





Great-Mamaw



My great-mamaw, Grace Wells, was always kind and gentle. She was always there when I needed her. She used to come from Lexington, Kentucky, for the Fourth of July. We played games like piñata, kickball, and soccer. We threw water balloons at each

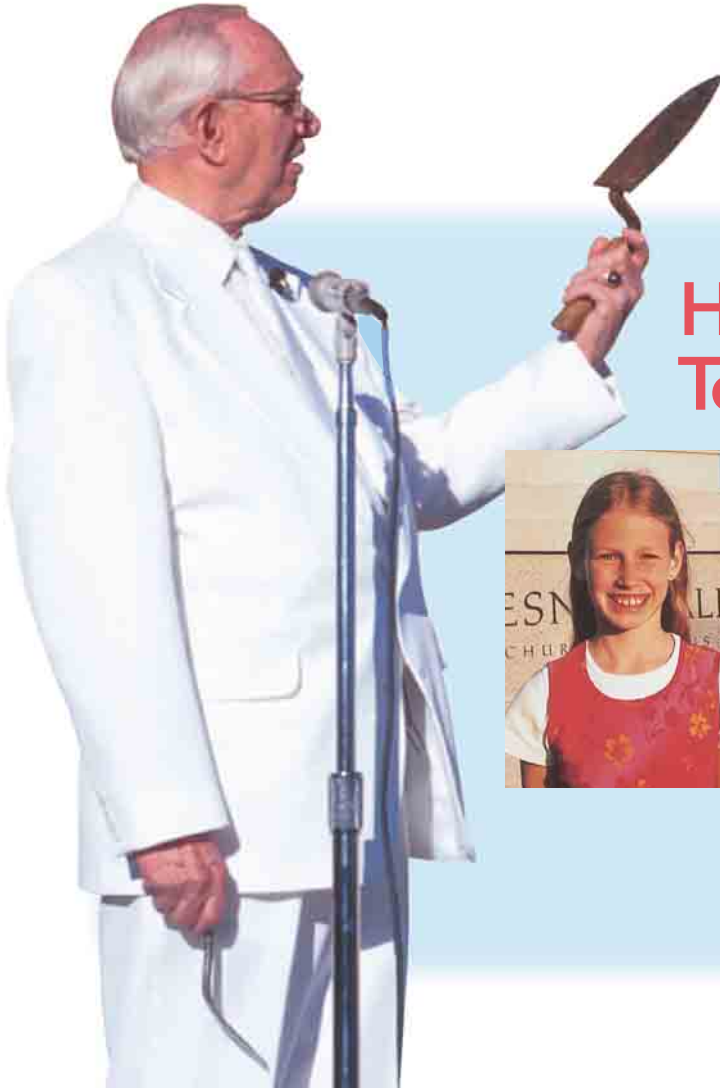
other. She gave me a jump rope and taught me tricks using it. The third word I said when I was a baby was Mamaw. She was proud to have me for a great-granddaughter. We used to go to her house for Christmas and exchange gifts.

A few years ago, the doctor said that she had Alzheimer's disease. She had more and more trouble remembering things. Sometimes she did not even recognize her family. On Sunday, February 25, 2001, she died at home while listening to a Primary song, "Mother, I Love You." I never knew my Great-aunt Carolyn, who lived with her, to sing. But she started singing with the rest of her brothers and sisters who were sitting at Mamaw's bedside. When the song ended, Mamaw took her last breath.

The funeral was really nice. People talked about all the nice and fun things Mamaw did with everyone. It was sad, too, because everyone will miss her very much.

I'll never sell the jump rope she gave me, and I'll never forget the special memories I have of her. I have a picture of her and me. She is in a better place, and I will get to see her again.

*Kellie Slinker, age 9
Knob Lick, Kentucky*



Helping at the Temple Cornerstone



When I was a new member of the Church, a temple opened. I got to put cement around the cornerstone with President Hinckley. That was a wonderful spiritual experience.

*Kate Grippenstraw, age 11
Fresno, California*

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the Friend

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Cover portrait by Grant Romney Clawson /
drawings by children of the Church

Hidden Word

Ordinance: In the Church, an ordinance is a sacred act, such as baptism, that is administered by priesthood authority. Ordinances are needed for us to return to our Father in Heaven. This term is found in "To Touch an Angel," Exploring, and Sharing Time in this issue. See if you can find it.

The Holy Spirit



*Thou gavest also thy good spirit to instruct them
(Nehemiah 9:20).*

During our lives, we each face hard decisions and hidden dangers. President James E. Faust explains how we can receive personal revelation that will lead us to strength and safety.



The right to enjoy the marvelous gifts of the Holy Ghost is conferred upon every member of the Church soon after baptism. . . .

This powerful gift entitles the leaders and all worthy members of the Church to enjoy the gifts and companionship of the Holy Ghost, a member of the Godhead whose function is to inspire, reveal, and teach all things. The result of this [gift] is that since the Church was organized, the leadership and members have enjoyed, and now enjoy, continuous revelation and inspiration directing them in what is right and good. . . .

Latter-day Saints, having received the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, are entitled

to personal inspiration in the small events of life as well as [in the great ones]. . . .

Without seeking the inspiration of the Almighty God, how could anyone think of making an important decision such as “Who is to be my companion?” “What is my work to be?” “Where will I live?” “How will I live?”

Many faithful Latter-day Saints have been warned by the Spirit when they were faced with injury or possible death. Among these was President Wilford Woodruff, who said:

“When I got back to Winter Quarters from the pioneer journey [1847], President [Brigham Young] said to me, ‘Brother Woodruff, I want you to take your wife and children and go to Boston and stay there until you can gather every Saint of

God in New England and Canada and send them up to Zion.’

“I did as he told me. It took me two years to gather up everybody, and I brought up the rear with a company (there were about one hundred of them). We arrived at Pittsburgh one day at sun-down. We did not want to stay there, so I went to the first steamboat that was going to leave. I saw the captain and engaged passage for us on that steamer. I had only just done so when the spirit said to me, and that, too, very strongly, ‘Don’t go aboard that steamer, nor your company.’ Of course, I went and spoke to the captain, and told him I had made up my mind to wait.

“Well, that ship started, and had only got five miles down the river when it took fire, and three hundred persons were burned to death or drowned. If I had not obeyed that spirit, and had gone on that steamer with the rest of the company, you can see what the result would have been.”

Some guidelines and rules are necessary if one is to [receive] revelation and inspiration. They include (1) to try honestly and sincerely to keep God’s commandments, (2) to be spiritually at-tuned as a receiver of a divine message, (3) to ask God in humble, fervent prayer, and (4) to seek answers

with unwavering faith. I testify that inspiration can be the spring for every person’s hope, guidance, and strength. . . .

How do revelation and inspiration operate? Each person has a built-in “receiving set” which, when fine-tuned, can be a receiver of divine communication. . . .

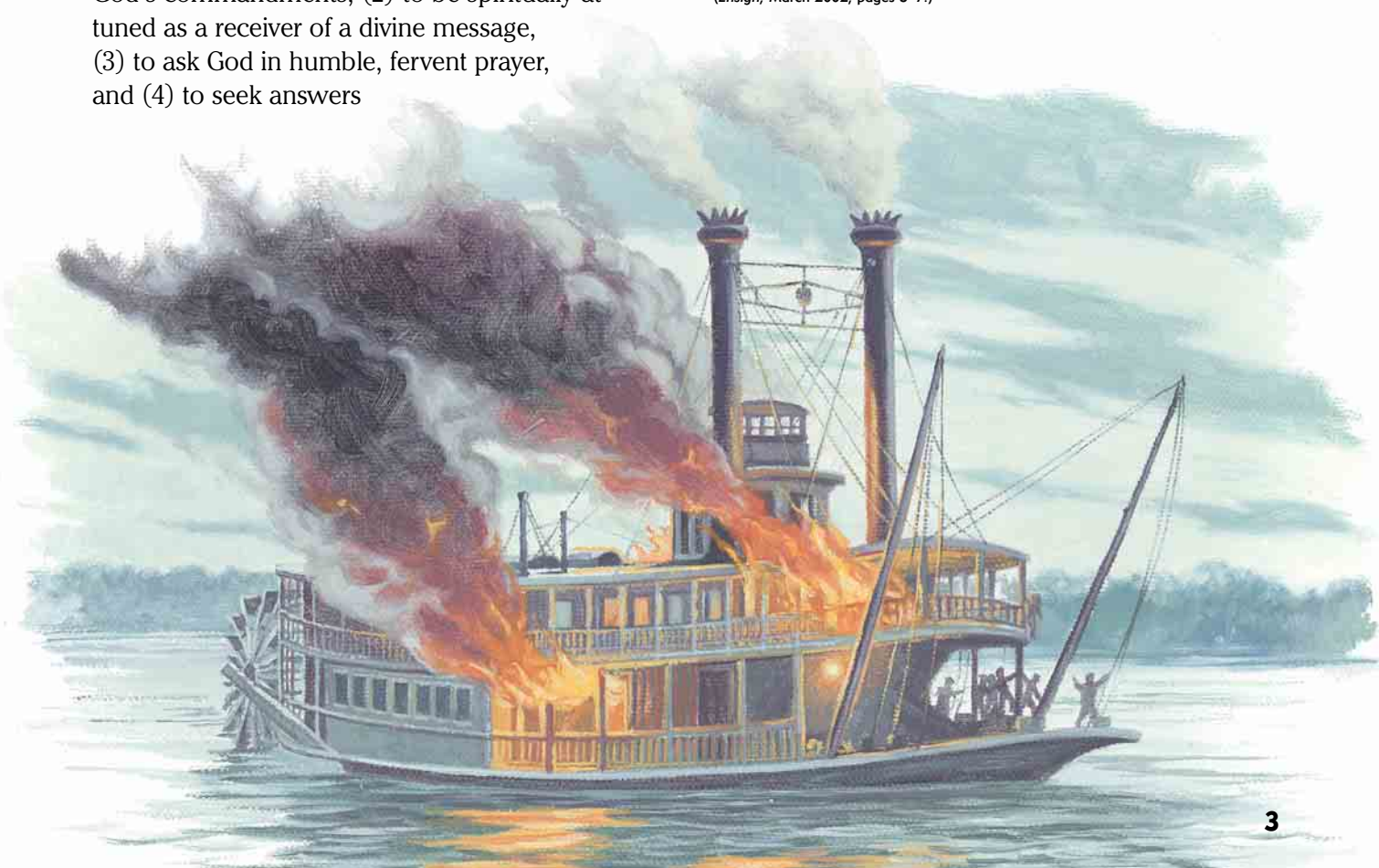
One does not necessarily hear an audible voice. . . . “I will tell you in your mind and in your heart, by the Holy Ghost, which shall come upon you and which shall dwell in your heart,” says the Lord (Doctrine and Covenants 8:2).

How was the voice of the Lord heard by Elijah the Tishbite? It was not the “strong wind [which] rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks,” nor “after the wind an earthquake,” nor “after the earthquake a fire.” It was “a still small voice” (see 1 Kings 19:11–12).

The inner voice of the Spirit [can] whisper through and pierce all things (see Doctrine and Covenants 85:6). . . .

I pray that we may so live as to enjoy the companionship of the Holy Ghost.

(Ensign, March 2002, pages 3–7.)



And help us by the power of thy Spirit, that we may mingle our voices with those bright, shining [angels] around thy throne, . . . singing Hosanna to God and the Lamb! (Doctrine & Covenants 109:79).

TO TOUCH

By Laura Best
(A true story)

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to God and the Lamb. Amen, Amen, and Amen.” Louisa was shouting as loudly as she could, but she couldn’t hear herself above the roar of forty thousand other Saints calling out the praises. Most of the Saints were excitedly waving white handkerchiefs; some were dabbing at tears rolling down their cheeks.

Just like Louisa, many of these people had waited their whole lives for this day. The building of the Salt Lake Temple was almost complete!

Families, dressed in their finest clothes, gathered to enjoy the moment. American flags draped the podium, where Elder Joseph F. Smith had given a beautiful prayer. The Saints had watched carefully as President Wilford Woodruff pushed a button at the podium to swing the capstone onto the tallest

spire. The capstone was the very last stone to go on the temple.

When the capstone was in place, the outside of the temple was finally finished. The crowd broke into beautiful song. Louisa was so thrilled and full of the Spirit that she had goose bumps.

She was proud of her papa and grandfather, who had spent many long, hard days hauling granite from the mountains to build this temple. She had never seen a more beautiful building.

“Get your handkerchiefs and wraps. It’s time to go,” Mama announced.

“Oh, Papa, please let me stay and watch what they do next,” Louisa pleaded.

“I will stay with you for a while longer, Louisa,” he said.



AN ANGEL

Most of the Saints left when Mama left, to get ready for their long trips back to their homes in Wyoming, Idaho, and southern Utah.

Louisa was glad that Papa let her stay. Even though she was only eight, she felt older and important. She was proud to have just been baptized into the Church that now had such a beautiful temple.

A few people stayed to fold flags and take down the podium. But Louisa was more interested in watching the workmen go back up onto the temple to place a huge statue of the angel Moroni. It took them a long time to get the large statue to the highest spire. “Do you think the angel Moroni could fall off the temple, Papa?”

“No, honey. The Lord has protected this temple for thirty-nine years. He will protect the angel, too.”

After the workmen finished placing the statue, Papa gathered his coat to leave for home. But Louisa saw a few people making their way to the corner of the temple. She tugged at Papa’s hand. “Oh, Papa, can we follow them?”

Silently Papa took Louisa’s hand and led her up to the temple. They followed the small group through the side door of the temple and up a corner staircase. At the top of the stairs, they went through a door onto the roof of the temple. Papa helped Louisa onto a wooden platform

surrounding the spires. The platform was the scaffolding that the workmen had used when they built the spires.

Louisa and Papa steadied themselves against it so that they wouldn’t fall.

Louisa couldn’t believe she was standing above the temple! The sun had just gone down, but it was still light enough to see the whole valley. Louisa could see for miles. She could see the road her family would take tomorrow back to their home in northern Utah. She could see the Tabernacle that was so close to the temple. She could see the mountains where the granite had come from to build the temple. She could see people below, and they looked very tiny.

Louisa grabbed Papa’s arm and hugged it, she was so happy. They inched along the scaffolding until they reached the tallest spire. On top of it was a ball. The top half of this ball was the capstone they had seen President Woodruff place earlier in the day. Standing on top of the ball was the statue of Moroni.

“Papa, I know that this is the Lord’s House, but do you think He would care if I touched the angel Moroni?”

“I think it would be all right.”

“I want to get married here when I’m older, and I want to be able to look up at the angel and remember this day.”

