

**From the Stacks**  
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Love is most often spoken of as a feeling, but I have come to understand it more as a language—one spoken not only with words, but with actions, choices, and presence. As Sandy Patty sings, “love in any language comes straight from the heart.” That line rings true in every season of my life. Real love does not require perfect phrasing or flawless timing. It does not depend on culture, fluency, or grand gestures. It is understood because it is felt.

Love can be kind. Kindness often arrives quietly in gentle words, thoughtful gestures, and grace given freely. It notices what others overlook and gives without keeping score. Kind love softens the sharp edges of long days and reminds us of our worth. It does not seek recognition; it simply shows up repeatedly making life a little lighter for someone else. Whether it is folding the laundry, dropping off food, or getting the tires changed on a vehicle, kindness is love.

Love can be peaceful. Peaceful love creates safety. The space where we can rest without fear of judgment or rejection that brings calm in chaos and steadiness in storms. This love does not thrive on drama or control; instead, it nurtures trust and quiet strength. In peaceful love, silence is not awkward. It is comforting. It allows us to be fully ourselves and still feel accepted. As a child and as a teen, home was somewhere I wanted to be. Now, as an adult, I anticipate my evenings home with my dog and my sweet husband whether we watch television together or read across the room from one another.

Love can be loud. Loud love celebrates openly and defends fiercely. It laughs without restraint, cheers without embarrassment, and speaks up when silence would cause harm. Loud love refuses to hide when something precious is at stake. It declares commitment, joy, and loyalty with confidence, making its presence unmistakable. Cheering on my children as they played sports, I just may have been the loudest mom (often to the chagrin of my child). Not only did I cheer for my favorite player, but I also yelled for all the players I knew.

Love changed its shape the moment I first held my child. A quiet shift happened in that moment. The center of gravity moved out of my chest and settled into my babies. I was no longer just me; I, along with my husband, became the guardian of every breath, the keeper of nights and worries and hopes. Somehow, in that surrender, I became more myself than I had ever been. Motherhood anchored me to a purpose so fierce that it

made everything else feel smaller. A child, simply by being born, deserves such love. Loving them teaches children how love is meant to work everywhere else in the big world.

Love can be patient. As a wife and a mother, I see that patience is not passive—it is an active choice to wait without resentment and to listen without rushing to respond. Patient love shows up when growth is slow, when mistakes repeat themselves, and when answers take longer than we hoped. It chooses endurance over convenience and understands that people change in seasons. The deepest bonds are not built in urgency, but in time. This kind of love steadies us when life feels uncertain. That kind of love does not hold grudges or keep score. It does not bargain or attach conditions. It is faithful simply because it exists, and it endures even beyond death.

In all its forms, kind, peaceful, loud, and patient, love speaks a universal truth. It crosses boundaries, heals divisions, and binds hearts together. As a wife, as a mother, and as someone still learning every day how to love well, I know this much to be true: love in any language really does come straight from the heart. And when it does, it is always understood.