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# **PIECES OF PIECES PACIFICA**

**Gallery Guide**

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## PIECES OF PACIFICA Exhibit Statement

Pacifica is home to many and each person has a different perspective. Most people do not realize the small happenings around them that are so special—even things they see every day.

In this project “Pieces of Pacifica,” we’ve learned to take a step back and notice our everyday, extraordinary surroundings. As a group we have been able to see the treasures of Pacifica that most passers-by would not notice. Together we looked deeper into the heart of Pacifica and put the pieces together to form a full view of what Pacifica is made. Now you have the opportunity to witness what we’ve discovered through our photography.

We were led on a historical walking tour of the Sharp Park area by Jerry Crow of the Pacifica Historical Society and learned that the oldest building here dates back to 1907.

Two local photographers (Greg Toland and Gavin Raftery) gave us lessons in photography that we took with us on each outing during the ten week process.

In our pictures you will see what we've learned; everything from various photography techniques to how Pacifica has grown and developed. Our photographs are the gates to a brand new vision of our world. This is a great occasion to look at everyday objects in a different light and, more importantly, by the perspective of local teens.

The previous generations left their marks, and we have now left ours by documenting our Pieces of Pacifica.



**OCEANE RINGUETTE**

**AGE 14**

The Pacifica Friends of the Library

The California Council for the  
Humanities

Greg Toland, Professional Photographer  
(Pacifica)

Gavin Raftery, Photographer

Erika Rigling, Jerry Crow and the  
Pacifica Historical Society

John Chase (Builder of the Display  
Panel)

Thom Ball, Paula Teixeira and the entire  
staff of the Pacifica Libraries

Kathleen Beasley

Fredi Ware

We would like to  
say a **BIG**  
**THANK YOU** to  
all those who  
made this project  
possible.  
Without them, it  
could not have  
happened!

### **A Storm**

The dark clouds rolled in, the waves crashed. Everyone had abandoned the area, except for one bird, who flew around, not scared of the oncoming storm.

### **Lifetime replacement**

The knob, barely turned, yet the color is chipping away...its rusting, soon to be replaced, yet it's named a lifetime replacement.

### **Reflection**

The two pictures meshed together, one a beautiful sunset, another a boring room. Where one starts and on ends you will never know.

### **Screaming Leaf**

The leaf, angry with Pacifica, nobody is taking care of it. So it continues to yell waiting to catch someone's attention.

### **Stop and think about it**

STOP! The red reflector tells you. There is a tree, begging for you not to run onto it. STOP! Don't go further.

## **Stop for the flock**

The flock has perched on its line. Stop, don't go any further or you head will be on the line.

## **The beginning**

The rust is beginning to crumble at the start. The end is still new but the rust will travel there soon.

## **The perfect yard**

The yard, symmetrical in every way, is trying to impress the others. The steps connect the chairs to each other, and the birds on each side are bathing.

## **The shopping cart**

It was washed up, upon the rocks, underneath the pier. What it is and how it got there? It's up to you. Maybe it's a shopping cart, pushed down the stairs into the ocean, to be washed up again to the place where it all started.

## **The unappreciated chair**

Orange and yellow from the sun brighten the rust on this forgotten chair. The cracks and dust falling off the rust symbolize aging and changing from what used to be useful to unusable, unappreciated chair.

I have only lived in Pacifica for about 4 ½ years now and doing a project like this gave me the opportunity to view the city in a much more in-depth way than I might have otherwise.

I feel extremely privileged to have been able to work with the teens involved in this project. Photography is a fairly recent hobby of mine, and I've always loved writing so I enjoyed being able to show teens how well they fit together; how even if you see something new while taking a picture of something, you can find even more meaning when writing about it. The ten or so weeks it took to complete this project allowed me to glimpse Pacifica as these nine teens see it. Sometimes I was pleasantly surprised. When I saw the negative aspect, they only saw the positive, and vice versa.

I am proud to present their work to you and hope you too will begin to look at the place you live through different eyes.



**KIM DAY**  
**PROJECT LEADER**



**MARISA BENSON**  
**AGE 17**

## **Alone**

Resting on the rocks  
As bright as the blazing sun  
Peaceful and alone

## **The Birds**

The birds are eerie, creepy, and mysterious as they sit perched on the telephone wire. Hovering over me like a UFO, watching my every move, they wait for me to drop crumbs from my bagel. As the crumbs fall, the birds descend over me, and I look up towards the sky only to find the telephone wire as plain and empty as a barren desert.

