

Veronica was born on February 28th, 1983 and *decided* to pass on July 31st, 2015. This was no ordinary death, but a death of the identity she had held onto for so long. While she was young, her father told her to be happy and above all, never lose that spark that made her who she was.

Rambunctious as a child, always getting into everything and questioning everyone, she soon lost that when she began to be told that, as a woman, she should be quiet and reserved. Her father continually told her to be who she was, but she soon succumbed to the haters who told her that she wasn't Spanish enough to be Puerto Rican and not Italian enough to be considered that either. Her identity was chipped away at and lost during the ages of 15-32. She drifted as a nobody, in and out of people's lives. She was told no and that she was not good enough so often that she began to believe in these things. Her opinions did not matter, and the way that she looked played a big role in people pigeon-holing her in place.

'She is TOO FAT to walk the Camino in Spain and her writing is not good enough to procure the grant,' one professor said to her in undergrad. 'She's such a bossy bitch' another would say when she stood up for herself. The last straw was about four weeks ago when she overheard a person say 'Her opinions suck and so does she.'

That did it for her. Veronica's father's words swelled up in her and did not make her sad, but angry. Angry because for so long she had been lying to herself about who she really was and what she really wanted. Her passionate spark was lost on those who thought she was just trying to be a 'bossy bitch.'

I mean Veronica was always kind of annoying, but not because she was a 'bossy bitch.' The trouble was that she didn't recognize what dumb motherfuckers the haters who called her a bossy bitch were. I always felt that if she spoke out it was for good reason. I mean to say that when she was being a bossy bitch, she was actually saying how she felt instead of doing what she thought she should in the presence of someone else and hiding her feelings.

She only ever wanted to be true to herself, but sadly, she had to move out of her way before she could do it. In honor of her strength, vivacity and lifelong love of rolled ones and cold ones, I will carry the torch of all that she hoped to become."