

Ok - so firstly - a bit of a disclaimer.

I know there a range of opinions within the transgender community about things like surgeries, disclosure, language and the like. And I am here tonight to talk about my own perspectives and what has worked for me. My perspectives might differ from some other people in the room and the last thing I want to do is inadvertently offend anyone. So if I do, I apologise - its not my intent. It's just this is a hard topic for me to talk about and if I'm going to talk about it I'm going to do so on my own terms.

The next thing - thank you to Michael and Dean and the team at PIL for the opportunity to come and speak. I've looked on in admiration at the work the Pride in Law team have performed up here - largely though LinkedIn. To you both I just wanted to say congratulations - you are undoubtedly making it easier for people to be themselves in the legal profession and that's just fabulous. There I go. My first F word of the night!

So I think two things qualify me to speak tonight. The first is that I am a lawyer. By way of background, I graduated from the University of Melbourne in 2007. I did my articles (yes I'm old) at Clayton Utz and worked there for 5 years. That included a 6 month stint in Brisbane just over at the Riparian Plaza. I really enjoyed my time up here - walking around the River and over the Story bridge is one of my favourite walks in the country and Brisbane is a great place to sit out the Melbourne winter. At the time Brisbane was booming - it was the big city at the bottom of the mine - but my life was back home - I am a Mexican as you guys might say!

Being in Brisbane was a challenging six months for me personally. I had always known I was female but had basically rationalised I had a good life and was nervous about rocking the boat too much. I mean I was very gay, very effeminate, all my friends were girls, I had a great social life, I had a great relationship with my parents, I wore make-up all the time, I got invited to hens days and I had carved out a niche for myself professionally. Back then I also cared about what people thought of me - and disappointing them - and whilst at my core I was very sad I thought I would be more sad if I rolled the dice and transitioned and lost everything that made me me. A fan of Russian literature I was nervous that I would be a modern day Anna Karenina - unhappy in their present situation only to leave for the bright lights on greener pastures and realising too late that the cost was too great and ending up in front of a train.

But being up here was challenging for me because I was away from the "Melbourne bubble". All the things that seemed so important to me were less important with 2000km or so of distance. The reality slowly dawned on my that I would never be truly at peace unless I did physically transition. All the

personality quirks that I loved about myself began to feel like millstones around my neck. I went to the gym one morning to try and exercise my woes away - always a favourite tactic - but I remember getting back home that morning and just bursting into tears knowing that I just had to do this and feeling so very scared and overwhelmed.

So I went back to Melbourne full of resolve. But contrary to what you might think, Clayton Utz Melbourne was much more conservative at the time than CU Brisbane. Call it instinct but I knew I couldn't transition there. I began to look for a new job while I took some steps at a personal level to help me feel more comfortable about my body. I remember one day where my old boss at the time took me out to lunch at the Australia Club - one of the few all-male membership clubs left - and I remember thinking to myself that I was probably the only person there wearing stockings under the suit pants!

I'm always careful when I tell this story because I don't want to beat up on Clayton Utz. It was a different time and place. I was lucky to have the professional experiences I did there and I think it would be a tacky look to be ungracious after all that. There was certainly nothing like this and was at a time where there was plenty of division in the community about marriage equality, let alone gender identity issues.

I also, with hindsight, think that the firm embraced me within the constraints of time and place. At the 2009 Christmas Party we had a New York theme. Having not yet transitioned I wanted to wear an outfit that I felt comfortable in and I wore this female NYPD outfit that with the benefit of hindsight is more appropriate in the bedroom than public. However, I maintain I had the best shoes in the room that night.

I was very nervous walking into the venue that night - although the initial nerves gave way to exhilaration as I realised that people were embracing me and my show of self. There were a couple of negative comments though. One was that my outfit was a bit risque. Fair. The other one was unfair. It stung. She was a Special Counsel in my immediate team. She told me that no one would ever take me seriously professionally after tonight. For a long time that comment stung and it drove me, very much in the 'I will prove you wrong' variety. Though a few years ago during some mindless scrolling on instagram I stumbled on a quote that has stayed with me. It was a Buddhist quote and it said something like that when you realise things said or done to you are a reflection of the person doing them and not about you you cease to react entirely. I realise now that I have ceased to react - but it certainly took a lot of work to get there.

