I have noticed that people can get all hung up on their age.

No one wants to be perceived as older than they are and most would prefer you think they are younger.

I’ve found I don’t have a lot of hang-ups others do. I’m not scared of reaching a certain age and I’m pretty comfortable with my life.
Uh-oh. That didn’t sound good. Comfortable. Some think of fluffy throws or fuzzy pajamas or perhaps just a pair of sweats.
Comfort food means a lot of different things to different people but the theory is the same: we eat them and they make us sigh and close our eyes and it triggers those goods chemicals and they start flowing in our brains and everything is better.
Others may see my comfort as being stuck in a rut and either liking it or not caring.

I once had a conversation with someone who asked me what I saw myself doing in 5 or 10 years. Where would I be?

I asked him why he thought I wasn’t doing what I wanted.
Comfortable isn’t bad. What if everyone changed jobs every 5 or 10 years? Sounds like mayhem and chaos to me.
I did that for a while. I actually thought about it my track record when the 5-year mark came at The Herald. But it feels right. And there’s nothing wrong with that. There’s also something to be said for experience and earned wisdom.

I’m perfectly fine with people who set goals and move up and/or on. That’s good for them.

It’s also OK to like what you are doing and dedicate time to it and strive to keep getting better at it. Just because I don’t aspire to be the editor of the New York Times or Time Magazine doesn’t mean I don’t have goals. It doesn’t mean I’ve stopped learning and growing.
If Cameron’s situation has taught me anything, it’s that things happen when they are supposed to. People are really the only things that move in and out of our lives and each one is put there for a reason. It doesn’t always have to be about you, either. It could be about them.

Anyway, I hope it’s not a bad thing that I like what I do. I know a lot of people who hate their jobs and it shows. they aren’t nice to be around when they’re doing it and sometimes not every after their done, home and relaxing.

It’s OK to be in for the haul if it makes you happy. Somebody’s got to do it.