

## HOPE AGAINST HOPE

To say I have misgivings about talking to you about Hope against Hope is a bit of an understatement. Many of us are having a difficult time this summer, and that is not meant to be a negative statement. We are in the midst of a shift, sometimes symbolised unhelpfully by religious and secular language. We are both very sure where we are going, and not at all sure. It is that kind of constant tension. I suspect if you are like I am, those two are happening almost every minute. Therefore, you know that to have to begin the task of a spirit lecture has intensified that kind of insecurity about who I am, and who we are, and what we are about in history. My first response to Faith, Hope and Love was "So, what's new?" And I thought it was another cute attempt to provide us with spirit life for the summer, rather than something which bubbled through out of the way life is. But, boy, in the midst of work on this lecture, that has really "flipped" for me, because I have had to start looking around to see what has been going on. The key, for me was the other night during the lecture on Faith, when as an afterthought she said, "Did you know that Ann Landers' marriage is over, after thirty-six years?" Though it was like an afterthought, for some of us that entered our being.

Now, I have also been troubled in the spirit life with these things we call unstructured conversations, or the non-conversation conversation. I do relatively well when I am given a sheet of paper that has the context, the six questions, the conclusion, and getting off stage with one good example. But, I have not been able to "pull these off". There was nothing happening. But I thought I would try it again; so I walked into the group the next morning and said, "You know, Ann Landers. . .". I got about half the sentence out and for the next hour we talked about family, we talked about vocation, we talked about the ten suggested things in the spirit guide of the summer. We covered them all in that hour; and I could add about six or seven more.

I do not know exactly what one says when he becomes a believer, but I was a believer. I was not a believer in that conversation. I was not a believer in anything; it was that life had made me a believer. It was the bubbling of the life that was just there; and I was self-conscious about it in such a way that I "just believed".

What is the reality of life these categories of Faith, Hope, and Love are pointing to? What is it they illumine about our spirit journey, not just ours this week or this month or a year ago or something, but for all time, past and future. What is illuminated about life, profound life, in these lectures? Probably most of us came to this summer program ready to do a job--5000, or 10,000, or 100,000 Town Meetings. (I do not know what it is now. It is rather like McDonald's Hamburgers--every time you go back there are more of them up on the sign.) But you know we have come to do a job, to get a task done in history. And it strikes you as discontinuity to talk about Faith, Hope, and Love. Yet, you and I know, as we look across the face of the globe, that without a new mythology about what it means to be a human being, there is no power, there is no such thing as a Town Meeting. There is a spirit happening that goes on when people gather and deal seriously with their lives.

We know that what is happening is the creation of a new mythology about what it means to be a human being in our time, because every story we have ever had is inadequate to freight humanness the next several centuries. And so the kind of questions which get raised by Faith, Hope and Love are a new level of the struggle. This is manifested for me in such questions as "What is it that I should give my passion to these days?" "What is it that I care for that's worth caring for with the one life I have?" "What should I be loyal to?" "Where is it I should show up being loyal or believing?" "What kind of presence is my life?" When I show up in front of a group like this, I am out in the open where you can see my knees rattling together. What kind of presence is one who stands before you with his knees rattling together? What is the presence that, in fact, injects life-blood into history?

Those are the kinds of questions that, at least for me, make sense in the context of our dealing with people around the world who are experiencing exactly the same thing as those people up there in my group with the "Ann Landers" conversation. They are just exploding with lucidity about that the only way to live life is to live life. They are just exploding with care. We have to come to terms with every dimension of life. That is what is popping up all over the world-- that kind of belief and that kind of care. When those come together, "Hope appeareth", in the midst of radical care and radical faith.

So one cannot really talk about Hope except as it is grounded in Faith and Love. Let us talk a little first about what I should be loyal to in my life. Where should I place my allegiance? First of all, you will remember we talked about how every man has a journey of temporal faith. I only want to touch on this because you know what we are pointing to there. You and I, throughout our lives, have placed our assurance and our trust in many many things--just one thing after another thing. I remember the years I have depended on my personality. If you could see the collapse, that is not the meaning of my life, not to mention sports, my wife and on and on. What is going on there is that you and I seek the certainty that will not fail us. We seek for that dimension of life which will not fail us, to which we can give our promise. What you and I end up doing with our personality, with our sports, with our wives, with the things we like to do, is wrap ourselves up in a straitjacket with promises which just cannot come true. That is, we get bound up with promises in such a way that we have no possibility, then, of grasping the Faith beyond Faith.

