

The LTM Song (Kielikoulun Laulu)

Salt Lake City, In a mission home crowded, with much work to do.
Across from the Office, the old high school walls,
We said our goodbyes, answering service calls.
Three hundred of us, each in our own time,
With a look on our faces, like wisdom teeth bereft.
D&C Section Four on the blackboard, we'd know it by heart,
Our sacred new guidebook, before the journey start.

We walked through the tunnel, to the temple we went
On the fourth day of training, a fasting day spent.
The session took three hours, in those years long ago.
Then to the Assembly Room, where prophets helped us grow.
Prophets spoke softly, answering every plea,
"This is His house," he promised, "And He leads this work, you see."

Before the sun rose, we boarded the bus,
To Rexburg, Idaho, learning was a must.
The LTM waited, where the MTC would rise,
With dictionaries, tapes, and fire in our eyes.

The challenge was waiting, the cases they were strange,
Not six, but fifteen—it meant a total change.
Veli Smith smiled, leaning over the desk,
“Welcome to Finland,” he said, accepting the test.

We read gospel discussions out loud, again and again,
From early morning till the long Idaho ten.
I rehearsed the discussions to help me fall asleep,
The goal of all seven discussions was mine to keep.

But the words would not stick, the language felt cold,
I feared I wasn't ready, a story left untold.
Sister Wade saw my struggle, my decision to flee,
We fasted together, and the Lord spoke to me.

The first one passed off, a sweet victory won,
My guardian angel helped me, the mission had begun.
We learned of the land where sixty thousand lakes hold sway,
Where Mäki means hill, and Lohi means salmon today.

A culture of forests, and snow in forty names,
A welfare state building, fanned by post-war flames.
The Nyborgs taught us tradition, about a special kind of heat,
At the Finlandia Ranch, where the forest and the stream meet.

We marched down the hillside, in our simple short suits,
The Finnish tradition, showing deep cultural roots.
The hot stones hissed steam when the ladle gave a splash,
The air burned your nose—it hit you like a lash.

Then out to the creek bed, the cold water so deep,
Where kneeling or sitting, the promise we could keep.
Three turns in the heat, three chills in the stream,
Worn out and ready for the Finnish dinner dream.

We slept like the dead, with a peace we embraced,
Ready for the mission, where this weekly tradition was placed.

Yes, ready for Finland, by fire and by faith.
Sisu in our hearts, sealed by the steam's soft wrath –
fifteen cases learned and won.
The Rexburg sauna song, until the work is done.

