

# 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.