

A Hand to Hold

By Diane Parker

Have you ever really held the hand of someone you love ... not just in passing ... but holding the hand of that loved one and feeling the pulses that generate through the skin, up the arm and into the heart?

How can a hand silence a thousand voices but you can feel a thousand "I love you's" through that touch? How can holding hands, entwining the fingers, be so intimate and send shockwaves through your body?

I remember a friend whose mother was in the hospital critical with pneumonia. To show support to that friend I went to the hospital to sit with her. Other family members and friends came to show their love and support. We joined hands and standing in a circle, we each shared a prayer of love. I thought this must be the nearest humans get to whatever God is when they hold hands and listen.

When I held my new-born granddaughter for the first time I checked all ten toes and fingers. I opened my hand and wrapped my fingers around her warm, soft fist thinking "there will always be room for your hand in mine."

What we all need from time to time is a person who will reach out and place their hand to hold in ours and a heart to understand.

I am a strong person and I am not afraid to stand on my own, but every now and then, I need a friend to take my hand in theirs and tell me everything is going to be alright. It's such a kind gesture, some kind of complex simplicity, but it says so much by doing so little.

Even a strong handshake with a person's eye contact can make you feel taller, more confident and know the day just grew a little sunnier.