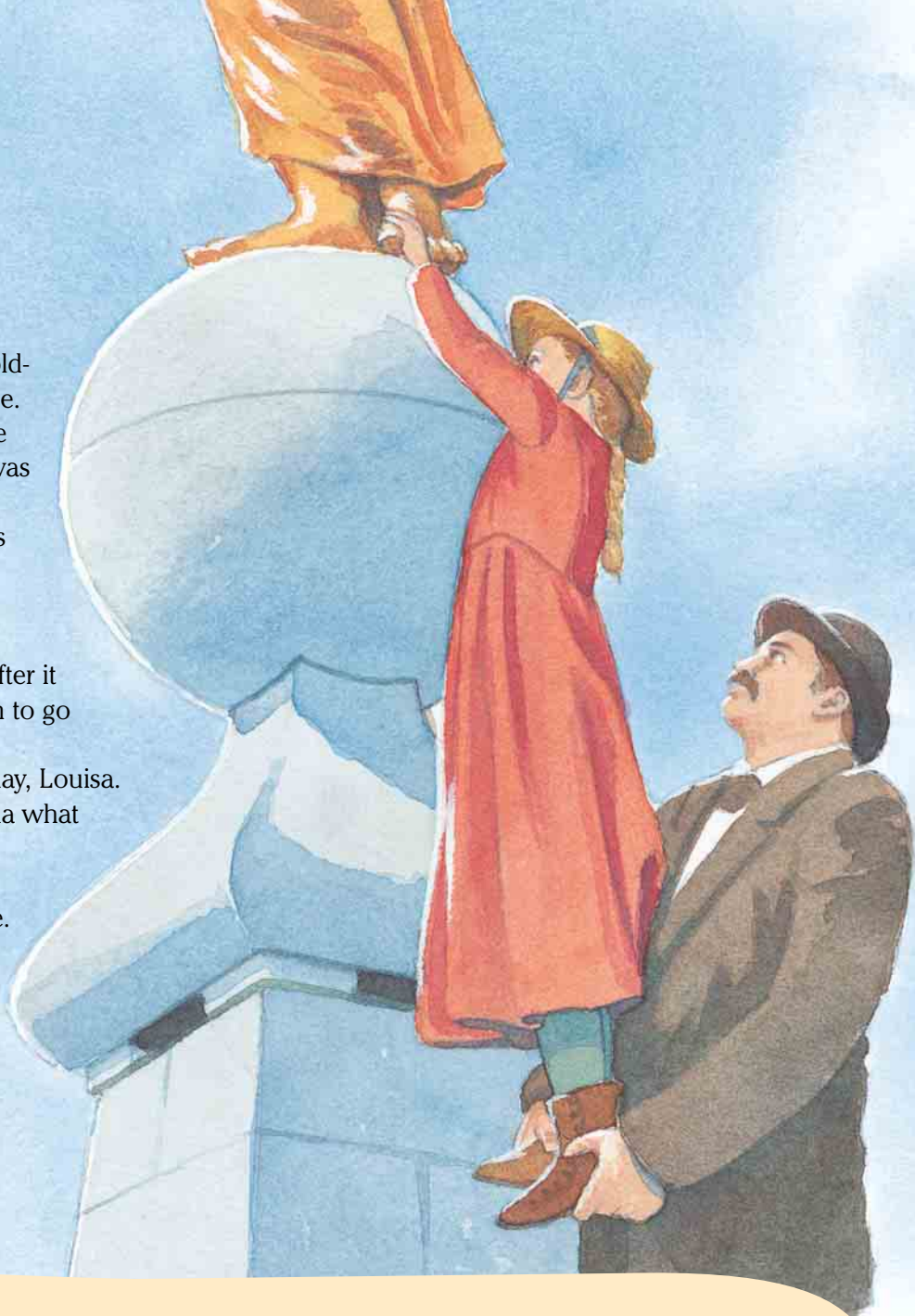
Papa smiled at her, then knelt

for Louisa to put her foot into his hands. He lifted her off the scaffolding floor toward the Moroni statue. Louisa reached over the capstone and up as far as she could. She was so excited that she was shaking. She ran her hand across Moroni's foot. The statue felt warm and smooth.

"Oh, Papa, the temple is wonderful! I'm going to come back after it is dedicated and I am old enough to go inside."

"That will be another special day, Louisa. Let's go home now and tell Mama what an exciting time we had here."

Louisa was true to her promise. Ten years and four days later, on April 10, 1902, she returned to the Salt Lake Temple to marry George Campbell Miller. The ceremony was performed by President Joseph F. Smith. As she left the temple, she looked up at Moroni and remembered that earlier wonderful day with Papa.



"[Thousands of years] ago, the prophet Micah predicted the following:

" 'But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and . . . people shall flow unto it.' . . .

"Here we may ask ourselves why the Saints—who had already been driven from their homes (and temples) at Kirtland and Nauvoo—would be so willing, even eager, to build another temple. . . .

"I am convinced those rugged pioneers knew in their hearts that the ordinances of the temple would actually bind (seal) them to their spouses, children, and parents . . . and provide them an eternal home in the presence of our Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ."

**Elder David B. Haight of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
(See *Ensign*, October 1993, page 9.)**



The Sacrament and Repentance

By Elder Dallin H. Oaks
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles



Did you know that Elder Dallin H. Oaks likes to fish and camp? He also loves Heavenly Father and wants us all to return to Him.

Elder Oaks has taught us how to do this with the help of the Holy Ghost, the sacrament, and repentance:

To have the [constant] companionship of the Holy Ghost is the most precious possession we can have in mortality. The gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred upon us by the authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood after our baptism. But to realize the blessings of that gift, we must keep ourselves free from sin. When we commit sin, we become unclean and the Spirit of the Lord [leaves] us. The Spirit of the Lord does not dwell in “unholy temples” (see Mosiah 2:36–37; Alma 34:35–36; Helaman 4:24), and no unclean thing can dwell in His presence (see Ephesians 5:5; 1 Nephi 10:21; Alma 7:21; Moses 6:57).

A few weeks ago I used a chain saw to cut down a tree in my backyard. It was a dirty job,

and when I was done I was splattered with a filthy mixture of sawdust and oil. In that condition I did not want anyone to see me. I just wanted to be cleansed in water so I would again feel comfortable in the presence of other people.

Not one of you . . . has lived without sin since [your] baptism. Without some [means of] further cleansing after our baptism, each of us is lost to things spiritual. We cannot have the companionship of the Holy Ghost, and at the final judgment we would be bound to be “cast off forever” (1 Nephi 10:21). How grateful we are that the Lord has provided a [means] for each baptized member of His Church to be . . . cleansed from the soil of sin. The sacrament is [a necessary] part of that process.

We are commanded to repent of our sins and to come to the Lord with a broken heart and a contrite spirit and partake of the sacrament in [keeping our part of] its covenants. When we renew our baptismal covenants in this way, the Lord renews the cleansing effect of our baptism. In this way we are made clean and can always have His Spirit to be with us.

(Ensign, November 1998, page 38.)

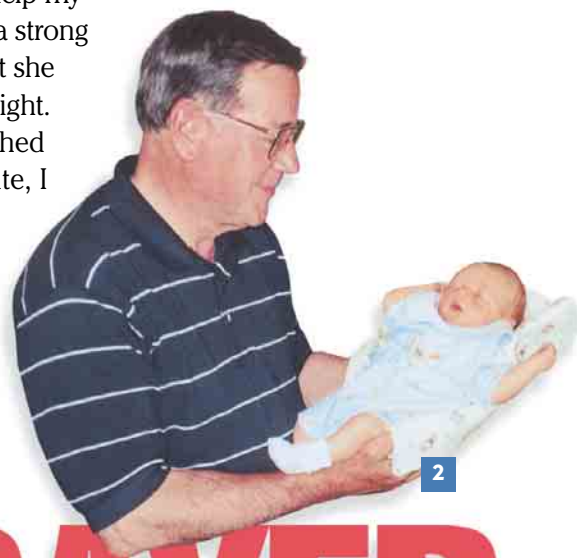
Thus saith the Lord . . . That which thou hast prayed to me . . . I have heard (2 Kings 19:20).

From an interview with Elder L. Edward Brown of the Seventy, currently serving in the Utah North Area Presidency; by Kellene Ricks Adams

I have a very deep and strong faith in the power of prayer, and I developed that testimony when I was very young. Although in my early childhood my father was not active in the Church, my mother taught my brothers and sisters and me about prayer. In Primary, I also learned about the importance of prayer. Later on, my father began to attend church.

that my mother was hurt very seriously. During my route, I stopped and knelt in a secluded area. I poured out my heart to Heavenly Father, asking Him to bless and help my mother. I felt a strong assurance that she would be all right.

After I finished my paper route, I stopped to visit my younger



THE POWER OF PRAYER



In fact, he was called to be our branch president. Prayer became an important part of our family.

I remember very clearly an experience I had when I was about twelve years old. It was a Saturday, and my father and I were at the meeting-house, preparing the building for meetings the next day. All of a sudden, my father stopped. “I feel that we need to go home,” he said. So we locked up the building and left.

At home, Dad took a shower and put on his suit. Almost immediately the phone rang. My mother, who had left earlier in the day to attend a Primary leadership meeting, had been in a terrible car accident. She and the other sisters in the car had been taken to the hospital. The doctors didn’t expect my mother to live.

My father left immediately for the hospital. I had a paper route and left to deliver my papers. I didn’t understand exactly what had happened, but I knew

sister, who was baby-sitting. We knelt together and prayed for my mother. Afterward, we felt a deep sense of peace.

In the months that followed, we relied heavily on those feelings we had received as we prayed. My mother had sustained very serious brain damage, and she was in a coma for weeks. Even after she returned home, she was never the same. Her physical and mental health was fragile, and her memory had been affected. But she had a profound faith and a deep love for us, her children.

That experience strengthened my testimony that Heavenly Father hears and answers our prayers. When I knelt to pray for my mother that first time, I hadn’t known just how badly she had been hurt. In fact, I prayed that her arm would not be broken. But Heavenly Father understood.

That’s the beauty of prayer and the Spirit. The Lord understands our heart, and we don’t have to worry about saying exactly the right thing. We can just relax and pray with a sincere heart,

knowing that our prayers will be heard.

My wife and I have taught our children about the importance of prayer. They learned at a very young age that they could turn to Heavenly Father for help and guidance. I remember one experience when our family had just returned from

Korea. I had served as a mission president there for three years. Although the experience was wonderful, our family was exhausted.



3



4



5

1. At age 4

2. With his grandson Trey Willis

3. In Japan with Sister Brown

4. Four generations (left to right)—Elder Brown, Bryson Brown (grandson), Steven (son), and Lowell Brown, Elder Brown's father

5. With daughter Rebecca and his grandchildren

door, only to discover that the key we had been given didn't fit in the lock! We were desperate. We ran around the cabin, trying to find another way to get in. We even considered trying to break in through a window, but we didn't want to damage the building.

After only a few minutes, I heard my six-year-old son, Steven, yell out, "I've opened the door. Come on in, everybody!"

I couldn't believe it, but as I rounded the corner of the cabin, I saw Steven standing at the door, waving everyone inside. After we'd escaped the mosquitoes, I asked, "Steven, how did you find the key? What happened?"

His answer was simple: "I closed my eyes and told Heavenly Father that we needed to find another key. I opened my eyes and saw a rock lying nearby. I had the feeling that a key was under the rock. And there was!"

I have seen such experiences happen over and over again. When a child or an adult prays in simple faith, his prayer is answered. Two years ago, my granddaughter Sarah started first grade. At first, she appeared to love it. But within only a couple of weeks, she started to cry every morning and beg her parents to let her stay home. They asked what was wrong, but she either couldn't or wouldn't tell them. They talked to her teacher, who had no idea what the problem might be. Sarah was well liked, she had friends, and she was doing well in her schoolwork.

One day after Sarah returned from school particularly upset, her father asked if she thought it would help if they knelt in prayer as a family the next morning and asked for Heavenly Father's help. "Oh, yes, Dad," Sarah replied. "I think that would help."

The next morning, the family went through their regular routine, Sarah crying and protesting but eventually ending up in the car, ready to go to school. "Wait, Dad," Sarah said just before they left. "We forgot to pray."

Sarah and her father went back inside and knelt in prayer with her mother and little sister. They prayed specifically that Sarah would have a happy day and a good time at school. That afternoon, when her father picked her up, Sarah left the building with her arms raised in victory. "Prayer works, Dad!" she exclaimed. "Prayer works!"

It most certainly does! I know that Heavenly Father hears and answers our prayers. I know that He understands the intent and purposes of our hearts. And I know that He will give us the guidance and help we need to live our lives righteously and return to live with Him.

THEY SPOKE TO US

Report from the 172nd Annual General Conference, April 6–7, 2002

President Gordon B. Hinckley: Like the polar star in the heavens, regardless of what the future holds, there stands the Redeemer of the world. . . . In sunshine and in shadow we look to Him, and He is there to assure and smile upon us. He is the central focus of our worship.

President Thomas S. Monson, First Counselor in the First Presidency: In many families, there are hurt feelings and a reluctance to forgive. It doesn't really matter what the issue was. It cannot and should not be left to injure. Blame keeps wounds open. Only forgiveness heals.

President James E. Faust, Second Counselor in the First Presidency: First, prayer is a humble acknowledgment that God is our Father and that the Lord Jesus Christ is our Savior and Redeemer. Second, it is a sincere confession of sin and transgression and a request for forgiveness. Third, it is recognition that we need help beyond our own ability. Fourth, it is an opportunity to express thanksgiving and gratitude to our Creator.

Elder Boyd K. Packer, Acting President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles: Nothing compares with a father who is responsible and in turn teaches his children responsibility. Nothing compares with a mother who is present with them to comfort them and give them assurance.

Elder M. Russell Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles: Peace—real peace, whole-souled to the very core of your being—comes only in and through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

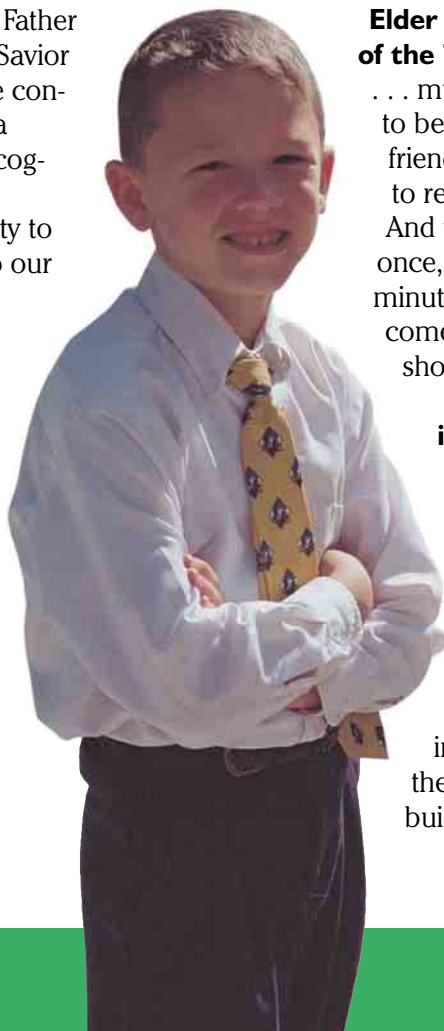
Elder Robert D. Hales of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles: Light dispels darkness. When light is present, darkness . . . must depart. More importantly, darkness cannot conquer light unless the light is diminished or departs. When the spiritual light of the Holy Ghost is present, the darkness of Satan departs.

Elder Jeffery R. Holland of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles: We can . . . start making our way back to the Father. We should do so with as much haste and humility as we can summon. Along the way we can count our many blessings and we can applaud the accomplishments of others. Best of all, we can serve others.

Elder Henry B. Eyring of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles: New members . . . must choose for themselves in faith to be baptized, trusting in their perfect friend, the Savior. . . . They must choose to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. . . . And that choice must be made not once, but every day, every hour, every minute. Even when the Holy Ghost comes and inspires them what they should do, doing it or not is a choice.

Elder Earl C. Tingey of the Presidency of the Seventy: A special peace that will surpass all understanding will come to you and your family as you pay a full tithing. . . . You will come to know that your Heavenly Father loves you.

Sister Gayle M. Clegg, Second Counselor in the Primary General Presidency: It is a blessing to allow children to run as far as they can under their own power, to build strength for their own testimonies.



Journal Page *By Emily Orgill*

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.

