

Summer *of* Love

By Evelina Kvaltunaite

How often do you confess to being in love? Are you in love? I have often observed how reluctant people are to say such things. They are even more afraid to shout out these feelings.

Yes, it took me a very long time to get there. To that state of mind were it is not so scary to say I love you. In theory, it shouldn't be *that* difficult, should it? These are three words that can hold so many different meanings. Someone once mentioned that one should not pronounce these too often or they lose their effect - they become diluted. Well, can they? I reckon that words are not like gym shoes, nor your favourite pair of pants - that already have a few holes - and not even a box of cookies (although here is an interesting thought!)

After you think for a long time and then you think again, you realise that you can actually love many things – your country, your mother, god and even those cookies, peanut butter and sunsets and all those other seductive things. Yet, why is it so difficult to admit to all this?

A confession of love is not necessarily a commitment and not a request to hear the same in return. Of course, here is where I remember Paulo Coelho who gave a lecture a year ago -he was eleven minutes late. He said that all love stories that are written in the world are only one out of three: one sided love, mutual love between two and a love triangle. And I dare to guess that most probably all of us are dreaming of a beautiful mutual love. At least deep deep in our hearts. Although on the other hand, I am quite OK with some of my one sided loves. And even my triangles of love.

My latest one sided love was born not that long ago – this spring, in a little bookstore in Sweden where I found this little



very pink book titled “No one belongs here more than you do”. Worth buying just for the title, isn't it? This love affair of mine still warms those little creative corners of my soul -only one out of many! Who said the big picture of happiness is not made up out of small pieces of a puzzle? Love is a very beautiful thing. Even if it ends. Then you have a memory of the feeling, that little fuzzy feeling, that little miracle of butterflies in your stomach. Although it is never easy to say farewell.

When I was still a teenager (and that was oh such a long time ago!) I found this sentence in a book and it stuck with me for years; “farewell is not a goodbye, it's a good wish for a friend”. To tell you the truth I still believe in that . We say farewell to so much each day – to a bus you've missed, to a missed opportunity or to a most amazing day – that includes people, places and emotions. AND LOVE.

It is therefore that the International Club wants to wish you a beautiful summer full of love, warmth, unforgettable moments and certainly, miracles! We will come back in August!

Contact us

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