

What Being Tall Means to Me

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Being tall has been part of my identity for as long as I can remember. From the time I was a baby, doctors and family members alike described me as “tall for my age.” At every checkup, my height landed at the very top of the growth chart—or completely off of it. Long before I understood what that meant, there was an assumption that I would one day be over six feet tall. Height was never a surprise in my life; it was an expectation.

While my father stands at five foot eleven, height runs strong on both sides of my family. I grew up surrounded by tall role models, especially my two maternal uncles and three older male cousins, whose heights ranged from six foot two to six foot five. As a child, I often found myself looking up to them—literally and figuratively. My uncles, both retired Marines, carried themselves with discipline, confidence, and pride. Their height seemed to amplify those qualities, but more importantly, it symbolized strength, responsibility, and leadership. Being tall, in my family, felt like more than a physical trait; it felt like a legacy.

Because of this environment, being tall became closely tied to my sense of belonging. I cannot imagine what it would feel like to be short in my family. Height was the norm, and fitting into that norm made me feel connected to the people I admired most. It gave me a quiet confidence, even before I fully grew into my body. I saw height not as something that made me different, but something that made me part of something larger than myself.

That connection became especially clear in eighth grade, when I experienced a sudden and dramatic growth spurt. Over the course of about two months, I grew six inches, officially pushing me past the six-foot mark. While this change came with the usual awkwardness—outgrowing clothes, bumping into doorframes, and adjusting to a new center of gravity—it also marked a turning point. I was no longer just “tall for my age.” I was tall, period. With that realization came a deeper awareness of how others perceived me and how I carried myself in response.

Being tall has taught me presence. People notice you when you walk into a room, whether you intend for them to or not. Over time, I learned that height comes with an unspoken responsibility to be aware of others, to carry myself with respect, and to lead by example. I realized that confidence is not about towering over people, but about standing firmly in who you are. My uncles modeled this for me, and I strive to do the same.

Today, being tall is simply part of who I am. It influences how I move through the world, how I see myself, and how I relate to others. While height alone does not define character, it has shaped my experiences and contributed to my sense of identity. It connects me to my family, my past, and the values I hope to carry forward.

To me, being tall is not just a measurement in inches. It represents growth, heritage, confidence, and belonging. It is a reminder of where I come from and a symbol of the person I am becoming.