Why Are Some People Lucky, and Others Not?

Growing up, my mom and I had a running joke about four-leaf clovers: I always found them, and she never did. She called me "the lucky one."

I'd find clovers on sidewalks, hiking trails, and even in fields of weeds. She'd look repeatedly but never spot one. As I grew older, this seemed to symbolize something deeper. My whole life was lucky; I was cared for, built a successful business, and even scored a deal on the first-ever episode of *Shark Tank*. My mom's life was unlucky: She was one of 10 siblings, most of whom were put up for adoption. She was diagnosed with a life-threatening autoimmune disease, placed on the organ transplant list, and a donor match did not come fast enough to save her life.

Just days before we lost her, I found another four-leaf clover. I handed it to her in the hospital, and she looked at me with a soft smile and said, almost in a whisper, "But of course." We were hoping, just this once, she could borrow a little of my luck.

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The experience left me with a nagging question: *Why are some people lucky and some not?* I wish I knew. But as I'm now building my second business and challenging myself in new ways, I'm starting to think about luck differently.

Here's why. My mom came from nothing, yet she built a beautiful home and life. She supported our family and became a nurse to help others too. She worked harder than anyone I

knew. In fact, even while hospitalized and waiting for the transplant, she was studying for her fourth college degree. She was convinced she'd pull through, recover, and return to serving others. Her hope was unshakable.

None of this was about luck. It was about purpose and perseverance. And it made me realize: Luck could cut the other way too. A person could grow up "lucky," with so much given to them, and never learn to work for or accomplish anything. Success is not really about luck. It's about showing up.

On hard days in my business, this is now what I think about. And I look at that four-leaf clover — the one I handed my mom in the hospital, which I'll keep for the rest of my life. Because although my mom never found a four-leaf clover, she had always been mine. But luck was never what really mattered.

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