

Kōrero

News and stories from Pukerua Bay

Vol 4, Issue 1
March 2024



Sue and Frank Beaufort, circa 1955.

Kia ora

The intended theme for this issue was “the beach – where we live and play”, but it’s broadened to become a love letter to Pukerua Bay.

The first of these letters is from Iain MacLean, who has lived in Pukerua Bay with his wife, Kate, for 36 years (pp. 3–5). As Iain comes to the end of his life, he has shared some of his memories of Pukerua Bay and what makes it so special. This issue is sponsored by the MacLean–Dreaver whānau, as a mark of gratitude to this place and its people.

The image on the cover is of Sue Beaufort and her father, Frank. Sue and her sisters, Louise and Diana, share their experiences of growing up in Pukerua Bay and of what holds them here – the people, places, and memories that make this place their tūrangawaewae (pp. 5–7).

This same sense of love and belonging is shared in a beautiful poem by Puri Alvarez (p. 8) and a prose poem by Jennifer Payne (pp. 10–11). Both capture that sense that our beach and the view out to Kāpiti create a place where we can feel welcome and find wisdom and healing.

Many of us express our love in practical action. These include the Friends of Mana Island, who undertake pest trapping in the Pukerua Bay Scientific Reserve. Their work is now aided by a sign reminding us that this is a protected area (p. 8). It also includes Renee and Sarah, who provided a true demonstration of manaakitanga through establishing Greedy and Co., creating a space for good kai, good

coffee, and good conversation. And it includes those who attended a session on emergency preparedness in November (p. 14). Look out for another session later this year.

Our beach also provides a place for adventure! Andrew Shepherd charts the history of hang gliding and paragliding over Pukerua Bay, sharing the sense of freedom and fun he and his friends experience when soaring above us (pp. 12–13). Unfortunately, this is not without risk ...

Two local sporting enterprises – the tennis and soccer clubs – are open for registrations for this year’s activities (p. 17). And if you’re looking for entertainment over Easter, check out the tennis club’s annual tournament.

The theme for the next issue is one that is dear to many of our hearts – kai! You might like to tell us about the food that you love, how you harvest and prepare food, an enterprise you have established associated with food, happy food memories, food stories from the past ... see page 18 for details on how to submit your contributions.

Waiho i te toipoto, kaua i te toiroa.

Let us keep close together, not wide apart.

We acknowledge mana whenua of Pukerua Bay, Ngāti Toa Rangatira. For Ngāti Toa news, see ngatitoa.iwi.nz

Why I love Pukerua Bay

It is just before Christmas 1988, and you’re looking for a nest of your own. You look at townhouses in other parts of Porirua, none of which appeal, and the estate agent suggests you look further north. Somewhere your money will go a bit further to buy something you like more.

“I know a house for sale in Pukerua Bay. You probably won’t like it, but it has character.”

And it does: Pinex walls, a sheepskin carpet in the lounge, and a water stain on the hall carpet from when part of the roof blew off in 1968 during the Wāhine storm. You love it, and it’s yours within a day.

You spend the first summer knocking the overgrown garden into shape. You decide to walk around the coast to Plimmerton on a day so hot you have a swim just past Wairaka Rock and go home for a cold beer in the shade of the back veranda.

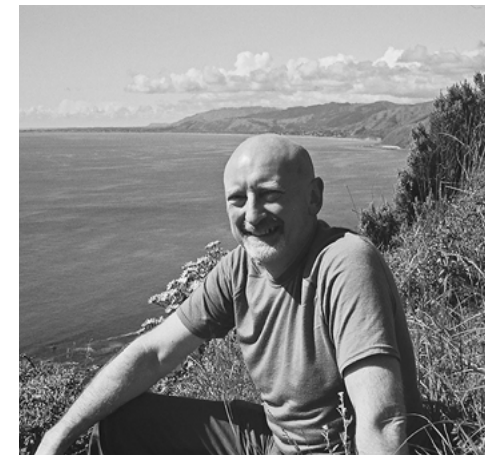
You quickly realise you’re strangers in a strange town. You don’t yet use public transport to get to work, so random conversations on the train aren’t likely. There isn’t a social scene for young people to get into.

