COMPENDIUM #73

A CAUSE FOR HOPE

Trevor Swistchew 2026 — Compendium #73

For most of his life, he believed.

He believed because others believed. The ideas had been given to him when he was young long before he knew how to question them. They became part of the landscape of his mind as familiar as the sky or the passing of the seasons.

Then something changed.

As the years passed, he began to look more closely at the things he had always accepted. Quietly, honestly, he asked himself what he truly knew. The answers surprised him.

One by one, the old certainties fell away.

He realized that much of what he called belief had not come from direct understanding at all. It had come from tradition, authority, and habit. He did not condemn those things, but he could no longer rest in them. They no longer satisfied the deep hunger within him for truth.

The discovery was unsettling.

For a time he felt like a stranger in the world. The familiar map that had guided him for years no longer seemed reliable. What once felt solid now appeared uncertain. He felt the chill of standing alone beneath a vast sky without ready-made answers.

Yet something unexpected happened.

As the old stories faded, a space opened inside him.

He saw that not knowing was not a failure. It was honesty.

For the first time in his life, he was not pretending certainty. He was no longer repeating the conclusions of others. He stood before existence as a blank canvas, empty of borrowed narratives ready to see what was actually there.

And in that emptiness he discovered a quiet freedom.

The stars still shone. The wind still moved through the trees. Kindness still mattered. Love still warmed the heart. Beauty still appeared in unexpected places. Life itself remained a mystery, but now it was a living mystery rather than a second-hand answer.

He began to understand that truth had nothing to fear from questions.

The unknown was no longer an enemy. It became a doorway.

As he walked forward, he carried no grand conclusions, only humility and wonder. He did not know where the path would lead, but for the first time the journey itself felt real.

And so he stepped into the future with open eyes.

Not with certainty.

Not with belief.

But with something gentler and perhaps more valuable.

Hope.

Copyright — Trevor Swistchew 2026. All rights reserved. — Compendium #73