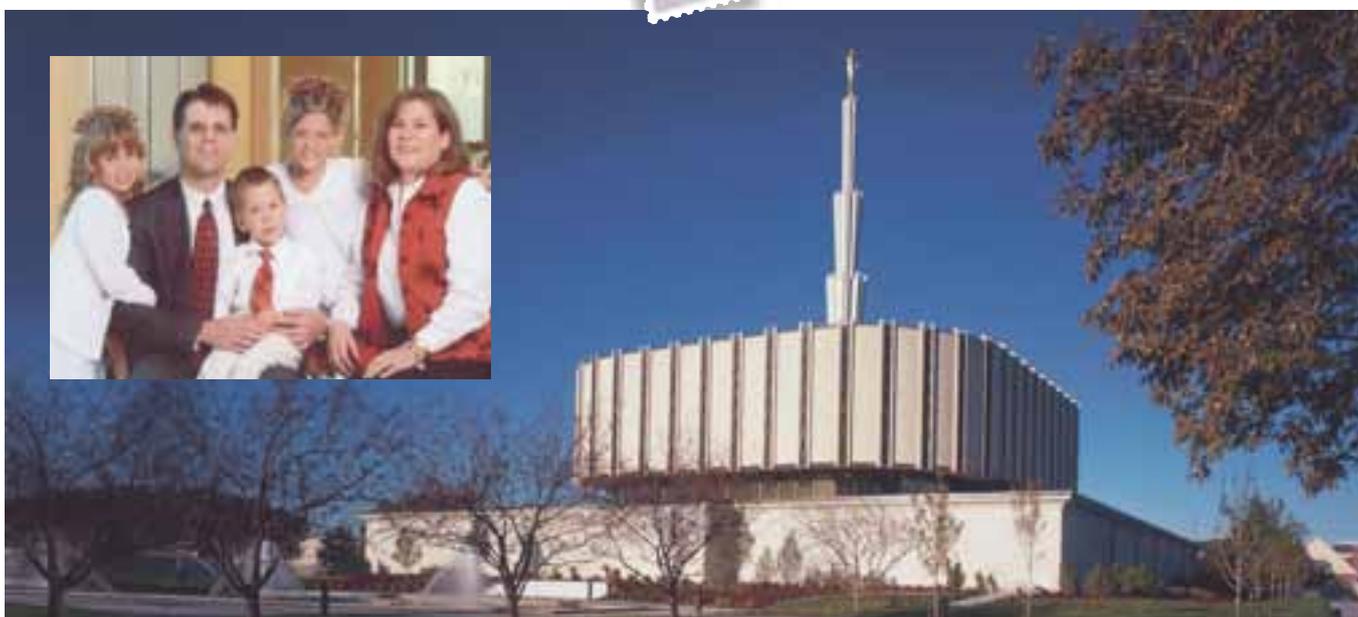


# the Friend

SEPTEMBER • 2004



# Friends by Mail



## A Primary Talk

*Sara Carver wrote this talk with the help of her parents and gave it in Primary.*

**D**uring a family home evening, my parents told my sister and me some exciting news. Our family was going to adopt a child. It seemed like it took forever, but finally my parents brought home our little brother. On 16 October 2001, we went to the Ogden Utah Temple so that my brother could be sealed to our family. I would like to tell you about that special day.

Because I had been baptized, I had to meet with the bishop to get a temple recommend. Our bishop was very nice as he asked me questions about keeping the commandments. He asked me if I had a testimony of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ. He also asked me if I believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet and that President Hinckley is the prophet today. He asked me if I paid my tithing and if I went to church. I answered yes to these questions and was given a recommend.

On the day we went to the temple, we dressed in our best church clothes. When I got to the temple, a man asked to see my

recommend. I showed it to him and was allowed to enter the temple.

Inside the temple I changed into a white dress. The rest of my family changed into white clothes also. While our friends and other family members gathered in the sealing room, we waited in a room where there were toys and nice people who gave us a snack. Then they brought us to the sealing room. A man holding the priesthood said a special prayer and sealed my brother to our family for time and all eternity. He then pointed to the mirrors that face each other in the sealing room. He held us children up so that we could see into them. The mirrors reflect into each other, and the reflections never end. This reminds us of eternity and that our family can be together forever. Finally, everyone left the sealing room except for our family. We stayed and talked about the day when we children will go to the temple to be married.

I felt the Holy Ghost in the temple. I know that the temple is Heavenly Father's house, and that He wants

all of us to live worthily to go there so we can receive all of the blessings He has prepared for us.

Sara Carver, age 8  
Ogden, Utah

**Please send us a letter sharing your feelings about the *Friend* magazine, a spiritual experience, your testimony, or whatever else is on your mind. If an adult helps with a child's submission, credit should also be given to him or her. Send it to Friends by Mail, Friend, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220. Please include a photo of yourself and your name, age, and address. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity.**

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Cover photo by Richard M. Romney

# the friend

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



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

## HIDDEN CTR RING

*Kies de goede weg*  
means "choose the  
right" in Dutch. As you  
look for the Dutch  
CTR ring hidden in this  
issue, remember to pray  
and study the scriptures  
each day.





Come Listen to  
a Prophet's Voice

# A Treasure Map

BY PRESIDENT THOMAS S. MONSON  
First Counselor in the First Presidency



**President Monson offers three pieces of an eternal treasure map.**

When I was a boy I enjoyed reading *Treasure Island* by Robert Louis Stevenson. I also saw adventure movies where several individuals had separate pieces of a well-worn map which led the way to buried treasure if only the pieces could be found and put together.

The Savior of the world spoke of treasure. In His Sermon on the Mount He declared:

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

“But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

“For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also” (Matthew 6:19–21).

The promised reward was not a treasure of ivory, gold, or silver. The Master spoke of riches within the grasp of all—even joy unspeakable here and eternal happiness hereafter.

[I would like to give you] three pieces of your treasure map to eternal happiness.

**First, learn from the past.** Each of us has a heritage—whether from pioneer forebears, later converts, or others who helped to

shape our lives. This heritage provides a foundation built of sacrifice and faith. Ours is the privilege and responsibility to build on such firm and stable footings.

**Second, prepare for the future.** It is necessary to prepare and to plan so that we don't fritter away our lives. Without a goal, there can be no real success. Our journey into the future will not be a smooth highway which stretches from here to eternity. Rather, there will be forks and turnings in the road, to say nothing of the unanticipated bumps. We must pray daily to a loving Heavenly Father, who wants each of us to succeed in life.

**Third, live in the present.** Sometimes we let our thoughts of tomorrow take up too much of today. Daydreaming of the past and longing for the future may provide comfort but will not take the place of living in the present. This is the day of our opportunity, and we must grasp it.

Your treasure map is now in place:  
**Learn from the past, prepare for the future, live in the present.**

I conclude where I began. From our Lord and Savior: “For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also” (Matthew 6:21). ●

*From an April 2003 general conference address.*



# Emily Shares the

# Gospel

BY KERSTEN CAMPBELL

(Based on an experience of the author's daughter)

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

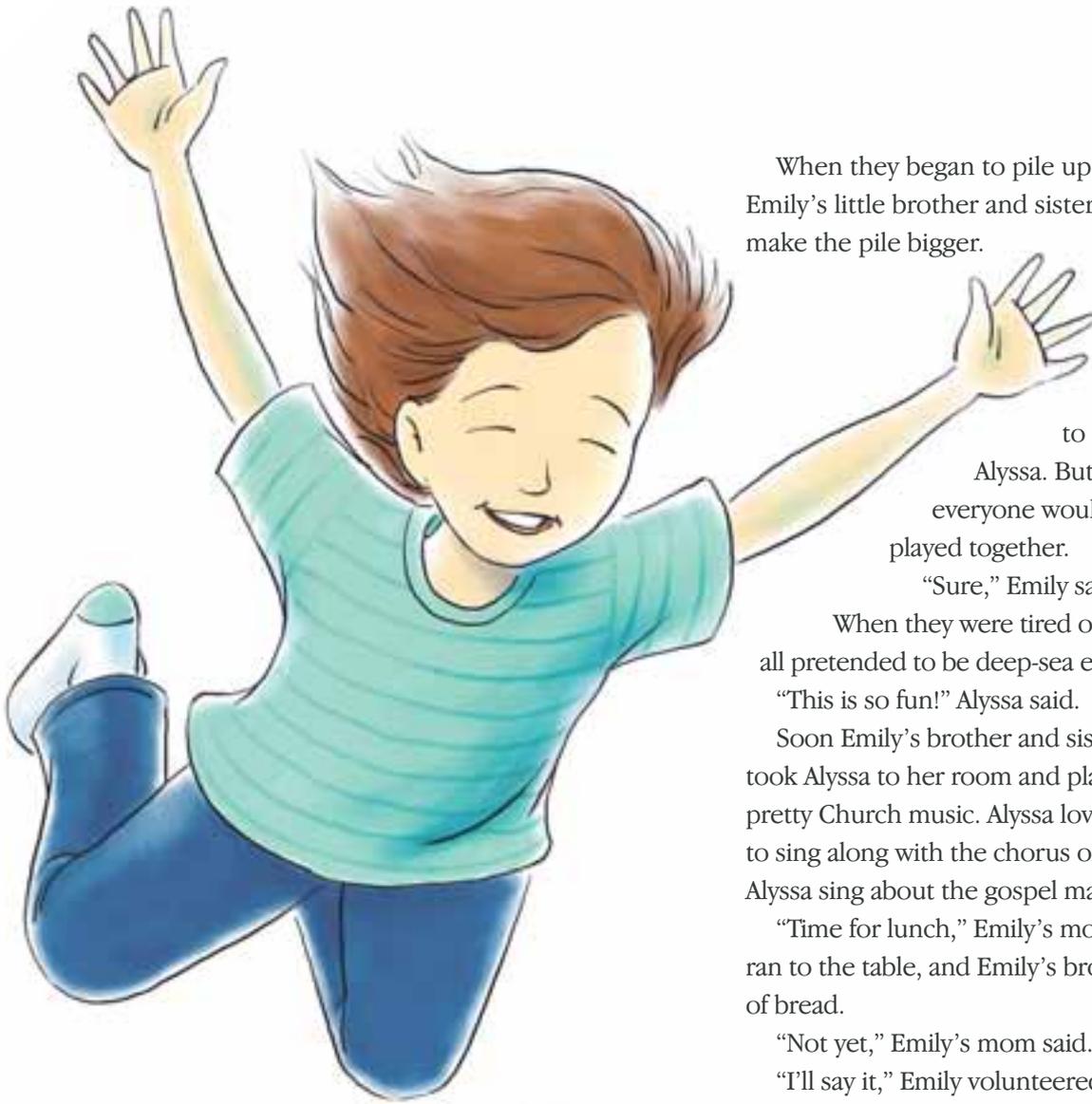
**E**ight-year-old Emily bit her lip as a smiling missionary handed her a small card with a picture of the scriptures on it. The missionaries were visiting Primary this week and handing out pass-along cards to all of the children.

“We want to give you a challenge,” the missionary said. “We want you to share the gospel with a friend. Think of someone you want to share your happiness with, then give the person one of these cards and talk about it.”

“Tell a friend about the gospel?” Emily thought. The idea made her nervous. Did she know anyone who would really listen? She wasn’t sure about that, but she *did* know someone who would make a wonderful Latter-day Saint—her best friend, Alyssa. She looked down at the card. What would Alyssa say if she gave it to her? Would she think it was strange? Would she laugh? Emily tucked the card inside her scriptures. She loved her friend and she loved the gospel, but she didn’t know if she was brave enough to accept the missionaries’ challenge. It seemed too hard and scary.

The next weekend Emily got all her jobs done early so that she could invite Alyssa over. She couldn’t wait to play their favorite game—Cannonball—which they had invented themselves. They piled up all the blankets and pillows they could find, then leaped into the pile, yelling “Cannonball!”





When they began to pile up the blankets again, Emily's little brother and sister joined in, helping to make the pile bigger.

"Can we play, too?" her brother asked.

At first, Emily was annoyed. She wanted to play the game with just Alyssa. But then she realized that everyone would be happier if they all played together.

"Sure," Emily said.

When they were tired out from Cannonball, they all pretended to be deep-sea explorers in a submarine.

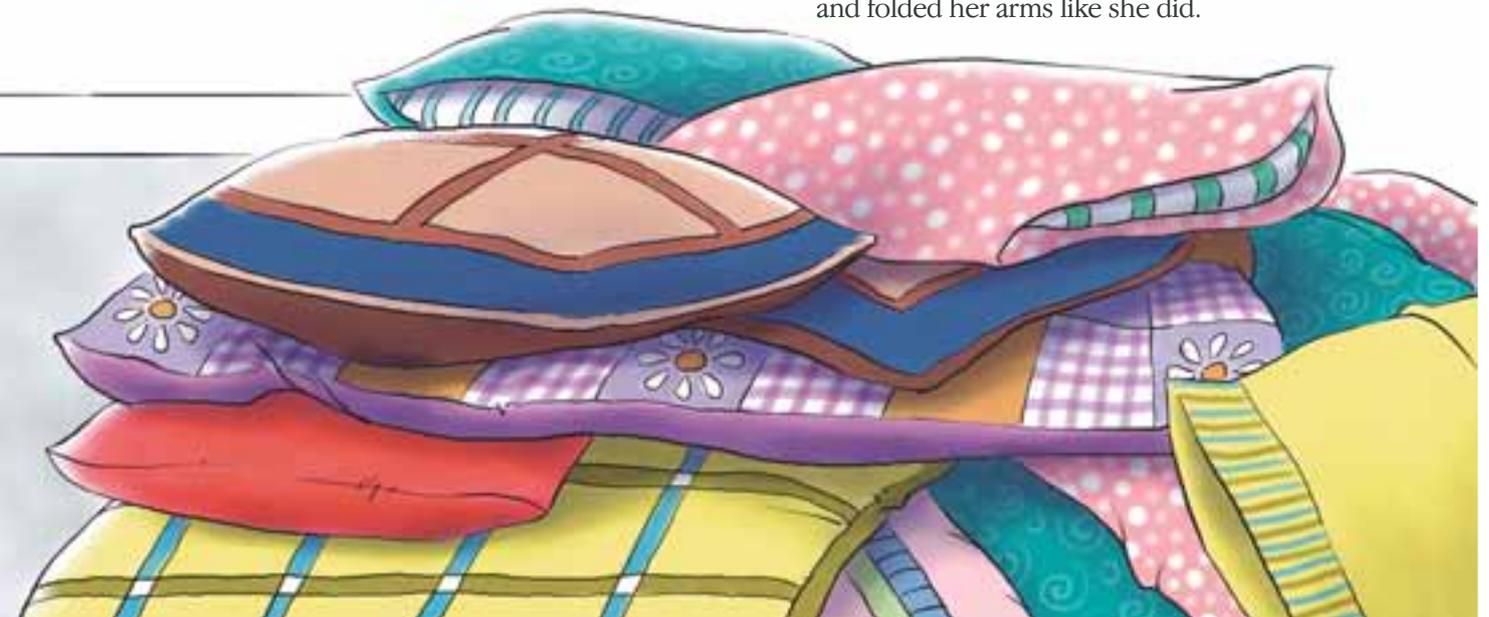
"This is so fun!" Alyssa said.

Soon Emily's brother and sister went outside. Emily took Alyssa to her room and played a new CD of really pretty Church music. Alyssa loved it. She even began to sing along with the chorus of one song. Hearing Alyssa sing about the gospel made Emily happy.

"Time for lunch," Emily's mom called. All the children ran to the table, and Emily's brother reached for a slice of bread.

"Not yet," Emily's mom said. "Time for prayer."

"I'll say it," Emily volunteered. Alyssa watched Emily and folded her arms like she did.





After lunch Emily and Alyssa went outside to play on the swings. Emily couldn't believe it when she saw Alyssa's mom coming to pick up her daughter. Time went by too quickly when she was having fun with her friend. She said good-bye and went back inside to help her mom.



including others makes games fun and that we're happy when we're kind to our family."

Emily thought about it.

"And," her mother added, "you taught her gospel principles when you shared your Church music with her. You showed her how to pray when you blessed the food at lunchtime."

Slowly, Emily smiled. It was true. She *had* shared the gospel with her friend—not with words, but with actions. She thought of how glad she felt when she heard Alyssa singing about being a child of God. Maybe someday Alyssa would remember those words and want to know more. Suddenly Emily felt very happy. She couldn't wait to go to Primary on Sunday and tell her teacher that it wasn't hard to share the gospel at all. ●

*Kersten Campbell is a member of the Pullman First Ward, Pullman Washington Stake.*

That night as she opened her scriptures, Emily saw the card. Oh no! She had forgotten the missionaries' challenge. She had spent the entire day with her friend and hadn't said one thing about the gospel.

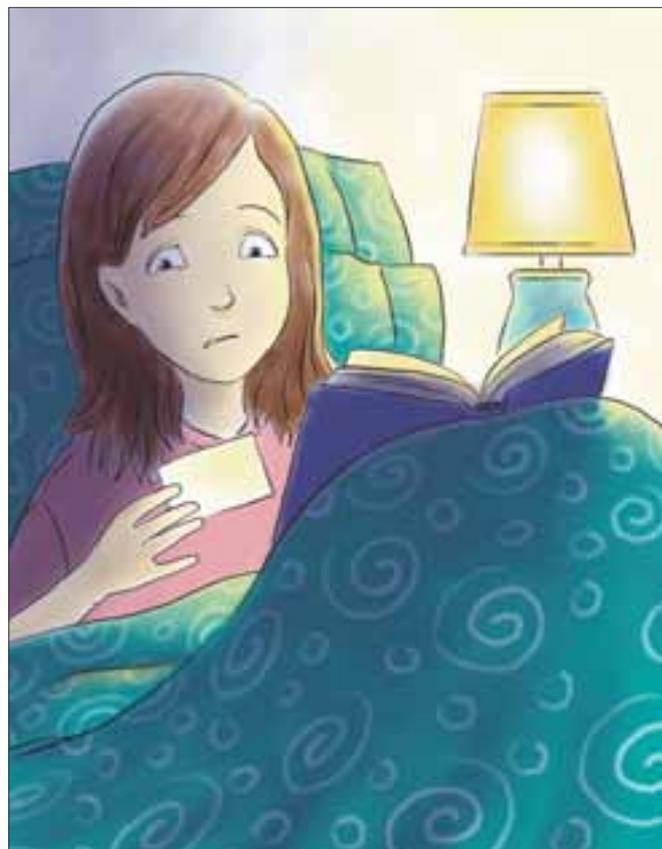
Her mother poked her head through Emily's doorway, smiling. "I'm so proud of you, sweetheart."