It is in the midst of that situation, then, that we experience the Dark Night of the Soul, or the Dark Night, or the Alien Image, which challenges all our dependent relationships. As soon as you say "the Dark Night" everybody wants to crawl under the table, and say, "Oh my God, here we go with another negative lecture". We have got to get ahold of the dynamic going on. Sure it is negative--because what it is doing is knocking the props out from under everything you ever depended upon in your life. And you receive that, in the first instance, as a "No!" Yet, it is that alien image, which challenges all the things I have bound myself up with, that gives me the possibility of breaking out with a new kind of relationship to all of life. And it is there that the wrestling match begins, with myself between myself and the alien image. We have talked about the first round of that as constant humiliation, the second round as deep weakness, the third round as resentment, and the fourth round (which is all of those) as suffering. When that happens to our lives, it is what one of our friends calls the "crisis of faith", the crisis of loyalty. Now again, that comes to us as a "no" in our lives. But what it does is

to allow us to stand where we are really standing in the midst of life--not in a place that is out to protect us from the way life really is.

That kind of breaking in on life of the alien image is the activity of the Mystery. I think of Patton's phrase: "God how I hate the 20th century!" He was relating to the fact that the alien image had broken in upon his life, and upon all our lives; and you know the offense there is when a new kind of stance is demanded out of that kind of happening. That is the only way the Mystery is forcing a "change-of-mind". It is pushing a change-of-mind about the way life is. You finally discover that you can trust in none of the things you have been dependent upon before; so a change is demanded. And all you are left with is the trust in whatever it means to trust in the nothingness of life, or to trust the Dark Night, or to trust that where life is found is in the midst of life--or, I believe.

When belief is pushed to the bottom, when everything is knocked out from under you, when you decide to live the relationship to the no-thingness of life, then it becomes profound belief, or perhaps trust. You just trust life. You think over the day when you did not trust life. Life was wrong, wasn't it? All this is out to say is that you trust life. The mystery in our lives should be there, exactly as it is. That, then, renders one's stance in life as a stance of certitude. There is nothing to be unsure of because you trust life. There is no context within which to raise the question of certitude--whether or not life should be the way it is. That is the faith statement that life is just exactly the way it should be.

Well, what goes on in the midst of that change of mind is that one has a new opportunity to convert the passion which has been directed toward one's self or directed towards one's dependent relationships, to thrusting it into the world. It is when one decides that the Dark Night was, is, and ever will be--that it will never go away, that it functions as a gift in one's life, that he is able to be one who believes life, trusts being itself, and walks in the certitude of being able to inject his unique, unrepeatable self into history.

Immature love is that limited love each of us has. Every human being operates out of reduced love. You can see immediately how that is related to where you decide your trust will be. If you decide your trust is that you can pull off a great family or that your trust is that you can pull off a great business or something, then your love will be limited in that kind of context. So what happens in the midst of deciding to live the Long March of Love, or to give your entire life to mankind, is that you just show up caring. That is what I was pointing to back with the "Ann Landers" illustration. All you have to do is catalyze any situation, and you see the incredible kind of care that pours out from human beings these days.

The wrestling match that goes on with the Long March of Care is a wrestling match with dislocation, a wrestling match with depletion, ineffectivity and unfulfillment. And what keeps coming into question is that you know you say you care; yet, the cry of innocent suffering keeps saying, "Do you really care? There are 3.5 billion of us out here; do you really care?" Then you go back and reexamine your care, and then you decide whether to thrust it into history again. What happens when one decides to live out of his dislocation, his ineffectivity, and so forth, is that a strange kind of power is released in the midst of his life; it is not yours or my power, but it is the power of Being; it is the power of life itself. What happens to me in the midst of this kind of struggle is that I find myself saying, "Who really cares if big social demonstrations really happen? Who really cares if all these Town Meetings happen? So what?" Except that you then begin to witness that that kind of trust releases an incredible kind of power.

You all can give your own illustrations of that kind of love. The Sunday paper gave a quote attributed to Groucho Marx in which he said, "I never kissed an ugly woman". That's not bad! The kind of love of life--deciding to be the one that, when all love has died, when all love has been taken away, to just love. I never kissed an ugly woman. The power of Being.

There is a peace in the midst of the exercise of that kind of power we have talked about that is the Peace which you and I cannot understand; it is the Peace which enables you to stop your search for peace in life.

