

Witness Name: Tumohe Clayton Clarke

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ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF TUMOHE CLAYTON CLARKE

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Introduction

*Ko Maungatautari te Maunga
Ko Kai a Te Mata me Maungataurati ngaa Marae
Ko Ngaati Korokii Kahukura me Ngaati Hauaa ngaa Iwi
Ko Tumohe Clayton Clarke tooku ingoa*

1. My name is Tumohe Clayton Clarke.
2. I was born on [GRO-C] 1963 in Rotorua. I descend from Ngaati Hauaa, Ngaati Korokii Kahukura,
3. My parents' names are [GRO-B] and Martin Matenga Kukutai Clarke.
4. My father passed away in 1991. My mother is turning 80 this year in September.
5. I come from a family of 7, my siblings names in order are Kimiora ("Kim"), Ngaire, myself, Martin, Gaylene, [GRO-B] and [GRO-B]
6. I have a 31yr old son and a 28yr old daughter [GRO-B] [GRO-B] and [GRO-B] and between the two of them I have five moko.
7. I am the current Chairman for my marae in Morrinsville, Kai a te Mata. I am also a kaumatua and kaikoorero of Ngaati Hauaa.
8. My evidence speaks to the abuse that I suffered while I was a ward of the state between the age of 5yrs and 18yrs.
9. I wish to speak on behalf of my siblings who were also wards of the state. They have all passed and cannot share their story.
10. This statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and was made by me knowing that it may be used as evidence by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care.

11. My mind works in a unique way and this has helped me to navigate life. I have approached challenges in life using logic and procedures to guide my thinking. This gives me the ability to look at problem solving in a pragmatic way. Tikanga also plays a big role in giving me the options, and the rules to follow in this approach.
12. When I first engaged with the Royal Commission I was told that the purpose was to share my story, not the story of my siblings. This gave me the impression that once a person has died their story doesn't matter anymore. From my world view, even when a person has died, it is important that their story is shared and that their mana is upheld. As the surviving sibling who carries the memories of our time in care, I feel I have an obligation to speak for my siblings, otherwise who speaks for them? Ko wai te moorehu mahara?

Ko te taura here-aa-ngaakau, o te tuakana-teina, e kore e whati

13. My whaanau are from Maungatautari in the Waikato, and for the early years of our life we were raised there by our parents.
14. I have some good memories of my childhood.
15. Our mother would take us to see our wider whaanau. I remember staying with my mother's parents, Big Nan (step grandfather) and Little Nan (grandmother). I carried Big Nan's name, so I was spoiled rotten by him.
16. Big Nan and Little Nan lived by Kai a Te Mata Marae, so I grew up on this marae. We spent time with our cousins at the marae. I have memories of all of us going down to the falls for a wash together. The environment was our playground.
17. My siblings and I always had a strong bond. We really rolled together as a pack. As children we had baths together, we slept in the same bed together – all of us in one room.

18. I have memories of sitting in the car, in the carpark of the pub, while our parents were drinking. We would stay in the car for hours and our parents would bring us hot chips while we waited. While some might say it was a bad thing to be left in the car, as children we did not mind, because we had each other.

19. We also had hard experiences in our whaanau. My sister Kim was sexually abused at about 5yrs old by our [GRO-B] [GRO-B] who was in his teen years at the time. I am sure that my parents knew about it, because eventually my Mum banned him from coming around.

20. Our mother was abusive towards our father, but he was never abusive towards her. This was the nature of their relationship.

21. My siblings and I were all physically abused by [GRO-B]. When we misbehaved, our [GRO-B-1] would be the one to instruct our [GRO-B-2] to give us hidings. [GRO-B-2] would always do as [GRO-B-1] said because [GRO-B-2] loved [GRO-B-1] so much.

22. My mother was mentally unwell, and she struggled to look after us. It may have been because there were so many of us and she could not cope.

23. Gaylene was abused the most out of all of us siblings. Gaylene was diagnosed from a young age as intellectually handicapped and had challenges with co-ordination and understanding. This added to my Mother's struggle to care for us.

24. Gaylene was given to our Father's whaangai sister [GRO-B-3] as a tamaiti whaangai to help my parents out. [GRO-B-3] loved Gaylene and formed a strong relationship with her.

