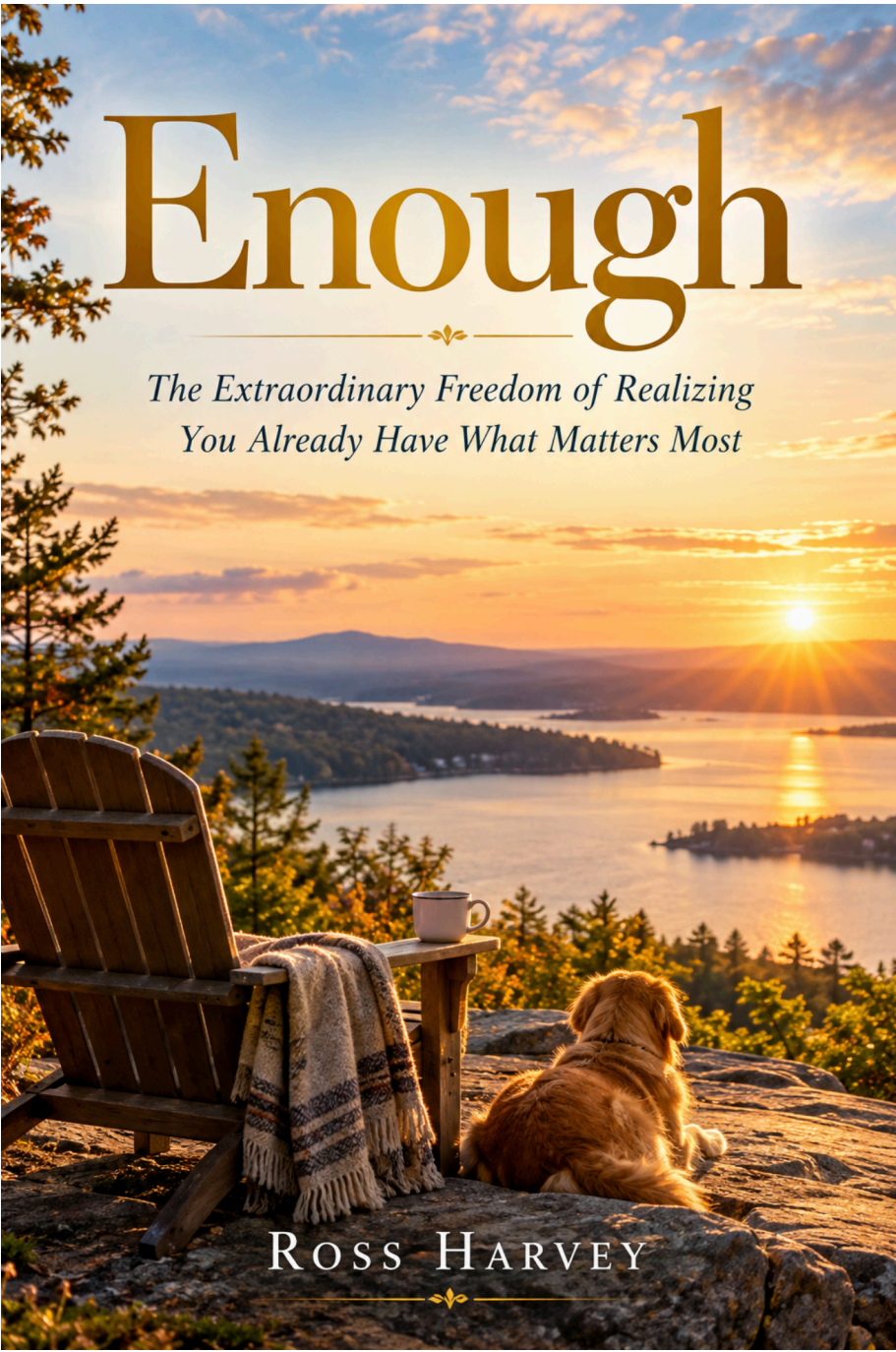


The background of the entire cover is a photograph of a serene sunset. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the right side of the horizon, casting a long, shimmering reflection across the surface of a calm lake. The sky is a mix of soft oranges, yellows, and blues, with wispy clouds catching the low light. In the foreground, on a rocky outcrop, sits a wooden Adirondack chair. A patterned blanket with fringed ends is draped over its left side. A small white mug sits on the chair's right armrest. Beside the chair, a golden retriever is curled up, its back to the camera, looking out over the landscape. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Enough

*The Extraordinary Freedom of Realizing
You Already Have What Matters Most*

ROSS HARVEY

Dedication

For Christy Anne.

You taught me something I spent most of my life trying to learn.

Heaven isn't somewhere we finally arrive.

It is a cup of tea.

A kiss in the kitchen.

A hand reaching for yours.

A quiet afternoon when there is nowhere else you need to be.

A person you love lying beside you.

A life that doesn't have to become anything more before it can be beautiful.

You helped me understand that after a lifetime of searching for more, I had already found enough.

And somehow, in finding enough,

I found everything.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ross Harvey has spent his life pursuing possibilities.

A former world champion racquetball player, entrepreneur, restaurateur, golf and racquet sports professional, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, author and lifelong dreamer, Ross has travelled an unconventional road through sport, business, creativity, faith, failure, reinvention and community service.

Over the years, his definition of success has changed.

Today, some of the moments he values most are among the simplest: sharing life with Christy Anne, walking through his Montreal neighbourhood, greeting familiar faces, meeting strangers who gradually become friends, writing, dreaming, helping where he can, and discovering extraordinary meaning in seemingly ordinary days.

His work explores love, purpose, faith, community, personal transformation and the possibility that a better world can begin with one person choosing to care.

Ross continues to dream enormously.

He is simply learning that he doesn't need those dreams to come true before he can love the life he already has.

That realization became this book.

ENOUGH.

Opening Thought

Want everything.

Need nothing.

Dream enormous dreams.

Build beautiful things.

Try to change the world.

Give everything you have to the life you have been given.

But never make tomorrow's accomplishment the price of today's happiness.

Because someday you may discover that the things you were searching the whole world to find were quietly sitting beside you all along.

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Preface

I have spent much of my life dreaming.

Not little dreams.

Big ones.

Sometimes ridiculously big ones.

I wanted to become a champion. I wanted to build businesses. I wanted to create things that had never existed before. I wanted to write books. I wanted to make a difference. I wanted to change people's lives.

Eventually, I wanted to change the world.

And I still do.

This isn't a book about abandoning your dreams.

It isn't about lowering your expectations, surrendering your ambition or convincing yourself that you shouldn't want something better.

Quite the opposite.

I hope you dream enormous dreams.

I hope there are things you still desperately want to experience, create, accomplish, give, build and become.

But I have discovered something along the way.

There is an enormous difference between **wanting something** and **needing it in order to be happy**.

For much of our lives, we quietly negotiate with the future.

When I get the promotion, I'll relax.

When I have enough money, I'll enjoy myself.

When the children grow up, I'll have time.

When somebody finally recognizes what I've done, I'll feel successful.

When I find the right person, I'll feel complete.

When my health improves...

When the mortgage is paid...

When the book is published...

When the business succeeds...

When the dream finally happens...

Then.

Then I'll be happy.

Then I'll live.

The problem is that "then" has an extraordinary habit of moving.

We reach one destination and immediately discover another.

We climb one mountain only to notice the next mountain rising behind it.

And so we spend enormous portions of our lives travelling toward a place called **Enough** without realizing that the destination doesn't exist on any map.

Enough is not somewhere you arrive.

It is something you recognize.

I am still learning that.

And that is why I am writing this book.

Introduction

What If Nothing Is Missing?

What if you woke up tomorrow morning and, before thinking about anything you wanted to change, accomplish, repair, purchase or become, you had one completely different thought?

What if nothing is missing?

Not that everything is perfect.

It isn't.

Not that you have everything you want.

You probably don't.

Not that there aren't problems to solve, relationships to repair, dreams to pursue or mountains left to climb.

There are.

But underneath all of that...

What if your life is already enough?

It is an almost rebellious idea.

We live in a world built largely upon convincing us otherwise.

You need more money.

A better house.

A newer car.

A younger face.

A thinner body.

A more impressive career.

More followers.

More recognition.

More security.

More experiences.

More success.

More.

More.

More.

And perhaps the most dangerous part is that eventually nobody needs to tell us anymore.

We begin telling ourselves.

There is always something just beyond the horizon that seems capable of completing the picture.

But I've lived long enough to see something I didn't understand when I was younger.

The horizon moves.

Every time you reach it, there is another horizon.

There is always another championship.

Another dollar.

Another project.

Another accomplishment.

Another person to impress.

Another dream.

And if happiness depends upon reaching the horizon,
happiness will spend your entire life running away from you.

There has to be another way.

I believe there is.

It is possible to wake up wanting more from life while
simultaneously being grateful for the life you already have.

It is possible to have enormous ambition without allowing
ambition to consume you.

It is possible to work toward tomorrow without sacrificing
today.

It is possible to say:

I want more.

And at precisely the same time:

I have enough.

Those statements are not contradictions.

Together, they may be one of the great secrets of a beautiful
life.

I still have enormous dreams.

There are books I want to write.

Things I want to build.

People I want to help.

Ideas I want to bring into the world.

There are things I believe I was put here to do.

But increasingly, I understand something that younger versions of me might have found impossible to believe.

If none of it happens...

I can still have a wonderful day.

I can still love.

I can still laugh.

I can still help somebody.

I can still sit with a cup of tea.

I can still walk through my neighbourhood.

I can still greet a stranger.

I can still kiss the woman I love.

I can still watch the sun come up.

I can still be alive.

And perhaps that is where enough begins.

Not with possessing everything.

But with finally noticing what is already here.

CHAPTER ONE

The Disease of More

There is nothing wrong with wanting more.

That needs to be said at the beginning.

Wanting more has built civilizations.

It has cured diseases.

It has created music and paintings and businesses and inventions.

It has sent human beings across oceans and into space.

It has caused people to challenge injustice, build schools, feed strangers and imagine worlds that did not yet exist.

Wanting more can be beautiful.

The problem begins when **more becomes the condition upon which we permit ourselves to be happy.**

That is when desire becomes a prison.

We start living with an invisible equation:

What I have + something I don't have = happiness.

