

the Friend

MAY 2002





Help Is Always There

One night when we were arriving at a store, our van suddenly broke down. My mom tried and tried to get it started again. When the van didn't start, I thought we would be stuck there forever.

Then I thought of saying a prayer. So my sister and I each said a prayer, and when my mom tried again to start the van, it started!

We turned around and went home. The next day, we had the van checked. They couldn't find anything wrong with it. It has been almost four years since then, and we still have the same van and it still runs.

I learned that God is always there, waiting to help all of us in our trials.

*Tierca Harrison, age 9
East Peoria, Illinois*

To Tea or Not to Tea

I had gone to my friend's house one day, and her mother asked me if I wanted some tea. I said, "No thanks. I don't drink it."

Her mother asked, "What if I make it very weak?"

I told her that I'd have to ask my mom. So I phoned my mom, and she agreed with me that drinking even weak tea would be breaking the Word of Wisdom. So I told my friend's mom, "My mom said no."



After that, I was happy that I followed the Word of Wisdom, and I still am. I am also glad that I am following the counsel of the prophet.

*Karina Sadler, age 11
Abbotsford, British Columbia, Canada*

Good Things in the Friend



I always love to read the *Friend* the second it gets to the mailbox. Every month, I wait for the next issue. I enjoy reading the inspiring stories it includes each month. I really enjoy the Making Friends story each month. When I get the *Friend*, I jump right to it. I also like the family home evening ideas. They're really good, too.

*William Gresiak, age 9
State College, Pennsylvania*

**Volume 32 Number 5
May 2002**

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the Friend

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See pages 34–35.

Hidden Word

Word of Wisdom: The

Word of Wisdom is a law of health that the Lord asks us to obey as a part of being worthy of temple blessings. This term is found in Childviews, Sharing Time, Funstuf, "My Body—a Temple," Trying to Be Like Jesus Christ, and "George Albert Smith: 'I Won't Drink Coffee!'" in this issue. See if you can find it.

Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice

The Aaronic



Priesthood



In a tribute to John the Baptist and the Aaronic Priesthood, which he restored, President Thomas S. Monson shared an experience from his own life that reveals the power of this priesthood.

The power and authority of the lesser, or Aaronic Priesthood, is to hold the keys of the ministering of angels, and to administer in outward ordinances (Doctrine and Covenants 107:20).

I love the work of the Primary, [in which] teachers instruct little children to walk in the light of the gospel of Christ. . . .

Part of the great love of Primary teachers is preparing boys to receive the Aaronic Priesthood. . . .

I revere the priesthood of Almighty God. I have witnessed its power. I have seen its strength. I have marveled at the miracles it has wrought.

Almost fifty years ago, I knew a boy, even a priest, who held the authority of the Aaronic Priesthood. As the bishop, I was his quorum president. This boy, Robert, stuttered and stammered. . . . Self-conscious, shy, fearful of himself and all others, he had an impediment of speech which was devastating to him. Never did he fulfill an assignment; never would he look another in the eye; always would he gaze downward. Then one day, through an unusual set of circumstances, he accepted an assignment to . . . baptize another.

I sat next to him in the baptistry of the sacred Tabernacle. He was dressed in immaculate white, prepared for the ordinance he was to perform. I

asked Robert how he felt. He gazed at the floor and stuttered almost incoherently that he felt terrible.

We both prayed fervently that he would be made equal to his task. Then the clerk read the words: “Nancy Ann McArthur will now be baptized by Robert Williams, a priest.” Robert left my side, stepped into the font, took little Nancy by the hand, and helped her into the water. . . . He then gazed as though toward heaven and, with his right arm to the square, [declared,] “Nancy Ann McArthur, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Not once did he stammer. Not once did he stutter. Not once did he falter. A modern miracle had been witnessed.

In the dressing room, as I congratulated Robert, I expected to hear this same uninterrupted flow of speech. I was wrong. He gazed downward and stammered his reply of gratitude.

I testify that when Robert acted in the authority of the Aaronic Priesthood, he spoke with power, with conviction, and with heavenly help.

(See *Ensign*, February 2002, pages 2–5.)

Winner!

*Stand by your conscience, your honor,
your faith (Children's Songbook, page 158).*

By Terry Reed
(Based on a true story)

Ready . . . set . . ."
I heard Mom's voice prompting the Cub Scouts as I peeked in from the doorway of the cultural hall. The ten boys in her Bear den were matched into pairs, standing back to back with their elbows linked. I could sense energy and tension pent up in their nine-year-old bodies.

Dad spied me in the doorway. "Hi, Temberly!" He started walking toward me, and I blushed because everyone was looking in my direction to see who was interrupting their fun. Even though the boys were two years younger than me, I still felt embarrassed. Dad wrapped his arm around my shoulder and gave me a quick sideways hug.

"Go!" Mom shouted, and the boys began pushing and straining against each other. I figured out right away what they were trying to do. Each boy was pushing against his opponent, trying to force him to cross a masking-tape line about ten feet away. Whoever crossed the line, lost. Little did I know, I'd have my own serious wrestling match that very afternoon.

Dad walked back closer to the group. "That's it, keep pushing, don't give up!" he yelled several times, coaching the red-faced Bears. I noticed that Sister Brandt wasn't there. She was the assistant den leader, but she'd had a baby last week. I assumed Mom must have asked Dad to help her out. He was smiling widely, obviously enjoying helping with the boys.

Eventually there were five winners and five



losers. My brother, Warren, was one of the losers. He was unhappy, but Dad mixed up the pairs of boys and told them all to try again. This time some of the losers became winners, including Warren.

I could tell that Dad was trying hard to make sure that everyone had a fun time. He wasn't a member of the Church—yet—but I loved him, anyway. He had watched Mom, Warren and me get baptized last year after being taught by the missionaries.

Because it had been a long day of testing at school, I didn't

want to hang around. Mom was busy explaining the next game, so I turned to Dad and asked, "May I walk home?"

He seemed concerned. "Now?"

"I want to get started on my homework. And I'm really hungry, too."

"I don't like the idea of you being at the house by yourself," Dad fussed, hoping I'd change my mind.

"I promise I'll lock the door behind me."

"Well, all right. We should be done here in about twenty minutes. But ring the foyer phone once for us so that we know you got into the house OK. Do you know the number?"

"It's on the ward phone list. Thanks!" I said excitedly, feeling suddenly a little older and more confident in taking responsibility for myself. I turned and walked through the silent foyer and out the double doors. Our house was less than a block away, and I jogged all the way there.

At home, I followed up on my promises to lock the door and ring the phone at the meetinghouse. I was really thirsty at the moment, and something

cold and wet sounded good. I went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

That's when I saw them. The lighting inside seemed to draw my attention to the six cans of beer, right beside the milk jug. At that moment, I was faced with a fierce temptation, an inner wrestling match: my gospel standards versus sinful desires. I just stood there and stared at the appealing-looking cans. I wondered what beer tasted like. My dry mouth needed quenching. It would be easy to open one, try a sip, then throw it away when I was done. Who kept count of how many cans were in the fridge, anyway? No one would ever know.

Who was I kidding? I knew who would know what I'd done. Me. More importantly, Heavenly Father and the Savior would know. *That's too many of us*, I decided. I slammed the refrigerator door shut and repeated the words from My Gospel

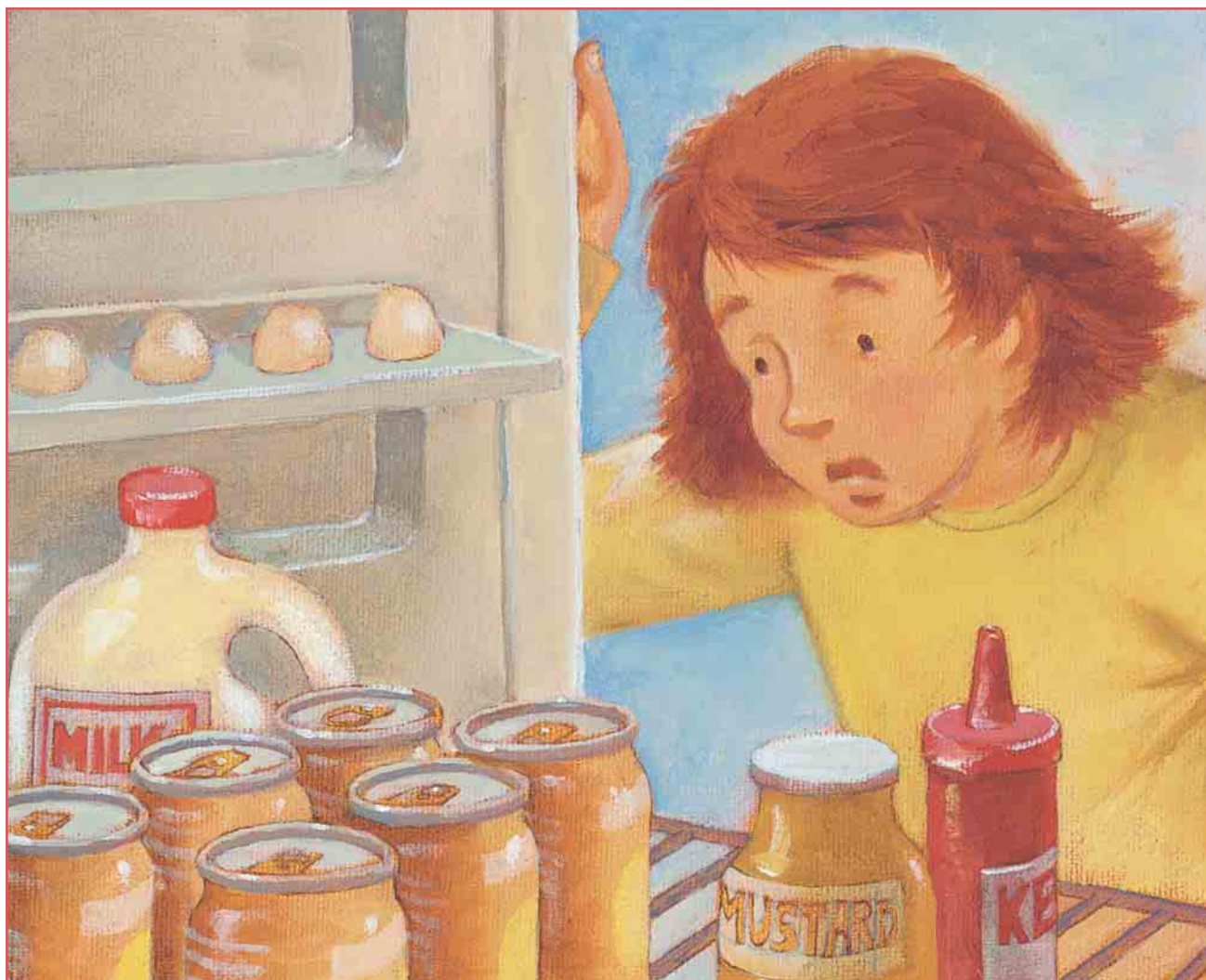
Standards we had been memorizing in Primary, "I will not partake of things that are harmful to me." Trembling, I went to my room and lay on the bed.

Temptation, my powerful opponent, had tried to push me to step over a line my spirit knew I shouldn't cross. I sat up and opened the blinds in the window above my bed and let the late afternoon sunshine fill the room. Deep inside, I felt as bright and glowing as the sun's rays coming through the windowpanes. I was the winner!

After dinner, Mom loaded the dishwasher and Dad and Warren watched baseball on TV. I had gone back to my bedroom to finish my math homework. I decided it was time to ask Dad to help me.

"Dad?" I leaned my head out of the doorway.

"Am I in demand?" He tilted his head to the side to hear my answer.





"I need a greater brain than mine," I replied, trying to sound exasperated. I watched him stand up, stare at the screen a few more seconds as a batter struck out, then walk down the hall toward me. My smile waned as I saw him carrying a beer can in his hand. He set it down on my desk. I could smell the beer, and I wished he had left it in the other room. We worked together until the fifteen math problems were solved.

"Thanks, Dad."

"You're very welcome, Tembers." I liked his nickname for me. "Is there anything else you need my intelligence for, before I finish watching the ballgame?"

The moment had presented itself, just as I'd hoped. "Dad, why do you drink beer?"

"Where did that question come from?" He looked surprised and embarrassed.

I took a deep breath and confessed, "This afternoon when I was home by myself, I was tempted to drink some and it scared me."

He eyed me seriously, "But . . . you didn't?"

"No." I looked straight into his eyes and saw relief on his face.

"I'm proud of you, Temberly," Dad said

sincerely. "You made a wise choice today. I knew that as you and Warren grew older, this would be an issue we'd need to discuss. I didn't realize it would come up so soon."

"Oh, Dad, I don't like having that stuff in our house. I know you don't drink a lot—just when you're watching ballgames. But when will Warren be tempted to try it? . . ."

"Tembers, you can be pointedly honest sometimes." Dad ran his hand through his dark hair. "I suppose, deep down inside, I already knew you felt this way. I'd appreciate your love and patience with me as I try to find the willpower to quit."

I wiped the tears off my cheeks with the back of my hand and rubbed it dry on my jeans. I felt the Holy Ghost strengthen me, and I found the courage to say, "Today, I heard you tell the Cub Scouts to 'keep pushing and not give up.' Can I keep pushing you about this?"

"Yes, Coach," he said, squeezing my hand before he left the room. I was startled when he suddenly leaned his head back in the doorway and said, "Don't ever give up." He winked.

I smiled to myself. Dad hadn't exactly promised to stop, but somehow I knew he was a lot closer to it. And that hope made me feel like a winner . . . again.



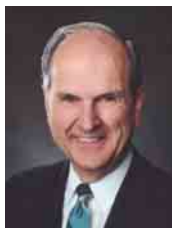
"I hope and pray that you young people will have the courage to consistently choose the right. Moreover, I

suggest that each of you find or create reminders to help you and your loved ones choose the right . . . , not only for peace and happiness in the world right now, but also for peace and happiness eternally."

**Elder L. Tom Perry
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
(Ensign, November 1993, page 68.)**

ADDICTION or FREEDOM

By Elder Russell M.
Nelson of the Quorum
of the Twelve Apostles



Did you know that Elder Russell M. Nelson likes music and skiing? He is a medical doctor and has often talked to us about taking care of our bodies:

I raise my voice with others throughout the world who warn against abuse of drugs. . . .

Tobacco and alcoholic beverages contain addicting drugs. They lead the list in [use] and cost to society. . . .

Consider . . . tobacco's harm. Cigarette smoking is the most frequent preventable cause of heart disease, artery disease, lung disease, and cancer. . . .

There is mounting concern worldwide over the [use] of alcohol. The United States government estimates that [millions of] adults are alcoholics and that one family in four is troubled by alcohol. It is a factor in half of all the nation's traffic deaths.

[In 1987], a tragic milestone was reached. More Americans had been killed from alcohol-related motor vehicle accidents (1,350,000) than had been killed in all the wars America has ever fought (1,156,000).

Drugs such as LSD, marijuana, heroin, and cocaine are also endangering people throughout the earth. . . .

The solution to this problem . . . is neither governmental nor institutional. Nor is it a question of legality [rules of law]. It is a matter of individual choice and commitment. . . .

Agency, or the power to choose, was ours as spirit children of our Creator before the world was (see Alma 13:3, Moses 4:4). It is a gift from God, nearly as precious as life itself. . . .

We are free to take drugs or not. But once we choose to use a habit-forming drug, we are bound to the consequences of that choice. . . .

Believe in God. Accept yourself as His child, created in His image. He loves you and wants you to be happy. He wants you to grow through life's choices and become more like Him. . . .

Renew covenants made at baptism by worthily partaking of the sacrament regularly, "that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world" (Doctrine and Covenants 59:9).

Then "be meek and lowly in heart. . . . Withstand every temptation of the devil, with . . . faith on the Lord Jesus Christ." (Alma 37:33.) . . .

Strength comes from uplifting music, good books, and feasting from the scriptures. Since the Book of Mormon was to come forth "when there shall be great pollutions upon the face of the earth" (Mormon 8:31), study of that book in particular will [strengthen] us. . . .

The Lord has revealed His sacred standard to guide people in a troubled world. You and I were born free to follow His divine guidance. We may choose for ourselves. Those choices may bring addiction or freedom. For freedom and joy, choose to "be faithful in Christ." He will lift you up.

(Ensign, November 1988, pages 6–9.)



Staying

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John 17:3).

From an interview with Elder Ronald T. Halverson of the Seventy, currently serving in the Pacific Area Presidency; by Jan Pinborough



As a missionary to Norway

my brother's head. That decision went against how such injuries are treated, but it saved his life. Years later, we learned that his brain sac had ruptured—had his head not been lowered, he would have died. Although he was in a coma for months, one day he squeezed my dad's hand and we knew that Phil could hear us. His recovery was very long and slow, but he had no lasting mental or physical problems from that terrible accident. I know that this happened because of the power of the priesthood.

