

# Open Hands

We are born with the ability  
to wrap our fingers around another,  
to hold tight to what we know.  
Maybe that's where the instinct comes from—  
this clinging,  
this sinking,  
this holding on.  
Maybe that's why Peter cries, "Never!"  
when Jesus must leave.  
From the very beginning  
we've known how to hold tight.  
So I pray:  
open up my hands.  
Uncurl my fingers  
one by one.  
Loosen the grip  
that I hold unyielding.  
Remind me that birds must fly  
and children must grow  
and leaves must fall.  
And even though  
we are born with the ability  
to hold tight,  
we can learn how to love  
with open hands.