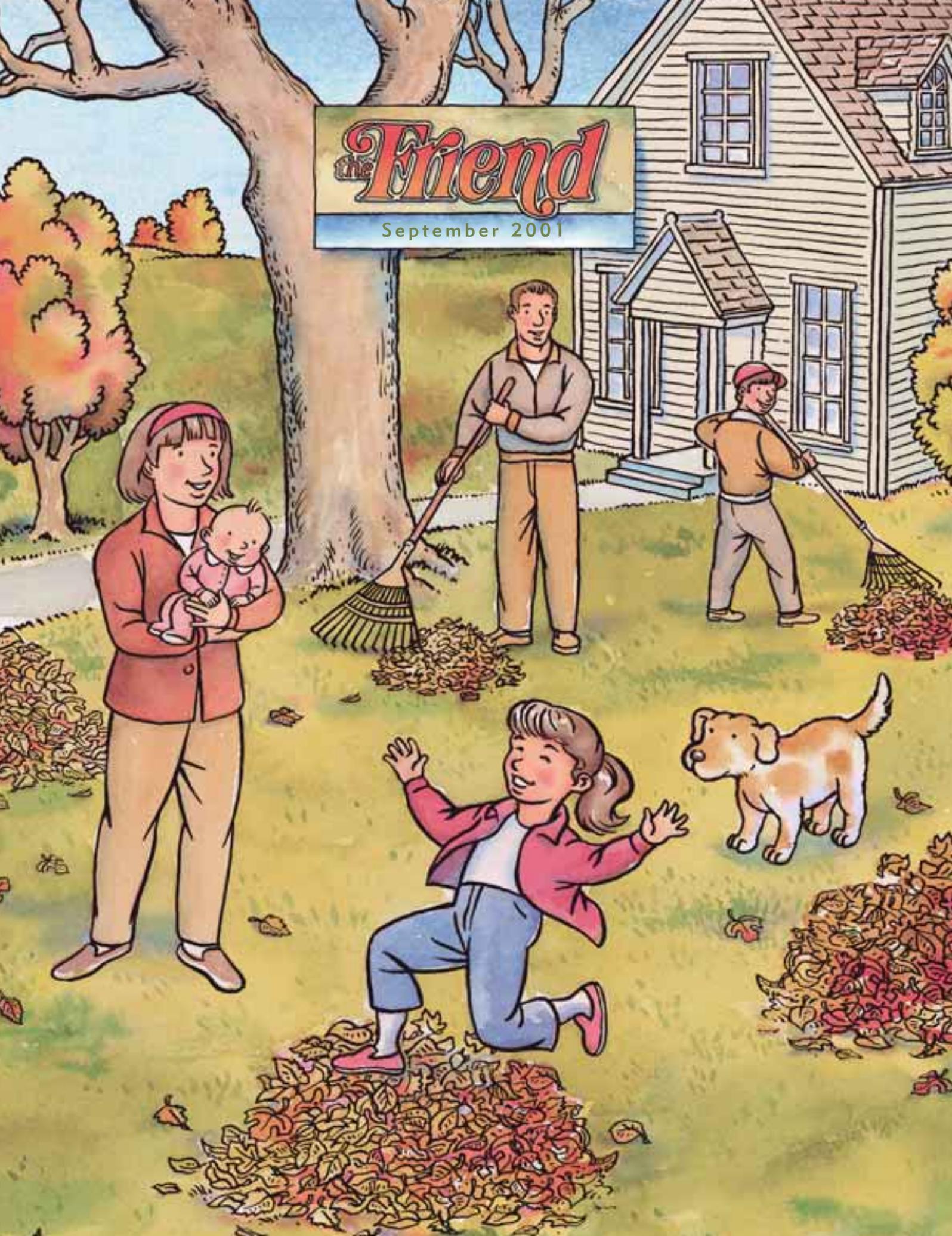


# the Friend

September 2001





## LUNCH BREAK

When I was seven years old my family moved to Canada

from Horsham, England. Choosing the right in England is the same as choosing the right in Canada. At school on my lunch break, sometimes I go to the corner store with friends. I see kids smoking, using bad language, and looking at inappropriate magazines. By learning to choose the right while I was in Primary, I'm still able to make good choices now by staying away from bad influences.

*Daniel Brownlee, age 12  
Calgary, Alberta, Canada*

**Note: This article is reprinted from the June 2001 *Friend*. We accidentally printed the wrong picture there. This is the correct picture of Daniel Brownlee. We are sorry for the mistake.**



## A GOOD EXPERIENCE

I follow the prophet by helping my mom. I clean my room without her asking me to. I do the dishes and help clean the house. I have a little brother who is eight

months old, and sometimes I baby-sit him when my mom is at work. I feel good when I help my family, and so do they! It's a good experience to follow the prophet.

*Kelsie McInerney, age 9  
Alzada, Montana*



## BROKEN LAMP

I was kicking a ball around in my sister's room until it was time for family prayer at bedtime. The ball hit the wall and then knocked over the lamp on her dresser, and the light went out. I put the lamp back, but the light didn't go on again. I was scared that it was broken for good, and I didn't want to tell my mom. I did tell Mom, though, and she found out that all it needed was a new bulb, so I was glad. I learned that you should tell right away when you do something bad. If you don't tell, you can get in big trouble.

*Sam Yoder, age 7  
Crete, Illinois*



## FUNSTUF PAGES

Something I like about the *Friend* is the Funstuf pages, and I would like it if there were more.

*Nathan Rae, age 12  
Sumner, Washington*

Volume 31 Number 9  
September 2001

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# the Friend

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

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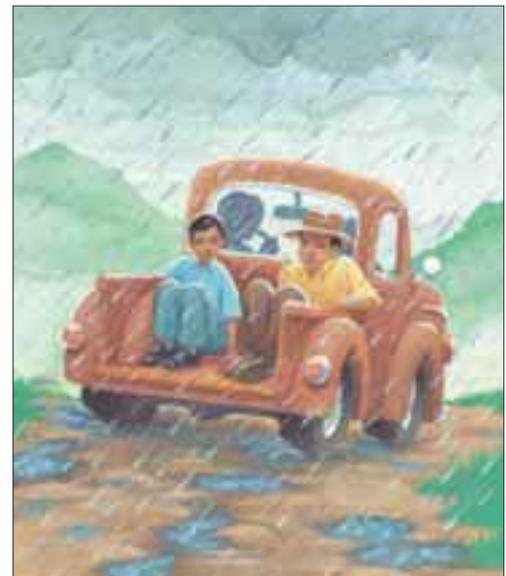
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Cover by Brad Teare



# Courage



*Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. (John 14:27.)*

**When you are baptized, you take upon you the name of**

**Jesus Christ. It takes great courage to honor that name by all you do and all you say. President Gordon B. Hinckley has written about that kind of courage.**

**A**s members of the Church, we . . . [are] set apart from the world. . . . [Latter-day Saints] may know discouragement and heartache as they explain their Church membership to family and friends. . . . The price of discipleship is personal courage. . . .

There is no more poignant (touching) picture in all history than that of Jesus in Gethsemane and upon the cross, alone: the Redeemer of mankind, the Savior of the world, bringing to pass the Atonement.

I remember being with President Harold B. Lee (1899–1973) in the Garden of Gethsemane in Jerusalem. We could sense, if only in a very small degree, the terrible struggle that took place there, a struggle so intense . . . that blood came from every pore (see Luke 22:44; Doctrine and Covenants 19:18). . . . We recalled that evil men laid brutal hands upon the Son of God. We

recalled that lonely figure on the cross, crying out in anguish, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” (Matthew 27:46). Yet, courageously, the Savior of the world moved forward to bring about the Atonement in our behalf. . . .

I think of a friend whom I knew when I was a missionary in London many years ago. He came to our door through the rain one night. I answered his knock and invited him in.

He said, as I remember, “I have to talk to someone. I’m all alone.”

I asked what the problem was.

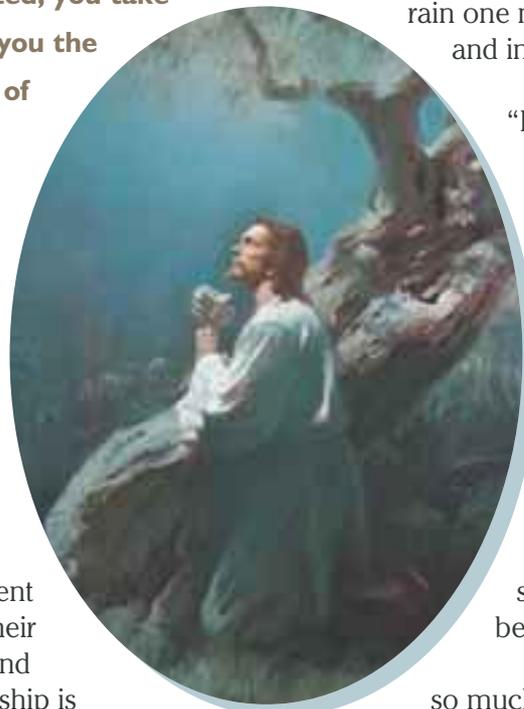
He said, “When I joined the Church, my father told me to get out of his house and never come back. . . . Last month my boss fired me because I am a member of this Church. And last night the girl I love said she would never marry me because I’m a Mormon.”

I said, “If this has cost you so much, why don’t you leave the Church and go back to your father’s home, . . . to the job that meant so much to you, and marry the girl you think you love?”

He said nothing for what seemed a long time. Then, putting his head in his hands, he sobbed as if his heart would break. Finally he looked up through his tears and said, “I couldn’t do that. I know this is true, and if it were to cost me my life, I could not give it up.”

He picked up his wet hat and walked to the door and went out into the rain. . . .

I should like to say to . . . young men and women of the Church, that I hope you may come to know inner personal courage. . . .



It takes resolution to be virtuous when those around you scoff at virtue. It takes commitment to abstain from [drugs and alcohol] when those around you scoff. . . . It takes love in our hearts to speak in peaceful testimony of the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ to those who would mock Him and belittle and demean Him.

There will be times that demand courage for each of us. . . . Each of us is to live with his or her testimony. Unless we do, we will be miserable and dreadfully alone. . . .

Yet while there may be . . . heartache, even heartbreak, there can be peace and comfort and

strength from the Lord for those who follow Him. . . .

The Lord [has promised]: “I will go before your face. I will be on your right hand and on your left, and my Spirit shall be in your hearts, and mine angels round about you, to bear you up” (Doctrine and Covenants 84:88). . . .

May we go forward with our righteous convictions. May we walk in truth and in faith and in love. For if we do so, we will be upheld and strengthened by the Lord.

(See *Ensign*, September 2001, pages 2–5.)



Wherefore, hear my voice and follow me  
(Doctrine and Covenants 38:22).

**(A TRUE STORY)**

By Patricia Reece Roper

**J**ake stared unhappily at his Primary teacher while she gave the lesson. He knew that she didn't know that he was upset, because she kept smiling at him. It wasn't that he didn't like his teacher. The problem was that he didn't like the lesson. It was about how we can follow the prophet. The more she taught, the sadder he became. Finally he raised his hand and asked, "Why do they always want us to do such hard things?"

Sister Roper looked confused. "I'm not sure I know what you mean."

Jake sighed deeply. How could he explain it? "I just don't know why we have to do so many hard

things. How are we supposed to follow the prophet? We're not big enough yet."

"Well, yes, you are," Sister Roper told him. "Jesus even said that all of us should try to be like little children, so you must be able to do things right."

Jake looked at the other children in the class. They didn't seem to know what he meant, either. "But it's just too hard to remember everything," Jake explained. "And I can't do what older people do."

Sister Roper thought for a minute, then said, "I think I know what you mean, Jake. And if you listen really closely, I'll tell you a story that might help."

Jake and the other children shuffled in their seats for a moment until they were comfortable.

# "It's Really



They liked to hear Sister Roper's stories.

"Is it a true story?" Jake asked.

Sister Roper nodded. "A few years ago, when my son Micah was your age, we had a similar lesson in Sharing Time. We were talking about how we can follow Heavenly Father. The counselor in the Primary presidency had a big banner in front of the Primary room. She told the children to raise their hands when they thought of a way to follow Heavenly Father. Then she would write their answers on the banner.

"The children began giving wonderful answers, like 'Read your scriptures' and 'Say your prayers' and 'Be a good example.' Micah raised his hand, and when the counselor called on him, he said, 'Brush your teeth.' "

had helped both him and the rest of us see that his answer really was correct."

"But does that really show Heavenly Father that we love Him?" Jake asked.

"Absolutely," Sister Roper replied. "That's what I learned that day. We don't have to make following Heavenly Father by following His prophet's counsel something hard. It's as simple as brushing our teeth. We just obey and do what's right. They don't ask us to do anything that we can't do. It's really simple—just obey."

"But what if he asks us to do something hard?" Jake was still worried.

Sister Roper cocked her head to one side as she carefully thought how to answer. "If you study it over

# Simple

Jake laughed with the other children in the class. "How can that show that you're following Heavenly Father?" he asked.

Sister Roper was laughing, too. "You know, I think we all wondered that. I thought that Micah hadn't been paying attention. Poor Micah! Everyone was laughing, and I could tell that he was really embarrassed. He looked like he was ready to cry. I know that he was sorry that he had raised his hand."

"Did everyone stop laughing then?" Lisa asked.

"Well," Sister Roper went on, "there were still a few snickers, but almost everyone stopped. The great lesson that I learned that day came when the counselor said, 'Very good, Micah. We do show Heavenly Father that we love Him when we take care of the bodies that He has blessed us with. I'm glad you thought of that.'

"No one was laughing while she wrote 'Brush your teeth' on the banner. I looked at Micah, and he was happily beaming. I was glad the counselor



in your mind, I think you'll find that there isn't anything really hard that we are asked to do. Is it too hard to say nice things? Or go to church? Or pay our tithing?"

Jake thought for a minute, then shook his head.

"I think you're right," Sister Roper said and smiled. "Following the prophet is like brushing our teeth in another way, too—we need to remember to do it."

Jake sighed happily. He felt as if a heavy backpack had been lifted off his shoulders. He was grateful to learn that following the prophet wasn't a problem. "Teacher?" Jake raised his hand as another thought came to his mind.

"Yes, Jake?"



Most of us think that the price of discipleship is too costly and too burdensome. . . . But [it] is not as heavy as it appears to be because we acquire through obedience a much greater strength to carry it:

**"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.**

**"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.**

**"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light"** (Matthew 11:28–30).

**What is the cost of discipleship? It is primarily obedience. . . . It is a price worth paying, considering that the great promise of the Savior is for peace in this life and eternal life in the life to come. It is a price we cannot afford not to pay.**

President James E. Faust,  
Second Counselor in the First Presidency  
(*Ensign*, April 1999, page 4.)

"Does that mean we follow the prophet in lots of little ways? You know, doing little things like picking up a pencil someone drops, or answering the telephone politely, or waving at our neighbor?"

"That's a great question, Jake," Sister Roper told him. "What do you think?"

Jake thought for a minute, then nodded. "I think 'yes.' "

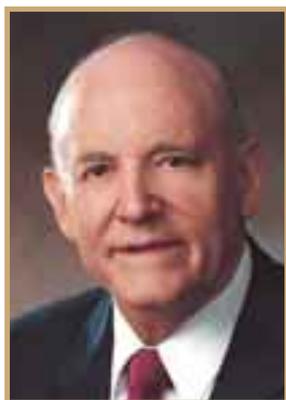
"And I think," Sister Roper concluded, "that if we start with little things and keep working and working at it, whatever the prophet asks us to do will be simple. Even if we are asked to leave our homes and move to the desert, like the early Saints who went to the Salt Lake Valley in Utah, we can do it. If we follow the prophet with the little things and take a step at a time, we can always do it."





FROM LATTER-DAY PROPHETS:

# Howard W. Hunter



*President Howard W. Hunter, the fourteenth President of the Church, taught that the best way to follow the prophet is to try to be like Jesus Christ.*

*For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you (John 13:15).*

One of the most important questions ever asked to mortal men was asked by the Son of God himself, the Savior of the world. To a group of disciples in the New World, a group anxious to be taught by him and even more anxious because he would soon be leaving them, he asked, “*What manner of men ought ye to be?*” Then in the same breath he gave this answer: “*Even as I am*” (3 Nephi 27:27). . . . Let us follow the Son of God in all ways and in all walks of life. Let us make him our exemplar and our guide. We should at every opportunity ask ourselves, “What would Jesus do?” and then be more courageous to act upon the answer. We must follow Christ, in the best sense of that word. We must be about his work as he was about his Father’s. We should try to be like him, even as the Primary children sing, “Try, try, try” (“Jesus Once Was a Little Child,” *Children’s Songbook*, page 55). To the extent that our mortal powers permit, we should make every effort to become like Christ—the one perfect and sinless example this world has ever seen. . . .

We must know Christ better than we know him; we must remember him more often than we remember him; we must serve him more valiantly than we serve him. Then we will drink water springing up unto eternal life and will eat the bread of life.

What manner of men and women ought we to be? Even as he is.

*(Ensign, May 1994, page 64.)*

# Keeping Promises

From an interview with Elder Kenneth Johnson of the Seventy, currently serving in the Australia/New Zealand Area Presidency; by Hilary Hendricks

**W**hen my wife, Pamela, was growing up in England, the Church was not very well established where she lived. They had a little branch, and they had a building to meet in, but they didn't have a temple in England or anywhere nearby. Pamela remembers vividly her parents saying, "One day you will go to the temple," and she believed them. The faith of her parents and her own belief in their faith was a wonderful thing.

Pamela's father, Thomas Wilson, would go with the missionaries on Sunday evenings to the marketplace in the city centre, where they held street meetings. A crowd would gather as the missionaries preached the restored gospel, and Pamela's father went along to bear his testimony. When Pamela was a little girl, she used to ask if she could accompany him and he'd say, "No, I don't think that's the best place for you to come." He knew that the crowds were not always friendly.



Sister Johnson at age 19, when she first met Elder Johnson

Sometimes people yelled to distract the missionaries and threw rotten fruit at them.

Just before Pamela turned eight, her father agreed that she could go with him one Sunday. While she was there, she saw the hostility toward the missionaries and toward her father. She relates that her father was standing on a box, so as to be seen, bearing his testimony. She was standing behind him, holding on to his coattails. She heard him bear his witness of Jesus Christ. To see her father stand in those circumstances and declare his testimony made a great impression on her life; it anchored her to faith in the Savior.



As an 18-year-old at the time he first met his wife

And so she grew up participating in the tiny Primary they had, still determined to go to the temple one day. She knew no young men, except for two cousins, who were members of the Church, and very few young women. Yet she grew up believing that she would be able to find someone she could marry and be sealed to in the temple.

