

If You are Desperate. . .

Take my hand. If you are desperate, just take my hand.
For a few moments, listen.

It will all work out. It has before. It will again. It will all
work out. It always has, more or less. It will again.

Whatever it is, it will pass. Nothing lasts as it is.
Everything subsides. Even pain. Especially pain.

Stay with me, please. Take my hand. That's what I need
when I am desperate, and I've had serious moments of
desperation in my life, more than a few. We are in this life
together. No one gets through clean.

I don't know your reason for feeling desperate. Has
someone betrayed you or threatened you? That happened to me,
once really badly. I forgave the person only to have that person
betray me again. I know. . . fool me once. . .

Have you done something that's gotten you into trouble?
Who hasn't!

Are you desperately worried about someone you love?
That's especially hard, because you have so little control.

Whatever your situation, you do have me, this voice. You also have everyone else in the world, it's just pretty hard to feel them sometimes. Pain isolates us. But everyone else is out there, each trying to reach you somehow.

Things will get better. Take that to the bank.

Pain passes. Humiliation passes. Betrayal passes. Loss passes. Death takes, like a tide coming in takes the beach, and then rolls out, leaving the living behind with the seaweed and snails.

You and I are among the left behind.

I'm still here. I'm not going anywhere. Things will get better. Just bide your time. Hold on. You'll see.

Get angry at me if you'd like to. When I feel desperate, I often get angry at the people who tell me that things will get better. How could they possibly know? It makes me mad.

But it's also what I want to hear because it's what the best part of me believes and needs to hear.

Life is so hard. For us all. The good thing is it's not hardest on all of us all at the same time. So when one of us is more or less ok, we can help offer hope to those who are in the depths. It's how we get each other through.

Each other. We're the key. That's not a theory, it's a fact. You know it, I know it.

We've all been in the depths. If you're there now, I can tell you, I've been there, too. Now, I have your hand. Maybe then, you had mine.

Being human keeps us close. Pain binds us in the need for each other. Sooner or later though, we lose everyone and everything.

Maybe not everything. As long as *someone* has hope, there is hope. And as long as there is hope, desperation will subside.

Do your best to allow for hope. Don't block it out. It will come if you don't block it out.

When I'm desperate, the worst moments are when hope, all of a sudden, vanishes, and all I can see are the very worst outcomes. It's like a cloud blocks out the sun and my world just goes dark. A chill feeling overcomes me, with no warning, in periods when I am living in sorrow or danger. My world goes dark.

But, sooner or later, the cloud does move on, thank God, and the sun, such as it is, returns. I say "such as it is" because in those periods even the sun doesn't restore me completely.

It's a cliché, but still it's true: life is all ups and downs. Thank God the downs don't last forever, and I guess it's just as well the ups don't either.

Since right now I have hope, let me try to give some to you. All I can do is try, and all you can do is try to let me.

Hope turns desperation into a possible destination. When I'm desperate what I need more than anything is hope. Desperate basically means out of hope. Full of fear, but no hope.

Take my hand. Now let me share some of my hope with you. Just hold tight, it will come through naturally, just like it did when you gave it to me, back when.

You can't hold my physical hand, but you can hold the imaginary hand my words create. Imaginary hands never need leave you. See those hands now, imagine their grip, and you will feel hope.

These are hard earned words. I won't tell you all the troubles I've seen, but I've seen many, and I've been places where I felt nothing but fear, where I felt no hope at all.

Let me hold you now. It will work out. It always has. It will again.