

WHAT IS NORMAL?

Guess that depends on who you ask?

Is normal what we make it out to be, or is it what we see, or is it what others tell us it is? For me it was a combination of all three. I say that because, for me alcohol, drugs, gangs, and violence were a norm in my community. Hell, who am I fooling, these were the norms in my family. All this was what we called drama. There was always drama, you could almost bet, there would be some before the day was through.

Yet not five miles away these very norms were considered abnormal. What we called drama, those on the other side of town described as traumas. I didn't know my normal wasn't really normal. I didn't know I wasn't supposed to be exposed to such profound events.

By the time I was sixteen years of age, I had been shot, stabbed, beaten with a bat and faced endless encounters with the police. Yet I thought it was just a part of growing up. I never knew these were traumas. So I again ask myself, is the life I lived or experienced the norm, or are those who have not had my experiences living abnormal lives?

After all, we were pursuing some of the same things: money, cars, love, recognition, and fame. Yet we were ultimately given different sets of rules on how to pursue them. Now this is where I believe our distinction of norm became warped. So once again the question is before us, what is normal? Ask yourself, what your normal is.

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