



THE
NewEra

NOVEMBER 2001

COVER STORY:
A FRIEND TO
LEAN ON,
P. 26

MAKE THE
DREAM A
REALITY,
P. 4

OOPS! DID I
SAY THAT?
P. 20

**The New Era Magazine
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Cover: A great
friendship between
Serena Oddens and
Stephanie Post helps each
girl stay strong in
Amsterdam.
See "Standing Alone
Together," on p. 26.

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Laury Livsey (front),
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takes
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HOW CAN I BECOME
THE
Woman
OF WHOM I DREAM?



by President
Gordon B. Hinckley

believe that you will be successful in your endeavors. As you grow old, I am satisfied that you will look back with appreciation for the manner in which you chose to live.

Never forget that a divine Father did not send you here to fail. You can have positive, wonderful experiences in this life.

Someone gave me a copy of my high school yearbook the other day. I spent an hour thumbing through it, looking at the pictures of my friends of 73 years ago, my high school class of 1928. Most of those in that yearbook have now lived their lives and gone beyond. Some seem to have lived almost without purpose, while others lived with great achievements.

I looked at the faces of the boys who were my friends and associates. Once they were youthful and bright and energetic. Now those who are left are wrinkled and slow in their walk. Their lives still have meaning, but they are not as vital as they once were. I looked in that old yearbook at the faces of the girls I knew. Many of them have passed on, and the remainder live in the shadows of life. But they are still beautiful and fascinating.

My thoughts go back to those young men and women of my youth, back to where you are today. By and large, we were a happy lot. We enjoyed life. I think we were ambitious. The dark and terrible Depression which swept over the earth

would not come for another year. Nineteen-twenty-eight was a season of high hopes and splendid dreams.

In our quieter moments we were all dreamers. The boys dreamed of mountains yet to climb and careers yet to be lived. The girls dreamed of becoming the kind of woman that most of them saw in their mothers.

Choose wisely

When I spoke to the youth of the Church, I suggested six B's that you ought to pursue. Be Grateful. Be Smart. Be Clean. Be True. Be Humble. Be Prayerful.

I have not the slightest doubt that these patterns of behavior will yield success and happiness and peace. I believe you will be successful in your endeavors. As you grow old, I am satisfied that you will look back with appreciation for the manner in which you chose to live.

In the yearbook of which I have spoken is the picture of a young woman. She was bright and effervescent and beautiful. She was a charmer. Life for her could be summed up in one short word—*fun*. She dated the boys and danced away the days and nights, studying a little but not too much, just enough to get grades that would take her through graduation. She married a boy of her own kind. Alcohol took possession of her life. She was a slave to it. Her body succumbed to its treacherous grip. Sadly, her life faded without achievement.





You have within you instincts, powerful and terribly persuasive, urging you at times to let go and experience a little fling. You must not do it. You cannot do it. You are daughters of God with tremendous potential. You cannot let down for a minute.

There is a picture of another girl in that yearbook. She was not particularly beautiful. But she had a wholesome look about her, a sparkle in her eyes, and a smile on her face. She knew why she was in school. She was there to learn. She dreamed of the kind of woman she wanted to be and patterned her life accordingly. She also knew how to have fun but knew when to stop and put her mind on other things.

There was a boy in school at the time. He had come from a small rural town. He had very little money. There was nothing especially handsome or dashing about him. He was a good student. He had set a goal for himself. It was lofty and, at times, appeared almost impossible of attainment.

These two fell in love. People said, "What does he see in her?" Or, "What does she see in him?" They each saw something wonderful which no one else saw.

Upon graduating from the university, they married. Money was hard to come by. He went on to graduate school. She continued to work for a time, and then their children came. She gave her attention to them.

A few years ago, I was riding a plane home from the East. It was late at night. I walked down the aisle in the semidarkness. I saw a woman asleep with her head on the shoulder of her husband. She awakened as I approached. I immediately recognized the girl I had known in high school so long before. I recognized the boy I had also known. They were now approaching old age. As we talked, she explained that their children were grown, that they were grandparents. She proudly told me that they were returning from the East, where he had gone to deliver a paper. There at a great convention he had been honored by his peers from across the nation.

I learned that they had been active in the Church, serving in whatever capacity they were asked to serve. By every measure, they were successful. They had accomplished the goals which they had set for themselves. They had been honored and respected and had made a tremendous contribution to the society of which they were a part. She had become the woman of whom she had dreamed.

As I returned to my seat on the plane,

I thought of those two girls of whom I have spoken. The life of the one had been lived aimlessly, without stability, without contribution to society, without ambition. It had ended in misery and pain and early death.

The life of the other had been difficult. It had meant working and struggling. It had meant simple food and plain clothing and a very modest apartment in the years of her husband's initial effort to get started in his profession. But out of that seemingly sterile soil there had grown two plants, side by side, that blossomed and bloomed in a beautiful and wonderful way. Those beautiful blossoms spoke of service to fellowmen, of unselfishness one to another, of love and respect and faith in one's companion, of happiness as they met the needs of others in the various activities which they pursued.

I feel so earnest, so sincere, so anxious to say something which will help you become the woman of whom you dream.

Take life seriously

As a starter, there must be cleanliness, for immorality will blight your life and leave a scar that will never entirely leave you. There must be purpose. We are here to accomplish something, to bless society with our talents and our learning. There can be fun, yes. But there must be recognition of the fact that life is serious, that the risks are great, but that you can overcome them if you will discipline yourselves and seek the unfailing strength of the Lord.

Let me first assure you that if you have made a mistake, if you have become involved in any immoral behavior, all is not lost. Memory of that mistake will likely linger, but the deed can be forgiven, and you can rise above the past to live a life fully acceptable unto the Lord where there has been repentance. He has promised that He will forgive your sins and remember them no more against you (see D&C 58:42).

He has set up the machinery with helpful parents and Church leaders to assist you in your difficulty. You can put behind you any evil with which you have been involved. You can go forward with a renewal of hope and acceptability to a far better way of life.

The best way, the only way for you, is



There is nothing in all this world as magnificent as virtue. It glows without tarnish. It is precious and beautiful. It is above price. It cannot be bought or sold. It is the fruit of self-mastery.

to avoid any entrapment with evil. You have within you instincts, powerful and terribly persuasive, urging you at times to let go and experience a little fling. You must not do it. You cannot do it. You are daughters of God with tremendous potential. He has great expectations concerning you, as do others. You cannot let down for a minute. You cannot give in to an impulse. There must be discipline, strong and unbending. Flee from temptation, as Joseph fled from the wiles of Potiphar's wife.

There is nothing in all this world as magnificent as virtue. It glows without tarnish. It is precious and beautiful. It is above price. It cannot be bought or sold. It is the fruit of self-mastery.

As young women, you spend a lot of time thinking of the boys. You can have a good time with them, but never overstep the line of virtue. Any young man who invites or encourages you or demands that you indulge in any kind of sexual behavior is unworthy of your company. Get him out of your life before both

yours and his are blighted. If you can thus discipline yourselves, you will be grateful for as long as you live. Most of you will marry, and your marriage will be much the happier for your earlier restraint. You will be worthy to go to the house of the Lord. There is no adequate substitute for this marvelous blessing.

The Lord has given a wonderful mandate. He has said, "Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly" (D&C 121:45).

This becomes a commandment to be observed with diligence and discipline. And there is attached to it the promise of marvelous and wonderful blessings.

"Then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God. . . . The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever" (D&C 121:45–46).

Could there be a greater or more beautiful promise than this?

There is not anything that you cannot do if you will set your mind to it. You can include in the dream of the woman you would like to be a picture of one qualified to serve society and make a significant contribution to the world.



Become educated

Find purpose in your life. Choose the things you would like to do, and educate yourselves to be effective in their pursuit. For most it is very difficult to settle on a vocation. In this day and time, a girl needs an education. She needs the means and skills by which to earn a living should she find herself in a situation where it becomes necessary to do so.

Study your options. Pray to the Lord earnestly for direction. Then pursue your course with resolution.

There is not anything that you cannot do if you will set your mind to it. You can include in the dream of the woman you would like to be a picture of one qualified to serve society and make a significant contribution to the world of which she will be a part. For you, the sky is the limit. You can be excellent in every way. You can be first class. Respect yourself. Do not feel sorry for yourself. Do not dwell on unkind things others may say about you. Particularly, pay no attention to what some boy might say to demean you. Polish and refine whatever talents the Lord has given you. Go forward in life with a twinkle in your eye

and a smile on your face, but with great and strong purpose in your heart. Love life and look for its opportunities, and forever and always be loyal to the Church.

Never forget that you came to earth as a child of the divine Father, with something of divinity in your very makeup. The Lord did not send you here to fail. He did not give you life to waste it. He bestowed upon you the gift of mortality that you might gain experience—positive, wonderful, purposeful experience—that will lead to life eternal. He has given you this glorious Church, His Church, to guide you and direct you, to give you opportunity for growth and experience, to teach you and lead you and encourage you, to bless you with eternal marriage, to seal upon you a covenant between you and Him that will make of you His chosen daughter, one upon whom He may look with love and with a desire to help. May God bless you richly and abundantly, His wonderful daughters. **NE**

Adapted from a March 2001 general Young Women meeting address.



Be Not AFRAID

“**D**ark as is this hour, there is shining through the heavy overcast of fear and anger the solemn and wonderful image of the Son of God, the Savior of the World, the Prince of Peace, the exemplar of universal love, and it is to Him that we look in these circumstances. It was He who gave His life that all might enjoy eternal life” (from an address given on September 11, 2001 in the Tabernacle on Temple Square).

Preparation and safety

“Members of the Church in this and other nations are now involved with many others in a great international undertaking. . . . Unitedly, as a Church, we must get on our knees and invoke the powers of the Almighty in behalf of those who will carry the burdens of this campaign.

“We have been counseled again and again concerning self-reliance,

You already know the world seems to have plunged into chaos. But if you’ve been paying attention to what the prophet has been saying, you know President Gordon B. Hinckley doesn’t want you to be fearful. He only wants you to be faithful, hopeful, and prepared. Here are some of his recent statements.

by President
Gordon B. Hinckley

concerning debt, concerning thrift. . . . As we have been counseled for more than 60 years, let us have some food set aside that would sustain us for a time of need. But let us not panic or go to extremes. Let us be prudent in every respect. And, above all, my brothers and sisters, let us move forward with faith in the Living God and His Beloved Son.

“Peace may be denied for a season. . . . But God our Eternal Father will watch over this nation and all of the civilized world who look to Him. . . . Our safety lies in repentance. Our strength comes from obedience to the commandments of God.

“Are these perilous times? They are. But there is no need to fear. We can have peace in our hearts and peace in our homes. We can be an influence for good in this world, every one of us” (from an October 2001 general conference address).

RETURN *with* HONOR



by Elder
Robert D. Hales
of the Quorum of the
Twelve

Pilots avoid disaster by obeying rules and following guidelines. The same is true for those who want to reach their goal of eternal life.

As a young man, I had an opportunity to serve in the U.S. Air Force as a jet fighter pilot. Each unit in the 308th Fighter Bomber Squadron had a motto to inspire their efforts. Our motto, “Return with Honor,” graced the side of our fighter aircraft. “Return with Honor” was a constant reminder to us of our determination to return to our home base with honor only after having expended all of our efforts to successfully complete every aspect of our mission.

This same motto, “Return with Honor,” can be applied to each of us on our eternal path of progression. Having lived with our Heavenly Father and having come to earth, we must have determination to return with honor to our heavenly home.

Emergency procedures

In the process of preparing to be a pilot, I was required to have training in a

Link trainer, which simulated real flight. There, an instructor would acquaint us with the emergencies which could occur when flying a jet fighter, sometimes at the speed of sound.

For each emergency, we were taught the procedures for avoiding disaster. We would practice each procedure over and over, so if a real emergency came along we would have an automatic, preconditioned response. We would know exactly what we were to do if there happened to be a technical failure in the airplane. We would even choose the altitude at which we would bail out if the plane went out of control.

In our squadron I had a dear friend who was an outstanding football player. Years before, his team played in a New Year’s Day bowl game. Before a sold-out stadium and a large television audience, his team lost 61-6. It turned out he and a few other members of his team had not kept the training rules. They paid a dear price. They had to live with knowing they were not prepared to play the big game; they had to live with the final score for the rest of their lives.

Years passed. Two members of this same football team were in my flight



If we refuse to pay attention or deliberately ignore the warnings we receive from the Holy Ghost, we will wander off course and may crash before reaching our goal to return with honor.

training unit. One was an exemplary, well-disciplined student and a model pilot who had learned his lesson well from the bowl game.

However, the other had not learned to listen to those with more knowledge and experience. When his turn would come to learn emergency procedures and to precondition his mental and physical responses so they would be automatic, even instantaneous, my friend would put his arm around the airman instructor and say, "Check me off for three hours of emergency procedure." Then, instead of training, he would go to the pistol range or play golf or go to the officers' club. But he never learned the emergency procedures.

On one occasion he was asked what he would do in an emergency. His answer: "I am never going to bail out; I am never going to have an emergency."

On an evening mission a few months later, fire erupted in his plane, and it dropped below 5,000 feet, spinning in flames. Noting the fire warning light, the younger pilot who was with him said, "Let's get out of here." And with the centrifugal force pulling against him, the younger man, who had taken his training seriously, bailed out. His parachute opened at once and he slammed to the ground, receiving serious injuries. But he survived.

On the other hand, my friend stayed with the airplane and died in the crash. He paid the price for not having learned the lessons that could have saved his life.

Just as aircraft pilots must obey certain rules to avoid disaster, there are laws, ordinances, and covenants we must understand and keep as we go through earthly life if we are to reach our goal of eternal life. As important as it is for an airman to develop an automatic response to warning indicators on the instrument panel, it is even more important for us to learn emergency procedures and develop preconditioned responses to the warning lights that go off in our personal lives. Many a pilot has crashed because of faulty calculations or failure to accurately read the flight instruments. If we refuse

to pay attention or deliberately ignore the warnings we receive from the Holy Ghost, we will wander off course and may crash before reaching our goal to return with honor.

