

Chapter 1 : Im Proud Of Who I Am Quotes, Quotations & Sayings

You might be wondering why I'm proud to be selfish, given it's generally considered to be a negative trait. To give you a bit of backstory, my work has offered a deal that in exchange for a single weekend on call, we get a Friday off.

I tend to be hurt from offensive words that I hear, even if they are said to me unintentionally. I cry over sad situations I learn about the world, no matter how tiny or big they are. I care deeply about making special people in my life happy. My heart remembers everything. My heart feels everything. My heart wants to experience everything. Some people say use your brain over your heart in making decisions in life. I trust my heart when I encounter crossroads in front of me. But following my heart comes with a painful price. But I try not to let their judgements cloud my head. I continue to show to everyone that my sensitive heart validates me as a human. My emotions makes me human. I express what I feel. I let my heart dictate me. My sensitive heart demands honesty. It wants to know what you really want, and what you really need. I have used my sensitive heart to leave places where I was not happy. I have quit situations where I was discouraged to completely open myself and shine bright. I have turned away from people who believe that my feelings are invalid. I am proud of the feelings that live inside my heart. I am proud of their power to create something artistic, something that will leave a mark in this world. I am proud of the way they can provoke thoughts, the way they can inspire, the way they can connect to people despite our differences. I am not ashamed of my rawness and transparency. Because that is me. My sensitive heart makes me who I am. My emotions remind me the kind of life that I want to live, and love. Someone who feels too much.

Chapter 2 : Why I'm proud to be European | Professor Helen Abbott

This is why I'm proud by Kylecrane Aug 3 via Android Javascript is required to view comments normally.

I found him at the bar after my set and thanked him. Jeff turned out to be the kind of customer who asks questions. How old was I? How long had I been doing this? Off and on for decades, though I said a year. But what else did I do? How would I feel if someone I knew walked into the club? Sex work was meant to be a means to an end, something to do until I got my real vocation off the ground. It started when I was He bought me dinner, took me shopping and gave me a part-time job at his business. I went to a club to audition, but I was clammy and nervous in a peasant dress my grandmother had sewn, too young to order a drink. I was not ready. By that time, I was a grad student at Louisiana State University with nude modeling experience. The manager at Visions in New Orleans East looked me up and down and handed me paperwork. He was right; I did well my first shift. Back in the bargeboard cottage I shared with four roommates, I counted my earnings again and again. It felt like Monopoly money, something you win for playing a long, boring game governed mostly by chance. Soon after, I dropped out of grad school and got an unpaid internship at the local alt weekly, befuddling my parents. The answer was because I could afford to, thanks to stripper money. I danced full time for a year from to Then I won the intern lottery. The special sections editor opted not to return to the alt weekly after maternity leave. Triumphant, I hung up my heels. So why did I still want to strip? Why I worked a shift at an out-of-town club where no one would recognize me. Like any unwelcome impulse, I tried to stifle it. But my alter-ego was determined to assert itself. One afternoon, the editor-in-chief poked his head into my office. Got the job last summer. Seems strippers are recession proof. Now it felt like I was being rightly punished. I took down my blog. I cut ties with my sex worker friends. I sold all but one pair of Pleasers on eBay. Actually, the thought frightened me. I did hack it, though. I snagged national bylines and interesting stories. I saw parallels between the Stonewall riots and the police raids that shuttered four New Orleans strip clubs while revealing no evidence of human trafficking. How we could be seen as human beings deserving of the same fundamental rights " safe workplaces, freedom from discrimination, protection by the law " as anyone else. When I got back on the pole last year, my rationale was much more practical. Dancing is lucrative, flexible and a good antidote to the solitary, sedentary work of writing. Sometimes I wrap up my assignments in the early afternoon and head in for mid-shift, ready for a drink and bar banter. In the past, this made me grumble. What I did not tell Jeff " and what I would like to have told him on that rainy July afternoon " is this. In this past, I thought of my sex work as a flaw, an occlusion in an otherwise transparent quartz crystal. But given the right circumstances, this internal fracture refracts an identity:

Chapter 3 : This is why I'm out and proud - Syl Freedman

why i'm proud of me. I have chosen to be a part of an amazing group of women. I accept my imperfections and strive everyday to be better than I was yesterday.

