

He Huarahi Tamariki

SCHOOL FOR TEENAGE PARENTS - TERM 1 2025

Raranga Opportunity

We are very lucky to have the ongoing support of Kokiri Marae for our students. Every year for at least a term, Shelley Duffin runs a series of workshops once a week around sexual and reproductive health. These workshops are a great opportunity to talk about many different topics and ask questions in a safe space. In addition, this year Shelley is sharing her raranga (weaving) knowledge with us all. Check out the photos and see what we have been up to.

Right: Shelley and students cutting the harakeke and preparing the muka.



Below: The whole process from plaiting the taura, to adding the whenua, and then threading the ako.



Kupu Raranga (Weaving vocabulary)

- Rau—blade
- Harakeke—flax
- Muka—prepared flax fibre
- Taura—rope
- Whiri—to plait
- Whatu—to weave or knit
- Whenua—strips going down
- Ako—horizontal strips used to weave/knit across

Student Contribution — Being There

Indirect sunlight scatters across earth's atmosphere. The sky, a billion pure eyes of light and the dewy grass green underfoot, is as if the night and day have become one beautiful moment. Dawn is here.

A glowing orb of molten yellow buttercups still half melted into the horizon, pours light through my window. Air given water descends upon the glass drawing pretty organic waves. The glare of the morning sun helps fight the sleepiness dwelling within me and forge an involuntary stretch. See the contemplation spread across my face. Do I really want to leave my safe harbour? A few more minutes won't hurt. Only in this moment, does silence permeate the room.

Can you smell that? The air carries a gentle breeze, carrying with it the aromas of cinnamon, cloves and cocoa, with a hint of citrus. The pine sweet smell of the tree ghosts through the room, mixing with the additional scents to create a distinctive Christmas fragrance. I'm up!

Whilst making my way out of my room, a silver hue mocks the dark filled hallway. A familiar flicker of a metallic substance appears. It's the reflection of tinsel. I reach the entrance way and am greeted with nostalgia.

The Christmas tree stands tall, adjoined with glistening ornaments that reflect the warmth of twinkling lights, its branches embracing a cascade of colorful baubles, radiating the spirit of the season. The gold star extends towards the

ceiling beaming brightly, whilst the steam from the train set below rises from the depths of the tree trunk. Mountains of unique shaped gifts wrapped in vibrant paper fill every crevice of the lounge corner, whilst acting as pillars for the tree branches.

My siblings are already circling the gifts, eager to open them while Nan's still slaving away over the stove, creating our delicious feast that we'll soon demolish. The smell of sweet maple glaze which marinates the ham leg, flows through to the living room, filling it with a sweet and savoury aroma. An inviting dash of ginger from the homemade gingerbread men appears in the air making everything seem and feel cozier and merrier.

Listen to the crackle of the tinsel as the children brush past the tree causing it to rustle. The bell decorations are jingling as the tree continues to sway from the movement. You can hear the flick of a switch as one of the kids continuously plays with the lights. Listen to the "choo" from the train set, along with the clang of metal on metal, the tiny roar of the engine and the screech of wheels on the tracks. But nothing overrides the chatter coming from the adults. Not even the children pleading to unwrap the presents early. But sure enough and before we know it, we're all opening those vibrant wrapped, unique shaped gifts. *(continued overleaf)*

Tēnā koutou katoa

He aha te mea nui o te Ao?

He tāngata. He tāngata. He tāngata.

What is the most important thing in the world?

It is people. It is people. It is people.

Seven years ago I was honoured to start as the third Teacher In Charge, or Kaiārahi, of He Huarahi Tamariki. At the powhiri welcoming me to He Huarahi Tamariki I reflected on the title of "Teacher In Charge", and felt that it was better suited to being "the leader looking after those in her charge." This still resonates with me today, that the most important thing in the world is people. He Huarahi Tamariki will always have a special place in my heart, as it is a place where people come first, and whanaungatanga and manaakitanga are vital and important lived values every single day. Success will follow if the whanaungatanga is solid. The staff, the students, the babies, the child-care whānau, and all the wider community supports believe in upholding these foundations upon which He Huarahi Tamariki was built over 30 years ago, and actively plan for a successful future where the HHT whānau thrive.

I have learnt a lot over the past seven years, and want to thank all those who have supported me through thick and thin over this time. Ngā mihi nunui! I look forward to being on the receiving end of "once part of HHT, always part of HHT."

He aha te mea nui o He Huarahi Tamariki?

He tāngata. He tāngata. He tāngata.

