HE NGĀRU WHAKATEO, HE KŌTARE-
IN EVERY CRESTED WAVE A KINGFISHER

Richard Kerr-Bell

This paper will explore the storied landscape of Ngāpuhi iwi, specifically around the Hokianga Harbour within "Te Whare Tapu of Ngāpuhi" – The Sacred House of Ngāpuhi. As the one most populous iwi in Aotearoa with 125,601 registered members[1] whose stories are among the oldest to inhabit the land, they preserve some of the earliest experiences of Aotearoa/New Zealand.

Another role these stories play is to help connect the 80% of Ngāpuhi who live outside of Te Whare Tapu o Ngāpuhi with their identifying historical icons, most of which can be visited today. While many of the stories relate to all Ngāpuhi, it is important to recognise that the iwi or tribe is made up of hapū, collections of whānau who uphold their particular versions of some stories.

This paper will discuss a few of these stories representing the landscape, mountains and waterways, significant by their connection to the people and their past. These stories also provide an insight into what and who was prioritised in the Ngāpuhi oral traditions and conceptualisations relating to the natural environment.

Finally, I will discuss some ways in which descendants of these tūpuna/kaitiaki (elders/guardians) continue the naming and storying tradition.

Story is based on beliefs, whakapapa, karakia, tauparapara, pepeha, tikanga, kaupapa, marae rituals and te reo.

Storying the landscape

Uia rā te pātai, ko wai rā ahau e	Ask the question, who am I?
He uri no Rāhiri (me) Tauramoko	*A descendant of Rāhiri (and) Tauramoko*
I runga rā	*High up there*
Tēnei Hokianga	*Here stand I, Hokianga*
Whakapau karakia e	*Who consumes incantations*
Te paiaka o te riri	*The taproot of strife*
Te kawa o Rāhiri e	*The laws of Rāhiri*

As every reader of Māori descent will have acknowledged thus far, who we are is linked intrinsically to the landscape from which our ancestors emerged and came to name and know. My ancestors lived in the Hokianga. If one visits Opononi and continues past Omapere, you will climb up a prominent hill and the peak is Hūnoke. This sacred place for us looks down over our marae, Aotea. Sitting on this land is the ancestral house we call Te Kaiwaha. Our sub tribe is called Ngāti Wharara and we are part of a group of hapū existing around the harbour who protect the stories and places of Kupe's arrival. These include the navigators following in Kupe's footsteps, Nukutāwhiti and Ruanui, their landing places, the mountain of Whīria, caves, burial places, and other significant sites.

We arrived in the waka Ngātokimatawhaōrua and Māmari, and are a part of the iwi of Ngāpuhi. There is a stream that comes down from the hills and works its way to the west coast for a few hundred metres called Waiwhatawhata. I am Ngāpuhi, I am Ngāti Wharara. I am Richard Taka Kerr-Bell. My great-great-great-grandparents on Dad's side are Waata Taka Tahana and Rīpeka Hemara, and three whānau or families established our marae – Tahana/Dawsons, Diamonds/Taimana and Dunns.

He ngāru whakateo, he Kōtare – in every crested wave a Kingfisher.

My father grew up at Rangi Point on the western side of the Hokianga Harbour. He would walk to primary school along the beach in bare-feet if the tide was out, with his lunch wrapped in newspaper tucked under his arm, with his nearest siblings beside him. If the tide was in they walked over "The Point", and onto the road to school. The school was called Waitapu. This could be translated as sacred or holy water, but it is to remember and to denote the mana, respect due to the waters because of the significance the area played in historical events as described a little further on.

The piece of land the school sits on opens out to the harbour and had a low concrete wall. I am not sure whether that was to keep the balls inside the playground or the kids out of the water. One of the distinct memories my father had was sitting on the wall at lunchtime watching the Kingfisher (Kōtare) chase the Mullet (Kanae) and Kahawai just beyond the shoreline.

Rangi Point is home to many sacred sites of Ngāpuhi legend and history. The familiar story of the naming of the Hokianga Harbour comes from Kupe's often-referred-to saying, "Hei konei rā i te puna i te ao mārama, ka hoki ahau, kore e Hokianga nui mai – this is the spring of the world of light, I shall not come this way again". Thus, Te Hokianga nui o Kupe, shortened to Hokianga. Kupe and the many who lived here over the last 1200 years have left a storied lineage within the beautiful landscape – in every crested wave a Kingfisher, a story!

