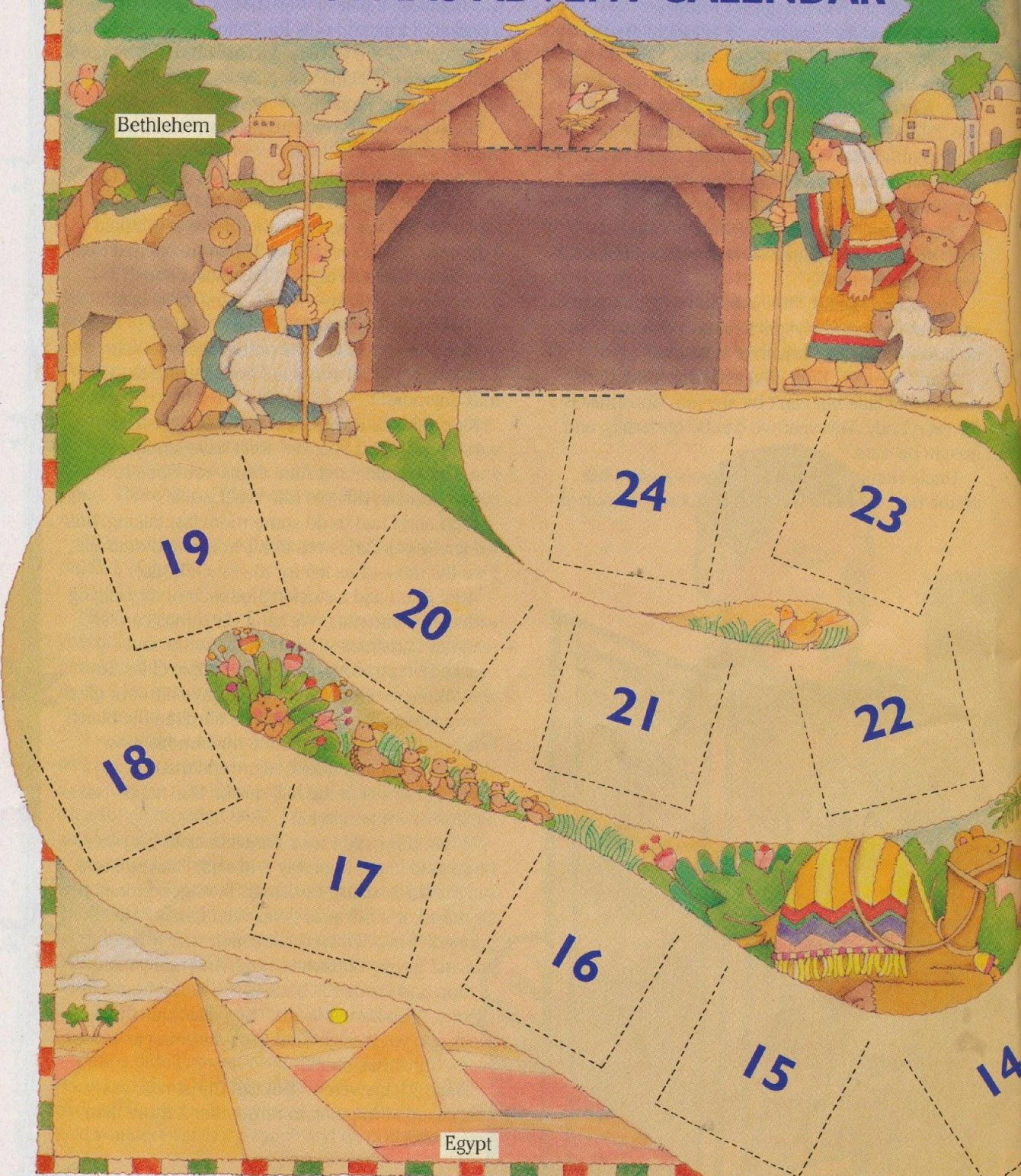


For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6).

CHRISTMAS ADVENT CALENDAR

Bethlehem



Egypt



(See page 27 for instructions.)

CHRISTMAS ADVENT CALENDAR CUTOUTS



INSTRUCTIONS

1. Remove pages 24–25 from the magazine. Carefully cut along the broken lines, including the slots for the figures.

2. Mount the calendar on a piece of heavy paper. Glue only around the edges so that the numbered flaps on the pathway and the slots still open.

