
REFLECTIONS: Small Gestures

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These are difficult times, people often say. It has always been said, but now, bad news makes more noise: wars, crises, endless online debates, blackouts, daily tensions... Yet amid the clamor, small gestures hold immense value. This is neither naivety nor escapism—it is about recognizing that, in a world so often bleak, a friendly greeting, children playing carefree, the tending of a garden, or a musician's devotion in an orchestra (just a few examples among many) are tangible signs of humanity. They are simple acts that may not resolve great conflicts, but they soften their weight. They are proof that beauty and kindness can still be found in everyday life.

Every small good deed is a crack in the hard crust of disillusionment. Helping someone off a bus, sharing a polite response, listening attentively to the person speaking to you—these may not erase the world's harshness, but they can smooth its edges, at least in our immediate surroundings. This is the power of solidarity and hope, so desperately needed now and always. In an age of hyperconnectivity that often masks isolation, these simple acts reaffirm the presence of others.

Of course, trusting in goodness requires effort. It is not enough to wish for it—one must work at it. Love is not a weed that grows untended; it is a flower that demands care. We are not speaking of a spontaneous trait or an inexhaustible instinct, but a conscious practice. The age-old debate between Rousseau and Machiavelli offers us reference points: Are we good by nature, or must we be compelled to be good? Perhaps, as José Martí taught, virtue is useful, and thus must be chosen and cultivated—starting with the simplest actions.

To be good is, first and foremost, a daily attempt. There is no need to wait for grand deeds: it begins in the ordinary. In the face of cynicism and indifference—viruses of the soul—the humble act of extending a hand, caring for what surrounds us, or sharing joy is already a form of resistance. In these gestures lies the hope of a kinder world.

Let us not be accused of naivety: shadows will persist. But there will always be those who choose to light a candle, however small, in the darkness. And that light may just illuminate a path.

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