



# THESE HANDS

*have held*

# DELIGHT

*The world sees two hands wrinkled by time.  
But their real story is not what can be seen but  
all the moments they've held in between.*

Laughter. Playing with our favorite pup. Reaching to tag older brothers, and flipping playing cards, victory mine.

Wisdom and gratitude. Written cursive on stationery mailed to unmet pen pals and scribbled on note cards to friends.

Love. For the one I chose, who chose me too, reaching out for the hand that was waiting.

Life. Welcomed, swaddled, cradled. Squeezing tiny fingers that resembled my own.

Nourishment. Kneading, stirring, mixing. Offering first tastes from a spoon.

Magic in presents wrapped. Relief in torn clothing sewn. Healing in wounds bandaged.

Home. Our sanctuary. Curated, swept, and kept.

Sisterhood. Bonding over days shared, mugs in hand.

Courage. Summoned in goodbye waves, embarking for unseen shores.

Traditions. Held onto and handed down to delighted grandchildren.

Memories. Tucked into albums, joy in every turn of the page.

My creased hands tell the timeline of it all.

How glad I am to look back and know  
I did not let any of these wonders slip through my fingers.