

## The Saturday Night Sauna Song



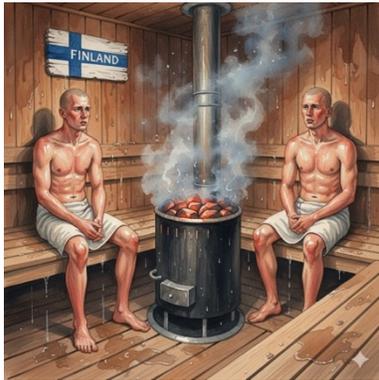
*No real explanation for the song is needed. We all experienced it. Now having said that, this song is meant to be fun. Let your mind take you back to Finland to experience the sauna all over again. Has it really been 50 years since you/we were sitting in a real Finnish sauna –*

**SOW-nah**

**SOW** rhymes with "cow" or "how" (not like "saw")

**nah** is like the "na" in "father"

Enjoy!



Elder Martinez, he landed in Turku , fresh from Arizona's heat,  
Where a hundred and ten degrees was normal in the street.  
He met Veli Järvinen, a Finn with a smile so knowing,  
Said, "Tonight, my friend, the real lessons are growing,  
you'll learn about sauna".

Martinez said, "I know saunas, you sit in a hot room to rest",  
Veli just chuckled deep, "No, you know nothing," he stressed.  
He entered the room, it was built like a furnace of fire,  
A temperature test to push the human much higher.

The thermometer read, 95 degrees Celsius, he saw,  
Martinez gasped, "My lungs are melting, I can't take this law!"  
Veli said, "Sit down, Elder, this is only medium heat",  
"We go up to 100, sometimes 105, nice and sweet".  
"That's boiling!" Martinez cried, "Water boils at 100!"  
Veli was serious, "Yes, refreshing, no wonder!"

Oh, the Saturday Night Sauna, the 95-degree heat,  
A military training that can't be beat.  
It's building that sisu, the strength to endure,  
Don't tell Sister Wade, or there'll be saunas no more!  
It's hotter than boiling , but President Wade approves,  
Just breathe through your nose, Elder, and watch the air move.

For months, he endured, then Month Four came along,  
Veli said, "Ready for löyly," to make his constitution strong.  
Throwing water on stones, 400 degrees, casually said,  
The steam hits you hotter, your body thinks you are dead.

A small flick of water, like a volcanic blast up,  
The temperature spiked, forced his lungs to shut up.  
"THAT WAS SMALL?!" he managed to choke out with a wheeze,  
"Very small," Veli confirmed, "But it brings Finns ease".

He learned that the Finns have a different idea,  
Of gentle and comfortable, year after year.  
Then Veli explained the philosophy during winter's chill,  
Outside, minus twenty-five, inside, it stands still at 98 degrees still.

"Sauna is about sisu," he said with conviction and pride,  
You learn to endure, with nowhere to hide.  
Oh, the Saturday Night Sauna, the 95-degree heat,  
A military training that can't be beat.

It's building that sisu, the strength to endure,  
Don't tell Sister Wade, or there'll be saunas no more!  
It's hotter than boiling, but President Wade approves,  
Just breathe through your nose, Elder, and watch the air move.

By Month Ten, he was Finnish, he understood the whole plight,  
He could sit at 102, conscious and holding on tight.  
And rolling in snow, when your temp's near the dead,  
Feels like sweet relief instead, like a soft, cooling bed.

He now complained loudly that American saunas were weak,  
Seventy-five Celsius was a lukewarm closet, he'd speak.  
"It's the best part of missionary work," he answered honestly then,  
The Finns nodded, accepting this American among men.

The transfer came quickly, Veli was gone on his way,  
Martinez was senior, teaching the truth day by day.  
Met Elder Thompson from Provo, a new junior recruit,  
He gave him the grin, the undeniable fruit.

"Tonight, you learn sauna," the words were the same,  
Thompson said, "I know saunas from the gym, it's a game".  
Martinez's smile widened, "You know nothing," he swore,  
And Thompson went wide-eyed in terror at the door.

"Don't worry about numbers," Martinez said smoothly and slow,  
"And whatever you do, keep this secret below."  
Sister Wade sends a letter, "It's wonderfully relaxing!"  
They exchange knowing glances, the heat is not taxing.

"Should we mention the 90°C part?" Thompson asked with a dread.  
"And worry Sister Wade? Never," Martinez said.  
Just like missionary work—hard but rewarding, you see,  
They're building their character, setting their spirits free.

The cycle continues, the wisdom passed down,  
Making better missionaries in the cold Finnish town.  
Kiitos, sauna, for making them sweat,  
A secret kept with love, that the mission mother hasn't learned yet.