I want to read something to you to try and ground the kind of hope most of us live out in life. Some of you will recognize this:

"The widow Mrs. Howard T. Cassen came to the circus in her flimsy brown dress and her low shoes and went direct to the fortuneteller's tent. She paid her mite and sat down to hear of her future. Apollonius warned her she was going to be disappointed.

'Not if you tell me the truth,' said Mrs. Cassen. 'I particularly want to know how soon oil is going to be found on the twenty acres of mine in New Mexico.'

'Never,' said the seer.

'Well then, when shall I be married again?'

'Never', said the seer.

'Very well. What sort of man will next come into my life?'

'There will be no more men in your life,' said the seer.

'Well, what in the world is the use of my living then, if I'm not going to be rich, not going to be married again, not going to know any more men?'

'I don't know,' confessed the prophet. 'I only read fortunes. I don't evaluate them.'

'Well, I paid you. Read my fortune.'

'Tomorrow will be like today, and day after tomorrow will be like day before yesterday,' said Apollonius. 'I see your remaining days each as quiet, tedious collections of hours. You will not travel anywhere. You will think no new thoughts. You will experience no new passions. Older you will become but not wiser. Stiffer but not more dignified. Childless you are, and childless you shall remain. Of that suppleness you once commanded in your youth, of that strange simplicity which once attracted a few men to you, neither endures, nor shall you recapture any of them any more. People will talk to you and visit with you out of sentiment or pity, not because you have anything to offer them. Have you ever seen an old cornstalk turning brown, dying, but refusing to fall over, upon which stray birds alight now and then, hardly remarking what it is they perch on? That is you. I cannot fathom your place in life's economy. A living thing should either create or destroy according to its capacity and caprice but you, you do neither. You only live on dreaming of the nice things you would like to have happen to you but which never happen; and you wonder vaguely why the young lives about you which you occasionally chide for a fancied impropriety never listen to you and seem to flee at your approach. When you die

you will be buried and forgotten and that is all. The morticians will enclose you in a worm-proof casket, thus sealing even unto eternity the clay of your uselessness. And for all the good or evil, creation or destruction, that your living might have accomplished, you might just as well never have lived at all. I cannot see the purpose in such a life. I can see in it only vulgar, shocking waste.'

'I thought you said you didn't evaluate lives,' snapped Mrs. Cassen.

'I'm not evaluating; I'm only wondering. Now you dream of an oil well to be found on twenty acres of land you own in New Mexico. There is no oil there. You dream of some tall, dark, handsome man to come wooing you. There is no man coming; dark, tall, or otherwise. And yet you will dream on in spite of all I tell you; dream on through your little round of hours, sewing and rocking and gossiping and dreaming; and the world spins and spins and spins. Children are born, grow up, accomplish, sicken and die; you sit and rock and sew and gossip and live on. And you have a voice in the government, and enough people voting the same way you vote to change the face of the world. There is something terrible in that thought. But your individual opinion on any subject in the world is absolutely worthless. No, I cannot fathom the reason for your existence.'

'I didn't pay you to fathom me. Just tell me my future and let it go at that.'

'I have been telling you your future! Why don't you listen? Do you want to know how many more times you will eat lettuce or boiled eggs? Shall I enumerate the instances you will yell good-morning to your neighbor across the fence? Must I tell you how many more times you will buy stockings, attend church, go to moving picture **shows**? Shall I make a list showing how many more gallons of water in the future you will boil for tea, how many more combinations of cards will fall to you at auction bridge, how often the telephone will ring in your remaining years? Do you want to know how many more times you will scold the paper-carrier for not leaving your copy in the spot that irks you least? Must I tell you how many more times you will become annoyed at the weather because it rains or fails to rain according to your wishes? Shall I compute the pounds of pennies you will save shopping at bargain centers? Do you want to know all that? For that is your future, doing the same small futile things you have done for the last fifty-eight years. You face a repetition of your past, a recapitulation of the digits in the adding machine of your days. Save only one bright numeral, perhaps there was love of a sort in your past; there is none in your future.'

'Well, I must say, you are the strangest fortuneteller I ever visited.'

'It is my misfortune only to be able to tell the truth.'

'Were you ever in love?'

'Of course. But why do you ask?'

'There is a strange fascination about your brutal frankness. I could imagine a girl, or an experienced woman, rather, throwing herself at your feet.'