25. When Gaylene was 3yrs old, my Mum wanted her back, and my parents took her back from [GRO-B-3] care.

26. On 2 September 1968, my GRO-B beat Gaylene and she died. I was 5yrs at the time.
27. On the day that Gaylene died, I remember the police showing up and my GRO-B telling me and my siblings to stay in the room. We were not allowed out. While we were waiting, I needed to go toilet, so my siblings lowered me out the window to go toilet and then I put my arms back up to be lifted through the window. This is the tightness of our bond with each other. We helped each other out.
28. In those days, we saw the police as people that you mistrusted, so I was shocked and conflicted when Big Nan, someone who I trusted wholeheartedly, came out of the police car. I knew what was happening and that Gaylene had died.
29. After the police questioned my parents, me and my siblings were all put in the back of the police car. I remember the police asking us what had happened to Gaylene and why she got a hiding. As children growing up, we knew that; if you were naughty, you got a hiding, and if you got a hiding it was because you were naughty, so this was our response. It never occurred to us that she wasn't naughty, and that she never actually understood what was being asked of her.
30. No one explained what was happening to us or why we were taken away, but I think we knew enough to know that we were no longer with Mum and Dad. We grew up in a culture where if the Police took someone away, it would be a long time before we saw them again. I remember feeling safe because I was still with my siblings.
31. The police took us to the station, before taking us to Tower Hill Girl's Home ("Tower Hill").

Becoming a ward of the state

32. Following Gaylene's death my siblings and I became Wards of the State and we were all temporarily held in Tower Hill. Martin and I were the only boys there at the time.

33. We were not allowed to go to Gaylene's tangihanga because we were told by staff at Tower Hill that a tangi was not a place for children.

34. We stayed at Tower Hill for less than a year, until they could find suitable homes for us to be placed in.

35. Life at Tower Hill was very different from our upbringing. For example, my siblings and I had showers by ourselves instead of taking baths together and we slept in our own beds instead of sleeping top and tails in a shared bed. It was a huge culture shock for us.

36. Our Uncle [GRO-B] eventually took us in because we were his nephews and nieces, and he knew that we needed to be kept with our whaanau. There were about a dozen children in his care at the time. My uncle was the only source of income for our whaanau in this house, so it got challenging for him to care for us all.

37. I knew that decisions were being made by the social welfare on where we would be placed permanently. However, I do not recall what consideration was given to us children staying together. My understanding is that we were separated because no one wanted to, or were able to, take us all in together.

38. I was the first to be removed, and I was sent to live with Auntie [GRO-B-3] in Port Waikato. My siblings remained with my Uncle [GRO-B] before later being sent by social welfare to a foster family in [GRO-B]

Foster care of my siblings

39. My siblings Kim, Ngaire and Martin were sent to the [GRO-B] foster family in [GRO-B] Tuuwharetoa where they stayed for 2 years. The mother who cared for them was a solo mother with one son. She was Maaori, but they were not related to us through whakapapa.

40. My siblings experienced multiple forms of abuse while under the foster care of the [GRO-B] whaanau. It was stressful for me to learn that my siblings were starving and malnourished. Because they were always hungry, they used to take food and hide it away.

41. My siblings were all physically and verbally abused by the foster mother and son.

42. My older sister Kim was raped by her foster brother [GRO-B] from the age of 8 to 10yrs old, he was 10yrs older than her at the time.

43. I have no idea why the State decided to place my siblings with a foster family in [GRO-B] that was not our own whaanau and that was outside of our connections in Waikato. My siblings and I have discussed our experiences and believe the incentive for the [GRO-B] whaanau was the allowance that they received from the social welfare. My siblings do not believe the allowance was ever put towards their care.

44. When the foster mother found out that Kim was raped and sexually abused by [GRO-B] Kim was blamed for the abuse. I think this is why they were moved to [GRO-B] to live with the [GRO-B-4] whaanau after 2 years with the [GRO-B] whaanau. They have told me that living with this whaanau was a really positive experience for them. It was the first time that there was a certainty of being fed properly since being placed in state care.

45. They were cared for well by the [GRO-B-4] whaanau, they suffered no abuse in their care, and had a good life. My siblings consider both the [GRO-B-4] parents as whaanau.
46. One of the major consequences of my siblings being sent to [GRO-B] and [GRO-B] is that they lost the opportunity to learn about their whakapapa growing up. My siblings suffered a loss of identity, a loss of knowledge around tikanga and a loss of connections to their own whakapapa. As adults they really struggled with their lack of connection to their whakapapa and whaanau and did not know where to start to re-learn this.

