

On the Purpose of Life

“What do you want to be when you grow up?” is a question oft asked throughout one’s childhood. Why? Probably because we’ve all been conditioned to think of growing up as an end. You are born, you go to school, you graduate, you get a job or go to more school, you get married, you have kids, you help them through these steps, you get old, you retire, you die. Done. Life complete. Objective attained. I think the preceding is just plain stupid. Why should we think like this? Why should life be a series of objectives, of steps, of chapters? Why can’t the purpose of life be: happiness? And not just as a final step, but at every point on one’s timeline of life. What should you do when you’re a baby? Whatever makes you happy. A toddler? Be happy. A child? Be happy. Youth? Happy. Adult? Happy. Parent? Happy. Old person? Happy. I’m trying to forget all of the stupid crap I listed above and to live life with one broad purpose: happiness. Anyone who gets in my way be damned. And that’s today’s two cents.

Skyler.