

A woman is walking on a runway, illuminated by a spotlight. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved, knee-length dress with a ruffled waist and hem. She is also wearing white lace-up high-heeled shoes. The background is dark, and the spotlight creates a warm, golden glow around her.

WALLFLOWER

magazine

*for the girl who
shies away from
the limelight*

VOL 1

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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CHAPTER ONE

How To
EMBRACE A
GENTLE LIFESTYLE

*Notice the
sunlight*



*Plan solitary
activities*



*Journal about
your day*





N

IS FOR

NOTICING THE LIGHT

Light is such a gift. We're so glued to our screens and our calendars, constantly preparing for the next thing, that we forget to see the light.

07:00 a.m.

When I wake up in the morning, this blinding angelic white light casts slats of light across my couch. It reminds me of when I first moved to California—I would wake up in a completely different chapter of life, opening my eyes to view the couch no longer in my parent's bedroom. The couch was now mine, the art was mine, the rug was mine, the walls were mine.

How did I belong to this place? Was I really the one signing the check for rent every month?

I was just a child yesterday; when I opened my eyes, the rains came and I was a woman. I had changed, my home had changed,

my world had changed—yet the light had not. The sun was the same sun that had raised me from my yesteryears.

11:00 a.m.

To clear my brain, I take a walk in the mornings. My route goes through a neighborhood, tucked away in the heart of LA. You wouldn't think such beautiful things could grow here, yet amongst the muck and the mire, life finds a way. *I've always been the type to find the beauty and the goodness everywhere.*

People have curated beautiful gardens of perky roses, and in the bright morning light the greens of the trees are so luscious that they seem to belong to another world. A soft breeze sends the leaves and petals into a gentle dance, and for a moment everything else around me stills.

7:20 p.m. (depending on the season)

I used to do photography on my balcony and in my apartment. Moving to the outdoors where people can judge was not appealing to me.

But, one day, I was bursting at the seams. I needed a way to explain what I was feeling, to get it out. So I put on a vintage dress I'd only worn once, threw my tripod and camera in a car, and drove.

The spot I ended up in was perfect, because I'd driven by it for months and months and months. I'd wanted

to take photos there "one day," but somehow "one day" kept getting put off. I wanted to say goodbye to being too busy to stop and smell the roses . . . or in this case, to stop and explore.

I ended up on a grassy hill just as the sun was setting, and I felt like I was in a period drama. Music swelled in my ears from a place somewhere deep inside. The golden light felt so good on me, and I truly felt alive. Somehow, I ended up just dancing in the sunlight. And suddenly, everything felt all right.





IS FOR *PLAN SOLITARY ACTIVITIES*

Community is God's gift to us. As reflectors of His character, we are created to be with others.

However, we cannot underestimate the importance of solitary activities.

These quiet moments have a few benefits.

GROW INDEPENDENCE

We can tend to use other people to medicate ourselves when we're feeling lonely or facing difficult problems. People also make us feel better about ourselves—if we go to an event and quickly gain lots of new friends who seem to enjoy us,

that's a huge ego boost. Part of maturing is learning that our value is not based on what others think of us, and our opinion is not valid only when others agree with us.

Planning solitary events also helps you practically gain independence. You'll get used to researching events/details, booking activities, finding parking, and other "basic" skills that can only be taught by experience.

GAIN CLARITY

Perhaps why we're so afraid to be alone is that there, in the quiet, we face our worst fears. The quiet

lends itself to deep thoughts, and that's when doubts arise. You can no longer run from your problems when you aren't distracted by friends. But, introspection is imperative to build future healthy relationships.

None of us are perfect. But let's not use that as a reason to mess up and hurt others all our lives. If we take time to check in with ourselves and see how we're both succeeding and failing, we can course correct.

Then, when we come out of our hibernation, we'll be healthier people ready to add (not take) to other lives. ☘

J IS FOR JOURNAL ABOUT YOUR DAY



A day full of emotions can leave us all tangled up by bedtime. A great way to unwind is by journaling.

