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My grandfather is the person who I admire most: He is the epitome of stoicism. He grew up privileged and content; his family owned a large factory. However, During WW2 he lost everything. The factory was nationalized permanently, and his family was shipped to concentration camps and killed. He didn’t let his past define him, so he studied to become and engineer in Germany. This is where he met my grandmother and they immigrated to Canada. He very rarely talked about what happened during the war and never complained about what he went through.

He was easily the biggest influence on my **presenting self**. I wanted to be admired by my resilience to adversity and by my ability to be hard working, so I would constantly compare myself to my peer group to make sure that I was showing less emotion than them and working to the best of my ability. My friends and teachers praised my reliability, which drove me to work harder and harder. Consequently, I was and showing less acknowledgement to my own emotional struggles. This lack of **self-compassion** is best shown during my training for cross country, where after running so heavily I developed shin splints. My coach told me I needed to take a break because of the physical toll I had put on my body. Despite what he had said, I didn’t want to let my team down, so I ran through it and kept training until I broke my leg. The next season I did the exact same thing and broke my leg again after getting shin splints.

This **face** I developed ended up strengthening itself, as showing no emotion would cause me to get more work from the people around me, which caused me to show even less **self-compassion.** Almost everything I did was related to that **face,** the stoicism**,** it became my **self concept.**