Love can wait; love has a heart. Love doesn’t begrudge, doesn’t brag, isn’t inflated, doesn’t act crude, doesn’t take advantage, doesn’t pick fights, doesn’t plot evil, and takes no delight in doing harm, but delights together in the truth. It is always accepting, always believing, always hoping, always enduring.

Love never fails. Prophecies? They will be disproven. Tongues? They will be stilled. Knowledge? It will be superseded. For we know in part and prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the partial will be abolished. When I was a baby, I talked like a baby, felt like a baby, thought like a baby. Now that I’m a man, I’ve put the baby things away.

You see, for now we look as if in a mirror, shrouded in mystery; but then we will see face to face. Now I partly discern; but then I will perceive the same way that I was perceived all along. And so we have faith, hope and love, these three: but the greatest of these is love.