

MY FINNISH MISSION

A Song of Faith and Promises Fulfilled Adopted from an article by Morgan J Hendricks

I packed my bags for Helsinki's shore
Left home behind, stepped through the door
With goodly parents' prayers in mind
And wandering sheep I'd left behind
President Wade looked in my eyes
Spoke words that reached beyond the skies
"You'll witness miracles," he said
Those holy words, by Spirit led

Through winter snow and autumn rain
Through moments of doubt and strain
I pedaled on through Nokia's streets
Where heaven and earth would meet
A promise given, a promise kept
Through all the tears my parents wept
The sheep came home, one by one
The Father's work was being done

The cold winds blew through Finnish nights
But faith burned warm, a guiding light
When faces turned, when doors would close
The Spirit whispered, "Heaven knows"
I thought of siblings far away
For whom my parents used to pray
Isaiah's words rang clear and true
"All we like sheep"—but grace breaks through

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Conversion came like morning light
Baptismal waters, pure and white
The Holy Ghost, a sacred seal
Temple covenants made real
President Wade, inspired man
Part of a greater, loving plan
His calling blessed not just my days
But echoed through eternal ways

Now looking back through years gone by
I see the truth, I understand why
Each freezing ride, each rainy mile
Each small rejection, every trial
Were threads within a tapestry
Of God's great love for all to see
He cared for me, for them, for all
And caught each sheep before the fall

Through winter snow and autumn rain
No service given was in vain
I pedaled on through Nokia's streets
Where promises and purpose meet
A prophet's voice, a father's care
The Savior's love beyond compare
The sheep came home, the circle's whole
A metamorphosis of soul

I thank my Father up above
For Finland, service, faith, and love
For President Wade's inspired word
For every prayer my parents heard
The miracles I witnessed there
Still testify of answered prayer
And sheep once lost have found their way
Back to the fold, back home to stay