The Changing Horizon in Human Life

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Childhood Family and Early Identity

It was a fine day in December when I came into this world. I had been the only child of my parents until then. I knew that my parents gave me all the love in the world that I could ever wish for. As my mother says, I have always been a nasty child, and I wonder how my parents tolerated me for that since childhood. My mother always used to take me out of the mud on our lawn, which I never liked. Then she used to clean me up and make me sleep on the couch in the living room.

Growth Schooling and Personal Change

Each cell in the human body is changed every seven years. This means that not one portion of me from that December day nineteen years ago is still with me. Well, gradually, I turned five and started going to kindergarten. My father would pick me up from my school and take me to the square near our home to feed the hungry birds. I still don't know how I stood in the center of the birds and was not bitten by one. When I turned fourteen and joined high school, I still went to feed those birds with my father, and surprisingly, they would still be waiting for me to get food for them. My busy routine included getting ready for school, having cereal with my parents, catching the bus, attending classes, and having coffee at the corner of my street, which gave me enough caffeine to get me through the day.

Graduation and the Dream of Becoming a Painter

That day came when we were to graduate from school and start our lives ahead. Since childhood, I have wanted to be a painter. I admire the work of Leonardo da Vinci, Pablo Picasso, Michelangelo, and Claude Monet. I have always wanted to be like them and make a name for myself. But it was at that point in my life that I realized that I had wasted eighteen years (Erikson, 1968; McAdams, 2001). After graduating from college, I had time to think about what to do in life and where I see myself in the next five years. During my tenure at the college, I learned a lot about goals and success. How can I be a successful person? How do I follow and stay focused on my goals? How do you think outside the box? These questions were answered by my parents, who told me to do what I think is best for me. To follow my dreams and to make them proud. Pleasure in life comes from encountering new experiences. There is no greater joy than having a changing horizon in your life.

Building a Professional Art Career

Until now, painting has been just a hobby for me, and I mostly do it on the weekends. But now I want to make it my profession. So, having faith in my parents, I took a loan from a bank and rented out a place where I could paint easily. My father has always taught me to aim for the best, which opens up my brain to think wider. In this course of time, I learned a lot more things about art. It was my twenty-third birthday, and my father gave me a surprise by arranging an art gallery of paintings I had painted. It was the best day of my life, and I could not wish for more. As a result, one of my paintings was selected to be displayed in a gallery in the middle of the city. I was so proud that day, and my parents were too. These things started picking up pace within no time. And I became a professional painter in that town. I bought a new car for myself, bought a new house, and did everything that I wished for. I went to other countries in Europe to display my work.

Success Family Distance and Personal Reflection

There came a point where I started cutting ties with my parents. I became so busy in my life that I didn't notice what I was doing. I got so much fame that I didn't look back at what I was leaving behind. My parents started to get worried about me, having such an attitude. Whenever I used to talk to them, I talked in a rude manner and in ways that made them feel hurt. Slowly and gradually, I started to lose focus on my work. It was getting out of my hand. Within a short span of time, I didn't have enough money to pay the bills, so I sold the place where I was living and my car. I had no one around me to help. I realized what I did and what I have to suffer now. My only hope at that time was my parents, whom I hurt a lot. The cold breeze was swirling around the corner, and with mumbling steps, I was at their doorstep. I went to their house while my body was shaking with embarrassment. They welcomed me with an open heart and told me to forget what happened. That day I realized what happens when you get involved in something you like and forget about what's around. Being famous does not mean cutting ties with others and forgetting who you actually are. It is realizing where you got that fame from. This happened to me just to teach me the reason for life (McAdams, 2001). These are the factors that can make you a good or bad person just by taking one step in your life (Erikson, 1968; McAdams, 2001).

References

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McAdams, D. P. (2001). The psychology of life stories. *Review of General Psychology, 5*(2), 100–122. https://doi.org/10.1037/1089-2680.5.2.100