'There was a girl, but she never threw herself at my feet. I threw myself at hers.'

'What did she do?'

'She laughed.'

'Did she hurt you?'

'Yes. But nothing has hurt me very much since.'

'I knew it! I knew a man of your terrible intensesness had been hurt by some woman sometime. Women can do that to a man, can't they?'

'I suppose so.'

'You poor, poor man! You are not so very much older than I am, are you? I, too, have been hurt. Why couldn't we be friends, or more than friends, perhaps, and together patch up the torn heads of our lives? I think I could understand you and comfort you and care for you.'

'Madam, I am nearly two thousand years old, and all that time I have been a bachelor. It is too late to start over again.'

'Oh, you are being so delightfully foolish! I love whimsical talk! We would get on splendidly, you and I; I am sure of it!'

'I'm not. I told you there **were no more men in your life.** Don't try to make me eat my own words, please. The consultation is ended. Good afternoon.'

She started to say more, but there was no longer anyone to talk to. Apollonius had vanished with that suddenness commanded by only the most practiced magicians. Mrs. Cassen went outside into the blaze of sunshine. There she encountered Luther and Kate. It was then precisely ten minutes before Kate's petrification.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Cassen to Kate, 'That fortuneteller is the most magnetic man I ever met in my whole life. I am going to see him again this evening.'

'What did he say about the oil?' asked Luther.

'Oh, he was frightfully encouraging,' said Mrs. Cassen."

Let's talk about the Hope against Hope. In our grasp after Faith the temptation is to take a leap and go for personal security, or the temptation in Love is to look for an ever new situation instead of the gifts of the present situation. The temptation in Hope is utopian hope, or success, or being somebody in the midst of history. Sometime back I saw a Jules Pfeiffer cartoon. In the first panel there was a woman doing a little soliloquy. Her first speech was "Well, my children left but I was able to handle that." In the next frame she said, "Then my father died, but I was able to handle that." In the next panel she said, "Then my husband turned from me. But I was able to handle that. But the worst moment of my life is when I realized that this is my life." And she said, "I'm not sure I can handle that!" All of those things represent the utopian hope each of us ties up in

various kinds of things. The mundane hope that when you get back your wife is going to be different, or at least you will be able to handle her better; or that your kids will be different, or that your job will be different, or the nation. Just mundane kind of hopes are the utopian hopes of every man. Or the personal hopes: every human being wants to be happy; every human being wants his life to be significant; every human being wants to live forever; every human being has hopes which are grasped as his life.

In the movie "Requiem For a Heavyweight", where Maish and Miss Miller are on the steps, he talks about the ghosts which Mountain is chasing: championship belts, pretty girls, 24 hours without pain. But he calls them ghosts. You and I have the kind of ghosts Mountain chases--the "if only" ghosts. This is the utopian hope. It is always talking about the future, and, therefore, never has any grasp of what the Hope beyond hope is talking about.

I have looked around at the incredible state of society. On the one hand you have got the kind of bubbling we talked about a few minutes ago with peoples' readiness to respond. But at the same time you have various escape mechanisms. Have you seen any of those quiz shows lately? There must be about a dozen of them. People on those things go wild, screaming and yelling and hollering. It's really a wild free-for-all. Somehow, you know there is the quest there for some kind of hope that will solidify their future. Yet, you can tell the deep despair that is there because you know that there is no hope in that kind of chase. Or you might look at the kind of movies being played now. Both Woman Under the Influence and The Passenger ended without any decisions having ever been made. You sat there for five or ten minutes after each of them and wondered what the conclusion was--and discovered that the conclusion is there is no conclusion. That was it. You and I have on our hands a decision to live beyond the hopes in which we wrap most of our lives.

To talk about the kind of nothingness one is wrestling with when he wrestles with the Hope beyond Hope is, first of all, to talk about the category of the kind of ghostly or strange relationships one has on the other side of every hope that you have ever hoped for having passed away. For me, it is something like experiencing the relationship to life that a 26-year old fellow in Missouri (or maybe it's Texas) did a few weeks ago. He had had amnesia after some kind of car accident or something, and all of a sudden he woke up one day--nine years had passed! You could talk about that as dislocation, but you could also talk about it as the kind of strange relationship one who is on another kind of journey than those around him had in relationship to those people. That is what you begin to experience as you begin to embody the Faith and the Love which is the Faith beyond **faith** and the Love beyond **love**. You begin to experience all your relationships as if they had not been on the same journey you have been on. It is like those weird kind of dreams in which you walk into a room and people squint at you and say "Don't I remember you from somewhere?" And they have got this vague kind of memory of you but they really don't remember you. And they say, "No, it couldn't be him because the way we remembered him was..." That is the way you begin to experience yourself as you get a hold of the kind of trust and power which flows from Faith and Love. You begin to experience your relationships as strange--your relationship with your wife, your children, your colleagues.

