

Snapshots

Click. The shutter snaps. A moment caught. Preserved, whether on film or in our minds. Frozen in time – lovers caught in an endless embrace, college graduates throwing up their caps – lost in the moment. With us forever are the images of the woman who sheds a single tear while watching her husband, brother, son, leave for war, and the woman with gold adorning her hair and body, joyfully whirling into the arms of her partner.

Every one of these moments is special. Each snapshot is unique; each is magical. There is magic in the baby taking his first step, magic in the athlete finally achieving her goal of winning the Olympic gold medal. There is even magic in the bee, buzzing through the air on his long journey back home. They don't have the so-called magic of a man pulling a bunny from his hat, but the magic of a young boy kneeling in front of a funeral pyre, his innocent face glowing with tears and the knowledge that his mother has finally found peace. The poor man sitting outside in the snow, holding up his hat in the freezing air, asking for money to clothe his family. The boy who is protesting outside a prison in the rain, begging, pleading, crying to the police, in hopes that they will release his father who is in prison for a crime he didn't commit. The soldier, struggling against death in a hospital, simply because he was injured fighting for what he believed in. All of these moments have magic in them.

No matter how far we go from the place we call home, we will always carry the magnificence of the dramatic colors of an early morning sunrise; the stunning drop of a canyon, with its maker, the almost insignificant looking river, winding through below; and the brilliance of a single blue butterfly, alighting delicately on a flower, inches from our nose. No matter how long we are away from those we call family, we will always be able to pull out the picture of the young girl jumping in front of a Ferris wheel, holding on to her red balloon. No matter how worn around the edges the image may become, we will always be able to see the man and his wife sealing their vow of "till death do us part" with a kiss. And even when we can no longer see the Ferris wheel behind the girl, or the ribbons and flowers surrounding the bride and groom, we will always see their faces and the magical glow of emotion surrounding them.

All moments, whether they are happy or sad, gory or peaceful, gloomy or bright, have magic. Their magic is the spark of life we see everywhere, whether it is in the wrinkled cheek of an old woman or the soft, downy head of her granddaughter. The expression of emotion—the presence of beauty and the elegance of simplicity—is the true magic of a moment.