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.