

Hatch Patch Creations

Family Home Evening Made Easy

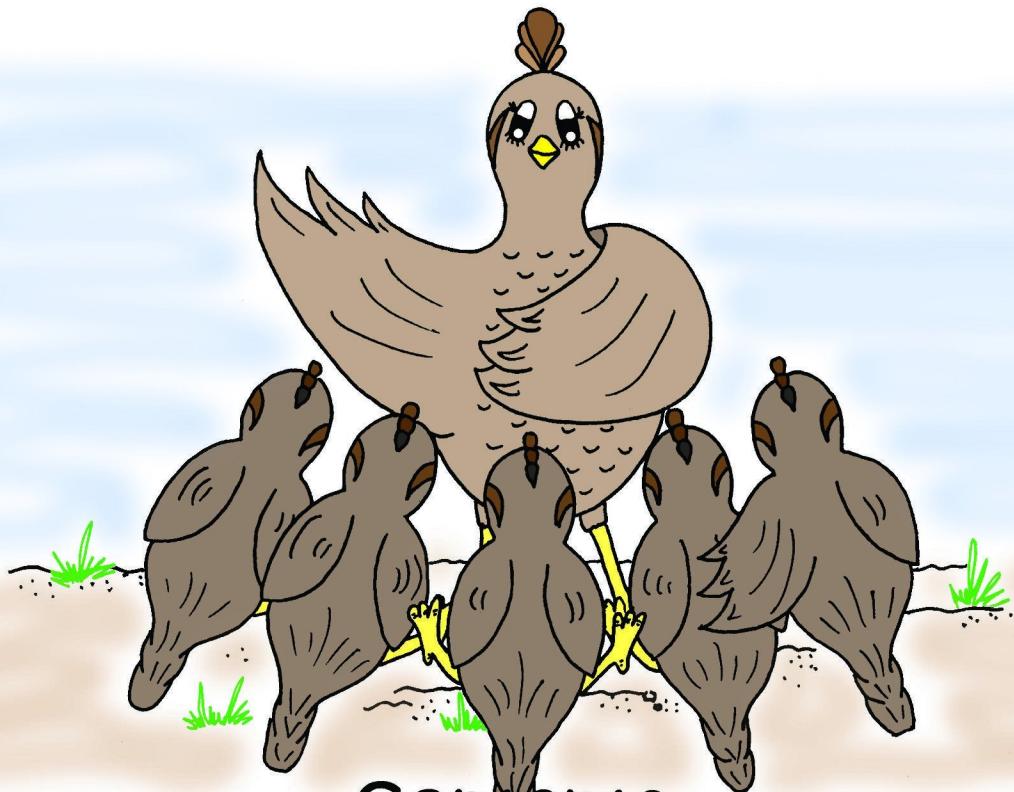
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Quenton Quail And His Quarreling Quail Clan Family Home Evening Packet



Contents:

Story, Picture Sheets, Game, Scripture, Treat Recipe

\$7.00

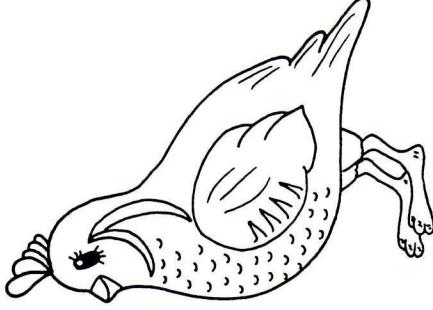
Quenton Quail And His Quarreling Quail Clan Family Home Evening Outline

Quenton's Queso Chip Dip

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

Ingredients

- 1/2 cup chopped white onion
- 1 to 2 cloves of minced garlic
- 1 Tbsp. red wine vinegar
- 1 quart of stewed tomatoes (chop tomatoes)
- 1 (4.5 oz.) can of chopped, peeled green chiles (do not drain)
- 1 package of cheese (for heating such as Velveeta, Western Family, etc.)
- Tortilla chips



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

Game - Quentont's Quarrelling Game

Game Preparation - Color the game board (two sheets) as desired. Line the sheets up side by side with the nest sheet on the left side. Tape the back sides of the sheet together and laminate. Color, laminate and cut out each quail game piece. Be sure to make each game piece different which can be done by using different colors or by writing a each family member's name on their own game piece. Laminate and cut out each quail and stand piece, being sure to cut on the dotted lines as well. Insert a stand piece into the bottom of each quail game piece so that the quail game piece will stand on its own. You will need a die for this game.

