



*For the kids who hear the truck before anyone else.  
Whose dads come home with worn boots and rough hands.  
Whose own small hands will, someday,  
fix and build and hold the world too.*

***Hands Like Daddy's.**  
A bedtime book for trades families.*

Ages 3-7 . Picture Book



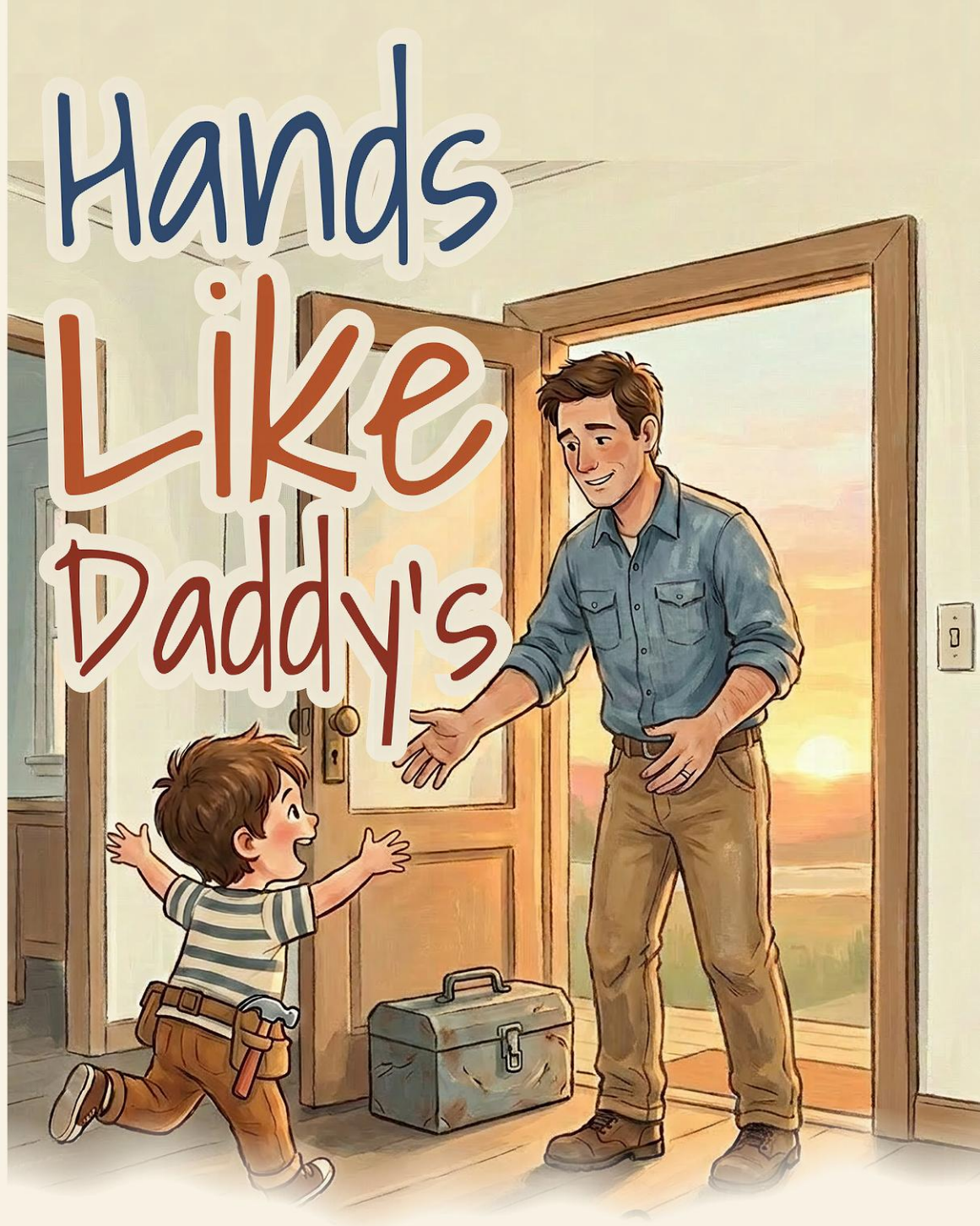
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*BOOK ONE*  
*the Hands Like... series*  
Cordis House

