

The spiritual me

The part of me that I haven't mentioned because it might be non-PC is the most important part of me, my spirituality. I see now that my search began about the same time as my art, when I was tutoring trainees in Opotiki after closing my horticulture business. The internal raging began; what was I doing here on this planet; did I have a purpose; if so, what? For the next ten years I became a spiritual tramp, trying anything and everything that might give me the answers. I did find a direction, let go my ego, but it is my own journey as you will have yours, if you're ready.

One day I heard a voice in my head saying, 'Your body is a tool to express yourself.' And when I jokingly asked how, was given the loud command, 'Go to Queenstown.'

Eventually I obeyed. The following ten years I spent travelling around New Zealand, alone, wwoofing, working and house sitting on a journey of healing in every possible way, a journey of trust. During this, I expressed myself through painting, poetry and prose in each new environment. This is what my exhibition 'Odyssey' in April is about.

Now my internal life is full of peace and often uncaused joy, despite being busy. I'm not afraid of death because I know I am more than the body. I can be detached from others' life dramas and live in the Now. Usually. I can be captured by a rose and forget time, which is only a human measurement anyway. This website expresses my creative endeavours over the past twenty years. All that went before was remarkable, yet past. All that any of us have is this sacred instant, the gap between past and future, to express ourselves.

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