

I have hope for many reasons.

I have hope because there are small miracles *everywhere*.

This morning, I stepped out into the fresh air

and squinted in the warm sunlight,

surrounded by lavender and buzzing bees.

I lounged on the front steps with a soft smile,

Lifted my gaze as a tiny plane hummed along in the blue expanse of sky.

*The world is wide*, it whispered to me.

I nodded my head because the tiny plane was right.

There are so many opportunities,

people,

possibilities,

and passions in life.

Waiting patiently, right there, just beyond the horizon line.

I have hope for many reasons.