Pamela and I met at a dance when we were teenagers. I asked her for a dance, and as we talked, she told me that she was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That was the first time I had ever heard of the Church.



By the garden shed behind his home at age 16

I wasn't interested in religion then—but she was so different from the other young ladies I knew!

She had a strong character; she knew what she believed, and she knew what she wanted. Early on, she let me know that there would be no chance of any marriage between us, because in the temple was the only place where she would marry. She had made promises, covenants, with Heavenly Father, and she had the loyalty to keep those promises. Soon I realized that what made her so attractive was the gospel. She reflected truths of the gospel in her life. We met in April, and I was baptized that August. Three years later, she agreed to marry me. We were sealed in the temple at last.

I think one of the things that drew me to Pamela was her loyalty. My parents were not members of the Church, but they taught me that it is important to keep our promises and be dependable. When I was a boy, I played a lot of football (soccer). My father watched me play and gave me pointers. He bicycled long distances, often, to do that. But I always knew that if he said he would come and watch me, he'd be there. His quiet dependability meant a lot.

At age sixteen, I started to deliver newspapers. I had an

old trade bike, a bike that has room to carry papers on the front. I loved cycling! One day I was cycling through the city, and in the bicycle-shop window, I saw a Coventry-Eagle bicycle. It was magnificent! It was lilac-colored with black trimming, and it had racing handlebars. I went home and told my father about it.

The next day, he said, "If you'll save up half the price of the bike, I'll give you the other half." Great! It took me many months to get half the money together. I did not realize until long after the event that my father would not have had sufficient money to contribute to the purchase when I first asked concerning the possibility. He knew that as I was saving, he could also save. That way, between us, we could raise the amount needed. My father always kept his promises.

Loyalty and dependability are essential qualities for members of the Church. At our baptisms and in the temple, we make promises with Heavenly Father. Keeping those promises blesses our lives and the lives of our families. I'm grateful for Pamela's loyalty, which anchored her in the gospel and led me to the Church. It is a privilege to be sealed to her for eternity.



**Elder Johnson and his wife, Pamela, and their son, Kevin**



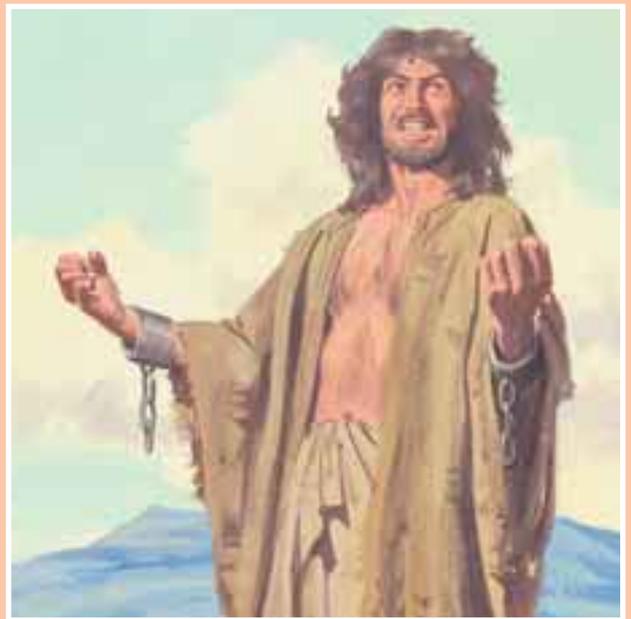
**Between his mother and his brother Clive, at 2 or 3 years of age**



**Sister Johnson (right), about 7 years old, with her Grandmother Martins and Margaret, her sister, about 4 years old**

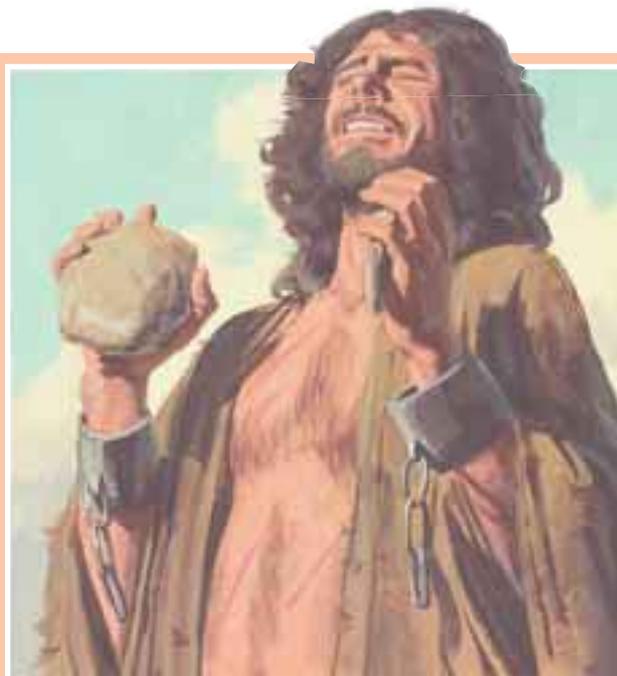
# THE MAN WITH THE EVIL SPIRITS

Chapter 25



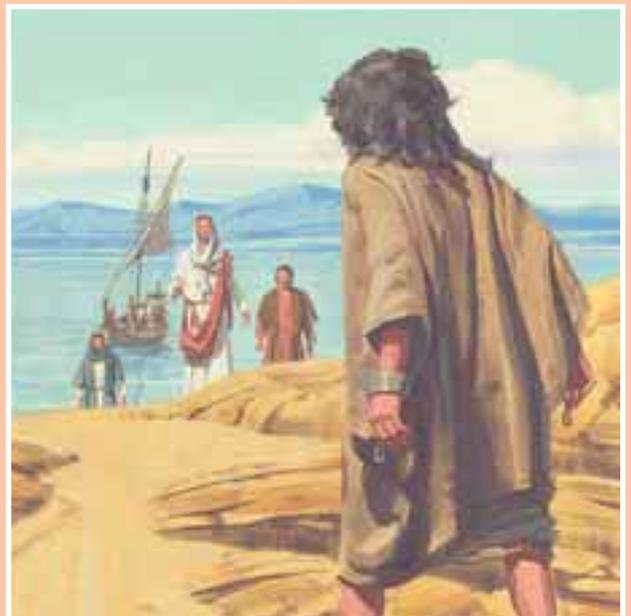
A man who lived in the mountains by the Sea of Galilee had an evil spirit in him that made him act wild. People tried to stop him by tying him with ropes and chains, but he broke them.

**Mark 5:1-4**



The man spent all night and all day in the mountains and caves. He cried all the time and cut himself with stones.

**Mark 5:5**



One day Jesus and His disciples crossed the Sea of Galilee in a boat. When the Savior left the boat, the man ran to Him.

**Mark 5:1-2, 6**



Jesus told the evil spirit to come out of the man. The evil spirit knew Jesus. He called Him the Son of God. He asked Jesus to not hurt him.

**Mark 5:7-8**



When the Savior asked the evil spirit what his name was, he said, "My name is Legion [many]." There were many evil spirits in the man. They asked Jesus to not send them away but to send them into the bodies of some nearby pigs.

**Mark 5:9-12**



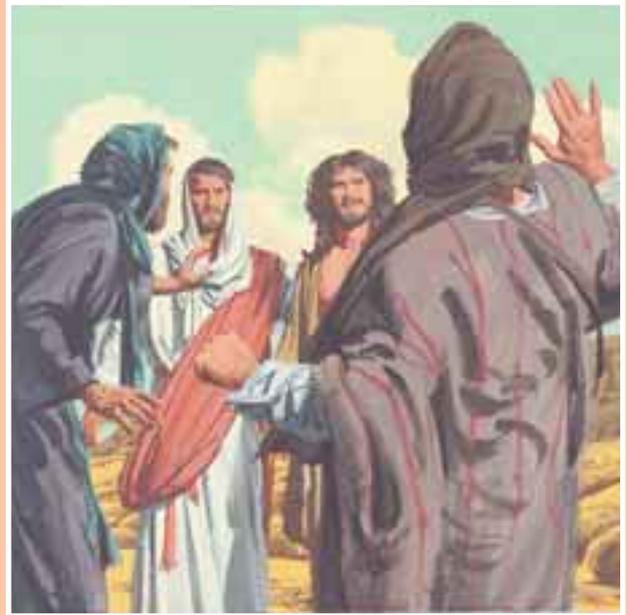
Jesus agreed. The evil spirits left the man and went into the bodies of about two thousand pigs. After the evil spirits entered them, the pigs ran down the hill into the sea and drowned.

**Mark 5:13**



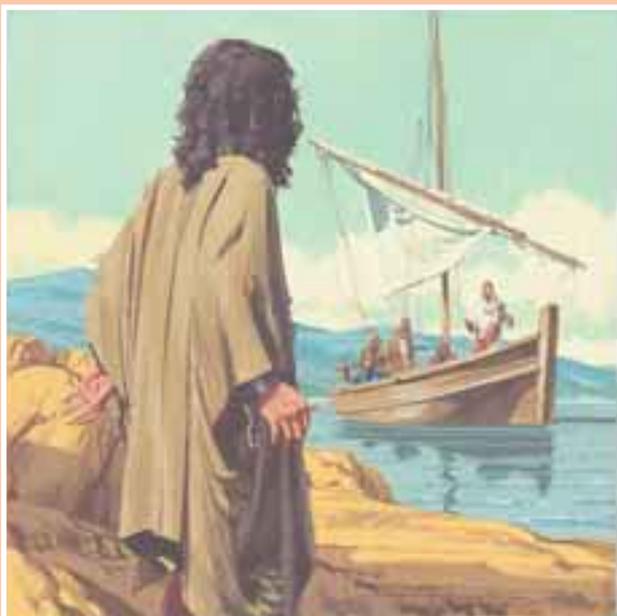
The men who cared for the pigs ran to the city and told many people what had happened. The people came and saw Jesus. They saw the wild man, too, but he was not wild anymore.

**Mark 5:14–15**



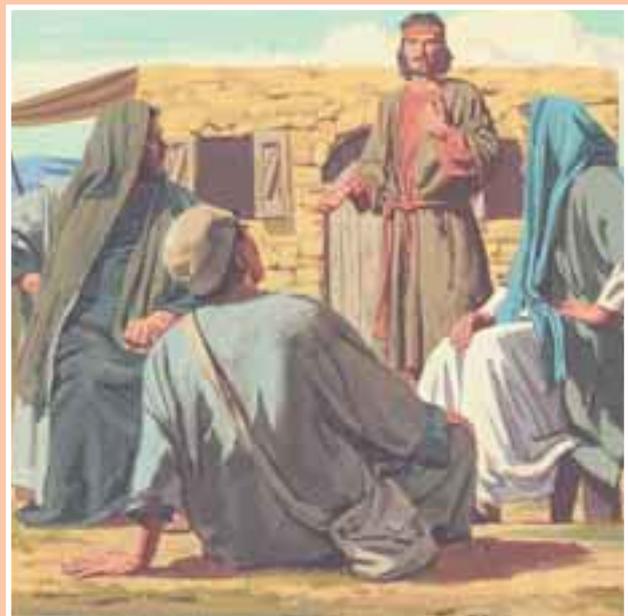
The people who came from the city could not understand. When other people told them what had happened, all of them were afraid of Jesus and asked Him to go away. He went back into the boat.

**Mark 5:15–18**



The man who was healed wanted to go with Him. The Savior told him not to come but to tell his friends what He had done for him.

**Mark 5:18–19**

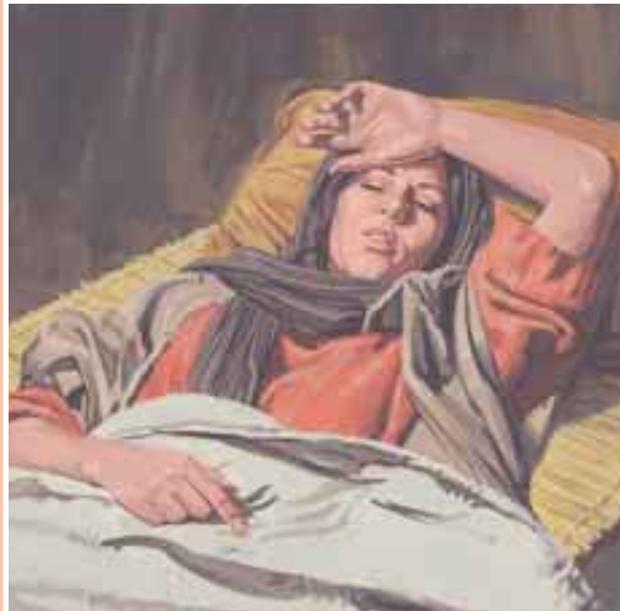


The man did tell his friends, and all marveled at Jesus' great power.

**Mark 5:20**

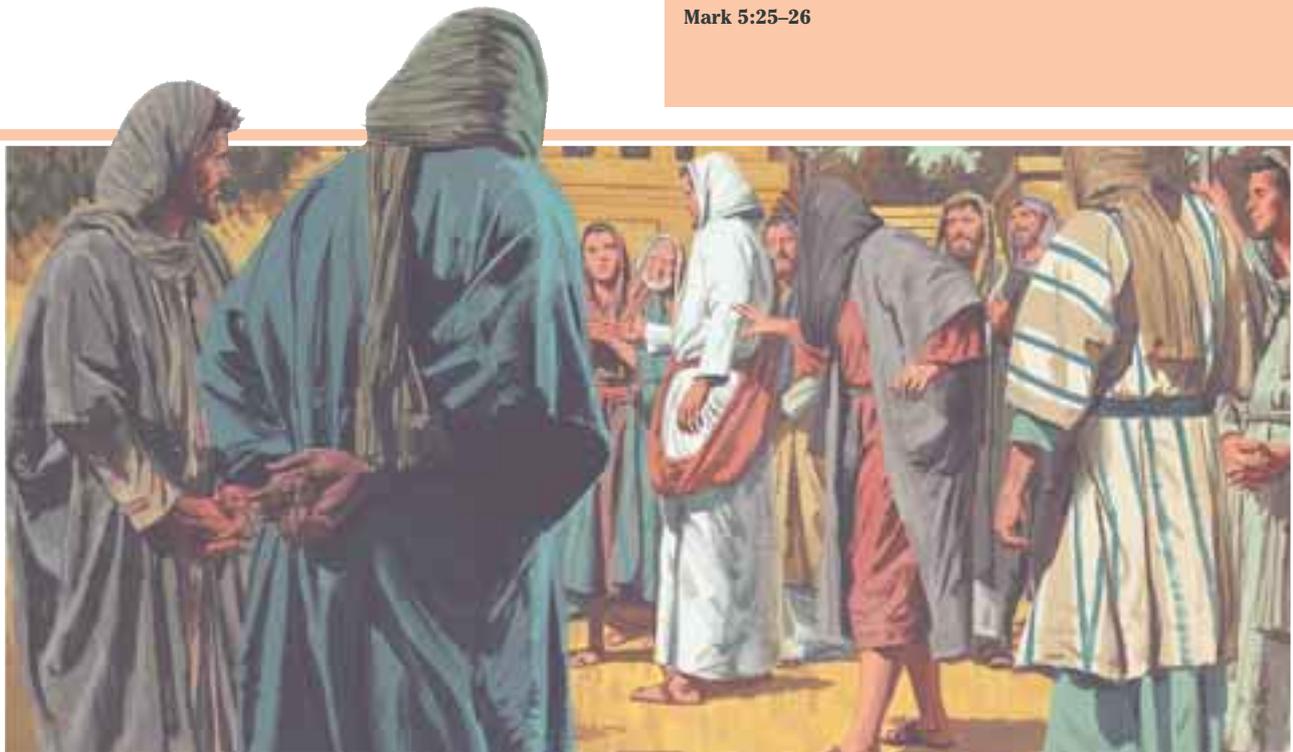
# A WOMAN TOUCHES JESUS' CLOTHES

Chapter 26



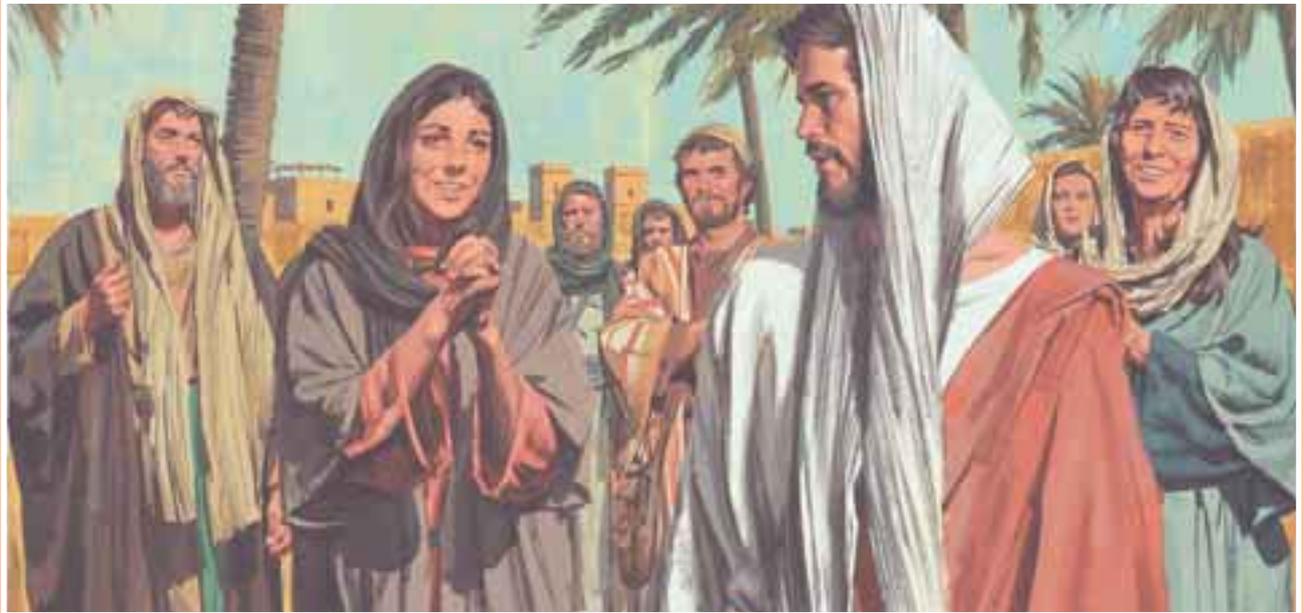
A woman who was very sick had been to many doctors. She had been sick for twelve years, but the doctors could not heal her.

**Mark 5:25–26**



One day she saw Jesus surrounded by many people. She had heard about Him and believed that she would be healed even if she could only touch His clothing. She reached out and touched the hem of His clothes.

**Mark 5:27–28**



She was healed immediately. Jesus turned around and asked, “Who touched my clothes?”