I learned a lot about the gospel from my mother. I would come home from Primary and ask her questions. She would be preparing dinner or making sweet rolls, and I'd sit in the doorway while she talked to me. She taught me about the temple. She taught me how to keep my life clean and pure so that I could go there someday. She helped me understand that this was not something I had to do, but something I would want to do so I could be close to the Lord. Ever since those days, my quest in life has been to know God and draw close to Him.

One of the things that will help you be close to the Lord is prayer. My first memory of learning to pray was kneeling on my bed with my arms around my mother. She'd listen to me pour out my thoughts and

As a boy in Ogden, Utah, I loved to go to the movies with my brothers on Saturdays. We were each given a dime, and we walked to the nearby theater for a double-feature movie. One of our favorite stars was a cowboy actor named Tom Mix. After the movies, we walked home.

One Saturday, my brother Phil lagged behind, and I arrived home first. "Where's your younger brother?" my mother asked. A little later, we found out that Phil had been hit by a car while he was crossing a street on the way home. He was hurt very seriously. His skull was fractured, and when we first saw him, his eyes were swollen to several times their normal size.

Our stake president came to the hospital, and he and my father gave Phil a blessing. Then we all prayed. As we did, a calm feeling came over my dad, and he knew that Phil would live. When the doctor arrived, he immediately told the nurses to lower



At four years of age



Riding with Phil (left)



With his family

on Course

feelings to Heavenly Father. I hope that you will always pray for guidance, night and morning. Then be observant, because those prayers will be answered.

When I was about eight years old, my dad bought each of us boys a six-month-old horse. We started riding them when they were young. We rode them in the Ogden Pioneer Days parade.

When I was a few years older, Dad sometimes took us into the mountain canyons on horseback. One day, I needed to return home before the others for some reason. I had never done this alone before. When I came to one fork in the trail, I did not know which way to go. But I knew that Heavenly Father knew. So I got off my horse and knelt in prayer. After I got back on my horse, something inside me said, "Give the horse his rein and let him go where he wants." I did that, and in about fifteen minutes, I came into a clearing and could see the way to go.

From the time I was about ten, I milked a cow every day and worked in a large garden and with horses and other animals. But when I got to high school, I decided to learn to fly airplanes. So I took an aeronautics class and I learned about the weather and how to read maps. I learned about a

flight simulator, a device that lets you practice flying without actually being in an airplane.

I really love flying, and learning to fly has taught me something important about how to get safely back home to Heavenly Father. There are several ways to fly an airplane. Many years ago, pilots had to guide their airplanes using their own eyes to watch for landmarks on the ground. They could not fly on cloudy days because they could not see the ground. During World War I, pilots flying at night would look for bonfires on the ground below as signals to them where to fly.

A second way to fly an airplane is to use a compass to stay on a certain course. If your course is off by only two or three degrees, however, you will be many miles off course by the end of your journey.

The third way to fly—and the safest and best way—is to communicate with air traffic controllers. Using radar, they can watch your path and the paths of other airplanes. They know if you are heading in an unsafe direction and can guide you to stay on course.

How can you keep your life on the course that will take you home to Heavenly Father? You can do this by staying in constant contact with Him through prayer. He can see things that you cannot see. And if you will stay in constant contact with Him, He will lovingly lead you back home.



Holding the A in the top row at a ward birthday celebration



With Phil (left) and his parents in New York, New York, on their way to meet his older brother, Dale, coming home from serving a mission in Norway



With his bride, Linda

Celebrate

By Jacqueline Schiff

I celebrate
The eyes that see
The world God made
For you and me.

I celebrate
The ears that hear
The sounds of life
That ring out clear.

I celebrate
The mouth that smiles
And speaks kind words
The heart compiles.

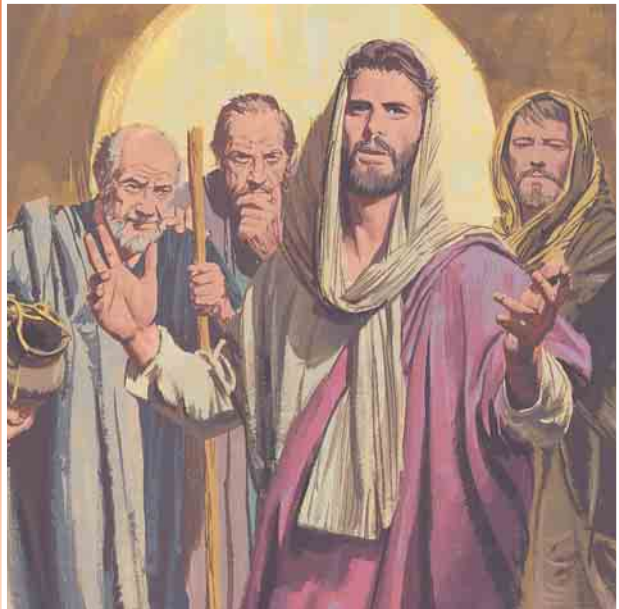
I celebrate
The arms that hold
And reach out to
The young and old.

I celebrate
The legs that run
Or walk with friends
In rain or sun.

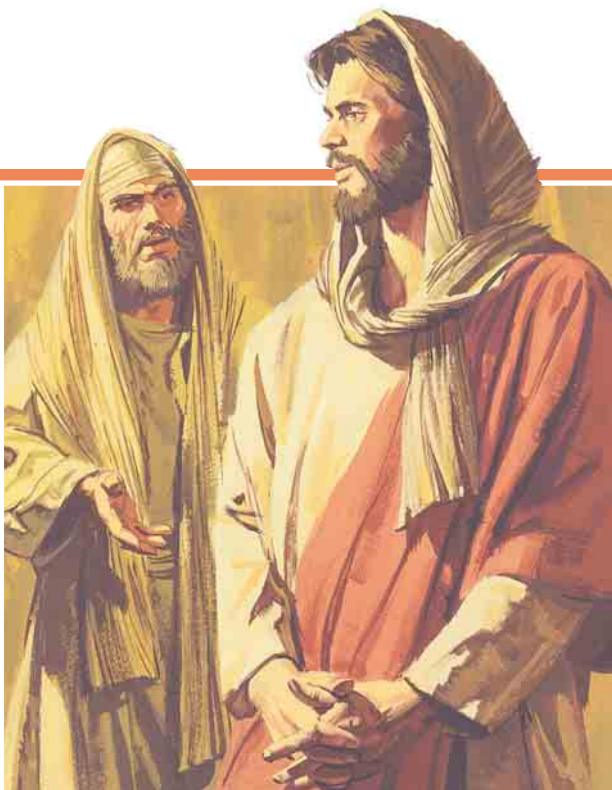
I celebrate
The eyes that see
And all the rest
God gave to me.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Chapter 36



Jesus told many stories to teach people, to help them learn the truth.



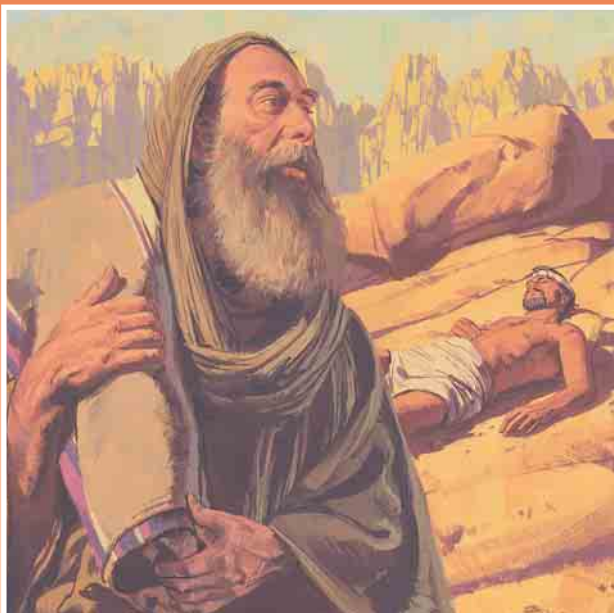
One day, a leader of the Jews came to Him and tried to trick Him. The leader asked Jesus how to get into heaven. The Savior asked the leader what the scriptures said. The leader said that a man should love God and should also love his neighbor. Jesus said that the leader was right. Then the leader asked, “Who is my neighbor?”

Luke 10:25–29



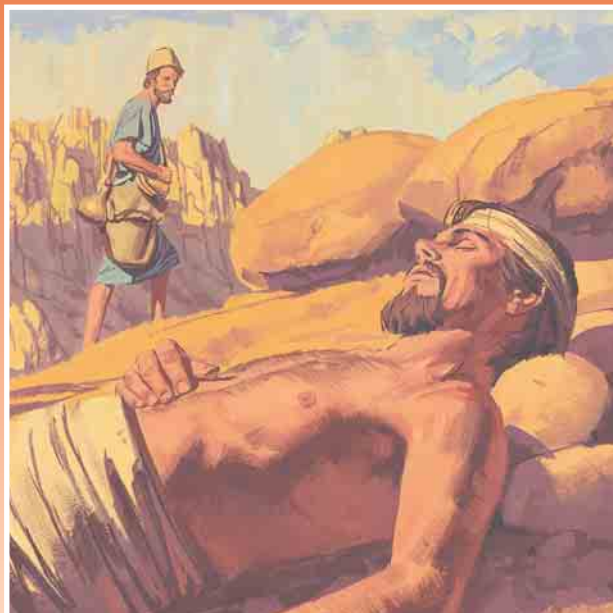
Jesus told the leader a story about a Jew who was walking on a road to Jericho. Thieves stopped him, took his clothes, and beat him. They left him on the road, almost dead.

Luke 10:30



Soon a Jewish priest went by and saw the man. The priest should have helped him, but instead he walked by on the other side of the road.

Luke 10:31



A Jewish man who worked in the temple went by. He also should have helped the injured man. But he, too, walked by on the other side of the road.

Luke 10:32



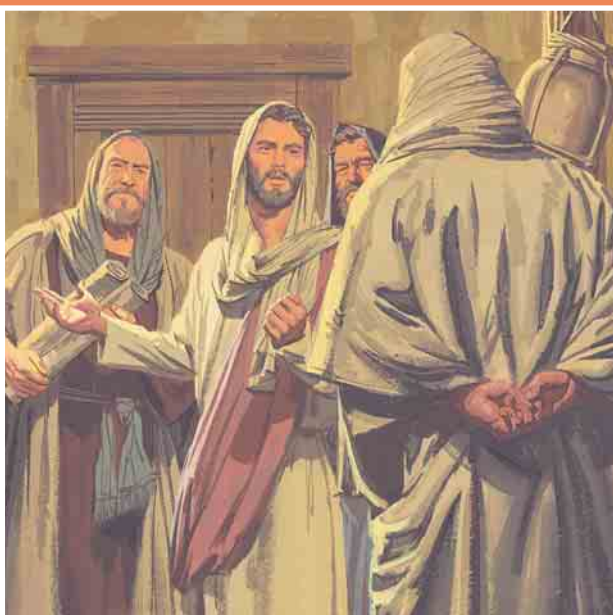
Then a Samaritan came along. The Jews and the Samaritans did not like each other. But when the Samaritan saw the man, he felt sorry for him. Even though he knew that the man was a Jew, the Samaritan took care of his wounds and put clothes on him.

Luke 10:33–34; John 4:9; see also “Samaritans,” Bible Dictionary, page 768



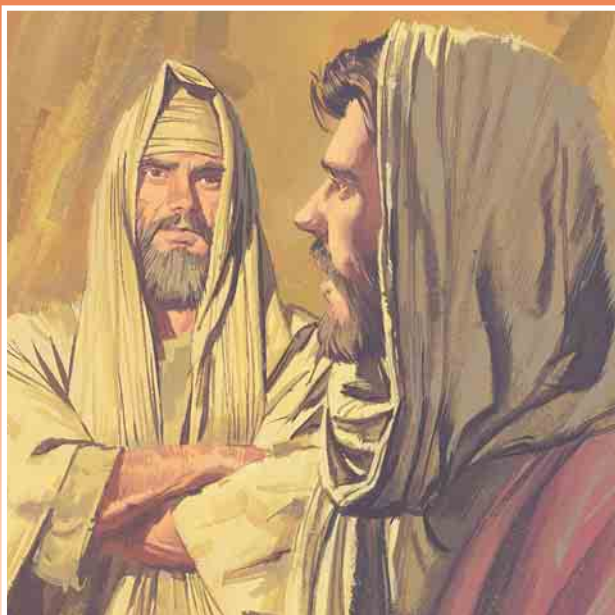
Next, the Samaritan took the Jew to an inn and cared for him until the next day. When the Samaritan had to leave, he gave money to the innkeeper and told him to take care of the man.

Luke 10:34-35



This was the story that Jesus told the leader of the Jews. Then He asked the leader which of the three men was the injured man's neighbor.

Luke 10:36



The leader said that the Samaritan was the neighbor because he had helped. Jesus told the Jewish leader to be like the Samaritan.

Luke 10:37

APPEARING IN GLORY

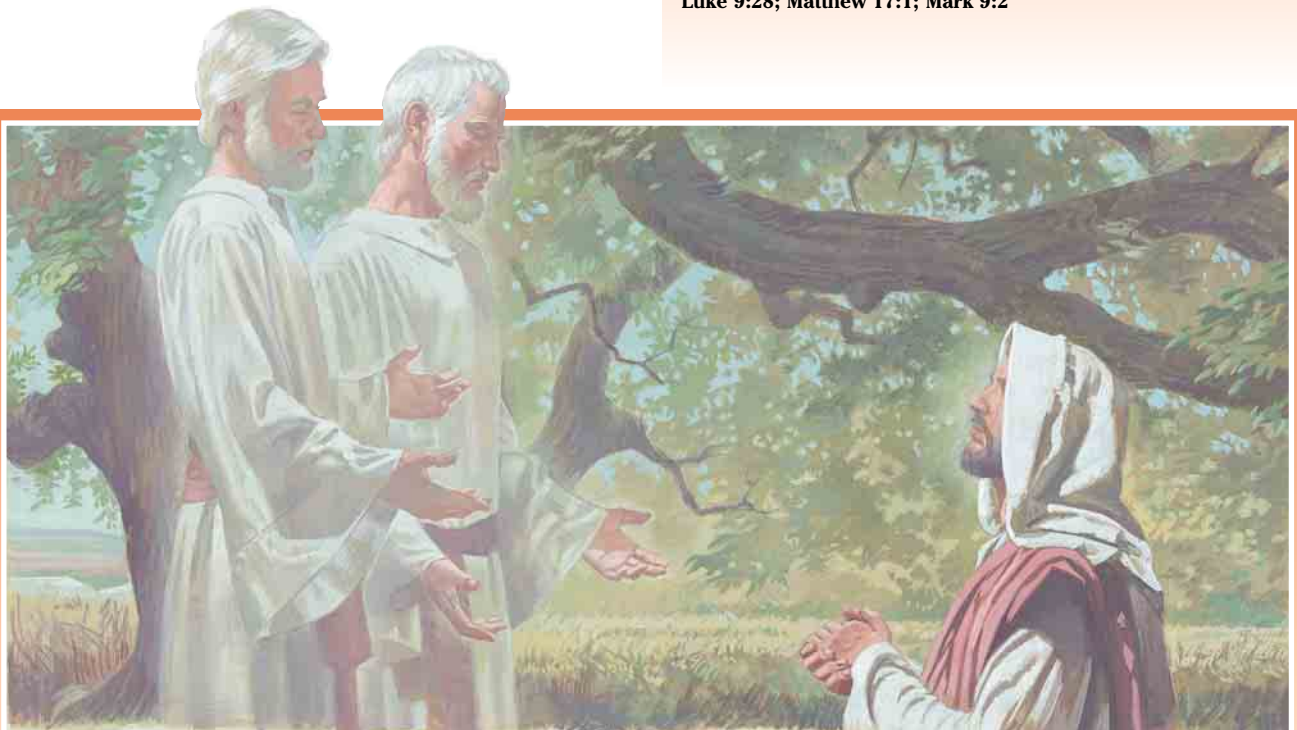
THE TRANSFIGURATION

Chapter 37



About a week after Peter bore testimony of Christ, Jesus took Peter, James, and John to the top of a high mountain to pray.

Luke 9:28; Matthew 17:1; Mark 9:2



As Jesus prayed, the glory of God came upon Him, and His face shone like the sun. Two beings, Moses and Elias, appeared with Him. They talked with Him about His coming Crucifixion and Atonement.

Luke 9:29–31; Matthew 17:2–3; Mark 9:3–4



While Jesus was praying to His Father, the Apostles fell asleep.

Luke 9:32



When they awoke, they were able to see the glory of Jesus Christ, Moses, and Elias. They heard Heavenly Father's voice testify, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."

Matthew 17:5; Luke 9:32, 35; Mark 9:7



The Apostles were afraid and fell on their faces. Jesus touched them and told them to not fear. When they looked up, Jesus was alone. He told them to tell no one about what they had seen until after He had died and been resurrected.

