

One Small Gift

I arrived with open hands,
never realizing
my heart
would leave
more open
than my hands
ever were.

I thought service would be measured by the word I accomplished,
the hours I gave,
the lives I hoped to touch.

Instead,

It was measured

By a single moment

A child noticed

The small bracelet

Around my wrist.

Their eyes

Filled with quiet wonder.

Without thinking

I slipped it off

and placed it

into their hands.

To me,

It was just a bracelet.

Small.

Simple.

Replaceable.

But to them,

It was a treasure.

They looked at me and softly said

“No one has ever given me anything before.”

Time stood still

Those words

settled deep

within my heart.

In that moment,

I understood

that kindness

is never measured

by the size of the gift

but by the love

with which it is given.

The bracelet cost very little.

But compassion

Has no price.

That child thought I had given them

Something valuable.

They never knew they had given me

Something greater

A new understanding

Of service.

Now I know

love is not found

only in grand gestures.

It lives

In open hands,

gentle hearts,

and simple acts
that remind someone
they are seen,
they are valued,
they are loved.

The bracelet

Is no longer

On my wrist.

But its imprint

Remains on my heart

Because sometimes the smallest gift

Becomes the greatest blessing.

Sometimes the greatest expression of love

Is the smallest gift

Placed in the hands of someone

Who has never received one before

And sometimes the heart of service

Is simply

Choosing to love

One person,

One moment,

At a time.