

LOVE

by Mitch Albom

The Five People You Meet in Heaven

‘Lost love is still love. It takes a different form, that’s all. You can’t see their smile or bring them food or tousle their hair or move them around a dance floor. But when those senses weaken, another heightens. Memory. Memory becomes your partner. You nurture it. You hold it. you dance with it. Life has to end. Love doesn’t.’