

# Why “Love is the Healer”

It has been an interesting part of my journey to make the declaration “love is the healer.”

## PART I

If the responses from other people to the concept aren't interesting enough, watching myself regarding declaring “love is the healer” again and again has revealed layer upon layer, nuances of nuances, facet upon facets of everything I have been carrying around with me. It has been all about my inner discovery and seeing just how much I fear being honest about my experience. The soup of being honest opens up for me to relate with people who show up in my life, is something I have been growing into embracing.

Am I ready now?

Soup is made an ingredient at a time. Revealing one ingredient at a time is akin to living one day at a time or to refine even further, existence gives everyone exactly and only one moment to live. Part of our package of our Godly nature is capacity to learn, to remember, and to project. These qualities create illusion that moment is more than the razor's edge of exactly what is between past and future where we exist.

Is there any subject in history that has been written about more than love? So many have tried to define the mystery of love, to demystify love, to capture and keep love in poetry, in song, in story, in myth, only to find love defies all of these. I clearly know I cannot do any better than the artists and philosophers who have contributed so much to defining and quantifying love.

I have witnessed in myself, and surmised I am witnessing in others, how much it hurts to declare, “I don't know.” The pain

is even stronger when I think others do know and I have been daydreaming and not getting it when I would have otherwise. My ego doesn't want to let on in truth so it does what it does so well...it pretends.

What could hurt more than to admit I don't know something so core to human experience as love? OMG that would open myself to vulnerability and invite others to move in and fix me regarding the subject of love.

It has been an odd thing, this love. I have had to guess about it. For a long time I am pretty sure I grouped most intensity I experienced as love. Then later on I had to systematically extract a lot of intense stuff as I more consciously went on my inner crusade to understand love.