

What Is Carried

I spent many years believing peace would arrive when nothing more was being asked of me.

Now I wonder whether peace has more to do with how we meet what arrives.

What matters to me now is not proving that an ordinary life was secretly impressive.

It is enough to believe that ordinary lives may carry hidden coherence without needing to become large.

A person may be formed through years of small fidelities.

Through losses survived.

Through conversations remembered only partially.

Through love offered unevenly.

Through work done imperfectly.

Through tenderness that arrives late.

I think writing has helped me notice this.

Not because writing makes everything clear.

Sometimes it makes things less clear for a while.

But it slows the life down long enough for small moments to remain visible.

A story about interruption becomes more than irritation.

A story about fatigue becomes more than weakness.

A story about relinquishment becomes more than loss.

The stories begin conversing with one another.

Not a system.

A life.

That is why dialogue has mattered so much in this process.

Writing alone can reveal much.

But dialogue keeps the story honest.

Spiritual direction has done this for me in embodied and relational ways.

So has conversation.

So has prayer, even when prayer has felt distracted or thin.

Because no one becomes human alone.

We become visible to ourselves through relationship.

Through being listened to.

Through being questioned gently enough that truth can surface without being forced.

This is why I do not want the book to sound like a solitary achievement.

It is not.

The life was not solitary.

The writing is not solitary.

The ministry, if that is the right word, is not solitary.

Even the small things are shared.

A story told.

A question asked.

A silence kept.

A hand extended.

A kindness noticed.

Ministry is not always the thing we do for others.

Sometimes it emerges through the shared spaces where people help keep one another honest enough to remain human.

That understanding changes the emotional weight of offering.

Offering no longer has to mean producing something large enough to justify itself.

It may simply mean placing a small truthful thing where another person can receive it freely.

A story.

A question.

A moment of recognition.

A little company for the road.

No pressure.

No performance.

Just companionship.

This feels closer to what I mean now when I say ministry of small things.

Small because it remains close to ordinary life.  
Small because it refuses inflation.  
Small because it trusts that grace can move through what is human-sized.

I do not know how long this ministry will last.  
I do not know what shape it will finally take.

But I am beginning to believe that faithfulness may not require knowing the scale of the offering.

Only tending what has been given.  
Only remaining honest.  
Only refusing to turn gift into performance.

That is enough for now.

A life carried.  
A story offered.  
A reader returned gently to their own life.

No one becoming human alone.