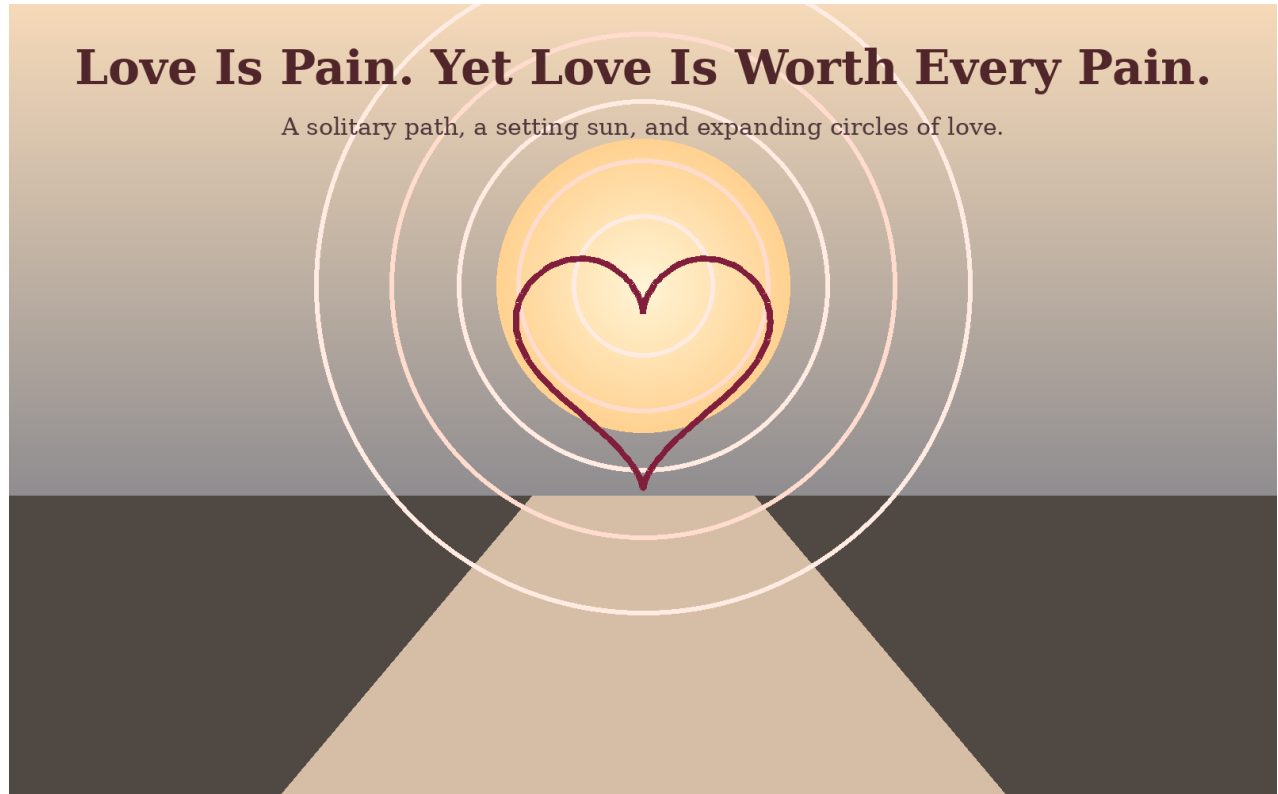


Love Is Pain. Yet Love Is Worth Every Pain. | Arun Sehgal

# Love Is Pain. Yet Love Is Worth Every Pain.

*Notes to Myself - Reflections on Love, Loss, and the Courage to Keep Expanding the Circle of Our Hearts*

**By Arun Sehgal**



*Suggested Cover Picture: A solitary path at sunset, with soft expanding circles forming a heart. It symbolises that every expansion of love widens both vulnerability and meaning.*

## Author's Powerful Quotes

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***“Pain is not the enemy of love; it is often the evidence that love once touched the deepest part of our being.”***

— Arun Sehgal

***“The circle of love expands the circle of pain, but it also expands the circle of meaning.”***

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***“The real balance sheet of life is not wealth earned, but love given, love received, and kindness left behind.”***

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***“Love is fragile, temporary, and uncertain; perhaps that is exactly why it is sacred.”***

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***“A heart that never breaks may also be a heart that never truly opened.”***

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***“We do not become strong by avoiding love. We become strong by loving even after we have known pain.”***

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***“Never stop loving to protect yourself from pain; that protection may become the prison of your heart.”***

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# Love Is Pain. Yet Love Is Worth Every Pain.

