

Coming Home to the Office

“At dawn, when you have trouble getting out of bed, tell yourself: ‘I have to go to work — as a human being. What do I have to complain of, if I’m going to do what I was born for — the things I was brought into the world to do? Or is this what I was created for? To huddle under the blankets and stay warm?’” - Marcus Aurelius

Every morning I drive onto the exit for my office building. I bring my car up the drive. I pull into the parking garage and start the slow ascent. And all along the way, feel my heart go a little into my chest, which becomes just a little tighter than normal.

Why?

There’s the dreadful anticipation, sure: will I encounter some fresh new disaster today? Will I succeed at what I set out to do? Will I lose momentum?

But I have come to this building for over a year now (to my company and its fight for over four). And I spend many of my waking hours here, or else thinking about what I want and need to do here. Why should I fear it?

I have come to this office to get to do basically the most important two tasks I have: 1) developing my own character and 2) making the world freer, fairer, and better. Why should I feel at all uncomfortable?

One day I’d like my emotions to reflect what I know: when I come to work here, I am “coming home” in a much truer sense than when I go home to the apartment I sleep in. And that should be what I feel each morning at the end of my commute - that I am right where I belong.