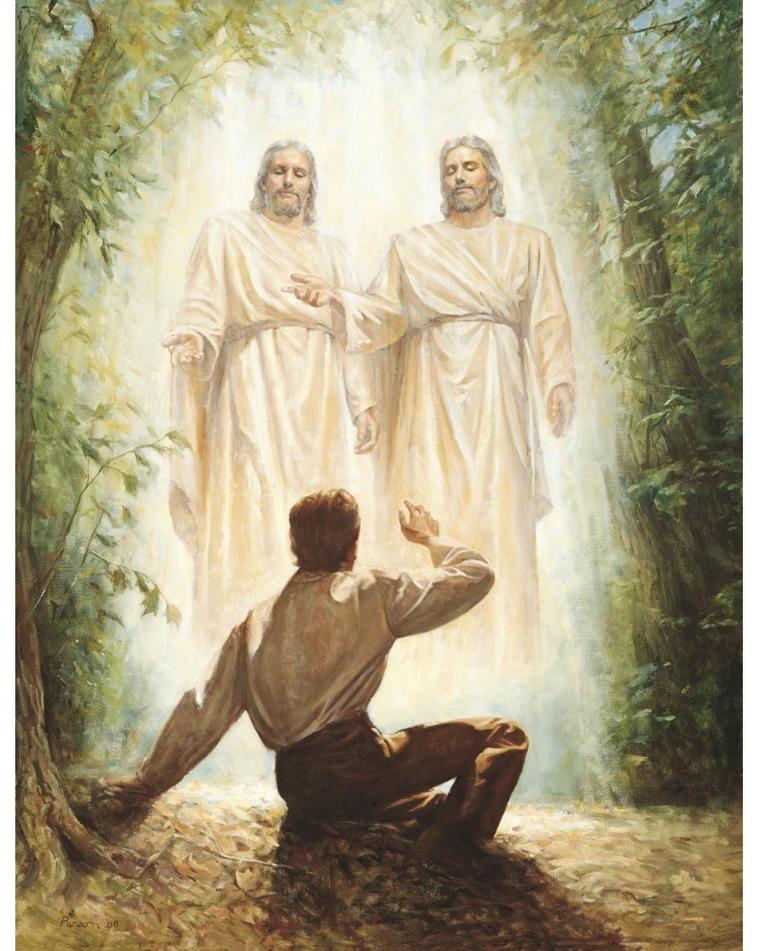


**Joseph Smith** went to  
a **grove** full of trees.  
**Seeking** God's **wisdom**,  
he fell to his knees.

As he **pled** with the heavens  
the sky filled with **light**,

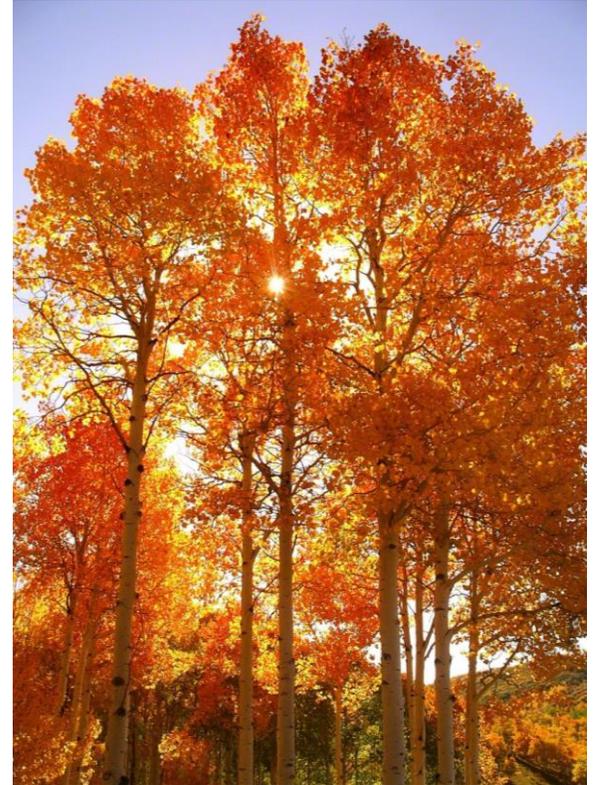
And the **Father** appeared with  
His Son **Jesus Christ**  
standing **above** in  
the air, coming to  
**answer** his **prayer**.



I will **find** my own sacred grove  
away from all of the  
**noise** in the **world**.

I will turn to **prayer**,  
for I know **He's** there.

I will find my own **sacred grove**.





So many **choices** with  
so much at **stake**.

Life's full of **pathways**,  
but which should I  
take? If I **lift up** in

**prayer** in the name of the **Son**,



Through the **pow'r** of the  
**Holy Ghost** answers  
will come. **Heavenly**  
**Father** is there  
ready to **answer**  
my **prayer**.

**Sometimes the answers  
take time, so I'll listen  
in heart and mind.  
Revelation will come  
my way as I wait  
patiently in faith.**

