



Hope
will
never
be
silent.

We sometimes believe all there is to be said on a subject has been said. We finish our thought, conclude our speech, put a period at the end of our sentence. We are confident our descriptions have been complete and comprehensive – the icing is on the cake and the last bit of wet sand has been dripped on the sandcastle. We're sure we're finished.

There is never a last word on hope.

Hope is one of those things that is, at the same time, universal and individual. The capacity to imagine a future story is a common human yearning; the details of that tomorrow are specific to each of us. Our hope follows our personal vision; it is both undermined and undergirded by our unique history. Hope is strengthened by humanity's story – by the faith of our forebearers and the experiences of our collective past.

Hope can be eroded slowly or devastated swiftly. We can lose hope piece by piece when we ignore signs that changing circumstances need our attention. We can lose hope suddenly when grief shatters our every dream. To re-build, we can add to the remnant foundations of our lost hope and fortify them with new knowledge, new dreams, and renewed trust. Or, we can decide on a more transformative shift – radically altering where we place our confidence and what we choose to believe. We can start hope again from scratch.

Hope is built one piece at a time. Constructed alone, or in partnership with those who love us, hope is fashioned and formed every time we commit to flourishing in the midst of whatever lies ahead. With one foot in reality and the other in mystery, we grow confident in our ability to walk our path.

Hope then – ever changing – abides.

How firm is the foundation of my hope? How can I expand my trust?

Harvey Milk
(1930-1978)
Politician