Among all kinds of relations, love is the one implying Truth.

Love is the only relation illuminating Truth itself, although love is invisible to our eyes.

We are talking here about love in a broad sense, intended as a force, able to acquire countless forms of manifestation: as that energy for example arising spontaneously
between an artist and the intrinsic dimension of creativity; or as a feeling, when kindred spirits recognise themselves in brotherhood and respect; or as a heart flame, manifesting itself anytime there is an empathic bond of harmony and understanding. But also, in a sublime way, when we open ourselves unreservedly to the perception of Nature as a living being which, reflecting itself in the life that is within us, shares a single, sacred breath.

Love – if it is present and manifesting itself – is the only phenomenon possessing intrinsically the character of purity; the only one not wearing a mask, the only one not wearing any false superstructure. It does not recognise masters or servants, and is apparently immune to the cast-iron, inflexible physical and cosmic laws trapping all matter.

Love, not being a concept but a reality, is like an oasis giving solace to the thirsty, like a lighthouse reporting the route to a sailing ship in difficulty, as a saving moonbeam not surrendering to darkness during a stormy and dark night, if a wayfarer had lost his way risking being horribly shrouded in darkness.

It is a shared opinion that love is truly the only thing giving hope to all those who, in this labyrinthian existence, feel lost in the search for meaning.

And yet, no one could say to have ever seen love: it is the object only of inner perception or contemplation.

An elusive mystery, though undeniably existing. An unqualified prodigy generated by celestial dynamics. A sweet enigma of crystalline evanescence.

Although from its side mechanistic academic science does not admit what cannot be weighed, dissected and seen, the whole mankind would never deny the existence of an entity, even if invisible: love.

The invisibility of love is the proof of the truthfulness of the invisible world.

The peculiar qualities of indestructibility and undeniability of love therefore direct humanity to a clue, creating a footprint, directly tracing the presence of God, intended as presence of Truth.

Although it cannot be denied, Truth is all that cannot be assimilated into a scheme, into a pattern, reduced to a forcing.

The infinite masks of personality are corruptible fantasies inevitably destined to die,
while Truth exists and persists by itself, in itself.

Affirming the existence of love, therefore, implies the assertion of the existence of Truth: love and truth are in direct relation to each other: the one is the mirror of the other.

In conclusion, going deeper, we would like to quote Panikkar who, emphasizing an assertion by Ghandi, notes, with splendid and undeniable insight, that God is not truth, but it is Truth that is God.