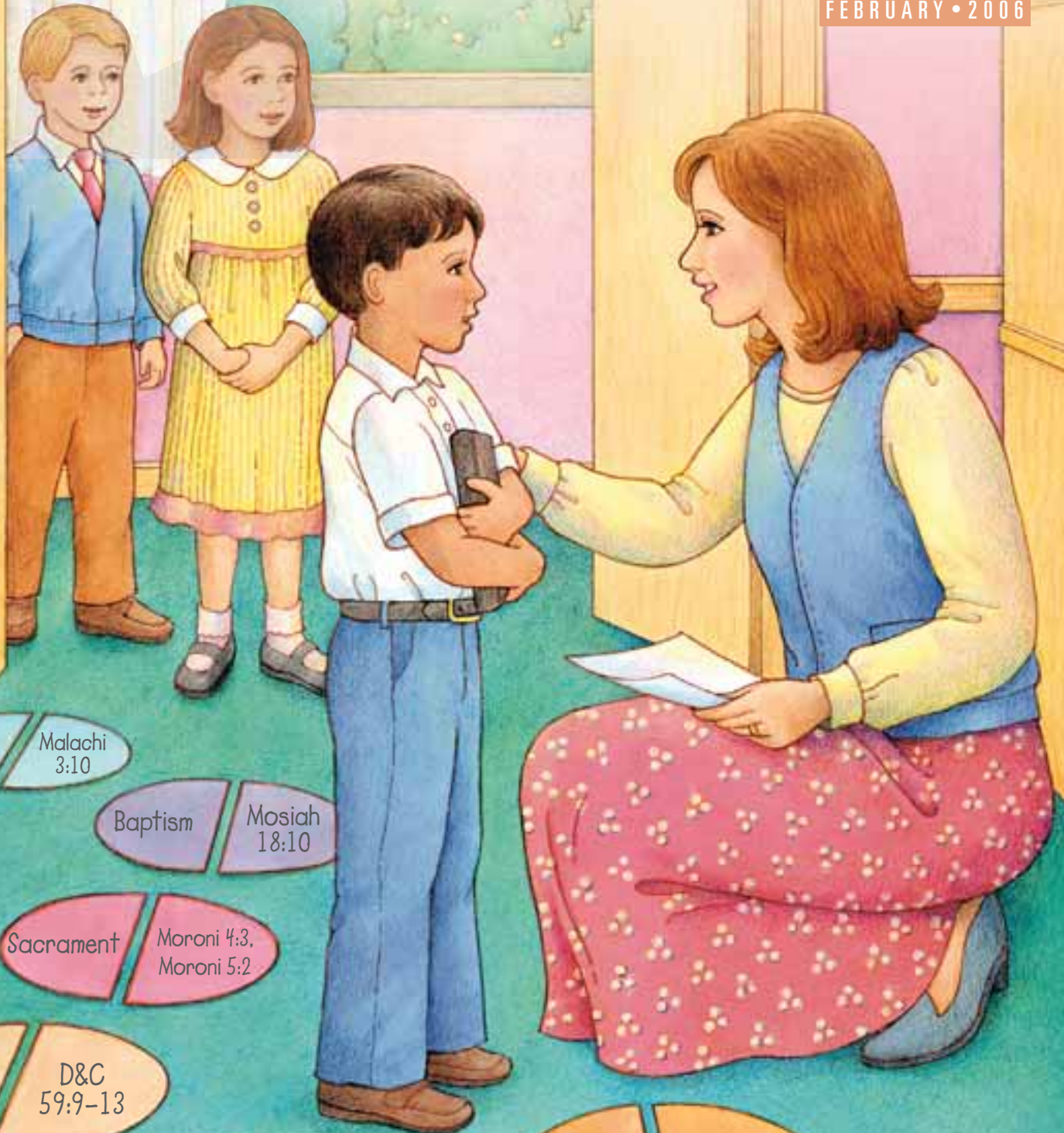


the friend

FEBRUARY • 2006



Tithing Malachi 3:10

Baptism Mosiah 18:10

Sacrament Moroni 4:3, Moroni 5:2

Sabbath Day D&C 59:9-13

Word of Wisdom D&C 89:5-21

Temple Marriage D&C 131:2

Friends by Mail

Blessing of Comfort



One day I went to the dentist because I had a toothache. The dentist said I needed a root canal. I was half scared to get it, but half excited too, because I wanted the pain to go away. I told my mom I wanted a priesthood blessing so I would feel comforted. My dad was out of town so I asked if my two uncles could give me a blessing. The night before I had to go back to the dentist, they came over and gave me a blessing. After they left I told my mom, "I feel comforted already." The next day I felt really comfortable during the root canal. I'm glad that the Holy Ghost inspired me to ask for a blessing.

Madeline Anne G., age 8
Utah

Prayer in a Fort



My sister, Ashton, and I often make forts in our parents' garage. We like to stock our fort with blankets, books, and toys. I always bring the *Friend*. One day while playing in our fort, I couldn't find my *Friend*. I looked for a really long time and finally got down on my knees and prayed to Heavenly Father to help me. When I finished my prayer, I found the *Friend* in the first place I looked. I got back on my knees and said a prayer of thanks to Heavenly Father for helping me. I know that He always listens to our prayers.

Peyton F., age 6, with help from her mom
Arizona

More Temple Cards

Our mom made temple cards from the temple pictures in the *Friend*. On one side she glued the picture and on the other side the name of the temple and the date it was dedicated. We use these cards on some Sundays when we need a quiet Sabbath day activity. Sometimes we play games with the cards. We arrange them in order or sort them in

different ways. During the last general conference, we were arranging the temple cards while we watched President Hinckley on TV. He was talking about all the new temples that are being built. Will you please make more temple cards so we can add them to our collection?

Jessica and Derek C., ages 8 and 5,
with help from their mom
Colorado



Each time nine new temples have been dedicated, we will publish another page of temple cards. The temple cards were published monthly in 2002, with an additional page in April 2005. They are available on the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.

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Cover by Beth M. Whittaker

See Sharing Time on page 14 for "steps" to following
Heavenly Father's plan.

the **friend**

A children's magazine published by
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



HIDDEN CTR RING

As you look for the
CTR ring hidden in
this issue, think of
how happy you feel
when you choose the right.





The Lighthouse

BY PRESIDENT THOMAS S. MONSON
First Counselor in the First Presidency



President Monson teaches that we have access to the lighthouse of the Lord.

Young people, you live in tumultuous times. You have choices to make—choices with eternal consequences. But you are not left unaided in your decisions, however small or however large they may be.

It has been said that history turns on small hinges, and so do people's lives. That is why it is worthwhile to look ahead, to set a course, to be ready when the moment of decision comes.

I ask the question, "What will be your faith?" Decide to ever follow the admonition of King Benjamin: "If you believe all these things see that ye do them" (Mosiah 4:10).

In this life, where we have opportunities to strive and to achieve, I bear witness that on occasion we need to make a second effort—and a third effort, and a fourth effort, and as many degrees of effort as may be required to accomplish what we strive to achieve.

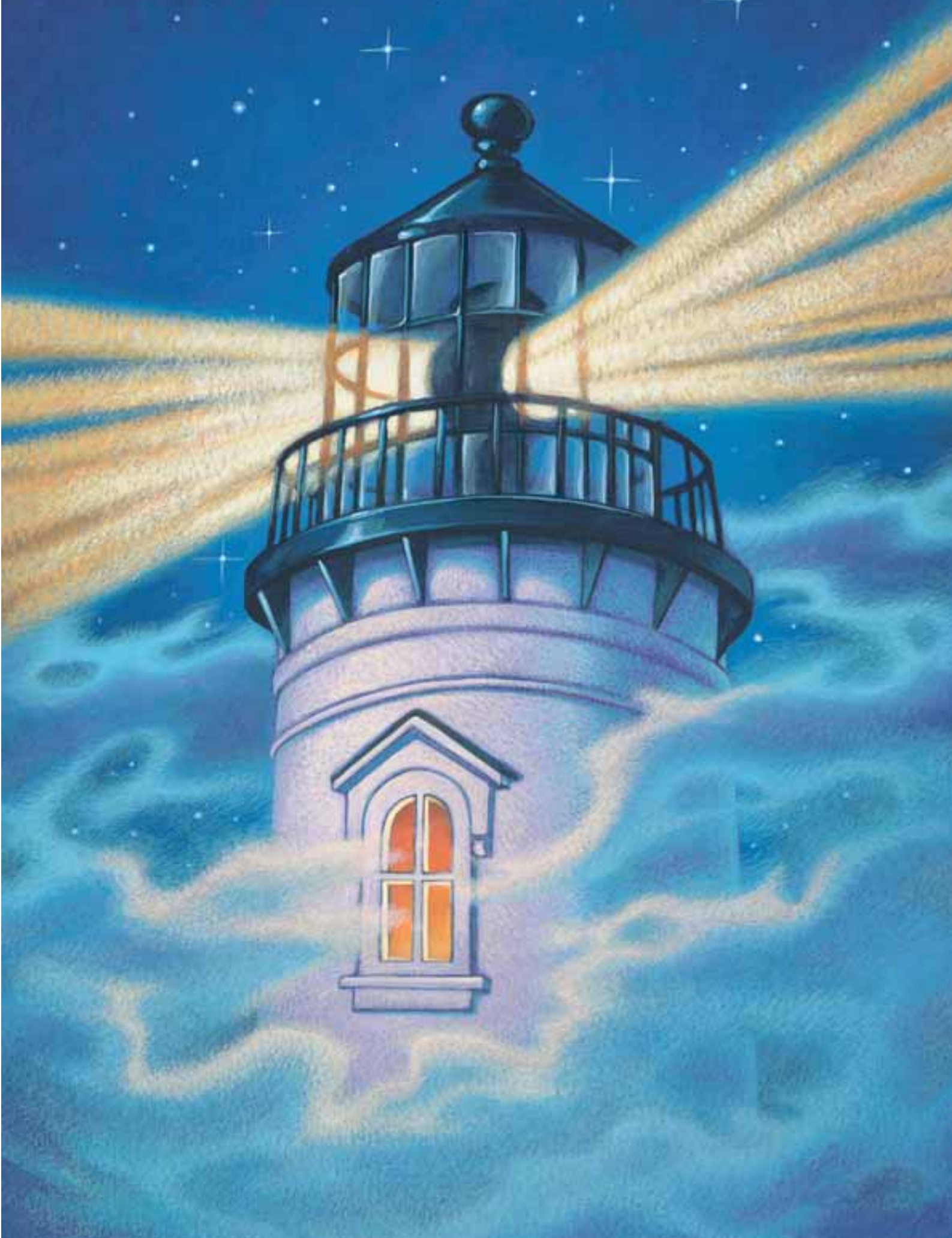
Should you become discouraged, remember that others have passed this

same way; they have endured and then have achieved. When we have done all that we are able to do, we can then rely on God's promised help.

You have access to the lighthouse of the Lord. There is no fog so dense, no night so dark, no mariner so lost, no gale so strong as to render useless the lighthouse of the Lord. It beckons through the storms of life. It seems to call to you and me: "This way to safety; this way to home."

If you want to see the light of heaven, if you want to feel the inspiration of Almighty God, if you want to have that feeling within your bosom that your Heavenly Father is guiding you to the left or guiding you to the right, instructions from this passage of scripture will help you: "Stand ye in holy places, and be not moved" (D&C 87:8), and then the Spirit of our Heavenly Father will be yours. ●

From a Church Educational System satellite broadcast address given on September 7, 2003, in Salt Lake City, Utah.



Counting

BY KAY TIMPSON

(Based on a true story)

These days should be remembered (Esther 9:28).

He doesn't remember me," Jeremy sobbed, burying his face in a pillow. "How could Grandpa forget *me*?"

Mom sat down beside him. "Remember the doctor told us that because of Grandpa's illness his memories will come and go. Later, he may not remember much at all."

Jeremy sniffed. "I just didn't think he'd forget me."

"He hasn't forgotten you in his heart," Mom said. "This life is a short time. Our family will be together for eternity, and then Grandpa will remember everything."

Jeremy went to his room and tried to read a book, but he couldn't concentrate. All he could think about was how to help Grandpa. Suddenly, a picture on his desk caught his eye—a picture of him and Grandpa on a fishing trip. "That was the most exciting thing we ever did together," he thought. Then it hit him. "Pictures," he murmured. "Of course!"

Grabbing the picture, he raced downstairs, skidded around the corner, and headed to Grandpa's room. He knocked quietly just in case Grandpa was sleeping.

"Yes?" Grandpa called out.

"It's me, Jeremy. May I come in?"

"Sure."

With the photo in his hand, Jeremy stepped through the door. "Remember this, Grandpa?"

Grandpa adjusted his glasses. "You bet I do! That's my favorite fishing spot. I've been going there since I was a boy."

Jeremy fought back the tears. Grandpa remembered the fishing spot, but not him.

"You took me fishing there," Jeremy said. "We fished all day. I got my nose sunburned and you fell in the stream trying to net my fish! Then we made a fire and cooked the fish for dinner. Remember, Grandpa?"

"Well, I can't recall," Grandpa admitted. "Let's have another look. Hmm, is that my old truck? I bought that when my son was about your age. The boy in this picture looks a lot like my son."

"The boy in the picture is me, Jeremy—your grandson. Your son is my dad, and we look a lot alike."

