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When I was a kid, I had a real thing for spy movies: *In Like Flint*, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, even *The Pink Panther*.

I think it was this fascination with espionage that led me to dream of the ultimate tool in my secret detective kit: a camera concealed in my hat.

Out of the corner of my eye, I would spot moments perfectly composed which were over as quickly as they began. I wished so much to be able to capture them, but they were always so fleeting that the camera in my hat would be the only way.

At the time, I was wrapped up with the frustration of not achieving every picture. But now, with the wisdom of time, I know that I can thank these frustrations for their driving forces. In not achieving every picture I wished I had taken, I have made myself more alive for the photographs I've gone on to author.

Later in life, when my three children were born, I only photographed the beginning of the labor of my third child, and never the crowning (the birth moment) of any of them. I regret this only a little, but I know that I'm at peace with the decision. I wonder how valuable pictures of my children at the moment of their birth would be to me now, but sometimes you just get an instinct when to put the camera down and be fully present.