

Those Hands, Those Thankful Hands

11/25/2015

Around the house (that used to be a home) is a poem, somewhere, a poem that talks of hands. You can see the prayerful hands showing finger tips touching, giving thanks - as we give thanks today for those hands...that is comma upper case THANKS - with an exclamation point!

Those hands were in the home, that is now a house, and those hands did the things done to make a home: they made up the bed, put out the dog's bowl, set the table, cooked the food, washed the dishes, and folded the cloths...those loving hands raised the girls, nurtured the grandkids, changed diapers, drove the car to work (to more than one job) and molded, modeled, soldered, hammered, bent, wired, bricked, beat, batted, wrote, read, texted, studied, and prayed...and knitted, crocheted, and quilted.

Those prayerful, helpful, skillful, and loving hands...pause and say thanks, remember her hands...

Those loving and skillful hands moved the oils, acrylics, and paste, from pallet to plate, and with layering, glazing, and brushing, transformed the media into transparent and sometimes opaque or squash to form (as you can see going up the stairs) and to bring to life the red top hat, the little smirky smile, and the toe-headed pony tail...does it say love, skill, and hands?

Remember, pause....and look at your hands...the hands...the hands that played the piano, rode the horses, wrote the poems, studied about Jesus, painted in New York City, raised the kid, changed the diapers, saved the money, beat, batted, texted, studied, and prayed...and held the hands --- the hands --- while singing the words "*you are my 'son' shine.*"

Remember, pause....and look at your hands...the hands...the hands that played the piano, rode the horses, wrote the stories, studied about God, the hands that served thousands of drinks, and carried thousands of bags up and down the aisle.... , raised the kids, changed the diapers, saved the money, beat, batted, texted, studied, and prayed --- and changed more diapers, and more diapers...and held the hands --- the hands ---the hands under the "manky" that says "*We love you, Grammy.*"

Hands, hands, hands...work/sales, engineering/tests, school/baby sitting.
Hands that teach shopping, send travel money, and leave yellow bugs.
Hands that help teach/build bird houses, hands that text early morning prayers.
Hands that were, are, will be, and never more: but hands never forgotten.
"What happens at Grandma's STAYS at Grandma's!"

Hands...hands that carried hands to the ocean - to hand over hands to other hands...
Those wonderful hands that held us all, the loving hands so delicate and true.

Heads bowed, eyes closed...Thank you Jesus for hands, the hands, the loving hands of God.
