So I entered into my first Photography competition, @worldphotoorg   
While this, in and of itself is not something deserving of praise or whatever (anyone is allowed to enter), it gave rise to a thought that really made me smile. It was the realization that the things I've been doing in '24 - '25 are so much more.. involved, than what I understood myself to be capable of.

Its hard to explain.

I am not trying to wax poetic over some common sentiment along the lines of “If teenage me could see me now”. Because come on now.. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a great feeling! looking over your shoulder to take in with sweet vindication all the things you have overcame. In fact, that’s part of the inspiration behind this websites bi-line “Let’s do things our future selves will thank us for.” But lets be real, that’s not worth any more of our time.

The apperceptions that bubbled up, while I was working on the tasks involved in entering a photography competition, were surprising.

I’ve been shooting film photography since I was 16 years old. It was the first hobby that I had which truly was my own. Growing up, for all intents and purposes, all my interests were hand-me-downs. I was a younger brother and we shared a large group of friends, the concept of liking things of my own accord was a non-sequitur. That is until I chose Photography as my elective in Junior year. My Fantastic Uncle gifted me his Canon AV-1, Its hands down the best gift I’ve ever received. I still shoot with that, 18 years later.

I love being able to capture moments that would be overlooked, the ability to share my perspective through photography was the first time I had a voice. It was something I could call my own. The first thing I ever really wanted, my first aspiration, was to publish a book of photography. I thought about that for years, but that was where it stayed.

For some reason I never believed I could do anything. I thought that success was for other people. I wouldn’t even entertain the thought of making something of myself. Some perverted sense of self preservation believed I was protecting myself.

Living was always something other people did. Its trite I know.. but if younger me was told what he would be doing at 35, I think he would believe it, it would totally resonate. he would smile, and be excited! The joy I would feel would be real in that moment, but it would not affect me, because it would be just that, a story, a story about somebody else. The comprehension would have been utterly lost in translation. Why? Because I had hatefully annihilated the very concepts of impetus and development from the scope of my understanding. I did this because of a misguided belief of what I needed, and a desire to protect myself.