By William Standish Reed, M.D.
President and Founder

As Jesus was departing for heaven, He lifted up His hands and blessed us. It was His final act in His first visitation to us. Obviously, His hands and their function were very important to Him. In Coppi’s painting Jesus is seen holding and blessing her hands. This Jesus does over and over for Coppi and for all His believing children every day.

Annie Johnson Flint, a Toronto poet, once wrote “God has no hands but our hands to do His will today”. Jesus anoints Coppi’s hands with His hands as she paints beauty from her Jesus blessed hands. Prior to beginning a surgical procedure for many years before making the initial incision, I have asked that my hands be His hands throughout the operation. I have also prayed that my hands may be used to the Lord’s hand to make beautiful music to bless those who would hear with love.

Years ago in Sunday school a boy who was retarded played his violin so very beautifully. His talent was not intellectual but truly spiritual.

Have you ever considered that much of what you do that is inspiring and lovely and truly beautiful comes from the spiritual blessing of Jesus and not from your great education and pride filled cerebral cortex? Yes, Jesus is even today lifting up His hands and blessing us – each one of us – and making our hands and lives duplicates of His holy hands of love and inspiration.

Let us tune up our violins, our instruments and our hearts with Jesus heart tones and love today.

Dr. Wm Standish Reed’s book of poems has been published. They can be ordered from www.xulonpress.com or CMF, 601 W. Emma St., Tampa, FL 33603 cost $15.95 plus S/H $2.50
Coppi’ Encounters

Matthew 11:30 says “For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

The painting I did of Jesus’ hands as shown in this newsletter is titled “In His Hands”. They are my hands and a dear friend’s hands in Dallas, TX who posed as Jesus. So many times in my life I came to Jesus and visualized placing my hands into His hands and praying “I give you my life to use and bless others; I give you my hurts, fears, and problems as they are too much for me to carry – I am powerless over people, places, and things so I relinquish them to you”.

I jotted down a little poem one day relating my feelings about my friend, Jesus – it is a follows:

Encounter God

Visit a friend
I did
When suddenly I found myself sharing
Hurts and fears that happened long, long ago
Then like a gentle breeze
They all went away
My friend said nothing – nothing at all
But held my hands and said
“Let it go”
God touched me
God is Love

I love the song “He has the whole world in His hands” and in these troubled days I thank God He does.