3. Remove this page from the magazine. Cut out the numbered squares, then carefully glue each square *under* the flap of the same number on the calendar. When the glue is dry, close all the flaps.

4. Cut out the pictures of the travelers and of the manger scene. Slip the travelers picture into the slots at the beginning of the pathway. Put aside the manger scene and add it at the end of the pathway on Christmas day.

Beginning on December 1, fold back one flap each day, read the scripture given and answer the question, or do the activity.



<p>1 Read "Because He Loves Us" (page IFC).</p>	<p>2 Read Luke 1:26–33. Who told Mary she was going to have a baby?</p>	<p>3 Read Matthew 1:18–21. Why did Mary and Joseph name the baby Jesus?</p>	<p>4 Read Luke 2:1–5. Where did Joseph and Mary live before Jesus was born?</p>	<p>5 Read Luke 2:6–7. What was used as a crib for the Baby?</p>	<p>6 Sing "Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby," <i>Children's Songbook</i>, pages 48–49.</p>
<p>7 Read Luke 2:8–14. Whom did an angel tell about Jesus' birth?</p>	<p>8 Sing "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains," <i>Hymns</i>, no. 212.</p>	<p>9 Read Luke 2:15–17. What did the shepherds do after the angels left?</p>	<p>10 Sing "Silent Night," <i>Hymns</i>, no. 204.</p>	<p>11 Make the "Star of David" on page 18.</p>	<p>12 Read Matthew 2:1–3. Whom did the Wise Men ask for directions?</p>
<p>13 Read Matthew 3:4–6 in the Joseph Smith Translation (pages 801–802 in the LDS Edition of the Bible).</p>	<p>14 Read Matthew 2:7–10. Where did King Herod send the Wise Men?</p>	<p>15 Sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem," <i>Hymns</i>, no. 208.</p>	<p>16 Read Matthew 2:11–12. How were the Wise Men warned not to return to Herod?</p>	<p>17 Write a Christmas letter to a family member who lives far away.</p>	<p>18 Read Matthew 2:13–15. Who was warned to take Mary and Jesus to Egypt?</p>
<p>19 Read Matthew 2:16. What did Herod do when he realized that the Wise Men were not returning? Why?</p>	<p>20 Read "Feliz Navidad" (pages 20–23) in family home evening.</p>	<p>21 Read Matthew 2:19–21, 23. After Herod died, where did Jesus' family go to live?</p>	<p>22 Read "A Christmas Message from the First Presidency to the Children of the World" (pages 2–3).</p>	<p>23 Think of a gift you can give to Jesus Christ in honor of His birthday. (See "Priceless Gifts," pages 16–17.)</p>	<p>24 Using the "Christmas-Story Figures" (page 8), tell the story of the first Christmas.</p>

Directions to assemble Advent Calendar:

Materials needed: 5 sheets of cardstock, scissors, gluestick, tape, x-acto knife or razor blade

1. Trim edges of advent calendar, making sure that both sides match up together. It is helpful if you leave a little edge on one side of the centers, so that you have a ledge to match up on the other side.
2. Line up the advent calendar (trimming if necessary) and place two small pieces of tape on the front. Turn over and tape along the back, so that both sides are attached together
3. Using a razor blade or xacto knife, cut on the dotted lines on the edges of the flaps, so that they can open.
4. Cut out the figures and squares. You will want to cut the squares *inside* the dotted lines, so that they fit inside the flaps better.
5. Tape two blank pieces of cardstock together.
6. Using only a small line of glue around the edges of the back of the advent calendar, mount the calendar to the blank cardstock.
7. Trim the blank cardstock so it is the same size as the calendar.
8. Carefully glue numbered squares inside of the matching flaps
9. Print off the PARENT'S GUIDE TO THE CHRISTMAS ADVENT CALENDAR (below). This will include all stories, pictures, and song lyrics necessary to complete each day's activity.
10. Have fun!



PARENTS' GUIDE TO THE CHRISTMAS ADVENT

CALENDAR—includes stories, songs, pictures to accompany each days' activities

Compiled by Lara Goold

Day 1

Because He Loves Us

Dec. 1998 Friend

He came.
He really came!
He was born to Mary and Joseph
And laid in a manger
In a stable
In the little town of Bethlehem
In the world He created. ...
He grew up a teacher,
A healer,
The Savior of the world.
And He will come again!