Object - To be the first quail to make it from the nest, across the highway, to the pond for a drink, back across the highway and back to the nest first.

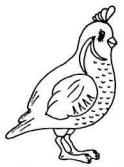
Game Play - Place each quail game piece on the nest. The nest will serve as the start position and finish position. Choose which player will go first. The player begins by rolling the die and moving the number of spaces indicated on the die, being sure to follow the quail tracks in the direction that they are pointing. If a player lands on a quail track, their turn ends and rotates to the next player. If a player lands on the highway, the player's turn ends and rotates to the next player. On that player's next turn they must try and roll a "three" in order to move off of the highway. If a "three" is not rolled, the player must wait again until their next turn to try and roll a "three." If a player lands on a "situation" space (circle space) the player reads the situation aloud and follows the directions. Their turn then ends and rotates to the next player. If a player lands on the "SORRY" space, the player must think of something they have done in the recent past to make someone in their family unhappy and apologize for it. If the player does so, they may roll the die again and move the number of spaces indicated. Every player must stop at the pond on the space that asks each player to tell each family member something that they love about them. Once they have done so, they must wait until their next turn to roll the die and move.

Suggested Songs: "Love Is Spoken Here", pg. 190 (Children's)
"Love One Another", pg. 136 (Children's)
"Home Can Be A Heaven On Earth", pg. 298 (Hymn)

Scripture: Mosiah 4: 14-15, John 13:34

Directions: In a bowl, mix white onion, garlic, green chiles, red wine vinegar and stewed tomatoes. Mix together well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Set the salsa aside. In a sauce pan, melt cheddar cheese. Once cheese is smooth, add salsa. Continue to stir and heat until mixture is warm. Serve immediately with tortilla chips. ENJOY!!!!!!

*Thanks to Jill Smith of Evanston, Wyoming
for her fresh salsa recipe!*



Quenton Quail And His Quarreling Quail Clan



It was a beautiful, summer morning in Beaver, Utah. The sun shone brightly over the alfalfa field. A slight breeze was blowing this morning as Mother Quail took her five children for their morning stroll.

The morning walk was a dangerous event for the Quail family. Mother warned each little bird to be very careful and stay right behind her, for they had to cross the big highway.

"Now, children," Mother warned, "do as I tell you and follow me." The little birds stepped in line behind Mother and with sleepy eyes, they began to march. They also began to moan loudly.

"Aw, Mom", chirped Quenton, "can't we skip this stupid walk this morning?" Quenton's complaint drew comments from all of the other sisters and brothers too.

Quirky chimed in with, "It's the only way we can get a drink, you idiot!" Mother stepped right in, hoping to stop an argument before it really got a good start, but Quilly just had to put her two cents in as well.

"You're always thirsty, Quirky. You're such a baby. You can do without a drink for one morning!"

"Children, please!" pleaded mother. "Couldn't we all try and get along this morning?" Then she let out a deep sigh. Mother was very tired of the children fighting and quarreling all of the time. It seemed to Mother that all she did was spend her time acting as a referee for the baby birds. She was really tired of it and it made her feel bad whenever the children fought with each other. She knew that Heavenly Father is very displeased when brothers and sisters fight. What could she do? She was very discouraged.

Things only got worse though. As mother safely guided the birds across the black highway, a huge truck suddenly appeared around the bend. Mother screeched in fear, calling the birds to hurry across the road. The children began to run, their little bird feet flying in every direction. The twins, Queazy and Quizzy started pushing the other little birds in front of them, chirping at the top of their lungs and yelling for them to get out of the way. Then everyone began tripping over each other. Soon Quenton, Quirky and Quilly were on the ground as Queazy and Quizzy stomped right over the top of them.

Mother's wings were flapping furiously as she raced back to help the other children to their feet and to the other side of the highway. As Quenton pulled himself up and began running, he saw the big truck heading straight for them. The entire Quail family gazed up in disbelief when suddenly, the truck began to slow down.

The truck driver had seen the little Quail family as they crossed the road and hit his brakes so he could stop to let them pass.

Mother let out a huge sigh of relief as she brooded her little ones together and pushed them to the side of the road. She didn't even look back at the truck driver as she scooted the babies into the bushes beside the pond. Then, Mother put her wings on her hips and looked each bird in the eye. She was angry, really angry.

"That's it!" she yelled. "I quit as your mother!" Sheer havoc broke out as each baby bird began yelling.

