Opinion



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by Maureen Fiedler

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I must admit it is difficult finding hope in this "Time of Trump." After all, he dominates the news (or maybe I should say he gets more coverage than he should). And he rarely, if ever, generates *good* news. He's often crazed in his remarks, saying, for example, that the United States is "locked and loaded" when it comes to North Korea. Has no one told him that you don't throw rhetoric around that suggests anything close to nuclear confrontation?

But hope is possible. After all, Congress is in recess and some may actually be listening to their constituents. And then, Trump takes time (a lot of time, reportedly) to play golf, which at least keeps him away from a microphone for a few hours a day.

But most important for retaining hope: Francis is still in the Vatican, encouraging action for justice. And the leaders of women's communities, LCWR, just held their annual (and hopeful) meeting in Orlando, Florida. One plenary address at that conference by Jan Richardson is entitled "We Stood in the Place of Death and Heard the Living Call Our Name." I'm not in Orlando, but I look forward to reading that hopeful-sounding text.

Also, in the world of hope, I am blessed with a great housemate who is a Maryknoll sister with stories to tell from her 35-plus years in Africa. And we have wonderful neighbors! We often eat out together on Friday evenings, sharing wine, news and perspectives. We borrow stuff from each other all the time (outdoor tables and chairs, lawnmowers, grills, etc.). These folks are a hopeful, intelligent and interfaith group of people. And one of them — my neighbor Martha — decided that the times called for more direct political involvement, so she ran for our town council, won, and is serving. Everyone I know is delighted that she did that.

And of course, I am blessed to be part of the Loretto Community with wonderful, thoughtful and creative members, vowed members and co-members.

Finally, there are my three kitties (yes, I'm crazy enough to have three cats!) who are an endless source of entertainment.

So, I tell myself every morning, yes, there *is* hope in the world — in spite of Donald Trump! Meow!

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