Day 2

Luke 1:26-33

Who told Mary she was going to have a baby?



Day 3

Read Matthew 1:18-21

Why did Mary and Joseph name the baby Jesus?



Day 4

Read Luke 2:1-5

Where did Joseph and Mary live before Jesus was born?



Day 5

Read Luke 2:6-7

What was used as a crib for the Baby?



Day 6

Sing "Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby," Children's songbook, pages 48-49

- 1. Oh, hush thee, my baby; a story I'll tell,
How little Lord Jesus on earth came to dwell;
How in a far country, 'way over the sea,
Was born a wee baby, my dear one, like thee.

- 2. The story was told by the angels so bright,
As round them was shining a heavenly light.
The stars shone out brightly, but one led the way
And stood o'er the place where the dear baby lay.

- 3. The shepherds here found him, as angels had said,
The poor little stranger, no crib for a bed.
Down low in a manger so quiet he lay.
This little child Jesus, asleep on the hay.

- Chorus
Lullaby, baby, lullaby, dear.
Sleep, little baby; have nothing to fear.
Lullaby, baby, lullaby, dear.
Jesus will care for his little one here.
- Hush thee, my baby, Oh, hush (etc.)



Words and music: Joseph Ballantyne, 1868-1944.

Day 7

Read Luke 2:8-14
Whom did an angel tell about Jesus' birth?



Day 8

Sing, "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains," Hymns page 212

1. Far, far away on Judea's plains,
Shepherds of old heard the joyous strains:

(Chorus)
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men!

2. Sweet are these strains of redeeming love,
Message of mercy from heav'n above:
(Chorus)

3. Lord, with the angels we too would rejoice;
help us to sing with the heart and voice:
(Chorus)

4. Hasten the time when, from ev'ry clime,
Men shall unite in the strains sublime:
(Chorus)

Text and music: John Menzies Macfarlane,



Day 9

Read Luke 2:15-17

What did the shepherds do after the angels left?



Day 10

Sing "Silent Night," Hymns no. 204

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace;
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2. Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!

3. Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth;
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.



Text: Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848; trans. by John F. Young, 1820-1885

Day 11

Make the "Star of David" on page 18

Star of David Craft

By Sherry Timberman

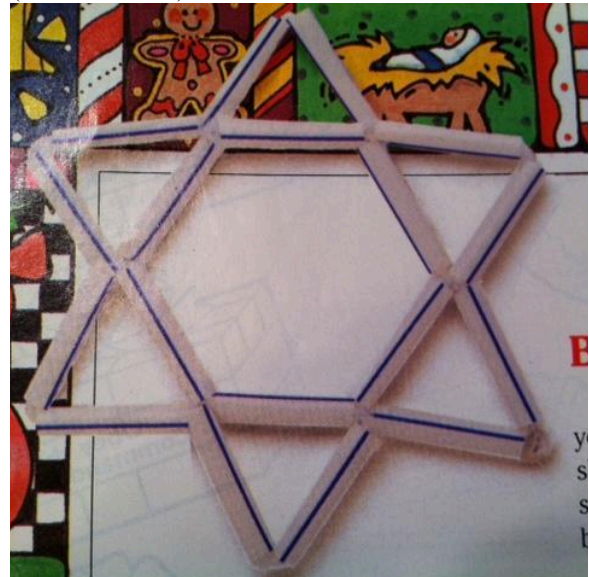
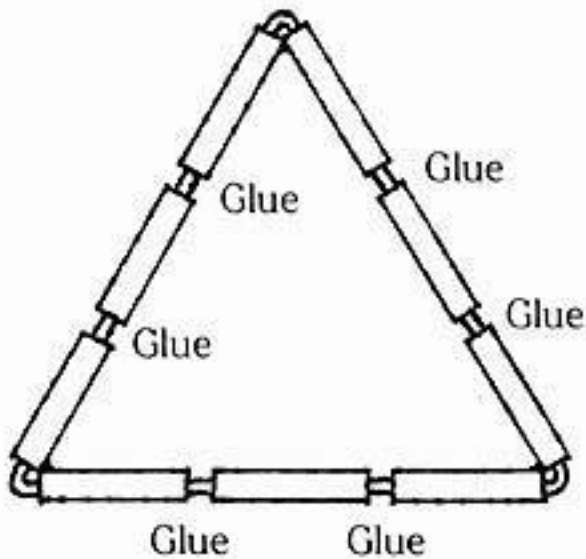
To make a star to decorate a package, card, or Christmas tree, you will need: scissors, a ruler, 3 plastic drinking straws, 2 chenille sticks, and glue.

