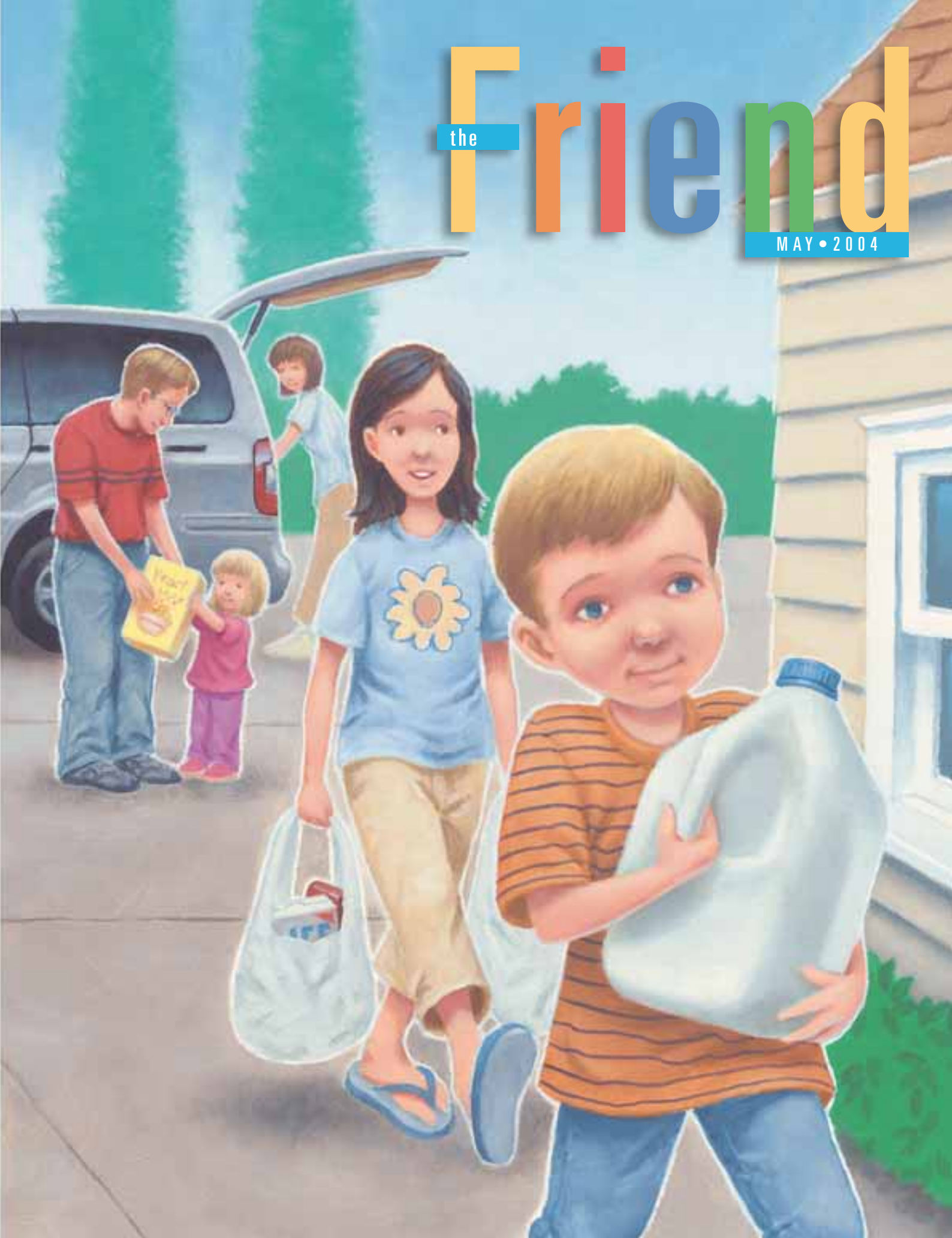


# the Friend

MAY • 2004





## My Dad

**M**y dad got sick when I was one year old. He prayed that he would stay alive long enough to baptize me, and he did. Two months after my baptism, he died.

After my dad died, I was sad, so I prayed about it. I asked Heavenly Father to help me not be sad. Now I am not so sad anymore. I still think of my dad, and I think of how we are an eternal family. I think about how I will get to see Dad again.

Tyler Miller, age 8  
Orchard Park, New York

## Missionary Grandparents



**M**y grandparents went on a six-month mission to Nauvoo. I missed them a lot, but my family and I wrote letters every week. I was so happy when they came home. They had many wonderful experiences. I am looking forward to going on a mission, too.

Christian Shaffer, age 8  
Syracuse, Utah



## Kick Your Feet

**O**ne time I went to the beach. I met a friend named Courtney. We were playing in the ocean. Soon everyone started running out of the water. I wondered why everyone was running. I looked at the lifeguard's flag, and it was red. Then I was swept under the water by a huge wave. There was a loud swishing noise in my ears, and I kept paddling my hands but couldn't get out. Then I heard a voice say, "Kick your feet." So I did, and I suddenly floated to the top and got out of the water.

I am so glad the Holy Ghost was with me that day, because the ocean can be very dangerous. I know that the Holy Ghost can protect us if we listen to Him.

Lauren Adair Jones, age 6  
Hookerton, North Carolina

## I Miss the Recipes

**I** love to read the *Friend*, but I miss Kitchen Krafts. Why did you take it out? Please put it back in.

Erin Nelson, age 12  
West Jordan, Utah

**Others have written or called with the same request, Erin. You will soon begin seeing recipes in the *Friend* again from time to time.**

—The Editors



Volume 34 Number 5  
May 2004

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Cover by Mark Robison

the friend

A children's magazine published by  
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



See the Guide to the  
*Friend* (inside back  
cover) for family home  
evening ideas.

**HIDDEN CTR RING**

*Conserve a Tua Rota*  
means "choose the  
right" in Portuguese.  
As you look for the  
Portuguese CTR ring  
hidden in this issue, think  
about your testimony and  
commit to bear it—by  
speaking to a friend or  
family member, being a  
good example, or writing  
in your journal.







Come Listen to  
a Prophet's Voice

# We Believe in YOU!

BY PRESIDENT JAMES E. FAUST  
Second Counselor in the First Presidency

**M**y dear young friends, each of you is a son or daughter of God. The Lord gives us strength to overcome all things. This is one of the reasons why we believe in you.

We believe in you because we know you can be honest. A television channel ran the story of a 10-year-old boy named Josh Bowers from West Jordan, Utah. He found a wallet that had \$530 in it. Josh didn't hesitate. He picked it up and took it to his mother. The wallet belonged to a mother of four, and the \$530 was rent money she couldn't live without.

Josh really wanted a new bike. But he knew the money was not his. The relieved young mother gave Josh \$40 for returning the wallet. Josh planned to use some of the money to get his old bike tire fixed. But a viewer, on hearing the story, had Josh pick out a brand-new bike "to reward him for being an honest guy."<sup>1</sup>

We may not all get a shiny new bicycle as a reward for our honesty, but a



**President James E. Faust encourages us to be honest and avoid temptation.**

feeling of goodness will shine within us for doing what we know is honest and true.

Use your spiritual gifts. I warn you against the dangers that lurk in the Internet, movies, and books which lead away from your destiny. Daily study of the scriptures is an excellent way to keep your spirituality safe.

You really can't [imagine] the great blessings that await you. They are wonderful and exciting. You can make a difference. You can find happiness beyond your dreams as you keep the commandments of the Lord. ●

#### NOTE

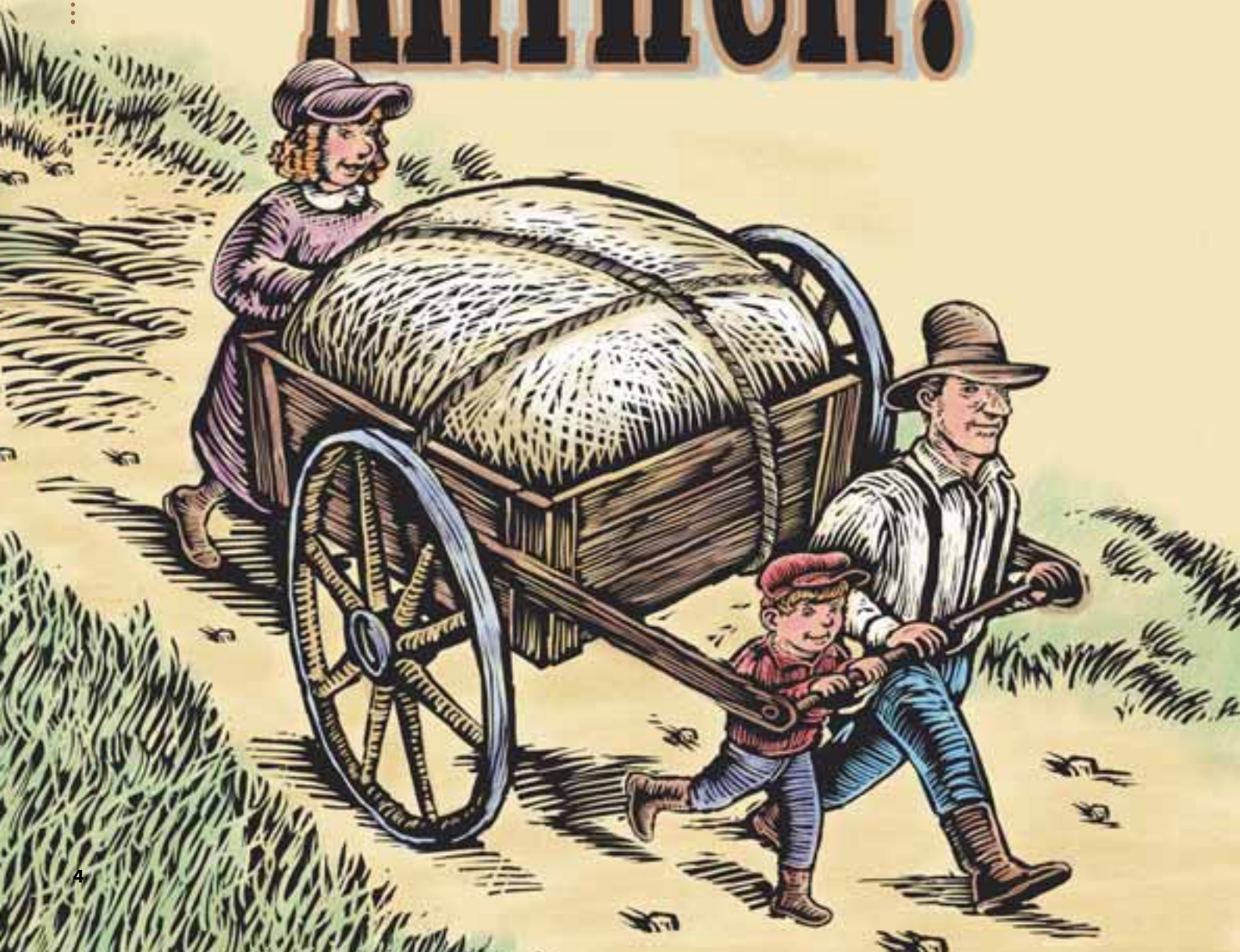
1. "Honest Boy Returns Lost Wallet and Money," KUTV, 8 and 10 September 1998, 10:00 P.M.

("We Believe in You," *Brigham Young University 1998–99 Speeches*, 51–56.)





# WHERE'S ARTHUR?







BY WILLIAM G. HARTLEY

(Based on the experiences of Arthur Parker; taken from historical sources)

*Without faith there cannot be any hope* (Moroni 7:42).

**A**rthur Parker walked and walked and walked. Even though he was only six years old, he sometimes helped his mother and father pull their loaded handcart. When everybody stopped to rest, he liked to explore. He wandered around to see other people, the prairie grass, a stream, or a grove of trees.

Arthur had one brother and two sisters: Max, 12; Martha Ann, 10; and Ada, 1. The Parkers had sailed from England to America that spring. Now they were traveling west with the McArthur Handcart Company. As Max helped his parents pull the handcart, Martha Ann walked behind, taking care of Arthur and Ada.

But one day Arthur's father became ill. Martha Ann took his place helping to pull the handcart and sent Arthur to walk with a group of other children in the company. When Arthur sat down to rest beside the trail and fell asleep, the other children didn't notice. The company moved on without him.

By the time Arthur's family discovered that he was missing, it was too late and too dark to go looking for him. That night, the cloudy sky burst open. Thunder and lightning raged, and many tents blew over. Water ran across the ground in streams as people huddled in wet clothes. All night long, the Parkers worried about Arthur, lost out in the stormy darkness. They hoped somebody would bring him to their tent, but no one did.

The next morning, search parties went back along

the trail to look for Arthur. The handcarts stayed camped all day so the searchers could continue looking. Where was the little boy? Was he hurt in the thunderstorm?

After searching for two days, the company could not wait any longer. They had more than a thousand miles left to go.

Arthur's parents didn't give up hope. They decided that Brother Parker would go farther back along the trail to look for Arthur, while Sister Parker and the other children would stay with the company and pull the handcart.

Before Brother Parker left, his wife pinned a bright red shawl around his shoulders. If he found Arthur dead, he would wrap him in the shawl. But if he found Arthur alive, he would wear the shawl on his shoulders or hold it in his hand to signal that Arthur was all right.





The worried father retraced the trail—calling Arthur’s name, searching everywhere he could, and praying. He walked and searched for 10 miles, determined not to leave without finding his son.

