

DESIGN

PORTFOLIO

Joseph Jones



Bio

Time. My old nemesis. Like Shakira, I wanna try everything, but there aren't hours in the day, so I settle with the things I most want to do. Like write this bio, apparently.

I believe that a person's life is defined by what they most pursue, not what they become. That is my qualifying statement in case I end up a failure living off government welfare and living in a dumpster—the contents of which I light on fire to keep warm. Not that I'd ever live in a dumpster, even if I could make it into a tiny home and travel around the neighborhood in my dumpster, live off the food people throw away, and fulfill my minimalist dream. I'd never live in a dumpster. Cough.

In all seriousness, my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ fills my thoughts more frequently than any other preoccupation I have. When life gets hectic, I focus on surviving rather than thriving. Jesus Christ helps me through these hard times by comforting me. You can't imagine how good it feels to be loved by God. You have to actually experience it. So that's my invitation before I let you go: let God love you.





Oh look, it's a hand. And a name. Makayla. Sounds like a nice person. Lots of scribbly text there, too. Flip the card over. What is this masterpiece? Is that... a piano hand? See how the child's hand reaches for the larger hand, flushed pink and orange, full of color and life. See how the piano hand is full of straight lines and rounded edges, making the hand firm but approachable, as all piano teachers should be. The card's colors shine black and white, similar to the keys of a piano. Even the font for Makayla's name has the rounded look on the letter's descenders, akin to music notes. A glance at Makayla's business card tells me all I need to know about Makayla and her job teaching piano to children. She prioritizes tender loving care above everything else.

Who am I? I'm the intended audience, Helga. A sassy, no nonsense mother with four children under the age of twelve. I love my kids, but they're a bit tone deaf, so piano lessons are in order. Nothing matters more than the way the piano teacher teaches my children. I want them to be safe, loved, and inspired to incorporate music into their lives more in the future. Makayla is my choice because she loves kids.

Joseph Jones

This business card design gave me practical experience designing a logo. Illustrator made simplifying the hand easy, because I could round the corners of the fingers quickly and apply the same style to the rest of the hand. Turning text into shapes, using layers in InDesign, and incorporating designs into mockups are all tasks I now know how to complete.

