

IN THE WAITANGI TRIBUNAL

**WAI 2700
WAI 2859**

CONCERNING

the Treaty of Waitangi Act 1975

**AND
IN THE MATTER OF**

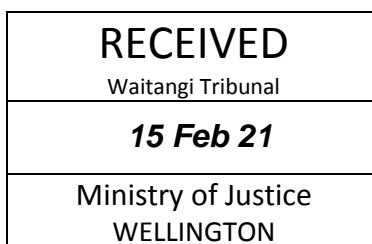
Kaupapa Inquiry into claims concerning Mana Wahine (Wai 2700)

**AND
IN THE MATTER OF**

Tina Barnett, Sharryn Te Atawhai Barton, Ray Brown, Lee Cooper, Syd Keepa, Laures Park, Muriel Tunoho, Grant Williams, Aubrey Wilkinson on behalf of Te Rūnanga o ngā Kaimahi Māori o Aotearoa (the Rūnanga of the New Zealand Council of Trade Unions - Te Kauae Kaimahi) (WAI 2859)

BRIEF OF EVIDENCE OF SHARRYN TE ATAWHAI BARTON

Dated this 15TH February 2021



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HE MIHI

1. E ngā mana, i ngā reo, e ngā karangaranga. Ngā rau Rangatira ma, ngā mihinui kia tātou o te ra. Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā ra tātou.
2. My name is Sharryn Te Atawhai Barton and I am the Rūnanga Convenor for E tu Union, an elected representative on the rūnanga of the New Zealand Council of Trade Unions and a named claimant for WAI 2859 a claim brought by myself, Tina Barnett, Ray Brown, Lee Cooper, Syd Keepa, Laures Park, Muriel Tunoho, Grant Williams, Aubrey Wilkinson on behalf of Te Rūnanga o ngā Kaimahi Māori o Aotearoa (the Rūnanga of the New Zealand Council of Trade Unions - Te Kauae Kaimahi “NZCTU”).
3. I am a mokopuna of many hapū and iwi. However, for the purposes of this kōrero I refer to the iwi who raised and nurtured me: ngā iwi o Waikato, Raukawa and Maniapoto.
4. I was born in September 1953, approximately 10 kilometres north of the boundary between the territories of Waikato and Maniapoto in a town called Te Awamutu. My home at that time was in the territory of Maniapoto in the area known locally as Ngahape, midway between Otorohanga and Te Awamutu off State Highway 3.
5. I am the eldest of the nine children of Percy Pokaia Barton (Jnr) and Sarah Herarangipuhia Thompson and the first mokopuna of Percy Tuwhakaririka Barton (Snr) and Rangi Te Atawhai Paki.
6. In my formative childhood years, I lived mostly at Ngahape with my parents and grandparents, uncles and aunty and grew to know most of my Barton whānau. For a short period, my parents and I lived at Aotearoa with Rangietua before returning to Ngahape and then latterly to Taringamotu in Taumarunui by which time a few more siblings arrived.
7. Before starting school in Taumarunui I travelled continuously with my grandparents Percy and Rangi between Taumarunui, Ngahape, Ngaruawahia and Te Ohaaki in Rahui Pokeka (Huntly) where my great grandparents, Hori and Raukura Paki lived surrounded by their huge whānau.

8. I had the privileged opportunity of being exposed to whānau and hapū political and social activities which was a normal way of life for my whānau and various hapū at that time. I learnt what was important to us. I felt unreservedly safe and sure of who I was as a Māori and my place in the world protected by tikanga Māori. There was joy in just being and exploring the universe of my people, apart from the occasional 'growling' of course which was usually from the nannies.
9. Importantly, I observed the tikanga of our old people through spending a lot of time with my grandparents, Percy and Rangi Barton and my great grandparents Hori and Raukura Paki. My grandfather Percy did a lot of work with King Korokī and as a result we spent time in Ngaruawāhia, Te Kuiti, Huntly and in the King Country, and Waikato. I would travel with my grandfather because I was the eldest. My gender was irrelevant. I grew up thinking that they were my parents. I learnt about our tikanga through observation and through being exposed to my culture.

