

FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK



*Nothing is so beautiful as
Spring When weeds,
in wheels, shoot long and
lovely and lush*

- Gerard Manley Hopkins

Kia ora e te whānau

What an amazing Spring Fair, enjoyed by all from far and near! The weather turned out perfectly in the end, and the Fair attracted large crowds as usual. A huge thank you to Ritchey and all the volunteers who tidied up the campus for us at the working bee. We are deeply grateful to the Spring Fair organizing team for all their mahi and many extra hours that made the Fair such a success. Thank you to the wonderful stall holders, and especially to Mauricio for managing all the funds! And last, but not least, thank you to all of you for attending the Spring Fair and for making it such a memorable day.

On our teacher-only-day the teachers spent some time together in the morning sewing delightful little dragons with Davina in celebration of Michaelmas. We also spent some time cleaning and tidying up the library after the flood damage, as well as the two storage containers. Our teachers have started on analysing their data, as well as reviewing each student's work and progress over the year and will commence writing the end-of-year reports.

I spent a day in Wellington last week, working with colleagues on revising the SEANZ curriculum. In the holidays I will travel to Auckland for a meeting of the pedagogical section under the auspices of the Anthroposophical Society here in Aotearoa.

We honoured Māori Language Week with our tamariki in a student-only celebration on Wednesday that included the classes reciting the school pepeha, presenting waiata, doing whole-school rakau, a performance by the Wednesday kapahaka group, and culminating in the Putiputi boys' powerful haka. It was a delight to end the term with our Michaelmas sharing assembly today. We hope you enjoyed all the songs, poems and stories as much as we did.

Some final thoughts from Rudolf Steiner on Michaelmas: The Michael Festival is a reversed Easter Festival. Easter brings our attention to death, followed by resurrection; Michaelmas brings our attention to resurrection of the soul, and then death. Rudolf Steiner viewed the Michaelmas festival as a vital time for human spiritual development, emphasizing fearlessness, initiative, and courage to overcome material limitations and foster inner strength. Through the impulse of the Archangel Michael, humanity can become conscious spiritual citizens, developing their capacity for true thought and will to meet the challenges of the modern age. This involves aligning with Michael's forces to "tame the dragon" of the material world and cultivate the capacity for spiritual progress, making it a festival of will, courage, and inner strength.

Last, but not least, congratulations to our group of students from Moana who came second in the Motueka Library Quiz! Well done to Jayan, Leona, Alora, and Hazel!

We wish you a lovely spring holiday with lots of sunshine and fun!

He rangi tā matawhāiti, he rangi tā matawhānui

Ngā mihi, Elizabeth



Term 3 and 4 dates

Click [here](#) to view full calendar online

Thursday 18 September	Michaelmas/Sharing Assembly	2:00 pm
Friday 19 September	Last day term 3	
Monday 6 October	First day term 4	
Tuesday 21 October	School Board Meeting	5:00 pm in Totara
Monday 27 October	Labour day	No School
Monday 3 November	Community Meeting	TBC

CLASSROOM CORNER MAHANA (CLASS 3 AND 4)

Class Three and Four have been enthralled by the study of animals in their Human and Animal main lesson this term. Each child chose an animal to study at home and the task was to create a diorama and a poster about their animal. And what wonderful work was done! Every child presented to the class and fielded questions and received feedback, then the exhibition was opened to the other classes and the parents, delighting all.



We also enjoyed visiting Natureland and playing on the beach at Tahunanui afterwards.



Finally, we concentrated on our swimming skills with two weeks of daily swimming at the Richmond Aquatic Centre where all students improved their swimming technique and gained water safety knowledge whilst having a lot of fun.



HANDWORK



Dear All

With the end of the year drawing near, the focus in Handwork has gently shifted towards completing projects already begun. It's heartening to see the rhythm of making continue to weave through each class.

Class 1 is steadily wrapping up their full curriculum—an impressive effort! Class 2 is immersed in lion-wrangling, with golden manes and bold stitching bringing their work to life. In Classes 3 and 4, while things aren't quite as far along as we hoped, there is steady progress: most of Class 3 have finished their pencil cases, and Class 4 is thoughtfully stitching their cross-stitch designs for fountain pen cases.

