

A serene sunset over a lake with mountains in the background and trees in the foreground. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a golden glow and a shimmering reflection on the water. The sky is a mix of soft orange and pale blue. The water is calm, reflecting the sky and the surrounding landscape. The foreground shows some green foliage on the right side.

INTIMATE VERSE
&
IMPACTING LYRICS

STEVE DUNN HANSON

INTIMATE VERSE & IMPACTING LYRICS

INTIMATE VERSE

Personal poetry about
family and life.

See Page 1 for contents

IMPACTING LYRICS

Lyrics written for hymns and
children's songs.

See Page 23 for contents

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Page 42

INTIMATE VERSE

A FATHER'S PLEA	2
A PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD	3
A SACRAMENT PRAYER	4
COME FOLLOW ME	5
FATHER SWENSON	6
FATHER	7
HARVESTING IN THE FALL	8
HOME AND FAMILY	9
HUMILITY	10
JOYCE	11
KAYE	12
LOOKING BEYOND THE PAINT	13
MOTHER SWENSON	14
MOTHER	15
REPENTANCE	16
SHIRLEY	17
THE ANSWER	18
THE MARRIAGE	19
THE SECOND COMING	20
TO PROSPER IN THE LAND	21
RELATIONSHIPS AND TIME	22

A FATHER'S PLEA

Time has passed,
your eyes are veiled,
and life's simplicity is gone.
The quest your father now has won,
but for you it's just begun.
He pleads you look into his eyes
and listen as he seeks to teach.
But heart breaks with each angry cry
as you pull far from caring reach.
Oh, child, would that I
could send a message to your soul.
You are from eternity!
The offspring of a loving God!
Will you cast aside this truth?
Will you think yourself much less?
Or, will you strive to be like Christ?
You see, my child, this is the test.
I beckon you with outstretched hand,
as I stand 'neath Lehi's tree.
The fruit is sweet,
the thirst is quenched.
My child, come,
partake with me.



A PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD

Our bodies are
a singular God grace gift.
Necessary to become as He is.
And a mother's birthing sacrifice
provides it.
Her consummate grace offering
is a God-act.
Her wife and mother nurturing
opens doors to godhood.
There is no Eternal Plan
without her.
A woman who aspires
to be a mother,
is choosing to become
One with God.



A SACRAMENT PRAYER

The emblems of the sacrament
do in my soul revive
the covenants I have made with Thee
Whose mercy brought me life.
As I obey the vows
I have to Thee ere sworn,
I am through Thy atoning grace
into Thy Light reborn.
O Lord, I now do vow anew
to thus remember Thee.
I'll take upon myself Thy name.
Then everyone can see
Thy wonderous works,
Thy love unfeigned,
and Thy sweet purity.
For I'll conform my life to Thine,
so Thou canst work through me.

A silhouette of a person standing in a field at sunset, looking towards the horizon. The person is wearing a long coat and a hat. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow. The field is covered in dry grass, and there are trees in the background. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

COME FOLLOW ME

Stumbling onto God's path
is not likely,
and Enemy's role
not inadvertent.
Satan, though,
spoke a singular truth:
"There is no other way!"
To become is to choose.
And to heed the call of Light
is to enter the portal to
boundless eternity.