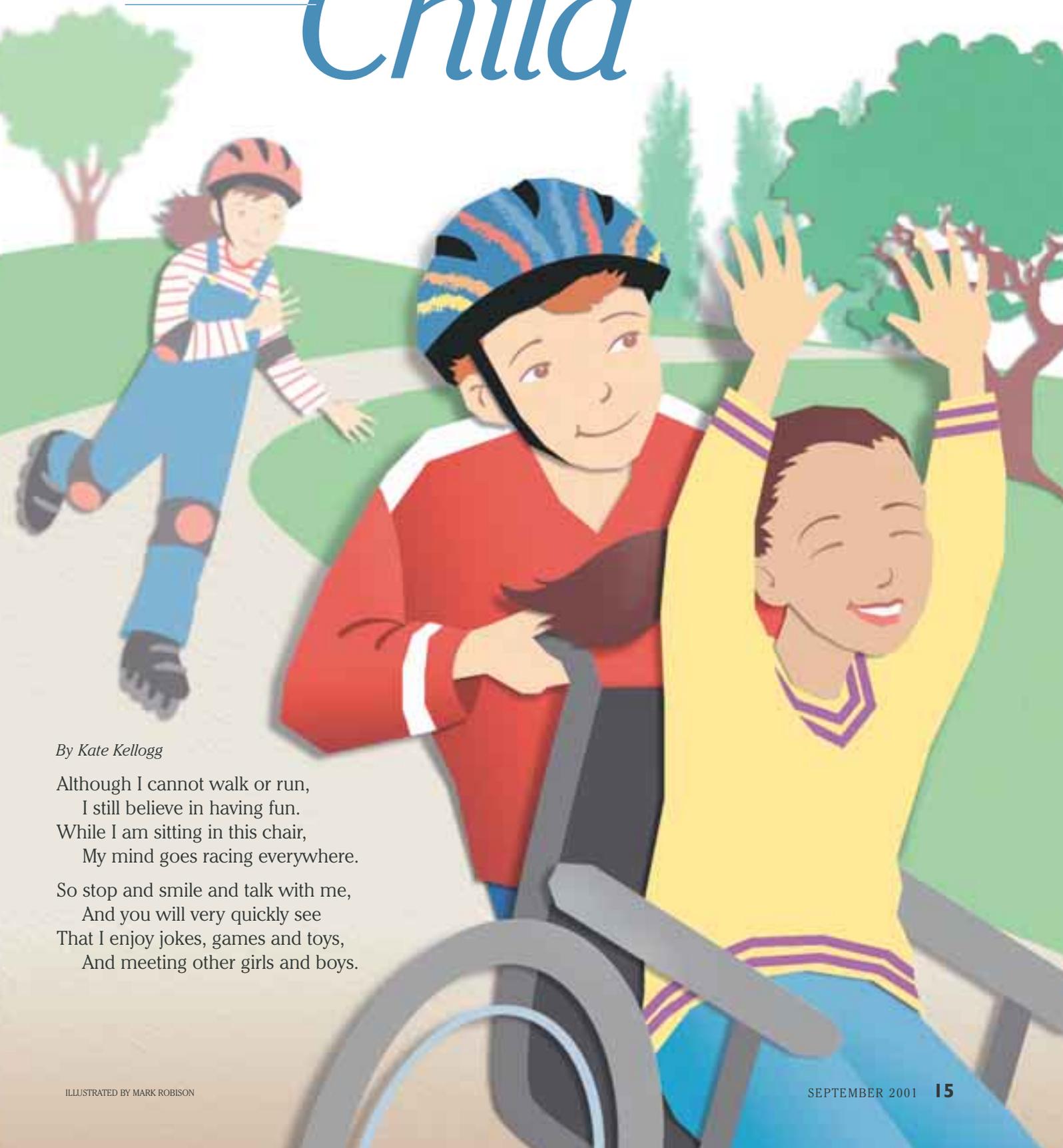
**Mark 5:29–30**



Afraid, the woman knelt by the Savior and admitted that she had touched Him. Jesus told her that her faith had made her well.

**Mark 5:33–34**

# Wheelchair Child



*By Kate Kellogg*

Although I cannot walk or run,  
I still believe in having fun.  
While I am sitting in this chair,  
My mind goes racing everywhere.

So stop and smile and talk with me,  
And you will very quickly see  
That I enjoy jokes, games and toys,  
And meeting other girls and boys.

# Sunday Eggs



**Choose the right!**  
*There is peace in  
righteous doing*  
(Hymns, no. 239).

**Note:** This is a true story from the history of Snowflake, Arizona. However, except for Sister Ballard and Bishop Hunt, who were real people, the author has used fictional people to tell it.

By Alma J. Yates



don't care what everybody else is doing," I snapped, charging from the barn where I'd been gathering eggs with my older sister, Minnie.

"Nobody needs *my* eggs."

"But they do, Penelope. They don't want *all* your eggs—just the ones the chickens lay on Sunday. It's to help rebuild the church."

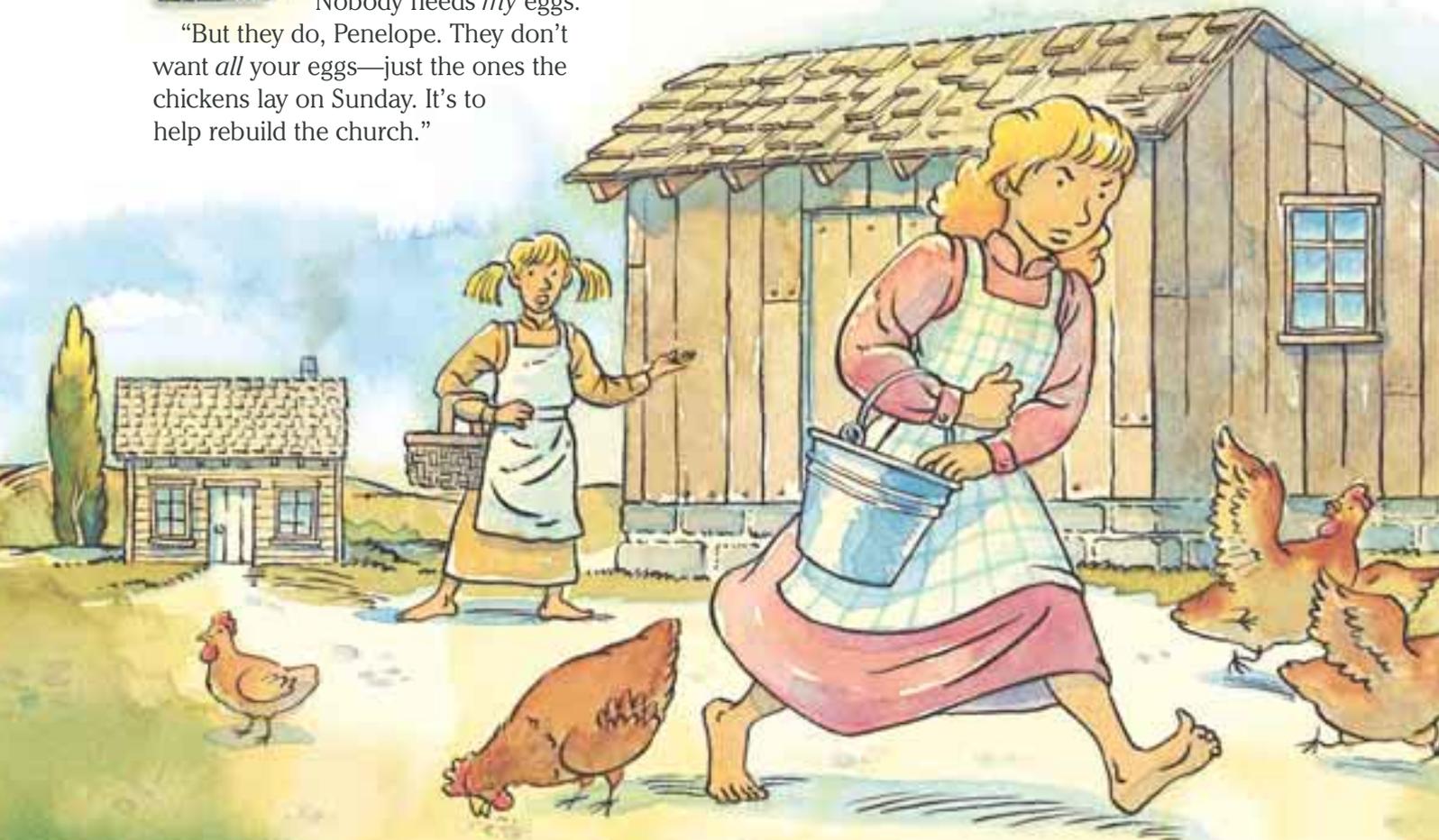
One of the first things the people of Snowflake had built when they first settled here along the banks of Silver Creek was the church. We'd all been proud of it.

Two weeks ago it burned.

I glared at Minnie standing in the barnyard with her bare feet peeking out from under her skirt. "I'm *not* giving away my eggs."

"But Bishop Hunt wants you to give your eggs."

I shook my head furiously. "Right in church yesterday, he said that nobody *had* to give their eggs."



He said that the Lord doesn't want anything from anybody who doesn't want to give it. That's how I know He doesn't want my eggs."

"But that's being horribly selfish."

"Minnie," I exploded, "I have plans for my eggs."

I thought of the catalog at the general store, where eight months earlier I'd seen the prettiest pair of black, pointed, high-heel shoes with buttoned laces on the sides. I wanted those shoes more than anything so that I could go to church in something really nice. But they cost five whole dollars. In 1894 in Snowflake, Arizona, five dollars was a lot more money than any ten-year-old girl had.

I had even prayed about those shoes, and two days later, Pa gave me an egg. I called it my treasure egg and kept it warm in a rag by the fire. It hatched in three weeks, and I had my first chicken.

I took really good care of that chicken. It wasn't long before she was laying eggs and having chicks herself. Now I had sixteen chickens, all laying eggs. I'd just started selling those eggs for ten cents a dozen. I knew that when I sold enough eggs, I'd be able to buy that pair of black, pointed-toe shoes.

"What about the church?" Minnie demanded.

"Minnie," I grumbled, "my few eggs won't get the church rebuilt any sooner."

"You're just thinking of those black shoes in the catalog."

"What if I am? I

want something nice to wear to church."

"Except there won't be a church for you to wear them in because you won't help rebuild it." Minnie stalked back into the barn.

Snowflake's Sunday egg project was Sister Ballard's idea. She was the Relief Society president and had asked all the people in Snowflake to donate the eggs that their chickens laid on Sunday. The Sunday eggs were to be sold and the money given to rebuild the church.

Any other time, I'd have joined the Sunday egg project, but most of my chickens had just barely started laying and I'd need every dozen eggs I sold to buy my shoes. Last Sunday, my chickens had laid twenty-one eggs, a real record!

Minnie came stomping out of the barn with a wooden bucket in each hand. She held one out to me. "Will you at

least go around town to collect eggs from everybody else?"

"I can help *collect* the eggs," I muttered. "I'll be helping with the project then. That will be more important than my few eggs."

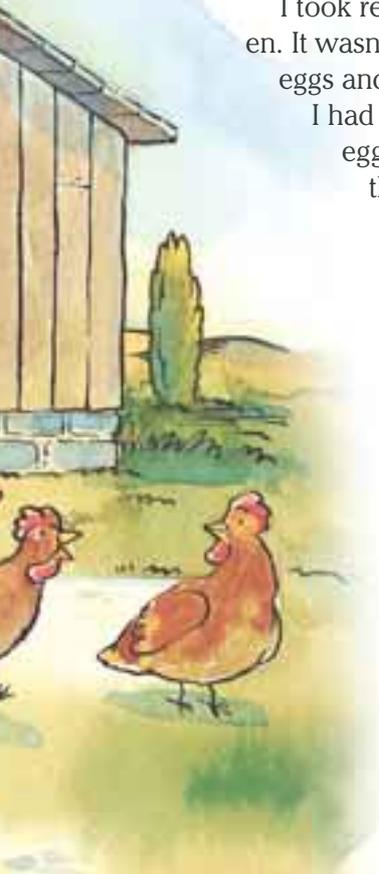
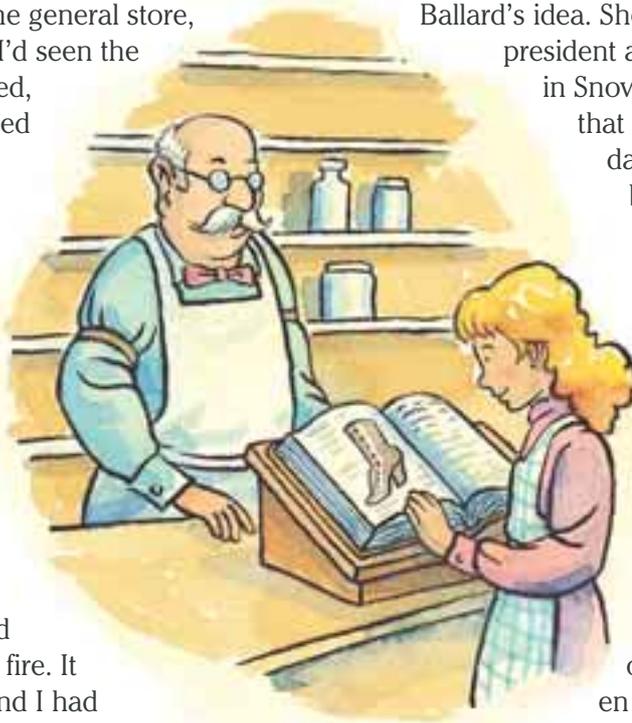
"Have you gathered your eggs yet?"

I swallowed and pressed my lips together. "I'm going to do it right now."

After I'd looked in every single nest, I charged out of the barn. "You stole some of my eggs, didn't you? I have only nine eggs, not even a dozen! Just last week I had twenty-one. You must have taken some of mine."

Minnie wagged a finger at me. "I didn't touch your old chicken eggs."

I went with Minnie and my best friend, Harriet, to collect eggs that Monday morning. I had never seen so many eggs. I was afraid that we were going to break half of them as we lugged our buckets around town. I told Harriet all about the fancy catalog shoes. "Nobody's going to have shoes as nice as mine," I boasted.



“They do sound like mighty fine shoes, Penelope. I can hardly wait to see them.”

Just then we passed the church. The thick adobe walls were still there, but the roof was gone and there were ugly black holes where the windows and doors used to be. I could hear the men working inside, and suddenly I felt a worm of uneasiness wiggle inside me. I looked away. “I can hardly wait to get my new shoes,” I repeated awkwardly to Harriet. She just stared sadly at our poor church.

“Why, you girls have surely been busy this morning,” Sister Ballard greeted us. “I can’t believe how well the chickens have been laying since we began our Sunday egg project. We’ll have that church rebuilt before you know it.”

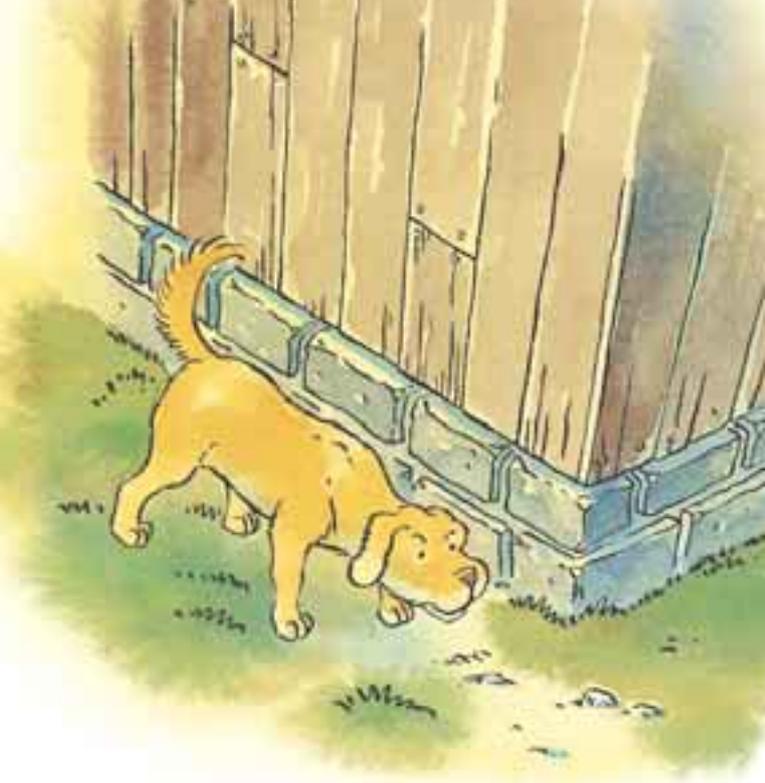
Minnie laughed cheerfully. “The chickens must know we’re using these eggs for the church, because they’re laying more than ever on Sundays.”

“I certainly hope you’re right, Minnie,” Sister Ballard chuckled.



I had a little notebook under my pillow in the loft. On the first page, I kept a record of how many eggs my chickens laid each day. Before the church had burned down, my chickens laid heaps of eggs. But since the egg project began, it was as if they dried up. I fed them and coaxed them to loosen up, but they sure had a hard time.

There were other troubles. Three times during the week, skunks prowled around the barn at night and scared the chickens until Mustard, our dog,



chased them off. Another night, a coyote sneaked in and ran off with one of Pa’s best laying hens. And Silas’s dog next door got through a crack in the wall and gobbled up half a dozen of my eggs.

With everything happening, my chickens were so nervous and afraid that they practically stopped laying eggs altogether. In fact, the next Sunday, they laid only four eggs among them. My notebook showed that they didn’t do much better all week.

Monday morning when it was time to gather the Sunday eggs, I told Ma that I wasn’t feeling well, so she let me stay in bed while Harriet and Minnie collected the eggs. I wasn’t exactly sick, but I was miserable. I didn’t want to ask other people for their eggs when I wasn’t willing to give up mine.

In the distance I heard the hammering and the sawing at the church. It was a horrible, annoying sound. I ducked under the sheet and buried my head in my pillow so I wouldn’t have to hear it.

That afternoon, Ma sent me to the store to buy two cups of sugar. Before I got it, I took another peek in the catalog. For some reason, my shoes didn’t seem as pretty and fancy as they had.

Saturday night, as I studied my egg record for the week, I frowned. I had gathered only twenty-two eggs all week—not even a whole two dozen. I remembered the Sunday I had gathered twenty-one eggs in one day. Tears welled up in my eyes. It wasn’t fair—I was working hard, but my chickens weren’t cooperating.

I thought about asking the Lord to bless my poor chickens. After all, I'd prayed to get my treasure egg in the first place, and He had answered that prayer. But then I got a sick feeling in my stomach. How could I ask the Lord to help my chickens so I could get some fancy shoes, when I wouldn't even share my eggs to help Him rebuild His church?