Class 5 is cheerfully on track, working on cosy wool beanies and colourful patchwork cushions. Class 6 is adventuring into dragon taming, crafting these magical creatures from hand-painted felt. In Class 7, a variety of bags—shopping, backpacks, and drawstring—are nearing completion, and many students have begun working on their dolls.

It's truly a joy to witness the creativity, care, and perseverance in each classroom. These projects are not only beautiful but tell stories of each child's journey through the year.

TRIVIAL MATTERS

Recently our amazing quiz team of Leona, Jayan, Hazel and Alora came second at the annual quiz competition held at the Motueka Library. These four read a lot of books before the quiz, and then they spent some time revising aspects of the books they needed to have read. What an amazing group!



STUDENT CONCERT

This term we were treated to a student instrumental concert, in the Mahana classroom, where the piano is! We were delighted by an ensemble of four fabulous recorder players, and another of four harpists playing heavenly music; three budding violinists shared their first tunes and two piano players impressed. The school choir brought the concert to a close and many young audience members expressed their enthusiasm for learning an instrument themselves. We look forward to the next concert in Term One 2026!



WORKING BEE



AFTER SCHOOL SPORTS

It was inspiring to see their love for Basketball, the skill development over the season and the teamwork they showed on the court. Besides that it was a great opportunity to widen their horizon and connecting with different players from other school that they might cross paths with again in high school.



MOT BUCKETS



EVA—DEFENSE PLAYER OF THE YEAR
AMBER— COACH'S CHOICE



BEN—MOST VALUABLE PLAYER



1 ST PLACE
MINIBALL—COMBINED TEAM

THANK YOU FROM OUR HEARTS

THANK YOU FOR THE SPRING FAIR



It is with deep gratitude that the school would like to thank the following people for their generosity and for donating so many volunteer hours to make the Spring Fair such a success:

- The Fair Steering Group who initiated the 2025 planning for the Spring Fair, and who met regularly to check in on progress.

- The Food Coordinator - a mum new to the community who took on a job that should really be shared amongst three people.
- People who picked up more jobs than they had originally planned to do - to make sure areas like Fairyland and Crafts were organized and set up.
- Parking that was organized again by one of the school's founders who has been involved in the school for over 30 years.
- The Market Place coordinator together with the tireless Logistician who had to juggle locations of stalls on set-up day due to challenging weather conditions.
- The set-up team who started at 6 am on Fair day to set up gazebos that could not be erected on Saturday due to inclement weather.
- The Decoration Team who beautified the Fair on Sunday morning, starting at sunrise!
- The outstanding Medieval Games coordinators for whom no challenge was too big.
- The fresh 'blood' in the entertainment area who got everyone swinging and contributed to lifting spirits not just amongst visitors but also for those doing their jobs.
- The Parent Liaisons who put in quite a bit of effort to match class parents with suitable jobs.
- The Kindergarten Team who were extremely cooperative and ended up with very highly frequented stalls in their usually protected and purpose-oriented Kindergarten Rooms.
- To the puppet show team for their beautifully told story and magical atmosphere.
- To the Anthroposophical group for their participation and contributions.
- To everyone from in- and outside our community for their input and support.

THANK YOU FOR SPONSORING THE SPRING FAIR ARTICLE IN THE GUARDIAN

It is with gratitude and appreciation that the Motueka Steiner School would like to thank you for helping to finance the Spring Fair article in The Guardian by taking out an advertisement on that page. We value your on-going support of our school community, and the opportunity your generosity gave the school to once again make the Spring Fair such a success.

RIVERSIDE MILK

RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY CENTRE

ECO WAREHOUSE

LITTLE PLACE

REVITE CAFE

THANK YOU FROM DAVINA



I would like to express a massive thank you to all the people who contributed to the making of the 472 small treasures. It was amazing to watch the joy and amazement on the faces of each child as they received their treasure. These treasure can mean so much to the children and become very meaningful over the years.

