

The Hand TRUST



*O*n the eve of Thanks-giving Day, a school teacher asked her class of nursery school children to draw a picture of something they were thankful for. She thought of how little these children from the poor neighborhoods actually had to be thankful for. But she knew that most of them would draw pictures of turkeys or tables with food. The teacher was taken aback with the picture Douglas handed in – a simple childishly drawn hand.

But whose hand? The class was captivated by the abstract image.

"I think it must be the hand of God that brings us food," said one child.

"A farmer," said another, "because he grows the turkeys."

Finally when the others were at work, the teacher bent over Douglas' desk and asked whose hand it was. "It's your hand, Teacher," he mumbled.

She recalled that frequently at recess she had taken Douglas, a scrubby forlorn child, by the hand. She often did that with the children. But it meant so much to Douglas.

No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted.
– Aesop's Fables