Start with simply listing out the things you did that day. As you get more comfortable, you can go into deeper detail and also mention emotions tied into these events.

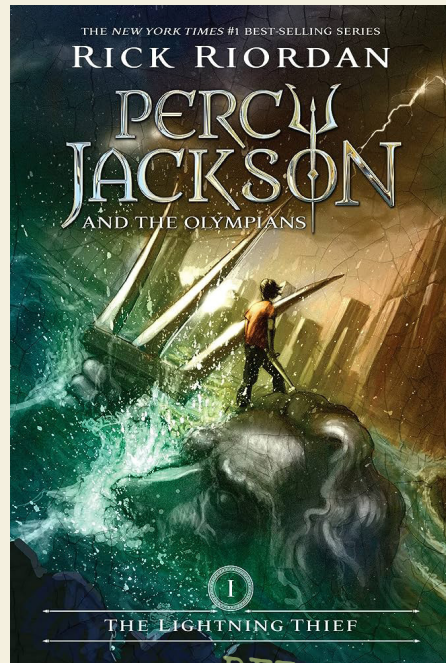
Treat yourself to a new journal to make the experience luxurious (Rifle Paper Co. is my favorite brand for cute stationery!). Also buy a set of nice pens—nothing makes me feel more elegant than a pen with the right kind of ink.

We've all heard that screens before bed isn't the way to go. Replacing mindlessly scrolling with mindful journaling will leave you snoring soundly in bed!

My very not cottagecore hack for journaling is downloading the DailyBean app. It's a simpler

entry-level way to journal, where you select emojis under different categories to catalogue your day. For example, you can select which emoji (ranging from very sad to very happy) you were feeling emotion-wise. You can select hobbies you participated in, how many meals you ate, and at the end if you're feeling up for it you can record a digital journal entry. You can even upload pictures! This got me into the journaling mindset, and soon I found I was enjoying the actual journaling part of the routine...and not just selecting the cute emojis. This is also a great way to track your hobbies, routines, and goals. If you pay for the premium version (yes, I know I know, I gave in!), you also get access to stats that are very interesting. For example, I found when I mark that I ate dessert I'm usually happy. Who woulda thunk it? 🍩

Book Shelf



RETURN BY NOVEMBER 29
NOVEMBER 29
NOVEMBER 29

AUTHOR: Rick Riordan
BOOK TITLE: Percy Jackson &
the Lightning Thief

My friend invited me to attend a book tour event for Rick Riordan, and you gotta know this about me: I'm always down for a bookish event! However, I didn't want to show up and not know anything about this serious. I'd heard about it before, besides, and I've been randomly craving a middle-grade read so I thought now was the time.

The first novel in this series does not disappoint! I've been so used to YA that the voice change into middle-grade was super fun. I don't remember the last time I read a book narrated by a pre-teen boy. Rick's writing is hilarious, and he does a great job of weaving in information about Greek mythology.

By the end of the novel, you know so much more about ancient Greek mythology . . . and what the gods would wear if they were modern-day figures.

I love childrens' media because the messages are so simple, and yet they're things adults spend a lifetime perfecting: be kind to others, love is sacrifice, and the importance of friends.

I'm excited to continue the series, and hopefully to meet Rick himself next week! ❁



A COLOURFUL HISTORY

Paris Green

Formula: $\text{Cu}(\text{C}_2\text{H}_3\text{O}_2)_2 \cdot 3\text{Cu}(\text{AsO}_2)_2$

Scientific name: copper acetoarsenite

Hex Code: # 50C878

Other pseudonyms include: Emerald Green, Schweinfurt Green, or Vienna Green

Paris Green was invented in Germany in 1814 by Wilhelm Sattler and Friedrich Russ. They were attempting to create a more stable alternative to the current popular green since it blackened (Scheele Green), but they unfortunately ended up making another toxic green (one of the ingredients was arsenic).

