

See mummy, you do have enough hands!

As Tom came bounding into the kitchen, with his monkey in hand and a smile on his face, he stopped ... and pulled his 'oh dear' face. It's the one he pulls when something 'accidentally' comes apart in his hands or when mummy's bottom 'accidentally' changes the tv channel mid Paw Patrol.

The sight that had garnered this reaction was, to be fair, a bit pitiful. There was mummy, patting Emily's back as she shouted in my ear about a stuck burp that obviously had rather sharp corners, as the tumble dryer beeped having taken umbrage that it's water drawer hadn't been emptied, the microwave hailed that the sweetcorn could end up as popcorn if not rescued immediately and the dinner slowly caramelised on the stove! My only available words: 'I'm sorry Tom, I just don't have enough hands!'

Cue mum-guilt!

I've lost count of the number of times I've uttered - I need more hands! And as daddy swooped in (having been informed by Tom that 'it's not mummy's day! She doesn't have enough hands!') and rescued the kitchen situation, I had a moment, whilst I finally stirred the complaining Bolognese, to have a think!

And I was struck by the blessing I've heard so often from mum: the Lord bless you and keep you in the palm of his hand ...

Lord, how do you have enough hands for us all?

It wasn't until that night, when I sat in the nursery chair, with Emily on one knee, and Tom on the other, monkey in one hand, a bottle in the other, using my thumb to stroke toms tired head and a spare finger being grabbed by Emily's little hand making sure her bottle didn't go anywhere that it really struck me, yet it was Tom who had the first words about it ... 'see mummy, you do have enough hands! You can cuddle everybody!!!'

And I thought of all the times, when I've asked Tom 'what's the first thing you want to do when the lock down is over, and the nasty bug is gone?' And he's responded with 'hug everybody!'

With all the hundreds of jobs my hands need to do in a day, actually the most important one is for them to serve god and let him use them to keep everyone

in the palm of his hands. For in serving god my hands and my heart are his. That is how he keeps us all in the palm of his hand, because our hands are his and we keep each other in the palms of our hands.

So, for now, I'll just have to wait until I can 'hug everyone' but when I can I'm going to hug EVERYONE because, 'I do have enough hands' Lord! Thank you for using them as a blessing!