I looked at my record again. The Sunday before, I had gathered six eggs. "I can give the Lord six eggs," I muttered to myself.

As soon as I said those words, a warm, peacefulness suddenly drove away my misery. I dropped to my knees. I didn't ask the Lord for one thing. All I did was promise that until the church was rebuilt, I'd give away all my Sunday eggs.

As soon as I pushed up off my knees, an ugly thought pushed its way into my head. *What if tomorrow my chickens lay another twenty-one eggs? I closed my eyes. I could give six eggs away, but could I give twenty-one? For a moment, I wondered if I should go back to the Lord and change my*

promise. The old misery started twisting in my stomach again. I clenched my fists, closed my eyes, and stomped my foot. "A promise is a promise," I whispered firmly. "I don't care if the chickens lay a hundred eggs."

The next day, I was tempted to check my chickens, but I didn't. Monday morning, I was up bright and early and charged out to the barn. Before I slipped through the door, I said a little prayer, reminding Heavenly Father what I'd promised and

letting Him know that no matter what, every single egg belonged to Him.

*What if there are only five eggs? Or even four or three?* I asked myself. I suddenly felt horrible and closed my eyes again. "And if there aren't very many," I whispered softly, "Thou canst have some of my Monday and Tuesday eggs, too."

I didn't have to worry, though, because those silly chickens must have known what I'd promised. When I went around to their nests, they'd been working overtime. I collected twenty-two eggs!

I gathered them as fast as I could, and without waiting for Minnie or Harriet, I raced down the street to Sister Ballard's house. I wanted mine to be the very first eggs she collected that Monday morning. As I ran by the church, the men were already working. I could hear the saws whine and the hammers bang, and it was beautiful, soothing music in my ears. It was *my* music because my few eggs were going to help it keep sounding beautiful and soothing until the church was finished.





## SHARING TIME

*I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (1 Nephi 3:7).*

# I CAN FOLLOW THE PROPHET

By Diane Nichols

Sometimes on a hot summer day, after you have been working or playing outside for a long time, do you feel really thirsty for a drink of water? When you are really thirsty, there is nothing as good as a cool drink of water! Plants, animals, and people all need water to stay alive. When it doesn't rain for a long time and there isn't enough water for all the plants and animals, it is called a drought.

Many years ago, in 1899, there was a terrible drought in southern Utah. For more than two years there was no rain. The streams, and even the wells, around the town of St. George had dried up. There was no water for the crops, so they withered up and died. Thousands of cattle died of thirst. Many people began moving away because of the lack of food and water.

Nell was a little girl living in St. George at that time. Her father told her that things were so bad that they would also have to move away soon.

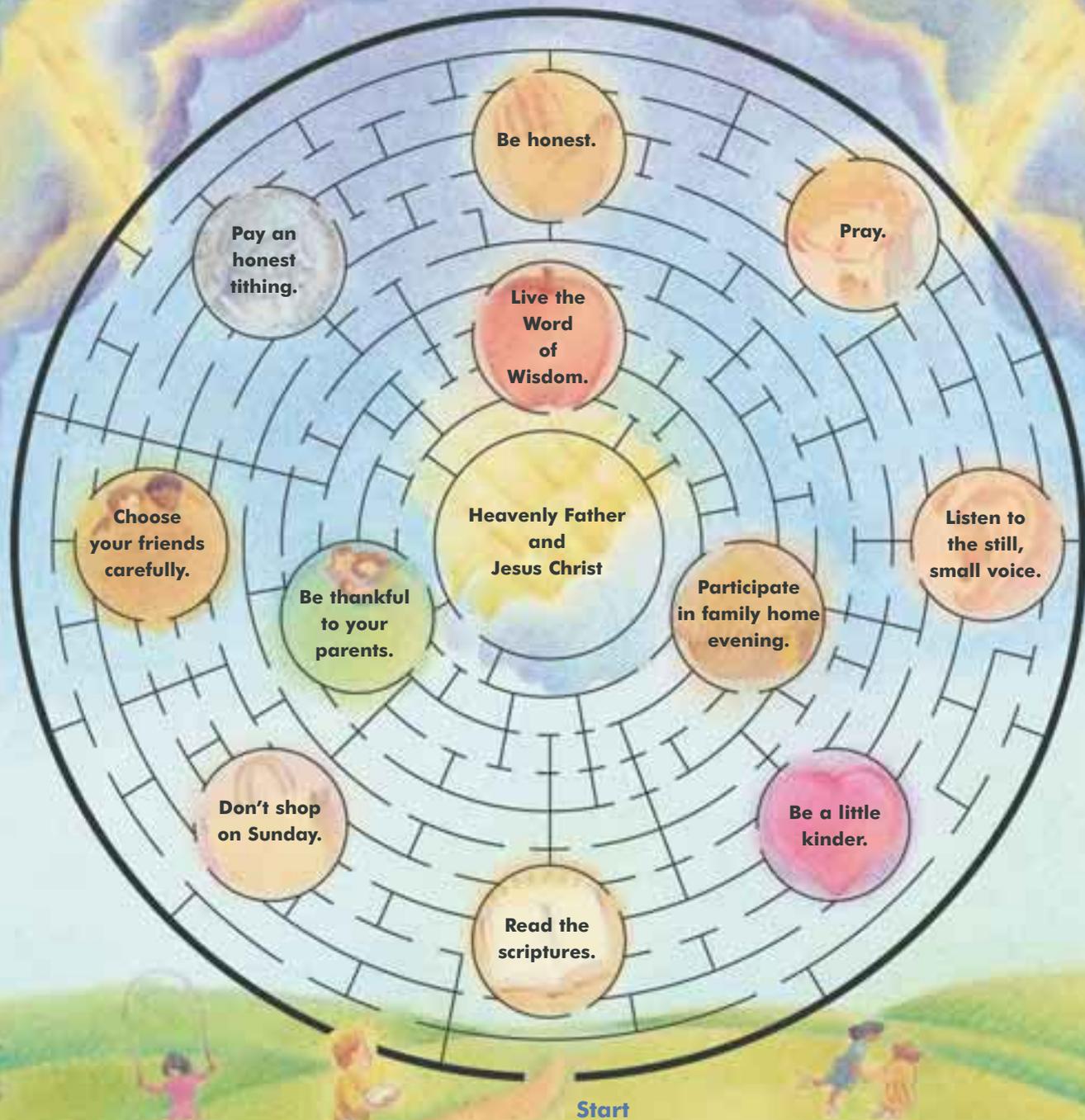
In June, Nell and her mother went to a Church conference in St. George. The prophet, President Lorenzo Snow, was going to speak. Nell's father stayed home to pack the family's things for their move. Nell listened carefully to what the prophet said. After the conference, she could hardly wait to tell her father about it. As soon as she arrived home, she ran to find him. She told him that President Snow had promised that if the people would pay their tithing and plant their crops, it would rain and they would have food for the coming year.

At first, Nell's father was reluctant. He explained that their family couldn't survive another year if the crops didn't grow. Nell reminded him that her

grandfather had told her about how the people in his day were blessed by doing exactly what President Young asked them to do. Nell had wished that she could have lived then and followed President Young. Grandfather had smiled at her and had reminded her that President Snow was the prophet now and he was the one Nell needed to follow. Her grandfather said that if she followed the living prophet, she would be blessed. She believed her grandfather, and she believed that President Snow's promises would all be fulfilled. She even offered to give her father the money she had saved to help pay their family's tithing.

The next morning, Nell saw her father out plowing, getting ready to plant their fields. Her family stayed in St. George and did exactly what the prophet asked them to do. During the hot, dry weeks that followed, the people of St. George paid their tithing, planted their fields, prayed, and watched the cloudless sky for rain. Neither Nell nor her father was surprised when two months after the conference, it began to rain. The crops grew in abundance that year!

Nell had faith that if her family did what the prophet asked them to do, they would be blessed. *We will be blessed if we follow the living prophet, President Gordon B. Hinckley, have faith and pay our tithing, read the scriptures, have family home evening, keep the Sabbath Day holy, say our prayers, and obey the commandments. President Hinckley speaks for Heavenly Father. Whatever he asks of us is what Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ want us to do. If we are obedient, we will be blessed.*



## PATHWAY TO HEAVEN

See if you can follow the teachings of President Gordon B. Hinckley that will lead you through the maze to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ. Color the correct pathway, then cut

out the page and hang it in your bedroom to remind you of some of the things the prophet has counseled us to do so that one day we can return to live with Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.

## SHARING TIME IDEAS

### (CS = *Children's Songbook*; GAK = *Gospel Art Kit*)

1. Explain that throughout our lives, we will have to make choices. When we choose to do what the prophet asks us to do, our choices will guide us back to Father in Heaven. Prepare a board game for the children to play (see *Teaching, No Greater Call*, pp. 168–170.) Make a game piece—a picture of a boy and a girl—for each class. Color them different colors. On a large piece of paper, draw a path leading from our home on earth back to Father in Heaven. Draw other paths breaking off from the main one and leading to dead ends. Divide the paths into squares. At the point where the paths intersect, put a picture of a latter-day prophet (see GAK 400, 507–520). On the space beyond the intersection of the path that leads to Heavenly Father, write a counsel given by that prophet to help us return to Heavenly Father (i.e. Joseph Smith / we must be baptized by someone with authority from God; Joseph F. Smith / family night (family home evening); Ezra Taft Benson / read the Book of Mormon, etc. See the backs of the GAK pictures of the prophets for other suggestions.) On the spaces next to the intersections on the dead-end paths, write something that the prophets have told us to not do (for example: steal a candy bar, cheat on a test, be unkind to others, pay tithing only when it's easy to do so). In a bowl, place folded pieces of paper with numbers written on them. To play the game, have each class in turn draw a number and move its game piece along the path. When the game piece comes to an intersection, ask which path the class wants to follow and why, then move the game piece accordingly. Play until all classes reach the end. You may wish to work with your music leader and choose songs from the CS to sing that reinforce the choices the children make. (For example: “The Lord Gave Me a Temple” (p. 153), “Family Night” (p. 195), “Nephi’s Courage” (pp. 120–121).

2. Using the information on the backs of the pictures of the Latter-day prophets in the GAK for suggestions, choose a variety of things the prophets have counseled us to do (see Sharing Time Idea #1). On separate pieces of paper, write down the counsel the prophets have given; fold the papers. Place them in a box. Let each class draw a paper from the box and pantomime the counsel. Have the rest of the children guess what the class is doing to “follow the prophet.” When they have guessed correctly, have them guess which prophet gave this counsel (there may be more than one correct answer). Post the prophet’s picture with the piece of paper the children drew from the box posted under it. When the last class has finished, sing a song to reinforce the need for each of us to choose to follow the prophet, such as “Stand for the Right” (CS, p. 159). Bear your testimony of how following the

counsel of the prophets has blessed your life.

*For older children:* You may wish to have the classes draw a reference to a quote from the *Ensign* or the scriptures related to the counsel. Have them all look up the references they picked before they take turns pantomiming the counsel.

3. Show the children a picture of your bishop/branch president. Invite his wife to come and tell about his childhood, family, job, and what some of his duties are as bishop/branch president. Explain that because of his testimony of the gospel and his desire to sustain our prophet, the bishop/branch president has accepted his calling to serve the ward/branch. Have the children think of some of the things the bishop/branch president has asked the ward/branch members to do that will help them follow the prophet (pay tithing, pray as families, study the scriptures daily, hold family home evening, keep the Sabbath Day holy, etc.). Explain that part of sustaining the bishop/branch president is doing what he asks us to do. Have each child trace his or her hand onto a piece of paper, then write what he or she will do to sustain the bishop. Cut out the hands and place them in a container. If possible, invite the bishop/branch president to Primary and present him with the container. Have the children sing “Fathers” (CS, p. 209, v. 2) or “Our Bishop” (CS, p. 135).

4. Review “My Gospel Standards” and prayerfully select a few principles that you feel need to be taught in your Primary. Choose several adults serving in the Primary and have them conduct a station (see *Teaching, No Greater Call*, pp. 117, 179) to teach the principles selected. For example, at one station, the music leader could teach a song such as “The Word of Wisdom” (CS, pp. 154–155) and bear her testimony to this principle; at another station, a member of the presidency could tell a story about being kind to others. At a third, a teacher might have the children play a matching game of things we can do to keep the Sabbath Day holy, and make a list of them for each child to keep. After the children have rotated through all the stations, give each a piece of paper with “I will always obey the prophet by \_\_\_\_\_” written across the top. Have them fill in the blank by writing or drawing one principle that they will work on during the coming week. Ask the children to share their goals with their families and hang their papers where they will be seen each day.

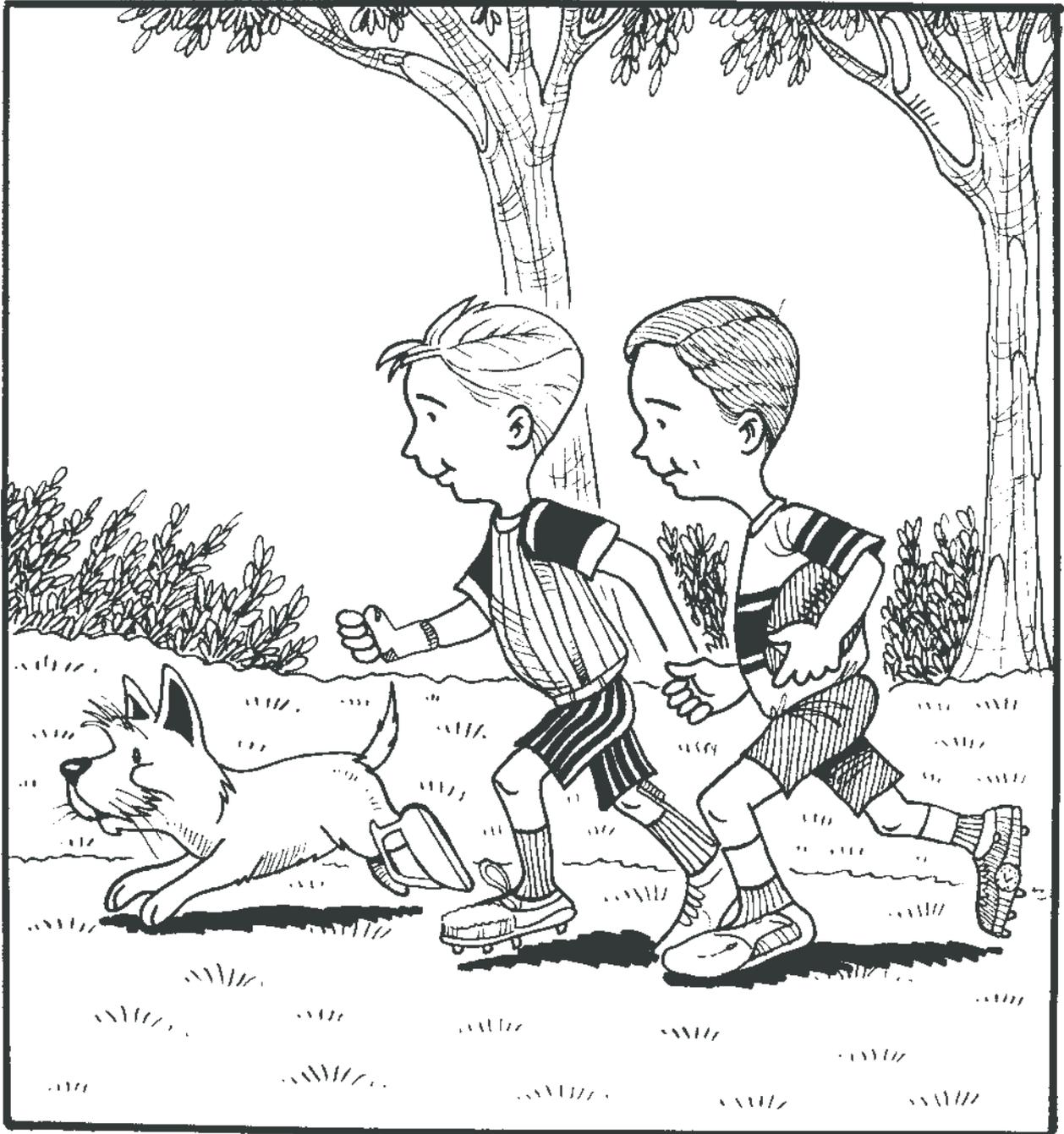
5. Additional *Friend* resources: “Nephi Gets the Brass Plates” (Feb. 1996, p. 43); “We Have a Work to Do” (Aug. 1997, IFC); “His Servants the Prophets” (Jan. 1998, pp. 42–43), “What Would the Prophets Want Me to Do?” (Sep. 1999, pp. 36–39).



Exercising and obeying the Word of Wisdom, which was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith on February 27, 1833 (see Doctrine and Covenants 89) help us be strong and healthy. See if you can find the following items hidden in this picture of two boys getting exercise: a banana, a cupcake, a duck's head, a hairbrush, a hammer, an iron, a leaf, a man's shoe, a pen, a sock, a toothbrush, and a wristwatch.