Our latter-day prophet is

June Journal 2002



What I Know About Our Prophet

Heavenly Father has given me a living prophet to guide me. I will learn and follow his words.

How I Will Try This Month to Achieve My Goal to Follow the Prophet

The prophet has told us to

THE TEN LEPERS

Chapter 38



Jesus went to a small town, where He saw ten lepers. These men had sores all over their bodies. Their skin was falling off.

Luke 17:12



Doctors could not help the lepers, and other people were afraid to go near them. The other people thought that they would get sick, too.

Luke 17:12



The lepers asked Jesus to heal them. They knew that He could make their sores go away.

Luke 17:13



Jesus wanted them to be well. He told them to go to the priests, so they did.

Luke 17:14



On their way to the priests, the ten lepers were healed. Their sores were gone. Jesus had healed them.

Luke 17:14

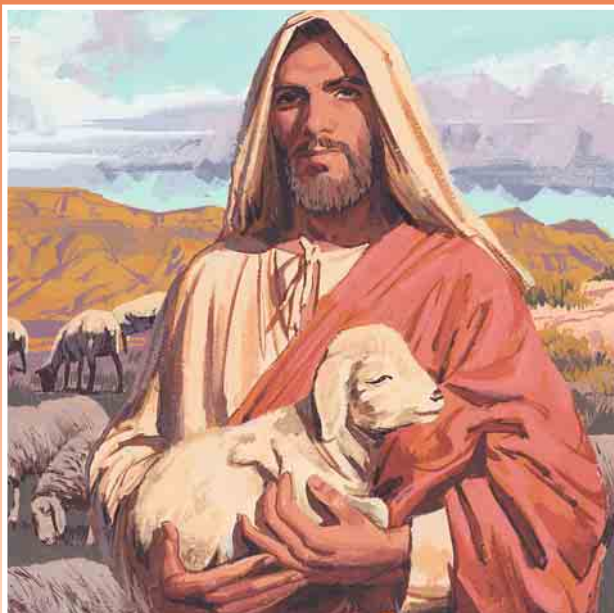


Knowing that Jesus had healed them, one of the lepers went back to thank Jesus. Jesus asked where the other nine lepers were. They had not come back to thank Him. He told the leper who had thanked Him that his faith had made him well.

Luke 17:15—19

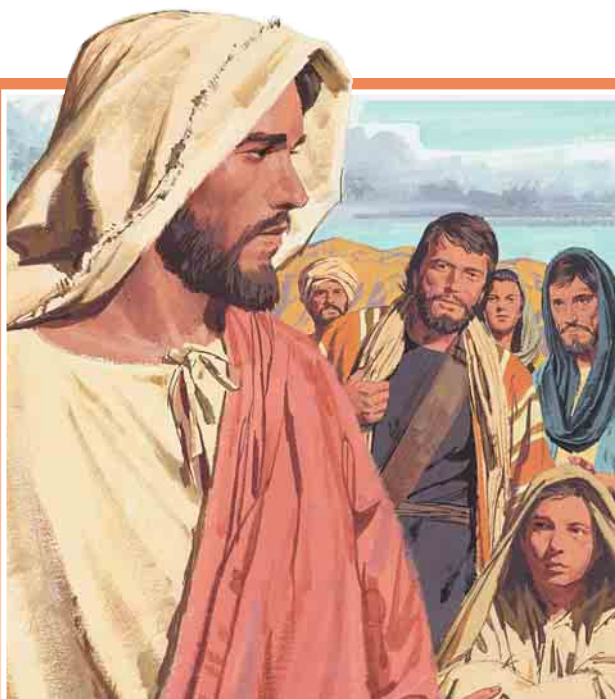
THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Chapter 39



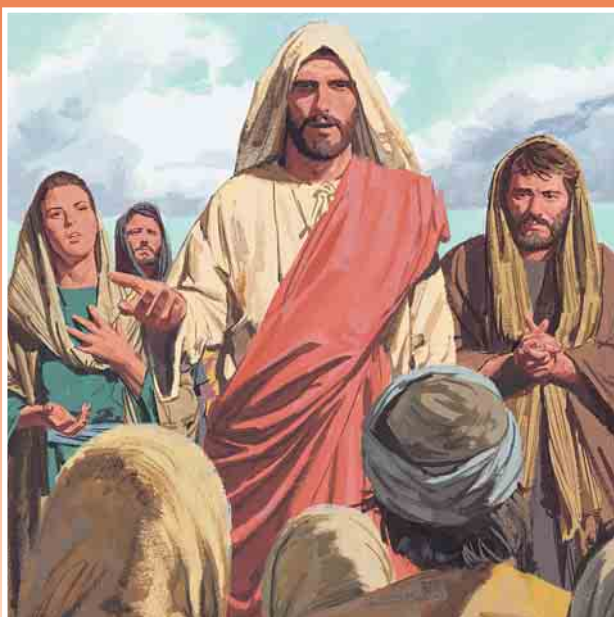
Jesus called himself the good shepherd. A shepherd takes care of sheep. He helps them find food and water and does not let them get hurt or lost. He knows them and loves them and would give his life to save them.

John 10:11–15



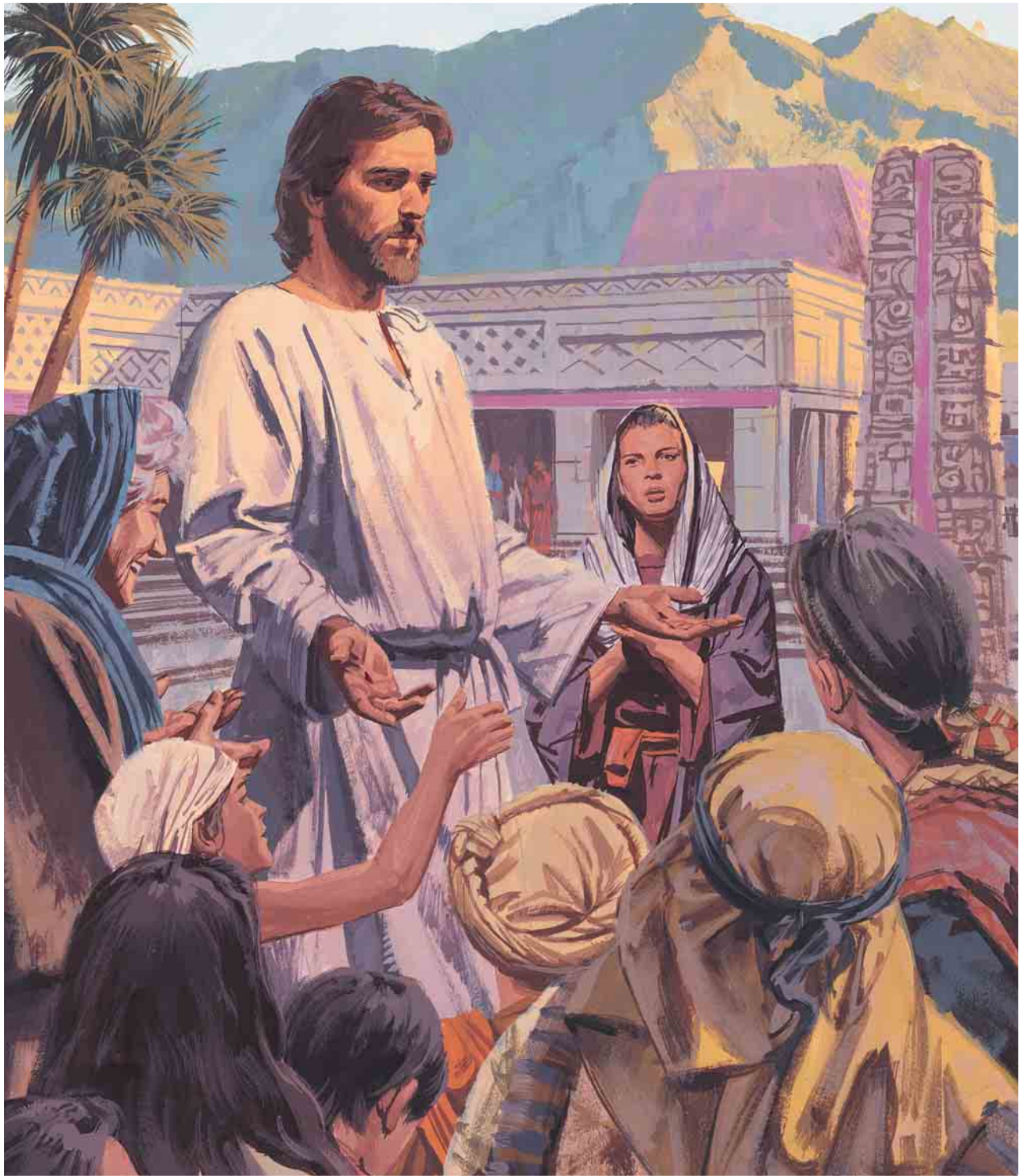
Jesus is like a shepherd to us. He loves us. He helps us learn the truth. He shows us how to live so that we can return to Heavenly Father. Jesus called us His sheep. He gave His life for us.

John 10:11–15



The Savior told the people in Jerusalem that He had other sheep. The people there did not know what He meant. Jesus meant that He had disciples, or followers, in the Americas, too. He said that He would visit them.

John 10:16; 3 Nephi 15:21



After Jesus was resurrected, He visited His people in the Americas. The Book of Mormon tells about His visit there. He stayed many days, healing the sick and blessing all the people. He gave them the priesthood and started His Church there. He taught them the same things He had taught the people in Jerusalem. Then He went back to Heavenly Father.

3 Nephi 11–28

Cowboy Baseball



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days (Ecclesiastes 11:1).

By Alma J. Yates

This story is based on a true event from the history of Snowflake, Arizona. However, although the names of the Aztec Land and Cattle Company and the Hashknife Cowboys are real, the author used made-up names for the individual people in the story. Note that we are requested by the General Authorities of the Church today to not call ourselves "Mormons" but "members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Are your chores done, Jesse?" Ma called as I grabbed the old baseball and darted for the open front door. The fellows were waiting for me down at the churchyard.

"Mostly done," I answered. "I'll feed the chickens and pigs when I get back," I promised.

I looked at the tattered leather ball with the frayed red string. Ma had tried to repair it a half dozen times. Last time, she had muttered, "I'm just repairing the repairs now." But in 1892, it was the best baseball we had in Snowflake, Arizona.

I'd been playing baseball ever since Uncle Rupert had given me the ball when I turned five. He had played with that same ball on the Deseret Territory championship team years before.

"We're burning up our afternoon," Hal Kartchner grumbled to me when I finally arrived at the churchyard. The meetinghouse was right in the middle of town. We boys had fixed up a nice baseball diamond close by, but we were plagued by prairie dog holes dotting the field. We had to be careful to not step in one and drop to our knee in a prairie dog's front room.

I looked over at Winston Hatch, who owned our only bat. It was scarred and had nicks everywhere except where we gripped it, which was smooth and polished from all the sweaty hands clutching it. I was the youngest one there, but I could play as well as anybody because I practiced every chance I got.

I was about to throw the first pitch, when Willie Flake yelled, "Hey, fellows, look who's coming."

Riding slowly down the street were six cowboys from the Aztec Land and Cattle Company. Hardly anybody made us as nervous as they did—the Hashknife Cowboys. The Aztec Cattle Company claimed thousands and thousands of acres around Snowflake and ran more than fifty thousand cattle on that land. They didn't have much use for us "Mormons." The Hashknife Cowboys seemed as happy to argue and fight as to tip their hats and say hello.

"That's Red Martin on the black horse," Heber Ballard whispered. "I hear he's really mean and ornery."

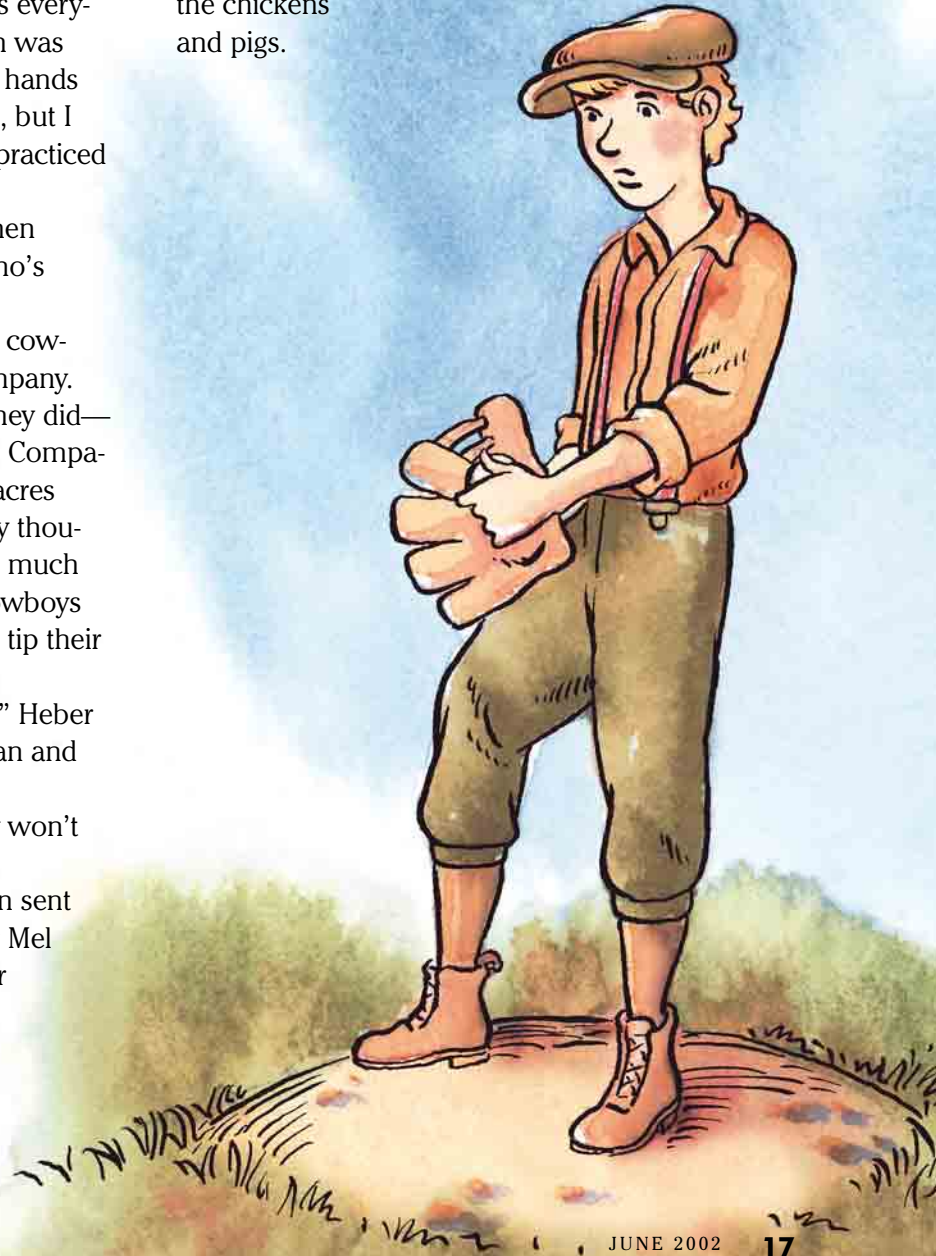
"Just keep playing," I cautioned. "They won't bother us."

Heber missed my first two pitches, then sent that old ball flying out to center field over Mel Rogers's head. As the ball rolled to the far end of the churchyard, Red Martin galloped across the street. Holding onto his saddle horn, he scooped up our ball, and charged across the field toward me.

