

My name is Colleen. I'm not named after anyone and I like that. My name tells my story and no one else's. I only have to live up to my standards. I try to keep them high.



My name is Colleen. I always remind people that Irish girls are called "colleens". Lucky for me. It could have meant "ugly wart on the end of the chin".



My name is Colleen. I like my name and I would never change it. My grandpa named my mother Mercedes and she's never forgiven him. She always hoped that she would marry a man with an ordinary name like "Smith". She married Jack Croughan. No one can spell it or pronounce it correctly.

Maybe he would consider changing his name to Smith after the wedding...

Ooo

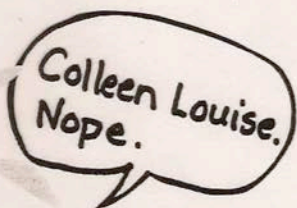
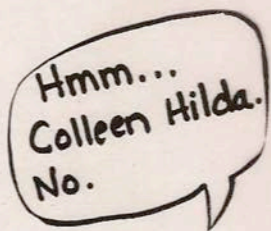


My name is Colleen. Just Colleen. No middle name. That makes me a NMI (no middle initial) person. I asked my mom why she didn't give me a middle name. She said my name was strong and beautiful by itself.

I said, "You couldn't think of one, could you?"

She said, "Right."

But now I think she was right. I think it's a strong enough name to stand alone.



My name is Colleen, but my brother, Jeff, calls me "Konie". My brother, David, calls me "Colleen-chu". My sister, Valerie, calls me "Galoupe". My parents call me "Coll". My husband calls me "Kong". My son calls me "Mom" and that's my favorite.

Galoupe,  
it's Val...

Mom ...  
What's for  
dinner?

Hi, Kong. How  
was your day?  
What's for  
dinner?

Colleen-chu,  
it's Dave...

Hi, Coll ...  
It's Mom...

Now, the stories that explain these rather odd nicknames probably wouldn't make sense to other people. But each one reminds me of a special person and each one holds a special memory for this colleen.

Sincerely,  
Colleen Croughan De Foye

