This Curious Thing Called Hope
by Val Lieske
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Hope is a curious thing
For many it is a thin string to which we cling
It is the cord to our dreams
The thread that is our seams
Our lifeline in our streams
Of trouble
When we stand in the rubble
And the debris
Of what was our life
Or what we thought it would be
We hoped for something better
Something with different weather
More sun, less rain
More joy, less pain
More peace, less blame
Hope is not for the faint of heart
Or for those who live based on the fact that
they are smart
Hope is more like art
It does not make sense
And holds no pretense
But only asks you to believe
Even when you grieve
And to risk looking naïve
Some think we are being deceived
By fairytales and rabbit trails
That keep us from the cold hard facts
And distracts
Us
From what is, with what could be
We see past the tangible, material
To grab hold of the ethereal
This thing called hope
That we cannot see and cannot touch
But we gladly call it our crutch

Because we need something this world
cannot offer
Insurance, seat belts, and doctors
Are all fine
But I need something that is divine
Bigger than me and what I can muster
Up
Yup
I need something more
At the core
I need a Savior
I know, it doesn’t make sense
But in my own defense
Everything else has let me down
Broke my heart
So I need a fresh start
I start with Him alone
And will no longer postpone
This thing called hope
I will bring him my hurts and fears
My joy and tears
Because I am His child
When I finally believed that, He smiled
A child of God
How odd
That I would only now
Grab His hand
And stand
In the shadow of the great I AM
He patiently waited
While, on my own, I created
This whole other life
Full of anxiety and strife
Because I did not want to appear weak
But my courage, it leaked

Until I was empty and cold
And He leaned down and asked gently, if
he could hold
My hand
And although that was not in my plan
I decided to stand
And offer him my heart as well
He gladly excepted and said He’d love to
dwell
In the depths of me
If I’d agree
And he’d offer me hope
Beyond reason
In every season
Including the darkness of loss
And then slid His hand across
The universe and found mine
Just in time, I said
And before I had moment to assess
He said, I will bless
And be your Immanuel
God with us