

the Friend

JULY 2001





CTR Friend

I am Brooke Ellis. When I was six, my dad went over to meet the neighbors, who were just moving in. They had a minivan, and it was filled with kids. He noticed that there was a girl who was just about my age. Her name was Clarissa Shinn. He brought me over to meet her. At first we were kind of shy with each other. But one day while my mom was still at Girls Camp with the Young Women, Clarissa and I were running over to my house and I glanced down and saw something gold and green on her finger. I stopped and so did she, and I noticed it was a CTR ring. I said, "Clarissa, are you LDS?" She said, "Yeah." I told her that I was, too. I later found out when my mom got home that she had been fasting and praying for a girl my age who was also a Latter-day Saint to move into one of the three houses that were empty in our block. Clarissa and I are still great friends, and I know that Heavenly Father loves me and answers prayers.

*Clarissa Shinn and Brooke Ellis, ages 9 and 10
West Lafayette, Indiana*

Closer to Heavenly Father

I follow the prophet by reading the scriptures every night before I go to bed. I open them and put my finger on a verse, then read it and think about what it says. When I read the scriptures, I feel closer to Heavenly Father. I know that our prophet shows us the way and guides us so that we can return to live with Heavenly Father.

*Nick Brown, age 11
Lead, South Dakota*



Prayers for a Baby

When my family and I sat at the table, we always prayed for a baby. We prayed for two years! Finally my baby sister came! We named her Savannah. Now I am thankful. I know that Heavenly Father answers my prayers.

*Samone Isom, age 7
Bozeman, Montana*



The Sabbath Day

Sunday is my favorite day of the week because it always makes me feel so refreshed and ready for a new week. I love to go to church and learn about the Savior, Jesus Christ. It helps me to be a better person and try to do what is right. Sunday is also a good day for me and my family because we have lots of time together. Sometimes during the week we are busy.

No matter what, Sunday is the day to take a break from our everyday lifestyles. It's a day to slow down and plan for the week. It's a time to laugh, share, and show that we care. I try to keep the Sabbath Day holy. To me, Sunday doesn't end when I leave church. Sunday lasts all day.

*Rickey Jarman, age 11
Kinston, North Carolina*

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the Friend

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Pray Always



Ye must watch and pray always (3 Nephi 18:15).

We should pray to Heavenly Father in the name of Jesus Christ. He hears our prayers and answers them. President Thomas S. Monson, First Counselor in the First Presidency,

talked about these things in a message to the members of the Church. Here are some of the things he said:

It has been my personal experience that when a child prays, God listens.

Let me share with you the experience of Barry Bonnell and Dale Murphy, well-known professional baseball players formerly with the Atlanta Braves baseball club. Each is a convert to the Church. . . .

“An experience occurred during the 1978 season that Barry described as ‘life changing.’ He was struggling terribly, batting about .200. Because of his poor performance, he was down on himself and felt miserable. He really didn’t want to go when Dale Murphy asked him to come along to the

hospital, but he went anyway. There he met Ricky Little, a stalwart Braves’ supporter, but a youngster afflicted with leukemia. It was readily apparent that Ricky was near death. Barry felt a deep desire to think of something comforting to say but nothing seemed adequate. Finally, he asked if there was anything they could do. The youngster hesitated, and then asked if they would each hit a home run for him during the next game. Barry said [later], “That request

wasn’t such a hard thing for Dale, who in fact hit two homers that night, but I was struggling at the plate and hadn’t hit a homer all year. Then I felt a warm feeling come over me and I told Ricky to count on it.”

That night, Barry hit his only home run of the season. A child’s prayer had been answered, a child’s wish had been fulfilled. . . . May our Heavenly Father ever bless these sweet souls, these special friends of the Master.



When you pray to Heavenly Father, know that He will hear your prayers and answer them.

Pray often and you will find that His Spirit is close to you. Remember to thank Him for listening.

(See Ensign, June 2000, pages 2–7.)



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FAREWELL,



Therefore, fear not, little flock; do good; let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my rock, they cannot prevail (Doctrine and Covenants 6:34).

BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS

By Leslie C. Anderson

Aurelia stood on the bank of the Mississippi River and looked back across it. Never before in her eleven-and-a-half years had she been west of the wide river, and now here she was in Iowa.

She shivered in the February cold and tucked one hand into her coat. With the other, she held George's hand. He was only six and was her responsibility. Ellen, thirteen, and nine-year-old Catherine walked ahead with seven-year-old Howard; little Lucy rode in the wagon with Mama, who was still very sick. But Aurelia and George stood

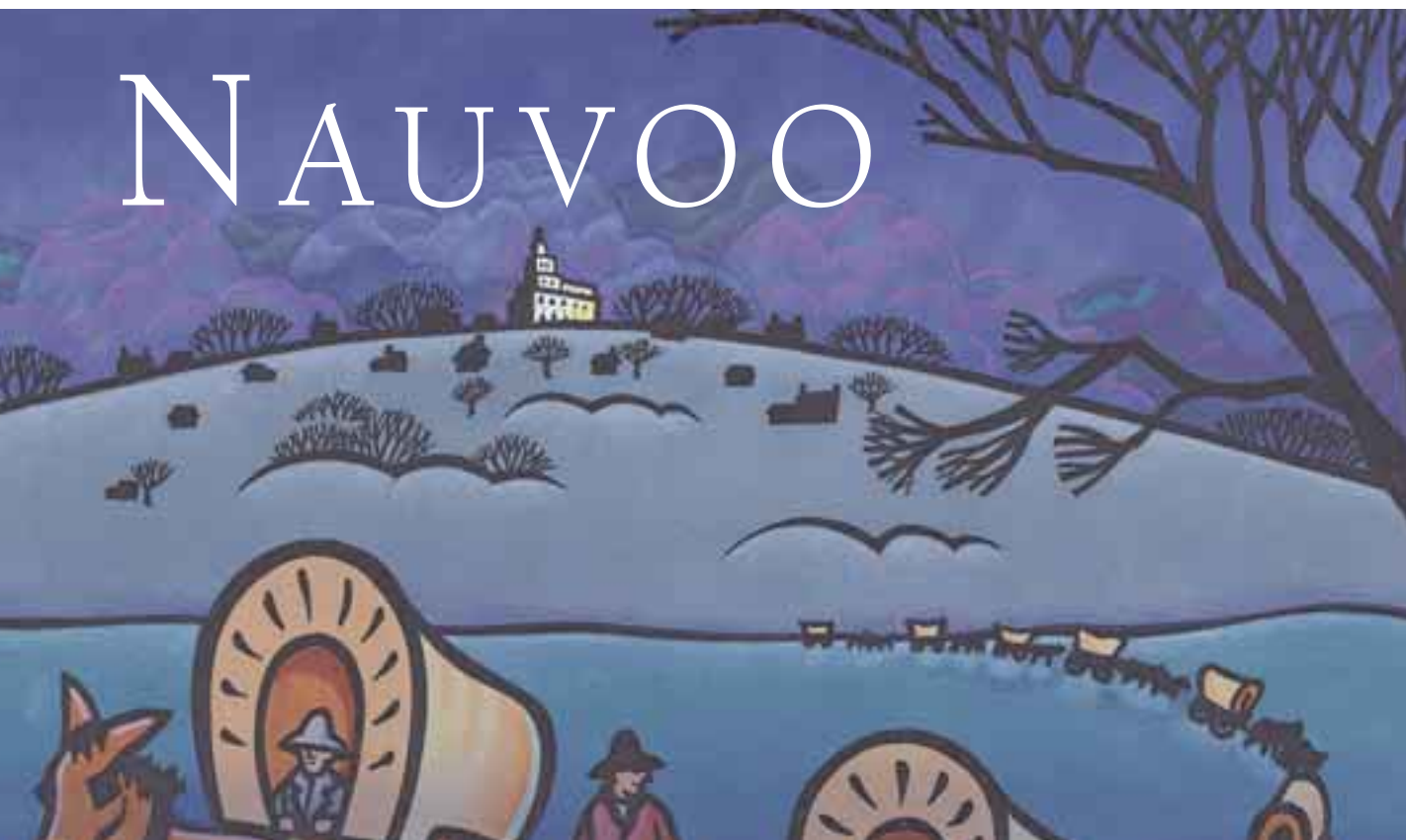
and looked back across the river to Nauvoo.

Nauvoo! How could they bear to leave their beautiful home? All was cold and gray across the river, but Aurelia remembered how the city had looked when she first saw it.

It was already a bustling, growing city when the Spencer family arrived. Thousands of people lived there, and more were coming every day. There were hundreds of log cabins and many brick homes. People were building, buying and selling, planting, working everywhere! Aurelia had never seen so many people—and most of them were Latter-day Saints.

Her family had rented a room until Papa could build a house for them. He had chosen a lot on a hill above the town, a little northeast of where the temple was being built.

NAUVOO



Their lot, like most in Nauvoo, was big enough to plant a large garden and some fruit trees. Ellen and Aurelia had helped Papa plant the trees that first spring—peach and apple trees, Papa said, although they looked like twigs to Aurelia. She had asked Papa why he planted the tiny trees so far apart.

“They are small now,” he had said, “but if we want them to grow large and give fruit, they will need space to grow.” Aurelia had watched them grow until last year they had finally blossomed and borne fruit!

All of Nauvoo blossomed in the spring. The mud in the streets was deep enough to suck the boots right off your feet, but flowers and fruit trees bloomed in every yard. Aurelia wished she could see spring come to Nauvoo again. But the Prophet Joseph was dead, and soon his beautiful city would be deserted.

George had been too young to remember the first time he and Aurelia met the Prophet. Aurelia remembered it clearly. She had met a real, living prophet! He had come to their home to visit, and he limped very slightly when he walked, just like Papa! Papa told her later it was caused by the same illness that had caused *his* limp—typhus fever,

which had settled in his leg.

Lucy was born there, and when Joseph saw her, he exclaimed, “Oh, what a little black head!” Even as a baby, Lucy’s hair was thick and dark. Joseph had laid his hand on Lucy’s head and blessed her. Aurelia had loved the Prophet from that moment. He was God’s own prophet and the most important man in Nauvoo, yet he loved little children and liked to be with them.

Aurelia shivered as she remembered the terrible day two years later, when Joseph and his brother Hyrum were killed by a mob in the nearby town of Carthage. Aurelia could scarcely believe that anyone could be so wicked as to kill a kind man like the Prophet.

Aurelia’s papa had taken her to the Mansion House to see Joseph’s body. A great crowd was there, all crying and crowding to look. Aurelia couldn’t see, so Papa had lifted her up to the window from where she could see Brother Joseph one last time. That had been nearly two years ago.

Things had been hard since Joseph’s death. Nauvoo wasn’t allowed to use its police force, so bad men did what they wanted. They burned farms outside town and caused trouble in Nauvoo. Then



gray day, the tall building seemed to shine on the hill. She remembered when its roof had caught fire one day. She lived only a block away and had run with a bucket of water to help fight the fire. It had been put out, and work on the temple had continued. Just two months ago, Mama and Papa had gone to the temple to be sealed together. Mama said that that was the hardest part of leaving Nauvoo—leaving the temple they’d worked so hard to build. It still wasn’t quite finished. “Heaven only knows when we’ll have a temple again,” Mama had said. “We’ve been blessed to have this one.”

Aurelia looked to the left of the temple to see if their house was visible from here. She couldn’t see it. But she did see Mary Ann Stearn’s house. Mary Ann and her cousin Ellen Pratt were Aurelia’s best friends. They had gone to school together and played together. Aurelia stared at Mary Ann’s house, but she

some of the Latter-day Saint boys formed the “Whittling and Whistling Brigade.” When one of the bad men came to town, the boys followed him everywhere, whistling and whittling pieces of wood with their pocketknives. There were too many boys for the man to fight, and they wouldn’t let him out of their sight long enough for him to do anything bad, so finally he would leave and look for mischief someplace else. Howard and George couldn’t wait to join the brigade, but they were only six and four then, and Mama wouldn’t let them use her knives to learn to whittle. They practiced whistling, however. Finally, though, even the brave boys couldn’t keep the bad men away.

Aurelia squeezed George’s hand and pointed to show him the temple across the river. Even on this cold,



knew that Mary Ann wasn't there. She, too, was going west with her family. Aurelia wondered if they'd meet again on the way to the Rocky Mountains. Oh, she hoped so! It was hard leaving everything and everyone to travel to a strange land. Why shouldn't the bad men have to leave instead? It wasn't fair to be forced to leave friends, homes, gardens, orchards, the temple!

Thinking of Mary Ann made Aurelia remember something else. At the last general conference, in October, Mary Ann's stepfather, Parley P. Pratt had spoken to the Saints. People had crowded into the temple to listen. Elder Pratt spoke about how hard the Saints had worked to build a beautiful city and temple and how hard it was to leave it all behind. But the Lord had other plans for this people, Elder Pratt had said. He explained that a small nursery could produce many thousands of fruit trees, but that as they grew, they must be transplanted. They need room to grow if they are to produce fruit. He promised that the Lord had a place for the Saints to grow, where they wouldn't be crowded and where they would enjoy liberty and equal rights.

Aurelia knew that it was true. She thought of those tiny twigs of fruit trees she and Ellen and Papa had planted. She had seen them grow and blossom and produce sweet fruit. It was hard to leave Nauvoo, but it was time to be transplanted to a place where she and her family and all the Saints could grow strong and bloom.

Aurelia murmured, "Farewell, Nauvoo," and turned with George to face the west. It would be a long journey to the Rockies, but she had her family and the true gospel. She was ready.



AURELIA

In February 1846, more than three thousand Latter-day Saints fled Nauvoo, crossing the Mississippi River into Iowa. Many left without adequate food and shelter, and suffered terribly from cold and hunger.

One of those Saints was Aurelia Spencer. When her family had traveled only thirty miles, Aurelia's mother died. The grieving family returned to Nauvoo to bury her before continuing their journey west.

Aurelia's father, Orson, was called to preside over the Church in Great Britain, so she, her three sisters, and her two brothers spent the next two winters in Winter Quarters with only kind neighbors to keep an eye on them. During the first, harsh, winter, their horse and seven of their eight cows died. Most of the money their father sent never reached them, and they suffered great poverty.

They left for the Salt Lake Valley in May 1848 with President Brigham Young's company. In the Valley, they lived in a log room their uncle built for them, until their father's return.

In 1851 Aurelia married Thomas Rogers. They settled in Farmington, sixteen miles north of Salt Lake City. There Aurelia gave birth to twelve children, only seven of whom lived to adulthood.

Concerned because Farmington's boys were often getting into mischief, Aurelia asked

Eliza R. Snow, the sister of Lorenzo Snow, if there should not be an organization to help little boys grow into good men. Sister Snow relayed the suggestion to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, the governing body of the Church following the death of Brigham Young. John Taylor, the President of the Quorum, gave his approval, and Sister Rogers was called upon to organize and serve as the president of the first Primary in the Church. She wisely decided that girls should also be part of the organization, and the first Primary was held in Farmington Ward on August 25, 1878.



FRIEND TO FRIEND

**Count your blessings;
See what God hath done
(Hymns, no. 241).**

From an interview with Elder Carl B. Pratt of the Seventy, currently serving

as President of the Mexico South Area; by Jan Pinborough

I was born in Monterrey, Mexico. When I was three years old, my family moved to Colonia Dublán, a small town in Mexico where most of the people are members of the Church. We had very few modern conveniences.

There was no electricity, just coal oil lamps to light our home. And not many people had indoor bathrooms.

When I was six years old, my family moved to the United States. We loaded everything we owned into a truck and drove to my grandmother's house in Mesa, Arizona.

I remember standing on her porch with my father when a truck playing music came down the street.

"Dad, what's that?" I asked. He explained that it was an ice-cream truck, and he gave me money to buy something. I ran over to the truck and said, "I want a *paleta* (frozen dessert on a stick). I had grown up in Mexico and spoke English and Spanish,

but I didn't know the English word for the thing I wanted. My father told me that I had to ask for a Popsicle.

I remember walking up the steps of my new school on the first day of first grade. When I saw some of the other children crying, I asked my mother, "Why are those kids crying?" My mother had taught us how important education was, so I couldn't imagine what was so sad about going to school.

I soon learned that in the United States, most

children my age had many things that I

didn't have. One of those things was a bike, and I wanted one badly. Somehow, my dad got me a bike for \$5. Unfortunately, it had one major defect: it was a girl's bike! It was humiliating for me to ride it. I found my shiny new dream machine in a mail-order catalogue, and it cost \$65. I decided to earn the money to buy the bike myself, so I started working in the cotton fields every day after school. I would drag a long canvas bag up and down the rows of plants, filling it with cotton. Each afternoon, I could usually pick between twenty and forty pounds of cotton. I was paid two cents a pound, so I could usually make at least fifty cents a day.

As the end of the harvest drew near, I realized that I was not going to earn enough money for the bike. I told my

dad, and he agreed that if I could raise half the money, he would pay the other half. Even after I had earned my part, the bike didn't show up immediately. But then on Christmas morning, I got my beautiful new bike. From that experience, I learned that sometimes when we work very hard to reach a goal but fall short of reaching it, we can ask someone for help. Just as my father helped me, our Heavenly Father will help us, too.



Elder Pratt (center) with his parents and sister LaVonne

THE IMPORTANT BLESSINGS



Riding his bike



As a missionary in Argentina



Elder Pratt's father, three sisters, and dog, Lucky Lad



The school the branch children attend

Another thing I learned from my dad was the importance of treating women with special respect. Dad never raised his voice to Mother. Although I wasn't perfect, with four younger sisters, I had a lot of practice. I hope that you young boys will always remember that women—both those who are older and those who are younger than you—deserve special treatment and respect.

My family was always close. We had family prayer, and we ate every meal together. My parents never had much money, but we took vacations to visit our aunts and uncles. I remember sleeping on the floor with all my cousins. Once my family drove to Mexico City, Mexico, to visit the area where my parents had both served missions before they were married.



