

WALLFLOWER

magazine

*for the girl who
shies away from
the limelight*

VOL 3

Too quiet.

Too sensitive.

Too naive.

Too gentle.

Throughout our days on this blue cosmic marble, we are all called names.

These labels may be given by unaware adults, insecure peers, or uninformed strangers.

We take these words when we are young, and the words of people who do not matter still manage to cut cold and hard. They brand us, and we hold to them like an unfriendly trellis.

Because they are what we know. They are better than the great unknown, than the work it takes

to ask ourselves who we truly are.

This magazine is for the girl who has been called *too gentle*, or *too quiet*. Whose softness has been used by the hard, whose light has greatly offended the darkness.

Your light is your sword. It is a gift, and there will be many who try to take it from you.

In your heart of hearts, you want people to feel loved. You want to wander in the fading light of the day, probably barefoot, contemplating the deepness of life. You love castles and rose bushes

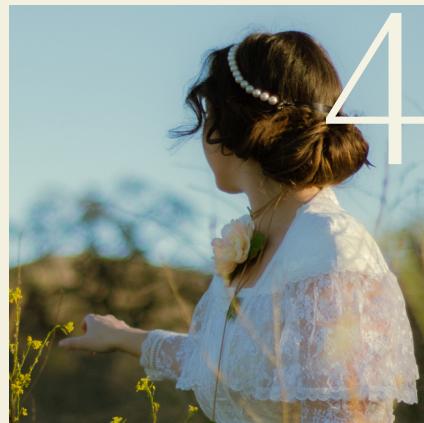
and rabbits and ducks.

Here, you can be soft. You can believe the world is as kind as you hope and pray you will be.

Here, we celebrate the wallflowers. For they are the ones who listen. They are the ones who love. ♣

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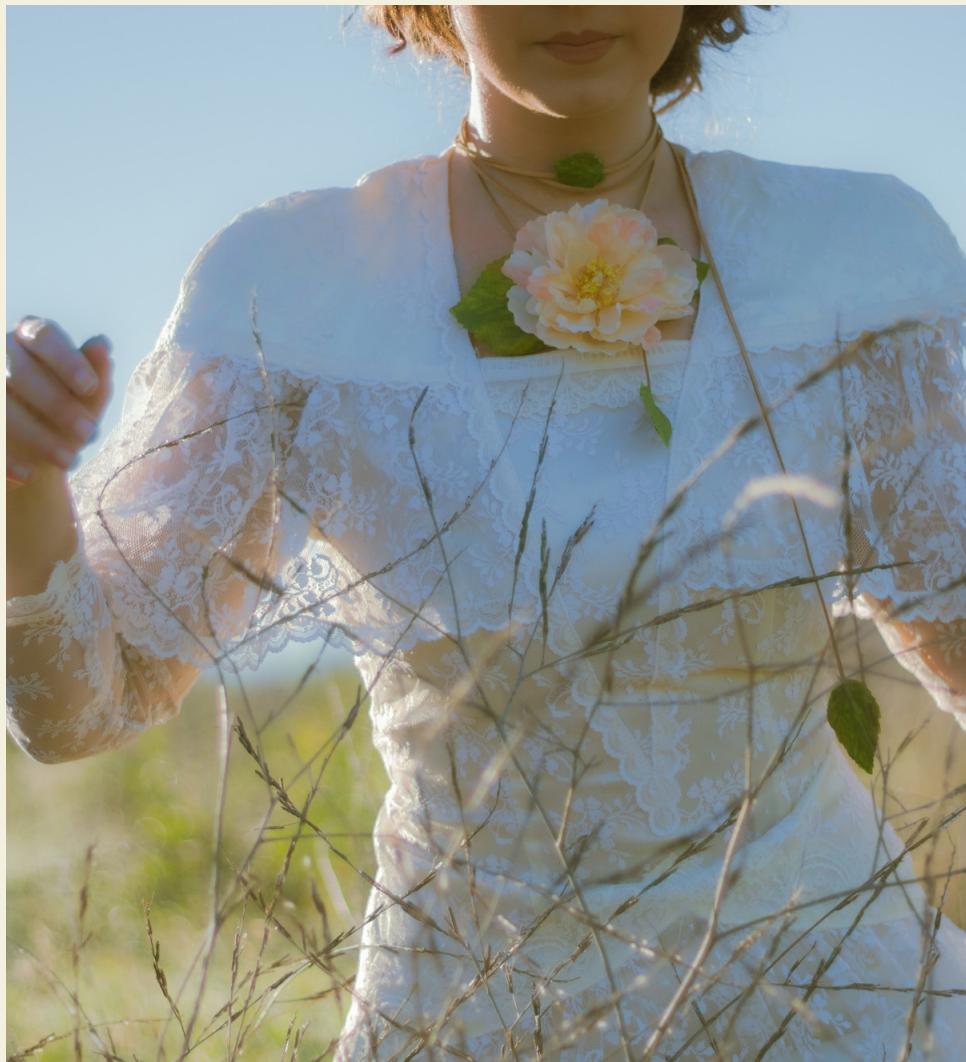


