

# Blessing

Gayle Gerber Koontz

**C**aregiver's hands  
wide as the Montana sky  
swaddle my mother's emaciated arms,  
hand her weights—outrageous pink—  
to strengthen hope,  
drive her daily through the countryside  
beyond her body.

Farmer's hands  
strong with horses  
gentle my mother,  
skittish,  
shrinking with loss,  
into a smile, a stitch on a pineapple sampler.

Their four hands  
giving and receiving blessing  
that only those who know we are always dying  
understand.

## About the poet

Gayle Gerber Koontz is professor emerita of theology and ethics at Anabaptist Mennonite Biblical Seminary, Elkhart, Indiana. She is a lover of the power and music of words.