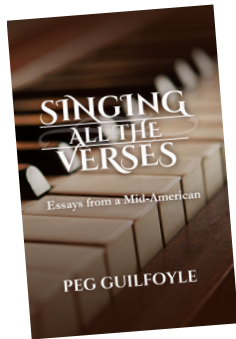


What was any art but a mould to imprison for a moment the shining  
elusive element which is life itself – life hurrying past us and running  
away, too strong to stop, too sweet to lose?

Willa Cather, 1915



**Any moment in a life can be resonant, magical and joyful.**

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