

Lake Karapiro Lodge

Look out the window and the world seems at your feet. Like time has stood still, you are part of the land. The mist, the water and the land. Cool colours - the blue, the green, the white of New Zealand - Lake Karapiro, Aotearoa.

Turn back to your suite and you are now in a private place of comfort, luxury and warmth - Emanuel's Lake Karapiro Lodge. Why not be still and quiet in a hiatus of peace and comfort? In this land, New Zealand, as old and familiar as your own breathe or as magical as a new friend.....feelings of endlessness.....

Funny.....at the same time I could be in the old country - in Europe. I sit in a scrolled armchair with my hands in my lap looking out the bay window. My special friend hands me port in a crystal glass. We were here, together, for a few days to rest and love undisturbed. We were each other, in this special place, our private suite.

Luscious, warm colours - green and gold. Among the furnishings of grace and authenticity - the handmade rugs, the images of lives of indulgence, the guilt edged mirrors, the bronze and plaster ornaments of love - we felt special. He puts his hand on my shoulder. I stand and we wander out into the private lounge adjoining our suite and sip a glass of wine, reclining on the leather couches. I flip through the visitors' book - all the lovers, friends and family who have been here before. I know you people, I think.

Our hosts Ann and Eddie join us and we are invited to dinner in the long dining room. Other guests say hello shyly but soon, because we know these people play a part in our romantic play, we chatter comfortably. Everything is perfectly complete - lush gardens and polite dinner conversation; stone floors and soft candle- light; and crisp wine sipped to lilting music. Delicious, warming food on silver platters appears and we hold hands under the white table cloth. Ann and Eddie chatter and withdraw. We feel looked after and Magic.

We drift into the lounge for dessert and join the family dog by the fire. Talk turns from friendly banter to weightier matters and then, to lighten the mood the good old days. Somebody mentions the view and suggests a walk around the lake in the morning. There is a beautiful track.....the Powerhouse café.....in the village.....there is a boat to glow-worms in a natural grotto of Maungatautari Mountain (of course there is!).

The candelabras flicker and so do my eyes. He notices, says goodnight and takes my handmaybe tomorrow. We shake all the hands, say all the goodnights and turn to the haven of our bed. A spa tonight? In the morning? And then we'll go on a pony trek!

I lie on my cloud of pillows and feel weightless. I think of nothing. My mind is clear and when the sun comes up over the land in the east we will be stepping on it. Lake Karapiro Lodge. We'll be back!

Adrienne Hagan
Journalist