

FOR YOUTH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

THE **New Era**

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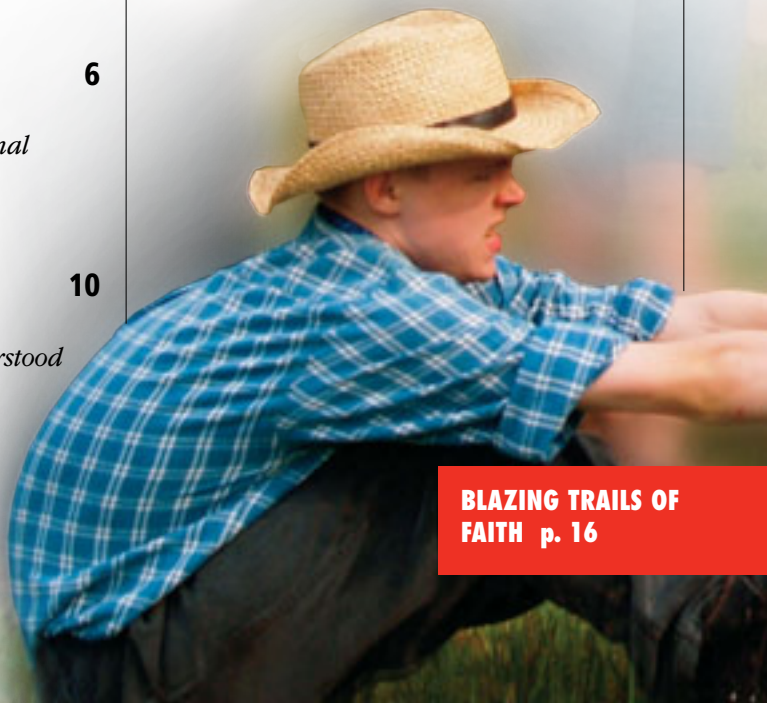
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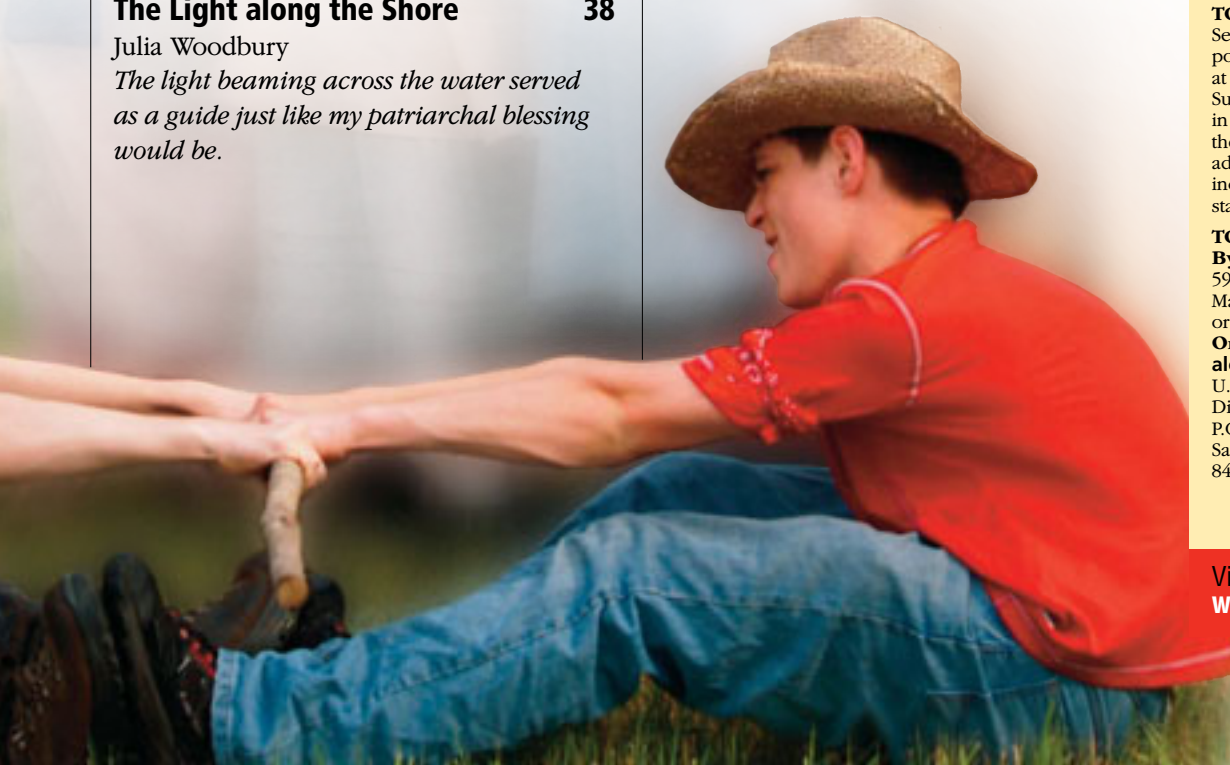
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A close-up, profile view of a woman with long, light brown hair. She is looking down at a small, clear glass cup she is holding in her right hand. She is wearing a white, textured knit sweater. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue.

THE MESSAGE

WHAT SHOULD WE DO ON THE **SABBATH?**

The gospel is so very simple when we understand it properly. It is always right, it is always good, it is always uplifting. Obedience to gospel principles brings forth joy and happiness. Disobedience has a day of reckoning and will only bring forth heartache, misery, strife, and unhappiness.



The Lord has given us some pretty specific instructions about what we should do on His holy day.

Keep the Sabbath holy

There is one of the Lord's basic commandments which we see so much violation of in the world today. The Lord instructed ancient Israel: "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy" (Exodus 20:8).

The Lord has not withheld instructions from His Saints in this day. In fact, He has given us some pretty specific instructions about what we should do on His holy day.

There appear to be three things that the Lord would require of us in keeping His day holy (see D&C 59:9–13):

1. To keep ourselves unspotted from the world.
2. To go to the house of prayer and partake of the sacrament.
3. To rest from our labors.

Keep unspotted from the world

When He instructed us to be unspotted from the world, I believe He not only expected us to stay away from worldly places on the Sabbath, but also to dress appropriately on His day. I often wonder what happened to the good old saying, "Sunday best." If our dress deteriorates to everyday attire, our actions seem to follow the type of clothing we wear.

Of course, we would not expect children to remain dressed in their church clothes all

day, but neither would we expect them to dress in clothes that would not be appropriate for the Sabbath.

Go to the house of prayer

Attendance at church and partaking of the sacrament are basic for our observance of the Lord's day. Each member of the Church covenants to always remember the Savior as he or she partakes of the sacrament. Weekly we should each seek a personal experience, a closeness to our Lord and Savior, which, when remembered each week, will help us to become more like Him. We have His example always before us.

But because of human weakness, we make mistakes even after baptism. The Lord has, therefore, provided a way for us to renew our baptismal covenants through partaking of the sacrament each week. When we partake of the sacred emblems reverently and worthily, we witness again that we will take the name of Christ upon us, that we do always remember Him, that we will keep His commandments. It is a time to remember Christ's atonement, His love, Gethsemane, Calvary, and the empty tomb.

I've always been impressed with the



By Elder L. Tom Perry

Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

What
should
we do

**on the Sabbath
day? With the
proper planning,
we should be able
to use the Lord's
day in the way
that He has
intended for us.**

renewed strength and dedication which come from weekly participating in the sacrament.

Rest from our labors

The Lord has instructed us to rest from our labors on this day. I am sure this means that a hay baler stands idle in the field on the Sabbath. The family business has a Closed sign facing a potential customer on Sunday. The cash register does not ring to record one of our purchases on His special day. It is truly a day to rest from our labors.

Plan properly for the Lord's day

What should we do on the Sabbath day? With the proper planning, we should be able to use the Lord's day in the way that He has intended for us.

From the scriptures, let us remember, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath" (Mark 2:27). And again He has instructed us in the Doctrine and Covenants, "Trifle not with sacred things" (D&C 6:12).

I give you my witness that the greatest joy you can experience here in mortality is being obedient to the will of the Lord.

May we always strive to keep His commandments, and may we keep His sacred day holy. **NE**

*From an October 1984
general conference
address.*



40 YEARS IN THE MAKING

The pioneers
worked on
the Salt Lake
Temple from
1853 to 1893.

The best
things are
always worth
finishing.

UNTIL WE REACH THE

Elder B. H. Roberts was 9 and his sister Mary was 19 when they traveled from England to join their mother and two other children who were already with the Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City. The brother and sister made the hard voyage by ship across the Atlantic Ocean, traveled by train to Nebraska, and then walked alongside covered wagons, with B. H. going barefoot most of the way. Once he tried to get a break by hiding in a barrel attached to one of the wagons—only to find it still had some molasses inside, and he got covered in the sticky stuff!

Later on, after serving as a missionary, a mission president, and for 45 years in the First Council of the Seventy, he wrote about arriving in the Salt Lake Valley. He explained that the wagon train camped on the bench at the mouth of a canyon the night before. People in Salt Lake City could see the campfires and knew that another wagon train had arrived. The next day they lined the street and cheered as the pioneers entered their new lives in Zion. Here is what he wrote about that event.



VALLEY-O



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MANN

By Elder B. H. Roberts (1857–1933)

Of the Seventy

In the morning everybody seemed to be up with the first streaks of the light of day over the eastern mountains and in great haste in preparations to take up the journey. Breakfast seemed to be neglected, and there was not much to eat anyway. Before the sun rose, the train, falling into its old line, swung down the low foothills until they struck a well-defined road leading into the city.

The entrance proved to be via Third South. . . . I found myself at the head of the lead yoke . . . , walking up the principle street of the city, the rest of the train following. Here the people had turned out to welcome the plains-worn emigrants and were standing on the street sides to greet them. . . .

Along the road, perhaps nearly half way from the mouth of Parley's Canyon to the city, I . . . saw a bright-colored, dainty, charming little girl approaching me in the middle of the street. It was a strange meeting, we two. My hair had grown out somewhat. But three months' journey over the plains and through the mountains without hat or coat or shoes for most of the way had wrought havoc with my appearance. My hair stuck out in all directions; the freckles seemed deeper and more plentiful and the features less attractive than when the journey began. Shirt and trousers barely clung to my sturdy form, and my feet were black and cracked. . . .

But try as I would, the shock of hair was unmanageable, and so no wonder the dainty



Self-educated and admired for his writings, Elder B. H. Roberts served the Church in various callings all his life. He died in 1933.

little lady was somewhat timid in approaching me. She had on her arm a basket of luscious fruit, peaches, plums, and grapes. These she extended to me, the “ugly duckling” of a boy from the plains, and asked me if I would have some peaches. The answer was to gather up several which I strung along in the crook of my arm, and as soon as I had obtained what I supposed a reasonable portion, I wondered how I could get this fruit so wonderful back to Polly [his sister, Mary] and . . . turned back as best I could to the wagon where Polly was concealed under the wagon cover because of her being a little ashamed of her appearance. Running behind the wheel ox and climbing up on the tongue of the wagon, I called to my sister, handed to her the fruit . . .

. . . Across the way on Temple Square block, the foundations of the temple rose above the general level of the surrounding ground and seemed to be an object of interest to nearly all the emigrants, many of whom were permitted to go within the wall, and view it. By and by there were numerous meetings in various groups of people, friends of the emigrants, parents and sweethearts, and perhaps in some instances wives of the teamsters that had returned. There seemed to be an air of cheerfulness in all this meeting of people on the arrival of this large emigrant train of Saints.

Mary and I seemed to be so little part of this excitement and joy, because nobody seemed to come for us. Mary remained concealed under the wagon cover, and I lonesome and heartsick sat upon the tongue of [the] wagon, my chin in my hands and elbows upon my knees, thinking “Zion” was not so much after all, if this was all of it. . . .

