

## HANDS

by Neichelle Guidry Jones

hands

I am a lifter of my hands.

I lift my hands to praise and to pray

to thank my God for

goodness

grace

mercy.

And when the singing is real good,

or the Word touches me in *that* place

my hands clap – slightly off beat at times –

nevertheless, they keep on clappin’.

When the glory of God surrounds me

My hands adore.

I lift my hands to wipe tears from cheeks

wet from weeping

grieving

mourning.

I lift them to touch human complexity

I messy them in the messiness of living

They turn the corners where death and despair are lurking

My hands don't run away.

My hands heal.

I lift my hands to bless

lay them on the sick

and the stuck

anoint the afflicted

and the appointed

somehow, at some point on the journey,

I got it in my mind that

a hand can transmit blessings and

comfort and

power and

release.

My hands bless.

I lift my hands to let go

relinquish my control

renew my strength in my God  
when my own strength has been exhausted.

my hands surrender.

I am a lifter of  
my hands.