**Hurricane Peace**

In September 2004, lots of hurricanes hit Florida, where I live with my mom, dad, and sisters Morgie and Maddie. Our family had never been in a hurricane. We prepared to be inside for a few days and to maybe go without power for a few days. We also prayed that we would be kept safe during the storm. On September 5, church was cancelled because of Hurricane Frances. That Sunday was stormy and ugly outside, but inside we were safe. My mom and dad got permission from the bishop for us to have sacrament meeting at home. Mom and Morgie played the piano, and we sang. Dad blessed and passed the sacrament. Then everyone gave a talk. Morgie, Maddie, and I all gave our talks from the Friend. The storm was still blowing outside, but I felt peaceful inside.

On September 26, 2004, Hurricane Jeanne came. When I found out church was going to be cancelled again, I knew we would sing songs, give talks, and have the sacrament at home. I was happy. Again it was stormy outside, but we felt peace inside.

Rozzie Smith, age 8, with help from her mom Orange Park, Florida

**Happy Family**

I like to read the Friend because it helps me learn and live the gospel and set a good example for my friends. It also helps us have a happier family. Since the Friend started coming, there is less contention in our home.

Jessica Lynne Larsen, age 11 Bakersfield, California

**Pray**

About a month ago, my family went to the local fair. My mum and I went up to a stall that was all about being healthy. The lady said that if I could answer a question I would win a prize. She asked, “What can you do instead of smoking?” I quickly said, “Pray.” She seemed surprised but very happy with my answer. She gave me my prize, and Mum said that I was a good boy for being a good example and “shining my light.”

Zachary Ainge, age 5, with help from his mum Burpengary, Queensland, Australia

**Feeding the Chickens**

One day my mom asked me to feed the chickens. I tried, but I could not open the container of chicken feed. I prayed and asked Heavenly Father to give me strength. I was able to open the container and feed the chickens. Afterward I said another prayer to thank Heavenly Father. I’m thankful that I know how to pray and that Heavenly Father answers our prayers.

Taylor Trejo, age 7 St. David, Arizona
Stories and Features

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IBC Guide to the Friend

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Cover by Taia Morley
Guy de Maupassant, the French writer, tells the story of a peasant named Hauchecorne. While walking through the public square, he caught sight of a piece of string lying on the cobblestones. He picked it up and put it in his pocket.

Later in the day the loss of a purse was reported. Hauchecorne was arrested and taken before the mayor. He protested his innocence, showing that it was only a piece of string that he had picked up. But he was not believed and was laughed at.

The next day the purse was found, and Hauchecorne was absolved of any wrongdoing. But, resentful of the false accusation, he became embittered and would not let the matter die. Unwilling to forgive and forget, he thought and talked of little else. Everyone he met had to be told of the injustice. Obsessed with his grievance, he became ill and died. In his death struggles, he repeatedly murmured, “A piece of string.” (See “The Piece of String,” in The Works of Guy de Maupassant [n.d.], 34–38.)

With variations of characters and circumstances, that story could be repeated many times in our own day. How difficult it is for any of us to forgive those who have injured us.

My brothers and sisters, let us bind up the wounds caused by plans to “get even” with those who have wronged us. We all have a little of this spirit of revenge in us. Fortunately, we all have the power to rise above it. I plead with you to ask the Lord for strength to forgive. It may not be easy, and it may not come quickly. But if you will seek it, there will come into your heart a peace. This is the sweet peace of Christ, who said, “Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God” (Matthew 5:9).

Mom’s smile widened, but Aaron sighed unhappily. “I don’t know anybody like that, Mom.” “I bet Heavenly Father does, honey. Why don’t you ask Him?” Aaron spoke softly to himself, but his mother heard the words as he drifted toward the living room. “I’m just a little kid, anyway. How can I help anybody?” When Aaron stepped into the living room he spied their dog, Nick, lying on the floor asleep. Aaron knelt beside the big dog, resting his head on Nick’s slowly rising and falling side. He closed his eyes and prayed, asking Heavenly Father to help him figure out who he could serve. When he opened his eyes, he found himself staring up at a picture of his Grandma McKillop hanging on the wall in a little patch of window light. Her husband, Grandpa Eugene, had died just a few

**Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy** (Exodus 20:8).

When Aaron and his family got home from church, the seven-year-old boy asked his mom if he could go down the street and see his friend Toby’s new remote-controlled race car. Mom knelt to his level, looked deep into his eyes, and smiled affectionately. “Whose day is this, honey?” “Well,” Aaron replied after giving her question some study, “I guess it’s the Lord’s day.” “That’s right,” Mom answered. “What do you think the Savior would do today if He were here?” Aaron wrinkled up his face as if trying to squeeze out the right answer. It worked. “He’d help people? Maybe visit someone who was sick . . . or lonely . . . or sad?”
months before, and Aaron’s father had told him that she was very lonely. “I wish we could go visit her today, Nick,” Aaron informed the sleeping dog. “But she lives far away from here, clear over in California.”

His eyes brightened. “I know,” he said, “maybe I could write her a letter.” And with Mom’s help, he did.

Dear Grandma,
Do the raccoons still bang on your sliding-glass door with their fists if you don’t put food out for them by five o’clock? I caught a big bug last week, Grandma. I let him go, and watched him walk down into the turnips. He walked kind of like a wind-up toy. I miss you, Grandma. I love you. And I even like your broccoli. Heavenly Father loves you too. Be happy, Grandma, and good luck with the raccoons. God will bless you for loving His creatures. As Dad says, “We’re all in this together.”

Love, Aaron

One afternoon about two weeks later, when Aaron returned home from school, his mother announced that he had received a letter from Grandma McKillop. Aaron beamed with surprise. “Grandma wrote me a letter?”
His mother laughed. “Unless there’s another Aaron at this address!”

“Can we read it together, Mom?” Aaron asked excitedly, setting his lunchbox on the kitchen table. “Just in case there are any words bigger than I am?”

Mom smiled and nodded, and they sat down together at the table. Aaron opened the letter and began reading, carefully sounding out the words.

My dear, precious grandson Aaron,

Your letter came unexpectedly on a day that was especially difficult for me. You see, I miss your grandpa so. Your heartfelt words lifted my spirits and gave me cause for joy. They were like a warm spray of sunlight on a dark, bleak afternoon. Your letter made my day. You’ll never know what a big difference it made. And yes, I am surviving the raccoons. We are the best of friends, you know. And they also like my broccoli!

All my love, Grandma McKillop

Aaron’s eyes lifted to his mother’s, shining with wonder and delight. “She said my letter made her day!”

Mom’s eyes shone back, and her chin quivered with emotion. “You see,” she said, her voice as shaky as her chin, “a child can help others and do good on the Sabbath day.”

Ray Goldrup is a member of the Bennion 15th Ward, Bennion Utah Stake.
When Jesus lived upon the earth
He picked twelve men He knew
To help Him spread the gospel and
Teach others what was true.