Meanwhile, the handcart company moved ahead. Two days went by. Sister Parker kept looking back anxiously, hoping to see her husband and son catching up with them.

At last, Brother Parker came to a mail-and-trading station. He asked if anyone had seen a lost six-year-old boy. Someone said that a boy had been found! He was being cared for by a farmer and his wife. Arthur’s father went to the farmhouse and found his son. How glad they were to see each other!

Arthur told his father that he had spent the first night under some trees, which protected him from the rain-storm. Then he had wandered until he came to the farmhouse. Brother Parker figured out that Arthur had walked about nine miles!

The handcart company was now 60 miles past where Arthur had disappeared. Arthur had been missing for four days, and his mother had hardly slept at all since

then. She kept watching the trail behind her, looking for her husband, hoping he would be waving the red shawl.

A few days later, as the sun was setting, she suddenly spotted the red shawl waving in the distance. Arthur was alive! Captain McArthur sent a wagon back to meet the father and son. Everyone in the company rejoiced to see Arthur, but no one felt as happy as his mother. Completely exhausted, she slept soundly for the first time in days.

The Parkers continued on their journey. Arthur kept walking, singing, and exploring—but he stayed a little closer to his parents. Each night, they hugged him a little tighter. ●

*William G. Hartley is a member of the Riverside Third Ward, Murray Utah North Stake.*



“There was little that [the pioneers] could carry with them . . . , but each wagon and handcart was heavily laden with faith . . . that God knew where they were going and that He would see them through.”

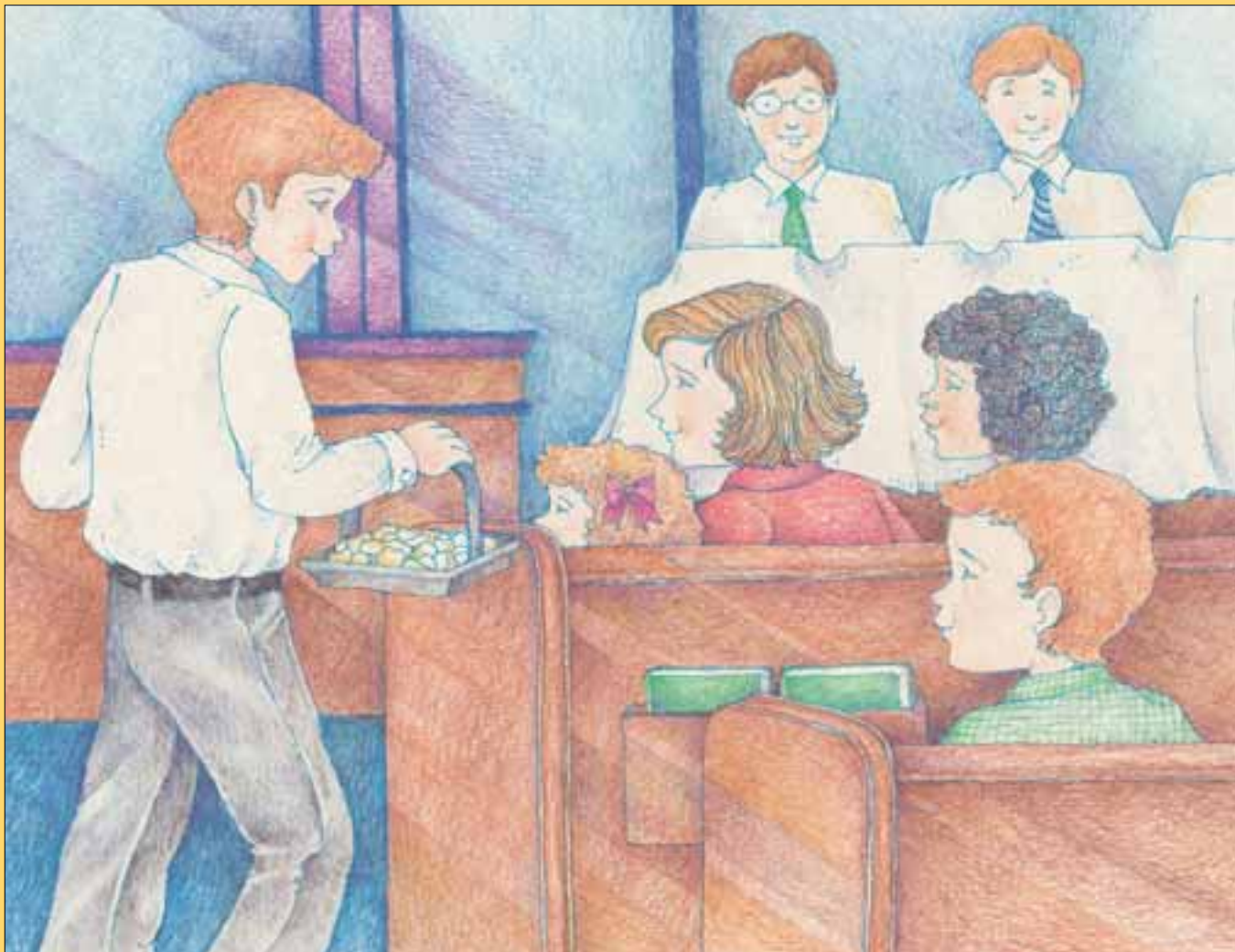
**Elder M. Russell Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “You Have Nothing to Fear from the Journey,” *Ensign*, May 1997, 60.**





# Priesthood **POWER**

BY CALLIE BUYS



Each week during the sacrament  
I sit with Mom; Dad, too.  
My brothers do not sit with us—  
They both have special jobs to do.

My oldest brother sits up front  
To bless the water or the bread;  
As brother kneels to say the prayer,  
I fold my arms and bow my head.

My other brother, this one 12,  
Walks reverently this way.  
He carries bread, then water cups  
In special silver trays.

My brothers show me what to do  
Each day in every hour.  
I look forward to the time  
I'll join them both in priesthood power.

# A Warm Feeling

*And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things (Moroni 10:5).*

**W**hen I was a little boy, about age five, I spent a good deal of time in my grandparents' home. In the winter, after the crops had been harvested and my Grandpa Condie had some free time, he would hold me on his lap and read me stories from the Book of Mormon. I always felt a warm feeling inside as Grandpa read to me. I especially loved the stories of Nephi and of kindly King Benjamin. Nearly 60 years later, I still get a warm feeling in my heart when I read the scriptures.

I also often spent time in the homes of my two uncles as I played with my cousins. I especially liked being there when it was time for family prayer. Uncle Carl was a farmer. When he prayed, he concentrated on really talking to Heavenly Father, thanking Him for his many blessings and humbly pleading for moisture for the crops. Uncle Angus was the father of six lively boys, and he prayed for the guidance and protection of his sons. When these two men prayed, I knew that Heavenly Father was listening. I got the same warm feeling while kneeling in family prayer with them that I did while on my grandpa's lap listening to scripture stories.

At about age 10, I experienced that warm feeling again when I went to stake conference with my parents. An Apostle,

Elder Matthew Cowley, was the visiting speaker. He was well known for being a man of faith and miracles—he served a five-year mission to New Zealand starting when he was only 17! As he spoke, I knew for myself that he was a servant of our Heavenly Father. After the meeting, I asked my parents if I could shake his hand. We stood in line for a long time because many other people felt as

I did, that Elder Cowley was a very special man. When I finally had the opportunity to shake his hand, I began to cry. I cried all the way home. As a young lad, I was very self-conscious about crying for no apparent reason. My mother explained to me that the feelings I had were a sign of the Spirit confirming that Elder Cowley was a special witness of the Savior. I often experience those same feelings when I shake hands with the Brethren whom we sustain as prophets, seers, and revelators today.

Singing Primary songs is another way I often feel the Spirit. One of my favorites is "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story" (*Children's Songbook*, 56). As a young Primary boy, I could see in my mind the Savior blessing the sick, the blind, and the little children. Another one of my favorites is "I Feel My Savior's Love" (pp. 74–75) because, as I sing it, I truly feel of His great love for all of us. I also love to sing "I'm Trying to Be like Jesus" (pp. 78–79). As I near the end of that song, I often feel just as I did the day I shook hands with Elder Matthew Cowley. ●



**By Elder Spencer J. Condie of the Seventy, currently serving in the Pacific Islands Area Presidency**





*A friend loveth at all times* (Proverbs 17:17).

Mom brushed my hair gently and tied a ribbon in it before she caught my gaze in the mirror.

"You look awfully grumpy this morning," she said cheerily to my reflection.

"That's because I *am* grumpy," I replied, scrunching up my face so my lower lip stuck out in a frown.

Mom turned me around and knelt in front of me, looking me in the eye. "You will make friends in this ward. Don't worry!"

"But, Mom, I liked our old ward! I liked my *old* friends! Why did we have to move, anyway?" I felt tears sting my eyes.

"Because of Daddy's job!" a voice piped in helpfully.

My younger sister Alison peeked into the bathroom from the hallway. She smiled her biggest smile—a smile so big that it showed the gaps where her two front teeth were missing and made her eyes disappear into little half-moons. I scowled at her.

"That's right," Mom said to her. Alison beamed.

"But I don't have any friends here," I said to Mom, ignoring my sister.

"You've still got me!" Alison grinned at me from the doorway.

"Great." I rolled my eyes.

Alison frowned for a few seconds and then said,

# Making a New







“We’re *best* friends!” She ran off laughing before I could shout back at her that we were *not* best friends.

Later that day I looked glumly at all the people in sacrament meeting. I didn’t know one person in this new ward! My family had been here for only a few days. “Please, Heavenly Father,” I silently prayed, “help me make one new friend today.”

I was nervous when sacrament meeting ended and my parents took Alison and me to our Primary classes. During class, I sat alone and didn’t say anything.

When my class walked down the hall to the Primary room for sharing time, I clutched my scriptures tightly. I still felt nervous. I stopped at the drinking fountain to

get a drink of water, then went into the Primary room. It was bright and cheery and full of children. As the pianist played a song I had learned in my old ward, I felt a little better.

But as I looked around, I realized that I couldn’t find the other children in my class. I didn’t know where they had gone, and I didn’t have anyone to sit by. I glanced around the room again, biting my lower lip nervously.

Then, from the corner of the room, a little girl started grinning and waving her hands at me. She pointed to a seat next to her. I smiled back at her as I walked to the empty seat. She smiled her biggest smile—a smile so big that it showed the gaps where her two front teeth were missing and made her eyes disappear into little half-moons.

That little girl rescued me. She was the friend Heavenly Father had sent for me.

I decided that sisters *were* best friends. ●

*Angie Bergstrom Miller is a member of the Nampa 24th Ward, Nampa Idaho East Stake.*

BY ANGIE BERGSTROM MILLER

(Based on a true story)

# Friend





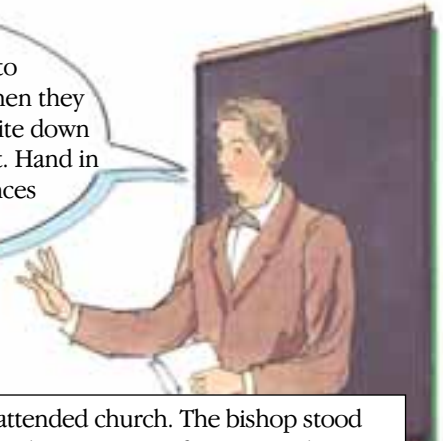
FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

# Feeling the Spirit



When Heber J. Grant was a young man, he took a grammar class.

Your assignment is to listen to people speak. When they use incorrect grammar, write down what was said and correct it. Hand in four corrected sentences each week.

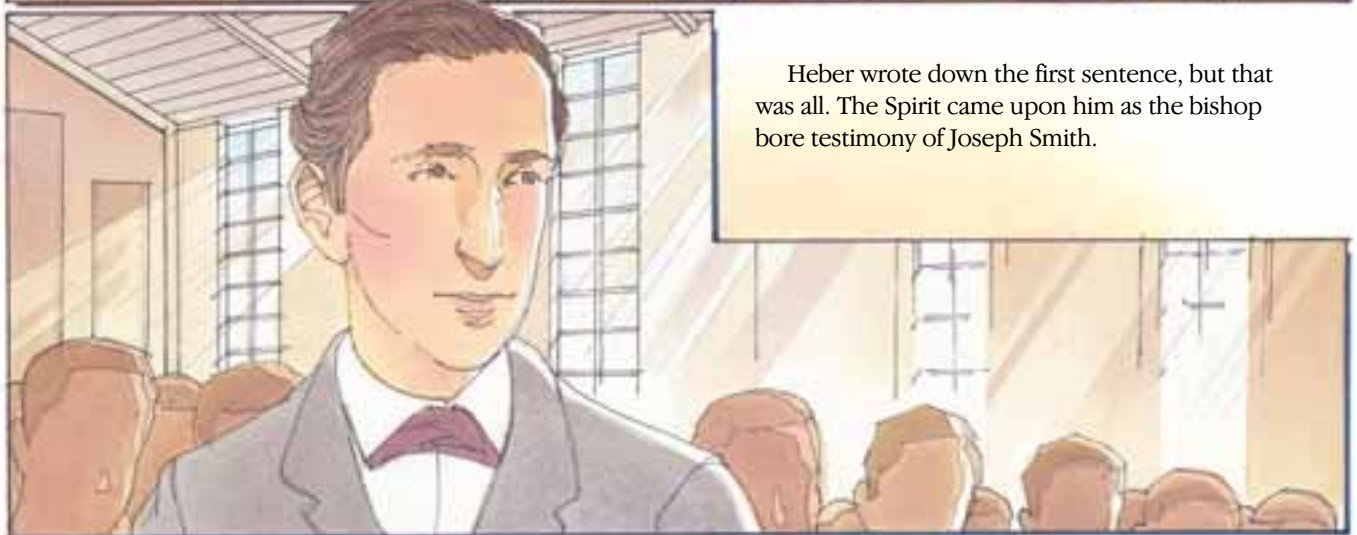


On Sunday, Heber attended church. The bishop stood to speak, and Heber took out a piece of paper to take notes. He quickly realized that he could do his homework.

