

# *the Friend*

JULY 2002



## Candy Machine



**M**y grandmother and I went to a pizza place to get a pizza for us and my brother and my grandfather. There was a candy machine there, so I asked for a quarter so I could get some candy.

My grandmother said no.

We went to fill the car with gas on the way home, and I saw a quarter in her car. I took it and put it in my pocket. Then I had a bad feeling, so I put it back. I had promised to choose the right when I was baptized, and I'm glad I did.

*Crystal Moffat, age 8  
Fresno, California*

## Teaching My Friend About the Church

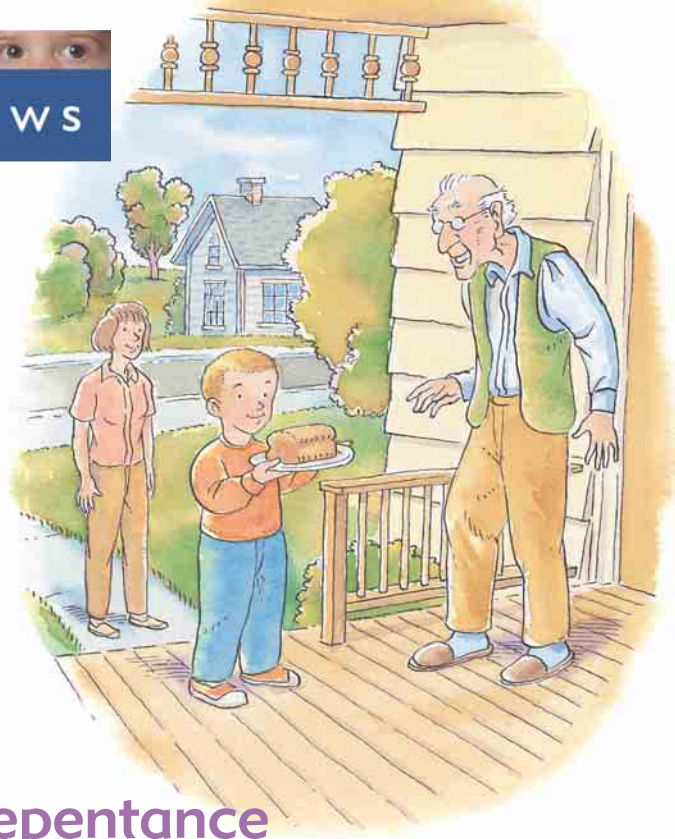


**M**y friend kept asking me about the Church. I phoned her and told her more. Then I taught her how to pray. She said she's been doing it. I'm trying to invite her to church, but she is busy.

Then one day, I decided that she learned so much that I would give her a CTR necklace and a copy of the Book of Mormon.

She has been reading the Book of Mormon, and I hope she joins the Church.

*Kennedy McLeod, age 10  
Phoenix, Arizona*



## Repentance



**O**ne day, I was playing at a friend's house. He took me to the next-door neighbor's, and we destroyed some of his flowers.

The next day, my mom found out from the neighbor, an elderly man who lives alone after his wife died, what

we had done. She told us that it was very wrong to do that. She told me that I had to make things better. She called it repentance.

She helped me write a letter to the man, apologizing for destroying his flowers. We also made him some banana bread. Then she told me that I had to take it to him. I was very scared, so my mom came with me.

When the man answered the door, I said that I was sorry and gave him the letter and banana bread. He was very surprised and happy that I had come. I felt very good after that.

My mom taught me a good lesson about how I must repent, no matter how hard it is, when I do something wrong.

*Kye Heimonen, age 5  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada*

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# the Friend

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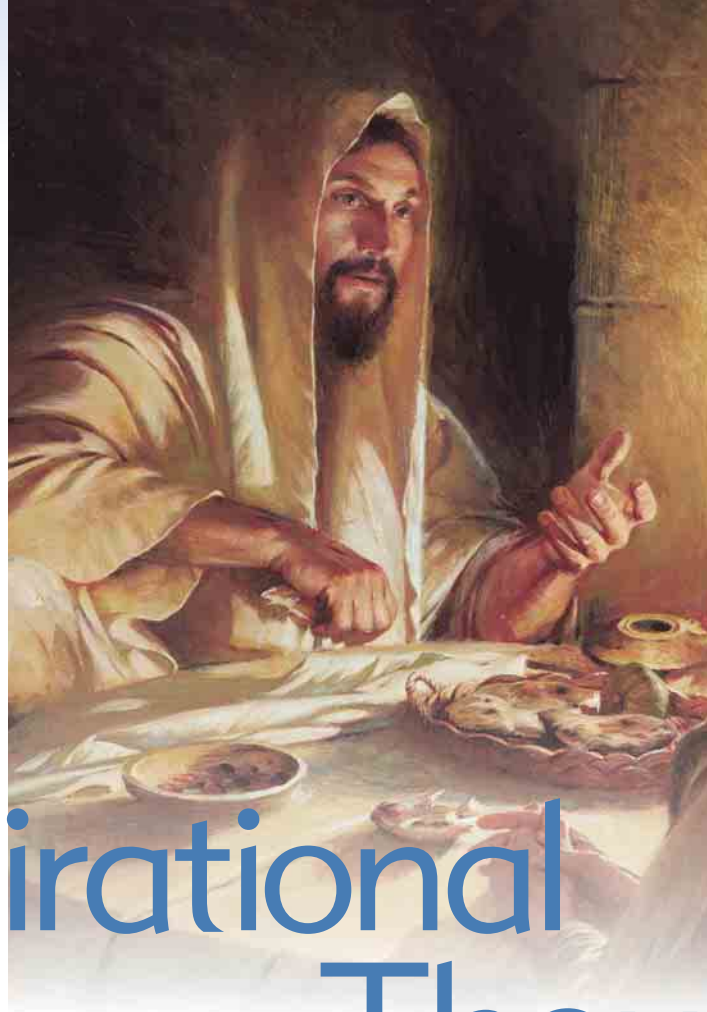
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Cover by Bradley Clark

## Hidden Word

**Endowment:** Worthy Church members receive the endowment, a spiritual gift, in the temple. The scriptures explain it as being "endowed with power from on high" (Doctrine and Covenants 38:32). It is a gift of knowledge that includes things we must learn in order to return to Heavenly Father, such as the purpose of life, the mission and Atonement of Jesus Christ, and Heavenly Father's plan for His children. This term is found in Exploring in this issue. See if you can find it.



# Inspirational Thoughts

*He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces (Isaiah 25:8).*



President Gordon B. Hinckley gives many talks each year to Saints all around the world. Below are parts of six of those talks. In them, President Hinckley testifies of Christ's Atonement, the Resurrection, priesthood power, life after death, and the role of temples. He explains how you can help give everyone who ever lived a chance to receive all the blessings of the gospel.

## The Savior, Jesus Christ

The miracle of [the Savior's] life is beyond description. He gave that life for each of us on Calvary's hill in an act of Atonement greater than we can ever really understand. He alone shed His blood for the sins of which we are guilty, that we

might have the opportunity of repenting and expecting forgiveness.

## Immortality

This life is part of eternity. This is one stage of our eternal lives. When we die, we will go on to purposeful, active, challenging living. The life on the other side of the veil will be somewhat like the life here. If we have been clean and decent and good here, we will go on in that same spirit. If we have been rascals, we will go in that same spirit. . . . I believe in the eternity of life . . . , that this is not the end, that there will be another life, that we will be accountable to God our Father and to our Lord Jesus Christ, that we will have work to do,

and that sometime we will all participate in the resurrection. That is my hope, my faith, my testimony.

### Baptism for the Dead

When you are twelve years of age, you may go to the Lord's house and there stand as a living proxy (a person with authority to act for another)

in behalf of someone who is dead. What a marvelous thing that is that you, an ordinary boy or girl, can stand in the place of some great man or woman who at one time lived upon the earth but who



is now powerless to move forward without the blessing that you can give to him or her. . . . There is no greater blessing that you can have than to stand as a proxy in a great service to those who have gone beyond. And it will be your privilege and your opportunity and your responsibility to live worthy to go to the temple of the Lord and there be baptized in behalf of someone else.

### Promise of Eternal Life

The Lord in His great mercy, the Lord in His love for us, has made it possible for us to be brought together under the authority of the holy priesthood in a relationship which will last beyond death, and over which death will have no control. No great man or woman of government, no military leader, no great businessman, no great educator, no great professional man can make that kind of promise. He may [gain] the highest honors of men, but he will have no control over the destiny of men and women when they pass the threshold of death.

### Importance of Temples

Every temple that this Church has built has . . . stood as a monument to our belief in the immortality of the human soul, that this . . . mortal life through which we pass is part of a continuous upward climb, so to speak, and that as certain as there is life here, there will be life there. That is our firm belief. It comes through the Atonement of the Savior, and the temple becomes . . . the bridge from this life to the next. The temple is concerned with things of immortality. We wouldn't have to build a temple for marriages if we didn't believe in the eternity of the family. We build it so family may be eternal. All of the ordinances which take place in the house of the Lord become expressions of our belief in that . . . basic doctrine. The temple therefore becomes the ultimate in our system of worship.

### Live Worthy of a Temple Recommend

Live worthy to hold a temple recommend. There is nothing more precious than a temple recommend. . . . Whether you can go [often] or not, qualify for a temple recommend and keep a recommend in your pocket. It will be a reminder to you of what is expected of you as a Latter-day Saint.

*(Ensign, April 2002, pages 2–6.)*





*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints (Psalm 116:15).*

*By Sheila Kindred (Two true stories)*

# Laying the

Look at those clouds,” Mom said as she looked out the car window. “I hope that it doesn’t rain.”

“Look at those hills,” Dad said cheerfully. “They mean we are almost to the Missouri River.”

I sighed. We had been riding in the car for over two hours on our way to Omaha, Nebraska, from our home in the center of Iowa. My brother and I were crowded between packs of clothing and the food we were taking for our two-day stay. We were going to the cornerstone-laying and dedication of the Winter Quarters Temple. I could hardly wait to get my first glimpse of our new temple and to see our prophet, President Gordon B. Hinckley.

I thought about my ancestor, Sarah Anne Nixon, who was just about my age when she crossed Iowa on her way to Winter Quarters 155 years ago. What was it like for her?

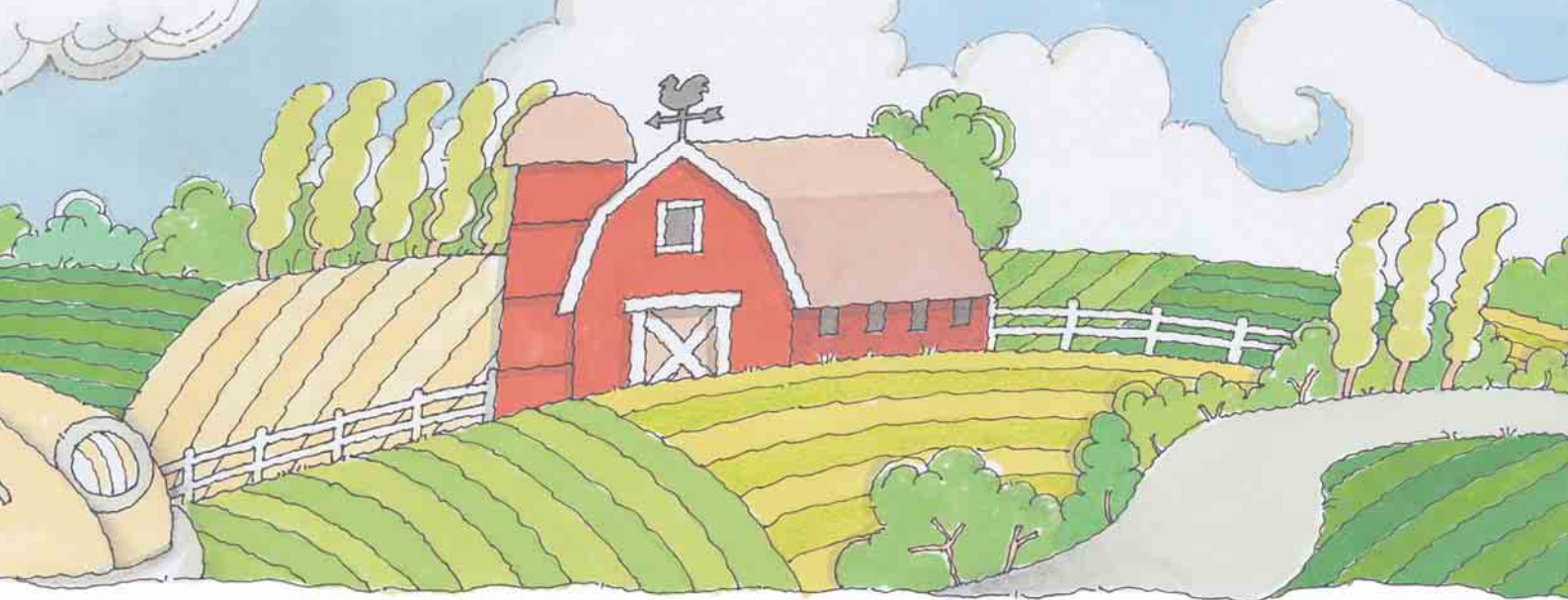


*September 23, 1846—on the western bank of the Mississippi River*

*Tremendous thundershower today. The rain came down in torrents, drenching everything. We have only a tent to shelter us. We left Nauvoo in haste a few days ago. Our carefully packed belongings were scattered by the mobs looking for*

*firearms. We have little left. It was not hard to leave the deserted city, but it breaks my heart to see our beloved temple just across the river—so near, yet unreachable. Papa is still grieving. As Brother Joseph’s bodyguard, he feels he should have somehow prevented the martyrdom. If he would just make music again on his life, I am sure my heart would not be so heavy.*





# Cornerstone



“May I eat some of the crackers and cheese?” my brother asked. “I’m starving.”

“We’re almost there,” Dad assured him. “We’ll have a big lunch soon.”

We had been in the Chicago Illinois Temple district, and it took all day to drive there. I am glad we don’t have as far to go now. We had been praying for a new temple closer to us, and the Lord heard our prayers.



October 9, 1846—Sugar Creek

*A miracle in camp today. We have been living on parched and boiled corn, and drinking muddy river water. Many are ill and all are hungry, but today, flocks of quail suddenly flew into camp, falling on wagons and tables. My brothers were able to catch many in their hands! We had a feast. God has not forgotten us. Our rescuers taught us a new song written by Brother Clayton. The song reflects well how I feel today: “All is well!”*



Mom started humming a hymn in the front seat of the car. I recognized the tune. It was “Now Let Us Rejoice.”

“Is that one of the hymns you memorized?” I asked her. She was singing in the choir at the



cornerstone-laying ceremony. I knew she had to rely on her memory because the choir would not be using books.

“Yes. Memorizing the hymns wasn’t easy, but it has become a real blessing to me. It made me think more about the meanings of the words. I realized that these songs are about the promises given in the temple. So I am singing about my fondest hopes and dreams.”

I could see tears in the corner of her eye, and I felt my own heart grow warm. When I turned to look out the window, I saw a sign that said “Mormon Bridge.” We were nearly there.



*November 15, 1846—Mama died today.*

*We buried her beside the trail on the plains of Iowa. We were unable to stop in Mt. Pisgah because they had no room, so our rescue company pressed on toward Winter Quarters. Now I must be mother to Thomas, Harriet, Margaret, and baby Rose. My oldest brother, John, says that we must not lose faith. Papa and Mama were sealed together in the Nauvoo Temple. This thought alone seems to comfort Papa. It comforts me as well.*



While waiting for the ceremony, we visited the pioneer cemetery on the temple grounds. We read the names of hundreds of people who died here so long ago. But it is not really a sad place—it is a reverent place, like inside a church. We spoke softly about these pioneers and about what they endured for their beliefs. Because of them, we, their descendants, are now able to build temples and worship God freely. I am grateful.



*December 1846—Winter Quarters*

*We have settled as best we can into a log hut. It is a rude dwelling, but we are better off than*

*most. This is not our final home, but for now we are grateful for time to gather again as Saints. I wish Mama was here, but I feel she is watching over us. When the spring comes, I will finish the journey that my mother began, for her dream has now become my own.*



The rain stopped while the choir sang, and we were able to put down our umbrellas. During the ceremony, I looked up at the windows in the temple. In the stained glass are pictures of rivers, trees, pioneers, and Native Americans. Looking at these windows is almost like looking at a beautiful vision of the past.

I saw the prophet today. He cried when he talked about the pioneers and the sacrifices they made in Nauvoo, in Iowa, and here in Winter Quarters. He said that he

felt that they were here in spirit, watching us this day. Then he invited all the children to come up and put some cement onto the cornerstone after he was done. But I was content to watch. My heart was full.

I am glad I was here today. I feel happy inside. I believe that whatever happens to me in my life, I can be strong and faithful like the pioneers, just as long as I remember this place and this day.

(Note: Sarah Anne Nixon's story is from the author's family's journals.)



**“In a message about the pioneers who crossed the plains over a century ago, President J. Reuben Clark spoke words that apply to pioneers in every age. . . .**

**“ ‘They were pioneers in word and thought and act and faith. . . . God keep their memories ever fresh among us . . . to help us meet our duties even as they met theirs.’ ”**

**Elder Dallin H. Oaks  
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles  
(Ensign, November 1989, page 64.)**





# Pioneer



# Sacrifices



By Elder M. Russell Ballard  
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

**Did you know that Elder M. Russell Ballard likes to repair things? Both of his grandfathers were also Apostles. He speaks often of his love for his pioneer ancestors:**

**M**any of us are descendants of hardy pioneers, and we feel grateful and inspired by their faith-promoting examples of sacrifice. My great-grandmother, Margaret McNeil Ballard, recorded in her journal a pioneer experience of sacrifice that occurred when she was between nine and eleven years of age. [She had come from Scotland by boat with her family.] She wrote:

“After landing we planned to go west to Utah. . . . The company we were assigned to had gone on ahead and as my mother was anxious for me to go with them she strapped my little brother James on my back with a shawl. He was only four years old and . . . quite sick with the measles; but I took him since my mother had all she could do to care for the other children. I hurried and caught up with the company, traveling with them all day. That night a kind lady helped me take my brother off my back. I sat up and held him on my lap with the shawl wrapped around him, alone, all night. He was a little better in the morning. The people in the camp were very good to us and gave us a little fried bacon and some bread for breakfast.

