

## **A Work Called Hope**

A builder envisions a place. This prime mover with a plan takes on matter, rough and dense, the sweat and steel and stone, the fiber and bone of construction, and labors to create a building, a place that is meant to be home to something.

But what is a place, what is a building, but an enclosed emptiness, a divided void, where nothing, except possibility, breathes?

A building, pulseless, waits for something.

People enliven a place. They arrive: laborers, doers, seekers, the helpful and the helpless, servants and those served, dreamers, restorers of dignity, creators of opportunity, those longing for restoration, those fleeing misfortune, those in need and those with a need to provide. When they enter, a building becomes home to something: home to the work.

And the work consecrates a place. There is a work surplined in good will, a work transparently pure, stubbornly immune to discouragement, a work of hands and minds and principles, founded upon a certainty of life's value, steeped in compassion, blind to impossibility, a work that displaces poverty, that feeds, that warms and shelters people, that nurtures the young and steadies the elderly, a work that confronts today's obstacles and shapes tomorrow. This is the work called hope.

This is the place. What is a building, but a place that time and tempest and circumstance will wear away? But the spirit of the people who enter here, their labor, their dreams, the needs and their provisions, and the work, indefatigable, will persist beyond this place.

This is the work called hope.

**Georgia Kreiger**