

*By Julia Hew*

**“Man has managed to conquer the outer space, but not the inner space...”**

Indeed, in a modern society like today – where life is seen at large,  
People tend to forget about the finer things in life,

The stillness of beauty in its smallest form.

That little ray of sunshine that reflects the zillion colors of a rain drop – on the pink cheeks of a tiny infant in  
peaceful slumber...

The composition of a nocturnal orchestra by the merry, tiny creatures that appear at night  
under the stars...

The chorus of waves that sweeps the ocean floors and breaks at the surface of  
the shores...

The gush of wind that rushes against the willows in the  
summertime...

The heartbeats of the deep forests at dusk.

Sometimes, it takes more than words to describe the refined beauty of life. A natural  
substance – the unseen beauty. Many times they are expressed through emotions and actions.

Many times also, they are expressed with strokes of a brush.

However, many times they simply *exist*.

They exist to be discovered.

The discovery of this inner beauty is a journey into life itself.

It requires attention, strength and a sensitive spirit that yields to the forces of nature.

It requires patients and endurance

It needs love and dedication.

And it needs a heart of virtue to plunge into the richness of the inner realm.

The refined discovery of this inner realm is as real as the photographs that Arnold Kolb is  
portraying in his collection. They are not made of words, nor skilled strokes of the brush.  
They simply existed to be discovered – by a man who could yield to the forces of nature.

A man who has managed to conquer the inner space of life.

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