He called them His Apostles, so
They followed Him with care.
They testified with power when
He was no longer there.

We also have these special men,
Apostles in our day,
Who tell us all that we must do,
And lead in Jesus’s way.

They work with our dear prophet
As they travel through the lands,
So we can know the way to live
And follow God’s commands.
Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness!

(D&C 128:19).

I grew up in Tahiti. My mother and father joined the Church when I was a child, but I was not baptized right away. When I was 11 years old, I went to Primary one Wednesday afternoon. We sat on a mat under a mango tree while my Primary teacher told us the story of the First Vision. As she spoke, my heart started to pound. I had a strong feeling that Joseph Smith’s First Vision was true and that he was a true prophet. After that spiritual experience, I told my parents, “I have a testimony, and I want to be baptized.”

From the day I was baptized until I graduated from high school, I was the only member of the Church in my school. My classmates would say, “You don’t smoke? You don’t drink? You aren’t a man; you’re a sissy!”

At the end of the school year when I was in 11th or 12th grade, some of my classmates brought alcohol to a party. They grabbed me, held me down, and tried to pour champagne in my mouth. They didn’t want to hurt me; they just wanted to make fun of me. Luckily, I was able to get away. I never regretted keeping the Word of Wisdom. Some of my classmates have since passed away, but I’m thankful to still be alive, healthy, and trying to serve the Lord.

One of my classmates became very wealthy when he grew up. He once told me, “I admire you. My family has money, but we are not as happy as you are.” I felt it was a compliment to all Latter-day Saints. He could see that living the gospel makes us happy.

I served as president of the Fiji Suva
Mission. One day on the island of Kiribati I was walking with two elders when a man came up to us. He was drunk. I wanted to chase him off, but he saw my name tag and called me by name. “President Tefan, I would like you and your missionaries to come to dinner at my home.”

I thought, “Uh-oh, maybe he doesn’t know what he’s doing.” I turned to the elders and asked, “How do you feel? Would you like to accept the invitation?” They said that they would like to go. I felt impressed to accept his offer.

The following night we all had a nice Chinese dinner—chicken, fish, other meats, and noodles. The missionaries were happy because it was a change from their daily menu of fish and rice. At the end of the dinner, I thanked the man and said, “Now I have a gift I would like to offer you. Would you like these missionaries to teach you the gospel of Jesus Christ?”

He said he wasn’t interested but the missionaries could teach his wife and 18-year-old son. Three months later the son was baptized. One year later the wife was baptized, and her husband started attending church. He asked me for a blessing to help him stop smoking and drinking, and he was able to quit. The last time I visited that family, the son had been admitted to Brigham Young University—Hawaii on a full-tuition scholarship and had also received a mission call to Hong Kong.

When I think back on my experience with that family, I’m glad that I didn’t chase the “drunk man” away but instead followed the prompting of the Spirit to accept the dinner invitation, open my mouth, and ask him to hear the gospel.

I invite you children to open your mouths—invite your friends to church and to learn about the gospel. You never know what miracles may follow.
Christiana smiled as she counted the last of the coins. She carefully placed them in the small wooden box and closed the lid. “It is getting so heavy!” she thought as she slid the box into its hiding place under her bed. “Surely I am the richest girl in all of Denmark!” she exclaimed aloud.

Christiana Pedersen had been tending her father’s sheep for as long as she could remember, watching over them and keeping them safe from harm. She loved the green hills near her home in Oudrup in northern Denmark. She enjoyed spending her days in the open air with the gentle sheep.

Each time her father took the sheep to market or sheared their wool, he gave Christiana part of the money earned. Christiana always put her money into a special box, never spending any of it. Her father would put her on his knee and tease, “Whatever will you do with all that money? You are getting so much!”

“I will save it all,” Christiana would reply. “I don’t know why, but someday I will need it!” Her father would chuckle and shake his head. His daughter was so unlike all the other children her age who spent their coins as
soon as they got them. He was proud of Christiana. What a good girl she was!

Christiana was about 20 years old when some men wearing dark suits and coats came to her little village. She heard them on the street corners, talking to passersby about the mysterious book they held in their hands. One day when Christiana and her mother were shopping in the village, they stopped to listen to the men. Christiana learned that they were missionaries from faraway America. They had come to share the restored gospel of Jesus Christ with the people of Denmark. The book was the Book of Mormon, the story of an ancient people who lived in the Americas. Part of the book recounted a visit of Jesus Christ to those people after His Resurrection.

Christiana’s family attended a church in her village, and she already knew about Jesus Christ from her study of the Bible. She had a warm feeling as she listened to the missionaries speak about the Savior. Her mother bought one of the books from the men and accepted a few tracts [pamphlets] that explained the beliefs taught by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Christiana’s father was angry when he heard that his wife and daughter had listened to the missionaries. He forbade them from joining “that American church.”

Her mother had a little wooden chest next to the bake oven where she placed the precious missionary tracts and the Book of Mormon. Christiana continued to read and study them. She was drawn to the sacred words and felt a growing testimony of their truthfulness, but she honored her father and did not meet with the missionaries nor join the Church.

At the age of 21, Christiana decided that she must follow the promptings of the Spirit and be baptized. Her father was furious! “I warn you, Christiana,” he shouted, “if you try to cross the ocean with those Mormons, you will surely be lost at sea. I will not help you with this foolishness.”
Christiana was not frightened by her father’s words; she had a strong testimony that the truth had been restored to the earth. Although she had to leave her home and family to join the Saints in Zion, she was baptized on October 25, 1856. As Christiana counted the coins in her little treasure box, she knew why she had felt so strongly about saving all the money she had earned tending her father’s sheep. She had just enough to take her to join the Saints who were traveling west to the Great Salt Lake Valley. She was so grateful to her Heavenly Father. He had helped her to know that this money must be saved to help her obtain a treasure greater than all the money in the world—a testimony of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ and a place with His Saints.

Play this alphabet game during conference. Next to each word, make a mark for every speaker who talks about
the topic during each session. Write a short definition or draw a picture of what the word means. For any words you
don’t know, ask a family member to help you. At the end of general conference, look at your list and tell your family
what you have learned about each word.

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"Look, Mom!" said Becky. "There are 2 birds in the grocery store." "Yes," said Mom. "There are 2 birds. I wonder how they got inside the store." Becky helped put the apples in the cart while she looked at the birds. Then Mom helped put the bananas in the cart as she kept her eyes on the birds. When Mom put the oranges in the cart, she watched the birds take flight. She watched as the birds flew back & forth. "The birds are tired," said Mom. "How can we help them?" Then she remembered a story she had heard about a tabernacle that got lost in the tabernacle. People tried
opening all the & chasing the out with a .

But the would fly out any of the . Finally, a man named John said a . Heavenly Father answered John’s & helped him know what to do. "Turn off all the ," John said. "& close all the except ." Then the flew out the . ran a woman who worked at the store & told her about the in the . “Thank ,” the woman said. “What a good idea.” smiled. was glad she could help Heavenly Father’s .