You start having children. Once the first child starts at playgroup, you’re in. Any shame about hijacking your child’s social life to boost your own is quickly abandoned. Kindy and school become a big part of your lives, and the circle grows.

You’re recruited for the school gala. You visit every house in the Bay to collect stuff that comes back every year, with the school clipping the ticket each time.

On a good gala day, the sun shines, the wind is a gentle zephyr, and money burns a hole in a thousand pockets. On a bad day, you’re on the BBQ in the rain, working under a tarpaulin that’s too short. You shield the food with your body and use your best fairground barker voice to tempt the hungry punters.

If you aren’t quick enough to look away when they’re handing the jobs out, you find yourself running a stall. Or, you have a brilliant scheme about running a stall better. Your idea? You do it. You start running a silent auction. You get rid of most of the rubbish you used to try to sell for \$2 and make more money selling less. Success.



Working bees become regular weekend events. A big cleanup in Wairaka Reserve clears out tonnes of rubbish. A weak back means heavy lifting is out. You take too many photos and run the sausage sizzle, with a heavy hand on the mustard. At least you don't spend another Easter in hospital on an antibiotic drip for a bug you picked up helping to build the school playground.



Supporting the mahi at the Wairaka Reserve cleanup.

Local kids want to play soccer. Parents form a club, and kids join to play with their friends. Some kids are too young for the competition, so you offer to take them at the school. Twenty-five years later you're still chasing five-year-olds around the field. ("I swear to God, this is the last year I'm doing this." But you know it's not.)

You graduate to coaching your child's team. They lose all their games, and you remember your own experience of that. Keep it fun, don't focus on losing, and find a reason to praise each child. Never forget the positive impact of the small gesture.

The club creator retires and delivers a box of records to you. "It's all here. It won't take much of your time." It does. But you enjoy it. You remember the

hours your parents did this and discover why they kept doing it, year after year. Your kids stop playing but you find yourself still involved until your last gasp.



Iain in his happy place – celebrating the success of every child at a soccer breakup.

You're sitting at Brendan Beach in the warm sun watching a teenage son playing with his friends. They have a rugby ball and are running through the surf dodging tackles. You take a few good action photos and overhear one of the other parents say they reckon the boys will remember this day for ever. You hope so. It's a perfect experience.

The coastal walk to Wairaka Rock becomes a favourite route for exploration and meditation, especially after you get a dog. Walking along the beach you bump into a stream of acquaintances, many of whom become friends. You marvel at the beauty of the Bay, the ruggedness of the rocky shore, the delight of seeing a seal, and stingrays hunting in the shallow pools. You scramble over every new pile of driftwood left on the track after the last storm.

You discover the Residents' Association and find yourself on another committee. Didn't you say you had enough of that at work? But there you are. They

have a Village Planning Programme where villages can build the future they want. You feel empowered. You meet wonderful people contributing so much to the community and think again about your parents. You realise you are just like them and feel proud.

An enthusiastic resident has a plan to build a permaculture food forest in the Bay. You remember when you were an agriculture science student and how alternative systems excited you. You leap on board to discover council bureaucracy, so you cajole and collaborate to hack through the impenetrable thickets of 'rules'. But you get there, a keen group builds up around it, and it becomes something special.

Why would anyone leave this? You've long assumed you would end your

days here. It looks like that will be sooner than you'd thought. Myeloma is incurable. After 13 years, the end of the road is very close now.

Dying's not so bad if you've had time to get used to the idea. There is no avoiding it. But you can't say you're not disappointed; there's a lot to leave behind. You've been surrounded by the aroha of the beautiful people here throughout the journey.

That's why I love Pukerua Bay.

Nā Iain MacLean

*E kore au e ngaro, he kākano
ahau i ruia mai i Rangiatēa.*

*I can never be lost, I am a
seed sown from Rangiatēa.*

A Pukerua Bay childhood: Diana

As we grew up, our main focal point was always the beach. Beach days meant setting up shop on a driftwood log and hawking pumice and shells to whoever would play (or pay). Mum, always practical, cooked dinner at home and then packed it up so we could chase the last of the sun and enjoy the beautiful beach vibe.

Brendan Bay has always been the best beach and we have enjoyed many awesome barbecues over the years, watching breathtaking sunsets with friends and whānau.

