

The Rust and the Mercy

Inspired by an experience had by Veli Scott Lundberg, Veli Crane, and Veli Smith

(Verse 1)

In the first modern chapel in Hämeenlinna town
I walked through the winter as the snow settled down
Veli Smith and I labored, we planted the seed
In a branch that was small, in a time of great need

But we left with the font dry, the work felt undone
Like a race that was started, but hadn't been won
I moved on to Tampere, a new road to trace
But my heart kept a seat for that first holy place.

(Chorus)

And the water was orange, and the water was brown
From the old rusty pipes of that Hämeenlinna town
It had been so long since a soul had been led
To the edge of the font where the prayers would be said

But the Lord sees the spirit, He don't see the stain
He works through the rust and He works through the rain
A tender mercy, a light through the door
The harvest was waiting for me once more.

(Verse 2)

President Nelson said, "Son, get to work"
But a telegram came with a spiritual perk
A man off the street had walked into the light
While the members had kept the fire burning and bright

He didn't need lessons to know it was true
The spirit of Finland was pulling him through
So Veli Crane and I hopped on the train heading south
With the word of the Lord in the breath of our mouth.

(Bridge)

We carried the kettles, we heated the pots
To clear out the orange and the dark rusty spots
The water stayed murky, a shade of the earth
But it served as the sea for a spiritual birth

I sent off the word: “The work has been done”
The President answered, “Stop having your fun!
Quit joking, Veli, and get back to the field!”
Until he saw the papers—and the truth was revealed.

(Chorus)

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(Outro)

Sometimes we plant, and we don't see the bloom
Until years later, in a quiet back room
In a shade of orange, beneath the old pipes
The Lord brings His children to Jesus Christ.

Back in Hämeenlinna... Where the mercy ran deep.