Matthew 17:6-9; Mark 9:8-9

Service *with a* Song



When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God (Mosiah 2:17).

By Taressa Weaver Earl **(Based on a true story)**

Is it music-class day?" three-year-old Dallin asked, running into the kitchen for breakfast.

"It sure is!" Mommy said. She stooped to put Baby Breeana in her high chair as Dallin poured a bowl of cereal, all by himself. "The ladies will be happy to see you."

"Today I want to sing 'I'm Trying to Be like Jesus'* for them, Mommy. I think they will like that."

Later, in the backseat of the car, to practice, Dallin sang for Baby Breeana. " 'I'm trying to be like Jesus.' " He paused. "Mommy, the ladies are like grandmas, aren't they? I bet they miss their families."

"I think you're right, Dallin. That's why they enjoy your visits every week. Look." Mommy pointed out the window as she pulled into a

parking space and turned off the car. "There's Jaren and his mommy."

"I see them. Hurry, Mommy! The ladies are waiting!"

As soon as they entered the building, Dallin and Jaren found the ladies. "Hi," Dallin called, running up to a lady with gray hair and a purple sweatshirt.

"Why, hello, young man," the lady said. "You are growing up so fast!"

Dallin reached out his hand, and the lady held it for a long time. Her hand was as soft as Baby Breeana's, and she had bright pink fingernails. "I'm going to sing my favorite song for you today," Dallin told her.

The lady slowly stood up. Holding on to her walker, she started toward the music room. Dallin walked next to her, even though he wished she would hurry. He knew the ladies needed to walk slowly.



When they reached the music room, Dallin waved to all the ladies already there. He ran to sit in the circle with Mommy. Many of his friends from nursery class were sitting in the circle, too. They sang a welcome song, and the ladies laughed and smiled. Then it was time for instruments—Dallin’s favorite time. He carefully chose a drum from the box.

“Hey, Dallin,” his friend Sydney said as she reached into the box. “Don’t forget to take instruments to the ladies.”

“OK.” Dallin grabbed a jar full of beans and skipped with it to the lady in the purple sweatshirt. The beans made crackling noises as he bounced up and down. “Here you go,” he told her. “You just have to shake it like this.”

The lady slowly reached for the instrument. “Thank you.”

Back in the circle, Dallin pounded on his drum to the music. The ladies smiled and nodded their heads with the beat. Dallin watched the mommy who was leading the song. Soon she would bring out the small singing platform, and it would be his turn to sing for the ladies all by himself.

“Hurrah! Good job everyone!” the mommy said. She carried the wood platform to the middle of the room and pointed a finger at Jaren. “Jaren, would you like to go first?”

Dallin wished he could be first, but he sat down and listened politely while Jaren sang. Everybody clapped.

“Now, Dallin, how about you?” the mommy asked. “Do you have a song to sing for us next?”

Dallin grinned and jumped to his feet. Climbing onto the platform, he turned so he could see all of the ladies. “I’m going to sing ‘I’m Trying to Be like Jesus,’ ” he announced. As he sang, he kept turning to look at each person. The lady in the purple sweatshirt waved to him, and the other ladies leaned forward and smiled.

I’m helping them be happy, Dallin thought as he finished the song and everybody clapped. That’s a good way to be like Jesus.



**“Service is a product of love.
So long as we love, we serve.”**

**President Thomas S. Monson
First Counselor in the First Presidency
(Ensign, May 1992, page 102.)**

* Children’s Songbook, pages 78–79.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? . . . For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (1 Corinthians 3:16–17.)

MY BODY— a Temple



Our bodies are the temples of our spirits. Even though we choose what to do with them while we are here on earth, we must remember that they are sacred because Heavenly Father created them. President Gordon B. Hinckley said, “Our bodies . . . are the tabernacles of our spirits. He who is the Father of those spirits would have us build strength and virtue into these personal tabernacles.”*

We can trust the prophets to tell us how to protect our bodies. President Hinckley has counseled us not to tattoo or pierce them (except for one pair of earrings per woman). Other prophets have asked us to keep our bodies pure by following the Word of Wisdom and having clean thoughts. Dressing in neat, modest clothing invites the Spirit into our lives because it shows respect for our bodies and helps us be an example to others.

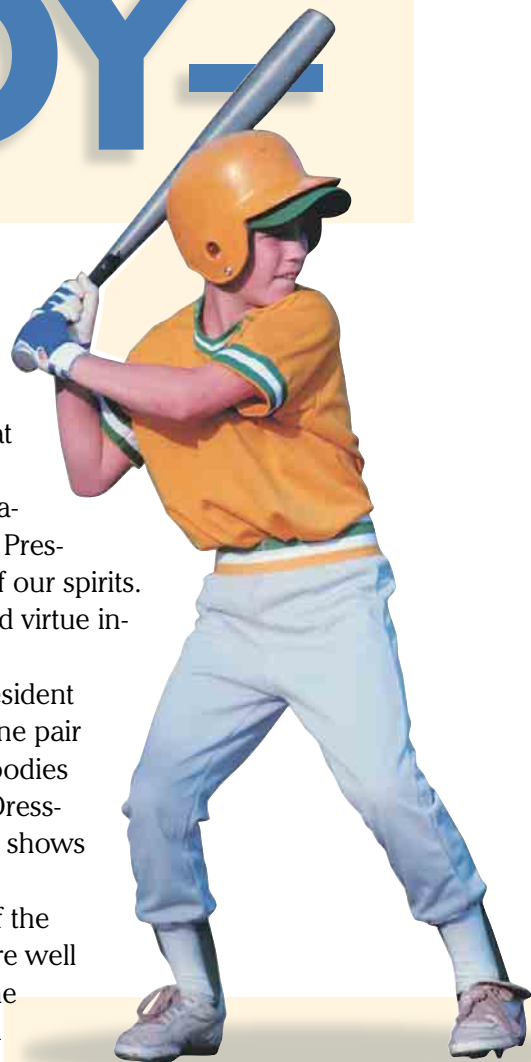
President Boyd K. Packer, Acting President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, said, “If you are well groomed and modestly dressed, you invite the companionship of the Spirit of our Father in Heaven and exercise a wholesome influence upon those around you. . . . Dress and groom to show the Lord that you know how precious your body is.”†

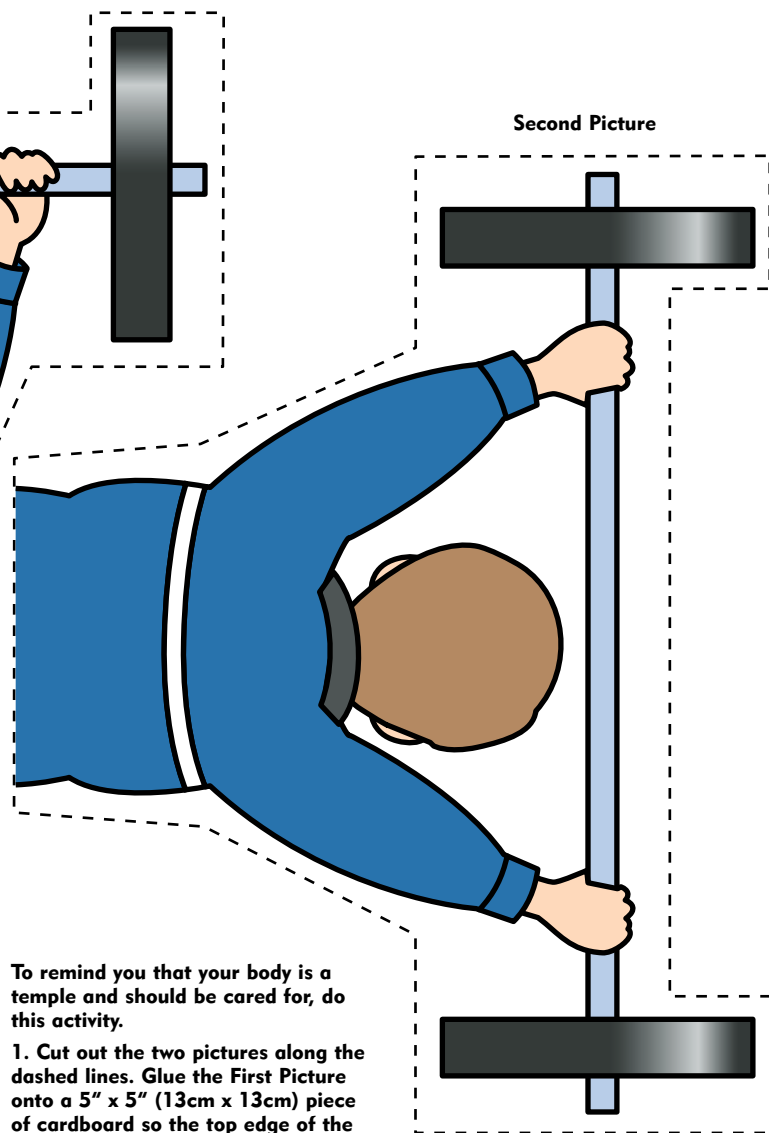
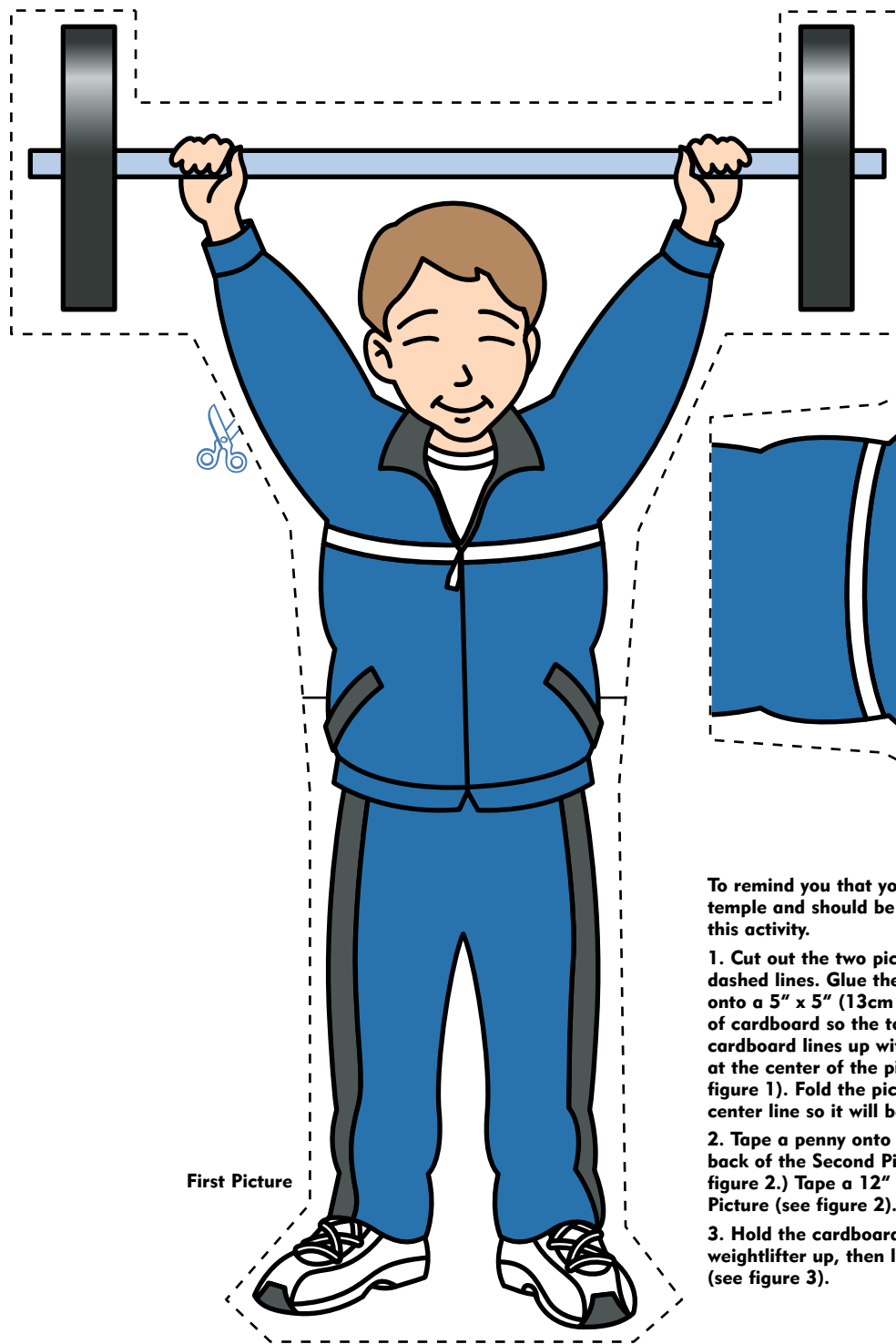
Satan is jealous of everyone who has a body, because he cannot have one. He tempts us to ruin our body’s purity by wearing inappropriate clothing or taking harmful substances. He even tempts us to be ashamed of our bodies—to think that they aren’t good enough, tall enough, strong enough, or pretty enough. If we follow the

Spirit, we will be able to build “strength and virtue” into our bodies, and we won’t believe the devil’s lies about them. Heavenly Father is pleased with the earthly temples created for our spirits. We must show reverence for our bodies and treat them as holy temples.

*Ensign, November 1992, page 51.

†Ensign, November 2000, pages 72–73.



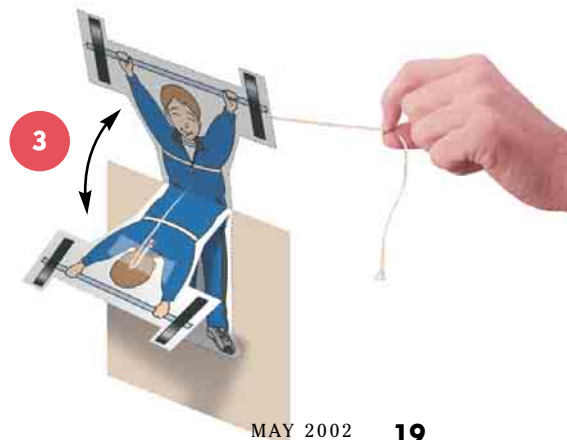
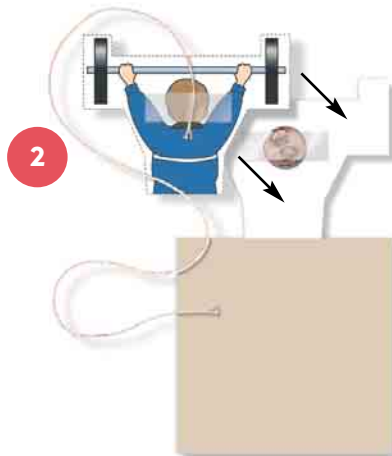


To remind you that your body is a temple and should be cared for, do this activity.

1. Cut out the two pictures along the dashed lines. Glue the First Picture onto a 5" x 5" (13cm x 13cm) piece of cardboard so the top edge of the cardboard lines up with the two lines at the center of the picture (see figure 1). Fold the picture at the center line so it will bend forward.

2. Tape a penny onto the back of the First Picture, then glue the back of the Second Picture onto the back of the First Picture (see figure 2.) Tape a 12" (30.5cm) piece of string onto the Second Picture (see figure 2).

3. Hold the cardboard upright, pull the string back to bring the weightlifter up, then let the weight of the coin pull it back down (see figure 3).

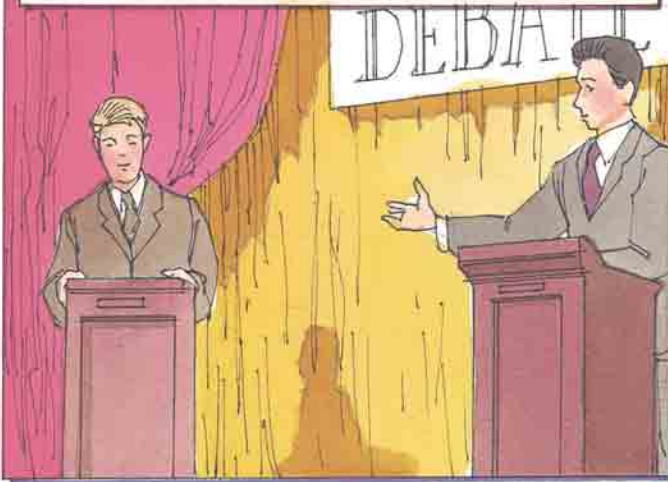




From the Life of President Harold B. Lee

His Mother Prays

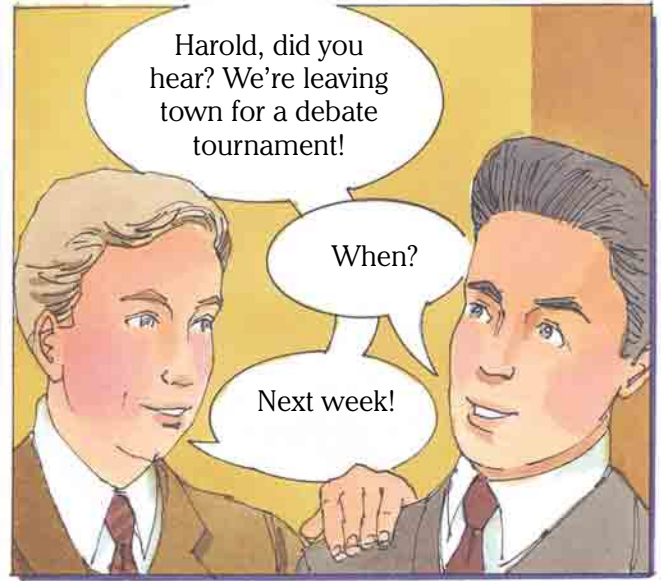
When Harold B. Lee was in high school, he joined the debate team.