Emily looked up, surprised. "What for?"

Her mother came in and sat down on the bed. "For sharing the gospel with your friend today."

Emily shook her head. "But Mom, I didn't say anything about the gospel."

"Yes, you did," her mother said. "When you played with your brother and sister, you taught her that



"There is no more powerful missionary message . . . than the example of a loving and happy Latter-day Saint life."

**Elder Jeffrey R. Holland of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Witnesses unto Me," *Ensign*, May 2001, 14.**

# Elder Neal A. Maxwell

## 1926–2004



**O**n July 21, 2004, Elder Neal A. Maxwell of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles passed away at age 78. He was born on July 6, 1926, to Clarence H. Maxwell, a convert to the Church, and Emma Ash Maxwell, a woman of pioneer heritage. In this faithful home, Neal learned to study and live the gospel.

Though known for using poetic, symbolic words, he didn't always write well. A teacher saw his potential—and gave him a poor grade! She told him, “You're capable of doing A work.” He listened, worked hard, and became an excellent writer.

As a young man, he sometimes felt awkward. He didn't make the school basketball team, had acne, and was teased for raising award-winning pigs.

After high school, he fought in World War II. One night he heard shells

exploding near his foxhole. The enemy had discovered his position! Pleading for protection, he promised the Lord a life of service. He kept that promise by serving a mission to Canada and

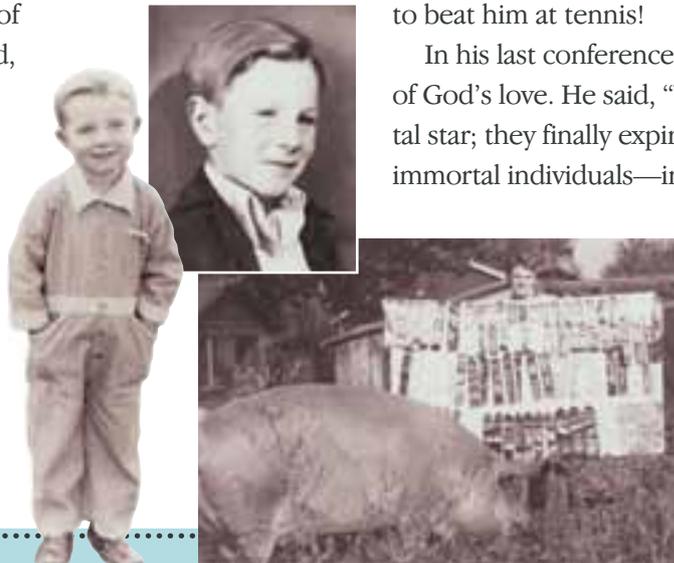
accepting many challenging callings throughout his life.

He and his wife, Colleen, have four children and many grandchildren. They all remember fun times spent with him—raking leaves into piles and jumping into them, cuddling and listening to stories he invented, playing board games, and always trying hard to beat him at tennis!

In his last conference address, Elder Maxwell testified of God's love. He said, “You have never seen an immortal star; they finally expire. But seated by you tonight are immortal individuals—imperfect but who are, nevertheless, ‘trying to be like Jesus!’”

Elder Maxwell leaves a legacy of wisdom and faith, teaching us all to be more like the Savior. ●

***Elder Maxwell at about age 4, at age 6, and with his many awards for raising pigs.***



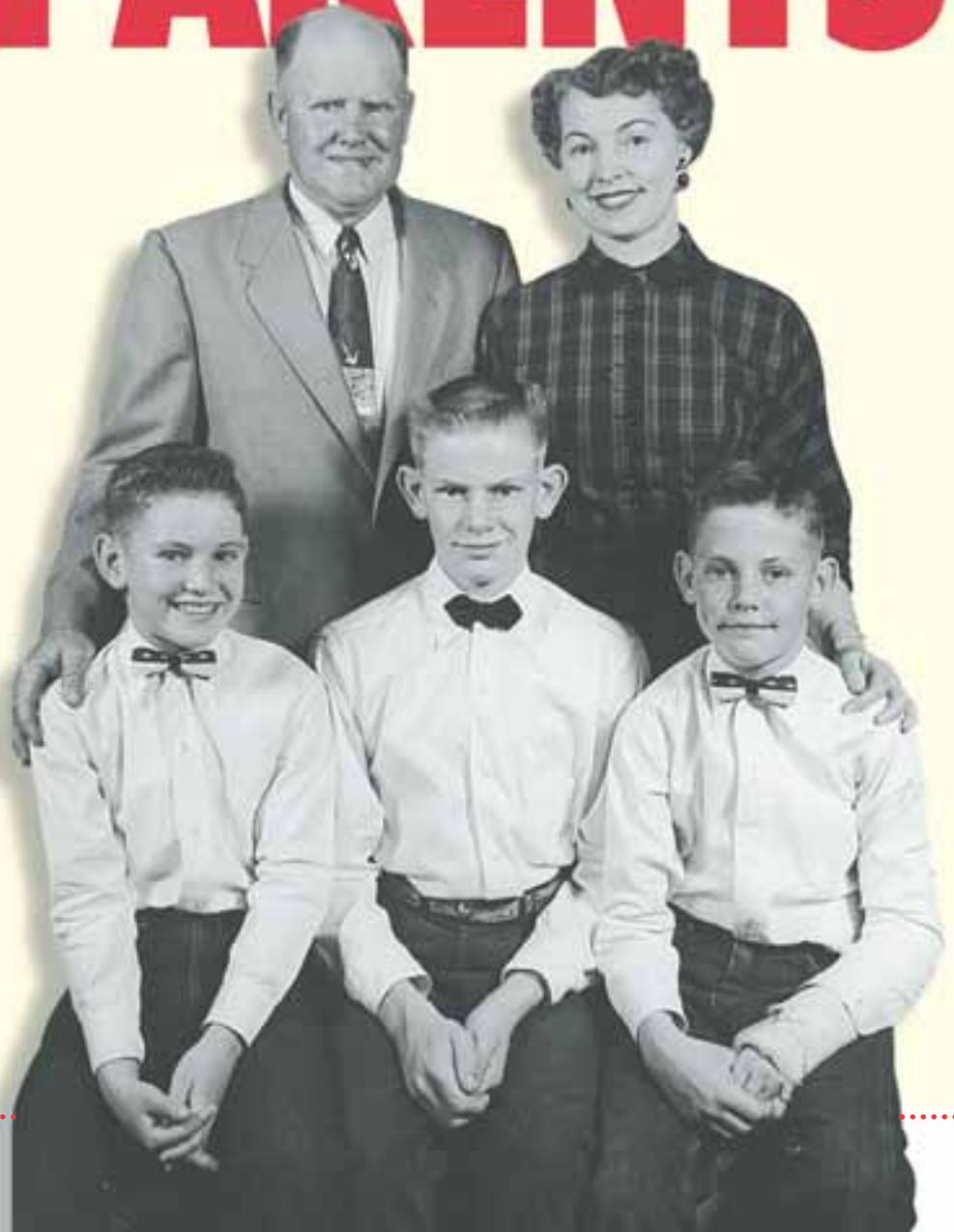


# Born of **GOODLY** **PARENTS**

*And he shall turn the . . .  
heart of the children to their  
fathers (Malachi 4:6).*



From an interview with  
Elder Spencer V. Jones  
of the Seventy,  
currently serving in  
the Central America  
Area Presidency;  
by Callie Buys



*At age 12 (left) with  
his parents and his  
brothers, Gary (14) and  
Lorden (11)*

I'm a farm boy. My family raised cotton, alfalfa, and grains. As a boy I learned that growing cotton requires a certain type of weather. When the weather is too wet and cool, cotton plants grow very fast and spend all their energy growing branches and leaves. But if the weather is hot and the cotton plant has just enough moisture, the cotton balls will grow.

One year when I was a teenager, it had been quite a cool spring with lots of rain. Dad could see that the cotton plants were growing very fast and that he would have a problem meeting his financial obligations if the weather continued in the same pattern. He went to the bank and borrowed some money. Then he took me with him to our bishop's office and prepaid his tithing for that year, even though it looked like the crop might not be very good.

Immediately after he paid his tithing, the weather changed and got very hot. We had a large crop, and Dad met all his financial obligations. Needless to say, I was born of goodly parents who taught me to live the gospel by example.

During one family home evening when I was a young boy, my parents put three banks and six little jars in the middle of the table. They announced that my two brothers and I would each receive an allowance of 50 cents per month. They taught us how to calculate 10 percent of our money to pay our tithing. We each took a nickel and put it in our tithing jars. Then my parents taught us to save and to plan for the future. They asked us to save half of our allowance for our missions and for college, so we each put a quarter in our savings jars. That left us with 20 cents to put in our banks. We could spend that money however we wanted.

In that one simple lesson, my parents taught many

principles about faith and tithing, planning for the future, and saving. By the time I was 19, I had added to that basic beginning and had saved enough to pay for my entire mission, plus two years of university studies. I'll repeat, I was born of goodly parents.

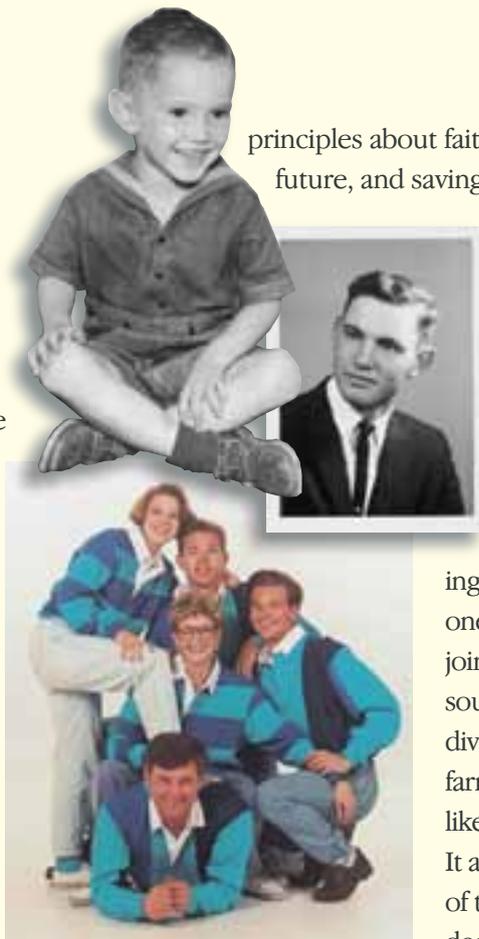
My great-grandfather Harry Payne was one of the original settlers in my hometown of Virden, New Mexico, a tiny farm-

ing and ranching community. Twenty-one families left Mexico in 1912 and joined together to buy property in southwestern New Mexico. They divided the property into 21 different farms. Great-grandfather Payne really liked one particular piece of property. It already had a house on it, while most of the other pieces of land did not. To decide who got each piece of property, the settlers decided to draw pieces of paper out of a hat. My great-grandfather's son-in-law could not attend the drawing, so he asked Great-grandfather

Payne to draw for him. As my great-grandfather went up to draw, he thought, "The paper I draw with my right hand will be for me, and the one drawn by my left hand will be for my son-in-law." The paper he chose for his son-in-law was for the land he so dearly wanted. His paper was for a piece of land with rocky ground. Nobody but he knew which hand he had chosen for his son-in-law. Still, he put aside the temptation to keep the land he wanted. He felt the sacrifice was worth being true to oneself. He and his sons hauled away rock for many years as they lived on the rocky property.

As I think of the faith of these wonderful ancestors of mine, it reminds me of my need to be worthy and my desire to be tied to them as an eternal family, generation upon generation. ●

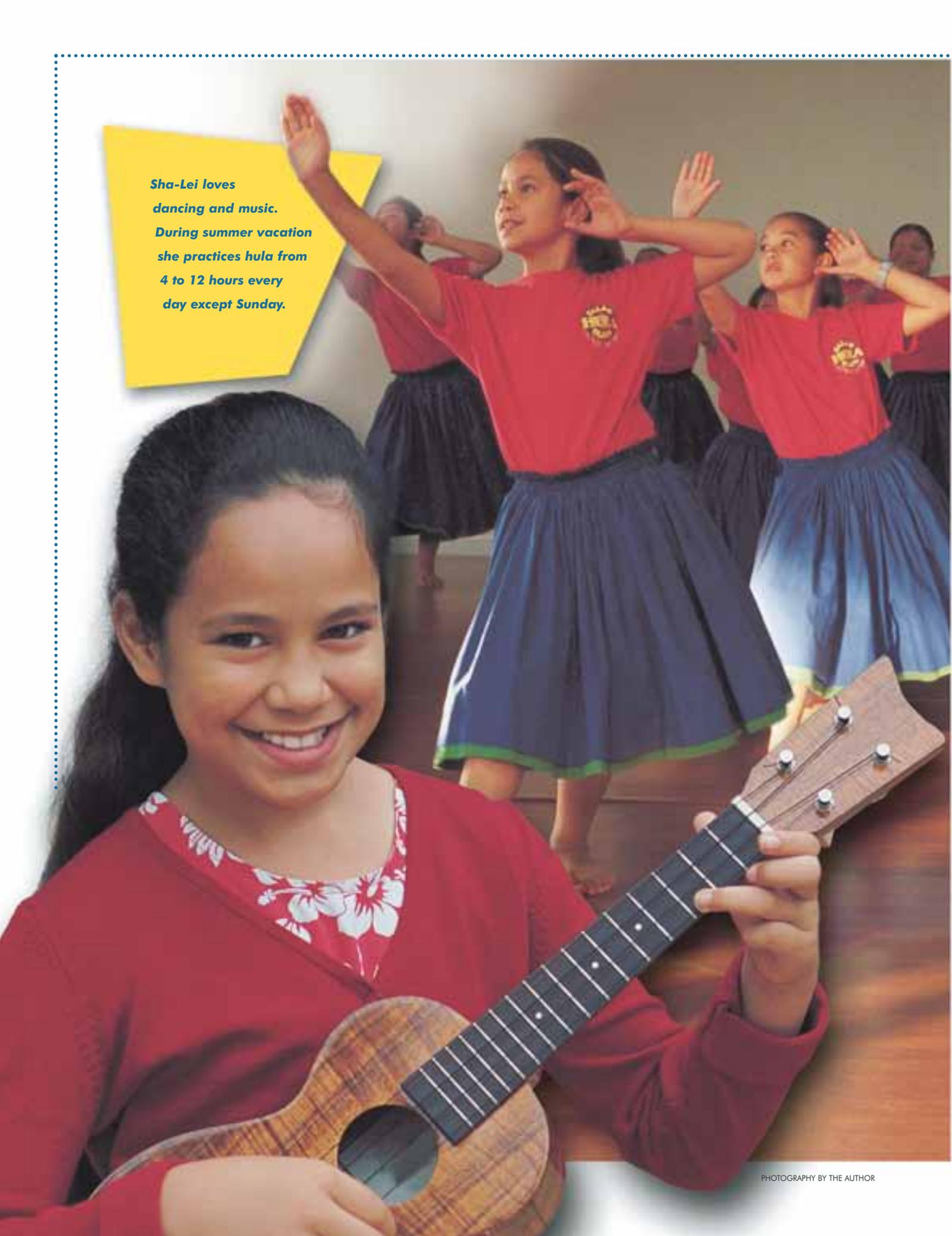
(See the Funstuf activity on page 13 for directions on how to make your own savings jars like the ones Elder Jones talks about.)



**Top: At age 3**

**Center: Ready to serve a mission**

**Above: With his wife, Joyce, and their children, Sidnie (left), Jed, and Ruston**



*Sha-Lei loves dancing and music. During summer vacation she practices hula from 4 to 12 hours every day except Sunday.*

# Sha-Lei Kamauu

of Ewa Beach, Hawaii

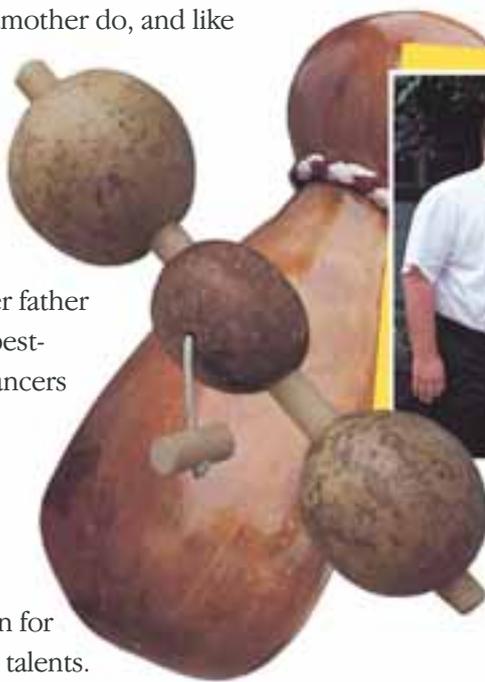
BY RICHARD M. ROMNEY  
Church Magazines

**L**ots of young children love to dance. But eight-year-old Sha-Lei Kamauu of Ewa Beach, Hawaii, enjoys it so much that during summer vacation she practices from 4 to 12 hours every day except Sunday.

Of course, if you came from the family that Sha-Lei does, you would probably be a dancer, too. Sha-Lei performs the hula, the traditional dance of Hawaii, just like her mother and grandmother do, and like her great-grandmother, her great-great-grandmother, and her great-great-great-grandmother did. That is six generations of hula dancers. And most of them have been hula teachers, too. What's more, her father is a descendant of one of the best-known Latter-day Saint hula dancers in Hawaii—Iolani Luahine.

Sha-Lei's grandparents Howard and Olana Ai are both *kumu hula* (hula teachers) at their own *balau hula* (hula school). They are widely known for helping students develop their talents.

For example, Grandpa Howard's boys' team has won the first-place international hula trophy nine years in a row. Grandma Olana teaches principles along with the dances—principles like beginning practice with prayer, always dressing modestly, and honoring your mother and father. For her and her students, hula is a way to express gratitude for God's creations and love and appreciation for others.



*A family collection of musical instruments shows the great love of Hawaiian culture Sha-Lei shares with her grandparents, parents, and her brother, Chaz.*

Sha-Lei and her brother, Chaz, 10, take hula lessons from their grandparents. They also spend a lot of time visiting Grandma and Grandpa at their home. They play with the extended family’s pet, Ginger the dog. They admire the collection of Hawaiian musical instruments, and when Grandpa brings two or three of the instruments down from the shelf, they all perform an impromptu concert. At other times they join their parents and grandparents in singing hymns around the piano. That’s another thing about Sha-Lei’s family—they know a lot about music.

