

Hatch Patch Creations

From Our Home To Yours

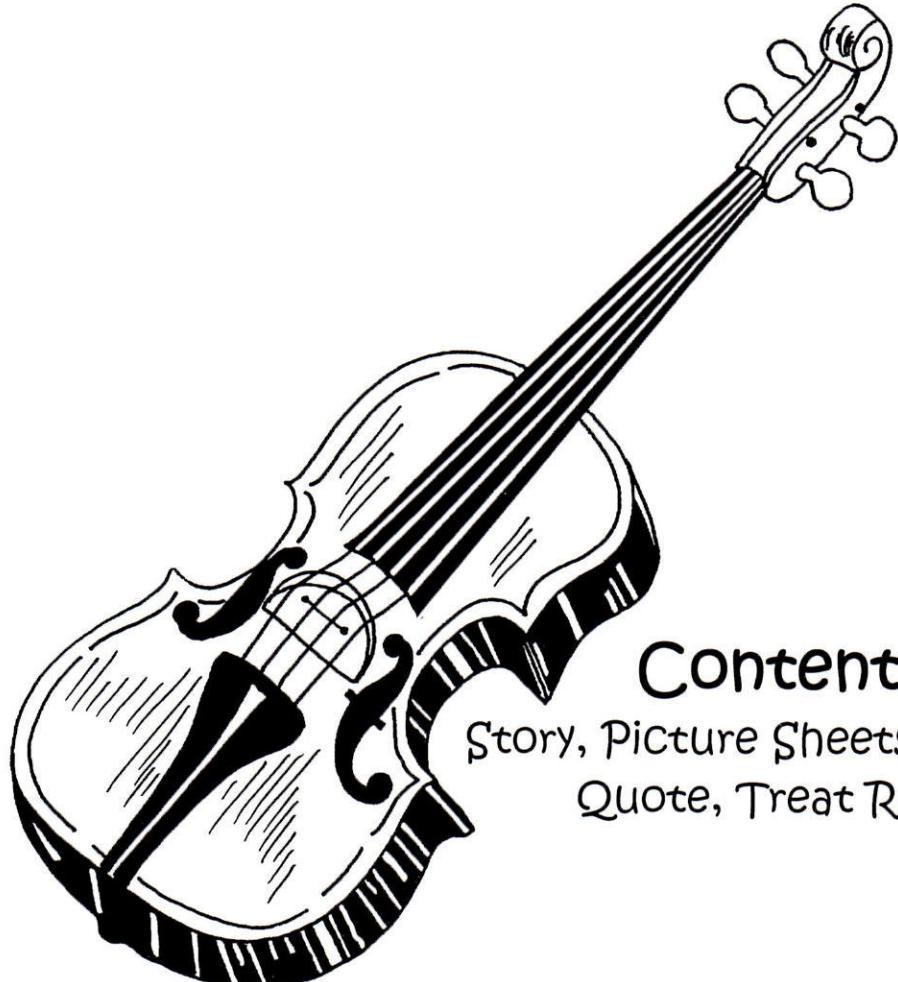
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The Master's Touch Family Home Evening Packet



Contents:

Story, Picture Sheets, Activity,
Quote, Treat Recipe

\$5.00

The Master's Touch Family Home Evening Packet

Home Evening Outline

Hand-Dipped Christmas Chocolates

Hand-Dipping chocolates at Christmas time has become a family tradition in the Hatch household. Each year we get together to make the chocolates. The small children even get into the action by rolling the centers in their little hands. We make hundreds of chocolates and take such pride when we deliver plate fulls to our friends and neighbors, and of course we save some for ourselves.

Ingredients:

- 1 (2 lb.) package powdered sugar
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 lb. butter
- 5 lbs. fine chocolate, dark or light or both depending on preferences

