

Love heals.

As a therapist, I believe this. Not love alone, but love is necessary and must bathe everything that is done in therapy. Solid treatment approaches applied *in love* heal. So do therapists love their clients? I don't mean a romantic love, but a pure, benevolent concern for another's wellbeing. Applying 1 Corinthians 13 (aka "the love chapter") to the profession would seem to provide an affirmative answer to that question.

Love is patient, love is kind.

Love saved me from my battle with anorexia and bulimia. It came, among other things, in the form of a patient mom and a forbearing therapist....*Love is not rude, it is not self-seeking; it is not easily angered.* Love understands that logic doesn't cut it. Reasoning with a person trapped in the eating disorder is fruitless. Love, not logic, is at the heart of the cure.

Ultimately, God, in His infinite and abounding mercy and grace healed me in the course of time. God IS love, of course. So my task is to receive this love and extend it to others, including my clients. This can be frustrating at times, but love *keeps no record of wrongs. It does not delight in evil.*

Therapists must gently and lovingly challenge and confront clients. We encourage them while respecting their resistance. In certain ways, we protect them. *Love always protects; always trusts.*

Recovering folks know love because they have been fed lies from the enemy about their worth. *Love does not envy; it does not boast; it is not proud.* The eating disorder lies and distorts, while love *does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.*

As a therapist, I must help clients persist and not give in and to trust that all this hard work is worth it. That is what love does. *Love always hopes; always perseveres.*

Love never fails.