



Why I'm Building This Community...

A Personal Testimony

There was a time when God tried to get my attention.

He whispered.

Then He knocked.

Then He threw the brick.

And still—I didn't fully respond.

It wasn't until the unthinkable happened—the loss of my 4-month-old grandson—that I was finally still enough to hear the Father clearly. That moment broke me open. It sat me down. Not because I had wisdom, but because I had need. I was desperate—for answers, for peace, for a rewind that would never come.

I cried.

I pleaded.

I begged.

I bargained.

And in that space of pain, I realized: God had been calling me all along—but I kept trying to come to Him on my own terms, in my own time. And when I ran out of time, I had nothing left but surrender. In that surrender, I heard Him—not in the fire, not in the earthquake, but in the still small voice I'd been missing all along.

So now, with everything in me, I dedicate my life to helping women hear that voice the first time—before the brick, before the grief, before the desperation.

When the Lord calls, I want your response to be like Samuel's: "Speak, Lord, for your servant is listening." — 1 Samuel 3:10

This is why Tanngibly Blessed Sisters exists.

Not just because I've been through something, but because I want you to avoid walking through what I had to.

Let's rise in obedience. Let's respond the first time. Let's listen—and live.