

Human Hands

By Eydie McDaniel

Chimpanzees and such hook a vine and take a swing. Birds wrap pointed curves to stand, to ensnare, and to eat. Feathery wings lift creatures from eagles mighty to gnats minific. Yet we alone are graced and defined by the miraculous finesse of human hands. A complexity of 27 bones, 3 major nerves, 35 muscles, and two tributary rivers of sustaining blood, gather in grand symphony. So profound the mechanism, we easily take it for granted. We may overlook this elegant miracle as our hands move and convey, hold and throw, clap and clinch, or sooth and work. They comply in service to create, to destroy, to build or to comfort.

Hands touch hands in wordless power. Walls may fall down in the instant of touch. Hands thin and graceful embody surprising strength. Hands chunky and exuberant calm the heart in tender kindness. Tiny hands wrap mighty fingers in trust that binds through eternity.

Another complexity emerges as thin lines in bass and treble clefs hold safe the weave of rounded notes that map our journey in the dance we call music. Booms and trills, rests and swells, alarms and whispers, join in arpeggios, glissandos, cords and crescendos, on and on. The sparkle of shimmering brass, the stretch of captive drum skin, and strings aquiver, obey to voice the endless meaning of life. Hearts stir and breath afresh renews our spirit in the mystery of sound.

Words have no hold, no limit, on such gifts. From the finite and intricate, exudes never ending, infinite wonder. Indeed it is miraculous finesse, the hand of music and the exquisite music of our human hands.