



A Child's Hand

*The hands of children are always moving,
Grasping, feeling, pulling, shoving.
They touch, they rub, they poke, they squeeze.
And thus, their curiosity they appease.*

*And when they jerk, or twitch, or plead,
We try to learn, then answer each need.
They strike & point, Whereby is shown,
Communication for words unknown.*

*Their little hands steal into yours,
And stay in trust, because they are sure.
Till bigger hands will guide their way,
Till theirs mature, some wonderful day.*

Francis Frazer