My Own Sacred Grove





1. Joseph Smith went to a grove full of trees; Seeking Gods 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.

2. 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.

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I will turn to prayer,

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