

Dish Soap

By Samantha Crumrine

There was this time in my life when I was really struggling. I remember one day in particular when I went to HEB with a hand full of change to buy dish soap. I had run out of soap but I didn't have enough money to buy more, so I dug around the house and my car until I found what I figured would be enough.

My son, Broc, and I got to the store, only to find out that the soap I was accustomed to using was more expensive than I thought it was. I didn't quite have enough. So, I bought some less expensive dish soap and we went on home.

I used it sparingly. And to be honest, when I got my paycheck that week I put that bottle of soap in the back of my cabinet and saved it for another 'just in case I run out' moment. Since then, I've always used my dish soap sparingly. And toothpaste. And shampoo. And I've unintentionally taught my children to do the same. "Just a dab will do." It's not that I was being stingy or pinching pennies. I have a spare bottle in the cabinet! I was just being reserved.

...until I went to Guatemala a couple of summers ago.

While my husband, Douglas, and I were in Guatemala (one of the poorest places I've ever been) we spent every evening doing the dishes after dinner. This was probably one of Douglas and my favorite parts of the entire trip. We stood shoulder to shoulder in the kitchen with several people. One washing, one rinsing, and TWO drying. You don't want to put the dishes in the cabinet with any icky water still on them - someone might get sick.

These beautiful, older, Guatemalan women would inevitably get to the kitchen before we did and they would already have the dish water going. It was FULL of soap! And it always felt SO GOOD! You could hardly hold on to the dishes they were so slippery! And BUBBLES! It was almost like taking a mini-bubble bath in the kitchen sink every night!

Since then, I started putting more soap in my sink. I enjoy doing the dishes more.

The soap reminds me of this verse I heard not long after I returned from Guatemala.

“Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?”

The soap reminds me of the times He has provided for me. The dishes wind up being a time for me to be alone with Him. And most of the time, my heart gets washed clean just like the dishes.

If you've been stingy with the dish soap, I dare you to add a lot more. And let God love you. He's not reserved.