

# Personal journey essay sample



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

What is the real purpose of living, if you are unwilling to take any uncalculated risks? These “risks” can range from something as simple as sampling a new food, or something as bold as skydiving. Some people are natural risk takers; they live without fear and have no reservations when it comes to failure. Personally, I have never been much of a risk-taker. In fact, I have lived a majority of my life in a very planned, deliberate and some may even say a very boring manner. Now that I am a bit older I find myself at one of life’s critical crossing points. The question now is if I am going to stay firmly planted in my seat or use my parachute. For the last 15 years there has been one constant in my life – the inability to fully commit to any one thing, person or idea. On the surface that may sound as if I was not totally committed in relationships, but that could not be further from the truth. I was very faithful when it came to my relationships, whether personal or in business.

I was just unable to allow myself to open up fully to the idea that one (person or company) could be totally faithful; so there was always a level of trepidation on my part. I will say that I never lost faith that happiness in relationships did exist, I just figured it was meant for everyone – except for me. Having married very early (which obviously did not go as planned), also played a very critical role in the shaping of my perspective. It was always much safer to stay within the walls of me. Not allowing things to get past a certain point, and if they did – there was little hesitation in lacing up the track shoes and running away as fast as humanly possible.

Now, as I find myself at the end of my 30’s and with 40 rapidly approaching, I can honestly say that I am finished running. I have reached a point in life

where I can finally say that I am truly tired. I have grown tired of choosing to be the single guy in the group; or worse, the “ movie buddy”, “ meal mate (food friend)” or “ happy-hour homey”. Time has finally allowed me to develop the necessary parts of the mind which were needed in order to permit the removal of the duct tape that held the mutilated muscle in place. Although the parachute is firmly attached, here will still be a bit of apprehension as I embark on this journey.