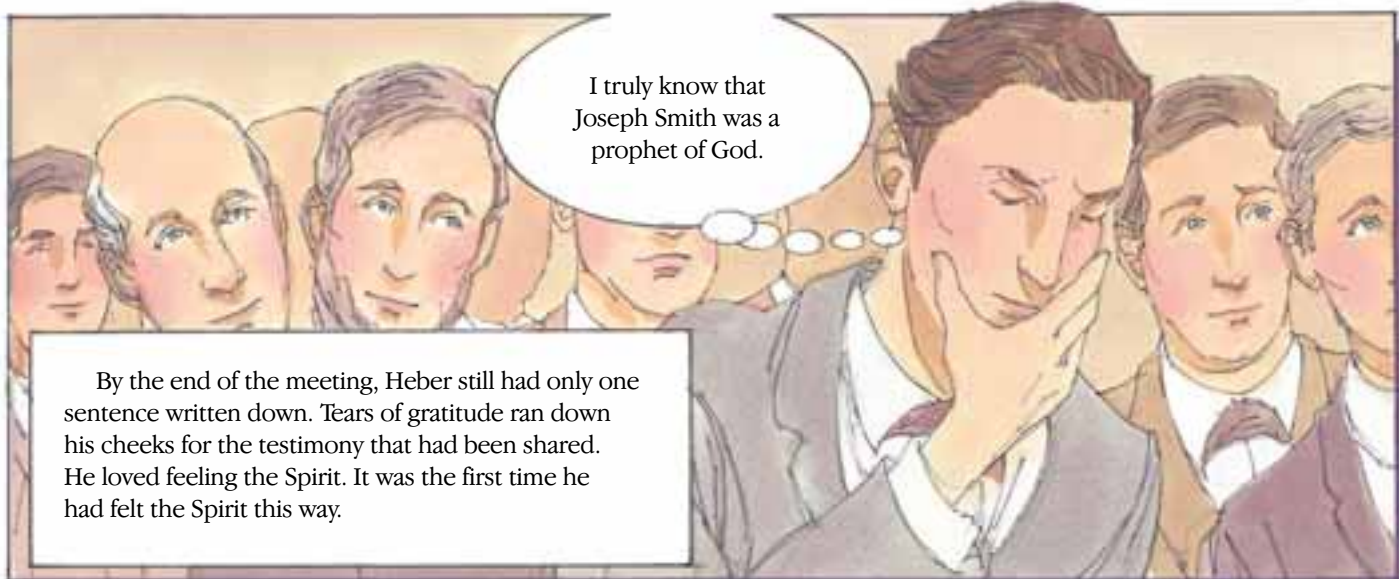
His grammar is terrible! By the end of the meeting, I'll have so many incorrect sentences I'll never need another one.



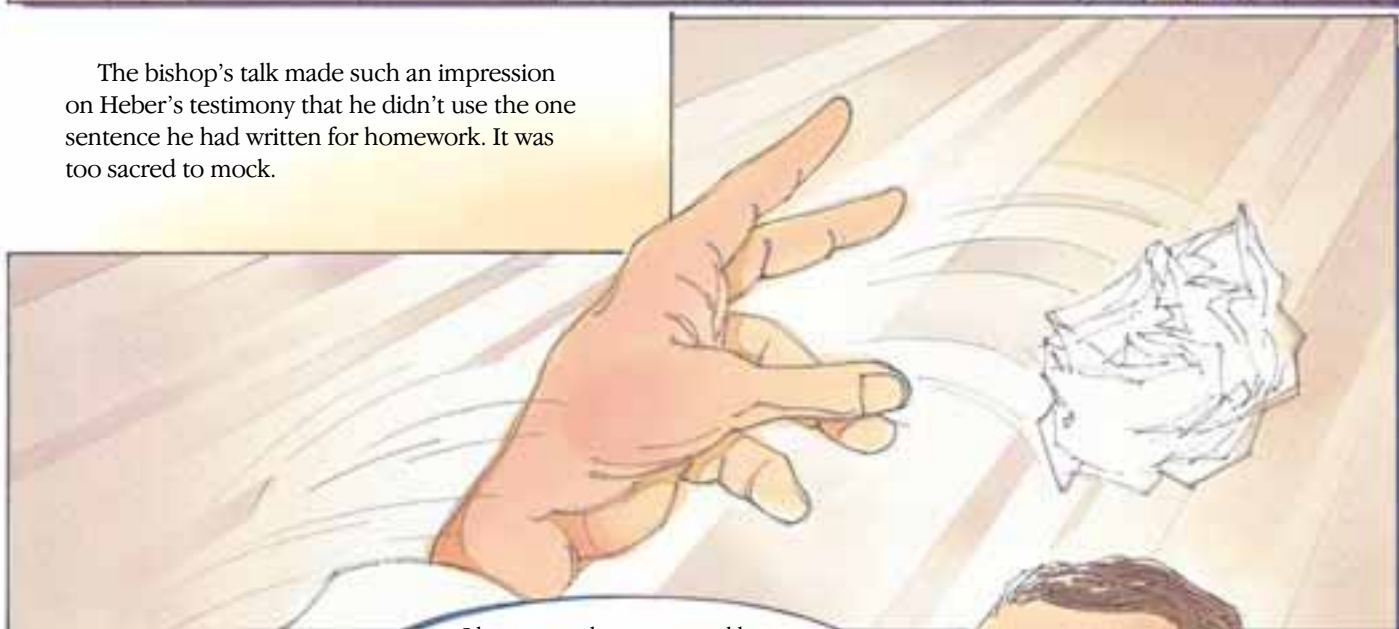
Heber wrote down the first sentence, but that was all. The Spirit came upon him as the bishop bore testimony of Joseph Smith.



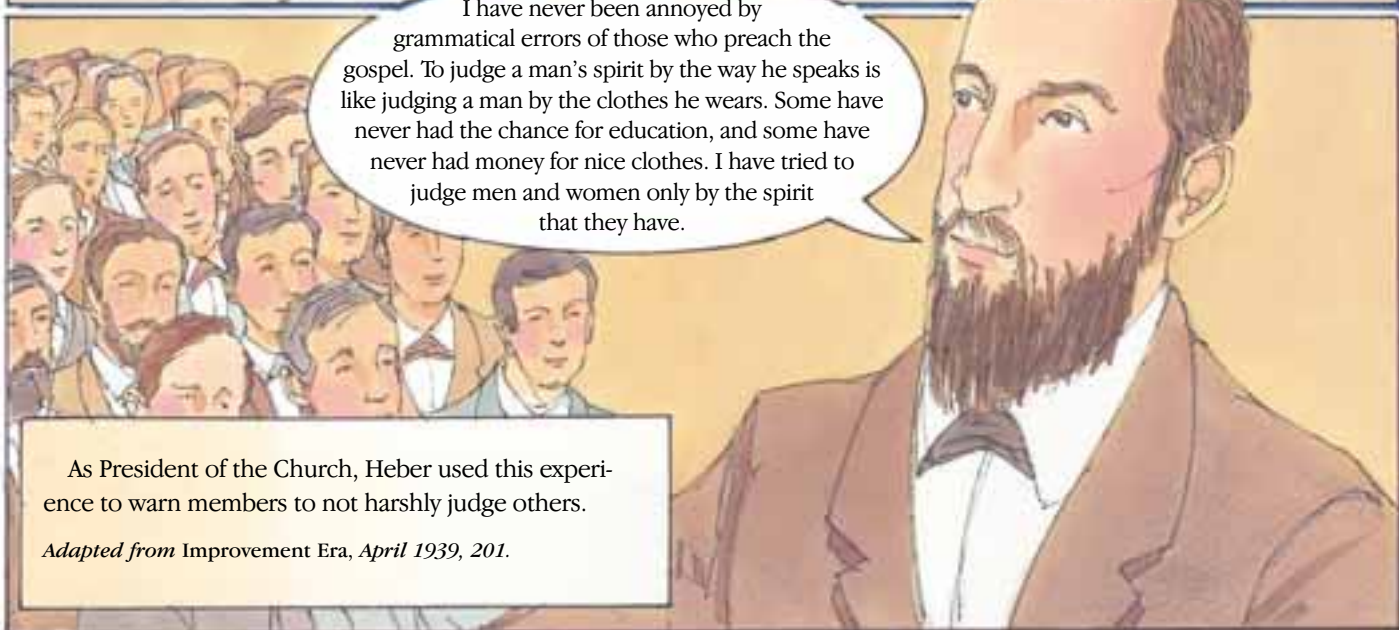




The bishop's talk made such an impression on Heber's testimony that he didn't use the one sentence he had written for homework. It was too sacred to mock.



I have never been annoyed by grammatical errors of those who preach the gospel. To judge a man's spirit by the way he speaks is like judging a man by the clothes he wears. Some have never had the chance for education, and some have never had money for nice clothes. I have tried to judge men and women only by the spirit that they have.



As President of the Church, Heber used this experience to warn members to not harshly judge others.

*Adapted from Improvement Era, April 1939, 201.*

# A Happy Home

*Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right (Ephesians 6:1).*

BY SHEILA E. WILSON

**W**hen President Ezra Taft Benson (1899–1994) was a young boy, his father was called on a mission. Ezra, the oldest child in his family, had six younger brothers and a sister. He knew that his mother needed his help to make their home a cheerful and comfortable place. He woke up early each morning to milk the cows before he went to school. His younger brothers and sister laughed as he squirted milk into their mouths when they came into the barn to watch him. Ezra comforted them when they missed their father. He even dug vegetables from a storage pit under the snow so they would have enough to eat. Ezra tried in every way to make his home a happy one.

As prophet of the Church, President Benson taught us that “our Heavenly Father loves all of His children of all nations everywhere. Because He loves us so much, He has given us loving parents who care for us and teach us. Our mothers and fathers are our first and best teachers, and what they teach us can help us to grow up to be good and useful men and women” (*Friend*, July 1975, 6).

Our Father in Heaven has given responsibilities to

each person in the family. He gave parents the responsibility to teach and care for their children. As a member of a family, you also have important responsibilities. Heavenly Father has commanded us to obey our parents (see Ephesians 6:1). He has asked us to love and serve one another. Each family member should be helpful, cheerful, and kind to other family members. When we help family members, we are showing our love for them and for Heavenly Father. You can do your part to help your parents make your home a happy place just as President Benson did.

### ***Helping My Family Hidden Picture***

My family gets together  
As night falls on the day;  
Before I go to bed I think,  
“What can I put away?”

Can you find the objects in this room that have been left out during the day? Find a ball, a cowboy hat, a doll, a sock, a spoon, a toy truck, and a trumpet.





## Sharing Time Ideas

(Note: All songs are from *Children's Songbook* unless otherwise indicated; GAK = Gospel Art Kit, TNGC = Teaching, No Greater Call. Special sensitivity should be given to children who do not have both parents in the home.)

1. Before Primary starts, ask four or five children to think of their favorite game and be prepared to tell the Primary how to play it while all talking at the same time. Have the children stand at the front of the room and explain their games at the same time. After a minute, ask the children to sit down. Ask the Primary, "What happened when everyone gave directions for a different game at the same time?" (The result was confusion.) "Could you understand everyone at the same time?" (No.) Point out that they could have understood the directions better if someone had taken responsibility for the group and called on one person at a time to explain each game.

Heavenly Father has given our fathers the responsibility to *preside, provide, and protect*. (Explain that the word *preside* means to give direction or take responsibility for.) Write these three words on the board. Give the children copies of "The Family: A Proclamation to the World" (see *Ensign*, Nov. 1995, 102). Through His prophets, the Lord has explained what He expects of parents and children. Have the children search for these three words in the proclamation. Ask them to read paragraph 6 and underline any other responsibilities a father has. Make a list on the board of the responsibilities listed in the proclamation.

Sing the first verse of "Fathers" (p. 209). Ask the children to listen for six things our fathers do to bless our families (*lead our family, love, watch us, protect us, guide us, and direct us*). Ask for responses, then bear testimony that Heavenly Father has given our fathers responsibility for us. Emphasize that our Heavenly Father is always there, and that we can go to Him in prayer for help and guidance at any time and any place.

2. We show love for our mothers by listening carefully, obeying, and speaking kindly. Before Primary, hide wordstrips (LOVE US, TEACH US, GUIDE US, HELP US) around the room. Sing the first verse of "Mother, I Love You" (p. 207). Read aloud some of the responsibilities of mothers from "The Family: A Proclamation to the World," paragraphs 6 and 7. Have the children listen for what mothers are primarily responsible for (the nurture of their children, which includes teaching, guiding, and caring for them).

