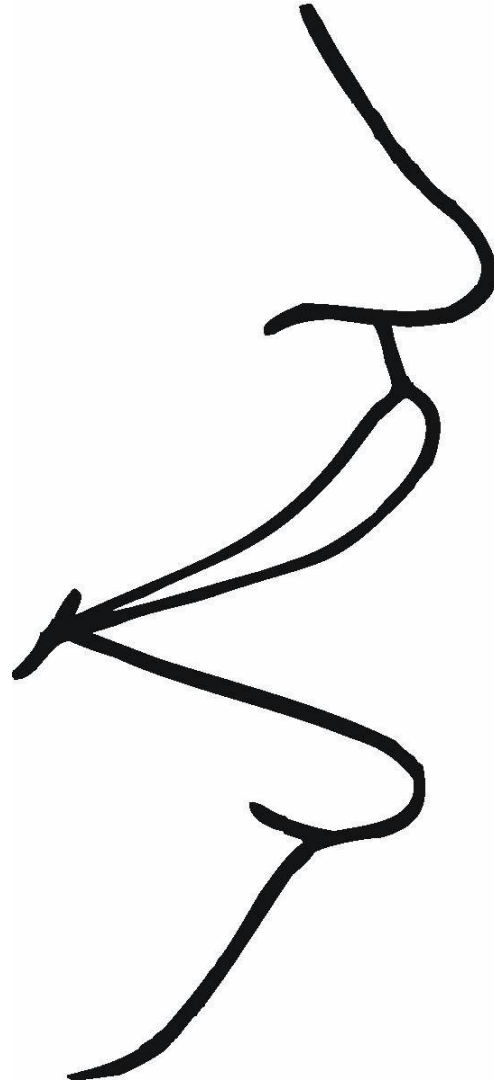


I see my mother kneeling



with our family each day.

I hear the words she whispers



as she bows her head to pray.



