

Kelly Credo Statement

I used to think there was some “calling”, some greater life purpose I was waiting for to magically reveal itself to me. That one morning I would wake up, step out the door and woosh! there it would be. The Burning Bush, leaves aflame, twigs crackling, the voice of “God” reading from the instruction manual of my life (preferably with a James Earl Jones voice) “Kelly Visconti this is what you are supposed to do with your life” and away I would go living the life I was supposed to be living.

Well, with that kind of expectation, in some way, everyday, was a bit of a disappointment. And the fact I was not on some blazing trail to a perceived more meaningful life, a bit frustrating.

I know logically that most people don’t have flaming, talking foliage give them the answers to the big questions. So where does the answer, where does this meaning of life come from? What's the purpose of it all?

At some point in the last few years I began to realize that with all of this anticipation of the “big thing”, I’ve been creating a lot of inner agitation. A lot of “noise” and missing the voice that is and has always been there speaking to me. The “voice” I am waiting for is actually not a voice at all but a feeling. It is not something that I can think of or will to happen. I actually can hear my life's purpose in the moments of my life where my brain is silent and I am not thinking. These times come so naturally I don't

even notice them. I am required to, as Vanessa likes to say, “hold them up” to myself after they have occurred to see the experiences for what they truly are – the message I've been waiting for all along. If I pay close attention to when I am happy, when I feel most alive, most connected, the meaning of my life is right there in front of me.

I believe I am here to serve others.

For me, this belief can be easily lost in my current day to day work, where serving others can seem like the last thing I do. I work in a world of machines, valves and pumps, steel and copper, the connection to people several steps away. However, when I look at my life in its entirety and back away from the lens of my “career” I see these moments of service everywhere. Helping my sister manage her money more wisely. Making a birthday card for the woman I love most in this world. Planning a surprise party for my parents’ anniversary. Learning what hospitality means in a hospital room. Navigating the “T” in Boston with 15 teenagers and wheeled suitcases.

I believe this is true for all of us. That each of us must claim our own purpose in life. It does not come from some external source. That if we each pay attention to what it is that lights us up, to recognize where and when we are engaged in activities and behaviors that come easily, though they might not be easy, we are actually heeding the call of that inner voice,

life force, flow, the universe, spark of God - whatever it is you might call it.

For me the challenge is to find ways to encourage these moments, to make choices that allow for these experiences to come more frequently. To the best of my knowledge I am only going to get one chance in this incarnation of molecules called Kelly. I have been blessed with many gifts and I live a charmed life. To ignore, to deny what is the life purpose I have claimed for myself is a waste.

I believe that when I am living in connection to my life's purpose I am plugged into the bigger picture and it feels good, I want more of it. Given my engineering background I call this bigger entity Energy, though the more I examine it, I find it is incredibly close to what I think others call God. And when I die I will simply become a part of this energy again.

The action and activity that goes on in these moments can distract me from what they really are. Taking the time to recall them, to hear the message they bring, I hear the small still voice inside me speaking as loudly as it can. Here is my life's purpose, this is what I was born to do. Be myself. Care for others. Rinse, lather, repeat.