“We traveled this way for about a week, before my brother and I were united with our family again.”

This brief episode in Great-grandmother’s life teaches me that our

pioneer ancestors gave everything, even their lives, for their faith, for the building of the kingdom of God when the Church was in its infancy. It teaches also that they helped, nourished, and strengthened each other. . . . Their . . . love for one another and their devotion to their Lord and to the gospel were boundless.

Our commitment to the kingdom should match that of our faithful ancestors even though our sacrifices are different. . . . Today we are not called to pull handcarts through the snow-swept plains of Wyoming. However, we are called to live, foster, and teach the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is our privilege to invest our means and our time to bless others.

(Ensign, May 1992, pages 75, 77.)



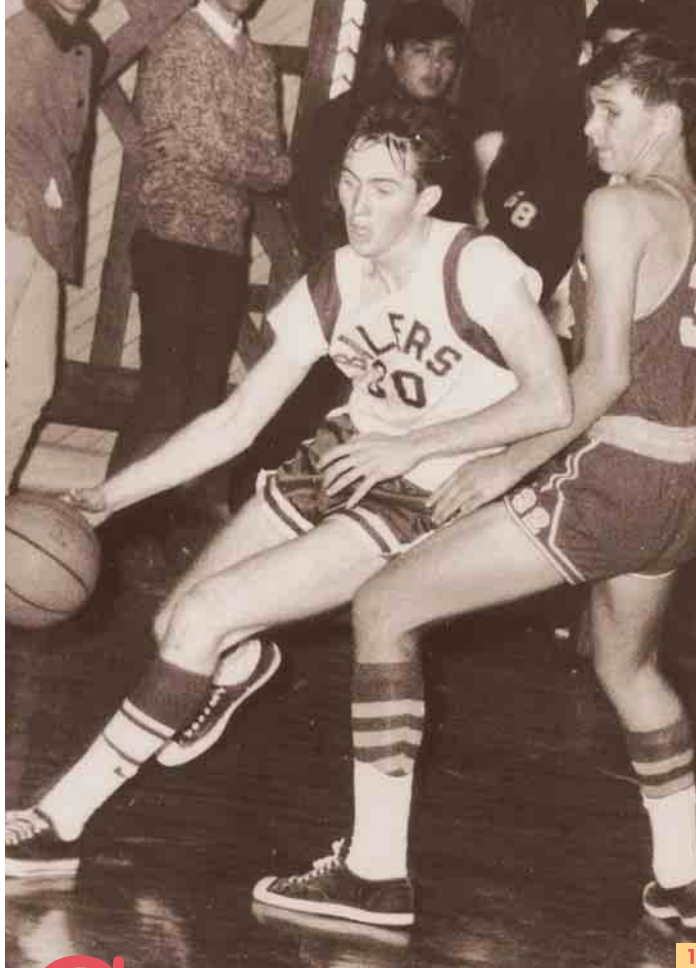
*Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee (Deuteronomy 31:6).*

**From an interview with Elder Richard J. Maynes of the Seventy, currently serving in the North America Southwest Area Presidency; by Kimberly Webb**

**W**hen I was young, one of my passions was playing football. For many years, I looked forward to high school so that I could try out for the team. Finally the day came, and I made it! During a practice not long before our first game, someone blocked me from the side. I hit the ground, and a few boys landed on me. I felt something in my shoulder snap. When I got up, my left arm hung like a wet noodle.

At the hospital, a doctor told me that my arm was broken. He wrapped it in a heavy, three-inch-thick cast, saying that the weight of the cast would pull the bone into place. It really did feel like someone was pulling on my arm! He prescribed some pain pills, told me to sleep in a chair for a few nights, and sent me home.

My shoulder kept hurting, and after a few days, my parents became worried. They asked another doctor to look at my X rays, and he thought that maybe the ball of my shoulder had been broken instead of the bone below it. When he took me into the operating room, he said, “If you wake up with your arm raised above your head in a cast, you’ll know that we were able to properly set the



# Courage

bone. If your arm is lying down, you’ll know that we had to operate.”

Eight hours later, I woke up with my arm at my side. My shoulder had been broken through the growth center. It was a good thing that I was nearly full-grown at age fourteen! My left arm is now an inch and a half (about 4 cm) shorter than my right arm. The doctors had had to break the bone again because it had healed in the

wrong place. They also had to insert two metal screws to hold the bones together. Those screws are still in my shoulder today.

The doctors told me I should never play football again. If I were to get injured, the metal pins could splinter my bones and I could lose my arm. I was disappointed that I could no longer play the sport I loved so much.

After a few days of thinking about it, I accepted my limitation and decided I could switch to basketball. While my left arm was still in the cast, I found that I could shoot baskets with my right hand. I worked hard to compensate for this injury, and after three successful years on the high school team, I accepted a basketball scholarship to Brigham Young University.

This experience taught me to always keep a positive attitude, to never lose hope. Even when bad things happen, have the courage to alter your course and find new things to do.



1. From a newspaper clipping—playing high school basketball

2. At age 2

3. Elder and Sister Maynes

4. Preparing to leave on his mission

5. Nancy on their wedding day

When I was a little older, I went with my dad on a business trip for his manufacturing company. We were to meet with a purchasing (buying) agent from a large company. My dad had al-



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ways wanted to do business with them, but he had never been offered the opportunity.

When we met with the agent, he told us that we could have the project they were offering—if we increased the price and secretly sent him the extra money. My father said that we would call him later with our decision, and we left.

“What do you think we should do?” Dad asked me. He pointed out how much this project could benefit our company. He said that we could give more people jobs and accomplish much good.

Then he taught me something I have never forgotten. He said that if we were to be dishonest in even this one business dealing, we could seriously damage a reputation for honesty that took years to build. He turned the offer down. I am happy that he showed the courage to be honest at all times, even when the temptation was great.

Another experience that taught me courage happened in Sun Valley, Idaho. Some friends and I were doing construction work for the summer to earn money for college. In the evenings, we liked to walk around and see the shops, restaurants, and other tourist attractions. We often saw a certain girl, and I told my friends that I’d like to meet her. After three weeks of hearing me say this, my friends were getting annoyed.

One day, my friends and I happened to be

walking into a lodge just as she was walking out. One friend called to her, “This guy has been talking about you for three weeks. He doesn’t have the nerve to ask you out. Will

you go out with him?”

She looked embarrassed and startled. “I don’t know.”

My friend told her that we were going for a jeep ride in the mountains the following day and that she was welcome to come. Since it was a



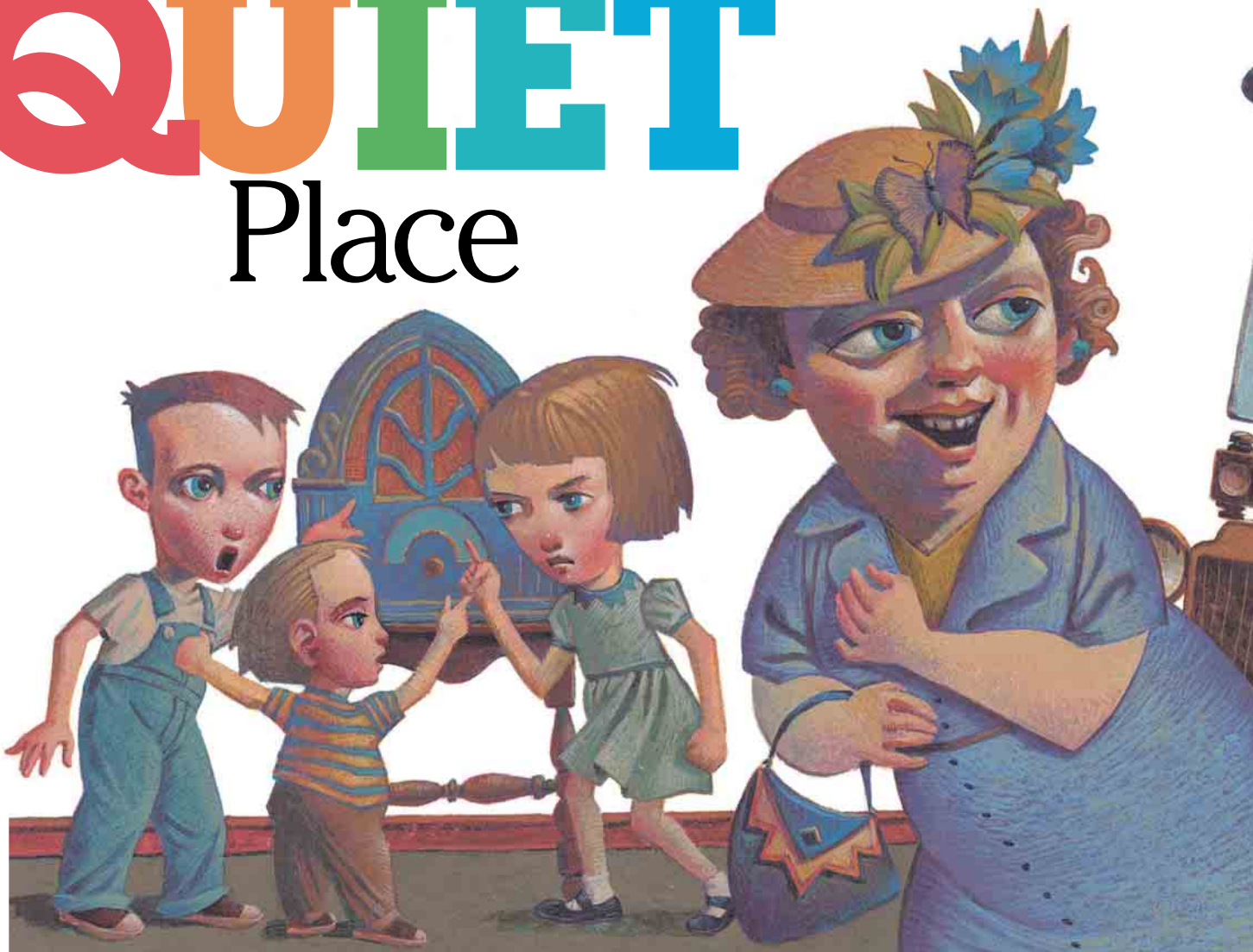
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group outing, she agreed. I finally had my first date with Nancy without having said a word to her!

During our day in the mountains, I found out that she wasn’t a member of the Church. That evening, I gave her a Book of Mormon and invited her to read it. Before my friends and I returned to BYU, I baptized Nancy into the Church. Later, she was offered a job in Salt Lake City and moved to Utah. We continued dating, and the day after I graduated from BYU (a year from the time Nancy was baptized), we were married in the Manti Temple.

President Gordon B. Hinckley counsels us to have courage. He means that we need to have the courage to change our plans if we need to when things do not go as we had planned. He means that it takes courage to choose honesty, no matter what the cost. And he means that we should open our mouths and share the truths of the gospel with those around us. Heavenly Father blesses us with good things when we have the courage to do what is right.

# Eugene's QUIET Place



*[Jesus] went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed (Mark 1:35).*

By Ray Goldrup **(Based on a true story)**

Sometimes Eugene's world got awful noisy. There was the rattle of Clancey Sawyer's milk wagon and Hector Moore's ice truck over the ruddy dirt road in front of his house. The clatter of Mr. Gunnerson's old Model T. His Aunt Althea's loud laughter and nonstop talking whenever she came to visit. (Eugene loved Aunt Althea, but she could outtalk any salesperson he'd ever heard!) And all the other noises the world had to offer in 1932.

His four brothers and two sisters could cause a lot of racket, too, especially when they all wanted to listen to different radio shows at the same time. Or when their friends came over to play and they fought over the stereoscope. If that wasn't enough, sometimes Widow Willowby's hound dog howled and barked all night. All that noise was enough to drive any kid up a tree.

And that's just where Eugene's favorite quiet place was—in a tree. Not just any tree, but the big old fig tree in the field, a little way behind Eugene's house. His father and older brother,



Vern, had built him a tree house in its strong, leafy branches. And just last week, his father slept with him in the tree house.

They played the imagination game before sleep overtook them, his father telling him that the fireflies that danced in the night reminded him of children's prayers on their way to heaven. Eugene said that the moon and stars were holes in a big black curtain in God's window. On the other side, God was staying up late with a big lamp on, sitting in a rocking chair and making a list of all his children who had problems. And that the creaking

they heard was not the fig tree limbs in the stiff night breeze but the creaking of His rocker.

Just as Nephi and other prophets of old at times had gone high into the mountains to be alone in order to pray, Eugene liked to climb up into his quiet place in the big fig tree. Sometimes it was to think out his thoughts, sometimes to read his scriptures, sometimes to just relax, and sometimes to pray about things. . . .

Like the time Grandpa got real sick and had to go to the hospital. Everyone fasted and prayed for



him, including Eugene. He climbed up into his quiet place and prayed for a whole hour.

Two weeks later, Eugene's father lay in the tree house and cried. Eugene heard him because he was there, too. Everyone was happy because although the doctor had said that Grandpa was going to die, he got better. Eugene climbed up into the tree and lay close to his father. Neither of them spoke. At least not out loud. They were busy thanking Heavenly Father in their hearts, warm tears trickling down their faces.

After a while, Eugene asked his father why he had come to the tree instead of staying at the house with everyone else. "Everyone needs a quiet place where they can go to be alone sometimes. Even grown-ups. I don't have one," he said. "I was hoping you wouldn't mind if I came up here for a few minutes."

Eugene was happy that his father thought having a quiet place was important.

"Besides," his father added with a wink, "with Aunt Althea at the house to greet your grandpa coming home from the hospital, it's a bit noisy there. I needed a moment alone to thank the Lord for your granddad's recovery."

A few moments later, Eugene walked back to the house with his father. The back screen door whined as they joined the others. Eugene paused to look back over his shoulder at the old tree. It was like an old friend—warm, inviting, peaceful. And always there when he needed it. He smiled, went inside, gave Aunt Althea a big hug, then hurried over to Grandpa's bed.



**"Now, some things are best prayed about in private. . . . Praying alone. . . helps us open our hearts and be totally honest and honorable in expressing all of our hopes and attitudes. . . .**

**"The Savior at times found it necessary to slip away into the mountains or desert to pray. . . .**

**"We, too, ought to find, where possible, a room, a corner, a closet. . . where we can [pray] in secret. . . ."**

**President Spencer W. Kimball  
(Ensign, October 1981, pages 3–6.)**

We invite you to keep a journal this year. Each month in 2002, you will find a journal page in the *Friend*. Fill it out, remove it, trim around its dashed lines, and glue it to a piece of heavy paper. If desired, decorate the pages, punch holes as needed, and place in a binder or scrapbook.



I Am

July Journal 2002

Thankful For



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Heavenly Father gave me music.  
My Favorite Songs

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He gave me a body so I could  
do many wonderful things, such as

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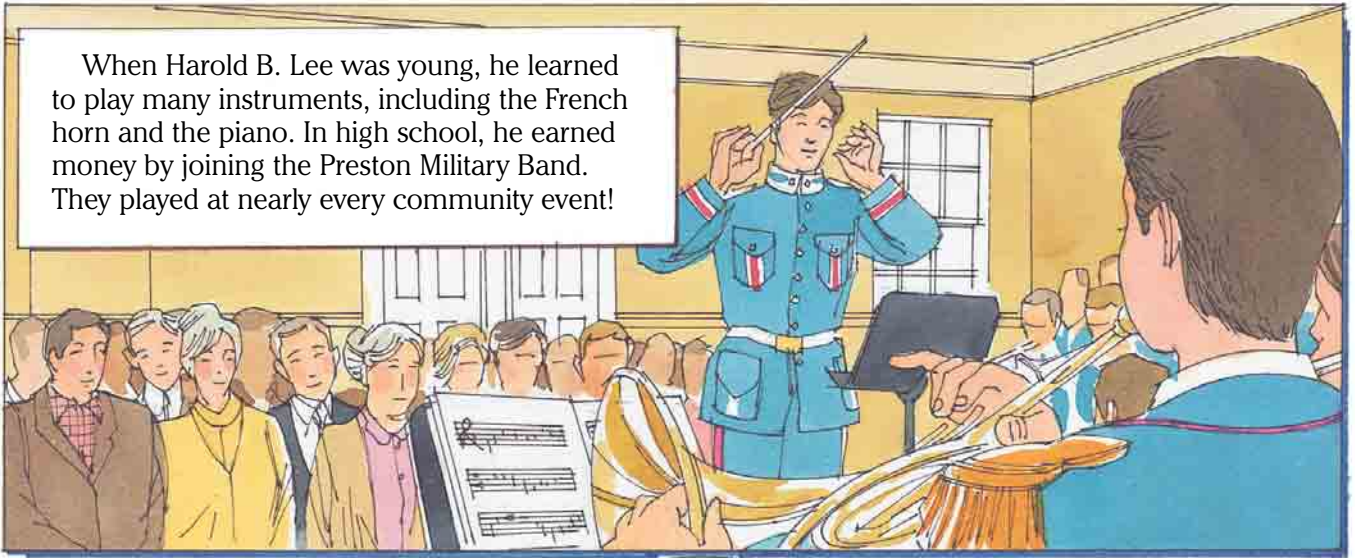
Heavenly Father has given me many blessings to show His love for me, to help me be happy, and to help me return to live with Him again.