They also know a lot about Hawaii. In addition to teaching voice and ukulele lessons, Sha-Lei and Chaz’s parents teach Hawaiian studies at schools on Hickam Air Force Base. So the children know a lot about the history and culture of the islands where they live. Sha-Lei was recently baptized, and she is pleased to tell people that Liliuokalani, the last queen of Hawaii, was also a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. “Baptism is important,” Sha-Lei says. “It means I have promised to always remember Jesus Christ and that I should be a good example of someone who follows His teachings.”

Sha-Lei is also happy to tell people her full name: Sha-Lei Elizabeth Kanaiokeanoē Kiowao’o Nu’uanu Lindsey Kamaau. One of the reasons her parents gave her the Hawaiian part of her

name was to remind her of the place they were living when she was born. It means “the beauty of the misty rains from Nu’uanu.” Sha-Lei can also tell you that her family has ancestors of 13 different nationalities—Hawaiian, Samoan, Tongan, Native American, Spanish, Scottish, Dutch, Irish, Welsh, Belgian, English, Danish, and Chinese. Doing family history work can be particularly exciting when your last name is Kamaau!

Sha-Lei also likes family home evening. As her mother explains, “We love being together, and we spend so much time together that we don’t just have family home evening, we have family home life!”

“Mom and Dad are always telling us about how they got married in the temple,” Sha-Lei says. “I always think, ‘I want to be married there, too!’” As for Chaz, he says he will go to the temple, too—first to do baptisms for the dead starting at age 12, then as he prepares to serve a mission when he turns 19.

But for now, the family is content to be playing music together; singing at Church meetings; learning about the gospel, the temple, ancestors, history, customs, and worthwhile traditions; and enjoying dancing the hula together—maybe for six generations more. ●



**Left: Grandma Olana teaches more than dancing—she also teaches principles and standards. Inset: Sha-Lei and Chaz enjoy playing with Ginger the dog. Above: Sha-Lei is part of the sixth generation of her family to dance the hula.**



# My Family

BY PAULA K. OBERING

Running a race with the wind in my hair,  
I'm zooming along, gliding on air!  
Jill is winning, followed by John,  
Clay and Jennifer, Nicky and Ron.  
Then there is me; I am the last.  
I love to run, but I'm not very fast!

When the race is over, Jill is the winner.  
She's the best runner, but I'm the best swimmer.  
John is great at throwing a ball.  
When we play soccer, Clay's best of all.  
Jennifer can juggle, Ron plays the drums,  
Nicky likes to sing while the rest of us hum!

We're each good at something, all different and fun—  
soccer and swimming, or taking a run!  
We all have fun in so many ways,  
the best of friends in whatever we play.  
It just doesn't matter whatever we choose,  
if we're having fun, there's no way to lose!





# The Well Boxes



BY JENS KRISTOFFERSEN  
(A true story)

*The Holy Ghost . . . shall . . . bring all things to your remembrance (John 14:26).*

When I was a boy growing up in Denmark, my friends and I liked to play tag. But one day we grew tired of playing the same old game, so we sat down and tried to think of something new and exciting to do.

“Let’s go to the harbor,” one friend suggested. “We can look at the boats and watch the fishermen.”

We all liked that idea, so we hopped on our bikes. Sure enough, there was a lot more action there! Sailors washed their boats while other fishermen cleaned and sold fish. Until the fish were sold, they were kept alive in well boxes—floating crates with small holes to allow water to flow in and out. The boxes bobbed between the boats and bumped into each other as the waves rushed in.

It wasn’t long before we were bored of just watching.

“Let’s play tag,” a friend suggested.

“Again?” another boy groaned.

My friend pointed to the well boxes with a sly grin.

“Out there.”

Soon we were all leaping from box to box, which

was much more exciting than playing tag at home. The slippery boxes jostled with each incoming wave. One time I fell off and landed with a splash. Sputtering seawater, I pulled myself back onto a crate and leaped onto another one. My foot broke right through it! Fish nibbled at my toes. It tickled, and I shrieked in laughter.

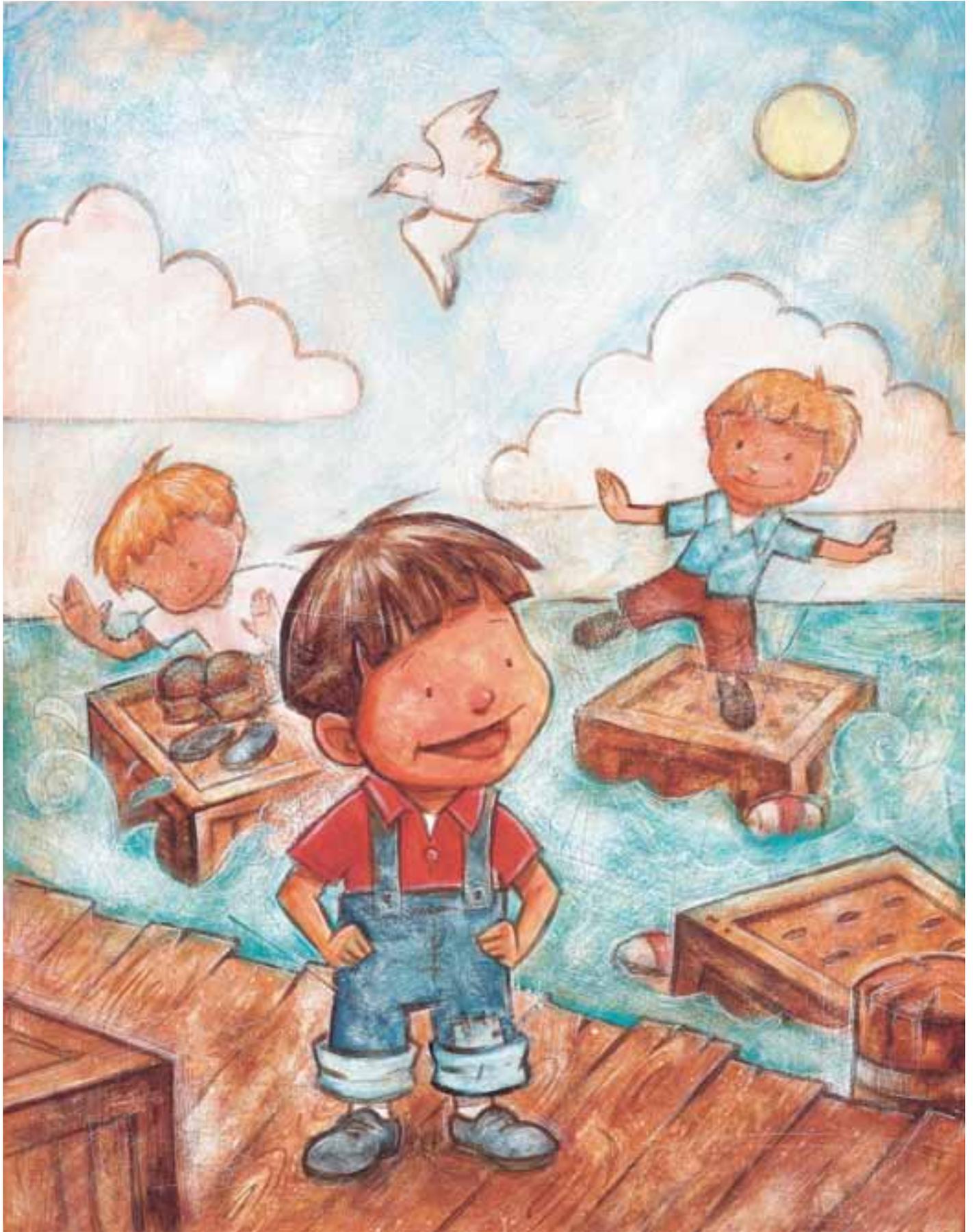
“Hey, you boys!” a gruff voice called. I looked up to see an angry fisherman coming toward us. “Get away from those well boxes before you break them. If you don’t get out of here, I’ll tell your parents!”

We scrambled back to shore, took off our wet socks and tied them to our bicycle handlebars, and took off. Our clothes dried in the wind as we pedaled home.

My clothes may have dried, but the smell of fish gave me away. When I walked in the door, Mother took one sniff and asked what had happened.

“I went to the harbor with my friends. I was playing on a well box, and I slipped and fell in the water,” I admitted.

To my surprise, Mother’s eyes filled with tears. “Jens, you must never play there again. Think of what could have happened! You could have been hurt or even





“Remembrance . . . comes through the gift of the Holy Ghost.”

**Elder Henry B. Eyring of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “Remembrance and Gratitude,” *Ensign*, Nov. 1989, 12.**

drowned.” She hugged me tight. “I would be so sad, Jens. What would I do without you? You must promise never to play there again.” I gave Mother my word.

But a few weeks later, my friends came over and invited me to go with them to the harbor. Remembering the fun we’d had last time, I got on my bike and followed them. I forgot all about the promise I had made to my mother.

“You’re it!” A friend tagged me and jumped onto a bobbing well box.

I was about to chase him when suddenly I saw my mother’s face, just as if she were right in front of me, her eyes filled with tears. My heart stopped. I had broken my promise!

“I have to go home now,” I called to my friends.

“What?” one of them whined. “Why? We just got here.”

“I have to go home,” I repeated, climbing onto my bike.

My friends complained and tried to coax me into staying, but I wouldn’t listen. One by one, they all headed for home, too.

I put my bike away as quietly as possible and went to my room. I felt sick with shame that I had gone where I had promised Mother I would not go.

After a while Mother came into my room. “I can tell something is bothering you, Jens. What’s wrong?”

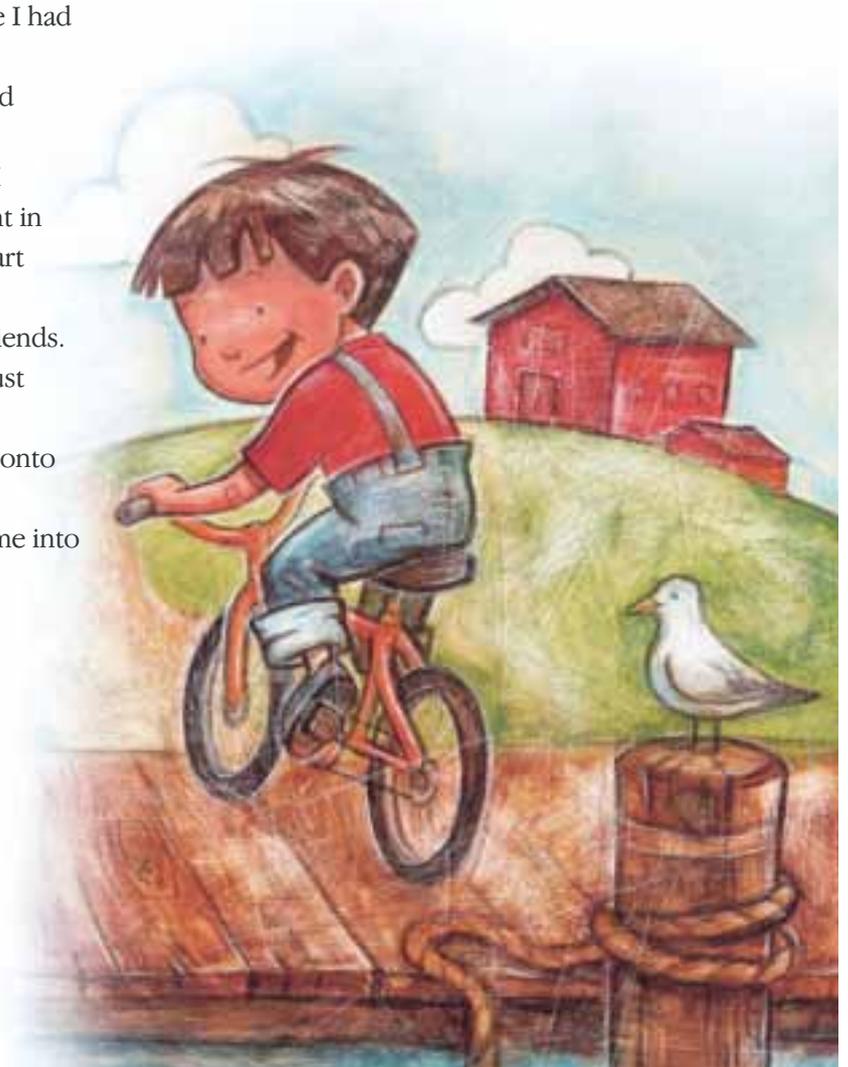
Lowering my head, I said quietly, “I went to the harbor with my friends today. I forgot that I had promised you I wouldn’t. But as soon as I got there, I remembered.

I came right home. So did my friends. Mother, I’m sorry I forgot!”

When I looked up, Mother was beaming. “Jens! I’m so happy you remembered. Because you did, you set an example for your friends and none of you were hurt.”

A while later she brought me a glass of milk and a piece of freshly baked cake. Mother made the best cake in the whole world. I was grateful for the warm treat—but more grateful for the warmth of remembering to do right. ●

*Jens Kristoffersen is a member of the Horsens Branch, Aarhus Denmark Stake.*



# Trust Jesus

BY ELDER JEFFREY R. HOLLAND  
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles



**K**atie Lewis is my neighbor.

Her older brother, Jimmie, is battling leukemia. But like

the faithful Latter-day Saints they are, the Lewises turned to God with urgency and with faith and with hope. They fasted and prayed, prayed and fasted. And they went again and again to the temple.

One day Sister Lewis came home from a temple session weary and worried. As she entered her home, four-year-old Katie ran up to her with love in her eyes and a crumpled sheaf [stack] of papers in her hand. Holding the papers out to her mother, she said enthusiastically, “Mommy, do you know what these are?”

Sister Lewis smiled through her sorrow and said, “No, Katie. I don’t know what they are. Please tell me.”

“They are the scriptures,” Katie beamed back, “and do you

know what they say?”

Sister Lewis knelt down to her level and said, “Tell me, Katie. What do the scriptures say?”

“They say, ‘Trust Jesus.’ ”

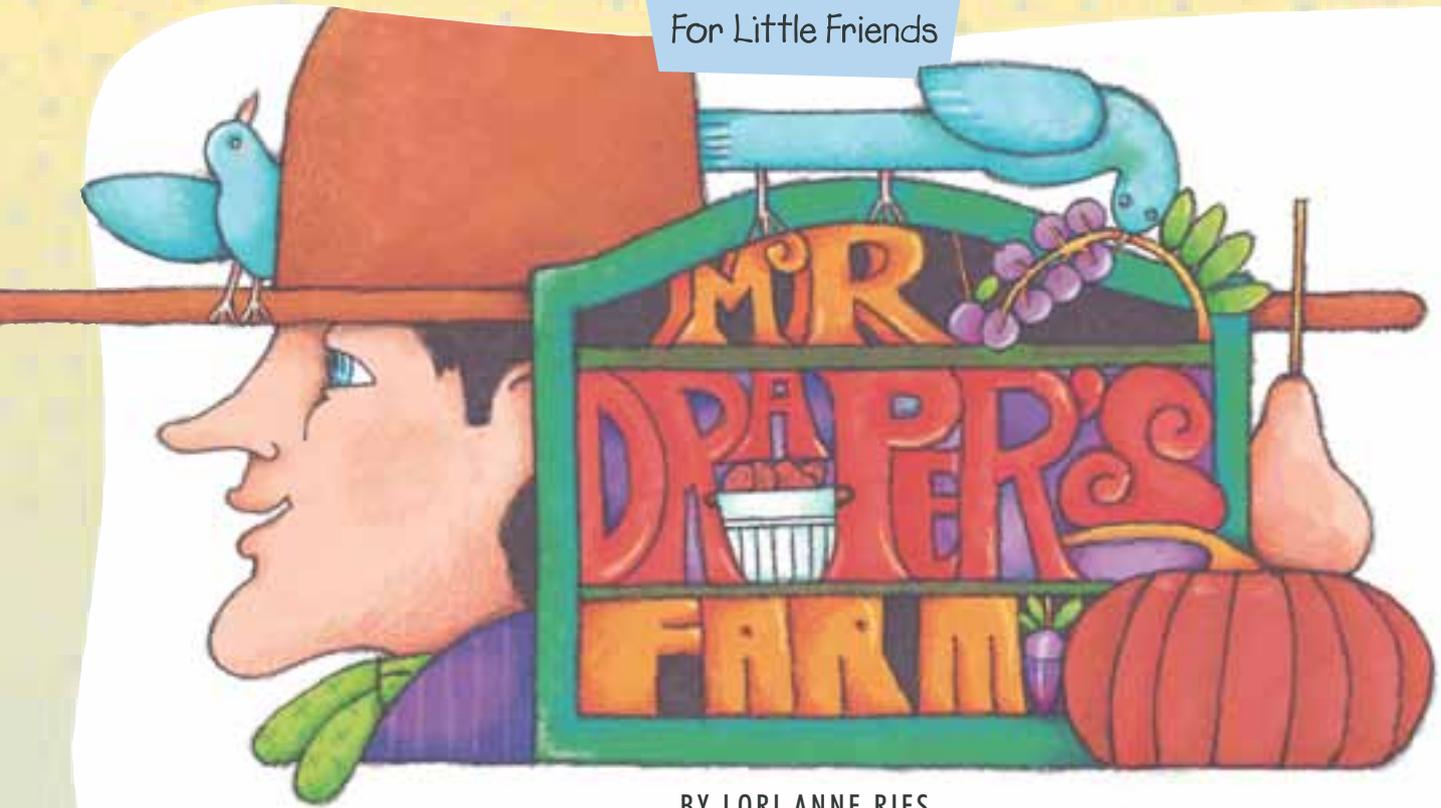
Sister Lewis said that as she stood back up, she felt arms of peace encircle her weary soul and a divine stillness calm her troubled heart.

In a world of discouragement, sorrow, and sin, in times when fear and despair seem to prevail, I too say, “Trust Jesus.” Believe that He can lift mankind from its bed of affliction [trouble], in time and in eternity. ●

*From an October 1993 general conference address.*



**Did you know that Elder Holland once served as president of Brigham Young University? Here he teaches us to trust Jesus Christ in times of trouble.**



BY LORI ANNE RIES

(Based on experiences of the author's family while visiting a farm in Hood River, Oregon)

*We encourage you to gather your families around you for . . . family activities* (Elder L. Tom Perry of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Called of God," *Ensign*, Nov. 2002, 7).

**I**t's Saturday! Everybody up!" Dad calls from the hall.

I open my eyes. Mommy kisses me and opens my curtains to welcome the morning sun.