"It wasn't my fault, it was Queazy's," screamed Quilly.

"No, it wasn't," piped in Queazy. "Quirky tripped me."

"You pushed me," Quenton said as he gave Queazy a gentle shove and then all the babies began bumping and hitting and pushing and yelling. They were calling each other names as well. Mother just shook her head in disbelief.

Into the center of the quarreling birds went mother, pecking each one hard on the head as she nudged them away from one another. "Each of you get a drink, and then we are going home. I will let your father handle this!"

"I get to go first," Quizzy snarled and he headed for the pond.

"No you don't, it's my turn to go first," Quirky yelled. "Mother!"

"It was a nightmare that just wouldn't end," thought Mother. She could not wait to get back home to father. She hurried the birds through their morning ritual at the pond and scurried to the highway. When the coast was clear, she sent the birds hurrying onto the road, pushing them from the back.

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Then that awful sound of an engine running filled the morning air. Mother's heart raced again as she warned the babies of danger. Again, the birds began quarreling about one not walking fast enough, or another one being in the way. They began pushing one another again, and some fell down again. The birds had not learned a thing that morning.

A large, maroon car rounded the bend, moving way too fast. Mother began pushing the birds hard. All of them reached the side of the road except for Quenton, who had sprained his foot when he fell down. He was limping, trying to reach the side of the road.

Racing past the little bird, the car whizzed down the road, causing a huge gust of air to pick up Quenton and throw him into the gutter. Mother, Quirkey, Quilley, Queazy and Quizzy raced through the brush grass to where Quenton lay, all curled up in a ball.

He wasn't moving and Mother began calling to him. "Quenton, oh Quenton, are you okay?"

After many moments, Quenton began to moan, moving his wings about to straighten out the kinks. He sat up, his head bobbing back and forth in a daze. He finally got to his feet, limping still on his bad foot. "I want to go home," he said.

Quirky and Queazy got on each side of Quenton and let him put his wings around their shoulders as they guided him through the marsh grass and home.

When they arrived at the nest, Mother straightened all of his feathers out with her beak and gave him some fine seeds to eat. Then, Father called the Quail family together.

The Quail babies knew they were in a lot of trouble just by the look on Father's face. "Children," he said, "one of you was almost killed today because of your constant arguing with one another. Your mother and I are tired of your quarreling."

Each baby quail sat quietly, feeling very ashamed of his behavior. Father continued.

"Families are the most important thing on earth," he said. "You were sent here to be a family, to love each other and treat each other with kindness. We will be a family for eternity if we do what's right. Look around you. What do you see?"

Quirky, Quilly, Queazy, Quizzy and Quenton all looked at each other and ducked their heads. They knew that what Father was saying was true.

"Mother and I love you very much," Father continued. "We have been commanded to keep you from quarreling so you must help us. I want you to remember this day and what happened. Whenever you start quarreling, I want someone to yell 'QUAILS, QUIT!' That will remind you of today and what almost happened. I want you to love each other and treasure each other from this day on."

Some days were tougher than others for the little Quail family but eventually, there was no more quarreling at the Quail home. Whenever a fight began, someone would yell "Quail's, quit!" and the arguing would stop. What a wonderful feeling came into the Quail home when everyone loved and respected each other. What a peaceful time they all had when they cared enough about each other not to fight with each other.

In Mosiah, chapter four, verses fourteen and fifteen, we read: "And ye will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the devil, who is the evil spirit which hath been spoken of by our fathers, he being an enemy to all righteousness. But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another."

When parents allow children to quarrel with each other, they are breaking a commandment. When children fight with each other, they are making it almost impossible for their parents to keep that commandment. Quarreling and fighting in a family can destroy it. Brothers and sisters can learn to love and respect each other. It is so important to have that love and peace in our homes. It is a hard thing to learn, but it can be done, and it will bring such harmony to our family as well as making our Heavenly Father very happy and proud of us. Imagine what it would be like if all of our families didn't quarrel with each other any more. It would be a little bit of Heaven right here on earth.

SUGGESTION: Designate a word or words for the children to yell out when an argument starts to help them remember about the lesson and not to fight with one another.

DISCUSSION

- Why do you think the Quail brothers and sisters were always quarreling?
- What would you have done to make them stop quarreling?
- What can we do to stop the quarreling in our family?
- Who does Heavenly Father hold accountable for the quarreling in a family?