Warning lights of a personal nature are activated for many reasons. The offer of alcohol, tobacco, drugs, or pornography would turn on warning lights because when we choose to use these substances, we become slaves and our moral agency is limited. We must be prepared with preconditioned responses to reject these things, or we will jeopardize our right to have the Spirit to guide us and direct us and our ability to return to our Heavenly Father.

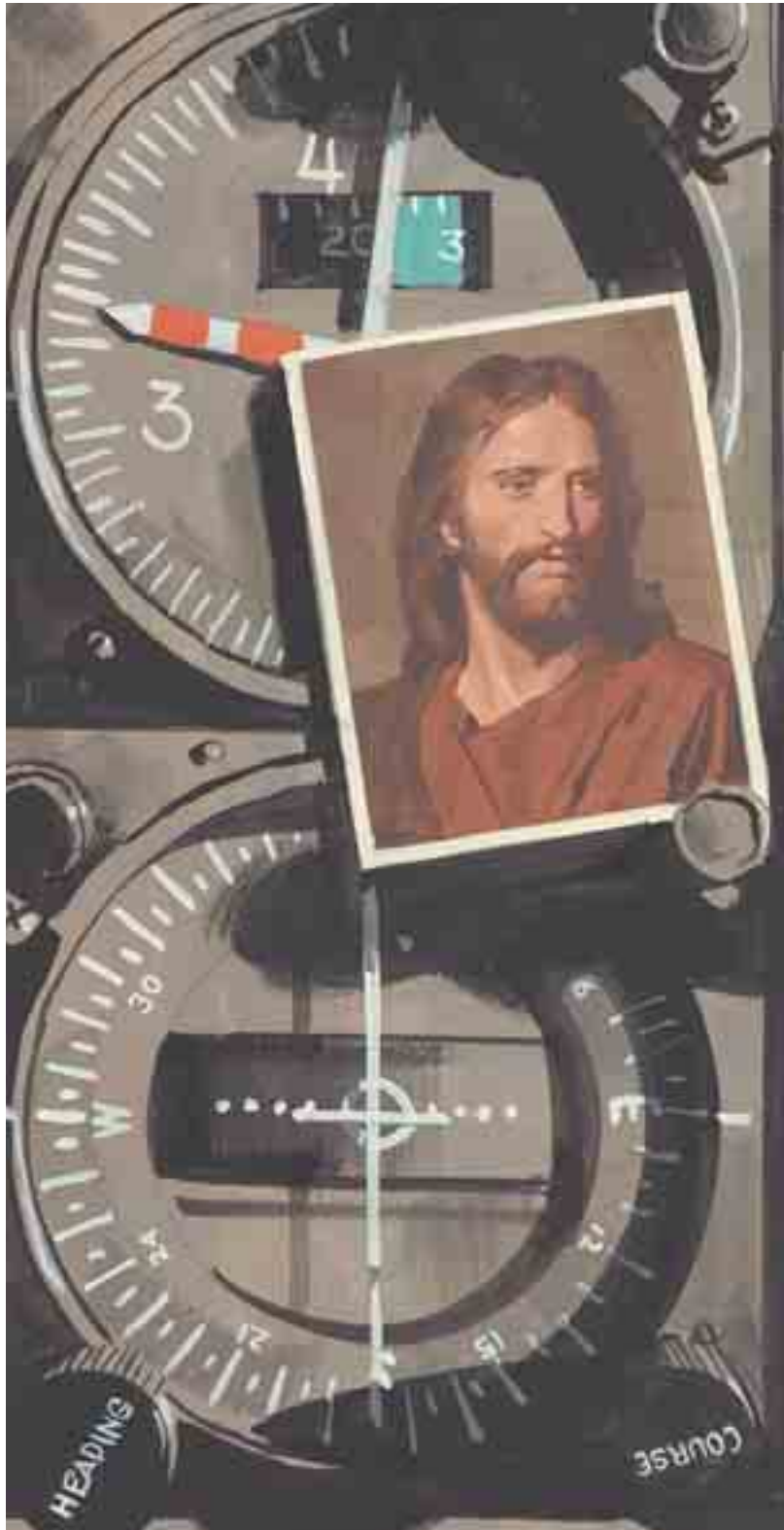
When Jesus went into the wilderness and fasted for 40 days, Satan came to tempt Him with the same things he uses to tempt us: wealth, power, and worldly passions. Jesus told Satan to get behind Him and tempt Him no more. By our actions, we sometimes put Satan right square in front of us.

Straying off course

I was taught about vertigo when my Air Force instructor took me up in an airplane with the cockpit covered by a canopy so I could not see outside. I would have to rely on the instruments. Unknown to me, he gradually turned the airplane upside down, keeping positive G forces. My ear did not detect the slow rollover. He told me to take control of the airplane. Of course, I did what every other student did. I pulled backwards because I was losing altitude, and, of course, I started a dive toward the earth because I did not know I was upside down.

As I started to regain control of the airplane, I could see the little marks on the landing gear were upside down. My instructor taught me the principle that you can take a human being at a two- or three-degree turn while keeping positive G forces and turn them upside down without their knowing they have left the straight and level flight. The motion is imperceptible.

If we are not careful, we can



THE INSTRUMENT PANEL

Just as aircraft pilots must obey certain rules in order to avoid disaster, there are laws, ordinances, and covenants we must understand and keep as we go through earthly life if we are to reach our goal of eternal life. As important as it is for a pilot to develop an automatic, preconditioned response in reaction to warning indicators on the instrument panel, it is even more important for us to learn emergency procedures in response to the warning lights that go off in our personal lives.

There are five main indicators on the instrument panel.

The compass gives us our relationship to true north, allowing for the effects of magnetic deviation and prevailing winds that will take us off our intended course.

The Holy Ghost guides us in the right direction.

The airspeed indicator gives us the relationship of speed to safe flight.

We must move forward or we could stall and fall.

The fuel gauge indicates the amount of fuel consumed and the amount of fuel remaining.

Keep spirituality levels high through Christlike living.

The altimeter allows a pilot to know his altitude so he can fly above all obstacles.

Staying above worldly things helps us avoid turbulence or obstacles.

The attitude indicator gives us our continuous and accurate relationship to the horizon.

Keeping the right attitude helps us fly straight, level, and on course.

Instrument flying conditions require a complete trust in the instruments. Similarly, if we are obedient and listen to the Holy Ghost, we will recognize the warnings we receive in our own lives. If ignored, the price we pay will block our eternal progress.



If we stray off the course of obedience by only two or three almost imperceptible degrees, we can become disoriented, not even realizing how far off course we are.

experience spiritual vertigo. If we stray off the course of obedience by only two or three almost imperceptible degrees, we can become disoriented and lose sight of our eternal destination, not even realizing how far off course we are. We will then make poor choices. Just as my airplane left straight and level flight degree by degree, if we stray from the straight and narrow path even degree by degree, we can become confused and lose sight of our eternal goal.

Our Savior does not want us to crash. His desire is for us to choose the right course that will bring us back on the straight and narrow path to live with Him eternally. “Come, follow me,” He has told us (Luke 18:22). He provides the light that will keep us on course and bring us back into His presence.

Who we are

If we will remember who we are, sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father who are here to receive our earthly

bodies, gain wisdom from our experiences, and endure to the end, and where we are going—to return to our Heavenly Father—we will be able to live by the example given us by our Savior.

As a father, I put my arms around each of my boys as they left to serve their missions and whispered in their ears, “Return with honor.” I can picture our Father in Heaven putting His arms around each of us as we left His presence and whispering, “Return with honor.”

I ask that each one of us would go to our Heavenly Father and ask for His guidance, that we may be obedient and have His spirit to be with us. That we will remember who we are, be obedient to the commandments of the Lord, and return with honor together into the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Adapted from a May 1998 Church Educational System fireside given at the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

STOP!

The family looked confused. My missionary companion and I had been teaching them the first discussion, and they didn't seem to understand about the Holy Ghost. We talked about the Spirit and about how they could know the Book of Mormon was true.

I remembered an experience I had three years earlier while I was at a university. I had finished my classes for the day at the medical school and was rushing down the street to arrive at my father's office so we could go home. I was about to run across a street when the Spirit told me, "Stop!"

With my view of the street obstructed by a wall, I had been unable to check for traffic. I stopped immediately, just at the side of the road, as a car came speeding past me. Shaken, I sat down on the side of the road and thanked the Lord for watching over me.

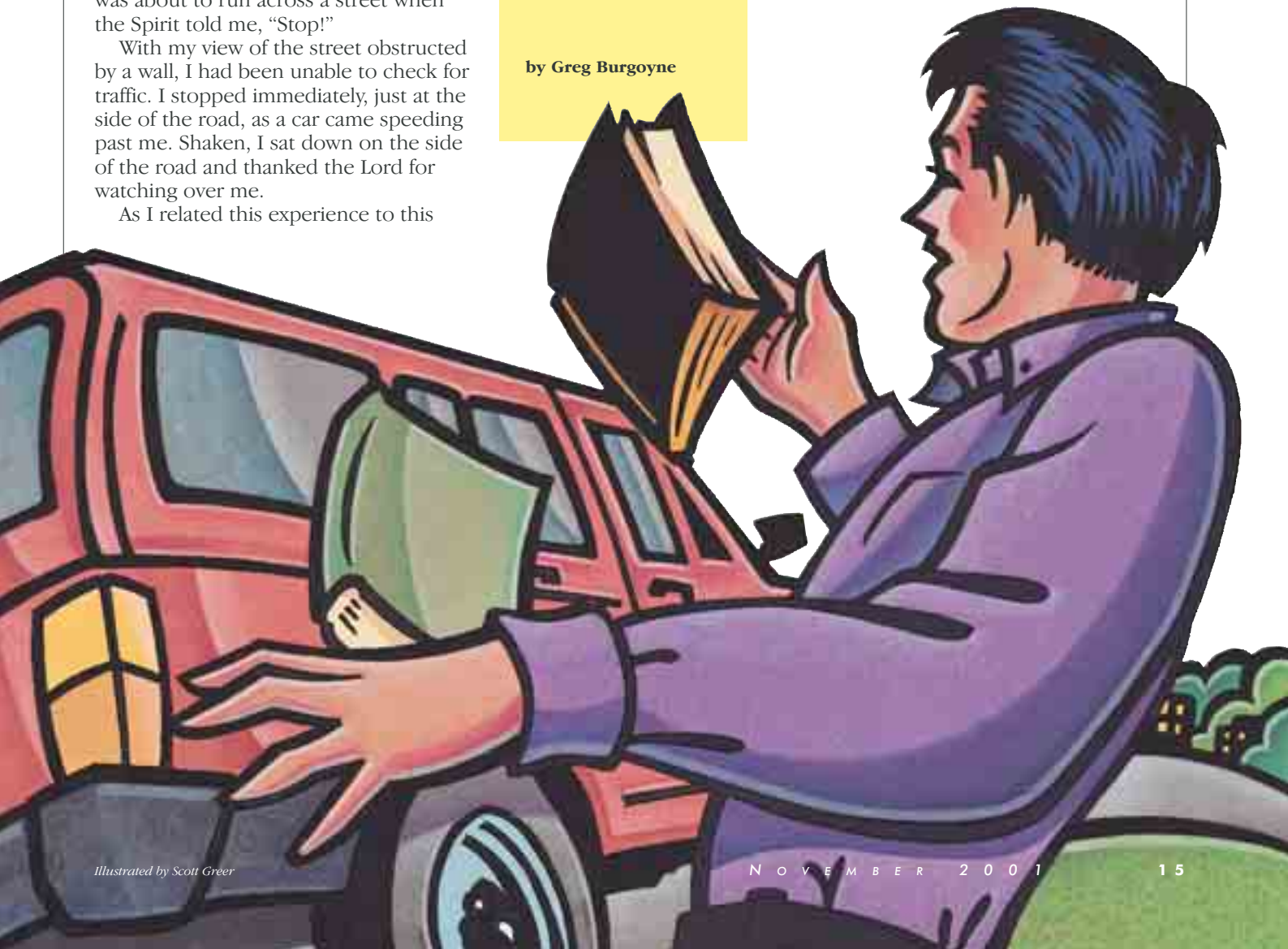
As I related this experience to this

I was bit with a powerful reminder that Heavenly Father knows me, He knows my needs, and He watches over me.

by Greg Burgoyne

family we were teaching, the Spirit touched me and I knew the truth of what I was saying. Almost trembling, I testified, "The Lord knows me personally! He was watching over me that day, and He continues to watch over me today. He is aware of my individual needs. He knows you personally too, and He will answer your prayers as you pray with faith."

I went home that evening, grateful for the knowledge I had gained. By relating my experience, I was blessed to understand the Lord's love for me. Truly a testimony is found in the bearing of it. **NE**



Q & A

“How can I keep my thoughts centered on Christ during my daily activities?”

NEW ERA

When we are baptized we take upon ourselves the name of Jesus Christ. Each time we take the sacrament, we renew that promise and further commit to “always remember him” (D&C 20:77). The Lord commanded, “Look unto me in every thought” (D&C 6:36). But how do we do that?

Always remembering Christ doesn’t mean continually imagining Him in our minds. The Savior said, “Therefore, what manner of men ought ye to be? Verily I say unto you, even as I am” (3 Ne. 27:27). What better way to remember Him than to make Him the pattern for our lives?

In order to do what Jesus would want us to do, we must learn as much about Him as we can. Through personal study, seminary, and church, we learn about His life and teachings. The *New Era*, general conference, and Church Education System firesides are also sources where we can learn about Christ.

Once we have begun to learn of Christ, we need to turn our knowledge into action by applying His teachings to our lives. With all the temptations and all

Take the sacrament each week and ponder your baptismal covenant to take upon you the name of Christ.

Learn as much as you can about Christ through personal scripture study.

Avoid places and situations where the Spirit may not be present.

Focus your talents and energy on helping others.

Remember, the Holy Ghost will help guide you if you continually strive to keep your thoughts centered on Christ.

READERS

I find that reading scriptures in the morning before school helps me start my day in a spiritual mindset. As part of my study, I also try to include literature from the words of the prophets and apostles, or I read articles from the Ensign or New Era.

Jennifer Stirling, 17
Gilbert, Arizona



There are small things we can do every day at school like inviting someone who always eats alone to come and eat with us, or just saying hi to someone in the halls who looks sad or lonely. These things may not be big things, but they are the kinds of things that make you feel good inside because they are the kinds of things Christ would probably do if He were here.