The missing piece changes throughout our lives.

When we're young, perhaps it's popularity.

Then education.

Then career.

Then money.

Then marriage.

Then children.

Then the house.

Then retirement.

Then health.

Then more time.

The object changes.

The equation remains.

Something is missing.

Something must happen.

Something must change.

And only then can life finally feel complete.

But what if the equation itself is wrong?

What if happiness isn't waiting on the other side of acquisition?

What if happiness is partly the ability to recognize the value of what has already arrived?

That realization took me a very long time.

I have always been a dreamer.

I have also been a competitor.

Competition teaches you something very useful: there is always another level.

But it can also teach you something dangerous.

There is always another level.

You win one match and start thinking about the next.

You win a tournament and start thinking about another tournament.

You become a champion and discover that being a champion doesn't mean you stop wanting to win.

The finish line becomes the starting line.

Business can work the same way.

So can money.

So can recognition.

So can almost everything human beings pursue.

Enough becomes **one more**.

One more victory.

One more zero in the bank account.

One more customer.

One more award.

One more compliment.

One more person telling us we matter.

Then one day, if we're fortunate, something interrupts the race.

We notice a person.

A morning.

A conversation.

A dog wagging its tail.

A child laughing.

A familiar face walking through a door.

Someone who is genuinely happy to see us.

A person we love sleeping peacefully beside us.

And suddenly the great scoreboard of life seems rather silly.

Nobody is keeping score.

Or at least nobody who matters.

There is simply this moment.

And for one beautiful instant, we understand:

This is enough.

The strange thing is that nothing outside us has changed.

Our bank account hasn't changed.

Our accomplishments haven't changed.

Our problems haven't disappeared.

The world hasn't suddenly rearranged itself according to our wishes.

The only thing that changed was what we noticed.

Maybe enough has always been there.

Maybe we were simply too busy looking for more to see it.

CHAPTER TWO

I'll Be Happy When...

There may be no more expensive sentence in the English language than:

I'll be happy when...

It sounds harmless.

Sometimes it even sounds responsible.

I'll be happy when I finish school.

I'll be happy when I get a good job.

I'll be happy when I have some money put away.

I'll be happy when we buy the house.

I'll be happy when the kids are settled.

I'll be happy when I retire.

I'll be happy when things calm down.

But every time we say it, we make a bargain.

We exchange **now** for **later**.

And later makes no promises.

Think about how many ordinary days a human being gets.

Thousands.

Tens of thousands, if we're fortunate.

Yet we have somehow been taught that the important days are the unusual ones.

Graduations.

Weddings.

Birthdays.

Promotions.

Vacations.

Championships.

Retirements.

Those days matter.

But they make up an astonishingly small percentage of a human life.

Most of life is Tuesday.

Most of life is making breakfast.

Putting on shoes.

Driving somewhere.

Waiting for someone.

Making tea.

Washing dishes.

Walking the dog.

Going to the grocery store.

Sitting beside somebody you've sat beside a thousand times before.

That is where life happens.

And yet we can spend those moments mentally somewhere else.

Planning.

Remembering.

Regretting.

Worrying.

Waiting.

Always waiting.

I wonder how many people have spent forty years waiting for their life to begin only to discover that the waiting **was their life**.

There is another way.

Instead of asking:

What needs to happen before I can be happy?

Ask:

What is happening right now that I will someday wish I could experience one more time?

That question changes things.

The noisy children at breakfast.

The dog scratching at the door.

Your partner asking you the same question they've asked a hundred times.

Your mother calling.

Your father telling that old story again.

The friend who drops by unexpectedly.

The messy kitchen.

The walk you've taken so many times that you barely see it anymore.

Ordinary life becomes extraordinary when we remember that it is temporary.

One day, almost everything we currently consider routine will happen for the last time.

We usually won't know when.

There will be a last breakfast with someone.

A last walk.

A last Christmas.

A last conversation.

A last kiss goodbye at the door.

A last cup of tea together.

We won't recognize most of them as lasts when they happen.

Perhaps that's a reason to treat more ordinary moments as though they matter.

Because they do.

You don't have to wait until something disappears to understand what it was worth.

You can love it now.

CHAPTER THREE

When Winning Isn't Enough

I know something about winning.

I spent a significant portion of my younger life competing.

And I loved it.

There is something extraordinary about testing yourself.

Training.

Preparing.

Walking onto a court knowing that another person wants exactly what you want—and that only one of you can have it.

Competition strips away excuses.

The scoreboard doesn't care about intentions.

You either performed or you didn't.

I eventually became a world champion in racquetball.

That accomplishment will always be part of my story.

I'm proud of it.

But there is something about winning that champions don't always talk about.

The feeling doesn't last.

You imagine beforehand that it will.

You picture the victory.

You imagine the moment.

You think somehow everything will be different afterward.

Then you win.

For a little while, it is glorious.

And then morning comes.

You wake up.

You're still you.

The world hasn't stopped.

And sooner or later another competition appears.

Another challenge.

Another thing to prove.

That isn't a flaw in sport.

It is simply human nature.

We adapt remarkably quickly to the things we once believed would change everything.

Success becomes normal.

Luxury becomes normal.

Recognition becomes normal.

Winning becomes normal.

And yesterday's dream becomes today's baseline.

That is why achievement alone can never tell us when we have enough.

Achievement has no natural stopping point.

There is always more.

So perhaps we have asked success to do something it was never designed to do.

Winning can provide satisfaction.

Achievement can provide pride.

Money can provide comfort.

Recognition can provide encouragement.

But none of them can permanently answer the deepest human question:

Am I enough?

That answer has to come from somewhere else.

It took me many years to understand that the greatest victories of my life might not have scoreboards.

Maybe winning is getting out of bed and greeting the day with enthusiasm.

Maybe winning is making somebody feel noticed.

Maybe winning is staying when somebody needs you.

Maybe winning is making a person laugh.

Maybe winning is forgiving.

Maybe winning is having a dream without becoming its slave.

Maybe winning is sitting beside the person you love and realizing there is nowhere else you'd rather be.

I still love winning.

I still love dreaming.

I still want to accomplish things.

I hope I always will.

But these days I understand something that would have seemed strange to the young athlete I once was:

You can lose the match and still win the day.

And perhaps a beautiful life is nothing more complicated than learning which scoreboard really matters.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Finish Line That Keeps Moving

One of life's great illusions is the finish line.

We convince ourselves that somewhere ahead there is a point at which everything will finally settle into place.

We will have enough money.

Enough security.

Enough success.

Enough time.

Enough certainty.

And when we reach that magical place, we will finally exhale.

The trouble is that human beings are remarkably talented at moving finish lines.

I have done it all my life.

Perhaps you have too.

We say:

If I could just accomplish this one thing...

And then we accomplish it.

For a moment, there is satisfaction.

Sometimes enormous satisfaction.

But eventually a little voice appears.

What's next?

There is nothing inherently wrong with that voice.

It has driven much of human progress.

It has caused people to invent, discover, build, explore and create.

It has driven me throughout my life.

But there is a danger in believing that the next accomplishment will finally produce a feeling that the previous accomplishment could not.

Because eventually life can become one enormous waiting room.

We are always waiting to arrive.

I think back over my own life and see so many finish lines.

Sports.

Business.

Money.

Books.

Projects.

Ideas.

Dreams.

Every one of them mattered enormously while I was pursuing it.

Some worked.

Some didn't.

Some became bigger than I imagined.

Others disappeared entirely.

But here's the strange thing.

The happiest moments weren't necessarily waiting at the finish lines.

Often they happened somewhere along the way.

A laugh with somebody.

A ridiculous conversation.

A meal.

A friendship.

A moment of unexpected kindness.

A beautiful morning.

Something completely unplanned.

Something that didn't appear anywhere on my list of goals.

Life has a wonderful habit of happening while we're busy pursuing something else.

The problem isn't having destinations.

We need destinations.

Without them, we can drift.

The problem is believing that the destination is where life begins.

It isn't.

The road is life.

The conversations along the road are life.

The people walking beside us are life.

The wrong turns are life.

The roadside stops are life.

Even the breakdowns are life.

If we race through all of that because we're desperate to reach the destination, we may eventually arrive and discover that we missed the best part.

So keep your finish lines.

I certainly intend to keep mine.

But perhaps we can learn to stop occasionally during the race.

Look around.

Notice who's beside us.

Laugh.

Have lunch.

Take the long way home.

Help somebody.

Sit on a bench.

Watch the world go by.

And remember:

You don't have to cross the finish line before you're allowed to enjoy the race.

CHAPTER FIVE

What Are You Trying to Prove?

This may be one of the most important questions we ever ask ourselves.

What am I trying to prove?

And perhaps even more importantly:

To whom?

Much of human behaviour is driven by audiences we cannot see.

Parents.

Teachers.

Former partners.

Competitors.

Neighbours.

People who doubted us.

People who rejected us.

People who succeeded before we did.

People who once made us feel small.

Sometimes the person we're trying to impress has been dead for twenty years.

Sometimes they have forgotten the conversation that has shaped half our life.

Sometimes they aren't thinking about us at all.

And still we perform.

Look at me.

See what I accomplished.

See what I built.

See how successful I became.

See how wrong you were about me.

I understand that impulse.

Competition was part of my life for many years.

There is something incredibly motivating about somebody believing you can't do something.

I'll show you.

Those four words can generate enormous energy.

And sometimes they are useful.

They can get us through difficult moments.

They can make us work harder.

They can help us discover capabilities we didn't know we possessed.

But they are a terrible foundation upon which to build an entire life.

Because if your happiness depends upon proving somebody wrong, that person still controls you.

They may not even know it.

Freedom begins when you no longer need the verdict.

You don't need everyone to understand you.

You don't need everyone to approve of you.

You don't need everyone to believe in your dream.

You don't even need everyone to like you.

That can be enormously difficult to accept.

We are social creatures.

We want to belong.

We want approval.

We want people to say:

Well done.

There is nothing wrong with enjoying recognition.

The danger comes when recognition becomes oxygen.

Because then somebody else controls the supply.

At some point we have to be able to look at our own lives and say:

I know why I did it.

I know what I gave.

I know what mattered to me.

I know whom I loved.

I know I tried.

And that has to be enough.