Cut each straw into six pieces 1 1/8" (3 cm) long.

Thread nine straw pieces onto each chenille stick.

Twist the ends of each chenille stick together, then bend each stick into a triangle with three straw pieces on each side, leaving a tiny space between the straw pieces (see illustration)..

Lay one triangle down. Place the other one, facing in the opposite direction, on top of it, forming a six-pointed star, and glue the two chenille sticks together where they touch (see illustration).



Day 12

Read Matthew 2:1-3

Whom did the Wise Men ask for directions?



Day 13

Read Matthew 3:4-6* in the Joseph Smith Translation and compare to the original verses in the bible.

****(NOTE: We noticed an error in our edition of the scriptures. The JST is incorrectly listed as for being for Matthew 3:4-6, but in reality it is the translation for Matthew **2**:4-6, so read Matthew chapter 2 (not 3))****



Day 14

Read Matthew 2:7-10

Where did King Herod send the Wise Men?



Day 15

Sing, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Hymns, no. 208

1. O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light.
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

2. For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3. How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893

Music: Lewis H. Redner, 1831–1908



Day 16

Read Matthew 2:11-12

How were the Wise Men warned not
to return to Herod?



Day 17

Write a Christmas letter to a family member who lives far away.



Day 18

Read Matthew 2:13-15.

Who was warned to take Mary and Jesus to Egypt?



Day 19

Read Matthew 2:16.

What did Herod do when he realized that the Wise Men were not returning? Why?



Day 20

Read this story OR one of your favorite Christmas books!

Feliz Navidad

(pictures below)

I wanted to skip this Christmas. Mom had cancer and was having radiation treatments. Dad stayed with her, and my brother, Kipp, and I were going to spend Christmas with Uncle Hank and Aunt Clara in Arizona.

Our aunt and uncle lived in the middle of nowhere. The closest thing to a town was a little junction twelve miles away. It had a gas station, a miniature store, and a run-down cafe.

The last time it had snowed on Uncle Hank's ranch was ten years ago, so unless there was a miracle, it wasn't even going to look like Christmas there. Aunt Clara did have a Christmas tree. Sort of. It was one of those fake silver ones about four feet tall; a dozen red balls hung from its branches. When Kipp and I arrived, there were only four gifts under the tree—all of them small and none of them for us. We did add the few gifts we'd brought for them and each other, but it didn't help much.

We arrived about a week before Christmas. Uncle Hank and Aunt Clara's only child had been bucked off a horse and killed when he was fifteen. So Kipp and I had nothing to do but to stare out across the miles of brown grass, cactus, mesquite, and yucca plants.

"Some Christmas this is going to be," Kipp muttered as we put our things away.

"Two lousy weeks here!" I grumbled, staking claim to the top bunk.

For the next hour, we lay on our bunks, feeling sorry for ourselves and wishing we were back home with Mom and Dad.

At dinner, Aunt Clara tried to visit with us, but Kipp and I still didn't feel like talking. Uncle Hank was tired and just wanted to eat, bathe, and go to bed. After helping Aunt Clara with the dishes, that's what we did, too.

The next morning at breakfast, Uncle Hank wiped his plate clean with a piece of toast and said, "You two boys come down to the barn when you've finished eating, and I'll show you how to saddle old Bill. He's not much of a looker, but he'll take you where you want to go. He's the best horse I've ever had."

Bill was an old, shaggy-looking, blue-gray gelding with black-stocking feet. He looked about as exciting to ride as a rail fence, but when we walked up, he clopped over to us. Kipp held out his hand and stroked Bill's soft muzzle.

Uncle Hank saddled Bill, carefully explaining what he was doing. Then he stripped off the saddle and blanket and made us do it while he watched. He had us each saddle Bill three times to make sure that we knew what we were doing. Then he pushed his hat back and said, "I'd like you boys to do me a favor. See the fence that runs east toward that far hill and then cuts back toward that clump of trees and brush?"

