

# Hand

By George Sanford

The time of Autumn has come  
On woods that dream of bloom,  
And over purple vines  
The low sun fainter shines;  
Overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear,  
And present gratitude that  
Ensures the future's good;

Boundaries grow less permanent,  
Helping hands grasp with intent;  
Our memories become more stirring,  
Our hearts celebrate the giving;

In this time of thanks-giving.  
For all of us, a moment to share our living;  
If in your easy chair of life,  
There you are just watching,  
To-night was a night of sharing, giving and light;

Walking into the grass, you have  
Left behind the porch of life,  
The house of ego, of personal strife;  
And reached here in a jazz filled room,  
Stars, moon and heard stories of love and real life;

There is a bliss in receiving a hand in need;  
There is perennial compassion in the wings of  
Helping hands, in the joy of smiling eyes,  
I leave you this for an evening's thought;

With our heart spun open  
And with your hands outstretched,  
You few, you happy few to-night  
Have bathed light upon those  
Who will come challenged,  
And in your tender will, they will,  
In turn, be light...

*Written by George Sanford, Master of Ceremony at our Dine for Dignity Fundraising  
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