Play the game "Mother, May I?" to find the wordstrips that describe ways mothers nurture their children. Divide the children into four groups and choose a child from each group to stand anywhere in the room. Make statements that direct each child to find a hidden wordstrip. (For example, "John, you may take 10 giant steps toward me," "Maria, you may take 6 side steps to the left.") As you continue to direct each child, he or she must ask "Mother, may I?" before taking any steps. If the child forgets to respond by first saying "Mother, may I?", choose another child from that group to take his or her place. When all the wordstrips have been found, have the children work in groups to act out ways they can show how mothers do what is on their wordstrip. Let the Primary guess the answers.

Sing the second verse of "Mother, I Love You." Have the children listen for ways they can show love for their mothers (*help you, mind you*). Bear testimony of the importance and blessing of mothers in our lives.

3. Divide older and younger children into separate groups. As reporters, the older children will look up scripture references and prepare to give "news" reports. Give each group one of the following scripture references: (1) 1 Nephi 3:1-9; 4:6-14, (2) Jacob 7:27; Enos 1:1-16, (3) Mosiah 27:13-16, 31-37, (4) Alma 36:1, 3; Alma 37:1-2; Alma 62:45-52. Instruct them to find answers to the following questions: (1) Who is speaking or being taught? (2) Who are his parents? (3) What is one thing the parents taught? (4) Did the child respect, honor, and love his parents by following their teachings? (5) What happened when this person followed the

teachings of his parents? Meanwhile, ask the younger children to draw pictures depicting the stories to be reported on.

Set up chairs in the front of the room for the reporters. Have a simple script prepared to announce them. (Sample script: "This is Primary news station KLDS reporting on events throughout history. Today's report will include stories of parents and children in the scriptures. Let's go to our reporter, John, for a report on parents teaching their children.") Let the children report on their findings. While the older children give their reports, display the younger children's pictures in a roller box (see *TNGC*, 178-79) made to look like a small television.

These scripture stories are good examples for us to follow as we respect, honor, and show love for our parents. Sing "I Am a Child of God" (pp. 2-3). Bear testimony that when we follow the teachings of our parents, we are not only showing our love for them but also for our Father in Heaven.

4. Prepare riddles to help the children learn about some of our extended family members (for younger children, explain that extended family members are relatives other than parents and children). (For example, "See if you can guess who this person is": 1. This person is a member of your family. 2. This person grew up in your grandmother's house. 3. This person is your mother's sister. *Answer: My aunt.*) Create similar riddles for a grandmother, grandfather, uncle, and cousin. Read paragraph 7 of "The Family: A Proclamation to the World" with the children. What do our prophets tell us about our extended family members? (They should lend support when needed.)

Make five picture frames out of paper. On the bottom of each frame write Grandpa, Grandma, Aunt, Uncle, or Cousin. On the back of each frame, write a brief case study (see *TNGC*, 161-62). For example: Your grandfather slipped and fell. He is unable to take care of his lawn this week. Make up additional situations involving a grandmother, aunt, uncle, and cousin.

Divide the children into five groups and have a child from each group stand in front of the room. Give them simple costumes to wear, such as a hat, tie, etc., to represent the family member on the frame. Have them hold the frames up to their faces. This is our family portrait wall.

Have each "family member" return to his or her group, read a case study, and discuss what they could do in this situation to help support, serve, and show love to this family member. Have each group choose a child to join the "family member" at the front of the room. Have them read the situation to the entire Primary and share what they discussed in their group. Encourage them to serve, love, and give support to all family members. Sing "I Have a Family Tree" (p. 199).

5. *Song Presentation*: "The Family" (p. 194). Divide the song into four lines. Make wordstrips for every word in each line. Divide the children into groups and give each group the words from one of the lines. Sing the song a few times while the children listen and put the words of their line in the correct order. Have each group sing their line in the correct order. Give the groups a different line to sing, then sing the song again.

Show the children a picture of your family. Explain that every family member is important. Families can be happy when everyone works together and does his or her part. Have a child leave the room. Allow the Primary children to choose a word they agree not to sing from the song. Bring the child back and have him or her stand at the front of the room. Hold the chosen wordstrip above his or her head as a reminder to the Primary not to sing it. Sing the song again and let the child guess the missing word.

6. Additional resources: *Family Home Evening Resource Book*, 246-47; *Gospel Principles*, 236-40. Additional *Friend* resources: "David's Lesson," May 2003, 18; "Friend to Friend: Elder L. Lionel Kendrick," Aug. 1990, 6-7; "Showing Respect, Honor, and Love for Parents," July 1992, 12-13; Sharing Time ideas #1 and 5, June 1996, 44; "Family Meeting," Nov. 1991, 16-18.





# Haylee Atkinson

OF PROVO, UTAH

BY KIMBERLY WEBB

Church Magazines

**A**t nine years old, Haylee Atkinson has played more sports than many people twice her age. She enjoys baton twirling, gymnastics, soccer, tetherball, and softball, and her record on a pogo stick is 2,000 jumps in a row! Also a talented poet and a friend to everyone, it's clear that she isn't afraid to stand out—but she used to be. Haylee was born with only one hand.

"I used to hate people looking at me," she admits. When she was younger, her parents signed her up to play soccer. She wouldn't go onto the field because she was too shy and embarrassed. "People will stare at me," she told them. Sometimes people stared, and sometimes people still do, but Haylee says, "It doesn't bother me anymore."





**Bryant, Mom, Erin, Angie, Haylee, Dad, Greg, and K. C.**

Maybe the attention doesn't bother Haylee now because people are watching her out of admiration. Her sister Angie, who works at Haylee's school, says, "A lot of things children do on the playground during recess, especially on the monkey bars, usually require two hands. Haylee does them anyway. She makes a point of trying to do anything anyone else can do, and doing it well."

When her classmates started jumping rope, she wanted to find a way to jump rope, too. Since she could not hold the jump rope on one end, she tied it to her arm. Haylee has to jump higher that way (imagine jumping rope with the rope tied to your elbows), but she still became one of the best rope jumpers in her class.

Haylee has been influenced greatly by her older brothers and sisters: Erin, 23; Angie, 22; Bryant, 19; K. C., 18; and Greg, 15. Because of their interest in sports, Haylee wanted to be an athlete. Erin says, "We'd always tell her, 'Haylee, you'd be so good at soccer! Why don't you play soccer?' But she wanted to play other sports. She wanted to do the same things everyone else can do."

After watching one of her brother Greg's baseball games, Haylee wanted to play softball. Her mom says, "We wondered, 'How is Haylee going to do it?'" The next day they saw an article in the newspaper about a boy who played softball with only one hand, so Haylee went to watch one of his games to learn how he did it.

"Now we almost forget that Haylee has only one hand," her dad says. "She can tie her shoes and do all these incredible things, and we don't even think about it. We just expect that she can do things as well as anyone else."

When Angie broke her arm, she realized how much she couldn't do and how much longer it took to do even simple things. She says, "I am amazed by Haylee, especially because she doesn't complain."

Her dad adds, "You can always count on Haylee to have a smile and to be more happy than anyone else in the family. She's the light of our home."

Part of that light comes from Haylee's faith in Heavenly Father, which makes it easy for her to be happy and grateful. One of her many poems reads:



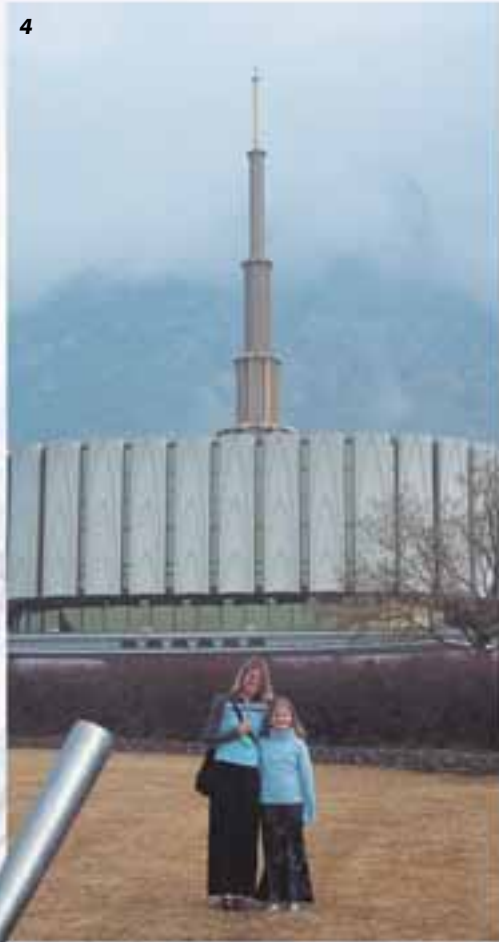
I was born with just one hand,  
And the thing that I can't understand,  
Is why did it have to be this way?  
And then I look at myself and say . . .  
People with two hands are no better than one,  
And I can still have a lot of fun.  
I can pogo stick and ride a bike.  
When I was three, I could ride my trike.  
I can jump, I can swing,  
I can do sign language, and I can sing.  
I can play kickball and soccer, too.  
I have talents, just like you.  
There are things in my life that are going to  
be tough,  
But with Heavenly Father's help, it won't be that  
rough.

Besides helping her overcome challenges, Haylee knows that Heavenly Father protects her. "One time my mom and I went hiking in Kodachrome State Park," she says, "but as we started up the trail, I didn't feel good about it. I asked my mom if we should turn back, and she didn't think so. I asked if we could say a prayer, so we did." A few minutes later, they heard a strange rattling noise. Haylee had nearly stepped on a coiled rattlesnake! She knew that Heavenly Father had answered her prayer.

Because of her growing faith, Haylee has overcome shyness. "She isn't scared of anyone," Bryant says. "She always asks if she can come hang out with my friends and me." Even though they're much older than she is, she treats them the same as anyone else.

Everyone loves to have her around. When Angie was living in New York City, she couldn't wait for Haylee to come visit. When Erin had to drive to Salt Lake City to





1. Paper "door beads" Haylee made for her mom when she was recovering from surgery. Each heart has a love note written on it. 2. Playing the piano. 3. Haylee at bat. 4. Erin and Haylee at the Provo Temple. 5. With Mom on the summit of Mt. Timpanogos. 6. Twirling her baton.

run errands (about an hour's drive), she invited Haylee along. She remembers, "We sang to the radio and had so much fun!"

Haylee is content spending time with her family doing almost anything, but some of her favorite family activities are walking to the nearby Provo Temple and visiting Brigham Young University—the art museums, the theaters, and the Creamery (an ice-cream shop). She especially liked watching Bryant when he played BYU football.

"Haylee has grown up on football," Erin says. "When she was four years old, she once asked during the sacrament hymn, 'Is it halftime?' " The deacons sitting a row ahead of her couldn't help smiling.

Now Haylee likes making people laugh on purpose. Her mom says, "One night Haylee told me some jokes, and I giggled. She said, 'No, Mom. That's your fake laugh. I want you really laughing.' She told me more jokes and funny stories until about 20 minutes later, I was laughing so hard I couldn't stop."

Even though she is sometimes disappointed by the few things she can't do, and even though she sometimes has to find a way to do things differently than everyone else, Haylee is happy. "Heavenly Father helps me learn to do things," she says. Things like playing sports, writing poems, and lighting up the lives of everyone she meets. ●



# Mother's Day for

BY PEGGY EPSTEIN

(Based on a true story)

*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*  
(Matthew 19:19).

All seven of my cousins are going to be at my grandmother's house for Mother's Day," Sarah said as she watered Mrs. Martin's seedlings. "We always have a picnic lunch in the backyard."

"That sounds like a lot of fun," Mrs. Martin replied, pulling a tiny weed from a pot.

Every spring Sarah and Mrs. Martin, who lived next door, planted pumpkin, watermelon, and squash seeds in clay pots on Mrs. Martin's sun porch. Later they would move the little sprouts to the garden in the backyard.

"What are you doing for Mother's Day?" Sarah asked.

"I'm not sure. When is it, anyway?"

Sarah couldn't believe that a grown-up didn't know the date of Mother's Day. At lunch she told Mom what Mrs. Martin had said.

"Well, Sarah, Mrs. Martin no longer has a mother or grandmother who's alive," Mom explained. "And since she





# Mrs. Martin

has no children or grandchildren, it's not surprising that she wouldn't think about Mother's Day."

Sarah chewed her tomato sandwich thoughtfully. She understood what her mother had said, but something still seemed wrong.

She looked out the window and saw Mrs. Martin feeding dog biscuits to Mr. Anderson's cocker spaniels. Mrs. Martin didn't even have a dog, but she always kept a jar of dog treats for any neighborhood dogs who might stop by. And for the dog owners, Mrs. Martin always had a big basket filled with apples or pears.

"It just isn't right," Sarah said. "Somebody that nice should celebrate Mother's Day."

"I think you're right," Mom agreed.

Sarah went up to her room. Her desk was covered with art supplies for the cards she was making for her mom and grandma. She had already sprinkled green and pink glitter on the edges of two cards. She picked up a fresh sheet of paper and started writing.



*Mothers and grand-  
mothers are nice.  
They give us help  
when we need  
help.  
They talk to us  
about important  
things.  
They find fun things  
for us to do.  
They make good  
things for us to  
eat.  
They give us hugs.  
You do all these things, so I am saying Happy  
Mother's Day to you!  
Love, Sarah*



Mrs. Martin and wrote on the back. Then she put it in the envelope and bounced down the stairs and out the back door.

Mrs. Martin was putting seeds into the bird feeder. "Hello, Sarah," she called.

"Hi," Sarah said. "This is for you." She handed the card to Mrs. Martin.

