

Hands

I've seen your hands as they cared
for your father and now your mother.
Hands that have generosity written
in each palm.

There is an abundance of kindness
in your hands, hands which wave, point
hoist, and pray. Hands not made by man,
but by the Maker.

I've seen your hands as they've picked
tomatoes, or wiped dust off of a neglected
table. Ever so mindful to the task at hand,
present, in the fading moment.

Your hands hold our past and present
at the same time, showing us from whence
we've come and where we stand. Hands of a
heroine, saving lives and inspiring souls.

Hands that clap in church,
that care for a patient, that snap
green beans and cook collard greens.
Helping hands, that heal our land.

J Dwight Donald
(written for Jackie on her birthday)

4 February 2013