

# Editorial

*Tēnā koutou katoa*  
Welcome to you all

*Waiho I te toipoti, Kaura I te toiroa*  
Let's keep close together, not wide apart.

Our Journal reflects the clarity and shared understanding of who we are and what is important to us. It is also an opportunity to value the differences, divergencies and individualities amongst us. Let's enter these territories together.

Zerka Toeman Morena has been quoted as saying, "Role reversal is the engine that drives the powerhouse of Psychodrama."

As you read the material in this Journal, my hope is that you can enter into all the different worlds and the views expressed. This supports our ability to role reverse with and to encounter each other, and to continue to build the vitality in our community and strengthen the relationships in our association.

The first article by Elizabeth Synott wakes us up to the urgency and impact of climate change. This is followed by Nikki McCoy's story of a potent moment in a group. Rowan Jeffrey has contributed three poems which I imagine will resonate strongly with a number of you. Philip Carter has written about how Psychodrama has inspired a postgraduate research programme. There is a series of Haikus written by Christo Patty at Puketeraki Marae during a training workshop in that magical setting in September 2023. They are intended to give you some reflection space. Diana Jones and Zsófi Kigyóssy have let us in on their reflections on Zsófi's experience of gaining AANZPA equivalency. Next there is a fascinating photo essay on the houses of Moreno and Freud contributed by Craig Whisker, captured during his travels in Europe. Charmaine McVea lets us in on a supervision session using psychodrama and Kevin Franklin explores Moreno's concepts of revolutionary transformation.

You can read Reitu Cassidy's description of the cover image.

A panui and invitation to the 2025 AANZPA Conference is on the last page.

This will be the last Journal I edit. The AANZPA Executive have appointed Diana Jones to be the next editor. Diana is a TEP, published author and avid reader and I am delighted to be handing this endeavour on to her.

I finish this last editorial by sharing the poem I wrote for my psychodrama colleagues after a practitioners meeting this year.

## How not to die

Hold out your hand and feel  
your skin on my skin  
rub at the jaggy bit of nail  
I forgot to bite off  
and the sore place where you burnt your thumb

Smell the ripeness of a scarlet persimmon  
woodsmoke  
mown grass  
and the warm deliciousness of fresh cake

Listen to the birds

Watch a rainbow  
shimmer and fade

Taste  
the first coffee  
the last wine  
the salt in the long breeze  
and the sweetness of rain

Know  
that  
the droughts  
the floods  
the fires  
the inescapable plagues  
will keep on coming

And  
we can still hold hands

*Mauri ora*  
Sara Crane