

Who Do You Think You Are? By Titania

Answers to “what do you want to be when you grow up?” vary. Girls in my class answered ‘hairstylist,’ ‘model,’ ‘air-hostess’ ... Boys said things like ‘fireman,’ ‘astronaut’ and ‘policeman.’ I had no idea; left out as usual.

The question is ill-worded. It’s only answer, I learnt upon my travels, is ‘myself.’ More apt to ask children: “what do you want to *do* when you grow up?” Doing and being are two *entirely* different animals.

It took me *ages* to feel comfortable being myself. Odd-one out, lone ranger, dancing to the tune of my own drum. Thought stupid with an ADD diagnosis at age 5 in 1977, I felt dumb myself, taking an *age* to realise my talents. We always knew there was more. Diagnoses of schizophrenia came at age 28, Asperger’s at 37. Not to stick yet more labels on myself; these diagnoses came as a relief. Perceiving my so-called disabilities as unique abilities, a different lens with which to view the world. Had I been what most consider ‘normal,’ my life wouldn’t have been a magical mystery tour; many beautiful discoveries. Wouldn’t have it any other way.

I didn’t do too well in school. Sucked at maths, ruined by my horrible year three teacher. My favourite subject until then. Should be a requirement that all maths books have penguins! Missed those. Proud to say I never lost touch with my inner child. Forty-eight at the time of this writing. Still sleep with stuffed toys. Grow up? Nuh uh. Not me. Often questioned about responsibility; I *am* responsible, earn my keep and run a household. People have a go at me that I’m single and childless; what’ve I to be stressed about? I have other stresses; letting go of excess weight, writing to help change the world. My memoirs, birthed in 1995, blossomed into many self-help books. They are my babies, putting all my love, care and attention into them.

In my 20s, my heart set on becoming an author, overcoming *gargantuan* self-worth issues. I used to feel ashamed for breathing, growing into a strong vivacious young woman, knowing I had what it takes.

So, who do I think I am? Writing and creating artwork; not only my vocation; it’s my very soul. I am a child of the Universe, passionate to help create a prosperous, loving, joyful, vibrantly healthy and peaceful world.