Perhaps one of the greatest milestones in growing older is discovering that you don't have to audition for your own life.

You already have the part.

Nobody else gets to decide whether you deserve to be here.

You do not have to perform your existence for an audience.

You can simply live it.

Imagine how much energy that would release.

Energy previously spent impressing people could be spent helping them.

Energy spent defending ourselves could be spent creating.

Energy spent comparing could be spent appreciating.

Energy spent proving could be spent living.

One day nobody will remember most of the things we were so desperate to prove.

And perhaps that is liberating rather than frightening.

Because it means we can finally stop performing.

The audience can go home.

The lights can come down.

And we can ask a much better question.

Not:

What will make them think my life mattered?

But:

What makes my life matter to me?

PART TWO

DISCOVERING ENOUGH

CHAPTER SIX

What If Nothing Is Missing?

Imagine that you woke up tomorrow morning and nothing about your circumstances had changed.

Same home.

Same bank account.

Same body.

Same relationships.

Same problems.

Same unfinished projects.

Same uncertainties.

But one thing was different.

You no longer believed something was missing.

How different would the day feel?

This doesn't mean pretending problems don't exist.

It doesn't mean ignoring poverty, illness, loneliness, injustice or pain.

There are circumstances that desperately need to change.

There are people suffering terribly.

There are problems worth solving.

There is work worth doing.

But even in an imperfect life, there can be moments that are complete.

We often miss them because we are comparing reality with an imaginary alternative.

The house would be wonderful if...

My partner would be perfect if...

My job would be good if...

My body would be acceptable if...

My life would be successful if...

There is always an **if**.

What happens if we remove it?

What if, for one morning, we don't compare our life with anything?

Not our neighbour's life.

Not our younger self.

Not the person on television.

Not somebody on social media.

Not the life we imagined we'd have by now.

Just this life.

Exactly as it is.

Look around.

There are probably things that need fixing.

There always will be.

But there may also be things that are astonishing.

Perhaps someone loves you.

Perhaps someone needs you.

Perhaps someone smiles when you enter a room.

Perhaps you have a friend you can call.

Perhaps there is food in the refrigerator.

Perhaps there is music you love.

Perhaps you can step outside and feel the air.

Perhaps there is a place in your neighbourhood where people know your name.

Perhaps there is somebody whose day becomes a little brighter because you are in it.

These things rarely appear on a balance sheet.

They don't impress people at cocktail parties.

They won't make headlines.

But they are life.

We have become remarkably good at noticing absence.

Maybe we need to become equally good at noticing presence.

Instead of:

What don't I have?

Try:

What is already here?

Instead of:

Who hasn't shown up for me?

Try:

Who has?

Instead of:

What hasn't worked?

Try:

What has?

Instead of:

What am I still waiting for?

Try:

What have I already received?

This isn't positive thinking.

It is complete thinking.

Because a life contains both.

The disappointment and the blessing.

The wound and the healing.

The absence and the abundance.

Enough doesn't mean ignoring half the picture.

It means finally seeing the other half.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Richness of an Ordinary Tuesday

Most of your life will not happen on your birthday.

It won't happen at your wedding.

It won't happen during your greatest vacation.

It won't happen when you receive an award.

It won't happen on Christmas morning.

Most of your life will happen on days that don't have names.

Tuesday.

Wednesday.

Thursday.

Days you won't photograph.

Days nobody will remember.

Days that seem almost interchangeable while we're living them.

And I have begun to believe that those may be the most important days of all.

An ordinary morning can contain almost everything necessary for a beautiful life.

Wake up.

Make some tea.

Say good morning to somebody you love.

Walk outside.

See familiar faces.

Ask someone how they're doing.

Pet a dog.

Make a stranger smile.

Come home.

Have breakfast.

Talk.

Laugh.

Work on something that matters to you.

Rest.

Eat.

Watch something together.

Go to sleep.

Nothing happened.

And everything happened.

We have been conditioned to believe that life needs spectacle.

Perhaps it doesn't.

Perhaps what life needs is attention.

There is a tremendous difference between an ordinary life and an **unnoticed** life.

The moment we begin paying attention, ordinary things become extraordinary.

A cup of tea isn't just tea.

Someone made it for someone.

A greeting isn't just a greeting.

It says:

I see you.

A meal isn't simply calories.

It can be care.

A walk isn't simply transportation.

It can be a meeting with the world.

A kiss isn't simply affection.

It can say:

Of all the people on Earth, I'm grateful you're here.

I increasingly think heaven hides in ordinary places because we're unlikely to look for it there.

We expect revelation on mountaintops.

Maybe it is waiting at the breakfast table.

We expect life's great lessons to arrive through extraordinary events.

Maybe they're being delivered every morning by the people we pass in the hallway.

We think our purpose has to be enormous.

Maybe today our purpose is to make one person feel less alone.

The ordinary day asks nothing impressive from us.

Only that we show up.

And perhaps that is enough.

Someday, if we are fortunate enough to grow old, we may look backward and discover something surprising.

We won't necessarily miss the big moments most.

We may miss the kitchen.

The familiar chair.

The old dog.

The sound of someone moving around in another room.

The morning routine we once considered boring.

The face we saw every day.

The person whose presence became so familiar that we forgot how extraordinary it was.

The ordinary Tuesday.

So perhaps today deserves more attention.

Not because something spectacular is about to happen.

But because it doesn't need to.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The People Already at Your Table

We spend an extraordinary amount of time looking for people.

The right partner.

The right friends.

The right contacts.

The right customers.

The right investors.

The right audience.

The right people who can somehow help us reach wherever we are trying to go.

There is nothing wrong with meeting new people.

Some of the most important relationships of our lives begin unexpectedly.

But sometimes while looking for the people who might change our future, we overlook the people already sitting at our table.

The person who makes your coffee.

The neighbour who always says hello.

The friend who has listened to the same story three times.

The spouse who knows your flaws and stays.

The child who wants five minutes of your attention.

The person at work who quietly makes your day easier.

The stranger who has gradually stopped being a stranger.

These relationships rarely announce their importance.

They accumulate.

One greeting at a time.

One conversation.

One favour.

One laugh.

One moment of concern.

Until one day you realize:

This person has become part of my life.

Community is built that way.

Not through declarations.

Through repetition.

Through showing up.

There is something powerful about being in the same place often enough that strangers become familiar.

Then familiar people acquire names.

Names acquire stories.

Stories create concern.

And concern becomes love.

Not necessarily romantic love.

Something broader.

Human love.

The recognition that this person matters to me.

I want them to be okay.

I notice when they're missing.

I am happy when they appear.

That may be one of the simplest ways a neighbourhood becomes a community.

People begin noticing one another.

You don't need a government program for that.

You don't need a committee.

You don't need funding.

You don't need permission.

You can begin tomorrow morning.

Say hello.

Learn someone's name.

Ask how they're doing.

Remember the answer.

Ask again next time.

It sounds ridiculously small.

Perhaps it is.

But nearly everything important begins small.

A friendship begins with hello.

A marriage begins with meeting.

A movement begins with an idea.

A community begins when somebody decides that strangers shouldn't remain strangers forever.

And maybe enough isn't only about realizing that **I have enough.**

Perhaps eventually we discover something bigger.

We have enough.

Enough people.

Enough kindness.

Enough food.

Enough talent.

Enough ideas.

Enough resources.

Enough love.

Maybe the great challenge isn't always creating more.

Maybe sometimes it is connecting what is already here.

The lonely person with the person looking for companionship.

The hungry person with the person who has food.

The person who needs help with the person who wants to help.

The dreamer with the builder.

The elderly person with the child who needs another grandparent.

The newcomer with the neighbour who knows the community.

Suddenly *enough* becomes more than a philosophy.

It becomes a way of organizing a neighbourhood.

A way of looking at one another.

A way of living.

Because perhaps the greatest abundance isn't what any one of us possesses.

It is what becomes possible when we stop asking:

What do I still need?

and begin asking:

What do we already have that we could share?

That is when enough becomes contagious.

And that is when a collection of houses can begin becoming something much more beautiful.

A community.

CHAPTER NINE

Tea, Kisses and Other Great Treasures

I have come to believe that some of the greatest treasures in life are almost worthless.

At least according to the marketplace.

A cup of tea costs almost nothing.

So does a kiss.

A hug is free.

A conversation costs nothing.

Watching the sunrise requires no admission ticket.

Holding someone's hand doesn't appear on your financial statement.

Neither does laughter.

Neither does friendship.

Neither does knowing that somewhere in this world there is a person who is genuinely happy when you walk through the door.

Yet if we were forced to choose between these things and many of the possessions we spend our lives accumulating, I suspect we'd discover very quickly which ones are actually valuable.

We confuse **price** with **worth**.

They are not the same thing.

Some expensive things are wonderful.

I have nothing against comfort.

Nothing against beautiful homes, good restaurants, nice cars, wonderful vacations or anything else money can provide.

Enjoy them.

But never confuse what something costs with what it contributes to your life.

A \$500 dinner with someone you don't enjoy is still a miserable evening.

A sandwich shared with somebody you love can become a memory you carry forever.

The difference isn't the food.

It's the love.

Some mornings begin very simply.

Someone you love is still in bed.

You make tea.

Maybe breakfast.

You bring it to them.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about any of this.

No cameras.

No applause.

Nobody posts a photograph.

Nobody gives you an award for making tea.

And yet there can be more love contained in that small act than in a thousand grand declarations.

I thought of you.

I know what you like.

I wanted to make your morning a little better.

That is love translated into action.

Perhaps that's why the smallest acts can mean so much.

They say what words sometimes cannot.

You matter.

I noticed.

I'm here.

I think we spend too much time looking for the spectacular.

We want unforgettable vacations.

Extraordinary experiences.

Perfect celebrations.

Grand romantic gestures.

But what if the quality of our lives is determined far more by the quality of our ordinary moments?

The kiss goodbye.

The kiss hello.

The silly joke nobody else would understand.

The familiar voice from another room.

The cup of tea placed beside you without asking.

The person who knows exactly how you take your coffee.

The dog who behaves as though your return from the grocery store is the second coming.

These are not interruptions between the important parts of life.

These are the important parts.

One of the great dangers of familiarity is that it can make miracles invisible.

