

# Title: The Connection of Suomi

*Song inspired by an experience by Veli Marcus Hutchins*

(Title: The Winds of Suomi)

(Verse 1)

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.

(Chorus)

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.

(Verse 2)

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.

(Bridge)

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.

(Outro)

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.