I stood frozen to the ground, my eyes bulging, my heart pounding. A few feet before his horse trampled over me, Red pulled back on his reins. The horse slid to a stop in a cloud of dust. Red laughed raucously, holding my ball over my head. "That's how you play ball, Mormon boy."

"Could I have my ball, sir?" I rasped, trying hard to hide my fear.

Just then, his five buddies charged across the street whooping and hollering, and suddenly I wished I was home feeding the chickens and pigs.



Those six cowboys crowded their horses around the pitcher's mound and grinned down at me. "Do you fellows want to play a little baseball?" Red asked his buddies, still clutching my old ball. "I used to play baseball back in Texas."

"That was probably before the Rangers ran you out of the territory," a big burly cowboy howled.

"Hush up your face, Chappy," Red growled.

"I never saw much sense to baseball," Chappy grumbled. "It's too much of a city boy's game—whacking a little ball around with a stick."

Red frowned, tossed me the ball and jabbed a finger at him. "Get off your horse, Chappy. This here city boy is going to pitch you the ball."

"I sure ain't afraid of no dog-eared ball that some little Mormon weasel will throw my way," Chappy snapped, glaring down at me.

"I bet us city boys can take you cowboys any time," I challenged. "We'll even spot you five points."

The cowboys looked at Red. He twisted his thumb in his beard, thinking. "I never knew a Mormon who could beat a Hashknife Cowboy at anything. We'll chew them up and spit them out before the supper bell rings. We bat first."

My buddies looked a little scared. "Why'd you

have to invite them to play?" Mel Rogers grumbled.

The cowboys tied their horses to a juniper tree, but every single one of them kept his guns, chaps, and spurs on. They stomped over to home plate,

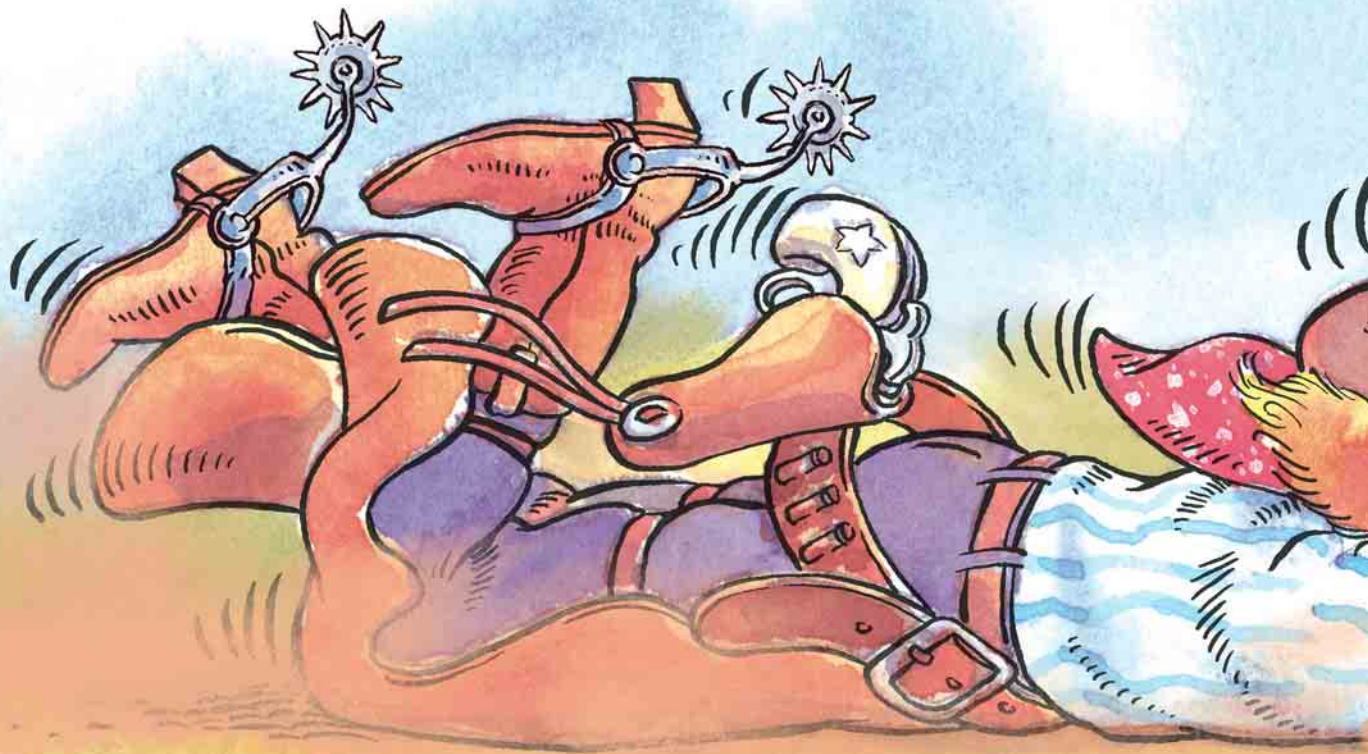
"Give me that there stick," Chappy ordered. He spit once in each hand and gripped the bat. "Let her fly, city boy."

Red and the other cowboys hooted and hollered. Had Chappy not called me a city boy, I'd have thrown him a nice slow pitch. Instead, I burned that tattered baseball across home plate. Chappy swung with all his might—and missed that ball a mile. In fact, he swung so hard that he twirled around and fell in the dust in a heap.

"Don't let an itty-bitty bat buck you," Red cackled while the other cowboys beat their hats against their legs, laughing loudly. Chappy sprang to his feet and glared at me. I burned another one so fast that the ball had already passed him when he swung. I barely lobbed the third one. He swung before the ball was halfway to home plate.

"Give me that there bat," Red stormed, stomping over to home plate.

Red hit my first pitch. The ball sailed clear over Mel's head, and Red charged for first base. But he was so wobbly in his high-heeled boots that he



wasn't very fast. And halfway there, his spurs got caught in his chaps and he fell flat on his face. Mel snatched the ball and threw it to first before Red could untangle himself.

A wiry little fellow named Flaco was the next batter. He got two strikes, then connected on the third pitch. He would have had a double had he not been packing his guns, chaps, and spurs. To make matters worse, he stepped into a prairie dog hole and took a tumble worse than Red's.

The game was never close. We Mormon boys took our turn at bat and hardly missed a pitch. Those cowboys chased all over the field, stepping in prairie dog holes and getting their spurs tangled in the grass, their chaps, or each other. In frustration, some of them started to cuss.

"Nobody's allowed to cuss when we play," Willie Flake called out, feeling suddenly brave. "If you cuss, we have to go home."

Chappy started to protest, but Red growled, "Hush up, Chappy. They have us down by fifteen runs. I ain't losin' to any Church-going city boys."

We ended up beating the Hashknife Cowboys by a good twenty points. The score might have been closer if they hadn't been determined to play with every bit of their gear.

Two days later, we boys were down at the church playing ball again. Red, Chappy, and their buddies rode up. "We came for a rematch," Red



declared, tying off his horse to a juniper tree. Frowning, he unbuckled his gun belt, hung it in the tree, and pulled off his chaps. "You others do the same," he ordered.

Grumpily Chappy stripped off his gun belt and chaps. "I ain't playing without my spurs, though," he growled. "I'd feel undressed without 'em."

This time we beat them by only eight runs. They still had a hard time racing around the bases in their boots and spurs, but they were getting better at dodging prairie dog holes. We had to remind them about cussing, because they kept slipping.

"You won't ever beat us as long as you cuss," Heber taunted Red with a grin.

The following Saturday afternoon, they were back. "Today we're going to beat you!" Red declared. Turning to his buddies, he roared, "The first one of you boneheads that lets slip a cuss word is going to walk back to camp in your stocking feet!"

That day the game was a terrible fight. After six innings, the score was 10 to 9, our favor. The cowboys had two outs. Flaco was on second, and Chappy was up to bat. Although sometimes the cowboys had to almost bite off the end of their tongues, they had managed to play the whole game without a single cuss word. I wound up and burned my battered ball over home plate. Chappy reared back and smacked it with all his might, and it exploded in a dozen different directions. Uncle Rupert's championship baseball was history.

Muttering bitterly the cowboys rode out of town. "I guess that's the end of baseball with the Hashknife Cowboys," Mel complained. "I was getting so I kind of liked them. I think they liked us, too."

Three days later, I trotted out of the barn and almost bumped into three horses. Red, Chappy, and Flaco were frowning down at me. "So you're hiding out here, slopping the hogs," Chappy snarled. "You Mormons flat cheated us last time."

"Cheated?" I protested. "We don't have to cheat to beat you!"

"You didn't finish the game," Flaco snapped. "It's the same thing."

"You busted our ball to powder and string."

Red reached inside his shirt and pulled out a brand-new white leather baseball with bright red lacing. "You have one now," he growled. "Chappy rode all the way to Holbrook to buy it." Then all three of those cowboys busted out in big grins as Red tossed me the ball.

Staring down at the smooth ball, I could smell the new leather. "M-Mine?" I stammered.

"It is if you and your city buddies can beat us. But we pick up right where we left off. The rest of our boys are at the churchyard warming up."

The cowboys beat us that afternoon, but Red still let me keep the baseball—on condition that whenever the Hashknife Cowboys came to town, we'd let them play.



"We will 'stand as witnesses of God at all times and in all things, and in all places.' . . .

"Standing as a witness in all things means being kind in all things, being the first to say hello, being the first to smile, being the first to make the stranger feel a part of things, being helpful, thinking of others' feelings. . . .

"Our Heavenly Father does bless us when we show our love for Him in all things."

**Margaret D. Nadauld
Young Women General President
(See *Ensign*, May 2000, page 93.)**

Amberley and Jenneke Kurtz

of Wellington, New Zealand



Written and photographed by Shanna Ghaznavi

Do you know what an “oma” and an “opa” are? Jenneke and Amberley Kurtz do. “Oma” and “opa” are Dutch for “grandma” and “grandpa.” Jenneke (8), and Amberley (10), know even more than this about their family history, including their Dutch ancestors.

They live in the Tawa Ward of the Wellington New Zealand Stake with their parents, Julie and Dick Kurtz. They have an older brother, Ben (15), and an older sister, Desiree (13). The Kurtz family’s favorite game to play is Family History Bingo. You probably have never heard of that game before, because the Kurtz family

made it up. Playing it helps them learn the names of their ancestors, a little bit about them, and how they are all related.

Jenneke loves Family History Bingo. She loves

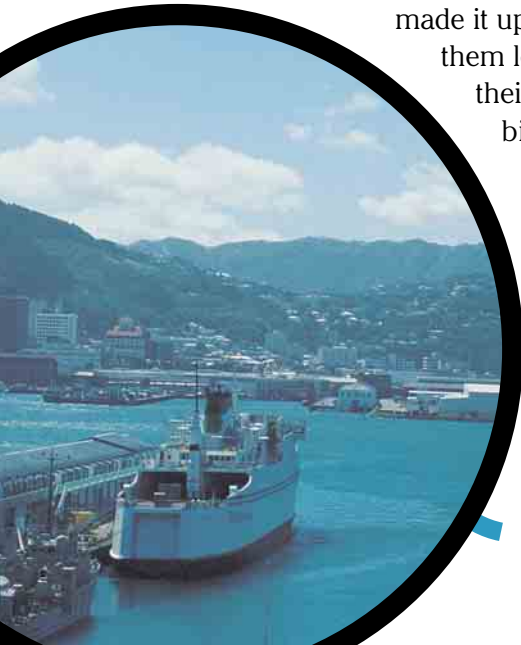
A ship docked in windy Wellington

her oma, too, and was really happy when she came from Hamilton, New Zealand, to play the piano at Jenneke’s baptism. Because her grandma doesn’t live nearby, they don’t get to see each other very often.

For her baptism, Jenneke received a set of scriptures, which she has started reading with her family in the mornings—on her own, too.

Amberley also loves to read. “She could read a book all day,” her father says. Actually, she could read a book a day for 150 days! That’s how many books she’s collected so far.

Amberley likes to cook, especially pasta. Her mom says that she should have been born in Italy instead of New Zealand because she likes to cook pasta so much.





Jenneke standing next to one of her sunflowers

Both girls enjoy doing things with their family, such as going on walks, going on vacation, and fishing.

The girls like to do some things by themselves. Jenneke likes to take care of plants. She grows sunflowers in the garden and likes to work outside. Last year, some of her sunflowers grew to be even taller than she is!

Besides gardening, Jenneke likes to spend time with animals—especially her orange cat. With Desiree’s help, Jenneke runs a cat-feeding business. She visits many cats in the neighborhood to feed them for other families.

Amberley likes animals, too—especially rabbits. She wants to be a veterinarian when she grows up. She keeps two rabbits in large cages behind her house. She takes good care of them and feeds and cleans them regularly. “Amberley is really kind,” Ben says—and not just to her animals. Desiree says that Amberley is generous with everyone.

Amberley likes to play cricket with Ben. She also enjoys shooting a netball outside her house. (Netball is something like basketball and is played with a soccer ball.) She is a good netball player and has been player of the month at her school three times. When she first



A view from beautiful
Scorching Bay



started playing, she was having trouble catching the ball. But as she listened to her coaches and kept trying, she became a lot better at it.

Both girls play musical instruments. Amberley is in her fifth year of piano lessons, and Jenneke is learning to play the recorder.

Sometimes they play duets.

Like most sisters, Jenneke and Amberley are alike in many ways, different in other ways. Amberley is quieter and likes sports; Jenneke is more outgoing and likes to garden. But even though they are different—as different as a piano and a recorder—they play together in harmony. They both hope that someday their descendants will learn about them and about how much they love their family and the gospel. Maybe their descendants will learn those things in a game like Family History Bingo.

Piano-recorder duet



The Kurtzes (from left): Desiree, Amberley,
Mom, Dad, Jenneke, Ben



By Elizabeth B. Mumford / Photos by Robyn Chavez

On January 19, 1841, in a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, Illinois, the Lord said, “Come ye, with all your gold, and your silver, . . . with all the pre-

cious trees of the earth . . . and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein” (Doctrine and Covenants 124:26–27).

The Saints obeyed and built the Nauvoo Temple at great sacrifice before they were driven out of their beautiful city and they moved to the Salt Lake Valley. After they left, the temple was destroyed by others and lay in ruins for more than 150 years. Then, at the end of the April 1999 general conference, President Gordon B. Hinckley announced that the Nauvoo Temple would be rebuilt. And in October 1999, the work of rebuilding the temple began.

