



The Weight of Hope

I was born out of catastrophe.

Forged in the ashes of a day that shattered the world and silenced laughter. My birth was not of joy but of grief. A symbol born from heartbreak but woven with defiance, a promise that despair would not be the final word.

I came into being through trembling hands, but never from trembling knees.

My color carries echoes of another time, when yellow marked those who were forced to wear it. Yet this yellow is different. It is not worn in surrender but in hope. It shines as a promise to remember, to never stop calling for those who vanished into darkness. 



Since that October day, I have rested on the lapels of men and women, young and old, Jews and non-Jews alike. I have been lifted by a community, a Federation that understands its sacred obligation: to care for the vulnerable, to support the grieving, and to stand by Israel



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with fierce, unwavering love. Through donors, synagogues, and partners, they carried me not as ornament but as a mission.

But I have also felt the sting of division. I have watched compassion unravel, words turn sharp, and hearts harden. I have been torn from some jackets as quickly as I was pinned onto others. My meaning debated, my presence questioned, my purpose forgotten by some and held fiercely by others. Yet for all the noise, the truth does not waver as there is only one side that stands on the ground of humanity. History will remember not the voices that shouted loudest, but the hearts that refused to look away.

In those first months, my purpose was singular, to call the hostages home. And the community rallied, across South Palm Beach County, across oceans, across generations, united in heartbreak and in hope. Now that many have returned and others have been laid to rest, my role has shifted. The emergency has quieted, but the work has not. The hands that once pinned me on now roll up sleeves to rebuild lives, families, and futures. To strengthen Israel. To strengthen the Jewish people. To begin again.

Now, as days became weeks and weeks became months, and months became years I am fading quietly. I, the yellow ribbon, am gently unpinned, folded into drawers, tucked into boxes, or left behind. 

Yet I linger still. I live in the memory of those who carried me close to their hearts. Though I was born from atrocity, I have become a proud emblem of a proud people, steadfast, resilient, and unafraid to stand for what is right.

I remain what I have always been: a small yellow ribbon holding the weight of hope, and the promise of a Jewish community, strong and compassionate, standing together today and for generations to come.