

CHRISTMAS, 2004



a new summer
from a new spring
new beginnings and reunion
at Christmas
we rejoice in everything
especially each other

A Book for
Christmas 2004

THREE WEDDINGS AND A BIRTH

Compiled by Alice Hunt-O'Keefe
with help from the family
especially with photographs

Palmerston North
N.Z.

December 2004

Manuia Books

The wedding of Karlo Mila and David Schaaf, in Auckland, 19 December

2003

Lynda writes -

By the time we arrived in Auckland much of the preparation for the day was well under way.

We spent some time at the house relaxing and helping with food preparation before it was time to make our way to the registry office. We drove to Upper Queen Street and were pleased that a short delay gave us the opportunity to catch our breath for a few minutes.

After some time for a few photos the ceremony was underway. Karlo and David took their vows, exchanged the rings that they had designed for each other, and signed their marriage certificate. The young woman celebrant led all the proceedings very capably, and helped make this an intimate and moving ceremony.



Important - put some money in the Queen Street Parking meter!



We then made our way outside and across the road to Myers Park, which provided a great setting for wedding photos.



We drove back to Karlo and David's house where the family had gathered. We sat down for prayers and a few short speeches before a delicious meal was shared, thanks to the many contributions that had been prepared by the family.



Several more family photos were taken and then Karlo and David cut their wedding cake (a delicious cake made by Mother). Everyone then relaxed until late in the evening.



Karlo, David, Alice, Tony



Karlo, Alice, Lynda



Lynda, Peter, Tina, Karlo, David, Dawn



David's family

June agreed to dance. The day had provided a great opportunity for our families to get together and we had a thoroughly enjoyable and memorable time together.

The wedding of Cecily Mills and Mark Morgan, 3 April 2004

The Morgan's Farm, Campbell Road, Wanganui

The sun shone, the garden was beautiful, and many family members and friends arrived for the wedding.



Royce and Owen escorted their daughter into the garden.



The wedding party - Royce and Owen, Mariam (ringbearer), Andrea (bridesmaid), Maria Wake (chief bridesmaid),. Bride, Celebrant Tony Cowan, Groom, Bestman Graham Elliott, groomsman Derek Pickering, Randall Morgan.



Making their vows



Mariam carries the rings



Blowing bubbles is fun for Jeremy, Mariam and Oliver



The Marquee is ready



After the meal, speeches were given





The grandchildren line up for Nana!
Fraser, Lochlan, Kyle, Alisi, Karlo, Andrea,
Cecily, Amy, Mariam, Oliver, Jeremy (absent
Sarah and Dugan)



The Mills family: Fraser, Owen, Royce, Mark, Cecily, Andrea, Jeremy



Randal and Ann Morgan, Cecily and Mark



The Hunt Family 3rd April 2004



Back: Fraser, Kyle, Jeremy, Vaughan, Lochlan, Karlo, David, Dave, Peter, Alice M., Tony.
Front: Owen, Royce, Pam, Amy, Gillian, Verena, Des, Alice, Lynda, Andrea
Seated: Cecily and Mark On the lawn: Mariam, Oliver, and Jeremy



Dugan



Mike and Sarah

The Wedding of Tomoko Wada and Lochlan Macdonald, Kochi, Japan, 13 November 2004

Vaughan's account of the occasion -

The ceremony was in a Japanese kind of wedding chapel, which was just beautiful. Lochlan arrived and got a BIG surprise to see Kyle on the steps up to the chapel. All the Kiwis were seated proudly in the front with Tomoko's parents, Shoichi and Keiko..

Lochlan was seated all by himself, nervously waiting.



(Lochlan and the paparazzi)



When the wedding started, Tomoko arrived in spectacular fashion with heralding music and lighting effects - all the lights suddenly took on a warm glow - and Tomoko and her Father appeared through a side door. Tomoko looked beautiful in a "fairytale" white wedding dress, with a long train.



(Tomoko and her father enter the room)



The ceremony was in Japanese, but they read their vows in both Japanese and English.

During the wedding there was singing and music from a flute and grand piano. All so very tasteful!





Peter O'Donnell
and Vaughn sign
the visitors' book

Afterwards the
bride and groom
walked down the
steps where they
were showered
with rose petals
by the guests.



(Throwing the
Bouquet)

After the wedding the guests (about forty at this stage) moved to the ballroom at the Hotel Nikko, where the numbers increased to well over one hundred.



