

Hatch Patch Creations

Family Home Evening Made Easy

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One Magical Christmas Family Home Evening Packet



Contents:
Story,
Picture Sheets,
Game,
Scripture,
Treat Recipe

\$7.00

One Magical Christmas Family Home Evening Packet

Home Evening Outline

- Opening Prayer
- Opening Song
- Scripture Story Game
- Closing Song
- Closing Prayer
- Refreshments

Christmas Snowballs

Ingredients:

- 6 oz. softened cream cheese
- 5 cups powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 bag of coconut flakes



Directions:

Pour sugar into a large mixing bowl. Add cream cheese and stir mixture well until blended. Add vanilla and mix. Roll mixture into one to two inch balls. Spread the coconut out on a cookie sheet and roll balls in the coconut, covering the balls. Refrigerate before serving. Allow children to help in making the balls and rolling them in the coconut. FUN & DELICIOUS!

Suggested Songs: "Have A Very Merry Christmas!", pg. 51 (Childrens)
"I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day", pg. 214 (Hymn)
"Because I Have Been Given Much", pg. 219 (Hymn)

Scriptures: 2 Corinthians 9:6-7, 1 Thessalonians 3:12

Story: Color graphics with markers, colored pencils, chalks, etc. Use flannel, or laminate and cut out and place magnets on back of graphics. etc.

Christmas Coats Activity: This can be a great activity to involve your ward or branch in. There is a great need in most elementary schools for winter coats, hats, boots and gloves. Choose a local elementary school to do the service project for. Announce to your ward or branch members that you are doing a Christmas service project to benefit local elementary school children and that they can donate money (to purchase these items), or coats, hats, gloves or boots to give to the children. Once you have collected your items, deliver the items to the school principal. The principal and staff are usually aware of what children need these items. •*NOTE: We did the service project for the local elementary school, we collected the money and items that we could. We approached our local Wal-Mart and asked them if they would match the donations that had been made by donating winter coats, hats, gloves and boots and they were happy to make the donation.*

Smaller Children Activity: Christmas Concentration - Preparation: Color, laminate and cut out cards.
Object: To be the player with the most matches.

Play: Place cards face down, in rows, forming a square. Have the first player begin by flipping over two cards, attempting to find matching cards. If the player is successful in turning over two matched cards, they get to keep the cards and play rotates to the left. If a player is not successful in finding a match, they place the two cards face down in their original positions and play rotates to the left. Play continues until all cards have been matched, each player counts his matches. The player with the most matches wins.

One Magical Christmas

(Story for Christmas Eve)

Christmas time was always special at our house. It was a time to cherish and look forward to, even though for most of my growing up years, we didn't have much money.

Dad worked very hard, and many long hours but we just never did seem to have enough to have the frills of life. Times were hard for many families during the '50's, and even though money was scarce, we were happy.

Many wonderful memories still linger from the little duplex on 13th East in Salt Lake City, Utah. A duplex is a house that has two separate apartments in it. We lived in one of those apartments.

I remember the old brick pile that slouched up against the side of the neighbor's garage. How many times we pulled those bricks out and made little seats for our nightly theatre, and how many times Mom would make us put them all back.

I was usually the director and the other children, the actors and musicians. These were great times.

All of us children had a deep love of music, mainly because of the exquisite talents of our mother and the love of that talent by our father. In the evenings, my father would sit in his chair, listening to my mother play the old piano that sat in the corner of the room. It was badly out of tune but my father would close his eyes and lean his head back to take in the beauty that came from my mother's hands as they ran up and down the keyboard.

Mom's best talents laid in the playing of an organ, though. She had a talent that I have yet to see matched because she could not only play by ear, but her spirit came through each note. She played with such feeling and warmth.

She could listen to a song on the radio, immediately go to the old piano and play every note correctly that she had heard. Whenever there was a funeral of someone we knew, the family would ask for Mom to play the organ. They would give her just a list of the songs they wanted played. Mom would make sure she had heard the songs, place the list upon the music holder of the organ, and play from her ear and her heart. One could sit and listen to her for hours.

Mom had always wanted an organ but knew that it was not possible. There were too many other things that would need to come first with four young children in the house and one on the way. It was a wish that she kept in her heart.

I remember that Christmas Eve as if it were yesterday. It was around 1957. Dad had been kind of giddy and excited for weeks. We all got up anxious and happy for it to finally be Christmas Eve.

