

Songs,
Lyrics
& **Stories**

Stephen Mugglin

Introduction

There are thousands of dreams and ideas in the gardens of the heart. They grow, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in the shade, some by the well-worn paths, some in out-of-the-way places. But each one carries a story, a line, a thought or a wish. This book is a collection of them, not complete, but a gathering of pieces from many places visited and experienced while writing, thinking and dreaming of life. I hope the thoughts collected here will cause seeds and ideas to spring up in your heart, and may the harvest someday be true and free and lit by the light of heaven.

In the love that flows forever,
Stephen Mugglin

April 2009

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Alleluia

1 C F C

May the bless - ing of the Lord be up - on us when we gath - er here
 May the grace _____ of the Lord be up - on us, ev - 'ry man and wo -
 May the love _____ of the Lord be up - on us when we gath - er here

4 F G C F

to hon - or Him. May the bless - ing of the Lord flow through us
 man, boy and girl. May the grace _____ of the Lord flow through us,
 to learn and grow. May the love _____ of the Lord flow through us,

7 C G Am

when we praise His name. When the peo - ple of
 and on a - round the world. When the peo - ple of
 and then to those we know. When the peo - ple of

10 Em⁷ F

all the na - tions sing their songs of joy!
 all the na - tions clap their hands for joy!
 all the na - tions lift their hands for joy!

14 C F C F G Gsus⁴

We will join the per - fect cel - e - bra - tion when we sing to the Lord.

18 G F G Am

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

22 Em F G C

Al - le - lu - ia all a - round.

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Alleluia - Page 2

26 C F G Am
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

30 Em F G
sing with one heart, sing with one voice, one

33 1., 2. C
sound.

37 3. C F G
sound. Sing with one heart, sing with one voice, one

41 C
sound.

Blessed Be The Name Of The Lord

*For the Children and Youth of Ocean Grove
Summer 1991*

♩ = 88

1 D^{\flat}/A^{\flat} Fm/A^{\flat} G^{\flat}/A^{\flat} D^{\flat} G^{\flat}/A^{\flat} D^{\flat} $G^{\flat}maj7$

Bless - ed be the name of the

4 D^{\flat} $G^{\flat}maj7$ D^{\flat} $B^{\flat}m7$ $E^{\flat}m$ $A^{\flat}sus4$ A^{\flat}

Lord, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord,

7 D^{\flat} D^{\flat}/F G^{\flat} $E^{\flat}m7$ D^{\flat}/A^{\flat} Fm/A^{\flat} G^{\flat}/A^{\flat}

Bless - ed be the name of the Lord, Now and for - ev - er

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Blessed Be The Name Of The Lord - Page 2

10 D^b G/A A D $Gmaj^7$ D $Gmaj^7$

more. Bless - ed be the name of the Lord,

13 D Bm^7 Em $Asus^4$ A D $D/F\#$

Bless - ed be the name of the Lord, Bless - ed be the name of the

16 G Em^7 D/A $F\#m/A$ G/A D A^b/B^b B^b

Lord, Now and for - ev - er more.

Blessed Be The Name Of The Lord - Page 3

19 E^b $A^b\text{maj}^7$ E^b $A^b\text{maj}^7$ E^b Cm^7

Bless - ed be the name of the Lord, Bless - ed be the name of the

22 Fm $B^b\text{sus}^4$ B^b E^b E^b/G A^b Fm^7

Lord, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord,

25 E^b/B^b G/B Cm Fm E^b/B^b *rit.* B^b13 B^b7 E^b

Now and for - ev - er more. Now and for - ev - er more.

Deeply Loved



1. Sing with your heart to Me, all of your heart to Me.
2. Give all your cares to Me, all of your cares to Me.
3. Bring Me your deep - est night, all of your deep - est night.
4. Look in My eyes and see, deep in My eyes and see.
5. Oo
6. Come like a child who runs, just like a child who runs
7. Live like a child who plays, just like a child who plays.



Let all your mu - sic be giv'n as a gift of praise.
 My heart is strong e - nough; you can be whole and free.
 No dark - ness ev - er hid all of My shin - ing light.
 No one who comes to Me ev - er is turned a - way.
 Oo
 In - to your Dad - dy's arms, lift - ed by hands of love.
 No fears to cloud your days; you have been deep - ly loved.



Let all your mu - sic be giv'n as a gift of praise.
 My heart is strong e - nough; you can be whole and free.
 No dark - ness ev - er hid all of My shin - ing light.
 No one who comes to Me ev - er is turned a - way.
 Oo
 In - to your Dad - dy's arms, lift - ed by hands of love.
 No fears to cloud your days; you have been deep - ly loved.

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Grace

Koinonia - Ocean Grove

D D/C# D/B D/C# D DM7/F# G

Come to this place. Rule in my heart. Sav - ior and Lord and King. _____
 Yours is the day, Yours the bright song, Yours the ma - jes - tic night. _____
 So let it be. Let it be now. Let it be al - ways true. _____

Em Em/D# Em/D CM7 Em/B G/A A

9 Here in Your pres - ence is where I be - long; _____ where I am made com -
 Rul - er of na - tions come rule in my heart; _____ You hold the Sov - 'reign
 These who have tast - ed the won - der of life, _____ may they be prais - ing

D A/D G/D D D/C# D/B D/C# D

15 plete. _____ Cru - ci - fied Lamb, cru - ci - fied and ris - en, ris - en and
 right. _____ All You have done, all Your hand has giv - en, all that Your
 You. _____ So it shall be, when the days are end - ed, in the new

D/C D/B Gm6/Bb D/A G#m7(b5) D/A

22 in - ter - ced - ing; come to this place as we wor - ship be - fore You,
 love has prom - ised, calls me to come as a ser - vant for - ev - er,
 earth and heav - en, love songs will rise from the hearts of the faith - ful;

GM7 A Bm7 G/B GM7 A D

30 lost in Your won - der and grace, _____ lost in Your won - der and grace. _____
 drawn by Your mer - cy and grace, _____ drawn by Your mer - cy and grace. _____
 love songs of mys - t'ry and grace, _____ love songs of mys - t'ry and grace. _____

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Intro
D-G-D-G

Hands Lifted High

The musical score is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves. The first two staves are the vocal line, and the remaining six are the guitar accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Hands lift - ed high to hon - or You." The guitar accompaniment includes various chords such as D, G, A, Em, D/F#, and Bm7. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

2 - Hearts filled with love to worship You.
3 - Songs filled with praise to sing to You.

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Intro = D G6 (4 times)

Holy Is The Lord

On the streets of the Gol - den Ci - ty there is mu - sic in the air, and they're
 (On the) streets of the Gol - den Ci - ty, as they walk they sing this song. And they

call - ing to each oth - er with voic - es clear. From the
 call to one a - noth - er with voic - es strong. At the

doors on the o - pen ter - race, from the win - dows high a - bove, they are
 turn - ing of the cor - ner, at the meet - ing of the ways, they are

call - ing to each oth - er with words of love. They are sing - ing
 shar - ing with each oth - er the words of praise.

Ho - ly is the Lord. Oh_____ Ho - ly

is the Lord. They are sing - ing Ho - ly is the

Lord. Oh_____ Ho - ly is the Lord. On the

Lord. They are sing - ing Lord.

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Jesus, Rule My Heart

Fm/E^b E^b A^b/C B^b/D E^b

Je - sus, rule my heart.
 Je - sus, light my way.
 Je - sus, per - fect Son.

A^b E^b/G F⁷ B^b

Noth - ing held back, no se - cret part
 Fol - low - ing You, I learn to say,
 How much You gave! How much You won!

A^b/C B^b/D E^b G⁷ Cm

You hold the map, You own the chart.
 "Yours to com - mand; mine to o - bey."
 Fin - ish in us what You've be - gun.

A^b B^b A^b E^b/G Fm⁷ E^b

Je - sus, come rule my heart.
 Je - sus, come light my way.
 Je - sus, God's per - fect Son.

⊕ CODA

A^b B^b A^b E^b/G Fm⁷ E^b

Je - sus, God's per - fect Son.

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Let Jesus Touch You

G Bm⁷ C D G Bm⁷

Let Je - sus touch you, cleanse you, re - store you. Let Je - sus lift you
Let Je - sus find you, free you, un - bind you. Let Je - sus tell you

C D G C D

high - er than be - fore. No more the wan - d'rer, no more the
what He wants to say. Come to the Teach - er, come to the

Em C G/B Am⁷ D G

seek - er. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, knocks at your door.
Heal - er. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, calls you to - day.

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Our God Is Light

G C G Gsus⁴ G Gsus⁴

No mat-ter how deep the night, our God is Light.
Think not of all you have done, think of His Son.

G C G Gsus⁴ G C/G G

No mat-ter how dark the way, God brings the day. And there is no
Fear not for what lies be-fore, Je - sus is Lord. And there is no

C D G Bm⁷ Em D/E C

oth - er to take you from where you have been to where you are go - ing.
oth - er to take you from what you have been to what you can be now.

G/D C/D G/D C/D

No mat-ter how deep the night, Oh, no mat-ter how deep the night, Oh,
O - pen your heart and your mind. Oh, o - pen your heart and your mind. Oh,

G/D Am⁷ C/D 1. G C/G

no mat - ter how deep the night, our God is Light.
o - pen your heart and your mind, God's light still

G C/G C/D G C/G *slower* C/D G

shines. God's light still shines. God's light still shines.

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Overflowing

Koinonia - Ocean Grove



O-ver - flow-ing like a riv - er, like a riv-er of God; let my heart be o-ver - flow - ing like a



riv - er. In the sea-sons of re - joic - ing let the riv-er flow on to the o - ceans of for-



give - ness in the Fath-er's love. O-ver - flow-ing, o-ver - flow - ing, let the wat - er's pure



stream car-ry bless - ings from heav - en and cov-er me! Till with free-dom I de-



liv - er, to whom - ev-er I see, what the riv - er has washed o - ver me.



Flow o - ver me, riv - er of free-dom and heal - ing.



Flow o - ver me, riv - er of ho - li-ness and love.

Intro = D/// Bm/// x2

Prayer Beside The Sea

Musical staff with notes and chords D, Bm, D, Bm.

1. Here where the waves are break - ing, here where the shore - line's chang - ing,
 2. Lead us be - side these wat - ers. Call to Your sons and daugh - ters.

Musical staff with notes and chords D, Bm, Em, A.

Here where the wind is danc - ing and the wat - er sings;
 Call to Your chil - dren, bring us to Your dwell - ing place.

Musical staff with notes and chords Em, A, D, Bm.

Here while our hearts are lis - ten - ing, touch us with words of love and
 Here while our hearts are lift - ed up, fill us with thoughts of love and

Musical staff with notes and chords Em, F#m, G, A.

ho - li - ness, till our hearts leave sing - ing songs of joy and
 ho - li - ness, till our hearts leave sing - ing songs of life and

Musical staff with notes and chords D, Bm, D, Bm.

Give us a heart to love You, give us a heart to serve You.

Musical staff with notes and chords Em, A, D, A.

Give us a heart to praise You, give us a heart to sing.

Musical staff with notes and chords D, Bm, D, Bm.

Give us a heart to seek You, give us a heart to know You.

Musical staff with notes and chords Em, A, 1.Em, A, D. Includes instruction 'To Verse 2'.

Give us a heart to bring You love as an of - fer - ing.

Musical staff with notes and chords 2.Em, A, D, Em, A, D. Includes instruction 'slower'.

love as an of - fer - ing. love as an of - fer - ing.

Satisfy

D G
 Sat - is - fy us, Lord, in the morn - ing. Sat - is -
 If there's an - y - one here who's been hurt - ing With a

D G
 fy us, Lord, with Your love. In Your
 weight they have car - ried so long. Sat - is -

Em D
 kind - ness tell all of our sto - ries With the
 fy, O Lord, with Your mer - cy. Sat - is -

C A
 words on - ly You can think of. May we
 fy with Your per - fect love song. Let your

D G
 sing for joy at the sun - rise. May we
 work be seen by Your ser - vants. Show Your

F#m Bm
 sing for joy ev - 'ry night. Make us
 maj - es - ty to the child. In Your

G Bm7
 glad, O Lord, make us glad for - ev - er.
 fa - vor, Lord, in Your fa - vor bless us.

G A D
 In Your love, sat - is - fy.
 In Your love, sat - is - fy.

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Song at Evening

Koinonia - Ocean Grove

Let the mu - sic play at the clos - ing of an - oth - er day. Like a car - ou -
On and on, my friend, flows the riv - er through the wil - der - ness. Ev - 'ry tree that
sel, spin - ning round and round, and all is well. Is it not that way for the ones the Fa - ther
stands by the riv - er grows and flour - ish - es. Is it not that way for the ones who know the
holds to - day? Are they not writ - ten on His hands who wind and waves and
Sa - vior's name, who come to heav - en's o - pen door, that souls who thirst may
sea com - mands? Oh be still in the si - lence. Bow the knee, hear the words on - ly
thirst no more?
those whose hearts are lis - ten - ing ev - er hear. _____ Songs of hope for the
bro - ken, songs of love for the lost: these are yours, these are yours when you come to His
cross. Have you heard your name spo - ken from a - bove? _____ Have you
found your home in nev - er end - ing love? _____

Chords: F, C7sus4, F, C7sus4, F, C7sus4, F, C7sus4, F, C7sus4, F, C7sus4, Am, F/A, Bb, Gm, Gm/F, Eb, Gm/D, Bbm6/Db, C7sus4, Bbm7, FM7, Bbm7, C, Bbm7, C, F, F/A, Bbm7, FM7, Bbm7, C, Dm, Am, Bb, F/A, Gm, C, Dm, Dm/C, Dm/B, Bbm7, F/A, Gm9, C, F

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Song of Praise

1 Call to the Lord for He is near.
 2 Won - der of won - ders wrapped in love,
 3 You who are wait - ing now in prayer,

Cry to the Lord for He will hear. Call in His
 Gift from the Fath - er up a - bove. Songs in the
 Yours is the song the an - gels share. Yours is the

name and let your prais - es be filled with re -
 high - est heav - en, peace on earth. Gath - er to -
 Gift that makes the world re - joice. Join in your

joic - ing for His Gift so free. A _____
 cel - e - brate our Sav - ior's birth.
 heart and sing with joy - ful voice.

_____ - le _____ - lu _____ - ia, A _____

_____ - le _____ - lu _____ - ia. 1.,2. F ia. A _____

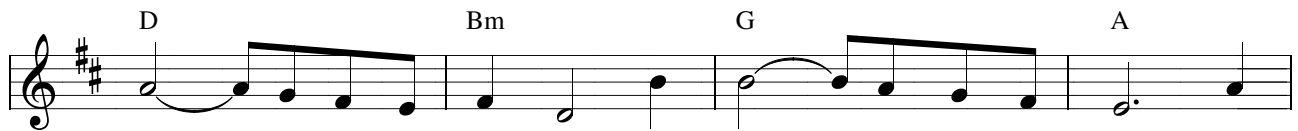
_____ - le _____ - lu _____ - ia, A _____

_____ - le _____ - lu _____ - ia.

This Moment Is Forever



1. This mo - ment of com - mun - ion, this mo - ment that we share is
 2. Come, all who hear the mu - sic; come, all who live a - round. This
 3. We praise You with our bro - thers, our sis - ters and our friends. We
 4. Oo
 5. We wor - ship God the Fath - er; we fol - low God the Son. And,
 6. So wor - ship Him to - geth - er; give praise for what He's done. Let



more than cel - eb - ra - tion, is more than song and prayer. This
 is your in - vi - ta - tion, your chance to join the sound. Praise
 praise you for Your mer - cy; Your love which nev - er ends. And
 Oo
 guid - ed by the Spir - it, we do the works of love. Two
 laugh - ter fill your heart now; your vic - to - ry is won! Your



mo - ment is for - ev - er, this sa - cred space in time. We
 flows a - cross the wat - ers; praise flows a - cross the lands. One
 we will grow to - geth - er as high - er hills we climb. These
 Oo
 hands to share with oth - ers; the bless - ing that we found when
 name has been re - mem - bered; your heart has been re - stored. Sing



wor - ship Him for - ev - er with soul, heart, and mind.
 thou - sand voic - es sing - ing; two thou - sand lift - ed hands.
 mo - ments are for - ev - er; these mo - ments in time.
 Oo
 He was here a - mong us and all was ho - ly ground.
 praise to Him for - ev - er, your ris - en, con - q'ring Lord!

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Windows In Our Souls

D G/B G⁶ Em D G Asus⁴ A

1. There's a si - lent song we sing, No one can teach it to us,
 2. There's a pic - ture all un - known, Paint - ed by God the Fath - er,
 3. Then a - gain this song we'll sing, On - ly in high - er pla - ces,

D G/B G⁶ Em D G Asus⁴ A

In our hearts we're won - der - ing What You are flow - ing through us.
 Where our hearts, once cold as stone, Warm up like days in au - tumn.
 With the light of Christ, our King, Shin - ing a - cross our fa - ces.

G A D A/C# Bm G A D D/F#

Lord of heav'n and Lord of earth, None but You can heal our spir - its.

G A D A/C# Bm G A D D

O - pen wide the win - dows in our souls, Fill us with per - fect sun - shine.

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You

Koinonia - Ocean Grove

D2 D D2 D DM7/F#

You, Lord, ___ are o - ver all the earth. ___ Your name is lift - ed high.
 What is ___ there, Lord, that I can do ___ to tell of my Sav - ior's praise?
 Yet, Lord, ___ You wel - come me a - gain, ___ know - ing I'm just a child.

G2 Em7 A/E Em9 Em7

4 ___ So where is the Con - quer - or's wel - com - ing place, ___ who
 ___ There aren't e - nough words ___ in the world ___ I'm in ___ to
 ___ I lis - ten to You ___ and I hear ___ a friend; ___ I

G/A A D2 D D2 D

7 suf - ered and bled and died. ___ Hon - or ___ is Yours and maj - es - ty. ___
 say what I need to say. ___ How then, ___ when there are things so high ___ I
 look and I see You smile. ___ So let ___ the songs of praise go on; ___

DM7/F# G2 Em7 A

11 Let ev - 'ry voice pro - claim; ___ there is no oth - er ___
 don't e - ven know they're there, ___ can I pre - tend ___ to know
 might - y and strong and free. ___ But if I am si - lent when

DM7/F# D/F# DM7/F# G A Bm7

14 Ris - en Lamb, ___ and no oth - er sav - ing Name.
 oh so much, ___ and of - fer my self - ish prayers;
 oth - ers sing. ___ know that You've cap - tured me. The

F#m7 GM7 A D

17 There is no oth - er sav - ing Name. ___
 of - fer to You my self - ish prayers? ___
 won - der of You has cap - tured me. ___

Lyrics

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

What A Super Fine Day!

(Polka-Dots)

I knew as soon as I woke up this morning
What a Super Fine... what a Super Fine...
I knew the minute I first saw the sun shining
What a Super Fine... what a Super Fine...
And higher and higher the sun rose
Till it melted the fog all away
What a Super Fine... what a Super Fine Day!

I have some people I'd like you to meet now
Talking Dynamite... talking Dynamite...
And when you meet them I know you'll agree with me
Talking Dynamite... talking Dynamite...
Whenever we all get together
There is laughter and love all around
Talking Dynamite... talking Dynamite Friends!

If you're wondering what it is you turned on
We're the Polka-Dots... we're the Polka-Dots...
We're excited that you are our guests, come on
We're the Polka-Dots... we're the Polka-Dots...
There's only one thing we want to tell you
You gotta think like a kid for a while
We're the Polka-Dots... we're the Polka-Dots...
Talking Dynamite... talking Dynamite...
What a Super Fine... what a Super Fine Day!
What a Super Fine Day!

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Soup-A Doup-A Alphabet Soup

(Polka-Dots)

I'm gonna tell you a story real fine
About a restaurant friend of mine
He wears a tall hat and he likes to sing
And what do you think is his favorite thing?

Soup-a Doup-A Alphabet Soup-A
Soup-a Doup-A Alphabet Soup
What do you think he makes for the group-a?
Soup-a Doup-A Alphabet Soup

What do you say? Hey!
Give me an A... A... Give me a B... B...
C is for cotton
What do you say? Hey!
Give me a D... D... Give me an E... E...
F for forgotten
Give me a G... G... Give me an H... H...
Give me an I... I... J is for joggin'
KLM... KLM... NOP... NOP...
QRS... QRS... T for toboggan
Say U... Say U... Say V... Say V...
Say WXY... WXYZ

Soup-a Doup-A Alphabet Soup-A
Soup-a Doup-A Alphabet Soup
What do you think he makes for the group-a?
Soup-a Doup-A Alphabet... Sooup

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Where the Toys Go

(Polka-Dots)

A friend came over to play one day and we had lots of fun
From just after breakfast till my dinner was almost done
But just as I was finishing, my mother had to say -
Time to put your toys all away!

Oh - - - My books go on the bookshelf, the toys go in the toy box
The games go in the closet, my Teddy Bear's on the bed
My clothes go on the hangers and hooks, my socks are in the drawer
Now everything's neat and clean again - Just like it was before

The very next day the rain came down - It didn't just rain: it poured
Everything, I mean everything, was somewhere on the floor
Then the telephone rang and my best friend said
Please come over and play
Mom said - First you put your toys all away!

Oh - - - My books go on the bookshelf, the toys go in the toy box
The games go in the closet, my Teddy Bear's on the bed
My clothes go on the hangers and hooks, my socks are in the drawer
Now everything's neat and clean again - Just like it was before

Now whenever I have to clean my room it doesn't take too long
While I put my toys away, I sing the Pick-It-Up Song
Before I know it things have changed, my room looks good and then
My little brother takes it all out again

Oh - - - My books go on the bookshelf, the toys go in the toy box
The games go in the closet, my Teddy Bear's on the bed
My clothes go on the hangers and hooks, my socks are in the drawer
Now everything's neat and clean again - Just like it was before

Everything's neat and clean again - Just like it was be-...
"Well, actually, it's never been this clean... Ever!"

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Summer Morning

(Polka-Dots)

In the autumn when the leaves come drifting
In the autumn when the leaves come drifting down
Just before the cold days begin, the harvest is gathered
That's when I remember summer days, and my heart listens
To the sound of the waves that wash the shore

Summer morning - Sunrise on the water - Sunrise on the sand
Summer evening - Moonlight on the water - Moonlight on the land

In the winter when the snow comes floating
In the winter when the snow comes floating down
Standing in the cold of the wind, I hear the earth silent
That's when I remember summer days, and my heart listens
To the sound of the waves that wash the shore

Summer morning - Sunrise on the water - Sunrise on the sand
Summer evening - Moonlight on the water - Moonlight on the land

Then the colors of the spring come dancing
All the colors of the spring come dancing in
Singing, with the warmth of the wind, the wonder of living
That's when I imagine summer days, and my heart listens
To the sound of the waves that wash the shore

Summer morning - Sunrise on the water - Sunrise on the sand
Summer evening - Moonlight on the water - Moonlight on the land

Summer morning - Sunrise on the water - Sunrise on the sand
Summer evening - Moonlight on the water - Moonlight on the land

Moonlight on the water - Moonlight on the land

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Lift Your Heart

(Cherub Choir and Polka-Dots)

Lots of things can pull your heart down
Lots of things can rob you of courage
Lots of things can give you a frown
Keep your head up - Keep your faith up
Just remember to...

Lift your heart higher and higher
Set your mind on things above
Lift your heart higher and higher
Where Jesus is King and God is Love

Don't let anything pull your heart down
Don't let anything rob you of courage
Don't let anyone give you a frown
Keep your head up - Keep your faith up
Just remember to...

Lift your heart higher and higher
Set your mind on things above
Lift your heart higher and higher
Where Jesus is King and God is Love

Lift your heart higher and higher
Set your mind on things above
Lift your heart higher and higher
Where Jesus is King and God is Love

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

You'll Always Be My Baby

(Polka-Dots)

Mark my words, you'll always be my - my little baby
No one's ever gonna steal you from here - unless first they take me
I wanna keep you here close beside me - and so I tell myself
If the closet's too filled with junk then - I'll put you up on my shelf

You'll always be my baby - You'll always be my baby
You'll always be my baby doll

You have a special place right here and - nobody else can take you
Because you're made of this space-age stuff my - little brother can't break you
My mom read the whole box when she bought you - and I think that I know why
You're completely non-toxic and you're - machine wash warm, tumble dry

You'll always be my baby - You'll always be my baby
You'll always be my baby doll

With you and me, babe, nothin' is missin'
This is your best friend talkin' to you
If I fall apart you can listen
If you fall apart then I can glue you

If in the future a doll collector - wants to buy you from me
I promise never to sell you, baby - unless I need the money
But if I needed the cash so badly - you know exactly what I'd do then
Hold a combination car wash / garage sale - so I could buy you back again

You'll always be my baby - You'll always be my baby
You'll always be my baby doll
You'll always be my baby - You'll always be my baby
You'll always be my baby doll

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Somewhere The Lambs Are Sleeping

(Polka-Dots)

There is a valley and there is a mountain
And somewhere the lambs are sleeping
There is a river and there is a fountain
And somewhere the lambs are sleeping

Jesus, Lion of Judah, King forever, shepherd me
Jesus, Light of the Ages, perfect Savior, shepherd me

There is a forest and there is a plain
And somewhere the lambs are sleeping
There will be sunshine and there will be rain
And somewhere the lambs are sleeping

Jesus, Lion of Judah, King forever, shepherd me
Jesus, Light of the Ages, perfect Savior, shepherd me

Jesus, shepherd me - Jesus, shepherd me
Jesus, shepherd me

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

The Stage

(Polka-Dots)

If I were a princess, would you marry me? (Nope!)
If I were a queen would you be mine? (Nope!)
If I had a palace and a mansion and a kingdom
Would you please come visit me sometime? (Absolutely not!)

All I want is a girl who digs up dinosaurs (Dinosaurs?)
All I want is a girl who plays with mice (Mice?)
All I want is a girl who's going to mind her own business
And I don't want to have to say it twice

If I baked you cupcakes would you eat them? (Yup!)
What if I brought you cookies on a tray? (Hey, thanks!)
If I wanted to talk a while and told you I liked your smile
Would you invite me then to stay? (Absolutely not!)

All I want is a girl who digs up dinosaurs (Dinosaurs?)
All I want is a girl who plays with mice (Mice?)
All I want is a girl who's going to mind her own business
And I don't want to have to say it twice

(Musical Interlude - A picnic scene with one boy and one girl.
She has brought a basket filled with good things to eat.)

(all the girls) Ahhh... *(all the boys)* Eeeeewww...

All I want is a girl who digs up dinosaurs (But I'm a princess!)
All I want is a girl who plays with mice (But I'm a queen!)
All I want is a girl who's going to mind her own business (I have a palace!)
And I don't want to have to say it (Oh, please)
Don't want to have to say it (Oh, Please)
Don't want to have to say it (Ohhhh...)
"Wait, I just changed my mind." (Ahhhh!)

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

The Ocean Grove Tenters' Hoedown

(Polka-Dots)

Now artists take a canvas and they stretch it on a frame
They paint a picture there and then they sign their name
But here in Ocean Grove we seem to hear a different drummer
We spread that canvas out and live in it all summer - Oh...

Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Stomp on the beat and listen to the fiddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - North and south and back to the middle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Pop on the roof and food on the griddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Come on down and stay for a little
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - In Ocean Grove - Hey!

Now the people here are really close in many more ways than one
Every time you accomplish something, everyone knows it's done
Anything that you say out loud is heard for miles around
One time I sneezed and nearly thirty tents went down - Oh...

Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Stomp on the beat and listen to the fiddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - North and south and back to the middle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Pop on the roof and food on the griddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Come on down and stay for a little
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - In Ocean Grove - Hey!

The summer storms can wake you when you're fast asleep in bed
You can hear the thunder like it's right above your head
Once in a gust of wind so strong my tent blew in the air
Everything I own was out in Auditorium Square - Oh...

Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Stomp on the beat and listen to the fiddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - North and south and back to the middle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Pop on the roof and food on the griddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Come on down and stay for a little
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - In Ocean Grove - Hey!

Now other friends I have who go to places far from here
And where they go, the sand is white, the water blue and clear
But they can tell the stories of the places where they went
I wouldn't trade for anything except a bigger tent - Oh...

Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Stomp on the beat and listen to the fiddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - North and south and back to the middle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Pop on the roof and food on the griddle
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - Come on down and stay for a little
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - In Ocean Grove!
Hee Haw, Hee Haw - In Ocean Grove!

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Be What He Made You To Be

(Cherub Choir and Polka-Dots)

Wishing I could be something else
Maybe then life would be better
Maybe I'll try something new for a change
Picture my eyes a different shade
Paint my hair a different color
There's so many things to rearrange

But God made you to be you
And God made me to be me
And God made everyone to be someone
So don't try to be something else
Be what He made you to be

Wishing I could look like the rest
Maybe then people will like me
Maybe I'll have lots of friends all around
Gotta keep acting like the crowd
So that they will still invite me
To everything that's going on in town

But God made you to be you
And God made me to be me
And God made everyone to be someone
So don't try to be something else
Be what He made you to be

But God made you to be you
And God made me to be me
And God made everyone to be someone
So don't try to be something else
Be what He made you to be
Be what He made you to be! Yeah!

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Christmas All Over

There was a little fish named Snorkel
He went to school like you and me
But right now he's on his vacation
It's Christmas at the bottom of the sea

If you think Christmas fair
Is only for the folks who breathe the air
I have to tell you that you're wrong
The whole creation waits
For God's important dates
And every species has a song

There was a mountain once named Molehill
It's mostly covered up with trees
But right now one of them is missing
Farmer Brown just chopped his Christmas tree

If you think Christmastide
Is only for the folks who live inside
I have to tell you that you're wrong
The whole creation sings
And God is listening
And every species has a song

There was a little star named Tail Light
And such a smile is on her face
I bet you know why she is smiling
It's Christmas in the deepest part of space

So if the star so high that no one sees
And the wind that moves through the tall dark trees
And the deep, down fish in the deep, down seas
All have a song
What about you?

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Rivers Flow

Rivers flow, gardens grow
Cold winds blow, and I like snow
How it comes, I don't know
I'm just fishing while I watch the river flow

Grass grows high, babies cry
Eagles fly, time goes by
How it does, I don't know
I'm just fishing while I watch the river flow

Rivers flow, palm trees grow
Warm winds blow, fireflies glow
How they do, I don't know
I'm just fishing while I watch the river flow
I'm just fishing while I watch the river flow

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Sail Away

I made a boat
I carved it out of wood
I made each piece as carefully as I could
And then I took it to the brook one day
I set it free and it sailed away

Sail away wherever the water flows
Dream your dream whenever the wind blows
Go as far as you were made to go
Sail away wherever the water flows

Sometimes I wonder where the little boat is
And what kind of adventures it had along the way
And where the long journey will end
But I wouldn't take it back again
Some things were made to be free
I hope it still is today

Sail away wherever the water flows
Dream your dream whenever the wind blows
Go as far as you were made to go
Sail away wherever the water flows

Sail away wherever the water flows

Wherever the water flows. little boat, sail away

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Summer Prayer

Heard like a whisper in the silent air
Soft on the summer breeze, a summer prayer
Tell me, is there any more important thing
Than what we're carrying, on and on

Fill me with love in my heart
Let your joy run through my soul
Give me strong rhythm to ride
I'm ready to go
I give you my heart for your throne
I give you my soul for your home
I give you my life for your own
Take control

Floating like an angel when the night is long
Soft on the summer wind, a summer song
Tell me, is there any more important thing
Than what we're carrying, on and on

Fill me with love in my heart
Let your joy run through my soul
Give me strong rhythm to ride
I'm ready to go
I give you my heart for your throne
I give you my soul for your home
I give you my life for your own
Take control

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

The Barnyard Civic Symphony

Over the mountain and down in the glen
Follow the brook as it rounds the bend
Stop at the fence going over the stream
And take in the barnyard symphony scene
Hold your hand right up to your ear
Then you'll probably hear

Cock-a-doo-dle-do what you should
Be a good Nay-ay-ay-bor to everyone
Don't turn your Baa-aa-aa-ck on anyone
Just keep Moo-oo-ving along
If everybody does what Hee-Haw to
And nobody's Barking orders all day
Then there'll be no Caws for disharmony
In the Barnyard Civic Symphony

If it's Handel's Water Music, ducks will sing
If the beat is latin then the cowbells ring
And the very best seats are up in the loft
It's not always comfy, but, hey, it's soft
And the very best part, you see
All the wonderful smells are free

Cock-a-doo-dle-do what you should
Be a good Nay-ay-ay-bor to everyone
Don't turn your Baa-aa-aa-ck on anyone
Just keep Moo-oo-ving along
If everybody does what Hee-Haw to
And nobody's Barking orders all day
Then there'll be no Caws for disharmony
In the Barnyard Civic Symphony

Cock-a-doo-dle-do what you should
Be a good Nay-ay-ay-bor to everyone
Don't turn your Baa-aa-aa-ck on anyone
Just keep Moo-oo-ving along
If everybody does what Hee-Haw to
And nobody's Barking orders all day
Then there'll be no Caws for disharmony
In the Barnyard Civic, Philharmonic, Classical, Volunteer Symphony

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

The Call Of The Sea

I have a few friends - You could call them builders
Sand castles all along the shore
But I'm looking out way beyond them - I have to reach for something
I have to reach for something more

So I set sail for Sandy Hook in the lifeguard rowboat
Me and my summer friend and a chocolate bar for each
Oh, we knew that we'd be thinner if we didn't get back by dinner
But as things turned out we never got off the beach

I have a few friends - You could call them surfers
They're always riding back to shore
But I'm looking out way beyond them - I have to reach for something
I have to reach for something more

So I set sail for New York Harbor in the lifeguard rowboat
Me and my summer friend and a hamburger for each
Oh, we knew that we'd be thinner if we didn't get back by dinner
But as things turned out we never got off the beach

I know the lifeguards - They are very good swimmers
They rescue people far from shore
But I'm looking out way beyond them - I have to reach for something
I have to reach for something more

So I set sail for the coast of Spain in the lifeguard rowboat
Me and my summer friend and an ice cream cone for each
Oh, we knew that we'd be thinner if we didn't get back by dinner
But as things turned out we never got off the beach
Oh, as things turned out we never got off the beach

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Lyrics - Children's Songs

Things To Watch Out For

Steve: I want to tell you some things to watch out for. Little Wonder: Okay.

When you go out some very fine day
Keep your eyes wide open all the way
'Cause there are places you shouldn't walk to
And there are quite a few things you shouldn't talk to

Little Wonder: What shouldn't I talk to?

Watch out for Clackerbacks, stay clear of Cootencollarplunks
Don't mess with Blip-de-blops, don't go near Kooplecazies
Beware of Klipperclums and Mop-Top-Woofle-a-Schnoozies
But it's okay to feed and pet the Pompidompoozies

Steve: And you know what else? Little Wonder: I don't think so. Tell me.

When you're outside and you're all alone
Keep your eyes wide open where you're goin'
'Cause there are places you shouldn't walk to
And there are quite a few things you shouldn't talk to

Little Wonder: I think I know what they are now.

Watch out for Clackerbacks, stay clear of Cootencollarplunks
Don't mess with Blip-de-blops, don't go near Kooplecazies
Beware of Klipperclums and Mop-Top-Woofle-a-Schnoozies
But it's okay to feed and pet the Pompidompoozies

Watch out for Clackerbacks, stay clear of Cootencollarplunks
Don't mess with Blip-de-blops, don't go near Kooplecazies
Beware of Klipperclums and Mop-Top-Woofle-A-Schnoozies
But it's okay to feed and pet the Pompidompoozies

Oh, it's okay to feed and pet, it's okay to feed and pet
It's okay to feed and pet the Pompidompoozies

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

A Song Of Praise

(Summer Youth Choir - Ocean Grove)

A song of praise is coming 'cross the mountains
A song of praise is rising from the hills
And every heart that listens feels the rapture
Sweetly captured by the thrill
Tune your heart to the music never-ending
Tune your mind to the unimagined song
May nothing stop you, hinder you or block you
Till you find the place where you and Love belong

All praise to You - All holy praise and worship
All holy love and wonder - to You

A song of praise is moving where the wind moves
A song of praise is calling from the sea
And every heart that listens feels the rhythm
Let the rhythm move in me
Tune your heart to the music never-ending
Tune your mind to the unimagined song
May nothing stop you, hinder you or block you
Till you find the place where you and Love belong

All praise to You - All holy praise and worship
All holy love and wonder - to You
All holy praise and worship
All holy love and wonder - to You

A song of praise is coming 'cross the mountains
A song of praise is calling... from the sea

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

Children Of The Free

(Summer Youth Choir - Ocean Grove)

In the back of my mind - There's a thought that I keep on thinking
When no one's working the sound waves around me - Then it comes again
In the quiet this question keeps repeating - What if I really let go
And lived my life believing the things that God says are so

He said - Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free
Do not be subject again to a yoke - A yoke of slavery
Hold fast to the confidence you had when you first believed
He said we are the children - The children of the free

Run that by me again - That's what I find when I read the Bible
In all the places my mind keeps forgetting - The truth shines again
While I'm reading this question keeps repeating - What if I really let go
And lived my life believing the things that God says are so

He said - Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free
Do not be subject again to a yoke - A yoke of slavery
Hold fast to the confidence you had when you first believed
He said we are the children - The children of the free

You know the truth is like a rock - You can stand there and never fall
But when you turn your attention anywhere else - One false move and you'll hurt yourself

He said - Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free
Do not be subject again to a yoke - A yoke of slavery
Hold fast to the confidence you had when you first believed
He said we are the children - The children of the free

The children of the free - The children of the free
The children of the free - The children of the free

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

God Bless The Mothers

(Youth Choirs - St. Paul's - Ocean Grove)

You hold them close
You hear them cry at any hour of the night
This child your own
You never knew how much you'd care
You take them with you everywhere
So time moves on
Swift like a dream the ages seem to pass like pages in a book
And then they're gone
You see the pictures on the wall
Relive the memories they recall
So time moves on

God bless the mothers
And God bless the children
These tiny little ones and those already grown
Through all the flowing years
Through all the smiles and tears
God hear their mother's prayers
And bring them safely home

You watch them grow
You kiss the pain away and bandage up the wound
Back out they run
You bake a cake to mark the year
With little candles burning there
Each time an extra one
Swift like a play the curtain rises and the scenes go by until
The curtain's drawn
You let them run across the plain
You hold their hand in rough terrain
So time moves on

God bless the mothers
And God bless the children
These tiny little ones and those already grown
Through all the flowing years
Through all the smiles and tears
God hear their mother's prayers
And bring them safely home

God hear their mother's prayers
And bring them safely home

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

I Give My Heart

(Summer Youth Choir - Ocean Grove)

Once in a while life takes a turn you didn't know would come
You didn't know would mean a change in everything
But while you're standing there, right before your eyes something happens
And you are not the same
You know you won't be the one you were
Before the unexpected came

And sometimes God comes in unexpected ways
You're all surprised at first - Your lines are unrehearsed
And in the silence, when there's nothing to say
You kneel and give your heart away

I give my heart and all that I am and all that I'll ever be
Why should I hold back or hold on to anything else for me
All I have I bring - I turn it over - Carry me in Your arms
And let me cherish always and forever
The moment of wonder - The moment of freedom
The moment I gave You my heart

It happens again, once in a while - You're walking down the road
You're walking down the road and pain is everywhere
But while you're struggling on, right before your eyes something happens
And you are not the same
You know you won't be the one you were
Before the unexpected came

And sometimes God comes in unexpected ways
You're all surprised at first - Your lines are unrehearsed
And in the silence, when there's nothing to say
You kneel and give your heart away

I give my heart and all that I am and all that I'll ever be
Why should I hold back or hold on to anything else for me
All I have I bring - I turn it over - Carry me in Your arms
And let me cherish always and forever
The moment of wonder - The moment of freedom
The moment I gave You my heart

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

One By One, Two By Two

(Summer Youth Choir - Ocean Grove)

One by one, two by two - People here, people there
Light and love flowing through - People here, people there
On and on with measured steps they come
To the palace hall, to the King of Love
Where one by one, kneeling down
Gifts are passed around
Then the awesome sound

They sing Alleluia - They sing Alleluia to the Lamb
They sing Alleluia to the great I AM

Song of faith, song of love - Over here, over there
Hands and hearts lifted up - Over here, over there
One by one with lifted hands they rise
And their shout is heard to the farthest skies
Where one by one all the stars gather round
Light the holy ground
Sing the awesome sound

They sing Alleluia - They sing Alleluia to the Lamb
They sing Alleluia to the great I AM

Then they turn, then they go - One by one, singing low
Two by two move along - Still the words, still the song

Allelu, Alleluia - They sing Alleluia to the Lamb
Allelu, Alleluia - They sing Alleluia to the Lamb

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

Reading My Bible

(Youth Choirs - St. Paul's - Ocean Grove)

Oo la la la Oh oo la la la
Oh oo la la la Oh oo la la la

Well I've been spending time with my Bible
And I've been letting it talk to me
What do you think I find when I read my Bible?
This is what I hear God saying to me

Lift up your cross - Come follow me
You are the light for all the world to see
Run, run the race - Go for the prize
Glory awaits - Lift up your eyes

Well I've been spending time talking to Jesus
And I've been letting Him talk to me
What do you think I hear when I listen to Jesus?
This is what I hear Him saying to me

Time soon will close - Watch now and pray
This is the night - Soon comes the day
Work while you can - Who knows the hour
When the Son of Man - Breaks through in power

Well I've been spending time with my Bible
And I've been letting it talk to me
What do you think, say now, why don't you read your Bible?
Maybe soon you'll have something to share with me
Maybe soon you'll have something to share with me
Maybe soon you'll have something to share with me

Oo la la la Oh oo la la la
Oh oo la la la Oh oo la la la

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

So Let The Praise Begin

(Youth Choirs - St. Paul's - Ocean Grove)

Sometimes writing songs is like carrying a camera down life's road, pausing here and there to capture the moment. And once in a while, round some unexpected bend, your eyes light up with wonder, and your spirit catches the fragrance of something eternal. I remember when this song was born and the brightness of the hour. For a brief space, I felt that Jesus had drawn near. Though time has slowly dimmed some of my memories, the brightest moments have lived on, as if they had a life of their own, or were perhaps like lamp posts, shining deep into the night even after I had traveled miles and miles down the road.

So let the praise begin - Now let the trumpet sound
Tell all the people who come around that there is
Wonder and love in the city where God meets His people
So let the praise begin - Let every voice be heard
From the city streets let the sound return
Till the hearts of the children of Zion praise their King

Come and join in the music then - Come rejoice in Jerusalem
Let the praise of the King of Kings echo from off the walls
On and on let the music go till the far distant nations know
When they come to Jerusalem, there's going to be praise

Worthy are You, oh Lord - Worthy are You, oh Lord
Worthy are You, oh Lord, to receive honor
Worthy are You, oh Lord - Worthy are You, oh Lord
Worthy are You, oh Lord, to receive praise

Worthy are You, oh Lord - Worthy are You, oh Lord
Worthy are You, oh Lord, to receive honor
Worthy are You, oh Lord - Worthy are You, oh Lord
Worthy are You, oh Lord, to receive praise

So let the praise begin - Now let the trumpet sound
Tell all the people who come around that there is
Wonder and love in the city where God meets His people
So let the praise begin - Let every voice be heard
From the city streets let the sound return
Till the hearts of the children of Zion praise their King

Come and join in the music then - Come rejoice in Jerusalem
Let the praise of the King of Kings echo from off the walls
On and on let the music go till the far distant nations know
When they come to Jerusalem, there's going to be praise
There's going to be praise
There's going to be praise
There's going to be praise

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

Summertime Magic

(Summer Youth Choir - Ocean Grove)

Where is the Summertime Magic I felt in a dream before
Or was it a dream, I never quite knew for sure
Where is the summertime flavor, so sweet to a little child
Where is the song that made my heart run wild
Haven't you noticed how time passing by
Changes the mood that's in your heart, the look that's in your eye
Some people say it's growing up, some say it's growing old
But then there's the dream that feels so real
And yet it's so hard to hold

You gotta go back like a little child, back where it all begins
When you finally reach the heart of God
There'll be summer that never ends

Where is the summertime wonder - I know it's not me alone
Checking around, I hear it's a tale well told
Where is the summertime feeling - The people who pass me by
Don't have to speak: I know it just from their eyes
Haven't you noticed how time moving on
Changes the land you're walking past, the road you're walking on
Some people say it's growing up, some say it's growing old
But then there's the dream that feels so real
And yet it's so hard to hold

You gotta go back like a little child, back where it all begins
When you finally reach the heart of God
There'll be summer that never ends

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Lyrics - Youth Choir Songs

Yearbook

(CJCS Choir)

Is it that time again - It passes so quickly
Find a pen - Sign your name
But what can I say to tell what's inside of me
When the words are too deep to be spoken at all
Still I am wishing you

All the best in Jesus - In Him you have everything
All that your heart can hold forever
And as we go, I just want to share with you
All that you mean to me
I wish you in Jesus' name
The summer of your dreams

Sometime years from now, you may read what I've written
When you do, remember me
But more than my name remember the love we knew
When the words are too deep to be spoken at all
Still I am wishing you

All the best in Jesus - In Him you have everything
All that your heart can hold forever
And as we go, I just want to share with you
All that you mean to me
I wish you in Jesus' name
The summer of your dreams

All the best to you, all the best in Jesus
All you can hold forever
All that you need wherever you are, whatever you do
Still I am wishing you - Still I am wishing you

All the best in Jesus - In Him you have everything
All that your heart can hold forever
And as we go, I just want to share with you
All that you mean to me
I wish you in Jesus' name
The summer of your dreams

The summer of your dreams
All the best to you - All the best in Jesus

(Ah - ah - ah - ah)

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Lyrics - Teen Show Songs

Down A Little Country Road - 55

Night Of Breathless Wonder - 56

One Look - 57

Lyrics - Teen Show Songs

Down A Little Country Road

There are little country roads quite a long way off the beaten track
You can find one if you try but you won't if you're always looking back
It's a long way there but it's worth every mile
For the purified air and a country-wide smile
And the things we share will make you stay for a while
That's what you'll do - That's what you'll do

'Cause there are mountains you can climb if you like high mountains in the sun
You can walk back down but you'll yell a lot louder if you run
At the end of the day, when you're feeling real good
There's a theater down where the river meets the wood
And it's all so fine - It's down a little country road

Put on your straw hat - Kick off your shoes
This time you won't be singing the blues
Out here the music melts into laughter
Once you start singing it, forever after you'll want to be free
That's what you'll, that's what you'll, that's what you'll do

'Cause there are mountains you can climb if you like high mountains in the sun
You can walk back down but you'll yell a lot louder if you run
At the end of the day, when you're feeling real good
There's a theater down where the river meets the wood
And it's all so fine - It's down a little country road
Down a little country road
Down a little country road

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Lyrics - Teen Show Songs

Night Of Breathless Wonder

(as though written for Cinderella)

How can I work? Every time I close my eyes I see towers and marble columns and purple tapestries. If I'd never seen it, then maybe... but now, having been there... oh...

It was a night of breathless wonder
How did I ever live before
All the dreams I cherished
Once they were magic: now they're even more
More when someone laughs away your sorrow
More when someone shares with you your dream

And now this scrub brush... this bucket full of soap suds... I keep trying, but...

Then I hear the music
The strings like angels
The drums like thunder
They played for me, they played for me on my night of breathless wonder

How do I go on from here when my heart still remembers
How the wind softly whispered when both of us were silent
It was my night of breathless wonder
How did I ever let it slip away
Oh, come back, and make my night of wonder
Into a breathless, never-ending day

How do I go on from here when my heart still remembers
How the wind softly whispered when both of us were silent
It was my night of breathless wonder
How did I ever let it slip away
Oh, come back, and make my night of wonder
Into a breathless, never-ending day

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Lyrics - Teen Show Songs

One Look

One look at the girl, one look at the boy
I knew before anything had started
She, she was his joy, he was her dream

Time, time was a friend, easy on them
While still they were hesitant and guarded
Each knew by the end what it would be

And I don't know how - I don't know why
Two should be drawn so together
I only know - some things were made forever

Time, time seemed to know, keeping it slow
Till everything melted into freedom
Warm, warm was his heart, soft was her touch

One look in her eyes, one look at his face
They shone as though spring had run to meet them
Deep, deep was their joy, pure was their love

And I don't know how - I don't know why
Two should be drawn so together
I only know - some things were made forever

She, she was his joy, he was her dream
So clear before anything had started
One look at the girl, one look at the boy
One look at the girl, one look at the boy

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Lyrics - “Main Street” Songs

Main Street - 59

Child Of God - 60

Beauty That’s In The Heart - 61

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Lyrics - "Main Street" Songs

Main Street

Main Street - Lookin' down Main Street
Bookin' down Main Street - Just bummin' around
Main street - We're ridin' down Main Street
Glidin' down Main Street - We're headin' for town

Main Street - Everyone has one
The plain ol' ordinary parts of life, the no pizzazz ones
And when you're on Main Street
You need a new way of seeing
That's when you need to start believing
That you can find joy, peace, hope, love
All you've dreamed of

On ordinary, everyday, run of the mill, over the hill
Nothin' to show, nowhere to go, hot and sticky, picky-picky
Grime and grit, toil and sweat, from sunrise to sunset
And over and over and on and on
And life is going, going, gone

And that's not the way it's supposed to be

You can find joy on Main Street
God can put love on Main Street
When those ordinary parts of life start getting you down
You can find meaning on Main Street
Change the name to "So Much To Gain Street"
You know, Main Street could be the best part of your town
God can turn your Main Street around
Ah... Ah... Oh, yea!