So after five years at CU I ended up at Australian Industry Group - which is essentially an employer lobby group with a workplace relations arm. We serviced their member companies who had employment law issues. It was a

lot of fun. With four years practice under my belt I was increasingly driven to grow my own legal practice and worked very hard in my first year there. I wanted to prove my worth - I was getting up at 4am and all those things and doing a couple of hours work at home in the morning. A couple of the clients thought I was crazy but quite a few of them responded to my drive and are still with me today. But where that drive came from is that I was really trying to do was to make myself indispensable financially to Ai so that when I did transition I had some bargaining power.

I had learnt a thing or two about the commercial world after practising exclusively in workplace relations. I knew that high performers get more latitude. I didn't want to be mediocre - or even satisfactory - to transition. I knew I had to be stellar and that would inculcate me from detriment somewhat. I suspect it is still a bit like that now. One of my favourite musings is that we will gender equality when we see as many incompetent women in positions of leadership as there are incompetent men.

Meanwhile, I had been doing little things like starting laser hair removal on my face and was dressing more and more androgynously. I embraced purple crayon eyeliner and wore clear nail polish. I wore lots of female jewellery and would cross-dress any chance I got. During this time I working up the resolve to fully cross the Rubicon - to use a legal phrase - which would include things like hormones and name changes. It felt like I was living two lives. You might not expect it but I look back so fondly on this time. It was so much fun to play with style and play with gender. To dress androgynously. To not care about gender. I can see why some people want to reject it entirely

One of the perverse things about transitioning is that in many ways I feel lost a bit of my *je ne sais quoi*. Beforehand I had never cared about masculinity. I had never cared if anyone thought I was conflicted about gender because I was. No one knew how I would be dressing when I arrived to a party. It was fun pairing boy things and girl things. It was fun being a bit loose and a bit edgy and I went to a lot of cool parties!

I say this because - even as someone who enjoys many 'girly' things nothing could quite prepare me for the trappings of beauty culture - or society's expectation of beauty culture - and the inadequacy I would feel in the immediate couple of months and years after I officially became Jasmine.

I had been handsome before, even a bit pretty and my milkshake certainly bought the boys to the yard. However, my features didn't immediately translate despite the magic of hormones and I missed feeling attractive. I missed it desperately. And I felt society constantly reminded me that I wasn't and that I just wasn't enough. I took some while to adjust. I share this because I want you to know how powerful beauty culture is. Even as an effeminate gay boy who has been a fake blonde since 13 it blew me away.

This was in sharp contrast to the immediate few months before the official change. I remember this time well.

The drop dead date was 12 June - and during May I was travelling a lot for work. I was in Adelaide for two nights and the first night the room service comes in and he says hello ma'am. The next night a different room service says hello sir! Talk about gender bending! Around that time I'd also been in the western suburbs of Sydney for enterprise bargaining - I still had my male name and was dressed androgynously but the reception put a Ms in front of my name! I thought 'geeze the woman round here must be pretty butch'. Flying back I had Mr so and so on my boarding pass and the poor flight attendant was so confused and said that's not you until I told her the truth! She was so mortified and came to apologise to me but I said not to worry you have made my day.

Around this time work were saying to me, I know you have 12 June, but people are starting to get very curious, lets bring it forward. I said no! And I also said, well if they are curious they can come and ask me, and I will tell them. If they ask you you can tell them. But I'm going to prioritise my own wellbeing over their curiosity.

The reason 12 June was important was because I had a case on appeal in the Court of Appeal and it was being heard on 10 June. It wasn't fair on my client to have the distraction of me rocking up in a dress.

Anyway, back to beauty culture. I did what any self-respecting woman would do - I succumbed. I embraced the knife.

Ultimately, its been surgeries rather than positive psychology or changes in societal attitudes that have enabled me to move through life with relative ease as a female. I had six surgeries over an 18 month period. Looking back I don't know how I did it. What I will say - as an aside - is that I had all my surgeries in Melbourne. I just want people to know that you don't need to go overseas for medical care - we have to here in Australia.

It saddens me that surgeries are unaffordable for so many transgender people. Alternatively, many transgender people raid their superannuation to afford surgeries. This is an understandably desperate decision for which a hefty financial penalty is paid - both from a taxation perspective and minimising the benefits of compound interest - which my father repeatedly reminds me is the 8th wonder of the world.

