

An extract from *Les Miserables*

You can give without loving,
but you can never love without giving.
The great acts of love are done by those who are
habitually performing small acts of kindness.
We pardon to the extent that we love.

Love is knowing that even when you are alone,
you will never be lonely again.
And the great happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved.
Loved for ourselves.
And even loved in spite of ourselves.

Victor Hugo