Memories and Miracles
Inspired Songs

The songs featured on this chapter echo themes from the book's articles—many directly inspired by them. Some carry a spiritual tone because they explore matters of faith. Others aim to entertain. Several serve as tributes to Sister Wade, the Wade family, and the 300 missionaries who carry on their legacy. These compositions blend creative craftsmanship with AI assistance to craft compelling, rhyming verses.
We hope you'll enjoy them all.

The songs are available on the website for a time.
https://www.finlandmemoriesandmiracles.com/
Listen and download.

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1 Memories and Miracles

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.

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.

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.

2

A Mission Mother Remembered

In gratitude and love, from your missionary sons and daughters.

Fifty years have passed like Finnish snow,
Three hundred sons and daughters you helped to grow.
You sent letters when the cold bit deep,
Like sunlight to plants that missionaries need to keep.

We planted seeds in frozen Finnish ground,
Not knowing when the harvest would be found.
Sister Kumpula rose from bended knee –
We were the answer she'd asked God to see.

On birthdays you baked brownies in Finland –
This woman was clearly heaven-sent.
Cared for us as sons and daughters
The whole mission through.

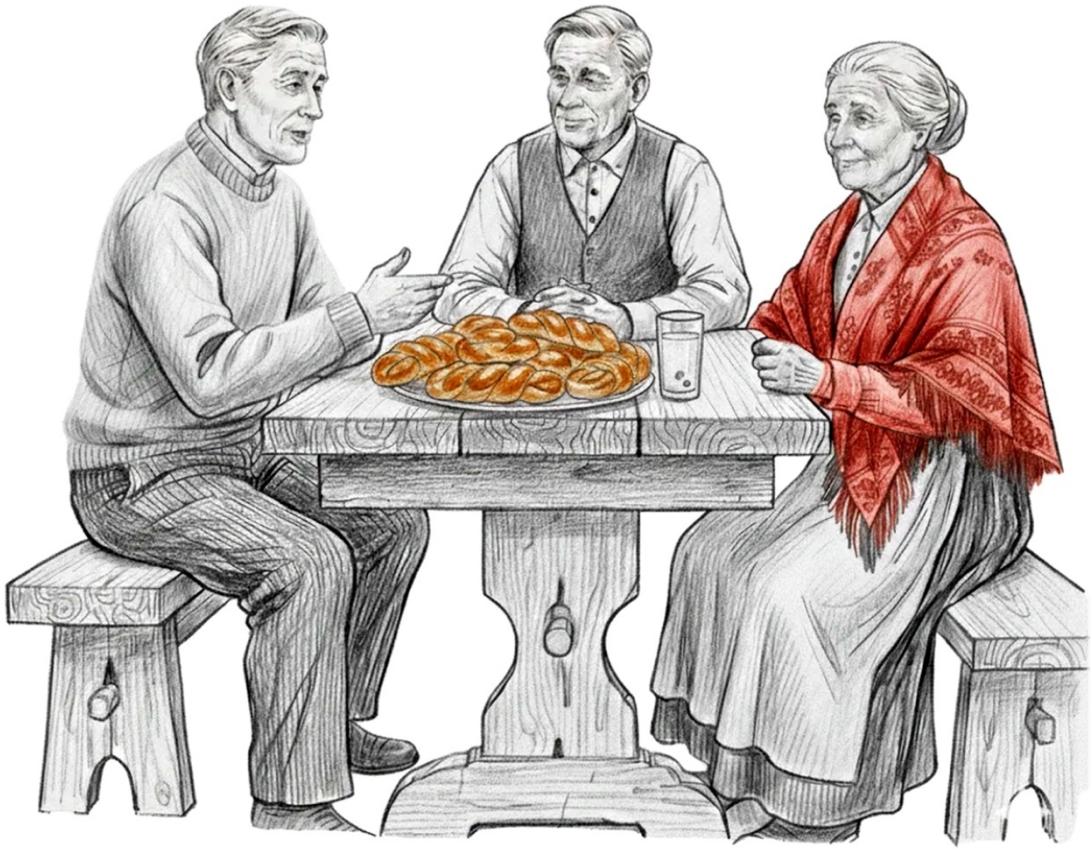
On Temple Square, you pledged your flame,
Ten years before your missionary sons and daughters came.
Nine children of your own, responsibilities endless,
Yet you ran the mission office with grace, relentless.

Some seeds we planted took decades to grow –
The fruit of faith we'd never know.
You taught us how to sow and trust and pray,
To plant in faith, then let God show the way.

Now, fifty years have passed, but still we see
Your influence rippling through eternity –
In our marriages, our children, our own daughters and sons,
In pulla we bake when each Christmas comes.

Sister Wade, your mission didn't end –
Mission mother, counselor, and lifelong friend.
For in three hundred hearts you'll stay,
A light that guides us still,
And every day.

3



The Prayer in Kajaani

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

4

Suomen Lähetyslaulu

Kuule aamun ääni,
näe auringon nousu Pohjolan maassa.
Suomen maassa
palvelemme taivaallista Isäämme,
kun julistamme maailmalle rauhan evankeliumia.

Kuin Pohjantähti
joka kulkijaa väsyynyttä johdattaa,
me johdamme Hänen lampaitaan lauman porteille.
Olemme pukeutuneet taistoon,
olemme nostaneet lippumme.

Katso sen liehuvan tuulessa,
sillä me olemme Herran palvelijoita.
Olemme pukeneet yllämme Jumalan varustuksen,
eikä tulinen nuoli voi läpäistä uskomme kilpeä,
kun marssimme kohti taistelua.

Kuin keskiyön aurinko voittaa talven yön,
niin asiamme kukoistaa, kunnes voitto saavutetaan.
Katso revontulia,
ne loistavat kirkkaasti.
Iloiten me laulamme,
rukouksemme kuullaan.

Sillä me olemme Herran palvelijoita.
Olemme pukeneet yllämme Jumalan varustuksen,
eikä tulinen nuoli voi läpäistä uskomme kilpeä,
kun marssimme kohti taistelua.

Miekkamme on Herran voima,
vanhurskauden haarniskaa kannamme.
Huudamme voitonhuutomme ilmoille
tässä ihanassa Pohjolan maassa.

5

Planting Seeds

The mission field of Finland, a land so clear and bright,
Beneath the winter sky, we share the gospel light.
The Elder and Sister team, walking through the sleet,
With hopeful hearts we strive, the right people to meet.
We feel the deep satisfaction of the seeds that we have sown,
And know the strength of patience on this path we've come to roam.

We look back on the journey, on the faithful time we spent,
Gathering memories and miracles the Lord has truly sent.
We know the work is holy, and the harvest He will reap,
We trust Him to finish what He promised He would keep.
The Lord's work is what matters, here in snow and ice,
And He will open Finnish hearts with love's eternal price.

The people here are thoughtful, reserved and very kind,
We share the sacred message to awaken heart and mind.
From Helsinki harbor to the northern spruce tree line,
We show the path to truth, by a loving, clear design.
We learn of sisu's strength, the courage deep within,
And pray that their strong spirit lets the gospel light break in.

We look back on the journey, on the faithful time we spent,

Gathering memories and miracles the Lord has truly sent.
We know the work is holy, and the harvest He will reap,
We trust Him to finish what He promised He would keep.
The Lord's work is what matters, here in snow and ice,
And He will open Finnish hearts with love's eternal price.

It's His amazing purpose that we're serving far from home,
We know the work is His, and He will finish all that's shown.
We're teaching, praying, hoping, for the faith that starts to bloom,
And making precious memories and miracles that banish winter gloom.

So we keep on planting seeds, though the ground is frozen deep,
For the Lord of the harvest watches while the humble workers sleep.
Yes, the work is His, in Finland's faithful ground,
Let the Lord finish the work, where true joy is found.

6

The Light in Kajaani

A Song of Faith and Fellowship

February seventy-five, I came
To Kajaani, a quiet name
Tucked among the forests deep
Where winter's cold and snowfall sleep

Veli Keller by my side
First floor of a building, gray outside
Walls were drab and rooms were bare
But burning light was everywhere

Five souls, one brother, four sisters strong
Most in their fifties, seventies long
Their devotion fierce, their joy so bright
True strength's not measured by our might

But by the fire that faith ignites
In a humble room on Sunday nights
The light in Kajaani The light in Kajaani

Sister Korhonen stood alone
For twenty years, she made her home
Joined the Church in forty's age
When no other Saint had graced that stage

The Book of Mormon came serially
Translated, printed piece by piece, you see
Like drops of water to her thirst
Waiting months for every verse

Imagine treasuring each page like gold
Her faith sustained through winters cold
Occasionally to conferences she'd go
To see the Saints she'd come to know

Five souls, how her heart rejoiced that day
When the branch finally grew that way
Their love for gospel spilled in every act
Sacrament meeting, auxiliary classes packed
Shared meals that felt like family true
Sister Mähönen's piimäkakku too

The light in Kajaani The light in Kajaani

They cared for missionaries like their sons
cleaned our collars till they looked new,
every one pants pressed with tender hands
Shirts washed and ironed, understand

Their faith reached far beyond this town
To Switzerland they traveled down
A pilgrimage of sacrifice
For temple worship, paradise

In March of seventy-three, Rees came
With Pekka Holopainen's name
The branch was just as Carter said
But Sister Mähönen wasn't baptized yet

They taught her many lessons well
Rees transferred, but this is what I'll tell:
Soon after, she was baptized free
Part of that faithful family

Sister Riihonen was just a name
On a contact list, a quiet flame
Members tried to fellowship her in
Planted seeds, invited her in

Her journey slow, line upon line
Precept by precept, taking time
What held her back?
We couldn't say
Pride or pressure or doubt's own way

When Veli Allred became my friend
We continued working to the end
She studied hard, she prayed each night S
he sought for answers, sought the light

Then quietly, the miracle came
One night after prayer, not quite the same
She dreamed and saw her father there
In a great building, white to wear

He served others, especially kin
In life, he'd been so proud within

Strong, reserved, not one to serve
But now with joy, this she observed

She realized it was temple ground
Her father doing the Lord's work now
This was her answer from above
Her heart filled up with heaven's love

June eighteenth, seventy-five
Sister Ritva came alive
In Oulu's waters, baptized that day
Two other sisters joined the way

On Veli Mottishaw's birthday blessed
Two days before mine, I confess
What greater gift could there ever be
Than souls set free eternally

She became a pillar standing tall
In the branch and Oulu's call
Brought her best friend to the light
Who brought family members bright

Years later on FamilySearch
I'd see She'd been faithful, temple
frequently
Performed the work

Forty years went flying by
When Rees received an email,
my President Watson wrote to say
Sister Riihonen told him one day

"My conversion began," she said with tears
"When Veli Rees gave a prayer," through
the years
She remembered that prayer so clear
Though forty winters had appeared

"Because of your one prayer," Watson
wrote
"Many now enjoy the gospel's hope
You weren't even aware," he said
Of the seeds that you had spread

A seed planted in seventy-three
Harvested in seventy-five by me
Missionary work's a tapestry
Woven by many hands, you see

September 2018 came round
Rees returned to that holy ground
The branch had grown to fifteen, twenty strong
Those faithful members had moved on

But the Spirit Carter described
Was still present, still alive
Even in a brighter building new
The light of Kajaani shone through

The branch president said with care
"Sister Riihonen can't be there
Her health is failing, mind unclear
But I visit with sacrament here"

"Would you like to join me today?"
"Yes!" said Rees without delay
The president blessed the bread so white
Rees passed it in the sacred light

She didn't recognize his name
Her memory lost to age's claim
But the Spirit there was strong and true
The light of Kajaani shining through

From one prayer to generations blessed
From five souls giving their very best
Sister Korhonen standing alone
To a branch that's grown and grown

This is the light in Kajaani
A handful of Saints who helped us see
That true strength is not in numbers found
But in devotion, holy ground
In a gray and humble room
A spiritual home dispelled the gloom
Built with joy and faith ablaze
The light in Kajaani Through all our days

The light in Kajaani Still shines always
The light in Kajaani The light in Kajaani
Forever and always The light in Kajaani


THE
BOOK
MORMON

7

Just One More Door

This song is based on an experience Veli Scott Perkins and Veli Larsen had. It is interesting that 12 months later when President Kimball visited Finland, President Kimball talked to groups of missionaries, and encouraged them to Knock on Just One More Door. Thank you Veli Perkins for sharing this experience with us.

The spring of '73, a chill still in the air,
Kokkola's oma kotis, neat and everywhere.
Elder Larsen was with me, on the northern edge we walked,
The Gulf of Bothnia breeze, the birch trees softly talked.

Hours of tracting done, boots on the gravel spun,
Knocking, waiting, hoping, 'neath the setting sun.
Dinner was calling, our twenty-year-old thought,
But the mission call whispered the lesson we'd been taught...

Just one more door, that's what we always say,
One more door before we close the day.
That simple choice, the shift in fate it brings,
One more door, where the Spirit softly sings.

Heikki and Aila, their lives began to bloom,
Because of one more door in that bright living room.
A modest home appeared, with white and blue trim bright,
We held our breath and knocked beneath the fading light.

The door opened, a kind couple stood there then,
Mid-thirties, we thought "older," but they welcomed us as men.
Heikki and Aila Saari, they asked us to come in,
We spoke the Finnish name, where the gospel could begin.

Myöhempien Aikojen Pyhien Jeesuksen Kristuksen Kirkko,
The Restoration message, a seed of light to grow.
Just one more door, that's what we always say,
One more door before we close the day.

That simple choice, the shift in fate it brings,
One more door, where the Spirit softly sings.
Heikki and Aila, their lives began to bloom,
Because of one more door in that bright living room.

The Spirit filled the room, their hearts were open wide,
Sincere and honest questions, with nothing left to hide.
I was transferred to Vaasa, but the teaching didn't cease,
The branch members in Kokkola surrounded them with peace.

President Pekka Roto and the branch embraced them near,
They held them close with fellowship and drove away all fear.
The light shone in their faces, a joy you can't contain,
In Pietarsaari's sacred font, washed clean from every stain.

