

Creating Hope Together: Peggy Kieschnick

Thoughts on Hope

Like many of us, I have been thinking this summer about the question of hope. What does it mean to hope when you feel small and powerless and cannot see a path forward? What does it mean to hope when hope is as ephemeral as Emily Dickinson's "thing with feathers"—present, but almost out of reach? CCD is a place where it is safe to ask these questions. I have no magic answers for myself or for you. But for the moment, here are some of the thoughts percolating for me as I contemplate the meaning of hope—for my family, for my friends and for my country.

Hope is a Discipline

Hope is a choice we make each day—the choice to live in hope.

Hope is hard work. When you wake to the latest news and feel the undertow of your tired soul, you have a choice to succumb to the seductive pull of despair, or to choose to hope that light is still on the way. It is trusting that even when we cannot see the path, the path is still there. Hope is a discipline.

Hope is a Vision

Hope is remembering the dream. It is embracing joy right here, right now. It is seeking out the flowering weed that grows in the cracks of broken concrete. It is daring to be tender. It is showing and receiving kindness. It is living in the way we dream all will one day be able to live.

Hope is a Community

Hope is knowing you are not alone. It is seeing the vision you dream in the loving, courageous, joyful faces of those around you. It is being challenged and inspired by our good friend who despite everything, and with eyes wide open, still dares to hope. Surely if he can hope, I can too.

Peggy Kieschnick

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