Makayla

Piano Instruction and Repair
makaylapiano.spec.com
(404)404-1111



Repair
.spec.com
404-1111

Makayla

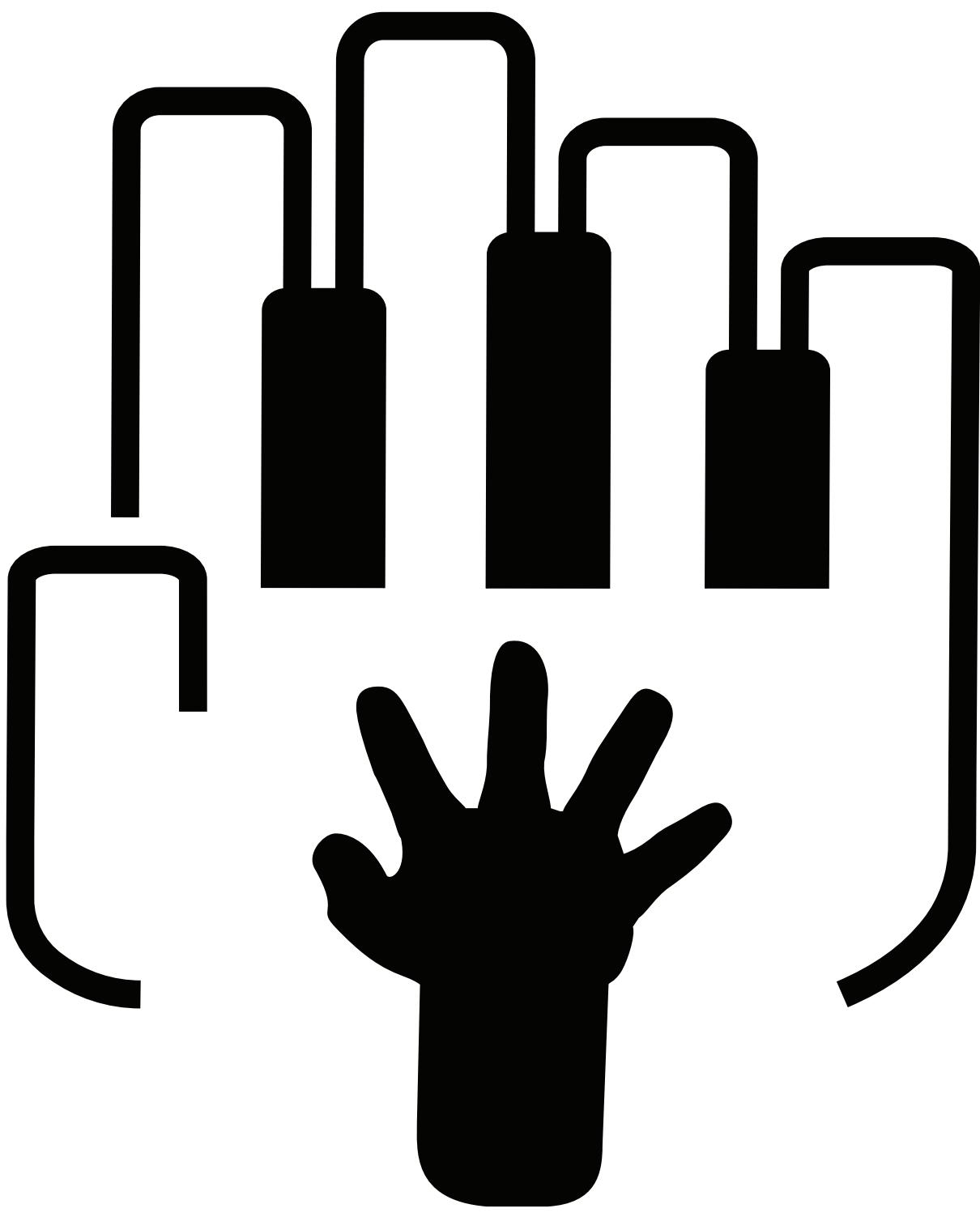
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kayla

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FINAL LOGO

Flier

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Hello there. Big red letters up top, a blue seal behind, and white info down below. Everything fits together and the fonts are consistent throughout. The red letters remind me of blood, which fits with the shark theme. The dark gradient from the bottom makes the white info text pop off the page. This flier is simple, with good contrast and clear hierarchy.

I'm the guy. Bob, a bored commuter who works nine to five at a desk job and gets stuck in traffic all the time, as well as the intended audience for this flier. Coming home from work, I stop at the light next to the local Maverick and see this poster tacked to a lamp post. I have just enough time to snap a photo before the light turns green. I've been looking for a new series to binge, and this flier speaks to me. My taste for animal documentaries and violence is only getting stronger, so seeing a little seal get eaten by sharks really brightens my day.

Joseph Jones

This flier design helped me align my text, learn hierarchy, maximize contrast, understand photoshop layers, and enhance image appearance. I made an eye-catching flier, and I'm proud of it.



SEAL HIS FATE



July 6-13, 2025
Denton, Texas

*help Snuffy the seal return to
the ocean and be a part of our
worldwide charity effort for sharks*

**SHARK
WEEK**

Mag 3

Hmm, lots of black makes the orange font pop, matching the decorative letter on the cover page. There is little to capture the imagination in this article because there is so little space for the tiny words to play on the page. The guy who wrote the text went a little overboard on the word count for a four-page editorial. The images, however, match the text, showing how fun bible reading can be. Take for example the skeleton chatting it up with the man in the red hat. That sounds like the bible. The images themselves point to the other images on the spread, leading the reader's eye across the page.

