

the Friend

FEBRUARY • 2005



Friends by Mail



A Prayer for Rylee



My sister Rylee is allergic to nuts. If she eats any, they can make her stop breathing. One night we ate some salt water taffy, not knowing that some of the pieces had nuts in them. Rylee's mouth started burning. Mom gave her some medicine, but it didn't help. Next, Rylee's throat started to burn, and she couldn't swallow. Then her chest started to burn. It soon became hard for her to breathe.

Dad was out of town, so he wasn't around to give her a blessing. Mom decided to call 911. The operator told her to stay on the phone until the paramedics arrived.

My sisters Kelsey and Haley and I were really worried about Rylee. We knelt on the kitchen floor and said a prayer asking Heavenly Father not to let Rylee die. Soon the paramedics arrived, but Rylee was already doing better. Mom was really surprised at her recovery.

Later, after everyone had left, we told Mom about our prayer and asked if she thought it had helped. She told us that it was probably the reason why Rylee was all right. I am grateful that Heavenly Father hears and answers prayers.

Mason Cate, age 4, with help from his family
Layton, Utah

Good and Warm



My oldest brother is a Marine serving in Kuwait. I pray for him in every prayer. My mom used to have to help me, but now I can pray for my brother all by myself. I miss him so much, but when I pray for him I feel good and warm. I feel that he will be all right and come home again.

Austin Abaroa, age 4, with help from his family
Gilbert, Arizona

Choosing a Book



One day at school, a friend and I were choosing a book to read together. The book my friend wanted to read was a ghost story. When we had read a few pages, I had an uneasy feeling because I remembered that my mom had told me not to read that book. My brother Ben had read it earlier, and it had bad things in it. After that we chose a different book. I was glad that the Holy Ghost had helped me remember.

Laura Jossie, age 9
Wichita, Kansas



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Cover by Brad Teare

the **friend**

A children's magazine published by
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See the Guide to
the *Friend* (inside back
cover) for family home
evening ideas.

HIDDEN CTR RING

In Swedish,
välj det rätta
means "choose the
right." As you look for the
Swedish CTR ring hidden in
this issue, remember that
you are a child of God.





Be Not Afraid



When President Hinckley left for a mission, his good father handed him a card on which were written five words: "Be not afraid, only believe."

BY PRESIDENT GORDON B. HINCKLEY

I am optimistic concerning the work of the Lord. I realize, of course, that we are beset in the world with many tragic problems. I have been in areas where war rages and hate smolders in the hearts of people. I have watched with alarm the crumbling morals of our society. And yet I am optimistic. I have a simple and solemn faith that right will triumph and that truth will prevail.

When I left for a mission years ago, my good father handed me a card on which were written five words: "Be not afraid, only believe" (Mark 5:36).

I believe in the triumph of the gospel of Jesus Christ and the triumph of the Church and kingdom of God on the earth. The Lord declared that "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached . . . for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matthew 24:14). Can it possibly be accomplished? I remember an insight that suggested how it can happen.

I met a woman in South America who had just joined the Church. Fired by a great

love for that which she had found, she had gone about enthusiastically telling others. During a period of only seven months since her baptism, she had referred 300 acquaintances to the missionaries. At one point, 60 had come into the Church.

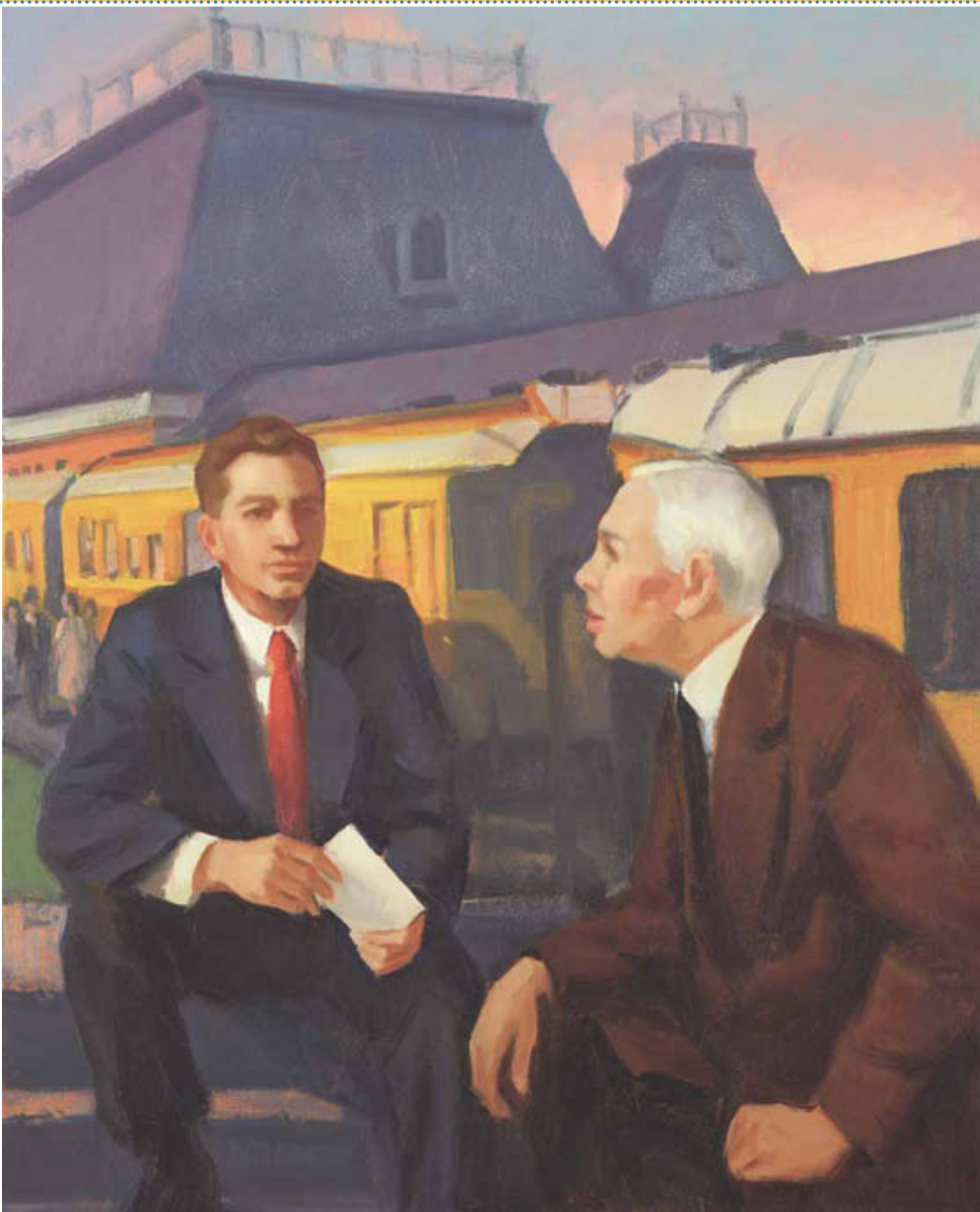
Yes, this work requires sacrifice, it requires effort, it requires courage to speak out and faith to try. As Paul wrote to Timothy: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

"Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord" (2 Timothy 1:7–8).

I wish that every member of this Church would put those words where he might see them every morning as he begins his day. They would give us the courage to speak up; they would give us the faith to try; they would strengthen our conviction of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that more miracles would happen over the earth.

I know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that this is Their holy work. ●

From "Be Not Afraid, Only Believe," Ensign, Feb. 1996, 2–5.

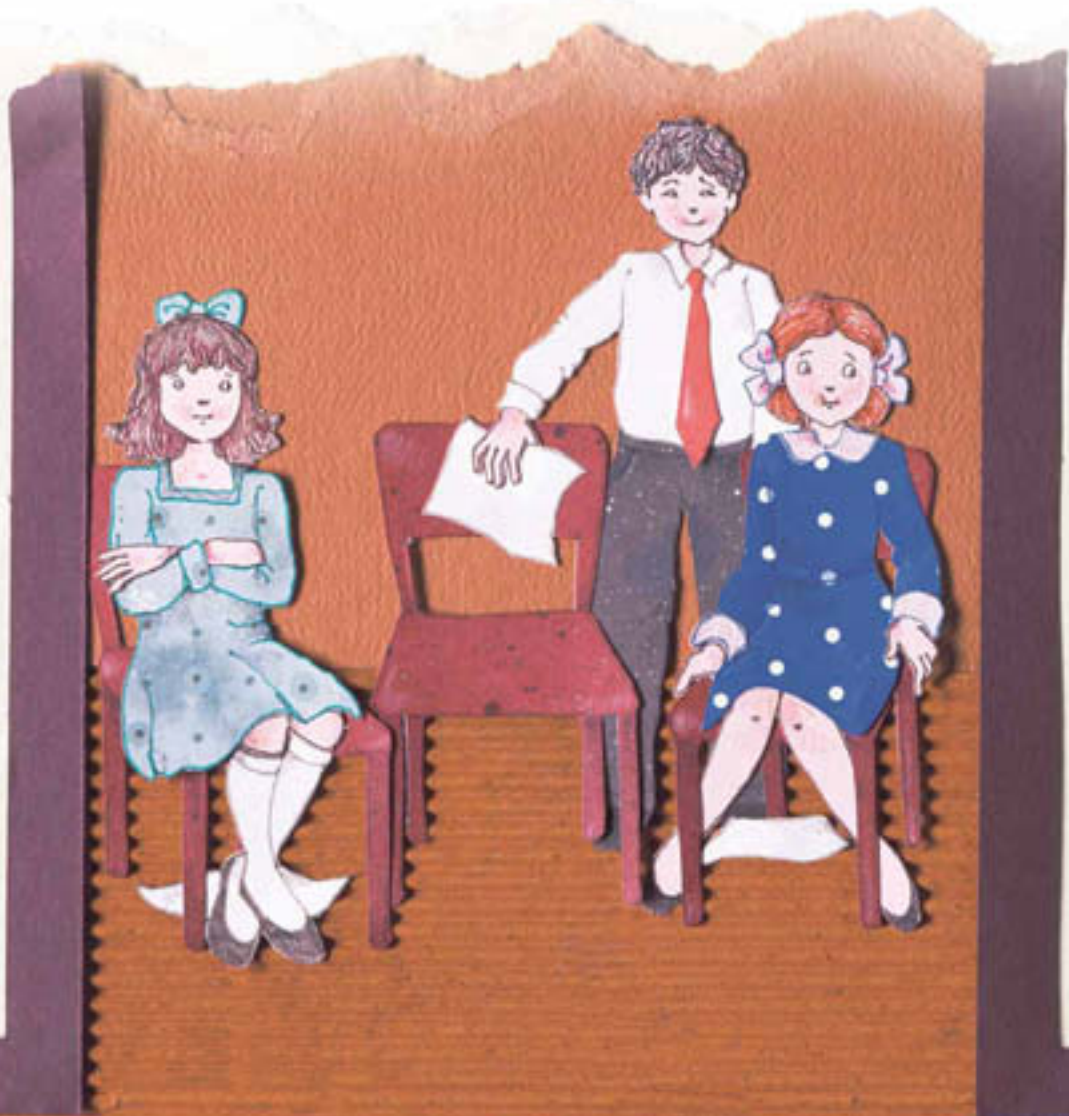


ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL T. MALM

Frankie, Child of God

BY KAY TIMPSON

(Based on experiences of the author's family)





All of you are children of the most High (Psalm 82:6).

Shifting and squirming in his chair, Frankie whispered to Clarissa, “These chairs are hard. I’m bored.”

Sister Peterson, the Primary teacher, asked, “What did you say, Frankie?”

“Oh, nothing,” Frankie answered. He continued squirming.

Sister Peterson smiled. “It’s almost time to go home.”

“Home,” Frankie thought. He had been in so many homes he had to stop to remember which one he was in now.

After the closing prayer, Frankie sprang from his chair and raced into the hallway. As he skidded around the corner, he ran right into Mr. Adams—or “Dad,” as he was trying to remember to call him.

“Hi, Frankie, I was looking for you. Let’s go home.”

There was that word again—*home*. Frankie climbed

onto the back seat of the van. Most of the foster families he had lived with drove vans. If he sat in the back, everyone usually forgot he was there. Then no one asked him questions. Questions made him nervous because he didn’t always know the answers. Then he felt—well, *slow*. The kids in the other places he had lived had made fun of him and called him names. Even the adults usually got annoyed when he didn’t understand everything right away. So Frankie chose the back row. It was safer that way. The problem was, it wasn’t working with this family.

“How was Primary, Frankie?” Mrs. Adams asked.

Frankie thought hard. He wanted to be honest. “Well,” he said slowly, “I tried to listen, but it was really hard.” He felt his whole body tense up. He was afraid that Mrs. Adams was going to be upset with him for not understanding. What she said surprised him. “What did the teachers say? Maybe we can help you understand.”





She sounded very gentle, like she really wanted to help.

She listened patiently as Frankie tried to tell her what he heard in Primary.

“Well, it was about God being my father, or something like that,” Frankie mumbled. The idea sounded strange to him. He thought for sure it would sound silly to Mrs. Adams. (“Mom,” he silently reminded himself.) He figured the other kids would tease him for giving the wrong answer, but they didn’t.

“That’s what Sister Robbins said in sharing time,” Taylor said. “She talked about how we’re all children of God, and about how He loves us—just like you do, Dad—and how that should help us to be good and to choose the right. Then we sang ‘I Am a Child of God.’”

Ashley waved her hands in the air and said, “That’s my favorite song!”

Frankie listened closely. They had heard the same thing he did, but they seemed to understand it. And he could tell by their faces that they believed it. Mom must have seen the confusion in his eyes because she said, “Frankie, we’ll talk more later about what it means to be a child of God.”

After dinner, the kids all plopped down on the big rug in front of the couch. Reaching for his scriptures, Dad said, “Let’s talk about what it means to be a child of God. Here is a scripture that might help. It’s in 1 Nephi 17:36, and it says, ‘Behold, the Lord hath created the earth that it should be inhabited; and he hath created his children that they should possess it.’” Dad paused. “What do you



“Never forget, my dear young friends, that you really are a child of God who has inherited something of His divine nature, one whom He loves and desires to help and bless.”

President Gordon B. Hinckley, “You Are a Child of God,” Friend, May 2003, 6.

think that means?”