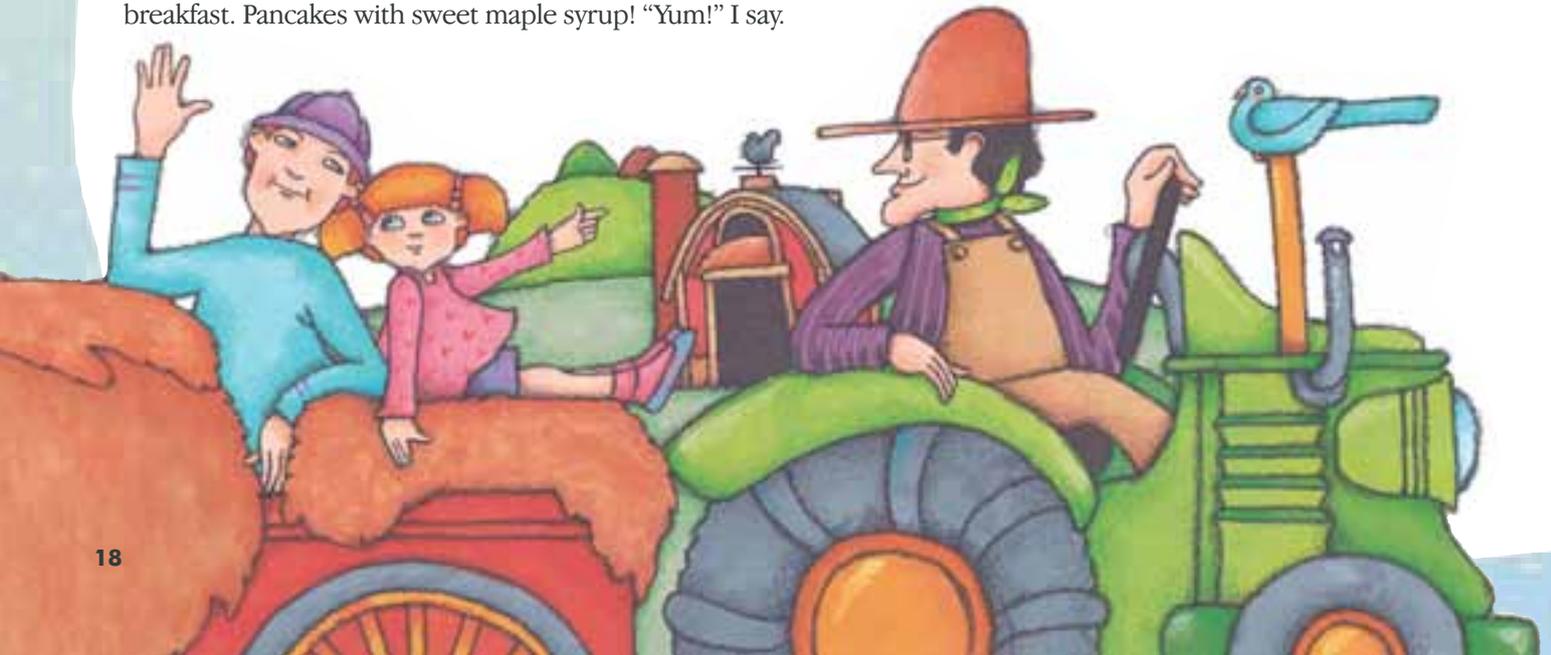
"How would you like to go for a drive today?" Daddy asks with a smile.

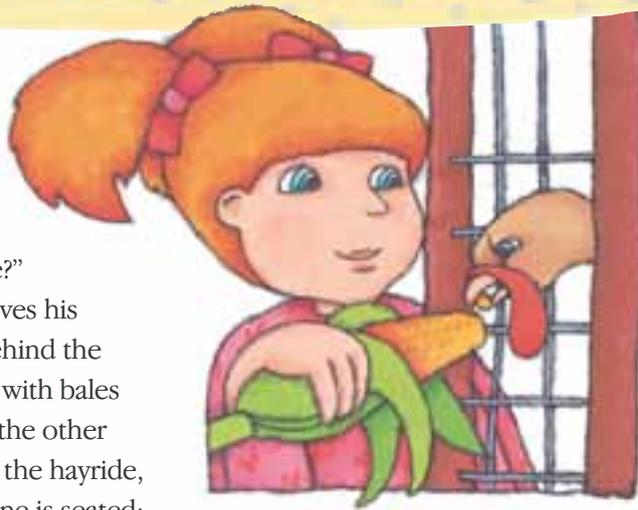
"Yes, yes," I say as I quickly jump out of bed. After Mommy helps me get dressed, we go downstairs for breakfast. Pancakes with sweet maple syrup! "Yum!" I say.

After breakfast we get in the car for a drive to Hood River. It is autumn, and the leaves on the trees are many different colors. I draw leaves that are yellow, red, and orange on the big pad of paper with the crayons that Mommy brought.

Finally we stop at Mr. Draper's farm. Mr. Draper is a big man with a tall hat. We walk over to see his turkeys and chickens. "Would you like to feed them?" he asks, handing me a cob of corn.

"Yes, thank you," I reply. Mr. Draper shows me how to hold the corn so the turkeys will peck at it and not my finger.





“How about a hay ride?” Mr. Draper calls as he drives his tractor from the barn. Behind the tractor is a flatbed trailer with bales of hay to sit on. Many of the other visitors want to come on the hayride, too. We wait until everyone is seated; then we start to move. The ride is bumpy and makes me laugh!

Mr. Draper tells us how the farm has belonged to his family for many generations. He shows us different kinds of apples and pears as we ride under the trees. Daddy points to some horses nearby.

Mr. Draper stops his tractor, puts a bale of hay on the ground, and helps us all step down. He shows us a big patch of strawberries and raspberries near the horses, and tells us we may pick some. Daddy picks me up so I can reach some raspberries, then Mommy takes me over to pet the horses.

Mommy takes a picture of Daddy and me on the trailer before it is time to go. “Smile,” Mommy says. I smile as big as I can. Then everyone climbs back on the trailer for the trip back.

The tractor starts to move again. Mr. Draper drives us by his bee boxes, where the bees make honey for him. Then we drive under his plum trees. He tells us we can reach up and pick one. Daddy helps me grab a plum. “Mmm—it is so juicy!” I say.

As we come to the pond, many ducks fly into the air. They quack very loudly. Almost as loud as the tractor engine. We drive by the house where Mr. Draper lives and see his big sunflowers and vegetable garden. As we come back to the front of the farm, the tractor slows down and then stops.

Mr. Draper helps us all down. Mommy buys some of his shiny apples and pears, and Daddy gives me an apple to eat on the way home. I take a big bite, and the sweet juice runs down my chin.

“Good-bye Farmer Draper, I hope I see you again!” I call as I get into the car. Mr. Draper waves back.

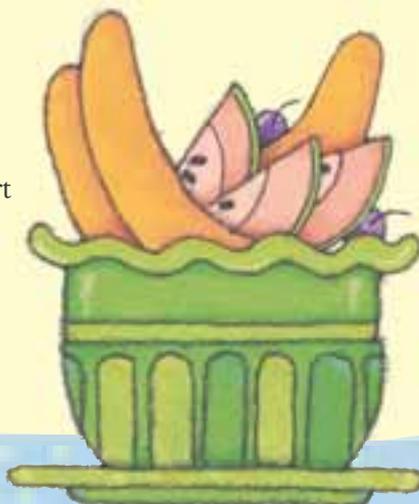
Autumn is my favorite time of year! ●

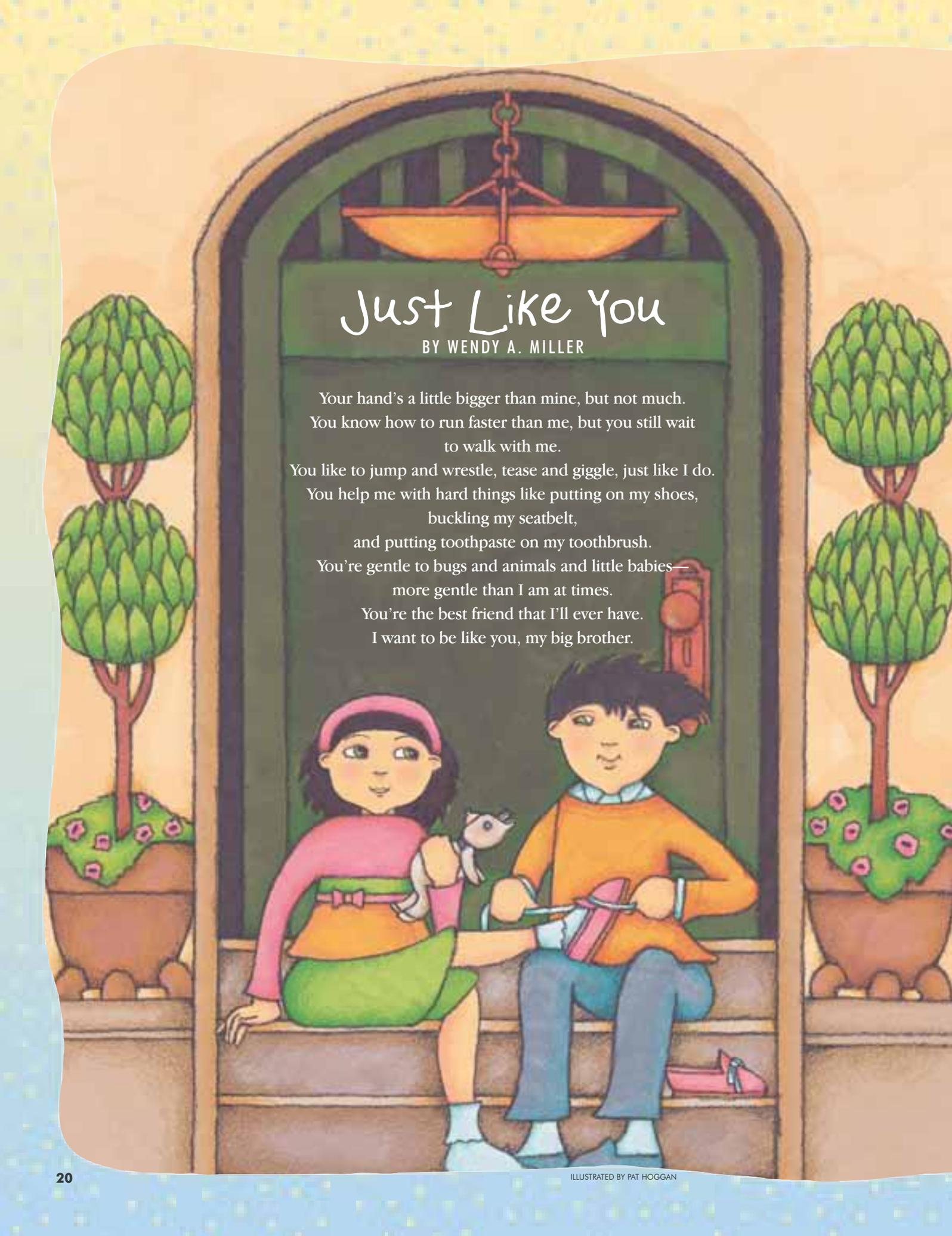
*Lori Anne Ries is a member of the Tigard First Ward, Tualatin Oregon Stake.*

## Cinnamon Yogurt Fruit Dip

- 1 cup vanilla yogurt**
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon**
- 1 apple, cored and sliced**
- 1 banana, peeled and sliced**

In a small bowl, mix the yogurt and cinnamon together. Use as a dip for the fruit.





# Just Like You

BY WENDY A. MILLER

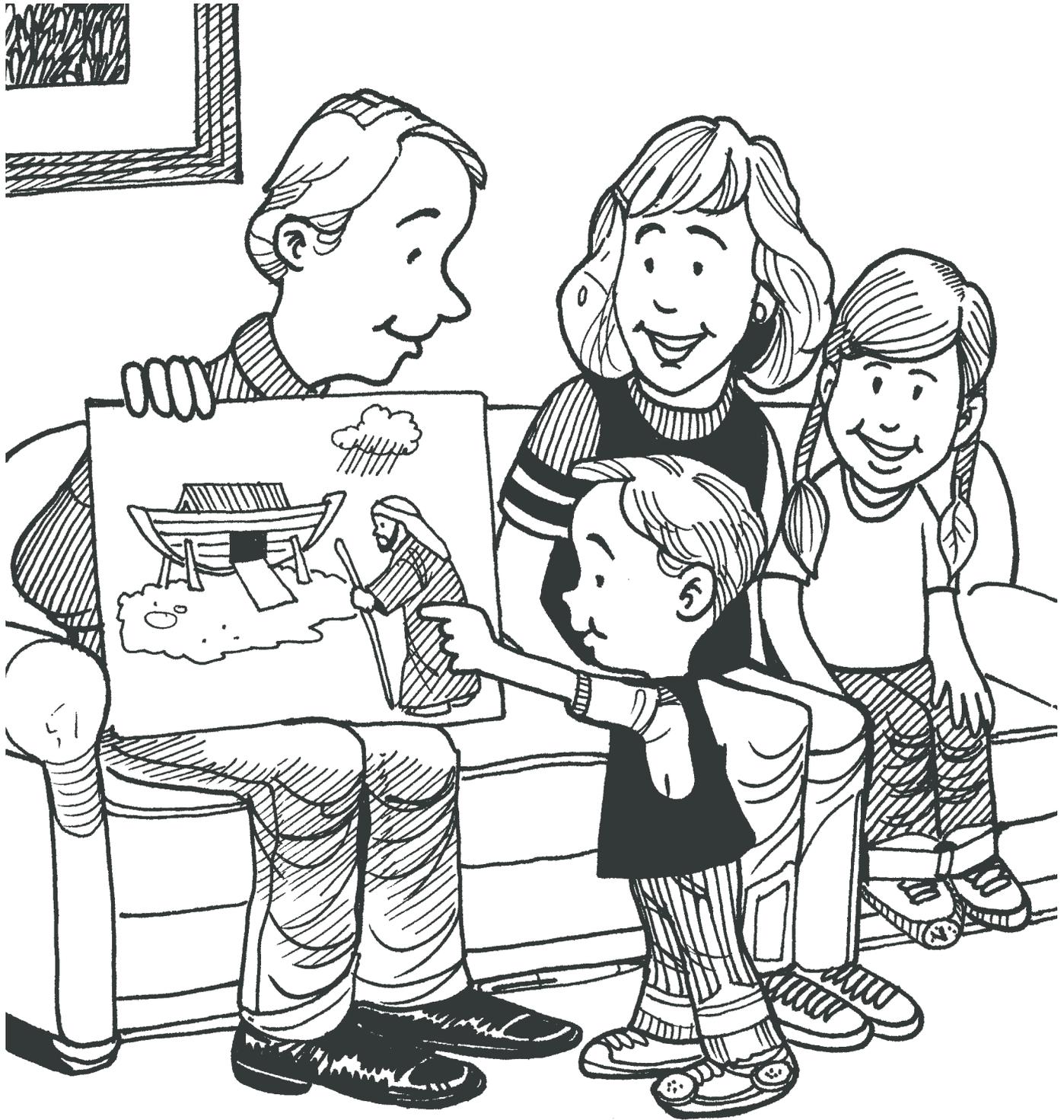
Your hand's a little bigger than mine, but not much.  
You know how to run faster than me, but you still wait  
to walk with me.

You like to jump and wrestle, tease and giggle, just like I do.  
You help me with hard things like putting on my shoes,  
buckling my seatbelt,  
and putting toothpaste on my toothbrush.

You're gentle to bugs and animals and little babies—  
more gentle than I am at times.

You're the best friend that I'll ever have.

I want to be like you, my big brother.



## Family Home Evening

BY ROBERT PETERSON

We like family home evening lessons. After we finish our lesson on Noah and the ark, please help us find a banana, a bird, a book, a duck's head, an iron, a leaf, a lightbulb, a paintbrush, a pen, a sock, a telephone, and a watch. Then color the picture.

## Our Creative Friends

### Sabbath Feelings

The flaming sun all red hot white  
And the green, green grass all in strands,  
I come and go all in lace.  
My shoes are white; my eyes are soft.  
We go to my Father's house to pray  
And learn the knowledge of a long time ago.  
The worth of scriptures has come to me;  
I read and listen with my heart  
All red hot white when the Holy Ghost touches it.

*Rachel Tanner, age 10  
Preston, Idaho*

### Writing

Writing is watching your pencil fly over paper,  
Skipping lines, highlighting,  
Reading it over and over again.  
Writing is flying.  
Writing is everything.  
Writing is graceful.  
Your mind flies out and sings out ideas—  
Flying over the page,  
Gliding and clearing away clouds.  
Writing.

*Ellie Stilson, age 8  
Tucson, Arizona*

### Families

Families are the ones who  
Stand big and strong.  
They're the ones to hold your hand  
When everything goes wrong.  
Families have courage steady as the sun.  
No one can replace them,  
Not a single one.

*Megan Michelle Blackwell, age 11  
The Colony, Texas*

### Mother Nature

I am part wolf;  
Wolverine I am some.  
Rose is my face.  
Bear is my soul.  
Lion is my strength.  
My cunningness a fox.  
My heart is an eagle  
Mighty and free.  
The sun I awaken.  
You see my face in the moon.  
I talk to you in your sleep.  
My voice is the water with the wind.

My songs are the songs of animals.  
I am all,  
And all are part of me.  
You see me each day,  
Each time in a different way.  
Tomorrow I may talk to you  
In a growl or a purr,  
In a chirp or a song,  
In future or in memories,  
In life . . . or . . .  
In your dreams . . .  
I will see you tonight. . . .

*So good night!*

*JuliAnn Whiteley, age 10  
Melbourne, Florida*

### Forgiveness

Let us forgive  
Each day and night.  
When we do,  
We choose the right.

Let us forgive  
The bad as we should,  
Just as we know  
Jesus would.

*Kaitlyn Robinson, age 9  
Miller, Missouri*

### Where You Are

Every corner has a mystery.  
Every hole has a place to fall.  
Every staircase has a wonder.  
And there you will stay and pray  
To find the way.