Mother quail
worried about
her children

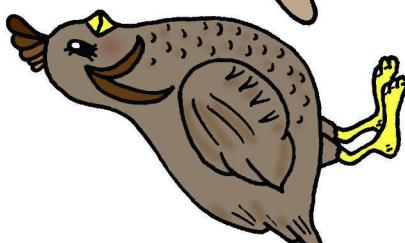
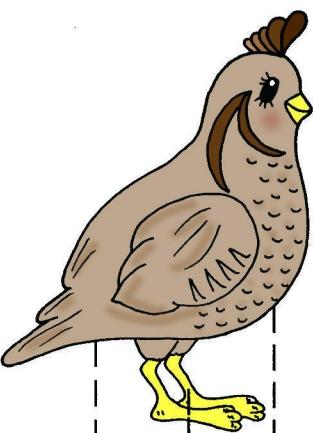
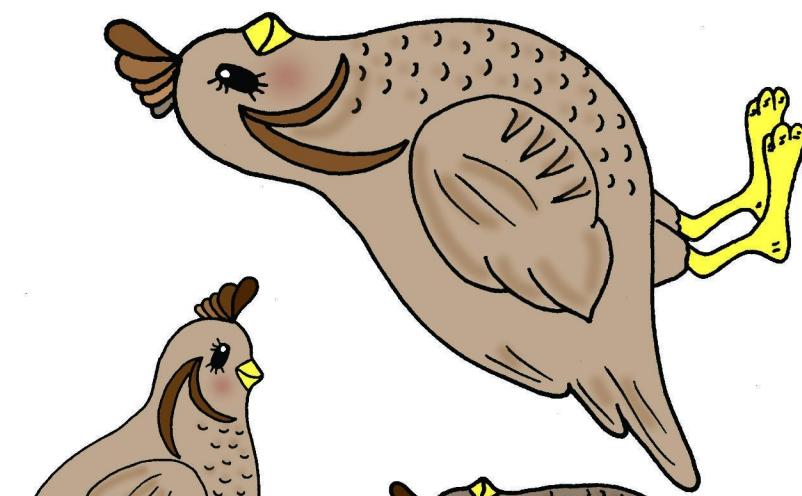
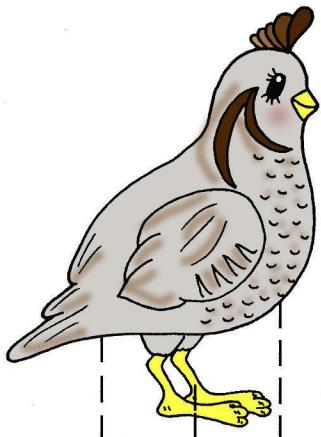
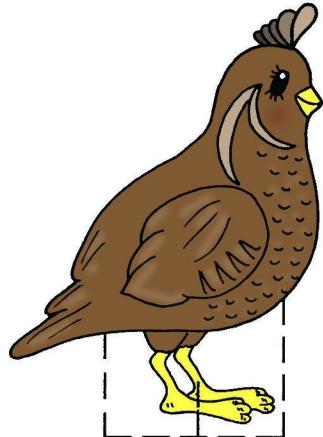
Oh!!!!
My
Babies!!!!



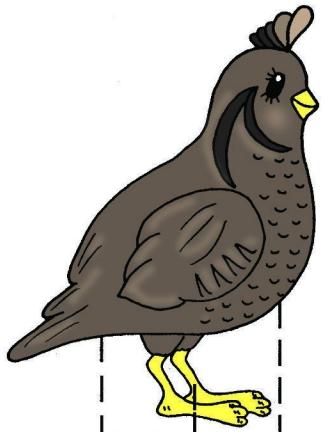
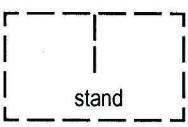
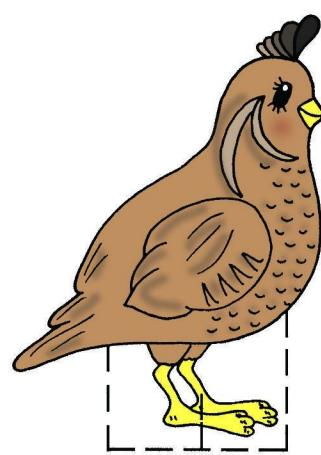
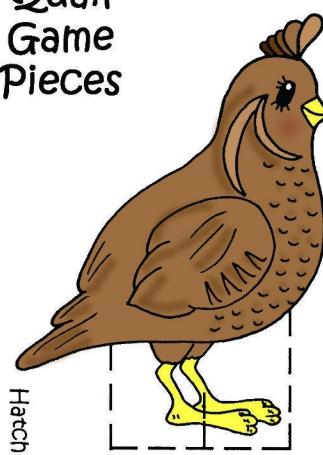
The quail children
running over each other
on the highway!

