

## **1 Corinthians 16:14 – Let all that you do be done in love**

My husband's grandmother lived a simple life. Being one of sixteen children raised on a farm, she knew the importance of hard work and caring for others. She was known for her gardening, quilting, and baking. In her spare time, you would find her at her kitchen table reading her bible. She never watched television, but received all her news from the radio, letters and visitors. While many people picture heaven as a place where the sun shines all the time with lots of flowers, my vision of heaven is Grandmom's kitchen. I loved to visit her – especially in the winter time when it was terribly cold outside. She baked on a wood stove that would keep her kitchen as warm as her heart and as fragrant as warm chocolate chip cookies. Depending on the time of day that you visited, you would find her working in her garden, canning fruits and vegetables, sewing quilts, baking or reading her Bible. No matter when you stopped by to visit, she would stop what she was doing because she was always glad to see you.

She would make special treats for family members for their birthdays and holidays – and it was better than any other treat or gift that you could possibly receive. My father-in-law's favorite treats were her bread pudding and funny cake. My mother-in-law had the recipes, but would always comment that no matter how hard she tried, her baked goods never came out as good as the ones that Grandmom made. My father-in-law would smilingly reply "that is because hers are made with love". Of course, this didn't always set well with my mother-in-law, but we all understood what

he meant. Grandmom was not 'rich' in the financial sense of the word, however, she was rich in love. Therefore, anything that came from her, especially her homemade treats, had that extra touch of her loving hands on it – and you truly could taste it.

When she passed away, a beautiful memorial service was held for her. During the service, the minister allowed time for people to share their memories. One gentleman stood up and told us about when he was in college, he would receive a card every now and then from Grandmom. When he would open it up, he would often find a \$5.00 bill tucked inside. He said it would bring tears to his eyes because he knew that she did not have much in financial wealth, yet she was giving him all that she could – much like the story of the widow's offering in Mark 12:41. He understood the sacrifice that she made to help him during his college years and he knew that she did it out of pure love.

Our family has several of Grandmom's quilts. They are treasured, not so much for their beauty, but for the loving hands that made them. This winter, when the cold winds blow and we are wrapped up in her quilts, we will continue to feel her love. What a blessing and legacy she has left for us – her love lives on.

Reflection: Do others see my gifts as a reflection of my love?

*Prayer: Heavenly Father, we thank you for the gifts that you have given us – our time, our talents, and our treasures. Help us to use these gifts to reflect your love to others. Amen*