"Oh, now I remember," Grandpa said, looking hard at Jeremy. "We went there for your birthday, didn't we? We had a great time, as I recall. Say," Grandpa said slowly, "didn't we lie on the ground at night and count stars?"

STARS

“Yes!” Jeremy squealed. “We counted as far as I could. You said that no matter how old I got, I’d never be able to number all the stars that Jesus scattered in the heavens. You said stars were to help boys like me learn how to count.”





“Maybe so. That was a great fishing trip. We should do it again sometime.” Grandpa’s head began nodding and Jeremy knew he needed a nap, so he patted him on the hand and quietly slipped through the door.

“Mom!” Jeremy yelled as he burst into the kitchen. “He remembered!”

“Who?” Mom questioned.

“Grandpa. He remembered me and the fishing trip we took. He actually remembered counting stars! I even forgot that. And now I know how to help him remember lots of things.”

Running back to his room, he pulled a shoebox from the closet and dumped the contents on his bed. All afternoon Jeremy worked. He cut. He pasted. He wrote. Finally he was finished. He took his project to Grandpa’s room.

“I made a book for us, Grandpa. I want us to remember all the great things our family has done together, so I got all my photos and I put them in this notebook. It’s like our own family picture book!”

“Family picture book?” Grandpa asked, opening to the first page. “Well, well!” he murmured. “This is my son, James, and his wife. James is my oldest son, you know.” Squinting his eyes and holding the book close,

Grandpa murmured, “The writing under the picture says ‘James, Carolyn, and Jeremy.’ ”

“I know, Grandpa. They are my parents. See the baby James is holding? That’s me, Jeremy. This picture was taken the day I was born. And look at this one, Grandpa,” Jeremy said, turning the page. “That’s you holding me. I was eating the cake Mom made for my first birthday.”

“My, my,” Grandpa said. “It’s all over both of us!”

“See this one, Grandpa? That’s all of us at the lake one summer. We camped for a whole week.”

Page after page of pictures told the story of the family’s life together. Grandpa remembered some, and Jeremy described the others. When Jeremy got up to leave, Grandpa took his arm.

“Come back soon, Jeremy. I’d love to see that book again.”

Jeremy looked down at Grandpa and saw tears in his eyes. “I’ll be back later, Grandpa. I’ll show you some more. I love you and I’m so glad you’re my grandpa.” He bent down and gave Grandpa a hug.

“I love you too, Jeremy. You’re the best grandson in the whole family!” he said with the old twinkle in his eyes.

“Grandpa! I’m the only grandson in the whole family!”

“Yup. And you’re the only one I ever counted stars with!” ●



“Each of us makes daily entries in our book of life. Occasionally we take it from the shelf and examine the entries we are making. What kind of memories will flood our minds as we examine the pages of our personal entries?”

Elder L. Tom Perry of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “Making Memories,” *Ensign*, Aug. 1993, 63.



Colors of Our World

BY SHIRLEY A. HARVEY

God chose a rainbow of colors
To make our world pretty and bright—
A lovely blue hue for the sky
With clouds like big blankets of white.

Purple for faraway mountains,
Green for the grass and the trees,
Brown for big puddles of mud,
Black and yellow for bumblebees.

Gold for the sun that warms us,
Silver for raindrops and ice,
Red for cardinals and roses,
Gray for soft, scurrying mice.

These heavenly colors together
Bring beauty for all eyes to see—
Each one a loving creation,
Especially for you and for me.

Seeking Him in Prayer



From an interview with Elder D. Todd Christofferson of the Presidency of the Seventy; by Marissa A. Widdison

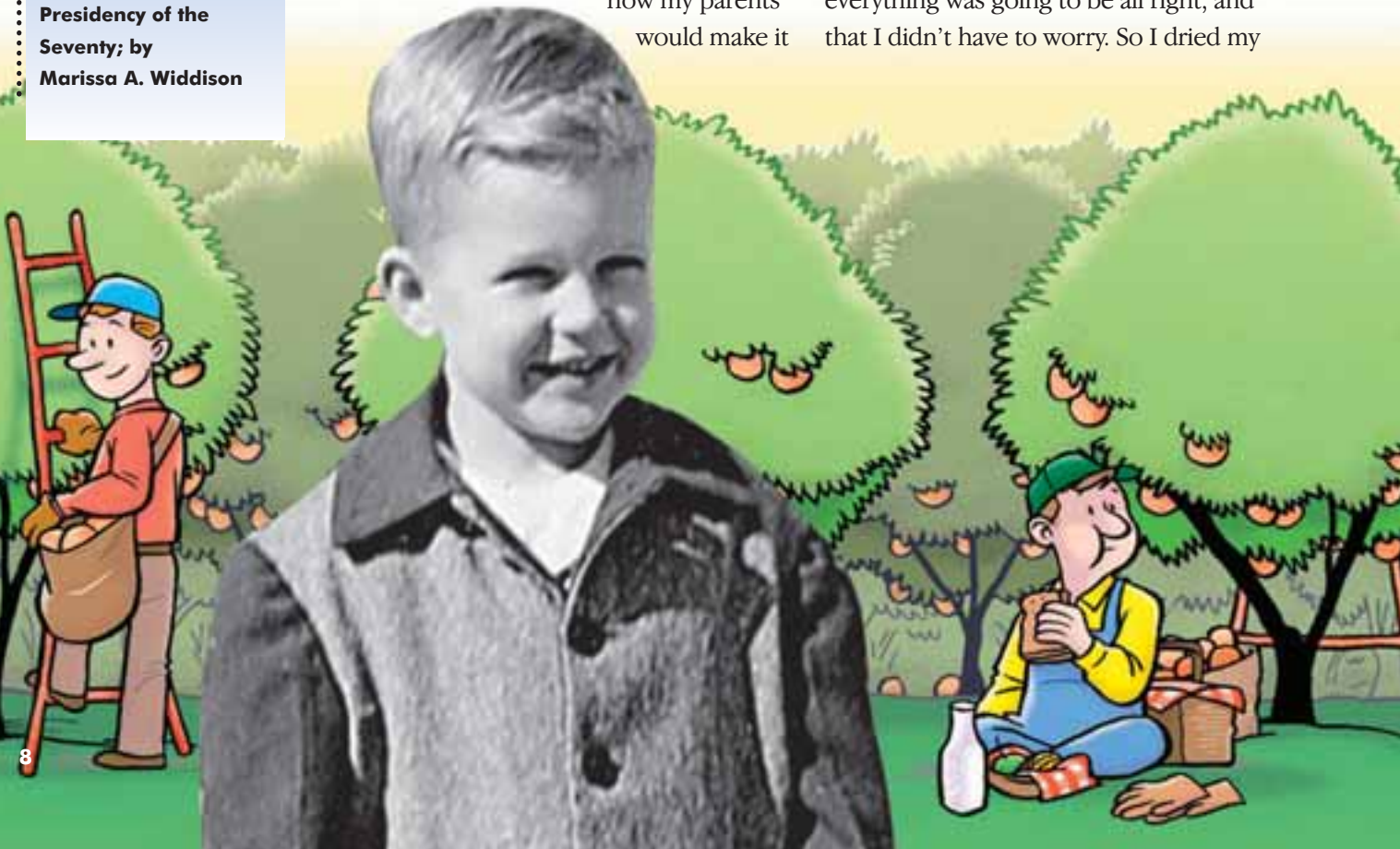
I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you (John 14:18).

As a child, one of my neighbors owned a large orchard, and my summer job was picking pears and peaches. I would ride my bike over there early in the morning and pick all day. One day, I knew by lunchtime that I had picked fewer bushels than usual, and I thought something really bad would happen to me because I was behind. So I hurried home on my bike for lunch, hoping that some-

how my parents would make it

right. I was in tears on the way. I remember thinking, “Oh, no, what a terrible thing! What’s going to happen?”

But when I arrived home, nobody was there. The whole family was gone to one place or another. I thought the world was going to come to an end! I had nowhere else to turn, so I knelt down to pray. I asked Heavenly Father to somehow save me from whatever was going to happen. Right away I felt a very sweet inner peace. I knew that everything was going to be all right, and that I didn’t have to worry. So I dried my



Elder Christofferson (r) with Elder Robert Cook (l) and new member of the Church in Villa Maria Branch, Cordoba, Argentina, 1966



tears, had lunch, and went back to work. And, indeed, the world did not end—everything was all right. That experience taught me that the Lord is willing to hear my prayers. When problems are important to me, He notices. He will help us when we have trials, even if they seem unimportant to other people.

This faith in prayer started with the teachings of my parents and leaders. When I was a deacon, our bishop told the young people of the ward, “Don’t ever stop praying and pleading with the Lord daily until you receive a witness burned into your heart.” I can’t remember his name, but I remember that challenge.

Later, as a teenager, I visited the Sacred Grove. It was a beautiful summer evening and a quiet setting. It seemed to be the perfect occasion. I prayed for some sort of confirmation of what I believed. I prayed very sincerely for a very long time and nothing happened. Disappointed, I gave up and walked back to the town of Palmyra where I was staying. I asked myself, “What did I

do wrong?”

The spiritual confirmation I was searching for came a month or two later when I was at home. I was reading the Book of Mormon by myself, and I was overcome with a very powerful spiritual witness of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon and the calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith—basically, the kind of witness I was hoping to receive in the Sacred Grove.

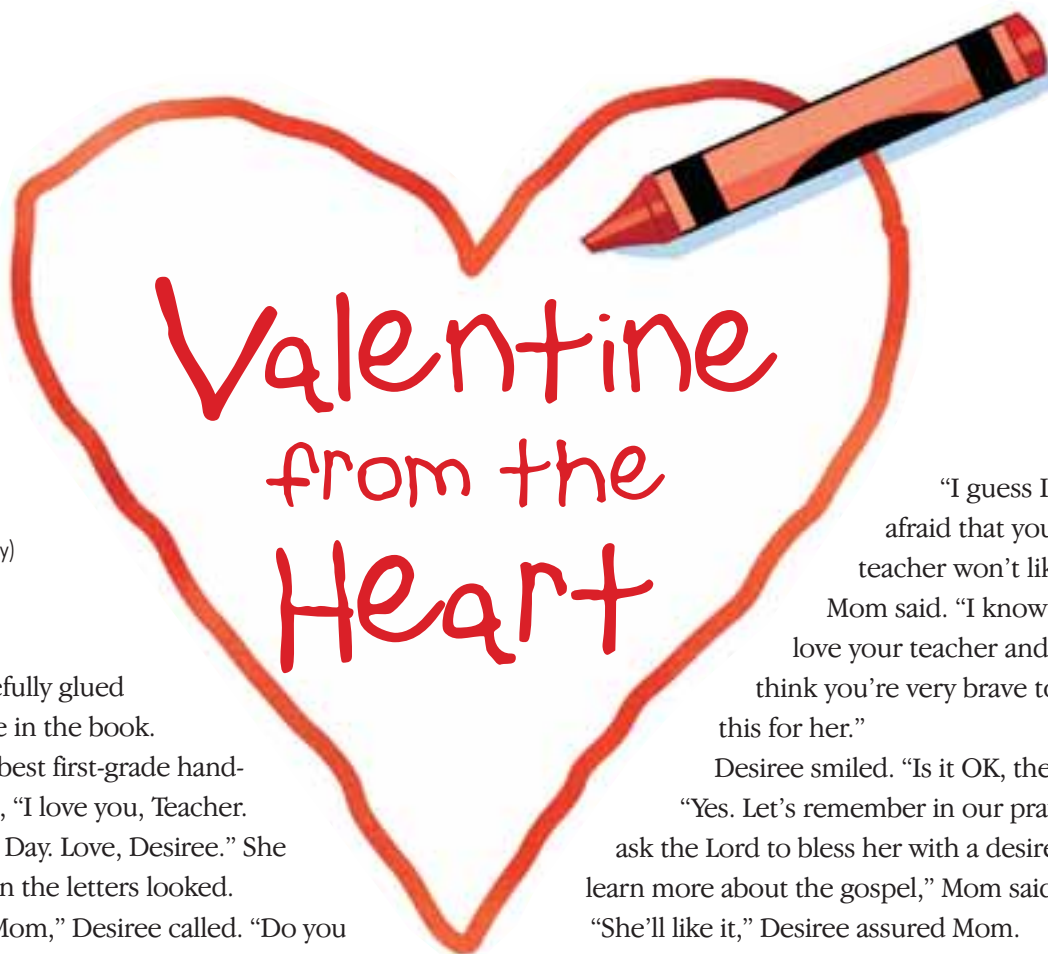
I’m glad the Lord didn’t respond when I was praying in the Sacred Grove because it taught me that you don’t have to be in any special place to receive a witness. I was at home, in my bedroom, and the Lord found me there.

We don’t have to travel to Palmyra to find out if Joseph Smith was a prophet. We don’t have to go to Jerusalem to know that Jesus is the Savior, the Son of God. Heavenly Father knows us, and He will find us wherever we are. It is comforting to know that wherever we may be, He will speak to us if we seek Him in prayer. ●

Left: At age 4. Below: Elder Christofferson with his wife and family







BY PATRICIA R. JONES

(Based on a true story)

Feed my sheep

(John 21:17).

Desiree carefully glued her picture in the book. Using her best first-grade handwriting, she wrote, “I love you, Teacher. Happy Valentine’s Day. Love, Desiree.” She smiled at how even the letters looked.

“I’ve finished, Mom,” Desiree called. “Do you want to see it?”

