

Grandma's Hands

A woman, 90-plus years old, sat feebly on the patio bench. She didn't move; just sat with her head down, staring at her hands.

When her grandson joined her, she didn't acknowledge his presence, and the longer he sat there, he wondered if she was okay. Finally, not really wanting to disturb her but desiring to check on her, he asked if she was all right.

She raised her head, looked at him, smiled and answered, "Yes, I'm fine; thank you for asking."

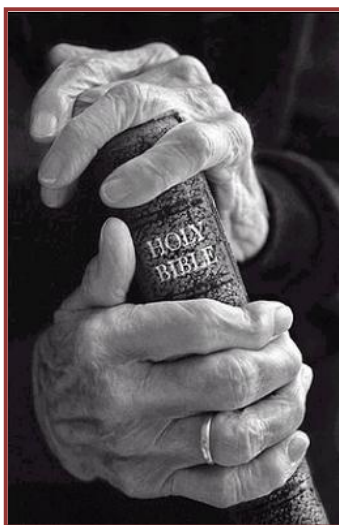
"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandma, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands, and I wanted to be certain you were okay," he explained.

"Have you ever looked at your hands?" she asked. "I mean, really looked at your hands?"

The young man slowly opened his hands and stared at them. He turned them over, palms up and then palms down. "No," he thought. "I guess I had never really looked at them." He was trying to figure out the point she was making.

Grandma related this story:

Stop and think about the hands you have – how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak, have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out, grab and embrace life and what it had to offer. They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I fell to the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back.



As a child, my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. Decorated with my wedding band, they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They held him tight and wiped away my tears when he went off to war. They held my children and grandchildren, consoled neighbors, and shook as fists in anger when I didn't understand.

They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. To this day, when not much of anything else of me works well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I have been and the ruggedness of life.

(more)

But more importantly, it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when He leads me home. And with His hands, He will lift me to His side, and there, I will use these hands to touch the face of God.

The young man hugged his grandmother, and declared that he would never look at his hands the same way again.

As I read this story, I thought about the many hands of Life Care – tender hands, helping hands, loving hands.

In reality, they are the hands of God, employed by Him to touch, heal and bring hope to the people our Lord has sent our way.

I command you, saying, you shall open your hand wide to your brother, to your poor and your needy, in your land (Deuteronomy 15:11 NKJV).

– Beecher Hunter