Father talking to
the quail children

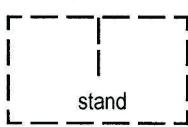
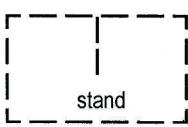
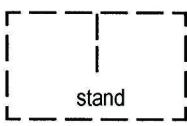
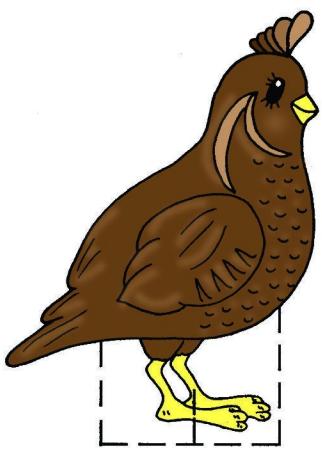
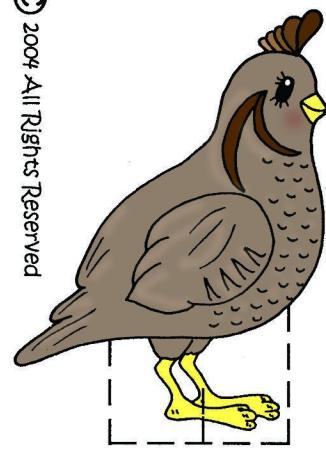
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Quail Game Pieces



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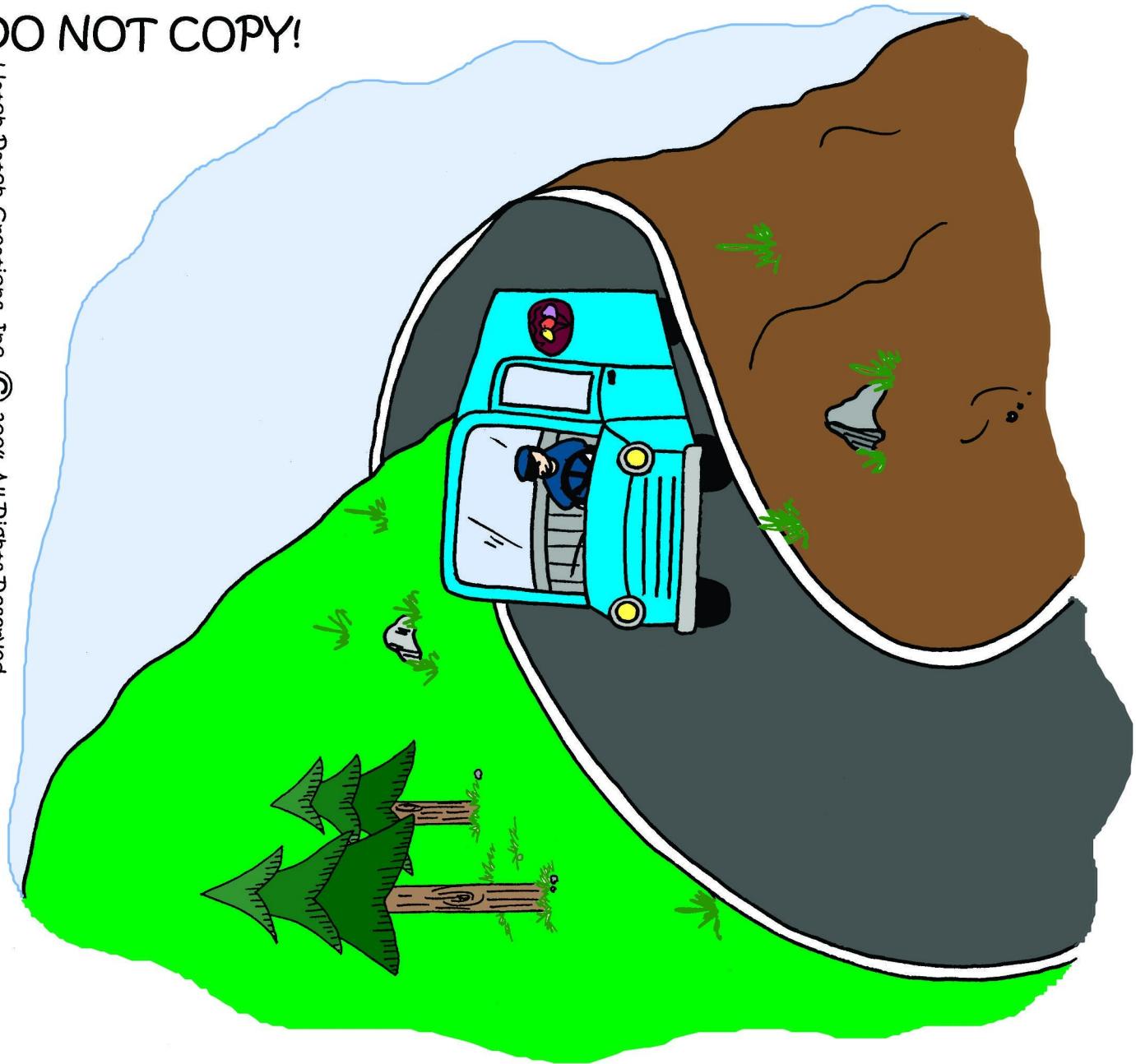
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Quail family on
their morning outing

