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Personal Statement / Final Draft

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I was 14 years old, when I asked my mother, “Mom, have you ever wondered why we believe what we believe or from where our sense of reality comes?” My mom sees me, she smiled while seated on the living room couch, and said nothing. The question I asked may have been too broad or vague. I didn’t have a clue. I was desperate for a response, and I couldn’t find anything else besides confusing quantum theories, religion, and my mom ignoring me. My question was about the meaning we give to life and life itself; I didn’t want a specific answer, instead, I was looking for an idea, a framework that could help me to approach life with true sense, a sense I could feel.

Since I can remember, I’ve been told that life has an “intrinsic sense”, which should inspire me to do great things for humanity, right? Well, I didn’t know what people meant when referring to life’s sense; I can’t think of a more ambiguous concept. So, I started to look for answers in books, podcasts, and the internet. And I explored the ethereal world of metaphysics with Parmenides, and I delved into the theoretical profundities of the origin of life with Oparin and Haldane, but I still wasn’t feeling anything. Because for me, there are things that I know but I do not understand nor feel and things I know and feel. For example, I know that if my parents die, I will suffer, but I do not understand that suffering because they are still alive. But I understood something when things changed.

I was living a normal life in my homeland Nicaragua, and all sudden political problems emerge, and civil war threats become a daily part of my life. Being Honduran by birth, my parents took the most prudent decision, and we went back to Honduras. I started school and everything was looking great, but something inside me was not feeling the same, my mornings were gray, and the nights gloomy. I could feel the pain of change, altering my perception of things. Going through this confusing stage in my life, my family was there with me, especially my grandma. On the warm afternoons, she was always advising me and spoiling me with “café con pan” (Coffee accompanied by pastry bread) and it was like therapy; Life was having flavor again. So, one day after school I was improvising a song with a group of friends, playing the guitar. And the melody started to flourish; the drums, bass, guitar, and piano melted together giving birth to a nostalgic ironic vibrance. During this artistic trance, everything made sense: life, art, emotions, and colors. I had this visceral feeling of belonging, not to a place but to the whole universe. After finalizing the session, my friends and I cried because we all felt different things, but we all knew that whatever happened there was powerful. After that day, I felt all my experiences fit together like a puzzle, The good times and the not-so-good.

I understood life is extremely beautiful, it’s like a game, like a maze, like a song, a balance. And the way I think is the mold of my reality, a shapeless reality. I understood that limits can be broken by questioning, and that change is natural. I still don’t know the answer to the question I asked my mom, but at least I’m on the path to answering it.