



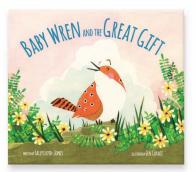
In the narrow crevice of a giant rock face in a great wide canyon a baby inside her tiny nest peeped out.

And the world was filled with such wonderfulness.



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"I thought of the wren's singing, what could this be if it isn't a prayer?" - Mary Oliver "I thought of the wren's singing, what could this be if it isn't a prayer?" - Mary Oliver "I thought of the wren's singing, what could this be if it isn't a prayer?" - Mary Oliver



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