

Friends by Mail

Grateful for Primary Songs



Last year my family moved from Utah to Oklahoma. On our first Sunday at church, I didn't know anyone, and everything seemed strange. Even the building seemed strange

because we met in the public library while a chapel was being built. At first I felt scared and out of place in Primary. I wondered if I'd ever belong. Then a good thing happened. Primary started with a song I had often sung in my old Primary. I felt a happy feeling inside, and I didn't feel strange or different anymore. I sang the familiar words louder than usual. Some things might be different, but the songs were the same. They gave me comfort and helped me feel at home. I am grateful for Primary songs.

Preston C., age 11, Oklahoma

Never Alone



When I started preschool I cried because I missed my mommy and daddy and my little brother, Ashton. When my mommy picked me up for lunch, she saw that I had been crying. She told me it was OK to feel sad and

that when I felt alone or sad I could pray to Heavenly Father. The next day we said a prayer in the car before I went in. That helped me feel better. But right before lunch I really missed my family and started crying again. I remembered what Mommy had told me and said a prayer in my head. I felt better and stopped crying. I know that Heavenly Father is always with me and that I am never alone.

Katlyn Marie E., age 4, California



Sacrament Bread

One of my Faith in God goals is to learn more about the sacrament. So I asked my bishop if I could make the bread for the sacrament. He said it sounded like a wonderful idea.

I learned to make bread, and I made the sacrament bread each week for five weeks. As I made the bread, I felt Jesus's love for me. I felt different about the sacrament.

I was more reverent in sacrament meeting, and I realized that the bread

is just bread before it is blessed. But after it is blessed by the priesthood, it becomes the sacrament.

I could feel the Spirit telling me that Jesus really died for me and that He loves me. I am glad that we can partake of the sacrament each week and remember Jesus and the promises we have made.

Nikelle Susan L., age 10, Utah

