

August 2, 2017

Hello from Sixth Street. On Sunday, my husband (and minister in his own right) preached the message. Given the feedback he received, I'd say it was a message we all needed to hear. Hope, when we have it, reminds us why we do what we do as people of faith. It is the voice calling us to reach for something far greater than ourselves. It reminds us that in the end all will be well, everyone will be blessed, each person will be healed and made whole. Surprisingly, hope is one of the first things to be laid aside when things don't go according to plan. When the new roof leaks, or the potato salad spoils, or the carpet is stained, or people don't agree, we tend to tumble off the path of what truly matters and we leave hope behind. Rather than focusing on whether our plan succeeds or not, we should keep this fact firmly in our minds: God's "plan" has *already* succeeded in us and will ultimately come to be through us. Let us not waste time being discouraged or pointing fingers of blame. Let us instead join our hands and rise in the hope of God.