It always happens at night; When the moon shines bright My heart touches the moon Like a gentle tune. It always touches my heart. It's like in my heart I have a cart That holds gallons of love— That's soft as a snow-white dove. When my heart touches the moon I always hear a gentle tune That is as soft as a snow-white dove From above. When it strikes dawn It's always gone, And a new morning begins. The stars all fall. Everything is bright. The sun, like the moon so bright, Which is now whispering good night, Very brightly fades away. And then begins a new bright day.

Hope is what you want to have But sometimes is not here. Hope you have to wait for And have a little faith too. I hope for sun when snow is here. I hope for weekends when I'm in school. I hope for a rainbow after a storm. I hope I get to go on a mission. I hope to see Jesus when He comes again.

Service is helping, It's doing things right. When someone's in need, We'll give them a bite-A bite of the gospel, A bite of some bread. Either way, I'll be blessed when I'm dead.

Marion M., age 10, Alaska

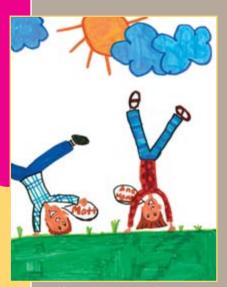
Family is father and mother, Sister and brother. Plus more.

Family is loving each other, Sharing a bathroom, And bearing the bore.

Family is happy reunions, Swimming in lakes, And eating apples down to the core.

Family goes on forever, For ever and ever, Even when tragedy takes the floor.

Families who've been broken apart And miss each other Will all be reunited at heaven's door.











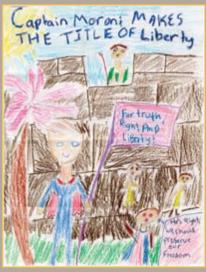




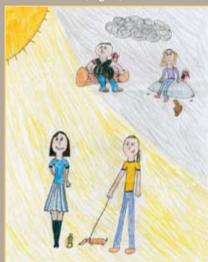
Jessa W., age 8, Nevada



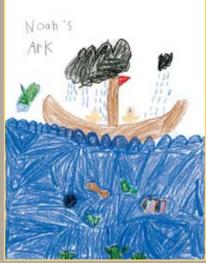
Jaren B., age 9, Indiana



Jordan H., age 12, Washingtor



Sarah A. age 11 Germany



Spencer G. age 7 Utah



Makenzie T., age 7, Washington



Alex W., age 11, South Dakota



Calvin S., age 6, Utah



Elizabeth K., age 9, Missour