This year we had an amazing group of creative crafters with parents from previous years willing to sew as well as busy current parents. A special thanks must go to Michelle Ambrose for all the cutting (and sewing) she did as it meant a lot less cutting for me.

If any one has any unsewn ones at home could they please return them to the office and we can work on them for next year.

Thanks again you amazing group of very talented people.

Davina

Dragonsblood

A Story by Eugene Schwartz

Illustrated by Kris Carlson

Once upon a time, there was a village ruled by a Dragon. Every evening, the Dragon would slink out of his lair in the dark forest and appear at the village gate, hungrily demanding his due. And every evening, a chosen villager, filled with fear and trembling, would offer up to the Dragon a prize lamb, or calf, or goat.

So it went for many years. Villagers who had been children on that fateful night when the Dragon first appeared had grown up and had children of their own. Those children had grown up and had children of their own. The Dragon alone seemed never to age. He only grew ever more hungry.

One year there was a drought, which parched the grass and crops that the villagers' animals needed for their food. The cows grew lean, the sheep scrawny, and many goats and pigs died. There came a day when the villagers could no longer offer the Dragon any food that he deemed acceptable.

On the evening of that day, the Dragon slinked out of his lair in the dark forest and appeared at the village gate, hungrily demanding his due. A group of villagers, their hats in their hands, told him of the drought, and the deaths of their animals. The Dragon listened, and then he laughed. "You still have your children," he said, "Every evening I will accept one of them!" "Never!" cried the villagers.



The Dragon pursed his scaly lips and blew a stream of flame at a wooden hut near the village gate. In a moment it had burned to the ground. "Give me a child every night," said the Dragon, "Or your village, and all those who live in it, will be consumed in flames!"

He laughed again, and disappeared into the forest. Unbeknownst to their parents, many of the village children were hidden behind trees and bushes while the Dragon made his threat. Even as their parents lived numbly from day to day, fearing the monster but unable to act against him, the older

children had been planning his overthrow. Within the depths of a cave outside the village walls they had quietly built a smithy, and had learned from an aged blacksmith the secret of fashioning armor, forging swords and hammering shields.

That night, they polished their weapons and chose the twelve eldest and strongest amongst them to challenge the Dragon. Led by Michael, a shepherd's son, and Mary, a farmer's daughter, the twelve champions pledged to support one another forever.

To his parents' dismay, Michael offered himself as the first sacrifice. Yet the villagers despaired even more when he appeared that evening clothed in armor, with a gleaming sword in his right hand and a shield in his left, and announced that he would battle the Dragon to the death.



Hardly had he spoken when the Dragon slithered up to the village gate. When Michael challenged him, the Dragon laughed and spat flame through his teeth, but the boy stood his ground. When the Dragon pulled back his head, as though to strike, Michael advanced and struck a blow against the monster's scaly neck. The Dragon writhed in pain and Michael raised his sword again and struck a blow so hard that the Dragon's head fell to the ground. Laughter bubbled from the black blood that coursed out of the Dragon's head, and the cry, "I will return!"

In a moment, the Dragon's neck sprouted two new heads, each more fierce than the first, each laughing and spewing flame. As Michael renewed his battle, Mary appeared with sword and shield and joined her friend. They succeeded in severing the two new heads. Laughter bubbled from the black blood that coursed out of the two heads, and the cry, "I will return!" Three heads now sprouted from the scaly neck, and a third child joined Michael and Mary in their combat. For hours the battle raged. Every time a head was severed, a new one arose, until there were twelve heads, each laughing wildly, each spewing fire and smoke. With every new head that arose, another child would step forward to do battle.

The village and forest were obscured in a thick haze of sulfurous fog, so that the villagers could no longer see their children as they fought against the Dragon. The monster's thick, dark blood covered the ground, making it hard for the champions to stand upright as they fought. Though their strength flagged, the children's spirits remained strong as they fought alongside one another.