HANDS LIKE Daddy's

RON SMITH

CORDIS HOUSE



# Hands Like Daddy's

*a story by Ron Smith*  
*illustrations by Cordis Studio*

HANDS LIKE  
Daddy's

*a story by Ron Smith*

*illustrations by Cordis Studio*

*For my nephews  
Easton, Hayden, Aiden, and Liam  
and the dads  
who inspired every page.*

*And for the kid I was,  
who waited for the same truck to come home.*

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*Before the sun, before the day,  
a floorboard creaks across the way.*

*Boots on the steps. Door clicks tight.  
You stay in bed and wait for the light.*



*The engine hums, then fades, then's gone.  
And you miss him before the dawn.*

*But you know those hands come home at night.  
Home to hold you, hold you tight.*



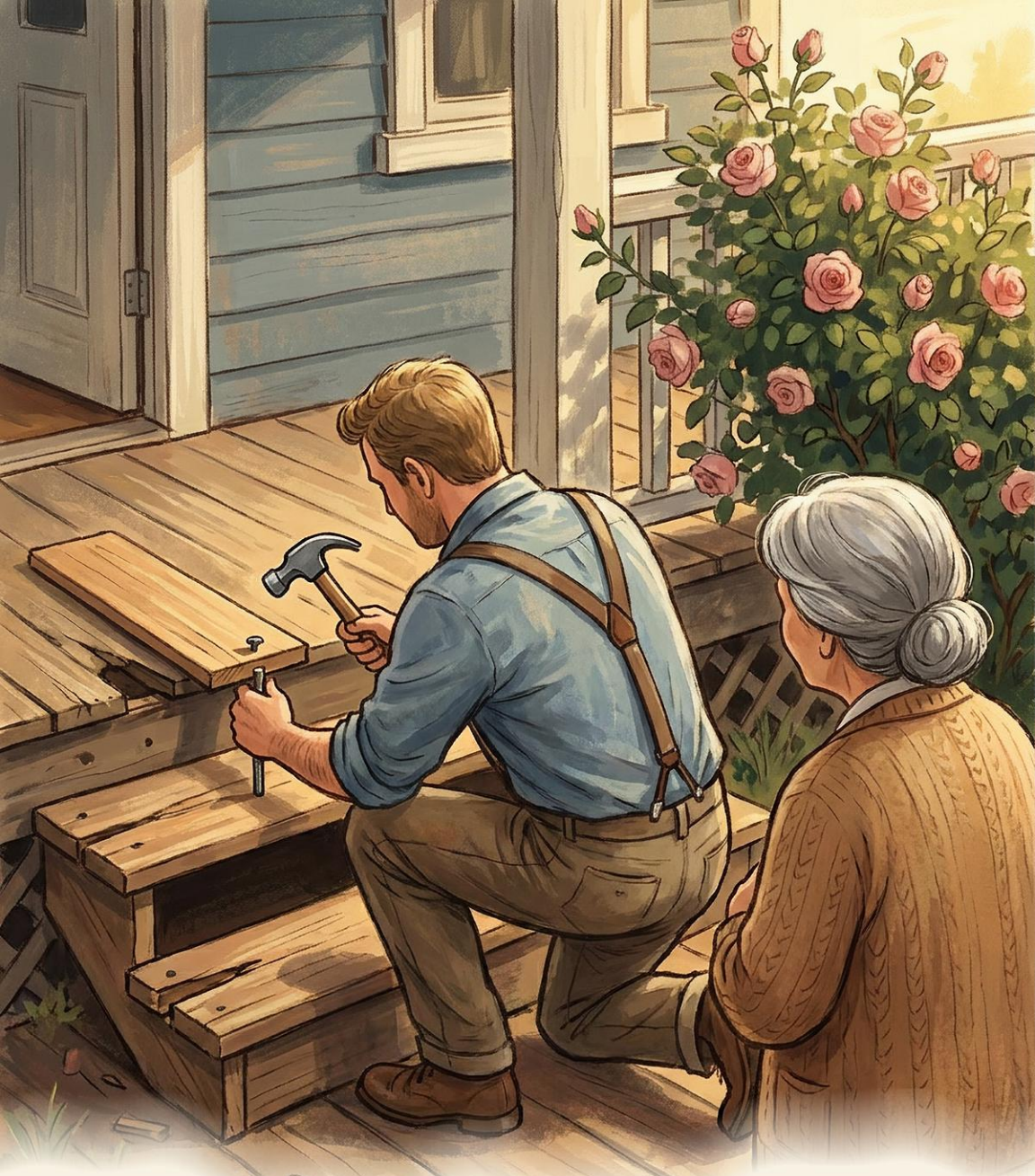
*Water runs where it shouldn't go.  
Across the floor, a sudden flow.*

