

Hatch Patch Creations

From Our Home To Yours

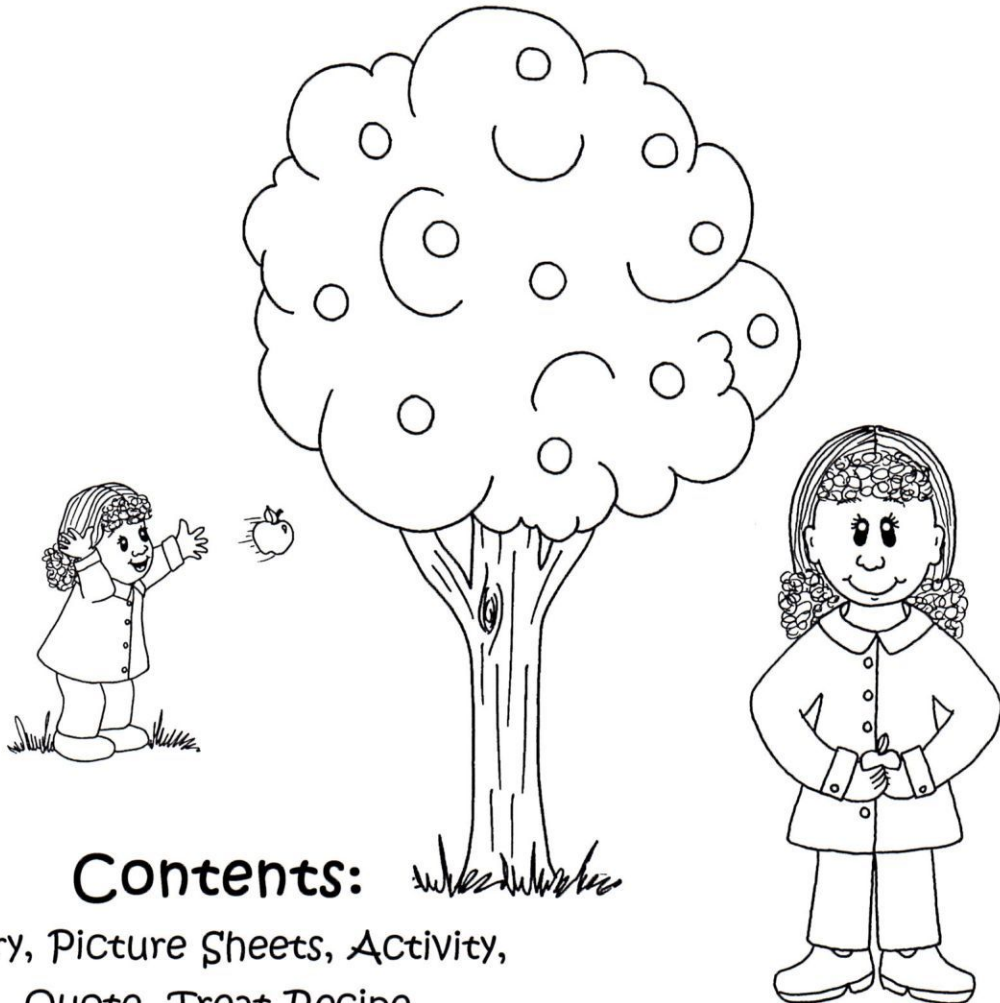
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Our Brother's Keeper Family Home Evening Packet



Contents: *wholesomeness*

Story, Picture Sheets, Activity,
Quote, Treat Recipe

\$5.00

Our Brother's Keeper Family Home Evening Packet

Home Evening Outline

Opening Prayer

Opening Song

Scripture

Story

Game

Closing Song

Closing Prayer

Refreshments

Suggested Songs: "I'm Trying To Be Like Jesus", pg. 78 (Childrens)

"Kindness Begins With Me", pg. 145 (Childrens)

"Have I Done Any Good", pg. 223 (Hymn)

"Love One Another", pg. 308 (Hymn)

Scriptures: Matthew 25:40, Moroni 7:45-48

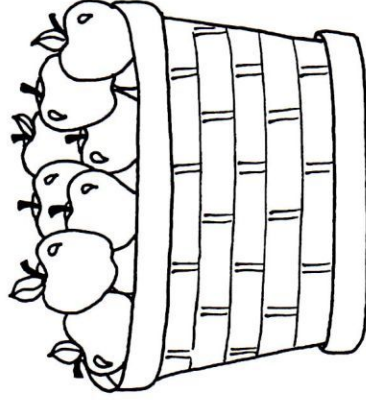
Story: Color graphics with markers, colored pencils, chalks, etc. Use flannel, or laminate and cut out and place magnets on back of graphics. etc.

