

BEFORE THE WAITANGI TRIBUNAL

WAI 2700

WAI 2807

IN THE MATTER OF

the Treaty of Waitangi Act
1975

AND

IN THE MATTER OF

the Mana Wāhine Kaupapa
Inquiry

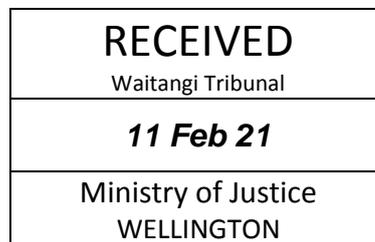
AND

IN THE MATTER OF

a claim by **Brenda Riki** and
others on behalf of Te
Rūnanga o Kirikiriroa (**Wai
2807**)

BRIEF OF EVIDENCE OF HINEWIRANGI KOHU MORGAN

Dated this 10th day of February 2021



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MAY IT PLEASE THE TRIBUNAL

1. Ko Hinewirangi Toku ingoa
Ki te taha o tōku whare tangata nō Kahungunu ahau.
Kō Moumoukai tōku maunga tapu,
Kō Nuhaka tōku awa
Ko Raikaipaka tōku hapu
Ko Rongomai wahine tōku tūpuna arikinui
Kō te waka tapu o Takitimu tōku waka
Ki te taha o tōku uretu
Nō Tauranga moana i a ia,
Kō Mauao tōku maunga tapu
Kō Tauranga tōku moana.
Kō Huria tōku papakainga
Ko Tamateapokaiwhenua tōku tūpuna arikinui
E tu ake au, i raro i nga korowai aroha o ngā tūpuna.
2. I would like to thank the Tumuaki of the Kirikiriroa Runangā Andrea Elliot-Hohepa, and Roma Balzer for the opportunity to write this piece of prose expressing the stories of our tūpuna. I have chosen to present in this way and to emphasise the metaphors contained in the prose to highlight some of the key issues that impact on our work in the realm of Mana Atua and Mana Wahine that guide us in all we do.
3. I have read the Tuapapa directions from the Tribunal and believe that the values and Kaupapa that emanate from the philosophies there will be helpful in designing how the Inquiry will go forward to address the many and important issues Maori Women have raised from Womens Refuge and Te Runagna o Kirikiriroa.
4. I attach herewith to augment my Brief of Evidence, The Greatest Story Ever Told: Understanding the Self as a Narrative. This was an exegesis I submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Indigenous Knowledge with Te Wananga o Aotearoa in 2018, marked 'A'.

Five Kuia/Grandmothers ago.

5. Five grandmothers/Kuia ago
I awoke in my whare tangāta/womb.
Hearing the voices of whānau singing my oriori/lullaby
I awoke to the putatara/conch shell calling Wainuiatea
The goddess/mother of all atua wahine/goddess,
She the first hoa rangatira/partner of Ranginui
To open the waters within, so I could safely pass
Into Te Ao Māori.

6. Five Grandmothers/Kuia ago
I sprang from my Whare Tangata/Mother
Into the arms of my Uretu/Father
I became the Taonga/treasure of my tribal peoples.
My kuia/koroua/grandfathers raised me, while all abled bodies
went to their natural world mahi/work for the wellbeing.
Of all the tribal people –collectives/whānau anga
I was loved, and I learnt to love.
He Taonga he mokopuna

7. Five Grandmothers/Kuia ago
I understood the Purakau/ancient stories.
Of Atua/god/desses.
I understood that I was Atua in the making.
I began the journey of Te Reo Rangatira/Māori Language.
The metaphoric beauty of my Tūpuna/ancestors, reo/language.
I began to understand my whakapapa/genealogical links with the Tupuna.
I began to learn that I was of the natural world of the esoteric knowledge.

8. Five Grandmothers/Kuia ago
I experienced the changing of me into Kotiro,

Te Awa o Te Atua/the river of the god/goddess
Began its journey.
I was sent to Te Whare Kohanga/the birthing house.
Where I sat upon moss, collected and cleaned by our kuia.
Within this sacred whare/house, I learnt the sacredness.
Of my body, the sacredness the Whare Tangata/the house of all
Humanity.
I understood my preciousness and was loved in that space.

