

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