

# Hatch Patch Creations

*From Our Home To Yours*

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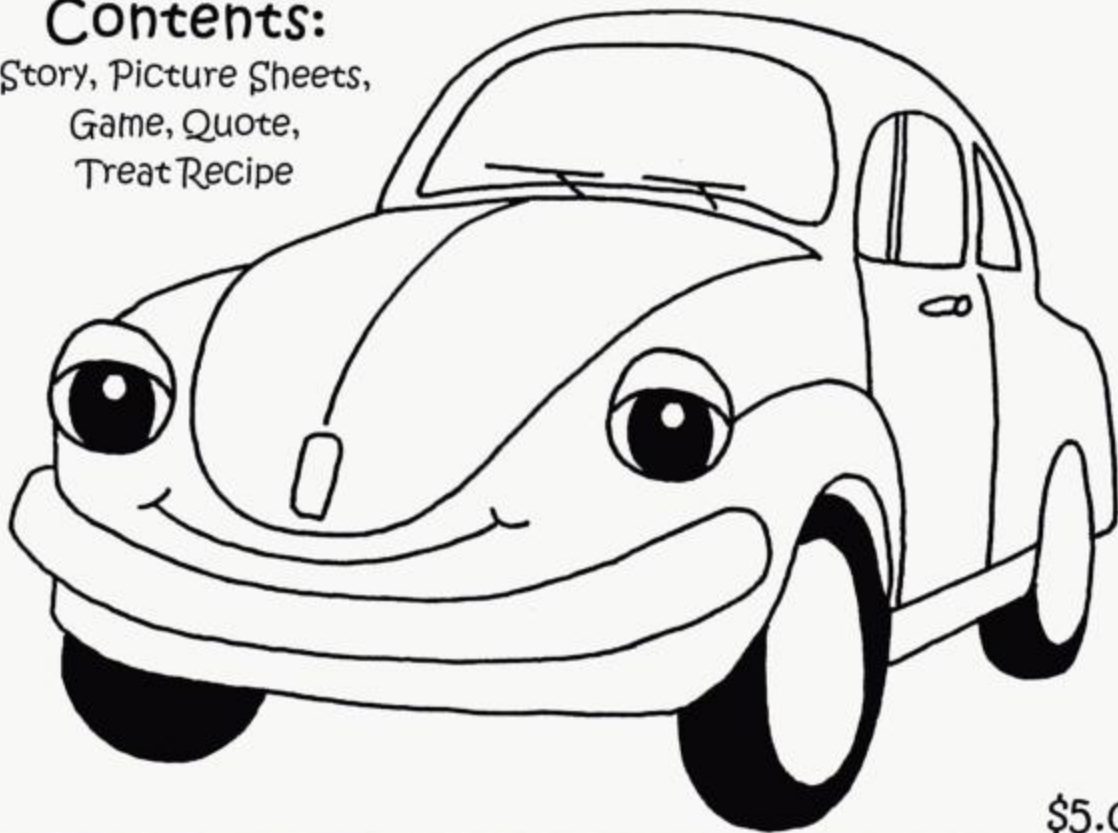
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## Carson, The Car With A Complex Family Home Evening Packet

### Contents:

Story, Picture Sheets,  
Game, Quote,  
Treat Recipe

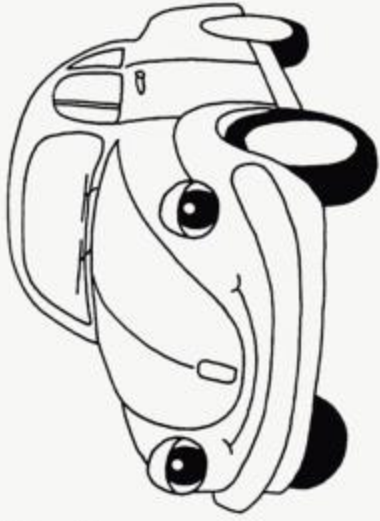


\$5.00

# Speedy Car Treats

## Ingredients:

- 1 (10 oz.) package of mini marshmallows
- 3 Tbsp. margarine or butter
- 6 cups of crispy rice cereal, any flavor
- Assorted candy to decorate cars



## Directions:

Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan over low heat. Add marshmallows, stirring constantly until melted and smooth. Remove from heat and pour over crispy rice cereal and mix until cereal is well coated. While still warm mold a handful of the mixture into a car body shape and allow to cool on waxed paper. Give each child a car body and assorted candy to decorate their cars with. For example you could use chocolate peanut butter cups cut in half for the windshield, chocolate jelly rings for the tires, hard saver candy or thin chocolate covered cookies for tires, hard round candies for the headlights. Be creative and have fun.