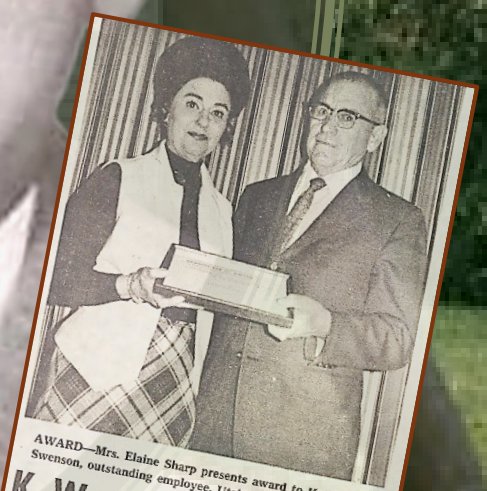
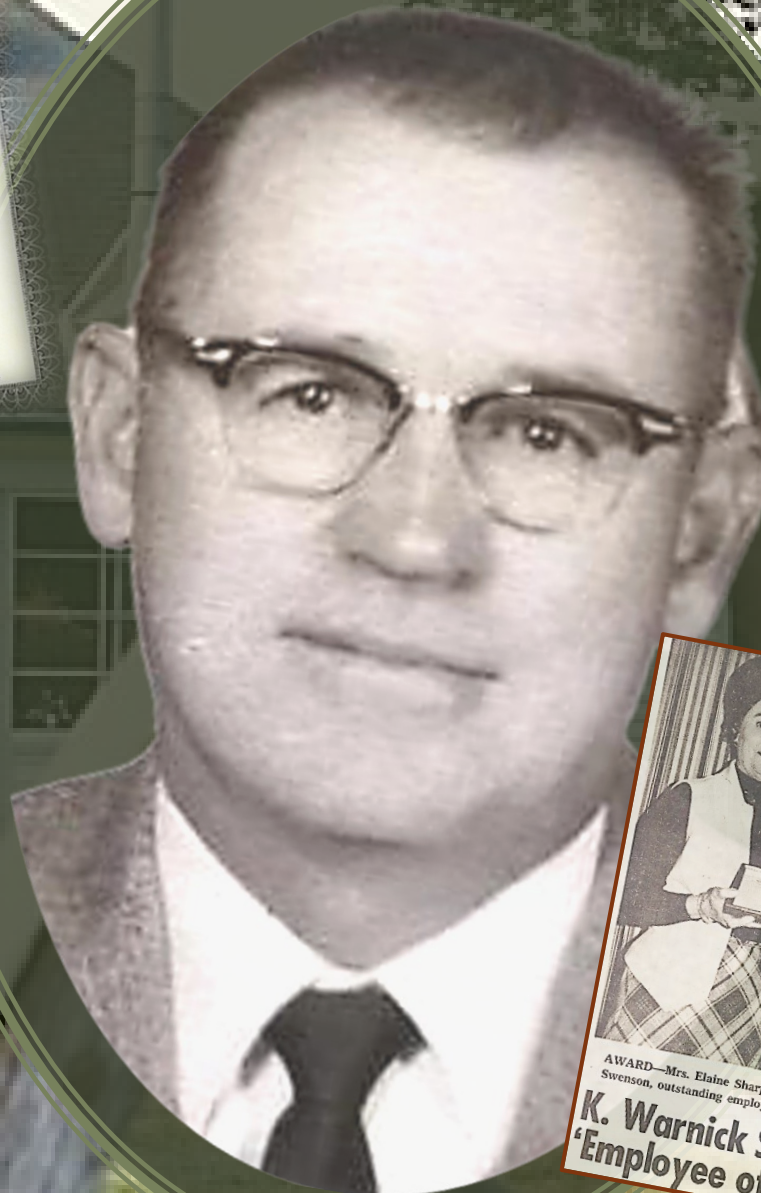
Bishop's Certificate

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the undersigned,
Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
hereby certify that on the 25th day of August, 1922
K. Warnick Swenson
was ordained a Bishop by Elder L. Grand Richards
Presiding Bishop
and set apart to preside over
Manila, Nord Tinianegos, Bako of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
in the County of Utah and State of Utah
in conformity with the rites, regulations and discipline
of said Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
In Testimony Whereof we hereby subscribe our names at
Salt Lake City, Utah this 15th day of October, 1922
John A. Beckwith
David C. McKay

FATHER SWENSON

When my knowledge
needed kneading
into wisdom,
my children could partake
of your completed loaf.

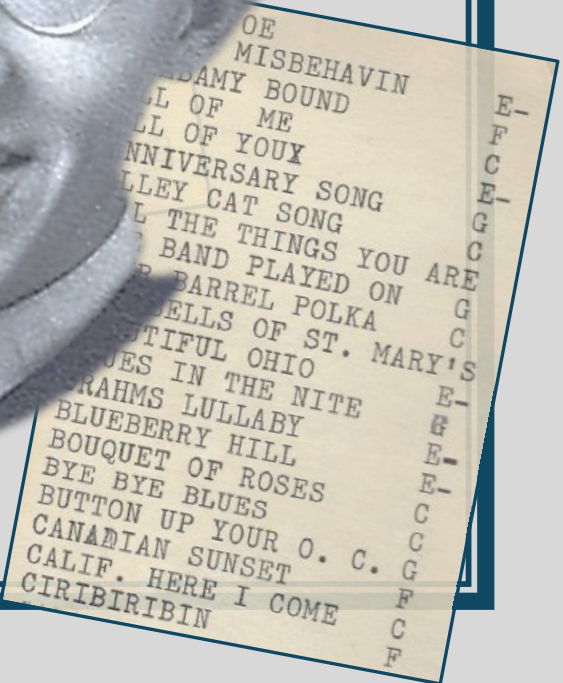


AWARD—Mrs. Elaine Sharp presents award to K. Warnick Swenson, outstanding employee, Utah State Training School
**K. Warnick Swenson Is
'Employee of the Year'**



FATHER

Then, you did not know
 that battles lurked.
 That you would feel
 the axe of fate—
 the bruising blows
 of wily man.
 Nor had you wind of
 hoary time,
 a relentless press
 through summer
 to a bleaker clime.
 Now, you see
 because you've seen,
 though age has brought
 a gossamer gaze.
 And scar-strewn soul
 stands strong, serene,
 though torso-strength
 ebbed long ago.
 Endured you have,
 and learned.
 It is your gift to me.



