# FROM BAGS TO RICHES

Thank you for picking up this book. I am honored that you want to know my story!

Initially, I began writing this book for my daughter Cheyenne. I wanted to leave her my life story, so when I was gone she would know it and be able to pass it along to her kids. I also wanted her to really *know* me. After telling some friends I was going to do this, they suggested I should share some of my stories with the awesome people I have met along my way through life.

Personally, I think everyone should write their life story down, even if only for themselves. It has been an awakening for me. The stories in the book certainly aren’t all funny because—like most people that become comedians—early life was intense, a tad odd and even sad. Still, it was a hell of a lot of fun. Sometimes insanity is a blast.

When Bag Lady Sue came to life in 1980, I never could have dreamed she would become what she has become. The old bitch has made every kind of person laugh and has been seen, shared and adored by people all across the USA. And, thanks to our troops, even many folks all around the world have experienced her.

I could never have imagined that an old army duffle bag full of thrift store clothes would help me create a life few people ever get to live.

When I was a runaway kid working as a stripper in seedy east coast dive bars at the tender age of fifteen, I couldn’t even dream that someday I’d see my name in the lights of Las Vegas.. I also couldn’t know that because of “her,” I would get to see all the amazing places I have or how many incredible lives I would touch and be touched by. Everyone I have met through it all has become a part of me, whether for a moment, a month or my lifetime. I am grateful.

It is also hard to believe that since her beginning, the Bag Lady has had millions of dollars slide through her hands. I may not be rich but I have lived like a freakin’ rockstar! Like most, I sure wish I’d have had some financial skills, but I was always more concerned with making love, having fun, and creating memories than I was about properly investing all that dough. As a result, I don’t own many material things. However, the experiences and the memories are priceless to me, and in those, I am filthy rich.

Best of all, I have had the opportunity to share so many of them with my incredible daughter. Giving her life has also been amazing. Being self-employed gave me the freedom to BE with her as she grew up and not have to leave her to be raised by others. I’m sad for families that have to go thru that to make ends meet. I simply believe *life* is to be *lived*, kids are to be nurtured, animals deserve kindness, good men should be appreciated, and dreams are to be chased. Looking back, I have no regrets.

Everything in this book is true. I have not colored it up or stretched the truth at all. I never needed to; my life has been incredible in every way, from the painful lows to the glorious highs. It happened just the way it was supposed to. We all have a story, and God has a plan. I wouldn’t change a thing. Ok, maybe just a thing...or three.

For one, I would have invested more money in real estate and learned the stock market sooner. Looking at the soaring prices of real estate where I now live in Colorado, I could just kick myself! Honestly, though, I never thought I wanted to stay in one place long enough to be strapped down to a house. Even feeling that way, I should have bought rental properties. But, que sera sera!

Secondly, I wish I had ended two of my relationships just a tad earlier. When I felt those relationships begin to suck the life out of me, I should have run. Try to never waste time, especially when you know that is exactly what you are doing.

Ok, there is no 3.

I have left some stories out because they are too sad or awful to tell. Either way, I found the courage to forgive, or at least let go and move on. Nothing can get in your way of finding joy, living a passionate life, and realizing your dreams… except you. *We allow what we allow, or we make up our mind to stop allowing people to fuck with us!* I stopped allowing things and people in my life that weren’t lifting me up. I may not have realized the person was a life-sucking, douchebag right away, but as soon as I saw it, I bailed.

When I was younger there was a standard question among my close friends, “Wonder why Bag’s relationships never last more than two years?” This answer is that it took about that long for them to get lazy, complacent, and boring! I can’t stand to be bored! If things start to suck, change them. Period, You can! My favorite saying in AA is:

“The definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again while expecting different results.”

With me, what you see is what you get, and—like many folks—my public and private lives are very different. At home I am the Kool Aid mom, in public, well, you know…

So, here we go! I hope you enjoy my story.