This is but one story relating to the name Hokianga. These stories link the past to the more immediate present, people one or two generations ago, people we remember or whom our parents remember, our grandparents' and parents' memories all of which add to the 'storying' of a place. These intimate stories sit next to the more iconic iwi-unifying stories of our ancient ancestors who sit with us and wait with us – kei Hawaiki-nui, Hawaiki-roa, Hawaiki-pāmamao.

No reira, e ngā whanaunga kua wheturangitia, haere haere haere – to all who have passed on and become one with the stars, farewell.

Kei mea rā koutou e

Horekau he aroha e

I roto i ahau e mau ana e.

E tangi i ngā tai

I waho o Mapuna

Ko te iwi kua riro i te ripo e.

Tai timu tai pari

Tai hoa e haere

Kua mutu i maringi o roimata e.

This mōteatea of grief and farewell to lost loved ones speaks of the waterway near the entrance to the Hokianga Harbour, Mapuna. The entrance and the bar underneath the water create a ripo, or whirlpool. I learnt the mōteatea at our marae that sits beside the Waiwhatawhata stream running down to the west coast less than a few hundred metres away. It was during my grandmother's tangi, an old kuia of mine Bubby Dunn sang it and taught it to me. It was written by her great-grandmother three generations before her; she was born about 1910.

This passing on of story, and the context within which this happens, is important.

We can see by the above example in the context of tangi, elders pass on stories in a sacramental way – that is, what the words and expression represent, they actually embody memory, grief, names, people, places – within an iwi understanding of the world.

This then is a good start point referencing place even before the entrance the harbour, itself containing an endless depth of rich story, the back-story and the land and seascape that hold them. Many of these ancient names remain in the memory of descendants of the area, Ngāpuhi and Te Rarawa iwi.

One such example is the naming of the rough waters Ngarunui, Ngaruroa and Ngarupaewhenua, that Ngātokimatawhaōrua, the commander of the waka my ancestors followed Kupe's pathway in, had to cross, using karakia to acknowledge and negotiate his way into the harbour.

Kupe first landed beside where my Dad grew up, near the sand dunes or banks beside Rangi Point called Pouahi. I have been told this is where Kupe's waka was hidden. On setting up camp on the south side on the harbor, he set his net or trap (pā) across an estuary and caught kanae or mullet; this place became Pākanae and given its fertile and in-places-flat landscape was the papakāinga or area that would be the central gathering and living space of Kupe and other early travellers. Maraeroa became the name of the marae, the gathering of buildings. The hill behind Pākanae and across from Maraeroa became Whīria. As I was told, this was the name of Rāhiri's sister and means "to weave together", as in to weave together the iwi, the descendants of Rāhiri, of Kupe. This hill, given its shape and strategic outlook, is central also to Ngāpuhi sustainability in defense of its mana, in battle and later expansion.

Our urupā, or gravesite beneath Whīria maunga is called Roiho, in our dialect meaning "to bow low". The urupā sits on the land and the memories and remains and outwards signs and names symbolically and literally link us to the land. It is our hapū tradition to plant the pitopito/whenua or umbilical and placenta of our newborn under and around the graves of our ancestors. Our children's are underneath Moengaroa Maria Tahana, their great-grandmother on my side of our whānau. This anchors them and calls them back to the land, the land of their ancestors. This space looks out onto the entrance of Hokianga Harbour, to Araiteuru and Niua.

The entrance to the harbour is framed by two clear sides: a high rising peak on the south side, and a low but rising mountain range on the north. The south is named Araiteuru after a taniwha guardian to protect the entrance with a male spiritual element. The right is a rocky outcrop with a flat base called Tokataa, resting place of Niua, also a guardian taniwha with a female element. John Klaracich notes, "Our old people described Niua, to mean "to shy away from", and that her face was everchanging, never seen clearly"[2].

Ko Te Puna i Te Ao Mārama,
E koropupu ake ana, koropupu ake ana e,
Waiho te Tamaiti, Tuputupu Whenua,
kei Hokianga Whakapau karakia
hei whai Kaitiaki o Ngāpuhi
hei whai Kaitiaki o Ngāpuhi e
e koropupu ake ana, e koropupu ake e,
a koropupuake ana e, hi

Tuputupuwhenua, as the story is related, was Kupe's son whom he left in a natural spring or fountain called Te Puna i Te Ao Mārama, that is still there above the right side, Niua (also known as Niwa and Niniwa), of the entrance to Hokianga harbour. One version tells that Tuputupuwhenua went underground into Te Puna i Te Ao Mārama marked by a fresh water spring today. Another tells of Kupe sacrificing his son here.