My time with Auntie [GRO-B-3]

47. While my siblings were sent to [GRO-B] I went to live with my Auntie [GRO-B-3] in Port Waikato. I was about 6yrs old when I arrived to Auntie [GRO-B-3] and she was in her mid-30's. [GRO-B-3] had no children of her own, so when I arrived it was just the 2 of us.
48. I stopped eating for quite a long time because I missed my siblings. I was not used to living alone and I had no appetite. The social workers found out that I had not been eating and they were quite concerned, so they decided to send my younger sister [GRO-B-5] to live with [GRO-B-3] as well.
49. As siblings, my sister and I had a love-hate relationship. She looked to me as a father figure, because she was so young when she was placed in care and has few memories of our parents.
50. I was very independent from a young age and naturally took on a caregiver position in the household. From 8yrs old I was proficient in the kitchen and I was good at following recipes. I was often proud of my efforts in the kitchen.

51. I developed these skills instinctively, and as a necessity because [GRO-B-3] was always away at hui. Aunty [GRO-B-3] was a Kingite, a strong supporter of the Kingitanga.
52. [GRO-B-3] was always attending hui and Kaupapa, whether it was a tangihanga, a Kingitanga hui or a Poukai. She was a chief supporter of Nanny [GRO-B-3] who was a matriarch of Te Puea Marae in Maangere.
53. [GRO-B-3] raised us under Kingitanga values and beliefs and in Te Reo Maaori. In that regard we were lucky, that through her, we were able to maintain our connections to our whakapapa in Waikato, and our identity as Maaori. As I mentioned my siblings Kim, Ngaire and Martin were less fortunate, because they were placed within a whaanau from Tuuwharetoa.

Physical abuse

54. I was significantly abused by Aunty [GRO-B-3] while in her care. I think that part of her anger towards us came from the anger she held towards our parents for what had happened to Gaylene after she was removed from [GRO-B-3]
55. She frequently hit me and my sister [GRO-B-5]. She would hit us with a stick, a rubber hose, a jug cord and anything else within her reach. One day I came home and found [GRO-B-5] sobbing in the paddock, she was pushing her way through the grass, and I asked her what she was doing. She told me through tears from her eyes that she was looking for the stick she had thrown away so that [GRO-B-3] could not hit her with it anymore, but the stick hurt less than the jug cord and the rubber hose, so she went to retrieve it after being hit with the jug cord.

56. GRO-B-3 would hit us on parts of our bodies that were covered from eye's view. We would also have to wear clothing that would conceal the marks that we suffered from the physical abuse.
57. At times I would not go to school. This occurred if the marks that I suffered were ever too bad that it was noticeable or obvious. You can't go to school, if you can't actually walk there.
58. It is difficult to give a precise estimate on the frequency of the abuse, because as a child growing up with these things happening to you weekly, sometimes daily, you get used to it. Your perception of time changes and you start to view these things as "well that happened".
59. After seeing what had happened to my sister Gaylene my attitude towards being physically abused was; "If I survive, then that was good, if I don't then there would be no more pain".
60. I was also sexually abused by someone while I was in Auntie GRO-B-3's care. It happened while she was out at a hui. I don't wish to speak about this.
61. I ran away from Auntie GRO-B-3 when I was about 8yrs old, because I was unhappy and hurt from being abused. The social worker picked me up and asked me why I ran away. I offered him a typical child's answer, which was that I did not know why I ran away. As a kid, I knew why I had run away but I could not express it.
62. You learn very quickly as a kid that no one listens to you and have a sense of hopelessness, so you don't feel like there is any point opening up. If you did reveal to the social workers that you were abused it was seen as shameful, you would be seen as a tattletale, you would be in trouble and the shame would be yours alone.
63. Social workers only ever asked "why" something happened, they never asked if I was safe or whether I was being abused while in care. It is unlikely that the social workers would have been aware

of the physical or sexual abuse that we suffered because it was always covered up.

64. Regarding my social workers, my recollection is that all of my social workers were Paakeha. The social workers rarely visited us while we were in the care of Aunty [GRO-B-3]. They would visit us at our home every time we got into trouble or every 3-6 months or so.

65. I remember receiving gifts from the social welfare for my birthday, I received things like clothing, school uniforms and other things that children needed growing up.

