

“Love is —”

How would you complete that sentence? How would you describe love?

Honestly. Some of us stumble across the right words, but don't live those right words. What is love really? How does it act? Compare your “feelings” with this description:

Love is “slow to lose patience—it looks for a way of being constructive. It is not possessive: It is neither anxious to impress nor does it cherish inflated ideas of its own importance.

“Love has good manners and does not pursue selfish advantage. It is not touchy. It does not keep account of evil or gloat over the wickedness of other people. On the contrary, it is glad with all good men when truth prevails.

“Love knows no limit to its endurance, no end to its trust, no fading of its hope; it can outlast anything. It is, in fact, the one thing that still stands when all else has fallen.”

From the New Testament (1 Corinthians 13:4-7).

Don't settle for less.

—JL

THE ROSE

by

Amanda McBroom

sung by

Bette Midler

Some say love - it is a river that drowns the tender reed
Some say love - it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed
Some say love - it is a hunger, an endless aching need
I say love - it is a flower and you its soul the seed.

Its the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance
Its the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance
Its the one who won't be taken who cannot seem to give
And the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live

When the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long
That you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter for beneath the bitter snow
Lies the seed that with the suns love in the spring
becomes the rose.