When Empress Eugenie of France wore a stunning Paris Green dress to the opera in 1864, the color hit mainstream. Paris Green became all the rage for such items as glass, cloth, leather, soap, lampshades, wallpaper, childrens' toys, candles, paper, sweets, and even pharmaceuticals.

Fun fact: Famous artists Cezanne, Manet, Van Gogh, and Sauret adored the color.

UNFORTUNATELY, ITS TOXICITY WAS NOT DISCOVERED UNTIL 1822.

A chemist named Dr. Ange-Gabriel-Maxime Vernois published a study on the danger of the color after observing factory workers making fake flowers. The workers were reporting painful lesions on their skin, and Dr. Vernois pinpointed it back to their usage of Paris Green since they applied the color to the fabrics with their bare forearms.

In 1861, an artificial flower maker named Matilda Scheurer in London passed away. Although the British Government would pass this off as an unfortunate accident,

MALTIDA HAD REPORTED THAT THE WORLD LOOKED GREEN TO HER AND THE WHITES OF HER EYES HAD TURNED GREEN.

One of the worst offenders of early deaths was wallpaper. 1 million rolls in the murderous color were produced in the UK by 1830, and the number skyrocketed to 30 million rolls by 1870.

Its use was finally terminated when it became public knowledge that people who wore clothes dyed with this color died earlier.

The color was not officially banned in the US until the 1960s. ☘



Off the

As a *storyteller*, it makes sense that I love thrifting. After all, where's the romance in buying something brand new from a department store? When you thrift, there's the excitement of **searching** for the item, prowling through dusty aisles like a fashion-forward pirate. There's the joy of finding a clothing item for less than it's worth ... and



then, penultimately, the promise that someone else somewhere once wore this. Maybe it's vintage, or maybe it was worn at a goodbye party or a baby's first birthday. Maybe its owner hopes to visit Italy one day, or just wants to beat cancer, or just needed a fresh start. And now it's mine to love, to repurpose, to use in my art.

And, one day, I'll give it back to a thrift store and someone else can buy it and wonder what I was like.

Hanger

FEATURING

the **FAIRY SHIRT** *with the*
DREAMY SLEEVES

Price: \$17

Location: Crafted at the Port of LA

Seller: Zia Loves

Perfect with: A flower crown, dangly earrings, lace elements

On a Sunday after church, I traveled an hour down to *Long Beach, CA*, where I'd seen an advertisement for a weekend craft market.

I wandered around, fascinating by all the creative endeavors. I stumbled onto my favorite shop at the very end (of course) in the far back right corner of the building.

It was called *Zia Loves*. I chatted with the owner; she collects little doodads from around LA and resells them (so it's basically a tiny curated thrift store). I loved everything in her store; her aesthetic was perfect! I got to give her some social media tips with her, too; she was scared to get on Instagram, but I encouraged her to just start with short reels since the algorithm favors them.

This particular top captured my attention. The back comes together in two delicately folded panels, like folded beetle wings. And who can deny that the sleeves are absolutely gorgeous? They're long, long, long. The pattern is reminiscent of what I think a '70s flower child would wear.

I probably can't wear it on the regular, to be honest, because the sleeves are SO long and impractical. But I'm hoping to go to the Renaissance Fair in 2024, and this top is ready for that moment. ❀



Playlist

DOGWOOD
TREES
// Elias Hix

AT LAST
// Niko Case

POCKETFUL OF RAIN
// The Paper Kites

SOFT FT

CHAPTER 6

15

Isaiah 25:9

On that day it will be said,
Look this is our God;
We have waited for him, and he has saved us.
This is the lord, we have waited for him,
Let's rejoice and be glad in his salvation.

Psalm 50:11

I know all the birds of the hills, and all that moves in the field is mine.

THOUGHTS



“Many boys will bring you flowers. But someday you'll meet a boy who will learn your favorite flower, your favorite song, your favorite sweet. And even if he is too poor to give you any of them, it won't matter because he will have taken the time to know you as no one else does. Only that boy earns your heart.