# From the Life of President Harold B. Lee

## Musical Missionary

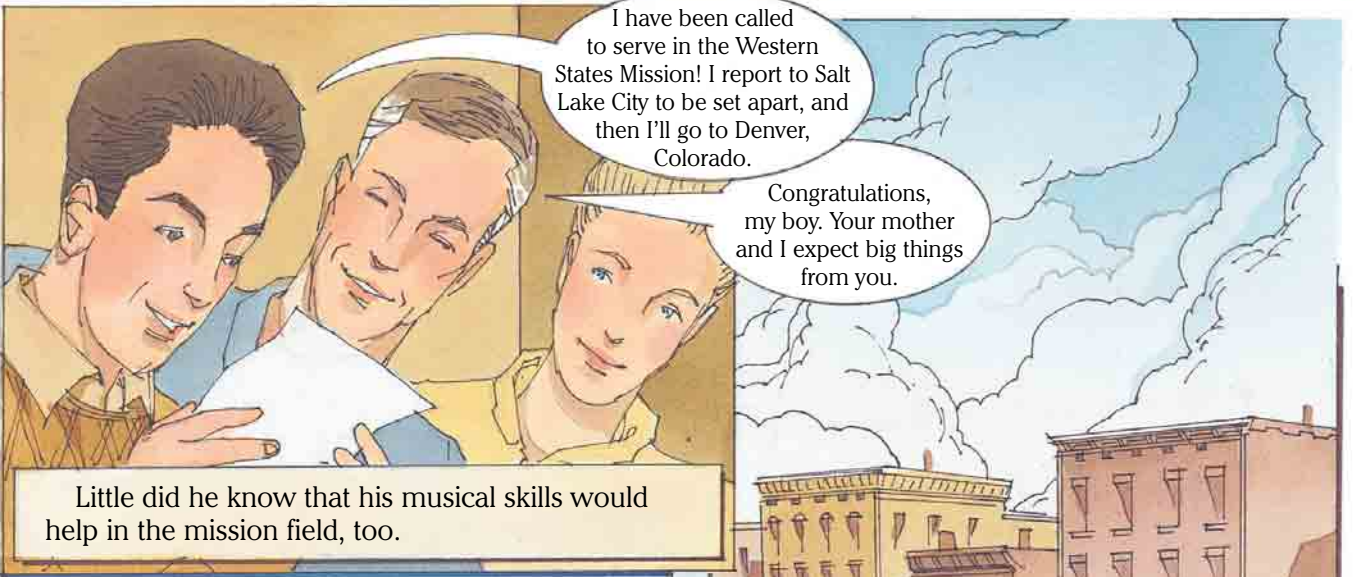
When Harold B. Lee was young, he learned to play many instruments, including the French horn and the piano. In high school, he earned money by joining the Preston Military Band. They played at nearly every community event!



I have been called to serve in the Western States Mission! I report to Salt Lake City to be set apart, and then I'll go to Denver, Colorado.

Congratulations, my boy. Your mother and I expect big things from you.

Little did he know that his musical skills would help in the mission field, too.

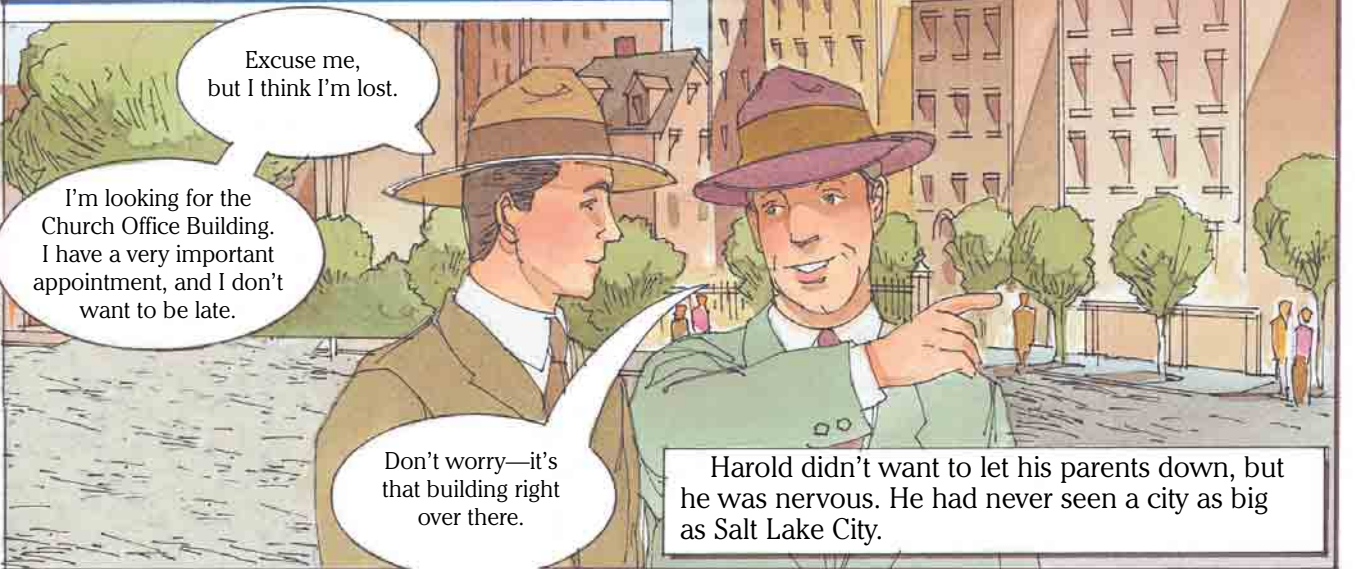


Excuse me, but I think I'm lost.

I'm looking for the Church Office Building. I have a very important appointment, and I don't want to be late.

Don't worry—it's that building right over there.

Harold didn't want to let his parents down, but he was nervous. He had never seen a city as big as Salt Lake City.

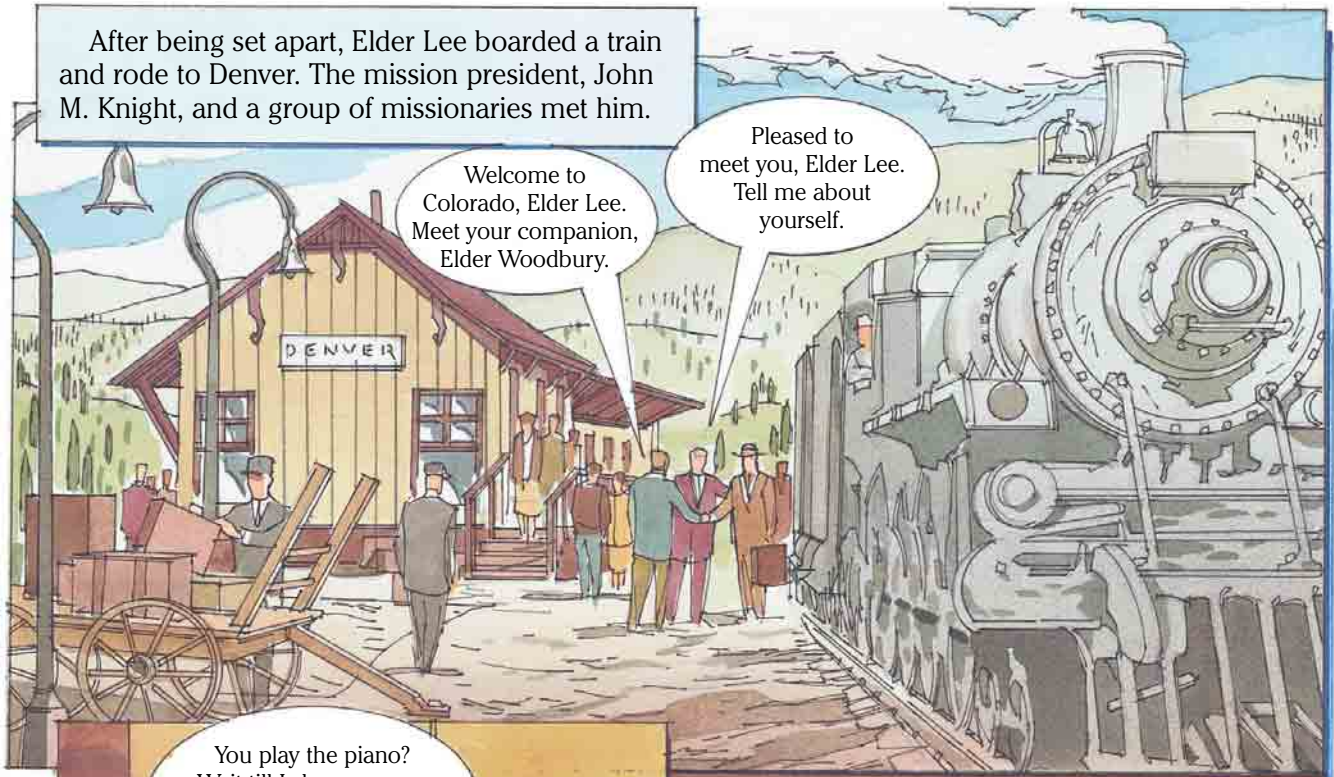




After being set apart, Elder Lee boarded a train and rode to Denver. The mission president, John M. Knight, and a group of missionaries met him.

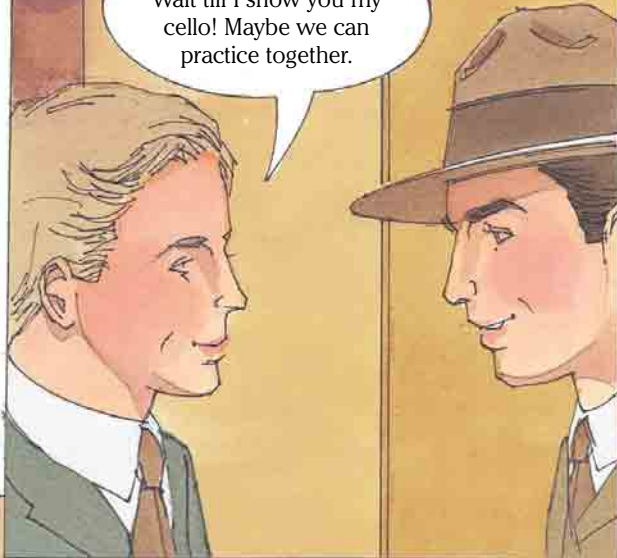
Welcome to Colorado, Elder Lee. Meet your companion, Elder Woodbury.

Pleased to meet you, Elder Lee. Tell me about yourself.



You play the piano? Wait till I show you my cello! Maybe we can practice together.

They did more than practice! Elder Woodbury began carrying his cello with him everywhere. When someone answered their knock at the door, they would offer to play a duet.

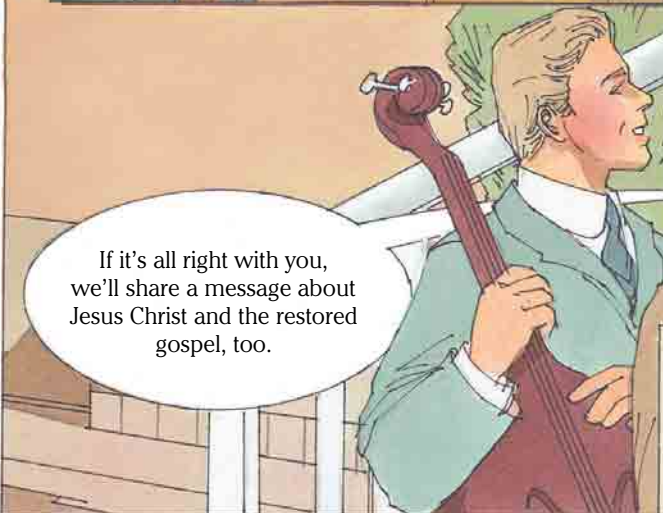


Yes, I have a piano. I'd like to hear you play. Please come in.



If it's all right with you, we'll share a message about Jesus Christ and the restored gospel, too.

Elder Lee made many friends on his mission through "playing and preaching." He was thankful that he had taken the time to develop musical talents so that he could use them to serve Heavenly Father.





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

# Fasting for Katie

By Krista Aldridge

**M**y friend Katie was sick. She's in my class at school. She didn't come to school for two months. I heard that the doctor didn't

know what was wrong with her. Everyone in class wrote get-well cards to her. We felt sorry for her.

I told my mother about Katie. We talked about it and thought that it was a good idea to fast for her. That Sunday, we prayed and fasted for her.



**Krista Aldridge, age 8**  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

One Sunday, I made cookies and a card for her, and after church, I took them to her house. Her dad took the cookies and the card and said, "She is getting better and is coming to school tomorrow." That made me feel very happy.

The next day at recess, we all were so happy that we crowded around her. We were happy to see her again.

# Young Missionaries

By Kameron Stevens

**A** few years ago, my family didn't go to church. Then one day, my friend Cory asked me if I wanted to go to church with him.

I went for a couple of weeks and then asked my mom to go, too. Pretty soon, Mom was called to work in the Primary.

After church, we told my dad about what we learned. My little brother, Kasey, reminded my dad of the Word of Wisdom.

I kept asking my dad to go to church with us. Then one day, he surprised me by saying, "I'm going to go to church."

Now we are sealed in the temple.



**Kameron Stevens, age 10**  
Heber City, Utah

# Helping a Fighting Friend

By Melissa Allen

Once my friend Mac\* got into a fight with another friend, George. All the other kids decided to not be Mac's friend anymore. I said that I wouldn't be his friend, either.



**Melissa Allen, age 11**  
Gresham, Oregon

"Mac, I'm going to give you as many chances as you need to be a little nicer." We shook hands on it.

The next day at the bus stop, when Mac came, all the other kids backed away from him. I went right up next to him and started talking to him.

I felt happy for myself that I did the right thing.

\* Name has been changed.

I felt rotten. My mom and dad told me that we were going over to Mac's to talk. I groaned but nodded.

I prayed for a plan to help me. I had a very good one. When we went to talk to Mac, I told him,

# Reminding Mom

By Janet Oviatt

Kaden was riding in the van with his

mom. Mom had just bought some things at the department store. "I also got some bug tattoos," she told him. She knew that he and his brothers liked to wear these stick-on tattoos.

"Why did you waste your money on them?" he asked.

"I didn't," she replied. "The store was giving them away free with anything that was bought."

"But, Mom, the prophet said we are not supposed to have tattoos, so why would you take them?" He thought for a minute, then said, "May I use them as stickers on the front drawers of my dresser?"

And that is what he did with them. There was no question in his mind about tattoos of any kind! It was a good reminder for Mom.



**Kaden Oviatt, age 5**  
Sherwood Park, Alberta, Canada

# A Star Out of Stone

*They brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house (1 Kings 5:17).*

*By Diane L. Mangum*

**H**ave you ever taken scissors and tried to cut a star, or maybe a perfect circle out of paper? Can you imagine being asked to use a hammer and chisel to cut a star onto a 1,000-pound (450-k) stone, or to make a ball 3' (.9m) in diameter out of hard granite?

That was exactly the job of Peter Howell and many other stonecutters who worked on the Salt Lake Temple. The outside of the temple is made entirely of granite, and each piece had to be cut and shaped with hand tools.

It took 40 years to build this temple to the Lord, and it required the skills of hundreds of workers. It was built to last, with walls 6' (1.8 m) thick. But the pioneers also wanted it to be beautiful. That is one reason why it has tall spires and carefully carved designs in the stone walls.

Carving a large granite stone took a great deal of strength and skill. A stonecutter's tools included a granite ax to flake off layers to help make the stone more smooth or square. They also included a chipping hammer and several kinds of chisels, with flat or sharp points on the end, to carve into the rock. The cutter pounded on one end of the steel chisel with a heavy sledgehammer so that the sharp point on the other end would chip out a piece of stone.

It took a heavy blow with an 8-pound (3.6-k) hammer on the chisel to make even a dent in the granite. To cut careful corners and points on stars

took a strong arm that could keep pounding,

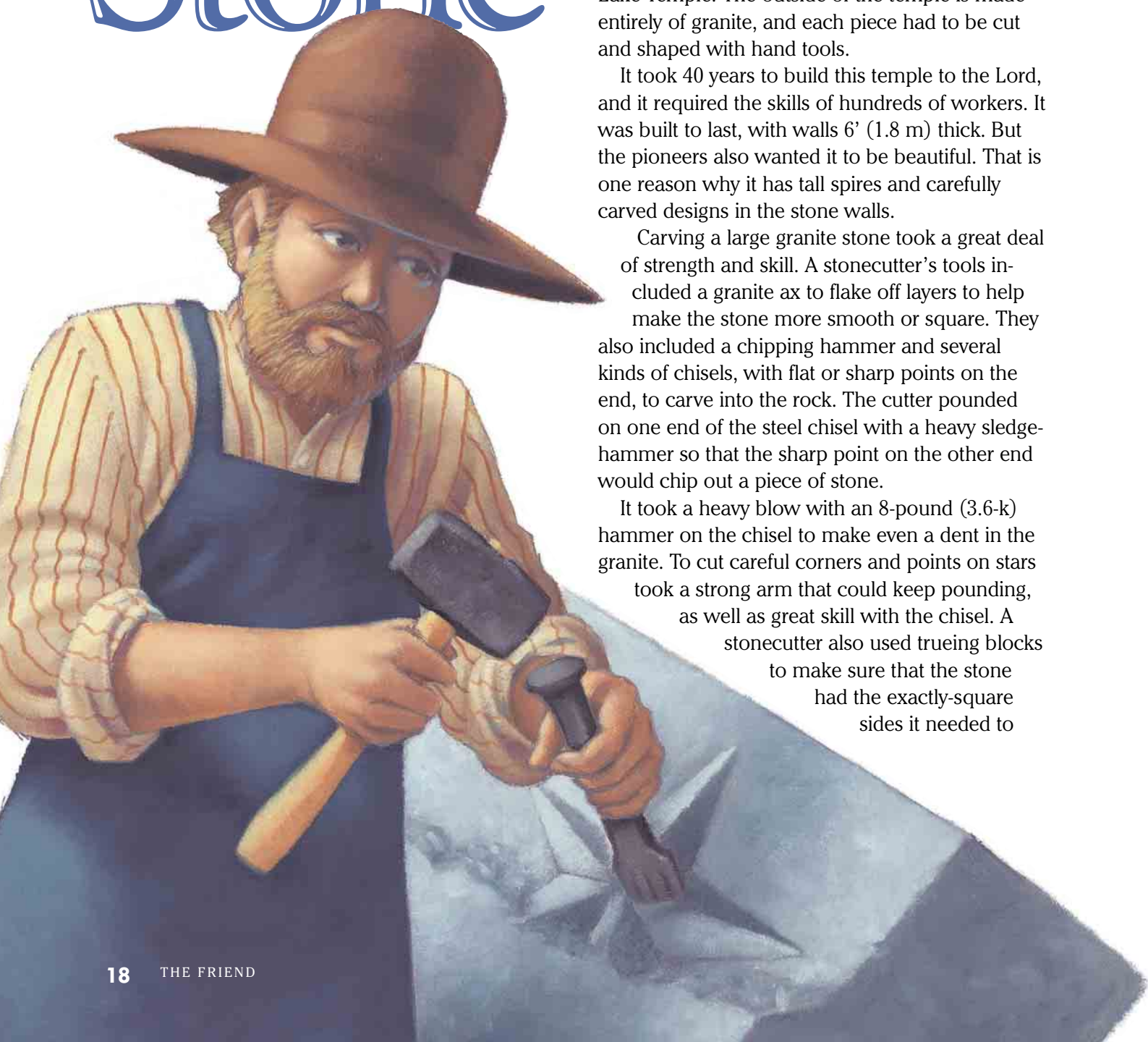
as well as great skill with the chisel. A

stonecutter also used trueing blocks

to make sure that the stone

had the exactly-square

sides it needed to



fit snugly into the walls of the temple, and that it matched the marks made on it by the pattern maker.

