

# Celebrate Small Beginnings

*when it has grown? the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches.*

MATTHEW 13:32

Written by Bill Perkins

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"The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed,  
the smallest of all seeds."

- Matthew 13:31

Jesus is speaking to people who knew  
what they held in their palm,  
and what it  
would one day become.

The mustard seed was the smallest seed  
an Israelite would plant.

Tiny in size.

Huge in expectation.

Why?

Because everyone who planted one  
knew what it would become.

This is how God works.  
His Kingdom begins in small beginnings-  
beginnings easy to overlook,  
beginnings that don't look  
like what they'll become.

Later Jesus says,  
"when it has grown,  
the birds of the air come  
and make nests in its branches."  
(Matthew 13:32)

A small beginning  
becomes a place of refuge.

And Israel knew this image.

The Scriptures spoke of great kingdom trees:  
the cedar lifted high (Ezek. 17:22-24),  
Assyria's towering tree (Ezek. 31:3-6),  
Nebuchadnezzar's sheltering branches (Dan. 4:10-12).

All places where the nations  
found rest.

Jesus gathers all those images  
and compresses them into a seed.

The tiniest thing they planted  
becomes the largest plant in the garden,  
a place big enough for birds to rest,  
a picture of the nations  
finding refuge in God.

This is how the Kingdom grows.  
Quietly.  
Slowly.  
But always moving toward shelter,  
toward welcome,  
toward a Kingdom large enough  
for the world  
to come home.

The mustard seed reminds me  
that God's beginnings rarely look  
like His endings.  
What feels tiny now  
already contains  
the future God intends.

Because the seed is in His hands,  
the beginning is in His hands,  
and the growth is in His hands-  
we can celebrate small beginnings.

If God can turn a seed  
into a sheltering tree,  
what might He grow  
from the small beginning  
He planted in me?

Where is God inviting me  
to celebrate a small beginning  
in my life?

God's work in me often starts  
in ways that feel too small to matter.  
But the mustard seed tells me  
His life is in small beginnings.  
My part is to celebrate  
what He has already started.

You may not know this about Jesus:  
He hides His Kingdom in small beginnings.

Father, thank You for the tiny seed  
You planted in my life.  
Teach me to celebrate small beginnings  
and trust what You plant  
will become what You intend.  
In Jesus' name, Amen.