



THE HANDS THAT FED A FAMILY



When Rosa was seven, her hands were small and sticky with flour. She learned to knead the dough, just like her mother.



At sixteen, her hands shaped bread rolls for her brothers and sisters. The kitchen filled with the warm smell of baking.



As a young mother, Rosa's hands had to stretch one pot of soup to feed six hungry children. She always made sure everyone had enough.



Now at seventy-eight, Rosa's hands roll out dough for Sunday pie.
Her grandchildren love to help, their hands dusted with flour too.



Her hands remember the day she was a bride, cracking
eggs for the wedding cake.



Some days, her hands were tired from a long day of work.
They would rest, propping up her weary back.



Before every meal, Rosa's hands clasped together in prayer, giving thanks for the food and the family.



And now, her hands hold the tiny palm of her great-grandchild.
The kitchen is full of love, and the cycle of family continues.