The physical transition cost a substantial sum of money, once surgeries, hair removal, vocal training and medical appointments are factored in. Private health insurance covers some hospital stays but not all. This is because the

surgeries are considered largely cosmetic and therefore not covered by insurance.

In many ways, the unfairness of this is more apparent with hindsight. At the time I was so focussed on getting things done I didn't care about what should be or how things could be different. I didn't want anyone at work or my clients to think I wasn't focused. This was most apparent when I had my boobs done on a Thursday and was back to work on the Monday - it was as much a signal to myself that I was unbreakable as anything else. There was another surgery where I was due in at 2pm and was wrapping up a conference call at 12.30 that day. There was little time and energy for hypoethicals and self-pity.

But looking back, it doesn't seem right that I spent \$17,000 to reshape my forehead to make it look more feminine. Or that you can't claim laser hair removal on Medicare. Or that a sex change operation - to use the old term - isn't life saving. These things are essential for transgender people to function as fully productive and engaged members of society. If corporate Australia said to me 'how do we help transgender people'? My answer would be sponsor surgeries instead of #woke virtue signalling.

That was most apparent to me when I took a trip to Hong Kong two months before the vagina operation. I went over with a girlfriend for some shopping and culture over Easter - I had been looking forward to this little mini-break because I needed a break from transitioning, which felt like a full time job. It wasn't the first time I had been overseas since getting a new passport but it was the first time I had been through the X-ray machines. So what happens, is that the person at the machine sees you coming and they press male or female. They pressed female, but it picked up that I hand't had the surgery downstairs. They were all very confused and I had to tell them in hushed whispers about my situation and she was like, ok, go back and I will press male. The problem with that is that I was wearing a bra and had some chicken fillets stuffed in them. So that was picked up when they pressed male but not when they pressed female. So I was taken the little room, like some common drug smuggler, and had to undress. I asked if my friend could come in with me because I thought it would make me feel safe. But the answer was no.

I had seen enough movies to know this was not the time for sass so I did what I was told. It was humiliating - although my credit card was subject to most of the beating when I went on a shopping spree in Hong Kong to make myself feel better! I told myself I would make a complaint but instead I just channeled Elsa and let it go. Thankfully, I will not have to deal with that situation again. But it saddens me to think that for some transgender people that must be a more regular occurrence.

When I got back I had to have my final psychiatrist appointment before the surgery I was so mad. I had to have the sign off from my normal psychiatrist

but they make you get a second opinion. And they make you wait 12 months after you've officially switched to get that surgery. I got on my high horse and told her that I thought this was the biggest crock - I said you guys go and take the Hippocratic oath but making me wait arbitrarily to do this - well that is harm! I told her about Hong Kong and how that wouldn't have happened if the medical profession didn't put those hurdles in my path. I told her that I was so annoyed that I had all this agency in my life - but as I said to her 'this is not directed at you because I am sure you are very competent and all that. But how offensive that you - who have known me for 10 minutes - are deemed more competent than I to make this decision for myself!' All she could say was 'most people aren't like you Jasmine. You'll get there regardless. But the system protects others'. She signed me off in 15 minutes and I went on my way.

Sometimes it's not until I prepare for an address like this one that I realise what I have gone through. Anecdote after anecdote comes back to me about everything I went through. When I changed my name officially and started dressing more female it did prompt some interest in the broader building. The concierge was partially intrigued / rude and would try and talk to other people about me. I got wind of this and marched up to him and said 'the next time you want to gossip about me come to me, because it will be much more informative for you and you will also get the truth'. He slunk away!

There have been some beautiful experiences. My late grandmother, who I was very close to, was very understanding of what I did. She told me, in the inimitable accent of a Dutch immigrant, 'you know, when you young I just think you gay. But this makes sense too'. When I was young my sister and I would stay at her house and play Mary Poppins. I was Mary, of course, and my younger sister was Jane. I would walk around the house with a large umbrella insisting everyone call me Mary. And so one of my grandmother's first questions was why I didn't change my name to Mary!

When I changed my name I took her name - Stephanie - as my middle name. I showed her my new birth certificate and she then proudly told the small town she lived in about her transsexual granddaughter and how I she had inspired me. I was like a mini celebrity. She volunteered at the local St Vincent de Paul and whenever a man would come in buying something for his partner she would then say 'it's ok darling, your secret is safe'. I pity the poor guy who was actually genuinely buying something for his partner! All she wanted was for me to be happy and I was able to tell her - honestly - that I was when she was on her death bed last year. That was very special for me.

