



## The Prayer in Kajaani

*This song is inspired by an account from Veli Burke Rees. He and his companion, Veli Holopainen, have observed this experience develop over time. It exemplifies the principle of "planting seeds," a phenomenon familiar to many who have served missions.*

March of '73, I arrived in Kajaani town  
With Pekka by my side, we walked those streets up and down  
Three sisters and an elder, that was our little flock  
Doors slammed in our faces, anger met each knock

Brother Pöri was so humble, he felt the truth inside  
But his wife stood against us, and the cost became too wide  
Sister Mähönen made pannukakut, simple faith so true  
She found her way to baptism when our time there was through

But I never wrote about her, Sister Riihonen's name  
Never knew what happened in that home that day  
Forty years of silence, then the story came  
How one simple prayer helped light her way

Seeds we plant in darkness, harvests we don't see  
The tender mercies waiting in eternity  
My companion wrote it down, two hours of conversation  
A Book of Mormon given, planting revelation

While I moved on forgetting, she held that moment near  
The memory of us kneeling, and a missionary's prayer  
Two years later, Elder Carter helped her find the light  
She was baptized in '75, walked into the gospel bright

Swiss Temple endowments, proxy work for family gone  
A dynamic missionary, sharing truth and carrying on  
'Cause I never wrote about her, Sister Riihonen's name  
Never knew what happened in that home that day

Forty years of silence, then the story came  
How one simple prayer helped light her way  
Seeds we plant in darkness, harvests we don't see  
The tender mercies waiting in eternity

President Watson wrote to me: "Because of your one prayer  
Many now enjoy the blessings, and you weren't aware"  
At a Helsinki dinner table, Pekka told the tale  
How she spoke of that moment, how it would not fail  
September 2018, back to Kajaani I came  
A different building now, but the Spirit felt the same  
Her health was failing, memory dim, she didn't know my face  
But I passed the sacrament to her, in that sacred space

I never really knew her, Sister Riihonen's name  
But the Spirit bridged the years between that day  
The seed I planted blindly, someone else's gain  
One simple prayer that helped her find the way

Seeds we plant in darkness, harvests we don't see  
The tender mercies waiting in eternity  
How many seeds are planted by missionaries unknown?  
How many prayers are answered long after we've gone home?

In Kajaani I learned this truth, simple as can be:  
We plant, another waters, but the harvest is eternity