"Hei konei rā e Te Puna o te Ao Marama, ka hoki nei tēnei, e kore e hoki anga nui mai" – thus Te Hokianga-nui a Kupe – above Tokataa is a source of life and mana and is thus a spiritual connection to the area for Ngāpuhi, a kaitiaki and guardian before returning to Hawaiki for the last time. The wharenui not far from there at Pungaru is called Te Puna o Te Ao Mārama on the Marae of Waipuna, as a memorial of this event. Just around the corner, a kilometre or so along the beach from the sand hills called Kahakaharoa, is a school named Waitapu. All these names relate to the original story of some 1200 years ago.

Let me return to the passing on of the lament at my grandmothers tangi. This was used in the appropriate space, passed on by my grandmother's friend and relative to me. It was at our marae, during a tangi. This place and time of story-passing is important to note. It both respects and protects the context of the words and their appropriate use, the intention of the words and when and where to use them. Most people are happy to sing anything anywhere and it is only through tikanga that one learns what is tika – right.

Māori oral tradition has often been captured or attempted to be captured in various books sold and disseminated for their cultural contribution to the country and its children, to the 'New Zealand-ising' of Aotearoa. Ironically each story has a context and its telling, while of benefit, is limited by the lack of context and meaning. It becomes merely a story among many – a poor one-dimensional picture. This, I am sure, is the case with many stories. However, within Te Ao Māori some knowledge has an element of tapu, of prohibition or restriction, to ensure the power contained within is not misused or misrepresented so as to cause the teller or listener harm.

Ngā Maunga

Maunga are sacred for Māori for a variety of reasons; for the purposes of this paper I will mention those that make up the Wharetapu of Ngāpuhi.

> It is rightly noted that there are many names and so stories: of rivers, streams, chasms, water falls, rapids, mountain chains, ridges, faults, cliffs, rock shelters, burial places, caves – and even trees that are no longer within our minds. As our early people moved seasonally across the landscape. Our ancestors knew the land and the environment they belonged to. These names essentially map our knowledge and experience also captured in waiata, haka, karakia, karanga and other forms of story. The loss of nomadic and subsistence hunting and gathering areas has also meant a loss of names of nomadic home sites and names of streams, swamps, hillocks, homes, trees and other physical features that were the markers of their knowing and belonging to the land. We are the mountain and the mountains are us is part of the Māori wide cultural ethos where one's mountain is joined to one's river, to one's tribe or sub-tribe, and to one's marae, to one's famous ancestor, to one's self.[3]

He mea hanga tōku whare, ko Papatuānuku te paparahi

Ko ngā māunga ngā poupou, ko Ranginui e tū iho nei te tuanui.

Puhanga Tohorā titiro ki Te Ramaroa

Te Ramaroa titiro ki Whiria

Ki te paiaka o te riri, ki te kawa o Rāhiri

Whiria titiro ki Pānguru, ki Pāpata

Ki ngā rākau tū Pāpata e tū ki te hauāuru

Pānguru-Pāpata titiro ki Maunga taniwha

Māunga taniwha titiro ki Tokerau

Tokerau titiro ki Rākaumangamanga

Rākaumangamanga titiro ki Manaia

Manaia titiro ki Tūtamoe

Tūtamoe titiro ki Maunganui

Maunganui titiro ki Whakatere

Whakatere titiro ki Puhanga Tohorā.

Ehara ōku maunga i te māunga nekeneke; he maunga tū tonu, tū te ao, tū te pō.

My house is built with the Earth Mother as the floor,

The mountains the supporting carved pillars,

And the Sky Father standing looking down is the roof.

Puhanga Tohorā, look at Te Ramaroa, Te Ramaroa look at Whiria

To the taproots of warfare, the laws of Rāhiri, Whiria look at Pānguru and at Pāpata

To the standing trees leaning from the westerly winds, Pānguru-Pāpata look at Maunga taniwha, Maunga taniwha look at Tokerau, Tokerau look at Rākaumangamanga, Rākaumangamanga look at Manaia, Manaia look at Tutamoe

Tutamoe look at Maunganui, Maunganui look at Whakatere, Whakatere look at Puhanga Tohorā

My mountains are mountains that do not move; mountains that stand forever, day

and night.