With his sisters and dog, Lucky Lad

When I turned nineteen years old, I attended the University of Arizona. As I pondered and prayed about serving a mission, I soon realized something very important. I realized that I had everything. I don't mean that I had lots of money or other material things. But I had the important things—good parents and family, the gospel, and the opportunity to get an education. I also realized that I hadn't done anything to deserve these things. I felt that I somehow needed to repay Heavenly Father for all these blessings. I knew that serving a mission would be one way I could try to do this.

Not long ago, I visited a small branch of the Church in Chiapas, Mexico. The people there speak Tzotzil, which is an ancient Mayan language. I visited the home of a counselor in the branch presidency. His home was a small hut made of rough-sawed pine that was held together by log poles made from eucalyptus trees. The

family slept on mats on the dirt floor. The only furniture was a small table and tiny chairs—the size that would be used in a Primary nursery. The women cooked the meals outside. I was most impressed to see hanging on the wall a picture of the Mexico City Mexico Temple and a temple sealing certificate, both beautifully framed.

I also visited the small school that the children of the branch attended. Those children had no TV, no computers, no video games.

They ate mostly corn, beans, and rice. But they had the most important thing—loving parents who were sealed in the temple and who were teaching them to follow the prophet.

The toys that you have, the good food that you eat each day, the beautiful school you go to—these are great blessings. But they are not the most important things. The blessings of families, the blessings of teachers who love you and help you learn the gospel—these are the rich, rich blessings that you have. They are the same blessings that those children in Mexico have. These blessings are the most important things.



The Chojoló Branch counselor's home



Elder and Sister Pratt with their family

Thomas and the *Tabernacle Organ*

Praise the Lord with . . . music (Doctrine and Covenants 136:28).

By Paula Hunt

Note: *Although Thomas, his family, and some of the other people in this story were not real people, the author made them up according to how people really lived in that area at that time. And the story of how they found the wood for the Tabernacle organ is true. See the sidebar for other interesting facts about it.*

Thomas hoed a stubborn weed out of the corn as the sun beat down on his back. Wiping the sweat from his face, he lifted his eyes longingly to the cool mountains. How he wished he was in the whispery shade of the trees there!

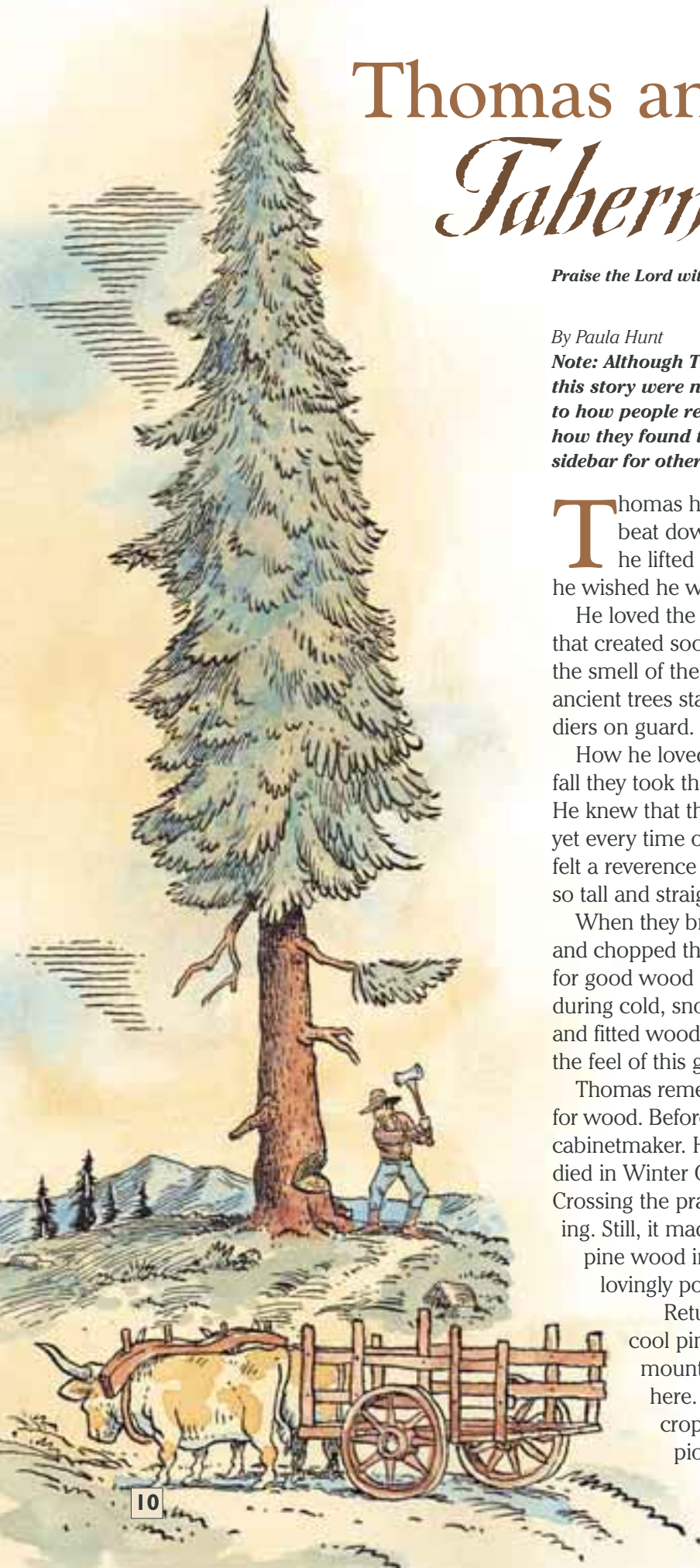
He loved the rustle of the white pines and the cool breezes that created soothing music among their branches. He loved the smell of the fresh wind filtering through the pines. Those ancient trees standing straight and tall seemed to him like soldiers on guard.

How he loved it when it was time to head for the hills! Every fall they took their team up to the mountains to cut firewood. He knew that they needed the wood to keep their family warm, yet every time one of those giant pines fell, he hurt inside. He felt a reverence for them. They had lived so long. They were so tall and straight.

When they brought the wood down to their farm, they sawed and chopped the logs into firewood. Thomas had a natural love for good wood and saved any exceptionally nice pieces. Then, during cold, snowy, winter days, he carefully sawed, carved, and fitted wood pieces together to make fine furniture. He loved the feel of this good wood in his hands.

Thomas remembered Grandfather Heiler. He, too, had a feel for wood. Before he had left Germany, Grandfather was a master cabinetmaker. He had planned to teach Thomas his craft but died in Winter Quarters before he could teach the boy much. Crossing the prairies was not a good place to learn woodworking. Still, it made Thomas feel good to turn this beautiful white pine wood into pieces of furniture that his grateful mother lovingly polished.

Returning to his hoeing, he stopped dreaming of cool pine forests. It wasn't likely that he'd get up to the mountains for weeks. There was too much to do here. Even craftsmen had to delay their work to grow crops. There were no stores to buy food at in this pioneer land. His family must grow what they ate,



and they worked hard to get it.

As he hoed, he spotted a carriage pulling up to their home. He watched as their neighbor, Brother Erickson, got out. Ether, Thomas's little brother, ran to the fields to fetch his father. What was happening? What would bring a neighbor out during farming season on a Tuesday morning?

Thomas kept one eye on his hoeing and one eye on the house. When his father came in from the field and greeted Brother Erickson, Thomas worked his way closer to hear their conversation.

"The word is out that Brother Brigham [President Brigham Young] is looking for some fine wood to help build an organ for the new tabernacle," Brother Erickson told Father. "I thought you'd like to know that."

"Yes," Father said slowly. "That's interesting. But what has it to do with me?"

Brother Erickson pointed to their cabin. "Just look at those logs. The finest logs I've seen anywhere. They're long and smooth, and there is not a knothole in the whole of it!"

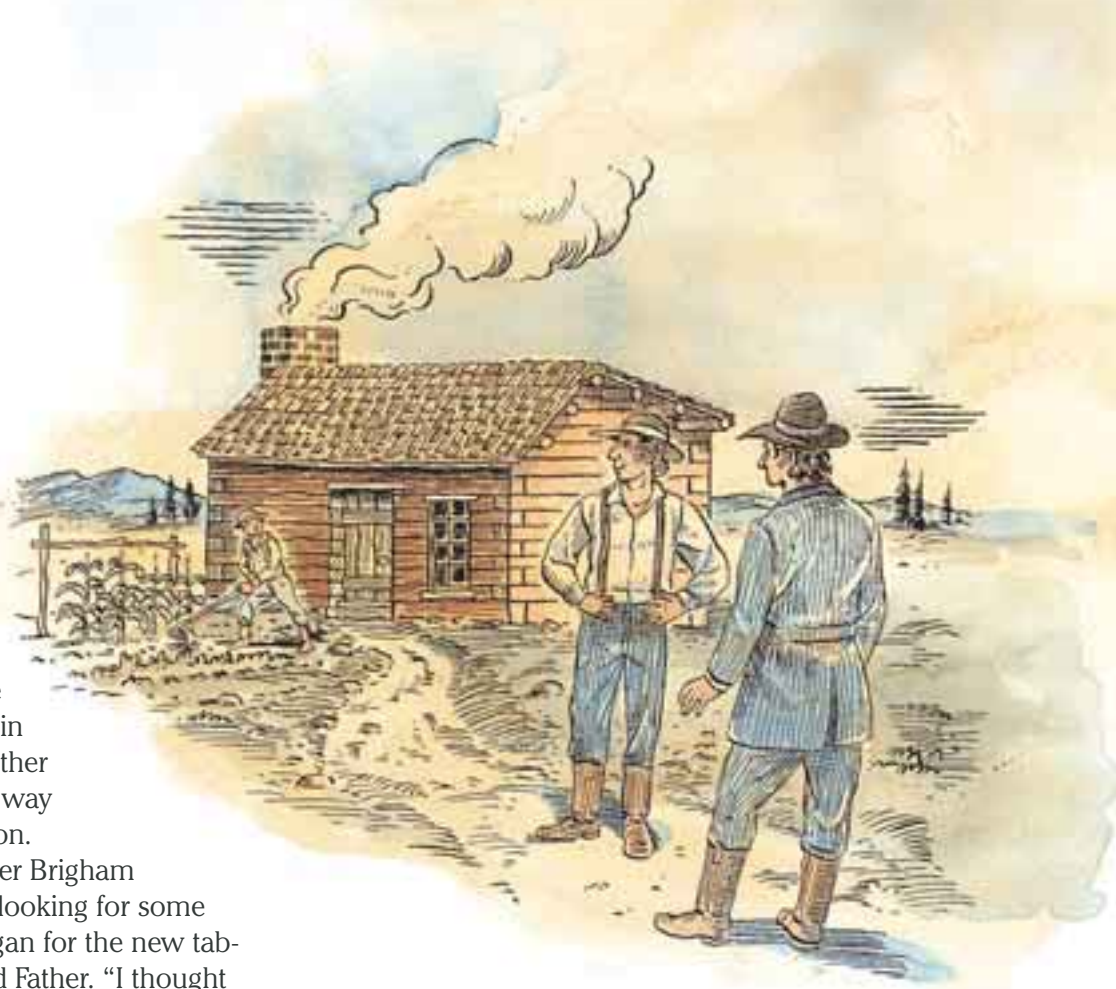
"That's true," Father said. "Those logs made a snug cabin for us. Are you thinking we should let Brother Brigham know about the pine we have around here? It's over three hundred miles to Salt Lake City! Couldn't they find some closer?"

"Brother Robert Gardner and his son William have been traveling all over the territory, searching out good wood. Brother Brigham charged them with that responsibility. I don't think the distance would be a problem if the wood was good."

Father nodded. "Pine Valley would be proud to help with the furnishing of that great building. Let's do it! Let's send a piece of one of our very best logs."

Over the next weeks, several men from the valley gathered at their cabin to help select and cut just the right wood to send to Salt Lake City.

Thomas wished that he could be the one to take the wood there. He ran his hand over the smooth



surface of the pine chest he was making. He knew that when the Gardners saw this wood, they would want it.

"We'll send it with one of the missionaries heading that way," Bishop Johansen told the men. "There's no need for a special trip."

Hanging his head, Thomas went back to work. He longed to travel to Salt Lake City and see how the work on the organ and the tabernacle was getting along. But he knew that his family still needed every spare moment they had to provide a living for themselves. There just was no time for trips anywhere.

Over the next months, Thomas waited to hear if their beautiful white pine had been chosen for the organ. No word came. Then in the spring, men came with ox teams to haul the superb logs to Salt Lake City.

"Dad," Thomas exclaimed happily when he saw the teams snaking up the mountain, "they're going to use our wood!"

His father smiled at him. "It was the best they found in the territory. They'll use our wood for some of the pipes. The metal pipes are being made back East by the Simmons company. But the



largest of the wood pipes are of our wood. And they're encasing some pipes in pine that comes from a canyon close to Salt Lake City. They'll paint that wood to look like oak."

Thomas grinned from ear to ear. "I sure would like to hear that organ when it's completed."

His father put his hand on his shoulder. "I think we could manage a trip, even one that far, to attend general conference one of these years."

It was a promise he kept, but Thomas had to wait two whole years for the organ and the Salt Lake Tabernacle to be ready for a conference. However, in September 1867, after the crops were safely in their bins, Thomas's family began the slow wagon ride to Salt Lake City. They arrived in plenty of time for the conference on October 6.

That morning, Thomas slid into his seat. He listened in awe to the partially finished organ. He knew that it would take Brother Ridges several more years to finish it, but he loved the sound.

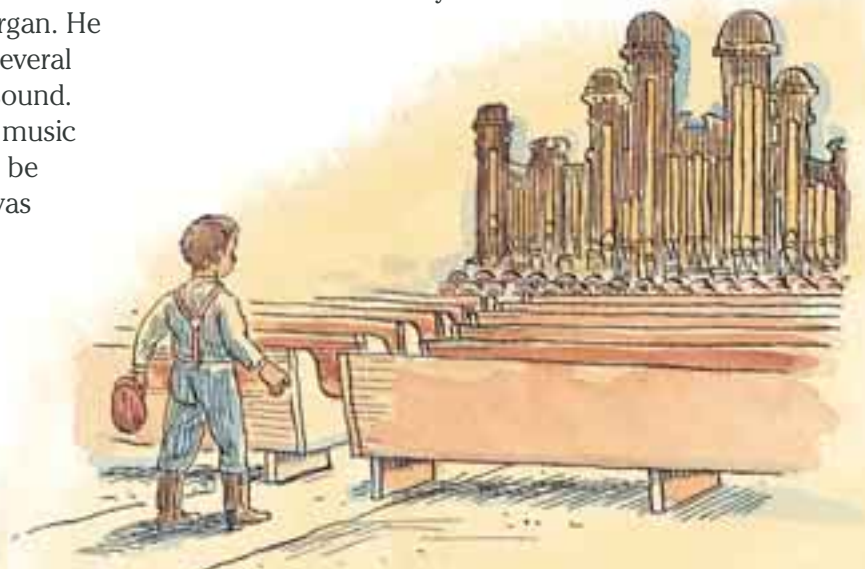
Here in the wilds of Deseret, beautiful music was forming. The organ would someday be world famous. Thomas knew that as it was completed, it would only become better. For now, he was happy just to listen to its beautiful strains.

Later that day, his father introduced him to Joseph Ridges. When he found that Thomas was interested in the instrument, he showed him what they were doing. Then he

introduced him to Niels Johnson, Shure Olsen, David Anderson, William Pinney, and John Sandberg, men he had

been training to work on the organ, too. They were all there that day to hear its beautiful tones.

The following Wednesday, as his family traveled home, Thomas was still marveling at what he'd seen and heard. Here in the wilds of Deseret, the Lord had helped his servants use what materials they had, and what skill they had, to begin building one of the greatest organs in the world. He had felt the Spirit very strongly as its music flowed through that great building. He thrilled at the messages of the prophets. He loved the music the choir sang, accompanied by the organ. How proud he was that some of the wood inside it came from his valley.



The Tabernacle Organ: Fascinating Facts

When the Tabernacle on Temple Square in Salt Lake City, Utah, was being built, President Brigham Young wanted an organ built for it that was just as special as the Tabernacle itself. He asked Joseph Ridges for a plan. When he saw what Brother Ridges wanted to build, he was stunned. “Can we do this thing?” he wondered. Then he declared, “Yes, we can! . . . Go ahead with this, Brother Ridges.”*

Neither the Tabernacle nor its organ were complete when the organ was first played for general conference in October 1867. In fact, the organ was only one-third finished! The finished organ had 27 pedals, 35 stops, and 2,648 pipes—some metal, some wood. Over the years, changes have been made. Today the organ has 11,623 pipes!

Although, like a piano, an organ uses a keyboard, it is really a wind instrument. Air forced through its pipes is what makes them sound. In those early days, men below the organ ran on a treadmill connected to a bellows that forced air through the pipes. A big electric fan driven by a 30-horsepower motor does the job now.

The littlest pipes in the Tabernacle organ are less than 3/8" (1 cm) long! The largest are 32' (37.5 m) high! The bigger the pipe, the lower the sound. Some notes are so low that they are felt rather than heard, and the highest notes are so high and soft that only those with really keen hearing can hear them.

Foot pedals play the lowest sounds and control the loudness of the notes. The organist uses both his feet, and both heel and toe, to play the pedals needed.

The Tabernacle organ has five keyboards, each of which can create different sounds. The sounds

of trumpets, violins, flutes, and many other instruments can be made by pulling round knobs called stops. These make certain sets of pipes sound. To read the music, set stops, play with two feet and two hands, and follow the conductor at the same time takes a lot of skill and practice!

The first Tabernacle organist was Joseph Daynes. President Brigham Young had heard Joseph play a small pump organ when he was only eleven years old.

He was just sixteen when he played the Tabernacle organ for the 1867 conference. His feet didn't reach the pedals, so he added pieces of cork to the soles of his shoes.

