

## **The Hand Song by Nickel Creek**

**(SUNG) The boy only wanting to give Mother something**

**And all of her roses had bloomed.**

**Looking at him as he came rushing in with them**

**Knowing her roses were doomed**

**All she could see were some thorns buried deep**

**And tears that he cried as she tended his wounds**

**And she knew it was love, It was one she could understand**

**He was showing his love, And that's how he hurt his hands**

**He still remembers that night as a child**

**On his mother's knee,**

**She held him close and she opened her bible**

**And quietly started to read**

**And seeing a picture of Jesus he cried out**

**"Momma, he's got some scars just like me."**

**And he knew it was love, It was one he could understand**

**He was showing his love, And that's how he hurt his hands**

**Today I would like to talk about the hands of Jesus. Of course, we must all confess that we have never seen the hands of Jesus and don't know what they looked like. But we have read about what he did with his hands, and the deeds that he did are symbolically represented by his hands.**

**One thing we know about Jesus' hands is that they were healing hands. Jesus touched the untouchable; and his touch changed lives. Just ask the blind man or the lepers or the servant whose ear was cut off by Peter, which we read about in scriptures.**

**While we do not possess the miraculous healing power Jesus possessed, we still can use our hands to heal people emotionally and spiritually. By giving the hug, or holding the hand of someone who others stay away from, or wiping away the tear of a person who has no one else to turn to.**

**Jesus' hands were helping hands. Blessing and breaking the bread so that others might have food. Holding the children close to him or writing in the dirt to help the woman whom the crowd wanted to stone.**

**Jesus' hands were teaching hands. By showing the disciples and us how to be servants as he washed his disciples' feet, and ate with the people others thought of as sinners.**

**Jesus' hands were scarred hands, as he carried the cross and allowed himself to be nailed to the tree. His nail-scarred hands represented the love he had for us and the sacrifice he was willing to make for us.**

**Jesus' hands were inviting hands. Jesus invites you and in turn entrusts you with the responsibility of inviting others. "Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for yourselves, for my yoke is**

**easy, and my burden light."**

**There are many wonderful qualities about the hands of Jesus...many more than we touched on today. But the best way to learn of Jesus' hands is to reach out and grab them with your own hands and don't ever let go; traveling wherever Jesus may take you for the rest of your life**

**Today fills me with so much sadness. I can't help it. There's an intense sadness that seems to come with this day. I feel awful for Jesus, and all he was willing to go through. I can't imagine what it must have been like. I guess none of us really know the pain, suffering, and abandonment that he felt. But I don't think that is where my sorrow is coming from.**

**You see, every Good Friday I come face to face with the cold hard fact that I just don't love very much. That's where most of my sorrow is coming from. And I don't have to tell you that it's a hard pill to swallow.**

**I wish I could. I try to love. I try to do the right thing. I try to go the extra mile for people who need my help. But boy do I fail. Not once, but over and over and over again. And that's what makes me sad.**

**I want to love as Jesus loves, I want to resist the urge to get revenge, to fight back, to belittle, to hold grudges, to think only for myself, but it hardly ever works out that way. Many days it feels as if there are more failures in my life than successes. I look at the cross and am forced to admit that I don't even come close.**

**But then I continue to gaze on the cross and those feelings begin to thaw, little by little. I gaze on our God who was willing to die for us and I can't help but begin to be filled with a sense of gratitude, thankfulness for a God who loves us that much.**

**I begin to understand that it could only be an infinite amount of love that could mend a broken, wounded world, a love that only God could give. You see, if the brokenness of the world could only be healed through our actions, if it were up to us, it could never happen — we'd always fall short. And so I am eternally grateful that we have a God who was willing to do it for us (and maybe just as importantly, show us how it was done).**

**It was this kind of love that we were baptized into. On that day we were intimately immersed into the very life of Jesus. He shared in our life so that we could share in his. By dying with him we can all be assured that we will also rise with him. And this gives me hope.**

**And so as I grieve the fact that I'm not perfect (not even close), I trust in the possibility of being better, more like Jesus. And I know that this is not just some unrealistic expectation or goal. I can be better. I know, in faith, that who I am today, doesn't need to be who I am tomorrow. And that brings me a tremendous amount of joy.**

**We can all do better knowing that by uniting our very self's to our friend and brother, Jesus, all things are truly possible. And we can say today, "Into your hands, Lord, we commend our spirits."**