



## 4/21/24 Sunday Reading

### An excerpt of a poem from John Roedel on Hope

I have been carrying hope in my pocket like it was a polished gemstone for years  
whenever trouble came I'd squeeze hope tightly in my shaking hand  
and I could feel it bump against my palm like a newborn heartbeat  
that's how I knew that  
I was safe

Recently though, I somehow lost my hope  
I have no idea if I put it down somewhere or if it slipped out while I was fumbling for my  
keys  
without being able to hold onto hope

I soon became lost  
after a while of wandering in the wild on my own  
I bumped into hope ~ who looked so different  
Hope was no longer a little gemstone that could  
Fit in my pants pocket  
hope was a now a wide stream cutting through the woods

"I thought I lost you!" I admonished  
The river grabbed a couple of rainbow trout and used them to smile at me

"Lost me?" The water babbled. "That's impossible!"  
"Well, one minute I was holding onto you and the next you were gone."

"I needed to change forms," Hope replied.  
"Why?" I asked.  
"Because you've been carrying me for so long that I decided we should try something  
different."

"What's that?"  
"I thought I would take a turn to carry you for a bit."

The river rose  
Up around me and pulled me gently onto my back

I was floating  
I didn't realize how exhausted I was until the river held me

And Hope carried me  
And Hope carried me  
And Hope carried me

and now whenever trouble comes  
I just spread my arms open and let hope wrap me up in her slow water



[newthoughtcsl.org](http://newthoughtcsl.org)

**Inclusive. Progressive. Compassionate.**