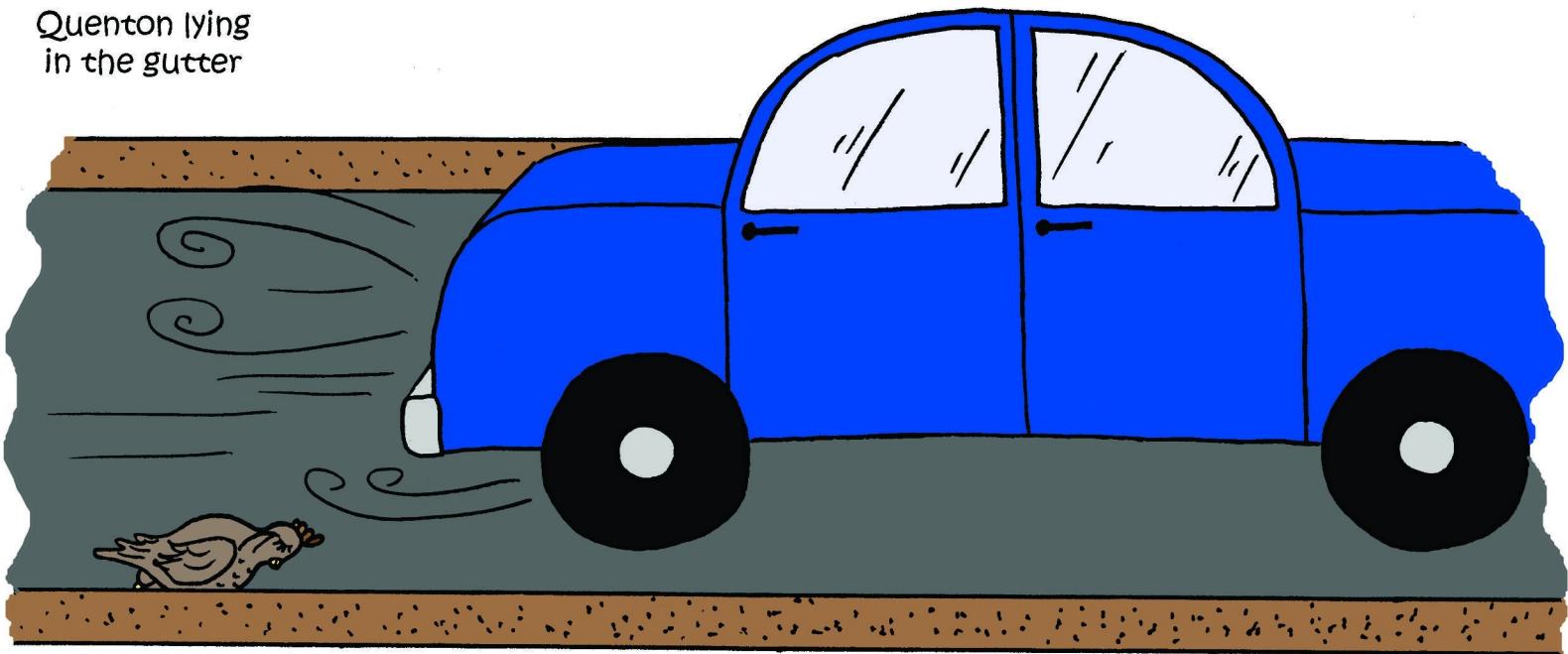


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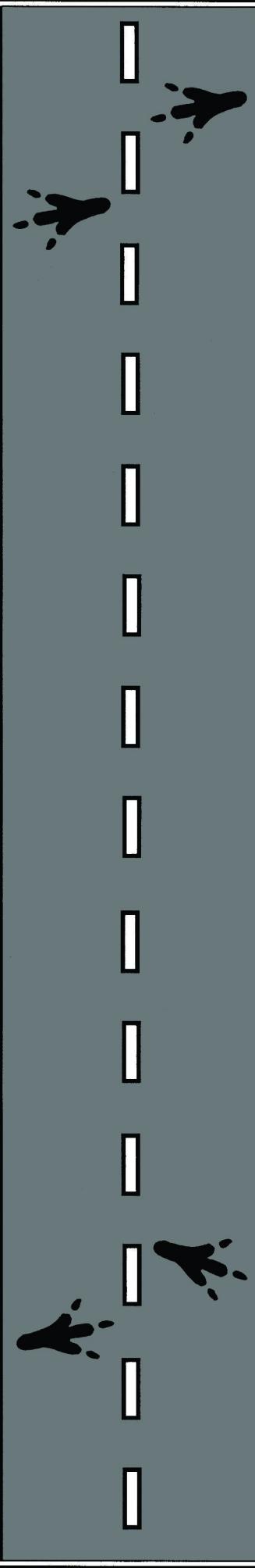
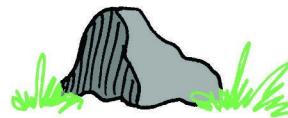
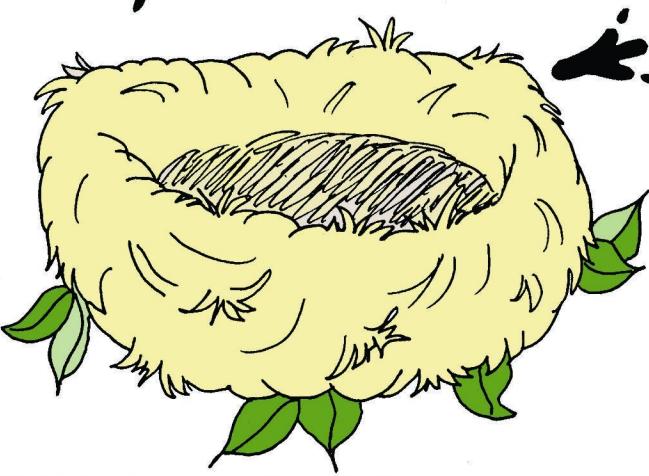
Quenton lying
in the gutter

