

Do Small Things With Great Love

by Cathy Batson

Not all of us can do great things. But we can do small things with great love.

—Mother Teresa

When I was a child, my mother used to say, "It's the little things that count." I would say (to myself), "that might be true, but I love big things."

I longed for a big house like the ones across the rail road tracks that we were not allowed to cross. I always went for the bigger cookie when my mother would make homemade treats. As I grew older my affinity for big things grew even bigger, big Afros, big earrings, big diamonds, big, big and more big. I believed that bigger was always better, it equaled prosperity, and proved your love for me. The bigger the gift the more you loved me, or so I thought.



However, I learned that big didn't equal love, it wasn't necessarily an accurate representation of one's heart. Often when one comes bearing big gifts it's partnered with big pain. I learned this in very hard and cruel ways but God brought me through, God showed me how to recognize great love in very small ways . . . a soft touch, an invitation to break bread with close friends, a phone call, an acknowledgment that you exist, undivided attention to someone who simply needs to be seen . . .

Receiving and giving gifts still remain my love language, but often the language is a spoken word of hope and joy or a text with small hearts to let someone know they've have crossed your mind.

Love always finds a way to speak to one's heart, one's soul, one's spirit. There are small signs of God's love all around us, the mourning dove, a hug from a small child, listening to the soft breathing of your sleeping spouse.

Love finds a way.

Amen