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Lyrics - "Main Street" Songs

Child Of God

(after the skit in The Flower Shoppe)

Have you seen the flower that grows on the plain
Thirsty for water till God sends the rain
If He gives a drink to the flower of the field
He will care for you... Child of God

Have you seen the flower that grows by the sea
Poor, but the sunshine that God sends is free
If He gives the sun to the flower by the sea
He will care for you... Child of God

Child of God, Child of God
He will care for you, Child of God
If He gives the sun to the flower by the sea
He will care for you... Child of God

Have you seen the flower that grows on the hill
Tiny and fragile and quiet and still
If He gives His love to the flower on the hill
He will care for you... Child of God

Child of God, Child of God
He will care for you, Child of God
If He gives His love to the flower on the hill
He will care for you... Child of God

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Lyrics - "Main Street" Songs

Beauty That's In The Heart

(after the skit in The Beauty Shop)

Little girl growing
I look in your bright blue eyes
And what do I see there
A future with bright blue skies
And someday a love
That is only a dream now
But little one, hear me
I want you to see now
I want you to be now

Beauty that's in the heart
Beauty that brighter shines as the time goes by
Growing from deep inside
Beauty that's in the eyes alone
Will certainly sometime part
Nothing can beat
Beauty that's in the heart

Little girl playing
I see from the window shade
I know what you're thinking
I know from the way you played
You're looking ahead
To what's only a dream now
But little one, hear me
I want you to see now
I want you to be now

Beauty that's in the heart
Beauty that brighter shines as the time goes by
Growing from deep inside
Beauty that's in the eyes alone
Will certainly sometime part
Nothing can beat
Beauty that's in the heart

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Lyrics - "Main Street" Songs

The Tools

(after the skit in The Hardware Store)

Maybe you're hurting - Maybe you wonder
How long do the hard times last
And when do they end
Maybe you're looking and can't find the answer
And maybe your eyes are fighting the tears

Those are the tools of the Carpenter
The Master is caring for you
Only the ones He dearly loves
Are worth this much time with the tools
Don't turn away from the Carpenter
Don't look away from His eyes
Just let Him work with the tools of love
Someday you'll be surprised

One thing is certain - Life keeps on changing
The things that are hurting now
Will someday be gone
Then when it's over and you come out shining
Maybe you'll know then what now you can't see

Those are the tools of the Carpenter
The Master is caring for you
Only the ones He dearly loves
Are worth this much time with the tools
Don't turn away from the Carpenter
Don't look away from His eyes
Just let Him work with the tools of love
Someday you'll be surprised

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Lyrics - "Main Street" Songs

Catch The Wave

(after the skit in The Surf Shop)

I was walking along on the shores of my heart
and I didn't know where I was going to
I was dreaming of things that I didn't know
how to describe to the ones I was talking to
Then I met the Master who made the waves roll
And He filled the empty place in my soul
And I walked on the shores of love

So if you're riding the waves that don't satisfy
If you're floating away along with the tide
Then you need a change that only the Master gives
Only the Master gives, only the Master gives

Catch the wave of heaven's love
And you can ride forever
Catch the wave of Jesus' love
And you can ride it home
You can ride it home
Catch the wave, catch the wave
You can ride it home
Catch the wave of Jesus' love
And ride it home

Are you walking along on the shores of your heart
and you're questioning where you are going to
Are you dreaming of things that you're wondering
how to describe to the ones you are talking to
Then you need the Master who made the waves roll
He will fill the empty place in your soul
And you'll walk on the shores of love

So if you're riding the waves that don't satisfy
If you're floating away along with the tide
Then you need a change that only the Master gives
Only the Master gives, only the Master gives

Catch the wave of heaven's love
And you can ride forever
Catch the wave of Jesus' love
And you can ride it home
You can ride it home
Catch the wave, catch the wave - You can ride it home
Catch the wave of Jesus' love
And ride it home

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Lyrics - "Main Street" Songs

The Water Song

(after the skit in The Restaurant)

Child of earth below
Look above
Child who needs to hear
The words of love
Child who walks alone
Till today
Come to Jesus now
Hear Him say

Who drinks this water
Will thirst again
But He who comes to me
Nevermore
The water I will give
Will be in him
An everlasting stream
That will never end

Child with heavy heart
Traveling slow
If the way you're on
Is hard to go
Then you need to find
A better way
Come to Jesus now
Hear Him say

Who drinks this water
Will thirst again
But He who comes to me
Nevermore
The water I will give
Will be in him
An everlasting stream
That will never end

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Lyrics - Project Sing!

How Can I Tell You - 66

The River Leads You Home - 67

The Song - 68

Reach Out And Bring 'Em Along - 69

These Shall Sing Bright Heaven's Music - 70

Lyrics - Project Sing!

How Can I Tell You

How can I tell You what I don't know - Images come and images go
This is more than pantomime - More than taking steps in time
This is more than words that rhyme - This is my heart
So how can I tell You - What will I say
Searching for words till words fade away
Leaving me alone and still - Standing in the silence till
Nothing's left except Your will - Through all my heart

In the wisdom of eternity - Does it matter, Lord, at all
If I say the words and sing the praise - Forgetting in the rush of days
The love that once responded to Your call

If in the twilight once in a while - I almost remember what makes You smile
Or if I rise before the dawn - Or take a walk across the lawn
Or count the stars before their gone - Would it be then
Would I be silent enough to have known
The words that You tell me when we're alone
And maybe I would go from there - With joy enough to give and share
And love enough to reach and care - And live life again

In the wisdom of eternity - Does it matter, Lord, at all
If I play my part and run the race - Forgetting in my frantic pace
The love that once responded to Your call

How can I tell You what I don't know - Images come and images go
This is more than pantomime - More than taking steps in time
This is more than words that rhyme - This is my heart
So how can I tell You - What will I say
Searching for words till words fade away
Leaving me alone and still - Standing in the silence till
Nothing's left except Your will
Through all my heart

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Lyrics - Project Sing!

The River Leads You Home

Come to the water of life
There's a river that flows
And it flows to meet your need
Is there a valley so dark
That the Light when entering in
Cannot make it clear to see
Will you come, though it means laying it down
All the endless carrying of other things
On a road that can never lead to a throne or a crown
Why do you wait in the valley dark and deep
Where the voices only weep
When the river leads you home
Ah... Ah... the river leads you home
Ah... Ah... the river leads you home

Up on the mountains above
There are streams that flow with love
And the sun is shining there
See how the light and the shade
Sing the song perfection made
And the place is yours to share
Will you come, though it means leaving behind
What was yours in the work yard of emptiness
Where the soul never rests and payday does not satisfy
When all the while there's a stream flowing near
And the water's crystal clear
And the river leads you home
Ah... Ah... the river leads you home
Ah... Ah... the river leads you home

Come, I will take your life in Mine
In the glory you will find
You'll forget the things you lost
None who have found the crystal stream
Have regretted what may seem
Like a sacrifice or cost
Have you heard, you're the reason why My love
Reaching down to you from a place above
Bled for your heart and cried for the tears you've known
So if My love went the distance, paid it all
Will you answer to the call
And let the river lead you home
Ah... Ah... the river leads you home
Ah... Ah... the river leads you home

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Lyrics - Project Sing!

The Song

There's a song: my heart has heard it
Soft across the fields of time
And none can know its love-bought meaning
Except for those who hear the lines
Written in the dawn at sunrise
Written in the stars at night
Where the ocean meets the river
Where the mountains touch the sky

One by one, today, tomorrow
Come to be, then come to pass
Like a book, the heart remembers
What was done and what will last
But nothing is to last forever
Except what lives to always be
And what we take and what we borrow
Are only ours when we are free

Free to sing the song forever
Free to climb the highest place
Like a child with joy and laughter
Running into Love's embrace
Sing the song and learn the meaning
Love-bought meaning, loving still
Yours to sing the song forever
Yours to climb the highest hill

Jesus is our Grand Companion
He whose blood was freely shed
Blood that washes sin and sorrow
Flowed from hands and feet and head
Let us sing His song forever
Song of Life and Victory
Run the race His heart has given
Till time becomes eternity

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Lyrics - Project Sing!

Reach Out And Bring 'Em Along

What do you do when your neighbor tries to hurt you - Reach out and bring 'em along
What do you do when the ones you love desert you - Reach out and bring 'em along
What can you do for the hopeless and the broken - Reach out and bring 'em along
And for the one who thinks you're only jokin' - Reach out and bring 'em along

Is there a place - no there's no place like the place where we're goin'
Is there a place - no there's no place like the Kingdom of God - No, no, no, no
Are you along - Yes, I'm along for the ride and the work and the wonder
Look at the fields - Lift up your eyes - Someone you are passing by says

Will you take me to where the water flows for a thirsty soul
Have you found a Voice of Love with words
that are strong and pure and whole
If you have what I've never known, will you share what you have with me
I've been searching and trying - Something inside me is dying

What do you do with the people who annoy you - Reach out and bring 'em along
What do you do with the ones who would destroy you - Reach out and bring 'em along
What can you do for the lonely and forgotten - Reach out and bring 'em along
Around the world from Manila to "Monhotten"
Reach out and bring 'em along

Is there a place - no there's no place like the place where we're goin'
Is there a place - no there's no place like the Kingdom of God - No, no, no, no
Are you along - Yes, I'm along for the ride and the work and the wonder
Look at the fields - Lift up your eyes - Someone you are passing by says

Will you take me to where the water flows for a thirsty soul
Have you found a Voice of Love with words
that are strong and pure and whole
If you have what I've never known, will you share what you have with me
I've been searching and trying - Something inside me is dying

What do you do when your neighbor tries to hurt you - Reach out and bring 'em along
What do you do when the ones you love desert you - Reach out and bring 'em along
What can you do for the hopeless and the broken - Reach out and bring 'em along
And for the one who thinks you're only jokin' - Reach out and bring 'em along

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Lyrics - Project Sing!

These Shall Sing Bright Heaven's Music

These shall sing bright heaven's music
Songs of angels sung below
Wrapped in light as with a garment
Flowing peace from soul to soul
All who come will hear the music
All the blessed will understand
None shall perish from His keeping
Whom he holds in His own hand

These shall hear and these shall follow
What they hold none can deny
It is written in the promise
Given them from God on high
Turn to all who've heard the message
Tell to all the world around
Heaven has touched the earth with singing
Earth holds heaven's holy sound

Heaven has touched the earth with singing
Earth holds heaven's holy sound

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

A Little Bit Like This

I have questions about Christmas time which maybe there's no way of knowing
Do camels' backs really have holes in them so you can see where you're going
Tell me did the Christmas star have all those little lights in it
And was there an extension cord going all the way up to it
And did the angels come with lights to light their hair
And when they were waiting did they watch from the stairs

Was it a little bit like this - If you and I had been there on that night
Would we have seen angels lift their hands to heaven
While their praises echoed all around the Bethlehem sky
And if we had followed with the wise men
Crossing the desert till we found the Baby King
Would we have known their joy and bliss when we kneeled and gave Him gifts
Tell me was it just a little bit like this
Maybe just a little bit, but still, a little bit like this

I've been looking at the manger scene; was Joseph's favorite color red
And where did all those little shepherd boys
Get those cool things that wrap around your head
And some of those fluffy sheep with wool to keep them warm
Did they also have pink coats on them
And how much does a sheep weigh if you try to carry it
All the way to Bethlehem

Was it a little bit like this - If you and I had been there on that night
Would we have seen angels lift their hands to heaven
While their praises echoed all around the Bethlehem sky
And if we had followed with the wise men
Crossing the desert till we found the Baby King
Would we have known their joy and bliss when we kneeled and gave Him gifts
Tell me was it just a little bit like this
Maybe just a little bit, but still, a little bit like...

And maybe I'll never know the answers to all these questions
But this much I can tell you - Jesus lives, and I know
Every year when we gather at Christmas
It's not about the rich tradition
It's all about the Savior and the gift He gives
New Life He gives

Was it a little bit like this - If you and I had been there on that night
Would we have seen angels lift their hands to heaven
While their praises echoed all around the Bethlehem sky
And if we had followed with the wise men
Crossing the desert till we found the Baby King
Would we have known their joy and bliss when we kneeled and gave Him gifts
Tell me was it just a little bit like this
Maybe just a little bit, but still, a little bit like this
A little bit like this - A little bit like this

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Christmas At Crosstown

Outside the stars were spinning
Winter winds blew cold
Inside Christmas trimmings
Warmed the heart and soul
Music filled the evening
Music was the call
We gathered there to hear the sounds
That drew us one and all
That drew us one and all

And laughter filled the chamber
Though sometimes tears would fall
But either way we shared the joy
And wonder of it all
There were only a dozen tables
And five times as many chairs
But we heard and thought on Christmas
And we worshiped Jesus there

Oh, the night was holy
Like the night so long before
In our imagination
Shepherds came to the door
And Wise Men made the journey
They made the journey long
All these things we know so well
We visited in song
We visited in song

And laughter filled the chamber
Though sometimes tears would fall
But either way we shared the joy
And wonder of it all
There were only a dozen tables
And five times as many chairs
But we heard and thought on Christmas
And we worshiped Jesus there

There were only a dozen tables
And five times as many chairs
But we heard and thought on Christmas
And we worshiped Jesus there

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Christmas Eve By Grandpa's Favorite Chair

Seems like every year at Christmas time
I can hear the old familiar chime
From the clock that stood beside the stair
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

Every year it started just the same
He would tell us how the angel came
To a girl whose heart was like a prayer
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

Then the story turned to Bethlehem
It was crowded in the village inn
Just a manger and a stable bare
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

There were shepherds in the fields at night
Who were startled by a holy light
And they left their flocks in God's own care
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

Then he told us how the Christmas star
Led the wise men who were traveling far
Bringing purest gold and spices rare
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

Then we sang the Christmas songs again
Thought of peace on earth, good will to men
And our voices filled the midnight air
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

Simple memories can still inspire
Treasured moments by the parlor fire
With the whole extended family there
Christmas Eve by Grandpa's favorite chair

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Do You Hear A Love Song?

It was like He picked up a brush
And dipped it in the colors that only His heart knew
Then on the canvas
Wrapped in mist and starlight He painted
All that you and I every Christmas remember
This is His canvas
And you and I, we watch - Sometimes on bended knee

May I ask, tell me... Do you hear...
Do you hear a love song - God's perfect love song
Cradled in a manger - Kissed by a girl
There in the silence - Deep in the shadows
Love songs were flowing - Over the world

It was like He picked up a pen
And dipped it in the inkwell and held it a moment
Then wrote the music
Spilled across the pages His Heart song
Every note and line, every rest, every measure
This is His music
And you and I, we listen - Sometimes on bended knee

May I ask, tell me... Do you hear...
Do you hear a love song - God's perfect love song
Cradled in a manger - Kissed by a girl
There in the silence - Deep in the shadows
Love songs were flowing - Over the world

May I ask, tell me... Do you hear...
Do you hear a love song - God's perfect love song
Cradled in a manger - Kissed by a girl
There in the silence - Deep in the shadows
Love songs were flowing - Over the world

Love songs were flowing - Over the world

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

How Can Light Embrace The Darkness?

How can Light embrace the darkness
How can warmth take in the cold
How can joy invade my sorrow
New life take the place of old
How do smiles grow up from tears
How does Love drive out all fears
And how can words and music show
How could anybody know
How far would the Father go
To show He loved the world

Here in the dirt, the grime of humanity
Here in the filth, the hatred, the scorn
He took it all just like the guilt was His own
And He suffered in silence, He died alone
Oh, how can I see in His form so fair
The sin of the world suspended there

How can Light embrace the darkness
How can warmth take in the cold
How can joy invade my sorrow
New life take the place of old
How do smiles grow up from tears
How does Love drive out all fears
And how can words and music show
How could anybody know
How far would the Father go
To show He loved the world

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

I Have Loved It All

I have walked through drifting snow
while winter winds blew cold across the ground
and I have loved it all
I have stood where winter sunlight
painted birch trees white and tan and brown
and I have loved it all
Angels in the forest walking may not leave the tracks I leave
Still I wonder if their wings brush snow a little
from the trees - Oh
Do not tell me, I would rather dream my dream
while walking through the snow
I would have it so
for I have loved, I have loved it all

I have stood by mountain streams
where even in the winter cold they sing
and I have loved it all
Not enough to wait in silence, I have learned
to softly sing along
and I have loved the song
Someday there will be a river flowing far down by the sea
Singing there the song we sang together
where the mountain trees grow
Tall and taller, reaching high as though to catch
the sunset's amber glow
I would have it so
for I have loved, I have loved it all

By the firelight, glowing firelight
I have read those thoughts from long ago
and I have loved the words
Angels praising, shepherds running
baby sleeping in a manger low
and I have loved the words
Brightest star and wise men seeking
Bowing down and worshiping
Gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh
to place before the King - Oh
I have read and I have wondered by the fire
or walking through the snow
I would have it so
for I have loved, I have loved it all
I have loved, I have loved it all

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

I Saw It In His Eyes

In the quiet of the evening
When the candles burn low
I saw myself in the window's reflection
Looking out across the snow
And far away looking down on the world
The stars shone through the night
And I bowed my head by the windowsill
And thanked God for the Light

The light of life is in His eyes
The look of love, to my surprise
Reached out across the great divide to take my hand
I do not know the price of love
I only know I'll be forever grateful
And I bowed my head beside the window

In the quiet of the evening
When the fire burns low
I took my coat from the wall where it's hanging
And walked out across the snow
And far away looking down on the world
The moon shone through the night
And I bowed my head by the old stone wall
And thanked God for the Light

The light of life is in His eyes
The look of love, to my surprise
Reached out across the great divide to take my hand
I do not know the price of love
I only know I'll be forever grateful
And I bowed my head beside the old stone wall

The light of life
The look of love
I saw it in His eyes

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

I Wish I Was

Let's play the game - Okay
the game of I Wish I Was
or Wouldn't It Be Nice To Be Something In The Bible
Let's see - I'm thinking - I guess for me
I know I've got it!
I wish I was a shepherd on the night the angels came to tell the good news
I wish I was running barefoot through the fields
'cause I always run faster with no shoes
Where is the baby, oh where is the child?
Do you hear someone crying or a mother softly singing in the night?
Who goes there? Just shepherds
Just shepherds running through the night
What was that? You heard it from angels? Really? Wild!
Move along then, wide awake shepherds
Go see the Child, go see the Child

Go see the Baby, go see the Child
And worship Him there for me because
'cause I wish I was

I wish I was a wise man in the east the night the star of Bethlehem shone
I wish I was riding camels on the sand
not exactly sure where I was goin'
Where is the baby, oh where is the child?
Do you hear someone crying or a mother softly singing in the night?
Who goes there? Just wise men
Just wise men riding through the night
What was that? You saw a bright star? Really? Wild!
Move along then, camel ridin' wise men
Go see the Child, go see the Child

Go see the Baby, go see the Child
And worship Him there for me because
'cause I wish I was... I wish I was...
I wish I was... I wish... I was

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

In Quiet Little Bethlehem

In quiet little Bethlehem
A little Baby lay
And none who saw Him lying there
Will e'er forget that day
When round His little manger bed
Remembering what the angel said
They gazed in quiet wonder at
The Savior of the world

And every year at Christmas time
In every town on earth
The ones who know His healing touch
Still wonder at His birth
And every year the wonder grows
The King of Kings in swaddling clothes
A virgin mother holds her child
The Savior of the world

And every year the wonder grows
The King of Kings in swaddling clothes
A virgin mother holds her child
The Savior of the world

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Love Song At Christmas

In the quiet my imagination drifted to a warm and beautiful place where Jesus was the audience and all the Christmas plays from all across the land came there to be performed, and I watched from one corner of the room till all was finished and the world was fast asleep.

As we were getting ready to leave, I turned and said... I saw You smiling, Lord. Many times. There was that elementary school with the real baby in the manger. The little fellow woke up and cried and cried. Every eye in the place watched as Mary handed off the baby to its real mother. Then, without missing a beat, she reached down deep into the manger and pulled out a doll. I saw the smile in Your eyes, Lord.

Then there were moments too deep for laughter: that country church with the boy, dressed in rags, singing "All I have to give You is my heart." But You knew, Lord, this year... circumstances being what they are... that really is all he has to give. The little boy's asleep now, and the church is silent, but...

Just before the light from this last candle dies away
Just before we put back the manger and the hay
And lift again the latch on this old wooden door
Would You mind if we stayed just one moment more
So I can kneel like the shepherds did who ran through the night
Let me bow like the wise men did who followed the light
May I sing with the angel choir good news of great joy
May I love you as much as that one little boy

There were thoughtful moments too. There was a place where the girl playing Mary was too sick to come. Hastily they dressed someone else for the part, but there wasn't even a doll to lay in the manger. "Don't worry," said the teacher. "No one will see." But the girl didn't want an empty manger, so she ran to the nursery where there were all kinds of stuffed animals. She chose... a lamb.

And the girl who was sick at home sat by the fire and sang "Away In A Manger" while she rocked her doll to sleep. Her mother, walking through, noticed the tears on the little girl's face. "Do you cry," she asked, "because you couldn't go tonight?" The child shook her head. "No," she said, "I was just pretending I was really holding Him." That girl's asleep now, and the living room is silent, but...

Just before the light from this warm fire dies away
Just before we put back the manger and the hay
And lift again the latch on this old wooden door
Would You mind if we stayed just one moment more
So I can kneel like the shepherds did who ran through the night
Let me bow like the wise men did who followed the light
May I sing with the angel choir good news to the world
May I love you as much as that one little girl

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Lullaby

Tiny Babe, sleep away the night
In a world of lonely darkness
You have come, the Light
Tonight it's hard
Finding words to say
Men have looked for years with longing
For this very day

Shepherds come to see the Baby
Wise men, leave your distant land
Angels give the Father glory
Peace, good will to men
Tiny Babe, sleep away the night
In a world of lonely darkness
You have come, the Light

Tiny Babe, when the morning comes
You'll begin your long, long journey
To a Roman cross
But not tonight, while the world is calm
Give your heart to silent sleeping
In your mother's arms

Soon enough the bread will be broken
Soon enough the blood will flow
What You'll face on lonely Calvary
No one else will know
But not tonight, while the world is calm
Give your heart to silent sleeping
In your mother's arms
In your mother's arms

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Mary Tucked Him In

Once in Bethlehem
Back of the inn
God wore swaddling clothes
Mary tucked Him in

Hear that tiny child
Crying in the night
Mary holds Him now
Sings a lullaby

Angels watching Him
From the sky
Saw His tiny form
Heard His tiny cry

Night of mystery
Night of love and joy
Who can comprehend
God, a little boy

Once in Bethlehem
Back of the inn
God wore swaddling clothes
Mary tucked Him in
Mary tucked Him in

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Once In A Manger

Once in a manger and once on a hill
Each year we sing it and yet it moves us still
Love reaching all the way no matter what the cost
Taking their likeness, He lived among the lost

And outside the city walls He carried all their sin
Even His birthplace was outside the inn
Once in a manger the Father gave His Son
Gift of love to love a hurting world

Once in a manger and once on a hill
All through His lifetime He did His Father's will
So many noticed Him, but few understood
He knew rejection when all He was was good

And outside the city walls He carried all their sin
Even His birthplace was outside the inn
Once in a manger the Father gave His Son
Gift of love to love a hurting world

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

One Dark And Starry Night

Only a little Boy - Sleeping in Bethlehem's stable
by the inn - Only a little Boy
Just a tiny Child - Who would have thought it then
All the things that would happen there
before the story ends - Only a Little One
But the heart-cry of the world had found an answer
And the ones who sat in darkness saw the Light
Just a tiny little Baby - One dark and starry night

Only a little town - Cradled in the landscape
of Judea - Only a little town
Just a few small streets, a place to buy and sell
A sturdy inn for travelers, a town square
and a well - Only a village
But the Son of God was sleeping there in a manger
And shepherds saw the glory shining bright
Just a tiny little village - One dark and starry night

He took the lowest place of all
He knew our sorrow and our need
His was the hand for all who fall
His was the heart for all who bleed
He took our sin and then
He conquered death to rise again - And we remember
Though sometimes it's kind of hard to comprehend
How could Jesus be...

Only a little Boy - Sleeping in Bethlehem's stable
by the inn - Only a little Boy
Just a tiny Child - Mary held Him then
Who would have ever thought
where the story'd end - Only a Little One
But the heart-cry of the world had found an answer
And for all our deepest darkness He brought Light
Right there in Bethlehem - With its town square
and its manger - And one little Baby
One dark and starry night

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Song Of The Silent Inn

Say, did you know there was born a baby last night
Right there in the stable
You can see it from the window
And there's a story today about a holy light
That shone in the fields around
Out there where the road leaves town
And I keep on thinking how close we were to it all
How close to the story - How close to the glory

You and I, we might have been there to see His tiny form
The straw that filled the manger up
The rags to keep Him warm
You and I, we might have been there
To celebrate the Child
The prophets saw so many years before
But we were sleeping in the night - Not very far away
Sleeping just outside the stable door

So here we are two thousand years since then
And just like we've done before
We sing the same songs again
We read the same story round the fire at night
While the tiny Christmas bows
Reflect the candlelight
I wonder, has it dawned on us how close we are
How close to the story - How close to the glory

It's as though we still can be there to see His tiny form
The straw that fills the manger up
The rags to keep Him warm
It's as though we still can be there
To celebrate the Child
The prophets saw so many years before
But we're sleeping in the night - Not very far away
Sleeping just outside the stable door

You know there's a broad way, and it's very easy
But the ending is the saddest of them all
And then there's a narrow way and a few who find it
But the ones who do are like the shepherds who
Can tell the story, 'cause they see the glory

All the world's invited to see His tiny form
The straw that fills the manger up
The rags to keep Him warm
All the world's invited to celebrate the Child
The prophets saw so many years before
But we're sleeping in the night - Not very far away
Sleeping just outside the stable door

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

That Made It Christmas

Let's talk a little while of Christmas
Let's talk a while on what it means
We know it's not the candles and the trimmings
Or what we do on Christmas Eve
It isn't kids admiring all the presents
It isn't all the carols that we sing
For none of this was there at the beginning
It's almost hard to believe

There were no lights, no fancy ribbons
There were no sleigh bells ringing in the snow
There were no hand-blown ornaments or stockings hanging in a row
But there was Jesus, and when you get down to it
That's all you need to change the world from dark to light
Then you can sing the songs and send the gifts and celebrate
But you gotta have Jesus or the whole thing's empty
It all becomes one big expensive show
But not in Bethlehem - they started with nothing
Then there was Jesus - and that made it Christmas

You finally finish all the shopping
Your favorite cookies fill the jar
You spent the hours with recipes and gift wrap
You signed your name and mailed the cards
And when at last from all of your endeavors
You settle down to share a moment's peace - oh
That's when your mind drifts back to the beginning
It's almost hard to believe

There were no lights, no fancy ribbons
There were no sleigh bells ringing in the snow
There were no hand-blown ornaments or stockings hanging in a row
But there was Jesus, and when you get down to it
That's all you need to change the world from dark to light
Then you can sing the songs and send the gifts and celebrate
But you gotta have Jesus or the whole thing's empty
It all becomes one big expensive show
But not in Bethlehem - they started with nothing
Then there was Jesus - and that made it Christmas

No hand-blown ornaments... no sleigh bells ringing...
Only Jesus... that made it Christmas

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

The Camels Walked

In the far away east there were living some wise men
And they knew by studying the stars in the sky
That a King had been born who would rule in Jerusalem
And so they packed their bags for a long, long ride
When they came to the villages they kept riding
When they came to the desert they kept riding
You know they kept riding

But the camels walked
You know the camels walked
All the camels walked
All the way to Bethlehem

After many, many days they arrived in Jerusalem
And they asked about the newborn King of the Jews
“He isn’t here,” they said, “you’ll have to go on to Bethlehem.”
But what a stir they caused in the evening news
When they came to the villages they kept riding
When they came to the desert they kept riding
You know they kept riding

But the camels walked
You know the camels walked
All the camels walked
All the way to Bethlehem

But the camels walked
You know the camels walked
All the camels walked
All the way to Bethle - 1234

But the camels walked
You know the camels walked
All the camels walked
All the way to Bethle - hem

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

There Was A Manger

There was a manger and there was a little Child
There was a silent night
There were some shepherds watching late
And I don't suppose they ever thought they'd see
The Son of God take on humanity
But as the Good Shepherd, maybe that's why it's right
He would be found by those who watch the sheep at night

Over and over, and on as the years go by
We're telling the story: there will be wise men traveling far
And perhaps they knew the writings of the wise
Could never match the joy or the surprise
How fitting that wisdom is seeking Him from the start
And that He is found by those who seek with all their heart

Do you wonder if the star of Bethlehem -
Does it shine today for those who seek
Do you wonder if the angels sing again
The song of good will and peace
Do you wonder if the town of Bethlehem
Was full of people just like you and me
Maybe just like them there are things we still don't see

What if I told you everything's still the same
There are still shepherds in the field
There are still angel voices strong
And the song of life, so mighty and so bold
Is just as true as when it first was told
And just like the wise men, isn't our joy complete
And isn't it best when we worship at His feet

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Welcome Back, Sweet December

Welcome back, sweet December - You're still the season of Joy
I'm at the manger once again looking at a little baby boy
Wish I could hold him - Wish I could hold his tiny little hand in mine
Wish I could rock him back to sleep again - Little tiny baby boy

It can be lonely out on the silent hillside
It can be lonely watching the sheep at night
But then the angel came with good news that startled them
They left their sheep behind to go and see the sight
With hearts that were beating faster and faster
And footsteps were flying quicker and quicker
The closer they got to the baby
That's why we're singing it

Welcome back, sweet December - You're still the season of Joy
I'm at the manger once again looking at a little baby boy
Wish I could hold him - Wish I could hold his tiny little hand in mine
Wish I could rock him back to sleep again - Little tiny baby boy

It can be lonely out on the silent desert
It can be lonely walking the sand at night
But when the star they saw in the east appeared again
Their hearts rejoiced with joy to see the holy light
With hearts that were beating faster and faster
And footsteps were flying quicker and quicker
The closer they got to the baby
That's why we're singing it

Welcome back, sweet December - You're still the season of Joy
I'm at the manger once again looking at a little baby boy
Wish I could hold him - Wish I could hold his tiny little hand in mine
Wish I could rock him back to sleep again - Little tiny baby boy

Welcome back, sweet December
Welcome back, season of Joy

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

What Does A Gift Say?

What does a gift say
You wrap it up in shiny paper; try to get all the edges right
Put the tape on good and tight
What does a gift mean
You count your friends and you think a while; try to find what will make them smile
You hope it says something more than just the everyday
The passing word
That in the long, long line of gifts and giving
Something else is heard

You could be a wanderer, you could be a worshiper
You could be a young, young shepherd boy holding a little lamb
You could look up at the stars at night
And see messages no one else sees written in the light
And you could take treasure and set out across the land
You could be a troubadour, singing words of the ages
Write your name down with authors and sages
Climb the heights with only the brave and strong
But in the final song, when you write all the stories down
There's a Baby King who may not wear a crown
You may not hear the angels' mighty sound
But when you kneel by the manger bed in a stable small
You'll find the Word made flesh was the gift that said it all

What does a gift say
Can it share the heart of one giving - Can it carry words that are living
Or is it just an echo
What does a gift mean
Is it somehow only a token, hiding words that can never be spoken
Though you hope it says something more than just the everyday
The passing word
That in the long, long line of gifts and giving
Something else is heard

You could be a wanderer, you could be a worshiper
You could be a young, young shepherd boy holding a little lamb
You could look up at the stars at night
And see messages no one else sees written in the light
And you could take treasure and set out across the land
You could be a troubadour, singing words of the ages
Write your name down with authors and sages
Climb the heights with only the brave and strong
But in the final song, when you write all the stories down
There's a Baby King who may not wear a crown
You may not hear the angels' mighty sound
But when you kneel by the manger bed in a stable small
You'll find the Word made flesh is still the gift that says it all

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Where The Star Shines Down

Night like a thousand nights before
Who would have known?
One afternoon, one evening more
Bright promise knocking at the door
Who would have known?
But those who watch, watch in the fields
They keep the sheep though long the night
To these, to these there comes a holy light

Where the star shines down there's a baby
God's own gift to the world this Christmas morn
And you can see for yourself if you're following
The place where the Savior is born
And there is joy for the angels in heaven
And there is peace for the followers on earth
On the wings of the night there's a message for all who listen
Come see the Lord at His birth
Where the star shines down there's a baby
Jesus, the Savior, is born

Each mile like hundreds gone before
Keep traveling on
One afternoon, one evening more
Bright hope past some far distant door
Keep traveling on
For those who watch, watch all the sky
They hear the stars speak in the night
To these, to these the promise told by light

Where the star shines down there's a baby
God's own gift to the world this Christmas morn
And you can see for yourself if you're following
The place where the Savior is born
And there is joy for the angels in heaven
And there is peace for the followers on earth
On the wings of the night there's a message for all who listen
Come see the Lord at His birth
Where the star shines down there's a baby
Jesus, the Savior, is born

Jesus, the Savior, is born

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Lyrics - Christmas Songs

Worshipping

Where do I look to find what my heart
Silently seeks to find
Where is the song I've been waiting to sing
Who put this thought in my mind
How can it be when my world keeps on spinning
I'm still in search of a piece I've been missing
I'm wondering... wondering...

How many years have faded away
Like leaves in the fall they fly
Winter's cold winds, and the warm breeze of summer
And still I'm along for the ride
Why is it then when it comes to December
There's something it seems I forgot to remember
I'm wondering... wondering...

Starlight and mystery and questions I should have known the answers to...
and yet it still escapes my point of view

Under the tree, a tall Christmas tree
A small wooden manger lies
But small wooden shepherds don't run through the fields
And small wooden babies don't cry
How far removed is this crude little cradle
From what really happened that night in the stable
I'm wondering... wondering...

And is what I need as far, far away
As this wooden manger seems
Have I been playing a part that's required
And not really living the dream
What if the light, bright as dawn when it's breaking
Is mine for the asking, and mine for the taking
I'm wondering... wondering...

Daylight and mystery and questions You came to be the Answer to...
with light and life for all who follow You

So this moment goes as others have gone
Like years in a story told
I put down the pieces I've held in reflection
And leave like the shepherds of old
Something is new in the heart of my story
I felt for a moment the love and the glory
I'm worshipping... worshipping...

Daylight and mystery and questions You came to be the Answer to...
with light and life for all who follow You
worshipping... worshipping... worshipping...

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Lyrics - Fun Songs

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Me And My Stuffed Animals And Me - 97

Shoo Bop Shoo Bop To Moms - 98

Singing The Songs Of Summertime - 99-100

Lyrics - Fun Songs

A Day In Ocean Grove

Every day is like a new beginning
Every morning starts another chance
Take today - I spilled my glass of orange juice
All over my pants
After changing into something drier
After eating toast and scrambled eggs
I went out and fell into a thorn bush
Did a job on my legs
Said my friends to me - You have a problem
Said my friends - It shouldn't be this way
I just laughed and said - Now who's complaining
On the whole this really is a fine, fine day

When I finished washing all my bruises
When the bandages were all in place
In my rush to try to get to Thornley
I fell down on my face
Now my nose was red from all the bleeding
My eyes were red from trying not to cry
My face was red from sliding on the pavement
Still I held my head high
Said my friends to me - You have a problem
Said my friends - It shouldn't be this way
I just laughed and said - Now who's complaining
On the whole this really is a fine, fine day

After Thornley, then we went to tryouts
All my friends were singing really fine
They got parts like Peter Pan and Wendy
I'm narrator nine
Later on the tide was going out so
I built a castle, best I ever did
I placed it where the waves would never reach it
My brother "reached" it instead
Said my friends to me - You have a problem
Said my friends - It shouldn't be this way
I just laughed and said - Now who's complaining
On the whole this really is a fine, fine day

So I want to tell you in conclusion
My day turned out exactly as I said
But if I ever spill a glass of orange juice
I think I'll go back to bed!

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Lyrics - Fun Songs

La La Lo La La Lo

If you asked me - where would I be without you
I don't know what I'd tell you, but I know this much for sure
I'd be way down over around somewhere
but it wouldn't be my homeland
I'd be singing a song, but it wouldn't be the song I sing with you

La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo
La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo

If you asked me - what would I do without you
I don't know what I'd tell you, but I know this much for sure
I'd be long lost second cousins, twice removed
but at someone else's picnic
I'd be running a race, but it wouldn't be the race I run with you

La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo
La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo

All day, this way, these are the thoughts I'm thinking about you
All night, I dream, I dream of one I love
Each day, you come, dancing on my imagination
I fall, you pick me up

If you asked me - what would I sing without you
I don't know what I'd tell you, but I know this much for sure
I'd be down home strumming on an old guitar
but it wouldn't be my heart song
I'd be playing away, but it wouldn't be the song I play with you

La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo
La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo

La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo
La La Lo La La Lo La La Lo Le (x3)
La La Lo La La Lo

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Lyrics - Fun Songs

Me And My Stuffed Animals And Me

Through the forest we go walking
Me and my stuffed animals and me
All alone there I do my talking
And that's when my collection talks to me
Anything - We could spend half the day discussing anything
Doesn't matter what it is
Just as long as we're together
Me and my stuffed animals and me

In the night time we go dreaming
Me and my stuffed animals and me
In the starlight softly gleaming
That's when my collection dreams with me
Anywhere - We can sail through the night to almost anywhere
Doesn't matter where we go
Just as long as we're together
Me and my stuffed animals and me

This one, maybe this one's the smartest one of all
Then again, this one here seems to know so many things
One is brave, one is strong, one comes running when I call
Which is best? I don't know - Guess I'll have to keep them all

In the evening, just relaxing
Me and my stuffed animals and me
Nothing trying, nothing taxing
My collection in the park with me
Fireflies - We could spend half the night just chasing fireflies
Or try to catch a falling star
What a great day to spend together
Me and my stuffed animals and me
Me and my stuffed animals and me
Me and my stuffed animals... and me

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Lyrics - Fun Songs

Shoo Bop Shoo Bop To Moms

(Youth Choirs - St. Paul's - Ocean Grove)

Shoo ba doo Shoo ba wa wa Shoo ba doo Shoo ba wa wa
Shoo ba doo Shoo ba wa wa Oo Oo

One thing about Moms I can tell you
And I'm getting to be quite an expert
I've been watching my Mom since the day I was born
She takes a really good look at your report card
Always checks to make sure you're working hard
And she knows without looking if your room has
Anything on the floor

So if you walk around town and you see somebody who
Says things that sound like the following
You can't go outside till you clean up your room first
No TV till you're done with your homework
Please tell her how much I love her
Tell her all the things I appreciate
And if you don't know her name, she's sitting right there - Hi Mom!
Won't you tell her how much I love her
Especially tell her I'm done with my homework
And let her know for sure this Mother's Day
I'm honoring you

Shoo ba wa wa Shoo ba doo Shoo ba wa wa
Shoo ba doo Shoo ba wa wa Oo Oo

Another thing about Moms I can tell you
And I consider myself an authority
She's been buying me stuff since before I was born
And I've been eating up meals by the thousands
All the snacks I've had can't be counted
I found her times without number in the kitchen
Cooking up a storm

So if you walk around town and you see somebody who
Says things that sound like the following
You can't leave the table till you finish your supper and
No dessert if you don't eat your broccoli
Please tell her how much I love her
Tell her all the things I appreciate
And if you don't know her name, she's sitting right there - Hi Mom!
Won't you tell her how much I love her
Especially tell her I finished my broccoli
And let her know for sure this Mother's Day
I'm honoring you

Shoo ba wa wa Shoo ba doo Shoo ba wa wa
Shoo ba doo I'm honoring you Shoo Bop Bop

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Lyrics - Fun Songs

Singing The Songs Of Summertime

I was standing on the corner of Benson and Cookman
And if someone had asked exactly what I was doing
I don't know if I could have explained it at all
You see, there's something about Ocean Grove in the fall
I was walking on Central towards Founder's Park
With the winter sun setting and the sky getting dark
I cannot explain it so I'll leave it at this
You see, there's something about Ocean Grove at Christmas
Right on the corner of New Jersey and Main
There were bright flowers dancing in the late April rain
High overhead I heard a skybird sing
As if to say - this is Ocean Grove in the spring

But whatever the season, I want you to know
Whether sunshine or spring rain, heat wave or snow
Heat wave or snow? Heat wave or snow!

And you can sing this on the front porch of the Ocean Vista... you'll be...

Singing the songs of summertime, singing the songs of summertime
Singing the songs of summertime on the streets of Ocean Grove

If you start on the corner of Pitman and Beach
Then go two blocks north and make a right toward the sea
Travel seven blocks south (on your left there'll be sand)
Then go west, yes, west, about as far as you can
When the road comes to an end, you'll have to go left or right
So walk three blocks left and then go right, left, right
You'll be coming now to the corner of Benson and Clark
If you find you're not there, then I don't know where you are...

But wherever you find yourself skipping through town
Just remember to spread a little music around
Music around? Music around!

(continued)

Lyrics - Fun Songs

(Singing The Songs Of Summertime - continued)

And you can sing this from the third floor balcony of the Ocean Vista... you'll be...

Singing the songs of summertime, singing the songs of summertime
Singing the songs of summertime on the streets of Ocean Grove

Now Abbott and Surf, they don't see one another
And Stockton and Olin have to call to each other
Some streets are wide and some kinda little
Pennsylvania and Embury meet in the middle
Some streets are named after mountains or states
While others are named for the beach or the lakes
And if you want to find your way from Inskip to Heck
Don't ask me because I haven't found it yet

And if you live on Frankli-Cook-Broad-Pit-McClint-
Forget finding your house - just go live in a tent
Live in a tent? Live in a tent!

But be sure to watch the fireworks from the front sidewalk
of the Ocean Vista... I said the Ocean Vista... you'll be...

Singing the songs of summertime, singing the songs of summertime
Singing the songs of summertime on the streets of Ocean Grove

Singing the songs of summertime, singing the songs of summertime
Singing the songs of summertime...
on the streets of Ocean... I said the streets of Ocean
We're talking the streets of Ocean Grove

And if you have the courage to sing this at the front desk of the Ocean Vista,
they'll give you a free glass of water

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Lyrics - Life Songs

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Lyrics - Life Songs

A Card

What if on the week of Valentine's Day
Jesus sent you a card
I wonder what He'd say if He did it that way
Or is imagining that too hard
Maybe He'd tell you the things you've wanted
to believe for a long, long time
Maybe He'd tell you that your worth isn't measured
by the ones who don't want you
or the ones who don't treasure you
What if He surprised you with a smile and a song
And made you feel at last like you really belong

If He said, "I love you," would you believe Him
If He said, "I want you," would you receive Him
If He said, "I'm coming to take you," would you be ready
If He bled and died on a cross with a heart crushed and broken,
would you follow - when He said, "Be Mine."

What if on the week of Valentine's Day
Jesus looked through my eyes
What if He saw in all my friends around me
Things I haven't realized
Maybe He treasures them in ways I don't see
In ways I don't understand
What if He sees a deep, valuable something
in the ones I walk by seeing almost nothing
What if He looked through my eyes for a day
I wonder what I'd feel if he did it that way

If He said, "I love you," would you believe Him
If He said, "I want you," would you receive Him
If He said, "I'm coming to take you," would you be ready
If He bled and died on a cross with a heart crushed and broken,
would you follow - when He said, "Be Mine."