I saw the waters flow, at their baptismal grace,
The blessing of that moment, a light upon their face.
We could have gone for dinner, we could have quit the task,
But for the simple answer to the question we did ask...

Just one more door, that's what we always say,
One more door before we close the day.
That simple choice, the shift in fate it brings,
One more door, where the Spirit softly sings.

Heikki and Aila, their lives began to bloom,
Because of one more door in that bright living room.
Oh, the lesson that we learned beneath the Nordic sky,
That one extra effort is where the blessings lie.

So keep on knocking, brother, don't walk past the street,
There's always one more door where hearts are
waiting to meet.


VOITTO

Finnish Mission Song

Hear the sound of dawn,
See the sun rise in the Land of the north.
In the land of Finland
We will serve our Father
As we preach the gospel of peace to the world.

Like the northern star
Leads the weary wanderer,
We will lead His sheep to the gates of the fold.

We have dressed for battle,
We have raised our banner.
See it ripple in the wind,
For we are the servants of the Lord.
We've put on the armor of our God,
No fiery dart can pierce our shield of faith;
As we march into the fray.

Like the midnight sun conquers winter's night,
Our cause will flourish till victory be won.

Watch the northern lights,
they are brightly shining.
We are joyfully singing,
Our prayers will be heard.

For we are the servants of the Lord.
We've put on the armor of our God,
No fiery dart can pierce our shield of faith;
As we march into the fray.

Our sword is the strength of the Lord
The breastplate of righteousness we wear.
We shout our cry of victory to the air
In the glorious land of the north.

9

The Finnmark Miracles

New to Finland, Rauma's calling, with Elder Banford by my side,
From Rauma, on to Turku, where a meeting was to hide.
President Wade said, "Family Night," the best way to impart,
We needed one location, a place to start the work of heart.

We tried the clubs, the hospitals, the prisons, and the rest,
Two days of constant 'no's, put our spirits to the test.
But if you're in the work of the Lord, the path will clear for you,
When you serve in faith and diligence, what else is there to do?

Three miracles unfolded, a testament so clear,
He provides in every moment, calming every fear.
Then luck, or grace, or wonder—a kindergarten kind,
A lady smiled and opened doors, a welcome we did find!

For special needs children, a sweet and gentle crowd,
The Elders and the Sisters, would make the Lord feel proud.
The mission was accomplished, the place was finally set,
We rushed down to the station, to catch the train we met.

But pockets bare and spirits high, a problem we soon found,
One Finnmark short for train fare, on the platform we stood bound!
Five minutes till the whistle, we knew we couldn't pay,
A silent prayer ascended, as the train pulled far away.

We sold the final Book of Mormon, to a gentleman in grace,
And used the little change we had, to light up every face.

'Cause if you're in the work of the Lord, the path will clear for you,
When you serve in faith and diligence, what else is there to do?

Three miracles unfolded, a testament so clear,
He provides in every moment, calming every fear.
Back on the tracks to Rauma, our hearts began to race,
We knew the cupboards waited, a very meager space.

Just one sad box of Cream of Wheat, with weevils as the treat,
No checks were due for weeks and weeks, we braced ourselves for defeat.
But then the mail was opened, a letter lying there,
My father's timely check arrived, a blessing we could share!

Enough to tide us over, to serve another day,
We dropped upon our knees and thanked Him for the way.
Elder Banford moved to Helsinki, he never saw the light,
But the Family Home Evening was a spiritual delight.

With special needs children, we served with hands and heart,
A beautiful success story, right from the very start.
Oh, if you're in the work of the Lord, the path will clear for you,
When you serve in faith and diligence, what else is there to do?

Three miracles unfolded, a testament so clear,
He provides in every moment, calming every fear.
Yes, miracles can happen, if we are in the work of the Lord,
The kindergarten, the train fare, and the check adored.

The work of the Lord! The work of the Lord!

10

Thank You For Coming

"Kiitos että te tulitte"
(Thank you for coming)," she said.
"Kiitos että te pysyitte" (Thank you for staying).
"Kiitos että te koputitte kunnes me avasi"
(Thank you for knocking until we opened).
I couldn't speak for a moment.
Then I told her what I've learned in the decades since my mission:
"Me emme tehneet mitään" (We didn't do anything).
"Jumala teki kaiken" (God did everything).
"Me vain olimme siellä" (We were just there).
She smiled and shook her head. "Juuri niin"
(Exactly so). "Te olitte siellä. Se riitti"
(You were there. That was enough).

To anyone reading this who feels inadequate, unprepared, uncertain:
that's exactly the state God prefers to work with.
Your weakness allows His strength to show through.
Your inadequacy makes His sufficiency obvious.
Your broken language, your fumbling testimonies,
your frightened faith—these are exactly what He needs.
Just be there.
Just knock.
Just testify.
Let Him do the rest.
The harvest is His.
We're just privileged to help with the planting.

11

Eternity is Ours

Eternity is ours, we proudly say,
Bob and Faye Wade and children nine—
Together we will walk the eternal way,
Forever bound by love's unbroken line.

Our family goal burns bright and clear,
To be together through eternity—
Most people think they've already got it here,
But we will work for immortality.

Forever means just that—no end in sight,
To live as one beyond the veil of years—
We'll settle for no less than heaven's light,
And nothing less will dry our joyful tears.

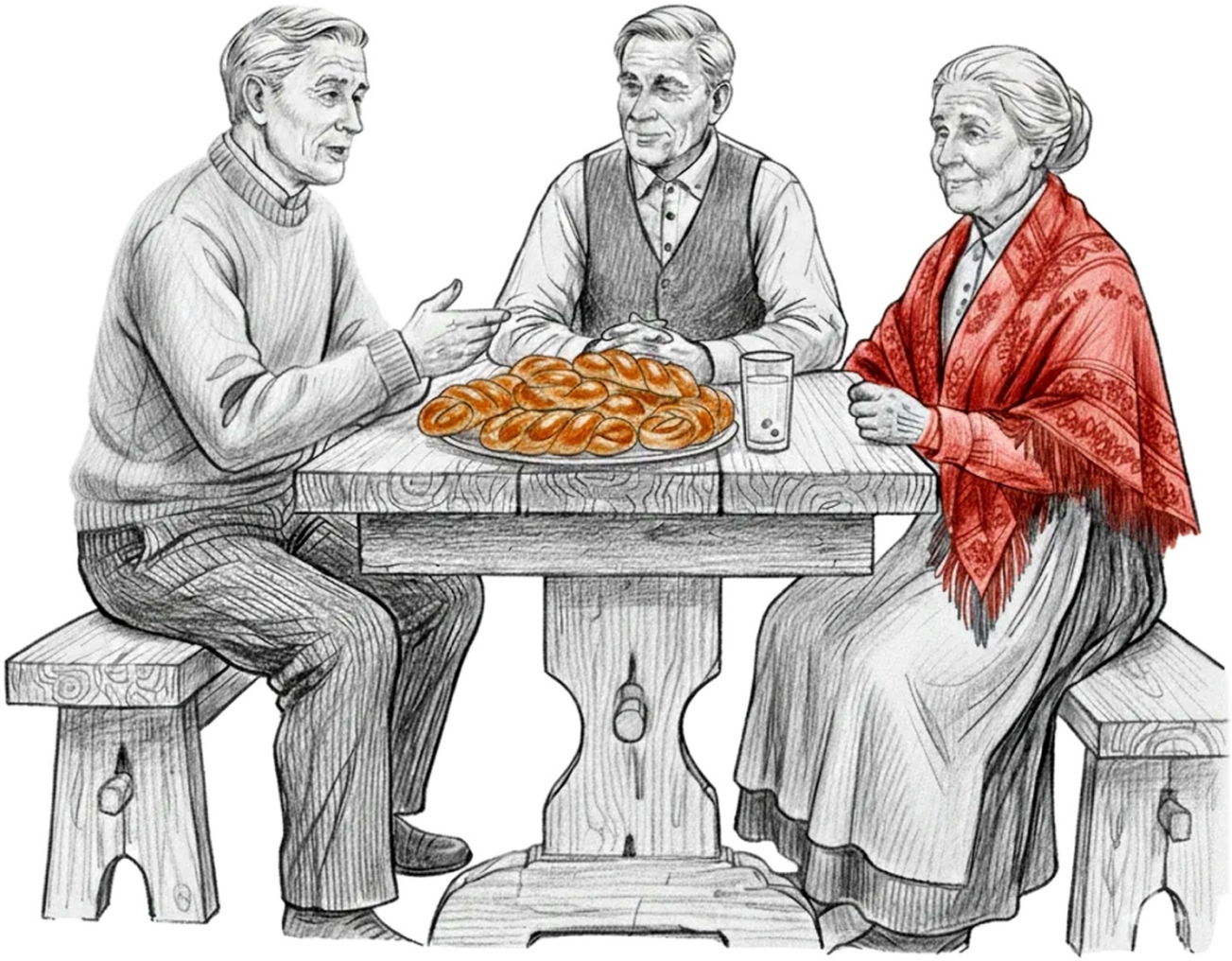
God sends us trials because He loves us so,
For hardships make us stronger, pure, and true—
We've lived through storms and sunshine's gentle glow,
And wouldn't change a single thing we've gone through.

If given choice among lives nobly led,
We'd choose these very same paths once again—
The Wade name carries honor where we've tread,
A legacy of love through joy and pain.

So many friends and neighbors, loved ones dear,
Have shaped us with their kindness, made us whole—
We've gathered up their best through every year,
And woven golden threads into our soul.

Eternity is ours, we say once more,
Forever is the prize for which we strive—
Together we will reach that distant shore,
Where love eternal keeps our hearts alive.

12



Rukous Kajaanissa

Laulu perustuu kertomukseen, jonka Veli Burke Rees kertoo. Hän ja hänentyötoverinsa, Veli Holopainen, ovat nähneet tämän kokemuksen kasvavan vuosien varrella. Tämä on todellinen siementen kylvämisen kokemus, ja monet voivat todistaa, että lähetystyömme olivat täynnä tällaisia kokemuksia.

Maaliskuussa '73, Kajaaniin saavuin maa
Pekan kanssa kuljettin, katuja läpi kaikki nää
Kolme sisarta, yksi veli, pieni laumamme oli vaan
Ovia paiskattu kiinni, vihaa kohtasimme lakkaamattomaan
Veli Pöri niin nöyränä, tunsi totuuden sisällään

Mutta vaimo vastusti meitä, hinta nousi liian korkeaan
Sisar Mähönen teki pannukakkua,
yksinkertainen usko niin vahva
Hän löysi tien kasteeseen kun siirtyneenä olin jo ma

Mutt' en kirjoittanut hänestä, Sisar Riihosen nimi ei
Koskaan tiennyt mitä tapahtui tuona päivänä

Neljäkymmentä vuotta hiljaisuutta, sitten tarina tuli näin
Miten yksi rukous hänen tietään valaisi ain

Siemeniä pimeydessä kylvämme, satoa emme nää
Armonosoitukset odottavat iankaikkisuudessa
Seuralaiseni kirjoitti muistiin, kaksi tuntia keskustelua
Mormon kirja annettiin, kylvettiin ilmoitusta

Kun minä muutin eteenpäin unohtaen,
hän piti hetkeä lähellään
Muiston meistä polvistumassa, ja lähetyssaarnaajan rukousta siellä
Kaksi vuotta myöhemmin,

Veli Carter johdatti hänet valoon
Kastettu vuonna '75, astui evankeliumiin uuteen huomiseen
Sveitsin temppelin siunaukset, sijaistyö suvulle menneen
Dynaaminen lähetystyöntekijä, jakoi totuutta jokaisen kanssa ympärilleen

Sillä en kirjoittanut hänestä,
Sisar Riihosen nimi ei
Koskaan tiennyt mitä tapahtui tuona päivänä

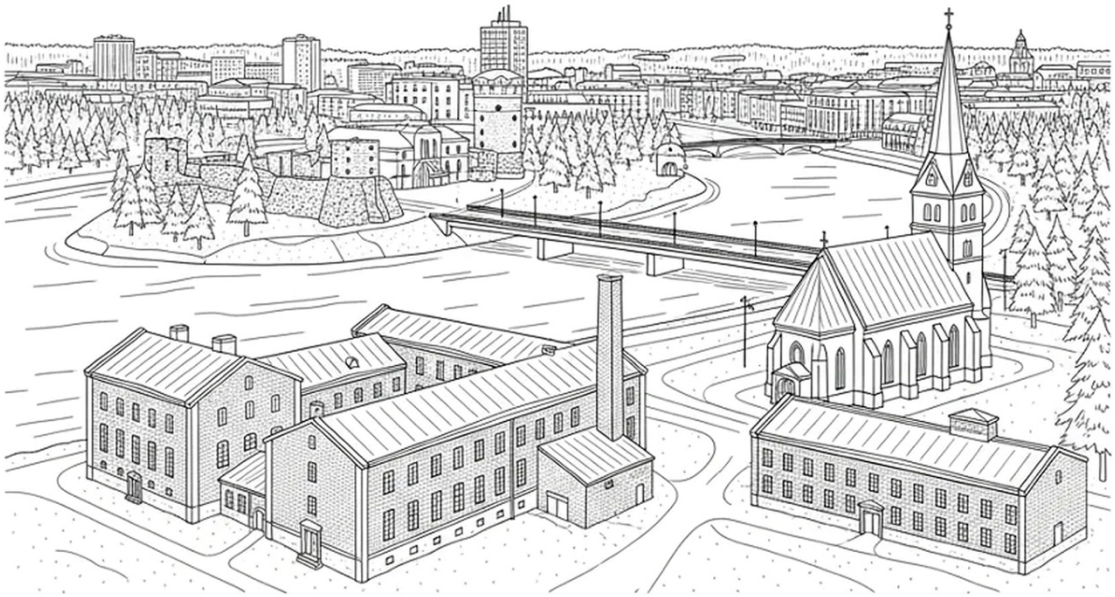
Neljäkymmentä vuotta hiljaisuutta, sitten tarina tuli näin
Miten yksi rukous hänen tietään valaisi ain
Siemeniä pimeydessä kylvämme,
satoa emme nää Armonosoitukset odottavat iankaikkisuudessa

Presidentti Watson kirjoitti: "Yhden rukouksen takia
Monet nauttivat nyt siunauksista, etkä tiennyt sitä"
Helsingin illallispöydässä Pekka kertoi tarinaa
Miten hän puhui tuosta hetkestä, miten se ei pettäisi koskaan

Syyskuussa 2018, takaisin Kajaaniin tulin maan
Eri rakennus nyt, mutta Henki tuntui samaan tapaan
Hänen terveytensä horjui, muisti hämärä, ei tuntenut kasvojain
Mutta ehtoollisen annoin hänelle, tuossa pyhässä tilassa ain

En oikein tuntenut häntä, Sisar Riihosen nimi ei
Mutta Henki silloitti vuodet tuosta päivästä
Siemen jonka sokesti kylvin, toisen voitoksi tuli näin
Yksi rukous joka auttoi häntä löytämään tien ain

Siemeniä pimeydessä kylvämme, satoa emme nää
Armonosoitukset odottavat iankaikkisuudessa
Montako siementä kylvetty lähetyssaarnaajien tuntemattomien?
Montako rukousta vastattu kauan lähtömme jälkeen?
Kajaanissa opin tämän totuuden, yksinkertaisen niin:
Me kylvämme, toinen kastaa, mutta sato on iankaikkisuudessa iin



13

Lähetystyöntekijääiti Muistetaan

Viisikymmentä vuotta vierähti kuin Suomen lumi,
Kolmesataa poikaa ja tytärtä kasvatit, heidän unelmansa sun.
Lähetit kirjeitä, kun kylmä puraisi syvään,
Kuin auringonvalo kasveille, joita lähetyssaarnaajat tarvitsevat pitää.