# Her plea to the Father



quiets all my fears,



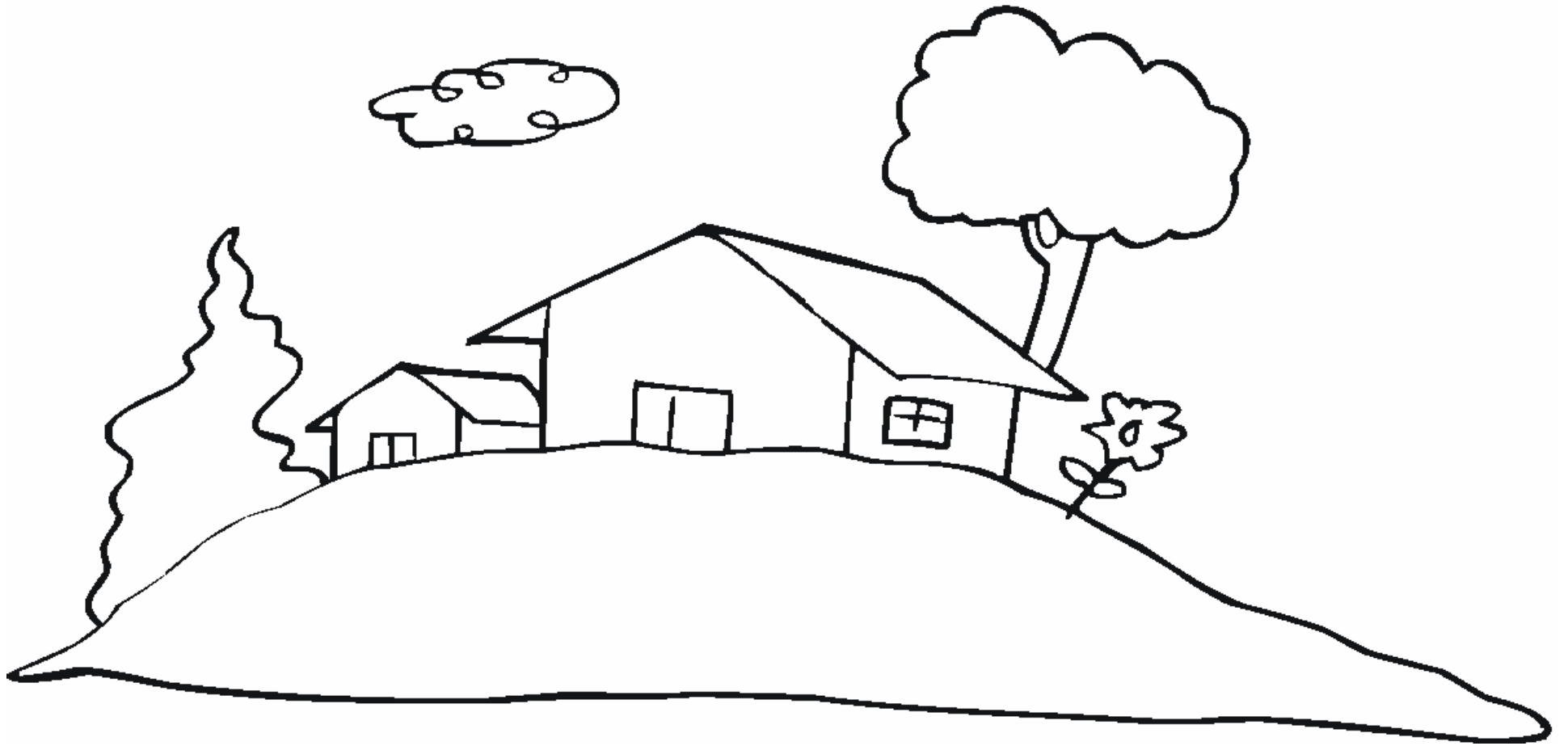
And I am thankful



Love is Spoken Here.