*Who fixes it?  
Hands like Daddy's!*



*You twist the faucet.  
The water stops.*

*Hands like Daddy's.  
You stop the drops!*

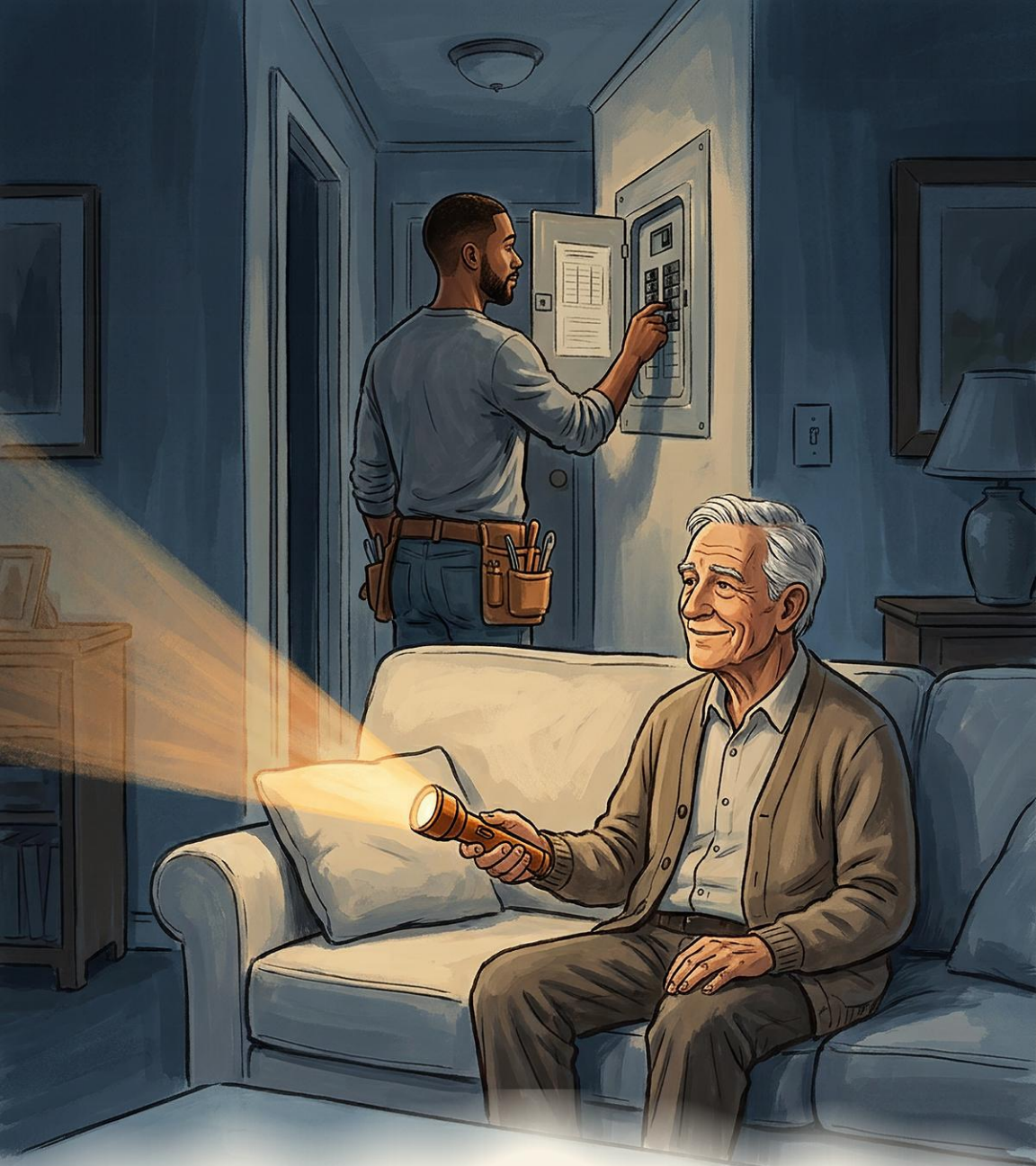


*The back step gives. The wood's worn through.  
A grandma waits. Her rose buds too.*

*Who fixes it?  
Hands like Daddy's!*



*You raise your hammer.  
You pound. You pound.  
Hands like Daddy's.  
Loud and proud!*



*The lights go out. The room feels wide.  
The shadows stretch from side to side.*

*Who fixes it?  
Hands like Daddy's!*



*A light's left on.  
You flick it dark.*

*Hands like Daddy's.  
Saved the spark!*



*The rain comes down and finds a seam.  
Drip, drip, drip from the kitchen beam.*

*Who fixes it?  
Hands like Daddy's!*



*The sheet falls down.  
You stretch it tight.*

*Hands like Daddy's.  
Roof made right!*



*A baby cries. The frost takes hold.  
The furnace failed. The vents blow cold.*

*Who fixes it?  
Hands like Daddy's!*



*You share your blanket.  
And bundle Teddy too.  
Hands like Daddy's.  
Smaller, but they'll do.*