## **The Itsy Bitsy Spider**

Did the itsy bitsy spider climb up the waterspout? No, he spun an intricate web. Did the rain come down and wash the spider out? No, it was sunny out. Did the sun come out and dry up all the rain? Nope, it was already dry out. Did the itsy bitsy spider climb up the spout again? No, he never did to begin with.

## **Untitled**

To look only at the monotonous ocean is to take the easy way out. Look at the smaller but more significant objects around you. Perhaps you will see something more beautiful than ever before.

## **Vibrancy**

We sometimes take for granted the colors and shapes around us. The dew drop on the leaf. The way the sunlight bounces lightly off of the flower pedal. In this picture, the vibrancy of this exotic flower is being shielded from the rest of the world. The gate is keeping this flowers' full beauty from being exposed to the world around it.

## **Washed Away**

What did this pattern wash away? Whose footprints once held their place in the sand below? What stories did they tell? We may never know...

## **Perspective**

In this image, there are two different perspectives of the same object. This car is very unique and aged, which I find rather interesting yet characteristic of Pacifica as a whole. It is a very subtle observation, but if you look past the surface of this simple side-view mirror, you can see something extraordinary.

## **Reflection**

## **Silence**

## **Morning Dew**

The pools of dewdrops collect on the leaf, glisten like crystals in the early morning fog. Resembling the blade of a sharp, serrated knife, the leaf's edges ward off the tiny predators that sneakily attack.

## **Fallen**

Stuck in the web, the aging leaves float like hope on the fence. As fall passes by, the delicate leaves change their colors, transforming from vibrant green to rusty brown and golden yellow.

## **The Black Hole**

The gray, billowy clouds hang above the black hole before they are seemingly sucked down into its darkness. Hazily in the distance, the southern most point in Pacifica juts out into the ocean. A Pacifican would feel right at home on this foggy, dreary day.

## **Evening**

Slowly the tide recedes, washing away the footprints, caressing the rocks, cleansing the land. The bustling beach is now silent and desolate as dusk falls upon us and evening blankets the city. The grey sky weaves itself between the rocks, filling the cracks.

## **Barrier**

What lies beyond this barrier? Who has walked on this forbidden land in our youth? What is the secret code to this obstruction that hinders us from venturing into the unknown? Perhaps this indefinite territory holds the answer to several unanswered questions. Perhaps this illicit ground holds past memories that will never be forgotten. Perhaps we will never know...

## **From the Past to the Present**

Posters, pictures, signs, notices, announcements, messages, publications, broadcasts, advertisements. And now all that stands are fragments of what was, at one point, of such importance that it needed to be left for the public's viewing. Now, there is nothing.

## **Nature's Way**

What made nature cause this soft and delicate piece of art to turn into a seemingly effortless series of twists and turns? The beauty of this plant lies beyond the surface. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. What do you see?



**CHRISTINA SCHREINER**  
AGE 17



**NICOLE RILEY**  
AGE 17

## **Peace**

Solitary thoughts, peaceful messages, unmonitored  
ideas.

Who left this board on which to write?

Those who came before me left their message  
clearly.

What will I leave?

## **The Lone Lemon**

The little lemon,  
sticking out like a sore thumb,  
sits and waits alone.

## **Divided**

Far below, the waves stir, rise, and eventually crash,  
pouring onto the brittle wood, breathing life into it.  
The brittle wood, warped by time and aged by history,  
a resting place for bodies and a support for hands.  
The hands of Pacificans, outstretched to friends and  
open to strangers,  
dirty with sand and wrinkled from the ocean.  
The ocean, coming together to form the waves,  
and so the cycle continues.

## **Water Garden**

### **Cat Face**

Wood, chipped paint, and rust are common sights  
living by the ocean.

### **Barred**

The highway is the gateway in or the way out.

### **Beach Stop**

This is one of the best parts about growing up in  
Pacifica, the beaches.

### **Spools**

### **Endless**

## **The Quiet and Peaceful Garden**

### **Littered Heart**

## Passing Reflection

### Pink

The eyeball keeps looking at me.

### Wild

## Window in Time

## Reflection

Look at me and you'll find a pretty picture:  
The sun coming down over the crashing waves and  
the still sand,  
but is this really who I am?  
Come closer, look deeper.  
Inside I am full of turmoil:  
A city of people shaping me, a town full of secrets,  
constant commotion.  
Look again.  
I am full of music and cheer, laughter and joy, family  
and friends.  
Step back and I show you the world as it is, but come  
inside and make it how you want it to be.

