

MY NAME

My name means sheep, part of a flock, someone who follows when called by a Shepherd. But that's not me at all. I am unique, different, someone who stands against the crowd, not follows.

My name was given to me by my parents. Rashelle, two halves that equal a whole. One half Ralph and one half Shelley. The perfect recipe; a combination of sensitivity and hard work. Creativity and persistence. Traits instilled upon me at a young age. Traits that define who I am. Traits that others envy.

My name is not always understood. I am a commonly misspelled word. I am a commonly misunderstood person. I am the sun glistening off of the ocean waves, the bell of the ball, the smile that permeates. I am the coarse sand between your toes, the irritating rash that won't go away, the pestering roach scavenging for food.

My name has not always been my friend, has not always been appreciated, has not always been accepted. My name has had to endure, to overcome, to conquer. My name is who I am. And who I am is my name.