



the Friend

JUNE • 2007

Friends by Mail



Lessons from My Pet Goat



I have a pet goat named Cashmere. I feel like I'm her mom. I give her food and water. I brush her hair. I put her in the barn at night to protect her. Sometimes she tries to get out. Cashmere doesn't understand that

staying in the cage protects her from getting lost, from animals, and from other dangers.

Sometimes we are like my pet goat. We have lots of shepherds in our lives. Some of them are our parents, our teachers, and our bishops. Our shepherds help us do what's right and stay away from danger—if we listen and follow them. Jesus Christ is the best shepherd. I want to be one of the sheep in Jesus's flock.

Quincey B., age 10, Texas

Baptism Doll and Beyond



I was nearing my seventh birthday when we went to Grandma's house. I ran into the house yelling, "Grandma, we're here!"

"Aren't you excited?" she asked. "This is your present." She was

sitting at a table with a nearly finished porcelain doll that she had made to look like me! It had brown hair and blue eyes like me. It was in a white dress. She explained that the white dress was to help me prepare for my baptism in a year. The doll was holding a bouquet of flowers, which she explained were the colors of the Young Women values.

The white dress was for faith, the blue flowers for divine nature, the red flowers for individual worth, the green leaves for knowledge, the orange flowers for choice and accountability, the yellow flowers for good works, and the purple flowers for integrity. She said that she is going to give me a new doll each year representing these value colors to help me prepare for Young Women.

I wore a dress very much like the doll's to my baptism!

Krystal A., age 8, Utah



Has a parent, teacher, leader, or friend been a "shepherd" in your life by warning you of danger or leading you on the right path? If so, please share your experience with the *Friend*. Send a letter to "Shepherds," *Friend Magazine*, Rm. 2430, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America. Or e-mail us at friend@ldschurch.org. **Please respond by July 13, 2007.** A written statement signed by a parent or legal guardian granting permission to publish your photo and submission must be included.

I Love the *Friend*



I love the *Friend*. It inspires me to stay on the right path. I like the cartoons. I always try to read the *Friend* right when it comes. The stories are inspiring.

Tom B., Missouri

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4102) is published monthly by The Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 50 E. North
Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220,
United States of America. Periodicals Postage
Paid at Salt Lake City, Utah.

To subscribe: By phone: Call 1-800-537-
5971 to order using Visa, MasterCard, Discover
Card, or American Express.

Online: Go to www.lds.org.

By mail: Send \$8 U.S. check or money order
to Distribution Services, P.O. Box 26368, Salt
Lake City, UT 84126-0368.

To change address: Send old and new
address information to Distribution Services
at the above address, or change the address
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Submit manuscripts or art to:

Friend Editorial, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm.
2430, Salt Lake City, UT 84150-3220, United
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POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
Distribution Services, P.O. Box 26368, Salt Lake
City, UT 84126-0368, USA.

Canada Post Information: Publication
Agreement #40017431.

the Friend

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Friend
(inside back
cover)



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

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Cover by Chris Hawkes





DEADLY MAKA-FEKES

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

Many years ago, on an assignment to the beautiful islands of Tonga, I was privileged to visit our Church school, the Liahona High School. Entering one classroom, I noticed the rapt attention the children gave their instructor. In his hand he held a strange-appearing fishing lure made with a round stone and large seashells. I learned the Tongan word for this lure is *maka-feke*. It means “octopus lure.”

The teacher explained that Tongan fishermen glide over a reef, paddling their outrigger canoes with one hand and dangling the maka-feke over the side with the other. An octopus dashes out from its rocky lair and seizes the lure, mistaking it for a much-desired meal. So determined is the grasp of the octopus and so firm is its instinct not to give up the precious prize that the fisherman can flip it right into the canoe.

It was easy for the teacher to point out to the wide-eyed youth that the evil one—even Satan—has fashioned maka-fekes with which to ensnare unsuspecting persons.

Today we are surrounded by the maka-fekes with which Satan attempts to entice us and then ensnare us. Once grasped, such maka-fekes are ever so difficult—and sometimes nearly impossible—to relinquish.

Constantly before us are the maka-fekes of immorality



**President Monson
warns of attractive
lures that can
destroy us.**

and pornography. I mention next the maka-feke of drugs, including alcohol.

There are countless other maka-fekes which he dangles before us to lead us from the path of righteousness. Cunningly positioned are those cleverly disguised maka-fekes beckoning us to grasp them and to lose that which we most desire. Do not be deceived. Our Heavenly Father has given us the capacity to think and to love. We have the power to resist temptation.

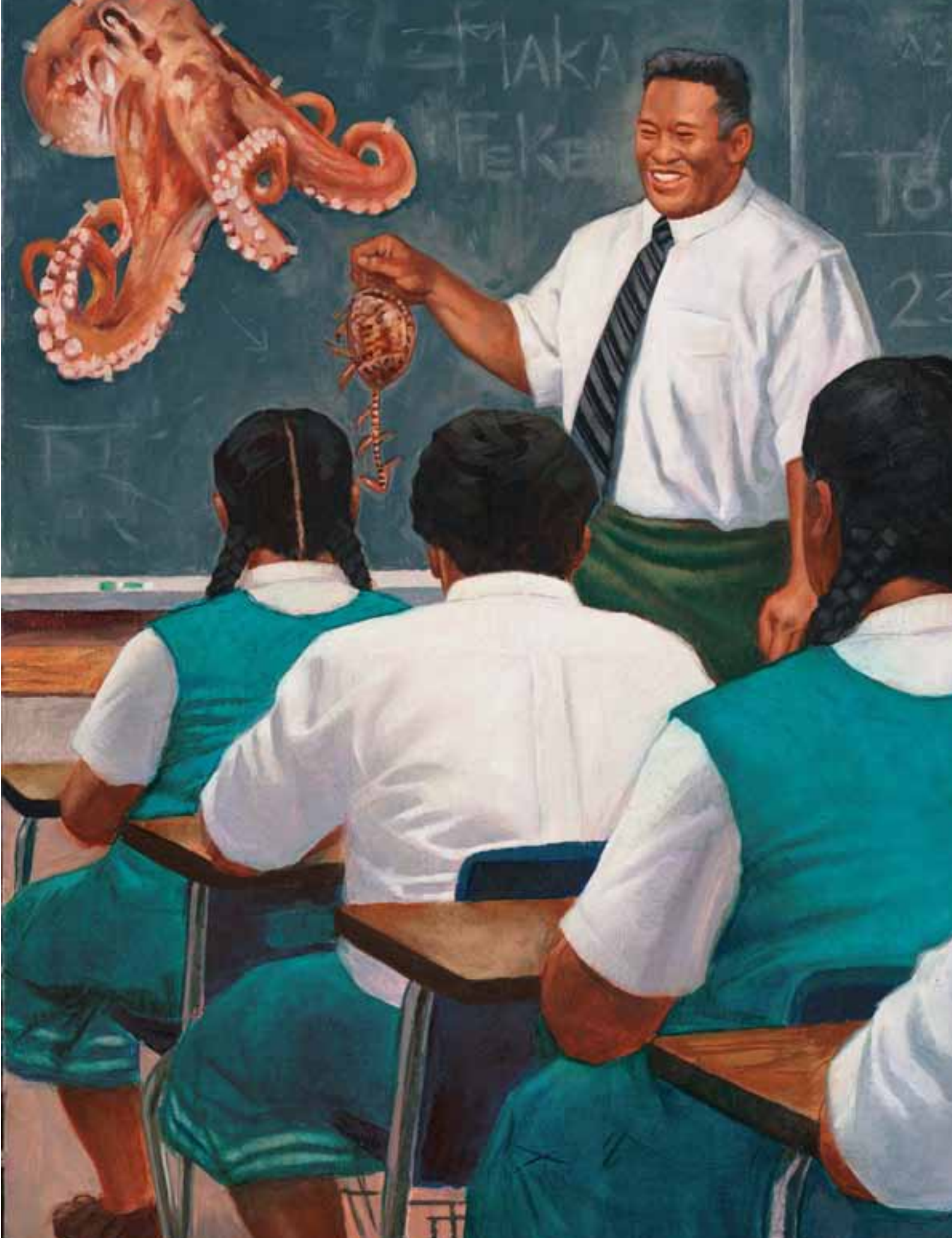
Pause to pray. Listen to that still, small voice which speaks to the depths of our souls. By doing so, we turn from destruction, from death, and find happiness and life everlasting. ●

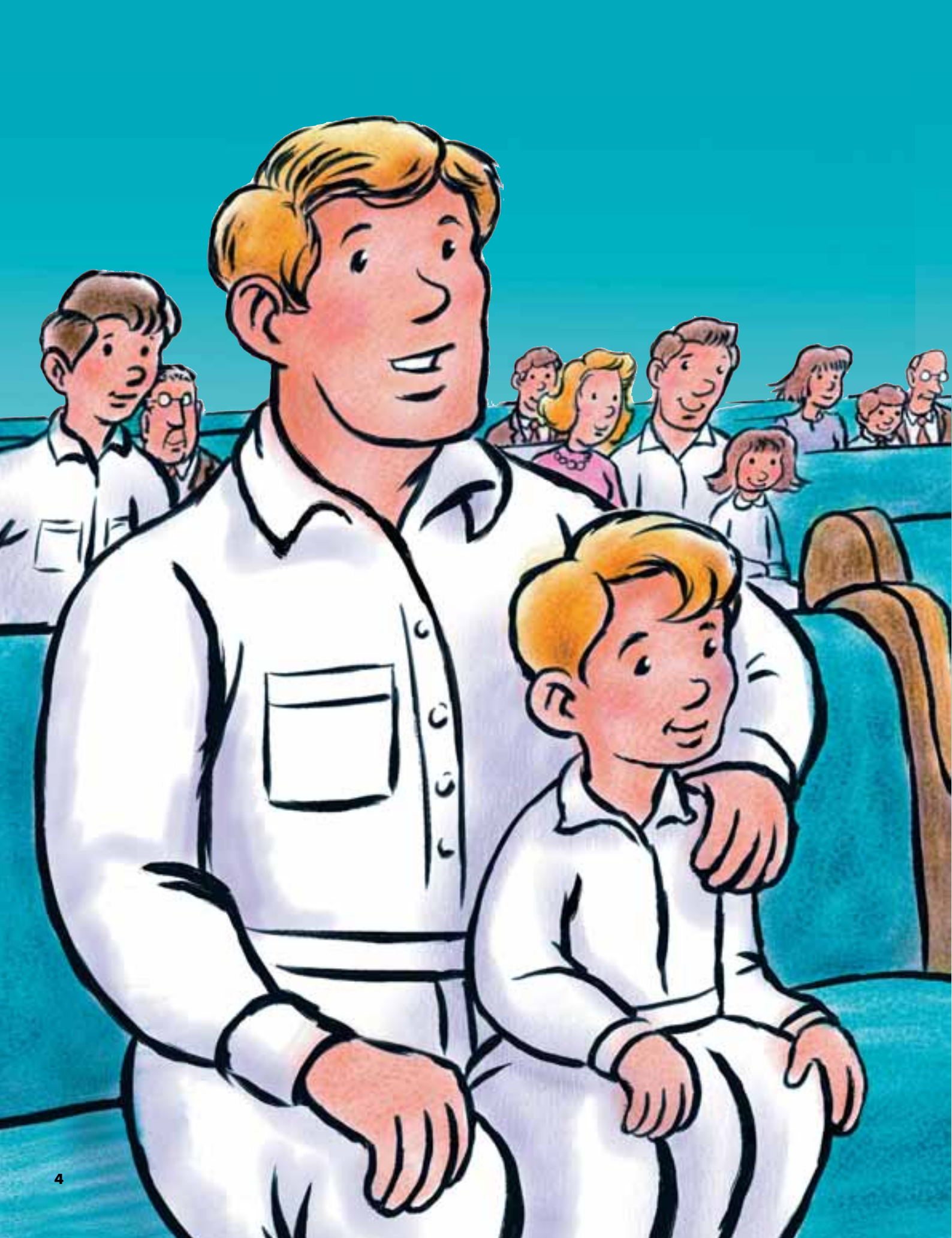
From an April 2006 general conference address.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

- 1. Why does an octopus grab a maka-feke? Why won't it let go? How does this relate to your own choices?**
- 2. How can we recognize Satan's maka-fekes?**
- 3. Besides the maka-fekes of immorality, pornography, and drugs, what are some others to beware of?**







Luke's Best Birthday

BY DAWN NELSON

(Based on a true story)

Baptism cometh by faith unto the fulfilling the commandments (Moroni 8:25).

On his birthday, Luke had fun opening presents and eating cake and ice cream, but he could hardly wait for the best present of all—he was getting baptized today! Thinking about going under the water made Luke a little scared since he didn't know how to swim, but he knew he could trust Dad. He and Dad had practiced how to stand, and he knew that Jesus would help him be brave. He felt ready.

Finally it was time to go. Luke and Dad left for the church building first. When they pulled into the parking lot, Luke hoped that he could be the very first child to be baptized. He and Dad changed into their white clothes and then sat in the first pew in the chapel to wait.

Dad looked down at Luke and smiled. "You are glowing with happiness, Luke," he said.

Luke grinned back. He sat quietly as the chapel started to fill up with people. He watched as other children in white clothes came in with their families. Luke still hoped he could be first, but he knew there were a lot of other children waiting to be baptized. A

thrill went through him as he remembered again that soon it would be his turn to go down in the water.

A man came over and told them that Luke was third on the list. Luke was a little disappointed until Dad put his arm around him and gave him a little squeeze. Luke leaned against Dad. "Today I'm getting baptized!" he thought.

Soft music started to play, and it gave Luke a peaceful feeling. He saw Mom and his brothers come in, and he waved at them. They smiled and waved back, and then found an empty pew to sit in.

Luke could hardly bear waiting any longer! Just when he thought he couldn't wait anymore, a man got up and started the meeting. There was a hymn, a prayer, and some talks. As he listened, Luke thought about baptism. He thought about how neat it was going to be to have the Holy Ghost with him all the time. A boy got up to bear his testimony, and then a family sang the song "When I Am Baptized."* Luke imagined a rainbow and how clean and fresh it feels outside just after a rain shower. He thought about how baptism makes a person clean.

A man announced that it was time for the first child getting baptized to go to the font. Then the man called the next child's name. Luke's heart started thumping

“At baptism we make a covenant with our Heavenly Father that we are willing to come into His kingdom and keep His commandments.”

Elder Robert D. Hales of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “The Covenant of Baptism: To Be in the Kingdom and of the Kingdom,” *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 7.



loudly. His name was third on the list. Luke listened for his name. He grabbed Dad’s hand and scooted to the edge of the pew. Luke was about to stand up when the man read someone else’s name. Luke swung around and looked at Dad with wide eyes.

“Don’t worry,” Dad said. “He must have accidentally skipped you. I’m sure we’ll be next.”

But the next one wasn’t Luke’s name either. Again Dad whispered that they would be next. Luke’s stomach felt like someone had dropped a big rock into it. Would he ever get a turn? Another child was called, and Luke squirmed in his seat. More names were read. He noticed Dad was wiggling around a little now too. They watched as other children and their families left for the baptismal room. Luke wasn’t feeling special and excited anymore. He was tired and a little sad. Had they forgotten about him?

When the man started to close the meeting, Luke sat up straight and Dad stood up. The man saw them and his mouth dropped open. “Oh no,” he apologized. “I don’t know how I missed you!”

It was finally Luke’s turn to be baptized, but he wasn’t feeling excited anymore. They had forgotten about him! It must not be important to them that he was ready to be baptized. He walked slowly as he and Dad made their way to the font. Luke blinked a few times and tried to pretend that his eyes weren’t getting a little wet.

