



Dear Mom, Thank You and I am So Sorry

Dear Mom,
Audre Lorde says, "It is better to speak remembering we were never meant to survive," so I hope that I can survive this conversation we are about to have. Before I begin, I would just like to say, thank you madre. Thank you for everything you have done for me and taught me because for the past 10 weeks I have learned about how lucky I am to have been raised the way I was raised. You never taught me that I was less than because I was a womyn.

You never taught me that I had "roles" to complete in the house just because I was a womyn. You never taught me that I was "different" because I had the struggles of two different communities in one. You never taught me that I had to love a man in this world to be happy, which made "coming out to you" so much easier. No, you taught me the complete opposite. You taught me the beauty of having so many different identities in one and how amazing it is to allow myself to discover new identities every day, and for that, I thank you. Because you were my first educator. Since the moment I opened my eyes, everything I saw you do to me, everything I heard you say to me, everything I am today is thanks to you, and because you have created such a strong womyn I have decided that it is finally time for me to tell you. After all, Anzaldua did tell me that my most painful experiences are my most valuable experiences after I have accepted them, so I think it is time to accept it because my story matters.