Directions

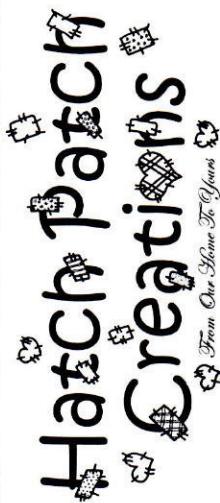
Cream sugar, sweetened milk and butter together with hands until smooth and creamy. Divide fondant into five equal parts. Add a different flavoring, to each of the five portions and refrigerate for one hour. Remove from refrigerator, and roll into desired size balls. Place on waxed paper and freeze for four hours or overnight. Suggestions for additions to fondant portions: Drained and diced maraschino cherries, nuts, peanut butter, coconut flakes and vanilla flavoring, mint flavoring, orange flavoring, etc. Be creative. Once the fondant centers have been frozen, melt chocolate in a double boiler on top of the stove being careful not to get chocolate too hot. Pour chocolate onto a cold plate or marble slab. Dip fondant balls into chocolate and place on waxed paper to cool. Peel chocolates off when set and store in a dark, cool place in airtight containers. These can also be frozen.

Suggested Songs: "I'm Trying To Be Like Jesus", pg. 78 (Childrens)
"Give Said The Little Stream", pg. 236 (Childrens)
"Because I Have Been Given Much", pg. 219 (Hymn)

Scriptures: Matthew 25:40, Mosiah 5:13

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 Memory Book: The memory book pages may be reproduced as many times as needed for your immediate family (spouse and children) BUT IS NOT to be shared or reproduced otherwise. Begin by reproducing the memory book pages which are best copied on cardstock. You will need one copy of the "Our Family Christmas Memories" cover, a copy for each family member of the "All About Me" page, one copy of the "Favorite Christmas Recipe" and "Christmas Traditions" page and one copy of the "Service" and "Goal" page. For the front and back covers you will need two, 8 3/4 x 11 1/2 pieces of cardboard (cereal box cardboard works well). Score vertically, only one sheet of cardboard 3/4 of an inch in from the left side. Cut two pieces of favorite Christmas wrapping paper or scrapbook paper on an inch larger on all sides than the cardboard covers. Using an adhesive, place the decorative paper on top of each cover, being careful to center it. Flip the covers over and fold each side to the back and adhere to the cardboard. Adhere two pieces of decorative Christmas ribbon, one to each of the inside covers, leaving about six to eight inches hanging outside of each cover. Now, adhere a plain or decorative sheet of 8 1/2 x 11 cardstock to each inside cover, being careful to center it. Allow each family member to fill out his own "All About Me" sheet. In the testimony box, have each family member either write or draw a picture conveying their feelings about the birth of the Savior and this Christmas season. Color and decorate each of the pages as desired. Color the cover and write the year somewhere on the page. Laminate if desired. Use decorative scissors and cut around the outside edge of the ivy border. Adhere the cover page to the front of the scored cardboard cover. Fill out each of the remaining pages. Place each of the pages in the order desired, making sure that all of the edges are flush. Place the sheets inside the front and back covers, making sure that they are flush on the left side, and that there are 1/4 inch margins around the other three sides. While holding the front and back covers tightly, to hold the inside sheets in place, punch three holes, evenly spaced 1/2 inch in on the left side. Use decorative brads, eyelets or ribbon to bind the book together. Once the book is bound, the decorative ribbon can be tied together for storage. This activity can become a fun family tradition each year for Christmas and will definitely become a family treasure as the years go on. Be sure to get each book out every Christmas so you can read about Christmases past each year.



The Master's Touch

Christmas is a time for making great memories and as I look back upon my childhood, there are many Christmases that stand out. I remember the time my father surprised my mother with a wonderful organ that she had dreamed about for years. I also remember how much fun we had decorating the windows with snow stencils, putting up the tree and making yummy Christmas treats. There is nothing, however, that will compare with a Christmas in the Hatch house just a few short years ago. I would like to share that story with you now.

I had always loved to sit and listen to my son Jason, play the alto saxophone. He truly had a gift. Jason began playing in the school band at a very young age. Money was very tight for us and it was a great sacrifice to pay the monthly rental fee for his instrument, but somehow we managed.

As Jason continued with school bands and as a soloist, it was evident that he needed a better quality saxophone. I shuddered at the idea of another monthly bill and tried to talk my son into just sticking with his old, battered saxophone. Jason would have no part of it. He knew what he wanted and what he needed.

We contacted the company who sold the beautiful, copper colored alto saxophones and worked out a contract so that we could purchase the new instrument. I have to admit, it truly was a beautiful sight and Jason took great pride in it. Through years of performances and much practice, Jason became the best saxophone player in the school, and in the world if you asked me. I would swell with pride as I listened to him and dreamed that someday he would play professionally, perhaps with a huge orchestra.