Joseph Daynes wrote the music for many hymns. The two we probably sing the most often now are “Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice” and “Lord, Accept Our True Devotion” (*Hymns*, nos. 21 and 107).

Another Tabernacle organist was Alexander Schreiner. He became famous all over the world for his organ playing. He played his first recital on the Tabernacle organ when he was a teenager, and he wrote music for many Primary songs, including “Jesus Is Our Loving Friend” (*Children's Songbook*, page 58).

Near the end of his life, President Spencer W. Kimball said, “As I listen to the lovely melodies of the Tabernacle Choir and organ, I am comforted by the assurance that there will be beautiful music in heaven.”

***From “Organ Music,” *Friend*, October 1976, page 16. Other information for this article is from the following *Friend* issues: January 1971, page 47; March 1974, page 16; October 1986, page 45; October 1987, page 36; and October 1989, pages 8–9; and from *Ensign*, October 2000, page 42, and November 1982, page 4.**





Joseph Smith Prophet of the Restoration

By Diane Nichols

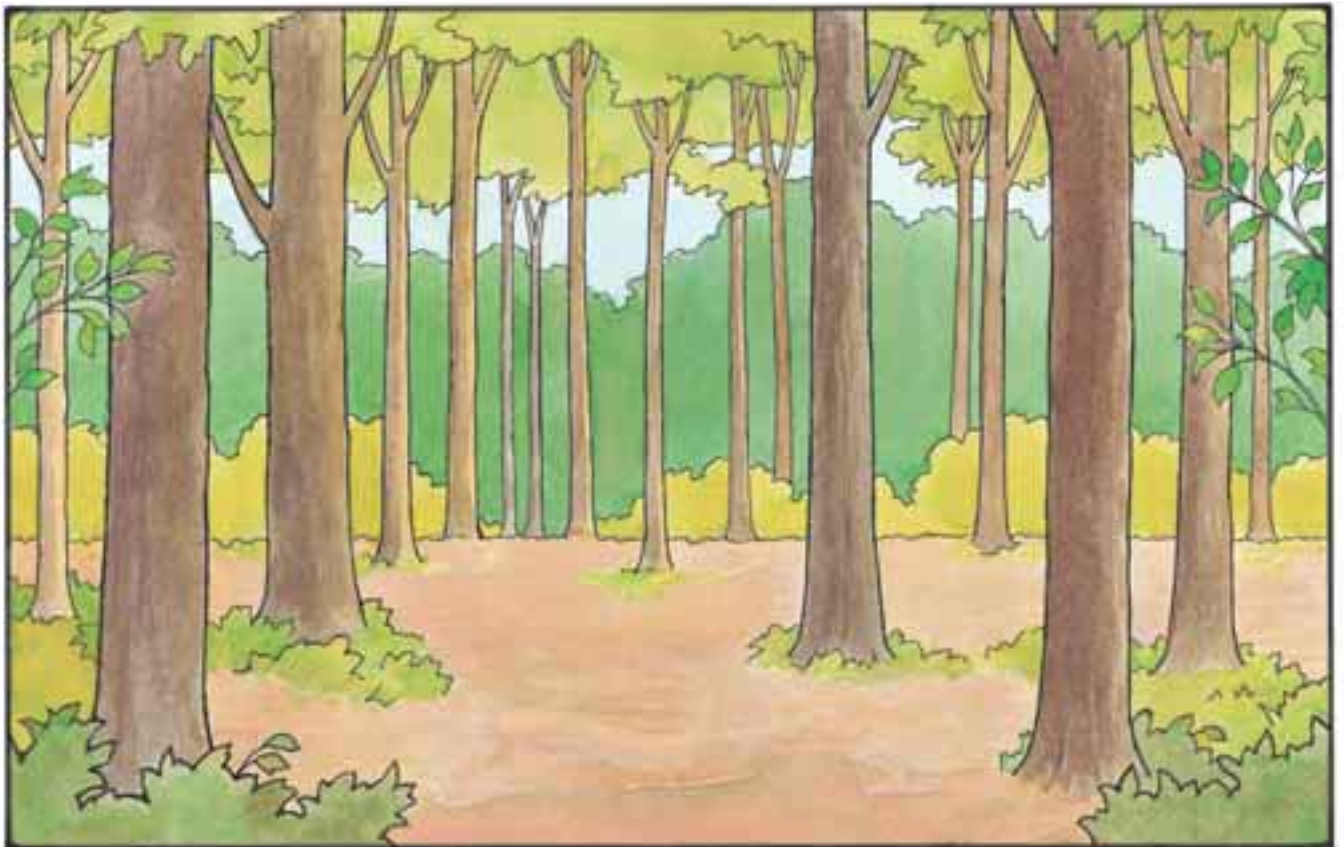
And I have sent forth the fulness of my gospel by the hand of my servant Joseph (Doctrine and Covenants 35:17).

about it but were still not sure what you should do. When Joseph Smith was fourteen years old, he had a question. He was living on his family's farm in Palmyra, New York. In the town where they lived,

Have you ever really wondered about what to do in a certain situation? Or really wanted to know the answer to a question? Perhaps you asked your parents or your friends or teachers

there was a great deal of excitement about religion. There were many preachers from many different churches. Each said that he had the truth and tried to convince people to join his church. Joseph wondered which of the churches he should join. He asked himself, "What is to be done? Who of all these parties are right; or, are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it?" (Joseph Smith—History 1:10.)

One day Joseph read in the Bible, "If any of you





lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him” (James 1:5). Joseph decided to do what the scripture said. He decided to ask Heavenly Father which church was right so that he would know which one he should join.

Joseph had never prayed out loud before. He decided to go to a grove of trees near his home to ask Heavenly Father his question. On a beautiful spring morning, he walked into the grove, looked around

to be sure that he was alone, and knelt in prayer. As he began his prayer, a terrible feeling of darkness surrounded him. It was so strong that he thought it was going to destroy him! He prayed with all his heart to Heavenly Father for help. At that moment, a pillar of light appeared over his head and came down and rested on him. The darkness left him, and he saw two Heavenly Beings standing above him in the air. One spoke to him, saying, *“This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him!”* (Joseph Smith—History 1:17.)

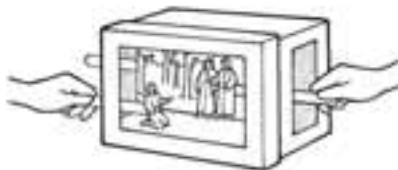
The two Heavenly Beings were Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. The Savior told Joseph that he should not join any of the churches because they were all wrong. Joseph had the answer to his question. Later he received visits from other heavenly messengers and learned what Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ wanted him to do to help restore the gospel to the earth. He followed Their directions.

Joseph Smith organized The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and became the first prophet and President of the Church. He translated the Book of Mormon, built the first latter-day temple, and received most of the revelations found in the Doctrine and Covenants. We are grateful to him for helping to restore the gospel to the earth. And we should be thankful for the example of faith and courage he set for all of us. What a blessing it is that Joseph Smith prayed to Heavenly Father when he needed an answer. We, too, can go to Heavenly Father in prayer and receive answers to important questions in our lives. Through prayer we can also receive a testimony from Heavenly Father that Joseph Smith was a prophet.



JOSEPH IN THE SACRED GROVE

Remove pages 14 and 15 from the magazine and glue them onto a sheet of heavy paper or lightweight cardboard. Carefully cut out each piece, then glue a small craft stick onto the back of each, with the stick extending out the side (see illustration). Find a box about the size of a medium-size shoe box. Cut large openings on both ends and on the box lid (see illustration). As you tell the story of the First Vision, use the box as a stage. Move the different figures and scenery on and off the stage through the side holes as you tell the story. You may want to tell the story at a family home evening.



SHARING TIME IDEAS

(Note: CS = *Children's Songbook*; GAK = *Gospel Art Kit*)

1. Draw a time line of the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Make the line long enough to hang pictures illustrating the event over the dates. The following examples have pictures from the GAK listed after each date. You may also use pictures from your library or draw your own. Events you might include on the time line: his birth/1805 (400), reading James 1:5/1820 (402), the First Vision/1820 (403), Moroni's first appearance/1823 (404), Joseph receiving the gold plates/1827 (406), translation of the Book of Mormon/1827–1829 (416), restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood/1829 (407), restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood/1829 (408), building the Kirtland Temple/1833–1836 (500), Elijah restored sealing power/1836 (417), Joseph Smith's martyrdom/1844 (401).

Hang the time line on a wall in the Primary room. Put the first and last pictures up and tell a little bit about the birth and death of the Prophet (see JS—H 1:3–4 and D&C 135:1). Conceal the rest of the pictures in a box or bag. Have a child from each class take a picture, tell about the event, and place it above the correct date on the time line. For some of the events you may wish to have another child from the same class lead the Primary in a song related to the picture. (For song suggestions, see Idea 2). Display the time line each week during the month, and refer to it as you discuss different events in the life of Joseph Smith and the restoration of the gospel.

2. To help the children understand and appreciate the role of Joseph Smith in the restoration of the gospel, make a copy of a picture of an event in Joseph Smith's life. Trace an outline of the picture onto a piece of heavy paper or lightweight cardboard, then cut the picture into jigsaw puzzle pieces. Trace the outline of each piece in its correct position on the outline of the puzzle. Write one question about the restoration of the gospel on the back of each puzzle piece. For example: When was the Church organized? (April 6, 1830); Who was the first President of the Church? (Joseph Smith); What is a prophet? (One called to speak for Heavenly Father); Who appeared to Joseph Smith when he prayed in the Sacred Grove? (Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ); What was Joseph Smith told during the First Vision? (To join none of the churches); What was the name of the angel who appeared to Joseph Smith about three years after the First Vision? (Moroni); Who was Moroni? (The last prophet in the Book of Mormon); Why did Moroni visit Joseph Smith? (To teach him and prepare him to receive the gold plates); Who appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery to restore the Aaronic Priesthood? (John the Baptist); etc.

Have the children take turns choosing a puzzle piece, reading the question on the back, answering the question (with help from other children, if necessary), and placing the piece in its correct position on the poster. You may wish to include songs about the life of the Prophet, instead of a question, on some of the puzzle pieces. Examples from the CS: "On a Golden Springtime" (p. 88), "The Golden Plates" (p. 86), "The Priesthood Is Restored" (p. 89), and "This Is My Beloved Son" (p. 76). Remind the children of how much the Prophet Joseph Smith did for us in helping to restore the gospel and how grateful we should be to him. Bear your testimony of the restoration of the gospel.

3. Invite two local missionaries to share with the children the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith as they present it in the discussions, and their testimonies. Have them also share experiences of how accepting the gospel has changed people's lives. Use songs from the CS and pictures from GAK to reinforce what the missionaries present to the children.

4. Display a bouquet of four artificial flowers and one real flower. Ask how the flowers are different from one another. Point out that the main difference is that only one is a true flower. Explain that though there are many churches in the world today, only one of them is the true church of Jesus Christ. Look up D&C 1:30 and read it together. Help the children discover the significance of the Church's name by writing each word of its name on a strip of paper and putting the strips into a box. Have several children draw the strips out of the box and hang them in order on the wall.

Ask questions about the name of the Church and when it was organized. Give classes or individuals a scripture to look up to find the answer. Examples: Why is the Church named after the Savior? (3 Ne. 27:8; D&C 115:4 / He is the head of the Church); Why is the date the Church was organized, April 6, important? (D&C 20:1 / It is the date of the Savior's birth); Why is "of Latter-day" in the name? (D&C 20:1; 115:4 / Because we are living in the last days; the name was revealed to Joseph Smith); What were members of the Church called in New Testament times? (Romans 1:7 / Saints). List the reasons the children give under the related word on the pieces of paper. Be sure that the children understand that the Church was taken from the earth when the Apostles died and the members strayed from the truth. The Lord chose Joseph Smith to help restore (bring back) the true church. Jesus Christ is the head of the Church, and He chooses the prophets of His Church today just as He chose Joseph Smith to be the first prophet and President of the Church in the latter days. Sing "The Church of Jesus Christ," (CS, p. 77).

5. Working with the music leader, prepare a "Sing-a-Story" (See *Teaching, No Greater Call*, pp. 174–175) of the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Tell (or select children to be prepared to tell) stories and/or show pictures that illustrate the following qualities or achievements in Joseph Smith's life. Then sing related songs from the CS: Joseph Smith was obedient to his parents ("Quickly I'll Obey," p. 197); he studied the scriptures, ("Seek the Lord Early," p. 108); he worked hard with his family ("When We're Helping," p. 198); he liked to play and have fun ("Do As I'm Doing," p. 276); he prayed to Heavenly Father ("The Sacred Grove," p. 87); he received the gold plates from the Angel Moroni ("The Golden Plates," p. 86); he loved his family ("The Family," p. 194); and he organized The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints ("The Church of Jesus Christ," p. 77). Bear your testimony to the children of how our lives have been blessed because of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

6. *Song Presentation*: "The Sacred Grove" (CS, p. 87). This song can be taught by using pictures from the GAK or the ward library, or by making simple drawings, mounting them on heavy paper, and attaching them to craft sticks that the children can hold up. Divide the song into phrases, and practice while holding up an appropriate picture: "The Sacred Grove was green and fresh," / picture of the Sacred Grove; "The morning sun shone bright around," / picture of the sun; "As Joseph knelt in fervent prayer," (sing twice) / picture of Joseph praying in the Sacred Grove; "Upon that sacred ground," / picture of the ground or of the Sacred Grove and point to the ground; "The Father and the Son appeared," / picture of the First Vision; "They spoke to him as with one voice," / picture of Joseph Smith; "Their message answered all his fears," (sing twice) / word FEARS; "And made his heart rejoice," / picture of a heart.

Select four children to help with the first verse, and four different children to help with the second verse. Ask questions such as "What happened in the Sacred Grove?", "Why do we think of the ground as sacred?" Help the children understand the significance of what occurred when the Father and the Son appeared to Joseph Smith. Bear your testimony of the restoration of the gospel and the Prophet Joseph Smith.

7. Additional *Friend* resources: "Joseph Smith's First Vision," Apr. 1995, pp. 34–35; "Respect for Others" (Joseph Smith respected those of other faiths), Oct. 1995, IFC; "Picture Puzzle" (draw a picture of Joseph Smith), Dec. 1996, p. 23; "Joseph Smith Asked Heavenly Father to Help Him Choose the Right," Jan. 1997, pp. 12–13, 46; "The First Vision," Jan. 1997, pp. 48–IBC; "Obtaining the Plates," Feb. 1997, pp. 48–IBC; "The One Hundred and Sixteen Lost Pages," Mar. 1997; pp. 48–IBC; "Translation of the Book of Mormon," Apr. 1997, pp. 48–IBC; "Joseph Smith—Valiant Servant of God," Oct. 1997, pp. 14–15, 46; "Apples for Sale" (story of how a boy and his father saved the Prophet's life), Oct. 1997, pp. 27–29; "The Martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith," Dec. 1997, pp. 48–IBC.



Wherefore, I the Lord . . . called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments; . . . That mine everlasting covenant might be established; That the fulness of my gospel might be proclaimed (Doctrine and Covenants 1:17, 22–23).

As a young man, Lorenzo Snow met Joseph Smith and was baptized into the Church. He was one of the last Presidents of the Church to personally know the Prophet. President Snow often bore his testimony about the Prophet Joseph and how Heavenly Father restored the true Church of Jesus Christ through him.



circumstances may occur in life, as long as memory lasts this perfect knowledge will remain with me.

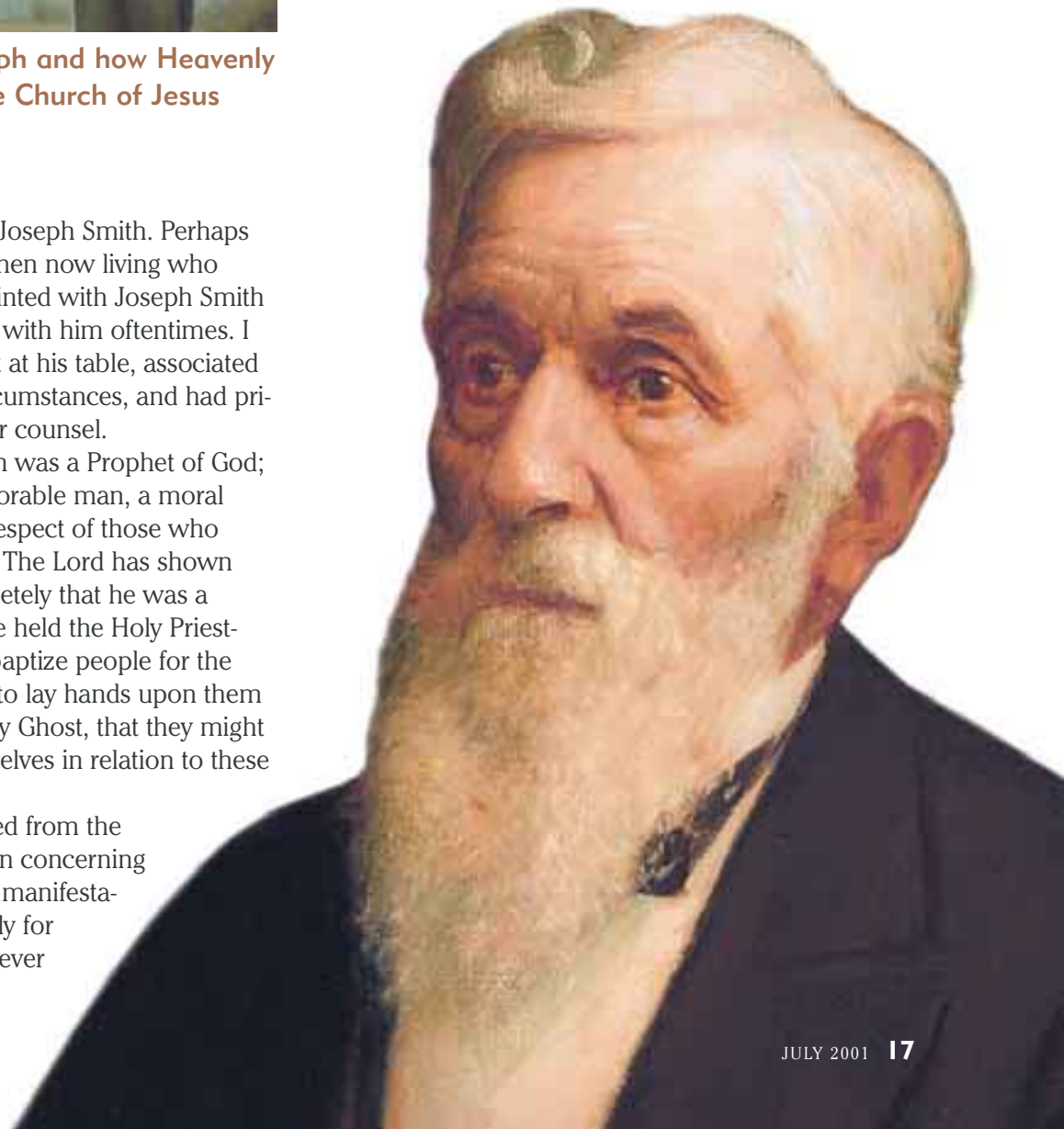
I shall never forget the first time I saw Joseph Smith. It was in Father Johnson's house, in the township of Hiram, in the State of Ohio, about twenty-five miles from Kirtland. . . . When I saw him he was standing in the doorway. Before him was a small bowery occupied by about a hundred and fifty or two hundred men and women. There for the first time I heard his voice. When I heard his testimony in regard to what the Lord had revealed to him, it seemed to me that he must be an honest man. He talked and looked like an honest man. He was an honest man.