## Tangled

What a tangled web we weave,  
when we try to act selfishly.  
Can't you see that we are all connected here?  
Alone, we are nothing, a tiny piece of metal,  
but together we are strong and beautiful.  
We are connected and bound to each other  
by experiences and choices.  
We are one.

## Through the Looking Glass

Down the sun goes, ending yet another day in our  
little beach town.  
But don't worry, for it will rise again, just as we always  
do.

## Intertwined

Up, up and away the wires climb,  
Under, over, and around the branches wind.  
Who was here first, it does not matter,  
For they both are now, to work together.  
Constantly expanding, we need to make space,  
Our little city is no longer only our place.  
New people coming, old people going,  
Ideas staying, and community growing.

## Beware!

Not long ago children roamed this street.  
Their laughter boomed and their voices filled the tiny  
spaces in between the houses.  
Their smiles illuminated the sky and their feet skipped  
along the bumpy pavement.  
The fog rolled in and soon the fun was over, another  
day lost in the opaque mist.  
They scurried to their homes, but not before hurriedly  
leaving their warning:  
Beware!



**IAN ADAMS**  
AGE 18



**JESSE MCKEEN-SCOTT**  
AGE 17

## **Knob to the Unknown**

A doorknob the color of an old, worn-out penny sticks its short neck out from the peeling paint on the door behind it. Many scratches and moss-colored rust spots cover its surface, creating a warped and rough texture that feels like polish peeling off of a nail. Who has grasped this handle and walked through the portal? The mystery of the layers of paint mixed with the layers of history and people makes me wonder, not only what the people who turned this squeaky knob discovered after wandering through the doorway, but now, who holds the key?

## **Circles and Lines**

Circles and lines, circles and lines,  
Spreading messages,  
Holding on to former stories and future adventures.  
As the past grows distant, the circles and lines rust  
and fade,  
Yet in the mast of communication they will remain  
forever,  
Reminding the world of the many things that have  
been said and done.

## **Three Lives**

A new tattoo that my mother just got for her eighteenth anniversary. She thought it was time to get one. The three stars are to represent me and my two brothers. I am the middle one because I am the second born.

## **A New Life**

One of my best friends, Vitor, admires the wonderful view of Pacifica. The sun glares down on him as if he has just been dropped out of heaven, Right into the skate park, where it is very chill.

## **Cracked World**

Cracked glass and the reflection of me. Cloudy Pacifica day, like always. Hotel in the background with a plant climbing and creeping up the side of the wall.

## **Life Is A highway**

Cars, cars and more cars coming down, down, down the freeway going home after a long day. Rusty poles that keep people like me from getting hit by those cars.

### **Typical Pacifica Day**

Sepia pier, a lot of fisherman waiting to get their catch of the day. Waves crash up against the pier and the birds come and join the fun.

### **Deadly Flowers**

Green, spongy looking flowers that have almost sprouted. To me if you look closely it looks like a bunch of tiny little razor blades, they look harmless from afar but really they are deadly.

### **Sloppy Monday Morning**

Soggy Monday morning at the skate park when another one of my friends, Jesse, shows off his stuff. Feet sideways as if he lands their going to snap, sliding up onto the ledge to get his grind on.

### **Flowing to the Ocean**

Shimmering, silvery waves crash on the rocky beaches. Birds flutter in the sky and rainbow colored fish frolic among the kelp and seaweed that float off the shores of the world. Yet, slowly, the water changes from silver to brown, and as the sea fills up with the paint and garbage that we carelessly throw down the storm drains, the ocean loses its vigor and brightness. No Dumping, Drains to Ocean: an expression that, if followed, would allow the sun to sparkle on the sea for many generations to come. Listen to this simple command, and help keep the world a bright and beautiful place

### **Crossroad in the Sky**

Nature and Humanity intertwine as the fronds of the palm tree meet with the fuses and wires of the tall telephone pole. Which arrived first to this local setting? Was it the tree, growing for years from a small sprout, or the pole, set up in a day by a crew of hardworking employees of the electric company? Though the pole and the tree come from separate beginnings, they are able to find a common connection and meet at this crossroad the sky.

## **Pacifica Means Peace**

The city of Pacifica stands small in relation to the vast world around it, yet speckled with diversity, it is vibrant and unique. A blanket of grey covers the town, blending the sky with the sea. However, on days when the bright sun comes shining through, the town feels even more magnificent and, as the name describes, peaceful.