HARVESTING IN THE FALL

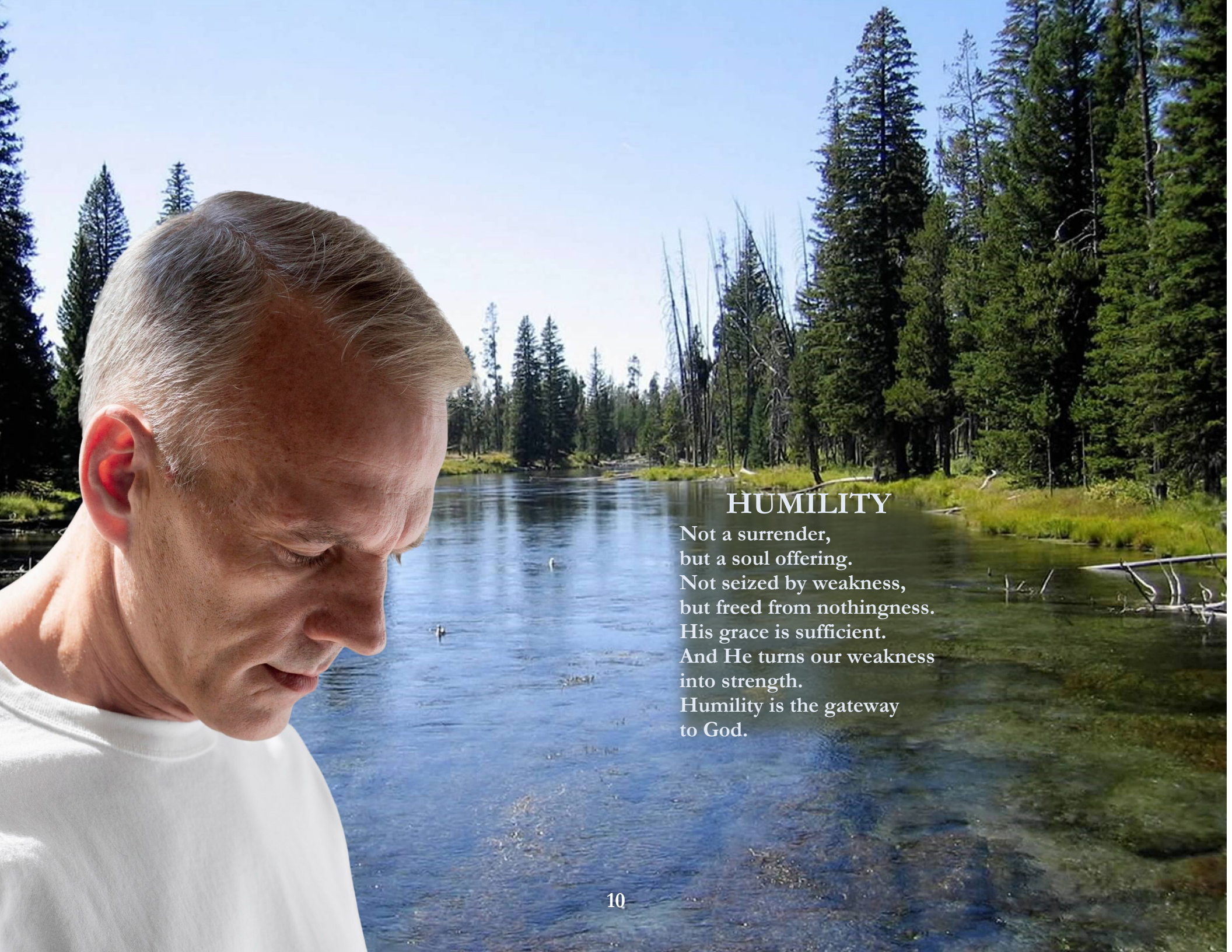
Young workers
with unmindful zest
overlook a precious prize.
I reach beneath the leaf
and place it in my pouch.
The cold turns thoughts to home,
and warm rest is a Siren.
But fear of fruit left waste on vine
stirs me to finish gleaning.





HOME AND FAMILY

We learn agency & not control,
and joy and sorrow expand our souls.
We find that love need never cease,
and faith will always lead to peace.
As we bring Christ into our lives
through patience we become like Him.
For home can be a sacred place
and family where gods are raised.



HUMILITY

Not a surrender,
but a soul offering.
Not seized by weakness,
but freed from nothingness.
His grace is sufficient.
And He turns our weakness
into strength.
Humility is the gateway
to God.



JOYCE

A well that succored countless
might now be dry.
At least its water
vapid, sullied, useless.
You would think.
But yours gives constant place
to purer still.