What if on the week of Valentine's Day
Jesus sent you a card

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Lyrics - Life Songs

An Encouragement To You

Can I shake your hand
Can I wish you well
Can I say hello in a meaningful way that expresses
my love for you
Can I warm your heart with a friendly smile
'Cause I really want to be an encouragement to you

Could we read God's word
Can I pray with you
And together we'll look to the Lord, our strength
He's the One who will see us through
Can I share your pain
Words of comfort bring
May the Lord use me to be an encouragement to you

And all the cares I have I take to Jesus
He told me I should cast them all on Him
And now I'd like to help you bear your burdens
I want to touch your life right where you live

Will you let me listen to the things you say
Will you let me feel what you feel
let me cry when you cry
just be there with you
Oh, the time I'd spend broken hearts to mend
May the Lord use me to be an encouragement to you

And all the cares I have I take to Jesus
He told me I should cast them all on Him
And now I'd like to help you bear your burdens
I want to touch your life right where you live

Will you let me listen to the things you say
Will you let me feel what you feel
let me cry when you cry
just be there with you
Oh, the time I'd spend broken hearts to mend
May the Lord use me to be an encouragement to you

May the Lord use me to be an encouragement to you

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Benediction

Now may the will of God be done in me
For when the will of God is done
There are a million places we can't see
That feel the warmth of love - perfect love
For all the things we share in harmony
And all the things we call our own
Will grow like seeds by the path till others come
And reap what we have sown

Now may the will of God be done in you
For when the will of God is seen
There will be people stopping long enough
To take a tiny drink from the stream
And when our hearts are gathered years from now
In places we have never seen
There will be threads in the golden tapestry
God spun with you and me

Why do we wonder? Why do we cry?
Why do we look for reasons?
All's in our Father's care - All's in His keeping

Now may the will of God, our Heavenly King
Be done in us as we go on
And may the ones who love His holy name
Be like the rising sun - bright as dawn
And may the light shine far and farther still
Until the kingdom of His Son
Is spread across all the worlds His hand has made
And all His will is done

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Children Of Holiness

Father in heaven, now while we pray
Turn all our darkness to eternal day
Melt all our hardness; all the places where we couldn't hear
Draw us closer, draw us near

Father in heaven, now while we're still
Teach us again of Your ways and Your will
Light all our darkness; all the places where we couldn't see
Make us whole and we will be

Children of holiness, children of love
Called to the purposes written above
Joy in our Father's eyes, moments of praise
Here when we realize what we're saying
What we're praying

Father in heaven, this is the time
Guard while we're making our heavenly climb
Lift us to places, higher places where we couldn't go
Teach us, Father, what we long to know

Teach us, Father, what we long to know

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Come And Pick Me Up

I remember the days when all I had to do was run out and play
And if I should happen to fall, Daddy picked me up in his arms
And if I was bleeding at all, all it took was a kiss and a Band-Aid
That's all it took and the pain was gone
If only life was as easy as then
If only my grown-up wounds were as quick to heal as then
Jesus - I need You to come and pick me up now
Heal me - I need a lot more than a kiss and a Band-Aid

Still I praise You with my heart and my song
I praise You - I praise You, Lord Jesus
Your love is my heart's deepest answer
My heart's deepest reason why I can go on
Lift me again, so high on the mountains
Of love and understanding and praise
Lift me, my Savior - You are my Answer
And sing me one of heaven's songs - And hold me
And tell me heaven's stories
Jesus, come and pick me up like then

I remember the days when all I had to do was come home from school
And then there were cookies in the jar
Chocolate chip cookies and Kool-Aid
And we played in the yard until either the sun went down
Or Mom had to call us in for supper
And my homework was long division
If only life was as easy as then
If only my grown-up questions were as quick to solve as then
Jesus - I need You to come and pick me up now
Teach me - My questions are harder than long division

Still I praise You with my heart and my song
I praise You - I praise You, Lord Jesus
Your love is my heart's deepest answer
My heart's deepest reason why I can go on
Lift me again, so high on the mountains
Of love and understanding and praise
Lift me, my Savior - You are my Answer
And sing me one of heaven's songs - And hold me
And tell me heaven's stories
Jesus, come and pick me up like then

You are my heart and my song

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Come Seeking Me

Come when you come
Carry no burdens
Carry no sorrows
Come seeking Me
Come with your friends
Savor the moments
Kneel in My presence
Find what you need

All has been done
All has been given
Share in the victory
Bright as the sun
Ask now for grace
Ask now for mercy
Live in the freedom
Jesus has won

Come when you come
Leaving behind you
All you remember
Holding you down
Stand in My strength
Speak with My wisdom
Sing with My music
Love all around

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Come To The Story That's Yours

I used to think that the one who came out on top
was the one who was strong
I used to think that the one who had all the friends
was the one who belonged
But now I know there's a different story
Now I know there is something I didn't see
It's a truth that embraces you and me

You are loved regardless of whether you're weak or whether you're strong
You are loved no matter if sometimes you feel like you didn't belong
There's a part of the story just for you
There's a place on the land intended to
Be the place where you build a dwelling
Will you come to the story that's yours
Will you come to the well that flows with water freely given

There are a thousand travelers on the road
and not one is forgotten
There are a thousand travelers passing by
and each one is known
And when our vision is tightly compacted
And when our hearts have been somehow distracted
then we don't see - the truth that embraces you and me

You are loved regardless of whether you're weak or whether you're strong
You are loved no matter if sometimes you feel like you didn't belong
There's a part of the story just for you
There's a place on the land intended to
Be the place where you build a dwelling
Will you come to the story that's yours
Will you come to the well that flows with water freely given

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Dream Of A Child's Heart

In my mind I see all the children of the world
One by one they came from villages and countries
that I don't know by name
And then as on a stage, where each one has a part
They sang to me of Jesus and freedom
And love was in my heart

These pictures on the wall - I know I can't explain
It seemed as though they moved and I was almost part
of what happened in the frame
The children of the world were dancing in the sun
And Jesus saw the circles all spinning
And loved them every one

And I felt the wonder, as though I could fly
And there were no rain clouds or thunder
to the edge of the sky
And every thought was pure, every word was true
Daylight grew brighter, skies deeper blue
All of my friends were watching it too
Jesus made all things perfectly new

Dream and dream again, till the vision starts to grow
As higher heights we climb, we learn to see again
what saints and children know
The heart at perfect rest can read the story bright
Where all of life is Jesus and freedom
In lands of endless light

In lands of endless light
Lands of endless light

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Empty After All

The crowd called - they said crucify
And the governor asked why
But they called again - do away with Him
So he washed his hands and gave Him to them
And they mocked Him and they spit on Him
And the whip flew as it tortured Him
There was bitter scorn - there was a crown of thorns
And they hated Him for loving them

But He loved them to the end
And gave His hands and feet to those who drove
the nails and prayed they'd be forgiven
And the wonder of it is
The One who died there lives
And the news is true - just like the tomb
The power of death is empty after all

And I think back all the way to Bethlehem
Just a stable bare - but the Child was there
How the shepherds found what was told to them
How the wise men came bringing gifts to Him
Then the years went by and the child grew
And He spoke the words that were strong and true
And He healed their pain and blessed them
Till the ones He made rejected Him

But He loved them to the end
And gave His hands and feet to those who drove
the nails and prayed they'd be forgiven
And the wonder of it is
The One who died there lives
And the news is true just like the tomb
The power of death is empty after all
The news is true - the power of death is empty after all
Empty after all

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Fill This House With Praise

Fill this house with praise, Lord Jesus
Fill this house with praise and teach us
 What Your heart is dreaming
 What Your eyes are longing to see
Fill our hearts with love, Lord Jesus
Come and take our hands and lead us
 To the crystal waters
 Gently flowing waters of peace

When we bow in Your holy presence we adore you
 When we kneel, other things we thought
 were so important are gone
 Fading fast from view
All we see is You, Lord - All we see is you

Fill this house with bright light shining
May the wounded hearts leave smiling
 May those bowed with care leave
 all their burdens here by Your side
When we call our friends and neighbors
 May they also find Your favor
 May they seek Your blessing
 till they come to rest in Your grace

When we bow in Your holy presence we are silent
 When we kneel, listening, we wonder
 where the time went and yet
 We cannot forget
All we found in You, Lord - All we found in You

Fill this house with praise, Lord Jesus
 Fill our hearts with love and lead us
Fill this house with bright light shining
 May the wounded hearts leave smiling

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Forever Mine

I died for you - I took your place
They were your tears running down across my face
Those were your hands I moved aside
When mine were placed there on the cross and crucified

I took your pain - I took it all
I took your judgment in the judgment hall
I took your sentence - I took your guilt
You stood and watched with all the rest when I was killed

Oh, don't you see this Easter morn
The reason why my heart was broken, crushed and torn
It's not the agony - It's not the loss
It's not the nails, the thorns, the cruelty of the cross
It's not the story you tell again
It's not how deeply you relive it with your friends
It's that My Love shines brighter than the sun can shine
I died so you could be Forever Mine

It was your grave - Your darkened room
Your body lived though while mine was in the tomb
It was your rising that Easter day
I took you with me when I rose and walked away

Oh, don't you see this Easter morn
The reason why my heart was broken, crushed and torn
It's not the stone they rolled away
It's not the celebrations everywhere today
It's not the story you tell again
It's not how deeply you relive it with your friends
It's that My Love shines brighter than the sun can shine
I died so you could be Forever Mine
I died so you could be Forever Mine

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Here Where My Heart Cries Holy

Isn't it good to be here again
Here in the house of the Lord
I'd rather be only a doorkeeper here
Than rich with the world's reward
No other place can compare to the place
God is revealed and known
Whenever I come to the house of the Lord
I feel like I'm going home

Here where my heart cries Holy
Here where my hands are raised
Now I would bring You glory
Now I would sing Your praise
Holding my gifts before You
Singing my Alleluia
Here where my heart cries Holy
Here where my heart sings praise

Isn't it good to be singing again
Singing our love to the Lord
I'd rather have music of praise on my tongue
Than all that the world can record
No royal palace could ever compare
To Jesus upon His throne
Whenever I come to the presence of Love
I feel like I'm going home

Here where my heart cries Holy
Here where my hands are raised
Now I would bring You glory
Now I would sing Your praise
Holding my gifts before You
Singing my Alleluia
Here where my heart cries Holy
Here where my heart sings praise

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Higher

Higher than the sky
Deeper than the sea
Brighter than the sun
God's love for me
Flowing like a river
Mighty as can be
On and on forever
God's love for me

People can say
Anything they want to
Nothing they can say
Will ever be
Mighty like the truth
Comes to me from heaven
Farther than the stars
Wider than the sea

God's love - God's love
Yes, it is

Higher than the sky
Deeper than the sea
Brighter than the sun
God's love for me
Flowing like a river
Mighty as can be
On and on forever
God's love for me

On and on forever
God's love for me

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Hold On My Heart

There came a time in the journeys of the traveler when he reached the shore and knew his path led out across unknown waters. It was one of those times when you stop, and remember, and think. He stood alone on the shoreline with the sun slowly setting, and the sailboat waiting at the dock was a silent silhouette against the evening sky.

The weather's perfect now - The air is cool and clear
The sunset lingers for a moment while I pack my gear
And while the tide is low - The time has come to go
But just before I raise the sail I say this simple prayer

Hold on my hand - Hold on my heart
You know the rocks out there could take this tiny craft apart
Hold on my wondering eyes - And only let me see
And sail with confidence the path You've clearly marked for me

There are so many options - Choices and directions
And some of them are right for me - And some of them are wrong
Will I recognize the answers when I don't even know the questions
I need somebody guiding me who's fearless and strong
God of the universe - Author of wind and waves
Come guide this vessel through the dark
My bags are packed, but still I don't feel ready to embark

But the weather's perfect now - I feel a gentle breeze
The sun is gone but silver moonlight walks across the seas
And while the tide is low - The time has come to go
So as I raise the sail I pray the prayer so deep in me

Hold on my hand - Hold on my heart
You know the rocks out there could take this tiny craft apart
Hold on my wondering eyes - And only let me see
And sail with confidence the path You've clearly marked for me

And sail with confidence the path You've clearly marked for me
So I can sail with confidence...
Hold on my hand, hold on my heart

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I Am Close Today

In those moments when questions seem bigger
than anything you've answered before
In those moments when everything you've worked on
comes crashing down and dreams live no more...

Rest in Me - I am healing for your wounded heart
I am Love - I am Peace to calm your mind
I am wholeness if you're broken
Words of life gently spoken
Listen to Me - I'm speaking them all the time
Lean on Me - I am courage in your darkest hour
Draw from Me - I am strength to face the day
It was I who sought and found you
Wrapped My love all around you
I promised you I'd be there all the way
The promise holds and I am close today

In those moments when challenges look bigger
than anything you've handled before
In those moments when everyone you hoped would be
standing there has walked out the door...

Rest in Me - I am healing for your wounded heart
I am Love - I am Peace to calm your mind
I am wholeness if you're broken
Words of life gently spoken
Listen to Me - I'm speaking them all the time
Lean on Me - I am courage in your darkest hour
Draw from Me - I am strength to face the day
It was I who sought and found you
Wrapped My love all around you
I promised you I'd be there all the way
The promise holds and I am close today

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I Am The Lord Of All

Give Me everything you've ever struggled with
Give Me your heart attachments
Bring Me every foe you've ever battled with
I am the Lord of all

Greater than all your fear of the future
Greater than all your pain from the past
Brighter than sunrise filling the morning
Knock at My door and ask
See that I'll always be and do
All that My love desires for you

Take My promises and hold them steadily
These are like treasures given
Say them over when the rain falls heavily
I am the Lord of all

Greater than all the ones who would hurt you
Greater than all the ones who destroy
I, your protector, comfort and keep you
Run to my arms for joy
Know that I'll hold you close and then
You will be whole and free again

Give Me everything you've ever struggled with
Give Me your heart attachments
Bring Me every foe you've ever battled with
I am the Lord of all

I am the Lord of all, it's true
And I am the Lord of all for you

For you... for you

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I Can See Clearly Now

(In Memory of Dave Mitchell)

I didn't have the chance to say this before - Maybe I wouldn't have known how
But here in this moment with all of us together - Perhaps I'm telling you now
Thank you - I love you - You meant a lot more to me
Than sometimes I knew how to say
But now that I watch from a higher perspective - I guess I'll put it this way

There are so many things I was unsure of, but I can see clearly now
And what I would tell you in just a few words is
Multiply over and over and over the love that we knew
'Cause words can't explain this - And I couldn't have imagined it then
Take the love that we knew and multiply it over and over and over again

Always remember the days filled with sunshine, the good times with family and friends
Let go forever all the words that were spoken that we wouldn't say the same way again
Carry no sorrows into the future, take only the bright and the blessed
All has been thought of, all is understood, by the One whose ways are highest and best

There are so many things I was unsure of, but I can see clearly now
And what I would tell you in just a few words is
Multiply over and over and over the love that we knew
'Cause words can't explain this - And I couldn't have imagined it then
Take the love that we knew and multiply it over and over and over again

It's so much different seen from high above
Tears wash away and clouds break for sunshine
It's so much different seen through eyes of love
The light, the music here - it's beyond compare

There are so many things I was unsure of, but I can see clearly now
And what I would tell you in just a few words is
Multiply over and over and over the love that we knew
'Cause words can't explain this - And I couldn't have imagined it then
Take the love that we knew and multiply it over and over and over again
Multiply it over and over and over again

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I Have Heard

I have heard a song on a summer morning
I have heard a song in the sky's deep blue
I have heard a song when the day is coming
I have heard a song when the day is through

There is music on the mountains
There is music on the sea
Sometimes the only thing that's missing
is praise from you and me
Sometimes the only thing that's missing
is praise from you and me

I have heard a song in the dark of winter
I have heard a song in the light of June
I have heard a song in the April evening
I have heard a song in the autumn moon

There is music in the forests
There is music in the streams
Sometimes the only thing that's missing
is praise from you and me
Sometimes the only thing that's missing
is praise from you and me

Praise You... Praise You... Praise You... Praise You...

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I Love This Holy Place

Worthy of honor, worthy of praise
All adoration, now and always
Here we will worship, here we will pray
Joining our voices with others who say

How I love the place where Jesus is
How I love the way His voice keeps calling
How I love the place where Jesus lives
How I love this holy place

Here in His presence, here by His side
Goodness will flourish and peace will abide
Joy never ending, brighter than day
Joining our sisters and brothers who say

How I love the place where Jesus is
How I love the way His voice keeps calling
How I love the place where Jesus lives
How I love this holy place

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I Wanted You To Know

(for the choir at CJCS)

So here we are
So here's my chance to tell you
Deep inside my heart are things I don't know how to say
Oo - But here's my chance to try
I need you in a different way
Than when I was a child
Oo - The years are passing by

Will you help me stand
Help me find what's best for me
'Cause I know I'll always need the hands of those who care for me
And it isn't often that I say it
But I know I'd never make it all alone
I need you - Help me grow
I love you - I wanted you to know

So here we are
And time is moving swiftly
While here inside our meeting place
Time is standing still
Oo - So quiet hearts can hear
Please don't miss the chance you have
To reach me while I'm young
Oo - Pray for me this year

Will you help me stand
Help me find what's best for me
'Cause I know I'll always need the hands of those who care for me
And it isn't often that I say it
But I know I'd never make it all alone
I need you - Help me grow
I love you - I wanted you to know

Will you help me stand
Help me find what's best for me
'Cause I know I'll always need the hands of those who care for me
And it isn't often that I say it
But I know I'd never make it all alone
I need you - Help me grow
I love you - I wanted you to know - Oo

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I'll Take You Home From Here

Out on the desert, the far-away desert, a traveler walked along
But there wasn't anything bitter or sad or lonely at all in his song
So as he drew near me I looked in his eyes, and as he went by me I said
Was there ever a time when you wondered if you had strength to face the journey ahead

He studied me just a moment with a far-away look in his eyes
There was, he replied, but a Voice came to me like the sun shining through the skies
And the Voice said...

Sometimes I'll lift you - Sometimes I'll carry you - Sometimes I'll draw you near
Child of my dreams, only listen to Me - You know you've nothing to fear
'Cause I know the garden and I know the cross and I know the meaning of tears
Reach out your hand for the print of the nails and I'll take you home from here

Deep in the city, the cold of the city, a traveler walked the street
But she had a smile like the warm summer sun for anyone she happened to meet
So as she drew near me I looked in her eyes, and as she went by me I asked
Was there ever a time when you wondered if you had courage enough for your task

She studied me just a moment - Her eyes were the picture of peace
There was, she replied, but a Voice came to me like the wind blowing through the trees
And the Voice said...

Sometimes I'll lift you - Sometimes I'll carry you - Sometimes I'll draw you near
Child of my dreams, only listen to Me - You know you've nothing to fear
'Cause I know the garden and I know the cross and I know the meaning of tears
Reach out your hand for the print of the nails and I'll take you home from here

I'll take you home from here, He said
I am the Water, I am the Bread
I am the Way and I am the open Door

Sometimes I'll lift you - Sometimes I'll carry you - Sometimes I'll draw you near
Child of my dreams, only listen to Me - You know you've nothing to fear
'Cause I know the garden and I know the cross and I know the meaning of tears
Reach out your hand for the print of the nails and I'll take you home...
'Cause I know the garden and I know the cross and I know the meaning of tears
Reach out your hand for the print of the nails and I'll take you home...
You know I'll take you home... from here

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Is There A Child Inside?

Is there a child inside? Somehow I knew there was
With eyes so wide, seeing the world as though you'd never seen it before
Is there a child in there? I thought I'd ask because
Sometimes one simple question helps unlock the door

'Cause a child, you know how a child is made
For the warmth of the sun and the cool of the shade
With nothing at all to make them afraid
Is there a child inside? Somehow I knew there must be
With arms stretched out and a heart so free
And I thought if we all could remember then
Maybe that child would live again

Is there a child inside who waits to see
If your grown-up hands still hold the key
To swing again these old oak doors
Through which the light of life still pours
Whenever those doors swing wide
Tell me, is there a child inside?

Does it matter, you say, after all these years?
Why, I've wrestled with dreams and plans and fears
And I built my castles with stone and wood
Part of it fell, and part of it stood
And here you come, catching me unaware
Asking if still there's a child in there

Well, it's just a question; no harm intended
A few more thoughts and these lines are ended
It's just that a child, a child is made
For the warmth of the sun and the cool of the shade
With arms stretched out and a heart so free
Embracing the wonder of land and sea
And mountains and skies and stars above
And hope and peace and joy and love
And I thought if we all could remember then
Maybe that child would live again

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Lyrics - Life Songs

I've Got Jesus In Me

Maybe I'm not everything I'm destined to be
But I've got Jesus in me
I may have carried boxes when I could have carried dreams
But I've got Jesus in me

And along the way I suppose I've stumbled and fallen
I didn't always hear Him when I knew He was calling
I got a little mud on my shoes reminding me
of where I missed the trail
And my soul got derailed

My pictures may be fading in the scrapbook of time
But I've got Jesus in me
And days once so bright now out of sight and out of mind
But I've got Jesus in me

And though the world I knew should change
a thousand times over
If all my painted landscapes turn to briars and boulders
I think I know a secret that can carry me
when all is stripped away
I'm holding on today

I cannot read the ending but the promise is mine
I've got Jesus in me
And maybe after all there's really only one line
I've got Jesus in me

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Jesus Draws Near

(for Camp Meeting Week - Summer 2001)

I suppose you're thinking how many times you've been here
And maybe it seems like you've heard it all before
Life has a way of going around, round in circles
And here we are coming around again to where we were before

But this time, this time I promise
If only you'll listen
You'll hear something new
You've been longing to hear
This time, in this hour
When all our hearts grow very silent
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus draws near

How many ocean waves have washed across the shoreline
How many sunsets have shown across the land
How many children have sung the songs of summertime
And how many days have they played in the sand

I suppose you're thinking - This is all, all so familiar
The same place, the same songs, the same friends so dear
And sometimes when the patterns are so often repeated
We start to take it for granted, year after year

But this time, this time I promise
If only you'll listen
You'll hear something new
You've been longing to hear
This time, in this hour
When all our hearts grow very silent
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus draws near

Jesus Draws Near

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Jesus Is Love

Jesus is love for the lonely heart on the subway
Jesus is love, love for you
Jesus is hope for the wandering heart on the highway
Jesus is hope, hope for you

If in the darkness, you look for the stars
and there's nothing but clouds
for as far as the eye can see...
Jesus is there
If in the storm you feel battered and bruised
and there's hardly the strength to put
one foot in front of the other...
Jesus is there for you... Jesus is there

Jesus is light for the searching one walking on the sidewalk
Jesus is light, light for you
Jesus is joy for the empty one looking out the window
Jesus is joy, joy for you

If in your journey from morning to night
you wonder at times if you've
lost your way in the whirlwind...
Jesus is there
If in those moments, so few and so rare,
when everything's silent you question
the worth of your being...
Jesus is there for you... Jesus is there

I could go on, but you already heard what you needed to hear
Jesus is calling, calling you
'Cause Jesus is love for the lonely heart on the subway
Jesus is love, Jesus is love
Jesus is love
Love for you

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Just Another Sunday Morning

It was just another Sunday morning on the pages of time
I saw myself in my usual place with that Sunday look on my face
Then my thoughts drifted away just like they do every Sunday
But this time, something happened to me

I saw myself in a town somewhere: must have been miles and miles away
Where a Grandmother sat in a rocking chair with some time to read and some time to pray
And she prayed for a while for a little boy whose picture she held in her loving hand
All on a Sunday morning, and still I didn't understand
Then my thoughts went away like the river flows on
To a red brick church with some kids on the lawn
And a teacher who told how God the Son had given His life for everyone
And there on the grass at the edge of the class was the boy
For whom the Grandmother prayed

You should have seen what happened in heaven the minute that boy believed
The trumpets rang out and the angels danced
And I heard a shout from the one who'd been sent
To guard that boy since the day that he was born
And you should have heard the music that swept over my soul
It would have taken your breath away

Some people said it was... Just another Sunday morning on the pages of time
I saw myself in my usual place with that Sunday look on my face
When the offering came my way I put in a tenth of my weekly pay
But this time, something happened to me

I saw myself in a distant land: must have been miles and miles from here
Where a man held out in his suntanned hands some brand new books he had come to share
And he looked in the eyes of the eager crowd
Then he took the books and he passed them out
All on a Sunday morning, and still I didn't understand
But the books that he gave to the old and the young
Held the word of God in their native tongue
Partly 'cause someone miles away had put in a tenth of his weekly pay
And the end result was the tears of a man who held the word of God in his hand

You should have seen what happened in heaven the minute that man believed
The trumpets rang out and the angels danced
And I heard a shout from the one who'd been sent
To guard that man since the day that he was born
And you should have heard the music that swept over my soul
It would have taken your breath away

Some people said it was... Just another Sunday morning on the pages of time
I saw myself in my usual place with that Sunday look on my face
Afterwards I spoke with a few; then I drove home like I usually do
But this time... oh, this time...
I almost saw the world through Jesus eyes

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Last Goodbye

(an imagined "story-song" of Life for any who may be on the edge of despair)

Yesterday I saw myself through different eyes
Who would have thought I'd be where I am tonight
Wondering if I have the courage to live
Or if I have the courage to die
When did all the joy I used to call my own
Slip away from view and leave me all alone
I wrote my last letter - I left it on the stairs
I wonder now if anybody cares
Oh, please, if there's hope
Anywhere in the world
Won't you reach out your hand
And catch these falling tears
Before they soak through the page
On which I'm writing my last goodbye

A few blocks away on the other side of town
Someone picked the phone up and pushed the buttons down
Hope was in the ring when it sounded on the line
Someone must have known, 'cause it came just in time
Hello, oh hello - Yes, I'm doing fairly well
No... actually I feel like I'm fifty feet from hell
Tell me, is there hope - Is there reason to live
Till tomorrow - Till tomorrow

The caller on the line said I know of only one
And He said no man takes my life from me
I lay it down on my own
But when I lay it down, I will take it up again
And I took your death for you
Won't you take my life from me
And something in the words of Jesus hit home in an empty heart
If I took your death for you
Won't you take my life from me
I'll take your hands in Mine
And help you tear up your last goodbye

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Let There Be No Sorrow

Let there be no sorrow
Hear the words that I say
All has been provided
All is given to you today
Leave tomorrow till tomorrow
Give your past to Me
In this moment, present moment
Let your heart be free

Let there be no sorrow
I have borne all your pain
Fill your heart with sunshine
Even in the falling rain
Dread no foe and fear no danger
All your path I've known
I have brought you all this way
And I will bring you home

Let there be no sorrow
You are Mine, Mine to keep
I will guard you waking
I will guard you when you sleep
Joy forever, joy forever
Flowing always new
Peace that passes understanding
I have given to you

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Look This Way

Look this way - the world isn't yours to hold now
To you it is given
To seek the things higher than what you've known
All is yours - all that your heart was made for
The purpose and the longing
All is given - all that you need is yours

Courage then - courage then, My child
When the storms are blowing wild
All is safe in the arms of God

All is safe - Calvary stands a promise
For Me it was an altar
But not for you - kneeling there, life and peace are yours

On the way, sometimes you'll feel forgotten
And darkness may confuse you
Look for Me - I'm never ever far away
You may find pieces of broken driftwood
That you had hoped to build with
But further on, I'm building a place for you

Smile again - oh, smile again, my friend
Though the struggle never seems to end
All is well - all is well, you will see

And I have known all that you've ever walked through
And Calvary was My altar
But kneeling there - love, life and peace are yours

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Lord, I Come

Drink from the living water
Drink and be satisfied
Come to the flowing fountain
No one will be denied
Jesus said - No one who comes to Me
ever is turned away
What if the angels are listening now
Waiting to hear us say
Waiting to hear us say

Lord, I come... in my brokenness and emptiness
And all the places where I made a mess
of what You gave to me
Lord, I come... surrendering this part of me
that always wanted my will to see
I bring it all... I lay it down... to follow You
Lord, I come.. Lord, I come

Oh, have you ever wondered why is life so strong
And how is it good keeps on winning
When so many things are wrong
And what if the place that we're called to find
is brighter than where we're from
What if Love higher than all our praise
is calling us to come
What will we say then...

Lord, I come... in my brokenness and emptiness
And all the places where I made a mess
of what You gave to me
Lord, I come... surrendering this part of me
that always wanted my will to see
I bring it all... I lay it down... to follow You
Lord, I come.. Lord, I come

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Love Of The Highest Kind

You don't know - You don't know how much He loves you
I'm telling you it's more than you ever dared to dream
You don't know - You don't know how much He wants you
So much He gave His Son to die so you could be redeemed

That's the love of the highest kind
'Cause that's the love of the Highest
Tell me where else will you ever find
Love of the highest kind

Come with me - There's a place I want to show you
It's a place where love and mercy comes to meet your need
Come with me to the place where all's forgiven
There you'll be a new creation - When you come you'll see

That's the love of the highest kind
'Cause that's the love of the Highest
Tell me where else will you ever find
Love of the highest kind

If you are looking for direction
If in the darkness there are questions
If trouble's turning into tension
If you need more than just suggestions
You need a love -

You need a love of the highest kind
You need the love of the Highest
Tell me where else will you ever find
Love of the highest kind

Then take the love of the highest kind
Then take the love of the Highest
Tell me where else will you ever find
Love of the highest kind

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Miles And Miles Ahead

I've something deeper now to offer you than what I offered you before
It seems like every time you go around a bend, you're learning something more
And every time you see it, every time you look
It seems like everything you thought you understood
Isn't quite the way you thought it was - Is it now?
And when Jesus takes apart the framework of your thinking and builds His own instead
It hurts a lot at first but when He's done
You're miles and miles ahead

I've something deeper now to sing to you than what I played for you before
It seems like every time you know your way around, you find a hidden door
And every time you take it, every time you seek
It seems like everything you thought was yours to keep
Isn't quite the way you thought it was - Is it now?
And when Jesus takes apart the framework of your thinking and builds His own instead
It hurts a lot at first but when He's done
You're miles and miles ahead

And I feel sorry for those who don't have time to take notice
And there've been so many times - too many times
I was too busy to hear
It's only when you let go of what seems so pressing
It's only when you let go of all you have to do
That your eyes can take in the far-away distance and
Jesus changes your view

I hope there's something in your heart that's deeper now than what was there before
I hope that every time you go around a bend you're learning something more
And every time you see it, every time you look
It seems like everything you thought you understood
Isn't quite the way you thought it was - Is it now?
And when Jesus takes apart the framework of your thinking and builds His own instead
It hurts a lot at first but when He's done, you're miles and miles ahead
Miles and miles ahead
Miles and miles ahead

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Music To The World

I want to walk where the people walk and bring them music from heaven
On the crowded streets of the world I want to dance to the music of love
And wherever the darkness threatens to hide the light
on the faces of the children
I want to renew the flame that once burned
so bright in their eyes

‘Cause where the people walk is where Jesus walks
Where the people hurt is where Jesus hurts
Where the people hunger for righteousness they are filled
And the people here will see Him again
When believers light up the world for them
And there’ll be no question at all who they’re really seeing
They’re seeing Jesus

I want to walk where the people walk and bring them music from heaven
On the crowded streets of the world I want to dance to the music of love
And wherever the darkness threatens to hide the light
on the faces of the children
I want to renew the flame that once burned
so bright in their eyes

‘Cause where the children laugh is where Jesus laughs
Where the hurting cry is where Jesus cries
Where the parents work to provide, He stands beside
And the people here will see Him again
When believers light up the world for them
And there’ll be no question at all who they’re really seeing
They’re seeing Jesus

I want to walk where the people walk and bring them music from heaven
On the crowded streets of the world I want to dance to the music of love
And wherever the darkness threatens to hide the light
on the faces of the children
I want to renew the flame that once burned
so bright in their eyes

I want to show them Jesus
I want to shine with the light of Jesus
I want to dance with Jesus
and sing His music to the world

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Lyrics - Life Songs

No Condemnation

No condemnation, no place for fear
God's invitation to everyone here
No condemnation, no endless loss
Jesus has taken our pain at His cross

That's why he suffered, that's why He died
He took the pain for your sin and mine
His was the penalty, His was the loss
He was the sacrifice there at His cross

No condemnation, no place for fear
God's invitation to everyone here
No condemnation, no endless loss
Jesus has taken our pain at His cross

Jesus has taken our pain at His cross

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Lyrics - Life Songs

On This Bright Morning

On this bright morning one moment I take
While the world around me changes to embrace another day
And I count my life a blessed one on the highway or the road
Or at home with all the usual things
I've been given here to hold
These are the moments
Let them unfold
You and I are guardians of treasures untold

On this bright morning one moment I pause
In a sea of crisscrossed pathways there is one for me to walk
And perhaps I've grown accustomed and I've labeled it routine
When a thousand joys are waiting here
my eyes have never seen
Life tells a story
Life sings a song
Listen for the glory; to you it belongs

On this bright morning one moment I share
With a million other voices just a phrase or two in prayer
And I see as though from heaven there are others just like me
And I breathe a word of love for you
that you'll find the strength you need
Flow like the river
Run, traveler, run
Yours is the promise as bright as the sun

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Lyrics - Life Songs

One At A Time

Lift up your eyes at the harvest time
See the golden fields of grain
God the Father blessed it with the sun to shine
Blessed it in the falling rain
Now the time has come to bring the harvest in
Take your empty basket and return again
Bringing to the Master what belongs to Him
He's the Lord of the Harvest
He's the Lord of the Harvest

One at a time you've got to reach them
One at a time you've got to teach them
One at a time you've got to pray for them and love them home
'Cause even when they come together
Inside their coming one at a time

Never be another time like this one
Never be a day just like today
We have a chance to make a good investment
Let's not throw it away
Listen to the Master when He calls you then
Take your empty basket to the fields again
Bringing to the Master what belongs to Him
He's the Lord of the Harvest
He's the Lord of the Harvest

One at a time you've got to reach them
One at a time you've got to teach them
One at a time you've got to pray for them and love them home
'Cause even when they come together
Inside their coming one at a...
One at a time you've got to reach them
One at a time you've got to teach them
One at a time you've got to pray for them and love them home
'Cause even when they come together
Inside their coming one at a time

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Only Because I Care

Ask me why sometimes without warning
The thoughts of you come across my mind
Uninvited - and yet so welcome
Friends like you are hard to find
So if sometimes I mention your name to my Father
Oh if sometimes I'm holding you up in prayer
You ask me why - I promise you always
It's only because I care

Tiny threads - each of us weaving
A quiet story line across the face of time
So insignificant - and yet so meaningful
Acting roles and quoting lines
And when you come to me
I want to see you as part of me
I want to welcome you
I want to notice you're there
You ask me why - I promise you always
It's only because I care

Maybe there's someone who feels just like they've lost it all
Maybe there's someone who doesn't feel loved by anyone
And maybe there's someone here
who's lost the will to go on living

Ask me why sometimes without warning
The thoughts of you come across my mind
Uninvited - and yet so welcome
Friends like you are hard to find
So if sometimes I mention your name to my Father
Oh if sometimes I'm holding you up in prayer
You ask me why - I promise you always
It's only because I care
It's only because I care

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Page On Endless Page

(for Brittany)

I've laughed a million laughs - I've cried as many tears
I've had some questions deep unanswered through the years
I've wondered why - the same as you
I've faced the storms and felt as though
I might not make it through

Somewhere a book is open and my life is being told
But the pen that writes the story isn't mine to hold
Sometimes I've turned and looked away

Heavenly Father, You're the Author and I've questioned You - You know
When the story didn't go the way I hoped that it would go
But You kept on writing page on endless page
So for all of my frustrations when I didn't know what to do
And for all the things I held to when I could have held to You
May it all be like a story - At the finish let me see
How in perfect Love You wrote what only Love could write for me

I've seen the flowers of springtime - I've watched the leaves of fall
I know there's something there I can't explain at all
I've wondered why and how and when
The seasons come, the seasons go
and then they come again

Somewhere a book is open and my life is being told
But the pen that writes the story isn't mine to hold
Sometimes I've turned and looked away

Heavenly Father, You're the Author and I've questioned You - You know
When the story didn't go the way I hoped that it would go
But You kept on writing page on endless page
So for all of my frustrations when I didn't know what to do
And for all those lonely moments when my eyes lost sight of You
May it all be like a story - At the finish let me see
How in perfect Love You wrote what only Love could write for me

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Praise From A Crying Heart

Smooth as glass the sea before me
Until a stormy day comes sweeping over me
And every morning when I wake I cannot tell
If things will go my way or maybe not so well
Still I'm learning as I face the different days
Even the darkest ones are avenues for praise

Praise from a crying heart
Joy in the time of pain
Hope when you stand in the raging storm
Songs in the driving rain
Then when the struggle's over and done
There when the sun breaks through
God will reward you, faithful one
For trusting the whole night through

I ride the waves that rise before me
Until the bigger ones come crashing over me
And then I wonder if I'll make it through the gale
These whirling winds could rip to shreds my little sail
Still I'm learning as I travel through the years
It pleases God, the Father, when He hears

Praise from a crying heart
Joy in the time of pain
Hope when you stand in the raging storm
Songs in the driving rain
Then when the struggle's over and done
There when the sun breaks through
God will reward you, faithful one
For trusting the whole night through

Then when the struggle's over and done
There when the sun breaks through
God will reward you, faithful one
Trust Him the whole night through

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Prayer For All The Children

This is my prayer for all the children
Whether they're near or far away
If their hearts are up - If their hearts are down
Whether they're wrapped in robes of poverty or wear a crown
What does it matter - What does it matter
What does it matter how they speak or where they're from
This is my prayer for all the children
Soon may the light of heaven come

We've all seen the pictures in the paper
Buried by hatred not their own
One day a smile - Little eyes aglow
The next day a mother's left with empty arms
And she cries alone
What does it matter - What does it matter
What does it matter how they look or which side they're on
This is my prayer for all the families
Soon may the light of heaven come

He said you could love your enemies
He laid down His life for both enemies and friends
Is it any wonder then children still follow Him
When they find in Him a love that never ends

This is my prayer for all who listen
Whether you're near or far away
If your heart is up - If your heart is down
Whether you're wrapped in robes of poverty or wear a crown
What does it matter - What does it matter
What does it matter how you speak or where you're from
This is my prayer for all who listen
Soon may the light of Jesus come

And this is my prayer for all the children
Soon may the light of heaven come

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Prayer Of Dedication

(for Tracey)

I've heard, Lord, I've read about the ones You've used so mightily
The saints of old, the fathers of the faith
So strong to bear Your name, enduring all the shame
You let them face the world and feel the grip of pain
And still they stood there
Sometimes all alone, but still they stood there
But when I look at my world, my little, tiny world
Sometimes I feel so very small

I haven't much to offer, only a few things
Only this little bit I'm holding
But if it isn't words as much as wonder
Love more than labor
If that's all you need
Then take me where You want me
And overflow me like an empty vessel
Till thirsty souls and hungry people see
You alone, pouring Your heart through me

I've thought, Lord, a lot about the different things a life can mean
I haven't known for sure the place for me
I've listened to them all, and I don't mind at all
If ordinary things is where I hear the call
To simply stand there
To do the part you've given me and stand there
But even in my own world, my little, tiny world
Sometimes I hear a deeper call

I haven't much to offer, only a few things
Only this little bit I'm holding
But if it isn't words as much as wonder
Love more than labor
If that's all you need
Then take me where You want me
And overflow me like an empty vessel
Till thirsty souls and hungry people see
You alone, pouring Your heart through me

And then my heart will know
What I've always longed to know
The smile You give to those who follow
The song You sing to those who come
I want to come, Lord - I want to come with You

Oh, take me where You want me
And overflow me like an empty vessel
Till thirsty souls and hungry people see
You alone, pouring Your heart through me
through me... through me

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Run Through The Fields Again

So where does this journey go... and am I a wind-blown leaf
Regarding the things that aren't my own am I on the path to grief
Or have I embraced my call to stand in my place to stand
To hold for the world what's mine to hold and give with an open hand
... give with an open hand

So where does this pathway lead... and when all the days have gone
What will the story say of me when ending the final song
Will there be joy enough to share in another age
Of challenges faced and battles won while here on a blue-green stage
... here on a blue-green stage

Is there a host of unseen angels watching, urging me along
Is there a reason for the trials that crush me, reaching out beyond
what I've thought or known

Can it all be true
In the mystery of days
Is it Love's own hand
That charts the ways
Seeking me and you

So why do I wonder why and where it could different be
And how can I walk while looking back, still holding what's holding me
I leave in My Master's care what's going and gone and been
I reach like a child for Love's strong hand and run through the fields again

I reach like a child for Love's strong hand
... and run through the fields again

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Saddest Love Song

Many are the songs
Done with manuscript and pen
Many are the words expressed
Sometimes again and again
But once I heard a song
It wasn't done the usual way
Written in the heart of God
It took my breath away

'Cause you and I know that was love rejected
That was love stripped of all it had
It was the saddest song I ever heard
But, oh, it did me good
Written with love and blood and tears
On a piece of wood

I may never know
I may never feel
The pain that rocked the heart of God
That day on Calvary's hill
Too seldom I may pause
To recollect that day
But when I do I hear that lonely song
It still takes my breath away

'Cause you and I know that was love rejected
That was love stripped of all it had
It was the saddest song I ever heard
But, oh, it did me good
Written with love and blood and tears
On a piece of wood

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Say It!

If you been lifted to the Rock from the miry clay
You got to say it
If you been walking on top when once it wasn't that way
You got to say it
'Cause when your feet are doin' fine you got to have the spoken line
'Cause one needs the other - yo comprende a bit?
You got to match what you're seeking with the words you be speaking
Yo - Say it

If you been flyin' real high when once you couldn't touch the sky
You got to say it
If you were in knee deep but now you're free to take the leap
You got to say it
You got no reason to fear 'cause someone don't want to hear
What you say may be just what they be needin' a bit
You got to flow with the current when you is what you weren't
Yo - Say it

Why don't you say it with your heart - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your soul - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your mind and your body
And with everything you are - Come on - Say it

Why don't you say it with your heart - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your soul - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your mind and your body
And with everything you are - Come on - Say it

Say it (Say it) (Say it) Say it (Say it) (Say it)
Say it (Say it) (Say it) ***_ Let the redeemed of the Lord say so

You know a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold
You got to say it
When your soul was broken and you find it's made whole
You got to say it

(continued)

Lyrics - Life Songs

(Say It - continued)

'Cause when the song is unsung and the word is unsprung
Then who with the hearing ear goin' benefit?
You got to walk down the street with some words to match the beat
Yo - Say it

If the sun shines bright where darkness filled the night
You got to say it
If you got reason to rejoice where once you had no voice
You got to say it
If you're runnin' your race with a smile across your face
If you walk on top of it when you was walkin' in the pit
If you're flying real high then tell the ones you're flyin' by
Yo - Say it

Why don't you say it with your heart - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your soul - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your mind and your body
And with everything you are - Come on - Say it

Why don't you say it with your heart - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your soul - yeah!
Why don't you say it with your mind and your body
And with everything you are - Come on - Say it

Say it (Say it) (Say it) Say it (Say it) (Say it)
Say it (Say it) (Say it) ****_ Let the redeemed of the Lord say so

****_ Let the redeemed of the Lord say so

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Saying Goodbye

Saying goodbye can mean thank you
For being so special to me
For all of the ways that you've given your love
Sharing your blessings, sharing your burdens
Saying goodbye can mean thank you
For helping to balance my view
When so many things were weighing me down
God poured out a blessing through you

Maybe you weren't aware that your touch
brought healing and joy to my heart
Maybe you didn't know just how much I needed you then
And God put you there

Wishing farewell is not easy, you know
Shaking your hand and then seeing you go
But saying goodbye can mean thank you
For all of the ways that you minister gently to me

Maybe you weren't aware that your touch
brought healing and joy to my heart
Maybe you didn't know just how much I needed you then
And God put you there

Wishing farewell is not easy, you know
Shaking your hand and then seeing you go
But saying goodbye can mean thank you
For all of the ways that you minister gently to me

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Seeking

Lord, I wonder what does it mean to seek You
to hold in these moments holy
the heart prayer for things
that seem very far away
Is it time now - time now to ask for mercy
Is this what the prophets called for
imploring Your children
to leave other things and pray
Where have the years gone - the years of the holy voices
whose aims and initial choices
were clear like a trumpet sound
Is it time now - time now to ask for mercy
for what was a holy assembly
meeting on holy ground

Lord, I hold now the distant but sure remembrance
of things that I've only read about
written in lines by those who lived long ago
And I wonder, what would the ones who prayed here
say when they see the change here
and would they be sad
for things that they hoped we'd know
Is there no one - no one who cries for mercy
no one whose heart is bleeding
broken and kneeling down
May the river, the river that flows from Calvary
sweep over all the assembly
cleansing God's holy ground

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Solemn Alleluias

When we come with our hearts to the presence of the Lord
When we bow in our hearts, when we worship and adore
Then we give from our hearts to the One who reigns above
All our love while we're singing Alleluia

It is then, when we come to the presence of the Lord
That our souls and our hearts and our minds can be restored
And the newness that comes from the One whose name is Love
We receive while we're singing Alleluia

Lift your hearts then with me and sing a new song today
May the sound reach the near ones and the ones far away
Till they come to the song that they heard us singing here
And they join in our solemn Alleluia

May the truth fill your heart, fill your mind now while you sing
Songs of praises that rise to the glory of our King
Then we'll all lift our eyes to His coming from the skies
And rejoice while we're singing Alleluia

Reach one hand to the future; reach one hand to the past
All that's wrong is forgiven; all that's righteous will last
Look no more to your pain, and your sorrows, let them be
You are free in your Savior, Alleluia

Once again, may our song be lifted high up above
With the words holding promises of faith, hope and love
As we sing with our voices the songs that we have learned
When we worshiped with solemn Alleluias

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Somewhere The Child

Somewhere the child lays down his head
Wondering why no one's there to tuck him into bed
Just another day, now another night
A little hand that's reaching out, turning off the light
Somewhere the child sobs all alone
Till the sounds all die away and the tears dry on their own
Just another boy, just another girl
Just another little one half-forgotten by the world

And I may not know your name
I may not understand your worries
I may not know the things
The things you need to make you smile
But if you're the child who's lost and hurting
Somewhere in the cold
Here's my hand across the music miles
If you're the one whose tears are drying
Somewhere in the dark
Here's a place to hold you
Here's a place to hold you in my heart

Funny how it goes: year follows year
And somehow we leave behind the child that once we were
Till the tough days come, till the nights are long
And then we're just a child again, trying to be strong
Somewhere the child fights through the pain
While they're feeling so alone, unaccustomed to the strain
Somewhere the boy, somewhere the girl
Somewhere the little one lost and lonely in the world

And I may not know your name
I may not understand your worries
I may not know the things
The things you need to make you smile
But if you're the child who's lost and hurting
Somewhere in the cold
Here's my hand across the music miles
If you're the one whose tears are drying
Somewhere in the dark
Here's a place to hold you
Here's a place to hold you in my heart

Here's a place to hold you
Here's a place to hold you in my heart

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Lyrics - Life Songs

A Song At Thanksgiving

One of my holiday memories goes back to when I was studying music in Chicago. It was Thanksgiving Eve, and I was flying home to see my family, but I had to catch a connecting flight in another airport half-way home. Not having anything else to do, I stood in the terminal and watched while others arrived home for the holiday. Can you picture it? Someone new arrives. Their eyes scan the crowd. Suddenly they see someone they know, and almost simultaneously that person sees them. Their faces light up, and they run to one another, laughing as they embrace. Soon there's a little group gathered around. One says, "We've looked forward to your coming." Another says, "Thanksgiving dinner's going to be real good." A third one asks, "How was your flight?" Then they move past you, leaving space for the same thing to happen again, and as they go by, you wonder how there could be that much joy in one place...

When people welcome each other with open arms; they welcome each other home
I was just standing there, but what I saw worked on my heart and my soul
A family reunion, that's what it was, and all the family knows
Wherever their journey winds and bends, someday it turns and goes
Back to the spot where it all begins, back to the starting place
And somebody stands there with open arms; somebody else will say, "Welcome home."
And there in the airport, they shared their deep Thanksgiving.
There, while I watched, they shared their family's love.

But I have other memories too. There was one summer day when I stood outside the church where we were rehearsing for children's theater. A young girl from the play was talking to me when suddenly she burst into tears. You see, her next door neighbor, who happened to be my eighth grade English teacher years before, and a great friend of our family, was in the hospital because she had fallen from a ladder. The prognosis was actually good, but you know how hospitals are. Sometimes the unexpected happens, and one night, almost without warning, she was no longer with us. So I took the young girl inside, and we talked a little about the hope of heaven, and how, because of what Jesus did, we don't have to fear death any more. It didn't cross my mind then, but I wonder if maybe heaven is a little like the night I stood in the airport. Can you picture it? Someone new arrives and their eyes scan the crowd. Suddenly they see someone they know, who sees them at the same instant. They run together with eyes shining and laugh as they embrace. Soon there's a small group in a tight circle with their arms around one another. One says, "We've really looked forward to having you here." Someone else says, "The feast is all prepared." A third asks gently, "How was your flight?" And as they move on past you into the Kingdom of Love and Light never-ending, you wonder how there can be that much joy in one place...

When people welcome each other with open arms; they welcome each other home
I'm just imagining, but what I see; oh, it works on my heart and my soul
It's a family reunion, that's what it is, and all the family knows
Wherever their journey winds and bends, someday it turns and goes
Back to the spot where it all begins, back to the starting place
And somebody stands there with open arms; somebody else will say, "Welcome home."
"Welcome home." Somebody stands there with open arms
Someone else will say, "Welcome home."
And there they shared their very best Thanksgiving. There they shared their Father's love.

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Song Of Love

I will love you in the morning when I rise
I will love you in the morning when I rise
When the sunrise rides the eastern skies
I will love you in the morning when I rise

I will sing my song of praise when day is done
I will sing my song of praise when day is done
At the evening setting of the sun
I will sing my song of praise when day is done

Alleluia forever, Alleluia
Alleluia forever, Allelu
Alleluia forever, Alleluia
Alleluia forever, Allelu

Allelu, Allelu, Allelu...

I will love You in the night time when I dream
I will love You in the night time when I dream
When the moonlight paints a mystic scene
I will love You in the night time when I dream

Alleluia forever, Alleluia
Alleluia forever, Allelu
Alleluia forever, Alleluia
Alleluia forever, Allelu

Allelu, Allelu, Allelu, Allelu
Allelu, Allelu, Allelu...

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Song Unlimited

All across the land, a new song they're singing
All across the land, a new song is heard
And everywhere you turn, another voice is saying
Things they never heard except in the halls of praying
Where every day is as bright as a Conqueror's sword
And every crown is a gift laid down for the Lord

Praise is the sound of a song unlimited
Running like the river runs
Flowing through pastures green
And love is the light that is always shining there
Filling all the open air with joy by the crystal stream
Praise is the sound of a song unlimited
Singing as the wind sings
Whispering past the crystal stream

All across the world, a new light is shining
All across the world, a new light is seen
Here on every hand, the joy of Life surprises
In every war-torn land, the song of the peaceful rises
And all that was once is all that is now restored
And every crown is a gift laid down for the Lord

Praise is the sound of a song unlimited
Running like the river runs
Flowing through pastures green
And love is the light that is always shining there
Filling all the open air with joy by the crystal stream
Praise is the sound of a song unlimited
Singing as the wind sings
Whispering past the crystal stream

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Still Need A Shepherd

When I wander, when I fall
You are there to pick me up when I call
Strong hands lifting, strong arms hold
Hold me and carry me back to the safety of the fold

Jesus, You're my shepherd
Jesus, You're my shelter from the storm
You are my stronghold when the battle's just outside the door
And I don't want to leave You
I don't want to wander far away
But I notice, when I look in my heart, even today
I still need a shepherd - oh ___
I still need a shepherd

Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10:7-11

When I stumble, when I stray
You are there to bring me back to Your way
Your words healing, pure words strong
Call me to stand once more in the place where I belong

Jesus, You're my shepherd
Jesus, You're my shelter from the storm
You are my stronghold when the battle's just outside the door
And I don't want to leave You
I don't want to wander far away
But I notice, when I look in my heart, even today
I still need a shepherd -

I don't want to wander far away
But I notice, when I look in my heart, even today
I still need a shepherd - oh ___
I still need a shepherd

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Surrender

Lord, I offer on the altar now
In this quiet moment true
All I ever had or hoped to be
Yielded to You... yielded to You
Just a few hushed words of gratitude
Humbly spoken on my knees
With the love that flows from heaven's heart
Surrounding me.. surrounding me...

What do you give as a gift to the Giver
The One who makes all things new
All that you are... all that you're holding...
All that you'll ever do

In a thousand years or more from now
Will this moment be replayed
Like a movie on some heavenly screen
The words that I say... the words that I say...
Are they written down in a book somewhere
In a book that angels read
All the words of love and deep surrender
Here on my knees... here on my knees...

What do you give as a gift to the Giver
The One who makes all things new
All that you are... all that you're holding...
All that you'll ever do

What do you give as a gift to the Giver
The One who makes all things new
All that you are... all that you're holding...
All that you'll ever do

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Tears On The Sidewalk

In the cold early morning stands a girl out on the corner
Waiting for a bus that hasn't yet come into view
And maybe things didn't go so well at home for her this morning
That's why her tears are on the sidewalk

But tears never tell
They never tell the story
They're just the witnesses of pain
They're just the shining witnesses of pain
So tell me... what breaks your heart more than children's tears
Even tears out on the sidewalk

So let the children come to me
And let them run from every corner of the world
and cry their tears on my shoulder
My arms are open wide - I still have room inside
For every sidewalk tear in the world
Jesus said - Let the children come to me

In the cold early morning no one's standing on the corner
The girl got on the bus and now she's far away from view
But I can't keep from wondering if Jesus' tears are falling
Beside those tears out on the sidewalk

But tears never tell
They never tell the story
They're just the witnesses of pain
They're just the shining witnesses of pain
So tell me... what breaks your heart more than children's tears
Even tears out on the sidewalk

So let the children come to me
And let them run from every corner of the world
and cry their tears on my shoulder
My arms are open wide - I still have room inside
For every sidewalk tear in the world
Jesus said - Let the children
Oh, Jesus said - Let the little children
Jesus said - Let the children come to me

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Lyrics - Life Songs

That Road Is Closed

Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. II Cor. 5:17

Along the various roads that people walk, there stood one day, in a beautiful place, a pilgrim. A gentle wind caressed the fields, and the shade from the tall trees covered the path. The view stretched for miles, and the pilgrim could see, from where he stood, places he'd been, long past. He paused by the road to write down his thoughts.