Pounding on stone dulls chisels and axes quickly. It took 6 to 8 blacksmiths working on the temple grounds beside the stonecutters to keep all the tools sharp and ready for work. All of the crews worked summer and winter.

The workers on the temples weren't all older men. Many teenage boys were apprentices, or helpers, to the stonecutters, blacksmiths, and masons who put the stones in place on the temple walls. In those days, it was common for a boy of



marked by the pattern makers. Each was given a number identifying exactly where in the temple it would be put and what size and shape it should be. Then the stonecutters went to work. They cut stone walls, stone steps, lovely curved-topped windows, and beautiful spires.

There are 145 stones carved with a star. A star stone sits above each of the tall windows, and some

stars decorate the spires. There are 7 small stars carved onto the west side of the temple, arranged to look like the Big Dipper constellation. Around the lower level of the temple are 50 stones with a round Earth carved on the side of them.

One of the very last tasks of the temple stonecutters was to make the balls that decorate the tops of the 6 tallest spires. One of those balls would be the base for the Angel Moroni statue. For Peter Howell, who had worked 23 years on the temple, it was a great honor to be asked to cut some of those balls, to use the skills he had spent most of his life learning. For Brother Howell, and for most of the workmen, this wasn't just a job. They were building the House of the Lord.

\* See Wallace Alan Raynor, *The Everlasting Spires—A Story of the Salt Lake Temple*, pages 107–147; Public Works Collections, Church History Archives, "Temple Stonecutters Time Book, Mar. 1879–1887"; Peter Howell obituary, *Deseret News*, July 9 and 10, 1929.



about 14 to get a full-time job with a skilled worker who could teach him a trade like stonecutting.

Stone for the temple came from Little Cottonwood Canyon, more than 20 miles (32 km) away. Crews at the canyon rock quarry worked 6 days a week to cut large blocks of granite from the hillside. A row of holes was drilled into the rock, then wooden wedges were pounded into the holes to split huge blocks away from the mountain.

The blocks sometimes were as big as their log cabins and weighed many tons. The stone had to be cut into smaller pieces of 2 to 10 tons (1.9 to 8.5 k) before being carried by wagon down to the temple area. In later years, a railroad line was built from the rock quarry to the temple grounds.

Once on the temple grounds, the stones were examined by supervisors for quality and size, then



**"No member of the Church has received the ultimate which this Church has to give until he or she has received his or her temple**

**blessings in the house of the Lord. Accordingly, we are doing all that we know how to do to [hurry] the construction of these sacred buildings."**

**President Gordon B. Hinckley  
(Ensign, November 1997, page 49.)**

**E**lla watched as her grandfather threw another box onto the lawn. Her grandmother stood by the door, tears streaming down her cheeks. She said nothing, though. Ella knew her grandmother would never speak against her grandfather. Tradition did not allow it.

Grandfather had made it clear—if Ella and her mother joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they would no longer be welcome in his home.

Ella hurriedly gathered her belongings from the wet grass. The breeze, heavy with humidity, did little to cool the growing heat that blanketed the small island of Saipan, part of the Northern Mariana Islands in the central Pacific Ocean.

She picked up a picture frame, her heart breaking a bit as she looked at the broken glass that held a photograph of her parents on their wedding day.

Without her grandparents, she and Mama were all alone in the world. Ella's father had died before she was born.

The missionaries had changed everything.

Grandfather hadn't wanted to let the missionaries inside when they had first come to the small frame house. Only Mama's quiet insistence had won out in the face of his opposition. Pointedly, he'd remained in the kitchen whenever the missionaries visited.

The two young men spoke the language with broken accents. Even so, Ella knew that she was hearing the truth. She felt it in her heart, even when her mind was not sure. Together, she and her mother read the Book of Mormon and felt the Spirit.

Until the missionaries had invited them to start attending the Church, Ella and her mother had gone to her grandparents' church—the same one their parents had attended, and their parents before them.

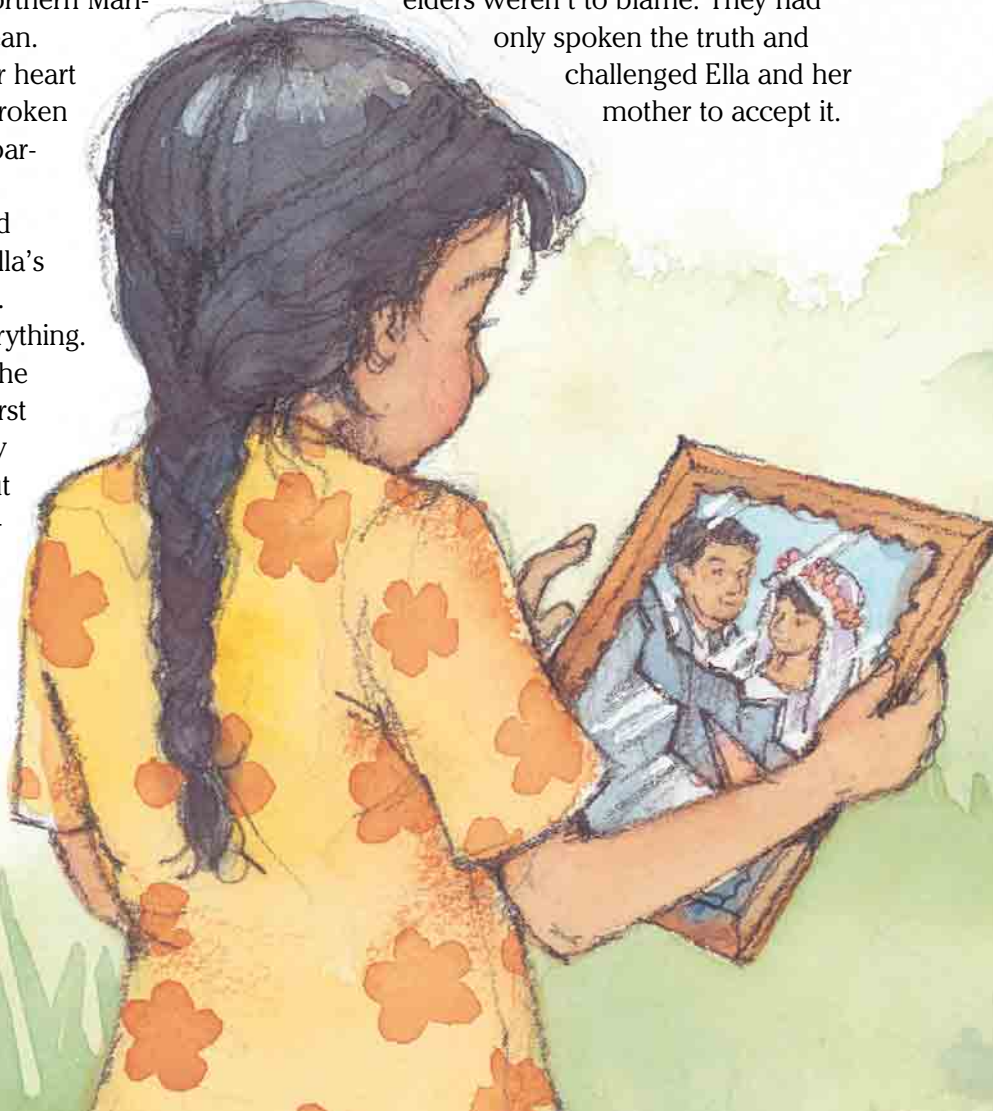
Being baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints meant

more than leaving their former church. It meant cutting themselves off from family and friends.

She wanted to blame the missionaries and tell them that because of their preaching, she and her mother no longer had a family or home. Even as the thought formed, she knew that the young elders weren't to blame. They had only spoken the truth and challenged Ella and her mother to accept it.

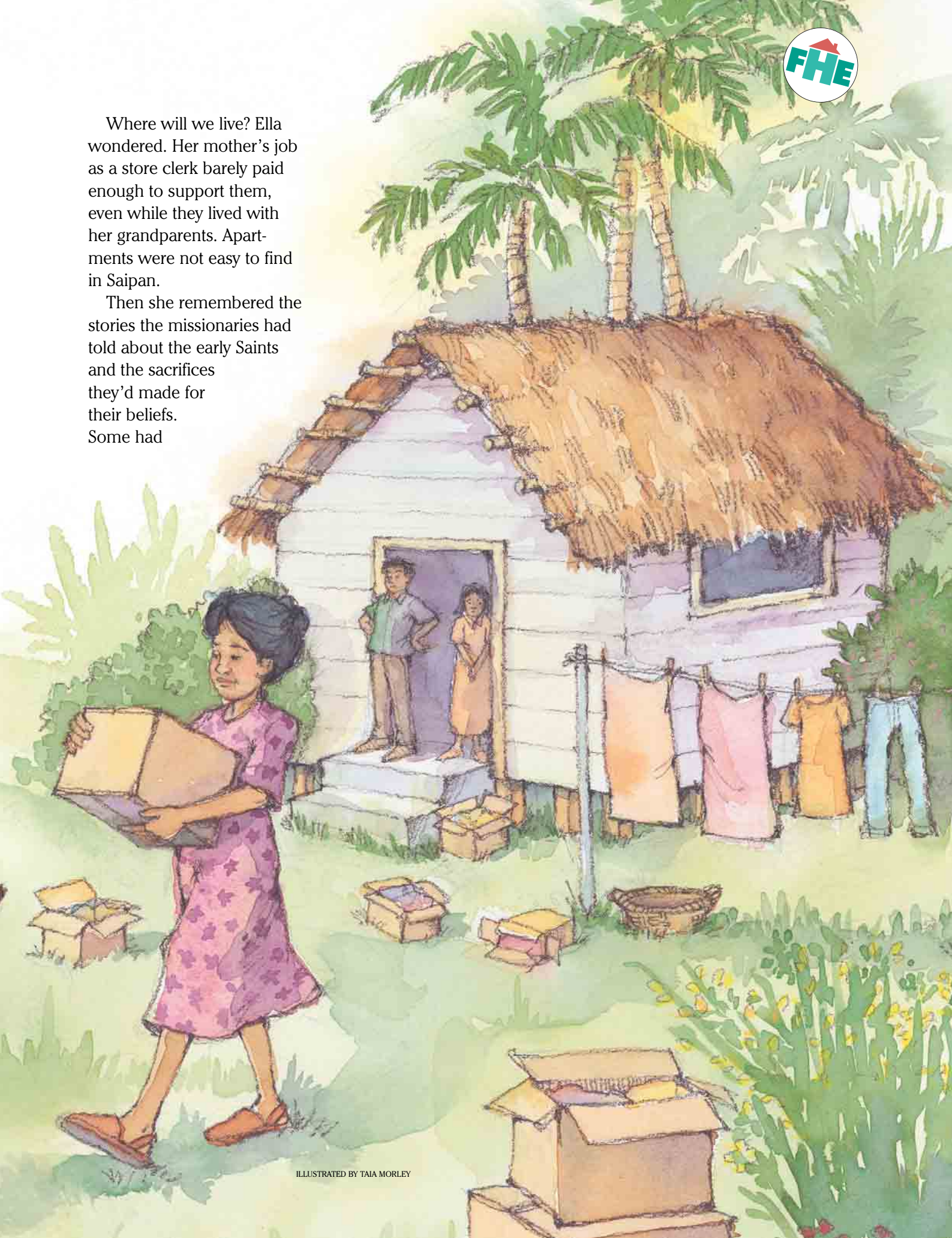
# Sacrifice

*By Jane McBride Choate  
(Based on a true story)*



Where will we live? Ella wondered. Her mother's job as a store clerk barely paid enough to support them, even while they lived with her grandparents. Apartments were not easy to find in Saipan.

Then she remembered the stories the missionaries had told about the early Saints and the sacrifices they'd made for their beliefs. Some had





lost homes and families as Ella and her mother had. Others had even given their lives for the gospel.

Despite everything, Ella knew that she and her mother were doing the right thing. Already the gospel had brought blessings into their lives. Mama

had stopped smoking. For years Ella had

begged her to stop. She knew how Mama had struggled to give up the habit she'd had since she was sixteen years old.

While Ella was still remembering these things, the missionaries arrived and calmly began gathering up the boxes and piling them into a borrowed truck.

"Don't worry about a place to live," one elder said as he lifted Mama's shabby suitcase into the truck. "The Knudsens have an extra room and said that you can stay with them as long as you need to."

Brother Knudsen taught Sunday School, and his wife was the Relief Society president. One of their daughters was in Ella's Primary class.

Ella watched as her mother's eyes filled with tears. "It is too much."

"They're already planning on it," the other elder said gently. "Is this all?" He gestured to the boxes in the truck.

Mama nodded.

After the short trip to the Knudsen's house, the elders carried the boxes and suitcase inside.

Brother and Sister Knudsen greeted them with big smiles. "We will enjoy the company," Sister Knudsen said when Ella's mother thanked them

for their hospitality.

Ella had to share the room with Mama, but she didn't mind.

"We'll give you a chance to get settled," Brother Knudsen said. "We hope you'll join us for dinner tonight."

"Why don't Grandma and Grandpa love us anymore?" Ella asked her mother once they were alone in their new home.

Mother gave Ella a tired smile. "Your grandparents haven't stopped loving us. But they don't understand that we have found a new way of life."

Ella knew that her mother was talking about the gospel. "Will we ever see them again?"

This time the smile reached Mama's eyes. "Of course we will. Your grandma feels really bad about what happened. I think your grandpa does, too. He's just too hurt to admit it. And too stubborn.

"Someday they'll accept us and maybe the gospel. Until then, we have to keep loving them and let them know that being members of the Church hasn't changed what we feel for them."

Ella hoped so. She missed her grandparents already.

"What do you want to do first in our new home?" Mama asked.

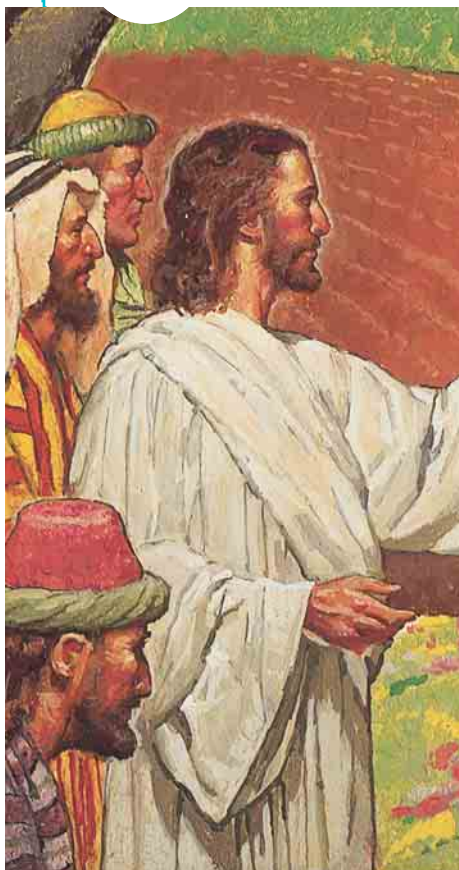
Ella reached for her mother's hand. "Let's say a prayer. We have much to be thankful for."



**"New members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints cannot make it alone. . . . They need us and we need them."**

**Elder Richard H. Winkel  
Of the Seventy  
(Ensign, November 1999, page 81.)**





# Honor Jesus Christ

By Charlotte G. Lindstrom

To discover something we can feel and can show for Jesus Christ, read each scripture, then write the letter of the correct word on the blank with the corresponding number.

1. "Ye shall keep my \_\_\_\_\_, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord" (Leviticus 19:30).

**(If *commandments*, then write the letter *T*; if *sabbaths*, then write the letter *R*.)**

2. "I will meditate in thy precepts, and have \_\_\_\_\_ unto thy ways" (Psalm 119:15).

**(If *respect*, write the letter *E*; if *understanding*, write the letter *H*.)**

3. "And thou shalt \_\_\_\_\_ the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deuteronomy 6:5).

**(If *obey*, write the letter *I*; if *love*, write the letter *V*.)**

4. "Thou shalt therefore \_\_\_\_\_ the voice of the Lord thy God" (Deuteronomy 27:10).

**(If *hear*, write the letter *S*; if *obey*, write the letter *E*.)**

5. "And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we \_\_\_\_\_, and his voice will we obey" (Joshua 24:24).

**(If *serve*, write the letter *R*; if *follow*, write the letter *L*.)**

6. "They were desirous to be baptized as a witness and a \_\_\_\_\_ that they were willing to serve God with all their hearts" (Mosiah 21:35).

**(If *testimony*, write the letter *E*; if *example*, write the letter *C*.)**

7. "And to God and the Lamb be glory, and \_\_\_\_\_, and dominion forever and ever" (Doctrine and Covenants 76:119).