"Should I open it now?"  
"Yes. It's a Mother's Day card."  
"For me?" Mrs. Martin asked with surprise. "But today isn't Mother's Day!"

"No, but this card has to be opened early."

Mrs. Martin opened the card and read it slowly. Then she turned it over to read what Sarah had carefully written on the back:

*You are invited to be  
an Honorary Mother  
at a picnic at Grandma's house  
on Mother's Day—  
which is next Sunday.  
Please come.*

Sarah worked on the card most of the afternoon, drawing vegetables all around its edges. Mrs. Martin always said that she would rather grow vegetables than flowers. She thought pumpkins and watermelons were "gorgeous."

Then Sarah decorated an envelope to match and carefully printed "To Mrs. Martin" on the outside.

"It's almost ready," she said to Scooter, the tabby cat who had been watching from his perch on the windowsill.

"Mom," Sarah called downstairs. "I need to call Grandma."

"OK."

After Sarah made her call, she turned over the card for



"I hope that I will be a better neighbor and friend."  
**President Gordon B. Hinckley, "Each a Better Person,"**  
*Ensign, Nov. 2002, 99.*

Mrs. Martin smiled.  
"Thank you, Sarah.  
Now we both know  
what I'll be doing for  
Mother's Day!" ●





funstuf

# Book of Mormon Word Search

BY SHAUNA GIBBY

Find the books of the Book of Mormon by reading forward, backward, up, down, and diagonally.

- Nephi
- Nephi
- Jacob
- Enos
- Jarom
- Omni
- Words of Mormon
- Mosiah
- Alma
- Helaman
- Nephi
- Nephi
- Mormon
- Ether
- Moroni

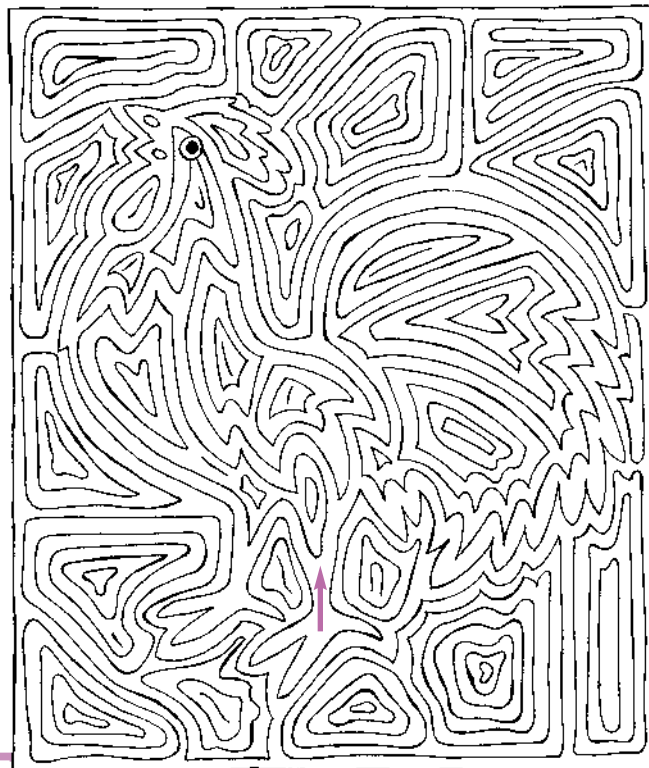


## Who's Hiding?

BY COLLEEN FAHY

You won't hear me tick or tock,  
But I'm a farmer's alarm clock.

To see who is hiding in this picture,  
start at the arrow and fill in all the spaces  
between the lines. Do not cross any  
lines.

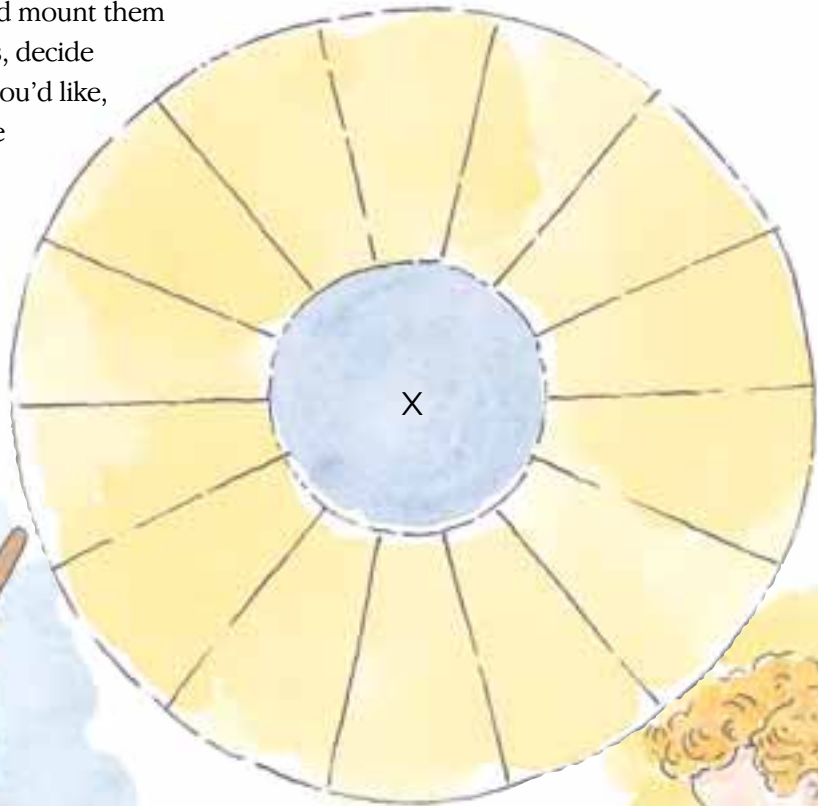


# Family Duties

**E**very family has work to do. No matter what needs to be done at your house, you can go faster and feel happier when you work together.

To divide work assignments between your family members, cut out the two circles and mount them on heavy paper. Look at the pictures, decide which jobs they'll represent, and if you'd like, label them. On the small circle, write family members' names in the blank spaces, dividing the spaces fairly between all family members.

Attach the small circle to the top of the big circle with a metal fastener so the top circle can turn (see illustration). Each week, rotate the top circle and do the jobs next to your name.



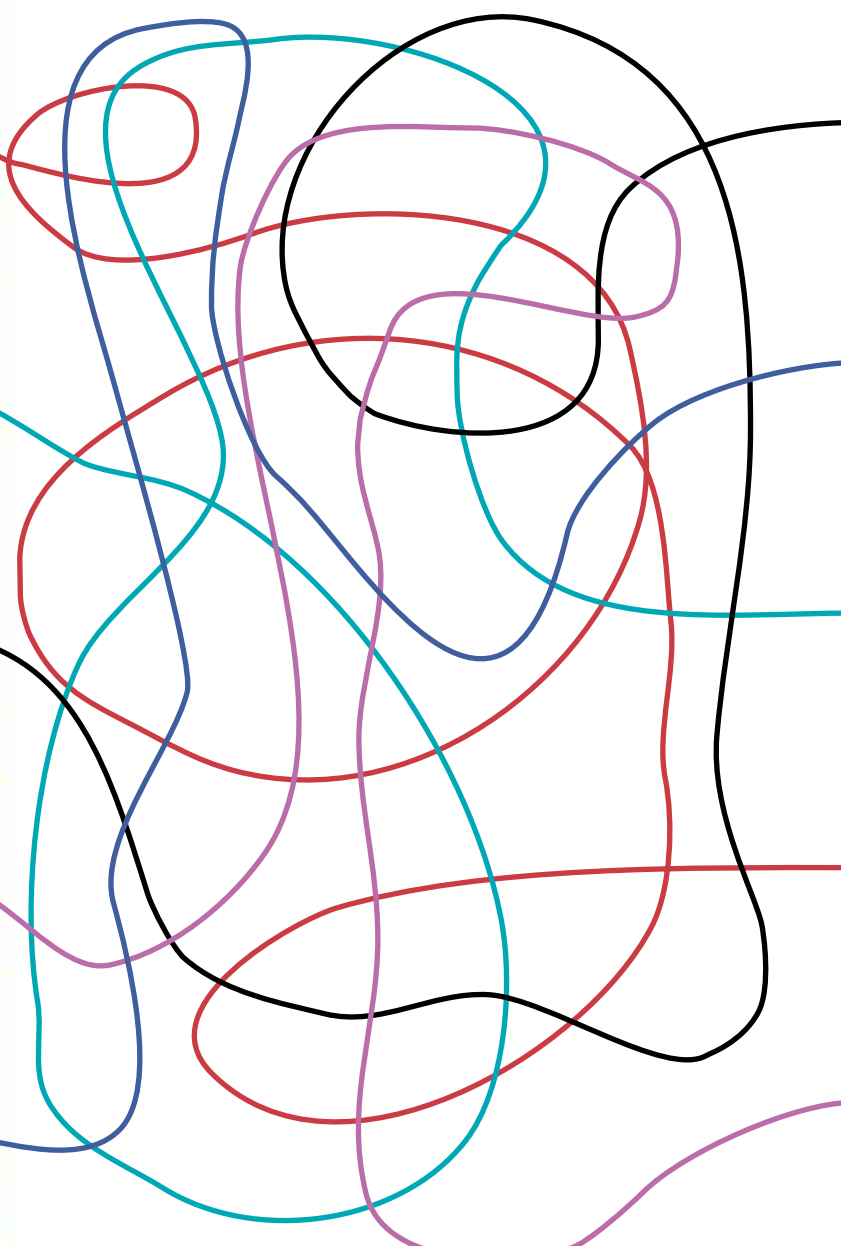




# Which Chore Is Mine?

BY CALLIE BUYS

These children help their families by working around the house, but they cannot remember which child should do each task. Luckily, they each tied a string around one finger to remind them to finish their chores before going out to play. Follow the string from each child's finger to find the task he or she should complete. What chores do you do to help your family?





# Answers to Prayer

BY ELDER NEAL A. MAXWELL  
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles



**Did you know that when Elder Neal A. Maxwell was younger he enjoyed playing basketball? He bears testimony that Heavenly Father hears and answers prayers.**

**A**s a teenage boy I watched my six-week-old sister, Carol, struggle with whooping cough at a time when there were no antibiotics. I came home one night from having been a grease monkey [mechanic] at a bus depot and saw the light was on. It was about four o'clock in the morning. I knew it meant trouble. As I came in, Carol was laid out on the round dining room table, and Dad was waiting for a neighbor to come to join in blessing her. I thought she was gone. It seemed to me she had quit breathing. Then I watched the power of the priesthood, and I watched her start

breathing again. That experience let me know the reality of the priesthood at a very young age. Our prayers for her were answered.

Sometimes we may ask for something without enough faith, or we may ask for something that isn't right. For us to get used to the fact that all prayers are not automatically answered is one of life's growing experiences.

Some prayers are answered dramatically, as with Carol. With others we must wait. But if we do that, in those waiting moments there will come to us special things. ●

*(Ensign, Aug. 2000, 13.)*

*There is nothing better, than that a man  
should rejoice in his own works*  
(Ecclesiastes 3:22).

For Little  
Friends



# A Good Day

BY CAROLYN BROOKS



I woke up very early.  
I was happy all day long.



I never said a naughty word,  
But smiled and hummed a song.



I obeyed my dear, sweet mother  
When she said to clean my room.



I helped my dad and grandpa  
By sweeping with my broom.



I read a long, long story  
To my little sister, Kate.



I helped my Great-aunt Sally  
Bake and frost a cherry cake.



I walked the dog an hour,  
Cleaned the birdcage, fed the cat,



Carried out the garbage pail—  
I even took a nap.



It makes me feel so happy  
When I finish all my tasks.  
I've done everything I should.  
I hope this feeling lasts.





## Family Sunshine Delight

BY SUSAN HILTON ANDERSEN

1 piece of fruit per family member (apple, orange, peach, pear, etc.)

1 can (12 oz/355 ml) frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed

1/2 gallon (1.91 liters) vanilla ice cream

1. Each person should wash his or her piece of fruit. With an adult's help, peel the fruit, remove the seeds, and cut it into bite-sized pieces. Place all the fruit in a large bowl.

2. Add 1/2 can orange juice concentrate to the fruit and stir until the fruit is evenly coated. Spoon the mixture into individual bowls.

3. With the back of a spoon, make a hole in the middle of each bowl of fruit. Place a scoop of ice cream in each hole. Drizzle a little orange juice concentrate on top of the ice cream.