I stand here - here by the roadside
Looking back across the miles my feet have trod
And I can see now what wasn't clear then
I walked, but not in harmony with God
So I pause here beside these tall trees
Where the wind blows through the grass and sweeps the heather
It's good to know now what I didn't know then
Jesus said that road is closed forever

The pilgrim sat silently a few moments. Then he continued.

There were milestones, the usual high points
They meant a lot at first but now they're gone
And all I'm holding are memories fading
The things we leave behind when life moves on
I was so tired then, but I kept on walking
And I was losing what I tried to hold together
It's good to know now what I didn't know then
Jesus said that road is closed forever

The pilgrim looked around, and he gently closed his journal
When he noticed for the first time in the shadows by the road
A thousand other entries from the ones who'd gone before him
And their stories were exactly like his own
So he placed his book beside them, and he stood a while in silence
Then he turned and left behind him all he'd known
But his path from that day onward was ablaze
with love and light and led him home

If ever you stand there beside those tall trees
Where the wind blows through the grass and sweeps the heather
You will find there the same sweet story
Jesus said that road is closed forever
If ever you pause there - there by the roadside
Looking back across the miles your feet have trod
Then hear the good news for everyone who stands there
The road is closed, come walk the path of God

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Lyrics - Life Songs

That's The Way You Do It

You change our mourning into dancing
You set our feet on solid ground
Our hearts were wounded, broken, sinking
You turned our stories all around

That's the way You do it, Lord - That's the way You do it
That's the way You do it, Lord - That's the way You do it

Because you fill our hearts with heaven's music
Because you fill our hearts with heaven's praise
We hear Your call and we cannot refuse it
How could we walk, walk away?

When in the darkness we were stumbling
Your heart was seeking us and then
Though we were poor and sick and wandering
You came to bring us home again

That's the way You do it, Lord - That's the way You do it
That's the way You do it, Lord - That's the way You do it

Because you fill our hearts with heaven's music
Because you fill our hearts with heaven's praise
We hear Your call and we cannot refuse it
How could we walk, walk away?

You change our mourning into dancing
You set our feet on solid ground
Our hearts were wounded, broken, sinking
You turned our stories all around

That's the way You do it, Lord - That's the way You do it
That's the way You do it, Lord - That's the way You do it

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Lyrics - Life Songs

The Cost

(Memorial Day)

The sun is warm and there's a picnic on the lawn
And flags are flying high, so high
As though to mark the dream - sweet freedom's dream
Paid for us by those who made the sacrifice supreme

Some of them running - Some of them sailing
Some of them flying - When the fight was on
And some didn't live to see the dawn - Sweet freedom's dawn
But you and I, we see it - And you and I remember
The price they paid to keep it
That's why our hearts are silent
Whenever we remember... the cost

And down the street they'll come again
The bands are playing proud, so proud
As though to mark the dream - Sweet freedom's dream
Paid for us by those who made the sacrifice supreme

Some of them running - Some of them sailing
Some of them flying - When the fight was on
And some didn't live to see the dawn - Sweet freedom's dawn
But you and I, we see it - And you and I remember
The price they paid to keep it
That's why our hearts are silent
Whenever we remember... the cost

And yet I wonder if in heaven's glory bright
There are some flags we haven't seen
That fly to hail the dream - God's freedom dream
Paid for us by One who made the sacrifice supreme

One who came loving - One who came healing
One who stood silent when the fight was on
And they didn't know He was the dawn
Sweet freedom's dawn
But you and I, we see it - And you and I remember
The price He paid to free us
That's why our hearts grow silent
Whenever we remember... the cross

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Lyrics - Life Songs

The Song Of Love

The song of Love is like a mountain
Standing sure on the plains of flowing time
And none can change the plan forever
Written high in the heights to which we climb
Only Love can tell the story
Only Love can match the rhythm to the lines
And you and I are heaven's bright witnesses
Catching glory rays wherever bright glory shines

So sing we now, and sing we then
So sing we further on and further on again

And the Song eternal is a brand new song
Ever changing as it moves its way along
Guided rightly by the Hand that holds the keys
Ever faithful even to the least of these
And there is none can tell the Story
Like the One who knows the Story as His own
And you and I are heaven's bright messengers
When we hear at last the call that leads us home

So sing we now, and sing we then
So sing we further on and further on again

So march we on with voice triumphant
While we sing the song of songs, of endless life
And there is music away beyond us
In another time and place on even higher heights
Written in the stars as well as in the heart
Even in the course of things however they unfold
And you and I are heaven-sent travelers
Climbing narrow lanes but seeing streets of gold

So sing we now, and sing we then
So sing we further on and further on again

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Lyrics - Life Songs

The Things That Made Us Strong

Wouldn't it be a brand new story
If you and me - we stopped seeing what's been wrong
Wouldn't it be a whole new beginning
If we remembered the things that made us strong

Over the mountains the wind still finds a highway
Down in the valley the river still knows a song
You and I were made to bring something good to the story
Help me remember the things that made us strong

Only a little difference - Only a little change
Turn and face in a new direction - And all the pictures rearrange

Wouldn't it be a whole new chapter
Turn over a single page and look at what comes along
Wouldn't it be at least worth a try for adventure
If we remembered the things that made us strong

Only a little difference - Only a little change
Turn and face in a new direction - And all the pictures rearrange

Wouldn't it be a brand new story
If you and me - we stopped seeing what's been wrong
Wouldn't it be a whole new beginning
If we remembered the things that made us strong

Wouldn't it be a whole new chapter
Turn over a single page and look at what comes along
Wouldn't it be at least worth a try -
at least worth a try for adventure

If we remembered - If you and I remembered
What would happen if we remembered

The things that made us - The things that made us
The things that made us - so strong

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Time Was

Time was lost in the moment God came
Lost in the moment God's voice
Flowed like a gentle wind through my soul
Time was only a memory fading
Washed by the seas of wonder
Washed by the waves of love through my soul

Here, this building here, a hundred years, a million memories
Still, through all these years, how many memories
does Jesus cherish
Bring back the ancient heritage, the holy reason
for this holy place
God's pure, unchanging message to all the dying
that none should perish

One hung halfway to heaven
One died bruised and rejected
One heart, torn by the weight of love for the world
One took everyone's sorrow
One cried everyone's tears and held them
Washed by the waves of pain for the world

That's why we worship Him
That's why we're here
That's why we celebrate one hundred years
One holy life - One sacrifice
One heart still reaching to the dying here

Time was lost in the moment God came
Lost in the moment God's voice
Flowed like a gentle wind through our souls
Time was only a memory fading
Washed by the seas of wonder
Washed by the waves of love through our souls

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Lyrics - Life Songs

To The Most High

God, Most High, Ruler of everything
God, most worthy, worthy and true
We will praise You - We will honor You
We will worship You - God, Most High

God, Most High, giving Your only Son
God, most perfect, giving Your heart
We will follow You - We will come to You
We will worship You - God, Most High

And when we sing Alleluia with our hands lifted up
And our hearts growing quiet in the holiness of Love
Then we will follow You - Then we will come to You
Then we will worship You - God, Most High

And when we sing Alleluia with our hands lifted up
And our hearts growing quiet in the holiness of Love
Then we will follow You - Then we will come to You
Then we will worship You - God, Most High

God, Most High
We worship You
God, Most High

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Two Hearts, One Song

(for Joel and Tina)

Two stood together once along the shore
Neither one knowing what was in store
Like two rivers meeting, flowing on as one
Two voices praying - Two hearts, one song

Each one a promise, each one a ring
Winter and summer and autumn and spring
Like two seasons meeting, flowing on as one
Two voices praying - Two hearts, one song

Oh, Master Designer of life's deepest moments
Bless them with joy in this moment today
And touch them with love that will hold them forever
Close to Your heart - Close to each other
Closer and closer, we pray

Two stood together there at the start
Giving forever the love in their heart
Like two stories meeting, flowing on as one
Two voices praying - Two hearts, one song

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Walking In A World

He was walking in a world that didn't care what happened to Him
On the face of it the interest was there, but then it faded and dimmed
There were voices in the crowd both angry and loud, and they demanded to see
The end of the journey for the perfect expression of deity

But when you silence the truth, then all you have left will be your own spoken lies
You can have the night, and the night again, but the third day truth will rise
The third day truth will rise

And you can have your story and your song, but the lines will be all wrong
And what will you be holding in the end
A hammer in your hand, and blood stains where you stand
And the lonely heart of one who kills a Friend

You can rewind the story and play it again: there's so much to tell
He brought the love of heaven to earth, but earth turned around and gave Him hell
And it was part of a plan that was higher than any one of us could possibly see
It pleased the Father to bruise the expression of deity

When you seal the tomb, making sure the guards are strong
You can have the night and the night again, but the third day He'll be gone
The third day He'll be gone

And you can have your story and your song, but the lines will be all wrong
And what will you be holding in the end
A hammer in your hand, and blood stains where you stand
And the lonely heart of one who kills a Friend

So the world goes a couple of thousand times around the sun
And still His is the only story that really should be told to everyone
And those who called out to crucify when His body was bruised and torn
They will see Him coming in clouds of glory, and all the earth will mourn

'Cause when you silence the truth, then all you have left will be your own spoken lies
You can have the night, and the night again, but the third day truth will rise
The third day truth will rise

And you can have your story and your song, but the lines will be all wrong
And what will you be holding in the end
A hammer in your hand, and blood stains where you stand
And the lonely heart of one who kills a Friend

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Welcome Tonight

(for Crosstown Cafe)

Welcome tonight to Crosstown Cafe
Glad you could come; hope that you'll stay
The stories we tell, the words that we say
All part of the love here: Crosstown Cafe

One thing we found: good things in store
Are not always seen when we walk in the door
It still takes a while to fly to the moon
And hearts have been lifted in this very room

Come sing with me, come laugh with me
Come share with me the music of the day
Let the friendships be filled with harmony
May the memory never fade away

So pull up a chair, a table together
Couches are nice: bean bags are better
Coffee is hot: bottled water is not
Dessert if you need it; but I wouldn't eat it

So come with me; sing a song with me
Add some harmony; laugh along the way
I don't know if I can touch the eastern sky
But I would like to try; reach your hand and say

Welcome tonight to Crosstown Cafe
Glad you could come; hope that you'll stay
The stories we tell, the words that we say
All part of the love here: Crosstown Cafe

All part of the love here: Crosstown Cafe

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Lyrics - Life Songs

What A Moment Means

I watched a girl grow up in just a moment
It happened right before my eyes
I suppose if I had blinked I might have missed it
Some things go so quickly by
She was a child and yet she was a woman
At the same time all the stages in-between
I thought I knew, but I didn't know what a moment means

I watched a girl - she danced right off the pages
And flew as though on wings
It isn't mine to tell the deeper meaning - I only watch and sing
'Cause there are things we hear and yet they are unheard
Things we see that are still unseen
She was a girl grown up in just a moment
And I don't know what a moment means

And I could tell you story after story
You could share your vision and your dream
And we could spend the evening reminiscing
But at the end of it we'd see
It isn't what we think about the future
It isn't what we say about the past
The streams of life are flowing in this moment
Flowing both slowly and fast

I saw a girl - she smiled, she was graceful
She did a pirouette and then
She was the same with just a moment's difference
But when I looked at her again
She was a child and yet she was a woman
And somehow all the stages in-between
I thought I knew, but I didn't know what a moment...
She was a child and yet she was a woman
And somehow all the stages in-between
I thought I knew, but I didn't know what a moment means
I didn't know what a moment means

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Lyrics - Life Songs

What About You?

There was a word, and the word was “broken,” and that was the word for me
There was a time when I felt I was sinking far off on a distant sea
Nowhere close to where I was meant to be
The winds blew strong, the waves were cold, that washed over me
And I didn't know if I'd ever be singing the song that I'm singing you now
Deep in the darkness, I called to my Father, praying and hoping somehow
My world could be different for me
I called again, and over again, so deep was the hurt in me

I could be happy and sing only love songs
Or tell only stories of days without sorrow or pain, sun without rain
But it wouldn't be my story then... what about you

I wish I could write that it ended so quickly and everything fell into place
I wanted to say that my storms and my struggles were gone in a night and a day
But it didn't work out that way
The winds blew hard, the waves came in, time and time again
And I know this song isn't just about me: I sing it for everyone here
Who's ever been lost in a far away place, mixing their prayers with their tears
Hoping a rescue is near
Calling again, and over again, surrounded by dark and fears

I could be happy and sing only love songs
Or tell only stories of days without sorrow or pain, sun without rain
But it wouldn't be my story then... what about you

I want you to know there was more to the story than only the waves and the storm
It wouldn't be fair just to end it like this without saying hope was reborn
'Cause hope was reborn for me
Hold on: there's a promise much deeper than oceans and stronger than restless seas

I could be happy and sing only love songs
Or tell only stories of days without sorrow or pain, sun without rain
But it wouldn't be my story then... what about you
It wouldn't be my story then... what about you

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Where I Am Meant To Be

I'm doing my personal part
No one has to think I'm anything more than
What I was made to be
And I'm doing my personal part
Right here in the place where I am meant to be

I'm singing my individual song
It's part of a bigger symphony than
You or I can see
And I'm singing my individual song
Right here in the place where I am meant to be

Oh - - - It takes courage in the moment
It takes courage in the moment now
It's your song and you know it's yours to sing it
Open up the window
Let your song go out

I'm building my own "friend will you walk with me" beat
No one else's is like it
It's my unique signature on the street
And I'm building my own "friend will you walk with me" beat
Right here in the place where I am meant to be

Where I am meant to be

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Lyrics - Life Songs

Would It Be Enough?

I've stood here many times before, it's true
You didn't see me, though I've been watching you
I saw you in childhood when you played here
Those golden summer days here
And each year as you grew I kept my eyes on you
And now on an Easter Morning
You get up while it's dark and wipe the sleep from your eyes
And look up as you leave to see if moonlight's in the skies
And sit here with your coat on and hope the sun will rise
And I wonder may I ask you
Have I done enough to win your heart

If I asked you, would you let Me take your hand
If I unlocked the mysteries you still don't understand
What if I pulled back the curtain
And all the places you're uncertain
Were by the Light revealed and all the broken memories healed
Would it be enough then - Would you follow
If I asked for all the hurt you've known through all the years
Would you trust Me enough to let Me handle your fears
Would you give me the chance to wipe away all your tears
If you knew how much I loved you
Would it be enough to win your heart

The Father loved the world - He gave His only Son
The sacrifice was made - You needed only one
Eternal life is free for all who will believe

Is it different somehow, do the years make it seem so far
Because you don't see me, you also don't see the scars
And yet it's for you the gift was given
For you the nails were driven
The thorns, the whip, the spear
Are you listening - Do you hear
Tell me, have I done enough now to call you
What if I asked you to take up your cross
And go where I lead you no matter the cost
And count if you find Me all other things loss
If I died and rose to save you, would it be enough
If I laid aside My glory, would it be enough
If you knew how much I loved you
Would it be enough to win your heart

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Lyrics - Life Songs

You And Me

Under the sun, the bright warm sun
The world goes round, each day around
Flying through time on a blue-green ball
Winter, spring, summer, fall
And who's to say, like as not, we have sometimes forgot
What we came here to be, we took a false reality

What if there could be for you and me a brighter by far possibility
Than anything we thought could possibly be - Will you help me to imagine
And what if there's a place not far away where miracle things happen everyday
That's the kind of place to work and play... you and me

Under the sky, the bright blue sky
Strong winds come, and clouds go by
Not for a moment does all of it rest
Sun in the east becomes sun in the west
Through the days we have shown there are thoughts as we've grown
Which were meant to be known but we left them alone

What if there could be for you and me a brighter by far possibility
Than anything we thought could possibly be - Will you help me to imagine
And what if there's a place not far away where miracle things happen everyday
That's the kind of place to work and play... you and me

Look at it this way - maybe there's more to find than what we imagined...
tell me what if our story line still has mountains and hills to climb

I look at you for just a while - I hear you laugh, I see you smile
I wonder at times where would I be if there had been no you for me
And I am glad just to know when we first said hello
There was still more to say - I guess it's still true today

So what if there could be for you and me a brighter by far possibility
Than anything we thought could possibly be - Will you help me to imagine
And what if there's a place not far away where miracle things happen everyday
That's the kind of place to work and play... that's the kind of place I'd like to stay...
that's the kind of place I hope to live someday...
you and me

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Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

One day, while walking on the beach, I prayed and asked for twenty-four songs.
These twelve lyrics are taken from that group.

Singing Praise And Love Songs - 174

Wonder And Awe - 174

In Our Father's Hand - 174

And We Worship - 175

Call To Me - 175

I Give My Heart - 175

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We Have Come - 176

Come To Love - 177

The Harbor - 177

The Promise - 178

Say It! - 179

All songs in this group
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Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

1 - Singing Praise And Love Songs

Jesus, Your name is holy
Your name is worthy - Your heart is Love
And we worship You now with hands raised to heaven
Singing praise and love songs in honor of Your name

2 - Wonder And Awe

Wonder and awe - here in the presence
Here in the presence of holiness
Wonder and awe - here in the kingdom
Here in the kingdom of love
Down on our knees or lifting our hands up
Or raising our song to praise the name above all names
Oh, Jesus, we come - Jesus, we worship
With wonder - wonder and awe

3 - In Our Father's Hand

When we stand at the edge of the ocean
When we stand at the edge of the land
We are standing in the middle of our Father's hand
When we dance in the blue of the water
When we dance on the gold of the sand
We are dancing in the middle of our Father's hand

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia again
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia again

We will pray at the edge of the ocean
We will pray at the edge of the land
We will pray as we're kneeling in our Father's hand
Singing praise in the blue of the water
Singing praise on the gold of the sand
Singing praise in the blessing of our Father's hand

Lift us, Father - Cleanse us, Jesus - Fill us, Spirit, again
Draw us, Father - Heal us, Jesus - Teach us, Spirit, again

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia again
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia again

Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

4 - And We Worship

Holy is the place where the presence of the Lord is
Holy, holy, holy - and we worship
Pure and bright and peaceful is the place
where the presence of the Lord is
Pure and bright and peaceful - and we worship

Enter His gates singing your songs of praise and thanksgiving
Enter His courts bringing gifts to Him of love and gratitude
love and gratitude
For the Lord, our God, He alone is worthy
Worthy is the Lord
And the Lord, He has given us grace and mercy
And when we bow before Him, we worship (Alleluia)
we worship (Alleluia) - we worship (Alleluia)
we worship (Alleluia)

5 - Call To Me

Call to me - who else could you call to?
Look to Me - who else could you look to?
And where is there another refuge
like I have been for you? - Oh
You whom I have written on the palms of my hands
You whom I have loved with love you don't understand
Call to Me - who else could you call to?
Turn to Me - where else can you turn?

6 - I Give My Heart

I give my heart to the One who made me
To the One who gave His life on Calvary I give my heart
I give my life to the One who loves me
To the One who gave His life on Calvary I give my life
Over and over my heart reminds me how much it cost for love to find me
When He asks for everything it's 'cause that's what He gave
And all who follow Him must do the same

Lift up your cross - Come follow Me
Lift up your cross - Come follow Me
Lift up your cross - Come follow, follow Me today

Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

7 - The King Draws Near

Bright silver mornings breaking - Wind on the water breathing
Skies high above me opening clear
True songs of praise unfolding - Gifts in our hands upholding
All rise - the King draws near

Alleluia - For the Lamb is worthy - For the Son is risen - For the Light has come
Sing the songs of worship - Fill the house with praises
Write the words of joy and peace - Look through eyes of love

No other theme repeating - And no other promise needing
All has been given - The Word is true
Releasing fear and sorrow - And leaving till then tomorrow
We walk with hearts made new

Alleluia - Hear your sisters singing - Hear your brothers bringing news to all the lands
Sing the songs of glory - Fill the house with praises
Share the words of truth and life - Touch with healing hands

Bright silver mornings breaking - Wind on the water breathing
Skies high above me opening clear
True songs of praise unfolding - Gifts in our hands upholding
All rise - The King draws near - All rise - The King draws near
All rise - The King draws near

8 - We Have Come

When we gather, two or three together - Singing songs of praise and adoration
Holiness meets joy in celebration - Jesus is here - Jesus is here
When all the house is filled with expectation - When we arrive from various locations
Seeking all the same sweet destination - Where is the place - Filled with His grace

Oh, where is the wonder that my heart keeps on seeking since I started believing
Tell me, where is the place where His glory dwells

We have come, Lord Jesus - Wrap Your loving arms around Your children
Sweep away these barriers we're building - Lift us to Love - Lift us to Love
We have come, Lord Jesus - Bless us with Your promise and Your presence
Oh, Life's Bright Unfolding and it's Essence - Lift us to Love - Lift us - Oh, lift us
We have come

Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

9 - Come To Love

Come into His presence
Come into the holy place and kneel in repentance
Come surrender all
Gather round the table with holy hands and praising hearts
Come one, Come all
Take the invitation and come
Come to Love
Take the invitation and come

10 - The Harbor

There is a heart of compassion telling me
All will be righted someday
And all things unconquered, and all things unloving
Will all in their turn pass away

There is an anchor that's holding me, keeping me
When waves rise and crash on the sea
But though my horizons are dimmed by the rain and wind
There is a harbor for me - Jesus has a harbor for me

Lead me, Lord
When I'm lost come find me
In the dark remind me
All is light someday
And walk with me on paths I've never known
Jesus, You are my fortress
You bought me for Your own
Oh, breathe again the promise - I'll never be alone
You are my harbor and home

Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

11 - The Promise

Songs of love are playing in the heavens
Songs of love are playing with your name
And every dream you've ever dared to dream
Or hoped to receive, or wanted to believe in
Are all recorded in the book of memory
Are all recorded in the book of love
There's a song they're playing in the heavens
And you're the one they're thinking of

I cannot tell you when you'll hear the music
I cannot tell you how it finds your heart
I only know from watching how things go
A dream and a promise are never far apart
And you may find your answers round the corner
Or you may find them further round the bend
But there must always be a perfect answer
That's what it means to have a Perfect Friend

I'll be there when the way seems long
I will still be there when the world's all wrong
When the heart almost breaking holds its own - You won't be alone
I'll be there with a word when the words are few
When the darkness threatens, I'll be light all around you - Oh
All that you need is known - Listen to Me - All that you need is known

Songs of love are playing in the heavens
Songs of love are playing with your name
And every dream you've ever dared to dream
Or hoped to receive, or wanted to believe in
Are all recorded in the book of memory
Are all recorded in the book of love
There's a song they're playing in the heavens
And you're the one they're thinking of

It's all recorded in the book of memory
It's all recorded in the book of love
There's a song they're playing in the heavens
And you're the one they're thinking of

Lyrics - Prayer On The Beach

12 - Say It!

Say it - Speak the words I give you
Let no thought defeat you - I am by your side
If ever there was a time that needed heroes
Who knew that they were servants
Now is the time

Sing it - There is music for the ages
Waiting on the pages yet to be drawn
Write it - Using words like flaming torches
Light the night around you
With heaven-sent songs

Yours is the place - The hour is upon you
Take what I have given - Share it all around
Go and let the glory shine upon you
Speak as I have spoken - Heal the bruised and broken
Free them from the yoke and lead to higher ground

Build them - On the sure foundation
Each a new creation placed where they belong
Tell them - all that I have told you
Love and peace will hold you
Joy will keep you strong

Yours is the place - The hour is upon you
Take what I have given - Share it all around
Go and let the glory shine upon you
Speak as I have spoken - Heal the bruised and broken
Free them from the yoke and lead to higher ground

Say it - Speak the words I give you
Let no thought defeat you - I am by your side
If ever there was a time that needed heroes
Who knew that they were servants
Now is the time

If ever there was a time that needed heroes
Who knew that they were servants
Now is the time

Lyrics - Prayer In the Morning

One day, waking early in the morning, I asked that God's Spirit would give me twenty "seed thoughts" for new songs. The twenty seed thoughts arrived during the next few hours. These are the songs that grew up from those seeds.

- A01 - Every Instrument - 181
- A02 - Sing! Shout! - 182
- A03 - Wherever The River Flows - 183
- A04 - Stars! - 184
- A05 - West Wind - 185
- A06 - True Desire - 186
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- A10 - Trouble Spot - 190-191
- A11 - Sandals - 192
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- A14 - There Is A Time - 195
- A15 - You And Me - 196
- A16 - Holy - 197
- A17 - Lift Up A Song - 198
- A18 - We Come - 199
- A19 - Mercy - 200
- A20 - When He Sees The Blood - 201

Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A01 - Every Instrument

Let every instrument be His forever
Be used to honor Him, be used to bring Him praise
Every instrument all around the world
Playing praise to the Father of all - (oh yea)
Every heart, every soul among the nations
Singing songs of thanksgiving, a holy celebration
Every voice, every breath
Every instrument an instrument of praise

Let every instrument say Alleluia
Each with a sound to praise the Everlasting King
Every instrument with its own voice
Playing praise to the Father of all - (oh yea)
And every star shining down across the nations
Singing high in the heavens the music of creation
Every voice, every breath
Every instrument an instrument of praise

Guitars - Mandolins - Banjos - Ukeleles
Harmonicas - Melodicas
Brass - Woodwinds - Keyboards - Percussion
Accordions - Balalaikas - Drums - Pennywhistles
Strings - Flutes
Djembes - Saxophones - Steel Drums - Didjeridoos

Let every instrument be His forever
Be used to honor Him, be used to bring Him praise
Every instrument all around the world
Playing praise to the Father of all - (oh yea)
Every heart, every soul among the nations
Singing songs of thanksgiving, a holy celebration
Every voice, every breath
Every instrument an instrument of praise

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A02 - Sing! Shout!

Riding on the water - riding on the waves
You feel the power beneath you
Mighty, rising, crashing, swelling ocean tide
Catch my heart and send it for a wild ride
Let me dance with spray and foam
Till it's time to go home
And every ride in I keep on a-thinking

Sing, shout, live it out! Sing!
Jesus rules over all these things
And you have a voice, and you have a choice
So sing, shout, live it out! Sing!

Standing all alone early in the evening
Looking at the sunset
Gentle winds have painted with a brush so high
On the canvas of the western sky
Let me worship here in the park
Till it's almost dark
And while the night falls I keep on a-thinking

Sing, shout, live it out! Sing!
Jesus rules over all these things
And you have a voice, and you have a choice
So sing, shout, live it out! Sing!

Sing, shout, live it out! Sing!
Jesus rules over all these things
And you have a voice, and you have a choice
So sing, shout, live it out! Sing!

You have a voice, and you have a choice
So sing, shout, live it out! Sing!

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A03 - Wherever The River Flows

Wherever the river flows
Wherever the eagles fly
Wherever the mountain stands
A bold silhouette against the evening sky
Wherever the children sing
Wherever the forest grows
Jesus is Lord wherever...
Wherever the river flows

Wherever the starlight shines
Wherever the sunset glows
Wherever the the palm trees sway
Or evergreens stand tall in the falling snow
Wherever the sparrow flies
No matter how far it goes
Jesus is Lord wherever...
Wherever the river flows

Alleluia to the One who reigns on high
Alleluia to the One who paints the colors in the sky
Alleluia to the King, Lord of everything
Alleluia is the song the little children sing

Wherever the river flows
Wherever the eagles fly
Wherever the mountain stands
A bold silhouette against the evening sky
Wherever the children sing
Wherever the forest grows
Jesus is Lord wherever...
Wherever the river... wherever the river flows
Jesus is Lord wherever...
Wherever the river flows

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A04 - Stars!

Stars in the night, tell me your story
Sing now of holiness, speak now of glory
Tell me of the Father's love and care
Tell me of His pure and awesome might
Tell me of eternal power and majesty
Shine in the night

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?
Psalm 8:3-4

Stars in the night, sing to the nations
Sing of the Father's name, sing of creation
Tell to all the people of the world
Stories of never-ending light
Messengers who ride so high above me
Shine in the night

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.
Psalm 147:3-5

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Job 38:4-7

Stars in the night, tell me your story
Sing now of holiness, speak now of glory
Tell me of the Father's love and care
Tell me of His pure and awesome might
Tell me of eternal power and majesty
Shine in the night

Praise ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Psalm 148:1-3

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. Daniel 12:3

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A05 - West Wind

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Psalm 103:11-12

Where I stand I can look down the shoreline
Where I stand I can look out on the sea
Here I've asked so many questions and prayed so many prayers
and thought so many things

Out on the water there's a sail in the distance
Without the wind there is nothing it can do
And I have learned by the space of many years now
Something else that's true

West wind, you are in my Father's hand
East wind, whisper it across the land
Cool wind, breathe again the story blessed
My sins have been taken as far as the east is from the west

On the shelf there's a book with a story
I read the book and I think about the words
But there's a part that goes deep inside my heart
And I'm wondering... have you heard?

West wind, you are in my Father's hand
East wind, whisper it across the land
Cool wind, breathe again the story blessed
My sins have been taken as far as the east is from the...

West wind, you are in my Father's hand
East wind, whisper it across the land
Cool wind, breathe again the story blessed
My sins have been taken as far as the east is from the west

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A06 - True Desire

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in his temple.
Psalm 27:4

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.
Psalm 73:25

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Isaiah 12:2

I am your one true desire
All that you ever longed to know
This shall be forever
I am Life eternal
Come to Me and coming let go
Of all that's not your one true desire

I am your strength and your song
All that you'll ever need I am
This is true forever
On and on forever
Trust all and leave it in My hands
I am your strength and your song

And what happens all around you
Need not put fear within you
All that happens I have foreseen
This is My promise ever
I will forsake you never
Come for the blessing you need

I am your one true desire
All that you ever longed to know
This shall be forever
I am Life eternal
Come to Me and coming let go
Of all that's not your one true desire

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A07 - City Map

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. 2 Corinthians 8:9

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Philippians 2:5-8

I was walking down Half-Forgotten Street
Not particularly watching the path of my feet
Doing nothing on No Man's Land
Doing nothing on No... Man's Land
That's where Jesus found me
That's where He took my hand

Ask me why I sing for the Master
Who rescued me from sure disaster
There was nothing that I could do
There was nothing that I... could do
That's where Jesus found me
That's where He made me new

Oh, tell me anyone else who comes all the way
All the way from Glory to where you're standing
on the corner of the city map
Oh, tell me anyone else who comes all the way

I was walking down Beat You Down Boulevard
And the cost was making life extra hard
In the middle of Nothin' Doin' Square
In the middle of Nothin'... Doin' Square
That's where Jesus found me
and started me going somewhere

(Instrumental)

Oh, tell me anyone else who comes all the way
All the way from Glory to where you're standing
on the corner of the city map
Oh, tell me anyone else who comes -
Oh, tell me anyone else who comes all the way
All the way from Glory to where you're standing
on the corner of the city map
Oh, tell me anyone else who comes all the way
Oh, tell me anyone else who comes...
All the way... all the way... all the way

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A08 - Run

Run, little children, run
Sing, little children, sing
Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come
Run, little children, run
Sing, little children, sing
Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come

Whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God
Just like a little child shall not enter it at all
You and me with our grown-up ways
If we would bring our Maker praise
We must come like a little child
Or we cannot come at all

Run, little children, run
Sing, little children, sing
Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come
Run, little children, run
Sing, little children, sing
Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.
Mark 10:13-14

Behold, what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. 1 John 3:1a

Run, little children, run
Sing, little children, sing
Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come
Run, little children, run
Sing, little children, sing
Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come

Laugh, dance - this is your chance
Come to Jesus, come

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A09 - Deepest Sea

Gold on the sand - Blue on the water
Green on the grassy hill that overlooks the sea
So calm the sky above - So far the far horizon
So deep the mighty ocean
What does it say to me?
What does it say to me?

Wide, white-capped ocean
with waves finding every shore
Sing to me of love that knows no measure
strong and alive forevermore
Sing to me of mercy and forgiveness
deeper than the deepest sea
Tell me of Love's true compassion
splashing over me

Moonlight and mystery - Dark on the water
Night on the grassy hill that overlooks the sea
Stars fill the sky above me - Soft clouds on the far horizon
So calm the mighty ocean
And yet it speaks to me
And yet it speaks to me

Wide, white-capped ocean
with waves finding every shore
Sing to me of love that knows no measure
strong and alive forevermore
Sing to me of mercy and forgiveness
deeper than the deepest sea
Tell me of Love's true compassion
splashing over me
splashing over - all over me

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A10 - Trouble Spot

Well, it may be, as we walk along, we may encounter a little bit of trouble - hey
But didn't Jesus say in the world you will have tribulation, difficulties, pressures,
but not beyond measure
All is still under the control of the Hand that rules the world

Trouble Spot... you may be walkin' on Trouble Spot...
You may be dancing where the pain is all around you...
But it need not rule within you
It may be a Trouble Spot... but it cannot
Hold you back no more... (no more)
Jesus sets you free to walk on the highway, on the highway of the Lord!

My brothers and my sisters, you may be walkin' on Trouble Spot... but remember it's not the trouble
that we fear... We fear the name of the Lord - and we bring Him honor - in the darkness of the night,
and when we cannot see the light - we still sing praise - so right
Praise to the One whose name is higher than the heavens - Yea

Trouble Spot... you may be walkin' on Trouble Spot...
You may be dancing where the pain is all around you...
But it need not rule within you
It may be a Trouble Spot... but it cannot
Hold you back no more... (no more)
Jesus sets you free to walk on the highway, on the highway of the Lord!

Sing when the tide's against you
When they try to break or bend you
Sing when the battle's raging
When the enemy's engaging
Sing when your world is shaken
When your heart is close to breakin'
Sing when the times are tough
When you haven't got enough

Praise when they mock and taunt you
When the cries of evil haunt you
Praise when the storm surrounds you
When the crack of thunder drowns you out
Praise when your hopes are broken
When the promises once spoken
Seem lost in a distant haze
Praise, Praise, Praise, Praise...

(continued)

Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

(A10 - Trouble Spot - continued)

Trouble Spot... you may be walkin' on Trouble Spot...
You may be dancing where the pain is all around you...
 But it need not rule within you
 It may be a Trouble Spot... but it cannot
 Hold you back no more... (no more)
Jesus sets you free to walk on the highway, on the highway of the Lord!

You may be walkin' on Trouble Spot...
You may be dancing where the pain is all around you...
 But it need not rule within you
 It may be a Trouble Spot... but it cannot
 Hold you back no more... (no more)
Jesus sets you free to walk on the highway, on the highway of the Lord!

(Instrumental)

Sing when the tide's against you
When they try to break or bend you
 Sing when the battle's raging
 When the enemy's engaging
Sing when your world is shaken
When your heart is close to breakin'
 Sing when the times are tough
 When you haven't got enough

Praise when they mock and taunt you
 When the cries of evil haunt you
Praise when the storm surrounds you
When the crack of thunder drowns you out
 Praise when your hopes are broken
 When the promises once spoken
 Seem lost in a distant haze
 Praise, Praise, Praise, Praise...

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A11 - Sandals

Sandals on the sand - Footprints on the shore
Places where I've walked and prayed
Seeking something more
Questions have been laid to rest
Trusting in the Lord
Ocean waves and wind have washed those
footprints from the shore
But prayers of love and praise go on
and on forevermore

Whispers on the wind
Words I can't remember
Here I've prayed on nights in June
Here in cold December
Where to turn and what to think
When to come and go
Many times I've sought to find the things
I hardly know
But those forgotten prayers of mine
are answered even so

I've seen the sunrise through the lens
When clouds were bright with gold
I've seen the daylight fade away
When nights were growing cold
I've heard the waves at eventide
I've heard the seagulls cry
I memorized by heart one time
The colors in the sky
But maybe more than these...
maybe more than these I'll remember

Sandals on the sand - Footprints on the shore
Places where I've walked and prayed
Seeking something more
Questions have been laid to rest
Trusting in the Lord
Ocean waves and wind have washed those
footprints from the shore
But prayers of love and praise go on
and on forevermore

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A12 - Soul Flight

Mystery - such a mystery
Such a childlike mystery is prayer
Who can say what the future holds
For the ones who linger there
Holiness - Place of holiness
Place of perfect holiness and love
Who can trace the footprints
of those whose hearts are lifted
to lands so high above
to lands so high above

There's a holy rhythm to staying on my knees
It's a soul kind of rhythm
Seeking and finding and tensions unwinding
From struggle to breakthrough to peace
And those who have wept in the shadows
Rise up to shine in the light
Mark well the place where the broken ones kneel
That's where the soul takes flight
That's where the soul takes flight - oh
That's where the soul takes flight

Honestly - tell me honestly
Are you dwelling in that secret place
Where the light - the unchanging light
Wraps around you like an embrace
There in love - blessed by heavenly love
You can speak and spoken words come true
Prayer is power when God is the power
And it pleases Him to do what we're asking Him to

There's a holy rhythm to staying on my knees
It's a soul kind of rhythm
Seeking and finding and tensions unwinding
From struggle to breakthrough to peace
And those who have wept in the shadows
Rise up to shine in the light
Mark well the place where the broken ones kneel
That's where the soul takes flight
That's where the soul takes flight - oh
That's where the soul takes flight

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A13 - Joy Attack!

There's a sound of a battle going on
between number zero and number One
And there's nothing on the side of nothing
Everything is on the side of everything

Stage by stage the wicked side falls while the
right side walks on the wrong side's walls
And there's nothing on the side of nothing
Everything is on the side of everything

It's a Joy Attack! - A pure power invasion!
Grace marches onward - Love holds the truth
Mercy wins - A heart to heart explosion
God walks among us - Tell out the news

Don't be fooled if the battle runs long thinking
right's on the scaffold and wrong is strong
'Cause there's nothing on the side of nothing
Everything is on the side of everything

Don't be fooled if the battle runs late thinking
right won't trample on the wrong side's gates
'Cause there's nothing on the side of nothing
Everything is on the side of everything

It's a Joy Attack! - A pure power invasion!
Grace marches onward - Love holds the truth
Mercy wins - A heart to heart explosion
God walks among us - Tell out the news

Alleluia - Hear the praise songs of the followers of the Lamb
Alleluia - It's the victory sound you can hear clear across the land
Alleluia - Behold the King, He rides on in majesty
Alleluia - Everyone proclaim Him, everyone bow the knee

It's a Joy Attack! - A pure power invasion!
Grace marches onward - Love holds the truth
Mercy wins - A heart to heart explosion
God walks among us - Tell out the news
God walks among us - Tell out... tell out the news

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A14 - There Is A Time

As for me, I will call upon God; and the LORD shall save me. Evening, and morning, and at noon,
will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice. Psalm 55:16-17

There is a time to sing and there is a time to pray
There is a time to worship... now is the time

There is a time for wonder; there is a time for praise
There is a time to draw closer... now is the time

Now is the time; this is the place
Come to the overflowing goodness and grace
Goodness and grace... goodness and grace...

There is a call to holiness; there is a call to prayer
There is a call to purity... listen to the call

There is a word of hope and there is a word of love
There is a word of healing... listen to the word

Now is the time; this is the place
Come to the overflowing goodness and grace
Goodness and grace... goodness and grace...

There is a time to sing and there is a time to pray
There is a time to worship... now is the time

There is a time for wonder; there is a time for praise
There is a time to draw closer... now is the time

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A15 - You And Me

There are places where the people come near
but their way isn't clear for lack of harmony
All in all the stories we tell move towards
heaven or hell based on the words we say
Death and life are in the power of the tongue
And there are still so many good songs
waiting to be sung - tell me, will they be?

But you and me, brother... you and me, sister
We stand together with hearts purified as one
You and me, brother... you and me, sister
We stand together with hearts purified -
around His throne

Wisdom speaks but the noises in the street
tend to drown out the sound of the higher things
All in all it's so easy to delay, spending most
of our awareness on other things
Why does it take so long to learn our lessons?
Why are we still asking so many unimportant questions?
Are we listening?

But you and me, brother... you and me, sister
We stand together with hearts purified as one
You and me, brother... you and me, sister
We stand together with hearts purified -
around His throne

All the way He came to rescue you and me
All the way He came to set us free
you and me, you and me

But you and me, brother... you and me, sister
We stand together with hearts purified as one
You and me, brother... you and me, sister
We stand together with hearts purified -
around His throne

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A16 - Holy

Holy is the Lamb of God
Holy is the Lamb of God
Holy, holy, holy is the Lamb
Holy is the Lamb of God

Worthy is the Lamb of God
Worthy is the Lamb of God
Worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lamb
Worthy is the Lamb of God

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever. Revelation 5:11-14

Jesus is the Lamb of God
Jesus is the Lamb of God
Jesus, worthy, holy is the Lamb
Jesus is the Lamb of God

Jesus, worthy, holy is the Lamb
Jesus is the Lamb of God

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A17 - Lift Up A Song

Lift up a song of praise - Lift up a song of praise
Lift up a song of praise... the Lord is mighty
Lift up a song of praise - Lift up a song of praise
Lift up a song of praise... the Lord is God

Come to Him... Everybody come to Him
Honor Him... Every nation honor Him
Sing for Him... Angels in the highest heaven
Worship Him... Jesus is Lord!

Lift up a song of joy - Lift up a song of joy
Lift up a song of joy... the Lord is merciful
Lift up a song of joy - Lift up a song of joy
Lift up a song of joy... the Lord is God

Come to Him... Everybody come to Him
Honor Him... Every nation honor Him
Sing for Him... Angels in the highest heaven
Worship Him... Jesus is Lord!

Lift up a song of love - Lift up a song of love
Lift up a song of love... the Lord is holy
Lift up a song of love - Lift up a song of love
Lift up a song of love... the Lord is God

Come to Him... Everybody come to Him
Honor Him... Every nation honor Him
Sing for Him... Angels in the highest heaven
Worship Him... Jesus is Lord!

- 10 All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.
- 11 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;
- 12 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.
- 13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. Psalm 145:10-13

Come to Him... Everybody come to Him
Honor Him... Every nation honor Him
Sing for Him... Angels in the highest heaven
Worship Him... Jesus is Lord!
Worship Him... Jesus is Lord!

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A18 - We Come

These who travel to Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem
These who travel to Jerusalem
They sing the songs of Zion's King

How lovely! How lovely is your dwelling place
Oh Lord of hosts - Oh Lord of hosts
How lovely! How lovely is your dwelling place
Oh Lord of hosts - Oh Lord of hosts
We come

These who sing the songs of pilgrimage,
pilgrimage, pilgrimage
These who sing the songs of pilgrimage
They sing the songs of Zion's King

How blessed are those, are those who dwell in Your house
They are ever praising, ever praising
How blessed are those, are those who dwell in Your house
They are ever praising, ever praising
You, Lord

Alleluia to the Lord who reigns,
the Lord who reigns, the Lord who reigns
Alleluia to the Lord who reigns
We sing the songs of Zion's King

The Lord God, He is a sun and shield
The Lord gives grace and glory, grace and glory
The Lord God, He is a sun and shield
The Lord gives grace and glory, grace and glory
We come... We come...

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A19 - Mercy

When I needed hope... when I needed hope in the darkness
When I needed hope... Hope came to me
When I needed hope... when I needed hope in the darkness
When I needed hope... Hope came to me... Hope came to me

I will sing of mercy never-ending
I will sing of love flowing free
I will sing of joy and peace forever
Washing over me
I will sing of mercy never-ending
I will sing of love flowing free
I will sing of joy and peace forever
Washing over me... washing over me

When I needed light... when I needed light in the shadows
When I needed light... Light came to me
When I needed light... when I needed light in the shadows
When I needed light... Light came to me... Light came to me

I will sing of mercy never-ending
I will sing of love flowing free
I will sing of joy and peace forever
Washing over me
I will sing of mercy never-ending
I will sing of love flowing free
I will sing of joy and peace forever
Washing over me... washing over me

Now my song is praise... now my song is praise on the mountains
Now my song is praise... Love lifted me
Now my song is praise... now my song is praise on the mountains
Now my song is praise... Love lifted me... Love lifted me

I will sing of mercy never-ending
I will sing of love flowing free
I will sing of joy and peace forever
Washing over me
I will sing of mercy never-ending
I will sing of love flowing free
I will sing of joy and peace forever
Washing over me... washing over me

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Lyrics - Prayer In The Morning

A20 - When He Sees The Blood

Holy Father, for all my sin
It took a holy sacrifice to cleanse me within
My selfish pride, my willful ways
I was not a vessel fit to sing your praise

But when You see the blood
When You see the blood
When You see the blood You see me clean - oh
When You see the blood
When You see the blood
When You see the blood You see me clean

How can I forget how I wounded You
How the blood kept flowing down toward me
on Golgotha's hill
At the cross I fell... at the cross I stayed
Then the blood that flowed so freely
washed my guilt away

When He sees the blood
When He sees the blood
When He sees the blood He sees me clean - oh
When He sees the blood
When He sees the blood
When He sees the blood He sees me clean

When He sees the blood He sees me clean

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Stories - A Caterpillar And A Dream

A Caterpillar And A Dream

The Path By The Fence

Perhaps caterpillars don't think about flying very much. After all, legs are for walking, and with the number of legs they have available, I suppose it's enough to keep them going. Nevertheless, once upon a time there was a caterpillar whose dream it was to fly. It wasn't that he was unhappy particularly. There was enough to eat, and enough to climb, and friends who were caterpillars. Certainly all he could have wanted was already there. Yet, tucked away in his heart, there was this distant longing.

I can't really say that his friends identified with him very much, at least not on this point. They were quite taken up with the job at hand, and it was enough for them. Thinking, speaking, dreaming of flying didn't suit their taste. They were a bit more practical than that. To be sure, the topic came up now and again, usually in one of those intellectual treetop meetings. These were attended by those who had their "head in the clouds." But as far as affecting everyday life, well, you can imagine.

It was a warm, bright day when the caterpillar, whose initials were C.P., saw his friend Mr. Turtle coming along the path next to the fence. C.P. enjoyed talking with him, for Mr. Turtle had seen a little more of the world than his caterpillar friends, though from a lower perspective, which gave him a very down-to-earth point of view.

"I suppose you've never thought about flying," ventured C.P. Mr. Turtle was a good and wise friend, and you could pop him questions out of nowhere, with no preliminaries leading up.

Mr. Turtle looked him over. "Ah, your dream," he said. "So you've been thinking again."

"I can't help it," C.P. answered. "My friends all think I've eaten too many sassafras leaves or something, but I know it isn't that. There's something else, and I can't explain what it is."

"You don't have to explain it," said the Turtle. "Have you ever tried to fly?"

"Well, no, actually," C.P. said, "and I'm pretty sure it wouldn't be worth it anyway. You can think your way to a conclusion sometimes, and I've sort of come to the conclusion that no amount of legs can add up to two wings."

"You know about wings, then? asked Mr. Turtle.

Stories - A Caterpillar And A Dream

“Only a little,” said C.P. “But I’ve seen them. I gather that if you’re going to fly you need wings.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Turtle. “You’ll need wings.”

It was a short conversation, and it stopped just like it began, with nothing extra being said. It was always that way with Mr. Turtle. He would let you explain how far you had come, but he left the exploring up to you.

Mr. Turtle made his way down along the fence. It was a beautiful day. C.P. climbed to the top of a nearby tree. He felt the branches sway in the breeze, and the wind blew past him with the hint of a promise.

By The Rock In The Garden

“Do you think I was really meant to fly?” C.P. asked some days later. They were sitting in the garden now. Flowers danced just a few inches away.

“It is your dream,” answered Mr. Turtle. “Dreams have a way of being put there for a reason.”

“Then you don’t think it unusual? Me, with a “hundred” legs, every one of them made for walking, and all I can think of is flying?”

“No, not unusual,” said Mr. Turtle. “Unexpected perhaps, in someone so young, but not unusual. Life is filled with the unusual. If something came along that was merely usual, it would be such a surprise it would have to be classed in the opposite category.”

“But my friends don’t understand,” C.P. continued. “I feel out of place in the group.”

“The group is made for individuals,” Mr. Turtle told him, “but not all individuals are made for the group.”

“Then it’s okay for me to continue on?”

“You’re okay,” said Mr. Turtle, smiling. “I’m keeping an eye on you. If you start to get off on the wrong foot, I’ll let you know.”

The two walked away, but the flowers stayed in their places and danced well into the afternoon.

Stories - A Caterpillar And A Dream

A Few Days Alone

After that a number of days went by. There were two thunderous rainstorms, and C.P. found a reasonably dry place to wait it out. Mr. Turtle was nowhere to be seen, and C.P. reasoned that he too had found himself a shelter somewhere. Rainstorms may be a bit lonely, but they give you a good chance to think, and C.P. didn't mind that. He sat in his reasonably dry place and turned his thoughts in new directions.

"I wonder why Mr. Turtle never discourages me when I talk about flight?" he began. "None of my friends even want to listen, let alone relate. But Mr. Turtle not only understands, he even seems to be guiding me somehow. I wonder if he knows something I don't? But then, he probably wouldn't tell me even if he did. That's his way. He wants me to discover things on my own."

