



Joseph was an extraordinary ordinary Joe.

I've been thinking about him a lot the past couple weeks and I have drifted into new stages in life. **Like Joseph, I'm a husband and father, although serving a comparatively minor role in the story of the human race.**

Of course, the Joseph I've been thinking about is the husband of Mary, Mother of God. Joseph doesn't get many lines in the Bible, although he played a pivotal role in protect Mary and Jesus and forming the human part of Christ. He accepted an expectant virgin as his wife and fled with her to a distant land when warned by an angel in a dream.

Pretty big stuff for a small-town carpenter, just an ordinary Joe. But a saint.

And that's why I've been thinking about him as I face the many challenges in my life: wife and kids, aging parent, job, house with deferred maintenance, car need repairs and the acceptance that in my seventh decade the knees are a little weaker, the back a little sorer and I'll finally have to let go of my dreams of playing in the NBA or fronting for a rock band.

Joseph reminds me what is important. He never did anything notable by the standards of the world. He just cared for his family and lived a hard-working life. And 2,000 years later he is an inspiration to men around the world.

Maybe if I keep focused on the really important things in life I'll be able to walk in his shadow.