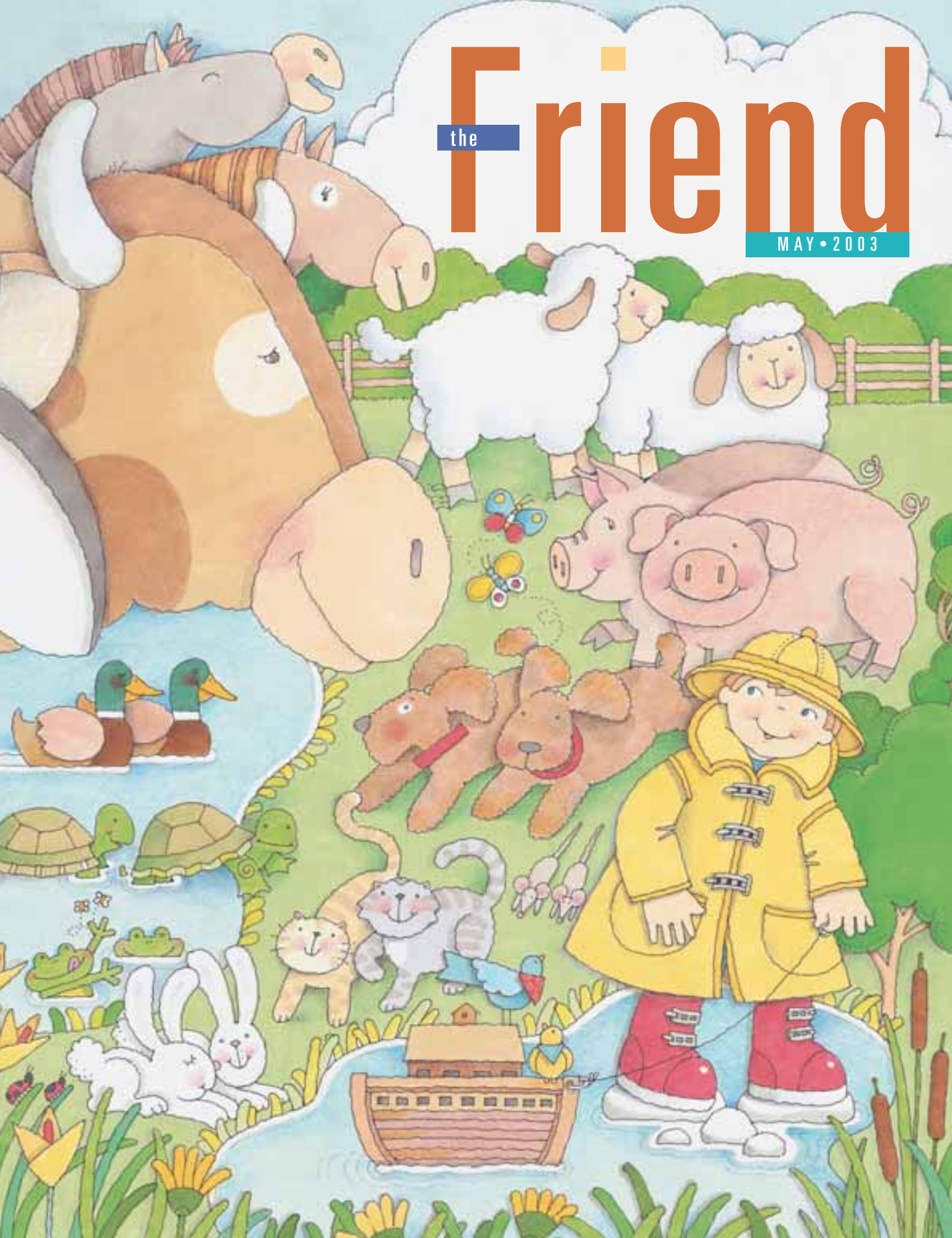


the Friend

MAY • 2003



Singing on the Bus



One day I sat on the school bus near two brothers. They started singing a song I hadn't heard before. A few of the words were about the Holy Ghost, but they weren't very nice. I started to feel sick. Later, just thinking about the song made my stomach hurt. After school, I told my mom about it. She thought it was possible that I had misunderstood what the boys were singing about. She told my dad, and we decided to talk to the bus driver about it.

The next morning, the three of us talked to the bus driver. We explained that the boys were singing a song that made me feel bad. My mom said that maybe I had not heard exactly right. The driver seemed concerned and said that he would ask the boys about it.

That afternoon, when I came home, my parents were waiting at the bus stop. The driver got out after me. He told my parents that he had talked to the boys. They said that they had heard the song on a CD but

they hadn't been using the words that were bad. Then they admitted that they really had been singing the bad words. The bus driver said that he felt that the song's words really were bad and that the boys could not sing it on the bus anymore. They haven't, and I'm very glad. Now I don't feel awful inside every time I ride the bus.

Aubrey Fitzgerald, age 6
West Linn, Oregon

Found!



When I was three years old, my family lived in Provo, Utah. A friend of my mom was visiting us and was getting ready to attend a wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. She couldn't find her car keys. Mom helped her, but they couldn't find them anywhere, and the friend was going to be late if she didn't find them soon. I said, "I know what we can do to find them. We can pray to Heavenly Father. If we ask Him, we will find the keys." Mom said that I was right, so we all knelt by the couch. I said the prayer. We all stood up to search for the keys again. Mom said, "Travis, let me tie your shoe first, so you won't trip." Then she exclaimed, "Look behind you!" There were the keys! We said a prayer to thank Heavenly Father for helping us. I know that prayer really works.

Travis Tobias, age 5
Flagstaff, Arizona

Church



One day at church, we learned a neat lesson about our spirits. I liked it so much that I wanted to go to church a lot more. Now I like every part of church. Every week, I ask how many more days until we go to church. My mom or dad will tell me, and if it is a long time, I am sad. If it is soon, I am happy. Before all this happened, I did not like church. But those days are over. When you go to church more, you learn a lot more. I love church. It is great!

Eric Longley, age 8
Pearland, Texas

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 84150-3220. Please include a picture of yourself and your name, age, and address. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity.



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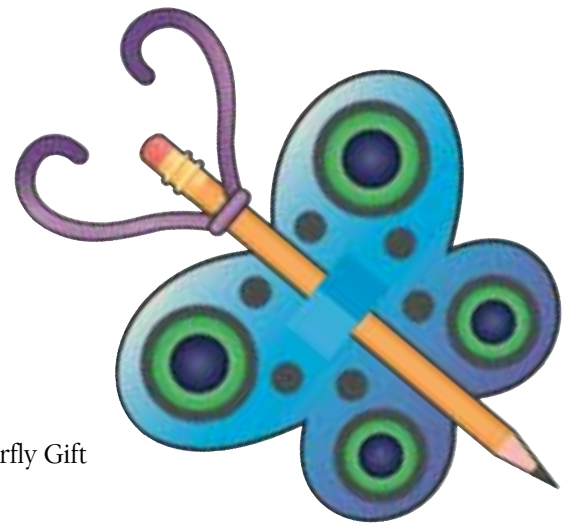
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See page 48.

Cover by Julie F. Young

the **friend**

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

HIDDEN CTR RING

The prophet teaches us
what the Lord wants
us to do. Resolve to
follow his counsel as
you search for the picture
of a CTR ring hidden in this
issue of the *Friend*.



You Are a Child of God





PRESIDENT GORDON B. HINCKLEY

Never forget, my dear young friends, that you really are a child of God . . . , one whom He loves and desires to help and bless.

My dear young friends, my beloved boys and girls, I am so grateful to be with you when you celebrate Primary's 125th birthday.

I think there never was before a meeting such as this of boys and girls. I speak to you from the great Conference Center here in Salt Lake City. It is filled with children, their parents, and their teachers—21,000 of them. And in thousands of other halls all across the world you have gathered to celebrate this great occasion. My words will be translated into many languages. We live in various countries, and we salute different flags. But we have one great thing in common: we are all members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. And your coming together in these many different places is a sign of the wonderful growth which this Church has experienced since it was first established.

There was not always a Primary in the Church. During the first 48 years of its history, boys and girls did not have their own organization. Then a very dear woman whose name was Aurelia Spencer Rogers thought that the little boys ought to have their own organization where they could be "trained to make better men."

Her suggestion was taken to the President of the Church, who at that time was John Taylor. He thought that if an organization would be good for little boys, it would also be good for little girls because they would make the singing sound better. And so, way back 125 years ago, the first Primary met with 224 boys and girls



"to be taught obedience, faith in God, prayer, punctuality, and good manners" (in Daniel H. Ludlow, ed., *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, 5 vols. [1992], 3:1146).

From that small beginning, Primary has grown until it is a part of the Church all across the world. Today there are almost a million of you children in Primary.

This is good, because boys and girls ought to have their organization, just as young men and young women and the older folks of the Church have their teaching organizations.

The three women who have spoken to you direct the work of the Primary all over the world. Among them they have 23 children, so they know what you are interested in.

How fortunate you are, my dear young friends, to have wonderful teachers. They love you very much, and they are very anxious to meet with you each week and instruct you in the ways of the Lord.

Brother Artel Ricks tells an interesting story of an inspired Primary teacher. Artel was a little boy five or six years old. One night his family sat around the dinner table and talked about tithing. They told him "that tithing is one-tenth of all we earn and that it is paid to the Lord by those who love Him."

He loved the Lord, and so he wanted to give the Lord his tithing. He went and got his savings and took





one-tenth of his small savings. He says: “I . . . went to the only room in the house with a lock on the door—the bathroom—and there knelt by the bathtub. Holding the three or four coins in my upturned hands, I asked the Lord to accept them. [I was certain He would appear and take them from me.] I pleaded with the Lord for some time, but [nothing happened. Why would He not accept my tithing?]. As I rose from my knees, I felt so unworthy that I could not tell anyone what had happened. . . .

“A few days later at Primary, the teacher said she felt impressed to talk about something that was not in the lesson. I sat amazed as she then taught us how to pay tithing [to the bishop, the Lord’s servant]. But what I learned was far more important than how to pay tithing. I learned that the Lord had heard and answered my prayer, that He loved me, and that I was important to

Him. In later years I came to appreciate still another lesson my Primary teacher had taught me that day—to teach as prompted by the Spirit.

“So tender was the memory of that occasion that for more than thirty years I could not share it. Even today, after sixty years, I still find it difficult to tell about it without tears coming to my eyes. The pity is that a wonderful Primary teacher never knew that through her, the Lord spoke to a small boy” (“Coins for the Lord,” *Ensign*, Dec. 1990, 47).

I went to Primary when I was a small boy. In those days we met on Tuesday afternoon after school. It seems to me we were always tired and hungry in the late afternoon after school. But our teachers were so very kind and good to us. They frequently brought us a cookie to eat, but more important, they taught us rich



and wonderful lessons. Here we learned about Jesus and His great love for us. We learned about God our Eternal Father, to whom we could go in prayer.

We learned about the boy Joseph, who went into the woods to pray and whose prayer was answered with a visit of our Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. Here we learned about the history of the Church, about the very courageous and faithful men and women and boys and girls who worked so hard to make it strong. Here we learned about being kind to one another and helpful in all circumstances. We learned that it is very important to assist with things to do around the home. We learned to behave in an orderly manner.

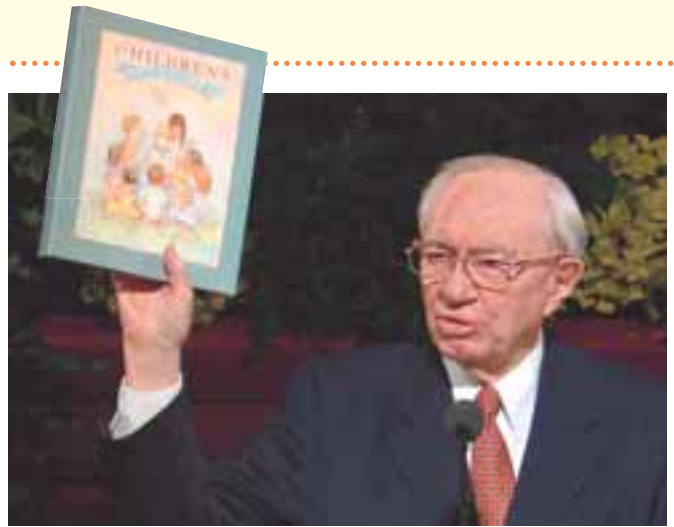
Primary is now held on Sunday. In many ways this is a better time. We are not tired from being in school all day. I know that you think that Primary is long, but our teachers are well prepared, and we not only have good lessons but also activities.

Here we sing together those wonderful Primary songs. One that we sang when I was young went like this:

Father, let thy light divine
Shine on us, we pray.
Touch our eyes that we may see;
Teach us to obey.
Ours the sacred mission is
To bear thy message far.
The light of faith is in our hearts,
Truth our guiding star.
("The Light Divine," *Hymns*, no. 305.)

The words of that beautiful song were written by Matilda W. Cahoon, who was my day schoolteacher when I was a boy.

You now have this beautiful *Children's Songbook*



filled with many kinds of music written just for you. Some of these songs have been sung today. We have all joined in singing that wonderful song which was written for you Primary children but which has come to be sung by the entire Church. It is such a beautiful song. And it speaks of such a great and wonderful truth.

I am a child of God,
And he has sent me here,
Has given me an earthly home
With parents kind and dear.

Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him someday.
("I Am a Child of God," *Hymns*, no. 301.)

What a wonderful song that is. And what a great truth it teaches. You have an earthly father. He is your mother's dear companion. I hope you love him and that you are obedient to him. But you have another father. That is your Father in Heaven. He is the Father of your spirit, just as your earthly father is the father of your body. And it is just as important to love and to obey your Father in Heaven as it is to love and obey your earthly father.

We speak with our earthly father. He is our dear friend, our protector, the one who usually supplies our food and clothing and home. But we also speak to our





Father in Heaven. We do this with prayer. I hope that every night and every morning you get on your knees and speak with your Father in Heaven. I hope that in the morning you will express thanks for the night's rest, for warmth and comfort and the love you feel in your home. I hope that you will ask Him to watch over you and bless and guide you throughout the day. I hope that you will pray for your father and mother and brothers and sisters, and that you will remember all who are sick and in need. I hope you will remember the missionaries of the Church as you pray.

In the evening before you go to sleep, I hope you will again get on your knees and thank Him for the blessings of the day. Thank Him again for your parents and for your teachers. Ask Him to bless you with good sleep and to bless all others, and particularly those in need and who do not have enough food or a good place to sleep.

It is not asking too much, is it, to take a few minutes of each day to speak with your Father in Heaven when you know that you are a child of God?

If you really know that you are a child of God, you will also know that He expects much of you, His child. He will expect you to follow His teachings and the teachings of His dear Son, Jesus. He will expect you to be generous and kind to others. He will be offended

if you swear or use foul language. He will be offended if you are dishonest in any way, if you should cheat or steal in the slightest. He will be happy if you remember the less fortunate in your prayers to Him. He will watch over you and guide you and protect you. He will bless you in your schoolwork and in your Primary. He will bless you in your home, and you will be a better boy or girl, obedient to your parents, quarreling less with your brothers and sisters, helping about the home.

And thus you will grow to be a strong young man or woman in this Church. You will also be a better member of the community.

Every man or woman who ever walked the earth, even the Lord Jesus, was once a boy or girl like you. They grew according to the pattern they followed. If that pattern was good, then they became good men and women.

Never forget, my dear young friends, that you really are a child of God who has inherited something of His divine nature, one whom He loves and desires to help and bless. I pray that our Heavenly Father will bless you. May He smile with favor upon you. May you walk in His paths and follow His teachings. May you never speak the evil language that boys and girls are inclined to speak at school. May you ever be prayerful unto Him, praying always in the name of His Beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. May each of us resolve to always follow Him in faith. May life be kind to you, for you are indeed a child of God, worthy and deserving of His love and blessing.

Never forget that you are a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I pray that the Lord will bless you, and I give you my love, in the sacred name of Jesus Christ, amen. ●





Our Living Prophet

BY ELDER M. RUSSELL BALLARD
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

It is no small thing, my brothers and sisters, to have a prophet of God in our midst. Great and wonderful are the blessings that come into our lives as we listen to the word of the Lord given to us through him. . . .