Lori Mortensen is a member of the Cameron Park Ward, El Dorado California Stake.
1. Darius, the new king of Babylon, chose men to help him. He made Daniel their leader. The men did not want Daniel to be their leader. (See Daniel 6:1–5.)

2. The men knew Daniel prayed to God. They asked the king to make a new law saying that anyone found praying to God would be put in a den of lions. The king agreed. (See Daniel 6:4–7.)

3. Daniel knew about the law, but he still prayed. The men spied on Daniel. When they saw him praying, they told the king. (See Daniel 6:11–13.)

4. The king was sorry that he had made the law. He knew Daniel had to be punished. Before Daniel was taken to the lions’ den, the king told him that God would have to save him. (See Daniel 6:14–16.)

5. Early the next morning, King Darius hurried to the den. He called to Daniel. Then Daniel said, “My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions’ mouths, that they have not hurt me.” King Darius decided that his people should worship Daniel’s God. (See Daniel 6:19–22, 25–27.)
Daniel faced the lions in his life. He showed great faith and courage. We need to have faith and courage to help us make the right choices in our lives.

Instructions: Carefully remove this page from the magazine and glue it to heavy paper. Color the lion head and the body section and then cut them out. Punch holes where indicated. Use a brass fastener to attach the head to the body.

I will make the right choices.

I will be honest.

I will pray morning and night.

I will keep the Sabbath day holy.

I will obey my parents.

I will take care of my mind and body.

I can face the lions in my life.

Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.
Julie could see her grandmother sitting in bed. Mom and Dad said that Grandma had to live with them. She was sick and needed their help to get better. But Julie didn’t like seeing Grandma sick.

She remembered that her grandmother used to be a happy person. Every time Julie would visit, Grandma would make a treat. They would take long walks, dance and sing, and play together. Now, Julie’s house smelled funny and Grandma didn’t walk or sing. She hardly ate. She was sad. It scared Julie. She didn’t know what to do. Mom and Dad helped Grandma a lot, but Julie just watched. Sometimes she even felt sad because nobody seemed to have time for her anymore.

Julie had been talking to Heavenly Father every day in her prayers. She told Him how scared and sad she felt. She asked Him to bless Grandma. She asked Him to
bless her too. Julie wanted to help Grandma, but she didn’t know how.

One day while she and Mother were shopping, Julie saw something. It was high on the shelf, but she had a feeling that she should take a closer look. She asked her mother if she could see the toy dish set. When it was handed to her, Julie felt a warm peace.

The dishes were beautiful. They were shiny and pink. Julie was excited to share them with Grandma. Pink was Grandma’s favorite color!

It took Julie two weeks to earn the money to buy the dish set. On the day she brought it home, she started her plan.

First, she went to her room to make an invitation for Grandma. She drew flowers and birds and hearts all over the paper. Then she asked Mother to write the words “You’re Invited” on the outside. Inside Mother wrote, “To a party in your room at one o’clock today.”

Julie took the note to her grandmother. It felt good to see Grandma smile when she read it.

At one o’clock Julie carried a tray into Grandma’s room. She set it over her lap. Then she climbed onto the bed and sat beside Grandma. Julie poured Grandma some juice. She offered Grandma toast and jam, apple slices, cubes of cheese, and cookies. Together, they had a party.

Grandma talked and smiled. She ate the food Julie served her on little pink plates and sipped juice from a shiny pink cup. When it was over, Grandma thanked her. She patted Julie’s hand and said, “Let’s have a party again soon!” Julie hugged her and promised that they would.

The feeling of happiness and peace stayed with Julie all afternoon. She had made Grandma happy. And Julie felt happy too. Heavenly Father had listened to her prayers and helped her find just the right thing to do.

Alison M. Palmer is a member of the Fenton Ward, Grand Blanc Michigan Stake.
Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord (Joshua 24:15).

Think about the choices you make every day. Do you choose what to wear, what to say, what to read and watch, and how to act? The ability to make choices is a gift from Heavenly Father. It is called agency: Using our agency is an important part of Heavenly Father’s plan for us. What helps you choose the right?

Heavenly Father will help you choose the right. You are a child of God, and He wants you to return to live with Him again. Remember, you can pray to Heavenly Father anytime, anywhere, and He will bless you with courage to choose the right.

Jesus Christ will help you choose the right. He is “the way, the truth, and the life” (John 14:6) and the perfect example for you to follow. You will choose the right when you ask yourself, “What would Jesus want me to do?”

The Holy Ghost will help you choose the right. When you are baptized and when you take the sacrament, you covenant (or promise) to keep the commandments. When you do this, Heavenly Father promises that the Holy Ghost will be with you. The Holy Ghost will prompt you to do what is right, warn you, and bless you with peace when you choose the right.

Prophets help you choose the right. The scriptures contain the word of God taught by His prophets. They can help you know what to do. Today, our prophet and other leaders are the servants of God. Listen when they speak in general conference. As you follow their counsel, you will choose the right.

“Choose the Right” Maze

Follow the maze on page 20. Choose the pictures that represent good decisions. As you make the correct choices, the maze will lead you to Jesus Christ.
Sharing Time Ideas

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

1. Help the children read and discuss Exodus 20:8–11. What does Heavenly Father teach us about the Sabbath day? When was the Sabbath day hallowed? What does that mean? Ask the children to help you think of ways to keep the Sabbath day holy. With the help of the music leader, pick songs from the Children's Songbook that suggest activities appropriate for the Sabbath day, such as “Family History—I Am Doing It” (p. 94), “When I Go to Church” (p. 157), “My Heavenly Father Loves Me” (pp. 228–29), “Grandmother” (p. 200), and “Search, Ponder, and Pray” (p. 109). As you sing each song, ask the children to listen for things they could do on the Sabbath day. Help them develop their ideas into activities such as filling out a family group sheet, asking Mom or Dad to tell a story about their childhood, going to church with the family and singing all the songs, thinking about Jesus during the sacrament, going on a walk to increase gratitude for nature, learning the name of one new plant and drawing a picture of it, writing a letter, calling or visiting grandparents, or telling a scripture story with puppets or flannel-board figures. Seek for a good variety of songs and activities.

Give each child a piece of paper to fold into 16 squares. Invite them to write or draw things suggested by the group in three or four of the squares. Distribute crayons, markers, and colored paper, and invite each child to decorate a small container or envelope for their “Sabbath Day Activities.” Suggest that the children take the paper home and fill in the rest of the squares with the help of their families. Cut the paper into 16 squares and put them into the container. Each week they can honor the Sabbath day by drawing a square out of the container and doing that activity with their family.

