

February 8, 2026



## WEEKLY LETTER FROM MONSIGNOR KEN

This is Valentine's Day weekend, a time for romantic dinners, candy and cards. It can be a nice relief from the doldrums of this bleak and difficult winter. As we observe this traditional holiday with its theme of love, we are surrounded by increasing hatred, division, and violence. Indeed, what really is love and why are we so unloving?

I decided it was time to hear again this story, that is both touching and inspiring. I found it on a site Symphony of Love. Even if you've heard it before, it's worth hearing again. It's titled: She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is.

"It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80's arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00am. I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch, and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound. On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound. While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry. The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife.

I inquired as to her health; he told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's disease. As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now. I was surprised, and asked him, "And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?" He smiled as he patted my hand and said, "She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is."

I had to hold back the tears, as he left. I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought, "That is the kind of love I want in my life."

True love is not logical or practical; it is sacrificial and other-centered. True love doesn't need to be sung about or talked about. It needs to be given.

**"Love is patient, love is kind. It is not jealous, love is not pompous, it is not inflated, it is not rude, it does not seek its own interests, it is not quick-tempered, it does not brood over injury, it does not rejoice over wrongdoing but rejoices with the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails." (1Corinthians 13:4-8a)**