When the twelfth head was severed, the Dragon uttered an earth-shaking groan, and his huge body shuddered. No more heads sprouted. A huge crevice opened in the earth, swallowing his bleeding body. Yet from the earth's depths, sounding through the black blood and the brown fog, there came his cry, "I will return!"

Exhausted and covered with burns and wounds, the children clung to one another, too tired to jubilate. The village was hidden

in a wreath of darkness and smoke, so they made their way to the cave in which their smithy was hidden. With only their shields for pillows, they lay down and fell into a deep sleep.

For months, the villagers searched for the twelve boys and girls who had so valiantly slain the Dragon, but to no avail. No one but the twelve children knew of the cave in which they slept. So after a long and fruitless search, their parents believed that the young champions had been swallowed up by the earth, like the body of the Dragon.

Many years passed. No longer harassed by the Dragon, the villagers plowed new fields, and grazed young lambs and placid cows in the flower-filled meadows. The memory of the Dragon grew faint as the village grew more prosperous and became a town. Grandmothers might still tell tales of the monster on chill winter nights, but few believed that he had ever existed. People avoided the brackish swamp where his lair had once been, but no one remembered why.

One day a traveler from a distant land lost his way in the forest. It grew dark, so he decided to spend the night in the woods near the swamp, and find his path by daylight. He gathered dry twigs and fallen branches and struck his flint and steel to start a fire. As the fire grew, a spark leaped out of the ring of stones the man had formed and began to glow several paces away.

The traveler ran to the new fire so as to put it out, but he noticed that the spark had ignited a thick, dark liquid that bubbled out of the earth. He watched it for some time, and saw that it burned with a warm and steady glow. A drinking cup's worth of this thick, oily substance sustained a fire that lasted much longer than two armfuls of wood.

In the morning, he filled his wineskin with the strange fluid and found his way to what once had been the village, and was now a thriving little city. He called upon the mayor and the city fathers, who gathered around him as he poured the contents of his wineskin into a metal bowl and lit a fire that lasted for a day and a night. Though some objected to the thick brown haze that settled over the town square as the fire burned, all agreed that a wonder had been discovered. No one could explain why the swamp had never been explored up until now.

Word spread quickly. The path to the swamp was trodden by thousands of feet as people came to gather up the fuel that bubbled so bountifully out of the earth, like water from a spring. The mayor ordered that a wall be built around the swamp, and that each who entered should pay a fee for the munificent oil.



Before long, it was discovered that the dark liquid bubbled up in other swamps as well. In those places in which it did not issue forth of itself, men found ways of drilling deeply into the earth, drawing it out as they once had drawn water from under the ground. Then it was determined that the deserts held more oil under their sand than all of the swamps combined. Wherever there were wastelands, there was oil to be found.

Men became ever more clever in their methods of forcing the fluid out of the earth. The more they drew out, the more they needed. The discovery of such a plentiful and long-lasting fuel led people to contrive new uses for it. While workers had once been content to labor by hand at a slow and steady pace, now it happened that factories were built, and many people had to work rapidly to keep up with rushing machines powered by the remarkable fuel. Boats plowed through the seas, carriages moved as though by them-

A dull brown haze settled over the cities where the oil was consumed, and gradually spread, wraith-like, over the whole world. The sun's light was dimmed, but people were now so preoccupied and busy that they rarely looked up at the sooty and somber sky.

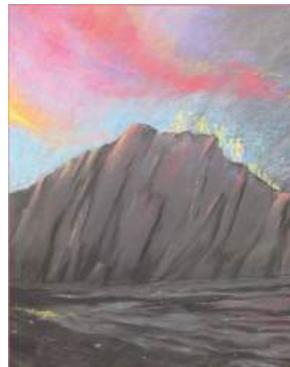
The most remote parts of the world were explored, and many a wild place was crisscrossed by roads conveying those who searched for oil. Even lands long covered by the sea were drilled until they yielded their dark treasure. Boats as large as cities were filled with oil, and cumbersomely bore their black burden over stormy seas.