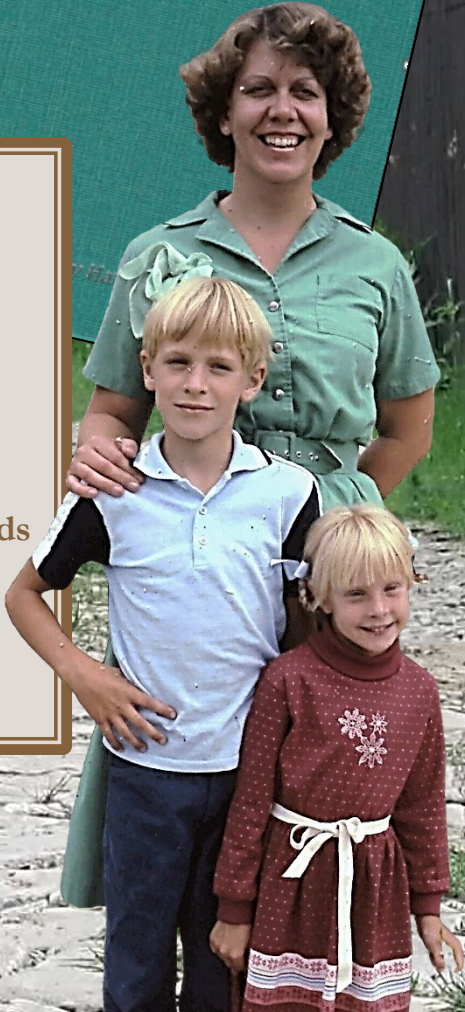
A draught
that seeps through sands of time
to cool in sorrows depths.
Then quenches thirst
for broken-hearted, refreshes, soothes,
discouraged brow, and cleanses,
with its flood of righteous love,
the sin soiled soul.

This water you so freely give
goes ebbless its eternal way.
A stream of Light
that widens with the years
and carries those
who ride upon its wave
to its Source—
and End.



KAYE

A Thanksgiving day
blew up your world.
Opening
an unseemly path.
Stark. Forbidding.
But you sought Light.
And countless thousands
have been blessed.
Because...
you chose the Way
He needed you to go.



THE JERUSALEM CENTER FOR NEAR EASTERN STUDIES
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

**BYU
MARRIOTT**
SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

LOOKING BEYOND THE PAINT

On Working with a Challenged Child

It sat defiantly
and out of place
among carefully crafted and kept
oak and mahogany pieces.
An aberration, this table
coated with garish enamel.
And Father gave it to me.
Over time, more than once I almost quit,
the paint was stripped.
Laying bare choice wood,
smooth and fine.
It was then I saw the flaw.
Dark spots in the wood
where something
left its ugly mark.
The reason for the painting,
I suppose.
With careful sanding, bleach, and stain,
it finally disappeared,
and table matched with all
that had surrounded it
in Father's home.
I think He knew
I'd look beyond the paint.
That is why He gave it
to me.



MOTHER SWENSON

Peaches, pears, apricots, plums;
picked, sorted, pitted, cleansed.
Crystal encased. Given away.
Those hands!
Socks and shirts and pants and
dresses, yarn and thimble,
thread and button.
Resurrection miracle!
And with new cloth, no less awe.
Pajamas, nightgowns, skirts and dresses,
quilts and bears and dogs and kittens.
But what for you?
Those hands!
Bathe and powder, dress and rock
all four babies that you bore.
And our seven.
There was one more.
He is sleeping now in your embrace.
Those hands.
And when you paused,
I glanced and saw
His mark of sacrifice
eternally engraved in
those hands.



Rita And Ruth Hanso

OGDEN—Funeral services for Rita Hanso, two daughters of L. Raymond and Isabelle Jane Dunn Hanson of 1319 Swan Street, were conducted Friday afternoon in Antlorest Funeral Chapel by Arias G. Belnap, bishop. Twentieth L. D. S. Ward. Entombment in Antlorest Mausoleum followed. Surviving are the parents, two brothers, Bruce Lynn and Steve Dunn Hanson of Ogden, and their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hanson of Shelley, Ida., and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dunn of Logan.

MOTHER

At first, I strove to
 make my way
 with eye on inward point.
 And stumbled endlessly.
 While all the while
 your ray arced out.
 Embracing in its bow
 those who would be warmed.
 Including me.
 At last, as my beam
 bends and spreads,
 because of you,
 it lights the way
 beyond my prideful veil
 and brings Christ into view.

Pot Porri
 Grandmother's

Verses
 seen at
 Isabel



Aug 1963 on mother's
 90th birthday mother
 had me dig up 2500 ft as
 she was afraid she
 would run short.
 Mother was ill off & on for
 2 mo. Saturday May 20, 1965
 Ora came & we took mother to
 hospital. They put her through
 a strenuous ordeal to get away.
 She put in a bad night. She
 breathed so heavy & passed away



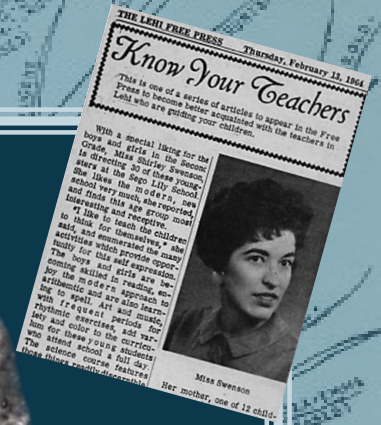
REPENTANCE

The abyss of my selfishness,
like some demonic snare,
pulls me to its darkening depths.
A dingy lurid lair
of godless wrath, myopic pride,
and sensual vanity,
it clouds my soul with worldliness.
A bleak eternity.

But in my pit of nothingness
a Beam round me entwines,
and halts me from my inward fall—
a Light into my mind.
My life of greed, of avarice,
is painfully shown to me.
Then gently I am wrapped in Grace,
a shroud of Charity.