Today I make you a promise. It's a simple one, but it is true. If you will listen to the living prophet and the apostles and heed our counsel, you will not go astray. . . .

Now, I speak directly to the young people of the Church on this important subject of following the prophet. As I have traveled throughout the Church . . . I have noticed that many of you are eagerly following his counsel. . . . Many of you are striving more diligently. . . . To those of you who have not listened yet, I caution you to not disregard

the counsel of the President of the Church. He has spoken to you plainly. Study his words and strive to obey them. They are true and come from God. We encourage you who need to repent to go forward with faith and become clean before the Lord. Each one of you is preparing now to be a leader in the Church in the future, and we need you to be clean and faithful and true to the Lord. . . .

I promise you in the name of the Lord that if you will listen not just with your ears but also with your heart, the Holy Ghost will manifest the truth unto you of the messages delivered by President Hinckley, his counselors, the Apostles, and other leaders of the Church. The Spirit will prompt you to know what you should do as individuals and as families in order to follow our counsel, that your testimonies might be strengthened and that you might have peace and joy. ●

From an April 2001 general conference address.



Elder M. Russell Ballard sustains the prophet, President Gordon B. Hinckley, and teaches us about the importance of having a living prophet. Did you know that Elder Ballard's grandfathers were both Apostles?

Callings and Prophets



From an interview with Elder Stephen A. West of the Seventy, currently serving in the North America Northwest Area Presidency; by Kellene Ricks Adams



At age 2, on a bridge in a mountain canyon

The mouths of the prophets shall not fail (D&C 58:8).

I learned at an early age about service in the Church. One of my memorable Church experiences took place shortly after I graduated from Primary. One day, my parents told me that Brother Jim Barton, the deacons quorum advisor, had called and wanted to meet with me at our home. No one had ever made an appointment with me before, so I was quite excited—and a little nervous.

When Brother Barton arrived at our home, he sat down with my whole family, which included my parents, my younger brother, and me. He talked about the importance of Church callings and explained to my family about my new calling as the president of the deacons quorum. He asked my parents and my brother if they could support me in that calling. They said that they would.

We talked about the importance of service and of Church callings, and the responsibilities I would have as president of my quorum. Brother Barton testified that the Lord had called me, and he outlined the keys that I would hold in this new calling.

His visit took about an hour, and it made a huge impression on me. I was deeply impressed by the importance of Church callings—of any Church calling. I was also impressed that an adult would take the time and make the effort to help someone so



At age 5

young understand. That one experience set the tone for every Church calling that followed. It also set a pattern for me as I have extended Church callings to others. There is no small Church calling, and the Lord needs us to do our part and do it as well as we can, to share the gospel with others, and to help the Church run smoothly.

When I was about 14 years old, the Church celebrated the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Sunday School. I was one of 500 Sunday School students invited to sing in a choir for the Sunday School conference, which was held in the Tabernacle as part of general conference in April 1949. President George Albert Smith, President of the Church during that conference, showed the congregation a time capsule dealing with the event and containing items related to the history of the Sunday School. It contained a form of phonograph record made in the 1940s.

During the meeting, it was announced that the box would be opened in 50 years. I

remember, as a boy in the choir in that meeting, thinking how I would love to be in attendance when that box was opened fifty years later. In 1999, I was in Salt Lake



At age 3, fishing with his father

City, Utah, for general conference. During the training for the General Authorities, we were invited to attend a meeting at which that box was to be opened for the first time after fifty years of

being sealed! It was exciting as a boy and as a man to have been part of those two milestones in the history of the Sunday School.

One of the lessons all the boys were taught in Primary in those days was about Creed Haymond, a young Latter-day Saint who was captain of the University of Pennsylvania track team. The night before a championship meet, his coach had told him to drink a glass of wine to avoid becoming “stale” from overtraining. Brother Haymond refused. He had long ago promised his mother that he

would never disobey the Word of Wisdom. The coach insisted, but Creed Haymond stood firm. The rest of the team drank the wine and became violently ill, but Creed went on to win three events, setting a new world record in one of them.

A few years later, when I was a teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood, our family moved to a different area. I was called to be what we now know as a home teacher to Brother Haymond, my hero from Primary days. I asked if he could tell me all about the story of his racing experience. It was very exciting to be able to hear from him, in person, about the event which had been such an inspiration to me earlier.

In speaking of heroes, I have been greatly blessed in my lifetime to be in church services where each of the prophets since Heber J. Grant spoke. I grew up in Salt Lake City, and President Grant spoke in our ward. I



As a newlywed with his bride, Martha, living in a sheep wagon and fighting forest fires in the Salmon River Mountains of Idaho

remember him talking about his desires to play baseball better, write better, and sing better. He talked about how hard those three things were for him and how he practiced to become better at them.

I was about eight years old at the time, and I wasn't a very good baseball player. I didn't write very well, either. And although I loved to sing, especially the Primary songs, I didn't sing very well. So I related to President Grant, and his story gave me hope that I could do better.

Throughout our lives, prophets give us direction and counsel that show us how to live. They are aware of the world we live in and all the challenges we face. They know our struggles and our trials. They let us know what we should be doing.

The prophet can help us know how to successfully meet the challenges we face and how to be happy and feel peaceful. If we follow the prophet, we will never be led astray and we will be able to return to our Heavenly Father. ●



Unexpected Answer

BY ALISON L. RANDALL

(Based on the life history of Hester Neal Harris, the author's grandmother)

Pray without ceasing (1 Thessalonians 5:17).

I stood on the step of the train and hugged my father good-bye. “Have a nice time in Wales, Hetty,” he said.

“I will,” I answered, smiling.

The spring of 1910 was one I would never forget. I had been baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints just a short time before, and now I was going on a trip all alone from Bristol,

England, to Wales to visit my Aunt Nell.

“Hetty”—Father caught my hand—“don’t forget to say your prayers.”

I squeezed his hand. “I won’t, Father.” But as I turned to go, I added under my breath, “I hope.”

I had a hard time remembering to say my prayers at night. Before the missionaries visited our home, I had sometimes said a little prayer before going to sleep that started, “Now I lay me down to sleep.” But the missionaries taught us that prayer was actually talking to Heavenly Father. I wasn’t used to that—and I wasn’t always sure I had anything important to tell Him. But at

Aunt Nell's house there would be lots to tell Him. I didn't think that I'd forget there.

That night I didn't forget. I thanked Heavenly Father that the train hadn't derailed and that Aunt Nell had been there to meet me. I thanked Him for the lovely green Welsh hills and for the pastures filled with sheep.

The next night was different, though. I spent all day exploring the hills with Aunt Nell. I was so tired at the end of the day that I fell into bed and went right to sleep.

"Oh, dear," I thought the next morning. "I forgot to say my prayers. Well, I'll say them tonight." But we spent all day visiting Aunt Nell's relatives in the nearby village, and the same thing happened that night. And the next.

The next morning, Aunt Nell surprised me. "Hetty," she said, "how would you like to go into the village by yourself today and buy something for me?"

"I'd love to!"

She gave me some money and told me where to find what she needed. Then she said, "Now, remember—don't stay too long. A fog often comes in from the sea in the late afternoon. If that happens, you might not be able to find your way home."

I told her that I'd be careful. Then I skipped off. I had to go over a bridge, walk down a long lane, and cross two fields to get to the village. The fields were surrounded by high hedges. They had stiles, or steps, in



them that allowed people but not animals to go through. After I crossed the last stile, I went straight to the village store, made my purchase, and turned toward home.

"Hetty!" someone called. I turned back and saw some of Aunt Nell's cousins playing on their doorstep. "Can you stay and play?"

"Well . . ." I hesitated. The sun was still high in the sky. It wouldn't hurt to stay a little

while. "OK," I said, "but not long."

"Not long" turned into "too long." The sun was getting low in the sky when I started back to Aunt Nell's. I crossed the first field just fine, but as I entered the second field, the fog came rolling in. I walked around and around the field, but I couldn't find the stile.

Finally I stopped and stood shivering in the thick, damp fog. My father's words echoed in my head: "Don't forget to say your prayers." I knew I needed Heavenly Father's help, but how could I pray to Him after I'd been disobedient?

I knelt in the wet grass. "Heavenly Father," I whispered, "I'm sorry I've been forgetting to say my prayers. And I'm sorry I stayed too long in the village. But please help me find my way."

Just then, a horrible "Eeee-Aaaa!" sounded right by my ear. Terrified, I leaped up and stumbled away from



that awful noise. And there, right in my path, was the stile! In an instant, I climbed up and over it. Then I ran down the lane, heading straight for a lantern bobbing towards me. It was Aunt Nell! I threw myself into her arms.

“There, there,” she soothed, and she took me home. That night I knelt and thanked Heavenly Father for helping me, and I promised to never again forget to pray.

The sun was out the next morning. I asked Aunt Nell to go for a walk with me. We crossed the bridge, walked down the lane, and came to the stile. I took a deep breath and climbed it. As I reached the top, I looked down into the field and saw the answer to my prayer. There, tethered near the bottom of the stile, was a donkey.

I laughed.

“What is it?” Aunt Nell asked.

“Oh, I’m just happy,” I answered. And I was. I’d found out for sure that Heavenly Father loves me and answers prayers—sometimes in unexpected ways. He might even use a donkey to do it. ●



“Isn’t it marvelous, brothers and sisters, that God, *who knows everything*, still spends time listening to our prayers?”

Elder Neal A. Maxwell
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
From an October 2000 general conference address.

Allysa and Teylor Stailey

of Las Cruces, New Mexico

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY MELVIN LEAVITT

Six miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico, past farm fields and pecan groves, on a piece of land dotted with fruit trees and swarming with dogs, cats, and chickens, lives a happy family. Allysa Stailey (11) and her dog, Rhailey; Teylor Stailey (9) and her dog, Jasper; Jedekiah (Jeddy) Stailey (16) and his dog, Hazel; and their dad, Daryl, belong to that family.

Brother Stailey operates a construction business, but the family also raises and sells Labrador retriever and basset hound puppies. The mothers of the puppies—Rebecca, Gus, and Casey—are everybody's dogs. One of Teylor and Alyssa's many responsibilities is playing with the puppies so that they will grow up friendly and confident. The girls always fall in love with the pups, and there are tears when it's time to say good-bye. But they still have their own dogs to love and play with. Four dogs

Allysa (left) and Teylor

sleep in the house each night, so no one gets lonely.

Allysa and Teylor are assigned to water the dogs and clean up after them. Also, each feeds her own dog. Inside the house, they take

their turns cooking and washing dishes. Outside, they mow the grass, prune trees, weed the yard, and help take care of the car, the truck, and the tractor. "They've always done really well at helping out," their dad says. "I never have to tell them anything—except to remind them to clean their rooms."

Their service does not end at the property line. "I've never seen them turn away from helping anybody," Dad adds. He explains that they've helped their older sister, Amber, move several times. They've helped people in the neighborhood do chores such as cleaning up their yards.



Whether playing basketball with Dad or hanging out with Rhailey and Jasper, Allysa and Teylor are close to their family.



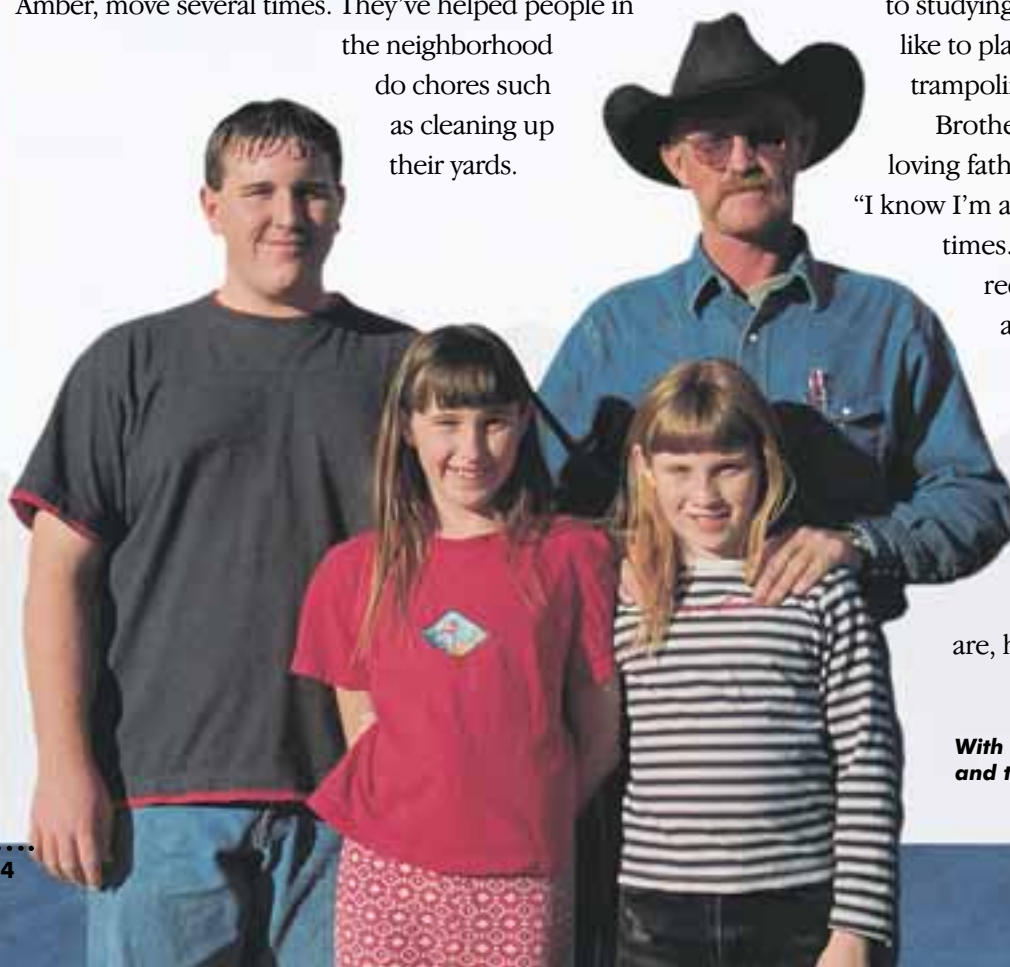
They helped build an elegant all-wood playground in Las Cruces, each of them donating about twenty hours of labor.

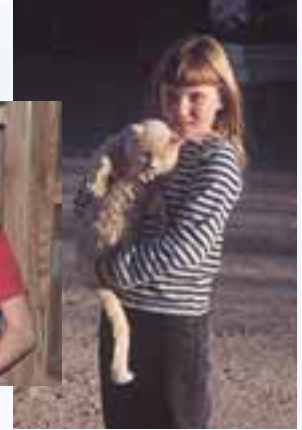
According to their father, Teylor is a "happy-go-lucky" girl, while Allysa is a bit more serious. Both are excellent students. Jedekiah is a talented musician who plays the tuba and the French horn in the high school band. He also plays the piano. Allysa plans to play the oboe in the band next year, and Teylor is looking forward to studying the violin. To relax, both girls like to play basketball and jump on the trampoline.

Brother Stailey is a plainspoken but loving father.

"I know I'm a little hard to live with sometimes. I'm pretty demanding. I require them to be responsible and respectful. Jeddy is a respectful and responsible son, and his sisters are following in his footsteps. "People tell me all the time that I've raised a nice family. I get compliments on how well behaved they are, how well they do in school,

With their brother, Jedekiah, and their dad.





The Staileys work hard and study hard (as shown by Allysa's awards). But there is always time to give some love to Nutmeg the cat or any other animal.

how helpful and courteous they are. They're outstanding kids who teach me more than I teach them. I learn something new from them every day. We've struggled through some pretty rough times and survived. We take care of each other."

They know that Heavenly Father takes care of them, too. They stay close to Him through family and personal prayers morning and night as well as family home evening and daily scripture study.

All three children have great faith, which they have shared in testimony meeting. "I'm thankful that Jesus Christ sacrificed His life for us," Allysa says. "I'm thankful for the gospel and the scriptures and my family."

