

7
*you two
are more*



A LOVE THAT HONORS,
A PARTNERSHIP THAT HEALS,
A FUTURE THAT HOPE BUILDS.



Part 7: You Too Are More

If you've made it this far, let me whisper something sacred to your soul: You are not too much; your longing is not a defect. Your ache is not an accident; you were made for more. I don't say that lightly, I say it because I see you. I hear your internal questions; I've felt that same restlessness, the one that stirs when you lie awake at night and wonder, *'is this all there is?'*

I want to tell you emphatically, **NO**, there is more, more wonder, more love, more depth, more meaning... the ache you feel? It's the compass, it's the spark, it's the invitation to keep seeking what is true and beautiful and holy.

You may have been told to tone it down; you may have been told to settle, to calm down, to stop needing so much, but let me be one voice in your life who says: **Don't**, don't shrink, don't quiet your song, don't apologize for needing more than scraps.

The world has enough people who've learned to live half-alive, what we need are those brave enough to feel the whole weight of *the sacred longing* and still move toward the Light. You, too, are a more-child, and your hunger is not something to cure, it's something to **honor**. So, love deeply; peak boldly; rest when you must, and never forget:

*You were made by Love,
for Love, to give Love.
And that, dear soul, is the most sacred more of all.*

One such soul is my beautiful daughter Melodie Joy, from the first moment I held her, I saw the music in her name woven into her spirit. Melodie didn't demand the spotlight; she didn't push to be seen. She smiled with tiny, cute lips and eyes that squinted like they were holding a secret joy. Melodie is my second-born, her older sister, Meagan, shone so brightly ahead of her arrival, and then Noah arrived shortly after her, the first boy, and he too inadvertently drew so much attention from everyone, even from Melodie.

Somewhere in that mix, Melodie learned to live in the quiet spaces between.

Melodie didn't clamor to be noticed, she pursued achievement. She dreamed, and then she chased those dreams until they were hers. She scaled every mountain she faced and became the first to earn her master's degree. Numbers bowed to her mind; equations found their answers in and through her. And yet, while she was winning on paper, she quietly carried battles in her heart and mind.

I didn't know, back then, about the eating disorder she hid so well. I didn't see the way her body image whispered its cruel lies to her. She carried that weight, not just on her frame, but in her soul, and never spoke of it. Perhaps she thought no one would understand. Perhaps she thought her worth was something she had to protect in silence.

And still, Melodie loved; she gave. She kept moving forward. Today, Melodie is an amazing mother to beautiful little boy named John Luke, she is a wife to a man named Luke who is a gentle giant and treasures her. Melodie has built a life rich with love, stability, and grace, she's proof that *more* does not always arrive in shouts and banners, Sometimes, *more* comes in a quiet, steady melody, the kind that lingers in the heart long after the song is over.

Melodie has been my *more* child—not because she ever asked for more, but because she is more. She always was and is.

*"In the quiet of your life,
you carried Joy like a hidden crown."
"You scaled mountains
without asking for applause."
"You have always been more,
quietly, beautifully, undeniably more."*

Mel-Belle

*In the shadow, you shone.
In the quiet, you conquered.
Dream-chaser, mountain-climber,*

*keeper of silent battles
and radiant Joy.*

*You are the melody that lingers,
not loud, but lasting.
Not demanding, but unforgettable.*

*You have always been more,
and you always will be.*

With love, your Papa and fellow more-child who stayed by the door

Reader Reflection:

Who in your life has inspired you, not through grand gestures, but through steady, quiet faithfulness? Write about what you've learned from them.

Think of a time you carried a private struggle. What did you wish others could have understood about you in that moment?

In what ways have you underestimated your own worth or presence? How might you embrace those qualities now?

What would you want others to remember about the way you lived, loved, and persevered?

How can you honor both the hidden and the seen parts of your story?

What am I still longing for, and what if that longing is holy?

If I believed I was truly made by Love, for Love, to give Love, how would I live differently today?

Epilogue: The Final Word

Dear Beloved Reader,

If you're holding this book, it means something in you recognized the sound of your own soul echoing through mine. Maybe it was the ache, maybe it was the hunger, maybe it was the longing for more that the world told you to suppress. Let me tell you something now, as plainly and as personally as I can: You are not alone, you never were. Even in the silence, even in the ache, even when your voice trembled or disappeared altogether, the Presence was with you; Love was with you. "More" was whispering beneath the surface of your sorrow.

This book is not just about my story, it's about ours, it's about the sacred longing that binds us, the divine ache that refuses to be silenced, and the courage it takes to believe that life still holds beauty, mystery, and purpose for you.

You are a more person, you always have been, now, bless that truth, live from it. This is your sacred ache; it's not a flaw; it's a flame to light the path and warm the hearts of all you encounter. Speak from it; love from it, and when others question your depth or your need, smile gently and remember this: You were made for more, and the world needs what only you can offer. May you go forward with tenderness for your past, grace for your present, and holy anticipation for your future. May you remember you are never alone, and may you always, always return to the whisper: "You were made for more."

With holy affection,

Carlo Griseta

A fellow pilgrim of the ache, the beauty, and the sacred more