

Is there a philosophically interesting connection between what and how we *love* and a theory about the superlatively *meaningful life*? Love seems to me to be a particularly intense, potent and expressive form of care. In my report I consider whether love of a specific kind is a necessary and/or sufficient condition for a supremely significant existence. I critique Harry Frankfurt's subjectivist account that just so long as we love something, anything, our lives are meaningful. In reply, I submit that there are three conditions for the meaningful life: that we love something, that the something we love be worth loving, and that we love this thing in the right kind of way. I consider Levy's contention that work, not love, is necessary for the most meaningful existence and reject it because of the lack of consideration he gives to 'active engagement' in our projects. I conclude that it is love of a particular sort that grounds both a necessary and sufficient conditions for the *most* meaningful life.