

A picture is worth a thousand words...

Posted on Jun 22, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

I was on a cleaning gag last week and during said gag I found an old roll of film. Yes, film. For those readers who may not remember, film is what us old folks put in cameras to take pictures. So this set me on a mission to find out what this little piece of history had stored on its cellulose.

When I picked up the developed photos I couldn't wait to see the faces and places that would show up. Was this the long lost photos from the summer I lived in California? Or the film from my oldest son's first birthday party? Or, even better, completely embarrassing snapshots of my college roommates? Either way, I couldn't wait to see. As soon as the clerk handed over my purchase, I immediately started perusing.

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The first was my 11 year old, Jacob, who looked to be no more than 3 years old. Next up, my husband and Jacob dressed for Easter. These glimpses were beginning to make me a little weepy. The next photo jolted me out of my nostalgia. For a moment, I couldn't figure out who the woman was or the baby she was holding. Suddenly, the sweater she was wearing looked familiar. It was mine! The baby was a friend's. The woman was me. I could lie and say the lighting was off or the picture taker (JAY!) got me at the worst possible angle or that the baby I was holding was mine and I just had not lost all the pregnancy weight. Truth is the lighting wasn't off, the angle was ok, the baby was a friend's and at the time, my baby was almost 3 years old. I was going through an awkward stage and had been having regular late night meetings with my two best friends, Ben and Jerry. I was a little (70 pounds) heavier than I am now.

Later that day I stopped by Angel's and wanted to show her my discovery. Flipping through the photos she stopped suddenly and said,

“Who is that?” She said, referring to the less than flattering picture of me and a baby.

“That’s me and my friend’s newborn. Isn’t he cute?”

“That’s you and that’s not even your baby?! Were you pregnant?”

“No. I wasn’t pregnant.”

“Oh my God! You were huge. What happened?” She was looking at me as though I just told her I had some terminal illness.

“Nothing, I was still trying to lose the weight from Jacob.”

“How old was he?”

I changed the conversation and convinced myself that the lighting was bad in Angel’s office and the picture didn’t look ‘that bad.’

The next morning I was pouring a cup of coffee and my husband walked in and started thumbing through the photos left sitting on the counter.

“Who is this?”

Without turning around I said,

“That’s Jacob 8 years ago.”

“This isn’t Jacob!” He said this sarcastically and with a little laugh.

He was talking about ‘that’ picture.

“What!”

He looked scared like he was trying very hard to choose his words.

Finally, he said, “Nothing it just looks like a big Becky ate the smaller Becky.”

And this my friends is why I have since thrown out that particular snapshot and insist that no one ever speak of it again in my presence.

Email Becky at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it](#)

Look for the latest issue of Wilson Living Magazine on shelves July 2.

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