2. Teach the Word of Wisdom and the standard of modesty by preparing strips of paper with the following references written on them: from D&C 89, verses 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 14; and the following quotes from President Hinckley—“How truly beautiful is a well-groomed young woman who is clean in body and mind.” “How handsome is a young man who is well groomed. He is a son of God, deemed worthy of holding the holy priesthood of God.” “[A Son of God] does not need tattoos or earrings on or in his body.” “I promise you that the time will come, if you have tattoos, that you will regret your actions.” “As for the young women...one modest pair of earings is sufficient.” “There is no need for any Latter-day Saint boy or girl, ...to even try [drugs]” (See “A Prophet’s Counsel and Prayer for Youth.” Ensign, Jan. 2001, 2–11). Place the strips of paper in a bag, then pass the bag of squares and put them into the container. Each week they can honor the Sabbath day by drawing a square out of the container and doing that activity with their family.

3. Two of My Gospel Standards talk about doing things that are “pleasing to Heavenly Father.” How do we know what is “pleasing to Heavenly Father”? From Articles of Faith 1:13, write on word strips the following four words and phrases in large letters: VIRTUOUS, LOVELY, GOOD REPORT, PRAISEWORTHY. Cut each word into letters and put each word in an envelope. (You may want to clip together the letters to the words GOOD and REPORT separately, but put them in the same envelope.) Divide the children and teachers into four groups. Invite them to unscramble the word(s) and glue the letters in order on the envelope. Tell the children that the following activities will help them learn the meaning of the words and what is “pleasing to Heavenly Father.” Divide the room into four stations, post one of the words at each station, and rotate the four groups through each of the following activities: (1) Read a story from the Friend. Ask the children to share titles of their favorite books or stories. (2) Play a game or do an activity from the Friend. (3) Sing songs from the “Fun and Activity” section of the Children’s Songbook (pp. 250–85). You may want to add simple rhythm instruments or pipe chimes. (4) Play a short video segment appropriate for children from the church library, such as Sharing Time with President Hinckley (item no. 53331). Gather the children and discuss the activities and how they felt while participating in them. Emphasize that we want to be able to feel the Spirit when we are reading, singing, or watching anything. Repeat or sing the thirteenth article of faith (pp. 132–133).

4. Post on the board eight to ten pictures from the GAK of Christ doing kind acts for others. These might include Jesus Healing the Blind (213), Stilling the Storm (214), Jesus Blessing Jairus’s Daughter (215), and Christ and the Children (216). Repeat with the children “I will seek good friends and treat others kindly” (from My Gospel Standards). Ask two or three children to tell about one of their friends, and ask them what makes a person a friend. Have them look at the pictures on the board and ask “Who else is our friend?” Sing “Jesus Is Our Loving Friend” (p. 58). Teach that Jesus is not only our friend, but taught us how to be a friend by His example. Invite a child from each class to choose one of the pictures from the board. Have each child sing the story about the picture from the scriptures or the back of the picture and prepare to role-play the story for the rest of the Primary (see TNGC, p. 178). As each class presents their role play, discuss ways that Jesus’s example helps us be a friend. Help the children find and memorize the “Golden Rule” from Matthew 7:12. Sing “Jesus Said Love Everyone” (p. 61). Prepare pictures of different people who could be friends to the children, including a grandmother, grandfather, mother, father, brother, sister, baby, peers, disabled child, teacher, etc. (Pictures can be found in Primary picture packets, flannel-board series, and Children’s Songbook.) Invite the children to sit in a circle. Have the stack of pictures facing down. Toss a beanbag to a child in the circle, then have him or her choose the picture on top and tell one way he or she could be a friend to that person and treat him or her kindly. If your Primary is large, have more than one circle of children. Play the game until each child has had a turn. Gather the children and read or tell the circumstances of Christ’s commandment to love one another (see John 13:34–35). Sing “Love One Another” (p. 136).

This brother and sister are trying to help their parents by giving the puppy a bath. What are some ways you can help your family members? See if you can find a boot, comb, fork, frog, knife, man’s shoe, pencil, saltshaker, shovel, spoon, swan, and woman’s shoe. Then color the picture.

Funstuf Answers
Who Am I (Church History Mysteries): David Whitmer, Lucy Mack Smith, and Samuel Smith.
Instructions: Mount these two pages on heavy paper. Cut out the bookmarks, fold them along the broken lines, and glue the backs together. Punch a hole in the top of each bookmark, and loop-tie several narrow strips of ribbon about nine inches (23 cm) long through the hole (see illustration). These bookmarks will help you remember to use My Gospel Standards to choose the right each day. They would also make good gifts for friends who want to know more about the Church’s standards.

Note: If you do not wish to remove pages from the magazine, this activity may be copied, traced, or printed from the Internet at www.lds.org. Click on Gospel Library.

I AM A CHILD OF GOD
I know Heavenly Father loves me, and I love Him. I can pray to Heavenly Father anywhere, anytime. I am trying to remember and follow Jesus Christ.

MY GOSPEL STANDARDS
I will follow Heavenly Father’s plan for me.
I will remember my baptismal covenant and listen to the Holy Ghost.
I will choose the right. I know I can repent when I make a mistake.
I will use the names of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ reverently. I will not swear or use crude words.
I will do those things on the Sabbath that will help me feel close to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.
I will honor my parents and do my part to strengthen my family.
I will keep my mind and body sacred and pure, and I will not partake of things that are harmful to me.
I will dress modestly to show respect for Heavenly Father and myself.
I will only read and watch things that are pleasing to Heavenly Father.
I will only listen to music that is pleasing to Heavenly Father.
I will seek good friends and treat others kindly.
I will live now to be worthy to go to the temple and do my part to have an eternal family.
I AM A CHILD OF GOD

I know Heavenly Father loves me, and I love Him.
I can pray to Heavenly Father anytime, anywhere.
I am trying to remember and follow Jesus Christ.

MY GOSPEL STANDARDS

I will follow Heavenly Father’s plan for me.
I will remember my baptismal covenant and listen to the Holy Ghost.
I will choose the right. I know I can repent when I make a mistake.
I will be honest with Heavenly Father, others, and myself.
I will use the names of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ reverently.
I will not swear or use crude words.
I will do those things on the Sabbath that will help me feel close to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.
I will honor my parents and do my part to strengthen my family.
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I will dress modestly to show respect for Heavenly Father and myself.
I will only read and watch things that are pleasing to Heavenly Father.
I will only listen to music that is pleasing to Heavenly Father.
I will seek good friends and treat others kindly.
I will live now to be worthy to go to the temple and do my part to have an eternal family.
I was one of the Three Witnesses, along with Martin Harris and Oliver Cowdery, who saw the gold plates that contained the Book of Mormon. An angel showed the plates to us and commanded us to write about the things we saw. You can read about it in the “The Testimony of Three Witnesses,” found in the front of the Book of Mormon. Who am I?

(See “The Testimony of Three Witnesses” in the front of the Book of Mormon for help in solving the mystery.)

I am the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I was the first person to hear about the First Vision, when Joseph saw Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. I was baptized by Joseph on April 6, 1830, the day the Church was organized in this dispensation. Who am I?

(See Joseph Smith—History 1:4, 20 for help in solving the mystery.)