Diana Lyn Hardy, 15
Provo, Utah





the worthwhile activities competing for our attention, it can be difficult to center our thoughts on Christ. The world teaches us to center our thoughts on ourselves. Christ teaches us to center our lives on serving others.

If we are to keep our thoughts centered on the Savior, we must avoid places and situations where He wouldn't go. If a movie is offensive, walk out. If a get-together with friends turns toward unwholesome activities, go home. If our friends are talking about things that make us uncomfortable, we should change the subject or leave. It is impossible to keep our thoughts centered on Christ if our lives are mired in un-Christlike activities.

“What would Jesus do?” or “What would He have me do?” are the paramount personal questions of this life,” said President Ezra Taft Benson. “Walking in His way is the greatest achievement of life” (*New Era*, Apr. 1994, 6).

If we look at Jesus' life, most of His time was spent serving others. When we focus our talents and energy on helping others, the Holy Ghost will help guide us, and our minds will stay centered on Jesus Christ. **NE**

Answers are intended for help and perspective, not as pronouncements of Church doctrine.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Send us your answer to the question below, along with your name, age, and where you are from. Please include a snapshot of yourself that is 1 1/2 by 2 inches (4 by 5 cm) or larger.

Q&A, New Era
50 East North Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

QUESTION

One of the deacons in my quorum is so obnoxious that it is nearly impossible to learn anything from the lessons or enjoy quorum activities. He never settles down. How can I deal with him?

Please respond by January 1, 2002.



“I testify to you that there is no greater, more thrilling, and more soul-ennobling challenge than to try to learn of Christ and walk in His steps. . . . That man or woman is most truly successful whose life most closely parallels that of the Master” (*New Era*, Apr. 1994, 6).

—President
Ezra Taft Benson
(1899–1994)

We can keep our thoughts centered on Christ if we keep all of our blessings in mind and strive to do what's right.

Chase Ferguson, 16
Orem, Utah



Sometimes it seems impossible to avoid those things that distract us from the teachings of Jesus Christ. That's why it's so important to build a foundation of Christ's teachings to help protect us from the world. The way we do that is through reading, pondering, and praying for the Lord to bless us to remain worthy of the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

Elder Stephen A. Viramontes, 20
Australia Sydney North Mission



Listening to uplifting music whenever I have the chance is something I like to do. It invites the Spirit and keeps my thoughts on spiritual things. Doing this in the morning is especially beneficial because I have those inspirational songs in my head for the rest of the day.

Joni Pokorny, 17
Wheatland, Wyoming




Partaking of the sacrament worthily and listening to the sacrament prayer can help you know that Jesus is your Redeemer and Savior. Applying Jesus' teachings to your life can help keep your thoughts centered on Him.

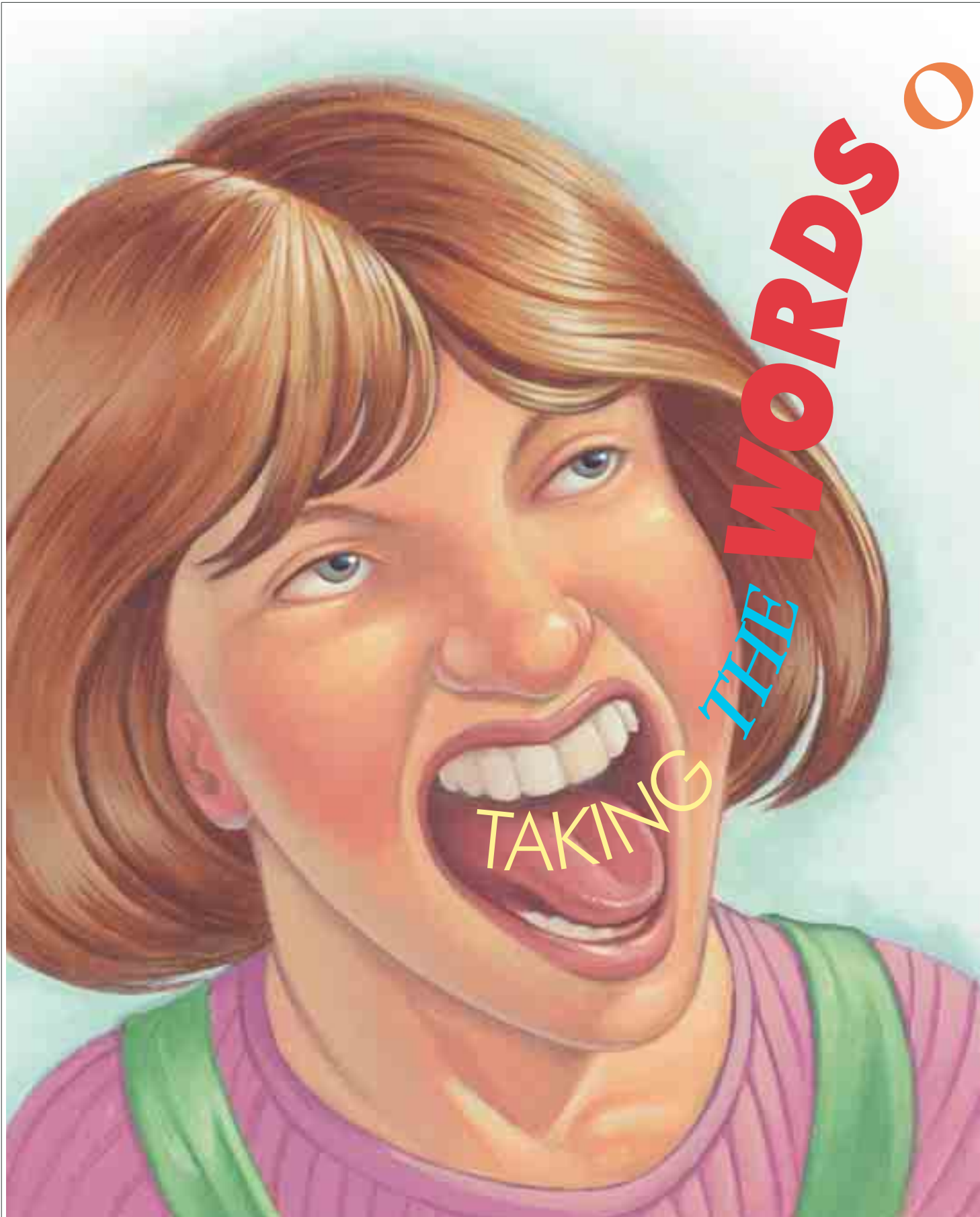
Unwannah Harrison Ikpe, 19
Akwa, Ibom, Nigeria



SAY IT



“There are two little words in the English language that perhaps mean more than all others. They are ‘thank you.’”
(President Gordon B. Hinckley, Jan. 2001 New Era, 8.)



OUT OF MY MOUTH

At first, I just repeated a bad word as part of a joke. But then my language worsened and started to affect my character. I had to do something about it.

Name Withheld

Empty words? Not these. They were full of consequences that I had to overcome.

I remember the first time I swore. I was repeating a joke to some of my friends, and they all thought it was funny. It wasn't like I was actually swearing, I thought. "I didn't think you cussed," one of my friends laughed. And I didn't. At least not before then and, after that, not a lot. Not at first anyway.

Less than a year later, I was up there with the best of them—trading cutting remarks, swearing for effect, because people thought it was funny and acceptable, and hating myself more each time I did it. I knew it was wrong, but by that time it was a part of my speech pattern. My language got worse, and along with it went my character. I was in trouble at school and, although I still attended church most of the time, I stopped taking the sacrament.

I remember, too, the first time I tried to quit. A boy I liked at school told me he thought swear words were unladylike. So I promised myself I'd stop. And I did, for a while. Quitting was hard, especially since I had decided to quit for the wrong reasons. My resolve lasted about as long as a high school crush, and then I was back to my old ways.

Along with my unclean language came

other bad habits and bad crowds. And when I finally decided to clean up my language, I was engulfed in other sins I needed to clear up. But this time I had decided to quit for the right reasons. Because I wanted to repent. I wanted to be clean in God's sight, and not just to *act* ladylike.

Elder L. Tom Perry says if we reconstruct our sentences after we swear, minus the offending word, gradually our thought patterns and speech patterns will change (see *New Era*, Aug. 1986, 7). Substituting similar words that aren't really swear words is nearly as bad because everyone knows what we meant to say. We need to replace the bad words or thoughts with something wholesome for this formula to work.

This was no short process. And it was hard—hard to regain control of my life and rebuild my testimony. Speech might seem like a small thing when there are so many other worse things we could be doing. My first offense seemed so innocent at the time. I realize now that the world tries to make sins—regardless of their size—look insignificant, but any sin offends the Spirit. And when the Spirit wasn't with me, I wasn't under God's influence and I grew farther from Him.

Putting my decision into action brought the Spirit back into my life. I could again feel the Lord's guiding influence, and He helped me with all the other problems in my life when I was sincerely trying. **NE**



by Elder
John H. Groberg
of the Seventy

I FEEL SORRY



The millionaire on the yacht seemed to have everything the people on our little island did not. My heart cried out, *Unfair! Unfair!*

I was young and inexperienced, so the impressions made by this unusual incident were especially deep. I was assigned as a missionary to a little-known island in the South Pacific in 1955. Coming from America, my first impressions were two—the natural beauty of these islands and the apparent poverty of the people.

Slowly I began to learn the native language, adjust to the native food, and fit into the unhurried pace of living. The heat seemed at times unbearable and the mosquitoes vicious, as though they preferred the taste of *binebina* (white) blood.

As I became more acquainted with the islanders and their language, food, and

customs, I became more fully aware of the real poverty (in relative terms) in which they lived. It seemed irreconcilable. Why should we have so much in America and they have so little here? I could not at that time perceive the great spiritual blessings they had.

One day gave way to another with little change in the village routine. It would rain fiercely, and then the sun would shine just as intensely. The diet of fish and breadfruit was almost unchanged from day to day. The oneness and the unity of the sun and the sea, the lagoon, and the soft laughter of those beautiful brown-skinned people seemed to melt into a covering of quiet and peace.

Then one day excitement and change

FOR HIM



arrived! A strange boat was working its way into the harbor. Hurrah for something different! The whole island was soon down on the seashore looking at one of the most beautiful sailing yachts I have ever seen.

Quietly, as if in slow motion, a crewman threw an anchor into the waiting lagoon. It did not appear even to make a splash, as though to refrain from disturbing the beauty of the setting. It was nearly dusk. The light from the setting sun silhouetted that sleek shape, its sails furled against the backdrop of deep blue waters and emerald green islands. Golden shafts of color painted all around in unbelievably vivid hues, as though

framing the whole picture for eternity.

Silently the crew rolled out deep red carpets on the freshly scrubbed deck, and then the master emerged in his crisp white “tropics” to survey the situation. By now there were canoes all around as curious islanders naturally wanted to be a part of this experience, this change.

My assignment was to a little flock of about 50 Church members, most of whom were caught up in the excitement. They soon brought back reports, and even though I was young and inexperienced, it did not take very long to realize what was happening.

The man was a millionaire from overseas, cruising the world. He wanted

It took the wisdom of an old native man to help me realize how unfair our situation really was. And I realized I had been feeling sorry for the wrong person.



to trade for food and water, and he wanted girls. There was liquor on board and a real swinging time for those who would accept his invitation.

I counseled my little flock to stay away. Most did, but some did not. The wealthy adventurer stayed for a few days until he filled his wants. Then he announced he would leave before noon the following day. Some of the faithful members pleaded, "Could we not go out just before he leaves, just to see the boat?" I agreed that at 10:00 the next morning we would briefly look at the yacht.

When we got there, it was even more magnificent than I had pictured. Evidence of the previous night's activities was still being cleared away, and preparations were being made to raise anchor and take sail. We spent a few moments in wonder and awe, astonished at the beauty of the deep mahogany paneling, the rich bronze fittings, the lustre of the freshly painted surfaces, and the gleaming white of the hull as it lapped quietly at the deep blue lagoon.

The owner, nearly sober, waved goodbye, and we returned to shore. As we pulled the dugout canoe onto the sandy beach, I turned again to see the white form move toward the horizon. I thought of the millionaire in his white "tropics," having had his fill, comfortable with his well-stocked cupboards and expert crew, with his money and his power. He seemed to have everything he wanted.

Then I looked at the men who had brought me to shore: no shoes, shirts of rags, tattered *valas* tied with coconut sennit around their waists. I looked past them to the village. I saw the smoke from the morning's cooking twisting lazily into the air, heard the monotonous sound of tapa being beaten, and felt the heaviness of the overhead sun as it filtered through the palm trees. I watched the men slowly walk to their gardens and heard the laughter of naked children as they chased the scrawny dogs.

Suddenly the oppressiveness of island life with so little opportunity for change struck me as being grossly unfair. I turned again to gaze at the yacht, now receding into the distance. The contrast was so great as to be almost unbelievable. My heart cried out, Unfair! Unfair! These poor people—look at

them—and you—look at you!

I returned to the group, and we trudged up the shore to the village. Then one of the older men turned to me and said softly in his native tongue, "I am very sad. I feel very sorry."

"Well," I interrupted, "I am very sad, and I feel very sorry too. It just isn't fair, is it?"

"No," he continued, "it really isn't fair. I feel so sorry for him, for he will never be happy."

I stopped dead in my tracks.

"You, you feel sorry for him? He won't be happy? What are you talking about?"

My mind was groping to come to a sense of reality of what was being said. This man with nothing saying he was sorry for that man with everything! My immature mind was spinning, trying to interpret words, feelings, and relationships.

But he continued: "I feel so sorry for him. He will never be happy for he seeks only for his own pleasure, not to help others. Yet we know that happiness comes from helping others. All he will do is sail around the world seeking happiness, hoping others will bring happiness to him. But they cannot. He will never find it for he has not learned to help others. He has too much money, too many luxuries. Oh, I feel so sorry for him."

I looked at the wrinkled brown body of the old man. His teeth were gone, his hair was white, and his skin was leather; but his eyes were soft, his voice quiet, and his countenance immaculate.

I can never forget his powerful words: "I feel sorry for him. He will never be happy. He hasn't learned to help others."