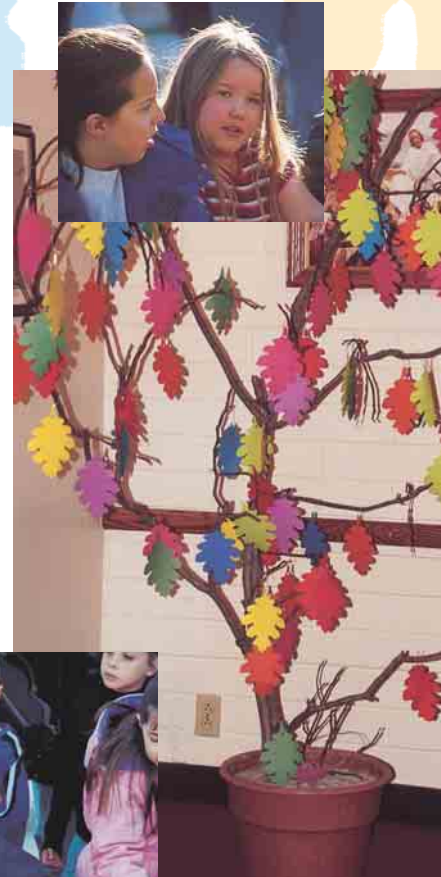
The Primary children of the Nauvoo First Ward eagerly watched as the temple rose from a large hole in the ground. They wanted to help in building this house of the Lord, but they couldn’t do any actual physical work on it, such as cutting the stones or carpentry or electrical work. They decided to answer President Hinckley’s call for Church members to make donations for this special temple. But how? Their Primary leaders found the answer in a story* about the original temple there:

In 1844, the Saints in Nauvoo were building the temple, as the Lord had commanded. All of them were contributing as much as they could in tithes and offerings. The men were putting in long hours at the temple site, and Mary Fielding Smith and her sister Mercy Thompson were trying to think of a special way in which the women could contribute to the temple. They couldn’t work at the stone quarry or build windows with the carpenters, but they did come up with a wonderful plan: They started collecting a penny each week

Penny b



Adding pennies to the Penny by Penny jar was exciting.



All the children helped fill in the dirt around the Penny by Penny tree.



ess, but shall have the light of life (John 8:12).



y Penny

from the sisters who could help. That might not seem like much today, but it was a lot of money then. Penny by penny, the sisters' sacrifice paid for the glass and nails needed for the temple.

A penny fund would be the perfect way for the Primary children of the Nauvoo First Ward to help! Every child could find a way to contribute pennies, and the money would be used to buy a tree to plant on the temple grounds. That way, each time the children went there, they would see a reminder

of their sacrifices and contributions. And as the tree was growing, they would also be growing and preparing to enter the temple and make sacred covenants there.

To start the project, the Primary leaders created a special tree on which each class placed a colorful leaf on Sundays when they put their pennies in the Penny by Penny jar. Children brought pennies they earned by doing things like extra chores and recycling cans. Soon the pennies were pouring in, and the special tree branches were filled with colorful leaves. Even children who visited Nauvoo during the busy tourist season put pennies into the jar.

In November 2001, the temple was almost finished, and it was time to prepare the grounds so that they would be beautiful for the open house in the spring. On a cold Saturday morning, the Primary children and their parents gathered in front of the temple to plant their Penny by Penny tree.

First, they sang "I Love to See the Temple."[†] The bishop gave a talk, then the children gave their pennies to Brother Ron Prince, the temple project administrator. The tree was placed in the hole prepared for it, a canister containing the written and drawn testimonies of the children was placed among the tree's roots, then the children took turns shoveling dirt to fill in around the tree. They were very happy to have helped make the Savior's house in Nauvoo more beautiful, and they look forward to the day when each of them may enter it.



The Penny by Penny tree will be beautiful in June, when the Nauvoo Illinois Temple is dedicated.



The bishop gave a talk about the importance of the temple and how much nicer its grounds would be with the Penny by Penny tree there.

The special tree in the Primary room. As each class added their pennies to the Penny by Penny jar, colorful leaves were added to the tree.



After the Penny by Penny tree was planted, the children enjoyed eating colorful leaf-shaped sugar cookies.



Brother Ron Prince was delighted to receive the full Penny by Penny jar from the Primary children.

*Based on Conference Report, October 1917, page 8.

†Children's Songbook, page 95.



THE NAUVOO TEMPLE



Let this house [temple] be built unto my name, that I may reveal mine ordinances therein unto my people (Doctrine and Covenants 124:40).

By Kimberly Webb

Imagine losing your house, your possessions, your money, and maybe even your loved ones. Then after traveling into another state by foot or wagon, the Prophet Joseph Smith asks you to help drain a swamp, build another city, and construct a temple there.

That is exactly what the Saints faced when they settled in Nauvoo, Illinois. They had lost almost all of their property in Missouri. They had endured illness, persecution, and poverty. After sacrificing to build a temple in Kirtland, and after failing to build a temple in Missouri, the Saints mustered strength to build another temple in Nauvoo.

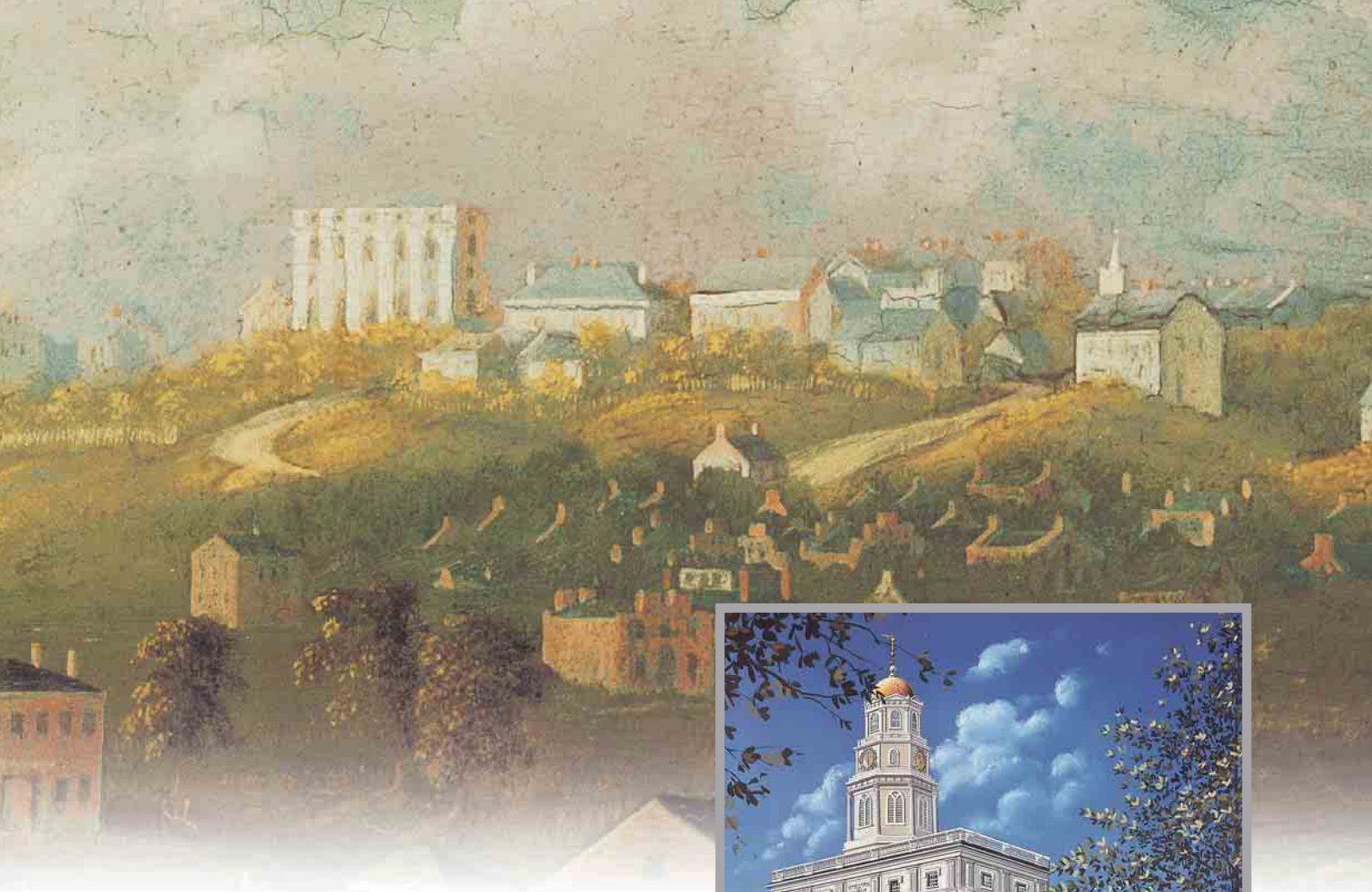
Men tithed their time by working on the temple one day in ten. Some were willing to work longer

for food—or for no pay at all. Mercy Fielding Thompson and Mary Fielding Smith

encouraged the sisters to pledge one penny a week to buy glass and nails for the temple, and the women organized to provide clothes for the workmen.

Before the temple was completed, the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were martyred at Carthage Jail. Mobs attacked and burned homes in Nauvoo, and the Saints knew that they would have to leave their homes once again. Nevertheless, they did not stop working on the temple. They were determined to finish it and receive the temple ordinances before leaving Nauvoo.

Portions of the temple were dedicated as they were completed. The lowest level, containing the baptismal font, had been dedicated in 1841 so that baptisms could be performed while construction continued. The attic was dedicated on November 30, 1845, and the first endowments were per-

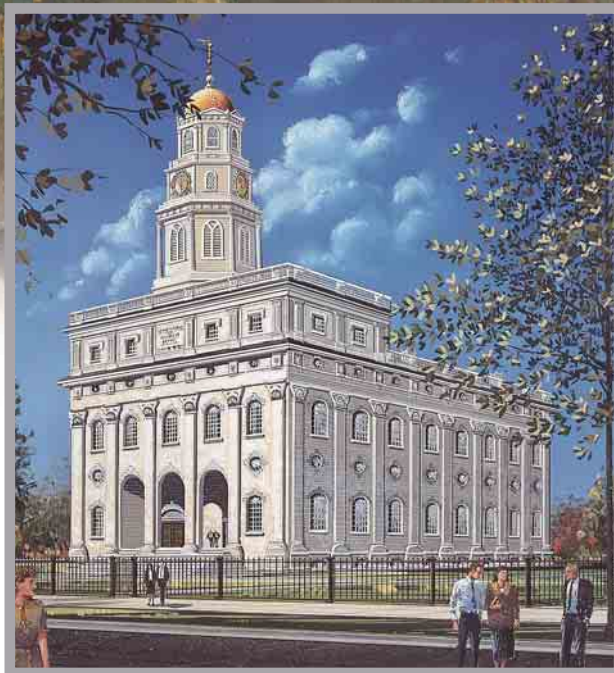


formed on December 10. Saints worked in the temple night and day! In the months before they left Nauvoo, 5,615 Saints received their endowments.

The completed temple was not dedicated until May 1, 1846, after most of the Saints had already left Nauvoo. Elder Erastus Snow said, “The Spirit, Power, and Wisdom of God reigned continually in the Temple and all felt satisfied that during the two months we occupied it in the endowments of the Saints, we were amply paid for all our labors in building it.”*

When all the Saints were gone, mobs took over the temple and ruined its holiness by drinking and gambling in it and by vandalizing it in other ways. Two years later, the temple caught fire, and everything burned but the stone walls. Those walls were hit by a tornado in 1850.

For years, the site where the temple once stood served as a memorial to the faith of those early Saints. During the April 1999 general conference,



President Gordon B. Hinckley announced that the Nauvoo Temple would be rebuilt! He said that the new temple, designed like the original one, will stand as an even greater memorial “to those who built the first such structure there on the banks of the Mississippi.”†

The new Nauvoo Illinois Temple will be dedicated on June 27, 2002, the 158th anniversary of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

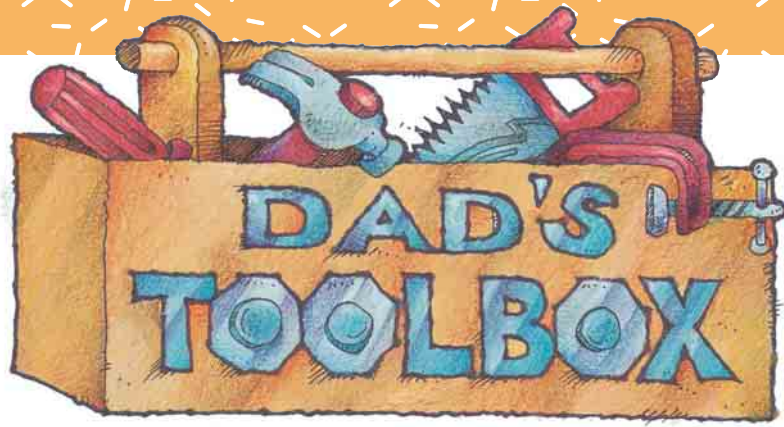
* *BYU Studies*, Spring 1979, page 361.

† *Ensign*, May 1999, page 89.

(For more information on the history of the Nauvoo Temple, see *Institute Manual—Church History in the Fulness of Times*, pages 240–261, 302–304, 317–319.)



FOR LITTLE FRIENDS



(A true story)

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father (Proverbs 4:1).

My has a large that he keeps all his in. help fix things around the or make things out of . says that great ! is teaching me how use his properly. If do know how handle tools the right way, might hurt yourself. never use 's tools without permission. like work with . We buy the from the yard. the right size. Then we it, it's ready used. We made some my a new 's . We even made a house our sleep in. It is hard work, but it's fun! 's a terrific fixer, . help him fix leaky s or work on the . everything does while he works, he answers all my s. is going teach me how how lay how use . Someday, will know how use all of 's 'll be able do everything he does. Next year, is going build me my own . We will fill it up with one at a time. Then we will fix things build things together every day! says she is lucky have in the . thinks , !



Moses Leads the Children of Israel

By Mariam Joyce Grisham

Moses grew up to be a great prophet. He led the children of Israel out of slavery in Egypt. To find out what Moses did when the children of Israel were trapped between the Red Sea and the Egyptian Army, ask someone to read

Exodus 14:13–16, 21–22 aloud. To demonstrate this great event, remove this page from the magazine and glue it to heavy paper. Fold Lines A and B to meet at Line C. Then open the page to see Moses leading his people to safety on dry ground.



This Tree Belongs to Me

By Annie Dearborn

This tree
Belongs to me.
I can read in it,
String beads in it,
Sing in it,
Swing in it.
I can climb in it,
Rhyme in it.
I can hide in it,
Ride in it.
I can eat in it,
Do great feats in it.
I can creep in it,
Sleep in it—
For, you see,
This tree
Belongs to me.



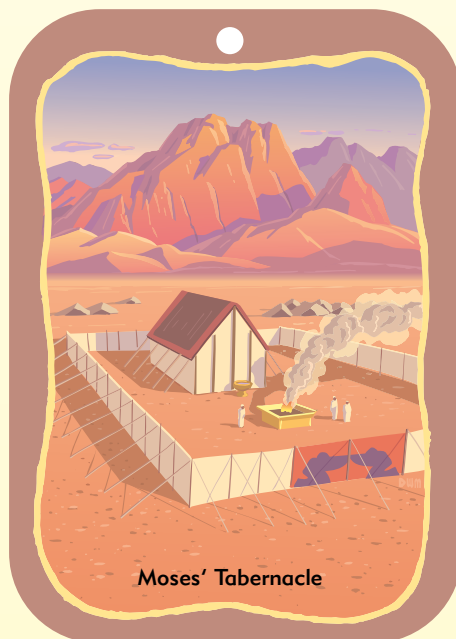
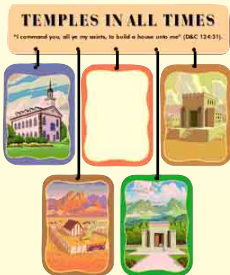
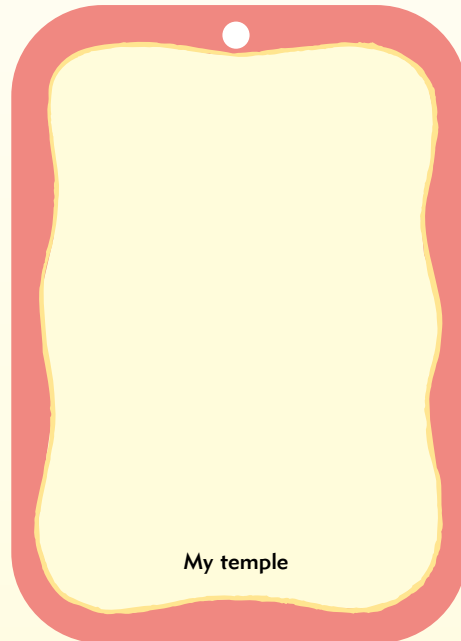
What Did Pharaoh's Daughter Find?

