

Today I Looked At My Hands

by Shundria Riddick

Today, I prepared chicken thighs for my family. As I worked to pull apart the skin, I looked at my hands. All of a sudden, I saw Big Momma Green, my great grandmother's hands, as she worked the clothes on her washboard and put them on the line in her backyard. I saw Big Momma Black, my dad's mom. Her hands were covered in flour as she prepared food for us. I saw her sweeping her porch. I saw Big Momma Stewart's hands as she made tea cakes and fresh biscuits.

I remembered Grandmother's hands as she handled the hot combs when pressing my hair—those same hands embracing her bible as she walked into the sanctuary. She proudly took her place to stand and raise her hands to usher in members to the house of the Lord. I saw my mother's hands as she so carefully cleaned and made our house a home. I also remembered her hands as she handed me the hot teas when I was ill. I began to cry! At that moment, I remembered my strength.

Like most, times are hard and the storms of life are raging! These women aren't famous. They didn't write bestsellers or have the hands that made millions. These hands weren't perfect, but their hands kept their families together. They loved their husbands and took care of their homes. They raised their children, grandchildren and even other people's children. These hands clasped together to teach us to pray. When they lifted their hands on Sunday mornings, it was as if they were reaching for the hands of the Master, without shame...their strength.

Most importantly, as I cried, I remembered the hands of my Savior. Pierced. The only sacrifice worthy! Therein lies my strength. That's how we make it through. It's the strength of the hands of the one who raised Himself from the dead. It's the hands of the one who heals. It's the hands of the one who calms the storm. It's the hands of the one in Psalm 91 who hides me in the secret place! He is my refuge! He even ordered his angels to catch me if I stumble. Their hands will keep me from falling.



Moses lifted his hands and the thunder and hail stopped, and the rain no poured down on the land.
- Exodus 9:33

As long as Moses held up his hands, the Israelites were winning, but whenever he lowered his hands, the Amalekites were winning. - Exodus 17:11

Hear my cry for mercy as I call to you for help, as I lift up my hands toward your Most Holy Place. - Psalm 28:2

I will praise you as long as I live, and in your name I will lift up my hands. - Psalm 63:4

May my prayer be set before you like incense; may the lifting up of my hands be like the evening sacrifice. - Psalm 141:2

As for me, I am in your hands; do with me whatever you think is good and right.
- Jeremiah 26:14

I heard him say, as I read Luke 24:39, "Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself! Touch me and see."

It is Him my strength! So join me as I lift my hands.

So Lift Your Hands!