

Childhood

We are spectators in the lives of our children despite how much we believe we are their world. Everything we experience with our children is a reflection of our own perspective. The memories formed about their childhood are ours and are colored by our own bias and viewpoint. We make ourselves heroes or heroines in their life story. As a parent, you concentrate on the basic needs of your child: clothes, a home, food and their general well being. We often forget to enter their world, see through their eyes, and nurture their thoughts and their souls. It is not our intention, but in the process we lose a little of the wonder that comes from being a parent and seeing through a child's eyes. Foods don't taste as sweet, places aren't as big or exciting, we lose the sense of adventure that comes from being a kid, and life is colored in shades of grey. In this project I tried to catch a glimpse of my daughter Valerie's world. I wanted to experience those magical moments again of building a fort, baking cookies, searching for crabs or even being comforted after an injury. By becoming a bystander in her world, it forced an inner dialogue with myself of my memories, my mistakes and my special moments. Those thoughts and experiences shape the world we create into our eventual adulthood. It became a journey of self reflection.