Sisar Wade, tuo rakkaus, se hehkuu yhä vaan,
Kuin majakka se meitä ohjaa, yli kaiken maan.
Kolmensadan sydämeen olet valon jättänyt,
Äiti, ystävä, ja sielu, joka eteenpäin on mennyt.

Kiitos Suomen Missiosta, Kiitos joka päivästä!
Istutimme siemeniä jäiseen Suomen maahan,
Emmekä tienneet milloin sato löytyy, minne se johtaa.
Sisar Kumpula nousi polviltaan rukouksesta –

Me olimme vastaus, jonka hän oli Jumalaa pyytänyt nähdä.
Syntymäpäivinä paistoit Fazerin ruskeita –
Tuo nainen oli selvästi taivaasta lähetetty.
Meistä pidit huolta kuin omista tyttäristä, pojista,
Koko lähetysmatkan ajan, läpi kaikkien noiden koitoksista.

Sisar Wade, tuo rakkaus, se hehkuu yhä vaan,
Kuin majakka se meitä ohjaa, yli kaiken maan.
Kolmensadan sydämeen olet valon jättänyt, Ä iti, ystävä, ja sielu, joka eteenpäin on mennyt.
Kiitos Suomen Missiosta, Kiitos joka päivästä!

Temppeliaukiolla lupasit liekkisi,
Kymmenen vuotta ennen kuin lähetyssaarnaajasi tulivat eteesi.
Yhdeksän omaa lasta, raskas, rakastava kuorma,
Kävelit epäitsekkään palvelun polkua, niin kuin Vapahtaja opettaa.

Jotkut siemenet itivät vuosikymmeniä,
Uskon hedelmää, jota emme koskaan täysin tienneet.
Autoit opettamaan kuinka kylvää, luottaa ja rukoilla,
Istuttaa uskossa, ja sitten antaa Jumalan näyttää tie.

Sisar Wade, tuo rakkaus, se hehkuu yhä vaan,
Kuin majakka se meitä ohjaa, yli kaiken maan.
Kolmensadan sydämeen olet valon jättänyt,
Äiti, ystävä, ja sielu, joka eteenpäin on mennyt.
Kiitos Suomen Missiosta, Kiitos joka päivästä!

Nyt viisikymmentä vuotta on mennyt, mutta näemme yhä
Vaikutuksesi aaltoilevan halki ikuisuuden –
Avioliitoissamme, lapsissamme, omissa tyttärissämme ja pojissamme,
Pullassa, jota leivomme, kun joulu tulee.

Sisar Wade, sinun lähetystyösi ei päättynyt –
Missio-äiti, neuvonantaja ja elinikäinen ystävä.
Sillä kolmessa sadassa sydämessä sinä jäät,
Valo, joka ohjaa meitä yhä, Ja joka päivä, iäisyyteen asti.
Me rakastamme sinua, Sisar Wade.

14

The Boss of Riihimäki

In Oulu Zone I'd served so long, the North became my home,
The Arctic Circle, winter light, where reindeer used to roam.
The people there reserved and kind, beneath the northern breeze,
But a transfer came, a sudden call, to leave those frozen trees.

To Riihimäki, opening up, a brand new path for truth,
I left the familiar north behind, to find the Lord's own proof.
With Veli Kuosmanen, my Finn companion, steady, kind, and true,
We painted up an upstairs room, and started something new.

One night we saw a fallen man, beside the local kioski stand,
He'd slipped upon the icy ground, bloodied beneath his hand.
We called the help, we stayed right there,
we placed a coat beneath his head,
A simple act of human care, for a stranger in his dread.

The next day, knocking on a door, a witness helped us save,
A woman said, "I let you in, that kindness that you gave."
She watched us from her window high, and knew our hearts were pure,
The small miracles had started then, planting seeds that would endure.

Oh, the Lord knows the design, He knows where we must go,
He uses simple kindness, to make His gospel grow.
From a prison door that slammed in fear, to a city wide and free,
He sent us to The Boss who held the golden key.

When you serve Him with sincerity, your purpose will expand,
He works in ways we cannot see, held in His mighty hand.
President Wade had two new films, to share the spirit bright,
Run Dick, Run Jane about renewal, shining spiritual light.

The second film, a basketball game, with a Finnish player as the star,
We had permission to show the films, no matter near or far.
We thought, "Aim high, or maybe deep," and sought the prison walls,
A massive stone and wooden door, ignored our eager calls.

"Mitä haluatte?" asked the voice, then "Menkää pois!" he cried,
The small door slammed in haste and fear, we walked away and sighed.
But tracting brought us Jorma, a man with a warm smile,
He listened to our prison woes, and sat with us a while.

He smiled and said, "Go back tomorrow, the warden will agree."
We asked him, "Sir, how can you know?" His answer set us free:
"Olen pomo," he simply smiled, "I am the one in charge.
I am the boss" The next day, the big door swung so wide, a mercy wide and large.

The warden asked, "When can you start?" Our mission was renewed,
A miracle that started small, but was divinely brewed.
In the hall of hardened criminals, long benches lined the room,
The basketball brought thunderous cheers, lifting away the gloom.

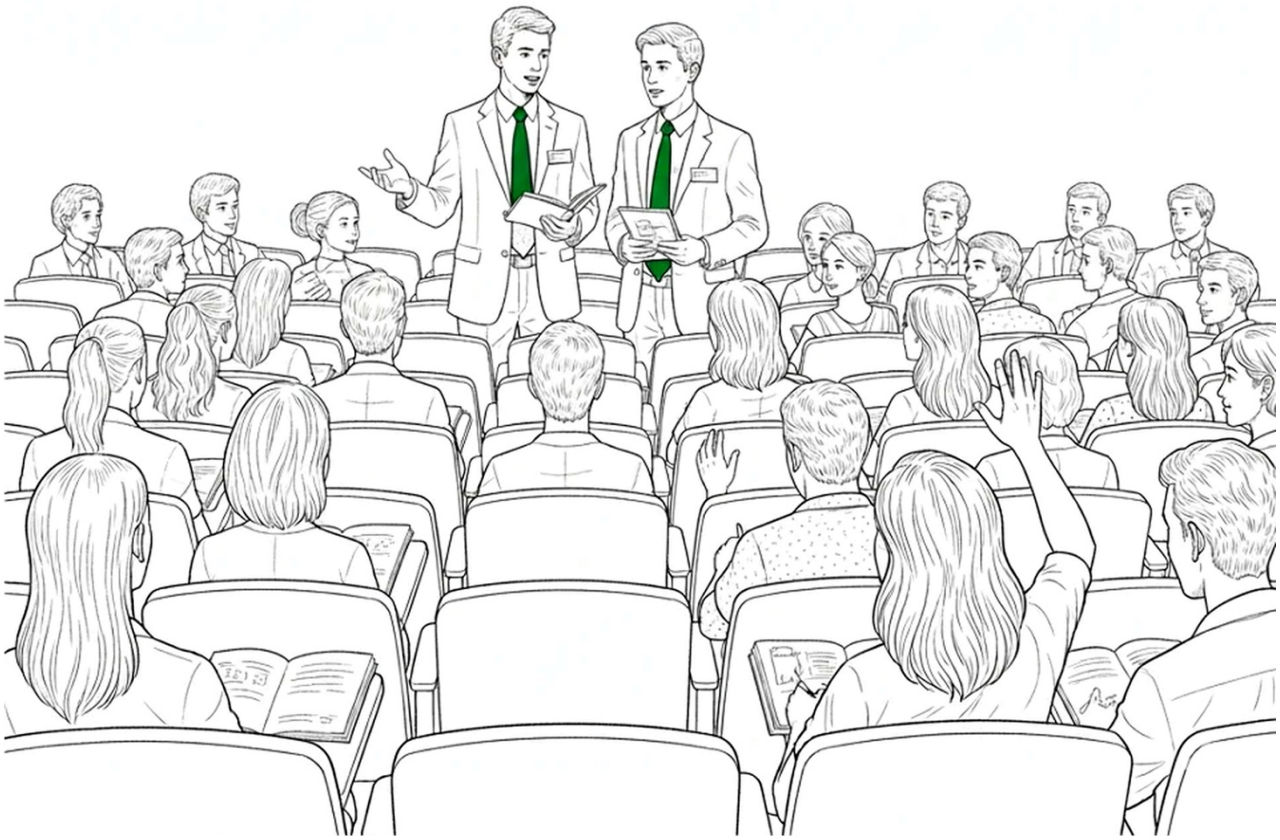
A First Vision at the halftime break, a message short and deep,
While guards stood armed by every wall, the inmates were compelled to keep.
Jorma opened every venue, the schools of every grade,
The high school, the university, where the army officers stayed.

The police and fire department, came to see the story told,
Two thousand five hundred souls, a story brave and bold.
The Matis family in Helsinki, the first mission president's son,
A kindness shown to Jorma then, when he was only young.

He ate at their American home, a friend so kind and dear,
He vowed that he would someday pay back, what ended every fear.
Twenty-seven years went past, until we knocked upon his door,
That simple act of Christian love, unlocked a mission lore.

He reached out with a willing heart, because of kindness past,
A selfless man who opened wide, the city that held fast.
Decades later, temple work, for pomo, the boss and his own,
His ancestors, hundreds strong, the gospel seed was sown.

My wife and I, we searched and found, the work that God had willed,
The generations blessed that day, the empty slate was filled.
The Lord had something specific in mind, we didn't see it then,
But one man’s goodness opened doors, for family and for men.
He reached a man whose kindness was the key! The Boss of Riihimäki!



15

Saturday Night Sauna

No real explanation for the song is needed. We all experienced it. Now having said that, this song is meant to be fun. Let your mind take you back to Finland to experience the sauna all over again. Has it really been 50 years since you/we were sitting in a real Finnish sauna –

SOW-nah
SOW *rhymes with "cow" or "how" (not like "saw")*
nah *is like the "na" in "father"*

Elder Martinez, he landed in Turku , fresh from Arizona's heat,
Where a hundred and ten degrees was normal in the street.
He met Veli Järvinen, a Finn with a smile so knowing,
Said, "Tonight, my friend, the real lessons are growing,
you'll learn about sauna".

Martinez said, "I know saunas, you sit in a hot room to rest",
Veli just chuckled deep, "No, you know nothing," he stressed.
He entered the room, it was built like a furnace of fire,
A temperature test to push the human much higher.

The thermometer read, 95 degrees Celsius, he saw,
Martinez gasped, "My lungs are melting, I can't take this law!"
Veli said, "Sit down, Elder, this is only medium heat",
"We go up to 100, sometimes 105, nice and sweet".
"That's boiling!" Martinez cried, "Water boils at 100!"
Veli was serious, "Yes, refreshing, no wonder!"

Oh, the Saturday Night Sauna, the 95-degree heat,
A military training that can't be beat.
It's building that sisu, the strength to endure,
Don't tell Sister Wade, or there'll be saunas no more!

It's hotter than boiling , but President Wade approves,
Just breathe through your nose, Elder, and watch the air move.

For months, he endured, then Month Four came along,
Veli said, "Ready for löyly," to make his constitution strong.
Throwing water on stones, 400 degrees, casually said,
The steam hits you hotter, your body thinks you are dead.

A small flick of water, like a volcanic blast up,
The temperature spiked, forced his lungs to shut up.
"THAT WAS SMALL?!" he managed to choke out with a wheeze,
"Very small," Veli confirmed, "But it brings Finns ease".

He learned that the Finns have a different idea,
Of gentle and comfortable, year after year.
Then Veli explained the philosophy during winter's chill,
Outside, minus twenty-five, inside, it stands still at 98 degrees still.

"Sauna is about sisu," he said with conviction and pride,
You learn to endure, with nowhere to hide.
Oh, the Saturday Night Sauna, the 95-degree heat,
A military training that can't be beat.

It's building that sisu, the strength to endure,
Don't tell Sister Wade, or there'll be saunas no more!
It's hotter than boiling , but President Wade approves,
Just breathe through your nose, Elder, and watch the air move.

By Month Ten, he was Finnish, he understood the whole plight,
He could sit at 102, conscious and holding on tight.
And rolling in snow, when your temp's near the dead,
Feels like sweet relief instead, like a soft, cooling bed.