Years have passed, but occasionally, as I see proud people closed up in their sleek new cars or sense my own temporary unwillingness to help others, I close my eyes and see a beautiful yacht moving toward the horizon and turn and see an old man with a wrinkled brown body, white hair, and skin of leather and listen as his soft eyes penetrate mine and his toothless mouth moves and his spirit explains: "I feel very sorry. He will never be happy. He hasn't learned to help others." **NE**

Originally published in the December 1978 New Era.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH

Nikki Spainhower
North Ogden, Utah

At school I was so quiet and I had a hard time making conversation. So I prayed for the strength and courage to talk to people. In seminary I had an awesome teacher who helped me open up. I loved being able to share my thoughts and feelings. He also helped me realize that I am not alone. If I ever need help, or if I feel like I am alone, I pray. I know my Father in Heaven is always there and will always love me.

A photograph of a field of tulips. In the center, a single red tulip stands out prominently against a background of many yellow tulips. The tulips are in various stages of bloom, and the background is softly blurred, creating a sense of depth. The overall lighting is bright and natural, suggesting an outdoor setting.

**STANDING
ALONE**
Together

*As these young women
from the Netherlands
have learned,
when you stand out from
the crowd, you might as
well stand tall, too.
It's easier to spot a friend
that way*

Stephanie Post isn't about to take any credit. She's just been a friend. It's no big thing, she assures. Anybody would do it.

Serena Oddens doesn't exactly see things the same way. Her thoughts on Stephanie? It is a big thing and, no, not just anybody would do it.

"Stephanie really supported me through some rough times, and she's been a great example to me," says Serena.

It's a Saturday in Den Haag, Netherlands. Youth from stakes in the Netherlands and Belgium have gathered together for a day-long activity, and Stephanie and Serena are happy. Although they're in the same stake, they don't get to see each other that often. As they sit on the lawn, the talk turns to the beginning of their friendship a few years earlier.

Serena thinks to when her life wasn't where she knew it should be. "At my school, nobody was studying, and it seemed everybody was smoking and drinking and using drugs. I didn't stop going to church, but I was hanging around with the wrong friends and not doing everything I should have been doing," she says. "I see what's become of many of my former friends, and I think had I stayed at that school nothing good would have become of me."

Enter Stephanie. At the same time Serena's mom asked her to transfer schools and leave her friends, Serena met Stephanie, 18, a member of the Almere Branch in the Den Haag Stake. "Stephie's really supported me while telling me good stuff about the Church. She taught me things about the gospel



Stephanie (above, right) says the example she set for Serena was no big thing—something anybody would do. Serena doesn't exactly see it that way.

by Laury Livsey

that I didn't even know," Serena says. "Stephie always bears her testimony and tells me of the things she's been through. It's great for me."

"But it's not just one way," Stephanie says of their friendship. "It's not that I only helped Serena, because she's helped me too. She's been a really good friend."

Stephanie was born in Australia, but when she was 10, her family moved to the Netherlands. "My mom just knew we had to come to Holland for certain reasons and to help build up the Church. My mother is wonderful. She's a strong member, and she's a good example for me because she's always given me a path to follow."

Now Stephanie is making a path of her own, and Serena has joined her. Right at the

time when things seemed to be falling apart for Serena, Stephanie appeared on the scene. Although distance keeps them apart—Almere is a one-hour car ride from Serena's home in Alkmaar—they remain close. Thank goodness for phones.

"There are no other members of the Church at my school, and I often feel like I am the only one who is doing good and right things," says 17-year-old Serena. "I sometimes feel like I am standing alone. Stephie was there along with all my friends from church who were supporting me. But the thing about Stephie is that she knows everything about me and I know everything about her."

"When I'm feeling down or upset," she continues, "it's like my school friends don't understand me or what I'm feeling or what I'm going through. When I talk to her about it, we can get things off our

chests and she understands.”

Stephanie knows teenagers in Holland aren't much different from those all over the world. Once they hit their teenage years, they start experimenting and changing. She's just glad she was there to help Serena.

“I think it's really sad to see the youth we have hung out with in our stake go fully inactive or have other troubles that take them from the Church,” Stephanie says. “But it's really nice to hear that someone who has been inactive for a while is active again or going on a mission. That's what's been so great about Serena.”

It's moments like this when Stephanie feels grateful she's stayed active her whole life. Stephanie remembers turning down classmates' invitations to parties, or the times they called her a “goody-goody.” But along the way, Stephanie's testimony has grown.

“I've known since I was little that the Church is true. When you know something so strongly I guess you can't go around it,” Stephanie says. “I've had my trials and I've had my times when I ask myself what I am doing and why I am still going to church.

“But,” Stephanie continues, “I think Serena and I have come to an age now where we don't care as much about what people think. We *are* members of the Church and we *are* different. Some of my friends call me a goody-goody like it's a bad thing. Well, I am a goody-goody, and it's not a bad thing at all.”

Serena agrees. “Stephanie helped me to understand that I don't need to be ashamed of my standards. When I think



Morwenna Kleijweg (above, left) remembers the first time she met Stephanie. “She told me things about herself, and I recognized myself in her. . . . I realized it was a great experience for me to find someone I could be close to who could be an example,” says Morwenna.

back to my inactive stage, it isn't that I'm jealous of Stephanie because she didn't go inactive. But if I could turn back the hands of time, I would do things differently.”

As Serena stops talking, Morwenna Kleijweg sits down. Stephanie is finishing a thought. “I think it's great to be an example to those who maybe aren't that strong. I'm not sure I always make a difference, but I hope I do.”

“You do,” says Morwenna, a Laurel in the Leiden Ward. She then proceeds to tell how she met Stephanie for the first time at girls' camp. “When I met Stephe, I was going through a really rough time for myself. She told me things about herself, and I recognized myself in her,” Morwenna says. “When I went home from camp, I realized it was

a great experience for me to find someone I could be close to who could be an example.”

Two days later, Stephanie and Serena meet at the train station in Amsterdam. Three American sisters, Michelle, Amanda, and Jackie Miller of the Hilversum Branch, are with them. They can't get together very often, so they're happy when they get the chance. It's 6:00 P.M. as they walk out of Central Station. They're all hungry, they decide on pizza, then they look for a restaurant. As the group walks the streets of Amsterdam with the rain coming down, they're laughing and telling stories. But nobody is sure where the closest restaurant is. For a moment they stop. Then a voice calls out, “I know where we can go.”

Stephanie then speeds her pace and leads the way. **NE**



When Stephanie and Serena met for pizza in downtown Amsterdam, (above, from left) Michelle, Amanda, and Jackie Miller, three Americans living in the Netherlands, caught a train from their home in Hilversum to be with their Latter-day Saint friends.



Finding My **FATHER**

My search for my father went on for years. In the meantime, I found my other Father and my very large family.

My parents separated when I was born. I was three months old when I left Chile by ship with my mother, crossed the Strait of Magellan, and landed in Uruguay where I was raised. I knew who my father was but did not know if my father really loved me. I still have the two or three cryptic letters he wrote to me, generally responses to eager letters from me.

In a way I relate my feelings to those of Joseph in Egypt. Soon after Joseph revealed his identity to his brothers, he asked them an interesting question, “Doth my father yet live?” (Gen. 45:3). Joseph had asked his brothers at least twice if their father was still alive. He could not have been told more directly about his father’s status—his father was still alive. So why did Joseph ask this question yet again?

One young boy I read about, a boy who had been separated from his own parents, upon hearing the story of Joseph said, “Maybe what Joseph meant to ask was not if Jacob was alive, but rather, ‘Is my father yet alive? Does he still think about me? Is he still my father?’” Perhaps Joseph was really inquiring about his personal relationship with his father.



by Elder John A. Harris
Area Authority Seventy

Like Joseph of old, I longed for news of my father. Did he remember me? Did he still love me? I was hungry for a father’s understanding.

Like Joseph, I longed for my father’s love. When I became a teenager, the need to have this love was exacerbated. My heart became hungry for a father’s understanding. During those years, my rebellious, angry statement, “I do not have a father,” only meant, “I wish I had one.” It was then that I found the missionaries of the Church, and they taught me the gospel.

I still remember the first discussion. Elder Giles asked me to read the first scripture I ever read. “Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God” (Eph. 2:19).

That day I found my family and my Father in Heaven. The scripture told me that He, my Heavenly Father, was yet alive.

Four years after I joined the Church I learned from relatives in Chile that my earthly father had died. The separation from my father’s memory became even more definitive. The need to know him and to be closer to him did not subside, however. As soon as I could, I took his name to the temple and did vicarious work for him, which allowed me to feel closer to him. But I still knew little about him and wanted to know more.

Two years after my father’s death, I left Uruguay on a mission to Peru. Upon my return, life blessed me with a family of my own, university degrees, and a career in business. I became an international executive, which made it necessary for us to move from country to country—Peru, Argentina, Venezuela, and the United States. My home base



was then in the United States, and I eventually became a citizen.

Then life took a sudden turn. I became a diplomat for the United States government, first in Mexico, then in Chile. I sought the assignment to Chile because I desired to get to know the country where I had been born and perhaps find more about my father.

A few months after my arrival in Chile, I had the opportunity to make an official visit to Antofagasta, the city of my birth. I knew that my father, a British subject from whom I had inherited my name, had worked at the Chile-Bolivia Railroad as his own father once had. Therefore, I asked my secretary to make an appointment with the president of the Chile-Bolivia Railroad to see what I could learn about my father. As the main diplomat on commercial business, this meeting with the railroad was eminently qualified for my assignment as well.

Because the company's president was traveling, my secretary set up an appointment with another executive by the name of Jorge Lyon on a Saturday morning. Saturday came. I put on my best suit and headed for the offices of the railroad. Mr. Lyon soon arrived, and I introduced myself as John Harris, head of commerce for the United States in Chile. He was a stately man in his sixties, who had sacrificed part of his day off to see a visitor from Chile's main trading partner.

I started the conversation with the usual questions about goods transported, tonnage routes, and expansion plans. After a few minutes, Mr. Lyon interrupted me and said, "It is quite a coincidence, but I used to work at the railroad for a man with your same name."

I remained silent for a moment. John Harris is not a common name in South America, much less in a railroad company in the midst of the Atacama Desert. I knew I had found someone who had known my father personally.

"How was he?" I managed to ask. But inside I was asking questions similar to those of Joseph of Egypt: Did he love me? Did he care about me?

Mr. Lyon answered. "He was a good man. He hired me and trained me. He was a patient and good teacher. He knew the railroad business better than anyone else in the company."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "He was my



Joseph received news of his father from his brothers in Egypt. Thousands of years later, in a desert on the other side of the world, I learned of my earthly father through the kindness of my Heavenly Father.

father," I said, barely containing a tear.

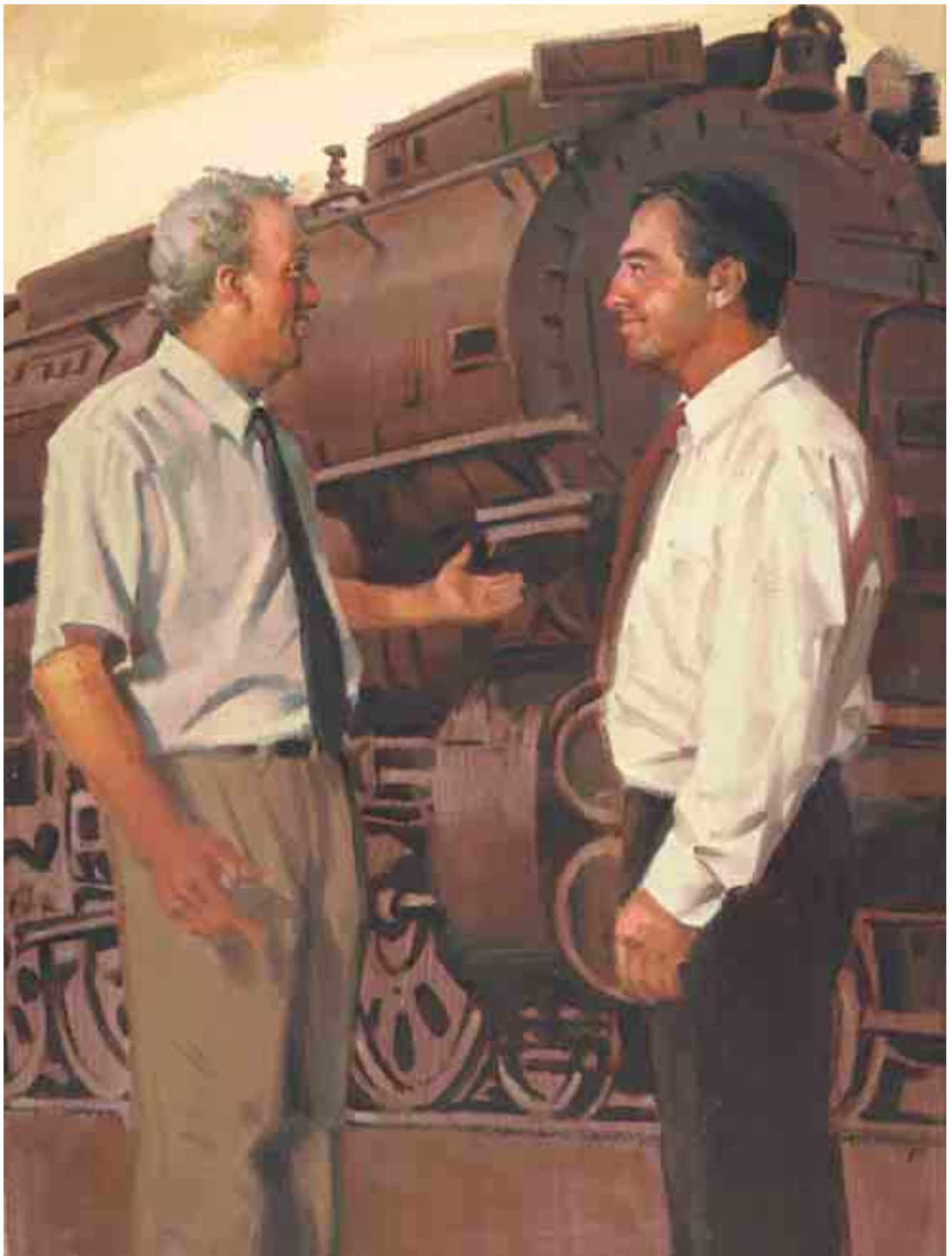
Mr. Lyon then showed me what my father did and where he worked. I did not find out about his feelings toward me; for that I will have to wait a few years. But in my search I have been able to define my feelings toward him.

