



Voices of Hope – Clem Work

Those first flowers of spring always surprise and delight me with their audacity—peeking out from the snow. Even thinking about them as another winter sets in produces ripples of hope. But the hope that resonates the most with me (and I suspect with most of us) is that which comes from birth—a new generation, a chip off the old block, a chance for redemption, joy in a blanket-wrapped bundle...

Lucía and I recently flew to New York to welcome our newest grandchild, June Luisa. She struggled to feed, as many newborns do. But holding her, pushing her in the stroller through long walks in Central Park, seeing how she gamely moved her head while following black-and-white patterns, produced in me a sense of calm and, yes, hope. Dear June, who came in September, my hope is that you and all your cousins will honor our island home called Earth, love all its inhabitants, strive for justice, obey your parents (at least most of the time), weave another, stronger, thread in our human fabric—and be audacious.