



*The great miraculous bell of translucent ice is suspended in mid-air.*

*It rings to announce endings and beginnings. And it rings because there is fresh promise and wonder in the skies.*

*Its clear tones resound in the placid silence of the winter day, and echo long into the silver-blue serenity of night.*

*The bell can only be seen at the turning of the year, when the days wind down into nothing, and get ready to march out again.*

*When you hear the bell, you feel a tug at your heart.*

*It is your immortal inspiration.*

*Vera Nazarian*