Harold, did you hear? We're leaving town for a debate tournament!

When?

Next week!



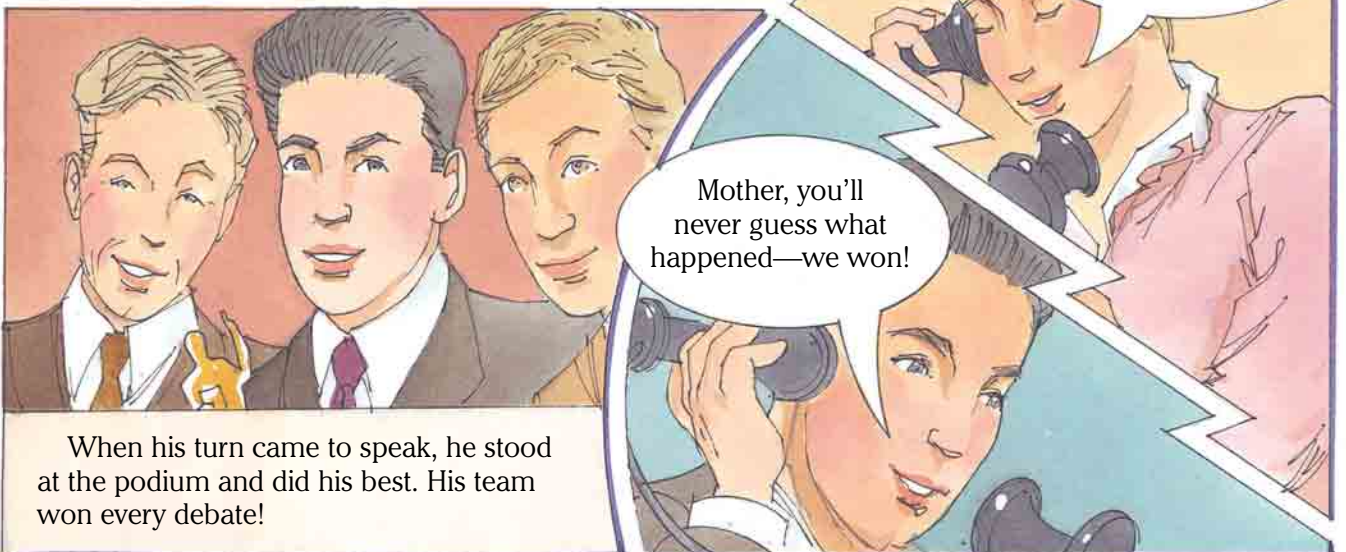
Harold prepared his speeches and packed his suitcase, trying to not be nervous for the tournament. On the day of the tournament, he was ready.

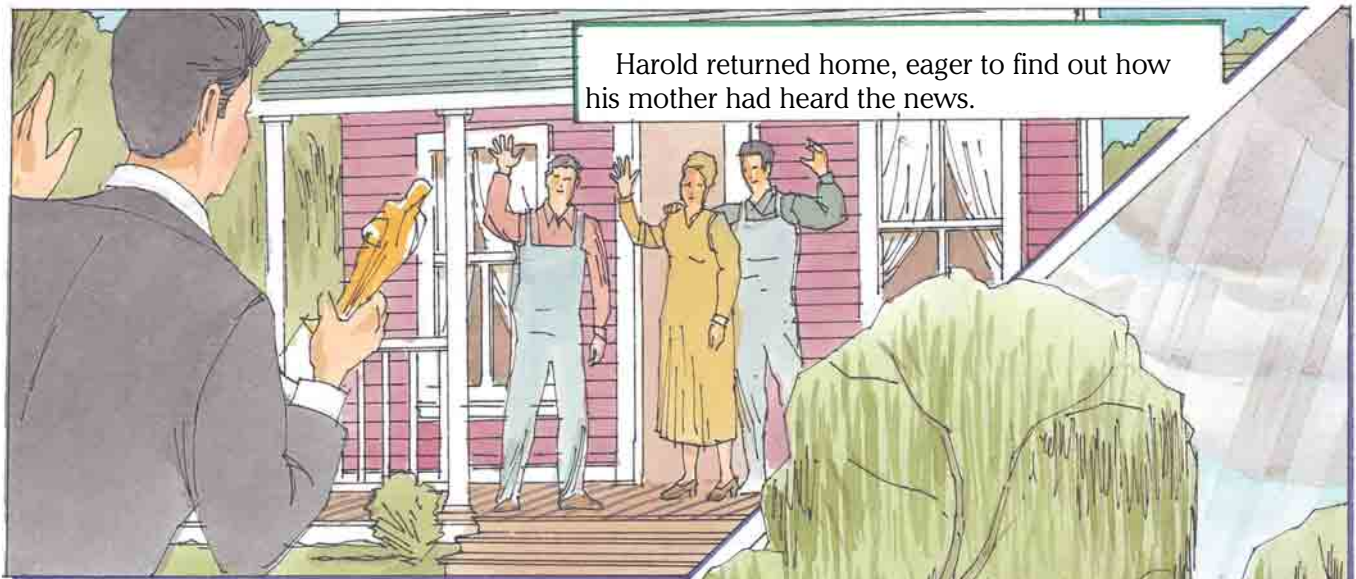


I know all about it. I'll tell you why when you come home.

Mother, you'll never guess what happened—we won!

When his turn came to speak, he stood at the podium and did his best. His team won every debate!



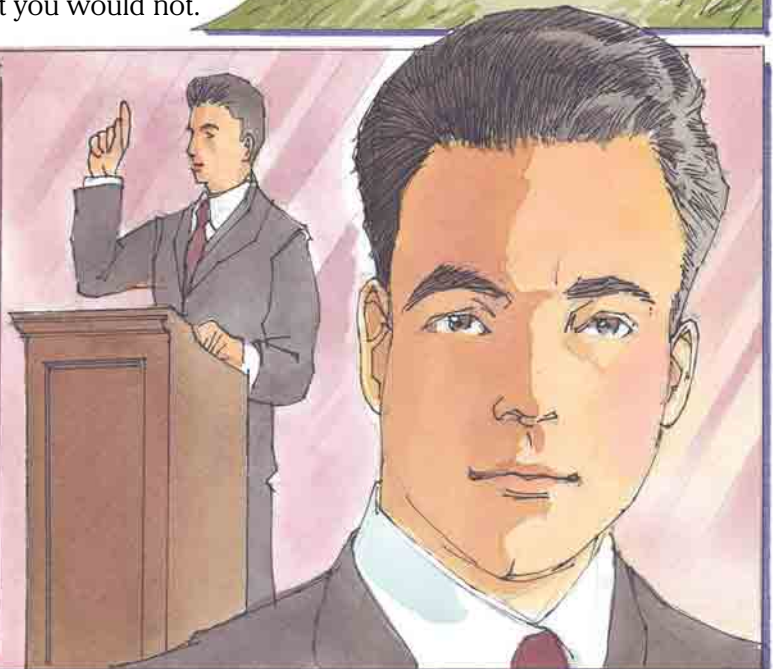


Harold returned home, eager to find out how his mother had heard the news.



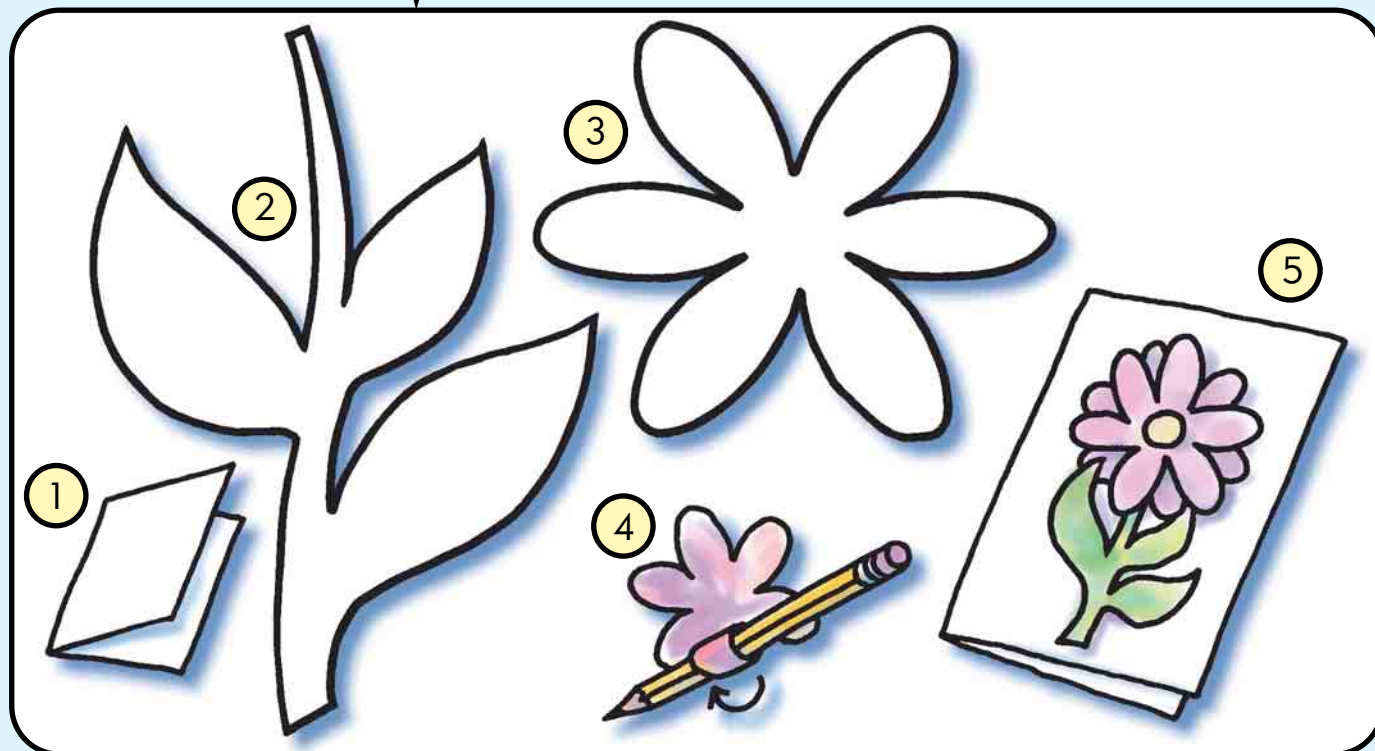
When I knew it was time for your debate to start, I went out among the willows by the creek, and there, all by myself, I prayed to God that you would not fail. And I received assurance that you would not.

Harold learned the strength of his mother's love and faith. He learned that Heavenly Father answers the prayers of those who love Him, that He helps His children to do their best in all of their activities, and that that is even more important than winning.



Mothers are pretty special. They gave us life. They feed us, see that we have clean clothes to wear, take care of us when we're sick or hurt, help us learn the gospel of Jesus Christ, and many other things. Most of all, they love us.

Honor your mother by making this card for her. Then help her in every way you can.



Card for Mom

By Corliss Clayton

To make this card, you will need: one 8 1/2" x 11" (22 cm x 28 cm) sheet of paper; pencil or pen; two 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" (22 cm x 14 cm) sheets of construction paper, one green and one the color you want for the flower; yellow marker; and glue.

1. Fold the large piece of paper in half; write a message or poem on the inside and sign your name.

2. Trace the leaf pattern onto the green construction paper and glue it onto the card.

3. Trace two of the petal patterns onto the other piece of construction paper; cut them out. Glue one of the flower pieces to the top of the stem.

4. Color a yellow circle in the middle of the second flower piece, then curl its petals by carefully wrapping them around a pencil or pen (see illustration) and then letting go. Roll one petal so that it will curl upward and the next so that it will curl downward.

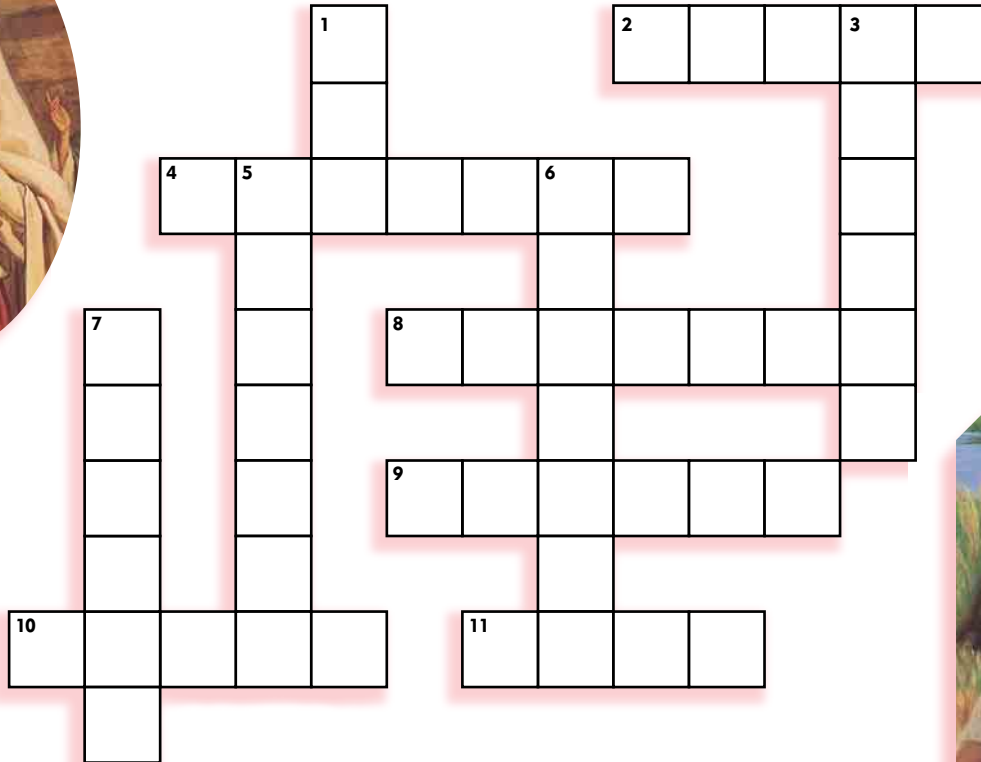
5. With the yellow circle facing you, glue the middle of the second flower pattern on top of the first one, placing it so that its petals fall between the petals of the first flower piece (see illustration).

funstuff

Women in the Bible

By Judith E. Thayer

There are many women mentioned in the Bible. To identify a few of them, read the clues, look up the scriptures to identify them, and write their names in the crossword puzzle.



ACROSS

2. The mother-in-law of Ruth, to whom Ruth said, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God" (see Ruth 1:heading, 16).

4. The wife of Joseph, son of Jacob, she gave birth to their two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim (see Genesis 41:45, 50–52).

8. Abraham's servant prayed to find her, a righteous woman to be the wife of Isaac (see Genesis 24).

9. This queen risked her life to help her people (see Esther 4:10–16).

10. God told Abraham that He would bless this woman, Abraham's wife, to "be a mother of nations" (see Genesis 17:15–16).

11. This woman and her sister (see #3 Down)

were friends of Jesus Christ, who raised their brother, Lazarus, from the dead (see John 11:1, 5, 41–44).

DOWN

1. "The mother of all living" (see Genesis 3:20).

3. The sister of #11 Across.

5. This woman, Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, were disciples of Jesus Christ and were healed by Him (see Luke 8:heading, 1–3).

6. This woman "was full of good deeds"; her other name is the answer to #7 Down (see Acts 9:36–41).

7. Peter raised this woman from the dead (see #6 Down).

(See answers on page 48.)

Road to a Happy Family

Instructions :

xGlue pages 24–25 to heavy paper or lightweight cardboard. Leaving the road uncut, cut out the puzzle on the dotted lines. Mix the puzzle pieces up, and place right side down near the game board. You will need a different-color button for each player, and a die, or number cube.

