



## **E nga mana, e nga iwi, e nga morehu, e nga hau e wha, tēnā tātou katoa**

For almost two years, Ed was a much-loved friend and colleague in the office of the Parliamentary Commissioner for the Environment.

Ours is a rather particular office. We're not part of the core Wellington bureaucracy - there's an independence of action and spirit, and Ed was very much at home with us. In every way - I'm not just making an intellectual observation.

It is a sartorially eclectic place - and Ed was suitably eclectic: he would arrive, log on and become so engrossed in front of his screen that his biking gear sometimes didn't come off. But if it was a visit to the Beehive, suits magically appeared. If I was looking a bit scruffy, which I tend to, I could count on Ed to look soothingly official and proper.

When you have a team of people, each of whom has her own diet to save the planet, the cuisine can be fairly eclectic too. Again, Ed fitted perfectly. Lara tells me that she will never forget the aroma of his invariable lunch treat: sauerkraut, peanut butter and avocado on toast.

Ed was one of the most considered, measured and thoughtful colleagues I have ever worked with. And kind. As a mentor to younger staff he was second to none. There was never anything precipitate or reactive about his judgments. That's why I so enjoyed him - I could always be sure of an answer that was not only honest but maturely reflected upon. And he was always open to reconsider even the most maturely reflected conclusion if he was presented with a thoughtful alternative view.

To learn that he had been swept away in an accident was particularly troubling to me. How could this happen to such a measured person? John and Vickie Hearnshaw's remarkable note helped me regain my balance. I found knowing, thanks to their note, that the accident happened as a result of a considered risk that went wrong somehow very reassuring; it told me that Ed was doing what he loved and doing it with the same care and preparation that he applied to his life and work in general.

You may be aware that I first made Ed's acquaintance when I was Environment Director at the OECD. It was such a relief to have a delegate from NZ who was there because he had something to offer and took the meetings seriously. (Sadly, this is not a universal phenomenon although NZ is better than most).

He made an immediate impression and was much appreciated by senior economists in my team. We were very sorry when the Ministry revolved its doors and started to send someone else. You can therefore imagine how thrilled I was to have him want to come and work with me when I took up my current role in 2017.

Ed and I were often the last to leave the office and shared many reflections on the troubled state of the world before walking out into the night. It is what I valued most about him - and will miss most keenly.

We're now going to sing a waiata for Ed - *Purea nei*. It was created by Hirini Melbourne and for those of you like me who are not fluent in te reo, I want to read the words in English because I think they are just so fitting and appropriate for today.

**Purea Nei - Reassuring a blind student**

Purea nei e te hau	Scattered by the wind
Horoia e te ua	washed by the rain
Whitiwhitia e te ra	and transformed by the sun,
Mahea ake nga poraruru	all doubts are swept away
Makere ana nga here.	and all restrains are cast down.
E rere wairua, e rere	Fly O free spirit, fly
Ki nga ao o te rangi	to the clouds in the heavens,
Whitiwhitia e te ra	transformed by the sun,
Mahea ake nga poraruru	with all doubts swept away
Makere ana nga here,	and all restrains cast down.
Makere ana nga here.	Yes, all restrains are cast down.