That day in the city of my birth, I learned something about my two fathers. I learned about the life of my earthly father, but more importantly, I learned that my Heavenly Father cared enough for me that 33 years after my father's death he had helped me find the only man alive in Chile who had known my father. If the president of the railroad had been able to receive me, I would have missed the opportunity to meet Jorge Lyon and thus learn about my own father.

I have learned that life on this earth is nothing but a search for a Father: Doth my Father yet live? How is He? Does He love me? I have experienced that as we grow older, in our service as missionaries, teachers, and most important of all, as mothers and fathers in our own families, our yearning to get to know Him gets only stronger. Our prayers become more fervent and sincere.

The most wonderful experience is that eventually, as we face life's challenges, our hearts learn to listen to His voice. We start to recognize the whispers of His Spirit. All of us who serve Him diligently in various capacities—as worthy fathers and mothers, as bishops, as members of the Seventy, as Apostles, and as prophets, have heard this wonderful voice cutting through, soothing at times, when we feel like strangers and must rise from the depth of our extremities. It is at that time that we learn the answer to Joseph's question, "Doth my father yet live?"

I have learned that our Father in Heaven lives, that He loves us, that He indeed cares for us and is always close to us. I know I was guided by the Lord to meet Jorge Lyon in order to satisfy my thirst to know my earthly father. How grateful I am for the plan of salvation and eternal life and for the opportunity to reunite with loved ones in the next life. **NE**



BREAKING UP

The problem was that he wasn't a member of the Church, and I had set a goal a long time ago to be married in the temple.

I couldn't imagine loving anyone else. If I could just convert him, it would solve all my problems.

Set a goal; then eliminate anything that stands in the way of achieving it." I read the words on the poster and cringed. It was impossible to make it through class without looking at the clock—which meant looking at the poster right next to it, too. And I didn't want to see that dumb poster.

I turned away from it to focus my thoughts on Dennis. We had been dating for a while, and I couldn't imagine loving anyone else. The problem was that he wasn't a member of the Church, and I had set a goal a long time ago to be married in the temple. According to the poster, I needed to eliminate Dennis! I pushed the thought of breaking up with him out of my head. Maybe I could convert him.

At lunch I decided to give it a try. I steered our conversation in a more serious direction, then gathered my courage and began sharing my beliefs, including temple marriage for eternity. Dennis liked the idea. I could feel the Spirit, so I bore my testimony.

Dennis was thoughtful. Finally he replied, "I know that if you know your church is true, then I will

know it is true, too, someday."

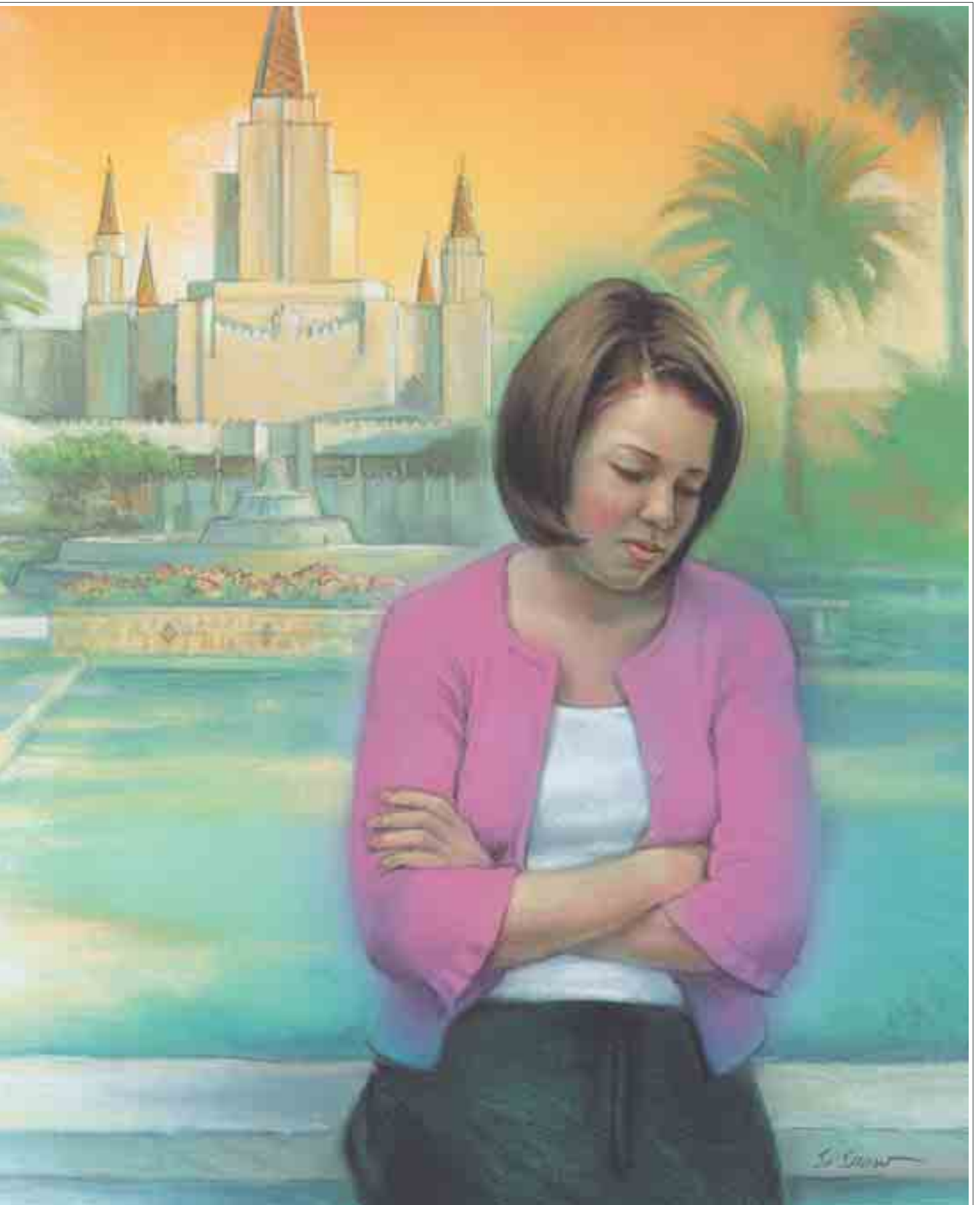
I was ecstatic! If Dennis joined the Church that would solve all my problems. I began by inviting him to church the next Sunday. He really wanted to come, but his family already had plans. He had equally good excuses for not coming the next two Sundays as well, and I understood.

As I lay in bed one night thinking about my situation, the words from that poster at school came into my head. "Set a goal; then eliminate anything that stands in the way of achieving it." Converting Dennis was going to be a bigger challenge than I had thought. What if he never joined the Church? Or what if he joined but was not really converted? My only other choice was to break up with him. The thought turned my stomach cold. I didn't have that kind of courage. It would be like breaking my leg.

My heart ached, knowing that keeping Dennis meant I would have to change my goal. I thought of my possible future—attending church alone; raising children with someone who didn't live the Word of Wisdom; calling my home teachers, not my husband, when a priesthood blessing was needed. And what about eternity? Celestial marriage was a requirement to achieve exaltation with Heavenly Father; this was what I knew I had the potential to achieve. And I was going to give it all up for Dennis, because I didn't have the courage to spend my earthly life without him?

I had to break up with Dennis.

by Tracy Wright



I was shocked at myself for considering it. But then suddenly the sweetest, most reassuring peace filled me from head to toe. Heavenly Father was speaking to me through the Holy Ghost. Tears came to my eyes. I had to break up with Dennis, and I could do it. Heavenly Father would give me the courage.

The next day during lunch my heart began to pound. I'll do it tomorrow, I told myself. I could feel my cheeks getting hot.

"What's wrong?" Dennis asked.

I took a deep breath then blurted, "I have to break up with you!"

Dennis froze. He looked shocked.

"I can't marry you. I have to break up—now."

Tears came quickly to his eyes. "But I want you to teach me about your church," he said.

I swallowed my own tears. "I want to teach you too, but I want to teach you when I know you will join because you know it is true and not because of me."

I said a silent prayer that he would understand. After a moment of agonizing silence, he asked, "Will you date me again if I join your church someday?"

"Of course!" I nearly sprang out of my chair with joy.

"Promise you won't forget to teach me," he said.

I promised.

For weeks my heart throbbed in pain. Every time I saw Dennis I prayed for the strength not to change my mind. We both survived, and our lives took different directions. I never dated a nonmember again, for fear of having to repeat such a painful experience.

Several years later, on summer break from college, I saw Dennis and remembered my promise. Even though I didn't feel the same way about him anymore and had no intention of ever marrying him, a promise was a promise. I called him up that night and invited him to church. I wasn't really surprised to hear that he still wasn't interested.

As I hung up the phone, how grateful I was to my Heavenly Father for giving me the help and the strength I needed to get myself back on the path where I belonged. And how thankful I was for that poster in my class that pointed me in the right direction. Maybe that poster wasn't so dumb after all. **NE**

How grateful
I was to my
Heavenly

**Father for giving me
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belonged.**



"This is our Scout activity. The whole troop is online at a virtual-reality campsite."



Adam Koford

"And then King Noah made his getaway in the ark!"

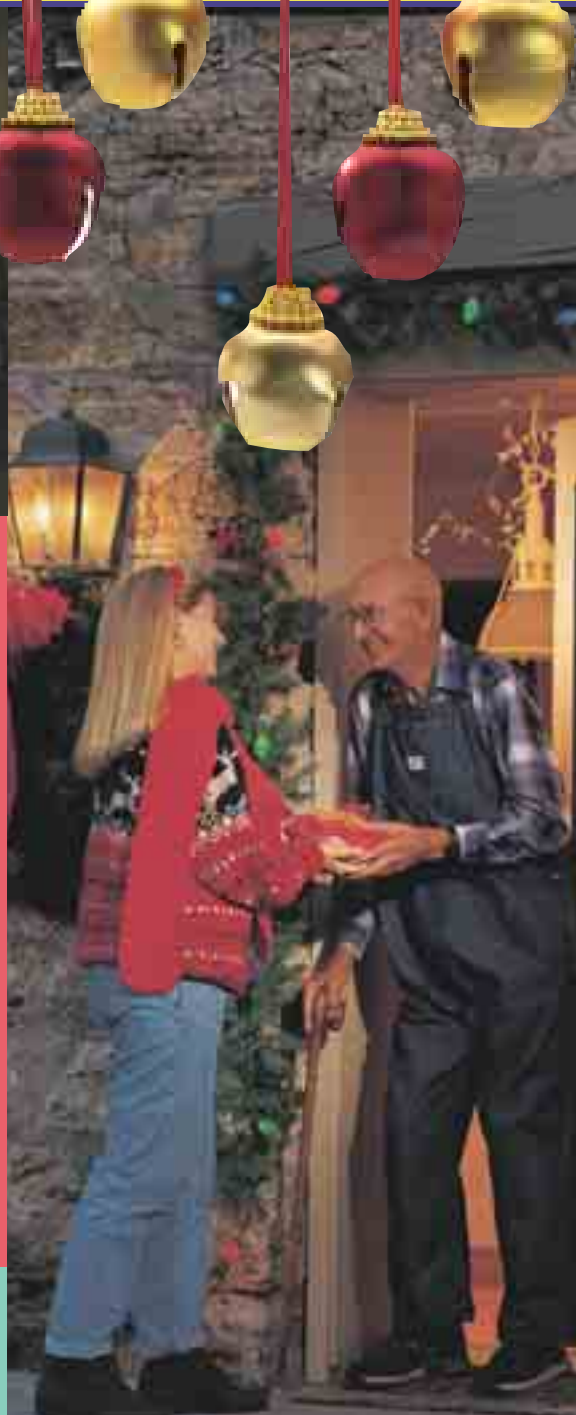


Val Chadwick Bagley

"So, do you have any previous experience, Daniel?"



Val Chadwick Bagley



TEST YOUR LDS I.Q.

- 1** How many full-time missionaries does the Church have worldwide?
 - a) Fewer than 50,000
 - b) Between 50,000 and 60,000
 - c) Between 60,000 and 70,000
 - d) More than 70,000
- 2** Which of the following places is *not* a location for one of the Church's 15 missionary training centers?
 - a) Hamilton, New Zealand
 - b) Rome, Italy
 - c) Bogotá, Colombia
 - d) Preston, England
 - e) Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic
- 3** How many languages are taught at the Provo, Utah, MTC?
 - a) Fewer than 35
 - b) Between 35 and 55
 - c) More than 55

Answers: 1c, 2b, 3b (about 49 languages)

WRITE AWAY TO BYU!

BYU's English Department is sponsoring a writing contest for LDS high school students. Cash prizes will be awarded in the categories of fiction (1,000 to 4,000 words), poetry (one or more poems for a total of 25–60 lines), personal essay (700–2,500 words), and critical essay (700–2,500 words). Writers may submit only one entry per category.

Your entries should be submitted between January 1, 2002, and February 1, 2002. Complete entry rules and forms are available at the contest Web site: <http://Humanities.BYU.edu/English/awards/LDSshs.htm>.

Submit entries or inquiries about the contest to Professor Elizabeth Wahlquist at RE:WRITING Chair, 3125 JKHB, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 84602. You can also call her at (801) 378-2440, or send e-mail to elizabeth_wahlquist@byu.edu.

SERVICE BELLS

It's almost that time of year again. Christmas brings excitement and time with family, but it also brings many opportunities to serve and bless others. Before those silver bells start ringing and you get too busy to think and plan, begin looking for opportunities to help someone else this Christmas. Giving of yourself is the best way to emulate the Savior and to remember why we celebrate His birth.



INFORMATION UPGRADE

You have just received the most up-to-date guidance you can get for your life. What are you going to do with it? Even if you listened intently to general conference, it's a good idea to review the words of Church leaders in this month's *Ensign*.