"Twelve Days of Christmas" Activity: Begin by choosing a family that you think would benefit greatly from this activity. Cut out all twelve Christmas cards. Decorate as desired. Decide what items will be delivered on what days. The activity begins twelve days before Christmas, with the last delivery falling on Christmas Eve. Each night quietly place the item and card on the family's porch, ring the doorbell and run so as not to be seen. We have included ideas for different items that could be delivered as well as some wonderful Christmas treat recipes. Use ours or be creative and use some of your own. This activity can be done totally anonymously, or on Christmas Eve, have the entire family deliver the last item and sing a Christmas carol. This activity can be a wonderful tool to teach your children the importance of giving.

Apple Bars

Ingredients:

- 2 1/2 cups & 3 Tbsp. flour
- 1/2 Tbsp. salt
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup corn flakes
- 1 egg yolk (Place yolk in cup and fill to 2/3 cup with milk and reserve egg white)
- 8-10 apples
- 1 cup of sugar & cinnamon
- butter
- 1/2 lemon



Directions:

Mix together egg yolk and milk. Combine in a large bowl, flour, salt, shortening and egg and milk mixture to form a dough. Divide dough in half and roll out each portion to fit a cookie sheet. Place bottom crust in the cookie sheet. Sprinkle with corn flakes. Peel and slice apples. Place a single layer of apples on top of corn flakes. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixture to taste. Dot with butter and squeeze with lemon juice. Place top crust, and seal edges. Slightly beat egg white and spread on the top crust. Bake at 350 degrees for sixty minutes. Glaze with a powdered sugar frosting while hot. ENJOY!!!!!!!

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Our Brother's Keeper

By: Judy Checketts Hatch



I was only seven years old at the time, but I learned a valuable lesson that will last me a lifetime.

My father, mother, sister Janis and little brother Larry had gone to the country near Pasco, Washington to pick apples. It was a cold, crisp October day and I can still feel the chill in the air and smell those delicious, crimson red apples.

Half of the fun of the family excursion was to pick the apples ourselves. It was hard work but oh so fun just being together. We laughed and joked as Daddy and I climbed the ladder to pluck the juicy treats from their branches. Janis' job was to gather the undamaged apples from the ground and place them into the bushel baskets. Of course, not many of the apples she picked up made it into the baskets without a blemish or two as she would throw them mightily with both hands.

Mama held onto Larry, wrapping him tightly in his blanket as both watched from their perch beside the big apple tree. Life was good as I looked around at my family in that beautiful orchard on that cold October day.

With the car loaded and with bright red faces, we climbed into the family station wagon and off we went, crunching those deep-red apples as we drove the short way home. The warmth of the car felt good after being out in the cold most of the day. It was late afternoon and it was a beautiful drive back to Pasco.

Suddenly, Dad slowed the car and of course, got the attention of me and Janis in the back seat. Along the side of the road walked an old man. His hair fell down his back in long salt and pepper braids and he was bent over as he walked. He had no coat or wrap of any kind upon his back and he was shivering with the cold. He had a face that was rugged and red from years of being kissed by the sun. He was alone and he looked so sad.

I knew exactly why my father had slowed the car. "Oh Clyde," my mother whispered, "do you think we should?" My father simply smiled, patting my mother's hand with his and pulled the car to a stop.

Daddy jumped from the car and hurried around the front bumper to greet the old Indian man. It startled the stranger and he rose up slowly to look into my father's face. "Can I take you somewhere?" Dad questioned.

At first the old man was hesitant but as he clutched his big arms around himself to shield him from the cold he nodded "yes."

Holding the back door open, Dad motioned for the Indian man to climb into the back seat. I froze with fear. It was one thing for Dad to pick up strangers but it was another to have them sit by me! What was he thinking?

This man sitting next to me was very large in stature and he had big features on his time-worn face. I studied him at every opportunity, looking away when he would gaze my way. I think he was as frightened of me as I was of him.