Leigh Bardugo, *Six of Crows* (*Six of Crows*, #1)
Tags: leigh-bardugo, six-of-crows

Like · 🍷 6450

"Luxury has never appealed to me, I like simple things, books, being alone, or with somebody who understands."

Daphne du Marier



6,949 likes

emilymeadowsart It is not our job to fight what God is already working in our lives. Oftentimes the way out is so much simpler than we even could imagine because it takes the work of the divine God to lead us there. So be patient in your affliction. Cling to hope and goodness. When all hope is lost, when every way, door, and window seem closed, God can still provide a path. We may not flee from Pharaoh and his army as Moses once did, but we still fight the same spiritual battles as the Israelites in Egypt. Darkness may enclose us, and fear may cloud our minds, but there is always hope. Trust that God is fighting for you and that He will carry you through your Red Sea of impossible situations if you choose to trust in the One whose strength and love is greater than our minds can fathom. When following the One who promises to make a way our job is often to simply be still and be silent.



It's like in the great stories, Mr. Frodo. The ones that really mattered. Full of darkness and danger they were. And sometimes you didn't want to know the end. Because how could the end be happy? How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad had happened?

But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow. Even darkness must pass. A new day will come. And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer. Those were the stories that stayed with you. That meant something, even if you were too small to understand why.

But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do understand. I know now. Folk in those stories had lots of chances of turning back, only they didn't. They kept going, because they were holding on to something.

That there is some good in this world, and it's worth fighting for.

- SAMWISE GAMGEE, THE LORD OF THE RINGS

HE FOUND HIM IN A
DESERT LAND,
AND IN THE HOWLING
WASTE OF THE
WILDERNESS;
HE ENCIRCLED HIM, HE
CARED FOR HIM,
HE KEPT HIM AS THE
APPLE OF HIS EYE.

DEUT 32:10

Art History

William Morris

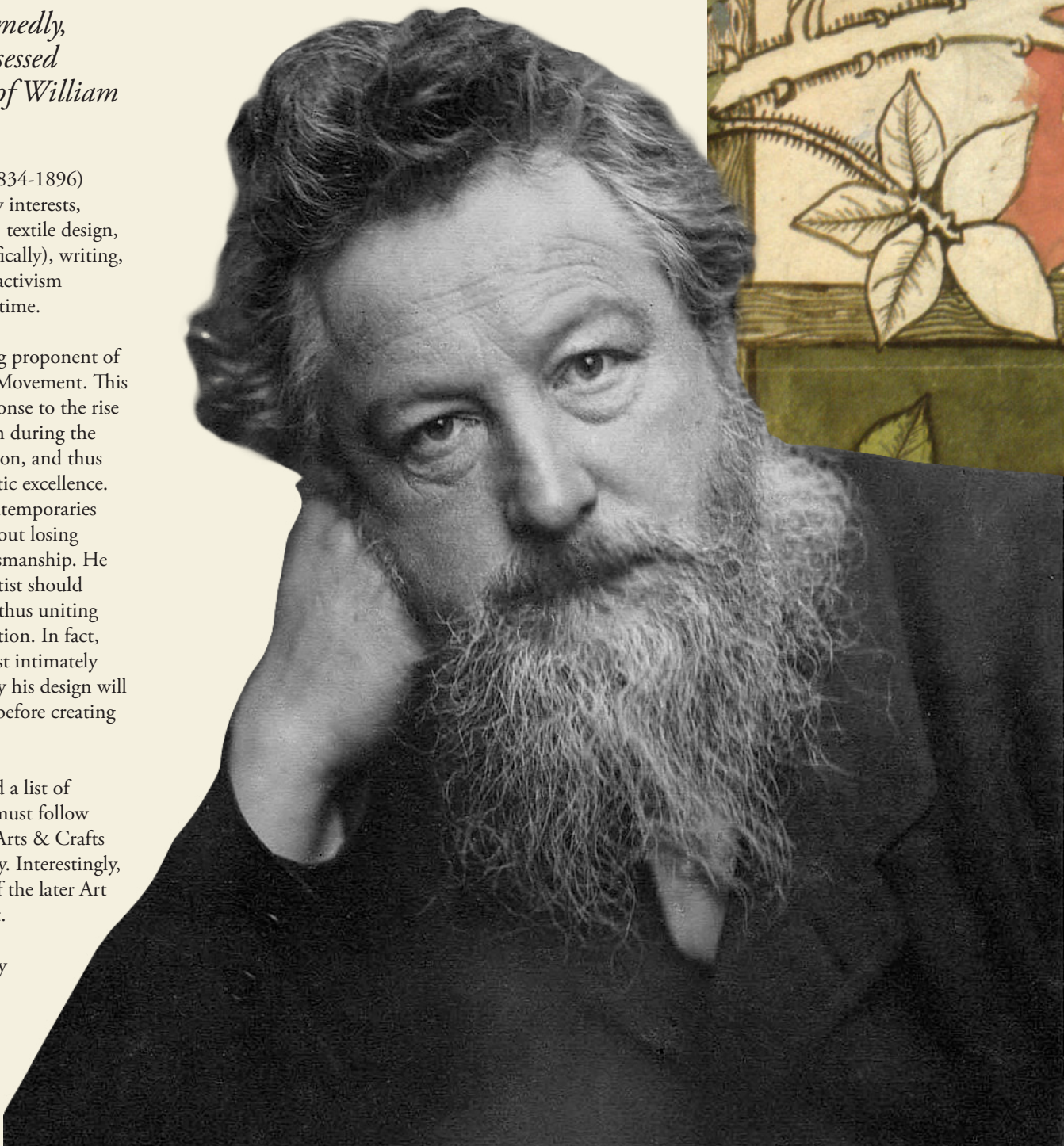
*I am unashamedly,
absolutely obsessed
with the art of William
Morris.*

