



I Know Those Hands

Yes, I've fallen, but I get up;
I know those hands that lifted me.
When in the mire of self-defeat,
Those nail-scarred hands set me free.

And once I'm up, a gentle nudge;
I know that touch beyond all doubt.
My heart grows warm, my soul soars high . . .
I'm inspired within, without.

Like touch of comforting velvet,
Like satin's weave of ebb and flow,
Like velveteen's brush against me,
He's there; it is He I know.

He's always there to pick me up,
That fact a cross-bought guarantee.
Indeed, more than once He's appeared . . .
His Loving Hands lifted me.

Henry W. Gurley