

# A Love Song to All the Helpers

(by Rev. Laura Martin)

There will always be more pain than fits your arms.  
There will always be longing, incompleteness.  
Let it all be real, and staggering,  
And there is also the way that every day  
People wake up and walk into  
Difficult rooms,  
Give care without expecting return,  
Believe in a thousand things greater than themselves.  
And there is also the way that every day,  
People take pain and memory, and let it open them  
To more empathy,  
To the silence that can just be held.  
And there is also you,  
And this present moment,  
And your reply.

