



Funtastic Family Home Evenings
Easy to Prepare! Fun to Share!



HONESTY

(Ages ~4 to 10)

PURPOSE

To help family members better understand the importance of being honest in what we say

MATERIALS

- Scriptures

SUGGESTED SONG

- [I Believe in Being Honest](#) page 149 in *Children's Songbook*

LESSON IDEAS

1. Begin the lesson by showing your children the video, [The Boy Who Cried Wolf](#).
 - a. Ask your family members why the villagers did not believe the boy when there really was a wolf (the boy had lied to them so they did not trust him).
2. Show your family this picture: [Moses with the Ten Commandments](#)
 - a. Discuss with you family how the Lord called Moses to go to the top of Mount Sinai where He spoke to him and gave him 10 commandments for the people to follow.
 - b. Explain that commandments were carved into large tablets of stone so the people would always remember them.
 - c. Help your family understand that commandments teach us those things we should do to be happy and become more like Heavenly Father and Jesus.
 - d. Tell your family that one of the commandments the Lord gave to Moses was to not tell a lie.
 - i. Read to Exodus 20:16 as a family. Explain that bearing false witness means telling a lie.
3. You may want to share the following video clip from Pinocchio: [Pinocchio Lies](#).
 - a. Ask, "Why did Pinocchio's nose keep growing bigger?"
 - b. Discuss the problems that come from not telling the truth.
4. Another option is to read and discuss with your family the story (below), "The Ball Touched Me".
 - a. Ask, "Why did the young man say the ball touched him when no one else knew that it had?"
5. Testify to your family that Jesus wants us to tell the truth always, even when it is hard. Sometimes we may be afraid we'll get in trouble when we tell the truth, but Heavenly Father will always bless us when we keep the commandments. When we always tell the truth, people will trust us.

ACTIVITY

- Play “Button, Button Who Has the Button?”
 - Have family members sit in a circle. Choose one person to be “it”.
 - The person who is “it” closes his/her eyes while a button (or other small object) is passed from person to person for one minute. When the minute is up the person who is “it” opens his/her eyes. All family members hold their hands out pretending to have the button and the group says “Button, button who’s got the button?” The person who is “it” guesses the person they think is holding the button.
 - The person with the button can be the next “it”.
 - Because some children may not want to tell the truth if they are picked and holding the button, this game is a simple and fun way to stress the importance of telling the truth. The game is only fun if everyone is honest!
- Or play “[Who Took the Cookie from the Cookie Jar?](#)” The video shows you how.

THE BALL TOUCHED ME

By Elder Marion D. Hanks

I was at a stake on a Saturday night for the appointed meeting. We had held earlier meetings, and when the seven o'clock one approached, I happened to pass by a certain young man in a position of great responsibility in the stake. I said to him, "Brother, where do you wish you were? Where would you rather be than here?"

He said, "Well, I am content to be here, at this meeting, Brother Hanks."

I replied, "I think you would rather be someplace else. Where is it?"

He said, "Well, to tell you the truth, my two sons are playing in the championship of the volleyball tournament right now, and I would kind of like to be there."

I said, "What in the world are you doing here? Go on!"

He answered, "You called the meeting." I said, "I uncall it for you. Go on. Be here at eight o'clock in the morning, and at ten you will be called on to speak. But go on and watch your boys."

He went. He came back at eight o'clock the next morning and spoke in the ten o'clock meeting. I will not try to repeat verbatim all that he said, but I want to tell you that I will never forget how I felt while he spoke. He wept. He said:

"Last night was a kind of a good night. My boys played on a team that won. The reason I am here blubbering, though, is not last night; it is because of a year ago last night when those boys played in the championship last year.

"They are just teen-agers, and they were so excited, and their parents were so excited, and their church leaders were so excited. They wanted to win. It had come down to the final game, all tied up. This was the game, the match, the championship. The score was thirteen to fourteen our favor, and we were serving.

"The ball went back and forth over the volleyball net, and then a great big kid on the other side jumped high and smashed a spike – that seemed like it was traveling a hundred miles an hour – right through our team and out of bounds. Well, pandemonium broke loose. This was our point, game, match, and championship. Everybody was yelling. The people were rushing out of the stands.

"Then a kind of cold wind swept through the clamor. People stood still and watched. There was one boy on our side of that floor who wasn't jumping up and down. He was my son. He was trying to get the attention of the referee, who had climbed down from his ladder where he watches at the level of the net. It became quiet enough that my son could be heard saying, to the referee, 'Sir, the ball touched me.' The referee said, 'What did you say?' He repeated, 'The ball touched me.' The referee climbed back up his ladder and threw the towel over – indicating service to the other team – and gave the opposing team the ball. They served the requisite points, won the game, the match, and the championship.

"There was no pandemonium this time. There was a strange quiet. Most eyes were on my boy. He stood there with his shoulders up. The first person to reach him was his brother, who put his arms around him. Then every member of his own team came up and put his arms around him, some of them shedding a tear. The boys on the other side didn't shout their cheers for the losers. They all came under the net and joined the circle with their arms around my son. Well, I am not blubbering up here this morning because our boys won or lost the championship--lost last year, won this year. I am weeping because I have the honor to be the father of a son who, under that kind of pressure, had the courage to say, 'Sir, the ball touched me.' ("The Manner of Happiness," *Speeches of the Year*, 1971, pp. 6-7).