

# 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

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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  
The Spirit knew just what came next

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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