



WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME MY NAME?

By Samantha Alfaro

I'm a daughter. I'm a sister. I have a job. I am a volunteer. I love people. I have a small group of loyal friends. I love my family. I am very much a homebody – a person who is very comfortable in her own home and in her own space, rather than going out all of the time. I live a pretty normal life. I do not think it's any different than any other person. But, because I have a disability, I get asked questions about what it is and how I get around sometimes.

I've been an open book all my life. Maybe it's because I like to talk. I like connecting with people. People ask questions about me or my disability and I answer them. Normally, there are no issues. I know I don't owe people answers or an explanation, and I don't tell everybody everything about my diagnosis. But I think talking about disability in whatever way you are comfortable with is valuable in understanding me and my disability, as I identify as being a person with a disability.