MANA WAHINE IN ACTION

My Parent's Marriage

10. My mother, Sarah, descends from ngā iwi o Raukawa, Maniapoto me Ngāti Toa. She was raised by her maternal grandfather Rangietua Kaponga on Aotearoa Marae, inland from Te Awamutu.
11. My Waikato, Maniapoto father, Percy (Jnr) was a well-known and popular entity in Te Rohe Pōtae and the Waikato for his sporting prowess. His more social activities were smiled upon with amusement. According to some sources he was considered to be 'the lad about town' until he captured the attentions of my mother. In due course it came time for my parents to declare their intentions to their respective whānau and hapū.
12. My mother hastened to Aotearoa Marae to advise her grandfather that Percy Barton (Snr) was formally calling upon him to ask for her hand in marriage to his son. To my mother's surprise her grandfather refused to consent as he reasoned that she was marrying above her status.

Naturally, she was deeply upset but was equally anxious not to disrespect her grandfather's wishes.

13. My mother then immediately called upon her mother, Matire Kaponga, who listened, counselled, and comforted her daughter. Matire said, "Kei te pai" she would take care of it. She then went out to Aotearoa marae and got all the kuia together and told them what was happening, and together the women determined their course of action.
14. Some days later Percy (Snr) and his whānau did arrive at Aotearoa for their intended purpose. Likewise, Rangietua was true to his word and refused to respond to their request - he refused to stand to greet them.
15. So, the kuia Matire rose to her feet and stood in front of him and the ope of assembled whānau and hapū present at this occasion went and stood behind Matire. The kuia then said, "Ānei tō tātou Puhī - here is our Puhī" and gave my mother over to Percy. And so it was done, my parents were betrothed. The story of how my mother and father got married is an excellent example of my grandmother exercising her inherent mana wahine which earned the support of the whānau and hapū.

The gifting of my name

16. The gifting of my name is another excellent example. When I was born, my grandfather Percy said to my grandmother, Rangi that he wanted to name me "Te Puea". My grandmother disagreed and said, "No. Firstly that's too big of a name for my mokopuna to carry and secondly I want her to be named after me, Te Atawhai." Then my grandfather quoted a whakatauaākī that our Ariki Princess Te Puea often recited, "Atawhai te tangata, look after the people." And so, I was named "Te Atawhai" after my grandmother. She was a placid woman and hūmarie but when she thought something wasn't right then she would speak up and she would be listened too.

Kei ia tangata ōna rangatiratanga

17. The late great, Te Mareikura, Dr Rangimārie Turuki Arikirangi Rose Pere was well known for championing our tikanga o nehe in the Pākeha world, including through her book *Te Wheke*, which highlights that all people are rangatira, until we prove ourselves otherwise through a departure from our own tikanga.
18. This is exactly the tikanga that I observed growing up. I was privileged to have been raised in a time and in places where everyone knew who they were and what was what without having to define their roles and parameters of behaviour. A time and place where everyone respected each other, young and old. One's very existence and contribution to the whānau and hapū was never quantified but considered 'he taonga tuku iho' regardless of gender.
19. The role of wahine were highly valued as was the role of tane. In fact, we all had our roles and each role had standing. Why? Because they were performed in contribution to the wellbeing of the community as a whole. That is the genesis of the well-known whakataukī, *Ki mua, ki muri*, from the front of house to the back everyone's contribution is acknowledged as it is important to achieving the purpose on behalf of the whole marae. From the tuakana to the teina, wāhine to tāne, each had mana, even the pōtiki (youngest) has standing - the mana of being the pōtiki.
20. As an example of this I think back to the story of my father's grandmother Raukura Martin who came from Parihaka. Raukura married Hori Paki who is the great-grandfather of Kingi Tuheitea. When they were married Raukura relocated to the Waikato.
21. When Raukura and Hori's first child was born, Raukura's mother came from Taranaki with a huge ope and said to the Waikato iwi, "Just as you took my first-born daughter, I am taking yours" and so their first child who also happened to be a girl was taken back to Taranaki. The koha was complete and the utu restored. The gender of the child didn't matter. The child was a taonga and a taonga is a taonga regardless of gender.