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There is a thought that has been visiting me repeatedly over the last few years.  
The more people I love, the more vulnerable I become.  
The more I allow someone into my heart, the more power I unknowingly give them to hurt me.  
The larger my circle of love becomes, the larger my circle of pain becomes.  
And yet, despite knowing this truth, if life were to begin all over again, I would still choose love.

**Every single time.**

Because love may bring pain, but a life without love brings something far worse.

**Emptiness.**

Many people spend their lives trying to avoid pain.

**They build walls.**

**They become cautious.**

**They trust less.**

**They care less.**

**They stop expecting.**

**They stop giving.**

Slowly, they convince themselves that they have become stronger.  
But I often wonder whether they have become stronger or simply become less alive.  
Because the very thing that gives us pain is also the thing that gives life meaning.

***“Pain is not the enemy of love; it is often the evidence that love once touched the deepest part of our being.”***

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**Love.**

**Love for parents.**

**Love for children.**

**Love for friends.**

**Love for colleagues.**

**Love for life partner**

**Love for students.**

**Love for employees.**

**Love for a pet.**

**Love for a garden.**

**Love for a dream.**

**Love for humanity.**

Every attachment carries the possibility of pain.

Yet every attachment also carries the possibility of joy.

The problem is that most of us want the joy without the risk.

Life does not work that way.

You cannot ask for sunlight without accepting the possibility of rain.

You cannot ask for a beautiful rose without accepting its thorns.

You cannot ask for love without accepting pain.

**The two are inseparable.**

I have often reflected on why some of the happiest memories of my life are also connected to some of the deepest pains.

Perhaps because both originate from the same source.

**The heart.**

The same heart that celebrates also mourns.

The same heart that smiles also cries.

The same heart that feels gratitude also feels loss.

If you have never cried for someone, perhaps you have never truly loved them.

***“A heart that never breaks may also be a heart that never truly opened.”***

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If you have never missed someone, perhaps they never really entered your heart.

If you have never felt pain because of another human being, perhaps you have protected yourself so carefully that you never allowed yourself to experience the miracle of connection.

Life teaches us strange lessons.

When we are young, we believe love means receiving.

As we grow older, we discover that love is mostly giving.

When we are young, we want people to understand us.

As we grow older, we learn to understand others.

When we are young, we want people to stay forever.

As we grow older, we realise nothing stays forever.

**Nothing.**

**Not youth.**

**Not health.**

**Not success.**

**Not possessions.**

**Not relationships.**

**Not even life itself.**

**Everything changes.**

**Everything moves.**

**Everything passes.**

Perhaps that is why love becomes so precious.

Because it exists despite impermanence.

Imagine for a moment that everything lasted forever.

**Would we value anything?**

Would a sunset be beautiful if it never ended?

Would a flower be special if it never wilted?

Would a moment be precious if it could be repeated endlessly?

**Perhaps not.**

The beauty lies in knowing that it will pass.

The beauty lies in its temporary nature.

The beauty lies in its fragility.

Love is beautiful because it is fragile.

Every time we love someone, we silently sign a contract with life.

***“The circle of love expands the circle of pain, but it also expands the circle of meaning.”***

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**A contract that says:**

*“One day I may lose this person.”*

*“One day I may miss this person.”*

*“One day my heart may break.”*

Yet we continue to love.

**Why?**

Because love is stronger than fear.

Or at least it should be.

Some of the greatest moments of my life have come from expanding my circle of love.

The day my children were born.

The day I held my grandchildren.

The friendships that survived decades.

The mentors who guided me.

The students who trusted me.

The employees who stood beside me during difficult times.

The countless individuals who entered my life for a season and left behind a permanent lesson.

Every one of them expanded my heart.

Every one of them increased my capacity to feel.

And every one of them increased my capacity to hurt.

Yet if given the choice, I would never remove any of them from my story.

Not even those who caused pain.

Because pain itself is a teacher.

**A harsh teacher.**

**An unforgiving teacher.**

**But a teacher nonetheless.**

The people who made me happy taught me how beautiful life can be.

The people who hurt me taught me how strong I can become.

Both contributed to my journey.

**Both shaped my character.**

***“We do not become strong by avoiding love. We become strong by loving even after we have known pain.”***

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Both expanded my understanding of human nature.

As I grow older, I have started seeing love differently.

Earlier I thought love was something directed toward specific individuals.

Today I believe love is a way of living.

**A way of seeing.**

**A way of responding to the world.**

**A way of existing.**

Some people love only those who love them back.

**Others love without conditions.**

The first group lives safely.

The second group lives fully.

Yes, they get hurt more.

Yes, they get disappointed more.

Yes, they get betrayed more.

But they also experience more joy.