When I was little, I loved walking the

coastline past Wairaka Rock with my Dad. He would entertain me with stories of the history and legends of our beautiful, wild, and unspoiled coastline. I also remember scouring the hills for miles in mushroom season and gathering bunches of beautiful daffodils growing wild in the Raroa Reserve.

The memories stick – toddler baths in rock pools, showering under the waterfall at the end of Brendan Beach when water restrictions were in place, swimming in the bay, sometimes all year round! Why would you live anywhere else when you grew up in paradise?

Nā Diana Beaufort

A Pukerua Bay childhood: Sue Beaufort



Sue, Nana Thornley, Diana, Frank, and Louise

As an adult, great memories and familiarity have kept me bound to this beautiful place. Pukerua Bay was mostly about the beach, but my world was wider...

I spent endless hours with my friend Gillian, setting up a living space in the Raroa Reserve. Our furniture was fashioned from foliage, once including a nasty nettle. We eased our stings with the poisonous juice of arum lilies.

How we survived in such dangerous times I do not know. My escapades included attempting to smoke rabbits out of their warrens on the hills behind our house. I'd light a fire at one end, then hasten to another hole to see if I could catch the fleeing animal. No such luck. If I'd succeeded, the poor creature would likely have suffered the same fate as my guinea pigs – slaughtered by Fluffy, our hunting cat.

Bull and ram baiting were other pursuits. We'd climb over the fence behind our house, taunt the animals, and see if we could return to safe ground before they took their just revenge. Not likely!

Earlier memories include walking down Rāwhiti Road to the Goat Track down to the beach, my little sister and I holding hands with our parents on either side, swinging us high in the air.

I recall the feeling of trepidation as I was harnessed with other toddlers from the local play centre to be led, like a dog team, along the narrow highway footpath for outings in the fresh air. Perhaps we made it to the milk bar near Onepu Road, where, to our later teenage delight, the hip bodgies and widgies would roll up on their motorbikes and play cool music on the jukebox.

Also remembered:

- The day of the 1968 Wāhine disaster storm, when my teenage self and others recklessly set out for the train station for school and work, narrowly escaping a falling macrocarpa tree enroute, only to find that the trains were cancelled. We all squeezed into the old train station, sheepishly waiting for our nearest-and-dearests to imperil themselves by picking us up.
- Watching the then 30-year-old Marx Brothers movies at the RSA hall, chewing on threepenny Zip fizzy fruits.
- Being pursued to the train station (enroute to high school) by my grumpy dad, carrying the plate of uneaten breakfast omelette he'd so lovingly prepared for me.

Nā Sue Beaufort

A Pukerua Bay childhood: Louise Beaufort



I was born in 1952 and have lived in Pukerua Bay for most of my life. We lived in Rāwhiti Road or 'Raweeti' as we then called it. (We knew little of correct Māori pronunciation.)

My parents settled here shortly after their marriage. In WW2, my dad Frank served as a teenager in the Royal NZ Navy. My mother Joan was English and immigrated as a '10 Pound Pom' after having developed a taste for adventure during her time in the WAAF's, stationed abroad after the war.

Our post-war childhood in Pukerua Bay was idyllic. Our house was diagonally opposite the school. In the morning, we'd wait until we heard the school bell, then make a mad dash across the road, still trying (unsuccessfully) to comb the knots out of our hair. We usually missed the start of assembly.

The RSA Hall, then located amongst bush on the corner of Teihana Road (where the shops are now), was the centre of community life. I went to Playcentre there, then later Brownies. Mrs Jackson (film director Peter's mum) kindly granted me my semaphore badge, though I was hopeless. We had Saturday matinees at the hall, sitting on hard benches. It didn't matter what the picture was, we were there every week! I remember the ANZAC services,

the famous painting of the donkey and soldier on the front wall, the returned service dads (and mums) with their medals, and trying to sneak a glimpse of who was playing the Last Post at the back of the hall.

When we were quite little, our mother would get us to pick up the groceries from Arnold Lindsay's store on the Main Road, opposite the Beach Road turn-off. (No worries about road safety then, as there was little traffic.) The fresh barracuda loaf would be wrapped in a strip of white paper, and we couldn't resist picking the middle out on the way home, hoping our mother wouldn't notice.

