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| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | I wish you Enough !   Recently I overheard a Father and daughter in their last moments together at the airport. They had announced the departure.   Standing near the security gate, they hugged and the Father said, 'I love you, and I wish you enough.'   The daughter replied, 'Dad, our life together has been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed. I wish you enough, too, Dad.'   They kissed and the daughter left. The Father walked over to the window where I was seated. Standing there I could see he wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on his privacy, but he welcomed me in by asking, 'Did you ever say good-bye to someone knowing it would be forever?'   'Yes, I have,' I replied. 'Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever good-bye?'.   'I am old, and she lives so far away. I have challenges ahead and the reality is - the next trip back will be for my funeral,' he said.   'When you were saying good-bye, I heard you say, 'I wish you enough.' May I ask what that means?'  He began to smile. 'That's a wish that has been handed down from other generations. My parents used to say it to everyone..' He paused a moment and looked up as if trying to remember it in detail, and he smiled even more. 'When we said, 'I wish you enough,' we were wanting the other person to have a life filled with just enough good things to sustain them.' Then turning toward me, he shared the following as if he were reciting it from memory.   I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright no matter how gray the day may appear.  I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun even more.   I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive and everlasting.   I wish you enough pain so that even the smallest of joys in life may appear bigger.   I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting.  I wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you possess.   I wish you enough hellos to get you through the final good- bye.   He then began to cry and walked away.   They say it takes a minute to find a special person, an hour to appreciate them, a day to love them ; but then an entire life to forget them. | | | | |