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The grace-ful commentary on Brickmans' Exploration was superb. Thank you for your demonstration of collegiate eloquence.

I thought that I was articulate, in all of my seemingly soliloquist-type letters over the years! But now that I'm enrolled in three college courses requiring book reports and topical essays, I feel ... incompetent.

Until, of course, I remember my father was an illiterate country bumpkin. Then I'm not too embarrassed to at least give my assignments the collegiate effort due, and 'hope' for the best. I'm certainly no country bumpkin.

Regarding Brickmans' existential proposition that the best of life relies upon Hope, I must agree. Yet ... there is a natural resonance influence to factor in, especially in low-tone environments — such as prison. If, as Brickman states: "A hope-filled attitude ... enhances the chances of satisfactory outcome," then the contrary is also true. That said, imagine being sentenced to consecutive LIFE-terms amongst others fated to exist sans hope of freedom. Beatitudes of harmony, kindness, patience, forgiveness, beauty, love, etc. aren't exactly nurtured here. Instead, bestial vibrations tend to resonate and a consequent downward spiral ensues.

I've been fortunate in the fact my only real ambition — and corresponding anticipation (i.e. Hope) has always been related to my quest for Truth — regardless of where I am. And as with any other quest, what I've discovered about my-Self along the way has been ... revealing.

Consequently, I have a certain KNOWINGNESS in my anticipation. We all get what we deserve, Here-Now.