For Little  
Friends



## Quilted Card

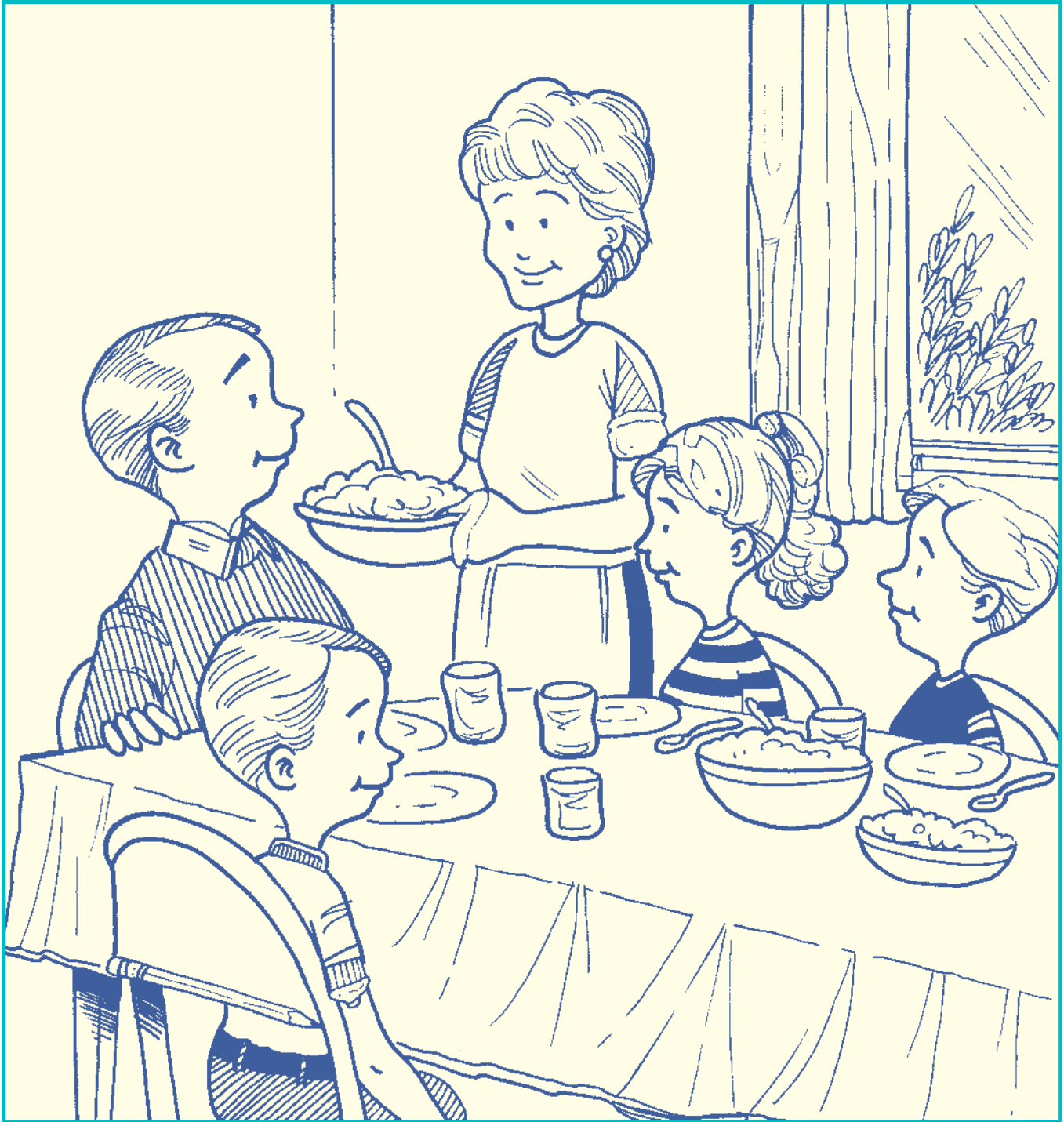
BY SHERRY TIMBERMAN



To make a card, you will need: a letter-sized sheet of paper, scissors, an old magazine, glue, and a black pen or a fine-tipped marker.

1. Fold paper in half width-wise.
2. Find a picture in the magazine that will fit on the card, and cut it out. Glue the picture to the front of the card.
3. With a black pen or marker, draw stitch lines around the picture (see illustration). If desired, draw stitch lines along the outside edge of the card (see illustration).
4. Write a message inside the card and sign your name.





## Dinnertime

BY ROBERT PETERSON

Dinnertime can be a fun family time. Can you help this family find the following hidden pictures: a bird, a book, a comb, a cupcake, a fish, a hammer, an ice-cream cone, a pencil, a sailboat, a screwdriver, a telephone, and a woman's shoe? Now color the picture.

# Honoring Parents



*Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right (Ephesians 6:1).*

**H**ow do we show Heavenly Father that we love Him? We give thanks for all He gives us, we talk to Him in prayer each day, we treat Him with reverence, and we obey His commandments. Heavenly Father commands us to also honor our earthly parents by doing some of the same things—obeying them, showing them love and gratitude, and respecting them.

In 1974, the First Presidency stated: “Honoring your parents by living a good life and by showing them that you love and appreciate them are gifts that last forever. To your earthly mother and father and to your Heavenly

Parents, you are their most valuable treasure. Their love and concern for you never ends” (*Friend*, Dec. 1974, 3). We can trust our parents to want what is best for us. They love us and want us to be happy. One way we can find happiness is by obeying them.

The most important way to honor our parents is to live the gospel. Elder H. Aldridge Gillespie of the Seventy said, “Honoring your parents . . . means doing what Heavenly Father wants you to do. . . . If you will . . . be good, you will bring great honor to your parents’ name” (*Friend*, Jun. 2003, 9).



## Activities and Ideas

1. Interview your parents using the questions on page 33. (You may want to make a copy of the questions so you have one for each parent.) After you have written your parents’ answers and your own answers, compare them to see how similar or different you are from how your parents were as children. You may want to keep the pages for your scrapbook or journal.
2. For a family home evening activity, copy page 33 for each of your brothers and sisters. Pretend to be reporters by taking turns asking your parents questions. Then fill out the other questions individually and share your answers with each other.
3. For a family home evening lesson or Primary talk, discuss Elder Gillespie’s statement, “Honoring your parents . . . means doing what Heavenly Father wants you to do.” In advance, ask your parents how they feel honored when you follow the commandments. Share their answers as part of your talk or lesson. Then list ways you can honor both Heavenly Father and your earthly parents at the same time (by being obedient, kind, helpful, etc.).

\*Emphasizes the Primary monthly theme. (See “My Family Can Be Forever,” poster, *Friend*, Jan. 2004, insert.)



# When you were my age ...

1) Did you have a pet? What was it? \_\_\_\_\_

2) What was your favorite thing to do when you had free time? \_\_\_\_\_

3) What was your favorite snack? \_\_\_\_\_

4) Who was your favorite friend, and why? \_\_\_\_\_

5) What was a difficult challenge you faced, and how did you overcome it? \_\_\_\_\_

6) What kind of clothes did you wear? \_\_\_\_\_

7) What was your favorite Primary song? \_\_\_\_\_

8) What is your favorite memory about your parents? \_\_\_\_\_

9) Who was one of your favorite Primary teachers? What do you remember about him or her? \_\_\_\_\_

10) What was your favorite family tradition? \_\_\_\_\_



# Let me tell you about myself ...

1) My favorite pet (or a pet I'd like to have someday) is \_\_\_\_\_

2) My favorite thing to do when I have free time is \_\_\_\_\_

3) My favorite snack is \_\_\_\_\_

4) My favorite friend is \_\_\_\_\_ because \_\_\_\_\_

5) My most difficult challenge is \_\_\_\_\_

I can overcome it by \_\_\_\_\_

6) My favorite thing to wear is \_\_\_\_\_

7) My favorite Primary song is \_\_\_\_\_

8) My favorite memory about my parents is \_\_\_\_\_

9) One of my favorite Primary teachers is \_\_\_\_\_

10) My favorite family tradition is \_\_\_\_\_



## Our Creative Friends

### Grandmothers

Grandmothers are like comforters  
Who comfort you when things go wrong.  
They hold you close to their hearts  
And sing a little song.  
Whenever you fret  
Over a problem to solve,  
They are always there  
To help you make it dissolve.  
They sit there when you're crying  
And wipe away your tears;  
They tell you little secrets  
For no one else to hear.  
So when you're feeling sad  
Or when you're feeling blue,  
Know that someone is there like them,  
And know that they really love you.

*Cassandra Guidry, age 11  
Plano, Texas*

### Little Seeds

Little seeds we plant in spring,  
Growing while the robin sings,  
Give us carrots, peas, and beans,  
Tomatoes, pumpkins, squash, and greens.  
Then we pick them, one and all,  
Through the summer and the fall.  
Winter comes, and spring, and then  
Little seeds we grow again!

*Jessica Chadwell, age 12  
St. George, Utah*

### My Future

My future means a lot to me.  
It is the time that soon will be.  
A seed is planted, time goes by;  
A tree is heading toward the sky.

*Sarah McGreevy, age 10  
La Habra, California*

### The Building I Love

When I look at the temple, I feel so spiritual.  
Every time I look at it, it fills me up with gladness.  
When I can't go see it, I get filled with sadness.  
Those are my feelings about the building I love.

*John Bodily, age 12  
Federal Way, Washington*

### The Most Important Thing

What's the most important thing? Depends on who you ask.  
A doctor might explain, "We need air or we won't last."  
A scientist would tell us that the sun keeps us alive.  
A judge may rule, "Without the law, no one would survive."  
An artist would proclaim that it's creativity,  
While a four-year-old would say, "The most important thing is me!"  
To a singer, it's the singing; to a baker, it's the dough.  
To a runner, it's the running; to a skier, it's the snow.  
But if you were to ask me, I'd say that they're all wrong.  
The most important thing to me?  
That's easy: it's my MOM!

*Kyra Marie Bell, age 10  
Kaysville, Utah*

### Shining Star

A star was twinkling in her eye,  
As though it was in the midnight sky.  
Shining brightly, above the others,  
She is by far the best, beyond all mothers.  
She is my friend, my mom, my kin.  
She is the one I confide in.  
The shining star, the brightest star,  
Mother, that is what you are.

*Billikee Howard, age 12  
Cordova, Alaska*

### What Things Do

Yo-yos go round. Balls go up and down.  
Trees rock from side to side and touch the ground.  
Bees fly high in the sky to find their hive.  
Everything has its own special way to play.

*Jarom Holloway, age 9  
Enterprise, Utah*

Please send submissions to Our Creative Friends, Friend, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220. Drawings sent should be done with dark pens or markers on plain paper. If an adult helps with a child's submission, credit should also be given to him or her. For scheduling reasons, submissions selected may not appear in the magazine for at least 10 months. Ages shown are those at the time of submission. Children whose writings and drawings are submitted should be at least three years old. Due to the number of submissions received, they cannot all be published, nor can they be returned.





*Tyler Deaver, age 9  
Las Vegas, Nevada*



*Aura Sakima, age 8  
Rockford, Minnesota*



*Jared Hanna, age 7  
Kennewick, Washington*



*Sara Deeks, age 11  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada*



*Brian Gasbler, age 11  
Fairlawn, Ohio*



*Kaitlin Carver, age 6  
Gulf Breeze, Florida*



*Benjamin Riggs, age 8  
Elko, Nevada*



*Molly Nelson, age 10  
Vancouver, Washington*



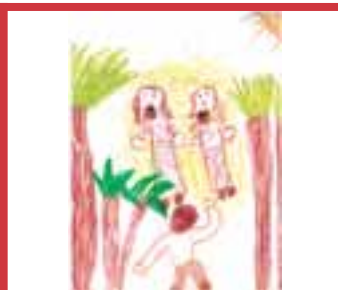
*Bronte Thomas, age 7  
Idaho Falls, Idaho*



*Kelsey Phinney, age 5  
Asbburn, Virginia*



*Jordan Nebmer, age 8  
South Jordan, Utah*



*Kirsten Cannon, age 7  
San Juan, Puerto Rico*



*Kyle Cox, age 8  
Anaheim, California*



*Lexa Porter, age 6  
Mesa, Arizona*



*Jamison Shaw, age 11  
Eagle, Idaho*



*Kyli Maccubbin, age 7  
Charles Town, West Virginia*



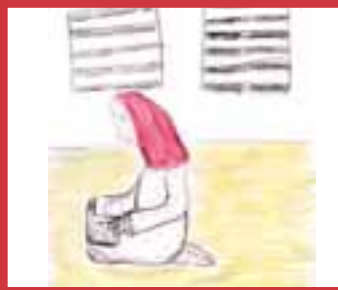
*John Thomas, age 6  
Suffolk, England*



*April Bosley, age 9  
Bailey, North Carolina*



*Andrew Stanger, age 10  
Monroe, Washington*



*Bronte Hopkins, age 8  
Camarillo, California*

BY PATRICIA REECE ROPER  
(Based on a true story)

# Teacher, Can You Help?



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

I don't want to give the prayer." Austin stubbornly folded his arms across his chest and pushed both of his feet against the floor, as if he wanted them to grow roots and hold him there.

"It's your turn," Stacey told him.

"Everyone else has already done it," Steven added.

Austin shook his head and looked down. No one could make him give the prayer, even if it was his turn.

"I'll help you," his Primary teacher, Sister Lee, offered. Austin looked up hopefully and almost smiled, but Steven's next comment made him drop his gaze again.





“We’re too old to get help from the teacher.”

The other children nodded. But Sister Lee raised her hand to quiet them.

“Now, wait just a minute,” she said. “We’re never too old to ask for help.”

“Even to give the prayer?” Stacey asked.

Austin looked at her. Was it really that bad to ask for help with the prayer? He wondered what Sister Lee would say.

“We’re never too old to ask for help with anything,” Sister Lee replied. “How many of you need help taking the sacrament?”

Steven covered a snicker with his hand. Austin grinned at their teacher’s question.

“None of us do,” Stacey said.