William Morris (1834-1896) was a man of many interests, dabbling in poetry, textile design, art (painting specifically), writing, and even political activism throughout his lifetime.

Morris was a strong proponent of the Arts & Crafts Movement. This art style was a response to the rise of mass-production during the Industrial Revolution, and thus the decline of artistic excellence. Morris and his contemporaries were concerned about losing the beauty of craftsmanship. He insisted that the artist should handmade his art, thus uniting design and production. In fact, he insisted the artist intimately understand the way his design will be produced even before creating his design.

The movement had a list of rules that designs must follow to be considered "Arts & Crafts Movement" worthy. Interestingly, this was the root of the later Art Nouveau movement.

Morris was strongly





influenced by the beauty of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, another art movement that I personally adore. Both movements were inspired by Romanticism and Medievalist art.

Morris designed tapestries, wallpaper, fabrics, furniture, and stained glass windows.

My favorite of his artistic pursuits has to be his gorgeous pattern designs. He designed:

- ⌘ 150+ designs for stained glass
- ⌘ 650+ borders and ornamentations
- ⌘ 600+ designs for wallpaper, textiles, and embroidery

I love that Morris was so intentional, even if that meant the design/production process would take longer or wasn't as convenient. For example, he went so far as to reject modern-day chemical dyes for his projects, instead promoting a return to organic dyes like using walnut shells for brown and indigo for blue.

Design for Trellis wallpaper (*far left page*)

William Morris and Philip Webb
1862

Trellis was inspired by the courtyard garden at Morris' home, Red House. He had his business partner Philip Webb draw the birds because he found them to be too difficult (isn't it crazy to think someone as talented as William Morris...*struggled* with something?? Makes me feel better for sure, haha.)

Peacock and Dragon wool fabric design (*top left*)

William Morris
1878

Morris used vegetable dyes to produce this design for curtains in his drawing room at Kelmscott House.

Acanthus wallpaper (*top middle*)

William Morris
1875

Acanthus was the very first wallpaper released by Morris & Co.

