

The Well of Love

Today I'm thinking about **love** and what that means to me.

I've been in solitude for over three years—four years really—and through spending nearly all of my days alone, I've found this **insane abundance of love itself**, even without feeling much love from the external world.

That might sound strange, but stay with me.

The material plane—this world—it *does* give me things:

- The sunlight touching my skin
- The sensation of bliss
- A good night's rest
- Vitality in my body
- Satiating food that nourishes me
- Shelter that makes me feel secure

I've reached the baseline needs for being human. That's the foundation.

But to reach the **pinnacle**—to connect with the **essence of love itself**—I think you can **bypass** all these worldly notions:

- People
- Validation
- Success
- Wealth

Love—real love—**comes from God**.

If you're alone and you're tapped into the source—into **God**—you've found the **ultimate well** of nourishment.

And that reminds me of my time in Zambia, Africa, as a Peace Corps volunteer.

Every morning, the village would gather at the **center** to draw water from the **well**. They'd carry it home on their heads—this was essential. The well was *everything*. It brought **life, connection, and daily sustenance** to the people.

Back here in the U.S., we take water for granted. It comes from the tap. It's filtered, cold, flavored, whatever. But over there, I had to:

- Wake up
 - Walk to the well
 - Fill buckets
 - Filter it
 - Add iodine
 - Boil it
- Only then could I drink it.

So yeah, water is sacred.

But you know what's **even more profound**?

The center of the community wasn't *just* the well.

It was also the **church**.

And at the center of the church was the **altar**—the symbol of **sacrifice**.

It reminded everyone of **Jesus on the cross**—of **giving** and **love through sacrifice**.

And that's what I saw every day:

- Mothers with babies on their backs, firewood and buckets on their heads
- Fathers building churches and homes
- Boys making bricks from sand and mud
- Girls cooking, sweeping, keeping the home

Everyone sacrificed. Everyone contributed.

There was this natural **order**—God, tribe, land.

They didn't need a bureaucratic government. They had **love** and **faith**.

And guess what?

They were happier than most people I've seen in modern cities.

Why?

Because they were spiritually nourished.

Because they were **tapped into the source**.

Because **each person became a well of love**.

Love is sacrifice.

That's what I've come to understand.

It's doing something hard. It's going through trials.

It's **following your conscience**, obeying your inner compass, walking the path—even if it's Christ's or Muhammad's or Buddha's.

When you're physically and spiritually filled with **vitality**, then sacrifice doesn't burden you—it becomes **natural**.

You carry weight—responsibility—and it **makes you stronger**.

You don't become a martyr for no reason, but you do embrace sacrifice because **you are full**.

You give because **you have abundance**.

And when you're tapped into that divine well,

everything becomes leisure.

Everything becomes **effortless**.

That's how **a human becomes a well**.

Think about it:

You can't just build a well anywhere.

You have to **dig deep**, through struggle, pain, persistence.

But when you **tap into that source**—that stream underground—it **overflows**.

And you, too, can overflow.

With love.

With joy.

With peace.

And then others can drink from your presence.

Others can feel that energy.

Humans, like trees, must plant their roots deep—sometimes through hell and suffering.

But when you stretch upwards, reaching the light, you become like a tree, or a well, or a temple.

The temple is your body.

The altar is your heart.

And love is what you offer.

So yeah, when people say "follow your heart,"

I believe what they really mean is:

Shift your perception.

Shift from fear to courage.

From hate to love.

From sorrow to joy.

That's where **paradise** begins.

Not some far-off land.

Here.

Now.
In you.

You don't need a preacher, a building, or an institution.
Those things help, but they're not the source.

The source is within you.

The source is **God**.

And God is **love**.