

Abundantia

Foreword

If you are a traveller or have a wandering mind you will have discovered it is a very beautiful world we share.

The more you see the more the wonder grows. The originality of a certain moment brings you to a stop and in the timelessness you experience something you never forget.

It may be the charm of an unforgettable stranger, like Nicole's image of a child with arms outstretched and so much ahead of her that you can feel the spread of wings, the flight of fancy.

Old people, too, passing on what they know with the wisdom of elders, aware of their own calendar fluttering through its pages towards the end, make conversations memorable.

If you take the time you are bound to hear things you didn't know.

Language that is strange to your ear may entice you to listen more keenly and you find, as the first humans did, the means to communicate with perfect strangers.

So what marks these moments as eternal?

Is it the arc of movement and time, the span of an individual lifetime that we become aware of and are then able to appreciate?

As I have journeyed through the stunning surprise of the Natural world I have seen that every living family has unique qualities and yet common bonds that make us part of the whole. It is mesmerizing in all its glory.

Watch a whaleshark and its calf come out of the blue and dive deep into that unfathomable world, the light from a far off sun spilling into the sea, and trailing in their wake, existing only on bubbles, you are connected to *abundantia*.

Stare into the icy pyramids of the Antarctic Peninsular and listen to the music of the wind blowing fresh snow and you feel the fragility and miracle of life itself. On a planet of water, rock and gas spinning through space, *we are all here*.

This is the art of seeing.

When light falls on the right moment we are drawn into the beauty. At this point of meditation everything is just itself.

Nicole's notes and images capture this. *Abundantia*.

A fragment of old stone, a sign on a wall, the shadow play in the looks of strangers,
are for a time just *there*.

If you allow yourself the time to see, to walk, to sit and think, you can also be
yourself in the deliciousness and the endless variety of each moment.

Instead of the cruelty and the horror of an Age of Violence you will also see the
eternal hope and the great virtue of human sensitivity. The quest for perfection is an
ancient dream. Our scribbling on the sky carries us closer to beauty.

What is shared in these pages is as fine and yet unfinished as the cathedral of La
Sagrada Familia, inviting us all to imagine the next image.

Painter, poet, photographer, are drawn to this moment.

Every day is a precious opportunity.

The artist has spread her wings but where will she fly?

Jeff McMullen

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