Through very broken English, my dad and the old man tried to communicate for what seemed like hours. The tapping of my foot on the car floor was evidence of my hope that the ride would soon come to an end and the old Indian would be on his way. Mom sat motionless hoping the same thing and I'm sure, feeling great fear for her children as well as herself. But my dear father spoke warmly to the large stranger, laughing freely with him and working hard to understand every word he spoke.

As I sat in the back seat, I remember looking at the beautiful new overcoat that my dad was wearing. We had moved to Washington because of a new job for my father. He had struggled to find a good job since his return from World War II and he had finally found one in Pasco. Life was better for us finally and Dad had been able to purchase a long awaited new overcoat.

With a young family, there were always things that needed to be bought or bills that had to be paid and so Dad had gone without a coat for a very long time. I remember how wonderful he looked in his new coat. He had jet black hair and a handsome face. He was a great looking man and the overcoat just added to his amazing good looks. It was also important for Dad to look nice at his new sales job. The new coat was not only a necessity but also stood for hope in the future. Yes, the coat was very important.

Finally, the old Indian motioned to pull the car to the side of the road. I was relieved as I watched this tired old gentleman ease himself from the car and try to stand erect. He looked so alone and worn, almost as though he had given up on life and was just biding his time until it was over.

Then the miracle happened. It was a miracle for me anyway, because my life changed in that one moment, never to be the same again.

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Dad jumped from the car and raced to where the Indian stood. He quickly removed the new coat and placed it gently upon the shoulders of the lonely, old man. Total shock registered on the Indian's face as Dad pulled the coat shut and buttoned the buttons. Then Dad took the gentleman's hand and guided him to the back of the car where the heavy back door was lifted to reveal the precious, autumn apples.

Every pocket, inside and out was then filled with apples. They bulged from everywhere and the old man watched in utter amazement, shaking his head "no" continually. When Dad was finished, the coat was extremely heavy and the man could hardly move. The old Indian took Dad's hand gently, a tear forming in his tired eyes as he shook it reverently, still in awe of what had happened.

As the car pulled onto the highway, I watched through the back window as this stately, dark-skinned man watched us drive away. There he stood, dressed in my Daddy's coat that bulged at every curve.

I felt a warmth that I had never known before. I felt the spirit of the Lord in that old station wagon. I knew we were on His side. I knew that this old man, who I had been so frightened of, was one of God's own. I knew he was loved by Heavenly Father and that we had, in some small way, improved his quality of life. I felt wonderful! I felt loving and I felt loved!

The scriptures are full of admonitions to be our brother's keeper but how many of us actually do it? There are people all around us who need help, whether it is in the form of food, clothing, money or just someone to talk to. Are we doing all we can? Are we loving our brothers and sisters as ourselves?

Thomas S. Monson related this story: "Tears came to my eyes when I read of a mere boy in one of our eastern cities who noticed a vagrant asleep on a sidewalk and who then went to his own bedroom, retrieved his own pillow, and placed it beneath the head of that one whom he knew not. Perhaps there came from the precious past the welcome word: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me' (Matthew 25:40) I extol those who, with loving care and compassionate concern, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and house the homeless. He who notes the sparrow's fall will not be unmindful of such service."

At this Christmas season, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could teach our families the value of being our brother's keeper. Then we could carry those lessons throughout the whole year.

Sometimes the world is a scary place. It is hard to know who you can trust and who you can't, but the spirit of the Lord will guide us if that is our desire. We will know who to help and when to help. We can pray for those promptings and then act upon them. We can develop those wonderful feelings inside of our heart. We can be kind to others.

DISCUSSION:

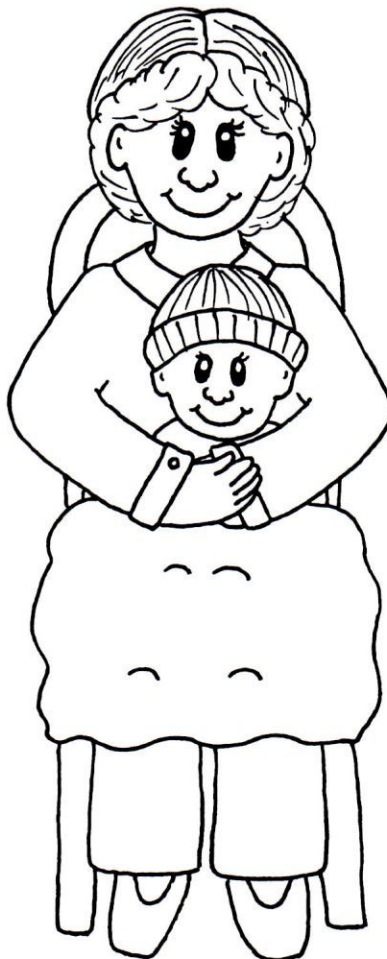
- Why is it important that we show love and kindness for our fellow men?
- How are we showing love for our Savior when we are compassionate towards others?
- How can we as a family give service and charity to others?

*Jenny, Jill, Jason and I want to wish you all a very,
Merry Christmas and we hope that if you have needs this season
that someone will be directed to you that you may be helped.
And if we are fortunate to be doing well, may our hearts be filled
with the spirit of the Lord that we can be touched to be of service
to someone in need, for that is what Christmas is all about.
Merry Christmas and thank you for all you do for us!*

Janis



Mom & Larry



Judy



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Dad



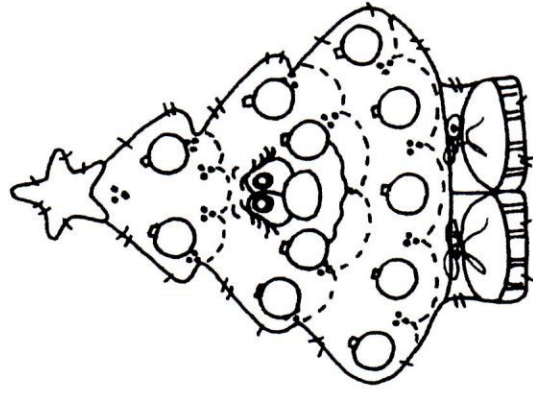
Cold Indian

On the tenth day before Christmas
You know we won't forget
It's all because we love you
So please don't you fret!



From Our Home To Yours

On the fourth day
before Christmas
Things are
winding down
You are in our
thoughts though
As we bring this
gift around.

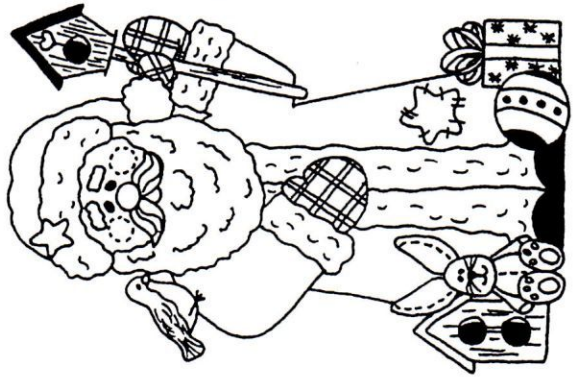


On the seventh day
before Christmas
We're thinking
of you
We hope you
like our present
It's from "Guess Who?"

Here it is! It's Christmas Eve!
Here we are again, but tonight
it will be hard to leave!

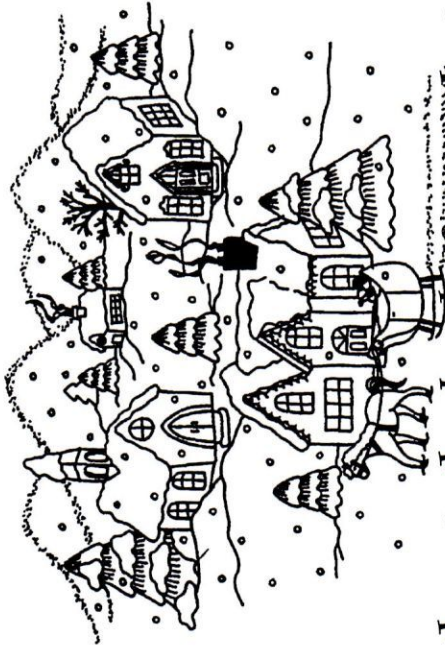
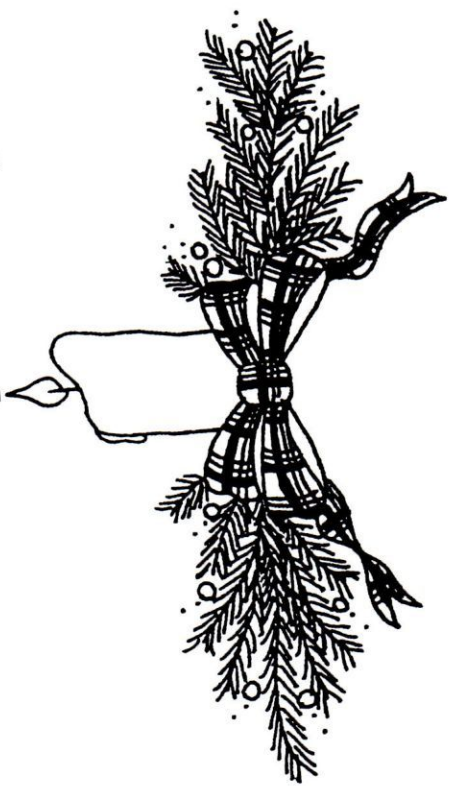