## Keeping Fit

By Robert Peterson



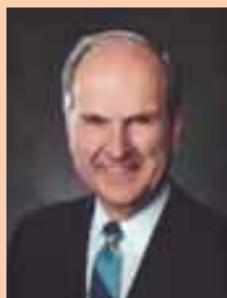
# SEPTEMBER *in* CHURCH HISTORY



**PRESIDENT BOYD K. PACKER**,  
Acting President of  
the Quorum of the  
Twelve Apostles  
Born: September 10, 1924



**ELDER DAVID B. HAIGHT**  
of the Quorum of the  
Twelve Apostles  
Born: September 2, 1906

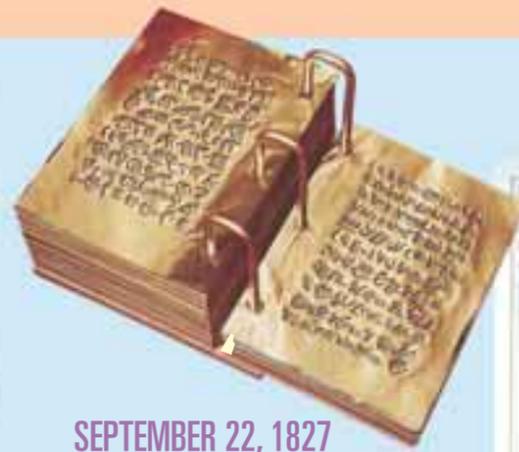


**ELDER RUSSELL M. NELSON**  
of the Quorum of the  
Twelve Apostles  
Born: September 9, 1924



DALE KILBOURN

**SEPTEMBER 21–22, 1823**  
Moroni visits young Joseph Smith  
five times.



**SEPTEMBER 22, 1827**  
Joseph Smith receives the  
gold plates from Moroni.

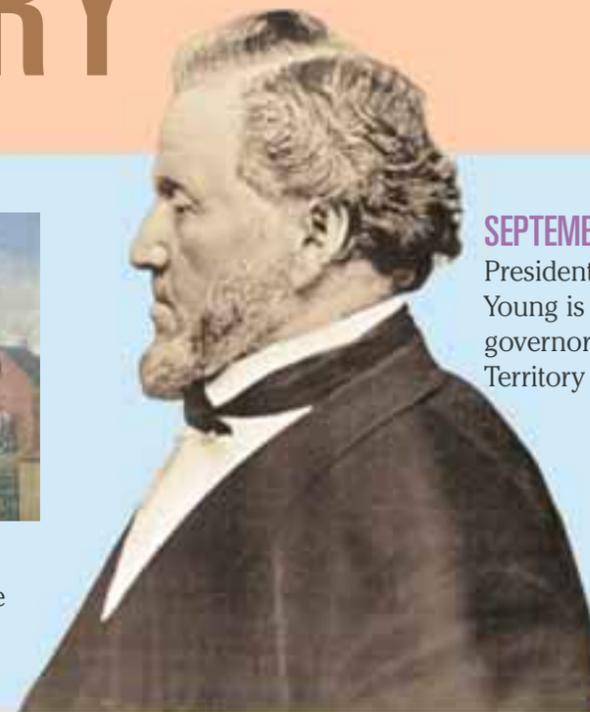
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**SEPTEMBER 9, 1845**  
Church leaders state their  
intent to move the  
Church to the Rocky  
Mountains to establish a  
refuge for the Saints.

THE BATTLE OF NAUVOO BY C.C.A. CHRISTENSEN  
COURTESY MUSEUM OF ART, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



**SEPTEMBER 17, 1846**  
The remaining Saints in Nauvoo are  
driven out in the Battle of Nauvoo.



CHARLES R. SAVAGE

**SEPTEMBER 9, 1850**  
President Brigham  
Young is appointed  
governor of the  
Territory of Utah.

**SEPTEMBER 24, 1860**

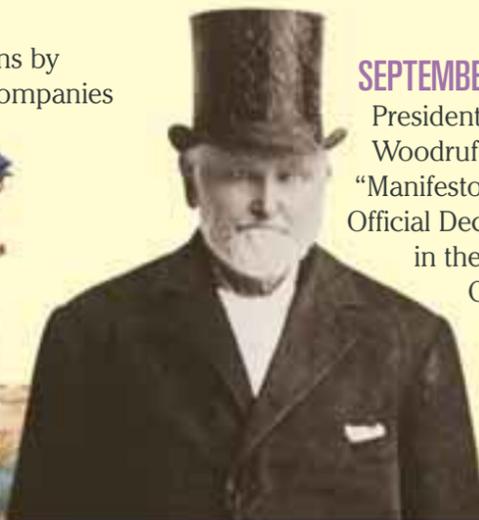
The last of the pioneers to cross the plains by  
handcarts arrives in Salt Lake City. Ten companies  
came by handcarts between 1856  
and 1860.



OLINDA H. REYNOLDS

**SEPTEMBER 24, 1890**

President Wilford  
Woodruff issues the  
“Manifesto,” now  
Official Declaration #1  
in the Doctrine and  
Covenants.



**SEPTEMBER 8, 1893**

The Tabernacle Choir wins  
second place in the choral  
contest at the Chicago  
World’s Fair.

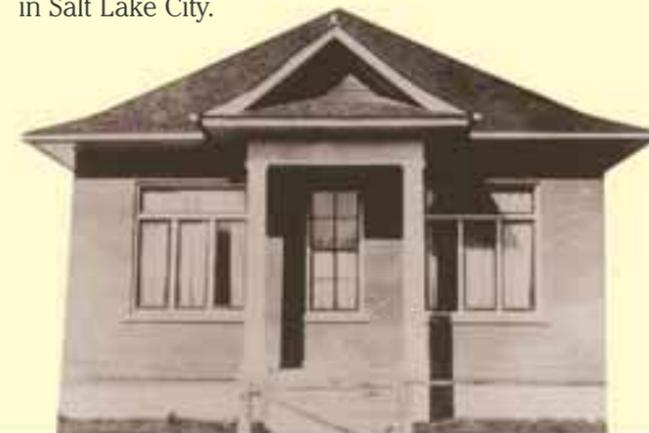


**SEPTEMBER 26, 1909**

United States president  
William Howard Taft visits  
Salt Lake City and speaks  
in the Tabernacle.

**SEPTEMBER 1912**

The first seminary is begun at Granite High School  
in Salt Lake City.



**SEPTEMBER 29, 1979**

The LDS  
Edition of the  
King  
James Version  
of the Bible is  
published.



TAMRA RATIETA

**SEPTEMBER 1915**

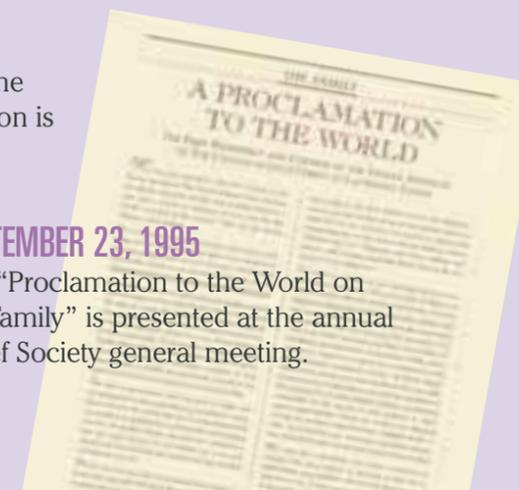
*Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage of  
the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, is published.

**SEPTEMBER 26, 1981**

The new edition of the  
Triple Combination is  
published.

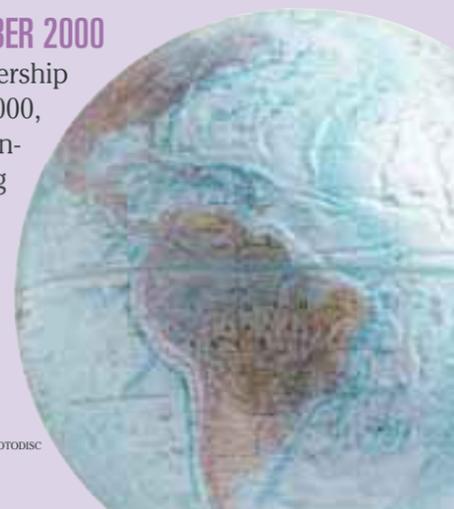
**SEPTEMBER 23, 1995**

The “Proclamation to the World  
on the Family” is presented at the annual  
Relief Society general meeting.



**SEPTEMBER 2000**

Church membership  
reaches 11,000,000,  
with more non-  
English-speaking  
members than  
English-speaking  
members.



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# President Spencer W. Kimball CROSSWORD

By Hilary Hendricks

You can learn about President Spencer W. Kimball, the twelfth President of the Church, by doing this crossword puzzle. Read the clues, then fill in the puzzle by choosing the correct answer from the words below.

**Bible  
journals  
lengthen  
memorized  
missionary**

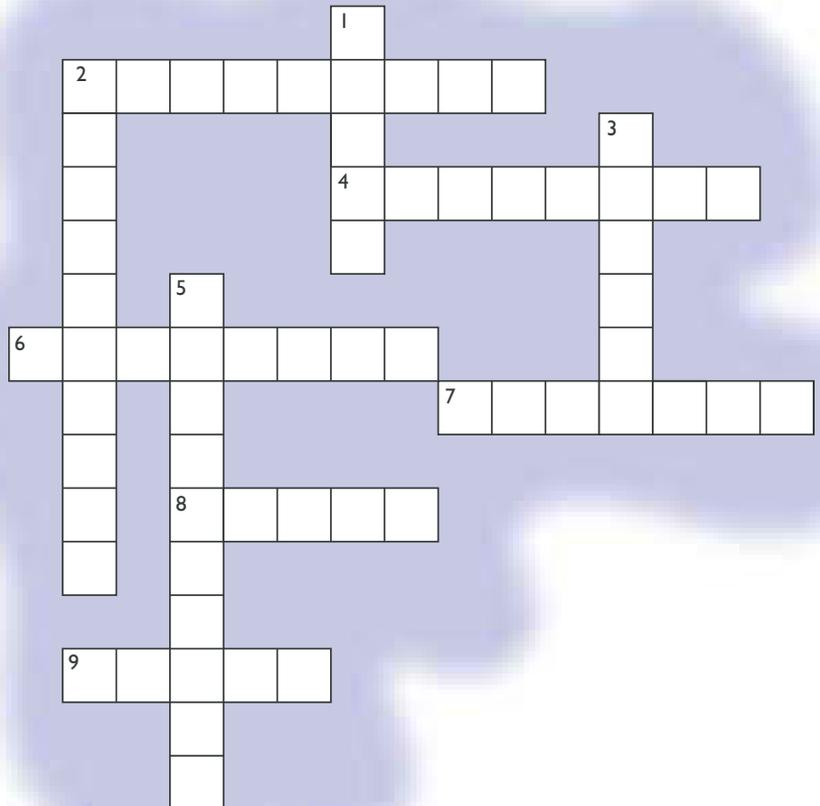
**parties  
priesthood  
shoes  
small  
throat**

**ACROSS**

- 2. While young Spencer W. Kimball pumped water and milked cows, he \_\_\_\_\_ the Articles of Faith and the words of hymns.
- 4. One of his favorite sayings was “\_\_\_\_\_ your stride.” That meant that Church members needed to work harder to do missionary work and keep the commandments.
- 6. President Kimball asked members to write in these so that others could read about their lives.
- 7. Young Spencer was a favorite at these neighborhood events, partly because he kept people laughing and partly because he could play the piano.
- 8. Although he was always \_\_\_\_\_, like his mother, he was good at sports—especially basketball, volleyball, and snowshoeing.
- 9. President Kimball said, “My life is like my \_\_\_\_\_, to be worn out in service.”

**DOWN**

- 1. When Susa Young Gates, a daughter of



President Brigham Young, challenged people in Spencer’s stake to read this book all the way through, fourteen-year-old Spencer decided that he would. It took him a year, but he finished it!

2. President Kimball felt that every member should do this kind of work, and that each worthy young man should be a full-time \_\_\_\_\_.

3. After having surgery for cancer in his \_\_\_\_\_, Elder Kimball spoke in a whispery, scratchy voice.

5. People everywhere were very happy when Heavenly Father told him that all worthy men should be able to hold the \_\_\_\_\_, no matter what their race or color.

# Jesus Christ Will Come Again

By William Schlegl



The Second Coming of the Savior will be a time of happiness, peace, and love for those who keep His commandments. To find out what Jesus Christ told His disciples about His Second Coming, write the answer to each multiplication problem above its letter. Then place that letter on each blank in the code that has that number below it.

6x3	5x7	4x4	7x6	3x9	6x6	9x9	7x4	5x8	3x4
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
A	B	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L
8x7	6x5	9x5	7x9	4x5	6x8	9x8	7x3	8x4	6x9
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
M	N	O	R	S	T	U	V	W	Y

“  
 35 72 48    45 27    48 81 18 48    16 18 54    18 30 16    81 45 72 63  
 40 30 45 32 42 48 81    30 45    56 18 30'    30 45'    30 45 48    48 81 42  
 18 30 36 42 12 20    45 27    81 42 18 21 42 30'    35 72 48    56 54  
 27 18 48 81 42 63    45 30 12 54”

## Funstuf Answers

*President Spencer W. Kimball Crossword:* Across—(2) memorized, (4) lengthen, (6) journals, (7) parties, (8) small, (9) shoes. Down—(1) Bible, (2) missionary, (3) throat, (5) priesthood.

*Itty Bitty Animal Names:* ape, auk, bat, bee, boa, bug, cat, cow, doe, dog, elk, ewe, fly, fox, pig, ram, rat, ray, sow.

*Jesus Christ Will Come Again:* A=18, B=35, D=16, E=42, F=27, G=36, H=81, I=28, K=40, L=12, M=56, N=30, O=45, R=63, S=20, T=48, U=72, V=21, W=32, Y=54. “But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only” (Matthew 24:36).

# A Prophet Talks to Children



*I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (1 Nephi 3:7).*

**A prophet in these latter days**, President Ezra Taft Benson, has spoken directly to children. He said, “I pray that you will know that this is a personal message just for you.

“How I love you! How our Heavenly Father loves you! . . .

“I desire to teach you what our Heavenly Father wants you to know so that you can learn to do His will and enjoy true happiness. It will help you now and throughout your life. . . .

“How pleased I am to hear of your love for the Book of Mormon. *I* love it too, and Heavenly Father wants you to continue to learn from the Book of Mormon every day. . . .

“I also hope your parents and leaders will give you opportunities to learn from the Doctrine and Covenants, the Pearl of Great Price, and the Bible as well.

“Now, there are other important things Heavenly Father wants you to do.

“He wants . . . to help you because He loves you, and He *will* help you if you . . . ask Him for His help. In your prayers, also thank Him for your blessings. Thank Him for sending our oldest brother, Jesus Christ, into the world. He made it possible for us to return to our heavenly home. . . . When you make mistakes, your Heavenly Father still loves you. So pray to Him, and He will help you

try again to do right. . . .

“The Holy Ghost is also a gift from Heavenly Father. The Holy Ghost helps you to choose the right. The Holy Ghost will protect you from evil. . . .

When you *do* good, you *feel* good, and that is the Holy Ghost speaking to you. . . .

“Honor your fathers and mothers. They will help you make good decisions. . . .

“Attend sacrament meeting. Listen carefully to what your bishop says. . . .

“Enjoy Primary, and attend every week. . . .

“Be honest. Do not lie nor steal. Do not cheat. Do not use profanity. . . .

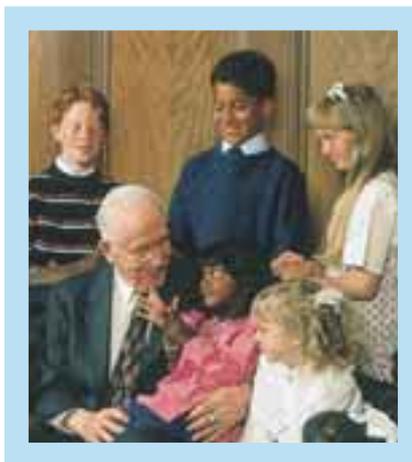
“Be a *true* Latter-day Saint. Stand up for your beliefs.

“Avoid books, magazines, videos, movies, and television shows that are not good. . . .

“Choose clothing that covers your body properly. Behave in a courteous and polite way. Live the Word of Wisdom. Keep the Sabbath day holy. . . . Do your best to be good. . . .

“Heavenly Father sent you to earth at this time because you are some of His most valiant children. He knew there would be much wickedness in the world today, and He knew you could be faithful and obedient.”

(See *Ensign*, May 1989, pages 81–83.)



# Family Home Evening Bingo



After discussing President Ezra Taft Benson's talk in family home evening, play this game with your family. It will remind everyone of some of the things President Benson told the children of the Church.

**Instructions:** Remove this page from the magazine and mount it on lightweight cardboard. Cut out the game board and use it as a pattern to make as many as needed. Cut out the phrase squares and display them so that everyone can see them. Have each player choose the word(s) in bold letters on each phrase square and write a different one in each blank square on their game board. Make sure that no one makes the same placement of words. Put the phrases into a paper sack, then draw a phrase from the sack and read it. The players who have the bold word(s) from the phrase on their game board, should place a bean or button on it. The first player to get five squares in a row covered—horizontally, vertically, or diagonally—wins the game.



The <b>prophet</b> teaches you.	Read the <b>Book of Mormon</b> .	Study the <b>scriptures</b> .	Enjoy true <b>happiness</b> .	<b>Pray</b> to Heavenly Father.	<b>Heavenly Father</b> loves you.	The Holy Ghost helps you <b>choose the right</b> .
The <b>Holy Ghost</b> protects you from evil.	Be <b>honest</b> .	Use <b>no profanity</b> .	<b>Honor</b> your parents.	<b>Attend</b> sacrament meeting.	<b>Avoid</b> TV and videos that aren't good.	Choose <b>modest</b> clothes.
Be <b>polite</b> .	<b>Live</b> the Word of Wisdom.	Keep the <b>Sabbath</b> day holy.	Be <b>good</b> .	You are one of the most <b>valiant</b> children.	Be <b>faithful</b> .	Be <b>obedient</b> .
Stand up for your <b>beliefs</b> .	Avoid wickedness in the <b>world</b> .	Listen to your <b>bishop</b> .	Be thankful for <b>Jesus Christ</b> .	Attend and enjoy <b>Primary</b> .	Be <b>thankful</b> for blessings.	Heavenly Father will <b>help</b> you.



FOR LITTLE FRIENDS

I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called little children like lambs to his fold (Children's Songbook, page 56).

