Journal Entry 4/23/2018

If I had to pick someone to be a representation of a Quixote type figure, then I would have to pick my son. I was watching him destroy my living room this weekend while pausing periodically to ask for food or his cup. I watched him thoroughly do whatever he wanted without any hesitation, and without any care of judgement from society. I can appreciate that he doesn’t yet have to capacity to understand, but there is something wonderous about his blissful ignorance. I will be deeply saddened when he transitions from his current quixotiness into more of an Alonso The Good state, but I will hold on to some hope that he will be a Quixote again.