Presently, however, approaching from the west gate, I saw a woman in a red and white plaid shawl. . . . She seemed to be daintily picking her way, and there was something in the movement of her head as she looked to the right and to the left that seemed familiar to me. The woman was moving in my direction, and the closer she came the stronger the conviction grew upon me that there was my mother. . . .

I stood until she came nearly parallel to where I sat; then sliding from the tongue of the wagon, I took a few steps, which brought me near to her and, plucking her gown, I said: “Hey Mother,” and she looked down upon my upturned face. Without moving she gazed upon me for some time and at last said, “Is this you, Harry? Where is Polly?” Of course Polly was in the wagon, and I led my mother to where she was hiding, and when mother and daughter met, there was a flood of tears on both sides. At last I joined them, making the trio of the united family. It



seemed difficult for our mother to realize that we at last were her children after more than four years of separation, but once in a while, a smile would break through the tears and she seemed to be extremely happy. A neighbor of hers . . . had driven her from Bountiful to the city to get us children, and it took but a short time to leave the remaining emigrant teams and people to find this wagon and make the start for home, Bountiful.

There was one thing remembered in this reunion, and that was on my part. I felt that I had arrived, that I belonged to somebody, that somebody had an interest in me, and these were the thoughts that were in my mind as I sat in the wagon on the drive home to Bountiful. I had heard incidentally that my mother owned her house, and that, of course, for English people, who among the poorer classes were all renters, meant a great deal to me. Now I was going to my mother's home—her own house.

As the wagon drew near to Bountiful, . . .



we came to the site of a log house with a dirt roof on one part of it and another part adjoining on the south that had been built up to the square with logs unchinked without a roof, and this, my mother turned to explain to me, was her home. But soon mother and children climbed out of the wagon and went into the house. . . .

No one was at home when the little group entered, much to the disappointment of the mother as to the children, for, of course, we were anxious to meet our other sister, "Annie," who was remembered lovingly by us. Our mother seemed annoyed, for she had expected her other daughter at home, perhaps with supper ready. It was only a short time, however, until "Sister Annie" came in and what a charming thing she was—bright, blue-eyed, fine long hair combed back from her face. Everything about her seemed so perfectly clean and wholesome, and to my eyes she was beautiful too, and spritely. She seemed to be everywhere about the house at once, and the meal that our mother had expected was soon under way. . . .

. . . What was left of the day was the wonderful meal prepared by Annie. Not much variety of food, for our mother was desperately poor, but what there was, was fit for princes—just white light buttermilk biscuits with butter, clear water from the creek, and dark, sweet, sticky fluid called "Molasses." It was heartily enjoyed, Mary and me furnishing the principle appetites. How long the talk of the reunion lasted is not remembered, but it must have been far into the night. With the awakening of the next day, my life in Utah had begun. **NE**

Excerpted from The Autobiography of B. H. Roberts (1990), 40–43.

An older sister, Annie, arrived at the cabin after Sister Roberts and her other children were already inside. The reunion was sweet, with simple food to eat and talking that lasted far into the night.

Growing into Knowing

By Sonia Padilla-Romero



When I was 14, some Latter-day Saint missionaries came to our home and taught my mother and me. They soon invited us to be baptized. My mother declined, but I said yes. Looking back, I don't know that I was converted. I think that, like many teens, I was simply looking to do something different than the norm.

For the next year I went to church by myself. I didn't really feel like I fit in, and I didn't understand much of what was taught. But I was active. The next year I lived away from home and attended a Church-owned high school in Mexico City. Although I had loved the high school during my initial visit and worked hard to be accepted to the school (and to convince my parents to let me attend), I quickly found that being on my own wasn't easy. I still didn't have a testimony. I didn't really understand who Joseph Smith was or what the Book of Mormon taught. More than ever I felt like I didn't fit in.

Of course, I didn't tell my parents. I had spent a lot of time convincing them to let me come to this school. How could

I admit that maybe this wasn't the place for me after all? Because of my pride, I just struggled silently.

My difficult situation became worse when I received news that my parents were divorcing. I felt as though my whole world was being destroyed.

It was at that point that my bishop took me aside and asked how I was doing. I told him about all of my frustrations and my sorrows. "I feel like I really don't know anything anymore," I said.

That good bishop started teaching me about the gospel. We started with how to truly communicate with Heavenly Father. Over time we talked about the Atonement. He taught me truths of the gospel, and for the first time, I felt I had a testimony. I was glad I had something to cling to in that shaky period. Even though I felt powerless to help my family, I was able to feel a sense of happiness in being close to Heavenly Father. I knew that He knew me, and that changed everything.

Perhaps it's common for new members of the Church to feel as I did about not fitting in. What I've learned is that it doesn't



As I learned the doctrines of the gospel, my difficult circumstances didn't change, but I felt happier.

matter if you don't understand everything in the gospel right away. What *does* matter is that you understand your relationship to Heavenly Father and that He has a purpose and plan for your life. It *does* matter that you understand that the Savior atoned for your sins and that He understands you perfectly, even if no one else does. Once I knew these doctrines, other things fell into place.

Thanks to the love and patient teaching of my bishop, high school became a positive period in my life. Attending the Church high school changed my vision of who I was and what my life could be. When I graduated, I stayed in Mexico City. The first thing I did

once I found a place to live was find the local ward so I could continue to have a place of refuge, a place where I could grow in the gospel.

A short time after that, I served a mission on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. I found great joy in sharing with others the truths that had given me a solid foundation in an otherwise turbulent time of life.

I am grateful to be a member of the Church. I know that Heavenly Father is aware of each of us and that He has a plan for our lives. It has been a great blessing to watch Him unfold His plan for me. **NE**

As a new member, I learned that it doesn't matter if you don't understand everything in the gospel right away. What does matter is that you understand that the Savior atoned for your sins and that He understands you perfectly, even if no one else does.



A FOREVER FAMILY



When I first met Uanci Kivalu, she was smiling broadly. But as she sat down and her tone turned serious, I wondered what this friendly 16-year-old would share. “My story is about the temple,” she said.

Uanci is from Tonga, an island nation filled with towering coconut trees, majestic banana trees, and broad taro plants. Most of the youth I had seen on the island seemed content with life, with smiles as broad as Uanci’s had been only moments before. Tongan youth her age like to dance, sing, play netball, and spend time with their families. They are generally a happy bunch. But Uanci’s seriousness was mixed with a deeper emotion I could not identify, and it surprised me.

“I want to talk about the temple,” she repeated.

“When I was growing up,” Uanci began, “my brothers and sister and I were members of the Church. We would attend church every Sunday with my mom. I loved the temple, and I loved going with the youth to do baptisms for the dead. I would feel the Spirit when we went there. But my dad wouldn’t come to church.”

What at first seemed a tragedy eventually led Uanci’s family to the temple.

Uanci’s voice began to quaver. I glanced up from my notepad and saw tears in her eyes.

“One day my little brother ’Alekisio had an injury in his hips that got infected,” she continued. “He got better for a while. And my dad came back to church. But then my dad fell away again.”

The tears were now streaming down Uanci’s face, and the tissue I handed her was immediately soaked, as were her sleeves, as she tried unsuccessfully to dry the tears.

“My little brother got worse, and then he died. He was only 12 years old.”

Uanci paused for a moment, overcome by her feelings, and I began to understand why she had been so serious. This young woman had already felt great tragedy in her life. But there was also a glimmer of hope shining through her eyes.

“Then,” she began again, “my dad finally decided to come back to church. At first, it was hard for him. Our bishop, leaders, relatives, and family encouraged him that the only way our family would be together again—to see my brother again—would be to be sealed in the temple.



PEACE IN THE TEMPLE

"To you who are worthy and able to attend the temple, I would admonish you

to go often. The temple is a place where we can find peace. There we receive a renewed dedication to the gospel and a strengthened resolve to keep the commandments."

President Thomas S. Monson, "Until We Meet Again," *Ensign*, May 2009, 113.

"We struggled after my brother died," Uanci continued. "But my parents worked hard and received their ordinances. Finally, we were sealed in the temple as a family on October 10, 2008, exactly one year after 'Aleksio died. My bishop stood in place of my little brother. It was the most indescribable feeling I ever felt."

Uanci's tears were not tears of sorrow but of joy. She and her family had been to the house of the Lord and sealed in the temple, and she knew what that meant. If her family lives worthy of their covenants, they will be together forever.

As I think about Uanci, I imagine her walking across the Liahona campus, the Church-owned high school in Tonga that sits adjacent to the temple. As she walks, Uanci gazes over at the spire of the angel Moroni, its golden form glistening in the sun. There are tears in her eyes again, but she is also smiling, for she knows she will see 'Aleksio again. **NE**

“When I pray, all I feel is emptiness. How do I know my prayers are being heard?”

Heavenly Father hears and answers all sincere prayers. It can be a challenge, however, to recognize His answers. Maybe they don't come when or how you expect them. Or maybe they come as a quiet prompting of the Spirit. Here are three things you can do to know that Heavenly Father is listening to your prayers:

Look for answers. When you pray, give thanks for blessings. Thinking of how Heavenly Father has blessed you will help you see His goodness. Then pray sincerely for His help in your life. As you see evidence of Heavenly Father's hand in your life, your faith will grow. You might want to write down answers to your prayers as a way of remembering them.

Study the scriptures. Scripture study can help you draw closer to God and feel His Spirit. You can often find answers to your questions and problems in the scriptures.

Listen to the Spirit. Prayer invites the Holy Ghost. When you feel the Spirit, you can know that Heavenly Father is listening to your prayers. When you pray, try to avoid distractions such as loud music or wandering thoughts. After you pray, ponder the impressions you receive. Finally, never feel that you are unworthy to pray (see 2 Nephi 32:8). Heavenly Father always wants to hear from you. And with practice, you can learn to hear from Him. **NE**

He Is Listening



I believe that God always hears my prayers. He is always listening, and He will always answer. This is a simple answer to your question, but I know that it is the truth. If you pray with “a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ” (Moroni 10:4), you can feel the Spirit of the Lord. Make sure you do not fall into the habit of repeating a prayer over and over again. Show God that you really want His Spirit to be with you. If you are faithful, you will have His Spirit with you, and you will know Heavenly Father is listening.

Ethan T., 16, Arizona

Answers Will Come



Most of the time when I pray I do not feel anything extraordinary—even when I am praying earnestly—but I know Heavenly Father is listening. Recently I prayed about something but didn't receive the immediate answer I was hoping for. A while later my answer came during a father's blessing and then again from a scripture I read. Even though the answer didn't come quickly, Heavenly Father truly answered my prayers. He will always be listening; we just need to trust in him (see Proverbs 3:5–6).

Amber L., 18, Utah

Do Your Part



When you pray, you can feel the Holy Ghost warming your spirit. But sometimes when you feel emptiness, you may not be praying from your heart. You need to make sure you are praying sincerely. You also need to say what you are grateful for, not only what you need. And you need to show that you are willing to work for what you need. If you need help on a test, you need to work hard and study. You can't just ask, “Please help me ace the test” and then not study.

Jake T., 13, Virginia

Pray with Real Intent



When you pray, you need to make sure you're not just going through the motions. In Moroni 7:9, it says that if you don't pray with real

intent, it will not profit you. When you pray to Heavenly Father, you are really talking to Him, so try to make it sincere. If you don't feel anything when you pray, try writing down what you want to pray about before you start your prayer. It will get you thinking about Heavenly Father and the blessings He has given you. After you pray, try just sitting there, meditating a bit. Think about what you just prayed for. These things have helped me, so I'm sure they'll help you too.

Anna S., 16, Arizona

Answers Come in God's Way

We must have faith that God truly does hear and answer our prayers. Matthew 7:7–8 is one scripture that has helped me gain this faith. We also need to realize that the answer will come in God's time and way, not our own.

