

## What gives me hope...

Being in the presence of others gives me hope if there's any kind of a cordial human exchange—grocery-store clerk, neighbor, stranger on the street. The dose of hope goes up when such others are friends, family, or HSP people! I think we feed each other with the Holy Spirit!

Being in nature, especially near lakes, ocean, rivers, mountains, trees, flowers, animals, and seeing nature's beauty and permanence gives hope that all the evil of ruthless capitalism and the current national power holders will be outlived or transformed along with the poverty, violence, and despair they produce.

Being informed by the truth-telling of the beleaguered mainstream media gives me hope, for it has preserved the tradition of an objective public record that we can learn from and build on. “Any utterance of truth is from the Holy Spirit” (Thomas Aquinas). And that record is slowly prevailing against the pervasive lies of our president, his supporters, and right-wing news outlets.

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