31 Days of the Little Way: You've Got Mail

It's 2016. So our sons rarely get mail. In fact, if you take out the bills and the ads and the Amazon packages full of chicken soup, John and I don't get much either.

Many nights I almost forget to check the mailbox, and my husband pulls it out when he gets home. But last night after I put dinner in the oven to reheat and started the third-grade religion test review, I thought of the mail.

It didn't feel like much, but in the slim pile were two orange envelopes for our boys.



"You have mail!" I said. They were so happy.

Daniel dropped everything and found a seat on the floor to open his. It was a Halloween card from his grandparents, and inside was a whole dollar.



"You can take that to the dollar store and buy anything you see," I said.

He was so excited. And his big brother was, too.

There's something so special about receiving a piece of mail, a card, just for you. Someone saw the card, thought of you, and mailed it just to you—complete with a stamp and, in this case, a whole entire dollar bill.

I think of all the love behind that card, the love our children's grandparents have for our boys—and for their other grandchildren who also received cards with dollar bills. That card may just be a card, but it represents so much more. And it made me think of God's love, and how I'm trying to see His hand in my life each day, especially this month.

He shares His love with us in numerous ways every day, in the smiles of my children as they run to greet me, in a lively lunch with my colleagues during a busy day, in an evening with friends as we prayed and talked about our faith, and even in the pick-up driver who honked and yelled at me this morning. I didn't see God at first in his yelling, and I still don't know how I managed to offend him, but later I realized I was driving more cautiously than ever the rest of the day. So God was there.

I wonder what God will send in the next day's mail, and how we'll see his love in little ways throughout the day.