He now complained loudly that American saunas were weak,
Seventy-five Celsius was a lukewarm closet, he'd speak.
"It's the best part of missionary work," he answered honestly then,
The Finns nodded, accepting this American among men.

The transfer came quickly, Veli was gone on his way,
Martinez was senior, teaching the truth day by day.
Met Elder Thompson from Provo, a new junior recruit,
He gave him the grin, the undeniable fruit.

"Tonight, you learn sauna," the words were the same,
Thompson said, "I know saunas from the gym, it's a game".
Martinez's smile widened, "You know nothing," he swore,
And Thompson went wide-eyed in terror at the door.

"Don't worry about numbers," Martinez said smoothly and slow,
"And whatever you do, keep this secret below."
Sister Wade sends a letter, "It's wonderfully relaxing!"
They exchange knowing glances, the heat is not taxing.

"Should we mention the 90°C part?" Thompson asked with a dread.
"And worry Sister Wade? Never," Martinez said.
Just like missionary work—hard but rewarding, you see,
They're building their character, setting their spirits free.

The cycle continues, the wisdom passed down,
Making better missionaries in the cold Finnish town.
Kiitos, sauna, for making them sweat,
A secret kept with love, that the mission mother hasn't learned yet.

16

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.

17

Kiitos Että Te Tulitte

Anonyymin Suomalaisen lähetyssaarnaajan kirjoittama

"Kiitos että te tulitte" han sanoi.
"Kiitos että te pysyitte"
"Kiitos että te koputitte kunnes me avasi"
En pystynyt hetkeen puhumaan.
Sitten kerroin hänelle, mitä olen oppinut lähetystyöni jälkeisinä vuosikymmeninä:

"Me emme tehneet mitään"
"Jumala teki kaiken"
"Me vain olimme siellä"
"Juuri niin"
"Te olitte siellä. Se riitti"

Jokaiselle tätä lukevalle, joka tuntee itsensä riittämättömäksi,
valmistautumattomaksi tai epävarmaksi:

Juuri sellaisessa tilassa Jumala mieluiten työskentelee.
Heikkoutesi antaa Hänen voimansa näkyä.
Riittämättömyytesi tekee Hänen riittävyytensä ilmeiseksi.
Rikkoutuva kielenkäyttösi, haparoiva todistuksesi, pelästynyt uskosi – juuri näitä Hän tarvitsee.
Ole vain läsnä.
Koputtele.
Todista vain.
Anna Hänen tehdä loput.
Sadonkorjuu on Hänen.
Meillä on etuoikeus auttaa istutuksessa.

18

The Flying Missionary

In Naantali town, so small and neat,
Where seven thousand souls would meet,
I served with Mike, my cousin third
(Though at the time, we'd not yet heard).

He came with President Wade one day,
An assistant on a splitting stay,
That morning Mike asked with a grin,
"Have you tried business tracking in?"

"I've knocked on doors," I did confess,
"In every corner, more or less, But businesses?
Well, that's brand new—
Let's give the Finnish shopkeeps a review!"

We entered one, all bright with hope,
The owner there? He couldn't cope.
He muttered something, curt and quick,
Like "Ei kiitos"—he dismissed us slick.

We left his store without delay,
And carried on throughout the day,
But evening came with brilliant plan:
"Let's visit flats above each span!"

Now here's where Finnish culture shines—
They value silence, crossing lines,
Disturbing peace not once, but twice?
That's not considered very nice!

The first door knocked—oh, what bad luck!
The same man answered, clearly stuck
Between his shop below and bed,
And steam was coming from his head.

He yelled in Finnish, fast and fierce,
With words that seemed my soul to pierce,
Mike wouldn't translate what he said—
I knew those words would turn me red!

In Finland, folks are known to brood,
They're not fans of the pushy dude,
And missionaries at the door
While watching sauna steam and more?

We turned away, towards the stair,
I followed Mike with utmost care,
But suddenly—oh, what a scene!—
The angriest Finn I'd ever seen!

He grabbed my jacket from behind,
Between my shoulders, you will find,
And launched me like a javelin throw
(The Finns are strong,
you ought to know!).

Past Mike I sailed through Finnish air,
Down one flight of the wooden stair,
I landed with a gentle thud,
Like Moomintroll who hits the mud.

I stood up quick, still in one piece,
But Finland's rage would not yet cease,
He came again with fury bright,
And threw me down the second flight!

Perhaps he thought I was a pest,
Or maybe failed his anger test,
Or maybe in his sauna brain,
He'd had enough of our refrain.

Now Finns are famous, this is true,
For silence, sisu, coffee too,
For Santa Claus and midnight sun,
But throwing missionaries? That's not done!

A few weeks later, strange to say,
I saw him in the store one day,
Among the rye bread, fish, and Fazer sweets,
I waved to him between the meats!

He tried to hide behind the shelf,
Perhaps embarrassed with himself,
But I smiled wide and waved some more,
Like nothing happened weeks before.

For this is what forgiveness means,
In Naantali's little Finnish scenes,
To show him that my heart was light,
No resentment from that flight!

Though I flew down those stairs that night,
And landed in a sorry sight,
I learned that Finnish hearts can warm,
After they've weathered every storm.

So here's to Finland, land of lakes,
Where even angry stairway shakes
Can't dim the gospel's shining light,
Or stop a missionary's flight!

To President and Sister Wade,
For all the difference that you made,
Your service blessed us one and all,
Even those who took a fall!

President Wade and Sister too,
Taught us what the Lord would do,
With love and faith and service pure,
They made our testimonies sure.

I served as Secretary those last months,
And witnessed faith that never slumps,
The love they showed to everyone,
Reflected Christ, the Holy One.

And to that man in Naantali town,
Who twice did throw this elder down,
I hope you found some peace one day,
And maybe even learned to pray.

For Finland taught me many things,
Like how forgiveness grows its wings,
And even when you're thrown about,
The gospel helps you work it out!

So thank you, Finland, cold and bright,
For lessons learned in morning light,
For saunas, salmiakki, and rye,
And teaching missionaries to fly!

19

Mummo

Based on the true story of Mike Nyborg's mission

July '73, I stepped off the plane
To serve in the land where my mother was raised
President Wade sent me to Tampere town
Where Mummo lived
and the gospel seeds were laid down

She found me at my apartment door
With Uncle Kalevi, just like before
She'd hosted missionaries twenty years ago
Now her grandson stood there, ready to go

Mummo, I'm a missionary now
Can we talk about this gospel somehow?
Over dinners at your table, we'll break the bread
And share the truth in the words we've said

Seeds planted long ago in Finnish soil
Through letters and prayers and a mother's toil
Now the harvest came in October's light
When I baptized my Mummo, held her tight

Veli Hone and I, we'd visit each week
Teaching the best our Finnish could speak
Veli Swope joined in, became my tov
But we needed someone she already loved

Sisar Nieminen, her daughter's best friend
Who'd walked with my mother till baptism's end
At seventeen years old, they'd both said yes
Now she'd help her old friend take that step, be blessed

Mummo, I'm a missionary now
Can we talk about this gospel somehow?
Over dinners at your table, we'll break the bread
And share the truth in the words we've said

Seeds planted long ago in Finnish soil
Through letters and prayers and a mother's toil
Now the harvest came in October's light
When I baptized my Mummo, held her tight

Every week my mother wrote from Idaho's plains
From Finlandia Ranch where the wheat and the potatoes grew.
She taught Finnish culture to missionaries at Ricks
Begging each one, "Please find my mother, plant these sticks"

Through saunas on Saturday, P-days in the sun
Through prayers every morning, every night, every one
Through trips across the ocean, year after year
The seeds kept growing, waiting for me to appear

I was just a green missionary, barely twenty years
But I stood in the water with her, through the tears

October 1973, in Tampere's autumn air
The gospel came full circle, answered prayer

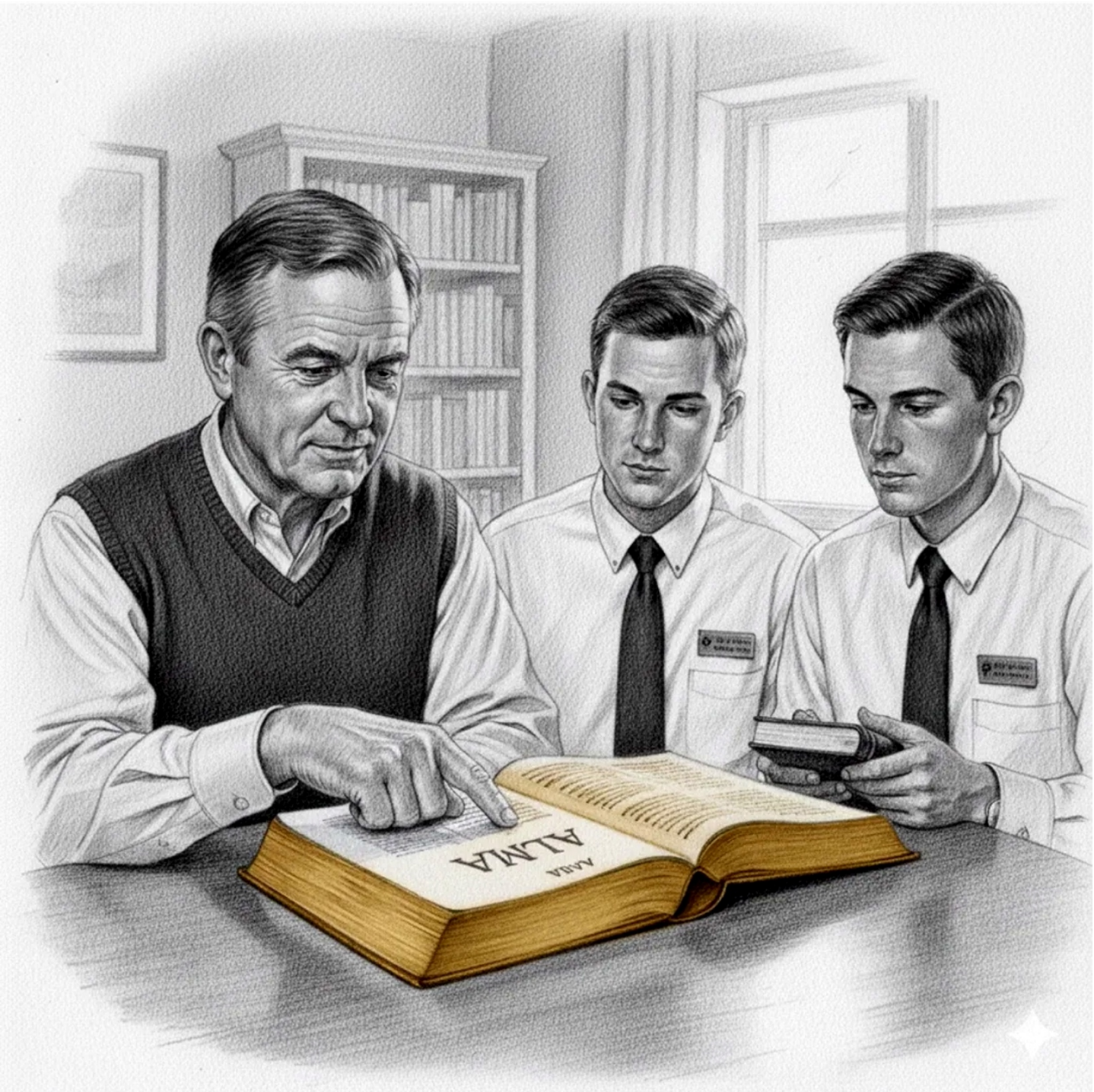
My mother, her daughter, baptized at seventeen
And Sisar Nieminen, lifelong friend between
Now Mummo joined them in the waters clear
The harvest of seeds planted through all those years

Mummo, you're a member now
We talked about this gospel somehow
Over dinners at your table, we broke the bread
And shared the truth in the words we said

Seeds planted long ago in Finnish soil
Through letters and prayers and a mother's toil
The harvest came in October's light
When I baptized my Mummo, held her tight
Forever my Mummo, forever bright

I was blessed to be the missionary there
But the work was done by love and prayer
Mummo . . . forever. I love you.

20



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.