(Conference Report, October 1900, page 61; paragraphing added.)

A word or two about Joseph Smith. Perhaps there are very few men now living who were so well acquainted with Joseph Smith the Prophet as I was. I was with him oftentimes. I visited him in his family, sat at his table, associated with him under various circumstances, and had private interviews with him for counsel.

I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God; I know that he was an honorable man, a moral man, and that he had the respect of those who were acquainted with him. The Lord has shown me most clearly and completely that he was a Prophet of God, and that he held the Holy Priesthood and the authority to baptize people for the remission of their sins and to lay hands upon them for the reception of the Holy Ghost, that they might receive a knowledge themselves in relation to these things.

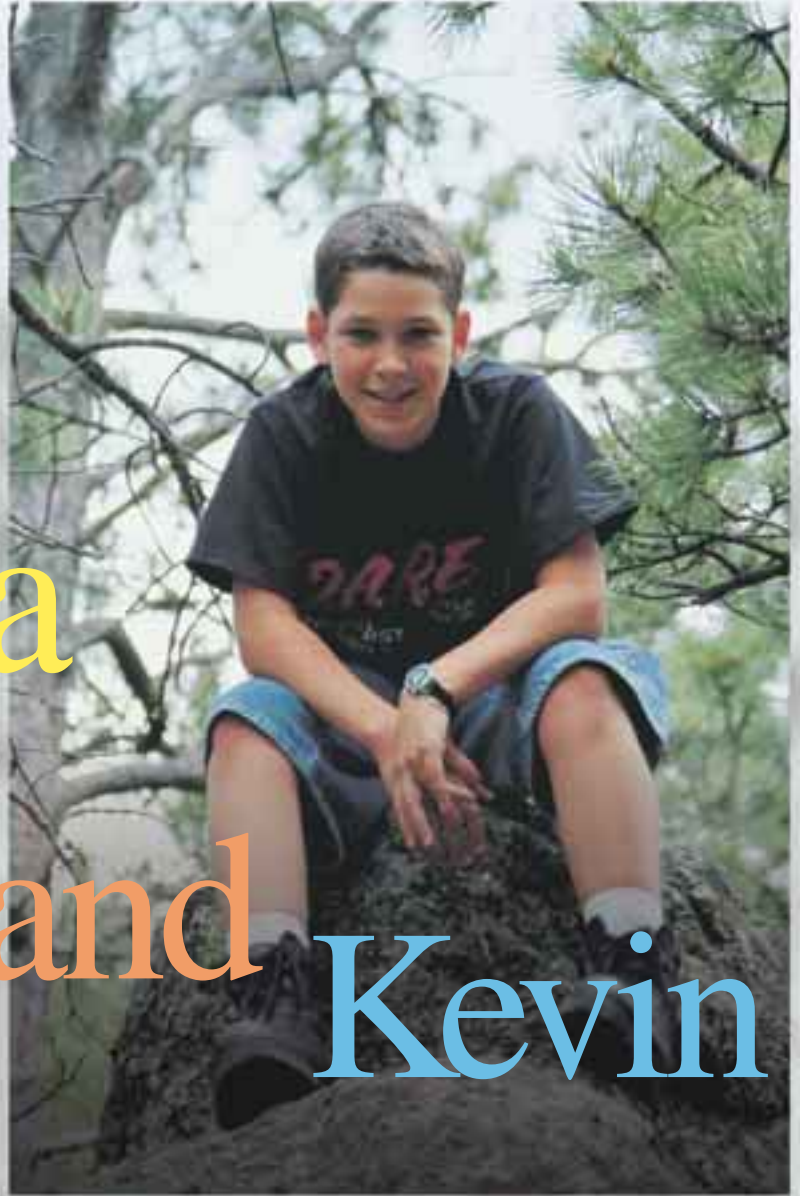
I am one that has received from the Lord the strongest revelation concerning the truth of this work. That manifestation was with me powerfully for hours and hours; and whatever



MAKING FRIENDS

Pamela

and Kevin



Written and photographed by Hilary M. Hendricks

Pine needles crunch and small twigs crack as Pamela Getman (8) races her best friend to their favorite lookout rock. Pam's brother Kevin (11) follows close behind. The rock, sheer cliff on one side but easily climbed on the other, is one of the many boulders that pepper Kevin and Pam's backyard.

Laughing, the children reach the top of the lookout as the Getman's dog, Belle, lumbers up to join them. Together they gaze over the rocky slopes and brilliant flowers of South Dakota's Black Hills.

The Getman family moved to Hill City, South Dakota, five years ago. Soon after their move, they began an enormous project—constructing their own home. The first step was clearing enough land on their forested lot. Kevin and Pamela worked with their mom, Billie, their dad, Gary, their older sister, Jessica (15), and their older brother, Michael (20), to cut down trees, chop them into firewood, and line up the logs in big stacks. When it came time to burn the unusable wood and brambles, Kevin became his dad's best helper, watching the flames with garden hose in hand. If the fire got too big, Kevin doused it with water.

When the ground was finally cleared, the Getmans faced another challenge: giant rocks. Set at the top of a tiny mountain, the spot they had cleared for their home seemed to have just as many boulders as trees. There were too many rocks to move, so the Getmans decided to build right on top of the rocks. "Just like the wise man in the Primary song,"* Mom jokes.

Getman

from Hill City, South Dakota

After blasting a few of the boulders with dynamite, the Getmans used the rest to form a strong foundation for their home. One boulder pokes right through the wall into their house, a reminder that this home is built on granite. But that boulder is not the only rock in the Getman house. Both Pam and Kevin have rock collections, piles of sparkling stones in many colors and sizes. Laying each rock on a table, Pam admires its distinctive beauty. She knows that Jesus Christ created our world, and she feels reverence for each of His creations. In fact, she hopes one day to be a florist so she can share the beauty of nature by making gifts out of flowers.

Kevin echoes her respect for nature. Last year, a small tree began to grow near their driveway. All summer long and without being asked, he waters the tree so that it will grow tall and strong. He



Pam, Kevin, Heidi, and Mom, with the Getmans' dog, Belle

especially enjoys outdoor activities. He rides his bike on mountain trails, competes with his soccer team, and practices shooting his pellet gun at pop cans.

South Dakota is the perfect spot for outdoor adventures. Dad works for a state park, and Mom works at a campground and resort just up the road from their home. The Getman children and their friends visit the resort often to bike, swim, and play miniature golf. The Getmans also visit Mount Rushmore, a famous rocky ridge that has been carved with the faces of four presidents of the United States. Between helping at the resort and helping to build their new home, the whole family is learning to work together and rely on each other's talents.

Kevin's special talent is noticing other people's needs. Once, when he and Mom were leaving the resort, he spotted an elderly lady struggling to carry all of her luggage. Even though he was eager to get home, Kevin hurried over to her and offered to help. The lady felt so grateful that for the rest of her stay, she talked to Mom about the wonderful young man who had carried her bags.

Not all of Kevin's helpful plans turn out quite so well. Once, he made a birthday cake with two packages of cake mix. The cake overflowed its pan and cooked in a pile on the bottom of the oven. What a mess! Kevin and his family still chuckle over that mistake. "I haven't made a cake since,"



Kevin watering his tree . . .

. . . and riding his bike



Pam and Heidi at the top of lookout rock



Pam's rock collection

Kevin and Pam sitting on the granite boulder in their family room



he admits. But he does volunteer to cook other things for the family—especially hot dogs and ravioli—and he feeds Belle twice a week.

Pamela likes to make pudding and lemonade, and she, too, cares about people. Her family says that she always smiles and that she likes to write letters to and draw pictures for her friends. Pam and her best friend, Heidi Heil (8), have “Heidi and Pam Day” every Tuesday during the summer. They play at Heidi’s house before going to a children’s reading program at the public library. The girls enjoy their toy dog, G.G., which was originally a birthday present from Pam to Heidi but which they now share.

Both Kevin and Pam like Primary. Their ward, Rapid City Second Ward, Rapid City South Dakota Stake, meets in a chapel that is almost an hour’s drive from home. When winter snow blankets the Black Hills, the Getmans can’t get the car safely down the driveway, much less over the twisting

mountain highway to church. Instead, they read a scripture, sing a song, and then enjoy spending time as a family and shoveling snow.

Luckily there was no snow to shovel last March, the month of Pamela’s baptism. Because Dad is not a member of the Church, Michael baptized his little sister. Pam says she felt “worried she might drown,” but she was “excited to be baptized because that’s what Jesus did.” After the ordinance, she felt happy that she had followed the Savior’s example and joined His Church.

While the Getmans continue to build their home, they grow in love for each other. Like the strong rocks that hold their house on the top of the hill, each person’s work, faith, and caring form the foundation for their sturdy family. And, like the house of the wise man in Jesus Christ’s parable,[†] the Getman family stands firm.

* See *Children’s Songbook*, page 281.

† See Matthew 7:24–27.

FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



Lee, Young Hi, 9, Seoul, South Korea, likes animals and wants to be an animal trainer. She hopes to get a turtle, bird, or puppy. She enjoys Primary, kimchee (a Korean food), singing, drawing, and playing hide and seek.

Jared Nielsen, 6, Leola, Pennsylvania, likes to read the scriptures, ride his bike, learn about Jesus, and play with his friends and his little brother, Braden. He enjoys playing and watching sports.



Brinae Waid, 7, Alma, Arkansas, is home schooled by her mom. She enjoys being a Brownie Scout. She was able to attend the Oklahoma City Oklahoma Temple open house, which made her happy.

Andrew K. Lindsay, 9, Orem, Utah, likes to play football and basketball. He also likes birds, cats, and dogs. He enjoys building model planes with his dad and doing Cub Scouts with his mom.



Rebecca Schueler, 10, Cheyenne, Wyoming, likes Primary Achievement Days. She looks forward to receiving the *Friend* and likes to try the Kitchen Krafts recipes. She prepares family night lessons from the *Friend*.

Austin Hamon-Poulsen, 6, Hill Spring, Alberta, Canada, likes to build, read scriptures with his family, play on the computer, and ride his bike. He is the oldest of four boys.

Amanda Lewis, 9, Conifer, Colorado, has earned her Gospel in Action award and has memorized the Standards of Personal Worthiness. She helps her mom bake treats to share with others.

Recently baptized, **Michael Barentine**, 8, Animas, New Mexico, plays the piano and enjoys playing prelude music in Primary. He likes Cub Scouts, basketball, hockey, football, and soccer. He is a good reader.

Madelaine Mehr, 3, Statesville, North Carolina, likes reading her Book of Mormon and New Testament storybooks. She enjoys swimming, reading, and singing Primary songs.

The fourteenth of fifteen children, **Daren Lewis**, 9, Boise, Idaho, likes to play soccer and to ride his bike. He is a Cub Scout and likes pizza.



Lindsey McCall Christensen, 6, Royal City, Washington, is a good friend to everyone. She likes to visit her grandmas and grandpas, and her cousins are some of her best friends. She enjoys dancing.

Bohdy Scott Forsgren, 5, Gilbert, Arizona, has been memorizing a new scripture each month. His favorite thing to do with his family is go to the sand dunes in California and ride his dirt bike.

Ansley Coryell, 9, Lutz, Florida, likes Primary. She also likes to swim, fish, and play with her little brother. She collects porcelain dolls.

Ibuki Togami, 12, Osaka, Japan, loves his two brothers and three sisters and cheers them up if they are sad. He likes Primary, playing with friends, and making origami Book of Mormon characters.

Nicole Flake, 11, Park City, Utah, plays the piano and flute, and reads the *Friend* from cover to cover each month. She likes to snow ski, cook, and do all kinds of art. She is a wonderful big sister and a great helper.

Brock Jones, 3, San Jose, California, likes to play the computer, ride his bike, play golf with his dad, and swim. He also enjoys making his baby brother, Justin, laugh, going to Primary, and singing his favorite song.



Emily Jackson, 7, Las Vegas, Nevada, loves her big family. She is the youngest, with five big brothers and five big sisters. She also loves to read the scriptures and is eager to be baptized. She plays the violin.

Tyler George Morgan, 3, Loveland, Colorado, is ready to be a Sunbeam. He enjoys playing at the park and swimming. He knows that he wants to go on a mission when he is nineteen.

Coral Rebecca Elder, 6, Eugene, Oregon, reads many books each week with her mom and dad. She once said to her grandma, "Tell me about all the people I come from who have passed away, like Great-Grandma."

Justin Wardell, 7, Belen, Costa Rica, was happy to take his nonmember friends to the Costa Rica Temple open house. Justin enjoys attending Primary; his teacher, Sister Murillo, is helping him learn Spanish.

A super speller, **Alison Eckersell**, 8, Rigby, Idaho, won first place in her school spelling bee. She enjoys swimming, drawing, piano playing, and bike riding. She is kind to others and loves her sister and baby brother.

Joshua McLeod, 4, Dumfries, Scotland, likes to attend Primary. He especially enjoys colouring, drawing, and playing action games.

Kitchen Krafts

By Julie Wardell

Cooking and eating a meal outdoors with your family can be a lot of fun. With the help of your mom, dad, or another older person, you can cook these recipes when you are picnicking, camping, or in your backyard. The “Shish Kebab Salads,” “Fresh Strawberry Lemonade,” or “Ginger-Cookie S’mores,” would also make a fun activity as well as a delicious treat for family home evening.

Hot Dog Tacos

- 6 hot dogs**
- 6 hard taco shells**
- 1 1/2 cups grated cheddar cheese**
- 1 can (16 ounces/454 g) baked beans**
- 1 1/2 cups shredded lettuce**

1. Grill the hot dogs (or cook on roasting sticks) over medium hot coals until heated through.
2. Heat the baked beans in a saucepan over the coals.
3. Carefully place each hot dog in a taco shell, then top with cheese, baked beans, and lettuce.

Shish Kebab Salads

- 1 head of lettuce, any kind**
- 1 cucumber, peeled and sliced**
- 12 cherry tomatoes**
- 6 wooden skewers**
- salad dressing, any flavor**

1. Rinse the lettuce and pat dry. Break off 12–18 lettuce leaves. Tear each lettuce leaf into 2 or 3 pieces.
2. Thread 2–3 pieces of lettuce onto the skewer, then add a cucumber slice and a cherry tomato. Repeat this sequence, ending with 2–3 pieces of lettuce.
3. Serve the salads, then have everyone drizzle salad dressing on their salads and eat them like corn-on-the-cob.

Fresh Strawberry Lemonade

- 3 cups cold water**
- 4 cups fresh strawberries, cleaned and stems removed**
- 3/4 cup sugar**
- 3/4 cup freshly squeezed lemon juice**
- 2 cups cold club soda**

1. Place the water, strawberries, and sugar in a blender. Then cover and blend until smooth. (If you do not have a blender, mash the strawberries with a fork.)
2. Pour the ingredients into a pitcher, then stir in the lemon juice. Add the club soda just before serving.

Ginger-Cookie S’mores

For each S’more, you will need: 2 ginger cookies, 1 large marshmallow, 6–8 milk chocolate chips, and a roasting stick.

1. Have each person place a marshmallow on a roasting stick and toast it over the coals until golden.
2. Place the marshmallow on a cookie, top with chocolate chips, then cover with another cookie.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRAD TEARE





You can learn about President Brigham Young, the second President of the Church, by doing this crossword puzzle. Read the clues, then fill in the puzzle by choosing the correct answer from the list.

