

Wednesday Devotional 10/15/25

God of the Little Things By Joni E. Tada

Scripture: Psalm 103 (103:13)

Is God concerned about the details of your life? Does he care about the "little things"?

Piles of dishes need to be done. The washer leaks a big soapy puddle on the floor – and you've got people coming in an hour. Little things.

Nobody else seems to notice or pay that much mind... so why should God? After all, isn't he the God of the BIG things? Isn't he the one who spoke swirling galaxies into the vast frontiers of space, who measured the waters in the hollow of his hand and calculated the dust of the earth (Isaiah 40: 12)?

Why should this great, awesome God notice the tears that came to my eyes this morning at breakfast – when no one else noticed? Why should the Creator of the universe care about the worries that kept me awake until two in the morning? Why should the mighty Sovereign of eternity be concerned about the fact that I'm late for an appointment and can't find a parking place?

Sure, the Bible says he has compassion for his people. But isn't that sort of a "general" compassion for humankind? Isn't that an arms-length kind of compassion? Just how intimately is God involved in our small, petty problems? David says he has the compassion of a father.

I remember my father having a kind of intimate, heartfelt compassion with me. Often when my dad would be busy at his easel, I'd sit on the floor at his side with my crayons and coloring book. Sometimes he'd set his brushes aside, reach down and lift me into his lap. Then he'd fix my hand on one of his brushes and enfold his larger, stronger hand around mine. Ever so gently, he would guide my hand and the brush, and I would watch in amazement as, together, we made something beautiful.

This is the kind of love our God has for us. Fatherlove. The kind, gentle compassion of a dad who deeply cares for his sons and daughters. Maybe you never had a dad like that....but you do have such a Father.

Let God's big hand close gently over yours. With his help, even the discouraging scribbles of your life can become a masterpiece. Nothing would delight a father's heart more.