

# Wisdom for a Happy Soul

*From silly devotions and sour-faced saints, deliver us Lord!*  
– St. Theresa of Avila

## Haven't you noticed?

A lot of people who're supposed to be close to God are miserable.

I don't get that. I simply can't.

Because, in my book, God is a happy God.

In fact, I believe He's the happiest Being in this whole swirling universe. I also figure He does a lot of things we'd be totally shocked if we saw Him in action. Like I know He laughs a lot. He sings. He jumps up and down. He weeps for joy. I bet He even dances—what style, I haven't the foggiest idea.

Because I know God invented laughter and song and dance.

Here's my question: If some religious guy is supposed to be close to Him, wouldn't you expect that even a teensy bit of the Almighty's joy gets rubbed off on him?

*You Can Make Your Life Beautiful* will show you the simple path to happiness. Open this book and open your heart, and let your soul be drawn closer to the happy God.

– *Bo Sanchez*

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*You Can Make Your Life Beautiful* is another special collection of Bo Sanchez's articles first published in *The BOss* in *KERYGMA* magazine. They were edited for the purpose of this book.



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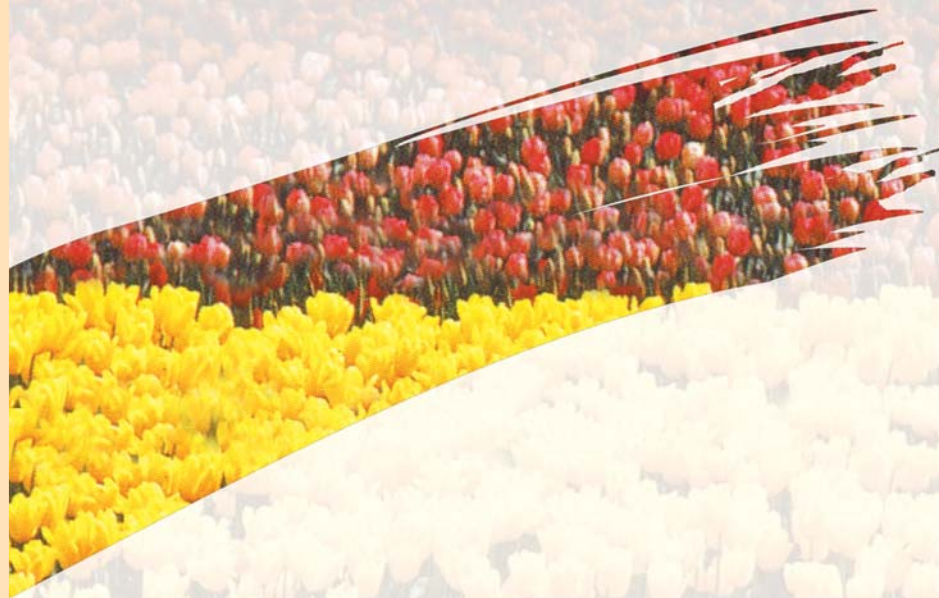
You Can make Your Life Beautiful

BO SANCHEZ



# YOU CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE BEAUTIFUL

Discover a Simple Path to Happiness



# BO SANCHEZ

The BOss, Second Collection

# YOU CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE BEAUTIFUL

Discover a Simple Path to Happiness

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YOUR LIFE  
**BEAUTIFUL**

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**BO SANCHEZ**

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The stories in this book first appeared in *KERYGMA* magazine  
under the column, *The BOss* by Bo Sanchez.

Dearest Marowe,  
every time I watch you smile,  
I'm reminded of two things:  
that God plays favorites,  
and I am one of them.

Thank you for making my life beautiful.



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# Preface

The title of this book is my dream for you.

*You can make your life beautiful.*

Because deep down, beneath the mess of your problems, it already is beautiful.

Because all the happiness that you need for your soul is found within you.

Take my hand now.

Walk with me and join me in my sometimes funny, sometimes crazy journeys.

If in one story, you discover a spiritual truth that will raise the quality of your life, or give you deeper joy, or change the direction of your path—then hold on to that truth. Stop reading and loiter for a while until you've embraced that gem of wisdom. Make it your own. Baptize it with your name. If you do this, you will find that truth leading you to create wonderful things, pointing to areas of your soul that need repair and realignment.