Desiree’s mother lifted baby Micah from his high chair and came to the table where Desiree was working.

“How do you like it?” Desiree asked. Her smile showed the gap where her two front teeth would soon grow in.

Mom ran her fingers over the words as she silently read them. She looked at Desiree. “Well, you’ve done a nice job, but . . .” She looked at the book Desiree had glued her picture in—the Book of Mormon.

Desiree became worried that she might have done something wrong. “Mom, you told me that my teacher isn’t a member of our church. The prophet said we’re supposed to tell people about the Church and give them the Book of Mormon, right?”

Mom sighed. “That’s right.”

“I’ve tried to show her how happy we are,” Desiree continued. “Now I want to give her a Book of Mormon. I love her. I want her to join our church.”

“I guess I’m just afraid that your teacher won’t like it,” Mom said. “I know you love your teacher and I think you’re very brave to do this for her.”

Desiree smiled. “Is it OK, then?”

“Yes. Let’s remember in our prayers to ask the Lord to bless her with a desire to learn more about the gospel,” Mom said.

“She’ll like it,” Desiree assured Mom.

On Valentine’s Day, Desiree took the Book of Mormon to school for her teacher. The teacher got valentine gifts all day long. She got chocolate hearts, flowers, pens, and cards. Desiree began to worry. Maybe she shouldn’t give the Book of Mormon to her teacher. Maybe Mom was right. Maybe her teacher wouldn’t like it.

When the bell rang for the children to get ready to go home, Desiree took the Book of Mormon out of her backpack. She walked to her teacher’s desk and gently placed the book in front of her.

“Here’s my valentine for you,” she said softly.

Her teacher put down her pencil and asked, “Well, what can this be?” She picked up the book and read, “The Book of Mormon.” She looked at Desiree with questioning eyes. “You want to give this to me for a valentine?”

Desiree opened the book to her picture and note. The teacher read the note and smiled. “Thank you,



“Because we are under covenant to be a witness, we will try to tell [others] how the gospel has brought us happiness. What they think of what we say may depend largely on how much they sense we care for them.”

Elder Henry B. Eyring of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “Witness for God,” *Ensign*, Nov. 1996, 32.

Desiree. I love you too.”

“What did your teacher say about your valentine?”

Mom asked when Desiree came home.

“She said thank you, and she loves me,” Desiree told her. “She wasn’t mad at all.”

Mom nodded. “Well, I guess we’ll know for sure when I go to see her next week.”

“Are you still afraid, Mom?” Desiree asked. “It’s OK.”

Mom smiled. “You have strong faith.”

The next week, Desiree, her mother, and baby Micah went to school for parent-teacher conferences.

When they got there, Desiree waited on the playground where her mother could see her, and played with some of the other children. Desiree wondered what her teacher and mother would talk about.

After what seemed like a long time, Mom and baby Micah came outside and Desiree ran to meet them. “What did my teacher tell you about me?” she asked.

“Your teacher

sure thinks a lot of you,” Mom said. “She told me your valentine was one of the best she’s ever received.”

“Really?” Desiree beamed. “That’s because I gave it with my heart.”

Mother looked intently at Desiree. “That’s almost exactly what your teacher said.”

Desiree smiled. “Maybe she will read it and want to be baptized.”

“You know, Desiree,” Mom said, “she might not join our church right away. But maybe someday she’ll be ready to turn the pages past your picture and start reading.”

“I hope so,” Desiree said.

“Whatever happens, I know the Lord will bless you for obeying the prophet and sharing the gospel.”

“I’ve already been blessed,” Desiree replied. “I’m not afraid to tell people the Church is true.”

Mom squeezed Desiree’s hand and smiled. “I hope you never will be.” ●



First Family

BY RICH LATTA

Look at the following groups of letters. Each group spells the name of a member of the first family on earth. Can you find out who they were? (Hint: see Genesis 4:1-2, 25.)

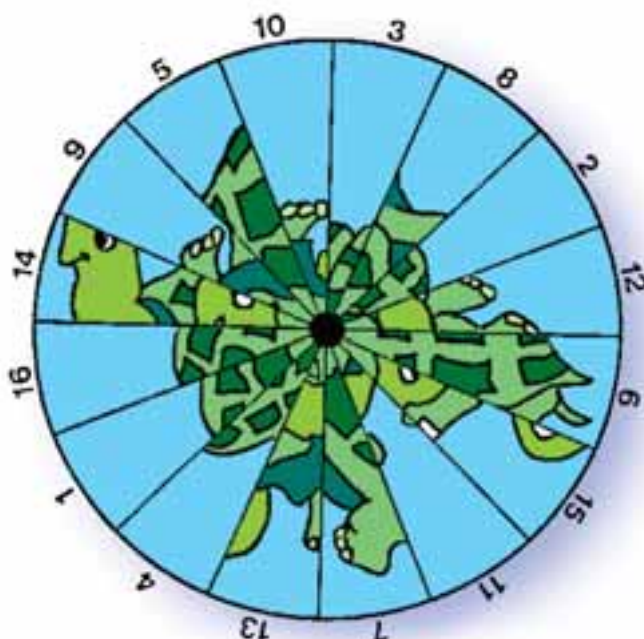
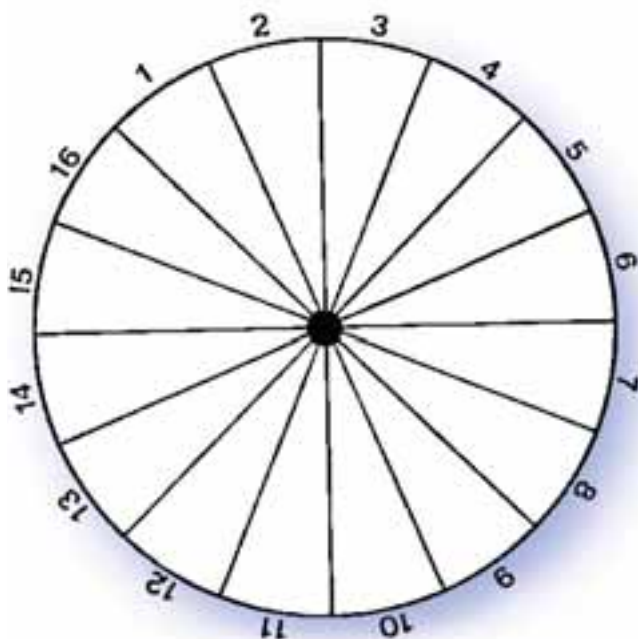


Noah's Ark Picture Puzzle



BY DONNA LUGG PAPE

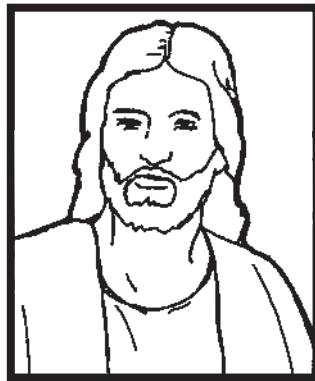
Copy the designs in each pie-wedge shape on the right onto the properly numbered blank pie-wedge shape on the left. When you are finished, you will see two animals who boarded the ark.





MY LIFE HAS A PLAN

BY LINDA MAGLEBY



And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life (1 John 2:25).



Carlos was a 10-year-old who liked to run, jump, and play. He also liked to ask lots of questions. His Primary teacher loved him. She would often say to him, "It is very important for you to learn the things we are teaching in Primary. Someday you will grow up to be a priesthood holder, a father, and a leader in the Church, and you will need to know these things." Carlos thought that his teacher was telling him that just so he would be reverent. However, he began to listen and learn. When Carlos grew up, he did receive the priesthood, he became a father, and he was called to be a leader in the Church. He remembered what his Primary teacher had said to him, and he was glad that he had listened and learned.

Heavenly Father has a plan for us. He told us about

His plan when we lived with Him before we came to earth. When we learned of His plan, we were so happy we shouted for joy! His plan includes being part of a family. He also planned that we would be able to choose between right and wrong. He planned for Jesus to come to earth and show us how to choose the right. If we have faith in Jesus and follow Him, Heavenly Father has promised us that we will be happy and live with our families, Heavenly Father, and Jesus eternally.

I Will Follow Heavenly Father's Plan for Me Poster

Color the poster on page 14; then mount it on heavy paper. Hang it up where it can remind you to follow Heavenly Father's plan for you.

Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.

Sharing Time Ideas

(Note: All songs are from *Children's Songbook* unless otherwise noted; GAK = Gospel Art Picture Kit, *TNGC* = *Teaching, No Greater Call*.)

1. Place GAK 239 (The Resurrected Jesus Christ) at the front of the Primary room. Prepare six large paper circles. Cut each circle in half. On six of the half-circles, write one covenant (tithing, baptism, sacrament, Sabbath day, Word of Wisdom, temple marriage). On each of the other half-circles, write one scripture reference that tells a way to keep a covenant (Malachi 3:10; Mosiah 18:10; Moroni 4:3; D&C 59:9–13; D&C 89:5–21; D&C 131:2). Place the half-circles in two columns on the chalkboard or bulletin board. Have the children take turns looking up one of the scriptures and reading it aloud. Then ask the group to identify the covenant it matches. Choose a child to represent all of us when we come to earth. Have the child stand at the back of the Primary room. As a match is made, connect the two halves of the circle and place it on the floor, making a pathway for the child to walk on. The path leads back to the Savior. As we make and keep our covenants, we can return to live with Him. If time permits, sing songs to reinforce each covenant.

2. Arrange well in advance for three or four adult members of the ward or branch to help in sharing time. Give each of them a copy of My Gospel Standards, and ask them to think of experiences they can share with the children, demonstrating when living the standards blessed their lives. Note which standards they plan to speak on. In sharing time post a copy of My Gospel Standards. Pick songs from the *Children's Songbook* that will give musical clues to the standards chosen. Play one musical clue for the children until they guess the appropriate gospel standard. Invite the child who guesses correctly to read the gospel standard. Invite one of the adult members to share an experience about how living that standard blessed his or her life. Occasionally have the children sing the musical clue song. Continue the game as time permits. Bear testimony of the happiness that can come as we live My Gospel Standards.

3. Explain that we lived with Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ before we came to earth. We chose Heavenly Father's plan, and we must continue to choose to follow Him here. Divide the children into four or five stations. Give each adult leader of a station a picture of a person from the scriptures. For example, use GAK 240 (Jesus the Christ), GAK 303 (Nephi Subdues His Rebellious Brothers), GAK 319 (Mormon Bids Farewell to a Once Great Nation), GAK 400 (Joseph Smith), GAK 117 (Daniel in the Lions' Den), GAK 124 (Ruth Gleaning in the Fields), GAK 314 (Samuel the Lamanite on the Wall). Tell how each person chose and followed Heavenly Father's plan.

Give each child an opportunity to pantomime one way he or she follows Heavenly Father's plan, and ask the group to guess what it is. Sing one of the suggested songs as they move from station to station: "I Am a Child of God" (pp. 2–3), "I Will Follow God's Plan" (pp. 164–65), "Keep the Commandments" (pp. 146–47), "Choose the Right Way" (pp. 160–61).

4. Use puzzles and songs to help children understand that "to help us prepare ourselves for life with Him, our Heavenly Father has organized us into families" (*Family Guidebook* [2001], 3). Give each class a picture of an animal family that has been cut into puzzle pieces. Have the class put the puzzle together. Discuss that many creatures live in families. As each class shares its puzzle, you could sing songs about that group of animals. For example, birds, "Birds in the Tree" (p. 241); insects, "I Think the World Is Glorious" (p. 230); small animals, "The World Is So Big" (p. 235); and big animals, "All Things Bright and Beautiful," refrain (p. 231).

Before Primary, cut up a picture of a family into puzzle pieces. On the reverse side, list songs about the family, such as "A Happy Family" (p. 198), "Mother Dear" (p. 206), "My Dad" (p. 211), "Grandmother" (p. 200), "When Grandpa Comes" (p. 201), and "Love Is Spoken Here" (pp. 190–91). Have the children take turns choosing a puzzle piece, singing the song with the other children, and suggesting ways to strengthen their family.

5. *Song presentation:* Teach the song "I Know My Father Lives" (p. 5) by first bearing your testimony of Heavenly Father's love for you. Then have four helpers hold the words Lives, Loves, Spirit, and True, printed on separate papers. Ask them to stand in different corners of the room (out of order) and repeat their word. Instruct the children to stand, and as they listen to you sing the phrases in the first verse, turn to face the word you're singing about, and echo the phrase. Repeat, having them sing each phrase with you as the helpers hold their signs up high. Let the children tell the helpers where to stand up front, in order, and sing the verse again. Repeat the process with the second verse using the words Sent, Faith, Spirit, and Can.

For younger children: Assign helpers a word to say rather than having them hold the printed word.

6. *Friend* references: "Heavenly Father's Plan," June 2003, 7; "I Know God's Plan," June 2003, 32–34; "Heavenly Father's Plan," June 2003, 46; "Preserving Jam (and Families)," July 2004, 4–6; "Covenants," Jan. 2003, 2–3; "Baptism," Jan. 2003, 7; "Following the Crowd," Aug. 2004, 2–3; "Appearances," Nov. 2002, 46–48. These references and others can be found at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.

GUESS WHO

1 He has one older brother and one younger brother. When they were growing up, they were the only LDS youth in their branch.