Lethi G., 18, Utah

Meaningful Prayer



Heavenly Father listens to all prayers. He wants our prayers to be sincere and for us to share the things we are thankful for as well

as the trials we need help with. When I say my prayers, I imagine that Heavenly Father and I are talking. When I say my prayers with this image, my prayers become more meaningful because they are more specific.

Caitrin S., 18, California

No Doubt



I have asked myself the same question many times before. I have found that if you are striving to find answers and are praying fervently and

consistently, there will be times in your life when you will feel the Spirit so strongly that you have no doubt that Heavenly Father listens to your prayers. Study the scriptures and share your testimony, weak or strong, and you'll find that praying to your Heavenly Father will strengthen you through your trials. By doing these things faithfully, you won't have the feeling that you're talking with yourself in your prayers, but you'll feel a great bond with the Lord. He will listen.

Leah V., 15, Colorado

Humility and Focus

When I feel as if my prayers aren't being answered, I go to my Father in Heaven with a broken heart and a contrite spirit. I humble myself in His presence, and I try to let everything around me disappear so I can focus. When I finish with my prayers, I know in my heart that they will be answered.

Hannah W., 15, Idaho

Responses are intended for help and perspective, not as pronouncements of Church doctrine.

NEXT QUESTION

"A friend in my ward isn't 16 yet, but she's dating and trying to keep it a secret. How I can help her see that dating so early isn't a good thing to do?"



CONFIDENCE THAT HE IS NEAR

Should you ever feel distanced from our Father, it could be for many reasons.

Whatever the cause, as you continue to plead for help, He will guide you to do that which will restore your confidence that He is near. Pray even when you have no desire to pray. Sometimes, like a child, you may misbehave and feel you cannot approach your Father with a problem. That is when you most need to pray. Never feel you are too unworthy to pray. . . .

"He will always hear your prayers and will invariably answer them. However, His answers will seldom come while you are on your knees praying, even when you may plead for an immediate response. Rather, He will prompt you in quiet moments when the Spirit can most effectively touch your mind and heart. Hence, you should find periods of quiet time to recognize when you are being instructed and strengthened."

Elder Richard G. Scott of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Using the Supernal Gift of Prayer," *Ensign*, May 2007, 8, 9.

Send your answer and photo by August 15, 2010.

Go to newera.lds.org, click "Submit Your Material," and then select "Questions and Answers."

You can also send your response to newera@ldschurch.org

or to:

New Era, Q&A, dating
50 E. North Temple St., Rm. 2420
Salt Lake City, UT 84150-0024, USA

Responses may be edited for length or clarity.

BLAZING TRAILS *of Faith*

By Melissa Merrill
Church Magazines

*Members of the
Nashua New
Hampshire Stake
could earn this
award—with or
without pulling a
handcart.*



Brigham Young was in Peterborough, New Hampshire, when he received news that the Prophet Joseph Smith had been killed. He immediately left New England and returned to Nauvoo. Within two years, he would start leading groups of Mormon pioneers to the West.

Not far from Peterborough—in an area that today is in the Nashua New Hampshire Stake—Latter-day Saint youth had their own pioneer trek in 2009. But the journey began long before anyone started pulling a handcart.

Earning the Trail of Faith Award

To gain spiritual strength, many of the pioneers sought temple blessings before leaving Nauvoo. Like those early Saints, members of the Nashua stake took the opportunity to participate in temple work and other activities that would strengthen them. They focused on preparing for two journeys:

the 17-mile handcart trek they were about to make and the spiritual journey they would undertake.

They did this through the “Trail of Faith Award,” which stake leaders invited all members of the stake—not just the youth—to participate in. Many of the goals of the program, which began in January, overlapped with requirements from Duty to God, Personal Progress, and the *Brand New Year* fireside. Other challenges were specific to the stake. *All* of them helped participants draw closer to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.

“Trail of Faith helped me realize that we weren’t just going on a 17-mile hike or having another youth conference,” says Alexander Petrie, 16. “This was something a little bit different.”

One of the things that made it different for Alexander was memorizing several hymns, including “Press Forward, Saints” (*Hymns*, no. 81). “Later, when I was on trek and it was getting a little bit tough, the words of that hymn kept going over and over in my mind,” he says. “I really felt strength from its words. I’ve realized that hymns are a good thing to memorize and to have in our mind anytime we encounter something difficult. I’m so grateful that the Trail of Faith Award helped me prepare.”

Alden Durham, 12, was not yet old enough to participate in the trek, but, along with his family, he completed the Trail of Faith Award. Two of his most memorable goals involved daily scripture study and journal writing. “When I do these things, I feel the Spirit more, and I definitely act different when I feel the Spirit. I try to be a better brother to my four sisters.”

Alexander Jeffrey, also 12, said his favorite goal was performing baptisms for the dead at the Boston Temple, something he had done only once before. “Doing the Trail of Faith gave me a new understanding and got me better prepared for doing some of these goals and habits on my own,” he says.

Participating in temple work was meaningful for Julia Parker, 16, as well. “It was really neat to take names of people who were related to us—our own ancestors,” she recalls. “When I went to the temple, I thought about them as individual people with individual lives and individual interests. I thought about their testimonies and their experiences and their trials. It was really cool to feel connected with them.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLLEEN SUIIVAN JEFFREY, ELIZABETH JEFFREY, AND PETER JEFFREY



Upon completing the Trail of Faith Award requirements, stake members were given a small medallion so they could remember things they had experienced and felt. “I came out with a medallion at the end,” says Emily Durham, 17, “but I also came out with a stronger testimony.”

Moving Down the Trail

After months of preparation through the Trail of Faith Award, firesides, and other stake-wide activities, the group was ready to embark on its three-day, two-night, 17-mile journey.

The area they live in is rich in American history, so in many ways, the trek experience wasn’t much different from things that youth in the Nashua Stake participate in regularly at school. After all, Emily points out, “Those of us who grew up here have gone on walks at Walden Pond and taken field trips to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery,” she says. But remembering pioneer heritage at youth conference was somehow different.

Elizabeth Jeffrey, 15, agrees. “You dress up, pull handcarts, and have a fun, spiritual experience with your friends,” she says. “I expected that. What I *didn’t* realize was how hard it would be—the actual, physical pulling over hills and rocks and things.

“We were only walking 17 miles; the pioneers walked over a thousand miles to Utah,” she continues. “I think about them differently now. Instead of a Sunday School story on a page, I believe I can now feel a little bit of their struggles and their pains and their great joy. It all became more real when I went on trek.”

Sharing the Experience

As the youth and their leaders completed the trek, other stake members gathered at a local park for a “Welcome to the Valley” celebration. McKenna Gustafson, 14, remembers



feeling “so happy” when she was greeted by the cheering of more than 900 people.

“I saw my younger brothers and sisters running toward us, and I started crying,” she remembers. “I thought about what it will be like in heaven when we see our family and friends who have gone before us and what an awesome reunion that will be.”



As exciting as “Welcome to the Valley” was, it wasn’t the end of the trek experience—not really. In many ways, the trek started friendships with neighbors and community members who had watched the youth over the last 72 hours or heard about the trek through local news coverage.

Anna Parker had an opportunity to connect with neighbors as she and her peers passed through one community. Anna immediately noticed that some of the women there were on horseback, so she told them how much she loved horses. She also explained to them what the youth group was doing and then invited the women to join the youth that night for country dancing. One of them came and even stayed for a short devotional afterward. She was so impressed by the youth that she asked to learn more.

Other youth shared the gospel by telling their friends how they were spending three days of their summer vacation. Others got to know people in the community who had made the trek possible. Youth and adults became friends with kind community members who agreed to let the 150 youth and adults camp on their private property; one of the couples who did so came to a testimony meeting, shared their own feelings, and invited the youth to return.

Looking Back to Move Ahead

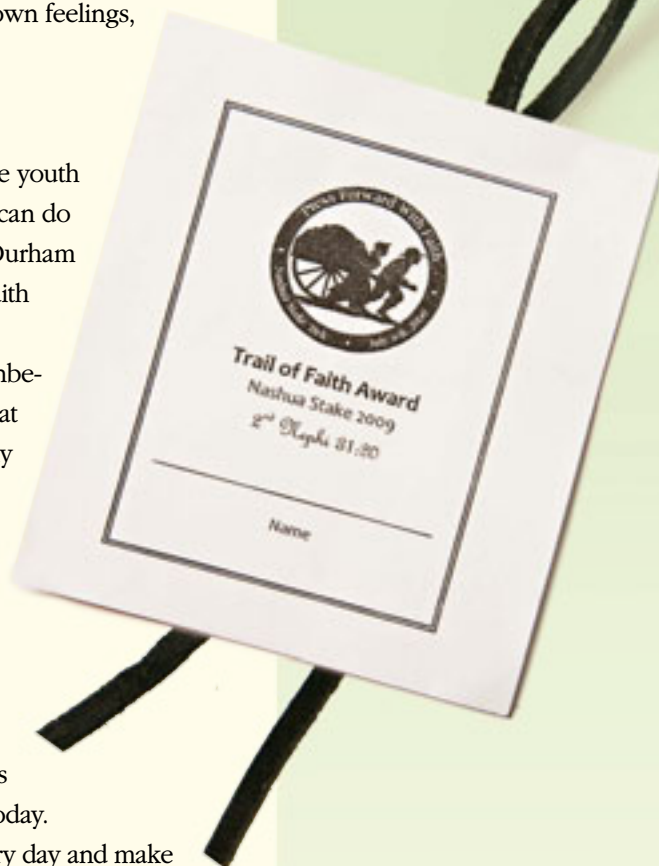
"In planning trek, we wanted the youth of the stake to recognize that they can do hard things," says President Mark Durham of the stake presidency. "Trail of Faith and trek were both part of that.

"What the pioneers did is just unbelievable, but they took it a little bit at a time, and they had their testimony and their faith as a foundation. We can also move one foot in front of the other foot, just like they did."

James Parker, 18, says that his experiences last summer have helped him to be more diligent in living the gospel and to have a better attitude about the things he is asked to do as a Church member today.

"The pioneers had to get up every day and make a conscious decision to pull their handcarts miles and miles. Trek was a good reminder of the sacrifices they made for the gospel," he says.

"We're not asked to do anything as dramatic as that, but I can get up every day and consciously decide to pray and read my scriptures and be reminded of what the gospel is worth to me. Because of trek, I know how much the gospel of Jesus Christ was worth to the pioneers, and their sacrifice makes it more valuable to me." **NE**



