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What Being Tall Means to Me

When I was younger, I loved being tall. It felt exciting to stand out without even trying. I was always the tallest person in the room, sometimes even taller than my teachers, and I stood a full head above most of my classmates. It was always very exciting to be taller than all my friends in my grade, and the same height as older children. It made me feel special, almost important, like I had something that set me apart. During class pictures, I stood in the back row, and I secretly liked that everyone could see me. Teachers asked me to reach things on high shelves, and I felt helpful and capable. Family members would laugh and say I was going to be taller than everyone someday, and I carried that like a badge of honor. Being tall felt like a kind of superpower. To me, it meant strength, confidence, and being noticed. However, the effects of my height during my childhood expanded into more of my life than just my physical appearance. The way I was perceived was different by both my peers and adults based on my size. Everyone expected me to be more mature mentally just because I was taller physically, and many people held me to a much higher standard. I was treated as if I should naturally be more responsible, more confident, and more capable. Without realizing it, my height had begun shaping how others saw me long before I understood how to see myself.

As I grew older, my perspective started to change. Being tall was no longer just something fun or impressive. It became something I had to constantly be aware of. It was harder to fit on airplanes, or squeeze into cars. I took too much space on buses and trains, and even walking through crowded school hallways felt uncomfortable. I could not blend in, even when I wanted to. My height made me visible all the time. I also began noticing how often people made assumptions about me. Some expected me to be naturally confident. Others assumed I was athletic or strong. Teachers sometimes expected more maturity from me simply because I looked older. It often felt like I was living up to an image that had nothing to do with who I was. Being tall did not just make me stand out physically, it made me stand out socially and emotionally too. At one point, I realized I had spent so much time thinking about how others saw me that I never stopped to consider how I saw myself. I remember being in a crowded place and wishing I could just blend in for once. That moment made me think differently. I could not change my height, but I could change how I felt about it. Instead of seeing it as something that made life better or worse, I began to see it as something neutral, simply one part of who I am.

Being tall has taught me that we do not get to choose every part of ourselves, but we do get to choose how we carry what we are given. I've learned to accept what I cannot control and focus on what I can, my attitude, my confidence, and how I respond to the expectations around me. I've learned that taking up space is not something to apologize for. It is something to accept with confidence. Standing out is not always comfortable, but it teaches resilience, awareness, and self-understanding. It represents growth, not just physical growth, but personal growth. Being tall is simply one part of who I am, but what has taught me, about perception, expectation, and confidence will stay with me for the rest of my life. Standing tall is no longer about height. It is about learning to stand firmly in who I am.