"I have a testimony from the Holy Ghost," Taylor says. "I know that President Hinckley is a prophet and a good, happy man. I know the Church is true."

They are very active in Church activities. Taylor was an angel in the Christmas program, and Allysa had the role of Mary. Taylor likes Primary, especially singing time. Her favorite songs are "Book of Mormon Stories" and "Follow the Prophet."

Allysa enjoys Primary Activity Days, where she has made ornaments and memorized articles of faith.

That's how things are now. But for a long time, the family didn't go to church very often. The children attended only when they visited Brother Stailey's mother in another town. They enjoyed those visits and started reading the Book of Mormon on their own. They read almost the whole book over a two-year

period and started asking their dad to take them back to church. When the family went through some difficult times, Brother Stailey realized that they needed the gospel in their lives. They started attending meetings again, and they're glad they did.

"I enjoy going to church," Allysa explains. "Everyone is nice to us. Even on our first day back, they helped us find our way around and were friendly."

"The members of the Church really care about you," Taylor adds.

The Staileys were already good people before they went back to church. But now they are much happier good people. "A lot of wonderful things have happened to us," Brother Stailey reports. "We pay our tithing faithfully, and blessings have come from that. A couple of months ago, I was ordained an elder and I got to ordain Jeddy a priest that same day."

There were many things that helped the family become active, but Brother Stailey has no doubt about the most important one. "You can't believe the strength that comes from these kids. They are the reason for my change of heart. They and my mother are the reason this family turned around."

The Staileys have come through hard times stronger than ever. They love Heavenly Father and their neighbors. They are close to each other and kind to their animal friends. They are quick to point out that they are far from perfect. But they know who *is* perfect, and they are doing their best to follow Him. ●



Trying to Be Like Jesus

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



Megan's Best Friend

By Michelle Wasden

Sabrina is a wonderful friend and big sister to Megan. They met one of Sabrina's preschool friends at a park. Megan followed them closely while they explored the playground.

Sabrina's friend said, "Hurry and climb fast after me so the baby can't follow us."

Very cheerfully, Sabrina told her friend, "Megan is two years old. She is a toddler, not a baby, and I want her to play with us."

After that, Sabrina's friend was nicer to Megan, and the three of them played until it was time to go home. No wonder Sabrina is Megan's best friend!

Sabrina Wasden, age 4, is a member of the Coyote Hills Ward, Hayward California Stake.

Learning to Forgive

By Jennifer Thomas

One day at recess, my best friend, Julie,* told me that she no longer wanted to be my friend. I was very sad and asked her why. She said that she didn't know why, just that she no longer wanted to be my friend. I felt very bad and walked away crying.

When I got home from school, I told my mom what had happened. She listened to me and hugged me. She reminded me that I had other friends to play with.



When my dad came home, I asked him what to do. He told me that when I see her to just think about what Jesus would do.

The next day at school, we ignored each other at first. Later, at recess, she apologized and asked to be my friend again. I remembered how bad I'd felt and didn't want her to hurt my feelings again. So I told her that I would think about it.

The rest of recess, I thought about what my parents had told me. I decided that Jesus would give her a second chance and so should I. I forgave her and told her that I still wanted to be her friend. I learned that even though it is hard to forgive people sometimes, if you forgive, you are happier and feel closer to Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ.

*Name has been changed.

Jennifer Thomas, age 10, is a member of the Belmont Ward, Richmond Virginia Chesterfield Stake.

Comforting Grandma

By Susan F. Blood



Soon after Will's fourth birthday, his Grandpa Swaner died.

Grandma Swaner was old and in very bad health, both mentally and physically. Grandpa had been caring for Grandma, so when he died, she needed someone not only to comfort her but to care for her. She needed help getting in and out of bed, chairs, or wherever she wanted to be. Several family members took turns spending the night with her.

Two nights after Grandpa's death, it was my turn to spend the night. Will and his daddy and I were with her that afternoon and evening, and Daddy was going to take him home while I stayed the night with her.

But when Will was told to clean up his toys so that he

and Daddy could go home, he said, "No. I'm going to sleep with Grandma."

No matter how much we tried to persuade him to go home, he insisted on staying. Finally we let him put his pajamas on and get in Grandma's bed. We thought that he would go to sleep right away, and Daddy could take him home. An hour later, I went to see him. He was still awake. He said, "I'm not asleep because I'm waiting for Grandma to come to bed. She needs me because Grandpa isn't here."

He was still awake when Daddy and I helped Grandma into her bed. Will snuggled up to her. During the night when I checked on them, I often found Grandma covering his shoulders with the blankets or rubbing his back while he slept.

Will knew best. Grandma was sad and needed comforting and someone to care for, and he wasn't going to leave her alone that night. He was truly trying to be like Jesus Christ.

William Blood, age 5, is a member of the Val Verda Third Ward, Bountiful Utah Val Verda Stake.

School Race

By Walteri Laineenkare



Our school had a race. I was a fast runner, and I expected to beat my competitors. As I was running, I saw one of the runners sitting on the ground. I stopped and asked what was wrong.

He was having an asthma attack and couldn't run. I waited with him until a teacher arrived. Then I finished the race. I did not win, but I felt good because I had stayed with him.

Walteri Laineenkare, age 10, is a member of the Turku First Ward, Tampere Finland Stake.



David's Lesson

BY PAMELA HINKLER

(Based on a true story)

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right (Ephesians 6:1).

Mom poked her head into David's room. "I have a surprise."

David looked up from his toy cars and smiled. "What is it?"

"We're going to lunch with your cousins."

"Yes! Can we get tacos?"

"That's a great idea. But before we go, put your cars away."

"I'll do it later."

Mom frowned. "You know the rules, David. You have to clean up before you go anywhere."

He didn't want to put his cars away. "Rules, rules, rules." Suddenly he remembered something he had learned in his Sunbeam class. One of Heavenly Father's rules was to obey your parents. He put his cars away.

At the restaurant, David stared at the huge taco on his plate. There were also rice, beans, and little green things. He picked up one of the green things.

"No, David!" his sister yelled. "Don't eat that."

"She's right," Mom said. "Don't eat that. It's a hot pepper."

"More rules," David thought. He popped the small green thing into his mouth and chomped down. Very spicy pepper juice filled his mouth. His mouth and throat felt on fire. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He

coughed. "Water! My mouth . . . my mouth is burning."

He grabbed his water and drank every last drop.

"Eat a corn chip," Mom said. "It will help."

He grabbed the chip and chewed. His mouth felt better, but his throat still hurt. The taco on his plate didn't look good anymore. Tears still rolled down his cheeks. He looked at Mom. She had tears in her eyes, too.

Sadness came over him. He should have listened. Mom loved him. She didn't want anything bad to happen to him, just like Heavenly Father loved him and didn't want anything bad to happen to him. That's why Heavenly Father gave him a wonderful mother and the commandment to obey his parents. His mother's rules and Heavenly Father's rules would help him to be happy and safe.

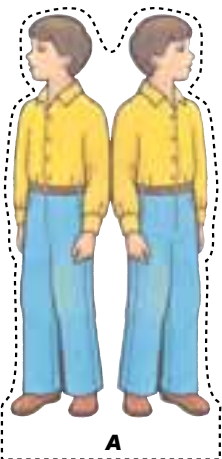
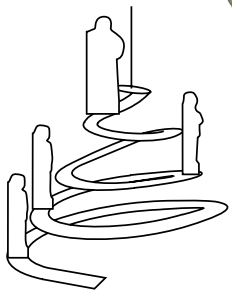
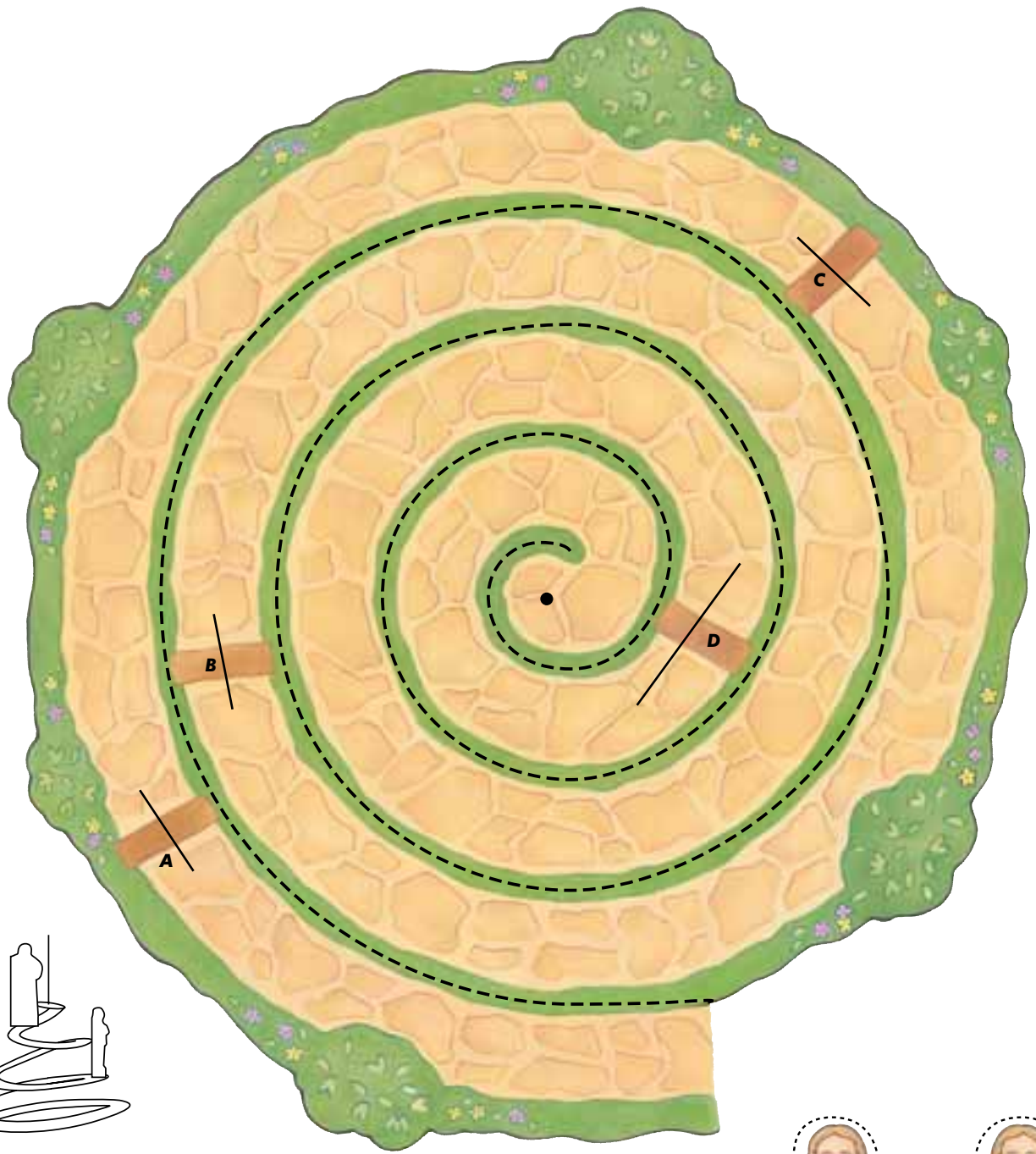
He wiped away the tears. The taco started to look good to him again. ●



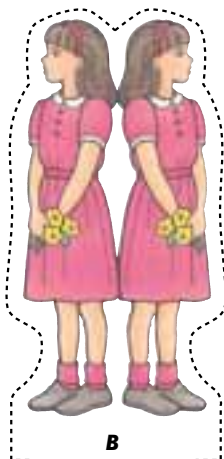
"Young people, if you honor your parents, you will love them, respect them, confide in them, be considerate of them, express appreciation for them, and demonstrate all of these things by following their counsel in righteousness and by obeying the commandments of God."

Elder Dallin H. Oaks
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
From an April 1991 general conference address.





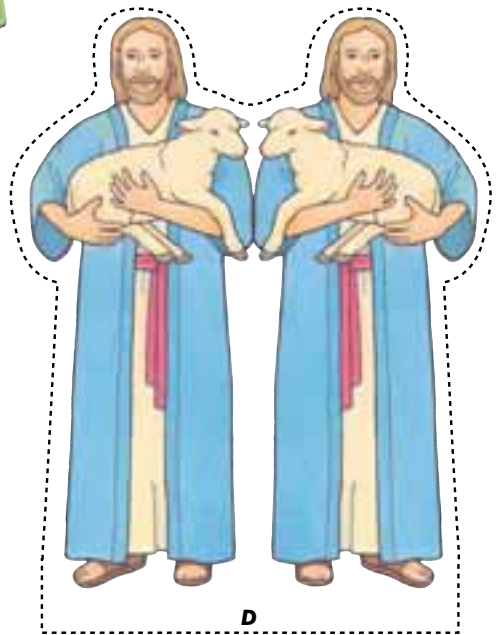
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D

I CAN FOLLOW THE PROPHET TODAY

BY VICKI F. MATSUMORI



What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, . . . whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same (D&C 1:38).

A prophet. What do you think of when you hear those words? Perhaps you think of a prophet from Old Testament times, wearing a long robe. Or a Book of Mormon prophet holding the Liahona. Perhaps your prophet is old, like Moses. Or did you imagine a young boy prophet like Josiah? Maybe you thought of today's prophet, who wears a suit and tie.

More important than a prophet's clothing, age, or other physical appearance is that every prophet is called of God by prophecy (see Articles of Faith 1:5) and that he speaks for the Lord (see D&C 1:38).

A prophet is the Lord's representative on earth, and he gives counsel about how we should live. When we obey the Lord's counsel, He will bless us.

Elder M. Russell Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles told about a 17-year-old girl who listened to and obeyed the counsel of President Gordon B. Hinckley. Elder Ballard said: "I know a 17-year-old who, just prior to the prophet's talk, had pierced her ears a second time. She came home from the fireside, took off the second set of earrings, and simply said to her parents, 'If President Hinckley says we should only wear one set of earrings, that's good enough for me.'

"Wearing two pairs of earrings may or may not have eternal consequences for this young woman, but her willingness to obey the

prophet will."

And then Elder Ballard promised, "If you will listen to the living prophet and the apostles and heed our counsel, you will not go astray." (*Ensign*, May 2001, 66.)

The prophet does speak for the Savior. We can follow Him in faith by listening to and obeying the counsel of the prophet today. When we heed his words, we are better members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Path to the Savior Springing Mobile

1. Mount page 20 on heavy paper.
2. Cut out the figures of the Savior, the prophet, and the children, then fold down the center and glue the backs of each one.
3. Cut out the path along the broken line; carefully cut the slits at A, B, C, and D. Then use the point of a pencil to make a small hole at the dot in the center.
4. Insert the tabs in the corresponding slits.
5. Make a knot in one end of a string, thread the unknotted end up through the hole until it stops at the knot, then hang your mobile where it will remind you of your desire to follow the prophet.

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. Help the children review some of the principles taught in the most recent general conference by referring to the Sermon on the Mount. Write selected beatitudes (Matt. 5:3–11) on the chalkboard. Choose conference messages that have similar themes. Have the children take turns reading a section of a conference talk—or have an adult read and/or paraphrase one—then locating a beatitude with a similar message.

Choose additional conference talks that would help your Primary children. Divide the Primary into groups, and give each group a section of a talk to read. Have the group write, in the form of a beatitude, a blessing they can receive for obeying a principle in the talk. (E.g., “Blessed are those who pay tithing, for the windows of heaven will be open to them.”) Have the children take turns reading their blessings. Sing songs that reinforce the principles being taught.

2. Help the children learn Article of Faith 1:5. Write each third of it on a different-colored paper. Cut the words apart. On one wall, randomly attach the words on the paper of one color. Repeat with the other two colors on two other walls.

Make a list of questions about prophets, such as “Which Book of Mormon prophet said, ‘I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded?’” “Which latter-day prophet is known for his emphasis on the law of tithing?” “What is a prophet?” “Name a prophet in the Old Testament.”