*Ngā mihi nui,
Paula Hay*

Being There (continued)

It's midday now. The presents have been violated and the lounge is a sea of wrapping paper. The adults are still chattering and the children are contentedly playing with their new toys. Nan makes her way into the lounge and says "the food is ready, time for me to sit down".

Hayley Ahu

*(HHT Excellence in Level 2 Writing award
Recipient 2024)*

Tinā

Directed by Miki Magasiva



On the 27th of February our school went on a trip to the Pāuatahanui Lighthouse cinema to watch a preview screening of Tinā, a New Zealand made movie directed by Miki Magasiva.

Set in a secondary school in Christchurch, the film focuses on a mother (Tinā), Mareta Percival, who has lost her only daughter in the Christchurch earthquake. She is drowning in so much sorrow and grief to the point where she is unable to continue with her former busy fulfilled life, as a teacher with her less privileged children. Mareta is forced to work again, otherwise her benefit will be cut. She starts to overcome her grief and takes on a teaching job at a more privileged school. Mareta doesn't just become a teacher in a classroom, she also forms a new choir with unexpected outcomes for all children involved.

Immediately after watching this film I had mixed emotions, bittersweet feelings which were enough to make me cry afterwards. Mixed emotions; happy for how the students adopted aspects of Mareta's culture and how they worked to please her, and sad because she didn't get to see their amazing performance.

The time when I especially noticed this was when the principal and sports teacher were trying to get Mareta fired, but the students all formed together and refused to leave the choir and they started to learn some of Mareta's Samoan culture through songs, actions and experiences.

As the film finished, from watching my surroundings, I saw that this film had affected us in different emotional ways. Most of us had a lot to discuss afterwards.

Emily Hague-Smith

Welcome to our New Babies!



Kameiha, a girl — Zayliah

*Hayley with twins Kamaiah (left)
and Ezra (right)*



Staff News

It is with a heavy heart that we farewell 3 staff members this term. Paula Hay, our Kaiarahi of 7 years has had to make the difficult decision to resign from her role here. Helen Bean, our English & History teacher, is retiring to spend more time with family. Claire Blacklock, our Art and Home Economics teacher, is putting more of her eggs in one basket and expanding her role at Te Aho o te Kura Pounamu. We wish all three of these wonderful people all the very best with their next endeavours, but we will miss them sorely. Thank goodness He Huarahi Tamariki is not a place where we say 'goodbye', merely 'au revoir'.

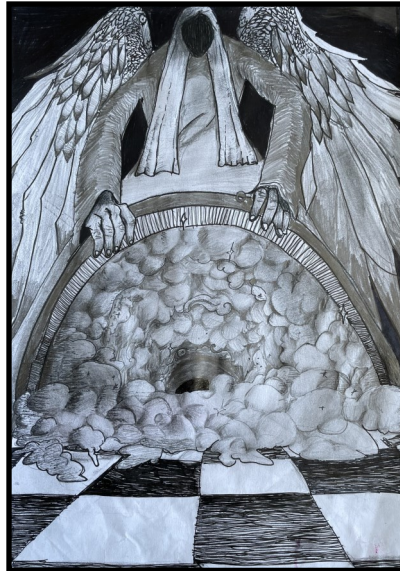
From Left to
Right:
Paula Hay,
Helen Bean,
Claire
Blacklock



Student Contribution — Stormy Espinosa-Barbarich



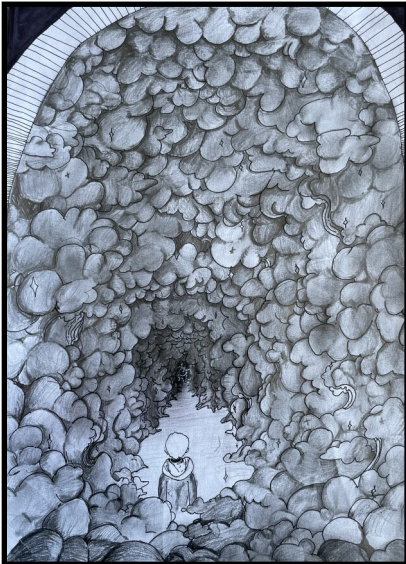
Standing as the guardian, is the Angel, no words are exchanged.



He knows he needs to enter but hesitates as he is scared that his Soul will be judged.



Although the Angel's face is too far away to make out details, he can feel its gaze searching his skin. He enters.



With each step into what seems like a place where time and space are void, clouds close in around him.



