

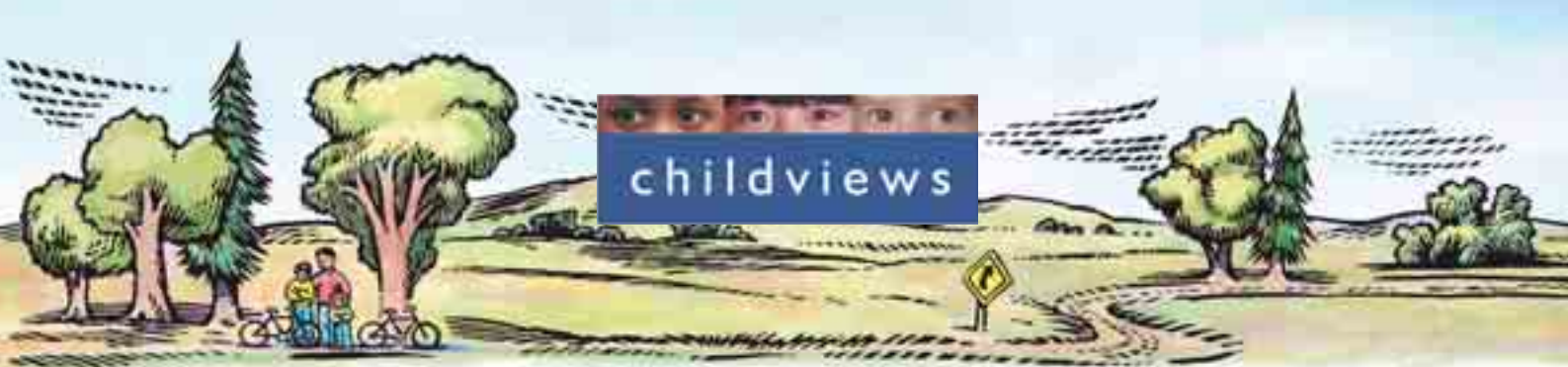
the Friend

NOVEMBER 2002



WE LOVE THY HOUSE O GOD,
WHEREIN THINE HONOR DWELLS
THE JOY OF THINE ABODE
ALL EARTHLY JOY EXCELS.





childviews

My Testimony of Prayer

One Saturday, my family went on an all-day bike ride with the youth in our branch. My sister (8) and I (then 6) rode our own bikes the



whole 17 miles (about 27 km). The ride was a lot of fun, but by the end, I was so tired that I didn't know if I could make it to the end. With about a mile to go, my parents and I fell behind the group. It began to rain.

In a few minutes, the rain was pouring so hard that we couldn't even see where we were going. Soaking wet and very cold, we stopped for shelter under a tree. We didn't know if we should stay where we were or try to go on in the rain. My dad suggested that I ask Heavenly Father to help us. I prayed for Him to please stop the rain so that we could go on and meet up with the rest of the group safely and not get lost.

As soon as I finished my prayer, the rain stopped and the sun came out and began warming us up. We felt the Holy Ghost really strong just then, and I was very relieved and happy. We rode the last mile to our group in dry weather, then offered another prayer to thank Heavenly Father for sending us a miracle. I have a testimony that Heavenly Father answers our prayers.

Noah Siddoway, age 7
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Friend Stories



I like to read the stories in the *Friend*. I also like doing the Funstuff. I think it's great that we have the *Friend* to read. It helps me get back on track when I read the stories of problems people have faced. Well, I hope that we keep getting the *Friend* every month. I am glad we have it.

Daniel Dickson, age 12
Sumner, Washington

The Priesthood and "My Scripture"

One night, I couldn't sleep because I was very scared about things that weren't there. I asked my dad if he would give me a blessing. He gave me one, and my mom tucked me back in bed. Then she pulled out my Bible and starting



reading from Psalms. When she got to Psalm 4:8, it was all about my trouble falling asleep! It said, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." We said it was "my scripture," and my mom typed

it on a piece of paper for me, and I was able to get to sleep. I know that Heavenly Father puts things in the scriptures to help us. I also know that blessings really help you, and I'm glad my dad has the priesthood so that he can give them to me.

Melanie Fry, age 11
Layton, Utah

ILLUSTRATED BY BRAD TEARE

The *Friend* welcomes your letters sharing a spiritual experience, your testimony, or your feelings about the *Friend* magazine. Send them to Childviews, *Friend*, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3226. Please include a picture of yourself and your name, age, and address. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity.

Volume 32 Number 11
November 2002

The First Presidency
Gordon B. Hinckley
Thomas S. Monson
James E. Faust

The Council of the Twelve
Boyd K. Packer
L. Tom Perry
David B. Haight
Neal A. Maxwell
Russell M. Nelson
Dallin H. Oaks
M. Russell Ballard
Joseph B. Wirthlin
Richard G. Scott
Robert D. Hales
Jeffrey R. Holland
Henry B. Eyring

Editor
Dennis B. Neuenschwander

Advisers
J. Kent Jolley
W. Rolfe Kerr
Stephen A. West

Curriculum Department
Administrators
Managing Director
Ronald L. Knighton
Planning and Editorial Director
Richard M. Romney

Graphics Director
Allan R. Loyborg

Magazine Staff
Managing Editor
Vivian Paulsen

Assistant Managing Editor
Julie Wardell

Associate Editors
Carol J. Mullan
Melvin Leavitt

Design Staff
Magazine Graphics Manager
M.M. Kawasaki

Art Director
Mark W. Robison

Senior Designer
Brad Teare

Production
Kerry Lynn C. Herrin

Printing and Distribution
Printing Director
Kay W. Briggs

Distribution Director (Subscriptions)
Kris T. Christensen

© 2002 by Intellectual Reserve, Inc. All rights reserved. The *Friend* (ISSN 0009-4102) is published monthly by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3226. Periodicals Postage Paid at Salt Lake City, Utah, and to additional mailing offices. *Canada Post Information:* Publication Agreement #40017431. U.S. subscription rate is \$8.00 a year in advance. Non-U.S. subscription rate is the U.S. equivalent in local currency. Sixty days' notice required for change of address. Please include your mailing label from a recent issue of the magazine when sending a change of address. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new is included. The *Friend* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts but is not responsible for them. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

Send manuscripts to the *Friend*, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3226. Send e-mail to editorial-Friend@LDSChurch.org. Send subscriptions to Distribution Services, Church Magazines, P.O. Box 26368, Salt Lake City, Utah 84126-0368. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to Distribution Services, Church Magazines, P.O. Box 26368, Salt Lake City, Utah 84126-0368.

Subscription helpline: 1-800-537-5971. Credit card orders (American Express, Discover Card, MasterCard, Visa) may be taken by phone.

All materials may be copied for incidental, noncommercial church or home use unless identified with a © and the copyright holder's name. Other uses require permission of the copyright owner.

the Friend

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

Stories and Features

- IFC Childviews
- 2 Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice: Gratitude / President Gordon B. Hinckley
 - 4 A Real Family for Patty Lou
 - 7 Special Witness: "Come Running" / Elder Jeffrey R. Holland
 - 8 Friend to Friend: Going Home / Elder David R. Stone
 - 10 Pumpkin Pie Surprise
 - 12 Sharing Time: I Am Glad for Many Things
 - 16 Making Friends: Emma Lund of Stockholm, Sweden
 - 20 Through the Hole-in-the-Rock
 - 23 About the Hole-in-the-Rock
 - 26 Trying to Be Like Jesus Christ
 - 28 Our Creative Friends
 - 34 Rescued on Sunday
 - 38 Friends in the News
 - 40 From the Life of Harold B. Lee: Heavenly Blessing
 - 42 Melanie's Prayer
 - 44 Thankful for Temple Blessings (poster article)
 - 46 Appearances
- IBC Guide to the *Friend*

For Little Friends

- 30 The Castle Cure
- 32 Plague of Frogs
- 33 Temple Blessings
- 33 Sparkle Apple Snacks

Things to Make and Do

- 15 Funstuf
- 19 Journal Page
- 24 Temples Dot the Earth
- 37 Temple Cards

Cover by Shauna Mooney Kawasaki

Hidden Word

Eternal (or Forever)

Family: When a man and a woman are sealed, or married, in the temple of God by priesthood authority, their family can become an eternal family, one that will last through the eternities. This term is found in "A Real Family for Patty Lou" and "Thankful for Temple Blessings" in this issue. See if you can find it.

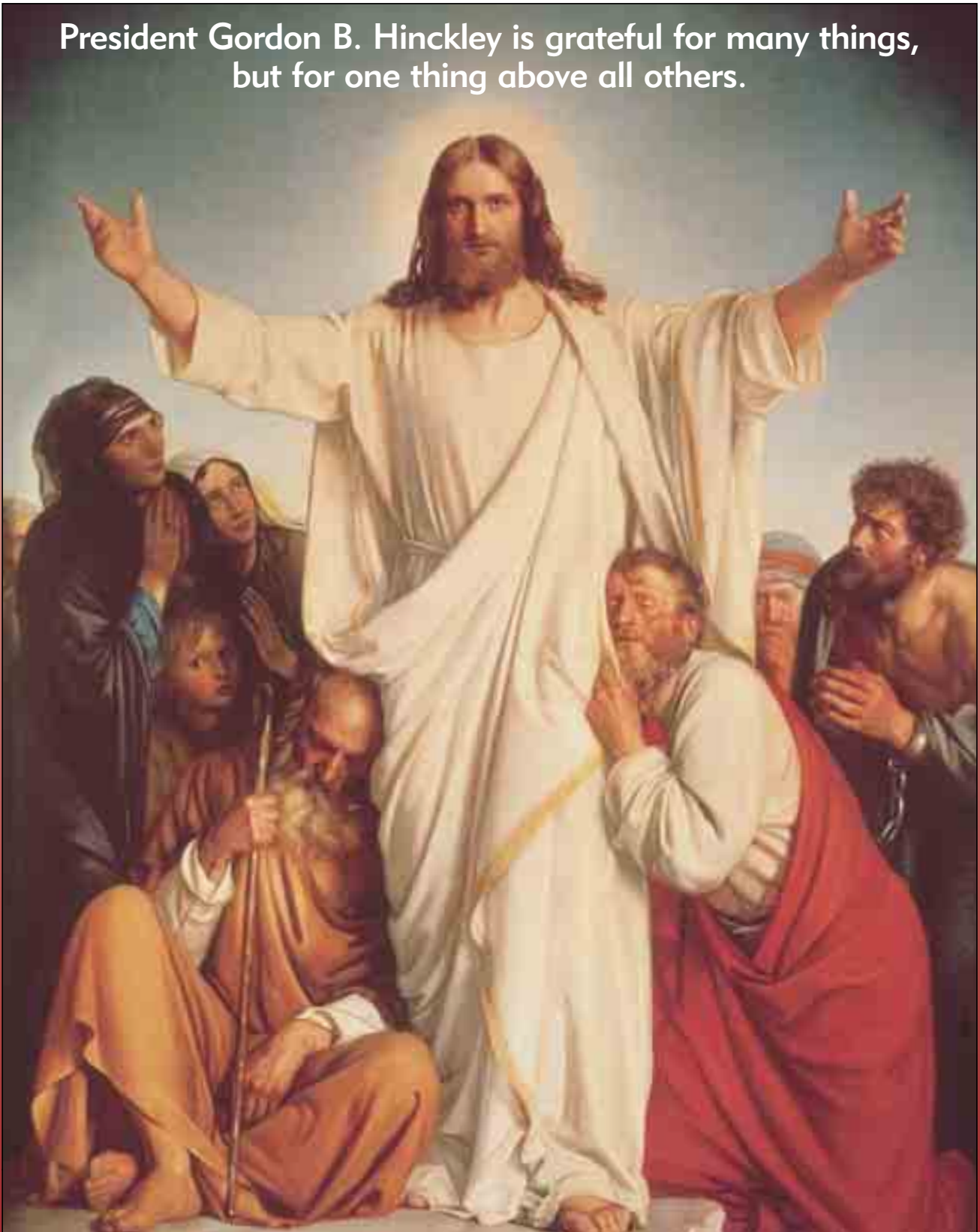


Come Listen to a Prophet's Voice

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord (Psalm 92:1).

GRATITUDE

President Gordon B. Hinckley is grateful for many things,
but for one thing above all others.



I am overwhelmed with feelings of thanksgiving. I feel so richly blessed of the Lord. I think no man has been blessed so richly as I have been blessed. I cannot understand it.

Through the great goodness of others, I have traveled far and wide across the earth in the interest of this Church. I have had remarkable opportunities to speak to the world. I have lifted my voice in testimony in great halls. Men and women of high station have received me and spoken with great respect concerning our work.

Thank you for your prayers. Thank you for your support. Thank you for your obedience to the commandments of God. He is pleased and loves you. Thank you for the testimonies you carry in your hearts concerning God our Eternal Father and His Beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

I am [deeply] grateful for this wonderful season of history in which we live. There has never been another like it. We, of all people who have walked the earth, are so richly blessed.

But of all the things for which I feel grateful, one stands [above all the others]. That is a living testimony of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Almighty God, the Prince of Peace, the Holy One.

The earliest [time I can remember having] spiritual feelings was when I was about five years of age, a very small boy. I was crying from the pain of an earache. There were no wonder drugs at the time. My mother prepared a bag of table salt and put it on the stove to warm. My father softly put his hands upon my head and gave me a blessing, rebuking the pain and the illness by authority of the holy priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. He then took me tenderly in his arms and placed the bag of warm salt at my ear. The pain [grew less] and left. I fell asleep in my father's secure embrace. As I was falling asleep, the words of his administration floated through my mind.

Later in my youth, my brother and I slept in an unheated bedroom in the winter. People thought that was good for you. Before falling into a warm bed, we knelt to say our prayers. There were expressions of simple gratitude. They concluded in the name of Jesus.



I recall jumping into my bed after I had said amen, pulling the covers up around my neck, and thinking of what I had just done in speaking to my Father in Heaven in the name of His Son. I did not have great knowledge of the gospel.

But there was some kind of lingering peace and security in communing with the heavens in and through the Lord Jesus.

That testimony grew in my heart as a missionary when I read the New Testament and the Book of Mormon, which further bore witness of [the Savior]. That knowledge became the foundation of my life, standing on the footings of the answered prayers of my childhood.

Since then my faith has grown much further. I have become His Apostle, appointed to do His will and teach His word. I have become His witness to the world. I repeat that witness of faith to you.

Jesus is my friend. He is my exemplar. He is my teacher. He is my healer. He is my leader. He is my Savior and my Redeemer. He is my God and my King.

Gratefully, and with love, I bear witness of these things.

(See *Ensign*, May 2000, pages 69–71.)



*Whatever thou shalt bind on earth
shall be bound in heaven*
(Matthew 16:19).

I was seven years old when my foster sister, Patty Lou, came to live with us. My younger brother and sister and I were anxious for this new baby. Mom and Dad said that she needed a new family. We knew about foster children—they were newborn babies our neighbors brought home until a good

A REAL FAMILY FOR PATTY LOU

By Lisa Passey Boynton (A true story)

family adopted them. We were excited to be a foster family, too.

But the baby our parents brought home was not what we expected. For one thing, this baby was nine months old, a lot bigger than a newborn. She had brown hair and big, dark eyes, but she never smiled. And even though she was old enough to sit up and crawl, she couldn't do either one—she



could only lie there and stare at us.

We three kids stared at her, too. Patty had a large red birthmark on her face that covered half of her cheek, nose, and lip. I had a birthmark on my leg, a light brown one, but Patty's was different and it was hard not to stare at it.

Mom explained, "Even though Patty is still a baby, she has had a rough start already. We don't know why, but her family neglected her and left her alone in her crib for many hours every day. They didn't play with her or hold her or love her. As long as she lives with us, we are going to take care of her and show her lots and lots of love. I think that's what she needs, don't you?"

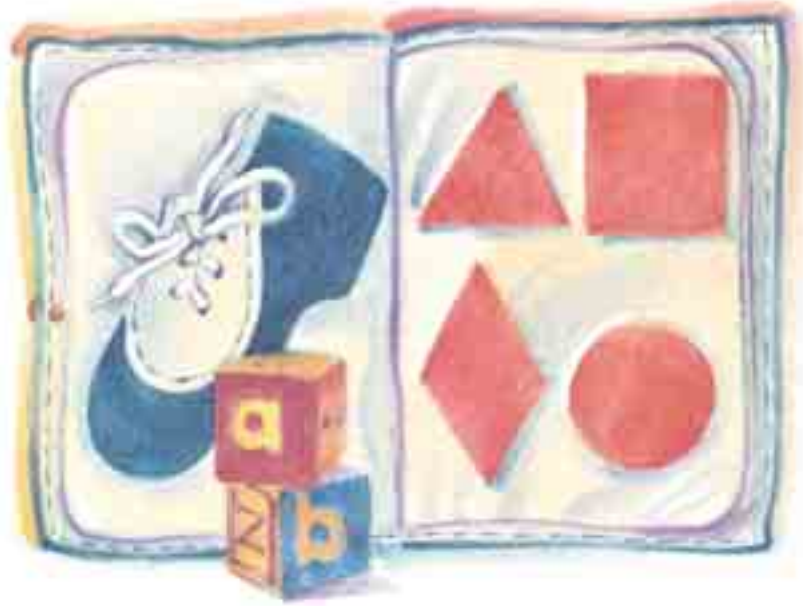
Overnight, our lives changed. The old crib that was gathering dust in the garage was put up in my brother's bedroom, and suddenly there were bottles and diapers and baby toys all over the house.

At first, Patty just watched us with her pretty dark eyes, but it wasn't long before she smiled for the first time. She started to coo and kick her legs, and soon she could sit up, propped up by piles of pillows and one of us sitting close enough to catch her if she toppled over.

I loved to entertain her in sacrament meeting with little toys and games. Other times, my brother and sister and I made funny faces to make her laugh. We were quickly learning to love our little foster baby.

I soon noticed how people stared at Patty in stores or restaurants. I didn't like it, especially when someone was mean to her. I had learned in Primary that we should love everybody, no matter what they looked like on the outside. I had angry feelings inside, but my Primary teacher told us a story about Jesus and some people who had a disease called leprosy. Even though other people were mean to the lepers and called them names, Jesus loved them and blessed them. I knew that He loved Patty, too, and I tried to be kinder to everyone.

One day, I saw my parents looking at the newspaper and talking about Patty. They showed me



that there was a picture of Patty in the paper, along with a little story that told about Patty's need to be adopted. I read, "Patty is looking for a real family who will love her and take care of her."

