What happiness means to you?

At first I had no clue how to answer. And to be totally honest with you I still don’t quite know and I probably never will.

Happiness means a lot of different things to different people. So I thought about moments when I felt happy. What I realized is that the reasons that I felt that way weren’t huge. They were tiny. The things that made me the happiest were little. Of course if something amazing and huge happens I do at first feel happy. But then I catch myself not knowing what to do.

I know that I should feel happy and I do but in that moment it doesn’t feel enough. Like when I get that big Christmas present I had wanted for so long. I’m happy and thankful but it always feels like I’m not thankful enough. In my head I say to myself:„Just think about all the other kids in other families that can’t even buy chocolate or even bread at any day of the year. And here you are doing nothing to help them and not even feeling thankful and happy when you get something so amazing.”

I just don’t feel like I deserve it. I know that some people will say I overthink things and they may be right. But at moments like that I just can’t help myself. It’s way easier for me to feel happy about details. For example cuddling with a cute kitten on the streets even though my mom says I shouldn’t because I don’t know who it belongs to. Or seeing a beautiful flower in an unexpected place or hearing a talented singer singing on the street just for fun. Or meeting someone who makes you happy from the moment you meet them and you feel like you have known them your whole life.

What I’m trying to say is it’s fine to feel happier thanks to little things instead of big ones and that it’s okay to sometimes feel sad for no particular reason. I used to feel very angry at myself every time my mood wasn’t the best and that usually made me feel even worse. Sometimes it still happens but every time it does I like to remind myself: ”It’s okay to feel sad sometimes, even if you have no reason to be.”

Probably even the luckiest and most loved person on the world felt sad at some point. And who knows maybe he or she feels even worse that me or you. Because I believe that happiness isn’t always about luck or money it’s about how you see world and how you react to your feelings. There may be people who will try to tell you that you shouldn’t or have no right to be sad and they may even mean it well, but it’s not quite true.

My close family member died recently. At the beginning I cried a lot and sometimes when I think of him I still do. I was angry at myself because I knew that’s not what he would have wanted. But as time went on I realized that sometimes when something bad happens to us in order to feel happy again we have to feel sad first. And as time goes on we realize that it’s getting better we can think more clearly and sometimes even be happy. I remember wanting to feel okay and happy again when it happened.

Another thing I remember though is once I felt happy and fine again I started to feel almost guilty. This person you loved so much is gone and you have the audacity to laugh? But it’s okay. You have all the rights to feel sad or to feel happy. I wish I could give a straight answer about what happiness means to me without bringing up sadness sounding stupid and being a mess, but I can’t. So I wrote this instead.

The thing I was trying to say this entire piece of writing is: Don’t latch on to old emotions don’t feel guilty about them and don’t be afraid to move on. Thank you for reading this whoever you are.