

Friends

Emily Dickinson's poem "'Hope' is the thing with feathers" has been whirling around in my brain this week as we draw closer to longed for peace in the Middle East.

The poem reads like this:

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -

That perches in the soul -

And sings the tune without the words -

And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -

And sore must be the storm -

That could abash the little Bird

That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -

And on the strangest Sea -

Yet - never - in Extremity,

It asked a crumb - of me.

Hope is a fragile thing, but it is also strong. Paul says, "And now abide these three, faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love." (1 Corinthians 13:13). As we continue to pray and to hope, let us also continue to love, that the scourge of assuming that all people think the same way should not affect our thinking, and that

we should continue to feel love for people on all sides of this and other conflicts.

God bless, Vicci