

Title: The Seeds of Hyvinkää

Song inspired by an experience had by Veli Rick McBride

(Verse 1)

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.

(Chorus)

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.

(Verse 2)

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.

(Bridge)

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.

(Verse 3) 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.

(Chorus) 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.

(Outro) 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.