

For the Sake of Tiny Resurrections

We took the kids to the beach,
a herd of children lathered in sunscreen.
We spent most of the day building sandcastles,
swimming in the shallows,
wiping sand off their eyelashes and noses.
Things changed
when a small fish washed up on shore.

The children saw it first—
a little body gasping to survive.
They cried out—
Quick! We have to save it!
We grabbed our buckets.
We sprinted to the waterline.
We scooped up the dying fish
and returned it to the waves.

The kids sagged with relief as the fish jolted to life,
a tiny resurrection in front of our very eyes.
Full of pride, I said to them—
You did something good.
Today, you saved a life.
A seven-year-old with sun-kissed cheeks
took the bucket from my hands and said,
I'd like to save some more.

He spent the afternoon patrolling the waves,
hoping to dole out mercy to any shore-washed fish.
He carried his bucket around all day, because
love inspires love.
Love will make you want to
patrol the shoreline,
sing *Hosanna*,
witness a resurrection,
save some more—
one bucket of water at a time.