Snakeshead cotton fabric design (*top right*)

1876 (William Morris)

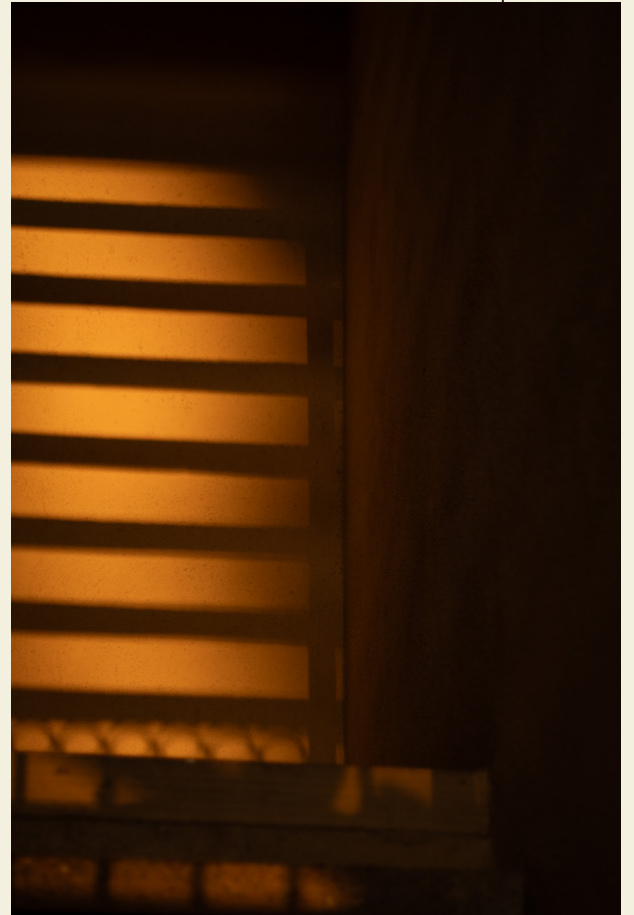
Snakeshead's design was inspired by Indian art, and was reportedly Morris' favorite design.

Want to learn more? I highly recommend taking [Learn to Design Arts and Crafts Patterns on Skillshare](#) (taught by [Bärbel Dressler](#)). ⌘

CHAPTER 8

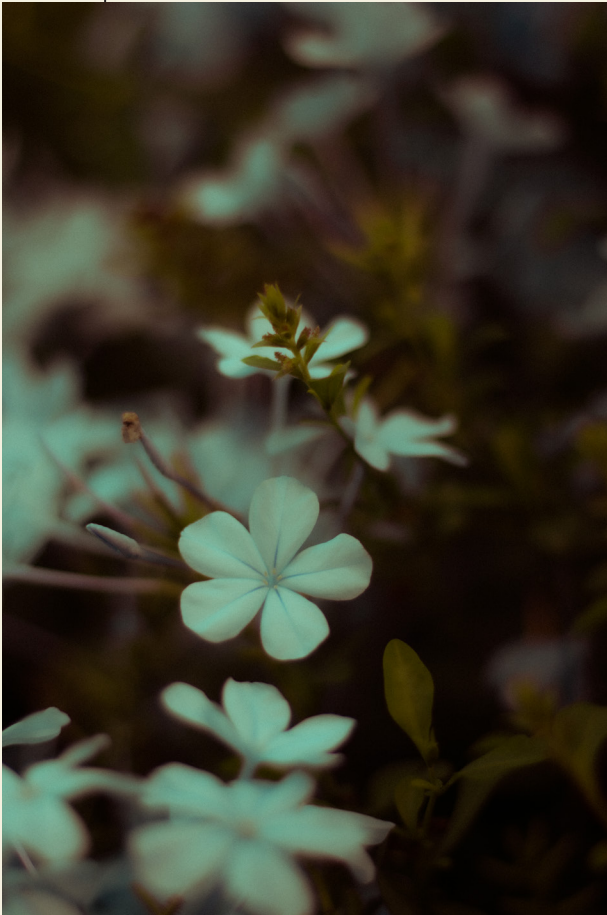
Quiet

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Moments





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