You begin to experience in the midst of that a kind of solitariness. I do not think it's by accident that we have begun to sense a new kind of solitary

dimension in our life as a Movement this year. It is a kind of abandoned loneliness which comes when there is nothing else around to hope for or to hope in except the Hope which is no hope.

And you experience that as a kind of ceaselessness. That is you build a fantastic battleplan for doing advocacy calling or something for Town Meeting and you pull it off with great style and then you step back and begin reflecting on it, and you see that not one of those starving people in India was helped by that! You look around and there is not one iota less suffering than before you shoved your fantastic battleplan into history. In one sense, you tell yourself that it's never going to be any different. But that is a ceaseless experience, an ongoing experience. No matter what fantastic work you do you just come off knowing and understanding that finally the Hope beyond hope is not talking about an external change. It is talking about an interior reality. It is talking about a relationship which one takes to his life. And so your temptation in the midst of that is just to say, "Why bother?" If nothing is really changed, "Why bother?"

The other day I heard a story about an ancient emperor who had imaged himself as a civilization builder. He wanted to take a look at the kind of work he had done. What the gods chose to show him was an anthill. As far as you looked in either direction, there were ants crawling along. He pointed down and said, "There you are. You are one of those ants. Those are the civilization builders who have come through history." You began to experience yourself as part of that ceaseless going-onness in life. You are just one more ant in the line-up of all those who have decided to thrust their care into history. That kind of ceaselessness just never goes away.

You begin to experience your non-existence--that you do not count, that the only thing which counts is the Hope beyond hope, is the mystery of life, or the glory which comes as people decide to suffer so other people do not have to suffer. You experience your own non-existence. I'm told a story of the famous man who was scheduled to give a lecture and was encountered in the bathroom by someone who had come to hear him. He was running around picking up the trash here and the toilet paper there after he had used the restroom, and it was a shock to this man's life to experience the fact that the guy he had come to hear lecture was doing this kind of task. When you decide that your life is the life of servanthood and the life of non-existence that has absolutely no importance whatsoever, then one begins to experience the power of Hope beyond hope.

That is when you begin to experience your life as saving presence. You experience that your presence itself heals. Now, nobody sees your presence; they just see the healing going on. A few weeks ago we did a Town Meeting in Seal Beach, California. The key person was a pastor in that community, and to the last minute he refused to do one of the roles; he just couldn't do it. By 8 o'clock in the morning we still did not have anybody to do the master-of-ceremonies job, so he just decided to get up there and do it. What people experienced when he decided to do that is deciding to deal with life the way it is and trust one's own care. They experienced a kind of power and a kind of presence that only one who had decided to be chosen by that situation could pull off.

That is one of the categories in the Hope beyond hope--the decision that you are chosen. It is not that you choose, in the first instance; it is like the situation chooses you, or innocent suffering chooses you, or a Town Meeting without

an MC chooses you. That is the category of chosenness in the Hope beyond hope. You see in being the chosen one that you are living on the edge of sanity and insanity. That is, it is always the razor's edge of life where your decisions look absolutely ridiculous. When Joe Pierce said in his lecture the other morning that we are going to have 35 million people through a Town Meeting I began to get "a sniff" of what happens when people decide to not be out after any kind of utopian hope. You look around and you see that kind of hope has been based not on hoping that something that we do will come off, but it is based on the simple catalyzing of that which is already going on in history. To be the chosen ones, or to be the decisional ones is to choose to catalyze that kind of situation.

We are talking here about trust in Being, and the power of Being, and about becoming the presence of Being. People no longer see you at all, they simply see the presence of Being itself. You just become part of the woodwork; you become a wallflower in the midst of every situation. You are there simply to catalyze that kind of situation. It is characterized by an invisible kind of passion that is present in the situation in which you decide to show up.

