



A Letter to Sister Wade

Fifty years have passed like Finnish snow,
Three hundred sons and daughters you helped to grow.
You sent letters when the cold bit deep,
Like sunlight to plants that missionaries need to keep.

We planted seeds in frozen Finnish ground,
Not knowing when the harvest would be found.
Sister Kumpula rose from bended knee –
We were the answer she'd asked God to see.

On birthdays you baked brownies in Finland –
This woman was clearly heaven-sent.
Cared for us as sons and daughters
The whole mission through.

On Temple Square, you pledged your flame,
Ten years before your missionary sons and daughters came.
Nine children of your own, a heavy, loving load,
You walked the path of selfless service, as the Savior showed.

Some seeds we planted took decades to grow –
The fruit of faith we'd never know.
You helped teach us how to sow and trust and pray,
To plant in faith, then let God show the way.

Now, fifty years have passed, but still we see
Your influence rippling through eternity –
In our marriages, our children, our own daughters and sons,
In pulla we bake when each Christmas comes.

Sister Wade, your mission didn't end –
Mission mother, counselor, and lifelong friend.
For in three hundred hearts you'll stay,
A light that guides us still,
And every day, for eternity.

We love you, Sister Wade.