And when you feel that you're ready, walk with me on to the next story.

Be as beautiful as God wants you to be.



## KEEP THE NUMBER OF YOUR HEART SECRET

Can you believe this?

At a time when *Kerygma*<sup>1</sup> had about 250,000 readers all over the country (there's more today)—plus a few more thousands around the world, we only had two phone lines in our office.

You read that right: Two.

That was like putting the entire Pacific Ocean through a small two-inch pipe.

And rusty ones, too. Because our phones had the audacity to break down on us. During that memorable era of our history, if you called us up—and heard a ring—you didn't shout yabadabadoo just yet. Some actually danced the boogie and bought some ice cream at that point, but we advised not to do them yet.

Because the phone could have been busted, and all you'd have heard was the ringing. And the ringing. And the ringing. And nothing else, except your own scream: "*Aaaarrrrrgggggh!*" Imagine how our callers felt. Some suffered a neurotic episode right there.

And if you heard a ring when you called us up, we asked people to check what time it was: It may have been two in the morning.

But here was the real miracle. If you finally heard our receptionist pick up the receiver and say, "This is Kerygma office, may I help you?" we gave you the go

ahead signal to break down into joyful weeping and dance not only the boogie, but the cha-cha and tango at the same time. Buy the ice cream we told you, and fly off to Boracay.

Because you beat the odds.

You won.

You out-dialed thousands of callers.

Believe me, probability-wise, you had more chances of being killed by a terrorist than reaching us by phone.

Guess what.

Nowadays, I feel that God doesn't eat ice cream as often as He wants to.

Because every time He calls us, all He gets is the busy signal.

Our hearts receive thousands of calls from our different affections and attachments and ambitions.

This is my suggestion. (it's really quite simple): *Keep the number of your heart secret.* Between you and God. Please don't share it to the whole world. ***Let your deepest, most powerful affections be for Him alone.***

And then no one else will clog your line.

Not your dreams.

Or your idols.

Or your other loves.

God isn't on a diet.

Let Him enjoy all the ice cream in the world.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kerygma* is one of the most widely read Catholic inspirational magazines in the Philippines.

## YOU CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE BEAUTIFUL

*I* hold her hand.

And stroke her hair gently.

And getting enough courage, I steal a kiss from  
her cheek.

And when she finally smiles at me, I think I am  
one incredibly lucky guy.

Tracy is already a young woman.

But her head is bent downward, drool flows  
through one side of her mouth, and her face is bereft  
of any expression. She can't speak. Or move by  
herself. Every once in a while, someone has to shift the  
position of her head, her arms, her legs—or else they  
become painfully sore. (Doctors regularly give her  
painkillers.)

And the hand I hold is small for her age and  
contorted. Her limbs are terribly thin, twisted  
abnormally short, and have to be strapped in a special  
wheelchair.

She doesn't eat the way you and I do. She's fed  
through a tube attached straight through her  
abdomen.

Some would call her a vegetable.

I wouldn't. Because her name is Tracy.<sup>1</sup>

And there's one thing she does well, despite all these.

Tracy smiles.

And her smile takes your breath away.  
You see, she is able to smile when she likes something.

It's the only way she communicates.  
So I playfully rub the back of her neck and whisper to her ear, "Tracy, do you like this? Smile if you do..."

She does and it's so sweet, you'd fall in love with her right there. I wipe her saliva with her bib, which is now soaking wet, and continue to hold her hand for the rest of the day.

I go home with tears in my eyes.  
The next morning, I visit her again.

I can't get away.  
Yes, I know the past days were the most unproductive days of my life: no articles written, no preaching made, no songs composed, no meetings held, no books read, no plans designed.

All I did was hold her hand.  
And allowed myself to be loved by a smile.  
But the peace I felt!

And I realize why: I was being deeply transformed by the power of this girl—the one who couldn't even move a finger.

Tracy was training my soul to love well. She was training me to love one person, one face, one heart at a time. And she was training me to find love in the most unexpected places.

Even her memory speaks to me, asking me to slow

down if I want to really love.

I picture her in my mind and she smiles.

She tells me that I always have a choice.

I can make life beautiful.

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<sup>1</sup> Tracy lives in *Daybreak, L'arche* community in Canada, a special home for the mentally handicapped.