## **Guardian of the Sea**

The watchman stands upon the shore, looking forward as the waves crash and break. Never will he be able to feel the cool rush of diving through the water, yet the salty spray of the sea coats this face and skin. The clouds are playful, painting pictures on the sky, and as the sun sets, the watchman, guardian of the sea, stands his post and is at peace.



**MATT DODGE**  
**AGE 13**

## **DIVISION**

Two sides divided by a line. The right painted to lend  
a helpful hand to visitors on the side.

## **CRUISER**

Once the only bike there, sits in peace and hidden  
from everything except the weather, causing it to rust.  
Chained together forced to be best friends. Now sits  
an old classic and a brand new bike. The rider favors  
the new, smooth, rust free cruiser.

## **FENCED IN**

The ocean makes many surfaces rust, even the  
fences that guide us.

## **SPOTTED**

Peeling, broken, discolored and dotted. A one was  
sign not spotted.

## **YELLOW**

The plants grow here next to a yellow house. It  
reminds them of the sun. They stick as close as  
possible to the wall. It's warm and comforting to the  
native flowers.

## **Open or Shut**

Though the sign is welcoming now, I dare not enter.  
The vibrant coloration is similar to that of a stop sign,  
and seems to be a subtle hint of danger. Not only  
that, but the previously secret message "shut" peeks  
its head out to the world, reminding me that at any  
moment it could push my welcome aside, and trap me  
in the life of risky red and hollow black.

## **The Great Unknown**

Stop. Go no further. You do not know what waits for  
you at the end of the earth.  
Yet, maybe that is the adventure.  
Look out at the bright, warm sun calling to you from  
the distance, and take a leap of faith into the great  
unknown.

## **Break Free**

Break Free. The chains that bind are not so strong as to hold you back from your future. Dream of the adventures you could have across the sea, the people you could meet, and the things you could be. Do not simply dream; dare to follow those dreams however far they may take you, whether to the end of the pier, or out beyond into the vast and curious universe.

## **A Warm Embrace**

Winding, winding , round and round,  
Though intertwined they make no sound.  
The cables tight, hug seaweed wild,  
Like the warm embrace of a mother and child.  
In the setting sun, the light of day  
Casts shadows on the ropes that lay  
Upon the sand, upon the shore  
Winding round forever more.

## **TROUBLES**

The beach was available to who ever wanted to visit. Now it is a burden to get to the sand and water. It is fenced off and the only way down is to climb. The gates were recently put there blocking the easiest way down to the shore.

## **ROUGH**

Rocks, graffiti, cement...all the rough surfaces gathered in one spot. Many generations have come to the tunnel to leave their mark. Continuous layers of art here, expressing emotions of each visitor. An uncommon place to relax, a peaceful, calming and rough spot on the beach. Who will visit next?

## **A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH**

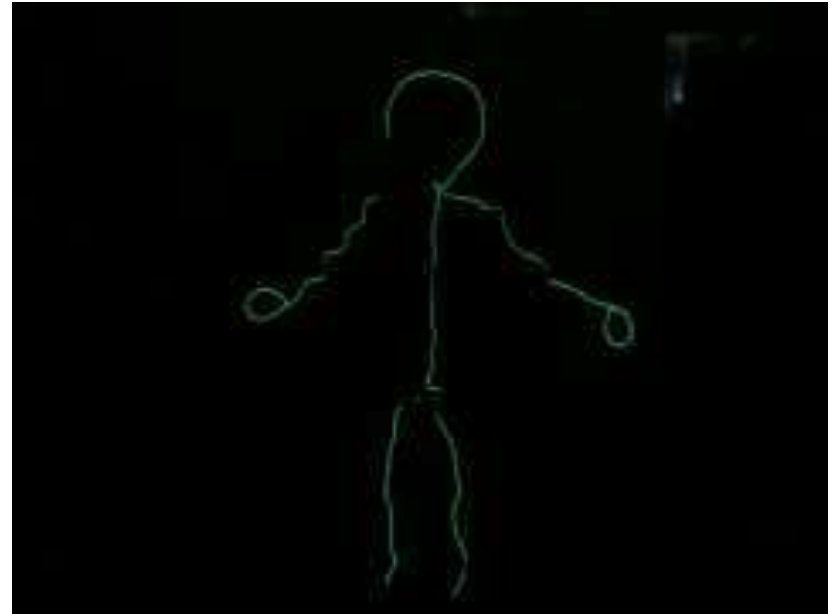
These two places have been abandoned by the original owners. Now one used for storage and the other locked up provide a new home for others. The cracked surface does not reflect the smooth purpose on the inside. Sheltering animals and providing food. This truly is the best place for them to live.

