**Short story - How to Stay Happy**

A famous writer was in his study room. He picked up his pen and started writing:   
  
Last year, I had a surgery and my gall bladder was removed. I had to stay stuck to the bed due to this surgery for a long time.   
  
The same year I reached the age of 60 years and had to give up my favorite job. I had spent 30 years of my life in this publishing company.   
  
The same year I experienced the sorrow of the death of my father.  
  
And in the same year my son failed in his medical exam because he had a car accident. He had to stay in bed at hospital with the cast on for several days. The destruction of car was another loss.   
  
At the end he wrote: Alas! It was such bad year!!   
  
When the writer's wife entered the room, she found her husband looking sad & lost in his thoughts. From behind his back she read what was written on the paper. She left the room silently and came back with another paper and placed it on side of her husband's writing.  
  
When the writer saw this paper, he found his name written on it with following lines:   
  
Last year I finally got rid of my gall bladder due to which I had spent years in pain....  
  
I turned 60 with sound health and got retired from my job. Now I can utilize my time to write something better with more focus and peace.....  
  
The same year my father, at the age of 95, without depending on anyone or without any critical condition met his Creator.....  
  
 The same year, God blessed my son with a new life. My car was destroyed but my son stayed alive without getting any disability......  
  
At the end she wrote:   
  
This year was an immense blessing of God and it passed well!!!  
  
The writer was indeed happy and amazed at such beautiful and encouraging interpretation of the happenings in his life in that year.

Here, the situations were same, what changed is the way of looking at those situations. In daily lives we must see that it’s not happiness that makes us grateful but grate-fullness that makes us happy.

Everything happens for a good purpose; it’s just the matter of time and our point of view.