I noticed that Dad was very quiet and Mom had tears in her eyes. Patty had lived with us for almost a year, and it was hard to think of her going to live with anyone else.

Not long after that day, Mom dressed Patty in her prettiest outfit and put a ribbon in her brown hair. She told us, "There is a young couple who want to come and see Patty and take her on an



outing to the zoo. They might want to adopt her, so I want everyone on their best behavior.”

I felt hot tears sting my eyes, and I ran to the bedroom I shared with my sister. I didn’t want to see the people who might take Patty away. I couldn’t pretend that I was happy that she might be adopted. I cried long and hard. By the time I came out of my room, Patty was on her way to the zoo.

Our family seemed to walk on tiptoe in the days that followed. We knew the adoption agency would call to let us know what this young couple had decided, and we jumped every time the phone rang. Finally one night the call came. The look of relief on my father’s face was clear—Patty was staying.

I bundled Patty up and put her in the stroller. While she waved her hands at all the neighbors, I pushed her happily around the block. I didn’t even mind when a group of kids

pointed their fingers at her birthmark and started to laugh. I stopped the stroller and gave her a big hug. I was so happy, I thought I would burst!

Patty was our one and only foster baby. We put in our own application to adopt her, and she soon became an official part of our family. We changed her name to Patricia Lin and waited for the day we could go to the temple as a family to be sealed to her forever.

I remember waiting in the children’s room that wonderful day in the St. George Utah Temple, all four of us dressed in sparkling white. A temple worker came to take us to the sealing room at the top of a long staircase. As we entered the beautiful room and saw our parents and grandparents gathered around the sacred altar, little Patty called out, “Hi, Grandpa!” I remember how the Spirit flooded our hearts and made us all cry tears of joy. Patty was now part of our eternal family, just as if she had been born to our parents. We were a “real” family at last!



“With the Lord, families are essential. He created the earth that we could gain physical bodies and form families. (See Doctrine and Covenants 2:1–3; 49:16.) He established His Church to exalt families. He provides temples so that families can be together forever.” (See Doctrine and Covenants 138:47–48.)

**Elder Russell M. Nelson
Of the Quorum of the
Twelve Apostles
(Ensign, November 2001,
page 69.)**





“Come Running”

By Elder Jeffrey R. Holland of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles



Did you know that Elder Jeffrey R. Holland once worked as a paperboy, a grocery bagger, and a service-station attendant? He loves all people and has taught us to be kind and giving.



ILLUSTRATED BY AMY HINTZE

For the sake of retaining a remission of your sins,” King Benjamin [said], “. . . ye should impart of your substance to the poor, every man according to that which he hath” (Mosiah 4:26). . . .

Amidst the terrible hostilities in Missouri that would put the Prophet in Liberty Jail and see thousands of Latter-day Saints driven from their homes, Sister Drusilla Hendricks and her invalid husband, James, . . . arrived with their children at a hastily shaped dugout in Quincy, Illinois, to live out the spring of that . . . year [of great suffering].

Within two weeks the Hendrickses were on the verge of starvation, having only one spoonful of sugar and a saucerful of cornmeal remaining in their possession. In the great tradition of LDS women, Drusilla made mush out of it for James and the children, thus stretching its contents as far as she could make it go. When that small offering was [eaten by them], she washed everything, cleaned their little dugout as thoroughly as she could, and quietly waited to die.

Not long thereafter the sound of a wagon brought Drusilla to her feet. It was their neighbor Reuben Allred. He said he had a feeling they were out of food, so on his way into town he’d had a sack of grain ground into meal for them.

Shortly thereafter Alexander Williams arrived with two bushels of meal on his shoulder. He told Drusilla that he’d been extremely busy but the Spirit had whispered to him that “Brother Hendricks’ family is suffering, so I dropped everything and came [running].”

May God, who has blessed all of us so abundantly, bless us to hear the whispering of the Holy Spirit when any neighbor anywhere “is suffering,” and to “drop everything and come running.”

(*Ensign*, May 1996, pages 30–31.)

Friend to Friend

If they hold out faithful to the end they are received into heaven, that thereby they may dwell with God in a state of neverending happiness (Mosiah 2:41).

From an interview with Elder David R. Stone of the Seventy, currently serving as President of the South America West Area; by Kimberly Webb

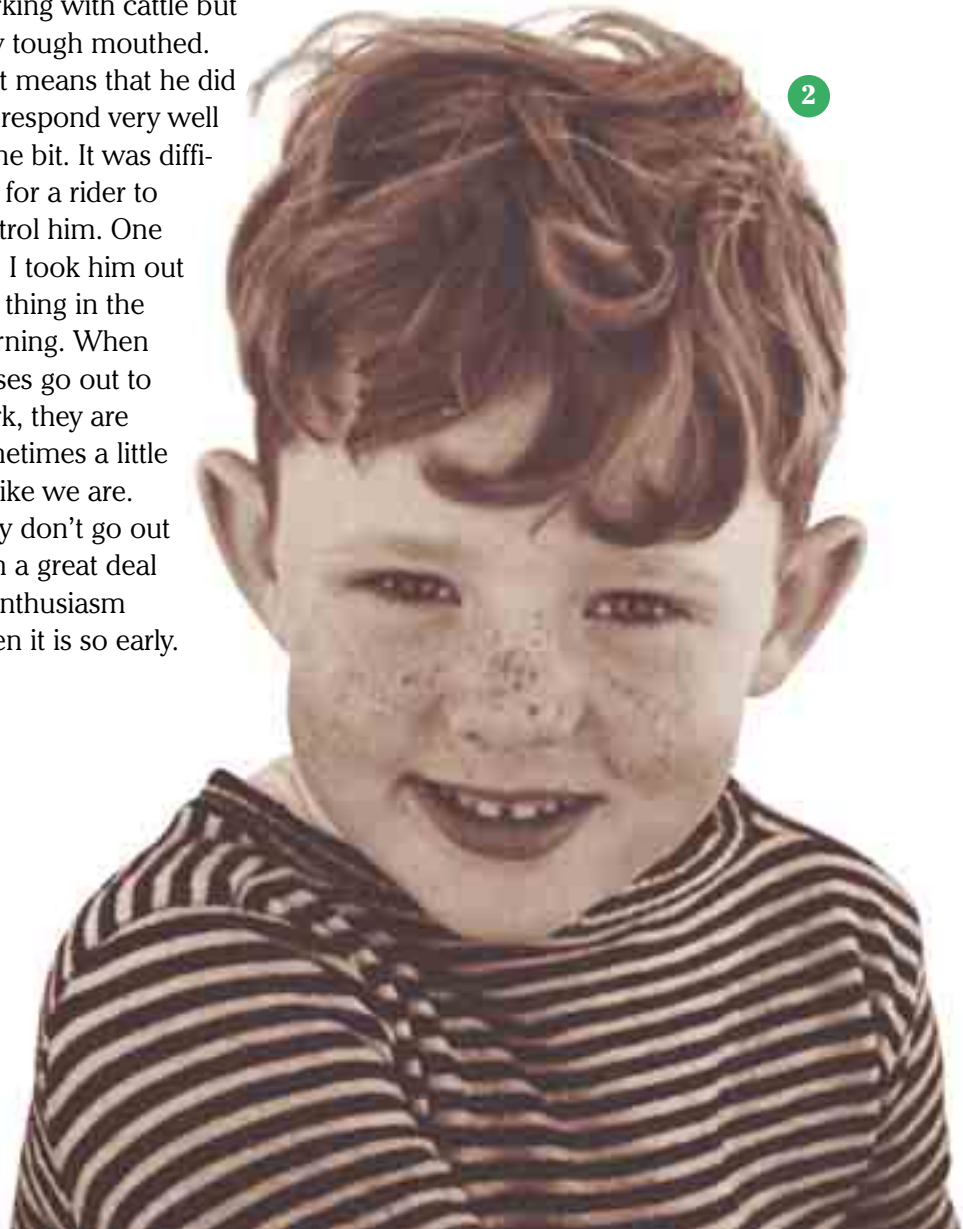
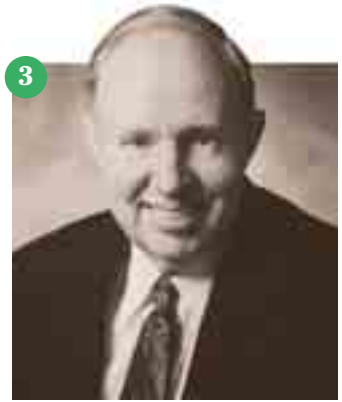


— GOING

I was raised in Buenos Aires, Argentina. My mother was Argentine and my father was English, so I grew up learning two languages. I spoke English at home and Spanish at school.

My family lived in the city, but when I was a teenager, I stayed with my uncle during the summers. He managed a cattle ranch with about four thousand cattle. In Argentina, cowboys are called gauchos. All summer I dressed like a gaucho, rode horses like a gaucho, and worked like a gaucho.

At the ranch, I was given the responsibility to ride all of the horses that were kept for visitors. I remember one horse that was very good for working with cattle but very tough mouthed. That means that he did not respond very well to the bit. It was difficult for a rider to control him. One day, I took him out first thing in the morning. When horses go out to work, they are sometimes a little bit like we are. They don't go out with a great deal of enthusiasm when it is so early.



HOME



I usually switched horses around midday. I had been fighting with this horse all morning, so when it was time for me to go back and switch horses, I thought, *If you want to run, I'm really going to make you run!* I hit him, and he took off—running at full speed! The only problem was that we were coming up on a gate made of large beams. I pulled on the reins, trying to slow him down. But I had forgotten that when horses are heading for home they are much more excited than when they are heading out. That horse was going home, and nothing was going to stop him! He crashed into the gate—but was unharmed—as I flew onto the ground.

I learned an important lesson from this experience. Most of us have been away from home. When we have been away for a while, we long to go back, just like that horse longed to be back in his stable. We get homesick. If you've been on a long trip, you can remember how you felt traveling back home and how much you wanted to be there. Home is where you belong.

Heaven is our real home, and we really belong with Heavenly Father. Think of how homesick you have been, and imagine how much our spirits miss our heavenly home. How exciting it will be to come back into our Heavenly Father's presence! We should want to do everything we can to get there.

The horse I rode on my uncle's ranch that day had to follow the right path. The ranch was



1. At age 15, with one of the missionaries who taught him
2. At age 5
3. Elder David R. Stone
4. With his family at a son's wedding
5. At age 14 with his sister, Leonora
6. As a young boy with his sister in Buenos Aires



enormous, around ten thousand acres, and if the horse had not stayed on the path, he could have gotten lost. It was good for that horse to go home, but he also needed to go through several gates—not crash into them!

Heavenly Father has set a path for us to follow during our time on earth, with certain gates to pass through. When I was fifteen years old, the missionaries knocked on our door. I learned that the path Heavenly Father has given us is found in the scriptures and in the words of the prophets. I realized that baptism was the first gate we needed to pass through in order to go home. Other gates are the temple endowment and the temple sealing.

If we are determined to stay on the path and pass through these gates, we will return safely home again someday.

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts . . . ;
and be ye thankful (Colossians 3:15).

Pumpkin Pie Surprise

By Heather Klassen
(A true story)



How many pies are we baking?" Jared asked. He pulled a chair up to the counter to help his mother make the pies. "A lot—one for Grandpa, one for your baby-sitter, one for Mr. Gomez next door, and pies for lots of other people. It's my way of thanking them for all they do to help us."

"And we're going to deliver them tomorrow, on Thanksgiving?"

"First thing in the morning."

Jared helped his mother roll out crusts, mix and pour fillings, and pinch the crust edges. Soon the kitchen smelled like pumpkin pies.

"There's someone else I want to make a thank-you pie for," Jared said.

"Who?"

"It's a surprise. Can we make an extra pie?"

"Sure."

Jared rolled out the crust for another pie while his mother mixed the filling.

In the morning, Jared and his mother carried the pies to the car. She drove very carefully to each house.

"Thank you for everything you do," Mother said to each person as they delivered the pies.

Finally there was only one pie left.

"Where do we take your pie, Jared?" Mother asked.

"To the fire station."

Mother looked surprised, but she turned onto the street that led to the fire station.

"I want to thank the firefighters for being there to help us," he explained. "They work even on holidays, when most people get to be home with their families."

“That’s a great idea, Jared.”

He carried the pie into the fire station. The firefighters looked up from polishing their trucks.

“What’s this?” the nearest firefighter asked.

“It’s for you.” Jared handed the pie to the firefighter. “I want to thank all of you for being here on a holiday, ready to help everybody.”

“No one’s ever done this for us before,” the firefighter said. “Thank you. We’ll really enjoy it.”

“I think they liked the pie,” Jared told his mother as they returned to their car.

“Yes, but I think that they liked your idea of thanking them best of all.” Mother hugged him. “And so did I.”

“Let’s go home and bake another pie for us,” Jared suggested.

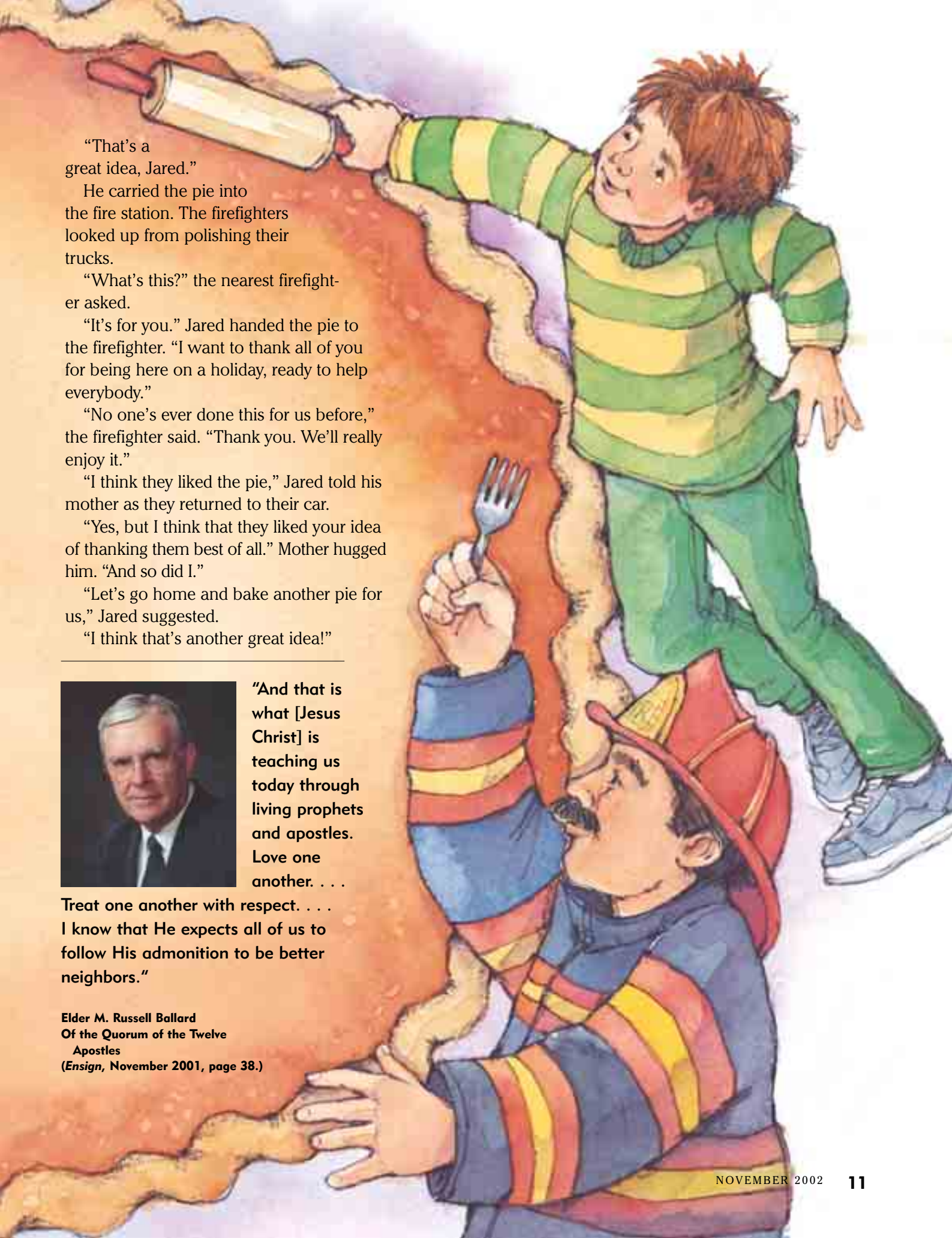
“I think that’s another great idea!”