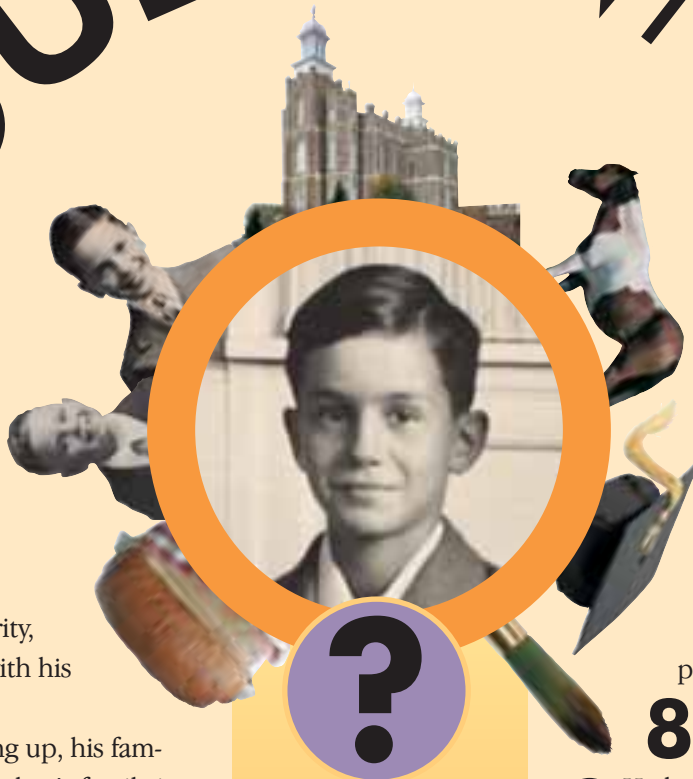
2 Even though he is a busy General Authority, he enjoys baking bread with his family.

3 When he was growing up, his family would visit his mother's family in Utah. They had picnics under the trees in an apple orchard, and he and his cousins would go swimming in a nearby canal.

4 The Church was small where he grew up in New Jersey, so the branch met in a hotel room and later in his family's house. They used their dining room table for the pulpit and the sacrament table.

5 He was 12th in seniority in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles for nine years, until October 2004 when two new Apostles were sustained.

6 At his grandparents' home in Arizona, he and his family members would ride horses, and his grandfather loved to watch them race.



Read the clues about this member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Then find the answer on page 23. The members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles are called as prophets, seers, and revelators to stand as special witnesses of Jesus Christ. They have the responsibility to testify of Him to the whole world.

7 He first saw his wife at a Church sunrise service. The next summer, in July 1962, he married Kathleen in the Logan Utah Temple. Elder Spencer W. Kimball, future President of the Church, performed the sealing.

8 He likes to paint with watercolors.

9 He has three academic degrees: one in physics and two in business administration.

10 He served as president of Ricks College (now Brigham Young University–Idaho) in Rexburg for five years.

Words of Wisdom

As a child of God, your destiny, if you work hard enough and are faithful, is to become like Him. That means that there is nothing that is true that you cannot learn, because He knows all truth (“Do What They Think You Can’t Do,” New Era, Oct. 1989, 6).



Nets Full of Fish

BY CALEB WARNOCK

(Based on a story from the author's family history)

That which thou hast prayed to me . . . I have heard
(2 Kings 19:20).

Eleven-year-old Ted was excited. Today he and Benjamin, his 14-year-old brother, were going to take their dad's fishing boat out on the ocean all by themselves.

Father worked as a fisherman, catching cod, haddock, halibut, and Dover sole. Every morning he took the family's small wooden boat and rowed into the ocean near their home on the coast of England. When he returned, Mother would take the fish to Chester Market and sell them.

But today was different. Ted's parents needed to take the family's horse and wagon into town to get supplies, and Ted had volunteered to do the fishing while their parents were gone.

"Remember, stay close to the shore," Mother said as Ted and Benjamin began to row the little boat out into the ocean. "Always stay close enough that you can see our house. We should be home about the same time you get finished."

"And be careful with the nets," Father added. "Don't lose them."

Ted knew how important the nets were. Without the nets, his family wouldn't be able to catch any fish. And then they wouldn't have any money to buy food and clothes. All the money the family had came from selling the fresh fish in the market.

After Benjamin rowed the boat a little way from the shore, Ted helped his brother put glass floats on the nets and throw them overboard. After waiting for a while, Ted and Benjamin used all their strength to pull the nets back into the boat. They removed the fish one by one until finally they had gathered and stacked all



the cod, halibut, and other fish.

“Could you start pulling up the anchor rope?” Benjamin asked Ted. “Then we’ll go back to shore.”

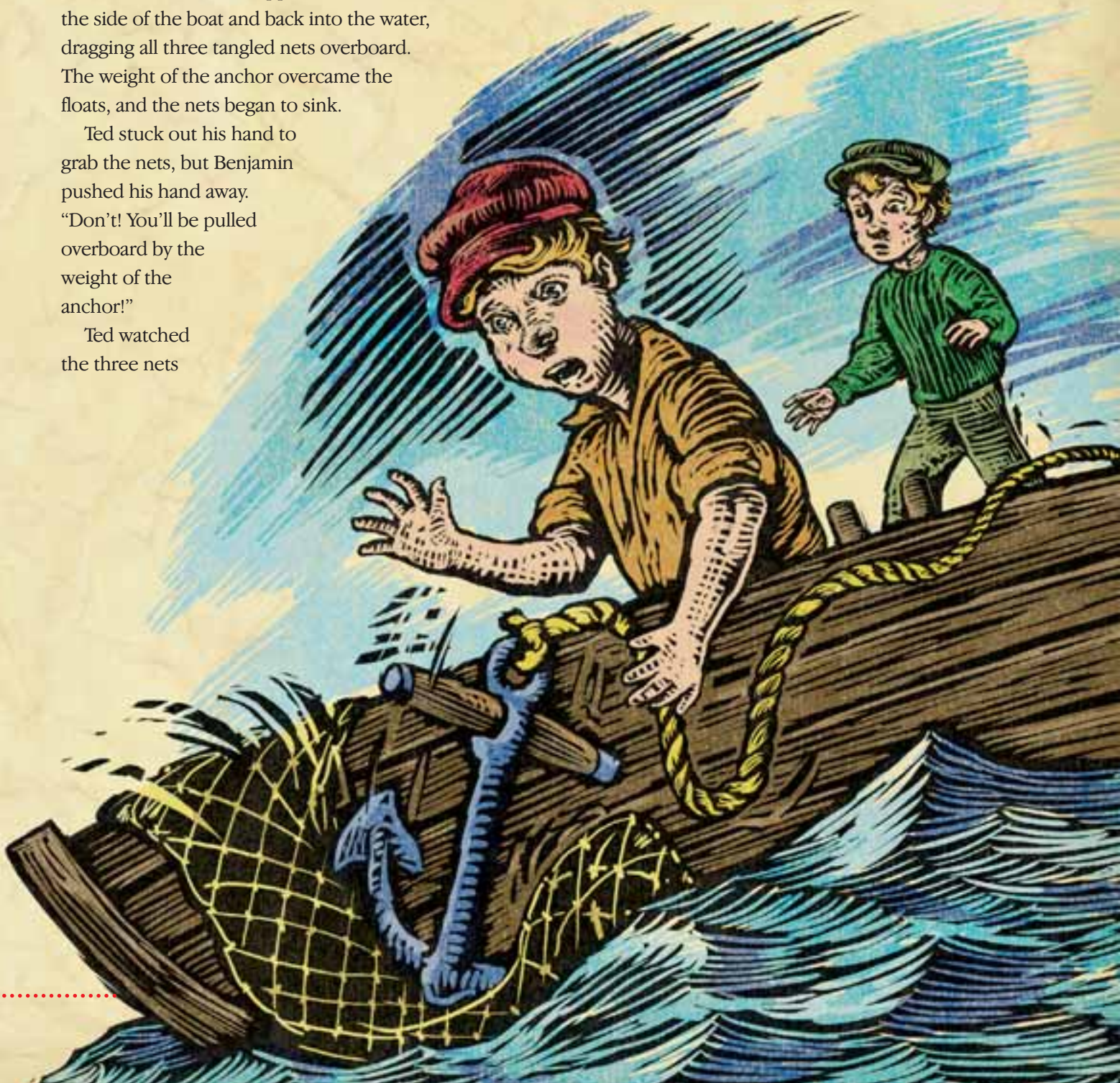
Ted pulled up on the rope until he could see the anchor in the water below him. As he lifted the heavy anchor, his wet hands slipped. The anchor skidded off the side of the boat and back into the water, dragging all three tangled nets overboard. The weight of the anchor overcame the floats, and the nets began to sink.

Ted stuck out his hand to grab the nets, but Benjamin pushed his hand away. “Don’t! You’ll be pulled overboard by the weight of the anchor!”

Ted watched the three nets

and the anchor disappear beneath the dark ocean water. There was nothing he could do to stop them.

When the anchor reached the end of the rope, Ted and Benjamin began pulling the rope back into the



boat. But when the anchor finally came back to the surface, the nets were gone.

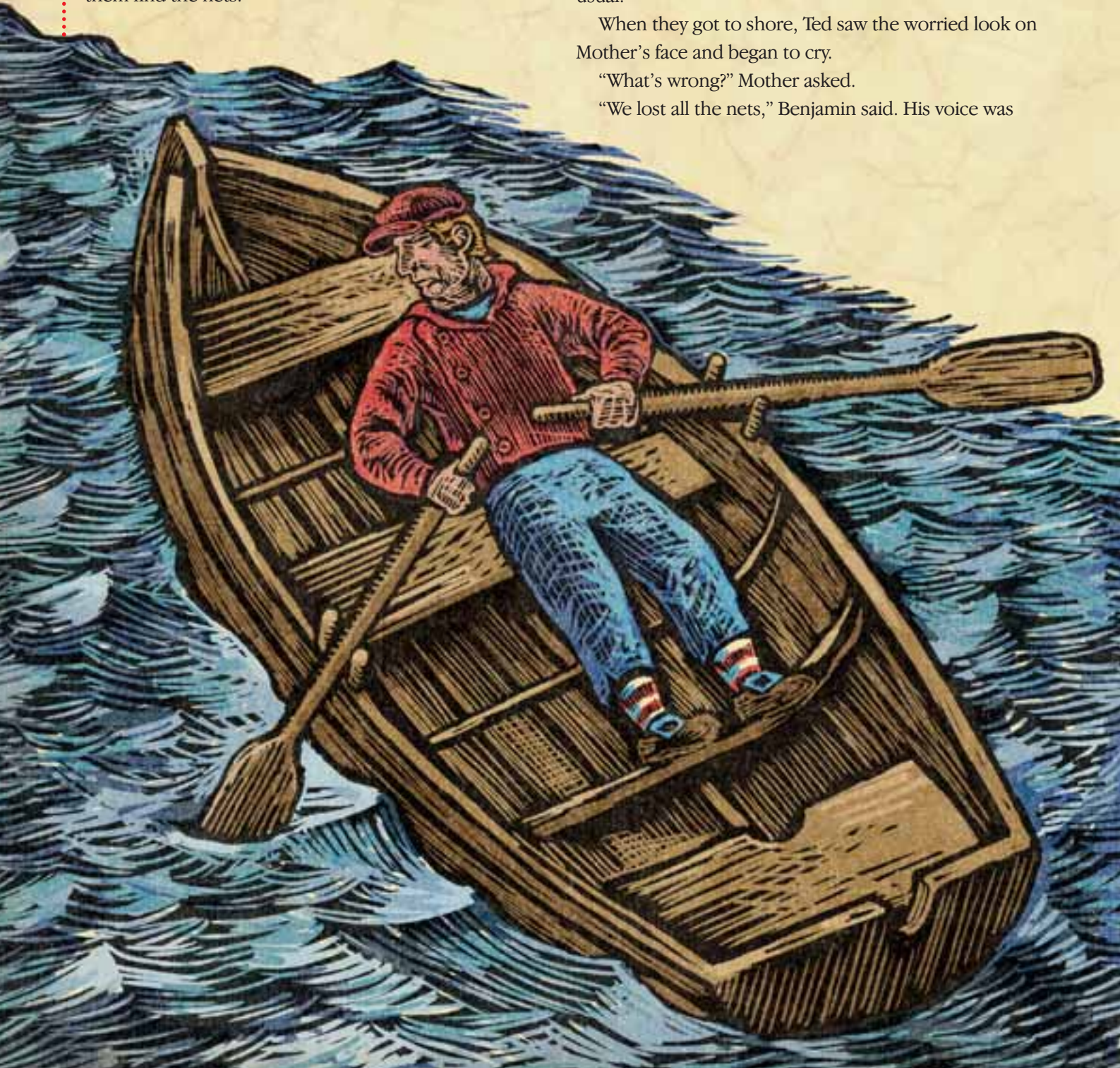
"Maybe they floated up somewhere else," Benjamin said hopefully. But Ted couldn't see the nets anywhere. He said a silent prayer that Heavenly Father would help them find the nets.

They rowed around looking. But no matter how far they rowed, they couldn't find the nets. After a little while they saw their parents waiting for them on the shore. Ted knew Mother and Father would be worried because they had been out with the boat longer than usual.

When they got to shore, Ted saw the worried look on Mother's face and began to cry.

"What's wrong?" Mother asked.

"We lost all the nets," Benjamin said. His voice was





quiet. He told his parents what had happened.