(With Tomoko's parents, Shoichi and Keiko)



Gillian with her family, Kyle, Amy and Lochlan
Gillian and Amy were resplendent in their kimonos



The NZ guests with Tomoko's father:

Peter, Kyle, Vaughan, Gail, Gillian, Amy.

The reception began with a multimedia display of photos of Lochlan and Tomoko, from birth through to pictures of them together in NZ and Japan. Then video of in-and-around Palmerston North, the IPC, Tomoko's drum team etc.



Then another change of clothes

The reception was not so different from what you might expect in a NZ wedding. There were speeches from friends and family, and speeches from Tomoko and Lochlan (in Japanese!).

But it was on a truly grand scale... with lighting effects, spotlights, special effects. It was an absolutely unforgettable experience!





A delicious meal was served, including lots of delicious raw fish and other traditional Japanese food (Sushi, Tempura etc), but with some western food as well.

There were so many other surprises and Japanese traditions... like a huge game of paper scissors rock (100Yen from everybody in the room), with one eventual winner who takes all.

Everything on the day was done with style and taste, on a grand scale. Lochlan and Tomoko did a fantastic job! Tomoko's family made us feel so welcome and really went out of their way for us.

It was a spectacular day!



Karlo and Karlos Matani Mila Schaaf -
born 2.34 am, 18 June 2004

Dear Nana

*I hope that you are feeling better.
I thought of something that might
cheer you up a little, or at least
amuse you or make you smile.*

*Here are the poems I wrote for
Karlos in the first week of his
life.*

Love you lots.

Best wishes,

Karlo

12 September 2004

24 June 04 1.00 am

**Karlos Leaves Me
(or 'for nine months no words')**

a poem
inside of me
unfurling
like a fern frond
uncurling
like a koru whirl
this boy
rooming
wombing
within me



for nine months no words
just
one sharp shark fin churning
one salt water seal squirming
one small sperm whale singing
one dark sea gull winging
within me
for nine months no words

24 June 04

1.15 am

K & D

my lips
or yours
my nose

or yours

my eyes

or yours

this little

breathing

melting

pot of

butter

melting

in our mouths

the melting

of our skin

the melting

of each

other

melting

into

him

but a poem
singing
churning
squirming
winging
into being



24 June 04 1.19 am

Holiday Child

genius
frog
of a child
leaping out
long limbed
from the memories of the coral coast
into our lives, a tiny tidal wave
whirled into existence
heat and wet and light
and hot
and here
you
are



24 June

Family and Friends Gather Round Us

how loved we are
we learn
how
not
alone
we are
we learn
how
loved we are

25 June 04 4.15 am

Karlos is born

You came into the world

to

the sound of my sister singing

a lone trumpet

bluesing up the background

a grown woman

breaking all her barriers

pushing past girl

blood pouring out through her nose

a mother

watching her

daughter become

a mother

a grown man

watching his heart fall

on to the delivery table

followed by a placenta



25 June 4.30 am

Soundtrack

My mother chose the music
the guitar gently weeped
the guitar licked the pain
the songs soothed my rhythm
the rhythm soothed the song
and

“for you
there will be no crying”
(Fleetwood Mac)



Baba Yaga and her Ghost Baby

even as you sleep, pink and healthy
beside me
I hear the ghost baby crying
it is a hollow whine
in the dark corner of the night
a lost wail
where kittens aren't found
and I see the ghost mother
in my dreams, lying cold
head shaven, in her bed
her soul scattered like a thousand grains of rice
trying to catch you.

Ghost Baby II

today
we picked up the ghost baby
on our monitor
the baby monitor wailed
an angry hungry cry
while our baby
lay sleeping
serene

the
baby monitor
catches
the cries of the neighbourhood children
and empties them
into our sunroo

Baba Yaga is 'a mean witch-lady with a bald head' that Karlo remembers from her childhood storybooks.

26 June 1.24 am

my husband
and my son sleep
my husband
is like a mountain
curved around your body
huge fist like a taniwha
he lies like the Ruahine Ranges
protection on the horizon
wrapping around us
the curve of his elbow
keeping you safe
my small son
safe from harm



One Week Old

gestational
yes,
the last nine months can be summed
up in one word
gestational

months of
anticipation
ambivalence
anxiety

now here you are
brightly buttoned eyes
skin glowing like freshly melted
butter
mewing like a siamese cat, silky
black
you growl like a little lion into my
breast
a huge question mark eating into my
every hour