Dad stepped into the water. Luke could hear it slosh as Dad made his way to the center of the font. Luke tried to swallow the lump in his throat as he hesitated at the top of the steps. Then he noticed Dad’s face. He was looking up at Luke with a huge smile full of love. His hand was stretched out toward Luke. All at once Luke’s sadness

melted away as he took Dad’s hand and stepped all the way down into the warm water.

Luke looked up and saw his friends and cousins kneeling near the edge of the font. They were all grinning at him. He could see his Primary teacher, his bishop, some of his aunts and uncles, and Grandma and Grandpa smiling at him. Mom even had happy tears in her eyes. Luke knew then that everyone there understood how important his baptism was. They were all here because they loved him and they wanted to watch and celebrate with him. Luke found himself smiling too.

Luke closed his eyes as Dad said the baptismal prayer. Then he bent his knees as Dad dipped him under the water. As Luke came up he felt so happy and clean! None of the things that had gone wrong mattered anymore. He wiped the water out of his eyes and saw everyone still smiling at him. He knew that Heavenly Father and Jesus hadn’t forgotten about him on his special day, and that They never would. It was his best birthday ever. ●

**Children’s Songbook, 103.*



In the Footsteps of My Dad

BY JEANNIE SAUNDERS SMEDLEY

My daddy is so wonderful.
He treats me good and kind.
He shows me how to love
my mom and give her
peace of mind. He
helps me with my
homework and
shows me
how to
clean. He
tells me I
must learn
to work for
every needful
thing. He helps
me live the gospel
by teaching good
from bad. I
always want to
follow in the
footsteps of
my dad!



Kindness



**From an interview
with Elder
Won Yong Ko
of the Seventy;
by Melvin Leavitt,
Church Magazines**

Kindness begins with me (Children's Songbook, 145).

When I was a 16-year-old high school student in Seoul, Korea, a Latter-day Saint classmate invited me to a branch activity. I was amazed at how many people greeted me as if I were an old friend. I thought, "What a wonderful church this must be to have such kind members!"

That Sunday I returned and was again greeted warmly. I was also introduced to the missionaries, and they soon began teaching me the gospel. Two months later I was baptized and confirmed. I didn't yet have a deep understanding of the gospel, but I felt good about the principles I had learned. I especially liked the plan of salvation and the doctrine of eternal progression. It was comforting to know that if I would do all I could for myself, the Savior would do the rest. But the warmth of the members was what really led to my conversion.

Since then I have tried to be nice to everyone I meet. I want to pass on the kindness I received from the members of

that branch. I don't ever want to be a roadblock to anyone joining the Church.

After my baptism I helped clean the chapel and the grounds every Saturday. Nobody asked me to. I did it because I felt it was a great honor. When I was ordained a deacon, I learned that one of my responsibilities was to clean the meetinghouse. I kept doing so, and it was still a pleasure.



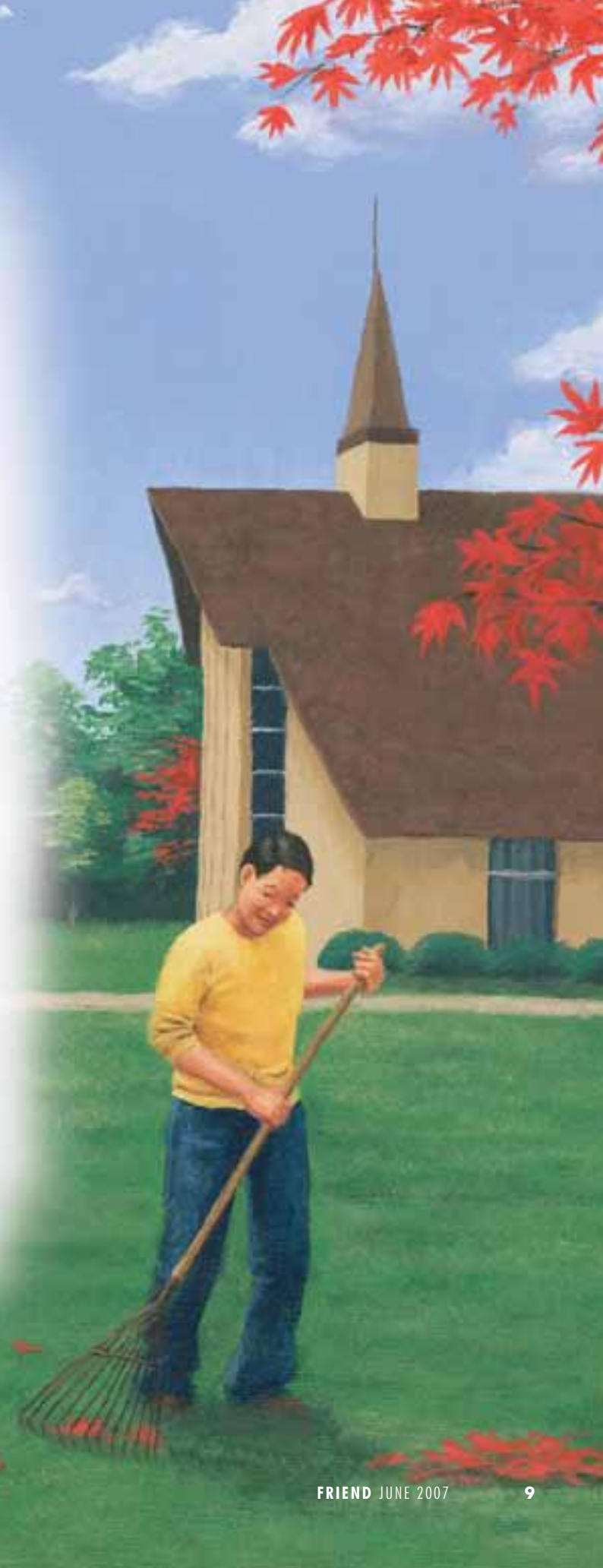
But in some sense it had been more rewarding when it wasn't expected of me.

So, children, always do your duty. But don't hesitate to do more than you are asked to do. You will find great joy in that kind of service.

Although I didn't attend Primary as a child, I learned what a blessing Primary is when I had children of my own. Once our family moved into a new home in downtown Seoul. After moving in we discovered that there were some bad places of entertainment in the neighborhood. My wife and I worried about how this might affect our children. One day we heard our daughter and her younger brother talking in the backseat of the car. "When you go to school, some friends might ask you why you are living in such a bad neighborhood," our daughter said. "But don't worry. In Primary we learn how to live the gospel of Jesus Christ. As long as we follow the teachings of Jesus, we will be safe."

My son answered, "Yes, it doesn't matter where we live if we choose the right."

They were talking to each other, not to us. As I listened, I felt overwhelming gratitude to their wonderful Primary teachers. My daughter and son both grew up to be faithful Latter-day Saints. So enjoy Primary, and do the things your teachers tell you. You will be better, safer people if you do. ●





It is by faith that miracles are wrought (Moroni 7:37).

A Miraculous Escape from **DANGER**

BY MYRA HAWKE DYCK

(Based on a true story)

It was a sunny spring afternoon, a week after my eighth birthday—a perfect day for a bike ride. My sister Marla, our friend Lisa, and I headed out on a backcountry road that was part of my family’s cattle ranch in British Columbia, Canada. The mountaintops glowed as the sun reflected off their snowcapped peaks. Excitement filled my chest as I pedaled.

I had been riding a two-wheeler for only about a week, so I was still a little shaky. The first part of the road was smooth dirt, flattened by regular tractor and hay-wagon trips. As the road wound past the thick green alfalfa fields, we began to pedal faster. I felt strong and free, coasting through the fresh mountain breeze.

Then we came to a division in the road. We could keep going straight along the edge of the field, or we could turn and take the road that went along the creek at the base of the mountain. We decided to take the more adventurous route.

Marla and I had been on this road several times before with our family, but this was my first time riding a bike here. I was a little nervous as my bike jiggled across a cattle guard, a ditch covered with evenly spaced bars to keep cows from crossing. I pedaled hard to stay with Marla and Lisa. The sunlight pierced

through the majestic pine trees, creating a cheerful, bright pattern on the bumpy path.

As the road became rockier, I became more nervous. I was having a hard time keeping my balance. I wondered if the rocks would puncture my tires.

“I think maybe we should go back,” I said.

“Why?” Marla asked. “Are you scared?”

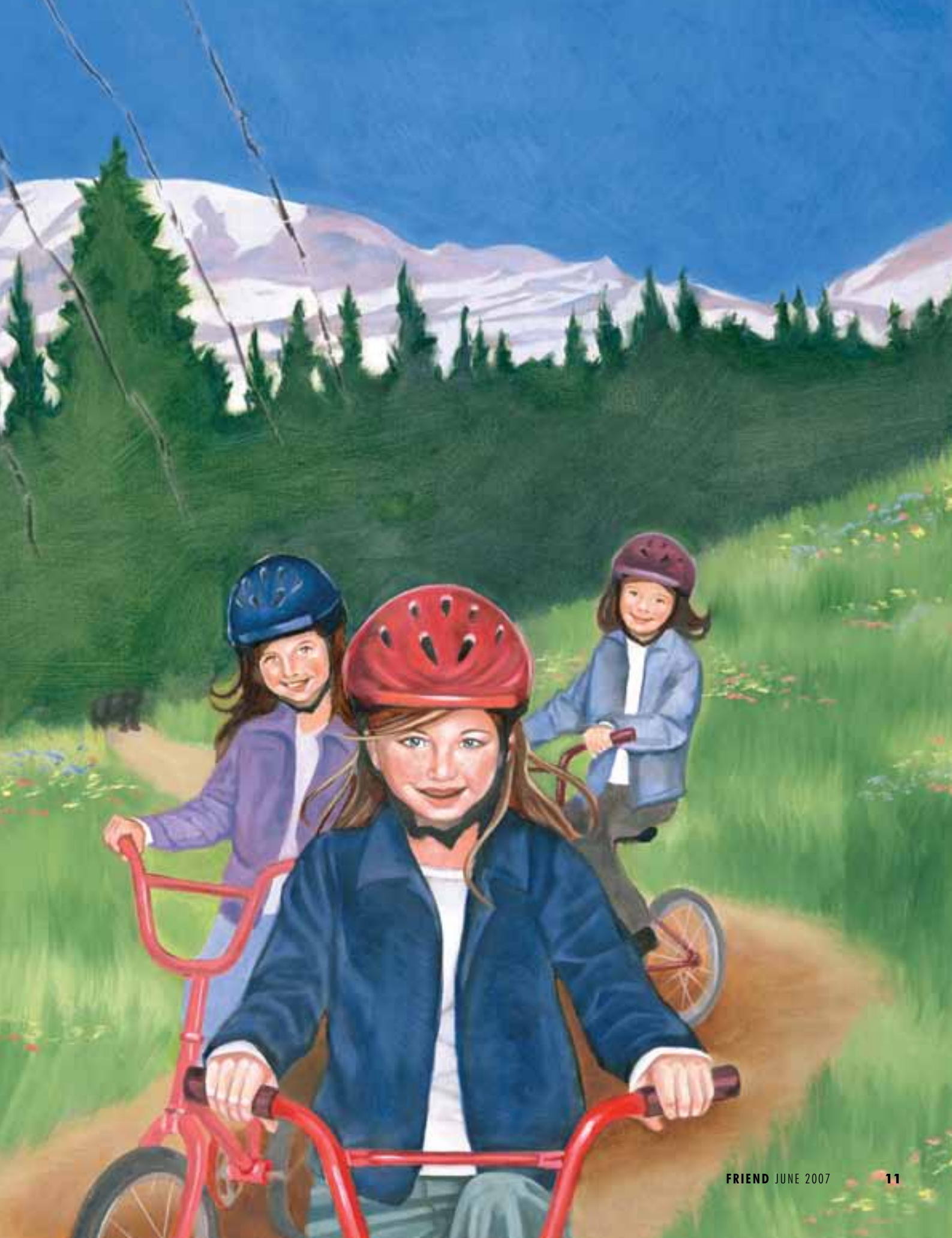
I would never admit to my older sister that I was afraid. “No. I just don’t want to get a flat tire.”

“Well, you can go back if you want, but we are going to keep going,” she said.

“Bye,” I called as I turned my bike around.

“We’ll see you at home,” Marla said. “We probably won’t go too much farther.”

I started toward home, all alone. The patterns on the road did not seem so cheerful now. I was suddenly aware of the strange sounds coming from the dark forest. But knowing that the comfort of home was near, I pedaled on. I was almost to the cattle guard when I sensed someone behind me. “Marla and Lisa must have decided to come home too,” I realized with relief. “Now I won’t have to ride home alone.” Swinging my leg over my bike, I stopped and turned around to see where they were. Marla and Lisa were nowhere in sight, but walking straight toward me was a black bear!



I froze. My bike clanked to the ground. All the advice I had ever heard about bears rushed through my mind. *Don't run or it will chase you. You can never outrun a bear.* I started to walk slowly backwards.

Make noise to scare the

bear away. Yell and bang two rocks together. I scanned the ground near my feet—no rocks, just dirt. I clapped my hands as hard as I could. But I could not yell. My throat felt tight. The bear kept walking toward me.

Pray. Throughout my life I had been taught to pray. My Sunday School teacher had even asked us what we



should do if we saw a bear, and she had emphasized prayer. I had been taught to pray with my head bowed and eyes closed, but that was impossible now. I kept my eyes on the bear and silently prayed: "Heavenly Father, please help me! Please save me from this bear! Please help me know what to do."

Praying and clapping, I walked slowly backward toward the cattle guard. Maybe if a cow couldn't cross it, a bear would have trouble too. Maybe it would trip, giving me a chance to run home! I stepped carefully across the widely spaced beams.

The bear snorted and drooled. I watched as it followed me easily across the cattle guard. It rose onto its hind legs. I stood horrified as the grunting bear came toward me with outstretched paws. It towered over me, and I could see its sharp, wet teeth. Suddenly, the bear swiped for my head! I screamed as its large, curled claws got tangled in my hair and jerked me to the ground. I jumped back up. The bear, on all fours again, bit my inner thigh and pulled me down. It started dragging me across the road.

By then, Marla and Lisa had found me. Marla tried to distract the bear, but nothing worked. In seconds, the bear had dragged me across the dirt road to the base of the mountain. It surely would have pulled me into the thick bushes, but suddenly my pants ripped. They tore into two pieces, from front to back, even through the elastic waistband. Miraculously, its teeth had not punctured my skin. I leaped up. "Run!" a voice said to my mind.

I ran toward Marla and Lisa, leaving the bear with my pant leg in its mouth. Pantless and wearing only one shoe, I ran as fast as an Olympic track star. I overtook Marla and Lisa, who were also running. We lunged into the bushes and raced toward the creek. The thorny brambles scratched my legs, but I didn't slow down.

Without pausing or looking back, I crossed a barbed-wire fence and slogged into the creek. I lost my other



"As a result of the many miracles in our lives, we should be more humble and more grateful, more kind and more believing."

President Howard W. Hunter (1907–95),
"The God That Doest Wonders," *Ensign*,
May 1989, 17.

shoe when it got wedged under a log. Almost home, I plunged through the water and ran across the wet cow corral. I squeezed through a fence and sprinted up the porch steps and through the front door.

My parents bombarded me with questions when they saw me without shoes or pants and covered with scratches.

"What happened?" Mom cried.

"Where are your pants?" Dad asked. "How did you get all those scratches?"

Still afraid, I couldn't catch my breath. Stuttering, gasping, and crying, I finally managed, "I . . . ah . . . buh . . . buh . . . bear!"