Contact with my whānau while in care

66. After Gaylene's death my parents spent seven or so years in different mental institutions. I recall they went to Carrington Hospital, Kingseat Psychiatric Hospital and ended up at Tokanui Psychiatric Hospital. My father came out of Tokanui in 1975-76 and my mother came out in 1982.

67. My mother was diagnosed as schizophrenic and received extensive electrotherapy while she was in these hospitals. She told me that on one occasion she was praying before receiving the therapy because she did not know if she would make it this time. I saw the effects of the treatment and drugs on my mother. The drugs caused her body to swell and made her woozy.

68. For the first 2-3 years of being a ward of the state, I do not recall efforts being made by the social welfare to maintain my relationship with my parents. Apparently, my parents had sent letters to [GRO-B-3] asking if they could see or hear from us, but those letters were kept from us. [GRO-B-3] hated my mother for what happened to Gaylene.

69. In 1970 the social welfare arranged a visit to Tokanui Psychiatric Hospital and took me and [GRO-B-5] to see our parents.

70. I remember being really alert and aware of my surroundings on the drive there. I took note of landmarks in my head, so that if I ever wanted to run away to see my whaanau I knew how to get there. We were escorted to see our mother by Dr Henry Bennett and this visit only lasted a few hours.

71. In 1971 the social welfare arranged a second visit, and this time it included my other siblings Kim, Ngaire and Martin. We were overwhelmed with happiness when we got to see each other. That visit lasted half a day, and this was the last time the social welfare arranged a visit for all of us.

St Stephens school - Auckland

72. I did well at school, I was studious and received the Town Clerks Award at Intermediate. At that time, it was like being the Maaori Dux of Intermediate School. I was visited by my Welfare Officer who offered a chance to attend St Stephens Boarding School. At 13yrs old, I moved to St Stephens boarding school for 3rd form and stayed there for 3 years until the age of 16yrs.

73. St Stephens was a Boys Boarding School that was predominately Maaori. There was an acceptance of violence between the students by the staff and the hierarchy or pecking order in the school enforced this. Most of the staff at St Stephens were Paakeha, but there were Maaori staff as well. The hierarchy was the Principal, the teachers, the head prefects, the prefects, the seniors and then the juniors.

74. I can remember one time a group of prefects, from the instructions of the head prefects, had us all line up inside the gymnasium so that they could give us a hiding. When I had come out of this particular fight, my face was barely recognisable, where I suffered huge cuts

and bruises. I fought back which is why I suffered from the hammering. However, I was never beaten again.

75. I am sure that the staff knew that these types of things were happening among the boys because it was a closed environment. They never regulated or prevented the older boys from beating us.

76. When we misbehaved in school, the teachers would punish us with the cane. I probably received on average 6 strokes of the cane per week in 3rd form, 6 strokes of the cane per term in 4th form, and none in the 5th form. I was hardened from quite a young age, so being hit by the staff with a cane, was low in terms of the rank of abuse that I had suffered before. I also got smarter as I got older and knew how to avoid punishment.

77. The school was strong in building character, so there are some values that I gained which makes me glad that I went to St Stephens.

78. As I got older I tried to maintain contact with my sister Ngaire while I was at St Stephens by writing letters to her. My letters were long, averaging 9-27 pages long. I wrote to Ngaire and my mother weekly.

79. In 1977, my sister Kim, my Mum and Dad and my Uncle visited me for the St Stephens open date.

80. During the school holidays, while I was at St Stephens, I would visit my siblings in GRO-B

Time in care with foster family

81. While I was at St Stephens, I was spending some of my school holidays with GRO-B and GRO-B who were foster parents that were introduced to me by the social welfare.

82. I got on well with these foster parents. I helped them on the farm, on the morning rotation for milking the cows and was doing a lot of manual labour. I really enjoyed living with them because I felt appreciated, so I asked them if they wanted to be my foster parents.
83. When I moved in with this family I moved to Rosehill College in Papakura. We then moved to Huntly, so I went to Huntly College where I completed my 7th form.
84. I stayed with this family from 16 till 18yrs. I was never sexually, physically or psychologically abused by this family so at the time I was happy to stay with this family.
85. There was no formal transition or process when I turned 18 and was released from being a state ward.

