Modesty is annoying. That’s right, I said it.

And not just little brother level of annoying. It’s like stand-still traffic, spilled hot coffee, only AM radio, and little brother in the back seat level of annoying.

I really, truly, feel this way. Dressing modestly is not easy. You have to search longer when you’re at the mall. You can’t always embrace the new fashions without a little (or a lot) of modification.

And sometimes being modest is hot. Not like, 'Oh, I’m sexy, look at me' hot. I literally mean it’s hot. Adding layers to supplement an insufficient (but adorable) piece of clothing is a sacrifice especially in the summer months.

Let’s not forget to mention that it’s hard to be the odd one out when everyone else is in super short shorts, see-through and 'draping-off-your-body-to-show-off-your-under-garments' shirts, and other styles that are barely anything.

I think it’s fine to just admit that it’s annoying. Go ahead, you can say it too. In fact, let’s go stand in the middle of the mall and scream it together. 'Modesty is ANNOYING.'

Of course after we scream this, let’s follow up with a nice, printed handout that we’ll give to all the men who are staring at us screaming in the middle of the mall. It’ll say:

'But we’re making this sacrifice because:

- We want to be appreciated for the people we are, and not the bodies we have.
- We want to dress modestly because we don’t need attention to feel validated.
- We want to make this sacrifice because we care about you and your purity as our brothers.'
• We want to give the gift of our bodies to our husbands, not every man we pass on the street.'

... Or something along those lines.

Girls, I could commiserate all day with you about the annoyances and frustrations of modesty; but let's also talk about how we're not going to give up. When you're tempted to throw your hands in the air and give up, remember these reasons why. Let's help each other stay strong. It's so worth it.