My Old Man dies, Divine release
from my abysmal cell.
Then born anew I rise on Light,
a skiff upon a swell.
And at that height, a breeze of Peace
finds entrance to my soul.
It buoys me to Celestial realms
with its exalting flow.

Oh, love I feel without restraint
for every living thing!
There is no sacrifice too great!
No costly offering
Too much, too dear, for me to give
to elevate mankind!
His anthem from my heart now sings:
"Oh Lord, not mine, but Thine."



SHIRLEY

Legacy that flowed to you
flows through,
and we are awash
in Shirley-love.
You've not dammed the stream.
Ever.
And you have been there.
Always.
It is as though our need
postponed your
own fulfilling.
Until another time,
another place.



THE ANSWER

Lovely little laughing child,
gazing, grinning, gurgling, grabbing,
can you face the world so simply
even though your daddy's searching?
For in your face and in your looks,
and in the Light-filled hallowed books,
there lies —

The Answer.

And would that you could
send with sighs,
those truths to your daddy's eyes,
that he might quickly
grasp his quarry —

The Answer.





THE MARRIAGE

Blood-dotted tissue splotches
mark his face,
where razor's nick
testifies of nervous hand.
She laughs,
saying they will dry by altar time.
Her fingers trace
the smoothness of his cheek.
As if that were all that mattered
anyway.



THE SECOND COMING

The coming of the Lord
I will greet with fervent hallelujahs.
But there is more.
My life, my words, my thoughts, my acts
are consecrated to Him.
I will prepare
to be part of the preparing.



TO PROSPER IN THE LAND

Nephi's virtue measure
is not gold tape,
I now see.
But prosper-promise
concerns
eternal cache.
Confirmed by heart-glow,
not vault gleam.

A winter landscape with snow-covered evergreen trees and a house in the background. The scene is serene and quiet, with a soft, overcast sky. The snow is thick and covers the ground, trees, and rooftops. The evergreens are dark green, contrasting with the white snow. The house in the background is partially obscured by the trees, but its roof and some windows are visible. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

RELATIONSHIPS AND TIME

Why does it have to snow in May?
I thought with resurrected tulip
and cherry blossom fragrance,
winter was o'er.
I hope white weight on
fragile, leafy branches
won't tear them from the tree
before the sun comes out again.

IMPACTING LYRICS

HYMNS

A STRANGER HERE	24
HAIL HIS HOLY NAME	25
BECOME A ZION PEOPLE	26
DEATH AND BIRTH	27
GRACE FOR GRACE	28
GROW UP IN THEE	29
LEGACY	30
WHEN WE PARTAKE	31

CHILDREN'S SONGS

A MIRACLE FROM GOD	32
CHARITY	33
COME AND FOLLOW ME	34
DO BETTER	35
GATHERING	36
GOD'S FAMILY	37
I WILL REMEMBER	38
I'M GLAD	39
THE TEMPLE DOORS	40
YOUTH BATTALION	41

Oft I find my soul goes seeking
For another time and place.
Where the Light is always shining,
Where I see the Savior's face.
Oh, this world seems dark and gloomy,
And I'm a stranger here!

Is there purpose to my journey
Here on this unhappy sphere?
Why would I consent to wander
From a world where there's no fear,
To a realm of hate and envy
To be a stranger here?

Yet, in spite of all my sorrow—
No! I think because it's there!
I am learning to be purer.
I am learning to prepare.
Yes, this world has been my tutor,
Though I'm a stranger here.

In my weakness I am finding
Power in the Savior's grace.
He has walked this road before me,
So must I to see His face.
And my journey takes me to Him,
For I'm a stranger here.