President Brigham Young

Crossword *By Hilary Hendricks*

- brass band**
- carpenter**
- Great Salt Lake**
- Joseph Smith**
- learning**
- Lion of the Lord**
- Nauvoo**
- Ohio**
- silk**
- temple**

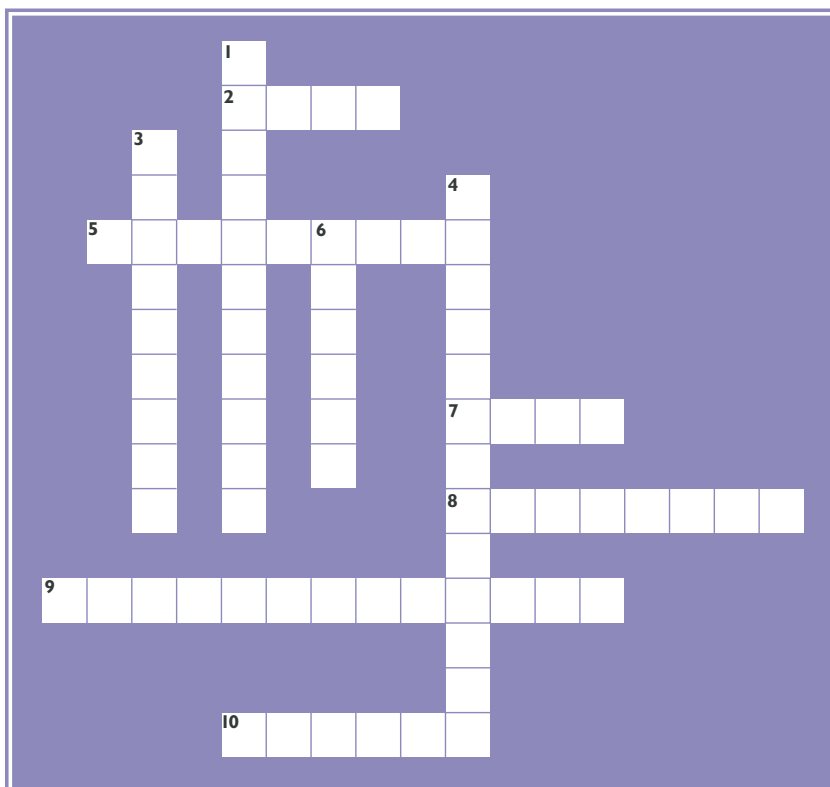
ACROSS

2. After reading the Book of Mormon and joining the Church, Brigham Young traveled to this state to meet the Prophet Joseph Smith.
5. After his mother died and his father remarried, he left home at the age of fourteen and became an apprentice _____.
7. In Utah, he hoped Church members could grow their own food and make their own clothes. He asked the Relief Society sisters to produce _____ for dresses, neckties, and hats.
8. He told Church members to set up schools in Utah to study the gospel, because he knew _____ it is very important.
9. The Saints called him the “_____” because he was so brave in defending the gospel and leading the Church.
10. One of the first things he did after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley was to set aside land for a _____.

DOWN

1. When some members of the Church wanted to stop following _____, Elder Young stayed loyal and said that they should follow the Prophet.
3. While crossing the plains, he asked the _____ from Nauvoo to lift the Saints’ spirits by playing while the other travelers danced.
4. He finally brought the Saints to a safe new home in the _____ Valley.
6. When mobs in Missouri made life dangerous for members of the Church, he helped Church members move to this city in Illinois.

(See answers on page 43.)

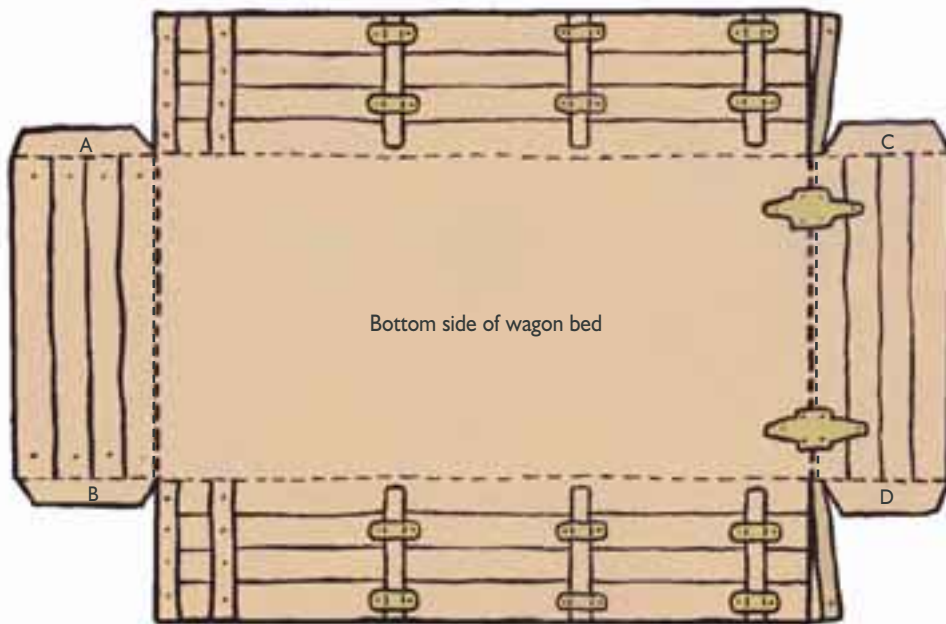


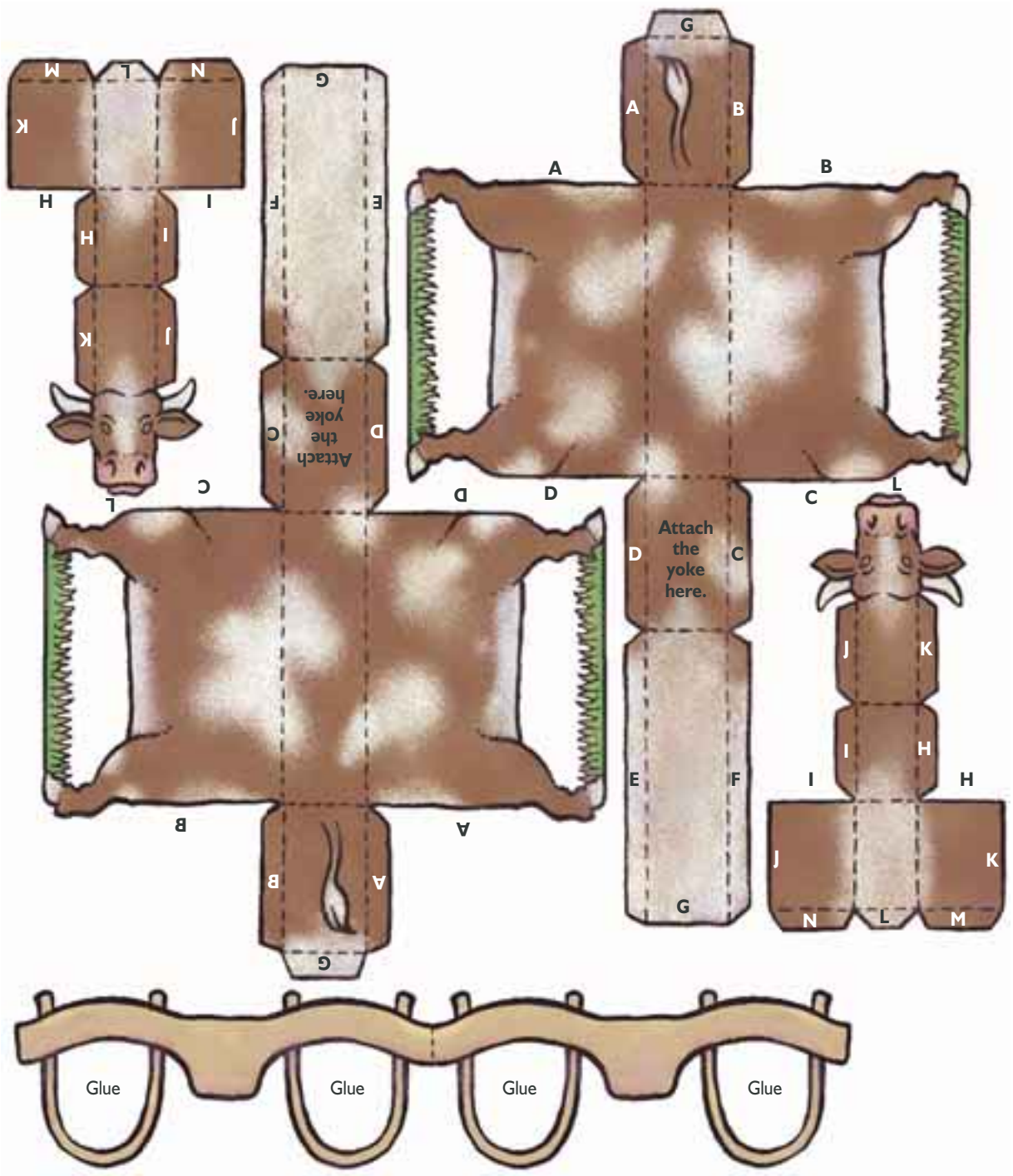


INSTRUCTIONS

Open the staples, remove pages 24 and 25, and close the staples. Glue the pages to heavy paper, then cut out the pieces on the heavy lines. Fold the wagon bed on the broken lines and glue the tabs to the wagon sides in alphabetical order. Glue the wagon cover and wheels in place (see illustration). Fold the oxen bodies and heads on the broken lines, and glue the tabs down in alphabetical order.

Fold the yoke in half and glue together. Then glue the yoke to the front of the oxen bodies. Glue the back of the heads to the yoke (see illustration).





Hidden Pictures

By Robert A. Peterson

Find the following items hidden in this picture of young Joseph Smith reading the Bible: a cupcake, a duck, an ice-cream cone, an oar, a peanut, a pear, a sailboat, a seal, a snail, a sock, a spoon, and a toothbrush.





SONG OF A PIONEER BOY

By Rebecca Todd Archibald

The bugle calls,
The bugle cries.
I know it's time
To wake my eyes.

The teams await
Their breakfast pail.
All must be fed
When we start on the trail.

The wheels turn,
The wheels squeak.
The blistering sun
Colors red my cheeks.

The dusty road
Stretches out to the sky.
We sing as we walk
To make time go by.

The wheels turn,
The wheels squeak.
I cool my warm toes
In the icy creek.

The wagons circle
For the coming night.
I build a large fire
For warmth and light.

The bugle calls,
The bugle cries.
I kneel in prayer,
Then rest my eyes.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ROBISON



Be obedient unto the things which I shall give unto [the prophet] (Doctrine and Covenants 28:3).

The October dawn was frosty as I helped load our belongings into the covered wagon. The weight I carried in my ten-year-old heart was heavier than the bundles of clothes and food under which I struggled. *It just isn't fair*, I thought. *I don't want to leave our home and my friends and travel three hundred miles to an unknown place.*

It was 1877, and our home near St. George, Utah Territory, was already one of the farthest away from Salt Lake City.

My mother called. "Mary Agnes, please make sure everything is cleared from the back porch before we leave."

As I made my way around the house, I thought back to the day six months ago when my father had returned from the dedication of the St. George Temple.

To the LAST FRONTIER

A TRUE STORY

By Sheryl Zimmerman

Mother and I had stayed home because my baby brother was very ill. One look at Father told me that something serious had happened.

Mother spoke first. "William, what is the matter?"

My strong father took her in his arms with tears streaming down his face. "We must leave our beautiful home." He could say no more.

Leave? How could we leave? After years of saving and doing without, we had finally been able to buy 260 acres of farmland and build a comfortable brick home where the ten of us could live. We had many horses, cattle, and other farm animals. We lived near my grandmother and my cousins. I was able to attend the school in town. Who would ask us to sacrifice all this?

Later, I heard my parents discussing what was happening. Families were needed to extend Church settlements and influence farther south.



ILLUSTRATED BY TAIJA MORLEY



Brigham Young had called my father to move with his family. He counseled my father to sell all that we had so that we would not be tempted to return to Utah. We were needed in Arizona.

Arizona. A place where there was very little water. Where there were great distances with nothing to see. Men had been called there by the prophet last year. Many had returned to Utah because they could not endure the hardships. Father said no greater sacrifice could be asked of him.

Mother's voice brought me back to the present. "It is hard to leave, is it not, Mary Agnes? Do you know the real reason we are moving?"

I shook my head.

"We are going to Arizona because the prophet gave that call to us. Remember what I told you about when I was your age and my family lived in Nauvoo? After the Prophet Joseph Smith was killed, there were contentions with nonmember neighbors. The Brethren told us to leave our homes and move west. There our lives would be spared, and we could worship as we pleased in peace.

"Terrible as it was to leave our home, there was nothing else to do unless we turned away from God, the Brethren, and the Church. We made the long, hard journey to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. We sacrificed again when we followed President Young's direction to leave there and settle here.

"Now we have been asked to go to Arizona. We do not *have* to go to the unsettled desert. No one is forcing us. We are not fleeing for our lives. We could make excuses to not go. This time the struggle to obey comes from within."

Mother hugged me to her as she continued. "In the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord said that when we receive a commandment 'whether by

mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same.'"

"Our prophet has spoken to us. I know he speaks for God. Your father and I decided long ago that we would follow the counsel of the prophet, no matter what the sacrifice."

The Spirit warmed me as I listened to Mother's testimony. I gained strength to face the uncertainties ahead.



As I climbed in the loaded wagon, I took one last look at our home, then turned to face the trail to Arizona. I realized that I, too, had a testimony of God's representative on earth. Like my parents, I would follow the prophet, even to the last frontier.

***Doctrine and Covenants 1:38.**



We have been promised that the President of the Church, as the revelator for the Church, will receive guidance for all of us. Our safety lies in paying heed to that which he says and following his counsel.

President James E. Faust
(*Ensign*, August 1996, page 6).



FOR LITTLE FRIENDS

*Call the sabbath a delight
(Isaiah 58:13).*



A DAY FOR JESUS



By Joy Rodriguez

Mom has always told me that Sundays are special days. They did not seem special to me, though. I didn't get to play with my friends or have fun at the park. I thought Sundays were boring. Mom said that Jesus asked us to give Him just one day of the week for His very own. She said that there were many things that I could do to give Jesus His one day.

One Sunday when I was feeling especially restless, I decided I would try to give Jesus more of the day. I remembered that Grandma and Grandpa wanted me to send them a letter, so I sat down and colored a picture of Jesus for them. I put it in an envelope and got it all ready to mail. It made me feel good inside to think about how happy Grandma and Grandpa would be when they got my picture.



Each Sunday after that, I found things that I could do to give Jesus His one day. Every time I do something special for His day, I feel good inside. Now I believe my mom. Sunday is a special day. It's true that I don't play with my friends or have fun at the park. I have a different kind of fun—the kind you feel inside your heart when you've given Jesus the one day of the week that He's asked for: the Sabbath Day.



The next Sunday when I found myself with nothing to do, I decided to give Jesus more of that day, too. I looked at my *Friend* magazines and found some pictures of Him that I liked. I showed them to my dad, and he read me a story. It made me feel good inside to spend some quiet time like that with my dad.





FOR LITTLE FRIENDS

Joseph Smith Finger Scenes

The true Church of Jesus Christ was restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith. In family home evening, you can teach some of the important events of the Restoration using your own ten fingers.

By Jennifer Hughes

Glue page 33 onto heavy paper and let it dry. Then cut out the scenes and glue the ends of each tab together to make finger rings (see illustration). Let the glue dry. Be sure to make the thumb rings large enough.



Just before your presentation, slide the scenes onto your fingers (see illustration) in the order of the story, starting with your left thumb and ending with your right thumb. During your presentation, hold your hands in front of you with your fingers (and restoration scenes) bent toward you. Raise each finger, beginning with your left thumb, as you tell that part of the Restoration story. You can tell the story in your own words, or one of your parents can be ready to read parts of the scriptures listed for each scene.

If you like, use a brother or sister's hand to help you tell the story. Either way, you'll be giving your family a hand in understanding the vital mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.





Left thumb



Left index finger



Left middle finger



Left ring finger



Left little finger



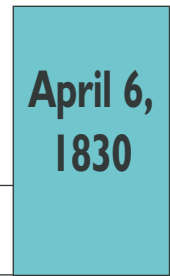
Right little finger



Right ring finger



Right middle finger



Right index finger



Right thumb

Scenes *(In order starting with the left thumb and ending with the right thumb.)*

Left thumb: Joseph Smith—History 1:11–12

Left index finger: Joseph Smith—History 1:13–15

Left middle finger: Joseph Smith—History 1:16–20

Left ring finger: Joseph Smith—History 1:29–35, 42

Left little finger: Joseph Smith—History 1:51–54, 59–60

Right little finger: Joseph Smith—History 1:66–67

Right ring finger: Joseph Smith—History 1:68–72

Right middle finger: Doctrine and Covenants 27:12–13;

Explanatory Introduction

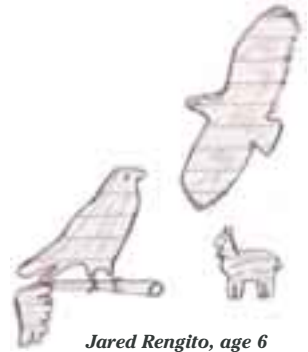
Right index finger: Doctrine and Covenants 20:1

Right thumb: Doctrine and Covenants 138:47–48

Our Creative Friends

My Father knows your thoughts
and all of your desire.
He knows everyone and everything,
the cheater and the liar.
There is nothing He doesn't know,
nothing He doesn't see.
The thing that I know most
is that He loves you and me."

Brad Stoker, age 11
Clinton, Utah



Jared Rengito, age 6
Quito, Ecuador

What Do My Friend Animals Do?

When I go downstairs,
I wonder what happens to my bears
And my other friend animals, too—
I wonder what they do?

They read my books,
They hang on hooks,
They shine my shoes,
They watch the news,
And soon they miss
My loving kiss.

But when I come upstairs
at night,
They scurry to their places
And hear me snoring 'til it's
light,

With smiles upon their faces.
Kristen Orient, age 9
Boise, Idaho



Paul Woodbury, age 10
Parker, Colorado

When I Wake Up

When I wake up,
I see the sun shining through my window.
I hear the birds flapping to see the sun at sunrise.
I hear the squirrels chirping as they crawl by.
I see the chipmunks hopping as they chatter by.
I see the heavens opening as they fly by.

Amy Erica Smith, age 7
Rome, Georgia

One Wish

If you had one wish, what would it be?
Would you wish for a monkey that lived in a tree?
Or how about a life's supply
of tasty candy?



Jennifer Boyle, age 11
La Quinta, California



Bentley Baines, age 4
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

The Savior

He died for us. He loves us all.
He suffered great pain;
With a crown of thorns on His head
And a spear wound in His side,
He died on the cross
With nails in His hands and feet.

