A few years ago I stopped lying about who I was.

Lying is exhausting. And, I was tired of being tired.

I am a writer with work that has been featured in The Washington Post, Huffington Post, MUTHA Magazine and The Charlotte Observer. And, now I’m have the ultimate fan girl experience and am writing for The Bob & Sheri Show.

I write about my sometimes wild, sometimes hilarious, sometimes heartbreaking past filled with free-lunches, a grimy sports bar, a six foot tall Albino woman who tried to save my teenage soul, felonious, drug addicted parents, an imaginary friend named Blueberry and growing up nestled in the coal-dusted mountains of West Virginia.

I write about my husband, the boy I met in Mrs. Redman’s Kindergarten class who grew into the strong, brilliant, goofy man who saved me and loved me often times in spite of my pig-headed self. I write about my daughter, the magical little creature who brought all my broken pieces back together and makes music sound clearer and food taste better.

I write about my friends and family, those who have carried me out of bars and out of funeral homes. Those who show up with casseroles and babysit for a dozen donuts. Those who fly hundreds of miles to wrap me in a warm embrace and whisper that everything is going to be ok.

And, I write about me and my inexplicably magical life. I am intensely loyal. I sometimes deflect hurt with sarcasm. I love to vacuum. I am an extroverted introvert. I am a hard worker. I make a mean BBQ meatloaf. I love red wine. I often drink coffee until I dry heave. Crossfit changed my life I am dependable. I completed a marathon. I love Biggie and Willie Nelson equally. I like to read in the bathtub. Movie theaters are one of my favorite places in the world. One day I will own an alpaca and a pig. The world is a better place with puns. I feel safe and secure when surrounded by books. Snoring drives me crazy. I am no longer afraid to say I am a writer. I tell a pretty good story.