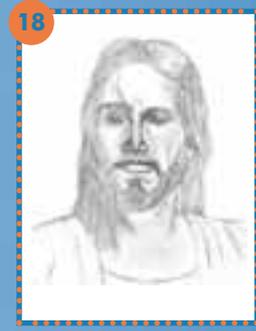
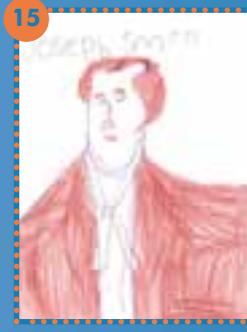
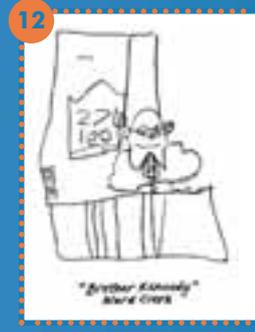
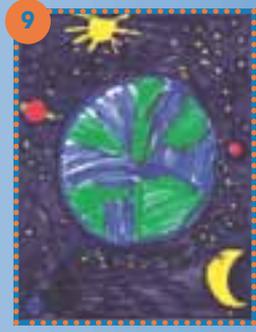
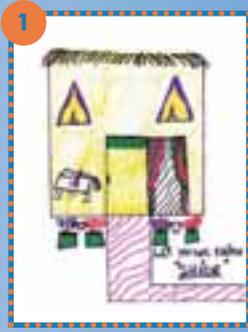
*Trevor Woolley, age 11  
Thousand Oaks, California*

### Tithing

A boy did some work,  
And then he got paid.  
He kept it all safe  
Till the Sabbath day.  
On a glorious morn  
He went to his church  
And paid 10 percent  
From all his hard work.

*Brittany Gilbertson, age 11  
Sandy, Utah*

- 1 *Alopa Tu'ifua, age 10  
Tatakamotonga, Tonga*
- 2 *Erika Jones, age 8  
Centerville, Utah*
- 3 *Taylor Hancock, age 8  
Mesa, Arizona*
- 4 *Rachel Falk, age 10  
Price, Utah*
- 5 *Klara Hungrige, age 7  
Indianapolis, Indiana*
- 6 *Andrew Crenshaw, age 10  
Olean, New York*
- 7 *Abby Thatcher, age 6  
Riverside, Missouri*
- 8 *Daniel Jay Robinson, age 11  
Hilliard, Ohio*
- 9 *Kimberly Ann Stevenson, age 5  
Valencia, California*
- 10 *Jacob Sok, age 7  
Morton, Pennsylvania*
- 11 *Kate Gosling, age 4  
Magnolia, Texas*
- 12 *Eric Shaffer, age 6  
Evanston, Wyoming*
- 13 *Sydney Maples, age 11  
Edwardsville, Illinois*
- 14 *Ryan Hayes, age 8  
Pocatello, Idaho*
- 15 *Sabrina Tornow, age 5  
Clovis, New Mexico*
- 16 *Erin Sheffield, age 7  
Clive, Iowa*
- 17 *Justin Perfili, age 9  
Escondido, Louisiana*
- 18 *Brien Freeman, age 10  
Sparks, Nevada*
- 19 *Karl Naumann, age 9  
Bremerton, Washington*
- 20 *Parker Sherwood, age 5  
Rosebud, Arkansas*



# Coming Forth of th

**Instructions:** Read the captions under each picture, then color the picture. You could



1. One night, 17-year-old Joseph Smith went to his bedroom and prayed (see Joseph Smith—History 1:28–29).



2. The angel Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith and told him about a book of gold plates hidden in a hillside (see Joseph Smith—History 1:30–35, 44–47).



4. Moroni appeared to Joseph and told him not to remove anything but to come back each year for the next few years. Joseph returned every year and was taught by Moroni. Four years later, on September 22, 1827, Moroni told Joseph to take the plates and Urim and Thummim (see Joseph Smith—History 1:53–54, 59).



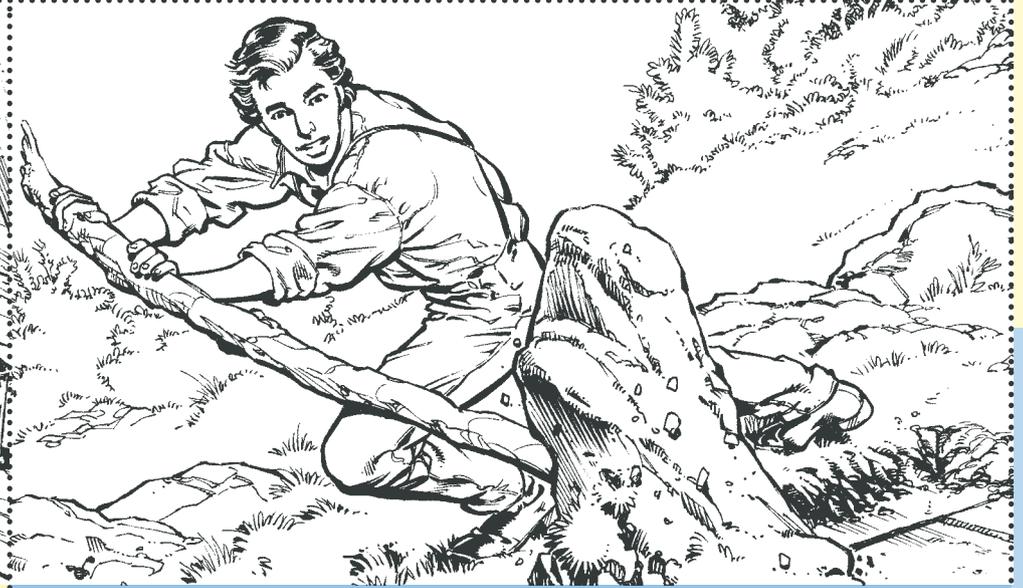
5. Joseph used the Urim and Thummim to write the Book of Mormon. At different times he asked Oliver Cowdery (his brother-in-law), and a few other people to write down the words on the gold plates (see Joseph Smith—History 1:62–63, 67–68).

# The Book of Mormon

Use these captions and pictures for a family home evening lesson or a Primary talk.



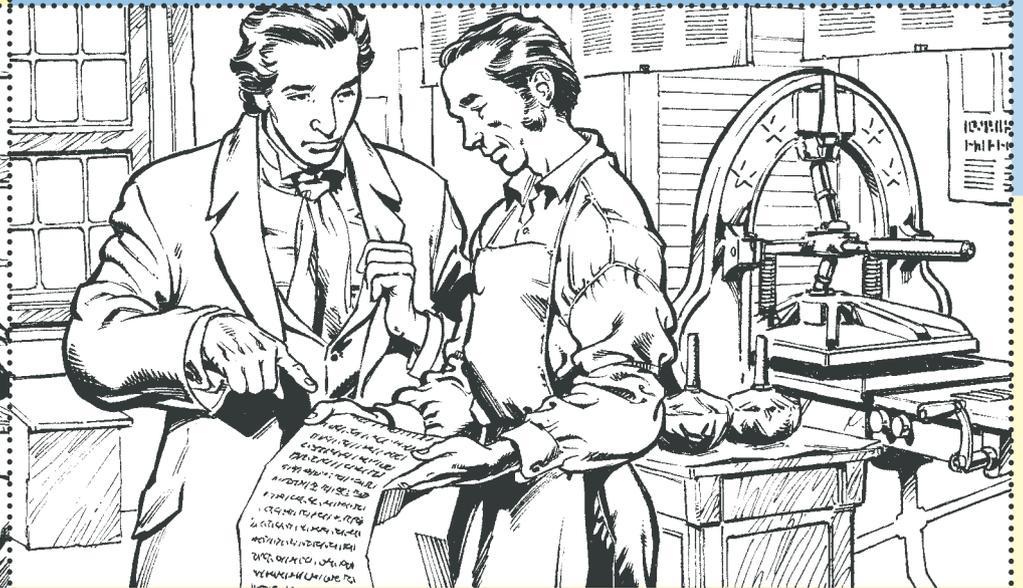
Joseph Smith translated the plates three times during the night and told the story to his family in a hillside (see Joseph Smith—History



3. Joseph went to the Hill Cumorah the next day. Using a stick, he moved a large rock and found a stone box containing the gold plates and the Urim and Thummim—“seer” stones fastened to a breastplate (see Joseph Smith—History 1:50–52).



Joseph Smith translated some of the plates. He translated the plates in Palmyra, New York, in 1827. Martin Harris, Emma Smith (his first wife), and others were present. He told them what he said as he translated from the plates (see Joseph Smith—History 1:62, 67; D&C 3:preface; 25:1, 5–6).

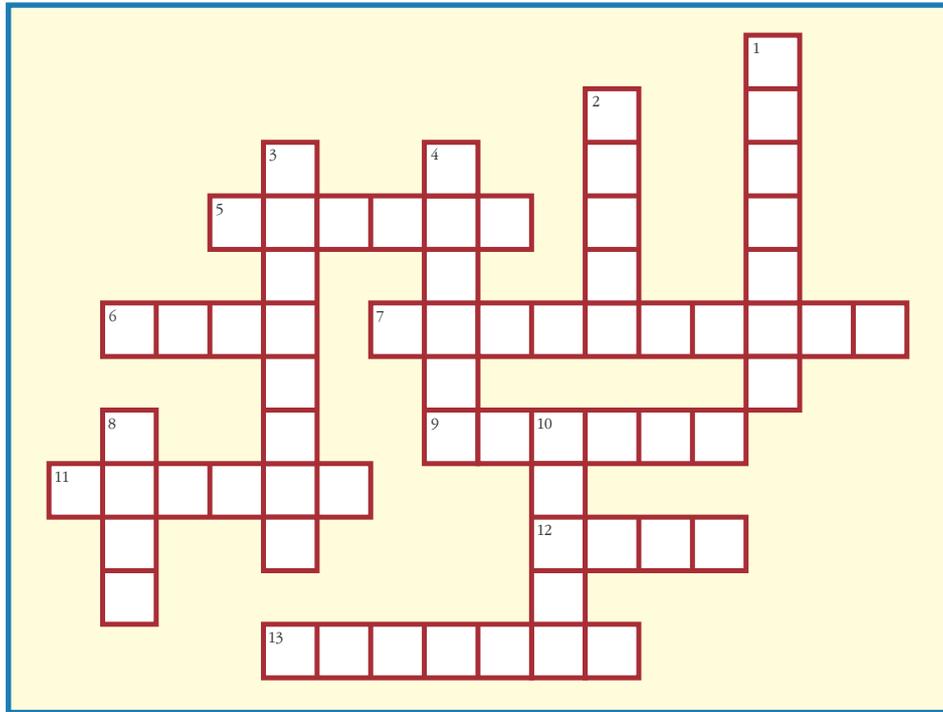


6. In 1830, Joseph Smith took the Book of Mormon to a printer in Palmyra, New York (see *History of the Church*, 1:71).

# My Gospel Standards Crossword Puzzle

See how well you know My Gospel Standards by completing the crossword puzzle below.

To check your answers, read My Gospel Standards in the *Faith in God* guidebook or see the answers on page 27.



## ACROSS

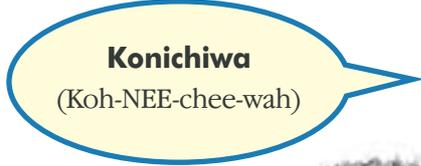
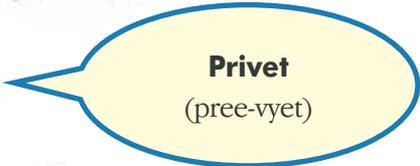
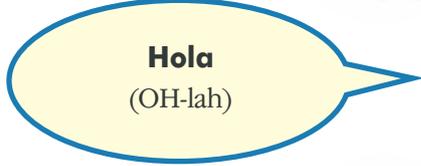
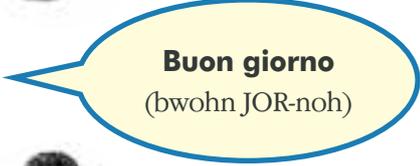
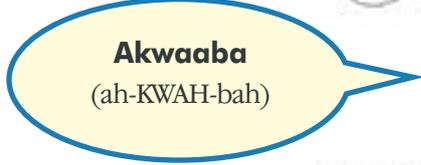
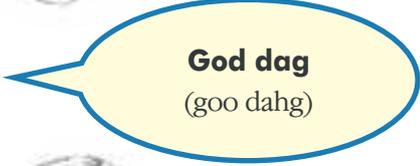
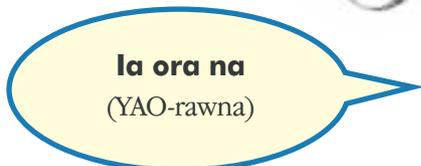
5. I will \_\_\_\_\_ Heavenly Father's plan for me.
6. I will keep my mind and body sacred and \_\_\_\_\_, and I will not partake of things that are harmful to me.
7. I will use the names of Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ \_\_\_\_\_. I will not swear or use crude words.
9. I will live now to be worthy to go to the \_\_\_\_\_ and do my part to have an eternal family.
11. I will choose the right. I know I can \_\_\_\_\_ when I make a mistake.
12. I will \_\_\_\_\_ good friends and treat others kindly.
13. I will dress modestly to show \_\_\_\_\_ for Heavenly Father and myself.

## DOWN

1. I will do those things on the \_\_\_\_\_ that will help me feel close to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.
2. I will \_\_\_\_\_ my parents and do my part to strengthen my family.
3. I will remember my baptismal \_\_\_\_\_ and listen to the Holy Ghost.
4. I will be \_\_\_\_\_ with Heavenly Father, others, and myself.
8. I will only \_\_\_\_\_ and watch things that are pleasing to Heavenly Father.
10. I will only listen to \_\_\_\_\_ that is pleasing to Heavenly Father.

# Greetings from Around the World

Match these children and their greetings with the languages they speak. (See answers below.)

		Italian
		Tahitian
		Swedish
		Japanese
		Russian
		Ghanaian <small>(from the Fante and Twi tribes in Ghana, Africa.)</small>
		Spanish

*Greetings from Around the World:* Konichiwa—Japanese; Privet—Russian; Hola—Spanish; Buon giorno—Italian; Akwaaba—Ghanaian; God dag—Swedish; Ia ora na—Tahitian.

*My Gospel Standards Crossword Puzzle:* Across—(5) follow; (6) pure; (7) reverently; (9) temple; (11) repent; (12) seek; (13) respect. Down—(1) Sabbath; (2) honor; (3) covenant; (4) honest; (8) read; (10) music.



# I Love Him, He's My Dad

BY RAY GOLDRUP

(Based on a true story)

*Charity suffereth long, and is kind* (1 Corinthians 13:4).

**T**he tall yellow weeds in the big field behind Grandpa and Grandma's place look pretty. When the wind blows they're like a yellow sea that rolls and whispers. I like to lie in them, especially when it's windy. Especially with my dad. He said that when the weeds are all rustling, it's like they're telling a story. He listened to those stories and passed them on to me. He called them his tall-as-a-yellow-weed tales.

Sometimes we played hide-and-peek in the field. I liked that, too. Dad closed his eyes while I hid. Then he had 10 minutes to find me and tag me. If I won, he took me to the soda fountain in Hadley and bought me a milk shake. I usually won. I think he let me sometimes. He knew how much I like chocolate shakes.

I miss those times. I still like Grandma and Grandpa's place, but the yellow field isn't the same. It looks the same, but without Dad, it's just . . . different. It's just a field.

Mom and I live with Grandma and Grandpa now. At least for a while. Until Mom can make enough money at her new job, or until Dad gets better. Dad has a drinking problem. It got pretty bad, and he wouldn't get help. We prayed and prayed for him, but Mom said Heavenly Father can't help us if we don't try to help ourselves. I know she's right, because once I asked Him to help me on a school test that I hadn't studied for. I failed it anyway. Mom said that if we do all we can do for ourselves, then ask Heavenly Father for help, He will then assist us.

One day my friend Barry said that if his dad were like

mine, he wouldn't love him anymore. Because if my dad cared about us, he wouldn't keep drinking.

I couldn't sleep too well that night. My mom came into my room and asked what was wrong. When I told her, she explained some things that helped me to feel better.

The next day when Barry and I were looking for arrowheads in Baker's Canyon up behind the yellow field, I told him I still loved my dad. When he asked me why, I said, "Remember when your brother didn't tie up the chain that was hanging way down from the siren on his bike?"

"Yes," Barry said, "and I told him it could cause an accident if it got caught in the spokes, but did he listen to me? No!"

Last month Barry borrowed that bike. He was flying down a hill when, sure enough, the chain got caught in the spokes of his front wheel. All of a sudden the bike stopped, but Barry kept going, right over the handlebars. He banged himself up pretty badly. In fact, his arm was still in a cast.

"Do you still love your brother?" I asked.

"Of course I do."

"Why?"

"Well, because . . . because he's my brother. He didn't *want* me to get hurt. He was just being careless."

"I'm sure your brother feels bad about it," I said. "My dad feels awful, too, after he sobers up."

Barry and I sat down on a rock to drink from our canteens. Grandma's cold lemonade tastes so good that it



“We cannot repent for someone else. But we can forgive someone else, refusing to hold hostage those whom the Lord seeks to set free!”

**Elder Neal A. Maxwell of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “Repentance,” *Ensign*, Nov. 1991, 32.**

makes getting thirsty fun. Dad always said, “On a hot day your grandma’s lemonade takes all the discomfort out of being alive!” And he was right.

I looked at Barry seriously, trying to get the deep down inside of him to listen. I had written down some of what Mom said the night before so I wouldn’t forget. Now I read it to Barry: “ ‘God loves all of us, even when He doesn’t love all of our actions. It’s called charity—the pure love of Christ, and we need to try to love like Jesus does.’ ”

Barry nodded his head and smiled. I could tell that he knew my mom was right. Her words made me feel good inside, too. About my dad. About a lot of things. It was as good a feeling as Grandma’s lemonade going down on a hot summer day.

Mom and I kept praying for Dad. He stopped drinking, and he’s in a special program that’s helping him. He’ll be coming home in a few weeks. He says he wants to play hide-and-seek with me in the tall yellow weeds. And he wants me to win, because he misses those chocolate milk shakes as much as I do! ●

*Ray Goldrup is a member of the Bennion 15th Ward, Bennion Utah Stake.*



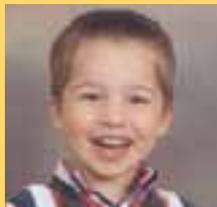
# Friends in the News



**Amuzie Nwachukwu**, 6, Lagos, Nigeria, loves his two brothers and his sister. He likes reading the scriptures, praying for others, and eating ice cream.



**Kristen Foote**, 11, San Jose, California, is a peacemaker in her family. She always tries to choose the right. She takes piano and ballet lessons; plays softball, basketball, and soccer; and is on the school swim team.



**Joshua Katzenbach**, 4, Sandy, Utah, enjoys eating pizza and going on rides at amusement parks. One of his favorite pastimes is looking for American flags.