Hubert Humphrey is well regarded in Congress not so much because of his talents as a Senator (although they regard those highly), but because of the type of thing he does with freshmen Senators and people who are struggling. I read an account where he overheard one of the freshmen Senators complaining about the assignment he had been given. He had been assigned to some ridiculous task force, some ridiculous committee, in which there was no way you could figure why that had anything to do with the future. And Humphrey said, "Why young man, you have the greatest opportunity to be a sign to that committee"--and in about ten minutes he brainstormed about 100 possibilities of what he could do with his life through taking that committee seriously. For me it is that kind of invincible passion--that you decide your passion is iron in that situation, and somehow everything you touch comes off, even if you do it poorly. Because we were working on the International Training Institute in Los Angeles it took us awhile to get "on board" the Town Meeting. But finally, I got out there and started doing some contacting. I went to the Bicentennial committee of one city in California. I was doing a pretty good job of being secular and relating to the representative of the city council and the lawyers and all that kind of stuff, and we got to the end, and she said "I think we'd be interested in this sort of thing", and I said "Praise the Lord!" Just as soon as that slipped out of my mouth I thought, "Oh God, I better get out of here as quick as I can." She just said, "How old are you brother?" You can't go wrong. In terms of invincible presence you are just there--if you are there catalytically.

One colleague said he was worried that this lecture could be the biggest "pile" that has ever been dumped on anybody. That is all right as long as you embody the passion of Hope beyond hope; that is all that's necessary. To me what is important is that Hope beyond hope has nothing to do with content. Utopian hope has to do with content. It has to do with deciding and counting on the future being just as it was. Hope beyond hope has no such content on what has to happen. It simply is the passion to catalyze every situation.

I am not sure if this is right on target but in the ITI we had dormitory living arrangements. It was rather like a suite. There was a living room, four

other rooms as part of the suite. They were college dorms, intended to house only single men or women, but we decided to house married couples in some of them. But that meant there was only one central bathroom serving all four suites. So that meant we had to make some kind of decision given our Western moral values. I assigned the women to one and instructed the men that we were going to have to go to another suite where there were all men and use that bathroom. One day it was just necessary for me to risk using the women's bathroom. As soon as I got into the stall and closed the door somebody came in the other door. It was during a lecture and nobody was supposed to be there. They came in and I just stood there. I decided finally to just stand there and not make any noise. You have to realize how difficult that is. I looked down and saw a woman. In that period of time (it seemed like a half hour but it might have been a few minutes) I had the most incredible experience of my life. More creativity flowed out of me then than I had known for some time. I thought of just opening the door and saying, "Well, since we're studying the Ur images.,,It's kind of like being in Japan isn't it?" Then I thought about screaming and shouting and hitting the doors and trying to scare the hell out of her. Then I considered if I could slip by unnoticed, but that wouldn't work. I thought I'd be very cruel; I'd just announce "Here I am, in your bathroom!" That wouldn't work. I could have chosen claustrophobia, I guess, but for some reason, almost out of no choice, I decided to face the fact that there I was in a women's bathroom. There wasn't anything I could do. I just thoroughly enjoyed those fifteen minutes of my life. It would not have mattered if there had not been another minute in my life. To go out that way would have been glorious, to say the least. That is to say, in the midst of history dumping on us, you and I have no choice but to be the chosen one in that situation. To be the presence of being itself is overwhelming with the kind of life creativity and possibilities that are there. That is the life of joy.

That is a ridiculous, mundane, stupid illustration, but on the other hand, that is really the way I experience most of my life. I do not experience most of my life with big grandiose plans of saving the world, although those are important. I experience most of my life as a man, as a human being, who struggles with not giving his life over to some successful utopian hope rather than living in depth the Hope where there is no hope. That experience used to be talked about as angels flapping their wings, as bushes burning, as great kinds of visions. That kind of experience of life, however you talk about it, is that of trying to get ahold of what happens.

It is radical when one believes and that becomes profound trust in life itself; and when one cares and that becomes profound power, profound care. When profound trust and profound care get together that is what I am pointing to with Hope appeareth.

I just want to say that my life is not tragedy, my life is not sorrow; my life is my life and to talk about it any other way would be to lie about my life and any other relationship to it would be a lie. I would suggest to you that your life is not tragedy, no matter what task force you are assigned to; that your life is not sorrow, no matter how many things you could list, for those are simply manifestations of our anxieties about our success. And as long as one lives out of the Hope beyond hope there are no more anxieties. Hope beyond hope has put aside anxieties, for anxieties lead you and I to death. With Hope beyond hope there is life.

-----Rick Deines