Hey, I'm your audience, Ricky, a male BYU undergraduate who just turned twenty-two. Woot. I'm refocusing on Christ this month because I just got a new girlfriend, Amy, and she is way more spiritual than I am. That said, I don't have the willpower to read anything boring unless I'm getting a grade for it, so when I picked up this magazine in the Wilkinson Center, I was happy that it had a few pictures to look at. The design elements show me how bible study can be more inspirational and appealing. This editorial is exactly what I need to get through Amy's scripture study sessions.

Joseph Jones

This magazine article forced my hand. With so much text, I had to sacrifice appeal for legibility. So as not to have awkward breaks in the text, and in order to have a picture on every page, the images ended up blocky and static. I learned how to use styles in InDesign, embed images, and create drop caps. Looking forward, I need more experience making everything fit on the page and still look good.

While the ancient, weathered Bibles in BYU's special collections bespeak the record's antiquity, for the careful reader the scripture yet yields fresh insights and newness of life.

The rare Bibles in the BYU library's L. Tom Perry Special Collections cover the spectrum—from 12th-century manuscripts to a facsimile of the massive Saint John's Bible, a modern transcription completed in 2011. The collection's hundreds of Bibles include illuminated texts, a leaf from the Gutenberg Bible, and volumes in dozens of languages (including Navajo, Hawaiian, and Arabic). Add the scores of circulating copies, and the Bible is easily the library's most widely held work. And yet, despite that fondness and fascination for the familiar Good Word, retired English professor Steven Walker argues here that the Bible holds undiscovered worlds for readers willing to venture beyond what they already know.

The Bible is the best-selling book of all time—estimates run as high as 6 billion worldwide, one for almost every person alive. Yet it's a rare Bible owner who picks it up often enough to pick up much of what's in it. Sixty percent of Americans "say they read the Bible at least on occasion,"¹ but fewer than half can name the first book. Only a third know who delivered the Sermon on the Mount, many guessing Billy Graham. Fully a quarter of American Bible readers do not know what it is that Easter celebrates.²

Latter-day Saints are more likely to read the Bible with their eyes open. In an experiment in one of my Bible as Literature courses, BYU students averaged 87 percent on the final exam for the equivalent course at Yale—on our first day of class. We are "people of the book" at a more involved level than many other Christians or Jews. Our Bible problem is more of a first-world problem—good as our reading is, it might be keeping us from reading better. We know well what we know of the Bible, but we don't know the half of it.

For 50 years I've been struggling to really read the Bible, to read it as intently as if it were one of the "best books" (D&C 109:7), the finest literature. It is. The Bible can get richer every time you read it. After a lifetime of reading, my favorite novel remains *The Lord of the Rings*, but I'd rather read *Genesis* now—or *Judges* or *Ruth* or *2 Samuel* or *Jonah* or *Esther* or *Job* or *Psalms* or *Luke* or *Acts* or *James*, the book that made Joseph Smith realize that the old answers the Bible provides may be less crucial than the new questions it raises.

