

Ginny Owens, The Hand

I hear a blind man
Asking where this road goes,
But we won't tell him
We just stop to block his way with stones
I watch a woman
Overtaken by disease
We frown upon her suffering
Instead of offering the cure she needs
My heart is heavy
As I see what we've become
How quickly we forget
What we've been rescued from

(chorus)
If not for the Hand that leads us
We, too, would roam in the darkness
If not for the Hand that heals us
We would live in pain

Our hands have power
They can harm, and they can heal
We raise them in praise and honor
We use them to stone and steal
With His two hands, one man rescued history
Said He came for the sick and sightless
He said that was you and me

(chorus)
And still we keep our distance
Caught up in our false pretenses
But only by the hand have we been changed
Compelled by the gracious Hand
that chose to change this life for us
Won't we choose to use our hands
To give the world His love