

Hopeless Hopeful

There are times when it seems like the boat of life is so full you are bailing water, then another wave comes; other times the plate does not have room for one more cookie, yet we get one anyway.

This is what life felt like as I sat alone at the kitchen table, gazing through the picture window at the predawn darkness. Alone, yet not alone. And then these words began to trickle into my heart, as the tears ran down my face, and my heart turned to God for his comfort.

Sometimes it's not the mountain, but the pebble in your shoe that makes you cry.

It's the rocks on the path, not the hill that makes you tired and sore.

It's not the hills and valleys, but the weariness of the road, the lack of sunshine and color, that steal the happiness from life.

It's not the occasional hills, but the length of the journey which diminishes hope.

It's not the obstacles, but the constant weight of broken dreams and shattered hopes, that stoop the shoulders and snuff out the light.

It is not knowing.

We try, we hope, we plan, but things don't turn out right.

We try to rally hope by reminding ourselves that it is only the clouds blocking the sunshine, and sometimes it works for a bit.

Like a prisoner locked away and forgotten, so is a person without hope.

Hope is the sun shining through the cracks in the prisoner's cell door.

It is the part in the clouds that lets a bit of sunlight slip through.

It is the beacon on the shore, for a sailor lost at sea.

It is the last faint rumble of thunder as the storm recedes in the distance.

It is the sound of laughter after sorrow and tears.

It is the peace that comes when faith takes hold and our prayers reach through.

It is the whisper that we can try again tomorrow, at the end of a difficult day.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; And patience, experience; and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

(Romans 5:1-5)

The Unlikely Writer - HG

12/2/2024.