

January 24, 2021

What's it all about?

Dear Friends,

I've been pondering the meaning of life quite a lot lately... I wonder why? LOL - Probably most of us have, given our current circumstances and times. This is something I do on a regular basis. However, lately the question seems consistently and continually before me. What's it all about? Is there a meaning to our existence? And what is it?

Let's put all our personal religious beliefs aside for just a moment and ponder what we are observing and learning in the grieving process.

As has been said, 'grief is love that has nowhere to go.' So let's agree that grief is love -period. Grief is love. We have all known what love is, and now more than ever many of us realize that as wonderful as it is, it hurts like hell; now we know how much it can sting. But we would not trade having loved someone for anything in the world (I would think, and hope). Love, then, it seems, in my personal and communal and even global observation is the most important and precious experience in life. I think many, if not most people would agree with that. Well maybe not all. Maybe those who unfortunately have never experienced deep, authentic love, some may not be able to agree with love being the meaning of our existence. But I am convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that in fact love is the whole and only meaning of our existence. I believe this because it is the ONLY thing that makes sense to me, it is the ONLY thing we take with us when we go, when we die. Everything else stays here – our investments, real estate, clothes, shoes, jewelry....you certainly get it. These are the things we are now sorting through, living with, giving away, throwing away, sorting again, or just not looking at or addressing in any way. This is the remainder of a life lived, but none of it is the actual person we so miss. The person has moved beyond the clothes and stocks and bonds to another place, what I call, the next place or 'what's next.' Almost every religion has a name for it, some even try to describe it, but there is not really one word or any description that can truly capture it, I would imagine. But I do know, and am fully convinced, that love is the one thing

that traverses from this side to the next. It is what connects us and empowers us. We come from love and we will return to love. Love is our origin and our destiny. This is what I have come to believe, and mostly through the grieving process, and having met and known so many of you and your stories. You see, I have had the privilege of observing grieving people for over thirty years. I have seen loss in almost every imaginable way and walked with people who have survived it. In doing this for so long, how could I not learn something? Unless I'm just an idiot. Which I don't think I am. But anyway, I digress...

I do believe we are here to love one another, to love ourselves and to love God, a higher power, however we may conceive of it. I also believe that in tending to these three loves, we are in fact living out the meaning of life. When we love ourselves in life-giving ways, reaching out for help when we feel we need it, and recognizing our own brokenness, and allowing ourselves, without judgement, to feel whatever we are feeling. We are loving and caring for our self. When we are taking good care of ourselves in healthy, life-giving ways and not just self-medicating or running from our pain, we are loving our self. And when we are loving others, reaching out to those in need, being kind to the stranger or the strange looking person before our gaze, we are choosing to live in love. When we choose not to judge or dismiss someone, but try to connect, to find common ground, to share humanity on some level, this is living in the healing light of love. This is what we are created for. We are not meant to be utterly alone. We need each other, and we need some kind of community to nurture us and enrich us. I have grown to love the community created by Stephy's Place. It feels real here. It is a place of love for certain.

And finally, there's the loving God- or the Universe- or your Higher Power- or whatever you may believe.... I know for some of us this can be still painful, we may feel ripped off and ripped apart. But just send out love. Give thanks for what we have been given, for what we have received and experienced. Try to see beyond the pain into the More, where our loved ones now reside.

One of my friends recently shared a mantra with me that I have made my own, it is: "I love you God." I thanked my friend for sharing it with me. When I say it, it makes me feel good

because I'm not asking for anything, just making a loving connection with the More. It feels good. Maybe give it a try?

Well, as you can see, today's reflection was a bit deeper than usual, but I have enjoyed sharing it with you, and as they say, take what you want and leave the rest!

Peace and Serenity,

Kevin