Our mountains are seen as sacred, as guardians for Ngāpuhi, who look at each other and to each other for support. The name of a mountain itself contains a story or whakapapa (genealogy) giving it life.

The seven mountains of Hokianga and their meanings are:

Puhanga Tohorā is the spume of the whale, it is linked to the under-earth pathways of Araiteuru, the taniwha of (and which is) South Head. She goes to that mountain when there is very serious trouble and she sends out steam and fumes.

Te Ramaroa (a Kupe), means the long burning flame of Kupe, a figurative description of the glow on the mountain that guided him to the harbour. Kaharau, a son of Rāhiri, built one of his pā at the foot of this maunga. The place is known as Motutoa.

Whiria commemorates the plaiting of the long rope for the kite of the sons of Rāhiri.

Pānguru is literally a fort that makes sounds.

Pāpata refers to sideway lean – in this case, to the trees on that mountain that have been pushed sideways by westerly winds.

Maunga Taniwha has a number of related stories concerning a taniwha, the esoteric minder linked to that mountain.

Whakatere, meaning migrate, comes from the questioning of Ahuaiti by her grandmother Uewhati, "E whakatere ana te whānau ki hea (where is the family migrating to)?".

Ko Te Hūnoke te maunga, and it sits above our marae of Aotea. Our wharetūpuna is called Te Kai Waha after an ancestor, a Matakite (prophet) called Tarata off the Araiteuru waka. Hūnoke, as I know it, was one of Kupe's kuri or dog, a friend and a Kaitiaki protector. So much so that Kupe named this maunga that sits just back from the mouth of the harbour on the side of Araiteuru after the dog.

Tōhē

Tōhē, a rangatira or chief of the Ngāti Kahu people, lived at Maunga Piko in Kapowairua Bay. His only daughter Rāninikura, lived in Kaipara after marrying a man from Ngati Whātua. While an old man Tōhē wanted to see his daughter again. He was asked by his whānau not to go, given his advanced year; his infamous reply was:

Whakarua i te hau, e taea te karo.
Whakarua i taku tamāhine, e kore e taea te karo.
Taea Hokianga, ā hea, ā hea.
Ko tā koutou mahi e kapo ake ai, ko taku wairua.

I can shelter from the wind.
But I cannot shelter from the longing for my daughter.
I shall venture as far as Hokianga, and beyond.
Your task (should I die) shall be to grasp my spirit.

The Māori name for Spirits' Bay, Kapowairua, comes from this saying. During his journey south, Tōhē named over 100 places along the west coast, and many more were named after his story was retold. The most well-known is Te Oneroa-a-Tōhē (the long beach of Tōhē), Ninety Mile Beach.[4]

Other names attributed to Tōhē and his journey are: Whānui, wide part of the Hokianga harbour near the entrance; Te Papaki, (the Cliff against which the waves beat); Rua Kekeno, (hole at the base of the cliff used by seals); Te Pikinga o Tōhē – the place Tōhē climbed; Te Pākia (the touch wiped dry by his servant); Te Hekenga o Tōhē, (where he descended to the land to continue his travels); Waiwhatawhata (bridged water, crossed over the swampy area); Pōkuru (where it was flooded and he had to pick up or 'gather up' his clothes to keep dry); Kaikai (where he stopped for a feed of rock oysters off this rock that still carries the name Kaikai); Waimamaku (having headed inland along a bank, he and his servant forded the river by holding onto stems and heads of the mamaku ferns); Whaka Ō (where he spoke into a cavern in the rocks near the sea and his voice echoed back), and Waira (so named due to the flooding and water discoloured and filled with the rau/eaves of local trees). The unfortunate and sad end to this tale is that Tōhē never made it to his daughter, dying at Whāngaiariki.[5]

Taniwha

Another emotional pictorial link to those born and bred in Hokianga is the headlands Araiteuru and Niua (or Niniwa), and a bay and the first landing place of Kupe called Pouahi. In the past, war priests used a protective utterance to these three areas sending out entreaties to each one that their help was needed:

"Kotahi ki reira ki Araiteuru, kotahi ki Pouahi, kotahi ki Niua"

One there at Araiteuru, another there at Pouahi, another at Niua. Pouahi is the landing place of Kupe which would also be the place of his first marae and whare atua and that adds additional mana.

