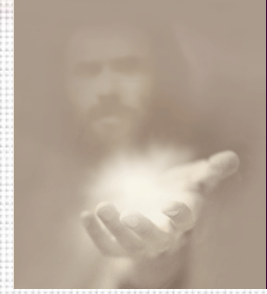


## HEALING HANDS



Upon the Galilean sands,  
They felt His helping Healing Hands,  
The soothing touch that eased their pain  
And made them well and whole again.

They nailed those Hands upon a cross;  
It was their own – and not His loss.  
In that, the world's darkest hour,  
They lost those Hands of healing power.

Here Lord, I give my hands to You –  
So human – not at all divine –  
Yet, let me feel in all I do  
Another, greater Hand on mine.

Then when I've walked across the sands  
Until I've stepped beyond the sun,  
O let me clasp those Healing Hands  
And hear those blessed words, "Well done."

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