



"Wrinkles of your Hands"

August 2017

Grandpa, some ninety plus years old, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if he was OK. Finally, not really wanting to disturb him, but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK.

He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking, he said in a clear strong voice. I didn't mean to disturb you, grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK I explained to him. Grandpa asked, "Have you ever looked at your hands". I mean really looked at your hands? I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making. Grandpa smiled and gently spoke the following: stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer and ask G-d for his guidance and blessings. They tied my shoes and buttoned my shirt. They held my gear bag as I headed out to work each morning. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote the letters that made my loved ones smile, and trembled and shook in sadness when I buried my parents and spouse. But also trembled with joy as walked my children

down the aisle at their wedding. Yet, they were strong and steady when I needed to help a friend in need, and help carry their burden. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands! are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. But more importantly it will be these hands that G-d will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side. End of story...

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember the day G-d reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the face of my children and loved ones, I will always think grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of G-d, by the beautiful memories he left behind. So while you still can, take a few moments to look around you and remember to thank all those that have been the 'Hands of Your life'. They may have a few wrinkles, put on a few pounds, be a bit scratched up and show signs of wear and tear, but they were always there for you when you needed them. And for that they deserve to always be loved and cherished, even with all the wrinkles. And thanks to all our brothers and sisters in Law Enforcement, for being the "Hands" of our society, we couldn't function without you! and for that we say THANK YOU AND G-D BLESS YOU!!!

And now a story from the humor files to keep you smiling:
"The mechanic and the cardiologist"

A mechanic was removing a cylinder-head from the motor of a Harley motorcycle when he spotted a well-known cardiologist in his shop. The cardiologist was there waiting for the service manager to come and take a look at his bike when the mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey Doc, want to take a look at this?" The cardiologist, a bit surprised, walked over to where the mechanic was working on the motorcycle.

The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked, "So, Doc, look at this engine. I open its heart, take the valves out, repair any damage, and put them back in and, when I finish, it works just like new. So how come I make \$39,675 a year and you get the really big bucks (\$1,695,750) when you and I are doing basically the same work?"

The cardiologist paused, smiled and leaned over, then whispered to the mechanic....

"Try doing it with the engine running."

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains,
May G-d bless you keep you safe and always keep you in his loving care.
Should you need a shoulder to lean on or perhaps some good humor to share, do not hesitate to give us a call.
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