A STRANGER HERE

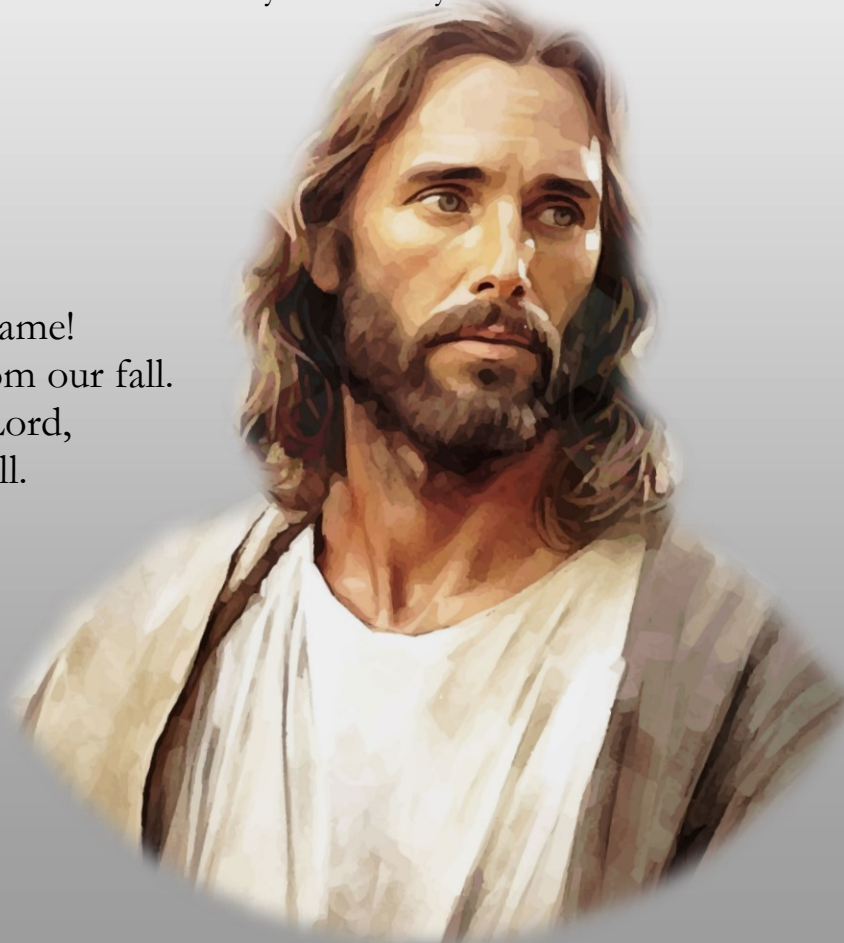
ALL HAIL HIS HOLY NAME

Our Lord incarnate came to earth,
A matchless condescension.
Through His supernal sacrifice,
He offers us salvation.
He calls us friends and marks the Way,
So we can see eternity.
All hail His holy name!
All hail His purity!

He was the one called Jesus Christ.
The one named king of Jews.
The one they beat and spat upon,
Because He brought Good News.
The one who sweat great drops of blood.
Alone, the winepress He did tread.
The one who was betrayed.
“Crucify Him!” they said.

Our Lord of lords has ransomed us,
Freed us from chains of sin.
He bore the sorrow and the pain
That we have felt within.
And what then has He asked of us
So that our joy be brim?
We'll fill our hearts with charity
And offer our whole souls to Him.

All hail His holy name!
He redeems us from our fall.
Jesus Christ, our Lord,
The Savior of us all.



BECOME A ZION PEOPLE

The coming of the Savior
We are called to usher in.
To become a Zion people,
And then be one with Him.
Our Master will soon come.
That day is set apart.
We need to be prepared
And purify our hearts.

God seeks for sons and daughters
Who are eager to repent.
They check their thoughts and actions,
Their contrite souls present.
They recognize His word.
Obey what He imparts.
They strive to be prepared
And purify their hearts.

We solemnly resolve, then,
To commit our lives to Him.
Be the Zion of our Savior
And purge ourselves from sin.
We beg from Him His grace,
That we can do our part.
So we will be prepared
And offer Him our hearts.

DEATH AND BIRTH

The time will come
When eyes becloud the now.
A gauzy drape
To close this mortal tour.
And spirits rise
Above their body's prow
To join with those passed on.
A sacred hour.
For them, a light surrounds
That lusters bright.
For us left here,
The day may turn to night.

But faith will not
Let us remain in dark.
The Lord's revealed our own
Unending way.
From His eternal presence
We embark,
To come to earth.
A temporary stay.
When we left Him,
Our spirits met with death.
As we return, a spiritual rebirth.

And death and birth are gates
That we step through.
Not just to be with Him,
But as He is.
If in our journey
Through this life we prove,
Our soul's desire
Is doing all He says.
For Jesus Christ,
The Savior of us all,
Through sacrifice
Redeems us from our fall.

While here we muse
The parting of a friend,
Our own life's struggles
May come into view.
And we resolve
To have a blessed end
Through keeping covenants
We will renew.
Our hearts are filled
With gratitude this day.
The Father's plan
Gives purpose to our way.

