

## THE HANDS OF A CHILD

There is nothing quiet like  
The hands of a child.  
As they stretch wide to show their love,  
Or pucker the face to form a smile.

They learn so very early  
Just how to one should pray,  
Clasping hands together  
As we teach them what to say.

And if those little hands  
Should in the cookie jar be found,  
And Grandma shakes her finger,  
On her face there is a frown;

Soon her heart will turn to putty,  
She will make no more "hisses,"  
As those tiny, tender hands  
Begin to throw her kisses.

*By Charles R. Rose*

Written in 1989 at the request of his wife for her Bible class.