

Connecting New

November, 2021

This month I share a poem and painting about love. Sooner or later, love leads to suffering in the form of compassion (joining in the suffering of another out of love). In these pandemic times, all of us have and may still be suffering in many different ways. We can sometimes feel that we are alone, but the reality is that we are not.

Hurts

It hurts when the one you love so dearly is struggling,
and you can see it each day,
how it pierces her heart and yours,
grieving what has been lost
and fearing what more will be taken away.

It hurts that I am powerless to make this better,
to provide any comfort,
and that my ability to help hurts her all the more.
We are struggling,
stuck and struggling.

And what I want most is to be with her.
Still, what I want most is to be with her,
even when it hurts,
especially when she is hurting.



You may not be able to see that in the center of the painting that there is a couple facing each other, holding hands. I did not plan it, but as the painting unfolded I realized that the couple lost themselves in the love that envelopes them (represented by the deep blue). To give oneself completely to another, to be in complete communion with another, means to lose oneself.

May we continue to give ourselves to love and to be united with God in all the circumstances in our lives.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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