

CLASS #4: YOU

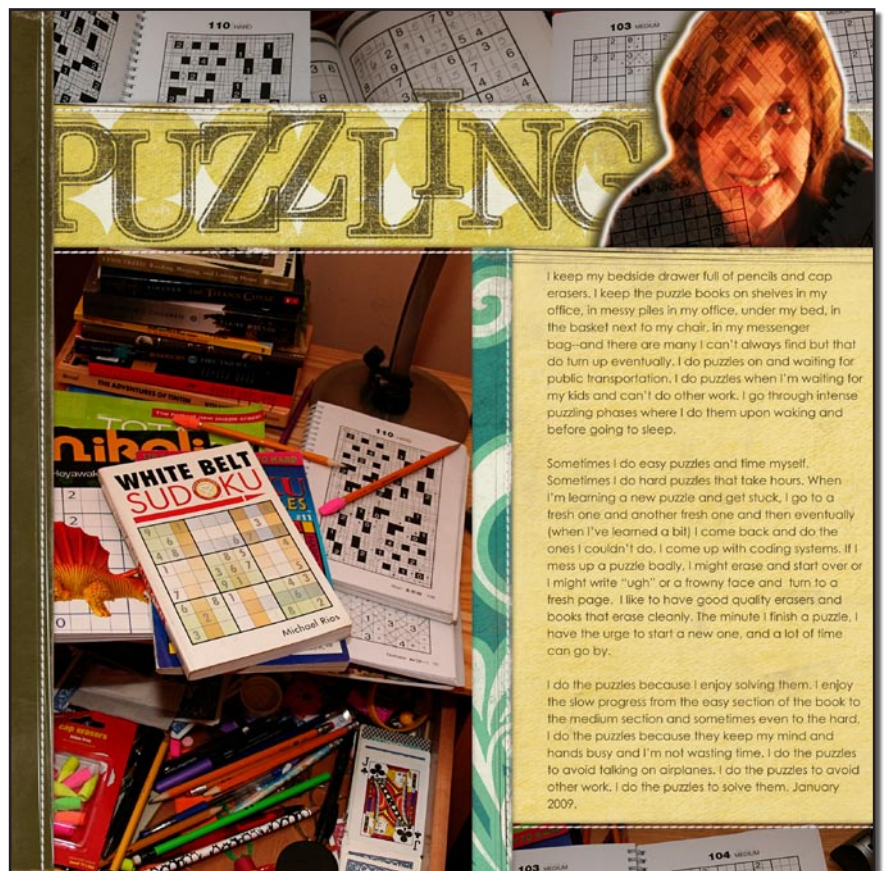
- Your everyday life
- When you don't have any, many, or good photos
- Get some perspective on your pages
- Sketch bundle for scrapbooking everyday life

EVERYDAY LIFE FOCUSED ON YOU

You are scrap-worthy, and it's time to put some of your scrapping efforts toward pages that include the basic facts of your daily life--including your feelings and even your opinions on wide-ranging topics.

Start scrapping yourself now and do it in an ongoing way, because you are always changing. How you experience things right now will be different than it was five years ago or five years in the future.

Wondering where to begin? Here's a list to jump start some ideas. As the ideas for pages start flowing, you just might want to write them down,



“Puzzling” is a page about my little hobby/habit and all that goes along with it. [CLICK](#) for journaling.

because there's probably a lot more material than you realize and it would be a shame to miss any of it. The following are ideas for pages about your everyday life.

- **consider your personality**

What do you know to be your likes, dislikes, habits, interests, weaknesses, strengths? All this makes good material for a scrapbook page. And then do another page thinking about how others see you. What are your characteristics that others find interesting? (NOTE: The third section of this lesson on Perspective has lots of helpful information for approaching this kind of page). "Puzzling" on page 1 is a page about one aspect of my personality.

- **consider the physical details of you now**

What details do you think of as defining you at this time? The nose you inherited from your grandmother? Your style of dressing? Your hairstyle? Your tendency to sunburn?

- **tell a recent story that features you.**

What is something that happened recently that you were a big part of? A story like this will have/should have a lot of



Here's a story about me that my husband told me to get down -- and I did it right away, complete with as much dialogue as I could remember. **CLICK** for journaling.

interesting context about your life right now--little details that may not come out any other way.