To play :

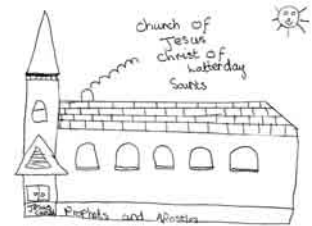
Each player chooses a button and places it on START. Players then take turns rolling the die and moving the game pieces forward that many spaces. When a player lands on a space with writing, he/she reads what it says aloud. If it is something that will help a family be happy, the player selects a puzzle piece and puts it where he/she thinks it belongs in the center of the game board. (The player may

also move a placed puzzle piece, if he/she thinks it was positioned wrong.) If what is read is something that will not make a family happy, the next player takes a turn. If a player lands on a STOP sign, it is the next player's turn. Continue going around the game board until the puzzle is complete.





Stephanie Ellison, age 6
Valrico, Florida



Martha Elizabeth Wilde, age 9
Irvine, Scotland



Alec Stump, age 5
St. George, Utah

;) Smile ;)
Smile so your day will be full of
freedom and
light.
Smile so at night
you'll get hugs
warm and
tight.

Smile when you're cold
so it will be
bright and bold.
Smile and say
"I love you"
to those
who seem blue.
So smile!

Danielle Durrant, age 11
Morgan, Utah

My Savior

People sometimes ask me
How I know the Savior lives.
I tell them it's the special feelings
That He often gives.

I see Him in each plant and tree,
The sun and moon above.
I look at all these things and see
Signs of my Savior's love.

On dark, dark nights when I am scared,
Or when I'm feeling sad,
I know I can pray in His name
And then not feel so bad

So if someone ever asks you
How you know that He is real,
Just tell them it's not what you know,
It's a feeling that you feel.

Kjersti McDonald, age 10
Galena, Kansas

The Yellow Daisy

(Written for Devin and Alli, who have Down syndrome)

I watch the milky sun melt upon the horizon.
I hear the sweet song of birds singing a lovely
tune.
A gentle wave of wind washes upon the grass,
Rippling it like the salty ocean.

Laura McDonough, age 11
Pickerington, Ohio



Come, Spring, Come

Come, spring, come—
Let the flowers bloom.
Come, spring, come—
Let us children play.
Come, spring, come—
One more thing
Is to love one another.

Daniel Tomola, age 8
Henderson, Nevada

Many flowers swim in the sea of green,
But one, a yellow daisy, stands alone.
It is different from the others.

I look more closely at it
As the moon rises above me
And showers of stars cascade through
the sky.
But it stands alone.

A whisper of wind blows through,
Making the flower bend to the ground.
And the flower gets back up again
When the wind is gone.

Days and days go by,
And the flower is still alone.
I decide to do something
To give the flower hope.

I plant four flowers
Around the one,
A rainbow of different colors
That shine in the sun.

And the one flower no longer droops
or bends
But stands tall and proud,
For it is not alone.



Jacob Woodward, age 5
Portland, Oregon



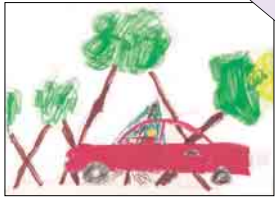
Rebecca Fuller, age 7
Mississauga, Ontario, Canada

It is not like the others,
Not the same.
The color is different,
And the leaves are, too.
But they all share the same heart
And the same world.

All of the different colors
Create a painting,
A painting of love.
Caitlin Tyree, age 12
Williamsburg, Virginia

My Mom

My mom is like a daily planner,
Always planning ahead for what is going
to happen,
Always thinking ahead for what is coming.
My mom is like a daily planner filled with
ideas.
Without my daily planner, I would be lost.
My mom is like a daily planner.
Jessica Baker, age 9
Milton, Washington



Jacob Kenning, age 8
Saco, Maine



Chase Banks, age 10
Broken Arrow, Oklahoma



Bailie Allemand, age 10
Buckley, Washington



Julia Tenney, age 7
Tucson, Arizona



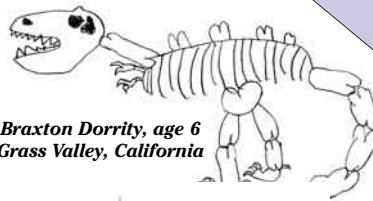
Jessica Shumway, age 8
American Fork, Utah



Kent Christensen, age 6
Glen Allen, Virginia



Elena Watts, age 5
Dayton, Nevada



Braxton Dorrity, age 6
Grass Valley, California



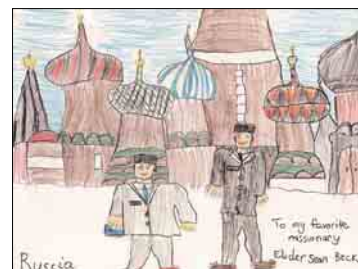
David Andrew Walker, age 8
Evanston, Wyoming



Nellie Christensen, age 3
Burley, Idaho



David Kent, age 3
Houston, Texas



Stuart Crook, age 7
Hillsboro, Oregon

The Savior

Jesus Christ is a person of no sin.
He does not need to hide His face
Under a hood, away from God.
There is one true God—
Not Zeus, not Hercules,
But Heavenly Father.
He will protect us
As long as we follow Him.

Gabriel Rallison, age 9
Phoenix, Arizona

Mother Lives in a Castle

I live in a castle; my mother is the queen.
I think she is the greatest ever seen.
She is kind and she is sweet.
I think of her when I dream.
She is the fairest in the land.
Mom, will you walk and hold my hand?
People come and people go.
She really puts on a show.
She is my mother, and I love her so!

Crystal Charriere, age 10
Layton, Utah

Temples

A temple is a place where people are together,
A place where families are sealed forever.

A temple is a holy place
And a beautiful, lovely space.

A temple is dedicated on a special day
In a very special way.

Julie Warnes, age 9
Morgan Hill, California

The Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee (Deuteronomy 31:6).

*By Charlotte G. Lindstrom
(Based on a true story)*

From her seat on the front row, Cora*

watched as her friend Beth took Elder Miller's hand. He helped her slowly down the few steps into the warm water of the baptismal font.

Beth's blond hair was carefully woven into a long braid down her back. She was not wearing her hearing aids. Cora was not wearing hers, either. She didn't like the way they buzzed and vibrated in her ears, sometimes letting out a loud screech that made her jump.

Now Beth was standing in the font. She looked at Cora and held up her hand, her pointer finger, little finger and thumb extended. It means "I love you" in sign language. Then Elder Miller placed Beth's left hand on his arm and grasped her right wrist in his hand. He smiled at her, nodding. It was just like when they had practiced. Beth smiled back. Then she turned and smiled brightly at Cora. Cora returned a nervous smile.

Beth's mom was kneeling in front of the font. Elder Miller bowed his head and closed his eyes, but Beth and Cora kept their eyes open. The only way they could "hear" the prayer was to watch as someone signed the words to them. Beth's mom signed for her, and Elder Smith, Elder Miller's companion, signed for Cora.

Cora could hardly keep her eyes on Elder Smith. She knew what he was saying—she had

learned the prayer when they had practiced. It had been fun practicing on dry land. But now Cora studied the water doubtfully. It looked cold and deep.

Was Beth really going to do it? Was she really going under the water? Cora shivered. She could feel a nervous fluttering in her stomach.

She looked at the others in the room. Most of them had their eyes closed. Some watched Elder Smith. Suddenly the prayer ended, and people opened their eyes. Cora quickly turned her attention to the font. She watched Elder Miller put his right hand be-

hind Beth's back. Beth held her nose. Then he began to lower her into the water. It swirled around and enveloped her. He quickly pulled her back up. Beth's eyes were closed, and she was still holding her nose.

On her feet again, she pushed her hair back with both hands and wiped the water from her eyes. Blinking, she looked up at Cora, beaming with joy. Elder Miller escorted her to the steps, where her mom was now waiting to wrap a towel around her.

Beth was baptized! As Cora watched her friend's beaming face, tears came to her eyes. She, too, wanted to be baptized. She looked down at the white jumpsuit the missionaries had loaned her. She and Beth had dressed together, jumping up and down with excitement.

Elder Smith touched Cora's shoulder to get her attention. "Your turn," he signed. Cora looked



BAPTISM SIGN

**Names have been changed.*

again at the water, and a hard knot replaced the butterflies in her stomach. She shook her head. Tears filled her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

She couldn't do it! She had always been afraid of the water. Once, as a little girl, she had fallen headfirst into a shallow pool. The water had seemed determined to swallow her up. It seemed like forever before someone had pulled her out. She had coughed and spit up water, and her throat had burned. She hadn't been in standing water since.

Elder Smith waved his hand to try to get her attention again, but she jumped to her feet and ran out of the room. She ran down the hall and into the bathroom, where she sat on the cold floor and sobbed.

A hand touched her head, and she looked up. Beth was standing there in her baptismal jumpsuit, still dripping wet.

Beth slid down the wall and sat beside Cora. She put her arm around her friend's shoulder.

In a moment Cora stopped crying. Beth moved around so that she was facing Cora and began to sign. "You're afraid of the water, aren't you?"



Cora nodded with her hand. That means “yes” in sign language.

“I was afraid, too, a little bit. But it was wonderful! Elder Miller didn’t let go of me, and it happened fast. You can do it! Elder Smith will not let go of you.”

“I’m too afraid,” Cora signed back.

“Do you want to be baptized? Do you want to follow Jesus?”

Again Cora’s hand nodded.

“Jesus will not let go of you. He knows you’re afraid. He wants you to follow Him. He will not let go of you.”

Cora looked at her friend. She *did* want to follow Jesus. Would He help her? She knew the answer. Of course He would!

“OK.” Cora wiped her eyes and stood up.

They saw Beth’s mother standing by the door. Her eyes shone with tears. She took both girls back to the door that led to the baptismal font. Elder Smith came through another door and stood across the font from them. He looked at Cora and signed, “Are you ready?”

She nodded nervously and watched Elder Smith enter the water and walk slowly toward her. He held out his hand. She took it and stepped down into the font. The water was warm and gentle as it swirled with her steps. They stopped in the middle of the font, and Elder Smith positioned her hands on his arm. He nodded encouragingly to her and then bowed his head and raised his right arm.

Beth’s mom knelt at the font again and signed to Cora the words of the prayer.

When Cora saw the word, “amen,” a picture on the wall in the back of the room caught her eye. It was the picture of Jesus being baptized by John the Baptist. She felt a warm feeling inside. He would not let go of her.

Elder Smith opened his eyes and smiled at her. He lifted her arm, and she held her nose firmly, closing her eyes. She held her breath just as they had practiced. She felt the water surround her as Elder Smith lowered her below the surface. In the next instant, she felt herself lifted, and the water released her. She blinked her eyes and gasped. She was baptized! She wiped the water from her face and pushed back her hair.

Opening her eyes, she saw smiles on the faces of her ward family. She turned back to the steps and saw Beth’s mother holding a towel for her. Beth was standing next to her mother, eager for Cora to join them. When Cora reached the top of the steps, she threw her arms around her friend, rejoicing that she had followed the example of the Savior and knowing that He was pleased with them both.

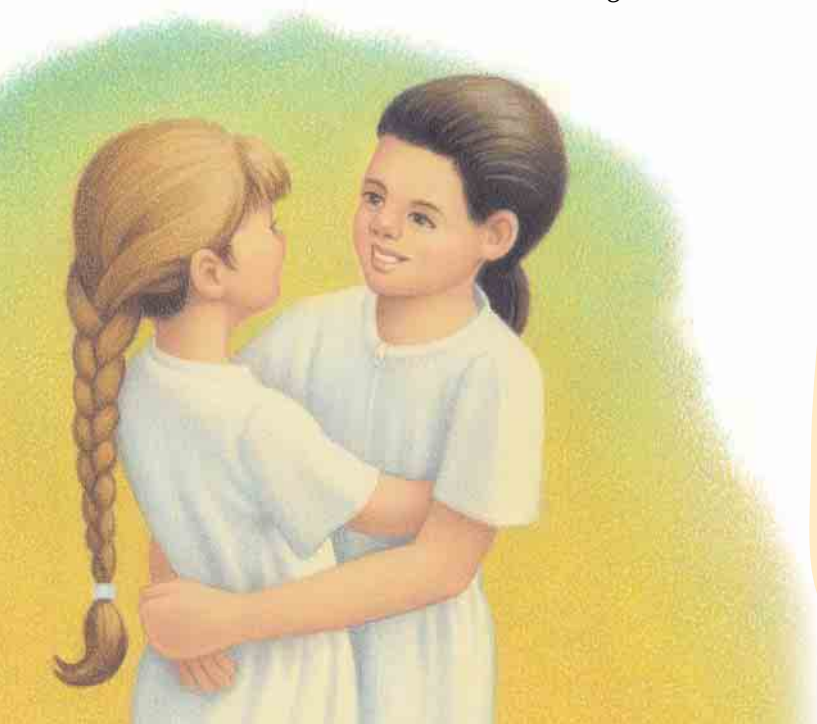


“Be of good cheer. The Man of Galilee, the Creator, the Son of the Living God will not forget nor forsake those whose hearts are drawn to Him. I testify that the Man who suffered for mankind, who committed His life to

healing the sick and comforting the disconsolate, is mindful of your sufferings, doubts, and heartaches. . . .

“Draw close to the Lord, Jesus Christ. Be of good cheer. Keep the faith. Doubt not. The storms will one day be stilled.”

**Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
(See *Ensign*, May 2000, pages 59–61.)**



Journal Page *By Emily Orgill*

We invite you to keep a journal this year. Each month in 2002, you will find a journal page in the *Friend*. Fill it out, remove it, trim around its dashed lines, and glue it to a piece of heavy paper. If desired, decorate the pages, punch holes as needed, and place in a binder or scrapbook.



My Favorite Scripture Stories

May Journal 2002

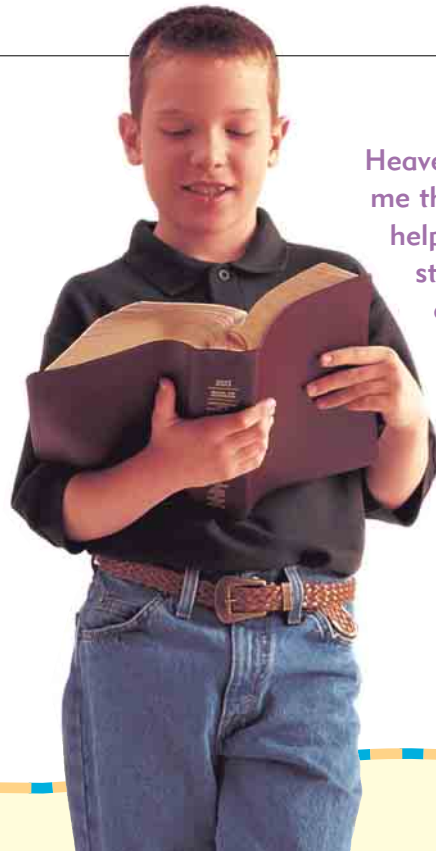


1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

Other Good Books I Like to Read



Heavenly Father gave
me the scriptures to
help me. I shall
study them, pray,
and keep His
commandments.



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

There Is a God!

By Taylor Dawn Larson

One day, I was really excited about being with my friends at kindergarten. I wore my CTR ring and necklace to school.

A new girl in my class is really mean. At recess that day, all my friends were around her, so I went over to see what was going on.



Taylor Dawn Larson, age 5
Lakewood, Colorado

The new girl had made up a new club, and all of my friends had joined it. She asked if I wanted to join. I asked her what kind of a club it was and what I had to do to be a member.

She said, "In order to be in my club, first you

have to raise your right hand and say, 'There is no God' and 'Jesus does not live and has never lived.' "

It made my heart hurt! I looked down at the CTR ring on my finger. Then I looked at the mean girl and said, "You are very, very wrong. There is a God, and Jesus does live. If this is what I have to say, then I don't want to be in your club."

After I said that, she pushed me really hard, and all my friends laughed and made fun of me.

I told my mom about it that night and cried and cried. She told me she was proud of me and cried with me. She said, "Taylor, you know that you belong to something better than the best club

in the whole wide world. You belong to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and it doesn't have ten or twelve members. It has millions of members. And it is true. The gospel is true." She told me that I had a lot of courage to stand up for God, Jesus Christ, and the gospel.

When I prayed that night, I asked Heavenly Father to help the mean girl know that He and Jesus live.

The next day at school, the girl went up to our teacher and asked her, "Do you believe there is a God? And do you believe that Jesus really lived?"

The teacher said, "Yes, I do believe in God. And yes, I do believe that Jesus lived."

My friends came up to me later and said that they were sorry and that they didn't want to be in that club anymore.

And the next day after that, the girl came to me at recess and asked, "Can you tell me a little bit about your church?"

I am really glad that I know that there is a God and that Jesus Christ lives and that I stood up for what I believe.