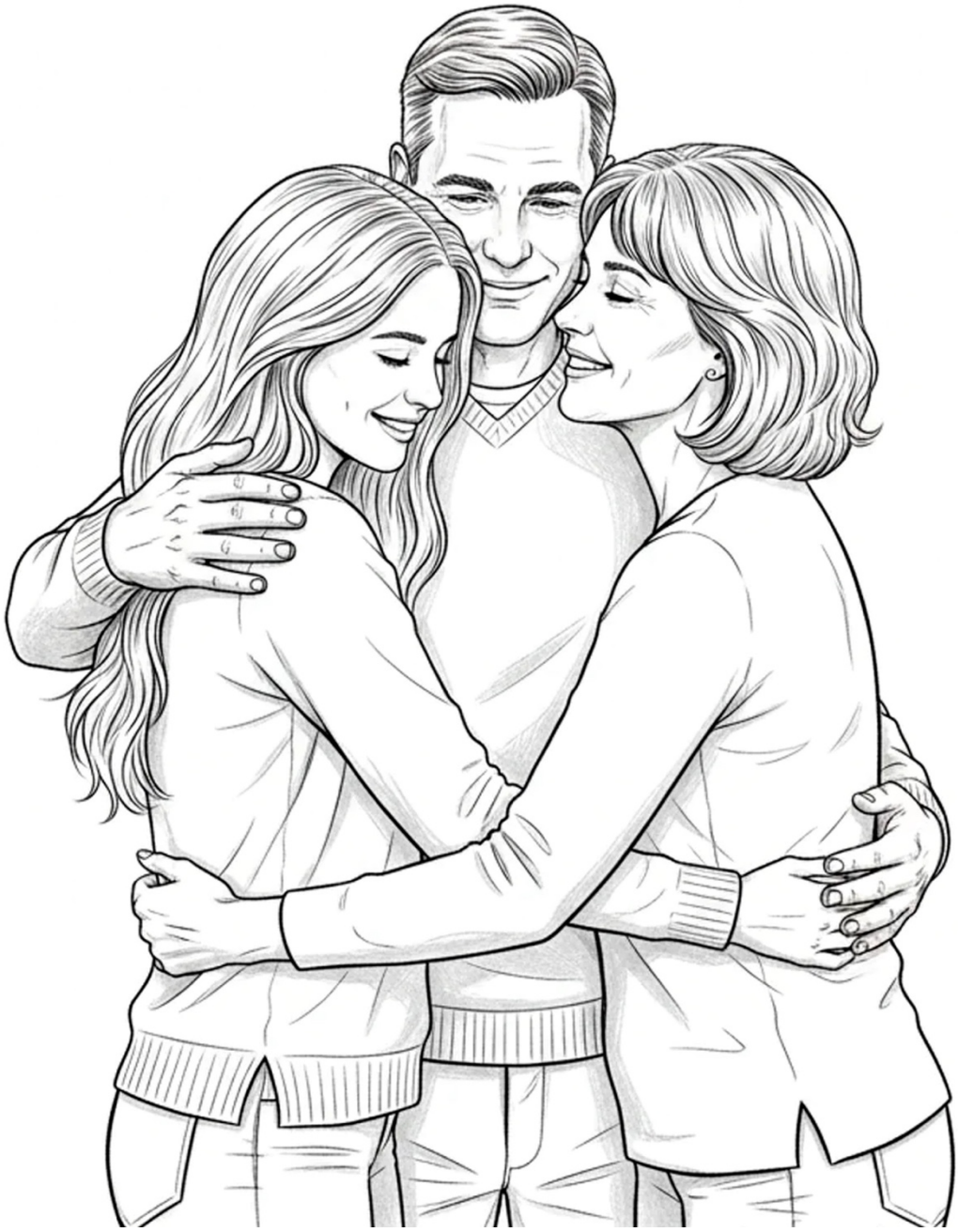
He found his love in Sisar Torpo,
Sealed in Switzerland, hearts in tempo,
When Finland's first stake came to be,
Veli Ojala, bishop he,
His letters strong, his faith so bright,
Until he passed into the light.

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.

21



My Finnish Mission

A Song of Faith and Promises Fulfilled Adopted from an article by Morgan J Hendricks

I packed my bags for Helsinki's shore
Left home behind, stepped through the door
With goodly parents' prayers in mind
And wandering sheep I'd left behind

President Wade looked in my eyes
Spoke words that reached beyond the skies
"You'll witness miracles," he said
Those holy words, by Spirit led

Through winter snow and autumn rain
Through moments of doubt and strain
I pedaled on through Nokia's streets
Where heaven and earth would meet

A promise given, a promise kept
Through all the tears my parents wept
The sheep came home, one by one
The Father's work was being done

The cold winds blew through Finnish nights
But faith burned warm, a guiding light
When faces turned, when doors would close
The Spirit whispered, "Heaven knows"

I thought of siblings far away
For whom my parents used to pray
Isaiah's words rang clear and true

"All we like sheep"—but grace breaks through

Through winter snow and autumn rain
Through moments of doubt and strain
I pedaled on through Nokia's streets
Where heaven and earth would meet

A promise given, a promise kept
Through all the tears my parents wept
The sheep came home, one by one
The Father's work was being done

Conversion came like morning light
Baptismal waters, pure and white
The Holy Ghost, a sacred seal
Temple covenants made real

President Wade, inspired man
Part of a greater, loving plan
His calling blessed not just my days
But echoed through eternal ways

Now looking back through years gone by
I see the truth, I understand why
Each freezing ride, each rainy mile
Each small rejection, every trial

Were threads within a tapestry
Of God's great love for all to see
He cared for me, for them, for all
And caught each sheep before the fall

Through winter snow and autumn rain
No service given was in vain
I pedaled on through Nokia's streets
Where promises and purpose meet

A prophet's voice, a father's care
The Savior's love beyond compare
The sheep came home, the circle's whole
A metamorphosis of soul

I thank my Father up above
For Finland, service, faith, and love
For President Wade's inspired word
For every prayer my parents heard

The miracles I witnessed there
Still testify of answered prayer
And sheep once lost have found their way
Back to the fold, back home to stay

22

Guardian Angel in the LTM

A song inspired by an article by Elder Dennis Dowdle

June of '72, Elder Dowdle came To the LTM with fire,
a missionary's aim Finland was calling,
his heart was ready to go
But the Finnish language, oh, it was moving so slow

Eight discussions to master, seemed simple enough
But as the weeks passed by, the going got rough
Not even one discussion, he could call complete
The words wouldn't come, he was facing defeat

It wasn't for lack of trying, he prayed every day
But the language was a mountain standing in his way
"I cannot go to Finland, not like this," he said
"I won't serve the people if I can't break this bread"

Sister Wade heard his struggle, saw his despair
She reached out with love and offered a prayer
"Let's fast together, seek the Lord's guiding hand
He'll help you find the way to that promised land"

So they fasted and prayed, laid their burden down
And the Lord lifted Dowdle up from where he'd drowned
The first discussion passed—a miracle so clear
Hope returned to his heart, dissolved every fear
The first discussion passed—a miracle so clear
Hope returned to his heart, dissolved every fear
Now he knew he'd been trying, and the Lord heard his plea
Through Sister Wade's compassion, he was finally free
"I can go to Finland now, I can serve and teach
With the Lord's help, the Finnish people I can reach"

She was his guardian angel, sent from above
A vessel of the Savior's redeeming love
"Beyond a shadow of doubt," he'd later say
"The Lord directed her to show me the way"

Forever grateful for that pivotal day
When Sister Wade helped him find his way
An instrument in the Lord's hands he'd be
Teaching Finnish people, setting spirits free

Guardian angel in the LTM Sister Wade,
he'd never forget
A moment of faith, a prayer, a fast
Changed his mission future,
Made his courage last.

23

Everyone's Dog Story

Dog story inspired by the experience of Veli Rudd, Veli Wahlquist, Veli Perkins, & Veli Nuttall

(Verse 1 - In Oulu)
Veli Rudd and Veli Wahlquist went a-knocking door to door,
Found a see-through picket fence and a German Shepherd's roar!
The lady said, "Come join me!" as she tied him to a tree,
"Don't worry about the koira, boys, just sit and talk with me!"

(Chorus) Oh, the missionaries bring out the beast in every dog,
From Oulu down to Moormäki, through the Finnish winter fog!
With their name tags and their briefcases and their haircuts neat and trim,
Every German Shepherd in Suomi wants to sink its teeth in them!

Hei! Hei! Voi voi voi!

(Verse 2 - Still in Oulu)
The dog ran free, ignored them while they shared the gospel light,
But when Veli Rudd and Veli Wahlquist stood to say good night—
That furry beast went bananas, jumping, barking, trying to bite!
The lady grabbed the crazy koira, held him with all her might!

(Chorus)
Oh, the missionaries bring out the beast in every dog,
From Oulu down to Moormäki, through the Finnish winter fog!
With their name tags and their briefcases and their haircuts neat and trim,
Every German Shepherd in Suomi wants to sink its teeth in them!

Hei! Hei! Voi voi voi!

(Verse 3 - The Great Escape)
Veli Rudd was at the gate, trying hard to latch it tight,
When the dog broke free and charged them—oh what a frightful sight!
The latch clicked shut, the fence held firm, they lived another day,
While that dog behind the picket fence had violent things to say!

(Bridge - In Moormäki)
Now in Moormäki's basement sauna, steam rose hot and high,
Veli Nuttall showed his stitches to Veli Perkins' eye,
"A German Shepherd got me good, on my arm and on my leg!"
(In Finland, even löyly time includes a humble beg!)

(Verse 4 - The Omakotitalot Attack)
A few days later tracting through those Finnish homes so neat,
Past the omakotitalot on a quiet residential street,
A German Shepherd came a-running, teeth all bared and mean,
Veli Nuttall turned and bolted—fastest elder ever seen!

(Verse 5 - The Statue)
But Veli Perkins froze right there like a Nordic ice sculpture grand,
Held his briefcase like a kilpi, the only shield at hand!
The owner called, "Pois, pois, koira!" and saved him from his doom,
Veli Perkins thought, "This time I won't follow to the room!"

(Final Chorus)
Oh, the missionaries bring out the beast in every dog,
From Oulu down to Moormäki, through the Finnish winter fog!
With Veli Rudd and Veli Wahlquist, Veli Nuttall, Veli Perkins too,
They learned that Finnish German Shepherds always know just what to do!

They'll chase you through the sauna steam,
They'll bite you in your missionary dream,
They'll bark until you scream and shout,
Those Finnish dogs will sniff you out!

Hei! Hei! Voi voi voi! Yikes! WOOF WOOF WOOF!

24

Just Be There 2.0

Inspired by an experience of Veli Gary Carter

Verse 1:
I crossed the ocean with a heart to serve
Armed with my faith and stumbling words
Thought perfect language was the key I'd need
But the Lord had something else to teach to me

I said "läski" when I meant to say "leski"
Called a widow "fat" instead of what I meant to be
But she laughed and let me in to share
The plan of salvation, a husband waiting there

Chorus:
Just be there, just be there
The Lord works through the broken prayer
You don't have to be perfect or know what to say
His love will find a way
Just be there, just show you care
Your halting words become a sacred prayer
When your heart is sincere and true
The Lord will do the rest through you

Verse 2:
We sang "Joulupukki" in the winter snow
In retirement homes where the carols flow

Didn't understand every single word
But love's a language everyone has heard
Sister Pentillä, tears streaming down
"Kiitos, Veli, now I've found Happiness—
that's why we're here"
The stumbling brought the Savior near

Chorus:
Just be there, just be there
The Lord works through the broken prayer
You don't have to be perfect or know what to say
His love will find a way
Just be there, just show you care

Your halting words become a sacred prayer
When your heart is sincere and true
The Lord will do the rest through you

Bridge:
Finland taught me something more
Than grammar rules or language law
A flawless speech without the heart
Falls empty, never hits its mark
But sincerity, though rough and raw
Can move a soul and break the walls

Final Chorus:
Just be there, just be there
The Lord works through the imperfect and the scared
He takes our mistakes and makes them whole
Turns stumbling into saving souls
Just be there, don't be afraid
Your broken offering He'll upgrade
When you show up with love that's true
The Lord will do the rest through you

"Hilja, hilja, joulu kellot..."
The music bridged what words could not
Learning Finnish?
That was hard
But learning love across the yards
Between our cultures, faiths, and fears—
That's what brought Sister Pentillä to tears

Just be there... just be there...
The Lord will me meet you anywhere.

25

The First Day in the Park

Inspired by an experience on the first day of his mission –
Veli Darwin Rasmussen with Veli Scharman

Fresh off the plane, the air was sharp and new
In the city of Oulu,
beneath a sky of northern blue
I was standing with my brother,
Veli Scharman was his name
In Heinätorinpuisto, where the quiet spirits came

I listened to his stories of the people he had met
A green missionary dreaming of the souls we hadn't found yet
When a long dark green car pulled up beside the curb
And a silence settled over us, not a single spoken word.

And I wondered that morning, would it always be like this?
A life of sudden wonders and a Heav'nly Father's kiss?
He guides us by the hand through the small and simple things
To the heart that has been searching for the peace the Spirit brings
From the very first hour to the setting of the sun
He's preparing the way before the work has even begun.

The roof was darker green, a landau style and sleek
A man stepped to the sidewalk, and he began to speak
He didn't ask our names, or where we'd spent our youth
He simply said, "You have something for me—the words of truth"

Veli Scharman reached inside his coat, pulled the blue book out
Before he could even ask a word or voice a single doubt
The man said, "That's the one! I saw it in a dream
Standing in this very park, just like a movie scene."

He'd driven a hundred and fifty kilometers that day
Because missionaries never seemed to travel out his way
He saw our faces in the night, he saw the time and place
He followed a dream across the miles to find a saving grace
Then just as quickly as he came, he turned and he was gone
Leaving two young men standing there in the middle of the dawn.

And I wondered that morning, would it always be like this?
A life of sudden wonders and a Heav'nly Father's kiss?
He guides us by the hand through the small and simple things
To the heart that has been searching for the peace the Spirit brings
From the very first hour to the setting of the sun
He's preparing the way before the work has even begun.

Now I look back on the years and the miles that I have trod
And I see the fingerprints of a loving, watchful God
He led me through the miracles, the large ones and the small
And I realize that first day... it really said it all.
Just a sidewalk in Oulu. My first miracle.

26

The Rust and the Mercy

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

27

The Gift of Tongues

Song inspired by an experience had by Daniel Harding

Ten months in and the words were like a wall
I was stumbling through the grammar, trying not to fall
Then President Wade, he made a plan for me
He paired me with Veli Puikonen to see what I could be

Seppo wouldn't speak a word of English to my face
It was Finnish in the morning, it was Finnish in the marketplace
I struggled and I labored till the sounds began to clear
Not knowing that a prophet's voice was something I would hear.

And he said, "Elder, you've been given the gift of tongues"
Words of fire in a spirit that was young
From a whisper in the chapel to a memory in his soul
The Prophet saw the story and he saw the spirit whole
In the city by the sea where the northern light begins
He knew my name, he knew the work, he knew where I had been.

The year was seventy-four, the summer turning gold
Helsinki was gathered with a story to be told
President Kimball stood before the Finnish saints
While I sat in the back, feeling small and feeling faint

The sisters asked for me to translate every word he said
I whispered in the shadows while the spirit was being fed
Then the Prophet leaned to whisper to the man beside his chair
"Ask that Elder if he needs some water while he's there."

The meeting reached its ending and we stood up in the pews
I watched the Prophet walking down the center of the room
He stopped and placed both of his hands upon my shoulders then
A moment of a lifetime for a boy among the men

He said, "Elder, you've been given a gift from God today"
The Gift of Tongues was with me in the words I had to say
I felt the power of his calling, a witness deep and true
He saw the hidden labor that the Father put me through.

