Reflection for Monday,

January 2, 2023



*photograph by Adam Schallau*

Happy 2023!

To invite in the new year, I’m delighted to be able to share this poem

by Laurel Reader-Taatjes.

Hope In Winter’s Light   
  
Somewhere   
Snow is falling  
It drifts down in sheets of white  
That cling to tree branches   
And settle on the once green ground  
But we don’t see that   
  
Somewhere  
People are crying  
Tears of joy and tears of sorrow  
That stain the world  
With darkest grief in tears that never stop  
Someone is crying  
But we don’t see that   
  
Somewhere nearby  
A bird sings a song  
Maybe we hear it  
Maybe we don’t   
  
Somewhere nearby   
A faint light flickers  
Somewhere in coldness  
Somewhere in sun   
  
If we think of life  
As darkness and light   
Darkness is grief  
Light is our hope   
  
Somewhere  
Hope is a candle  
Burning hot and bright  
That hope is almost  
Tangible   
Like heat   
Against a wall of ice   
  
Somewhere  
Hope is a thread  
Shining with bioluminescence  
That hope is   
Barely there  
But there all the same   
Like light  
On the walls of a cave   
  
Hope is not always bright  
It’s not always   
A flame in the darkness  
A lantern guiding you on  
  
Sometimes hope is the moon  
Sometime hope can be seen  
As a winter sunbeam through clouds  
Sometimes hope is the sparkle in our eyes  
When we see someone we love  
Or light from a screen  
Reflecting silver off ornaments   
  
Hope isn’t always something radiant  
Something obvious  
The best type of hope  
Is the type that comes to you  
In the form you least expect it.