By Robert A. Peterson

To find out, have someone read Exodus 1:22; 2:1–10 to you. Then see if you can help Pharaoh's daughter find an artist's brush, a bell, a candle, a clothespin, a cup, a pair of glasses, a hammer, a pocketknife, a ring, a spoon, and a water pitcher. Color the picture, too.

Temples in All Times

I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me (Doctrine and Covenants 124:31).





Temples in All Times

By Vicki F. Matsumori

I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me (Doctrine and Covenants 124:31).

Do you remember the story of the children of Israel? They were led by Moses out of Egypt and wandered for forty years in the wilderness.

Have you heard the story of King Solomon's great wisdom? He settled an argument between two women who both claimed to be the mother of the same little baby.

Do you recall that Nephi was commanded to return to Jerusalem to get the brass plates? His older brothers went with Nephi, but Laman and Lemuel did not want to. Nephi obeyed the Lord's request willingly.

Can you remember the story of Joseph Smith's First Vision? He prayed in the Sacred Grove to know which church to join and received a vision of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.

What do these people have in common? They were all commanded by Heavenly Father to build a temple. Temples are a sign of the true Church of Jesus Christ. In ancient times and in modern times, the Lord's chosen people have had temples. These temples are important because they are places for sacred worship and for making sacred covenants.

The temple that the children of Israel built was called a tabernacle. It was portable, which means that it could be carried

with them on their journey in the wilderness. It included the ark of the covenant (sometimes called the ark of the testimony), which held the stone tablets with the Ten Commandments written on them. The ark of the covenant was kept in the most holy part of the temple. (See Exodus 25–26; 1 Kings 8:9.)

King David collected the materials to build a great temple. However, Heavenly Father wanted Solomon, his son, to build this important temple in Jerusalem. (See 1 Chronicles 28:2–3, 6.)

Nephi built a temple when he and his family reached the promised land. This temple resembled the temple that Solomon had built. The Nephites were blessed because of temples. King Benjamin delivered his great sermon at the temple, and the Savior appeared to the Nephites who were gathered at the temple in the land Bountiful. (See 2 Nephi 5:16; Mosiah 1:18; 3 Nephi 11:1–10.)

Through Joseph Smith, Heavenly Father restored all parts of the Church to earth, including sacred ordinances performed only in the temple. The Prophet Joseph was commanded to build the Kirtland Temple as the first temple for members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since that time, over a hundred temples have been built, and more are being built so that you can have the same blessings that Heavenly Father's covenant people have had throughout history.

Temples Mobile

Draw a modern temple in the blank space. Mount the page on heavy paper or lightweight cardboard, and cut out the temples and the title. Punch holes at the circles. Using string or yarn, hang the title piece from a clothes hanger or stick. Then hang each temple at different lengths from the title piece so that the mobile is balanced. Display it where you can see it every day as a reminder of your goal to be worthy to enter the temple.

Sharing Time Ideas

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

1. Help the children understand the importance of a temple for all of Heavenly Father's children. When the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness for forty years, they were commanded to build a portable temple. You may want to preview and use part of segment #11 of Old Testament Video Presentations (item #53224), "Ancient Temples," an 8 1/2-minute visual tour of Moses' Tabernacle.

Sing verse #5 of "Follow the Prophet" (pp. 110–111). The temple was a place of instruction and a visual reminder that Heavenly Father would bless His people if they were obedient. Sing "Keep the Commandments" (pp. 146–147).

Write the following scripture references, without the explanations, on slips of paper and place them in a container: •EXODUS 13:17–21 / The children of Israel are led into the wilderness by a pillar of a cloud •EXODUS 14:9, 15–22, 26–28 / Moses parts the Red Sea •EXODUS 16:2–3, 11–31 / The children of Israel gather manna •EXODUS 17:8–12 / Amalek is defeated while Moses' hands are up •EXODUS 25:heading, 8; EXODUS 26:heading; EXODUS 27:heading / The children of Israel build the tabernacle •NUMBERS 11:4–9, 31–33 / The children of Israel complain about the manna and want meat •NUMBERS 21:4–9 / The children of Israel who look at a pole are saved from fiery serpents •NUMBERS 27:12–13, 18–23 / Moses passes his leadership on to Joshua.

Have each class choose a slip of paper. With their teacher's help, have the class find and read the scripture referred to and decide how to pantomime the event while the teacher reads the scripture out loud. For example, some class members can line up in two rows with their arms extended to be the Red Sea. When the child portraying Moses gestures for it to part, those children lift their arms to allow the class members portraying the children of Israel to pass through. If you have more classes than scriptures, add other scriptures; if there are fewer classes, they may choose two slips of paper, or you may eliminate one. The teacher may skip unnecessary words or phrases, or those too difficult to understand without further explanation. Sing "Israelite children sang as they walked" to the tune of "Pioneer Children Sang As They Walked" (p. 214) between each pantomime.

2. Help the children understand the importance the temple played during Jesus Christ's time on earth by singing a story (see TNGC, pp. 174–175) about the relationship between Him and the temple. Read the following scriptures before singing each of the songs: 1) Luke 2:25–29 / Baby Jesus is presented at the temple in obedience to the law / "Once within a Lowly Stable" (p. 41); 2) Luke 2:42–47 / Boy Jesus is found teaching at the temple / "Jesus Once Was a Little Child" (p. 55); 3) Matt. 4:5–7 / Jesus Christ overcomes temptation at a pinnacle of the temple / "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus" (p. 57); 4) John 2:13–16 / Jesus Christ casts out the moneychangers who are disrespectful of the temple / "I Will Try to Be Reverent" (p. 28); 5) John 10:22–27, 11 / At the temple, Jesus Christ teaches that He is the Good Shepherd / "Little Lambs So White and Fair" (p. 58); 6) Mark 15:37–38 / Jesus dies, and the veil of the temple is rent (torn) / "He Died That We Might Live Again" (p. 65).

Display a picture of Jesus Christ at the temple, such as the Boy Jesus at the Temple, GAK 205. Encourage the children to share with their families the importance the temple played in Jesus Christ's life—and the importance it can play in their own lives.

3. Invite four adults to represent workmen who worked on Moses' Tabernacle, Solomon's Temple, the Kirtland Temple, and a modern-day temple. Explain that Heavenly Father commanded His children to build the best temple they could, using the best materials they could for their time. Ask each builder to briefly give information about his assigned temple. (See "Tabernacle" and "Temple of Solomon" in the Bible Dictionary, *Primary 5* manual, and the News of the Church section of various issues of the *Ensign* for information.)

Provide materials for making dioramas (see TNGC, p. 165) of the temples. Allow each child to choose which temple he wishes to "build" by drawing a temple to place in his diorama. Let the children display their own dioramas and go see the ones made by the others. Have them take the temple pictures or dioramas home to share with their families.

4. *Song presentation:* To help familiarize the melody of "The Spirit of God" (*Hymns*, no. 2), have the pianist play it softly in the background while you briefly tell about the dedication of the Kirtland Temple (see *Primary 5* manual, Lesson 26). Express gratitude for temple blessings, and establish a feeling of reverence for the hymn.

In random order, post wordstrips of phrases from the first verse of the hymn, written with just the first letter of each word. For example, the first phrase would be T S O G. Sing the song for the children. Continue singing and have children volunteer to put the phrases in the correct order. You may have to sing it several times. When they are in order, have the children sing with you, using the strips as clues to the words. Depending on the size of your Primary, give one or more of the wordstrips to each class, then have the Primary sing the hymn again and have the children with the corresponding phrases stand.

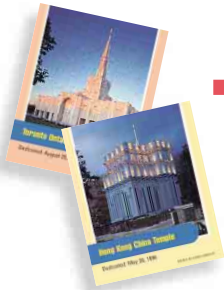
Invite a child or adult who has attended a temple dedication to share the feelings he/she had during the dedication and as they sang this song there.

5. Teach the children that a temple is the House of God. It blesses the lives of people wherever it is built. Discuss temples in the Book of Mormon by having classes choose one of the following scripture references from a container (do not include what the scripture is about or the date): •2 NEPHI 5:16 (Nephi builds a temple, 588–570 B.C.) •JACOB 1:17 (Jacob teaches at the temple, 544–421 B.C.) •MOSIAH 2:1 (King Benjamin teaches at the temple, about 124 B.C.) •MOSIAH 7:17 (King Limhi gathers his people at the temple, about 121 B.C.) •ALMA 16:13 (Alma and Amulek teach at the temples, about 78 B.C.) •HELANAN 3:3, 9 (building of temples, 46 B.C.) •3 NEPHI 11:1–10 (Jesus Christ appears at the temple in the land of Bountiful, A.D. 34).

Sing songs such as "Nephi's Courage" (pp. 120–121), "Teach Me to Walk in the Light" (p. 177), "We'll Bring the World His Truth" (pp. 172–173), "Book of Mormon Stories" (pp. 118–119), and "Easter Hosanna" (pp. 68–69).

Testify of the blessings that have come to Church members because of the temples that are built today.

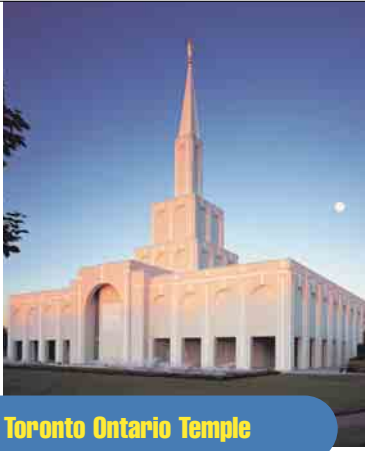
6. Additional *Friend* resources: temple drawings from "Scripture-Story Grab Bag" series (Mar. 2001, pp. 24–25; Feb. 2000, pp. 24–25; Feb. 1999, pp. 24–25; Feb. 1998, pp. 24–25); "Moses Teaches His People" (May 1998, pp. 42–43); "The Lord Commands His People to Build Temples" (Feb. 1993, pp. 12–13, 26); "Exodus Game" (Nov. 1990, pp. 24–25, 27). See also: "Temples and Work Therein" (*Ensign*, Nov. 1990, pp. 59–61).



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.



Toronto Ontario Temple

Dedicated: August 25, 1990

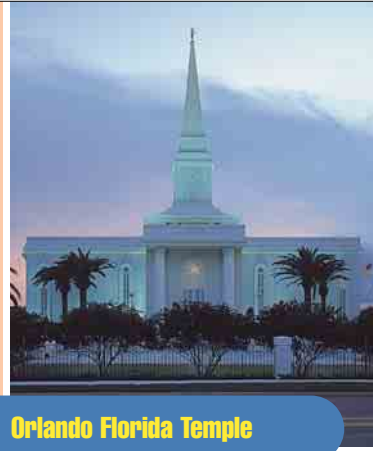
PHOTO BY CRAIG DIMOND



San Diego California Temple

Dedicated: April 25, 1993

PHOTO BY WELDEN ANDERSEN



Orlando Florida Temple

Dedicated: October 9, 1994

PHOTO BY MARK PHILBRICK



Bountiful Utah Temple

Dedicated: January 8, 1995

PHOTO BY STEVE TREGEAGLE



Hong Kong China Temple

Dedicated: May 26, 1996

PHOTO BY CRAIG DIMOND



Mount Timpanogos Utah

Dedicated: October 13, 1996

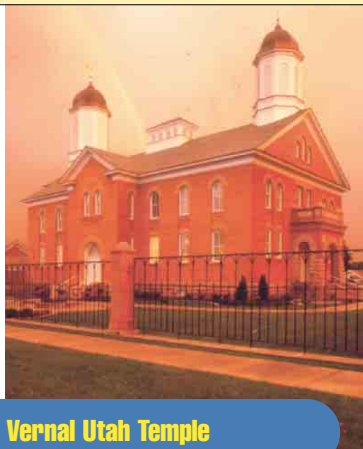
PHOTO BY JED CLARK



St. Louis Missouri Temple

Dedicated: June 1, 1997

PHOTO BY WELDEN ANDERSEN



Vernal Utah Temple

Dedicated: November 2, 1997

PHOTO BY JOHN LUKE



Preston England Temple

Dedicated: July 7, 1998

PHOTO BY JOHN LUKE

Our Creative Friends

Did You Love Me, Jesus?

Did you love me, Jesus,
When I was small?
Did you even love me much at all?

Did you love me, Jesus,
When I chose wrong?
When I repented,
It took so long!

Did you love me, Jesus,
When my special day came—
When I was baptized
In Thy name?

Did you love me, Jesus,
When I chose the right?
Did you love me
When I followed the light?

Yes, I loved you, My child
Every single day
In every single way!
*Catherine Felt, age 9
Salt Lake City, Utah*

Road Signs

When we are driving down the road, we might see a sign saying, "Speed checked by radar," which means we'd better slow down, or we'll get a ticket.

We should see a sign in our spiritual lives that says, "Spiritually checked by Jesus." If you ignore it, you might get a ticket and have to "pray" a fine—repent.

