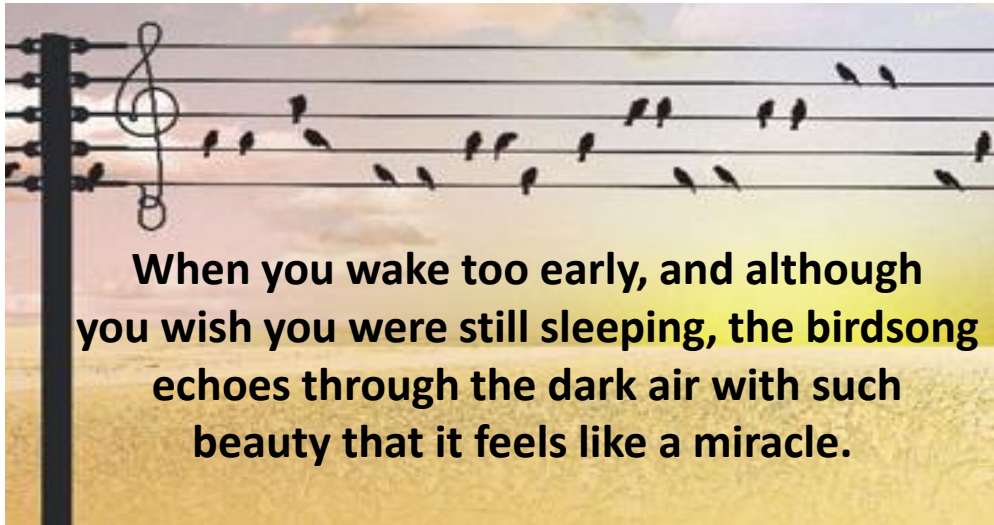


Hopeful Stories for Lent – week three



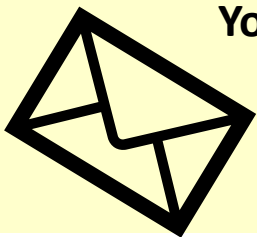
When you wake too early, and although you wish you were still sleeping, the birdsong echoes through the dark air with such beauty that it feels like a miracle.

2020 and the beginning of 2021 have shown where all the cracks are in this world of ours, and added a few extra cracks along the way. Perhaps it is our task now to be the glimmers of hope and repair the cracks with gold, becoming the kintsugi potters to the world.



You will never look into the eyes of someone God does not love.

You get a message from someone and it makes your day, and then you realise that someone may be just as delighted to hear from you - you can be what makes their day.



That feeling of completing a task and even if nobody is there to say, 'well done', nothing can take away from you the fact that you did it.



I was curious and you encouraged my questioning. I was coming out and you loved me. I was called offensive names and you called me by my chosen name. I was kicked out and you invited me in. I was assaulted and together we demanded justice. I thought I was alone and you stood with me.

Sr Stephanie Baliga, a nun, ran the Chicago marathon on a treadmill, in her sandals & habit, in 3.5 hours, raising \$95,000 for charity.