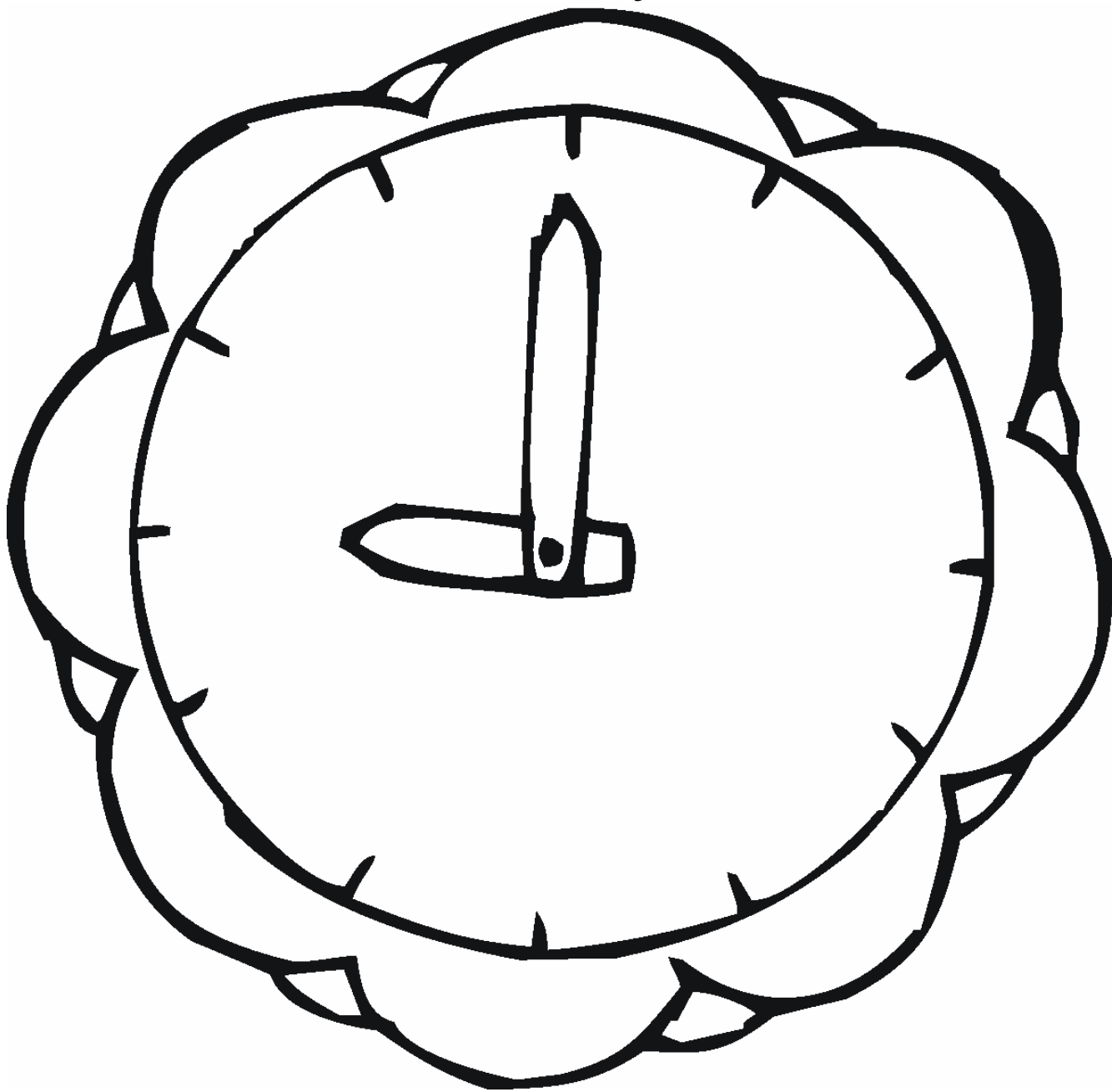


Mine is a home





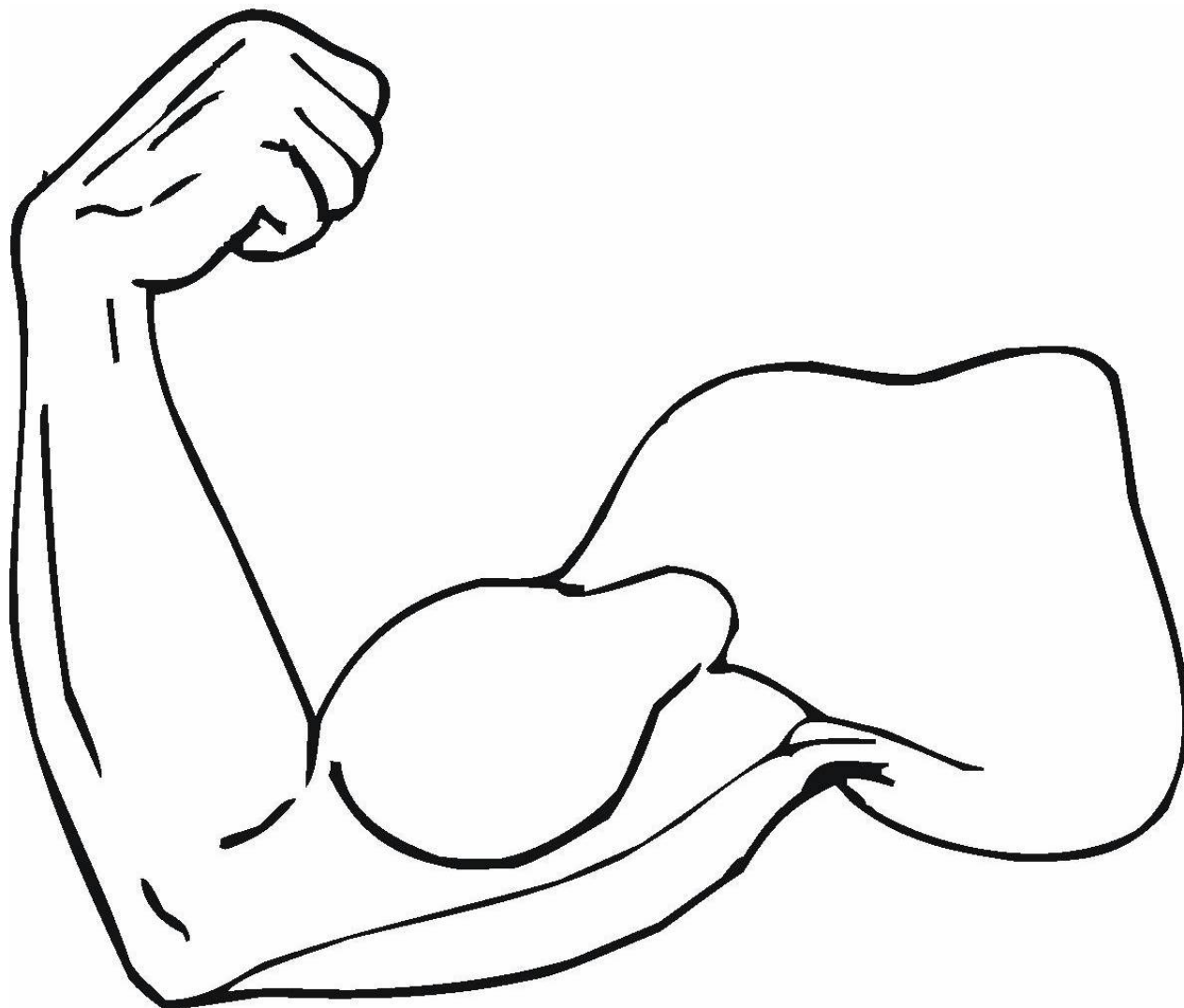
Where ev'ry hour



Is blessed by the strength