Marla and Lisa ran onto the porch, and Marla told Mom and Dad what she had seen. Trying to calm me, Mom helped me into a warm bath.

Later that evening, clean and safe, we discussed the terrifying event. My palms were blue with bruises from clapping so hard, and my legs were covered in scratches from the bushes, but I had no marks from the bear. Its claws had brushed my head, and its teeth had gripped my leg, but my skin had not been broken. If the bear's claws had been any closer to my head or if its teeth had bitten into my thigh, I could have been seriously hurt and would not have been able to run away.

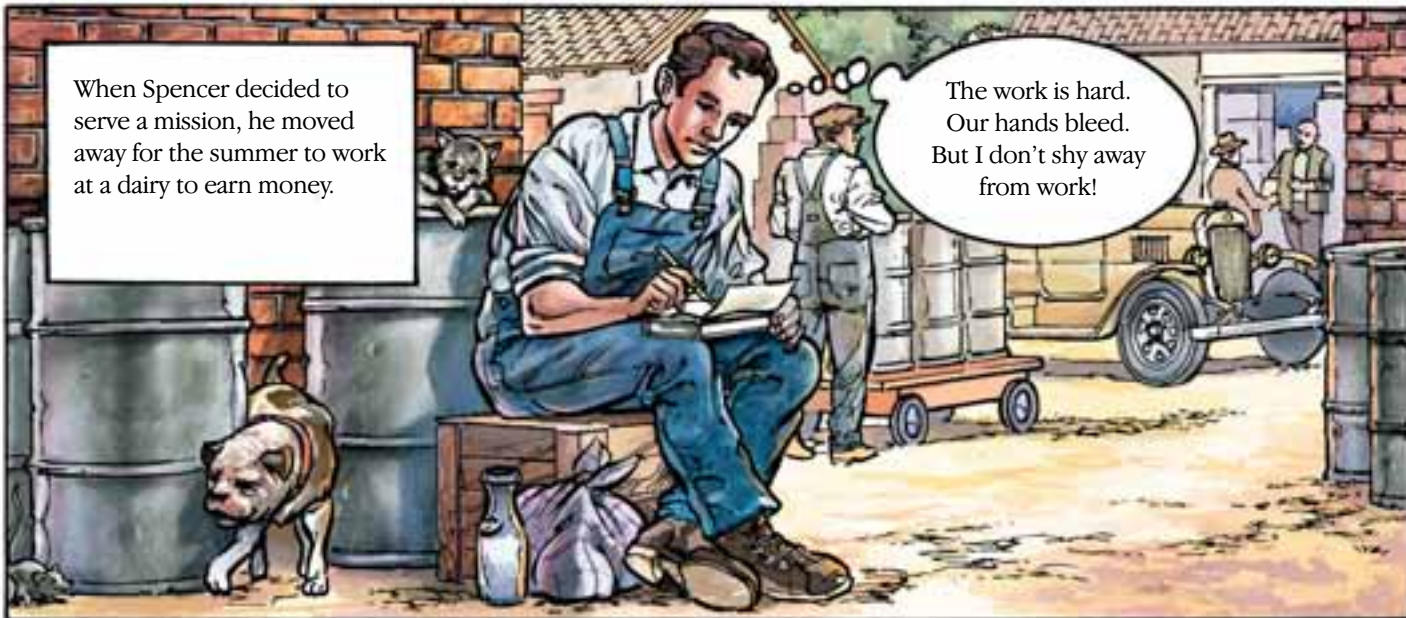
I know Heavenly Father heard my prayers that day, and I know I heard the voice of the Holy Ghost telling me to run. Heavenly Father blessed me with a miracle. ●



FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT SPENCER W. KIMBALL

The Power of Example

When Spencer decided to serve a mission, he moved away for the summer to work at a dairy to earn money.



The work is hard. Our hands bleed. But I don't shy away from work!

At the dairy, Spencer became friends with a returned missionary. While on long walks in the Arizona hills, they discussed missionary work and gospel subjects.

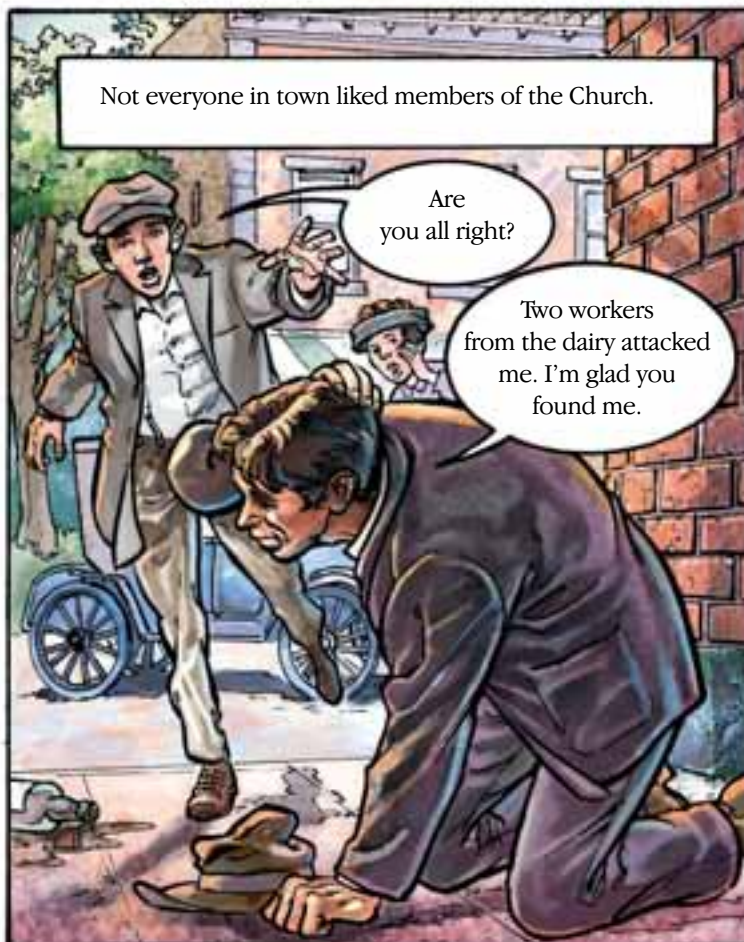


We have so much to be grateful for. Let's get down on our knees and thank the Lord.

Here?

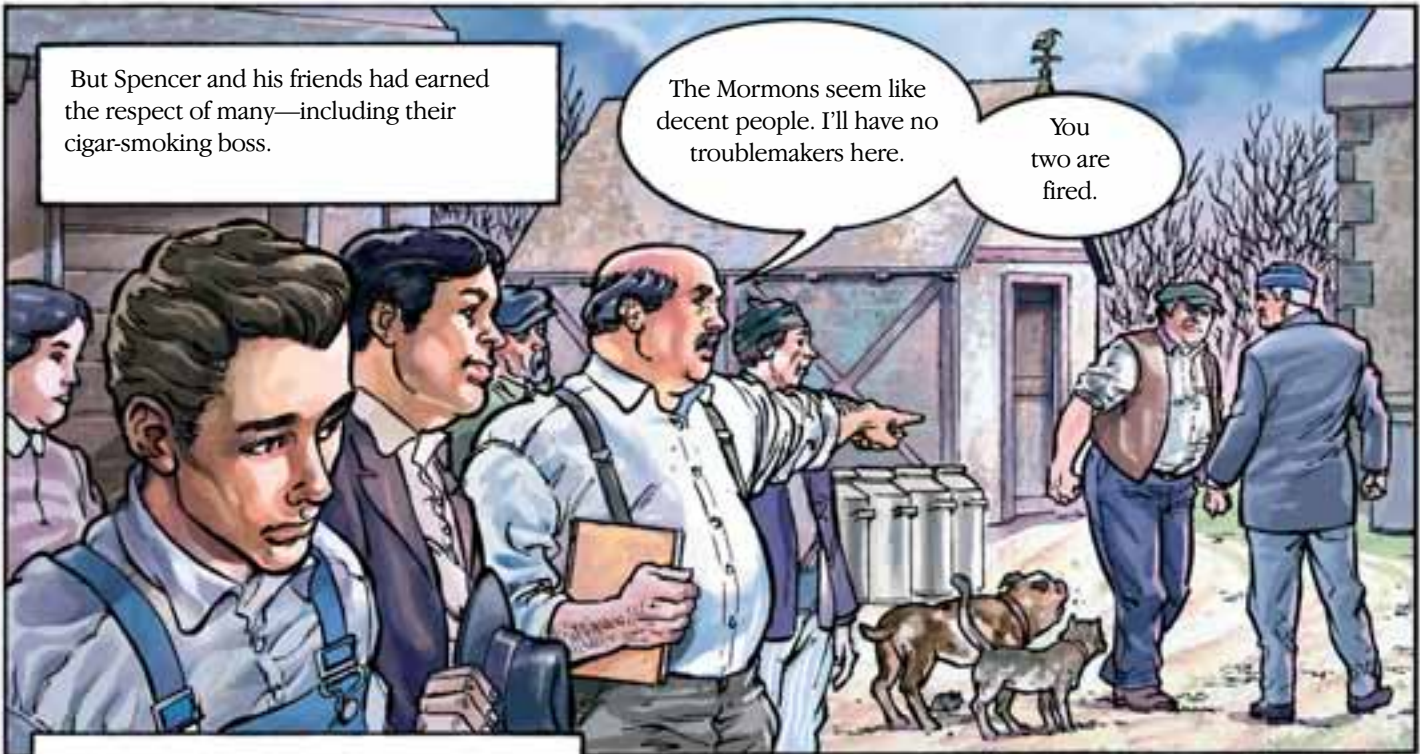
You can pray anywhere.

Not everyone in town liked members of the Church.



Are you all right?

Two workers from the dairy attacked me. I'm glad you found me.

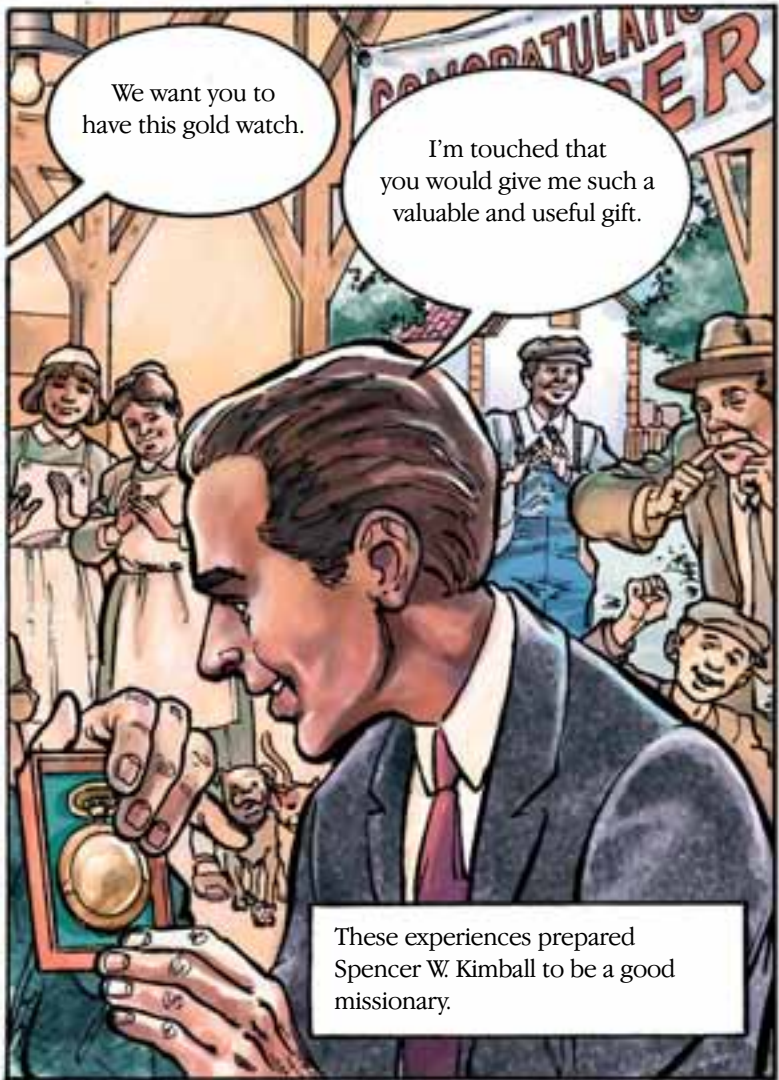


But Spencer and his friends had earned the respect of many—including their cigar-smoking boss.

The Mormons seem like decent people. I'll have no troublemakers here.

You two are fired.

When Spencer left for his mission, his boss threw a party. All the employees attended. Spencer had made a good impression on everyone.



We want you to have this gold watch.

I'm touched that you would give me such a valuable and useful gift.

These experiences prepared Spencer W. Kimball to be a good missionary.



REMEMBER

REMEMBER

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Remember



Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God (John 3:5).

BY ELIZABETH RICKS



What do you think is the most important word in the dictionary? President Spencer W. Kimball (1895–1985) said that perhaps the most important word is *remember*. He said our greatest need is to remember (see “Circles of Exaltation,” address to religious educators, Brigham Young University, June 28, 1968, 8).

The Book of Mormon prophet Helaman knew how important it is to remember. He urged his sons Nephi and Lehi to remember to keep the commandments of God. He asked them to remember the great men they were named after. He asked them to remember the words of the prophets. Most of all, he asked them to remember that Jesus Christ would come to redeem the world. Helaman said, “My sons, remember, remember that it is upon the rock of our Redeemer, who is Christ, the Son of God, that ye must build your foundation” (Helaman 5:12; see also vv. 5–9).

Nephi and Lehi did remember the teachings of their father. They were valiant men who kept the commandments of God all their lives.

We go to sacrament meeting every Sunday to take the sacrament. It is a time to remember our baptismal covenants. When a priest blesses the sacrament, we hear him say, “Always *remember* him and keep his commandments” (D&C 20:77; emphasis added).

Your faith will grow when you make baptismal covenants. After you are baptized and confirmed, you must remember to keep those covenants throughout your life. Your faith will continue to grow as you remember Jesus Christ. ●

Activity

Mount page 16 on heavy paper, and cut out the pictures. Place them face down. Turn over two of the pictures. If they match, put them in a pile, and take another turn. If they don’t match, turn them back over, and let the next person turn over two pictures. Try to remember where each picture is. Keep playing until all of the pictures and the word *remember* have been matched.

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. Pretend to be a journalist. Show the children GAK 208 (John the Baptist Baptizing Jesus). Ask them to help you find out what is happening in the picture. Explain that a journalist needs to find out six things: *what, where, when, who, how, and why*. Ask the children to discover the answer to each of these words. You might direct them to Matthew 3:13–17. For example, the answer to *who* is “Jesus was baptized by John.” The answer to *where* is “in the Jordan River.”

After you have answered all of the questions, put the answers together to form a story. Invite the chorister to lead the children in “Baptism” (pp. 100–101), and point out that the first five questions are answered in the first verse of the song and that the *why* question is answered in the second verse.

Learn the first verse of “I Want to Be Baptized” (*Friend*, July 2005, 45):

I want to be baptized in clothes pure and white,
To follow the Savior, to do what is right.
I'll covenant with Him to always be true,
For this is the thing that He wants me to do.

(If you cannot access this song, teach “When I Am Baptized” [p. 103] or another baptism song from *Children's Songbook*.)

Explain that Jesus set an example for us and that each of us needs to be baptized. Bear your testimony that Jesus is the Son of God.

