I am a white, straight, middle class, cisgender, female.

I live on long island, and though my life is full of privilege, I didn't realize it until a couple of years ago. When I was in middle school, my beautiful house on the water in a nice neighborhood was destroyed in hurricane sandy. Water swept away everything, and in a day my life was changed forever. My house was unlivable, so my family of 6 had to live with my grandma in her small 2 bedroom apartment. The fixing of our house was supposed to take months but wound up taking over three years. During this time, I experienced struggles that I had never faced before. Money was a huge issue, something that my parents were constantly fighting over. I had to take a mini bus to school, which I know is not a big deal but me and my little brother were made fun of for. The fact that all of my personal belongings were swept out from under me led to have extreme OCD and anxiety about where my things were after, in the storm , so many had just gone missing. Things were stolen from my house in the aftermath, like televisions and even personal things, from my room and closet. That invasion of space, in my home and the tight corners of my grandparents house led to anxiety and eventually depression. In the end, however we were able to recover. After three years we received recompensation from the government and were able to move back into our house with it looking more beautiful than ever. But for others, this is not the case. For many, this is a reality that they are forced to live every day. The disabled that are made fun of. The people that live in bad neighborhoods where stealing is something they have to worry about regularly. And most recently, the puerto ricans, who have struggled with the devastation of a hurricane themselves and have it far worse than I did. Because of this I am more able to see the effects of the privilege that I have in my life as well as the privileges that others do not.