9. Five Grandmothers/Kuia ago.

I learnt the love of my Whaiaipo/sweetheart, Hoa Rangatira.
With him, and his sacred seed, Te Uretu ngā kākāno mai Rangiatea
He carried the sacred seeds, 10 million of them,

I understood that I would be the one in a million to race the Pae o Tiki/Cervix.

To cling to the Ahuru Mowai a gift of the Mareikura.

We conceived in the whare tangata a beautiful child.

I felt my completeness, the circle, of love.

I understood the intrinsic knowledge was passed down by the

Wahine in the wai u/breast milk. As I was raised, so would our baby, by the
kuia/koroua

10. Five Grandmothers/Kuia ago,

I understood the esoteric world, the whaiaiiio carved into my
rae/forehead.

The kuia of the Whare Wānanga taught women's stories,
Schools of learning, for the:

Tohunga karakia/prayer specialists,

Tohunga kōkōrangī/astrology specialists,

Tohunga Tito waiata/the composers,

Tohunga kohanga/birthing house.

I was chosen to walk in this world as a child and I knew my place.

11. Five grandmothers/Kuia ago.
I walk on Papatuanuku were sacred mountains and rivers,
Or trees or rocks marked the demarcation of my tribal area.
I was tangata whenua, I knew that.
I understood my role in taking care of the Papa/mother earth.
I bathed in the pristine waters of Wainuiatea, nourishing waters.
Of Parawhenuamea.
I went to the great ocean of Hinemoana, to take sustenance for my
Whānau.
I knew the balance of life; I was born into a world of balance,
Where we knew our roles as men and women,
There was a balance, and we worked together,
We lived in Papakainga/villages,
Where our support systems were intact.
12. Five Grandmothers/kuia ago
I knew where I could walk; I understood Wahi Tapu/sacred places.
And walked tenderly, with respect.
I knew how to keep sacred the Taonga given by tīpuna.
I understood my grandmother self and knew that I
Would soon be five grandmothers going forward.
Because five grandmothers ago in 1847 Hinewirangi was born
In 1947 Hinewirangi was born again,
13. Five grandmothers forward,
Only one hundred years later,
Five grandmothers down, what do I leave them now.
The mokopuna, Kotiro, wahine, grandmother.
What sacredness can I teach them about?
I must walk back five generations to bring that knowledge.
Forward,
Five generations, five grandmothers forward.

And like my grandmother five generations ago,
Love strongly, be kind but harden up.

Our grandmother lives are at stake.

14. *Song:*

Poem from Kanohi ki te Kanohi

By Hinewirangi Kohu Morgan.

Nanny's gift.

'Rimu, Rimu'

**Your gift to me Nan
A gift much higher than myself
In the kumara patch
Papatuanuku rituals
Leaving my body
To dance in the splendour
Of the earth world.
The language of nature
Sent sprays of life
Into my wairua self
But I was only a child.**

'Tere, Tere'

**I now tangi for my woman
My physical self, being tortured
By sexual needs
Power over, paining men,
I tangi,
We may win the land**

The ngāhere
The moana
If I am still being raped
We haven't won anything,
Nan, how do I live, love
When I slowly die.
'E haere ana ki te po'
Nan, though you have gone.
Teach me the lessons
Of womanhood to survive the rapes
By my whānau
Teach me humility
Of not blaming myself
I am woman.
'Kei reira
Teach me to forgive, and live
'A koe e Hine'
That I may love, and be loved.
'E tatari ana mai e'
Your song Nan.
Rimu, Rimu
Tere, Tere,
E haere ana ki te po
Kei reira
A koe e hine
E tatari ana mai e.

15. It was a song that would save my life over and over again. It taught me to dance the dance of life, watching the giant bull kelp dancing in the ocean, no matter the face of the ocean.

DATED this 10th day of February 2021

Hinewirangi Kohu Morgan