i don't know who i want to be

what do you want to be when you grow up?

it is one of the first questions adults ask children.

doctor.

teacher.

lawyer.

firefighter.

artist.

engineer.

the acceptable answers are almost always job titles.

things you can put on a business card.

things that fit neatly inside a box on a tax form.

and every time someone asks me what i want to do with my life...

i feel like i'm answering a different question.

because i don't really care about the title.

i care about the feeling.

i don't dream about becoming a particular profession.

i dream about becoming a particular kind of person.

i want to be a changemaker.

i want to be a world builder.

i want to make things that didn't exist before i imagined them.

i want to leave people feeling more curious than i found them.

i want someone to stumble across something i created and quietly think,

"i didn't know i was allowed to live like this."

that's the career i want.

i don't necessarily care whether it happens through books.

videos.

websites.

podcasts.

art.

business.

technology.

games.

or conversations.

those are just vehicles.

they are not the destination.

the destination is impact.

i want to start ripples.

the kind that spread farther than i will ever personally witness.

i want to help people question traditions that no longer fit them.

not because tradition is always bad.

some traditions deserve to survive.

others survive simply because nobody has stopped to ask whether they're still helping anyone.

i want to give people permission to ask better questions.

who told me this was the only way?

is this actually my belief?

what if there is another option?

what if i don't have to inherit every rule i was handed?

what if i get to build something different?

those questions changed my life.

i hope they change someone else's.

people sometimes ask me what business i'm trying to build.

honestly...

i'm trying to build courage.

the websites are just where it lives.

the articles are one way it speaks.

the quizzes.

the podcasts.

the conversations.

the products.

the communities.

they're all different doors into the same house.

i'm not trying to convince people to become me.

that would be a terrible goal.

i'm trying to help people become more themselves.

to notice the places they've been shrinking.

performing.

apologizing.

waiting for permission.

living somebody else's definition of success.

because i know what that feels like.

i've spent years untangling inherited beliefs from chosen ones.

trying to figure out which parts of me were authentic and which parts were adaptations.

trying to build a life that actually fits instead of one that simply makes sense on paper.

that's the work i care about.

and maybe that's why job titles have never satisfied me.

they describe what someone does.

not what they change.

not how people feel after meeting them.

not the conversations they start.

not the courage they leave behind.

if you ask me what i want to be...

i honestly don't know.

because i'm still becoming.

and i hope i never completely finish.

but i know what i want people to feel after they encounter my work.

more alive.

more curious.

less ashamed.

less alone.

more willing to question the script they inherited.

more excited to write their own.

if enough people leave my little corner of the internet believing they have permission to become more fully themselves...

i won't care what title got me there.

because titles describe occupations.

i'm chasing an impact.

and if i'm lucky...

maybe a movement.