Quiet Moments

How To

USE YOUR VOICE

(even as a gentle soul)



Make friends



*Share what
matters*



Disagree

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE GENTLE DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T BE HEARD.

I was housesitting for a friend a couple weeks ago. One of my duties was to take their sweet dog, Gus, outside to get fresh air. I was watching Gus snuffling around (and occasionally pausing to look behind him and make sure I was still there) when a buzzing sound frightened me. My immediate thought was BEES, which are one of my top phobias.

Before I could book it inside, the thought hit me—maybe it wasn't bees. Just then, I saw the perpetrator: a tiny emerald hummingbird. I teared up, because I love hummingbirds. They're little artists, with their stunning feathers that glitter in the light (they definitely have the heart of a creative). And I've also always loved that they're small, which is something I deeply relate with. But just because they're small doesn't mean they are inconsequential—they're *fast*. And they're *loud*!

That really hit me for the first time the other night as I watched the hummingbird turn from one to two to three, waltzing around the feeder. I marveled at how loud these tiny things were. It hit me that tiny things can still be loud.



Make friends.



Making friends as an adult isn't easy. I used to assume that anyone I was around became an automatic friend. As a gentle soul, I didn't understand boundaries; I didn't want to be choosy, because I'd much rather prefer to welcome everyone into my life.

One of the greatest blessings in life is a good friend. They aren't there to only give, but that also extends to you—you also deserve to have a friend who will pick up your phone calls, stop by to bring supplies when you're sick, and make weekend plans.

As a gentle soul, you can use your voice to make friends.

- ✿ *Say hi to someone you don't know.*
- ✿ *Ask someone what their story is—and then listen intently.*
- ✿ *Make weekend plans. Brunch, anyone?*
- ✿ *Don't be afraid to be upfront. Make boundaries, tell people when they've hurt you, and share your opinion.*

Disagree.

Being gentle, quiet, and soft doesn't mean you can't ever disagree or share the hard truth. It doesn't mean your values or opinions or desires have to align with everyone else's.

I used to believe the opposite of all the above! I spent my life trying to figure out what people wanted, and then giving it to them. In the spirit of never wanting them to feel uncomfortable, I agreed with everyone, even if I was lying to myself. But hey, I always thought, maybe I'm wrong anyway. Who am I to be right?

I had a moment where I wondered if I had to change the core of who I was in order to be more honest; I didn't know if it was possible to be gentle and kind while still stating my mind. But that's such a false dichotomy!

You can keep the essence of your beautiful God-given personality, while still standing your ground. Life is all about balance. Jesus Himself perfectly modeled the example of kindness bound with discernment, wisdom, genuineness, and strength. In fact, maybe that's just it—gentleness doesn't equal weakness. Quietness doesn't mean silence.

Trust that when people ask your opinion, they actually want it (and to be honest, if they don't, then why did they ask in the first place?). Believe that dissension doesn't equal hate; it equals diversity of thought, conversation, and deeper relationships.

✿ *Keep a daily journal tracking how many times you're assertive or speak your mind. This really helped me embed it into my life, and I'm happy to report that being assertive has become way more natural to me.*

✿ *Challenge yourself to disagree with something...and be amazed at how often the other person is actually okay with it!*