The TRAIL

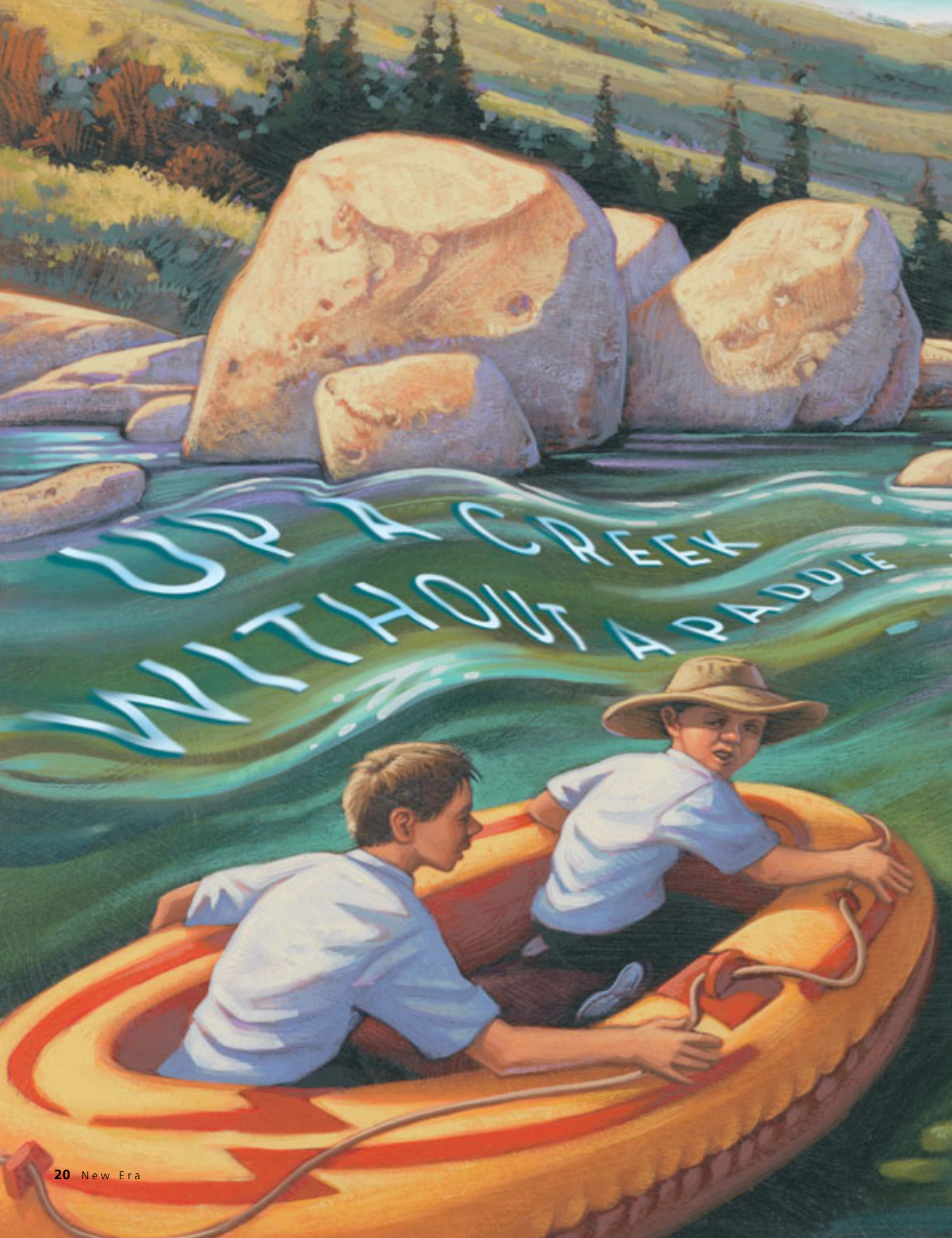
of Faith AWARD

Sample Requirements from the Nashua New Hampshire Stake's Trail of Faith Award


- Read scriptures, pray, and smile daily.
- Read five minutes per day from the Book of Mormon.
- Help develop your family mission plan.
- Memorize Moroni 10:3–5 and 2 Nephi 31:20.
- Keep a journal.
- Commit to live more fully three standards from *For the Strength of Youth*.
- Exercise regularly.
- See what information the Church already has about you and your ancestors on FamilySearch.org.
- Read D&C 1, 4, 136, and 138.
- Memorize *Hymns*, nos. 30, 81, and 85.
- Pray and look for missionary experiences.
- Learn the history of a pioneer who crossed the plains.

NEmore

For more Nashua teens' experiences with Trail of Faith and the trek, visit newera.lds.org.



UP A CREEK
WITHOUT A PADDLE



By Willard White

We settled back to see where the current would take us.

We finally did it! My younger brother and I had saved enough money to buy the river raft of our dreams. I was 15 years old, and we had long anticipated the day that we could raft down the river near our house without a care.

As we walked to the river, I realized that we were missing something important: the paddles! Since it would take an additional 10 minutes to go back and get them, we decided that we didn't need paddles. I thought to myself, "The river isn't too rough. We will just jump in, sit back, and see where the river takes us." After all, we were men, and men didn't need *paddles*.

As we floated down the river, we saw snakes, turtles, shiny rocks, and mysterious floating objects—which remained mysterious since we could never get close enough to investigate them. Without paddles, we were at the mercy of the current and where it wanted to take us, which was often different from where we actually wanted to go. We tried paddling with our hands, but it was a slow form of navigation that did little except entertain the people watching our "progress" from the riverbank.

There were times when we got caught in the slow section of the current. My brother and I would gaze longingly at the enticing rapids, but we had no effective means of steering our way over to them. When we *did* find our way into a small set of rapids, we wished we hadn't. As we came around a curve in the river we noticed

several rough tree branches hanging only a few inches above the water. We frantically paddled with our hands, but they were no match for the current. We plowed face first into the coarse branches, leaving us feeling like we had been run over by sandpaper.

Nursing our wounds and egos, we reached the end of our trip and pulled the raft out of the water. We realized that without a paddle we had missed out on what could have been a more fun and exciting experience.

The paddles my brother and I were lacking are like goals that give us direction in life. Sometimes we go to school, church, or seminary, plop down in our seat, and start with the attitude I had before our rafting trip: "I will just sit back, relax, and see where this class takes me." Then we realize that without a paddle, or goal, to give us direction, we miss out on many great opportunities and learning experiences. We learn ways of avoiding tree branches that come at us in the form of life's trials.

Whether it's school, church, seminary, or any other activity, setting goals can make the experience more interesting and meaningful. With a paddle in hand, life can be a much more rewarding adventure—and a lot less painful. **NE**

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG NEWBOLD

TO THE POINT

What is
the significance
of Pioneer Day?
Is it celebrated all
over the Church?

***No matter
where you
live, July 24 is
a good time
to remember
what early
Latter-day
Saints did for
us all.***

Pioneer Day commemorates the arrival of the first group of Mormon pioneers to the Salt Lake Valley, on July 24, 1847. In Utah it is an official state holiday, and the associated celebration, including a parade, is referred to as Days of '47. It is a time for recognizing all people who have contributed to building the state, regardless of religion or background.

In addition, Latter-day Saints in various locations worldwide may join in recognizing the pioneer heritage we all share.

Some communities hold pageants, parades, concerts, and handcart treks as part of the commemoration. Elsewhere, the remembrance may be as simple as a family outing or a personal moment of reflection. No matter where Church members live, no matter if there is a formal celebration or just a minute of thought, it is an appropriate time to remember what early Latter-day Saints did for us all, including local pioneers who strengthened the Church where you live.





Service can be a lot of fun if you approach it with the right attitude.



President Dieter F. Uchtdorf, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, said: “What a joy and privilege it is to be part of this worldwide Church and be taught and uplifted by prophets, seers, and revelators! . . . As the message of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ is now being embraced around the world, we are all pioneers in our own sphere and circumstance.”¹ **NE**

*What pioneer stories inspire you?
Let us know at newera@ldschurch.org.*

NOTE

1. Dieter F. Uchtdorf, “Heeding the Voice of the Prophets,” *Ensign*, July 2008, 5.

**Why does the Church put such an emphasis on service?
Why can’t we just have fun?**

The gospel of Jesus Christ places great emphasis on helping our fellowmen. It is not enough to sympathize with someone in need—it is our responsibility to act. “Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only” (James 1:22).

The Savior taught, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me” (Matthew 25:40), and King Benjamin taught that “when ye are in the service of

your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God” (Mosiah 2:17). Serving others shows our dedication to the Lord and to the well-being of His children.

Service doesn’t just help others. It can also lead to our own spiritual growth. When we serve in callings and do other service, we not only strengthen others but also become better people.¹

What’s more, service can be a lot of fun if you approach it with the right attitude. Think of your talents and skills and how you can use them to help others. Individual service is rewarding, and you can also enjoy serving with friends! Gather a group of people together, and brainstorm how you can serve in a new and creative way. You’ll be amazed at how fulfilling service can be. **NE**

NOTE

1. See Dieter F. Uchtdorf, “Lift Where You Stand,” *Ensign*, Nov. 2008, 56.

Whom do I talk to about getting a patriarchal blessing?

President James E. Faust (1920–2007), Second Counselor in the First Presidency, said: “A patriarchal blessing is a very unique and remarkable privilege that can come to the faithful members of the Church

having sufficient maturity to understand the nature and the importance of such blessings. . . . Like many blessings, they must be requested by the person or by the family of the one desiring the blessing.”¹

If you feel spiritually ready to receive your patriarchal blessing, you should first make an appointment for an interview with your bishop or branch president, who will determine your readiness and worthiness. If he feels you are ready, you will receive a recommend. You may then contact your stake patriarch to schedule an appointment. **NE**

NOTE

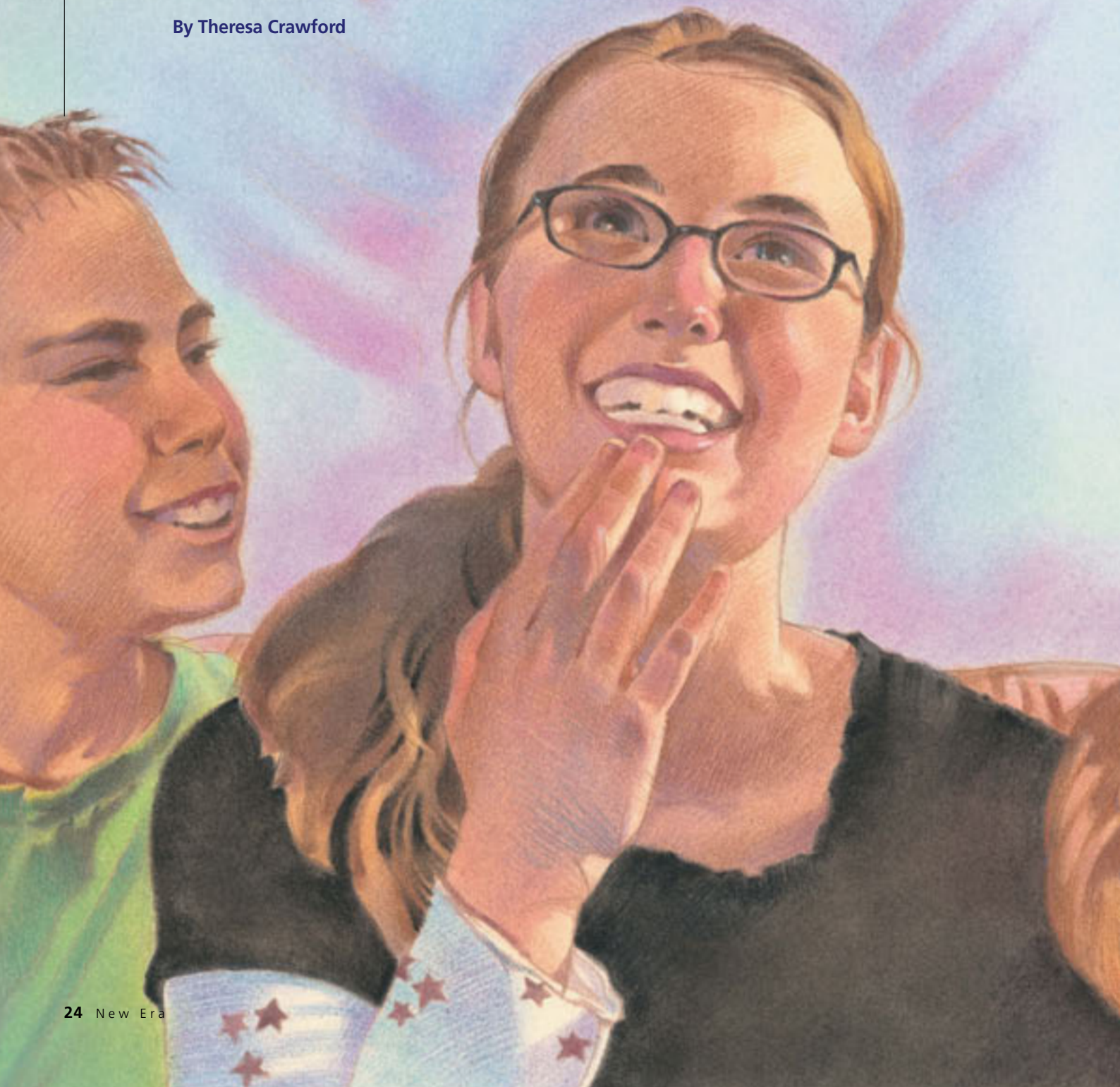
1. James E. Faust, “Your Patriarchal Blessing,” *New Era*, Nov. 2005, 4.