While Benjamin and Ted loaded the fish onto a cart for Mother to take to market, Dad took the boat out to look for the nets. But a storm was coming and the sky was turning black. As the ocean became choppy, Father returned. He had not been able to find the nets.

That night Ted heard Mother and Father talking.

“We don’t have enough money to buy even one new net,” Mother said.

During family prayer, Father prayed for a special blessing: “Please help us find our lost nets.”

The next morning the whole family searched along the beach.

Then when the tide went out, Ted and Benjamin went with Father in the rowboat. They spent the whole morning looking for the nets, but they didn’t find anything. Ted could tell that Father was starting to lose hope.

Just then, Ted thought he saw something glimmering in the water near the horizon. It could be another spot of sea foam or floating seaweed.

Or it might be the nets.

“Let’s row over there,” Ted said, pointing to the glimmer. “It looks like there is something floating.”

“I see something too,” Benjamin said.

As the boat got closer, Ted saw green seaweed leaves. His heart sank. But then, mixed in with the shiny leaves, he saw a glass float.

“It’s one of the floats!” he cried out. “I think the nets are there too!”

As Father pulled the boat alongside the float, Benjamin and Ted pulled the heavy, wet nets into the boat. All three nets were there. And they were full of cod, haddock, halibut, and Dover sole!

They had so many fish that some were spilling over the sides and back into the ocean. There was not enough room for all the fish.

“If we hurry, we can still get these fish to Chester Market,” Father said. But before they rowed the boat to shore, they stopped to say a prayer. They thanked Heavenly Father for helping them find all three of the nets and enough fish to fill the boat. ●



“There is real power in family prayer.”

Elder John H. Groberg of the Seventy,
“The Power of Family Prayer,” *Ensign*,
May 1982, 51.



With permission and with an older person's help, you can prepare these recipes for your family or friends. Any of these snacks would make a delicious family home evening treat.

Chunky Cinnamon Applesauce

- 3 pounds (1.4 kg) golden delicious apples**
- 1/2 cup water**
- 1/4 cup sugar**
- 3 tablespoons red-hot cinnamon candies**

1. Peel, core, and cut apples into 3/4" (2 cm) chunks.
2. Place all the ingredients in a large saucepan.

Stirring occasionally, bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer until apples are tender, 25–30 minutes. Serve warm or cover and refrigerate.

Serves 4.

Carrot Fries

- 1 1/2 pounds (.7 kg) carrots, peeled**
- 1 1/2 teaspoons olive oil**
- 1/2 teaspoon salt**

1. Cut the carrots into sticks and place in a bowl. Add the oil and toss to coat.
2. Place the carrot sticks in a single layer on a greased baking sheet. Sprinkle with salt. Bake at 400°F (205°C) for 20–25 minutes.

Serves 4.

Strawberry Smoothies

- 2 cups frozen strawberries**
- 1/2 cup strawberry yogurt**
- 1/2 cup apple juice**

Place all the ingredients in a blender and puree until smooth.

Serves 2.

Caramel Corn

BY MARYALICE WALLIS

- 1/2 cup margarine**
- 7 large marshmallows**
- 1/2 cup brown sugar**
- 16 cups popped popcorn**

1. In a medium saucepan, place the margarine, marshmallows, and brown sugar. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture is melted together.
2. Place the popcorn in a large bowl. Slowly drizzle caramel mixture over the popcorn and toss to coat.

Makes 17 cups.



Building a Snowman

BY ADAM KOFORD

These children are enjoying the winter season while building a snowman. What are some things you can do to enjoy the outdoors where you live? See if you can find a banana, a book, a boot, a capital “A,” a capital “E,”

a comb, a fish, an envelope, a pencil, a pizza slice, a star, and a yo-yo. Then color the picture.

Funstuf Answers
 First Family: (a) Adam, (b) Eve, (c) Cain, (d) Abel, (e) Seth.
 Noah's Ark Picture Puzzle: two turtles.
 Guess Who?: Elder Henry B. Eyring

I Can Live with My Father in Heaven Again

BY PAT GRAHAM



Before we were born on this earth, we lived with our Father in Heaven and Jesus Christ. We learned many things. Heavenly Father told us that in order to become like Him, we had to leave heaven for a while. When He presented the plan of happiness to us, we shouted with joy. We knew that being part of a family and making choices would be an important part of our life on earth. We liked the plan and agreed to come and live on the earth.

Some children came to live in Africa, and some children came to live in South America. Others came to many different parts of earth. No matter where they live, what color their skin, or the language they speak, all children are children of God. All children can learn how to return to our Father in Heaven again.

You could use the following activity for a lesson in family home evening or a talk in Primary.

Instructions

Color the house on page 25 the same color as your house. Cut it out, and glue it to heavy paper. Cut slits

along the broken lines on each side of the door. Color the two picture strips. Cut them out, and glue tab 1 to the other picture strip to make one long strip. Slide one end of the picture strip through the slits on each side of the door. Glue tab 2 to the other end of the picture strip (see illustration).

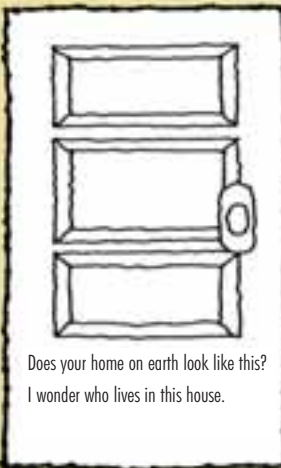
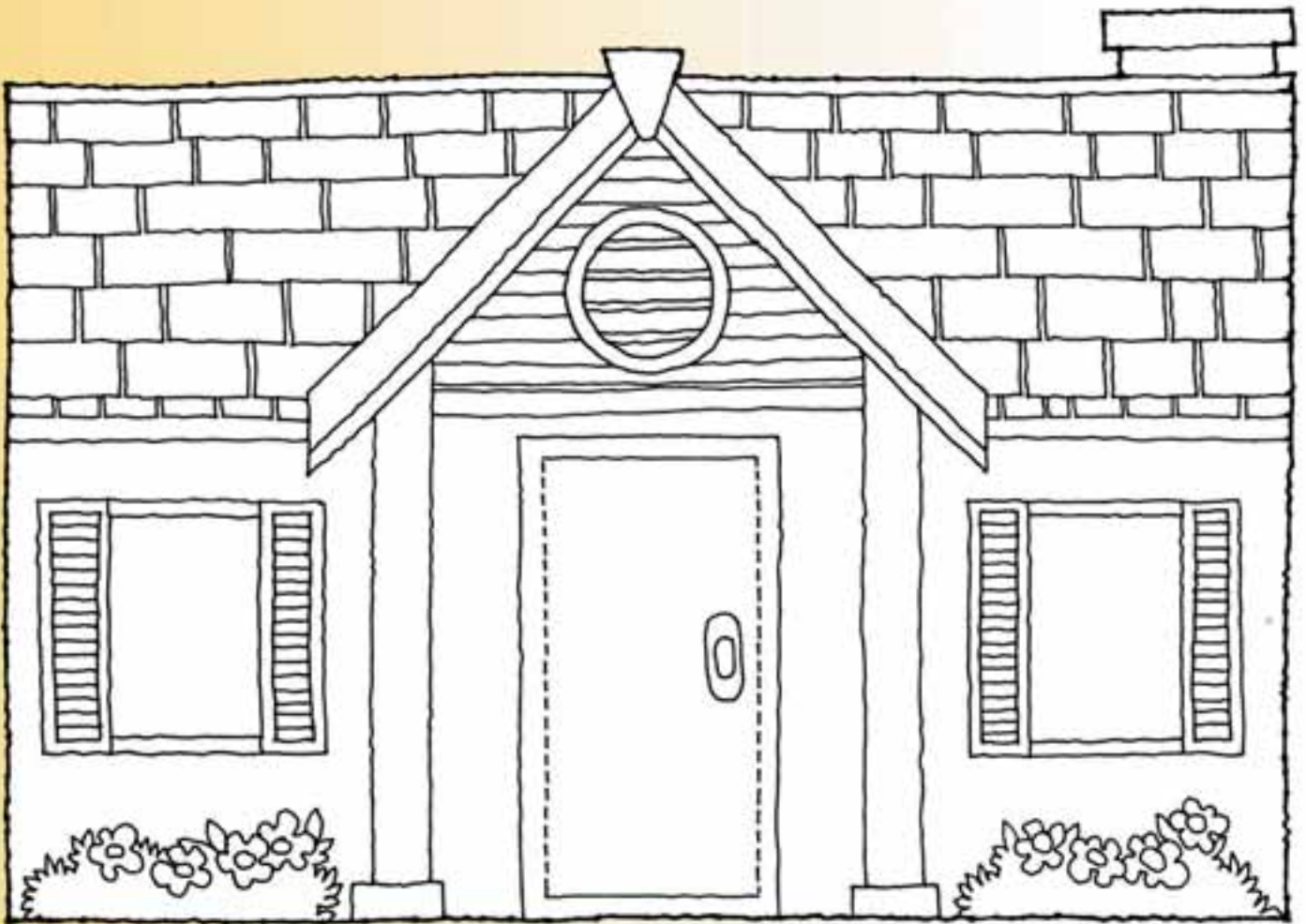
Position the picture strip so you start with the picture of the door. Read the two sentences printed on the door. Show the next picture, sing the words printed from the song "I Am a Child of God" (*Children's Songbook*, 2–3, or *Hymns*, no. 301), and then read the sentence. Continue this procedure until you have shown all the pictures, sung the song, and read all the sentences. ●

Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.

Illustration



ILLUSTRATED BY SHAUNA MOONEY KAWASAKI



tab 1



tab 2



Be Honest

It's good to be honest—
I'm here to tell you why.
It's not good to steal,
And it's not good to lie.
If you steal a chocolate bar
From the candy store,
You should give it back
Or else you'll feel poor.
If you tell a lie,
You will feel bad.
So you should tell the truth.
It will make you glad.

*Matt L., age 11
Manitoba, Canada*

Mother Dear

Mother dear, I love you so,
Your kind and caring hands
Remind me of our dear Savior's
Serving others on their way.

*Acacia J., age 11
Washington*

I Love Jesus

I love Jesus and Jesus loves me.
I love the children and so does He.
I sometimes sin as He does not.
I try to do as I was taught.
If I repent, it will be OK
'Cause He will forgive me—
That is His way.

*Trenna J., age 7
Idaho*

Nauvoo

Exile
Harsh, homesick
Fleeing, praying, crying
Parley Street, mud, river, faith
Overwhelming, enlightening, singing
Happy, peace
Baptism

*Caleb C., age 10
Missouri*

My Heavenly Father's Creations

My Heavenly Father created me
Along with the sea.
My Heavenly Father created the trees
And even the bees!
My Heavenly Father did His best
So that I could take this test
So that I may return to Him!

*Dustin L., age 9
Utah*

Choose the Right

With all my might
I try hard to choose the right.
I get a warm, fuzzy feeling in my heart,
And I always feel very smart.
When I do something bad,
I can get mad or sad.
Then I do the right thing,
And it makes me want to sing!
When I choose the right,
It's a wonderful sight.

*Bekki H., age 10
Pennsylvania*



*Mandy S., age 9
Nevada*



*Sunny L., age 8
Idaho*



*Cassidy J., age 10
Alberta, Canada*



*Sara S., age 4
Alberta, Canada*



*Sarab B., age 10
Utah*



*Jaime-Lee C., age 6
Western Australia, Australia*



*Daniel H., age 5
Alabama*



*Whitney M., age 11
New Jersey*



Dallan C., age 4
Idaho



Hunter B., age 4
Louisiana



Zachary A., age 6
Florida



Katie C., age 5
Oregon



Kelsey O., age 12
Illinois



Chipper W., age 9
Utah



Calinia C., age 8
Massachusetts



Kyle S., age 9
Virginia



Alexandria J., age 7
Kansas



Andy M., age 10
Maryland



Brandon E., age 8
Colorado



Hesu S., age 5
California



Hiram Y., age 8
Arizona



Joseph D., age 7
Texas



Arda, age 6
Indonesia



Aaron D., age 7
Malta



Katie M., age 6
England

Rebekah Nielsen

of Moscow, Idaho

BY BARBARA NIELSEN

Rebekah Nielsen wants to be an artist. She has loved art since she was barely big enough to hold a pencil or brush. She and her dad often do art projects together. They have made beautiful works of art in rock, oil paint, and mosaic tile.

Ten-year-old Rebekah lives in Moscow, Idaho, with her parents; grandma; two brothers, Jonathan (17) and Christopher (14); and little sister, Hannah (4). She enjoys living in Moscow because it is close to good hiking, biking, camping, and fishing, and also “because it has a nice swimming pool.” She likes school, where her favorite subjects are reading and, of course, art. When her class was studying the Oregon Trail, Rebekah proudly shared stories of her Mormon Trail pioneer ancestors.



Enjoying the outdoors



One of Rebekah's tile mosaics



Living in Moscow has helped Rebekah with her art. She often uses the world that she sees as the subject of her art. She has won prizes at the county fair with oil paintings of local lakes and rivers and a tile mosaic of the mountains and wheat fields around Moscow.

Rebekah likes to sell some of her crafts at the local farmers' market. She pays tithing on the money she makes and also donates some to the local food bank. Most of the rest gets saved for college, but she does choose to have fun with a little of it!

A few summers ago, Rebekah and her dad undertook their biggest art project ever. Rebekah's mom had always wanted a picture of the Salt Lake Temple in their home. That temple is especially important to Rebekah's family because that is where her parents were married. Rebekah and her dad decided that they could design a tile mosaic of the temple that would be even more special because they made it themselves.