Kipp and I looked where he was pointing.

"I'd like you to ride along that fence and see if there are any breaks. Sometimes kids bring their four-wheelers and dirt bikes out this way. Occasionally they push through the fence. Sometimes they even cut the wires. If I don't get the fence mended, I have cows all over the place. Do you two think you can handle that?"

"Sure, we can handle it," I answered for both of us.

It was strange how Kipp and I forgot about Christmas once we got on old Bill. We felt pleased that Uncle Hank had enough confidence in us to send us out on this kind of assignment.

Most of the fence was in good shape. We made note of a few places where the wires sagged or the fence posts had been pushed over at an angle. Just before noon we were heading back toward the ranch house, having made a complete, eight-mile loop around the ranch.

The house was still more than a half-mile away when Kipp called out, "Look at that!" He pointed to a section of the fence where all five strands of wire had been cut. There were four-wheeler tire marks crisscrossing the ground. We were so intent on the hole in the fence that we didn't pay attention to where old Bill was stepping until he flinched and started dancing strangely.

"Whoa, Bill," Kipp called out, tugging on the reins. "What's the matter?"

Bill whinnied. His head came up and I could feel his body grow tense as he stepped stiffly. Looking down, I discovered the danger. "Kipp," I called out, panic in my voice, "Bill's stepped into a bunch of barbed wire."

Whoever had cut through the fence had tossed the cut strands into the grass. Bill had walked into them, and they tangled around his legs. The more he moved, the more the sharp barbs bit into his flesh; and the more Bill felt the prick of the barbs, the more panicked he became.

"Jacob, I can't hold him. What if he starts to buck?"

I closed my eyes and prayed with all my might. Even before I opened my eyes, someone spoke in a calm, gentle voice. "Easy, boy. Stop your dancing, old feller."

I felt Bill relax and saw a short, dark, wrinkled man with white hair streaked with black. He took Bill's bridle and stroked his neck. He spoke softly in what I guessed was Spanish. While he stroked Bill with one hand, he reached into a leather pouch on his belt, pulled out some wire cutters, and began to snip at the wire tangled about the horse's legs. Soon the old man led Bill, Kipp, and me from danger.

"Where'd you come from, Mister?" I rasped as Kipp and I slid off our mount.

He didn't answer my question. "You are riding Hank's best horse. How come you are riding old Bill?"

"Hank's our uncle," Kipp explained.

The old man nodded, gathered up the loose wire, and disappeared into the mesquite.

"Let's follow him," Kipp suggested after we'd seen for ourselves that there was no more wire around to cause trouble.

Cautiously we led Bill through the mesquite toward a little grove of trees. We found a little board hut hunkered down under two big trees. It wasn't much bigger than our bedroom back home. There was a small garden to one side. We knocked on the door and heard someone shuffle around inside; then the door squeaked open. There stood the short, wrinkled man, staring at us.

"We just wanted to thank you for helping us with old Bill," I got out.

"Yeah, thanks," Kipp joined in.

"Bill's a good horse," the man responded. "I saw you riding and knew the wires were down. I was afraid you'd walk into them before I could fix the fence." He gestured toward the inside of his house. "It is time to eat. You eat too."

It wasn't an invitation. It was an order. Kipp and I tied Bill to a post and went inside. The old man had a stack of corn tortillas and a pot of refried beans on a rough wooden table. I'd never eaten tortillas and beans before, but they were good. He also had a special salsa that he'd made from his own garden.

At first we just ate, no one saying much of anything. Then the old man started to talk. He had a crinkly little grin and smiling eyes under his bushy gray brows. His name was Carlos Sanchez, and he'd worked since he was a boy on Uncle Hank's ranch. Uncle Hank's dad had owned the place back then.

Carlos didn't have any family, and Uncle Hank had given him this place. Although he couldn't work much anymore, occasionally he'd wander over to the ranch and do odd jobs.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Kipp and I returned to the ranch house. Aunt Clara had been worrying about us, but as soon as we told her about finding Carlos, she smiled. "He is a good man."

The next day Kipp and I rode out to Carlos's place again. He was working in his garden. Kipp and I gave him a hand. He told us stories of when he was a young man. He had left home when he was twelve years old to work as a ranch hand, first in Mexico and finally in Arizona. At noon we went into his little house and ate beans and tortillas again.

