

A Picture of a Hand

A Thanksgiving Day editorial in a newspaper told of a school teacher who asked her first graders to draw a picture of something they were thankful for.

She thought about how little these children from poor neighborhoods actually had, and what might trigger their gratitude.

As she expected, most of the boys and girls drew pictures of turkeys on tables with food, while some showed art work about a pet dog or a concept of the house where they lived.

The teacher was taken aback, however, with the picture Douglas handed in – a simple, childishly drawn hand.

“But whose hand?” she wondered.

The class, too, was captivated by the abstract image.

“I think it must be the hand of God that brings us food,” said one child.

“A farmer,” said another, “because he grows the turkeys.”

Finally, when the other students were back at work, the teacher bent over Douglas’ desk and asked whose hand it was.

“It’s your hand, Teacher,” he mumbled.

His words touched her heart. She recalled that frequently at recess she had taken Douglas – a scrubby, forlorn child – by the hand. She often did that with the children. But it obviously meant so much to Douglas.



“Perhaps this is everyone’s Thanksgiving; not for the material things given to us, but for the chance, in whatever small way, to give to others,” she thought.

In the mission we are called to do, touch is important. In the service delivered to our residents, helping hands, loving hands, comforting hands deliver messages from the heart.

– Beecher Hunter