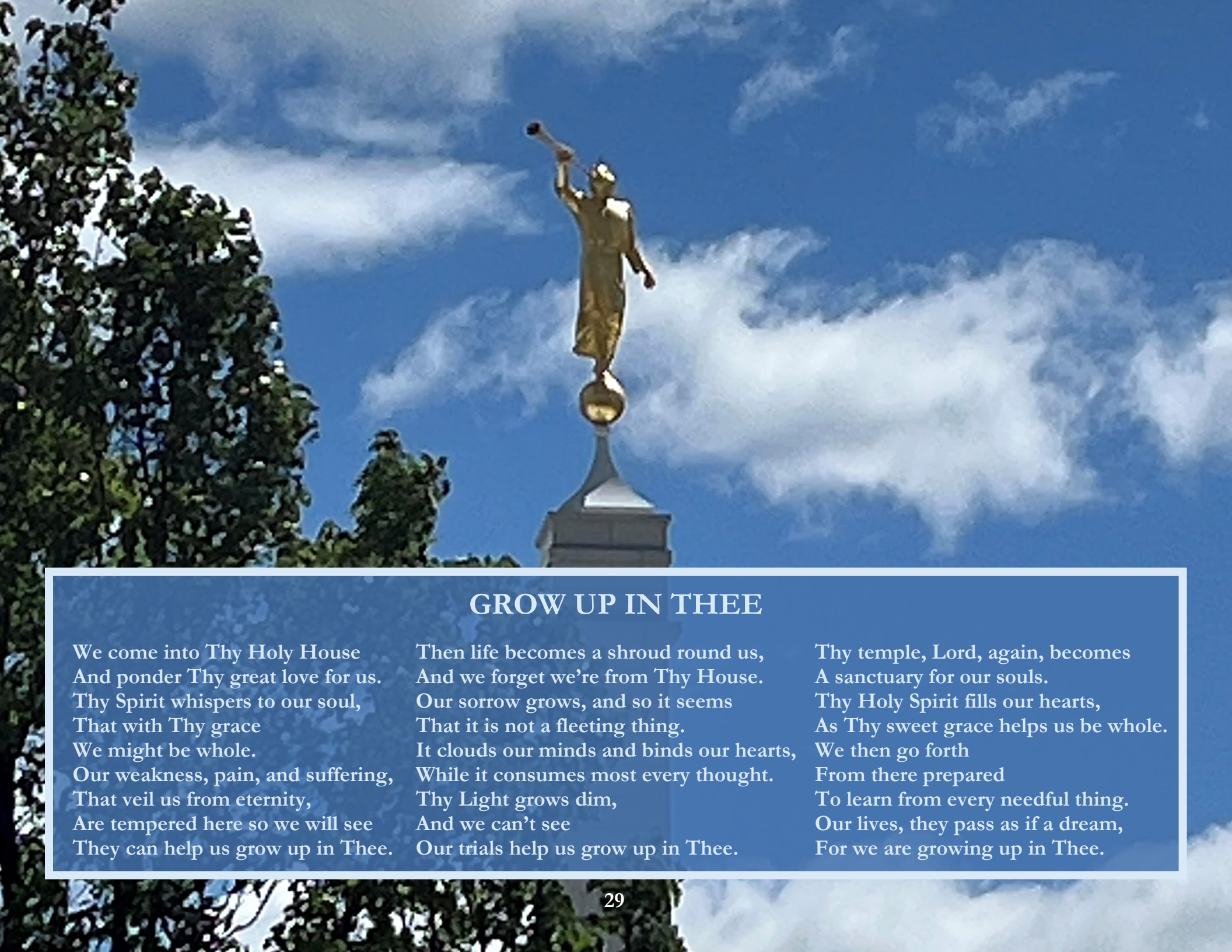


GRACE FOR GRACE

Fulness was not Christ's at first.
Not until His cup was brim.
Chosen Savior of us all,
Grace for grace was given Him.
He has promised we receive
His full grace as we impart,
Our gifts of talents, time, and means,
And grant to Him our hearts.

Sacrificing of our time,
Serving both sides of the veil,
Helps the living and the dead
Gather on the covenant trail.
When we do for them, by grace,
That which aids them to progress,
We, too, receive from Christ His grace,
His alms of love to bless.

His grace comes full around,
If that's how we choose to live.
Not to focus on our wants
But on what we seek to give.
He will open up our eyes,
And His peace with us abide.
His grace for our grace He'll supply,
And mercy He'll provide.



GROW UP IN THEE

We come into Thy Holy House
And ponder Thy great love for us.
Thy Spirit whispers to our soul,
That with Thy grace
We might be whole.
Our weakness, pain, and suffering,
That veil us from eternity,
Are tempered here so we will see
They can help us grow up in Thee.

Then life becomes a shroud round us,
And we forget we're from Thy House.
Our sorrow grows, and so it seems
That it is not a fleeting thing.
It clouds our minds and binds our hearts,
While it consumes most every thought.
Thy Light grows dim,
And we can't see
Our trials help us grow up in Thee.

Thy temple, Lord, again, becomes
A sanctuary for our souls.
Thy Holy Spirit fills our hearts,
As Thy sweet grace helps us be whole.
We then go forth
From there prepared
To learn from every needful thing.
Our lives, they pass as if a dream,
For we are growing up in Thee.

LEGACY

The pioneers, in former times,
Through gospel Light chose to endure.
They bore their hardships with resolve,
A witness that their faith was sure.
With trust they walked, an unknown way,
Those weary steps for us, today.

They learned to face their trials with hope
And saw in them the path to Christ.
They found through their experience,
We come to Him through sacrifice.
Their pain and anguish let them see!
They gave to us that legacy.

They focused lives upon the Son
Who lifted them when all would fail.
His love a balm as their hope waned,
When darkness settled like a veil.
Their covenant path had set them free.
That wisdom is their legacy.

Their priceless gift they've proffered us,
So we can meekly follow them
By seeking for the Savior's grace
and offering our souls to Him.
Then as we live this legacy,
We bless our own posterity.



WHEN WE PARTAKE

When we partake the broken bread,
The emblem of His ransomed flesh,
The covenants we have made with Thee,
We will, today, renew afresh.

As we the sacred water sip,
A type of His redeeming blood,
We pray Thy Spirit always be
In us a Light, a stilling flood.