Nukutāwhiti, the descendent of Kupe who came to Hokianga. He seemed at the mouth of the Hokianga and desired to travel to the inner harbour. But he was greatly afraid, having had two terrible dreams about that place. Nukutāwhiti called to the taniwha-guardians of Hokianga, "Arai-te-uru! Niwa! Come here! You two are to go up the harbour, find out what is causing so much fear in that area, and then come back here".

The Taniwha set off. They saw what Nukutāwhiti was concerned about; it was a mountain, a lofty mountain there; so they returned.

"Nukutāwhiti, it was only a mountain!"

"Just a mountain?"

"Yes, a mountain!"

Nukutāwhiti was no longer afraid. He went into that area where the mountain was. He said "O mountain you will be called Maunga Taniwha in honour of the brave guardians of Hokianga".[6]

Waka – water

Nukutāwhiti's youngest child was a daughter called Moerewarewa. When Moerewarewa became a young woman she fell in love with Korakonuiaruanui, who was Ruanui's son. Korako and Moerewarewa eloped against the wishes of Nukutāwhiti, and with their friends took the Māmari waka and headed south, where they were driven ashore by the rough water and wrecked on the coastline at Ripiro near Kaipara. The name that is left from this event is Omamari, given to that place to mark the story and the resting place of this significant waka.

Nukutāwhiti, fearing that Ngātokimatawhaōrua would be next, secured the vessel in a cave or rift, in the rocks deep under the sand hills at Pouahi. Others say that Ngātokimatawhaōrua was taken up harbour to the Waimā River and sunk there while others again mention it being scuttled at Rangi Point.

Tuhoronuku and Rāhiri

Rāhiri wanted to settle a matter between his two sons, Uenuku the eldest and Kaharau the youngest, so he goes them together and threw a manurere or kite into the sky. The wind caught it and the three chased it. Finally, the manurere came to rest at Tāhuna, near Kaikohe. All the lands west of Tāhuna now belonged to Kaharau, east of Tāhuna now belonged to Uenuku.

Rāhiri said to his sons:

Ka mimiti te puna i Taumārere
Ka toto te puna i Hokianga
Ka toto te puna i Taumārere
Ka mimiti te puna i Hokianga

Which means:

When the fountain of Taumārere is empty
The fountain of Hokianga is full
When the fountain of Taumārere is full
The fountain of Hokianga is empty

Their fortunes were intertwined, and so the whakataukī represents an alliance of destinies of Ngāpuhi on the Tai Tama Wahine (eastern) and Tai Tama Tāne (western) coasts.

The eastern coast was called Tai Tama Wahine because of its beautiful, tranquil harbours and bays. And although still beautiful, Tai Tama Tāne was less forgiving than the east coast, more rugged and a thousand times more dangerous.

This alliance linked the two sides of the peninsular together and from this the strength and influence of Ngāpuhi grew, and it is also the reason why Ngāpuhi remained paramount in the north.[7]

Conclusion

Stories share a living landscape. We prioritise our versions, these stick or not, and are retold in wānanga, at tangi, and hui, and more are recorded in waiata, karakia or karanga. They are retold whenever we gather, retold time and again. Tāngata whenua are people of the land, in the land, but really the land is within us. Stories are lived: living within the land one lives within a story, becomes the story – Ko Hokianga ahau, I am Hokianga. On a spiritual level, our whakapapa (which includes all stories related to my journey and that of my ancestors') lives within me, dormant until either the stories are awoken in me by a spiritual event, by a nudge from my ancestors or kaitiaki, or they form the connection made and a thought, a movement in a latent consciousness when I am physically or sensibly connected to the life of a story.

For Māori, for Ngāpuhi, for Hokianga hapū, for the last 1200 to 1600 years we have named, and chosen to put ourselves within the story of our journey. We do not own or take something as mine but merge and blend. It is the difference between combining and compounding elements, two things as one – retaining separate identities and two things becoming one as a new identity equal within the one.

That our stories retain their relative consistency, and evoke the same response within and over generations, is testament to the power and longevity, and the preeminence of story within Ngāpuhi and the Hokianga. Land, mountains, waterways, forests begin with life and are enlivened, personified, or (more importantly) responded to within the mental, spiritual, and scientific constructs of our people in relationship to the landscape. We don't see a nice place for a house, farm or hotel, we see story, we ask about story, we listen for story.

My Dad was continually telling stories, and every place we went if he had been there he knew a story about that place – his, his relatives, or someone else's.

