

“Love Travels Further”

Beloved friends,

Today we gather with a shared truth in our hearts: someone we love is somewhere else. Maybe they're down the road. Maybe across the country. Maybe across an ocean. Maybe beyond what we can touch at all.

And yet—here we are, still loving them.

Across every faith tradition, across every culture, there is a sacred tension between distance and connection. We are people who journey. We are people who send and are sent. We are people who say goodbye—and trust that goodbye is never the final word.

In the Jewish tradition, there is the idea of shalom—not just peace, but wholeness, a completeness that can exist even when life feels fragmented.

In Christianity, we hear of love that “bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.”

In Islam, there is deep trust in divine care—that no matter where one travels, they are held within the mercy of God.

In Buddhism, we are reminded that attachment brings suffering—but love, when rooted in compassion, becomes something spacious, something that can exist without clinging.

And in so many Indigenous and earth-centered traditions, we are taught that distance is never truly separation—because all things remain connected through spirit, land, and memory.

So what does this mean for us, here and now?

It means this:

Love does not shrink when miles are added.

Love expands to meet them.

When someone we love travels, something sacred is revealed. We realize how much of them lives inside us. Their voice echoes in our thoughts. Their laughter shows up in our quiet moments. Their lessons shape our choices.

Distance doesn't erase love. It clarifies it.

And yet—let's be honest—it can hurt.

There are empty chairs. Unread messages. Moments where you instinctively reach for someone... and remember they're not right there.

That ache? That longing?

It is not weakness. It is not something to “get over.”

It is evidence of love doing exactly what it was designed to do—connect.

But here is the deeper invitation:

Instead of asking, “Why do I feel this distance?”

What if we ask, “How can I love them from here?”

Because love is not limited to proximity.

You can love someone through a text. Through a prayer. Through a memory. Through a story you keep telling. Through the way you live your life in honor of what they've given you.

You can love someone by becoming the kind of person they would recognize—no matter how far you've both traveled.

And if we look even deeper, we begin to see something beautiful:

Every act of love is a kind of reaching.

Every blessing we speak over someone traveling...
Every "be safe"...
Every "I miss you"...
Every quiet hope that they are okay...
These are sacred threads.
Invisible, yes—but real.
Threads that stretch across highways, across skies, across time zones... even across life and death.
And those threads do not break.
So if you have someone traveling right now—hold them in your heart, not with fear, but with trust.
Trust that love knows the way.
Trust that connection is not measured in miles.
Trust that even when you cannot see them, something of you is walking beside them.
And if you are the one who is traveling—physically, emotionally, spiritually—remember this:
You do not leave love behind when you go.
You carry it.
You carry every lesson, every embrace, every word spoken over you. You carry the people who shaped you, the ones who believed in you, the ones who still do.
You are never as alone as you sometimes feel.
Because love travels with you.
Always.
So today, let us bless the travelers.
May they be safe.
May they be guided.
May they be surrounded by kindness.
May they return—or continue forward—exactly as they are meant to.
And let us bless those who remain.
May your hearts be steady.
May your memories be warm.
May your love feel close, even when your people are far.
And may we all remember:
Distance is real.
But it is not ultimate.
Love is.
Amen.