

Weekly Meditation by Rev. Teri Lubbers

Love Leaves a Memory

Death leaves a heartache that nothing can heal. Love leaves a memory that no one can steal. ~ Author Unknown

We spent Father's Day in Arizona with my dad. The last time I did that was three years ago when June, my step-mother, was still with us. Losing June to cancer two years ago has been almost more than my father can bear. We always end up talking about her, remembering her, looking at pictures. And this time was no exception. This remembering can be tearful.

My father surprises me during our conversation when he picks up a little book, one he scribbles notes in, and reads out loud the words of the quote above. He is not much on poetry. Nor is he one to share a lot about how he feels, but this line captures for him the bittersweet reality of his life and his love: *Death leaves a heartache that nothing can heal. Love leaves a memory that no one can steal.* His eyes fill with tears. He clears his throat. He touches her wedding ring, which hangs from a gold chain around his neck...

Love doesn't exempt us from heartache, or protect us from hurt and brokenness, that can feel beyond mending. But when we love, we create both time and space that weren't there just a moment before. We draw a sacred circle and step inside with one another. When we love – especially if we get to love someone for a long time – our hearts become pages on which uncountable stories are etched, stories of me and you, sacred stories, sacred re-remembering... because Love endures.

Prayer: Beloved, I would love each moment this day. I would move toward the wholeness that can make all things new. I would re-member You this day. Amen