Mitchell Fredette, age 6
Austin, Texas

Lost Money

By Sally Irvin

Mitchell is a kindergartner. He is trying hard to be a good

example to his classmates and his two younger brothers. During a track-and-field day, he found two dollars on the playground at school. He turned the money in to the office. Soon a second-grade girl told the principal that she had lost her two dollars. The principal told her that she didn't have much hope to get her money back but to check at the office. When she did, she was told that a kindergartner had turned it in. The school praised Mitchell for his honesty, and so did his family.

Helping the Stranded

By Bailey Brigrance

It was a beautiful autumn day. At school, I was determined to finish all my work so that I wouldn't have any homework that night. Mom picked me up from school for a special day of shopping with birthday money I had received.

As we drove away from the school parking lot, she started explaining what had happened in



Bailey Brigrance, age 8
Leawood, Kansas

America. She told me that there had been four terrible plane crashes and that many people had been killed. I started to cry. I asked, "Is there anything we can do to help?" She said that people were stranded all over the United States because all the planes that were flying at the time of the

crashes had to make emergency landings at the nearest airports. She said, "We can still do the shopping, as we planned, or we could go to the airport and see if there is anyone who needs a place to stay. It's your choice."

My stomach had started hurting, and I had been scared. But when she said that, I immediately felt the Holy Ghost quiet my fears. I told Mom, "I have two words for you—we're going!" We quickly printed a sign, then headed for the airport forty miles (64 km) away.

We were happy that we did. We brought home a Marine who was on his way back to his base in San Diego, California. He had just been home in Kalamazoo, Michigan, after completing boot camp. He joined us that night for family prayer. I was, and am, grateful that Heavenly Father helped me to make the right choice that day.

Keeping the Sabbath Day Holy

By Tristan Chase



Tristan Chase, age 5
Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

When I went to preschool, we had a concert that was planned to be on a Sunday. My mom told me that if I want to be like Jesus Christ, I should do what the prophet says. She also said that the prophet told us that we need to go to church on Sundays but that I could choose.

I had learned a lot of songs for the concert and had worked hard at preschool.

The last day of school, my mom asked me if I wanted to go to the concert. I told her that I did really want to go, but it was on a Sunday and I wanted to go to church and follow the prophet.

My mom gave me a big hug and said that I had made a good choice. I felt really good inside because I followed the prophet's teachings.





FOR LITTLE FRIENDS

Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer (Isaiah 56:7).

Special Place

By Jane McBride Choate
(Based on a true story)

Sara Marshall watched as Mommy brushed her hair and put on lipstick. Sara thought that Mommy was beautiful.

Then Sara remembered that Mommy was going visiting teaching. That meant that Sara had to go to Sister Morgan's house. Sara had just turned five. She could hardly wait until fall, when she would start kindergarten and go to school like her big brothers did. She wouldn't need to go to a baby-sitter's house then.

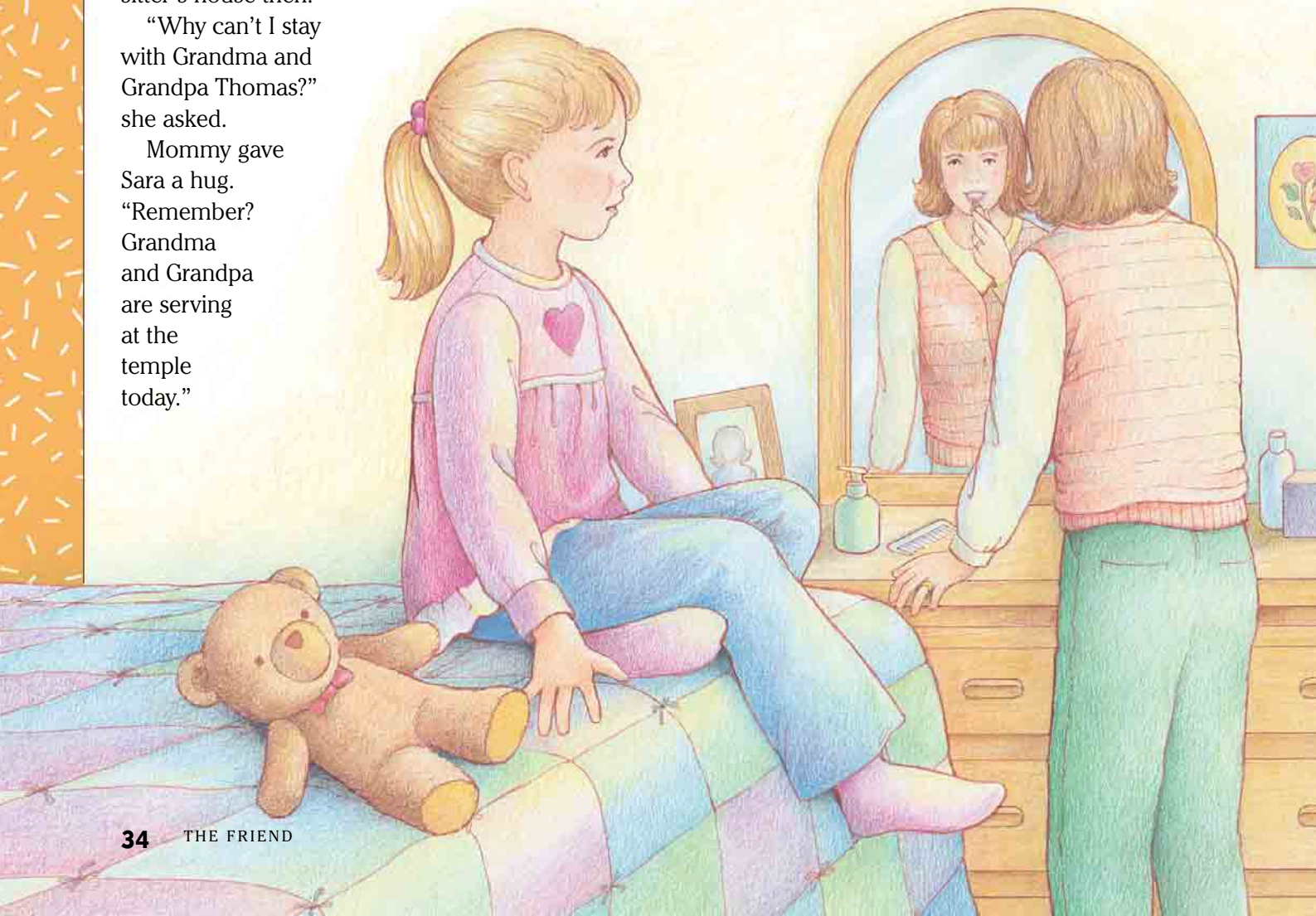
"Why can't I stay with Grandma and Grandpa Thomas?" she asked.

Mommy gave Sara a hug. "Remember? Grandma and Grandpa are serving at the temple today."

Sara's lips turned down into a pout. She didn't want to go to Sister Morgan's house. She wanted to stay with her grandparents, as she used to.

Grandma Thomas often let Sara make cookies with her. Grandpa showed Sara his collection of toy trains.

Ever since Grandma and Grandpa had started working at the Salt Lake Temple two months ago, they didn't have as much time for her.



She knew that the temple was a special place where people wore white clothes. Mommy and Daddy went there once a month. They called it their temple date. Sara thought that that sounded funny—Mommy and Daddy going on a date. Her big brother, Steven, took girls on dates. They went to the movies or basketball games. Sometimes he took a girl he really liked to dances.

“Grandma and Grandpa love you just as much as they always have,” Mommy said. “But they promised the bishop and Heavenly Father that they would serve at the temple three days a week. What if you and I make cookies after I pick you up from Sister Morgan’s? We can make extra and take some to Grandma and Grandpa.”

Sara’s frown disappeared. “Chocolate chip?”

Mommy ruffled Sara’s hair. “Is there any other kind?”

Sara enjoyed spending the morning at Sister Morgan’s. She played with Tiffany, who was also five. They played “Primary” and took turns being the teacher.

That afternoon, Sara and Mommy made cookies, then took them to Grandpa and Grandma. They looked tired but happy.

Grandma told her about helping a young bride go through the temple for the first time. Tears shone in Grandma’s eyes. “Doing temple work is one of the greatest joys in my life. Someday, maybe I can help you when you go to the Lord’s house.”

Sara kissed them both and decided that she was glad they worked at the temple.



Personal Pizzas with Pizzazz

You will need: English muffins, peanut butter, jelly, honey, sliced bananas, carrot sticks, pickle chips, chocolate chips, pineapple wedges, fish crackers, jelly beans, dried fruit, or any other toppings your mind dreams up.

Toast each muffin in the toaster. Then spread peanut butter on the muffin. Each personal-pizza chef can then top the peanut butter with jelly or honey and put on his or her own favorite toppings to create a perfect personal pizza for a cool springtime snack.





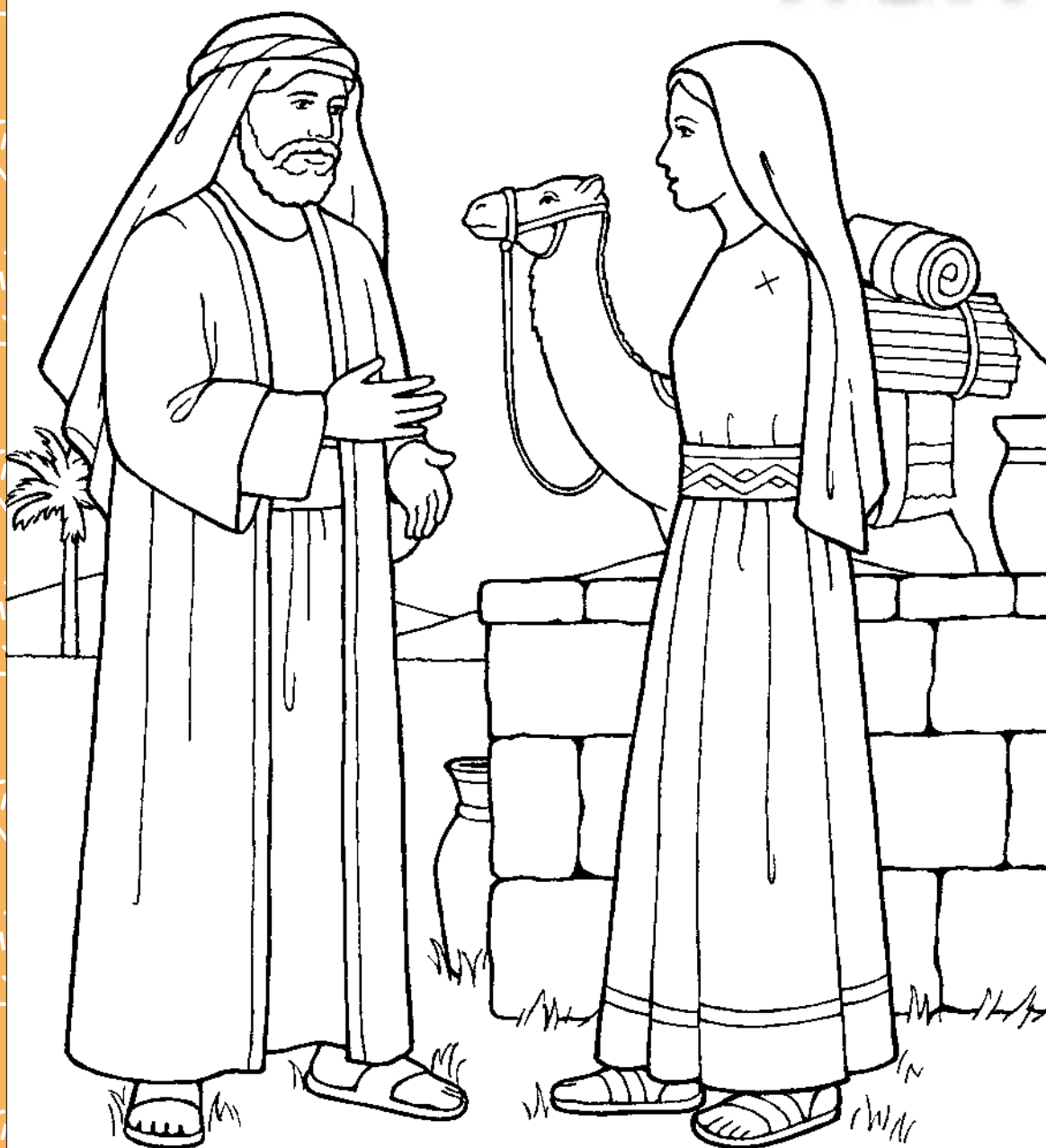
Rebekah at the Well

By Mariam Joyce
Grisham

Abraham wanted his son Isaac to have a good wife. He sent a servant to find one for Isaac.

In the city of Nahor, the servant stopped by a well and prayed that Isaac's future wife would agree to give him water to drink and offer to draw water for his camels, as well. This prayer was answered, and Rebekah became Isaac's wife. (See Genesis 24.)

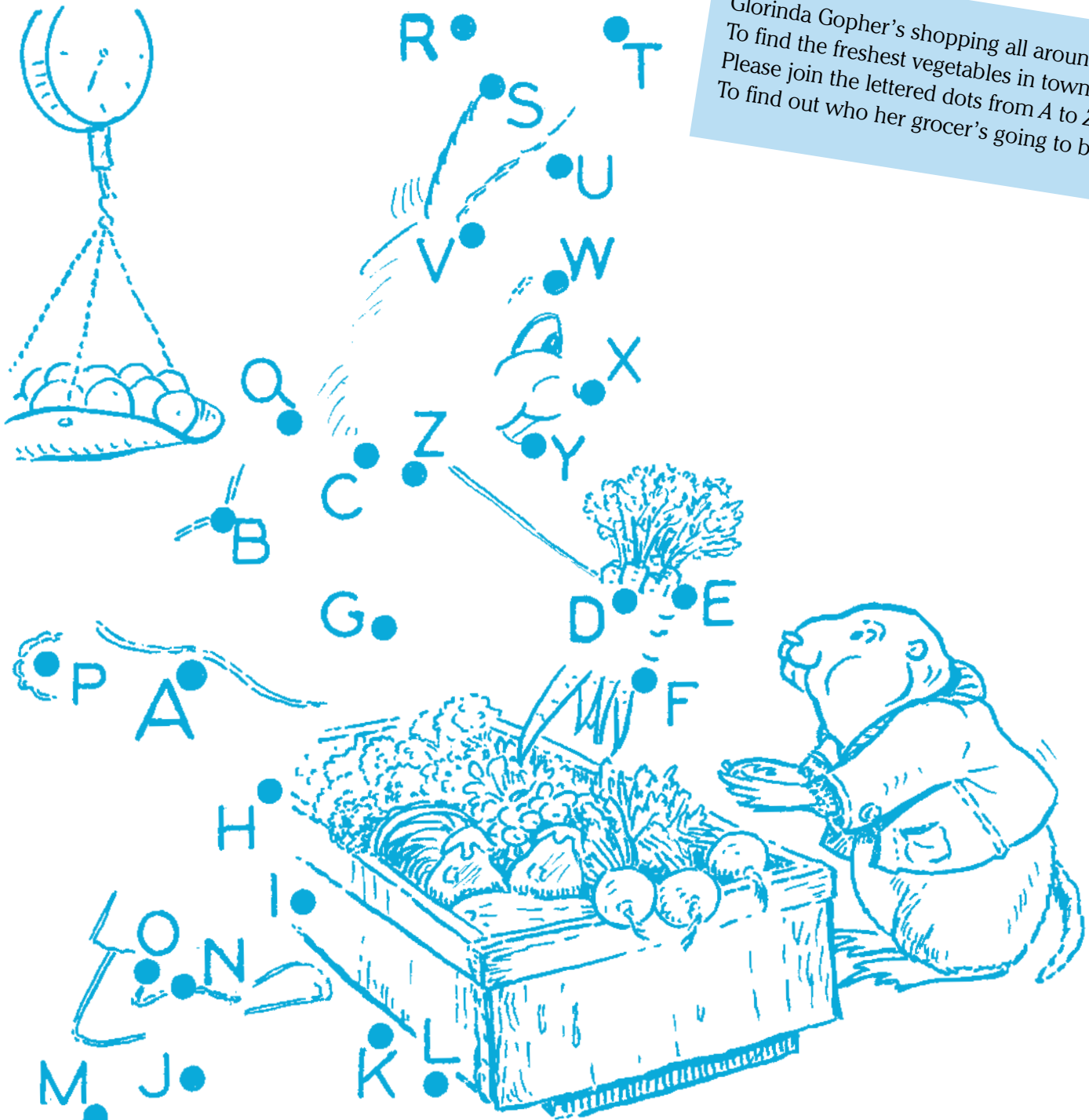
To help Rebekah do her kind deed, color the picture on this page. Then remove it from the magazine and mount it on heavy paper. Cut out piece A, line up the two Xs with piece A on top, and put a brass fastener through them. The arm can now move to lift the jug.



The Marketplace

By Roberta L. Fairall

Glorinda Gopher's shopping all around
To find the freshest vegetables in town.
Please join the lettered dots from A to Z
To find out who her grocer's going to be.