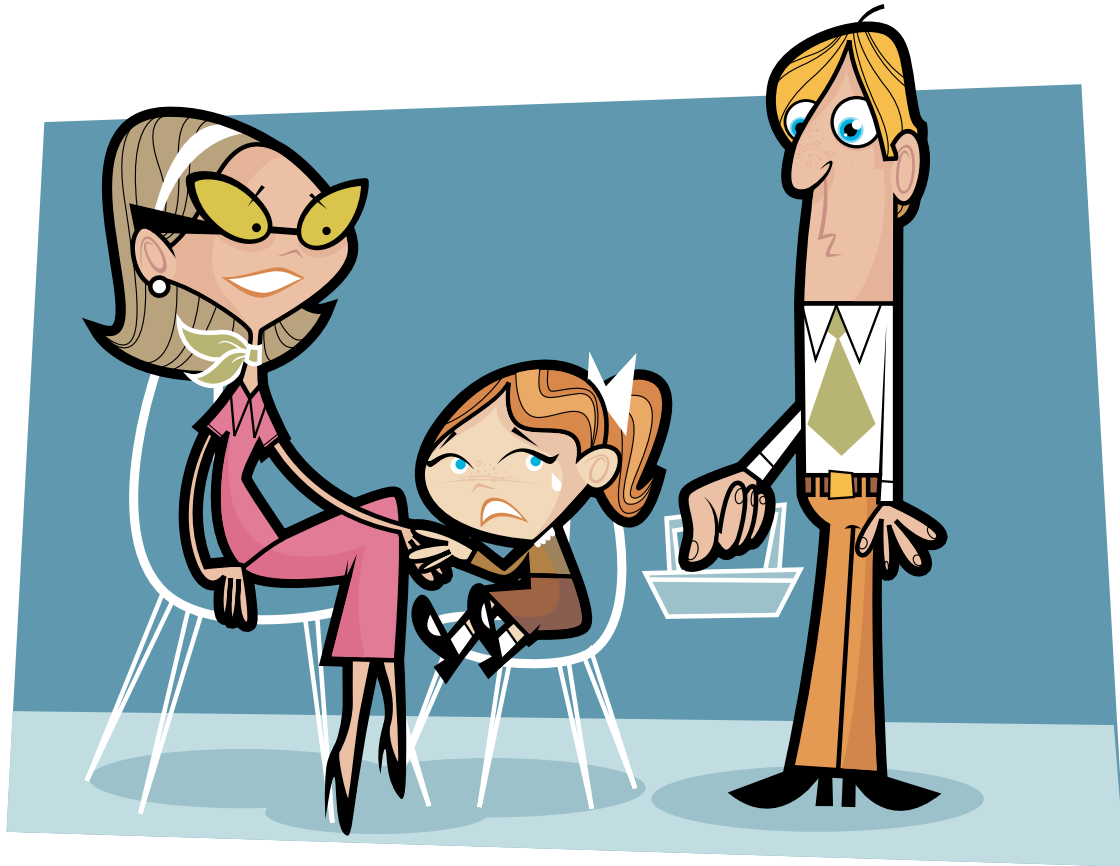
“Let me tell you a story,” Sister Lee said with a twinkle in her eye. “When I was about your age, we used to have junior Sunday School on Sunday mornings, then we went

home for lunch and returned to church later in the evening for sacrament meeting.”

“How weird!” Steven exclaimed, making a funny face.

“It does seem odd now, but then it was just the way we did things. During junior Sunday School, we took the sacrament. We sat in our classes instead of with our families.

“One day, I was sitting on the end of our row. When the deacon passed the sacrament to me, I looked up and realized how terribly big he was. I had never taken the sacrament tray from the deacon before. Usually I sat in



the middle of my class, and one of the other children would pass it to me. I started to cry. I was very shy and afraid to take the sacrament from the deacon. Some of the children in the other classes noticed me crying and turned around to find out what was wrong. That just made everything worse. I was so embarrassed that I hid my face behind my teacher's arm."

"You were embarrassed to take the sacrament?" Austin asked.

"I was afraid of the big deacon," Sister Lee explained. "My teacher thought I must not like the deacon, so she asked another one to come over and give me the sacrament. When I peeked out from behind her arm and saw another deacon, I cried harder."

"Did you ever take the sacrament?" Steven asked.

"My teacher took it for me and held it in her hand until no one was watching. Then she quietly handed it to me. Each Sunday after that, she would always ask if I wanted her help."

"You could have just asked her in the first place," Stacey said.

"That's right. Many times all we need to do is say,

'Teacher, can you help me?' And he or she will be right there to help you."

"But we're still too old to have help with prayers," Steven insisted.

"Not really," Sister Lee told him. "You would have thought I was old enough to take the sacrament without help, but you never know. That's why we can never judge. Someone might seem able, but we don't know what he or she is thinking."

"Teachers like to help us," Stacey observed.

"Even when we're older," Sister Lee agreed. "I've had teachers who worried about me, fussed over me, and prayed for me all my life. Even now, I have visiting teachers who do that. That's just part of being a teacher; we're here to help and we want to."

Austin smiled at Sister Lee. "I want to say the prayer," he told her. "I just can't think of what to say. Teacher, can you help me?"

Sister Lee smiled and said, "Of course, Austin. I'd love to help." ●

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



# The Flower Girls

BY MARIANNE DAHL JOHNSON  
(Based on a true story)

*Behold, I give unto you power, that whatsoever ye shall seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven* (Helaman 10:7).

Clarissa's eyes shone as she twirled in front of her reflection in the mirror and watched the green folds of her new dress rise above her ankles and spin around her knees. She felt like a princess.

"Is it finished?" she asked her mom.

"Almost," Mom replied. "I just need to hem it. Now go stand by the door so I can see how much shorter it should be."

Clarissa turned slowly as her mother directed. She loved the new dress she would be wearing when she and her younger sister Deseret served as flower girls at Aunt Olivia's wedding.

Clarissa smiled when she thought of

Aunt Olivia. She was Mom's youngest sister, and she always made time to play games and dress-up with Deseret and Clarissa when all the other adults were talking at family gatherings. Clarissa loved Aunt Olivia!





Clarissa remembered the first time she met Edgar, the man Aunt Olivia was going to marry. Mom had invited Aunt Olivia and Edgar to dinner. He was tall and quiet. At first, Clarissa was scared of him because he didn't talk much. But then he had smiled at Clarissa and talked to her quietly. They soon discovered that they shared the same birthday! That made Clarissa feel special. She really liked Edgar.

Clarissa was happy several months later when Mom told her that Edgar and Aunt Olivia were going to be married. She and Deseret were even happier when Aunt Olivia asked them to be flower girls. Mom explained that they would get new matching dresses and that they would carry flowers at the reception. They were going to have so much fun!

Clarissa stopped daydreaming as Deseret ran into the room. "Mom, are you ready to hem my dress?" she asked.

"I'm not quite finished with Clarissa's dress, dear," Mom said.

Deseret looked at Clarissa. "You look so pretty!" she said. The girls grasped hands and twirled around the room together. "We're going to be beautiful at the wedding!" Clarissa exclaimed.

"Actually, girls," Mom said, "you're going to be beautiful at the *reception*. You're not going to the wedding, you know."

The dancing stopped abruptly. "What?" Clarissa asked. "Why can't we go to the wedding?"

"We *have* to!" Deseret cried. "We're the flower girls! Aunt Olivia asked us."

"I know you're the flower girls," Mom said. "But do you girls remember where Aunt Olivia is getting married?"

"In the temple," Deseret said.

"That's right," Mom smiled. "Aunt Olivia and Edgar are getting married in the same temple that Dad and I were married in. But only adults who have a temple recommend can go to weddings in the temple."

"Why?" Clarissa asked.

"Well," Mom said, "getting married in the temple is very sacred and holy. Only people who have made important covenants, or promises, to Heavenly Father in the temple can go. Adults are old enough to understand how important and special those covenants are."

"Why does Aunt Olivia want to get married in a place where we can't go?" Deseret frowned.

"I know why," Clarissa said. "If you get married in the



temple, you can be married forever, right?”

“Right, Clarissa.” Mom nodded. “Did you know that a temple wedding is called a sealing?” Mom laughed as Deseret looked up at the ceiling. “Not that kind of ceiling, Deseret. A temple sealing is a bit like sealing an envelope. When you lick an envelope and shut it tightly, it’s sealed, though not forever. When Olivia and Edgar are sealed in the temple, their marriage *can* last forever—even after they die. Temples are the only places on earth where that kind of marriage can take place.”

“Where will we be during the sealing?” Deseret asked.

“On the temple grounds with Uncle Ammon,” Mom replied. “He’s not old enough to go to Olivia’s sealing, either.”

“Hurray!” the girls cried. Uncle Ammon was a lot of fun, too.

“And then the next day, we’ll go to the reception at the church,” Mom continued. “You girls will wear your new dresses and carry flowers, and lots of people we know will be there. It will be fun. Now why don’t you take this dress off so I can finish it?”

As Clarissa walked to her room to change, she thought

about what Mom had said. She knew Edgar and Aunt Olivia really loved each other. She was happy they could be married forever.

Weeks later, the girls walked around the temple grounds with Uncle Ammon. They admired the beautiful temple and the flowers and trees around it. They went into the visitors’ center and saw some pretty pictures and a movie about Jesus. Then they went outside to meet Mom and Dad after the sealing. Together they waited for Aunt Olivia and Edgar to come outside.

Clarissa spotted them as they came through the door. Aunt Olivia looked so beautiful! Edgar—now *Uncle* Edgar—looked handsome. They smiled as they held hands and hugged everyone.

As Clarissa wrapped her arms around Aunt Olivia, she whispered, “I’m glad I couldn’t go to your wedding.”

Aunt Olivia drew back and looked into Clarissa’s eyes. “What did you say?” she asked.

Clarissa looked down shyly. “I’m glad I couldn’t go to your wedding because I’m glad you got married forever,” she said.

“Me too!” Aunt Olivia smiled as she hugged Clarissa one more time. ●

*Marianne Dabl Johnson is a member of the Wells Ward, Elko Nevada East Stake.*



## Friends in the News



### Medicine Lake Ward

Eight girls in the Medicine Lake Ward, Minneapolis Minnesota Stake, learned about truly giving of themselves. Janey Taylor, Lucy Taylor, Elizabeth Wilson, Maura Jackson, Eleanor Jackson, Halley Gruber, Emily Keig, and Liana Gordon grew their hair long, then cut it and donated it to an organization that helps children who have lost their hair. The girls had to cut off at least 10 inches of hair, so it took them over a year to grow their hair long enough to reach their goal. Other girls in their ward and school liked the idea so much that they donated their hair, too.



**Spencer Manning**, 10, Las Vegas, Nevada, won first place in a national contest by creating a model spacecraft you can eat! He used tortillas, cheese, refried beans, olives, red peppers, and hot sauce to build his spacecraft.



**Emily Smith**, 11, Canyon Lake, California, reads the *Friend* from cover to cover each month. She also plays the piano, and hopes to serve a mission someday. Her sense of humor keeps her family smiling.



**Nicholas Stokes**, 7, Eagle, Idaho, prays and reads the scriptures every day. He is memorizing the Articles of Faith. He likes basketball and taekwon do, and he enjoys playing with his friends.



**Lexes Turley**, 8, Springboro, Ohio, likes to go to activity days and to invite the missionaries over for dinner. She is good at bringing friends to church with her. She likes to play soccer and the piano.



### Spokane Second Ward

The Primary children in the Spokane Second Ward, Spokane Washington West Stake, try to be good missionaries. They earned "future missionary" badges by giving away pass-along cards, bringing a friend to church, giving away a Book of Mormon, choosing the right, sharing their testimonies, and singing their best in the children's sacrament meeting presentation. They felt the Spirit strongly as they shared their testimonies through actions, words, and songs.



**Michael and Christina Onaolapo**, ages 6 and 11, London, England, like to attend Primary. Michael likes to read and to play with his toys. Christina likes to dance, sing, read, and perform dramas (plays).

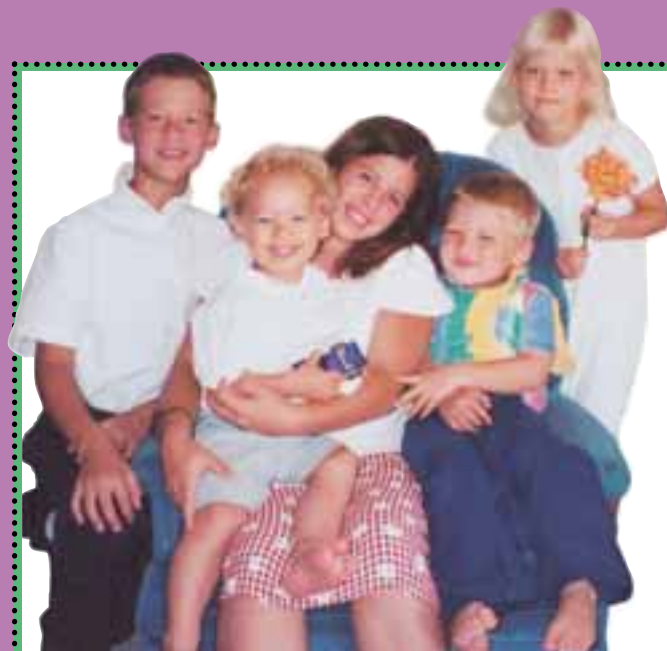


**Grace Baldauf**, 4, White Plains, New York, likes going to Primary. She enjoys playing with her sister, Jesse, her brother, Aaron, and her friends. She also likes to read.



**Emily Thaxton**, 8, Kaysville, Utah, and her cousin **Talin Larson**, 8, South Jordan, Utah, were born on the same day! Eight years later, they were baptized on the same day, too. At their baptismal service, they sang a song together that reminds them of the promises they made that day.





