

# Precious Water

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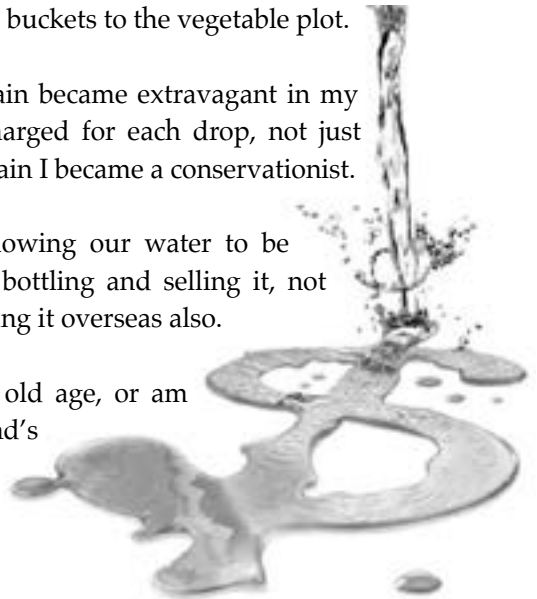
Living on a small island with only tanks to collect rain water for our water supply, I learned to appreciate piped water from a main reservoir, because with tank supply one could never just turn on the tap and "Hey, Presto!" a never ending supply, without being conscious of waste.

During a summer drought every drop was conserved, usually showering with buckets in the shower with you. You then used the water from the buckets to either flush the toilet or, if your vegetables were still alive, to try to keep them flourishing and edible. Even water from the washing machine was saved and taken down the hill in buckets to the vegetable plot.

On returning to life in the city, I again became extravagant in my water use. Then we began to be charged for each drop, not just as part of our Council rates. Once again I became a conservationist.

There is controversy now about allowing our water to be given freely to companies who are bottling and selling it, not just here in New Zealand, but exporting it overseas also.

Am I becoming a "Greenie" in my old age, or am I just conscious of New Zealand's "she'll be right" attitude to our precious resources?



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