

Story: Sighing on the Wind

February 12, 2023

1 Corinthians 3:1-9

Matthew 5:21-37

“What is love?” the little girl asked her mother at bedtime, but she fell asleep before she heard the answer.

“What is love?” chirped the coqui frog outside her window. She slept on.

“What is love?” crowed the rooster, who had no idea what time it was and didn’t care whether he crowed at sunrise or the middle of the night.

“What is love?” sighed the dove, and “What is love?” hummed the saffron finch, and “What is love?” purred the cat lying below them.

“What is love?” The question flew about the island, from creature to creature, from voice to voice. ‘Apapane sang about it on the mountain slopes and noio screeched about it above the waves. Pigs grunted it in their shelters and mongoose chattered it in their burrows.

“What is love?” asked the sheep and the pueo and the nene and the dogs. “What is love?” rumbled the mountain and “What is love?” sighed the clouds.

It was the wind who whispered it into the ear of the ‘io. Whispered it, and whispered it again, until the ‘io took wing and cried with a great voice, “Love is what lifts you up! Love is what carries you! Love is what makes you a home!”

The ‘io cried it, and the wind sighed it. The ‘apapane sang it and the pigs grunted it. The nene honked it and the chickens clucked it.

Outside a little girl’s window, a coqui frog chirped, “Love is what lifts you up. Love is what carries you. Love is what makes you a home.”

She woke suddenly, though whether it was the coqui’s voice that waked her I can’t tell you. “Mama!” she called, and both parents hurried to her room.

“I know what love is!” she said, and her mother said, “But of course. I told you when you asked me:”

And the two said together: "Love is what lifts you up. Love is what carries you. Love is what makes you a home."

by Eric Anderson