

In the Prologue to “**Mom and Me and Mom**”, the remarkable Maya Angelou writes that she is “*Frequently...asked how I got to be this way.*” How did she, in the face of formidable circumstances, “*get to be Maya Angelou?*” — an acclaimed poet, writer, a thinker who, despite having no formal college-education, ended up with over 50 honorary degrees.

Maya tells us that she became “*the woman I am because of the grandmother I loved, and the mother I came to adore.*” “*Their love,*” she writes, “*informed, educated, and liberated me.*” And then we read lines that blaze from the page:

Love heals. Heals and liberates. I use the word love, not meaning sentimentality, but a condition so strong that it may be that which holds the stars in their heavenly positions and that which causes the blood to flow orderly in our veins.



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In “**Almost Everything: Notes on Hope**”, Anne Lamott writes: “*I have known hell, and I have also known love. Love was bigger.*” Elsewhere in the book, she tells us: “*Love is why we have hope.*”

Father Gregory Boyle writes in “**Barking to the Choir: The Power of Radical Kinship**” that “*A loving heart doesn’t color your world like rose-colored glasses; it alters it.*”

Peace ☐

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