



My Mother's Hands

By Lorie Barton

I'm thankful for my mother's hands, which help me every day.
With her hands she shows me how to work and how to play.
It seems that when I need some help, her hands are always there
To tie my shoes, or make my lunch, or comb my messy hair.
Her hands know how to fix my bike and how to make my bed,
And how to find a scripture verse to ease my worried head.

I want my hands, like Mother's, to serve others every day.
I want my hands to know, like hers, how to work and play.
I know that when she needs some help, my hands can help her too.
Because she's taught me well, they know exactly what to do.
I'll thank my mother for her hands and hug her really tight
And promise her to use my hands to always do what's right.