Casey, the Plimmerton butcher, would visit the Bay once a week in his little van. I remember the meat hanging in the back and the big worn chopping board. The mums would come out with their plates to select the weekly meat, and the kids would mill around waiting for Mr Casey to give them their free saveloy, eaten (raw) on the spot ... delicious!

The beach was the focus of our lives. If it was a summer day and you couldn't go for a swim it was a disaster! We spent all day in the water. Our grandmother would make us wait half an hour after eating before we could swim to avoid cramp. Torture!

So many memories, hard to sum up in a few words. Pukerua Bay is my tūrangawaewae, the place where I stand, and I can't think of anywhere else in this crazy world I would want to be.

Nā Louise Beaufort

Pukerua Bay Reserve sign



You may have noticed a new sign marking the beginning of the Pukerua Bay Scientific Reserve. The area was made a scientific reserve in the early 1990s by the Department of

Conservation to protect rare skinks and nesting seabirds along the coastline. Pest trapping is undertaken throughout the reserve by the Friends of Mana Island, including local resident Jim Cox.

Our previous sign was washed away by the tides. The Residents' Association has been asking for a new sign for some time, particularly to remind walkers that dogs must be kept on leads in the area. We are grateful to Jim's daughter Philippa Cox, who works with DOC and who assisted in getting the sign replaced.

Nā Moria Lawler

Surrender

*One more Monday
on the timeless shores of light.*

Midday stricken in cobalt blue.

*The Island sends her message:
it sparks across the sea,
melting us both in a silver line
as she embraces me
among her many children.*

*Here and now, I belong to this place,
to this space of wisdom and forgiveness.*

Nā Puri Alvarez



Photo nā Rach O'Grady

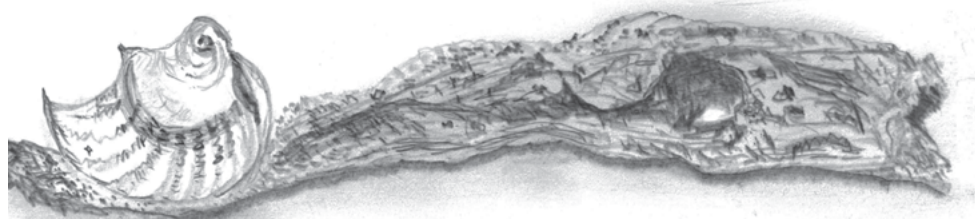
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Old paths to the beach



Seven thousand miles separate the white sands of Padre Island from the curve of Pukerua Bay's rocky beach. I migrated here like any wandering bird who crosses a long stretch of water and feels relief when it sees a welcoming line of land. Beaches are some of the most iconic of our world's geography, but are also mostly, satisfyingly, the same. They sing the same song of peace and picnics, and they beat the same drum of power, danger, and passion against the shores of all lands. Beaches whisper of bonfires, kites, tranquillity. They are, like a wise and precious old person, the beautiful sediment of time. To a beach we are only walk-ons in its perpetual theatre of sand and sea.

When we leave the beach behind us, the waves continue. The tide and the winds carry on, with the comforting sound of murmuring voices, just in the other room. Wherever the pin of our own geography sticks us, going down to the beach always feels like walking in the door to home. Every beach is made magic by its own sea that breathes for its shore, a symbiosis as natural as the lungs moving alongside the heart. We who fish from its sandy shelves or sit on its great lap and watch the rise and fall of sunrise

or sunset, we are all privileged to stand at a connecting place. A connecting place of tangible energy and life, as if we stood at the edge of the blowhole of a whale, waiting, half exhilaration, half trepidation, for the soft drag of the inhale, and then the tide of the explosive, foot-washing exhale.

As a kid, beachcombing the deserted dunes of Texas beaches, the wrinkled sand held angel wings and sand dollars, and whispered to me the dream of gold doubloons from Spanish shipwrecks. Here, there is also a whispered dream, from the voice of the child inside us all, of seeing the whales come back to follow the old Rauoterangi channel between Kāpiti Island and the wide sweep of Pukerua Bay. I look out toward the rising crown of the underwater mountain of Kāpiti and wonder, "Do whales remember their ancient paths like the old elephants do? Will they, after so many years away, pass through our waters again?" I stand on the beach, and watch and wait, and hope that they will.

