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San Diego

stereo types

*DJs The Office Twins spin into
the Friends & Family Issue*

www.pacificsandiego.com | NOVEMBER 2009

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*So You Think You Can Dance's
Mary Murphy keeps
San Diego kids grooving*

*Meet NBC anchormom
Susan Taylor*

*Blind Date: Two brothers
meet two best friends*

Skin Deep

Sisters in Beauty

BY ISABELA O'MEARA / PHOTO BY BREVIN BLACH

Manuella and I grew up in Northern Brazil. She's my baby sister, or at least she was—now she's taller than me.

When I was 16, I started having really bad break outs. My grandmother formulated these natural, home-made skincare remedies for me, like honey and oat masks, sugar scrubs and papaya-extract peels. Manuella was only 10

and she wanted to be involved in the family experiments, so we'd give each other facials. We weren't that close in age, but we've always been really close to each other.

Over the next few years, my acne got a lot worse. When I moved to California 10 years ago, dermatologists prescribed topical and oral medications. I was really embarrassed about my appearance, so I would have tried anything, but some of these medications caused other health problems and in some cases even made my skin more irritated.

Eventually, my skin did clear up. And after all, something good did come from the whole unpleasant experience, which is that it motivated me to go to school in 2005 to become a medical esthetician to learn to help others with their skin problems. After I finished school, I studied under a cosmetic chemist and worked in the industry for a few years, learning about various skin conditions and the formulations experts use to treat them.

Ever since I was a kid playing with my grandmother's ingredients, I had wanted to start my own line of skin care products. And who better to partner with than the first person I ever gave a facial to, my sister. She moved here a few years ago, and now we work together not just to formulate acne remedies for our own company—but actually to formulate a bigger family.

Manuella and I both have children now, and I guess it won't be all that long before we're the grandmothers with all the answers.

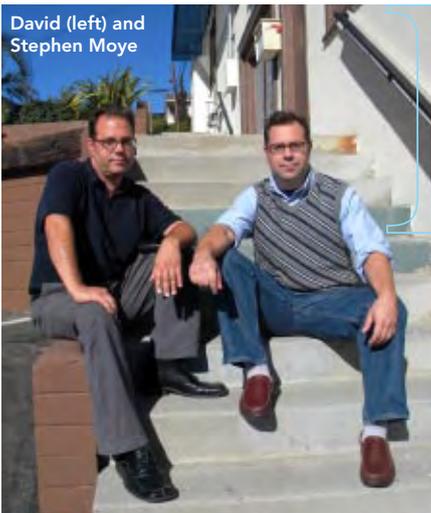
Isabela O'Meara (right) with her sister Manuella Kelbaugh, isabelaskincare.com



Oh, Brothers

My brother and I have been twins as long as I can remember BY DAVID MOYE

David (left) and Stephen Moyer



My brother Steve and I are fifth-generation San Diegans. Our ancestors discovered Julian and all the gold there, and the only people who've been here longer than us own casinos.

Steve and I look alike, but apparently we are one chromosome apart—I can curl my tongue and he can't.

However, we have sort of a twin bond, to an extent. Sometimes, out of nowhere, we will start singing the same song at the same time—except it's different verses.

I know the threesome question is always on non-twins minds, but, to be honest, most twins don't like to share. A birthday is bad enough, much less a babe.

It's funny. Almost every serious girlfriend we've had

has made a point to say, "I want you to know that I don't find your brother attractive." Of course, we also have people who think it's funny to say, "Your brother's ugly."

Being twins has given us some great opportunities. For instance, we were once on an episode of *Full House* that took place at a twin convention. I mention this to younger co-workers and it immediately improves my stature. I go from being "the weird old guy who mutters to himself" to being "the weird old guy who mutters to himself who was once on *Full House*." Big difference.

Everyone wants to know if twins date twins.

We did a few times, but it didn't work out well. Based on my experience, twin women do like the idea of going out with twin guys, but not at the expense of breaking up with their non-twin boyfriends with violent tendencies.

But that's another story.