It happened that, as one of these clumsy boats wended its way through turbulent waters, it ran aground on sharp rocks. Its thick skin was punctured, and its cargo of thick oil began to ooze out like black blood from a wound.

The wild waves carried the oil far and wide across the storm-filled waters.

Like a serpent, the ooze slithered through the sea, winding itself around all that it touched. Creatures smaller than the eye could see were smothered by the black mire. The fish who swallowed them in turn choked on the oil, and helplessly floated up to the ocean's surface. Seals who ate the fish were covered by the dark fluid, and could no longer swim. Birds who swooped down upon the seals had their feathers soaked by the thick oil, and could no longer fly.

The waves that crashed against the shore cast the oil upon the beaches, where it spattered over flowers and trees, extinguishing their life. Wherever the dark ooze spread, there was death and desolation. And bubbling out of the ever-spreading slick of the Dragon's blood some could hear, in a raspy whisper, the words, "I will return!"



Though they were whispered, the words were heard in a cave far from the darkening ocean, where twelve children had been sleeping for a thousand years. They awakened, and with hardly a word, they set about their task. Preparing themselves for the coming battle, they left the cave, and began their long march to the sea.

As they marched, a silent and determined group, other young people watched, and the bolder among them

joined the assemblage.

By the time they reached the ocean, they were a hundred thousand strong. They were ready, once again, to contend with the Dragon.

But this time, instead of swords, they held scrub brushes in their right hands. And this time, instead of shields, they held buckets of soapy water in their left hands. Instead of armor, they were clothed from head to foot in waterproof suits.

Some groups began to wade into the sea, to rescue the helpless creatures covered in the Dragon's blood. Other groups went out in boats to skim the Dragon's blood off the watery surface, so that light and air might return to the ocean depths. And still other groups scrubbed the birds, the seals, the fish, the rocks and sand, dissolving the Dragon's blood and making the sea and earth fresh and clean again.

One day, children, you, too, may join those champions as they battle once again with a new Dragon. For unless they have died, they are cleaning still today.

The End

KINDERGARTEN

A Laptop For Our Kindy Teachers

Kia ora koutou,

Our kaiako spend a lot of time behind the scenes doing planning, preparation and assessments to support our tamariki. At the moment, they're working with one very old laptop that moves at a snail's pace. We wondered if anyone in our community might have a laptop tucked away that could be donated or even lent to the kindergarten? A device in good working order would make a huge difference and would be received with much gratitude. If you are able to help, please let us know. It would be a real gift to our teachers and the work they do for our tamariki.

Many thanks.

Wishing you all lovely spring holidays and looking forward to seeing you in Term 4.

COMMUNITY NOTICE BOARD

Accommodation needed

Single mature female looking for accommodation in Motueka. She is considering relocating. Actress / Therapist with Steiner background. Doesn't smoke or drink. Please contact her on 0220931098 or via email: penelope.snowdon.lait@gmail.com

Steiner Family looking for a home

Kia ora, Hola, Bonjour!

We have just come back from Europe and we are looking for a place to rent (with 2 to 3 bedrooms). We are respectful family of 4 (2 children of 9 and 7 years old).

Contact: 027 5169 7851
Matilda, Jorge, Nikau and Luna

Harp Lessons with Annemieke

Dear Steiner Whanau

You may have seen the four wonderful budding harpers perform during the recent concert.



If your child is inspired to play the harp too, I teach the harp locally and have a few spaces.

Rental harps are available for hire so you don't need to own a harp yet.

I teach both sight reading skills and playing by heart.

Please contact me with any questions;

Annemieke Harmonie
0212139446

Music lessons are now available at school!

Which instrument would your child like to learn?

We offer piano lessons (from class 2 recommended) on Monday afternoon and Guitar, Ukulele and Flute lessons (from class 4 recommended). Day to be confirmed.

To enrol your children please contact Eugenie: info@musiclingo.nz
Please let us know your child's name, class and what they would like to learn.

For more information, check our website: [Musiclingo.nz](https://musiclingo.nz)
<https://musiclingo.nz/> or find us on facebook: MusicLingo

We are looking forward to bringing more music to your school.



