My Handprints

We have our handprints hanging on the wall at our house. When my brother and I were little we made them for Mother’s Day. We each pushed our hands into the wet clay. After the clay dried, our teacher wrote our names on them. She made holes to hang the handprints up. After they were finished, we gave them to our mom. Mom said they were beautiful works of art.

Once we took a vacation to the southwest. We saw how the Zunis used their handprints to tell stories. We visited caves where there were handprints all over the walls. The prints were very, very old. Some were little and some were big. The Zunis dipped their hands in colored clay that looked like paint. Then they pressed their hands on the walls of the cave.

Each handprint was like writing a name on the wall. Today the handprints are like history books. They tell the stories of the people who used to live there. We didn’t touch the handprints because even one fingerprint could ruin them.

We wanted to bring home reminders of our visit. We went to the Zuni gift shop. My mother bought a pin that is shaped like a handprint. I bought a book about a boy my age. He lived in one of the caves many years ago. The book told about how he lived and how he helped his family.