



Truly, love is  
delightful and  
pleasant food,  
supplying, as  
it does, rest to  
the weary,  
strength to  
the weak, and  
joy to the  
sorrowful.

Bernard of Clairvaux  
(1090 - 1153)  
Saint

Love comes in different forms. There is the love that is shared between friends, between parents and children, between spouses. Love is present in our relationships with animals, with nature, with a satisfying task. When energy fades, aspects of love can restore our strength.

Love can nourish us when we are weary.

Love can nourish our creativity. When weariness drains our imagination, love can replenish us. Love's gift of acceptance can clear the clouds of judgement that obscure new thought. Our minds can ease; we can sense novel directions. Love can secure us in the present and thereby allow us to begin to wonder anew.

Love can nourish our joy. When fatigue saps our happiness, love can refill us. So often, love's joy comes in small, unexpected moments. We turn and see a look of affection, we are surprised by a wave of devotion, we are amused by a beloved quirk, or shared foible, or private memory. Love reminds us that joy cannot be planned or expected – it simply must be noticed and felt and savored. Love's joy will emerge, and we will drink our fill.

Love can nourish our purpose. When grief empties our cherished sense of meaning, love can rebuild our ties with that which is bigger than us. By definition, love is connective and so love reminds us that we exist within a web of relationships. Weary, we can experience ourselves as alone and disconnected from others and from the purpose derived by meaningful service. Love upends that illusion and firmly locates us within community.

Love sustains us, particularly in those times when we thirst.

*What tiny joys will I notice today? How can I honor my grief with respect and tenderness?*