

The VILLA *at* RIVERWOOD

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My Father's Hands

~ Mitch Townley

*My father's hands, when I was young,
Would lift me in the air.
They would keep me ever sheltered
From the world and all its cares.
My little hands were no match for his hands
With all their might,
And I'd feel a calm assurance when he'd
Squeeze my fingers tight.
My father's hands.
As I grew older, my father's hands
Would mean even more to me.
They would toss a ball and bait a hook,
Or even more amazingly
Paint a set, nail the wood,
And withstand the hammer's pain—
Then soften to hold his children.
His hands were never the same.
Now that I have children of my own,
My father's hands aren't as close.
But that doesn't matter—for now, it seems,
I'm using them the most.
For the hands that guided and molded me
Are now shaping my children's lives.
His hands will never lose their grip
Because they're being multiplied. My father's hands.*