Íngrid Fabiola Martínez Barredo

of Tuxtla Gutiérrez, Mexico



With Papi and Mami near the meetinghouse

Written and photographed by Marvin K. Gardner

When the First Presidency announced that a new temple would be built in Tuxtla Gutiérrez, Mexico, Church members rejoiced. One young girl was so excited that she told the news to almost everyone she knew. “Temples are where dads and moms can be married for eternity!” she told them. “Temples are where families can be sealed together forever!” And each time she passes the temple now, she announces, “That’s where I’m going to be married someday.”

Seven-year-old Íngrid Fabiola Martínez Barredo knows something about temples. When she was five years old, she and her parents were sealed as an eternal family in the México City México Temple. The trip took eighteen hours each way on a bus crowded with members from their ward and stake. Like many members in Tuxtla Gutiérrez, she is thankful to have a temple just minutes away in her own city now.

Even though the long trip to the temple was uncomfortable, Íngrid and the other Primary children accompanying their parents to the temple did their best to make it pleasant. “They sang their favorite hymns and songs on the way, such as ‘Count Your Blessings’ and ‘I Am a Child of God,’ ”* her dad, Javier, said. Several members on the bus thanked the children for helping make the trip more enjoyable.

Traveling a long distance wasn’t the only sacrifice Íngrid and her family made to get to the temple. Although her dad gave his employer plenty of notice when requesting time off from work, he lost his job because he left on the temple trip. However, after returning home, he was able to get a better job.

While Íngrid was waiting to be sealed to her parents, she helped the temple nursery workers care for the younger children



and babies. When it was time for her to leave, the workers said, “Oh, don’t take her! She helped us so much. She put the babies to sleep.”

A couple of years after they went to the temple, her mother, María Carmelita, gave birth to a baby boy. Later, a baby girl was born. “Luis Fernando and Mari Carmen are born in the covenant,” Íngrid says proudly. She explained to her relatives who are not members of the Church that because her family was sealed in the temple before her baby brother and sister were born, the babies are also members of their eternal family. Íngrid loves her brother and sister and helps her mother take care of them. “She often puts them to sleep by singing Primary songs to them,” her mom said.

Her dad said with a smile, “She tells us that when she grows up, she wants to be whatever she is thinking of at the time—a doctor, an artist, a teacher.”

“But mostly she wants to be a mother,” her mom added. “Besides helping me with the babies, she holds her dolls and hugs them and sings to them. She has told me, ‘When I’m big, I’m going to get married. And I’m going to study the gospel a lot so that I can teach my children everything they need to know.’ ”

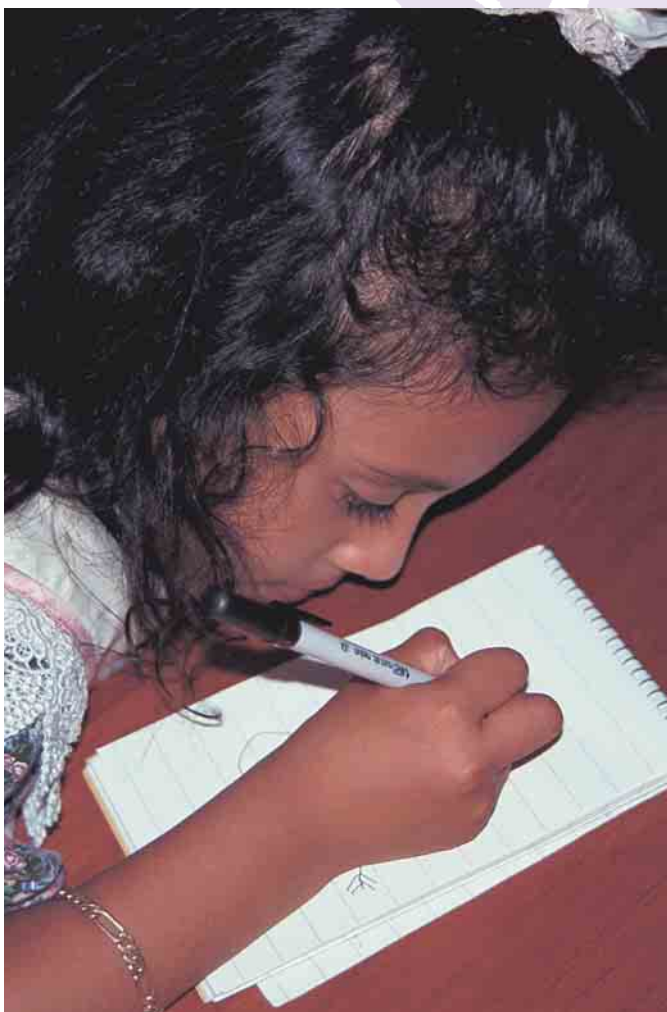
She enjoys drawing pictures of animals, running races, playing ball, and riding her bicycle. She especially likes to dress up in costumes and perform folk dances.



Riding her bike



Top: Family home evening
Bottom: Drawing an animal



Primary and in ward activities. He especially appreciates the care she gives younger Primary children. “She loves them and gives them her time and attention. She plays and sings songs with them.”

Never at a loss for words, she has told her non-member friends and relatives about the Church and has invited several of them to attend. Although none of them have joined the Church yet, she isn’t discouraged.

“Wherever we go,” her dad said, “she tells people about the Church.”

For example, when her family was invited to a picnic one Sunday, Ingrid said, “No, thank you. We are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we can’t go on the picnic because it’s Sunday. We try to keep the Sabbath Day holy.” When someone offers her a drink that is not in keeping with Church standards, she says, “No, thank you—we believe that Jesus said that we shouldn’t drink that.”

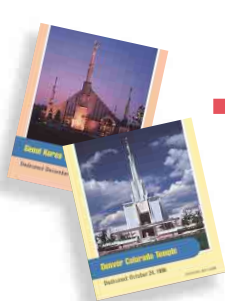
“She has learned a lot in Primary and in our family home evenings,” her mother said. “She is often the one to remind us to say our prayers before going to bed. ‘Did you say your prayers, Papi, Mami?’ she will ask. And at mealtime, she will say, ‘Let’s bless the food before eating.’ She is teaching us all the time.”

“On fast Sunday, Ingrid is the first in our family to get up and bear her testimony in sacrament meeting, and she bears her testimony like an adult,” her dad said. “Sometimes she’ll ask me, ‘Are you going to bear your testimony today?’ I’ll usually tell her that I’m not sure, because it’s hard for me to speak in public. And she’ll tease me by saying, ‘If you don’t, I’ll call you from the pulpit to come up and do it.’ I’ll say, ‘Don’t you dare!’ She smiles happily if I do go up.”

Ingrid’s parents are thankful for her strength and example. “She makes sure we obey the commandments,” her dad said. “Maybe she understands the gospel better than I do!”

*Hymns, nos. 241 and 301.

Her bishop, Juan José Albores Gallegos, of the Las Lomas Ward, Tuxtla Gutiérrez México Stake, said that Ingrid participates with great energy in



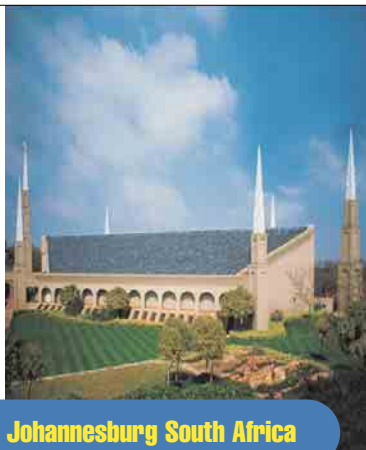
Temple Cards

Each month in 2002, you will find a Temple Cards page in the *Friend*. Remove the page from the magazine, glue it to heavy paper, and cut out the cards. If you collect all 108 cards this year, you will have a picture-history of Latter-day Saint temples around the world.



Chicago Illinois Temple

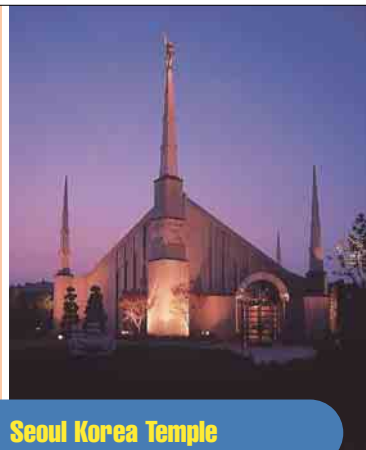
Dedicated: August 9, 1985



Johannesburg South Africa

Dedicated: August 24, 1985

PHOTO BY TREVOR SIMON



Seoul Korea Temple

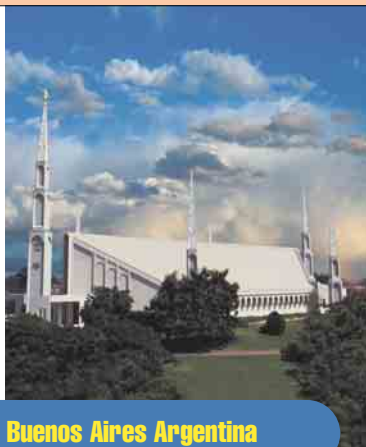
Dedicated: December 14, 1985

PHOTO BY WILLIAM FLOYD HOLDMAN



Lima Peru Temple

Dedicated: January 10, 1986



Buenos Aires Argentina

Dedicated: January 17, 1986



Denver Colorado Temple

Dedicated: October 24, 1986

PHOTO BY JED CLARK



Frankfurt Germany Temple

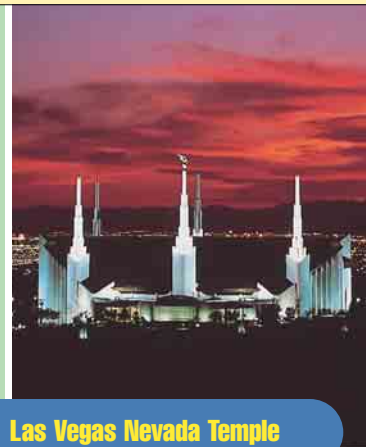
Dedicated: August 28, 1987



Portland Oregon Temple

Dedicated: August 19, 1989

PHOTO BY ELDEN L. READ



Las Vegas Nevada Temple

Dedicated: December 16, 1989

PHOTO BY JED CLARK

George Albert Smith—



I Won't Drink Coffee!

*And again, hot drinks are not for the body
(Doctrine and Covenants 89:9).*

By J. Michael Hunter

George Albert Smith was born in 1870, just twenty-three years after the pioneers arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. He became the eighth President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1945, just before the end of World War II, and served until his death in 1951. His child-

hood was much like that of other boys in the late 1800s. He played barefoot on the streets of Salt Lake City. He went swimming in the Jordan River. He coasted down steep, icy hills on his sled. He rode

horseback, he herded cows, and, like most children, he was sometimes sick.

Normally, his mother, Sarah, didn't worry too much about his childhood sicknesses, which came and went. But once he became very sick, and she began to worry. It started with a fever that kept rising. Then he had a stomachache and

headache. Finally rose-colored spots appeared on his body, so she called for the doctor.

The doctor came and examined George Albert. He told Sarah that her son had typhoid fever, a disease that sometimes killed people. He told her to keep her son in bed for three weeks and to have him drink coffee but not eat.

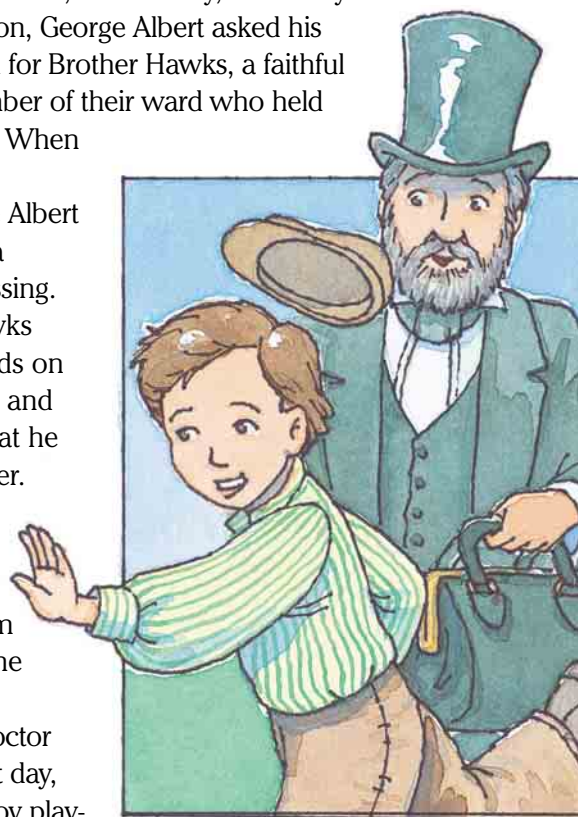
When the doctor left, George Albert told his mother that he didn't want to drink coffee because it was against the Word of Wisdom. He knew that Heavenly Father had given Joseph Smith the Word of Wisdom, a revelation that teaches us to not drink coffee, tea, or alcohol. It also teaches us to eat and drink only things that are good for our bodies. He didn't want to break the Word of Wisdom. His mother and father had taught him to always obey Heavenly Father.

Because his father, John Henry, was away serving a mission, George Albert asked his mother to send for Brother Hawks, a faithful and good member of their ward who held the priesthood. When Brother Hawks arrived, George Albert asked him for a priesthood blessing.

Brother Hawks placed his hands on the boy's head and blessed him that he would get better. George Albert had faith that the blessing would help him recover from the typhoid fever.

When the doctor arrived the next day, he found the boy playing outside with other children. The doctor was surprised. He examined George Albert and found that he was all better. George Albert later said, "I am grateful to the Lord for my recovery. I was sure that He had healed me."

(See *George Albert Smith: Kind and Caring Christian, Prophet of God*, by Francis M. Gibbons, pages 3-4; *Instructor*, February 1943, page 73.)





Ye Are the Temple of God



Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? . . . For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.
(1 Corinthians 3:16–17.)

By Vicki F. Matsumori

Close your eyes and picture a temple. What color is it? How big is it? Does it have any windows? Are there spires? How many?



The temples of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are unique. The Salt Lake Temple in Utah has gray granite walls and six spires. It looks different from the Cardston Alberta Temple in Canada, which has natural stone walls and no spires. Even though each temple looks different, all are beautiful and are built for the same purpose. They are places where special ordinances take place that are needed for us to return to Heavenly Father. Temples are also places where Jesus Christ and Heavenly Father can come.

You are like the temple. You are different from everyone else, but you, too, are a house for the Spirit of God (the Holy Ghost). The Apostle Paul said: “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? . . . For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.” (1 Corinthians 3:16–17.) Your body is a temple.

Just as you treat temples with respect, you should treat your own body with respect. You can do this by obeying the Word of Wisdom (see Doctrine and Covenants 89), by dressing modestly, and by

following the counsel of President Gordon B. Hinckley to “be clean” (see *Friend*, February 2001, page 25). One way to be clean is to not have tattoos. President Hinckley said, “A tattoo is graffiti on the temple of the body” (*Ensign*, November 2000, page 52). You should also keep your heart and mind clean by reading, listening to, and watching only “things that are pleasing to Heavenly Father” (see My Gospel Standards).

If you are clean in mind and body, you can receive great blessings because “the Lord hath said he dwelleth not in unholy temples, but in the hearts of the righteous doth he dwell” (Alma 34:36).

Temple of God

Find your way through the maze. When you get to a picture, follow the path that represents your choice. Choose the Yes path if the picture shows something that helps you keep your body “a temple of God.” Choose the No path if it is something that would not be good for your mind or body.

Draw small pictures of five other things that are good for you, and five things you should avoid. Place your pictures over corresponding good-and bad-choice pictures in the maze.



SHARING TIME IDEAS

(Note: All songs are from *Children's Songbook* unless otherwise indicated; GAK = Gospel Art Kit)

1. Teach about the Word of Wisdom by playing a scripture scavenger hunt for some of the foods that are good for us to eat. Teach the children how to use the Topical Guide in the Bible. Show how to find words alphabetically and how to read the scripture references; then locate that scripture. Practice with the word *food*. Read several of the references and choose D&C 89:16 to locate. Have the children read it aloud as a choral reading. Review the promised blessings of obeying the Word of Wisdom by reading with them D&C 89:18–21.

Divide the Primary into groups of two or three children. Each group should have a set of scriptures. Give each group a pencil and a scavenger-hunt list with words such as *apple, bread, corn, fish, fruit, grain, grape, herb, honey, meat, milk, and wheat*. The children find one of the words in the Topical Guide, write a reference by it, then locate the scripture and raise their hands. A teacher or adult leader listens to them read the scripture, then puts her/his initials next to the word. Repeat the process for all the words on the list. When the groups have completed their lists, have the children share with the Primary some of the scriptures they have found. Bear testimony of the blessings you have received by obeying the Word of Wisdom. Sing "The Word of Wisdom" (pp. 154–155).

