

**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.**