

To every person who has ever had anything to say about my weight, assumed sexual orientation, or the fact that I sometimes use a handicapped placard when I park even though to your eyes I am not visibly handicapped:

We are only given so many minutes in this lifetime. The fact that you choose to spend those precious minutes pointing out what you see as shortcomings in others saddens me. Every minute you waste getting caught up in things that are none of your business is a minute of your life you will never get back. It is a minute of your life you could have spent bettering yourself, enjoying your life, spreading joy, attending to things that actually concern you, or making the world a better place to live.

Yes, I am fat. Of my fat offends you, feel free not to look at me. I am not wasting minutes of my life covering up my fat arms or thighs just to make you feel better. You don't know me, and you don't know the circumstances revolving around my weight. Even if you did, it is still only my business. I love me today, and I will love me tomorrow. If you don't, it won't affect me.

I happen to be a married, bi-sexual woman. If you don't like it, stop thinking about who I choose to love. It does not affect your life. I am not wasting the minutes of my life worrying about what you think about my orientation. For one thing, I was born this way, and could change if I wanted to (which, by the way, I don't). This is a matter that is between me and my husband. I love me

for who I am and so does he. Outside of that, it is not worth wasting the minutes of your life questioning the morality of my "lifestyle," since judging others is far more immoral than anything I have ever done.

I have lupus, RA, fibromyalgia, and a slew of other diseases that are connected to these things. I look like a normal, healthy person on the outside. On the inside my body is basically allergic to its own organs and tissues. This is very painful and I get fatigues very easily. So, when you see me get out of the car, parked in the handicapped spot, don't yell and scream at me because I look healthy to you. It's not worth wasting the minutes of your life worrying about what handicap I have. I don't spend the minutes of my

life worrying about how you view the pain that you cannot see. Trust, me when I say that the minutes of my life are way too precious to me at this point to be wasted on something so petty.

Every minute of your life you spend bullying, and judging others is a minute wasted that you cannot get back. Every minute you spend being mean to others is a moment wasted that you cannot get back. How sad is that? So, to you, the bullies of the world, I am here to let you know that EVERY MINUTE YOU SPEND CHOOSING TO BE MEAN AND DEGRADING TO ME AND OTHERS IS A MINUTE OF MY LIFE I SPEND NOT CARING ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK. I choose to spend the minutes of my life being happy and

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P e a c e t o y o u ,

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