With the help of the music leader, make a list of songs the children know about prophets, such as “Follow the Prophet” (pp. 110–11), “Book of Mormon Stories” (pp. 118–19), “Keep the Commandments” (pp. 146–47), “Latter-day Prophets” (p. 134), “Stand for the Right” (p. 159), “Nephi’s Courage” (pp. 120–21).

Read Article of Faith 1:5 out loud together. Place one piece of each color of paper in a container, divide the children into three groups, and have each group choose a paper to determine which third of Article of Faith 1:5 it is to rearrange. Have the groups take turns answering questions about prophets. If the answer is correct, the child may switch any two words in his group’s section to try to put the words in order.

Alternatively, a child may choose a song for his/her group to sing. While the song is being sung, the child rearranges as many words as possible in his group’s section. When a group has the words in the correct order, have them stand and read it aloud. Allow the other groups to complete their sections.

While the Primary sings “The Fifth Article of Faith” (p. 125), have some children mix up the words within each color again. Assign each group a new color and repeat the process of asking questions and rearranging words to help the children learn all three sections of Article of Faith 1:5.

Bear testimony that the prophet has been called of God. Express gratitude for the priesthood with its power and authority being restored in the latter days.

3. For older children: Help the children review messages given during general conference by using the video *Sharing Time with President Gordon B. Hinckley* (item #53331). Discuss the lessons

President Hinckley teaches in this message. Discuss some of the visual elements that were used to help illustrate the points: pictures of a child being baptized, a scene of a child paying tithing, etc.

Give each child a piece of paper and some crayons. Divide the children into groups, and give each group a talk to illustrate. Choose general conference talks with principles the Primary children could live more faithfully. Have a leader or older child read selected sections from the talk to the group, then ask, “If you were making a video, how would you illustrate the message or show ways children can live the principle taught in the message?” Have each child in the group choose a different picture to draw. Tape the completed pictures together in a continuous roll to illustrate the talk. Use a roller box (see *TNGC*, 178) to present the pictures to the rest of the Primary. Have the groups take turns reading their assigned conference message and showing the illustrations with the roller box.

Display the illustrated conference talks and have the children invite family members to view their pictures and retell the message.

4. *Song Presentation*: Help the children learn “The Things I Do” (pp. 170–71) by using questions to direct their listening and by having them draw illustrations on the chalkboard.

Invite the children to listen while you sing the first phrase to discover why Primary children don’t go abroad to teach and preach the word of God. Have the child who answers correctly draw on the chalkboard a picture that helps illustrate that phrase while the rest of the children sing it with you.

Invite the children to listen while you sing the second phrase to discover how they can show that they know that the word of God is true. Repeat the process of having a child draw while the others sing the phrase.

Have the children clap or tap the short-long-short-long rhythm of the first verse while they sing it. This rhythm is used for verses 1, 2, and the first part of verse 4.

Repeat the process of asking questions, drawing pictures, and tapping the rhythm for the second verse.

Before beginning verse 3, have the children tap the straight count beat. While they listen to the words and draw pictures, ask them to think about the reason the composer chose to make verse 3 a different rhythm. Discuss how verse 3 talks about being in church. Perhaps the rhythm of verses 1, 2, and 4 feel like skipping, which would not be appropriate at church. Instead, children walk to show their reverence because church is a sacred place.

Continue with teaching verse 4 by asking questions, drawing pictures, and tapping the rhythm.

Bear testimony of the great influence that children have when they set good examples and do things that show that they know the Church is true. Express gratitude for the teachings of the prophets, who help all members of the Church know what to do.

5. Additional *Friend* resources: “Be a Standard-Bearer,” June 2001, 24–25; “A Prophet’s Counsel,” May 2001, 2–4; *Sharing Time*, Jan. 2001, 14–16; *Sharing Time*, Jan. 1998, 12–13, 45. *Ensign* resources: “His Word Ye Shall Receive,” May 2001, 65–67; “Prophets and Spiritual Mole Crickets,” Nov. 1999, 16–18; “Beware of False Prophets and False Teachers,” Nov. 1999, 62–64.

Go Fish!

BY JUNE MARIE SAXTON

Simon Peter told Jesus Christ that he and other fishermen had worked all night without catching any fish. Jesus told him to take his ship out into the deepest part of the Sea of Galilee and let down a net. Simon Peter and Andrew followed His counsel. To their great surprise, they caught so many fish that their net began to break. They called out to their partners, James and John, to come with their ship and help. The men



soon filled both ships with so many fish that the ships started to sink! The fishermen were amazed at the great number of fish they caught, and they were quick to heed the words of Jesus when He said, “Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.” (See Matthew 4:18–22; Luke 5:4–11.)

“Catch” the 37 fish by reading forward, backward, down, up, and diagonally. Because all words have at least one letter that is not in any other word, it’s important to find the longest ones first.

G R O H S I F K C O R E G N A R O A B
 R I C O D P E A R T E T O Y S O A R L
 A N E H R X L S P A S C A L A R E M U
 Y T R A A Y A N U T K P N L L E B D E
 L N C D E L P S S H E F W O T D Y H G
 I O O D M E I O N I L R A M O S E S I
 N E I O R F L B Z O P X P W S N L I L
 G G N C G E D G U P P Y S A F A L F L
 R R H K O L K N I T M W B T R P O D H
 A U G S A R D I N E A H C E E P W L A
 P T H P I E C K P R C R O R S E T O H
 W S T T R O U T Q P K H P S H R A G N
 O H H W H O L I N G E W U O C S I C A
 N O W A O D A R T E R A F B N F L A R
 N G I H K G N I R R E H F I M L H I I
 I L A P P E C S I M L A E X Y Z S T P
 M W G R O U D A D U C A R R A B O L Q

barracuda
bass
bluegill
carp
chub
cisco

cod
darter
flounder
goldfish
grayling
guppy

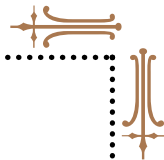
haddock
hake
halibut
herring
mackerel
marlin

minnow
molly
orange rockfish
perch
pike
piranha

puffer
red snapper
salmon
sardine
scalare
sole

sturgeon
tarpon
tetra
trout
tuna
wahoo
yellowtail





BY DOUGLAS J. VERMEEREN

Prophets are sent to protect and guide the children of Heavenly Father. There has always been safety in following the prophet. In the days of Joseph Smith, many learned this important truth.

Despise not prophesyings (1 Thessalonians 5:20).

On April 6, 1830, the day The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was formally organized, at least 30 people were in attendance. One of them was an 11-year-old boy named David Lewis. As the events of that day unfolded, David became convinced of the truthfulness of the gospel.

He approached the Prophet Joseph Smith and asked to be baptized. Joseph was happy for him but felt that it was important for him to get permission from his parents first.

Following the Prophet's counsel,

David went home to discuss his feelings with his parents. They gave him permission, and he was baptized 29 days later, on his 12th birthday.

Soon after his baptism, clouds outside darkened. Thunder and lightning cracked through the sky. Joseph suggested that David might want to stay overnight and wait out the storm. David replied that he had promised his mother that he would return that night. Joseph told David that it was important to keep the promise to his mother and that if he left right away, the Lord would protect him.

David followed the counsel of the Prophet and hurried off into the downpour. He hadn't gone far before he became confused, and he realized that he was lost. Remembering the Prophet's words that he would return home in safety, David knelt under a tree and prayed for the promised protection and guidance.

After the prayer, he started on his way again. He saw

a faint light through the trees. It looked like a person with a lantern in the distance. Something in his heart told him to follow it.

It led him down a path through the trees.

After he followed the light for some time, it suddenly disappeared. What had happened to it? He looked around and saw that he was now in front of his own house!¹

Blessed for Following the Prophet



On another occasion, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and a man named Brother Barnard were traveling to Far West, Missouri. The journey was difficult. The ground was frozen. After crossing a small stream, they found that the axle on their carriage had become bent.

Brother Barnard, a blacksmith, felt that they could not continue traveling with the axle bent so badly. He said that if they tried to straighten it, it would break.

Joseph inspected the axle and suggested that they try to spring it back into shape, anyway.

Again, Brother Barnard warned that it would break.

Joseph told him that he could straighten it, and it would be fine. He found a pry and, with the help of the brethren, bent the axle back into place. It gave them no further trouble, and the brethren arrived safely in Far West. Brother Barnard turned to Brigham Young and said that he would never say again that a thing could not be done when a prophet said that it could.²



One day in Nauvoo, the Prophet Joseph Smith was in the yard, playing with his children Joseph and Frederick. A gentlemen in a carriage drove up to the gate, looking for him. Greeting the Prophet, the man drove his horse and carriage up to a tie post, but did not tie the horse up. Leaving the lines lying loose, he got out of his carriage and came up the steps of the house.

“Mister,” Joseph said, “I think you would do well to tie your horse; he might get a scare and run away and break your carriage.”

The gentleman, thinking he knew best, responded, “I have driven that horse for some years and never tie him. I am a doctor and cannot afford to tie him up at every place I call.”

Joseph persisted. “You had better tie him all the same. Your horse might get a scare and run away.”

The doctor told Joseph not to worry, that there would be no problems with his horse.

Entering the house, the men sat down to talk.

Within moments, the horse became startled. It bolted down the street, towing behind it the carriage. A wheel struck against a post, and pieces of the carriage were scattered for a block or more.

The doctor rushed to the street and saw the trail left by the frightened horse. He turned to Joseph and said, “I’ll be . . . if you aren’t a prophet.”³

Our prophet today may not give us advice on bending carriage axles or tying up horses, but the instruction he gives us is important for our own situations. We should seek to follow his counsel in all things. By following the prophet, we will be prepared against the dangers that we face today. ●

1. *Ensign*, Sept. 1978, 26.

2. Edwin F. Parry, comp., *Stories about Joseph Smith The Prophet* (1934), 20–21.

3. Parry, 36–37.



Out of the Best Books



SUMMER READING FUN

How marvelous a thing is a good book!

President Gordon B. Hinckley

My First Songs Colorfully illustrated are the lyrics of “The Wheels on the Bus,” “Old MacDonald Had a Farm,” “The Eentsy, Weentsy Spider,” “Row, Row, Row Your Boat,” “Ring Around the Rosie,” “London Bridge,” “Pop! Goes the Weasel,” “Take Me Out to the Ball Game,” “Hush, Little Baby,” and “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.”

JANE MANNING (compiler, illustrator) 2–4 years

Room for a Stepdaddy Joey doesn’t want a stepdaddy. Bill is nice, though, and patient.

JEAN THOR COOK 3–5 years

Lilly’s Purple Plastic Purse When Lilly opens her purse at school after her teacher asks her not to, he keeps it in his desk until the end of the day. Angry, Lilly draws a not-nice picture of him and sneaks it into his book bag. What happens next will surprise you, as Lily learns a lesson about making amends.

KEVIN HENKES 3–5 years

Down the Road When Hetty goes down the road to town by herself for the first time, she buys a dozen eggs and carries them back safely—as far as the apple tree. But the next morning, Mama and Papa do *not* have eggs for breakfast. They have something really good, though!

ALICE SCHERTLE 4–8 years

Grandma Buffalo, May, and Me When she was Poppy’s age, Great-grandmother May “learned to catch fish, plant a garden, and feed buffalo.” Mama says Poppy will learn to do the very same things in the very same places when she visits her Montana grandmother.

CAROL CURTIS STILZ 5–8 years

Grandfather’s Gold Watch Before Peter’s family leaves Denmark, Grandfather gives his wonderful watch to Peter, saying, “My timepiece and my name belong to you now.” The journey to Utah is very hard, but Grandfather’s watch gives Peter comfort. But what happens when Peter loses the watch?

LOUISE GARFF HUBBARD 5–11 years

Scaredy Dog When Erin goes to the dog pound to choose a dog, she finds Mac cowering in a corner. Erin will need a lot of patience, and Mac a lot of love, for him to be anything but a scaredy dog. . . .

JANE RESH THOMAS 6–8 years

Lucy’s Wish; Will’s Choice Two books in the wonderful Orphan Train Children series. Lucy’s wish is for adoptive parents who will love her, and for a little sister. She gets her wish—in a way. For one thing, her

“little sister” is older than she is. . . . Will’s choice is between the father he loves but who doesn’t know what to do with him, and the kind doctor who wants to adopt him.

JOAN LOWERY NIXON 7–11 years

Turn of the Century Each hundred years of the last millennium is represented by a child in England or America on New Year’s Day. Fascinating things are shown and described, such as what Rhys, a merchant’s son, said in 1300: “There were maggots in the meat at lunch. It is the kitchen boy’s task to pick them out, but he had run off to view a hanging.”

ELLEN JACKSON 8–12 years

A Crow’s Journey “A wandering crow / was curious to know: / Where does it go, / this mountain snow, / each spring?” The art is beautiful. A book worthy of being among the favorites on your bookshelf.

DAVID CUNNINGHAM all ages

Nonfiction

Moose Racks, Bear Tracks, and Other Alaska Kidsnacks These recipes have fun Alaska-related names. All 25 are easy to make—and tasty!

ALICE BUGNI 5 years and up

Lou Gehrig: The Luckiest Man Lou Gehrig won the Most Valuable Player award the year Babe Ruth hit 60 home runs! Lou was called the “Iron Horse” for all the games in a row he played—a record lasting almost 60 years! If a dreadful disease hadn’t ended his career, he might have achieved much more. Despite his suffering, he considered himself “the luckiest man on the face of the earth.”

DAVID A. ADLER 7 years and up

Sidewalk Games Around the World The rules for games such as marbles, hopscotch, tag, jump rope, and more as played in 26 countries around the world are given. Something interesting about each country is told, too, and its place on the map is shown. A wonderful book to have around when there is “nothing to do.”

ARLENE ERLBACH 8–11 years

Moses Goes to a Concert Moses and his classmates are deaf, but they love the concert. Their teacher gives them balloons to help them “hear” it. The percussionist (one who plays instruments like drums, the triangle, and the gong) in the orchestra is deaf, too. After the concert, she lets Moses and his classmates play all her instruments.

ISAAC MILLMAN all ages

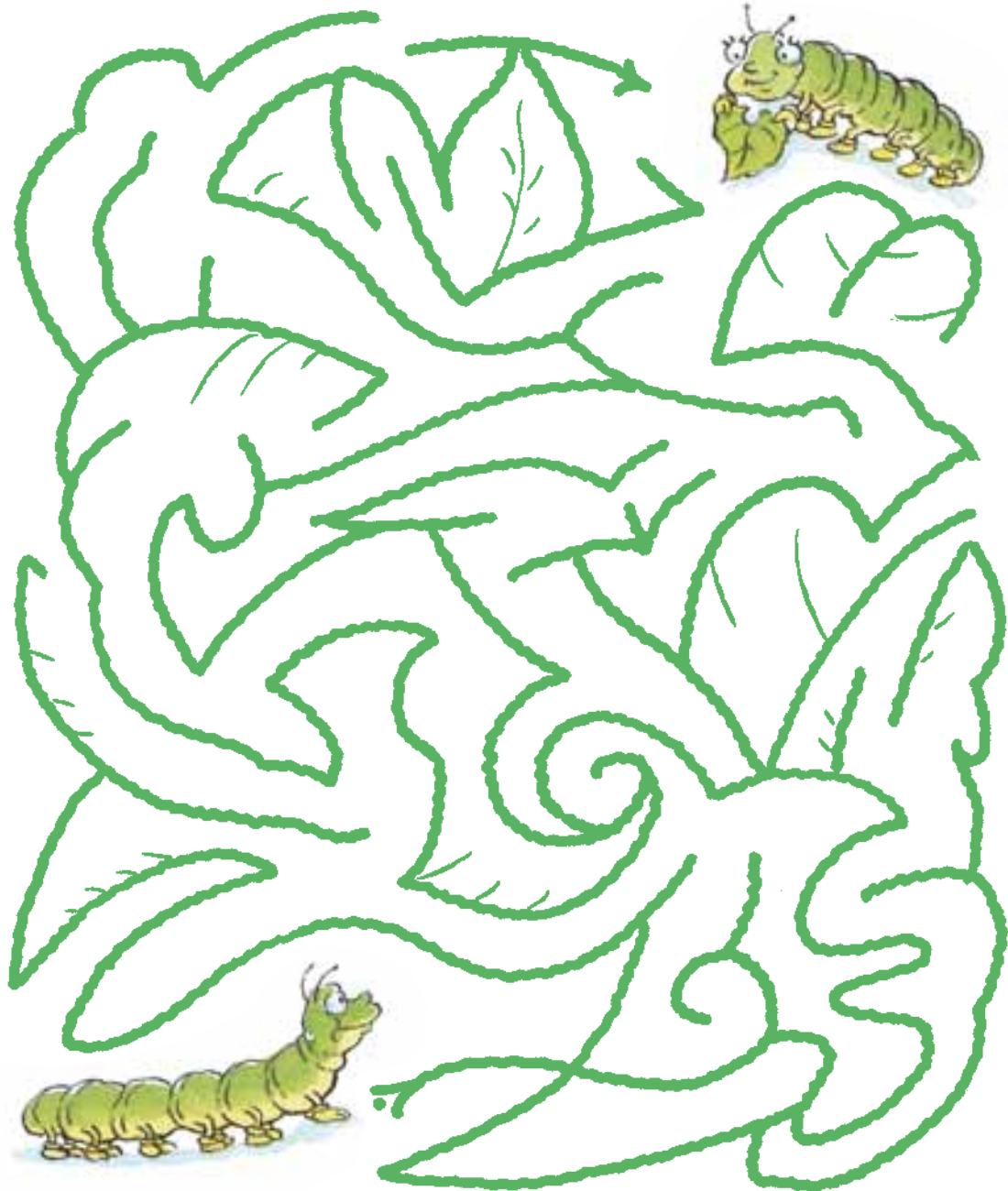
All books listed here have been reviewed by the *Friend* editorial staff and are generally available in libraries and bookstores.

