

**Possible Readings to include:**

**1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians:**

“Love is patient and kind:  
Love is not jealous or boastful  
It is not arrogant or rude.  
Love does not insist on its way:  
It is not irritable or resentful  
It does not rejoice at wrong  
But rejoices in the right.  
Love bears all things,  
Believes all things,  
Hopes all things,  
Endures all things.  
So faith, hope, love abide.  
Of these three the greatest or these is love.

“May the Lord bless you and keep you. May the Lord make his face shine upon you and be gracious unto you. May the Lord lift up his countenance unto you, and give you peace.”

**Irish Blessing**

May the wind be always at your back.  
May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the sun shine warm on your face,  
The rains fall soft on your fields.  
Until we meet again, may the Lord  
Hold you in the hollow of his hand.

**From Shakespeare, sonnets CXVI**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickles' compass come';  
Love alter not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
    If this is error, and upon me prov'd,  
    I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Steven Covey's book "The Seven Habits of Highly Successful people", on love and how it is a verb.

**"The Prophet". By Kahlil Gibran.**

"You were born together and together you shall be  
when the white wings of death scatter our day.  
Aye, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.  
But let there be spaces in your togetherness,  
and let the winds of the heavens dance between you.  
Love one another, but make not a bond of love.  
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls  
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.  
Give one another your bread but eat not from the same loaf.  
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone.  
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.  
Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping  
And stand together yet not too near together.  
For the pillars of the temple stand apart.  
And the oak tree and cypress grow not in each other's shadow."

**From Pablo Neruda's Sonnet XVII:**

I don't love you as if you were the salt-rose, topaz  
Or arrow of carnations that propagate fire:

I love you as certain dark things are loved,  
Secretly, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that doesn't bloom and carries  
Hidden within itself the light of those flowers,  
And thanks to your love, darkly in my body  
Lives the dense fragrance that rise from the earth.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from  
Where, I love you simply, without problems or pride:  
I love you in this way because I don't know any other way of loving  
But this, in which there is no I or you,  
So intimate that your hand upon my chest is my hand,  
So intimate that when I fall asleep it is your eyes that close.

**Robert Frost's "The Master Speed"**

No speed of wind or water rushing by  
But you have speed far greater. You can climb  
Back up a stream of radiance to the sky,

And back through history up the stream of time.  
And you were given swiftness, not for haste  
Nor chiefly that you may go where you will,  
But in the rush of everything to waste,  
That you may have the power of standing still –  
Off any still or moving things you say.  
Two such as you with such a master speed  
Cannot be parted nor be swept away  
From one another once you are agreed  
That life is only life forevermore  
Together wing to wing and oar to oar.