For you are very special! We've enjoyed it
oh so much. We hope we've made you
happy, with this little Christmas touch.
May your holiday be special, may your
next year be a ball! Merry Christmas to
you, and Merry Christmas to all!!!!



On the twelfth day
before Christmas
No less and no more
We're bringing you
our greetings
And a gift right to
your door.

On the ninth day before Christmas
The days are growing chilly
Here's something to warm you
Isn't this poem silly?



On the sixth day before Christmas
Oh my, it's coming soon
We hope that you won't see us
Running in the light of the moon!



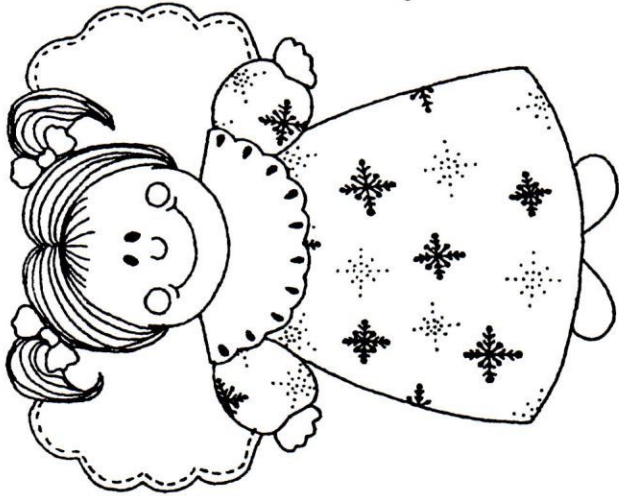
On the third day
before Christmas

My this has been fun
Do you know who we are yet?
Will you know
before we're done?



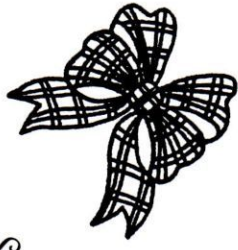
On the eleventh
day before
Christmas
There's
excitement in

the air
May this little gift
bring joy
For it shows that
we all care.

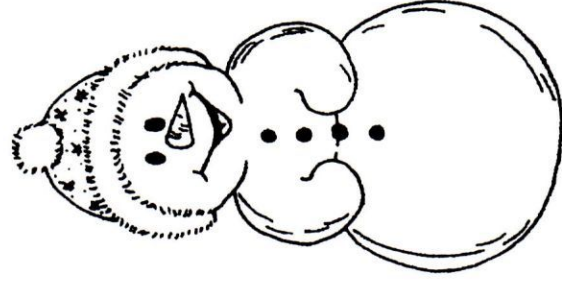


On the eighth day
before Christmas

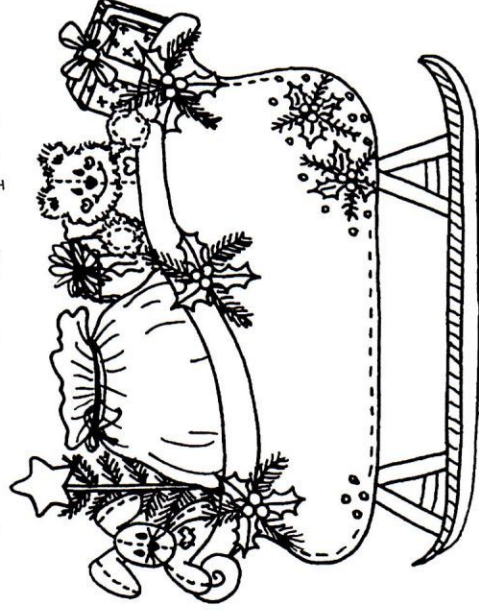
The children are all a twitter
May this little present
Make your holidays
glitter.