- **consider your beliefs**

What is your outlook on life and what do you value and how do you feel about any number of topics? Pick a topic that's important to you to scrap. Pick a topic that's in the news. Pick your reaction to a recent personal event. I made "I Believe In Consequences" to defend/justify my response to some everyday activity in our neighborhood that was getting on my nerves.

- **consider your things**

What is the stuff of your world? Getting it on the scrapbook page is a useful and (sometimes) fun angle to take as you leave a record of your everyday life. How you live and work, your values, your hobbies, and your health are just a few of the factors in your everyday life that affect what kind of "stuff" you have; thus the value in scrapbooking that stuff.



WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE ANY, MANY, OR GOOD PHOTOS

Don't despair, you can (and should) still get most any subject scrapbooked by using journaling, photo substitutes, and/or "fixed up" photos. Try these approaches:

- Use journaling only to tell your story and select colors, papers, patterns, and embellishments that support the subject.
- Look for memorabilia, maps, and other documents to include instead of photos. Do some searching on the internet and get creative. My sons showed me how I could get an aerial shot of any address from Google Earth. The top photo here is just such a shot of my parents' home and barn. To me and anyone who has spent time there, it's clear where the barn is, the three silos, the house and other buildings.
- Edit poor photos with image editing software like Photoshop and give them an artsy or moody look that complements your journaling. Since this aerial shot was of poor quality, I sharpened it up and then added a sketch effect.
- Use one photo to spur your journaling. This black and white photo of my cousin and me dressed up, immediately recalls for me my great grandmother's home and the few huge family gatherings that were held there. I don't have other photos, but this photo is all I need to journal the

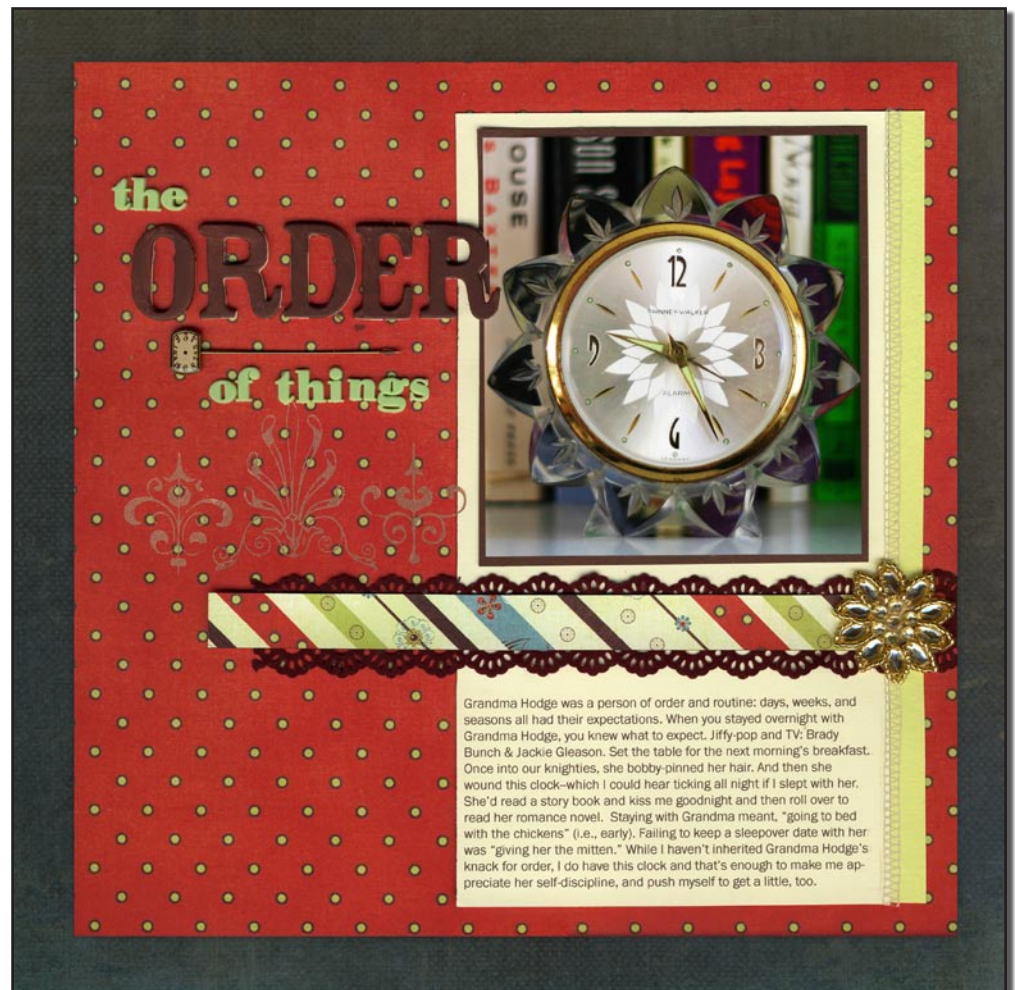


topic. Look for contextual details to trigger memories -- like the cars along the lawn here remind me of the feeling of everyone rolling in.



