



The Hands That Give

Timoleon S. Lianza^a

^a Eastern Visayas State University, Philippines

The hands that lift, the hands that serve,
Move with love, not seeking worth.
A whispered call, a burden shared,
A heart that bends, a soul prepared.

The feet that walk where few have tread,
Bring light to those in grief and dread.
Not for gold nor fleeting fame,
But for the One who knows their name.

Each act of love, though small, unseen,
A seed within the soul redeemed.
Not just in creed, but deeds so true,
Faith made whole in what we do.

So let us serve with joy and grace,
A mirror bright of heaven's face.
For in each hand that gives, we find,
The echo of the Lord's design.

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