

Hands of my wife

5/31/2000

I have touched and seen the hands of my beloved in many ways. It was many years in the past that they were smooth and young with youth. They had no marks, scars or wrinkles of time. They were filled with strength, tenderness and motions of countless abilities.

So soft and gentle they caressed my face and straightened my clothes, bedding and fixings of our household. The touch of a chef that puts meals before me those hands that I see in my most pleasant dreams of remembrances.

Now as our hands mingle with each others I see love and caring not spoken but felt in the tenderness of her gentle stroke upon my hands. I do see the aging in her hands but much more I see the skills that she has accomplished. The lessons she has taught to those who have come into contact with her and her touch of love.

And though her strength is passing in many ways her hands are still servers of others. To gently brush a grandchild's hair or fix a collar out of place, to fix a bow or tie a ribbon her hands are still extended in love.

To see her hands holding a flower or gift is a blessing to me as I know that she gently holds them as she always holds me. Her touch of grace, compassion and charity is one to behold for it makes my heart skip a beat that she has shared those hands with me.

I remember her hands most when raised to the Lord above with praise and thanks for the many gifts He has bestowed to her. I can truly say that I have a wife with holy hands that have benefited those of this earth and also been raised in worship to her Lord and Savior, "Jesus Christ!"

As I stand before her I put my hands together in applause to her for all she has done! Thank you my wife, you are truly a gift to me.

by Darwin P Rybandt Sr.