

I am Annie, a child of the future and one of the past, small-bodied, but strong and determined. In Hebrew, I am the “graceful one.” “Maverick,” my father calls me, or “Diamond Head,” diamonds being stronger than even rock. I am five-three, one fifteen, soft-voiced and a strong believer in equality and experience. I am the older child; I call my strong, slender almost sixteen-year-old brother “Little Mickey;” we laugh as he towers over me, I have been a coxswain for three years, the first two filled with laughter and losing, the third with confident joking and a New England Championship we dared not expect. I am a Pisces; I am a fish, a sea nymph and a lover of oceans, lakes, streams, and rivers, even brightly chlorinated swimming pools. I am a photographer and experienced subject. For two years, I appeared in dozens of my roommate’s prints, now I create my own images. I am strong-spirited and open-minded. I have lived in ten houses and known six cities. I am as much American as Canadian. Born in the northern Rocky Mountains and raised in Dallas, San Francisco, and Boston, I spent weeks of each summer on the “blue lakes and rocky shores” of Ontario’s northland. There, the blue sky stretches wider than anywhere and the loons cry eerily in the dark.

In my grandparents coursed the blood of Scotland, Italy, Ireland. I have heard the whispers of my past in the dark rock passages of Edinburgh Castle, seen glimmers of the places my ancestors loved, in the lush greens of Scottish hills and in the brilliant blues of sky and asea. I have read the *Aeneid*, about the brave Trojans who founded the Roman race, and wondered if the genes and spirit of some Trojan hero might not live in me. I cherish the idea that so many people, so many experiences, cultures, and languages come together in me. I am filled with fascination and pride by the diversity of my history.

I have kissed the cheeks of seven-year-old boys, sticky with the juice of mangoes, not yet ripe. And winced as they pulled and braided my hair, wondering at its lightness.

“¡Mira, pelo amarillo!” I knew then, at Atenea, a Venezuelan home for poor, orphaned street children, as I know now, the sadness of their future, the hopelessness of their place in the social strata of their homeland. I feel privileged to be here, to be making a difference. I see the world through the eyes of an artist, notice beautiful light, the sudden permanence of a moment captured on film. I revel in the beauty of each instant.

I believe in myself, believe in the words of the lined, turbaned Indian physician-astrologer who examined my palm through his eyepiece when I was five years old. “This little girl will be very rich,” I am already rich, blessed by travel, friendships, happy memories of childhood and growing up, rich because I believe that I will live a life replete with friendships, experiences, travel and knowledge, rich because the things I value most are not tangible, because it is memories and experiences that I treasure.