

“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 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.**