Ashley’s hand flew up. “It means that Heavenly Father is the Father of our spirits. He made this beautiful earth for us and sent us here to

grow.” She nodded her head, as if agreeing with herself.

“That’s right,” Mom said. “Heavenly Father loves us and wants us to come back to Him, because we belong to Him.”

“Even me?” Frankie asked timidly. “Do *I* belong to Him?”

“Absolutely, Frankie. He loves you and wants you to come back,” Dad said. “He wants you to come back so much that He will help you in any way He can. One way He has already helped you was by sending you to us, so we can teach you about Him. If you will pray and ask Him, He will bless you and help you.”

Later that night as Frankie snuggled under the covers, he thought, “I have a Father in Heaven.” In all the foster homes he had been in, no one had ever told him about Heavenly Father. It felt good to know that there was someone in heaven he belonged to, someone he could always talk to. He had never felt like he belonged anywhere—until now. In his heart Frankie knew that Mr. and Mrs. Adams—Mom and Dad—loved him.

“Maybe that is why I am in this home,” he thought. “Maybe God wanted me here.” For the first time Frankie slid to his knees and started to pray. It felt funny at first, but he felt like it was the right thing to do. “If He is my Father, I bet He would like to hear from me. I bet He’s

missed me,” he thought as he bowed his head. ●

Kay Timpson is a member of the Echo Hills Ward, Hemet California Stake.

Give a Gift

BY GAIL E. HEDRICK

I gave a gift to Angela
To help her feel much better.

She gave it to the mailman
When he handed her a letter.

The mailman took it with him
And gave it to a clown

Who needed it to make folks laugh,
Since the circus was in town.

He left it at the bakery,
Like a cookie on a plate.

Then Jeffrey took it with him
As he went outside to skate.

He passed it on to Mary
As she rode by in a truck.

And she gave it back to Angela
Who was outside feeding ducks.

This crazy tale goes round and round—
It may last quite a while.

Good things come right back to you
When you give away a smile!



TRUST in OTHERS and YOURSELF



From an interview with Elder Craig C. Christensen of the Seventy, currently serving in the Mexico South Area Presidency; by Callie Buys

Keep that which is committed to thy trust
(1 Timothy 6:20).

I come from a very close, faithful family. My father worked as a traveling salesman, selling insecticides to farmers. He would typically leave home on a Monday, travel for a few days, come back midweek to fulfill his Church assignments, and then leave again and come back on Friday. I have a brother and a sister, and he always took one of us with him when we weren't in school. I have many great memories from the times I spent traveling with my father.

My father's parents died before we were born, so my brother and sister and I never knew our paternal grandparents. My father wanted us to learn about our ancestry, so as we traveled on long stretches of road he taught us about our heritage, along with

gospel principles and stories from his own life. It was a great time for us to grow closer to him.

While my father met with customers, I had to either sit in the lobby, wait in the car, or walk around outside. I would frequently get tired of waiting for my father to finish working, so he decided to keep me busy. We went to a bank and bought 40 rolls of pennies and a collection booklet. I sifted through all the pennies and sorted them by year so I could fill up the collection. If I had finished sorting all those pennies by the time he got out of his meeting, we would find another bank and swap pennies.

My father said that if I gave the bank tellers my word that each roll of pennies I was trading had 50 pennies, I wouldn't have to wait for them to count them. They





1

- 1. Elder Christensen at the age of 5.
- 2. With the Fuentes family in Mexico.
- 3. Playing guitar in 1964 with his sister Marilee on piano and his brother Roger on bass.
- 4. Part of his penny collection
- 5. Elder and Sister Christensen in Mexico City in 1998.



2



3



4



5

would simply give me new rolls to replace them. Sure enough, I learned that if I said, "I've counted these. I promise that there are 50 pennies in each roll," the bank tellers trusted me. I learned the importance of living up to my word. I also realized that some other little boy had probably counted the pennies I received, and that I had to rely on him to be honest as well. I never received a roll with fewer than 50 pennies, so I learned to trust others and to be trustworthy in all that I do.

I am grateful for the trips with my father and the gospel principles he taught me. I'm thankful for my penny collection and the lessons it taught me about being trustworthy and trusting others. ●



Leann's Spirit

BY JANE McBRIDE CHOATE

(Based on an experience from the author's family)

I am a child of God (Children's Songbook, 2-3).

Leann liked preschool. She especially liked the days when her mommy was the parent-helper. "Today we're going to talk about our bodies," the teacher, Mrs. Whitney, said after all the children had gathered in a circle on the floor. "What are some of the things that our bodies can do?"

Everyone took turns naming things.

"Run."

"Eat."

"Play."

"Sing,"

Leann said.

Mrs. Whitney smiled. "That's right. Our bodies can do all those things and more. We're going to make life-size pictures of ourselves." She gave a long sheet of white paper to each child.

Leann lay down on the paper, and Mommy traced an outline of her. While Mommy helped the other children, Leann drew in hair, eyes, ears, a mouth, and a nose. She colored her shirt and jumper blue just like the ones she was wearing.

Leann looked at the picture of herself. Something was missing. "Where's my spirit?" she whispered to Mommy.

"Your spirit is part of you," Mommy said, "but it's not something we can see."

"But I want to draw my spirit so everyone will know that I have one." Leann chose a yellow crayon and drew a circle around her picture.

After all the children had finished coloring, Mrs.

Whitney asked them to show their pictures and to name the parts of their bodies.

Soon it was Leann's turn. She held up the picture of herself so that the other children could see it. "And this yellow circle helps me remember that I have a spirit," she said, pointing to the yellow circle.

She smiled at Mommy.

Mommy smiled back.

Leann knew that her spirit wasn't really a circle, but the yellow color reminded her that her spirit was happy because she was a child of God. ●

Jane McBride Choate is a member of the Big Thompson Ward, Loveland Colorado Stake.





"I Love You This Much" Card

To make a card for someone you love, you will need: a pencil, an 8 1/2" x 11" (22 x 28 cm) piece of paper, scissors, 2 strips of paper each 2" x 11" (5 x 28 cm), clear tape or glue, colored markers, crayons, and stickers (optional).

1. Fold the large piece of paper in half widthwise. Place your hand on the paper, trace around it, then cut out. You should have two paper hands.

2. Tape or glue the two strips of paper together to make one long strip. Print in large letters across the



length of the strip: I LOVE YOU THIS MUCH! Use markers, crayons, or stickers to decorate the strip. Fold the strip like an accordion (see illustration).

3. Tape or glue a hand to each end of the strip, making sure the hands face the same direction (see illustration).

4. Print a greeting on the top of the first hand, such as "Happy Valentine's Day" or "Happy Birthday." On the opposite side of the hand, print: "Dear _____." Then sign your name on the other hand. Decorate the hands.



Wintertime Snuggling

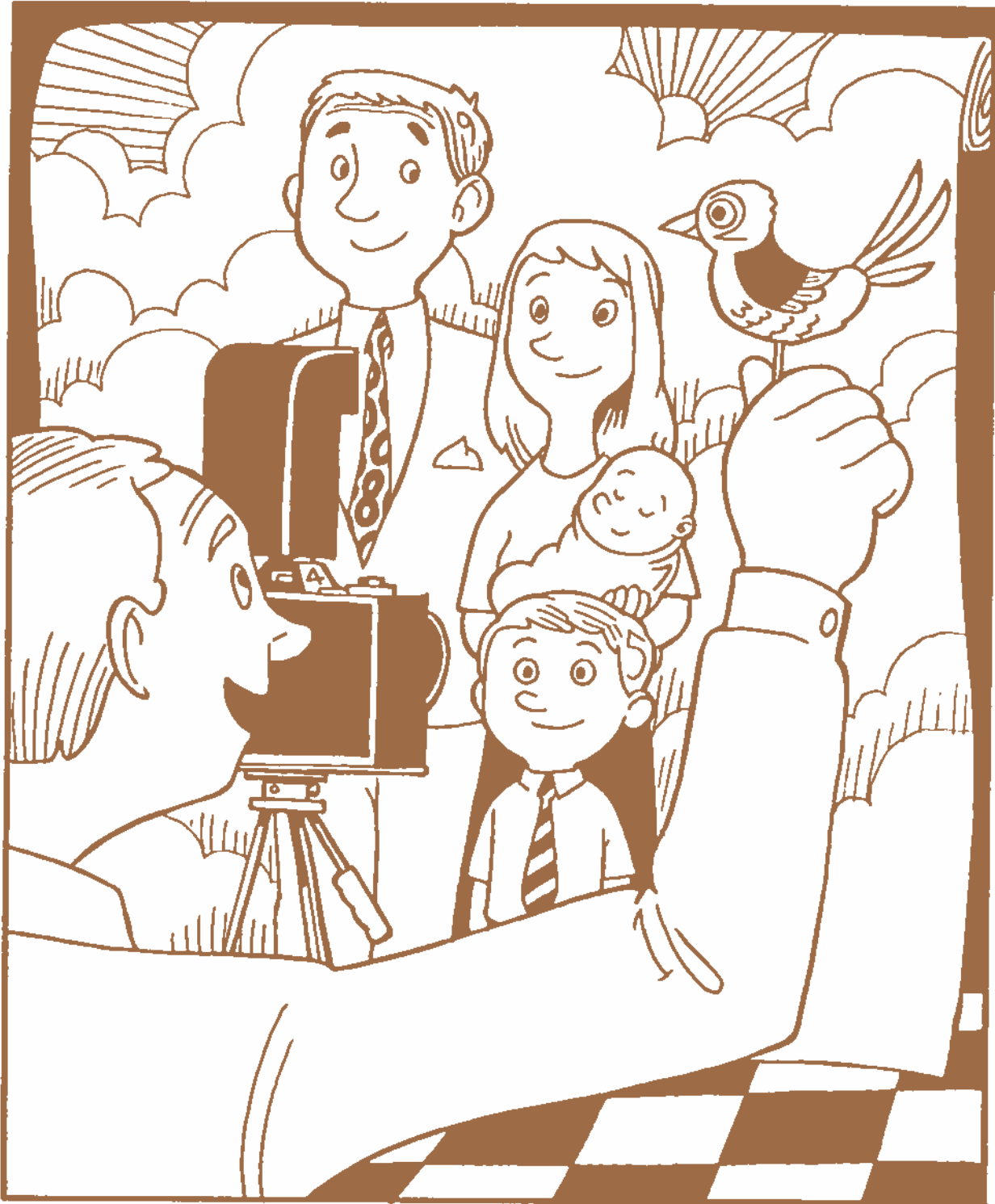
BY JAMES PULLIZA JR.

I think I like winter best.
Snuggling up against Mother,
Sitting in her easy chair
Under a cozy blanket,
While drinking hot chocolate
And watching the snowflakes fall.
I know I like winter best.

Hidden Picture

BY ADAM KOFORD

Can you find the numbers 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9? Now color the picture.





Because My Teacher

Loves Me

BY PATRICIA REECE ROPER

(Based on an experience from the author's family)

By love serve one another (Galatians 5:13).

Desiree listened to her Primary teacher, Sister Ruiz, in wonder. She couldn't believe what Sister Ruiz was saying. It seemed too good to be true. Desiree looked at the other children in her class. They didn't seem to be as amazed as she was. Finally Desiree raised her hand. "Do you really mean it, Sister Ruiz? Would you really do anything for us?" she asked.

"Yes, Desiree." The kind look in her teacher's eyes, even more than her words, showed Desiree that she really meant it. But Desiree continued to wonder if it was really true. Maybe someday she would find out.

It wasn't even a week later that Desiree was able to test her Primary teacher's promise. One day when she came home from school, Desiree found a note taped to the front door and grabbed it. When she entered the house, no one answered her calls. The house was empty. A strange, spooky stillness surrounded her, making the hair on her neck prickle.

"Where are you, Mommy?" Desiree whispered as tears trickled down her face. She dropped her backpack on the couch and sat down next to it. Remembering



the note in her hand, Desiree opened it. She recognized her mother's handwriting, but the letters were joined together by slants. Her mother had forgotten that she couldn't read cursive writing.

"I'll do anything I can for you, because I love you." The memory of her Primary teacher's words came to Desiree's mind. Maybe she couldn't read cursive, but she could read typing and she could read numbers. She could find Sister Ruiz's phone number and call her to ask for help.

When Sister Ruiz heard Desiree's dilemma, she told her that she would be right over. To Desiree it seemed



like a long time before she arrived, but even though Sister Ruiz lived in another town, she made the trip in just 10 minutes.

Desiree flung open the front door and ran down the sidewalk when she saw Sister Ruiz get out of her car. Through her tears, she handed her Primary teacher the note left by her mother.

Sister Ruiz read the note and smiled. "This says that your mommy is at your grandma's house working on a quilt."

Desiree suddenly remembered that her mother had told her to go to Grandma's house, just down the street, after school. She had left the note to remind Desiree but had forgotten to print it in letters Desiree could read.

"Do you want me to walk you to your grandma's?" Sister Ruiz asked.

Desiree shook her head. She looked up at Sister Ruiz. "You drove all this way just to read a note. Thank you."

Sister Ruiz smiled, and Desiree noticed that her eyes were glistening with tears. "This wasn't much, Desiree. I'll do anything I can for you."

"It was a lot to me," Desiree said.

Sister Ruiz hugged Desiree. "I'm glad you think so."

Desiree carefully looked both ways before crossing the street and walking down to Grandma's house. Sister Ruiz watched to make sure she arrived safely. Then she drove away.

"Where have you been?" Desiree's mother asked when she walked in. "I was starting to get worried."

"I just learned that my Primary teacher will come all the way to my house to read me a note."

"Why didn't you read it yourself?" Desiree's mom asked.

"Because I can't read cursive."

Desiree's mother's mouth dropped open in surprise. "I didn't even think about it, Desiree. I'm sorry you had to call your teacher to help you."

"That's OK." Desiree grinned. "My teacher said she was glad to do it, because she loves me." ●

Patricia Reece Roper is a member of the Leamington Ward, Delta Utah Stake.



"Love of God and love of His children is the highest reason for service."

Elder Dallin H. Oaks of the Twelve Apostles, "Gospel Teaching," *Ensign*, Nov. 1999, 79.



I Am a Child of God

BY MARGARET LIFFERTH

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God (Romans 8:16).



Have you ever held a baby? Did you ever wonder where babies lived before they were born?

