

## Love is Kind by Darcy Daniels

Though neither of us was especially religious, Michael and I chose the 1st Corinthians verse, “Love is Patient, Love is Kind” as our only reading on the day of our wedding. When the actual day arrived, it wasn’t a moment that I lingered on, it was part of the whole day that ultimately felt like a blur. However, when I am now at the weddings of friends and family, sitting there enjoying the moment, the flowers, the music, the smiles and the tears, I hear the verse, I hold Michael’s hand, and I remember my own wedding.

Love is patient, love is kind.  
It does not envy, it does not boast,  
it is not proud.  
It is not rude, it is not self-seeking,  
it is not easily angered,  
it keeps no record of wrongs.  
Love does not delight in evil  
but rejoices with the truth.  
It always protects, always trusts,  
always hopes, always perseveres.  
Love never fails.

When my daughter Wendy was very sick, the passage became a mantra for me. It was my touchstone when I had to hold her down for her blood draws, battle blood sugars, measure medications and get up multiple times throughout the night, every night. Or, when I had to measure every milliliter that went into her body and every milliliter that went out. Or, when I had to check her blood pressure, call the doctor, make adjustments to her medications.

When I had to quit my job.

When I worried. When I couldn’t sleep.

When I missed Michael because he was two states away working so we could survive.

I would recite this verse.

I realized at some point, after maybe saying the verse a thousand times in my head, that the day of my wedding was wonderful, but it wasn’t my life. It was just a day, a wonderful day. The life I had, with a great husband, a wonderful family, and a sick but special little girl, that was my life. And I had a lot of love, in all those forms mentioned in the verse: patience, kindness, grace, hopefulness, perseverance. It wasn’t just a reminder to keep myself in check, to keep myself calm, but also a reminder about all of the goodness I had surrounding me.

Last Valentine's Day, Michael got me a candy heart, some flowers, and a very nice card. However, he also got up every hour with me overnight that night because Wendy's blood sugars were off the charts. We adjusted, monitored, adjusted again. We worried that her pump wasn't working well, so we went downstairs and got a syringe and gave her a shot. Her sugars only hit an acceptable level just as the alarm clock went off at 6 am. It had been a rough night.

Yet, I found myself reciting the verse again over my morning coffee as a gentle reminder.

Love is patient. Love is kind.... Love never fails.