For Little
Friends

Meeting for Lunch

BY ROBERTA L. FAIRALL

Can you help Katie Caterpillar follow an unbroken line to meet Cappie Caterpillar for lunch?
Katie and Cappie will lunch on tender young leaves and talk about their future as beautiful butterflies.



Mom

Instructions: To prepare a Mother's Day card, cut out the card on this page and mount it on heavy paper. On Mother's Day, give it to your mom with a big hug.



What word means "good and fun and sweet
And wise and kind and calm"?
The only one that's strong enough
Has just three letters—

MOM



What exclamation could describe
The mom I'm hugging now?
The only one that's bold enough
Has just three letters—

For Little
Friends



Mother's Day Mistake

BY JANE McBRIDE CHOATE

(Based on a true story)

Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation
(2 Corinthians 7:10).

The next day was Mother's Day. Chad wanted to give something special to his mommy. He was only five years old and didn't have any money to buy a present.

Yellow-faced pansies bloomed along a sidewalk in Mrs. Dewey's yard next door. Chad had watched Mrs. Dewey plant them. Her husband had died last year, and she lived alone. Sometimes Chad's parents invited her to Sunday dinner.

Chad asked Mommy if he could go outside and play on the swing set. The pansies seemed to smile at him. He picked a handful and carried them inside.

"Happy Mother's Day, Mommy!" He held out the flowers to her. It didn't feel as good as he thought it would.

A smile settled on her lips. "Chad, they're beautiful! Thank you." The smile faded. "Where did you get such beautiful pansies?"

He shuffled from one foot to the other. "Outside."

"Where outside?"

"Mrs. Dewey's yard," he said reluctantly.

"How do you think Mrs. Dewey is going to feel when she finds that some of her flowers are missing?" Mommy asked softly.

Chad remembered how Mrs. Dewey had knelt on the ground, patting the dark dirt around the flowers. She had worked a long time planting them. "She might be sad."

Mommy put the flowers on the table. "What do you think you should do?"

He chewed on his lip. "Maybe I could put them back."

Mommy sat at the table and patted the chair beside her. "I don't think that's going to work."

Chad didn't think so, either. "I guess I should tell her what I did." He looked at the flowers. They lay limply on the table, their cheerful faces already drooping.

He trudged over to Mrs. Dewey's house and knocked at the door. "I picked your flowers for my mommy for Mother's Day. I'm sorry." He got out the words in a single breath.

Mrs. Dewey smiled. "Thank you, Chad, for bringing the flowers back and telling me the truth."

"I'll help you stick them in the ground again," he offered.

"After flowers are picked, they can't be replanted," she said gently.

"That's what Mommy said." He brightened. "Maybe I could help you plant some new flowers."

Mrs. Dewey's smile bloomed like one of the pansies. "I'd like that."

That afternoon, Mommy and Chad bought new flowers to plant in Mrs. Dewey's yard.

"I'll do chores to pay you back for the flowers," Chad said. He thought for a moment. "I could do more chores for a Mother's Day present."

Mommy hugged him. "That's the best present you could give me." ●

My Garden



BY LOIS THOMPSON BARTHOLOMEW



**In spring,
I spade my garden,**

(Pretend to dig.)



**Then make a
long, straight row.**

*(Pretend to make a row
with a hoe.)*



**I place the seeds in
one by one**

(Plant seeds.)



**And cover them,
just so.**

*(Pat dirt over seeds
with hands.)*



**I water all
the little seeds,
(Sprinkle seeds with
pretend watering can.)**



**Pull weeds
until it's neat.
(Pretend to pull
weeds.)**



**Then I pick
my vegetables.
(Bend over and pick.)**



**And eat,
and eat, and eat.
(Pretend to eat
vegetables.)**

Prophets

What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, . . . whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same (D&C 1:38).

Prophets tell about Jesus Christ, and they tell what He wants us to know and do.

When He lived on the earth, Jesus Christ often spoke of the prophets who had lived before Him. He told the people of His time on earth to “search the scriptures” because the prophets had written about Him.

For example, when Jacob, whose name was changed to Israel and who was the father of the tribes of Israel, blessed his sons, he prophesied that Jesus Christ would descend from the tribe of Judah (see Genesis 49: heading, 24—including footnote a).

Isaiah told of the birth of Jesus Christ, of His being the chief cornerstone of His church, of His teaching and suffering and dying for us, and of His Resurrection (see Isaiah 7:14; 9:6; 25:9; 28:16; 42:7; 50:6; 53:5; 61:1; see also 2 Nephi 17:14; 19:6; Mosiah 14:5).

Ezekiel told of the Savior’s overcoming death for us (see Ezekiel 37:12).

Daniel told of a vision in which the angel Gabriel came to him and spoke of the Atonement of Jesus Christ (see Daniel 9:24).

Hosea told of Jesus returning to the Jews from the land of Egypt, and of His being our Redeemer (see Hosea 11:11; 13:14).

Micah told of the Baby Jesus being born in Bethlehem (see Micah 5:2).

Zechariah told of the Savior riding triumphantly into Jerusalem on an ass, and of His being betrayed for thirty pieces of silver (see Zechariah 9:9; 11:13).

Malachi told of Jesus Christ coming suddenly to the temple in the latter days and at His Second Coming (see Malachi 3:1; see also D&C 36:8).

The records we have of Old Testament prophets don’t tell us nearly as much about Jesus Christ as the Book of Mormon does, but you can find out more if you look in the Topical Guide under “Jesus Christ, Prophecies about.”

Lehi told of the birth, baptism, Atonement, death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and of other prophets who had taught about Him (see 1 Nephi 10:1–11).

In a vision, Nephi was shown and told of all that his father had seen, of the Savior’s ministry among the people during His time on earth, and of His calling of the Twelve Apostles (see 1 Nephi 11:13–34).

King Benjamin told of the miracles that Jesus would perform; of all that He would suffer, including temptations; of His Atonement for us; and that “he shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning; and his mother shall be called Mary” (see Mosiah 3:5–8).

There is much more about Jesus Christ and His teachings in the Book of Mormon. Many of the prophets who wrote it, like the prophets of the Old Testament, lived before the Savior lived on the earth and testified of Him.

Testimony Matchup

By Caroline Benzley

Instructions: Cut out the pictures of the Book of Mormon prophets. To match the prophets’ pictures with their testimonies of Christ, read each testimony, look up the scripture reference to find the prophet’s name, then glue the correct picture in place.



Nephi



Samuel the Lamanite



King Benjamin



Abinadi



He is the light and the life of the world; yea, a light that is endless, that can never be darkened; yea, and also a life which is endless, that there can be no more death (Mosiah 16:9; see also verse 1).



And I looked and beheld the Redeemer of the world, of whom my father had spoken (1 Nephi 11:27; see also heading).



And he shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning; and his mother shall be called Mary (Mosiah 3:8; see also heading).



Behold, I give unto you a sign; for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name (Helaman 14:2; see also verse 1).

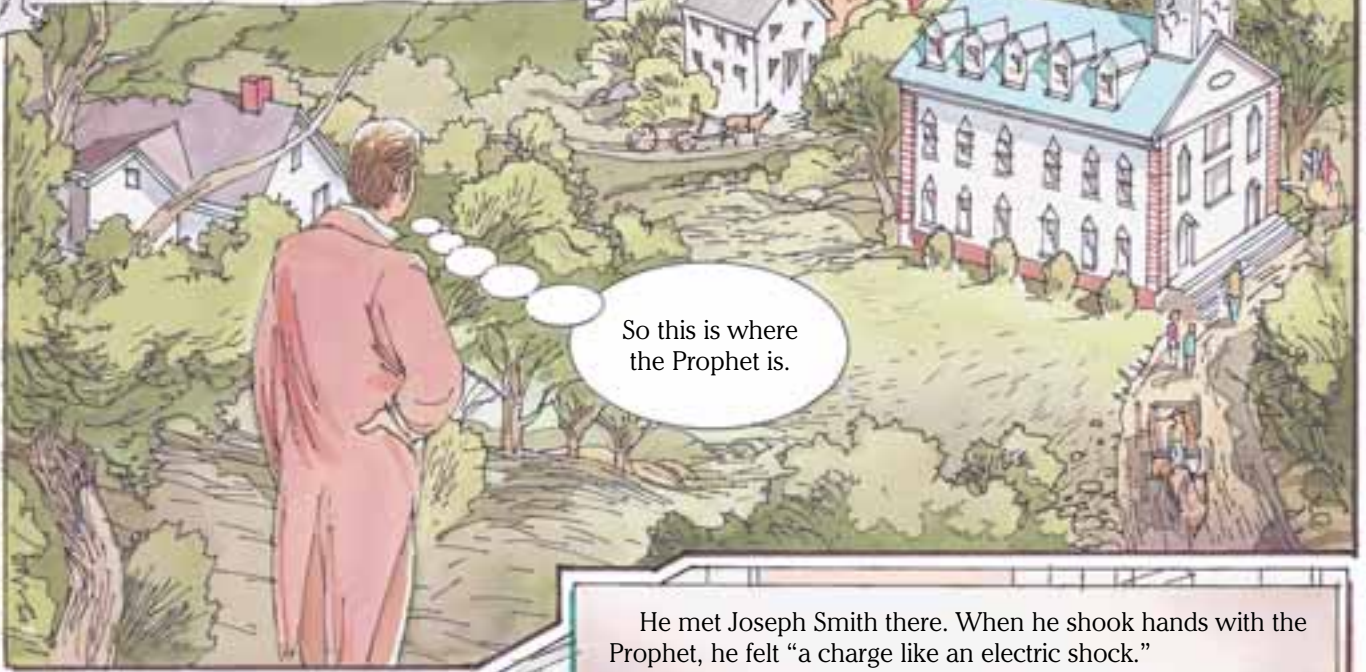


From the Life of President John Taylor

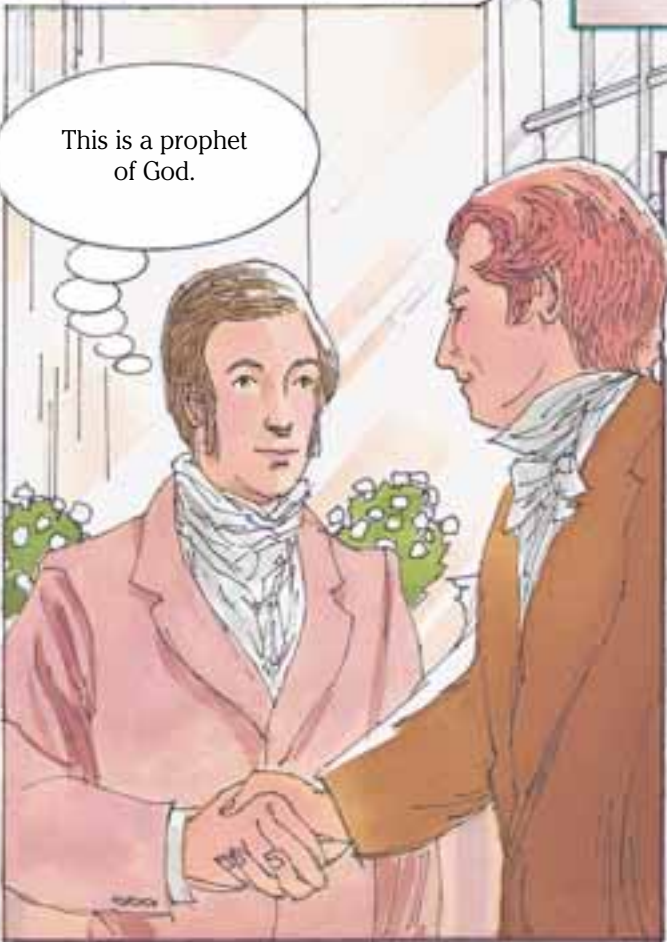


Bearing Testimony of the Prophet

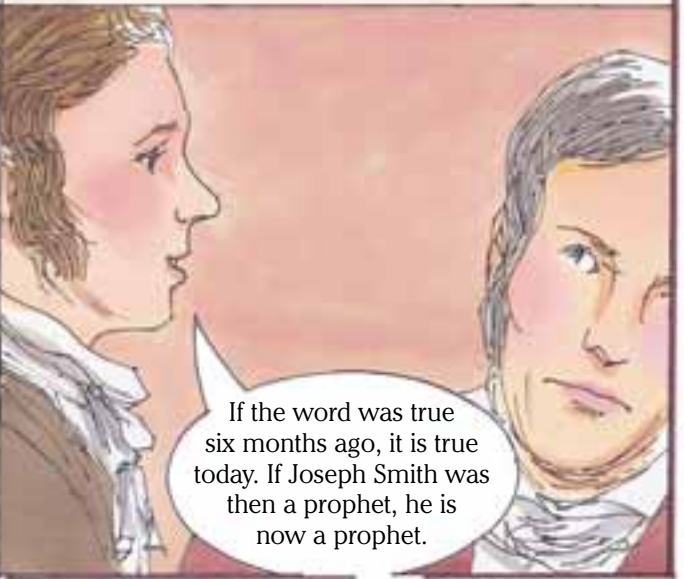
A little less than a year after he was baptized, John Taylor traveled to Kirtland, Ohio.



