

## *My Mother's Hands*

*My Mother has such beautiful hands,  
Though age-spotted, callused, and small.  
That most, I know, would hardly think  
That they're really fair at all.  
I've gazed on hands whose form and grace  
A sculptor's dream would be,  
And yet my Mother's wrinkled hands  
Are the most beautiful hands to me.*

*Such beautiful, wonderful hands!  
A Part of God's Master plan  
Her patient hands keep toiling on  
So her family might be glad.  
I give God thanks when I look back  
To my childhood's distant days,  
For I know those hands were resting not  
While mine were so busy at play.*

*Yes, My Mother's hands are beautiful!  
For she knows her work's not o're.  
So in faith she clasps her humble hands  
And asks God for little more.  
Than to keep her children fed and safe  
And that her hands might ever be  
A true comfort to her husband,  
A blessing to her family.*

*My Mother has such beautiful hands,  
Though the world might not think it so.  
God's Love flows through them,  
From her heart, a blessing to bestow.  
When here my Mother's hands are stilled,  
And she walks God's golden shore.  
I know in my heart when I'm called home too,  
I'll clasp Momma's hands once more.*

*By the Lutheran Watchman  
© May 9, 2010*