2. Write each word of John 3:5 on pieces of paper, and distribute the papers to the children. Ask the children to read the words in random order, and ask them what the scripture might be about. Explain that key words such as *water, Spirit, and enter* might help them. When the children correctly guess that the scripture is about baptism, give them the scripture reference, and help them put the words in order. Repeat it several times together.

The week before Primary, invite children to ask their parents how the children got their names. Ask them to report on what their names mean or why their parents chose their names. Then ask what it means to take upon ourselves the name of Christ. Conduct a discussion (see TNGC, 63–65) on taking upon oneself the name of Christ. Be prepared with examples, such as the missionaries have the name of Jesus Christ on their name tags because they are some of His representatives.

Together, have the children repeat from My Gospel Standards: “I will remember my baptismal covenants and listen to the Holy Ghost.”

Learn the second verse of “I Want to Be Baptized”:

I want to be baptized when I have turned eight,
To enter Christ's kingdom through baptism's gate.
I'll take His name gladly, be known as His child,
And strive to be worthy, more Christlike and mild.

Invite the music leader to testify of the importance of baptism. Then bear a second witness of baptism and of Jesus Christ. Bear testimony that each of us needs to be baptized, or we cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

3. Divide the Primary into two groups. Ask the first group to find a scripture that tells who the third member of the Godhead is. Ask the second group to find a scripture that tells what the fourth principle and ordinance of the gospel is. If they need a clue, remind them that the Articles of Faith are part of the Pearl of Great Price. Review the first and fourth articles of faith.

Describe a time when you felt guided by the Holy Ghost. Or read the experience in “Guided by the Holy Ghost” (*Friend*, Oct. 2001, 8–9), by Elder Dale E. Miller of the Seventy.

Tell the children that it is difficult to explain exactly what the Spirit feels like but that Jesus taught about the Holy Ghost. Ask an older child to read John 14:26. Tell the children to listen for another name for the Holy Ghost (Comforter) as they listen to the scripture. Display a soft blanket or comforter. Point out the similarities between the Holy Ghost and the blanket.

For example, the blanket provides a warm and a soft feeling, just like the Holy Ghost.

Learn the third verse of “I Want to Be Baptized”:

I want to be baptized by God's priesthood pow'r,
Be given His Spirit, be cleansed as by fire.
The Spirit will guide me if I will obey
And help me return to my Father one day.

(If you cannot access this song, teach “The Holy Ghost” [p. 105] or another song about the Holy Ghost from *Children's Songbook*.)

Challenge the children to listen for the promptings of the Holy Ghost. Tell them that they can feel the Spirit as they keep the commandments. Express your appreciation for this third member of the Godhead.

4. Display a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water. Also display GAK 604 (Passing the Sacrament). Ask the children what the difference is between plain bread and water and sacrament bread and water. Explain that the sacrament is sacred because it has been blessed by priesthood authority. It reminds us of Jesus's body and blood.

Use *True to the Faith*, 147–49, and *Gospel Principles*, 151–56, to help you create questions such as “Who introduced the sacrament?” (Christ), “Who passes the sacrament?” (priesthood holders, usually the deacons), and “What should we think of while the sacrament is being passed?” (Christ and His Atonement). Ask enough questions to help the children understand the sacrament. Use a picture of the sacrament to create a puzzle. Cut the picture into puzzle pieces, making the same number of pieces as questions. Each time a question is answered correctly, invite the child to tape a puzzle piece to the chalkboard. When the puzzle is complete, sing “To Think about Jesus” (p. 71). Point out that while the song sounds a little sad when it begins, its ending sounds happy. Although the sacrament is a time to be very quiet, it is also a time to be happy as we think of what Jesus has done for us. Bear testimony of the importance of the sacrament.

For younger children: Add actions to the poem “The Sacrament” (*Friend*, Feb. 1995, 16). Help the children memorize the poem by repeating it several times.

Quietly I eat the bread (fingers to mouth)
and drink the water too. (fingers pretending to hold a sacrament
cup to mouth)
I fold my arms (fold arms)
and think of Jesus— (finger to forehead)
That's what I should do. (nod head)

5. *Song presentation*: “I Want to Live the Gospel” (p. 148). Ask the children, “What do you want?” Give many children an opportunity to respond so that there is a broad assortment of ideas. List them on the board. Tell the children that you are going to tell them what you want. Sing the first verse of “I Want to Live the Gospel.” Ask them what you want (to live the gospel). Post four wordstrips: “to live,” “to know,” “to follow,” “live.” Using questions and repetition, teach the first verse of the song. Ask the children how likely it will be that they get the things listed on the board. Tell them that it is very likely that they will live the gospel if they do what the chorus of the song says. Sing the chorus. Explain that it is a statement of commitment. Point out the words *do* and *say*. Ask the children to think of things that they can *do* and things that they can *say* to live the gospel. For example, “I can read the scriptures,” or, “I can say thank you to show that I'm grateful.” Ask the children to think of one thing they can do or say this week “to live the gospel more each day.” Tell them that living the gospel begins with trying to do what is right. Testify of the truth of the gospel and the joy it brings.

6. *Friend* references: “Baptism,” Jan. 2003, 7; “Plain Words about Baptism: Why Is It Important for Me to Be Baptized?” Jan. 2000, 39; “How the Holy Ghost Helps You,” Mar. 1990, inside front cover; “Everyone But Me,” July 1997, 2–4; “The Gift of the Holy Ghost,” Aug. 2005, 24–25; “The Sacrament” July 2004, 39; “Taking the Sacrament,” Aug. 2003, 34.

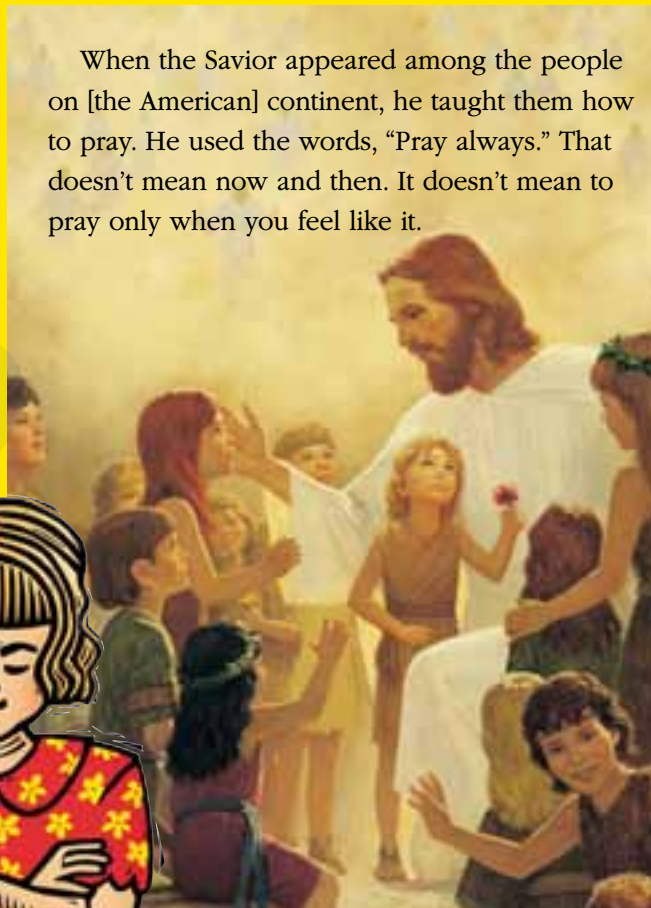
Why is it important for me to pray?



Elder Henry B. Eyring of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles shares some of his thoughts on this subject.

Answers [to prayers] were most clear when what I wanted was silenced by an overpowering need to know what God wanted. It is then that the answer from a loving Heavenly Father can be spoken to the mind by the still, small voice and can be written on the heart.

When the Savior appeared among the people on [the American] continent, he taught them how to pray. He used the words, "Pray always." That doesn't mean now and then. It doesn't mean to pray only when you feel like it.



The first, the middle, and the last thing to do is to pray.



We can pray every day to know what God would have us do. We can commit to start to do it quickly when the answer comes. Then, we can choose to obey.



Personal prayer can build our faith to do what God commands. We are commanded to pray *always* that we will not be overcome.

From "In the Strength of the Lord," Ensign, May 2004, 17; "Spiritual Preparedness: Start Early and Be Steady," Ensign, Nov. 2005, 39-40; "Write upon My Heart," Ensign, Nov. 2000, 86; "To Draw Closer to God," Ensign, May 1991, 66.



BY DAWNELL GRIFFIN

(Based on a true story)

Love and help each other; be honest, kind, and true
(*Children's Songbook*, 59).

William's heart beat a little faster. He knew it was wrong to tease the old blind shoemaker, but at the same time, it was exciting being out after dark with his friends. Even the fear of getting caught was not enough

pebbles. His bare feet padded quietly through the dirt along the side of the road, and he and his friends approached the house that was Wilhelm Dithmer's home and shoe shop.

William let his small stones fly and watched as the man jumped at the sound of the rocks

CAUGHT in the ACT

to make him turn back. William watched as the kerosene lamps were turned low inside the houses that lined the main street of their small town. The lights flickered and went out, but in one house a lamp continued to burn.

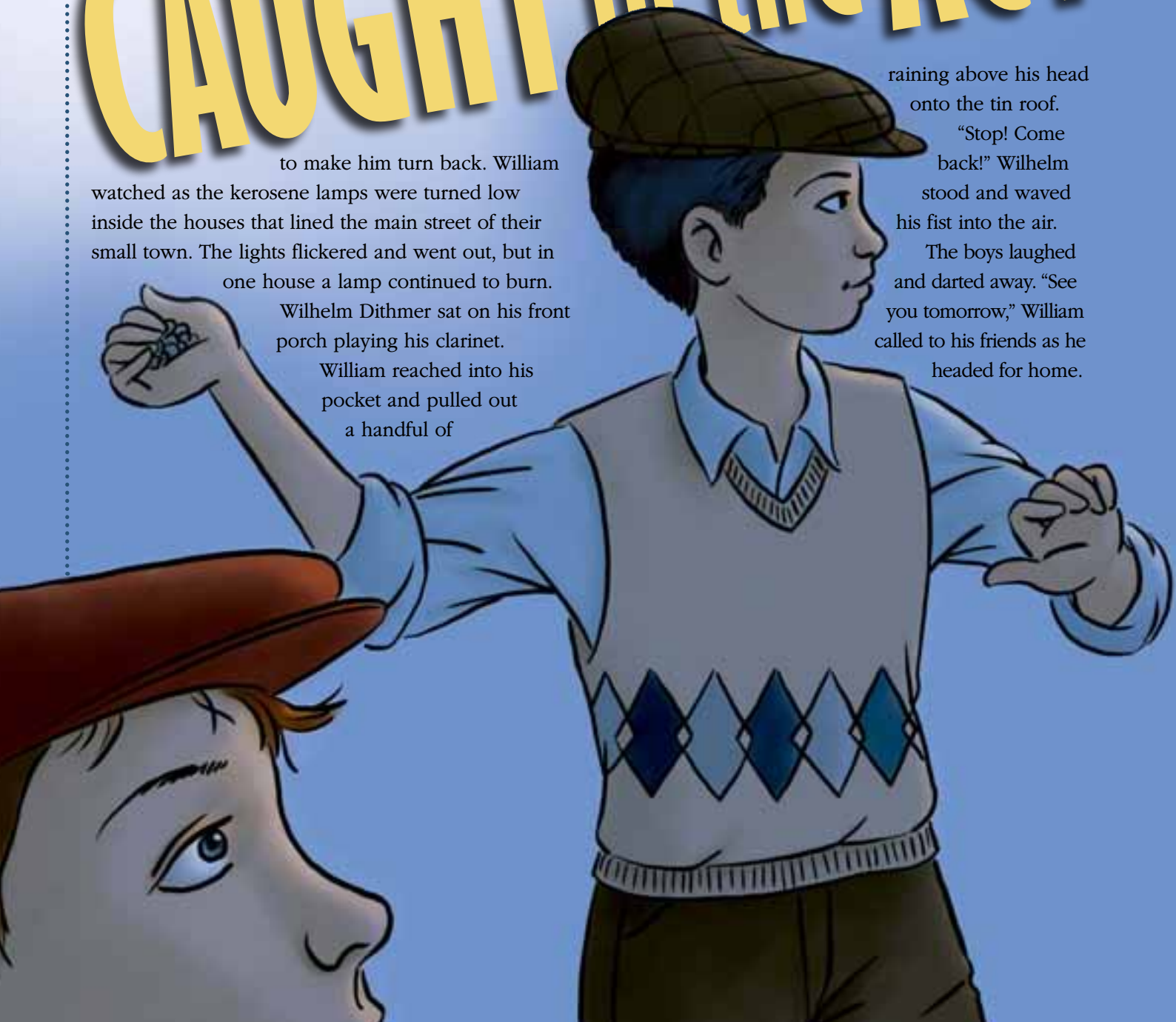
Wilhelm Dithmer sat on his front porch playing his clarinet.

William reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of

raining above his head onto the tin roof.

"Stop! Come back!" Wilhelm stood and waved his fist into the air.

The boys laughed and darted away. "See you tomorrow," William called to his friends as he headed for home.





In the light of early morning, William lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. The thrill seeking of the night before was haunting in daylight. What was it his father had said about the shoemaker—something about him going blind because he had the measles when he was a boy? And had he really been an orphan in Denmark?

The day seemed longer to William than usual. What was this uncomfortable feeling? Still, after school he

agreed to meet with his friends again that night.

As he crept up the street watching for the lights to dim, William heard the sounds of Wilhelm's clarinet. The melody was high and mournful. William stopped a moment to listen. Every night, Wilhelm closed up the shoe shop and then sat on his porch to play his music. It had become almost a ritual, but tonight the notes ended abruptly. William listened, but the only noise was the croaking of the bullfrogs.

William drew back his arm to throw the stones in his hand, but suddenly someone grabbed his arm.

"Help!" William cried, but the other boys ran away. "Let me go!" William struggled to loose himself from Wilhelm's grasp.

"I only want to show you something," Wilhelm said.

William stopped squirming, curious why the man did not scold him or call out for the authorities.

"What?" William asked.

"I want to play a song for you on my clarinet," Wilhelm said. "But first, promise me that you will not run away."

William didn't know what to say. "I guess," he said at last.

"No," Wilhelm said. "Promise."

"All right," William said. "I promise."

Wilhelm relaxed his hold. He led William to his



When Wilhelm Michael Dithmer was a boy, a serious case of the measles left him blind. Soon after that he was orphaned. The only thing he owned was his father's clarinet. He sat on street corners in Copenhagen, Denmark, and played the clarinet, hoping to stay alive from the money that people would give him. One generous person decided to send Wilhelm to school, and after that, Wilhelm converted to the gospel and immigrated to America. He settled in Utah and gave free music lessons to generations of boys. Wilhelm died in 1916, and at his funeral it was said of him, "There was neither father, mother, sister, brother, wife, nor child to mourn Wilhelm's passing. However, no man ever had more friends."

front porch and sat down in his chair. William watched as Wilhelm took a deep breath and began to play his clarinet. The melody lifted soft and sweet into the night air.

William sat still and listened. What must it have been like to grow up alone in Copenhagen? How hard would it be to lose both a father and a mother? He couldn't imagine leaving his home and traveling across the ocean by himself to a strange land where no one understood the language he spoke. All the heartache of Wilhelm's life seemed to be played out in the notes that came from the clarinet.

Wilhelm finished. He placed the clarinet across his knees and waited for William to respond, but the boy was silent.

"What is your name?" Wilhelm asked.

William hesitated. He wanted to reach out and touch the clarinet, but if he told the man his name, he would surely get into trouble. Still, there were not many musical instruments in the town.