It took us years to pay off the beloved instrument but finally the day came when we owned it. It wasn't long after that when Jason's mission call to Japan came and the shiny saxophone was tucked away in his closet.

Upon his return home after two years in the mission field, one of the first things Jason did was to retrieve the sax from the closet and shine it up. I could hear the strains of music coming from the basement. He was a little rusty, but I knew that soon he would be playing the same beautiful melodies.

Almost immediately, Jason decided that he needed a more expensive saxophone and he informed me that he was going to trade the precious instrument in for a better one. "Here we go again," I thought. "Why couldn't he just be satisfied with the one he had."

He explained that he would be able to play even better on a better sax. I halfheartedly agreed, hoping he would change his mind later.

Months passed and Jason was able to attend college in Utah. The saxophone stayed in the closet, coming out at special times when Jason came home for a few days. I still dreamt of the time when he would play constantly on a new, upgraded saxophone.

During the events of these years, my youngest daughter Jill, had expressed a desire to have a violin. I thought it was a very worthy goal but couldn't imagine how she would ever be able to afford it. Her husband Dave, was working to get a Ph. D and they were the usual, poor college students. I certainly couldn't afford to buy the instrument for her and so I tried to push this dream out of my mind, thinking that it would be a fleeting idea for her.

She persevered however, and was now constantly mentioning the desire to have a violin. It was on her mind all of the time and I had no idea how to help her.

Then a couple of years later as we neared the Christmas season, Jason came into the kitchen to talk to me. "Mom," he said, "wouldn't it be wonderful if we could surprise Jill for Christmas with a new violin?"

"Sure," I remarked, "but how on earth could we ever get a violin?"

He didn't even hesitate. "I'll trade my saxophone for one," he said.

My heart hit the floor. I couldn't stand the thought of him giving up something he loved and that he was so good at. I knew that if this happened, it would be a very long time before he ever could afford to have another saxophone.

I argued his idea with everything I could think of but I could see in his face that he was determined. I secretly hoped that he would forget the idea all together.

The days flew by and soon the Christmas holidays were upon us. Jason and his sweetheart, Angie, would spend most weekends in Utah, shopping for presents. One particular day, they had accomplished a great deal in getting their shopping done and came home to show me their treasures. "Mom, I got it!" His face gleamed as he spoke and his eyes sparkled like a little child with a wonderful secret.

"What did you get," I quizzed, not ever dreaming of what I would see when I turned from the sink. There in his hands, was the violin. Not just any violin, but a fine violin in perfect condition, nestled in a beautiful, velvet lined case. My heart sank for I knew that he had traded his saxophone for Jill's violin.

"Oh, Jason," I said, "you didn't."

"I did," was his self-assured reply. "Isn't it beautiful?" I looked into his eyes for the first time and there I saw it. He wasn't even considering the loss of a treasured instrument but instead I saw in his eyes the deep and sacred feelings he had for a most beloved sister. The loss of the saxophone seemed insignificant now.

Excitement reigned over the next two weeks as everyone in the family was informed of the surprise, except for Jill of course. We all waited impatiently for Christmas to arrive, almost breathlessly anticipating the opening of the long-desired violin.

Jason packed the violin carefully into a very large television box. The box was huge and Jill would have no clue as to its contents. Then Jason worried for days about whether he should give the present to Jill at the beginning of opening presents or at the last. We all voted to save it for last.

Christmas day arrived and the air was filled with the expected thrill of watching Jill open the large package. The family had all gathered in my living room, taking their usual places to open their presents. Each package was doled out to its rightful owner, except the big box, which Jason kept close to him at all times.

Jill had chosen to sit on the living room floor to open her presents, which gave everyone in the room a great view. Everyone had their cameras on hand and were ready for the great moment which was soon to arrive. The excitement of all of us who knew about the violin kept getting stronger and I could barely stand the waiting. Obviously, Jason could hardly contain himself and before we were even half through, he yelled, "Here Jill, I can't stand it any longer. Open this one!"

He shoved the big box in front of her and leaned forward in great anticipation. We all held our breaths. Everyone pulled their cameras to their eyes in preparation for the greatest photo of all time, except me. I didn't want to miss one second of the moment.

