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. 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.