**(If *honor*, write the letter *N*; if *praise*, write the letter *R*.)**

8. "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a \_\_\_\_\_ unto me" (Doctrine and Covenants 25:12).

**(If *joy*, write the letter *O*; if *prayer*, write the letter *C*.)**

9. "And he gave unto them commandments, that they should \_\_\_\_\_ the Lord their God" (Moses 5:5).

**(If *worship*, write the letter *E*; if *serve*, write the letter *F*.)**

1      2      3      4      5      6      7      8      9

(See answer on page 26.)

# March of the Mormon Battalion



By Ann Woodbury Moore

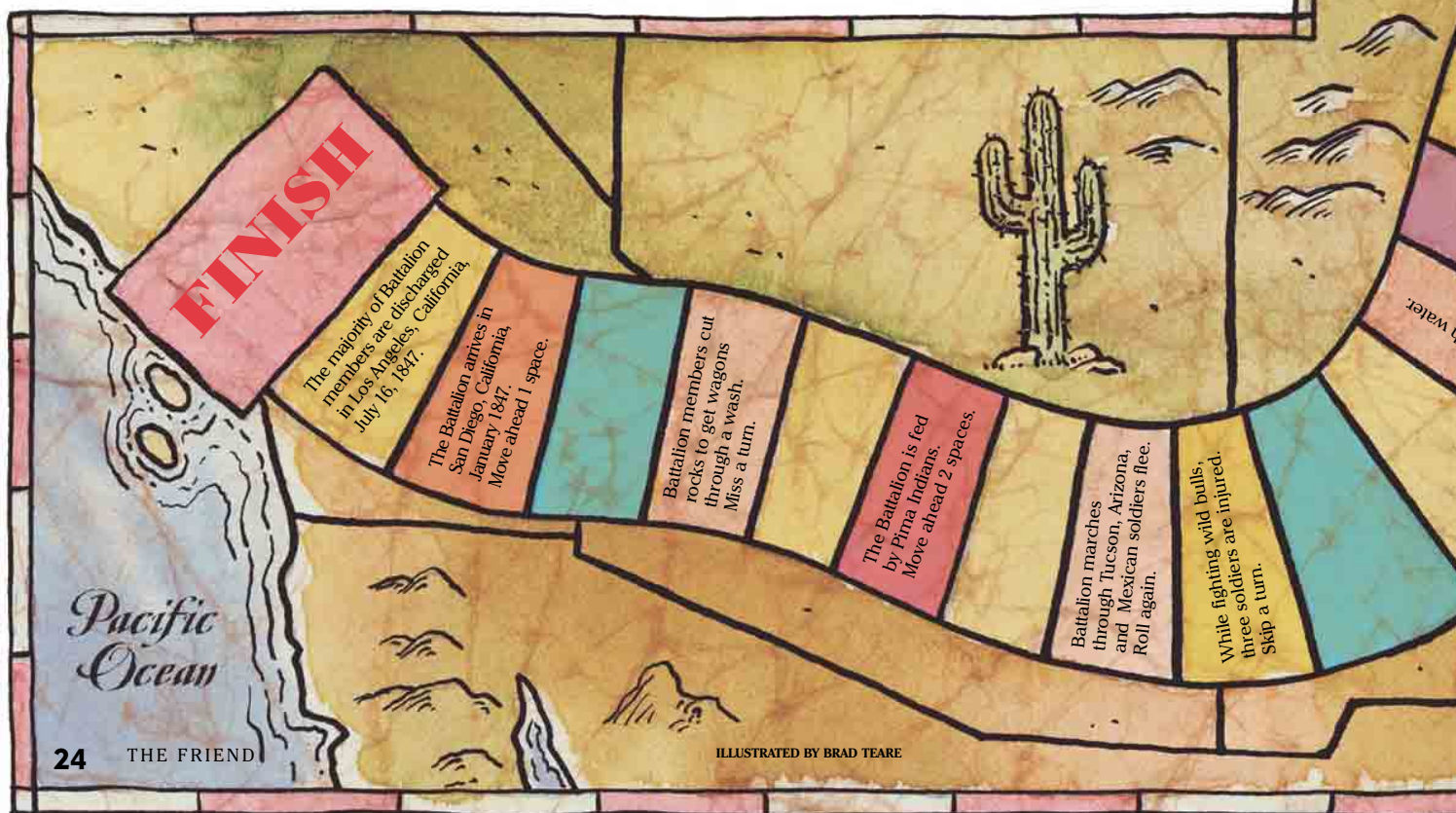
In May 1846, President Brigham Young asked the United States government to help Church members who were suffering in poverty. Not long after the Latter-day Saints left Nauvoo, the United States was at war with Mexico. As a reply to President Young, United States President James K. Polk asked him to provide 500 men from the Church to enlist in the army. The men were to march to California, which was then under Mexican control. President Young agreed to this request. The men's service would show support for the government, and they would receive free transportation across the country. The Saints could also use the advance pay the men would receive to help buy supplies for Winter Quarters and the trek west. Records show that 497 men volunteered, and about 80 women and

children went with them. As you play the Mormon Battalion game, you will encounter events and obstacles that really happened.\*

\*See *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, volume 2, pages 933-936.

**Instructions:** Remove pages 24-25 from the magazine and glue to lightweight cardboard. You will need a different-color button for each player, and a die, or number cube.

**To play:** Each player places a button on START. Players take turns rolling the die and moving the game pieces forward that many spaces. When a player lands on a space with writing, he/she reads what it says aloud. If it says to move forward or backward, the player moves accordingly and then follows the instructions on the new space. To reach FINISH, the exact number must be rolled.



**START**

Mormon Battalion enlists.  
July 16, 1846.

Soldiers are paid  
and given guns.  
Roll again.

Start over;  
Pueblo, Colorado.  
Desert march is difficult.  
Sick families are sent to  
Pueblo, Colorado.

Commander  
Allen dies.  
Miss a turn.

More sick are sent to  
Pueblo, Colorado.  
Move back 2 spaces.

Colonel Cooke  
takes command.  
Roll again.

Third sick group is sent  
to Pueblo, Colorado.  
Miss a turn.

Battalion turns toward  
California.  
Double your roll.

There is not enough  
food.  
Move back 1 space.



# Find the Books

Hidden in this story are the names of these books in the Book of Mormon and the Pearl of Great Price: Abraham, Alma, Enos, Ether, Helaman, History (Joseph Smith—), Jacob, Jarom, Matthew (Joseph Smith—), Mormon, Moroni, Moses, Mosiah, Nephi, Omni. Can you find them?

A.J., Phillip, Amos, and their sister, Rachel, were going to the state fair. It was next to a dairy farm at the western edge of town.

They were all eager to go. Rachel was going to be a real manager of one of the food booths, and she was in a very good humor. “Money!” she exclaimed. “Our booth is going to make lots of money for our secret Helping Others Club!” She ran to get her sign for the booth. “I’m ready to go as soon as everyone else is.”

Amos especially wanted to be there early. That evening he was going to be in a musical at the fair. It was about King Arthur. He asked, “Can you be ready to go at one, Phillip? I just need to try my armor on. I need to see if it fits. Then I’ll be ready to go.”

Phillip, who was always practicing magic tricks, told his brother, “Amos, I, ah, don’t know how to tell you this, but A.J. and I have been ready to go all morning. Last year, someone gave A.J. a cob of corn that was roasted on the coals, and he can’t wait to get another one.”

It was true. A.J. had seldom nibbled on anything so tasty. Even so, for A.J., aromas wafting from all the food booths were almost as good as eating the corn and cotton candy and other wonderful things. Rachel teasingly told him, “Don’t be ‘nosy.’ ”

“Don’t worry,” A.J. told Rachel. “A man has things besides food on his mind, you know. Phillip and I are going to the book tent first. We won’t even think about food for a while.”

Amos had been trying on his armor while the others were talking. “It fits fine,” he announced. “And it’s one o’clock. Let’s go.”

At the fair, he hurried to the stage for a final rehearsal. Rachel skipped over to the food booth to oversee the pricing of the baked goods. Phillip and A.J. ran to the book tent.



“Hi! The book we’ll read today is about magic,” the greeter said. “And we have a real magician to perform all the tricks in the book. Each of you take a piece of homemade bread, but don’t eat it yet. Wait and see what the magician does with it.”

Phillip chose white bread. A.J. took a slice of raisin bread.

When the magician demonstrated the tricks in the book, she took their pieces of bread. A.J. was amazed when she turned his to rye bread. Phillip was even more amazed when, upon the magician saying, “Abracadabra,” ham, cheese, and lettuce appeared on his white bread!

All too soon, the fair came to a close. A.J. was full of good food and their smells. Phillip was eager to learn some of the magic tricks he had seen. Amos was thrilled to have taken three curtain calls for his performance as Sir Galahad. And Rachel? She was perhaps the happiest—her food booth had earned enough money for the Helping Others Club to have a Christmas party that year for poor children.

(See answers on IBC.)

## Funstuf Answer

*Honor Jesus Christ: reverence.*

# Karissa

By Kimberly Webb  
Photos by Christopher Epperson

**K**arissa Winterton's great-great-grandfather William Winterton built her family's farmhouse in the 1860s, but now it is no longer part of a farm. Grandma and Grandpa Winterton sold their dairy farm so that they could serve a full-time mission in Rochester, New York.

"I remember when there were a lot of cows here," Karissa (7) says. "I used to take a shortcut to Grandma's house, and one time my cousin Krista and I got chased by a bull! Chickens were running in front of us, and they ran right under the fence. But Krista and I had to climb over it—fast!"

Karissa misses the farm, but she would never want to move.

# Winterton

of Charleston, Utah

Krista and Karissa playing in Krista's backyard

“My favorite thing about living in Charleston is that I live by my cousins and we get to play a lot,” she says. Her cousin Krista Winterton (7) is her best friend. The two girls have many things in common. They are the same age, they often say the same things at the same time, their names sound almost the same, and they live on the same street!

In fact, Karissa’s grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins all live next door to each other. Five houses in a row belong to relatives—the first three houses are old farmhouses, like Karissa’s, and the other two are newly built.

Karissa has four sisters: Heidi (15), Hillary (14), Kami (11), and Andrea (4). She and her sisters and cousins love to spend time together. One of their favorite places to play is in the barn. They can spend hours swinging from one side of the barn to the other on a rope attached to the ceiling.

She also enjoys riding her bike, playing soccer, and playing with animals. Her sister Kami has a new puppy named Ginger, and her cousin Krista has a whole family of cats.

She makes friends wherever she goes, whether it’s at school or at the grocery store. Last year, her teacher wrote on her report card, “You are a shining star.” Perhaps that’s the best way to describe her sunny personality.

She loves to help people, especially her dad. When the seminary building where her dad teaches was dedicated, Karissa handed out the programs. One day when she was little, her dad wore a dust mask over his face to do some work underneath the house. She went inside the house and made a mask out of paper for herself.



Her dad used to help run the family grocery store. “Karissa liked to come to the store with me,” he said, “and she always put on a green apron just like mine.” Once a man from the ward came into the store. Even though Karissa didn’t know him, she treated him like a friend. When he left, she stood in front of the door and teased, “You can’t leave until you say the magic word!” The magic word was “pretty please.”

“Karissa isn’t scared of anyone,” her parents agree. “Age makes no difference. Everyone is her friend.”

Right now she is learning to cook. She likes cracking eggs for a recipe best.

She is also learning to play the piano. She can sing her favorite hymn, “I Stand All Amazed,”



1. Karissa sitting on her front porch
2. Heidi, Kami, Dad, Hillary, Mom; (in front) Andrea, Karissa
3. Karissa, Krista, and Andrea playing dress-up
4. Playing a duet with Heidi
5. Karissa wearing her soccer uniform
6. Kami, Hillary, and Karissa Winterton; Kaylee McFee (cousin); and Andrea and Heidi Winterton playing in the barn



from memory, and she looks forward to being able to play it all the way through on the piano.

“She is the first one to start singing ‘I Love to See the Temple’ whenever we drive past one,” her mom says. When Karissa visited her Grandma and Grandpa Burrup in Richland, Washington, she was able to see the Columbia River Washington Temple being built. The construction workers offered her a piece of granite from the temple walls to take home.

Karissa doesn’t give up when problems arise. At a ward Christmas party, she was invited to sing a musical number. As she climbed onto the platform, she slipped and fell. Primary leaders rushed to help her, but before they could, she had already climbed back up. She sang her song the way she lives her life every day—with a smile.





FOR LITTLE FRIENDS

*My God will give me, if I ask not amiss  
(2 Nephi 4:35).*

*By Rachel C. Murdock  
(Based on a true story)*

I'm ready!" six-year-old Nathan called to his nine-year-old brother, Matthew. Mom had just called them to do their dinner chores, so this would be the last shot on goal.

Matthew was bigger and faster than Nathan and a really good soccer player. But Nathan was getting to be a pretty good goalie. Only one ball had been kicked past him today, and that one barely brushed off his fingertips and rolled just inside the tree. Even Matthew said he was playing well.

shot, Nathan closed his eyes and said another quick prayer. "Heavenly Father, please let me stop this shot. Don't let Matthew score. In the name of Jesus Christ, amen."

Matthew dribbled to the right and faked a kick. When Nathan went to his knees to block the shot, Matthew quickly turned, dribbled around Nathan, and kicked. Nathan tried to reach over, but it was too late. Matthew had scored.

"Yes! Yes! Yahooooo!" Matthew yelled.

Nathan stomped his foot and ran toward the house, crying.

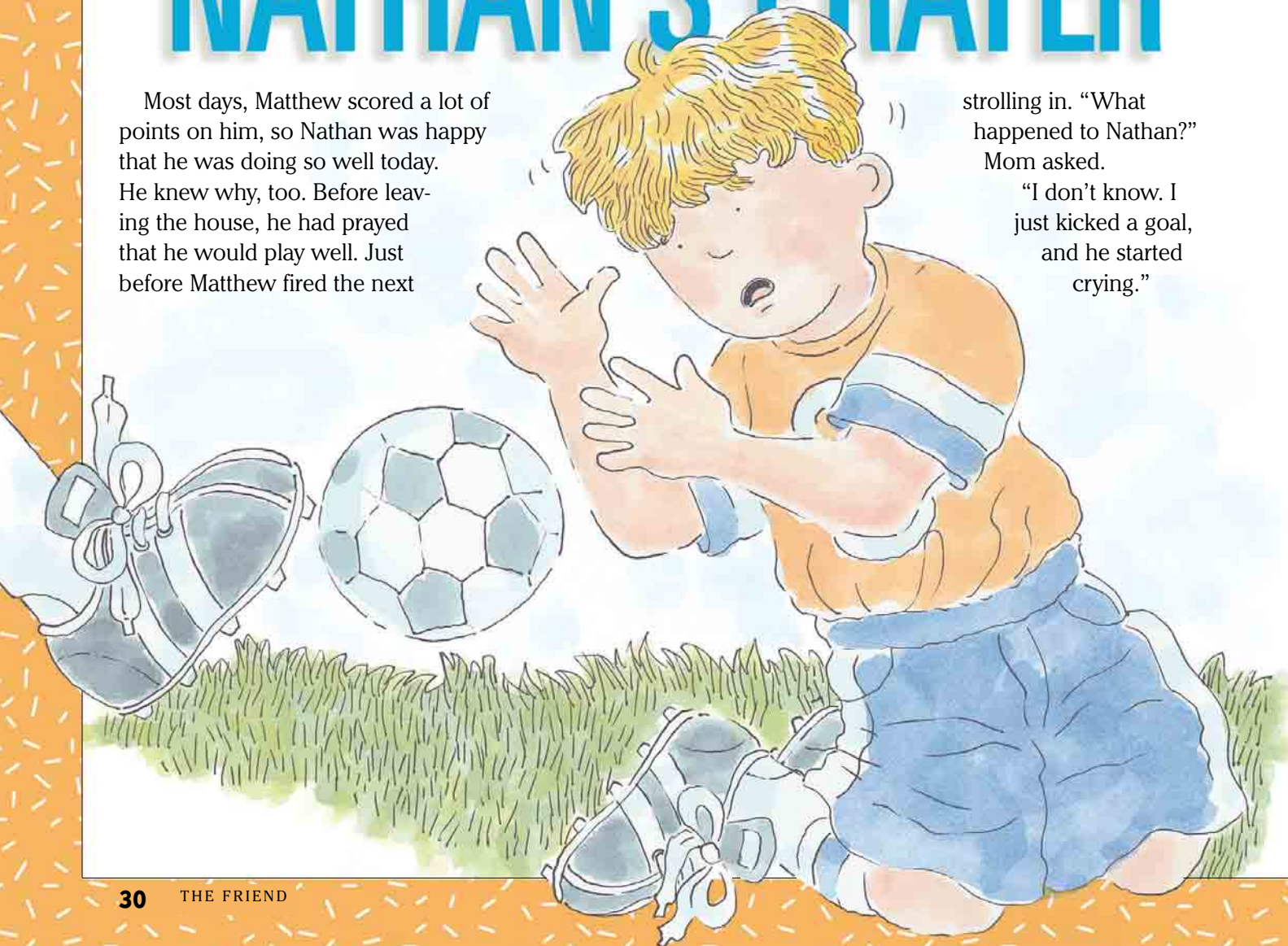
Mom heard Nathan slam the front door and run downstairs to his room. Soon Matthew came

# NATHAN'S PRAYER

Most days, Matthew scored a lot of points on him, so Nathan was happy that he was doing so well today. He knew why, too. Before leaving the house, he had prayed that he would play well. Just before Matthew fired the next

strolling in. "What happened to Nathan?" Mom asked.

"I don't know. I just kicked a goal, and he started crying."







Mom started Matthew on his dinner chores, then went to find Nathan. He was in the corner of his room, wrapped in his sleeping bag in the little space between the wall and the bunk beds. It was a cozy place, a good place for hiding and being alone.

“What’s wrong, Nathan?”

“I asked Heavenly Father to help me, but Matthew scored anyway,” Nathan sobbed.

Mom stroked his hair. “It must be very upsetting to try so hard and still have Matthew score on you.” She tried to give Nathan a hug, but he wouldn’t let her. She squeezed his arm and let him be alone.