Motueka Kindergarten Fundraiser

We are fundraising for a swing construction at our beautiful kindergarten. Be in to win a basket full of gorgeous handmade toys that spark imaginative play.



1 raffle ticket for \$2 or 3 tickets for \$5
The winner will be drawn on the 30th Sep 2025
Purchase in the Kindergarten office.
Thanks for your support.

LIFE LINC COUNSELLING

It's never too late to talk



Who we are-

Life Linc Counselling has been providing a listening ear and professional care for 50 years. Our focus on community well-being helps people improve their relationships and better handle stress when it comes.

With the recent weather events, we are reaching out to provide support.

Free flood relief
counselling for
7 Sessions

Face to face
Online
Phone

How to access counselling-

You can apply online on our website. The referral form takes only a few minutes. In the comment box, please put in flood relief, so we know how to allocate your request.

You can apply by phone as well. Call 03 548 2400. If you need to leave a message, our Counselling Manager will return your call when she is back in the office.

find out more at www.lifelinc.co.nz

HOLIDAY SEWING LESSONS

LOOKING FOR AN ACTIVITY FOR YOUR KIDS
THESE HOLIDAYS?

KIDS SEWING LESSONS (INDIVIDUAL OR PAIR) AVAILABLE IN
PIGEON VALLEY

\$40 PER 75 MINUTE LESSON (\$50 FOR A PAIR) INCLUDING
MATERIALS

LOADS OF TIMES AVAILABLE, BEGINNERS TO EXPERIENCED

TO BOOK, SIMPLY EMAIL ME ON SALES@PATERPILLAR.CO.NZ, OR
VIA MY FB PAGE, PATERPILLAR SEWING LESSONS



Paterpillar
SEWING LESSONS



THE JOYS & CHALLENGES OF MOTHERHOOD.

A workshop for resourcing mothers and educators
with tools to create more presence, collaboration
and clarity.

Registration:



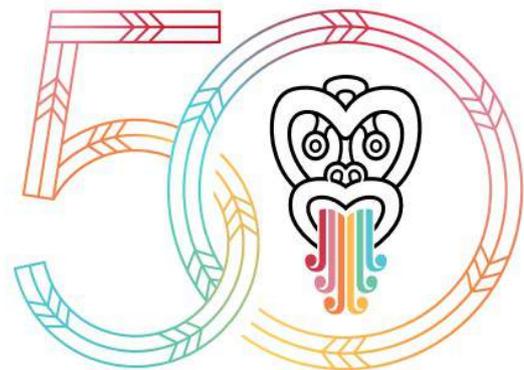
19th Sep, 10am-2pm at Fairfield House, Nelson
26th Sep, 10am-2pm in Takaka

With Gabriela Fagundes
& Hannah Abouzahrah



Te Wiki o te Reo Māori
14-20 o Hepetema 2025

Māori Language Week
14-20 September 2025



TE WIKI O TE REO MĀORI
AKE AKE AKE
MŌ AKE TONU TE REO



reomaori.co.nz



Holiday Programmes



Go Wild (7-10 yrs)

• September 22 - 26 | \$420pp

Kaitiaki Kids (10-12 yrs)

• September 29 - October 3 | \$420 pp



ENROL NOW! www.wio.org.nz



In Nature Education September Holiday Sessions

September 23rd, 24th and 25th

\$55 per child per day

Lower Moutere and Kina beach

PRIMITIVE BUSHCRAFT SKILLS
Learn fire skills, survival, foraging and many more primitive and bushcraft skills

DEEP NATURE CONNECTION AND AWARENESS
Gain a deeper connection with ourselves, each other and the natural world

ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION AND GUARDIANSHIP
Learn about our natural world and how to take care of it and live alongside it



innatureeducation.com



In Nature Education



naturenurturenz@gmail.com



TERM 4 Spring Riding

BOOK NOW 2hr SESSIONS 4-6pm



MONDAY - Kaiteriteri. WEDNESDAY - Codgers

TUESDAY - Rabbit Island 4-5.30pm THURSDAY - Richmond + Blenheim

HOLIDAY PROGRAMS - Kaiteriteri - Richmond - Blenheim

Krankin' Kids

www.krankinkids.co.nz

Positive Football Academy

DEVELOPING LIFE SKILLS THROUGH FOOTBALL

At Positive Football Academy, we create a fun and supportive space where children can learn, play, and grow – with football and emotional intelligence at the heart of it all.