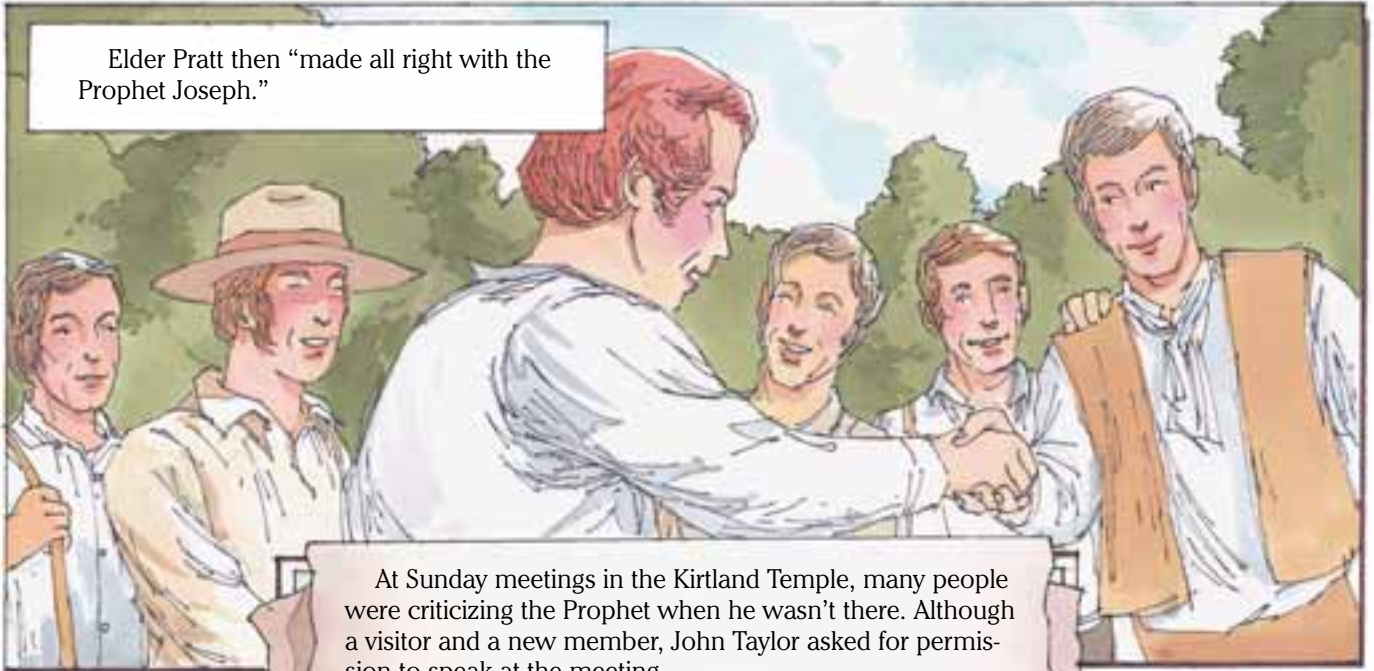
He met Joseph Smith there. When he shook hands with the Prophet, he felt "a charge like an electric shock."



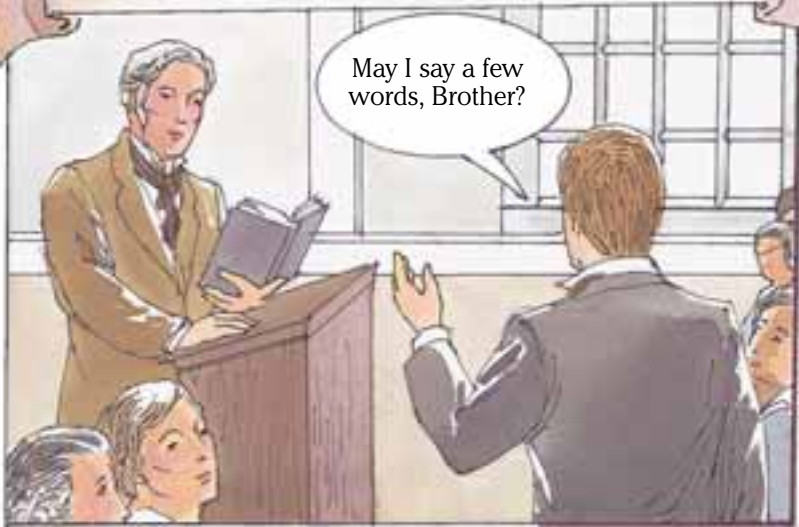
While he was in Kirtland, many members had stopped believing in the Church. One whose testimony was wavering was Elder Parley P. Pratt, the missionary who had taught John Taylor the gospel.



Elder Pratt then “made all right with the Prophet Joseph.”



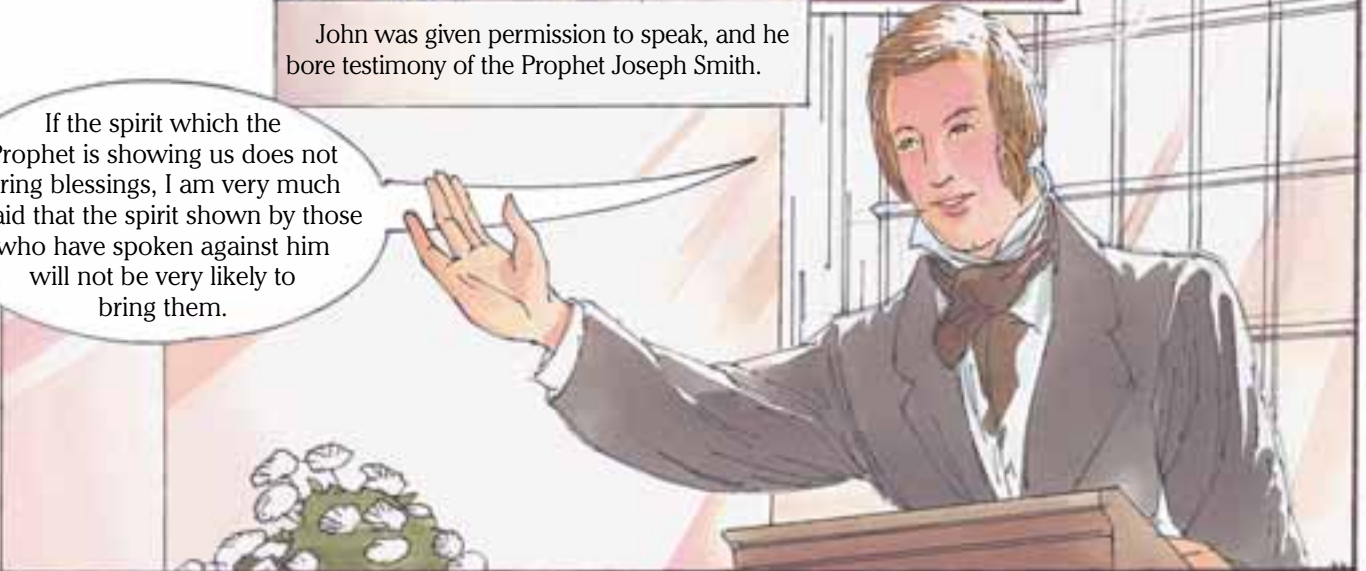
At Sunday meetings in the Kirtland Temple, many people were criticizing the Prophet when he wasn't there. Although a visitor and a new member, John Taylor asked for permission to speak at the meeting.



May I say a few words, Brother?

John was given permission to speak, and he bore testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

If the spirit which the Prophet is showing us does not bring blessings, I am very much afraid that the spirit shown by those who have spoken against him will not be very likely to bring them.



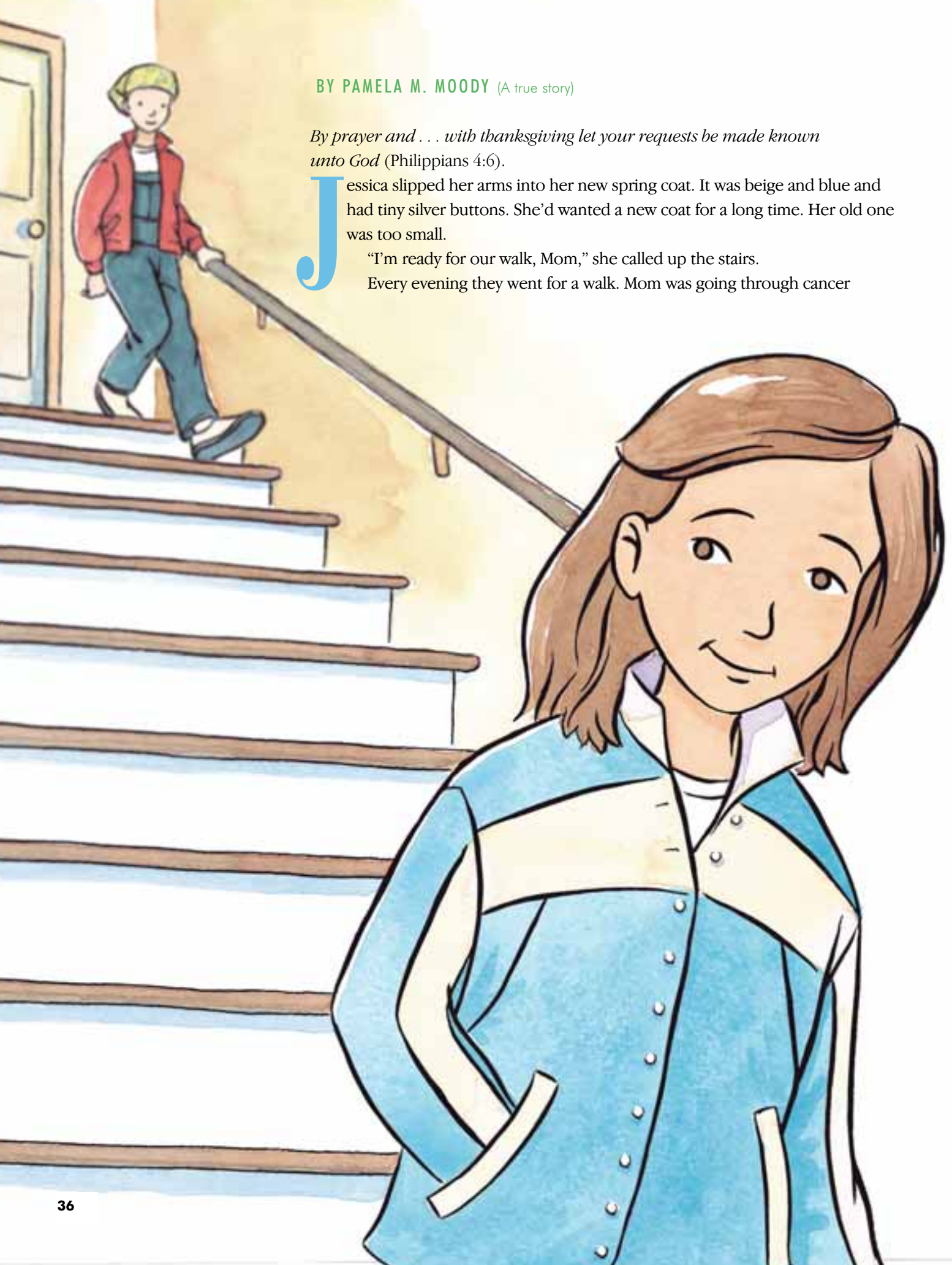
BY PAMELA M. MOODY (A true story)

By prayer and . . . with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God (Philippians 4:6).

Jessica slipped her arms into her new spring coat. It was beige and blue and had tiny silver buttons. She'd wanted a new coat for a long time. Her old one was too small.

"I'm ready for our walk, Mom," she called up the stairs.

Every evening they went for a walk. Mom was going through cancer



therapy, and the only thing that made her feel better was to walk around the park. She said that the fresh air and sunshine were Heavenly Father's medicine.

"How far shall we walk today?" Mom asked as she came down the stairs.

Jessica shrugged. "As far as you want. My homework is done."

Mom smiled. "I feel good today. Let's take a long walk."

Eager to get going, Jessica led the way out of the house into the sunshine. A cool breeze tugged at her new coat. She buttoned it up.

Many families were out enjoying the grass and the creek that flowed through the park. Jessica saw dogs, children, and even a few kites as she and Mom walked along the sidewalk. Everything seemed perfect.

A soccer ball rolled in front of Jessica. She picked it up and tossed it back to the small boy who had kicked it in her direction. Feeling warm now, she unbuttoned her coat. "Oh, no!"

Mom stopped and asked, "What's wrong?"

"A button on my new coat popped off."

"It couldn't have gone far. Let's look for it."

Jessica nodded, and they began searching.

After several minutes, Mom said, "Maybe we'd better check a little farther back. You might have lost it when we entered the park."



They walked slowly, scanning every inch of the path. Finally they gave up and went home.

Over the next several days, things kept going wrong for Jessica. She lost her homework, had an argument with a friend, did poorly on a test, cut her finger, and caught a cold. At the end of the week, she went home from school feeling sad. "If one more thing goes wrong," she told her mom, "I'm going to cry for a month."

Mom wrapped her arms around Jessica. "When I'm having one of those days or weeks when I don't think I'm going to make it, I pray extra hard. I pour my heart out to Heavenly Father. I thank Him for the many blessings I have. I tell Him how much I love Him, and I tell Him that I can't make it without Him."

Jessica nodded and wiped a tear that escaped from the corner of her eye. "Does it work?"

Mom smiled. "Of course it works! I believe in Jesus Christ and that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is His church. I

The Button



“I bear you my testimony that God the Father lives. He loves us. He hears our prayers, and He answers with what is best for us.”

Elder Henry B. Eyring
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles
From an October 2001 general conference address.

also believe that He lives and that He loves us more than we know. I couldn't get through my cancer treatments without Him. He wants to help us.”

A warm glow filled Jessica. She knew that what Mom said was true.

“Why don't we go for our walk right now?” Mom suggested. “Fresh air and sunshine will lift your spirits.”

“Can we go in a few minutes? I think I'll go to my room and pray first.”

Mom smiled. “Let me know when you're ready to go.”

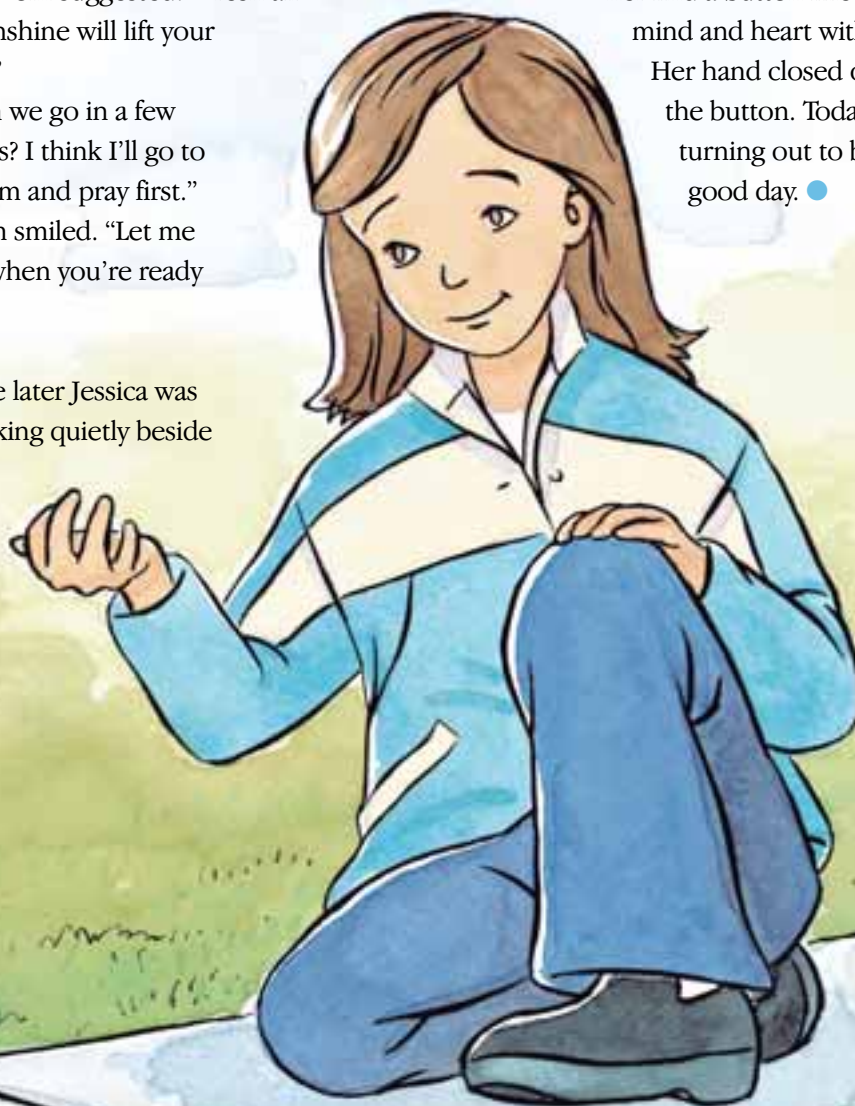
A little later Jessica was walking quietly beside

her mom. The afternoon sunshine made her smile. Suddenly a warm tingle started in her heart and chest. She stopped. “Look down,” a voice in her head said.

