



The Height of Era

Places



The Height of Era Property

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There's property developments happening across Port Moresby. New buildings rising, construction sites humming, and the city's skyline evolving. But this one, has stood the test of time and continues to be a much sort after rental area, particularly for the upper management and executives. This development stands out: its aesthetics, comfort, luxury, and the stunning

views of the harbour. But to me personally, there's another special reason why it grabs my attention.

It's the names.

Era Dorina. Era Makana. Era Matana.

To most, they might seem like just names on a rental listing. But for those of us who carry the stories of this land in our blood, these names speak volumes. They echo the past. They honour our ancestors. And perhaps that's one reason why I felt compelled to start writing to make sure these stories are not forgotten.

You see, in the Motu language, Era means turtle. It's not just a word, but a marker of identity and belonging. Much of coastal Port Moresby, especially the area now known on maps as Granville, was once simply known as Era. When the Motuans first arrived here, turtles were abundant along the shores, and their presence shaped not only the diet and daily life of the people, but the very names of the places we now pass by without much thought.

That's how our main beach became known as Era Kone "the turtle beach". And from there, the word Era flowed into other parts of the city, like a tide that left behind names etched in memory: Era Dorina, meaning "the height of Era" or "on the edge of the mountain." Era Makana — "saddle of the hill." Beautiful names, yes, but also deeply descriptive.

These names weren't chosen at random. They reflect the terrain, the spirit of the place, and the way our ancestors saw and described the world around them. And now, to see these traditional names woven into modern developments, like this one by Credit Corporation CreditBank PNG, is something that gives me a quiet sense of pride.

But that's only part of the story.

Beyond the buildings, beyond the names on street signs, lie other stories, ones not yet written down. The hills and ridges, the bays and headlands... they too have names. They too carry memories. Some of them are still spoken by elders. Others are fading with time.

These names are so important and their continuance of use is to remember, to reconnect, and to remind others that every name has a story. And every story deserves to be told.

You can find more of these names and their stories on Port Moresby Our People and Places.

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