**"Carson's Road Trip" Game:** Preparation - Laminiate and cut out all forty-eight game cards.  
Object - To be the first player to travel 1500 miles.

Play - Mix the cards well. Deal five cards face down to each player. Place the remainder of the cards in a pile face down on the playing surface. Choose a player to go first. There are thirty-six mile cards, two FLAT TIRE cards, two OUT OF GAS cards, four FILLER UP cards and four SPARE TIRE cards. A player begins by playing a card face up on the playing surface. The player should either play the highest mile card he has in front of him or he may play a FLAT TIRE card or OUT OF GAS card on an opposing player. The player then rotates to the next player who does the same. Each mile card played, slowly adds up to the required miles needed to win the game. Once a mile card is played it cannot be removed. If a player has a FLAT TIRE or OUT OF GAS card played on them, they cannot play any cards until they can lay a SPARE TIRE card for the FLAT TIRE or they can lay a FILLER UP card for the OUT OF GAS card. If a player already has one of these cards in their hand, GREAT! But if you are not so lucky, at the beginning of your turn, you must draw a card and hope you draw one. If a player does not draw the card needed, he must discard a card, face down into a discard pile. If he does draw the corresponding card, he plays it face up in front of him. The two cards are then placed in the discard pile, face down. The players turn ends and rotates to the next player. The player can begin playing mile cards on his next turn. Play continues in this manner until a player successfully plays enough mile cards to total fifteen hundred miles.

# Carson, The Car With A Complex Family Home Evening Packet

## Home Evening Outline

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

**Suggested Songs:** "Every Star Is Different", pg. 142 (Childrens)  
"I Am Thankful To Be Me", pg. 11 (Childrens)  
"I Am A Child Of God", pg. 301 (Hymn)

**Scriptures:** D&C 18:10

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

# Carson, The Car With A Complex

Carson wasn't like any other car around. He was smaller than most automobiles and he had a sagging tail pipe that bounced upon the ground when he went too fast. His paint was rusting and his windshield was cracked. He was in sad shape.

When Carson was brave enough to drive on the freeway, it always made him feel inadequate. He hated driving alongside Mickey Mustang or Peter Porsche. They always glistened in the sunlight and everyone gazed at them with such admiration.

Then, there were Frank the Fire Truck and Andy the Ambulance. They had such purpose. They were important! They were needed by everyone. "Wow!" Thought Carson, "If only I weren't this stupid little Volkswagon. If only I were beautiful like Mickey and Peter. If only I was important like Frank and Andy.

One day, when Carson was moving very slowly on the highway, a huge white Cadillac came up alongside him. It was Cedric. Carson didn't like Cedric one little bit. Cedric made all of the other cars feel bad. He had a superior air about him and he would drive down the highway with his headlights pointed up and his chrome shining. Cedric's chauffeur sat in the driver's seat with his nose pointed in the air, just like the headlights.

"Get off the road," Cedric shouted to Carson. "You have no business being around the likes of me."

A small drop of water fell from Carson's headlight and then another, until Carson was crying so hard that he couldn't see the road ahead of him. He would have to pull off and dry out a little.

Carson eased to the shoulder of the road, put on his brakes and came to a stop in the soft dirt at the edge. Water had splashed everywhere including on top of the windshield. Carson turned on his windshield wipers but only one of them worked. It screeched back and forth until most of the water was gone.

A very, deep sigh escaped Carson's hood as he sat and watched all of the other cars glide by. Here came Larry Lamborghini, Calvin the Corvette and even Gus the Gremlin. "Why couldn't he have been made wonderful like these cars?", he thought.

It was getting dark and Carson decided he had felt sorry for himself enough today and he had better get home. He slowly eased himself back onto the highway and began the journey back to his house when all of a sudden, he felt one side of the car sink to the pavement. As the wheels turned, he could tell that something was definitely lopsided. He was bouncing up and down almost uncontrollably. "HmMMM," thought Carson, "I have a flat tire."

Carson didn't have a spare tire. What was he going to do? Then, he spotted a small repair garage, just off of the highway. He would go there.

After turning at the next exit, Carson moved as quickly as he could to the little garage. As he shut off the ignition, the little car sputtered and moaned. "This was just the perfect ending to a really rotten day," he thought.

"What's the trouble here?" Quizzed the mechanic. "You look like you could use some help."

Another sigh escaped from Carson as he turned to show the man his flat tire.