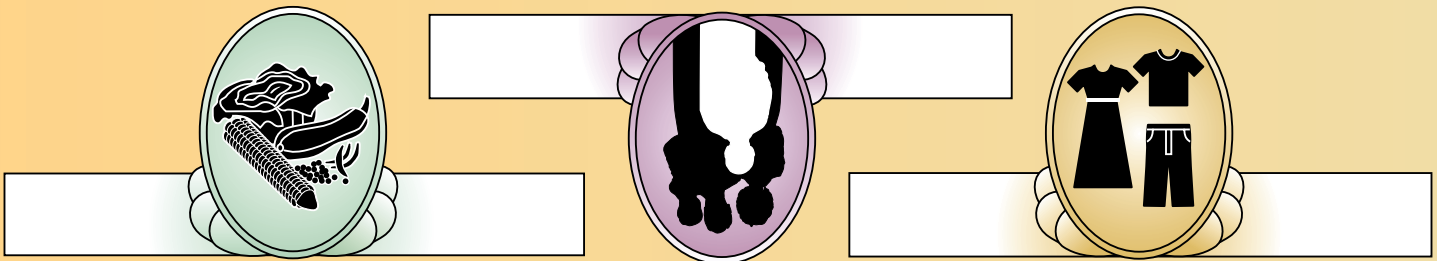
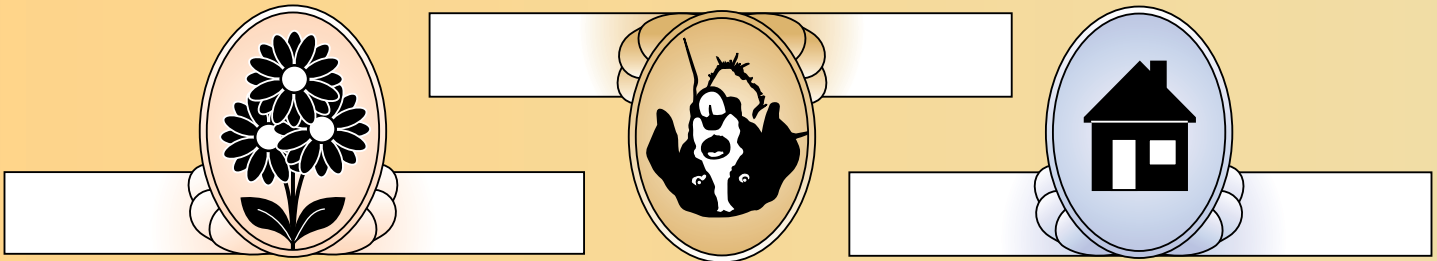
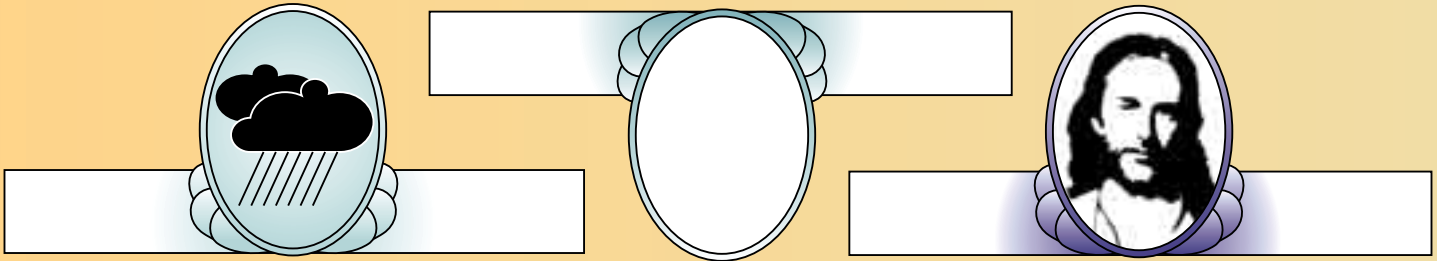
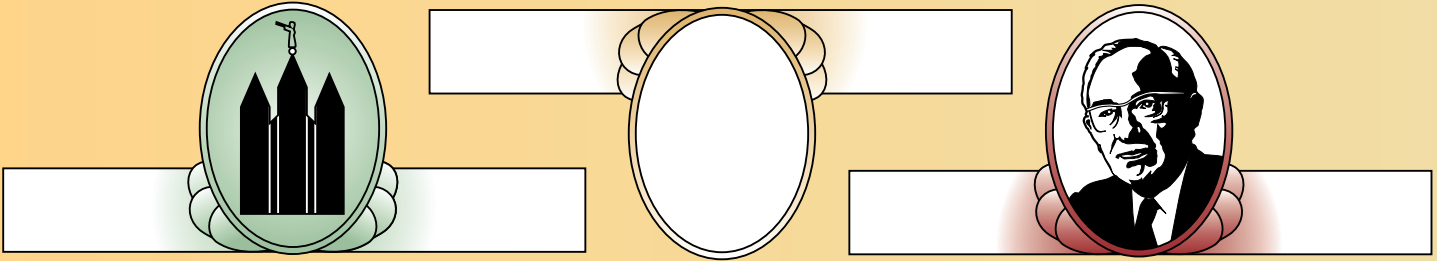
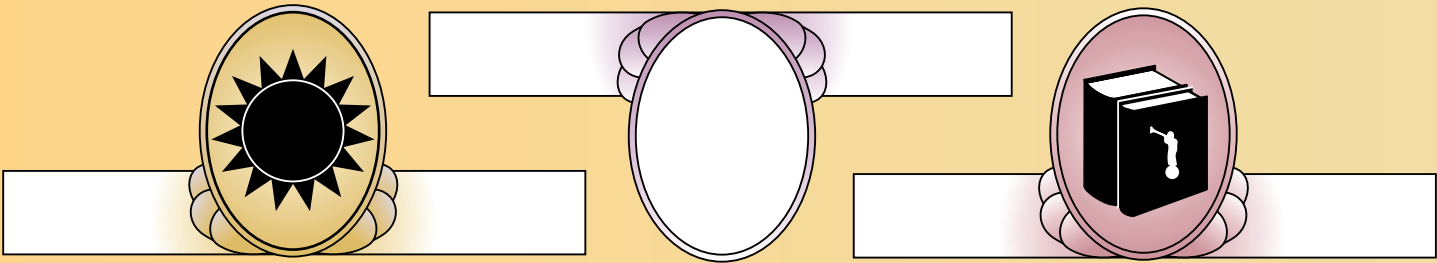


“And that is what [Jesus Christ] is teaching us today through living prophets and apostles. Love one another. . . .

Treat one another with respect. . . . I know that He expects all of us to follow His admonition to be better neighbors.”

Elder M. Russell Ballard
Of the Quorum of the Twelve
Apostles
(*Ensign*, November 2001, page 38.)







I Am Glad for Many Things

By Vicki F. Matsumori

Let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have . . . built this house to my name (Doctrine and Covenants 110:6).

General conference is a wonderful time. We listen to the prophet and other general authorities. They teach us what we should be doing. They also help us remember the blessings we have.

President Gordon B. Hinckley said, “We have come to earth in this great season in the long history of mankind. It is a marvelous age, the best of all.” (*Ensign*, November 2001, page 4.)

What makes this the best of all ages? Can you think of things that make living today better than living in past years? Computers. Faster travel. Modern medicine. President Hinckley has reminded us of two very important things that we should be grateful for. One is the restoration of the gospel, which includes the blessings of the temple. He said, “The temple ordinances become the crowning blessings the Church has to offer” (*Ensign*, May 1998, page 88).

When a new temple is built, everyone in the surrounding area is blessed. Members young and old pay their tithing and do other things to be worthy to have a temple and to attend it. Because they are obedient, they are able to go to the temple and be sealed together as families. Others benefit from the temple as well. Many people feel the peace and joy that comes to the temple grounds as each temple is dedicated.

Another important thing that President Hinckley has reminded us to be grateful for is our parents. He said, “I hope that boys and girls will [have] a greater appreciation for their parents [and] more fervent love in their hearts for those who have brought them into the world” (*Ensign*, November 2001, page 90).

When we have more love and appreciation for our parents, we try harder to obey them. We work

harder at being kind to family members. We try to show our love by having a respectful attitude.

We can also show our gratitude to Heavenly Father when we say our prayers. We can thank Him for our parents, for the blessings of the temple, for all the things that make this the “best of all” ages. We can thank Him especially for sending His Son, Jesus Christ.

And when we follow the prophet’s advice and the Savior’s example, our homes become happier and more peaceful.

“Blessings” Finger Scenes

Mount page 12 on heavy paper. Draw a picture of something special you are thankful for on each blank finger scene. Cut out each scene with its tabs, then glue the ends of the tabs together to make a ring. (Be sure to make two thumb rings larger than the other rings.) Choose the rings you want to use as you sing “I Am Glad for Many Things” (*Children’s Songbook*, page 151). Hold up all your fingers with rings when you sing “many things.”

SHARING TIME IDEAS

(Note: All songs are from *Children’s Songbook (CS)* unless otherwise indicated; GAK = Gospel Art Kit; TNGC = Teaching, No Greater Call)

1. Review scripture stories of people who gave thanks to Heavenly Father. Divide the children into four groups and assign them one of these stories: • 1 Ne. 2:1–7 / Lehi takes his family into the wilderness, then builds an altar and offers thanks. • 1 Ne. 16:21–32 / Nephi relies on the Liahona to direct him to find food, then returns and gives thanks. • Mosiah 24:8–10, 16–25 / Alma and his people are delivered from bondage and give thanks. • Ether 6:1–12 / Jared and his people enter the barges, travel across the waters, and give thanks.

Have the children read the assigned scripture stories with adult leaders, then discuss why the people were grateful. Give the children paper and pencils to make paper stand-up figures (see *TNGC*, p. 176) of the characters and scenery for their assigned stories. Have the groups take turns sharing their stories with the rest of Primary, using the stand-up figures.

Use the same four groups to sing “For Thy Bounteous Blessings” (p. 21). Teach each group a different two measures of the song. Have the first group sing the first two measures over and over while you add the second group. As these two groups sing their parts, add the third group, and finally the fourth group. You can start with any group and add the others in any order. Sing the song as written and also as a round.

For younger children: Review Alma 37:37 and discuss what it means to “let thy heart be full of thanks unto God.” Read “Counting Blessings” (*Friend*, Nov. 2000, p. 5), which tells of a child who lists blessings in a notebook. Have the children draw a heart in their “The Temple—I’m Going There Someday” booklets. Inside the hearts, have them write their own list, or draw pictures of blessings they are grateful for.

2. We should always say thank you to Heavenly Father in our prayers. Review the steps of prayer by singing “I Pray in Faith” (p. 14). Help the children understand that an important step in prayer is to express gratitude.

Discuss the types of prayer they might offer—personal, family, invocations and benedictions, and blessings on food. Have them sit in a circle and pass a beanbag while the pianist plays songs of gratitude, such as “I Think the World Is Glorious” (p. 230), “I Am Glad for Many Things” (p. 151). When the piano music stops, the child with the beanbag tells something he/she would thank Heavenly Father for in a prayer. Continue passing the beanbag and listing items until everyone has a chance to mention something. In larger Primaries, you may need to make more than one circle. Older children might enjoy listing their blessings by thinking of words that begin with the letters that spell *gratitude, thankful, or blessings*.

Help the children learn to use proper prayer language by writing the first verse of “Tell Me, Dear Lord” (p. 176) on the chalkboard. Leave blanks for the words *thine, thou, and thy*. Give a piece of chalk to a child and have him/her listen as the Primary sings the song. Have the child write the correct word on one of the blanks. Repeat with other children until all the blanks have the correct words on them.

Invite the children to say one personal prayer during the week in which they give thanks to the Lord without asking for anything.

3. Help the children understand the importance of being grateful by reading and discussing D&C 59:21. Ask: “What does it mean to ‘confess not his hand in all things?’” How do we give thanks to Heavenly Father? (See Idea #2.)

Discuss the importance of saying thank you to other people. We can show our gratitude to others by doing something for them, by being kind. We can also express our gratitude by saying thank you. Have the members of each class think of some specific thing they can do to show their gratitude to someone—e.g., make a bed besides their own, read a story to a sibling, share a game with a friend.

Have each class take turns pantomiming their actions, and have the other classes try to guess the actions by asking yes-or-no questions. Have them substitute the words *thank you* for the action. For example, a question might be “Do you thank you in the house?” or “Do you thank you in the kitchen?” or “Do you thank you with other people?” Continue the questioning until the actions for each class have been guessed.

Sing songs of gratitude found in the CS Topics index, such as “Children All Over the World” (pp. 16–17).

Have the children write a thank-you letter to their Primary teacher, a family member, or a friend. Have them be specific about what that person has done to bless their lives. Encourage the children to give their letters to those persons. Challenge the children to express gratitude by saying thank you to people throughout the week and also by doing things that show their gratitude, such as being kind or quick to obey.

4. To emphasize the blessings of being in families, play a game, the object of which is to find other members of one’s “Primary family.” On slips of paper, write a family name such as “Jones” or “Smith” for each child. Create as many families as you need for the size of your Primary. For younger children, give family names that are also colors, such as “Green” or “Brown” and write the names in that color or on paper of that color.

Explain that families pass on some family traits through genetics and traditions. Discuss family traits such as height and hair color. On the chalkboard, list some family traits for each Primary family you have created. For example, the Joneses tug at their right ears; the Smiths all cross their legs at the ankles; the Greens smile with their left eyes closed; the Browns scratch their elbows.

Pass the slips to the children and have them find the other members of their Primary families without talking or seeing anyone else’s slip—but

by observation only. Have the classes sit in a circle to observe each other while singing songs about families (see the CS Topics index). During the songs, the children should exhibit their Primary family’s traits.

After all songs have been sung, choose a child to represent each Primary family. Have the selected children take turns finding one other member of his/her family. The new member joins that family and, when it is his/her family’s turn, finds another member of that family. If the new member cannot remember, the rest of the already-found family members can help. Continue until all the children are in family groups.

Have the children return to their seats. Discuss how it felt to be a part of the Primary family. What are the blessings of being in a family? How did those who were left until the last feel? Were they fearful of being left out of a family? How do family-history and temple work help us as families? Review Mal. 4:6 with the children.

Express gratitude for the many families you belong to: your immediate family, the ward family, the national family, and Heavenly Father’s family. Help the children understand that we are more alike than different because of the divine characteristics we have from Heavenly Father. Sing “I Am a Child of God” (pp. 2–3).

5. Invite grandparents in the ward/branch to take part in a panel discussion (see *TNGC*, pp. 175–176). Have each tell a story about him/herself as a child and how obedience to one of the gospel principles blessed his/her life. Have them discuss what they hope their grandchildren will do so that they can have the blessings of happiness and peace.

Have the children choose an area they wish to work on during the upcoming week, such as avoiding contention in their families or being more helpful. Have them write this commitment in their temple booklets. Invite the children to report to their grandparents in person or by phone call or letter the results of their efforts. If the children do not have a grandparent to report to, have them report to a ward family member—a Primary leader, the bishop (the father of the ward), or one of the panel members.

As a thank-you to the panel, sing “Grandmother” (p. 200) and “When Grandpa Comes” (p. 201) or “Families Can Be Together Forever” (p. 188).

If the grandparents have been to the temple, invite them to share their testimonies about the peace and happiness it gives them.

6. In the temple, we learn about the plan of salvation. Before Primary, on separate slips of paper, write words that are opposites, such as *hot/cold, light/dark, happy/sad, tall/short, sick/healthy*. Hide the papers under chairs.

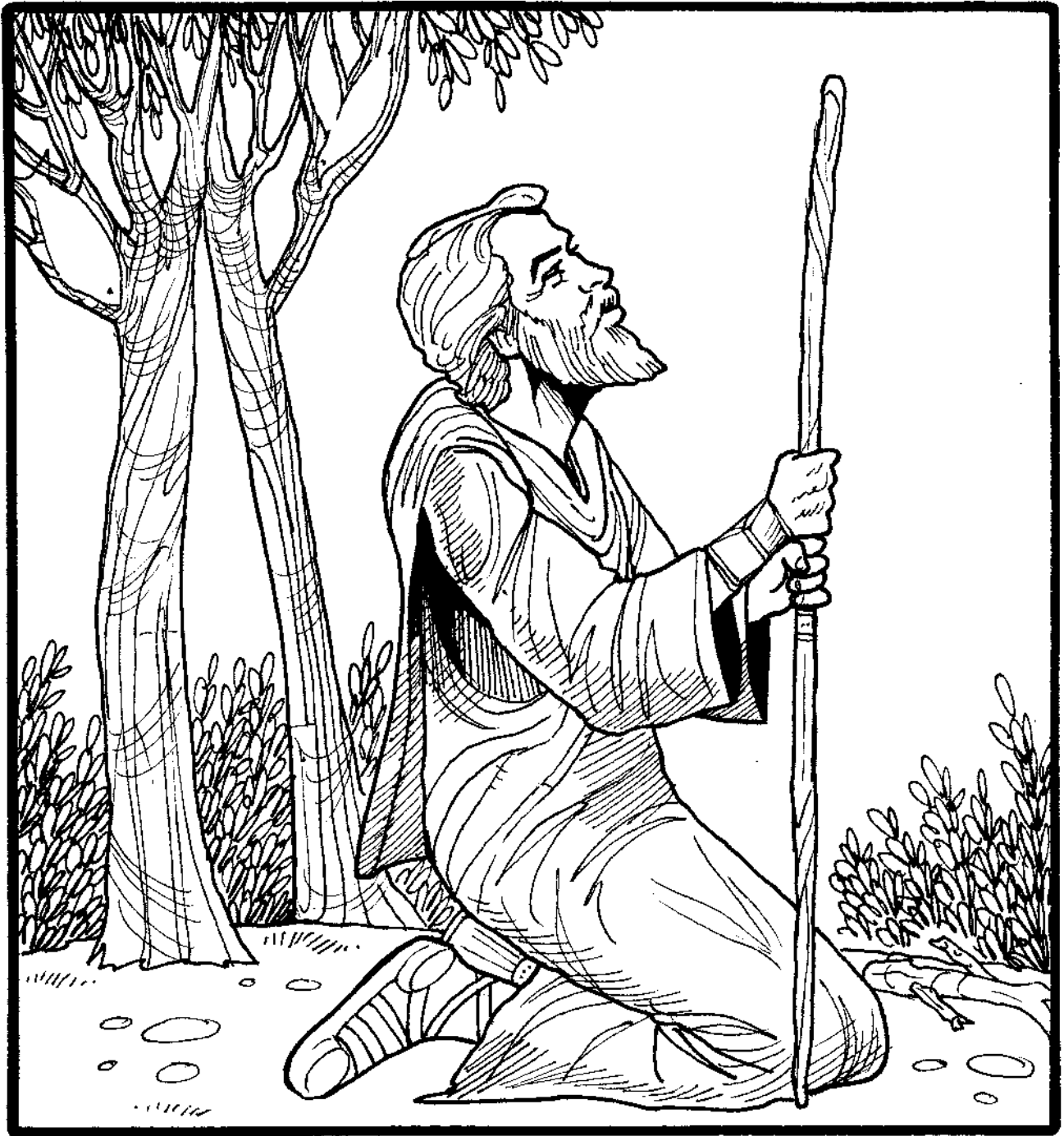
Review the plan, emphasizing the gift of agency—the ability to choose. In order to have agency, there must be opposites. Have the children find the papers under their chairs and affix them to the chalkboard or wall, matching the opposite word of each.

Explain that some things are not always preferable over their opposites—hot and cold, for example. However, at times, one choice is clearly more desirable than the other. We would rather be happy than sad. Sing “Smiles” (p. 267).

The most important decision we need to make is to choose good over evil. Sing “Choose the Right Way” (pp. 160–161). Help the children memorize Josh. 24:15, “Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” Discuss and list on the chalkboard how “my house” can choose to serve the Lord (e.g., family prayer, family home evening, attending church, family scripture study). Help older children discover the ways “my house” can choose to serve the Lord by having them locate scriptures in the Topical Guide under “Family, Children, Duties of” and “Family, Love within.” Discuss the blessings that come to the family by choosing to serve the Lord.

Sing “Our House Becomes a Home” from *Friend*, July 1996, pp. 12–13 and/or songs from “Choice” in the CS Topics index. Testify of the blessings your family has had because they have chosen to serve the Lord.

