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**A**s a child I was always intrigued by those particles of dust that seemed to be tumbling their way up following the path of light beams. My bedroom became a scenario for such light shows as light rays filtered through the blinds. I would think of myself becoming very tiny and climbing on to one of those traveling particles, and going off to a different world. A world from where light came.

I could see that the light arrived from somewhere. There was something very soothing in looking at the darkened room and viewing the spectacle of light as it moved constantly to take on new shapes and directions until it would always end abruptly. The desire to stop this loss of such magic was what prompted me to want to go where light came from.

At first I discovered how the sun was the provider of such light but then one day I became very excited when I realized that the moon would also bring such gifts of light, from time to time. Light was something that I could never grasp. Every time I tried to do so it would always elude my tiny fingers as these attempted to caress the river of light coming from the window.

As I explored unsuccessfully ways of becoming smaller in order to ride the particles of dust towards the world where light came from, I stumbled upon a photograph that had an image of such light. I looked upon the picture and discovered that light always remained there, no longer would it disappear after some time. Now I no longer needed to go where light came from after all I had discovered the secret passage to light: a photograph.



Julio my son

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Last week as I came into my studio early one morning, I was humbled yet again by the beauty of light just coming in through the window. This time the image was made with a digital camera. Who ever said that digital photography had nothing to do with light?

Pedro Meyer