*Share
what
matters.*



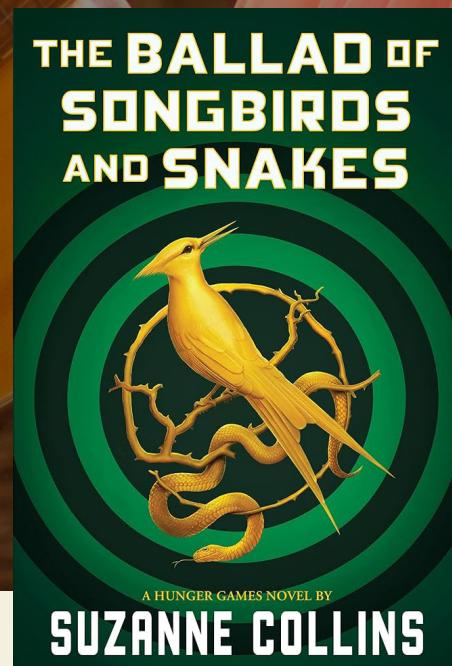
When you can speak your mind, you can share what matters. I had a giant breakthrough when I realized that because I couldn't speak up, not only was I hurting myself, but I was hurting others.

I've always found it easier to speak up on the behalf of others than myself . . . but even that was difficult. I realized that to do what I truly love—help others feel heard and important—I first needed to be able to speak up myself. How could I help others if I couldn't even help myself?

Now you can share the truth, unapologetically. You can speak up for those who have no voice. There is too much wrong in the world to be okay with staying silent.

- ✿ *Share the Gospel with someone. That's the greatest truth there is!*
- ✿ *Make someone feel heard. Listen to them with your whole heart and ask good questions.*
- ✿ *Promise to speak up for those who cannot: the poor, the widows, the orphans, the silently oppressed. It's biblical! ✿*





Book Shelf

I watched the movie first, and let me say . . . I left that theater shooketh. There are too many toxic romances lurking on the YA shelves nowadays. Broody boys are the It Guys, and the idea that you can fix people is sold for \$20 and a box of Kleenexes. But this movie actually showed a healthy romance. I don't want to spoil it for those of you who haven't watched/read, because this was a 5-star for me.

I was a fan of this story for so many reasons. To be honest, when I heard it was a prequel to the Hunger Games, I groaned—Hollywood has been on the lookout for shiny, quick moneymakers, and I figured this would be no different. I didn't expect it to have so much heart, so much

depth.

The story focuses on a young President Snow. While recently villain origin stories have seemed popular, and therefore a dime a dozen, this one actually expanded the Hunger Games universe . . . which is exactly what prequels are meant to do. I never connected with President Snow, but after watching this movie, I rewatched all the other ones because he finally made sense in a fascinatingly twisted way.

I also loved Lucy Gray. I struggled with Hunger Games initially because I couldn't relate with Katniss. She's just so insanely different from me. But Lucy Gray? She believes in music and

"Nothing you can take from me



I was so inspired by this book that I did a photoshoot dressed as Lucy Gray...

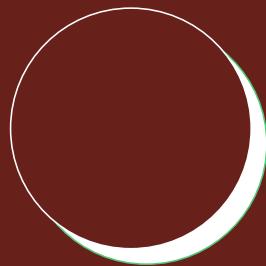
love and kindness. She's who I aspire to be. In fact, she's a great example of the previous article (don't tell me you skipped it and came straight to this one?!). She's gentle and kind, but she's also strong—she puts Snow in his place and stands up for those who can't.

As much as I recommend the movie, I'm going to be cliche for a moment: the book is infinitely better. In the movie, you see Snow and his friend Sejanus interacting from the outside. Snow seems mildly annoyed at best. But, once you read the book, you understand how deeply narcissistic and even psychopathic he is. He hates this boy, but you see how cleverly he uses him. It adds a whole other layer to the movie.

One last random note: God put it in my heart this year to live out the Bible verse in Matthew that tells us to be "gentle as a dove, wise as serpent." I thought it was so cool that the title of this movie hints at both birds and serpents, and Lucy Gray embodied that kindness bound by wisdom.

Do yourself a favor and dedicate some time to delving into the world of Ballad of . . . The Ballad of Birds . . . Ballad of Songbirds and . . . whatever this movie is called (to this day I have to think about the title of this for a solid 5 seconds). ♠

was ever worth keeping."



A COLOURFUL HISTORY

Red Ochre

Formula: Fe₂O₃

Greek name: okhra

Hex Code: # 67201a

Red ochre is at the heartbeat of our universe. It was most the first color used for primitive art.

ORIGIN

This color comes from natural clay that gets its pigment from hematite (Oxidized iron, which is a fancy way of saying iron that reacts with oxygen; how cool is that? Science and art collide, once again.).