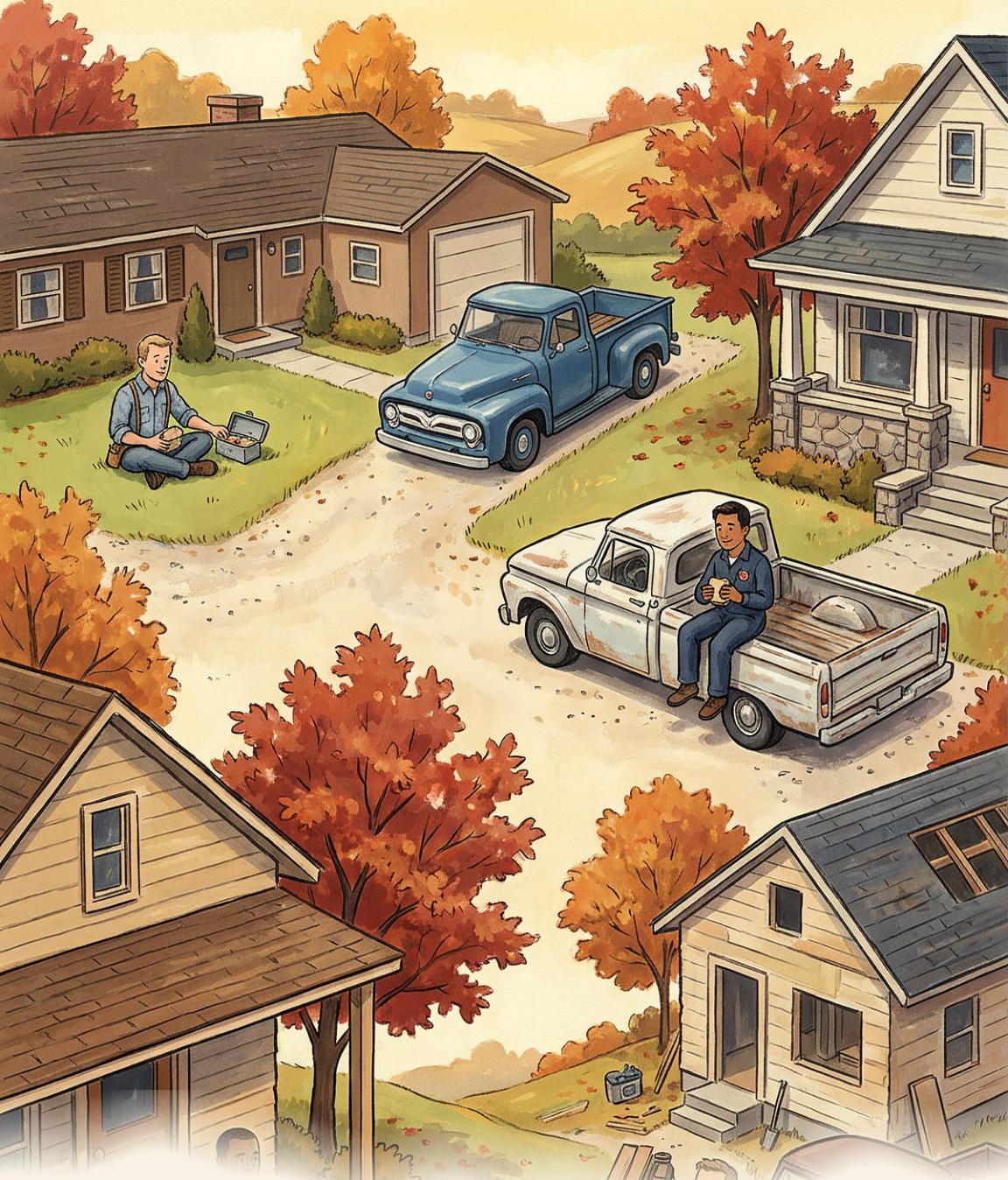


*A chimney leans. A brick lets go.  
The wall stands tall — but tilting slow.*

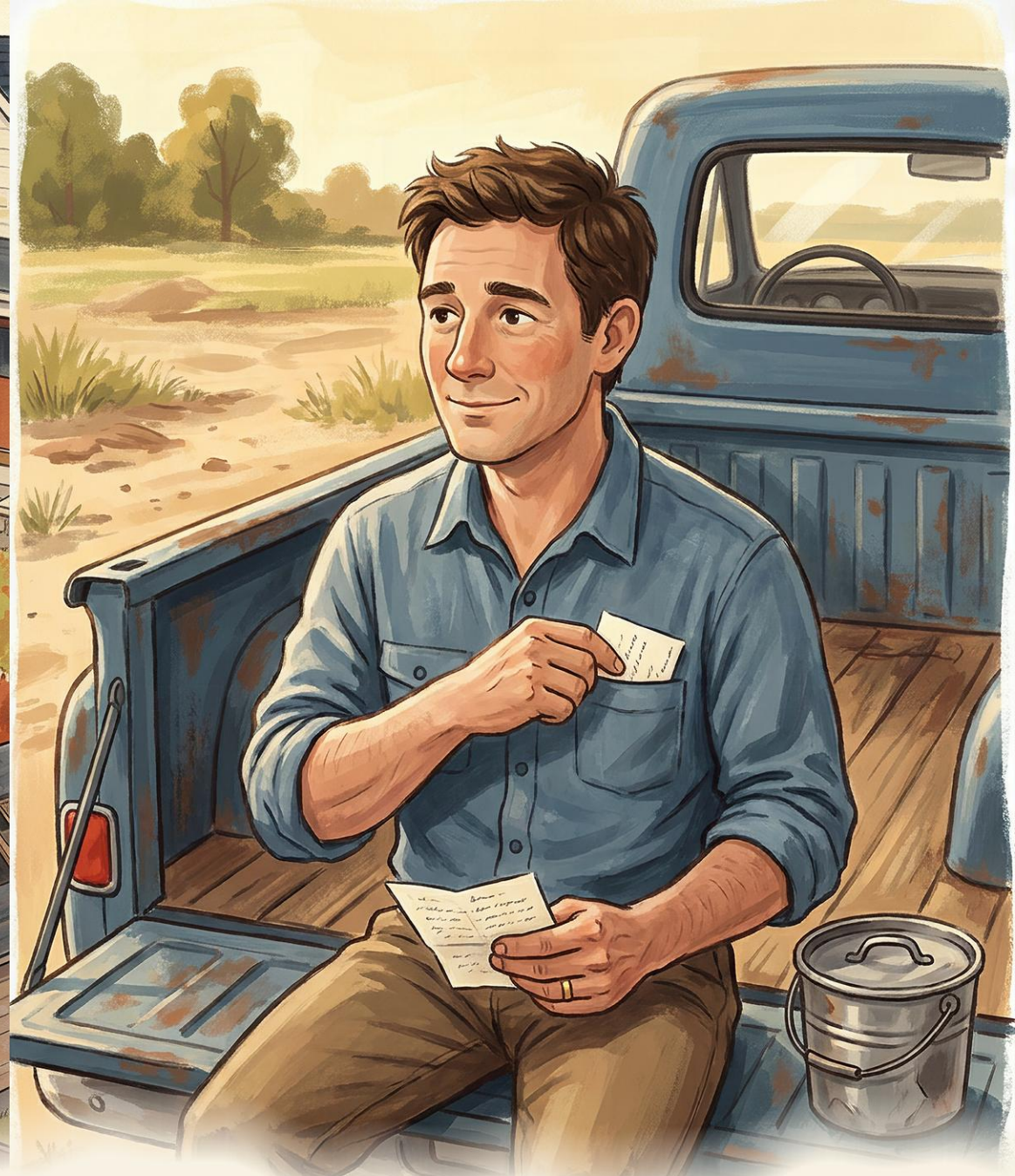
*Who fixes it?  
Hands like Daddy's!*



*Block by block.  
You build it tall.  
Hands like Daddy's.  
Won't let it fall!*



*At noon they stop. The hammers rest.  
Across the town, each does his best.  
One daddy opens his lunch pail wide.  
A note from home is tucked inside.*



*He reads it twice.  
Folds the note in two.  
He'll be home soon.  
Working hard, but thinking of you.*



*By afternoon, the work pays off.  
The warm comes back. The drips run off.  
The lights stay on. The walls stand tall.  
Hands like Daddy's have fixed it all.*



*Someone else sleeps safe and tight.  
So will you —  
when his truck's in sight.*



*The sun turns gold. Then pink. Then plum.  
The work is finished. The long day's done.*