After a few minutes, Nathan came upstairs and started doing his dinner chores. This time he let Mom give him a hug.

“Nathan, do you think Heavenly Father wants us to be unhappy?” she asked.

“I guess not.”

“We don’t always know what will make us happy,” Mom said. “Sometimes what we want isn’t the best thing for us. Do you think Heavenly Father knows that?”

“He knows everything.”

Mom took Nathan onto her lap. “Heavenly Father has told us that He won’t always make things easy for us. There will be hard times. He lets us face them to help us learn and become better people. But He always answers our prayers. Whatever happens, we can be sure that He cares about us.”

“Maybe He was teaching me not to get faked out.”

“Maybe so, Nathan. I don’t know for sure.

But I do know that it is a wonderful thing for you to talk to Heavenly Father about everything in your life. I hope you keep doing it. He will help things work out for the best—it just may not be right when you want it or what *you* think is best.”

Nathan and Matthew played soccer in the yard many times after that day. Matthew often scored, but Nathan often stopped his shots, too. In fact, he stopped them more and more often.

A couple of years later, Nathan tried out for a special soccer team and was accepted. The coach called the team together. “Do any of you play goalie?”

Nathan raised his hand. The coach had Nathan stand in front of the net while other players tried to kick goals. Nathan stopped shot after shot.

The coach was grinning. “I think we have our goalie!”

Nathan beamed as the other players congratulated him. Heavenly Father had heard his prayers.





# WHAT JESUS TAUGHT



*By Christine Rappleye*

Jesus loves the children.  
He had them come to Him.

He sat them on His knee  
And taught them of eternity.

He held and blessed each child;  
Angels came down and smiled.

Each child learned of Jesus—  
That He suffered and died for us

To take away our sins,  
And how He lives again.

So I remember reverently  
How His Atonement sets me free

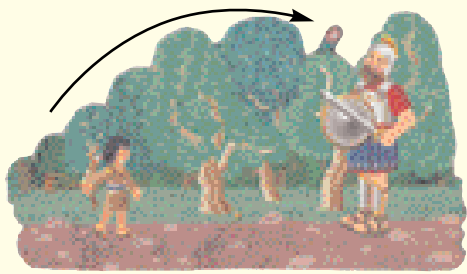
So I can live eternally  
With Jesus and my family.

## DAVID *and* GOLIATH

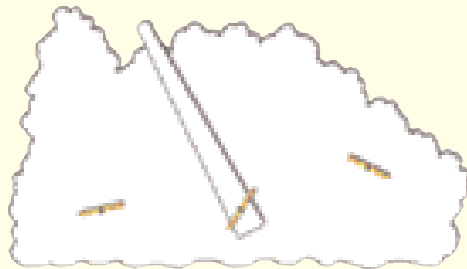
*By Susan Fielden*

**P**resident Gordon B. Hinckley has told us that we can defeat temptation, just as David slew Goliath, the Philistine giant. Ask a parent to tell you David's story from 1 Samuel 17:1–51. To reenact this great Old Testament account, mount page 33 on poster board or heavy paper. Then cut out the background scenery, Goliath, David's arm and sling, and the stone-throwing device. With a pencil point, punch a small hole in David's arm and shoulder

at **A**, the scenery and stone-throwing device at **B**, and Goliath's foot and the scenery at **C**. Then attach the moving parts with paper fasteners as shown in the illustration (with the stone-throwing device on the back of the scenery). Whenever you feel tempted to do something wrong, remember President Hinckley's promise. Remind yourself of David's victory by swinging his arm and sling, flinging the stone to hit Goliath on the head, and then making him crash onto his back.



Front

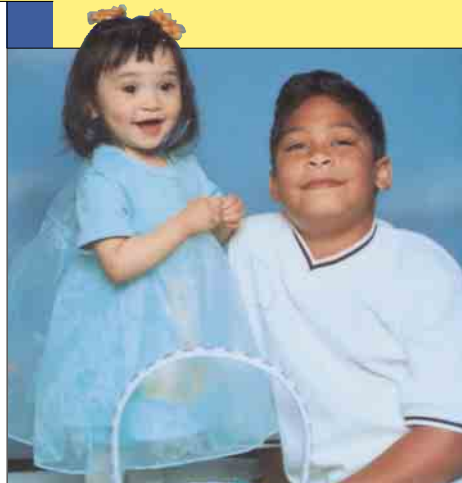


Back



Stone throwing device

# FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



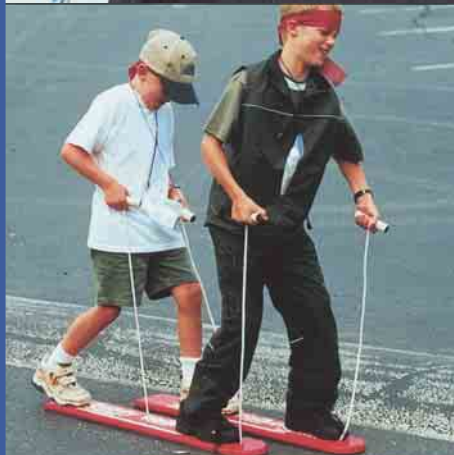
**Jordan Clark**, 6, Hendersonville, Tennessee, likes sports, especially baseball. He enjoys going to school and is an excellent reader. His favorite Primary song is "We'll Bring the World His Truth." His parents love him very much.



**Mistie and Franklin Rosario**, ages 2 and 10, Modesto, California, love each other very much. Mistie also likes books, dance, singing Primary songs, and being the one to pray. Franklin has a kind heart. He likes family home evening, art, science, and swimming. His favorite Book of Mormon story is about Helaman's stripling warriors. He has a testimony of prayer and is preparing to serve a mission.

## Dumfries Ward

The Dumfries Ward Primary, Edinburgh Scotland Stake, learned about Noah at an activity day. The children traced Noah's genealogy in the scriptures and made a pedigree chart for him. They also made a journal of some of the interesting and important things that Noah did. They talked with Noah and learned a song and a finger play about the Lord made rainbows and the Flood. Most of all, they learned that Noah loved Heavenly Father and was obedient.



## Federal Way First Ward

Primary children of the Federal Way First Ward, Federal Way Washington Stake, recently attended Stripling Warrior Training Camp. The activity included five classes covering a variety of skills. The children were assigned to "armies of ten" which were identified by different-colored cloth headbands. Groups moved from station to station at fifteen-minute intervals. The stations were: "Food on the Go" (healthy eating tips and dried food), "Helaman's Healing Tips" (first aid), "Finding Your Way" (scripture treasure hunt), "Wilderness Trek" (obstacle course), and "Spear Throwing/Target Practice" (PVC-pipe "spears" and sandbag "stones"). The day was topped off with a boys-against-girls tug-of-war and frozen treats for all.

## Exeter Ward

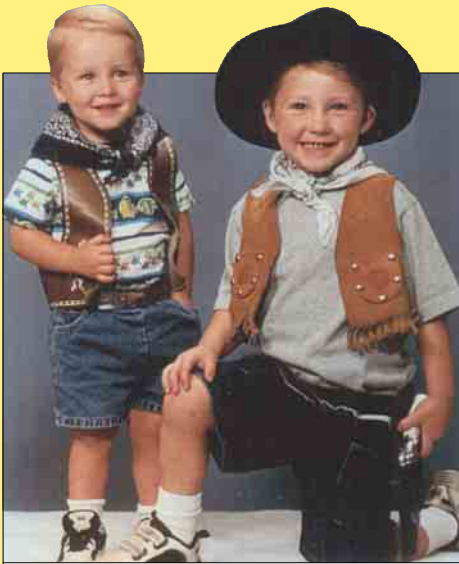
The Achievement Day group of the Exeter Ward, Exeter New Hampshire Stake, celebrated the completion of the Boston Massachusetts Temple by building a model of it in the snow. For the gold statue of the Angel Moroni, the girls found a brass candlestick. The snow was light and fluffy, however, and wouldn't stay where the girls tried to put it. They decided that their completed "temple" looked more like the Conference Center.



The girls all love the real temple. They visited the site during construction and invited friends to the open house. Pictured in the photo are Megan Kunz, Katreena Francis, Courtney Lambert, and Sherena Doane. Other Achievement Day girls are Jackie Middlemis, Sam Moore, Kaila Moulton, Becca Staves, Camile McMullen, and Amanda Antczak.



A fine singer, **Madison Hutchinson**, 8, Clackamas, Oregon, likes to sing in Primary. She is a great basketball, baseball, and soccer player. She reads the scriptures daily and enjoys Achievement Days and the *Friend*.

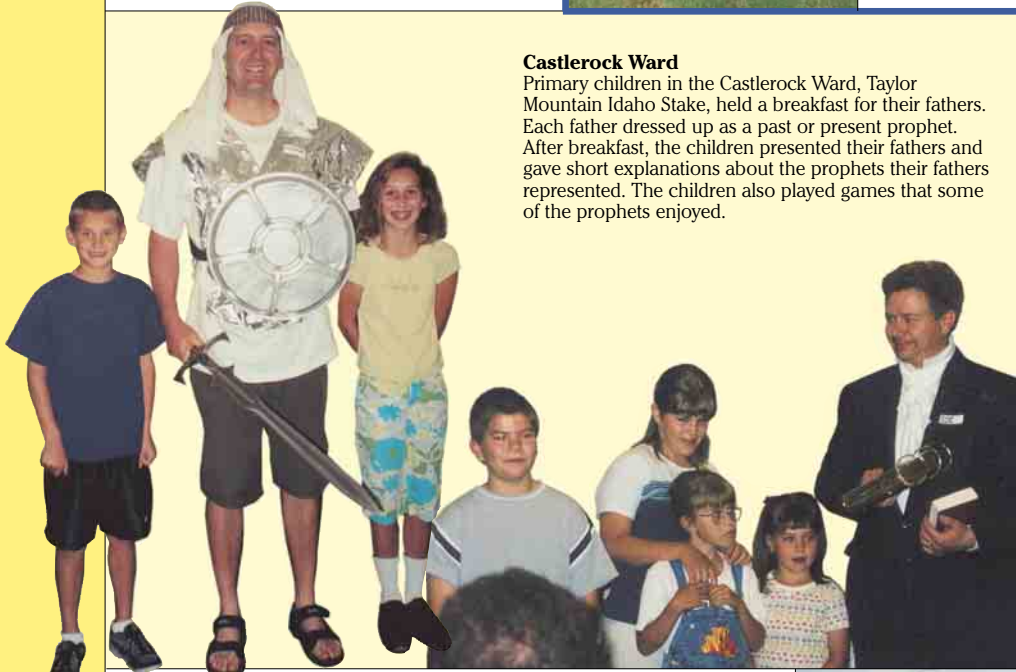


**Levi and Christopher Shelton**, ages 3 and 5, Mesa, Arizona, like to help Mom and Dad and play with their friends and cousins. Christopher sings well and loves puppies and holding baby Clair. Puzzles, swinging, and drawing with Daddy are fun for Levi.



**Manti Utah Stake**

President Douglas M. Dyreng, president of the Manti Utah Stake, has encouraged the members of his stake to love the scriptures and read them daily. He and his counselors have twice visited each of the Primaries in his stake, presenting Sharing Times and teaching the children from the scriptures. The children love him. As a tribute to President Dyreng, the Primary children in the stake decided to prepare a scripture chain and present it to him in stake conference. For six weeks the children tried harder to read the scriptures daily. Each Sunday, they shared with their Primary classes something they had learned from reading the scriptures and added a link to the chain. The chain was carried by the ward Primary presidencies around the chapel and cultural hall and was presented to President Dyreng, who asked that it be displayed in the foyer. This is a picture of the children and the chain taken in front of the Manti Temple. The chain stretched down the hill and halfway up again.



**Castlerock Ward**

Primary children in the Castlerock Ward, Taylor Mountain Idaho Stake, held a breakfast for their fathers. Each father dressed up as a past or present prophet. After breakfast, the children presented their fathers and gave short explanations about the prophets their fathers represented. The children also played games that some of the prophets enjoyed.



**Kona First and Second Wards**

The Kona First and Second Wards of the Kona Hawaii Stake held a Primary activity day based on the counsel given by President Gordon B. Hinckley in "The Prophet's Counsel: The Six B's" in the February 2001 issue of the *Friend*. They held three workshops based on President Hinckley's message. The final activity was for each child to make a rug to kneel on by his or her bed when praying.



**Natalie Dye**, 4, Springville, Utah, enjoys being home-schooled and is learning to read and write. She likes to memorize Book of Mormon scriptures. Her favorite food is asparagus.

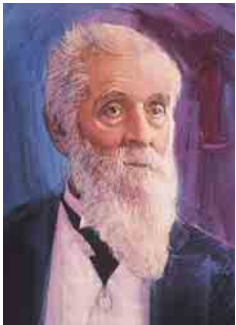
**Potomac Ward**

The fifty children of the Potomac Ward Primary, Washington D.C. Stake, set a goal to compile one hundred hygiene kits. The children earned money for the project by doing odd jobs or donating allowances, savings, etc. In two months, the children had raised nearly three hundred dollars in change. The whole Primary gathered to buy, organize, and assemble the kits. Sister Ann Santini, Director of International Affairs for the Church, lives in the ward. She found out about an urgent need in Zimbabwe. Through contact with the ambassador, the Primary was able to send their hygiene kits directly there.

# Temples

## Throughout the World

*And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, . . . and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths (Micah 4:2).*



**W**hen Lorenzo Snow was the prophet, there were only four temples, and all of them were in Utah. He knew that one day temples would dot the earth. In 1899, he prophesied, “The time will come when there will be

Temples established over every portion of the land.”\* There are now temples in 32 countries of the world.

In 1958, President David O. McKay dedicated the Swiss temple. It was the first temple in Europe, and it served members from Switzerland, Austria, Germany, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and France. In other temples, temple workers presented the endowment. Since those who would attend the Swiss temple spoke different languages, the Spirit directed President McKay to present the endowment as a film. It was



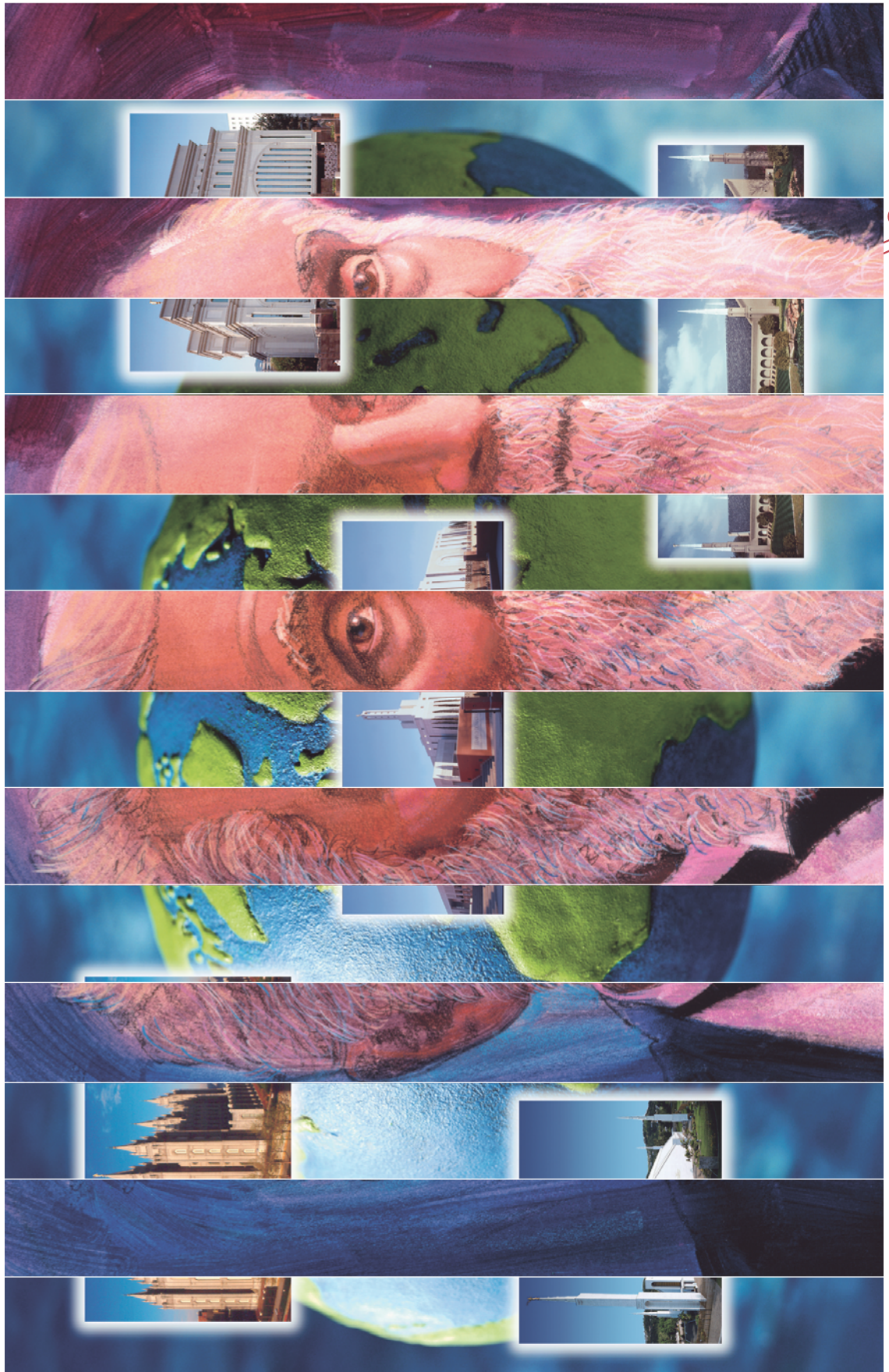
recorded in several languages so everyone could be taught in his or her own native tongue.