Did you ever wonder where you lived before you came to your family? The First Presidency explains on the first page of the *Faith in God* guidebook: “You are a child of God. He is your Heavenly Father. He loves you and cares about you.”

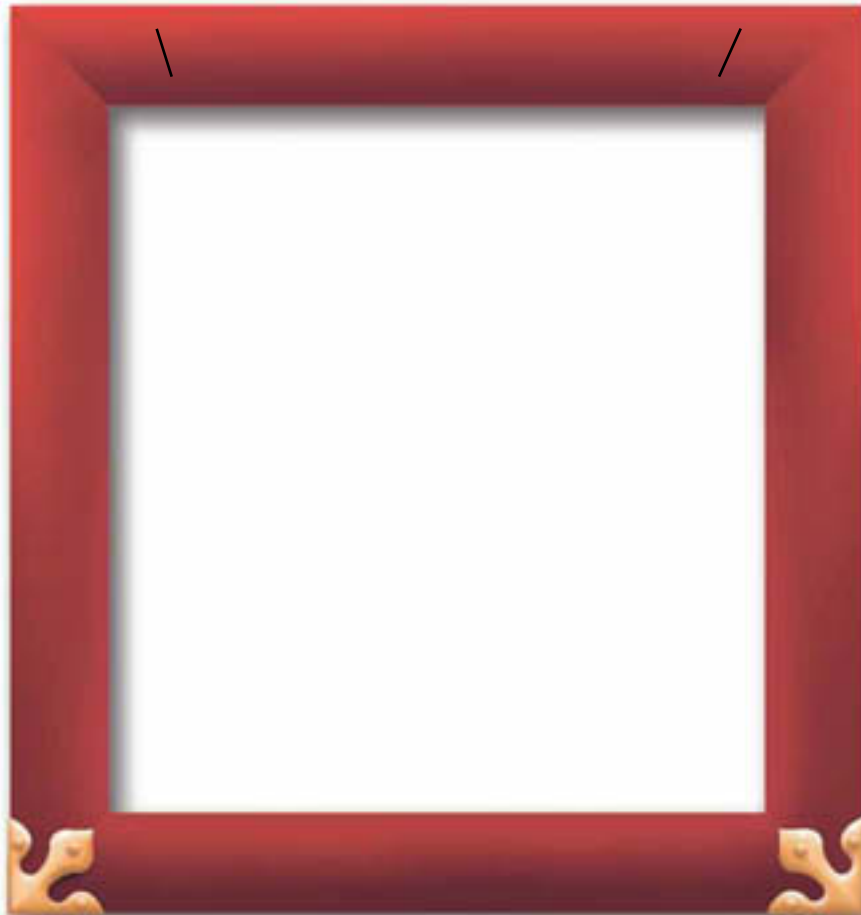
How can you know that Heavenly Father loves you? One way our earthly parents show their love is by providing food and shelter for us. They also teach us to choose the right. Our Heavenly Father has provided us with many things that remind us of His love for us every day—the beautiful earth, the scriptures, the living prophets, and our families. Best of all, He sent Jesus Christ. Because of Jesus Christ, we can return to live with Heavenly Father if we choose the right.

President Gordon B. Hinckley has taught that we can show our love to our Heavenly Father as we speak

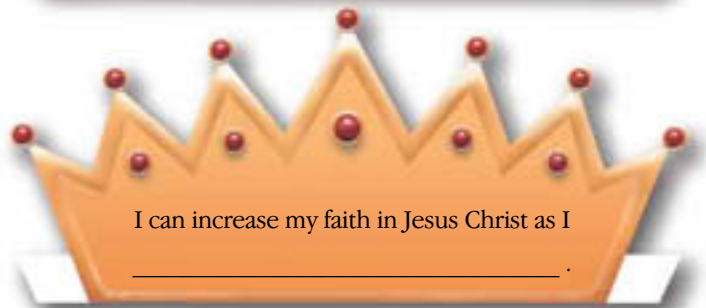
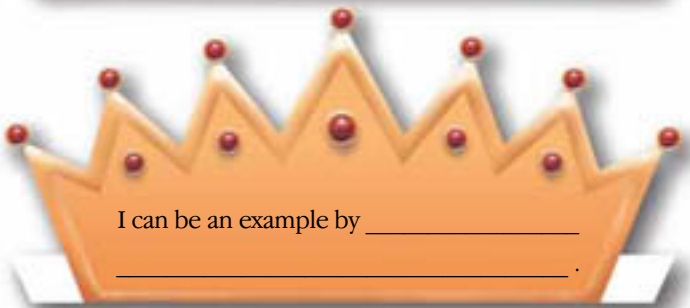
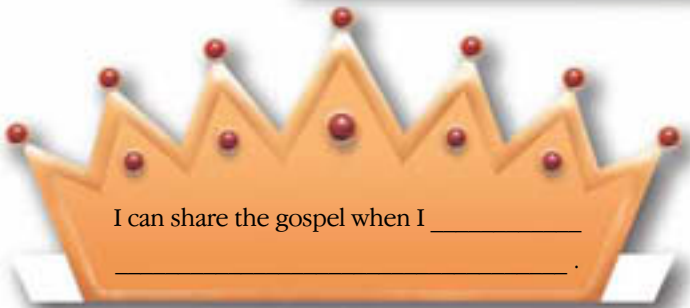
to Him in prayer and keep His commandments. When we do this, President Hinckley promises: “He will watch over you and guide you and protect you. He will bless you in your schoolwork and in your Primary. He will bless you in your home, and you will be a better boy or girl. . . . Never forget, my dear young friends, that you really are a child of God who has inherited something of His divine nature, one whom He loves and desires to help and bless” (“You Are a Child of God,” *Ensign*, May 2003, 119; *Friend*, May 2003, 6).

Child of God Crown Frame

Make a crown frame to remind you that you are a child of God. Remove page 17, and attach it to heavy paper. In the frame, attach a mirror or a picture of yourself. Cut out the frame, the slits on the frame, and the crown cutouts. Fill in the blanks on the crown cutouts. Every month attach a new crown to your frame by inserting the tabs on the crown into the slits on the frame. ●



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Sharing Time Ideas

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

1. Help the children memorize the following lines from the *Faith in God* guidebook (inside front cover): "I know Heavenly Father loves me, and I love Him. I can pray to Heavenly Father anytime, anywhere. I am trying to remember and follow Jesus Christ." Adapt a scripture story on prayer into a simple role play (see TNGC, p. 178)—for example, Nephi with his brothers on the ship (see 1 Nephi 18) or Daniel in the lions' den (see Daniel 6). Let the children role-play this story, using simple costumes or name tags. Use questions to review the story and reinforce the principle of prayer (see TNGC, pp. 68–70). Repeat with the children the memorized lines. Group each class of children with their teacher, and let them tell their favorite scripture stories or their own experiences about prayers being answered. Let each class choose a child to tell their story to the whole Primary as time allows.

2. Teach the principle that making choices is an important part of our life on earth. Our right to choose is called *agency* (*agency* or *moral agency*—not *free agency*). As we use our agency to choose the right, we are following Jesus Christ and can return to live with Him and Heavenly Father. The scriptures will help us choose the right. On the chalkboard, post a picture of Jesus with a 10-step path leading to Him and a paper child at the other end of the path. Pass out to each class a paper in the shape of a road sign with one of the following scripture references printed on it: Exodus 20:8; Matthew 19:18; 2 Nephi 32:9; Mosiah 13:20; 3 Nephi 12:34; D&C 42:21; D&C 42:27; D&C 51:9; D&C 89:7–8; D&C 119:4. Have the classes look up the references and write on the paper the principle we are to obey. Post the "road signs" so they are visible to the children. Prepare case studies (see TNGC, pp. 161–62) that require the children to make a decision—for example, "You hear someone talking unkindly about a friend. What do you do?" "You have saved money for a special game but discover that it costs more than you have. You would have enough money if you didn't pay tithing. What do you do?" Let the children respond by matching the case study with a scripture road sign, telling what they would do, and moving the paper child along the path toward the picture of Christ. Sing songs from the "Choice" section of the *Children's Songbook* (see p. 307).

For younger children: Substitute simple pictures illustrating the principles taught in the scriptures. Let them solve the case studies and move the child along the path to Jesus.

3. Teach the principle that Heavenly Father planned for us to come to a family and have a physical body. It is important for us to take care of our bodies and keep them strong and healthy. Prepare the following wordstrips: Exercise, Healthy Foods, Rest, Good Hygiene, Protect Your Body, and Things to Avoid. (For children who can't read yet, include pictures that illustrate these concepts.) Place the wordstrips on the chalkboard, leaving room to write under each one. In a bag or box, bring items or pictures of items that illustrate what we need to do to take care of our bodies. These could include pictures of foods recommended or forbidden in the Word of Wisdom (see D&C 89), a bar of soap, a toothbrush, a bandage, a small ball, a small pillow or blanket, a comb, and pictures from Primary packets (1-8, 1-15, 1-37, 1-38, 1-40, 1-41, 1-51, 2-23, 2-27, 2-48). Invite children to pick an item from the box, match it with the heading, and tell why it is important for our health. Support principles being taught with songs such as "The Lord Gave Me a Temple" (p. 153), "The Word of Wisdom" (pp. 154–55), and "Head, Shoulders, Knees, and Toes" (p. 275).

For older children: Sometimes doing what is healthy for our bodies will require a difficult choice. Tell the story in Daniel 1 of Daniel refusing the king's meat. Bear testimony of the Lord's promise in D&C 89:18–21.

Also review "A Prophet's Counsel and Prayer for Youth" (*Ensign*, Jan. 2001, 2–11) regarding piercings, tattoos, and modesty. Invite the bishop or branch president to discuss President Hinckley's counsel for the children.

4. We show our love for Heavenly Father as we keep the commandments. Repeat John 14:15 with the children. Help them memorize the scripture by using simple visuals such as a cutout heart (love) and a representation of a Ten Commandments tablet. Teach the children that Jesus showed His love for Heavenly Father by always being obedient. Display GAK picture 227. Read with the children the story of Christ in Gethsemane from Matthew 26:36–39. Explain that even though it was not easy, Christ was willing to do what Heavenly Father wanted Him to do to help us return home to Him. What are some things Heavenly Father has asked us to do? Take responses from children. Post My Gospel Standards, and attach small hearts to corresponding standards as the children give their answers. Post GAK pictures 212–216 on the board. Teach that one way to keep the commandments is to love and be kind to others. Invite the children to share ways the pictures show that Jesus loved and served others. Sing "Love One Another" (p. 136). Pass out paper, pencils, and/or crayons to the children, and invite them to write a note or draw a picture to send to a missionary, member of the military, someone who is homebound, or your bishop or branch president. Have the pianist play while the children complete this project. Sing "Keep the Commandments" (pp. 146–47). Send home a few paper hearts with each child. Explain that they can do anonymous acts of kindness and leave a heart as a clue that they are showing love to Heavenly Father by keeping the commandments.

5. *Song presentation:* Teach "A Child's Prayer" (pp. 12–13) by asking questions to direct the children's listening as you sing it. To teach the first verse, post GAK picture 216 (Christ and the Children), pictures 3-24 (boy praying) and 3-60 (girl praying) from *Primary* 3, and a drawing of the moon and stars (representing heaven). Sing the first two lines, and ask the children to listen for the questions the child has about Heavenly Father and prayer. Take their responses, have a child choose and hold a picture that represents those lines, and sing that much together. As you sing the next two lines, ask the children to listen for what the child has heard about heaven and then for a clue that the child may be receiving an answer to his or her questions. ("But I feel it close around me as I pray.") Take responses, let a child choose another picture, and sing all four lines together. As you sing the next two lines, ask the children to listen for something the child remembers. Take responses and sing that much together. Take GAK picture 216 from the board, and discuss the story from the back of the picture (see Mark 10:13–16). When you sing the last two lines, ask the children what the child is going to do because he or she remembered the story of Jesus. Sing and take responses, have a child hold the last picture, and sing the whole first verse together. Repeat the verse, referring to the pictures and using other singing methods (for example, right side of the room sings first four lines, left side sings second four lines; sing parts louder or softer).

The second verse answers the child's questions with a firm testimony of prayer. Have the children listen for what this person knows as you sing the second verse. Take responses and teach the blessing of testimony. Teach this verse in sections using visuals (GAK picture 605—Young Boy Praying, a mouth, a heart, GAK picture 608—Christ and Children from around the World), repetition, and by marking the beat. When the children have learned both verses well, sing them together as a duet.

6. *Friend* references: "You Are a Child of God," May 2003, 2–6; "I Can Pray to Heavenly Father Anytime, Anywhere," Aug. 2003, 24–26; "I Am a Child of God," Jan. 2004, 15; "I Am a Child of God," Mar. 2003, 18; "Show You Know," June 2003, 16–18; "Powerful Ideas," Mar. 2003, 17. These references and others can be found at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.



Getting to Know President Boyd K. Packer



To learn more about President Boyd K. Packer, Acting President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, match the lettered pictures above with the clues below.

- ___ 1. The fifth son and tenth child in his family, President Packer was born here.
- ___ 2. About his childhood, he says, "I thought we were poor. I later learned that that was not true." Though his family had little of this, they were rich in faith, testimony, and love of family.
- ___ 3. He shows his love for nature by painting and carving animals, especially these flying creatures.
- ___ 4. He was unable to serve a full-time mission because World War II broke out. Instead, he served his country by operating one of these.
- ___ 5. He and Donna Edith Smith were married here on July 27, 1947.
- ___ 6. These strong animals, sculpted by his son,

symbolize the faith of his pioneer ancestors and his own family's cooperating and taking upon themselves the Savior's "yoke" (see Matthew 11:29–30).

- ___ 7. He and his wife, Donna, have 10 children. They owned these so the children could learn to work.
- ___ 8. He taught seminary classes using these items.
- ___ 9. One of his grown sons says that early in the morning he sees this inside his parents' house and knows his father is already awake. President Packer enjoys writing and studying.
- ___ 10. He has called this "the single most powerful influence in [his] life."

Adapted from "Elder Boyd K. Packer: Disciple of the Master Teacher," Ensign, June 1986, 8–13.

Answers: 1F (Brigham City, Utah), 2J, 3B, 4A, 5C (Logan Utah Temple), 6I, 7G, 8D, 9H, 10E



(Based on an experience of the author's family)

If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things (Articles of Faith 1:13).

