

How'd I Get to Be So Lucky?

By Marilyn Reeves

The other day I was visiting a friend and couldn't help but feel a bit envious at the perfect beauty of her condo, wishing I had the extra money to fix up my own place as nice as it was when I first moved in 13 years ago.

But later I got to thinking how privileged I am to have what I have. There are people living on the streets, sleeping in doorways, who would give anything to have a warm place in which to live – never mind perfection. My furniture may be a bit worn, but I am lucky to have furniture. And running water – cool, clear Colorado water that's safe to drink and hot water to bathe in. Not only that, I have a refrigerator! Up until the 20th century, all the kings whoever lived never enjoyed that luxury. And spices in my cabinet? They used to go to war over spices! For just a few dollars spent at the supermarket, I can purchase all the spices I will ever need.

Speaking of the supermarket, I've read that people from third-world countries visiting an American supermarket are simply overwhelmed by the abundance. Care for an apple? Not just some poor, half rotten thing that may have been carelessly dropped along a dusty roadside, but dozens and dozens of bright, shiny, *perfect* apples in a wide variety to choose from. How'd I get to be so lucky as to be born in America?

I hear about people who live in dangerous, crime-ridden neighborhoods, to whom theft and drug abuse and brutality seem to be the natural way of life. How'd I get to be so lucky as to have been born into a family that loved me, and to have always lived in safe neighborhoods with upstanding, friendly people around me?

There are people in many parts of the world to whom war and famine and misery have been their lot in life since the day they were born. How'd I get to be so lucky as to have always enjoyed a life of peace and abundance ... even having been allowed to go to school?

At this moment there are people in Texas and Florida and the Caribbean trying to clean up the devastation left behind by hurricanes and massive flooding. Puerto Rico has been wiped out. They're still pulling bodies from the rubble in Mexico, and folks in California have lost their homes to raging fires. How'd I get to be so lucky as to live in Denver, where the weather is mild the majority of the time and the sky is blue up to 300 days a year? Not to mention the mountains – oh, how lucky I am to have the beautiful Rocky Mountains rising up from the plains within view of my front window!

I have been so blessed in every aspect of my life throughout my entire life. How'd I get to be so lucky?