He is my Savior,
And I love Him dearly.
When I take the sacrament,
I remember that He died for me.
Rosanna Russell, age 9
Philomath, Oregon



Gabi Hinrichsen, age 11
Sandy, Utah

Tree Breeze

Wind
Rustling
Through the trees.
A warm summer
Breeze.

Kristin De Palma, age 11
Ashburn, Virginia



Holly Gibson, age 4
Terre Haute, Indiana

The Father Knows

Sitting on the judgment seat
on the final day,
Jesus Christ, the Savior,
will rise right up and say:
"You were faithful servants,
and you did things right.
But nothing that you did
escaped My Father's sight.
Before the world was made,
it was void and without art.
While up here in heaven,
My Father saw through Satan's heart.
A little while later
when the world at first began,
Satan tempted Cain,
but My Father saw through it again.



Aubree Teneal Rydaltch, age 11
Eagle River, Alaska

Kristina Murri, age 8
Coppell, Texas



Or maybe you'd like three billion dollars to buy
A red, blue, yellow, and green parrot that can't lie?

Or perhaps if you are very kind, you'd stop the slavery
And feed the poor mashed potatoes and gravy.
Maybe you would wish to rule the world. . . .
Or maybe you want to be pretty with your hair up in curls. . . .
Or you might want to have a house of your own
And have lots of chocolate ice-cream cones.

Whatever you wish, make your wish wise,
And remember you might want to think of
other people's lives.

*Brayden Sloan, age 10
Polson, Montana*



*Ariel Hanson, age 8
Lancaster, Ohio*



*Natalie Stokes, age 10
Eagle, Idaho*



*Bryce Caten, age 5
McMinnville, Tennessee*



*Tanner Gagnon, age 5
Park City, Utah*



*Luke Turvey, age 9
Somerset, England*



*Zachary Alfred, age 6
Brisbane, Australia*

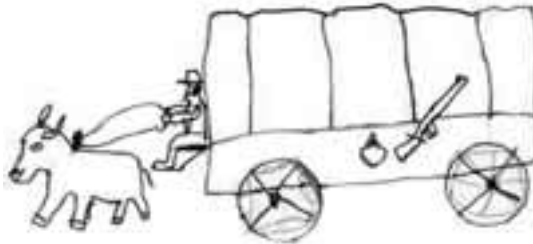


*Kevin Pett, age 7
Suwanee, Georgia*

Family

We are a family.
Peter is our loving dad.
Rebecca is our caring mom.
Heidi is our singing sister.
Daniel is our baptized boy.
Spencer is our preschooling brother.
Anna is our banana-eating girl.
Sophia is our snugly cat.

Who are we all?
We are a loving family.
*Heidi Burnett, age 10
Colorado Springs, Colorado*



*Hyrum Byers, age 9
Rangely, Colorado*



*Holly Heninger, age 4
Higley, Arizona*

Flowers

Beautiful flowers,
Red, orange, violet, and blue,
Their green stems swaying.
*Michelle Stay, age 11
Houston, Texas*



*Sandy Magnussen, age 9
Lakeland, Florida*



*Zackary Wilborn, age 7
Burlington, North Carolina*

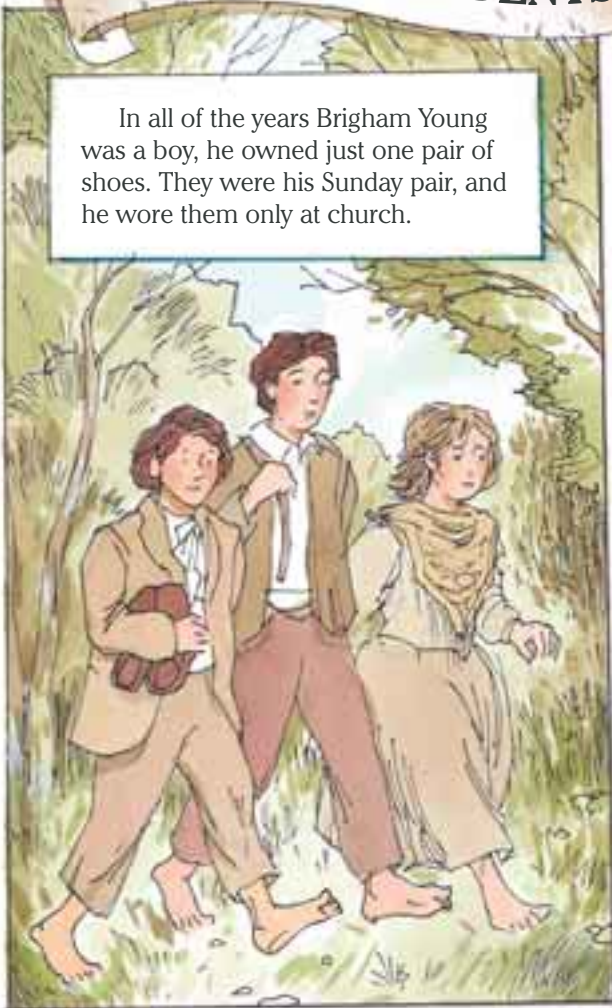


*Brittyn Dauk, age 3
Sedgewick, Maine*

FROM THE LIVES OF THE CHURCH PRESIDENTS

Brigham Young Leads Bravely

In all of the years Brigham Young was a boy, he owned just one pair of shoes. They were his Sunday pair, and he wore them only at church.



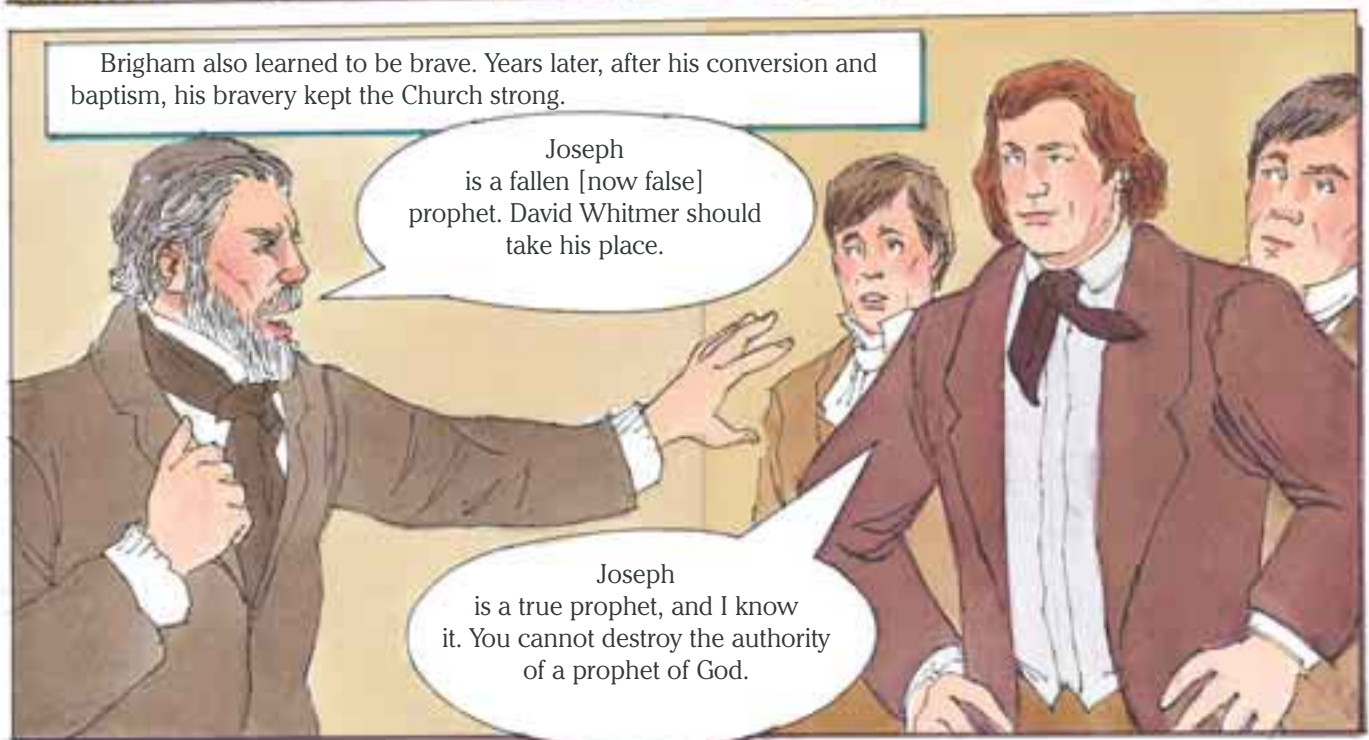
Brigham had ten brothers and sisters, and their father saw that each child learned to work hard. His mother was extremely ill, and she died when Brigham was still a young boy. Because the family was very poor, the Young children often did not have enough to eat.



Brigham, I'm so hungry my stomach aches.

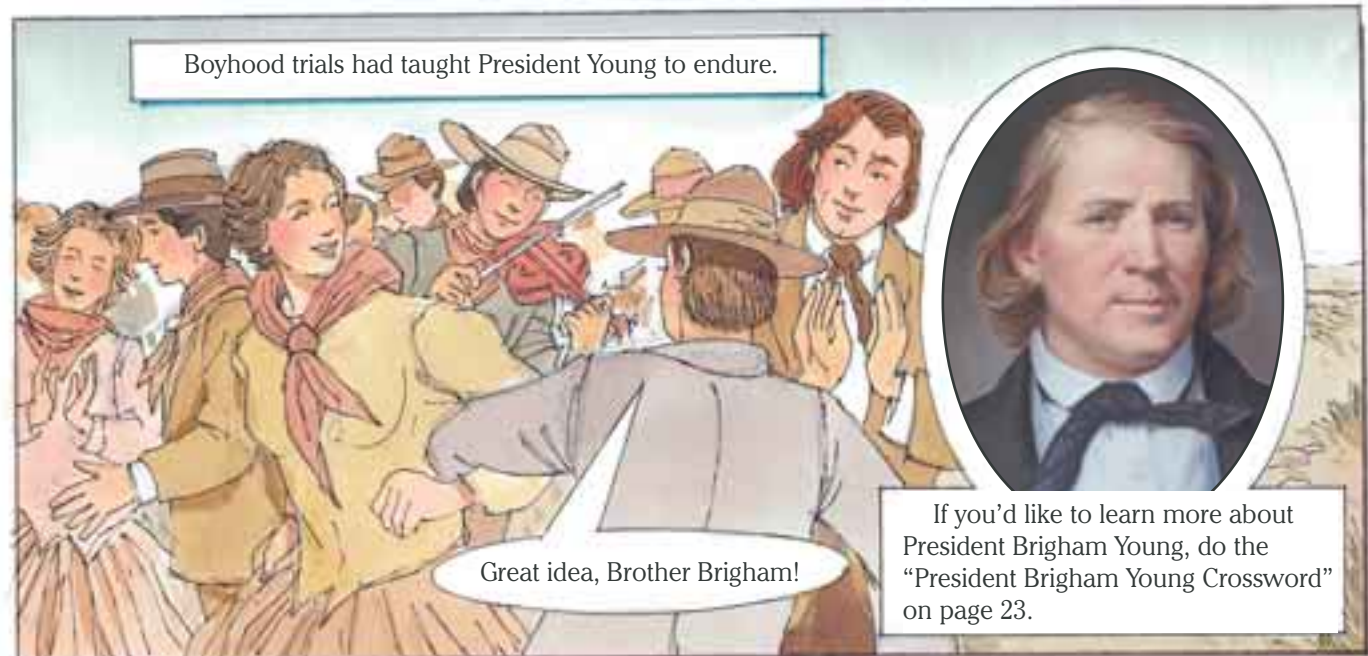
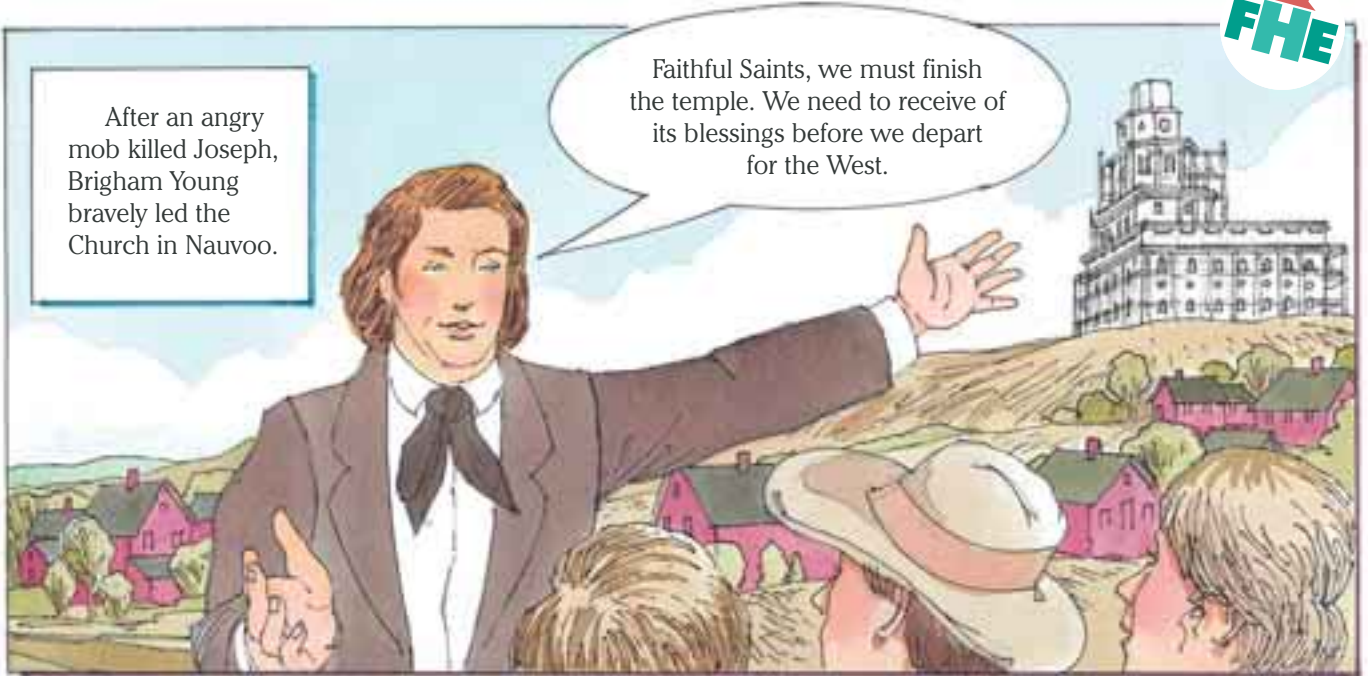
I know, Lorenzo. But we have to finish this stack of wood, or we'll be cold as well as hungry.

Brigham also learned to be brave. Years later, after his conversion and baptism, his bravery kept the Church strong.



Joseph is a fallen [now false] prophet. David Whitmer should take his place.

Joseph is a true prophet, and I know it. You cannot destroy the authority of a prophet of God.





And blessed are all the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God (3 Nephi 12:9).



Being a Peacemaker

By Kiera Cook

One Sunday, on the way out of church, my four-year-old brother, Westley, gave me a piece of gum he had been given. In return, I gave him a chocolate candy I had. When my six-year-old brother, Courtland, found out, he was very sad. He said no one ever gave him treats at church.

Westley asked if I would sit by him in the car. On the way home, I asked about his lesson. He said that it was about being a peacemaker. “What’s a peacemaker?” I asked, trying to get him to tell me about his lesson. He told me a story example of a peacemaker. He was quiet for a minute. Then he said, “Kiera, I don’t really want your candy.”

Surprised, I asked, “Why not?”

“I mean, I do want it, but is it OK if I give it to Courtland?”

“Sure. Do you want your piece of gum back?”

“No. You can have it.”

“OK.” I tapped Courtland on the back. “Westley said you could have the candy.” I handed it to him.

He said, “Thanks,” and ate it. We were all smiling.

I’m grateful to have such good examples for brothers. I know that if a four-year-old child can be a peacemaker, I can, too. From now on, I’m going to be a peacemaker in my home.

*Kiera Cook, age 9, with her brothers, Westley and Courtland
Mountain View Ward
Spanish Fork Utah Stake*



*Pray always, and be believing
(Doctrine and Covenants 90:24).*

Prayer and Faith Go Hand in Hand

By Brad Stoker

My sister had to give an important talk in seminary. She spent two hours working on it on the computer. Then she started working on something else on the computer. When she went back to print out the talk, it had been deleted from the computer. This happened at 10:00 P.M., and I was in bed asleep. She and Mom woke up my older brother and asked for his help. They even called Dad, who was in North Carolina for the week. Neither my brother nor Dad could help get the talk back. They all went to bed upset and discouraged.

In the morning, Mom told me about the talk being deleted. I asked, “Did you pray about it?” Mom said that they hadn’t done that. When I went upstairs to get ready for school, a part of a scripture, Moroni 10:4, came to my mind: “. . . if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ. . . .” I thought, *Well, I think I have a sincere heart, and I really want my sister to have her talk back, and I have faith in Christ.* So I decided to pray as the scripture told me.

When I came home from school, Mom met me at the door and told me that when she got on the computer to work on her Scout committee records, the talk came up on the screen. She printed it out immediately for my sister, who did a good job when she gave the talk. We all learned from that experience how important it is to have faith and to pray and ask Heavenly Father in the name of Jesus Christ for *all* the things that we need help with.

*Brad Stoker, age 11
Clinton Thirteenth Ward
Clinton Utah Stake*



What does the Father ask of us? . . . Live like his Son, help others on their way. (Children's Songbook, page 35.)

