## Yesterday

## or The Greatest Day of My Life

Every day to a spirit man is and must be the greatest day of his life. To fail here — to fail to recognize and then to acknowledge this is the real tragedy in a day and a world of tragedy. Sometimes this greatness of the Day is obvious. It rises up to strike you. Other times it is deeply concealed and seems violently committed to un-disclosing itself. Only after the fact, only on the other side of "soul searching," deep reflection, and intense pain does it release its wondrous meaning — fearful and fascinating. On these occasions (and perhaps always) it requires overt and serious and cruciform repentance. Yesterday was such a day. It seems that such apparently dark and arid and hellish days follow moments of verdure, light and joy. It's as if an intentional testing, trial is administered by life to teach one that only hope in God or God's hope is really, truly hope. It is the faith where there is no faith; the love where there is no love; the hope when there is no hope. This is the hope against hope. The transparent hope. It is the divine hope. The hope in the other world. The hope of God.

Joseph W. Mathews

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