

LOVE IS AN EVERYDAY THING

A reminder to share our love everyday not just on Valentine's Day.

A Prayer for February

*Dear Lord,
 Just now a brisk wind
 Delivered Your Valentine—
 The faintest scent
 Of good clean earth
 Thawing
 From the winter freeze.
 I picture
 Distant lakes
 Where rigid ice snaps
 And yields...
 Shadowy dens
 Where sleeping bears
 Begin to stir.
 It's cold, Lord,
 And still we're
 Deep in snow,
 But Your message
 Is clear:
 In the hard and wintry
 Places of my life
 There will be spring.*

—from *Guideposts* magazine

All year long we have tucked within our mind's filing system all the things we want to accomplish during the wintry, sometimes shut-in, days of February. We have pictured ourselves before the cozy fire with that needlepoint we want to finish or a bright seed catalog to peruse, a late best-seller to read or an old-favorite to enjoy anew. We might even refinish that antique table we found with great glee at a country auction last summer.

As Valentine's Day approaches, our thoughts turn to our dear ones and the love which sometimes wells up within us, but which we too often don't express. In Colleen Evans' *Love is an Everyday Thing*, I found this interesting statement: "Love never does give up...it's always on the positive side, prone to believe the best of everyone...It looks for the good motive even when the action is hard to understand. Now, don't get love wrong...it isn't credulous, or naïve...it's no Pollyanna...and it sees all. But that's just it...it sees far more than you or I can because it looks beneath the surface of a person.

It's...insightful. Its vision is in tune with God...and it trusts what it sees. Yes...love believes all things.”

One of our chief duties as P.E.O.s is to express a loving concern for each sister—and for all whose lives touch ours. Expressing implies a more active role than simply feeling. We become aware of others and their needs—their hurts and fears, their hopes and dreams. We become sensitive to ways in which we can express our love.

One chapter president wrote of how her chapter became aware of a young woman, newly graduated from college, who had come to their community for her first job, knew few people and was living alone. A chance conversation revealed that she had been initiated into her mother's P.E.O. chapter but had had little opportunity to “become” a P.E.O.

The chapter invited her to visit, then extended an invitation to dimit although they knew their young friend would not remain long in their community. Her letter of acceptance brought a tug at their heartstrings for it expressed the true meaning of P.E.O.:

Dear Sisters,

I accept with great pleasure and excitement your invitation to dimit to Chapter BE.

Thank you for caring and sharing with me when you hardly knew my name; and now for your willingness to include me in the heart of P.E.O. I am eager to be an active part of this heart and its spirit. You gave of yourselves when I was lonely, and I pray that I may return to you all the same support you gave to me.

May love—love's guiding spirit—be abundantly yours, shining for all to see.

Sincerely,

Carolyn

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