It was then that Dad gathered Janis and I close to him, out of the sight of Mom. Larry and Dave were too young to get in on the secret, which was probably a good thing because they would have spoiled the surprise for sure.

Dad had been planning a surprise for Mom for weeks and he was bursting with excitement. He asked Janis and I to take Mom shopping that night. He would make sure we had some money and a list of things he needed to make Christmas just right. We were to take her downtown in Salt Lake and keep her there for several hours. This would be a daunting task as Mom was not a shopper.

The air became filled with excitement as the hours dragged by and finally, we were able to go leave for town. Janis and I had no idea what Dad was planning but we were every bit as excited as he was.

Mom, Janis and I strolled through the stores all decorated with glorious Christmas decorations. We marveled at the beauty in the old Auerbach's, Z.C.M.I. and various other stores that are now long gone.

We stretched the time by asking hundreds of questions about this and that and wore poor Mom out. She was more than ready to go home.

We worried we hadn't spent enough time and sure enough, as we got out of the taxi in front of the little duplex, we realized that we had come home too early. There, trudging the front steps were several big men, dressed in warm hats and coats. They were heaving sighs because of the heavy load they carried.

Wrapped in huge blankets was a most treasured item. The organ that Mom had wanted all her life was making its way into our little home.

A few of the beautiful keys glistened through an opening onto which crisp flakes of velvety snow were gently kissing. I watched as my mother screamed in delight, tears flooding her beautiful face. "Oh, Clyde," she squealed. "How did you do this?"

Dad never really did answer that question but he enjoyed the massive hug my mother ran to give him and then all of the men safely escorted the blessed prize into the house.

As soon as the organ was put together properly and plugged in, my dear mother sat on the bench and let her magic fingers caress the keys. It was one of those magic moments that you don't forget.

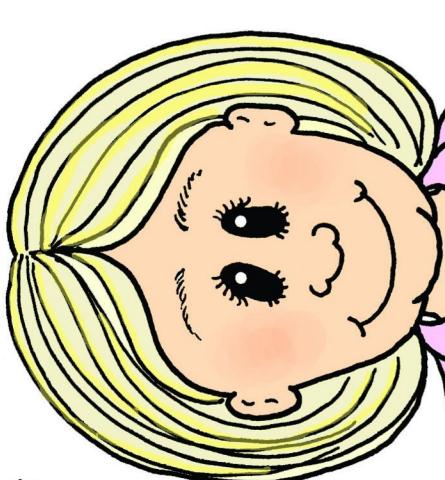
My father's face beamed as he listened to her, not only that night but almost every night of his life after. Later on, as I got older, if Mom couldn't be around to play for him on a given night, the wonderful task became mine.

I have no idea how on earth my dad ever got the little organ. I believe that he probably traded something very special to him to get it. However he bought it, it gave unspeakable joy to so many people, especially my father.

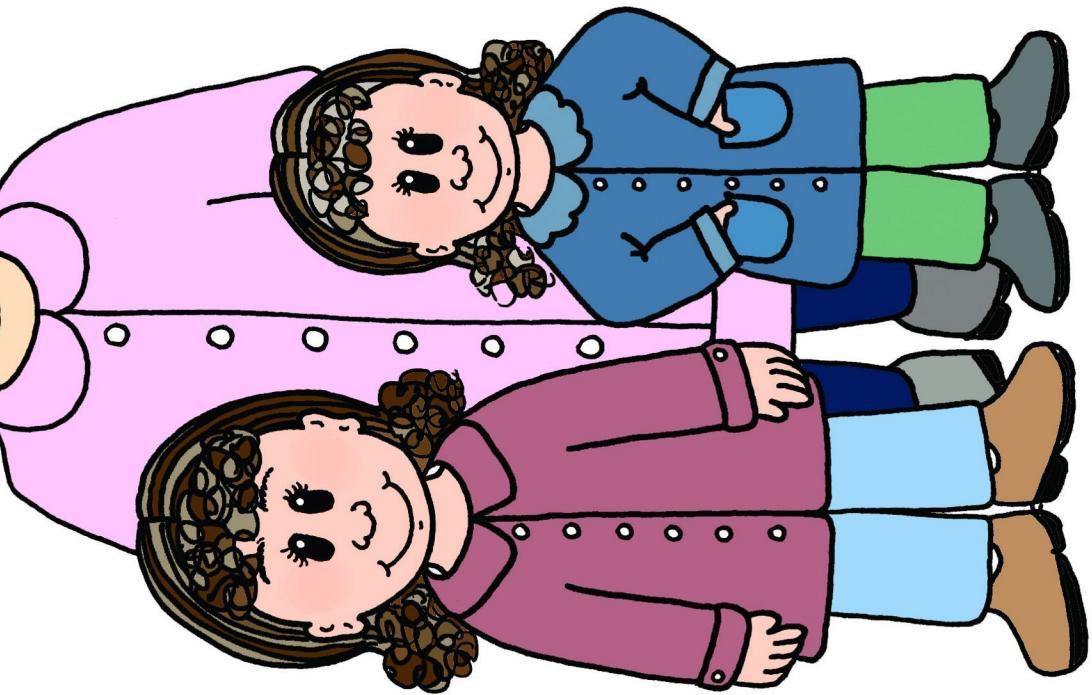
We pray that this Christmas season finds you all wrapped in God's loving arms and that the cares of the world may seem less at this time. We also hope that the memories of the past will warm your hearts and fill you with love. May you all have a Merry Christmas and thank you again for your wonderful support of us here at Hatch Patch.

