

LOVE BEGINS WITH ME

Bankole Kolawole

A house built with just a four lettered word; '*love*' generates great, a coincidence of perfect peace and joy in abundance. Its bricks composed of care, affection, generosity, trust and compassion. Its walls made from *unconditional love* devoid of circumstances, situations or occurrence and its foundation made from that four lettered word **l o v e**.

A community where the dominant impact of *love* is felt poses the picture of an environment covered with the umbrella of care; a society where people share in the problem and joy of each other. The revelation of love sharing starts from the genesis of reaching out to the less privilege, the poor, disabled and abused, with passion; the life blood of commitment, the enthusiasm behind every daring,

To build such a house of love, it starts from that *little* water I give to the *thirsty* to the *minute* linen I spread on the naked; to the short sentence I say to comfort the oppressed; to the consideration I give to my offenders down to the consolation I give to the downtrodden. *I have a dream* to lay the foundation of building homes for the homeless, Orphanage to the motherless, wheel chairs to the crippled, spectacles for the short-sighted through *real love* which begets care, care which begets affection; affection which begets trust; and trust begets favour. I bemoan to that heart that does not give out unconditional *love*, wail for that soul that fail to share with others what the Creator has given to them; shout-out to that eyes that refuse to take sympathy on a dying soul, and rage at that hand that does not stretch out care to the oppressed.

With complex simplicity and a helping hand, that house of love can be built in our society, nation, continent and the world at large if beclouded by *unconditional love*, encapsulated with the fear of God and backed-up with a penitent heart altering its unforgiving soul to a near-perfect affection towards others.

A little proportion of my earnings contributed to help orphans, suffering communities, poor nations or continents, an iota of comfort I give to the wounded and that miniature plate of meal I offer the hungry go a long way in removing pain, sorrow and emotional torture from the world of love.

It takes *love* to change an economy, to shake the world of its impious ways. "I have a dream" to help that poor widow out of her state of penury, to lift up that wretched beggar on the road. Oh! I foresee that this home will be built - then I can say to myself that **Love begins with me**.