## **DESTRUCTION**

The same area is being torn apart by many different sources. The once cemented side walk has fallen down the cliff along with the rebar used for support. Erosion has withered the cliffs edge and caused it to be fragile. More and more asphalt, cement and other materials from the recycling center above fall every day.

## **DISTORTED SKIES**

The sky is cloudy and the air is cold. The top gates open up to the stormy weather. The almost angry looking sky looks heavy and ready to rain, but the rain never came and the storm clouds moved away.



**KIM HANSFORD**  
**AGE 17**

## **ICEE Cold Garbage**

The wind pushed everything in the street into a pile. Remnants of the city's inhabitants gathered together. The largest and most noticeable was the ICEE cup. Surrounding it were many plant particles, such as leaves, twigs, and other bits. Immersed in the pile was a bottle cap, Corona Extra. Two cigarette butts joined them to form a larger group. This garbage tells us about what goes on down this street.

## **Fallen Ketchup**

The person who left this ketchup had no intention of it ending up where it lies now. His intentions, instead, were to have its contents emptied on his fresh hot dog. Little did he know, it would never end up there. The ketchup fell through a small hole, only just large enough to allow the packet through. The wind and debris did the rest, burying it in its current resting place. And the guy with the hot dog never got his ketchup.



**ALISHA SPALDING**  
**AGE 17**

## **Curious Flamingo**

The flamingo believed his lived in a tropical paradise. And to him, that's what it was. The sun shone on his every day. The flowers bloomed all around him. It was the perfect place to live. One day the flamingo noticed the fence around his home. Curiosity overcame him and he decided to scale the fence. At the top, he peered down at this new place. The world was much larger than his tropical paradise. His life would never be the same as a captive of a perfect heaven.

## **Gang Trash**

It was dark out, as it always was when they met. Three had brought spray paint, proof that their territory had to be marked. The dumpsters stood in the twilight, perfect canvases for writing their marks on. One person took the dumpster on the right; the other took the left one. Each left their own signature marking. Onward they moved, constantly leaving signs of their dominance in the area, just as so many animals do in the wild.

## **Got Rust**

The salty wind that blew in from the west was harsh on the railing. It corroded away until nothing was left and it had to be replaced. The rust that came away from it was like a bursting sun, the colors melting into the surrounding cement. The pole that met the cement was new, but it has begun to rust. Its rust was the same color as the sun that set beyond it, over the ocean that treated it so cruelly.

## **Lonely Popsicles**

Kids were everywhere. Ingrid B. Lacy Middle School had just let out. Two kids watched as the van pulled up, music playing that could be heard from far away. Reaching into his pocket to draw out his money, the boy bought ice cream for himself as well as his sister. The two ate their popsicles until their mom pulled up in her car. Finding no garbage cans around, the siblings left the sticks on the ground. The only thing left that marks any one was there were those two popsicles sticks, all alone.

## **Old Growths**

The ivy had clung to the wall all its life. It now fought to hold on as best it could. Unfortunately, it lost the battle to cling to its wall. It grew in small root-like parts that stayed behind as it was yanked away. All that remains of the ivy were tell-tale marks of old growths.

## **Peek A Boo Gnome**

The gnome didn't like his owners, or to be more precise, his owner's children. They had no care for his safety, and constantly knocked him over in his play. Late one night, the gnome decided to run away. He kept to the dark to move, and stayed in bushes during the daylight hours. One day, he heard strange noises. He popped up to see a group of kids snapping pictures of everything around. Suddenly, two of the kids pointed at him. In shock, he held still as they got pictures of him. As soon as they passed, he continued on his journey, determined to leave this town.

## **Reflections**

It was a sunny day. The birds were happy, the kids played outside. A few adults, who were lucky enough to have the day off, stayed home. The car saw it all. It sat there and watched, its sides gleaming with reflections of the things around it. In one side, the slightly brown grass looked back at itself. It waved as a gentle breeze blew through it. The surrounding street was empty for the moment, and children's voices echoed from a few houses down. The car sighed, content. If only every day could be like this.

## **Welcome Friends, Beware of Dog**

The young couple had just moved into their new house. Proud of this new residence, they had placed a sign proclaiming "Welcome Friends" outside. Three years later, the sign still stood. The couple had gotten a puppy a few years back and he was the most lovable dog a person could ask for. However, to any stranger, he was a demonic nightmare. Sadly, the couple had to put up the sign "Beware of Dog" next to their welcoming sign. Now everyone who comes knows they are welcome, though they must be wary of the dog.