

As a type-one diabetic, I wear an insulin pump. This is essentially an electronic pancreas, because my pancreas no longer creates the insulin my body needs to function. The insulin travels from my pump, through a tube, and into a site that I insert into myself. This is a picture of my thigh. The white patch is called an “infusion site.” It’s a small tube that goes into my leg so the insulin can get into my body. Every two days I have to take out the old infusion site and insert a brand new one somewhere else on my thigh. My thighs bear the scars of this process I must repeat to stay alive.

Each time I insert the site, it hurts a little bit but I know I have to. Every time I remove it, it leaves a scar. I have to keep moving it around. I must continue to insert it, remove it, and reinsert it. Without this insulin, I won’t grow. I won’t live. I won’t achieve anything. It’s hard, and sometimes I don’t like it, but I have to do it if I want to survive.

Insulin provides me with sustenance, just like theater does. Theater has its insertion points too. It has its pains and its scars, but it provides me with the sustenance I need to mature. I am a very accomplished artist in my area. I love theater and I commit myself very passionately to theater. But I insert myself into my theatrical artwork with certain pain. I’m an artist, yes, but I’m also a high school student. I struggle to fit into a world not always kind to “different” people. There are times where I’m mocked for the shows I do, the commercials I’m in, and the songs I sing. But I continue to insert myself. I feel the initial pain, but for a brief period, I am provided with life-changing nourishment. Then I remove myself from theater; that is to say, I take a break between shows. There is a scar afterwards. And the next time I want to insert myself into theater, I remember that scar. I remember the pain I went through the last time I infused myself with my theatrical passion. I may get made fun of, but I insert myself again. I know I will get the nourishment, I know I will get the scar.

Any commitment made or passion explored is an insertion point. It’s a respect for the pain, the nourishment, and the scarring. My own literal and figurative insertion points have basically formed my perspective on life. I’ve learned in so many different ways that the things you need the most can also be the most painful. Growing and experiencing pain often comes hand in hand. The acceptance and the willingness to keep inserting oneself is what makes the strongest person. My infusion site and my scars are so incredibly significant because they are exact representatives of a cycle I experience every day. The insertion, the sustenance, and the pain.