

Hope is a tough one.

The captain on one of my favorite science fiction series knocked the crap out of one of his crewmen when he said, "I hate the hope that you've given me."

Dylan Hunt (rightfully) claimed, "You can't hate hope."

Just like Rade was in the series, you can certainly be disappointed by it.

Hope can definitely be a double-edged sword.

I realize that in this philosophical discussion, I've taken some round-about ways to get to my point. If you make this one little jump, hope becomes a much easier concept to put in the plus column than things like mistakes and wildly changing plans.

The only thing necessary is to accept that hope does, in fact, exist.

If you accept hope, you accept good things can happen; you remain open to the idea that things can, in fact, turn out right.

I admit – my lottery ticket hasn't stuck big, my dad did die, and the pretty girl in junior high laughed at me when I told her I liked her.

But I'm married to a beautiful woman who *loves* me. They're not out of lotteries yet, and I've met other people to fill the void left when Dad passed beyond.

I'm even working on a novel that I hope will be the next big thing.

**Grin* See what I did there?*

I can't stop myself. It's never *all* bad. There is never *no* hope.

There's always something better on the horizon – a way in which things might improve. One just has to be open to the possibility.

That's all it takes.

And that's why hope goes on the plus side of reasons to be happier in the world.