TERM 4

AGES
7 - 9

First Monday session
06 OCT

First Thursday session
09 OCT

MONDAYS and/or THURSDAYS
4:00 - 5:30 PM

WHERE: MAPUA DOMAIN

ONE DAY/WEEK
11 sessions

TWO DAYS/WEEK
22 sessions

\$165

\$330

LIMITED SPOTS - MAX 10 KIDS PER SESSION

Info & bookings: coach FRANCESCO - 022 039 8070



BUILDING COMMUNICATION BRIDGES INSIDE & OUT

Despite our best intentions, old patterns and communication styles can create insurmountable gaps.

Building Communication Bridges - Inside and Out is a multi-day workshop designed to explore new ways of communicating and connecting with ourselves and others. Join me and a group of radical change-makers to discover your truth, maximise your resources and create new results, all while feeling supported in your transformation journey.

You know that plants grow or don't grow because of the soil... did you know that relationships grow (or don't grow) because of communication?

Do you feel not heard?

Do you get stuck in reactivity and blame?

Are you hungry for connection and authenticity?

In this two-day training, we offer a deep dive into your unconscious patterns and survival strategies to find what you are holding back and what you are really bringing to your communications.

From there you will learn how to create ever more connected, authentic relating spaces in your life so that you can play your part in growing out the regenerative culture that Earth so desperately needs...



I'm Janet, A possibility manager, building communication bridges trainer, village healer and village weaver.

I'm a Space Holder for Learning, Healing, Growth, Aliveness & Fun. I turn obstacles into opportunities, conflict into creative results, and pain into possibility.

I am passionate about people reclaiming their Warrioress and Warrior by using conscious anger and new thoughtware, to create new results in their lives and in the world.

www.janetredmond.com

1st + 2nd Nov 2025

9:30am - 5:00pm

Riverside Community Hall
Motueka

Training fee \$395.00

Sliding scale or payment plans
available on request.

Register online
www.b.link/bcb



FAMILY ART & CRAFT SPACE

Come and create art together! This is a shared experience for families.

From painting and weaving to nature crafts, storytelling, music, dance and more – we offer a rich, hands-on space to get creative with your tamariki.

Enjoy a cuppa while you connect with others in our inclusive, community-focused café. There's a cosy kids' corner, delicious affordable food, and options for all dietary needs.

No need to book, just drop in and join the fun!
✂ All materials provided.

Let's grow, play, and imagine – together.

Every Saturday from 11am to 1pm
all ages are welcome
Your Koha for materials is much appreciated

☎ 020401121100
📍 289 Main Road Lower Moutere
📧 komitimitiriverside@gmail.com

KOMITIMITI PROJECT

THE Retro BAND

FUNDRAISER
&
CHARITY
AUCTION

TICKETS
\$25

THE BOATHOUSE FRIDAY OCT 10

www.kidslovemusic.org.nz

Nelson Youth Theatre Company's
production of

Eden and Leona are in team Niamh

Join Alex the Lion, Marty the Zebra, Melman the Giraffe, Gloria the hip hip Hippo and those hilarious, plotting penguins as they bound onto your stage.

Based on the smash DreamWorks movie, *Madagascar – A Musical Adventure JR* follows all of your favourite crack-a-lackin' friends as they escape from their home in New York's Central Park Zoo and find themselves unexpectedly in the madcap world of King Julien's Madagascar!

Theatre Royal Nelson
24-27 September
2pm & 6pm

Adults \$29, Seniors \$27, Under 19 \$19, Group of 4 \$95 (plus BF)
Tickets : theatreroyalnelson.co.nz