**A Window Seat**

The clouds had been largely unbroken since we had left the British Isles behind and began the six hour crossing of the Atlantic. From the map, that appeared on the screen in front of me I could see that the plane was soon about to turn, so that it could fly along the Eastern Seaboard of North America at a height greater than that of any of the mountains on Earth. The temperature outside was -500C cold enough to render mercury solid and below me the condensed water vapour adopted the smoothed, feminine curves that made me think that if I could just step out of the plane then I would simply fall into its comforting embrace and sleep rather than hurtle though them to my death. Then, within the curves, pyramids the colour of ice began to appear tearing through the comforting curves, surely not formed from water as unless frozen water doesn’t adopt such shapes. And then, as if on my command, two things happened. Firstly, the plane began to bank and it was as if the whole world was spread before me, and secondly the clouds scattered and the pyramids were revealed as the mountains of Southern Greenland in all their pristine glory and within them glaciers making their slow march to the sea and a succession of frozen islands that led the eye across the Arctic to the Pole itself.

Now, I guess, at this moment you imagined that I reached for my camera but you’d be wrong. Firstly, and most prosaically it was in the cargo hold and secondly, and more importantly, there are some things in life that you need to experience in all their intensity, and like the birth of my children this was one of them. Deciding on apertures, shutter speeds and lens types would have taken from the moment just as it would have done during those moments when my children were born.

The plane banked away and began its journey South but I watched until Greenland was no longer visible and sat here, remembering this while looking out on my garden I hope, so, so much, that what has been begun with my exhibition will continue. I have found what I want to do, and it is not too late for me is it? Because I want to see the Arctic again but this time I will have my camera.