I remember going to our urupā as a young man and as we pulled up in the car, just Dad and me, he handed me his wallet with lots of cash. I thought he was giving me the money, but he told me to put it in the glove box as the urupā was a tapu place and you do not take noa or dirty items into it. Dad challenged most things but in matters of tikanga and tapu and mana and places, these alone were to be respected.

Our places, because of their stories and those who are in relationship to them, are beautiful. Not due to any aesthetic, but because they touch us, they are us and we are them. Our names in the world we inhabit remember the place we left, the people who guided us to the new land, those who sustained and enhanced life in the new land, the inanimate powers that supported this feat, they remember teachings of lore and custom, they remind us of whakapapa, of who we are.

I'll finish with this story from my father's biography, From Rangi Point in Bare Feet[8]:

> We lived at Rangi Point on the farm where there were no roads, and where our cream went out on a rowboat to a cream stand in the middle of the sea. I was born the second eldest of the third family of Archibald Kerr-Bell, one of 25 children from 3 wives who were all related. The date was September 29th 1939 at Rawene hospital and I went from the hospital to our Rangi Point farm as a baby, that's where my life started. Our house was a place you could only drive to at low tide along the beach, and the beach was also used as our walkway to school. Waitapu School played a significant part of life in those days; with the names of those we lived and played with still strong in my memory.
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> My sister Sissy reminded me of the time I had become attached to an octopus. I found it on the beach on the way to school, and I tried to take it into the water but the thing sucked onto my hand and I couldn't get it off. A neighbour, Fanny Watkins, saw this and yelled, "Hey boy, bring that up here, I'll cut it up for bait", and that's exactly what she did! We used to walk over her place on the way to school if the tide was too high to walk around the point.
>
> In those days we went eeling. There was plenty of food around and always available. Some days we would put the net out and catch little sharks, and they would still be live on the sandbank. I remember Dad saying once, "Don't put your finger in the mouth," and one time Taka was playing around with the thing, next minute "Waaah". "I told you," Dad said.

In every crested wave a story.

Waiata: Ngā Puawai o Ngāpuhi

Whakarongo mai	Listen
Ki te reo e tangi nei	to the voice that is crying out
E ringihia mai ana	and see pouring out
Mai i āku kamo	from my eyes
Ngā roimata e	the tears.
Whiti mai te rā	But as the sun shines
Ngaro ana te mamae	the pain disappears and
Ngaro noa te pōuri	the sadness falls way
Kaua e mau riri	Don't hold any anger
Anei ano he ra	for this is another day
Maranga mai e te iwi	*Rise up all of you*
Ōngā hapū Ngāpuhi	*of the sub tribes of Ngāpuhi*
Kia mau, kia u, kia pupuri ai	*and hold firmly and securely and forever*
Ki ngā akoranga nui	*to the great teachings.*
Takahia te ao	As you travel the world
Ka kitea te iwi	It will be seen by everyone
E tū tangata mai tātou	that we are people who stand proud
Ngā uri ō rātou	we, the descendants of those who have been
Kua mene ki te pō	lost in the night.
Tēnei te mihi	This is the thanks we give to you
Ki ngā kai awhina e	To our aunts and uncles,
Ki nga whaea ngā mātua	mothers and fathers
Anei ra ko ngā hua	Here we are, the fruit of your labour
E puāwai ana mai	Blossoming before you.

Maranga mai...

-Nā Piripi Cope, Te Maurehure and Ngāti Pakau hapū o Ngāpuhi

Richard Kerr-Bell (Ngāpuhi, Te Rarawa, Ngāti Kurī) has a keen interest in sports coaching, writing, leadership, practices of highly successful organisations, and Māori achievement and engagement in society. His involvement in the community is diverse: he has been the Chair of KUMA (Te Kupeka Umaka Māori ki Araiteuru, the Southern Māori Business Network, 2010-2017), the Chair of the Academic Committee at TCI (The Catholic Institute of Aotearoa/NZ), Deputy Chair of Te Rūnanga o te Hāhi Katorika o Aotearoa, Assessor for APL at Otago Polytechnic. On top of this, he is a football coach for the Green Island Premier Men's Team, and Kavanagh College Boys and Girls 1st XIs. Richard has written three books, *From Rangi Point in Bare Feet, Enjoy Your Life* and *A God of Love*. He is passionate about people and their development in all areas of life. He is married to Katrina and they have two teenage children.

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