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It Could Have Happened

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It could have happened another way, I guess.

In finding satisfaction in pursuit of a life lived in professional contentment.

Reaching the pinnacle of success
as top salesman
a tenured educator
maybe even CEO.
Neat acronym that CEO.

Maybe it could have happened
through a life devoted to serving
the needs of the weary or less fortunate.

As a defender of the down-trodden;
tenaciously seeking to bring justice to those
trampled over by the inequities of life.

Maybe it could have happened in a life focused on God.
Existing behind the heavy doors
of some monastery
in quiet contemplation
and meditative prayer.

It could have happened in any one of these ways.

Sure components of each of these endeavors were present
but none in their own right caused me to reach life’s greatest place:

Peace!

Not the absence of war kind of peace.
That deep down sense of well-being.
That sense of knowing, really knowing, that everything will be OK.
That kind of peace.
It could have happen and it did.

It happened to me in the way of a loving family.

Who loved me with a ferocity that
lifted me above my faults;
carried me beyond my pain.

Who loved me with a gentleness that
celebrated me in spite of my vanity;
and held me close when I could not love myself.

It was through a mother’s gracious devotion and a father’s hopeful struggles.
It was through a wife’s steadfast friendship and a daughter’s joyful love.

It could have happened.... and it did.