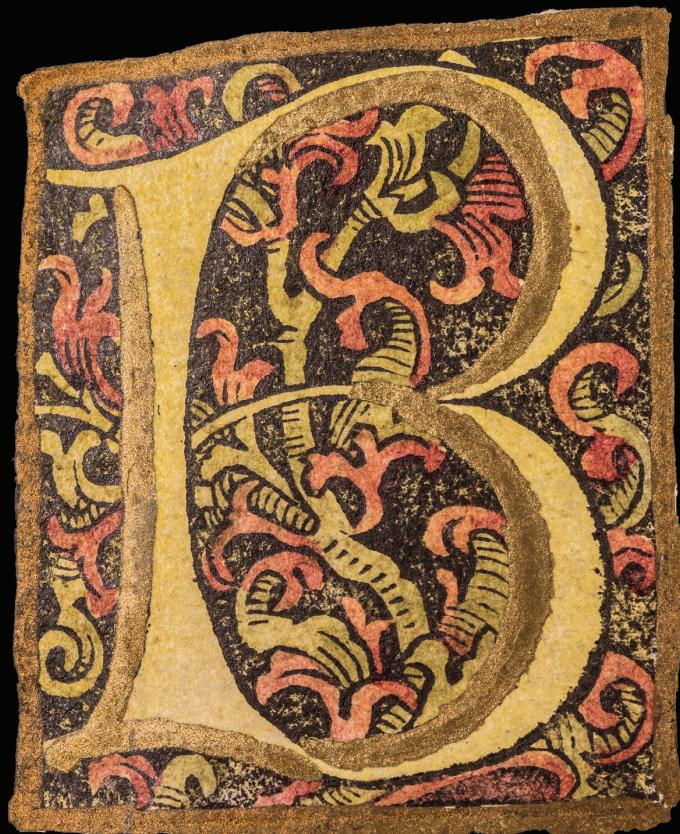
When we pay those new questions some mind, the book is mind-boggling. The Bible can take old expectations into entirely new places, as it did Joseph's. It can perform laser eye surgery on perspectives, enabling readers to see the familiar world from fresh frames of reference. Its unexpectednesses can jerk a soul out of religious lethargy, churn up cultural complacency, unsettle settled notions, startle habitual viewpoints into new insights.

And yet, much Bible reading limits itself to reviewing. The Bible can become for us what it was for Queen Victoria, our "comfort,"³ our defense, our rock—but not so much our road to Damascus or Emmaus or the promised land. The unnerving

ILLUMINATING Texts

By Steven C. Walker (BS '65, MS '66)

"BYU students averaged 87 percent on the final exam for the equivalent course at Yale—on our first day of class."

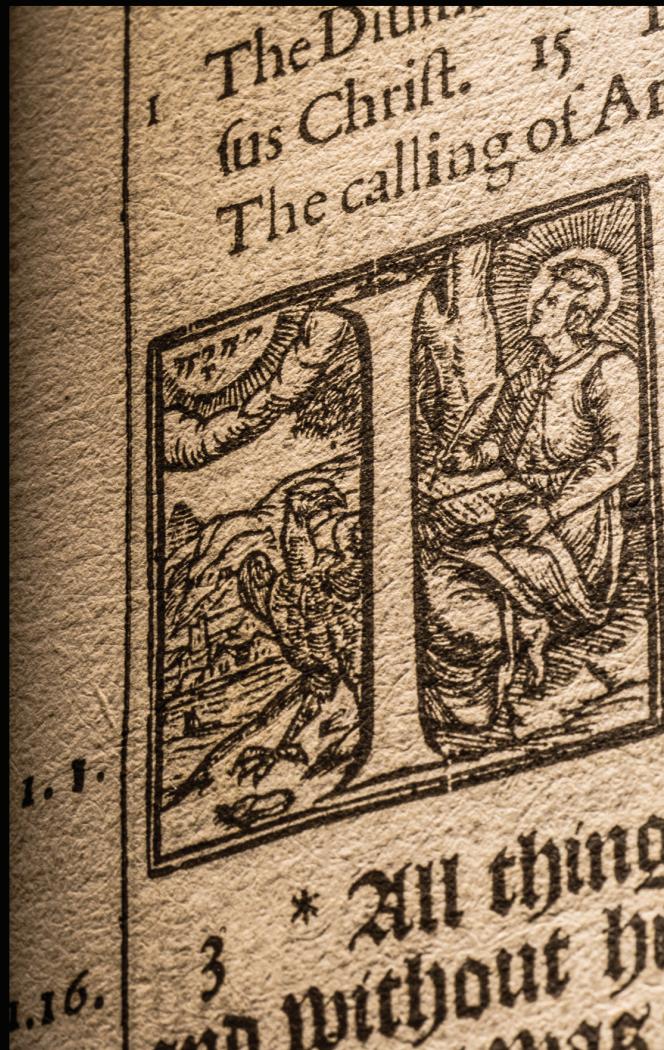


A decorative letter from an illuminated text

surprise of the original can be unsettling. But domestication of the Lion of Judea to something more like a housecat, safe as it can make a reader feel, saps the scope and mutes the impact of the Bible.