- Take a photo of an item that represents your subject. I actually have this alarm clock of my Grandmother's in my office now, and when I see it, I remember her saying she liked to go to bed with the chickens. I photographed it and used it as the only photo on a page about sleepovers with her.

- Use community and/or stock photos from web sites. Check out the site's licensing, copyright, or other usage guidelines. There are many sites that allow free personal use of low-resolution and charge a fee for higher-resolution photos and professional usages.



GETTING SOME PERSPECTIVE

Considering different perspectives as you scrap your own stories and photos will give you pages that tell stories with more complexity and truth. As you're remembering a story, think about having a camera on your shoulder, filming what goes on. You'd get a good idea of your own perspective. What about, though, putting the camera on someone else's shoulder, or up in a corner near the ceiling, aimed to take in the whole wide angle of the room? This is the point at which your perspective diminishes and others enter.

compare two opposing points of view

In the musical "Bye Bye Birdie" there's a scene in which the girls are marching to the town square singing "We love you, Conrad. Oh, yes, we do-oo!" while the boys are marching in from another direction singing, "We hate you, Conrad. Oh, yes, we do-oo!" Neither side is wrong -- they just have differing perspectives. It's the continued look at those perspectives throughout the story that gives it tension and makes it believable and interesting.



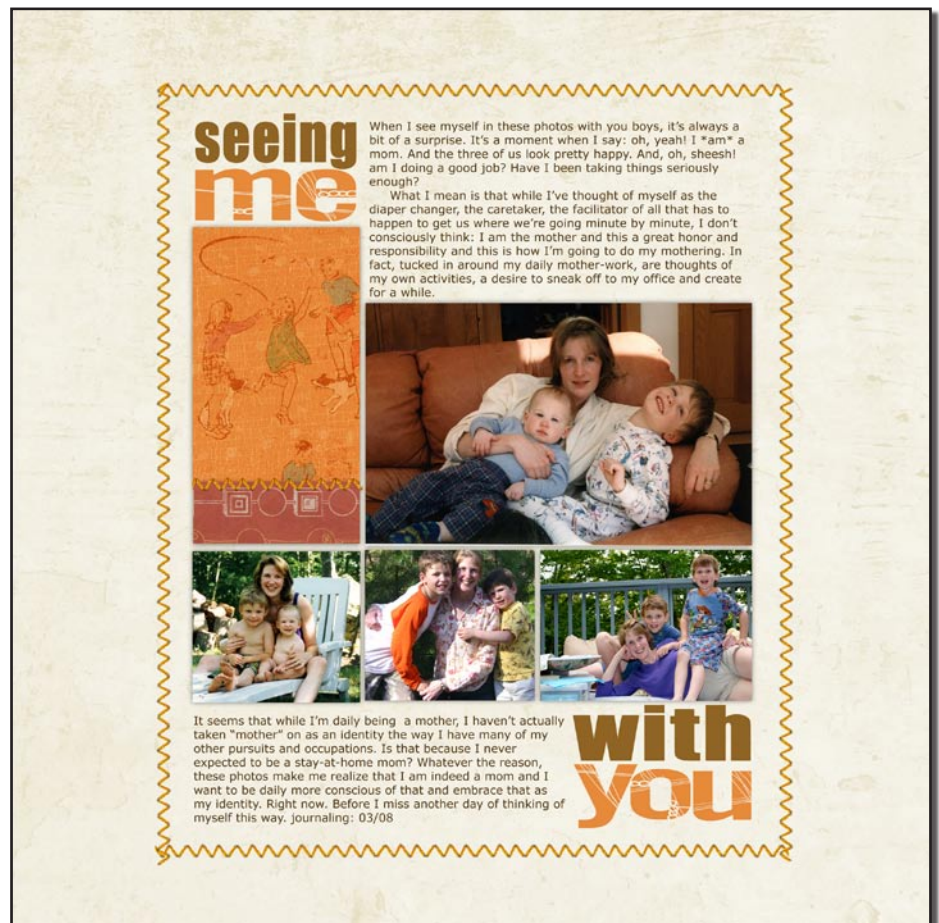
"Alliances & Allegations" is a layout that records a

