

Kindness

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Growing up I was told many things about kindness. It was an attitude drilled into my head at a very young age. Many of you were probably given the same talks and were presented with the same rules, no hitting, arguing, cursing, insulting, cheating, and so forth. Personally, I failed to follow many of these rules more than once, but as a kid does, I learned. It took me a while to see why these rules should be abided by and why they made sense. It was hard to follow them when the people around me weren't either, especially when the rules were broken against me.

I was a target, a victim of bullying from a young age. I was a scrawny attitudinal kid with an abundant amount of energy and some behavioral disorders that surfaced too soon and were not identified soon enough. I was fighting a war on two fronts, at school against my bullies, and against my first-time parents that didn't have the tools to understand why I acted this way or even why I was being bullied. I lashed out a lot. I got in the most trouble forgetting loose my rage and sadness on other people. So, I did the next thing that at the time seemed to have no consequence. I turned that anger, that sadness, the empty feeling, and turned it upon myself like a priest committing self-flagellation. I internalized it all, lighting the fuse to a bomb that had no designated time of explosion. I battled these antagonists within myself and outside of my person for as long as I could remember, yet it was never the other people that were the enemy. It was never the problems and complications. It was always me. I was the enemy.

Now in my current position, I have a hard time understanding how I could be so cruel to the only person I can call "me". I find it hard to understand how I believed that lifestyle was rational or how it was beneficial. I was blinded by poor judgment and thought processes. I took the easy route and just blamed everything on myself. It was such a normal thing for me, and sadly it was a normal thing for my age group and culture. I gave myself the short end of the stick and expected nothing beyond that. I wanted to prove to myself that I was everything I thought I was. I wanted to be the failure I told myself I was. It was a self-fulfilling prophecy. It's like being in a tunnel and you can see the light in front of you but you're walking away on purpose. You're forcing yourself to fail and you know it, but you don't care. It seems like it's the only way though, that your cruelty is the only thing that can drive you forward. Because love is cliché and soft, it's embarrassing, But no matter how much you think love isn't, it's the only way to lead yourself in the direction you want to go.

It took me too long to see my whole situation differently. To treat myself differently and learn to forgive. To treat myself with kindness and to accept that I can fail. I don't think you understand how much that sentence means to me; "I can fail." Learning to simply say "I can fail" and moving on to the next thing is one of the kindest things you can do for yourself. Taking your failures with pride and humor. I'm not saying it's easy, or that it will come to you overnight. It's going to be difficult, especially if you formed the habit of being too cruel to yourself like I did.

Learning to be kind to yourself is more important than it may seem. It's so important because no one else in this world is stuck with you for the rest of your life. Nobody knows your hardships, who you are, and what you've accomplished. You're the first person that matters always. Think of yourself as the person you love the most. In my situation, I would never wish the terrible things on the person I love the most as I did myself. I could never think or say the things I said to the person I love the most. So, how is it fair for anyone to treat themselves like that? Brainwashing yourself and torturing yourself no matter how bad you hurt inside will never make you feel better. For as long I was trapped in myself with all my hate, all I wanted was to be free. But every time I insulted myself and wished harm upon myself I only distanced myself further from being free, and it gradually got worse. The more you do it the more it grows and gains severity. Finally, you may make a decision to silence everything, a rash stupid decision just to escape the pain.

I see this problem all around me wherever I go. Whether it be at school, when I'm online, or I'm out in the community. There is a disgusting thick cloud of pain that I can't blow away. A cloud suffocating my peers and the youth of the world. The young people of this world are not able to reach out and pull themselves free from suffocating. The youth being forced to suffer in this pain they don't know they have the tools to fight, treating themselves savagely because they were convinced they have to. I wish I could help everyone that needs it. I know their pain and what it's like to feel like you can never be free of it, but there is only so much other people can do for you when you're stuck in this situation.

All I can advise and ask is that you take time out of your day, every day to remind yourself how important you are. Think when you fail instead of just basking in the failure and the emotions that it stimulates and move forward. Take yourself with humor and pride, and do the same with your shortcomings and failures. Try to think of at least one thing positively about yourself whenever you can. Know that no one else can be as kind to you as you can. Remember that you deserve your own love and kindness. You don't have to force yourself to suffer to try to drive yourself to success. You can have all the love and joy in the world if you just find it within yourself. Never listen to anyone who tells you differently. Everyone deserves to find kindness within themselves, so do yourself a favor and open your heart to yourself. It's the only way to be free.