Merry Christmas!

Judy, Jim, Jenny, Jason & Jill



Mother and the girls
shopping

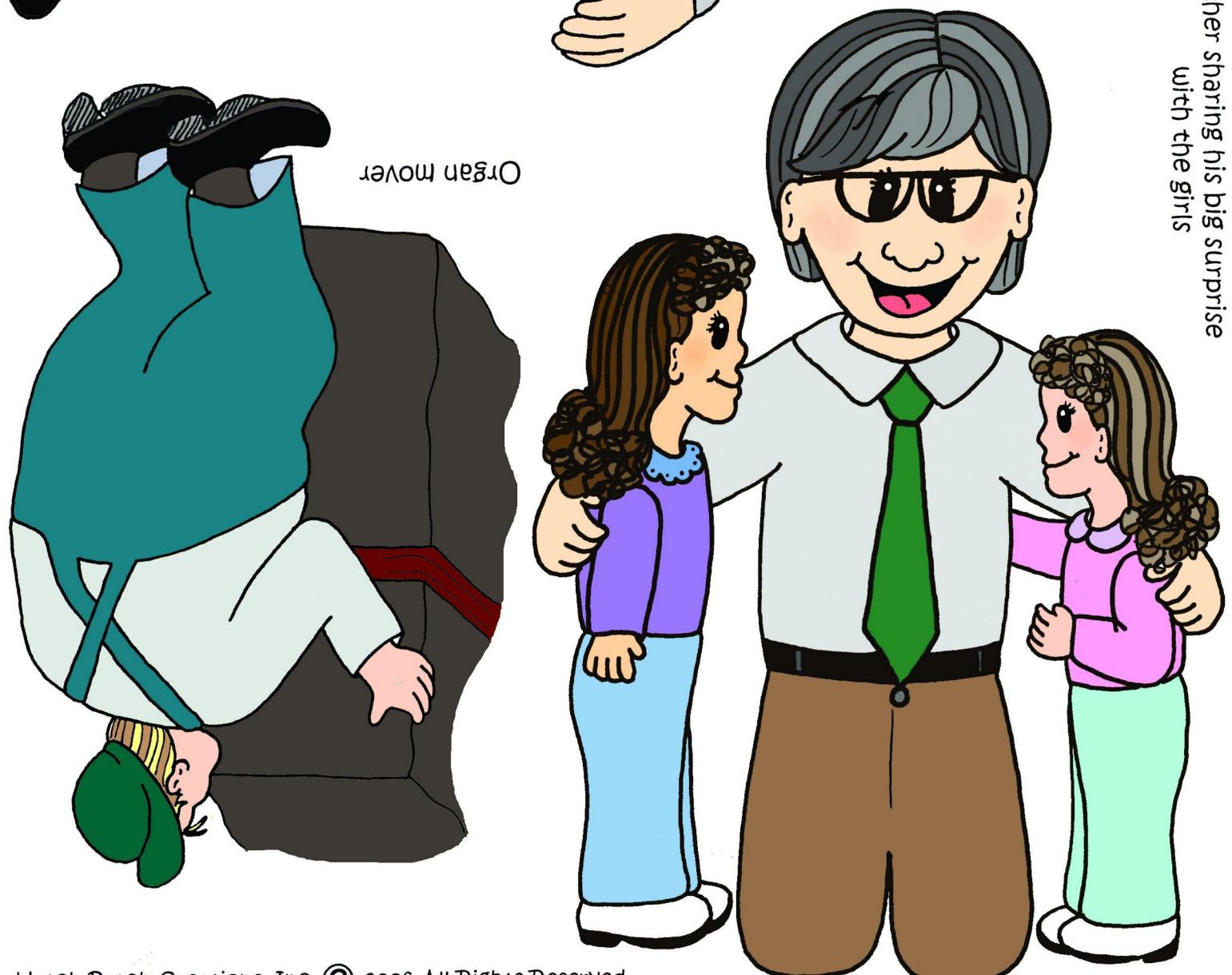


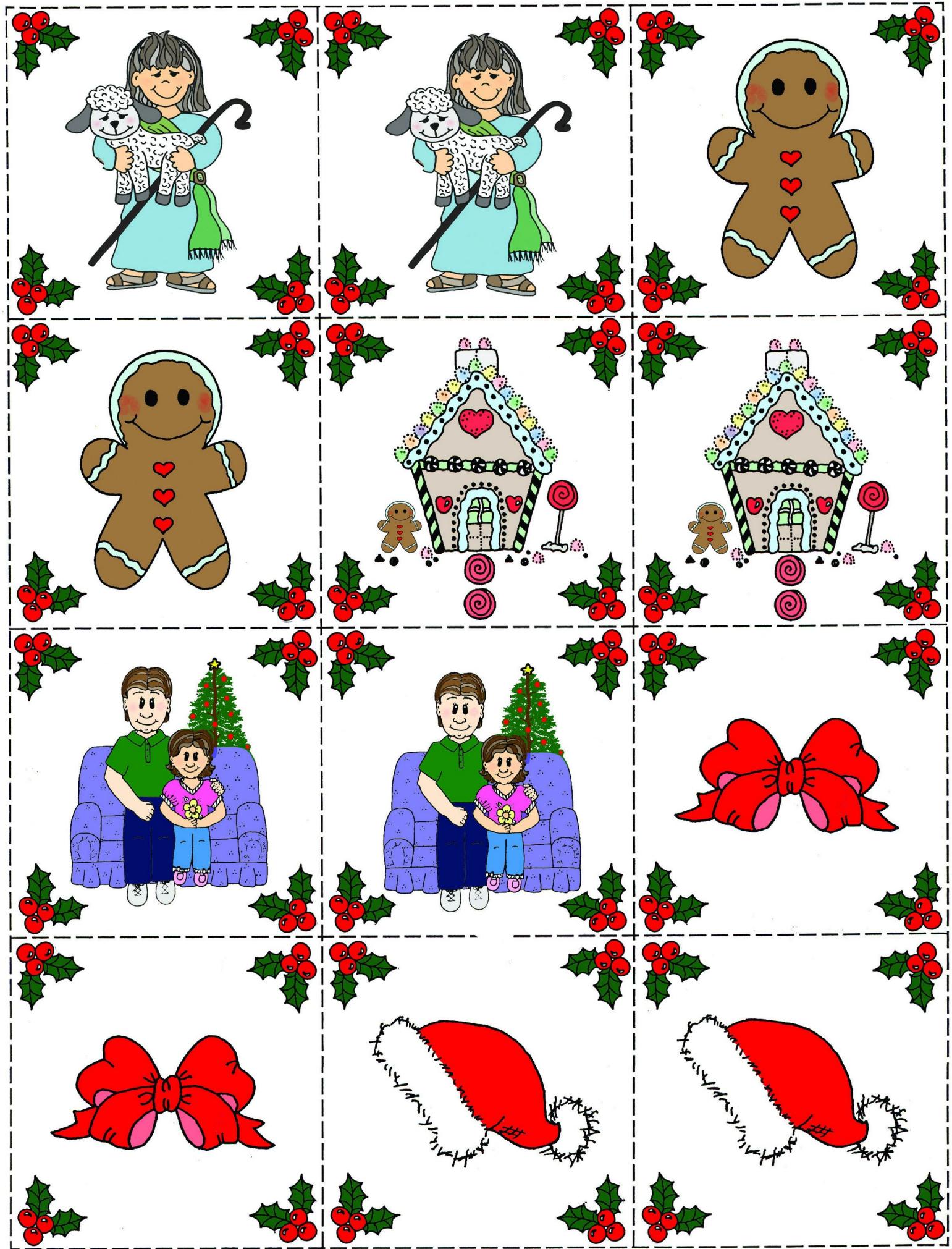
DO NOT COPY