The first time somebody you love kisses you, you remember it.

The thousandth time?

Maybe not.

But why should the thousandth kiss be less miraculous than the first?

The person is still there.

You are still there.

Against astronomical odds, your lives have intersected.

And for one moment two human beings are saying:

I'm glad you're here.

That's extraordinary.

We've simply become accustomed to it.

Enough requires us to become unaccustomed again.

To look at familiar things with fresh eyes.

To notice.

To appreciate.

To understand that ordinary does not mean insignificant.

Imagine being given the following offer.

You can have another million dollars.

But you must surrender forever the ability to hug someone you love.

Would you take it?

How about ten million?

What price for laughter?

What price for walking?

What price for one more conversation with somebody you miss?

What price for sitting beside the person you love on an ordinary afternoon?

Suddenly the arithmetic changes.

We discover we may already possess things no amount of money could replace.

That doesn't make money unimportant.

It simply puts money in its proper place.

Money is a tool.

Love is wealth.

And some of the richest people I have ever encountered didn't have very much money.

They had people.

They had purpose.

They had laughter.

They had faith.

They had generosity.

They had someone to make tea for.

Maybe that's why I have begun to think of these little moments as treasures.

Not because they are rare.

But because they are everywhere.

And because someday we may realize that what seemed like the smallest things were actually the biggest things of all.

CHAPTER TEN

The Ministry of Enough

There is a ministry available to every human being.

It requires no ordination.

No building.

No degree.

No organization.

No budget.

You don't even have to be religious.

It is the ministry of helping people see that they matter.

I call it the **Ministry of Enough**.

It begins with a very simple belief:

You don't need to become more important before you are worthy of being noticed.

Think about how many people move through a typical day almost invisibly.

The cashier.

The cleaner.

The bus driver.

The delivery person.

The elderly neighbour.

The child waiting quietly while adults talk.

The person sitting alone.

The person whose job requires them to serve hundreds of people who barely look at them.

What happens when someone stops?

Looks.

Smiles.

Uses their name.

Asks how they are.

And actually waits for the answer?

Something changes.

For a moment the transaction becomes a relationship.

The invisible person becomes visible.

And it costs nothing.

I've become increasingly fascinated by the power of simply showing up.

You don't always need the right words.

You don't need to solve somebody's problems.

Sometimes your presence is enough.

We underestimate that because presence doesn't look impressive.

There is no certificate for sitting beside somebody.

No trophy for listening.

No headline for remembering someone's dog's name.

But human beings are starving to be seen.

Not admired.

Seen.

There is a difference.

Admiration says:

You did something impressive.

Love says:

You matter even when you don't.

That may be one of the most beautiful gifts we can offer another person.

The Ministry of Enough also changes the person doing the noticing.

When you begin looking for opportunities to encourage people, you stop spending quite so much time thinking about yourself.

Your attention moves outward.

Who needs a smile?

Who seems lonely?

Who hasn't been here lately?

Who could use encouragement?

Who might need help?

Who deserves to hear something kind?

Suddenly the world becomes full of opportunities.

You don't need to travel to another country.

You don't need to establish a charity.

You don't need a million dollars.

You can begin in the elevator.

At the grocery store.

On the sidewalk.

At work.

At home.

Especially at home.

Sometimes we're kinder to strangers than to the people who live with us.

Perhaps the Ministry of Enough begins there.

With the person already beside you.

There is another dimension to enough.

If I believe I have enough, then perhaps I have something to give.

Enough time for five minutes.

Enough food to share a meal.

Enough attention to listen.

Enough money to help a little.

Enough experience to mentor somebody.

Enough love to offer encouragement.

Enough strength to carry something for someone who cannot.

Generosity doesn't begin when we become wealthy.

It begins when we stop believing we are empty.

A person who believes there is never enough clutches everything tightly.

A person who recognizes abundance opens their hands.

That doesn't mean giving irresponsibly.

It means understanding that life becomes richer when it circulates.

Food shared.

Knowledge shared.

Time shared.

Encouragement shared.

Love shared.

Perhaps even dreams shared.

Maybe one of the most powerful things we can say to another human being is:

You are enough.

Not:

You will be enough when you lose weight.

When you get the job.

When you stop struggling.

When you become successful.

When you fix everything.

When you finally get your act together.

No.

Now.

You are worthy of dignity now.

You are worthy of kindness now.

You are worthy of being seen now.

You are worthy of love now.

That doesn't mean none of us should change.

Of course we should.

We should learn.

Grow.

Apologize.

Improve.

Heal.

Become wiser.

But growth should not be confused with worth.

A seed doesn't become valuable when it becomes a tree.

It was already carrying the tree inside it.

Maybe people are like that too.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Enough Money

Money matters.

Let's not pretend otherwise.

It is easy to romanticize simplicity when the refrigerator is full.

It is easy to say money doesn't matter when the rent has been paid.

For millions of people, money isn't about luxury.

It's about survival.

Food.

Housing.

Medicine.

Transportation.

Heat.

Safety.

Dignity.

Anyone who says money doesn't matter has probably never had to choose which bill not to pay.

Money matters enormously.

But there is another truth:

Money matters most when there isn't enough of it.

After our fundamental needs are met, the relationship becomes more complicated.

We begin moving from need to want.

Then from want to expectation.

And expectation has no ceiling.

What is enough money?

It's an interesting question because the answer often seems to be:

A little more than I have now.

If someone earns \$30,000, perhaps \$50,000 looks comfortable.

At \$50,000, perhaps \$75,000.

At \$100,000, perhaps \$200,000.

At a million, perhaps ten million.

The numbers change.

The feeling can remain exactly the same.

More.

That is why enough cannot be purely mathematical.

There will always be someone with more.

A larger house.

A newer car.

A better vacation.

A bigger portfolio.

If your definition of wealth is comparative, you can be extraordinarily rich and still feel poor.

There is no winning that game.

I have known periods of my life when money mattered a great deal.

I have built businesses.

Taken risks.

Succeeded.

Failed.

Started again.

Like many people, I have sometimes believed that one more success would create security.

But security is peculiar.

You can have money and still be terrified of losing it.

You can have very little and somehow sleep peacefully.

The bank balance matters.

But so does the mind reading the statement.

Enough money therefore has two dimensions.

There is an external enough:

Can I meet my legitimate needs?

And an internal enough:

Can I stop allowing money to determine how valuable my life feels?

Those are very different questions.

Perhaps real wealth is having what you need and knowing what you don't.

That second part is difficult.

The modern economy is exceptionally good at transforming wants into apparent needs.

Yesterday's luxury becomes today's necessity.

We adjust.

Then we need another upgrade.

There is nothing immoral about enjoying beautiful things.

But possessions make terrible masters.

Eventually we can find ourselves working more hours to buy more things that require more maintenance, more insurance, more storage and more worry.

At some point you have to ask:

Is the thing serving me, or am I serving the thing?

Money is wonderful at solving money problems.

We should respect it for that.

But we should not ask it to solve problems it cannot solve.

Money cannot make someone love you.

It cannot guarantee health.

It cannot create purpose.

It cannot manufacture genuine friendship.

It cannot buy another yesterday.

It cannot ensure another tomorrow.

And while it can purchase extraordinary comfort, it cannot guarantee peace.

So earn money.

Save it.

Invest it wisely.

Give some away when you can.

Enjoy some.

Use it to make life easier.

Use it to help people.

But don't worship it.

It is a tool.

And a tool should always serve the builder.

Never the other way around.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Enough Success

Success is one of those words everybody uses and almost nobody defines.

Successful at what?

Making money?

Raising children?

Being married?

Building a company?

Winning championships?

Creating art?

Helping people?

Being happy?

Living according to your values?

Dying without regrets?

Depending upon the definition, the same person can be both an enormous success and a complete failure.

Maybe that's why defining success for ourselves matters so much.

If we don't, the world will happily define it for us.

And the world's definition tends to be visible.

Money.

Titles.

Awards.

Possessions.

Influence.

Recognition.

Things other people can see.

But some of life's greatest successes are almost completely invisible.

Nobody sees the argument you chose not to have.

The temptation you resisted.

The person you forgave.

The fear you faced.

The morning you got out of bed when you desperately wanted to stay there.

The hour you spent listening to someone who needed you.

The dream you pursued for twenty years even though nobody understood it.

The person you loved when loving them was difficult.

There are no trophies for most of these victories.

Maybe there should be.

When I became a world champion, nobody had to explain whether I had succeeded.

There was a scoreboard.

Sports are wonderfully simple that way.

Life isn't.

There is no scoreboard hanging over our heads telling us whether we're winning.

So we invent one.

Income.

Job title.

House.

Followers.

Books sold.

Businesses built.

Awards received.

People impressed.

But what if we're measuring the wrong things?

What if the scoreboard looked like this instead?

People encouraged.

Kindness given.

Promises kept.

Mistakes admitted.

Meals shared.

Strangers welcomed.

Children listened to.

Friends supported.

Love expressed.

Days appreciated.

Would you be winning?

I have accomplished many things in my life.

Some I'm very proud of.

But I increasingly suspect that my greatest accomplishments may be things nobody will ever put in a biography.

A person encouraged at the right moment.

Someone who felt less alone because I sat beside them.

A dream planted in somebody else's imagination.

A moment when I chose love instead of being right.

A morning when I simply showed up.

Those things are difficult to measure.

Maybe that's precisely why they matter.

Success is beautiful when it is an expression of who you are.

It becomes dangerous when it is an attempt to establish who you are.

There is a profound difference between:

I accomplished something worthwhile.

and:

Therefore I am worthwhile.

The first is healthy pride.

The second is dependence.

Because if accomplishment makes you worthy, failure must make you unworthy.

And it doesn't.

You were never the trophy.

You were the person holding it.

The trophy can disappear.

The title can disappear.

The business can disappear.

The money can disappear.

The applause certainly disappears.

What remains?

You.

Maybe success isn't becoming somebody.

Maybe success is becoming comfortable with the person who remains when the trophies are put away.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Enough Recognition

Everybody likes applause.

I do.

You probably do too.

There is something wonderful about having another person recognize your work.

"You did a great job."

"That helped me."

"I'm proud of you."

"Your book meant something to me."

"You made a difference."

Those words matter.

We shouldn't pretend they don't.