At first, the project seemed impossible. Rebekah wondered how it could be done. What materials could she use? But as they made sketches and started to gather materials, the project

became very exciting to her. She and her dad visited many tile stores, going through piles of cast-off tiles and samples to find pieces with just the right colors and textures. They cut pieces off an old red brick to make the flower bed wall in the foreground, and Rebekah searched through small stones she had polished to find pieces for the angel Moroni on the top of the temple.

The original plan was to make the temple itself out of a piece of granite they had. This granite came from the same quarry where the early Saints got the rock for the



Rebekah and her father created this beautiful tile mosaic picture of the Salt Lake Temple.

Rebekah proudly shows her artwork.



She hopes to catch a fish soon.



Salt Lake Temple. But the granite was too coarse. Luckily, one of the ceramic tiles they had found was colored and textured to look like granite. They still used some of the granite from the temple quarry—it is included in the stones in the mosaic’s foreground.

of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths” (Isaiah 2:2–3).

The mountains also help Rebekah remember the pioneers who came to the Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young and built the Salt Lake Temple.

Rebekah loves thinking about the temple. She knows it’s a wonderful place where people can feel the Holy Spirit. She wants to be good and make good choices so that she can go inside the temple someday. Now the beautiful temple mosaic belongs to the Nielsen family, but Rebekah’s dad has promised her that one day it will be hers to hang in her own home—when she gets married in one of Heavenly Father’s temples. ●

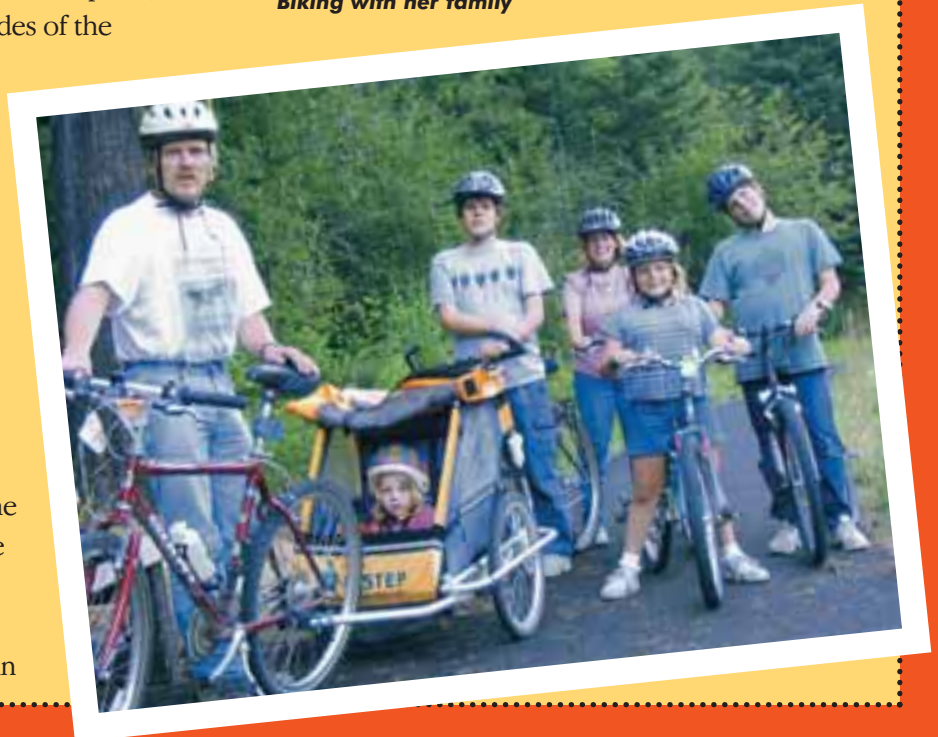
The project was a lot of work and took a lot of time. They worked for two months, breaking tiles with a hammer and fitting the pieces together. When they needed straight cuts or defined shapes, they used a tile saw. Rebekah got very good at cutting tiles to the shapes she needed. Finally, after all of the tile pieces were in place, they applied the grout and finished the sides of the mosaic with some special granite paint.

Now this beautiful mosaic is hanging in the Nielsen home. It is a good reminder of how important the temple is. Rebekah especially likes the way the mountains turned out. Her dad pointed out verses in the Bible that show how even the mountains can help us think of the temple:

“And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

“And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain

Biking with her family





Scripture Figure

As you retell scripture stories, this figure can represent any woman in the scriptures, such as Rebekah, Sarah, or Elisabeth. The figure can be mounted on heavy paper, colored, cut out, then made into a stick puppet, flannel board figure, or paper sack puppet, as illustrated. Make several and color the

hair and clothing differently for each one. Watch for another scripture figure next month. ●

Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.



Stick Puppet



Flannel Board Figure



Paper Sack Puppet

The Happy Book

*Have I cheered up the sad and made someone feel glad?
(Hymns, no. 223).*

BY LAURA LUNDY
(Based on a true story)

Don't ask me how the science fair went!" Michelle declared, walking into the house after school.

"What happened?" Morgan asked.

"Didn't you just hear me say don't ask?" Michelle snapped. She walked right past her little sister and up the stairs. Bang! Her bedroom door slammed shut.

Morgan asked Mom why Michelle was mad. Mom explained that Michelle was hoping her project on hermit crabs would win at the science fair, and that it must not have happened.

"So why won't she talk to me?" Morgan asked.

"Maybe she will later, honey. For now, we should leave her alone," Mom said.

"But I want to play with her, like I always do when she comes home from school."

"I don't think she wants to play games right now. Maybe you could color or play dolls while I start making dinner," Mom said.

Morgan went to her bedroom and took out some paper and crayons. She started to draw a picture with flowers. She colored it for a few minutes and then stopped. She quickly jumped up and ran to Mom.

"How long till dinner?" Morgan asked.

"About 45 minutes."

"Is that enough time to make a happy book for Michelle? I want it to be done by dinner," Morgan said.



Seeing Mom nod her head yes, Morgan ran back to her room and closed the door.

"Michelle! Morgan! Dinnertime!" Mom called a little while later.

Morgan hurried out of her room and ran to Michelle's spot at the dinner table. She placed some papers facedown on Michelle's plate. Then she sat in her own chair.



When Michelle came to the table, she pointed to the papers and grumpily asked, "What's this?"

"It's a happy book," Morgan said softly.

"Oh." Michelle picked up the papers and turned them over. She studied the first one.

"That's a picture of a trophy. 'Cause I liked your hermit crabs the best," Morgan said. "The next one is a picture of a sad face."

"Why?" Michelle asked.

"Because I got sad that you were mad and didn't want to talk to me or play games with me."

Michelle flipped to the next

picture. "I know this one is a heart, right?"

"Yes," Morgan said. "A heart means I love you."

Michelle looked at the last picture, then at her sister.

"It's my favorite. It's me and you playing a game together." Morgan looked at her older sister. "Did my book make you happy?"

"Yes, very happy," said Michelle. "I'm sorry for being angry when I came home from school. I wasn't mad at you. My project didn't

win anything, and I thought it would, so I was upset."

"That's OK. I still love you," Morgan said.

"I love you too, Morgan," Michelle said with a smile. "After dinner do you want to play a game?"

"All right!" Morgan cheered. ●

Noah and the Ark

(With hand actions)

BY STACEY A. RASMUSSEN



1. The Lord told Noah to build an ark.
(Cup hands around mouth.)



2. To the Lord's command, Noah did hark.
(Cup hand as if listening.)



3. The animals entered two by two.
(Hold up two fingers.)



4. The ark kept them warm while the wind blew.
(Cross arms in front of chest.)



5. When the waters calmed, he sent out a dove.
(Put thumbs together and flap hands.)



6. Then a rainbow appeared to show God's love.
(Form arch over head with arms.)



Animal Matchup

BY JULIE WARDELL

After doing the hand action activity on page 34 or reading about Noah in the Old Testament (see Genesis 6–8), play this game with your family.

Remove this page from the magazine, glue it to heavy paper, and cut out the animal cards. Spread the

cards facedown. A player turns over two cards. If they match, the player keeps them. If they do not match, turn them facedown again. Then the next player takes a turn. Play until all the cards have been matched.

Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.

My Friend Linda

*By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,
if ye have love one to another (John 13:35).*

BY HEIDI RENOUF BRISCO
(Based on a true story)



People rarely walked up the big hill to get to my house. The ice-cream man wouldn't waste his gas going up such a steep hill, the paperboy refused to ride his bike to deliver papers there, and even my dog would never run away because he would have to run back *up* the hill to get home! But at least once a week, Linda huffed and puffed up the big hill on her way up, up, up to my house.

Linda was an older, heavysset woman with short black-and-white hair like salt and pepper. Some people in our neighborhood said she was disabled, but my mother told me that Linda was special. Inside, she was still a little girl. Whenever Linda came to visit, she would greet us with a great big hug and a kiss on the cheek. We could not help smiling when she was around.

One day Linda came jaunting up the hill and bolted into the house. She never knocked or rang the doorbell; she just came in and said, "Linda is here!" Today she was so excited that she grabbed my brother Roy and danced him around the room, yelling, "I'm invited to the Snowflake Ball! Linda is invited to the Snowflake Ball!"

The Snowflake Ball was a fancy dance party for the people who went to Linda's school. She was so excited to get dressed up that she could not talk about anything else. "I want to wear a big, red, fluffy dress, sparkles in my

hair, and red, sparkly shoes," she said. "I want to wear roses in my hair too. Do you like red, Katie?"

"I like red, but I like pink best," I answered truthfully.

"I like red the best. I have always wanted to wear a beautiful red dress and be a fancy lady."

Mother offered to sew Linda's dream dress. We bought some red shoes at the discount store and glued glitter on them so they sparkled. Every time Linda tried on her dress and shoes, she cried when she had to take them off again. She liked looking as beautiful on the outside as she was on the inside.

Finally the day of the Snowflake Ball arrived. It was a school day for me, but I felt excited for Linda's big party. At lunch I sat down outside with my friends. From a distance I heard someone yelling my name. "Katie! Katie! My best friend, Katie! Look at me! Katie, I'm so pretty! Katie, look at my pretty, fluffy, puffy, sparkly, happy dress. Katie, look at your friend Linda! I am a fancy lady. Linda is right here. Look, Katie!"

I saw Linda waving from across the street, all dressed up. I would have waved back, but I noticed my friends' faces. They looked surprised.

"You know that weird lady?" Natalie asked. "She walks all over our neighborhood. My mother says she's crazy." I stammered for an answer.



Then Kelly added, "I see her all over our neighborhood too. Look at her ugly dress! She looks so funny!" They all started to laugh.

Natalie smirked and again asked, "So you know that crazy lady? Is she your best friend or something? How does she know your name?"

Across the street Linda was still waving to me, but she had stopped yelling. I could tell she was sad that I had not answered. I sat quietly for a moment. "Um, I think she knows my name because she walks by our house and hears my mom calling me," I lied. "Of course I don't know her."

Kelly, Natalie, and the other girls seemed relieved and continued joking about her. I felt terrible. I could not bring myself to look across the street at Linda. I couldn't eat the rest of my lunch; I couldn't even talk. I knew I had done something wrong.

When I was baptized the year before, I had promised to try to be like Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost was now telling me that I had broken my promise. Jesus loved Linda and would never treat her this way, and He loved me and would never want me to act this way.

As the girls began to clear away their lunches, I jumped up. "Stop! I *am* friends with that lady," I blurted out. "Her name is Linda, and she is a friend of my family. Please don't be mean to her. She is special, and we love her." Some of the girls suppressed smiles, but others said they had special friends like Linda too.

Linda sat on the street curb looking sadly down at her sparkly shoes. Now it was my turn to shout and wave my arms. "Linda, Linda, my best friend, Linda. Look at me! Linda, you look so pretty! You are a very

fancy lady! Linda, look at your pretty, puffy, sparkly, happy dress! Linda, look at your friend Katie. Katie is right here, Linda!"

Linda lifted her head. She smiled and waved. The more I waved and shouted, the more she waved back and smiled. Soon she and I were jumping up and down, waving, blowing kisses to each other, and smiling. We had attracted the attention of all the students outside, and they heard me say that Linda was my friend.

Linda had a wonderful time at the Snowflake Ball.

She really did look like a fancy lady. Mother

and I volunteered to serve punch at the dance so we could watch Linda have a good time.

After the ball Mother, Linda, and I walked up that great big hill to my house. I apologized to Linda for being slow to wave to her. She didn't even seem to remember, and I thought how lucky I was to have such a forgiving friend. We had a lovely walk home together, my best friends

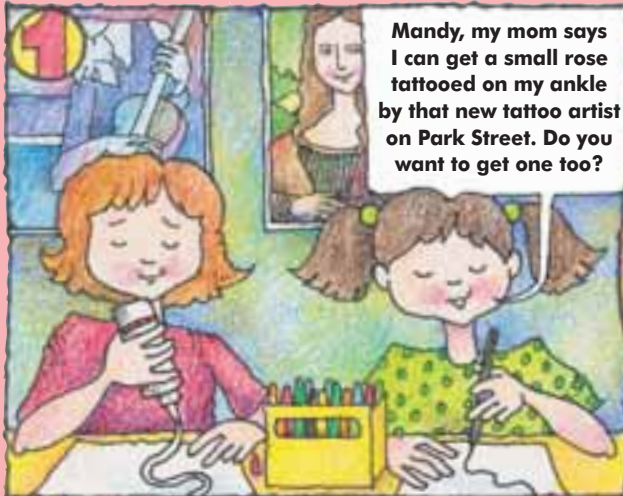
and I. Somehow, with them on each side of me, that great big hill up, up, up to my house didn't seem so hard after all. ●



"[Some people] may appear different, move awkwardly, and speak haltingly, but they have the same feelings. . . . They want to be loved for what they are inside."