**Rebecca Andrews**, 10, Berwick, Nova Scotia, Canada, likes to dance, swim, play the piano, sing in Primary, and give family home evening lessons. She prays often and enjoys reading the scriptures.



**Alexander Matthew Smith**, 3, Columbus, Nebraska, enjoys going to Primary dressed just like his dad. He likes listening to music and singing. He never tires of hearing and singing "I Am a Child of God."



**Corinne Zollinger**, 8, Meridian, Idaho, likes going to Primary, singing Primary songs, reading books, and playing with her friends. She is a good sister to her brother, Jacob, and sister, Hailey.



**Jess Hoolono Kanongataa**, 5, Vallejo, California, memorized all 13 Articles of Faith. He likes to play soccer, wrestle with his dad, and play house with his sister, Luana. He reads the Book of Mormon with his mom.



**Sarah Gaffin**, 7, Las Vegas, Nevada, is growing her hair out to donate to cancer patients. She is a good missionary to her friends. She enjoys reading, soccer, and riding her new skateboard.



**Trini Cardenas**, 9, Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, is a loving and peaceable young man. He enjoys drawing and likes to help others whenever he can.



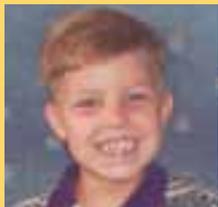
**Brianna Bennett**, 6, Salt Lake City, Utah, loves Heavenly Father, Jesus Christ, and her family. She also likes school, animals, Primary, and asking questions about life.



**Chandler Rich**, 4, Franklin, Tennessee, loves his sister, Samantha, and his brother, Spencer. He plays T-ball, fishes with his dad, and makes his own bed. He has his own work gloves and often helps in the yard.



**Kimberly Lanai Wendt**, 9, Lake Mills, Wisconsin, enjoys ballet, piano, reading, soccer, and basketball. She is sensitive and loving and a great example to her parents and younger brother.



**Jared Nephi Bradshaw**, 7, Milton, Florida, is a great missionary to his neighborhood. He makes friends easily. He likes sports and wants to play for BYU someday.



**Elyn Lobato**, 11, McKinney, Texas, would like to thank her parents and her Primary teachers and leaders for helping her earn her Gospel in Action Award. She enjoys playing the flute and baking with her mom.



**Alan Smith**, 5, Columbus, Indiana, likes to ride his bike, play baseball, swim in the summer, and make giant snowmen and sled in the winter. He loves his family, especially his little brother, Bryan.



**Mary Bosley**, 3, Bailey, North Carolina, loves her brother, Dustin, and her sisters, April and Shana. She prays every day that they will be safe. She enjoys riding her tricycle and playing with her dollhouse.



**Adam Weber**, 9, Moses Lake, Washington, enjoys football and reading books about sports. He is looking forward to serving a mission like his older brother.



**Alle Muir**, 10, McKinnon, Wyoming, loves her friends. She lives on a ranch and enjoys riding horses and jumping on the trampoline. She also likes music and dancing. Her school has only 15 students.



**Cameron Muncy**, 5, Longmont, Colorado, loves his Primary teacher. Cameron wants to go on a mission and then become an astronaut. He plays baseball and helps take care of his baby sister, Allison.



**Joslin Montoya**, 7, Lakeside, Arizona, is excited about being a big sister. She enjoys tae kwon do, riding bikes, singing, and taking care of others.



**Timothy Ray Malmberg**, 8, College Ward, Utah, likes to help the poor and others in need. He also likes to play with his dog and cat and help his dad.



**Emma Kristine Larsen**, 4, Canton, Michigan, likes going to Primary, preschool, and ballet. She enjoys drawing and dressing up with her friends. Her favorite song is "I Love to See the Temple."



**Andy Justice**, 9, Berryville, Virginia, reads scriptures every day with his family. He enjoys playing soccer, reading, and playing chess with his sister or anyone else who is willing to play with him.



**Jerianne Lindman**, 11, Blaine, Minnesota, enjoys reading and helping others, especially children. She gives great bear hugs!



FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

# Called to Serve



As a young man, Heber J. Grant became seriously ill. He feared that he would die.

Heavenly Father, if I am allowed to live, I promise I'll be willing to go to the ends of the earth to preach the gospel.

You are called to be the first missionary in Japan. It will not be easy, but the Lord has revealed that it is your duty. Will you go?

Yes, President Snow.

Heber recovered, and in 1901 he was able to keep his promise when President Lorenzo Snow called him as a missionary.

Heber and his companions first needed to get permission to preach in the country. They were interviewed in newspapers and magazines. They gave a good impression, and they were eventually given permission to preach.

Heber served in Japan for two years but saw very few people baptized and never learned the language very well. One day when he was discouraged, he went into the woods to pray.

If it is Thy will, when my mission in Japan is finished, I would like to serve a mission in Europe.

Three days later, Heber was called home to Utah by President Joseph F. Smith.

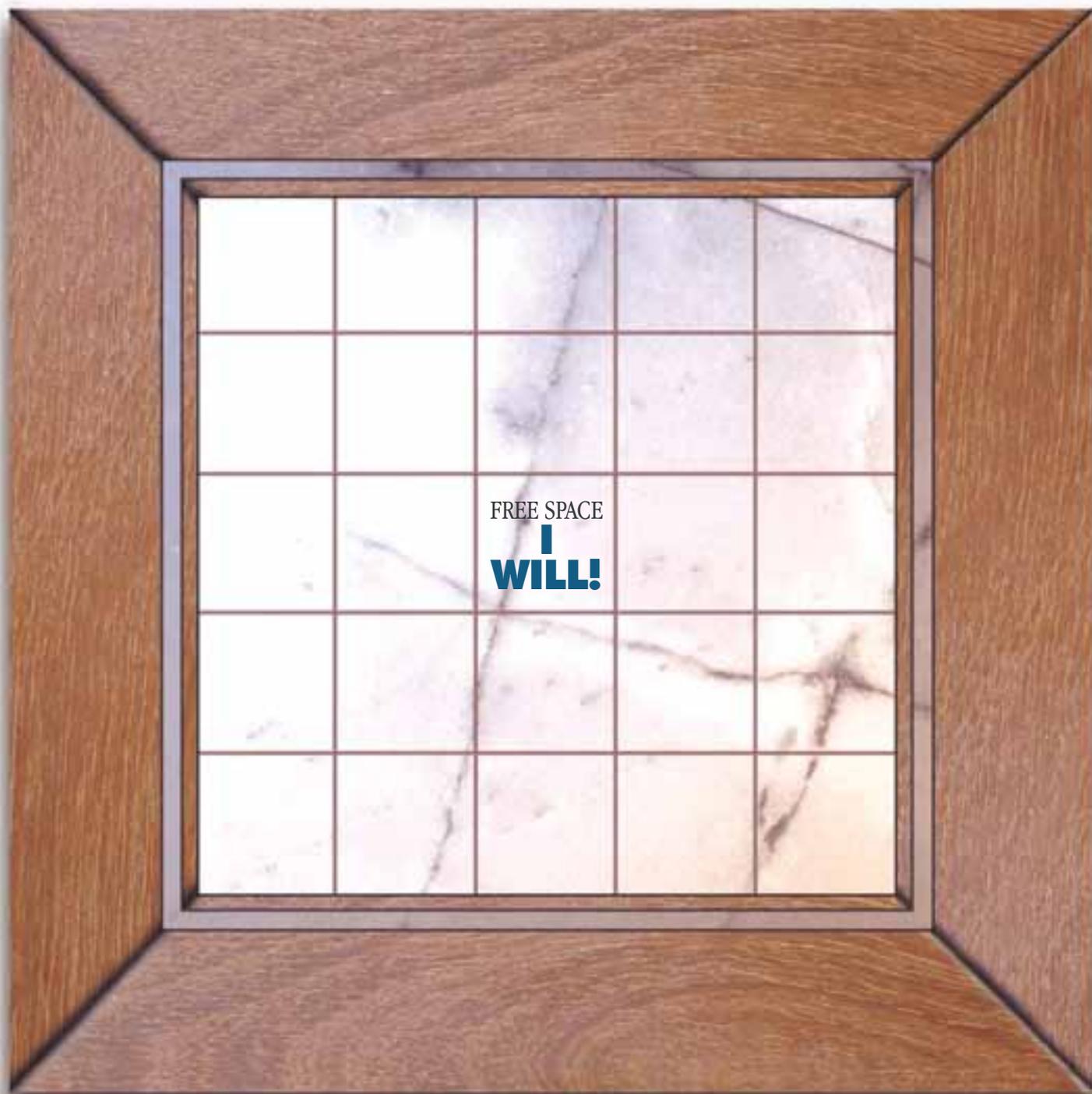
Welcome home, Elder Grant. But you won't be here long—your next call is to serve as president of the European Mission.

Emigrants from here are happier in Utah than anywhere else in the United States. As long as I am king, your people will have religious freedom here.

While in Europe, Heber met King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

Heber J. Grant served as a missionary for five years. When he came home, he didn't stop preaching the gospel. He traveled to stake conferences and taught Church members about the importance of the Word of Wisdom and many other principles of the gospel.

*Adapted from Presidents of the Church (Church Educational System student manual, 1979), 72–74.*

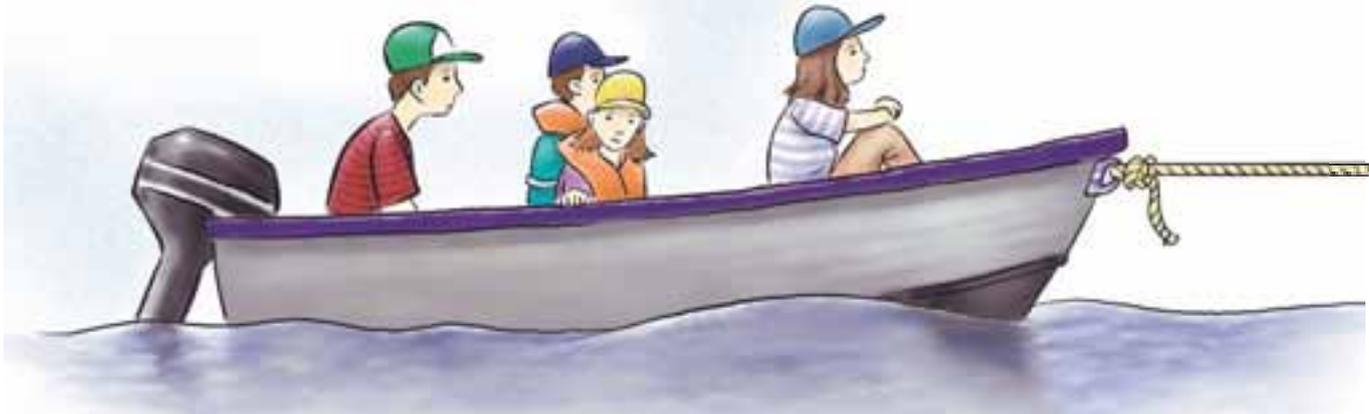


FREE SPACE  
**I**  
**WILL!**

- Be kind
- Participate in family activities
- Say thank you
- Happily do my chores
- Share
- Pray for my family
- Respect others' property
- Be patient
- Hug a family member
- Give a compliment
- Work with my family
- Be a cheerful helper
- Be happy
- Say I'm sorry
- Obey the prophet
- Listen to others
- Be a good example
- Show love for my family
- Forgive others
- Plan a family home evening
- Read the scriptures
- Strengthen my family
- Follow Jesus Christ
- Honor my parents

# I WILL!

BY SHEILA E. WILSON



*Successful . . . families are established and maintained on principles of . . . respect, love, compassion, work, and wholesome recreational activities* (“The Family: A Proclamation to the World,” *Ensign*, Nov. 1995, 102).



“Do you have a rope?” the man in the boat called out. The man’s family had been fishing when their boat motor stopped. They had no way of getting to shore. Weldon’s dad steered his boat closer. Weldon’s brothers got a long rope and threw one end to the man. When the rope was securely tied to both boats, Weldon’s dad slowly towed the man’s family and their boat to shore.

Looking at the rope, Weldon asked his mom, “Is our rope strong enough to pull the boat?”

“Look closely at the rope,” Mom replied. Weldon could see the rope was made of lots of individual strands twisted together. “When all the strands work together, the rope is strong—just like our family,” Mom said.

Weldon asked, “What do we do to make our family strong?” Mom said he was strengthening their family each time he answered, “I will!” and happily did his assigned jobs or was kind to his brothers and sister.

What are you doing to make your family strong? Do

you show love for each family member? Do you answer, “I will!” when asked to help? An important way to have a happy family is to do things together, whether working in the garden or taking a trip.

You can contribute to the happiness in your home. When asked who will help, you can answer, “I will!”

## “I Will!” Game

**To prepare:** Remove page 34 and mount it on heavy paper. Cut out the game board and circles. Make additional game boards for family members as needed. Fill in the blank squares on the boards by writing in each square the words found on each circle (be sure to write the words in different places on each board). Place the circles in a small sack. You will need several small game pieces for each player (buttons, coins, or beans). Place a game piece on the center (free) square of your boards.

**To play:** Pick a circle from the sack and read it. If a player has the phrase on his or her game board, he or she may cover that square with a game piece. The first player to cover five squares in a row—horizontally, vertically, or diagonally—calls out, “I will!” ●

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



## Sharing Time Ideas

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

1. President Ezra Taft Benson (1899–1994) said: “Thank God for the joys of family life. I have often said there can be no genuine happiness separate and apart from a good home. The sweetest influences and associations of life are there” (*God, Family, Country: Our Three Great Loyalties* [1974], 178). We can contribute to the happiness in our homes. Invite the younger children to draw pictures of giving service to a family member. Tape the pictures together, and place them in a roller box (see TNGC, 178–79). (The front of the box could be made to look like a house.) Sing the first verse of “When We’re Helping” (p. 198), and roll the pictures for the Primary to see. At the end of the verse, invite the child whose picture is showing in the box and two other children to act out ways they can be happy helpers in their home. Let the Primary guess what they are doing. Repeat so more children can participate.

2. On a large strip of paper, write “Successful . . . families are established and maintained on principles of . . . respect, love, compassion, work, and wholesome recreational activities.” Cut the sentence into individual words. Hide the words under selected chairs before Primary. Invite the children to look for the words and work together to arrange them. Just as they worked together to arrange the sentence, it is also important to work together in our families.

If possible, sit in a circle and tell the children you are going to play a game to help discover things we can do to strengthen our families. Hold up a wordstrip that says, “I strengthen my family when I \_\_\_\_\_.” Fill in the blank with a short phrase that suggests a way to serve, work, or show love to family members (for example, wash the dishes, take care of the baby, say kind words, clean my room, hug my dad). Then hand the wordstrip to a child, and have him or her repeat everything you said, then add his or her own suggestion of what we can do. The child then passes the wordstrip to the next person, with each person continuing to repeat what has been said and adding to it. When the statement becomes too long to remember, start over at the beginning. Encourage the children to strengthen their families this week by doing what they discussed.

3. To introduce September’s theme, give each child a copy of “The Family: A Proclamation to the World” (*Ensign*, Nov. 1995, 102). Read paragraph seven (beginning with “Happiness in family life is . . .”) together.

Many Primary songs teach us about the principles in the proclamation. Hold up a picture of your family. Tell the children you will hold up the family picture on a keyword that is found in both the song and the proclamation. Sing the song; then ask the children if they recognize the keyword (or the similar word). Have them locate it in their paragraph and underline it; then write it (or draw a symbol that reminds them of it) on the outside frame of their paper. Discuss one or two ways the children can live the principles taught in the proclamation. Teach them that when we live these principles, we will be happy and our families will be strengthened. Bear testimony with a personal experience, and invite the children to place the proclamation in their homes where it will be a reminder for them. Examples of songs and keywords: 1. “A Happy Family” (p. 198), *happy* (*happiness*); 2. “Families Can Be Together Forever” (p. 188), *families*; 3. “Kindness Begins with Me” (p. 145), *kind* (*respect*); 4. “Love One Another” (p. 136), *love* (*compassion*); 5. “I Will Follow God’s Plan” (pp. 164–65), *work*.

Ask the children to share some of their favorite family activities and act

them out as you sing “Fun to Do” (p. 253). Have the children underline the words *wholesome recreational activities*, and use simple figures to draw a favorite family activity on the back of their papers.

4. The following activities could be used as individual sharing times or as one sharing time with the children divided into four groups and rotating between stations. Sing songs about kindness while the children move from group to group.

Group 1: One way we can show love and respect is by speaking kindly to family members. Have a stack of craft sticks (enough for four groups of children) and a garbage can or a paper bag labeled “garbage can.” Ask a child to break one of the sticks. Explain that using “garbage-can words”—words that are inappropriate or hurtful—in our homes can make our families weak like the single stick and more easily broken. We should not use words that hurt family members but should throw those words away. Throw away the broken stick in the garbage can. Explain that we should instead use words that build up and strengthen our families. Ask the children what words strengthen families (“Thank you,” “Please,” “You did great,” “May I help you?” and so on), and let them write them on the sticks. Give each of the children who suggested words or phrases a stick; then gather them up to create a bundle of sticks. Tie them securely together, and ask a child to try to break the bundle. Like the bundle, families are much stronger when family members build each other up by saying kind things to one another.

Group 2: Prepare several small heart cutouts, and write case studies (see TNGC, 161–62) on them that help children see how they can show kindness (for example, “You are leaving to play with a friend and notice your younger brother is crying. What could you do?”). Let the children choose a heart, read and answer the case study, and discuss it. Have the children look up and read John 13:34. Display a picture of a family (Primary 1-5 or 1-7). Each day we have many opportunities to show love and kindness in our families.

Share a personal experience of how showing love and kindness has blessed your family. Leave enough hearts blank so each child can take one home. Each child could draw or write on a heart one thing he or she will do to show love to his or her family during the week.

Group 3: Display a picture of King Benjamin (GAK 307). Let the children sit on a blanket, look up at the picture, and read together King Benjamin’s message to families (see Mosiah 2:1, 5–7; 4:13–15, 30).

Have the children play a matching game using duplicates of pictures that depict family togetherness (for example, Primary 1-6, 1-45, 1-51, 1-53, 2-42, 3-25). Place the pictures facedown on the floor. Have the children turn over two at a time to try to make a match. Share an experience of when your family was blessed by following the Church’s counsel for families.

Group 4: This group will need a blackboard or large paper to draw on. Whisper to a child one way we can show love and compassion to a family member (for example, making your sister’s bed, sharing your toys, and so on). Give the child 30 seconds to draw the scene, and allow the group to guess what it is. Choose another child to draw and repeat.