I am one of Joseph Smith’s younger brothers. My brother Joseph, the Prophet, told me that Jesus Christ wanted me to serve as a missionary. I was one of the first missionaries for the Church in this dispensation and helped teach the gospel to the prophet Brigham Young and his brother, Phineas. Who am I?

(See D&C 52:1, 30 for help in solving the mystery.)

(See page 23 for answers.)

See Doctrine and Covenants Stories (available at your local distribution center, item number 31122) for more stories about Church history for children.
Heavenly Father wants us to take care of our bodies. He has told us in section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants about some foods that are good for our bodies. This section is called the Word of Wisdom. You can find some foods that are healthy for you by coloring the picture on this page. Use the color code below to color the picture. Leave the unnumbered spaces white. You could use the picture to talk about the Word of Wisdom in family home evening or Primary.

**Good Choices**

**BY JULIE WARDELL**

Church Magazines

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**Color Code**

1 = red
2 = green
3 = brown
4 = yellow
5 = orange
6 = blue
What Is the Truth?

BY VICKI H. BUDGE
(Based on an experience of the author’s son)

Be thou an example of the believers (1 Timothy 4:12).

Hey, do you see what I see?” Jonathan whispered to his three buddies.

“I sure do,” Brian answered. “Looks like trouble to me. Let’s get out of here!”

Jonathan and his friends were at a band competition at a school across the city. Their band had already performed, and now Jonathan and his friends were walking through the school because they were tired of sitting around. They had walked down a hall between the school’s gymnasium and empty classrooms. They had turned a corner and found themselves in the gym entrance. At the far end of the huge room, a bunch of boys appeared to be writing or spraying something on the walls.

Jonathan and his friends turned abruptly and headed back around the corner, but not before they were noticed.

“Hey, you! Come back here!” someone yelled.

Jonathan and Brian took off running with Todd and Jackson in hot pursuit.

“Let’s get them!” someone yelled, and the sound of running feet drumming across the gym floor spurred the friends on faster still.
As he ran, Jonathan noticed a boys’ bathroom door. “Quick! Let’s hide in here!” he yelled, sliding to a stop and pushing open the door.

All four boys crowded in, pushed the door shut, and stood silently in a small entry room. The only noise for a few moments was their heavy breathing.

Suddenly there was a commotion outside, and someone tried to push the door open. Jonathan and Brian pushed it shut again.

“Hey! They’re in here!” someone yelled.

There was a burst of energy from those outside trying to shove the door open. There was an equal burst inside trying to keep it shut. Jonathan and Brian slumped down on the floor, leaning their shoulders against the wall and pushing against the door with their feet. Todd pushed a trash can against the door, and braced himself between the can and the wall. Jackson braced his feet against the wall and pushed against the door with his back.

The commotion outside the bathroom got louder. The door would burst open an inch or two each time someone’s body slammed into it. Someone else was banging on the door with a hard object. Jonathan could not believe what was happening. He had looked forward to the excitement of this day for weeks, but he hadn’t wanted this kind of excitement.

As quickly as the whole thing had started, it ended. The yelling stopped. There was no more shoving or pounding on the door. Something must have frightened the attackers away. Jonathan and his friends waited a long time before they dared crack open the door to take a look around. No one was in sight. They slowly
emerged from the restroom and found that the door was scratched and gouged.

“Let’s get out of here!” Todd said, looking around nervously.

The boys took off for the school cafeteria where the bands were performing. As they took a shortcut through the gym, a couple of older girls walked by them and said hi.

Jonathan and his friends sat at the back of the cafeteria and tried to make sense out of what had happened. They listened to another band play and debated what to do. Jonathan and Brian thought they should find their band teacher and tell him everything. Todd and Jackson insisted they shouldn’t tell anyone, because they might get accused of the damage. They didn’t have to argue for long. Mr. Jolstead, their bandleader, was striding toward them with a serious look on his face.

“Boys, I want to talk to you. Follow me outside.”

Before Mr. Jolstead had a chance to say another word, Brian jumped in and told him the whole story exactly as it had happened. Mr. Jolstead shook his head and frowned. “That’s not the story I’m hearing from the principal of this school. A couple of girls saw you boys come out of the gymnasium right after all the damage was done. They pointed you out to the principal. No one else was seen around there, and the principal is blaming you. He wants restitution for the damages, and I want to know—what is the truth?”

All four boys started to talk at once.

“Stop right there!” Mr. Jolstead put his hands up to indicate silence. He took a deep breath and looked at each boy slowly, eye to eye.

After what seemed like a long time, he turned to Jonathan. Mr. Jolstead was not a member of the Church, but his son was a member of Jonathan’s Scout troop.

“Jonathan,” he said. “I know you are a Boy Scout and a Mormon. I want you to tell me the truth. What happened in there?”

A lot of questions flashed through Jonathan’s mind before he answered. Why didn’t Mr. Jolstead say that Brian’s family were important business people in the community and he wanted Brian to tell him the truth? Why didn’t he say that Todd’s parents were well-known teachers at their school and he wanted Todd to tell him the truth? Why didn’t he say that Jackson was an honor student and he wanted Jackson to tell him the truth? Why did he single out Jonathan? “Does he really trust me just because I’m a Boy Scout and a Mormon?” he wondered.

Jonathan looked straight into Mr. Jolstead’s eyes. “It happened just like Brian told you,” he said. “And that is the truth.”

Mr. Jolstead finally smiled. “All right. I believe you,” he replied. “Let’s go talk to the principal.”

Jonathan’s band didn’t win that day, but, in a way, Jonathan did. He realized how much people respect members of the Church. He realized how closely people watch what members say and do. He knew one thing for sure—he would follow the Savior’s teachings more carefully than ever.

“We have the responsibility to set the example of righteousness to all of the world.”

### Friends in the News

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Interests</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shane Hill</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Ashton, Idaho</td>
<td>Enjoys the outdoors, riding his bike, snowmobiling, and hunting and fishing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Megan Hungerford</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Norfolk, Virginia</td>
<td>Likes to ride bikes with her dad and send letters to her friends.</td>
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<td>Likes to play the piano, sing, and write stories.</td>
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Please send submissions to Friends in the News, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm. 2430, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America. A written statement by a parent or legal guardian granting permission to publish the child’s photo must be included. Children whose pictures are submitted must be at least three years old. 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. Due to the number of submissions received, they cannot all be published, nor can they be returned.
Even though Elder David O. McKay’s daughter Lou Jean was very ill, he had to travel out of state for a stake conference.

Not long after he left, Elder McKay received a telegram saying that he needed to come home right away. When he stepped off the train at home, his father was there to greet him.

A doctor and a nurse stayed at Elder McKay’s house all night. Other family members came to help for several days, but Lou Jean grew only worse.
On Sunday, Elder McKay sent his sons Lawrence and Llewelyn to church while he and his wife, Emma Ray, stayed home to care for Lou Jean.