"Why, we can have that fixed in no time. Just drive inside here," said Mr. Godfrey.

Carson sat patiently while the old, white-haired man removed his tire and began mounting the new one. Little did he know that he had been sighing quite heavily.

"What's the matter, little car? Mr. Godfrey asked.

Carson hardly knew this man. How could he tell him his problems? He couldn't possibly understand! And yet, there was something in the old man's eyes - something beautiful. This person really cared about Carson.

Out it all spilled! Carson told Mr. Godfrey how he hated who he was and what he looked like. He told him how some of the other cars treated him and how he didn't like to drive on the freeway at all! He told him about all of his broken parts and how he was smaller than most other cars. Then, Carson began to cry again.

"Oh, son," said the old man, "Your only problem is that you don't have any idea who you are. But you're talkin' to the right man."

Mr. Godfrey sat down in the front seat of the little car. "I've spent my whole life building Volkswagon's. Owned a factory here once, I did."

Carson was so excited that his oil filter just about burst from under his hood. Here was someone who understood him. Here was someone who probably made him. Carson felt like he had come home.

"There are a hundreds of different cars in this world, Carson," Mr. Godfrey began. "Each one has different characteristics and each is unique in his own special way. It would be terrible if there was only one kind of car to drive. Things would get pretty boring."

A big smile crossed Carson's face. This made sense to him. Mr. Godfrey went on.

"Your metal was fashioned into a beautiful, compact body and adorned with beautiful chrome and bright yellow paint. You have let yourself go a little, Carson, and all you need is some paint, a new tail pipe and a fine wax shine."

Carson's motor began to hum, unlike it had hummed for a very long time. "Please go on," pleaded Carson.

"You see, Carson, you weren't made to fail or to be ugly or to be useless. You were made small so that people who can't afford to spend much money on gas, can still have a car. You fit in tight places so you are easy to park. Haven't you ever noticed how people love to see you coming? Haven't you heard little children call out, 'Look, there's a bug?' Almost everyone loves a little bug car."

Carson had no idea. He was flabbergasted! Gas and oil were running through his little system so fast that he felt as though he could fly!

"Carson, there will be times when others try to put you down and say mean and hurtful things to you, but, just remember that it doesn't matter what others think, it only matters what I think, and I love you unconditionally!"

Mr. Godfrey put a shiny new tail pipe on Carson, fixed the broken windshield wiper and painted him all over with a beautiful, yellow color. He polished Carson's chrome and washed his tires. Suddenly, there sat little Carson, all wonderful and like new again. But, it was the change in his little engine heart that was the important thing!

Carson couldn't wait to get out on the highway again. He was a Volkswagon. He was made to succeed. He was made to help people. He was talented because he was little. He knew he was a creation of Mr. Godfrey, who loved him and understood him.

Out to the freeway Carson raced, his little tires barely touching the road. He could see all of the cars he had shunned before. Instead of pretending he did not see them, Carson drove confidently beside them. He was so full of confidence and good feelings that he even had the courage to honk and say "hi" to several of them. "What a wonderful feeling this is!", he thought.

Then, he could see Cedric. All of the confidence began to wane and Carson began to feel bad again. He started to slow down and duck his headlights but Mr. Godfrey's words rang in his ears. "You were made to succeed," he had said.

The headlights on Carson's front came suddenly upward and there was a big smile on his face. He pulled right up alongside Cedric, honked his horn and shouted "Hello!"

Cedric almost crashed into the guard rail out of shock. He couldn't believe that Carson was "nervy" enough to speak to him. Who did he think he was?

