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Crots Process Memo

When we were first given this assignment, I had several different thoughts and feelings towards the paper. The first was extreme intimidation. I had to write a six to eight paged paper with no structure and absolute freedom. My entire life I had been told by my professors that I was, basically, a horrible writer and I expected the same criticism in college. The second was uncertainty. I did not like how personal the paper was. It was basically asking me to condense myself into simple words and sentences, in other words, asking me to define myself in six to eight pages with 1 inch margins and twelve point font... Not enough room if you ask me. At least that was how I saw it. It reminded me of an assignment I was given my senior year in my social psychology class. My professor, Mr. Gatto, had us write a paper answering one question, "who am I." I have never hated an assignment more in my life. I ended up writing a paper explaining why I couldn't answer the question, I basically left him an IOU. Third, even though I didn't know how I was going to write the paper, or where I was going with it, I knew exactly how I wanted to start it. I had always wanted to have the opportunity to write about my school. Not only because I had a weird love-hate relationship with it, but because it was so unique and absolutely ridiculous. This paragraph ended up inspiring me to really dig into my high school career and pick out the most pivotal and defining moments of my life thus far. The paper ended up flowing easily, and for the first time I was told I was a good writer. This assignment and paper were by far my favorite this semester, I was confident in my writing and, for the first time, I wanted people to read my work.

Although I wrote the paper, and described defining moments in my life, I still stand by how I felt almost a year ago. If you ask me, “what defines you as a person?” I won’t be able to answer. Not even if you gave me a day to think it over, I wouldn’t be able to give you any sort of definition for myself. Are your struggles and your hardships what define a person? Or is it the highlights of their life and their accomplishments? Or maybe, nothing defines a person because in order to be defined, one has to be concrete and static. I agree with the latter, I can’t define myself because if I did, by the time I finished explaining, I would have changed and my definition would no longer be valid.