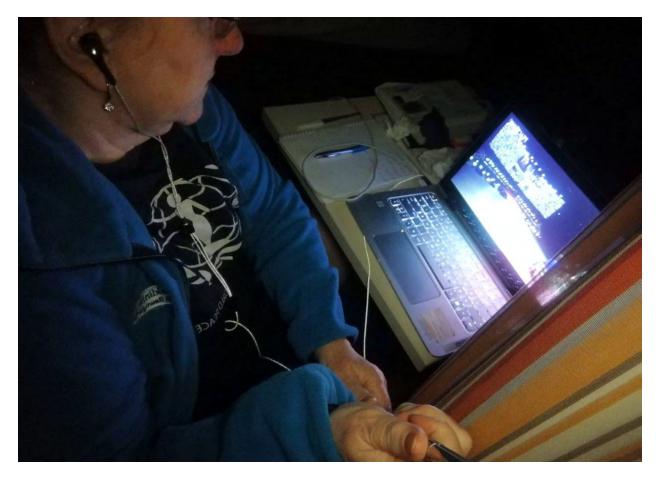## Identity Crisis?

Lilly Gundacker
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I was on my [Dream Job UN](#) website, wanting to create a page to record all the events I have hosted. I got all caught up in technical challenges.

Webmaster

Do I have a template? Do I want to use *Thrive Architect*? Which template have I been using? Why not just stick with *Word Press* and forget *Thrive*?

It must be a couple of years already that I invested in the webpage to launch what I thought could become a business. So my business site is the "other one".

This is where I blog.

I write my diary, my daily log, on what I'm doing, what's preoccupying my thoughts.

Now look at this. Last posting June. Six months ago! Is that a diary? Is that a journal?

Another member of our community has just passed, and a different one has just informed me they are cancer free.

Our lives are just borrowed time. So what do we choose to do with it?

Volunteer

Yesterday's meeting at the UN was an informal lunch meeting. I did not take any photos. Yet to me it signaled a new level of cooperation and substance to what we do.

I am pushed to reflect here in light of the startling recognition that we are all on borrowed time!

As I reexamine my outlook calendar and recognize that since I entered the event as a two day occurance, it did not register with me as an actual fixed time that I should attend. The lunch appointment was a joint action of cooperation between my husband, who had planned to check out a new apartment, and my NGO.

Whoa

Now I've just taken another leap and bound. I've logged in to my Microsoft account on my desktop. I had it all set up on my surface tablet. But I only use that while mobile. I still prefer the convenience and overview of the two screens on my desk, the computer underneath. I belong to the pre PC generation and am somewhat overwhelmed by the fast paced updates and changes our younger generation seems to subscribe to.

Nonetheless, I pride myself on managing to keep up to a certain extent. I am not on *TikTok*, *Slack* or some of the other newer communication platforms. I am still on *Facebook* and it seems to me to be a place where I can continue to maintain connection to friends around the world, to a certain extent. I'm aware that what I've written above, may sound confusing to many of my generation. And I must confess I feel almost driven by a sense of urgency and finality.

Three score years and ten

I already posted shortly after my birthday and am grateful to have reached this point where many of my friends have not. And still I want to hide it, deny my age. Age is just a number after all. And yet, each time as I notice I am no longer as nimble as I was, as I recognize I may take a few seconds longer to formulate my thoughts into words, I notice how I almost panic, and wonder, how much time do I have left? It doesn't even matter how long I have. I do want to deal with my clutter BEFORE I go. And not just my desktop clutter, my physcial clutter, my digital clutter. I want to leave a legacy with stewards who are capable of wisely managing my investments.

Fanatically Recorded

As I have diligently, religiously, almost fanatically recorded events and meetings, with a conviction that they were significant and important, I work now on processing and preparing them in a suitable manner to truly serve posterity. And that's when it occurred to me I could just publish a databse of all my events and recordings. There are the YouTube recordings on my various channels. There are even events on other channels where I have contributed without ownership rights.

And then there are the videos I took in sensitive situations. What will become of them? Can I publish them in a hundred years time? Of course not every recording of mine is significant. Not everything is important. Perhaps AI can help us filter, find and discern more effectively in a hundred years time. But if all this material is lost before them, I think, what a shame.

Legacy

So my legacy is my private videos and hidden resources. Maybe you won't want to or won't be able to process this stuff immediately. But I'd like to keep it safe for future generations. Just in case.