

# KRISH'S CORNER

## WARMING UP TO OPPORTUNITY



Emerson once said that what lies before you and what lies behind you pales in comparison to what lies within you. Be careful as you run the race. Choose from within to finish well.

At a recent church service I was sitting in the pew holding my bride's hand and listening intently to the sermon. A lot was being said on opportunity and even more was said on contentment. Then the million dollar question to a congregation of suburban dream chasers-*How much is enough?* There I was, twenty years into my marriage and thirteen of those as an itinerant father who was now becoming consumed with guilt. "Sweetheart, I am sorry," I said, with tear-stained cheeks. "I can't seem to say no to the next opportunity." Her smile warmed me as I realized that she was about to drop a semblance of reality on me. "You have chased a dream that financed our aspirations," she replied as she handed me a tissue and squeezed my hand tightly with a gesture of genuine love that has seen many a lonely night of separation.

I felt better and embraced my family, and when high noon rolled around looked forward with anticipation to a relaxing time of viewing gridiron gladiators duke it out for points and standings. Then it was time for guilt again when the phone rang and opportunity asked me to leave town a day in advance to assist with a corporate project that had fallen short of the traditional personnel required to do the task. I was asked to pinch-hit for the team and embrace this opportunity of being wanted. The flights were booked in a hurry and the bags were packed with image in mind. Careful attention to follow the new rules of TSA with every personal possession visible in a Ziploc except the aching heart of a traveling father going to be separated for one more night. "Boy, will you ever forgive me?" I asked my teenage son. "Don't feel guilty, Dad, for I know you use us as examples of commitment so you can glorify your faith and your family." Genuine love that comes from innocence seems to camouflage the opportunities that continue to present themselves to pay the bills of guilt.

Another thousand miles will be logged and more hotel stays will be credited into the account of a road warrior. How much is enough? When do we finally say *I am content?* What human sign will it take for materialism to take a back burner to the joy of uninterrupted love? Is the utopia of togetherness possible when the dreams of opportunity find you waking up in a bed that is not your own? I know that my answers exist in the ones I am headed to when this plane lands. Welcome home, all you road warriors. Welcome home to a new, warm opportunity.