PRINCESS TE PUEA

22. To me, King Tawhio's grand-daughter, Princess Te Puea is the epitome of customary mana wahine and her stories are close to my heart. My family had a close relationship with Princess Te Puea because of the close family ties to the Kingitanga on both the Barton and Paki side. My great-grandfather Hori Paki is the great grandfather of Tūheitea. I will speak to her stories as it is her who built Tūrangawaewae marae.
23. When Te Puea married her first husband, Roy Seacome she lived away from Ngāruawāhia. In 1910, her uncle King Māhuta reminded her of her commitment to her people and she returned home. King Māhuta brought her home to take her place as a leader of the people, as there was mahi to do and he knew that she had the beauty, intelligence and the mana to do it and to do it well.
24. At that time the Kingitanga didn't really have a fixed place as many of our lands had been confiscated. Te Puea wanted the King to have his own place and so she resolved to build Tūrangawaewae marae and rallied the people behind this kaupapa.
25. Tūrangawaewae was built on the rubbish dump because this was the only place which they could afford. The level of poverty was seen in the foundations of Mahinarangi which were tin cans filled with sand. This was also a measure of our people's sheer determination and resourcefulness.
26. The primary wharenuī is named Mahinarangi after one of our tipuna whaea who married into our iwi from Ngāti Kahungunu. Beside this is the Kingitanga's official residence named Tūrongo after Mahinarangi's husband and our primary tīpuna.
27. Princess Te Puea worked hard toward the establishment of Tūrangawaewae marae. She formed alliances with people who could help including the Rt Hon. Gordon Coates who was the prime minister at the time. Princess Te Puea operated as a rangatira and gender never came into it. She was respected by other rangatira, and formed alliances rangatira to rangatira.
28. She set up a concert group called, Te Pou a Mangatawhiri to raise funds to build the whare. She travelled to Ngāti Porou where she had a good

relationship with Sir Apirana Ngata as they shared the common goals of Maori economic development and agreed on how important it was for our people to build up Maori resources. It was Sir Apirana Ngata who suggested that Princess Te Puea name the wharehui Mahinarangi. So, it was done – an act which consolidated and upheld the relationship of mana between the two rangatira and more importantly memorializes the mana of wahine Māori in the whare tīpuna itself.

29. The Union of Mahinarangi and Tūrongo connects Waikato to Ngāti Kahungunu and is attached as Appendix One for those who wish to know it in more detail.

Te Ōhaakī Marae

30. I can remember growing up running around Te Ōhaakī marae which is where my great-grandfather Hori Paki lived. It was at a tangi at Hori Paki's papakainga where the tūpāpaku was lying in state under a temporary wharemate, a tarpaulin, when Te Puea said to Hori Paki, "Hori Paki when you die, I do not want you to lie in state under a tarpaulin. I want you to build a Marae." Then she slammed her tokotoko into the ground.
31. My great-grandfather, a prestigious chief, took up her instruction and when he died his whānau built a wharehui at that place and named it "Te Ōhaakī ā Te Puea". Years later a brass disk was laid down at the exact spot where her tokotoko hit the ground. Whenever manuhiri come onto the marae the koha is laid on the brass disk.
32. There are many more beautiful stories about Te Puea and her leadership which epitomizes mana wahine. Even when the Waikato men were being drafted to war, it was Te Puea that did the haka in front of Maui Pōmare, lifting her skirt and saying, "This is where you came from [implying who do you think you are]. Why is it that you are sending our men off to fight a war when our lands have been confiscated from us?"
33. Princess Te Puea spoke her mind and was sometimes unpopular because of it. Yet this is a trait of mana wahine, the ability to be direct – she was a real straight shooter. At the same time, she never asked her people to do anything that she wouldn't do herself. She was often in the

garden planting whatever was required or cooking and cleaning and generally leading by example. She was so connected to her community – she was a great leader. Though she had the official title of Princess Te Puea to us she was always Nanny.

34. After the men were drafted to war, every night she would stand outside the barricades singing to them so that they wouldn't feel so alone. She never had any children, but she had many adopted children. She died in 1952 and we are all poorer for her loss.

DATED 15th day of February 2021

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sharryn Te Atawhai Barton'. The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

.....
Sharryn Te Atawhai Barton

Appendix One

Mahinarangi and Turongo, Pei te Hurinui Jones, Te Ao Hou Magazine, No 3. (Summer 1953)

MAHINARANGI'S tale has special meaning in an issue of Te Ao Hou, which is devoted to the memory of Princess Te Puea. Not only was Mahinarangi a great ancestress of Te Puea's, but the famous meetinghouse at Turangawaewae Pa, whose construction was inspired by Princess Te Puea, bears Mahinarangi's name. Mahinarangi, no doubt, had very special significance to Te Puea. The version of the story presented here was written some years ago by Pei Te Hurinui Jones, and published in a booklet called 'The Story of Mahinarangi'.

