



## Memories and Miracles

*Song was inspired by all the articles submitted for this book.*

Sister Wade and all you've given,  
These memories, these blessings driven  
Deep into our hearts like roots,  
Young missionaries bearing fruits.

We came as strangers, young and bright,  
To Finland's shores, to share the light,  
Had no idea what Father planned,  
What miracles His loving hand would bring.

Memories and miracles, precious things we hold,  
Memories and miracles, stories to be told.  
So many memories flood our minds,  
The sacred, sweet, eternal kinds.

Memories and miracles, oh the miracles!  
Very rarely did we know,  
Miracles were miracles long ago,  
Only time revealed the miracles we'd sown.

We planted seeds in frozen ground,  
Not knowing what we would have found,  
That others later came to reap  
The harvest while our memories sleep.

Each moment teaching us to see  
The shepherd calling, "Come to me."  
Through winter cold and summer's surface,  
Days of humble, faithful service.

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Memories and miracles, stories to be told.  
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The sacred, sweet, eternal kinds.

Memories and miracles, oh the miracles!  
Very rarely did we know,  
Miracles were miracles long ago,  
Only time revealed the miracles we'd sown.

The miracles—oh, precious things!—  
The joy that heaven always brings  
When lost souls find their way back home,  
No longer wandering alone.

The ones that changed us at the core,  
Made us something different than before.  
Miracles and miracles, if they help someone who's lost,  
Find the shepherd, those are miracles our Father works with most.  
President Wade, he had the sight,  
Could see the miracles take flight,  
He surely knew about the miracles,

Could see them coming before our eyes.

Sister Wade, you saw them too,  
The miracles in morning dew,  
You must have seen them coming,  
All the memories, all the miracles arriving.

We were His instruments, His hands,  
His children, His miracles, His teachings in these lands,  
Working where He called us to,  
We are blessed to be instruments,  
Blessed to be instruments in His hands.

This book we give with grateful hearts,  
Each memory a sacred part,  
Thank you for letting each of us share  
These memories and miracles everywhere.

We share them with our families now,  
Tell them how God works, we show them how,  
These memories we've shared with our own,  
Hoping they'll see how His love is shown.

Memories and miracles, precious things we hold,  
Memories and miracles, stories to be told.  
So many memories, so many more,  
Memories that changed us forever at the core.

Memories and miracles, oh the miracles!  
The miracles, my goodness, the miracles,  
Only time has revealed the miracles,  
Time revealed what we had missed.

For you, this gift wrapped up in love,  
For you, our love from heaven above,  
When you meet Bob on heaven's shore,  
When you meet Bob again once more,

Share with him our love so true,  
Tell him that we're grateful too.  
Our lives are blessed because we knew  
The love of God that flowed through you.

Memories and miracles, precious things we share,  
Memories and miracles, everywhere, everywhere.  
So many memories, so many miracles,  
Most miracles came from planting seeds,  
For others to harvest when they're in need.

Memories and miracles, oh the miracles!

His children, His miracles, His teachings, His instruments,  
We are blessed, we are blessed to be instruments.  
Our precious things we hold so dear,  
The memories and miracles here.

These memories and miracles in this book,  
For you, a gift, for you, our love.  
Memories and miracles we've found,  
Holy, sacred, hallowed ground.

Our lives are blessed to know you both,  
To share with you our memories and miracles,  
Our precious things, our memories and miracles,  
Memories and miracles, memories and miracles,  
Forever grateful for the memories and the miracles.