7. Additional *Friend* resources: “Blessings Everywhere,” Nov. 2001, pp. 14–17; Sharing Time, Oct. 2001, pp. 40–42; “Temple Blessings,” Aug. 2001, pp. 2–3; “Family Relationships,” Aug. 2001, pp. 8–9; “The Important Blessings,” July 2001, pp. 8–9; “A Happy People,” June 2000, pp. 34–35. See also: “Gratitude,” *Ensign*, Nov. 2001, pp. 43–44.



Joshua Served the Lord

By Robert Peterson

After Moses died, Joshua became the prophet to lead the Israelites. With the Lord's help, he prepared the children of Israel to enter the promised land. (See Joshua 1:1-3, 9-11.) Can you find these twelve objects hidden in the picture of Joshua: bird, book, boot, fish, fork, knife, man's shoe, pencil, saltshaker, shovel, spoon, telephone? After you have found them, color the picture.

EMMA LUND

OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN



1. "My heart was filled with warmth and peace when I was baptized," Emma says.

Written and photographed by Birgitta Karlfeldt

Emma Lund (8) lives north of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, with her brothers Christian (11), Marcus (10), and Axel (5 months); her mom, Ingrid; and her dad, Torbjörn. Another little brother, Robin, was stillborn three years ago.

Emma has long blond hair and blue eyes. According to Marcus, she is gentle, kind, and helpful. In fact, the only fault he can tease her about is that she quickly eats up all her sweets.

Emma laughs a little at this. Her smile is never far away, but she can also be very serious. She doesn't answer questions quickly but frowns thoughtfully and thinks deeply first. When she is asked who Jesus Christ is and why He came to earth, she answers, "He had to come to die for us and go back to Heavenly Father so that we can be with God after we die. I know that He is very kind."

Emma is artistic, a heritage from both her grandmothers. She enjoys painting and is learning to make ceramics from her Granny Ann. One of their creations is Santa Claus—the old Swedish Santa with gray clothing instead of a red suit.

When Emma grows up, she wants to either work with ceramics or become a farmhand. "I love to feed chickens, milk cows, and take care of all kinds of animals," she says. "I like rabbits, squirrels, hedgehogs, guinea pigs, sheep, birds, and dogs. Cats, too," she adds, cuddling Skrålle, the family cat.

Her largest animal friend is a golden-haired

ILLUSTRATED BY SHAUNA MOONEY KAWASAKI



2



3



4



pony that she rides every Friday. Granny Ann rides often, and Emma rides with her, learning to ride both in a saddle and bareback. “I give my pony apples to eat,” she says, smiling. “I groom him, clean his hoofs, and comb his mane and tail. I like him a lot.”

Sister Lund is a licensed pilot who turned down a chance to learn to fly jet planes in order to get married and have a family.

Brother Lund is not a member of the Church, but everyone says he’s just like one. He’s a marketing manager for a global company and is kept busy traveling. After all his hard work, he likes to relax with the family.

“We enjoy simple things like hiking and picnics in God’s beautiful nature,” Sister Lund explains. “Every summer, we rent canoes and paddle together, sleep in tents, and catch fish and cook them over an open fire. Even if it is pouring rain, the children are always in a good mood.”

Emma is an excellent swimmer. She could swim two hundred meters when she was only six years old. Skiing and skating are other favorite family sports. The whole family goes on a skiing holiday to the Swedish Alps every winter. Emma is a good skier and skis slalom without ski poles.

Another family activity is picking mushrooms in the vast Swedish forest each fall. “I know what the best mushrooms look like,” Emma states proudly.

Everyone in the family enjoys music and singing. Emma plays the flute, often accompanied

ers. When Emma looks after her baby brother, she of concentrates on something. On her first day of school, all her classmates suddenly got quiet. They turned around, and there was Emma, singing to herself as she painted a picture.

2. Emma with her pony

3. The family spent New Year’s Eve skiing in the Swedish alps. Here is Emma, who skis slalom without ski poles.

4. Emma, Christian, and their parents by the Christmas tree

5. Granny Ann, Sister Lund, and Emma on Midsummer Eve. Emma is wearing a Norwegian folkdress from Hardanger, Granny one from Finnish Karelen, and Sister Lund the Union dress commemorating the union between Sweden and Norway in 1905. Grandfather was from Norway.



5



6

6. Emma likes to paint. Here she is in her room with Mom, Marcus, and little Axel.

7. Emma playing the flute, accompanied by Marcus on the piano



7

At family home evenings, the Lunds sing and play different instruments. Each member of the family is responsible for part of the program. After the lesson, they play games. Sometimes the children invite friends to join them.

Emma likes to read fairy tales and the scriptures. "I'm not so good at reading yet, so Mum reads the scriptures aloud to me," she says. "The person I like most is John the Baptist because he baptized so many. And he makes me think about my own baptism."

As Emma approached her eighth birthday, she was allowed to choose the day of her baptism. She chose her birthday. She did not know that her birthday fell on the last day of an important meeting her father was to attend in Finland. When he came home from work, Emma dashed happily down the stairs to meet him and asked, "Daddy, will you come to my baptism on my birthday?" "Of course, I shall be at your baptism," Brother Lund said with a smile. Emma ran away happy, and her father called his boss to say he would miss the last day of the meeting.

Emma remembers clearly her feelings when she was baptized and confirmed by her uncle, Richard Bruvik. "My heart felt so warm. When I was confirmed, I felt so peaceful."

When asked who the present prophet is, she replies, "I'm sure it's Gordon B. Hinckley. He says what Jesus wants us to do. Jesus tells him, and he tells us. He looks kind."

Like her brothers, Emma has chores to do at home. "I take care of my room, take the dishes out of the dishwasher, lay the table, sing to my little brother, and entertain him. And I get up early in the mornings, although I'm very tired."

Sweden has many fun traditions. One is to dance around the midsummer pole on Midsummer Eve. Emma's family goes to an island where her father's parents have a summer home. "It's so peaceful—no cars. You can hear the birds," Emma says.

Christmas is another traditional holiday. In Sweden, gifts are given on Christmas Eve. It is a Lund family tradition to send packets with toothpaste, toothbrushes, soap, and some candy to hospitalized orphans in the Baltic states of Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia. They send one packet from each family member. "I think that the children who get the presents are very happy," Emma says, beaming.

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.

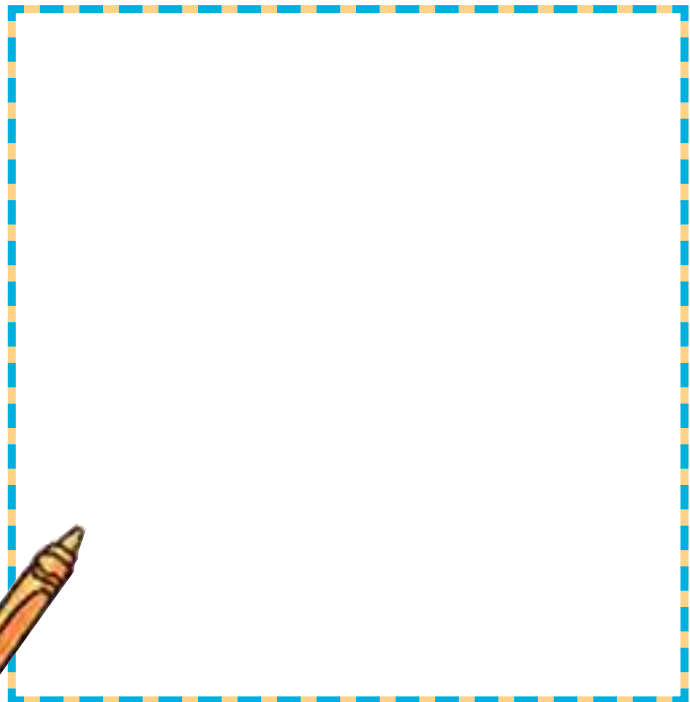
My Many Talents

November Journal 2002

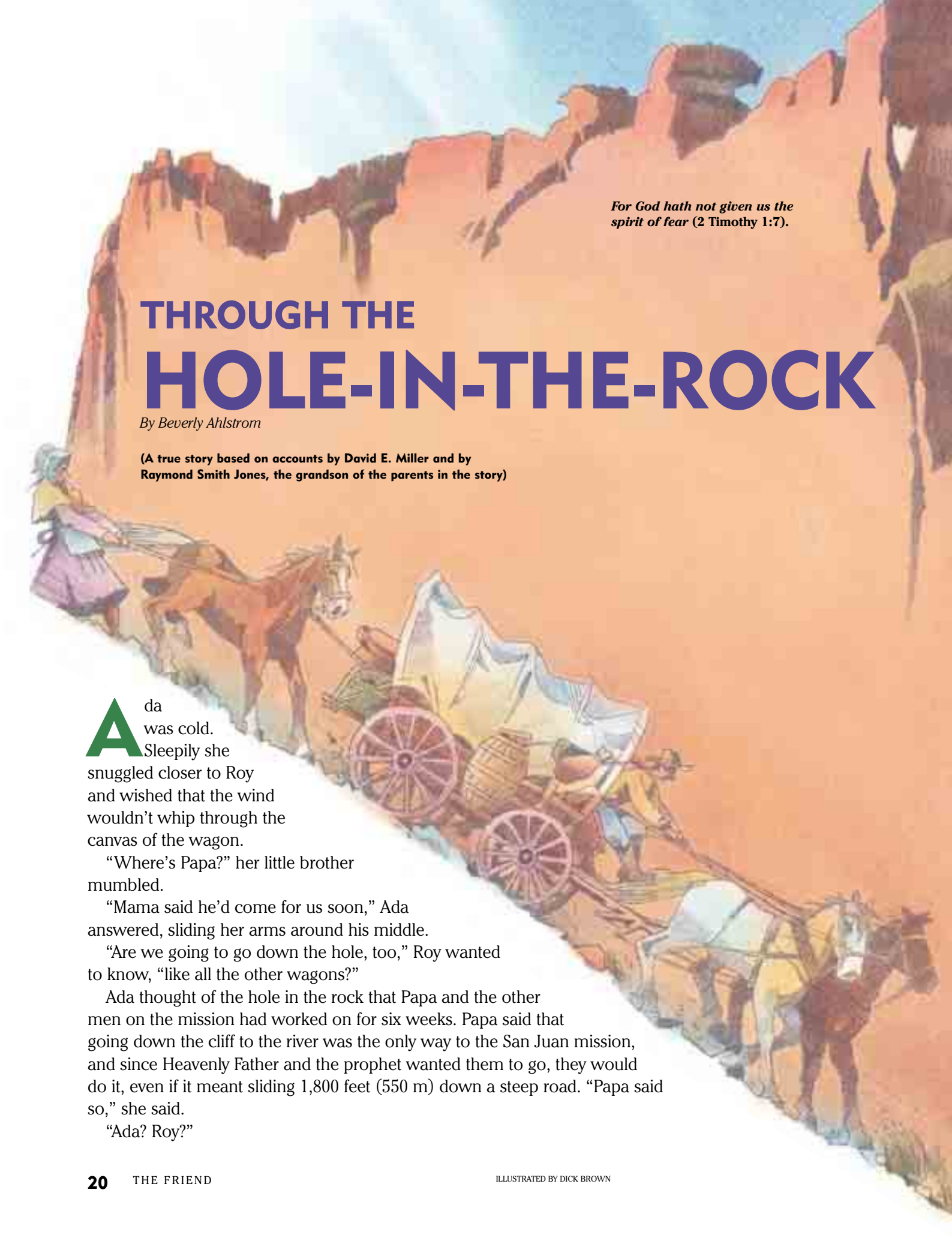
Things About Me That I'd Like to Improve



I chose one commandment that I needed to work on this month. Here is my plan and how I achieved my goal.



Draw a picture of yourself.



For God hath not given us the spirit of fear (2 Timothy 1:7).

THROUGH THE HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK

By Beverly Ahlstrom

(A true story based on accounts by David E. Miller and by Raymond Smith Jones, the grandson of the parents in the story)

Ada was cold. Sleepily she snuggled closer to Roy and wished that the wind wouldn't whip through the canvas of the wagon.

"Where's Papa?" her little brother mumbled.

"Mama said he'd come for us soon," Ada answered, sliding her arms around his middle.

"Are we going to go down the hole, too," Roy wanted to know, "like all the other wagons?"

Ada thought of the hole in the rock that Papa and the other men on the mission had worked on for six weeks. Papa said that going down the cliff to the river was the only way to the San Juan mission, and since Heavenly Father and the prophet wanted them to go, they would do it, even if it meant sliding 1,800 feet (550 m) down a steep road. "Papa said so," she said.

"Ada? Roy?"

"Papa!" Ada ran and threw her arms around her papa's neck. "Are we going down the hole?"

"Yes, we are, and by ourselves, too," Papa said, letting her go and stepping back. Ada could hear him muttering as he moved around the wagon, hitching up the horses. "There I was helping them across the river and not one of them came back to help bring my wagon down!"

"I can help!" Roy called out from his bed.

"Just hang on," Mama told him. She climbed into the wagon with the baby.

Ada listened to the horses feet, sharp on the bare rock where the snow had blown clear or had been worn away by the other wagons.

"Easy, boy, easy." The wagon lurched to a stop. Ada heard the chains rattle. Papa was chaining the back wheels so that they could not roll. That would help keep the wagon from going too fast. Even so, a funny, scary tickle started in her belly. The road down the cliff was as steep as the roof of a house. Skinny, too. Part of it was only a place where holes had been drilled into the rock, wooden stakes pounded in, and brush and dirt piled on top. If it didn't work, the wagon might slip off and tumble to the river that was only a silver thread at the bottom of the gorge.

None of the other 82 wagons had fallen, but each had been held back by as many as 10 men. Ada had seen them straining with all their might, grunting and panting white steam into the cold air.

"Come on, Ada," Mama called. She gathered a pile of quilts and lifted the three children from the wagon bed. "I am going to help Papa get the wagon down."

"All by yourself?"

Mama nodded.

Ada shivered. Out in the wind, the cold was worse. This was the rockiest, driest, coldest place Ada had ever seen. Since October, when they had left Cedar City, she had been dirty and thirsty. Now it was almost the end of January. She wondered if they would ever get to Montezuma, the new town.

Papa was looking down the hole-in-the-rock. He kept shaking his head. Ada couldn't hear what



he and Mama were talking about, but Mama had on her "stubborn look," which meant that Mama would do whatever she decided was best.

Ada hugged her shawl tighter around her. Pretty soon Mama came back to where the children waited and spread the quilts right on the snow.

"Sit here, Roy," she said. Roy sat, and Mama put the baby in his arms. Even if he was only three years old, Roy was good at holding Baby George. "Hold little brother till Papa comes for you. Now, Ada, sit by your brothers and say a little prayer."

Ada wanted to be brave, but she felt like crying and hanging onto Mama's skirts. But she was five, a big girl, and so she sat and let Mama tuck the quilt over her legs.

"Don't move, dears," Mama told them. "Don't even stand up. As soon as we get the wagon down, Papa will come back for you."

The scary tickle in Ada's belly got worse. She tilted her head back and stared up at Papa, his face red from the cold and his blue eyes crinkled at the corners. "Will you come back, Papa?"

He nodded and turned his head aside. But she saw that he was crying. Papa crying! But he said



that he'd come back, so Ada knew he would.

"Then I'm not afraid!" she said. "We'll stay here with God till you and Mama get the wagon down." Ada bowed her head. "Father in heaven, bless me and Roy and Baby George until our father comes back."

When Ada looked up again, Papa was on the wagon seat. Mama stood behind the wagon with Old Ned, the spare horse, who was tied to the back of the wagon to help slow it down. She wrapped Ned's reins round and round her hands.

"Giddap!" Papa clucked. The horses lunged forward, and the wagon lurched through the hole. Mama ran behind, dragging on the reins so hard that she was leaning backward. Then the wagon, Old Ned, and Mama dropped out of sight.

Faintly Ada heard rattling. Then it was so quiet that her ears buzzed, and when she swallowed, it sounded loud.

"Ada," Roy whispered, where'd they go?"

"Down to the river, I guess."

"Oh."

A gust of wind swirled the powdery snow and whipped it across the children, stinging their faces. Roy stuck out his bottom lip and snuffled.

Ada thought hard. Mama had told them to stay still, but if Roy started crying, then Baby George might, too, and Ada didn't know what to do. Yes, she did!

"It will be all right," she said to Roy. "Papa said

he would be back. And we said a prayer, didn't we? Heavenly Father and Jesus know that we are in the snow, and They will keep us safe."

They waited a long time. Ada wiggled her toes to keep them warm. Roy rubbed his red nose on his shoulder and sniffed. They waited some more.

Finally Ada couldn't wait anymore. She didn't stand up, but she tilted her head back and called, "Papa! Papa!"

From far away she heard Papa yelling, "Coming, Ada!"

"He's coming! Listen!" She told Roy.

He nodded happily. "Papa!"

"Ada!" Papa's voice was louder now. And then she saw his hat through the hole-in-the-rock, and then his face, and then all of him striding through the snow to where they waited.

"God stayed with us," Ada told him when he knelt on one knee next to them.

Roy piped up. "The baby's gone to sleep, and my arm feels like it's 'most broke."

Papa smiled a little, then scooped up Baby George in one arm and Roy in his other.

"Come on, Ada," he said. "Hang on to my pockets while we walk down."

Ada stood and hooked her hands in Papa's back pockets. She had to take long steps to keep up, but it was fun bouncing along behind him. "Where's Mama?"

"Down with the wagon. Old Ned fell, and so did Mama. The wagon dragged them part of the way down, but I think they will both be all right." He stopped to adjust the boys in his arms. Ada peered around him at the slanted, rocky path. She shivered and closed her eyes.

The first part, they sat down and slid. Then they walked as close to the wall of the canyon as they could. It made Ada dizzy to look down, so she concentrated on Papa's back. Where the road was filled in, the ground felt spongy. Papa said that the horses didn't like walking on it, either. The very end of the road was sandy. Ada's feet slid and sank in. At last the ground evened out.

"We made it," Papa told her. "My wife and children are the bravest pioneers in the Church."

Letting go of Papa's pockets, she turned and looked back up to the hole-in-the-rock at the edge of the sky. How had they gotten down safely? Ada knew. "God helped us."

A painting of a woman in a yellow coat and pink bonnet looking up at a rocky cliff face. The cliff face is the central focus, showing a narrow opening or 'hole-in-the-rock' with a path leading down. The woman is in the foreground, looking up towards the cliff. The background is a warm, orange-brown color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The style is impressionistic with visible brushstrokes.