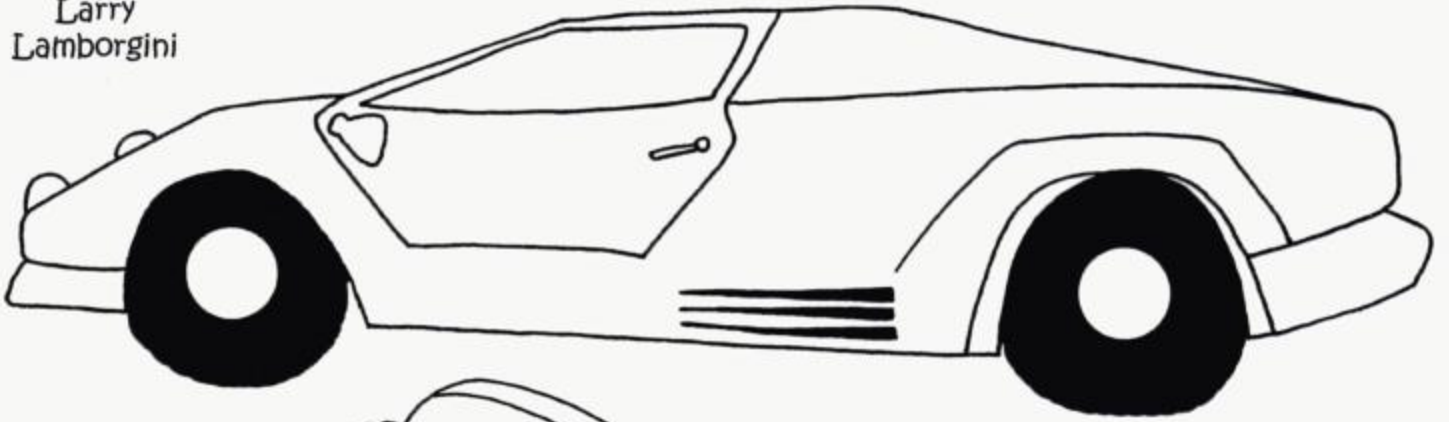
Carson knew who he was. He was a Volkswagon. He was special. He was created by someone who loved him. He was created to succeed and succeed he would!

Our loving Heavenly Father sent us here to succeed, not to fail. We all have our own individual gifts and talents and we are all beautiful in the sight of the Lord. If we want others to love us, we most love ourselves first. We must think like Carson. So, lift your little chins high, walk tall and believe in yourself. You were meant to succeed!

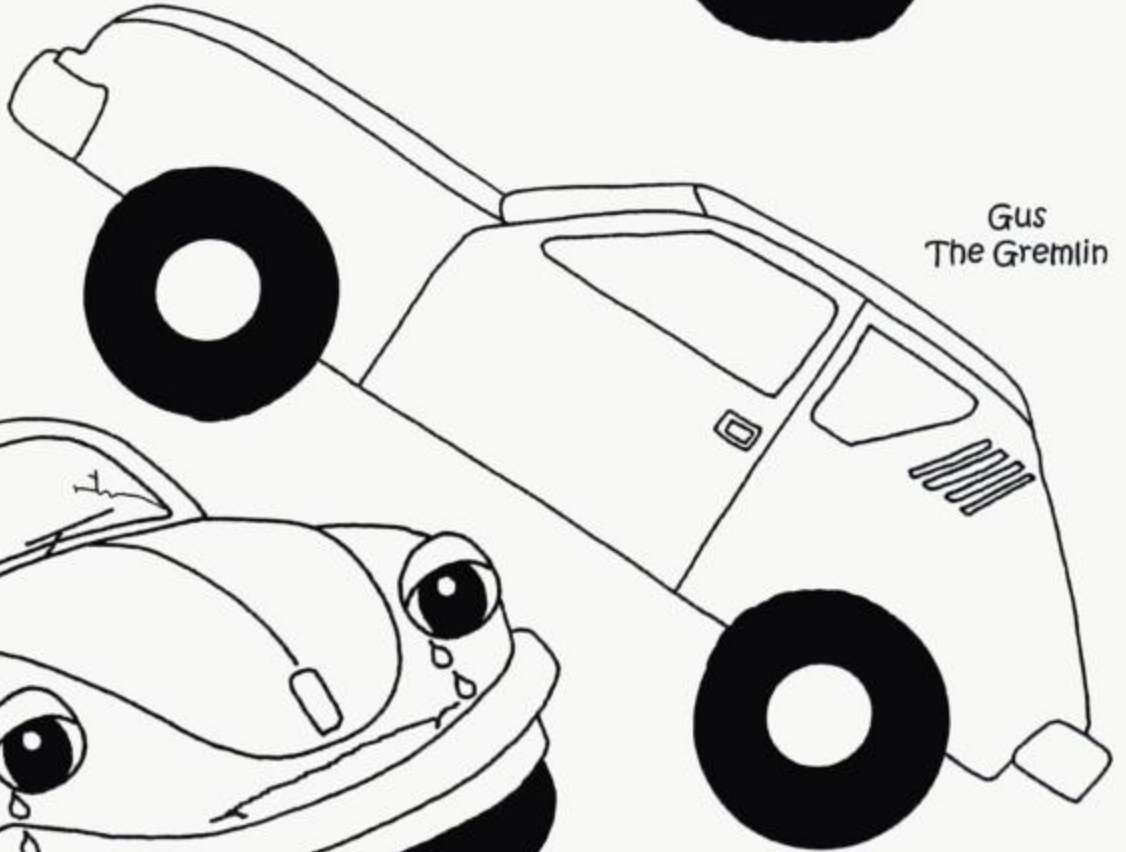
## **DISCUSSION**

- When others make fun of you or put you down, do you allow these feelings to keep you from being who you are meant to be?
- What are some of the ways that you feel that you are not as good as others?
- What can you do to rid yourself of these negative feelings?
- Why is it important that we realize that we are sons and daughters of our Father in Heaven and that He loves us?