Years went by like winter snow, I was a father and a man
Living in the valley where my newer life began
I saw him at a homecoming, I thought he'd never know
The missionary boy from all those seasons long ago
I said, "President, you probably don't recall my face…"
But he looked me in the eye and he traveled through time and space.

And he said, "Helsinki, Finland!"—he knew exactly who I was
The Prophet of the Lord who knows the work the Master does
He remembered the water, the whisper, and the gift
A momentary meeting that gave my life a lift
In the city by the sea where the northern light begins
He knew my name, he knew the work, he knew where I had been.

Helsinki, Finland... The Prophet's hands upon my soul.
Helsinki, Finland... He called my spirit home.

28

Title: The Seeds of Hyvinkää

Song inspired by an experience had by Veli Rick McBride and Veli Forrest Mottishaw

The winter air in Hyvinkää was heavy, thick, and white
As Mottishaw and I sat down to teach another night
The lamp was low, the room was warm, the world was fast asleep
But we had promises to share and testimonies to keep

We started with the basics, but the Spirit took the lead
The Master Gardener was there to plant a sacred seed
We spoke of Patriarchal blessings—words from God to man
Revealing every child's place within the ancient plan.

Sometimes you're the one who plants the seed in frozen ground
You walk away before the green of spring is ever found
And someone else will pull the weeds and watch the harvest grow
But the Lord of all the Vineyard is the only one who knows
That the planting and the reaping are a single work of love
Guided by the Spirit and the Father up above.

The clock ticked past the midnight hour, the morning light drew near
But the Spirit was so powerful it cast away all fear
Chills and goosebumps on our arms, a fire in the bone
We knew that in that little room, we weren't there alone

We testified until the sun began to touch the sky
A night of heaven's glory that the world could not deny
I left the town of Hyvinkää before the work was through
Leaving Veli Lamminen with a heart that had been made new.

I was transferred to another field, another road to pace

.

While another Elder stood there in my old and familiar place
Mottishaw sent word to me: "The harvest has come in"
The seeds we planted in the dark had triumphed over sin
I didn't see the water splash, I didn't see the light
But I felt the joy of knowing we had stayed up through the night.

Now fifty years have vanished like the mist upon the lake
And I've seen the many choices that a wandering soul can make
But I stood within the temple as they laid hands on my head
And the memories of Hyvinkää were the only words I read

An ordained Patriarch at last, the circle was complete
Back to the night we taught until the morning light was sweet
I knew those blessings came from Him, I knew the work was true
Because of one cold Finnish night and a seed that finally grew.

Sometimes you're the one who plants the seed in frozen ground
You walk away before the green of spring is ever found
And someone else will pull the weeds and watch the harvest grow
But the Lord of all the Vineyard is the only one who knows
That the planting and the reaping are a single work of love
Guided by the Spirit and the Father up above.

In the fields of Hyvinkää... The seeds are growing still.
In the hands of the Patriarch... It's the Father's holy will.
I'm just a laborer in the field. Planting... and reaping

29

The Song on the Radio (Sisar Korhonen's Prayer)

Song inspired by an experience had by Veli Dennis Dowdle and Veli David Rowberry

In the town of Lappeenranta, on a day of Finnish frost
Looking for a searching heart, wondering if they're lost
We walked behind the street-side homes, to the 'oma koti' door
But silence was the only thing we found there on the floor

Then we saw the smoke a-rising from a shed out in the back
A barn-like wooden structure with a window in the crack
We knocked upon the door, not knowing what we'd find
But the Father had a daughter there with a seeking heart and mind.

She heard the choir singing on the airwaves in the morn
A prayer was whispered softly, and a brand new hope was born
"Send me the truth," she pleaded to the winter sky above
And we were led by smoke and Spirit to a witness of His love.

She invited us inside and said, "I knew you'd come today"
She'd heard the Tabernacle Choir and she'd started in to pray
We taught her of the Grove of Trees, of Joseph and the Light
We left the Book of Mormon there to guide her through the night
We had a conference to attend, so we left her for a while
But we carried in our memories the sunshine of her smile.

Two weeks passed by quickly, and when we returned again
The spirit in that little room was like a steady friend
The Joseph Smith pamphlet was standing on the table
With a candle burning bright as if it were a sacred label
She'd read the Book of Mormon once, and then she read it twice
She said, "I know it's true, I've found the living words of Christ."

On the fourth of May in seventy-three, the covenant was made
Sisar Korhonen found the path where the foundations were laid
From a courtyard in the cold to a fire in her soul
A prayer, a song, a miracle that made a daughter whole.
She stayed in touch through all the years
Drying all the lonely tears. Lappeenranta... 1973.

30

The Winds of Suomi

Song inspired by an experience by Veli Marcus Hutchins

Two paths began in Finland, decades stretched between,
In a land of northern winters and the forests deep and green.
One man had served his mission there, fifty years ago,
While a girl named Brenn had followed, through the same white Finnish snow.

She came to Boston harbor with a flute within her case,
To find a master's degree and a quiet, holy place.
And in a temple interview, on a bright October day,
The Spirit brought their histories together in a way.

It wasn't seeds he'd planted, but a legacy they shared,
Two servants of the kingdom for whom the Lord had cared.
From the mission fields of Suomi to the temple's quiet grace,
The memories were gathered in a sacred, holy space.

A union of the generations, a joy that few have known,
Reaping light and oneness from the beauty they had sown.
He saw her brilliant countenance, a light within her eyes,
A disciple of the Master under Massachusetts skies.

As a fellow woodwind player, he felt the bond begin,
And he spoke to her in Finnish—a greeting like a kin.

She smiled and shared her story of the mission she had done,
And spoke of President Robert Wade, whose earthly race was run.
She was President Wade's granddaughter, a child of his own line,
A witness that the hand of God is woven by design.

Then Brenn met Jakob, and the love began to grow,
Until the day of sealing in the temple's steady glow.
The Wade family gathered there, from the present and the past,
A reunion of the spirits that was built to truly last.

And though the President had passed, they felt him in the room,
Like the scent of Finnish lilies in a summer's sudden bloom.
A grandfather was standing there to see the promise through,
As the ancient work of Suomi was born again anew.

Like the sons of Mosiah, they felt the joy of old,
As a story half a century was finally being told.
The light, the love, the oneness, in a country far away,
All gathered in a temple on a Massachusetts day.

31

The Quiet Work of the Spirit

As experienced by Veli Jay Wiseman

The Man in the Yellow House
In a small wooden house painted yellow and bright
I saw a man in a wheelchair, a disheveled sight
With weathered old clothes and a smile worn thin

The world looked away at the state he was in
They said he was simple, no need for the word
But a still small voice whispered that he should be heard

I spoke of the Gospel, he looked in my eyes
And answered verbatim, to my great surprise
A chosen spirit in a body of clay
The branch came alive when he was baptized that day.

We go forth not knowing where the Spirit will lead
To the wash lady's door or the student in need

Across the green fields and the deep Finnish snow
Following voices that only the humble can know
For the harvest is ready, the schooling is done
Gathering children back home to the Son.

The Wash Lady - I knocked on the door of a lady so gray
Who washed all the clothes to keep hunger away
She'd walked a hard road with a husband who drank
And her heart felt a void, a spirit quite blank
I thought she was lonely, just wanting a friend
But her readiness stayed with me right to the end

She knew every answer before they were told
Like she'd rehearsed the message from prophets of old
I was transferred away before her light rose
But I heard she was baptized where the living water flows.

The Students - Then I met two students from my own native land
Speaking English together, a Book in my hand
They marveled at Finnish, at the words we could speak
While they searched for the meaning that many souls seek

Like little children, they learned how to pray
And followed the commandments we shared on the way
They read every page, they put heart to the test
Until the Spirit gave witness and granted them rest

Now their children serve missions, the legacy grows
From a seed that was planted where the north wind blows.
(Bridge) Whether disheveled, or lonely, or searching for more
The Lord knows the heart behind every door

It isn't the language or the things that we say
It's the Spirit that testifies and leads them the way.
a small yellow house... By a wash lady's side...
With two seeking students, the Spirit our guide.
Following the voice... Great works are done. Finland . . . Amen.

32

The Gift is Given

Song created combining articles of three missionaries.
Most Finnish missionaries experienced these type of lessons learned.

(Verse 1: Veli Darwin Rasmussen)
I stood at the door with the cold at my back
Knowing my Finnish was something I lacked
But I thought of my uncle and words he once said:
"The language is given, not just in the head"

We spoke to a couple of prophets and love
Of promises made by the Father above
The husband stood up with a shout and a cry:
"No one learns this fast, it must be a lie!"
We were kicked from the house for the way that we spoke
But the smile on our faces was no simple joke

(Chorus)
For the language of Suomi is rugged and deep
A promise the Lord is determined to keep
When the words that we know aren't enough for the day
The Spirit will give us the right things to say
Not by our power, but held in His hand
As tools for the harvest in this northern land

(Verse 2: Veli Scott Anderson)
The weight of a senior was placed on my soul
But I struggled with Finnish and losing control
I knelt by my bedside and offered a prayer:
"Lord, help me to speak for the people are there"
The very next morning the miracle came
The words felt different, no longer the same
A man turned to me with a look of surprise:
"You sound like you're from where the eastern suns rise"
He thought I was native, a son of the soil
The Lord gave the increase for all of my toil

(Verse 3: Veli Jay Wiseman)
We climbed up the stairs to a group of old homes
While the Spirit moved through us in soft undertones
A lady stood waiting with questions in mind
And I opened my mouth for the answers to find,
and I spoke, but the words weren't my own
A command of the tongue that I'd never been shown
My body was moving, a vessel of grace
While a look of pure wonder crossed Rinne's face
I didn't know what I had said to her then
But the Spirit had answered her, time and again

Fifty words on a bicycle, day after day
A crash-course of study to find our own way
But we learned that the Spirit is the ultimate key
To unlock the hearts that the Father can see

The given word... The answered prayer...
The Spirit is moving everywhere.
Suomi... Finland... The Gift is given.

33

The Progress You See

The song is influenced by an article by Veli Rod Keller

I sat in a chair in a quiet room
While the weight of the work felt like shadows and gloom
I was sitting with President, knee-to-knee
Feeling the failure of what I could be

The language was heavy, the Finnish so hard
I felt like a traveler, broken and scarred
I didn't think progress would ever arrive
I was just trying to keep the spirit alive.

But he looked in my eyes with a smile so kind
To heal all the doubt that was clouded in my mind
He said, "Veli, if only you could truly see
The growth that is blooming, the man you will be
Your family, your Father in Heaven, and I—
We see the progress while the days go by."

That warm encouragement, simple and true
Strengthened my soul and helped me pull through
It wasn't a lecture or a grand design
Just a moment of love that was purely divine

The perspective I held was forever changed
The way that I saw myself rearranged
The struggle was real, but the promise was more
Than any closed heart or a silent door.

Now the years have all passed, and I'm older today
But the words of that interview never fade away
When I see my children or the grandkids I love
Struggling with burdens or a push and a shove
When they can't see the light or the path they have trod
I remember the man who spoke for my God.

I share the same love that he gave to me
Helping them see what they can truly be
Thank you, President, for the eyes that could see
The progress in them, and the progress in me.

Veli . . . The progress is there.

34

The Captain's Plea

Song inspired by an experience in a baari had by
Veli Matti Kuosmanen and Veli Darwin Rasmussen

In Riihimäki, my last month there
Veli Kuosmanen and I, a meal we would share
In a small baari, just a few folk around
A man approached, without making a sound

With a cigarette burning, he stood by our seat
"Can I join you tonight?" he asked, bittersweet
My first thought, I've regretted it through all these years:
"Can't he sit anywhere else?" I fought back my fears.

He said, "I'll put my whole life in your hands"
A captain, so handsome, from Finland's own lands
"No friends and no trust," a deep, lonely plea
"But when I talk with you, I feel good, you see
You have something real, something I can stand on
Something to hold to, until the break of dawn."

He said he had sought us, through every long day
But whenever we called, he was always away
He'd read the Book of Mormon, the whole sacred text
And now he just longed for what would come next

"Explain what it means," he asked, soft and so low
"I know I am living badly, but the truth, I must know."
His words were a challenge, a heart open wide
A plea for direction, a place he could hide.

Dinner ended too quickly, the hour grew late
I was leaving for Helsinki, sealed by my fate
Then on to America, my mission complete
Leaving this captain, with his words bittersweet
Did Veli Kuosmanen teach him, did he find the true way?
I don't know his story, not even today.
But I've hoped through the years that he found the good news
That he walked in the light and discarded the blues
I pray he found peace, and the friends he could trust
And I hope someday to hear the rest of his dust.

The Captain's Plea . . . . . The hope lives on.

35

Kapteenin Pyyntö (The Captain's Plea)

Veli Matti Kuosmasen baarikokemuksen inspiroima laulu
ja Veli Darwin Rasmussen

Verse 1
Riihimäellä se tapahtui... viimeinen kuukausi päättyi.
Veli Kuosmanen ja minä, istuimme iltaa baariin.
Vain muutama sielu siellä... savu leijui ilmassa.
Kun mies tuli pöytään... savuke kädessään.
Hän kysyi: "Saanko istua?"... ja minä häpeän vieläkin.
Se itsekäs ajatus... viisikymmentä vuotta kestänyt.
"Eikö hän voisi istua muualle?"... se oli väärin tehty.

Chorus
Sitten hän sanoi: "Annan koko elämäni... teidän käsiinne".
Armeijan kapteeni, komea... mutta niin kovin yksin.
Ei ystäviä, ei luottamusta... vain tyhjä paikka sydämessä.
Mutta hän tunsi jotain aitoa... jotain mihin tarttua.
Sanoi: "Elän huonosti... mutta teidän kanssanne on hyvä olla".

Verse 2
Hän oli etsinyt meitä... joka kerta kun kävimme.
Mutta hän oli poissa... ovet pysyivät kiinni.
Hän oli lukenut Mormonin kirjan... kannesta kanteen.
Kuin mies, joka etsii tietä... ulos pimeästä.
"Selittäkää mitä tämä on"... hän pyysi hiljaa.
"Tarvitsen jotain todellista... jonka päällä voin seistä".

