

For David III

Our six-year-old son, David, felt mighty big when he was graduated from kindergarten. I asked him what he plans to be when he finishes growing up. Davey looked at me intently for a moment and then answered, "Dad, I want to be a professor."

"A professor? A professor of what?" I asked.

"Well, Dad," he replied, "I think I want to be a professor of happiness."

"A professor of happiness! That's a pretty wonderful ambition, don't you think?"

To David, then, a fine boy with a grand goal, and to his mother, this book is dedicated.