

**From: Maga**  
**To: My Parents**  
**Subject: LGBT = Let's Generate Beautiful Tolerance**

Mom and dad,

I've always thought that love makes the world go round, it is something magical, inexplicable, breathtaking, pure and so incredibly beautiful, that nothing can be done with at least a small amount of this feeling.

I have this incessant need to fuel my life and others' with infinite charm, creating new rules of love and breaking the patterns that have always ruled our environment. Unfortunately, that seems a little weird, out of context, wrong, not good, incorrect and disgusting for you, which is why you took me to psychologists, psychiatrists, sexologists and family planners. When you realised that none of these made me "normal," you asked me —not nicely— to leave the house. The thing is that I, a green lifesaver, (the candy) used to like and enjoy the company of red lifesavers, but one good day, I fell in love with a green lifesaver, which seemed to be made of the combination of the shiniest colour and the sweetest sugar, and all I wanted was to be around her the whole time. It wasn't even a physical attraction; I think that it was the first time that I could really see that love had a shape, a shape that was chemically pure for me.

That green lifesaver really broke my heart, but the connection I developed with her felt different and more enjoyable than the one I had had with red lifesavers, so I decided to continue surrounding myself by them. I continued seeing green lifesavers and developing long or short relationships with them, but none of them worked out.

Last year, I met a green lifesaver that was made the same date I was: January 15th, which was a point of connection without even knowing each other, and the truth is that I have never felt more in my place before, more understood, loved, supported, taken care of, trusted and respected. She boosts my world and reassures me that when you work for your dreams, there's nothing you can't achieve.

Momsie, paps and the rest you who don't know what I'm about to say: I want you to know that everyone should be able to choose the colour they want to love, because genuine and deep feelings should be celebrated every time they happen. Gender, race, age, culture, social status, political views or religion should never be a matter when we feel attracted to a soul that resonates with ours, because it is something that hits you so hard, it becomes scary and lovely at the same time; you feel it, but it's so unbelievable, you don't know what to do with it, you just know you want to hold that special chosen being until the end of time. When something as treasurable as this exists, no one should try to forbid it, avoid it, or condemn it. It should be appreciated and supported by hearts bursting with joy.

Decades ago it was impossible to see black people with white people; nowadays, all the races are able to marry each other. In the future, our kids will probably ask: "really mommy? Mom and you couldn't get married because the laws were different?" It will be crazy for them because times change and minds evolve, so let's do it. Let's Generate Beautiful Tolerance, because we are not going to live forever, and everyone deserves to love whoever they want and to be loved in return.

Thank you,  
María Gabriela Díaz