Jessica looked down. She froze. In the crack of the sidewalk was the silver button she had lost the week before. Joy filled her from head to toe. “Mom, look!” She picked up the tiny button and held it out in her hand.

“See, I told you Heavenly Father loves you.”

Knowing that Heavenly Father loved her so much that He would even help her find a button filled Jessica's mind and heart with wonder. Her hand closed over the button. Today was turning out to be a very good day. ●



Classic Thoughts

The Restoration of the Priesthood

BY PRESIDENT GORDON B. HINCKLEY



May 15 is a day of celebration in the Church. We commemorate . . . [the] restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, which occurred on May 15, 1829. The restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood occurred a short time later. . . .

Can you imagine what a wonderful experience this restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood must have been for Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery when John the Baptist spoke to them? Here was a man who had lived upon the earth more than 1,800 years earlier. Now he was speaking in English to two young men while he held his hands upon their heads. His was a resurrected body. Theirs were mortal bodies. They felt his hands . . . and understood the words that he spoke. . . .

He told them, among other things, that, while the authority he gave them authorized them to baptize, it did not include the authority to bestow the Holy Ghost. Another order of the priesthood was necessary for this, and it would be given to them by Peter, James, and John.

That marvelous event followed. . . . What is this remarkable gift and power that has come to us with no price other than our personal worthiness . . .

It is the power of the Almighty given to man to act in His name. . . . It is different from all other powers and authorities on the face of the earth. Without it there could be a church in name only, lacking authority to administer in the things of God. With it, nothing is impossible in carrying forward the work of the kingdom of God. . . .

It includes the right to receive of the things of God. It carries the responsibility to instruct. It holds the authority to govern. It grants the power to bless. . . .

How precious is the gift of God that has come to us. . . .

May we reflect on the wonder of that which we have. ●

(*Ensign*, October 1988, 69–72.)



At a Churchwide fireside in 1988, President Gordon B. Hinckley, who was then First Counselor in the First Presidency, shared his thoughts on the restoration of the priesthood.



Friends in the News



Palmyra Ward

Children of the Palmyra Ward, Rochester New York Palmyra Stake, enjoy serving people—and animals! They gathered pet food, old blankets and towels, leashes, and animal toys for the local animal shelter.



Lydia and Kayce Frogue, ages 2 and 6, Elkton, Kentucky, love animals. They like swimming, biking, reading the Book of Mormon, and playing together. They enjoy Primary and nursery.



Katlynn and Nicholas Kunz, ages 2 and 4, Harrisville, Utah, enjoy Primary. Katlynn likes reading books, playing with dolls, dancing, and singing. Nicholas likes wrestling with his dad, playing with his cousins, and reading the Book of Mormon.



Martinez Second Ward

For the holidays, Primary children of the Martinez Second Ward, Concord California Stake, made a goal to read all four Gospels in the New Testament. They started reading on Thanksgiving and finished by Christmas. The children who participated were rewarded with certificates. More importantly, they learned about the Savior every day during the Christmas season.



Lexie Gatherum, 7, Lee's Summit, Missouri, has also lived in Utah, Iowa, and Ohio. She likes meeting new friends, visiting Church history sites, going to school, riding her bike, and reading her scriptures. She is kind to her younger brother, Ben.



Andrew Bozica, 11, Plano, Texas, has enjoyed reading the *Friend* ever since he was three years old. He enjoys Scouts and learning new things. He loves to spend time with his family.



A great musician, **Brianna Soucie**, 9, Pocatello, Idaho, plays the piano and violin. She likes school, reading, riding her bike, and playing with her brother, Jacob, and sister, Amanda.



Marksville Branch

For their Primary program, children of the Marksville Branch, Alexandria Louisiana Stake, dressed up like the prophets mentioned in the song "Follow the Prophet." Using simple props, they gave a talk about each prophet. Pictured, with the name of the prophet he/she represented, are: (*back row, from left*) Brittani Dauzat (Moses), Tiffany Petch (Abraham), Tabatha Petch (Enoch); (*front row, from left*) Levi Flippo (President Gordon B. Hinckley), Adam Guillory (Adam), Tanner Flippo (Daniel), Noah Flippo (Noah).



Blomanda Branch and Rocklands Branch

Children of the Blomanda Branch and Rocklands Branch, Johannesburg South Africa Stake, traveled overnight by train with their Primary leaders and a priesthood holder to see the Johannesburg South Africa Temple. They were so excited that they couldn't sleep! Instead, they told stories and sang Primary songs. They spent Saturday morning visiting the temple grounds. They returned home late that night. Even though they were very tired, none of them missed their Sunday meetings the next day.



Nathan Beckrich, 10, Shakopee, Minnesota, was excited to be in the celestial room when President Hinckley dedicated the St. Paul Minnesota Temple. Nathan enjoys all sports, is in the band at school, and takes piano lessons. He loves Heavenly Father, Jesus Christ, and his family.



Sydney and Mitchell Frost, ages 8 and 5, Lake Shore, Utah, enjoy reading the *Friend*. They set a goal this year to read it from cover to cover each month.



Alexis, Madison, Chase, and Lauren Hamilton, ages 6, 4, 3, and 7 months, Forest Grove, Oregon, like to sit at the kitchen table and draw or color together. The three older children are very gentle with their baby sister.



BreaLynn, Daniel, Aubrey Anne, Bryan, and Andrew Jacobson, ages 8, 4, 3, 6, and 6, Butzbach, Germany, are each others' best friends. They like to visit old castles and play knights and princesses. When dared to do something wrong, they say, "We dare to choose the right!"

As I Have Loved You...

BY RAY GOLDRUP

(Based on a true story)

Both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together (John 4:36).

Jessica stood on the sidewalk outside Sister Richards's house, straddling her bike and staring with uncertainty at an open side gate that led to the Richardses' backyard. Planting a summer garden wasn't at the top of her list of fun things to do on an already-too-hot Saturday morning. In fact, it wasn't anywhere on her list!

Besides, she told herself, she had never gardened in her life and had rarely attended Sister Richards's Valiant 9 Primary class. She barely knew the others in the class, and when she did go to church, one of them—Karlie—never seemed to want to even be seen with her.





She wondered why she had said yes when Sister Richards invited her to help plant the vegetable garden. It was to be a service project, and what was grown would be shared with others in the neighborhood.

“If only it was something other than planting and tending a garden!” Jessica thought as she started to turn her bike around. She liked to help others, “but there will be other chances to—”

Jessica saw Karlie approaching. Karlie’s eyes avoided Jessica’s as she rode through the side gate.

As Jessica again started to turn her bike around, something else stopped her. This time it was her Primary teacher’s voice. “Jessica! I’m so glad you’ve come. We’re just about ready to start planting.”

“If only Sister Richards’s smile wasn’t so kind and genuine,” Jessica thought, “I could tell her I’ve changed my mind about wanting to help.”

“Everyone is here, dear,” her Primary teacher went on. “Tyler, Karlie, Daniel, Joseph, Allie, and Michael. For a couple of them, Jessica, it’s a first—the first time they’ve come to a Primary activity.” She winked as if sharing it in confidence. “I think they’re curious.” As

Jessica hesitated, Sister Richards added, “All you need for our project is a caring heart and willing hands, and I happen to know that you have both.”

In the backyard, Jessica saw a nicely cultivated, rich-soiled plot of earth surrounded by children. She found herself recalling other words Sister Richards had said: “The Savior spent his whole life helping others. He even died for us. His message is as simple as the sacred hymn that declares it: ‘As I have loved you, Love one another’ (*Children’s Songbook*, 136).”

One afternoon a few weeks later, Jessica and Karlie found themselves on their knees side by side, thinning and weeding the tender, sprouting plants. Jessica came across a large weed that stubbornly held its place among young cornstalks. Try as she might, she could not pull it out. Suddenly Karlie grasped it, too. With one united tug, they jerked it out of the ground.

They giggled as they fell backward, their laughter dissolving into quiet, affectionate looks as they suddenly understood why they had avoided each other before. They simply had not known enough about each other to feel comfortable. Jessica flicked a piece of dirt off Karlie’s face, realizing as she did that they might become good friends. She smiled at Karlie.

“Are you going to Primary this Sunday?” Karlie asked.

“Are you?”

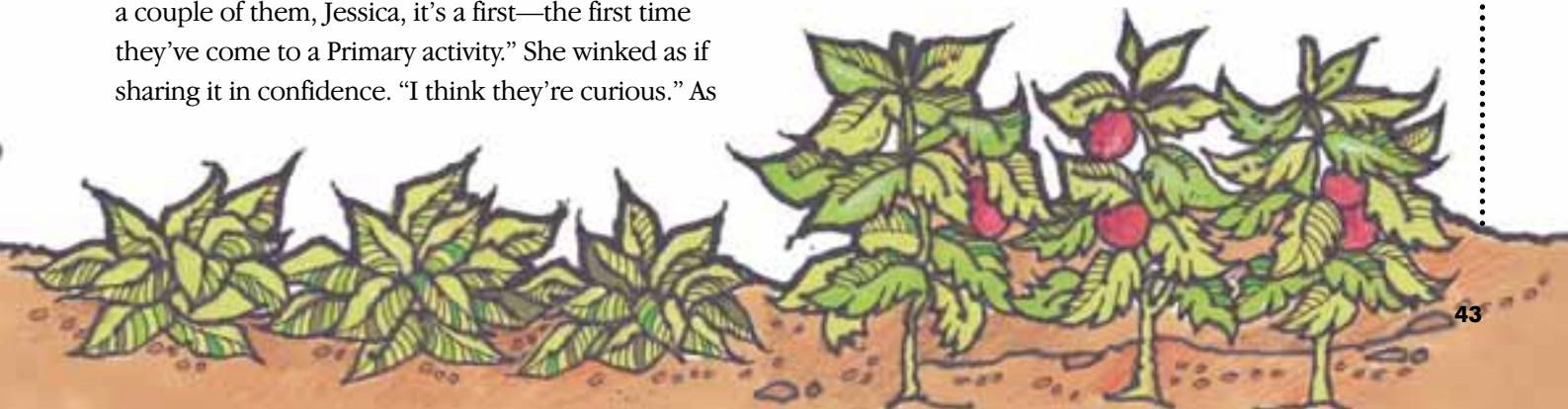
Karlie nodded.

Jessica smiled again. “Me, too.”

As the two girls brushed dirt off each other, Tyler stopped and blinked sweat from his eyes, and Michael paused to examine a blister. Sister Richards winked as she paraphrased a Book of Mormon scripture, “God will consecrate our afflictions for our gain (2 Nephi 2:2).”

Tyler grinned as he said, “Some cold lemonade would also help our afflictions. Hint, hint.”

“I’ll show you affliction!” Daniel playfully flung a handful of weeds at Tyler. Tyler tossed a few thinned





carrots back at Daniel, but they missed and rained on Michael instead. By the time Sister Richards began to sprinkle them with a hose, everyone else had joined in.

As Jessica laughingly stepped back from the fun-filled fray to catch her breath, she found herself thinking back to that first, uneasy Saturday when she had straddled her bike in front of Sister Richards's house. "So much has changed since then!" she thought. "Lots of things have grown, not just the vegetables. Our group has grown, too, because we've invited our other friends, and some of them aren't even Church members. . . ."

"Are you all right, honey?" Sister Richards joined Jessica. "You look so far away."

Jessica smiled at her Primary teacher. "I'm very all right, Sister Richards. I was just thinking. I didn't know I could ever feel this good about what we're doing."

"You mean about taking time out for a little fun?"

"No—about planting and growing a sharing garden.

And all our friends coming, too, and not just here but to Primary! And do you know what? That feeling keeps getting bigger, just like that corn over there."

Sister Richards pulled Jessica close to her. Jessica looked up and saw that Sister Richards was crying.

Tyler and Lindsey, who was a longtime friend of Jessica's and who was not a member of the Church, stopped playing upon seeing Sister Richards wipe her eyes. "We're sorry, Sister Richards," Tyler apologized. "We'll stop horsing around and—"

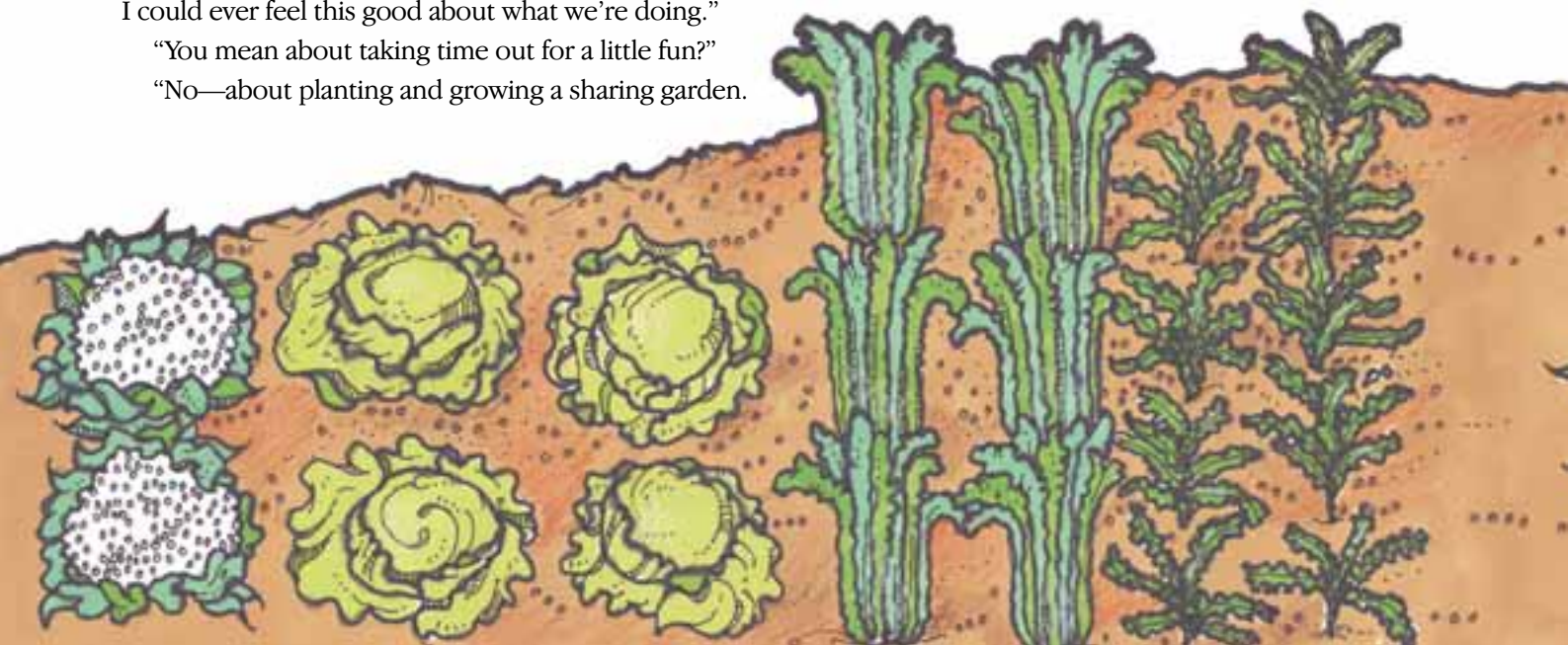
"No, no, Tyler, it's not that." Not wanting to break Jessica's confidence, Sister Richards simply said, "Haven't you ever gotten anything in *your* eye before?"

A few short weeks later, as they picked, cleaned, and placed ripe vegetables into baskets for neighbors, Daniel paused to fan his hot face with a towel. Sister Richards told him with a grin, "The seeds of service are watered by the sweat of labor." Daniel rolled his eyes and then grinned back.

Jessica smiled, thinking, "Yes, Sister Richards really does have a way with words."

The group placed their produce in two worn red wagons and started down the street. At one stop, they made their way up a little flowered walkway to the door of an elderly widow. The house was small and seemed forlorn. When the door opened, Jessica and the others offered the old woman a small sack with several different vegetables in it. The smile of sweet surprise that rippled across her wrinkled face squeezed tears not only from her eyes but from some of the children's as well.