ABOUT THE HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK

By Beverly Ahlstrom

In 1878–79 Church officials called a number of families—perhaps 250 people in all—to go on a settlement mission to the area where now the states of Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico meet. They were to help Indian tribes, keep bandits from the area, and work as missionaries.

The hills in southern Utah are as round and smooth as apples. In winter, snow blankets the rock. Even in spring, there are few plants. Wind-whipped, a level surface suddenly turns into gulches and blind canyons, cliffs falling thousands of feet to the rare river. In the winter of 1879–80, 230 people, 83 wagons, and 1,000 head of livestock made this unbelievable journey.

After the first four weeks of travel, their road ended at 40-Mile Spring. Snow filled the mountain passes behind them. The only possible way was through the rocky canyon lands to a crack, or hole, in the cliff that dropped 1,000 feet (over 300 m) down to the Colorado River. Using hand tools and the little bit of black powder they had, the men divided into three teams and began to work. The first team widened the crack.

The second team chiseled, blasted, and filled the trail, which they called a dugway. At first it couldn't even be walked down. Men were lowered in half barrels to where they chiseled holes two inches (five cm) wide and 10 inches (25 cm) deep. Stakes were pounded into the holes, then covered with poles, brush, and dirt, thus tacking 50 feet (15 m) of road onto the cliff face. The finished road was 1,800 feet (550 m) long.

The third team worked on a steep dugway rising from the other side of the river for use once the wagons were ferried across the river.

After six weeks of hard work, on January 26, 1880, they started down through the hole-in-the-rock. The rear wheels of the heavily loaded wagons were chained. One man drove each wagon while as many as ten men held it back with ropes. The women and children preferred to walk and slide to the river. Not a single wagon was lost.

Joseph Stanford Smith and his wife, Arabella, were the last to take their wagon down, and they did it alone. After the family drove on to the river, they met a group of men who were coming back to help them. "Through the Hole-in-the-Rock" is the story of how the family did it.



TEMPLES DOT THE EARTH

(A temple-card game for three to six players)

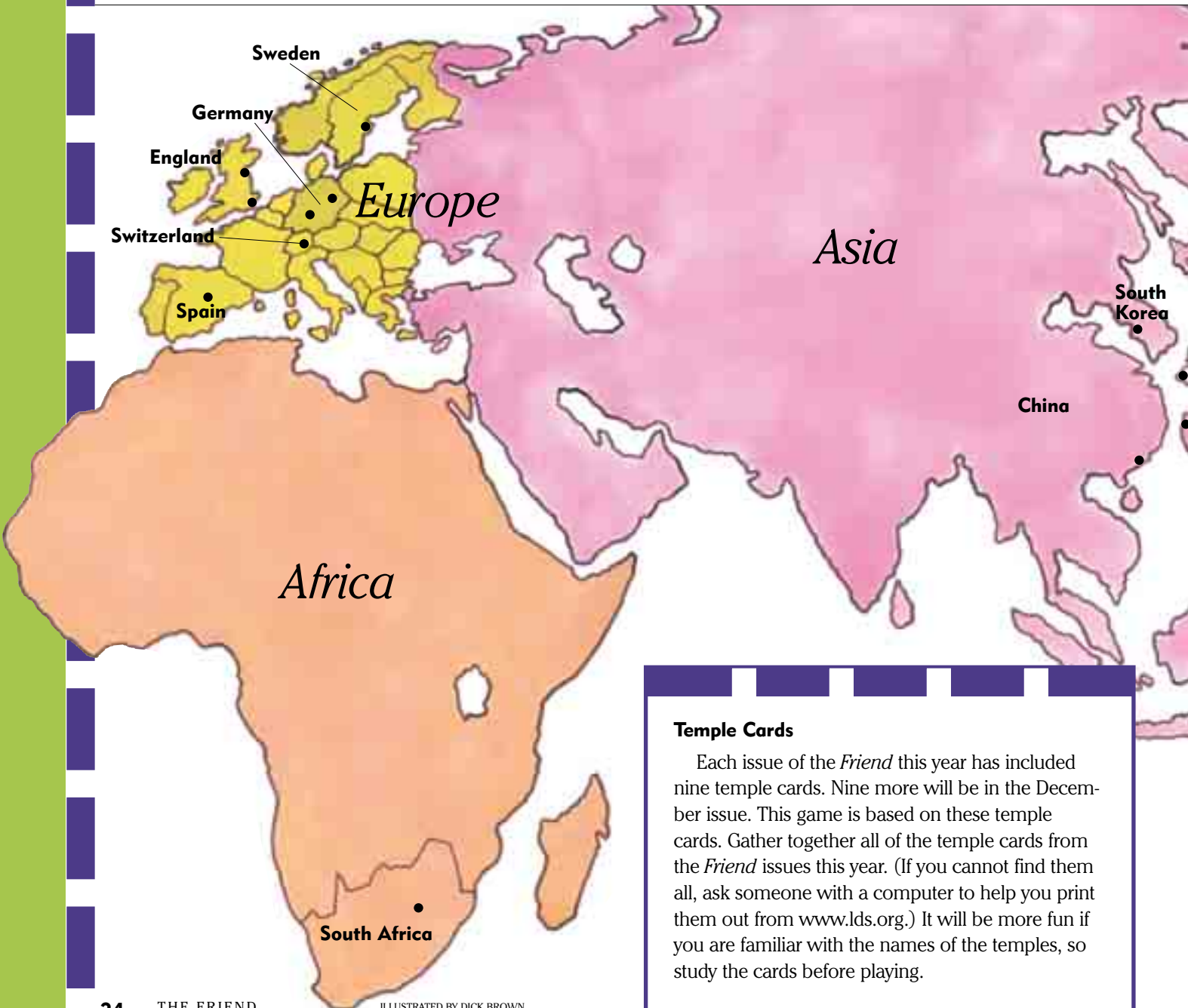
Game Board

To create the game board, mount this map of the world on poster board or cardboard. The world has been divided into eight sectors, each a different color and labeled with large *italic* letters. Each country in which there was a temple at the end of 2001 has also been identified.

How to Play

Shuffle the temple cards (see box below) and stack them face-down on the temple card box. Choose someone to be the first Temple Guide. The Temple Guide draws the top card and silently reads the information. He or she then shows the temple (but not its name) to the

other players and announces the date of its dedication. (If the Temple Guide does not know which sector the temple is found in, he/she can find out by silently checking the map.) The person to the left of the Temple Guide then attempts to name, in order, (1) the sector in which the temple is located, (2) the country, and (3) the name of the



Temple Cards

Each issue of the *Friend* this year has included nine temple cards. Nine more will be in the December issue. This game is based on these temple cards. Gather together all of the temple cards from the *Friend* issues this year. (If you cannot find them all, ask someone with a computer to help you print them out from www.lds.org.) It will be more fun if you are familiar with the names of the temples, so study the cards before playing.

temple. If the person is right on all three facts, he/she wins that Temple Card and keeps that card. The person to the left of the Temple Guide now becomes the Guide and draws a new card. When someone gives the wrong answer on any of the three facts, his/her turn is ended. The person to his/her left, tries to tell the missed fact. After each won Temple Card, the person to the left of the Temple

Guide becomes the next Guide, regardless of who won the temple.

Hints and Washouts

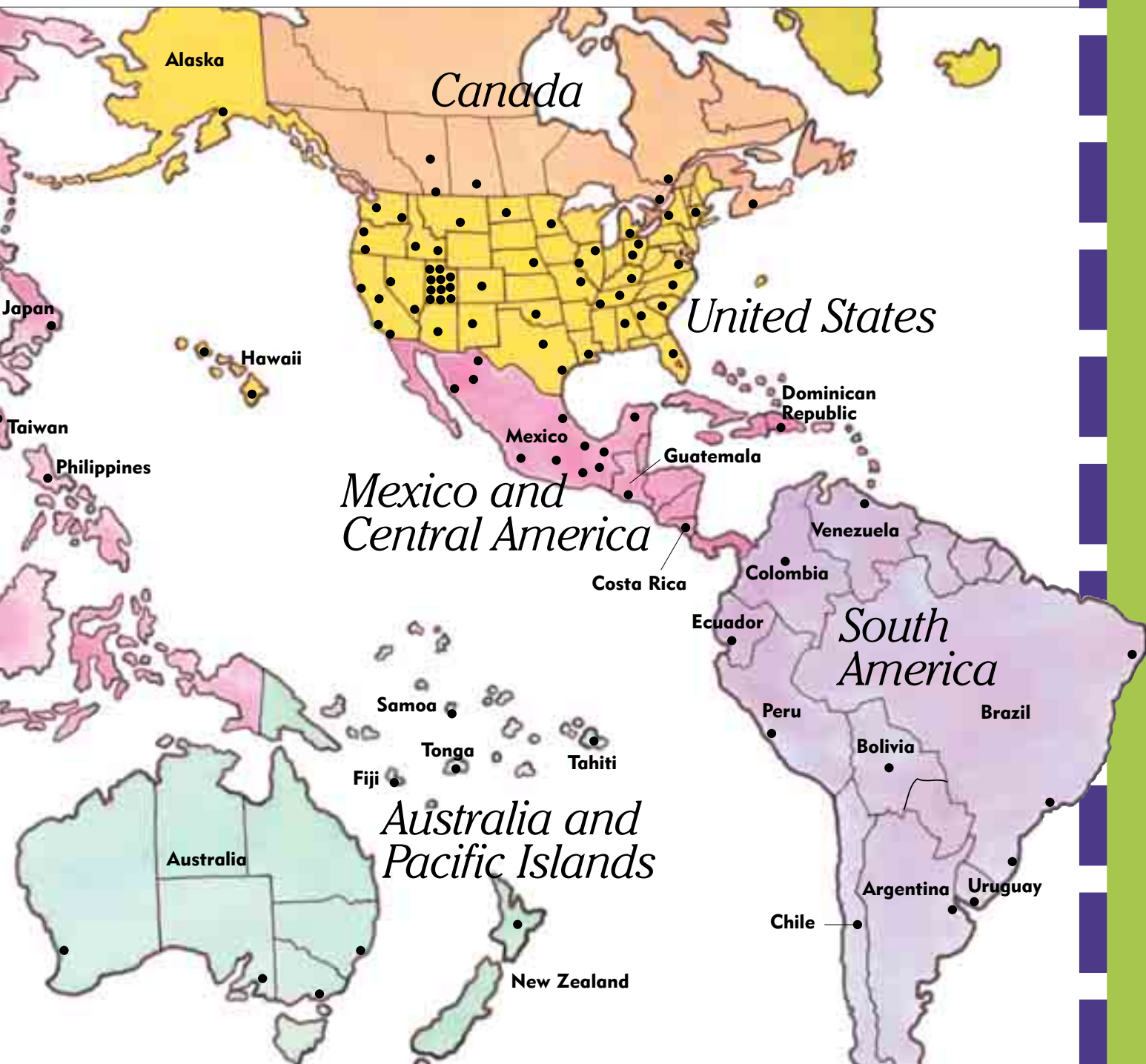
If everyone is clearly stumped by a country or temple, the Temple Guide may choose to give a hint. For example, the first letter of the name of a country or temple.

If everyone agrees that they simply cannot guess the name of a particular temple, the Temple Guide

may declare a washout, name the temple himself/herself, and place it in an open part of Asia or Africa. No one wins this temple. The person to the Temple Guide's left becomes the new Temple Guide as usual, and play continues.

Winning the Game

The first person with five temple cards wins the game. Before playing another game, reshuffle the cards.





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

Sticking Up for Someone

By Stephanie Fitzgerald

One day at school, my friends were making fun of a girl. I was trying to be nice to her because she had it kind of rough, and lots of kids were mean to her. When the bell rang at the end of the day, my friends said, “Hey, let’s get her coat before she gets it and throw it in the boys’ bathroom.”

I knew that this would not be nice and that it would make the girl feel very bad. I thought about what Jesus would want me to do, and I told them that it would not be a nice thing to do. They did it anyway, and it made me feel very bad.

The girl was really sad and asked them to get it back. They just laughed and ran off.

I told the girl that I was sorry they were so mean to her and that she was my friend. I got her coat for her. I’m glad I stuck up for her. I know that I did what Jesus would want me to do, and I am very glad.



Stephanie Fitzgerald, age 11
Rexburg, Idaho



Tyler (3) and Tanner (5) Towle and Bishop Schmidt
Granite Bay, California

Muffins for the Bishop

By Tanner Towle

One Sunday after church, I told my mom, “Our bishop has to stay after church a long time after everyone else goes home. I’d like to take him a snack.”

The next week, my brother, Tyler, and I took blueberry muffins to Bishop Schmidt after church. My mom said that I’m following Jesus when I think of other people.

I’m thankful for our bishop and for all the time he gives to our ward.

Stick Tepees

By Mia Liechty

The prophet has asked us to “love thy neighbor” as Jesus Christ did. My sister, Lynn, and I like to build tepees in our yard out of sticks and leaves. Our next-door neighbor likes building tepees, too. She took our sticks and said that they were hers. We argued about it.

We apologized for arguing, and she invited us into her yard. “But,” she said, “if you come into my yard, you have to promise that you will not take my sticks.” She wanted us to swear by Heavenly Father’s name. We told her we can’t do that because of our religion. We explained that we use Heavenly Father’s name reverently because we love Him.

She didn’t know what reverent means, so we told her. We promised in our own way that we wouldn’t take her sticks, and we’ve been friends ever since.



Mia and Lynn Liechty, ages 9 and 6
Great Lakes, Illinois

Sunday Parties

By Matthew Jenkins

One day I received a party invitation from one of my best friends, Joshua.

The only problem was that his party was going to be on Sunday. I told him that I really wanted to be with him on his birthday but that Sunday was the Sabbath Day and not a day for me to go to parties. I asked him if he could change it to Saturday so that I could go. I learned that since he is Jewish, his Sabbath Day is on Saturday. Joshua understood why I couldn’t come to his party. Instead, I took a present to his house on Tuesday after school and shared leftover cake from his party. Tuesday even turned out to be his real birthday, and it was fun to share it together. He had even saved a party bag and treats for me!

That same week, I received another party invitation. It was to a bowling party of another kindergarten friend. His party was also on Sunday. Again, I decided to tell my friend Chase that I really wanted to be at his party but that Sunday was the Sabbath Day and I didn’t go to parties on Sundays. Instead, my mom picked us boys up from school and surprised us with lunch and two games of bowling! It makes me feel happy inside to know that I can do both—keep the Sabbath Day holy and share in celebrating birthdays with my friends.

It also helps me feel like a missionary to teach my friends about the importance of honoring the Sabbath Day. Since his party, Chase’s mom has been asking my mom lots of questions about the Church, and they have been interested in coming to ward activities with us. I hope they come, and I hope that they will join the Church. Then Chase and his family can come to church with me on Sundays!



Matthew Jenkins, age 6
Yorktown, Virginia

Our Creative Friends

My Grandma

G is for Grandma.

R is for wrinkles.

A is for always loves Adam.

N is for never, ever forgets me.

D is for daisies.

M is for my sweet grandma.

A is for I will always love my grandma.

I love you, Grandma!

Adam Smith, age 5

Hamilton, Montana

Once There Was a Sunbeam

(To the tune of "Once There Was a Snowman,"

Children's Songbook, page 249)

Once there was a Sunbeam, Sunbeam, Sunbeam,

Once there was a Sunbeam, small, small, small.

Through the years, he grew up, grew up, grew up,

Through the years, he grew up, tall, tall, tall.

Now he's on a mission, mission, mission,

Now he's on a mission, with Elder Paul.

He's there to teach the gospel, gospel, gospel,

He's there to teach the gospel to them all!

Cody Law, age 10

Kuna, Idaho

"I Am like a Star," Verse 2

(See *Children's Songbook*, page 163.)

I am like a star shining brightly,

Shining for the whole world to see.

I can do what's right

Each and every night,

For I know Heavenly Father loves me.

Liberty Newell, age 6

Fossil, Oregon

The Toad

I was walking down a road,

And I met a little toad.

I said, "Move, little toad,"

As I walked down the road.

The toad hopped over my head

And went to bed.

And I never saw him again.

Camilla Stark, age 6

Colorado Springs, Colorado

I Hold in My Hand Lots of Love

My mom says I have my grandpa's hands.

Whenever I look at them, I feel special.

My grandpa is one of my best friends.

Someday I want to be just like him.

My grandpa is cool, nice, and funny.

Sometimes he works in his garage all day.

He makes rubber-band guns for me.

He thinks work is like play.



- 1 Mandie Lynn Beyler, age 6
Honeyville, Utah
- 2 Samantha Lee, age 5
Mesa, Arizona
- 3 Danica Ozaki, age 9
Las Vegas, Nevada
- 4 Ashley Wilson, age 8
Fort Collins, Colorado
- 5 Leah Cecil, age 11
Garden Grove, California
- 6 Brandon John Beck, age 6
Trabuco Canyon, California
- 7 Skyler Simmons, age 7
Overton, Nevada
- 8 Tracy Hinkson, age 11
Sacramento, California
- 9 Taylor Wilkinson, age 9
Pocatello, Idaho
- 10 Landon Durrant, age 11
Layton, Utah
- 11 Ashley Amen, age 7
Blue Springs, Missouri
- 12 Hanna Williams, age 10
Gonzales, Louisiana
- 13 Heather McKinley, age 10
Simpsonville, South Carolina
- 14 Karen Sant, age 11
Cincinnati, Ohio
- 15 Taylor Cardiff, age 5
Rockvale, Tennessee
- 16 Benjamin Marc Gentile, age 9
Boxboro, Massachusetts
- 17 Denim Horton, age 9
Apex, North Carolina
- 18 McLane Sanford, age 8
Liberty, Missouri
- 19 Adam Davies, age 8
Beverley, England
- 20 Daniel Woodruff, age 10
Bow Island, Alberta, Canada



Grandpa gives me big, huge, squeezey hugs.
He kisses off my cheek with his scratchy face.
It makes me feel warm inside.

When I hold his hand, I hold lots of love
without disgrace.

Austin Keith Snow, age 7
Orem, Utah

"My Heavenly Father Loves Me," Verse 3

(See *Children's Songbook*, pages 228–229.)

Whenever I hear the neigh of a horse

As he trots in the valley below,

Whenever I hear the bark of a dog

Or play in the white, white snow,

Whenever I swim in the water so cool

Or feel the warm sun on my face,

I wonder how Heavenly Father could make

Such a wonderful, marvelous place.

Mary Moberly, age 10

Manhattan, Kansas

Sunset Canvas

As the breeze blows a dazzling pink and rose
color,

Shines its art like no other,

An art masterpiece for its design,

Imagine a canvas of the Father.

