

## The Song of Aimo Ojala

*A song inspired by an article by William James*

In Jyväskylä's zone conference hall,  
President Wade spoke words to all,  
"When prominent names you chance to meet,  
Give extra effort, don't retreat,  
There's something to that Israel blood,  
A call to faith like Noah's flood."

Oh, Aimo, Aimo Ojala,  
A jogger in the park that day,  
From bachelor's doubt to faithful guide,  
The Book of Mormon changed your life,  
In Helsinki's cold, the Spirit burned,  
A golden soul, a heart that yearned.

In Apollonkatu's evening chill,  
Two elders sought the Father's will,  
Veli Snelson at my side we found,  
A name tucked deep, a sacred sound,  
"What about that bachelor guy?"  
Through frozen streets beneath dark sky.

At his apartment door we came,  
Uudenmaankatu, spoke his name,  
Three marks we sold the holy book,  
He smiled and said he'd take a look,  
Two weeks we'd wait, two weeks we'd pray,  
For seeds to grow along the way.

Oh, Aimo, Aimo Ojala,  
"Luin kirjan kaikki" he would say,  
Not just some parts but every word,  
The sweetest testimony heard,  
Alma's seed and Ether's light,  
Stones that glowed through Jaredite night.

He loved the faith like sprouting grain,  
The barges blessed through wind and rain,  
With Veli Baillio we returned,  
To find a soul that deeply yearned,  
He'd prayed that very day to know,  
How to join this Church and grow.

Through lamb and lessons, cold and prayer,  
In Neitsytpolku's font so fair,  
I baptized him that sacred night,  
A congregation dressed in white,  
As good as gold, committed true,  
He taught with us the gospel new.

He found his love in Sisar Torpo,  
Sealed in Switzerland, hearts in tempo,  
When Finland's first stake came to be,  
Veli Ojala, bishop he,  
His letters strong, his faith so bright,  
Until he passed into the light.

Oh, Aimo, Aimo Ojala,  
From Lappeenranta to that day,  
Your influence continues still,  
Beyond the veil, beyond the hill,  
I marvel at the hand divine,  
That made your story blend with mine.

Now as an old man looking back,  
On frozen streets and souls unpacked,  
I wait the day not far away,  
When we'll meet again and pray,  
For brothers, sisters yet to hear,  
The gospel message crystal clear.

Oh, Aimo Ojala... The bachelor who read it all . . .  
Forever faithful to the call.