

Always Hope

I don't know if we've had just our share of hard knocks as a family, or more, or less. We've had a few. Some of them are the lingering kind, as in years. I won't bore you with details. Some of you know some of them anyway. Everybody has their portion of trouble.

As the new year emerges, and we all face what's dangling from last year, not knowing what's in store for us in the next, I try and find a way to prove to myself, and to anyone, that there is always hope. Hope that things won't be as bad, that they will be better. Hope that the world will somehow right itself, at least a little, perhaps even somehow miraculously pulling back from all the war.

I see hope in so many things. A light snow fall, the first in two weeks or more, just enough to cover the ground, somehow lifted my spirits, the forces of God softening the harsh grays and browns of winter with a white coverlet of lace. And it was just enough to make things pretty, and not create a lot of hassle. In one of my late night wanderings, I happened to gaze out a window, and caught my breath. The brightest star centered itself in the window, and it was surrounded by thousands of its heavenly brothers and sisters. Many gray days and nights deep black with heavy cloud cover gave way for a moment or two and the glory of heaven shown forth in star wonder brilliance. It was a miraculous light in a dark night. Today, coming back from an errand I passed by the great sea. The sun was out, a rarity here in the winter. It was just above setting, and the wind was very strong from the south, sent by the Queen of the South perhaps. The waves whipped and tipped and surged, white crests everywhere, lit by the low angle of the old Sol with a sort of electrical sun blood. They looked like millions of some faerie army of water creatures marched north with the wind on the surface in a chaotic madness, yet with some sort of order best described as supernatural. I watched in awe.

Three little examples of what God presented in nature in the last three days of things that come maybe only once, and then never again in quite the same way, moments of His special effects, and I'm sure I missed many many more.

How many examples does God fling our way every day? How many of them are in each and every one of us? How many do we see in each other? How many do we miss?

In this great dance where we all have parts, intertwined with everything He created, there is much much hope. You may not feel that way, with what you see in the news, on the television or in the paper. Health or financial problems may have you distracted. Perhaps the way you've been treated by others makes it often look bleak. But there is above and beyond everything, God. And while He has His hands full, working with all our mistakes, His hands can handle anything, and everything.

This is what I hang my hat on. I am lucky I can see His touches in many things. Such simple stuff reassures me. I wish with all my heart that everyone know His omnipotence, His touch in every single thing and every single person. If everyone knew He was there, all the time, in everything, believed this reality for what it is – an absolute, then even in the darkest moments of their lives they would see light, and know peace, and realize that things will always get better.

I for one will always hope, and with that hope pray for others, as we are asked to pray. I have faith, thank God, and with that faith I hope, and with the love He gave so completely I pray. Please God, keep showing Your signs of hope in the world around us and in each and every one of us.

Clement