Verse and Vision

Photo by Mary Schreiner, RNC

Hands

Whose hands are these laid gently on my cradled bed?
They are the hands of generations—I am waiting to be led.
My grandmothers' hands are soft and warm and many stories tell
About friendship, God, and family who I will know so well.
My grandfathers' hands, strong and wise, will calm my every fear.
Oh, how fortunate I am that they are ever near
To push me on a swing or teach me how to fish
Or simply hold my hand and grant my every wish.
Yes, these hands that lie upon my cradled bed
Will guide my life in prayerful love and in all good stead.
So thanks to mothers, fathers, and all grandparents too
Who hand from one generation to another
A life that's full and true.

—Joan Moon, RN, MSN