

5/12/24 Sacred Reading

The following is an excerpt from Anne Lamott's new book, "Somehow: Thoughts on Love."

"I wish the movement of love in our lives more closely resembled the grace of a ballerina, but no, love, mainly tromps and plops, falls over and tiptoes through our lives.

Love looks like us, and that can be a little daunting.

Love is why we are here at all, on the couch, and in the world with a heart for the common good...

One thing is certain: love is our only hope.

Love springs from new life, love springs from death.

Love acts like Gandhi and our pets and Jesus and Mr. Bean and Mr. Rogers and Bette Midler.

Love just won't be pinned down.

Love is Florence Nightingale, and Coyote Trickster, who messes with us by way of his teachings about how we might possibly, grudgingly, awaken to the glory of life.

Love is the warmth we feel in the presence of a favorite aunt, the kindness of a waitress, and the warmth of the hand that pulls us back to our feet when the loss of love has all but destroyed us...

Love shows up as volunteers, nurses, best friends.

Love shows up with food and antibiotics.

Love shows up with tea....

Love is interconnectedness... Love is a root system...

Love is evolutionary... Maybe love is our very atmosphere, the one energy that Einstein describes as being that which is- the only thing there is."

-And So It Is. Amen.



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