

Faith In Practice

Life Changing Medical Mission



The Love That Never Ends

It began in grade school. The smell of Elmer's glue. The disappointing bleed of red construction paper on white doily as the milky glue seeped through the paper lace. Sticky fingers making things worse. Halving the pink paper, cutting carefully with snub-nosed scissors in search of the perfect heart. Nesting the lopsided lobes in the center of the pink-streaked doily. Wanting it to be so pretty, so perfect. Knowing it was not so pretty, not so perfect.

Then the waiting. Waiting to see how many, if any, from whom any, Valentines would be delivered. The Valentine Mailbox masking-taped to the classroom wall among the other waiting Valentine Mailboxes. So much expectation, so much need, to feel special, loved. Or not. Does he like me? Does she like me? So much pressure on a day for love to be proven.

This is the month of candy hearts and pink champagne. Sweets for the Sweet. Memories of the best Valentine's Day dates and the times when the phone did not ring. So much pressure on a day for love to be proven.

The pressure of showing others how special they are, how loved. The expectation of feeling special, loved. Or not. The day that should be filled with love that is certain and true somehow sharp-edged with 'But is it enough' or 'Am I enough'. It does not seem quite right.

For this month should be overflowing with the kind of love Paul celebrates, should it not? The love that never ends imbued with the life-giving force of the words, 'Now faith, hope, and love abide, these three, but the greatest of these is love'? The love that abides - - the kind that does not need to be proven to be true. The love that is truest because it does not need to be proven.

That is what I am hoping we can all celebrate this month. The love we recognize, yes, when others reflect to us just a little bit of the love that never ends. But, also, the love that sustains us when we do not feel loved by others or miss the love that was once by our side. My hope and prayer is that we might all celebrate, rest in, and give God thanks for the perfect love that never fails.

So let us not focus on the partial kind of love this month, but rather the complete kind. The steady kind that is free from anxiety, uncertainty, and longing. The kind of love that does not cause us to cling, but rather the love that brings us perfect freedom allowing us to love with abandon, come what may.

Rev. Linda L. McCarty
President & CEO

Love never ends. ... For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.
1 Corinthians 13:8-13

In prayer for those who are mourning the absence of, or loss of, a love in their lives.
May they rest in the steady love of God that shall never end.



Subscribe to or browse past devotionals [here](#).

[Please consider a life-changing gift today.](#)

Share this email:



[Manage](#) your preferences | [Opt out](#) using TrueRemove®
Got this as a forward? [Sign up](#) to receive our future emails.
View this email [online](#).

7500 Beechnut Street, Suite 208
Houston, TX | 77074 US

This email was sent to .
To continue receiving our emails, add us to your address book.

emma®

[Subscribe](#) to our email list.