Jill carefully removed the tape from the box, joking to everyone that it was probably a trick and that there couldn't be something so large for her from Jason. She pulled the wadded papers from the inside of the box and then she saw it.

If I live to be one-hundred years old I will never forget that moment. The room was still. Even the little children were glued to the box. Jill's eyes became the size of silver dollars, sparks shooting from them on all sides. With her mouth open wide, she screamed in delight, throwing her shaking hands into the air. Then it hit her.

The great significance of the precious present suddenly overtook her and she began to sob huge tears. They were heartfelt tears of amazing love for her brother and we too felt it and wept. The room filled with the Spirit. You could almost see a soft glow. I have never experienced a feeling like it and I don't know if I will ever be privileged to feel it again. I felt such a great love for Jill and was so happy for her but the love I felt for Jason and for his good heart was overwhelming.

Jill gained her composure somewhat and reverently reached down into the box, lifting the violin case out into the view of all. She gingerly opened the case to reveal a most beautiful violin and then the tears came again. It seemed we all sat in awe, crying softly for a very long time.

Our lives were changed that day by what we felt and what we witnessed. We learned an important lesson, that the worth of a soul is all that matters. Jason's love for his sister Jill, was infinitely more important than the possession of an expensive saxophone.

At Christmas time we remember our Savior, Jesus Christ. To Him, we are all that matters. He showed His great love by giving His life for us. "Greater love hath no man, than he lay down his life for his friends." (John 15:13) The best way we can show our love for the Savior is to bless the lives of others.

There is so much need in the world to take care of those who are depressed, worn down or feeling helpless. There are so many widows and widowers, divorced, lonely and sick people who could use a selfless act of love from us.

Small deeds produce large miracles in the lives of others. We can't appreciate how much good a little act of kindness can do. It isn't just the forlorn however who need our help. Everyone needs love and encouragement.

There is a beautiful poem about an old violin that expresses how much good we can do, just as the Savior has taught us. It is called, "The Touch of the Masters Hand," written by Myra Brooks Welch.

(Read poem)