For the last two summers, the kākā have returned to the mainland from Kāpiti Island. They fly over our beach, looking down from their aerial view at the full double-sickle of the harbour. On the

compass in their heads, this beach is a landmark, a reminder of the old ways they used to come. These endemic parrots are considering residence here again. Let them come back, finding the same welcoming sign of the beach that signals them over the cliffs and into their forest, to tell them: this is familiar, this is our land, these will be our safe nesting trees. I look up, and listen, beneath the massive Yggdrasil tree near the Secret Valley, wondering if I will see them there again one day.

The beach is an old pathway to many, whether we bisect it from above, as the parrots do, or swim, row, or wander along its tide edge. Coming back to the beach is a refrain of the familiar. We might be homing pigeons or royal albatrosses, parrots or right whales. Whether we arrive as solitary travellers or in a family pod like dolphins, the beach of our memories is the same. The beach calls out a welcome back, and offers, with the sea, its generous cornucopia of gifts. To all wanderers and travellers, to



those in search of peace, whether whale, bird, or human, welcome. This is your beach. Welcome home.

Words and images nā Jennifer Payne

Want to play football?

Registration for **PUKERUA BAY SOCCER CLUB** for players aged 4 to 14 is open until **3 March 2024**.

- Low registration fees: \$55 for grades 4–6, \$90 for grades 7–12, \$100 for grades 13–14 (mixed boys and girls competition). Includes Nike shirt and shorts.
- Family discounts available.
- Practices in Plimmerton and/or Pukerua Bay (or wherever most suits the team).

To register or for more information visit www.pkbsoccer.nz or email pkb@pkbsoccer.nz



Flying free



Fifty-one years ago, the first hang glider flight launched from Paekākāriki, setting an endurance record for unpowered flight of one hour 45 minutes. That same year, the New Zealand Hang Gliding Association was established, later to become NZHGPA – the “P” is for paragliding. Back then, people built their hang gliders in their garage from a couple of diagrams in *Popular Mechanics*. Since then, the sport of free flying has grown around the world, accompanied by huge improvements in the equipment – both performance and safety. Hang gliders used to fly at Pukerua Bay, even launching from the spur near the top of the zig-zag track, but now their glide performance has improved so much that for many models, the beach is very tight and often avoided.

Paragliders need much less space to land and Pukerua Bay is one of our favourite sites in the Wellington region. The sea escarpment catches the north-west prevailing winds and scoops up the gentle northerly breeze along the Paekākāriki escarpment, creating lift for coastal soaring that is often buttery

smooth. The hills offer fun with how the wind twists and funnels and, in the right conditions, it's possible to fly the coastline south to the quarry and north to the entrance of Transmission Gully. And then there's the views!

Summer is a wonderful time for flying above Pukerua Bay. The days are long, and we can stay aloft for as long as the wind remains steady and our bladders hold. It's possible to get home from work, walk up the hill, and fly for an hour, watching the sun settle over Te Waipounamu. (We must be on the ground no later than half an hour after sunset.) The winds are gentle, unlike spring, and it's often warm enough to fly with just one more layer over what we walked up in.

At Pukerua Bay, you'll mostly see us flying what we call “big wings”. These are slower and designed for soaring, though we will do spirals and swoop around a bit. Occasionally, when the wind is a little too strong for big wings, you might see a mini wing or speed wing playing around the escarpment. These fly much faster, often closer to

the cliffs, and are designed for rolls and dives. They are sometimes seen turning upside-down and plummeting below the ridgeline. From a distance, it's easy to think it may have crashed, especially if they don't reappear. Often the wings disappear because paragliders and speedwings can perform a controlled landing safely back on top of the hill. If you are concerned for someone's safety, it's always best to call emergency services. If you're unsure, we would welcome you contacting the local paragliding club directly, as we usually know who is flying and can check in with them directly.

Paragliding is probably a little safer than downhill mountain biking, but accidents can happen. In November, I had a serious crash while attempting to land near the Pou Tangaroa, at the beginning of the reserve. Typical of

many accidents, it was a series of small mistakes that cascaded and accelerated, resulting in me flying downwind into the historical information sign just before the toilet block (a correction for those of you who read the *Stuff* article). I can't blame the information sign for my injuries, but those railway sleepers around the sign are pretty scary. Thank you to those who looked after me while we waited for the ambulance, especially for the orange umbrella sunshade. While this summer won't include any flying for me, I look forward to walking up the hill and sitting at the launch site – called “parawaiting”.

