

Anne – Tornio

An experience shared by Veli Tobin Rudd and Veli Darwin Rasmussen

Fresh from the LTM, Veli Rudd arrived In Tornio's cold,
where our friendship thrived
He was a baseball man, competitive and strong
Beating me at snowballs all the winter long
We'd race our bicycles against the Arctic wind
A rivalry of brothers, where the laughter never pinned
Just two young men tracting by the river's side
With the message of the Gospel as our only guide
Oh, we thought we were practicing, just learning how to speak
Giving out the lessons to the humble and the meek
But there was a daughter listening, behind a wooden door
Finding a light she'd never felt before
The Spirit was the teacher, the Spirit led the way
Converting a soul we hadn't met that day
"You know, we didn't even see her.
We were in the front room of a small apartment between the highway and the river,
teaching a family who said they just wanted to listen.
We figured it was good practice... nothing more.
But a few weeks later, we met a young woman named Anne.
She looked us in the eye and said, 'You taught me the First Discussion'.
We were puzzled, but she told us she'd been in the back bedroom with the door just slightly ajar.
She heard us talk about the Restoration and the First Vision . . . and the Spirit told her it was true
right then and there.
She'd been prompted all the way from Sweden to board a ship home, just to hear those words."
The path was made clear, and the time was at hand
We taught her the truth of the Lord's holy plan
By a cabin on the river, under skies so clear and blue
In those cold, holy waters, she started life anew
Three days after meeting, she followed the light
With the members from Kemi witnessing the sight
From a mission in Finland to a home in Helsinki's grace
She's a daughter of Heaven in a sacred, holy place
Oh, we thought we were practicing, just learning how to speak
Giving out the lessons to the humble and the meek
But there was a daughter listening, behind a wooden door
Finding a light she'd never felt before
The Spirit was our companion, the Spirit led the way
Converting a soul we hadn't met that day
Fifty years later... she's a stalwart and a friend
A journey of faith that will never, ever end
Veli Rudd and I... we still see the miracles grow
In the seeds that were planted... in the Tornio snow

Thank you, Anne. Thank you, Lord.