Kaua e pupuri te riri, maa te pupuri te riri ka mimiti te wairua

86. In my teenage years I struggled with what I had been through. I became suicidal and I have cut marks on my wrists, which are from some of my darker days as a teen when I tried to slash my wrists.
87. I hit the alcohol hard as young adult because alcohol was a good way to numb everything. My brother Martin, my father and I had a liking for drinking whiskey. For a while I had drunk heavily, but I managed to grow out of binge drinking in my mid to late 20's.
88. One of my strengths in my lifetime was that I had a great career in Information Technology. My mind worked in a strange way and was highly cognitive. I was able to create innovative and efficient solutions to a range of problems. I had an extensive career in IT across a range of different sectors, in both government and private organisations. This meant great earnings and I had a great quality of life during this time.

89. While I was employed with Creative New Zealand, I was tasked with assessing a programme that they were using to process their library grant data. The programme would take anywhere between 2.5-4 hours to process the data and produce results, and often if there was an error in the results they would have to repeat this cycle to reproduce results. After my assessment of the programme, I rewrote the programme and the new system reduced the processing time to 23 seconds.

90. This was made possible because of the unique way that my mind worked. I could tackle problem solving by visualising my end goal and my starting point and working inwards from both points towards effective solutions. I took the principles and methods that were taught in programming, removed things that seemed superfluous to me and created innovative solutions that worked well.

91. I married in my mid 20's. It didn't last, and I was divorced before I was 30. I formed a relationship soon and had 2 children to her, a boy and a girl. I knew I wanted to raise my children differently. I raised both my children in a violence free environment.

92. I knew that I needed to raise both my children in Te Reo so that they would have the language, so I only ever spoke Maaori to my children. Their mother did not want to send them to Koohanga and Kura because she wouldn't be able to understand them if they spoke Maaori. To this day I speak only Te Reo to them.

93. Around my late 30's, I found myself quite depressed again, and a friend suggested I see someone about this. I was referred to a psychiatrist based in Napier called Jim Depree (these were paid for by ACC). Jim helped me to unpack a lot of the abuse I had experienced, and we examined the physical and sexual abuse I had suffered in my childhood.

94. These sessions brought out a whole lot of emotions, and after a few months I closed the lid on that. I knew that it needed to happen

because I had been in that state of depression a few times, and I was getting to the point where I needed to get assistance before I fell into a really bad place.

95. I did not always understand what depression was, but I do know that it impacted my ability to function on many levels and that from my early 20's it came in waves. The intensity of each wave of depression was different; some waves were very intense and others were just moments of difficulty that I had to push through. But I couldn't always push through it.

96. During the intense waves, I would lock myself in my house, switch off the TV and radio and isolate myself from others. I could not handle seeing, talking to, or facing anyone. The idea of having to engage with people was too much for me, isolation is what I strived for.

97. I did not suppress the trauma and impacts of the pain I had suffered in my upbringing, but I definitely choose to ignore it and to direct my attention and energy to other things. Ignorance and isolation were coping methods for me because I feared falling back into these dark spaces. Over time I learned to let go of things instead of letting them eat away at me.

98. When I was in belts of depression silence was a good thing. I would try to maintain a routine of eating, sleeping and showering in these states of isolation. I would do this for a few weeks until the dark phase eased.

99. In 1998 my sister Kim, the eldest of our family, told me over the phone that she had cancer. Kim said her cancer was terminal and that the doctors could not fix it. When I heard the news, I could not answer her because I was crying, and I did not want her to hear me. I told her when the cancer got too hard to come to me, to bring her kids, and that I would look after them all. 3 years later she came to stay with me. I wanted to show her all the things that we missed

out on in our childhood and did not get to experience as children growing up. I was able to do this because I was earning good money and could afford those experiences. Kim had never had this.

100. Kim was only 40 years when she eventually passed away and her passing impacted me heavily. As the eldest she was loved and respected by us all. Kim naturally took on the caregiver and matriarch role in our family and was responsible for ensuring that we were all okay. When we lost Kim, it was like losing a mother, and with her loss, came the loss of the memories that she carried about our whaanau and the ability to share with her.

101. The grief of my sister's death has impacted me permanently. After Kim passed I tried to go back to work but I had lost my will to work and had no passion at all. My inability to function was to the extent that I ended up having to walk away from my career. I have not been able to work since losing Kim, my brain just does not operate the same. When I read the coding that I wrote for programmes I created, I can understand it, but there is no way I could write something like that anymore. I went from earning a six-figure income, to being a beneficiary.

