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Kia ora koutou,

I’m Michael, one of Patricia Anne Rangi’s kids — the one who always called her Mum, or Trish when I was trying to be cheeky.
She was our family’s heartbeat and my fiercest supporter.

Mum asked for bright colours today, and shared kai — bring a plate and a story.
So let’s do it her way.
Let’s celebrate.

Born 3 January 1970, passed 10 March 2026, aged 56.
Raised in Hamilton, proud of her Ngāti Maniapoto roots, she carried that pride quietly but steadily — in the way she welcomed people, in the way she stood up for the little guy, in the way she always made room at the table.

She trained as a primary school teacher and spent 25 years at Fairfield Primary as a kaiako who made learning fun.
If you ever heard a classroom break into waiata at 9.15am for no particular reason, that was probably Mum.
She was the go-to organiser — kapa haka, community fundraisers, the lot.
She championed literacy programmes and the breakfast club, because hungry kids can’t learn and she wouldn’t have that on her watch.
Her famous sticker charts turned the most reluctant readers into proud book-carrying legends.
And those kids — now grown — still message me to say, “Your mum believed in me first.”

At home she was Hemi’s love for 28 years.
Mum to me and to my sister Aroha.
Nana to little Maia, who could wrap her around a finger with one gummy grin.

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Beloved daughter, sister, and aunty to a big, close whānau who never left without leftovers.

She had unstoppable energy and a joyful, inclusive way of pulling people in.
A cheeky sense of humour — the eyebrow raise, the whispered aside that made you snort-laugh in the quiet part of the hui.
Saturdays meant netball sideline coaching whether you'd asked for it or not.
Weekends included op-shop treasure hunts and coming home with a "perfectly good" chair that only needed "a quick sand."
Her garden was a chorus of colour, and her gingernuts were rationed by the tin because otherwise they'd vanish in minutes.

My favourite memory?
Late-night singalongs with her guitar after Christmas pav.
All of us in mismatched Santa hats, harmonies getting worse as the night went on, laughing till we cried.
She'd look around the room in those moments — at Hemi, at us kids, at the cousins and aunties and uncles — and you could see it:
whānau first.
That was the whole point.

What will we miss?
Her waiata-filled laugh that started small and then took everyone with it.
Her bear hugs that reset a bad day.
Those encouraging texts that arrived right when you needed them: "Proud of you. Keep going. x"
Simple words, perfect timing.

Mum lived generosity without fuss.
If she saw a gap, she filled it.
If a kid needed breakfast, she made toast.
If a neighbour needed a ride, she had the keys.
If a voice was quiet, she made space so it could be heard.

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So how do we honour Trish?
We sing louder.
We back each other harder.
We bring a plate, and we bring an extra for someone who forgot.
We keep standing up for the little guy.
We make learning fun, even for ourselves.

Mum, thank you for every sticker, every song, every nudge to be brave.
Thank you for loving Hemi so well, for backing me and Aroha, and for the way you lit up as Nana to Maia.

We'll carry your laugh in our songs,
your courage in our choices,
and your welcome at our table.

Aroha mutunga kore, Mum.
Go lightly.
We've got it from here.

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