An old-slippers habit of reading in the same comfortable ways makes the good news of the gospel never really news, never actually new. The miracles become mundane, the prophecies predictable. The parables, which depend upon surprise for their impact and import, are rendered routine. If I don't bring something creative to my long-term relationship with the Bible, it can lose its zest, the Incarnation itself downsizing from the cosmos-shifting shock of the Gospels—God is right here “with us” (Matt. 1:23)—into something closer to anticlimax—apparently He came around in the past.

As with spouse dating—where however pleasant and however regular and however dedicated, the same old dinner-and-a-movie isn’t likely to revive the marriage—so our Bible-reading relationship can benefit from creative energy and renewed effort. When I read that way, the Bible opens up new vistas everywhere I look. I have found some new ways of looking especially revitalizing:



Try a little risk in your Bible reading. Readers commonly go to scripture to reaffirm faith, to refocus

theology, to retrench traditional values. But the Bible is meant to push mental parameters, stretch emotional envelopes, expand the soul. I discover more of what is actually in the Bible when I read with vulnerability to the possibility of actually having to do something about it, like the aging grandma poring over her Bible, “cramming for finals.” I read deeper when I’m anxiously—or better yet, desperately—engaged. I read stronger not doing laps in the Bible pool confirming what I already know, but struggling up its mountain rivers toward “newness of life” (Rom. 6:4).



Try seeing what's actually on the pages of the Bible, and not just what you noticed last time through. Women, for instance, who weren’t even there the first time I looked, now star. The first half-dozen times through, I overlooked a momentous biblical fact: it’s a woman that gets it rolling. Eve turns the ignition key to life and inadvertently floorboards Bible action (see Gen. 3:6), action driven dramatically by her daughters. Every ensuing Genesis scene that features a woman—and almost all do—revs up the real-life motor of biblical narrative: dull boy meets lively girl, girl upsets everything, everything’s better: things go better with girls.⁴ I get asked why women are so peripheral in the Bible often enough to suspect I may not be the only one whose reading will be enriched by noticing what’s actually in the book.

Try meeting the people of the Bible as people rather than Marvel superheroes. Approaching this rich array of characters as mere role models disguises the most illuminating aspect of them—Bible folk are anything but

Sunday School stereotypes. The short circuit between what we expect from Bible exemplars and what we get can provide shock treatment for reader psyches, or at least a palm buzzer that can stagger us into new realizations whenever we shake hands firmly enough with an actual biblical character.

The pick of the Genesis litter, angelic Joseph, can come off as so full of himself that it's not hard for me to understand why his older brothers have had all they can stand of him (see Gen. 37:18–20). We're talking real people here, genuine human interest. We can relate—and liken these people unto ourselves (see 1 Ne. 19:23). I would appreciate Joseph even less than his brothers do if the Bible shortchanged us with a sermon, idealizing a do-gooder, leaving out the apparent self-righteousness. When Genesis shows what Joseph becomes, who could not love the man? When I don't airbrush them away, the flawed stumblings of these folk toward magnificence look so distressingly and hopefully like real life that I'm left with no excuse for not identifying.

Try reading for joy rather than out of a sense of duty. For a book we are disposed to read somberly, the Bible finds a remarkable number of things "happy" (Ps. 144:15), "lovely" (Phil. 4:8), or even funny. Revered Apostle Paul, greatest preacher ever, gets himself kidded for being fond of the sound of his own voice. Paul's persistent much-speaking



throughout Acts frames that delightful scene when he "continued his speech until midnight" (Acts 20:7). "And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk



down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead" (vs. 9). A shamefaced Apostle interrupts his sermonizing to resurrect the disciple he bored to death. But that's not sufficient irony for the Bible. A scant two verses after the hard-earned lesson on length of sermon, Acts informs us, tongue firmly in cheek, that our hero, that very night, "talked a long while, even till break of day" (vs. 11).