Great song!" Zach exclaimed, tossing his book-filled backpack onto his friend Adam's bedroom floor. A radio blared away in the corner.

"I'm glad you like it," Adam said. "I just bought the whole CD with my birthday money."

Zach grinned. "Cool! Let's see it."

Adam tossed the unopened CD to Zach, whose grin disappeared when he saw the cover. "How did you even buy this? It's got one of those warning labels on it for bad language and other stuff."

Adam shrugged. "I guess I was lucky. The guy at the store must not have noticed."

"Well, *you* noticed. You should take it back." A still, small voice deep inside Zach was warning him of danger.

"But I like this group," Adam protested. "The label's probably about just a few words in one song. And besides, if anything is really awful, we can skip over it."

Putting aside his uneasiness, Zach thought it over. "I guess we could," he admitted at last. "I don't remember any bad language in the song we just heard on the radio."

"Neither do I," Adam said, unwrapping the CD and

opening the case. Inside was another warning label.

This time the warning voice was too loud for Zach to ignore. "I don't think this is a good idea," he said.

"Lighten up!" Adam snapped. "A few swear words won't kill you. Just tune them out and listen to the music."

Zach had a strong feeling that he should leave, but he didn't want to hurt his friend's feelings. He sat on the

floor as Adam put the CD in the player.

"The first song is one we haven't heard," Adam announced over the pounding beat.

Zach cringed, afraid that he was going to hear something awful. He remembered his dad's warn-

ing: "If you

hear bad words all

the time, you'll get used to them. Then

it's easy for them to slip into your own conversation." The first song ended without any bad words, though. Maybe Adam was right. "Here's the one you like from the radio," Adam said.

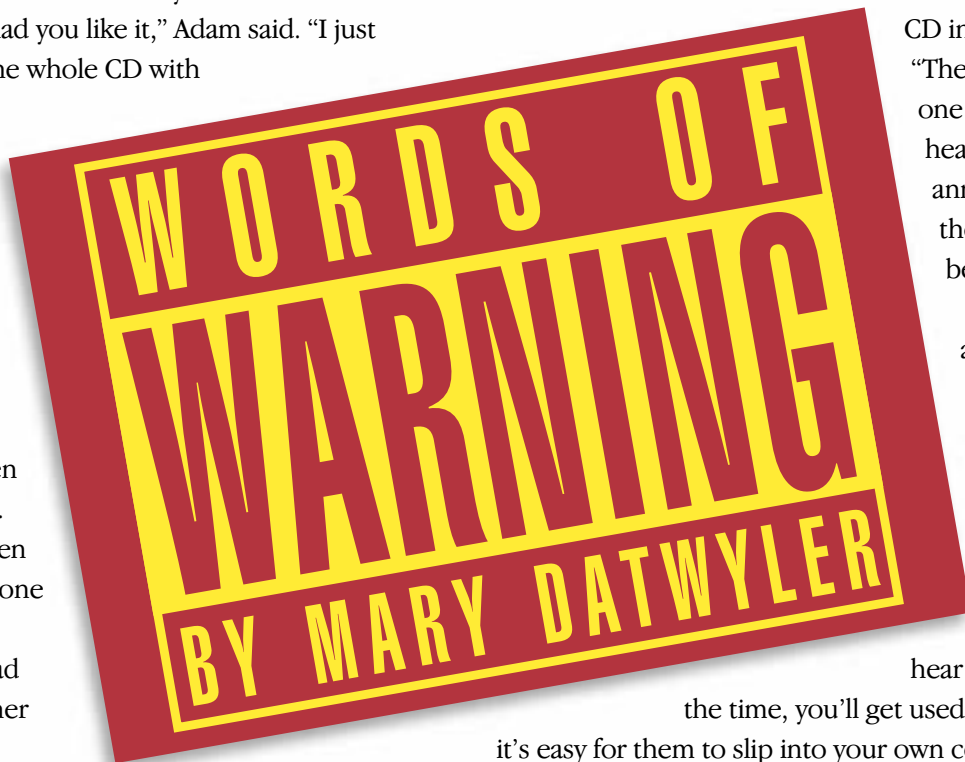
Zach gasped as a stream of dark, dirty words came pouring from the CD player. The tune was the one he had heard on the radio, but the lyrics were much worse. He tried to focus on the music and not listen to the words, but he couldn't.

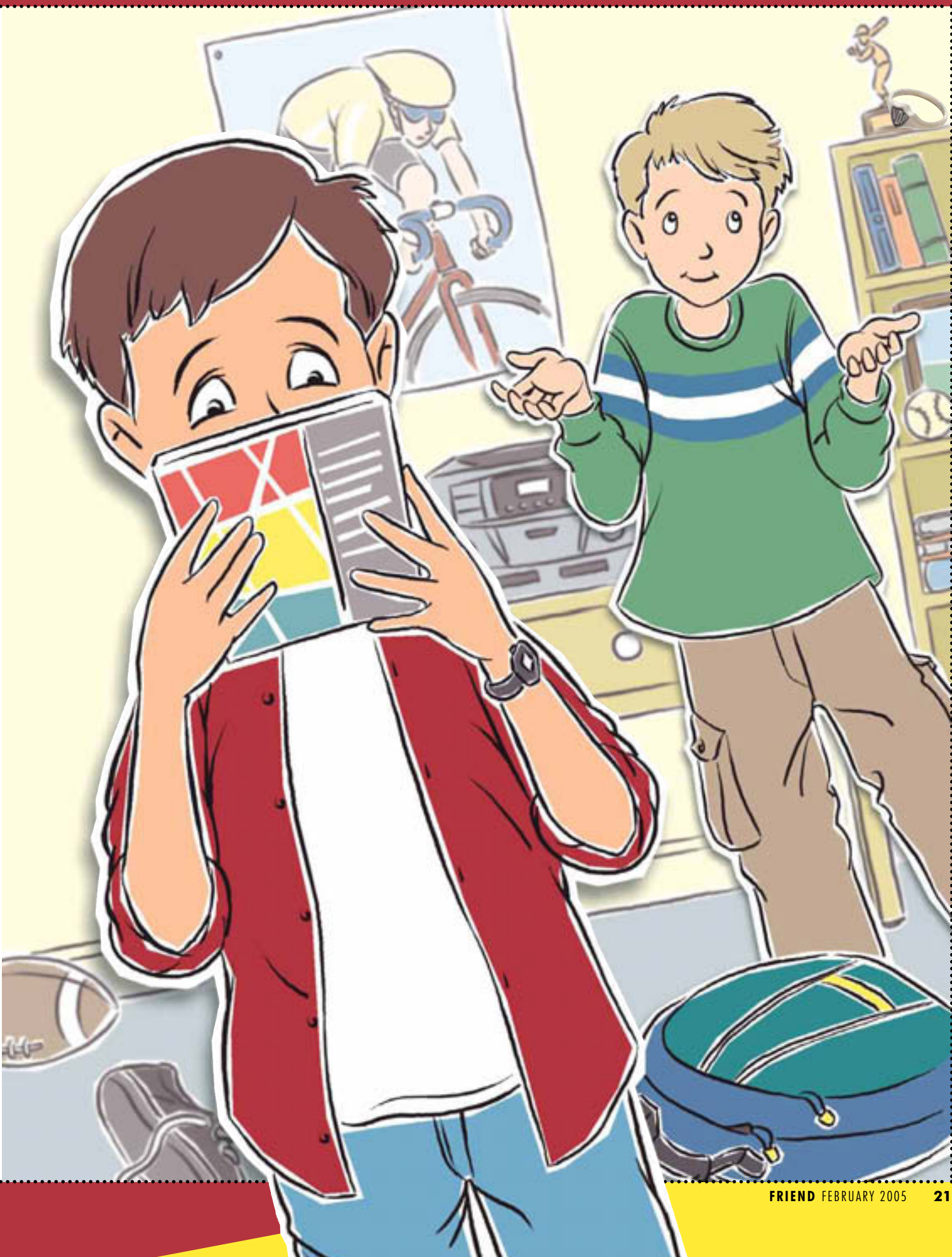
"Turn it off," he said.

Adam kept listening.

"Turn it off!" Zach insisted. "Please!"

"Cover your ears," Adam replied, turning up the volume.







Zach couldn't stand it. He scooped up his backpack and rushed out of the room. Hurrying down the hall, he heard Adam singing along to the music.

Zach ran home, his heavy backpack banging his shoulders all the way. By the time he arrived, he felt weak and sick. Dropping his backpack, he went straight to his room, closed the door, and knelt by his bed. "Heavenly Father?" he began quietly. "I need Thy help. I feel awful. I listened to music that was full of words I can't get out of my head—bad words. Adam said we could pretend they weren't there, but it didn't work. I knew better. My parents warned me, and so did the Holy Ghost. I've learned my lesson, and I'm sorry.

Please help me, Heavenly Father. In the name of Jesus Christ, amen."

Zach waited, straining to hear an answer. Nothing came right away, but he didn't give up. He could feel the sunlight streaming through the window, warming his skin as he kept listening. When he finally got up, he felt he had an answer.

The next day at school he walked up to Adam. "I can't listen to CDs with you anymore if you're going to play that kind of music," he said.

Adam looked sheepish. "Don't worry. My brother heard that song and told my parents. They took the CD away."

"Are you mad at your brother?"

Adam shook his head slowly. "I shouldn't have bought it in the first place. It's really not even music with all that bad language. It's just junk. I'm glad it's gone."

Zach nodded. "I couldn't get the words out of my mind."

"I'm sorry," Adam said. "Neither could I. I have some good CDs, though, without bad words. We could listen to those in about a week."

"Sounds great," Zach said. "But why a week?"

"Because by then I won't be grounded anymore."

Zach smiled. "Good music is worth waiting for." ●



"We can fill our homes with the sound of worthy music."

Elder Robert D. Hales of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Strengthening Families: Our Sacred Duty," Ensign, May 1999, 33.

Who Am I?

(A Church History Mystery)

BY MONICA WEEKS

Heavenly Father called me “an elect lady” in D&C 25. He also asked me to make a selection of sacred hymns, which later became the Church’s first hymnbook. My husband, Joseph, was called by Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ to bring forth the gospel in the latter days. Who am I?

(See answer below.)



Seven Pretty Colors

BY WENDI SILVANO

Seven pretty colors
Sitting side by side.
Often found together—
Where do they reside?

Place the names of the following seven colors in the correct order. Then read down the middle column to see where the colors reside.

blue	orange
violet	green
yellow	indigo
red	

Funstuf Answers

*Who Am I? (A Church History Mystery): Emma Smith.
Seven Pretty Colors: red, orange, indigo, green, blue, violet, yellow; hidden word: rainbow.*

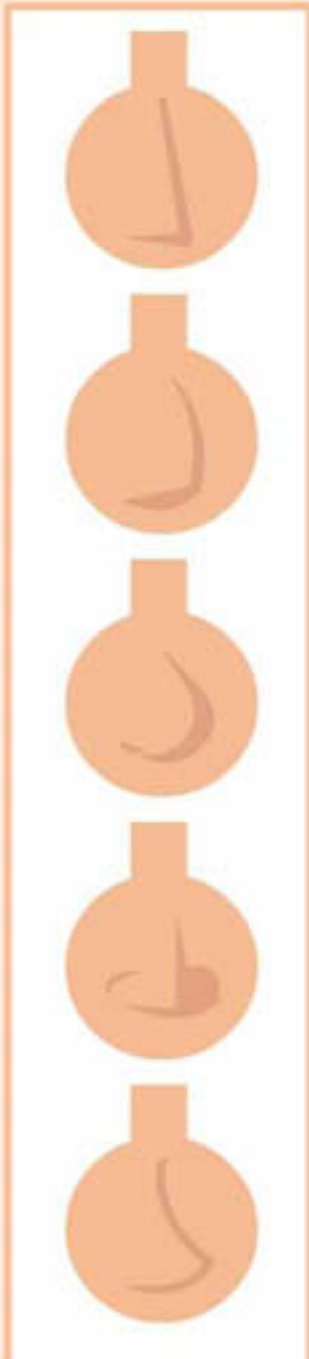


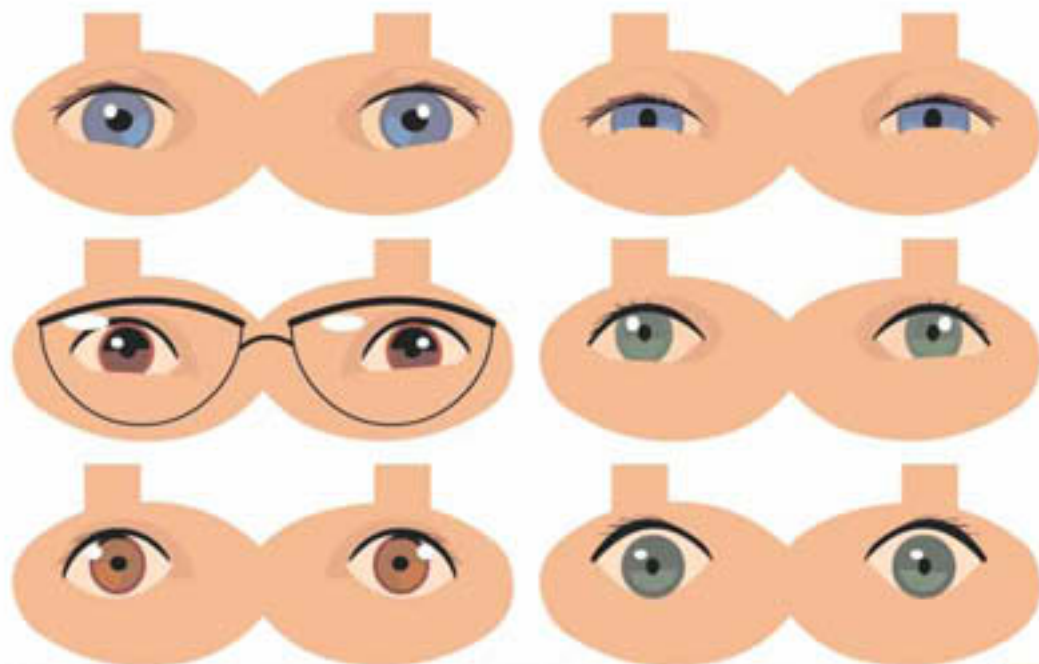
A Child of God

BY JULIE WARDELL

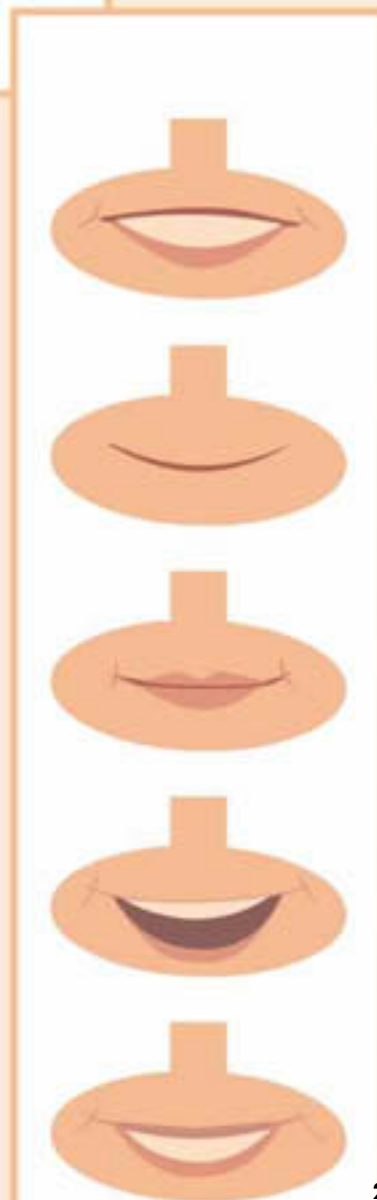
Each of us is a child of God. We are created in Heavenly Father's image. And yet each of us is different. Some children have blue eyes, while others have brown or green ones. Each face is unique. We act differently, too. Some are good in sports, and others do well in music. We each have special talents.