102. I became suicidal again in my 40's and I tried to overdose on prescription drugs, this was another coping method.

103. In 2011 my brother Martin died at the age of 47yrs from liver cancer. My sister Ngaire died about 3 years ago, at the age of 56yrs died from cervical cancer. When they died, I lost my siblings and all the memories that they held.

104. When I think of my siblings, I miss them immensely. I feel like we missed out on having the childhood that we deserved when we were separated. I am now the only one who carries these memories.

105. My belief is that my siblings died young because they were malnourished and working in poor conditions throughout their childhoods. There needs to be a discussion and review about the poor health of adults who were wards of the state and whether there is a connection of their childhoods and abuse.

106. When I think about my depression, which I still suffer, I connect it back to the abuse I suffered as a child in care. However, there are still aspects of my abuse and my depression that I do not understand. I find I cannot think about it too much because it can trigger my depression again.

Life as a kaumatua

107. I am currently one of the kaumatua from Ngaati Hauaa, I am a recognised speaker in Waikato-Tainui and I am the chairman for my marae Kai a te Mata. I carry out many of the responsibilities on our marae to ensure our tikanga is upheld, carried out correctly and retained. I am confident that being placed within my whaanau as a child is what fostered the necessary knowledge and skills that I need to do this. My upbringing in the Kingitanga and in tikanga is what positioned me to be able to carry out these roles on my marae and in my lwi.

108. I chose to share my story to inform change and to ensure that the memories that were lost with the death of my siblings have a place to stand in informing change. As a kaumatua, I also think it is important to share my story to ensure that my tamariki and mokopuna do not have to suffer the abuse that we suffered as siblings who were separated.

Te taura here aa-ngaakau

109. I have many thoughts about what needs to change for our Maaori children who come under State Care. My thoughts fall on my own experience.
110. In terms of abuse, I think there are clear indicators when a child is suffering abuse. These signs include absenteeism, behavioural changes and a sudden mistrust in adults, marks on a child's body and self-isolation. A child will only show these signs for self-preservation, and adults need to take note and report on these types of things.
111. It should be assumed that children will struggle to express themselves where they are suffering abuse, and often do not feel like they will be believed. In my view social workers, and adults in caregiver roles need to be aware of this and ensure that the way they engage with children supports children to open up about their experience.
112. When children go into care, they are often damaged and suffered some sort of damage which led to them being put in care. The Government needs to go to the root of the problem, or the damage that the child is suffering. In my view the "root" of the problem are the wider issues that we need to address if we are to stop children from going into care. This is poverty within families, violence, and issues of drug and alcohol abuse.
113. The Government needs to take accountability and look at the people they are selecting to take on these caregiver roles. The Government have vetting processes which identify whether people have a criminal history, but it needs to go beyond this, because the check of criminality is not enough to ensure that foster homes are providing the right care for children.

114. In my view, whaanau bonds, are built in childhood and maintained through our lifetimes. The bonds we have as siblings should not be taken away when children are put into state care. I know from my siblings' experience just how difficult it is to relearn whakapapa.
115. The State should be ensuring that it protects and maintains the whakapapa of Maaori children, so they are able to have a sense of identity and connection.
116. Every decision made by the social welfare to place children in homes needs to strengthen whakapapa. As I mentioned GRO-B-5 and I were lucky to stay with Aunty GRO-B-3 in Waikato and because of this it meant that we were raised on the marae and in the tikanga of the marae and the Kingitanga. I was able to maintain my connections to my whakapapa, and this gave me a sense of belonging.
117. In Te Ao Maaori we have the whaangai system, which is all about strengthening the bonds within the whaanau, and between the wider whaanau in different areas. Whaangai relies on the circumstances of those within the whaanau to carry whaangai out effectively.
118. I question whether the Government really considers how to empower whaanau, hapuu and lwi to look after children, and address the wider issues our whaanau face?
119. In my view, as Maaori we have the tikanga and values to lead the change for ourselves. Tikanga has given me the framework to be able to navigate life in a way that is acceptable, in a way that is tika for myself and for my whaanau. Hei painga moo te oranga o te tangata, moo te oranga o te whaanau moo te oranga o te lwi.

Tumohé Clayton Clarke

Signe



Dated: 11/08/2021

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