

Thoughts:

“Our deeds are like stones cast into the pool of time; though they themselves may disappear, their ripples extend to eternity.”

“Bearing one another’s burden helps make the burden bearable.”

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“Since God chose you to be the holy people he loves, you must clothe yourselves with tenderhearted mercy, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience.” – Colossians 3:12

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Did you give him a lift?  
He’s a brother of man  
And bearing all the burden he can.  
Did you give him a smile?  
He was downcast and blue,  
And a smile would have helped him  
to battle it through  
Did you give him a hand?  
He was slipping down hill,  
And the world, so I fancied,  
was using him ill.  
Did you give him a word?  
Did you show him the road?  
Or did you just let him  
go on with his load?

-C. B. Cooney

“Stand By Me”  
(Elvis Presley)

When the storms of life are raging  
Stand by me  
When the storms of life are raging

Stand by me  
When the world is tossing me  
Like a ship out on the sea  
Thou who rulest when wanted  
Stand by me

When I'm growing old and feeble  
Stand by me  
When I'm growing old and feeble  
Stand by me  
When I do the best I can  
And my friends misunderstand  
Thou who never lost a battle  
Stand by me  
Thou who never lost a battle  
Stand by me

“Stand By Me”  
(Charles Tindley)

When the storms of life are raging, stand by me,  
When the storms of life are raging, stand by me;  
When the world is tossing me like a ship upon the sea,  
Thou who rulest wind and water, stand by me.

In the midst of tribulations, stand by me.  
In the midst of tribulations, stand by me.  
When the hosts of hell assail, and my strength begins to fail,  
O Thou mighty God of battles, stand by me.

In the midst of faults and failures, stand by me.  
In the midst of faults and failures, stand by me;  
When I do the best I can, and my friends misunderstand,  
Thou who knowest all about me, stand by me.

When I'm growing old and feeble, stand by me;  
When I'm growing old and feeble, stand by me;  
When mine eyes grow dim in death and I draw my latest breath,  
O Thou God of all ages, stand by me.

You Raise Me Up  
(Josh Groban)

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary'  
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;  
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,  
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;

You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
You raise me up...To more than I can be.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;  
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
You raise me up...To more than I can be.

There is no life—no life without its hunger;  
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;  
But when you come and I am filled with wonder,  
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;  
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
You raise me up...To more than I can be.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;  
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
You raise me up...To more than I can be.

Give Me Your Hand  
(Ray Boltz)

I was climbing up a mountain  
Headed for the top  
My feet started sliding  
And I almost fell off  
I landed on a rocky ledge  
Suspended in the air  
And I cried out in despair  
I said, is anybody out there?  
Anybody there at all?  
Then I saw Him reaching down  
And I heard Him call,

Give me your hand, I'll lift you up  
Don't be afraid  
You just have to trust  
I have been there in the place you stand  
There's no need to fear  
That's why I'm here  
Give me your hand

How can I repay you?  
You truly saved my life  
The Savior smiled  
And He said, That's alright  
Tomorrow when you're climbing  
Look around you on the way  
There are many others to be saved

Crying, Is anybody out there?  
Anybody there at all?  
Reach out to them, remember me, and call

Give me your hand, I'll lift you up  
Don't be afraid  
You just have to trust  
I have been there in the place you stand  
There's no need to fear  
That's why I'm here  
Give me your hand

There's no need to fear  
That's why I'm here  
Give me your hand  
There's no need to fear  
That's why I'm here  
Give me your hand

## Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor

(Set to music by Mrs. Barbara Silberg; lyrics from the inscription on the Statue of Liberty)

Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breath free;  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
Send these, the homeless,  
Tempest-tossed to me  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame is the imprisoned lightning,  
And her name, Mother of Exiles.  
From her beacon-hand glows world-wide welcome;  
Her mild eyes command the air-bridged harbor  
That twin cities frame.  
"Keep, Ancient Lands, your storied pomp!"  
Cries she with silent lips.

Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breath free;  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
Send these, the homeless,  
Tempest-tossed to me  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door

## MAKE ME A SERVANT

Make me a servant, humble and meek  
Lord, let me lift up, those who are weak.  
And may the pray'r of my heart always be;  
Make me a servant, make me a servant,  
Make me a servant, today.