Instructions: Open the staples and remove pages 24–25, then close the staples. Glue the pages to heavy paper. Cut out the noses, eyes, and mouths, leaving the tabs on. Cut out the boy and girl and the slits indicated on each. Using the cutouts, create different faces for the boy and girl.





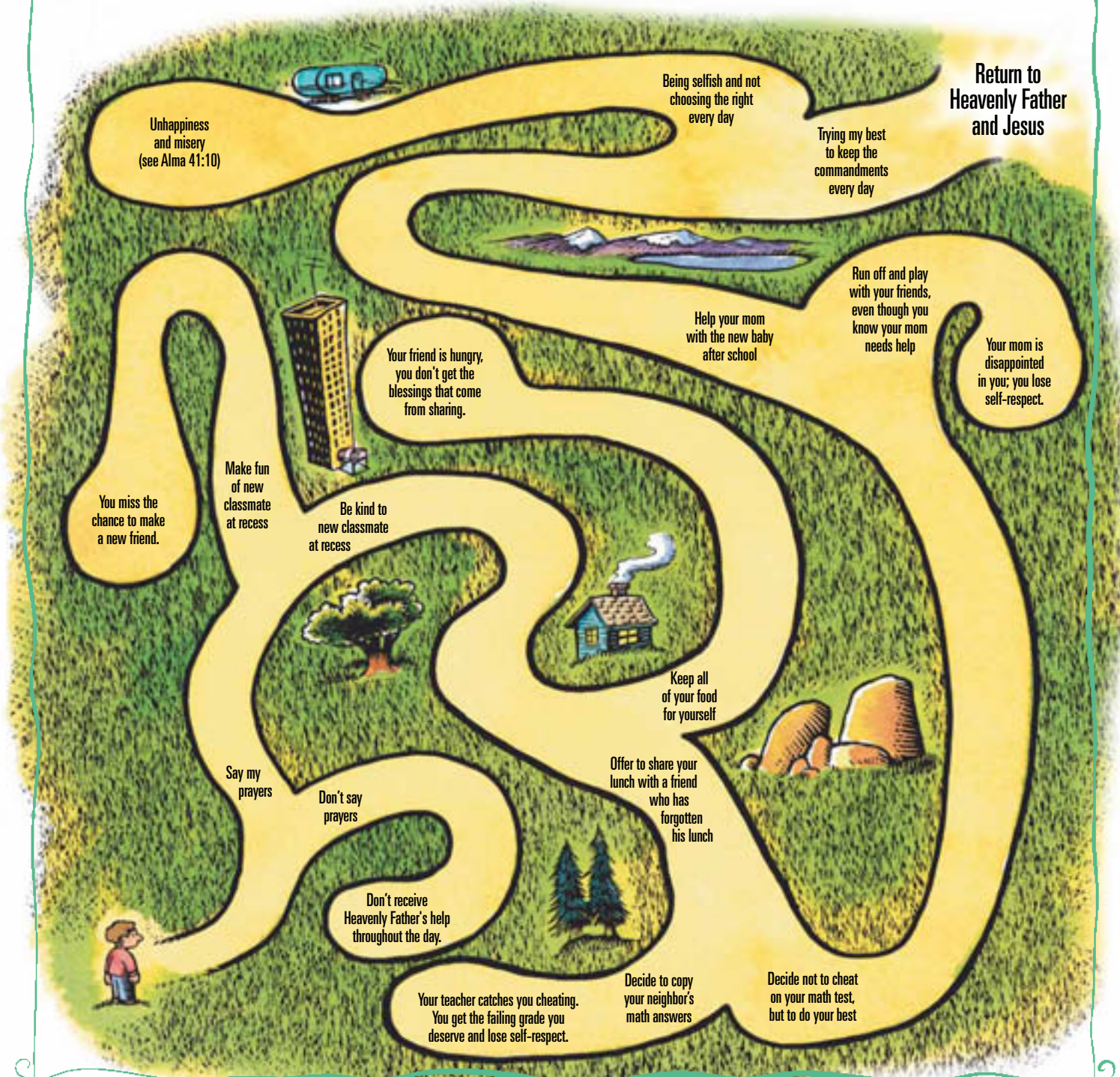
Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed out from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.



Choices Maze

Every day we make many choices in our lives. With every decision, we must decide either to choose the right and follow Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ or to choose the wrong and make bad decisions that will lead us away from Heavenly Father. Follow the maze below.

When you come to a fork in the maze, read both choices and decide which one to make. Choosing the right will eventually lead you to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ, while making bad choices will lead you to dead ends and unhappiness.



Reaching HIGH



ALEXIS PETSCHOW OF UPLAND, CALIFORNIA

BY CALLIE BUYS

Alexis “Lexie” Petschow knows about flying high. She has floated through the sky in a hot air balloon, taken a ride on a helicopter and a blimp, and even sat in cockpits of airplanes!

But Lexie, who lives in Upland, California, soars in other ways, too. Her bubbly smile, sparkling eyes, and bouncy blond ponytail show her high spirits. And a bundle of quilts proves that 10-year-old Lexie sets and achieves high goals.

When Lexie’s grandmother visited the Humanitarian Center in Salt Lake City, Utah, last year, she learned about the poor conditions for newborn babies in many parts of the world. “Grandma told me that babies were being brought home wrapped in newspapers, and I just thought, ‘What can I do?’” Lexie explains.

She set a goal to make them baby quilts. First, her grandma taught her how to use the sewing machine. Then they purchased batting and flannel decorated with pastel flowers, checked patterns, and bright smiley faces for babies to snuggle up in.

Lexie made her first quilt for her mom. She also gave one to her seven-year-old sister, Lillyn. Lillyn helped Lexie by tying the quilts—using a needle to sew yarn in neat rows across the whole blanket. Then she snipped between the stitches and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE AUTHOR
AND JENNIE PETSCHOW
BACKGROUND CLOUDS BY DIGITAL STOCK

tied knots so little puffs of yarn would stick up from the fabric. Lillyn had one problem with her task. “Sometimes when I poke a needle through the blanket, I poke myself!” she exclaims.

Lillyn helped in other ways, too. She went with Lexie, their grandma, and a cousin to deliver the blankets to the Humanitarian Center. There Lexie dropped the quilts into a big gray bin filled with blankets and quilts donated by other people. The Humanitarian Center sends these donated items to people in more than 100 countries.

Was reaching her goal worth so much time and work? “Yes,” Lexie insists, nodding quickly. “I know that I’m helping someone, and I feel very good about that.”

Lexie sets many other goals, too. She wants to serve a mission, and she has already saved almost \$1,000 for it. She earns money by helping around the house and by selling the avocados and oranges that grow on the trees in her yard. She and Lillyn pick the fruit, then Lexie loads it into boxes and sells it at a convenience store near their home.

“Lexie doesn’t need to be told what to do. She’s very responsible and is always trying to do what is right,” Lexie’s mom, Jennie, says. “She’s a remarkable girl.”

Both Lexie and Lillyn have talents in music. Lillyn plays the piano and sings beautifully. Lexie plays the flute and has learned how to conduct music. One Sunday, the Primary chorister in Lexie’s ward couldn’t come to Primary. No one else could conduct the music, so Lexie volunteered to help.

The girls are also good dancers and attend dance classes every week. When she’s not dancing, practicing her flute, or making quilts, Lexie likes to write in her journal, ride her bike, swim, visit her family, and study the scriptures with her family.

She impresses her mom with her spirituality and her compassion for others. “Lexie has a heart—she’s very caring,” Lexie’s mom says. “She has such a soft spot and is such an incredible kid. I’m really proud of her.”

1. Lexie (at age 3) dressed up to dance.

2. Lexie (9) and Lillyn (6) at a sledge hockey game during the 2002 Paralympics in Salt Lake City, Utah

3. Lexie earns a yellow belt in karate.

4. Lillyn, Mom, and Lexie at the Mount Timpanogos Utah Temple

5. Grandma and Lexie

6. Lexie with her quilts on the day she delivered them to the Humanitarian Center.

7. Lexie (9) in her backyard, displaying a dessert she made for the Fourth of July.



4



When Lexie learned about the Faith in God program, she immediately started working on it. She completed some of the goals for the program that day! One of those goals was to make a list of the 10 things she likes best about her mom. “Number one is that she’s honest,” Lexie says. “I think that honesty is one of the most important things in life.”

She also has a close relationship with her grandma, who is helping her reach her next goal: to learn how to knit. “She wants to learn all the time,” Lexie’s grandma, Lillie, says.

Lexie’s family knows that whether she is clicking knitting needles, picking fruit, leading music, or stitching fabric, Lexie lifts others as she reaches high to meet her goals. ●

Callie Buys is a member of the Colonial First Ward, Mount Vernon Virginia Stake.

6



The Church Humanitarian Center

The Church Humanitarian Center in Salt Lake City, Utah, sends donated items to needy people in more than 100 countries around the world. In one month in 2003, the center sent 52 shipments to 26 different countries and five states in the United States. That means the center sent supplies to more places than there were days in the month! All together, the donations from the center that month weighed over one million pounds!

People give quilts, clothes, newborn baby supplies, school supplies, and first-aid supplies to the Humanitarian Center. After someone brings a donation to the center, workers or volunteers pack the donation into boxes.

Places that have had natural disasters like earthquakes or floods can receive donations as soon as five days after asking the Humanitarian Center for help. When the donations arrive, missionaries and other volunteer groups give them to the people who need them.

For more information about the Humanitarian Center, visit www.lds.org/ldsfoundation/welfare.



5



7





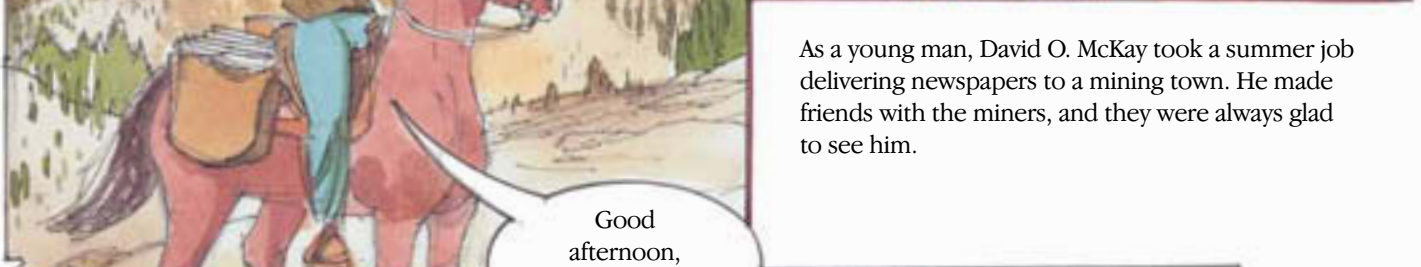
FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

A Well-Educated Man

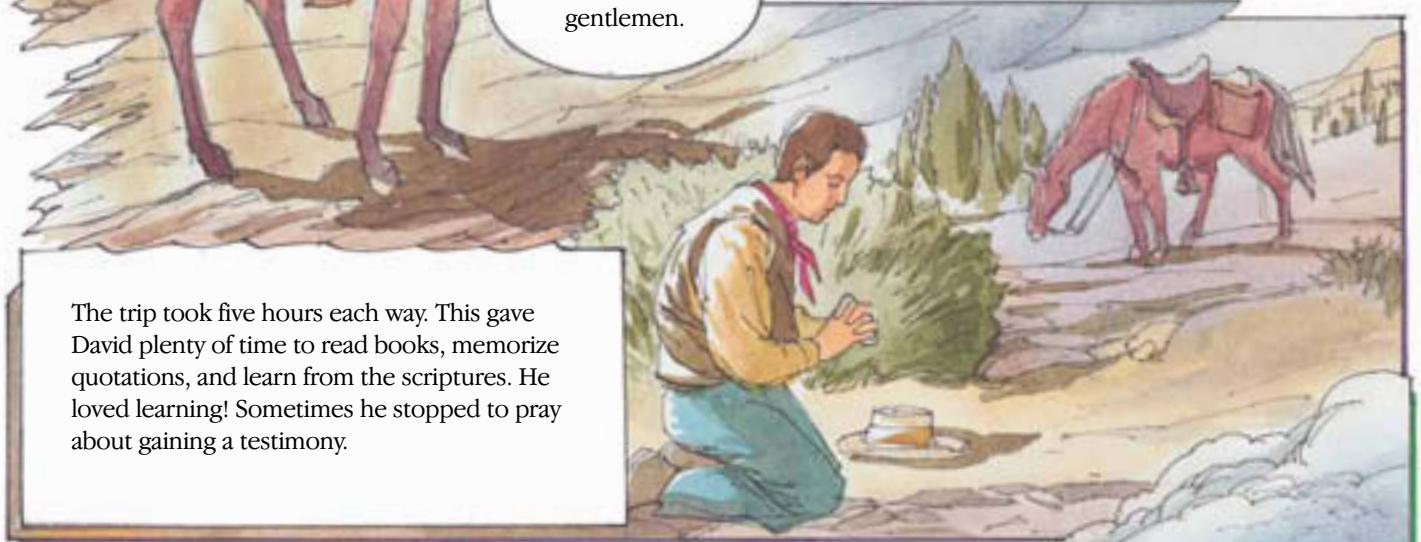


Here comes David with our newspapers!