"My name is William," he said. "Almost like yours."

"Well then, William," Wilhelm said with his strong Danish accent. "Would you like me to teach you how to play my clarinet?"

"You would teach me how to play?" William asked.

"I will teach you to play my clarinet. If you practice

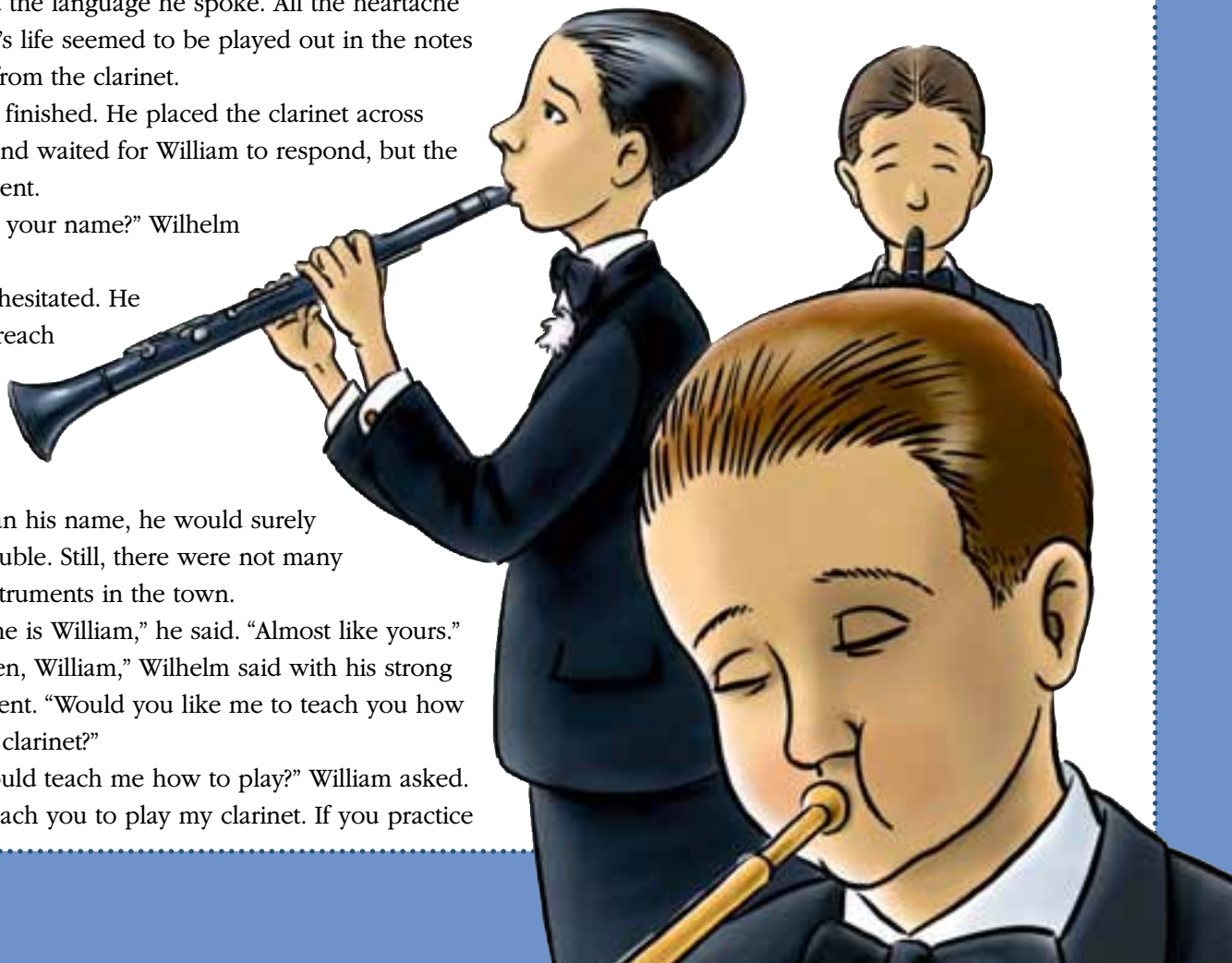
very hard and learn to play well, I may even help you buy one of these for yourself. Maybe we could start a band."

"A real band?" William asked. "Like the ones that play at dances?" This wasn't at all what he had expected.

Wilhelm nodded. "But you must stop raining pebbles on my roof. And you must come every day after school to practice."

William did learn to play, and so did his friends. They played for high school dances. They played when the town put on their Christmas plays. They played in the outdoor pavilion on warm summer nights. Long after their school days ended, the band stayed together.

For years, Wilhelm gave free music lessons in the evening after working all day in his shop. When Wilhelm died, many of his students played music at his funeral. William, now a grown man, was one of them. ●



They Spoke to Us

Quotes from the March–April 2007 general conference



“The Atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ . . . is the keystone in the arch of our existence. It affirms that we lived before we were born in mortality. Mortality is but a stepping-stone to a more glorious existence in the future.”

President Gordon B. Hinckley

“Humble, trusting prayer brings direction and peace. Don’t worry about your clumsily expressed feelings. Just talk to your compassionate, understanding Father. You are His precious child whom He loves perfectly and wants to help.” **Elder Richard G. Scott**

“[Jesus] provided the life, the light, and the way. Multitudes followed Him. Children adored Him. The haughty rejected Him. He spoke in parables. He taught by example. He lived a perfect life.”

President Thomas S. Monson

“Faith is not only a feeling; it is a decision. With prayer, study, obedience, and covenants, we build and fortify our faith.”

Elder Neil L. Andersen

“Wouldn’t it be wonderful if, in spite of what others at school might be doing, from this moment forward you would be known for your absolute integrity and clean language? Decide now that you will never cheat; that your language will be pure; that as long as you live, vulgar words or jokes will never come from your lips.”

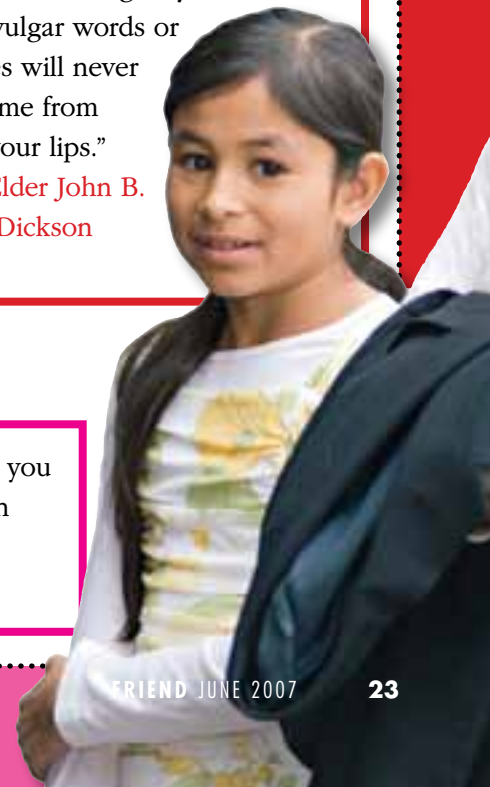
Elder John B. Dickson

“If we can find forgiveness in our hearts for those who have caused us hurt and injury, we will rise to a higher level of self-esteem and well-being.”

President James E. Faust

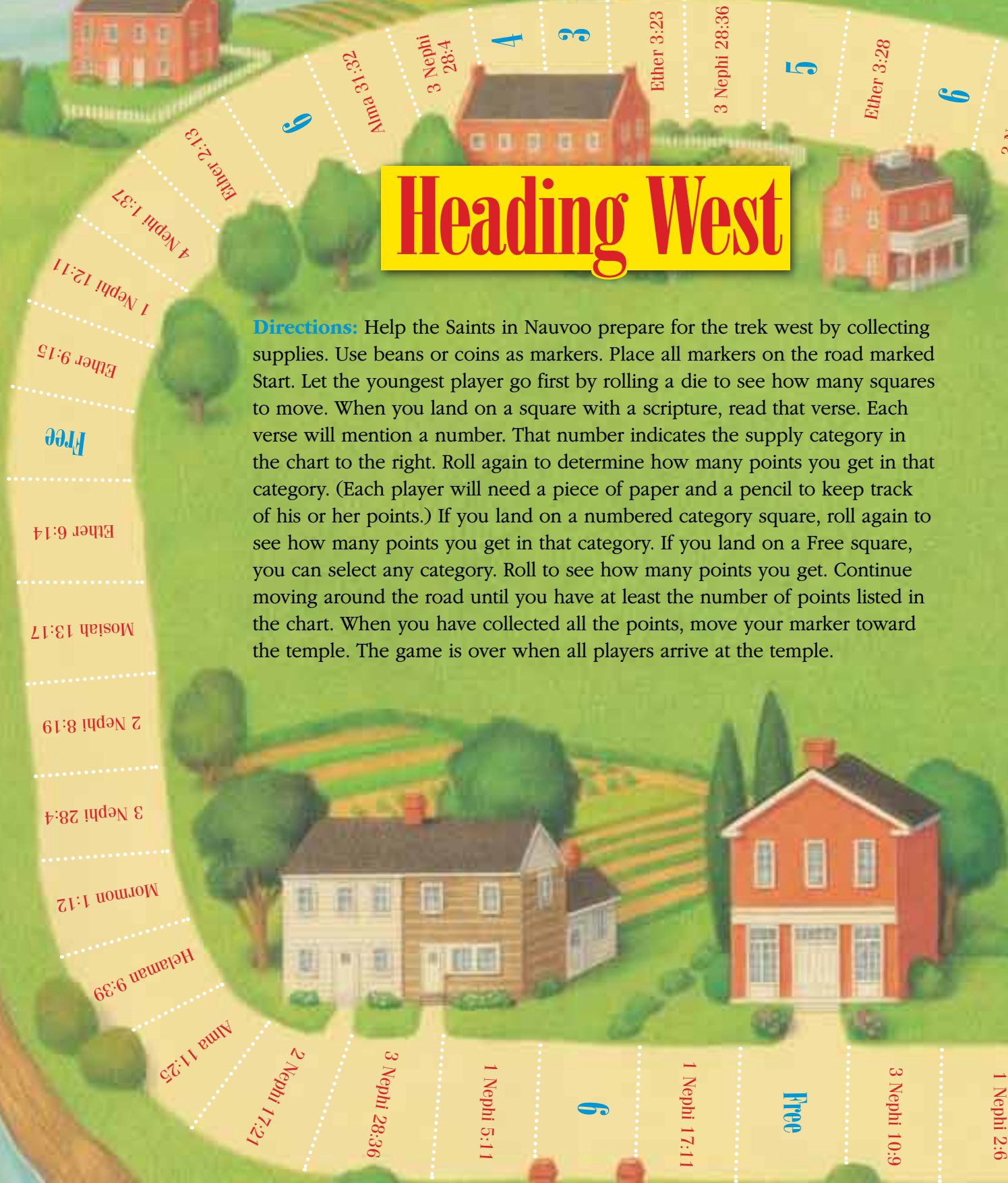


“Determine where you are and what you need to do to be the kind of person you want to be. Create inspiring, noble, and righteous goals that fire your imagination and create excitement in your heart. And then keep your eye on them. Work consistently towards achieving them.” **Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin**



Heading West

Directions: Help the Saints in Nauvoo prepare for the trek west by collecting supplies. Use beans or coins as markers. Place all markers on the road marked Start. Let the youngest player go first by rolling a die to see how many squares to move. When you land on a square with a scripture, read that verse. Each verse will mention a number. That number indicates the supply category in the chart to the right. Roll again to determine how many points you get in that category. (Each player will need a piece of paper and a pencil to keep track of his or her points.) If you land on a numbered category square, roll again to see how many points you get in that category. If you land on a Free square, you can select any category. Roll to see how many points you get. Continue moving around the road until you have at least the number of points listed in the chart. When you have collected all the points, move your marker toward the temple. The game is over when all players arrive at the temple.





1 Nephi 8:3

4

1 Nephi 16:13

Ether 7:20

3 Nephi 8:23

6

Ether 5:3

5

Ether 14:7

Helaman 14:2

Mosiah 6:5

3

Mosiah 7:1

Free

1 Nephi 18:15

Mosiah 7:6

5

1 Nephi 18:7

1 Nephi 19:16

Helaman 14:20

Mosiah 9:5






Mosiah 7:8

5

Mosiah 1:12

Start



Supply Category	2	Water	3	Food	
Points Needed	25		30		
4	Animals	5	Wagon supplies	6	Farm tools
10		7		15	

Mosiah 22:16

Helaman 14:27

6

Mosiah 19:29

4



Joseph Smith Sr.



Lucy Mack Smith

E S A M U E L F S A
 C P O M A M I O L L
 I A H P U I L E U S
 N C T R H R L C A N
 B I E H A R Y L T O
 G E V C E I O H I T
 H E N L R R M N F W
 O O R E A V I E I R
 D H P E S O J N W A
 B A B Y B O Y W E W

Do You Know the Smith Family?

BY AMIE JANE LEAVITT

The prophet Joseph Smith was the fifth child born to Joseph Smith Sr. and Lucy Mack Smith. The eleven children in the Smith family are listed below in the order they were born. Can you find their names in the word search? Look backward, across, and diagonally. After you are finished, look from left to right on each row and write the first 28 unused letters on the spaces to find a hidden message.

baby boy
 Alvin
 Hyrum
 Sophronia

Joseph
 Samuel
 Ephraim
 William

Catherine
 Don Carlos
 Lucy

Hidden Message: _____

Kitchen Krafts

Grill these meals with your family and enjoy a fun summer treat.

B.A.T. Sandwich

- 2 large slices cheese
- 3 large slices tomato, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste
- 3 strips turkey bacon, cooked until crisp
- 1 half of a large avocado, peeled and sliced
- 2 slices multigrain bread

Place the first four ingredients between the bread slices. Grill the sandwich evenly on both sides over medium-high heat until the cheese is melted.

Rosemary Chicken Drumsticks

- 1 cup freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons pepper
- 3 tablespoons dried rosemary
- 12 chicken drumsticks

Combine the lemon juice, olive oil, pepper, and rosemary. Place the drumsticks in a disposable aluminum pan and pour in the juice mixture. Cover with foil and refrigerate for 4 hours. Remove the foil and place the pan on the grill. Cook the chicken for 12 to 15 minutes. Turn the chicken. Grill for an additional 12 to 15 minutes or until chicken is no longer pink.

Veggie Kabobs

- 2 ears of corn, sliced into 2-inch (5-cm) pieces
- 3 bell peppers, cut into 2-inch (5-cm) pieces
- 24 sweet grape tomatoes
- 2 zucchini, cubed
- 2 yellow squash, cubed
- 2 medium onions, sliced into wedges
- 8 skewers
- teriyaki sauce to taste

Boil the corn in a saucepan for 12 minutes. Drain. Thread all the vegetables evenly onto skewers and place on the grill over medium-high heat for 25 minutes, basting regularly with teriyaki sauce.

Frozen Mint Fudge Sandwiches

BY RONDA GIBB HINRICHSSEN

- 1 package (8 ounces/227 g) cream cheese
- 1 cup milk chocolate chips
- 1 cup mint-flavored baking chips
- 24 full-sized graham crackers

1. Combine the cream cheese, chocolate chips, and mint chips in a saucepan and cook over low heat until melted, stirring frequently. Remove from heat.
2. Drop 2 heaping tablespoons of the mixture onto a graham cracker and spread it evenly. Top with another cracker.
3. Place the graham-cracker sandwiches on a large cookie sheet and freeze until the filling is firm (about 1 hour).





