



In 2007 I visited New Zealand to attend the International Playback Summer School. I was wanting to build my skills in using Playback Theatre for social dialogue.

Upon arriving in Wellington I felt my spirit lifting. I saw the “Welcome to Nuclear Free New Zealand” and felt an amazing sense of being liberated. Australia, at the time was still being ministered by the Howard government and my concerns for our safety had grown. Being in New Zealand meant not having to witness ongoing political folly for a few weeks. I was reminded that New Zealand was the home of my birth as an activist.

I went to Paikakariki by train and sat absorbed in the landscape that was new to me.

I enjoyed its richness of colour, its undulations.

At Paikakariki there was an additional delight. . . .

Kapiti Island.

On the daily walk from our accommodation to the hall where we were training I would watch Kapiti Island.

During the day I would wander to the window and see it. It was so present. Some days it was shrouded in mist. Some days it appeared dark blue while others it was palette of green. At other times light played among the trees, a gold shaft highlighting a clump of unknown flora.

I began to photograph it daily. The photo was a daily meditation on the mood of Kapiti. Even now, writing about it, I feel the pull of it. Its magic lived in its brooding density on days when there was no sun, its mystery when the sun shone on part of the Island, leaving me wanting to know what else could be revealed.

It was during the Summer School I met Marama, and was told how that Marama is a Maori moon goddess.

The young Goddess I met was indeed a beautiful,

generous and loving soul and images started to grow of a painting that reflected the wisdom and compassion of Marama and how the energy of the Goddess lived because of Marama’s groundedness to her place and her culture, her place being Paikakariki.

To me Marama the moon goddess and Kapiti Island are interwoven in my soul.