



*Brandy and her daughters go nude.*

## To Go Nude Or Not To Go Nude... That Is The Question

By Brandy Davidson

Well, it's not the question for me. I've known the answer to that since I was 10 years old and I'm in my mid-30s now. It's not the question for my husband of 18 years who tried it once as a condition of our relationship and has never looked back. Thank the good Lord for that! Nor is it the question for our oldest daughter who is an award-winning nudist for life who is constantly and successfully converting friends. But for our youngest daughter who is turning 13 this summer, it is the question.

As a parent whenever I am faced with a question like this that involves a lifestyle choice from my girls, I can usually approach the discussion with a lot of thought and the understanding that they are indeed individuals who need my help but not my interference to make up their own minds. We've discussed major personal choices like faith, sex, health, school, hair care, etc. Until last year, I'd forgotten that nudism also falls into this category of do I or don't I? And to what degree?

I've always been a huge advocate for nudism as a personal and a family choice. Having been introduced to nudism at a young age (thankfully before puberty) it seems as natural to me as being nude. Growing up as a military brat who moved around a lot, I often found it very difficult to find acceptance among my peers. But I found I could embrace nudism enthusiastically because of the acceptance I found there. When puberty did hit me, it hit with a bang. Glasses, a butt and boobs all in one year.

I felt like a freak show everywhere I went, except the clubs I attended with my family. As a woman who's been 50 to 80 pounds overweight since the age of 14, I have often remarked that I feel more beautiful without my clothes than with them. In my natural state there are no tight waistlines

to bulge over or tight fitting sleeves. Just the curves God gave me. My personal battle to be a healthy weight aside, I feel much prettier with my dimples showing than my bra line.

Being naturally shy, bookish, overweight and wearing glasses, as a teenager I would have been almost certain to develop severe complexes about my appearance had it not been for my nudist family. I feel that they helped me see the positive and to challenge myself to concentrate on things that I could change and not what I couldn't.

Once my husband embraced nudism there was never any question about raising our children in the lifestyle. Some of our oldest daughter's first photos are at Olive Dell Ranch in southern California. We have been blessed with two beautiful healthy daughters who were born naked and have been naked at every given opportunity. They have spent their summers basking in the sun, turning brown as nuts despite pints of sun block, and in the winter complaining about the lack of rays.

That is why this question from my youngest comes as a shock to me. I don't know why exactly. Our daughters have questioned our faith and we've discussed many different faiths and beliefs with no issues.

We've had very open book discussions about sex and all that entails, also adoption, racism, life, death, drugs and more. And never have I felt such an intense need to defend my belief in something as when my youngest declared nudism "wrong." I went hot all over! How could she be questioning nudism? She's been a nudist her whole life! It's the greatest thing since sliced bread. I wouldn't be who I am today without nudism. It's what we do as a family. It builds confidence and character and nudists are nice people.

Of course, I attributed this "episode" to those stories I've heard and even witnessed myself in nudism where puberty hits and all of the sudden a kid thinks he or she is the only one who has ever developed pubic hair or breasts. But most of those stories tell of it being a short-term thing, like the chicken pox, quickly forgotten in the rapture of being ensconced in sunlight . . . right?

It has been a year and a half already. So now the parental stress sets in. I don't want her to be one of those kids who turns their back on the lifestyle forever. Do I continue to force her to go and risk her needing expensive therapy

for the rest of her life? Do I give in to her request to stay home from events even though she's OK with it around family and friends? She can't wear a towel all her life . . . she's going to die her hair green . . . she won't get into college . . . oh wait, that's a whole other line of worry. For now we are in limbo waiting for nude summer camp this year for her to make a decision. But what am I going to do if she chooses not to go nude?

The answer?

Nothing. Love her. Support her. And go nude without her.

## **To Go Nude . . . Part Duex**

We survived the summer as a complete and intact nudist family. All that worry was for nothing. She got to camp, shook out of her shorts and went skipping alongside the others on their merry naked way. So much for parental stress and life altering decisions. She came back with crafts and stories. She didn't come back with green hair. She is still not sure about college, but I still have hope. After all, she's still chattering about being allowed to attend camp next year in Colorado.

So what did I learn this summer? I learned that the things we spend so much time stressing about are really very insignificant when held up to the light of reality. Nudism as a lifestyle? What can I say? It's under our skin. Bone deep in fact.

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