

## Now That's Serendipity

*by Dennis Payton Knight*

I left the parka on the hook and donned a light jacket to venture out this morning. Even that was overdoing it when I was met at the door by warm sunshine. That's Serendipity.

I opened the dryer and retrieved the load, freshly laundered and tossed wrinkle free, and found, tumbled from my trousers, a jackpot of seventeen freshly laundered dollars, greener than ever. Serendipity.

The English teacher I dreaded released me without any particular expectations into to the world. Later, much later, I discovered I was a writer and I thought of her. Serendipity.

I should have expected nothing from the very, very used Plymouth Horizon but it got me and my boys where we needed to go for a few years in tougher times. That's serendipity.

I expected nothing more than an opportunity to do my part as a parent of a kindergartner when I attended my first PTA meeting. It led to a long-term leadership role in school improvement at the local and district levels that was good not only for my own, but for many other kids and their teachers, too. That's the best kind of serendipity.

I expected only to be useful at my workplace when I decided to figure out, and then put to work, a primitive desktop computer sitting unused at my workplace. It operated with only two floppy disks, not even a hard drive, but mastering it led me to an unexpected career as a technology innovator in the legal profession. That's serendipity.

I retired a couple of years ago with no expectations beyond engaging more in my community. I am this month finishing my first year on the Board Directors of my 3,500 member HOA and have made it all the way through without getting impeached or excommunicated. Serendipity.

And, for a Christmas surprise, the ubiquitous fruitcake I thought to be most useful as a doorstop turned out to be 90 proof. Now that's serendipity.