Trying to Be Like Jesus

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

Popularity or Responsibility?

By Lauren N.



When I was in fifth grade, I wasn't what you would call "popular." I was just known as a smart kid. I had a talent for cartooning, so one day I started drawing pictures of kids at school. I showed some people my drawings, and I was instantly popular. This was a dream come true! I couldn't wait until lunch to draw more pictures. Then I remembered that I had promised to watch over the younger children on the playground during lunch break. But I still wanted to hang out with my new cool friends. What could I do? I prayed to Heavenly Father

to ask. The answer didn't come until lunchtime. I was eating and was about to choose to stay with my friends when I had a feeling that I should go do my job. I knew that the Holy Ghost had given me my answer. I watched over the children and knew in my heart that I had made the right choice.

Lauren N., age 11, California

A Good Example

By Jacob M.



I am the oldest of seven children. Whenever I'm asked to do something, I try to do it as soon as I can. I have a new baby brother and I'll try to help him grow in the gospel by being an example.

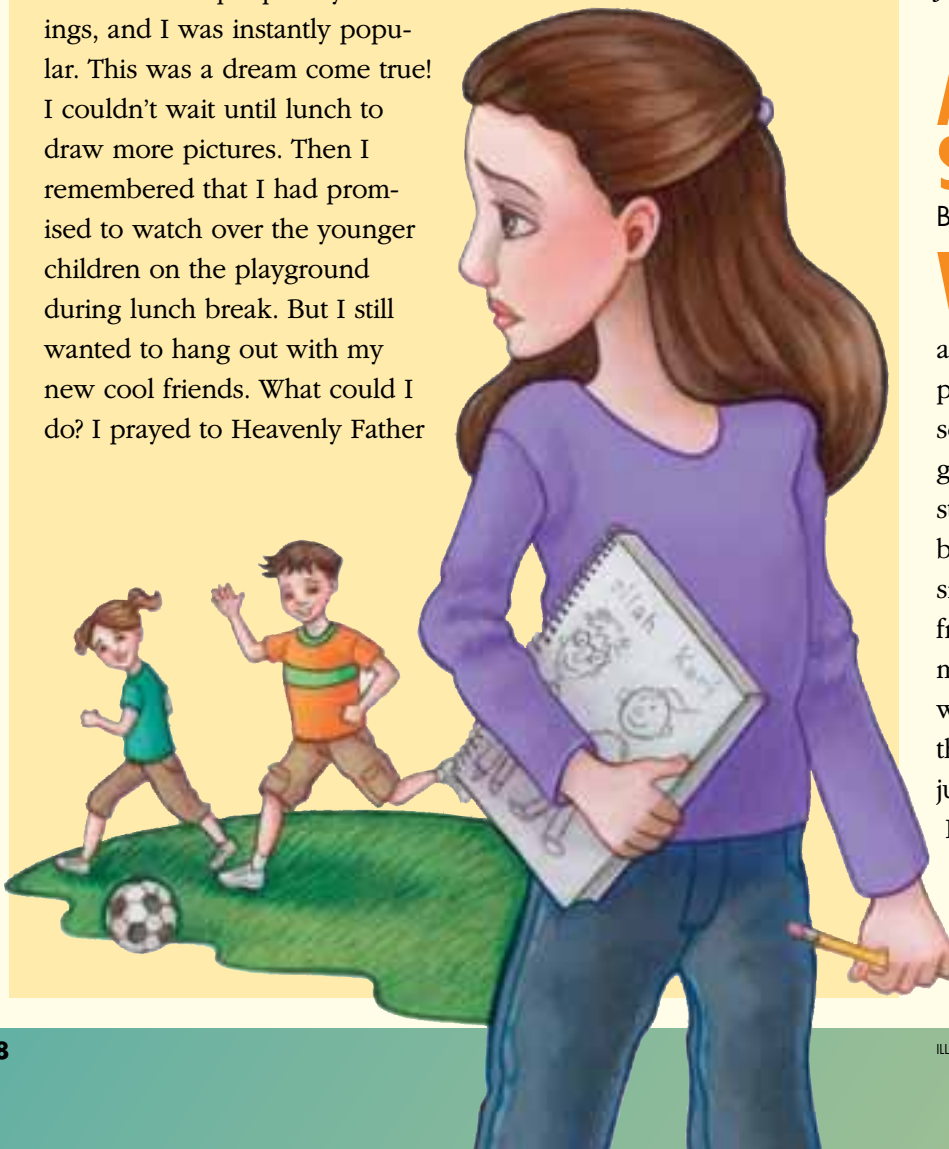
Jacob M., age 11, Nova Scotia, Canada

A Boy Sitting Alone

By Julie F.

While my friends and I were playing on the school playground, they started saying bad things about a boy who was sitting alone. He didn't have many friends, and people were often mean to him. I thought, "What would Jesus do?" Then I told them that we shouldn't make fun of him just because he looked different. Instead, we should be his friends. Since that day I have never been mean to him.

Julie F., age 10, Utah





Standing Strong

By Megan P.

I was at a friend's birthday party with about 10 other girls. We had lots of fun. We sang karaoke, played games, made crafts, and opened presents. After the pizza and birthday cake we decided to watch a movie. I asked my friend what it was rated. She said PG-13.

I let her know that I couldn't watch it and suggested another movie. She said, "Come on, your mom is not going to know you watched it. I really want to see it." The others agreed with her.

I felt uncomfortable because I didn't want to ruin her party. But I knew that I wasn't going to watch it. I said, "OK, you watch it, and I'll watch another movie on the other TV."

She thought about it and said, "Let's just all watch your movie. It will be good too."

I know that it's important to stay strong and faithful to Church standards. If you do, you will be blessed. The Holy Ghost will be with you. In a family home evening I learned that I need to make choices before I am actually faced with the decision. It makes it easier to stand strong for your standards. I am thankful for friends who respected me for my choice. I know that Heavenly Father gives us commandments so that we can be happy.

Megan P., age 11, Pennsylvania



Soothing Songs

By Cannon L.

My mom was driving my little brother, True, and me around in our van. True was sad and started to cry in his car seat. I began singing songs to cheer him up. He stopped crying. It felt good to comfort my little brother.

True and Cannon L., ages 2 and 5, Idaho

The Giving Garden

By Corrina C.

In the summer my dad and I plant a garden with all sorts of vegetables. My favorites are tomatoes, carrots, and potatoes. We give all the extra vegetables away to people who need them. I think the Spirit is with us when we serve others.

Corrina C., age 8, Arizona





Funny and Faithful

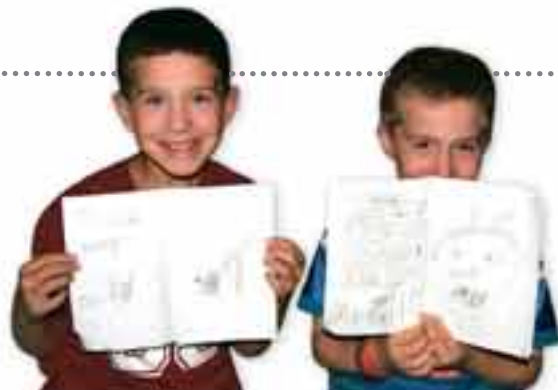


DEXTER AND QUINLAN MANN OF
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA



Although Quinlan and Dexter have very different personalities, they are extremely close and love being together.

BY MELVIN LEAVITT
Church Magazines



Whether creating funny books or earning mission money, the boys put their hearts into their work.

H

ow would you like to read a book called *The Boy Who*

Cried Eggplant? Or how about *Grandma Whiskers and Lady Chicken Squeezer?* Or *Tweedledee, Tweedledum, and Tweedledumber?*

These are three of the many homemade books written and illustrated by Dexter and Quinlan Mann (10 and 8) of Winnipeg, Manitoba. All the books are funny, wise, and wildly creative—like the boys who wrote them.

Although Dexter and Quinlan share a whimsical sense of humor, they have different personalities. “Dexter jumps into things and is very outspoken,” Dad explains.

“Quinlan is very thoughtful and philosophical.”

Dexter likes helping his mom bake—especially cookies. He also collects rocks, runs cross-country, and plays soccer at recess—even when the playground snow is deep. Quinlan, on the other hand, spent many recesses creating a play for his third-grade classmates to perform. Still, the brothers prefer doing things together. One snowy winter they built a

huge snow fort in the front yard. It had several rooms and snow benches for resting.

These funny boys are serious about choosing the right and serving others. When their grandpa

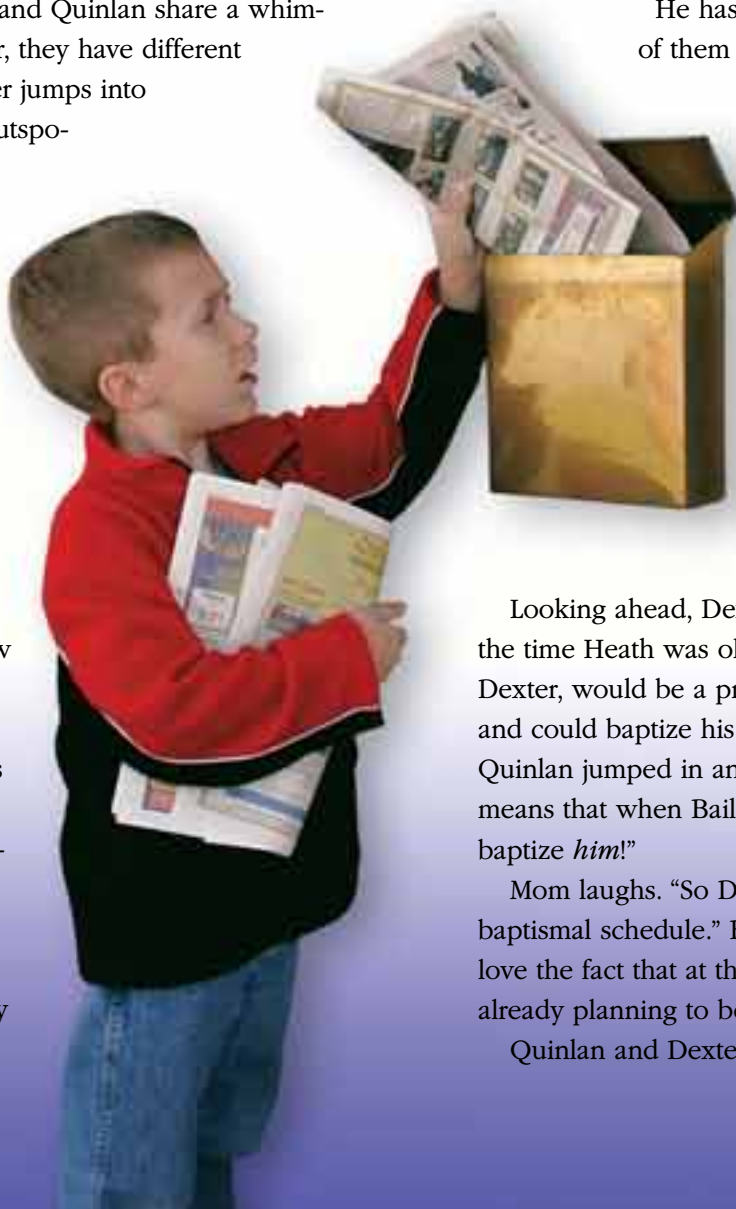
had cancer, they not only prayed for his recovery but also rolled up their sleeves and took care of his garden. They grew corn, cucumbers, broccoli, chili peppers, onions, peas, tomatoes, beets, some odd-looking carrots, and three pumpkins destined to become jack-o'-lanterns. The eggplants died, but nobody minded much, because Grandpa lived.

He has promised the boys that as each of them receives his mission call, he will buy them a 10-foot submarine sandwich to share. Now they can't see a pickle or a slice of bologna without thinking of missionary work. They are already earning money for their missions by delivering flyers. By the time Dexter and Quinlan leave, their younger brothers, Heath (1) and Bailey (3 months) will be old enough to take over the flyer deliveries.

Looking ahead, Dexter announced one day that by the time Heath was old enough to be baptized, he, Dexter, would be a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood and could baptize his little brother. At this point, Quinlan jumped in and said, “Wait a minute. That means that when Bailey is eight, I'll be old enough to baptize *him!*”

Mom laughs. “So Daddy has been bumped from the baptismal schedule.” But then she adds seriously, “I love the fact that at the ages of ten and eight they are already planning to be worthy priesthood holders.”

Quinlan and Dexter are the only Latter-day Saints in





Play, work, discipline,
and above all, love
unite the Mann family.

their school, but that doesn't keep them from making good friends there. "They both know how to be loyal friends," their mom says. Both boys are enthusiastic Scouts too. Dexter is a six-star Cub, and Quinlan has already earned four of his six stars. They have both earned their Religion in Life badges.

The Manns live disciplined lives. Quinlan and Dexter do most of their playing and book writing on Friday night and Saturday because weekdays are carefully scheduled. Homework starts right after dinner and is followed by chores. These include emptying the garbage, helping to tend Heath and Bailey, helping Mom with the laundry, and cleaning their rooms.

The boys attend a French-immersion school in which 75 percent of their class work is in French. French and English are the official languages of Canada, and speaking both will help them get good jobs someday.

Although the Mann family are serious about education and the gospel, they are not overly solemn.

They are a laughing, game-playing, camping-out family. North of Winnipeg there are huge lakes and vast forests where they often set up their tent. They celebrate major holidays and family milestones at big dinners with their extended families and others who have been generously "adopted." On Canada Day (July 1), the children bash away at a piñata filled with candy.

What are the boys most thankful for? They give the same answer: their family. "I feel 100 percent good about them all," Dexter says. He stops and reconsiders. "Sometimes 99 percent," he admits. He is an honest boy.

