

Massive Doses Of Love For Healing Broken Hearts

What words of encouragement can I write that will be helpful to readers of *New Beginnings*? This question has been buzzing through my brain for two days. Buzzing is not just a happy little word to use as a substitute word for thinking. My good doctor discovered that I have a serious sinus infection, and what I am experiencing is a buzzy kind of thinking. Part of the buzz comes from the infection, part from the powerful medicine, and part from the cost of the medicine. I have more sympathy for those who do not have health insurance.

I have decided to prescribe heavy doses of the most effective healing remedy known to mankind. Love. Love has miraculously healed broken hearts, shattered relationships, bitterness, despondency and depression, grief, loneliness, rejection, lostness, helplessness and a multitude of other emotional and spiritual illnesses. Untreated, these often lead to serious physical illness.

The Apostle Paul names love to be paramount over faith and hope. 1 Corinthians 13:13 from *The Message* paraphrase: "But for right now, until that completion, we have three things to do to lead us toward that consummation: Trust steadily in God, hope unswervingly, love extravagantly. And the best of the three is love."

I keep humming the cute little song, "What The World Needs Now Is Love, Sweet Love." The lyrics proclaim that there are mountains and hillsides enough to climb, enough oceans and rivers to cross, enough wheat fields and cornfields to grow, and enough sunbeams and moonbeams to shine. What the world needs now is love, sweet love, that's the only thing that there's just too little of.

Love is hard to describe or define. Occasionally we see love that blooms like the mystic development of a vaporous rainbow. We are immediately blessed and awestruck.

Several years ago I was called to the hospital emergency room where a wife and mother of two teen aged children was dying of a heart attack. I entered the room in time to hear the doctor tell her family, "I don't think we are going to save her but I am going to shock her heart once more. It may do more damage than it does good, but we will give it one more try." Moments later he shook his head letting them know she was gone.

I went with the family to the waiting room where others had gathered. The adolescent girl went to her seated grandmother, knelt down and lay across her grandmother's lap. Two of her close friends sat on the floor beside her gazing at their weeping friend. I looked into the faces of the grandmother and two girls. Suddenly I saw an overwhelming revelation of the indescribable. I saw love. I saw tenderness. I saw compassion. I was witnessing the essence of the unseeable, the invisible, and the indescribable.

After several seconds I became aware of the dynamics of what I was seeing. Then I became aware of slight movements. The grandmother was gently stroking her granddaughter's hair. Her other hand was making small circles on her shoulder. The two friends were tenderly stroking her back. In this small group—there was silence!

In the other part of the room some talking was subdued while some was more boisterous. This is typical as each person and each group deals with death in their own way. Our group chose vibrant silence and touching.

For those who ask: "What can I say when I visit with someone who has lost a loved one?" Your loving presence will likely be what they appreciate most. They don't need fancy words. They need to know that you love and care.