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HW #1

What I have Lived For: Happiness is Contentment

Happiness - the simple, unadorned motto that I have chosen to live by since the tender, naive age of 22: the age when I found myself. Happiness - born from acceptance of imperfections; born from separating hopeless dreams from plausible reality; born from an immutable search for self-contentment.

I have never been one to restrict myself to society's norms; I always felt it too cumbersome. Instead, I have focused my endeavors on letting my free spirited identity from its chokehold of a leash and, now, on being content with the grey-haired, wrinkled old woman who stares back at me with her glistening, ever-so curious eyes each and every morning as I brush what remains of my teeth.

Even as a self-declared romantic, love I have sought and love I have found. But the great romance that every hormonal girl fantasizes about, the passionate kiss in the rain that makes your toes curl as you evaporate into the clouds - I have never had that. I have had someone who unconditionally ate my overly-salted fish, someone who stayed up all night on a weeknight to build a solar system with his son, someone to solve the morning sudoku puzzles with every Sunday before church. I have had contentment in the biggest factor of my life, love, and I have found happiness through that.

It is true that beauty has come and has long been gone - my once fleshy cheeks are hollow and dimpled with signs of a great journey. And it is true that my love is no longer with me - he is reading the comics, no doubt, sipping coffee and waiting for me to join him in the heavens above. But I am content, now and forevermore, and I would not change my life or my memories for another's, no matter how perfect.