What do you want to know? E-mail your questions to newera@ldschurch.org. Please put “To the Point” in the subject line.

Risk DAD

After years of waiting, the answer we hoped for came.

By Theresa Crawford



“Dear Dad,” I started the most important e-mail of my life. “Since Allie is about to turn eight, I was wondering if you would let all of us get baptized together.”

My brother, sisters, and I had known our entire lives that baptism was out of the picture until we turned 18. My father is not a Church member, and my mother has always hoped for the day when the entire family would be able to fully embrace the gospel.

That e-mail marked the first time I had gathered the courage to ask my father's permission in a straightforward, sincere manner. I'd fasted and had so much hope that this would be the time he would agree. His answer of “no” followed by an explanation of his personal beliefs and why he felt so strongly about having us wait was disappointing.

Even though I was not a baptized member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I was an active participant. I had stood by as my friends were baptized at age eight. I missed the trips to the Idaho Falls Temple when others my age participated in baptisms for the dead. Although discouraged, I kept my faith and activity. I knew someday I, too, would enter the waters of baptism.

The long-anticipated open house for the Rexburg Idaho Temple began in December 2007. My uncle arranged a private tour for my siblings, my dad's parents (who are not Church members), and me. A member of the Quorums of the Seventy led us through the beautiful temple. Once in the sealing room, he spoke of his son who had died early in life and talked about how he would be waiting for them with open arms in the spirit world. Tears began to roll

down our faces. My grandparents had lost a son when he was 15. Sharing that tender moment with my grandparents in the sealing room was a miracle that strengthened my testimony and prepared me for what would transpire over the next month.

On January 25, 2008, I arrived home late after a school skiing trip. I was very tired and inattentive during family scripture time, only half-listening to my mother read from the Book of Mormon. Suddenly Mom's voice said, “I talked to your dad today.” My ears perked up mildly because he had recently moved to the East Coast. She continued, “He has decided to let all of you get baptized.” I sat up on the couch and stared at my mother in disbelief.

One week later my siblings and I were each baptized by our maternal grandpa. He had not baptized his own children, and this was his first experience performing a baptism. Humbly, my grandpa took me by the hands as I was immersed in the water into an unbelievable moment. The next day my uncle confirmed me a member of the Church and I received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Later I joined the youth in my ward on a trip to the Idaho Falls Temple to do work for those who had also waited for baptism.

It took the same courage as before to contact my dad, this time by phone, and thank him for allowing me to be baptized. He gave me a quick but sincere “you're welcome” as we moved on to talk about other things. Even though most of this conversation seemed a usual chat with my dad, I know this was one of the most special phone calls of my life. **NE**



How can you make a difference in the world? When each of us does a little, as a Church we do a lot.

We Are

By Sally Johnson Odekirk
Church Magazines

QUIETLY AND QUICKLY RESPONDING

"My heart rejoices as I observe the Saints all over the Church doing everything they can to provide Christlike service wherever there is a need. Because of member contributions, the Church can quietly and quickly, without fanfare, respond to needs all over the world."

Elder Quentin L. Cook of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Stewardship—a Sacred Trust," *Ensign*, Nov. 2009, 93.

"We are the Lord's hands here upon the earth, with the mandate to serve and to lift His children. He is dependent upon each of us" (President Thomas S. Monson, "What Have I Done for Someone Today?" *Ensign*, Nov. 2009, 86). The world is full of people in need. It can seem overwhelming. Victims of disasters need food, clothing, hygiene supplies, and often shelter. Students in impoverished areas need school materials. And the list goes on. What can one person do?

Actually, each person, by combining efforts with many others, can accomplish a lot. Assembling humanitarian kits is a great example of this principle.

What Is a Humanitarian Kit?

There are several different types of humanitarian kits, such as hygiene kits, school kits, and simple games for children. These kits are sent to areas of the world to help with basic needs and relieve suffering. The contents may seem simple (for example, hygiene kits* consist of unbreakable combs, toothbrushes, soap, and hand towels), but when these kits reach someone who has lost everything, they provide not only needed personal care items, but also comfort that comes from knowing someone cares and took time to put them together.

Hygiene Kits

When the Murray Utah West Stake

decided to make hygiene kits as part of their youth conference, Amy Woodland, of the 13th Ward, was one of those asked to collect and organize supplies for her ward.

She says of the experience, "When I was asked to help with my youth conference and gather items for a humanitarian project, I sat down with my mom and talked about how I was going to organize the project and get all the items I could. I started by passing out flyers that told what items we needed and took them to each house in my neighborhood. I also went into priesthood meetings, Relief Society, Primary, Young Men and Young Women to announce the items needed.

"Before I knew it, I had people dropping items off at my house, calling me to find out more about the humanitarian project, and giving me money to purchase supplies that we needed the most. Then, when youth conference came around, we had tons of items that other girls had collected from other wards in the stake.

"Being able to participate in this project was amazing! It felt so good knowing that these hygiene kits were sent out to children, adults, and families who were really in need of them. Service is something that really should be spread throughout the world. It has helped me want to serve others more. I learned that by serving others we are serving Heavenly Father."

Maria Sanchez of 11th Ward agrees, "My experience doing the hygiene project was



HIS HANDS

Working together, the young men and young women of the Murray Utah West Stake completed more than 600 hygiene kits.



DO YOU HAVE EXTRA CLOTHES TO DONATE?

"We receive a lot of clothing because of the generosity of the members. The clothing goes to Deseret Industries and they'll take what they need locally and the surplus clothing goes to the humanitarian center. Then the clothing is sent all around the world. If there's an earthquake or a tsunami the Area Presidency in that area will assess the needs and tell us what they need. We keep an inventory of donated supplies, and we send them along with food, medicine, and clothing items."

Dennis Lifferth, former managing director of Welfare Services

NEmore

For information on more service projects needed by the Humanitarian Center, go to www.ProvidentLiving.org, and then click on "Service Opportunities" and "Make humanitarian aid kits."

great. I have to say that my favorite part was getting together as a stake to put the kits together. Everyone had fun, and having so many people to help made the project go very fast. I learned that when everyone helps in little ways, it can help a lot of people."

On the day of the youth conference activity, the young men and young women met to put the hygiene kits together. They had hoped to assemble 300 kits and ended up assembling more than 600. Reagan Eisert, 15, of the Liberty Ward said, "I never knew that there were so many specifications in gathering hygiene products to put into a plastic bag. When I saw the generosity of my ward members, I realized how much love they had for people they didn't know and were likely to never see. As I watched the kindness of so many people, my own testimony grew. I'm so grateful that I was a part of this service project and that the hours I spent really helped someone else."

File Folder Games

Children living in orphanages or refugee camps need simple educational toys that teach them basic skills and help occupy their time. File folder games** teach simple matching skills, and are fun for the children. Each kit contains a file folder that includes matching games with shapes, colors, or numbers, and an envelope to keep them in.

The girls in the Waynesboro Virginia Stake had the opportunity to make file folder games for the humanitarian center when they were at their stake young women's camp.

On the day of the project, the girls were excited to be doing something that would help others. Danielle Beidler of the Waynesboro Ward says, "I learned that there

are many ways to serve others, and it felt good to be able to help them. I realized that I have been so blessed."

Chelsea Herring of the Rivanna Ward adds, "It made me think of how fortunate I am to be able to go to school."

Martha Dudley, who was in charge of craft projects for their stake's young women's camp, went to ProvidentLiving.org for ideas on how to get involved with humanitarian kits. She says, "I went to the section that lists the current humanitarian needs and found that one need was for the file folder games. I thought that this would accomplish both of my goals: a humanitarian service project that would let our young women help others, as well as being fun to do at camp."

The activity was so successful that many girls came back later that day and helped finish the folders that needed additional work and talked about their feelings of helping others. Tiffany Dudley of the Rivanna Ward says, "I learned that giving is easy when you are having fun and thinking of someone else." In the end they assembled 60 file folder games for the humanitarian center.

Many Blessings

Experiences with preparing humanitarian kits such as these bless not only those who receive them but also those who put them together. Those involved learn for themselves the truth that "when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17). **NE**

* See www.ProvidentLiving.org, then click on "Service Opportunities" and "Make humanitarian aid kits" for detailed instructions on how prepare hygiene kits.

** See www.ldsphilanthropies.org/humanitarian-services/humanitarian-pattern.html for instructions and patterns.



CALLED TO SUPPORT AND HEAL

"Let our hearts and hands be stretched out in compassion toward others, for everyone is walking his or her own difficult path. As disciples of Jesus Christ, our Master, we are called to support and heal rather than condemn."

President Dieter F. Uchtdorf, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, "You Are My Hands," *Ensign*, May 2010, 68.

The young women of the Waynesboro Virginia Stake discovered the fun of creating file folder games for the Humanitarian Center.



CONQUERING THE WALL

"Don't look down!" I told myself. This was not the time to quit.

I was halfway up a climbing wall, completely stuck. Moments earlier, I had been on the ground, chatting with friends and waiting in line. Although I'd never climbed a wall like this before, I hadn't been nervous or concerned. Within a matter of seconds though, everything had changed. I now clung desperately to handholds, my progress stopped by inexperience and fear.

Only moments before, when the man ahead of me slipped in his own ascent and descended slowly to the ground, I readied myself to climb. As I strapped on the safety gear, my friend Kent tapped me on the shoulder. "Liz, I've been watching the climbers and studying the wall. I know how to get to the top. Take your first step with your left foot and grab high with your right hand . . ." Kent's directions were detailed, like driving instructions, but I just nodded without really paying attention. The wall didn't look hard. I was sure I could do it on my own.

Disregarding Kent's instructions, I grabbed holds right in front of me and followed the course that seemed to offer the least resistance. Climbing quickly, I took three fairly easy steps, and then . . . nothing. The next handhold was out of reach, and I couldn't find a toehold. I was only 10 feet up, and my options had entirely disappeared.

Cutting through my predicament, I heard Kent's voice from below. "Liz, I told the instructor that you are a first-time climber. He said you can start over. Come down and begin again, this time with your left foot."

I quickly descended, thanked the instructor, and started again. This time I listened to Kent's instructions as he directed me up the wall. Following the course he charted, I climbed, stretched, and maneuvered my way up. Nearing the top, I made a sickening discovery. The bell that from below had appeared easy to reach

was actually located on an overhang.

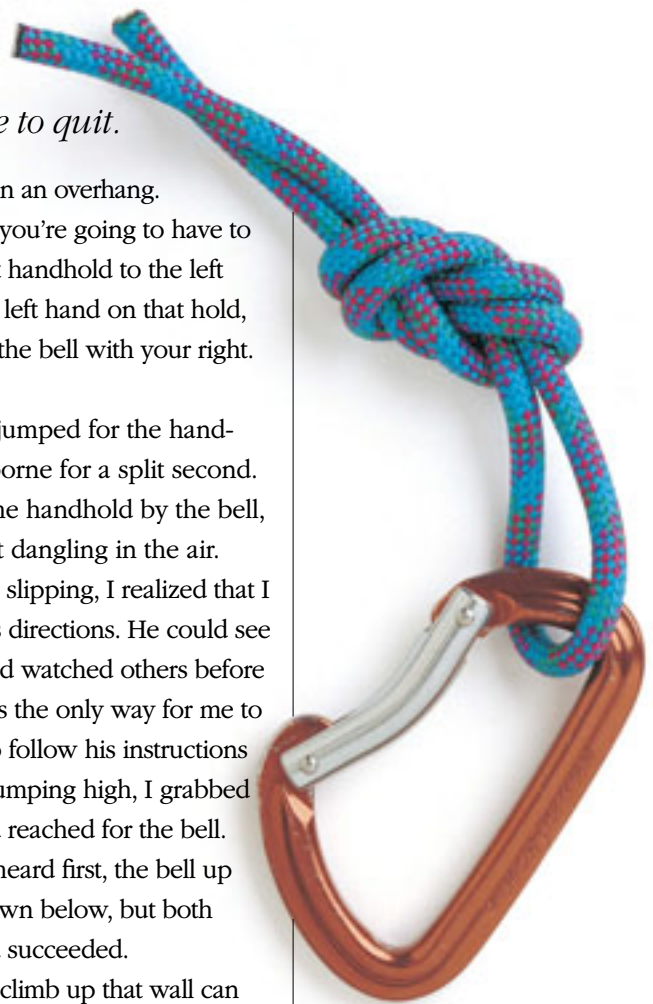
"Liz," Kent called, "you're going to have to jump up to grasp that handhold to the left of the bell. With your left hand on that hold, you'll be able to ring the bell with your right. You can do it, Liz."