Try soaking in the attitude of the Bible. I delight in its bracing tone—frank, open, honest—worlds away from the simpleminded and mealy-mouthed preacher piety some manage to think of as the Bible's voice. The real voice doesn't talk down to us. Far from a lecture on enlightenment, it enlightens by example, the examples more often negative than not—as in the finest literature, as in life. Samson and Jonah and Elijah and Elisha and his she-bears and Ruth and Esther and Saul and Solomon and my all-time favorite, David, rack the Bible-reading brain in search of simplistic "just don't do it" morals for those provocative stories. Every page testifies to how blessed we are that the Bible is not a sermon but a stimulating conversation.

Try pursuing the questions. Grateful as I am for whatever biblical answers I glean, I find my Bible reading more energized by its questions, probably the most profound

ever posed: “Am I my brother’s keeper?” (Gen. 4:9); “Doth Job fear God for naught?” (Job 1:9); “Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?” (Job 38:17); “What is man, that thou art mindful of him?” (Ps. 8:4); “Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?” (Jer. 8:22); “And who is my neighbor?” (Luke 10:29); “Lord, is it I?” (Matt. 26:22).

Try making the most of the Bible’s open-ended invitations to change. The best new way to read for me, the biggest breath of fresh air stirs in the Bible’s breathtaking new ideas. The “mighty rushing wind” (Acts 2:2) of the Bible’s soul-stretching insights “bloweth where it listeth” (John 3:8), even into the places we know best in the Bible, like Jesus’s parables—those simple little tales told to make a point, a point we thought we got long since. But even as we get the point anew, we realize the essential point is that there’s more point to get. Yes, the upside of being a prodigal is that you can be forgiven. Yes, the downside of being righteous is that you need to learn to forgive. And yes, yes, yes, what if we were to stretch our souls far enough to see life from the perspective of that absurdly indulgent father?

It’s heady stuff when it’s rethought rather than merely reviewed. That newness—that fresh meaning we tend to miss in our Bible reading because we already know what’s there—says, bottom line, that we limit ourselves when we limit our vision, when we confine our souls to ruts of inertia or constraints of creaky catechisms. The message of the portion of the Bible we’ve sealed from ourselves is this: there’s more. Yet to be revealed to us through the Bible are “many great and important things” (A of F 1:9). Continuous revelation doesn’t just mean we can get more scripture. It means we can continue to get more out of the scripture we have.

Steven Walker retired in 2013 after teaching the Bible as Literature and other English courses at BYU for 47 years.

Feedback: Send comments on this article to magazine@byu.edu.

Notes

1. Alec Gallup and Wendy Simmons, “Six in Ten Americans Read the Bible at Least Occasionally,” Gallup, Oct. 20, 2000.
2. “A Bible in the Hand Still May Not Be Read,” Baptist Standard, Dec. 4, 2000.
3. James Eli Adams, *A History of Victorian Literature* (Oxford: Wiley-Blackwell, 2012), p. 137.
4. Steven C. Walker, *Illuminating Humor of the Bible* (Eugene, Ore.: Cascade, 2013), p. 90.



Examples of Bibles rich with character

Book

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Letters as tall as trees, with little white footprints weaving their way among the letters' stems. The background for the book is gold as honey and yellow as a certain small bear. If we follow the footprints we find Winnie-the-Pooh tottering along, head stuck in a honey pot. Large black quotes adorn the back cover, the reviewer names in a light-yellow shade behind.

Good evening. We are the audience for this book, a married couple who love writing together, but even more love reading books aloud to each other. It has come to our attention that we need higher literature that is both amusing and simple to inspire our writing craft. As such, we will reread Winnie-the-Pooh, and only need decide on an edition that pleases us. This cover jumps out at us from the shelf because it embodies Pooh. From the color, the bold design, the whimsical way the footprints lead us to Pooh, this is an edition that stays true to the Pooh we love.

Joseph Jones

This book taught me how to format an entire novel. I know how to keep ragged edges justified, eliminate widows and orphans, calculate the spine width of a book and design the cover accordingly, use master pages, and work from beginning to end to prevent text from producing more errors. This is a book I'm proud to have on my shelf. So go ahead, take a look, turn the page.