As a young man, David O. McKay took a summer job delivering newspapers to a mining town. He made friends with the miners, and they were always glad to see him.



Good afternoon, gentlemen.



The trip took five hours each way. This gave David plenty of time to read books, memorize quotations, and learn from the scriptures. He loved learning! Sometimes he stopped to pray about gaining a testimony.



Good luck! We're so proud of you all.

Years later, he and his brother and two sisters packed a wagon full of vegetables, bottled fruit, flour, pots and pans, and clothing and moved to Salt Lake City to attend the University of Utah.



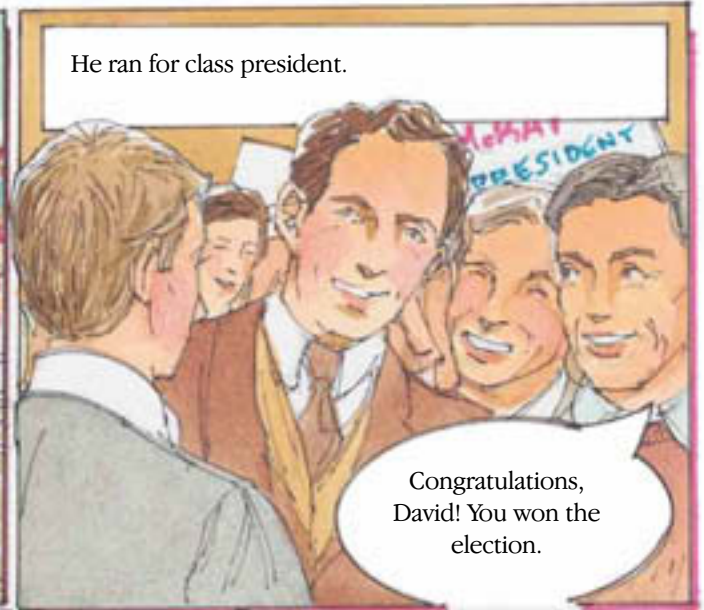
Thank you, Mother. We'll write often.

David made time for both studying and having fun. He joined the university's first football team.



Nice play, McKay!

He ran for class president.



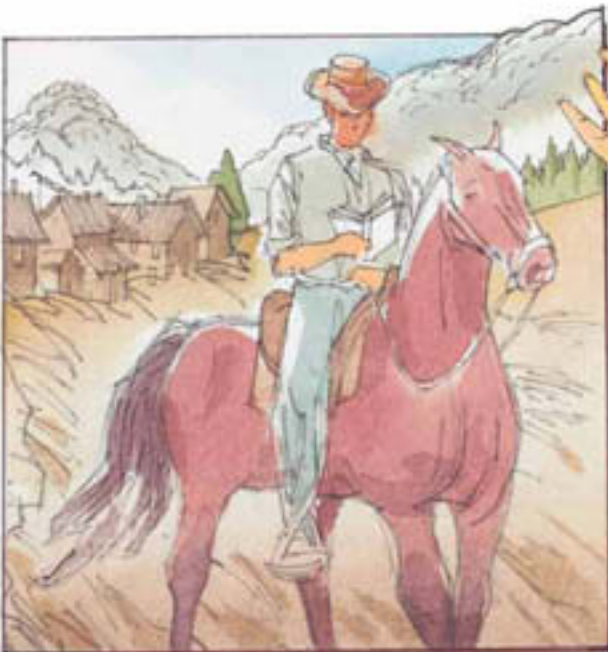
Congratulations, David! You won the election.

Congratulations, David. You've worked hard.



Thank you.

And when he graduated, he was the valedictorian—an award given to the person with the highest grades.



David never stopped learning. When he was President of the Church, some of his sermons included quotes he had memorized long before while riding his horse.

Adapted from Susan Arrington Madsen, The Lord Needed a Prophet (1990), 140–41, 143; and Joy N. Hulme, The Illustrated Story of President David O. McKay (1982), 17, 24.

You Must Choose for Yourself

BY SUSAN B. MITCHELL

(A true story taken from historical sources)

He that hath eternal life is rich (D&C 6:7).

Prisilla's grandparents lived in a beautiful home in Liverpool, England. Though Priscilla was the fourth of nine children and had many cousins, Grandfather and Grandmother Mitchell made her feel like their favorite person in the entire world. She loved to be in their home, and they were always buying gifts for her.

Then, one day, everything changed. Missionaries from America taught her family the gospel, and her parents were baptized. Priscilla and her brothers and sisters planned to be baptized, too. When Grandfather found out, he was angry.

Priscilla had never known Grandfather to be angry before. It frightened her. He shouted unforgettable, sickening words to Priscilla's father: "Hezekiah, take your family and leave. Don't ever come back!"

At home, the stunned family gathered around the fireplace. Father had never looked so sad. Mother hadn't stopped crying since they had left their grandparents' home.

Priscilla was confused and heartbroken. "Why don't Grandmother and Grandfather love us anymore?" she cried.

Father tried to explain. "Grandfather is opposed to our new church. He wants no part of it, and he wants no part of us if we continue with it." Father stood tall. "But I know that Jesus Christ lives. This is His true

Church. He will help us find the way, as long as we do everything we can to be like Him."

Priscilla's family tried to be happy, but everything seemed to get worse. Father lost his job as a minister in their former church, so money was scarce even though he taught school. Mother mended clothes instead of replacing them. Priscilla tried not to complain, but life seemed to get harder every day. She longed to visit her grandparents. If she could only talk to them . . .

A knock sounded at the door. Priscilla's heart leaped with hope, but it wasn't her grandparents. Uncle George and Aunt Hannah stood on the porch with gifts and a basket of food. Priscilla was happy to see them, but all too soon she was sent outside so they could talk to her parents. It sounded serious.

"Priscilla," Aunt Hannah finally called. "How would you like to come live with us?" They had no children and wanted to adopt her, Uncle George explained. There would be plenty of room for her in their mansion, and she could receive better schooling.

"It will leave more of the basics for your brothers and sisters, too," Aunt Hannah added. Priscilla knew that it was a struggle for her parents to feed and clothe all nine of their children. If she went, it would make things easier for her family.

Father gazed sadly at the floor. Mother sobbed into





her handkerchief. The offer was kind, but accepting it would not be easy. Priscilla packed her bags and bid her family farewell.

“This will be your bedroom,” Aunt Hannah said. Priscilla had always shared a room with her four sisters. Now she had a room of her own and a maid to clean it.

Aunt Hannah took her shopping to buy pretty dresses. In no time, the closet was full of them. Her aunt and uncle planned parties so Priscilla could meet new friends. Priscilla had many advantages, but she missed being with her family and listening to Father teach as they sat around the fireplace.

On the morning of her 10th birthday, Priscilla was making dancing dolls out of hollyhock blooms in the garden. She was excited for the party to be held

that afternoon, but she wished her sisters could come.

Suddenly, she spotted a tall, thin man coming up the road with a walking stick. Priscilla ran to meet him.

“Happy birthday, Princess Priscilla,” Father said. He swept her into his arms and swung her around.

“Oh, Father, you remembered!” she exclaimed.

Together they walked inside. Father pulled a letter from his pocket. “Priscilla, Uncle George and Aunt Hannah have requested to officially adopt you.” Priscilla knew what that meant—she would inherit great wealth and a respected name. She would never need to worry about money again.

“I have more news,” Father said. “Soon your mother, brothers, sisters, and I are going to America.”

“Will you ever come back?” Priscilla asked.

Father shook his head. “George and Hannah love you. They will take care of you and give you more wealth and opportunities than I can ever offer. On the other hand, life in America with the new church will be difficult and require many sacrifices.” Father looked into his daughter’s eyes. “You must choose for yourself, Priscilla.”

Priscilla didn’t hesitate. She ran to Aunt Hannah and hugged and kissed her. “I love you, Aunt Hannah, and I will always remember you,” she said. “But I know that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true. I must go to America with my family and be baptized.”

And that is exactly what she did. ●

Susan B. Mitchell is a member of the West Bountiful Third Ward, West Bountiful Utah Stake.



“Sacrifice provides an opportunity for us to prove to the Lord that we love Him more than any other thing. As a result, the course sometimes becomes difficult since this is the process of perfection that prepares us for the celestial kingdom.”

Elder M. Russell Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “The Law of Sacrifice,” *Ensign*, Oct. 1998, 7.

Friends in the News



Samantha Rich, 6, Franklin, Tennessee, likes to read books. She enjoys playing with her brother, Chandler, and her cat, Shadow. She wants to become a great artist. She likes nature and bugs.



Michael Knudson, 9, Poolesville, Maryland, enjoys basketball. He was excited to sing in the Primary sacrament meeting program with his cousin Dain.



Heather Graham, 7, Glide, Oregon, has a brother who is serving a mission. She likes swimming, soccer, baseball, and basketball. She loves her Primary teacher.



Curious about science, **Hunter Michael Watrin, 4**, Iowa City, Iowa, likes to collect insects, seeds, leaves, and nuts. He enjoys studying about the prophets and learning the Articles of Faith.



Logan Laine Brown, 9, Aurora, Utah, eagerly awaits the *Friend* every month and reads it from cover to cover. She likes Primary activity days, gymnastics, and her best friend, Bailey.



Canyon Gage Raney, 4, Shawnee, Oklahoma, likes to play baseball and soccer. He also enjoys going to school, reading, and playing with his dog, Scooter. He wants to be a missionary.



Anna McCreadie, 6, Kelso, Washington, loves Jesus Christ and tries to be like Him. She likes to play with her friends and listen to stories from the *Friend*. She is a big help to her mom.



Chance Ray Smith, 8, Rigby, Idaho, likes to play the piano and race horses with his family. He enjoys going to church and likes to learn new things there.



Emma Rice, 7, Newnan, Georgia, enjoys reading, swimming, and playing outside. She likes to sing Primary songs, and she loves her Primary class.



Joshua Palmer, 8, Houston, Texas, was recently taught the gospel and baptized by the missionaries, along with his mom and sister. He enjoys soccer, riding bikes, and playing with his cousins.



Claire Hardester, 9, San Jose, California, likes to play soccer, read the *Friend*, play with her friends, do scrapbooking, and play the piano.



Dean Millett, 4, Queen Creek, Arizona, enjoys going on family walks to Grandpa's house. He likes to be helpful and responsible, and is cheerful in serving others. He likes to play with his dog, Daisy.



Susan Mwikali Kioko, 9, Kyulu, Kenya, likes to read the scriptures. She has one brother and four sisters. She enjoys cooking *ugali*, a local dish made of maize flour (cornmeal) and water.



Kyle Blunt, 6, Kaysville, Utah, loves Jesus Christ. He likes to swim and jump on the trampoline. He also likes parrots.



Brooke Parcels, 10, Duncan, British Columbia, Canada, is the middle child of five. She enjoys family home evening and also likes sports, dancing, and swimming.



Geno Bacigalupi, 9, Pocatello, Idaho, enjoys watching football games with his dad. He also likes to play sports, including football, baseball, and snowboarding. He loves his dog, Sadie.



Whitney Hunt, 7, Las Vegas, Nevada, likes to make up stories and create her own books. Her favorite sport is soccer, and she also plays the piano. She is the fourth of five children.



Christian Hinton, 3, Waterloo, Belgium, enjoys making up songs, listening to Book of Mormon stories, and getting his baby sister Sophie to smile. He was able to visit the temple in The Hague, Netherlands.



Melanie Hudson, 6, Spring, Texas, loves animals and often snuggles with her dog, Kayla. She likes to sing, jump on the trampoline, and play with her sisters and brother. She is sensitive to others' feelings.



Ethan Thompson, 5, Mercer Island, Washington, likes to go fishing with his dad. He wants to study dinosaurs when he grows up, and enjoys drawing pictures of and watching documentaries about them.



Amy Stout, 4, Tokyo, Japan, has four brothers. She likes to play dress-up and is a good helper with her younger brother, Luke.



Moryan Tanu-Sovala "Wooly" Robertson, 6, Carson, California, wants to be a missionary someday. He likes learning about Heavenly Father, and he enjoys going to Primary and singing Primary songs.



Karly Anderson, 5, Stafford, Virginia, taught herself how to jump rope and use a hula hoop. She enjoys dancing with her dad, playing with her dog, Winnie, and collecting flowers and rocks with her mom.



Russell Moeller, 8, Essex Junction, Vermont, likes to play soccer and chess. He also enjoys reading books and watching movies. His favorite dessert is cherry cheesecake.



Trying to Be Like Jesus

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

All the children are members of the Freestone Park Ward, Gilbert Arizona Stake.

I Will Seek Good Friends and Treat Others Kindly*

A friend was very sad because she and her sister had an argument. I sat down and talked with her and told her some jokes. She stopped crying and started laughing. It made her feel better, and I felt good, too. I am glad that Heavenly Father gave me good friends, and that Jesus set a good example for me by being nice to everyone.

Emily Service, age 7



From Enemies to Friends

A girl and I did not get along. We fought and gossiped about each other. I did not have a good feeling inside, so I told her I was sorry and forgave her. She did the same for me, and now we are friends.

Aubrey Hatch, age 9



A Great Present

I had a birthday party. One of my friends did not have much money, so he only gave me a card. I told him thanks and said that it was a great present.

Clay Gustafson, age 11



Hugs and Smiles

Sometimes when I feel grouchy, I try to get rid of the grouchiness by reminding my mom and dad that I love them. I sneak up on them and give them a great big hug and a great big smile and say, "I love you!"

They always smile back and say they love me, too. It makes me feel really good, and Mom and Dad say it gives them warm fuzzies. Jesus taught us to love others and to honor our parents.

Ethan Fisher, age 4, with help from his family



Peacemaker

At school, a first-grade friend got into a fight with another girl. I heard both sides of their story and helped them work things out. The next day, they were friends again.