But just six months ago I was miserably contemplating a life of unemployment. I had started to listen to the shitty little voices in my head, needling away, telling me that nobody would want me because I had Endo. I knew that I had a strong work ethic, a mind that craved stimulation and good values to offer, but I was losing confidence. Going public about having Endo was a big decision and one which I knew could have ramifications for me in the future. Would anyone hire me if they knew I had a chronic illness? I had the opportunity to remain anonymous. Instead, I chose to put myself out there – full name, full disclosure, total transparency. Despite the perceived risks, to me it was a no-brainer. How could I express the importance of public awareness about endo and encourage others to do the same while hiding my identity? It would be a total contradiction. I was tired of hiding my illness. Why should we have to hide it? Why should we be embarrassed? I thought that by coming out and talking openly about having endo then others might feel encouraged to do the same. This morning I received a comment on my blog from a Mum named Michelle, who reminded me why it was so important for me to go public and lend my face and full name to endo, whatever the personal cost. Thank you so much. My daughter is now going to keep trying to get the help she needs. My life over the past few months is free for all to see and judge. Now, back to my job interview. This morning, it felt great. She knew everything and still, here she was having coffee with me, smiling at me, considering me for a fantastic job. I know from your stories there are thousands of you who have been mistreated or dismissed unfairly at work or school or forced to leave your studies because of having endo. But today I got a taste of what it feels like to have a potential employer already know it all and just be chill about it. I felt comfortable and proud in my own skin. It has been in the public eye in Australia more in the past few months than it has in YEARS and I know that from doing academic searches through journals and newspapers at uni. It is beginning to be discussed in the media, in conversation and gradually being more understood. Today I felt so proud to be out. I just want everyone to have a go. PS my beautiful cat Pepi is sick. Can you please send her telepathic you-go-girls and get-betters for me? She needs some fighting spirit.

Chapter 4 : This is why I'm proud - Album on Imgur

Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App. Then you can start reading Kindle books on your smartphone, tablet, or computer - no Kindle device required.

Person holding american flag. Just ask our European friends who live here. The one question I always want to ask and sometimes I do is the obvious one: To criticize and tear down for no particular reason is a distinctly European pastime. Get a few Americans together and we will also criticize our own society, but for a different reason. We want to make it better. My America is imperfect in terms of its government, social structure, economy, infrastructure, race relations, policing, mass transportation, and a hundred other things. But in this country, we self-criticize because we want to improve. We are never satisfied. We are not extremists or overly idealistic. We simply want the best for ourselves, our families, our neighbors, and those with little or nothing. In other countries, and at most other times of human history, you could never criticize the State. In Soviet Russia, your children might turn you in. In other places, you would be ostracized, or fired, or expelled, or shot. American history, for all its fits and starts, has been about taking an imperfect system and an imperfect Union and making them better and stronger. Birthing freedom and dignity remains a painful, fitful, confused, and even bloody process. Yet we keep on groping toward the light, simply because we are not afraid to tell the dark truths about ourselves. Justice Louis Brandeis said it best a century ago: But somehow we keep lurching forward toward something better. We tell the ugly truth about ourselves, our communities, and our past -- not to tear down, but to find a way to build. The scar tissue that forms over the wounds we salve is the strongest tissue that exists. We should really call our flag the Scars and Stripes. We Americans tend to sit patiently when our foreign guests remind us of our various national embarrassments, past and present. Let the Europeans, and the rest of the world, criticize us all they want. Their words mean nothing. Our national thirst for self-criticism, unslaked from our earliest days, keeps making us better and better and better. We may have settled a continent, but as a nation, we never settle for less. Michael Levin is an author who runs BusinessGhost.

Chapter 5 : Why I'm proud to be an Irish American | News & Views | Irish Echo

I finally did it. 30 Days of uploading a video. It was difficult at times, but I pulled through. I am proud of myself for doing this and I encourage YOU to try it out yourself.