You are a shadow, a diamond unto Him.

Kristen Stevenson, age 11

Frederick, Maryland

A Day of Thanks

I am very thankful for all that's here,

Because there was a little voice whispering
in my ear.

It said I should be thankful for my family.

It said I should be thankful I am free.

It said I should be thankful for the food on
my plate.

It said I should be happy, and it's time to
celebrate.

It said that the Pilgrims a long time ago

Had very little water, and their food was
rather low.

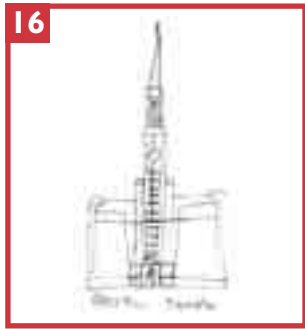
It said I should be thankful, for I am fed.

He said I should be thankful for my room
and my bed.

I listened to this little voice, and I did what
He said.

I am very thankful!

Daryl Lindsey, age 9
Fort Salonga, New York





The Castle Cure

And remember in all things . . .
the sick and the afflicted
(Doctrine and Covenants
52:40).

By Hilary Hendricks
(A true story)

Tim's foot hurt. His cast felt hot and itchy, and he was tired of just lying on the couch.

"Mom," Tim called and waited.

"Mom," he called again, a little louder. *She must be upstairs with the baby*, he decided. He looked over the stack of movies she had borrowed from the library. He'd already watched them all—twice. He looked out the window. In the backyard, little Heidi climbed up on her plastic slide while David slid down. Sun lit their hair, and he could hear them laughing. "It's not fair," Tim grumbled to no one in particular. He wished his foot wouldn't ache anymore.

He heard a rumble approaching the house, followed by a loud squeal. The school bus. Soon the front door creaked open, and he heard the thud of backpacks and instrument cases hitting the floor. *Brian and Eric are home*, he told himself. He listened to their footsteps heading toward the kitchen.

"Hey, Tim," Brian's voice said.

Tim couldn't see him over the back of the couch. "Hi," he answered quietly.

"Feeling any better?" Brian's head popped into view.

Tim frowned up at him. "No. And I'm bored."

"Do you want a snack?" Eric called from the kitchen. "There are lots of frozen treats in here."

"No thanks."

"I'll have a grape one," Brian said.

Tim heard a box snap open and wrappers crunch as Eric fished one out.

"Catch."

Tim flinched when the frozen treat hurtled over the couch and bashed against his cast. "Ouch!" he yelled.

Brian grabbed the treat.

"Oops, sorry," Eric called, taking his treat outside.

"So, have you worked on your castle yet?" Brian asked.

Tim shook his head.

"Why not?"





“It’s downstairs.” Tim had crutches, but he wasn’t supposed to use them yet. His bedroom—and everything else downstairs—had been pretty much off-limits since his foot surgery last week.

“Do you want me to get the stuff for you?”

Tim shrugged. The castle was to be made out of tiny plastic blocks of many shapes and colors. Even though the set was brand-new, it would take him hours to find all the pieces he’d need—especially because he wasn’t supposed to even sit up for very long.

“I can help you put it together,” Brian offered. “I don’t have that much homework to do.”

Tim smiled. “Really?”

“Sure. We can build it on this table right by the couch. I’ll hand you the pieces, and you figure out how they fit.”

“OK.”

Brian threw his empty stick into the trash and tromped down the stairs. Tim listened to hear his steps coming back up.

“Here it is.” Brian handed the box to Tim.

“Thanks.” Tim slid his finger between layers of cardboard and opened the box. Inside, the pieces glittered in plastic bags. He handed Brian some colorful pages with pictures and directions.

“Awesome,” Brian said. He moved the box to the table and began sorting blocks. “Here’s one you’ll need for the foundation,” he said, holding it out for Tim.

By the time Dad got home, the castle was almost finished.

“Tim, this looks great!” Dad exclaimed.

“Brian helped a lot,” Tim said.

“Wow, Brian, that was nice of you!” Dad looked at Tim again. “And how’s your foot?”

“Lots better,” Tim said. “I even forgot it hurt.”

Dad patted Brian on the back. “You should be a doctor, Son.”

Brian grinned down at the last few blocks. “We’ll call it the castle cure,” he said.



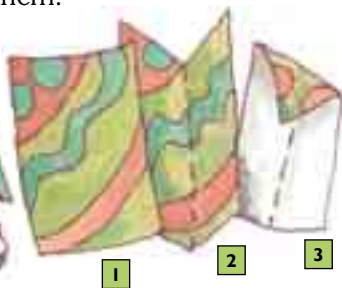


PLAGUE OF FROGS

God gave them knowledge and skill (Daniel 1:17).
By Elizabeth Giles



When Moses asked the pharaoh of Egypt to let the children of Israel go into the wilderness, Pharaoh refused. The Lord sent plagues (many really bad things) to help Pharaoh change his mind. One of these was a plague of frogs. The frogs were everywhere, and the people hated them.



Make your own plague of frogs by gathering several 3" x 5" (8 cm x 13 cm) index cards and frog-color crayons and/or markers, then following these steps (see illustrations for each step):

1. Decorate the blank side of the card with lines, dots, and squiggles.
2. Fold the card in half the long way with the design on the outside. Then open it back up.
3. With the blank side facing you, fold the right top corner down to the left edge to make a triangle, then open the card back up.

4. Do the same on the left top corner to the right edge, then open the card back up.

5. Turn the card over to the frog-colored side. You will find a folded X on the card. Fold the top half of the card down so that the X is folded in half.

6. Open the card back up and turn it over to the blank side. Push the sides in and down along the fold lines at the top. Push the top down to form a triangle.

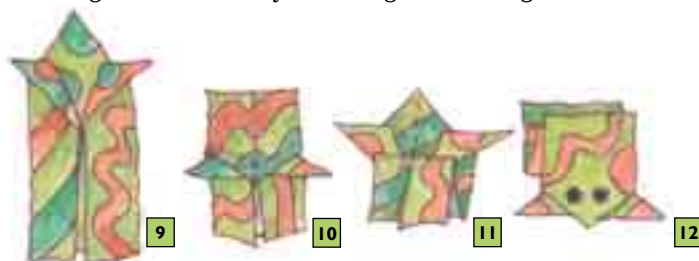
7. Fold the right flap of the triangle to the center. Do the same with the left flap. This will form a diamond shape.

8. Fold the right and left flaps to the bottom edges of the diamond. This makes the front legs of the frog.

9. To start making the back legs, fold the bottom part of the card inward from both sides so that two sides meet in the center.

10. Fold down the top of the frog just below the diamond shape.

11. Turn the frog over and fold the bottom part of the frog in half toward you. This gives the frog "knees."



12. Turn the finished frog over and make eyes. To make the frog jump, push its back down and quickly let it go. Have your family help you make a plague-sized batch of frogs. Then use them in a family home evening lesson about Moses and the children of Israel. Afterward, your frogs can plague your desk or bookcase. You can also have frog races or jumping contests.



TEMPLE BLESSINGS

By Elizabeth Giles



**Heavenly Father
has sent us a blessing.
Now temples
dot the earth.**

**Families can gather,
be sealed together—
a blessing of
infinite worth!**

SPARKLE APPLE SNACKS

By Sherry Timberman

Mix 1 tablespoon of water with confectioner's sugar to make a thick frosting. Using a clean paintbrush, paint designs on an apple. Roll the apple in sugar to add extra sparkle.





RESCUED ON SUNDAY

By Alisa McBride
(Based on a true story)

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

Josh McCauley watched as rainwater splashed into the pots and pans his parents had set around the living and dining rooms.

“Overflow in here!” Mom called. She looked tired. At eight months pregnant, she moved slowly, her face pinched with worry and strain.

Dad appeared with an empty pot and carried away the full one. Returning, he led his wife to a chair, gently pushed her down, and began to rub her shoulders. “You can’t keep this up,” he said. “Josh, get your mom a drink.”

Josh ran out and came back with a glass of water.

Mom accepted it with a tired smile. “Thanks.”

Josh and Sam, his older brother, helped out, emptying the smaller pans. But they couldn’t keep up with the rain that poured in.

Early yesterday morning, Dad had hired a man to help replace a portion of the roof. The man had

persuaded them to take off the old shingles, promising that he and Dad could replace them within a day.

Josh knew that his parents weren't sure about repairing the roof then, but the storm season was approaching. They had bought the old house, knowing that it was a "fixer-upper," because they couldn't afford anything else.

When the rain started, Mom and Dad tried to make a joke about it, but the drizzle grew into a downpour. Wind ripped the plastic tarp Dad had nailed to the rafters, leaving large gaps where the water poured through. The man took off, leaving Dad to finish on his own.

"What about church?" Sam asked in a small voice.

Josh exchanged looks with his brother. When Sam had been sick with chicken pox last year, Mom and Dad had taken turns attending meetings, but the family had never completely missed going to church.

"Everybody get ready," Dad said.

Josh set down a pot.
"What about the roof?"

"It'll still be there when we get back. I hope." Dad smiled, but the smile did not reach his eyes.

Mom didn't even try to smile. She pushed herself up from the chair and started for the bedroom.

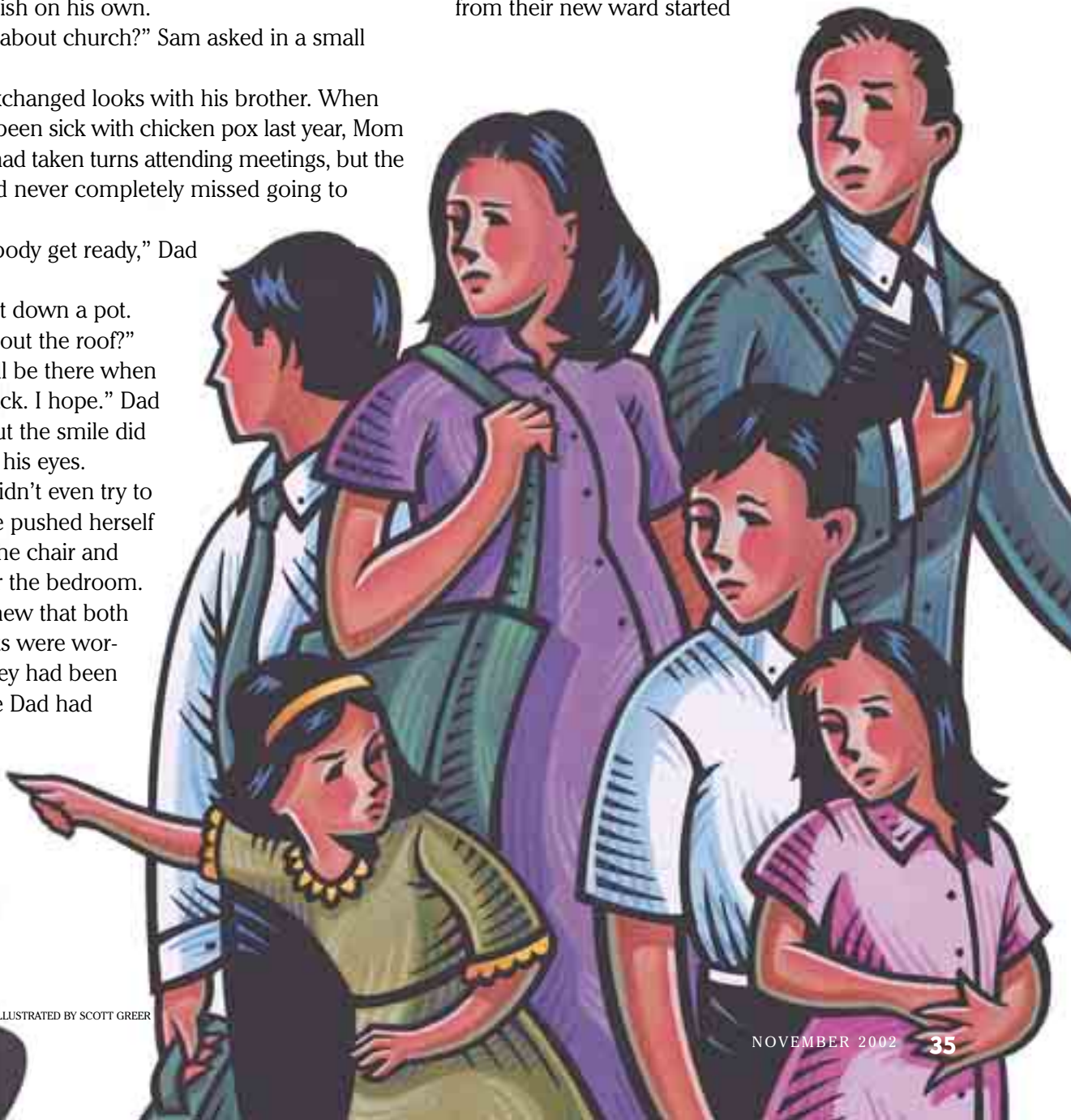
Josh knew that both his parents were worried. Money had been tight since Dad had

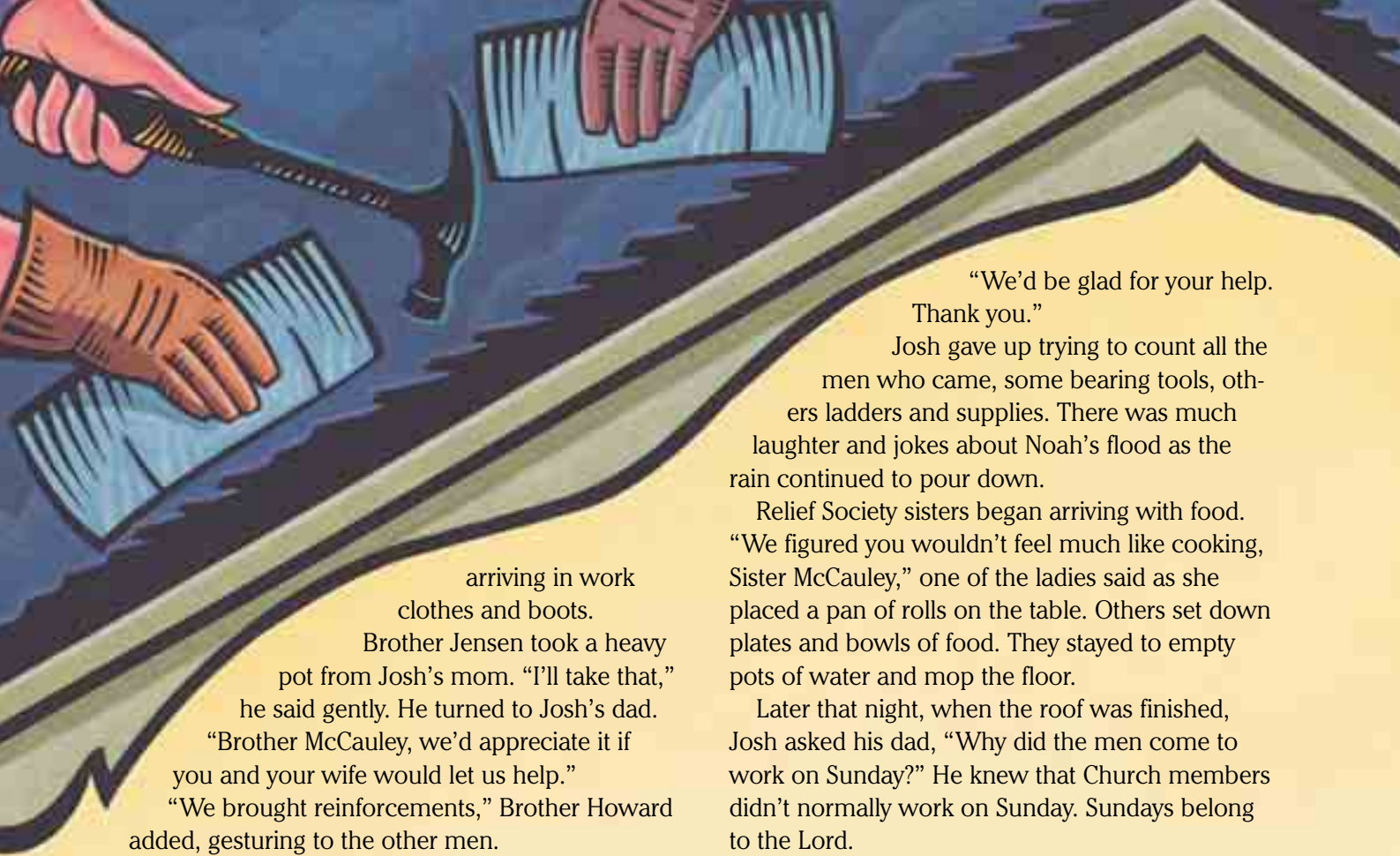
decided to return to school to get a degree in engineering. If they didn't get the new roof on soon, the carpet and floors would be ruined. They had moved the furniture to one side and covered it with plastic tablecloths.

Josh and Sam quickly dressed in their Sunday clothes, without any teasing of each other. Then they helped the two younger children get ready.

Josh barely listened during his Primary lesson. His thoughts were back at the house.

The family all changed clothes immediately after returning from church. They were emptying the overflowing pots and pans when men from their new ward started





arriving in work clothes and boots.

Brother Jensen took a heavy pot from Josh's mom. "I'll take that," he said gently. He turned to Josh's dad.

"Brother McCauley, we'd appreciate it if you and your wife would let us help."

"We brought reinforcements," Brother Howard added, gesturing to the other men.

Josh recognized the two men as their home teachers. Though the family had been in the house only three months, their home teachers had visited each month.

Mom looked at Dad. Tears glistened in her eyes. Dad held out his hand.

"We'd be glad for your help. Thank you."