Increasingly though, over time, I began to think of myself as less transgender and more just female. It's rarely front of mind. Increasingly, I find these sorts of sessions emotionally confronting because I need to turn myself back to some hard experiences that were challenging for me. I've promised myself a

shopping trip down James St tomorrow morning before I fly home as a bit of a reward.

Now, during all this time I had been assiduously building a legal career. I had risen through the ranks through the ranks at Ai Group and had the rather fancy title of Legal Practitioner Director - effectively the Partner equivalent with responsibility for getting work, delegating work, settling work and managing a team. However with the intensity of the transition feeling very much past tense I felt in cruise control professionally.

Looking back, I am proud that I moved from mid-level lawyer to very much senior lawyer at a relatively young age while negotiating so much personally. I look back on these years are largely a blur. It reminded me that when I would ask my mum about what I should wear to an 80s theme party she would say 'I got married and had 4 kids in the 80s. How am I meant to know'!!

One of the professional challenges I had around this time was moving into a more managerial type role overseeing people my age or older than me. I was so used to the bar being higher for me - not as in a woe as me context - but simply because of the sheer grit I needed to show from day to day and the well of emotions that I would largely push aside so that I could remain focused on the job. Maybe this was of my own making because I handled my transition like a PR project where I was both the strategist and the subject. I wasn't going to hide behind corporate emails or HR speak and instead I decided to tell every single client myself, in person, to the extent I could. This took about 6 - 9 months and during this time I was physically changing. It was also exhausting. I didn't care so much what people thought personally but I was singing for my supper. For example, you can have all the anti-discrimination laws you want but if a client is uncomfortable - for reasons I can't influence - they are not going to give me their work. Navigating all that while performing day in day out while in and out of doctor's rooms and hospitals was full on. I felt also that people were talking about me - not necessarily in a bad way - but me and what I was doing was a topic of interest and conversation.

I have always been quite social and found it easy to get along with different types of people. However, increasingly I became more private and I found it harder to trust people. I began to have little time for fools. Life was unbelievably busy and I already had a close group of friends. I was - and am - very loyal at my core. I was also quite content in my own company. I had just been around the block a few times and I wasn't in a hurry to let my guard down too easily.

However, as a woman in leadership it quickly dawned on me that there is a tax to be paid if you don't temper your sass with a bit of sugar. One of my low points professionally was a 360 review that was organised for me in 2016 - by two men with an axe to grind. I won't bore you with the politics behind this -

but what was told to me was that I needed to improve my soft skills if I wanted to develop as a leader. While having the maturity to realise that we all have blind spots as leaders and that there is always room to improve I was surprised that 'soft skills' was the main charge levelled against me. So the 360 involved 7 people - some with bouquets - some with baseball bats - going through a revolving door to talk about me as a professional. I got a summary of the results at the end of this. As you do - you go straight to the bad. It read. 'She is intense. She is seen to value work over outside life. She is adversarial and combative. She is ambitious and competitive. She is overzealous in having her view accepted. She is self-serving. The good was that I had a strong results focus and delivered excellence - but hey - let's just bash the woman for being ambitious.

I got that feedback on a Friday and was pretty much floored all weekend. I shared it with my mum who reminded me that there would be things to be proud of, things to laugh at and things to learn from. And there was - I remember a couple of weeks later I was leaving work in a rush because I was having a friend round to watch the Bachelor finale. Priorities. One girl in the team tried to stop me to talk to me about something I don't even remember. Of course I don't remember - I was trying to get out of there. But then someone tried to stop me to talk about a work issue, and I was like WORK ISSUE! MY JOB! MY FRIEND CAN WAIT! And so driving home I realised - however unfairly - why someone might say I prioritise work over life. They had just seen that. What they didn't see was a girlfriend coming over after a breakup for a bit of TLC and how I had moved heaven and earth to make that happen.

So perceptions are unfair - whether it be of you as a woman, a professional, or based on your gender. I'd encourage you to place too much weight in them.