President James E. Faust, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, "The Works of God," Ensign, Nov. 1984, 59.

MATT & Mandy



Mandy, my mom says I can get a small rose tattooed on my ankle by that new tattoo artist on Park Street. Do you want to get one too?



Is this tattoo guy the best artist ever?

Probably not. Why?



Is he even the millionth best?

Probably not. So what?



My body was made by Heavenly Father. He's a million times better than the best artist ever. Should I let anyone paint over His work?



Probably not.

Should you?



If I bought us a couple of hot fudge sundaes with some of the tattoo money would you turn me down?

Probably not.

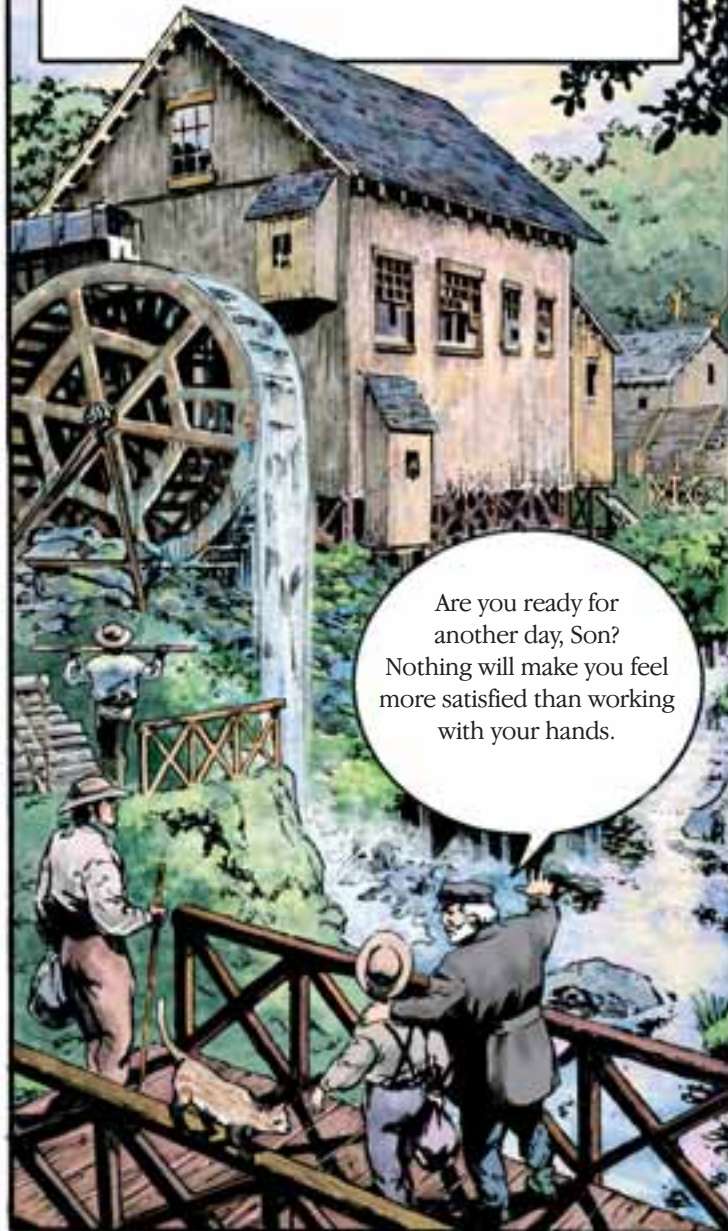


FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF

Catching Fish and Saying Prayers

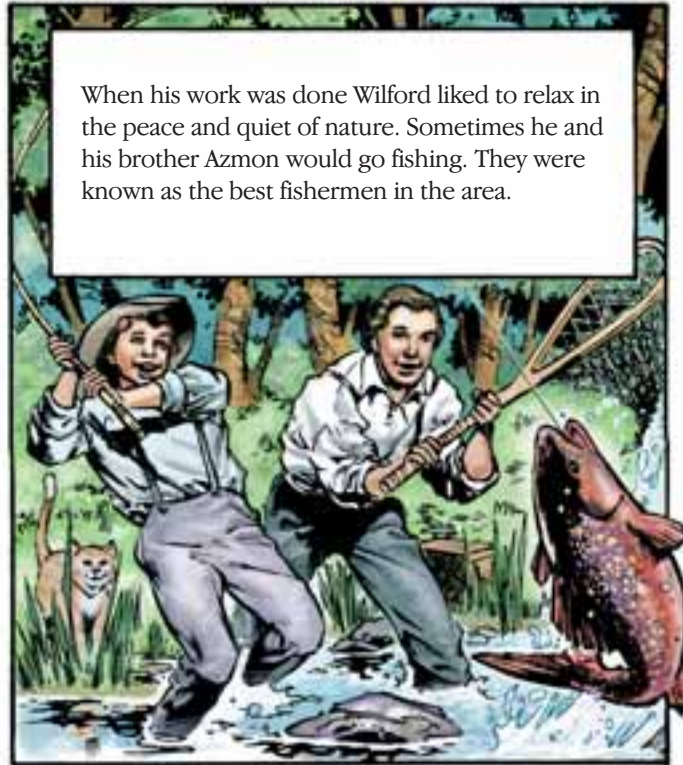


When President Wilford Woodruff was a child, he lived in Connecticut and worked in his family's flourmill and sawmill. Both his father and grandfather worked at the mills and encouraged him to put in a full day's work. Some days Wilford worked for 18 hours!

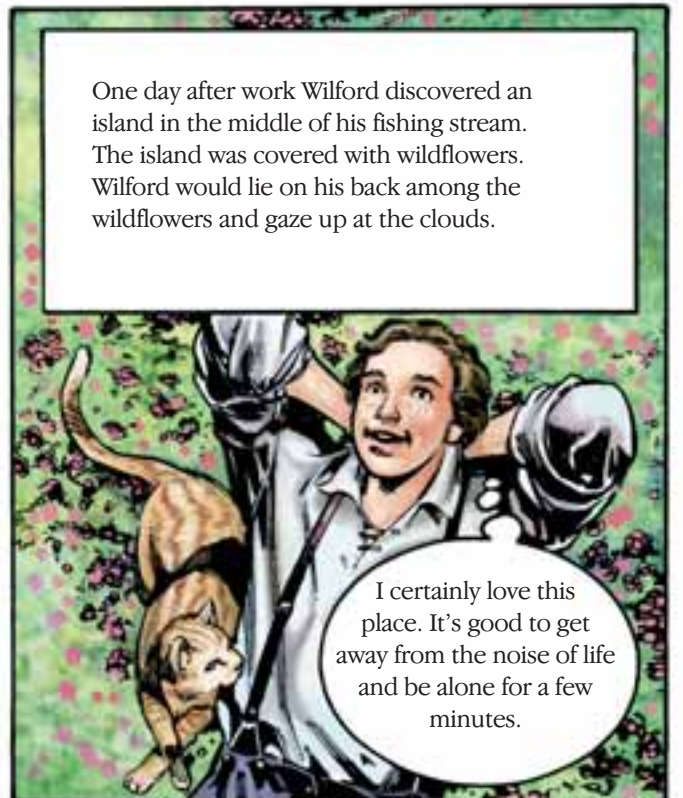


Are you ready for another day, Son? Nothing will make you feel more satisfied than working with your hands.

When his work was done Wilford liked to relax in the peace and quiet of nature. Sometimes he and his brother Azmon would go fishing. They were known as the best fishermen in the area.



One day after work Wilford discovered an island in the middle of his fishing stream. The island was covered with wildflowers. Wilford would lie on his back among the wildflowers and gaze up at the clouds.



I certainly love this place. It's good to get away from the noise of life and be alone for a few minutes.

During these quiet moments Wilford often thought about Heavenly Father. He would pray earnestly to better understand the scriptures he read each day.

There are so many different churches and religions. I just want to know God's will.

As he grew older Wilford continued doing the things he loved as a child—fishing and praying. While traveling across the plains with Brigham Young, Wilford fished at every possible spot.

These prayers helped Wilford become a very faithful man and a Church leader. Other people noticed his good example and gave him the nickname “Wilford the Faithful.”

You sure love to fish, don't you, Brother Wilford?

It gives me time to meditate. Sometimes it gives me dinner too!



Adapted from Susan Arrington Madsen, The Lord Needed a Prophet (1990), 61–62, 71.



BY CAROLYN ARGYLE

(Based on a true story)

Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered (Joel 2:32).

Armed with flashlights, my brother and sister and I jumped out of the minivan and followed Dad down the trail leading to Lava River Cave. “Have fun,” Mom called. She and my baby brother had enough snacks and books to last two hours, the time it took us to hike the cave last time.

This time we felt more prepared. Dad wore a helmet so he wouldn’t scrape his head on the roof of the cave, and all of us had jackets and good hiking shoes. Flashlights shining, we entered the cold, dark cave. We crawled on hands and knees through the narrow opening until it widened and we could stand and walk.

As we plodded forward, we passed other spelunkers (cave explorers). The deeper into the cave we went, the more we saw people giving up and heading for the

surface, maybe too scared of the dark to continue. But I liked the mysterious cave, as long as we had flashlights.

After a while, my brother Paul whimpered, “My flashlight isn’t working.” It dimmed and went out. A few minutes later, Crystal’s flashlight weakened too.

“Follow me closely,” Dad instructed.

“Oh no,” I mumbled. Now my flashlight was going dim! We had been in the cave for two hours. We were supposed to be finished by now.

“Bad news,” Dad said nervously. “I think we’ve been walking in a circle.” On our last visit to the cave, Dad had brought a map, but not this time. We had thought we knew the way.

We made another circle through the cave, but we didn’t see any other people who could help us. I was scared Dad’s flashlight would go out too, and we’d be left alone in the dark.

Paul began to cry.

Then it dawned on me. “We should say a prayer!”

Lost in a Cave

Dad smiled. “That’s the right thing to do. I’ll say it.”

As he prayed that we could find our way out of the cave safely, I felt a calm, peaceful feeling. Soon we heard voices and saw spelunkers coming toward us with flashlights and headlamps. “Need help?” they called.

Not only did they know the way out, but they also gave my sister another flashlight and my brother a piggyback ride to the surface. When I saw sunlight again, I was so tired and relieved I collapsed on the ground.

Mom stood nearby with a camera. “What happened?” she called. “I was starting to get worried!”

As we told her our story, Dad realized something: “Our cave adventure was a little like our life here on earth,” he said.

“What do you mean?” Crystal asked.

“Well, we needed a flashlight to find our way, just like we need the Holy Ghost,” he explained. “Also, we should try to be more prepared. Today, we should have made sure we had new batteries in our flashlights, and

we should have used a map to guide us.”

“Like we need the scriptures,” I said.

“That’s right. And when we prayed for help, what happened?”

“People helped us,” Paul piped up.

Dad nodded. “We need other people, like prophets and teachers, to help us find our way.”

I smiled. Grateful to be headed home, I knew I’d be grateful to return to my heavenly home someday. ●



“Fear of the dark should not be our only motivation to pray—morning or night.”

President James E. Faust, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, “The Lifeline of Prayer,” *Ensign*, May 2002, 61.



Trying to Be Like Jesus

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life (John 8:12).

Signs of Love

By Sister Sue Hodgson

Hi, Stori.”

“I love you, Stori.”

“Stori, you’re so pretty.”

Everyone wants to talk with Stori B. And Stori talks with everyone. In many ways she is a typical three-year-old. But there is one big difference—Stori is totally deaf. She uses her hands to speak in sign language. She is the only deaf person in her ward, so almost everyone is learning sign language.

Stori has taught the Primary children that talking with their hands is fun. She’s always willing to talk with anyone, even if they know only a few words of sign language. Kaylie learned the letters of the deaf alphabet and can say “I love you.” Joseph



learned some sign language words in school, and he enjoys practicing with Stori. The entire Primary is learning to sign the song “I Will Follow God’s Plan.” Stori likes

watching them sing to her.

Stori is a good missionary. Several children who are not members of the Church eagerly attend Church activities, and they always run to “talk” with Stori. One friend studies language books so she can practice with her. Stori loves her new friends and helps them feel the joy of coming to Church.

Stori talks with everyone, young and old. There is a special bond between Stori and the young women of the ward. Sarah says that Stori has taught her a lot of sign language words such as Moroni and angel. When Sarah makes a mistake, Stori lovingly corrects her. Sarah says Stori is easy to talk to. “It’s fun.”

And what is everyone’s favorite thing to say? “I love you!”

*Stori B., age 3
Missouri*



Better than a Toy

By Kalin R.



I was shopping with my mom when I found a \$10 bill lying on the floor. I picked it up and thought I would go to the toy aisle and pick out a new toy. But then I remembered that I should choose the right and be honest. I

knew that \$10 was a lot of money to lose, especially for someone my age. I also thought about how sad I would feel if I was the one who lost the money. So I told my mom I was going to take it to the lost and found. The man at the service desk told me that someone had been looking for the money and that he would return it to him. I had a good feeling inside—better than if I had bought a new toy.

