supporting us in this important Christian ministry.
Mary Davis, Treasurer

SOUTH ISLAND CONFERENCE NEXT YEAR

Christchurch will be the venue for a pacifist conference in the middle of 2019. If you would like to contribute to the planning with ideas or offers of assistance, please contact Indrea Alexander on apfnzsecretary@gmail.com in January. The first planning gathering is likely to be early February.

National Centre for Peace & Conflict Studies

University of Otago

As another year comes to an end, we look back with great satisfaction at what has been achieved at the Centre by both staff and students. We have seen eight doctoral students cross the stage this year, including Dr Roberta Francis and Dr Michael Ligaliga whose research was included on the Exceptional Theses list. This is an extraordinary achievement for both the students and their supervisory teams.

Other highlights from 2018 include a fascinating trip to Rekohu (Chatham Islands), which I was lucky to take in May. This gave me the opportunity to hear more of the history of the Moriori people and to deepen and strengthen the relationship between the Centre and the Hokotehi Moriori Trust. My special thanks to Maui Solomon for hosting this visit.

We have also been delighted to welcome Dr Jenny Te Paa-Daniel as Te Mareikura. Jenny has visited the Centre four times this year, and represented the Centre at events at the Treaty Grounds for Waitangi Day and in Wellington. I am very grateful for her wise and judicious advice and guidance in working towards partnership with Tangata Whenua, and Ngai Tahu in particular. Jenny was also instrumental in curating the programme for this year's Anglican Pacifist Fellowship Study Day in November, which was a great success.

After a well-deserved break, we look forward to a very special year in 2019, as the Centre celebrates its tenth year of teaching. Planning is underway for a wide variety of events and activities over the year. These include: alumni events, op-eds in national newspapers, a speaker series, special publications, a peace concert, Centre Open Days, an art exhibition, a public conversation with Kevin Clements, a major conference in November 2019, and a celebratory party for the Centre and friends. Fund-raising to support these and other events has begun.

We also begin the year with a move to new office space for both staff and students. The relocation will mean we are closer to the rest of the Humanities Division and other departments in the School of Social Sciences. We hope that this will result in greater visibility for the Centre, more frequent formal and informal contacts with our colleagues in other academic departments and opportunities that may arise for collaboration, shared research interests and opportunities to teach into classes in the undergraduate courses.

May I wish you all a happy and restful holiday break.

Me rongo

Professor Richard Jackson, Director

Anglican Pacifist Fellowship New Zealand Branch

www.converge.org.nz/pma/apf *or* www.anglicanpeacemaker.org.uk

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