

Lex on the Beach: Hurts So Good

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Former Valley girl and current San Diego morning-show host, Alexis DelChiaro shares life lessons and her California adventures.

I was only in kindergarten when I got my first scar. Seth Astle made it his mission during recess to torture me, as boys of all ages like to do to girls they like. He chased me all around the playground: through the swings, under the slide, past the sandbox. But it was in the four-square court where I got burned by a boy for the first time. With Seth on my heels, my hot pink LA Gears skidded on the pavement and down I fell like the London Bridge. I cried. Mrs. Shuler carried me inside and tended to my bloodied knee as I sniffled in self-pity. A dab of Neosporin, a Barbie bandage and a big hug was all it took to make me feel better. To this day, whenever I glance down to my knee, I am reminded of Seth.

As I lay here on the beach in La Jolla, I notice I have lots of scars. A rollerblade accident in fifth grade left a red circle on my right knee; a Jet Ski incident when I was 15 tore a chunk out of my shin; and, most recently, a Parisian iron branded the back of my leg. Don't ask. Those scars are on my body forever—a mark to signify a time in my life, a place, a person. I don't mind them, really; they give me character.

My other scars are not visible to the naked eye. After all, Seth Astle wasn't the only boy to chase me, make me cry and then leave me with a lifelong scar. There have been many and there may still be many more. As much as it pains me to remember all of the times I've had my heart broken, I have to admit that they, too, add character. After the tears are wiped away, I'm left with a truth and greater understanding of the person I really am. Alexis DelChiaro: a crazy girl who wishes she had an accent, dances alone everyday, is way too sensitive, loves doing artwheels, still needs a shoulder to cry on and can't resist a caramel apple. I am imperfect. I am a work in progress. I am a student of life. And thank goodness for that.

It never worked out for Seth and me. I wasn't bitter about my torn-up knee, but some things are just not meant to be. And that's OK. We were just two crazy kids on the playground, chasing each other in circles. I'm beginning to think that's the way it is when you grow up too. So take a cue from kindergarten recess and get back up, move on and own the scars you've earned along the way.