Kipp and I made at least one visit a day to Carlos's place. Sometimes we'd help him work around his house. Other times we'd just sit in the shade and he'd talk. Two days before Christmas, I asked him, "What are you doing for Christmas?"

"I'm too old for Christmas. It is for children and families."

Kipp and I were quiet as we rode Bill back to the barn. As we stripped off the bridle and saddle, I said, "Carlos can't spend Christmas alone."

Kipp nodded. "We thought things were rough for us. He doesn't have anybody. And he won't have any presents."

"Aunt Clara," I asked as we burst through the front door, "do you suppose we could invite Carlos over for Christmas?"

Aunt Clara sighed. "We used to invite him every year, but the last few years he hasn't come. He says he doesn't care for Christmas anymore."

"Can't we try?" Kipp pleaded. "Spending Christmas in that little hut can't be any fun. Christmas is for everybody. This year we can be his family, and he can be ours."

Uncle Hank thought our idea was a good one, so the next morning we went to Tucson. It took us most of the day, but when we had finished, we had two blankets, a pair of work boots, a new hat, and a basket of fruit and nuts for Carlos.

"Now, how are we going to get him to celebrate with us?" Uncle Hank asked as we drove down the dirt road to the ranch.

"Kipp and I will worry about that," I said with a grin.

It was turning dark, but there was a bright, full moon when Kipp and I saddled old Bill and headed for Carlos's place. As we rode up, we saw a little light from his two windows. When he opened his door, we shouted, "Merry Christmas, Carlos!" I added, "Grab a jacket—we're going to be late."

"Late? Late for what?"

"It's Christmas Eve. The party's ready to start."

"I thought I told you that I don't celebrate Christmas anymore."

Kipp said, "But we can't celebrate Christmas without you. This year we don't have family except you, Uncle Hank, and Aunt Clara. You have to come! You can ride old Bill. We'll walk."

Kipp and I had to do some more fast talking, but we finally got Carlos out of his house and onto Bill; then the three of us left for the ranch house.

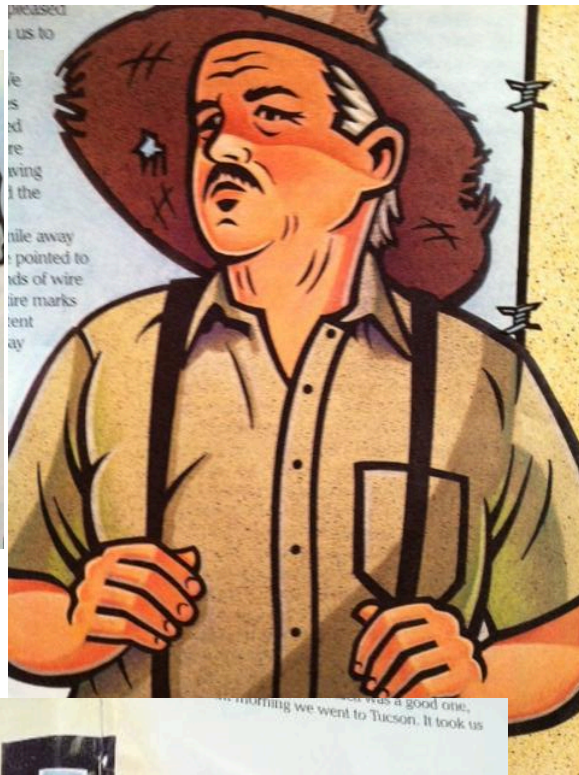
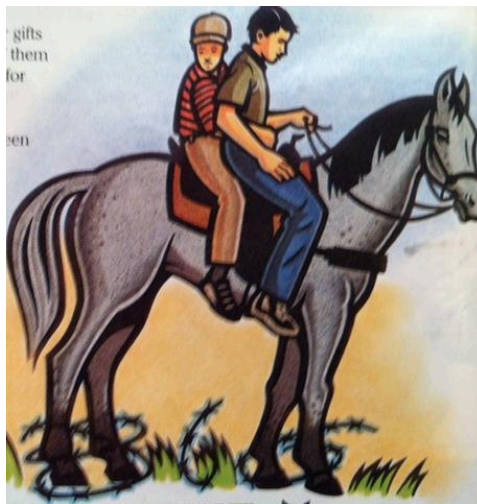
Aunt Clara had a stocking for each of us, bulging with candy and nuts. We sang Christmas carols, read the Christmas story from the [Bible](#), and snacked on popcorn, candy, and apple cider. Toward the end of the evening, we gave him our gifts.

