

I have vitiligo all over my hands, arms, and torso.

About 5 years ago, an acquaintance, Jim, expressed an interest in getting together. The end of my long term relationship years earlier made me wary of dating, and I didn't think of Jim in a romantic sense, but we went for lunch together, and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

It was summer, and my vitiligo was getting active and very obvious. At one point he asked about it, and I explained the condition as matter-of-factly as I could. He picked up my hand and gazed at my arm. "I like it," he said. "These patches are like continents. I'd sure like to explore them fully some day."

I laughed.

Humor about vitiligo was the beginning of a lovely, spirited courtship. We have now been married for two years and couldn't be happier!

Jim calls me "calico," a nickname I will treasure for the rest of my life.

It is gratifying to think other vitiligo sufferers could benefit from hearing this story, and you are welcome to put it in a newsletter.

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