# sweet songs

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

By Lauren H. Cook

 , please sing me a  ,”  said as he snuggled under  
 the  on his  . “What  do  want me  sing?”  
 asked. “Sing me a sweet  ,”  answered. “A sweet  
 ?”  looked  d. She thought of all the things she knew  
 that were sweet:  ,  ,  . “  don’t think  know  
 a  about  ,”  finally said.  giggled. “  a  
 about  ,” he said. “  don’t know a  about  
 , either,”  said.  shook his head. “  a   
 about  .” “  ?”  asked. “No,”  replied. “  do

 want  sing a  about something sweet. 

want  sing a  about some  sweet. Some  who

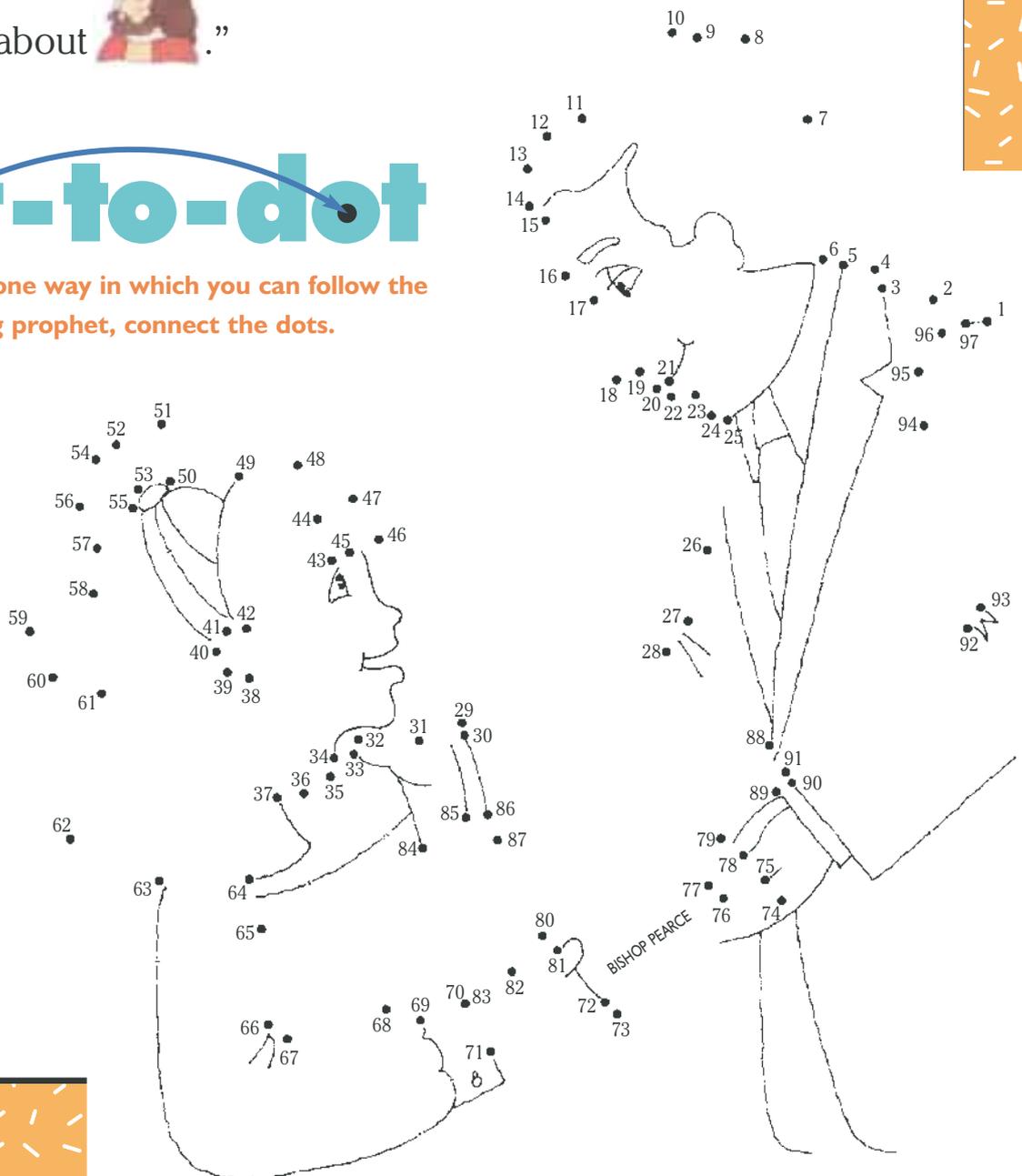
is loving  kind  helps others.”  smiled. “  mean

some  like  .”  nodded. “Yes,” he said. “Please sing me a

sweet  about  .”

# dot-to-dot

To discover one way in which you can follow the living prophet, connect the dots.





FOR LITTLE FRIENDS



# Happy or Sad

## FACING OUR CHOICES



**Y**ou can give a family home evening lesson on how to be happy. For each person, you will need: scissors, a magazine, two paper plates, glue, and two paint-stirring sticks. You will also need yarn, crayons (optional), and tape.

Have each person make a happy face and a sad face by cutting eyes, noses, ears, and mouths out of the magazine and gluing them onto the fronts of the paper plates; use yarn for hair. Or they can draw the faces or parts of the faces on the plates. (See illustrations for other ideas.) Have a grown-up glue or tape a paint-stirring stick to the back of each plate.

When each person has a sad face and a happy face, ask someone to read these two scriptures: Mosiah 2:41

and Alma 41:10. Point out that keeping the commandments leads to happiness. Breaking them leads to sadness. Explain that you will tell several brief stories about people who obeyed or disobeyed Heavenly Father's commandments. You might want to ask another family member to help you think of stories. Each person will vote, by holding up the happy or sad face, whether the choices in each story lead to happiness or sadness. For example, you might say, "John smoked a cigarette," or "Mary helped her mother." Or you can make the stories harder.

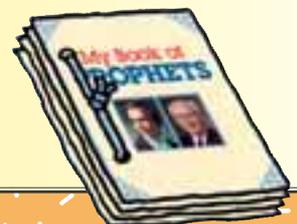
After each story and face-vote, talk about why the choice made would lead to happiness or sadness. If you wish, you can let another family member take a turn telling a story while you take a turn voting.



## My Book of Prophets

1. Color the pictures of the prophets.
2. Remove the page from the magazine and glue it to heavy paper; let dry.
3. Cut along the lines and punch holes on the circles.
4. Stack the four pages with John Taylor on the bottom, then Brigham Young, then Joseph Smith, and the title page on top. Thread yarn through the aligned holes and tie loosely (see illustration).
5. On the back of each page, write (or have someone write for you) what you have learned about that prophet during the year.

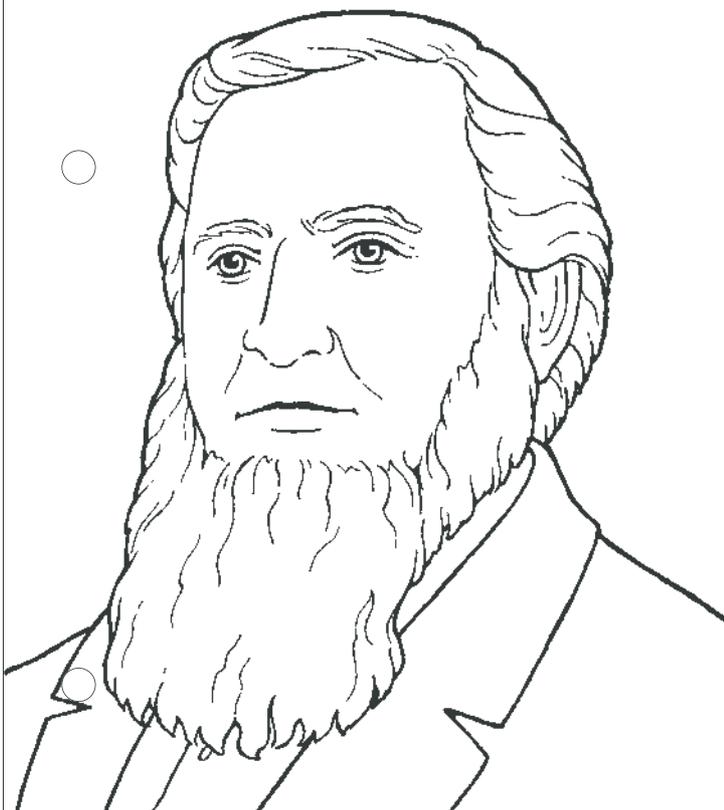
Four more prophets will appear in each of the next three months. In December, when all fifteen prophets are in your book, tie the yarn bindings firmly.



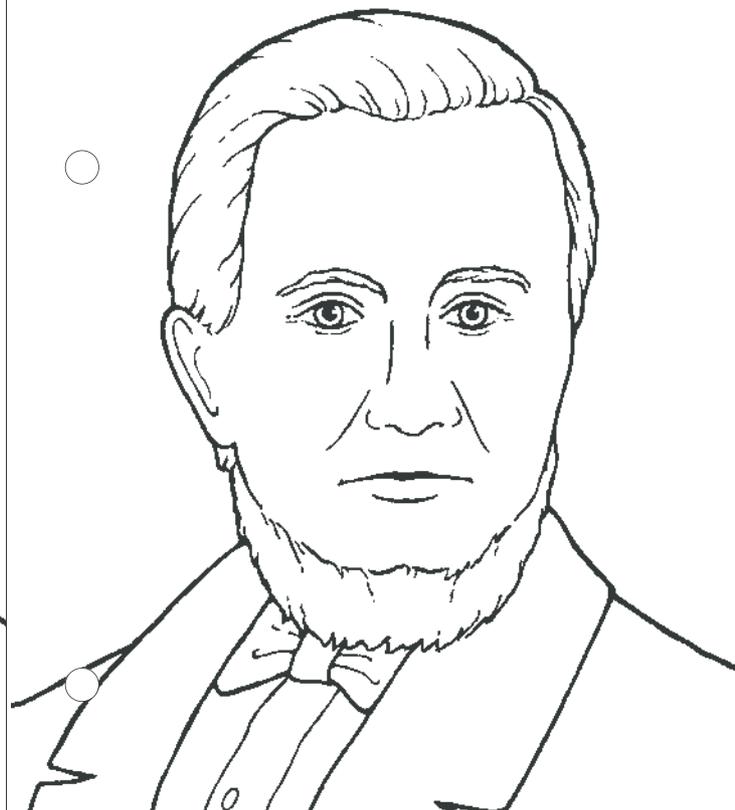
○ My Book of  
**PROPHETS**



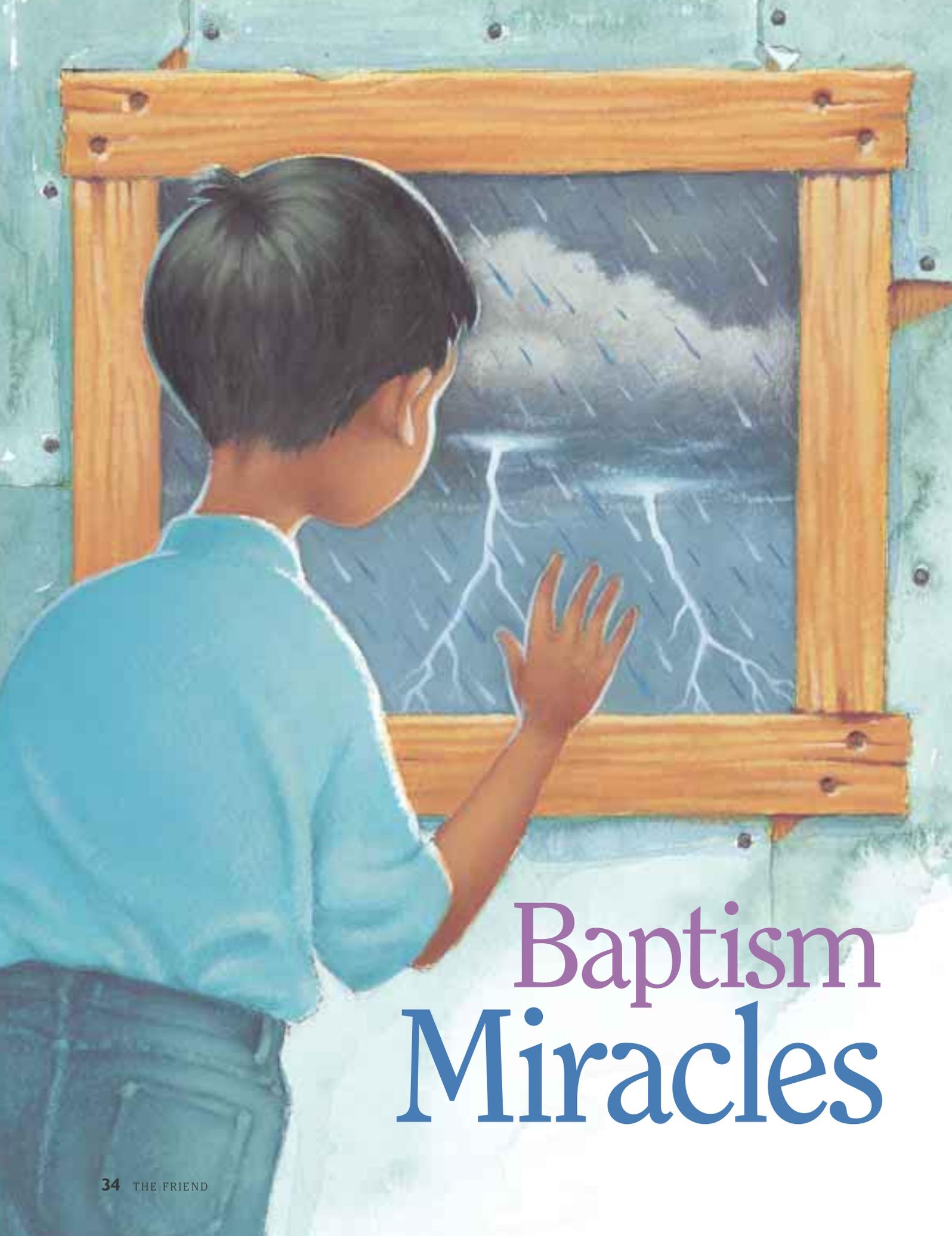
Joseph Smith



Brigham Young



John Taylor



# Baptism Miracles

*Thus God has provided a means that man, through faith, might work mighty miracles (Mosiah 8:18).*

**BASED ON A TRUE EVENT**  
 By Jane McBride Choate

Miguel Arrellano looked out the window of the tar-paper shack. Thunderclouds had opened up, pouring forth torrents of rain. Such storms were not unusual in his small village set in the mountains of Colombia.

Normally Miguel did not mind the rain. It watered the crops that the family depended upon for a living. Today, though, he prayed for the rain to stop. It was a special day—the day he and his parents would be baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He remembered when the two missionaries had found them. Elder Berger and Elder Santos, dressed in dark pants and white shirts, had appeared at their door. They wore small, black, name badges proclaiming that they represented the Church.

Elder Berger was tall, almost two meters. He came from Utah in the United States of America. In Colombia, men are rarely so tall. Papá was only a few centimeters taller than Miguel. Elder Santos was a native missionary and even shorter than Papá.

Miguel had practiced saying Elder Berger’s name. The syllables sounded strange upon his tongue. They laughed together as the American missionary tried to say *Arrellano*.

The elders told the family the story of Joseph Smith and the Restoration. When Elder Berger bore his testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel, tears streamed down his face. He and Elder Santos both testified that Joseph Smith had been a prophet and that Gordon B. Hinckley was now the prophet. Though Miguel was only eleven, he knew that he was hearing the truth.

Mamá had cried when the elders had spoken of families being together forever. “Always, we search for something,” she had said. “Now I know we have found it.” She’d placed her hand on her heart. “I feel it. Here.”

The rain continued to fall in sheets and showed no signs of letting up.

Miguel looked from Mamá to Papá. “We must go. We told Elder Berger and Elder Santos that we would be there.”

Papá pointed to the flooded road. “There will be no bus today.”

The family had no car and had to rely on the bus. They had to change buses twice to reach the church. Each week, they carefully counted out the coins necessary to buy the bus tokens for Sunday. This week, they had taken money from their small food budget to pay for the extra trip to the church.

Papá worked very hard, but there was never enough money. Mamá had saved a little and made them new clothes. She had sewn Miguel and Papá shirts and herself a blouse. Miguel thought that she looked pretty in the bright yellow color.

He remembered the picture of President Hinckley the two young elders had shown the family. *The prophet would not give up. He would find a way to get to the church,* Miguel decided, *and so will we.*

“Señor Tomás,” Miguel said, glancing out the window and seeing their neighbor. “He goes to the city every day. Maybe he will give us a ride.”





Miguel ran across the muddy yard to their neighbor's humble home. Señor Tomás nodded agreeably as the boy explained the situation. Miguel and Papá climbed into the back of the truck; Mamá rode in the cab with their neighbor.

They held on tightly as the old truck bounced over the rough roads. When they arrived at the small meetinghouse, they were wet and very tired, but happy.

The elders greeted them. Their clothes were wet and wrinkled, too, but the smiles on their faces were the brightest Miguel had ever seen.

"We weren't sure you could make it," Elder Berger said. "We've had problems here, too."

They shared stories. Elder Santos explained that the pipes that carried water to the chapel had burst so that the baptismal font could not be filled. After praying, the elders had filled buckets with rain water and carried them inside the church to fill the font.

Miguel and his parents explained how they had found a ride with their neighbor.

"It's a miracle you made it," Elder Santos said.

Papá looked at the baptismal font and said,

"We have many miracles today."

"And much to be thankful for," Mamá added.

Miguel and Papá changed clothes in a small dressing room while Mamá changed clothes in another one. Miguel touched the crisp white shirt and pants the elders had given him. They felt strange against his skin.

The water was so shallow that the elders had to kneel to perform the baptisms.

Miguel waited while his parents were baptized. When the time came for his own baptism, he felt a warmth come over him, even though the water was cold.

After everyone had changed into dry clothes, Elder Berger and Elder Santos confirmed Miguel and his parents members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Miguel hugged his parents, then Elder Berger and Elder Santos. He would never forget this day or the baptism miracles.

## Our Prophets' Baptisms

By Rebecca Todd Archibald

President Gordon B. Hinckley was baptized by his father on April 28, 1919, in a meetinghouse baptismal font in Salt Lake City, Utah. President Hinckley is the first Church President to be baptized indoors in a baptismal font.

Of the fourteen Latter-day Saint prophets before him, two were baptized in rivers, one in an outdoor baptismal font, one in a stream, five in creeks, two in ponds, one in a swimming pool, and two in a canal.

Although they were baptized in different places, all of these Church Presidents made the same promise that we make at baptism: to follow Jesus Christ. All fifteen have kept this promise. They have followed the Savior, and in time, all were called to be special witnesses of Him.

(See "Our Prophets' Places of Baptism," *Friend*, August 1997, pages 42–43.)



MAKING FRIENDS

# CHANDLER and MICHAEL ALTIERI



of North Cape May,  
New Jersey

*Written and photographed  
by Corliss Clayton*

**N**estled on the southern edge of New Jersey are several small towns. Many of the families here earn their living from the sea. The Cape May Lighthouse guides the fishing boats and ferries around the dangerous rocks and shoals. Just as the lighthouse leads boats to safety, Chandler and Michael Altieri trust the gospel light to guide them past spiritual rocks and shoals.

Sister Christine Altieri joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was ten years old. Although she did not marry a Church member, her husband, John, supported her in her beliefs. One by one their children were born: Corie (15), Lauren (13), Brittany (12), Michael (10), Chandler (7), Ty (5), Abigail (2), and Drew



(11 months). Their family shared a lot of happiness and love. But one thing was missing: Dad had never joined the Church. He attended regularly and participated as fully as he could without being a member. But his family wanted him to become a member so that they could be sealed together as an eternal family.



Some of the Altieri family: (back row) Lauren, Mom, and Dad holding Drew; (front row) Denny Olsen (a cousin), Michael, Ty, and Chandler.

Michael was going on eight. His dad had never had the opportunity to give a name and a priesthood blessing to or baptize any of his children. A few months before his birthday, Michael decided that, “All I want for my birthday is for Dad to baptize me.” Michael, his mother, brother, and sisters fasted and prayed harder than ever that their father would decide to join the Church and be able to baptize Michael.