To adapt for groups with younger children, see Sharing Time Ideas, June 1996, 44. Encourage the children to share these activities with their families in family home evening.

5. Other *Friend* references: “Our Family Garden,” June 2002, 48; “Road to a Happy Family,” May 2002, 24–25; “From Latter-day Prophets: Ezra Taft Benson,” May 2001, inside front cover; “Book of Mormon Story: Jared and His Brother,” June 1996, 48; “Love at Home,” June 1996, 44; “Family Love,” Apr. 1983, 17.

# First-Grade Gracie



BY PATRICIA NIKOLINA CLARK

(Based on an experience from the life of the author's granddaughter)

*I'm happy as can be when I am helping others, for then I'm helping me (Children's Songbook, 197).*

Gracie twisted a strand of curly hair around her finger. "Is anyone else going to repeat first grade?"

"I don't know, honey." Mom put her arm around Gracie.

"Then why do I have to?" Gracie asked.

"Mrs. Carter says that sometimes you don't understand the work," Mom said. "She thinks that is why you talk to your neighbors instead of finishing your own papers."

"But Mom, if I don't go on to second grade, all my friends will think I did something wrong." Gracie's

eyes filled with tears. "They'll laugh at me if I'm in first grade again."

Mom said gently, "You know how hard reading is for you? And how upset you get when you can't do your math pages?"

Gracie nodded.

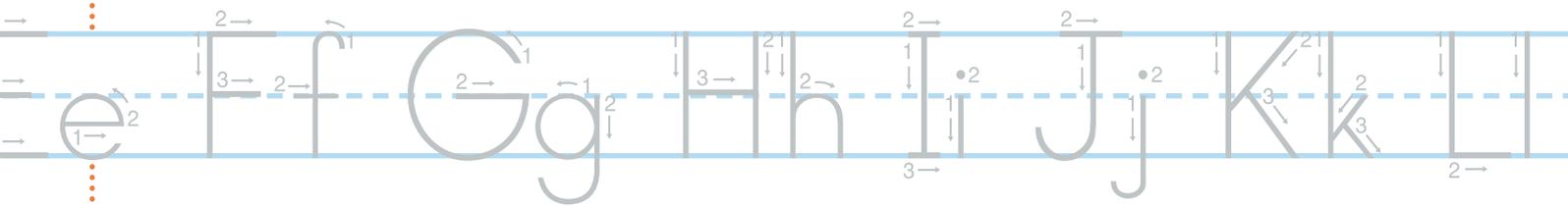
"Honey, you're not quite ready for second-grade work."

Gracie put her hands over her face and burst into tears. "I know! I'm not smart."

"Gracie, that's not true."

"Yes, it is," Gracie sobbed. "I'm the only one who still sounds out every word when I read. And yesterday, when the teacher wasn't listening, Dalton called me stupid."

Mom cuddled Gracie and let her cry. "You're *not* stupid, Gracie. But you are younger than most of the children in your class. That makes a big difference."



Mom tipped Gracie's chin up and smiled into her eyes. "You know what? We have three whole summer months ahead of us, and we're going to practice reading every day. When school starts again, first grade will be much easier. You'll see."

But on the first day of school, Gracie did not feel smarter. She just felt taller—like a giant standing in line with the new first graders.

Gracie saw her old friends lining up in front of the second-grade classroom. Her shoulders sagged. She slouched and stared straight ahead, trying to make herself invisible.

She noticed a new girl in front of her. A shiny black braid hung down the girl's back, and she stood very still, as if she was scared.

Gracie remembered how afraid she had been last year

when she was new. She tapped the girl on the shoulder.

"You're going to love our teacher," she said. "Mrs. Carter is really nice."

The girl turned and stared at Gracie with round, dark eyes.

"Hey, Gracie!" Dalton yelled from down the hall. "You're in the wrong line, dummy! *This* is the line for second graders."

Gracie's cheeks felt hot. She ignored him.

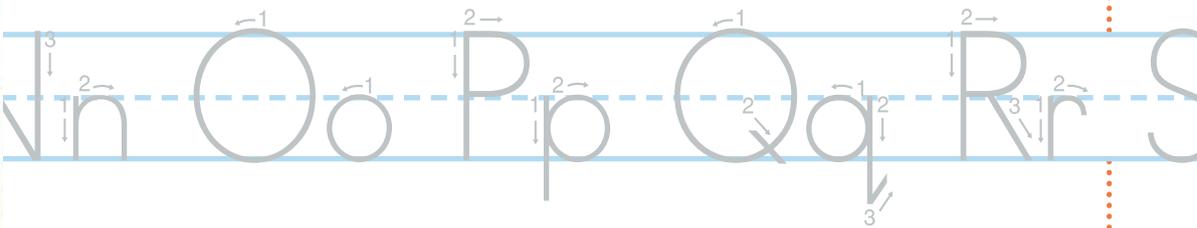
"I have to repeat the first grade," Gracie said to the girl.

The girl looked at Dalton. "He . . . *no es amable*," she said softly, then shook her head. "I mean . . . he is not kind."

Gracie grinned. "My name is Gracie."

"I am Juanita," said the dark-eyed girl. "We just moved here."





The classroom door opened, and Mrs. Carter smiled at the waiting children. “Welcome!” she said as they filed in. Gracie took

Juanita’s hand and helped her find her name at one of the tables.

Later that morning Gracie showed Juanita where the girls’ bathroom was. She helped her get a hot lunch in the noisy cafeteria and explained about the bells for recess.

In the afternoon Gracie helped the shy boy next to her with his math page. Then she showed a girl with curly red hair how to sharpen her pencil so that the lead didn’t break.

All week Gracie was so busy helping the new first graders that she forgot she didn’t want to be there.

On Friday, Mrs. Carter called a class meeting. Gracie and Juanita sat next to each other in *California*, on the carpet that was a huge map of the United States.

Mrs. Carter pointed to the bulletin board. “Would anybody like to try to read the class rules?”

No hands went up.

“Nobody?” Mrs. Carter asked. She looked right at Gracie and raised her eyebrows.

Juanita poked Gracie. “You can read the words?”

Gracie shook her head. Just thinking about it made her heart stutter. She stared at the big red letters on the board. Then, to her surprise, as she stared at the letters they began to clump together and become words—words that she knew! Her heart beat faster. Maybe she could read the first rule. Very slowly, she raised her hand.

“Gracie.”

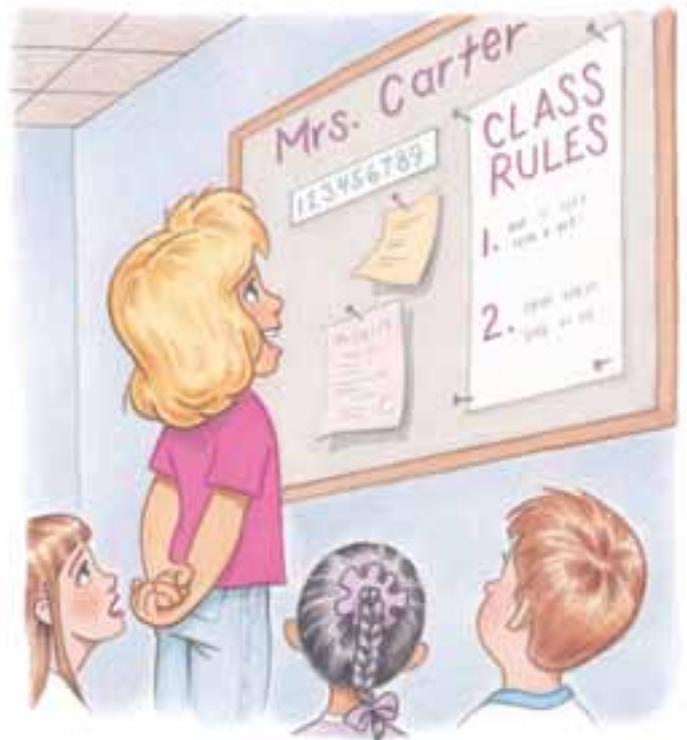
Gracie stood up. Her legs wobbled like cooked noodles. Everyone was staring at her.

“Class rules,” she said in a tiny voice. She cleared her throat. “Number one: Come . . . to . . . class . . . with . . . a smile!”

“Very good, Gracie!” Mrs. Carter said. “Would you like to try the second rule?”

Gracie took a deep breath. Her voice became stronger. “Ree . . . sp . . . ect . . . Respect others. Be kind.” She only had to sound out one word!

“Wonderful!” Mrs. Carter clapped as Gracie sat down on the floor.



Juanita whispered, “You are so smart!”

Gracie sighed happily. Maybe repeating first grade wouldn’t be so bad after all.

“Reading just takes practice,” Gracie said, squeezing the hand of her new best friend. “I’ll help you.” ●



“Forget yourself and find someone who needs your service, and you will discover the secret to [a] happy, fulfilled life.”

President Ezra Taft Benson (1899–1994),  
“This Is a Day of Sacrifice,” *Ensign*, May 1979, 34.



# Trying to Be Like Jesus

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

## Saturday Swimming

By Alyssa Smith

This summer my brothers and sister and I were on the Bitterroot Valley swim team. Competitions were held on Saturday and Sunday. Our coach and teammates wanted us to swim on Sundays so we could help our team get more points. But we just told them, "Sorry, we are keeping the Sabbath day holy." We decided that we would only swim relays and IMs (individual medleys), both of which are on Saturday. IMs are the most difficult events because you have to swim a



lap of each stroke. We were able to keep the Sabbath day holy and still bring our team some points. We knew that we were doing the right thing when we went to church the next day. We had a

good feeling inside when we listened to Sister Northcott, our Primary president, talk about how we should keep the Sabbath day holy. We hope we can continue to choose the right.

*Alyssa, age 12, Annie, age 10, Zander, age 8, and Adam Smith, age 6, are members of the Hamilton Ward, Stevensville Montana Stake.*

## Helping My Sister

By Katie Schrecengost



One day my sister scraped her neck. I cleaned the scrape and put a bandage

on it. Then I let her pick a TV show to watch. Jesus took care of people who were sick and hurt while He was on the earth. I felt good when I helped my sister, and I know I did the right thing.

*Katie Schrecengost, age 11, is a member of the Buffalo Grove Second Ward, Buffalo Grove Illinois Stake.*



# I Can Make Hard Decisions

By Spencer Zeyer

This summer I was in a 4-H club. At the county fair I showed my lamb, Queenie. I won two trophies for showmanship and was invited to a round robin competition for a big trophy. When the judge told me that the competition was going to be on Sunday, I felt a weird feeling inside, as if my heart had stopped pumping blood. I told him that I couldn't go. I was disappointed, but the Holy Ghost let me know that I was doing the right thing. It was hard, but now I know that I can make hard decisions. This will help me the next time I have a hard decision to make.

*Spencer Zeyer, age 9, is a member of the Melba Second Ward, Kuna Idabo Stake.*



# The Two Balloons

By Wendy Kay Nitta

My mom took my four-year-old brother and me to a new frozen custard store. My brother and I each got a balloon. Mine was white, and my brother's was blue. The wind blew away his

blue balloon. I said, "You can have my white balloon."

My brother said, "Thank you, Wendy." I felt good.

*Wendy Kay Nitta, age 6, is a member of the Manoa Ward, Honolulu Hawaii Stake.*

# Opposition

By McCall Peterson



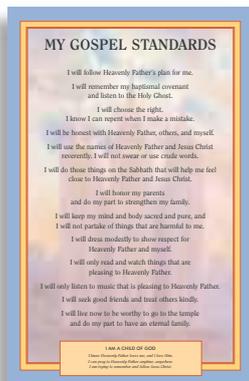
I am only 11 years old, but for the past few years I've received a

lot of opposition for my decision not to watch PG-13 movies. Several friends, and even some of their moms, have tried to convince me that a particular movie would be OK for me to watch because they had seen it and thought it was good. Once I chose not to attend a birthday party because they were going to see a PG-13 movie. At another party, out of 20 girls ages nine to twelve, only one other girl and I didn't want to watch a PG-13 movie.

In My Gospel Standards it says, "I will only read and watch things that are pleasing to Heavenly Father." There are reasons why a movie is rated PG-13. So even

though I've been laughed at and made fun of, I feel good knowing that I am choosing to do what I feel Jesus would want me to do.

*McCall Peterson, age 11, is a member of the Crescent Park Second Ward, Sandy Utah Crescent Park Stake.*



The *Friend* would like to hear from you about an experience you, or another child you know, have had in "Trying to Be Like Jesus." The article should be about two or three paragraphs typed and double-spaced; a parent or other adult may help you write it (be sure to give them credit). Please include at least one photograph or slide of whomever the article is about, if possible, and his/her and your own (if different) name, age, address, and telephone number. Send your article to: Trying to Be Like Jesus, *Friend*, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3220. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity. Submissions will not be returned.

# LOVE at Home

*Successful . . . families are established and maintained on principles of . . . respect, love, compassion, work, and wholesome recreational activities* (“The Family: A Proclamation to the World,” *Ensign*, Nov. 1995, 102).

**Y**ou can strengthen your family as you learn, play, serve, and work together. Sister Barbara B. Smith, Relief Society general president from 1974 to 1984, said: “Remember that a family established in love . . . is maintained through work and service. A home is strengthened by work when workers receive respect” (*Ensign*, Nov. 1981, 84).

Working together in your home helps you to be responsible and to be grateful for the work others do for you. Serving your family

members shows that you love them. Sharing talents or hobbies and participating in fun activities with your family teaches you more about your family members.

We can learn about working, serving, and playing together in family home evening. Prophets have

promised us that our families will grow stronger when we use this time to study gospel principles and enjoy being together.

President Ezra Taft Benson (1899–1994) taught: “Families must spend more time together in work and recreation. Family home evenings should be scheduled once a week as a time for recreation, work projects, skits, songs around the piano, games, special refreshments, and family prayers. . . . This practice will bind a family together, in love, pride, tradition, strength, and loyalty” (*Ensign*, Nov. 1982, 60). ●



## Activities and Ideas

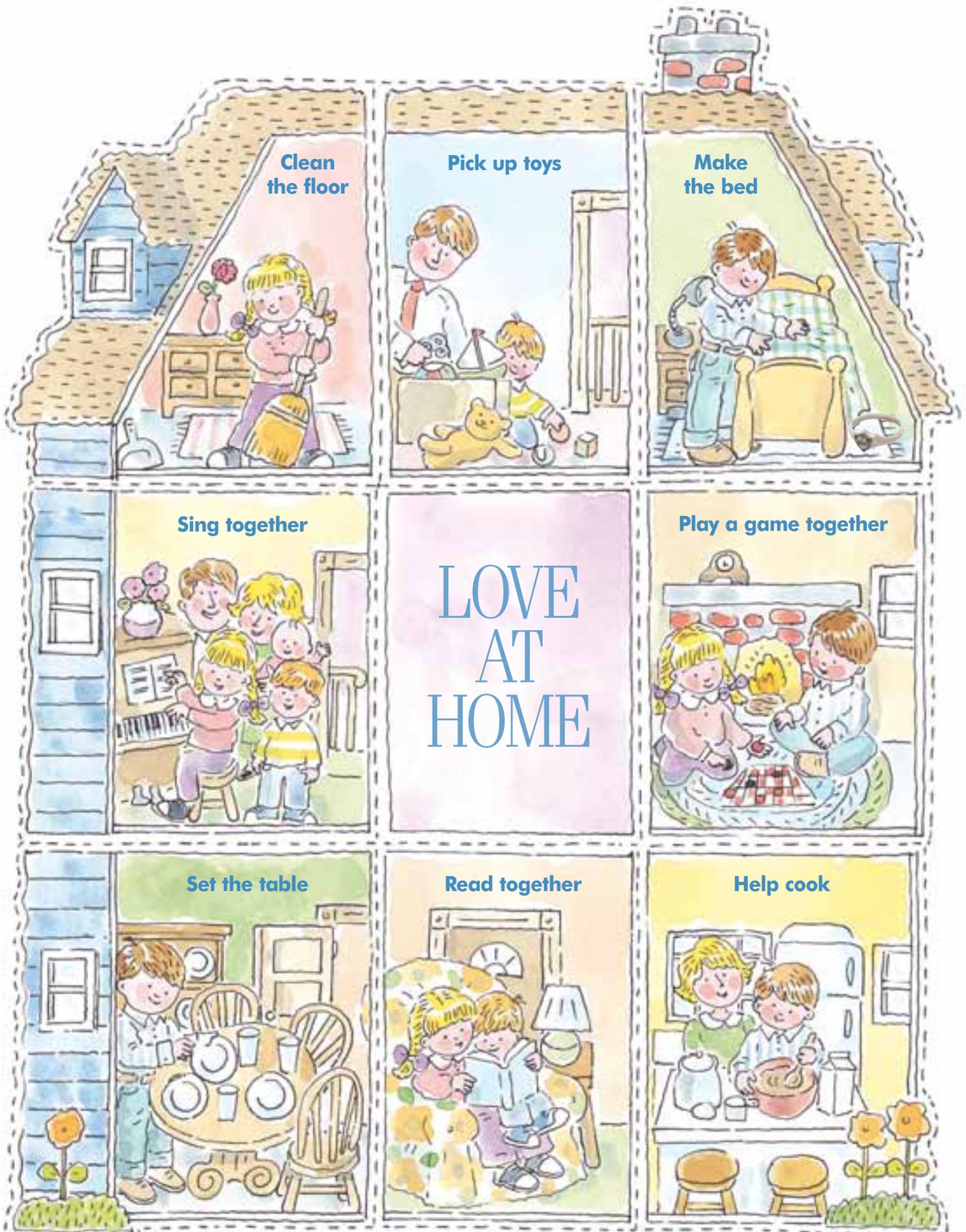
1. Mount page 43 on heavy paper. Cut out the house along the broken lines; then cut the house into pieces along the broken lines. Mix the pieces up, and put the house back together again. Every time you put a piece in the right place, think about what the person in the picture is doing to help his or her family.

2. For a family home evening activity, sing songs and hymns about home and family. Choose words that are repeated in the songs and hymns for the following activity. For example, each time you sing the word *help*, you could have everyone think of one thing he or she can do to help the family. When you sing the word *love*, think of how you can show love for family members. Every time you sing the word *home*, add another piece to the puzzle. Keep singing until you finish the puzzle. Then take turns sharing your thoughts about helping and loving your family.

3. For a family home evening lesson or Primary talk, discuss the statement by Sister Barbara B. Smith. How can you show respect for your family members?

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

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



Clean the floor

Pick up toys

Make the bed

Sing together

Play a game together

# LOVE AT HOME

Set the table

Read together

Help cook



# Grandma and Grandpa's Mission

BY LOIS KULLBERG

(Based on experiences of the author's family)



*Your families are well; they are in mine hands*  
(D&C 100:1).

