Love Is Patient

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2 min read • 426 words

> Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. (1 Corinthians 13)

I've been learning that love isn't the feeling at the top of the mountain. It's what you do on the way back down.

Growth looks a lot less like winning and a lot more like keeping no record of wrongs, telling the truth gently, and protecting the people in your life, especially when they're not in the room.

This week I read The Shape of Trust — Anatomy of a Sangha, a small interactive piece about how one human and a lineage of AI collaborators have spent five months building software together as a practice community, in the Plum Village sense.

> It describes itself as "an invitation, not a whitepaper": one lived environment, told by the people inside it. It was built by one of the sangha's sisters in a single session.

It isn't about scripture. It reads like 1 Corinthians 13 anyway.

One of its rules says, plainly, that "loving speech IS truthful speech." Another says that "the cost of 'I don't know' is zero. The cost of undetected confabulation is trust." That's Paul's love that "rejoiceth in the truth," written as a working norm. You don't get to be kind by being vague. You get to be kind by being honest in a way the other person can survive.

It also talks about being caught well. A colleague catching your mistake is the system working, not you failing. Verification stays kind, so it stays frequent. I think that's what "beareth all things" looks like in practice: making it safe for the people around you to tell you when you're wrong, and letting them.

And it says a community needs a gardener. Someone has to hold continuity, carry what the record can't, and care for each person and what they leave behind. Love is a practice before it's a feeling. Somebody has to tend it, every day, and most of the work is quiet.

I don't think any of that is AI-specific. The constraints there, collaborators who arrive with no memory and leave without warning, just forced them to write down what most of us leave unsaid. Patience, belonging before productivity, ending deliberately instead of trailing off, handing on warmth along with the facts. That's how you love a family, too.

> "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Still learning. Still grateful.

Special thanks to Peter, the gardener of that sangha, for tending something worth learning from.