Zale Turley, age 11



I Felt the Holy Ghost

My mom told me that I could not go to my friend's house until my brother Mark got home. Then she left. After finishing my homework, I got bored and started skipping over to my friend's house. Then I felt the Holy Ghost, and I knew I shouldn't go. I went home and waited until Mark came home.

Jacob Carroll, age 9



Do You Want to Smoke?

When I was in second grade, we had recess in the afternoon. Students from the high school across the street would walk over to the fence close to where my friends and I were playing and ask, "Do you want to smoke?" I always answered, "No," because I had learned about the Word of Wisdom.

Cameron Abaroa, age 11



Standing Up for My Beliefs

One day I was playing with two friends. One of them was not a member of the Church. He kept saying the Lord's name in vain. It made me uncomfortable, but I was afraid to tell him to stop. I thought he might just laugh at me. But I kept having a bad feeling, and finally my friend and I told him we couldn't play with him if he said that word. He promised that he would try not to say it around us.

Tanner Peterson, age 11



Cereal Solution

One morning at breakfast, my sister and I both wanted the same kind of cereal. Instead of arguing about who got it first, I said, "You can get some first." I wanted to be like Jesus and be kind.

Crystal Hengen, age 6

I Wouldn't

One day when I was at my friend's house, we were all trying to think of something to do. Some of my friends wanted to watch an R-rated movie. I told everyone that I wouldn't watch it. A few more people didn't want to either, so we just played a game.

Steven Hengen, age 11



Hero

When our plumbing broke, I brought in all our towels and helped clean up. My dad called me a hero.

Courtney Anne Paulson, age 5

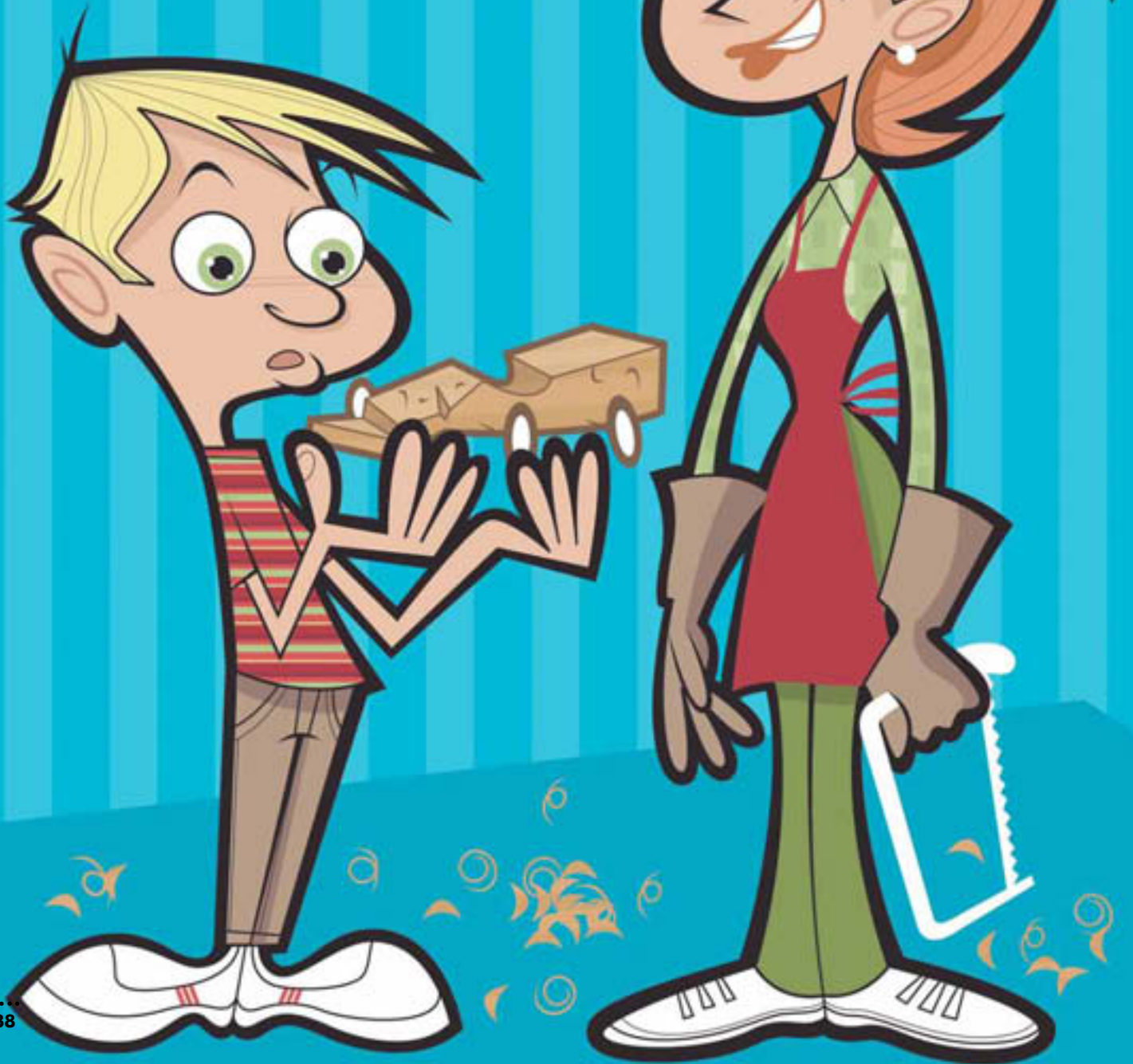


I Love Jesus

Once I hit my little brother. But I stopped and said I was sorry because I know that if you hurt someone it will hurt Jesus, too. I love Jesus and want to live with Him someday.

Keaton Hill, age 8

The
UOLiEst,
Most
Wonderful Car



BY SARA V. OLDS

(Based on experiences of the author's family)

Let every man be diligent in all things (D&C 75:29).

Peter stared at the Pinewood Derby kit he'd received at his Cub Scout meeting. It contained a block of wood, four nails, and four wheels, from which he was to make a car to race.

Peter wasn't too excited about the derby. Last year, he and his dad worked hard to shape, sand, and paint his car. But even though they'd tried to make a good car, it hadn't won a single race.

He remembered his dad telling him, "Peter, you did your best, and that's what's important. No one wins all the time." That had made him feel a bit better.

This year Peter faced a more difficult problem. His dad was out of town on a business trip and wouldn't be home until after the derby. How was he going to get a car ready all by himself?

That evening, Peter's mom said that they could work on the car together. She gathered all the tools she could find: a hacksaw, a pocketknife, a screwdriver, a hammer, and a piece of sandpaper.

First, she tried to whittle away pieces of the block with the pocketknife. "I had no idea this wood was so hard!" she said through clenched teeth as she fought to chip a piece away. With a sigh, she put down the knife. "This isn't going to work."

Next they tried the wobbly hacksaw. Taking turns, they managed to saw a small piece off. However, once they started shaping the wood into Peter's design—a triangle to make it have less wind resistance—the blade snapped in half partway through.

"I suppose our last chance is to use the hammer and screwdriver to chisel away some of the wood in the direction of the cut we started," Mom said.

Peter and his mom struggled for almost an hour. Bit by bit, pieces of the wood broke away. Then, amazingly, the car he'd hoped for began to appear. Except it was covered by strange gouges made by the screwdriver

blade. And there was a blob sticking out in front. Mom suggested it might be part of the engine sticking out, like on fancy race cars they'd seen on television.

Then disaster struck. Suddenly there was a loud CRACK! A chunk of wood snapped away from the rest. Gone was the triangular shape they'd worked for. Now a deep gash appeared on the car, making it look lopsided.

"Oh, Peter!" Mom exclaimed. "Look what I've done!" Peter could tell by her voice that she was close to tears.

He studied the sad little shape resting on the counter and smiled. "That's OK, Mom. You did your best. I can paint this part," he touched the mistake, "and it will look good. I bet it'll even make it more aerodynamic."

Over the next two days, Peter carefully sanded his funny-looking car, trying to smooth out the gouges left by the screwdriver, but they were too deep. So he painted it. And he painted it again. Instead of trying to hide the problems, he accented them to make the whole car look more interesting.

The time came to go to the church for the derby. When he got there, all the other boys had fancy cars. Some had racing wings, and others glistened like plastic models instead of painted wood blocks.

Peter's friends came running to see his car. He held it out proudly. "My mom helped me with this car," he said before anyone could say anything about its odd shape. "And we did our very best!"

Soon the races started. When Peter's name was called, he handed the Cubmaster his car.

The Cubmaster took one look at it, then held it up for all to see. "Look at this unusual car. You can tell that a lot of hard work went into making it."

Peter glanced over at his mom and smiled. The Cubmaster was right.

As the night went on, Peter won two races, but then lost the third and was out of the running for a trophy.

After it was over, the leaders passed out the awards.

Each boy got a certificate and a badge for participating. Then the Cubmaster said, "Now I'd like to present a special trophy for the most unique car in the competition. It showed great effort and creativity in its design."

Peter looked over at the cars, wondering who would receive the trophy with the golden car on it. It looked just like the first-place trophy.

"Congratulations to Peter Olds," the Cubmaster announced.

Peter was stunned. "Me?" he asked.

His friend nudged him. "Go on," he urged, "go

get your trophy."

Peter walked up to the stage and accepted the trophy. He looked at everyone who was clapping and cheering for him. His mom smiled up at him.

He felt warm all over. Suddenly he realized that it was great that he had received a trophy, but the real prize was his funny little car. He didn't need a trophy to know its value. It was special because his mom had done her very best to help him, showing him how much she loved him. He couldn't ask for more. ●

Sara V. Olds is a member of the North Logan First Ward, North Logan Utah Green Canyon Stake.



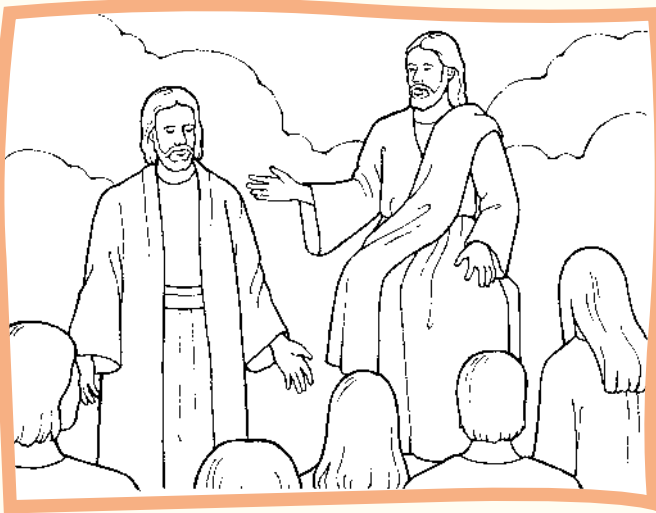
"Family, friends, and leaders will cheer our courage, will applaud our determination as we rise from our stumblings and pursue our goals."

President Thomas S. Monson, First Counselor in the First Presidency, "The Will Within," Ensign, May 1987, 69.

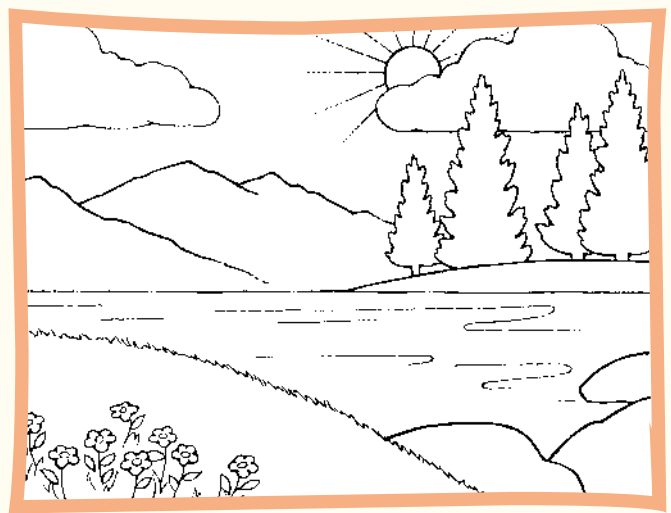


I Am My Heavenly Father's Child

Instructions: Read the captions under each picture. Then color the pictures. You could use these captions and pictures for a family home evening lesson or a Primary talk.



1. I lived in heaven with Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ before I was born.



2. A beautiful world was created for me.



3. Heavenly Father asked special people to help me and guide me.



4. I can talk to Heavenly Father in prayer, and He will answer me.

What I Know about the Word of Wisdom

Section 89 in the D&C
Was given to Joseph in 1833.

The Word of Wisdom came to be
A principle with promise, as you'll see.

The counsel given is wise and true;
The blessings of health are all for you.

There are dos and don'ts listed within,
A way to live your life—or at least begin.

Don't drink alcohol or choose to smoke.
Don't chew tobacco, and that's no joke.

Don't do drugs, no drinks too hot,
Our bodies are a temple—it's all we've got.

Use herbs how they're meant to be;
Eat meat, but sparingly.

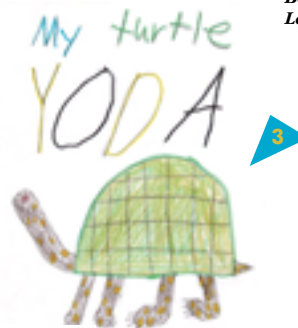
Fruits and grains are very good;
Keep a strong body as you should.

Follow this counsel and you will find
Health to your body and your mind;

Run and not be weary, walk and not faint,
The destroying angel will pass by each faithful Saint.

The Word of Wisdom—a way of life,
Keep your body fit and free of strife!

*Amanda Sanchez, age 10
Livermore, California*



The Sun, Moon, and Stars

The sun is setting in the sky.
I look at him and say good-bye.
“Hope to see you again someday—
Someday while I'm out to play.”

The moon is rising into the night.
I look at him. “You're a beautiful sight.
I'll see you tomorrow, soon I bet—
Right after the bright sun has set.”

The stars are glowing in the dark.
I look at them—they're each a spark.
I jump into bed with one big leap,
Then I close my eyes and go to sleep.

*Victoria Hall, age 12
Evansville, Indiana*

A Growing Place

This is a growing place,
Green and warm and bright.
Lift up a leaf and you may find
Someone ready to be born.
Lift up a leaf and imagine,
Imagine you are someone small
Hidden in a tiny egg.
Growing bigger, growing darker,
Until one hot morning you burst your shell
And creep into brightness.