You could set a goal to read one or two talks a week. That way, you'll keep fresh in your mind all the things the prophet and Church leaders want you to do to make your life better. And you'll discover things you missed when you heard it the first time.

"To have living prophets, seers, and revelators among us and not listen to them is no better than not having them at all," says Elder Dennis B. Neuenschwander, of the Seventy. "Our sustaining support of prophets, seers, and revelators is not in the upraised hand alone, but more so in our courage, testimony, and faith to listen to, heed, and follow them" (*Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 41, 42).



FOR EXAMPLE ...

Leadership Tip: As members of the Church, we are sometimes the only window to the gospel of Christ that some people have. So it's important to always set a good example.

President Gordon B. Hinckley said, "Let us as Latter-day Saints reach out to others not of our faith. Let us never act in a spirit of arrogance or with a holier-than-thou attitude. Rather, may we show love and respect and helpfulness toward them. We are greatly misunderstood, and I fear that much of it is of our own making. We can be more tolerant, more neighborly, more friendly, more of an example than we have been in the past" (*Ensign*, May 2000, 87).

PRIESTHOOD POWER IN NUMBERS

Elder Robert D. Hales of the Quorum of the Twelve said, "Be worthy of the priesthood which you hold, brethren, and use it to bless your family. . . ."

"Young men: Honor the Aaronic Priesthood. . . . Become fully active in the elders quorum when you are ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood. The brotherhood, the quorum instruction, and the opportunities to serve others will bless you and your family throughout your life" (*Ensign*, May 1999, 33, 34).

The Shaeffer family, of the Roseville California Stake, has five priesthood holders who hold five different priesthood offices in their home. They all try to follow Elder Hales's instructions.

(Left to right) Ari, 13, is a deacon; Adam, 15, is a teacher; Zachary, 16, is a priest; Zane Jr. is an elder and just got home from a mission to Ecuador. Their dad, Zane Sr., is a high priest. The boys have one sister, Aubrie, who's 18. She and her mom feel blessed to have these priesthood holders in their home.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and denim overalls, is sitting on a light-colored sofa. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a rustic interior with wooden walls and a window with a red flower arrangement. The overall mood is warm and cozy.

*What's
Best for*

MY BABY

When I went home, I found my parents loved me more than ever. And I loved my baby and wanted the best for her. The problem was, what would be best?

Name Withheld

I was unmarried and pregnant. The baby's father wanted nothing to do with us. Where could I turn? What should I do?

I looked down at my swollen stomach and began to cry. The child inside me was wide awake, kicking, punching, and doing somersaults. These last nine months had been the longest and hardest of my life, and I feared the worst was yet to come. I slowly got up from the kneeling position I had been in for the last hour. It was a position I had grown very used to. At times it seemed the only reason I made it through the day was the comfort I felt when I prayed.

I sat on my bed and looked at the clock. It was already 3:45 in the morning. My doctor's appointment was at 6:30, which meant I only had a few more hours before I went in and gave birth to my first child. My due date had passed a week earlier, and the doctor wanted to induce labor before the baby got any bigger. That idea suited me because I was very ready to welcome Elizabeth* into the world. I had dreamed for so many nights of seeing her and holding her.

I was only 16 when I got pregnant. The father didn't want anything to do with me or the baby. I had never felt so alone in my life. The worst part of all was that I had run away from home the month

before I found out I was pregnant, and my lifestyle was less than perfect.

Not only did I feel I didn't have support from my parents, but I felt I couldn't even turn to the Lord. I finally did go home only to find my parents loved me more than ever and wanted nothing but the best for my baby and me.

I turned 17 while I was pregnant, and I began working with my bishop so I could take the sacrament again and get my much-anticipated patriarchal blessing. I felt I was doing well and making good decisions for myself, but there was that constant, recurring question of what would be best for my baby.

I knew I wanted her to have a mother and a father, and to be sealed to them for eternity in the temple. I knew the only way to give her everything she needed and deserved was to find a good family and place her for adoption. My bishop told me about LDS Family Services.

I went in and talked to a worker who had me fill out a wish list, where I would select the type of home and family I wanted Elizabeth to grow up in. My worker soon found lots of families that matched the one I had described. I then began the search for my baby's parents. I started looking at pictures and reading letters from couples who couldn't have children. There were so many, and every one of their stories broke my heart. But who were the right parents for my baby?

I looked for five months and didn't feel any special feelings for any of the

* Names have been changed.

Tears showered my face as I walked to the couple, the parents I'd chosen to place her with. Could they love Elizabeth as much as I did? Then I looked at them. Their happiness was so sincere. This was my baby's family. I just knew.

couples. In my seventh month, I read the letter from John and Jill and I started to cry. The Spirit touched me, and I just knew this was where Elizabeth belonged.

I lay my head on my pillow as I remembered the last nine months of my life. It seemed as if I had gone on an emotional roller coaster. I closed my eyes and prayed I would have the strength necessary to get through the next couple of days.

I got up at 6:00 A.M. and got ready to go to the hospital. My family was there to see my mother and me off, and my father gave me the most beautiful blessing I had ever received. We said good-bye and walked out the door. I knew my life would soon be forever changed.

On the way to the hospital, I had an overwhelming sense of peace. I was calm and relaxed. I knew the Spirit was with me.

At the hospital, my mother was right by my side getting me ice chips, playing card games with me, and rubbing the cramps out of my feet and legs. The contractions began, and I prayed it would all be over soon. At 3:33 P.M., Elizabeth Jane was born, and she immediately began to cry.

So did I.

A few minutes later, Elizabeth was in a blanket in my arms. I had never felt so much love, joy, and sadness. I knew this was a time to say hello, and the beginning of a time to say good-bye. She looked right into my eyes and for a second went a little cross-eyed. She was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. She was perfect.

It was such a wonderful feeling to be looking into this precious little girl's face, my little girl's face. She looked like a tiny angel, so beautiful and innocent. I knew she deserved the best in life.

The day of her placement I got Elizabeth ready. I put lotion on her, changed her diaper, and dressed her in a pink dress and booties. She was ready to be united with her family.

As we drove to the agency, I studied her face and cried. I wished I could spend more time with her. I feared I would forget how her face looked. I studied her lips and tiny tongue. I touched her nose, I kissed her smooth, chubby cheeks, and I stroked her beautiful, soft hair. I smelled her perfect

baby smell and wished I could put that smell in a box and keep it.

When we got to the agency, I picked Elizabeth up. Everyone left me alone to say good-bye to my daughter. I looked into her eyes. I told her I loved her and I'd miss her but I knew I was doing the right thing. I kissed her a million times and took a deep breath as I twisted the knob on the door.

Tears showered my face as I walked to the couple, the parents I'd chosen for her. My lips quivered and my hands shook as I placed her in their arms. The emotions I felt were so intense, like none I'd felt before. Inside I just went back and forth, battling how I felt. Was I doing the right thing? Could they love her as much as I did? Then I looked at them. Their happiness was so sincere; their love was pure and true. This was my baby's family. I just knew.

The ride home was hard. I had never felt so much emptiness and heartache in my life. I cried, but I only cried for my sake; for Elizabeth I knew everything was how it should be. I didn't know how I had the strength to do what I had just done. I knew Heavenly Father had helped me every step of the way. As I tried to understand my feelings, I thought I understood much better how much Heavenly Father loved His son, Jesus Christ.

I love Elizabeth so much. She came to me at a time in my life when I had no direction and was spiritually dead. I know this experience helped save me from that lifestyle.

I have learned so much through all of this. I have gained a greater knowledge of how much my parents love me and how much my Heavenly Father loves me. I have learned how to make decisions through the power of the Holy Ghost. I have also gained a testimony of the gospel, and especially of the Atonement.

Although my love for Elizabeth is strong, I had to put my own feelings aside and focus on her feelings and future. She deserves so much more than the life I could give her. I know I'll miss her, and sometimes I'll cry. I'll remember those few days we spent together before we said good-bye. But I'll have peace and comfort when I think of her because I'll always know I did what was best. **NE**



AN IMPORTANT DECISION

“Often the question is asked, ‘What should unmarried parents do then?’ One of the most important things they should do



is to seek help from their parents and their bishop. Loving parents and an understanding bishop can help them as they begin the vital process of repentance. They can then help the young unwed parents to make eternal decisions. Whenever possible, unwed parents should marry and build a home. When this is not possible, adoption through Church Social Services is preferred, so that the infant can be sealed to loving, eager parents in an eternal family. A baby needs a family—a father and a mother. The Lord intended babies to have families, and for families to be eternal.

“When young men and women create life by sinful behavior, the very least they can do to begin their personal atonement is to preserve the life of their child—whether or not they place the infant with adoptive parents. Another important thing each unwed parent must know is that abortion would only compound the problem—both here and hereafter. Abortion should not even be considered as a possible choice” (“A Visit with the Prophet,” Filmstrip, 1976).

—President Spencer W. Kimball
(1895–1985)

LEAD ME,



Margaret D. Nadauld
Young Women general
president

What I learned as a child is true for all of us: you don't have to face the experiences of life alone.

When I was just a young girl, I became seriously ill. Each day the illness became increasingly severe. Nothing the doctor recommended helped. At that time the dreaded disease of polio was raging in almost epidemic proportions in the land. It was taking the lives of many, and those who didn't die were often left crippled.

One night my illness became critical, and my father and grandfather administered to me using consecrated oil, and through the power of the holy Melchizedek Priesthood, which they held worthily, they called upon God for healing, help, guidance, and comfort. And then my parents took me to a doctor in another town who immediately sent us to the hospital—two and one-half hours away—with the admonition to hurry. I overheard the doctor whisper that he was certain it was polio.

When we finally arrived at the hospital in Salt Lake, there were medical personnel waiting for us. They grabbed me from my parents' arms and whisked me away. Without a word of good-bye or explanation, we were separated. I was all

alone, and I thought I was going to die.

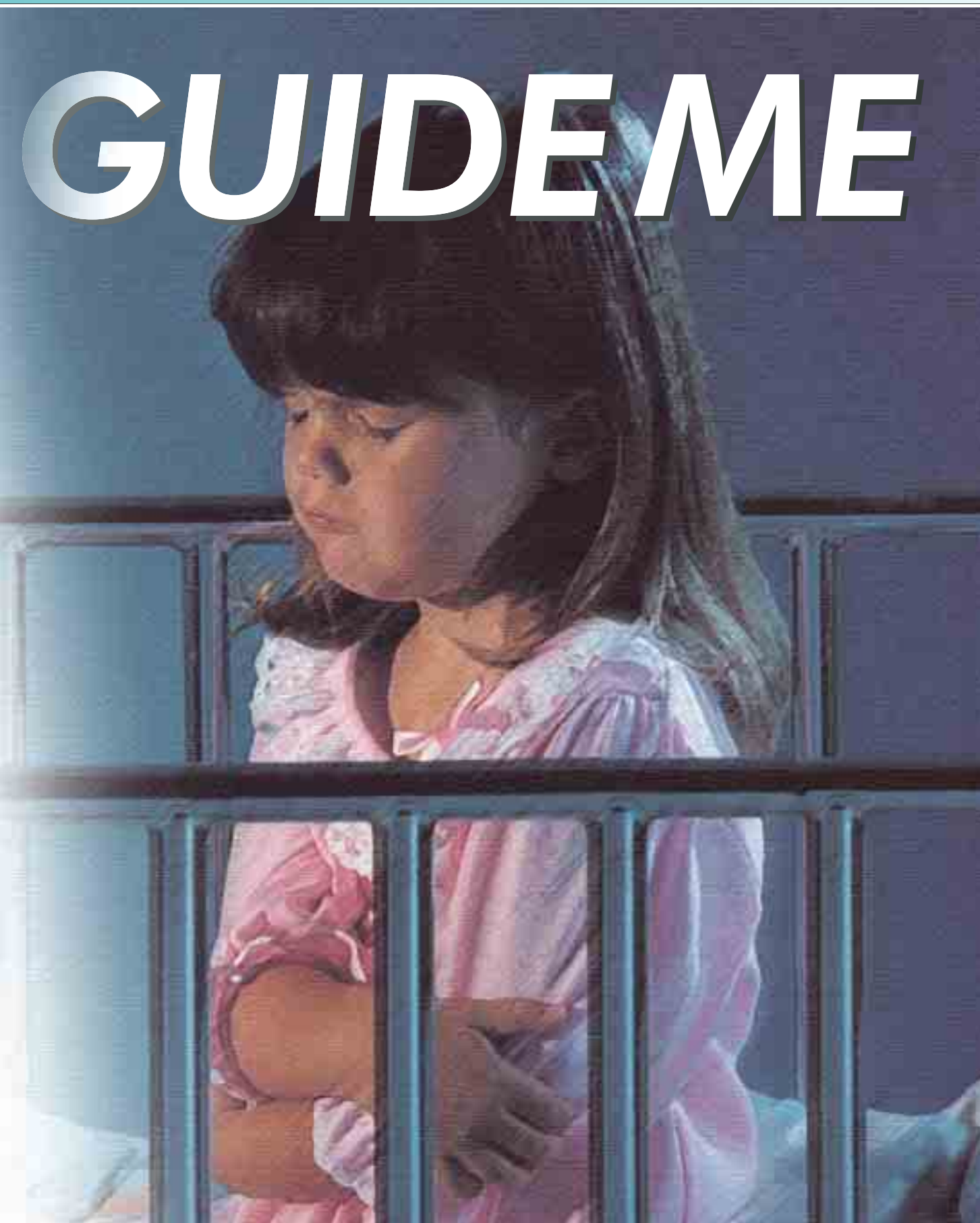
Following the painful diagnostic procedures, including a spinal tap, they took me to a hospital isolation room, where I would stay by myself with the hope that I would not infect anyone else, for indeed I did have polio.

I remember how very frightened I was. It was dark, and I was so sick and so alone. But my parents had taught me to pray. I got on my knees, and I knelt beside the railing in the criblike bed and asked Heavenly Father to bless me. I was crying, I remember. Heavenly Father heard my prayer and sent His comforting power, which enveloped me in quiet love. I felt the power of the Holy Ghost, and I was not alone.