On the fifth day
before Christmas
There is oh,
so much to do
But you are on
our minds
Merry, Merry
Christmas to you!



On the second day before Christmas
The best is yet to come
May your holidays be joyous
You are such a plum!



Christmas Gift Ideas

Candy canes
Brownies
Christmas tree ornaments
Homemade candies
Cake
Christmas decorations
Christmas flag
Christmas picture
Calendar for upcoming year
Movie
Book
Homemade treats
Personalized stationery
Thank you cards painted by the children
Egg nog
Hot chocolate mix
Hot cider mix
Bottled fruit or jams
Homemade bread
Cinnamon rolls
Framed proclamation on the family
Coupons for jobs done in the winter
(shoveling the walk, cleaning windows,
etc.)
Board game
Lotion
Homemade soaps
Potpourri
Candle
Christmas M&M's
Gift certificate
Scrapbook
Gingerbread house
Pinata
Wreath
Christmas bells
Bath beads or oils
Homemade epron salts
Refrigerator magnets
Popcorn
Music box
Money
Food storage
Church booklets or movies
Christmas music
Chocolate kisses
Christmas hot pads
Christmas towels
Christmas floor mat
Homemade Christmas gift wrap
Decorative pillow
Quilt
Christmas candies in a jar
Journal
Fruitcake
Christmas mugs
Christmas stockings
Slippers
Christmas banner
Homemade Christmas cards

The Old Man

By Judy Checketts Hatch

*He was old and bent
With long braided hair
And he moved very slowly
As we saw him walking there.*

*It was there I sat,
Frozen in my fear,
As the old Indian man
Hesitantly came near.*

*Then I saw that withered face
That was beaten down with life
Shine brightly for a moment,
Forgetting toil and strife.*

*Along the winding roadside
He ambled on his way
Looking very weary
On that gray October day.*

*He was big and solid,
His face wrinkled and old.
He half-heartedly smiled at me
That day out in the cold.*

*A smile creased the old man's face,
A tear slipped from his eye,
And I felt warm inside
As I sat quietly by.*

*He gazed neither right nor left
As the wind blew round about.
He struggled with each step
Chilled to the bone no doubt.*

*His English was broken,
I couldn't understand,
But Daddy seemed to know
The needs of this old man.*

*I learned a valuable lesson
That day out in the cold.
We are our brother's keeper,
Loving others should be our goal.*

*For there was no coat or jacket
Wrapped around his back,
And the shoes upon his feet
Were worn and full of cracks.*

*We drove for hours it seemed
Until daddy stopped the car,
And the old Indian man motioned
He was only going this far.*

*My Daddy knew the meaning
Of charity and love.
He knew what he should do.
He took guidance from above.*

*Fear struck my soul
As my Daddy slowed the car.
I knew what he was doing.
I knew my Daddy's heart.*

*And then something special happened
As the old man opened his door.
My Daddy jumped out too
Removing the overcoat he wore.*

*There are many who are tired.
There are many who are worn,
And we need to follow Him
Who was in a manger born.*

*He would help the poor old stranger
Any way he could.
He would pick him up and take him,
Yes, my Daddy would.*

*He placed it on the shoulders
Of the tired, old Indian man.
He pulled it round his belly
And then he took him by the hand.*

*We are here to lift the weary
And to comfort those in need.
It is our sacred duty,
Our Savior's words to heed.*

*My father stopped the car
And jumping to his feet,
He beckoned the old stranger
To climb in the back seat.*

*They walked to the back of the car
Where Daddy raised the big rear door.
Then, he loaded all the pockets
With ripe, red apples from the floor.*

*Christ set the tone,
For many times said he,
"When ye do it unto the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me."*

Christmas Treat Recipe Ideas

Mint Cookies

- 2 eggs
- 2 sticks butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup baking cocoa
- 1 cup chocolate chips
 - 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 2 boxes Andes Mints finely grated

Directions: Cream butter, eggs and sugars together. Add vanilla, cocoa and grated mints into batter. Chill one hour. Roll dough into balls. Roll balls in granulated sugar and place on cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 9-13 minutes or just until tops begin to crack. Sprinkle grated mints on top of each cookie while still hot.