Encouragement can sustain us through enormous difficulty.

A single person believing in us can sometimes change the direction of our lives.

But there is a danger.

Applause can become addictive.

Once we begin depending upon recognition, silence starts feeling like rejection.

We create something.

Nobody responds.

Was it bad?

We share an idea.

Nobody seems interested.

Was it foolish?

We try to help.

Nobody says thank you.

Why bother?

And slowly, without realizing it, we begin allowing other people's reactions to determine whether our actions were worthwhile.

That is a dangerous surrender.

Suppose you write something beautiful and nobody reads it.

Was it still beautiful?

Suppose you help someone who never thanks you.

Did the help cease to matter?

Suppose you create something important that isn't recognized during your lifetime.

Was the creation meaningless?

Suppose you live with extraordinary kindness and nobody gives you an award.

Were you less kind?

Of course not.

Value and recognition are not the same thing.

History is filled with people whose contributions were ignored, misunderstood or rejected before eventually being appreciated.

But even that isn't the point.

Because some worthwhile things will **never** be recognized.

A mother stays awake with a sick child.

No applause.

Someone quietly pays for another person's meal.

No headline.

A man visits his lonely friend every week.

No trophy.

Someone spends years caring for a spouse whose health is failing.

No award ceremony.

A stranger stops to help someone who has fallen.

Nobody knows their name.

And still it matters.

Perhaps it matters even more because nobody was watching.

There is a freedom that comes when you can do something beautiful without needing anyone to notice.

You write because you have something to say.

You create because something inside you asks to be created.

You help because somebody needs help.

You love because loving is who you want to be.

You pursue your dream because the pursuit itself matters.

Then recognition becomes a gift rather than a requirement.

If applause comes, enjoy it.

Say thank you.

Let it encourage you.

But don't build your house there.

Applause is weather.

Sometimes it pours.

Sometimes there isn't a cloud in the sky.

You need somewhere deeper to live.

There have been times in my life when I wanted people to understand what I was doing.

I wanted them to see the vision.

To understand the dream.

To recognize its possibilities.

Sometimes they did.

Sometimes they didn't.

As I've grown older, I have begun learning something liberating.

Not everyone has to understand.

You don't need unanimous approval to follow your heart.

You don't need a committee vote to live according to your convictions.

You don't need the world to certify your dream before you are allowed to pursue it.

Sometimes you simply do what you believe you should do.

You offer it.

Then you release it.

What happens next isn't entirely yours.

That doesn't mean ignoring good advice.

It doesn't mean assuming every idea you have is brilliant.

Wisdom listens.

Wisdom learns.

Wisdom changes course when necessary.

But wisdom also knows the difference between useful criticism and the desperate need to be validated.

At some point you have to trust yourself enough to continue without applause.

Perhaps that is another meaning of enough.

My effort is enough.

My intention is enough.

My willingness to try is enough.

The love I put into this is enough.

The outcome may be wonderful.

It may disappoint me.

The world may celebrate what I create.

It may completely ignore it.

But I do not have to place my happiness in the world's hands.

I can create.

I can offer.

I can serve.

I can love.

And then I can let go.

If somebody applauds, wonderful.

If nobody does, the music still played.

And I still danced.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Enough Stuff

At some point, most of us begin accumulating things.

Then, if we live long enough, something strange happens.

We begin trying to get rid of them.

The first half of life can be an exercise in acquisition.

The second half can become an exercise in deciding what on earth to do with everything we acquired.

Clothes.

Furniture.

Books.

Electronics.

Dishes.

Tools.

Boxes containing things we haven't looked at in fifteen years but somehow cannot bring ourselves to throw away.

We buy shelves to hold the things.

Then cabinets.

Then bigger homes.

Then storage units.

Eventually we can find ourselves paying monthly rent so that things we don't use can live somewhere else.

There is something wonderfully absurd about that.

Possessions aren't bad.

Some things make life enormously better.

A comfortable bed.

A favourite chair.

A reliable car.

A warm coat.

A good pair of shoes.

A computer that allows you to create.

A musical instrument.

A book you return to again and again.

Things can be useful.

Things can be beautiful.

Things can carry memories.

The problem begins when possessions stop serving us and we begin serving them.

We clean them.

Maintain them.

Protect them.

Insure them.

Store them.

Upgrade them.

Worry about them.

And eventually leave them for somebody else to sort through.

Maybe ownership isn't quite what we think it is.

Perhaps we're simply temporary custodians.

One of the most liberating questions we can ask before acquiring something is:

Will this make my life better—or merely fuller?

There is a difference.

Full closets do not necessarily create full lives.

Full garages don't either.

A house can contain thousands of objects and still feel empty.

Another can contain very little and overflow with warmth.

The difference isn't the furniture.

It's what happens between the people sitting on it.

Enough stuff means understanding what actually contributes to your life.

Keep what serves you.

Keep what delights you.

Keep what carries meaning.

Enjoy beautiful things without apology.

But perhaps we can stop asking objects to tell us who we are.

You are not your car.

You are not your clothing label.

You are not the square footage of your home.

You are not the number printed on a receipt.

You existed before you owned any of it.

And someday every possession you have will belong to somebody else.

That thought can be depressing.

Or wonderfully freeing.

Because it means the real question isn't:

What can I acquire?

It is:

What can I experience, create, share and love while I'm here?

There is another wonderful thing about having enough.

You can give things away.

Something sitting unused in your closet may be exactly what somebody else needs.

A chair.

A coat.

A book.

A bicycle.

A table.

A set of dishes.

Suddenly an object that had become clutter becomes useful again.

There is joy in circulation.

Perhaps communities would feel richer if we stopped thinking exclusively in terms of:

Mine.

and began occasionally thinking:

Ours.

What do I have that somebody else could use?

What do you have that I could borrow?

What could we share rather than duplicate?

What if enough isn't achieved by everybody owning everything?

What if enough becomes possible when we learn to share what already exists?

That changes the mathematics completely.

Enough stuff doesn't mean having nothing.

It means finally understanding that possessions are supposed to support life.

They are not supposed to become it.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Enough Time

Of all the things we say we don't have enough of, time may be the most common.

I don't have enough time.

There aren't enough hours in the day.

I'll do it when I have time.

Someday, when things settle down.

But there is something strange about time.

Every person receives exactly the same amount each day.

Twenty-four hours.

The richest person on Earth cannot purchase a twenty-fifth.

The most powerful person cannot store unused hours in a vault.

Yesterday's unused time cannot be carried forward.

Tomorrow's time cannot be borrowed.

All we ever possess is this one moving moment.

And still we behave as though time is something we will have more of later.

When we're young, life appears almost endless.

A year seems enormous.

Summer lasts forever.

Christmas takes an eternity to arrive.

Then something happens.

Years begin accelerating.

Birthdays arrive faster.

Christmas seems to come around every few months.

We begin saying things like:

Where did the year go?

Eventually the question becomes larger.

Where did the years go?

And perhaps finally:

Where did my life go?

The answer is surprisingly simple.

It went into days.

Ordinary days.

One after another.

The Tuesday mornings we barely noticed.

The dinners.

The errands.

The conversations.

The workdays.

The walks.

The evenings sitting together.

Life wasn't somewhere else while those things were happening.

That was it.

Enough time doesn't mean having unlimited time.

It means understanding that limited time can still be sufficient for what matters most.

Maybe we don't need more hours.

Maybe we need clearer priorities.

If somebody we love needs us, perhaps that matters more than answering another email.

If a friend wants to talk, perhaps the schedule can wait ten minutes.

If the sun is shining and your heart tells you to take a walk, perhaps that isn't wasted time.

If someone you love wants to watch a movie with you, perhaps productivity can survive the interruption.

We've become very good at measuring productive time.

Hours worked.

Tasks completed.

Emails answered.

Miles travelled.

Projects finished.

But what about time spent loving?

Listening?

Resting?

Laughing?

Thinking?

Being?

We rarely count those hours.

Maybe we should.

Imagine knowing exactly how much time you have left.

Would you use today differently?

Would you worry about the same things?

Would you postpone the same conversations?

Would you stay angry as long?

Would you spend as much time trying to impress people?

Would you notice the person sitting beside you?

We don't know how much time remains.

That uncertainty is usually treated as frightening.

Perhaps it can also be clarifying.

Because the answer to **How much time do I have?** is always the same:

This moment.

Everything else is an expectation.

Enough time means I don't have to do everything.

I don't have to pursue every opportunity.

I don't have to finish every idea.

I don't have to visit every place.

I don't have to accomplish every dream.

I only have to be present for the life I am actually living.

And when this day ends, perhaps I can ask:

Did I love somebody?

Did I notice something beautiful?

Did I help?

Did I laugh?

Did I do something that mattered to me?

Was I actually here?

If the answer is yes, maybe there was enough time after all.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Freedom of Having Nothing to Prove

Imagine waking tomorrow morning with absolutely nothing to prove.

Nobody to impress.

Nobody to defeat.

Nobody whose opinion could determine your worth.

What would you do differently?

What would you wear?

What would you create?

Who would you spend time with?

Which argument would you stop having?

Which dream would you finally pursue?

Which dream might you finally release?

How much lighter would you feel?

Having nothing to prove doesn't mean having nothing to accomplish.

That distinction matters.

You can still want to become excellent.

You can still compete.

You can still build.

Create.

Lead.

Win.

Improve.

The difference is why.

Instead of:

I must accomplish this so I can prove that I matter.

It becomes:

I matter, and therefore I am free to see what I can accomplish.

Those two lives may look identical from the outside.

Inside, they are completely different.

One is driven by fear.

The other by possibility.

One says:

I have to.

The other says:

I get to.

There is tremendous freedom in reaching a point where you can say:

I know I've succeeded.

I know I've failed.

I've been right.

I've been wrong.

Some people have understood me.

Others haven't.

Some dreams came true.

Others didn't.

I have been admired.

I have been criticized.

And I'm still here.

At some point you realize the jury can be dismissed.

The trial is over.

You are allowed to live.

Perhaps this freedom becomes easier as we grow older.

When you're young, everybody seems to be watching.

Eventually you realize something hilarious.

Most people were too busy worrying about what **you thought of them** to spend much time thinking about you.

We've all been performing for one another.

