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, your time is too valuable for me to waste by thinking I . Furthermore, despite evidence (I.E. this entire website) to the contrary, I don’t believe that my soliloquies deserve kudos or that my warm fuzzy feelings are “wins”. Yet still, t

at you have overcame and see where you have been and what you have overcome.b, what with me making my own website so but the conception I want to find words for

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.