C.P. sat there a while thinking, and eventually it began to dawn on him that he had a choice to make. In a way he had already made one choice: the choice between the perspective of his friends and the hope of his heart. But now there was another choice, and it had to do with trust.

"I've been reasoning for quite some time," he thought, "weighing one thing against another, and it's been an interesting debate. Now I'm standing at an intersection in my thoughts. I can choose to keep debating endlessly, or I can believe I was really meant to fly. I haven't much to go on, except the words of my friend, Mr. Turtle, and even he hasn't given me a definite yes or no. He wants me to figure it out for myself. But if flying was not for me at all, then I think he would have handled our conversations differently."

The thunder and rains continued, but C.P. was in a world of his own. "Then it all comes down to this," he said after a while. "It's a question of whether or not I trust Mr. Turtle." And then, since he hadn't anywhere else to go anyway, he just sat there and let the memories of smiling days along the fence, and bright afternoons in the garden, play through his mind like movies from the past.

The thunder eventually had enough and marched off somewhere else, and the rain decided to go with it, but C.P. didn't notice. He had fallen asleep, with sunshine on his mind, in his warm and reasonably dry place.

And So Things Continued

C.P. climbed down from the top of a tall tree and looked along the fence. Sure enough, Mr. Turtle was coming. It was a good day to be out walking, so they didn't stop to talk; they

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walked while they talked. That is until C.P. said, "I've come to the conclusion that it's going to be wonderful to fly!"

Mr. Turtle stopped with one foot in the air. He set it back down slowly and looked at C.P. There was a long pause before he said, "I see you've made considerable progress since I last saw you."

C.P. smiled. Compliments from Mr. Turtle were rare and valuable. They walked on a little further. "Of course, that raises a new question in my mind," C.P. said. "The question of how."

"And also the question of when," Mr. Turtle answered. "How and when nearly always go together."

C.P. was a bit puzzled. "I hadn't thought about when."

"It's an easy thing to miss," Mr. Turtle told him. "How means you're looking for a way to do something. But the way we do things changes over time, which means when has a lot to do with how."

"Okay, so I have two questions," C.P. responded. "How and when."

"And then there's the third question," said Mr. Turtle. "More important than the first two, it's the question of who."

At that point C.P. didn't know what to say. They walked on a little further. The fence turned to the right and they both turned with it.

After a while Mr. Turtle said, "Who is actually the secret, but I think you've enough to think about for now. Let's talk about today instead of tomorrow." So their conversation changed as they walked, but the earlier part was what C.P. stored away in the thoughtful places of his heart.

Over By The Bird Feeder

The days went by in a series of clear, calm ones, as if to balance out the memory of the big storm. C.P. and the other caterpillars chewed on leaves high above the ground, but C.P. was also chewing on something else. The next time he had a chance he would have to ask Mr. Turtle about it. But as things turned out, it was actually Mr. Turtle who mentioned it first. C.P. was making his way down the bird feeder pole when he saw his friend waiting at the bottom. "I suppose you've been thinking about the three questions," Mr. Turtle said.

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“Yes, I have,” C.P. answered. “But I’m not getting very far yet. The part about how and when is all right, but what did you mean by who?”

“I meant you,” said Mr. Turtle.

“Me?” C.P. asked. “What about me?”

“Well, you’re going to fly, aren’t you?” the Turtle asked.

C.P. paused. “Yes,” he said.

“And if you’re going to fly, there has to be a time, right? A good time, a right time?”

“I’m following,” answered C.P.

“That good and right time will at some point arrive,” the Turtle continued, “and then the question of when will be completely answered.”

“Yes, that’s true,” C.P. said. “If I know I’m going to fly, then there must be a time.”

“And at that time,” Mr. Turtle continued, “there will be a way, a way quite suited to that particular time.”

“All right,” C.P. said. “I guess if I’m going to fly there must be a way as well as a time.”

“So far, so good,” Mr. Turtle said, “but before going on, did you notice you would never have reached this point in the discussion if you didn’t first believe the dream is true.”

“Yes,” C.P. answered. “Believing has helped me to come this far.”

At that point laughter rang out in a tree branch not far from the ground. C.P. looked up to see several of his caterpillar friends who had climbed down to listen in on the conversation. Now that they had been seen, they too added a few comments of their own, but these were not intended to inspire confidence, so I won’t mention what they were. Some things aren’t worth saying once, let alone putting them into print afterwards. “Come,” said Mr. Turtle to C.P. “Let’s go for a walk down by the lane.” The others seemed to have no desire to follow, but they called out after them with loud accents until C.P. and Mr. Turtle disappeared over the small mound by the mailbox.

The conversation didn’t continue immediately. Some things, when they break, take a while to build again. Mr. Turtle seemed to know where he was going, so C.P. just followed. They

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walked down the lane and over into a stretch of woods until they reached a place where the ground sloped down to a calm, blue lake not much bigger than a pond.

“This is a really nice spot,” C.P. said. “How did you know it was here?”

“I come here often,” answered Mr. Turtle. “It’s one of my treasured places.”

They walked down the slope and sat near the water’s edge.

“Don’t worry about what the others said,” Mr. Turtle counseled. “Someday all things will be clear, but until then you must follow the things that are clear to you.”

“They don’t understand,” answered C.P.

“They will in time,” Mr. Turtle said. “They will in time.”

“Having a dream can be a lonely road sometimes,” C.P. commented.

“It can be,” said Mr. Turtle, “but it doesn’t have to be. It depends on your point of view.”

“What do you mean?”

“Would you trade away your dream for the companionship of the others?”

C.P. looked at him. “No, I couldn’t do that.”

“Then you’ve ruled out the option of going back. That leaves only one option left.”

“To go forward?” C.P. asked.

“That’s right, unless you prefer to stop and look both ways for a while.”

“No,” C.P. answered, “I was at that intersection once before, and I made my choice then.”

“So you’re in good shape,” Mr. Turtle said. “If you’ve chosen to go forward, and if those you’re leaving behind don’t understand, where does that put your true friends?”

C.P. was a little puzzled. “I don’t know,” he said.

“They’re in the only place left,” Mr. Turtle told him. “They’re somewhere on the road ahead. You will meet them, and each time you do the road will be a little less lonely.”

“Thank you,” C.P. said. “I know I’ve already met one.”

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On The Old Log

After that day C.P. and Mr. Turtle were often seen walking along the shore or sitting near the edge of the lake. It was a peaceful place, and well suited to conversations of all kinds. Time seemed almost to stand still during those days. No one hurried to get anywhere fast or tried to get anything done quickly. Mr. Turtle showed C.P. all around the lakefront. One day they were sitting on an old log in the sun.

“I was thinking,” said C.P. “We never got to finish our discussion about when, how, and who.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Turtle. “We didn’t mention the who part, did we?”

“No,” said C.P., “at least not enough for me to understand. You said something about the who part being me.”

“The who part is you,” Mr. Turtle said. “When means there will come a time. How means there will be a way. But who is different. It indicates a change.”

“A change?” C.P. asked.

“Sure. If you believe you’re going to fly, and you can’t fly yet, then you know something has to change.”

“Well, I suppose that makes sense,” C.P. answered, “but how does that relate to me?”

“You’re the one who has to change,” Mr. Turtle said.

C.P. just looked at him, with a sort of startled look.

“Don’t look so surprised,” Mr. Turtle told him. “It’s always that way, you know. To experience a situation differently, you have to be different in the situation.”

C.P. still didn’t say anything, though it was clear he was thinking hard. “That’s a very unusual thought,” he said at last. All was quiet in the warm afternoon. C.P. gazed across the lake. “All this time I’ve been longing to fly,” he thought, “and now I’ve bumped into a great secret. For the longing to come true, it’s me who has to change.”

Mr. Turtle didn’t interrupt. He knew when to speak and when to be silent.

Finally a small voice said, “Then I have a new question altogether. It isn’t how to fly. It’s how to change.”

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“You have come a long way,” said Mr. Turtle. “You have come a long way.”

Close To The Wading Stream

Over the next few days, C.P. thought a lot about the conversation on the log. It had come as a surprise to him, at least the part about changing did. Like so many others, he had thought his dream would come true as a result of outer circumstances being different. How those outer circumstances would become different, he really didn't know. But now he was face to face with another concept, that the dream would come true as a result of an inner change, a change in C.P. That was the startling part.

He climbed to the top of one of the tall trees and looked out at the world. “How different it will be to see the world while flying,” he thought, “free to move and explore, not limited to just one tree at a time.” He could imagine himself darting this way and that through the open air, his heart beating faster for the bright joy of it. But he was puzzled a little too. How could such a change happen? What would he be then?

He was walking again with Mr. Turtle one afternoon. They crossed over a small bridge by the wading stream and found a resting place in the shade beneath a maple tree.

“I've been thinking about changing,” C.P. said, “but I don't think I know how.”

Mr. Turtle was silent. “Yes,” he said after a while, “but the good news is you don't really need to know how. It's enough just to cooperate with.”

“Does that mean I'll be a part of the process, but not the cause of it?” C.P. asked.

“Yes,” Mr. Turtle said. “There are some places where we can be the cause and see the effect. Then there are other places where the cause is bigger than we are, and the effect is seen in us.”

“That's wild,” C.P. said.

“It is,” Mr. Turtle responded.

Both were silent for a while. Then C.P. asked, “How does one cooperate?”

“It's easier than you might think,” Mr. Turtle told him, “but not everybody understands that.”

“What do you mean?”

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“They make it harder than it needs to be, resist their own progress, and slow down just when they have the opportunity to move in the direction of freedom. They bring themselves a lot of pain in the process.”

“But it doesn’t have to be that way, right?” C.P. asked.

“No, it doesn’t,” Mr. Turtle responded. “Most things aren’t hard on their own. It’s usually we who make them so difficult.”

“I’ve heard some say there aren’t any easy answers,” C.P. said.

“Oh, the answers are easy enough,” Mr. Turtle replied, “but they’re found in such unexpected places. That’s why they’re so often missed.”

“So then what’s the easy way to cooperate?” asked C.P.

“There are a few,” Mr. Turtle answered. “One is surrender.”

C.P.’s eyes widened. “I wouldn’t have guessed that one,” he said.

“And yet it’s sort of obvious,” said Mr. Turtle. “In order to become what we’re becoming, we have to surrender what we’ve been.”

C.P. looked at him. “Then that means a change in identity.”

“All changes are,” Mr. Turtle told him. “All changes are.”

They listened for a while to the wading stream as it flowed near the tree and then on its way.

“Then there’s another one,” Mr. Turtle continued. “Stillness. Inside changes are easier when outside noise levels are lower.”

“I’ve noticed that,” said C.P. “I learn more when I’m quiet than when I’m trying hard to think.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Turtle. “And when the stillness is great, so are the results.”

Again silence, until C.P. said, “Anything else? You haven’t mentioned the dream yet? Is the dream important?”

“It’s a starting place,” Mr. Turtle told him, “but eventually you have to let it go.”

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C.P. was a little surprised. “Why is that?”

“Because a dream is like a promise that isn’t yet. When the promise comes true, you will no longer need the dream. Therefore anyone who experiences a promise has at some point let go of a dream.”

“But couldn’t you hang on to your dream right up to the moment when it’s no longer needed?” C.P. asked. “Kind of like a trade, a dream for a promise?”

“It’s not like that,” Mr. Turtle said. “A promise grows where a dream is planted. And growing takes time, which means there’s a gap between letting go the dream and experiencing the promise.”

There was a long pause while the wading stream flowed on by. “I don’t know what to say,” C.P. said at last.

“Then you don’t need to,” Mr. Turtle told him.

By The Calm Lake

C.P. had much to ponder for a few days. So much in his thinking had changed since that first day he spoke with Mr. Turtle by the fence. He wondered what his life would be like, and what he would be thinking about, if he had never had the privilege of such a good friend. The dream in his heart was still there, for he had not yet discovered any way of letting it go, but he wasn’t as worried about it anymore, so the first step toward letting go was already being manifest. He was beginning to feel more relaxed about many things, and got on a little better with his caterpillar friends as a result. They still didn’t understand him, but he understood them more than before, and so the gate he thought was locked from the other side swung open quite easily on his side.

It was during these days that another idea began to stir in his imagination. It wasn’t a dream exactly; more like a natural desire. For where his dream was impossible in his present condition, this new idea was quite easy to accomplish. One day he mentioned it to his good friend while they were relaxing by the lake.

“I’ve been thinking again,” he began.

Mr. Turtle was not surprised. He just waited for him to continue.

“Only this time it isn’t about flight. What I’m thinking about now is a nice, long nap.”

“Go right ahead,” said Mr. Turtle. “The sun is warm. Maybe I’ll take one myself.”

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C.P. sat up and looked across at his friend. "I don't mean just for an afternoon," he said. "I mean for days."

Now it was Mr. Turtle's turn to sit up. He looked at C.P., but he didn't say anything at first. Finally he asked, "When did you start thinking these thoughts?"

"Oh, I don't know," C.P. said. "Recently. I'd like to climb up in a tall tree, find a nice sheltered place, and weave myself a warm blanket. Then I'd like to zip myself in and sleep and sleep and sleep."

Mr. Turtle didn't answer immediately.

"What are you thinking?" C.P. asked him.

Mr. Turtle lay back down on the grass. "I was just noticing," he said, "how very much the opposite of flying that is. Why, wrapped up that tight, you wouldn't even be able to walk."

C.P. looked up at the tall trees by the lake. "Yes, I know," he said. "It does seem to be in the opposite direction of the dream, doesn't it? Still, dream or no dream, I feel it's something I must do."

"So you're letting the dream go?" Mr. Turtle asked.

"For now," C.P. said. "For now."

Mr. Turtle was silent again for some time. The lake was as calm as always. C.P. didn't know quite how to interpret the silence, so he just waited. Finally Mr. Turtle spoke. "When do you want to start?" he asked.

"I guess this evening, at sunset, in one of these trees here by the lake," C.P. told him.

"This is a good place," Mr. Turtle said. "This is a good place."

After that the conversation turned back, and for some reason they both started remembering all the walks and talks they had experienced together. Their laughter brightened the afternoon, and when at last the sun began its slow exit, they knew it was time to choose a tree, and they settled finally for a sturdy looking oak near the old log. C.P. climbed up the trunk, aware only of the moment and the freedom he felt inside, while Mr. Turtle watched his ascent from the ground, seeing not only this moment, but many that had gone before all at once.

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So the sun's rays slanted through the trees, brushing the treetops with a final goodbye, and yielding, as always, to the stars. But down by the lake a dream had been planted.

The Bright Awakening

Mr. Turtle was never far from the lake in the following days. He had some other things to do, but none were as important to him as being there when the right time came. So it was that he was down on the grass below when a very sleepy C.P. began waking up.

He wasn't waking up fast, mind you. It was similar to those mornings when you slowly drift out of a refreshing sleep, at first not quite sure where you are, but feeling very comfortable. He felt warm and protected. But as time went by he began to feel like he was more and more awake, and that maybe it was time to start moving a little. This turned out to be easier said than done.

"This blanket wasn't so tight when I first got in," he thought to himself. "I must have twisted or something in my sleep." But try as he might, he couldn't get it untwisted, and so he finally decided his best bet was to start chewing his way out. Even this took him longer than expected. He was working hard now, and he felt as though he was using muscles he hadn't experienced before.

Mr. Turtle was watching from below when, with one last effort, C.P. pulled himself out of his homemade prison, and stood there blinking in the sunlight. He was a little winded for having worked this hard just to get up, and he took a minute to steady himself and catch his breath. He was looking around at the scenery and the lake when he saw his friend, Mr. Turtle, down on the grass below. His face lit up and he called out to him, "Hey! How's it going down there?"

"Marvelous!" was the reply. "How's it going up there?"

"I couldn't be feeling better," C.P. called back. "Why, I haven't slept this well in weeks." And then he did one of those big stretches you do when you've first gotten up and the day is all ahead of you.

Well, you can imagine how when he stretched a flash of color appeared off to the side and back. He only saw a little bit of it, out of the corner of his eye, but when he turned his head, you should have seen the look on his face. It traveled from surprise to a question mark to a stunned realization, and finally to the acceptance of a miracle. When he looked back down at Mr. Turtle, he didn't have to say anything; there was so much joy in his eyes. He literally leaped off the tree branch where he was, and toppled over and around and sideways and upside down, but he never hit the ground, because in that first attempt he caught on enough

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to keep himself in the air, though I'm afraid learning to steer accurately took him a few more tries. But steering or no steering, he was flying, and he laughed out loud for the unbounded happiness of it. So infectious was his laughter that Mr. Turtle, who was usually quite calm, started laughing too, especially when C.P. did unintentional spirals and near misses around large obstacles. It was a momentous day by the lake, and when C.P. decided to come in for a landing, he kind of bumped and bounced a couple times before ending with a wobbly stop in the grass.

"What do you think?" he asked Mr. Turtle.

Mr. Turtle smiled. "I think you just made your first three landings," he said.

And so began their first real conversation in a while, but this time C.P. could hardly sit still, and so he bounced and flipped and floated while they talked, and their conversation kept getting interrupted by laughter and wild landings, till eventually they gave up trying to say anything serious and just started grading the landings on a scale from one to ten.

What's Left To Tell

This story is nearly over, but perhaps I should tell you a few things to wrap it up. Mr. Turtle and C.P. remained good friends. In fact, their friendship grew even better, as good friendships do. They talked about many things as time moved on, but they didn't talk so much about the dream any more, for the dream had become a promise, and the promise was real.

C.P. became an expert flyer, and even visited his caterpillar friends, who hadn't yet taken any long sleeps of their own. They didn't recognize him at first, and were genuinely surprised to hear the same voice coming from such a different looking creature. Needless to say, he became quite the topic of conversation in the back yard. Some said they didn't think it was really him, but most agreed that it probably was, and those who held a dream of their own were very thoughtful.

C.P. and Mr. Turtle visited their old favorite places, but the calm lake was their most favorite of all, so that's the place C.P. decided to call home. They were talking one night, when the stars were just beginning to appear, when Mr. Turtle said something C.P. wasn't expecting.

"I've been thinking," Mr. Turtle said.

"That's usually my line," C.P. said. "What are you thinking?"

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“I’m thinking there’s still one thing that needs to change. Do you know what it is?” C.P. hadn’t any idea, so Mr. Turtle told him. “It’s your name. I think you need a new name.”

C.P. was silent. “It never crossed my mind,” he said, “but if it’s important, then I give you the honor of choosing.”

So Mr. Turtle had the privilege of making the choice, and C.P. had the honor of a new name, and everywhere he went his new identity and his new name were an inspiration to all who understood.

That’s the end of the story, except perhaps to mention two things you may already know. The name Mr. Turtle gave him was B.T.F., and if ever in your travels you see either one, there’s a good chance the other is somewhere close by.

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Stories - On The Isle Of Bright Hope

On The Isle Of Bright Hope

Summer Camp For The Mind

“Welcome To The Isle Of Bright Hope,” the sign said, and since there was no one there to meet me, I pulled my canoe up on the sandy shoreline, and took off my life preserver. The place was quiet, except for the sound of the water lapping against the shore, and the occasional call of far-away gulls. There was a slight whisper from the wind as it made its way inland through the woods. Other than that, all was still.

I was a visitor here, having come on this journey to write down what I saw. It was a special assignment, but that part of the story lies outside the boundaries of this narrative. Suffice it to say I loaded my canoe with the necessary trimmings of a camper and journalist, and embarked downstream on a fine day. The bends in the river were guidance enough, and I followed them until they opened out into a wide bay, which held in its palm an island, and this was The Isle of Bright Hope.

It was impossible not to notice a sense of deep peace as I approached across the water. The place felt very natural, and even the fact that no one was waiting to meet me seemed like it was part of a plan. There was only a sign to welcome me - that was all.

I picked up my backpack and belongings and set off through the woods. I hadn't actually brought very much; the instructions had indicated that I should come “light.” I had tried to comply, but canoes have no trouble carrying a few extra things, whereas humans walking through the woods begin to feel the extra weight quickly. Before long I began to wish I'd followed the instructions a little more closely.

After stopping to rest a couple times I noticed someone coming toward me through the wood. “Welcome,” the stranger said, though it soon came to me that I was actually the stranger. He knew the land well, and the sea too, I later learned, and while I was a bit unsure at first who he was, he never seemed to question who I was at all. “Come, may I help you with your bags?” I handed some of the weight over with a feeling of relief. Whoever he was, he certainly knew my most immediate need.

“Your place is over here,” he said, and began steering off to the left a bit until the woods ended in a sloping section of green meadow. A stream ran through it, and a small cabin was nestled in some fir trees a short way down. “You'll find it's all ready for you.” Setting my belongings outside the door, he nodded his head and walked on down to another stretch of woods till he was out of sight.

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The cabin was perfect for my stay, and I discovered to my surprise that not only was it unnecessary for me to have packed any camping gear, but all the tools I needed for writing were there as well. I found a closet, clean and swept, put all my things there, and except for taking out the fudge my Grandmother sent with me, I never opened my bags the whole time I was there.

I began to wonder about the place as I looked around. Why had my instructions indicated I should pack light? And when I came with too much, why did someone arrive to help me carry it? And the cabin - it was as if they knew I was coming, and filled it not only with what I needed, but even with an eye to my personal preferences! Again that sense of peace found me. There was food, clothing - not a lot, but more than enough. I began to understand why so little explanation had come in my assignment. I don't think I would have believed it. In this case, it was better to learn by going there, rather than asking for descriptions in advance.

I could tell you more, but this is already enough. Besides, I was sent to write about the island, not about me and my experiences. The sun went down in a cascade of rose and violet, and I slept with not even the trace of a dream.

Day One

I dressed in the early morning, took the fine writing tools that had been provided, and stepped outdoors. I wasn't sure where I was going, but I no longer worried about that. The gently sloping meadow seemed to beckon, so I followed it for a while, and then down a winding road, till I came to another open meadow where tents were set up. But the tents, colorful as they were, couldn't begin to tell the story. What really caught my eye was the collection of hot air balloons, all poised as though they would lift off at any moment. They swayed back and forth a little, keeping time with their own internal rhythms, and making small gestures which showed how quickly they could respond to the least little wish of the wind. As I stood taking it all in, a voice a little to my left said, "This is the Meadow of High Promise. Here you will witness the first event."

I turned, and there was my friend from the day before. "Hi," I said. "I was hoping you would return. Yesterday I forgot to thank you, and to ask your name."

"I'm Branderen," he said. "I'm one of the messengers. Are you ready to begin?"

I looked at him. He was so relaxed, unrushed. And yet his conversation contained none of the usual small talk. In just one phrase he had moved me from a person on the edge to a person ready to start. "Yes, I'm ready," I said. He walked forward and I followed. He led me toward one of the balloons.

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“Do you know what this is?” he asked.

“It looks like a hot air balloon,” I answered.

“It’s similar,” he told me, “but it doesn’t operate the same way. It’s powered by a thought engine.”

“How does it work?” I asked.

“Each camper gets to ride in a balloon,” Branderen said, “but always on their own. A messenger explains first how to ride, and in this case how to rise. You see, the balloon rises and falls depending on the rider’s thoughts.”

“It does? That’s amazing!” I said. “Tell me more.”

“Listen,” he told me, for now another messenger was approaching with a young man. They stepped into the basket, and the messenger pointed to a white envelope. “Open it,” he said, and the young man obeyed, pulling out a folded sheet of paper. “Read it,” the messenger instructed. This is what the young man read.

“To the rider: mark well these words. For when your thoughts are high and untroubled, your direction will be toward the sky. But when your thoughts are sad and hurt, the balloon will drop, for it rises and falls with the winds blowing through your mind.”

“Do you see the clearing up there on the ridge?” the messenger asked the young man.

The young man looked up. High above, the clearing shone in the morning sunshine. “Your goal is to land the balloon there. Are you ready?” For the first time I looked in the young man’s eyes, and I could see he wasn’t. I began to understand that the purpose of the camp was to take people away for a while from the stresses of their usual existence, and train them to go home with new understanding. I turned to Branderen. “Who designed this?” I asked.

“The Designer did,” he answered. “This is all the work of the Designer.”

Branderen and I walked from balloon to balloon while one by one the campers came and received their instructions. The messengers didn’t always use the same words, but the words in the envelope were always the same - “...it rises and falls with the winds blowing through your mind.”

“Do the balloons go up and down fast?” I asked.

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“That depends,” Branderen said. “They can, but they tend not to change direction all that quickly. It’s a lot like a hot air balloon. If the basket is dropping, turning on the burner will slow its rate of descent, but it won’t turn it around immediately. There’s momentum to be considered.”

“You mean if a person is thinking in a downward direction, they won’t turn around just by thinking one quick, uplifting thought?”

“That’s right,” Branderen said. “To continue in the upward direction requires consistent right thinking.”

“What kind of thoughts make the balloon go down,” I asked.

“Anything that has a negative slant to it,” he said. “Imagine for a moment that you are in a balloon five hundred feet high. Suppose every second we check your thoughts to see whether they are basically “upward-looking” or “downward-aware.” If during that one second your thoughts are strong and bright, your altitude rises by one inch. On the other hand, if your thoughts are associated with any negative outcomes, fears, or worries, then your altitude drops by one inch. Can you imagine yourself in a situation like that?”

“I can imagine it,” I said, “but I don’t know if I like it. Suddenly I would be accountable for every second of my thinking, and I’d be traveling up and down on the basis of it.”

“You notice we still haven’t brought in the momentum factor yet,” Branderen continued. “Suppose you had a bad few seconds, and you began picking up speed in the downward direction?”

“I suppose you would need to think several seconds in a row of bright, whole thoughts,” I said, “just to get back to where the balloon was neither falling nor rising.”

“You’re catching on,” Branderen complimented me. “Now you see why this event was designed. It encourages the rider to think long stretches of higher altitude thoughts.”

Branderen and I walked across the open grass to where the ground rose sharply. “Are we climbing up to the ridge?” I asked. It seemed a long way to me.

“We’re climbing,” Branderen said. “It’s enough to know our pathway is up. Don’t worry at this moment how far we have to go.”

So began the climb, and I soon saw that Branderen was right. When I thought only of where I wanted to go, the way was long and wearisome. But when my attention was

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diverted to things at hand, climbing was easy. There was actually a lot to see, and we stopped often to look around. Branderen explained about certain trees and plants, never too much, but enough to get me interested. I began to suspect he knew a lot more than he was telling me, but that he also knew my limits, and taught me just enough to keep me coming back for more.

We rested occasionally, especially when the path wound through orchards or berry patches (The fruit that grew on the hillside was very good.), but I noticed that even our rests seemed somehow timed, as though we were following some kind of rhythm. There was no sense of urgency or pushing ahead. Still, we made progress, and the progress felt good.

All the while we climbed, balloons were rising and falling in the open air above us. “Will they get there before we do?” I asked. I figured they probably would.

“Some of them will,” Branderen said, “but most will still be in the air when we arrive.” This surprised me since we still had quite a ways to go.

“I would have guessed they would all get there pretty quickly,” I told him.

“Wait till you get there,” he said. “When you talk to them, you’ll understand more.”

The view of the island and the bay grew more and more majestic as time went by. I found my mind was “unwinding,” if that’s the right word. With Branderen setting the pace, I didn’t have to think very hard about the path, or the food, or the rests along the way. It was like we were “flowing” upward across the face of the mountain, and as we climbed, a certain inner part of me grew more and more rested.

When at last we reached the clearing on the ridge, the sun was shining a late afternoon smile across the land, the bay, and the island. Branderen said I was free to follow my heart, so I sat by the edge, drinking in the wonder of the atmosphere and the view. After a while I began talking with some of the campers whose flights had landed already. There was a small group sitting in a circle on the ground, and I joined them, explaining that I had been sent to write my observations of the island, and asking if they would mind sharing their experiences in the balloons.

“It was interesting,” one man said. “I was ready for anything when I started, sort of a mix of interest and confidence, I guess, and at first things went along just fine. I was climbing quickly, and I was enjoying it too. Then I started thinking about other people, people back home, and at work. I wished they could be there and experience the same thing, and I wondered what they would think if they could see me now. Then I noticed something interesting. My opinions about people began affecting the balloon. When I called to mind

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someone I respect and admire, I sensed an upward pull. But when I pictured someone I don't feel at ease with, the balloon seemed to grow heavier or something. It just didn't flow with the same freedom as before. This intrigued me so much that I forgot trying to get up to the ridge and began experimenting to see what effect different people had on the balloon when I thought about them."

The others laughed. I gathered they had all tried something similar, though perhaps in different ways.

"I found," one man said, "that my balloon wasn't rising very fast, but it gave me a great chance to look around, and when I got up high enough to see out over the trees, a wave of happiness went through me. It kind of made all the things I was worried about before I came here seem small and insignificant. At that moment I sort of let go all the bad feelings I've had about one person in particular. It seemed like unnecessary baggage. I guess I began to forgive the person. And as soon as that happened the balloon took off. It was really exciting, but then I began to worry that it was rising too quickly, and I looked over the edge and imagined how awful it would be to fall from such a height, and before I knew it the balloon started dropping fast. I went almost all the way back to the ground before I managed to turn it around again."

"I couldn't get mine to take off," a young woman said. "First of all, I didn't believe there was such a thing as a thought engine, and I told my messenger so. He said that was my choice, but that I should stay in the basket anyway and watch the others. When I saw them taking off, I thought it was a trick or something. I refused to change my point of view. So I sat there for quite a long time, and I thought maybe I was the only one who had been handed a bum balloon. When almost everyone else was in the air, I began to feel a little lonely, sort of left behind. I kept looking at my balloon wondering where the real mechanism was that made it fly. It wasn't until I started to wonder if the problem was in me, and not in the balloon, that I began to make any progress."

"It's funny," the first man said. "I thought my attitudes and opinions didn't really affect anything. I'm beginning to wonder if it's just the opposite. Maybe my point of view affects everything."

The others nodded. I slipped away to look out over the island and the bay. Balloons were still in the air, dancing up and down. I watched and wondered. I had only been on the island a short time, but I had a lot to consider already.

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Day Two

The second day was very different from the first. I didn't realize it immediately, but in time I began to understand that no two days on the island were ever the same. On this morning I set off in a new direction and before long came to what appeared to be the main street of a town. The odd thing was there were no side streets, or perhaps I should say no continuing side streets, for there were intersections on the main street. But these intersections, though they looked real, were just an effect. The side streets ended almost as soon as they began.

"This is Main Street," Branderen told me when I found him a few minutes later.

"It's very interesting," I said. "Parks and buildings and houses and signs. It looks almost real. What's the challenge this time?"

"Listen," Branderen said. One of the campers was standing near the end of the street talking to one of the messengers.

"Your goal today," the messenger said, "is to walk straight down Main Street with joy. Don't turn to the side. Don't look back. Just walk as straight as you can all the way to the other end of the street."

It sounded kind of easy to me, and no doubt Branderen read my thoughts, for he motioned me to follow him around the back of one of the nearby buildings. "Come," he said. "I want you to take a look at the opposition."

This was not what I had expected to hear at all. We made our way around the back, and there was an unwelcome crowd if ever I saw one. I couldn't understand why they were even on the island. They seemed to represent the opposite of everything good.

"That's why they're called the opposition," Branderen said. I just looked at him. Again he had read my thoughts. "That's the leader of the gang. He's called the Bully."

Branderen and I edged our way closer to the group. I didn't actually want to, but it was the only way to hear what the Bully was saying.

"Remember to stay hidden. We cannot go out in the open and impede their progress, but we can whisper things and shout things and cause any amount of commotion on the sides. It's important to get the campers' attention any way you can. Suggestions, thoughts, concepts, and always lies, lies, lies."

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“This is really ugly,” I said. “They’re going to try to ruin each camper’s walk along Main Street by fighting them in the realm of the mind.”

“That’s right,” Branderen said.

The Bully was still talking. “Study each camper. Some will respond by gradually getting angry, and they will turn and face us. Some will want to cross the street to get away. Then those on the other side will have to take over. But either way that’s progress for us. Do anything you can to keep them from walking straight down Main Street with joy.”

Branderen and I walked back around to the front side where the campers were arriving and the messengers were giving instructions. “If they only knew,” I thought, “what was waiting behind these buildings, they wouldn’t look so confident and relaxed.”

“Confident and relaxed,” Branderen said. “Remember that phrase.”

“How do you...?” I stopped.

“Thoughts have wings,” he said. “Come.”

We walked down the street. The sun was bright, and the sky unclouded. Apparently the gang members hadn’t arrived at their places yet, for nothing interrupted the beauty or the happiness of the morning. We stopped in a park about halfway down and sat on a bench where we could watch.

“What was the phrase you wanted me to remember?” I asked.

“Confident and relaxed,” Branderen said. “The gang will try anything to destroy each camper’s sense of confidence and peace. The campers that are able to stay both confident and relaxed will do quite well.”

So we watched from there as one by one the campers started down the street. Most of them began fine, but it wasn’t long before the work of the gang members became evident. The strange part was that I couldn’t see or hear the opposition. All I could see was the effect they had on the campers as they walked. These effects were many and varied. A few campers kept glancing to the side, and crossing the street as though they were trying to get away from something. Some looked hurt or confused. One man was talking out loud, but to whom I didn’t know. A few stopped altogether and broke down and cried. The whole picture became sad for me, because the sun was still bright and the sky still clear. It was such a beautiful day for a walk. Yet for most the enjoyment had been taken away. I asked some of the campers about it when they paused to rest in the park.

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“No one told me it would be like that,” one said. “Those voices. They kept accusing me of things. And every time I thought of an answer, they just switched and began accusing me of something else.”

“They kept reminding me of things from my past,” one lady said. “I told them to shut up, but when they realized it was a sore spot with me, they kept on unmercifully.”

“It made me afraid,” a teenage girl said. “I didn’t want to be afraid, but they were telling me something really bad would happen if I stayed at the camp.”

“Look,” said Branderen, and he pointed down the street to where one of the messengers was walking straight and tall along the sidewalk.

“Now there’s someone who’s having an easier time of it,” I thought, and we all stopped talking to watch. I guessed that the gang members had let him alone, but I was wrong. When he passed the park I could hear them cursing and shouting from the building across the street. Even from where I was sitting, it was an awful sound. But the messenger seemed unmoved by it all. He quietly proceeded on his way as though he hadn’t even heard.

I turned to Branderen. “Is there a secret?” I asked. “Why is he so impervious to all their assaults?”

“He only responds to the truth,” Branderen replied. “He knows the truth, and the truth makes him free.”

“Then he’s dead to all the rest,” I said. “Is that why he doesn’t respond? Because he’s dead to all those things they’re shouting?”

“He’s dead to that, and alive to something else,” Branderen said.

The effect this had on the others was interesting. It’s easy to talk about how hard things are when no one is succeeding, but as soon as someone tackles the challenge right in front of your eyes, it changes how you look at the situation.

“I’m going back for another try,” said one, and he seemed to have spoken for more than just himself, for several went with him.

It would be nice to say that after that all was well on Main Street, and no one had any more difficulty, but the actual story continued much as it had started. As the day went on, though, we began to see some of the campers making progress.

“It isn’t easy,” I said, after a while, to Branderen.

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“It’s as hard as we make it,” he answered. “The problem the campers are facing is not so much what they hear, but how they respond to what they hear.”

“But the responses are so automatic,” I said. “They arrive here with all those responses built in. In fact, the responses might not have surfaced at all if the Bully and the gang were not around to force the issue.”

“That’s true,” Branderen said, “but what would you rather have? A challenge that went away, leaving you the same, or a challenge that stayed right there until you went away different?”

I didn’t really know how to answer. Perhaps it’s a good thing some questions don’t have to be answered immediately. One thing’s for sure: the challenge the campers were facing stayed there all day. The campers themselves took rests, but the opposition never let up as long as anyone was on the course. Every so often another messenger would walk down the street with joy, sometimes laughing (One went by singing.), but always with that sweet confidence that comes to those who are looking only at the truth. At one point curiosity got the better of me, and I almost entertained the idea of trying it out myself. “Don’t,” Branderen told me. “Perhaps someday you’ll come to the island as a camper, but this time you were sent here to write. Stay with the challenge that belongs to you.”

Day Three

I found leaving the cabin each morning was an adventure, for I never knew what to expect. This time I didn’t have to make any decisions though; Branderen was coming across the field. “Today we’re going into the cave,” he said. “You’ll find this is a fun day.”

“Cave?” I asked. “I didn’t know there were any caves.”

“There are many things here not seen at first,” Branderen told me. He led the way into the woods and around a craggy, rocky place to a spot where vines grew thickly on the side of a high hill. It didn’t look like anything, but Branderen pulled aside the vines to reveal an opening large enough to walk into it. The cave was not at all what I expected. It was more like a lighted hallway into the side of the hill, and after a little ways it widened out into a majestic Cavern! I stopped and stood there, taking in the big picture.

Branderen waited just a moment before he asked, “Do you see those vehicles over there?”

“Yes, they look like bumper cars,” I said.

“That’s just about what they are,” he answered, “but we call them vision cars here.”

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“Vision cars?”

“They don’t have steering wheels,” he said. “They pick up speed in whatever direction you’re looking.”

The campers had gotten there before I did and were receiving last minute instructions. Soon they each jumped into one of the cars, and the games began.

“This is part one,” Branderen told me. “It’s meant to be a lot of fun. After the Main Street challenge the campers need something on the lighter side. You notice there’s no sign of either the Bully or the gang.”

The games were fun to watch, and I assume it was even more fun to participate. Sometimes there were races, other times team competitions, and no one was bored, for every few minutes a new twist was thrown in. The steering mechanism took a little getting used to, since it responded not only to head motions, but also to eye movements as well. Many a racer was thrown off course by turning to look at someone else. Laughter was everywhere, bouncing off the walls of the Cavern, and the messengers watching from the front were laughing too.

This lasted until lunch, which was served right there in the cave (though where it had been prepared I never did find out). But it was after lunch the really interesting thing happened. One of the messengers stood up to speak.

“This afternoon your challenge is different,” he began. “Instead of riding these bumper cars, you’ll each find an all-terrain vehicle waiting for you at the entrance to the cave. You will then be handed an envelope with a list of places on the island. Your goal is to travel to each location and collect flags from the messengers who will be waiting there. The all terrain vehicles are programmed not to go where you’re looking with your outer eyes, but to go where you’re looking with your inner eyes. Whatever you’re holding in your mind at the time, that’s where the vehicle will begin to take you.”

I looked at Branderen. It was beginning to make sense. He just looked at me and nodded.

The afternoon was a beautiful one for me - no rushing, and not too much to keep me busy. I watched for awhile, but as soon as the campers started it became clear that their chief hurdle was keeping just one thing in mind at a time. Those who had the ability to stay focused found it almost as relaxing an afternoon as I did. Those whose minds jumped from one thing to another did a lot of traveling back and forth, but didn’t cover much distance. The vehicles were gentle in that they didn’t stop on a dime, but they were also very faithful

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to their purpose. What the camper had in mind determined the goal, and the vehicles were designed to process only one goal at a time.

“This is a very interesting design,” I told Branderen later that day. “It can be explained in just a few sentences - nothing complicated about it. But it zeroes in on exactly one thing, and on that one point it never varies.”

“Yes, you’re right,” Branderen replied. “The keys that unlock each situation are sometimes small, but you do have to hold on to the key.”

Day Four

Day four found me walking through the Meadow of High Promise, only this time I walked right on past. Don’t ask me why. Some things about the island just seemed natural, and I followed without questioning. It was a little way past the meadow and over a small footbridge that I found Branderen sitting on a rock.

“Were you waiting for me?” I asked.

He smiled. “I knew you’d be coming,” he said. “Follow me.”

He turned off the main trail, up through the woods a little, and out onto a green clearing with an interesting group of - I guess I should call them cable cars - at least, that’s what I was reminded of when I saw them (though I never saw a whole collection of them side by side). The cables ran in parallel right up the face of the mountain. I wondered if it was a kind of race.

“It isn’t a competition,” Branderen said. “This is the Avenue of Stillness.”

Having been on the island now for a few days, I began to guess a little more quickly what was coming. “You mean the cable cars ride up when the passengers make no noise?” I asked.

Branderen looked at me. “You’re close,” he said, “but it’s more than just a question of silence. Silence is good, but stillness is better.”

I thought about it for a while, and it began to make sense. Silence could be merely external, whereas the stillness Branderen was referring to was probably an inner quality.

As the campers arrived, Branderen and I began our ascent, but the view of the cars remained clear, and I kept looking back while we climbed to see how the campers were

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doing. For a long time none of the cars moved, and I wondered when the experiment was scheduled to begin.

“They’ve already started,” Branderen told me. “Quite a while ago.”

“They have?” I asked. “Why hasn’t anybody moved?”

“It’s the Avenue of Stillness,” he reminded me.

I pondered that name again while we climbed. I began to wonder what kind of stillness was required.

“It’s a deep stillness,” Branderen commented, “untroubled, unrushed, free.”

“I have to confess,” I said, “that some of these ideas are much deeper than I thought when I arrived here on this island.”

“The thoughts are as deep as life,” Branderen said, “and life is unlimited.”

We climbed a while in silence. “This island is one of the wildest places I’ve ever visited,” I finally said. “The things I’ve seen here are so different than where I come from.”

“It appears that way,” Branderen answered, “but it isn’t really. The things that are true here are true there also.”

“You mean this island is everywhere?” I asked.

“No, not the island,” and he laughed. “But the truth is. And the more you recognize the truth, the more you find it everywhere you look.”

I glanced back at the cars, now far below. A few were beginning to move, but not very fast and not very far. Suddenly one of the cars on the nearer side of the line began to move quite freely. It picked up speed, as though intent on a purpose, and it fairly sailed up the side of the mountain.

“Look at that one go,” I said. It passed by, and we could see into the compartment. Branderen waved. It was one of the messengers.

“He makes it look easy,” I said.

“It is,” Branderen told me, and he looked out across the valley.

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“Have you ever tried it?” I asked.

“No, not this event,” he answered.

“This week you haven’t done any of the events,” I observed.

“This week my assignment is to help you.”

I stopped climbing to look at him. “But how did you know?”

“The one who sent you also sent me.”

I looked at the scenery spread out below: the green clearing, the woods, the Meadow of High Promise, and the blue water in the distance. Most of the cable cars had started moving now. Branderen waited quietly.

“I guess we better be moving on,” I said. I didn’t know what else to say.

From that point on we climbed, mostly in silence, until we reached the top, sitting down where we could watch the cable cars arrive. There was food waiting for the campers on wooden tables by the trees. Branderen and I were invited to partake, and we did, but the thoughts flowing through my mind were a kind of food also, and both together made a very good meal.

Day Five

I awoke on the fifth day feeling strong and whole, or at least stronger and more whole than I remembered feeling in the past. I wondered what this day would bring. I knew it was probably the last full day at camp. I stepped out into the morning to find an envelope on my cabin door. “Today is the campers’ day to review,” the note inside read. “Perhaps you’ll want to do the same. You’re on your own.”

I have to say this is the day that went by the fastest of all. I visited all the places again: the Meadow of High Promise, Main Street, the Cavern, the Avenue of Stillness. I watched and talked with campers, but mostly I listened to their stories, asked them what they had felt, and what they had learned. At first I wanted to write down all they told me, but I soon realized there was no way to tell it all, that each camper’s story was his or hers to tell, and that my story wasn’t intended to include all that belonged to them.

In the later afternoon I visited all the places one last time, but this time I didn’t ask any questions or start any conversations. I just wanted to see and feel the drama and the hope. When at last the sun was setting, I made my way back to the little cabin that had become

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my home for this unusual week. I felt the same peace as when I first arrived, only now it was stronger, and mixed with a lot more wonder.

I straightened up the cabin, swept off the outside walk, and packed my belongings, pulling the bags out of the closet so they would be ready to go. I'm not sure why I did all this the night before - it just seemed like the right thing to do.

Back To The Canoe

When morning came I was up early enough to see the meadow outside my window covered by a thick mist. I dressed, ate breakfast, washed the dishes and put them away. My bags were ready and so was I. With one last look around the room, I shouldered my belongings and headed for the door. Outside the mist was as thick as before.

I might not have been able to find my way through the mist, but I knew in which direction to begin at least, and before I had gone far Branderen showed up, took one of my bags, and started off into the woods. We climbed just a little ways, but then the path began going downhill, and the further we went, the less dense the mist became, till at last we emerged from under the shade of the trees into the bright scenery of the shoreline, and sunshine was on the water.

My canoe was there, safe and sound, just like I left it. Branderen helped me carry it to the water's edge, and I shook his hand goodbye. "Thank you," I told him. "It's meant more than I can say."

He smiled, and asked if I had any last questions.

"I was wondering about the mist," I said.

"The inner island will be covered in mist all day," he explained, "so the new events may be assembled and tested."

"Do you mean the events are changed every week?" I asked.

"The Designer's plans are always new," he answered. "No two days are ever the same."

I looked at him one last time, this friend of few words, but whose words meant so much. "Thank you," I said again. "I'll always remember."

I pushed off into the bay, and waved one last time to Branderen. I can still see him standing there on the sand, watching until my canoe was far out into the water, heading toward my destination downstream, where a friend had agreed to meet me and drive me home.

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Behind Branderen the island was still covered in the same deep mist, but out on the bay the sun reflected off the deep blue of the water, and shone on every wind-tossed wave. My canoe and belongings all looked the same as before, but I knew there were changes in me that weren't visible yet on the outside - in time, perhaps. A sense of peace and wonder seemed to travel with me. Maybe they all feel that way who spend a week on The Isle Of Bright Hope.

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Stories - Christmas Reflections

Christmas Reflections

Christmas Reflection 1

Though many of my memories from my musical journeys are filled with laughter and good times, there is one I recall for its simple, quiet beauty, for I didn't say a word, and yet I shared that moment with the whole, wide world. I was staying at The Chestnut Inn a few days before Christmas, and the view from my window looked right down over the canal. East Street Canal they called it, though I'm not sure why, for there were no roads with that name anywhere nearby. The canal traced a kind of loop through town, which allowed the school children to race around it on skates in the mid-afternoon, and Dads and Moms to travel the same route in a more leisurely way just before sunset. But the real magic came later that evening!

I had finished with dinner and was back in my room, sitting at the window. The warm glow from the houses across from me, with their bright candles in the windows, made me think of Christmas in the past. While I thought, I noticed a group of skaters coming along the canal, not in ones and twos, but half a dozen or more, swaying in unison, and holding lanterns and books. Slowly they drifted nearer, and when I opened my window for a better look, I found they were singing. It was an old carol I didn't recognize, but beautiful and serene. Just as they faded away to my left, another group appeared around the far bend. There were quite a few kids in this group, but they had the same easy grace about them as they moved, and another group followed them, and another after that, for I had arrived in town on The Night of the Silver Skates, where old and new carols, and young and old alike, flow round and round the loop in a kind of endless parade of music and love.

When time had passed, and most of my favorite Christmas songs had been sung, I thought perhaps it was time to close the window, but the brief lull was only to allow the remaining singers to arrive back at the starting point. There they all joined together for one last time. You might have thought they would choose something big and grand, but it was the same slow procession, even and measured, swaying as they came down the ice. "Silent night, Holy night. All is calm, all is bright." And it was.

The Night of the Silver Skates. I closed the window at last and climbed under the covers for a good night's rest. "Sleep in heavenly peace," I thought, and I drifted off. But outside the trees and the wind kept the music going, and the stars sang song after song as they went round and around.

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Christmas Reflection 2

December came, and with it the cold snows, and part of me longed for the warmth of a good fire. My musical adventures had carried me many miles, and most of them had been friendly, but the last few seemed lonely by comparison, and the gray clouds, hurrying past as if they wanted to get home, kept reminding me that mine was far away.

Friendship is a funny thing. It arrives unannounced, not declaring its intentions, nor signaling its value in advance. Only afterwards, when time has set the various pieces down in the distance - then the patterns grow clear. That's how it was with Old Parker. He was the cook at the Kindly Corners Inn. I arrived there, like I said before, in the early days of a cold December.

“Park” was almost always in the kitchen, but it wasn't his old-country cooking skills that kept calling me to a warm rocking chair by the wood stove next to the pantry door. It was the way he played his handmade classical guitar. “Made by my Papa,” he would say, “back in the old country,” and then he would be silent for long stretches while tunes from a previous time and place rose from the deep places in his heart, finding their way at last to the six strings beneath his fingers.

It was a curious scene: the rich harvest stored up all around, ingredients enough to last a lifetime, a calendar on the door keeping track of the days, and a clock on the wall to mind the hours. That's where December went by, for the Kindly Corners Inn had become a home for me during the festive season. There Park taught me a few things about cooking, and soon I was getting up before dawn to help get the wood stove going and the bread ready for the oven. There were cookies to be baked, and his own secret gingerbread recipe. It was “culinary music,” he said, for he had a way of saying things. But best of all were the stories by the stove at night, with the wind riding the hills outside, and the music of Christmas on six strings.

There are places where Christmas Eve goes by amid the laughter of crowds in brightly lit villages and caroling on the square, but for Park and me it was almost as if Christmas Eve came early and lasted night after night, while we told the story from a hundred different angles, and heard the music of the centuries.