Patrol

To be a patrol at Hailey's school, you must be responsible and be on the honor roll "lots of

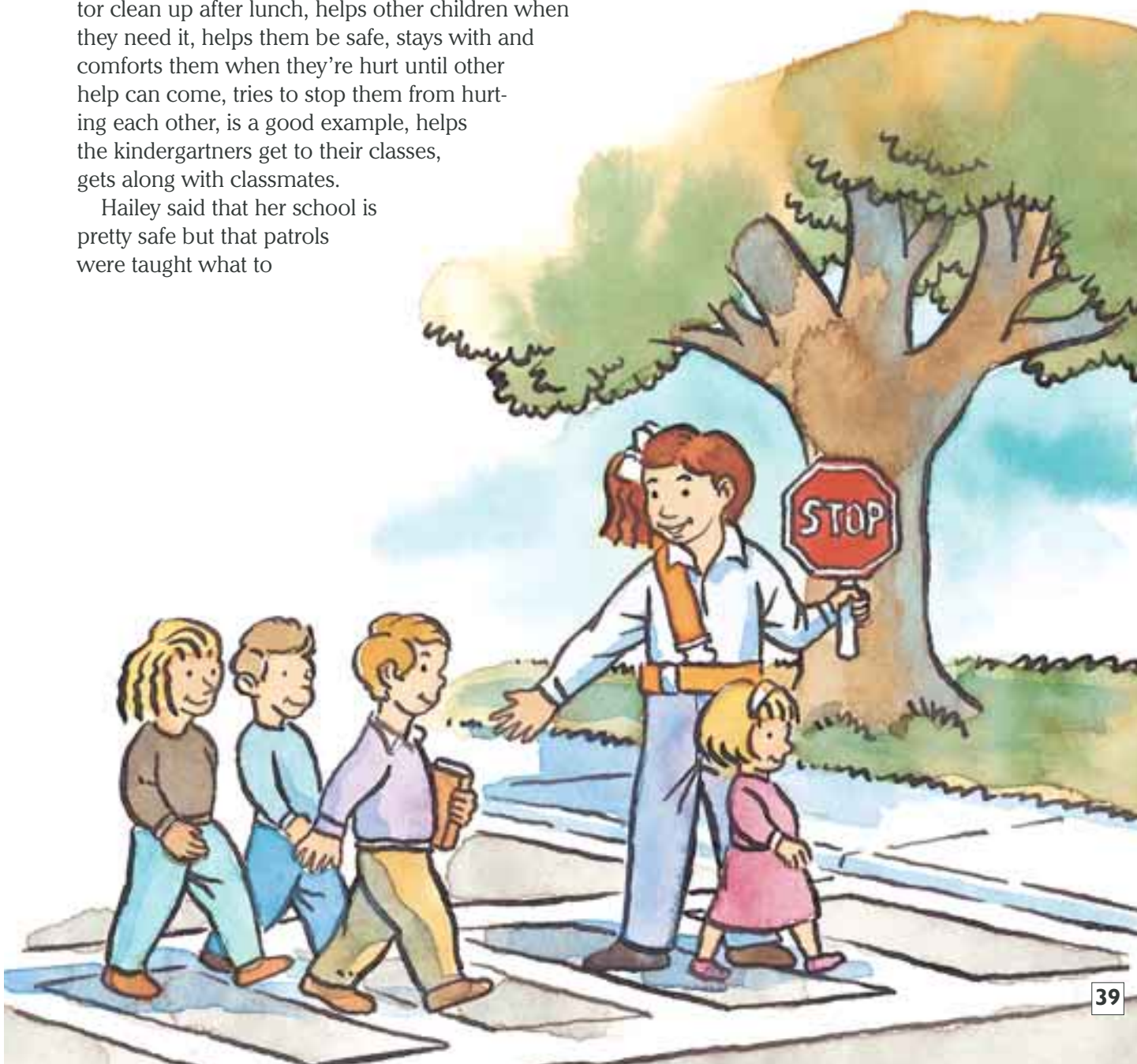
times." A patrol does many things—helps the janitor clean up after lunch, helps other children when they need it, helps them be safe, stays with and comforts them when they're hurt until other help can come, tries to stop them from hurting each other, is a good example, helps the kindergartners get to their classes, gets along with classmates.

Hailey said that her school is pretty safe but that patrols were taught what to

do in unsafe situations. She said that she felt *very* good when she helped other people. When asked if she felt like she was trying to be like Jesus Christ when she was a patrol, she said, "Uh-huh, because the Savior would help someone, even if it was an enemy, and try to make him feel better. And He was an example to other people who didn't believe that He was the Savior, and He healed people, like if they were blind."

Hailey Bridge, age 10

*Chicago Heights (Illinois) Ward
Valparaiso Indiana Stake*



The prayers of the faithful shall be heard (2 Nephi 26:15).

BASED ON A TRUE INCIDENT FROM A FAMILY HISTORY

By Jane McBride Choate

Lucy, I'm tired," four-year-old Eliza complained. "I want to go home." Home was a covered wagon in a wagon train bound for Utah.

"As soon as we fill our baskets, we'll head back," Lucy promised. She glanced at her brother to find him eating the berries as soon as he picked them. "Hyrum, stop eating those, or we'll never finish!"

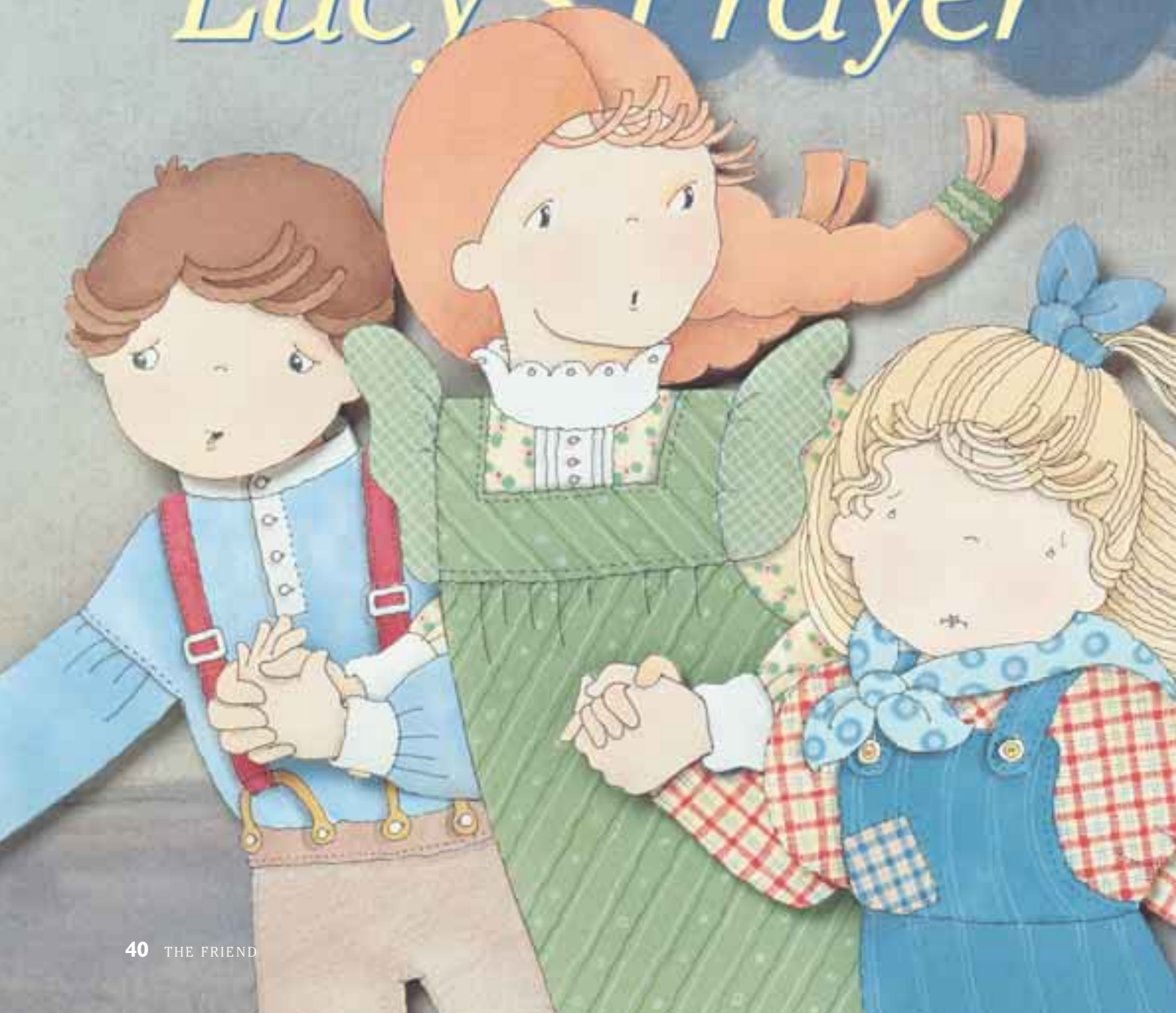
"Aw, Lucy, I just ate a few."

His purple-stained teeth made her smile. At almost eight years old, he was only two years younger than herself. "If you eat all the berries you pick, we won't have enough for pies!" she declared.

His and Eliza's faces lit up at the mention of pies.

There hadn't been much to smile about since Papa had died two years ago. When the Saints had prepared to leave Nauvoo, some people had tried to discourage Mama from joining them, claiming a widow with small children would only slow the others down.

Lucy's Prayer



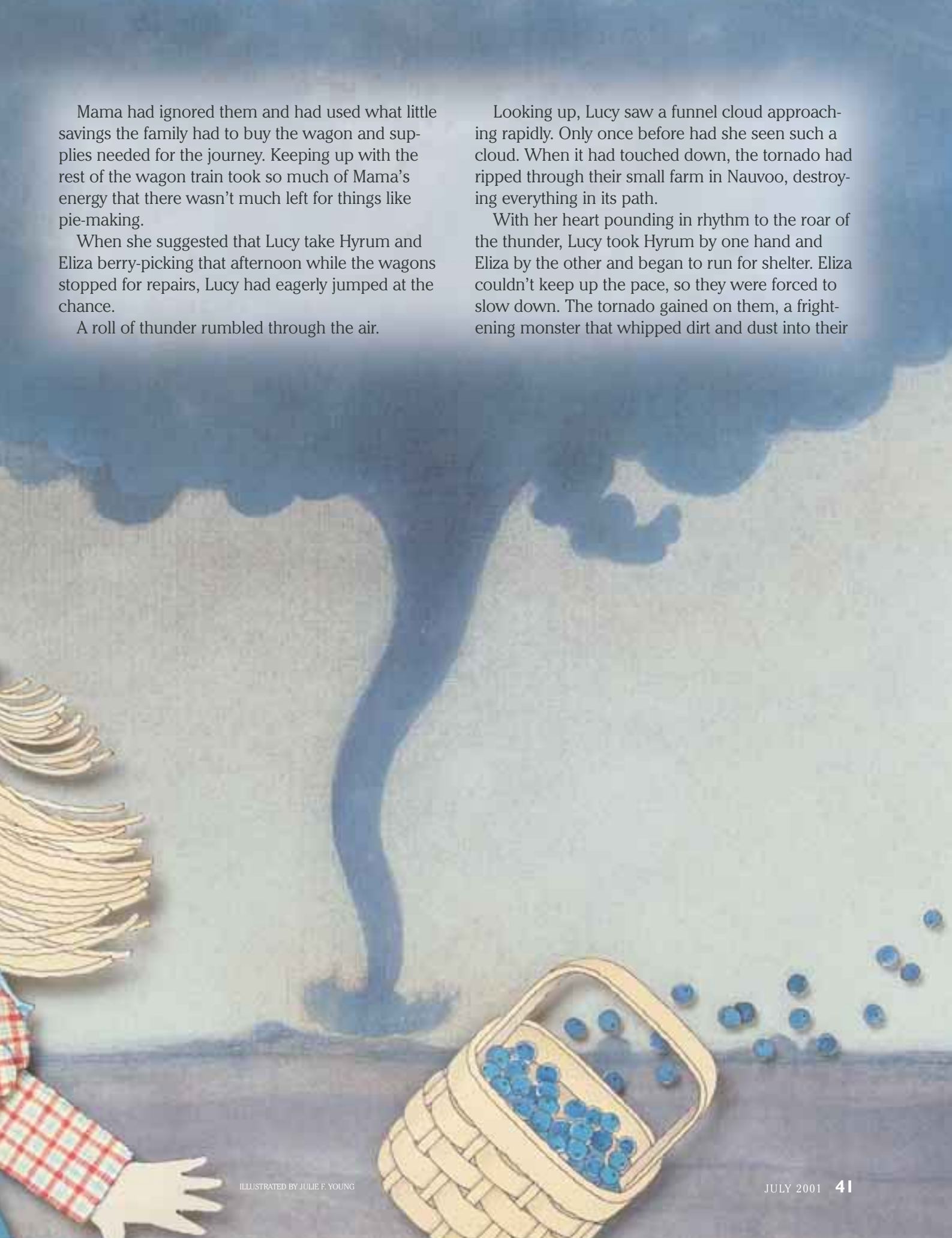
Mama had ignored them and had used what little savings the family had to buy the wagon and supplies needed for the journey. Keeping up with the rest of the wagon train took so much of Mama's energy that there wasn't much left for things like pie-making.

When she suggested that Lucy take Hyrum and Eliza berry-picking that afternoon while the wagons stopped for repairs, Lucy had eagerly jumped at the chance.

A roll of thunder rumbled through the air.

Looking up, Lucy saw a funnel cloud approaching rapidly. Only once before had she seen such a cloud. When it had touched down, the tornado had ripped through their small farm in Nauvoo, destroying everything in its path.

With her heart pounding in rhythm to the roar of the thunder, Lucy took Hyrum by one hand and Eliza by the other and began to run for shelter. Eliza couldn't keep up the pace, so they were forced to slow down. The tornado gained on them, a frightening monster that whipped dirt and dust into their



faces and spewed up rocks around them.

“Don’t worry—Heavenly Father will protect us,” Lucy shouted over the roar to her brother and sister. “He won’t let anything happen to us.” She repeated the words over and over, partly to reassure them and partly as a prayer for help.

The words uttered by her father at the time of her baptism suddenly sounded in her mind. *“Know that the Lord loves you. You are a choice daughter of God. Pray always. Look to Him for guidance. He will not desert you in your hour of need.”*

There was no time, no place to stop and pray. But Lucy prayed as hard in her heart as she’d ever prayed on her knees, all the while holding onto Eliza and Hyrum. *Please, dear Lord, let me know what to do. I need Thy help. We all do!*

They stumbled their way through the blinding gusts of dirt. Eliza began to cry as Lucy tugged on her hand. “We have to keep going,” Lucy said, urging her little sister forward. “We can’t stop. Not here.” Not when the wagon train was still a distance away.

And then the voice came. She heard it as clearly as she heard the howl of the wind.

Lie down in the gulch.

Lucy shook her head, sure she must have misunderstood. *Lie down here, with nothing but a shallow gulch for shelter?* she wondered. She looked at her brother and sister, surprised that they hadn’t heard it as well.

The storm is sweeping up everything in its path. We have to keep going, she decided. She started to pick up Eliza to carry her when the voice came again.

Lie down. Now!

Lucy couldn’t dismiss the voice this time. It wasn’t loud but held a quiet authority that wouldn’t be ignored. She pushed Hyrum and

Eliza down and covered them with her own body. The ground seemed to tremble beneath them as the storm raged overhead.

Please, Heavenly Father, Lucy prayed silently. *Protect us from the tornado.* The words gave her strength even as the wind howled around them.

The voice came once more. *Do not fear. I am here.*

A sweet calm settled over her. Hyrum and Eliza quieted as Lucy whispered soothing words to them, promising that everything would be all right.

When the tornado had passed, they got to their feet again

and started toward the camp once more.

When they arrived at the camp, Mama fussed over them, crying and laughing at the same time. When she had assured herself that they were all right, she fell to her knees and offered a prayer of thanksgiving.

After Mama’s prayer, Lucy shared her startling experience with Mama and Hyrum and Eliza as the four of them gratefully clung together.





Sacrament

By Charlotte G. Lindstrom

Find these words about the sacrament by reading forward, backward, down, up, and diagonally. All the words have at least one letter that is not used in any other word. After you find all the words, write the unused letters (reading from left to right and top to bottom) on the blanks below to find a scripture about the sacrament.

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

- Always
- Ask
- Baptism
- Bless
- Body
- Bread
- Commandments
- Covenant
- Drink
- Eat
- Eternal
- Father
- Hymn
- Keep
- Name
- Partake
- Prayer
- Remember
- Reverence
- Spirit
- Water
- Witness

“ _____

 _____ : _____

 _____”

PAINTING BY ROBERT T. BARRETT



Now, now—don't cry. Things will get better.

President Brigham Young Crossword: Across—(2) Ohio, (5) carpenter, (7) silk, (8) learning, (9) Lion of the Lord, (10) temple. Down—(1) Joseph Smith, (3) brass band, (4) Great Salt Lake, (6) Nauvoo.

Sacrament: "This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me" (Luke 22:19).

Funstuf Answers

And I have sent forth the fulness of my gospel by the hand of my servant Joseph (Doctrine and Covenants 35:17).

Since the time of Adam, people have turned away from the gospel. They have turned away no matter how long and hard the prophets tried to teach them of the love of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ and of Their desire for us to live with Them and enjoy all that They have for eternity.

Each period of time when there has been at least one prophet on the earth is called a “dispensation.”* The prophets of each dispensation have had the power and authority of God, known as the

John the Baptist ordained them “in the name of Messiah.” He told them that this priesthood held the “keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins.” He also said that it would “never be taken again from the earth.” He explained that he acted under the direction of the ancient Apostles Peter, James, and John and that they would soon come to ordain Joseph and Oliver to the Melchizedek Priesthood.†

The **POWER** and **AUTHORITY** of **GOD**



priesthood, to help them testify of Jesus Christ and His gospel and perform the ordinances necessary for people to return to Him and Heavenly Father.

The first of these important ordinances is baptism. In our dispensation, known as the final dispensation, or the dispensation of the fulness of times, the Prophet Joseph Smith learned about the priesthood when he was translating the Book of Mormon.