Bridge
Mutta illallinen loppui pian... ja viikko kului ohi.
Minun oli mentävä Helsinkiin... harmaan taivaan alle.
Sitten Amerikkaan... lähetystyö oli tehty.
Jätin kapteenin sinne... ennen kuin matka alkoi.

Outro
Ehkä Kuosmanen opetti häntä... en tiedä varmasti.
Mutta toivon, että hän löysi evankeliumin... tien päätteeksi.
Toivon, että hän sai rauhan... ja ystäviä, joihin luottaa.
Niin... toivon, että kuulen vielä kerran... Miten hänen tarinansa päättyi.

36

The Choice

A decision made by a member in Tornio, baptized in Tornio in 1973 as told by Veli Darwin Rasmussen

The Tornio winds were blowing cold and sweet
A group of friends in Finland finding truth upon the street
Among them was a singer with a voice like northern gold
Jake had stories in his heart that needed to be told

A rocker and a leader, he could make a guitar cry
Winning every trophy under that Lapland sky
But he was tuning his heart to a different kind of son
Knowing where he started and where he truly did belong

Not for the fame, not for the lights that glow
He found a rhythm that the world would never know
The call came through. The one he'd waited for
Open for the Americans, they said.

This is the big break, Jake. The world is watching.
He spent months rehearsing. Every note was perfect.
Then they told him the date . . . it was Sunday.
Now, most men would have made an exception.

But Jake?

He just looked at his family, he looked at his covenants, and he said, No.
He walked away from the stadium to go to a quiet chapel instead.

The world went on to California, singing 'bout the sun.'
But in Jake's quiet household, the real work had begun

He traded the big stage for a life of steady grace.
Seeing heaven's light reflected in his children's face
And Jari told us later, with a spirit bright and true
Because Dad chose Sunday as his own,
We chose to go on missions, too.

He was tuning his heart to a different kind of song
Knowing where he started and where he truly did belong.
The Beach Boys had the harmony, the world had all the noise
But Jake found the spirit in the voices of his boys

He was an instrument . . . In the Master's hand.
From the rock and roll . . . to the promised land.
Sunday's for the Lord.

You heard me – the Beach Boys was the band.

37

The Knock Upon the Door

As experienced by Veli Fallentine and Veli Bowden

Veli Bowden and I, we walked the streets of Rovaniemi
Six months in the cold, and the words didn't come easy
Ten hours a day, we'd knock and we'd pray
But the doors stayed closed at the end of the day

Then we came to a house in the late afternoon
Something told us to wait, not to leave quite so soon
Two minutes passed by in the silence of the hall
Before an eighty-six-year-old lady answered the call

Oh, she heard the knock while she was on her knees
Asking the Lord, "Send Your messengers, please"
Sister Kumpula opened up her heart and her home
No longer a stranger, no longer alone
It was more than a meeting, it was heaven's design
A miracle written in the patterns of time

We taught what we knew with the little we had
But we needed some help, and the Spirit was glad
We brought Sister Tenhonen, elderly and sweet
And we watched as two friends were made finally complete

They embraced in the doorway, tears in their eyes
Twenty years had gone by under those Finnish skies
Best friends reunited by the work of the Lord
Finding the peace that they both had implored

Now, you'd think the story ended there,
when she joined the fold.
But forty years later, the Spirit took hold.
Sister Kumpula came to me, long after she'd passed.
She had a message... a desire that was meant to last.
She wanted to be sealed... to her husband, forever.

I searched through the records, I searched for a name
But for weeks and for weeks, the results were the same
Then I called up Veli Bowden, he reached for his book
In the pages of his journal, he took a long look

He found her name, and the gates opened wide
I found her husband who had lived by her side
We went to the Temple, to the house of the Lord
To bind them together with a three-fold cord

Oh, she heard the knock while she was on her knees
Asking the Lord, "Send Your messengers, please"
From Rovaniemi to the Temple's bright light
He turned the gray morning into eternal night
It was more than a meeting, it was heaven's design
A miracle written in the patterns of time

Time and eternity... Sealed forevermore...
It all started... with a knock... upon the door.
Thank you, Veli Bowden. Thank you, Lord.

38

Anne – Tornio

An experience shared by Veli Tobin Rudd and Veli Darwin Rasmussen

Thank you, Anne. Fresh from the LTM,
Veli Rudd arrived In Tornio's cold,
where our friendship thrived
He was a baseball man, competitive and strong
Beating me at snowballs all the winter long

We'd race our bicycles against the Arctic wind
A rivalry of brothers, where the laughter never pinned
Just two young men tracting by the river's side
With the message of the Gospel as our only guide

Oh, we thought we were practicing, just learning how to speak
Giving out the lessons to the humble and the meek
But there was a daughter listening, behind a wooden door
Finding a light she'd never felt before

The Spirit was the teacher, the Spirit led the way
Converting a soul we hadn't met that day
"You know, we didn't even see her.
We were in the front room of a small apartment
between the highway and the river,
teaching a family who said they just wanted to listen.
We figured it was good practice... nothing more.

But a few weeks later, we met a young woman named Anne.
She looked us in the eye and said,
'You taught me the First Discussion'.

We were puzzled, but she told us she'd been in the back bedroom
with the door just slightly ajar.
She heard us talk about the Restoration and the First Vision . .
and the Spirit told her it was true right then and there.

She'd been prompted all the way from Sweden to board a ship home,
just to hear those words."
The path was made clear, and the time was at hand
We taught her the truth of the Lord's holy plan

By a cabin on the river, under skies so clear and blue
In those cold, holy waters, she started life anew
Three days after meeting, she followed the light
With the members from Kemi witnessing the sight

From a mission in Finland to a home in Helsinki's grace
She's a daughter of Heaven in a sacred, holy place
Oh, we thought we were practicing, just learning how to speak
Giving out the lessons to the humble and the meek

But there was a daughter listening, behind a wooden door
Finding a light she'd never felt before
The Spirit was our companion, the Spirit led the way
Converting a soul we hadn't met that day

Fifty years later... she's a stalwart and a friend
A journey of faith that will never, ever end
Veli Rudd and I... we still see the miracles grow
In the seeds that were planted... in the Tornio snow
Thank you, Lord.

39

Anne – Torniossa

Veli Tobin Ruddin ja Veli Darwin Rasmussenin jakama kokemus

Veli Rudd saapui Tornion pakkaseen,
LTM:stä suoraan, uuteen arkeen ja työhön.
Hän oli baseball-mies, kilpailuhenkinen ja vahva,
Voitti minut lumipallosodassa ja pyöräkilpailuissa.
Arktinen tuuli piiskasi kasvojamme,
Mutta ystävyys syntyi siinä viimassa.

Kaksi nuorta miestä Tornionjoen rannalla,
Etsimässä sieluja, Herran asialla.
Me luulimme vain harjoittelevamme puhetta,
Opetimme perhettä, nöyrää ja hiljaista.

Mutta oven takana oli tytär kuuntelemassa,
Löytämässä valon, jota ei ennen tuntenut.
Henki oli opettaja, Henki näytti tien,
Käännytti sielun, jota emme edes nähneet.

"Tiedättekö, me emme edes nähneet häntä sinä päivänä. Olimme pienessä asunnossa tien ja joen välissä.
Opetimme perhettä, joka sanoi,
että voimme tulla takaisin 'harjoittelemaan'.
Mutta viikkoja myöhemmin tapasimme Annen.

Hän katsoi meitä silmiin ja sanoi:
'Te opetitte minulle ensimmäisen keskustelun'.
Olimme hämmentyneitä, mutta hän selitti olleensa makuuhuoneessa.

Ovi oli vain hieman raollaan.
Hän kuuli meidän puhuvan näystä...
ja Henki todisti hänelle heti, että se oli totta.
Hän oli tuntenut kehotuksen tulla Ruotsista kotiin asti, vain kuullakseen ne sanat."

Polku oli selvä ja aika oli kypsä,
Opetimme totuuden ja Herran suunnitelman.
Joen rannalla, mökin hiljaisuudessa,
Kirkkaassa vedessä hän aloitti alusta.
Vain kolme päivää tapaamisesta, hän seurasi valoa,

Kemin jäsenet todistivat sitä hetkeä.
Lähetystyöstä Helsingin kotiin asti,
Hän on taivaan tytär, pyhällä paikalla.
Me luulimme vain harjoittelevamme puhetta,

Opetimme perhettä, nöyrää ja hiljaista.
Mutta oven takana oli tytär kuuntelemassa,
Löytämässä valon, jota ei ennen tuntenut.
Henki oli kumppanimme, Henki näytti tien,

Käännytti sielun, jota emme edes nähneet.
Viisikymmentä vuotta myöhemmin...
hän on ystävämme yhä.

Uskon matka, joka ei koskaan pääty.
Veli Rudd ja minä... näemme ihmeiden jatkuvan,
Tornion lumeen kylvetyissä siemenissä.
Kiitos, Anne. Kiitos, Herra.

40

The Hairdresser in Espoo (Espoon Kampaaja)

A story of a friend 's conversion. Tarja was a member for 40 years, and sees her friend converted

In the island town of Tornio, where Lapland meets the sea
A light began to flicker in the year of seventy-three
Tarja found the gospel there, right next to Sweden's line
A seed was planted in her heart, destined to entwine
Through fifty years of faith and love, the family legacy grew
As missionaries left their homes to start their lives anew

It's a story of a friend who found the light
Not in a moment, but through a long and steady fight
From Tornio to Espoo, where the southern breezes blow
The spirit moves in whispers, patient and slow

For six and twenty winters, through the Finnish cold and grey
Tarja visited the same shop, every six weeks to the day
While the scissors trimmed her hair, they spoke of visions bright
Of apostasy and restoration, and the coming of the light
The hairdresser would listen, with questions in her mind
Wishing for the same conviction Tarja seemed to find

"You know, they say time in Finland moves differently when you're waiting for the spring.
For twenty-six years, those conversations continued. No pressure, just friendship and truth.

And then one day, after all those seasons, the hairdresser looked at her and said simply: "I am ready.
Thank you for your patience with me.
Twenty-six years of talking... and now, finally, I am ready.'"

Tarja felt the joy that day she'd known so long ago
When she first accepted truth in the northern winter snow
The Wade mission didn't end when the two-year call was through
It lives in every conversation, in everything we do
We are instruments of Heaven, though the work we may not see
Until we meet again in a brighter day's decree

It's a story of a friend who found the light
Not in a moment, but through a long and steady fight
From Tornio to Espoo, where the southern breezes blow
The spirit moves in whispers, patient and slow

In the quiet of a salon... the light was found
On holy, Finnish ground.
Heavenly Father's work goes on . . . Until the brighter day.

41

Veli Money and the Reindeer Hide

Song inspired by an article by Nolan Money

June of '74, in the land of the midnight sun
Me and Veli Monte Smith, our work had just begun
In Rovaniemi's streets, we were pedaling our way
When a telegram arrived to change our ordinary day
"Call the office," it said, and we feared the worst was true
But President Wade had a different kind of task for us to do

He said, "Find me a hide, of the purest, brightest white
From a reindeer in the North, a gift of holy light
A token from the workers in this cold and rugged land
To place a piece of Finland in President Kimball's hand"

Now, let's give credit where it's due, to a man with a vision so grand
Veli Money made it happen, with a steady, guiding hand
He saw the mission's heart, he knew the love we felt
He helped to forge the legacy in the northern snows we melt

So Veli Smith and I, we rode our bikes into the breeze
To that processing facility, north among the trees
we found it. The best one in the house. Pure white.

We rolled it up, and in August,
I carried that suitcase in one hand and that hide in the other.
Every missionary in the land put their name upon that skin—
three hundred signatures of faith, destined for a Prophet of God.

I took that long train ride, south to Helsinki's shore
Carrying a treasure that the Finnish people wore
It traveled 'round the mission, every signature was signed
A symbol of our service and the ties that truly bind

And when President Kimball came, the gift was finally shown
A piece of Rovaniemi for the world's most sacred throne
It was a hide of purest white, found in the northern light
A gift for the Prophet, shining through the Arctic night

Veli Money led the way, with a heart so gold and true
Bringing Finland to the world, in everything we do
I'm a Finnish missionary . . . and my heart is full
The pattern of my life was set... by that northern pull

Thank you, President Wade... And thank you, Veli Money...
For the hide of white. It was good. So good.

42

The Music Teacher

Song inspired by an memory told by Bruce Schaalje

This is a true story.
It happened in Oulu, Finland—
on a cold night, in a quiet house,
with an old piano
that still had something to say.

I was new to leading districts back then.
Far north.
Oulu, Finland.
Snow on the ground.
Silence everywhere else.

I was there with two good men—
Steve Slagowski
and Veli Leppänen—
teaching one more lesson,
hoping for one more open heart.

Now let me say this plainly.
I'm not a piano player.

I can build things.
Grow things.
Fix things.
Talk my way through most rooms.

But a piano?
Those black and white keys
never answered to me.

There it was.
An upright Finnish piano
against the wall.

Steve didn't explain.
Didn't introduce himself.
He just sat down.

And when his hands touched the keys—
the room changed.

Like a bridge over troubled water…
sillan yli.

You could feel it, couldn't you?
Like the piano had been waiting.
Like it finally remembered
what it was made for.

You couldn't tell by looking at him.
No stage look.
No performer's polish.

But when he played—
the piano belonged to him.

The man who owned that piano,
a school music teacher,
stood there hearing his own instrument
speak for the first time.

He said,
"I love this kind of music,
but my church says it's sin."

I told him,
"There's music that pulls people down.
But this song—this song lifts."

Then I said,
"If I played that piano,
that would be sinful.
But Steve—
he's Art Garfunkel in disguise."

That man said,
"I think this is the church for me."

A few weeks later,
he was baptized.