It was used all across the world because it's a mineral found in rocks: Europe, the Middle East, Australia, Southeast Asia, and Russia.

Red ochre could be shaped into a stick and used like a crayon. It was found in what archaeologists

deemed the first painting kit, made up of a shell and a stone which were used to grind the ochre and create pigment. Once ground, this was added to liquid (like water, egg whites, or even saliva) to create primitive paint. A bone was then used to create the first human expressions of what we would one day know as both language and art.

USAGE

Ask anyone what red symbolizes, and most likely they'll describe the color as powerful. And sure enough, the color was associated with both life and death: while Roman soldiers painted their bodies entirely red to celebrate victories, the color was used to decorate burial sites in more prehistoric situations.

Ancient Egyptian women used the color for their makeup. Australians used it to emblazon stories onto walls that would be passed on for

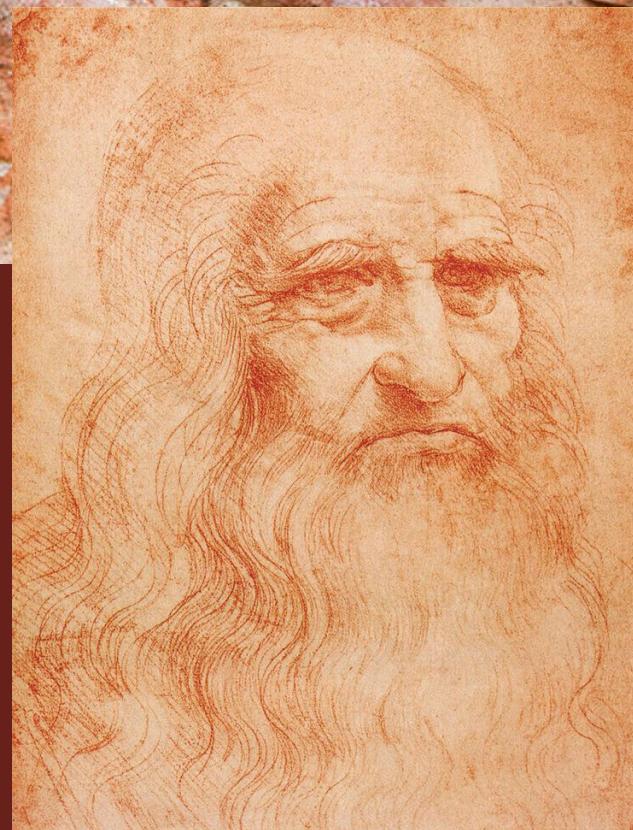
generations. Michelangelo would one day use red ochre to create his sketches for the Sistine Chapel, and Leonardo da Vinci used it for his Portrait of a Man in Red Chalk. Even Rembrandt had a part in the history of red ochre, utilizing it for his famously warm paintings.

This color will forever be special to me because of its place in the beginning of art history. When you look at the photo of the hands on the opposite page, do you not get chills? I do! It's wild to think that, though art is not necessary per se, we've always felt a need to explain ourselves, tell stories, and leave a lasting mark.

And all that started . . . with a simple bit of ground red clay. ☺



Above: Cave wall, Argentina / Photographed by Javier Etcheverry



Right: Self Portrait in Red Chalk / Leonardo da Vinci

Off the

I've never considered myself as someone who knew her style, that is, not until the last year or two. Every few months I would stand in front of my closet, open all of my drawers, and survey every piece of clothing I owned. None of this feels like me, none of this shows what I feel on the inside. Style always seemed to come easier to others, but



never to me. One day I decided that I was going to buy pieces that truly felt like me, to follow my heart in the shopping-sphere, and I've never looked back.

When I decided to build my closet into clothes that felt like me, I wanted to start with simple, basic pieces that could be worn in lots of ways.

When I'm looking to build my closet, I always start with a visit to my local Goodwill.

Hanger
by Molly Emma



FEATURING

A Simple Staple

MADE FOR RUNNING FREE

Price: \$5

Location: North Carolina

Seller: Goodwill

Perfect with: Black slacks, shorts, or over a flowing dress with an accent belt

When I decided to build my closet into clothes that felt like me, I wanted to start with simple, basic pieces that could be worn in lots of ways. When I'm looking to build my closet, I always start with a visit to my local *Goodwill*.

