

My relationship with Facebook

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Facebook was my first and I will remember it always. That first acceptance into the "cool club" came 5 years ago. I was so happy hearing from all 3 of my friends. Gleefully leaning back in my chair and thinking that I am becoming ever so popular. I am connecting with strangers from my past and anyone I happen to meet recently. Oh, how I got lost in the majestic side of it all. I was swept off of my feet by all the "likes" and comments on my posts that I thought "People really like me and like my life." How I long for those times again. Recently, the gray clouds have come rolling in. I had gotten carried away. I began liking shows, pages, artists, scientists and many others. I no longer was seeing acquaintances I grew so fond of, instead I was given autonomous programming from Facebook. My past actions were now effecting the future. It was out of my control. This social media platform gave me an algorithm that would determine what was best for me. This was based on what I may or may not have thought was impressive in the past. Why was Facebook trying to jerry rig a new incarnation of manifest destiny instead of actually letting me be my own person? They did not take into account that I had evolved, OK changed, maybe not evolved, through my experiences. I hopefully will continue to do so as I age. I believe a rocket scientist once called it growing as a person. It would seem, Facebook and I had grown apart.

I once longed for my 15 minute celebrity "likes," but now I just want to see my friends. I changed and have new feelings toward my network. We had headed in separate directions. I was looking for my network to grow with me and evolve.

In the end it's not me, Facebook it's you, you're too controlling. So I am, once again, on the open market and looking to develop a new personal social media relationship.

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