You too are loved by the Lord. You are loved more than you will ever know. He wants you to be successful in your life's mission! You don't have to face the experiences of this life alone, nor have you been sent here to fail.

For this reason a holy gift was given to you at the time of your baptism and confirmation, when hands were placed on your head and you were told, "Receive the Holy Ghost." It is almost as if your Father in Heaven gave you a gift to celebrate your official entrance into His kingdom on earth. The Holy Spirit can be with you always and guide you back to Him, but in order to enjoy the benefits of this holy gift, you must truly receive it, and then you must use it in your life.

GUIDE ME





A powerful guide

The Holy Spirit has the power to guide. A 15-year-old girl felt that she needed to find new friends. She wrote to the Young Women office, “Now, I don’t know if you have ever had to change friends, but it honestly was the hardest thing I have ever had to do.” She decided to put her problem in the hands of the Lord, and she also counseled with her parents. She says that after several months “she wanted to just give up.”

One afternoon she was casually talking to her seminary teacher, and she confided her problem to him.

Then he said, “I really don’t know why I am asking you this, but do you happen to know these girls?”

This girl answered with a yes. And then he said, “Have you ever thought about being friends with them?”

“I told him that

there was no way that I could fit in with them. He then asked me if he could talk to one of the girls. I decided I would let him, if he promised not to embarrass me.

“Well, that next day I received a phone call from one of the girls. Now, you have to understand that this girl was on student council, and I hate to use the term, but she was ‘extremely popular.’ She asked if I would like to go to the basketball game with her that night. It was one of the funnest, most peaceful nights of my life. The next day at school, she introduced me to two other girls. We all instantly became friends.”

She concludes by saying, “I don’t know about you, but I would much rather have the Lord, who knows the outcome of everything, direct my life than me, who just sees things as they are at the time. He is right by our side, walking us through life, even when we feel so alone.”



Your Heavenly Father will help you find the right path as you seek His guidance. Remember though, after you pray you must get off your knees and start doing something positive; head in the right direction! He will send people along the way who will assist you, but you must be doing your part as well. By the gift and power of the Holy Ghost, you can be guided in your trip through life.

You can know the truth

The Holy Ghost is also a testifier. This Holy Spirit can help you really understand deep down inside the most important truth ever known—that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world and that because of Him every one of us who ever lived will one day live again. And because of Him we can repent of wrongdoing and get on the path that leads us back to our Heavenly Father. That is what the Atonement is. The Holy Spirit will testify of that truth to our hearts as we seek to know, and He

A PRAYER IN MY HEART

Being prayerful for me means not only praying morning and night, but also keeping a prayer in my heart throughout the day. Although I have not been perfect in doing so, I have been pretty consistent. With a prayer in my heart my day runs smoother and I am more receptive to the whisperings of the Spirit. Often in my prayers I ask the Lord to help me find those who are in need of comfort or who need a friend.

One day I was driving home from school and passed a boy who was walking home. The sun was out but there was snow on the ground. I had an impression to turn around and give the boy a ride home. Immediately I turned around and picked him up. He had on wet jeans and a T-shirt because someone had pushed him in the snow. He was grateful when I picked him up. He talked about how he had a hard time making friends and how some kids had played a little game that ended with him being thrown in the snow. I was grateful the Lord heard my prayers and allowed me to help that wonderful boy.

Barbara Moore, 17
Littleton, Colorado

testifies to others as we bear our testimony of these truths to them.

The Holy Spirit is a comforter, a guide, a testifier. And you have the right to His influence and inspiration! How blessed and loved you are! Now, because you have been given so much, you too must give. And so, with this in mind, we would like to make a very special request of you. It is an invitation, really, and we hope you will accept it, and we hope you will act upon it.

Will you reach out and bring one other young woman or young man into full activity in the Church this coming year? Surely each one of you knows of someone who is less active or a recent convert or who is not a member. We are asking you to reach out and share the gospel of Jesus Christ with one other young person so that they can also enjoy the sweet blessings of heaven.

Think of how many lives would be blessed, how many young people could be comforted and guided and have stronger testimonies. Let the Holy Spirit guide you in your effort. Your parents and your leaders will also help you know what to do and how to do it. We will be eager to learn of your experiences and your successes.

Adapted from a March 2001 general Young Women meeting address.

When a 15-year-old girl needed to find new friends, she put her problem in the hands of the Lord. A surprise call from a girl who became an instant friend was a better outcome than she could have imagined.

Aaronic Priesthood Manual 3 (Use to supplement, but not replace, lessons 1-25.)

Note: The manual does not include a specific Easter lesson. If you want to teach a special Easter lesson (31 March), consider using conference addresses, articles, and hymns that focus on the Atonement, the Resurrection, and the life and mission of the Savior.

Lesson 1: The Godhead

Gordon B. Hinckley, "The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," *Ensign*, Mar. 1998, 2-7.

James E. Faust, "That We Might Know Thee," *Ensign*, Jan. 1999, 2-5.

Douglas S. Ladle, "Insights from 3 Nephi about Our Father in Heaven," *Ensign*, Dec. 2000, 22-25.

Lesson 2: The Plan of Salvation

L. Tom Perry, "Give Heed unto the Word of the Lord," *Ensign*, June 2000, 22-29.

L. Aldin Porter, "Our Destiny," *New Era*, Oct. 2000, 44-46.

Robert England Lee, "Teaching Our Children the Plan of Salvation," *Ensign*, Sept. 2001, 32-39.

"I Am a Child of God," *Hymns*, no. 301.

Lesson 3: Sons of the Living God

Russell M. Nelson, "We Are Children of God," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 85-87.

"I Know My Father Lives," *Hymns*, no. 302.

Lesson 4: I Have the Ability and Freedom to Choose

Richard G. Scott, "He Lives," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 87-89.

John Bytheway, "Think First, Act Fast," *New Era*, May 1999, 32-34.

"Choose the Right," *Hymns*, no. 239.

Lesson 5: "How Art Thou Fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer!"

James E. Faust, "The Enemy Within," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 44-46.

Richard C. Edgley, "Satan's Bag of Snipes," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 42-43.

"Q&A: Every now and then, I feel so bad. It seems like everything is going wrong, not just in my life but in the world. It feels like Satan is getting too strong. Is there anything I can do?" *New Era*, Sept. 1999, 16-18.

Lesson 6: The Fall of Adam

Russell M. Nelson, "The Atonement," *Ensign*, Nov. 1996, 33-36.

Dallin H. Oaks, "The Great Plan of Happiness," *Ensign*, Nov. 1993, 72-75.

Lesson 7: The Atonement Brings Victory over Death and Hell

Russell M. Nelson, "His Mission and Ministry," *New Era*, Dec. 1999, 4-8.

Spencer J. Condie, "The Fall and Infinite Atonement," *Ensign*, Jan. 1996, 22-27.

Lesson 8: The Resurrection and Judgment

Gordon B. Hinckley, "He Is Not Here, but Is Risen," *Ensign*, May 1999, 70-72.

Dallin H. Oaks, "Resurrection," *Ensign*, May 2000, 14-16.

Lesson 9: Justice and Mercy

Richard G. Scott, "The Path to Peace and Joy," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 25-27.

D. Todd Christofferson, "Justification and Sanctification," *Ensign*, June 2001, 18-25.

Lance B. Wickman, "Friends Again at Last: Justice and Mercy in the Warming Glow of Charity," *Ensign*, June 2000, 30-37.

Lesson 10: A Mighty Change

James E. Faust, "A Second Birth," *Ensign*, June 1998, 2-5.

Dallin H. Oaks, "The Challenge to Become," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 32-34.

Christopher Aulepp, "Turnaround," *New Era*, Aug. 2000, 8-10.

"Lord, I Would Follow Thee," *Hymns*, no. 220.

Lesson 11: Faith Sufficient to Obtain Eternal Life

Gordon B. Hinckley, "Fear Not; Only Believe," *New Era*, Jan. 2000, 4-7.

James E. Faust, "The Shield of Faith," *Ensign*, May 2000, 17-19.

H. Bruce Stucki, "The Faith of a Sparrow," *New Era*, Sept. 2000, 4-6.

"True to the Faith," *Hymns*, no. 254.

Lesson 12: Repentance

Boyd K. Packer, "Washed Clean," *Ensign*, May 1997, 9-11.

Henry B. Eyring, "Do Not Delay," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 33-35.

Jay E. Jensen, "Do You Know How to Repent?" *New Era*, Nov. 1999, 4-7.

"Come unto Jesus," *Hymns*, no. 117.

Lesson 13: Receiving Forgiveness As We Forgive

Gordon B. Hinckley, "Of You It Is Required to Forgive," *Ensign*, June 1991, 2-5.

Henry B. Eyring, "That We May Be One," *Ensign*, May 1998, 66-68.

"I Have to Forgive Him?" *Ensign*, Apr. 1999, 48-49.

"Can I Be Forgiven?" *New Era*, Mar. 2000, 8-10.

Lesson 14: The Sacrament

Dallin H. Oaks, "The Aaronic Priesthood and the Sacrament," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 37-40.

Julie Cannon Markham, "Taking His Name upon Us," *Ensign*, Apr. 1998, 38-43.

"Always Remember Him," *New Era*, Oct. 2000, 15.

"As Now We Take the Sacrament," *Hymns*, no. 169.

Lesson 15: Enduring to the End

Russell M. Nelson, "Stay in the Boat," *Friend*, Mar. 1999, inside front cover.

Robert D. Hales, "Behold, We Count Them Happy Which Endure," *Ensign*, May 1998, 75-77.

Vinny DiGirolamo, "Pinned!" *New Era*, Oct. 2000, 12-14.

"Press Forward, Saints," *Hymns*, no. 81.

Lesson 16: Jesus Christ, the Life and Light of the World

Gordon B. Hinckley, "My Testimony of Christ," *New Era*, Apr. 2001, 4-7.

Sharon G. Larsen, "Your Light in the Wilderness," *Ensign*, May 1999, 89-91.

"The Lord Is My Light," *Hymns*, no. 89.

Lesson 17: The Holy Ghost

Boyd K. Packer, "The Cloven Tongues of Fire," *Ensign*, May 2000, 7-9.

"Q&A: I know the Holy Ghost can guide me, but how can I tell the difference between my own thoughts and feelings and the inspiration of the Spirit?" *New Era*, Nov. 1999, 16-18.

"Let the Holy Spirit Guide," *Hymns*, no. 143.

Lesson 18: Prayer

Gordon B. Hinckley, "Be Prayerful," *New Era*, Oct. 2000, 4-7.

"Meaningful Prayer," *New Era*, Jan. 2001, 29.

"Did You Think to Pray?" *Hymns*, no. 140.

Lesson 19: Fasting

Thomas S. Monson, "Building Your Eternal Home," *Ensign*, Oct. 1999, 2-5.

Joseph B. Wirthlin, "The Law of the Fast," *Ensign*, May 2001, 73-75.

Floy Daun Mackay, "Real Team Spirit," *Ensign*, Sept. 1998, 62-63.

Neil K. Newell, "Fast Offerings: Blessings We Give, Blessings We Receive," *Ensign*, Oct. 1998, 16-21.

Lesson 20: Tithing—A Spiritual Test

James E. Faust, "Opening the Windows of Heaven," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 54-60.

Monte J. Brough, "Living the Law of Sacrifice," *Ensign*, Apr. 2000, 44-49.

Ronald E. Poelman, "Tithing: A Privilege," *Ensign*, May 1998, 78-79.

"Q&A: I don't make money very often, and when I do I pay a full tithing. But I don't feel like what I'm paying makes much difference. Should I worry about paying tithing yet?" *New Era*, July 1999, 16-18.

"Because I Have Been Given Much," *Hymns*, no. 219.

Lesson 21: The Role of the Quorum

M. Russell Ballard, "Are We Keeping Pace?" *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 6-8.

D. Todd Christofferson, "The Priesthood Quorum," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 40-42.

Janet Thomas, "All for One," *New Era*, Jan. 2001, 20-25.

Aaron J. Tolson, "Special Delivery," *New Era*, May 1999, 8-10.

"The Priesthood of Our Lord," *Hymns*, no. 320.

Lesson 22: Duties of Priests

Thomas S. Monson, "The Priesthood—Mighty Army of the Lord," *Ensign*, May 1999, 48-50.

Dallin H. Oaks, "Your Sacred Duty," *New Era*, May 1999, 4-7.

Lesson 23: Preparing for the Melchizedek Priesthood

Thomas S. Monson, "Today Determines Tomorrow," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 48-51.

Joseph B. Wirthlin, "Growing into the Priesthood," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 38-41.

Jeffrey R. Holland, "Sanctify Yourselves," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 38-40.

Lesson 24: Follow the Prophet

Gordon B. Hinckley, "A Prophet's Counsel and Prayer for Youth," *New Era*, Jan. 2001, 4-15.

Clyde J. Williams, "Following the Prophets: A Book of Mormon Perspective," *Ensign*, July 2000, 19-23.

"Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice," *Hymns*, no. 21.

Lesson 25: Every Young Man Should Serve a Mission

M. Russell Ballard, "Now Is the Time," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 75-77.

Richard C. Edgley, "We Care Enough to Send Our Very Best," *Ensign*, Nov. 1996, 62-64.

Janet Thomas, "Two-Year Time-Out," *New Era*, Aug. 2000, 28-33.

Lisa M. G. Crockett, "Rock Star," *New Era*, July 2000, 36-37.

"Come, All Ye Sons of God," *Hymns*, no. 322.

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Douglas S. Ladle, "Insights from 3 Nephi about Our Father in Heaven," *Ensign*, Dec. 2000, 22-25.

Carrie Schaffer, "Always My Father," *New Era*, May 2000, 11.

Lesson 2: Coming to Know the Savior

"The Living Christ: The Testimony of the Apostles," *New Era*, Apr. 2000, 20-21.

James E. Faust, "That We Might Know Thee," *Ensign*, Jan. 1999, 2-5.

Becky Prescott, "Always My Friend," *New Era*, Mar. 2000, 7.

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Lesson 3: Living the Gospel Daily

Gordon B. Hinckley, "Living with Our Convictions," *Ensign*, Sept. 2001, 2-5.

Neil L. Andersen, "Debugging Your Life," *New Era*, Aug. 2000, 4-6.

