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

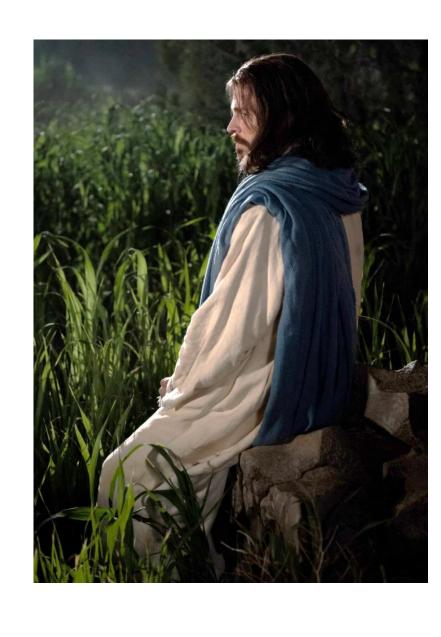


that I had been there as he held and blessed each one, but there's a warmth inside my heart that tells me I am loved.



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.