

## In Good Hands

Carolyn Arends

His hands were callused  
Oh, I am sure of that  
From years of nails and hammers with his father  
And his hands were dirty  
I know they must have been  
The times he healed blind eyes with mud and water  
And though I have never seen him face to face  
I can say this much I understand  
I believe that he is holding me now  
And so I know I am  
In good hands  
I'm in good hands  
His hands were steady  
Breaking the bread  
That fed five thousand souls who came to hear him  
And his hands were gentle  
I know they must have been  
The little children clamored to be near him  
And though I have never seen him face to face  
I can say this much I understand  
I believe that he is holding me now  
And so I know I am  
In good hands  
I'm in good hands  
His hands were wounded  
He gave his life  
And we know by the scars how much he loves us  
And though I have never seen him face to face  
I can say this much I understand  
I believe that he is holding me now  
And so I know I am  
In good hands  
I'm in good hands