*The tools go in. The doors close slow.  
And down the road, he starts to go —*



*You hear it first — That sound.  
Not any truck — his truck.*



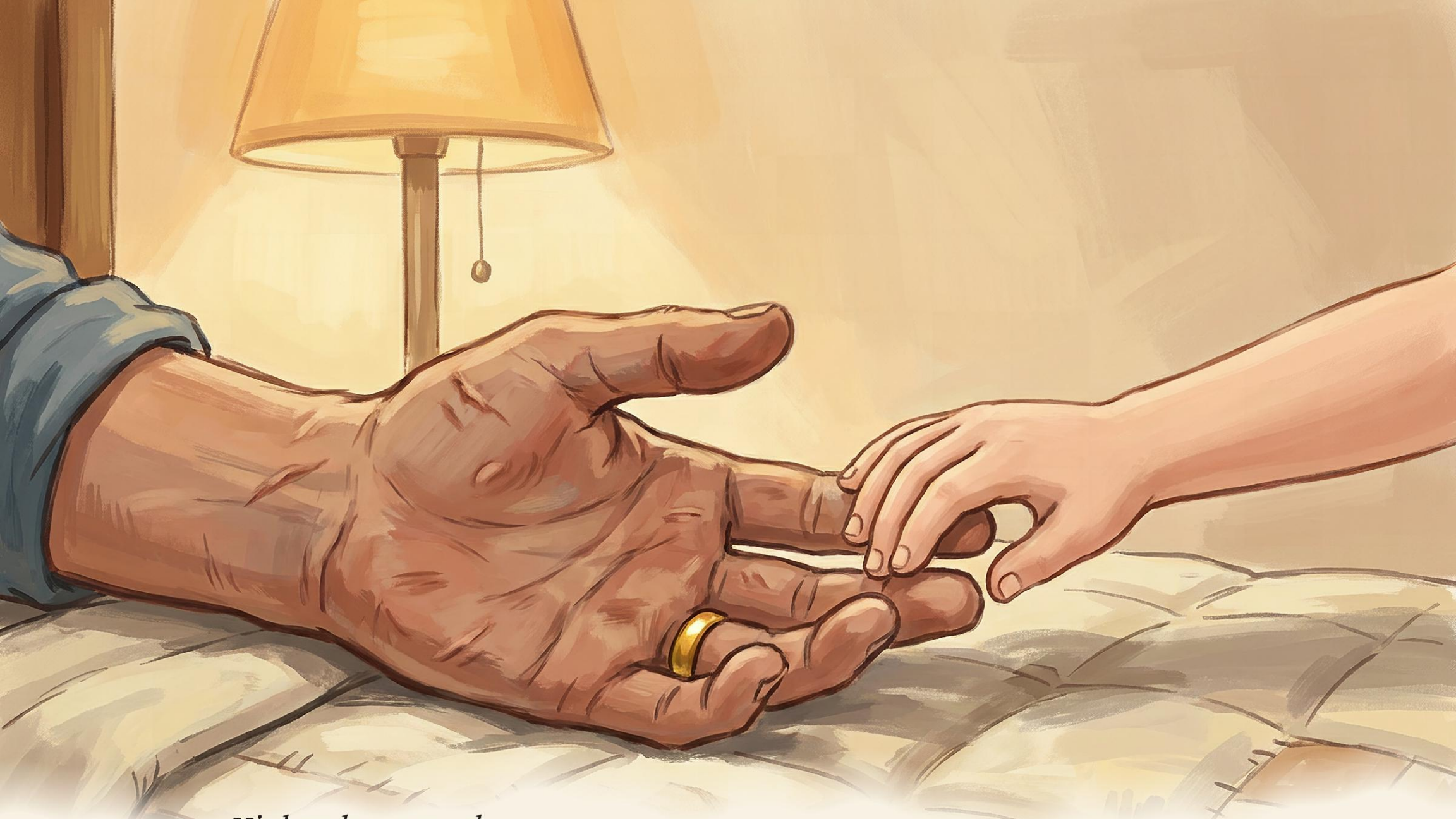
*You leave the toys.  
You run to the door.*



*The door swings wide. He steps inside.  
He lifts you slow. The day lets go.*



*He's home. He's home. He's home alright.  
Hands like Daddy's hold you tight.*



*His hands are rough.  
A little worn.  
A little scraped, a little torn.*

*They built. They fixed.  
They worked all day.*

*They mended what broke,  
and wore away.*

*And now — soft and slow —  
your hand finds Daddy's.*



*He sits beside your little bed.*

*He settles slow. The day is shed.*

*He reads your book. You know each line.*

*He answers your questions. Every time.*



*Hands like Daddy's worked all day.*

*Hands like Daddy's. Home to stay.*

## About the Author

Ron Smith grew up in his family's HVAC business. He's spent his career advising owners of family-run businesses, many just like the ones in this book, through the moments that matter most.

*Hands Like Daddy's* is for his nephews —  
*Easton, Hayden, Aiden, and Liam.*  
*And for the kid he was.*