Was he crazy? If I jumped for the handhold, I would be airborne for a split second. And if I could grab the handhold by the bell, my feet would be left dangling in the air.

As I felt my fingers slipping, I realized that I needed to trust Kent's directions. He could see the entire wall. He had watched others before me. He knew this was the only way for me to succeed. I resolved to follow his instructions and trust my guide. Jumping high, I grabbed the left handhold and reached for the bell. I'm not sure which I heard first, the bell up high or the cheers down below, but both assured me that I had succeeded.

In many ways, my climb up that wall can be compared to our lives on earth. In the same way that I received instructions, advice, and encouragement from a good friend as I ascended the wall, each of us receives counsel and direction from prophets, parents, and youth leaders as we make our way through life. Like Kent, these people can see more of the wall than we can. By virtue of their perspective, experience, and knowledge, they can guide us to the top. However, we are often too arrogant, unconcerned, or prideful to listen. Setting out on the path that initially looks easiest, we often become stuck and sometimes fall.

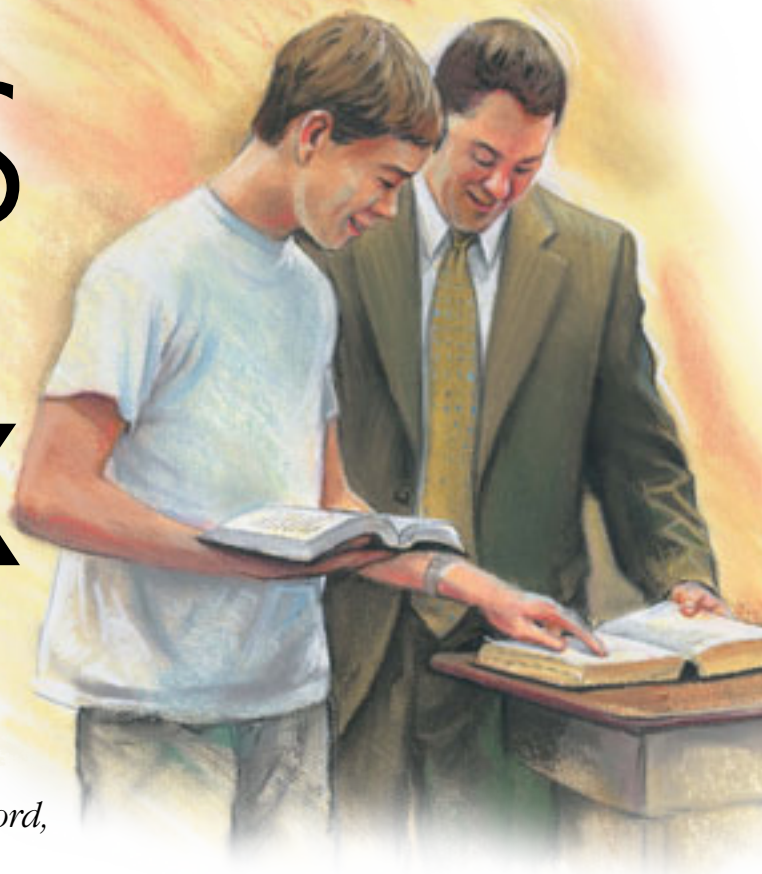
On the climbing wall, I was given permission to try again by an understanding instructor. In life, we are given the ability to try again by an even more understanding Savior. If we repent of our errors, heed the counsel of those He has called, and keep striving upward in faith and hope, each and every one of us can reach the top and ring the victory bell. **NE**



The climb up that wall can be compared to our lives on earth. We need to listen more carefully to those who have experience and who have gone before.

THINGS WILL WORK OUT

*Have faith and trust in the Lord,
and He will provide.*



**By Elder Erich W.
Kopischke**
Of the Seventy

I was born in Germany to good, caring parents who were members of the Church. During World War II, when my father was 10 years old, he was introduced to the gospel by a friend in Stettin, which is now part of Poland. Because of the war, there were no missionaries in Stettin at that time. After he accepted the gospel, my father taught his family, and they were converted. He later met my mother, who was also living in East Germany. There were no missionaries there either. My father taught my mother the gospel, and she accepted it. They were married and then moved to West Germany shortly before I was born.

In Germany at that time, there were not many members of the Church. At school I was the only member. At a young age I gained a strong testimony that God lives and that this is His true Church. I never doubted the truthfulness of the gospel. I held on to this testimony, and it helped me stay active through my youth.

Fear of Falling Away

I had two friends my age who were also active in the Church. They were brothers, and we grew up together. However, I could see them only on Sunday because we lived almost 25 kilometers away from each other. We saw each other during priesthood meeting and Young Men activities. Even though we saw each other only once a week, being good friends helped us stay active in the Church.

Later I noticed that many of the older youth became less active in the Church, and I had an absolute fear that one day I might lose my testimony. There were so few youth in the Church in Germany in those days that when they became less active, their absence was noticeable. It was frightening for my parents. They had given up everything to raise their children in religious freedom, and now they were thinking, “What can we do so that we will not lose Erich?”

One day when I was about 14 years old, my family was driving home from church. We had noticed, once again, that some of the youth had turned their backs on the Church. I said to my parents, “I want you to drag me to church until I am 21 years old, and then I will take care of myself!” I really told them that, and my mother often repeated it to me.

An Education Decision

This concern explains why, when I was about 10 years old and attending primary school, my parents made a decision. In Germany you start a higher-education path at a young age. My parents decided not to allow me to go into higher education because

they had seen many young people leave the Church while attending these schools at that time. They said, “You can go anywhere, but not to the *Gymnasium* [university-track school], because we don’t want to lose you to the world!”

That decision meant that I received a basic education and later a vocational education; for me, that meant a degree in business. This limited many of my professional possibilities. I completed my training when I was 18 years old and was called to serve as a missionary in Munich, Germany. I loved being a missionary.

When I finished my mission, I found myself without a lot of career options. I had finished my education.

Two years after my mission, I married my wife, Christiane, and there was no chance for me to gain a university education. There was a moment when I felt sad about my parents’ decision because I felt so limited.

Then a thought came to me: “Whatever my parents did, they did to protect me. They did it out of love, and it will *not* be a disadvantage for me.” Even though at times it seemed to be a disadvantage in a worldly sense, I could now understand that it would never be a real disadvantage. I decided to make a career in the insurance business, and I later became an executive in the company where I worked.

One challenge for me was that I had always wanted to be a teacher,

SEARCHING IN THE LIGHT OF CHRIST

When you are young, you have questions, and your friends and others question what you are doing. One of the answers to those questions is in Moroni 7:19, where Mormon teaches us: “Search diligently in the light of Christ that ye may know good from evil; and if ye will lay hold upon every good thing, and condemn it not, ye certainly will be a child of Christ.”

That is a wonderful scripture. The Light of Christ is our conscience; it is a gift to every child of our Heavenly Father. We should think constantly about things that are good, and we should cleave to those things and condemn them not. I have



always thought that if everyone in the world would do that, whether he or she is a member of the Church or not, this

promise, as prophesied, would be fulfilled; and we would become better sons and daughters, better friends, better employees, better missionaries, better people. As Paul said, “Prove all things; hold fast that which is good” (1 Thessalonians 5:21).

I have seen so many people in the world around me say, “I will take this good thing, but I will not take that one.” They keep themselves from the truth. But the scriptures invite us to hold on to everything that is good and to search our conscience in the Light of Christ.

Elder Erich W. Kopischke of the Seventy.



In seminary and institute classes, often our teachers would say, “As you read this scripture, try inserting your own name.” I discovered I could read the scriptures as if I were Nephi or Helaman or Moroni.

and you cannot be a teacher in Germany without a university education. However, I eventually did become a teacher—a religion teacher. I became a teacher for the Church Educational System. And in a manner of speaking, that is what I am now—a teacher. So I gained a testimony that it is worthwhile to listen to your parents, to follow their counsel, and to trust that they love you, pray for you, and know what is best for you. The desire to stay active in the Church was so strong on my part and the desire to protect me was so strong on my parents’ part that everything did come together for my good.

My Higher Education

Something else that helped me

stay strong as a youth was the seminary program, which was introduced in Germany in 1972, when I was 14 years old. It had a great impact on my life. I can still remember my seminary teacher, because she left a great impression on me and influenced me in such a positive way.

Because of my seminary experience and my individual study of the scriptures as a youth, I learned to love the scriptures. My study strengthened my testimony, and I have never lost my love for seminary and institute classes. I taught one of the first early-morning seminary classes in Germany. It was a great class. The young people loved it, and they came every morning. Some of them traveled quite a distance. Out

of that group, the young men all went on missions, and almost all of those young men and women have stayed active in the Church.

When I think about how I gained my testimony and what had the greatest impression on me for good, I really can say that it was the seminary and institute classes I attended. It was the learning of gospel principles and doctrines from the scriptures, with a group of friends, from a teacher we admired.

One of the best things to do when studying the scriptures is to apply them to yourself. Often our teachers would say, “As you read this scripture, try inserting your own name.” I discovered I could read the scriptures as if I were Nephi or Helaman

or Moroni. That changed the whole setting for me when I read the scriptures. It was like a dream; all of a sudden I could see myself in the same situation as those I was reading about.

The scriptures helped me understand that faith is something real. It is not just knowing about things in the scriptures in a theoretical way, but faith connects us to the Lord's reality for us. This is something I gained from my time in seminary as a youth. I have a sure faith that if the Lord gives an assignment, we can "go and do" (1 Nephi 3:7), and He will provide what we need to accomplish that assignment.

Strength from the Scriptures

A scripture that really helped me when I was young is Joshua 1:6–9. It says, in part: "Be strong and of a good courage. . . . Observe to do according to all the law. . . . Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper."

As a young man, I thought, "Once I receive an assignment from the Lord, I will not turn to the right or to the left." I had some good experiences as a result. For instance, one day while I was in business training, I had to go to a Church meeting, but I had a work responsibility related to the mail. Normally this responsibility would take me and the other trainees as much as an extra hour after our regular work hours. But I had to go to Hamburg on the 5:30 p.m. train to get to my Church

meeting. I told the others of my dilemma, and they said to me, "Good luck. It is not going to happen."

I said, "Sure it will, because this is an important meeting." They shrugged their shoulders and said sarcastically, "Yeah sure—you and your faith. You think just because you are religious that everything is going to work out. That means that we would have to finish the mail by 10 minutes to 5:00. It has never happened." I said, "Well, whatever happens will happen. But I need to be in Hamburg on time tonight."

Now, believe it or not, for the first and only time in three years, everything was finished that day at 10 minutes to 5:00, and I made it to the train on time. This impressed my fellow trainees and opened the door for me to have some gospel conversations with them.

I have complete trust and faith that when the Lord gives you an assignment, it will work out somehow if you "do not turn to the right or to the left." I did not know that the mail duty we had would be finished early that day. You won't always know those kinds of things in advance. You cannot tell the Lord how it should happen, but with faith and trust in Him, it often will work out well.