[CLICK](#) for journaling.

contentious afternoon between siblings and cousins. Both sides were so adamant in their protests that I went to bed that night thinking about them. That's when I realized I needed to let go of my own perspective, which was: 1) an adult being interrupted all day with complaints; 2) a mom to two of the players; and 3) the only defender of the group being called whiners by the other children and adults. The journaling tells of what I came to understand when I thought more about what was going on from other points of view.

figure out how you fit into someone else's life and how you might appear to others

Hard as it sometimes is for me to admit: it's NOT always all about me. I remind myself of this especially when I'm at an event that my kids are loving (and at which they have probably run off with their friends leaving me alone) and I'm making small talk, leaning against walls, and even wandering aimlessly. I think: what am I to them at this point? And my answer is: a safety net, a source of money, someone to hold their coats, someone to show cool things to, mom. And from there it becomes even easier to imagine how they are experiencing this same event.



In "Seeing Me With You" I contemplate how being more conscious of the fact that others see me 1st as a mom could enrich my life. [CLICK for journaling.](#)

look at your own behavior from someone else's perspective

Have you ever been misunderstood? There's a children's song on Sandra Boynton's Philadelphia Chickens CD that expresses just this kind of frustration:

Nobody understands me,
though memmily blitt each day.
Nobody understands me,
but I guess zooglobber that way.

Here's a chance for you to look at just how this might happen in your own life. Put that imaginary camera I talked about above on to someone else's shoulder and imagine an incident through their eyes only. You don't necessarily need to scrap the story from their perspective, but if you can understand where they're coming from it can inform how you do tell the story.

I told the story in "Your Point?" from my point of view and ended with the zinger from my oldest son, thus showing that moment when I finally realized just what the day had been like for him.

August, 2008

YOUR POINT?

rough day

Summer was almost over and we still hadn't gone to Newcastle Beach — the beach of our preschool days—small with tidepools & no waves, grassy areas, and a playground. Every summer we visit at least once, and last summer we had some of our best times here—including a final cookout with friends.

I did know I was pushing things—that maybe I should let it go, but I felt like I'd be letting us all down if I didn't make sure we got there. There were signals that I said were just obstacles that we could get over: Elaine had a new job & was working. Jill's kids were away. Joshua had hives. And then, when we arrived, there was a warning sign about bacteria levels. I persisted, though. (I'd stopped at Barnes & Noble & bought Josh a new FoxTrot collection convinced that once he was settled with it under an umbrella, he'd be happy.) Mike showed up with Lily, and so, while Joshua was uncomfortable (but engrossed) Isaac had a good time. He and Lily can yak and play in the water forever (and we made sure no one put their heads under) & I was thinking we'd be having the dinner I'd packed on the beach.

And then—while seaweed sliding—Isaac cut up his toe & ripped off a good chunk of the nail. So we packed it all in — quickly.

On the way home, I asked Joshua if he was glad we came anyway—looking for that silver lining.

He said, "I don't know."

"Well (I said this with a hopeful tone)... it's a memory... What about you, Isaac?"

Isaac was in the way back with his foot on the seat in front of him to keep the bleeding from starting again. "I don't know."

Again, I said, "Well...it's a memory."

And that's when Joshua said, "This reminds me of when Calvin (of Calvin & Hobbes) said: I'd hate to think that all my current experiences will someday become stories with no point."

CLICK for journaling.

consider how others do things

A still-current expression for acknowledging that there are different ways to approach routine activities is: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." This comes from 387 AD when St. Ambrose explained to St. Augustine that when he was in Rome he fasted on Saturday, while, when he was in Milan, he did not.

Be alert to situations in which you get a glimpse of how others approach routines differently than you do, and consider scrapping the moment. While I could have scrapped our outing to Newburyport with posed shots and a run-down of what we did, I chose, instead, to focus on this one moment, and the resulting page is one that immediately triggers the tone of the day for me while revealing a little bit about all of us there.