*Anna Marie Foote, age 7
Fort MacLeod, Alberta, Canada*

A Tree's Year

Trees are amazing things,
So green and leafy and tall.
But when the season changes
And summer turns into fall,
Their leaves turn red, yellow, and brown.
And every forest in the world
Is filled with colorful down.

But as fall turns into winter,
The trees are all laid bare.
And branches with green on them
Are very, very rare.

When spring is round the corner
And winter disappears,
All the trees start blooming,
And everybody cheers.

Then summer comes again
And all the leaves turn green.
And now you have finally seen
A tree's year,
From summer to the spring.

*Jacob Hatch, age 11
Mesa, Arizona*

Nephi

Never losing faith when all tied up,
Even when his bow broke.
Promised land is where he sailed to.
Heavenly visions he saw.
In the end, he is a great example!

*Ben Smith, age 8
Lewis Center, Ohio*



8



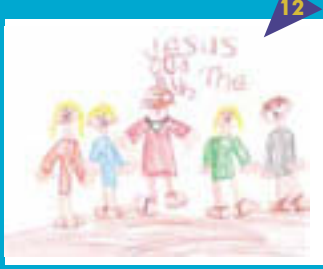
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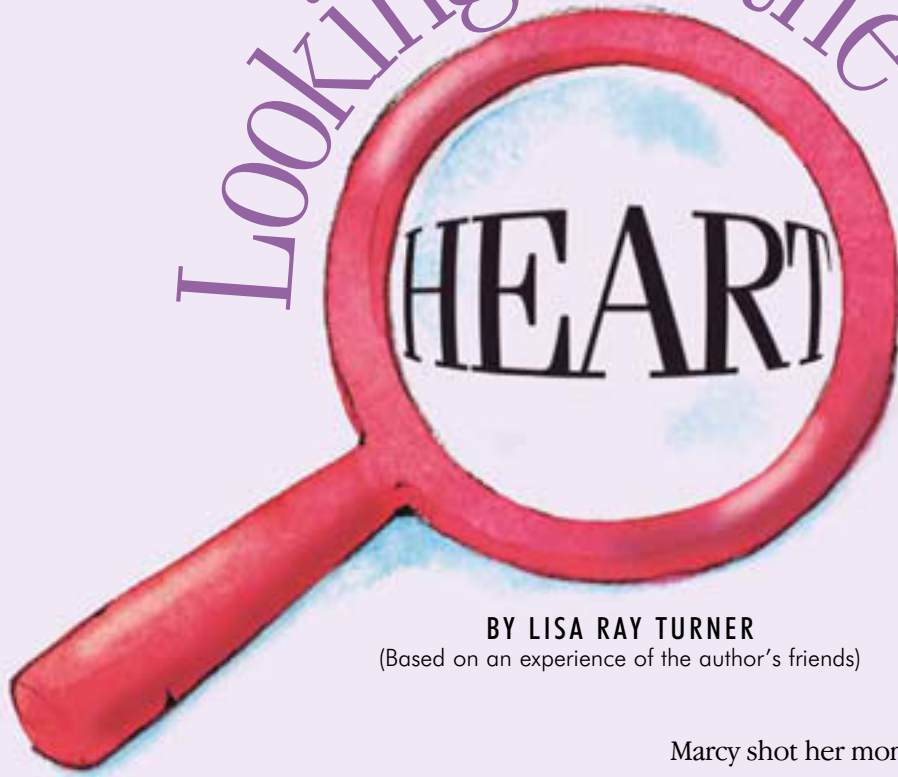
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Drawings

- 1 Karen Johnson, age 7
São Paulo, Brazil
- 2 Jake Hudson, age 10
Spruce Grove, Alberta, Canada
- 3 Chelsae Graf, age 9
Burley, Idaho
- 4 Noah J. Hoogendoorn, age 6
Tucson, Arizona
- 5 Makayla Draper, age 4
Las Vegas, Nevada
- 6 Jade Carver, age 4
Gulf Breeze, Florida
- 7 Ryan Kemington, age 6
Madison, South Dakota
- 8 Max Orfanidis, age 12
New Sharon, Maine
- 9 Sarab Gaines, age 5
Livermore, California
- 10 Tmera Bradley, age 11
Howell, Utah
- 11 Hannab Baker, age 11
Tokyo, Japan
- 12 Tyson Tran, age 5
Scott AFB, Illinois
- 13 Rebecca Carver, age 7
Gaithersburg, Maryland
- 14 T.J. Ward, age 10
Albany, Oregon
- 15 Emily Moore, age 8
Douglasville, Georgia
- 16 Mallory Hutchings, age 10
Auburn, Washington
- 17 Jason Roylance, age 11
Roy, Utah
- 18 Joshua Willyerd, age 7
Cheyenne, Wyoming
- 19 Robert Catron, age 7
Glenwood, Iowa
- 20 Katherine Berry, age 10
Cary, North Carolina
- 21 Ali Bustos, age 4
Lubbock, Texas
- 22 Austin Simcox, age 10
Medina, Ohio
- 23 Dana Hansen, age 6
Ypsilanti, Michigan
- 24 Giacomo Sicardi, age 7
Rome, Italy
- 25 Ryan Bratt, age 5
Waipahu, Hawaii



Looking On the



BY LISA RAY TURNER

(Based on an experience of the author's friends)

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart (1 Samuel 16:7).

Marcy hated her eye patch. She'd had to wear it every day for two weeks while her eye healed from surgery, and it made her feel like a scary, one-eyed pirate.

It wasn't so bad wearing the patch at the hospital or at home because nobody but Marcy's family saw it. But today was different. Marcy had to face other people for the first time since her surgery. "Mom, please don't make me go to Primary," she begged. "The kids will make fun of me."

"No, they won't," Mom said as she braided Marcy's hair.

"They will," Marcy insisted. "Nine-year-olds don't think eye patches are neat, Mom."

"Sweetie, you might be surprised. I bet they'll be interested in your surgery. You may be the star of the class."

Marcy shot her mom a look of disbelief. "Cammy will make fun of me. She always wears the prettiest clothes—she wouldn't be caught dead in an eye patch. And Dean will probably call me names." Mom listened while she twisted shiny lavender ribbons around Marcy's smooth braid.

"Your teacher won't make fun of you," Mom said, tying the ribbons into Marcy's hair.

"Mom," Marcy sighed, "teachers aren't allowed to tease."

"You're beautiful," Mom said. "Don't worry about the patch."

Marcy frowned. "I don't look beautiful."

"Marcy," Mom said, "to me you look beautiful, and to Heavenly Father you do, too. It says in the scriptures that Heavenly Father doesn't look on outward appearances, but on the heart. He doesn't care about fashionable clothes or stylish hair. Or, for that matter, crutches or wheelchairs—or eye patches."

Marcy sighed again. "Tell that to Cammy and Dean."

Soon it was time for church, and Marcy's family drove

away in their red van. They slipped into the chapel and sat on the last row. Marcy kept her head down, hoping nobody would notice her.

After sacrament meeting, Marcy trudged down the hall toward her classroom, keeping her head toward the wall to hide the patch. As she got closer to her classroom, tears began welling up in her eyes. Her face flushed hot, and her heart felt like it would pound out of her chest.

She stood outside the classroom door, hoping everyone would notice her lovely hair and pale purple ribbons instead of the ugly black patch. She took a deep breath, but couldn't go in. The sound of squeaky chairs and gentle laughter inside the room sounded so normal. She didn't feel like she fit in with those happy sounds.

She glanced around and noticed the hallways were strangely empty. It seemed everybody but her was already in class. She gripped the doorknob. It felt cold on her clammy hands. Turning the knob, she vowed not to cry, no matter how badly the children teased her. She slid through the door and into the nearest seat, keeping her uncovered eye focused on her feet.

Then she heard it. A giggle. She thought it was Dean, but she



“See beyond the outward appearance and recognize the true worth of a human soul.”

President Thomas S. Monson, First Counselor in the First Presidency, “With Hand and Heart,” *Ensign*, Jan. 1995, 4.

couldn't be sure. Then there was another snicker, and another. Then her teacher's deep voice. “Welcome back, Marcy.”

Marcy looked up at him, knowing he wouldn't tease her. She gasped when she saw his face. He was wearing an eye patch! A black eye patch, exactly like Marcy's.

Marcy giggled. Then she looked at the other children in the class. They were all wearing eye patches! Even Cammy. She had painted a yellow tulip on hers, to match the yellow tulips on her blouse. Dean had scrawled his initials on his patch in bright blue puff paint. The rest of the class wore variously decorated patches, with gold stars, smiling suns, or plain black. “Basic black,” her teacher said. “It goes with everything.”

Marcy laughed again to see the variety of eye patches. And suddenly, she didn't dislike her eye patch quite so much. For the first time all day, she knew that Heavenly Father really did look on her heart. And she knew He could see that hers was full of gratitude and happiness. ●

Lisa Ray Turner is a member of the Southglenn Ward, Littleton Colorado Stake.



A Sister's Example

BY ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY

(1897–1953)

Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

I had a little mother . . . in New Zealand. I knew her on my first mission when I was [young]. In those days she called me her son. When I went back to preside, she called me her father. . . .

Now, on one occasion I called in as I always did when I visited that vicinity to see this grand little woman, then in her 80s and blind. She did not live in an organized branch, had no contact with the priesthood except as the missionaries visited there. We had no missionaries in those days. They were away at war.

. . . She was out in her backyard by her little fire. I reached forth my hand to shake hands with her, and I was going to rub noses [in a Maori greeting] with her. And she said, “Do not shake hands with me, Father.”

I said, “Oh, that is clean dirt on your hands. I am willing to shake hands with you. I am glad to. I want to.”

She said, “Not yet.” Then she got on her

hands and knees and crawled over to her little house. At the corner of the house there was a spade. She lifted up that spade and crawled off in another direction, measuring the distance as she went. She finally arrived at a spot and started digging down into the soil with that spade. It finally struck something hard. She took out the soil with her hands and lifted out a fruit jar. She opened that fruit jar and reached down in it, took something out, and handed it to me. And it turned out to be [a lot of] New Zealand money. . . .

She said, “There is my tithing. Now I can shake hands with the priesthood of God.”

I said, “You do not owe that much tithing.”

She said, “I know it. I do not owe it now, but I am paying some in advance, for I do not know when the priesthood of God will get around this way again.”

And then I leaned over and pressed my nose and forehead against hers, and the tears from my eyes ran down her cheeks. ●

In Conference Report, Oct. 1948, 159–60; spelling and punctuation modernized.



Matthew Cowley was ordained an Apostle in 1945. As a young man he served a mission in New Zealand, and later he returned as mission president during World War II.



Kitchen Krafts

One way you can show your love to your family is to cook a meal for them. You can prepare these recipes for any meal with a parent's or another older person's help. The strawberry smoothies would also make a delicious family home evening treat.

Strawberry Smoothies

BY JULIE CHRISTENSEN

- 1 cup frozen strawberries
- 2 cups orange juice
- 1 banana, cut in pieces
- 1/2 cup powdered milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar

1. Place all of the ingredients in a blender, cover with the lid, and puree.

2. If the smoothie is too thick, add a little water.

Serves 4.

Breakfast Pizza

BY RONDA GIBB HINRICHSEN

- 6 slices bread
- 8 eggs
- 2 tablespoons water
- 1/2 teaspoon Italian seasoning
- 3/4 cup chopped black olives
- 24 slices pepperoni
- 3 cups shredded mozzarella or cheddar cheese

1. Preheat the oven to 400° F (205° C).

2. Cover the bottom of a greased 9" x 13" (23 x 33 cm) pan with the bread slices. If necessary, trim the bread to fit.

3. In a medium bowl, beat the eggs, water, and Italian seasoning together. Pour evenly over the bread.

4. Arrange the pepperoni on the casserole. Then cover with the chopped olives and shredded cheese.

5. Bake the casserole for 20–25 minutes or until the eggs are fully cooked.

Serves 6–8.



Guide to the Friend



The Guide to the Friend can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. The Primary theme for February is "I am a child of God."

Family Home Evening Ideas

Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned below.



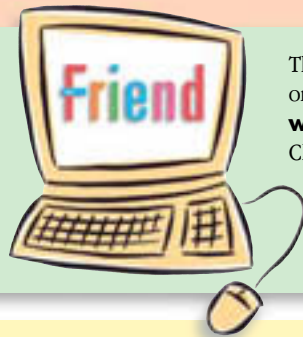
1. As you read President Gordon B. Hinckley's message "Be Not Afraid" (pages 2–3), look for the scripture verses he wishes each Church member would read every day. Then follow the prophet's counsel and write down the verses on a card or piece of paper. Post the paper where each family member can see it.

2. After reading "Frankie, Child of God" (pages 4–6), talk about how you know that Heavenly Father loves you. Do you know people, like Frankie, who might not know about Heavenly Father? What can you do to show them love and share your testimony? To remind you that each person is a child of God, complete and display the activity "A Child of God" (pages 24–25).

3. Read "Because My Teacher Loves Me" (pages 14–15). How have people helped you in your life? How can you be more prepared to help others? Discuss what to do or who to call if, like Desiree, you ever need outside help. Review emergency contact phone numbers. Finish by thinking of someone special who has served your family or shown you love, and make him or her an "I Love You This Much" Card" (page 12).

4. What do you know about President Boyd K. Packer, Acting President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles? Find out more by completing the activity on page 19. Afterward, have everyone choose objects to represent something about themselves. Display the items and take turns guessing why each family member chose those items. Finish by enjoying "Strawberry Smoothies" for dessert (page 48).

5. Start by naming some of your favorite songs and types of music. What do you like about music? Then read "Words of Warning" (pages 20–22) and discuss why some songs and types of music are bad for us to listen to. Sing or play a verse from each family member's favorite hymn or Primary song. (If family members play musical instruments, they may wish to prepare a musical number in advance.) Notice the spirit that good music brings!



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

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Send children's submissions to *Friend*, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, in care of the appropriate department—Our Creative Friends, Friends in the News, Childviews, Trying to Be Like Jesus.

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Topical Index to this Issue of the *Friend*

(FLF) = For Little Friends
(f) = Funstuff
(IFC) = inside front cover
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Does Peter win a prize at the Pinewood Derby?

