

# The Quiet Work of the Spirit

*As experienced by Veli Jay Wiseman*

(Verse 1: The Man in the Yellow House)

In a small wooden house painted yellow and bright  
I saw a man in a wheelchair, a disheveled sight  
With weathered old clothes and a smile worn thin  
The world looked away at the state he was in  
They said he was simple, no need for the word  
But a still small voice whispered that he should be heard  
I spoke of the Gospel, he looked in my eyes  
And answered verbatim, to my great surprise  
A chosen spirit in a body of clay  
The branch came alive when he was baptized that day.

(Chorus) We go forth not knowing where the Spirit will lead  
To the wash lady's door or the student in need  
Across the green fields and the deep Finnish snow  
Following voices that only the humble can know  
For the harvest is ready, the schooling is done  
Gathering children back home to the Son.

(Verse 2: The Wash Lady) I knocked on the door of a lady so gray  
Who washed all the clothes to keep hunger away  
She'd walked a hard road with a husband who drank  
And her heart felt a void, a spirit quite blank I thought she was lonely, just wanting a friend  
But her readiness stayed with me right to the end  
She knew every answer before they were told  
Like she'd rehearsed the message from prophets of old  
I was transferred away before her light rose  
But I heard she was baptized where the living water flows.

(Verse 3: The Students) Then I met two students from my own native land  
Speaking English together, a Book in my hand  
They marveled at Finnish, at the words we could speak  
While they searched for the meaning that many souls seek  
Like little children, they learned how to pray  
And followed the commandments we shared on the way  
They read every page, they put heart to the test  
Until the Spirit gave witness and granted them rest  
Now their children serve missions, the legacy grows

From a seed that was planted where the north wind blows.

(Bridge) Whether disheveled, or lonely, or searching for more  
The Lord knows the heart behind every door  
It isn't the language or the things that we say  
It's the Spirit that testifies and leads them the way.

(Outro) In a small yellow house... By a wash lady's side...  
With two seeking students, the Spirit our guide.

Following the voice... Great works are done. Finland . . . Amen.