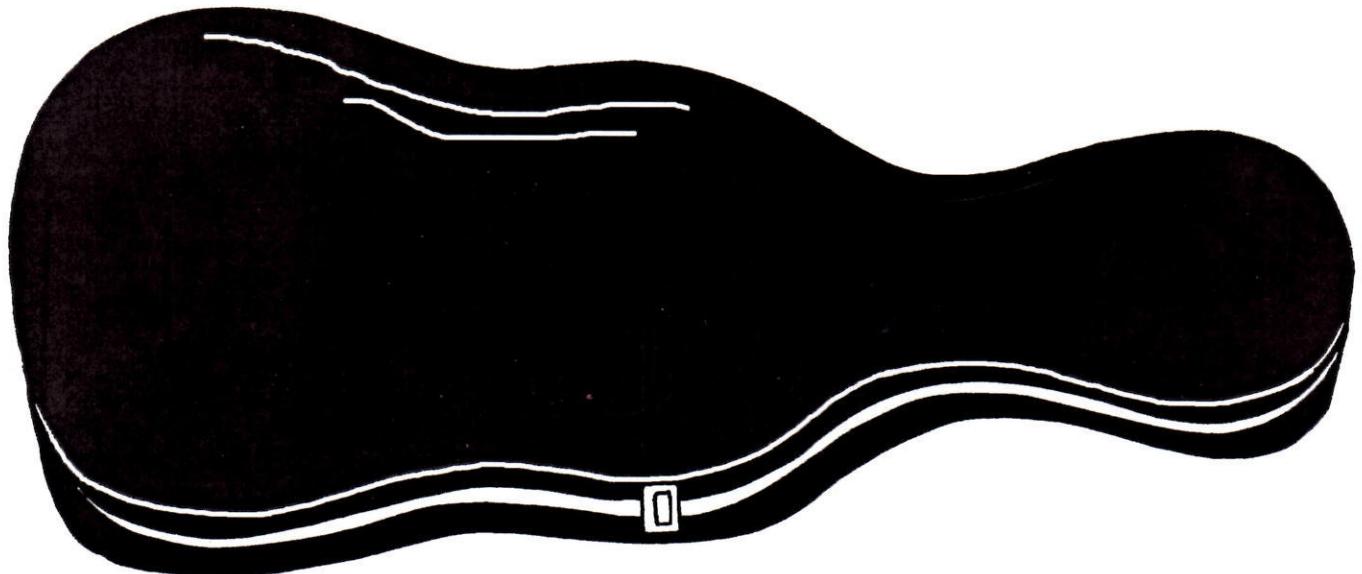
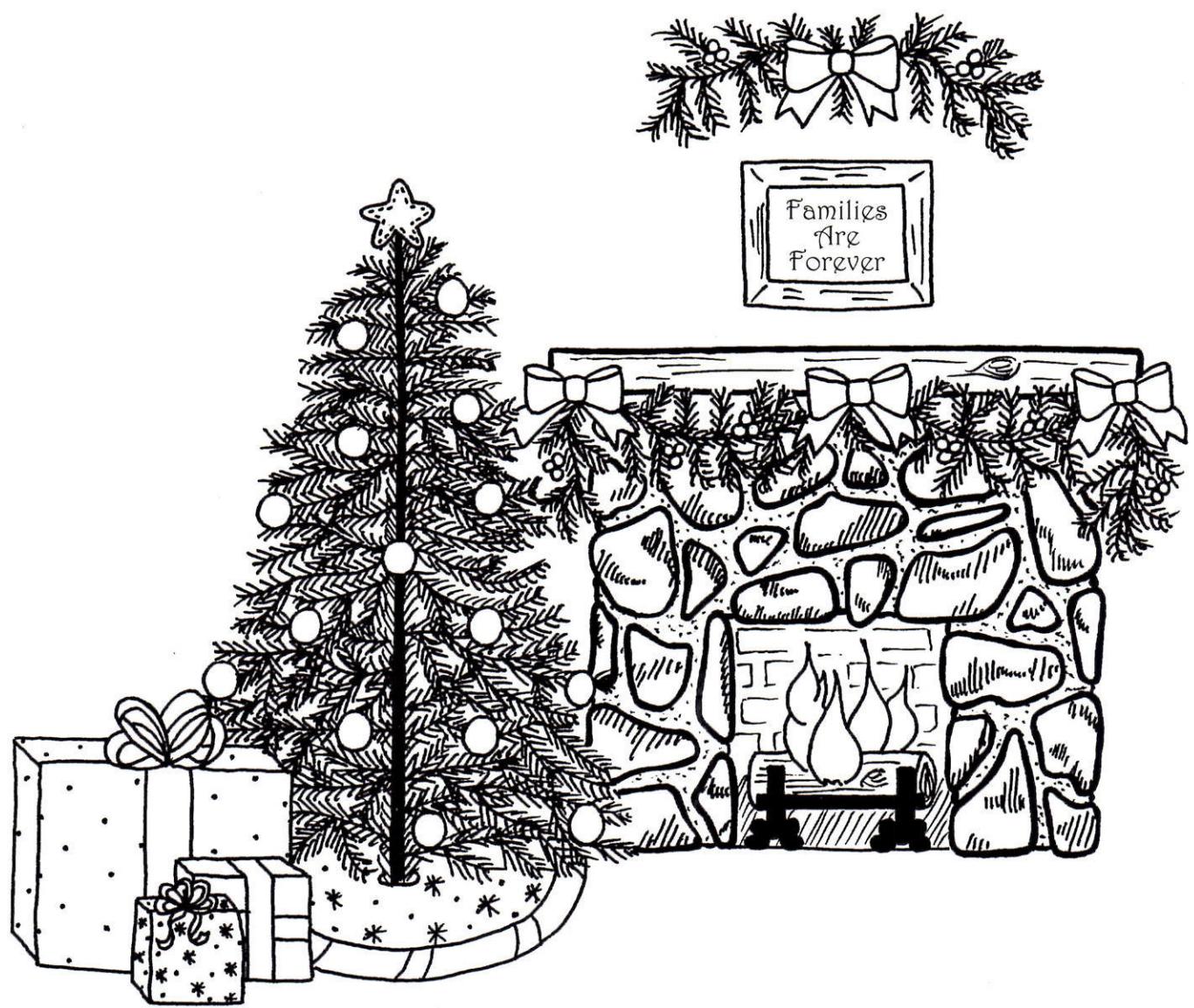
DISCUSSION

- How does it make you feel to know that the Savior sacrificed His own life just for you?
- How can we make a difference in the life of another?
- How can we as a family serve one another?

