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At the ripe old age of twelve , became absolutely the best looking creature in modern history. Seriously, how can anyone not be in awe of a girl who lands in both glasses and braces in the span of one week. The fanfare died down two years later when another one week period found me without braces or glasses. It was past time for others to have their place in the sun. Plus, I wanted sunglasses.

Thus, at 14, I began living in the land of contacts-adamantly refusing to ever, ever, ever wear my glasses again.

Thankfully, 14 year olds eventually mature enough to realize that glasses aren't necessarily the worst thing that can ever be worn, even if remembering that first pair still makes them flinch and want to apologize for choosing the worst pair in the store, or at least demand an apology from his/her parents for allowing a silly 12 year old to pick his/her own glasses. Personally, I think I could have either used more choices or better guidance with that first pair.

Nowadays, vanity does not curb the wearing of my glasses, but they do have limitations.

Need to wear sunglasses? Nope, not without prescription ones that you have to change and change again and again when you go or out of the sun.

Raining? Good luck. Too bad no one has creating windshield wipers for glasses yet.

Playing with your kids-anywhere? Make sure you are quick enough to move your face out of the way because babies like the grab them and pull them off your face and toddlers like to play catch. With everything. At your face.

Going to the gym? Sweat-slicked faces are perfect for glasses, especially when you are in the middle of a set of burpees (or any sort of intense exercise) and just hope they don't fall off and you land on them.

Sadly, contacts, even if they "solve" the glasses limitations from above, have their own set of difficulties.

On beautiful spring days, when all the flowers are blooming and the birds are chirping happily, my allergies hate the entire Universe. Contacts, no matter the brand or type, just do not play well with itchy, watery eyeballs.

Taking my kids to the beach or pool, even though I have limitless sunglasses options, still leaves me wary because I know any rogue splash could instantly render me blind by washing away my contacts. And my kids just aren't old enough to help me drive.

Contact wearers cannot easily wear mascara. Enough said.

Since I haven't experienced it since I was 11, I fantasize about being able to wake up each morning and see my clock-across the room, not just held an inch from my face. It seems that every year I squirrel money away to fulfill this fantasy, this dream, and every year it's shattered by something more important: one of my children needing braces, sport goggles for soccer, new school uniforms times three, an appliance at home needs replacing, or even classroom books or

materials that the school just cannot find the funds to buy. Somehow, I have never been able to put my personal wishes above that of my family, my home, or my students.

And, yet, with my days being constant motion from the time I wake up at 5AM until I finally drop into bed at 9 PM, filled with my students , their parents, my administrators, my colleagues, and my own family, I long for one thing that is simple. Effortless. The ability to simply open your eyes and clearly see the world seems that simple. It is one small item I dream to be taken off the grand "To Do" list in order to return focus to where it should be: life.