

WHAT GIVES ME HOPE

Recently I was cycling in one of the most beautiful areas in the world with a couple of friends. Despite the surroundings, we discussed how “sick” everything seemed. The air was polluted with smoke and an invisible virus, the media was polluted with division and lies, emotions were polluted with anger and/or sometimes malaise, our neighbors were polarized almost beyond recognition, and hate seemed to be erupting everywhere. Hope was difficult to summon or to even imagine.

And yet surprisingly it is exactly the above described condition that gives me hope. I find hope that with all the brokenness around us, the cracks in the life we thought was the “normal,” that these cracks will help give birth to a better more humane and loving world. We were not living in an alright world, not all of us, and when some are oppressed all are oppressed. I am hopeful that finally we recognize the obscene differences in justice, health care, economic, food, and housing conditions. I am hopeful that we will begin the long, hard work to correct these inequities. My hope lies locally and is buttressed by the work I see here in Missoula re housing, refugees, murdered and missing indigenous women, the many current anti-racism workshops, the recognition the fragility of wages/poverty in Missoula, our crisis in child care and the work of our own community here at HSP regarding these issues. This hope is shaped, nourished and strengthened by the extraordinary family and friends that surround me; the goodness of these people make me better by association and give me abundant hope for the future.

Glenn Hladek