

# The Very Happy Man

by

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There was once a very happy man. His life was not perfect, but he had a job he loved and a wife he loved even more. He had just bought a new van and was getting ahead on his house payments. He was proud of what he had accomplished because he had been through so much and had worked so hard to become the very happy man that he was.

He and his wife had not been married long, but the man was sure that she was the only girl for him. He was very much in love with her and she was indeed a large part of his continual happiness.

One day, he noticed that his wife was not as happy as he. He asked if he had done something to upset her, or if there was something he had not done that she would like him to do, for he would be sure to do it immediately so that she could be happy too. She would not tell him what was wrong and the man began to worry.

He bought flowers, cards and candy to try to cheer his gloomy wife, but nothing seemed to help. The man began to worry even more. His wife was going out with friends more and staying out later at night. He saw less and less of her and when they were together, there seemed to be something distant between them.

The man was very patient with his wife because he loved her so much. He was afraid that if he lost her, he would also lose his happiness and he was sure that this was something he could never regain.

Finally, the time came when his wife told him what it was that so troubled her. She said that it was nothing he did or did not do. It had nothing to do with another person. It was her—

all her. She told him that she did not want to be married any more. She was finding herself tied down and just not ready for the huge commitment of marriage. She wanted to leave him.

The man was devastated. He pleaded with her to stay and he would do his very best to make her happy. His efforts failed and he found he was not a very happy man any longer.

Before long, the man and his wife divorced. He still loved his job and had many friends to help him through the time when he was not a very happy man.

The man began to work long hours so he wouldn't have to face his empty home. He began to think more about things that did not make him happy. Instead of being grateful for his modest income, he resented not having more money. Instead of being thankful for his family and friends, he was angry with those who had left him.

A few years went by and the man had changed and grown with the many things that had happened throughout his life. He could remember the time when he was not a very happy man, but it was so long ago that the memory had faded.

He rubbed his knee. It was still sore from playing horsey with his two-year-old daughter. A smile lit up his face as he recalled the little girl giggling with delight every time Daddy's horsey broke and sent her reeling over backwards.

He was glad they were finished moving into their new home. It would be only one more month until the baby was due and there was much work to be done yet.

There was once a very happy man. His life was not perfect, but he had a job he loved and a wife he loved even more. He had just bought a new house and would become a father again in a short while. He was proud of what he had accomplished because he had been through so much and had worked so hard to become the very happy man that he was.