

Jesus is our loving friend. He is always near (Children's Songbook, 58).

WHO IS JESUS?

By Eliana Osborn

(Based on a true story)

1. “Watch out! The allosaurus is going to get you!” roared Teddy as he chased Cole’s dinosaur around the couch with his allosaurus.

“No one can stop me. I’m a tyrannosaurus rex,” Cole said, bouncing his dinosaur along the walls.



2. The boys stomped through the house like loud, hungry dinosaurs until Mom brought out a snack.

3. “Who’s that on your wall?” Teddy asked, eating his string cheese.

“Jesus, of course,” Cole said.

“Who is Jesus?” Teddy asked.

Cole didn’t know what to say. He thought everyone knew about Jesus.

“He lives in heaven. And He loves all the people,” was all he could think to answer.

“OK,” Teddy said. “Do you want to go outside?”



4. Cole was kneeling by his bed that night getting ready to say his prayers when Dad came in.

“Did you have a good time with Teddy today?” Dad asked.

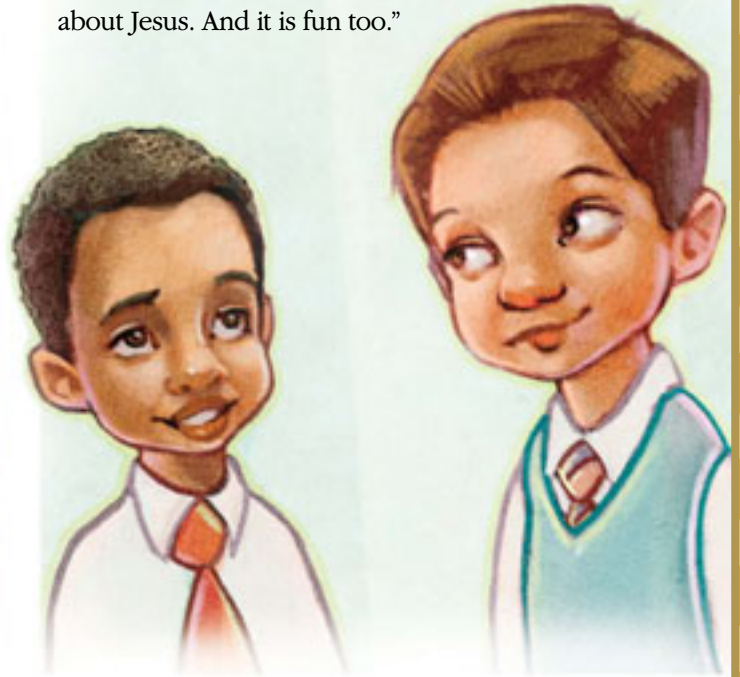
“Yes. We played in the sandbox and with dinosaurs. Dad, Teddy asked me who Jesus was, and I didn’t know what to tell him.”

5. Dad pointed to a picture on the wall above Cole's bed. It was of Jesus surrounded by children. "What do you think about when you look at this painting?" Dad asked.

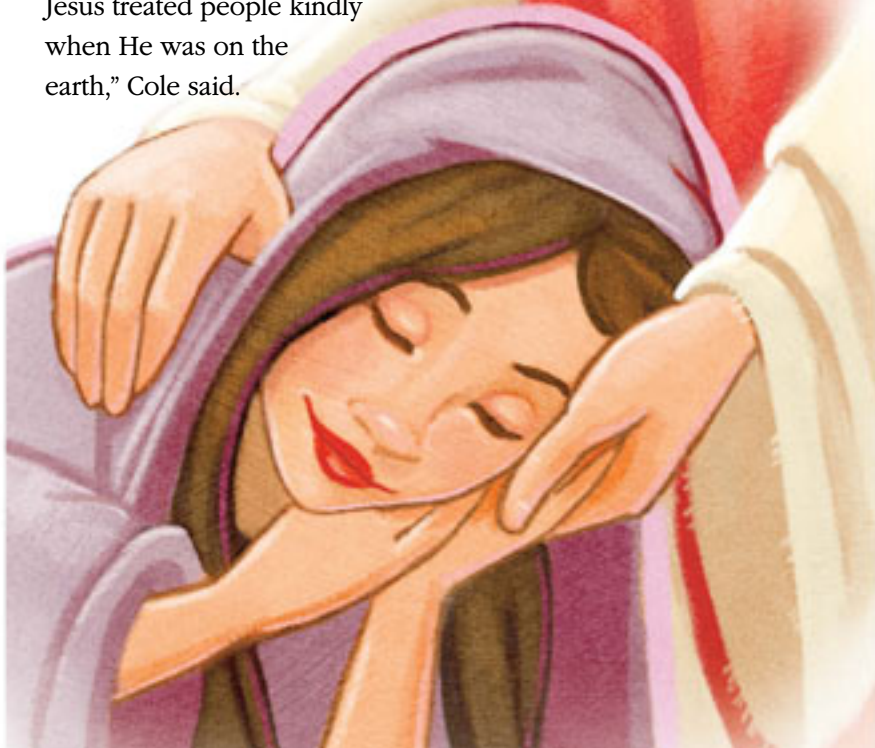


7. "It sounds like you could tell Teddy both of those things," Dad said.

"Maybe Teddy would like to come to church with me sometime," Cole said. "Then he could learn lots of things about Jesus. And it is fun too."



6. "I think about how I want to live with Jesus and Heavenly Father someday. And how Jesus treated people kindly when He was on the earth," Cole said.



8. Dad kissed Cole on the top of his head. "You're a good boy, Cole. Heavenly Father and Jesus are both proud of you. And Teddy is lucky to have you for a friend." ♦

Pioneer Trek

By Arie Van De Graaff

These pioneers are trying to get home. Can you help them find the right path?








Brigham's Right-Way Feet


By Jane McBride Choate






(Based on a true story)








 's  were always going the wrong way. When he woke up





in the mornings, his  were on his  and his  was

where his  should be. Sometimes his  ended up in the

wrong  .  walked in  . "Brigham,"  said, "Your left  is on your

right  and your right  is on your left  ." When  took  to the  ,


 's  made a clapping sound on the hard  . "Shh,"  said to  .

"Shh,"  said to his  . On Sunday morning,  dressed himself for  . He put on

his  and his  . He put his right  in his right  and his left  in his left

 .  walked between  and  on the way to  . He looked up and saw

the  . He looked down and saw his  . "My  are going the right way,"  said.

"They are going to  ."