Lesson 4: Preparing to Become an Eternal Companion

Richard G. Scott, "The Joy of Living the Great Plan of Happiness," *Ensign*, Nov. 1996, 73-75.

Jeffrey R. Holland, "Personal Purity," *New Era*, Feb. 2000, 4-7.

Lesson 5: Creating a Spiritual Environment in the Home

M. Russell Ballard, "Like a Flame Unquenchable," *Ensign*, May 1999, 85-87.

Teresa Bateman, "Juggling Lessons," *Friend*, Mar. 1998, 28-30.

"Home Can Be a Heaven on Earth," *Hymns*, no. 298.

Lesson 6: A Woman's Responsibility to Teach

Dallin H. Oaks, "Gospel Teaching," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 78-80.

"Help Me Teach with Inspiration," *Hymns*, no. 281.

Lesson 7: Our Purpose in Life

Thomas S. Monson, "Your Celestial Journey," *Ensign*, May 1999, 96-98.

James E. Faust, "Who Do You Think You Are?" *New Era*, Mar. 2001, 4-9.

Richard G. Scott, "He Lives," *New Era*, Dec. 2000, 4-7.

"I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," *Hymns*, no. 270.

Lesson 8: Eternal Families

L. Tom Perry, "Youth of the Noble Birthright," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, 73-75.

Henry B. Eyring, "The Family," *Ensign*, Feb. 1998, 10-18.

"Q&A: My family is getting ready to be sealed in the temple. . . . Could you help me understand the sealing process so I will be better prepared?" *New Era*, Mar. 2000, 16-18.

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Lesson 9: Encouraging Family Unity

Gordon B. Hinckley, "Love at Home," *New Era*, Oct. 1999, 4-7.

Ashley Eggers, "Love, Anonymous," *New Era*, Feb. 2001, 26-27.

Sheila Kindred, "The List," *Friend*, Nov. 2000, 2-4.

"Love at Home," *Hymns*, no. 294.

Lesson 10: Encouraging Enjoyable Family Activities

Letter from the First Presidency, in "Policies and Announcements," *Ensign*, Jan. 2000, 78-79.

Lisa M. G. Crockett and others, "We Are Family," *New Era*, Oct. 1999, 26-29.

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Lesson 11: Extended Family Relationships

Robert D. Hales, "Strengthening Families: Our Sacred Duty," *Ensign*, May 1999, 32-34.

Dennis B. Neuenschwander, "Bridges and Eternal Keepsakes," *Ensign*, May 1999, 83-85.

Aaron J. Tolson, "The Fruits of My Labors," *New Era*, June 1999, 8-10.

Lesson 12: The Blessings of the Priesthood

Boyd K. Packer, "What Every Elder Should Know—and Every Sister as Well: A Primer on Principles of Priesthood Government," *Ensign*, Feb. 1993, 7-13.

Ray H. Wood, "'Made Like unto the Son of God,'" *Ensign*, May 1999, 40-41.

Robert L. Backman, "They Were Awesome," *New Era*, May 2001, 44.

Lesson 13: The Priesthood Can Bless Families

Russell M. Nelson, "Shepherds, Lambs, and Home Teachers," *Ensign*, Aug. 1994, 15-19.

Caroline Hinckley, "Leaving Home," *New Era*, May 1999, 35.

Lesson 14: We Have a Wonderful Legacy

Jeffrey R. Holland, "As Doves to Our Windows," *Ensign*, May 2000, 75-77.

Robert L. Backman, "Faith in Every Footstep," *Ensign*, Jan. 1997, 6-14.

Elyssa Renee Andrus, "My Dad the Dictator," *New Era*, Sept. 2000, 34-36.

"An Angel from on High," *Hymns*, no. 13.

Lesson 15: Blessings of the House of Israel

James E. Faust, "Search Me, O God, and Know My Heart," *Ensign*, May 1998, 17-20.

Russell M. Nelson, "The Exodus Repeated," *Ensign*, July 1999, 6-13.

Paul K. Browning, "Gathering Scattered Israel: Then and Now," *Ensign*, July 1998, 54-61.

Lesson 16: Temple Endowment

Boyd K. Packer, "The Holy Temple," *Ensign*, Feb. 1995, 32-36.

David E. Sorensen, "Why Baptism Is Not Enough," *Ensign*, Apr. 1999, 16-21.

F. David Stanley, "The Most Important Step," *New Era*, June 2000, 20-23.

Lesson 17: Preparing to Attend the Temple

James E. Faust, "Eternity Lies before Us," *Ensign*, May 1997, 18-20.

"For the Strengthening of Youth," *Ensign*, Sept. 2000, 26-30.

"I'm Going There Someday," *New Era*, May 2000, 15.

Greg Burgoyne, "The Temple at 12," *New Era*, May 2001, 8.

"We Love Thy House, O God," *Hymns*, no. 247.

Lesson 18: Temple Marriage

Richard G. Scott, "Receive the Temple Blessings," *Ensign*, May 1999, 25-27.

Cree-L Kofford, "Marriage in the Lord's Way, Part One," *Ensign*, June 1998, 6-12.

Gale Sears, "The Thirty-Dollar Wedding Dress," *New Era*, Nov. 2000, 44-46.

Lesson 19: Heritage

David B. Haight, "Be a Strong Link," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 19-21.

Donald L. Hallstrom, "Cultivate Righteous Traditions," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 27-28.

Barbara Jean Jones, "Making History," *New Era*, May 1999, 15.

Lesson 20: Understanding a Missionary's Responsibilities

M. Russell Ballard, "Now Is the Time," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 75-77.

Laury Livsey, "A Day in the Life of a Missionary," *New Era*, June 2000, 60-65.

Lesson 21: Learning to Share the Gospel

M. Russell Ballard, "Members Are the Key," *Ensign*, Sept. 2000, 8-15.

Mary Ellen Smoot, "We Are Instruments in the Hands of God," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 89-92.

Laury Livsey, "Aarika's Courage," *New Era*, Jan. 2001, 30-35.

"Reach Out," *New Era*, Feb. 2000, 11.

"The Light Divine," *Hymns*, no. 305.

Lesson 22: Eternal Perspective

Jeffrey R. Holland, "An High Priest of Good Things to Come," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 36-38.

Jay E. Jensen, "Keep an Eternal Perspective," *Ensign*, May 2000, 27-28.

Jana Bouck Remy, "A Promise Kept," *New Era*, Jan. 2001, 46-48.

"Come, Come, Ye Saints," *Hymns*, no. 30.

Lesson 23: Overcoming Opposition

Neal A. Maxwell, "The Tugs and Pulls of the World," *Ensign*, Nov. 2000, 35-37.

H. Bruce Stucki, "The Faith of a Sparrow: Faith and Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 44-45.

Victor Harris, "I Was Amazed," *New Era*, Jan. 2000, 8-9.

"Press Forward, Saints," *Hymns*, no. 81.

Lesson 24: Agency

Neal A. Maxwell, "According to the Desire of [Our] Hearts," *Ensign*, Nov. 1996, 21-23.

Sharon G. Larsen, "Agency—A Blessing and a Burden," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 11-13.

"Q&A: Sometimes I feel like my whole life is planned out for me. How can I feel more in control?" *New Era*, Apr. 2000, 16-18.

"Choose the Right," *Hymns*, no. 239.

Lesson 25: Obedience

James E. Faust, "Obedience: The Path to Freedom," *Ensign*, May 1999, 45-47.

Adrian Robert Gostick, "Staying Centered," *New Era*, Nov. 1999, 44-46.

"Keep the Commandments," *Hymns*, no. 303.



“All I can say is this is the best magazine in the world.”



Her standard

Thank you for publishing the June 2001 special issue about standards. As I read it, it was as though the whole issue was written for me. In particular, I wanted to thank you for the article “Speaking of Kissing.” A year ago at Especially for Youth, I made a decision to not kiss until I was married. The past year when thinking about that decision, I worried that by refusing to kiss I might offend someone. That article caused me to realize my decision would not offend a young man willing to honor my standards. Thank you again for that issue and for that article.

*Becky Kendall
Richardson, Texas*

Please continue

I love the *New Era*. I had one opportunity to read it on the other side of the world and really could feel in my heart and in my spirit the power of this magazine. I am very grateful for the *New Era* because of its very good articles and stories that have helped me a lot in my life and in my testimony. Please continue with this. I am sure many people will feel the power of this magazine like I did.

*Yvo Rances
Trujillo, Peru (via e-mail)*

Misinformed

While reading the *New Era*, I came upon the story “Sidewalk Service” (Sept. ’00). I read the story and realized some people don’t like members of the Church because of what they hear about us. They think we aren’t good people. This story shows that Latter-day Saints are not bad people and that others need to give us a chance.

*Nick Smith
Layton, Utah*

Personal study guide

Thank you so much for this wonderful magazine and for publishing “Fields Ready to Harvest” (May 2001). I felt impressed to read it and used it as my personal study guide. It helped me a lot. I know that missionary work is hard, but it’s fun. I love seeing changes people make when they go into the waters of

baptism. This story inspired me to work hard, which is the key to success. The things I have read and learned in the *New Era* will help me be a better missionary.

*Elder Ricarter G. Repe
Philippines Ilagan Mission (via e-mail)*

Changed his thinking

Before I came on my mission, I had little opportunity to read the *New Era*. But since my time in the mission field, I have read the magazine every month, and it has really affected my life. I would like to thank you for the article “Always My Father” (May ’00). I was also feeling I was living a fatherless life until I read that story. It has changed my way of thinking.

*Elder Daniel Udo Isiuwa
Nigeria Enugu Mission*

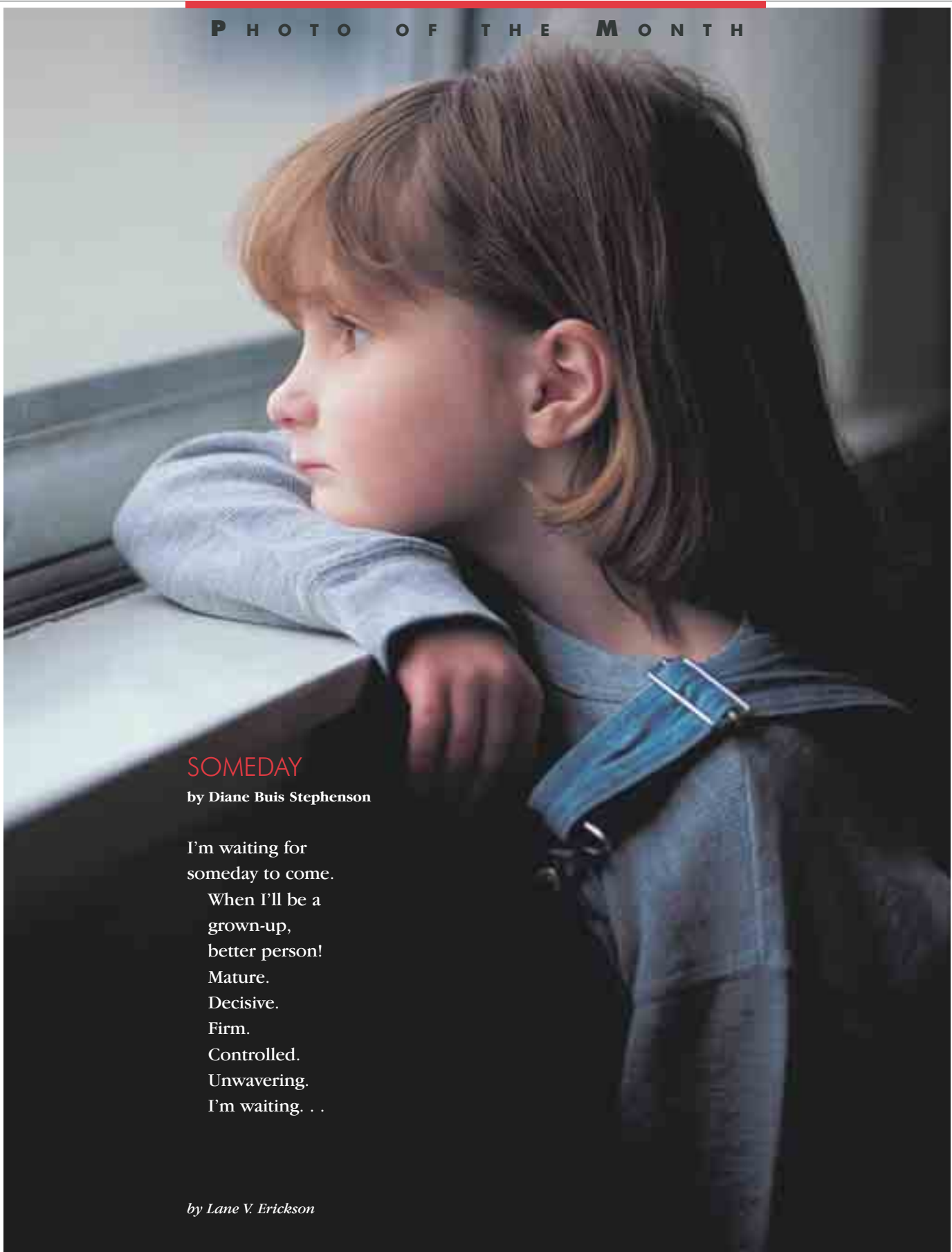
Lets her know

I love the *New Era*. It has helped me a ton, and I look forward to getting it every month. If I am angry or sad or I just want to read something, I pick up the magazine. It also lets me know that some people are going through the same things as me. My favorite part of the *New Era* is the Questions and Answers section, and I like the poster each month. All I can say is this is the best magazine in the world. Thanks for making this magazine for all the youth of the Church and for those of us who are not members.

*Heather Milliken
Layton, Utah (via e-mail)*

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Submissions may be edited for length
and clarity.*



SOMEDAY

by Diane Buis Stephenson

I'm waiting for
someday to come.

When I'll be a
grown-up,
better person!

Mature.

Decisive.

Firm.

Controlled.

Unwavering.

I'm waiting. . .

by Lane V. Erickson



*“I think
Serena
and I have
come to an
age now
where we
don’t care as
much about
what people
think. We are
members of
the Church
and we are
different.”*

*See
“Standing
Alone
Together,”
p. 26*

