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What if I were born normal?

What if I were born “normal”? Growing up, every time I started a conversation I would rest my hand on my chin, trying to block the line on my lip. Every day I felt anxious that someone would notice. “Why do you always have your hand covering your face? Do you mind me asking what happened?” These were questions I feared.

On August 26, 1999, doctors informed my mother that I was born with a cleft lip. I went through surgery that left me scarred for life. “Ni se le ve mucho” my mom’s friends would say, but I knew they were lying, saying the scar did not even show just to make me feel better. In elementary school, sometimes I pretended to have eyes that could change color to feel like something was right about me. Something people could look at while talking to me instead of my scar. You know when someone has your attention when they make eye contact. However I did not realise that my eyes were placed above my lip so it could be stared at. I guess I would never know what it is like to be “normal”. And I’m okay with that. Because I have come to realise there is no such thing as normal. And there will never be. I’m perfect the way I am and I couldn’t be more appreciative.

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