My study of the scriptures and my parents' example gave me something very important, even as a young man. Together, they helped me develop great faith that in my day-to-day living, the Lord would help and bless me. **NE**

A MISSION WILL KEEP YOUR PATH CLEAR

One of the most important things a young man can do is prepare to serve a mission. It is important to prepare spiritually, physically, and educationally. Study the scriptures diligently. Study them every day, with the help of seminary and institute classes. Then go on a mission, and do and be the very best you can.

You will come to know that your mission experiences are the best education for you. It is a wonderful way to practice all the good things you have learned in your family, in the Church, and in seminary and institute classes. If you young men, and you young women who so desire, will prepare for and serve a mission, it will keep your life's path clear for you. I would wish for my sons and daughters and for you, the youth of the Church, to be worthy to go on a mission when you reach the right age and to wholeheartedly seize and magnify that opportunity.

I would wish for you all, including my own children, great faith and trust in the Lord, that you might enjoy His marvelous promises. I know that the Lord will provide the experiences, challenges, and blessings He knows will be for your good. I have a sure testimony that when we have great faith and trust in the Lord, He will provide.

Elder Erich W. Kopischke of the Seventy.

**“I TESTIFY
THAT ONE
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FAITH IN THIS
LATTER-DAY
WORK . . .
UNTIL HE OR
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OF THE BOOK
OF MORMON
AND THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,
OF WHOM IT
TESTIFIES.”**

Elder Jeffrey R. Holland
of the Quorum of the Twelve
Apostles, “Safety for the Soul,”
Ensign, Nov. 2009, 89–90.



CELEBRATING THE PIONEERS

Each July many members of the Church worldwide pause to honor the pioneers who entered the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. Here is an experience that one young woman shared with us:

“Sometimes our ward has pioneer activities,” says Analee B. of Burke, Virginia, USA. “People dress up in pioneer outfits, and we usually go on some type of ‘trek’—it’s really a walk. We also talk about pioneers, and we do games that pioneers would play. In Virginia it is really hot and humid in the summer, and we always have these celebrations outside, so with the hot weather we really feel like pioneers.

“For me personally I am almost

always reading a book about Church history. Reading those books makes me appreciate the pioneers even more and helps me understand better what they went through.”

How, in your area, do you celebrate the past or present pioneers in the Church? Remember, pioneers can include anyone who prepared the way for others to follow.

BY THE NUMBERS

20,551

Number of audience seats in the Conference Center’s main auditorium.

HOW TO GAIN A TESTIMONY

A testimony is a very important part in our lives as members of the Church. To gain a testimony, do what Moroni invites us to do: ponder in your heart the message or the principle that you want to know is true; then ask God in the name of Jesus Christ if it is true. Those who pursue this course and ask in faith will gain a testimony of the truth by the power of the Holy Ghost (see Moroni 10:3–5). I can testify to you that if you pray with all the faith of your heart, our Heavenly Father will answer your prayer.

When I was an investigator, I decided to pray and ask Heavenly Father if everything I had learned was true. Never in my life will I find words to describe the feeling I had, but I know that it was the answer of my Heavenly Father because I have received a lot of blessings from it.

**Jordi R., age 18,
Santo Domingo,
Dominican Republic**





MY FAVORITE SCRIPTURE

2 Nephi 32:5 has been my favorite scripture since I was in Primary because it tells you what to do when you are given the gift of the Holy Ghost. You must receive it and be worthy of it, and then the Holy Ghost will guide you on the right path.

**Peaches C., age 16,
Trinidad,
West Indies**

Tell us about your favorite scripture in one or two sentences. Go to newera.lds.org and click on Submit Your Material.

PIONEER WORD SEARCH

Covered wagon
Handcart
Missouri
Nauvoo
Oxen
Prairie
Salt Lake Valley
Utah
Winter Quarters
Nebraska
Zion
Faith
Brigham Young
Pioneers
Illinois
Iowa
Wyoming
Trail
Legacy
Ancestors
Celebration
Heritage

THE CHURCH IN USA—NEW YORK

The Church was organized April 6, 1830, in Fayette, New York, with 50 people and 6 official members present. In one year's time, membership more than doubled. In July 1840, the first group of new converts from Liverpool, England, arrived in New York aboard the ship *Britannia*.

To commemorate the early events of Church organization, an annual pageant, "America's Witness for Christ" (also known as "Hill Cumorah Pageant"), began in 1928. The Hill Cumorah Pageant attracts as many as 100,000 people to New York during its seven-night run.

On April 6, 2000, 170 years after the Church was organized, the Palmyra New York Temple was dedicated. The temple overlooks the Sacred Grove and other historic sites. The first temple in New York City, the Manhattan New York Temple, was dedicated in 2004.

Here are a few facts about the Church today in New York:

Membership	75,852
Missions	4
Temples	2
Wards & Branches	151
Family History Centers	50



BRAIN CENTRE SERVICE

On a very cold but sunny day last October, youth and leaders from the Kettering Ward, Northampton England Stake gave 30 hours of service in their community at Headway, a local charity that works to improve life for patients after brain injury. Armed with paintbrushes and paint, ward members went to work cleaning and painting the inside and outside of the Headway day centre. "The activity was really fun because although it was cold I could really feel the spirit of the youth working together," said Sarah Dean, a Laurel. "We had cold hands,



but we also had warm hearts."

Michael Winebrunner, a priest, agreed that it was cold, but says, "We were working really hard, so I hardly noticed. I enjoyed being with my friends and knowing that I was making a difference to the lives of the people in the day centre."





THE *Light* ALONG

By Julia Woodbury

The summer before I turned 16, my dad decided that he wanted to get as many of our family members together as he could and take us all on a camping trip. My grandparents came and so did many of Dad's brothers and sisters, along with their families. We made a large, rambunctious group, and I often felt like I was in heaven on that camping trip, surrounded by the beauty of the mountains and among the people I loved most.

The trip held special significance for me because that summer I had felt strongly impressed to receive my patriarchal blessing. My grandfather was a patriarch, and so I asked if he could be the one to give it. He agreed and obtained permission, and we planned for my blessing to take place the Sunday directly following our trip.

At the time my dad was also my bishop and, while at camp, we had very unique patriarchal blessing interview. One night, as the sun set and the moon began to rise, we took a canoe out onto the lake near our campsite. The water was still and serene as we glided over the surface and talked about my blessing.

We stayed out in the boat for a long time, enjoying the beauty of the stars that were beginning to come out. Then suddenly, from far across the lake, we heard singing. The sound carried easily over the water, now glistening with starlight. I immediately recognized the voices of my grandparents. They were singing Grandpa's favorite hymn, "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy" (*Hymns*, no. 335). In this hymn it speaks of Heavenly Father as a lighthouse keeper who guides His children safely in from the troubled sea. I think Grandpa's favorite part is when it calls us the keepers of the "lights along the shore." It means that while our Heavenly Father is the great guiding light, we need to tend the "lower lights" along the shore to help bring our brothers and sisters safely home.

We listened to Grandma and Grandpa sing: "Let the lower lights be burning; Send a gleam across the wave. Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save."

At the moment they started this chorus, a beam of light shone out in a bright path across the water.

Grandpa had pulled a flashlight from his pocket and, every time the song mentioned light, he switched it on and used it to guide us safely in.

Dad and I laughed with them and started rowing back to shore. I treasure that memory and will always remember my grandparents' voices and their light guiding us in over the dark water.

When the weekend of camping came to a close, we all returned home, and the following Sunday my grandfather gave me my patriarchal blessing. Just weeks later he passed away. He had been able to type my blessing and print it out, but it was my grandmother who finally sent it to me.

I am grateful that my grandfather was a keeper of one of the lights along the shore of my life. His light and example has guided me closer to my Heavenly Father. I will always think of my patriarchal blessing as a light coming across the waves, guiding me in from the dark. It is a bright beam of my Heavenly Father's mercy. **NE**

THE SHORE



*I will always think
of my patriarchal
blessing as a light
guiding me safely
home.*

What Was in Store at the



WHY DOES THE CHURCH HAVE STOREHOUSES?

"The people of God always organize under the direction of the priesthood to care for the poor among them. The desire to reach out to those in need grows naturally from the effects of the gospel of Jesus Christ. As we live it, it creates in us feelings of charity and desires to be productive so that we can not only care for ourselves but share the fruits of our labors with others."

President Henry B. Eyring,
First Counselor in the First
Presidency, as quoted in Glen L.
Rudd, *Pure Religion* (1995), 388.

STOREHOUSE ?

When I was 14 years old, one Sunday in sacrament meeting, my parents heard about the need for volunteers at the bishops' storehouse in Slidell, Louisiana. They decided they would help, and, of course, this meant my younger brother and I would also help. Our family went so often, in fact, that my parents were called to be the assistant managers.

At first, I disliked helping out because I felt it took up my valuable homework time (well, OK, TV time). But the more we went, the more I grudgingly accepted this chore, especially after my parents made it clear that we were in it together.

Fortunately, as the months passed, I slowly began to focus less on myself and the earlier resentment I felt and more on what I could do to help. I helped fill food orders for needy families, bag and number them, and then place them on the truck that would deliver them to various cities nearby. Numbering bags was hard because I had to remember the order number as well as the number of bags I had put out on the counter for volunteers to place food in. Also, I had to number bags extremely fast because the other volunteers were depending on me.

Now, instead of trying to avoid work, I began stocking canned goods, dry foods, and produce on the shelves and mopping the floors once in a while. My favorite task, with adult supervision, was cooking meals



By Sara Boyack

When my parents volunteered, I was reluctant. But soon I became a regular.

NEMore

For more information about the Church welfare program and how you can serve, go to www.ProvidentLiving.org.

for the other volunteers. We would prepare an array of magnificent culinary delights that consisted mostly of macaroni and cheese, hot dogs, spaghetti, sloppy joes, and chocolate cake. We usually added a vegetable salad and a fruit salad and considered it a fairly balanced meal. I also began trying to aid the other helpers by showing them where different items were located, and which items to place in each bag. I felt like the official item finder.

My attitude had completely changed from the first couple of months that I worked at the storehouse. There were still days when I felt a little lazy and tired, but mostly I viewed

WHAT ARE BISHOPS' STOREHOUSES?

The modern-day version of the storehouses began in 1936 as a way to help those affected by the Great Depression. Today the Church operates storehouses, employment and training centers, and other facilities designed to help Heavenly Father's children around the world.

"The Lord's storehouse includes the time, talents, skills, compassion, consecrated material, and financial means of faithful Church members. These resources are available to the bishop in assisting those in need" (President Thomas S. Monson, "Guiding Principles of Personal and Family Welfare," *Ensign*, Sept. 1986, 5).



WE ARE THE LORD'S HANDS

"We are surrounded by those in need of our attention, our encouragement, our support, our comfort, our kindness—be they family members, friends, acquaintances, or strangers. We are the Lord's hands here upon the earth, with the mandate to serve and to lift His children. He is dependent upon each of us."

President Thomas S. Monson, "What Have I Done for Someone Today?" *Ensign*, Nov. 2009, 86.

working at the storehouse as a blessing. I also counted myself lucky to have the opportunity to serve so many people (around 60 families a week) and make an impact, albeit a small one, on their lives. Best of all, I started to recognize the value of all the blessings I had received and how fortunate I truly am.

Though I may not have made a huge difference by helping at the storehouse, it has definitely influenced me. My experience has taught me to value all the blessings I have received throughout my life and that I am expected to use my abilities to help others. More than four years have passed since my first time at the storehouse, and now my parents are the managers. I still help out when I can, and when I do, I love it. **NE**

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

Dennis Lifferth, former managing director of Welfare Services, said, "Consider ways you can help in your own sphere of influence. It doesn't have to be grand."