Imagine if everybody simply stopped.

What a relief.

There will always be people who don't understand your choices.

Let them.

There will be people who don't like you.

Let them.

There will be people who think you should live differently.

Listen respectfully.

Consider whether they have a point.

Then decide for yourself.

Your life is not a referendum.

You don't need fifty-one percent approval.

One of the most peaceful sentences I've learned is:

I don't need you to agree with me.

That doesn't mean I don't care about you.

It doesn't mean I won't listen.

It doesn't mean I am automatically right.

It simply means disagreement does not have to threaten either of us.

You can believe what you believe.

I can believe what I believe.

And perhaps we can still sit down together for lunch.

Imagine that.

The freedom of having nothing to prove doesn't make you smaller.

It may finally allow you to become larger.

Because all the energy previously devoted to defending your identity becomes available for living it.

No performance.

No audition.

No scoreboard.

Just a human being with a limited number of days asking:

What would I love to do with this one?

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Wanting Without Needing

There is a sentence I want to carry with me for the rest of my life:

Want everything. Need nothing.

At first it sounds contradictory.

If you want something, don't you need it?

No.

And understanding the difference may transform the way we dream.

Wanting says:

I would love for this to happen.

Needing says:

I cannot be okay unless it happens.

Wanting creates possibility.

Needing creates captivity.

Wanting lets us reach.

Needing makes us cling.

Wanting can inspire.

Needing can consume.

I have enormous dreams.

I hope I always will.

There are things I would love to create.

People I would love to help.

Projects I would love to see become reality.

Ideas I would love to share with the world.

I can pour my heart into them.

I can work.

Write.

Call.

Ask.

Create.

Try again.

I can give them everything I reasonably have.

But eventually there comes a point where I must release the outcome.

Because outcomes depend upon more than me.

Other people.

Timing.

Resources.

Circumstances.

Opportunity.

Chance.

And, as I believe, God.

I can control my contribution.

I cannot control the universe.

There is peace in understanding that.

It doesn't mean becoming passive.

It means becoming free.

I can knock on the door without demanding that it open.

I can plant without ordering the seed to grow.

I can offer love without controlling whether it is returned.

I can create something beautiful without controlling whether anybody notices.

I can dream without requiring reality to obey me.

That is wanting without needing.

Think about how different disappointment becomes.

If I need something and it doesn't happen, I feel devastated.

If I deeply want something and it doesn't happen, I can still feel disappointed.

That is human.

But beneath the disappointment there can remain something solid.

My life is still here.

There are still people to love.

Meals to share.

Sunrises to see.

Ideas to explore.

People to encourage.

Things to laugh about.

Tomorrow morning still contains possibilities I haven't imagined.

One dream didn't happen.

Life did.

Perhaps the secret is holding our dreams with open hands.

Not loosely because they don't matter.

Openly because they do.

I can say:

This is what I want.

This is what I will work toward.

This is what I believe is possible.

And simultaneously:

If life takes me somewhere else, I will still live.

That is not surrender.

That is strength.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Dreaming Without Desperation

I never want to stop dreaming.

I hope you don't either.

There is something magnificent about looking at the world as it is and imagining what it could become.

Every beautiful thing humans have created existed first in someone's imagination.

A building.

A song.

A book.

A business.

A cure.

A movement.

A family.

A community.

Before something exists in the world, someone usually has to see it when nobody else can.

Dreamers matter.

But dreamers can suffer.

Because sometimes we fall in love not merely with the dream, but with a particular version of how and when it must happen.

Then dreaming becomes desperation.

It has to happen.

It has to happen this way.

It has to happen by this date.

These people have to be involved.

This door has to open.

And suddenly something that once gave us energy begins stealing our peace.

I know something about enormous dreams.

I don't naturally dream small.

When I imagine possibilities, they have a tendency to grow.

One idea leads to another.

A project becomes a movement.

A neighbourhood becomes a model.

A story becomes a film.

A book becomes another book.

I love that part of myself.

I have no desire to extinguish it.

But I am learning not to confuse the size of my dream with the quality of my day.

That may be one of the most important lessons of my life.

I can dream about changing the world and still enjoy making tea.

I can imagine something extraordinary for tomorrow and still appreciate an ordinary afternoon.

I can pursue something enormous without treating today merely as a bridge to get there.

There is a wonderful freedom in saying:

I would love this to happen.

Instead of:

This must happen.

The first leaves room for surprise.

Maybe the dream will happen exactly as imagined.

Maybe it will happen differently.

Maybe something better will emerge.

Maybe the dream's real purpose is not its completion but the person we become while pursuing it.

Maybe our effort will inspire someone else who carries it farther.

Maybe a door that refuses to open is quietly directing us toward another door we haven't noticed.

We don't know.

And perhaps we don't need to.

Dreaming without desperation means doing today's work and releasing tomorrow's outcome.

Write the page.

Make the call.

Send the letter.

Have the conversation.

Plant the seed.

Take the step.

Then live your life.

Have lunch.

Take the walk.

Kiss someone you love.

Watch the movie.

Help your neighbour.

Laugh.

Sleep.

Tomorrow, take another step.

There is no requirement that you suffer every hour until the dream becomes reality.

In fact, if the dream costs you every beautiful thing already present in your life, perhaps the price is too high.

The world sometimes celebrates obsession.

We hear stories about people who sacrificed everything for success.

Sleep.

Health.

Relationships.

Family.

Joy.

And because they eventually succeeded, we tell the story as though the sacrifice proved their greatness.

Maybe sometimes it did.

But there is another question worth asking:

What did success cost?

If you achieve your dream but lose your life along the way, did you really win?

There must be another way.

Work passionately.

Rest peacefully.

Dream enormously.

Love what is already here.

Try hard.

Laugh often.

Care deeply.

Release outcomes.

Begin again when necessary.

Perhaps this is what mature dreaming looks like.

When we're young, we say:

Someday my dream will make my life wonderful.

Later we learn to say:

My life is wonderful—and I still have dreams.

That is a completely different relationship with tomorrow.

Tomorrow is no longer responsible for rescuing today.

The dream becomes an invitation rather than an escape.

And strangely, I think that may make us better dreamers.

We become less afraid.

Failure loses some of its power.

We can experiment.

Change direction.

Start over.

Ask for help.

Take risks.

Because our identity is no longer hanging from the outcome.

If it works, wonderful.

If it doesn't, we learn.

If another path appears, we can take it.

If the dream changes, we can change with it.

So dream.

Please dream.

Dream bigger than people think is sensible.

Imagine communities nobody believes can exist.

Write books nobody asked you to write.

Create things nobody has seen before.

Try things that may fail.

Ask impossible questions.

Knock on unlikely doors.

Believe that one person can matter.

Believe that you can matter.

But when evening comes, put the dream down for a while.

Look around.

See who's there.

Have dinner.

Talk.

Listen.

Laugh.

Rest.

Because the dream may come true tomorrow.

Or next year.

Or ten years from now.

Or perhaps not at all.

But this evening is already here.

Don't miss what you have while reaching for what you want.

That may be the essence of enough.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Let Go and Let God

There comes a point in almost every worthwhile endeavour when you have done what you can do.

You made the call.

Sent the letter.

Had the conversation.

Did the work.

Knocked on the door.

Tried again.

Maybe you tried ten times.

And now?

You wait.

This is where I have often struggled.

I am a doer.

If something matters to me, my instinct is to act.

If one door doesn't open, I look for another.

If Plan A doesn't work, I begin constructing Plans B through Z.

There is value in persistence.

Many wonderful things happen simply because somebody refuses to quit.

But persistence and control are not the same thing.

At some point, we have to recognize where our responsibility ends.

There are things I can control.

I can decide whether to try.

I can decide whether to work.

I can decide whether to be kind.

I can decide whether to forgive.

I can decide whether to show up.

I can decide whether to tell the truth.

I can decide whether to make the call.

I can decide whether to write the page.

But I cannot control how another person responds.

I cannot force a door to open.

I cannot command someone to believe in my dream.

I cannot determine exactly when something will happen.

I cannot arrange every circumstance.

I cannot control tomorrow.

For me, faith begins somewhere around that boundary.

I do what I can.

Then I let go.

And let God.

Letting go is sometimes misunderstood as giving up.

I don't see it that way.

Giving up says:

It doesn't matter anymore.

Letting go says:

It matters enormously, but I understand that I cannot control everything.

There is an enormous difference.

I can care deeply without gripping tightly.

I can pray for an outcome without demanding it.

I can work toward a dream without allowing it to consume me.

I can believe something will happen and still accept that I may not know exactly how or when.

That is not weakness.

That is trust.

Perhaps one of the reasons we struggle to let go is that control makes us feel safe.

If I can manage every variable, perhaps nothing can surprise me.

But life doesn't work that way.

People surprise us.

Bodies surprise us.

Weather surprises us.

Economies surprise us.

Love surprises us.

Loss surprises us.

God certainly surprises us.

We can plan.

And we should.

But eventually every plan encounters reality.

Then we adjust.

Some of the most beautiful things in my life were not things I could have planned.

They appeared.

A person.

A conversation.

An idea.

An opportunity.

A relationship.

A moment.

If I had been absolutely committed to my own script, I might have missed them.

Maybe letting go isn't simply about surrendering control.

Maybe it is about making room for surprise.

So I am learning a different rhythm.

Dream.

Work.

Ask.

Try.

Listen.

Adjust.

And then release.

Tomorrow I can begin again.

But tonight?

Enough.

I did what I could today.

The rest does not belong to me.

There is peace in that sentence.

Perhaps there is even freedom.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Be the One

Enough does not mean complacency.

This is important.

A person can read a book about contentment and conclude:

If everything is already enough, why bother changing anything?

Why build?

Why help?

Why dream?

Why fight injustice?

Why improve our communities?

Why do anything at all?

Because recognizing that **your life is enough** does not mean accepting that every condition in the world is acceptable.

There is hunger.

Loneliness.

Poverty.

Violence.

Isolation.

Injustice.

Suffering.

There are people who need help.

There is work to do.

The question is whether we approach that work from emptiness or abundance.

If I believe I must save the world in order for my life to matter, the burden becomes unbearable.

But if I know my life already matters, I am free to ask a simpler question:

What can I do today?

Maybe not everything.