**Roman, Danny, Ashley, Aubury, and Eden Orr,** ages 8, 2, 11, 4, and 6, Avondale, Arizona, like being in Primary together and sharing their Primary lessons with their parents during family home evening. They also like swimming, playing, and going to movies together.



**Apex Ward**

Primary children in the Apex Ward, Raleigh North Carolina Stake, enjoyed an activity at the Raleigh North Carolina Temple. They toured the temple grounds and learned about the angel Moroni, the temple cornerstone, and the sealing ordinance. They also sang "I Love to See the Temple" for a member of the temple presidency and committed to live righteously so they can go inside the temple someday.



**Juneau Second Ward**

Primary children in the Juneau Second Ward, Juneau Alaska Stake, earned pennies for the temple fund all year by coming to Primary and bringing their scriptures. By the end of the year, their temple jar was nearly full—and very heavy! They were happy to help build a temple, and hope to have a temple in their city someday.



Sisters and best friends **Abby and Emma Karren,** ages 5 and 3, St. Charles, Illinois, love being with their family. They like to go camping and to roast marshmallows. As they toured the Nauvoo Temple before its dedication, they enjoyed learning about the early Saints.

**Salem First Ward**

For a Primary activity day, children in the Salem First Ward, Keizer Oregon Stake, made cards for two missionaries serving from their ward. They also put toothbrushes, toothpaste, and washcloths in heart-shaped pockets to send to an orphanage in Bosnia. The children had lots of fun working on these projects and learned that serving others makes them happy.



**Kyle, Emily, and Rachel Lund,** ages 8, 5, and 10, Littleton, Colorado, like giving away pass-along cards. They also like to swim and to draw, and they love their baby brother, Curtis.



# Fasting for Grandma

BY WENDY ELLISON

(Based on experiences of the author's family)

*Continue in fasting and praying* (Omni 1:26).

I didn't know as much about fasting when I was seven as I do now that I'm eight. Oh, I knew what fasting was, but I didn't really understand what it meant until one day when my parents called a family meeting.

"Grandma will be having surgery, and she needs our help," Mom explained. "Your aunts and uncles and all of your cousins who are old enough will join us in a special fast."

"A fast!" I gasped.

I love Grandma and really wanted to help her, but I'm a growing boy. Eating is one of my favorite things to do. It's hard for me to go without food for two minutes, so I didn't know if I could go without two whole meals! Couldn't I send Grandma a get-well card or visit her at the hospital? I would even weed her garden. That would be as good as fasting, wouldn't it?

"Who would like to join our fast?" Mom asked.

Both of my sisters raised their hands. "Sure," I







thought, “it’s easier for them. They have more practice.” Of course Mom and Dad would fast, too. They’ve been fasting for so long they’re practically experts. My brother wouldn’t have to fast because he’s only two.

“When would we start?” I asked.

“Tomorrow night,” Dad replied. “Grandma’s surgery is scheduled for the next morning. We’ll close our fast at dinner that night.”

I thought carefully. Watching all my classmates go to lunch without me would be tough.

Then I remembered some of the great things Grandma does for me. She always gives me treats from her cookie jar. She gives the best hugs, and she prays for me. Swallowing hard, I raised my hand.

“Good,” Mom said with a smile. “I’m glad you’re all willing.”

Before we started our fast the next evening, my family gathered for prayer and asked Heavenly Father to bless Grandma.

For a while after dinner I was fine, especially if I didn’t look at the food in our pantry. But after a couple of hours, my

stomach started to grumble. I grumbled, too.

“Dad, I don’t think I can wait until tomorrow to eat,” I moaned.

Dad is pretty smart. He says things in a way I can understand.

“Son, I know it’s difficult for a boy like you to fast,” Dad said. “But Heavenly Father has told us that fasting is a good way to receive extra help. We hope that if we show faith in Him by fasting and praying, He’ll bless Grandma to have a successful surgery and get well. Do you think you can try something for me?”

“If I have the strength,” I mumbled.

“Whenever you feel hungry, think of the reasons you’re fasting. Remember Grandma. If you do, I believe you’ll be able to make it to the end of the fast.”

The next day I tried what Dad said. Every time my stomach growled, I thought about Grandma and how much I wanted Heavenly Father to bless her. It wasn’t easy, but I made it all the way to the end, just like my dad said. Even though I was hungry, I felt good inside.

Everything worked out OK. Grandma is better, and she still has treats for me in her cookie jar. After her surgery, people did lots of things to help her get better, like bringing her dinner and stopping by to visit. I even made her a get-well card. But in my heart I know that nothing helped as much as fasting for Grandma. ●

*Wendy Ellison is a member of the Kaysville 14th Ward, Kaysville Utah South Stake.*



“If we want our fasting to be more than just going without eating, we must lift our hearts, our minds, and our voices in communion with our Heavenly Father. Fasting, coupled with mighty prayer, is powerful.”

**Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “The Law of the Fast,” *Ensign*, May 2001, 73.**



## Trying to Be Like Jesus

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

### Kindness and Candy



By Estelle and Georgia Carr



I was shopping at the mall with my mom. I saw a little boy trying to get candy from a special kind of

vending machine, one where you grab pieces of candy with a “claw.” He could not get any candy because he did not know how to move the claw over to the candy. His sister tried, but she could not make it work either. So they walked away with big frowns and no candy.

I walked over to the machine, moved the claw, and picked up two pieces of candy. The little boy was watching me from behind a toy machine. At first I thought about keeping the candy, but I knew it was really the boy’s candy because he had paid for it. So I walked over to him, knelt down, and offered him the candy. He took it and went away with a big smile.

I was glad that I could help him, and I felt really good because I knew that I had done the right thing.

*Estelle Carr, age 9, is a member of the Cedar Rapids First Ward, Cedar Rapids Iowa Stake.*





## Jesus Was Nice

By Morgan Harris,  
with help from her parents



**J**esus was nice to everyone, and He always helped people. I try to be like Jesus by helping my family. I like

to put things away and help clean around the house. I try to be cheerful about doing my chores. I also like to make people feel better. If I see someone who is sad, I go over and try to cheer them up. One time when I had to get my chicken-pox shot, there was a girl my age who had to have her shot, too. She was crying, so I went over to tell her that it wouldn't hurt much. I stayed by her until it was my turn to get my shot. When I came back out, I told her it wasn't bad at all. She smiled at me and wasn't scared anymore. I felt good that I helped her feel better. I always feel good when I help someone.

*Morgan Harris, age 5, is a member of the Highland 17th Ward, Highland Utah East Stake.*

## Turning to the Sabbath

By Bruce Reichenbacher

**A** few weeks ago our family was driving home from sacrament meeting. Being the financial clerk, I had stayed after church to finish the



tithing deposit. My family waited for me, and by the time we left, we were all very hungry. I suggested we stop at a new take-out restaurant and buy some food to take home. My wife agreed, and I made a sharp turn toward the restaurant. Then, in the rearview mirror, I noticed our daughter C. J. sitting with her arms folded and a frown on her face. She

reminded me sternly that it was the Sabbath and that we should keep it holy. "There is plenty of food at home for us to make something to eat," she said. With that, I made another sharp turn toward



home. We are grateful that our daughter reminds us to keep the Sabbath day holy.

*Catherine Jessica "C.J." Reichenbacher, age 5, is a member of the Long Beach 13th Ward, Long Beach California Stake.*

## The 100% Ticket

By Rory Linehan



**I**n school we learn a "100% ticket" when we get 100 percent on our morning schoolwork. The tickets go into a

treasure chest. At the end of the month you get a treat if one of your tickets is drawn from the chest. One day I found a 100% ticket on the floor. I gave it to the teacher, and she asked me to try to find the owner. I asked around the class, but nobody claimed it. The teacher said I could have the ticket because I did the right thing by bringing it to her instead of putting it in the chest when I hadn't earned it. I felt good inside for doing the right thing.

*Rory Linehan, age 10, is a member of the Palmer Second Ward, Wasilla Alaska Stake.*



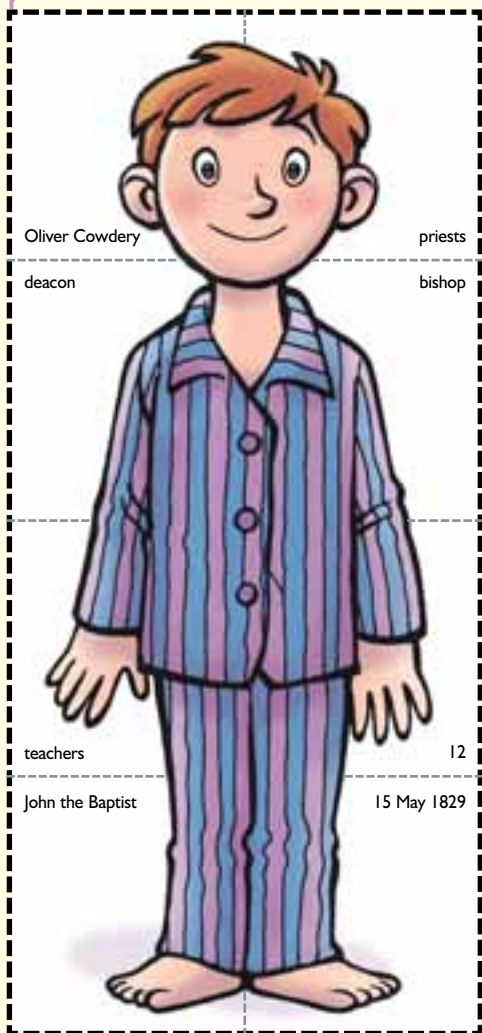
## Aaronic Priesthood Activity

BY CALLIE BUYS

Even though boys in Primary aren't old enough to hold the Aaronic Priesthood, they can prepare now to receive it. Both boys and girls can learn more about the Aaronic Priesthood and its responsibilities by helping the boy on this page get ready for church.

Carefully cut out the boy in the box on this page. Cut out the numbered squares. Look at the list of numbered questions below. The numbers on the

squares match the numbered list of questions. The answer to the number of the question on the square is somewhere around the boy. When you find the right answer to the question, cover the answer with the square, picture side up. When you have answered all the questions, the boy will be dressed and ready to fulfill his Aaronic Priesthood duties.



1. Joseph Smith and \_\_\_\_\_ ordained each other to the Aaronic Priesthood. (See Joseph Smith—History 1:66–71.)

2. Who conferred the Aaronic Priesthood on these two men? (See Joseph Smith—History 1:72.)

3. What day, month, and year did they receive the Aaronic Priesthood? (See Joseph Smith—History 1:68–69, 72.)

4. At what age can a young man receive the Aaronic Priesthood?

5. Offices in the Aaronic Priesthood include bishop, priest, teacher, and \_\_\_\_\_ . (See D&C 20:67, D&C 84:30.)

6. Members of the \_\_\_\_\_ quorum administer the sacrament and can perform baptisms. (See D&C 20:46.)

7. Members of the \_\_\_\_\_ quorum “watch over the church” and “see that all members . . . do their duty.” (See D&C 20:53–55.)

8. The \_\_\_\_\_ is the head of the Aaronic Priesthood in each ward. (See D&C 107:13–15.)



## Guide to the Friend



The *Guide to the Friend* can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. The Primary theme for May is “Family members have important responsibilities.”



# Family Home Evening Ideas

Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned below.

1. Read President James E. Faust’s message “We Believe in You!” (pp. 2–3). How did Josh Bowers “make a difference”? How can you? Tell about a time you were honest when it was tempting not to be. How did you feel? Discuss others you admire because of their honesty. Read “Kindness and Candy” in *Trying to Be Like Jesus* (p. 46) to see another example of honesty.

2. In May we commemorate the restoration of the priesthood (see D&C 13). Read the poem “Priesthood Power” (p. 7) to learn about two duties of Aaronic Priesthood holders. Can you name other Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthood duties? Cooperate to complete “Aaronic Priesthood Activity” (p. 48) and discuss the blessings that come to each family member through priesthood service. (To learn more, see “The Restoration of the Priesthood,” *Friend*, May 2003, 39.)

3. Our brothers and sisters can be some of our best friends. Read “Making a New Friend” (pp. 10–11) and “Haylee Atkinson of Provo, Utah” (pp. 17–19). How did these children show friendship for their brothers and sisters? How can you?

4. Part of making family life run smoothly includes working together. Read “A Good Day” (p. 28) and discuss why working makes us happier. Complete “Family Duties” (pp. 24–25). Then make “Family Sunshine Delight” (p. 29) for dessert.



See page 7.

5. Read “Mother’s Day for Mrs. Martin” (pp. 20–22). Discuss ways to celebrate Mother’s Day—by honoring both your mother and other special women you know. Choose someone (maybe a neighbor or a grandmother) whom your family would like to honor and make her a “Quilted Card” (p. 30).

6. See page 32 for more ideas.



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To subscribe online, go to [www.ldscatalog.com](http://www.ldscatalog.com).

## 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 84150-3220. Send e-mail to [cur-editorial-friend@ldschurch.org](mailto:cur-editorial-friend@ldschurch.org).

Send children’s submissions to *Friend*, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, in care of the appropriate department—Our Creative Friends, Friends in the News, Friends by Mail, Trying to Be Like Jesus. Submissions will not be returned.



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(FLF) = For Little Friends  
(IFC) = inside front cover  
(v) = verse

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.....

*Saturday is a special day.  
It's the day we get ready for Sunday:  
We clean the house,  
and we shop at the store,  
so we won't have to work  
until Monday  
(Children's Songbook, 196).*