*Kalin R., age 9
Utah*



I Will Do My Part to Strengthen My Family*

By Marinda M.

Every year I get a box of candy hearts and some money in the mail from my great-grandparents,



Oma and Opa (grandmother and grandfather).

This year I decided that I should be the one to send candy. So I sent Oma and Opa a card, a letter, and a box of candy hearts. I told my mom that I wished we lived closer to Oma and Opa so I could read to them since Oma is legally blind. I think the Spirit encouraged me to send that letter because the Spirit encourages us to do good.

*Marinda M., age 10
Oregon*

*See *My Gospel Standards, Faith in God* guidebook, back cover.



A Wet Surprise

By Allison S.

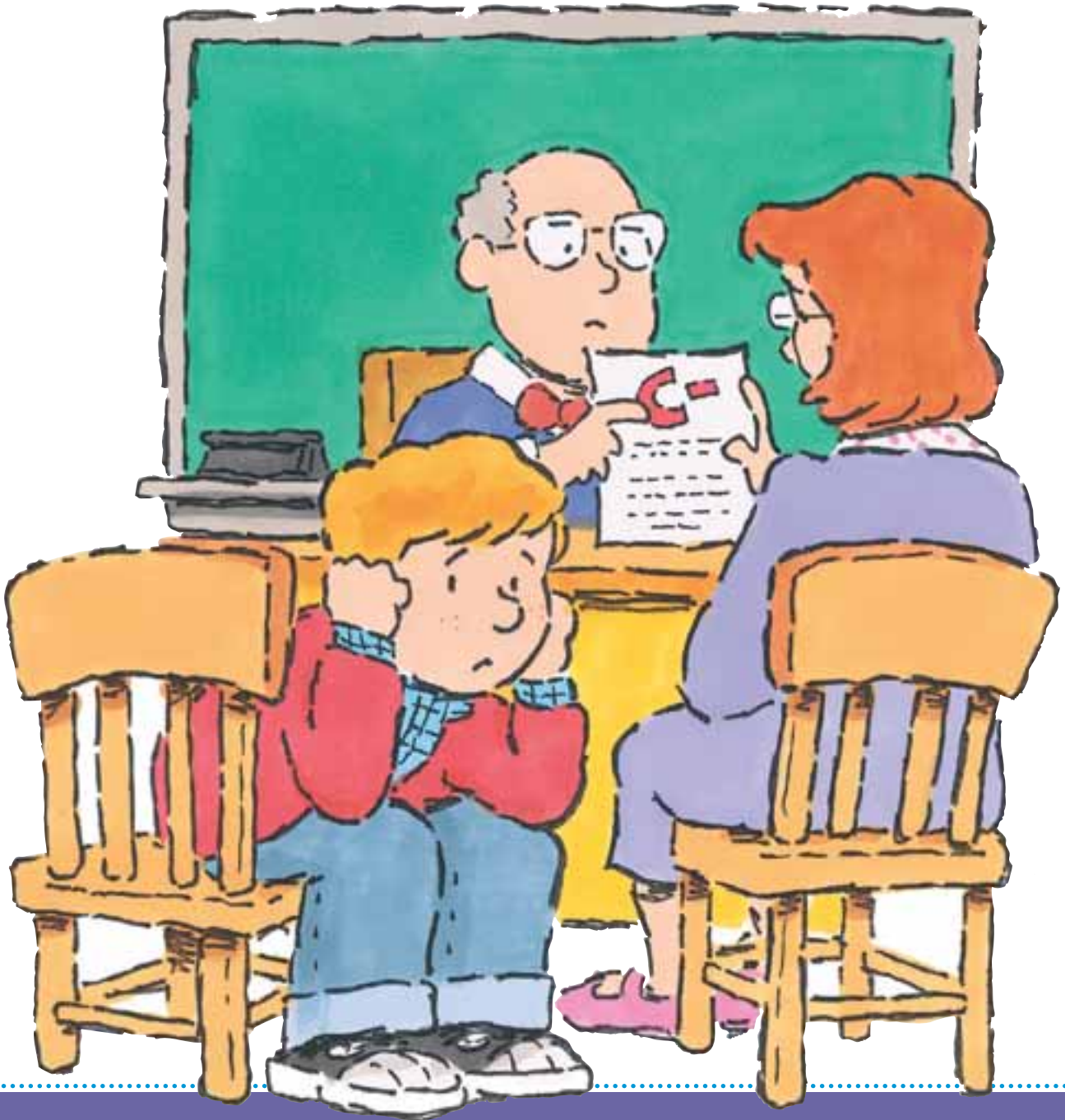


One day my mom was upstairs taking care of my baby

brother Callum, so I washed the dishes for her. When I went upstairs and told her what I had done, she was surprised and proud. But I was wet!

*Allison S., age 7
Connecticut*

An **A** in Integrity



BY SARA V. OLDS
(Based on a true story)

The just man walketh in his integrity (Proverbs 20:7).

Daniel burrowed deeper into his jacket and wished he were somewhere else—anywhere else. He hated parent-teacher conferences. For some children they were a quick pat on the back, but for Daniel they were a time of dread. They were where Mom learned all about his shortcomings as a student. They were where he heard the sadness in her voice and saw the disappointment in her eyes.

“Now about English.” Mr. Harding’s long finger tapped a fat C- on the grade sheet, then ran slowly down a row of numbers. “These are the scores that added up to Daniel’s grade.”

Daniel cringed and stared at the dark grain of the tabletop.

Mom studied the numbers. “Well,” she said with a sigh, “at least you don’t have any zeros this time.”

Mr. Harding pointed out several low quiz scores. “The problem here is that Daniel didn’t read the assignment. On every quiz I ask the students if they’ve read the story. If they haven’t, I take away half their points even if they get all the answers right.” He glanced at Daniel. “Reading the assignment is just as important as knowing the answers.”

The talk went on, but Daniel stopped listening. Would the conference never end?

At last they were on their way home. Mom didn’t say anything for a long time. Daniel knew that she was

disappointed, perhaps even angry. When they stopped at a light, Mom turned to him. “I’m proud of you,” she said.

Daniel stared at her, too astonished to speak. Had he heard right?

“I’m not saying I’m proud of your grade,” she explained. “We both know you should have read those stories.”

He looked away and nodded.

“But you showed me something that’s more important than a grade.”

“I did?” He felt completely confused.

The light turned green, and they drove on. “You could easily have marked that you read the stories,” Mom continued. “Your grade would have been higher, and no one would have known for sure whether you answered truthfully.”

Daniel shifted in his seat to get a better look at Mom. She was smiling, and for once there was no disappointment in her eyes. “You told the truth knowing that it would hurt your score and that I might be really angry about your grade. Sweetie, that’s called integrity.”

Integrity. Daniel had heard the word, but wasn’t sure he knew what it meant. Even so, he felt a warm spot growing inside as they drove on home.

When they pulled into their driveway, Mom turned off the engine and took Daniel’s hands in hers. “Integrity is doing the right thing at the right time even when it’s hard,” she said. “You got a C- in English today, and that has to change. But you earned an A in integrity. I hope that never changes.” ●



“The bedrock of character is integrity.”

Elder Richard G. Scott of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “The Sustaining Power of Faith in Times of Uncertainty and Testing,” *Ensign*, May 2003, 77.

Friends in the News



Cassidy L., 7, Wyoming, enjoys helping her mom, dad, and younger sister. Her favorite song is "Follow the Prophet." She enjoys riding her horse and helping her dad move cows.



Hunter E., 6, Alaska, loves Jesus Christ and tries to be like Him. He enjoys playing soccer, football, and riding snow machines and four-wheelers. He loves his brother and sisters.



Aubrey M., 9, Kentucky, enjoys school and Primary. She is a wonderful sister to her younger sister, Merinda. She likes to read the *Friend*.



Jordan J., 11, Mexico, plays the trombone in the school band and likes to play basketball. He has worked hard in Scouting and is excited to serve a mission someday.



Elizabeth Anne J., 5, Texas, likes swimming and playing soccer. Her favorite food is macaroni and cheese. She loves her family and enjoys school and Primary.



Spencer B., 4, Virginia, enjoys playing with his friends and coloring. He is learning the Articles of Faith. He likes to pray for his brother who is serving a mission in Venezuela.



Bethany E., 7, Utah, likes music. Her favorite Primary song is "Book of Mormon Stories." She can play it on the piano while she sings along. She is a great sister.



Austin A., 10, Arizona, likes sports, playing with his friends, and camping with his family. He plays Primary songs on the piano and loves to read. He wants to serve a mission when he is older.



Emma G., 5, Alberta, Canada, sings duets with her sister in sacrament meeting. She speaks Spanish and English and is very friendly. She enjoys Primary.



Grant O., 4, Georgia, takes his scriptures to church on Sunday and is excited to learn how to read them. His favorite Primary songs are "Hosanna" and "Book of Mormon Stories."



Jaime T., 11, Washington, always tries to do what is right. She loves her family and is a big help to her parents. She plays the piano, flute, violin, and cello.



Christian H., 9, Oregon, likes to play with his family and friends, ride his dirt bike, and play the piano. He also enjoys basketball, soccer, and skiing.



Emily H., 7, Massachusetts, likes to swing on the monkey bars at school, draw pictures, and play with her friends. Her favorite Primary song is "Love Is Spoken Here."



Jaden Steven L., 5, Idaho, enjoys riding his bike, playing soccer, and swimming. He wants to learn to make his own arrowhead. He is a good helper to his mom.



April Elizabeth M., 8, Nova Scotia, Canada, likes to read and swim. She enjoys playing the piano and spending time with her friends. She brings joy to her family.



Samuel T., 9, Hawaii, knows the Church is true. He enjoys surfing, riding dirt bikes, playing baseball, and looking at pictures of children in the *Friend*.



Mary-Kate O., 10, Wisconsin, was born in Hungary and adopted when she was five years old. She wants to be a pediatrician when she grows up.



Wyatt J., 8, Utah, likes to play games with his family. He was sealed to them in the Mount Timpanogos Utah Temple. He loves his big brothers and enjoys soccer, basketball, golf, and karate.



Madison C., 8, North Carolina, loves her family. She enjoys Primary, cheer-leading, and soccer. She is a good example to her four brothers and one sister.



Andrew D., 6, Connecticut, likes to sing songs in Primary. He likes to color, and his favorite sport is baseball. He is a good example and friend to the people he meets.



Savannah T., 10, Colorado, enjoys crafts, such as drawing, pottery, and making collages. She also likes reading and playing on the computer. She is good at following rules.



Carter C., 5, California, likes to build and create with his toys. He enjoys swimming and working in the garden with his dad. He is learning to choose the right.

Please send submissions to *Friend* Editorial, Friends in the News, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm. 2430, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America.

A written statement by a parent or legal guardian granting permission to publish the child's photo must be included.

Children whose pictures are submitted must be at least three years old. For scheduling reasons, submissions selected may not appear in the magazine for at least a year. Ages shown are those at the time of submission. Due to the number of submissions received, they cannot all be published, nor can they be returned.

Guide to the Friend



The Guide to the Friend can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. The Primary theme for February is "Heavenly Father's plan promises eternal happiness."



Family Home Evening Ideas

Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned below.

1. Read "The Lighthouse" (pp. 2–3) and "Lost in a Cave" (pp. 42–43). Then discuss what kinds of light we need in our lives and how we can enjoy more of the light of the Spirit. Before the discussion, turn the lights off. Turn them on again when you have agreed on a plan to have more light as a family.

2. Much of the wisdom in the *Friend* comes from children like you. Take turns reading the poems in Our Creative Friends (pp. 26–27) out loud and explaining what they have taught you. Then each choose your favorite drawing and tell how it makes you feel.

3. "Valentine from the Heart" (pp. 10–12) tells how one

girl shared her testimony with someone she loved. Who are some people your family loves who do not have the gospel in their lives? Discuss how to share the gospel with them in kind and loving ways.

4. Discover what disaster happens to Ted and Benjamin's family in "Nets Full of Fish" (pp. 18–21) and how they overcome it. Are there problems your family could overcome the same way?

5. Complete the activity Noah's Ark Picture Puzzle (p. 13) and decide how your family can be safe like Noah's family. Then enjoy strawberry smoothies or caramel corn as a treat (p. 22).

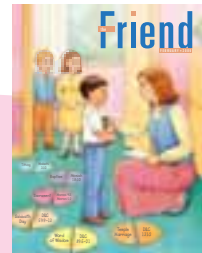


See pages 26–27.



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To subscribe online, go to www.ldscatalog.com.



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(f) = Funstuff
(IFC) = inside front cover
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Manuscript Submissions

The *Friend* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts but is not responsible for them. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Send manuscripts to *Friend* Editorial, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm. 2430, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America. Send e-mail to friend@ldschurch.org.

Send children's submissions to *Friend* Editorial, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm. 2430, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America, in care of the appropriate department—Our Creative Friends, Friends in the News, Friends by Mail, Trying to Be Like Jesus. A written statement by a parent or legal guardian granting permission to publish the child's submission must be included. Submissions will not be returned.

What's in the *Friend* this month?



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How does President Thomas S. Monson teach us to feel the Spirit guiding us?

page 18

Find out what happens the first time Ted and Benjamin go fishing by themselves.



page 39

Who is the best artist?
Mandy can tell you.

