

Lyttelton News

A Project Lyttelton initiative in association with The Akaroa Mail

To contact the Lyttelton News team - Telephone (03) 328 9260 or email michael@akaroamail.co.nz

Check out our upgraded website! www.lyttelton.net.nz

Whakarauika o Whakaraupo

Issue 74 - Friday April 8 2011

Bettina Evans knows that she comes from Lyttelton...

The experiences which make Lyttelton special

I have visited the web site 'You know you are from Christchurch when...' several times and really enjoyed the black humour.

Some of my favourites are: *You know you are from Christchurch when...*

... you don't call the police even though there's a big crowd of students in your front garden.

...you see a lovely park in another city and think it would make a good evacuation point.

Lyttelton themes

But as a passionate Lytteltonian I wanted to write about some more Lyttelton-specific themes.

Here are my takes on Lyttelton after the earthquake. Be creative and come up with your own!

You know you are from Lyttelton... when it's dinner time, it's raining, a freezing Southerly is howling, but you stand on Norwich Quay to wave the Navy off.

Neither the Army nor Navy have been part of my life; if I ever thought about them, I vaguely imagined them in deserted landscapes in the middle of nowhere, involved in activities like crawling through mud, driving around in tanks and blowing things up.

February 22nd changed all that- the hulking grey Navy boat opened up like Noah's Ark releasing its colorful cargo: giant chamaeleon-camouflaged machines rattled along the streets. Cooking-tents with thick, elephantine skins were erected, agile men and women climbed ladders and buildings like monkeys and guarded cordons and houses like lions.

Flocks and herds of soldiers walked every street, all day and night, making everyone feel safe.

And so it feels only right to trudge through the rain, to huddle with a group of friends, to wave hats and towels, to whoop when the ship is moving, to feel moved by their haka, to feel sad that they are leaving, but proud for what they did for us.

You know you are from Lyttelton... when your social calendar now is busier than before the earthquake!

First there was the Lyttelton street-party, with live music and food, hula-hoops and jug-

gling on the grassy flat.

Next up was an event at the Top Club, humbly announced as a sausage sizzle, but the buffet was really a spread of comfort foods including pizzas, baked kumara chips, cakes, slices, sweets, chocolates, fruit, ice creams and soft drinks...

There was live crooning of Elvis and Cliff Richard songs, which inspired beautiful ballroom dancing and raucous crocodile dancing.

Last Friday night brought the free 'Do' at the Yacht Club, this time with three local bands singing their lungs out.

And on top of this were the shared meals, first at the Army tents, then with neighbours, followed by invitations from friends, families and complete strangers from Lyttelton, Christchurch and all around the country.

You know you are from Lyttelton... when you sit down with your coffee on London Street and see a thriving community while visitors and tourists see destroyed houses.

In the month after the earthquake, the bit of London Street around the coffee stall had become the centre of the universe for me and I imagine for quite a few other people.

It also became a therapy centre, play ground, conference centre, school, childcare centre, info centre, real estate agent, restaurant, music stage, adult education centre, free entertainment venue and free goods exchange, and it wouldn't surprise me if a bit of matchmaking, career advising and building inspection went on from there as well.

It catered for most human needs, coffee for the addicts, muffins for the hungry, didgeridoo, guitar and song for the ears.

With no school or kindy droves of mums and dads passed through with their 'fluffy'-slurping children, most hunkering down for a spot of heart-sewing.

The button box was one of the most loved items, of children and adults alike, bringing back memories of grandma's button tin as well as creating new memories.

Older children were 'street-schooled', learning how to blanket stitch and do French knots.

The most exciting aspect however was watching the



A fresh start for the Lyttelton Farmers Market.

amazing variety of people who entered this miniature universe, all of them leaving some of their mana behind and taking a heart with them. In the first weeks after the earthquake the streets thronged with Army, Navy, police, firemen, Civil Defence and all manner of fluoro-vested life.

Political celebrities arrived in groups, the alpha-male in the middle, with the lower orders paddling around.

As the never-ending stream of international building-inspectors made their way up the hills, the next wave of Salvation Army workers was not far behind.

Sometimes it was hard to spot a local in this multi-national crowd of helpers, but all of them added to the feeling of togetherness and community.

