

Truth And Love Or A Casket

“There is no safe investment. To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything, and your heart will certainly be wrung and possibly be broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact, you must give your heart to no one, not even to an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements; lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your selfishness. But in that casket – safe, dark, motionless, airless – it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. The alternative to tragedy, or at least the risk of tragedy, is damnation. The only place outside Heaven where you can be perfectly safe from all the dangers and perturbations of love is Hell.” C. S. Lewis.

Pain is not something that anyone seeks, since joy is a much more pleasant emotion. Pain of the heart is an emotion that is consciously avoided because it is something that we think we can eliminate or control. The reasons for the pain could be low self-esteem, fear, selfishness, one-sided sharing and commitment or abuse. The reasons can be truth or only imagined; inflicted pains may be intended or not. Whatever the reason, the heart is denied contact; thus, the heart is put away as a treasure to be kept safe from harm.

In hiding the heart to avoid inflicted pain, it suffers a greater pain, which is self-inflicted: self-denial. When we “protect” our heart, we deny the beauty and strength of it. We deny the truth that God is Love; God made our hearts, as well as us. The healthy, living heart is strong but not hard; the heart is soft and malleable, sometimes mushy, and can be injured or broken but it cannot be destroyed. God, the Creator, made the heart vast and beyond our comprehension; greater than any inflicted hurt is the heart. The heart is ever healthy and healing when we receive its vastness, instead of our limiting it to the bruises.

When someone rejects a heart, whether that of another or their own, they may set it aside, push it away or dash it to break it. When they touch the heart, something happens. The healthy heart is imparted onto them; similar to hand cream, the heart is on them and is absorbed. If the heart is dashed, it splatters upon them and all who are near; again, it becomes part of them. Like water, the heart flows and nourishes those who touch it. Despite the ravages of the world, the heart lives on and encompasses more. The vastness of the incredible heart exceeds all.

My heart resided in a casket of “treasures” for many years because of my choice. The self-inflicted pain was not expected when I put my heart away but is far greater than any inflicted pain. By the Grace of God, hearts may be resurrected from the grave and live again. My heart is alive and well. I must change, grow and mature for living with my heart expands my territory of truth, respect, trust and love. I see beyond the inflicted pains, whether done by me or to me; I look beyond myself. My heart is cherished by me and, thus, will not be denied, kept secret or rejected, again. My heart lives in the bright light of day and is joyfully expressed in public; my heart is given to all and shared with those who accept.

I pray that you cherish your heart. Remember, God is Love. There is no greater treasure than your heart but it must live in truth and light, not be put away and kept secret. Living with your heart is not always easy but living without it is devastating.

I cherish your heart, you and the presence of God in you. May truth, respect and trust flourish in the strength and gentleness of your heart, even a gloriously mushy heart.

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