Snow covered the ground when I came, but there were only patches of it when I left. The coldest winter in years had given way to a gentle south wind. Park stood at the kitchen door and waved and watched till I turned the bend in the road. My knapsack was filled with gingerbread, my heart was filled with friendship, and I can still hear the sweet sound of Christmas on a handmade guitar.

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Christmas Reflection 3

High in the woods of Pengrove Pass, where the water and the sky seem to sing the same song, there stands in a clearing beside the lake a little log cabin built by a friend. It stands empty most of the year now, for the children who once played and laughed there have long since moved on. Still there isn't any sadness, for each morning the dawn catches its own reflection in the stillness of the lake, and peace covers all.

I was scheduled to spend Christmas in Pengrove Mills, a town further down the river, but an unexpectedly busy autumn and fall had made me long again for the solitude of the mountains, at least for a little while, and so December found me in the cabin by the lake.

Mountains seem to have a wisdom all their own, and trees growing along the slopes in the pure air whisper their thoughts together in the silence. It's a world of enchantment far and near, for the same snow that paints the distant hills also spreads a blanket over the cabin. Here earth and sky seem so close, mountain peaks just a snow-breath away, and time a cousin of eternity.

This was the year I celebrated Christmas twice - once in the cold loneliness of the hills, and later in the warmth of the town - once by myself in the calm of the night, and again with the sound of friends all around - once with the stars shining deep in the lake, and then with bright lights in every window. But much as I enjoyed the time in town, it was the silence around the cabin that reminded me most of the Song of the ages and the Light of the world. Alone on the hillside, I knew the peace that had come to earth.

It's strange how much we have to get away to find the things that are always there, eternal, unchanging. We're the ones who come back transformed. The message remains the same.

Pengrove Mills was alive with holiday spirit. The sidewalks were bright, the Bake Shoppe was handing out Christmas tree cookies, and carolers appeared here and there. Skating and gifts and lights... it was a lot of fun, and the candlelight service was meaningful. But Christmas at Pengrove Mills was only an echo when all was said and done. What my heart remembered most was Christmas at Pengrove Pass.

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Christmas Reflection 4

She was only a little girl, with sparkling eyes and braided hair, but her rich imagination spun elegant tales each night by the fire. All the guests would gather to listen in the front parlor of 3 The Elms. Her name was Angelina. The stories she invented were new each evening, but there was one she saved for last, for everyone wanted it there, and that one never changed. It went along like this.

Once there lived a little stuffed bear by the name of Golden Glow. With his mind he could think beautiful thoughts, and with his eyes he could see things others sometimes missed, but for all his beautiful thoughts and keen vision, he was a silent bear, for he could not speak.

“Come into the kitchen,” said the Cook. “You can help me bake gingerbread.” Golden Glow liked working in the kitchen. It was warm and inviting. Later the Maid called out, “Come build a fire with me.” Golden Glow knew just how to set up the wood. “Want to help me set the table?” asked the Hostess. She always complimented him on his fine work. “He shares his heart that way,” she told the others. Cook and Maid agreed. They loved and admired their little golden bear.

But Golden Glow’s favorite thing was to stand outdoors in the manger scene, while cold winds played through town and snowflakes fell like dancers from the sky. There in the corner he stood, on a little mound of hay next to the wooden camel, and watched the busy people going by, and thought on the beautiful story. Perhaps some of what he carried in his heart came from moments like these.

One day a Toy Maker came to 3 The Elms. He had a smile that appeared out of nowhere, and kind words for all, but perhaps more important was his ability to see deep into the heart of things. It wasn’t long before Golden Glow and he were fast friends. “I have an idea for you,” he said to the little bear. Three weeks in a row Golden Glow and the Toy Maker worked on their secret project.

“Oh, look at the beautiful manger scene,” said the people walking by, one night as Christmas drew near, but this time they stopped to listen. A clear, bright sound was coming from the corner of the stable. It was a Christmas carol, played on a trumpet. “That’s beautiful,” the people said. Soon a small crowd had gathered. “Where is that music coming from?” they asked. The Toy Maker stood in the crowd with a smile on his face. He knew.

“Come outside,” said the Hostess to Cook and Maid. “Something is happening in the stable.” They went out to see. “Look at all the people,” said Cook. Then they heard the music. It was the sound of Golden Glow’s trumpet.

Stories - Christmas Reflections

Night after night, people came to see the manger scene at 3 The Elms, sometimes to sing, but mostly to listen. “Do you hear that?” asked the Hostess. “He shares his heart that way.” Cook and Maid agreed. They loved and admired their little golden bear even more.

As for the Toy Maker, he was never seen again. Where he went, no one ever knew. Some said he was weaving his magic and love in other villages down the road. Perhaps they are right, for he could see deep into the heart of things.

Golden Glow still enjoyed baking gingerbread, and helping to build fires, and setting the table. But his most favorite place of all was the stable, and the little mound of hay in the corner, next to the wooden camel.

When Angelina finished, there was always silence. She would turn, look at the fire for a few moments, then climb the stairs to bed. Eventually the guests did the same. None of us ever forgot December at 3 The Elms.

Christmas Reflection 5

“Oh what fun it is to ride,” she sang into the cold night air. I had never been in a one-horse open sleigh, but there I was, listening to little Marta sing while sleigh bells jingled and snow whizzed past on the left and the right. She was the woodcarver’s daughter.

Yes, I know, it sounds like a fairy tale - the woodcarver and his daughter - but that’s how it was, and they lived in a little wooden cabin which Marta called “Fillmore East.” It was all decorated for Christmas, as warm and cozy as ever a cabin could be. “This can’t be real,” I thought, but every time I asked myself if I was dreaming, Marta would come bouncing into the room with some little suggestion for her father, or another piece of tinsel to hang somewhere, or just a smile and a song.

“Where did you get her?” I asked. The woodcarver just smiled. He was a friend I had known long ago in student days. We were young and carefree then: laughing at the same jokes, playing on the same teams, attending the same classes. Now our paths had crossed again, like circles coming back to where they started. “She’s a miracle,” he said, and then he said no more.

I looked at my friend of years gone by. “How time has softened his heart,” I thought. Marta was standing next to him. It was a silent moment, captured like a forever photograph in the mind, never fading, long remembered.

Nights by the fire were a laugh and a half. Marta had convinced her father to make a box of wooden puppets, and she entertained us with homespun stories, including songs and a

Stories - Christmas Reflections

variety of funny voices. Her father and I sat there watching, smiling, laughing... sometimes it seemed as if the years rolled away, and we were back in school again, friends sharing the same moments, the same timeless memories. When Marta's stories were over, we always had "The Fillmore East Feast," (milk and cookies), and on bright nights a starlit ride in the sleigh.

There came a day when my musical journeys continued on, and I waved goodbye to my friends in the little cabin. But my Christmas memories there are deep, and I'll never forget Mary, Joseph and the Babe presented by a little singing girl with a box of wooden puppets.

Christmas Reflection 6

May I be like a child this Christmas
Like a child whose eyes are bright with the sparkle of newfound dreams
Who laughs when the dawn paints the skies
And tumbles out of bed to embrace the promise of a new day
That's what You brought when You came, Lord...
When You came as a Child

May I be like a child who laughs and sings
Quick to give You thanks for little things
Enjoying each treasure and each flying moment
Not reaching back, nor rushing on ahead
Content to find in every little place
A miracle just waiting for me to get there to see it happen
You were the miracle, Lord...
In Bethlehem's tiny manger

So may I grow, each day a little stronger
Yet still retain so deep within my heart
That childlike freedom, trust and wonder
A never-ending hymn of love to You
Unrehearsed, yet written long before
And true to deeper things
And smiling still when years have run on past
And laughing when the morning calls to me
You are the sunshine, Lord...
Rising in my eastern sky

Stories - Christmas Reflections

And when I close each day
With thanks for all You gave
And all the places where You stood beside
Protecting me and keeping me from harm
May I still have the free imagination
To take a peek before I say Amen
And see if maybe Teddie's eyes were closed
Your eyes are always open, Lord... I pray
May I be like a child this Christmas Day

Christmas Reflection 7

"Many a silvery moon has passed," he sang into the night air, as though the distant stars could hear his voice. "What song is that?" I asked. "Never heard it?" he responded. "Not surprised. It's an old one. Like me." He stopped long enough to throw another log on the fire. We were outside, camping out on the hills of lower Cranston County. His name was Ol' Fred... actually Alfred, but everyone called him Ol' Fred, and that was his name as far as he was concerned. "What does a name matter anyway?" he once told me. "It's people that matter - the deep, down inside part of a person... now that's what matters."

The stars did their mysterious dance as we talked by the fire. Many a Christmas past we remembered, and talked of old times, but Ol' Fred wasn't one to let the past occupy all of his attention. No sir, you could look back - that was all right - but only so as to gain momentum for the present and the ever-unfolding future. Yes, that was his style. "Catch a little fire," he would say. It was his own phrase, I suppose... another way of reminding himself to get-a-moving-on, and to let the bright memories he had known push him to even brighter stories up ahead.

"Many a silvery moon has passed, but each one took a darkened night." The fire sang its song to the trees and the trees whispered back in the crisp, cold air. "My favorite time of year to go camping," he added. "Seems like everyone else is so full of rushing these days... caught up on the merry-go-round... only one look tells you they aren't very merry. Me... I'll take the distant woods, and the quiet scenery, and a hundred other silent things. Yes, that's Christmas for real. Out here you can really taste it." "What a colorful way you have of describing things," I said to my friend. The starlight shone down as the firelight threw our shadows into the mountains.

"Many a silvery moon has passed, but each one took a darkened night, and spun a golden candle beam of love..." His song was the only sound besides the crackling fire and the whispering wind. "That's Christmas," he told me. "God's golden candle beam of love,

Stories - Christmas Reflections

shining in the midst of the darkness... the seed of the dawn... forever sunshine wrapped in a baby. That's Christmas."

We watched the fire and spoke of many things, but I was nearer to Christmas that night than on many an evening since, for Ol' Fred seemed to hear easily what I've sometimes missed - a hundred silent things singing the thoughts that are eternal.

A thousand days have come along since then, but that moment lives on. It was Christmas under the stars, camping out on the hills of Cranston County, the fire and the silence of the night, and Ol' Fred singing "Many a silvery moon has passed, but each one took a darkened night, and spun a golden candle beam of love, erasing earth's deep dark with heaven's light." "Ah, yes," he said. "That's Christmas."

These Christmas Reflections were written from 1994 to 2000, each one to accompany a Christmas card where the picture on the front of the card suggested the story which was then written.

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Stories - The Celebration

The Celebration

Sometimes a story can sing through the mind like a song, spinning round and around until the details all play their parts and the last chorus fades gently away. A story like that once came to me. There was a former student of mine... she was only seventeen... driving at night... her car stalled... the truck didn't see her. In the following days this story began playing in my mind. It nearly erased all my sorrow. Many days have passed since then. The time has come to write the story down. For this narrative, I have changed her name.

The Celebration

The day was warm and bright and the sounds of life were everywhere, for spring had come some weeks before and all the world was alive with the good news. People heard the call to open doors and raised windows, front lawns and freshly-painted shutters, and drives to wherever. In this sea of life a girl was driving her car while the sun played tag with every last shadow, and as she drove she sang, "Going to the chapel and we're going to get married." The girl's name was Shanda.

The road wound this way and that, and most of it was pretty familiar, but on a day like this roads could go anywhere, and Shanda followed wherever the road beckoned: a turn here, an invitation there, and so it went. She came at last to a well-traveled highway and was moving along when she noticed a country road coming down to meet the highway with a man standing there on the side. He was tall and everything about him suggested confidence and strength, and though the day was already bright, he shone in a way that was hard to put into words. It was something you had to see to understand, something about his eyes and the look on his face. He radiated wholeness and freedom and peace. With no hesitation Shanda steered the car gracefully off the highway and onto the country road.

Have you ever stepped from a busy place, filled with humanity, into a secluded place that breathed the air of quietness? It was a similar feeling that washed across Shanda as she drove around the first bend. "I wonder why I never found this road before?" she thought. "It must have been here all along, and it's beautiful." Everywhere the signs of spring were visible, but here the enchantment seemed deeper. There were no houses, but the road kept rising slowly through bend after bend, and the scenery grew more and more inviting. She began to notice the brightness of the colors in the flowers growing in the grass. They had almost a shining brightness. Then a particularly small flower dancing in the sun caught her eye, and she glanced into her mirror as she drove on past, wondering if she could catch one more look. "That's funny," she thought, going by. "The little flower seemed bigger in the mirror."

Stories - The Celebration

On she drove, past view after view while the road wound higher and higher. There were more of the little flowers now, but they seemed to be moving... yes, they were. They were growing up right before her eyes, as though they had exploded out of the earth. She would catch one just springing up, and by the time she passed, it was almost full grown. And every so often there were people too, not a lot, but a few here and there, whole and strong and free, just like the one down by the highway.

“This is a truly remarkable place,” Shanda thought, and the joy inside her increased with each passing moment. “I don’t know where I am, but this is where I’ve wanted to be for a long time.” And just then the road made one final turn and rolled onto a wide open lawn of level grass that stretched in nearly all directions for a long, long ways, and there in the middle of the great expanse of green, shining like a jewel on the lawn, was a beautiful, silvery-white chapel.

Shanda was driving now with the greatest freedom she had ever known, and yet she understood with a kind of inner recognition that this was her destination. So she slowed down and rolled gently to a stop not very far from the chapel’s front door. She turned off the engine and sat there a moment, wondering at the beautiful surroundings. There was a kind of expectancy in the air, and a joy unexplainable flowing through her heart.

Stories sometimes have unexpected elements of imagination, so you’ll just have to read this next part of the story in the reverent way in which it is intended. In my imagination I saw the chapel doors swing open, and the one who came down the steps to meet Shanda was God the Father. Light was all around Him, and His smile was warm. There was the feeling of being welcomed, and Shanda felt no sorrow whatever as God came to her door and reached out, opening it for her. As He did, bells rang from somewhere and messages were sent all over the land inviting those who loved Shanda to a great celebration.

The messages caused quite a stir in home after home. People stopped what they were doing, even important things, and they talked with one another, and called each other up, and sat still at times in silence. They dressed quietly, got into their cars, and drove out along the roads which went this way and that, and as they went they spoke softly and a few cried. But each car that was driving found its way along the highway to a place where a little country road came down like a gentle benediction, and there at the corner was a man who stood tall and strong, and everything about him breathed confidence, and those who looked into his face felt a wave of hope as they passed by.

Up the country road the cars came, and it wasn’t long before the unfolding beauty around each bend sounded notes of courage in every heart, and some laughed unexpectedly and a few spoke words of joy. On they drove into scenes they didn’t know existed, and every

Stories - The Celebration

traveler sensed things deep inside that worked mysteriously in their hearts and feelings, and they felt like they themselves were blooming almost as fast as the flowers that now lined the road on either side. They saw people too, just like the one who stood by the highway, people whom you knew were bold and strong, for their very presence indicated so, only there were more now than when Shanda had driven past earlier. They were gathering flowers in baskets, and everything they did seemed alive with royalty and dignity.

So each car came, and every person riding in them experienced the same transformation, until all arrived at the crest of the hill, and found there the great, green lawn spreading out in all directions, and the chapel shining like a jewel in the sun.

The joy inside the chapel was beyond description. There were flowers everywhere, music and color and light, and a feeling of endless wonder. People embraced each other and laughed, and no one cried all the while they were there on the hill. There came a moment of unspeakable majesty when God the Father came down the aisle, and Shanda, dressed in a magnificent, white robe, was walking at His side. All eyes in the chapel were bright with hope, and every heart knew this was a moment of eternal significance. Shanda came forward, past rows and rows of people she loved, and waiting at the front for her was King Jesus, who took her into His arms, and embraced her. All this time there were no words, only the music of love, and yet each person in attendance felt and knew things they had never felt or known before, and every heart heard what it needed most to hear.

Out on the lawn afterwards, people stayed for what seemed like hours, but there was also a sense of timelessness, for the light never faded at all. A holy joy was everywhere. The children who had come played on the grass while those older talked to one another of peace and freedom. In shining light and rich beauty, Jesus and Shanda made their way around to all the guests, speaking with each one, and the sight of the King and Shanda together was an unforgettable picture in everyone's memory forever after.

There came a moment when all who had traveled to the celebration knew it was time to meet back at the cars, and so they embraced the King and Shanda and waved goodbye with light still shining in their eyes, and there were no tears. They wound their way back down the long country road, past wave after wave of wild and bright, dancing flowers, and past view after view that had cheered them on their way up. At last they came to where the road dropped gently down towards the highway, and there at the corner was one who stood tall and strong, and they smiled at him and waved, not knowing they each shone with a brightness they had never known before.

Out onto the highway they went, and as they drove they passed a father and a young boy walking. The boy turned to his father and asked him, "Why do these cars have their lights

Stories - The Celebration

on? Is it a funeral?" The father turned. "No, son." he said. "Look at the light on their faces and in their eyes. This isn't a funeral. This is a celebration."

And all the cars drove safely home, and the people went back to their open doors and windows, front lawns and freshly-painted shutters, and their continuing stories unfolded like words on a page. But high on a beautiful green hill another story began for Shanda, and what happened to her and the joy she knew will someday have to be told with stronger and brighter words than these.

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Stories - The Story Of Katie Lynn

The Story Of Katie Lynn

Once upon a time there was a young girl who looked quite a lot like you. She was almost exactly your age, and her hair looked kind of like yours. Her name was Katie Lynn.

Katie Lynn was filled with spunk and pizzazz. Almost everywhere she went, she turned the world upside-down with her unstoppable curiosity and fun. I'm certain you would have liked her. She did things in a sparkling and fresh kind of way, almost like the sun coming up on a May morning, or the moon hiding behind the lilac tree in June.

One of Katie Lynn's specialties was making people laugh. Perhaps it's because when she laughed everyone around her wanted to laugh too. And her laugh was so musical. It sort of got into your heart if you listened for very long.

"Where did you get that laugh?" Mr. Higgins used to ask. Mr. Higgins was the mailman, and he was always bringing things to Katie Lynn. There were packages, and postcards, and notes, and sometimes catalogs from places Katie Lynn didn't know anything about.

"I don't know. I've always laughed this way," Katie Lynn answered. And then she'd laugh right there, that musical laugh that made Mr. Higgins feel like the world was okay after all, or at least it was getting that way as fast as it could.

Katie Lynn was also a dreamer. In her heart she was always dreaming - big things, little things, and things in-between - grand things, wonderful things - things for herself and things for everyone else she knew and loved. "I never knew a girl with such dreams in her heart," her mother told her once.

"Dreams are like seeds," Katie Lynn answered. "Someday these seeds will grow up to be a forest of dreams come true. I know it will be that way, for it must. That is the way dreams are."

Katie Lynn's mom looked at her and smiled. "I wish I had your sweet sense of confidence."

"Don't worry, Mom," Katie Lynn told her. "Confidence is born of trust." And then she would go outside where the wind caught her hair, wrapping it around her face, and raced with her across the backyard out to the edge of the field.

One day Mr. Higgins handed Katie Lynn something that wasn't mail. "I found it a few doors down," he explained. It was a bird with a broken wing. "Oh," she said, and stopped what she was doing to look for a small box. She reappeared a minute later.

Stories - The Story Of Katie Lynn

“I knew you would be the one to care for it,” Mr. Higgins said. “No one I know loves things like you do.”

“That’s the secret,” Katie Lynn said. “Love is the secret ingredient. It makes things grow, and plants new things, and fixes them when they’re broken.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Higgins as he watched Katie Lynn hold the bird close. “That’s the way it must be.”

“That’s the way it is,” Katie Lynn answered. “Someday my little friend will fly again, for I am dreaming it in my heart, and dreams are bigger than broken wings.”

Mr. Higgins stood silent a moment, his mailbag in his hand. “I wish I had your never-ending optimism,” he said.

“It isn’t optimism,” she said. “It’s hope. Deep down never-ending hope.”

“Where did you get a heart so filled with hope?” he asked.

“From the Heart of all things,” she answered, smiling, then turned to carry the box into the house. Mr. Higgins continued his mail route with her words echoing in his thoughts.

Days went by, but time was Katie Lynn’s friend, for all things growing come to be what they were made to be in time, and none of Katie Lynn’s dreams were ever rushed. You might say she understood the inner rhythms of life and knew not to hurry things along. “Love has its own calendar,” she would say. And so there was never any anxiety in her thoughts, and when she played outside she seemed almost as free as the wind that caught her laugh and spun it into a million joy-tossed whispers.

Of course, there came a day when the little bird flew again. Mom was there. So was Mr. Higgins, for Katie Lynn waited until he arrived that afternoon. She placed her feathered friend on the porch near the stairs. It walked around a little, and looked things over, but before long the call that’s deep inside everything that was made to fly welled up in the little bird and away it went.

“What a beautiful ending to the story,” Mr. Higgins observed.

“That’s not the end of the story,” Katie Lynn told him. “It’s just another bright beginning. That’s the way Love is; always bursting with new beginnings.” Mom smiled.

“Today I have seen a miracle,” said Mr. Higgins.

Stories - The Story Of Katie Lynn

“I see them every day,” Katie Lynn answered, “everywhere I look. That’s the way of dreams and Love.”

And so Mr. Higgins went back to his mail route, and Mom had a few things to see to in the house, but Katie Lynn ran again with the wind, and laughed again with the sunshine that painted the backyard, and lost herself once more in the beauty of endless new horizons.

Get well soon. Love surrounds you!

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Stories - Candles In A Marble Hallway

Candles In A Marble Hallway

Once upon a time there lived in a tall and stately mansion by the sea a young man named Brett. Being filled with energy and joy, Brett was always on the lookout for fun things to do and experiments to try. Wherever he went unexpected things happened, but nearly always those unexpected things were filled with strength and meaning and hope, so that after a while his heart collected so many joys he shone because of all the bright memories.

Memories are like that, you know... like candles in a long marble hallway, with arches and hanging tapestries... candles that keep on burning somehow, and the more there are the brighter the hallway glows, until one day others come and say, "This place does me good just being here."

Brett was like that. Others saw him and asked, "How did you get this way?" Brett just smiled. "Life beckons me," he said. "I follow." That was all... no long explanations. Simplicity is at the heart of so many deep things.

Brett had a friend named Samantha. Every week, one day in the late afternoon, Brett and Samantha would sit on the grass looking out over the sea. And every week they each brought a balloon with them... you know the kind... helium inside, floating up over their heads, bobbing in the wind. What they talked about while there I don't really know, but I do know this. Every week they let those helium balloons go and then watched as they flew higher and higher with the golden sun shining on them from far away.

"Why do you do that? someone once asked when I was close enough to hear his answer. "It reminds me," Brett said, "that who I am inside determines where I will someday be. And if I carry nothing inside that would weigh me down, I can rise to higher and higher places. You see, it's the inside that determines the outside."

"Where did you learn that?" the visitor asked.

"By watching," Brett answered. "By watching and listening and knowing."

"But you had to let go the balloon to see it."

"Yes," Brett said. "Until I let go, it only floats. After I let go, then it flies."

"It's so easy," Samantha once said to me. "It rises because of what it is... not because of what it wants to be."

Stories - Candles In A Marble Hallway

"Such perfect results with no effort," I thought as I watched one day from a distance. "No rushing, no trying... only yielding to a higher call."

And the more time went by, the more I saw it coming true for Brett and Samantha. Wherever either of them went unexpected things happened, but nearly always those unexpected things were filled with freedom and balance and hope, so that after a while their hearts collected so many joys they both shone because of all the bright memories.

Memories are like that, you know... like candles in a long marble hallway, with arches and hanging tapestries... candles that keep on burning somehow, and the more there are the brighter the hallway glows, until one day others come and say, "This place does me good just being here."

Grow in wholeness. Joy surrounds you!

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Stories - Excerpts From My Journeys

Explanation: I had the opportunity for a while to direct three youth choirs (named Cherubs, Crusaders, and New Sound). Sometimes I recorded original songs and dropped the tapes off at the houses of the youth and children. When typing the lyrics though, I found there was half a page empty. So I began writing stories to fill the space.

Excerpts From My Journeys

November 8 Is Here!

A fine hello, and all the best to you from everyone I've seen on my recent adventure to the Willamee Mountains. Time has flown, and here it is almost November 8 already. So I packed away my dusty road guitar and warmed up the keys on my synthesizer. Yup, it's time for a little music to break out into the open. 'Course I need you to help me. As Old Jumbuggy says, "A choir ain't a choir without the choir." So I'm hoping to see you this Sunday morning for eggs and cornbread butterpickens... oops, for a minute I thought I was back on the Links of Loquosset: what breakfasts they have there... I mean, I'm hoping to see you this Sunday morning for sing-a-long at the front steps. Be there or be somewheres else! But you know which one I'd prefer. Thanks and all. See you!

Your friend on the dusty back trails, Steve.

Grand Notice To All Cherubs

Hi to all my friends from all the people who live at Singing Junction on the Western Sea. It's beautiful out here, and it's a great place to write music without being disturbed. I set my synthesizer up on a marble walkway overlooking the Blue Dawn Harbor. The wind was warm and all the flags on the towers here at the Marble Street Manor were gently rippling in the breeze. Two sailboats were putting out to sea, and I could hear the captain of one of them singing across the calm waters. I took off my headphones and just listened until his voice was far away, lost in the cry of distant gulls and whispers from the surf. Too magic a moment to bend or break, I stayed until the headwaiter found me some hours later. As dinner had already been served at the Manor, he invited me to his lakeside villa, and we sat by the fire while our homemade corn fritters baked into a golden brown with just a touch of being burned on the edges. Time, of course, moved on and so I thought I'd remind you that we are scheduled to sing this week in church. Have a great weekend, and I hope to see you all on Sunday in the bright morning!

Your friend by the calm sea, Steve.

Stories - Excerpts From My Journeys

Message To Crusaders And New Sound Members

Hi, hey, hello again from the "back forty" where Farmer John Winters and I have been digging up tree stumps from his new pasture. Though I try to live simply on these musical journeys, sometimes I stop and work a few days so as not to empty my pockets completely. So Farmer John took me in for a while, and I've enjoyed the quiet rural landscape, the lonely November fields, and moments for reflection alongside endlessly laughing brooks. It's good for my spirit to be out here away from the rush of humanity. Nature seems to have its own pace, you know.

Farmer John lives on the borders of the Misty Purple Mountains, and surprisingly close to White Stone Hollow. Strange stories have come from this section of the deep woods, rumors of dances on the "misty lawn," whatever that is, and bits of music have sometimes been heard even out here when the wind is right. Still, I haven't heard any myself, but it does make one wonder.

The food here is good, especially after a few hours in the fields, and the books we read by the fire at night tell wonderful tales from years ago in these parts. If the stories are true then this is sure a magic place to dream and sing and live. And to think I never would have stopped here if unexpected expenses hadn't convinced me to look for a bit of work.

Time always passes quicker than seems possible, and here we are ready to sing again this Sunday morning. By then I'll have waved goodbye to the Winters and the Misty Purple Mountains, and the little puppy they call "Bumper Crop," and this episode will be like another leather-bound volume on the bookshelf of my mind. I'll look to see you this Sunday. All the best to you till then, and I hope your stories will someday be as bright as the ones I read by the fire at Farmer John's.

From along the quiet brooks, your friend, Steve.

Notice To Cherubs And Crusaders

My how time flies, and so does the snow when it's driven by the wind. I've seen a bit of it lately up here in the coves and villages of Naramew Point, a cozy little island just off the north shore. It's a nice place to settle down for a little while, catch up on my correspondence, and enjoy this very special season. I'm on the fourth floor of the Grand View Hotel, looking out across Main Street and down the hill to the little schoolhouse, then the river, and finally the docks and the harbor. But my favorite place of all is the little church down the street. Can you believe it? It has an old cast iron wood stove to keep everyone warm, and the minister chops the wood himself. I saw him one day, and right then and there decided to buy an axe and lend him a hand. That's why I've seen so much snow

Stories - Excerpts From My Journeys

lately, for we've spent many an afternoon splitting up logs and chopping down a "big one" now and again. Then we would call it a day, and go inside for hot tea and biscuits. Quite often we sit down right there by the wood stove, and read from the Christmas story in Matthew or Luke. Pastor Ben, (I've never heard his last name.), has become quite a friend to me in just this short time. He's a wonderful listener, and wanted to know all about my "musical adventures" and all the people I've met on my travels. He sort of has a way of understanding people, and has helped to put my own experiences into perspective. I know I'll always remember him.

The town is bright with lights and filled with the sounds of laughter and carolers singing just outside the Sweet Shoppe. I think that's because the owner, Mr. Freedleston, keeps a handy supply of Mint Swirl Cookies and Gingerbread on hand and shares it with anyone who comes to sing outside his store. Almost every night someone is down there singing, and last evening a brass group from across the island stopped by to play. I stood in the cold snow while the music warmed my heart. And the just-out-of-the-oven Gingerbread Man helped a bit too. I ate it during "O Holy Night," but the Mint Swirl cookie I saved for Pastor Ben.

Hope your Christmas is "calm and bright."

Your friend outside the Sweet Shoppe, Steve.

Where February Found Me

The February thaw at Cricktucket Falls caused quite an unexpected stir, at least for a newcomer like me. Having spent a couple weeks in Warbleston Village during the cold weeks in January, I didn't expect a sudden warm spell to break the ice on the Slalom Rock River, but that's just what happened. This doesn't occur very often, but once in a while it does, and then the mayor declares a holiday and all the young boys (and a few hardy old-timers as well) hammer rafts together out of fireplace logs and race down the river to Elmsfoot Lodge. Oh, what fun it was, standing there cheering and drinking hot chocolate, and laughing as one after another fell off his raft into the knee-deep water, then climbed on top again and floated on down the river, paddling as fast as possible with fireplace shovels and tongs, for those are the only paddles allowed in the race which has been a tradition time out of mind.

Quite a crowd gathered down at the footbridge where the race officially ends. That's where the mayor stands with the Cricktucket crowns, one for the winner, who is crowned King Slalom Rock, and one for Old Buster, the Elmsfoot Lodge Bull Terrier, who always has his

Stories - Excerpts From My Journeys

picture in the paper with the winner, though nobody I talked to could remember why. It's just a part of the history of the place.

This year the race was so close it was almost a tie, but Mr. Tredder's raft hit a rock by the bridge, and though he crossed the finish line first, it was little Peter Kendle who first crossed with a raft under his feet, and so he won the crown, and everyone cheered and said it was the best race since Bubba Tompkins raft fell apart and he won the race floating on a large chunk of ice. Most of the participants were quite wet by this time, and they went into the lodge to dry off. I had watched the race so as to avoid such a predicament, but the photographer's flash made Old Buster jump into the river, and when he climbed out he shook himself off right next to me. So I took a look around the lodge myself. If you're ever in the area, stop in. And be sure and save a dinner roll for Old Buster.

See you on February 14, and a Happy Valentine's Day.

Your friend in the lodge, Steve.

Turning The Corner

The dawn found me walking along the shores of Crystal Canyon Park. It isn't my usual way to get up this early, but a spring morning is hard to resist, especially after a long, white, snow-filled winter. I knew it was also the turning point for my musical travels, and now I was heading back to the place where it all began, Old Jumbo's cabin, and from there just down the lane and along the high, grassy meadows until the roads begin to take on familiar names again, and then the old front porch swing and the sound of the key in the lock and the joy of home. All of this went through my mind as I paused to reflect in the cool of the morning.

By ten o'clock I was through the park and on up to the high road where a kind farmer gave me a lift in to town on the back of his hay wagon. Little Fork Falls was the name of the place, and I had a wonderful hot lunch in the diner. Still I had miles to go, and the afternoon sun found me whistling as I walked. I had planned to make it all the way to Winderburg, but, wouldn't you know, I walked by a small, country school just as the children were let out. They began to play an interesting game using three balls and a few stone markers. At first I couldn't figure out what they were doing, but they were having a good time, and just when I thought I was beginning to catch on, they would suddenly stop, change the teams and start over. I watched for quite a while till one by one they began to go home, and I thought perhaps it was getting time for me to move along too. But by then the old school teacher had seen me, and he invited me to his house for dinner if I were "getting a bit

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hungry," as he put it. It had been some hours since the diner, so I figured it might be a good idea, and my stomach seconded it right away.

The man's name was Kurt Frederickton, and with his white beard and silver cane he looked like a pretty good Santa Claus. He also had a small guest house in the back which he called "The Shack," but everyone else around called it "The Teapot" because the chimney comes out at an angle and looks a little like a spout with steam coming out. When "Grandpa Kurt" found out about my travels, he asked me to stay a couple days and teach the kids a few music lessons in the school. Those few days turned into something like three weeks, and I should probably write a book about it. Oh, what fun we had! And the little concert we did for the parents and friends was the funniest collection of stories and songs I've ever heard. The town laughed for days, and I laughed too, though by that time I was whistling and walking along roads that grew warmer and warmer as spring turned on its charm. Hope your weather is turning the corner too, and I hope to see all the Cherubs in church Sunday morning for this week's song. Bye till then.

Your friend in the wide open country, Steve.

To All My Friends In Cherubland

Hi there and greetings from the mud flats just outside Billy Boy State Park on the west edge of Panda Bear Island. Yes, we're talking mud. Mud in your boots, your socks, and up to about the knees of your pants! It's the annual "Slosh To The Wash," as they say, but what it really means is you walk through the mud till you get to the sea where it all washes off. All the kids here love it, and so do a bunch of the dads, but the moms are generally not in favor and have frequently voiced their objection in the town meetings. Of course it doesn't do much good, because the only ones allowed to vote on the matter are those who have been on the most recent "Slosh Walk" themselves, and so the moms always get outvoted by the kids, which takes care of that. The kids also like voting, and since this is the only subject in town where they have a say, they all show up at the Spring meeting every year, and all the town council gets to hear four, five, and six-year-olds extolling the virtues of mud in its many forms. The council listens very intently and asks questions like "How did you feel when you fell down in it?" or "What does it sound like when you pull your foot up but your boot stays stuck in the mud?" Then of course comes the secret ballot voting, and Mayor Bilkesmire reads them off one at a time while the secretary keeps a running total on the blackboard. Mayor Bilkesmire knows the tradition will be carried by a landslide, but to heighten the atmosphere he adds in a few extra "No" votes from absentee ballots he saves for just this event. The kids watch with expectancy, hoping against hope that the "Slosh To The Wash" will continue as long as they live, and when the final tally is reached you should hear the noise and the celebration. They cheer and hug each other and throw lots of

Stories - Excerpts From My Journeys

confetti. Then the kids are dismissed by the council, and those remaining just sit there and laugh for about the next half hour. They know it's the happiest town meeting all year. I'm really glad I could be here to see it just once, even if I did lose one of my boots during the walk. Hope to see you Sunday morning with no mud on your shoes. Bye till then.

Your friend with one boot, Steve.

Almost Home

The wind was gentle and soft, coming across the bay to the little harbor at Cliffport, so the captain of the "Coconut Islander" said it was time to go. And that's just what we did - sailed away from the coast and down through the Coconut Islands, as they are now called. It was a beautiful trip, with so much color and sun that I almost wished it would never end. But I knew when the boat finally landed at Bubble Creek Quarry, my friends, the Peepeloes, would be waiting for me, and maybe even Old Jumbuggy himself. My thoughts turned to him often in the quieter moments on the water, for it was he who first told me of his own musical adventures years before, and those tales from yesteryear sparked the flame that eventually made me pack up a few belongings, close the door of my own home, and set off down the unknown trails. There was so much now I wanted to tell him.

The Coconut Islands drifted by one by one till we arrived at Point Spigot of the Dashing Waterfalls. It has a strange name, but what a wonderful place: nice people, great food, and hundreds of little waterfalls all over the island. It was also home of the Fleetfoot Bottle Races. The idea is to drop your hand-painted, corked bottle into the water at the top of Point Spigot, right where the water comes out from under the big rock. Then you run, jump, swing from trees... anything you have to do to follow your bottle to the finish line at the entrance to Boonsburg Bay. Since all the water flows there eventually, you know where the bottles will wind up, but how they get there is another story altogether. The water forks and turns and twists and forks again, and you have to follow the exact path your bottle takes or be disqualified. You race in teams of five, and whichever team gets four bottles to Boonsburg Bay first wins. That's because there's always a chance one bottle will take the fork that leads to Garfton's Gully, and once you're there it's pretty hopeless as far as getting anywhere very fast. So just in case, only four bottles are needed to win. The championships were really fun to watch. I sort of wound up rooting for the Green Team because of a little girl named Angelina. Her bottle took the fork to Dewdrop Ridge where she was too small to reach the big tree most of the boys grab and climb down. So what did she do? She jumped in the water and went over the falls right behind her bottle, laughing as she took the plunge. Everyone agreed it was the high point of the race, and it was especially fitting that the Green Team won. Then we cooked hot dogs over the fire, and told stories, and sang songs, and the sun was slowly setting. I climbed up to Point Spigot myself to see the

Stories - Excerpts From My Journeys

beautiful clouds over the water in the west. That's when I had the idea to drop a stick in the water and see if I could follow it back to the bay. But it was getting kind of dark, and I had to give up when I couldn't see it anymore. Bye for now and I hope to see you Sunday morning.

Your friend in Garfton's Gully, Steve.

Addendum

Explanation: End-of-years can be busy, and if my records are correct, this report from Garfton's Gully was the last written part of the journey, but for those who've read this far I'll add that I did arrive back at Bubble Creek Quarry. The Peepeloes were there, but Old Jumbuggy was a little under the weather, so he hadn't made the trip. But I made the trip to his cabin and shared all the adventures, and he told me again of his travels in bygone times. The Links of Loquosset hadn't changed a bit, though there were a couple new recipes for cornbread butterpickens. Stop by if you're traveling past. Breakfasts are best.

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Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

EPISODE #1

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial...
'cause it's KIDSTIME!
Today we bring you the continuing story of
"The Five Brave Adventurers."

Once upon a time there were Five Brave
Adventurers.
There was Grandpa Wilhelm.
There was Beth, who can hardly wait until
her next birthday.
There was Steve, the Chauffeur, and his pet
bird, Squawk.
And Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain.

These five friends were walking one day
on the beach when they came across the
biggest, most beautiful Sand Castle
you've ever seen.

All

Oh, wow!

Announcer

But just after they entered the magnificent
front arch, a mighty ocean wave collapsed
the drawbridge behind them and washed
away the front door.

All

Oh, No!

Announcer

That's how the Five Brave Adventurers
became "Lost In The Sand Castle."

Beth

Lost? Did he say lost?
I think this is wonderful. This is like being
lost in a dream.

Grandpa W

It is a beautiful castle. But we should find
our way out before another big wave
comes along.

Steve

Maybe we can shovel our way out.

Grandpa W

I don't think so. If we start shoveling,
this sand castle may come down
right on top of us.

Squawk

Eh... well, isn't this a fine how do you do?
Lost in a sand castle and you can't even
use a shovel.

Beth

Oh, it's all right, Squawk.
Think positive. We'll find a way.

Steve

That is the challenge though.
Have you noticed? This room doesn't
have any doors in it?

Squawk

Eh... see? What did I tell you?

Grandpa W

Then what we need is an idea.
Little Wonder, you've been kind of quiet.
What do you think?

Little Wonder

Well... if there are no doors... maybe
there's a secret door.

All

A secret door? That's a great idea.

Beth

But if it's a secret door, how do we find it?

Grandpa W

Squawk, you've got x-ray vision.
Look around. What do you see?

Squawk

Okay... hmm... hmm...er... ah ha!

Steve

What is it? What did you find?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Squawk

I see a piece of paper stuck in the sand
right over there.

Beth

Oh, I see it! Squawk, you're wonderful!
And look, it has writing on it. It says,
"If you're stuck in the castle,
and you're all in the dark,
say three times out loud
who built the ark?"

Steve

Who built the ark? But I don't know
who built the ark.

Grandpa W

I used to know who built the ark, but that
was a long time ago when I went
to Thornley Chapel.

Squawk

Eh... exactly which ark are they
referring to?

Beth

Oh, come on, you guys. Don't you know
who built the ark? I know, and I bet
Little Wonder knows too.

Little Wonder

Yes, I do. But I'm not telling.

Beth

Neither am I.

Squawk

Oh, well isn't this a fine how do you do?
We're stuck in a sand castle, trying to
figure out who built the ark, and some
people know the answer, and they
won't say!

Beth

That's because we want you to figure it out.
Right, Little Wonder?

Little Wonder

Uh huh.

Steve

Wait, I have an idea. In Thornley Chapel
they sing a song. It goes something like...
Who built the ark?

Grandpa W

Fred did! Fred did!

Beth

(laughter) No, not Fred.

Little Wonder

(laughter) That's funny. They think the one
who built the ark is named Fred.

Beth

That's because boys don't pay attention
when they go to Sunday School
and Thornley Chapel.

Grandpa W

Ahem. We're not so sure you know the
answer either. If you do, why don't you
give us a clue?

Beth

All right, Little Wonder.
Let's give them a clue.

Little Wonder

Okay. (whisper)

Beth

Okay, you guys. Here's the clue.
The name has four letters.

Squawk

Four letters! Oh, great. Here we are stuck
in a sand castle, and now we're playing
that game where you spin the wheel.
Well, I would like to buy a vowel.

Steve

You can't buy a vowel, Squawk.
We haven't won any money yet. Grandpa,
give the wheel a final spin.

Grandpa W

All right. Here goes.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Beth

Good spin, Grandpa.
Each consonant is worth \$3500.

Grandpa W

I would like an N please.

Steve

And I would like an H.

Grandpa W

And I would like to buy an O.

Steve

And I would like to buy an A.

Grandpa W

And we'd like to solve the puzzle.
(laughs) We knew all along who it was.

Squawk

We did? No, we didn't. Wait a minute.
I'm part of this too, you know. Hey... hey...
what do I look like, chopped liver?

Steve

Squawk, bite your tongue.
The answer is Noah.
Now read that clue again.

Beth

It says, "If you're stuck in the castle,
and you're all in the dark,
say three times out loud
who built the ark."

Grandpa W

Let's do it. 1,2,3...

All

Noah, Noah, Noah...
Wooooow...

Grandpa W

Look at all that sand come tumbling down.

Little Wonder

Hey, it's a secret door, and it's
beautiful on the other side.

Beth

It sure is. It looks like a banquet hall.
Come on. Let's go.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers left the
Entrance hall and proceeded into the
Banquet Hall, where they all stared in
amazement at the beautiful surroundings.
But what happened there is next week's
episode. Until then, all you kids have a
good week, and don't forget our heroes
who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #2

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial...
It's KIDSTIME! Today we
bring you our continuing story...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

Announcer

Once upon a time there were Five Brave
Adventurers.
There was Grandpa Wilhelm.
There was Beth, who can hardly wait until
her next birthday.
There was Steve, the Chauffeur, and his pet
bird, Squawk.
And Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain.

In this episode, Beth falls through a trap
door and disappears.

All

Oh, No!

Announcer

But they didn't know that yet.
All they knew is they had just entered
a magnificent Banquet Hall, and
everything looked beautiful.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

All

This is beautiful.

Beth

Wow... what a wonderful room.
Can't you picture a royal feast?
I can see knights in armor.
And beautiful ladies in long dresses.

Little Wonder

Yes, and I can see little girls
dancing, spinning, twirling.

Grandpa W

I can see food on every table,
like roast duck, and delicious desserts.

Steve

I can see large pizzas coming in
from the kitchen.

Squawk

Eh... is that all you guys think about?
Food? All I see is sand. Sand everywhere.
And somehow we gotta get outta here.

Beth

You're absolutely right, Squawk.
Look around. Do you see any clues
in this room?

Squawk

Hmmm... well, actually... no.
The only piece of paper I see
in here is the menu.

Grandpa W

Catch this. Maybe the clue
is on the menu.

Beth

That's a great idea, Grandpa. I'll take a
look. Hmmm... This sounds familiar.

It says...

"If you're stuck in the castle,
and you're all in the dark,
say three times out loud
who built the ark?"

Little Wonder

But isn't that the same clue
we had last week?

Steve

Yeah. It is.

Squawk

Eh... what a second rate Sand Castle.
The same clue two weeks in a row.

Grandpa W

Hey, let's not complain. This is a big castle.
It may take a while to get out. If we get
the same clue twice, that's good for us.

Beth

You're right, Grandpa. Count it out.

Grandpa W

1, 2, 3...

All

Noah, Noah, Noah.

Little Wonder

Hey. Nothing happened.

Grandpa W

No sand tumbling down.

Steve

No secret entrances.

Beth

Nothing. Nothing at all.

Squawk

What a second rate Sand Castle.

All

(Hopping, bouncing) Wooooow...

Beth

What was that?

Grandpa W

I think the castle just got hit
by another big wave.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Beth

That kind of shook me up.

Grandpa W

Me too. But it also gave me an idea. What if... there's more than one ark in the Bible?

Squawk

You think Noah built two arks?

Grandpa W

No. Something much smaller.

Little Wonder

Oh, Grandpa. I know what you mean.
You mean the ark of the covenant.

Grandpa W

Right on, Little Wonder. There was another ark. The ark of the covenant.
And somebody had to make it.

Beth

Yeah, but who?
Do you know, Little Wonder?

Little Wonder

No. I have no idea.

Beth

Well, that's makes two of us.

Steve

I have no idea either.
That makes three of us.

Grandpa W

I haven't the foggiest.
And that makes four of us.

(All look at Squawk.)

Squawk

You guys are never going to believe this.

Beth

Squawk? Don't tell me.
You actually know who built the ark of the covenant?

Squawk

Well, once, to practice my x-ray vision,
I was reading a closed Bible.

Grandpa W

You were reading a closed Bible?

Squawk

Yes. I was reading in Exodus.
You know... Genesis, Exodus.
And I saw the name of the one who made the ark of the covenant. Oh, yes I did.
And his name stuck in my head.

Beth

Oh, Squawk. You're wonderful!

Squawk

Thank you... yes.
Uh... now if I could just remember who it was?

All

SQUAWK!

Squawk

Ha...ha...ha... just kidding. His name is spelled... B...as in boy...e...z...a...l...e...l...
Bezalel.

All

Bezalel?

Beth

I never would have gotten that.

Little Wonder

Hey, Squawk. Good job!

Squawk

Thank you, Little Wonder.

Grandpa W

Well, I don't know.
Let's give it try. 1, 2, 3...

All

Bezalel, Bezalel, Bezalel!
Woooooow...

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

Look at all that sand come tumbling down.

Beth

Wow, that room looks like a theater. Look, there's a stage over there, and seats everywhere, and a balcony. Let's go!

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers left the Banquet Hall and proceeded into the Theater. They had just climbed up on the stage when another big ocean wave hit the castle.

All

(hopping, bouncing)
Woow!

Announcer

This caused a trap door on the stage to spring open, and suddenly Beth was gone.

Beth

Ahhh!

Announcer

This leaves only Four Brave Adventurers for next week's episode. Until then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #3

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial...
'cause it's KIDSTIME!

If you've been with us these last two weeks, you already know about the biggest, most beautiful Sand Castle you've ever seen, and how a mighty ocean wave collapsed the front entrance just after the Five Brave Adventurers had entered. Now they are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

Announcer

Last week, after they discovered the castle theater, another big wave struck, shaking up everything. This caused a trap door to open on stage, and Beth fell through it, leaving only Four Brave Adventurers for this episode.

We take you now to the theater, where
Grandpa Wilhelm...

Steve, the Chauffeur...

Squawk, the bird with x-ray vision...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain...

are all looking at each other,
wondering what to do next!

Squawk

Eh... well, isn't this a fine how do you do!
Lost in a Sand Castle, and Beth falls
through a trap door. Now what are
we gonna do?

Grandpa W

We're going to find her, that's what.
Squawk, use your x-ray vision, and tell
me... where does that trap door lead?

Squawk

Eh... hmmm... Oh no! It leads to a tunnel,
but the tunnel has collapsed.

Grandpa W

I was afraid of that. Well,
we'll have to find another way.

Steve

Squawk, give this theater a good look.
Do you see any pieces of paper
with clues on them?

Squawk

Hmmm... hmmm... Nope. Nothing.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

Then we need a good idea.
And you know who we ask
when we need a good idea.
Little Wonder, what do you think?

Little Wonder

Well, if you don't have any clues,
and you don't know what to do,
you can always ask the narrator.

All

Ask the narrator!
That's a great idea.

Grandpa W

But how do we know
there is a narrator?

Little Wonder

There's always a narrator somewhere.

Steve

How do you talk to him?

Little Wonder

You just say, "Hello. Mr. Narrator."
Then you listen.

Narrator

Yeaaaa.

Grandpa W

Who... who was that?

Little Wonder

It's him. That's the narrator.

Steve

Is he always hanging
around like that?

Narrator

Yeaaaa.

Grandpa W

Have you been watching us?

Narrator

Yeaaaa.

Squawk

Do you say anything besides Yes?

Narrator

Yeaaaa.

Little Wonder

Mr. Narrator, we were wondering what
happened to Beth.

Narrator

Beth is fine. She landed safely in the
rehearsal space below the stage.
You will meet her again.

Squawk

But... why did this happen?

Narrator

Because this week, the actress who plays
Beth is on vacation.

All

Ooooh.

