

# Unremembered Loss

*For all the news and information from the world of Hathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss*

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Brian is the young house boy of Master Gees, the magician in my story who is Annay's mentor. Brian grew up poor, but happy with his parents and siblings. When his father died, things became more desperate. Since starting his duties as a house boy, Brian has started to see things differently. He was instructed to write in a journal every night – this is one of his entries. To read more of his entries go to <http://hathrae.com/brian/>

## Hope

An entry from Brian's Journal

The sun rose again this morning – I never really doubted it would. I fixed and then ate a hearty breakfast with Master – which I've gotten to do every morning since I came to work with him, but which wasn't always true before. I finished my chores by noon – which I do most days. After lunch I had a chance to sit by the fire and watch snow falling through the large window by the fireplace. It was during that time of doing nothing that I had a chance to think.

My mother raised me with a consistent message – hope. Being poor, not many days went by without me hoping that my tummy would be full when I went to bed, or on winter nights that our house would not collapse on us from the snow. As I grew older I realized that my hope was not just an idle wish, but it was a hope that something or someone greater than my mom and dad was looking out for us.

When I was old enough, my mom started taking me to church. I came to understand and believe that that someone was God. My hope was that God would keep our house from falling; that he would give my father a steady hand and a sure aim. I prayed

and thanked God for watching over me and I didn't worry as much about where my next meal was going to come from – because it always seemed to come.

It wasn't until my dad died that I really understood what hope was. He slipped and fell while fishing. He left Mom and me to take care of the family. What could I do – I was too young to take care of a family. Somehow we survived. But in those cold and lonely nights I learned something else about hope. I learned it from my mother.

She was sad when my dad died – I was sad too – but she didn't let it make her days sad. I wanted to complain about being left alone – she wanted to talk about how God helped her through another day. I felt bad because I couldn't provide for the family – I felt like a failure – but my mom thanked me every night for working so hard and giving of myself for the family. I asked what the point was of going on, and my mom told me about where my dad had gone.

My mother's hope gave her strength. My mother's hope gave me strength. My mother's hope gave me

hope. Together our hope held up our family. We made it through that first winter without dad. I learned to fish. Things started to get better.

But that's not what really happened. What happened was I had hope – that no matter what happened God would use it for good. That whether I lived or died I had a place in heaven waiting for me. That if I did my best – if I did with my heart – it didn't matter if I succeeded or failed because I wasn't being judged – there was no score board.

So this afternoon I thought about hope as I watched the snow falling and covering the new green shoots of spring. I don't struggle with hope any more. My heart does not long for things to be a certain way. My mind doesn't hope that I will do well so I don't get in trouble. I don't have to hope because I already know, in my mind and in my heart, that my hope is secure. I am loved and God will take care of me – what more could I hope for – and I know that in a few days the snow will melt and the green shoots will start reaching for the sun again and spring will soon be here – and still I will be loved and God will be taking care of me.

Doug G. Clarke