As they started back down the walkway, Tyler told





Joseph, who had playfully poked him, “What’s the matter, haven’t you ever gotten anything in *your* eye before—like ‘the sweat of labor’?”

One afternoon after giving away that day’s harvest, the empty wagons rattling behind them, Sister Richards started to sing, “ ‘By this shall men know Ye are my disciples—’ ”

The children helped her finish it, “ ‘If ye have love One to another.’ ”

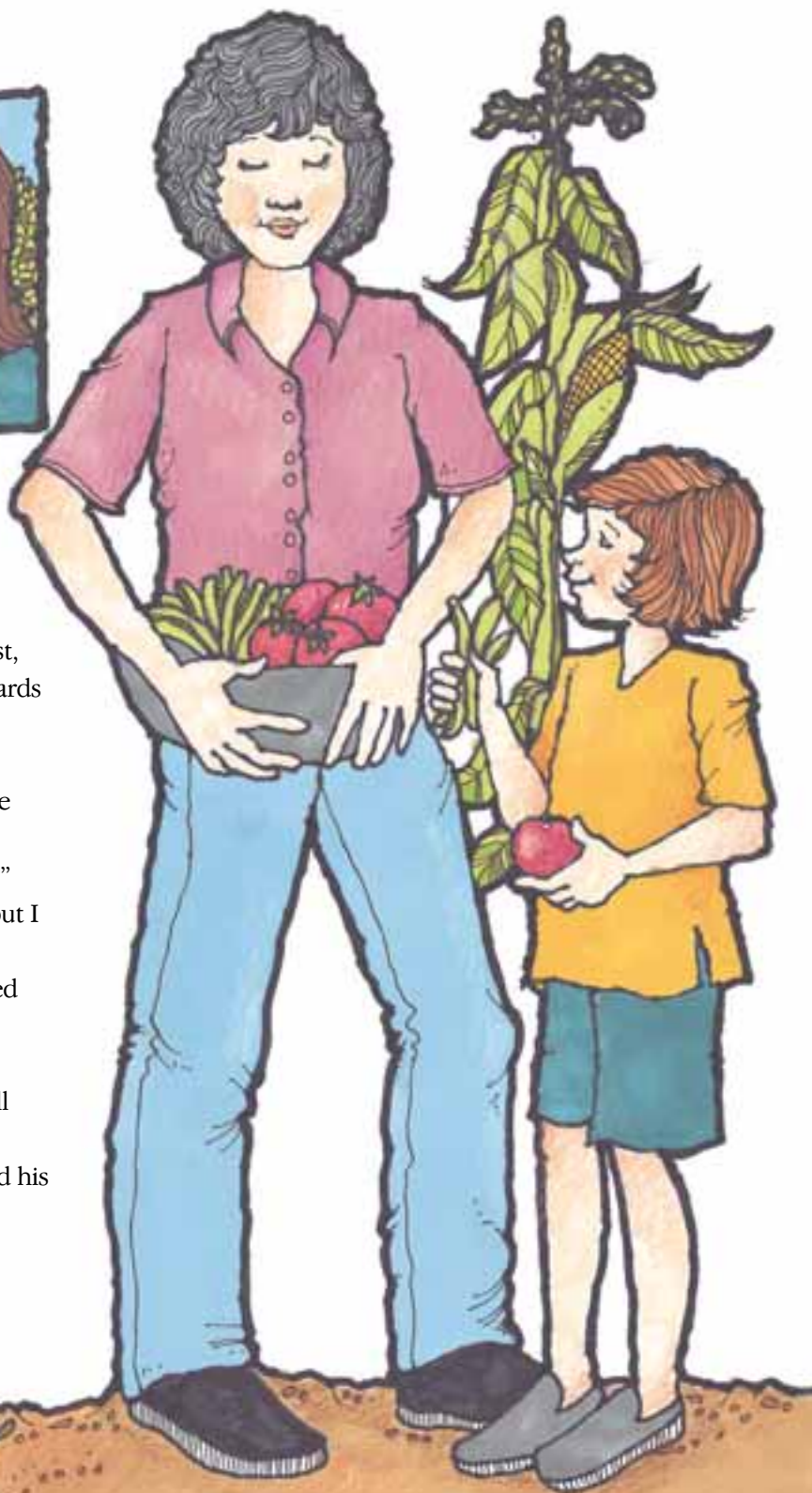
Sister Richards asked them, “So how do you feel?”

Michael fanned his face with his hand. “It’s hot, but I still feel good.”

“Doing good *makes* you feel good,” Allie reasoned aloud, “no matter what else doesn’t.”

“And right now”—Tyler grinned at his Primary teacher—“I believe some of your cold lemonade will make feeling good feel even better!”

Sister Richards grinned back at Tyler as she ruffled his hair. “Such wisdom for one so young!” ●



“We have asked everyone wherever possible to assist with a home garden . . . so you may enjoy the efforts of your labors and help provide for your needs. We urge . . . boys and girls [to] share in helping with the garden.”

President Spencer W. Kimball (1895–1985)
From an October 1978 general conference address.

Our Creative Friends

I Love to See the Temple

I love to see the temple
Because it is the house of the Lord.
And when I am inside,
I do not say a word.

I feel the Spirit
In my heart.
And when I think that Jesus was chosen,
I know He got the right part.

I love to see the temple
Because it reminds me of how Jesus died for us.
They whipped Him and put a crown of thorns
on His head.
He did not make a fuss.

But when He was on the cross,
He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know
not what they do."
And if we repent,
Jesus forgives me and you.

*Leanne Pierson, age 9
Bernville, Pennsylvania*

Spring on the Farm

Fluffy chicks being hatched from eggs,
Kittens purring around my legs,
Small puppies, soft and warm—
See that baby bird on my arm?
Baby lambs, young and frail,
Little foals drinking from Mother's pail,
Oh my goodness, here they come—
Little ducks, one by one.
Lots of animals with families new—
I'd say spring has come! Wouldn't you?

*Casey Rosenhan, age 9
Kearns, Utah*

My CTR Ring

I have my CTR ring.
It stands for "Choose the Right."
And yes, it does remind me
Of that eternal light.
The letters are engraven
On the symbol of the shield,
Also reminding me
Of the sword of truth I must wield.
I must always repent.
I must try to choose the right.
I must strive to pray
And walk closer to that light.
If this I do obey,
I can live with my Heavenly Father someday.

I have my CTR ring.
It proves I wish for light.
And yes, it does remind me
To always choose the right.
I wish for happiness.
I'm hoping for that light.
I'm thankful for my blessings.
I want to choose the right.

*Alec Johnson, age 10
Gainesville, Florida*

Birthday Wish

When you blow out the candles
On your birthday cake,
What kind of wish
Would you make?

Would you make a wish
That you could fly like a bird?
Or be a king or a queen?

Would you want to be a butterfly
And flit around?
Or would you want to be a dinosaur?
What kind would you be?

I know I am just seven,
And I don't have a very big mind,
But I know one thing that I would wish for—
I would wish to have Jesus bless me.

Jesus visited the people
On the American continent.
And He talked to the people.
And He said to little children, "Come unto
me."

And He blessed them one by one.
And angels surrounded them.

That is what I would wish for.

*Andrea Mann, age 7
Visalia, California*

My Baptism

I've been waiting eight whole years,
Learning more each day.
To be baptized is why I'm here.
I'll walk God's chosen way.

My dress is white and perfectly fits.
My hair is up in a bow.
Mommy says it's time to leave,
So to the chapel we go.

Sister Dayton leads a song.
We say a little prayer.
Brother Arnold gives a talk
And his testimony bears.

We then walk down the hallway
To the baptismal font.
I step into my daddy's arms.
The water is kind of hot.

Everybody folds his or her arms.
Daddy says the prayer.
He lowers me under, pulls me up,
And hugs me with great care.

I step out and get all dry.
My heart is pounding hard.
This is a remarkable feeling.
I've got a fresh new start.

*Kayela R. Schneider, age 12
Jacksonville, North Carolina*

The Second Coming

When will He come again,
That handsome, shiny face?
Will He be in robes all
Tied up with lace?

Will He come in fall
With drifting leaves?
Or will He come in winter
With that soft kind of breeze?

Will He come in summer
With the warm, hot sun?
Or will He come in springtime
When His life was done?

*Jessica Lowe, age 9
Newbury, England*

In My Own Backyard

In my backyard, there is a world.
There is a world with rows and rows of
beautiful roses,
Like a Garden of Eden.
Mother and Father are lounging by the pool,
Cooling off with the slow breeze so mild and
peaceful.

Brother and sister are on the slide, riding
down like a big ride.
Look at them go.
See Grandma planting seeds, growing all sorts
of things.
See Grandpa snoring softly in the rocker on
the porch,
Dreaming about a golf tournament and
getting a hole-in-one.
Last, but not least, Fidget the dog is chasing
cats up and down the trees.
Now, this is the place I want to be.

*Madison Edwards, age 10
Chandler, Arizona*



*Gentry Nielson, age 9
Doylestown, Pennsylvania*



*Camilla Triana, age 7
Logan, Utah*



*Richard Murray, age 5
Murray Bridge, South Australia, Australia*



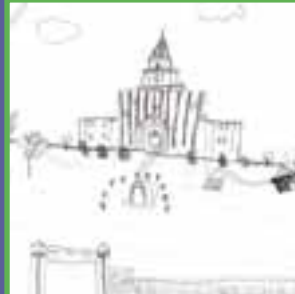
*Alicia McCane, age 8
Okotoks, Alberta, Canada*



*Benjamin Lebi Baker, age 9
Yorktown, Indiana*



*Jenisse Decker, age 11
Thousand Oaks, California*



*Braden Anderson, age 8
Spring, Texas*



*Reiah Tiá, age 6
Honolulu, Hawaii*



*Sam Plumb, age 6
Cheyenne, Wyoming*



*Maryam Ansari, age 10
Brunswick, Maine*



*Ben Bubert, age 6
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*Nicole Stewart, age 9
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*Bryn Schlaich, age 7
Billings, Montana*



*Tia Logan, age 8
Highlands Ranch, Colorado*



*Joshua Grosbong, age 5
Beaverton, Oregon*



*Natasba Kittler, age 10
Maltby, Washington*

You can show your love and appreciation to your mother, grandmother, or neighbor by making her a May Basket filled with treats and a Butterfly Gift.



May Basket

BY ELIZABETH SPHAR

To make a basket, you will need: a large empty soda-cracker box or a 4" to 5" (10 cm x 13 cm) square box 3" (8 cm) high, scissors, ruler, tape, decorative wrapping paper, a 1" x 11" (2.5 cm x 28 cm) piece of lightweight cardboard, stapler (optional), tissue paper, wrapped treats of your choice, and a Butterfly Gift (see below).

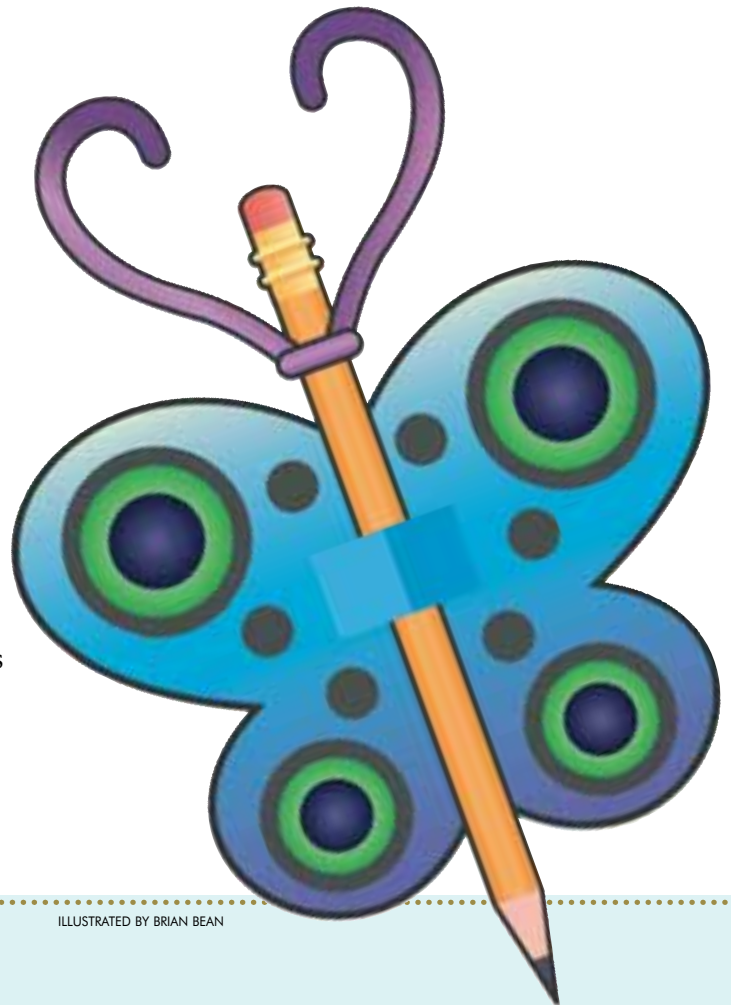
1. Cut the unopened square end of the soda-cracker box so that it is 3" (8 cm) high (see illustration).
2. Cover the box with wrapping paper. For the handle, cover the lightweight cardboard with wrapping paper, then staple or tape it in place (see illustration).
3. Crumple tissue paper and place in the basket. Fill the basket with wrapped treats and a Butterfly Gift.

Butterfly Gift

BY JULIE WARDELL

To make a Butterfly Gift, you will need: a pencil, tracing paper, scissors, a 5" (13 cm) square of heavy paper, a ruler, scraps of colored paper, glue, a 12" (30 cm) chenille stick (available in most places that have craft materials), and a new pencil or pen.

1. Trace the butterfly pattern on this page on the tracing paper, cut it out, and fold it in half.
2. Fold the square of heavy paper in half. With the straight edge of the pattern lined up with the folded edge of the heavy paper, trace the pattern and cut out the butterfly. Remember to cut the two slits on the folded edge as shown on the example.
3. Decorate the butterfly with colored paper cutouts (see illustration).
4. Slip the new pencil or pen through the slits. For the antennae, wrap the middle of the chenille stick around one end of the pencil or pen, twist the pieces together to secure, and curl the ends (see illustration).



Guide to the Friend



The *Guide to the Friend* can help you find stories or articles for preparing lessons or talks for church or for family home evening. Look for the FHE symbol on the pages mentioned in the *Family Home Evening Ideas*. The Primary theme for May is “The prophet speaks for the Savior. I can follow the prophet today.”



Family Home Evening Ideas

1. Read “Blessed for Following the Prophet” (pp. 24–26). Discuss the children’s conference message by the prophet (pp. 2–6), and think of ways you can better follow his counsel this week. Sing your favorite verses of “Follow the Prophet” (*Children’s Songbook*, pp. 110–11) and make up a new verse for President Hinckley.

2. After reading “Unexpected Answer” (pp. 10–12), have family members tell about times their prayers were answered. How can you remember to pray each

morning and night? Draw a picture from the story or choose an object, like a pebble, that will remind you to pray. Place it near your bed. Close by singing the hymn “Did You Think to Pray?” (*Hymns*, no. 140).

3. Read President Gordon B. Hinckley’s “The Restoration of the Priesthood” (p. 39). Follow his



See pages 10–12.

counsel to “reflect on the wonder” of the priesthood by making a list of blessings that come from having the priesthood in your life. Think of ways you can honor priesthood leaders. Write a card of thanks to your bishopric.

4. Read together “As I Have Loved You . . .” (pp. 42–45). Plan a family garden and begin planting during the week if possible. Choose to grow some things you can share with your neighbors.

5. With parental permission, “adopt” a mother or grandmother in your ward or neighborhood whose children or grandchildren don’t live nearby. Make her a Butterfly Gift and a May Basket (p. 48), and deliver them with the card on page 29 or a card of your own.



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(f) = Funstuff

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*The world is so lovely!
I'm glad as can be
For all that the Lord
has created for me
(Children's Songbook, 233).*