Little Wonder

Please, Mr. Narrator. We can't find
any clues in here.

Narrator

The clue is written on the curtain.

Steve

The curtain! Why didn't we think of that?
Grandpa, pull the curtain. (pulls)

Grandpa

Well, look at that. It says,
"This is the clue, and it's quite reliable.
Call out the first 8 books of the Bible.
One at a time, going down the line."

Little Wonder

Oh. That means we each say one, and then
the next person. I'll start. Genesis.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Steve
Exodus.

Squawk
Philippians.

Little Wonder
No, Squawk. Not Philippians.
Try again. Genesis.

Steve
Exodus.

Squawk
...Philippians.

Grandpa W
No, Squawk.

Squawk
But I like Philippians.

Grandpa W
The word is Leviticus.

Squawk
Who?

Grandpa W
Just say it.

Squawk
Okay.

Little Wonder
Genesis.

Steve
Exodus.

Squawk
Leviticus.

Grandpa W
Numbers.

Little Wonder
Deuteronomy.

Squawk
Hold it. Do the what?
How do you guys know this stuff?

Little Wonder
Easy. I learned it in Sunday School
and Thornley Chapel.

Steve
You would know too if you went to Sunday
School and Thornley Chapel.

Squawk
Eh... I would, but they don't allow
birds in there.

Little Wonder
Let's try again. Genesis.

Steve
Exodus.

Squawk
Leviticus.

Grandpa W
Numbers.

Little Wonder
Deuteronomy.

Steve
Joshua.

Squawk
Philippians?

Grandpa W
No, Squawk. It's Judges!

Squawk
How was I supposed to know?

Grandpa W
Just say Judges next time.

Squawk
Okay.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Little Wonder

Genesis.

Steve

Exodus.

Squawk

Judges!

All

Ooooooooooh! (shaking heads)

Little Wonder

Squawk, say Leviticus the first time, and Judges the second time. See how easy it is?

Squawk

Eh... I knew that.

Little Wonder

Here we go. Genesis.

Steve

Exodus.

Squawk

Leviticus.

Grandpa W

Numbers.

Little Wonder

Deuteronomy.

Steve

Joshua.

Squawk

Judges.

Grandpa W

Ruth.

All

We did it. Woooow!

Grandpa W

Look at that sand come tumbling down.

Little Wonder

Look! A secret stairway.

Grandpa W

I bet that secret stairway takes us down to the rehearsal space where Beth is. Is that right, Mr. Narrator?

Narrator

Yeeeee.

Little Wonder

Then let's go, let's go.

Squawk

Wait, I just want to say one thing.

Grandpa W

What is it, Squawk?

Squawk

Heh, heh... Philippians!

All

Nooooooooo! (shaking heads)

Announcer

And so the Four Brave Adventurers left the Theater, and went down the secret staircase, where they found Beth, just like the narrator said they would.

Of course, that room had a puzzle too, but you'll have to wait until next time to find out what it is. Until then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #4

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!

For three weeks we've been following the adventures of five very brave explorers.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Soon after they discovered a beautiful and majestic Sand Castle, a mighty wave toppled the front entrance. That's how they became...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

Announcer

After solving the clues that got them through the Entrance Hall, the Banquet Hall, and the Theater, they now find themselves in the Rehearsal Room beneath the stage, and happily reunited with Beth (who you'll remember fell through a trap door and disappeared during Episode 2). Yes, there are Five Brave Adventurers again. They are...

Grandpa Wilhelm...
Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday,
Steve, the Chauffeur...
Squawk, the bird with x-ray vision...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain...

Here we go again!

Little Wonder

Beth, it's good to see you again.

Beth

Oh, Little Wonder, I'm so glad we're all back together. What happened in the Theater?

Grandpa W

After you fell through the trap door, we started looking for clues.

Squawk

Yeah, but we couldn't find any...

Grandpa W

So, finally, Little Wonder suggested we ask the narrator.

Beth

That was a very good idea, Little Wonder. While I was waiting for you, the narrator talked to me too.

Little Wonder

What did he tell you?

Beth

He said everything would be fine, and that you would come down these secret stairs as soon as you said the first 8 books of the Bible. But it took you a long time.

Squawk

Eh... let's change the subject.

Steve

You're right, Beth. We would have been here sooner...

Squawk

Steve, let's not go into that.

Steve

But somebody...

Squawk

Why don't we all sing a song?

Steve

...thought the first 8 books of the Bible included...
(Squawk stops Steve from saying it)

Beth

Included what? Grandpa, tell me.

Grandpa W

(smiles) Philippians!

Squawk

Oooh... (knots up face)

Beth

That's okay, Squawk. While I was waiting for you, I looked around and I found the next clue.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Little Wonder

Oh, Beth, that's wonderful!
What does it say?

Beth

Here, Grandpa, you read it.

Grandpa W

The clue says, "You're in the Rehearsal Space under the stage. Now tell me the oldest man, and what was his age?"

Beth

What do you think, Grandpa?
Do you know the answer?

Grandpa W

I think so. You see, way back in Bible times, before Noah built the ark, people lived a long time.

Squawk

Eh... How long is long?

Grandpa W

Verrrry, verrrry looong.

Little Wonder

Did they live to be one hundred?

Grandpa W

Not only did they live to be 100. Some of them were having their first child when they were 100.

Beth

You've got to be kidding!

Grandpa W

No. There was this guy named Seth, and when his first son, Enosh, was born, Seth was 105.

Others

Wooww!

Grandpa W

And listen to this! After Enosh was born, Seth not only had other sons and

daughters, he lived another 807 years!

Others

Wooooooww!!!

Grandpa W

So Seth lived to be 912 years old!

Squawk

Eh... Grandpa, when they had a birthday, do you think they put that many candles on the cake?

Grandpa W

No. That would be a forest fire.

Beth

So, Grandpa, what about the clue?

Little Wonder

Yeah. Who was the oldest man, and what was his age?

Grandpa W

Well, I'll let you guess. It's either Seth, Mehalalel, Jared, or Methuselah. Steve, what do you think?

Steve

Well, I have no idea, so I guess I'm going to have to use one of my lifelines. I'll take 50-50.

Grandpa W

50-50? Sure. Computer, take away two of the wrong answers. There goes Seth and Jared. That leaves Mehalalel, and Methuselah. Squawk, what do you think?

Squawk

I would like to phone a friend.

Grandpa W

Phone a friend? Sure. Who would you like to call?

Squawk

I would like to call Hedgehog.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

Okay, let's see if our friends at OGCMA can get Hedgehog on the line.

Hedgehog
(phone ringing) Hello.

Grandpa W
Hello. Hedgehog?

Hedgehog
Yeeees.

Grandpa W
I'm Grandpa Wilhelm from "Who Wants To Be Lost In A Sand Castle?" Your friend, Squawk, needs your help. The next voice you hear will be Squawk's. You have 30 seconds.

Squawk
Hey, Hedgehog. Who was the oldest man? Mehalalel or Methuselah.

Hedgehog
Well... I don't know. Sorry. (Click)

Squawk
Eh... that didn't get us very far.

Grandpa W
Beth and Little Wonder, it's your turn now.

Beth
Little Wonder and I would like to poll the audience.

Grandpa W
Okay, members of the audience. By a show of hands, how many vote for Mehalalel? How many for Methuselah?

Little Wonder
Looks like Methuselah got 88 percent of the votes.

Beth
Then we'll take Methuselah!

Grandpa W

I have to say it.
Is that your final answer?

Others
Yes, it is.

Grandpa W
You're..... right!
And he lived to the wonderful age of 969. So... if we all say, Methuselah, 969... the next secret door should open. Ready?

All
Methuselah, 969.
Woooooow!

Grandpa W
Look at all that sand come tumbling down!

Beth
Hey! That room looks like the Castle Kitchen!

Squawk
Just in time.
I'm getting a little hungry.

Little Wonder
Let's go, let's go.

Announcer
And so the Five Brave Adventurers left the Rehearsal Space behind and went into the Kitchen, where they forgot all about looking for clues in their quest for something to eat.

But what they found and what happened there is next week's episode.

Until then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All
"Lost In The Sand Castle."

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

EPISODE #5

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial...
'cause it's KIDSTIME!

These are the stories of Five Brave Adventurers, who, after discovering a beautiful Sand Castle, were trapped inside when a mighty ocean wave collapsed the front entrance. Now they are searching for the back door.

All

We are?

Announcer

Yes.

All

Oooh. Thanks for telling us.

Announcer

What they don't know is... there is no back door. There is, however, a secret tunnel leading away from the Castle, but where that tunnel goes, no one knows, for it has never been tried before. Will the Five Brave Adventurers find the tunnel, or will they be...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

Announcer

For this week's episode,
we present to you...
Grandpa Wilhelm... Beth... Steve...
Squawk (the bird with x-ray vision)...
and Little Wonder.
They have just discovered
the Castle Kitchen!

Squawk

Eh... the Castle Kitchen. Now you're talkin'. I could use a large pastrami sandwich.

Beth

I'm hungry too. I'll have peanut butter and jelly, please, and a tall glass of cold milk.

Little Wonder

That sounds wonderful, but do you think they have food like that here? I never heard of a castle that served peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Steve

That's true, but we can check? Grandpa, open that cabinet and see what's in there.

Grandpa W

Hmmm... that's odd.
Nothing but donuts.

Beth

Donuts??

Grandpa W

That's all that's here.

Squawk

Hmmm... look at the strange flavors. This tray says Apple Cinnamon Banana Cream!

Little Wonder

Oh, that doesn't sound too good.

Beth

Here's a tray that reads
Cranberry Almond Fudge.

Others

Cranberry Almond Fudge??

Squawk

Eh... this has to be the worst yet. It says -
Jalapeno peppers, peach fuzz, and relish.

Steve

I never heard of a place that served donuts
with Jalapeno peppers, peach fuzz,
and relish.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Little Wonder

I'm not very hungry any more.
Let's find the clue and get out of here.

Grandpa W

But where is the clue?

Beth

Squawk, use your x-ray vision. Look around and see if you can find the clue.

Squawk

Eh... er... hmmm. That's interesting.
Oh, no!

Grandpa W

What is it, Squawk?

Squawk

There's good news and bad news...
and worse news yet!

Beth

What's the good news?

Squawk

The clue is written on five separate
pieces of paper.

Grandpa W

What's the bad news?

Squawk

Each clue piece is hidden in a donut, and
the writing won't appear unless you
eat the donut.

Little Wonder

Uh... Squawk... what's the worse news yet?

Squawk

The worse news is... each piece of the clue
is hidden in one of those Jalapeno pepper,
peach fuzz, and relish donuts!

Grandpa W

You say there are
five of these donuts?

Squawk

Exactly.

Grandpa W

That makes one for each of us.

Steve

Wait, before we enjoy these delicious
donuts, has anyone seen any water
in here?

Others

(All look around) Noooo.

Squawk

Well, isn't this just grand? The hottest
donuts in the world, and not a drop
of water in sight!

Grandpa W

We'd better just do it and stop thinking.
Donuts ready? 1,2,3...
(sounds of eating and gasping,
and raspy voices from now on)

Beth

(gasp) Okay. Give me the clue pieces.
Thank you, Little Wonder.

Steve

(gasp) Here's mine. (gasp)

Grandpa W

Here's mine. (gasp)

Beth

Squawk, (gasp) where's your clue?

Squawk

Hey, how come you guys are talking so
funny, gasping for air and all that?

Grandpa W

Didn't you eat your donut? (gasp)

Squawk

I sure did. I swallowed it whole.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

All

(stare at him) SQUAWK! (gasp) You ate your part of the clue!

Squawk

Eh... uh oh.

Beth

Now what are we going to do?

Grandpa W

We'll have to figure it out with what we have. What does it say?

Beth

It says, "Say real loud who saw the bur..."

Steve

That's all? Who saw the bur...?

Beth

That's it. The rest of the clue is inside Squawk.

Squawk

Eh... sorry.

Grandpa W

Who saw the bur...? Hey! Maybe it's who saw the burning bush?

Little Wonder

I bet you're right Grandpa.
We all know it's Moses.

Beth

Let's try it.

All

Moses.

Steve

Nothing's happening.

Grandpa W

I don't think it was loud enough. Squawk, you're the only one with a voice left. You've got to say the answer for the rest of us.

Squawk

Sure, I'll try. Step back.
MOSES!!!

All

Woooooow!

Grandpa W

Look at all that sand come tumbling down.

Beth

Hey! It looks like a courtyard... with a water fountain!

All

AHHHHHHHHH!

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers ran to the water fountain in the courtyard and practically dove into the pool - that is, all except for Squawk, who hadn't experienced any ill effects, having swallowed his entire Jalapeno Pepper, peach fuzz and relish donut in one gulp.

(And I think, if you ask me,
I would have done the same.)

That's all until our next amazing episode. Till then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #6

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial...
'cause it's KIDSTIME!

If you've been with us these last five weeks, then you already know about the Five Brave Adventurers, and how they got...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Announcer

Now they have found the inner courtyard, with its beautiful water fountains, which they immediately took advantage of, due to their extreme thirst, of which we shall not say more. You'll have to ask what happened last week if you don't remember.

We take you now to the Castle Courtyard, where... Grandpa Wilhelm... Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday... Steve, the Chauffeur... a dodo bird named Squawk... and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain... are talking things over.

Beth

You know, this is a beautiful courtyard. Water fountains, gardens... and best of all, a clear view of the sky. Isn't it wonderful to see blue sky again?

Grandpa W

Yes. It makes me wish for those golden summer beach days in Ocean Grove. And bright sunsets.

Squawk

Eh... it's been a long time since we've seen a sunset.

Steve

Yeah. All we've seen is sand! Sand in the Entrance Hall, the Banquet Hall, the Theater, the Rehearsal Space... even the Kitchen.

Beth

Yes, but now look. Blue sky! Isn't it wonderful? I could just lie down and watch the clouds drift slowly by.

Little Wonder

Grandpa, do you think we'll ever find our way out? It's been several weeks, and I'm starting to forget what Ocean Grove looks like.

Grandpa W

So you miss Ocean Grove, too? It's an interesting place. I grew up there, you know.

Squawk

Eh... Was that before the Auditorium was built?

Grandpa W

No, Squawk, not before the Auditorium was built. But I do remember Thornley Chapel many years ago, and also the Young People's Temple.

Beth

Tell us stories from the old days, Grandpa. What do you remember?

Grandpa W

Oh, lots of things. We sang a lot of songs, I remember that. I remember we had a motto. "Sow a Thought - Reap an Act. Sow an Act - Reap a Habit. Sow a Habit - Reap a Character. Sow a Character - Reap a Destiny."

Little Wonder

Grandpa, what does that mean?

Grandpa W

Well, I suppose it means... the way we think eventually determines what we become.

Steve

That's pretty serious, Grandpa.

Squawk

Eh... a little too serious for the Five Brave Adventurers.

Little Wonder

Oh... I don't think so.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Beth

Neither do I. Do you realize, this is the first serious conversation we've had since we came here? I like watching the sky and talking about things that are important. Say that motto again, Grandpa.

Grandpa W

"Sow a Thought - Reap an Act.
Sow an Act - Reap a Habit.
Sow a Habit - Reap a Character.
Sow a Character - Reap a Destiny." What do you think? Can we say it down the line?

Beth

I'm sure we can. Let's try.
Sow a Thought - Reap an...

Little Wonder

Act. Sow an Act - Reap a...

Steve

Habit. Sow a Habit - Reap a...

Squawk

Eh, heh... you're gonna reap yourself a character, that's what! And when you sow a character, you know what you're gonna get? Da, da, da, daa... You'll reap a...

Steve

Squawk.

Squawk

Hmm?

Steve

Just say the line.

Squawk

Oh. Sow a Character - Reap a...

Grandpa W

Destiny.

Little Wonder

Grandpa, what does destiny mean?

Grandpa W

It means your life story, and what happens to you, and what you become can be traced back to the thoughts you nurture in your mind.

Beth

Oh, I get it! It's like these gardens here in the castle. These trees and flowers are here because someone planted them.

Grandpa W

Exactly. We're like gardens too. And we choose what grows inside us by the thoughts we think.

Squawk

Grandpa, I have a question.

Grandpa W

What is it, Squawk?

Squawk

What's half way between the shortest and longest chapters in the Bible?

Beth

Oh, Squawk. Right in the middle of a good conversation.

Steve

Squawk, where did you get an idea like that?

Squawk

It's not my idea. Look. It's written up there... on the castle wall.

All

Oh, yeeaahh.

Little Wonder

Do you think maybe that's the next clue?

Grandpa W

Good thinking, Little Wonder.
I bet it is.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Beth

Well, I know what the longest chapter in the Bible is... Psalm 119... it has 176 verses. I know 'cause I tried to memorize it once.

Steve

You did? That's why I memorized Psalm 117. It has only 2 verses.

Little Wonder

Are they the longest and the shortest chapters in the Bible?

Grandpa W

Yes, they are.

Squawk

Then what's half way between?

All

Why... Psalm 118.

Grandpa W

Hey, let's try it. 1,2,3...

All

PSALM 118!
Woowooow!

Grandpa W

Look at all that sand come tumbling down.

Beth

Hey! It's a mysterious, dark stairway. I wonder where it leads.

Little Wonder

Let's go, let's go.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers left the beautiful courtyard behind, and entered the dark stairway leading up. But where that stairway goes is next week's story. Till then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #7

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!

We welcome you once again to the continuing story of The Five Brave Adventurers. After discovering a beautiful Sand Castle, they were trapped inside when an ocean wave toppled the front entrance. That's why they are...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Announcer

But they are working their way through, and after successfully solving the clues that got them past the Entrance Hall, Banquet Hall, Theater, Rehearsal Space, Kitchen, and Courtyard, they are now confronted with a winding staircase going up.

It's time to listen in as
Grandpa Wilhelm...
Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday...
Steve, the Chauffeur...
a dodo bird named Squawk...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain...

are climbing up the stairs.

Beth

Isn't this fun? I love climbing secret stairways, and not knowing where you're going.

Little Wonder

Yes, it is fun. But it's also kind of dark in here.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

It is dark. I say, I already miss the courtyard with its view of the sky.

Beth
STOP!!!

Others
(What is it?) (What happened?)

Beth
This stairway suddenly stops.

Squawk
It just ends? Just like that?

Beth
That's all there is.
It runs right into a wall.

Grandpa W
Squawk, it's too dark for us to see. Can you see anything with your x-ray vision?

Squawk
Hmm... Eh... No, nothing.

Announcer
So the Five Brave Adventurers sat down on the top steps, until they could figure out what to do.

Grandpa W
What we need is an idea. Little Wonder, what do you think?

Little Wonder
Well, it wasn't that long a staircase.
Maybe we should climb it again.

Announcer
And so they went back down the stairs to the beautiful courtyard, turned, and climbed the steps again.

Steve
This time let's all watch carefully.

Announcer

Up they went, round and around, up into the darkness of the mysterious staircase, till they could go no further.

Grandpa W
This is it... the top of the steps.

Beth
Did anyone see anything?

Others
(Nope) (Not me) (Nothing)

Squawk
Eh... this is a fine how do you do! Half way through a Sand Castle, and you run smack dab into a staircase that goes nowhere!

Grandpa W
That's funny. There must be something we're missing.

Beth
Squawk, look one more time.
Are you sure there's nothing here?

Squawk
I keep looking. All I see is sand.

All
(Hmm) (This is puzzling)

Announcer
And so the Five Brave Adventurers sat down in the darkness to talk some more.

Squawk
Looks like we've hit a dead end. No writing anywhere, and no pieces of paper either.

Little Wonder
And it's dark and cold, too.
It makes me a little scared.

Beth
Oh, don't be afraid, Little Wonder.
Remember that verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

I will fear no evil:" Oh! Ooo. What was that? Something just hit me? Squawk, what is it? Not a spider, I hope.

Squawk

No. A chunk of sand fell off the wall. That's all.

Grandpa W

Go on, Beth. You were saying?

Beth

Let's see. "... I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and..." Oh! Oh... there it is again. Are you sure it's not a spider, Squawk?

Squawk

Yes... I'm sure. It's just another chunk of sand falling from the wall.

Beth

Well, I wish it would stop. Every time I try to say the verse, I get hit in the face with sand.

Steve

It's all right, Beth. You got far enough for us to get the idea. We don't have to be afraid, but we do have to find our way out.

Grandpa W

You know, it's funny. Every room in this castle had some kind of a clue in it. And the clue on the castle wall led us right here. How can this be a dead end?

Squawk

I can see it now in the Ocean Grove Times. Sand Castle finally falls. Five friends lost inside.

Little Wonder

I do have one more idea.

All

YOU DO?!

Little Wonder

Yes, but to test it, we'll have to climb the steps one more time.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers climbed back down, and then back up... to the same spot on the top step, where Little Wonder said...

Little Wonder

That's what I suspected. You see, there is no clue here. Only stairs. Then it came to me. Maybe the stairs are the clue. So I counted them.

Grandpa W

Oh, that's good thinking. How many steps were there?

Little Wonder

Exactly 23.

Beth

But why does it matter how many steps there are?

Little Wonder

Listen. Where in the Bible do you find the number 23?

Steve

I guess we all know Psalm 23.

Little Wonder

Exactly. And Beth, that verse you were quoting, where is it found?

Beth

Come to think of it, in Psalm 23.

Grandpa W

Oh, I'm starting to see it now. 23 steps, and every time Beth starts quoting from Psalm 23, a piece of the wall falls down and hits her.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Little Wonder

That's right. So maybe if we quote
Psalm 23 from the beginning...

Grandpa W

Let's try it! Squawk, you watch the wall,
and we'll say it. 1, 2, 3.

All

PSALM 23! "The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want."

Squawk

Woooow! Look at all that
sand come tumbling down.

Beth

Uhh. All over us. I'm half buried.

Grandpa W

Me too. Isn't this a fine
how do you do?

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers dug themselves out from all the sand that had landed on them, and when they did they found they were at one end of a beautiful Guest Room, with a gigantic billowy bed, which Beth immediately jumped on, not knowing it was one of those beds that folds up into the wall. You guessed it, on her third jump it folded up, and before you could say, "Help! Where's Beth?" she had disappeared. So the Five Brave Adventurers became Four Brave Adventurers, and that's where we leave them until next time. Till then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #8

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial...
or you might miss KIDSTIME!

Yes, for several weeks we've been following the adventures of our cast of five. Unfortunately, one of our cast of five just got swallowed by a bed that folds up into the wall, leaving only Four Brave Adventurers for today's episode of...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Announcer

You may remember how, last week, Beth jumped up and down on the billowy bed in the Royal Guest Chamber. It was a beautiful bed, and it was a beautiful moment, until the third jump, and then... SWOOP! Beth was gone!

It's time to listen in as
Grandpa Wilhelm...
Steve, the Chauffeur...
his pet bird, Squawk...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl
from Sunshine Mountain...
are thinking things over.

Little Wonder

Oh, no! Did you see what just happened?

Grandpa W

I saw it all right, and if you ask me, I say
"Hot Diggety Pickens!"

Steve

What was that, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens! It's something my Grandma used to say when the flapjacks were coming off the griddle. Oh, they were tasty, especially with a little of Grandma's homemade syrup.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Squawk

Eh... but what does that have to do with Beth disappearing?

Grandpa W

Didn't you see the way that bed swallowed her up? Just like we wolfed down those flapjacks in Grandma's country kitchen. I tell you, that's Hot Diggety Pickens!

Little Wonder

Well, what are we going to do? We have to find Beth somehow.

Steve

I'd say, unless that bed comes back down, we're going to have to leave Beth where she is, and hope to find her again when we get past this Guest Chamber.

Announcer

At this point, let me interrupt and tell you that Beth was launched by the bed into a room where a soft rug covered the floor and books lined the walls all the way to the ceiling. She wasn't hurt though, for she landed soft as you please on the beautiful, thick rug.

Squawk

Steve, I think you're right. To find Beth we must first find the next clue. Do you mind if I turn on my x-ray vision and have a look around?

Grandpa W

That's sounds like a good idea, Squawk. Go for it.

Squawk

Eh... hmmm... Well, stoke the fire, boys, and call me a jackhammer!

Grandpa W

What was that, Squawk?

Squawk

Oh, just something one of my cousins used to say. He was a woodpecker... that's why the part about the jackhammer.

Steve

I don't know about woodpeckers and jackhammers, Squawk, but I would like to know if there are any spank-fancy clues in here.

Little Wonder

Uh, Steve... spank-fancy?

Steve

Oh, it's something my Aunt Petunia used to say.

Grandpa W

Aunt Petunia?

Steve

Yeah, she and my Uncle Hickory were always buying "spank-fancy" automobiles and telling jokes that would "set your liver giggling." They were something - Aunt Petunia and Uncle Hickory.

Little Wonder

Excuse me, but could we talk less about relatives, and more about clues?

Grandpa W

That's right, Little Wonder, good for you, keeping us on track and all. So... Squawk, did you find any clues in here?

Squawk

Actually, I did. And it was Beth who made it easier. You see, one of the best places you could hide a clue is under the bed! And now that the bed is up against the wall, the writing is in plain view.

All

Oh, yeah. So it is.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Announcer

And so the Four Brave Adventurers walked over to the writing on the wall, which was really the writing under the bed. (And where, may I ask, would you hide a clue in a Royal Guest Chamber? Chances are you'd hide it under the bed too.)

Steve

You're right, Squawk. Here it is. But it's written in smaller and smaller print as it goes down.

Grandpa W

That's okay, I brought my monocle.
Let's see, it says...

"If on the bed you name three kings, you'll leave this room as though with wings."

Steve

If on the bed you name three kings?
Do you think they mean...

Grandpa and Steve

"We three kings of Orient are..."

Squawk

STOP! No, I don't think they mean those three kings. For one thing, we don't really know if there were three of them, and we don't know their names.

Grandpa W

Oh, well. Hot Diggety Pickens.
Anyone else got an idea?

Squawk

I do. Stoke the fire, boys, and call me a jackhammer. I rather suspect they are referring to Saul, David, and Solomon.

Steve

Hey, Squawk, that's a spank-fancy answer if I ever heard one. And the way you say stoke the fire almost sets my liver giggling.

Little Wonder

Ha, ha, ha. It is pretty funny. But there is one problem. We're supposed to say the three kings when we're on the bed.

Grandpa W

You're absolutely right, but since we can't get to the bed, let's just say the answer from here.

Announcer

And so the Four Brave Adventurers said...

All

Saul, David, Solomon...

Announcer

...and when they did, the bed came back down to its original position, and since they were standing close enough to read the writing, all four of them were now pinned to the floor underneath the billowy bed.

Squawk

Eh, now isn't this a fine how do you do? Beth, leaves the room by jumping on the bed, and now the same bed, which is supposed to flip us out too, comes down on us, pinning us underneath.

Steve

Like Uncle Hickory said when he got a new car, "Spank-fancy and four on the floor."

Grandpa W

Four on the floor is right, only the four is us. Hot Diggety Pickens! I feel like one of those flapjacks on Grandma's griddle.

Steve

Do you think we could slither out?

Grandpa W

Not a chance. We're wedged in here too tight. Squawk, can you use your beak like a jackhammer?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Squawk

What do I look like? A woodpecker?

Steve

Well, isn't this a spank-fancy how do you do? We know the clue, but we have to be on the bed to say it, and here we are, pinned under the bed. Ugh!

Little Wonder

Wait, I have an idea. If we say the answer now, the bed will go back up. Then we can step aside, say the answer again, and the bed will come back down. Then we get on the bed, and say it one more time. Get it?

Grandpa W

Oh, Little Wonder. That's wonderful. Let's do it.

Announcer

And so the Four Pinned Adventurers said the magic words, and sure enough the bed went back up into the wall. They stood up, stepped aside, said the three kings again, and when the bed came back down, they climbed on top. At last, they were ready, and when they said their final...

All

Saul, David, Solomon...

Announcer

...the bed closed up and they flew through the air as though they had wings, just like the clue said. After landing in a heap (on the same rug Beth landed on earlier), they all started laughing because of how many spank-fancy times they had to say the clue before they got the bed to swallow them up like Hot Diggety Pickens!

And if you had been there and watched them, I'm sure it would have set your liver giggling too.

That's all until next time. Till then, all you kids have a good week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

"Laughing In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #9

Announcer

To all our friends in radio land... we welcome you once again to KIDSTIME!

High up in a beautiful Sand Castle, our friends, whom we call the Five Brave Adventurers, have found a room filled with books. They are in great danger, but they don't know it yet. In fact, they've almost forgotten they are...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Announcer

Beth, who you remember was the first to be shot into this room by the billowy bed, was already looking at the wonderful titles that lined the shelves, when...

Grandpa Wilhelm...
Steve, the Chauffeur...
a Dodo bird named Squawk...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain...

all came flying through the air, shot by the same billowy bed. They landed in a heap on the soft, thick rug which covered the floor.

All

Ahhhh... (landing sounds)!

Grandpa W

Hmmm. Well, no broken bones. I say, that was quite a ride.

Squawk

Hey, where are we?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

Looking at all these books, I'd say
we are in the Castle Library.

Beth

Hi, you guys! I'm glad you found me.
Isn't this a great room? Look at all these
wonderful books!

Little Wonder

Oh, I like books! Can you read me a
story, Beth?

Beth

I found the perfect book just for you,
Little Wonder. Ready?

Announcer

And so, Beth began reading the story to
Little Wonder. But Grandpa, Squawk, and
Steve were far more interested in the wide,
picture window high up on the
Library wall.

Grandpa W

Do you think we can get up there?

Steve

I bet we can. These bookshelves look quite
sturdy. Let's just climb the shelves as
though they were rungs on a ladder.

Announcer

And that's exactly what they did, past
novels and cookbooks and mysteries, till at
last they reached the window
high above the floor.

Squawk

Now this is a fine view! Look at the ocean,
sparkling in the sun.

Grandpa W

I say! We can see parts of the castle we
haven't been in yet. Look over there?
Do you see those seats around that stage?
It's like an outdoor theater.

Squawk

Yes, and look at that courtyard
right on the water's edge.
There are ocean waves
rolling right up to it.

Steve

Look at that. It looks like an
outdoor kitchen.

Grandpa W

Oh, Noooo!

Squawk

Eh... what is it, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

It's all coming clear, and I don't like
the look of it.

Steve

What's coming clear?

Grandpa W

See that outdoor theater?
That's the theater we were in! And that
kitchen... and that courtyard? That's where
we watched the sky.

Steve

But the theater we were in wasn't
an outdoor theater, and it had a lot
more seats than that.

Squawk

Yeah... and wasn't the courtyard in the
middle of the castle? This one is at the
water's edge.

Grandpa W

It was in the middle once. But the tide is
coming in, and parts of the castle are
washing away.

Announcer

And then they realized the truth. The
Entrance Hall, the Banquet Hall, and half
of the Theater had already been swept
away by the incoming tide. The Kitchen

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

was half gone too, and the Courtyard, with its beautiful fountains, was partly sand and partly waves.

Grandpa W

Perhaps we should go down and tell the others.

Beth

(close book) What do you mean we're lost in half a sand castle?

Grandpa W

That's all that's left. Those beautiful rooms we were in... the Entrance Hall, the Banquet Hall, they're gone.

Beth

That fast? Then we better start looking for clues right away! Squawk, use your x-ray vision. Do you see any writing in here?

Squawk

Writing? There are ten thousand books in here, and you want to know if I see any writing.

Beth

Oh dear. That's not going to do us much good, is it? Up till now we've always been in rooms filled with sand.

Steve

Yeah, now we're in a room filled with books. Where do we start looking? It could be anywhere.

Grandpa W

Little Wonder, you've been kind of quiet. What do you think?

Little Wonder

Well. All the clues up till now have been fairly easy to find. Don't you think the one who made this castle would have made this clue easy also?

Beth

Keep going...

Little Wonder

So... what else is in this room besides ten thousand books?

Grandpa W

Well, there's a window. But we've already been up there, and we didn't see anything unusual.

Little Wonder

Okay, if it isn't the window, what else is there?

Beth

Well, the books... the window...the only other thing is this rug!

All

(look at each other)
It's under the rug!!!

Grandpa W

Little Wonder, you never cease to amaze me! Let's flip this rug.

Announcer

And sure enough, when they flipped the rug, they saw some words woven into the fabric. It said...

Beth

"Climb to the window and see what you see, then say the disciple whose name starts with B."

Grandpa W

We better start climbing. We don't have any time to lose.

Announcer

Up the bookcase went the Five Brave Adventurers, and when they got to the top, and looked down, they saw that the theater was gone, and the courtyard was almost entirely under water.

Steve

Okay, we're here at the top. Now what did the clue say?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Beth

Say the disciple whose name starts with B.

Squawk

We don't have time to talk. Does anyone know the answer?

Grandpa W

I do. It's Bartholomew.

Beth

Oh, good for you, Grandpa! Quick... let's say it.

Grandpa W

Oh, I hope when the sand comes tumbling down we'll be okay. We're awfully high up in the air.

Beth

Quick, Grandpa.

Grandpa W

All right. 1, 2, 3...

All

Bartholomew!

Announcer

So there they were, high above the Library floor, with waves pounding away at the Castle every minute. But when they said, "Bartholomew," no sand came tumbling down. Instead the window opened, and the rug, which was really a magic carpet, lifted off the floor, and came up to meet them. They stepped onto the carpet, and out the window they flew, dancing like a paper airplane on the wind, until they landed on a high observation tower in a part of the castle that was much further from the water.

All

Whew. That was a close one!

Announcer

...they said, for just as they landed on the

observation tower, they looked back and saw the Library go crashing into the sea.

And so the Five Brave Adventurers breathed a sigh of relief, for they were safe for the moment, and the observation tower gave them a fine view of Ocean Grove, and also of ships far out at sea.

But what happened on the observation tower is next week's episode. Till then, all you kids have a great week, and if you happen to visit the public library, remember your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #10

Announcer

We welcome you once again to...
KIDSTIME!

If you've been following our weekly radio drama, you already know about the Five Brave Adventurers, and how they got...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Announcer

After solving quite a few clues in quite a few places, they were transported at last by a magic flying carpet to an Observation Tower in a very high part of the castle. From there they could see many things. Let's listen as...

Grandpa Wilhelm...

Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday...

Steve, the Chauffeur...

Squawk, the bird with x-ray vision...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain...

...are all looking down over the magnificent view.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

All

Wooooow! What a view!

Squawk

Eh... we must be miles above Ocean Grove.

Grandpa W

Well, not miles. But a few hundred feet perhaps. It is a majestic scene.

Beth

Hey look, Grandpa. I can see a person lying on the beach. Look how tan he is.

Grandpa W

Yes. Except that's not a person: that's the lifeguard boat.

Steve

Then we must be higher than we thought.

Squawk

Eh... Do you see that house down there?

Beth

Where?

Squawk

Right there, with the little tiny cross on the front.

Little Wonder

Hey, that's not a house. That's the Ocean Grove Auditorium!

Grandpa W

You're right, it is! I say, this is a high tower.

Steve

Which brings me to an interesting observation. The magic rug, which we're still standing on, brought us up here where there are no rooms on any side.

Grandpa W

Oh, I see what you're saying. The only sand that can give way is the sand beneath us.

Squawk

Yeah, and when that happens... heh, heh... down we go!

Beth

Oh, that sounds like fun. People and sand all over the place!

Little Wonder

But before that can happen, we have to find the clue.

Announcer

So the Five Brave Adventurers started looking for clues, which didn't take long, for the tower was only about 20 feet across.

Steve

That's funny. We're not finding anything. I'm beginning to think there isn't a clue here.

Grandpa W

Well, there is one. It's the one that brought us here. Remember? It was under the rug.

Beth

That's right. "Say the disciple whose name starts with B." Do you think we're supposed to say it again? I mean, the magic carpet did come with us.

Grandpa W

Hmmm. No harm in trying.
1, 2, 3...

All

Bartholomew! Woooooow!

Announcer

Sure enough, the magic carpet came to life. It jiggled a little, then a little more. Finally it tipped over, dumping the Five Brave

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Adventurers off in exactly the same spot
where they were. Then the carpet
flew away.

Squawk

Eh... this is a fine how do you do! There's
only one clue, and when we say it, the
clue flies away!

Steve

Well, that proves one thing. The clue under
the rug isn't the one. So... there must be
another one here somewhere.

Announcer

But try as they might, they couldn't think
where it would be. And so the sun slowly
set, and the wind grew cold, and they
huddled together to try and stay warm. A
long time later, after the moon had risen,
Little Wonder suddenly had an inspiration.

Little Wonder

Oh, I get it now. Funny, I should have
thought of that before.

Beth

What is it, Little Wonder?
Did you figure it out?

Little Wonder

I think so. Do you remember the other
time when we couldn't find a clue?

Beth

Yes. Back in the dark stairway.
There were only steps.

Little Wonder

That's right. So the steps had to be the
clue. And when we counted them,
there were 23.

Grandpa W

Oh, yeah. And that's what made us think of
Psalm 23, and that's how we solved
the clue!

Squawk

Eh... but at least there was something to
count there. This is just a tower.

Little Wonder

Exactly, and if all you have is a tower, then
the tower is the clue.

Beth

Well... all right. But where in the Bible
is there a tower?

Grandpa W

Oh, I can think of one.
That's easy.

Steve

Ha, ha. I think I know what
it is now too.

Squawk

Eh... what? Tell me.

Beth

Oh, of course! I get it now.
Little Wonder, you did it again.

Squawk

Hey, stoke the fire boys, and call me a
jackhammer. I still don't know what
you're talking about.

All

The tower of Babel!

Grandpa W

You remember, don't you? When they were
building a tower to reach to heaven, God
gave them different languages, and they
sounded like they were babbling instead
of talking.

Little Wonder

So if we start babbling up here...

Beth

What a great idea! Let's try it.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

1, 2, 3...

All

Ba-sha-ba-blah-do-bloo-de-boo!
Wooooooow!

Announcer

And that's when the sand in the middle of the tower, right underneath them, gave way, and they fell into the darkness, bouncing down and around a circular slide that went all the way to the bottom of the tower, where they landed in a big pile. This prompted Grandpa to say...

Grandpa W

Wow. Look at the Five Brave Adventurers go tumbling down!

Announcer

When they brushed themselves off they found they were in a long room with many suits of armor lining the walls, and best of all, a warm fire in the hearth at the other end. I'm happy to tell you they slept safe and sound, and warm as can be.

That's all for now. Till next time, all you kids have a great week, and don't wake up your friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #11

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial,
'cause it's KIDSTIME!

Hey, come with us to thrilling adventures. Journey into lands of imagination and wonder, narrow escapes and wild rides through the pitch darkness...

All

Hold it! What show are you talking about?

Announcer

Oh... wrong script. It's time to check in with your friends, the Five Brave Adventurers, who are presently...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Announcer

Last week they tumbled into a long room, with suits of armor lining the walls, and a warm fire at one end. After a good night's sleep, they all felt much better. Let's check in on...

Grandpa Wilhelm...

Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday... Steve, the Chauffeur... Squawk, the dodo bird with x-ray vision... and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain...

Hey... where is Squawk?

Grandpa W

Yeah, where is Squawk?

Beth

He was here just a minute ago.

Steve

He can't be far away.

All

(Squawk!) (Where are you?)

Squawk

Heh, heh, heh. Come find me.

Little Wonder

Oh, he's hiding. Maybe in one of these suits of armor?

Beth

But there are hundreds of them, on both sides of the room.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

Well... you check the armor on that side.
I'll start over here.

All

(Clink, clink, nope.)
(Clink. Nothing in here. Clink.)
(Anybody home? Clink.)
(Knock on metal. Clink.)
(Are you in here? Clink.)

Beth

(Clink.) Aaaaaaah! Who are you?

Castle Guard

Sorry. Did I scare you?

Beth

Yes. What are you doing in this
coat of mail?

Castle Guard

Oh, just hanging around.
Waiting for you actually.
I have a message for you.

Beth

Hold on just a minute.
I want to get the others. (Clink.)
Hey, guys, come here.

The Others

(What is it, Beth?) (What's up?)

Beth

Look. (Clink.)

The Others

Aaaaaaah! Who are you?

Castle Guard

My name is Plooterkin.

All

Plooterkin???

Grandpa W

Were you in there all night?

Castle Guard

I've been in here a lot longer than that! But
now that you've come, I'm free. Listen. The
time is short. Here is your clue.

"Who faced the fire all unafraid
and didn't bow when music played?"
Goodbye. (Clink, clink, clink, clink clink.)
(fading out)

Squawk

Hey, how come you guys didn't come find
me? I was hiding behind the wood pile.

Grandpa W

Squawk, did you see that "bucket of bolts"
that just walked out?

Squawk

What bucket of bolts?

Beth

He means that suit of armor.
There was a person inside.

Squawk

Looks like I chose the wrong time to hide. I
feel like someone who orders a pizza, and
it gets delivered to the wrong house.

Grandpa W

I know the feeling. Anyway, the guy
told us the next clue.

Squawk

What? That dude who just
clinked out?

Beth

That's right.

Squawk

Now I feel like someone who orders two
pizzas and a calzone, and it goes to the
wrong house.

Steve

I know the feeling. Anyway, the clue said,
"Who faced the fire all unafraid, and didn't
bow when music played?"

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Grandpa W

That's what it said, all right. And I'm quite sure I know the answer.

Beth

Me too. That makes two of us. How about you, Little Wonder?

Little Wonder

Count me in. That makes three of us.

Steve

Put my name on the list.
That makes four of us.

Squawk

Eh... You really all know the answer? Now I feel like someone who orders five pizzas, a calzone, and two side dishes of spaghetti, and it arrives at the wrong house.

Beth

Oh, Squawk. Haven't you ever heard of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego?

Squawk

Do they run a pizza place?

Grandpa W

No, Squawk. They were the three Hebrew slaves who wouldn't bow down to the image Nebuchadnezzar set up. So they were thrown into a fiery furnace, and God rescued them.

Little Wonder

Yeah, Squawk. We learned about it in Sunday School.

Squawk

We did?

Little Wonder

Just last year, remember?

Squawk

Eh... Now I feel like someone who orders fifteen pizzas, twelve calzones and a wedding cake, and it gets sent to the wrong house.

Grandpa W

I know the feeling, but I think it's time we answered the clue.

Beth

Give us the count, Grandpa.

Grandpa W

1, 2, 3...

All

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego...
Waaaaaaaah!

Announcer

Suddenly the room came to life! All the suits of armor hopped down and attacked the wall. What a noise they made! In no time they had cleared a huge hole. Then they all clinked back to their original places, and everything grew quiet once again.

Grandpa W

Well, Hot Diggety Pickens.
Look at that!

Beth

It's the Castle Throneroom.

Announcer

And so it was. Through the hole in the wall, the Five Brave Adventurers could see beautiful tapestries, and red carpets, and gold everywhere. It was so majestic that they walked in slowly, and didn't say anything. The red carpets led them straight to the golden throne, and they stood there speechless. When they finally were able to talk, they realized they didn't have to, because they were already at the end of this week's episode.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Come back next time. Till then, all you kids
have a great week, and don't forget your
friends who are...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

EPISODE #12

Announcer

To all our friends in radio land, we
welcome you once again to...
KIDSTIME!

For a number of weeks now we've been
following the story of the Five Brave
Adventurers...

All

That's us!

Announcer

On a beautiful, sunny day,
back at the beginning of the summer, they
discovered a tall, majestic Sand Castle.
Just after they walked in, a mighty ocean
wave toppled the front entrance. That's
how they became...

All

Lost In The Sand Castle!

Announcer

Solving clues in room after room, they
managed to stay ahead of the tide as it
slowly rose, collapsing pieces of the castle
behind them. Now they have reached the
Castle Throneroom, with red carpets,
tapestries and gold everywhere. It's time to
check in on...

Grandpa Wilhelm...

Beth, who can hardly wait until her next
birthday... Steve, the Chauffeur...

Squawk, the dodo bird with
x-ray vision...

and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain.

Squawk

Wow. Talk about the red carpet treatment!
This is the best room we've seen yet!

Beth

You can say that again.

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens!
This place is way out there.

Steve

Look how big the throne is.
I bet we could all sit on it at once.

Little Wonder

Let's do it! We can pretend we are
kings and queens.

All

Kings and Queens!
What a great idea.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers
climbed up the golden steps, and managed
to squeeze into the throne, all five of
them... And I must say, they looked
rather silly.

Grandpa W

Hmmm, being a king is kind of fun.
Let's make a decree.

Beth

That's a royal idea, Grandpa.
What would you like to decree?

Grandpa W

I hereby decree...

All

Yeaaaaa.

Grandpa W

...that a golden sign shall be hung in this
throneroom that says...
"We wuz here."

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Steve

If that's the decree, then we need a castle servant. Why don't you call for one.

Grandpa W

Okay, I need a servant... on the double, and Hot Diggety Pickens!

Narrator

You called, sir.

Beth

Hey, who's that?

Narrator

I'm the narrator. Remember me?

All

Oh, yeah.

Grandpa W

Mr. Narrator, we would like to have a golden sign hung in this room that says...

Narrator

No time for that, sir. This castle will soon be under water.

All

All of it?

Narrator

The tide is rising, sir, even as we speak.

Squawk

Then we command you to tell us if this castle has a back door.

Narrator

Nope. It doesn't.

Beth

Are there any windows by which we can escape?

Narrator

Nope, no windows either. Only one secret exit, which no one has ever tried.

Grandpa W

Only one? Then that's the one we're going to take! We command you to show us the way to the secret exit?

Narrator

To find the secret exit, sir, you must fill in the blank.

All

What blank? Wooooow!

Little Wonder

What was that?

Grandpa W

The castle just got hit by another wave. We don't have much time left.

Squawk

Uh, Mr. Narrator, what blank do we have to fill in?

Narrator

Fill in the following verse...
"And hast made us unto our God blank and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."

Grandpa W

Uh oh. That's not so easy.

All

Woooooooow!

Beth

Grandpa, look. Water is creeping in under the doors.

Grandpa W

I see it. Does anyone know the answer to the clue?

Steve

Not me.

Beth

I'm afraid I don't either.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Little Wonder
Don't look at me.

Grandpa W
Squawk, do have any ideas?

Squawk
Ha, ha, ha. For once, I know it.
Oh yes, I do.

All
Wooooooooooooow!

Beth
Squawk, tell us quick.

Squawk
It's "kings."

Grandpa W
Then let's say it before...

All
Wooooooooooooow!

Steve
Look, the whole back wall just went down.

Little Wonder
Here comes the water!

Grandpa W
1, 2, 3...

All
Kings!
Wooooooooooooooooooooow!

Announcer
Just then, with a loud bang, the huge golden throne split apart, and the Five Brave Adventurers (and the Narrator too) all tumbled into a dark secret tunnel. As soon as they had fallen in, the throne crashed back together with another loud bang, and ocean waves flooded the throneroom. With a roar, all that was left of the castle tumbled into a huge sand pile, and wave after mighty wave began washing

everything out to sea. But the Five Brave Adventurers and the Narrator were scrambling as fast as they could inside the dark tunnel. At last they came to a place where the tunnel stopped.

Grandpa W
Well, looks like this is where the journey ends.

Steve
Maybe not. I think there's a door knob here in the wall.

Beth
Oh, I hope it turns. We can't go back the way we came.

Announcer
And so they turned the knob, and when they did, a door in the tunnel wall swung silently open.

Grandpa W
Hey, this looks like somebody's basement.

Steve
Listen. The house is silent.
Maybe we can climb upstairs and sneak out before anyone finds us.

Narrator
So they tiptoed up the steps as quietly as they could. When they got to the first floor and looked around, Grandpa said...

Grandpa W
Hot Diggety Pickens! I know where we are now. Look at these pictures. I say, we are standing in the Furbeck's living room!

Beth
Look! Out the window!
Why, it's Webb Avenue!
Oh, it's so good to be back.

Squawk
Heh, heh. Stoke the fire, boys, and call me a jackhammer.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost In The Sand Castle

Steve

You know, if we leave now,
maybe we won't be accused of breaking
and entering.

Little Wonder

Let's go, let's go!

Announcer

So they silently opened the front door, and
looked to the left and the right. No one was
there, for all the townspeople were down at
the boardwalk watching the last bits and
pieces of the fabulous castle
washing out to sea.

But if you had been there, you might have
seen Five Brave Adventurers, and a
Narrator, laughing as they walked down
Webb Avenue in search of
New Adventures!

What New Adventures?
It's hard to say...
but you can be sure,
if something exciting happens,
KIDSTIME will take you there.

Until then, all you kids have a whole string
of wonderful weeks, and don't forget the
fun we all had together when we were...

All

"Lost In The Sand Castle."

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EPISODE #13

Announcer

To friends far and near, we bring you once
again the continuing story of the Five
Brave Adventurers, and what happened
to them in the golden years of childlike
imagination. Yes, it's...

All

KIDSTIME!

Announcer

Having arrived back in Ocean Grove safe
and sound, and none the worse for wear,
our friends were talking together in
Grandpa's house over on... well, you know
what street it's on...

And as they were talking, something
happened that I think you should
know about.