Today, temples bless Heavenly Father’s children all over the world. Nearly all temples present the endowment on film and in different languages. People can visit temples in other nations if they do not have a temple nearby, and temples are being built in more and more countries. In 1997, President Gordon B. Hinckley said, “We are determined . . . to take the temples to the people and afford them every opportunity for the very precious blessings that come of temple worship.”†

We can prepare to receive temple blessings by being valiant Church members. We can help more temples to be built by increasing faith throughout the world—by preparing to serve missions, by being examples, and by sharing the gospel with our friends.

\*See *Friend*, January 1993, poster.  
†*Ensign*, November 1997, page 50.

To remind you that Lorenzo Snow prophesied that temples would cover the earth, cut out the picture, then fold it accordian-style along the white lines. (See illustration below.) Then look at it from the right side to see one picture, and from the left side to see another picture.



*But when they in their trouble did turn unto the Lord God of Israel, and sought him, he was found of them (2 Chronicles 15:4).*

By Ken Baker  
(A true story)

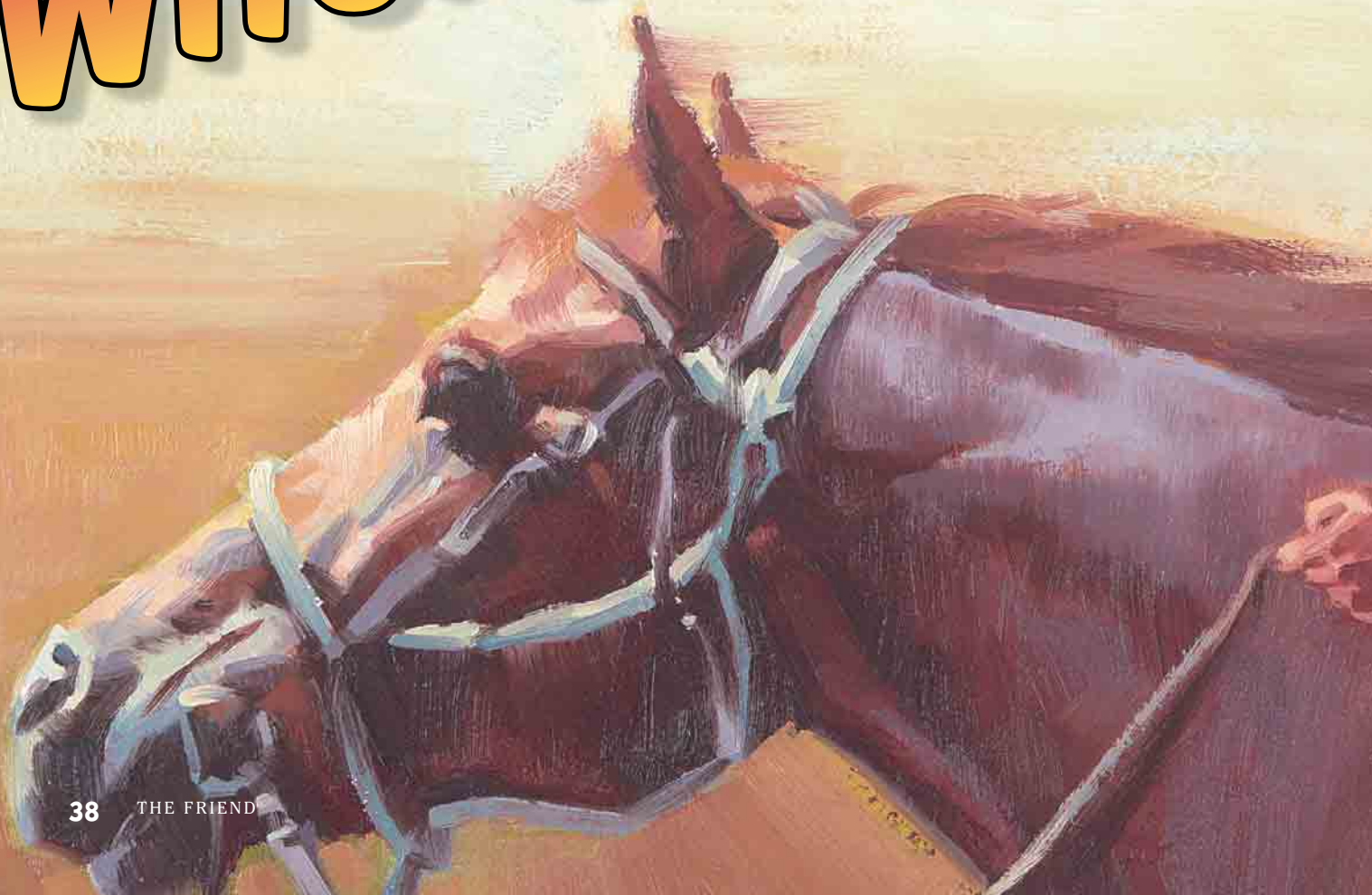
During many summer vacations when I was a child, my family drove the long distance from our home in northern California to visit relatives in Utah. As a true city boy looking for adventure, I especially enjoyed our trips to my grandmother's farm in southern Utah.

On the farm, my brothers, sisters, cousins, and I climbed to the tops of towering haystacks and then jumped off, flying down to a soft cushion of hay below. Next, we took turns on our uncle's old tractors, grabbing the steering wheel and pretending we were racing across the field. After that, we balanced like

tightrope walkers and made our way across the top of the rickety old fence rails that kept the cows corralled. The best fun, though, was riding old Blaze.

Blaze was a gentle, old, brown horse that loved kids to ride on her. When I was younger, I rode double with one of my older brothers or sisters. However, the summer I was about nine years old, I announced to everyone that I was old enough to ride Blaze all by myself. My parents agreed, so with a boost onto her back and some

WHOA, BLAZE!





last-minute instructions from my uncle, I was riding Blaze all on my own like a real cowboy.

As I slowly guided Blaze into a partly fenced-in field, my family could see that I was handling Blaze as well as any professional cowboy. They left me to my fun and went inside Grandma's old farmhouse. Holding the reins loosely in my hands as I sat atop the gentle horse, I felt like I was king of the world.

However, only a few minutes had passed when Blaze suddenly broke into a mad gallop. I pulled gently on the reins to slow her down, but she kept up her fast pace. I pulled harder on the reins and yelled, "Whoa!" But Blaze seemed to just go

faster and faster. I kept tugging at the reins but didn't dare pull too hard for fear that she would rear on her hind legs and buck me off.

I pulled again and again on the reins, but Blaze just kept on galloping out of control. My cries for her to stop turned into screams of panic as she raced from the safety of the field and away from the farmhouse while I bounced and jerked wildly in the saddle.

At a terrifying speed, she headed straight for an old tractor, swerving just in time to miss it. Racing like lightning, she headed next toward a wooden, railed fence. I thought for sure that we'd crash right into it, but Blaze swerved away again just in time.



No matter what I tried, I couldn't control her at all. Eventually she galloped off the farm property onto the rarely used country road. With tears streaming from my eyes, I realized my situation had just grown considerably worse. I couldn't stop her on my own, and it might be hours before anyone who could help me might venture this way. I could end up lost, miles away from my grandma's farmhouse, before Blaze ever came to a stop or threw me off her back.

At that moment, I realized that there was only one thing left for me to do. I prayed with all my heart. I prayed in my mind, and I prayed out loud. I knew that Heavenly Father would hear my prayers and that He could help me.

It wasn't long after my prayers that an old truck came barreling down the road. The man driving it saw right away that I needed help. Driving



**"Prayers for help are often answered by the Lord through the simple, daily service of caring brothers and sisters."**

**Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin  
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles  
(Ensign, November 1997, page 32.)**

alongside the galloping horse and me, the man yelled from his truck window, "Pull on the reins!"

I pulled, but Blaze kept running. The man yelled for me to pull harder. Even though I was still afraid that Blaze might rear back, I pulled back even harder on the reins than I had tried before. Blaze kept on racing.

"Pull harder!" yelled the man.

I was afraid to pull any harder, but I realized that the man knew more about horses than I did. So, gathering all my strength, I pulled as hard as I could on the reins. Blaze didn't stop at first, but with the man's continual urging, the horse finally slowed to a complete stop.

The man in the truck pulled off to the side of the road and hopped out. My whole body shook as he helped me down off the horse. When I told him that Blaze was usually a mild-mannered horse, he explained that even the gentlest horse might break into a run if its rider holds the reins too loosely.

After thanking the man for his help and assuring him that I was OK, I started the long way back to the farmhouse, leading Blaze by the reins. As I walked, I realized that some people might say that the man coming by when he did was just a coincidence. But I knew differently. It was a direct answer to my prayers. Heavenly Father knew ahead of time that I would need help when I did. He inspired a man who knew a lot more about horses than I did to drive his truck down a lonely county road. I know with all my heart, that Heavenly Father answered the prayers of a terrified young boy who couldn't stop a galloping horse on his own.





# Temple Cards



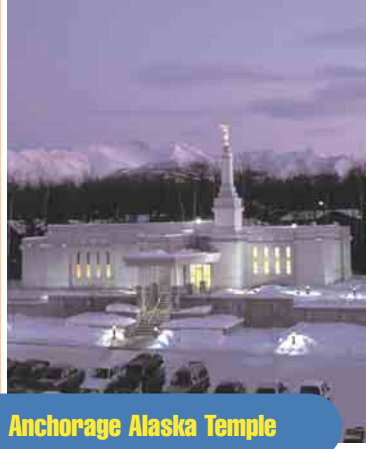
Each month in 2002, you will find a Temple Cards page in the *Friend*. Remove the page from the magazine, glue it to heavy paper, and cut out the cards. If you collect all 108 cards this year, you will have a picture-history of Latter-day Saint temples around the world.



**Monticello Utah Temple**

Dedicated: July 26, 1998

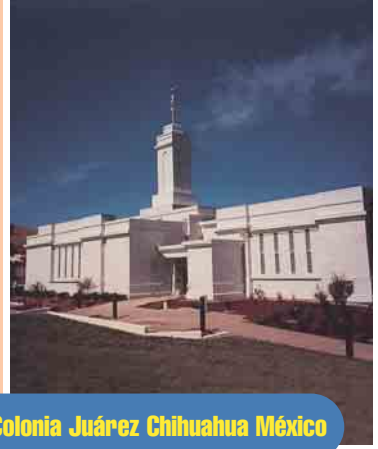
PHOTO BY JOHN LUKE



**Anchorage Alaska Temple**

Dedicated: January 9, 1999

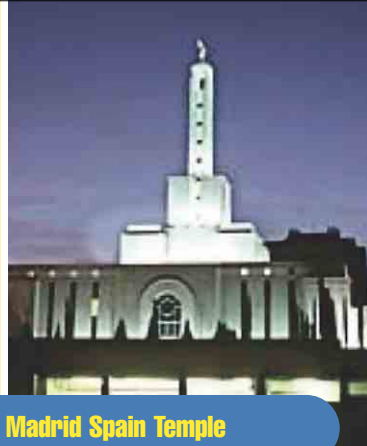
PHOTO BY RAY HAFEN



**Colonia Juárez Chihuahua México**

Dedicated: March 6, 1999

PHOTO BY GREG HILL



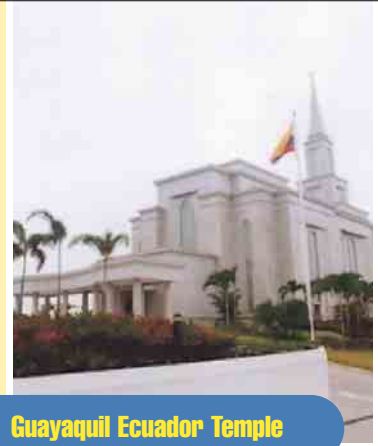
**Madrid Spain Temple**

Dedicated: March 19, 1999



**Bogotá Colombia Temple**

Dedicated: April 24, 1999



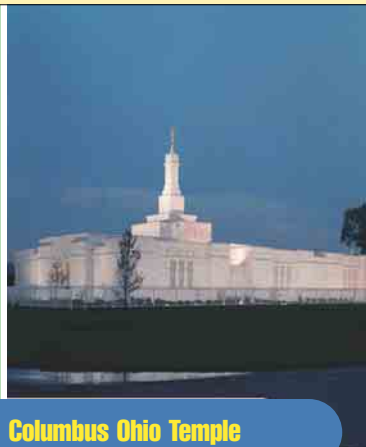
**Guayaquil Ecuador Temple**

Dedicated: August 1, 1999



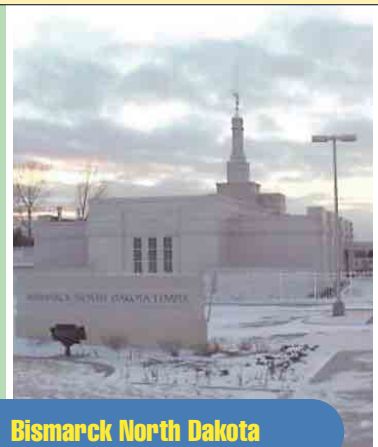
**Spokane Washington Temple**

Dedicated: August 21–23, 1999



**Columbus Ohio Temple**

Dedicated: September 4–5, 1999



**Bismarck North Dakota**

Dedicated: September 19, 1999

# OUR creative friends

## My Backyard

I like flying my airplanes out in the backyard.

I like jumping on my trampoline in my backyard.

I like playing on my jungle gym in my backyard.

I like running around in my backyard.

I like playing basketball in my backyard.

I like riding my bike in my backyard.

I like putting my flag up in my backyard.

I like playing hopscotch, tag, and soccer in my backyard.

Best of all, I like playing with my brothers in my backyard.

**Craig Meservy, age 5**  
Corona, California

## Follow the Prophet

Father in Heaven has given us prophets:

Obey His servants as if He is talking.

Love and respect them as they guide us.

Listen to their counsel—live as He does.

Open our hearts and minds to the teachings they give.

Wisdom and blessings are our reward at the end.

Through revelations to each of them, Heavenly Father speaks.

He holds keys of the priesthood for as long as he lives.

Eternal life is our goal to live with families.

Please give heed to his teachings—then it will be achieved.

Repent ye this day is what he always says.

Offer your time and talents for building up the Church in these latter days.

Ponder the scriptures to gain knowledge, truth, and light;

Have faith in Christ and do what is right.

Every counsel he gives is out of love.

To show we follow the prophet, do all the above!

**Malizha Tuimaseve, age 11**  
Hamilton, New Zealand

## Heavenly Father's Creation

Heavenly Father's creation is the most wonderful thing in the whole wide world. The world was created for us to live in. It was made so that there can be people to obey His plan. Heavenly Father created me and you so that we can have the best life we can.

**Chavonne W. O'Neill, age 9**  
Hamilton, New Zealand



**Taylor Walker, age 8**  
Fountain Green, Utah



**Kylie Woon, age 10**  
Shanghai, China



**Mason Oakes, age 4**  
Yuba City, California



**Kade Donovan, age 7**  
Corinne, Utah



**Nicolas Smith, age 9**  
Wetumpka, Alabama



**Gabriella Pearse, age 5**  
Fairmont, West Virginia



**Jared Valdez, age 9**  
Cove, Utah



**Alyssa Kirby, age 2**  
Alpine, Texas



**Seth Matthew Haderlie, age 7**  
Heber City, Utah



**Susan Burnett, age 8**  
Davie, Florida

## Good and Bad

When you are bad,  
You are sad.

But when you are true,  
Happiness will come to you.

**Amber Edgecomb, age 6**  
Pleasant Grove, Utah

### Baptism

Jesus Christ was baptized  
 By His cousin John  
 To show us by example  
 How it should be done.  
 When we enter the water,  
 Sins are washed away.  
 We feel so clean all over—  
 We've chosen the right way.  
 After you are baptized,  
 You receive the Holy Ghost  
 To have as a companion,  
 Who means to you the most.

**Josh Tanner, age 8**  
**Plantation, Florida**

### Latter-day Saints

We have traveled across the land,  
 All together hand in hand,  
 Going the distance required of us,  
 Never giving up or making a fuss,  
 Following Brigham and Joseph's command,  
 Trying to find the promised land.

We're marching along the trail west,  
 Moving along without any rest,  
 Always praying along the way,  
 Constantly moving the whole day.

"Heavenly Father told us not to stop."  
 "We'll obey Him until we drop."  
 "All together, we'll shower Him with praise."  
 Brigham says, "Wait! Stop! This is the place!"  
 Everyone shouts, "Hip, hip, hurray!"

**Chloe Armstrong, age 11**  
**Casstown, Ohio**

### Blessings

Though I'm in a wheelchair,  
 I don't think life is unfair.  
 I have blessings you will see,  
 So stop right there and talk with me.  
 Though I can't play hide-and-seek or tag,  
 I have a family and I am glad!

**Daphne Munafò, age 9**  
**Elizabeth, Colorado**

### Going to the Temple

I came to the temple today  
 To learn, to serve, and to pray.  
 I went in a room to be sealed;  
 There my family all kneeled.  
 My mother was dressed in white,  
 And she seemed to be filled with light.  
 As I came out, I thought of the Savior;  
 Then I knew that I could change my behavior.

**Christina Abish Wise, age 8**  
**Indianapolis, Indiana**

### Things I Love

I love kittens.  
 How about you?  
 I love my family.  
 Do you love yours, too?

I love birthdays.  
 How about you?  
 Christmas, Halloween,  
 Easter, too.

I love candy,  
 But not getting sandy.  
 I love to read scriptures,  
 And look at *Friend* pictures.  
**Tiffany Chilson, age 6**  
**Jupiter, Florida**



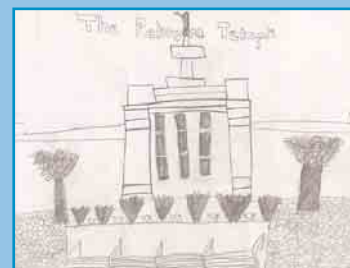
**Brent Meservy, age 7**  
**Corona, California**



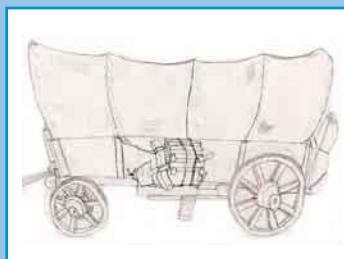
**Tehani Kaopua, age 10**  
**Waimanalo, Hawaii**



**Jacob Scott, age 6**  
**Austin, Texas**



**Lindsey Harris, age 9**  
**Baldwinsville, New York**



**Clint Bryant, age 12**  
**Evanston, Wyoming**



**Ashley Jensen, age 6**  
**Concord, California**



**Andrew James Lamoglia, age 7**  
**Abu Dhabi, United Arab Emirates**



**Tori Gagnon, age 9**  
**Park City, Utah**



**Jordan Michael Squires, age 10**  
**Yuma, Arizona**



**Rachel Chantry, age 11**  
**Usk, Washington**

### The Colors of Freedom

The colors of freedom in the United States are red, white, and blue. Red is for courage and the blood people shed for us to be free. White is for purity and the innocence of our nation. Blue is for justice, vigilance and perseverance. That's what our nation is made of.