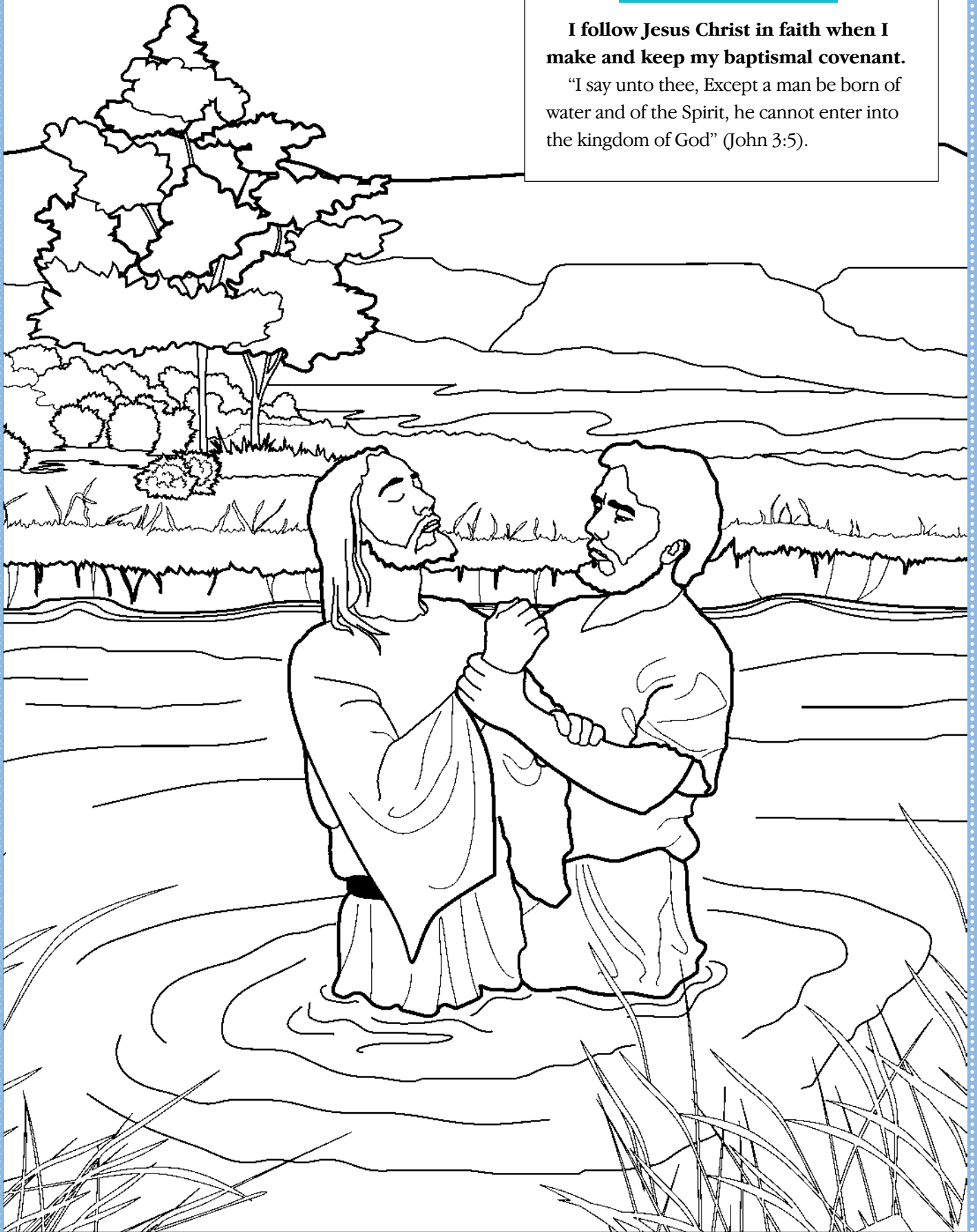
In Canada people often take off their shoes when they enter a home because there is so much wet weather outside. But it could also be a reminder that the home is a sacred place where love and laughter make a refuge from the world, a place where a child might feel equally comfortable reading scriptures or writing funny stories. The Mann home is that kind of place. ●



The boys proudly show
the pumpkins they grew.

I follow Jesus Christ in faith when I make and keep my baptismal covenant.

“I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God” (John 3:5).



My daddy is my fav'rite pal. . . . It's plain to see I want to be like him in ev'ry way (Children's Songbook, 211).

Changing Places

BY ANGI BRIDGES

 likes  watch  get ready  work.   his  

 tucks it into his  . Then  puts    on his  .  sees

 put a  on his head.  wears a     cause it's

 cold outside. When  comes  from work,  puts  's  on

 his  . They  big. He puts  's  on his head. It covers his  .

 He tries on  's  . It drags on the  .  's   

 big for  's  .  laughs. He puts on  's  . They  

 small. The  cover only   on his  . He puts on  's

 . It is  small.  's  fits  of  's arms.  's

 only cover  's fingers on his  .  sees   laughs.

 likes playing dress  . He   have fun changing places!

Pita Bread Dad

BY RENÉE ROY HARDING

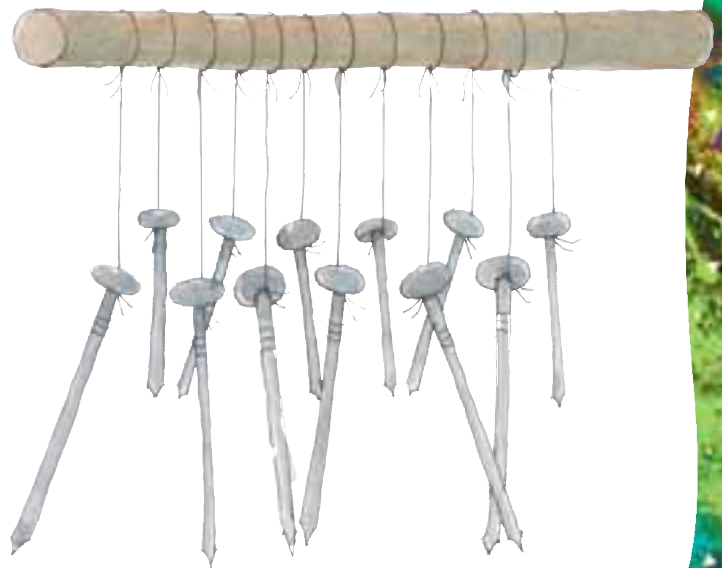


Nail Wind Chime

BY JULIE WARDELL

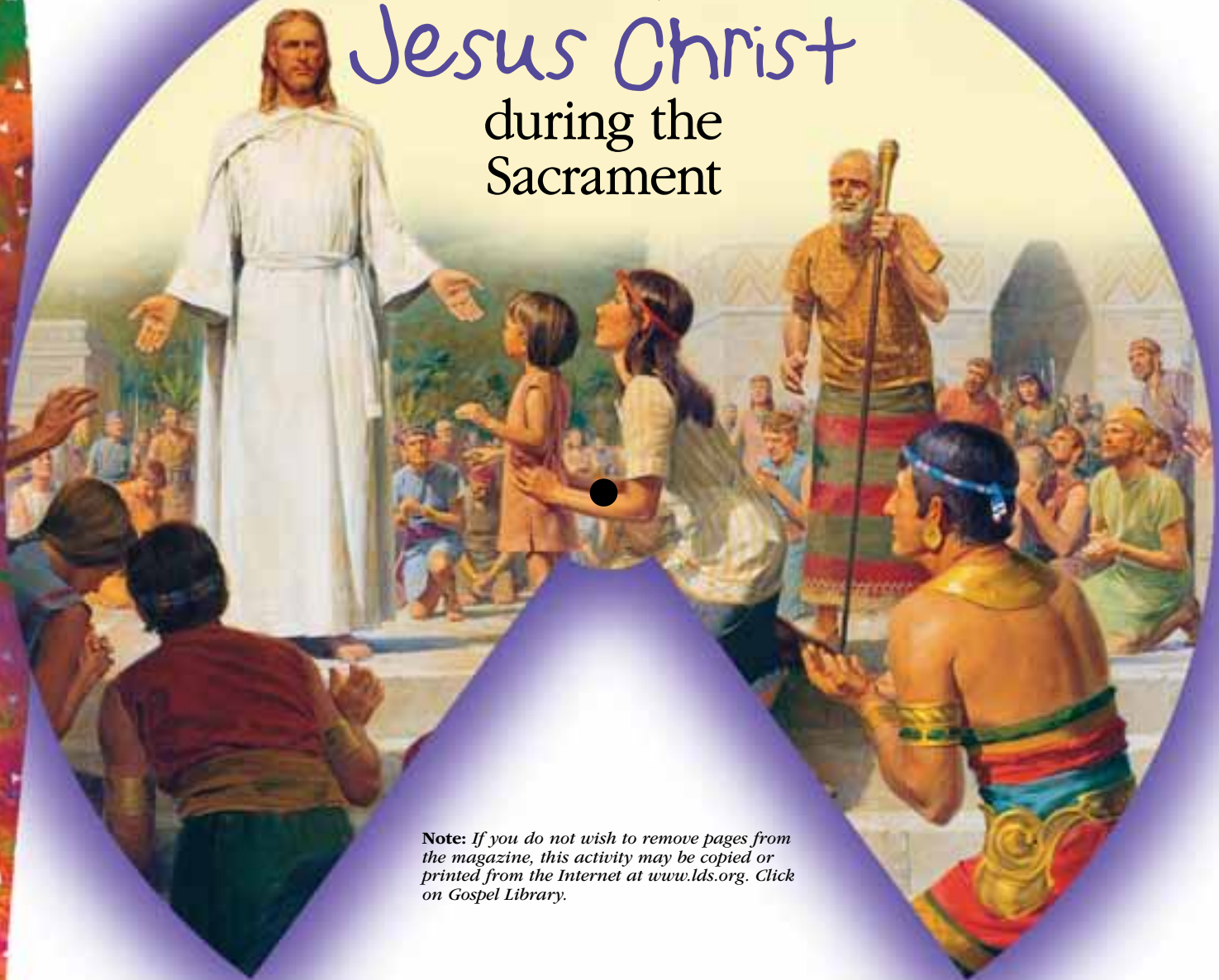
To make a wind chime, you will need: scissors, string, six-penny and twelve-penny nails, 10-inch-long (25-cm) dowel or stick.

1. Cut pieces of string varying slightly in length and tie one end to a nail.
2. Tie the strings close together on a dowel or stick with the nail hanging down (see illustration).
3. Using string, hang the wind chime outdoors where a breeze can make it chime.





Remember Jesus Christ during the Sacrament



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

BY LAUREL ROHLFING

There are many ways we can reverently remember Jesus Christ, especially while the sacrament is being passed. We can remember how He suffered for our sins and how He died and was resurrected. We can remember His life and teachings. We can think about how we can become more like Him. We

can remember the things we have done wrong and ask for forgiveness. And we can remember the many blessings He has given us. Jesus said, “If ye do always remember me ye shall have my Spirit to be with you” (3 Nephi 18:11). The sacrament is a great blessing in our lives.

LEFT: DETAIL FROM CHRIST VISITS THE AMERICAS, BY JOHN SCOTT; RIGHT, CLOCKWISE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW REIER, POSED BY MODELS; THE CRUCIFIXION, BY HARRY ANDERSON; ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MANN; THE RESURRECTION, BY HARRY ANDERSON

Instructions

Mount the two circles on heavy paper, and cut them out. Put the circle with the cutout wedge on top of the other circle. Fasten the two circles in the center with a brass fastener. Turn the top circle so you can see each

picture. Think about what it represents. You can also use the picture circles in a Primary talk or family home evening lesson. ●



Impressions of Joseph Smith

Joseph saw
 A great light,
 Heavenly Father and Jesus,
 The Vision,
 Moroni and the golden plates.

Joseph heard
 As he prayed out loud
 The Father's voice, then Christ's voice—
 Do not join any church,
 No church was right,
 Then Angel Moroni's voice.

Joseph felt
 Darkness when he tried to pray,
 Peace and warmth and the presence of Christ,
 The golden plates, the sword of Laban, and the Urim and Thummim,
 Sorrow when his children died,
 The Holy Ghost.

Joseph smelled
 The flowers, the woods, and the trees in the spring as he walked to
 the grove,
 The smell of tobacco before receiving the Word of Wisdom,
 The tar and feathers from the wicked men.

Joseph tasted
 His mother's bread and Emma's good food,
 The bread and water of the sacrament,
 The fruits of service and goodness and sacrifice.

Primary children of the Monterey Ward, Monterey California Stake

South Teton

An exciting climb on the South Teton mountain,
 A warm summer day, just warm enough for shorts.
 The sundial is shadowless, just like me.
 Squirrels are chattering,
 Jaybirds are whistling,
 Black bears are grunting,
 Marmots are eating,
 Lizards are basking,
 Raccoons are napping,
 Paddling in the clean spring,
 Leaping from rock to rock
 Watching the mountain goats.
 I want to go again next summer
 To enjoy it all over again.

Caleb W., age 10, Idaho

Summer

Summer is here! I just can't wait
 To read some books and stay up late,
 Eat some watermelon, catch that seed,
 Work in the wonderful garden.
 Don't forget to weed!

Katie M., age 10, New York

The Flower Garden

Flowers blossom little by little.
 Roses spring up one by one.
 Butterflies fly above the trees.
 What a pretty little flower garden
 This little girl needs.

Ali S., age 6, Minnesota



James C., age 4, Utah



Jade S., age 9, Montana



Saydie C., age 5, Korea



Tupou T., age 11, Tonga



Kyle B., age 8, Alaska



Cassie K., age 9, Nova Scotia, Canada



Sydney C., age 9, Utah



Elise H., age 5, Virginia



Alani P., age 6, Georgia



Joseph W., age 8, Kentucky



Madison S., age 6, Ohio



Jordann P., age 10, Arizona



Joshua T., age 5, California



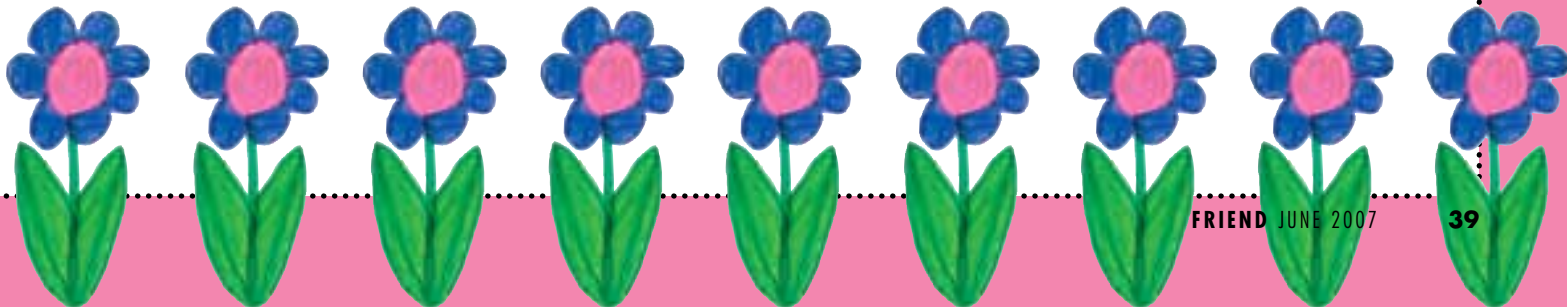
Noah D., age 7, North Carolina



Devin W., age 7, Utah



Michael M., age 7, Idaho







The Most Important Part

BY MICHELLE LEHARDT

(Based on a true story)

Thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day (D&C 59:9).

Hurry up, kids!" Dad called. "I found a sacrament meeting that starts in an hour."

We had driven all the way to California for a week of going to the beach, sleeping late, eating lots of ice cream, and visiting amusement parks. But today was Sunday, and Dad had been on the phone looking for a ward for us to attend.

"It's hard to get ready for church on vacation," I thought. My dress was wrinkled, and my brother Mike had left his Sunday shoes at home. My little sister Ruthie kept turning on the TV and opening every drawer and closet in our small hotel room. Finally we were ready.

The drive to church was longer than we expected, and by the time we arrived, the deacons had just finished passing the sacrament. We quietly slipped into a back row and listened to the rest of the meeting. Even though we didn't know any of the people there, it felt just like home. We sang "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and one of the speakers told a story I had heard in Primary the week before.

After the meeting, Dad disappeared for a minute. When he came back, he said, "I just talked to the bishop. Another sacrament meeting starts in 15 minutes. You can stay cozy right here."

"What? Why? We just went to sacrament meeting!" Mike protested.

"Yes, but we missed the sacrament," Dad explained.

"But we heard all the talks and songs. Dad, we're on vacation," I whined.

Dad thought for a minute. "Michelle, you remember your baptism, don't you?"

"Yes." I had been baptized a few months before.

"Well, you remember that Mom and the bishop gave talks, Mike played the piano, and Sister Tueller led the opening and closing songs?"

"Yes."

"What was the most important part of your baptism? What were we all there for?" Dad asked.

"My baptism, of course!"

"Right. And taking the sacrament is the reason we come to sacrament meeting."

I thought about how silly it would be to attend your baptism and leave before getting baptized. I realized that the sacrament must be even more important than I thought.

"Taking the sacrament is the most important thing we'll do all week," Dad said.

"More important than going to the beach?" Ruthie asked.

Dad smiled and pulled Ruthie onto his lap. "Even more important than going to the beach."