**More meaning.**

**More connection.**

**More humanity.**

**More life.**

I often think of a garden.

A person who loves gardening knows that plants will die.

**Flowers will fall.**

**Leaves will dry.**

**Storms will come.**

**Pests will attack.**

Yet every morning the gardener waters the plants again.

**Why?**

Because the joy of nurturing is greater than the pain of losing.

Love works the same way.

Many people stop loving because they were hurt once.

Some stop trusting because they were betrayed once.

Some stop dreaming because they failed once.

Some stop giving because they were not appreciated once.

But life cannot be lived through withdrawal.

Life can only be lived through participation.

**You must participate.**

**You must engage.**

**You must care.**

**You must risk.**

**You must love.**

***“The real balance sheet of life is not wealth earned, but love given, love received, and kindness left behind.”***

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Otherwise, what exactly are we protecting?

A heart that never gets hurt?

Or a heart that never truly lives?

There is another truth I have discovered.

Pain itself is proof that love existed.

**Think about it.**

We do not grieve strangers the way we grieve loved ones.

We do not miss those who never touched our hearts.

We do not cry for those who never mattered.

Pain is the shadow cast by love.

Where there is no love, there is no shadow.

Perhaps that is why I have stopped resenting pain.

I do not enjoy it.

I do not welcome it.

**But I understand it.**

Pain reminds me that my heart is still alive.

Pain reminds me that I have not become indifferent.

Pain reminds me that I still care.

Pain reminds me that I am still capable of loving.

And that is something worth preserving.

The world today encourages detachment.

**Not spiritual detachment.**

**Emotional avoidance.**

People are afraid to commit.

**Afraid to trust.**

**Afraid to care.**

**Afraid to depend.**

**Afraid to be vulnerable.**

**Afraid to love.**

Yet vulnerability is where all meaningful relationships begin.

You cannot experience deep love while remaining emotionally protected.

**The two cannot coexist.**

Every meaningful relationship requires courage.

The courage to be misunderstood.

The courage to be disappointed.

The courage to be rejected.

The courage to be hurt.

**The courage to lose.**

**And still continue loving.**

**That is true strength.**

Not the absence of pain.

But the willingness to embrace pain for something greater.

As I look back upon life, I realise that my greatest achievements are not business achievements.

**Not financial achievements.**

**Not professional achievements.**

**They are relationships.**

The people whose lives touched mine.

The people who trusted me.

The people I cared for.

The people who cared for me.

When the final chapter of life is written, I doubt anyone will count how many meetings they attended.

***“Never stop loving to protect yourself from pain; that protection may become the prison of your heart.”***

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How many awards they received.  
How much wealth they accumulated.  
What will matter is simpler.

**Who loved us.  
Whom we loved.**

Whose lives became better because we existed.  
That is the real balance sheet.

**Everything else is secondary.**

Life is indeed a lonely journey in many ways.

**We come alone.  
We leave alone.**

**Nothing remains permanent.**

Yet while we are here, we are given an extraordinary opportunity.

**The opportunity to love.  
To expand our circle.  
To include more people.  
To care more deeply.**

**To contribute more generously.**

To leave more kindness behind than we found.  
And yes, every expansion of that circle increases the possibility of pain.  
But it also increases the possibility of meaning.  
A small heart experiences little pain.  
But it also experiences little joy.  
A large heart experiences great pain.  
But it also experiences great love.  
I know which life I would choose.

**Every single time.**

So my message to myself is simple.

**Do not stop loving.  
Do not stop caring.  
Do not stop trusting.**

Do not stop expanding your circle.  
Do not stop opening your heart.

**Even if it hurts.**

**Especially if it hurts.**

Because the pain is not evidence that love failed.

The pain is evidence that love existed.

And in a world increasingly afraid to love, perhaps the bravest thing we can do is continue loving anyway.

***“Love is fragile, temporary, and uncertain; perhaps that is exactly why it is sacred.”***

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The day we stop loving to avoid pain is the day we stop fully living.

The day we stop caring is the day part of our humanity dies.

The day we stop expanding our circle is the day our world begins to shrink.

**So love.**

**Love courageously.**

**Love generously.**

**Love fearlessly.**

**Love imperfectly.**

**Love repeatedly.**

**Love even after disappointment.**

**Love even after loss.**

**Love even after heartbreak.**

For the beauty of love is so unique, so extraordinary, so divine, that it is worth every tear, every sacrifice, every sleepless night, every moment of longing, and every pain that accompanies it.

And when life finally asks us whether it was worth it all, may we be able to smile and answer:

***Yes! The pain was real. But so was the love. And the love was worth everything.***