

Identity Is Built in 24 Hours

There was a moment in my life when someone I respected said something that stayed with me.

“You are so much more interesting when you talk about art and not drugs.”

At first, it felt like a simple comment. Over time, I realized it was a mirror. It forced me to ask myself: What part of me was I feeding? What identity was I rehearsing every time I spoke?

That moment marked the beginning of separation—not just from my conviction, but from the identity I had unconsciously wrapped myself in.

There is another idea I often reflect on:

The difference between any two people is not their background, education, finances, or where they are from. It is what they choose to do with the 24 hours they are given each day.

We all receive the same 24 hours.

Our identity is not defined by our past. It is defined by how we use those hours.

If I speak about drugs, crime, and chaos, I reinforce that identity. If I speak about art, growth, discipline, and contribution, I strengthen another.

Identity is not accidental. It is constructed daily.

My identity today is woven from the fabric of my values:

Love. Kindness. Productivity. Wellness. Community outreach. Structure. Contribution.

At one time, I had to ask myself hard questions:

Did I want to be known as a drug dealer? A lawbreaker? A liability? An embarrassment?

Or did I want to be known as someone who rebuilt herself?

The answer was not philosophical. It was behavioral.

Every day, I began choosing differently.

Identity follows repetition.

What we do with our 24 hours becomes who we are.