In May 1829, he and Oliver Cowdery, who was writing down what the Prophet translated, wanted to learn about baptism for the remission of sins, mentioned on the gold plates. They went into a woods and prayed about it.

While they were praying, John the Baptist came to them and ordained them to the Priesthood of Aaron (the Aaronic Priesthood). He told them to baptize each other, then to ordain each other to the Aaronic Priesthood.

Later that spring, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood, the priesthood that the Savior holds. Then, on April 3, 1836, after partaking of the sacrament on the Sabbath, Joseph and Oliver were visited by Moses, Elias, and Elijah, who conferred upon (gave) them more priesthood keys pertaining to the kingdom of God on earth.‡

Since the Prophet Joseph, each Church President has held all the priesthood keys for the ordinances that people need to return to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ. These keys are delegated to worthy priesthood holders to perform needed ordinances, such as baptism and the conferring of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

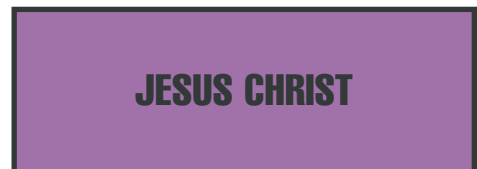
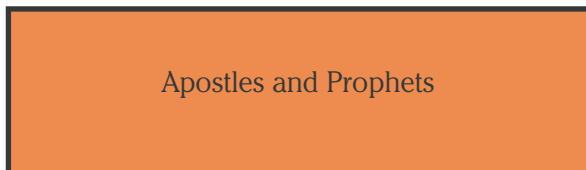
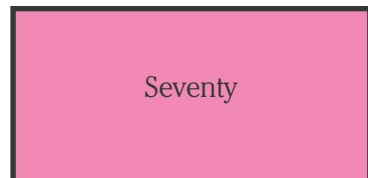
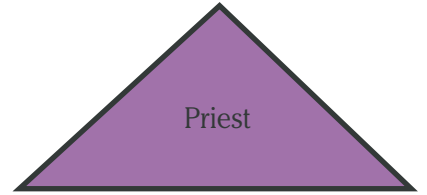
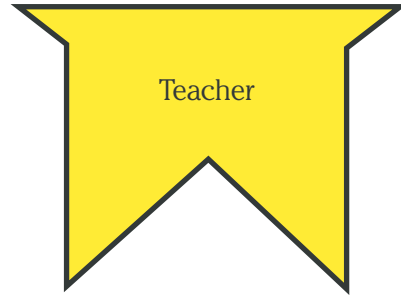
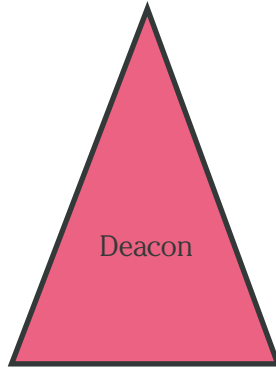
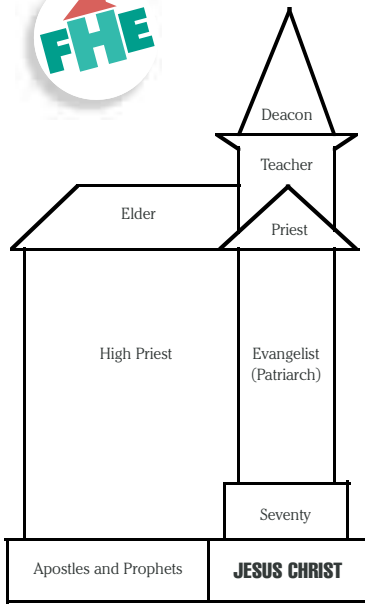
*See Bible Dictionary—“Dispensations,” page 657.

†See Joseph Smith—History 1:68–72.

‡See Doctrine and Covenants 27:12; 110:heading, 11–16; 128:20.

Poster Article Activity: The Priesthood of God

Remove page 45 from the magazine and mount it on lightweight cardboard. Cut out the puzzle pieces. Assemble the puzzle, and you will discover that the organization and priesthood of the Church can be compared to a building. Jesus Christ is the cornerstone, and the Apostles and prophets are the foundation. (See Articles of Faith 1:6.)



A Different Kind of PIONEER

Children today can be pioneers too, . . . Walking our pathway with heaven in view (Children's Songbook, page 215).

FICTION

By Heather Christensen

Cody stared at the blank piece of paper in front of him. *It's no use*, he thought disgustedly. *I'm never going to come up with anything, even if I sit here all day.* While he sat worrying about his problem, there was a knock on his bedroom door. "Come in," he said.

It walked Jason, his next-door neighbor and the best friend in the whole world. He was carrying a dirty orange basketball. "Come on—let's go shoot some hoops."

"I can't," Cody answered. "I have to finish my Primary talk."

"You're still working on that? Don't you have to give it tomorrow?"

Cody nodded as Jason sat next to him on the bed. "What's it supposed to be on, anyway?"

Cody frowned. "That's the problem," he said. "Sister Hansen said she wants me to talk about 'My Pioneer Ancestors.' I told her I don't have any pioneer ancestors because my parents are both converts. She just smiled and said, 'As members of the Church we all have pioneer ancestors, Cody.'"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jason asked.

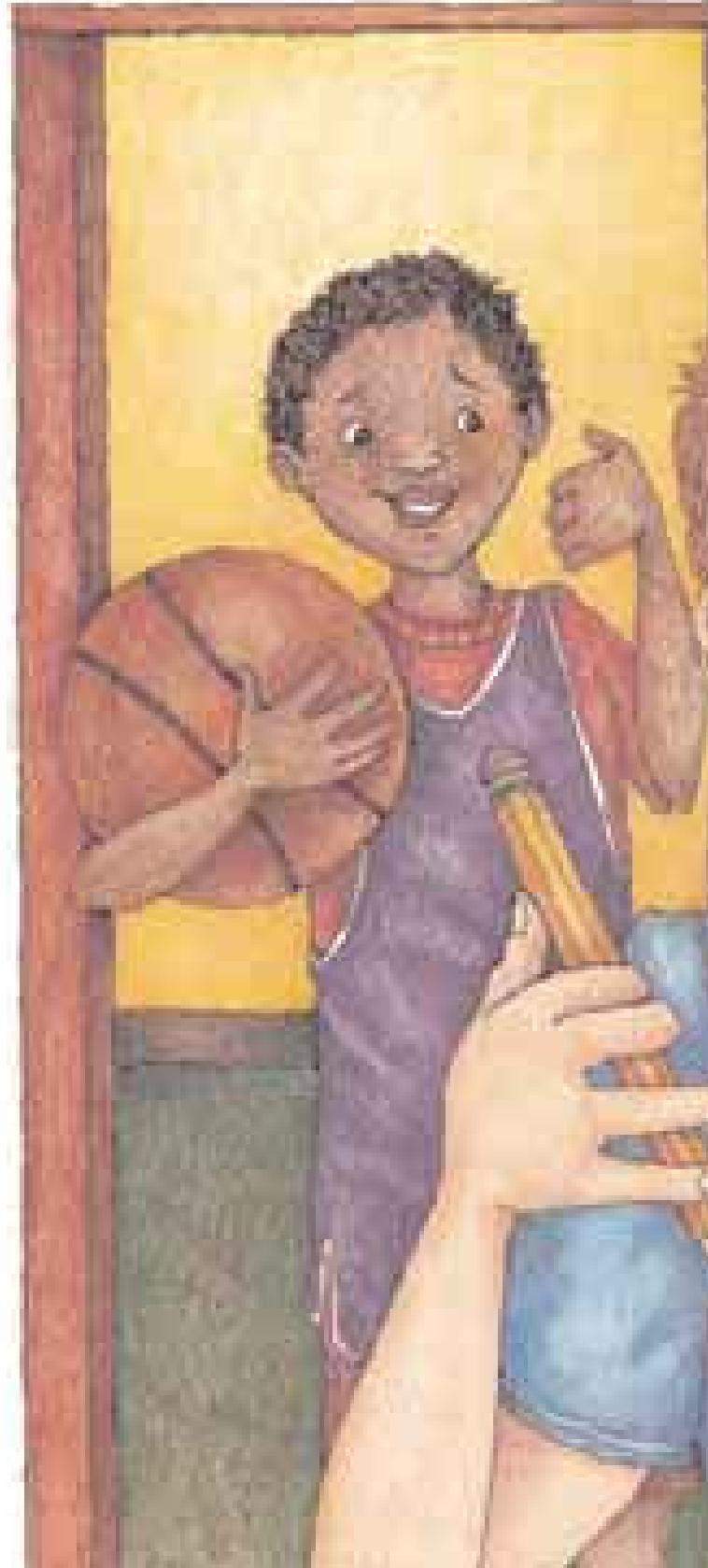
"Beats me. I'm probably the only kid in the whole Primary who doesn't have at least one ancestor who pulled a handcart across Wyoming."

"Why don't you just read a story about some pioneer?" Jason asked.

"Because after she told me that business about everyone having pioneer ancestors, she told me that she didn't want me to read some old story out of a magazine or something."

"Boy, she really knows how to make it tough," Jason sympathized. "I know! Why don't you borrow one of my pioneer ancestors."

"Great idea!" Cody slapped Jason on the back. Then he slumped down again. "Wait a minute," he said, "that won't work. Your mom teaches the CTRs. She'll know what I'm doing."





“Oh. Right. Are you positive you don’t have any pioneer ancestors? Not all the descendants of some of my pioneer ancestors stayed in the Church. Maybe one of your ancestors joined the Church, crossed the plains, then left Utah.”

Cody’s face brightened. “Maybe so. I never thought of that. Let’s go downstairs and see if anyone knows.”

Cody’s sister, Karyn, was just coming in the front door when they got downstairs. “Karyn,” Cody asked, “Do you know if we have any pioneer ancestors?”

“What kind of pioneer?” she asked, as she hung up her coat in the hall closet.

“What do you mean?” Cody asked. “How many kinds of pioneers are there?”

Karyn smiled. “Oh there are lots of kinds. My history teacher told us that a pioneer is anyone who prepares the way for others to follow.” The boys looked confused, so she explained further. “Like how the pilgrims prepared the way for others to come to America. Or how early doctors paved the way for better medicine.”

“How about Christopher Columbus?” Cody asked. “Wasn’t he a pioneer for other explorers?”

“Sure,” Karyn said, smiling. “That’s another good example.”

“I thought pioneers were only the people who pulled handcarts across the plains,” Jason said.

“Well, they were pioneers, too,” Karyn said.

“Because of their great sacrifices, the Church grew strong. For many of them, the decision to join the Church affected their families for generations. That’s what made them such great pioneers.”

Cody thought for a minute about Karyn’s definition of pioneers. He was pretty sure that none of the other kids in Primary had thought of pioneers like that before. Suddenly he had a terrific idea for his talk.

“Thanks, Sis. I know exactly what I’m going to give my talk on now.”

Jason looked at him in surprise. “You do? What?”

Cody grinned. “You’ll have to wait until tomorrow to find out.”

The next day in Primary, Cody sat in the front of the room, watching everyone else. He saw Jason sitting with the rest of his class. They were all being more reverent than Cody had ever imagined they could be. Jason must have told them all about Cody's mysterious talk, and they were all anxious to hear it. Then he saw his mom, dad, and sister come in and sit in the back and smile at him.

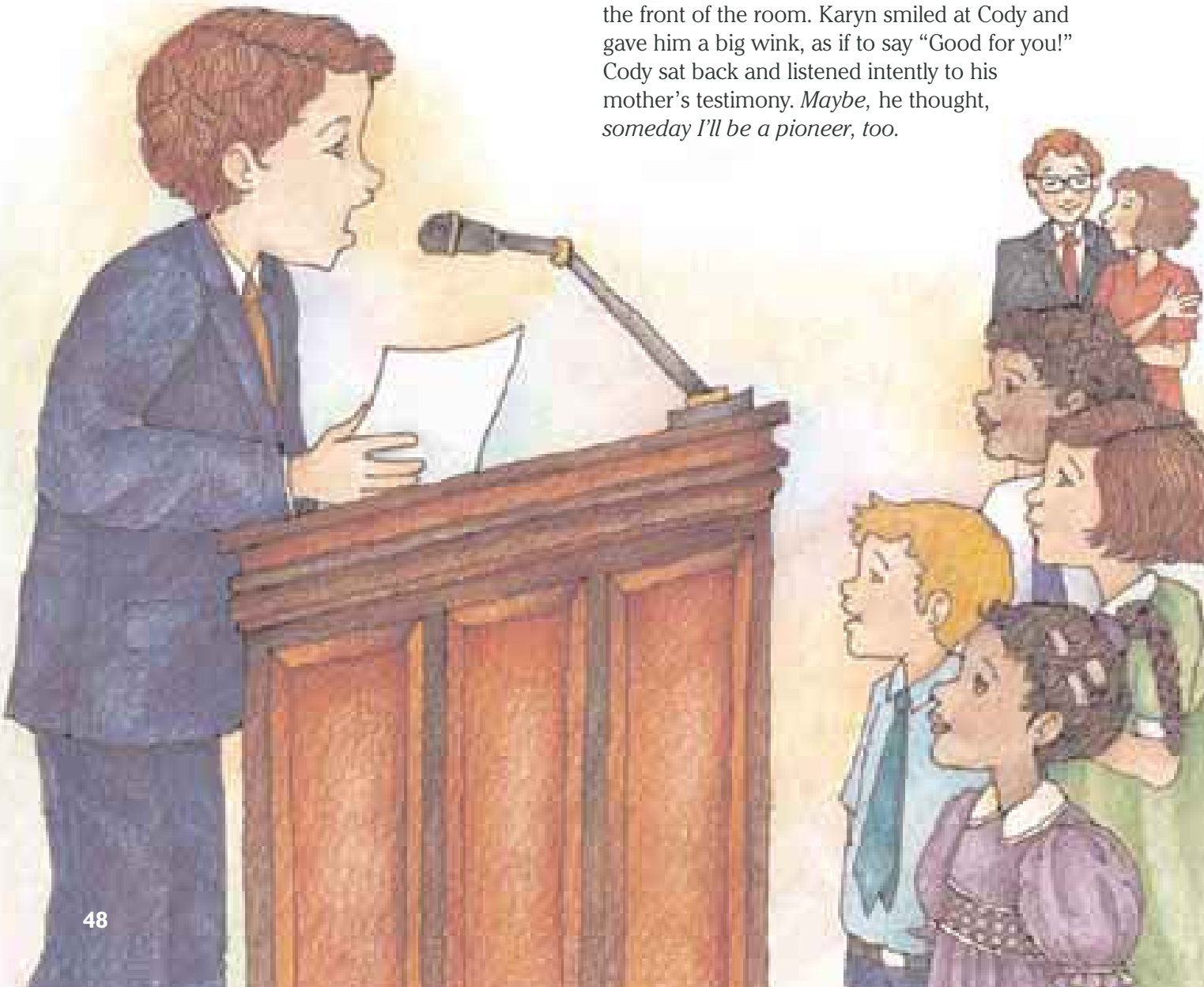
Soon Primary began. After everyone sang the birthday song, it was time for his talk. He slowly walked to the pulpit.

"For my talk, I decided to bring along a couple of real pioneers," he said. Jason stared at Cody. The rest of the children were craning their

necks, looking for pioneers. Even some of the teachers were searching for something out of the ordinary.

"These pioneers didn't cross the ocean, or pull a handcart across the plains, or even freeze any toes or fingers. But they did suffer a lot as the first ones in their families to join the Church. Their friends and family tried to discourage them from joining. They had to change their lives. And when they were married in the temple, no one in their families could be there. I think they are as much pioneers as anyone who crossed the plains to Utah. In fact, without their pioneering spirits, I wouldn't be standing here today. Mom, Dad, could you please come up and share your pioneer testimonies with us?"

Cody watched his mom and dad walk up to the front of the room. Karyn smiled at Cody and gave him a big wink, as if to say "Good for you!" Cody sat back and listened intently to his mother's testimony. *Maybe, he thought, someday I'll be a pioneer, too.*



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 July is: The true Church of Jesus Christ was restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith.



FAMILY HOME EVENING IDEAS

If your parents ask you to help plan a family home evening, you may want to use an idea from the *Friend*. Here are some ideas in this issue that you may like (look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned):

1. Tell the story “Farewell, Nauvoo” (pages 4–7). Talk about some of the sacrifices you are asked to make today for the gospel. Resolve to be stalwart pioneers!

2. Read “The Important Blessings” (pages 8–9). List some of the blessings that Elder Carl B. Pratt talks about. Circle the ones he says are most important and talk about why you think he chose them. Make a list of some of your blessings and thank Father in Heaven for them.

3. Make the figures and use them and a box to help tell the story “Joseph Smith—Prophet of the Restoration” (pages 14–15), or use the finger puppets



See pages 4–7.

in “Joseph Smith Finger Scenes” (pages 32–33) to tell the story. Invite family members to bear testimony of the Prophet, then read President Lorenzo Snow’s testimony (page 17).

4. Do the “President Brigham Young Crossword” (page 23), then read “Brigham Young Leads Bravely” (pages 36–37). Make everyone a copy of the “Pioneer Covered Wagon” pattern (pages 24–25), and have them make a wagon. Read “Song of a Pioneer Boy” (page 27) as you line the wagons up. Look at them often this month to remind you of the trek west that President Brigham Young led.

5. Ask a brother or sister to tell the story “A Day for Jesus” (pages 30–31). Then pass out copies of “Sacrament” (page 43) to do.

6. Ask your dad or an older brother to teach you about “The Power and Authority of God” (pages 44–45), using the activity to illustrate.

7. Make some “Ginger-Cookie S’mores” and “Fresh Strawberry Lemonade” (page 22) for refreshments.

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- (FLF) = For Little Friends
- (m) = music
- (p) = poem
- (P) = poster
- (r) = rebus



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If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving (Doctrine and Covenants 136:28).