Some ideas:

- Call your local bishop's storehouse to find a time you can volunteer. They try to accommodate all who come with work, whether it be putting food boxes together, cleaning, stocking shelves, or something else that needs doing in the storehouse.
- Get involved with school, cultural, and community service events and projects.
- With other youth and adult leaders, volunteer at a local homeless shelter.
- Work with literacy programs.
- Ask your ward leaders if there is someone in the ward who needs help. Remember older members who may need help with their homes and yards or would like someone to visit with them.
- Volunteer to babysit for families or at ward events.
- Watch for opportunities to serve at school or around your neighborhood.
- For more ideas, see FYI: For Your Information, *New Era*, Mar. 1988, at newera.lds.org.

By Jonatan Fingerle

As told to David A. Edwards, Church Magazines

*I was nervous and wanted to get home,
but the Spirit's message was clear.*

Two years ago, when I was 14, I went to visit some relatives in another city in southern Germany. I was traveling alone by train, so I was a bit nervous but also excited. After my visit, I got on the train to go home. It was getting late at night as we approached the station where I was supposed to get off the train. I looked out the window and saw the station, but I suddenly had the feeling that I should stay seated.

Though the train wouldn't be traveling on (this was the final station), I wanted to get home because it was getting late and I was nervous. But the impression to wait was very distinct. So I did it, though I wondered why.

After a few minutes I finally did get out. I had walked only a short distance when a policeman stopped me and said, "You were lucky. If you had come five minutes earlier, you would have been in the middle of a big fight."

There had been a soccer game that evening between two archrivals. Some fans of one team had been in the front of the train and some fans of the other team in back. When they had gotten off, a couple of them had started provoking one another, and then everyone had started fighting. I later heard that by the time the police came to break it up, over a dozen people had been injured and taken to the hospital. The police had then blocked everything off and taken all the suspects with them.

One policeman came over to me and put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Wow. If you had been there, we probably could have hauled you off as well." I realized that if I hadn't followed that impression, something very bad could have happened to me.

As I went home, I prayed to Heavenly Father and told Him that I was thankful that I had listened to the Holy Ghost and hadn't gotten off the train. I knew that He had protected me. **NE**

Don't Get off the Train



IT STARTS WITH A SMILE

By Sara N. Hall

When I was a Mia Maid, I noticed a less-active girl in the same class as I was. I sometimes saw her at school in the hallways, at Mutual activities, church, and even at girls' camp. It seemed no matter how often I would see her, she looked unhappy. I knelt down one night and prayed for the strength to somehow help her.

I remembered that I had once been in the same phase. I would smile with those closest to me, but on my way down the halls of the high school, I would be unaware of the frown on my face. One day a girl in school, who was walking past me, said, "Hi, Sara!" This made all the difference. Now I could greet people in the same manner and felt the desire to always speak to the girl who had helped me. Pondering this gave me a sudden thought. What if I said a pleasant word to the girl in Mia Maids?

The next day, I told myself I would greet her with a friendly "Hello!" But something inside held me back. So I passed her by and said nothing. As the days stretched on, the desire to help her increased. I knew I had to say something to her, and I wanted to do it soon.

I prayed several times in the early morning to gain the courage I needed. As I saw her walking down the hallway one day, I knew I had

I first started fasting after my 11th birthday. My mum and dad had given me a brief explanation of it and how we do not eat our meals and then pay the Lord the equivalent of the food we did not eat, plus a generous offering. At first, I was confused. Why should I resist the temptation when I could just sneak to the kitchen and grab some cookies? At long last, I told my parents that I couldn't go on. They agreed and said I could break my short, two-hour fast.

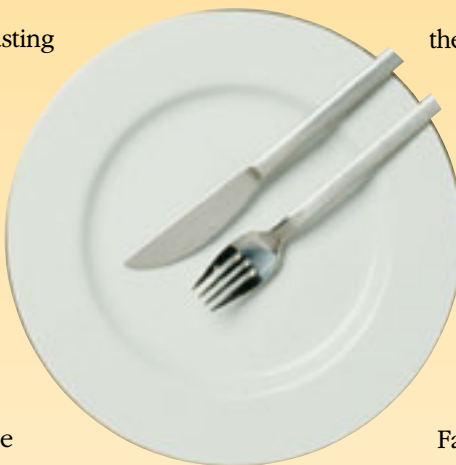
I began preparing for the next fast. Reading scriptures like Alma 5:46 and Helaman 3:35 really helped. During my second fast, I was able to bear missing up to two meals. When I felt

to act fast! I was afraid if I didn't say something now, I would not be able to later. With a turn of my head, I faced her and said, "Hi!"

The instant results surprised me. Her face immediately lit up like a candle. I decided that from then on, I would make an honest effort to say kind words to her. Months went by, and I found she became one of my best friends.

I DIDN'T STARVE—I FASTED

By Matthew Yang



the temptation, I resisted it by thinking of my Father above and how He sacrificed His Son for us. I reminded myself that I was showing my gratitude to Him by sacrificing, too.

Fasting built a stronger and more sure testimony for me. I was confident enough to stand at the pulpit, and bear my testimony. I learnt how to be humble, strong, faithful, and diligent. Fasting definitely helped me in my school and social life, making me aware of the world and Satan.

Now I have grown to love fasting, which helps me so much in my life. I love bearing my testimony on fast Sunday. The feeling is wonderful, and the Spirit is with me. I didn't starve—I fasted. **NE**

I know that Heavenly Father was sending me a message the day I got the courage to go up and say "Hi!" We need to reach out to others and forget ourselves. We can pause for a moment to offer a kind word. We can ask, "How can I help someone smile today?" Heavenly Father will help. Don't be afraid to ask. He will guide you and direct you in the path you should go. **NE**

STANDING UP FOR MY STANDARDS

By Kelsey Felton

In a lesson taught a few weeks ago in seminary, something really touched me and had a huge effect on me and my life. My teacher read aloud the Entertainment and Media section from *For The Strength of Youth*. There was one passage she kept repeating over and over again. It said, “Do not attend, view, or participate in entertainment that is vulgar, immoral, violent, or pornographic in any way. Do not participate in entertainment that in any way presents immorality or violent behavior as acceptable” ([2001], 17). As she said this over and over again, it started to sink into me.

Later that day at school, I was in my English lesson when my teacher said, “Today we are going to watch a film as a treat.” I really did not want to watch it because it was a scary and vulgar film. I knew that I would feel uncomfortable. I pulled my *For the Strength of Youth* pamphlet out of my bag and explained to my teacher that I have standards and that this film was inappropriate for me to watch. I was scared and nervous about what my teacher’s reply would be and how she would react to me for sticking up for my standards and what I believed in. She paused for a moment and then said, “Kelsey, I fully understand that you have standards, and I admire you



for sticking up for your beliefs.” My teacher then told me that I could go to another room and get a head start on our next topic.

I appreciated my teacher for understanding, and I will always remember this experience. I now know that I can stick up for what I believe in and that the *For the Strength of Youth* pamphlet is a strong and powerful thing in my life and always will be. **NE**

SCRIPTURE POWER

Name Withheld

A few months ago I was having troubles with the commandments and keeping them. I found this scripture one morning as I was reading 1 Nephi 10:18–22. Verse 18 says, “The way is prepared for all men from the foundation of the world, if it so be that they repent and come unto [Christ].” That verse stood out and gave me courage I needed to meet with my bishop. One of my closest friends who was also struggling spoke with her bishop as well. A few weeks ago we were able to go to the temple. I know Christ loves us and that He did atone for our sins. I love Him and I’m grateful for this knowledge. **NE**



RYAN STOKER

"Sister DeFord!
That was the best
Cub Scouts
EVER!"



KEVIN BECKSTROM

"I know you
care about cleaning
up the planet. Your
bedroom is part of
the planet."



RANDY GLASBERGEN

"We're root beer
floats."



VAL CHADWICK BAGLEY

NEmore
See a different
Extra Smile
online every
week at
newera.lds.org.

Each year many members of the Church worldwide honor the pioneers who entered the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. We asked how you remember that event. Here's what some of you had to say:

YOUTH CONFERENCES

In the Rio Rancho Stake we held a trek to represent the treks pioneers made many years ago. We all had the opportunity to be dressed in the pioneer attire and feel like authentic pioneers ourselves. We had a total of 19 to 20 carts going through a trail which challenged us physically, mentally, and spiritually. We had to hike 14 miles in order to make it to our Zion (or in other words, base camp). There were so many points along the trail that challenged us, but there was never a point where we gave up on anyone.

The Spirit was so strong at the fire-side on the last day that it was hard not to realize what all that the pioneers of old had to endure to give us what we have. I was able to learn so much from this experience, and I am forever grateful for those who traveled so many miles to follow the gospel of Jesus Christ. I hope I may be able to be an example to many of this generation and to future generations, as the pioneers of old are to this generation.

Alexa P., New Mexico

The Phoenix Arizona Stake has its own "Zion's Camp" for the young men. They go up near Flagstaff and spend five days camping out and pulling handcarts up the side of a mountain. It teaches everyone some of what the original Zion's camp was like and also what it was like to

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pull handcarts. The blessings come from lessons learned about teamwork and priesthood interaction.

Mike K., Arizona

Every four years my stake has a trek. We dress up in pioneer clothing and are only allowed to bring certain items with us. The whole experience is fun. When we did it this last July, the weather was great. Once we hiked to the valley, we had pioneer games and a hoedown with pioneer music and modern music. There was also a testimony meeting. People felt the Spirit, and their testimonies were strengthened. Bonds were forged with new people, and new friends were

made. I'm glad we could celebrate Pioneer Day through trek.

Emily H., Washington

A FAMILY DAY

Our whole extended family gathers at my grandparents' house in Idaho, in a very rural area. We take a drive to the nearby mountains, have a cookout, admire nature, and see things how the pioneers saw them. We also watch the parade from downtown Salt Lake City on television and have family time. I personally like to consider what life would have been like for the pioneers and admire their amazing faith and courage.

Heather J.

For the Days of '47, my family and I went to Cascade Springs, a beautiful nature walk in Utah. We wanted to appreciate the beauty of the world and to be able to reflect on our heritage.

Libbie H.

Every year I spend time with family, but I also try to remember what the pioneers went through so they could have religious freedom. They suffered a great deal, but in the end they came west and found freedom. [Settling in the desert] wasn't all that great in the beginning, but it got better for them as time went by.

Alex

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*Or you can e-mail us at newera@ldschurch.org or write to
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Angels without Wings

By Rachel Henderson

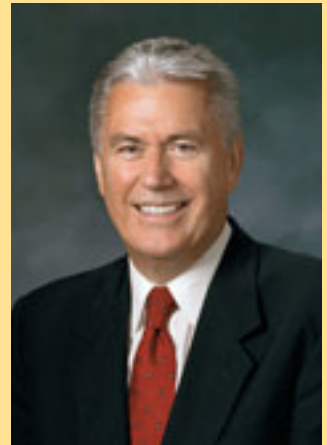
I see my family differently,
now that things have changed.
It seems that our priorities
are somewhat rearranged.
My parents are my teachers
and help me see the light.
My siblings are my closest friends,
there for me day and night.
Each one is peculiar
in their own amazing way.
They are my positive influences
each and every day.
I'd be lost without them
and what comfort to me each brings.
For my parents and siblings alike
are simply angels without wings.



WHAT'S ONLINE

Are you a pioneer? Yes.

According to President Dieter F. Uchtdorf, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, we are all pioneers. To learn more, go to **Ensign.lds.org** and look under Past Issues to find President Uchtdorf's message in the July 2008 issue.



Do prayers really get answered? Hear how a woman from New York found out for herself. Watch the video titled "Prayer" at **MormonMessages.org**.



Want something new to share at your next video night? Rather than another Hollywood movie, try watching some selections from **Youth.lds.org**. These videos tell great stories that are true.

What's on the New Era Web page? This month at **NewEra.lds.org** you'll find answers to your gospel questions, cartoons, podcasts, scripture helps, Mormonads, music, and experiences from youth just like you.