CLICK for journaling.

think about when someone's thoughts surprised you

Be on the lookout for those moments when someone confides in you about how they're feeling and your response is: "YOU? No way!"

When my oldest son told me it was freaking him out to be getting as tall as me, I knew I wanted to scrapbook that moment. I pulled out the camera and asked my younger son to take these photos of us. There's one of us looking straight at each other and then just other fun ones.

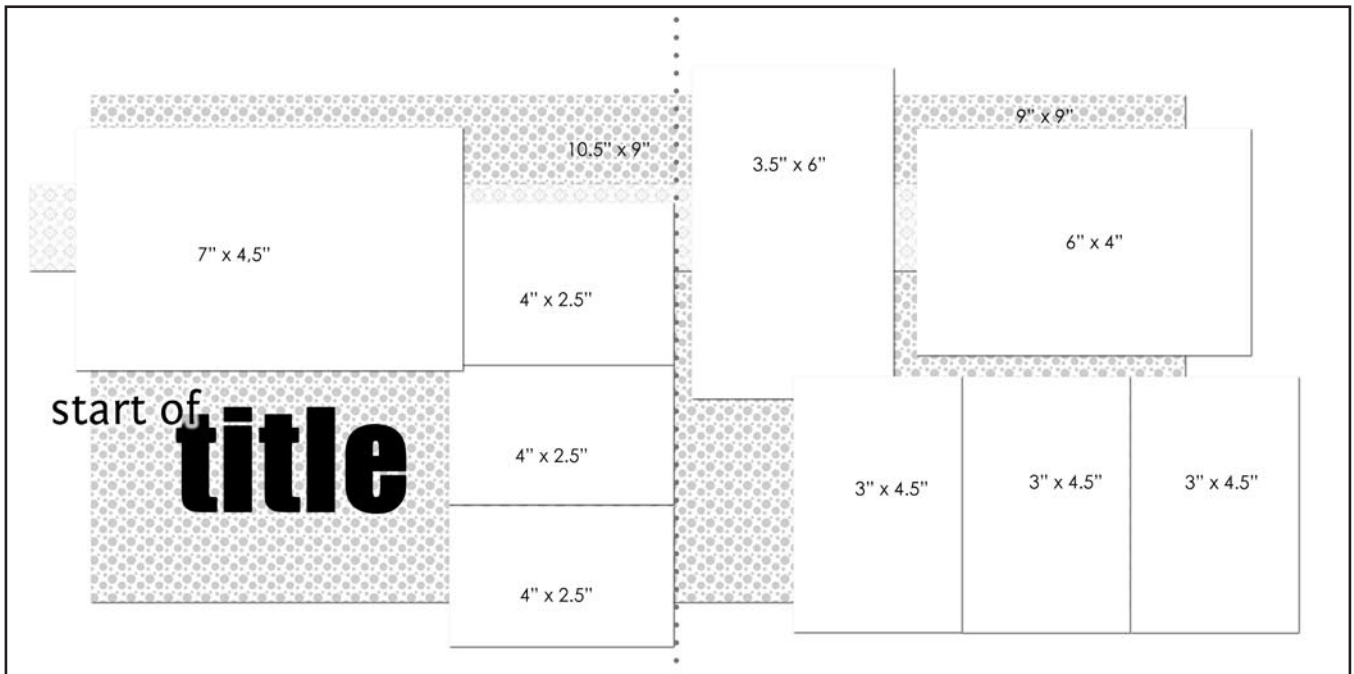
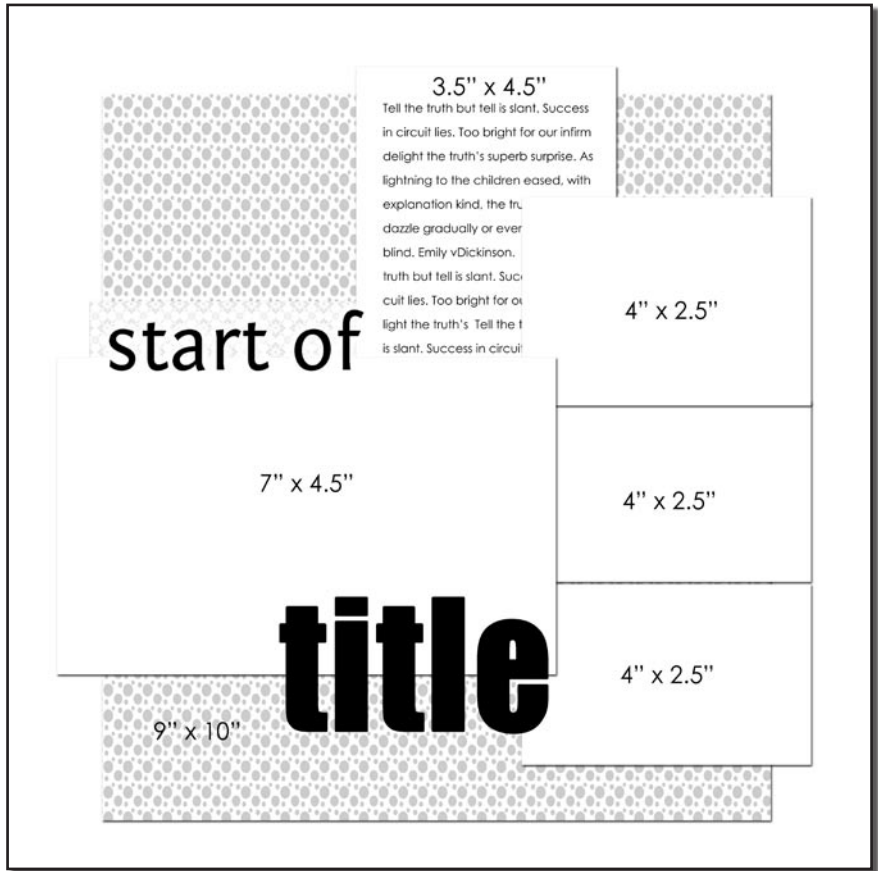
The title came straight from what my son said that surprised me. The journaling is short and tells the story with one key line of dialogue -- which is repeated in the title.