I poured through the racks and, when this long-sleeve, light sweater crossed my eye, I audibly gasped; I knew it would become a simple staple in my wardrobe. The looseness of the turtle neck is what did it for me, and at only \$5, it was a steal.

I dressed this sweater up with a pair of loose-fitting, black slacks when I worked in the classroom, and I've dressed it down by pairing it with shorts in the spring and fall, but *my favorite way to style it is over a flowing dress*.

With a brown belt used to tuck the sweater, it makes me feel like the song *Say Yes to Heaven* by Lana Del Rey. Really, I've ran through a field wearing this sweater with a white dress underneath; I felt quite limitless. Each time I open my closet, I'm greeted by this sweater, and I confidently say to myself, *This looks like me.* ☺





LOST IN YOUR LIGHT
// Richard Walters, Lydia Oliver

MEET ME AT
THE RECORD
STORE // Pa Sheehy

BEGINNING
MIDDLE
END
// The
Greeting
Committee

Playlist

SOFT

THOUGHTS

CHAPTER SIX

15

050. DELICATE

I feel like something is wrong with me
I am too gentle, too delicate for this world
They tell me to look for the monsters, to
search for the wicked
It's not that I live in delusion
I know the darkness,
it has taken me prisoner before
But I choose to live in the light
Not to dwell on the monsters
But to embody the light
that keeps them away

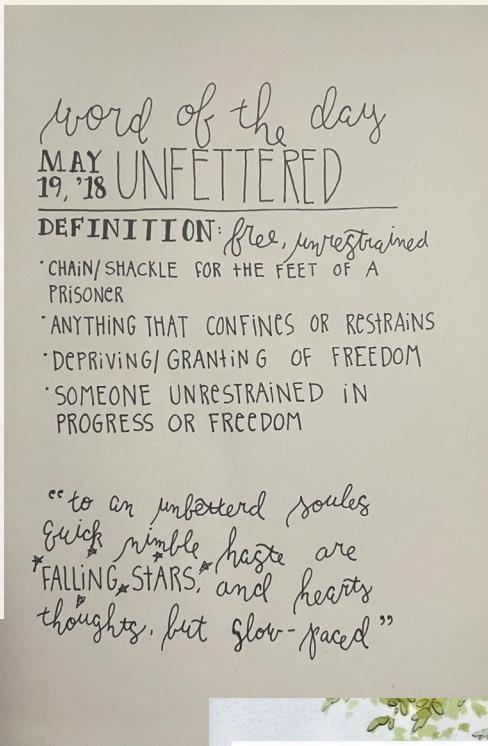
There's something beautiful about people who have tasted bitterness but are still determined to savor the sweetness life has to offer.

You can feel it in their presence. They have a sense of calm warmth and they refuse to let life take from them. I love these kinds of people - people who have stayed gentle in a world that tried to harden them. They've known darkness but still offer their light to others. Their kindness is real and genuine, never a tactic or a strategy.

*touched by darkness,
still spreading light*

That's Bold of You by Case Kenny

like rain, I fall
but
like water, I flow
like the sun. I'll shine
everything takes time
and I'll be fine (again)
dika agustin



Time to Paint the Walls...



by Heather Moylan



When my youngest sister was old enough to sleep in a “big girl bed,” she moved into the bedroom I had been sharing with our middle sister, and I moved into the room that was her blue-walled, Winnie-the-Pooh-themed nursery.

Not long after, when I was around eight, my mother picked me up from a playdate at my cousin’s and informed me that my father had painted my room. My heart dropped. How could they paint my room without asking me what color I wanted?

Once home, I flung my door open, and there was my freshly painted room – a masterpiece of patterned pastel stripes my father painstakingly painted with tape, brush, and roller.

The lower third of my room was a light green. Then, above the green, 2 inches of light blue. Then 8 of light purple, and 2 of light green, finishing with the top third entirely light blue.

I later came up with a story to describe my walls: you start on a grassy plain, then cross a river, then the street, then the beach, to get to the ocean.

It was magic.

Just before I turned 11, we moved to a new house. I picked the bedroom that had the exact same layout as my old room and asked my dad to paint it the exact same way.

Now, at 26, I live in a time capsule of my life. It is a blessing to have so many reminders of how I have become who I am.

Posters I hung up at 14. Books I collected at 16. Birthday gifts and stuffed animals from days gone by. Pastel painted walls.

But those things do not reflect who I am now. And not who I

want to be in the future.