For younger children: Divide the Primary into two groups. Make two sets of paper body parts—head, torso, arms, legs, hands, feet, eyes, nose, mouth, hair. In a container, place pictures from magazines (or draw them) of various foods, drinks, and other items that are either good or bad for the body. Have the children take turns drawing items from the container. If the item is good for you, they add a part to their group's body. If the item is bad, they must remove a body part. Continue playing until one group has completed a body.

2. My Gospel Standards reminds us of principles that help us treat our bodies as temples. Review it by making "I Spy" bottles. (You may want to make one at home first.) Fill small, empty, clear plastic bottles with birdseed (or wheat or rice or lentils), leaving 1" to 2" (3 cm to 5 cm) of air space. Add wordstrips and small pictures relating to one of the standards (write the word or duplicate the picture on both sides of each paper). Cap the bottle and shake it. Turn the bottle on its side, and as you rotate it, the wordstrips and pictures will come to the surface.

Give each class the materials to make an I Spy bottle, using the standards or things suggested by a standard. For example, for the standard "I will do those things on the Sabbath that will help me feel close to Heavenly Father," children could write wordstrips such as ATTEND CHURCH, READ SCRIPTURES, VISIT SICK, VISIT GRANDPARENTS, WRITE TO MISSIONARIES. Or they could draw pictures of a meetinghouse, sacrament tray, the Book of Mormon, etc. The class counts the number of wordstrips and/or pictures they add to the bottle (about 20 is good) and writes that number on a piece of tape attached to the bottom of the bottle.

In thirty seconds, see how many things they can find in the bottle, then check that number against the number on the bottom of the bottle. Sing a song that reinforces one of the standards as they trade bottles and repeat the process.

3. One way we can keep our "temple brighter" (see p. 153) is to "only listen to music that is pleasing to Heavenly Father" (see My Gospel Standards). Help the children understand the influence of music in their lives by having the pianist play several songs that are unfamiliar to them, such as "Help Us, O God, to Understand" (p. 73) and "Birds in the Tree" (p. 241). Ask the children how each song made them feel and why. Even though they didn't know the words, the tempo (speed) and volume and melody made them have different feelings. While one song made them want to sit and think, the other made them feel like dancing or marching.

Discuss things in music that are pleasing to Heavenly Father: appropriate words, messages that do not contradict gospel principles or suggest immoral behavior, tempo and volume and melodies that do not drive away the Spirit.

Play a musical game to show the children how they can remember the message in a song. Using the songs they have learned this year, as well as other songs they are familiar with, play "Name That Tune." Challenge them to identify ten songs, using no more than fifty notes (total) for clues. Ask a child to suggest how many notes the Primary would need to identify a song, then have the pianist play that number of notes, using the right tempo and rhythm. If the children don't name it after one guess, the pianist plays the song again, adding one note. Continue until the song is identified. On the chalkboard, write the number of notes it took to identify it, then sing the song. Repeat with the remaining songs.

Have the children write the last line of the thirteenth article of faith, "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things," on a paper musical note. Have them share the note with their family and then place it by their radio or CD player as a reminder to choose good music.

4. Invite members of the ward/branch to participate in a panel discussion

on "My Body Is a Temple." Gather a panel from some of the following: a health-care professional, a mother, a young man, a member of the Young Women presidency, and a member of the bishopric/branch presidency. Give the panel members copies of the questions a week before so that they can think about possible answers. Sample questions (your questions should be those to best help your Primary and may not be identical to these): How much sleep should you get each night? Does it make a difference for you when you don't get enough sleep? What is the value of good hygiene (bathing, dental care, hair care, washing hands before meals)? Why is it important to dress modestly? Why shouldn't we get a tattoo? What do you do to help you make right choices? You may want the panel members to review the video *President Gordon B. Hinckley Speaks to Parents and Youth* (item #53591) or these printed talks: "Great Shall Be the Peace of Thy Children" (*Ensign*, Nov. 2000, pp. 50–53), "Your Greatest Challenge, Mother" (*Ensign*, Nov. 2000, pp. 97–100), and "The Prophet's Counsel: The Six Bs" (*Friend*, Feb. 2001, pp. 24–25).

Write the questions on separate pieces of paper. Have the children take turns choosing and reading a question. Have a member of the Primary presidency act as moderator. Have the panel members volunteer their answers. Bear testimony of the blessings that the children can receive now as a result of treating their bodies with respect. Sing "Seek the Lord Early" (p. 108).

5. Song presentation: Ask an older class to present this month's song, "The Lord Gave Me a Temple" (p. 153). Arrange with the teacher in advance for you to teach the song for a few minutes each week in class. Help the class understand the message of the song. Let them take turns practicing as duets, trios, and solo, if they choose. You might consider having them perform this song for the Children's Sacrament Meeting Presentation.

During Sharing Time, have the class sing the song several times and ask the other children to listen for specific information each time they hear the song. Questions might include: How many times is the word *temple* sung? What words rhyme? Ask the other children to sing along with the class as they feel comfortable with the song.

Have the class take turns reporting on the message of each line, then have the Primary sing that line. Ask the class members to sit in various classes of the Primary as mentors to help the other children learn the song.

6. Help the children understand the influence of visual media by showing how long an image can be retained in the mind, even if seen for just a short time. Use an overhead projector if available from your meetinghouse library. If not, use large pictures. Find pictures of landscapes or individual people. Put the picture up for only five seconds. Have the children close their eyes and see if they can visualize the picture. Ask specific questions about it, like "What color were the clothes the girl was wearing?" or "Where is the tree located in the picture?" Discuss the importance of watching movies, television shows, video and computer games that are wholesome. Sing "Choose the Right Way" (pp. 160–161).

Make a moving-picture book to show each child how the mind remembers a visual image. Use eight half-size sheets of paper. On page one, draw a vertical line. On each succeeding page, draw the line at progressive angles until the line is horizontal. Staple the pages together and flip through the book. The line should appear to fall down. This is the same process used in movies.

Use one of the following activities. (1) Have each child make a moving picture book. Give each child a pencil and eight pieces of paper that are the same size. They may be as small as 1" x 2" (2.5 cm x 5 cm) or as large as 3" x 5" (7.5 cm x 12.5 cm). Have them draw a simple scene from one of their favorite scripture stories. For example, a rectangle that flattens might represent the falling of the walls of Jericho; a tree that blossoms might represent the Tree of Life. In order for the movie to work, the drawing must be in the same place on each page, with just small changes made from page to page.

Or (2), give each child a piece of paper and a pencil and have him/her draw a scene from his/her favorite scripture story. Have the children take turns sharing their picture by covering it with another piece of paper or with their hand and then removing the covering for five seconds. When the picture is re-covered, ask the other children to describe what was drawn. Have the artist tell the scripture story, then show the picture again.

Have the children share the activity with their families. Show the video segment "The Body Is a Temple" from New Testament Video Presentation (item #53914). You may wish to preview this video. Testify of the blessings that come from "only reading and watching things that are pleasing to Heavenly Father" (see My Gospel Standards). Sing "Dare to Do Right" (p. 158).

7. Additional *Friend* resources: "The Choice," June 2000, pp. 12–14; "Decided Not to Play," Sep. 2000, IBC; "Robby's New Words," Apr. 1999, pp. 44–46; "No, Thank You," Jan. 1998, p. 41; "My Body Is a Temple," Feb. 1998, p. 31; "Daniel Obeys the Lord," June 1998, pp. 34–35; "My Gospel Standards," Feb. 1997, pp. 8–9, 43; "Daniel's Choice," Mar. 1997, pp. 28–29; "My Tea Story," Aug. 1997, pp. 40–41; "The Decision," Oct. 1997, pp. 40–41. *Ensign* resources: "The Joy of Womanhood," Nov. 2000, pp. 14–16; "Ye Are the Temple of God," Nov. 2000, pp. 72–74.

FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



Joshua Hunt, 7, Payette, Idaho, likes to play baseball, soccer, and basketball. Joshua is very creative and loving. He loves to feel the Spirit and set a good example.



Sarah Conner, 11, St. George, Utah, likes to cook, sew, draw, dance, play the flute, and babysit. She crochets scarves and washcloths for the humanitarian project.



Jacen Christian Zuni-ga, 5, Monterey, California, is saving money for a mission. He likes to ride his bike, read scriptures and other books, cook with Mom, and fix things with Dad. He loves his baby sister, Linnea.



Kaytee Croft, 8, Worland, Wyoming, was thrilled to be baptized. She loves her sisters and the good example they set. Reading is a favorite pastime, and she is looking forward to receiving a set of scriptures.



Good at standing up for what is right, **Max Benson, 7**, Forest Grove, Oregon, is eager to be baptized next year. He likes music, watering the garden, and playing with his brothers and sisters.



A good singer and a good reader, **Jacqueline Tearo Tahauri, 9**, Hesperia, California, enjoys the poems and stories in the *Friend*. She loves her mother and Grandma White very much.



Daniel Scott Phillips, 3, Iowa City, Iowa, was excited to attend the Winter Quarters Nebraska Temple open house. His favorite part was the baptismal font and the twelve oxen. He loves to bear his testimony.



Olivia Shay Orton, 4, Catania, Italy, likes to sing, dance, draw, teach family home evening lessons, and read *Friend* stories. She loves her teacher and friends in Primary.



Tyler Reynolds, 7, Phoenix, Arizona, loves his family, soccer, skating, and bike riding. He is excited to be baptized soon.



Alisha Thomas, 10, Drain, Oregon, enjoys going to Primary each week, playing soccer, studying hard in school, and helping the family. Her favorite thing to read is *Friends in the News*.



Caleb White, 8, Delta, Utah, is a "grade A" student and a big help at home. His family loves him very much.



Aria Green Macias, 11, Southlake, Texas, enjoys all sports, playing the piano and the drums, and singing in her ward choir and during singing time in Primary. Her favorite song is "A Child's Prayer."



Samuel O'Brien, 7, Ft. Lewis, Washington, enjoys riding his bike and his scooter and playing at the park. He is a great helper with his brothers Nate and Peter. Sam loves learning about the prophets.



Sinéad Siever, 2, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, loves to learn about Jesus and the prophets, especially President Hinckley. She likes to sing, and a favorite song is "Book of Mormon Stories."



Josh Lund, 4, Houston, Texas, likes to go to Primary and participate in Sharing Time. He also likes to give the scripture, prayer, and a talk when it is his turn. He encourages his family to have family home evening.



Amy Marshall, 8, Carmel, Indiana, likes to go to Achievement Days, swim, play the piano, play computer games, play soccer, and read. She loves being a big sister.



Alejandro Villanueva Ruiz, 10, Oaxaca, Mexico, likes to read the scriptures and play fútbol (soccer) and other games with his brothers and friends. He loves his family. Beans are his favorite food.



Azure Chapman, 3, Sitka, Alaska, sings "Hello," to welcome her dolls to pretend Primary at home. She often bears her testimony, using the vacuum cleaner as a podium and microphone.



Weston Anderson, 5, Las Vegas, Nevada, enjoys singing all kinds of songs, especially Primary songs. He also enjoys working with his dad and planting flowers.



Kathleen Marlow, 11, Statesville, North Carolina, likes to play basketball and softball. Her softball team finished in third place. Kathleen also plays the flute, and she has earned her Gospel in Action Award.



John Reed Markham, 4, West Jordan, Utah, enjoys playing action figures with his sister and picking stories from the *Friend* to share in family home evening. "Follow the Prophet" is his favorite Primary song.



Alicia Lewis, 9, Beijing, China, loves Primary and studying the scriptures. She likes art and studies Chinese ink painting. She also plays the violin and piano.

funstuf

Staying **STRONG** and Healthy

By Robert A. Peterson

Obedying the Word of Wisdom (see Doctrine and Covenants 89) and being active help us be strong and healthy. See if you can find the following twelve items hidden in this picture of two boys playing outside: a bird, a book, a candle, a cupcake, a fish, a fork, a glass, a knife, a lightbulb, a man's shoe, a telephone, and a toothbrush. Then color the picture.



Funstuf Answers

Women in the Bible: Across—(2) Naomi, (4) Asenath, (8) Rebekah, (9) Esther, (10) Sarah, (11) Mary. Down—(1) Eve, (3) Martha, (5) Susanna, (6) Tabitha, (7) Dorcas.

Guide to the *Friend*

The Guide to the *Friend* can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned in the Family Home Evening Ideas. The Primary theme for May is “My body is a temple.”



FAMILY HOME EVENING IDEAS

1. Ask a parent to review the Word of Wisdom (see Doctrine and Covenants 89). Then read “Winner” (pages 4–6) together. Make a poster of the quote from My Gospel Standards mentioned in the story and display it in a prominent place in your home.

2. Help a younger brother or sister learn the poem “I Celebrate” (page 10) and then teach it to the family during family home evening. Using “My Body—a Temple” (pages 18–19) and “Ye Are the Temple of God” (page 44), talk about ways you can respect and care for your bodies.

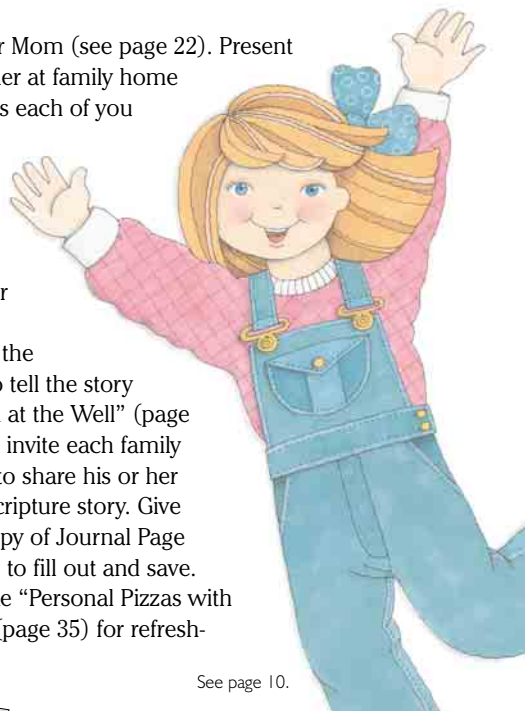
3. Using the pictures, read together “The Good Samaritan” (pages 11–13). Talk about ways each of you can show love to your neighbors. End by telling the story “Service with a Song” (pages 16–17). Be sure to read the sidebar quote from President Thomas S. Monson.

4. During the week before family home evening, ask each family member to make a card of appre-

ciation for Mom (see page 22). Present them to her at family home evening as each of you tell her some of the reasons you love and honor her.

5. Use the cutouts to tell the story “Rebekah at the Well” (page 36). Then invite each family member to share his or her favorite scripture story. Give each a copy of Journal Page (page 31) to fill out and save.

6. Make “Personal Pizzas with Pizzazz” (page 35) for refreshments.



See page 10.

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- (f) = Funstuf
(FLF) = For Little Friends
(v) = verse



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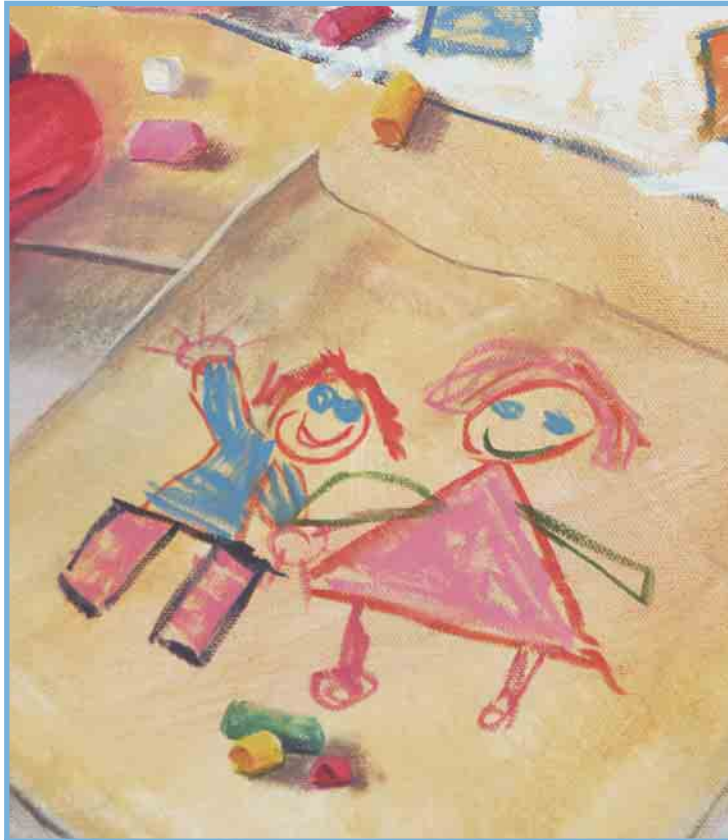
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*Fam'lies can be together forever
Through Heav'nly Father's plan
(Children's Songbook, page 188).*