WHATIHUA HAD AGAIN triumphed over his younger brother in the affair of the Aotea lady, Ruaputahanga, and Turongo was disconsolate. He was very much depressed in mind, and to ease the pain in his heart the unhappy Turongo proceeded to pull down his house, on which he had lavished so much care. After he had completely dismantled the building, he dragged the carved pillars to the beaches and threw them into the sea.

Turongo was a tortured soul, and often he was seen on the wind-swept sand dunes gazing wildly out to sea. Now and then he would raise his voice and chant his melancholy song into the teeth of the gale. The people listened in awe to this cry of anguish from their young chieftain. In time the words of the song were memorised, and in order to soothe the great sorrow in Turongo's heart they popularised his song; and parties often got together to sing it in chorus.

This plan worked well, and enabled Turongo to take a grip of himself. He now recalled to mind the stories that he had heard of a noted beauty of the name of Mahinarangi, who lived on the East Coast in the Heretaunga (now Hawke's Bay) District. He made up his mind to leave Kawhia for good, and he discussed his plans with his father. Tawhao was a wise old man, and he told his son that he had decided to divide the tribal domain in two. The lands on the coast from Kawhia northwards were to be for Whatihua, and the territory on the eastern and inland side of the Pirongia and Hauturu ranges, with the northern boundary on the Puniu River, were to be for Turongo. Then, before bidding his son farewell, Tawhao also spoke to Whatihua. Before Turongo left on his journey his father earnestly enjoined on him that whatever might befall he was to return

and claim his inheritance. Turongo expressed his gratitude to his father and promised that after his travels he would return.

AN INDUSTRIOUS FOOD-GATHERER

After a long and uneventful journey Turongo eventually arrived at Raukawa (the district around the present site of the Te Aute Maori Boys' College, in Hawke's Bay), and there he called at the village of Kahotea. Kahotea was the home of Mahinarangi, where she lived with her mother and her father, Te Angiangi (also called Te Angi-o-tu) and Tuaka. Turongo found Tuaka, the father of Mahinarangi, busily engaged with his people in the building of a large tribal house. Some members of the tribe were away in the forest ranges snaring birds, whilst others were on the coast, collecting seafoods for the house-builders. Turongo's knowledge of the art of the fowler was unsurpassed, and this knowledge, together with his skill as a house-builder, soon established a reputation for him among the Ngati-Kahungunu tribes of Heretaunga. He was particularly adept in the splitting of timber, and could do twice as much of this work as any other man. Before very long his skill was being freely commented upon, and one day Te Angiangi spoke to her daughter, Mahinarangi, and said; 'Me moe koe i a Turongo hei rangatira mou; he tangata kaha hoki ki te mahi kai.' (You should marry Turongo and let him be your lord; for he is indeed an industrious food-gatherer.)

The building of the house proceeded, and Turongo's services were in great demand. Meanwhile, the young Tainui chieftain was taking careful note of the behaviour of the Chief's daughter. Mahinarangi was not only beautiful, but she was also skilled in weaving and other womanly arts. She carried herself proudly in the pukana, or posture dances, and in the poi (the famous stringed-ball dance of the Maori). She sang the rousing songs of her people with an alluring sparkle in her eyes; and when she gestured, and her supple young body swayed, and she accompanied each graceful turn of her head with a side-long, haughty stare of her lustrous eyes, Mahinarangi was altogether irresistible.

Turongo was subdued in the face of such a captivating beauty, and he could not forget that she was of the best blood in the land. In the meantime, Mahinarangi had thought over her mother's advice, and she had decided it was good. But how to begin?

Every evening Mahinarangi had taken particular notice of the direction in which Turongo strolled—pre-occupied with many thoughts—on his way home from the assembly house, after the evening talks with the menfolk of the village. Early one evening, before the rising of the moon, Mahinarangi carefully bedecked herself, and put on her finest woven garments. Over her beautiful shoulder feather cloak she carefully sprayed the famous raukawa² perfume. Making some excuse to her companions, she left her father's house and hurried across the village marae, or courtyard; and, as if by chance, she ran breathlessly into the arms of Turongo. The young man was startled out of a deep reverie, and before he could collect his thoughts the young lady had quickly hidden her face against his ear and whispered: 'Taku aroha e te tau; taku aroha!' (My love, O beloved; my love!) Turongo was about to speak when she tore herself away and disappeared into the night.

