

## The Choice

*A decision made by a member in Tornio, baptized in Tornio in 1973 as told by Veli Darwin Rasmussen*

The Tornio winds were blowing cold and sweet  
A group of friends in Finland finding truth upon the street  
Among them was a singer with a voice like northern gold  
Jake had stories in his heart that needed to be told

A rocker and a leader, he could make a guitar cry  
Winning every trophy under that Lapland sky  
But he was tuning his heart to a different kind of son  
Knowing where he started and where he truly did belong

Not for the fame, not for the lights that glow  
He found a rhythm that the world would never know  
The call came through. The one he'd waited for  
Open for the Americans, they said.

This is the big break, Jake. The world is watching.  
He spent months rehearsing. Every note was perfect.  
Then they told him the date . . . it was Sunday.  
Now, most men would have made an exception. But Jake?

He just looked at his family, he looked at his covenants, and he said,  
No.  
He walked away from the stadium to go to a quiet chapel instead.

The world went on to California, singing 'bout the sun.'  
But in Jake's quiet household, the real work had begun

He traded the big stage for a life of steady grace.  
Seeing heaven's light reflected in his children's face  
And Jari told us later, with a spirit bright and true  
Because Dad chose Sunday as his own,  
We chose to go on missions, too.

He was tuning his heart to a different kind of song  
Knowing where he started and where he truly did belong.  
The Beach Boys had the harmony, the world had all the noise  
But Jake found the spirit in the voices of his boys

He was an instrument . . . In the Master's hand.  
From the rock and roll . . . to the promised land.  
Sunday's for the Lord.  
You heard me – the Beach Boys was the band.