Andrew Shepherd – 027 239 8069
Wellington Hang Gliding
and Paragliding Club President
whgpc.org.nz (for contact numbers)



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Pukerua Bay emergency response practice



On 25 November, Whetu Bennett, an advisor from the Wellington Region Emergency Management Office (WREMO), joined eight residents at the Pukerua Bay Hall to teach us about the Pukerua Bay Emergency Hub and take us through a practice scenario.

Whetu ran through some information about community emergency hubs and what we can expect to find in the kits.

Next, he ran a short practice where we were left to organise our supplies, take roles, set up the space, and then deal with scenarios and information that Whetu fed through to us. It was then time to refuel with pizza and update the sheets in our Pukerua-specific Hub Plan, noting information and equipment that would be useful to have in our kit, and further useful tips from Whetu.

This wasn't the first session we've had in our community, and it won't be last. The last few years have taught us that emergencies can happen in many forms. We don't know what will happen or when, but we do know that we need to be ready to care for ourselves and our neighbours. Keep an eye out – we're planning another session for later this year.

Nā Jane Comben (Pukerua Climate Action Group and Residents' Association)



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Ka kite, Greedy and Co.



Last year, we sadly bid farewell to the Greedy and Co. caravan, which had been serving coffee, their signature pies, and other yummy goodies in the Pukerua Bay for the past three-and-a-half years. It was founded by Sarah and Renee and came from humble beginnings, starting with local catering jobs and pie drops before filling a coffee cart gap in the

Bay and opening the pink caravan on Rāwhiti Road in 2020, with Sarah later taking on the running of the caravan in 2022.

Greedy and Co. transformed St Mark's outside area into a welcoming space for locals and escarpment walkers to catch up with each other, relax in the sun on a beanbag, and play outdoor games with whānau. Greedy and Co. have also been massive supporters of local events such as the Pukerua Bay Market Day, Matariki celebration, gala, and other fundraisers.

It's the end of an era, but we wish Sarah all the best on her new adventures. Thanks for the wonderful kai and fond memories, Greedy and Co. You will be missed!

Your local councillor

Josh Trlin, councillor for the Pāuatahanui General Ward



Kia ora! My name is Josh Trlin. I'm one of your local Pāuatahanui General Ward councillors and I want to hear from you.

- Have an idea to improve our city?
- Concerned about an issue within our community?
- Want to know more about the work your council is doing?
- Got a problem you need council help to solve?

Drop me a line and let's have a chat.



JoshTrlinPorirua
josh.trlin@labour.org.nz
027 374 0114



Pukerua Bay Tennis Club



Pukerua Bay has had a tennis club since 1922, with our current facilities operating since the mid-1940s. (Check out its history on the bollard outside the club.)

Our club has three floodlit hard courts and a clubhouse with great views up the Kāpiti Coast. Because the courts are the property of the Porirua City Council, we operate as both a public facility and a membership-based club. Our Senior Club times are Thursday evenings 7–9pm and Sunday mornings from 10am. Juniors have a club time on Fridays from 5pm.

We enter several teams in the annual interclub competitions, as well as organising social play and coaching. Currently, we have five senior and two junior interclub teams, with coaching on Thursday afternoons.

Our club is known in the tennis community for its Easter Tournament,

which has been running for over 50 years. This is a social, fun, yet competitive tennis event with a strong family vibe. Last year, we had about 100 people playing, watching, or helping over the two days. Players came from clubs across the region. This year, the tournament will be held on Friday 29 and Saturday 30 March.

As well as tennis, our clubrooms are the home of a well-run playgroup, currently being held on Wednesday mornings. It's available for hire for children's birthday parties and other celebrations, our huge deck and fenced playground making it a popular venue.

