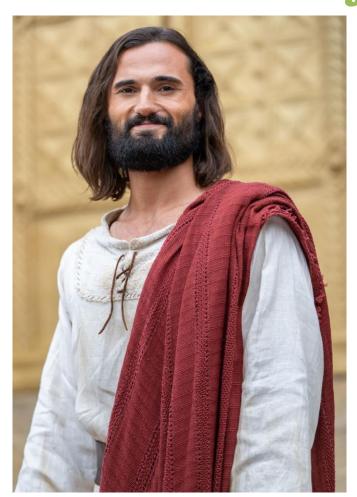
"Let the little children come," the Savior gently said. Then, taking them into his arms, laid hands upon their heads. I wish that I had been there

as he held and blessed each one, but there's a warmth insi



warmth inside my heart that tells me I am loved.

I will always remember

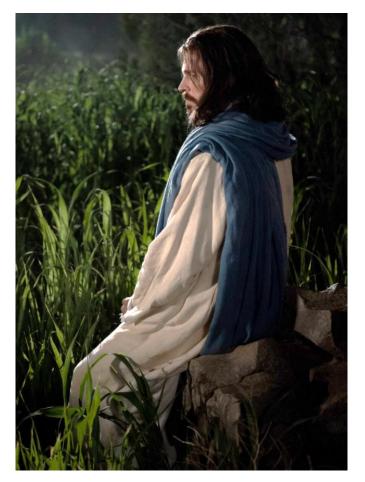


that Jesus loves me, that he lived, died, and rose again to set the whole

world free. He will bless me with his spirit and fill my soul with peace. I will always remember him. He will always remember me.

In the garden, Jesus knelt

beneath the olive trees.
He felt my sorrows, one by one, so he could comfort



me. He knows and loves me deeply; I am graven on his palms. One day he'll call me by my name and hold me in his arms.

Always, always he'll remember me.



I will always remember him, and he'll remember me.