

This is the story of an ugly duckling who was kissed by a frog at an early age. I was ugly and my Mother dressed me funny. It's true, a friend actually gave me a coffee mug that read "your ugly and your mother dresses you funny". That was the beginning of my Fashion rebellion. I wanted to be an original, erase that memory of that little blue hand me down pinafore dress with the shawl collar (and everybody had seen your sister in it) the busty one!! Do you remember what someone said about your appearance that was a life defining moment? Did someone say, your so pretty, if you only didn't have to wear glasses or did you have to wear hand me downs. I hate pale blue to this day. I have reinvented myself so many times through my appearance, from the sublime to the ridiculous. I swung from bright gaudy clothes to romantic flowing to dramatic to chic.... You get the idea.

I got my messages from several sources, firstly my upbringing, French Catholic, need I say more? To some I don't have to explain, but basically the values instilled in me were to not stand out, not speak out, not do anything to bring attention to myself, not to be so emotional. I went to parochial school so I had no choices to make (unless you count my rolling up my skirt after I left the house). So when I was finally let loose in the stores with my first pay check \$42.00 I was like a kid in a candy store. This started my journey into the world of fashion, I was finally able to choose my own clothes. I tried it all!! If you identify with any of this you can begin to understand the love hate relationship with our clothes.

So spending lots of money on clothes does not for self esteem make. It is not the clothes that should make you, you should make the clothes. In order to do this you need to know who you are.. About 10 years ago I discovered that I was really searching for was my authentic self..... watch for more on my upcoming book "It's not just about the Clothes"