Varyara Jones

“The danger of scriptwriting
is forgetting who writes it.”

WINNIE-THE-POOH



Joseph Jones

“Deep inside, I am Pooh.”

Hyrum Ballard

‘This book is a must read for
anyone who has ever said or
who has ever wanted to say,
‘Honey, I’m home.’ ”

A. A. MILNE

WINNIE-THE-POOH

WINNIE-THE-

POOH



A. A. MILNE

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WINNIE- THE- POOH

BY A. A. MILNE

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"What about a story?" I said.
"Could you very sweetly tell Winnie-the-Pooh one?"
"I suppose I could," I said. "What sort of stories does he like?"
"About himself. Because he's that sort of Bear."
"Oh, I see."
"So could you very sweetly?"
"I'll try," I said.
So I tried.



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Printed in Canada



CHAPTER II

in which pooh goes visiting and gets into a tight place

Edward Bear, known to his friends as Winnie-the-Pooh, or Pooh for short, was walking through the forest one day, humming proudly to himself. He had made up a little hum that very morning, as he was doing his Stoutness Exercises in front of the glass: Tra-la-la tra-la-la, as he stretched up as high as he could go, and then Tra-la-la tra-la-oh, and help-la, as he tried to reach his toes. After breakfast he had said it over and over to himself until he had learnt it off by heart, and now he was humming it right through, properly. It went like this:

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum
Tiddle-idle, tiddle-idle,
Tiddle-idle, tiddle-idle,
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um

Well, he was humming this hum to himself, and walking along gaily, wondering what everybody else was doing, and what it felt like, being somebody else, when suddenly he came to a sandy bank, and in the bank was a large hole.

"Aha!" said Pooh. (Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.) "If I know anything about

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A. A. Milne

there, he turned to the left and trotted off in the other direction, which was the way to Christopher Robin's house.

"After all," said Rabbit to himself, "Christopher Robin depends on Me. He's fond of Pooh and Piglet and Eeyore, and so am I, but they haven't any Brain. Not to notice. And he respects Owl, because you can't help respecting anybody who can spell TUESDAY, even if he doesn't spell it right; but spelling isn't everything. There are days when spelling Tuesday simply doesn't count. And Kanga is too busy looking after Roo, and Roo is too young and Tigger is too bouncy to be any help, so there's really nobody but Me, when you come to look at it. I'll go and see if there's anything he wants doing, and then I'll do it for him. It's just the day for doing things."

He trotted along happily, and by-and-by he crossed the stream and came to the place where his friends-and-relations lived. There seemed to be even more of them about than usual this morning, and having nodded to a hedgehog or two, with whom he was too busy to shake hands, and having said, "Good morning, good morning," importantly to some of the others, and "Ah, there you are," kindly, to the smaller ones, he waved a paw at them over his shoulder, and was gone; leaving such an air of excitement and I-don't-know-what behind him, that several members of the Beetle family, including Henry Rush, made their way at once to the Hundred Acre Wood and began climbing trees, in the hope of getting to the top before it happened, whatever it was, so that they might see it properly.

Rabbit hurried on by the edge of the Hundred Acre Wood, feeling more important every minute, and soon he came to the tree where Christopher Robin lived. He knocked at the door; and he called out once or twice, and then he walked back a little way and put his paw up to keep the sun out, and called to the top of the tree, and then he turned all round and shouted "Hello!" and "I say!" "It's Rabbit!"—but nothing happened. Then he stopped and listened, and everything stopped and listened with him, and the Forest was very lone and still and peaceful in the sunshine, until suddenly a hundred miles above him a lark began to sing.

"Bother!" said Rabbit. "He's gone out."

He went back to the green front door, just to make sure, and he was turning away, feeling that his morning had got all spoilt, when he saw a piece of paper on the ground. And there was a pin in it, as if it had fallen off the door.