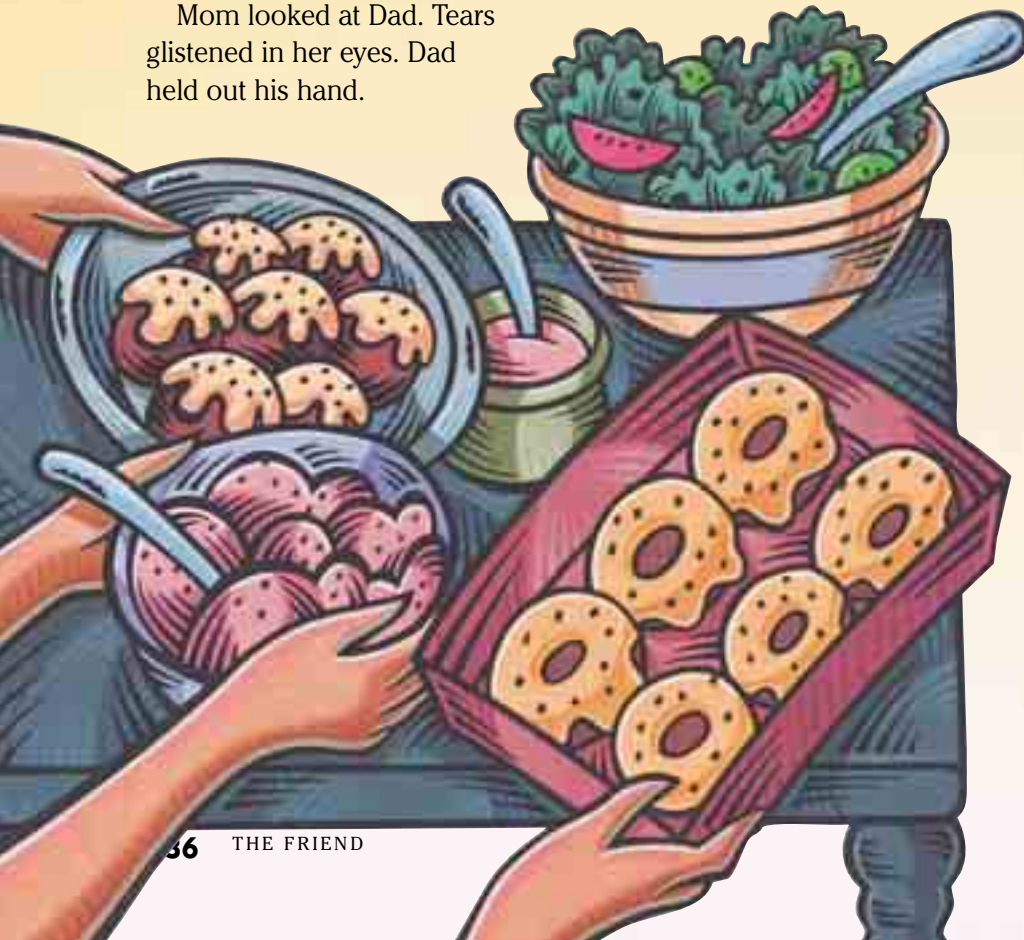
Josh gave up trying to count all the men who came, some bearing tools, others ladders and supplies. There was much laughter and jokes about Noah's flood as the rain continued to pour down.

Relief Society sisters began arriving with food. "We figured you wouldn't feel much like cooking, Sister McCauley," one of the ladies said as she placed a pan of rolls on the table. Others set down plates and bowls of food. They stayed to empty pots of water and mop the floor.

Later that night, when the roof was finished, Josh asked his dad, "Why did the men come to work on Sunday?" He knew that Church members didn't normally work on Sunday. Sundays belong to the Lord.

His dad took a while to answer. "The Lord knows the intent of people's hearts," he said at last. "He knew that we needed help today, and he sent it in the form of our friends."*

*See Matthew 12:10-12.



"Home teaching answers many prayers and permits us to see . . . living miracles."

President Thomas S. Monson
First Counselor in the
First Presidency
(*Ensign*, November 1997,
page 47.)



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.



Adelaide Australia Temple

Dedicated: June 15, 2000



Melbourne Australia Temple

Dedicated: June 16, 2000



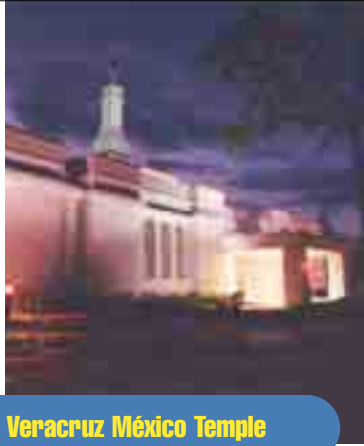
Suva Fiji Temple

Dedicated: June 18, 2000



Mérida México Temple

Dedicated: July 8, 2000



Veracruz México Temple

Dedicated: July 9, 2000



Baton Rouge Louisiana Temple

Dedicated: July 16, 2000



Oklahoma City Oklahoma Temple

Dedicated: July 30, 2000



Caracas Venezuela Temple

Dedicated: August 20, 2000



Houston Texas Temple

Dedicated: August 26–27, 2000

FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



▲ **Bryson and Lochlan Dean**, 7 and 3, and **Ruth Hyde**, 1, Saba, Netherlands Antilles, enjoy meeting for church in each other's homes. Saba is a small island in the Caribbean only five square miles (13 square km) big. They belong to the only two families that are members of the Church there. Bryson is looking forward to being baptized; Lochlan likes to sing all Primary songs; and Ruth is learning to say prayers all by herself.



▲ **Chanté, Michael, Danielle, and Joshua Malouf**, 3, 1, 7, and 2, Richmond, New Zealand, enjoy family home evening, a special treat of the week at which they provide the music. Chanté likes to play on the trampoline and to ride her bike. Michael says that musical toys are his favorite things. Danielle enjoys jazz ballet and riding her scooter. Joshua likes to climb trees and ride his bike.



Katherine Hayes, 4, Milton, Vermont, is planning to serve a mission. Her great-grandmother sends her a letter each week with a dollar in it, and Katherine always tucks it into her "mission jar." She loves Primary, has just started dance lessons, and loves her baby brother, Brian.



Sam Moffat, 11, Media, Pennsylvania, recently earned the rank of Tenderfoot Scout and looks forward to earning the rank of Eagle. He will be the 26th of 26 grandsons to do this. He likes baseball, soccer, and football. He plays the trumpet and is an excellent student.

Brighton Sixth Ward

▼ The Primary children of the Brighton Sixth Ward, Salt Lake Brighton (Utah) Stake, composed a new verse for the song "Follow the Prophet." They sang it in the Primary sacrament meeting program. The verse expresses their love for President Hinckley:



"President Hinckley is our prophet.
He loves us we know.
He has helped build temples
Everywhere we go,
Sending missionaries
All around the world,
To share the gospel
message
With every boy and girl."



Hailey "Rose" Hutchinson, 5, Clackamas, Oregon, likes to have "sleepovers" at her grandparents'. She also likes to stand at the door at Primary and welcome everyone. She reads the scriptures with her family every morning and looks forward to being baptized when she's eight. She gives the best hugs ever!

Beacon Hill Ward

▼ The activity day theme of the Beacon Hill Ward Primary, Beaverton (Oregon) West Stake, was "I am thankful for a prophet." Each child drew a picture or wrote a letter for President Hinckley, expressing his or her gratitude for his example and leadership. They love the prophet and try hard to follow his counsel.





Malaga Cove Ward

▲ The Primary children and teachers of Malaga Cove Ward, Palos Verdes California Stake, gathered new teddy bears and sent them to children in New York who lost loved ones in the September 11, 2001, attack. Each bear had a card attached that was handwritten by the giver with words of love and comfort. Most children brought two and even three bears to give. They also offer many prayers every day in behalf of those suffering.

▲ **Hannah, Noah, and Jonah Bush**, 9, 11, and 5, Martinsburg, West Virginia, all love Jesus Christ. Noah enjoys playing chess. Hannah is observant and sensitive. Jonah is sweet and loving.

Farmington Hills Ward

The Farmington Hills Ward Primary, Bloomfield Hills Michigan Stake, chose to focus on one of the six Bs—"Be Grateful"—that President Hinckley talked about. Their local food bank, which collects and distributes food to people who need it, was very short on food. The Primary helped by collecting over 200 pounds (90 kg) of food for them. At the activity, they also put together 100 "snack packs"—lunch bags filled with healthy snacks that went to schools for children who may not have food for a snack when they get home from school. By sharing some of their food with others who don't have as much, they were trying to show their gratitude for the food they had. At the end of the activity, they made a "gratitude tree." Each Primary member placed a leaf on the tree. Each leaf had a blessing for which they were grateful written on it. ▼



Lawrence Second Ward

▲ Ten girls and their mothers of the Lawrence Second Ward, Topeka Kansas Stake, met for a fun Achievement Day service project. Members of the ward had donated over 60 books for the girls to read on tape. They acted out the stories with their voices, using toys and instruments as signals to turn the pages. The girls were able to deliver 13 sets of Books on Tape to the Lawrence Memorial Hospital in Lawrence, Kansas, and the Children's Mercy Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri. They hope that many children who are sick might be able to smile a little more or forget their illnesses while enjoying the stories on tape.



Sweet, loving **Ammon Warnick**, 3, Columbus, Nebraska, is kind to others. His favorite things are doing puzzles, riding his bike, helping his parents, and being with his sister and two brothers. He loves Primary.



Emmaleigh Dye, 6, Springville, Utah, enjoys swimming, going to the library with her family, and playing with her sister, Natalie. She likes listening to music and visiting temple grounds.



Jeremy Nelson, 6, Kennewick, Washington, likes to read, play video games, draw, play football, wrestle, and make people laugh. He is looking forward to being baptized, because he loves Heavenly Father.



From the Life of President Harold B. Lee

Heavenly Blessing

When Harold B. Lee was President of the Church, he and his wife were visiting missionaries across the country.



How are you doing, elders?

Wonderful. Thank you for visiting us.

It's my pleasure. You're doing great work out here.

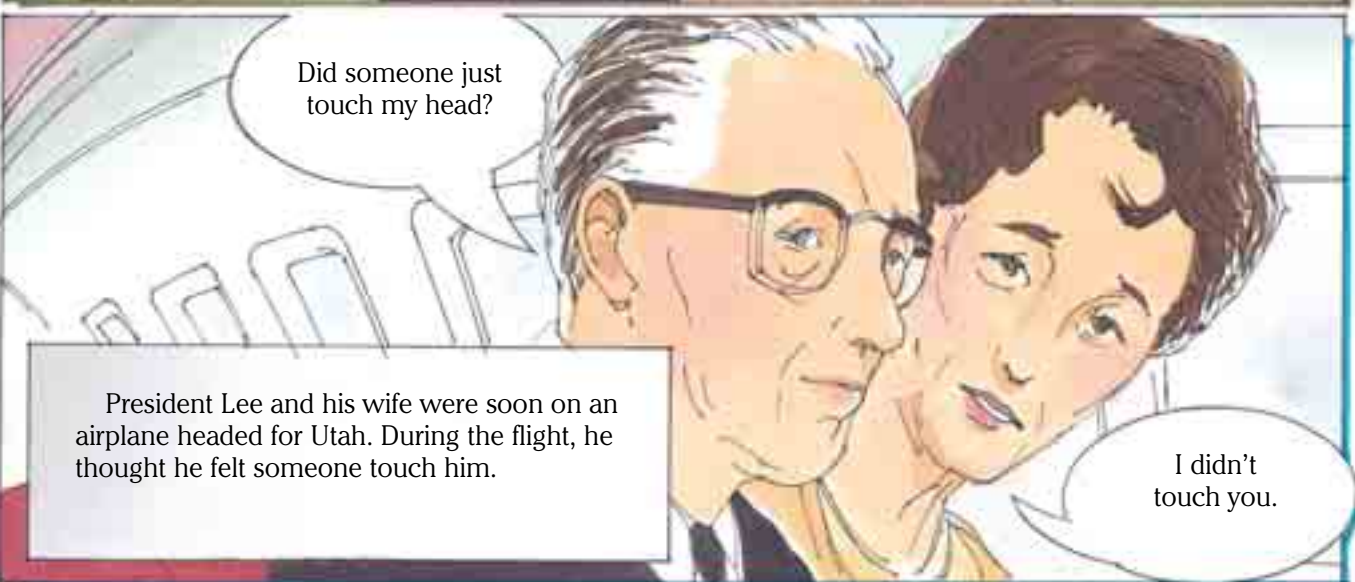
Before their trip was finished, President Lee felt impressed to return home.



I'm not feeling very well. I think we should go home as quickly as possible

I think so, too. We'll just have to miss the rest of our appointments.

Did someone just touch my head?



President Lee and his wife were soon on an airplane headed for Utah. During the flight, he thought he felt someone touch him.

I didn't touch you.



President Lee looked up, but no one was there. Later, President Lee felt hands on his head again. He knew that he was being blessed by angels, but he didn't know why.

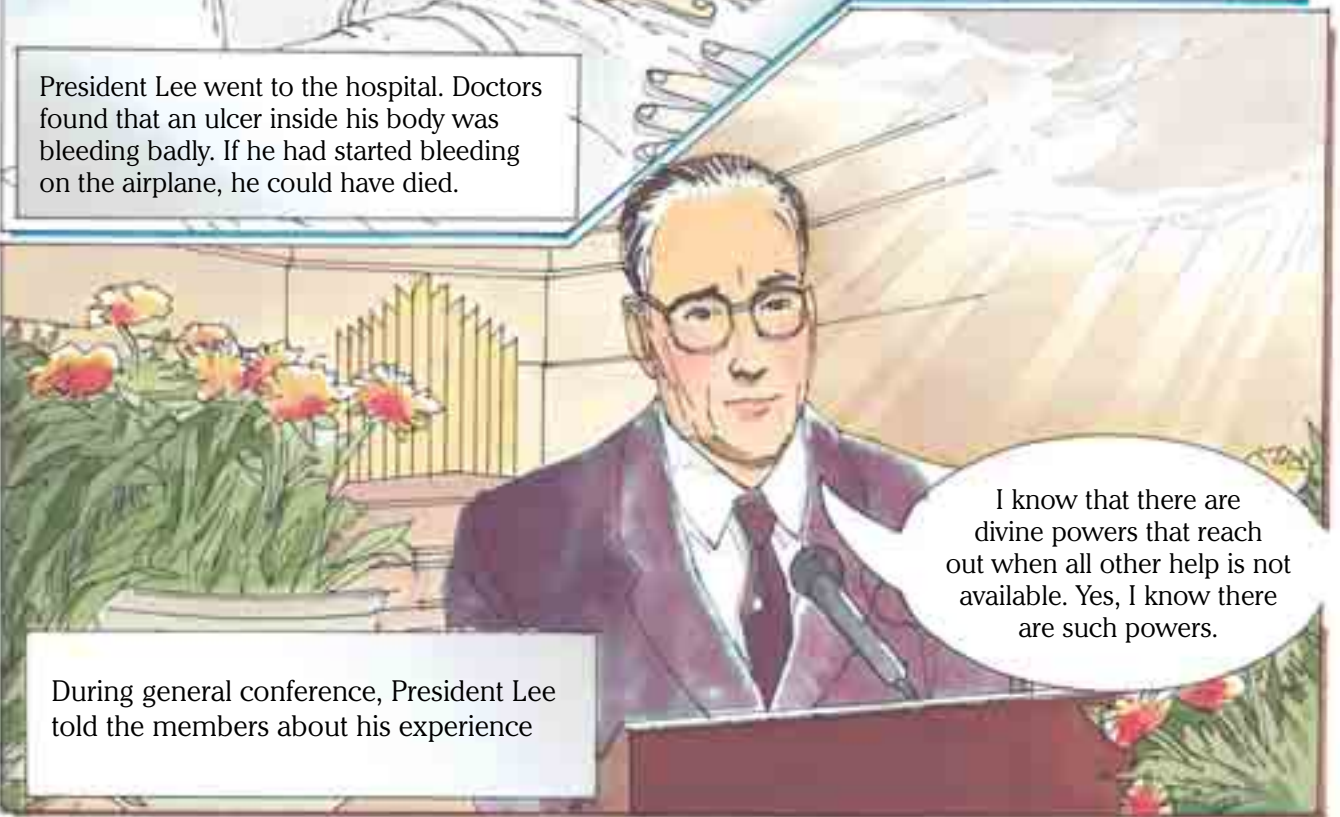


When they arrived home, President Lee was feeling worse.

I'll call the doctor.



President Lee went to the hospital. Doctors found that an ulcer inside his body was bleeding badly. If he had started bleeding on the airplane, he could have died.



I know that there are divine powers that reach out when all other help is not available. Yes, I know there are such powers.

During general conference, President Lee told the members about his experience

MELANIE'S PRAYER

By Marcie Howes
(Based on a true story)

Four-year-old Melanie stared at the white wall next to her hospital bed, trying to hold back the tears. Two big ones squeezed out onto her cheeks, anyway. She was trying hard to be brave, but hearing Susan laughing with her grandmother from the bed on the other side of the curtain was just too much. Melanie knew that no one would be coming to visit her today.

Yesterday Mommy had talked with her about the special temple session that she and Daddy had been asked to attend. "If I drive with Daddy to the temple tomorrow, I won't be able to come and

see you. The temple is just too far away. If you want, I'll come to visit you by myself, and Daddy can drive to the temple with Brother and Sister Howard."

Melanie knew how much Mommy loved to go to the temple. She and Daddy went to the temple every month, and Mommy always came home so calm and happy.

Besides, this was the third time Melanie had been in the hospital for surgery on her arm. She wasn't afraid of the doctors and nurses as she had been at first. Most of the nurses had become her



friends when Melanie was here before. She knew where the playroom was, and the daily routine was familiar. Best of all, soon she would be going home and would not need to have any more operations on her arm!

"I'll be OK," Melanie had told Mommy. "You can go to the temple with Daddy tomorrow."

But that had been yesterday. Now it was after breakfast and past the time when Mommy and Daddy usually came to see her. Of course, Daddy always had to go to work, but Mommy usually stayed all day.

Melanie had watched her favorite show on the television this morning, but now it was over, and, oh, she was lonesome! A little sob slipped out of her mouth as two more tears slid down her cheeks.

Then Melanie remembered. She wasn't really alone. She could pray to Heavenly Father!

The first time Melanie had been in the hospital, she had been very frightened. Mommy had stayed with her the whole first night, but the second night, Melanie had awakened and Mommy hadn't been there. Melanie felt so little and so afraid! She had cried and cried and cried, until finally she had fallen back to sleep.

Later, Mommy had said, "I'm sorry I wasn't here when you woke up. You were sleeping so peacefully that I decided to go and get a sandwich before I went to sleep. Why didn't you say a prayer when you woke up frightened?"



"You can pray and even sing without making a sound."

**President Boyd K. Packer
Acting President of the Quorum
of the Twelve Apostles
(*Ensign*, November 1999, page 23.)**

"I couldn't pray. I'm not supposed to get out of this big bed by myself. How can I pray when I can't kneel by the bed?"