Mother playing her
new organ

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Merry
Christmas

Merry
Christmas





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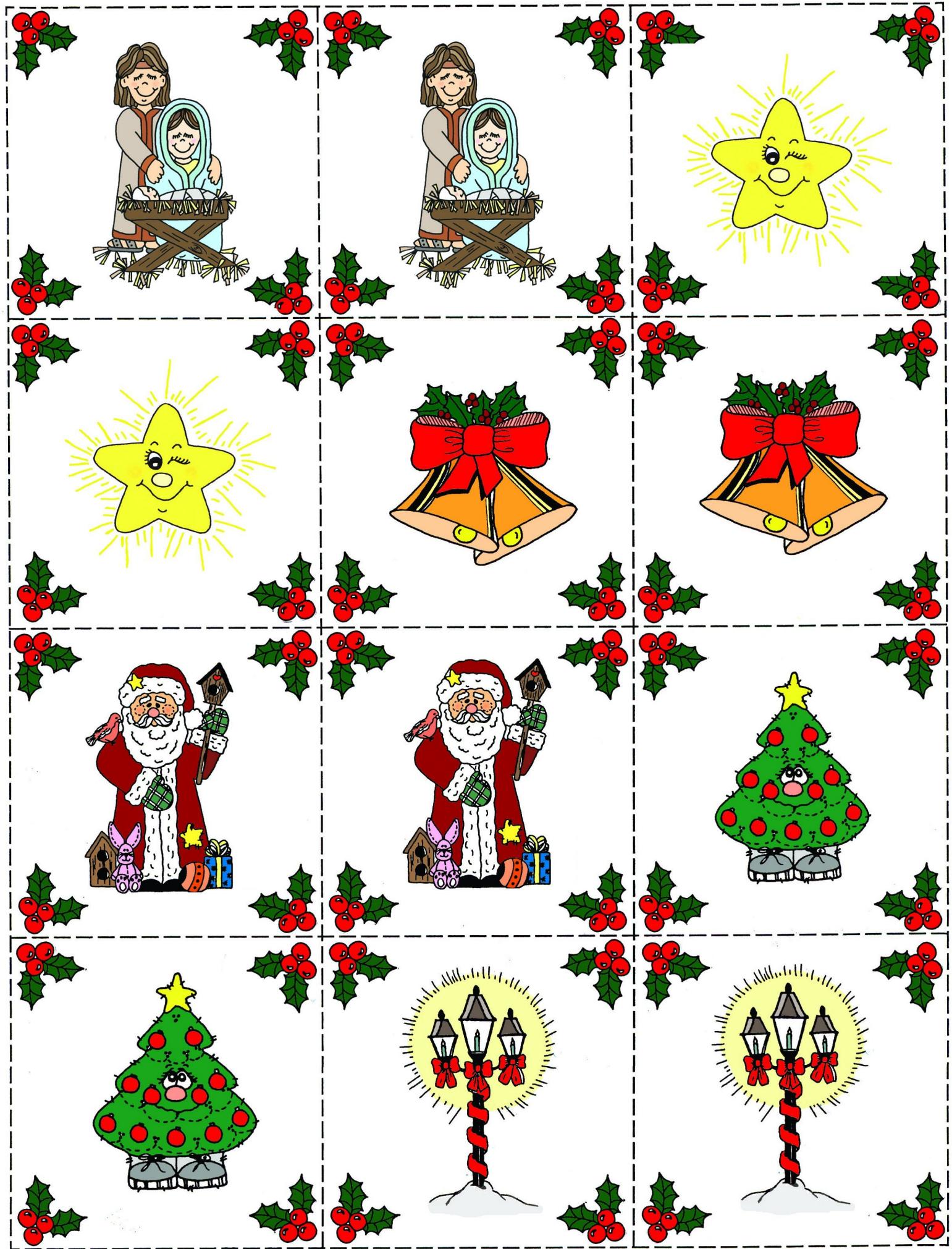
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"But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."

2 Corinthians 9:6-7