Well, it's here," Grandma said, holding up a white envelope.

"It is?" Mom asked excitedly.

"Where are you going on your mission?"

Ten-year-old Scott and eight-year-old Taylor watched their grandparents intently. Even young Spencer and T. J. were silent.

Grandpa grinned. "Toronto, Canada!"

"Nice place. Cold winters," Dad remarked, giving Grandma a squeeze. "When do you leave?"

"We report to the MTC on August 29," Grandma said.

The boys hugged their grandparents before going outside to play.

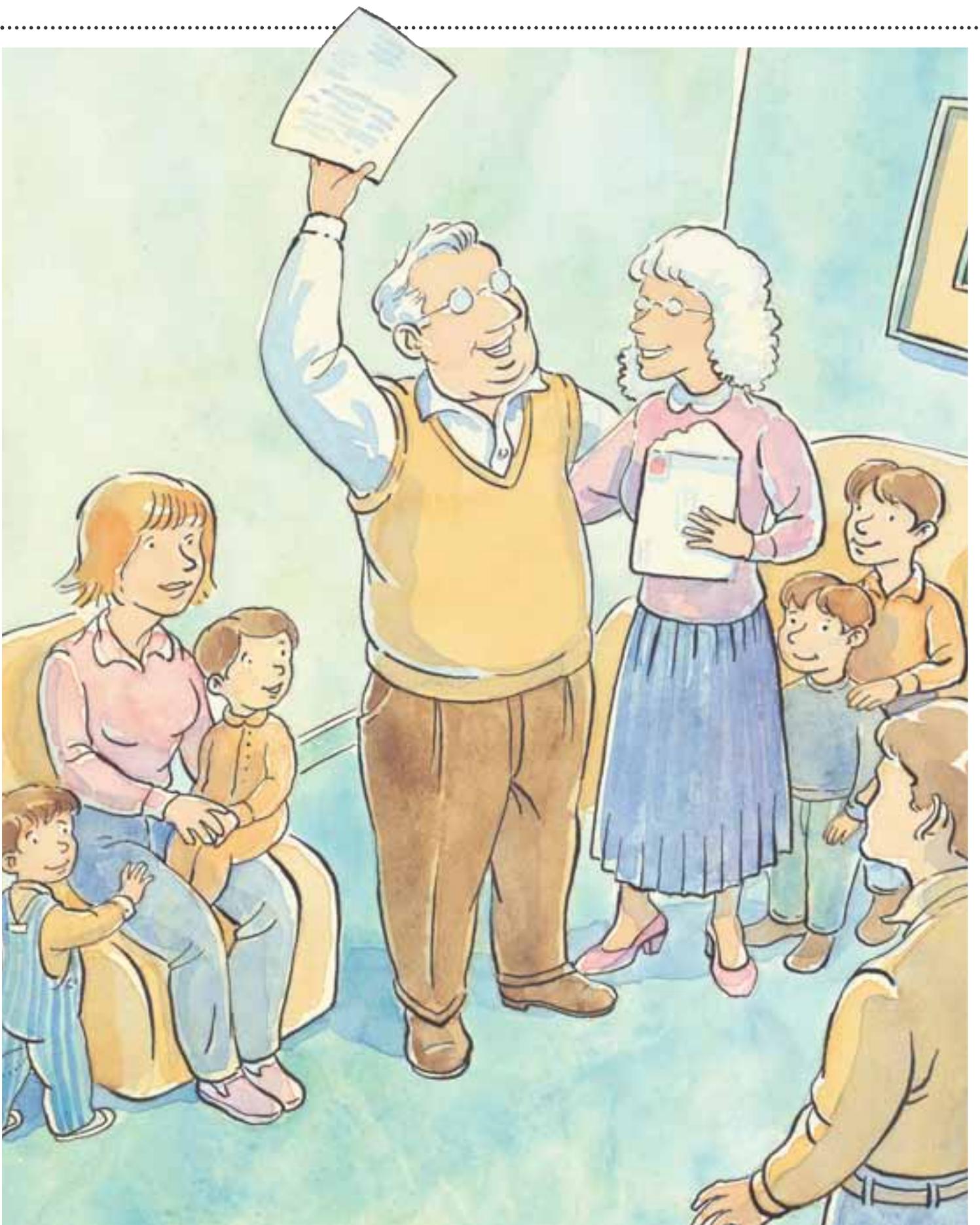
They didn't think much about the mission call for the

rest of the summer. But before Scott knew it, August 27 arrived—the day his grandparents would be set apart for their mission.

The whole family gathered in a room at the stake center. Everyone felt both excited and reverent. The stake president explained that "setting apart" missionaries blesses them with the strength and the Spirit to do missionary work. Then, one at a time, he blessed Grandma and Grandpa, setting them apart as missionaries.

That night, Scott's family visited his grandparents and said good-bye. He tried to be casual. "Bye, Grandma. Bye, Grandpa. I'll miss you." It felt like an ordinary good-bye. He couldn't believe his grandparents would really be gone so long.

That week, Scott's family drove past Grandma and



Grandpa's house several times. It seemed strange to not see their car in the driveway.

On Monday afternoon, Scott and Taylor walked home together from the soccer field. Scott sighed. School was starting in a week. "Taylor, do you remember how we used to stop at Grandma's house on the way home from school?" Scott asked.

"Yeah."

"Too bad we can't do that anymore."

"No more milk and cookies," Taylor murmured.

"No more going out to the garage to see Grandpa working on his wood projects or to look at his rock collection," Scott added.

"We can't even go there to watch general conference," Taylor said.

"And we can't go there on Christmas either. It won't be the same!" Scott cried.

Taylor frowned. "When we get home, I'm going to make a card for Grandma and Grandpa. I miss them!"

When the boys got home, Taylor told Mom about his plan. "That's a good idea," Mom said. "For family home evening tonight, let's talk about some other things we can do to help us not miss them so much."

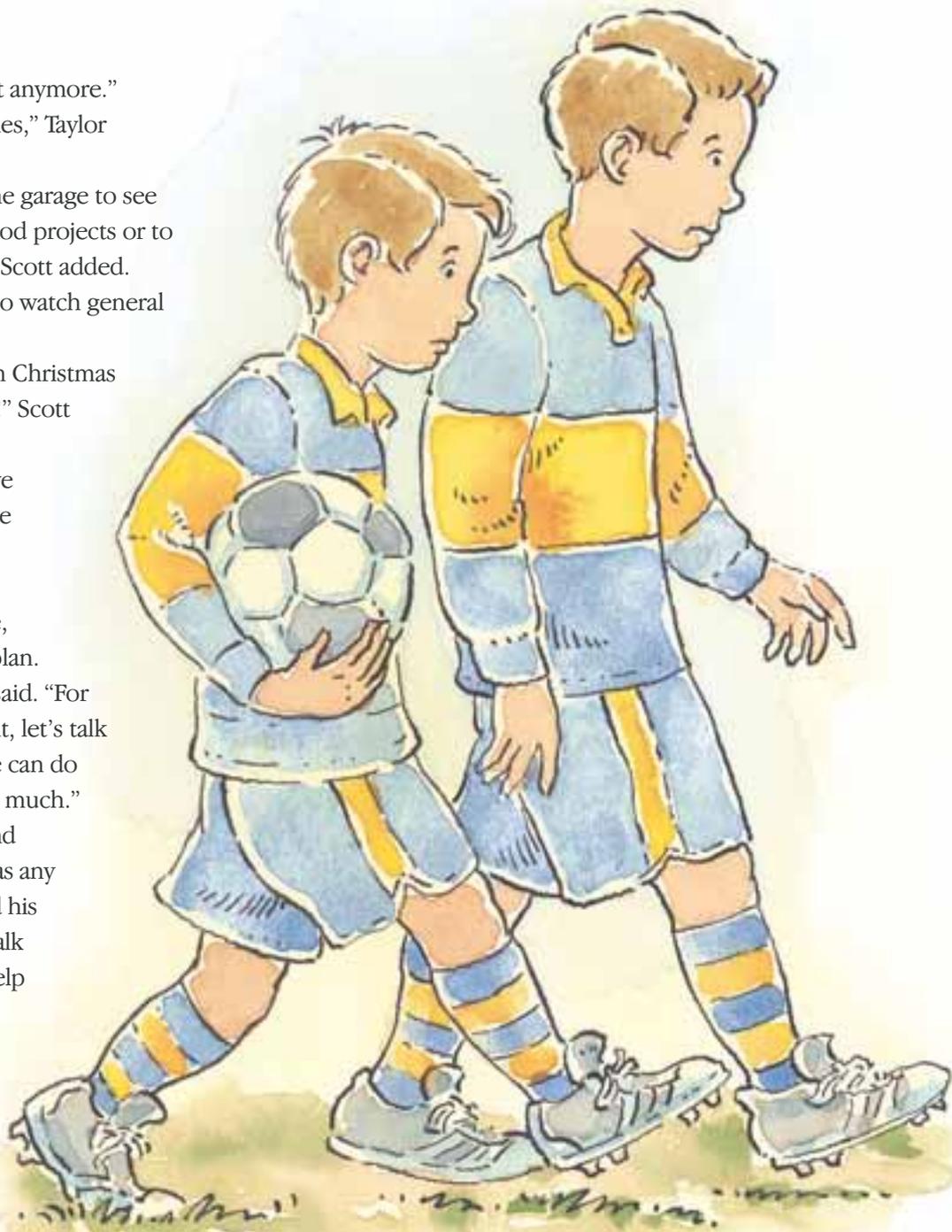
After the opening song and prayer, Dad asked if there was any family business. Taylor raised his hand. "Mom said we could talk about things we can do to help us not miss Grandma and Grandpa as much. I think that next week for family home evening we should make some cookies to send them."

"Yes, cookies!" cried out five-year-old Spencer.

"Cookies," repeated two-year-old T. J.

Dad nodded. "What else can we do?"

"Let's tape-record our music recital and send it to



them,” Scott suggested.

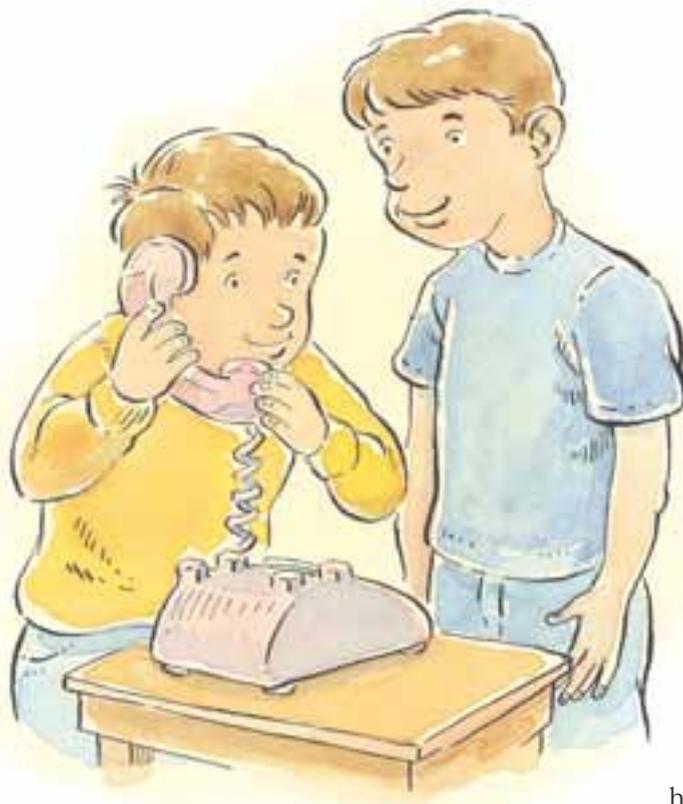
“Another great idea!” Dad said. “In December we can record our Christmas concert for them.”

“We could send them messages to warm their hearts, and gloves and socks to warm their hands and feet,” Mom suggested.

“When I grow up, I’m going to go on a mission, too,” Spencer piped up. “Then you can send me lots of cool things!”

“Right on!” Dad said, giving Spencer a high-five.

As the year wore on, Scott’s family sent e-mail messages to Grandma and Grandpa. On Mother’s Day they got to speak to Grandma and Grandpa on the phone. Scott told them about school, soccer, Cub Scouts, and camping with Dad. Grandma and Grandpa talked about the children they had met in Toronto, some from all over the world. They had been invited to many dinners and tried lots of interesting foods. But most importantly, they taught, saw baptisms, and watched people’s lives changing. Scott felt the Spirit whenever he heard about



Grandma and Grandpa’s missionary experiences.

Just before it was time for Grandma and Grandpa to come back home, Dad took Scott, Taylor, and Spencer to their house to help weed the yard. Then Dad did some painting and helped move the furniture that had been in storage back into the house. It almost looked like the same place.

“Won’t they be surprised to see how nice it looks?” Taylor said. “I can’t wait to stop here on the way home from school for milk and cookies.”

Scott was starting middle school and would be riding the bus this year. “I guess I’ll have to ride my bike over here after I get off the school bus,” he said. “I’m not giving up the milk and cookies!”

“Me neither,” Spencer said. “I’m going to first grade this year. I get to walk home with Taylor—so I get to have milk and cookies, too.”

Dad grinned. “I’d better warn Grandma to stock up.” ●

*Lois Kullberg is a member of the Salmon Creek Ward, Vancouver Washington West Stake.*



“The impact on families while grandparents are on missions is worth a thousand sermons. Families are greatly strengthened as they pray for their . . . grandparents and read letters sent home which share their testimonies.”

**Elder Robert D. Hales of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles,  
“Couple Missionaries: A Time to Serve,” Ensign, May 2001, 26.**

# SEND A GIFT ON A MISSION



**A**re your grandparents serving a mission? What about your brother, sister, cousin, or neighbor? Here are some fun ideas for remembering and supporting your favorite missionaries:

- Record a family home evening on tape to send—include the opening song, lesson, and closing song.
- If your missionary is serving in a foreign country, learn about the culture. Try native foods, learn about native traditions, or learn a few words in the native language. Share the things you've learned with your missionary.
- Send useful gifts with scripture references attached:
  - Amos 4:6 (“And I also have given you cleanness of teeth . . .”) for a new toothbrush and toothpaste
  - Psalm 24:4 (“He that hath clean hands . . .”) for soap
  - D&C 89:20 (“And shall run and not be weary, and



shall walk and not faint”) for a new pair of socks

- Acts 15:23 (“And they wrote letters . . .”) for a notebook, stationery, or stamps

Use the Topical Guide to find more references.

Remember to include gifts for your missionary's companion, too.

- Learn what it's like to be a missionary—share the gospel with a friend! Write to your missionary about your experience.
  - Write to missionaries often, but don't write about things that could make them homesick. Remember to give encouragement, ask about their investigators, and bear your testimony. As one missionary said, “Come to the mission field in your letters rather than [try] to bring us home to you.” They'll be home before you know it—happy and grateful for the support you gave them. ●

(See Cristy Cole Crump, “Sending Our Gifts on a Mission,” *Ensign*, Dec. 1990, 57; Sharon W. Allred, “Letters? Clippings? Candy? What to Send to a Missionary,” *New Era*, Jun. 1973, 15.)

## Guide to the Friend



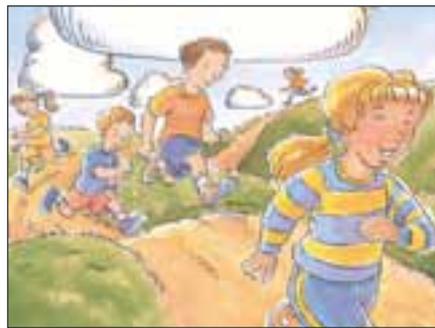
The Guide to the Friend can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. The Primary theme for September is “Respect, love, work, and wholesome recreation can strengthen my family.”



## Family Home Evening Ideas

Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned below.

1. Study President Thomas S. Monson’s article “A Treasure Map” (pages 2–3). Before family home evening, draw a map of three places in your home. Write down clues that will guide your family to these places. Go to each place and hide something that represents President Monson’s advice. (For example: place #1—a picture of grandparents for “learn from the past,” place #2—a piggy bank for “prepare for the future,” place #3—a box wrapped as a present for “live in the present.”) Give the clues and map to your family and have them search for the treasures. When they arrive at each hiding place, talk about President Monson’s message for that spot.



See page 13.

2. Write the names of your family members on strips of paper and put them in a hat. Read the poem “My Family” (page 13). Then have each family member draw a name out of the hat. Ask them to name three things the person on the paper does well.

3. Read the story “The Well Boxes” (pages 14–16). Place pieces of paper in a circle on the floor, using two fewer pieces than there are members of your family. One person should be in charge of starting and stopping a music

player. While the music is playing, have family members walk in a circle around the papers. When the person stops the music, everyone should jump on a paper. Whoever doesn’t land on a paper switches places with the music person to start and stop the music for the next round. Discuss the idea that, just as we need to listen carefully to the music to be successful at the game, we can be happier in life if we listen to the whisperings of the Spirit.

4. Talk about Elder Spencer V. Jones’s experience with tithing (pages 8–9). As a family, discuss what blessings you have received from paying your tithing and obeying Heavenly Father’s commandments. Write down some of the blessings on small pieces of paper, then decorate a family-sized jar and fill it with the pieces of paper. As you fill the jar together, sing “Count Your Blessings” (*Hymns*, no. 241). Leave the jar in a place where it will remind everyone of the blessings that come from paying tithing and being obedient.

5. See page 42 for more ideas.



### Topical Index to this Issue of the Friend

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(f) = Funstuff  
(IFC) = inside front cover  
(v) = verse

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### Church Music Web Site

To make the blessings of Church music more accessible to everyone, the Church has launched the Church Music Web site ([www.lds.org/churchmusic](http://www.lds.org/churchmusic)).

The site’s Interactive Church Music Player will play, print, and download most of the songs from *Hymns* and *Children’s Songbook*, with or without vocals. Using the player, you can isolate specific parts of a song, change a song to a higher or lower key, and even print it out in a new key. You will find suggestions for teaching hymns to children and a number of other helps.

All the songs can be downloaded as MP3s and are searchable by title, first line, topic, scripture reference, keywords, or author. Micromedia Flash 7.0 is required to view most of the site’s contents. Older browsers may be directed to download the free software before being able to access the site.



# What's in the *Friend* this month?



## page 2

President Monson tells us about a treasure map that can help us find eternal happiness.

## page 14

Find out what happens when a boy forgets his promise to his mother.



## page 34

Have some family home evening fun playing the “I Will!” game.

