

This song is based on an experience Veli Scott Perkins and Veli Paul Larsen had. It is interesting that 12 months later when President Kimball visited Finland, President Kimball talked to groups of missionaries, and encouraged them to Knock on Just One More Door. Thank you Veli Perkins for sharing this experience with us.

Kokkola Breeze (Just One More Door)

The spring of '73, a chill still in the air,
Kokkola's oma kotis, neat and everywhere.
Elder Larsen was with me, on the northern edge we walked,
The Gulf of Bothnia breeze, the birch trees softly talked.

Hours of tracting done, boots on the gravel spun,
Knocking, waiting, hoping, 'neath the setting sun.
Dinner was calling, our twenty-year-old thought,
But the mission call whispered the lesson we'd been taught...

Just one more door, that's what we always say,
One more door before we close the day.
That simple choice, the shift in fate it brings,
One more door, where the Spirit softly sings.
Heikki and Aila, their lives began to bloom,
Because of one more door in that bright living room.

A modest home appeared, with white and blue trim bright,
We held our breath and knocked beneath the fading light.
The door opened, a kind couple stood there then,
Mid-thirties, we thought "older," but they welcomed us as men.

Heikki and Aila Saari, they asked us to come in,
We spoke the Finnish name, where the gospel could begin.
Myöhempien Aikojen Pyhien Jeesuksen Kristuksen Kirkko,
The Restoration message, a seed of light to grow.

Just one more door, that's what we always say,
One more door before we close the day.
That simple choice, the shift in fate it brings,
One more door, where the Spirit softly sings.



Heikki and Aila, their lives began to bloom,
Because of one more door in that bright living room.
The Spirit filled the room, their hearts were open wide,
Sincere and honest questions, with nothing left to hide.

I was transferred to Vaasa, but the teaching didn't cease,
The branch members in Kokkola surrounded them with peace.
President Pekka Roto and the branch embraced them near,
They held them close with fellowship and drove away all fear.

The light shone in their faces, a joy you can't contain,
In Pietarsaari's sacred font, washed clean from every stain.
I saw the waters flow, at their baptismal grace,
The blessing of that moment, a light upon their face.

We could have gone for dinner, we could have quit the task,
But for the simple answer to the question we did ask . . .
Just one more door, that's what we always say,
One more door before we close the day.

That simple choice, the shift in fate it brings,
One more door, where the Spirit softly sings.
Heikki and Aila, their lives began to bloom,
Because of one more door in that bright living room.

Oh, the lesson that we learned beneath the Nordic sky,
That one extra effort is where the blessings lie.
So keep on knocking, brother, don't walk past the street,
There's always one more door where hearts are waiting to meet.