There is something to say about physical space being a tangible representation of our emotional and spiritual states. *To change your physical space is to let go of something.*

To paint my room is to close the chapter on childhood. To say goodbye to the magic my father created.

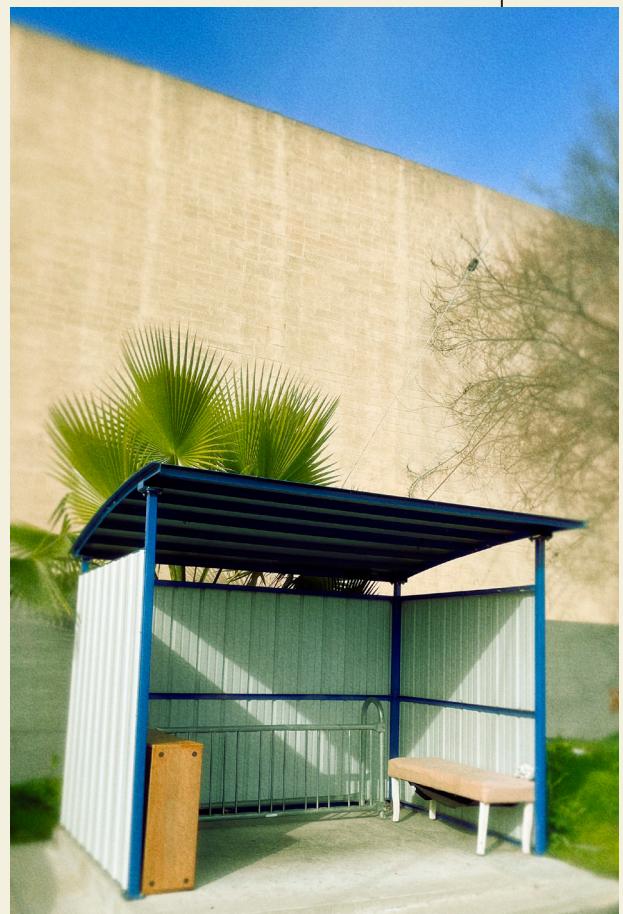
I am an adult now. There is no going back to childhood – nor would I want to. It is a blessing to grow older. And it is fun.

But it’s not easy to let go. It’s actually really, really hard. But it is a necessity, and a reality, of life.

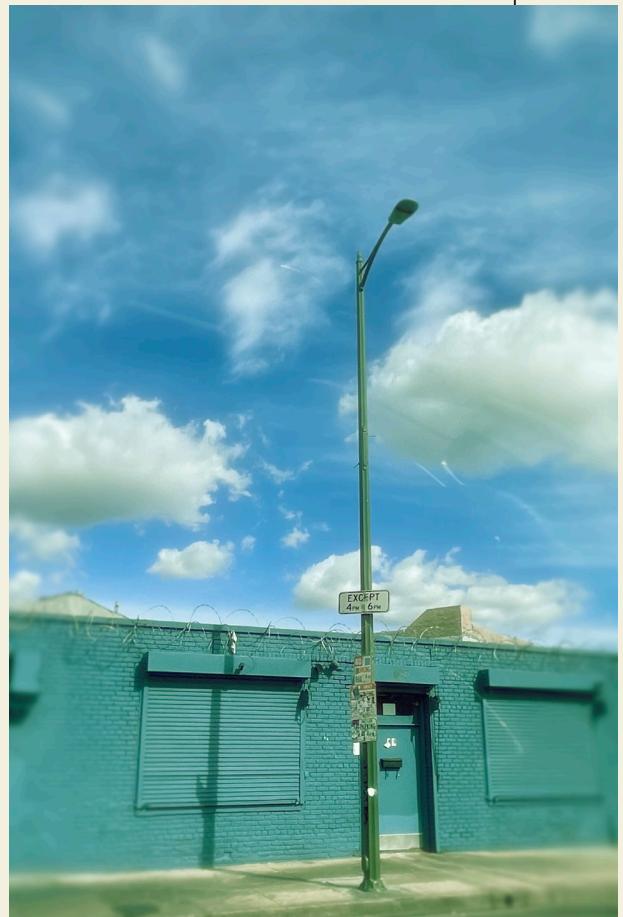
You cannot grow if you don’t let go. ♠

CHAPTER EIGHT

Quiet



Moments





wallflower
magazine

