

# **This is the Day...Thursday**

**May 12, 2022**

## **Love is Blind**

*“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, 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.” (1 Corinthians 13:4-8a)*

Howard Henry Ross lived on a country road north of Clarksville Tennessee in the community of Dotsonville. Double H, as his friends called him, referred to himself as the Mayor of Dotsonville because he always knew everything that was going on in the community. If someone was sick, Double H helped spread the word. If someone was having company over for dinner, Double H knew about it. If someone got a new job or had a new baby, Double H was the first to congratulate them. If someone died, Double H was first in line at the funeral home. When the new preacher came to town, Double H was the first call I received. During my regular visits he would catch me up on all the local news. Double H had his finger on the pulse of the community and was always listening.

Every morning, Double H's son dropped him off at the local country store where the oldtimers would gather to tell tall tales, talk about the community, and just life in general. I think that is where Double H gathered most of his information. After a couple of hours of “jawing” one of Double H's friends would drive him back home. There he would spend the rest of the day in the rocker on his porch beside his wife Martha. Every day, I would drive by their place. And every day Martha would toss up her hand and then Double H would. You see, Double H had to wait for Martha to tell him I was driving by because Double H was totally blind.

One Sunday after church, Martha told me in private that she was having some surgery the following week. She had developed a malignant skin cancer around her nose that had to be removed. Martha cried as she shared the news because she knew the surgery would disfigure her face permanently. She said, “I just always want to be pretty for Double H.” When Martha came home from the surgery, I went for a visit. Double H was beside her bed, holding her hand. As we chatted, Martha leaned over to Double H and said, “Honey, my face is going to look ugly from now on.” In his typical matter of fact way, Double H responded to her, “Don't worry about it honey. It would not matter, even if I could see you. True love is blind.”

The truth of that statement has stuck with me for over thirty years. True love sees past the faults and scars. True love doesn't remember the mistakes. True love is filled with trust and hope. True love is blind. On this day which God has given you, may you recognize God's true love for you. And may you love as God has first loved you.