

VOLUNTEERING HEALS MY SOUL

How it fills my heart with gratitude

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I love babies. My babies. Your babies. Everybody's babies.

There's just something so wondrous about these tiny beings. They're innocence and pure love rolled together like a little magical burrito.

Once a week I sneak away from the office to volunteer in the neonatal ICU. I cuddle, feed, change diapers, and soothe.

As they look into my eyes, I know I'm holding future teachers, humanitarians, astronauts, Nobel prize winners, and world leaders.

I'm also holding future gang members, addicts, and lost souls.

It doesn't matter who I'm holding because in that moment, I give as much love as I can and hope that my little imprint will carry them through life.

When I'm done, I leave with a heart full of gratitude because those tiny babies gave me so much more than I gave them.

They gave me joy.

Doing something that makes your heart sing is a powerful healing modality.

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When heartbreak and sadness rule your world, do whatever it is that brings a smile to your face and lifts the heaviness of your heart.

If you don't know what that is, then go find it. And don't stop looking until you do.

Then do it as if your life depends on it.

Because it does.