Weeks passed, then months. “We kept praying and praying and praying,” Michael recalled. The week before he turned eight, his mother said, “It didn’t work. We need to talk to the branch president about your baptism and who will perform it.”

“But Mom we’re praying, we’re praying.”

The next Sunday Brother Altieri volunteered to talk to the branch president about Michael getting baptized and to take care of all the details.

In sacrament meeting, the family was stunned with joy when the branch president announced an upcoming baptism—not Michael’s, but his father’s! The family’s prayers had been answered! Brother Altieri was baptized that week, and the following week, Michael’s dream was realized when his father baptized him. Michael said, “I had really wanted him to baptize me, and it finally happened. It felt really good.”

Chandler had also prayed that her dad would be baptized. She is now looking forward to her own baptism. “I want to be baptized so that the Holy Ghost will be with me.” She is preparing to be baptized by listening to President Gordon B. Hinckley

and following his counsel. “I try to choose the right and to be kind to others.”

The Altieri family was later sealed together in the Washington D.C. Temple. “When we were sealed, Mom and Dad had to go somewhere for about three hours,” Michael remembered. “We stayed

in this nursery place. We picked out white clothes and put them on. A temple lady showed us a movie that explained what being sealed was all about. At first she put in the wrong film. It was in Spanish. I thought maybe we needed to learn to speak Spanish. But then she put in the film in English. After the film, we went into the sealing room. Some other people were there, even the stake president. Then we were sealed, and I was so happy!”

Chandler still has the white ribbon she wore in her hair that day in the temple. “We were sealed so that we can be together for all eternity.”

Besides seeing his family sealed together, Michael has another hope—of becoming a champion wrestler. He’s been undefeated for three years in his weight and age division in the South New Jersey Wrestling Association. But sometimes he has to make tough choices between two things he loves—wrestling and the Church.

A few years ago, a very important tournament was coming up. Michael’s parents thought that the tournament was on a Saturday, and he signed up to go. When they found out it was on a Sunday, his father asked him if he still wanted to be in the tournament. Although he knew that his team was counting on him to score some team points for it, he said, “Well then, I can’t go.” He explained, “It’s hard not to go to Sunday tournaments, but I don’t, because it’s against a commandment. And I’ve had a lot of blessings.” Since making that decision the first time, not competing on Sundays has been

easier. And his decision has showed others that he lives what he believes.

Chandler also lives what she believes. Not long ago her family was fostering a dog they called Puppy. Puppy had been mistreated the first nine months of his life, then was taken away from the people who mistreated him. But he was now skittish and frightened of people. Before he could be adopted, he had to learn to trust people and to get along with children. Teaching him that was what the Altieri family volunteered to do.

One day, he got loose and ran away. “We looked and looked for him,” Sister Altieri said, “but we couldn’t find him. Some of us got in the car to go looking for him. As I was driving, Chandler said a prayer, asking Heavenly Father to help us find Puppy. We had driven miles, and I thought that we’d never see the dog again. We turned down a road that ran along railroad tracks. Beside the tracks were thick woods. And by the railroad track, we could just see this head sticking up—it was Puppy! I’ll never forget it.”

Mom said how amazed she was that they found Puppy. “But we said a prayer Mom,” was

Chandler’s simple reply. She knows that Heavenly Father answers her prayers. Eventually Puppy learned to trust people and to play with children, and he was adopted by a good family.

Michael tries to be like Jesus by staying out of bad situations. “Sometimes my friends go back into the woods, but I don’t go. They do things back in there that I don’t want to do, like shooting off firecrackers (which is illegal), starting fires, and smoking.” One fire that was started in the woods came right up to the back of the Altieri property before it could be put out. “I tell my friends, ‘Let’s not go.’ Sometimes they listen to me, and sometimes they don’t. But I won’t go.”

Both Michael and Chandler strive to follow the gospel light as they make their way through life’s sea of choices. And by their examples they try to help others find the way, too.

1. Michael and Drew
2. Chandler likes jumping on the trampoline.
3. Chandler loves Gable the dog.
4. Michael’s chores include feeding the family dog and chickens, cleaning his room, and putting the silverware from the dishwasher away.
5. Chandler helps Mom know that she is loved.
6. Michael teaches his brother Ty how to wrestle.



Diana Ehigiamusoe,  
age 10  
Vienna, Austria



## Our Creative Friends

### Baptism

As you walk into the water,  
Your sins are about to go.  
You're smiling so bright  
From head to toe.

I'm excited, not scared.  
I feel like I won—  
Not a sport or a test,  
But I've followed His Son.

I know He is watching,  
For I did the right thing.  
Being baptized is a commandment,  
And I know the joy it will bring.

So now that I'm baptized,  
I'll be tested, I know.  
I must choose the right  
And repent as I go.

I'm grateful for baptism.  
Jesus showed the way.  
I will follow Him closely  
So I will see Him again someday.  
*Jessica Noffz, age 9  
Wilsonville, Oregon*

### Friends

Friends help you;  
that's what friends are for.  
Friends play with you;  
that's what friends are for.  
Friends like you and care for you;  
that's what friends are for.  
Friends talk to you and share.  
Friends are never unkind to you.  
I have a friend. Have you?  
*Jacob Smith, age 6  
Wigston, Leicester, England*

### Morning

The flowers all wake up at the rising of the sun.  
This is where the day begins for everyone.  
Rays of light flow through the air.  
Of clouds the bright blue sky is bare.  
Velvet petals glimmer in the light  
As buds bloom with all their might.  
The brisk air drifts in a gentle breeze  
While bluebirds soar through the air with ease.  
On the blades of grass, fresh dew lies.  
Then, later on, afternoon arrives.  
No longer does the fresh dew twinkle



*Stephen Hill, age 8  
Horsham, England*



*Garrett Meisman, age 6  
Whitney, Nebraska*

Or rays of sun stream through the air.  
But now warmth is everywhere.  
*Lauren Fuller, age 11  
Potomac Falls, Virginia*

### Things I Like

I like to ride my bike.  
I love my little sister,  
But I hate my blister.  
I love my brother and mother.  
I like my friends  
'Cause the fun never ends.  
*Christopher Thomas McNeill, age 9  
Orem, Utah*

### A Poem of God

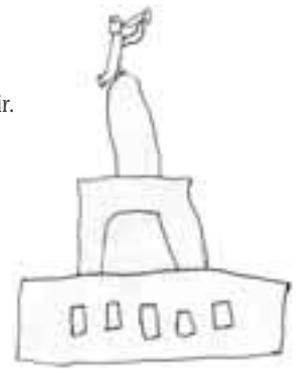
With love in your heart  
And hope in your mind,  
God will be with you  
In *faith* all the time.  
*Rebecca Allred, age 9  
Littleton, Colorado*

### Tree

Green, brown,  
Sprouting, growing,  
It is a  
Live oak tree.  
*Ashleena Roberts, age 5  
Palmer, Alaska*

### In the Field by My House

In the field by my house  
in summer, I always play  
with my friends and company.  
Sometimes that's where we stay.  
On the old rope swing, I feel  
wind  
blowing  
through  
my hair.  
The flowers smell so wonderful  
when they come out of the ground,  
Because in winter they can't be found.  
I climb the cherry tree and watch the bees  
busily buzzing along.  
I love the field by my house,  
where I think my thoughts and  
dream my dreams of things I'd like to be.  
When I'm thinking, all other worldly things  
seem to disappear.  
And then finally, when I am old,  
I'll ponder what I used to be,  
and while shaking my head side to side,  
I'll say, "Just imagine—that was  
ME!"  
*Ruth Duersch, age 10  
Orem, Utah*



*Coby Ploeger, age 5  
Pipestone, Minnesota*



*Diana Hunt, age 11  
Paradise, California*



*Clarissa Hooper, age 11  
Victoria, Texas*



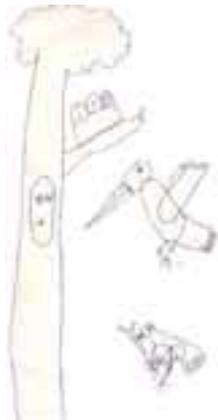
*Heather Stafford, age 5  
Lakeland, Florida*



*David Schlachter, age 9  
Brooks, Alberta, Canada*

**In Church**

In church, we sing  
 To the Lord our King  
 and learn about Him, too.  
 He taught some people on the Mount.  
 He went 'round the world and all about.  
 Look inside you.  
 You will find  
 He's always with you  
 In your mind.  
*Amy Weatherford, age 8  
 Kirkland, Washington*



*Taylor Marie Wolfenbarger, age 5  
 Potomac Falls, Virginia*



*Nathan James Macdonald, age 9  
 Peoria, Arizona*



*Emily Eckman, age 4  
 Rexburg, Idaho*

**All That**

Butterflies wander,  
 Ladybugs crawl,  
 Crickets sing their well-made songs,  
 Fireflies shine bright through the dark night—  
 Jesus has created all that.  
 Grain and wheat sway with the wind,  
 And the sun shines through the clouds.  
 Jesus has created all that.  
*Janelle Penrod, age 10  
 Genola, Utah*



*Jessica Jones, age 8  
 Copley, Ohio*



*Daniel Savage, age 10  
 Wilmington, Delaware*



*Alex Harper, age 7  
 Boise, Idaho*



*Justin Madsen, age 6  
 Federal Way, Washington*



*Elliot Peters, age 5  
 Mesepa, American Samoa*



*Rebecca Bingham, age 9  
 Layton, Utah*



*Ross Gardner, age 9  
 Carson City, Nevada*



*Ashley Anne Wilde, age 9  
 Farmington, Utah*



*Hannah Giguere, age 7  
 Pryor, Oklahoma*



*It should be granted unto them according to their faith in their prayers (Doctrine and Covenants 10:47).*



# Helping the Queen



*By Julie A. Olson*

**A** special guest was at the rodeo grounds in Evanston, Wyoming: Shelly Williams, Miss Rodeo America 1999, from Kuna,

Idaho. Along with steer wrestling, bareback riding, and other usual events, there was a special event featuring some of the rodeo staff and the queens, including Miss Rodeo America. The participants rode stick horses and carried pies. You guessed it—it ended up being a friendly pie fight.

During the fight, Miss Rodeo America lost her ring. She had designed it herself, and it had been made by a silversmith in Oregon. Even more than for its value in dollars, it was of great sentimental value to Miss Williams. The rodeo was stopped for a few minutes while a search was made, but the ring wasn't found and the remaining events had to take place. The announcer did ask that anyone with a metal detector come down after the rodeo and help look for the ring.

My daughter Mariah, 5, and her friend Kami wanted to help look for it, too. I was reluctant. I was also surprised, because Mariah doesn't like to get dirty. Looking for the ring would mean digging in dirt and muck.

When they reached the arena, the girls huddled together in prayer, asking Heavenly Father to help the people find the queen's special ring and to not let it be damaged by the horses and the bulls. Then the little girls went over to where other people had already been searching with their metal detectors. Mariah and Kami started sifting through the dirt there, and soon Mariah started hollering, "Mom, I found something!"

I thought she had found a neat rock or a worm or some other such "treasure." But when she ran over to me and held out her hand, there was a shiny silver ring in it, undamaged. And, yes, it was Miss Rodeo America's ring!

Queen Shelly Williams was elated, of course. She ran over and hugged and hugged Mariah, tears streaming down her face. She autographed posters for Mariah and Kami and later sent a small gift to Mariah. Mariah kept telling the rodeo queen, "I asked Heavenly Father to help, and He showed me where the ring was."

Mariah knew exactly why and how the ring was found. When she and Kami prayed, there was not a doubt in their minds that their prayer would be answered. It taught me that the faith of a child can move mountains and that we must never be too busy to help out someone in need.

At bedtime that night, Mariah thanked Heavenly Father for answering her prayer and helping her find the ring. When she finished praying, I asked her what had made her decide to pray about the ring. She said, "Where else are you to go when you need special help?" Where, indeed!

*Mariah Olson, age 5  
Evanston Fifth Ward  
Evanston Wyoming Stake*



*And the Lord . . . shall stand in the midst of his people, and shall reign over all flesh (Doctrine and Covenants 133:25).*

## A Leader Like Jesus

By Van Tran, Jr.

**O**ne Sunday, my Primary friends Rebecca and Crystal were going to another ward. That would make me the oldest child in my

Primary class. I was pleased, but two of the boys sometimes don't respect me—maybe because I play with them too much. So I try to be a better person.

One of the two boys, Sammy,\* doesn't always pay attention in class. Sometimes he makes fun of me and makes me angry. But I decided to not get so angry. That's how you become a better leader. Jesus Christ would not get angry if He was here. I know that Jesus is true and is our Savior. It's hard to be a good leader, but it is good to be a leader like Jesus Christ.

\*Name has been changed

Van Tran, Jr., age 9  
Dyker Heights Fourth Branch  
Brooklyn New York Stake

*Let thy love abound unto all (Doctrine and Covenants 112:11).*

## I Still Remember My Friends

By Clarisa Bangerter



**T**ry to be like Jesus Christ by helping other people. When I went to Kibben-Kuster School, some of the children in my class had special needs. I helped them by talking to them and giving them hugs when they felt left out—I even learned some sign language. One of the children got hurt at recess, and I went to him

and took him to the nurse. Another child lost something she had brought to class, and I helped her to find it. Now I go to a different school, but I still remember my friends from Kibben-Kuster.

Clarisa Bangerter, age 7  
Rapid City First Ward  
Rapid City South Dakota Stake

*Jesus . . . gave his love to ev'ryone. So I will! (Children's Songbook, page 141.)*

## At the School Carnival



**T**rent and Carley each tried to be like Jesus Christ at a school carnival. When a two-year-old boy was having trouble

getting up the slide,

Trent helped him. He said that he felt good for helping him and that he did it because in the scriptures, "Jesus told me to do it."

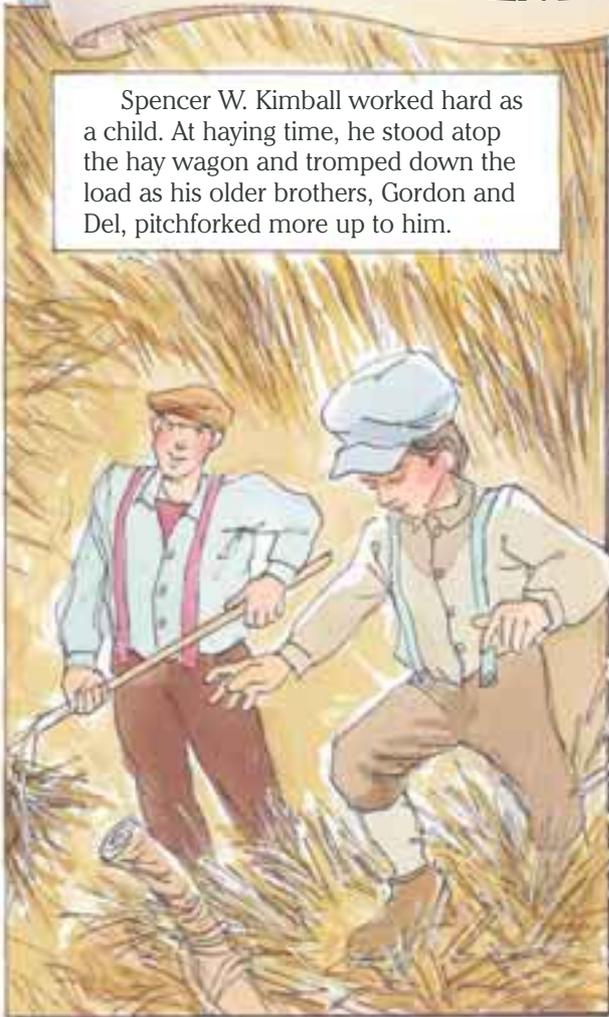
Carley played a game at the carnival in which if you threw a ball into a certain cup, you won a fish. She won "seven or a lot of fishes." Another boy, about six years old, won only one fish, and he dropped it. Carley gave him one of hers "because it was the right thing to do." The boy was very happy, which made Carley feel very good.

Trent and Carley Smith, ages 4 and 11  
Michigan City Branch  
Valparaiso Indiana Stake

# FROM THE LIVES OF THE CHURCH PRESIDENTS

## Spencer W. Kimball attends Primary

Spencer W. Kimball worked hard as a child. At haying time, he stood atop the hay wagon and tromped down the load as his older brothers, Gordon and Del, pitchforked more up to him.



Sometimes they teased him by throwing two huge forkfuls at almost the same time. The first would knock him down, and the second would bury him.

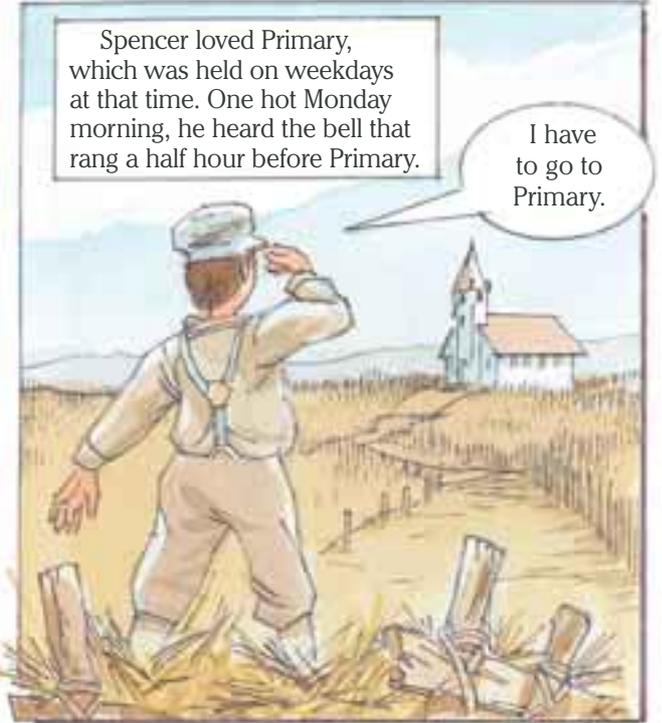


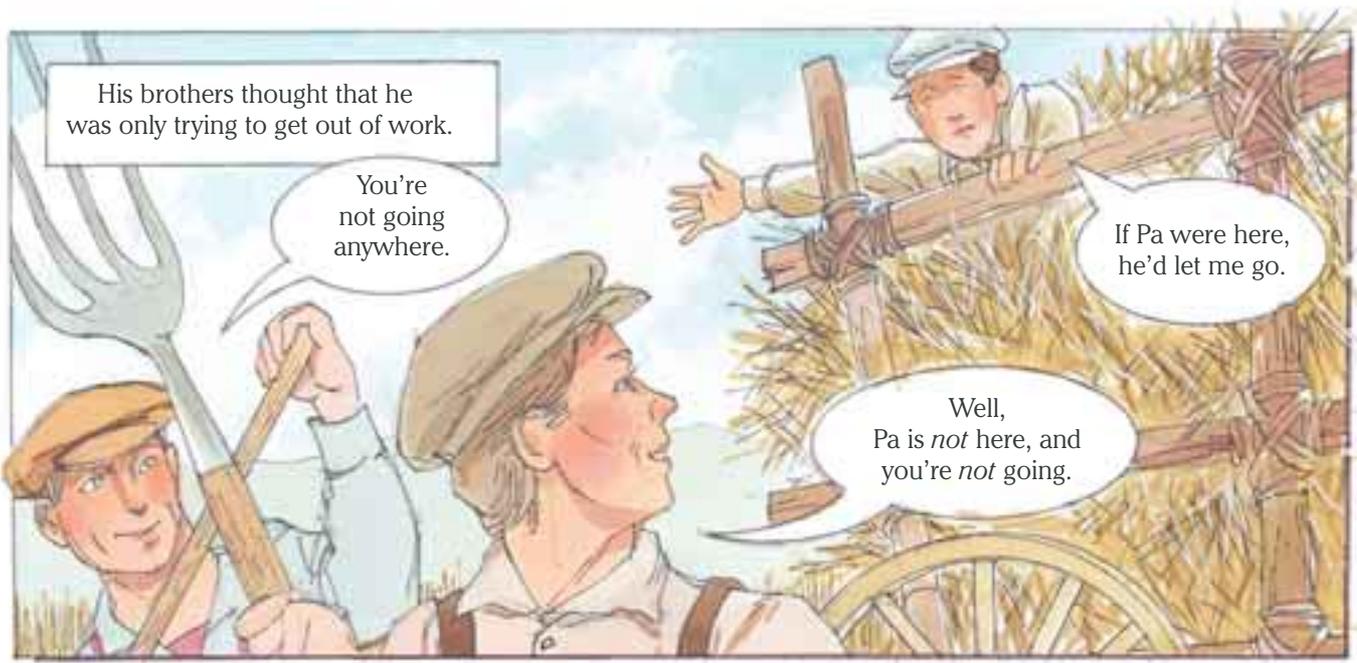
You're right.  
It is hay.