Elder McKay’s son obeyed. He noticed that at 11:00 the requested prayer was given.

Well, boys, Lou Jean is going to be all right! At 11:00 this morning she finally relaxed and fell into a calm sleep.

Heavenly Father has rewarded the faithful prayers of many people who love us. We must show Him our gratitude.

When Elder McKay’s sons returned home, they received good news.

Adapted from David Lawrence McKay, My Father, David O. McKay (1989), 51–52.
HONOR
Your Father and Mother

LEE YEN CHUNG TIEN
OF TUBUAI,
FRENCH POLYNESIA

BY RICHARD M. ROMNEY
Church Magazines
Lee Yen lives on a beautiful island with her mother, Chantal; her brother, Mahonri; and her father, Willie. She respects her parents and they admire her. She enjoys playing the keyboard and recorder.

Lee Yen has also learned a lot about work from her mother, Chantal Chung Tien, who is the first counselor in the branch Relief Society presidency. “She is the one who taught me about studying hard,” Lee Yen says. “She taught me that the secret to good grades is to keep up by doing a little each day.” Apparently Lee Yen has learned this lesson well, because she receives high marks at school. “She has a good aptitude for learning things quickly,” her mother says.

What else have Lee Yen’s parents taught her and her four-year-old brother Mahonri? “To read the scriptures, to pray together as a family, and to hold family home evening,” Lee Yen says. “At home evening we read together, we have lessons, and sometimes we have music too. We always have treats. I’m usually the one who prepares them, or my mother and I work on them together. I like to make cakes, and it’s my mother who taught me how to...”
do that. My father bakes the bread, but my mother and I take the cake,” she says, laughing.

When the family reads scriptures together, Lee Yen often turns to one she knows by heart. “My favorite scripture is Exodus 20:12,” she says. “Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” She recites it word for word, without hesitation. Even more importantly, she lives it. “As a child, you should show respect to your parents. You do that by listening to them and by helping them.”

Maybe that’s why Lee Yen is often in the kitchen doing something else—the dishes. “Part of being a family is that we all pitch in to help each other,” she says. “If we each do part of the work, nobody gets overwhelmed.”

Lee Yen has lots of interests and abilities. In addition to studying the scriptures, she has her own subscription to the *Liahona*. “I keep it in my bedroom to read,” she says. “I love the words of the prophets, and it’s interesting to learn how children all over the world are living the gospel.” She also likes to go swimming in the ocean, she thinks folk dances are wonderful, and she likes to play “I Am a Child of God” on the recorder.

She took piano lessons from the couple missionaries, and they remember her as one of their most diligent students, one who never missed a week. Lee Yen also enjoys playing tennis, writing in her journal, and singing. “I like singing,” she explains, “because it makes me feel good inside.” One of her favorite songs is “Families Can Be Together Forever.” “It talks about the family,” she says, “and I love my family. It’s a good thing to be part of a family.”

One of My Gospel Standards for Primary says, “I will honor my parents.” As Lee Yen finishes Primary and moves into Young Women, that is a foundation stone that she will continue to build upon. “It is a commandment,” she says. “And like all commandments, when you obey it, it brings blessings.”

All day long the family stays busy doing good things. Lee Yen enjoys tennis. She also likes to bake cakes with her mother. Mahonri enjoys visiting his father at work.
Getting to Know
Elder Robert D. Hales

To learn more about Elder Robert D. Hales of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, match the pictures in the right column with the clues in the left column.

1. As a child, Elder Hales learned to play this instrument. Now he plays “just for fun.”
2. Although Elder Hales grew up in Queens, New York, he and his siblings often spent summers with their relatives in Utah. They would ride horses and take care of these animals. “Those were great times,” Elder Hales said.
3. As a freshman in high school, Elder Hales was the varsity pitcher for this sport. After pitching poorly and causing his team to lose three games in a row, Elder Hales was ready to quit. His coach told him, “Quit showing off in the beginning of the game, and you won’t wear out your arm.” Elder Hales listened and pitched a shutout at the next game.
4. While serving in the military, Elder Hales flew one of these. His unit in the squadron had the motto “Return with Honor.”
5. As a young husband, Elder Hales worked at a television station in Salt Lake City, Utah, and operated one of these.
6. Elder Hales earned a master’s degree in business administration from this university in 1960.
7. Though Elder Hales was a successful businessman, he never forgot how much his wife and family helped him. Once a boss told him that “______ is your greatest asset, and don’t you forget it.”
8. Elder Hales enjoys playing this game in his spare time.
9. As a new General Authority, Elder Hales served with President Thomas S. Monson in this area.
10. Elder Hales used his international business skills to help the Church get permission to construct this building in Freiberg, Germany.

(See Ensign, July 1994, 48–53.)

Answers: A I C B D E F H G J
Creator Divine: Four Haikus*

Weeping willow here
Sweeps rings in still water pool
Weeping willow there

Feathers black and white
Rustling, circling, downward glide
Honking geese alight

Breeze on hands and face
Bridge curves up under my feet
It’s my secret place

Quiet heart and mind
Thanks for earth’s beauty, O Lord,
Creator Divine

Kaily Goodro, age 10
Miamisburg, Ohio

Hope

I am sad.
Like a seed that won’t grow.
Like a star that doesn’t shine
In the cold, dark night.
But in the morning,
When the sun shines on my face,
There is hope and happiness,
And I’m filled with joy.

Benjamin Curtis, age 10
Pleasant Grove, Utah

But the Rain Kept Pouring

The castles stood there in the morning dew.
The shops were closed and the schools were too.
But the rain kept pouring.

The old village churches looked very sad.
The stained and colored glass was there looking bad
As if to say, “I’m soaking wet and in water clad.”
But the rain kept pouring.

The crumbling walls were more crumbly than ever.
The horse-chestnut trees were drooping ‘cause of the weather.
But the rain kept pouring.

The pheasants in the field were pecking at the corn.
The baby in the hospital was just being born.
But the rain kept pouring.

Cars on the freeway were sliding back and forth.
An aeroplane was landing, coming from the north.
But the rain kept pouring.

Children are going in to play
‘Cause it’s a very rainy day.
But . . . the rain stopped pouring.