But first some context – this is not a set of arguments about the economic benefits of staying in the EU. I will focus on why I want Britain to continue to play a central role in an important alliance of countries with which we have much more in common than trade. My mother is Irish, my father British, and both have travelled extensively. My parents were living in France before I was born, and only returned to the UK a few months before my birth. My middle brother was born in France, my eldest brother lives and works in Germany. He has a German wife and two gorgeous, bilingual girls, Ella and Emily. Between us, we speak French, German, and Italian. My mother also speaks Irish and has pretty good Spanish. I have worked in Italy on bilingual contracts and communications for Italian law firms. I saw the euro established and introduced. I have lived and worked in Wales, where I spent two years learning Welsh. My working life is focused on France; I run a large research project with a colleague at Toulouse University and regularly travel there and to Paris for work. But I am someone who understands deeply how much flex there is in national, cultural, and individual identities. For me, shutting ourselves off from our neighbours and friends, and their cultures, would be damaging. Of course, my job would be significantly more difficult if we left the EU, I have a vested interest. This also applies to all my students, their families and their futures – and for the future for all Brits. Reversing what has been secured in my lifetime seems nonsensical. Forgetting that the foundations of co-operation were, and remain, the desire for long-lasting peace seems at best ignorant and at worst selfish. The ability to travel and to work without major bureaucratic hassle or significant financial outlay is amazing. I want other Europeans to come and share their expertise and culture with us Brits too. We are, after all, already European. I am proud to be European, I am proud to be part of something that we work hard at. Original wording of post is retained below for info. But first I should be up front. This is not going to be a set of arguments about the economic benefits or otherwise of staying in the EU. It will instead set out all the personal reasons why I want us to stay part of an important group of countries with whom we have much more in common than trade. I am of European extraction. My mother is Irish, and my father British, but both have travelled extensively. My parents were living in France before I was born, and only came back to the UK a few months before my birth. My middle brother was born in France. My eldest brother now lives and works in Germany, has a German wife, and two gorgeous bilingual girls. Between us, we speak French, German, and Italian to a very high level of fluency. My mother also is a native Irish speaker, and has pretty good Spanish too. I have lived and worked in Italy, working for law firms on all their bilingual contracts and communications. I saw the Euro being introduced. My working life now is focused on France; I am running a large research project with a colleague at Toulouse University and regularly travel there and to Paris for work. But I am someone who understands deeply and personally how much flex there is in national, cultural, and individual identities. And for me, shutting ourselves off from other countries and cultures is damaging. Of course my job would be significantly more difficult if we left the EU, so I have a vested interest in staying. Reversing what was secured in my lifetime seems nonsensical. Forgetting that the foundations of cooperation were, and remain, the desire for long-lasting peace, seems at best ignorant and at worst selfish. The ability to travel and to work without major bureaucratic hassle or significant financial outlay is amazing; and I want other Europeans to come and share their expertise and culture with us Brits too.

Chapter 6 : Why I'm Proud To Be A Middle-Aged Stripper | News Line Pitch

I'm sorry that this happened to You, and I thank you, Thousand Oaks, for being a home, a community, an amazing place to grow up, a place where I have met some of the most resilient people, a place that is still and will be a safe haven for me, and I know we will come out of this stronger than ever before.

Chapter 7 : Why I'm PROUD of ME. | runtoyourhappyplace

I'm proud to donate to charities I like, proud to live in the country I live in for the values it represents, same with proud to use Apple products for the work they do for environment, education, and their customer service.

Chapter 8 : This Is Why I'm Unapologetically Proud Of My Sensitive Heart | Thought Catalog

At a basic level, my attitude on patriotism is captured by this t-shirt. And hold the snarky comments. My view is not influenced by the woman modeling it. Or, if you want something with more substance, this Penn & Teller routine is very instructive. But this polling data, taken from a recent report.

Chapter 9 : This Is Why I'm Proud to Be an American | International Liberty

Saying "I'm proud to be French" or "I'm proud to be Scottish" or "I'm proud to be Italian" is a lot more like "I'm black and I'm proud" because there is a common cultural heritage to all people from those countries. And of course they can celebrate it all they want.