

I'm not sure where to start. I haven't written just like I haven't read in some time. But I started to read again, so maybe it's time I start to write again. There's this weird feeling that comes with it, though. What if it isn't good enough? For who, exactly, I'm not sure. These pieces are truly for myself and whether I have much to say or not, I don't think it really matters if it is good or not. This writing is me; raw, emotional, lonely, unsure, trying to create, but having nothing and everything to say. This is me; human – figuring a lot of shit out, just like you.

I've had this page titled for 3 months. This was an idea when my birthday passed; I'm 23, maybe I should reflect. I'm not sure there's much to reflect on, though. Maybe it's not necessarily a reflection of 23 entire years, but the place I am in this very moment of 23. Where the fuck have I been, where am I now, where do I wish I was, and where (who) do I want to be?

Where the fuck have I been: Everywhere and nowhere. The last few years I've been in this stagnant place; a murky place where grief still lingers, unknowingness, uncertainty, unfulfilled, every goddamn feeling I don't hold well. I finished a degree that the only certainty I had was from an A+ slapped on the bottom of 5-page papers, with comments that now I'm not even certain were truthful except for the wrong reasons. I hope there was a little bit of truth to some of it. A degree that I had no certainty I would use, but I got and gave my all because I didn't know what else to do. But I did it. I gave it my all, and I don't regret all of it; I'm thankful for what I learned; academically and about myself. I'm thankful for the people who I met along the way. I'm thankful for those who were certain about what I had to say.

After that, I spent six months in a place with two badass women, whom I still love. Both who taught me more than our work; how to be strong, how to hold your ground, and that I

deserve more than I think that I do. It was really hard to know it wasn't forever for me because of the love that I have for them.

Where I am now: I jumped to the next, thinking it was right for the time being but knowing it wasn't forever either. Maybe it was right, maybe it wasn't. Either way, I was — I am — still stagnant. I'm unsure, I am scared.

I recently (last night) had a conversation with a friend — also in her 20s, also feeling a little uncertain, also feeling a little angry, also feeling a little stuck — about how no decision feels right. Everything that feels big to us is a 50/50. It could be right. It could be wrong. And 50/50 isn't really what we want right now. I long so badly for certainty. I am grasping from this murky water for stable ground; where I can stand confidently and say, this is for me. This is who I am made to be. This is what I'm supposed to do.

Which brings me to where I wish I was: Comfortable in uncertainty.

Where (who) do I want to be: One in the same as wishing, really. I still want, as I wish, to be comfortable in uncertainty. But at the same time, man do I want to be certain (I think we're back to wishing). I wish I knew what I wanted to do in college; whether I wanted to go or not, where to go, what to do. I wish I wanted to be a nurse. I wish I wanted to be a teacher. I wish I wanted to be a hairdresser, I wish I wanted to study biology, I wish I wanted to be a veterinarian. I have always wished that I wanted to do any of these things because to me, it meant certainty. There's certainty in these careers, in these goals. But is there truly certainty in anything? I talk to a lot of people, some within these careers, many who have lived longer than me, and every time, they all tell me that they are still figuring out what they want to be when they grow up. I'm not

sure it brings me much comfort since I am looking for that kind of certainty, but there is peace in knowing that everyone feels this kind of vastness of existing and being; that I am not the only one who is unsure.

There isn't certainty in anything. I've seen it through my father's career, watching him tend to children that didn't get to be children and people who should have been given more life. I've felt it in my wish that I had grandparents who stayed a little longer. I've felt in my own ache that I didn't get to know Jeremiah. I've felt when I was swallowed whole by grief when Jamie died. Not much is certain.

But this is certain: I'm certain that whatever I choose to do in my very uncertain life, that I will give it the very best that I can in every moment and every day. I am certain that I will do it with kindness and gentleness; in a way that hopefully changes people in the best way. I will do it intentionally. I will do it because it feels right for right now, and when it doesn't I will do the next uncertain thing in the same damn way.