Many of them will become part of Lyttelton's after-earthquake myths - the young Coromandel man who staggered onto London street with two huge boxes of home-caught and smoked fish, which he handed out to anyone passing by.

The Lyttelton ladies that gave the heart-sewers their priceless button-collections and family-treasure laces and ribbons because they wanted them to be used for the community.

The kind people who brought heart shaped biscuits and other wonderful baking.

You know you're from Lyttelton when... you feel safer here than anywhere else. Because it's home.

Farmers Market returns!

Saturday March 19 marked the return of stallholders to the Farmers Market.

That was a really welcome sight, according to Market Organiser, Wendy Everingham.

"It was wonderful to see everyone again, both stallholders and local people.

"The market opening represented some sort of normality in our lives again" she said.

While most stallholders have returned the market is still waiting for the return of others. Vics Bread hope to be back soon and Canterbury Biltong at the end of the month.

The market is now more important than ever with local food outlets few and far between.

Due to the earthquake the market was unable to trade for

3 weeks.

To help catch up on some lost income and to help raise some money for the township the market has been invited to come along to a special market day at the Terrace Downs Resort for a day in the Easter School holidays.

More details to follow but keep Wednesday April 27 free for a township outing to this terrific resort.

How generous the world is towards Lyttelton

As an initial response to the earthquake Project Lyttelton set up a donation system on its web site to help the re-building of the township.

Amazing amounts of money have flowed in from very generous people in New Zealand and around the world.

We would like to publically acknowledge all these generous people.

\$15,269 from the Matakana Market, partially organised by Caro Allison.

\$2395.72 from Crusader Meats in Auckland, Liz Grant \$250, Laura Grant \$108, Gary Freedman \$100, PayPal Transfers \$5900.28 - this money

comes from concerned people world wide.

New Crossways Community \$2033.63, G Richards \$50, Leonie Thorpe \$25, Emma from Dunedin \$234, Ms T Laird \$50, Alex Hallatt \$250, Surf Life Savers NSW \$5000. To date the total is \$31665.63.

We also understand other Lyttelton groups are also receiving donations.

Lyttelton Lions have received generous amounts from Lions Clubs in Australia and the Buddhist Society gave \$2,000 that the Lyttelton Community Association is holding.

This money will be held for

the short term within these organisations and then as things settle down community conversations will begin on what this money can be best used for.

Most of the donors are happy for the money to be used as our community sees fit.

The odd donation is tagged for a particular purpose.

Once again the Lyttelton community is very humbled by the generosity of these people. Project Lyttelton will keep publishing the details of money received and also update you on how the community decides to allocate this money for the Lyttelton recovery.

The power of terror



by Abigail O'Regan.

Milo, Good Times

The bell rang, some kids dawdled into the muggy playground, some milled about in the class room just waiting for a teacher to come and tell them to get out, but Camille and I had other ideas spinning around in our heads, one thing actually, sugar high.

We slinked into the cloak room, not wanting anyone to nag us about the half full bag of straight Milo Camille had brought from home.

We were already skittish, just by sticking our fingers in the packet and sucking on them.

We pranced cheerily up to the grassy flat, laughing and giggling.

We hid behind trees scoffing and licking our lips like tigers stalking their prey.

We cackled like hyenas just thinking about ourselves.

We danced around on the grassy hill and rolled down, pencils rolling off someones desk.

If a total stranger had seen us they would have assumed the school was a mental asylum.

Not in our wildest nightmares could we have imagine the devastation that was about to take place.

We stood telling ourselves that we had had enough, trying to keep a straight face and then chuckling and breaking out in hysteric laughter.

It was obvious we had no idea...

Ground-breaking

First came the sound, the ear piercing crashing and spluttery smashing of glass breaking and concrete cracking and the airy spooky creaking sound of wood and metal bending and stretching.

This went on for the longest split second of my life and then I felt a vicious jolt nearly knocking me off my feet.

I had been warding the idea of this off but I reluctantly admitted to my self that it was an earthquake.

The violent shaking carried on for hours, or so it felt.

Camille and I screamed as if we were cats falling from 12 story buildings, crouched clutching at each oth-

ers shoulders and digging in our claw looking fingers unintentionally.