Madison Riley, age 8
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England

*A haiku is a Japanese form of poetry having three lines of five, seven, and five syllables.
1 Erika L. Brooksby, age 8
Selah, Washington

2 Zachary Julien, age 5
Slidell, Louisiana

3 Krista Nettgen, age 9
Belvidere, Illinois

4 Ryan Nieznanski, age 8
Sparks, Nevada

5 Aspen Norton, age 6
Highland, Utah

6 Cheyenne Scholes, age 8
Bottineau, North Dakota

7 Vilavong, age 10
Laos

8 Ruta Gorbule, age 11
Riga, Latvia

9 Madison Bagley, age 6
Stanhope, New Jersey

10 Curtis Openshaw, age 8
Draper, Utah

11 Jonathan McIntyre, age 11
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

12 Justus Bigler, age 10
Mesa, Arizona

13 Joseph Allred, age 9
Shelley, Idaho

14 Jade Fisher, age 6
San Diego, California

15 Chelise Rowley, age 10
Duchesne, Utah

16 Tiffany Harris, age 8
Montpelier, Idaho

17 Ethan Dillingham, age 7
Beavercreek, Ohio

18 Carson Pitcher, age 7
Okotoks, Alberta, Canada

19 Lukas Gruenke, age 6
Erlangen, Germany

20 Myra Rosengren, age 7
Woodbridge, Virginia

21 Emily Golightly, age 4
Layton, Utah

22 Matthew Wallace, age 11
East China, Michigan

23 Sabrina Peiffer, age 10
North Plains, Oregon

24 Chase Kneeland, age 5
Whitehall, Montana

25 Zole Conder, age 5
San Antonio, Texas
The Spirit speaketh the truth and lieth not. Wherefore, it speaketh of things as they really are (Jacob 4:13).

Come over after school,” Caroline said. “I have the new CD by Alisha.” (Singer’s name has been changed.)

I gasped. “OK!” Even though Grandma was taking me shopping for my birthday on Saturday, I couldn’t wait that long. I was desperate to hear the new CD right away.

Alisha was my hero. Caroline and I pretended to be her, holding hairbrushes like microphones and singing along with her music. Sometimes Mom asked us to keep it down, but she didn’t mind our noise that much because Alisha’s lyrics were so good. Alisha was religious—I had read it in a magazine.

After school I hurried to my room and finished my homework. Alisha’s smile beamed down at me from the poster tacked above my desk.

When I finally bounded across the street to Caroline’s house, she handed me the CD cover and bubbled, “Isn’t she so pretty?”

I nodded, but my stomach felt funny. Alisha wasn’t smiling this time; her expression was more like a sneer. And I had never seen a photo of her dressed like that.

“Don’t you think her outfit is a little immodest?” I asked.

Caroline frowned. “Yeah, but maybe her church doesn’t care about stuff like that. She probably doesn’t know any better. Now listen—this is my favorite song.” She pushed the play button as I skimmed the lyrics printed in the CD jacket. I felt relieved that there weren’t any swear words.

“See? This CD is fine,” I told myself. But a dull feeling followed me home that night.

On Saturday morning I watched cartoons, waiting for Grandma to pick me up for our shopping trip. During a commercial, an announcer said that Alisha’s new music video would be shown at the end of the program!

Mom came into the family room just as the music started. “What are you watching?” She smiled and sat down.

“It’s the new Alisha video.” I tried to sound casual. Mom’s smile disappeared as she watched Alisha dance across the screen. She looked at me and raised her eyebrows.
I squirmed. “Just because she’s wearing that outfit doesn’t mean the song is bad.”

“Are you sure?”

I wished the video would hurry and end, but it kept going. Finally I switched the TV off. Mom was silent, watching me.

“I read the lyrics,” I mumbled. “There weren’t any swear words.”

She pointed at the darkened TV screen. “But Alisha is still sending a message. You don’t have to say bad words to drive away the Spirit.”

A feeling inside told me that Mom was right. Maybe I didn’t understand what Alisha was suggesting, but the Holy Ghost knew—and His influence had left.

I trudged to my room and looked at my poster of grinning Alisha. I didn’t grin back. Why had my hero changed?

A car honked in the driveway, so I swallowed the lump rising in my throat and ran outside.

“Hi, birthday girl,” Grandma greeted me as I climbed into her van. “Where to?”

All week my decision had been made, but now I wasn’t sure. “Let me think for a second.”

Caroline’s words about Alisha popped into my head: “She probably doesn’t know any better.” It had sounded like a good excuse, but now I knew why it wasn’t—because I knew better!

The dark feeling melted away as I realized something important. I was a daughter of God, and I didn’t need another hero. Why should I admire someone who didn’t even know who she was? “I should be Alisha’s hero,” I thought with a giggle. Grandma gave me a questioning look.

“Can we go to a clothes store?” I asked. “I’ve almost outgrown my favorite blue church dress.”

“Good idea. You look really pretty in blue.”

I smiled. I looked pretty with the Spirit glowing inside too—prettier than a famous pop star could ever be.
A parent or older person could help you make these recipes for a family breakfast before church or conference. The “Blueberry Biscuits” would make a tasty family home evening treat.

**Scrambled Eggs in a Jar**

- 1 large tomato
- 1 quart jar with a lid
- 6 large eggs
- 3/4 cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter or margarine

1. Wash tomato and cut off stem end. Cut tomato into 1/2" (1.3 cm) pieces and place in the jar.
2. Add the eggs (yolks and whites), cheese, and salt to the jar. Screw on the lid tightly and shake.
3. Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet over medium heat, making sure the bottom of the skillet is evenly covered.
4. Pour the egg mixture into the skillet. With a pancake turner, turn the eggs as they start to set on the bottom. Cook until the eggs are set but still moist.

Serves 4.

**Blueberry Biscuits**

- 2 cups flour
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 1 carton (8 ounces/227 g) blueberry yogurt
- 1/4 cup margarine or butter, melted
- 1 cup frozen blueberries

**Glaze:**

- 1/2 cup confectioners’ sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

1. In a large bowl, mix the flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda, and salt.
2. In a small bowl, lightly beat the egg, then stir in the yogurt and butter or margarine. Add the wet ingredients to the dry ingredients and stir just until moistened and crumbly. Gently fold in the blueberries.
3. Drop heaping tablespoonfuls of dough 2" (5 cm) apart onto a greased baking sheet. Bake at 400° F (205° C) for 15–18 minutes or until lightly browned.
4. Mix the glaze ingredients together and drizzle over the warm biscuits.

Makes about 1 dozen.
Dishes
By Kenzie Koepnick

I was watching television at a friend’s house when her mom called her to wash the dishes. At first I kept watching television. Then I felt the Spirit telling me to go help with the dishes. I helped my friend and felt really good about it afterward.

Kenzie Koepnick, age 10, is a member of the Burley Second Ward, Burley Idaho Stake.

Golden-brown Gift
By Alexis Bolos

I have beautiful golden-brown hair. I was watching the news one morning and saw that a little girl was donating her hair to an organization that makes wigs for young cancer patients. One day I was shopping with my mom and sisters when we noticed a salon that took hair donations. We went in and asked the hair cutter how long my hair had to be to donate it. It was long enough! So I sat down in the big chair, and she put my hair in a ponytail and cut it right above the tail. I felt happy and excited because I knew that I had done something to help little kids who were sick.

Alexis Bolos, age 8, is a member of the Kanesville Ward, Kanesville Utah Stake.

Keeping the Sabbath Day Holy*
By Chantelle Lacanienta

During a family home evening lesson we talked about things we could do to keep the Sabbath day holy.

We decided that it is good to go to church, sing songs, rest, visit people, and read the scriptures. Last week, a young neighbor friend asked my three-year-old son, Ethan, if he wanted to ride bikes. Ethan said, “I can’t. It’s Jesus’s day.”