Now, clearly I must get a 5 year itch - because when a head hunter contacted me in 2017 to ask me if I wanted to start an employment law team at Sladen legal - an established firm in Melbourne - I didn't say no. I thought about it and decided to take the leap of faith and joined as a non-equity partner in October 2017. I have since grown the team to 5 with seven figure revenues and on 1 January 2020 I became a shareholder and director of the firm. I am, to the best of my knowledge, the only transgender equity partner in law firms in this country. And I am proud of that.

I think what's worked for me is that I have never set out to change people's opinions. I've always known that people don't like to be told what to think. So telling someone, 'you must respect me; you must treat me like this' is never going to work. People instead need to be shown what to think - and one of the best ways they can be shown what to think is from how you treat yourself, interact with others and carry yourself in general. In the office I would very rarely if at all talk about being transgender. It's not that relevant to my day-to-day work. Being a woman is far more relevant to my day-to-day work. The

fact that I am transgender is never something that has been announced to the office though I assume most people know, or get told at some stage, or see something on LinkedIn - like this presentation - and put it together. I'm probably a bit insulated from it all by seniority also. However, at the Christmas Party last year one of the PAs came up to me with a bit of Dutch Courage and said 'I JUST HAVE TO TELL YOU WHEN I WAS HEARD I WAS SHOCKED! I NEVER KNEW! I JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE A GORGEOUS WOMAN!' WHAT YOU MUST HAVE HAD TO GO THROUGH!

A similar - although more nuanced interaction occurred a few years before that. I was just about to start at Sladen and I'd shared my background with the CEO of the firm after they had given me the job but before I had started. I did this because I wanted the firm to hear it from me instead of via the gossip train or mutual connections or the like. Some people were quite interested in my background and during the initial few months sought me out to have conversations of it. At the Christmas Party that year - one of the older partners - lets say a young 65 - said to me 'Jasmine, I'm fascinated by your background! Tell me all about it!' I (reluctantly) started telling him but then he was like 'no your professional background'. But isn't gay marriage good'!

I'm past being flattered about these interactions or even caring about the whole semantics of them. What I do like about them is that I am giving people a positive depiction of transgender issues that they will then take with them. No doubt they will come across people in their own lives - whether it be their own family and friends and they will think 'well Jasmine wasn't too bad' so let me think about this. For me, I think that's the best contribution I can make - to be a well-adjusted, contributing member of society despite what I have gone through, not in spite of it. I had promised myself this will make me better, not bitter and I have made good on that promise.

It's certainly been the school of hard-knocks to get here though. I remember driving back home from seeing my grandmother in Gippsland. I was driving a Convertible at the time and I had the roof down. It was very early in the transition and a couple of local lads yelled out 'fag'. I was startled but by the time I registered they were speeding away so I never felt unsafe. However, I remember thinking, 'hmmm, its not a good sign that they went with fag! Why didn't they yell out tryanny'! It's probably a bad thing to admit that was my first thought but you need to remember I had been dealing with verbal abuse for being visibly gay since about 15 or so. So words didn't hurt me. I just wanted the right words!! I remember thinking at the time how little other people's opinions could hurt you when you were truly comfortable in your own truth. For me, they may as well have said to be that Wednesday is the day that immediately follows Monday. When you're comfortable in who you are you don't care. Living well, as the old adage goes, is the best reward.

Some years have now passed and I have lived through all the firsts and

awkward moments. I stopped feeling envious of my girlfriends who didn't have to go through what I went through. I too now have things in my wardrobe that I bought 5 years ago. I also came to understand that no one escapes trauma - this was mine - and that I should approach what I went through with a 'why not me' instead of a 'why me' attitude. I also have a great relationship with my parents and my sisters - though again its not really something that we talk about. One of the most touching things Dad ever did was buy me a book - one that was very special to him and apparently very popular when he was a boy. It was about a boy who is born a cripple and overcomes all odds to learn to walk. Dad said to me he had never seen someone show as much grit as the kid in the book. The metaphor was clear and I knew what he was saying.

I am proud of how hardship has made me strong.

The indisputable truth though is that it has made my life harder, especially when it comes to marriage and relationships. The reality is that not being able to have children biologically and my gender history is a negative rather than a plus on the marriage market. I've accepted this and developed some strategies around it. I don't like telling guys straight away - largely because its so hard for me to talk about but also because I think, 'well, tell them when they know you better and see how they respond then'.

