

People of Hope

It's hard to believe in the sun, in the dark of the night.
And it's hard to believe in the stars, in the bright morning light.
Well we all need a place we can go, to learn what is real.
To ponder the depths of the soul, where truth is revealed.
This is our place, this is our home. Working and seeking, we're never alone.

In this mortar and stone, these windows and walls,
Love's earthly home, heeding the call.
It's bread for the journey, oil for the flame,
For people of love, people of hope, people of change.

It's hard to believe there is peace, when war rages on.
And it's hard to believe there is love, in hate's raging throng.
But for every brave soldier, a peacemaker takes her own stand,
And for every soul long turned away, there waits a new hand.
Oh let it be you, let it be me. Here in love's dwelling, we learn to believe.

Chorus

When a place is what welcomes you in, you build it, you change it,
So the promise of love can begin, here is this room, here in these halls.
Hearts open wide, welcoming all.

This mortar and stone, these windows and walls,
Love's earthly home, heeding the call.
It's bread for the journey, oil for the flame,
For people of love, people of hope, people of change.

People of love, people of hope, people of change.
We're living out love, living out hope, living out change.
Sing out for love, sing out for hope, sing out for change.

So now I believe in the sun, in the dark of the night...

Darryl Loiacano, 2011