



## A MAN'S LOVE . . .

Sometimes I feel I am out of practice  
with love.

For love is that way of engaging myself  
with someone else—of allowing myself  
to become deeply involved in the life  
of another person.

Only Jesus knows how much I need to love . . . and be loved.  
How much I need for someone to care for me . . .  
and let me care for them.  
How much I need to crawl into a life and live there  
and to let someone in behind my own mask  
And walk around, looking at me as I really am.

Love does that, you know. It has no secrets. It is truthful in relationships. It desires to expose itself, and in the exposing it gives and gives and never stops.

I can speak only as a man, for I have known love only  
from this perspective.

Thus whether it is a man for a woman,  
a daddy for his daughter (or his son),  
a child for his aging parents,  
a friend for a friend,  
or the warm, gentle touch of the Father  
for His wandering child . . .

Love reaches out to give . . . and to forgive.  
Yes, always to forgive.

Love, real love, needs no stimulation.  
No prodding.

It is always there in our waking moments . . .  
in our dreams.

Absence makes it stronger.  
Time mellows it.  
Miles do not destroy it.

Pain and suffering only give it deeper understanding.

Love sparkles in a touch,  
finds a resting place in a smile,  
is matured in tears  
and is satisfied in reckless giving—  
the kind where there is no thought  
of receiving in return.

It is sexless, raceless, ageless, timeless.  
It is God in you . . . and in me . . .  
reaching out to give.

**Jamie Buckingham**