

The Pieces We Pick Up

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Today, I just asked my daughter to bring me a few slices of bread.

Some little bits fell onto the carpet, and I just picked them up, one by one. It was taking time. I could have simply gone and got the handheld vacuum and picked everything up in a few seconds. But somehow, while I was picking up those little pieces, one by one, I started thinking about life. Maybe our experiences are a little like those pieces of bread.



Sometimes life gives us a vacuum, an opportunity, a helping hand, the right person at the right time, or simply a fortunate turn of circumstances. Something comes along that makes it possible to gather all the scattered pieces much more easily.

And sometimes, we do not have one.

Sometimes we have to pick things up ourselves.

One by one.

It takes longer. It takes energy. Sometimes it is exhausting. Sometimes we may even wonder why we have to work so hard to gather what others seem to collect so effortlessly.

But there is something about picking up each piece yourself.

You notice it.

You experience it.

You remember it.

And perhaps that is how some of the deepest lessons of life become part of us.

Not all at once.

Not neatly.

Not through one big moment that suddenly teaches us everything.

But through little experiences scattered across our lives.

A conversation.

A disappointment.

A kindness.

A mistake.

A change we never expected.

A door that opened.

A door that did not.

A moment that hurt.

A moment that made us stronger.

Some experiences we choose.

Some simply fall into our lives.

Some we pick up, and some, perhaps, pick us.

And maybe we do not always understand the meaning of a particular piece when we first pick it up. Sometimes we only understand much later why it was there.

That is the strange beauty of experience.

We collect things without always knowing what they will mean to us.

Then, one day, we look back and realise that the pieces were never really random.

They were teaching us patience.

They were teaching us resilience.

They were teaching us gratitude.

They were teaching us how to understand other people, and perhaps, more importantly, how to understand ourselves.

Perhaps the way the pieces are gathered tells us very little about the journey behind them. We cannot see everything someone has carried, learned, or lived through simply by looking at what is visible.

Life does not give everyone the same tools, and it does not give everyone the same lessons.

Different journeys simply leave us with different things to carry forward.

Some journeys are quicker.

Some are slower.

Some are smoother.

Some leave us sitting on the floor for a while, searching for the smallest pieces we can hardly see.

But perhaps what matters in the end is not how quickly we gathered everything.

It is what we learned while we were doing it.

So now, whenever I think about those little pieces of bread scattered across the carpet, I might think a little differently about the scattered pieces of life too.

Maybe we do not need to rush to gather everything.

Maybe we do not need to compare our vacuum with someone else's.

Maybe we just need to keep picking up what is ours to pick up.

One piece.

One experience.

One lesson.

One moment at a time.

And perhaps, without even realising it, we are not simply cleaning up the pieces of our lives.

We are becoming the person who knows what each piece means.

Note: This is not a promotion for the bread; it is simply the very bread that inspired this little reflection. 😊 🍞