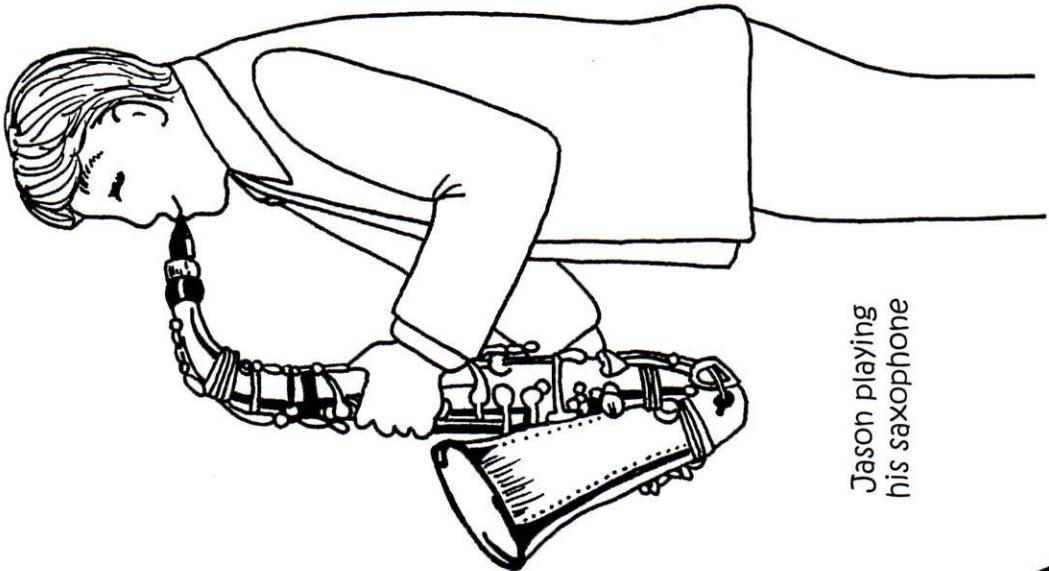
We want to wish you all a very happy holiday season and we would like to take this opportunity to tell you how very much we appreciate your support of us. We have met so many wonderful people and we just can't tell you enough how much you all mean to us.

Thank you and Merry Christmas.

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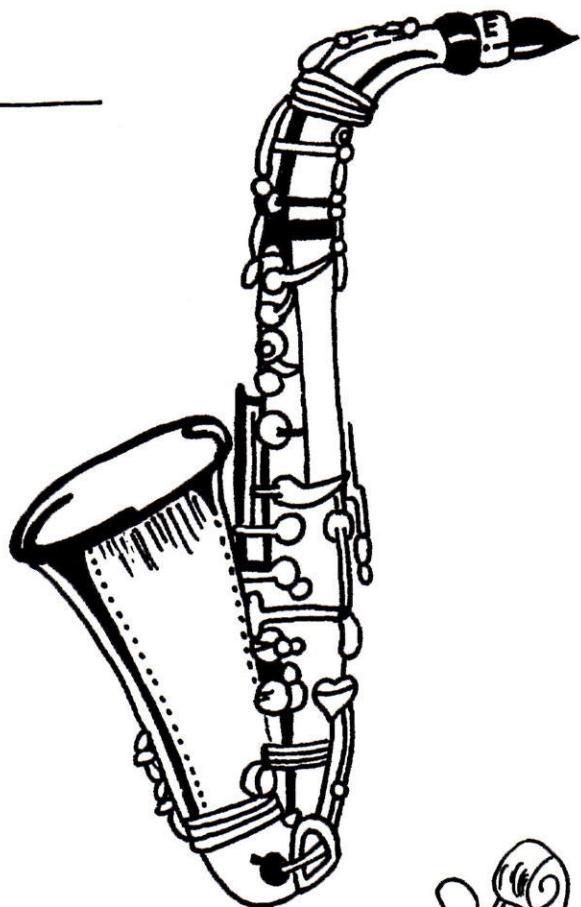
The violin case



Jason playing
his saxophone



Jill dreaming
of a violin



The Touch of the Master's Hand

Myra Brooks Welch

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste his time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good friends?" He cried.
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
One dollar! Only one? And who'll make it two?
Two dollars, once. And three!