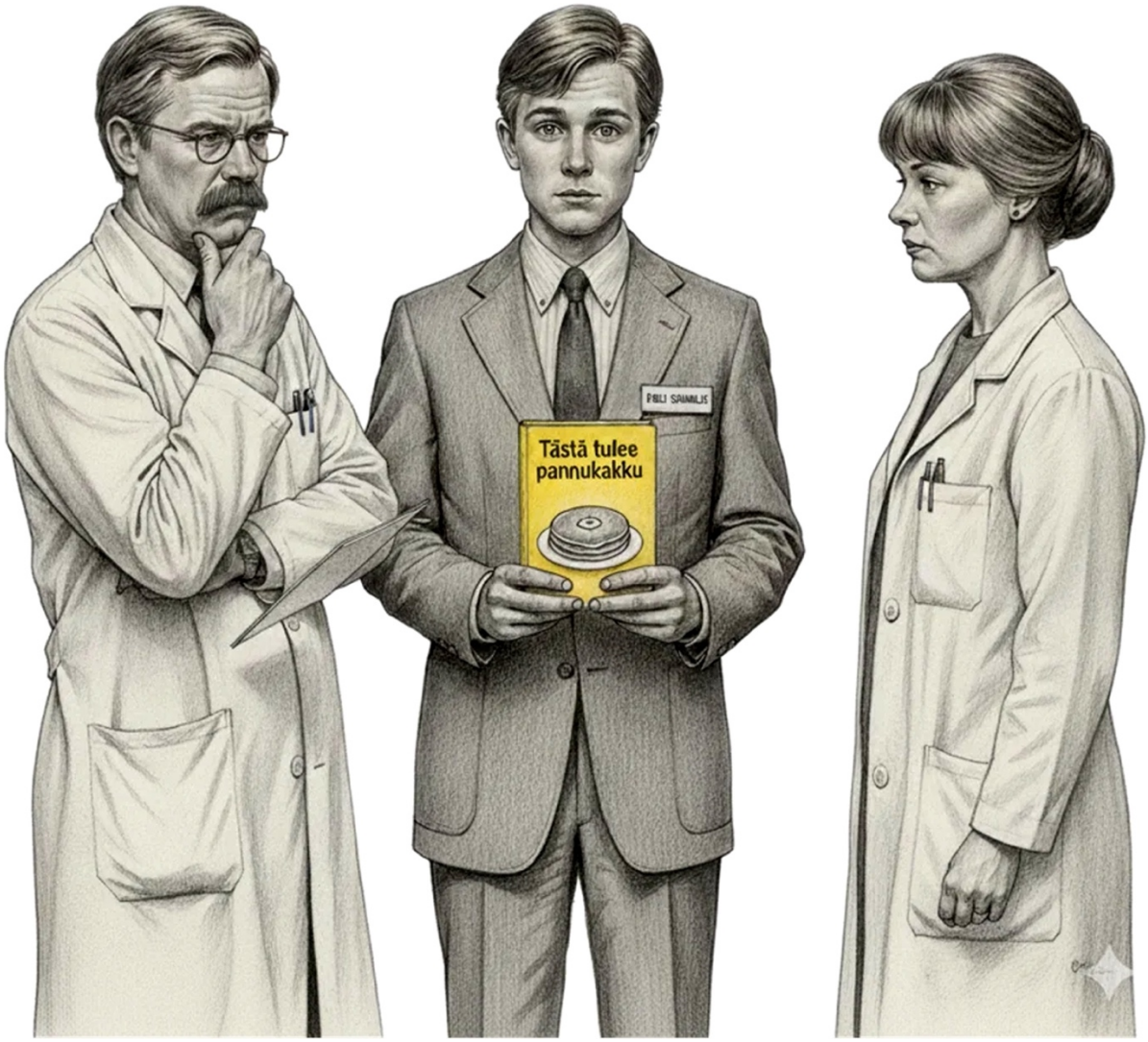
Sometimes a heart just knows
when it's come home.

Later on,
he became the music leader
in the Oulu branch.

Turns out—
God still calls His children
in ways they understand.

Jumala rakentaa vieläkin siltoja —
valon ja rauhan kautta.

43



The PannuKakku Incident

As told by Veli Bruce Schaalje

Now, Tornio, Finland, in seventy-two,
was a cold place for a greenie.
Veli Schaalje had been there exactly fourteen days.
Just long enough to know a tad of Finnish . . .
but not long enough to know why
his trainer wouldn't wake up.

The morning light hit Tornio, a quiet border town.
But Veli Beckham wouldn't stir, his sugar dropping down.
Veli Schaalje shook his shoulder, felt the panic start to rise.
Fourteen days of Finnish couldn't open Beckham's eyes

He grabbed the phone and dialed Veli Marjanen,
his words a tangled vine.
Mixing English with a language he was failing to define.
Oh, Tästä tulee pannukakku. Yikes! It's gonna be a mess
When your Finnish is a fumble and your buddy's in distress

Clutching grammar like a Bible while the ambulance flies by.
It's a pancake of a morning under that cold Finnish sky.

The landlord took the telephone with a calm and steady hand
While Veli Schaalje felt like a stranger
in a lonesome, frozen land
They loaded up the car for a thirty-kilometer ride
With a little yellow grammar pocketbook
tucked closely by his side.

Veli Schaalje sat in the back seat studying verb forms and declensions.
"Grammar Hints" was all it was,
but the title told the tale:
When the pancake hits the griddle,
even the bravest men can fail.

We made it to Kemi. Nurses movin' fast,
glucose in the vein.
I was standin' in the corner,
holding that "Pannukakku" book like it was the only thing
keepin' me on the ground.
Then... he finally blinked.

"I'm sorry," Veli Beckham whispered,
as the world came back in view
"I shoulda told you 'bout the juice,
and what you had to do."
Relief washed over Veli Schaalje,
then a different kind of dread
As Veli Beckham looked down at the gown
upon his hospital bed

The room went quiet, and the shame began to win
'Cause he was sitting in that Kemi ward...
in nothing but his garment skin.
Where's my shirt, and where's my pants?
Then Veli Coombs and Veli Slagowski
came cycling through the rain
With a spare suit and some mercy
for this missionary's shame

Now I've learned a thousand lessons
that no grammar book can teach
Like keeping juice boxes handy
and spare clothing within reach
And when your companion's diabetic,
here's the protocol, my friend:
Pack the sugar and the trousers—
you can conjugate verbs later, amen!

Oh, Tästä tulee pannukakku.
Yikes! It's gonna be a mess
When your Finnish is a fumble and your buddy's in distress
Clutching grammar like a Bible while the ambulance flies by
It's a pancake of a morning under that cold Finnish sky.

Yeah. A real fiasco. Next time...
just give him a glass of sugar water.
Keep the grammar book in your pocket,
and bring his pants!

Totta kai!

44

In The Barber's Chair

Jerry Olson, John Dennis

The Helsinki winter was fading away In the spring of seventy-five
Me and Veli John Dennis, we were walking the streets Just glad to be alive.
President Wade gave a challenge that week: "Be bold, speak the truth, reach out" But the Finnish tongue is a heavy stone And my heart was filled with doubt.

We stepped inside for our usual barber trim at Sister Mäkinen's chair
The scent of talcum and cold metal shears Hanging in the quiet air The regulars sat with their papers in hand
Watching the dust motes fall And I just wanted to sink in my seat And feel nothing at all.

You see, it's funny how we hide the light we're sent to carry.
Veli Dennis, he only had four months in the field.
His Finnish was broken, struggling for every word . . . but he didn't care about looking foolish.
He started talking about why we were there.
About the Gospel. And suddenly, the whole room went silent.

He stumbled through phrases of purpose and hope while I sat there, red with shame
But Sister Mäkinen lowered her shears. When she heard the Savior's name She looked in the mirror, her eyes growing soft As the Spirit began to bloom A holy stillness, a tender mercy Settled inside that room.

"I used to belong to that church," she said "I, I suppose I still do, in a way"
Her husband had forbidden the path long ago But the sun had broken the gray She brought her daughter, Susanne, to the branch In the chapel at Haaga that week The harvest was waiting for someone to find The words they were willing to speak.

When you put the Lord's work first, the miracles follow.
Two souls came home because a young man spoke up in a barber shop in Finland fifty years ago.
Don't be afraid of the broken words. Just reach out. The Lord will do the rest.
In the Haaga branch . . . The light came back . . . Fifty years ago

45

Our Friend, Veli Eklund

A song inspired by an experience by Brent H Nielson

The Finnish winter was a heavy veil
I walked the streets of Helsinki, feeling frail
Then I met Veli Eklund, a man of golden light
But he worried 'bout the tithing, and doing what was right

On the day I left the mission, my journal held the pain
"He says he isn't ready"—I thought I'd worked in vain
I flew back to Idaho, the chapter seemed to close
But God was tending gardens underneath the winter snows.

Sven Eklund, you carried the flame!
From a hesitant heart to a Stake President's call
To the steps of the Temple, standing steady and tall
Oh, the Lord has the long view, a beautiful design
Sven Eklund, your legacy's mine.

The decades started drifting like the falling northern snow
I was reading through the Church News, nowhere left to go
I saw a name from Helsinki, and the tears began to fall
There was Sven as a President, answering the call

Then Elder Rasband told me, "Sven was at the Temple door"
Leading every open house, and serving even more
The man who wasn't ready had become the cornerstone
The seed I thought had withered had remarkably grown.

I went back in twenty-fifteen, as a witness for the King
I told those young missionaries what a faithful life can bring
I told the tale of Veli Eklund, and the boy who felt so small
When a young man raised his hand, the bravest of them all
He looked me in the eye... and he said . . .
"Sven Eklund is my grandpa."

Sven Eklund, you carried the flame!
Three generations are praising His name!
From a hesitant heart to a Stake President's call
To the steps of the Temple, standing steady and tall
Oh, the Lord has the long view, a beautiful design
Sven Eklund, your legacy's mine.

Little did I know, back in seventy-six
The Lord was building bridges, brick by faithful brick
From the grandpa to the grandson...
The work goes on.

And tears in my eyes, was the right thing to do.

46

A Stop In Germany

As told by Veli Vaughn Armstrong

Six elders flying home from Finland's shores August
'73, our mission done
Hansen, Maxfield, Scharman bound for Amsterdam
Giese to London, beneath the sun
But Simmons and I stopped in Frankfurt's gate
Fourteen hours we would have to wait

The Holy Ghost remembers what we forget
In prison cells and mission fields
His spirit brings the words we need
When memory fails,
His power is revealed
Oh, the Gift of God within our hearts
Makes us more than what we are

Two American girls approached our seats
"Are you missionaries?
Come and see"
Their father wanted just to meet us there
A family heading home to Utah, free
They'd spent two months in Europe's lands
With back pay finally in their hands

Lt. Colonel Jay R. Jensen had been a prisoner of war
in Hanoi for six years.
Released just six months earlier, on February 18th.
Six years exactly since he bailed out over Vietnam.

A Silver Star for valor in that fight
Though his plane was lost, he won the right
To come back home, to see his family
To teach us what his faith could be

The Holy Ghost remembers what we forget
In prison cells and mission fields
His spirit brings the words we need
When memory fails, His power is revealed
Oh, the Gift of God within our hearts
Makes us more than what we are
In solitary darkness, then together
Prisoners teaching what they knew
College lessons, hobbies, stories shared
But Colonel Jensen taught the gospel true

He said they had no Bible, no books to read.
They had to rely on what they could remember.
But he remembered much more than he'd ever
memorized.
The Gift of the Holy Ghost... it matters.

"I remembered more than I'd memorized"
Those words still echo in my mind
The Holy Ghost brought back the scriptures
Left no word of Christ behind
Modern revelation, ancient text
he Spirit knew just what came next

The Holy Ghost remembers what we forget
In prison cells and mission fields
His spirit brings the words we need
When memory fails, His power is revealed
Oh, the Gift of God within our hearts
Makes us more than what we are

His patriotism lit a fire in me.
While friends faced war's challenging truth,
I'd been blessed to serve in Finland's land.

Both of us held in God's hand
That Frankfurt delay was no accident
The Spirit knew we had to meet
A POW and a returning elder His faith made my
faith complete

The Holy Ghost brings back to our remembrance all
things . . .
In captivity and freedom, the Spirit sings

47

Our Final Thoughts

From little-kid prayers to a folded white call,
We waited our turn, then we gave it our all.
From different lands, but one common plea,
We said, "Here am I," and we crossed the sea.

I remember that moment, the joy and the fear,
The Lord knew the place, He made it clear.
Of all of the places our lives could begin,
He whispered one word—Finland.

It started in Finland, and it stayed in our bones,
In the snow and the silence, God made us His own.
Three hundred strong with one sacred flame,
He changed us forever when He called our names.
We were there, we were His, we're still the same,
It started in Finland, in Jesus' name.

We thank you for walking that long, faithful road,
Serving beside us, sharing the load.
You labored with love, never asking for praise,
Just steady devotion, day after day.

You weren't alone, you were part of the call,
Every young sister, every elder who gave all.
We learned how to serve, how to kneel, how to stand,
By watching each other, hand in hand.

It started in Finland, carved deep in our soul,
The faces, the names, the stories we hold.
Cold nights, long days, learning grace,
Finding God in a stranger's face.

We were there, we were His, we're still the same,
It started in Finland, in Jesus' name.

They ask us sometimes why we look back so much,
Why Finland still lives in our hearts and our touch.
Was it the dark, or the ice, or the long summer light?
I don't know the answer—I just know it's right.

Some call it the past, but I know it's more,
It's the moment the Lord showed what we were for.
That land and its people shaped who we became,
A holy remembering, not a passing flame.

We learned just enough of the words we'd say,
To do what the Lord sent us there to do that day.
We were His servants, young and small,
But Heaven was with us through it all.
We were there. We were His. And we still are.

It started in Finland, and it carries us on,
Not living in yesterday, but remembering dawn.
The past lit the path to the work we do now,
The Lord still receives our faithful vow.
We were there, we were His, we're still the same,
It started in Finland—praise His name.

We remember the miracles, the tears, the song…
And it feels real good to know—
He was right all along.

Yes, it started in Finland. And it was good.