

The illustrations of a biography

Written by Deb Egenberger
Wednesday, 08 December 2010 22:22 -



Thousands of scraps of paper trimmed neatly into shapes and letters surround the photographs that document every aspect of life from the first breath to the sweater vest to a Porsche for prom.

It's all in there including—honest to goodness—the first tooth that conjured a visit from the Tooth Fairy.

Pictures are somewhat of an obsession of mine.

I've taken the same ones many other moms snap: the first day of school, the kindergarten Thanksgiving feast, Christmas morning, homecoming dates, birthday candles, graduation and, of course, all kinds of sports from the pee-wee soccer goalie to the varsity offensive lineman.

I never want to forget those big occasions.

But I've also captured those moments that seem insignificant in perspective to life: the first paycheck, learning to ride a bike, Cheerios for breakfast, throwing crunchy leaves in the air, potty training, water balloons and lots, lots more.

For a long time, those pictures were filed neatly in boxes. A few found their way behind the sticky plastic sheets of old-fashioned photo albums and then got left on the bookshelf to gather dust.

I don't want the memories or the stories of my children's childhood to gather dust. One day when we're all a little older, we'll begin to forget.

The illustrations of a biography

Written by Deb Egenberger

Wednesday, 08 December 2010 22:22 -

I don't want to forget the "Lemon Drops and Rain Drops" preschool song or the Speedo swim trunks or corn-on-the-cob.

So I build scrapbooks. Lots of scrapbooks.

It's similar to writing a biography, complete with real-life illustrations.

Hundreds of photos, each one holding its own memories, are glued down, labeled, adorned with embellishments and nestled carefully in plastic sleeves, protecting them forever from cheesy fingers or spilled milk.

Intermingled are newspaper clippings, award certificates and even homework assignments.

We will always remember the milestones that are significant but it's those easily forgotten everyday moments that slip away.

Thankfully, I have a lifetime of scrapbook pages to help me recall how truly blessed I've been.