We all chuckled. After all, we were on vacation. ●

"The sacrament is one of the most sacred ordinances in the Church. Partaking of the sacrament worthily gives us an opportunity for spiritual growth."

Elder L. Tom Perry of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "As Now We Take the Sacrament," *Ensign*, May 2006, 41.

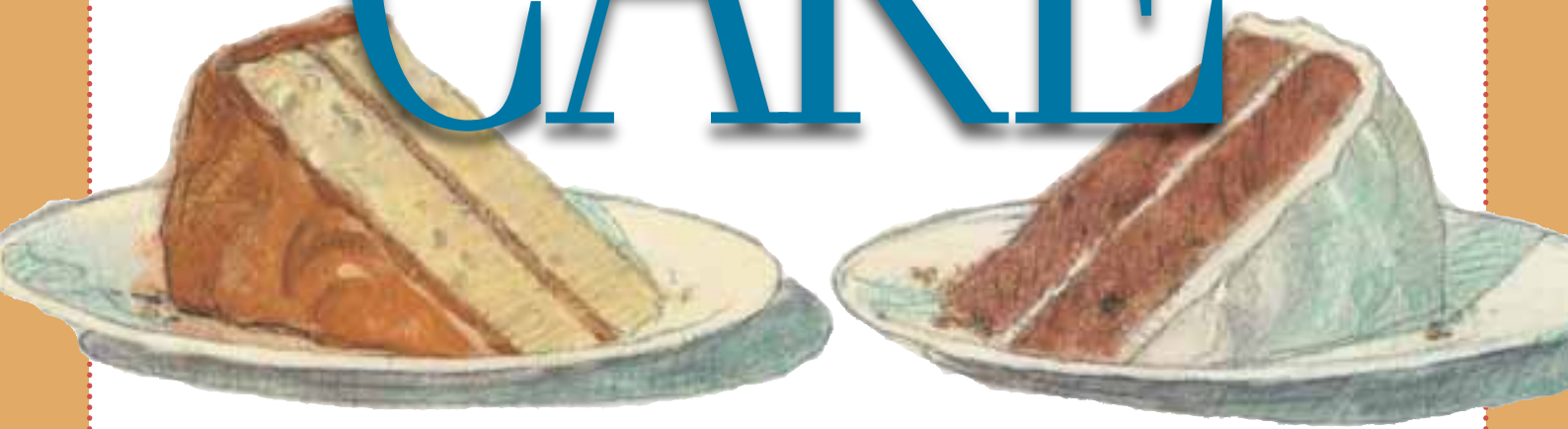


BY JANE MCBRIDE CHOATE

(Based on a true story)

ALL KINDS OF

CAKE



Look up the following scriptures: Ephesians 4:32, Luke 6:37, Mosiah 23:15. Which one do you think fits the story best?

Lucius and his mother settled into a new home in a small town. Lucius's dad had died the year before, and his mother had to work long hours to support the two of them.

Lucius didn't know anyone at church. Some of the children at school looked at him strangely. He noticed that everyone at church and school was white. He looked at his own dark skin and, for the first time in his life, saw a color difference.

When his mother arrived at school one afternoon to walk Lucius home, some children threw rocks at them. One rock hit his mother in the head, and the gash started bleeding. Lucius ran inside the school and grabbed a paper towel. He darted back outside and pressed it to his mother's head.

All the while, Lucius prayed as he had learned at

home and at church. Tears crowded his eyes as he thought of how his mother had put him behind her, protecting him from the rocks with her own body.

"I'm fine," she said, holding the paper towel against her head.

Lucius knew his mother would never complain. He put an arm around her waist while they walked home.

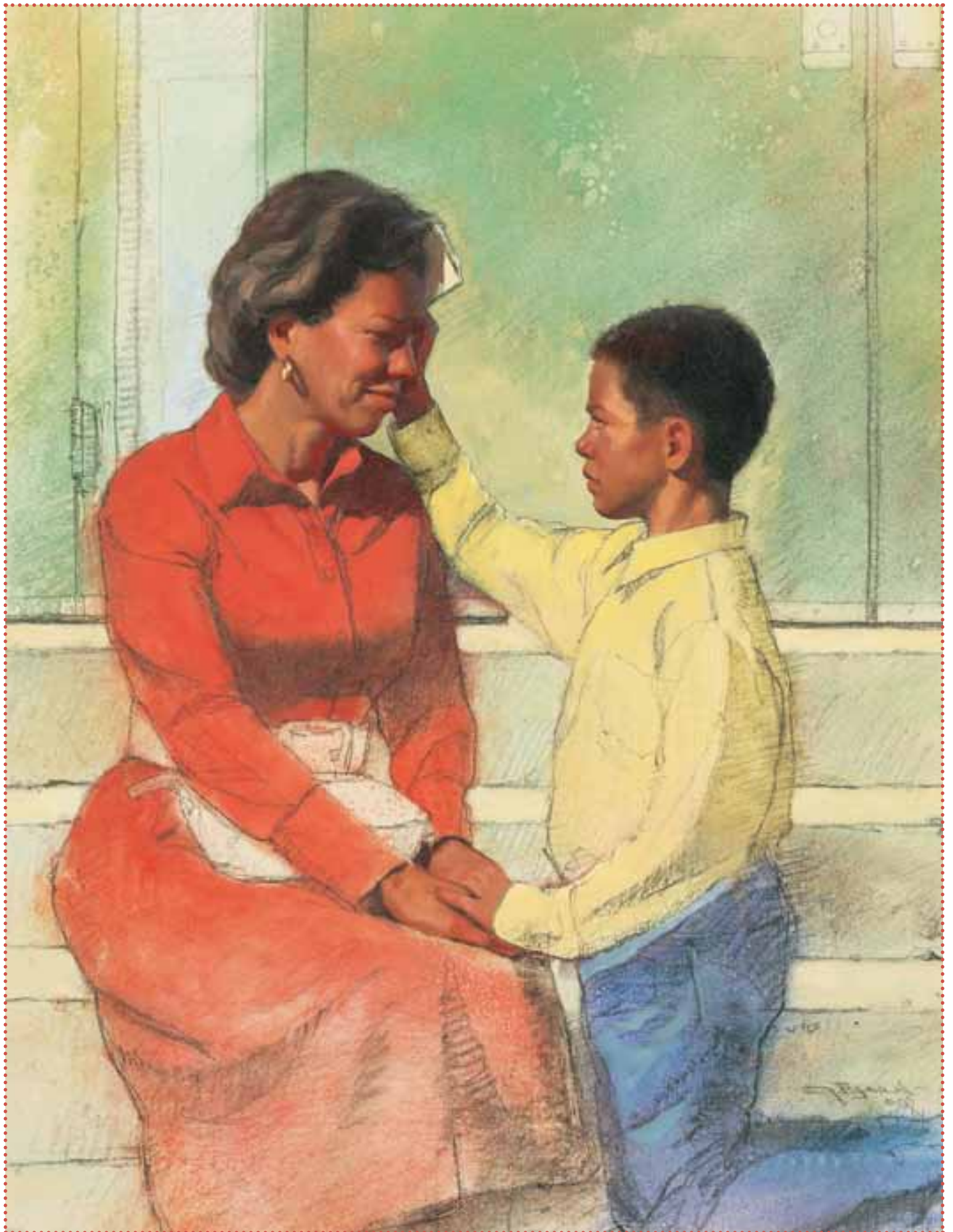
"I don't want to stay here," he said when they arrived. "You said that people here were nice, but they're not."

"We can be angry, or we can go on being friendly," his mother said. "Remember that there are lots of good people in the world and right here in our town."

That evening, Lucius saw people walking up the sidewalk to his house. They carried cakes and pies.

The first woman handed him a white cake. "Please take this and enjoy it," she said.

Before Lucius could thank her, the next person in line gave his mother a chocolate cake. "We want you to know that what happened to you is not who we are."





“Looks like we’re going to have a party,” his mother said. She smiled widely and cut into the chocolate cake. She continued serving pieces of cake and pie until everyone had been fed. “I can’t think of a better way to celebrate our new home and new friends.”

Lucius never forgot his mother’s example. He graduated from high school and went to college. He wrote books about people getting along and looking beyond the color of their skin.

Years later, Lucius returned to the town where he had gone to school. A classmate who worked at his old school asked him to speak to the students.

Lucius told the story of the rock-throwing incident and his mother’s reaction to it. “You have the power to make a difference by deciding to love your neighbor,” he told the students. “Just as my mother did and just as Jesus taught.” ●

“There is no end to the good we can do, to the influence we can have with others. Let us not dwell on the critical or the negative.”

President Gordon B. Hinckley, “The Need for Greater Kindness,” *Ensign*, May 2006, 61.



MATT AND Mandy



Friends in the News



Andrew W., 8, Nevada, loves to pray to Heavenly Father and enjoys attending church. He likes to spend time with his family, ride his bike, and play with his dog.



Eva B., 7, Alberta, Canada, is kind and loving. She likes to teach the lesson in family home evening to her six brothers and six sisters. She enjoys school and is learning to read.



Joshua T., 6, Oregon, enjoys getting the *Friend* in the mail each month. He recently gave a talk in Primary using an idea from the *Friend*. He likes to ride his bike and play soccer.



Hannah T., 8, Wyoming, often shares her testimony in church and is a great example to those around her. She likes soccer, horseback riding, reading, and playing the piano.



Austin and Marisa M., 7 and 9, Pennsylvania, followed President Hinckley's challenge to read the Book of Mormon. Austin likes maps, board games, and all sports, especially baseball. Marisa enjoys singing, ice-skating, horseback riding, and friends. They are both kind helpers to their little brother, Gavin, and baby sister, Sadie.



Brooklyn L., 4, Colorado, loves to play with her baby sister and wants to be married in the temple someday and be a mom. She likes to read about children from all over the world in the *Friend*.



Chris H., 11, Michigan, has five sisters and two brothers. He has a goal to read the Book of Mormon twice before he is ordained a deacon. He likes basketball, baseball, and tennis.

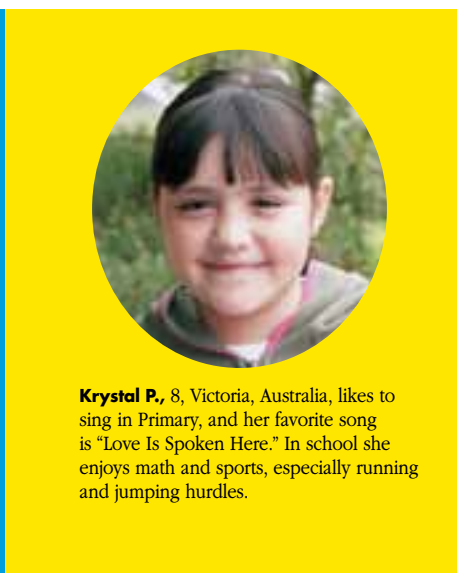
Lydia M., 6, Utah, is a wonderful big sister to her brother, **Jonathan**, 4. When they are playing, she makes sure he stays in safe places. If she asks for a treat, she makes sure she gets one for Jonathan too.



Veronica P., 5, Arizona, likes to say her prayers and help people when they are sick. She enjoys reading and is learning Portuguese. She is a great older sister to Vanessa.



Cardon E., 7, Connecticut, plays soccer and baseball. He enjoys participating in Tiger Cub Scouts. His favorite Primary song is "Book of Mormon Stories."



Krystal P., 8, Victoria, Australia, likes to sing in Primary, and her favorite song is "Love Is Spoken Here." In school she enjoys math and sports, especially running and jumping hurdles.



Nathan M. E., 10, California, lives with his mom and grandparents. His grandparents are deaf, and he serves them by being their interpreter. He enjoys playing soccer, riding his bike, singing songs, and playing his trombone.



Stansbury Park Utah Stake

The Stansbury Park Utah Stake was pleased to hear from their Primary children's choir. They sang "Joseph Smith's First Prayer," "An Angel Came to Joseph Smith," and "The Golden Plates." Their voices rang with beauty as they testified of the truthfulness of the Restoration of the gospel and of their love for the Prophet Joseph Smith.



Dallin D., 10, North Carolina, is nice to everyone in his family. He plays the piano well and likes to go to Scouts.



Breanna S., 4, New York, enjoys gymnastics, dancing, dressing up, and playing with her dolls. She looks forward to helping with family home evening each week.



Stephen C., 5, Texas, likes to sing and recite memorized scriptures. He has fun swinging in the hammock with his mom; dad; sister, Kassandra; and dog, Bumper.



West Warren Ward

For an activity day, the children of the West Warren Ward, Ogden Utah Weber North Stake, had a birthday party for the Prophet Joseph Smith. Everyone decided they would all try to follow Joseph's example.



Manchester Ward

In preparing for the celebration of the Prophet Joseph Smith's 200th birthday, the Primary children of the Manchester Ward, Bremerton Washington Stake, spent two months learning about the Prophet. Each time they learned a fact they wrote it on a paper candle and put it on a paper cake. On the activity day

celebration the children rotated to several stations, learning more about the Prophet Joseph Smith. The children really enjoyed hearing stories from Joseph's childhood told by Sister Bursell who was dressed as Lucy Mack Smith. Everyone thought the birthday cake with edible pretzel candles was delicious!



Hidden Pictures

BY ROBERT PETERSON

These children are washing their father's car. What can you do to brighten your dad's day? Look for these hidden items: a bell, a cupcake, a ladle, a pen, a screwdriver, a seal, a snail, a spatula, an umbrella, a watch, and a water pitcher. Then color the picture.



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 June is "I follow Jesus Christ in faith when I make and keep my baptismal covenant."



Family Home Evening Ideas

Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned below.

1. Cut a hole in a box large enough to put only your hand and wrist through. Place a larger object, such as a toy, inside the box. Have each person put his or her hand through the hole and grab the object. Notice that you cannot remove your hand again without letting go. What lessons could you learn if you compared the object to sin? Read President Thomas S. Monson's article "Deadly Maka-fekes" (pp. 2–3) and discuss "Things to Think About."

2. Look at the illustration on page 9. What does it look like young Elder Won Yong Ko is doing? Why is he happy? Read pages 8–9 to find out. Think of chores you wouldn't normally enjoy and experiment this week doing one or two of them without being asked. Smile as you work. See if it makes you happy too!

3. What is a miracle? Discuss examples from the scriptures, your family history, or your life. Then read "A Miraculous Escape from Danger" (pp. 10–13). What dangers and challenges exist in the world *you* face? Think of this story the next time you are confronted with a bad situation. Remember that the Lord hears prayers and can help you anytime, anywhere.

4. Read "Caught in the Act" (pp. 20–22). Not everyone gets into mischief the way

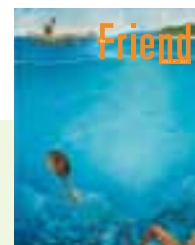
William did in the beginning of the story, but most of us could find ways to use our time better as William did by the end of the story. Think of something you would like to learn or improve in. Fold a piece of paper in half. On the left side write or draw the things you do each day. On the other side write or draw a few things you would like to learn to do better. Is there anything on the left side of your paper that you could do less of to make time for things on the right side of the page? Is there anyone in your family or neighborhood who might be happy to teach you a new skill?

5. Ask family members what the best part of their week is. Then read "The Most Important Part" (pp. 40–41). How can you make sure the sacrament is an important part of your week? Complete and discuss the activity "Remember Jesus Christ during the Sacrament" (pp. 36–37).



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

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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 photo and submission must be included. Submissions will not be returned.

What's in the *Friend* this month?



page 2

Find out what the Tongan word *maka-feke* means.

page 10

How does an eight-year-old girl escape danger?



page 36

Learn ways to remember Jesus Christ during the sacrament by doing this activity.

