Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods maybe
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

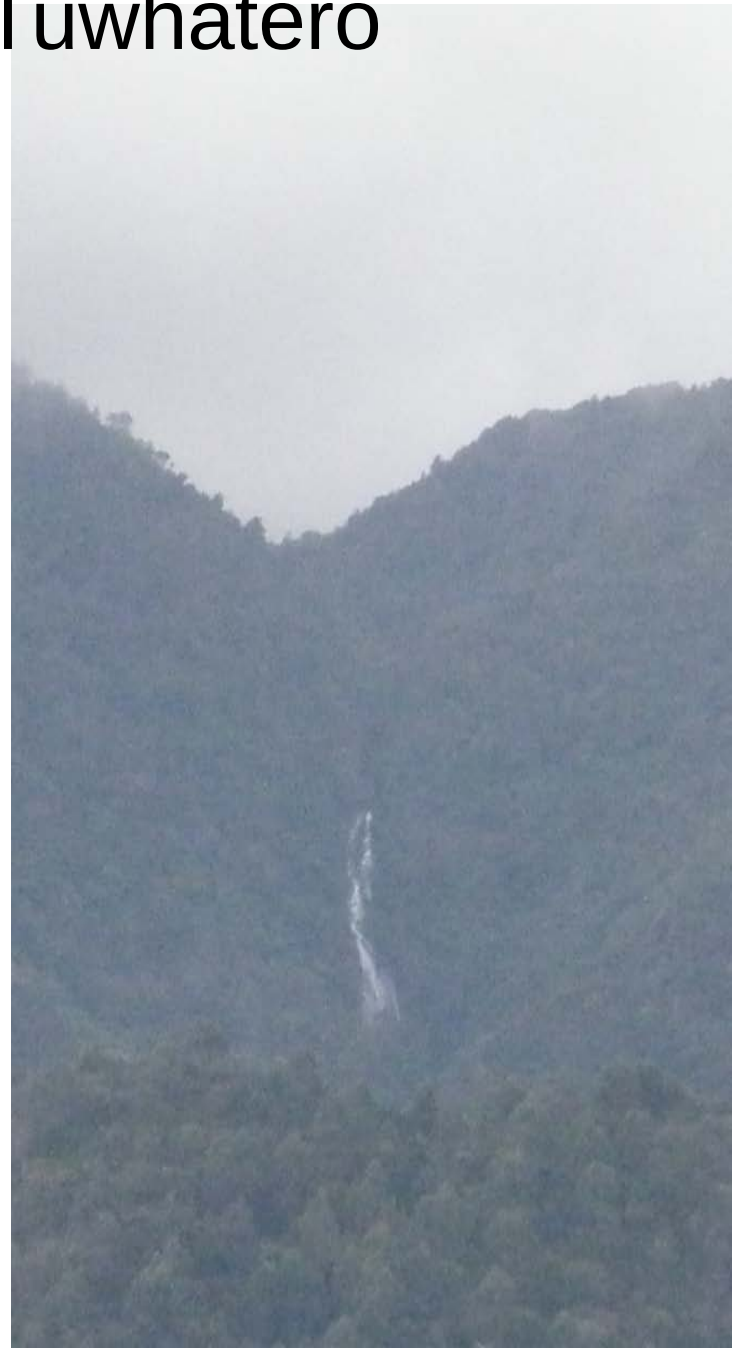
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

- William Ernest

Henley (1849 – 1903)

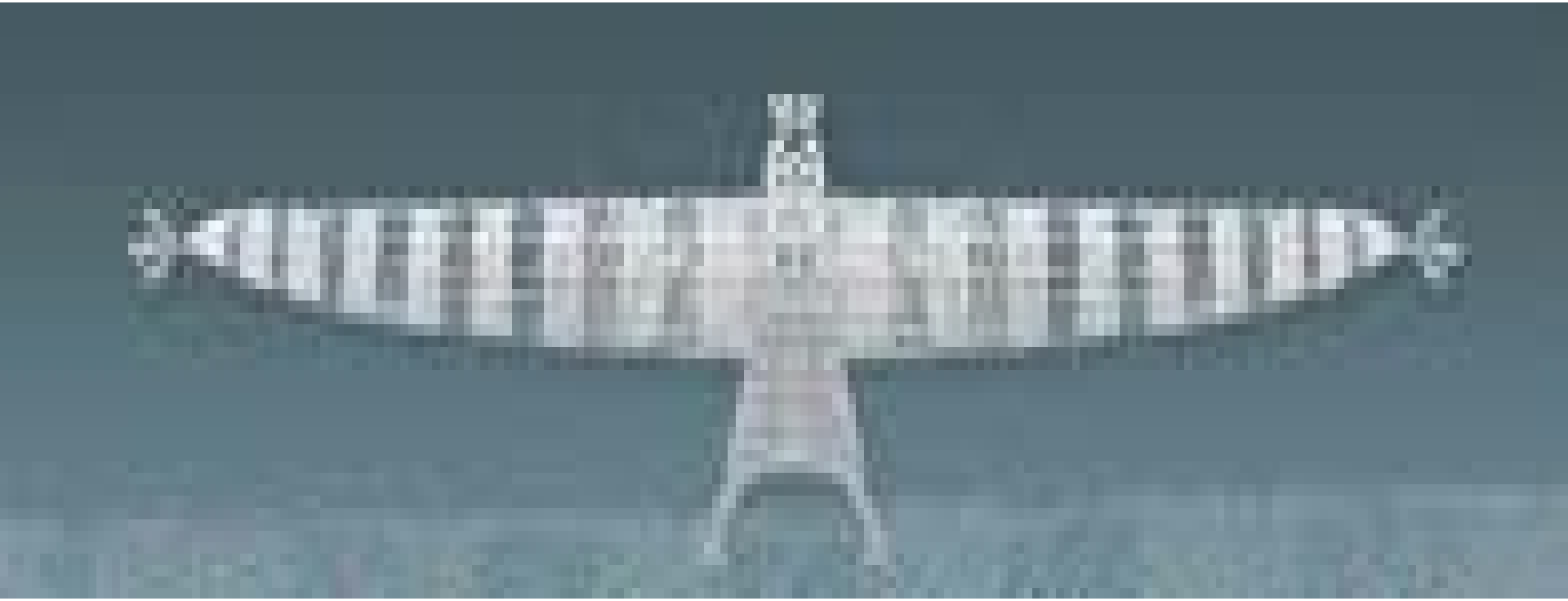
Te Ramaroa o Kupe

Tuwhatero



Whirinaki

Tuhoronuku



Karuhiruhi

They gathered on the middle peak and behind the maunga by the river called Puriritahi

Matai Ara Nui Marae

Moria Marae

Moria Cemetery (Moopi)

Pa Te Aroha Marae

Hokianga-Nui-A-Kupe

Arai-Te-Uru

Niniwa
Aniwa
Niua

He Ana

Te Ana O Paapatara