Three dollars, once. And three dollars, twice.
And going, and going," But no
From the back of the room a grey-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow.

And wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loose strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As caroling angels sing.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
As he held it up with the bow.

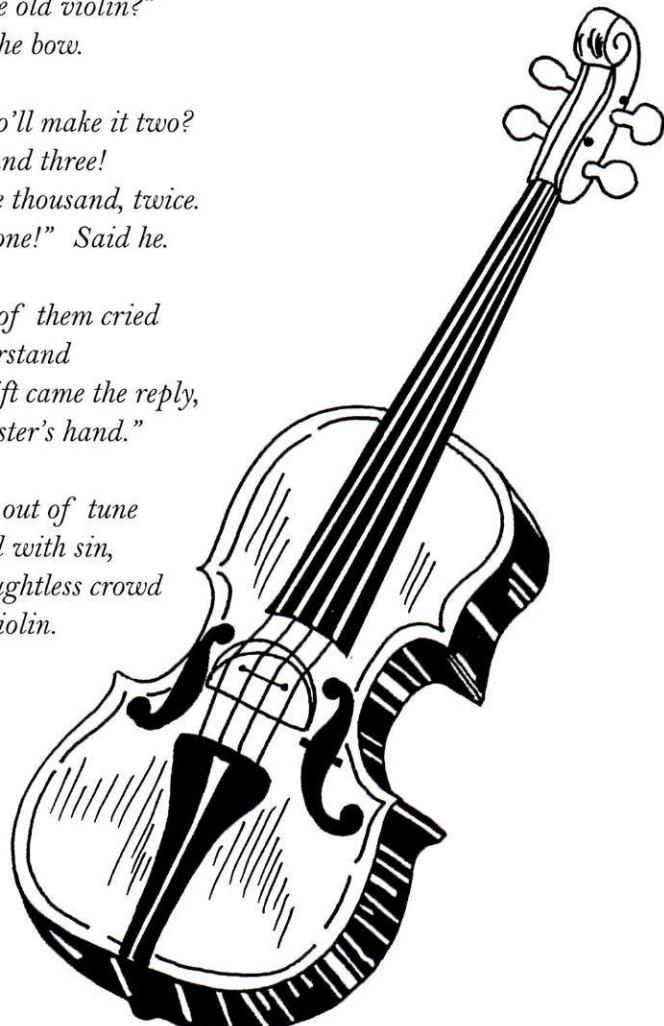
"One thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand dollars, and three!
Three thousand, once. And three thousand, twice.
And going, and going, and gone!" Said he.

The people cheered but some of them cried
"We don't quite understand
What changed it's worth." Swift came the reply,
"Twas the touch of the master's hand."