*Recipe courtesy of
Cassandra Miller of Logan, Utah*



Snowballs

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

Directions: Pour sugar into a bowl. Add cream cheese, stirring the mixture together. Add vanilla and mix. Roll about 1 tsp. of the mixture into a ball and roll in the coconut flakes. Refrigerate and serve.



Peppermint Christmas Candy

- 2 lbs. white chocolate
- 1/2 lb. crushed candy canes

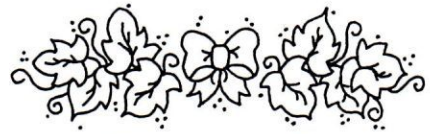
Directions: Melt chocolate on 50-70% power in microwave oven. Stir in crushed candy canes and spread a thin layer on wax paper. Let cool 8-10 minutes. Break into pieces. YUM!!!!!!!!!!!!

*Recipe courtesy of
Michelle Mikkelson of Boulder City, Nevada*

Christmas Trees

- 3 Tbsp. butter
- 3 cups miniature marshmallows
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- green food coloring
 - 4 cups cheerios
- gum drops, red hots, etc.

Directions: In a large saucepan, melt marshmallows and butter. Stir together until smooth. Remove from heat. Add 1/2 tsp. green food coloring and vanilla. In a large bowl, fold in cheerios. Butter hands and shape mixture into small Christmas trees. Place trees on waxed paper to cool. Decorate trees with candies for ornaments.

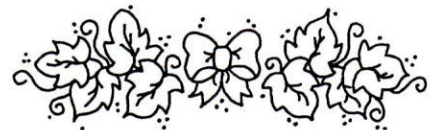


Eggnog Pie

- Pillsbury pie crust
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 cups eggnog
 - 4 eggs

Directions: Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Bake pie shell 8-9 minutes. Mix all ingredients together and pour in baked pie shell. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 35-40 minutes. ENJOY!!!!

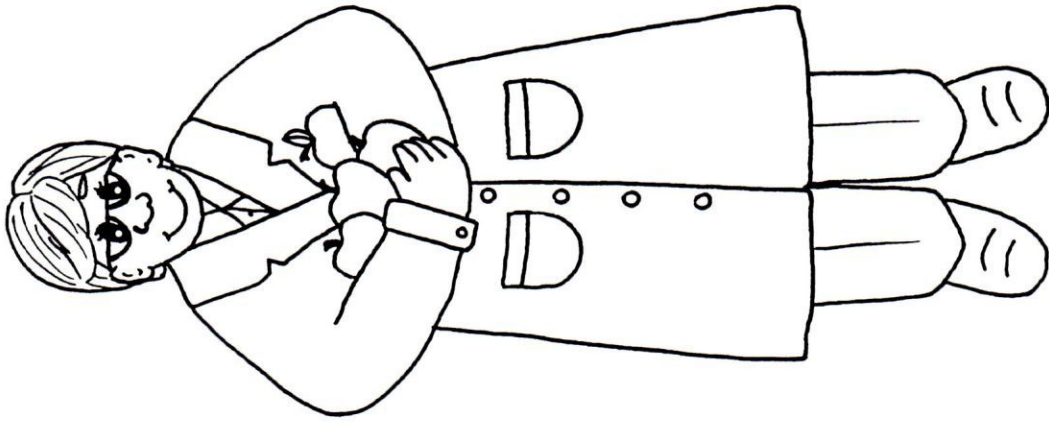
*Recipe courtesy of
Rachael Pecheos of Gig Harbor, Washington*



Holly Wreaths

- 3 Tbsp. butter
- 3 cups miniature marshmallows
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- green food coloring
 - 3 1/2 cups corn flakes
- red hots

Directions: In a large saucepan, melt marshmallows and butter. Stir together until smooth. Remove from heat. Add 1/2 tsp. green food coloring and vanilla. In a large bowl, fold in corn flakes being careful not to crush them. Butter hands and shape mixture into miniature wreaths. Decorate with red hots.



"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