So I was seeing one guy and it had started to get a little bit serious. He had called me his 'ideal woman' and that while he enjoyed feeling more driven professionally after we had been seeing each other he said he liked my cheeky side best. He was very impressed one day when we were at the movies and I just pulled a bottle of red wine from my handbag and two picnic style wine glasses. I think he was shocked at my cheek but I then told him if he had an issue I would drink all the wine. He succumbed. So he knew his way to my emotions. I also knew my emotions and knew I had to tell him the 'news' before it went any further.

I took the cowards way out and sent him a text - ostensibly under the guise of safety and giving him a chance to process on his own. I think a big part of it though was avoiding seeing any disappointment on his face. I said:

Hi Matt

There's something I wanted to tell you about me that's pretty hard to say because it's really ancient history and it might change your perception of me. But I'm enjoying hanging out and if us hanging out leads to something more it's something I'd like you to know about me.

When I was a child I was born a boy but that didn't work for me so I changed to a girl. So I guess that makes me transgender, but I don't really like that word because I think I'm just like any other woman. As you know I have all the right

parts but I can't have children. Most of the time I forget that I was ever anything but a girl! So there's no need to tell anyone if you don't want to.

I think the main way its impacted me is that its made me tough, strong and resilient. I think if I can handle being born in the wrong body I can handle most things.

I know you might have some questions and I'm happy to answer them all. I hope you still see me as the woman you've become quite fond of.

That said, if this is a dealbreaker, or you want to be with a woman who can have your children, I understand and I won't think any less of you. Just please be honest with me.

I'm so sorry get all serious and heavy. The reason I'm telling you now is that I need to protect myself emotionally if this makes you uncomfortable.

If you don't want to see me this weekend I understand. Otherwise let me know an we'll chat later!

It was a fairly anxious wait for a response. It came about 24 hours later. He was very gracious. He said he was shocked and had to think about a few things but was ready to talk. He came over that Sunday and we talked and talked and talked. We talked about a few things that I won't go into here but aside from logistics - if I can call it that - he wanted to know about children. We spoke about IVF and egg donors and frozen sperm and adoption. I tried to show him it was all possible.

We ultimately went our separate ways because he saw children with me as too hard. At least that's what he told me - and I've chosen to take him at face value there. I sent him the following text when I had composed myself:

Thank you for your honesty. I can't argue with you - who would want to miss out on those things. They're so important! I'm happy that you know what you want and that our time together has helped clarify that for you. I'm (selfishly) a bit sad too. I really liked hanging out with you and there were some lovely memories. It was also a nice reminder that there are guys who like me for who I am, baggage and all! I hope the next gf has boobs as good as mine!

I've often thought of him as the one that got away - but realistic enough to know that if children was his dealbreaker I would have been a risky partner for him - and that something better might be in store for both of us.

I share this story because while dating as transgender is hard I don't want people to think that break-ups are caused by it. I want you to know there are guys who don't care. However, it's important to be sensitive to what other

people want and be realistic about the challenges in front of you.

I had thought I would be married by now - truth be told I do want to have a fabulous party and I've ruled out Married at First Sight. However, I also know that I've never been having as much fun as I am now - and that I've never been happier - and that in the words of my mum - A Man is Not a Plan! But who knows - there might be a few ions in the fire ;)

People keep telling me to write a book but I cynically think, just what the world needs. Another memoir! With glossy before and afters! But I think it's because in time I hope this is really just a footnote in my book. But I know it's made me fiercer - perhaps too fierce at times - and has given me just the right sort of pragmatism and occasional ruthlessness that has served me well as a lawyer.

It's actually pretty overwhelming to talk about it all and to go through a compressed version of the journey with you - which was really about six years of my life. I've kind of moved on from it now. I know that it will be the most intense period in my life. I've sorted out too much shit to ever have a mid life crisis - I find that I am just getting happier and happier as I get older. I guess if I could leave you with two things. The first in the words of that fabulous dandy Oscar Wilde - Remember, be yourself, everyone else is already taken. And the other is - and this is most important - there's nothing special about my journey or my story which makes it different from any other story - it's just a story that has been going long enough to have a beginning, middle and end. There's nothing I have done that anyone in this room isn't capable of when you truly set your mind to it. And I think that's the beauty of being human and the beauty of being alive. Thank you.