**Mason Crandell, age 10**  
**Mesa, Arizona**



# Holding Hands

Words and music by  
Janice Kapp Perry

Joyfully ♩ = 108-120

1. There are chil - dren sing - ing all a - round the world, \_ Hap - py voic - es ring - ing out the  
 2. There are chil - dren shar - ing all a - round the world, \_ Lead - ing oth - er chil - dren to the

*mf*

joy - ful word: \_ We are chil - dren glow - ing with the gos - pel light, Stand - ing  
 gos - pel fold. \_ With the strength of youth, we do the Fa - ther's work. With our

tall, walk - ing strong, choos - ing right. There are chil - dren lead - ing out in  
 hearts and our hands we will serve. We are cov - 'nant chil - dren with a

ev - 'ry land \_ Who be - lieve in keep - ing all the Lord's com - mands. \_ Like the  
 gift to give. \_ We will teach the gos - pel by the way we live. \_ With each

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 This notice must be included on each copy made.

# Around the World



strip - ling war - riors, we go forth in faith, For we know that the Lord is our  
word and ac - tion, we will tes - ti - fy: We be - lieve, and we serve Je - sus

*Boldly*

strength. We are chil - dren hold - ing hands a - round the world, Like an  
Christ. *f*

ar - my with the gos - pel flag un - furled. We are led by His light, And we

love truth and right. We are build - ing the king - dom of God.



**1 Kirtland Temple**  
 First temple of the  
 dispensation of the  
 fulness of times  
 Dedicated March 27,  
 1836

**2 St. George Utah Temple**  
 First temple built by the  
 pioneers in Utah  
 Dedicated April 6, 1877



**3 Cardston Alberta Temple**  
 First temple in  
 Canada  
 Dedicated August 26, 1923

**4 Bern Switzerland Temple**  
 First temple in Europe  
 Dedicated  
 September 11, 1955



**5 São Paulo Brazil Temple**  
 First temple in  
 South America  
 Dedicated October 30, 1978



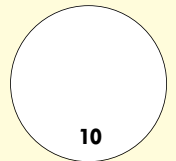
**6 Tokyo Japan Temple**  
 First temple in Asia  
 Dedicated  
 October 27, 1980

**7 México City México Temple**  
 First temple in Mexico  
 Dedicated  
 December 2, 1983



**8 Sydney Australia Temple**  
 First temple in Australia  
 Dedicated  
 September 20, 1984

**9 Johannesburg South Africa Temple**  
 First temple in Africa  
 Dedicated August 24, 1985



**10 \_\_\_\_\_ Temple**  
 First temple in which I plan  
 to do baptisms for the dead  
 Dedicated



# Pioneers and Temples



*And many nations shall come, and say,  
Come, and let us go up to the mountain of  
the Lord, . . . and he will teach us of his ways,  
and we will walk in his paths (Micah 4:2).*

*By Vicki F. Matsumori*

**W**hat do you think of when you hear the word pioneer? Do you picture a woman wearing a long dress and a bonnet? Is she pulling a handcart? Perhaps you think of children trudging westward across the American plains during a blizzard.

While those are examples of pioneers, you can find other kinds of pioneers in your own family. Many parents and grandparents have sacrificed to build the kingdom of God in every corner of the world. Instead of bonnets, long dresses, or coveralls, these pioneers might have worn berets, kimonos, or serapes.

No matter where you live, you receive blessings because others have worked and sacrificed. Just as the ancient Israelites, you enjoy “cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them; . . . and [of] oliveyards which ye planted not do ye eat” (Joshua 24:13).

One of the greatest blessings we have today is the more than one hundred temples throughout the world for worthy members to attend. All of the temples have been built with tithing donations and the sacrifice of generations of Church members. Modern-day pioneers continue to work hard not only to build temples but also to

prepare themselves to attend the temple.

President Hinckley said that many modern-day pioneers “have very little of this world’s goods. But they have in their hearts a great burning faith concerning this latter-day work. . . . They love the Lord and want to do His will. They are paying their tithing, modest as it is. They make tremendous sacrifices to visit the temples. They travel for days at a time in cheap buses and on old boats. They save their money and do without to make it all possible.”\*

What can *you* do to be a pioneer? You can help build temples for yourselves and future generations when you pay your tithing. When you pay tithing, you are also doing one of the things that will help make you worthy to enter the temple.

You can prepare for baptism and keep your baptismal covenants—another way to be worthy to enter the temple. You can help others understand the importance of the temple, and if no one in your own family has been to the temple, you can be a pioneer by helping them set a goal of being worthy to enter it.

As you make sacrifices to help your own family and others enjoy temple blessings, you will be like the pioneers of the past. You will help yourself and your brothers and sisters throughout the world enjoy the blessings of attending a temple close to home, where you and they can receive the wonderful ordinances that will help you and them return to Heavenly Father.

\*Ensign, May 1998, pages 87–88.

## “First” Temples

**More than one hundred temples are in use today. Draw the temple nearest to you, or that is special for you, in Marker #10 and fill in the blanks. Remove page 46 and mount it on heavy paper or lightweight cardboard. Cut out the temple markers, locate where they belong on the map, and glue them there. (Match the numbers on the map with those on Markers #1–#9; you will need to find the location for #10 for yourself—or get your Primary teacher or a parent to help.) Place the map where it will remind you of your goal to be worthy to attend the temple.**

## Sharing Time Ideas

(Note: *CS* = *Children's Songbook*; *TNGC* = *Teaching, No Greater Call*)

1. To help the children understand the blessings that come from making financial sacrifices to build and attend

the temple, share personal stories from local members or from Church magazines (see "This Is a Day of Sacrifice," *Friend*, Feb. 1987, p. 1 [Contents page]; "The Temple at 12," *New Era*, May 2001, p. 9; "The Blessing of Building a Temple," *Ensign*, May 1976, pp. 101–102).

Have an older class present Mark 12:41–44 as a choral reading (see *TNGC*, p. 163). Discuss what a mite is and why Jesus said that the widow had given more than the rich people. Help the children understand the blessings of paying tithing, no matter what size the amount. Have the children read Mal. 3:10 aloud together. Discuss some of the personal blessings that come because of the payment of tithing. Discuss what tithing money is used for in the Church. Sing either "I'm Glad to Pay a Tithing" or "I Want to Give the Lord My Tenth" (both *CS*, p. 150).

Give each child ten paper circles to represent coins. Discuss the importance of paying tithing to the Lord first. Have the children draw a picture of a temple on one coin. On the remaining coins, have them draw something else that the money could be used for (clothes, food, school supplies, savings, transportation, toys, mission preparation, etc.) Testify of the blessings you have received from paying tithing.

For younger children: Draw an open window on the chalkboard. Read Mal. 3:10–12. Have a leader or teacher tell the story of President Lorenzo Snow's revelation on tithing (see *Primary 5* manual, pp. 274–276). Discuss the personal blessings that came to the Church members because they paid their tithing. Discuss what tithing is used for—temples, meetinghouses, supplies, etc. Have children take turns drawing in the chalkboard window one of the blessings mentioned.

2. Give each child a paper sack and pencil or crayon to make a pioneer puppet (see *TNGC*, pp. 176–177). Ahead of time, ask four adults to tell about the building of the Kirtland, Nauvoo, and Salt Lake Temples, and the temple in your area (see *Primary 5* manual, Lessons 25, 35, and 44 for information on the Kirtland, Nauvoo, and Salt Lake Temples). Divide the Primary into four groups. Have each group meet with one of the adults to learn about the building of that temple. Have the children make puppets, then plan and practice how they will portray the event with their puppets. Have each group take turns presenting their puppet show to the rest of the Primary. Choose songs from the Heritage section (green pages) of the *CS* to sing between each presentation.

3. Help the children understand this month's scripture reference by having them locate Micah 4:1–2 in their scriptures. Ask the children to picture in their minds what is being described as they follow along while an older child reads the scripture aloud. Explain that the "mountain of the Lord" means the temple. In ancient times, prophets like Abraham (Abram—see Gen. 12:7–8), Moses (see Ex. 3:1–5), and Nephi (see 1 Ne. 18:3) went to the mountains to receive instruction from Heavenly Father when there were no temples available. Have the children listen to Micah 4:1–2 again, then list on the chalkboard what it says about the temple (people shall flow unto it, the Lord shall teach us His ways there, we will learn there how to walk in His paths).

In Ps. 24:3, King David asks, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" Have the children turn to Ps. 24:3–4 and discuss what the requirements for ascending "into the hill of the Lord" (going to the temple) mean: having "clean hands, and a pure heart," not lifting up "his soul unto vanity" or swearing "deceitfully." Have the children suggest songs from the *CS* that reinforce these principles—e.g., "The Lord Gave Me a Temple" (p. 153), "Hum Your Favorite Hymn" (p. 152), and "The Word of Wisdom" (pp. 154–155).

President Hinckley has given us similar counsel: The Six *Bs* (see *Friend*, Feb. 2001, pp. 24–25). Help the children remember them by playing a matching game. Make two copies of each of the *Bs* as wordstrips: BE GRATEFUL, BE SMART, BE CLEAN, BE TRUE, BE HUMBLE, BE PRAYERFUL. After the children take turns making matches, challenge them to choose one of the *Bs* to live better this week to help them prepare to attend the temple.

4. In the 1995 October general conference, President Hinckley said,

"I have a burning desire that a temple be located within reasonable access to Latter-day Saints [where Latter-day Saints can get to it without great hardship] throughout the world" (*Ensign*,

Nov. 1995, p. 52). Talk about the blessings of having temples close to Church members (people do not need to travel as far, and the ordinances are available in many different languages). Sing "Children All Over the World" (*CS*, pp. 16–17) or "Feliz Cumpleaños" (*CS*, p. 282).

Use a map to help the children locate where they live. Attach a marker at that location. Have the children suggest the names of several temples throughout the world. List these on the chalkboard. Ask, "Which of these is closest to you?" "Which is farthest?" Locate the suggested temples on the map. Have a child use a piece of string or other measuring device to see which temple is closest, farthest.

Make a time line to show the increased building of temples to provide "reasonable access for Latter-day Saints throughout the world." Mark spaces to represent ten-year intervals from 1836 to 1996. Then mark each year from 1996 to the present. Give each child a small piece of paper to represent a temple. For smaller Primaries, each child may be given more than one marker. Show the number of temples dedicated in each interval by having the children take turns placing a temple marker along the time line as follows: •1836–1846 (2) •1846–1856 (0) •1857–1866 (0) •1867–1876 (0) •1877–1886 (2) •1887–1896 (2) •1897–1906 (0) •1907–1916 (0) •1917–1926 (2) •1927–1936 (1) •1937–1946 (1) •1947–1956 (2) •1957–1966 (3) •1967–1976 (3) •1977–1986 (24) •1987–1996 (9) •1997 (2) •1998 (2) •1999 (15) •2000 (34) •2001 (4) •2002 (3—as of 30 June 2002).

Express gratitude for the blessings of having so many temples available around the world.

5. *Song presentation*: Explain that "Truth from Elijah" (*CS*, pp. 90–91) is based on Mal. 4:5–6, but that this Biblical prophecy was so important that it was recorded in the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. Divide the children into four groups, and give each group one of these references: Malachi 4:5–6, 3 Nephi 25:5–6, Doctrine and Covenants 2:1–2, and Joseph Smith—History 1:38–39. Have a child in the first group read the scripture in Malachi out loud while the other children see how close to the same words their scriptures are.

Then have the children see how close their scriptures are to what you sing in the first part of "Truth from Elijah." Sing up to "have turned" and have them raise their hands when they hear you sing words they are reading. Ask which words were the same. Have them sing that phrase.

Ask them to listen for the name of the prophet who restored the truth. Sing up to "have learned" and ask who the prophet was (Elijah). Have them sing that phrase with you. Then ask them to count how many times repeated words are sung up to there while you sing that much again. Ask what was repeated ("have turned," "have learned") and how many times (3). Have them again sing that entire first section.

Next, have the children listen for four things mentioned in the next part of the song that tells what they can do. Sing up to "bind them to us for eternity." Have four children hold up the following items to help them remember the phrases: "seek out our loved ones" (a family group sheet), "Preserving their names and their memory" (a family history book), "to kneel in the temple" (a picture of a temple), and "bind them to us for eternity" (a picture of a multi-generation family).

Sing each of these phrases individually with the children, then sing the song from the beginning up to that point. The last sentence has the same words as the first sentence but a slightly different melody. Sing the last line, have the children sing it with you, then sing the entire song.

Express gratitude for your own parents, grandparents, and ancestors, and the desire you have to be with them by being sealed to them for eternity.

6. Additional *Friend* resources: "Opening the Windows of Heaven," Oct. 2000, IFC; "Tithing Around the World," June 1999, pp. 24–25, 47; "Building with Ancestors," Aug. 1998, pp. 8–10; "Tithing: A Privilege," Nov. 1998, IFC; "Temple Firsts," Apr. 1997, p. 11. See also "Small Temples—Large Blessings," *Ensign*, Nov. 1998, pp. 64–65; "Symbol of Sacrifice, Monument to Life," *Ensign*, Oct. 1993, pp. 8–11.

# 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. Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned in the Family Home Evening Ideas. The Primary theme for July is “Temples bless Heavenly Father’s children throughout the world today.”



## FAMILY HOME EVENING IDEAS

1. Read “Laying the Cornerstone” (pages 4–6) and then talk about some of the differences between the lives of pioneer children and our lives today.

Next read “Pioneer Sacrifices” (page 7) by Elder M. Russell Ballard. Discuss how we can be pioneers today. End with the statement by Elder Dallin H. Oaks (page 6).

2. Briefly tell the story of the “March of the Mormon Battalion” and play the game (pages 24–25). Talk about some of the sacrifices you can make or the opportunities

you have to help the work of the Church “march” forward.

3. Do the Funstuf activity “Honor Jesus Christ” (page 23). Each of the answers gives us a way we can honor the Savior. Make a list of them, and try to do them this week. End by learning the song “Holding Hands Around the World” (pages 44–45) and singing it together.

4. Share the story “Eugene’s Quiet Place” (pages 10–12). Remember together some of the prophets who have found their own special place to pray (Joseph Smith, Nephi, Enos, and so on). Resolve that each day this week, in your own quiet places, you will take time to thank Heavenly Father for your many blessings. Make a copy of Journal Page (page 13) for every family member.

**A new Primary video, “Sharing Time with President Gordon B. Hinckley” (stock no. 53331), is available for \$3.00 from the Salt Lake Distribution Center, 1999 West 1700 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104-4233.**

## TOPICAL INDEX TO THIS ISSUE OF THE *FRIEND*

(f) = Funstuf  
(FLF) = For Little Friends  
(m) = music  
(v) = verse



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## FUNSTUF ANSWERS

*Find the Books:* A.J., Phillip, Amos, and their sister, Rachel, were going to the state fair. It was next to a farm at the western edge of town.

They were all eager to go. Rachel was going to be a real manager of one of the food booths, and she was in a very good humor. “Money!” she exclaimed. “Our booth is going to make lots of money for our Helping Others Club!” She ran to get her sign for the booth. “I’m ready to go as soon as everyone else is.”

Amos especially wanted to be there early. That evening he was going to be in a musical at the fair. It was about King Arthur. He asked, “Can you be ready to go at one, Phillip? I just need to try my armor on. I need to see if it fits. Then I’ll be ready to go.”

Phillip, who was always practicing magic tricks, told his brother, “Amos, I, ah, don’t know how to tell you this, but A.J. and I have been ready to go all morning. Last year, someone gave A.J. a cob of corn that was roasted on the coals, and he can’t wait to get another one.”

It was true. A.J. had seldom nibbled on anything so tasty. Even so, for A.J., aromas wafting from all the food booths were almost as good as eating the corn and cotton candy and other wonderful things. Rachel teasingly told him, “Don’t be nosy.”

“Don’t worry,” A.J. told Rachel. “A man has things besides food on his mind, you know. Phillip and I are going to the book tent first. We won’t even think about food for a while.”

Amos had been trying on his armor while the others were talking. “It fits fine,” he announced. “And it’s one o’clock. Let’s go.”

At the fair, he hurried to the stage for a final rehearsal. Rachel skipped over to the food booth to oversee the pricing of the baked goods. Phillip and A.J. ran to the book tent.

“Hi! The book we’ll read today is about magic,” the greeter said. “And we have a real magician to perform all the tricks in the book. Each of you take a piece of homemade bread, but don’t eat it yet. Wait and see what the magician does with it.”

Phillip chose white bread. A.J. took a slice of raisin bread.

When the magician demonstrated the tricks in the book, she took their pieces of bread. A.J. was amazed when she turned his to rye bread. Phillip was even more amazed when, upon the magician saying, “Abracadabra,” ham, cheese, and lettuce appeared on his white bread!

All too soon, the fair came to a close. A.J. was full of good food and their smells. Phillip was eager to learn some of the magic tricks he had seen. Amos was thrilled to have taken three curtain calls for his performance as Sir Galahad. And Rachel? She was perhaps the happiest—her food booth had earned enough money for the Helping Others Club to have a Christmas party that year for poor children.



*A place where the Lord may come, [the temple] is the most holy place of worship on earth. Only the home can compare with the temple in sacredness.*

**Bible Dictionary — Temple**