He had no idea who she was; but that fragrant perfume lingered, and assailed his thoughts. Could it be Mahinarangi? With a mind full of fanciful thoughts, Turongo went off to sleep that night with a burning feeling in his breast, and the sweet words of love in his brain.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PERFUME

Some evenings later the same thing happened, and Turongo again recognised the raukawa perfume he was never to forget; and, there and then, he made up his mind that he would not be caught unawares again.

The following morning, when most of the people of the village were occupied with the every-day life of the tribe, Turongo walked over to where Mahinarangi and a merry group of the young maidens of the pa were engaged in the game of titi-torea (game played with sticks). Assuming as casual an air as possible, Turongo became an interested spectator as he sauntered around the group and stood over each player in in turn.

Mahinarangi had seen Turongo approach, and she found it increasingly difficult to concentrate on their game. Sitting cross-legged or kneeling, the maidens deftly threw the smooth titi-torea sticks around the circle, in time to the tune of a lilting refrain. Turongo came around the circle, and presently stood behind a player on the opposite side of the ring to Mahinarangi. The colour had by now mounted to the young lady's cheeks. But Turongo was not looking at her. He could not, as he was afraid he would betray himself. If Mahinarangi were not the

maiden of the raukawa perfume, he would indeed be a very disappointed man. As he moved and paused behind each player in turn, every now and again he thought he had caught the fragrant aroma of that distinctive raukawa perfume of his breathtaking evening encounters with the maiden of his dreams. Stooping low over the nearest player—feigning to be engrossed in the game—Turongo tried to trace the elusive scent to its source.

As Turongo drew near, Mahinarangi became flustered, and her companions were moved to chide her laughingly for dropping the sticks when it was her turn to catch and pass them on around the ring. By the time Turongo had reached a position behind her, Mahinarangi could not control her agitation any longer, and, hurriedly springing to her feet, she announced that she was finished with their game. In rising she brushed against Turongo, and his whole being quivered when, as he caught his breath at her nearness, he recognised that unmistakable raukawa perfume in the flurry of her garments. One of the players was very observant, and it was she who delighted in telling the story later of how she had been almost blinded by the burning ardency with which Turongo and Mahinarangi exchanged looks, before the chieftain's daughter, with studied blitheness, hurried off.

next to her father she nestled against him, and presently she let her head slip down on to his lap and she looked up into his tattooed face. 'He aha ai?' (What is it?) the father softly asked. Mahinarangi did not need further prompting; in a low but excited voice she poured out her story of love for the handsome Tainui man. Tuaka beamed down on the flushed face of his beloved daughter, and her eyes sparkled with joy when she realised that her choice of a husband found favour with her father. 'Ka ora koe i a Turongo.' (Turongo will cherish you) was Tuaka's comment, as he quietly patted Mahinarangi's burning cheeks.

Turongo, who had lingered at the mahau, or porch-way, of the house, was invited to enter. As he came in through the sliding doorway, Tuaka gravely rose from his place and greeted Turongo with the hongī (touching of noses). Turongo then took his place on the right-hand side of the house, at the ihonui,² opposite the place of the chief, Tuaka. As this was an important occasion, Turongo had taken the place of honour for visiting chiefs.

Tuaka arose from his place at the Kopa-iti, glanced slowly around the house, and began to speak. First of all he greeted Turongo as a chief of the Tainui people, as was proper on such occasions, and then addressing his people, he

announced that his daughter, Mahinarangi, had imparted some important news to him, and that he was expecting Turongo to follow him, and to verify what he had been told by his daughter about their love for each other. When Tuaka had finished, Turongo rose from his place and spoke up manfully. It was now proper for him to give an account of himself; and he gave the history of his Tainui people, and concluded his speech by boldly asking for the hand of Mahinarangi.

Tuaka again rose, and turning to the tribal elders and his fellow-tribesmen, he said: 'I invite you all to speak, for Mahinarangi is a daughter of the tribe. She is as much your child as mine.' Each in his turn, the tribal orators spoke, and it was evident that the union of Turongo and Mahinarangi found favour among the tribe. Through the long night they sang the tribal songs, and joined in the haka, or posture dances. After a lively and joyful poi dance by a troupe of young ladies, Mahinarangi was conducted from her place alongside her father, and with much banter from her high-spirited companions, she was led to a place specially laid out with the best mats of the tribe, alongside the place where Turongo sat. The Tohunga, or priest, then came forward and recited the marriage ritual. And so they were married.