of priesthood pow'r,



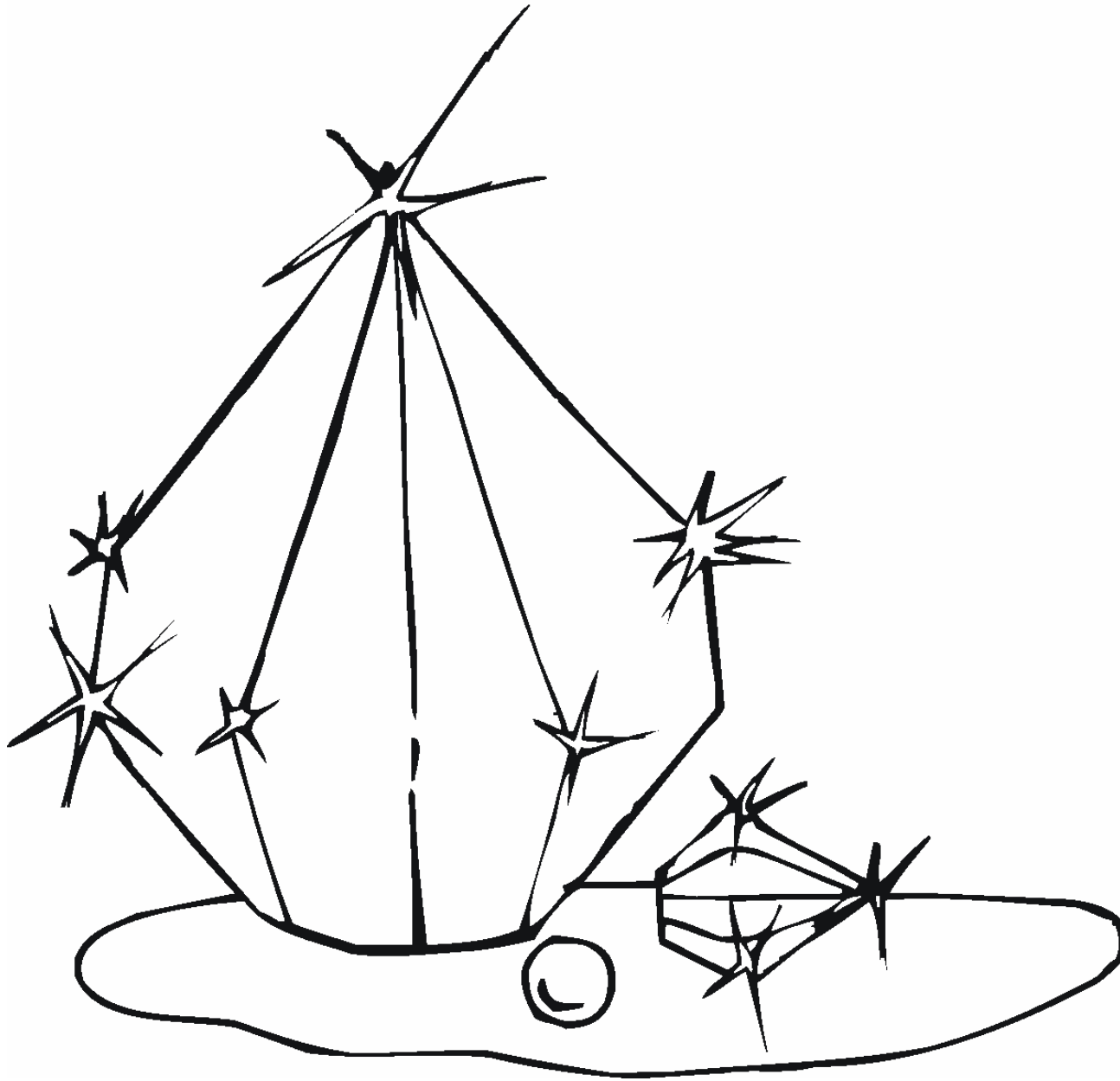
With father and mother leading the way



teaching me how to trust and obey



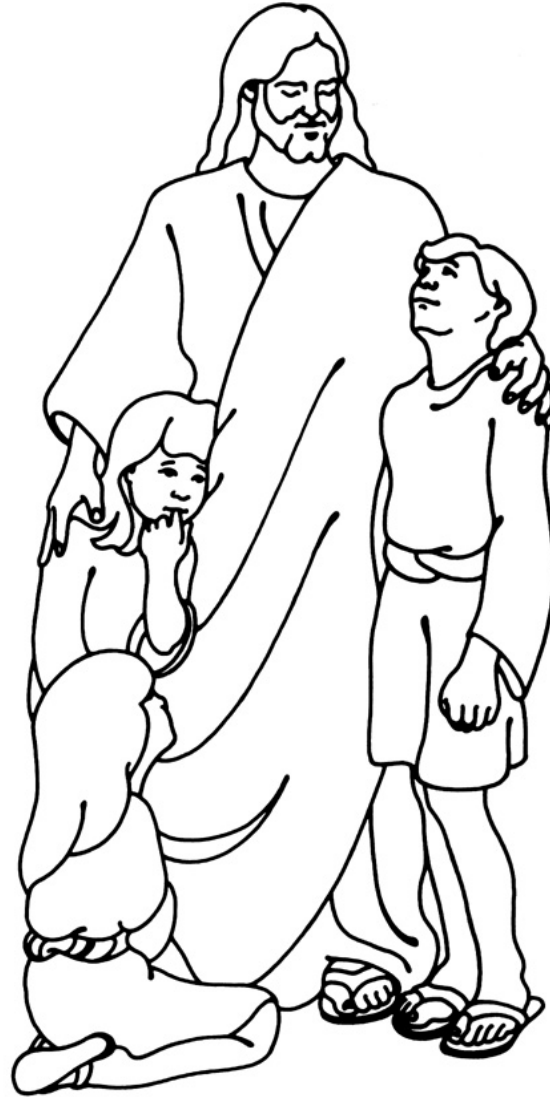
and the things they teach are crystal clear,



For love is spoken here.



I can often feel the Savior near





When love is spoken here.

