

## **Senses of Compassion**

### **Jackson Brimberry (age 8)**

Compassion tastes like chocolate chip cookies. The kind Papa took from the hotel lobby and wrapped in napkins to stuff in our pockets when I was feeling nervous. It is smiling through gooey chocolate while we snuck and ate the cookies in the closet together until I stopped feeling alone.

Sometimes compassion sounds like admitting you are wrong and apologizing. Other times it is the sound of forgiveness, not just words, but really letting go. A lot of times compassion is the sound of others talking while you listen.

What compassion looks like is always changing, but a lot of times it looks like giving.

Giving to those who hurt us.

Giving to strangers.

Giving with no thanks.

Compassion is giving to spread happiness.

Usually compassion is a feeling. It can be a cuddle in the dark: quiet, happy, and safe. It is a hug that feels like a soft, warm blanket covering you up from your sadness. Other times, when you don't know someone enough for a hug, compassion feels like a gentle pat on the shoulder to make you feel better.

Compassion can remind us of a scent too. Like the sweetness of the popsicles Grandma took me to get on the day my baby brother was born and I missed my mom and dad. Or the citrusy pink and yellow flowers we picked for my mom when she was tired. And now, when I

miss my school, teachers, and friends, the smell of orange, cherry, and strawberry erasers makes me feel hopeful. What kind of compassion do you sense every day?