We are a small, friendly club and always welcome new members. Just turn up at a club day, check out our website – clubspark.kiwi/PukeruaBayTennisClub – or email us at pkbtennis@outlook.com

**COME ALONG AND JOIN THE
PUKERUA BAY RSA &
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**OPEN: 4.30 – 11PM THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
4.30 – 8PM SATURDAY**

WHERE: 5-7 WAIRAKA ROAD

For more information, email pukbayrsa@gmail.com or call 04 239 9083.
Facebook: Pukerua Bay RSA and Community Club

RSA

Aroha mai, aroha atu – caring for one another

Next issue

The theme for the next issue is “kai”. We welcome your contributions of stories, photos, poems, articles, or community notices.

Kōrero relies upon its advertisers and sponsors to keep going. Please get in touch if you’re interested.

The copy deadline for the next issue is 12 March. Our email address is newsletter@pukeruabay.org.nz



Fun in the sun at last year’s gala. Photo nā Ivor Earp-Jones



Our team

Kōrero is brought to you by Kate Dreaver, Gill England, Carla Guy, Jonathan Harker, Anne Johnston, Moira Lawler, Iain MacLean, Kelly McLean, and Nikky Winchester.

It is supported by the Pukerua Bay Residents’ Association and by all our valued contributors, sponsors, and advertisers.

Advertising and sponsorship

Kōrero comes out approximately every eight weeks. We need your support to keep it going. Please consider donating or placing paid advertising.

Advertising rates for **five issues** start at just \$50 for a local listing (see opposite); \$80 for a card-sized ad; \$160 for a half-page ad; and \$220 for a full-page ad.

Advertising rates for **one issue** are \$20 for a card-sized ad, \$40 for a half-page ad, and \$60 for a full-page ad.

You can **sponsor** an entire issue for \$300.

Community notices are very welcome, but please consider a koha.



OUR SKINK: The image of the Whitaker’s Skink on our banner, and in the Residents’ Association logo, was created by local artist, Pauline Morse.

Pukerua Bay Community website and directory

The Pukerua Bay community website pukeruabay.org.nz holds lots of useful information, including a local business directory.

You can download a PDF of *Kōrero* from the website at: pkb.nz/korero or via this QR code.



If you would prefer not to receive a newsletter in your letterbox, please let us know. And, if you have suggestions for the website, please email: newsletter@pukeruabay.org.nz

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Michael Beaumont	Mowing and gardening	021 0239 4689 michaelfbeaumont@hotmail.com

Events calendar

3 March	Early bird soccer club registrations close
10 March	Gala community collection, 9–11am
17 March	Gala community collection, 9–11am
12 March	Residents’ Association meeting, 7.30–9.00pm, RSA, Wairaka Rd
19 & 20 March	School and Community Hall open to receive gala items, 6–8pm
23 March	Pukerua Bay School Gala, 11.00am–2.00pm, Pukerua Bay School, Rāwhiti Rd
29 & 30 March	Easter Tournament, Tennis Club, Rāwhiti Rd
9 April	Residents’ Association meeting, 7.30–9.00pm, RSA, Wairaka Rd
To list an event in the March issue, please email by 12 March: newsletter@pukeruabay.org.nz	



Pukerua Bay School Gala

Our beloved gala returns in March with all your favourites! Stage entertainment, second-hand shopping, plants, crafts, hearty kai, and all the fun and games for kids.

Mark it in your diary and let's make our school's biggest fundraiser an epic one.

Key information

Local businesses

Are you a local business or family who can offer sponsorship? We are seeking donations towards expenses and in-kind products for the raffles. Please contact Rebecca Martin: 0274707322 or email secretary.pkbft@gmail.com

Community collections

Our gala is renowned for its excellent thrift shopping. We can take quality goods off your hands, such as bric-a-brac, working appliances, furniture, sporting equipment, garden and

household tools, machinery (that works), toys, books (but only children's books this year), and clothing (no underwear!)

Please keep in mind this is a fundraiser and items need to be in good condition. If we think it won't sell we won't accept it.

Our collection dates are:

- **Sunday 10 March, 9–11am**
- **Sunday 17 March, 9–11am**

Leave items for collection on your berm. If it's not collected by midday, it is your responsibility to take your items back. Alternatively, you can drop off items to the School and Community Hall (Rāwhiti Road) on:

- **Tuesday 19 March, 6–8pm**
- **Wednesday 20 March, 6–8pm**

Thank you for supporting the Pukerua Bay School Gala and helping create a bright future for our tamariki.