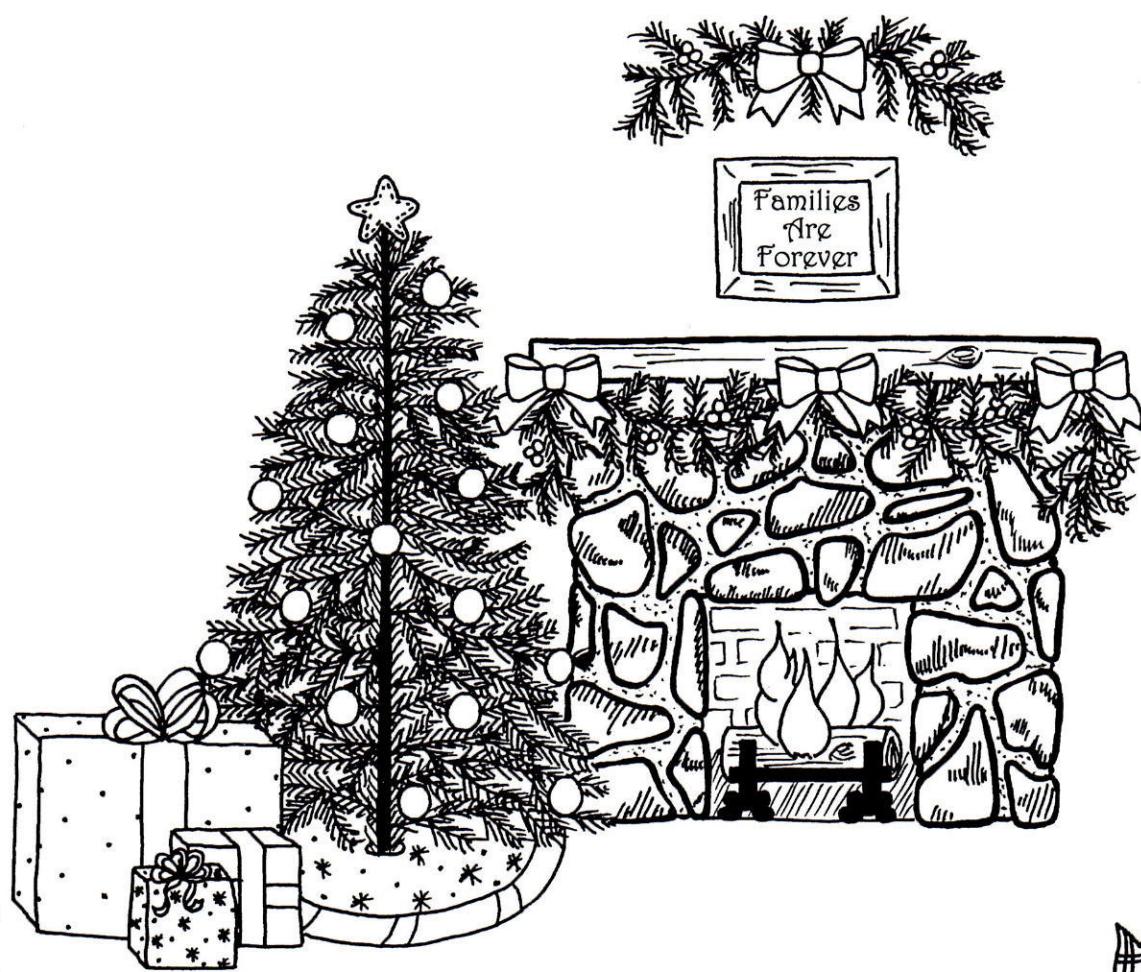
And many a man with life out of tune
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd
Much like this old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine.
A game, and he travels on.
He's going once, and going twice,
And going, and almost gone.

But the Master comes, and the thoughtless crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul, and the change that is wrought,
By the touch of the Master's hand.



Our Family CHRISTMAS MEMORIES



All About Me

Name: _____ Age: _____

Favorite Christmas Activity: _____

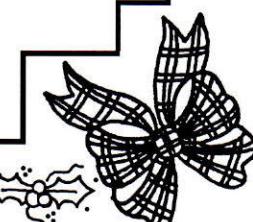
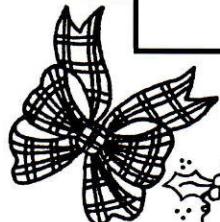
Favorite Food: _____

Favorite Movie: _____

Favorite Hobby: _____

What I will remember most about this Christmas:

My testimony about the birth of my Savior



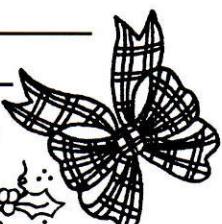
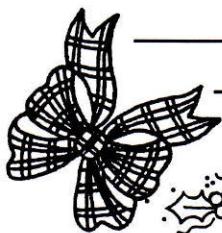
Our Thoughts

About the Acts of Kindness We Performed As A Family This Season

“It is easy to do things for our own families and loved ones, but to give of our substance for the stranger who is in need is the real test of our charity and love for our fellowmen.”

N. Eldon Tanner

Family Goals For The Upcoming Year:



A Favorite Christmas Recipe This Season

Favorite Christmas Traditions This Season



“God does notice us,

and he watches over us.

*But it is usually through
another person*

that he meets our needs.”

Spencer W. Kimball

\$2.50

Packet Includes

- 4 Page Christmas Memory Book
- 2 Pages Story
- 1 Page Scripture
- 1 Outline/Recipe
- 1 Christmas Poem
- 2 Pages Graphics
- 1 Cover Sheet

