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**Finding the Positive: My Best Body Parts**

Why is it that we are able to point out our every imperfection, but never any of our good traits – height, weight, facial features, hair? It’s easy. Finding what is wrong with ourselves is much easier because we are human and we enjoy self-pity – we’re very selfish. Unfortunately all that negativity gets old, and we are suddenly forced to have to like ourselves. Here are some parts of myself that I am grateful for:

* First off is my height. For whatever reason, people are always so sensitive about how tall they are or how tall they aren’t. Being created by very lengthy parents, my height is not surprising. I love every bit of my 5’9’’ stature. Not only does it make me feel powerful, it helps significantly with sports. Whether I am jumping up to spike a ball or leaping from a starting block, every inch matters.
* Contributing – almost completely – to my height are my legs. The long, slender legs are my pride and joy and arguably my favorite body part. Practically identical to my mom’s legs, it is no question that I got my legs from her; it feels as if I always have a piece of my mom with me at all times. The two sticks have helped me win countless races – on land and in water – because they can pick up slack when the rest of my body fails.
* Unruly beasts. My dark black eyebrows have never been tamed and they never will be. I had given up on that dream long ago. As difficult as they are to maintain, I have always been thankful for them; they separate me from everybody else – sometimes it’s nice to be a rebel in such a “followers” world. Without my bushes I wouldn’t be able to kill with my glare or reach my hairline when I am struck by something mind-boggling.
* The best feature I have to offer is my eyes. So deep chocolaty-brown, in certain lights they appear to be a startling black. My almond shaped lids minimize capacity, but my irises are large and take up a majority of the space creating an interesting contrast. In elementary school a very annoying boy named Brandon asked me, “Are your eyes black?” Even as a young child I knew eyes couldn’t be black, but I responded, “Yes. My eyes are black.” He looked at me with fascination for a few seconds – maybe hours, either way it was too long – then he ran off to tell everyone my eyes were black. Sometimes though, I think I wasn’t entirely lying.
* While most women wish for curvy hips and a small waist, I was given the opposite. My hips are narrow and my waist runs straight into them. Why God gave me the waist and hips of a boy is a mystery, but it is once again something that makes me unique.
* Broad. Athletic. My shoulders have endured a lot of punishment throughout the years from my lack of rest – sports can pay a hefty toll. I listen to girls complain about how they have “man shoulders”, but mine are all female. Strong. Brave. Fierce. My shoulders have broken records, spiked balls so hard that you couldn’t even see where the ball landed, and have helped me mimic confidence that I never felt. No man’s shoulders could do all of that.

After having to live with myself for nearly eighteen years, I have learned to be grateful for my body. While my body bothers me from time-to-time, I wouldn’t change myself for any reason. I was made the way I was for a purpose – an unknown purpose. Part of finding out why is just accepting what you have.

It may not be easy, but it is worth it.