If we heed this sign, it will help us live a more righteous life.
*Caleb M. Eiriksson, age 10
South Hill, Virginia*

Jesus Was Kind

Jesus was kind.
Jesus was good.
It's in my mind
To be what I should.
*Joshua Bensen, age 8
Grace, Idaho*



*Haley Ferrin, age 8
Thatcher, Arizona*



*Tyler Woodland, age 8
Antelope Valley, Nevada*



*Codi McBride, age 6
San Clemente, California*



*Kari Joy Mathias, age 11
Robbinsdale, Minnesota*



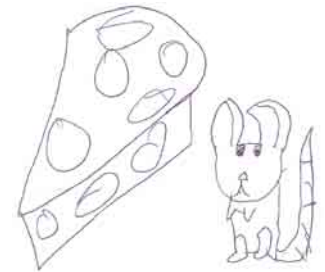
*Emily Nelson, age 7
Orem, Utah*



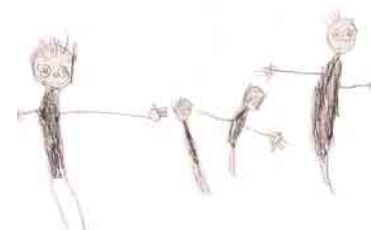
*Devon Smith, age 10
Sandy, Utah*



*Abraham Hernandez Meza, age 11
Oaxaca, Mexico*



*Jenna Merrick, age 7
Sexsmith, Alberta, Canada*



*Avanlee Fisher, age 3
Bryan, Texas*



*Jared Joseph Hanna, age 5
Kennewick, Washington*



Emily Brook, age 11
East Grinstead, England



Grant Kenning, age 6
Saco, Maine



Kyler Blackburn, age 4
Rexburg, Idaho



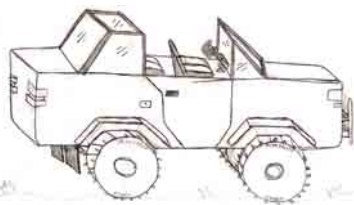
India Earl, age 5
Roosevelt, Utah



Emily Sarlls, age 6
Katy, Texas



Kent Thalman, age 8
Neenah, Wisconsin



Layton Bird, age 10
Virginia Beach, Virginia



Norienne McBee, age 8
Oviedo, Florida



Kristen Sampson, age 9
Laurinburg, North Carolina



Nate Mullins, age 7
The Dalles, Oregon



Family Poem

My love for my family is so very strong
It makes me want to sing a song.
I tell them I love them every night.
It brings them delight!
So tell them you love them
Before it's too late.
Number them one to one hundred eighty-eight!
MacKenzie Felts, age 11
Sandy, Utah



Summer Treasures

My grandmother's house,
No long-sleeved blouse,
Weather is mild,
BIG blue splashy pool
Gets me cool.
Rollerblades go downhill
While I'm in the tree's soft shade.
A blaring loud parade,
Yummy saltwater taffy,
Feeling very laughy,
Bikes screeching loudly,
The soft neck of a horse
On a large racecourse.
Children scream loudly
On an unwanted team.
I write a long work.
No school or homework.
Soft sand under my feet,
Smells of the salty sea,
Hot dogs, corn dogs—
Yum, yum, yummy to me.
Big block parties—
Most of it's happened to ME!
Sydney Outzen, age 8
Germantown, Maryland

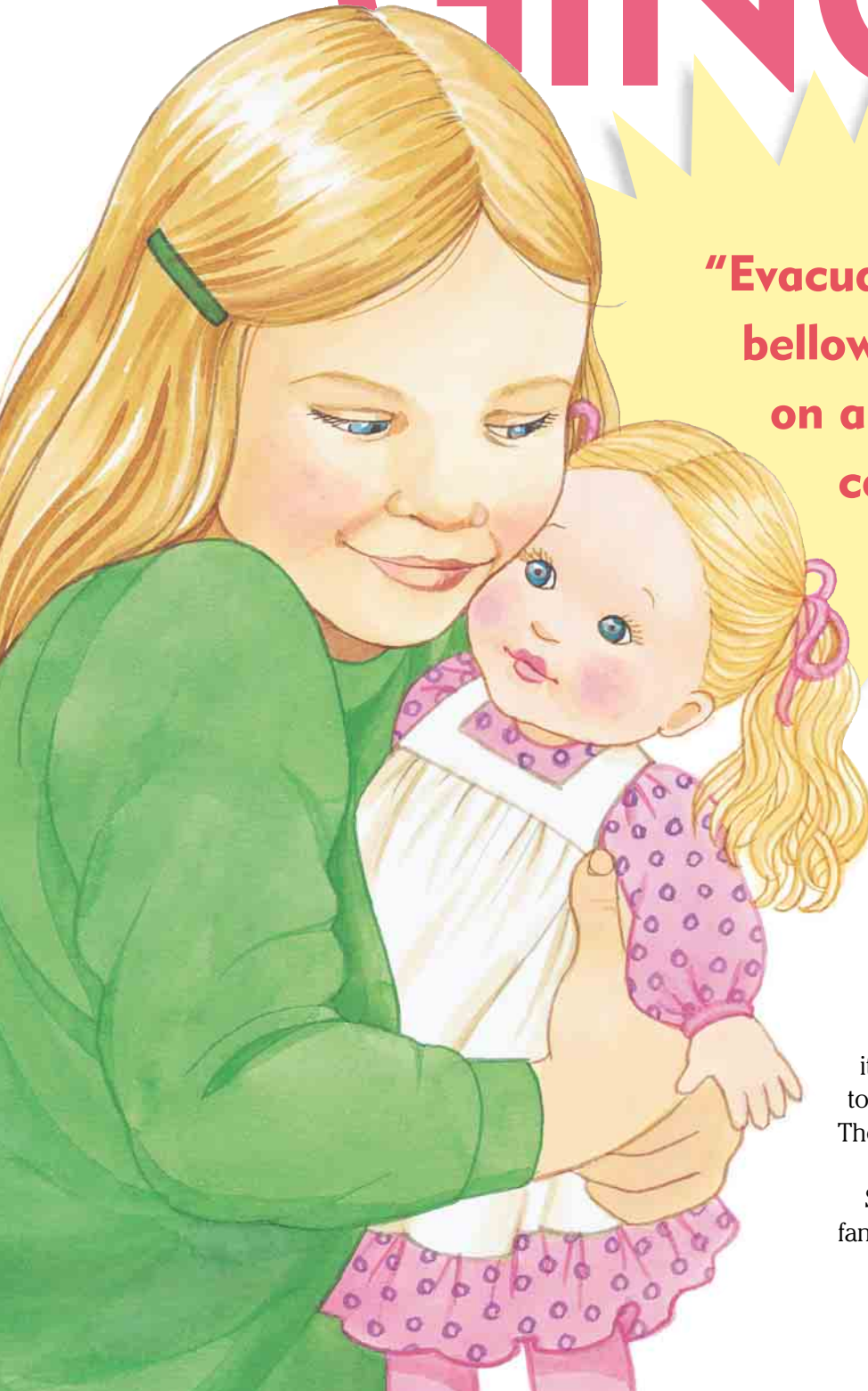


I'm Moving Soon

I'm moving soon, and I am sad.
I'll miss my friends—I'll miss them bad.
I won't be alone, and I know that.
My family will be with me, and that's a fact!
They'll help me, and I'll help them.
But really we'll be stronger when
The Spirit is with us, don't you know?
He'll help us fast—not too slow.
Jesus Christ and Heavenly Father
Will help us more than any other.
So moving won't be quite so bad.
I'll have lots of help, and I won't be as sad.
Alyssa Hedding, age 10
West Jordan, Utah



Giving Up **GINGER**



**“Evacuate your homes now!”
bellowed the loudspeaker
on a truck. “The fire is
coming! The fire
is coming!”**

By Mary Datwyler
(Based on a true story)

The forest fire raged down the mountain toward the town. Fierce winds fanned the enormous flames. Short of water and help, the firefighters couldn't hold it back any longer. Families were going to lose their homes and belongings. There was nothing anyone could do.

Seven-year-old Catherine sat in her family's living room, watching the news

reports. It was hard to believe that the fire was only an hour away. She stared as flames licked through the treetops. She didn't want to watch, but she couldn't look away. She felt sad and sick.

Catherine went to her room and thought about the fire. Looking around, she wondered what it would be like to leave everything behind. She had lots of prized possessions. The most precious was Ginger, her favorite doll.

She looked at her other dolls, her trophies, her toys, even her clothes and shoes. Losing everything was hard to even think about.

When Dad got home, Catherine and her parents ate dinner. They discussed the new evacuations. Tears welled up in Catherine's eyes, and she began to cry.

"What's the matter?" Mom asked.

"Why can't they stop the fire?" Catherine asked. "Where will people live if their houses burn down?"

"Everyone will move into temporary shelters," Mom answered. "They will get food, clothes, and a warm place to sleep until this is all sorted out."

"What about their things?"

Who's going to help them save their things?"

"The fire is too hot and moving too fast for anyone to think much about saving things," Dad said.

"It's more important to make sure the people are safe. Most things can be replaced."



Too upset to finish her supper, Catherine asked to be excused and went to her room and knelt by her bed. "Girls just like me are going to lose everything," she prayed. "Somebody has to help them. I want to help them, but what can I do?"

When she awoke the next morning, Catherine knew exactly what to do. She filled a large shopping bag with clothes, books, and games. Last of all, she put in Ginger. "Mom, I want to donate these things," she said. "Can you help me?"

Mom looked through the bag. "You're giving away some of your nicest treasures," she said.

"Are you sure you want to give away Ginger?"

Catherine tried to swallow the lump in her throat. "This is what I need to do," she said. "I know that this will help someone feel better. Will you help me?"

Mom hugged her. "Of course. The Relief Society is collecting donations. I was going to take some blankets and canned goods over this afternoon, but I think we should go right now, instead."

The missionaries had set up a large open trailer in the ward parking lot.



Waiting in line with other people who were making donations, Catherine began to feel that giving away Ginger was just too hard. She thought longingly about keeping her favorite doll. The line inched forward, giving her time to think some more. When it was her turn, she handed her bag to the Relief Society sisters, Ginger and all. Silently saying good-bye, she watched as her bag was carried to the trailer. It was so hard to give up her things! She turned and walked quietly back to the car.

That afternoon, Mom collected blankets and canned goods. When she and Catherine arrived at the meetinghouse, the trailer was full of useful things.

Back home, a television report announced that four hundred homes had been destroyed. But there was good news, too. The fire was nearly under control, and no one had been hurt.

Catherine watched the reports every night. She was worried about the four hundred families



“If we are truly disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, we will reach out with love and understanding to all of our neighbors at all times, particularly in times of need.”

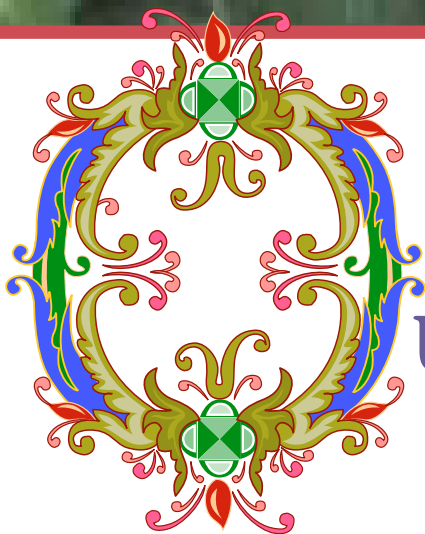
**Elder M. Russell Ballard
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
(Ensign, November 2001, page 36.)**

without homes. She thought about her shopping bag of treasures and wondered if it had really mattered among the thousands of other donations. And she really missed Ginger.

Suddenly Catherine sat up and looked more closely at the television screen. Something looked familiar. A little girl in a shelter was clutching a doll that looked a lot like—no, it really was—Ginger!

Catherine jumped up and squealed with delight. Her prayer had been answered. Her donation really had made a difference.





ur Family Place

Lovingly ♩ = 108-120

Words and music by
Matthew Neeley

Our fam - 'ly has a place Where love and kind - ness dwell,

mf

Where we kneel to - geth - er Ev - 'ry day in prayer.

Our fam - 'ly has a place Where love is grown,

rit.

Where we learn the gos - pel plan. ——— Our fam - 'ly place ——— is home.

a tempo

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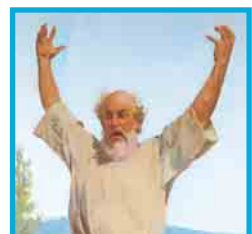
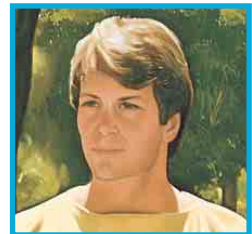
FATHERS IN THE SCRIPTURES

By Charlotte G. Lindstrom

There are many fathers in the scriptures. To learn about some of them, read each clue, match it with one of the names listed, and write the letter on the blank. To check your answer, look up the scripture. Then read the letters you have written from top to bottom to discover _____ Father, a very special father.

- _____ 1. This father saved his family from the flood by obeying the Lord's commandment to build an ark. (See Genesis 6:12–22; 8:1, 18–19.)
- _____ 2. A rich man who left all his possessions behind when the Lord told him to take his family and flee into the wilderness. (See 1 Nephi 2:1–5.)
- _____ 3. This man and his wife are the earthly parents of the whole human family. (See Genesis 3:20.)
- _____ 4. This father listened to and believed his son when he said that he had seen an angel. (See Joseph Smith—History 1:3, 50.)
- _____ 5. Because of this father's prayers, his rebellious son was visited by an angel. The son and his friends repented and became great missionaries. (See Mosiah 27:8–17, 32, 36.)
- _____ 6. He was told to sacrifice his only son on an altar. At the last moment, an angel stopped him from doing it. (See Genesis 22:1–13.)
- _____ 7. Because this man didn't believe it when an angel told him that his elderly wife would have a baby, he was unable to speak until the child was born. (See Luke 1:5–20, 57–64.)
- _____ 8. When this ruler of the synagogue begged Jesus to save his twelve-year-old daughter, the Savior raised her from the dead. (See Luke 8:41–42, 49–55.)

- n. **Abraham**
- a. **Adam**
- e. **Alma**
- y. **Jairus**
- v. **Joseph Smith, Sr.**
- e. **Lehi**
- h. **Noah**
- l. **Zacharias**



Funstuf Answer

Fathers in the Scriptures: Heavenly.

FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



A great missionary who always tries to choose the right, **Samuel Boggess**, 5, Durham, North Carolina, likes to read the *Book of Mormon Reader* and draw pictures of striping warriors. He is a good big brother to Jeff.

Meredith Long, 9, Phoenix, Arizona, likes to read scripture stories and teach family home evening. She also enjoys swimming, soccer, and coloring. She is a great sister and a good friend to everyone.

Berkeley T. Larkin, 5, Flowery Branch, Georgia, likes school and is a good artist. He misses his grandparents. Both sets are serving in the Spain Bilbao Mission.

Christine Godfrey, 8, Clovis, California, likes to read and to help clean the house with her two older brothers. She also enjoys golf, soccer, tennis, and Achievement Days.



Alex Lobato, 7, McKinney, Texas, is looking forward to being baptized by his father. Alex enjoys playing soccer, fishing with his friends, and talking about the scriptures.

Kaitlyn Amanda Kelsey, 9, Las Vegas, Nevada, likes piano, singing, dancing, and sports (especially softball and basketball). She helps with family scripture study and family home evening.

Michael "Bubba" Swain, 3, Neola, Utah, likes making shakes, going to work with his dad, and helping his mom make bread. He loves his family, especially his new baby brother, Brandon.

Laura Brunet, 10, Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada, likes to sing, play soccer, and be with her friends. Laura has earned her Gospel in Action Award, and she loves to help people.

Ammon Kahiau Soma, 5, Honolulu, Hawaii, likes to play baseball and basketball and to swim at the beach. His hobbies are reading and coloring. He is also fond of animals, and learning about Heavenly Father and Jesus.

Jenna Katherine Schuster, 10, Tully, New York, is named after a relative who arrived in the United States over 300 years ago. Jenna donated ten inches of her hair for wigs for cancer patients.



Adam Johnston, 6, Glendale, Arizona, is a peacemaker in his home. He has three brothers and one sister. He likes learning about the prophets and playing baseball and video games.

Hannah Whitney, 4, Medford, Oregon, loves her family and her dogs. She is learning how to swim and enjoys singing in Primary and riding her little pink bike.

Brian Howell, 8, Joseph, Utah, was recently baptized and is saving money for his mission. Brian likes to play outside and ride his bike. He is a great help to his family.

A lively, curious girl, **Daphne Sarah Junco Mendez**, 2, Oaxaca, Mexico, likes to listen to Book of Mormon stories, sing hymns, and play with her family's cats and the neighbors' dogs.

Jamison Ebert, 4, Midlothian, Illinois, likes being a Sunbeam. He is a big helper to his mom with his younger sister and baby brother. He hopes to go on a mission to Italy like his dad did.

Elizabeth Ann Ludwig, 11, Las Vegas, Nevada, loves the Church and likes going to Achievement Days. She enjoyed being baptized.



Tyler Head, 7, Huntington Beach, California, can hardly wait until he's eight to be baptized and to become a Cub Scout. He likes going to church, singing, and spending time with his family.

Melinda Coates, 5, Eagle, Idaho, is a joy to her family. She likes to make puzzles and draw. Her favorite song is "I Am a Child of God." She likes to recite the articles of faith for family scripture study.

Alex Little, 11, Winter Haven, Florida, graduated from the fifth grade with a 4.0 grade-point average. He received a Governors' Achievement Award for his score on a math test. He enjoys having the missionaries to dinner.