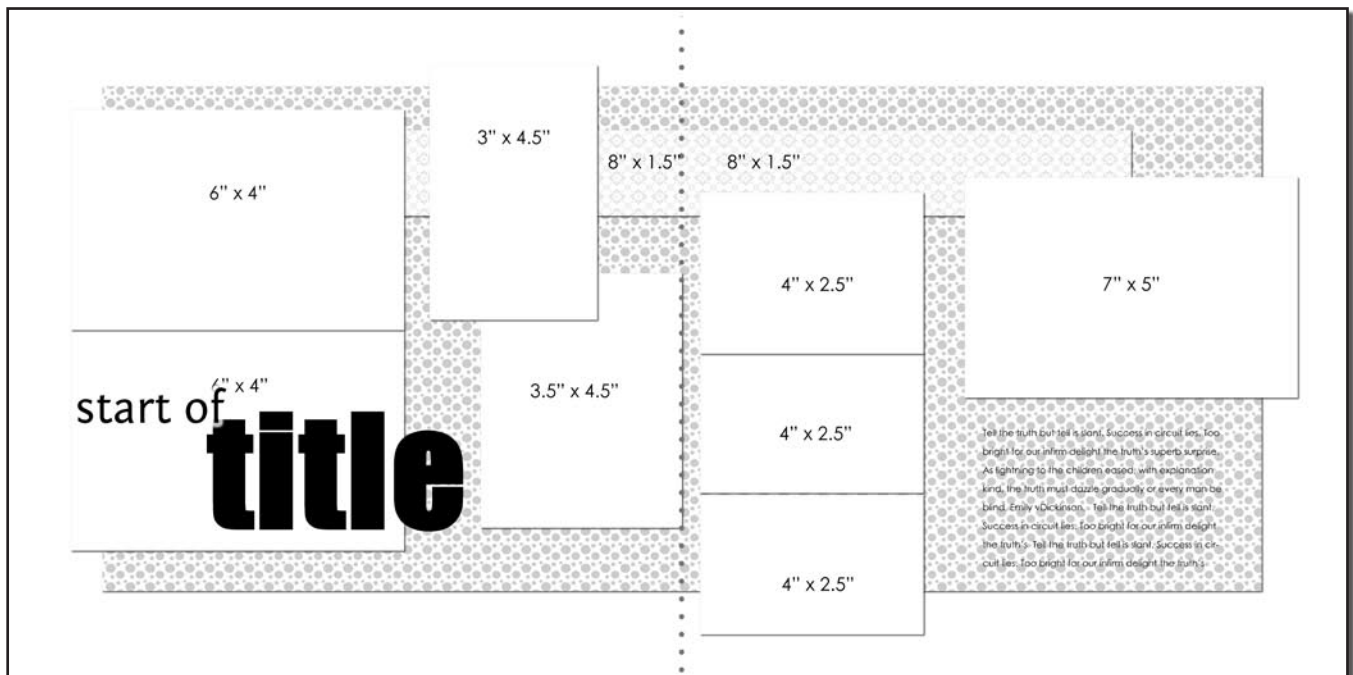
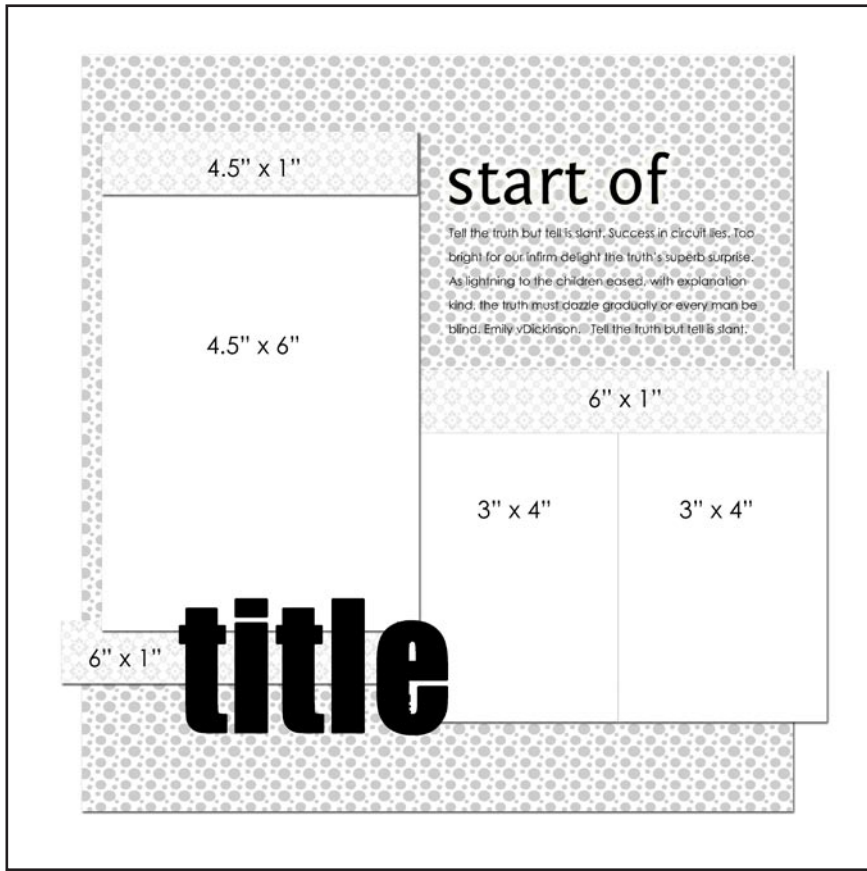