"Oh, sweetheart," Mommy explained, "didn't you know that you can pray anywhere? Of course, it's good to kneel by your bed. But when you can't, Heavenly Father understands. He hears your prayers very well while you're lying here in bed. He wants you to pray. In fact, in the Book of Mormon, we are told to always have a prayer in our hearts for ourselves and for others."*

As she remembered Mommy's words, the lump in Melanie's throat seemed to melt away. She bowed her head and closed her eyes.

"Heavenly Father," she prayed, "I thank Thee for Mommy and Daddy. I thank Thee for Jesus and for the temple. Please help me to not be sad. Please bless Mommy and Daddy today. Help them to have a good day at the temple. Please help me to feel happy. In the name of Jesus Christ, amen."

Melanie kept her eyes closed for a few minutes while a warm, peaceful feeling spread from the top of her head clear down to her toes. It was as if Mommy was there, giving her a hug.

Susan's laughter rang out again. Melanie was glad that Susan's grandmother was visiting her today. Susan was usually alone all day until her mommy came after work.

Melanie glanced over at her nightstand and saw the new coloring book and crayons that her grandmother had sent her. Soon she was so busy coloring that she didn't notice the volunteer, Mrs. O'Driscoll, until she spoke. "Would you like a cold treat today, dear?"

"Oh yes, please. Do you have a red one? Red is my favorite."

As she licked the sweet, cool treat, Melanie knew that Heavenly Father had answered her prayer.

*See Alma 34:27.

THANKFUL FOR TEMPLE BLESSINGS

When a family is sealed in the temple, they can be together for eternity. The temple makes it possible for families to be together after this life, but it also brings blessings to families while they are still on earth.

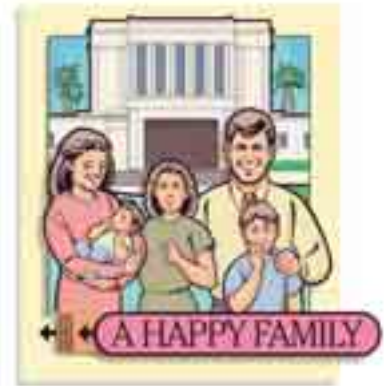
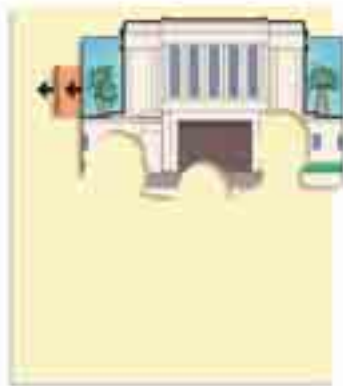
If we remember that our families can be eternal, our trials won't seem as difficult. A man from Hong Kong, Lee Hing Chung, learned this for himself. When he lost his arm in an accident and could not work to support his family, he became very depressed. He and his family later joined the Church and were sealed in the temple. Before Lee was baptized, he thought that money would make him happy. After he was baptized and made temple covenants, he found true happiness because he understood Heavenly Father's plan. He said, "When I attend church on

Sunday with my family, I am so grateful that we are together and that we can be together forever. . . . The temple reminds me to be good, to be disciplined, to be worthy."* Temple blessings give us hope, happiness, and a desire to become like Heavenly Father so that we can be with our families forever.

Not all of us have been sealed to our families yet, but temple blessings will come to everyone who is worthy. President Gordon B. Hinckley said, "No blessing of which you are . . . worthy will forever be denied you."† We can work on building an eternal family right now by being kind to our family members, by praying for our families, and by living worthy of temple blessings.

*Ensign, June 1996, page 48.

†Ensign, November 1991, page 98.

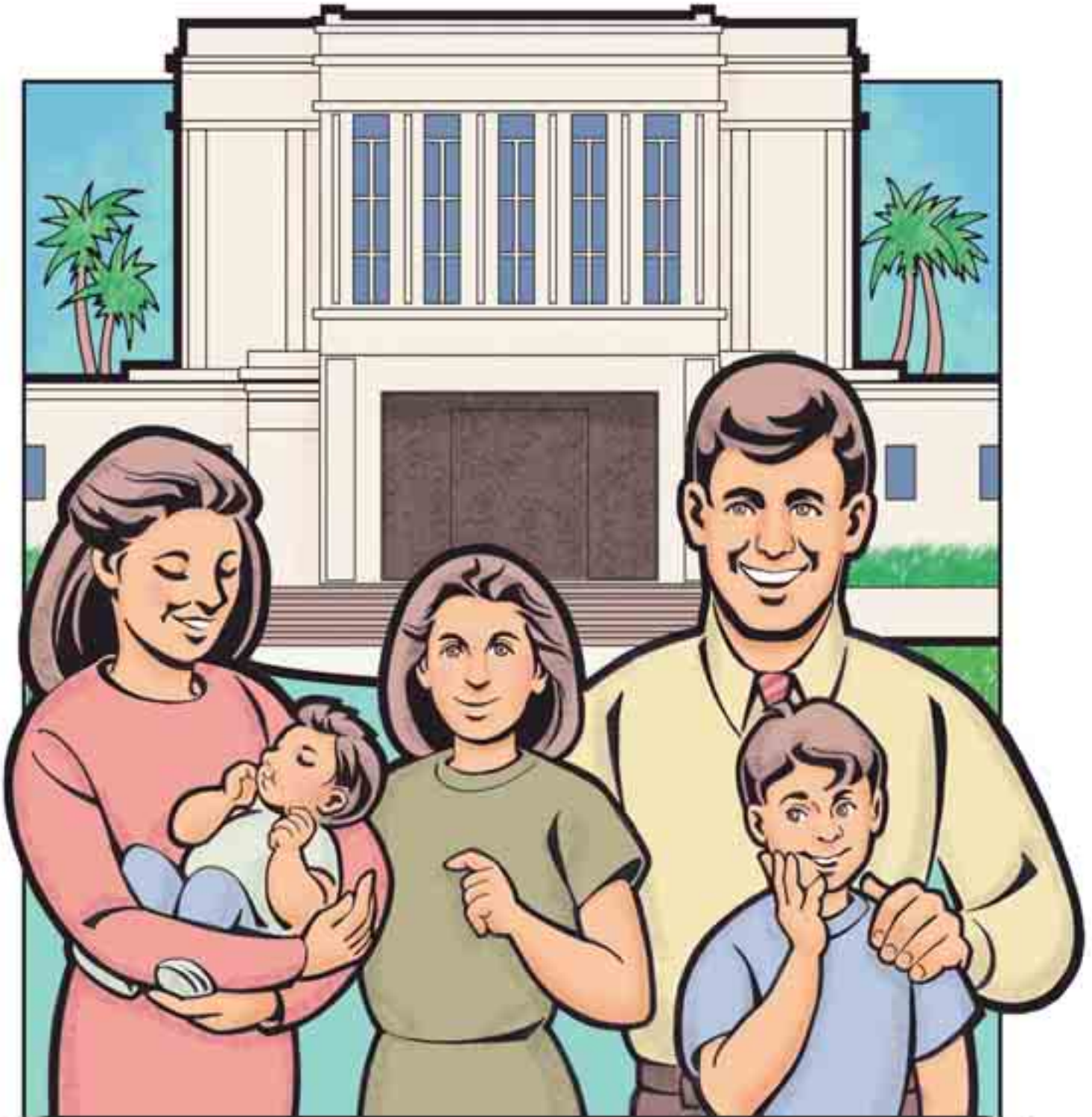


1. To make the happy family picture into a layered family picture, glue page 45 onto a piece of heavy paper or poster board. Cut the picture into three pieces as shown above.

2. Glue some cut-up squares of corrugated cardboard onto the back of the temple piece, then glue it onto an 8.5" x 11" (21.6 cm x 28 cm) piece of heavy colored paper as shown above.

3. Next, glue some cardboard squares together so they're twice as thick. Then glue them to the back of the family piece, and glue it into position under the temple.

4. For the title piece, glue cardboard squares together to make each set three pieces thick. Glue them to the back of the title piece, then glue it into position under the family.



A HAPPY FAMILY

APPEARANCES

By Sheila Kindred
(Based on a true story)

It was a warm fall day in 1961. Bobby and his friend Jeff were walking home from a Cub Scout den meeting. Bobby was feeling good. It had been a fun meeting. They had talked about the Cub Scout Promise. Their leader let them draw pictures on a chalkboard to show what the Cub Scout Promise meant to them. Bobby had drawn a picture of a smiling Scout taking out the trash. That was how he could “help other people.”

“What did you draw?” Bobby asked Jeff. “I forgot.”

“I drew a Cub Scout going to church,” Jeff said. “He was doing his ‘duty to God.’ ”

“Oh, yeah.” Bobby looked down and noticed chalk dust on the sleeve of his uniform. He brushed it off. He was proud of his uniform. When he wore it, he felt like someone important. He tried to take good care of it.

Jeff thrust his hand into his pocket. “Hey, what is this?” He pulled out a long stick of chalk. It was the chalk he had used to draw on the blackboard at Scouts. “Oops. Guess I’ll have to return this next week.”

Bobby reached for the chalk. “Give it to me for a second.” He put the chalk between his index and

Abstain from all appearance of evil (1 Thessalonians 5:22).

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIE F. YOUNG

middle fingers and brought it up to his lips. Then he looked away and pretended to blow smoke. “Who do I look like?” He asked, repeating the action.

Jeff laughed. “The cowboy guy on that billboard ad.”

“Yeah, look at me. I’m cool.” Bobby strutted around, puffing on his chalk stick. Just then a car drove by and honked. The car was full of teenagers who waved at him and cheered.

“Who are they?” Jeff asked. “Do you know them?”

“No,” Bobby said. “And I don’t want to. They are the tough kids at the high school.” Bobby handed the chalk back to Jeff. “Here. You keep this.”

They walked home in silence.

When Bobby walked through the front door of his house, his mother was waiting for him, arms folded. “Sit down, Son,” she said. “We need to talk.” They sat on the couch. “I just got a phone call from Sister Jensen. She was on her way home from the store and saw you and Jeff standing on the corner. She said you were smoking cigarettes.”

Bobby moaned. “It was chalk, Mom. We were just pretending. Honest.”

“Where is the chalk now?”

“Jeff has it. We accidentally brought it home from the den meeting. You can ask him.”

“I will. But first I want to know why you would pretend to be smoking.”

Bobby squirmed. “Well I thought it would make me feel cool. Like that guy on TV.”

“Did it?”

“Just for a minute. Then I felt really stupid.”

“I didn’t think you really had been smoking,” Mom said, putting her arm around Bobby. “But can you see how even looking like you’re doing wrong can get you into trouble? The Apostle Paul taught that we should avoid the very appearance of evil.”*

“That’s only half of it, Mom. While I was pretending to smoke, some obnoxious teenagers drove by and cheered. I felt dirty and ashamed.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JULIE F. YOUNG



Why did they do that? I'm not like them. I never want to be like them."

"But they thought you were. Which is another reason to avoid the appearance of evil. Evil attracts evil. If people making bad choices think you are doing bad things, too, they'll encourage you to keep doing worse things. You want good friends who will encourage you to do your best."

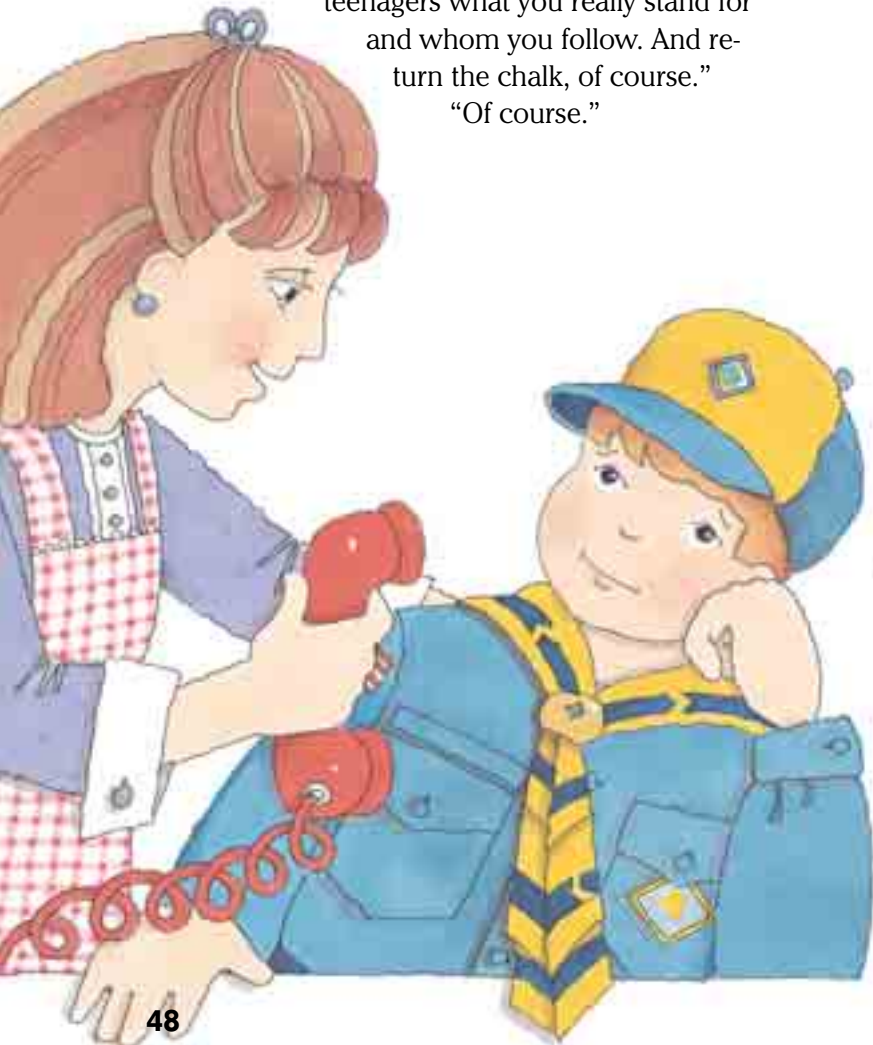
"D.Y.B." Bobby smiled. "Do your best." That was the Cub Scout Motto and something Bobby's mother said to him every morning when he walked out the door. "But what do I do now, Mom? Do I need to repent? I didn't really do anything wrong. I just pretended."

"I think you still need to undo any wrong impressions you gave. Why don't you call Sister Jensen and apologize for acting the way you did?"

Bobby sighed. "OK."

"And from now on, try to be so good that there will be no doubt in the minds of those teenagers what you really stand for and whom you follow. And return the chalk, of course."

"Of course."



"And tell Jeff what you learned from all this. By the way, what did you learn?"

"Well, my Primary teacher once told us you can't do bad and feel good."

"That's true. In the Book of Mormon, Alma taught, 'Wickedness never was happiness.'"[†]

"But I've learned that there's even more to it than that."

"What do you mean?"

"I've learned that you can't even pretend to do bad and still feel good."

^{*}See 1 Thessalonians 5:22.

[†]Alma 41:10.



"My strong advice is, if there is any question about your personal conduct, don't do it. It is the responsibility of prophets to teach the word of God—not to spell out every jot and tittle of human behavior. Our moral agency requires us to know good from evil and choose the good. If we are trying to avoid not only evil, but the very appearance of evil, we will act for ourselves and not be acted upon."

President James E. Faust
Second Counselor in the First Presidency
(*Ensign*, November 1995, page 47.)

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 November is “I am thankful for temple blessings.”



FAMILY HOME EVENING IDEAS

1. Read together President Gordon B. Hinckley’s testimony of gratitude for the Savior in “Gratitude” (pages 2–3). Share your own testimonies and then take the time to write them in your journals.
2. Ask a parent to tell the story “Come Running” by Elder Jeffrey R. Holland (page 7). Think about your neighbors. Is there anyone who could use your help? Plan ways to be of service to them during the week. Read “Pumpkin Pie Surprise” (pages 10–11) for one idea.
3. Mount and cut out the Temple Cards (page 37) and add them to your collection. Use them to play “Temples Dot the Earth” (pages 24–25). Make a list of reasons you love the temple in your area. Recite the

poem “Temple Blessings” (page 33).

4. After you have told the story “Rescued on Sunday” (pages 34–36), ask a parent to talk about home teachers and what they do to help people. Remember your own home teachers and plan something that you can do for them during the coming week, or at their next visit, to show your love for them.

5. Teach your family the song “Choose the Right Way” (*Children’s Songbook*, pages 160–161). Read the story “Appearances” (pages 46–48). If any of you have noticed a family member choosing the right recently, tell about it. Sing the song again to end your lesson.



See pages 34–36.

TOPICAL INDEX TO THIS ISSUE OF THE *FRIEND*

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



The Friend

NEW OR RENEWAL
SUBSCRIPTION FOR SELF

\$8.00 (U.S.) per year

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Country _____ Zip _____

The U.S. subscription rate is \$8.00 a year. To order by mail, send a check or money order, with your name and complete address, and the name of magazine to Salt Lake Distribution Services, Church Magazines, P.O. Box 26368, Salt Lake City, Utah 84126-0368. Make check or money order payable to: The Corporation of the Presiding Bishop. To order by phone with a credit card (American Express, Discover Card, MasterCard, Visa) call 1-800-537-5971.

Sixty days’ notice required for change of address. Please include your mailing label from a recent issue of the magazine when sending a change of address. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new is included.

The *Friend* is available each month in Braille, or as a Talking Book, for the visually impaired. For more information, write: Manager, Special Curriculum, 24th Floor, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-3200.

Choose the Right 8, 46
Church History 7, 20, 23
Family 4, 16, 30, 44
Family History 19
Gratitude 2, 10, 12
Heavenly Father 8
Holy Ghost 7
Jesus Christ 2, 12, 26
Love and Kindness 4, 26, 27, 30 (FLF)
Missionary Work 27
Old Testament 15 (f), 32 (FLF)
Prayer IFC, 20, 42
Priesthood IFC, 34
Prophets 2, 36, 40, 48
Quorum of the Seventy 8
Quorum of the Twelve Apostles 6, 7, 11, 43
Repentance 46
Sabbath Day 27
Scriptures IFC
Service 34
Sharing 7, 10
Temples 4, 12, 24, 33 (FLF, v), 37, 44
Testimony 2
Word of Wisdom 46

IT IS THE HOUSE OF PRAYER,
WHEREIN THY SERVANTS MEET,
AND THOU O LORD, ART THERE,
THY CHOSEN FLOCK IS GREEN.

WE LOVE THE WORD OF LIFE,
THE WORD THAT BRINGS PEACE,
OF COMFORT IN THE STRIFE,
OF JOYS THAT NEVER CEASE.

HYMNS No. 217

