

*By Jack Deaver*

One of the most important things I have ever done in my life is taking my first step towards leading it with passion. Although it was a step I regretfully have only taken recently, I am still proud of myself for doing so. This step forward was the first of many, and like countless people before me, and countless after, it was a rocky, unbalanced step. When I say “leading my life with passion,” what I really intend to convey is that I have finally decided to give myself a goal to channel my passions in. I have spent a majority of my existence finding small, fleeting moments of freedom to exercise my creativity with no broader purpose other than for the sake of the act itself. Although I enjoy my art and am proud of how it has progressed, it has always lacked focus. With this step forward, I am finally giving it what it so desperately needed.

Ever since elementary school, I have wanted to be a writer. Characters and plots and words spun through my head right alongside the math and science I was being taught in class. It is an unfortunate truth that my seeming total commitment to academia allowed this creativity to fester in my brain. It never made its way from pen to page. Now, though, having found stability in my life and mind, I am doing exactly that. I have started to write my book. Although it is not the one that I dreamed of writing when I was younger, it's the one I dream of writing now. I haven't written in such a large capacity before, so I understand that what I will produce in these coming months will be nothing short of a complete and utter failure of prose; But that is okay. All that matters is that I have found a place in my life for a passion I have left unexplored for years, and I am excited.

Now to meditate on the nature of passion or creativity, as a lifelong artist, I have always been under the impression that an individual's imagination can be all-consuming if left unchecked. Every day, our brains churn and grasp at wisps of inspiration that we can one day spin into a tapestry of art, writing, or music if we put our minds to it. If we don't, though, those ideas will worm their way out any way they can. We become daydreamers lost in thought. I think the word daydreamer has a sort of whimsical connotation that lends itself to a positive notion, but to me, I see it more as a failure of action. Many of these dreams can be brought to reality if you so choose and I encourage you to do so.

Even worse than a mind addled with unspent creativity, we can become dispassionate; apathetic. I think a lot of us spend our lives going from necessity to necessity, always looking to the future and never what can be done in the moment. I feel as if this allows us to, in a sense, turn our brains off and shut out the part of our mind yearning to do something with our passions. I am just as guilty of this as anyone else. College, work, and my future have all gotten in the way of my passions, and I am so thankful I don't let them anymore. Don't get me wrong, I have not begun to ignore these life-things, nor deem them unimportant, but I have found a way to have them exist in harmony with my desire to create. I think we, as human beings, have a lot more time than we realize for these untapped passions. I have had countless good ideas that I hastened to write down even while working through piles of unwrapped silverware at my job. I'm

sure the everyman at their desk, stuck doing work they hate, has had the same, fleeting ideas as I. The only difference is that, unlike me, they have let themselves become numb to it or haven't the energy left to indulge.

After reading this, what I encourage you all to do is fight against the monotony of life. There is no script to a day, or a job, or a class. You can do as you please, and I encourage you to look inwards at something you've always wanted to do, but never had. Find time for it, even if it's just a minute out of the seemingly endless day, and enjoy every moment of it. Creativity can rot the mind, so let it out.