Something is not right, he sees himself painlessly disintegrating. Starting from the hands. He is scared.



Feelings of heat overtake him and engulf his physical form in light. He starts to deteriorate faster, frozen in place. He has been judged.



With all the impurities stripped away, all that is left is his consciousness and soul.



Kia ora—My name is Storm and I have been coming to HHT for over a year now. My son is almost 2 and attends Kids Count next door. I just want to say thank you to everyone who supports us and our school, we really appreciate it!

Student Contribution — Being There: Hikoi o te Tiriti o Waitangi

It is celebrated and argued over, it contains contradictions, and offers clarity. The history and ongoing misleading information is heartbreaking. It is Te Tiriti O Waitangi/The Treaty Of Waitangi, signed in 1840 by British officials and Maori rangatira/chiefs. But by November 2024 it is war.

A bundle of raging emotions I can feel sweeping through the land of Aotearoa/New Zealand. We as Maori come together to make a stand, fight back for our rights and continue raising our voices as we walk into the future.

Early mornings and late nights were prepared for, people travelling from near and far were in cars, trains, buses, planes, horses and especially on foot. Iwi/tribes from the local marae had open doors to accommodate those coming down from the Far North who needed a place to sleep and eat until the official day we walked together as one, towards Paremata/Parliament.

That day has arrived, the bright sun reflecting into my window. I get my family up nice and early to beat the traffic into the city. Stretching out of bed I firstly make sure to pack plenty of water, snacks and sunscreen to meet our needs throughout the day. We beat the traffic on the highway and when we arrive at the station we are lucky enough to find a parking spot, most of which are already filled up. Hopping out of the car I start to see traffic build up, and the streets and roads becoming blocked. I can hear lots of beeping and parading as thou-

sands more people who are not only Maori, but from all different cultures, have come together united to fight a battle we should not have to fight.

It makes me feel proud. It makes me feel like we are not alone in this.

Squeezing our way through the crowds, we begin to walk through the city. There are maps being handed out to guide us throughout the day, giving us a timetable, showing us where to meet, emergency help services, food, water and bathrooms. We are prepared. I can smell the food. It smells so yummy. It makes me feel so hungry I have to buy some ground hangi for all of us. I don't regret it.

Heads held high and voices volumned higher, we begin to walk towards Paremata/Parliament. I can see the Maori flags raised above us swaying from side to side. I can feel the vibration as our feet are stomping the land, our land, beneath us. I can hear the hurt in the voice of our people chanting for our rights, singing in harmony. I join in.

Time goes by slowly. My feet are feeling sore but they make it! This is the largest march to Paremata/parliament in the history of Aotearoa/New Zealand. Speeches are made by our Maori MP, our elderly/kaumatua and our younger people/rangatahi, who are the people we are fighting for. We are looking to the future.

It was a beautiful day, a powerful day, a meaningful day. A peaceful war without blood spilt.

Aria Eru

TOITŪ TE TIRITI

Graduate Update — Kaydee Adams

One of the highlights here at He Huarahi Tamariki is visits from He Huarahi Tamariki Graduates. It is always a treat to catch-up on news and find out what they have been up to.

This term, Kaydee Adams dropped by and brought Abby (10) and Eli (5) with her. They were in New Zealand on holiday as Kaydee currently lives and works in Australia. It was great catching up on her news.



A very big thank you to all the public and private donors who have supported us recently. Your donations are very much appreciated.

Thank you to He Huarahi Tamariki Trust, Business House Challenge Educational Trust, Zonta Club of Mana, Ian Crabtree Charitable Trust, Presbyterian Support Central—Bichan Trust, Wellington Methodist Charitable and Educational Endowment Trust, The David Daily Charitable Trust, Pat Lummis, Mike McCombie, Janet Gottschalk, Levin Catholic Women's League, Beanies for Babies, Parish of Pauatahanui, Arise Church, The Nest Collective Wellington, The Kindness Collective, Loved for Life, The Salvation Army, and many others who donate used equipment and clothing.

Donations towards the work of the school (03 0547 0671844 000) are always welcome and donations to the scholarship fund can be made to the HHT Trust (02 0548 0369188 000). Either of these are tax deductible and a receipt will be sent to you.

If you have further questions, or would like to be added or removed from our mailing list, please contact us via info@hht.school.nz

Our host school is Wellington East Girls' College - Principal: Gael Ashworth



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He Huarahi Tamariki - HHT
School for Teenage Parents,
Wellington, NZ

“Of course you can do it”