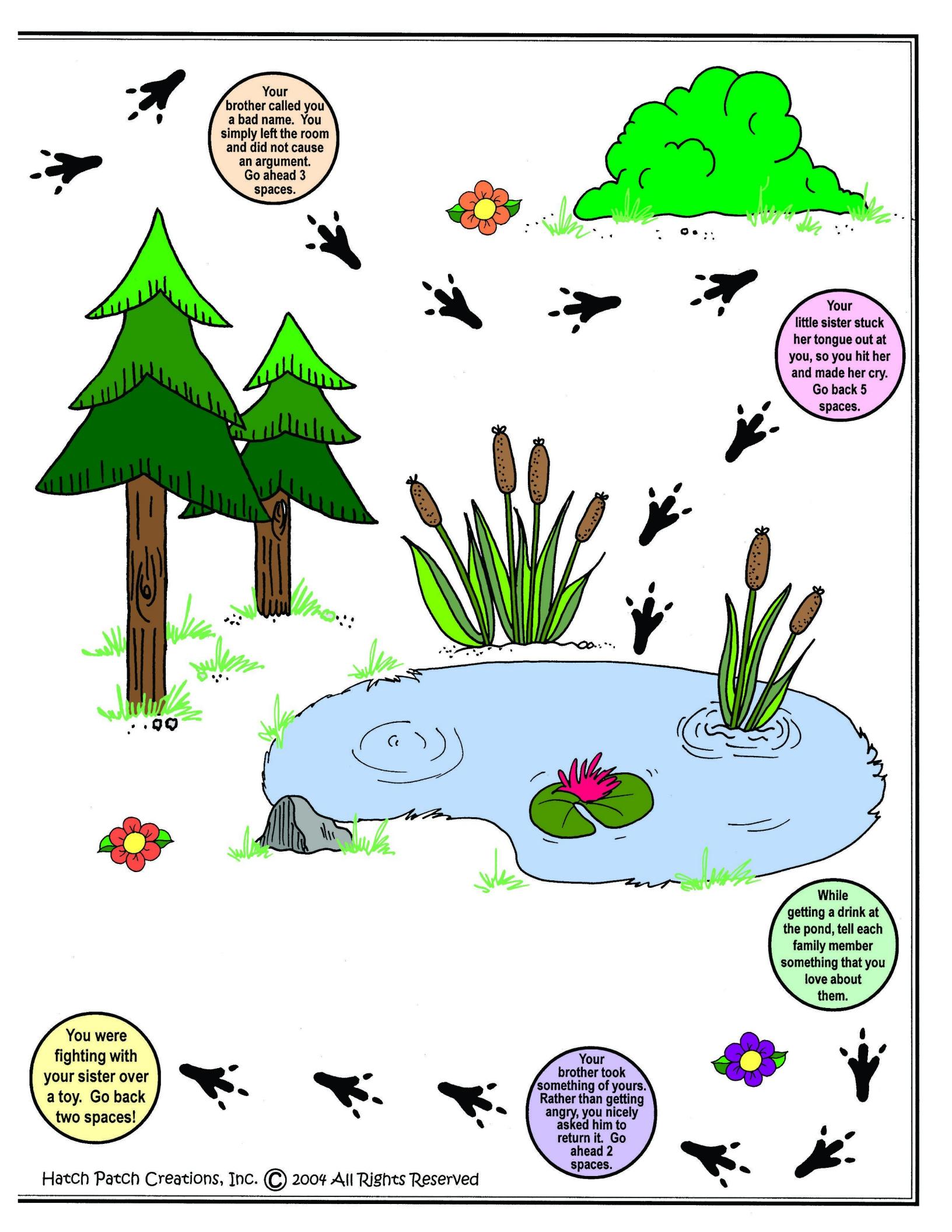


You broke your sister's favorite toy just to make her mad. Go back 4 spaces.

Your mother asked you to help with the dishes. You replied: "I would be glad to help with the dishes!" Go ahead 5 spaces.

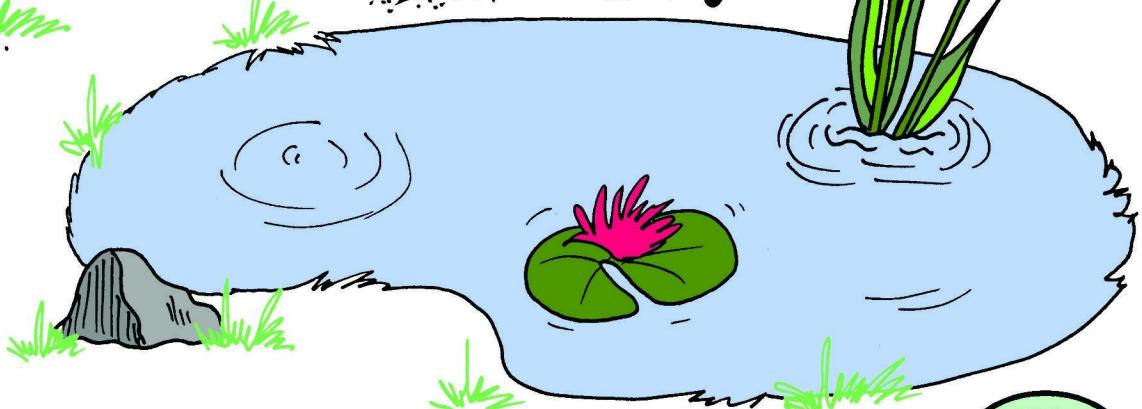
SORRY





Your brother called you a bad name. You simply left the room and did not cause an argument. Go ahead 3 spaces.

Your little sister stuck her tongue out at you, so you hit her and made her cry. Go back 5 spaces.



While getting a drink at the pond, tell each family member something that you love about them.

You were fighting with your sister over a toy. Go back two spaces!

Your brother took something of yours. Rather than getting angry, you nicely asked him to return it. Go ahead 2 spaces.

MOSIAH 4:14-15

"And ye will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the devil, who is the master of sin, or who is the evil spirit which hath been spoken of by our fathers, he being an enemy to all righteousness. But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another."