Ethan Lacanienta, age 3, is a member of the Atascocita Ward, Kingwood Texas Stake.

*See My Gospel Standards, Faith in God guidebook, back cover.
Parade or Conference?
By Jaylyn Johnson with help from her mom

I was coming home from swimming lessons Saturday morning when I saw lots of people lined up for a parade. I asked my mom why we weren’t going to the parade. She told me it was because we needed to listen to general conference. I really wanted to go to the parade and was sad that we couldn’t go, but I told my mom that I knew it was more important to listen to conference and that I would do that instead. I liked listening to the prophet and other speakers. I know it helps us to learn more about Jesus.

Jaylyn Johnson, age 6, is a member of the Riverside Ward, Fort Collins Colorado Stake.

The Lost Remote
By Scott Draper

My dad and I were taking a walk around the neighborhood when I saw a TV remote control lying on the ground. I picked it up and asked my dad if I could look for the owner. He said yes, so I rang some doorbells. At one house the man said, “It’s not mine.” I rang another doorbell, and the man said, “It’s mine,” so I gave it to him. I left feeling good inside. As I was walking home, the man came up to me and said, “Thanks for being honest.” I said, “Thank you!” and went home. I’m glad I was honest.

Scott Draper, age 8, is a member of the Ansbach Ward, Nürnberg Germany Stake.

Peacemaker
By Nolan Ryan Anderson with help from his family

At recess I was playing with my friends when two girls started bossing another girl and saying they didn’t want to play with her. I noticed that the girl who was being picked on was sad. I asked her if she wanted to play with me, and we talked about the problem. She and I played for the rest of the recess. Then we talked to the other girls, and they agreed to play nicely together the next day. I felt good inside and knew that I had been a good friend and done the right thing.

Nolan Ryan Anderson, age 6, is a member of the Anoka Ward, Anoka Minnesota Stake.
Hi, Tommy,” Mom said as Tommy walked in the door and dropped his backpack on the floor.

“Hi, Mom. Guess what?” Tommy opened his backpack and took out a piece of paper. “Soccer sign-ups are this week!” Excitedly, he handed Mom the paper and watched as she read it.

“It says the city leagues are forming, and any interested boys should meet at the park this Saturday.” Mom looked up at Tommy. “What do you think? Do you want to play soccer this season?”

“I really want to,” Tommy said, “but my other friends have been playing for a couple of years, and I might not be a very good player. What if I make a mistake and our team loses a game?”

“Winning isn’t everything,” Mom said. “Having the courage to try, even if you’re scared, is more important. I think you should try.”

Later that evening as the family was sitting around the dinner table, Tommy told Dad about the soccer sign-ups.

“Are you going to play this year?” Dad asked.

“Mom says I should have the courage to try,” Tommy said.

“That’s right!” Dad said.

“Having courage is more important than winning.
Remember in family home evening when we talked about Nephi building a boat? He had the courage to try something new. Without Nephi’s courage, his family would never have made it to the promised land.”

Tommy sat silently for a few moments. “Dad, will you go with me on Saturday to the soccer meeting?”

“Sure.” Dad smiled. “I’ll give you an extra boost of courage.”

The rest of the week went by quickly, and soon it was Saturday morning. Tommy and his dad sat on the bleachers at the park with the rest of the boys who wanted to play soccer. Some of them had brought their parents along too.

After dividing everyone into teams according to where they lived, the man in charge spoke to each group and asked them to choose a coach. Tommy and his dad looked around at the other parents in their group. They were all shaking their heads.

“I’m too busy,” one dad said.

“I work on the weekends,” said another parent.

Soon the man in charge stood in front of Tommy’s group.

“We still need a coach here,” he said. He waited a moment, but nobody raised a hand. “Without a coach, you can’t form a team,” the man repeated.

Everyone was silent. Tommy pulled on his dad’s sleeve. “You could coach our team!” he whispered.

“No, not me,” Dad said. “I’ve never played soccer. I don’t know anything about the game.”

“But without a coach, we can’t play!” Tommy insisted. “C’mon, Dad, you’d do a great job.”

“I don’t know,” Dad said. “I can barely even recognize a soccer ball!” They sat in silence a few more moments. Still, no one offered to coach the team.

Tommy leaned over to whisper to his dad again. “Remember, having courage is more important than winning.”

His dad’s brow furrowed as he thought for a moment. Then he slowly raised his hand. “I’ll coach the team,” he said quietly.

“Hooray!” The other boys cheered as they jumped up. “We can play soccer!”

Tommy grabbed his dad’s hand. “I’ll be with you at every practice and every game, Dad,” he said. “And I’ll give you an extra boost of courage!”

Even though the team had a great time that season, they never won a game—and only scored one goal. The details of their soccer games are now forgotten, but the lesson Tommy and his dad learned about having the courage to try will last a lifetime. ●

Nettie Hunsaker Francis is a member of the Las Vegas Third Ward, Las Vegas Nevada Stake.
Family Home Evening Ideas

Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned below:

1. Read with the family “A Letter to Grandma” (pages 4–6). Just as Aaron and his mom did, talk about and list the things the Savior did on the Sabbath while He was on earth. Beside each item on your list write something similar that you could do on Sunday.

2. Have a family member practice and present the poem “Apostles” (page 7). Look at the picture of our current Apostles and see how many you can name. Ask for help if you need to. Write each one’s name by his picture and keep it nearby as you listen to general conference this month and do “Conference ABCs” (page 13).

3. Tell the story of “Christiana’s Treasure” (pages 10–12). Ask your parents to talk about the first people in your family to join the Church. Maybe it was a great-grandfather. Maybe it was your parents. Share your testimonies with one another.

4. Using the pictures, tell the story of Daniel (page 16). Make the lion in “Daniel, Lions, and Me” (page 17), and as you move the lion’s head, talk about how you might make each right choice listed on the lion’s mane.

5. Invite a family member to read “Hero” (pages 40–42). Discuss what it means to be a real hero. Give each family member a bookmark containing My Gospel Standards (see pages 24–25). Go through the standards. Would a person with the strength and courage to live those standards be a hero? Resolve to be such a person.

6. Make “Blueberry Biscuits” (see page 43) for refreshments.

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 Editorial, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm. 2430, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America. Send e-mail to cur-editorial-friend@ldschurch.org.

Send children’s submissions to Friend Editorial, 50 E. North Temple St. Rm. 2420, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220, United States of America, in care of the appropriate department—Our Creative Friends, Friends in the News, Friends by Mail, Trying to Be Like Jesus. If a photo is submitted, a written statement by a parent or legal guardian granting permission to publish the child’s photo must be included. Submissions will not be returned.
What’s in the *Friend* this month?

**page 2**
How do you find the strength to forgive someone?

**page 10**
Find out what Christiana will do with her treasure.

**page 43**
Make a family breakfast before church or conference.