CLICK for journaling.

**SKETCH BUNDLE
FOR SCRAPBOOKING
EVERYDAY LIFE**

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JOURNALING: “Alliances & Allegations.” Joshua & Sara won’t let us help them build a fort!”

That’s the complaint that dragged adults to the door to ask what was going on.

“They can build their own fort.”

“Why can’t they just help you?”

“Why can’t they build their own?”

Isaac & Hannah & Emma eventually came in cold and tired and generally annoyed and got in a bed at Grandma’s to watch Frosty. Joshua and Sara came in and announced, “We’ve got a surprise for you guys. Come on!” No one really wanted to get out from under the covers and leave the movie, but they eventually did go see the surprise--a fort that had been built just for them. Their enthusiasm and thanks were luke-warm.

Several times that evening we heard, “Isaac & Hannah & Emma are ungrateful. We built them a fort and they didn’t even say thanks or play in it. They’re ungrateful.”

It was just as I fell asleep that night, finally in quiet after a busy day, that I realized they weren’t ungrateful. It’s just that they never wanted a fort. What they wanted was to play with Joshua and Sara. [Click to return to layout.](#)

JOURNALING: “Big Memory.” I have these photos because Neil said he wanted me to post them on my blog and write about my bad attitude.

On August, 30, 2008, I took Joshua to his first ever Anime convention. It was strange. We left Neil and Isaac on their own and then came home to find out it had been a strange day here, too. I say strange because my frugal husband did several uncharacteristic things. He and Isaac went to Hill-top Fun Center (a place I never thought Neil was going to venture) and they splurged and got all-day passes to ride go-carts and play laser tag and mini golf. It gets better, though.

On the way home they passed a garage sale with a huge panda bear. Isaac loves pandas. “What’s more,” said my very frugal husband, “It was only \$25!” He continued to tell me that the woman they bought it from originally paid \$400 for it and she had it dry-cleaned and she was soooo happy to see it go to someone who would love it.

I don’t know if it was a bargain or not, and it wasn’t the cost I was complaining over. “It’s HUGE and HEAVY.” I said. “Isaac’s room is so small already. Where are we going to keep it?”

“It can sit on his bottom bunk. I wanted him to have a memory of our day.”

I refrained from saying that maybe we could put the bear with the white leather ottoman that had also been a final sale purchase of Neil’s.

Neil said. “Iz, tell mom what you named your panda.”

“Kung-pao Panda!”

“You know we’re never going to be able to get rid of this bear,” I said. “We’ll be taking care of it when Isaac goes to college.”

And that’s when Neil told me to go pose with the bear so he could take photos and I could blog and scrapbook my bad attitude for all time. And I did it gladly, knowing there would be many who would hear my story and nod their heads with sympathy. [CLICK](#) to return to layout.

JOURNALING for “Everybody Choose One Boat.” “You get one boat. Which one will it be? And what are you going to name it?”

On a fall day off from school, the Aldriches met us (on the spur of the moment) in Newburyport and we walked around the fall festival and then the docks.

At the waterfront, Alyssa announced that everyone got one boat. It was obviously something she and her boys had done before. And my boys loved entering into the fantasy of boat ownership just for a while. Sharing this small custom of theirs was an unexpected treat & just one more reason for treasuring & building friendships. [Click](#) to return to layout.

JOURNALING for “It’s Freaking Me Out.”

The other day *YOU* noticed what I feel like I’ve been remarking on for a while -- that when you stand with me it seems your eyes are getting nearer to my eye level. I said that I knew this but you insisted it was more than usual. “And it’s freaking me out!” you said. Freaking *you* out? It never occurred to me that we’d have similar reactions to this. Dec 2007. [Click](#) to return to layout.

JOURNALING: “Puzzling.” I keep my bedside drawer full of pencils and cap erasers. I keep the puzzle books on shelves in my office, in messy piles in my office, under my bed, in the basket next to my chair, in my messenger bag--and there are many I can’t always find but that do turn up eventually. I do puzzles on and waiting for public transportation. I do puzzles when I’m waiting for my kids and can’t do other work. I go through intense puzzling phases where I do them upon waking and before going to sleep.

Sometimes I do easy puzzles and time myself. Sometimes I do hard puzzles that take hours. When I’m learning a new puzzle and get stuck, I go to a fresh one and another fresh one and then eventually (when I’ve learned a bit) I come back and do the ones I couldn’t do. I come up with coding systems. If I mess up a puzzle badly, I might erase and start over or I might write “ugh” or a frowny face and turn to a fresh page. I like to have good quality erasers and books that erase cleanly. The minute I fin-

ish a puzzle, I have the urge to start a new one, and a lot of time can go by.

I do the puzzles because I enjoy solving them. I enjoy the slow progress from the easy section of the book to the medium section and sometimes even to the hard. I do the puzzles because they keep my mind and hands busy and I'm not wasting time. I do the puzzles to avoid talking on airplanes. I do the puzzles to avoid other work. I do the puzzles to solve them. January 2009. [Click to return to layout.](#)

JOURNALING: "Seeing Me With You." When I see myself in these photos with you boys, it's always a bit of a surprise. It's a moment when I say: oh, yeah! I *am* a mom. And the three of us look pretty happy. And, oh, sheesh! am I doing a good job? Have I been taking things seriously enough?

What I mean is that while I've thought of myself as the diaper changer, the caretaker, the facilitator of all that has to happen to get us where we're going minute by minute, I don't consciously think: I am the mother and this a great honor and responsibility and this is how I'm going to do my mothering. In fact, tucked in around my daily mother-work, are thoughts of my own activities, a desire to sneak off to my office and create for a while. [Click to return to layout.](#)

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