RAUKAWA, OUR RAUKAWA

The account of the marriage of Turongo and Mahinarangi in time reached Kawhia, and when Mahinarangi became an expectant mother, Turongo was visited by his father, Tawhao, who had come across the ranges from the West Coast to bless the union. Tawhao asked that his son be allowed to return to his own people, and to make a fitting home for his wife. Plans were accordingly made, and it was arranged that Mahinarangi was to follow soon after the departure of Tawhao and his son, as Turongo was particularly anxious that his first-born should be born on Tainui soil. Mahinarangi had confided in Turongo, and told him that the mothers of the tribe had assured her that the child would be a son, because of her clear complexion. If her face had been blotched or had become freckled the child would be a daughter—so believed, and still believe, the Maori mothers.

Tawhao and Turongo now returned to Kawhia, and on their arrival Tawhao called his two sons together and brought about a reconciliation. In accordance with the arrangement he had previously spoken of to his sons, Tawhao directed Turongo to go inland and there set up his home. Accompanied by a number of his people, Turongo then left the ancestral home at Kawhia and went inland,

and on the banks of the Manga-o-rongo, a tributary of the Waipa River, he established his new home on a hill, which he called Rangiatea. And there he awaited the coming of Mahinarangi.

Meanwhile, Mahinarangi, her time then being near, set out from her home with a large retinue. She was loaded with tribal gifts, as was befitting the daughter of a high chief. She also took with her Turongo's dog, which he had left with her, as it would be helpful in catching game on the way, and would also be able to guide them when they reached territory it was familiar with. The party first went to Wairoa, and then proceeded inland over the ranges. Skirting the shores of beautiful Waikaremoana, the party continued on, and finally reached Rotorua. Everywhere Mahinarangi was made welcome, and she was an honoured guest at the several villages they called at on their way. From Rotorua the party went on to a place near Okoroire. They were now in Tainui territory, and the journey thus far—owing to the pressing invitations from the people of the villages they had passed through to tarry and partake fully of their hospitality—had taken much more time than had been expected. By the time the party reached Okoroire, Mahinarangi realised that her condition would not permit her to travel any further. Preparations for her comfort were accordingly made, and near the hot springs at that place Mahinarangi gave birth to a son. The warm bathing pool where she bathed herself and her baby son was named Te Waitakahanga-a-Mahinarangi (The Waters-wherein-Mahinarangi-bathed).

Mahinarangi found this spot most restful, and she stayed there until she was quite recovered. From Okoroire the party went on until they reached the Waikato River at what is now called the 'Narrows', below the modern town of Cambridge; and here Mahinarangi crossed over. Turongo's dog was now in land familiar to it, and shortly after they crossed the river the dog went off. Mahinarangi knew that they did not have much further to travel, and at the next likely looking place she decided to encamp, and announced to her party that she would there await the coming of Turongo. The dog, in the meantime, following the tracks it knew, went in a southerly direction, and on reaching the Kawhia Track it turned eastwards, and finally came to Rangiatea. Turongo wasted no time, and with a party he set off, with his dog in the lead, in the direction of the Waikato, laden with food for Mahinarangi and her visiting party.

Arrived at the encampment, Turongo had a happy reunion with his beloved Mahinarangi. She was a joyful mother when she saw the look of pride in

Turongo's eyes, as he clasped his son to his breast. Early the following morning they broke camp and, headed by the proud young Tainui chief with his wife and son, the party proceeded on to the journey's end at Rangiatea, where Tawhao awaited their coming with a selected body of warriors, to give Mahinarangi and her party a fitting welcome to her future home.

At the sacred tuahu overlooking the Mangaorongo, Tawhao performed the tohi, or baptismal rites, on his grandson. Turongo and Mahinarangi stood by arm in arm, and when the priestly Tawhao pronounced the name they had chosen for their baby son, Turongo pressed Mahinarangi's hand as he whispered into her ear: 'It could not be any other name but Raukawa.' Mahinarangi blushed, and with tears of joy in her eyes she looked up into his eyes, and said simply: 'Raukawa, our Raukawa.'

The great love story of Turongo and Mahinarangi is nearly ended. Turongo and Mahinarangi lived happily at Rangiatea all their days, and in all the annals of the Tainui tribes this marriage is spoken of as one of life-long bliss.