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 see my mother kneeling with our family each day. I hear the words she whispers as she bows her head to pray.

Mine is a home where ev'ry hour is blessed by the strength of priesthood pow'r,

Her plea to the Father quiets all my fears, and I am thankful love is spoken here.

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.