ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ 3

**Dear friends!**

In many of the images presented in our unique photo book, light plays the role of the first violin. It appears before us in the most incredible genres and shades. In the morning it seems like it is looking for a road, breaking through the density of urban buildings and at the appointed hour spilling on Syktyvkar with a radiant smile. During the day the bright sun is looking into the windows of factories and schools, giving clarity to the mind and encouraging. Long, frosty evenings, boulevard lights seem to compete in their strength with a muted glow pouring from the windows of wooden houses. High-rise residential buildings light up with multiple "cubes" of yellow, orange, terracotta and sand shades – behind the curtains house people drink aromatic tea, discuss the past day, plan new things...

It seems that nature itself, measured and majestic, understands us. See how skilfully naughty sparkles glitter on fluffy trees around the skiing centre! How brilliant the January river is! How the April drip-drop is sparkling on the edge of a house roof! How verdurous the June meadows are! How Syssola's spacious smoothness reflects the last highlights of the evening sun in the hope of extending the light day for another couple of minutes!

The light of the city lies inside of us – its dwellers. It is not visible to the eye, but it is fully felt by the soul. It is expressed in toothless smiles of babies, in happy eyes of parents, in deep wrinkles of elderly people, in pride for own successes, in lofty dreams, in sense of belonging to history and culture of the people. Like an invisible thread, it brings us together and keeps us, giving strength for new victories.

***Anna Dyu,***

***chair of the Council of municipal formation***

***of city county Syktyvkar***