Spencer loved Primary, which was held on weekdays at that time. One hot Monday morning, he heard the bell that rang a half hour before Primary.

I have to go to Primary.



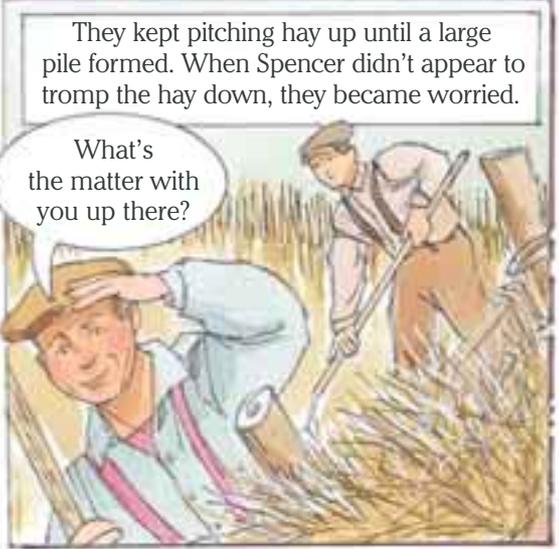


His brothers thought that he was only trying to get out of work.

You're not going anywhere.

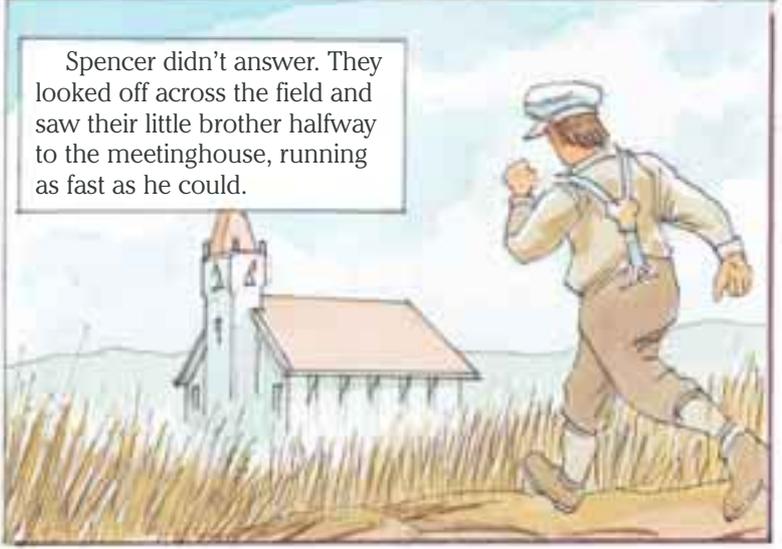
If Pa were here, he'd let me go.

Well, Pa is *not* here, and you're *not* going.



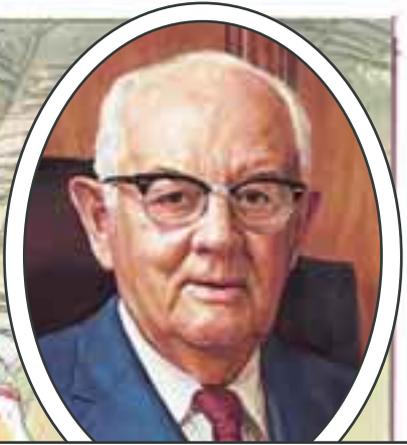
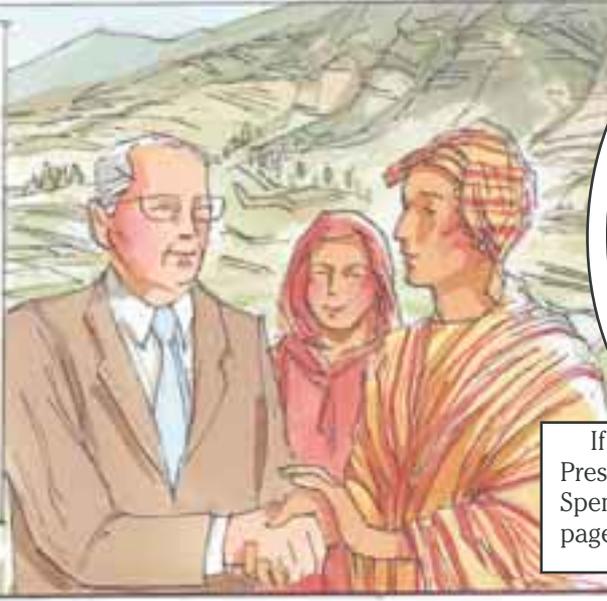
They kept pitching hay up until a large pile formed. When Spencer didn't appear to tromp the hay down, they became worried.

What's the matter with you up there?



Spencer didn't answer. They looked off across the field and saw their little brother halfway to the meetinghouse, running as fast as he could.

All his life Spencer W. Kimball faithfully attended every meeting he was able to attend. As an Apostle and as President of the Church, he scheduled thousands of meetings with members, leaders, and missionaries all around the world and he announced many temples to be built. He worked from early morning to evening. Even among other hard-working General Authorities, he was known as an incredibly hard worker.



If you'd like to learn more about President Kimball, do the "President Spencer W. Kimball Crossword" on page 26.

# FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



## DuBois Pennsylvania District

This photo was taken in the final moments of the DuBois Pennsylvania District Primary "Stripling Warrior 2000" activity when a leader asked, "Whom will we follow?"

It was a thrilling moment when fifty-three children (only some of whom are shown here) pulled their personal picture of President Gordon B. Hinckley out of their "Stripling Warriors Treasure Bag."



## Valley Forge Second Ward

The tree in the background has one hundred leaves. Each leaf represents thirty days of scripture reading by a member of the Valley Forge Second Ward Primary, Valley Forge Pennsylvania Stake. The whole tree represents three thousand days of scripture study by the children and teachers in the first eleven months of the year 2000. The red apples on the tree represent the Faith in God/Gospel in Action awards earned by the Primary children during the year. "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them" (Matthew 7:20).



**Denver (5) and Jordan (1) Buxton**, Sparks, Nevada, were named after the Denver Colorado and Jordan River Utah Temples. It was exciting for them to attend the open house of the Reno Nevada Temple. Both boys enjoy living near their grandparents. Denver encourages his family to read the Book of Mormon.

## Snellville Ward

For an Achievement Day project, the ten- and eleven-year-old girls of the Snellville Ward, Lilburn Georgia Stake, tied a baby quilt for the Latter-day Saint Humanitarian Service Center. The girls gained personal skills and also learned to be of service to babies in need.

(Top row, left to right) Autumn Hansen, Jessica Urqhart, Courtney Richards, Mickenzey Neal, Leah Nielsen. (Bottom row, left to right) Taylor Stone, Megan Richards, Marissa Calderwood, Robyn Salls. Missing from the picture: Amber Featherstone, Jessica Lewis, Sarah Glazier, and Cassandra Green. ←



**Megan Taylor**, 6, Spokane, Washington, likes to dance, skip, and go to school. Her favorite colors are green and purple. She enjoys seeing her friends at church and likes to "let her light shine."



**Timothy Spjut**, 10, Centerville, Utah, is a loving boy who likes to play football, baseball, and basketball; he is a black belt in Tae Kwan Do. He wants to serve a mission.

## Maple Grove Ward

The children of the Maple Grove Ward Primary, Minneapolis Minnesota Stake, performed a program for the residents of St. Therese Nursing Home. The children wore flower-pot hats, handmade from styrofoam cups and plates, while they sang "On a Golden Springtime." Afterward, each child gave a resident a butterfly pen the children had made during Sharing Time. Both the leaders and children felt the Spirit as they brought joy to these older friends.



The family of **Ryan (7), Malia (6), and Gavin (3) Johnson**, Ocean Springs, Mississippi, prepared for the open house of the Baton Rouge Louisiana Temple by constructing

a sugar-cube temple using 806 sugar cubes. They learned that they had to use icing on both sides of the cube or the temple would collapse. Brother and Sister Johnson pointed out that temple covenants seal us on both sides—ancestors and descendants. The sculpture continues to fill their home with the "sweet presence of the temple."



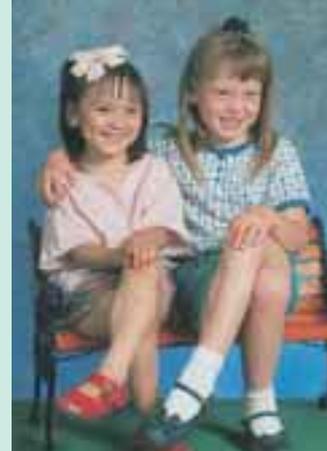


This is a photo of **Kaleigh** (6), **Sydney** (2), and **Keegan** (7) **Bosen**, Peoria, Arizona, outside the Mesa Arizona Temple after the sealing of Sydney to the family. Sydney was adopted and sealed to the family on the same weekend. Keegan and Kaleigh enjoyed their special experience at the temple. Keegan also enjoys basketball and singing. Kaleigh enjoys being with her friends and writing letters. Sydney likes Primary songs and is a wonderful big sister to her two new baby sisters.



**Samuel Coleman**, 3, Frankfurt, Germany, loves to “camp in the garden, play in the park, and sing Primary songs whilst Mummy plays the piano.” His father is English, his mother is American, and Samuel thinks he is German because he speaks German in kindergarten.

**Paige** (4) and **Hailey** (7) **Wixom**, Orem, Utah, are each other’s best friend. Paige likes to paint, draw, sew, pick flowers, swim, and visit her grandparents. She is



very fond of bugs, especially “roly-polies.” She has an infectious giggle, and is tender and affectionate. She remembers long and interesting words and uses them correctly. She enjoys cooking with her mother and taking care of her kitten, frog, and fish. She is friendly and sweet. Hailey enjoys learning to read with a computer program. She also enjoys listening to her mother read, especially about the Pilgrims and the pioneers. Her favorite books are the scriptures. She is studying ballet, tap dancing, and the violin. She has a good sense of direction and remembers songs wonderfully. She is eager to be baptized and is preparing herself. She enjoys helping others and is very considerate.



**Lichfield England Stake**

A hundred children and many leaders from the Lichfield England Stake, the majority in costume, met to learn about people in the Book of Mormon. The children were divided into two groups—those under eight years of age, and those over. The children under eight took part in eight workshops given by leaders portraying people in the Book of Mormon. They built a boat with Nephi, made their own gold plates with Mormon, made standards of liberty with Captain Moroni, constructed barges with the brother of Jared, role-played with Hela-



man, made chocolate Liahonas with Sariah, wandered in the wilderness and ate lunch in a tent with Sam, and overcame an obstacle course to reach the tree of life with Lehi. The children over eight learned about life in Book of Mormon times, tried some foods that may have been eaten in that era, helped to make bows, and then shot at targets. The children were presented with books containing the testimonies of their ward and stake leaders and the Area President. Children who were not members were presented with *Book of Mormon Stories* and copies of the Book of Mormon.



**Shelby Campbell**, 7, Ewa Beach, Hawaii, likes to surf in the Pacific Ocean and play with her cat, Jarin. She enjoys playing soccer, swimming, riding her scooter, and rollerblading. She is preparing herself for baptism and loves ending each day in prayer with her family.

**St. Louis Missouri South Stake →**

Primary children from the St. Louis Missouri South Stake pitched in to help with the stake “Love Thy Neighbor” service project. Working alongside family, friends, and neighbors, children picked up trash and debris in streets and alleys. They returned about four months later to work again in alley-cleaning blitzes and neighborhood gardens.

The children are learning at an early age to follow the prophet’s counsel to be involved in community projects. Several children later stood in fast and testimony meetings to bear witness of the good feelings that come from following the Savior’s example of serving others.



**Winter Haven Florida Stake**

Over seventy Primary children and their families participated in the Winter Haven Florida Stake Primary service project. Two hundred school kits were assembled and donated to the Church’s humanitarian effort to help children in need.



# Itty-Bitty Animal Names

By Rosie Centrone

Find nineteen animals with itty-bitty three-letter names by cutting out the four strips and gluing them onto heavy paper. Cut the six slits in strip 1. Thread Strip 2 through the top two slits so that a letter appears in the window. Thread Strip 3 through the middle two slits, and Strip 4 through the bottom two slits. Move the strips back and forth and see how many animals you can find by reading vertically.

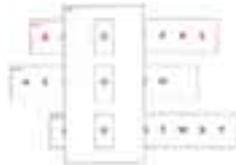
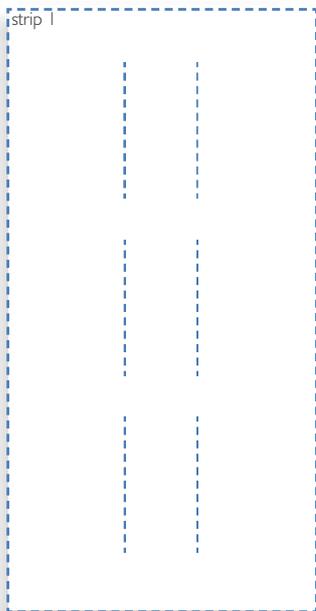


(See answers on page 27.)

strip 2  
A B C D E F P R S

strip 3  
A E I L O P U W

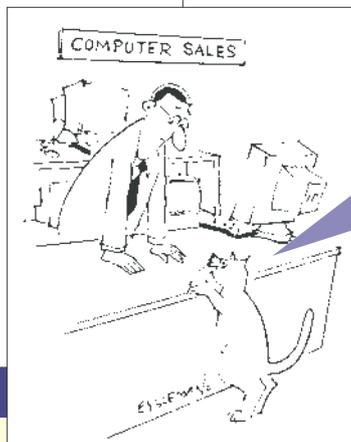
strip 4  
A E G K M T W X Y



# A-Maze-ing Puppy

By Laura Miller

Can you find your way to the A-Maze-ing Puppy's heart?



How much for a mouse?

# Guide to the *Friend*

The Guide to the *Friend* can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned in the Family Home Evening Ideas. The Primary theme for September is “How can we follow the Prophet?”



## FAMILY HOME EVENING IDEAS

1. Read “Courage” by President Gordon B. Hinckley (pages 2–3). Invite each family member to talk about one way he or she can be courageous in following the Savior. Finish by reading “From Latter-day Prophets: Howard W. Hunter” (page 7).

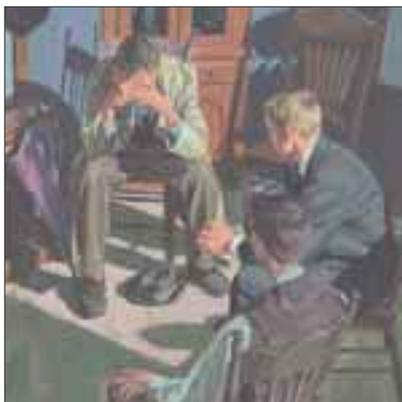
2. Read the counsel of President Ezra Taft Benson, “A Prophet Talks to Children” (pages 28–29), then make several different game cards and play “Family Home Evening Bingo.”

3. Make the faces from “Happy or Sad—Facing Our Choices” (page 32).

Ask Mom or Dad to tell several brief stories about people who obeyed or disobeyed Heavenly Father’s commandments. Hold up the appropriate face depending on which choice was made. Discuss why obedience leads to happiness.

4. Tell the story “Baptism Miracles” (pages 34–36), including the information about the latter-day prophets’ baptisms. Remember your own or another family member’s baptism and talk about the important promises that were made that day.

5. Read how the children in “Trying to Be Like Jesus Christ” (pages 42–43) followed the Savior’s example and teachings. Share with one another how you have tried to follow the Savior during the past week.



See pages 2–3.

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

- (f) = Funstuff
- (FLF) = For Little Friends
- (m) = music
- (p) = poem
- (P) = poster
- (r) = rebus



## FUN SUNDAY FAMILY ACTIVITIES

1. Have a write-a-thon. Collect pens, paper, envelopes, and stamps. Invite your family to write letters to relatives, friends, or missionaries. Set a goal for how many letters the family will write. When you’ve reached your letter-writing goal, it’s time for refreshments.

2. Start a story-telling festival. Ask your mom or dad to begin by telling a true story that happened to them. When his or her story is over, the next person in the circle says, “That reminds me of the time when. . . .” That person then tells a true story from his or her life, and then the next person takes a turn. The festival continues until everyone has told a story. If you have a tape recorder or video camera, have a parent help you set it up so that you can record the story-telling festival for your family history. If you don’t have a tape recorder or video camera, have each person write down their story (have young children draw a picture about it), afterward.

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**Faith 10, 20, 34**  
**Family 34, 37, 44**  
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**Helping Others IFC, 42, 43**  
**Honesty IFC**  
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**Work 8**



*If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving (Doctrine and Covenants 136:28).*