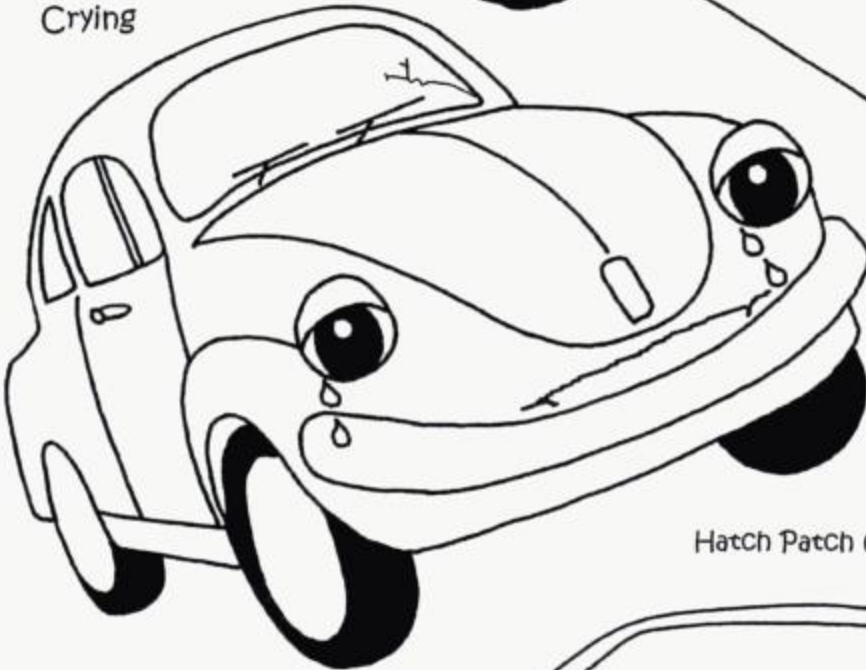
Larry  
Lamborghini



Gus  
The Gremlin

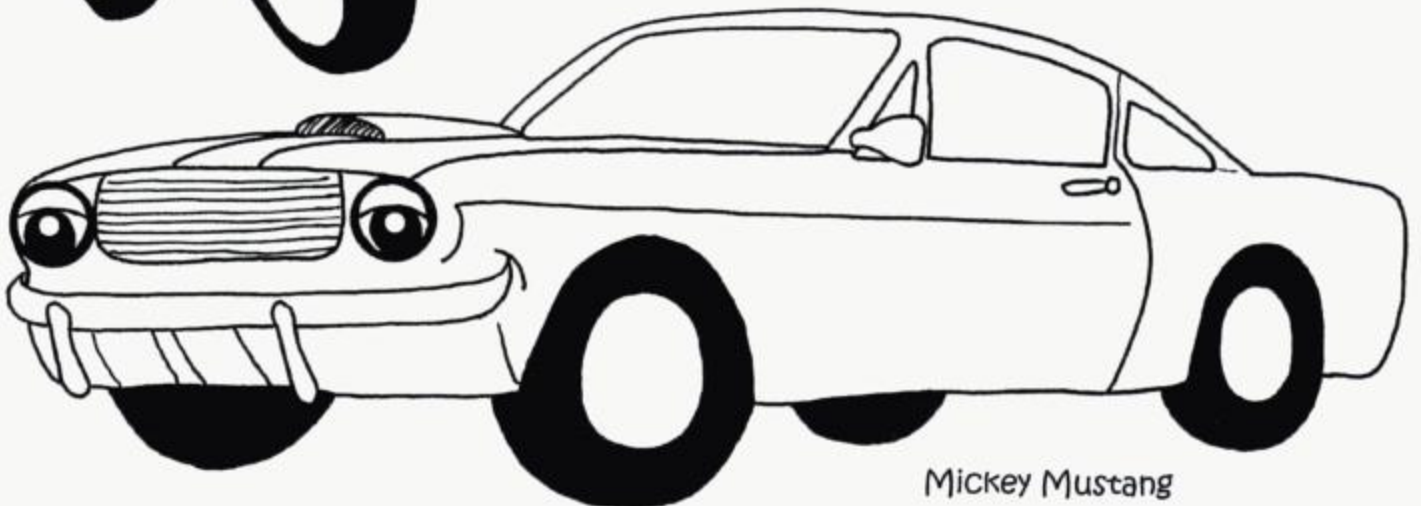


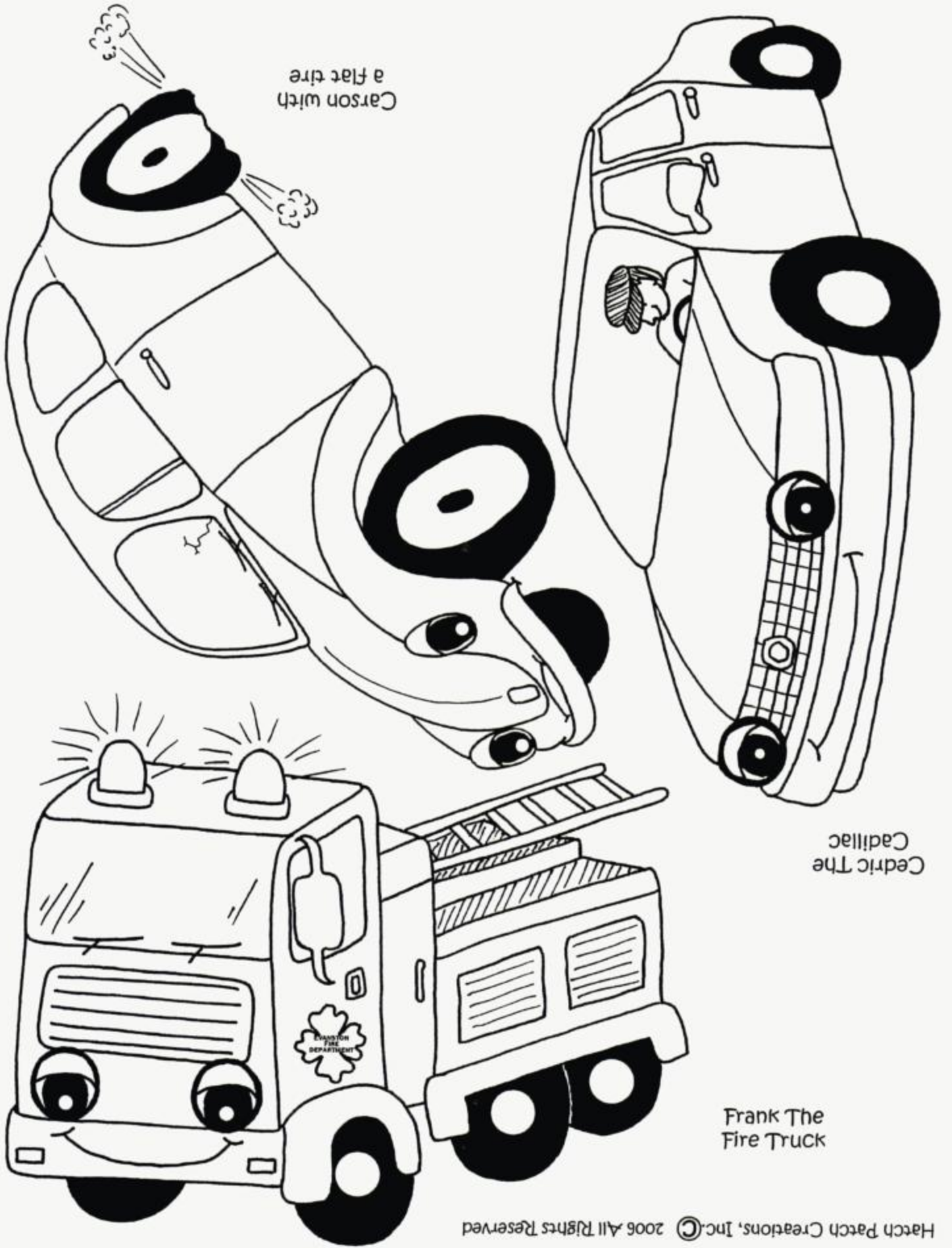
Carson  
Crying



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Mickey  
Mustang



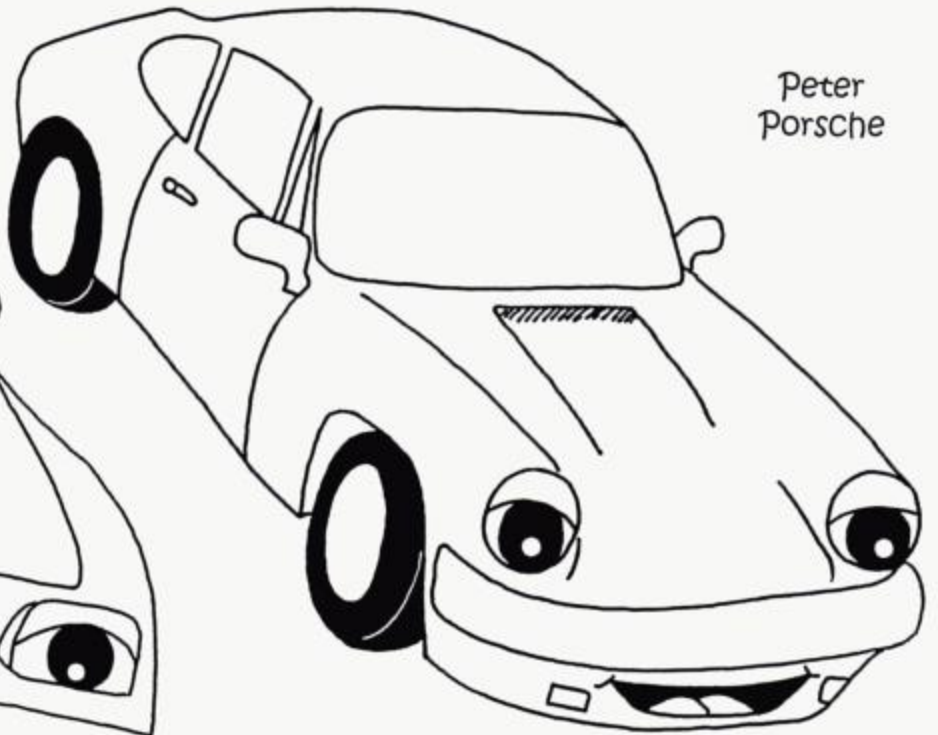