Carlos was like a little kid! He admired the blankets and fruit basket. Then he tried on his new shoes and hat and marched around the house, studying himself in the hall mirror. Big, happy tears trickled down his cheeks.

When Kipp and I took Carlos back to his place, he paused in the doorway and said, "Maybe I am still a child, because Christmas feels good tonight. Or maybe it is because I was with family." He grinned. "Feliz Navidad, muchachos. Y muchas gracias! (Merry Christmas, boys. And many thanks!)"

Kipp and I rode Bill back to the ranch house in silence. "You know, Jacob," Kipp said quietly, "a week ago we thought that this was going to be our worst Christmas ever."

"Yeah," I answered, "but this Christmas was special, and I'm going to remember it more than any other."



See more a

Day 21

Read Matthew 2:19-21, 23.

After Herod died, where did Jesus' family go to live?



Day 22

Read this First Presidency Message to the primary children. (this is from the Dec. 2013 Friend)



Christmas is About Christ

By President Dieter F. Uchtdorf

What a wonderful, joyous time of the year! Christmas is about Christ. Of course, we do not need a Christmas holiday or Christmas traditions to remember [Jesus Christ](#), our Savior. But the celebrations of Christmas can help remind us of Him. It is usually something small—we read a verse of scripture; we hear a sacred carol and really listen to its words; or we watch people doing sincere acts of love.

Christmas reminds us that we, like the Wise Men of old, should seek Christ and lay before Him the most precious of gifts. We should offer Him our love. We should promise to remember Him always, to emulate His example, and to go about doing good.

What are the Savior's gifts to those who are willing to bring these gifts to Him? [Immortality](#), [forgiveness](#), and eternal life—the greatest gift of all.

He also promises to be with us, to come to us when we need comfort, to mourn and rejoice with us.

Dear friends, may we always remember to bring gifts to Him who has given His all for us. May we always remember and be grateful that in the birth of that Child, the universe rejoiced. And may each Christmas season remind us to lift up our voices and fill our hearts with joy and [gratitude](#) that Christ the King has come! Christ lives! He is real. He is our Redeemer at Christmas and always.

Emulate: follow

[Immortality](#): living forever after we are resurrected

Eternal life: being like Heavenly Father and living in His presence with our families

Ways to Remember Christmas

President Uchtdorf shared three ways to remember Christ during Christmas:

Read the scriptures.

Listen to sacred Christmas carols.

See more at <http://thegoldenseven.blogspot.com>

Watch people doing sincere acts of love.
What can you do to remember Christ?

Day 23

Think of a gift you can give to Jesus Christ in honor of His birthday.

President Uchtdorf says we can give the Savior gifts by serving others.

Think of at least three ways you can serve others today as your gift to Jesus, write them down after you've done them, and put them in a box (or in your journal) as your gift to Christ.

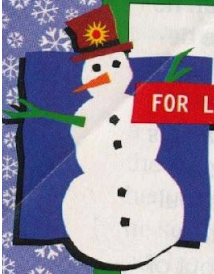
Here are some examples, but of course you can think of your own as well:

- Make the bed for somebody in my family
- Do an extra chore without being asked
- Smile at 10 people today
- Read a book to my brother
- Draw a picture about Jesus, make a treat, and deliver it to the missionaries



Day 24

Using these Christmas story figures, tell the story of the first Christmas.



FOR LITTLE FRIENDS

For unto us a child [Jesus Christ] is born (Isaiah 9:6).



Christmas-Story Figures

To tell the story of Jesus' birth, you will need: glue, lightweight cardboard as big as this page, scissors, and drier lint or flannel (for use on a flannel board) or sticky-back magnets (for use on a refrigerator or a cookie sheet that isn't made of aluminum).

1. Ask an older person to glue this page to the cardboard; let it dry.
2. Cut out all the figures.
3. Put a dab of glue on the back of each figure and immediately cover the glue with the drier lint or flannel, or attach the sticky back of a magnet to the back of each figure.