The earthquake stopped, blood curdling shrieks filled the solemn air.

But a strange loud rumbling, crunching sound still carried on.

A couple of boys sprinted up the steps. Will and Ben shouted to each other and then turned to me and Camille, sitting pathetically on the hill, shocked.

"Are you ok?" they asked almost in unison

"Yes, I think so." I answered shakily.

"What are you doing here?" Camille asked as if she was accusing them of something

"We thought this is were we should go, is it?" Ben said

We didn't answer, we noticed Will, who had zoned out and was looking up the hill, his eyes filled with fear.

"Holy crap!" he said in dismay waving to us to go over to were he was standing.

We ran over, then followed his eyes, a most heart-shattering sight met us.

Huge, car sized boulders tumbled down the hill, bouncing effortlessly although they made a super duper frightening noise.

They rolled down, hundreds of them, from tiny to massive all in a red volcanic rock dust cloud.

Realisation

We ran to the bottom flat guiding little kids and helping them.

As they cried their eyes out.

As we walked down the steps to the bottom flat there was more realisation, people would die, more people started crying, I realised my brother was in town and my dad was too, then I got upset and started to softly sob.

When we reached the bottom flat all was quiet except the sound of around one hundred children crying.

All my condolences to those who may have lost homes and businesses or buildings, but more importantly friends and family.

Lyttelton West School pupils record their impressions of the big shake

Everything seemed unreal

The lunch bell had just gone, so it must have been 12.50. Some of our class mates rushed in front of us and grabbed their lunches, others just lazed about in the classroom complaining about the long boring session of mathematics that we had just endured.

But Abi and I had different plans and we scampered up to the grassy flat with a packet of Milo I had brought from home.

We had one goal for this Lunch Break and that was to get on a sugar high!

We giggled and danced about as we poured the sweet grainy substance into our hungry mouths.

We danced on the grassy hill. And hid behind trees.

Then everything seemed unreal. At first we heard a rumbling noise, but then it started roaring as if it were getting angrier.

The earth violently jolted underneath us and we found ourselves hugging onto each other terrified, not knowing what was going on.

The ground shook more and more angrily and we understood. It was an earthquake.

We clutched to each other for dear life as we scrambled to the ground and lay there screaming our heads off.

The shaking gradually stopped and Abigail and I stared at each other obviously in utter shock. Even though some children were still screaming everything seemed silent, frozen, like a pause in time.

Ben and William scurried up the steps. "What are you guys doing here?" we exclaimed.

"I thought we were supposed to be here."

Ben replied rather dumbly. "Holy Crap!" shouted William.

He was staring at the hills behind our school. I followed his gaze.

Massive boulders were bouncing down the hills at enormous speed. Just bouncing effortlessly, like an angry mutated bunny.

I was too terrified to ask myself were those boulders would end up



By Camille Balducci.

but I knew that they could kill an innocent human easily.

Mr Barker rushed up the steps and urged us to follow him. He was obviously rounding up every single child in the school.

I stared at the split concrete in front of our class room.

It surprised me that a natural force could damage and destroy man made structures so easily.

But it also reminded me that we are powerful but some things are even more powerful and that they don't need to be man made to hold that title.

It was a relief to hear that no-one in our school had been hurt but on emotional measures it was a different story.

Many of my friends were shaken

up and were crying ,and i had an emotional breakdown and i burst into tears.

Michael Herman drove his car onto the bottom flat and put on the radio as loud as it could get.

I was shocked to hear that it had only been a 6.3 but this time there was serious damage and they were talking about many deaths.

But then I stopped listening. In my head so many questions were spinning around.

Was my family OK? Was our house still standing? I didn't know, but I would soon find out.

My deepest Sympathies to those who weren't as lucky as myself and lost homes but much more importantly friends and family.

Be Strong Kia Kaha.

Lyttelton West School 125th Anniversary

In 2012 Lyttelton West School is having its 125th anniversary.

Eight senior students are writing a book to celebrate this milestone.

The students need your help to make this project successful.

They need photos and interesting stories.

The students also want to interview ex-students, previous Gilmore Cup winners, ex-staff and principals and members of the Rapaki community.

Please email Rebecca at lytteltonwest125@gmail.com



Rebecca Herman.