Carson with  
a flat tire

Cedric The  
Cadillac

Frank The  
Fire Truck

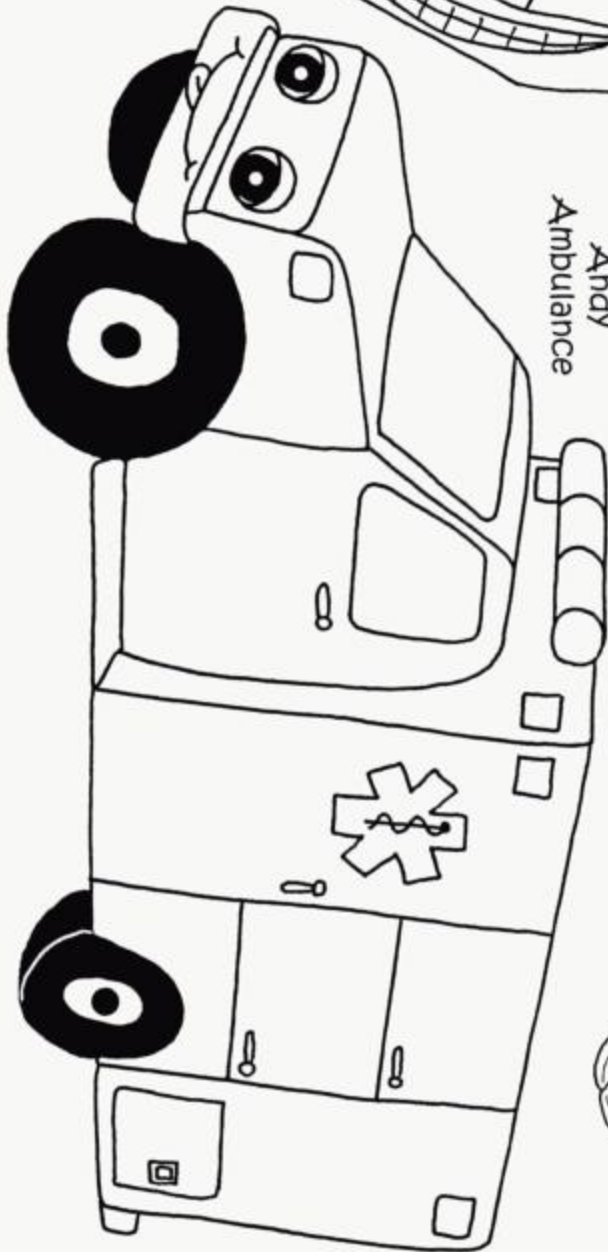
Peter  
Porsche



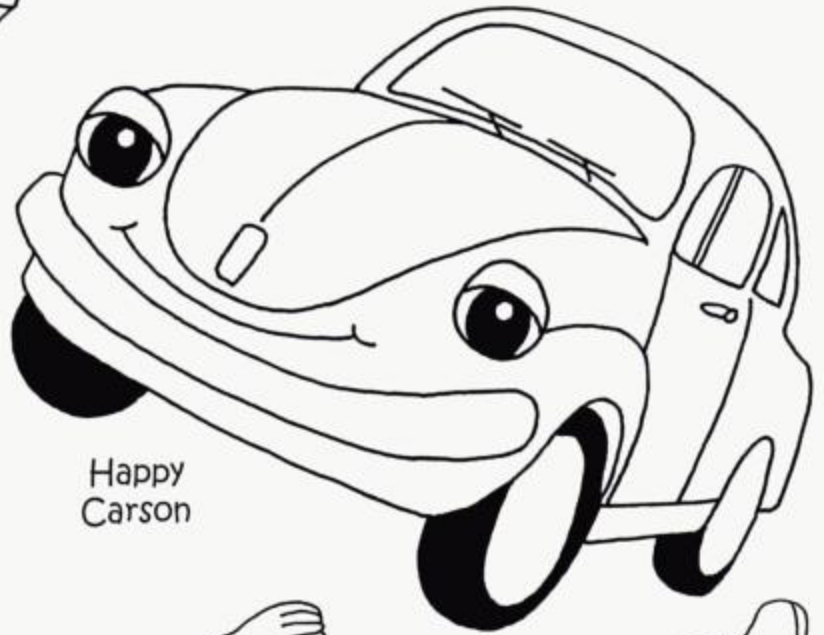
Calvin the  
Corvette



Andy  
Ambulance



Happy  
Carson



Mr. Godfrey

**FLAT  
TIRE**



**FLAT  
TIRE**



**SPARE  
TIRE**

**OUT  
of  