Something.

That is where change begins.

We often underestimate one person because we compare one person with the size of the problem.

How can one person address hunger?

How can one person change a neighbourhood?

How can one person help loneliness?

How can one person affect poverty?

How can one person change the world?

Maybe that's the wrong comparison.

Don't compare one person with the entire problem.

Compare one person doing something with one person doing nothing.

There is an enormous difference.

One person can feed another person.

One person can make a lonely person feel seen.

One person can welcome a newcomer.

One person can start a conversation.

One person can share an idea.

One person can organize a meal.

One person can introduce two people who should know each other.

One person can start a group.

One person can write a book.

One person can knock on a door.

One person can say:

Why don't we try?

And sometimes another person answers:

I'll help.

Now there are two.

That's how things begin.

We have a strange tendency to wait for organizations.

Surely somebody should do something.

The government should.

The city should.

The church should.

The school should.

A charity should.

A wealthy person should.

Perhaps.

But every organization ultimately consists of people.

Somebody has to become the first somebody.

Why not you?

Being the one doesn't mean becoming the hero.

In fact, the healthiest community work may have no heroes at all.

It has participants.

Neighbours.

People who contribute what they can.

Someone cooks.

Someone drives.

Someone organizes.

Someone listens.

Someone donates.

Someone knows somebody.

Someone simply shows up.

Enough becomes powerful when we stop thinking only about individual abundance and begin recognizing **collective abundance**.

I don't have everything.

Neither do you.

But perhaps together we have enough.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

You Can Still Change the World

I still want to change the world.

There.

I said it.

After an entire book about enough, I still have enormous dreams.

I don't think that's a contradiction.

In fact, I think I understand the dream better now.

When I was younger, changing the world sounded enormous.

It meant doing something historic.

Something people would remember.

Something big.

But what exactly is "the world"?

The world is not an abstraction.

It is people.

And every person lives somewhere.

On a street.

In a building.

In a neighbourhood.

In a community.

Perhaps changing the world begins by changing the experience of the person standing directly in front of you.

If you make one person's day better, you changed their world for a moment.

If you help somebody find work, you may change their family's world.

If you feed somebody who is hungry, you changed their afternoon.

If you help neighbours become friends, you changed a street.

If enough streets change, you change a neighbourhood.

If enough neighbourhoods change, perhaps something much larger becomes possible.

The scale changes.

The principle doesn't.

People caring about people.

I dream about communities differently now.

What if the resources already exist?

Food.

Cars.

Buildings.

Skills.

Knowledge.

Time.

People.

Compassion.

What if our greatest problem isn't always scarcity?

What if sometimes it is disconnection?

Food exists over here.

Hunger exists over there.

A lonely senior exists here.

A person craving meaningful connection exists there.

Someone needs transportation.

Somebody else has a vehicle sitting unused most of the day.

Someone needs encouragement.

Someone nearby would love to feel useful.

Perhaps part of creating a better world is simply connecting abundance with need.

That is one reason the idea of enough matters far beyond individual happiness.

Enough can become social.

Enough food.

Enough housing.

Enough transportation.

Enough care.

Enough friendship.

Enough opportunity.

Enough community.

Not because every person individually possesses everything they could possibly need.

But because we learn to share.

Maybe the future isn't everyone having more.

Maybe it is everyone having access to enough.

That's a very different dream.

And to me, a beautiful one.

Will I see every dream I have become reality?

I don't know.

I no longer need to know.

I can contribute my piece.

Someone else may carry it farther.

Perhaps somebody I will never meet will take an idea and improve it.

That's fine.

The dream doesn't have to belong to me.

If it helps people, it has done its job.

Changing the world doesn't require your name to be attached to the change.

Maybe that's one of the purest expressions of enough.

You don't need the credit.

You don't need the statue.

You don't need history to remember your name.

You simply need to leave something a little better than you found it.

A person.

A family.

A street.

A neighbourhood.

A world.

Start where you are.

PART FIVE

THE LIFE YOU ALREADY HAVE

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Stop Waiting for Your Life to Begin

Your life has already begun.

Perhaps nobody told you.

Maybe you've been waiting.

Waiting until you graduate.

Waiting until you get married.

Waiting until the children arrive.

Waiting until the children leave.

Waiting until you have money.

Waiting until the mortgage is paid.

Waiting until you retire.

Waiting until your health improves.

Waiting until you lose weight.

Waiting until you meet somebody.

Waiting until things settle down.

Waiting until you finally have time.

But this is it.

This morning.

This afternoon.

Tonight.

The room you're sitting in.

The people around you.

The body you're living in.

The circumstances you currently have.

This is your life.

Not the preliminary version.

Not the rehearsal.

Not the waiting room.

The real thing.

That doesn't mean you have to remain where you are.

Change what needs changing.

Leave what needs leaving.

Build what needs building.

Repair what can be repaired.

Begin again if necessary.

But don't postpone living while you do it.

You can improve your life and love it simultaneously.

You can be dissatisfied with a circumstance without being dissatisfied with your entire existence.

You can want tomorrow to be better without declaring today worthless.

Perhaps the greatest theft of happiness is the belief that real life exists somewhere else.

Another city.

Another relationship.

Another job.

Another income level.

Another version of ourselves.

Sometimes we do need to move.

Sometimes relationships end.

Sometimes careers change.

Sometimes radical transformation is necessary.

But wherever you go, there you are.

Eventually you have to learn how to inhabit your own life.

What does inhabiting your life look like?

Taste your food.

Listen when somebody speaks.

Look at the sky.

Notice the season.

Learn people's names.

Say thank you.

Take the walk.

Use the good dishes.

Wear the shirt you like.

Tell somebody you love them.

Stop saving everything for someday.

Someday has a terrible attendance record.

Today showed up.

There are people who have spent decades preparing to live.

Maybe you have been one of them.

That's okay.

Begin now.

Not tomorrow morning.

Now.

Look around.

Something in your immediate surroundings will someday be gone.

A person.

A pet.

A place.

An object.

Perhaps even the version of yourself reading these words.

Notice it.

Love it.

You don't have to wait until something becomes a memory before you appreciate it.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Heaven in the Little Things

We tend to imagine heaven as somewhere else.

Somewhere magnificent.

Somewhere beyond ordinary experience.

Golden streets.

Perfect peace.

No suffering.

No loss.

No fear.

Perhaps.

But I have also begun wondering whether little glimpses of heaven appear here all the time.

And perhaps we're simply too distracted to notice.

Heaven might be a warm cup of tea carried to someone you love.

It might be a kiss with raspberry jam still on someone's lips.

It might be a dog losing its mind with happiness because you walked through the door.

It might be children laughing while waiting for a school bus.

It might be someone who used to be a stranger smiling because now they know you.

It might be sitting quietly beside another person without needing to fill the silence.

It might be an unexpected conversation in a grocery store.

A favourite song.

A beautiful snowfall.

A meal shared with friends.

A hand reaching across a table.

None of these moments lasts very long.

Maybe that's why they're precious.

We have a tendency to rank experiences according to size.

A two-week vacation is important.

A two-minute conversation isn't.

A wedding is important.

Tuesday breakfast isn't.

A championship is important.

A walk around the neighbourhood isn't.

But life may not use our ranking system.

A two-minute conversation can change somebody's life.

A Tuesday breakfast can become a memory you would give anything to experience again.

A walk can introduce you to somebody who becomes part of your story.

A kiss can contain an entire relationship.

Perhaps heaven isn't always dramatic.

Maybe heaven whispers.

Look.

Notice this.

Don't hurry.

This matters.

And then the moment passes.

I have spent much of my life thinking big.

I still do.

Big dreams excite me.

Big possibilities.

Big ideas.

But the older I become, the more I suspect that a great life may actually be constructed from very small pieces.

Five minutes here.

A smile there.

A kindness.

A meal.

A conversation.

A hand held.

A door opened.

A name remembered.

A cup of tea.

A kiss.

A thousand seemingly insignificant moments accumulating into something we eventually call a life.

Perhaps we don't find heaven by escaping ordinary life.

Perhaps we find it by entering ordinary life more completely.

By noticing.

By loving.

By being present.

By understanding that this particular moment has never existed before and will never exist again.

That makes even the ordinary sacred.

You don't have to wait for heaven to begin.

Sometimes you simply have to recognize it.

It may already be sitting beside you.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Last Ordinary Day

There will be a last ordinary day.

That's a strange thing to think about.

Not necessarily the last day of your life.

A last ordinary day with someone.

A last morning in a particular home.

A last walk with a beloved dog.

A last Christmas with someone sitting at the table.

A last time your child asks to be picked up.

A last telephone call with a parent.

A last cup of coffee with an old friend.

A last kiss before someone walks out the door.

Most of the time, we won't know it is the last.

It will look exactly like all the others.

That's what makes it ordinary.

And that's what makes it precious.

If we knew something was happening for the last time, we would pay attention.

We wouldn't be checking the clock.

We wouldn't be thinking about the next thing.

We wouldn't be mentally composing an email.

We wouldn't be annoyed that the person was telling the same story again.

We would listen.

We would look at their face.

We would memorize their voice.

We would stay another five minutes.

We would understand the value of what was happening while it was still happening.

Maybe wisdom is learning to do some of that **before** we know it is the last time.

Think about your life right now.

There are things you consider permanent simply because they were there yesterday.

The person beside you.

Your home.

Your neighbourhood.

Your routines.

Your health.

Your friends.

Your pets.

The view from your window.

The restaurant you love.

The person behind the counter who knows what you order.

The familiar faces you see on your morning walk.

None of it came with a guarantee.

That doesn't mean we should live frightened that everything will disappear.

Quite the opposite.

It means we should live grateful that everything is here.

Impermanence doesn't diminish life.

It gives life value.

A sunset is beautiful partly because it disappears.

A season matters because another season follows.

Childhood matters because children grow.

A conversation matters because eventually it ends.

Life matters because it is limited.

If every moment lasted forever, no moment would require our attention.

But moments don't last.

They arrive.

They offer themselves.

Then they leave.

Maybe that's why photographs affect us so deeply.

A photograph says:

This happened.

These people were here.

We stood in this place.

We looked like this.

We loved one another.

For one fraction of a second, the universe arranged itself exactly this way.

And then everything moved again.