Father, we offer all we have.
A broken heart, a contrite soul.
Of Thee, we beg forgiveness now,
That through Thy grace we might be whole.

Help us, dear Father, to obey,
And remember Christ eternally.
Engrave His name upon our hearts,
That we be one with Him and Thee.

A MIRACLE FROM GOD

The sacred Book of Mormon is
A miracle from God.
He sent it by Moroni
To be my iron rod.

The Spirit whispers to my heart,
With every page I read,
That Jesus is my Savior
And has great love for me.

The Book of Mormon helps me know
That through my Savior's grace,
I can be pure like He is,
So I will see His face.

I love the Book of Mormon.
I'll read it every day.
Then I'll remember I'm God's child,
And on His path I'll stay.



CHARITY

I want to love like Jesus loves.
To possess His charity.
But if this is to be mine,
My pure love for Him must be.
That means my thoughts
Are on Him.
And I'll help each one I see.
I will then pray with all my heart
That His love will be in me.
I know that I'm a young child,
But can have His charity,
If I will always follow Him
And love Him with purity.





COME AND FOLLOW ME

I love to read the scriptures
With my family.
For Jesus Christ has said,
“Come, and follow Me.”

That is how I learn His Gospel
And His love for me.
He wants me to be with Him
For eternity.

So when we meet together,
As a family,
We’re doing what our Savior asks:
“Come, and follow Me.”

DO BETTER

Jesus has asked me to change myself,
Keep from the world of sin.
To think good thoughts, do good things,
Becoming more like Him.

The Savior wants me to be with Him.
That's where I want to be.
So I'll repent and always try,
And that will keep me free.

I will do better, be better,
Change a bit each day.
And Jesus will always help me,
As I try hard to obey.



GATHERING

**Gathering God's children,
Wherever they may be,
Is His great work on the earth,
And He needs help from me.**

**His children all are scattered
On both sides of the veil.
He wants to bring them all back home
On His covenant trail.**

**Now I know my mission.
It's what the prophet said.
I will sacrifice my time
For the living and the dead.**

**Heavenly Father show me
All that I can do
To help bring Your children back,
Back home again to You.
To bring your children home again to You.**



GOD'S FAMILY

God made His sons and daughters
In every shade and color;
So the world would then be diverse,
And we'd learn to love each other.

Each one is like the other
No matter our complexion.
For we are His family
Who are seeking His perfection.

He wants us to always see
That we are His children.
And together, we can live,
Now and ever lovingly.

I WILL REMEMBER

I know I am a child of God,
But sometimes I forget
And do things I would never do
If I remembered that.
Sometimes it feels like I'm alone,
Like no one cares for me.
Then I remember I 'm God's child,
And that He loves me.

Heavenly Father, help me
To remember who I am.
So I will always act Thy loving child,
No matter where or when.
I'll read the Book of Mormon,
And I will pray to Thee.
Then I'll remember I'm Your child,
And that You love me.





I'M GLAD

I'm glad I'm a boy!
That's who I want to be.
If the world didn't have boys,
There would be no family.
To become a husband and father
Is Heavenly Father's plan for me.
He's promised that will bring me joy,
So that's what I will be.

We need to work together,
Each one in our own role.
No one is most important,
It takes both to make a whole.
So we'll prepare while we are young
By learning kind behavior.
We'll seek to love in righteousness
And follow our dear Savior.

I'm glad I'm a girl!
That's who I want to be.
If the world didn't have girls
There would be no family.
To become a wife and mother
Is Heavenly Father's plan for me.
He's promised that will bring me joy,
So that's what I will be.

THE TEMPLE DOORS

Each time I see the temple doors,
I think, “What’s on the other side?”
I feel the Spirit when I’m close,
But I can’t wait ‘til I’m inside!
In there, they’re all in white.
It reminds them to be pure.
And there they help their ancestors
Be together for evermore.
When I am old enough to go,
That’s when my bishop meets with me.
He teaches me of blessings there,
Makes certain I will worthy be.
He’ll give to me a recommend,
So I can enter in
The holy temple of the Lord.
There to be with God again.

So I’ll prepare myself to go.
For that is where I want to be.
I’ll make covenants with the Lord.
And He’ll make promises to me.

YOUTH BATTALION OF THE LORD

The prophet has invited me
To carry forth the Savior's Word.
To stand with Jesus and to join
The youth battalion of the Lord.
I'll be a faithful soldier serving Him,
And I will battle for His truth.
I'll help to gather Israel,
Although I'm only in my youth.

I need to keep myself prepared.
I'll read the scriptures, and I'll pray.
I'll sacrifice my time for Him,
And from His path I'll never stray.
I am of the hope of Israel,
And I'm called to serve
With fervor in His cause.
He has enlisted me into
The greatest work that ever was

I will act and dress,
I'll think and speak,
As a disciple of the Lord.
For the Savior is my Captain,
And His Word will
Always be my sword.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Images are from personal family pictures, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Media Library, FreePik.com, and my landscape photographs.

Jackie Frost Halversen wrote the music for the hymns and children's songs.