GAS**



**OUT  
of  
GAS**



**FILLER  
UP**



**FILLER  
UP**



**FILLER  
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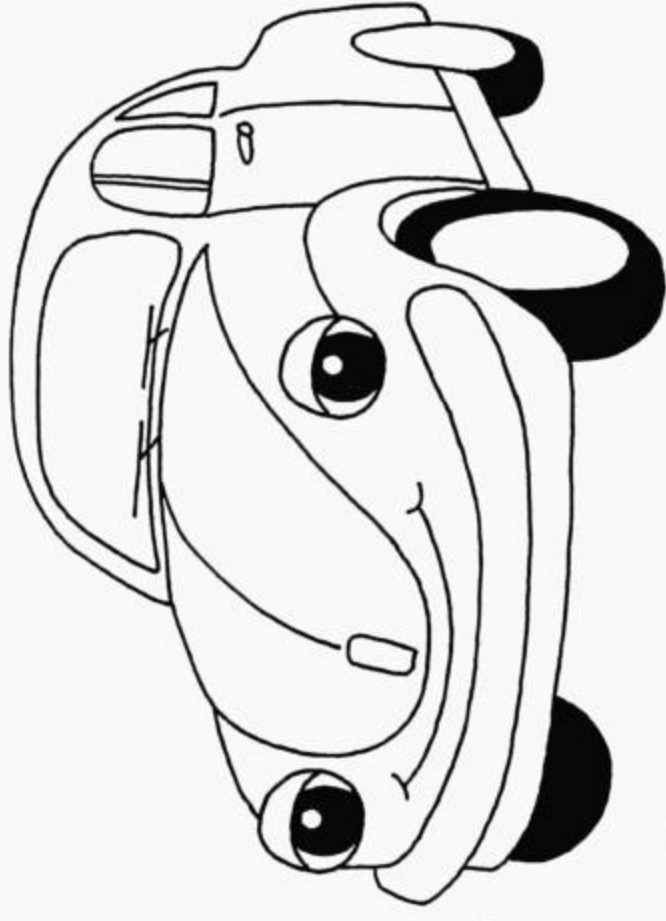
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***"There is a natural,  
probably a mortal,  
tendency to compare  
ourselves with others.  
Unfortunately, when***



***we make these comparisons, we tend to  
compare our weakest attributes with  
someone else's strongest . . .***

***Obviously these kinds of comparisons  
are destructive and only reinforce the  
fear that somehow we don't measure up."***

***Marvin J. Ashton***