But we don't need a camera to preserve every moment.

Sometimes attention is enough.

Look.

Listen.

Feel.

Be there.

There is no reason to become morbid about any of this.

The purpose isn't to walk around thinking:

This might be the last time.

The purpose is to occasionally remember:

This time matters too.

Maybe there are no ordinary days.

Maybe there are only days we have become accustomed to.

And perhaps gratitude is simply the ability to become amazed again.

Tonight, before you go to sleep, look around.

Really look.

At the room.

At the people.

At the animal curled somewhere nearby.

At the familiar objects.

At your own hands.

This life may not be perfect.

There may be things you desperately want to change.

Change them if you can.

But for one moment, allow everything to be exactly what it is.

This room.

These people.

This night.

This life.

You are here.

They are here.

Today happened.

And that is no small thing.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

What Will Be Enough?

We've spent almost an entire book talking about enough.

Now perhaps there is only one question that matters.

What will be enough for you?

Nobody else can answer it.

Not your parents.

Not your spouse.

Not your friends.

Not your neighbours.

Certainly not advertisers.

And not me.

You have to decide.

Because if you don't decide what enough means, the world will decide for you.

And the world's answer is remarkably consistent.

More.

How much money will be enough?

How much success?

How much recognition?

How many possessions?

How many accomplishments?

How many people need to admire you?

How many boxes need to be checked before you permit yourself to say:

My life is good.

Be careful with that answer.

You may be designing a finish line you can never reach.

Maybe enough isn't a number.

Maybe it is a relationship with what you have.

Enough food.

Enough shelter.

Enough safety.

Enough purpose.

Enough people who care.

Enough opportunities to care for others.

Enough freedom to be yourself.

Enough hope to get up tomorrow morning.

Beyond that, perhaps enough becomes less about possession and more about perception.

Two people can possess exactly the same things.

One sees scarcity.

The other sees abundance.

Neither is necessarily lying.

They are simply looking in different directions.

One sees everything missing.

The other sees everything present.

This doesn't mean pretending hardship is abundance.

Some people genuinely do not have enough.

Not enough food.

Not enough shelter.

Not enough medical care.

Not enough safety.

Not enough opportunity.

A philosophy of enough should never become an excuse for ignoring real deprivation.

In fact, it should do the opposite.

If I recognize that **I have enough**, perhaps my next question becomes:

Who doesn't?

And then:

What can I share?

That is where enough becomes justice.

Enough for me is contentment.

Enough for everyone is a vision.

Perhaps humanity's greatest challenge isn't producing enough.

Perhaps it is learning what enough means—and learning how to share.

There is enough love to give more away.

Enough kindness.

Enough encouragement.

Enough ideas.

Enough ability.

Enough human potential.

And in many places, enough material abundance too, if we become wiser about how it circulates.

The question moves from:

How much can I accumulate?

to:

How much do I actually need?

And eventually:

What can I do with the rest?

So decide what enough means for you.

Not forever.

Your answer may change.

But answer it today.

Perhaps enough is dinner and someone to share it with.

Perhaps enough is meaningful work.

Perhaps enough is a small apartment where you feel safe.

Perhaps enough is a garden.

Perhaps enough is grandchildren running through the house.

Perhaps enough is having someone who knows the real you and stays anyway.

Perhaps enough is waking tomorrow morning with something worth doing.

There is no universal measurement.

But there is one test I like.

Ask yourself:

If nothing about my life became more impressive, could I still find reasons to be grateful?

If the answer is yes, you may be closer to wealth than you realize.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

You Have Arrived

We spend so much of life travelling toward ourselves.

When I'm older.

When I'm wiser.

When I'm successful.

When I'm financially secure.

When I've figured everything out.

When I've finally become the person I'm supposed to be.

Then I'll arrive.

But perhaps there is no future version of you standing at the end of the road waiting to take over.

There is only you.

Changing.

Learning.

Failing.

Growing.

Loving.

Beginning again.

You never become a finished human being.

Maybe you're not supposed to.

I once thought arrival would feel dramatic.

Championships felt dramatic.

Business successes felt dramatic.

Big ideas feel dramatic.

But perhaps the most important arrival is almost silent.

It happens when you stop trying to escape your own life.

You look around and say:

This is mine.

This imperfect body.

This strange history.

These victories.

These mistakes.

These people.

These dreams.

These disappointments.

These remaining days.

Mine.

And instead of wishing you had been given somebody else's life, you finally begin inhabiting your own.

You have arrived.

Not because you've accomplished everything.

You haven't.

Neither have I.

Not because you've solved everything.

You won't.

Neither will I.

You've arrived because this is where life is happening.

Here.

Now.

There is nowhere else you need to reach before you are allowed to participate fully.

There is still road ahead.

I hope there is a lot of it.

There are things I still want to create.

Things I want to see.

People I want to meet.

People I want to help.

Dreams I want to pursue.

I hope I remain curious until my final day.

But curiosity about tomorrow no longer requires dissatisfaction with today.

That is the difference.

I can say:

I wonder what's next.

without saying:

This isn't enough.

Maybe arriving doesn't mean stopping.

Maybe it means travelling differently.

You still move forward.

But you aren't fleeing the present.

You still dream.

But you aren't asking the dream to rescue you.

You still work.

But you aren't trying to prove your worth.

You still love tomorrow.

But not at the expense of today.

You carry less.

You notice more.

You hurry less.

You love more.

And perhaps, occasionally, you stop.

Look around.

Smile.

And think:

So this is it.

Not with disappointment.

With wonder.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Enough

Here we are.

At the end of a book about having enough.

So perhaps I shouldn't give you more.

No more strategies.

No more lessons.

No ten-step plan.

No checklist.

No homework.

Just this.

You are alive.

Today happened.

Perhaps somebody loves you.

Perhaps you love somebody.

Perhaps there is still something you want to do.

Good.

Do it.

Perhaps there is someone you need to forgive.

Try.

Perhaps there is someone who needs to hear that you love them.

Tell them.

Perhaps you've been waiting to begin something.

Begin.

Perhaps you've been carrying something you can finally put down.

Put it down.

Dream big.

Please.

The world needs dreamers.

Try ridiculous things.

Imagine better communities.

Create.

Build.

Write.

Paint.

Sing.

Start businesses.

Start movements.

Help people.

Change things.

Change yourself.

Begin again.

And again.

And again.

But don't make the mistake of believing that your life is waiting at the end of your dream.

Your life is happening while you pursue it.

Drink the tea.

Take the walk.

Eat the dessert.

Call your friend.

Pet the dog.

Watch the movie.

Sit on the bench.

Talk to the stranger.

Learn someone's name.

Hold the hand.

Give the hug.

Take the afternoon off sometimes.

Laugh loudly.

Say you're sorry.

Say thank you.

Say I love you.

Use the good dishes.

Wear the good shirt.

Open the bottle you've been saving.

Stop waiting for a sufficiently important occasion.

You are the occasion.

And when tomorrow comes, dream again.

Work again.

Try again.

Help again.

Love again.

There is nothing wrong with wanting more from tomorrow.

Just don't require tomorrow to make today worthwhile.

For most of my life, I thought enough was somewhere ahead of me.

Another victory.

Another success.

Another idea.

Another project.

Another dream.

Another destination.

I kept moving toward it.

And then somewhere along the way I began to understand.

Enough wasn't waiting at the finish line.

It was walking beside me.

It was in the people.

The conversations.

The laughter.

The mornings.

The meals.

The kisses.

The disappointments that taught me.

The dreams that kept me moving.

The people who stayed.

The people I could help.

The simple privilege of waking up and receiving another day.

I still want things.

I still have dreams for tomorrow.

Big ones.

I hope I always will.

But I don't need tomorrow to be different in order to love today.

And perhaps that's all I've been trying to tell you.

You don't have to wait until you become somebody.

You already are somebody.

You don't have to wait until you arrive.

You're here.

You don't have to wait until your life begins.

It already has.

You don't have to possess everything to appreciate something.

And you don't have to stop dreaming in order to be content.

Want everything.

Need nothing.

Give what you can.

Love who's here.

Notice what is beautiful.

Do today's work.

Release tomorrow.

And when life asks whether what you have is enough,
perhaps you can finally smile and answer:

Yes.

A FINAL WORD

If this book has done anything for you, I hope it hasn't convinced you to want less from life.

I hope it has helped you **see more of it.**

More of the people.

More of the moments.

More of the beauty.

More of the abundance hiding inside ordinary days.

Keep your dreams.

Keep reaching.

Keep becoming.

But every once in a while, stop.

Look around.

Take it in.

Someone you love may be sitting beside you.

The sun may be shining through the window.

There may be tea growing cold on the table.

There may be a dog waiting for attention.

There may be somebody outside your door who needs nothing more complicated than a smile.

There may be an entire life happening while you're thinking about what comes next.

Don't miss it.

You've spent enough time preparing to live.

Go have your life.

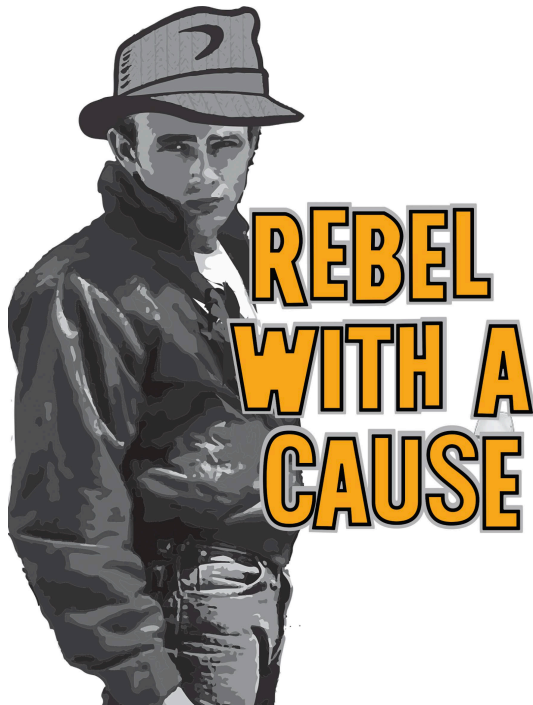
It is here.

It is now.

And maybe—

just maybe—

it is enough.



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