

Hand2Hand packing - May 5, 2026



Thanks for your support!



HAPPY
MOTHER'S DAY!

We Thank God for You!!





HANNAH

1 Samuel 1:9-18





1. Cast your cares before the Lord (Pray)





**She was deeply distressed and
prayed to the LORD, and wept bitterly.**

1 Samuel 1:10





- 1. Cast your cares before the Lord (Pray)**
- 2. Trust in the Lord**





**Then the woman went to her quarters,
ate and drank with her husband,
and her countenance was sad no longer.**

1 Samuel 1:18b





1. Cast your cares before the Lord (Pray)

2. Trust in the Lord

3. Share the Story





**“As soon as the child is weaned,
I will bring him, that he may appear in the
presence of the Lord, and remain there forever;
I will offer him as a nazirite for all time.”**

1 Samuel 1:22





27 For this child I prayed; and the Lord has granted me the petition that I made to him.

28 Therefore I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he lives, he is given to the Lord.

1 Samuel 1:27-28





- **Tell them Bible stories**
- **Read an age-appropriate Bible with them**
- **Share your personal testimonies**
- **Pray with them & teach them to pray**
- **Sing songs to teach them about Jesus**





My Mother's Bible

Milan Bertrand Williams, 1893 and Charles Davis Tillman

1 There's a dear and precious book,
Tho' it's worn and faded now,
Which recalls the happy days of long ago,
When I stood at mother's knee,
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.





**Blessed book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above.**





2 As she read the stories o'er,
Of those mighty men of old,
Of Joseph and of Daniel and their trials;
Of little David bold,
Who became a king at last;
Of Satan with his many wicked wiles.





**Blessed book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above.**







3 Then she read of Jesus' love,
As He blest the children dear,
How He suffered, bled and died upon the tree;
Of His heavy load of care,
Then she dried my flowing tears
With her kisses as she said it was for me.







**Blessed book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above.**





4 Well, those days are past and gone,
But their mem'ry lingers still,
And the dear old book each day has been my guide;
And I seek to do His will,
As my mother taught me then,
And ever in my heart His words abide.





**Blessed book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above.**





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