Kendra McKayle Stewart, 4, Bentonville, Arkansas, loves her sister, Kaelyn. Kendra likes to paint and to play with molding dough. She enjoys Primary and collecting replicas of Heavenly Father's creations.

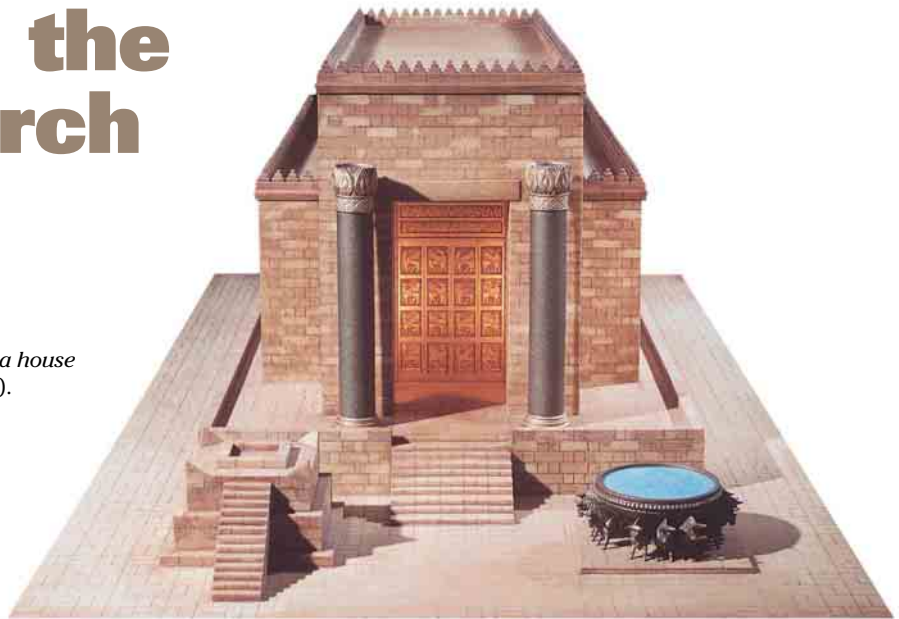
Benjamin Albert Becker, 11, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, recently participated in his first triathlon. He enjoys baseball, soccer, and piano and is a junior referee in basketball. Ben looks forward to receiving the priesthood.

Erin Williams, 6, Huntersville, North Carolina, is a good reader and loves the *Friend*. Her favorite parts are Friends in the News and Our Creative Friends. She takes dance lessons and sings well.

TEMPLES—

a Sign of the True Church

I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me (Doctrine and Covenants 124:31).



The Lord always commands His people to build temples.

For many years, the Israelites could not build a temple because they were traveling through the wilderness. They carried with them a tent called the tabernacle, which served as a temple. After they had reached the promised land, King David wanted to build a permanent temple. God told him, “Thou shalt not build an house unto my name” (1 Chronicles 22:8). People cannot build temples for the Lord without receiving His approval. The Lord revealed that David’s son Solomon had been chosen to build the temple, instead.

Solomon’s temple took eight years to complete. It was similar to the tabernacle, but it was twice as large. The walls were made of stone and were covered on the inside with carved wood and gold. Only the best materials were used to construct the temple. When it was finished, Solomon knelt at the altar in the court of the temple and offered a dedicatory prayer. (See 2 Chronicles 3–6.)

Eventually King Solomon and his people became wicked. Temple treasures were taken, and unbelievers used the temple to worship false

gods. The Spirit left Solomon’s temple. It was no longer the Lord’s house.

The scriptures promise that in our day, the Church will never fall away from the truth. Individual members may stray from the gospel, but Church prophets will always teach what is right. For this reason, we can trust that today’s temples will remain holy. By always remembering Heavenly Father and obeying His commandments, we may become holy. Elder Marion G. Romney, then of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and later a member of the First Presidency, said: “The building of temples today is . . . distinctively an activity of the Church of Jesus Christ. Temples can be conceived by no people other than members of the Church who possess an understanding of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The great eternal principles of [pre-earth life], eternal marriage, resurrection, exaltation, the nature of God and our relationship to him—all these and the other great principles of the gospel focus upon temple work. From the temples they are reflected back into the hearts of understanding Latter-day Saints.”*

*Ensign, March 1971, page 14.

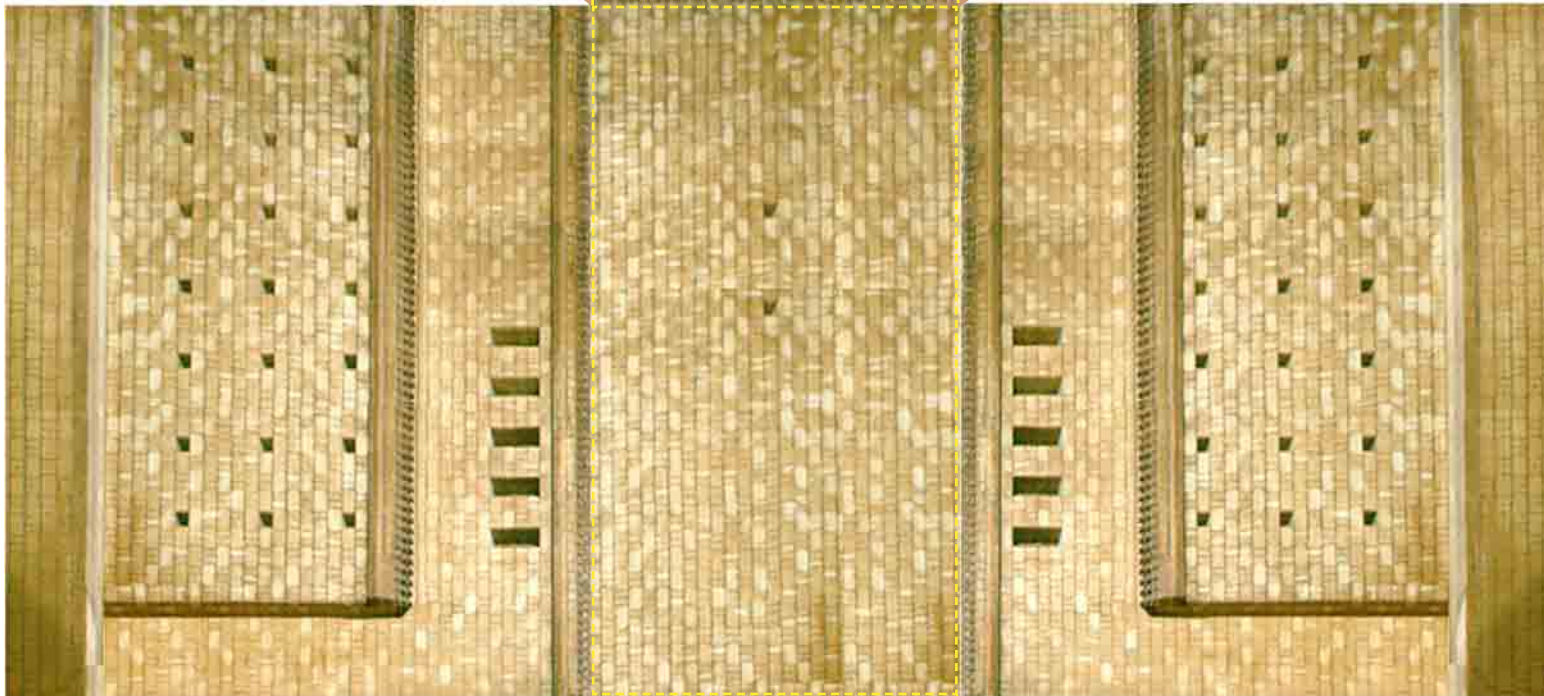
Solomon's Temple



Side wall



Side wall



Side wall

Side wall



Instructions

Remove page 45 from the magazine and glue it to heavy paper. Fold along the broken lines and glue the tabs to the inside of the side walls.



From the Life of President Harold B. Lee

Principal

When Harold B. Lee was seventeen, he became a teacher. He taught in a one-room school near Weston, Idaho. Some of his students were older than he was!

The pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room sometimes fell apart, filling the school with smoke and soot.

Quick, help me put the stovepipe back on!

Yes, sir!

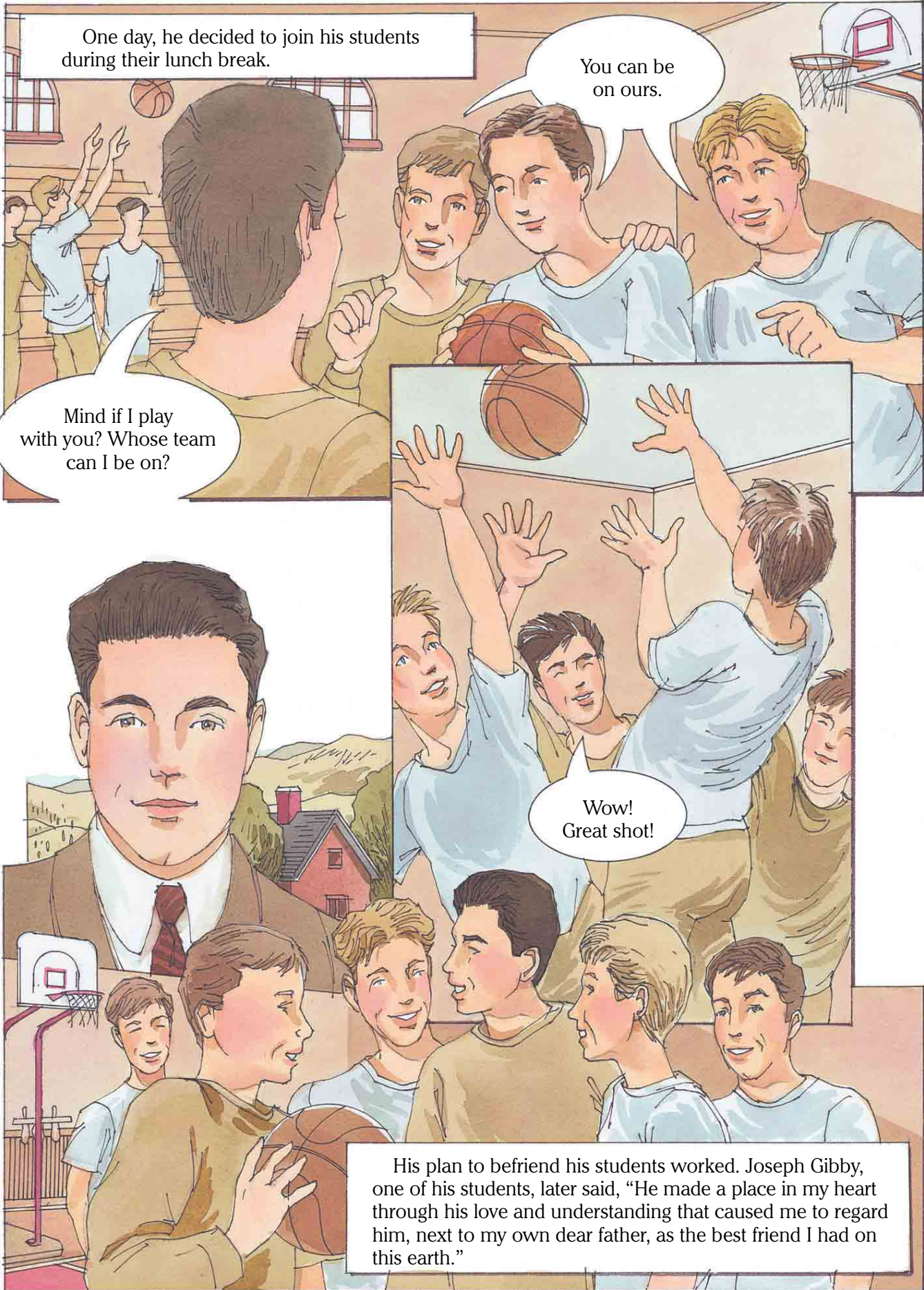


A year later, he became both the principal and a teacher at nearby Oxford School. The students there liked to play tricks on him. While he was busy talking to someone, they hid his horse.

I must keep better control of my class. I want them to be my friends.

So he had to walk several miles to get home.





One day, he decided to join his students during their lunch break.

You can be on ours.

Mind if I play with you? Whose team can I be on?

Wow! Great shot!

His plan to befriend his students worked. Joseph Gibby, one of his students, later said, "He made a place in my heart through his love and understanding that caused me to regard him, next to my own dear father, as the best friend I had on this earth."

Our Family Garden

By Elaine Champion

My family is a garden,
A place where we can grow.
Our garden is for people,
Not plants grown in a row.

We're growing love and patience.
We're growing kindness, too.
We've planted seeds of service
For things we all can do.

Politeness grows inside us;
We're sharing more each day.
Our smiles are growing bigger—
Like the hugs we give away.

We can tell that we are growing
The seeds of love and cheer—
We fill our home with sunshine
And feel our Savior near.

I love our family garden,
Although I'm still quite small,
'Cause in our family garden,
I'm growing straight and tall.



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 June is “Temples are a sign of the true church.”



FAMILY HOME EVENING IDEAS

1. Read “The Holy Spirit” (pages 2–3) by President James E. Faust. Make a poster of the four guidelines and rules he suggests for receiving inspiration through the Holy Ghost. Post it where it will be seen. Invite family members to share, if they wish, experiences they have had with the Holy Spirit.

2. Ask a parent or an older brother or sister to tell Elder L. Edward Brown’s experiences with “The Power of Prayer” (pages 8–9). Resolve as a family to continue or to begin to have family prayer morning and evening.

3. Talk about the history presented in “The Nauvoo Temple” (pages 26–27). Tell the story of how Primary children contributed to the rebuilding of this temple (see “Penny by Penny,” pages 24–25). Share your feelings about the temple in your temple district.

4. Using the pictures, tell the story “The Ten Lepers” (pages 12–13) and talk about the importance of gratitude. List some of the things you have to be

thankful for. One of them is your family. Learn together the song “Our Family Place” (page 41), or recite the poem “Our Family Garden” (page 48). Remember to thank Heavenly Father for your blessings.

5. Read “Cowboy Baseball” (pages 16–20). Discuss the importance of accepting, including, and being a good example to, people who are different from you. Using the pictures, tell the story “The Good Shepherd” (pages 14–15) and explain that Jesus loves and wants to help everyone.

6. For a fun activity, you may want to do “Fathers in the Scriptures” (page 42). Or draw your own pictures of President Gordon B. Hinckley and add them to those on the cover of this issue. Write “Follow the Prophet” under your pictures and hang them where you will see them often.

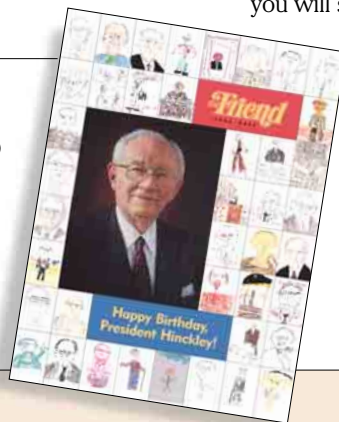


See pages 16–20.

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



MANUSCRIPT SUBMISSIONS

The *Friend* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts but is not responsible for them. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Send manuscripts to *Friend*, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3226. Send e-mail to cur-editorial-Friend@LDSChurch.org.

Send children’s submissions to *Friend*, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3226, in care of the appropriate department—Our Creative Friends, Friends in the News, Childviews, Trying to Be Like Jesus Christ.

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