Let's check in on...
Grandpa Wilhelm...
Beth, who can hardly wait until her next
birthday...
Steve, the Chauffeur...
Squawk, the dodo bird with
x-ray vision...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain.

Beth

Oh, how wonderful it is to be back in your
house, Grandpa. I've always liked your
house. It's so comfortable.

Grandpa W

Yes, it is, if I do say so myself. But there's a
danger, you know. Sometimes it's so
comfortable I almost forget about finding
new adventures.

Steve

I know what you're saying.
We got cookies in the jar and apple cider
in the fridge.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Little Wonder

Yes, and donuts in the cupboard.

Squawk

And don't forget flapjacks every morning for breakfast.

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens! I almost forgot about the flapjacks. Yes, it's enough to make you want to kick back, put your feet up, drink a glass of lemonade, and wait till the cows come home.

Beth

Till the cows come home?

Grandpa W

Yes, the cows. K-A-U-G-H-S, the Kaughs. They're my next door neighbors, and they come home every day at five o'clock.

Beth

Grandpa, you don't have any neighbors named the Kaughs.

Grandpa W

Ha, ha, ha. I know. I was just playing Thunk-a-tell-it.

Little Wonder

Thunk-a-tell-it?

Grandpa W

It's something my Grandpa taught me. Yes, sir. You think up something... then whatever you think... you tell it. That's why it's called "Thunk-a-tell-it."

Announcer

Just then the doorbell rang and the afternoon mail arrived. Grandpa rose to answer the door.

Grandpa W

Hullo, I say, you aren't the same mailman we had before we went on our summer adventure.

Mailman

No, but here's a letter for you. Mind if I rest on your front porch?

Grandpa W

Go right ahead. Hmmm.

Beth

What is it, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

We've been away all summer, and all he brings us is one letter? Then he asks if he can rest on my front porch?

Steve

Who's the letter from?

Grandpa W

No return address... Hmmm. It says... oh, wait... well, spike my hair and call me a pitch fork!

Squawk

Eh, what is it Grandpa?

Grandpa W

It's from my long lost cousin, Throckmorton Thunkatellit.

Beth

You have relatives by that name?

Grandpa W

Yup, sure do. Throckmorton is unusual though. He's an antiques dealer, and when he finds something really good... he HIDES it. Then he makes up clues so someone else can find it. Listen...

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers sat on Grandpa's very comfortable couch, while Grandpa read them the letter.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Grandpa W

To my cousin, Wilhelm: I have recently found a very valuable Golden Lantern, which is yours for your house if you can find it. First, you must tell the person who gave you this note the name of the Dream Interpreter's wife.

Squawk

That is an unusual letter. Who is the Dream Interpreter's wife?

Beth

Well, is there anyone in the Bible who interpreted dreams, and was also married?

Grandpa W

Daniel interpreted dreams, but I don't think he was married.

Steve

Then it can't be Daniel.
Any other guesses?

Little Wonder

Joseph interpreted dreams, remember? That's why Pharaoh made him the second ruler in Egypt.

All

Oh, yeah.

Beth

But was he married?

Grandpa W

Yes, he was. Pharaoh gave him a wife, but I don't recall the name.

Squawk

Hey, let's look it up. You can check in this big Bible right here on the coffee table.

Announcer

So Grandpa opened the big Bible that was on the coffee table, and looking in Genesis, he found the spot where Joseph was made the second ruler in Egypt. And there they found that Joseph's wife was...

All

Asenath?

Grandpa W

That's what it says.

Announcer

Just then the doorbell rang, and when Grandpa answered, the mailman was standing there again. "See you later," he said. "Thanks for letting me rest on your front porch."

Squawk

Eh, Mr. Mailman, stop! I mean, would you please wait. There's something we have to tell you.

Grandpa W

There is?

Squawk

Yes, look at the letter again.

Beth

Good for you, Squawk. It said, "Tell the person who gave you this note..."

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens!
I almost let you get away.
Yes, we do have something to tell you.

Mailman

What is it?

Grandpa W

1, 2, 3...

All

Asenath.

Mailman

Are you serious?

All

Yes, we are.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Mailman

Do you really mean it?

All

Yes, we do!

Mailman

Then, when no one is looking, jump into the back of my truck. We're off to Thunkatellit County.

Squawk

Heh, heh. I smell an adventure. Stoke the fire boys, and call me a jackhammer.

Little Wonder

Let's go, let's go.

Announcer

And that's how the five friends found themselves in the middle of an intriguing mystery.

Of course, if you want to know what happened, you'll have to tune in next week, same time, same station, but a different location, because our broadcasting site is switching to the sanctuary at St. Paul's.

Until then, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends, who are riding to Thunkatellit County in the back of a mail truck because now they are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

EPISODE #14

Announcer

To all our friends from the summer, and all our friends here at St. Paul's at Nine...
Don't touch that radio dial,
'cause it's...

All

KIDSTIME!

Announcer

If you haven't met the Five Brave Adventurers, please allow me to introduce them.

First, there's Grandpa Wilhelm. (How do?) He's quite intelligent, though sometimes he forgets things he learned in Sunday School, but then that was a long time ago. (It sure was.) He has a nice house in Ocean Grove, and his favorite phrase is (Hot Diggety Pickens!).

Then there's Beth. She's a very, very positive person (Oh, what a lovely gray day this is!), and you can always count on her to find something good in even the toughest situations. (Hey, good thing we don't have any milk. Otherwise I might never have found out how loud cereal is.) She also likes pizza, and cranberry-lemon freezes, and she can hardly wait until her next birthday. She doesn't get confused often, but when she does she says, (Why, corn butter and crumpets, I'm conflubbered.)

Steve, the Chauffeur, has a wonderful old car (I call it my spank-fancy motor car.) that can actually go 40 miles an hour (down steep hills). The same car goes 4 miles an hour uphill... when it's pulled by a horse. Otherwise it doesn't go uphill at all. (But it's spank-fancy.)

Moving on... Squawk, the dodo bird, is a character and a half. You never know what he's going to say next. Sometimes he says, (Eh, what a fine how do you do this is.), and other times he says, (Stoke the fire, boys, and call me a jackhammer!). As far as intelligence, well, let's just say the name dodo bird fits fairly well. But he does have one very useful skill - he has x-ray vision.

Little Wonder is the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain. (Hello.) She's kind of quiet, but very intelligent for her age. (Thank you very much.)

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

She remembers everything she learns in Sunday School, and she can usually be counted on for good ideas whenever the whole gang gets stuck.

So there they are - The Five Brave Adventurers. We usually don't take this much time with the introductions, but some of you are tuning in for the first time, so we thought you might like a little background.

We take you now to the back of a mail truck, speeding along on the highway. Our friends are huddled in the back of the truck. Why are they there?
Because they are...

All

Searching For The Golden Lantern!

Beth

Oh, Grandpa, I'm so excited to be on a new adventure. I can almost forget how uncomfortable it is to be covered by cardboard boxes!

Grandpa W

Yes, I know what you mean. This box leaning on me weighs a ton.

Squawk

Eh, how long does it take to get to Thunkatellit County?

Grandpa W

I don't know actually.
I only know it's north of here.

Beth

Well, I hope it's not too far.
I'm getting hungry. I could use a good pizza about now.

Squawk

Oh, why did you have to go and mention food? I'm starved.

Little Wonder

Try not to think about it, Squawk. Maybe if we play a game, we'll forget we're being crushed by boxes in the back of a truck.

Beth

That's a great idea, Little Wonder.
What game should we play?

Little Wonder

How about this? I'm thinking of someone in the Bible whose name starts with R.

All

R... Hmmm.... Let's see.

Beth

I bet it's Ruth. You know,
she married Boaz.

Steve

I was thinking of Rachel.
She married Jacob.

Grandpa W

I was thinking of Rebekah.
She married Isaac.

Squawk

I haven't thought of
anybody yet.

Little Wonder

Well, actually, you're all wrong.
(Ohhh.) Any more guesses?

Beth

This is going to get harder now.
How about Solomon's son, Rehoboam?

Squawk

Eh, I never heard of him.

Steve

How about Sennacherib's commander.
He was called Rabshakeh.

Squawk

Never heard of him either.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Grandpa W

Then there was Jacob's son.
His name was Reuben.

Squawk

Sounds like a sandwich. Which reminds me, I'm starved, and I'm being crushed by cardboard boxes, while riding in the back of a mail truck. Eh, what a fine how do you do this is!

Beth

Patience, Squawk. We have to think positive. We'll get there sooner or later.

Squawk

Eh, probably later.

Beth

Anyway, Little Wonder, did we get it right yet?

Little Wonder

No, not yet. Keep trying.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers thought and thought, until finally Beth said...

Beth

Little Wonder, give us a hint. I'm completely conflubbered.

Little Wonder

Okay. Do you remember the lady whose house was on a wall?

Grandpa W

Yes, I do. It was at Jericho. And the spies stayed there overnight.

Beth

Oh yeah. What was her name?

Steve

You got me.

Grandpa W

I can't seem to recall.

Little Wonder

Remember, it starts with R.

Squawk

Eh, how about Rahab.

All

That's it!!! Squawk, how did you know?

Squawk

I didn't actually. But this box leaning against me says Rahab Industries on the side.

Grandpa W

WHAT? Let me see. Hey!
This box is addressed to me!

Beth

And this box has my name on it!

Announcer

And that's how the Five Brave Adventurers made the sudden discovery that all the packages, that were making them so uncomfortable, were actually addressed to them. You should have been there. It was like Christmas morning, or a birthday party for everyone at once.

Quickly they opened up the boxes, and what they found inside made them almost forget how hungry they were. Of course, if you want to know what it was they found, you'll have to tune in next time.

Until then, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends, who are traveling to Thunkatellit county in the back of a mail truck because they are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

EPISODE #15

Announcer

To all our friends in radio land,
we welcome you once again to...

All
KIDSTIME!

Announcer

These are the stories of the Five Brave
Adventurers.

There's Grandpa Wilhelm...
Beth, who can hardly wait
until her next birthday...
Steve, the Chauffeur...
Squawk, the bird with
x-ray vision...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain...

In this adventure, they are...

All

Searching For The Golden Lantern!

Announcer

Last week, while riding in the back of a
mail truck, they discovered that all the
packages were addressed to them.
Let's listen as they open
up the boxes.

Beth

Oh, I love opening boxes.
That's why I can't wait
until my next birthday.
I like surprises.

Grandpa W

Well, it sure was a surprise to find all these
packages addressed to us.

Beth

You can say that again.

Grandpa W

Okay. It sure was a surprise to find all
these packages addressed to us.

Squawk

That's a pretty big echo for
such a small truck.

Beth

Oh, look what I found in this box!

Little Wonder

What is it, Beth?

Beth

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick.

Steve

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick?

Beth

Yup. A flashlight, a shovel,
and a pick.

Steve

Oh.

Grandpa W

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick?

Steve

Yup. A flashlight, a shovel,
and a pick.

Grandpa W

Oh.

All

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh

Squawk

Hey, hey, hey... CUT! This is a mail truck;
not the Ford Theater.

Beth

Oh, Squawk, I like being happy. Besides,
the Bible says, "A merry heart does good
like a medicine."

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Squawk

Yes, but there's a difference between a merry heart and a Broadway musical being staged in the back of a mail truck!

Grandpa W

Ho, ho, ho...
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh

Squawk

Hey, hey... cut that out.

Little Wonder

Oh, Beth, look what I found
in my package.

Beth

What is it, Little Wonder?

Little Wonder

Why... it's a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick.

Squawk

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick?

Little Wonder

Yup. A flashlight, a shovel,
and a pick.

Squawk

Oh.

Beth

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick?

Squawk

Yup. A flashlight, a shovel,
and a pick.

Beth

Oh.

All

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh

Squawk

Hey, hey, hey... cut that out.

All

Ha, ha, ha... (lots of laughter)

Little Wonder

You know, this is a lot of fun.

Squawk

Not for me, it isn't.

Beth

Why, Squawk, this is a blast! Here we are
on a new adventure, all because Grandpa's
cousin, Throckmorton Thunkatellit...

Grandpa W

That's his name.

Beth

...finds an antique Golden Lantern
and then hides it... so WE can find it.
I think it's wonderful!

Little Wonder

I think so too.

Steve

So do I.

Grandpa W

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh

Squawk

Hey, hey... cut that out.

Steve

Squawk, what's in your package?
It looks different.

Squawk

I'll give you three guesses.

Beth

Ha, ha... How about a flashlight...

Little Wonder

And a shovel...

Grandpa W

And a PICK!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Squawk

No. It's a tent, a camp stove, and a dozen cans of soup.

All
WHAT?

Little Wonder

Hey, that gives me an idea. Maybe Throckmorton sent us these packages because he knew we would need them to find the Lantern. What do you think?

Grandpa W

Little Wonder, that's a marvelous deduction. I'm sure you're right. And judging by what's here, I'd say we're going to go camping... and digging.

Beth

Oh, I love camping.

Steve

And I love digging.

Grandpa W

And I dig camping!

Little Wonder

Hot Diggety Pickens!

Grandpa W

Ho, ho... that's usually my line.

Beth

Well, we could all say it together.

Grandpa W

All right. 1, 2, 3...

All

"Hot Diggety Pickens!"
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers laughed and talked as the mail truck entered Thunkatellit County, and their laughter did them a lot of good, just like

the verse says. "A merry heart does good like a medicine." And perhaps the medicine did a little good for Squawk too, for he stopped saying (Hey, cut that out!) whenever the whole gang started singing...

(A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh)

At last the mail truck came to a stop, and the Five Brave Adventurers looked at one another and wondered what would happen next. Come back next time and find out.

Till then, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

EPISODE #16

Announcer

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time to check in again with those fearless explorers of mysteries unknown, in wonderful places far from home... Yes, it's time to see what's happening with...

All

The Five Brave Adventurers!

Announcer

When we last left them, our five friends had just arrived in Thunkatellit County. The mail truck, in which they were riding, came to a stop, and they didn't know what was going to happen next. They only knew they had their gifts with them. I'll let each one tell you what those gifts were.

Grandpa Wilhelm had...
(a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick).
Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday, had...

(a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick).

Steve, the Chauffeur, had...

(a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick).

Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Mountain, had...
(a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick).
And Squawk had...
(a tent, a camp stove, and a dozen
cans of soup).

There's one more thing you need to know.
Our friends are...

All
Searching For The Golden Lantern!

Grandpa W
Hey, looks like this mail truck is stopping
at last. You know what that means? It
means we're here... in Thunkatellit County!

Beth
Oh, I'm so glad! That was a long ride.

Steve
It sure was. I'd say we're quite a few hours
north of Ocean Grove.

Little Wonder
Maybe it will be colder here. You know, we
didn't bring any winter coats with us.

Squawk
Eh... this is a fine how do you do. Hours
north of Ocean Grove, in snow country, no
doubt, and we didn't even bring our coats.

Grandpa
Well, maybe we won't need any coats.
Haven't you noticed how everything we
need just seems to pop up?

Beth
What do you mean, Grandpa?

Grandpa W
Well, first, we needed an adventure, right?
Then the mysterious letter arrived. And
when we needed a way to get here, the mail
truck was right outside the house. Steve's
car would never have taken us this far.

Steve
You're right about that.

Squawk
Yeah, you're car only goes...

All
DOWNHILL!

Steve
But don't forget - it's spank fancy.

Grandpa W
That's right, it is spank fancy. But getting
back to what I was saying, did you notice
that even before we arrived in Thunkatellit
County, we discovered these boxes were
addressed to us, and when we opened
them we found...

All
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh

Beth
All except for Squawk.
He got a tent, a camp stove,
and a dozen cans of soup.

Little Wonder
Which is why we decided we were going to
go digging and camping.

Grandpa W
Exactly. So you see.
Somebody's watching out for us.

Little Wonder
Grandpa, do you think God is watching
out for us?

Grandpa W
I'm sure He is, Little Wonder. Always.

Squawk
Even without winter coats, huh?
Well, feathers and fiddlesticks, I feel
much better now.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Steve

Squawk? Feathers and fiddlesticks?

Squawk

It was something my mom used to say.

Little Wonder

Hey, what happened to the mailman?

Grandpa W

Huh? He's gone? Well, cut me a timber from a mile-high spruce! Where did that fellow disappear to?

Beth

Grandpa? Cut me a timber from a mile-high spruce?

Grandpa W

That's something my mom used to say... especially when I did something I wasn't supposed to. She'd say, "Son, what you need is a little positive reinforcement. I think I'll go outside and cut me a timber from a mile-high spruce."

Beth

And what did she do with the timber?

Grandpa W

What do you think?

Little Wonder

Ooh. That doesn't sound like fun.

Squawk

Fun? Stoke the fire boys, and call me a jackhammer. That's downright painful.

Steve

I call that spank fancy.

Grandpa W

Well, you can leave off the part about being fancy, but the spank part is just about right!

Beth

That's what some people call discipline.

Grandpa W

Discipline? I tell you, kids today have it so easy. Back in my time, we couldn't spell the word discipline, but we sure knew what it felt like.

Steve

Hey, speaking of what it feels like, I wonder what it would feel like to get out of this mail truck and have a look around.

Beth

That's a great idea. Let's all just pick up our stuff and start having ourselves an adventure.

Little Wonder

Yeah, let's go. Let's go.

Grandpa W

Not so fast. First, let's climb up into the front of the truck and take a good look around before we jump out.

Announcer

So the Five Brave Adventurers picked up all their stuff and slowly crept up to the front of the truck where they could take a look at their surroundings. What they saw made them stare at each other in surprise. The truck was parked in a small clearing, and all around them were tall trees and mountains.

Beth

Why, look. We're way up in the mountains somewhere. Oh, I love being in the mountains. Let's jump out, Grandpa. Can we?

Grandpa W

Yes, I think it's okay.

Little Wonder

Oh, the air is so crisp and clear here. And the trees and rocks... why, this is beautiful!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Steve

I say, this is going to be a splendid adventure.

Squawk

Let's pitch my tent right here in the clearing, set up my camp stove, and cook us some soup. Good idea?

Beth

Bread crumbs and butternuts, that sounds delightful.

Little Wonder

Bread crumbs and butternuts?

Beth

Oh, it's something my grandmom used to say. Bread crumbs and butternuts!

Little Wonder

Did she say that when she was going to spank you?

Beth

No, I never got a spanking in my life.

Grandpa W

See what I mean? Anyway, we need a main pole for this tent. I think I'll go cut me a timber from a mile-high spruce.

Others

Ahhhhh!

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers worked together to set up the camp, and Grandpa found a sturdy spruce limb to hold up the tent, and I want to tell you the soup tasted especially good that night as it came hot off Squawk's new camp stove.

After that Grandpa told them stories about the old days, but just before they drifted off to sleep he said one more thing.

Grandpa W

Remember always what we said earlier today in the truck.

Beth

What was it again, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

You have Someone watching over you, and He knows exactly what you need.

Announcer

And so in the cool mountain air under a sky full of stars, the Five Brave Adventurers slept with warm thoughts and happy hearts, because there's nothing better than to be right smack dab in the middle of a good adventure, knowing all you need has already been given.

Well, that's it for now. Until next time, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

EPISODE #17

Announcer

Don't touch that radio dial, 'cause it's KIDSTIME...

High up in the beautiful mountains far to the north, our friends, the Five Brave Adventurers, are camped out in a clearing. The tall trees are still wrapped in fog, and the sound of the distant river sings in the cool morning air.

You know how good it feels to wake up in a great place after a terrific night's rest? That's how our friends are feeling right now.

Let's listen in as...

Grandpa Wilhelm...

Beth, who can hardly wait until her next birthday...

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Steve, the Chauffeur, and his pet bird,
Squawk...
and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain...

are all waking up to a brand
new day!

Grandpa W

Ah, what a morning this one is!
Roast me a duck, and call me the Tin
Woodsman. I feel like climbing mountains
and swimming rivers and galloping
like a horse.

Beth

Oh, Grandpa, I've heard you say that
before, and I know what that means.
It means you're about to cook up
a delicious breakfast.

Grandpa W

That's right, I am.
'Cause you know what?

Others

No, what?

Grandpa W

I stepped outside our tent, and wouldn't
you know... Throckmorton himself must
have been here. Why there's enough food
out there to fix us a mighty fine breakfast
and a half!

Steve

You say Throckmorton was here?

Grandpa W

Yes, he was... the famous antiques dealer
himself... my cousin, Throckmorton W.
Thunkatellit.

Squawk

What does the W stand for?

Grandpa W

The W stands for "What-cha-ma-goo."

Beth

What-cha-ma-what?

Steve

Not what-cha-ma-what.
What-cha-ma-goo.

Little Wonder

Ha, ha, ha. What-cha-ma-goo.
That's a funny name.

Squawk

I agree.

Grandpa W

Well, it would be a funny name if it was
a name. But actually it's a title.

Beth

A title? What do you mean?

Grandpa W

Well, up here in these parts, whichever
antique dealer finds the best discovery that
year is called the What-cha-ma-goo.

Beth

And Throckmorton found the best
discovery, huh?

Grandpa W

Throckmorton always finds the best
discoveries... so often, in fact, that they
started calling him Throckmorton
What-cha-ma-goo Thunkatellit.

Squawk

That's a mouthful!

Steve

Speaking of mouthfuls, how about a little
breakfast there, Grandpa?
What do you say?

Grandpa W

Well, roast me a duck and call me the Tin
Woodsman. Breakfast is out there
a-cookin', and here I am jabbering away.
Come on out and let's have a feast!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Announcer

So the Five Brave Adventurers went outside and ate the delicious breakfast that Throckmorton had left them (and that Grandpa had cooked up in fine style), and while they were eating they continued their discussion.

Squawk

Eh, Grandpa? Why is it that Throckmorton always finds the best discoveries?

Beth

Yeah, Grandpa, why is that?

Grandpa W

Oh, now that's a lesson and a half, but I'm pretty sure I know the answer, because, you see, I asked him once.

Little Wonder

You did? What did he say?

Grandpa W

He said it was an idea he found in the Bible. It wasn't about antiques actually, but this is the verse. "And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all your heart."

Beth

Oh, I remember that verse. It was one of my memory verses in Sunday School. I think it's somewhere in Jeremiah.

Grandpa W

Well, I'm not sure where to find it, but Throckmorton said it got him thinking about many things.

Little Wonder

What kind of things, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

Well, the way Throckmorton tells it, it got him thinking about almost everything he did. He decided from then on that if something was worth doing, he was going to put his whole heart into it, whether

following God, or searching for antiques. And that's just what he did!

Squawk

So that's how he became the What-cha-ma-who's-it?

Beth

Not the What-cha-ma-who's-it. What-cha-ma-goo!

Squawk

Oh. So that's how he became the What-cha-ma-goo?

Grandpa W

That's right. He found things others never dreamed of finding.

Little Wonder

Like the Golden Lantern?

Beth

Oh, I get it. Throckmorton was so happy with all the things he found, he wanted other people to learn how to use their whole heart too. So he hides things on purpose. It's kind of like to teach a lesson. Right, Grandpa?

Little Wonder

Oh. Now I understand.

Grandpa W

Yes, that's right. You see, it's not about searching for the Golden Lantern, as much as learning how to put all your heart into finding the things that really matter.

Steve

Oh. So Throckmorton sends us a man in a mail truck, with a mysterious letter, starting us off on a whole new adventure, all to teach us a lesson?

Little Wonder

Hey, this is like being in a Sunday School class. Only we're here up in the mountains.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Beth

Or riding in the back of a mail truck.

Steve

Or opening boxes we didn't know
were ours.

Squawk

Well, stoke the fire, boys, and call me a
jackhammer. This is a cool adventure.

Grandpa W

Ha, ha, ha. Roast me a duck, and call me
the Tin Woodsman.

Announcer

So the Five Brave Adventurers finished
their breakfast there in the clearing, but
they had also been given some serious food
for thought. And maybe you have too, for
the same verse that changed
Throckmorton's life just might
change yours.

"And you will seek Me and find Me, when
you search for Me with all your heart."

Well, that's enough for this week. Until
next time, all you kids have some super
days, and don't forget your friends in the
mountains who are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

EPISODE #18

Announcer

Ladies and Gentlemen, pull your chairs
closer, and don't touch that radio dial,
'cause it's KIDSTIME.

Let's check in again with...
Grandpa Wilhelm...

Beth, the very positive girl who loves
birthdays...

Steve, the Chauffeur whose car only goes
downhill...

Squawk, the bird with x-ray vision...

and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from
Sunshine Mountain.

These are the Five Brave Adventurers,
and they are about to meet a friend!

Grandpa W

Well, Hot Diggety Pickens! I can hardly
believe my eyes. Here comes our friend,
Throckmorton W. Thunkatellit.
(The W stands for What-cha-ma-goo.)

Throckmorton

Well, Cousin Wilhelm, it's good to see you!
How long has it been? Five years?

Grandpa W

Longer, I think.
Too long, in any case.

Little Wonder

Hey, Beth, is that really him?
Is that Throckmorton Thunkatellit?

Beth

I think so, Little Wonder. But it's
Throckmorton W. Thunkatellit!
(The W stands for What-cha-ma-goo.)

Grandpa W

Throckmorton, I'd like you to meet my
friends. This is Beth, and Little...

Throckmorton

Oh, ho, ho... you don't have to bother
with the introductions. I'm already quite
familiar with every one of you. I listen to
you every week on the radio... KIDSTIME -
it's my favorite show.

Squawk

Mr. Thunk-a-ma-goo? You listen to us
on KIDSTIME?

Throckmorton

That's right, Squawk. I know all about your
x-ray vision. But my name's not Thunk-a-
ma-goo.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Grandpa W

That's right. It's Throckmorton W.
Thunkatellit.
(The W stands for What-cha-ma-goo.)

Beth

So you listen to KIDSTIME, huh?

Throckmorton

Sure do... every week.

Beth

Then you heard how we got
lost in a big, huge sand castle?

Throckmorton

Oh, ho, ho... yes. I was listening on an
antique radio in one of my antique shops
when the castle entrance came down.

Little Wonder

Then you know all about the time we
climbed the dark staircase and couldn't
find any clues?

Throckmorton

Oh, ho, ho... yes, I was listening on a big,
old shortwave radio in the back room of
another shop.

Squawk

Then you also know about the time we flew
the magic carpet right out the library
window?

Throckmorton

Oh, ho, ho... yes. When you flew the magic
carpet, I was listening on an old tube radio
in the loft of yet another of my
antique shops.

Steve

How many antique shops do you have, Mr.
Thunk-a-ma-chunkey?

Throckmorton

Oh, half a dozen or more, and they're all
connected by tunnels. Even the tunnels are
filled with antiques! By the way, I'm not

Mr. Thunk-a-ma-chunkey. The name is
Throckmorton W. Thunkatellit.

Grandpa W

That's right!
(The W stands for What-cha-ma-goo.)

Beth

Well, Mr. Thunk-a-choo-ma-loo, may I ask
a question? Where did you hide
the Golden Lantern?

Throckmorton

Where did I hide it? Where else? In one of
my antique shops, but I can't remember
which one. So I said to myself,
"Thunkfellow, if anyone can find that
missing lantern, it's probably those folks at
KIDSTIME. That's why I sent for you."

All

WHAT?

Grandpa W

Well, Throckmorton, we didn't mean
to be so surprised. But I guess we
had the wrong idea.

Beth

Yeah, we thought you hid the lantern to
teach us a lesson.

Throckmorton

A lesson? What did you think
I was trying to teach?

Steve

We thought you were illustrating a Bible
verse. Like the one in Jeremiah that says, "
And you will seek Me and find Me,

Throckmorton

...when you search for Me with all your
heart." Yes, I love that verse. It's one of my
favorites. But this time I'm thinking of a
different verse.

Little Wonder

Which one, Mr. Thunk-a-chink-a-ma-goo?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Throckmorton

I was thinking of the verse, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you."

Squawk

Oh. What are you asking for, Mr. Thunk-a-wa-hunch-kin?

Throckmorton

Your help. To find the lantern. I need someone who's brave and fearless.

Grandpa W

Oh, well you came to the right place. Cousin Thunk-a-ma-jigger, we're just the ones you need.

Beth

That's right. We're always looking for adventures, and if you're asking for our help, it shall be given unto you. Isn't that right, guys?

Others

It sure is.

Little Wonder

But Mr. Throck-a-wobble-doo, I was wondering, why did you send us a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick?

Grandpa W

Yeah, why did we get...

All

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh

Throckmorton

Oh, ho, ho, ho. Don't you see? Those tunnels that connect all my antique shops are old tunnels. And they keep caving in. Sometimes you have to dig to get from one place to the next.

Squawk

And how come I got a tent, a camp stove, and a dozen cans of soup?

Throckmorton

So you could camp out for a night right here in the mountains. I wanted you to see what a beautiful place Thunkatellit County is before you entered the tunnels.

Beth

It is a beautiful place, Mr. Thunk-a-choo-conk-a-tee.

Grandpa W

It's not Thunk-a choo-conk-a-tee. It's Throck...

Throckmorton

Never mind about the name. Everyone gets it wrong anyhow. If you help me find the Lantern, you can call me anything you like.

Grandpa W

Well, Hot Diggety!
Cousin Thunk-a-Pickens,
you got yourself a deal!

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers walked with Throckmorton around a bend in the hillside, where there was a secret entrance to the tunnels, and they disappeared into the side of the mountain, carrying...

All

A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh
It's dark in here!

Announcer

So they turned on their flashlights, and what do you think they saw?

Tune in next time and find out. Until then, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends underground who are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

EPISODE #19

Announcer

To all our friends everywhere, we bring
you greetings from the Five Brave
Adventurers!
That's right... it's KIDSTIME!

If you remember, our friends have just
disappeared into the maze of secret
tunnels which connect all of Throckmorton
Thunkatellit's antique shops.

Grandpa W

Hadn't you better say
Throckmorton W. Thunkatellit.
(The W stands for What-cha-ma-goo.)

Announcer

Oh, yes... thank you.
By the way, this is...

Grandpa Wilhelm...
Beth, the girl who loves birthdays...
Steve, the Chauffeur...
Squawk, the dodo bird with
x-ray vision...
and Little Wonder, the smiling girl from
Sunshine Mountain.

Let's listen as they walk through
the dark tunnel.

Grandpa W

I say, it's dark in here.

Beth

You're right, Grandpa, it is.
But that's the way underground tunnels
are... dark and mysterious and a little
scary. Oh, I love places like that!

Little Wonder

Beth, how can you be so confident in dark
places. I like it better outside
in the sunshine.

Beth

But you see, Little Wonder, God's love
shines even in the dark... just like
sunshine. That's the secret.
I carry the sunshine with me.

Grandpa W

Beth, that's a very profound thing you just
said, and one that would do us all a lot of
good, I think. Carry the sunshine with you!

Steve

Where did you learn that idea, Beth?
In Sunday School?

Beth

Actually, I'm not sure where I first heard it.
But I know it's true, deep in my heart.

Squawk

Well, I'm glad you have sunshine in your
heart, 'cause it's sure dark and gloomy
down here. It doesn't look like anyone's
been around for ages.

Grandpa W

You're probably right, Squawk. This is an
old tunnel. And Throckmorton said it has
even caved in in places.

Little Wonder

I don't know if I like it in here.

Beth

Don't be afraid, Little Wonder. Remember,
we carry the sunshine with us.

Grandpa W

That's right. We haven't a thing
to be afraid of.

All

Wooooooow!

Steve

What was that?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Grandpa W

Oh, just a large chunk of the ceiling collapsing right in front of us. That's all.

Squawk

Now I see why Mr. Thunk-a-wha-chutney gave you guys a flashlight, a shovel, and a pick.

Beth

Yes, looks like we're going to need them. Here, help me clear a path, Grandpa.

Grandpa W

That's what I like about you, Beth. An obstacle falls in your path, and you tackle it with enthusiasm.

Announcer

And so, just as Beth recommended, the Five Brave Adventurers attacked the fallen debris with their picks, and while they did they sang...

(A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh)
(A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh)

...all except for Squawk, who attacked the pile with his beak, and wished he hadn't afterwards. There are some things you should do, and some you should leave to your friends.

Squawk

I think I'll leave this job for my friends.

Announcer

After awhile, with the fallen debris safely behind them, our friends came to a bend in the tunnel, and just as they were going around it, Squawk suddenly stopped them.

Squawk

Wait, hold on.

Beth

What is it, Squawk?

Squawk

I just saw something. Go back just a little. Yes, there it is. Grandpa, knock a little dust off the wall right there.

Grandpa W

Okay, here goes. Hey, what's this? Why it's a hinge.

Little Wonder

And a hinge means there's a hidden door.

Beth

And a hidden door means we're about to make a discovery. Let's go.

Announcer

So the Five Brave Adventurers began working at the wall, and sure enough (after they had knocked enough dirt off of it) they found a door, and when they opened it they saw an old, dusty, wooden staircase going up.

Grandpa W

Well, look at that. It's old, but it's still sturdy. Let's go.

Announcer

So up they went, flashlights shining in the dark, until at last they reached the top, where they found another door.

Steve

Looks like this is it... and we have no idea what's on the other side.

Beth

Yes, isn't this exciting? Maybe this goes to a secret country!

Little Wonder

Or maybe a dungeon in a castle!

Steve

Or maybe the kitchen in a pizza place! I'm hungry.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Grandpa W

It's probably one of Throckmorton's antique shops.

Squawk

Actually, you're all wrong, but Steve, you're the closest. I've looked through this door with my x-ray vision, and ladies and gentleman, you are about to enter a luncheonette.

All

WHAT?

Squawk

Shhhh, not so loud. The cook's asleep.

Grandpa W

Okay, let's go in quietly.
Ready, set, in we go...

Cook

(snoring) Ahhhhh!!!
Where did you guys come from?

Beth

Right through this door here.

Cook

That's not a door. That's an antique cupboard. Been here ever since I bought the place.

Grandpa W

We're sorry to scare you, but we climbed an old staircase, and it came up here.
Who are you?

Cook

I'm Cloone, and this is Cloone's Greasy Spoon. So you really climbed an old staircase, and wound up here?

All

That's right, and we're hungry.

Cook

Well, you'll have to tell me all about it while I fix you something good to eat.

What a surprise! I say, weren't you frightened down there?

Beth

No, sir. You see, we carry the sunshine with us.

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers sat down at the counter of Cloone's Greasy Spoon, and while they were there, Cloone told them some very important information. You know what it was? Tune in next time to find out. Until then, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends at the lunch counter who are...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

EPISODE #20

Announcer

Greetings to all our friends in radio land. Throw a big log on the fire, and pull up a chair... 'cause it's... KIDSTIME!

Far to the north, our five friends have disappeared into the tunnels that connect Throckmorton's antique shops. Finding a hidden door, which revealed an old wooden staircase, they climbed to the top and found themselves in Cloone's Greasy Spoon - a luncheonette. Cloone is busy fixing them something to eat.

Grandpa W

Oh, that smells wonderful.
You sure know how to cook.

Cloone

That's what I do. What I don't know is who you guys are?

Grandpa W

Oh, okay. I'm Grandpa Wilhelm.
And these are my friends...
Beth, Little Wonder, Steve, and Squawk.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Cloone

Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

Beth

It's nice meeting you too, Cloone.
We love your charming little luncheonette.
How long have you owned it?

Cloone

Quite a while, if I do say so myself. Goes
back a number of years. But never in all
those years did anyone walk out of that
antique cupboard.

Squawk

So we surprised you, huh?

Cloone

Surprised isn't the word!
You startled me clear to my bones.
And now... lunch is served.

Beth

Mmmm. This looks delicious.

Steve

Yes, with meals this good, we might forget
about finding the Golden Lantern.

Cloone

What did you say?

Steve

I said... we might forget about finding
the Golden Lantern.

Grandpa W

Perhaps, but I'm sure Throckmorton
would find a way to remind us.

Cloone

Wait a minute! You guys were
sent here by Throckmorton? Oh, this is
a fine how do you do! Don't eat
another bite... not one.

All

Why not?

Cloone

Throckmorton didn't tell you?
You are not the only ones trying to find
the Golden Lantern.

All

We aren't?

Little Wonder

Who else is trying to find it?

Cloone

You mean you never heard of
the Checkerboard Gang?

All

The Checkerboard Gang?

Cloone

Here, give me your plates. I put
sleeping powder into the food.

All

Sleeping powder??

Cloone

I thought you were spying
for the Checkerboards.

Beth

Mr. Cloone, this is getting kind of
confusing. I think you better start at the
beginning and tell us everything.

Announcer

And so Cloone closed the blinds and locked
the door, and put up a sign saying the
place was closed. Then, while fixing a
whole new lunch, he told them this story.

Cloone

It all started when Throckmorton received
a letter describing a very valuable Golden
Lantern. The letter closed with the phrase,
"Seek and you will find."

Beth

I recognize that... it's from a verse
found in the Bible.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Cloone

Yes. Throckmorton recognized it too, and he decided right then and there to search until he found it.

Little Wonder

But that Bible verse isn't about finding Golden Lanterns.

Grandpa W

No, Little Wonder, you're right. But "seek and you will find" is true in many situations. I guess Throckmorton applied that idea to his search for the Lantern.

Cloone

Exactly, and after many months, Throckmorton found the Lantern. You know where? In the back room of one of his antique shops! How it got there, he didn't know. But when he went back the next day, it was gone... stolen by the Checkerboard Gang.

Beth

Oh, Cloone, this is getting mysterious. What happened next?

Cloone

Well, the Checkerboard Gang painted the Lantern silver.

Grandpa W

Ah, sneaky of them. I guess that means we are now...

All

Searching for the Silver Lantern.

Cloone

Then the Checkerboard Gang lost the Silver Lantern when they left it behind at a restaurant.

Squawk

Where did they leave it?

Cloone

Right here... here at Cloone's Greasy Spoon. So you know what I did? I painted it black and locked it in the antique cupboard.

Little Wonder

Then I guess that means we're...

All

Searching for the Black Lantern.

Cloone

But when Throckmorton and I opened the cupboard, it was gone. Then a phone call came saying the Black Lantern had been covered with red velvet, and we could have it back for a small fee.

Steve

That means the Checkerboard Gang didn't steal it - they would have known how valuable it was.

Cloone

That's right. But the Checkerboards still wanted it. So when Throckmorton went to retrieve the Lantern, they followed him. You know what he did?

All

What??

Cloone

He walked into a post office, and mailed the Red Velvet Lantern to one of his antique shops. But he couldn't recall later which one.

Grandpa W

Oh, I get it. The Checkerboards couldn't take it from him, 'cause he didn't have it. That was smart, mailing it to himself.

Cloone

Yes, but it wasn't so smart forgetting which shop he mailed it to. Anyway, he wasn't there when it arrived, so he doesn't know which shop it's in.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Beth

Does that mean we're really searching for the Red Velvet Lantern?

Steve

First it was a Golden Lantern.

Squawk

Then the Checkerboards painted it silver.

Beth

Cloone painted it black.

Little Wonder

Then the thief covered it with red velvet.

Grandpa W

Anything else we need to know?

Cloone

Just one more thing.
Seek and you will find.

Announcer

So, as you can see, the Five Brave Adventurers learned some very important things right there at the counter of Cloone's Greasy Spoon, and they determined that they would seek until they did find.

That's all we can tell you today. Hope all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Searching for the Red Velvet Lantern.

EPISODE #21

Announcer

Hello again to all our friends. These are the stories of the Five Brave Adventurers, and this week - well, I better not say, or I might give it away. Let's just say that...

Grandpa Wilhelm...

Beth, who can hardly wait for her next birthday...

Steve, the Chauffeur...

Squawk, the dodo bird with x-ray vision...

and Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain...

...are back in the mysterious, dark staircase talking things over.

Grandpa W

Now friends, we've been on this adventure quite a while now. I think it's time we sat down and started using our heads.

Announcer

So that's exactly what they did - they sat down on that old, dusty staircase, with the light from their flashlights casting somber shadows on the walls.

Grandpa W

First, I'd like to review where we've been, and what we've learned along the way.

Beth

Well, I can tell you where we've been. It started just after we escaped from the Sand Castle. A letter came from Throckmorton.

Little Wonder

Oh yeah. Remember? We had to tell the mailman the name of the Dream Interpreter's wife.

Grandpa W

Little Wonder, you have a good memory. I almost forgot about the Dream Interpreter's wife.

Beth

We looked it up in the big Bible on your coffee table, Grandpa. Her name was Asenath.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Squawk

Then when we told the mailman,
he said to jump into his truck.
We were...

All

Off to Thunkatellit County!

Steve

It was a long ride, remember?
And we were being crushed by boxes, until
we discovered the boxes had our names
on them.

Grandpa W

That's true. So we opened them up,
and what did we find?

All

(A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh)
(A flashlight, a shovel, and a pick... Oh)

Little Wonder

Yes, and Squawk had...

All

A tent, a camp stove, and a dozen
cans of soup.

Beth

Which was Throckmorton's way of giving
us what we needed in advance.

Grandpa W

Smart man, that Throckmorton.
Kinda taught us a lesson, you know - that
God watches over us and He knows exactly
what we need.

Squawk

So then we arrived at our campsite in the
mountains, and the very next morning,
who was there to meet us?
Throckmorton W. Thunkatellit.

Beth

(The W stands for What-cha-ma-goo.)

Grandpa W

And he told us he hid the Golden Lantern
in one of his antique shops.

Steve

Which we now know isn't quite true. What
really happened was he mailed the Lantern
to one of his shops, but he can't remember
which one.

Little Wonder

We also know that when he mailed it,
it was no longer golden.

Beth

That's right. It was gold to start with,
but the Checkerboard Gang stole it and
painted it silver. Cloone found it when
they left it at his restaurant, and he
painted it black.

Grandpa W

Then a thief found it and covered it
with red velvet.

Steve

And Throckmorton, who needed some
help, said we could keep the Lantern - but
first we have to find it.

Grandpa W

Which brings me to what I want to say.
You see, I've noticed in many situations
that the answer turns out to be
closer than you think.

Squawk

What do you mean, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

I mean that a problem and its solution may
not be far apart. "Seek, and you will find"
is what the verse says. Sometimes all we
have to do is open our eyes, and there it is.

Little Wonder

You mean the Lantern is close by, maybe
here in this staircase?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Grandpa W

No, not here, but I think I know where it may be.

Beth

Where, Grandpa? Tell us!

Grandpa W

Not so fast. I'd like you to think about it, and see if you come to the same conclusion.

Beth

Oh, Grandpa, that's what I thought you were going to say.

Steve

But... we haven't visited any of Throckmorton's antique shops. How do you know where it is?

Grandpa W

Listen. If it was in one of the antique shops, don't you think it would have turned up by now? I suspect it isn't in the shops.

Beth

Well then, where is it?

Little Wonder

Ohhh... I think I know now. Come on, let's go!

Steve

But where are we going?

Grandpa W

Come, Little Wonder. You and I will lead the way.

Announcer

Back down into the tunnels they went, and to everyone else's surprise, Grandpa and Little Wonder led them right back where they had been before - through the darkness, past the place where the ceiling had collapsed, until at last they came out the side of the mountain, blinking their

eyes in the bright sunlight of a gorgeous afternoon. Then they walked around the bend, and found their campsite just like they left it. Grandpa said...

Grandpa W

Now, what do you see?

Beth

I see mountains and trees.

Squawk

And my tent, and the camp stove.

Steve

Ohhh, I think I see it now. But Grandpa, are you sure?

Grandpa W

Well, it's partly a guess, but it makes sense, doesn't it?

Beth

What makes sense? I still don't know what you're talking about!

Grandpa W

Listen, where did Throckmorton last see the lantern?

Squawk

In the post office - when he mailed it to himself.

Grandpa W

And what do you see besides a tent and a camp stove?

Beth

Ohhhh... the mail truck! Do you think it was in the mail truck all along?

Grandpa W

There's one way to find out. Squawk, turn on your x-ray vision and tell me what you see in the truck.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Searching For The Golden Lantern

Squawk

Well, eh... I see a lot of empty cardboard boxes.

Grandpa W

Those are the boxes we opened.
Do you see anything else?

Squawk

Eh, hmmm. There is one small box. It looks like it fell down behind the spare tire.

Beth

Oh, Squawk, is there anything in it?
Can you see what's inside?

Squawk

Well, it's wrapped in paper. But under the paper is something RED.

All

The Red Velvet!!

Little Wonder

Come on, let's go, let's go!

Announcer

And so the Five Brave Adventurers ran to the mail truck, the same mail truck they rode in for hours, and sure enough, lodged behind the spare tire was a box addressed to Throckmorton W. Thunkatellit, and inside the box was a lantern covered in red velvet. You should have heard them yelling and whooping it up.

That night they finished the rest of Squawk's soup and slept in the tent under the stars. The very next day they packed up and drove all the way back to Ocean Grove, where Grandpa restored the golden lantern to its original splendor.

If you visit Grandpa's house, take a look around. You'll probably find it hanging up in the den.

That's how the adventure ended,
but you never know when another one will

begin. Until it does, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget the fun we had when we were...

All

Searching for the Golden Lantern.

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Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

EPISODE #22

Announcer

To friends far and near...
we welcome you once again to...

KIDSTIME.

Fifteen years have passed since the last
time you saw the Five Brave Adventurers...
that's right... fifteen years.
What's different?

Well, Grandpa Wilhelm hasn't
changed much...
Squawk still has x-ray vision...
Little Wonder is still little...
Steve, the Chauffeur, actually grew
younger...

And Beth, who was always looking forward
to her next birthday, grew up and married
one of our narrators!

They'll be expecting a little one of their
own soon. This explains why Beth doesn't
travel quite as much as before. Still, she
keeps in contact with her friends
- on Grandpa's "newfangled gadget"
- a cell phone.

In fact, that's what she's doing right now.

Beth

Hi, Grandpa. What's happening?

Grandpa W

Well, we're down here on the beach,
just looking around.

Beth

Who's with you?

Grandpa W

Oh, the usual... Steve, Squawk,
Little Wonder - we're just hanging out.

Beth

Well, watch out for sand castles. I wouldn't
want you to get trapped like we did when
I was a little girl.

Grandpa W

Yes, that was an adventure.
We'll watch out for sand castles. And you
take care of yourself now. You got a little
one coming soon.

Beth

I know, Grandpa. I'm sitting here
with my feet up.

Announcer

This was true. Beth was sitting there with
her feet up. But if she had known what was
about to happen next, she would have
raced down to the beach, even in her
present condition. For her friends, the
Adventurers, were in quite a bit of danger.

Grandpa W

Oh, I like these gadgets. Imagine standing
here on the beach, talking into this little
black box, and Beth can talk back, no
matter where we are in the world.

Squawk

Yes, Grandpa, but if you ask me, I'd put
that gadget away... 'cause here comes
somebody, and I don't like the looks of her.

Cannonball

Oh, I got me a boat, but I got no crew...
I got me a boat, but I got no crew...
I got me a boat, but I got no crew...
And I don't know what I'm gonna do.

Howdy, strangers! A tip of me hat to you,
and I'll hail you with a Good Morning...
but don't expect any more than that.
I've got problems to deal with.

Steve

Problems? What kind
of problems?

Cannonball

I don't suppose you or your friends would
know anything about fixing motors now,
would ye?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Little Wonder

Motors? I don't think so.
At least, I don't. And I don't think
Steve does either.

Squawk

That's right. If Steve knew anything about
motors, he'd have a car that works.

Little Wonder

That's true. Steve's car only goes downhill.

Cannonball

Well, what about you then?
You look like a man who's weathered the
years, and picked up a few skills here and
there. Know anything about motors?

Grandpa W

Well, I might know a few things, and then
again I might not. You see, I don't even
know your name.

Cannonball

What, you don't know me?
I'm Cannonball Red.

Others

Cannonball Red?

Cannonball

Yes, but I sing the blues.

Little Wonder

Why do you sing the blues?

Cannonball

Because my boat, which is sitting by the
fishing pier, has a problem with its motor.

Steve

Can you describe the problem?

Cannonball

Yes, every so often the motor stops. Then a
piece of paper comes out the side with a
question on it.

Grandpa W

What?? A piece of paper comes out the
side of the motor?

Cannonball

That's right. And the motor won't
start up again until I say the
answer to the question.

Grandpa W

That's the strangest motor
I've ever heard of.

Cannonball

Yes, well this used to be a missionary boat,
before I... uh, let's not go into that.

Steve

A missionary boat?

Squawk

Are you saying that the questions that
come out of the motor can only be
answered by a missionary?

Cannonball

Perhaps. Or maybe someone who has
gone to Sunday School a lot.

Little Wonder

Maybe I can help. I've gone to Sunday
School ever since I was little.

Squawk

Yeah. And you're still little.

Cannonball

Then you're just the help I need. You'll
come, won't you? My boat is right next to
the fishing pier.

Announcer

And so, not realizing what they had
agreed to, the Adventurers walked across
a long board that connected the boat
to the pier.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Cannonball

Now, here's the question. How many people were on Noah's ark? I thought there were two of everything, but when I say "two" nothing happens.

Grandpa W

Didn't you know that Noah and his wife had three sons?

Cannonball

They did? Then that makes five.
"Five." "Five!"

Little Wonder

But there's something else.
Each of the three sons was married.

Grandpa W

Good for you, Little Wonder. There's your answer for you. Now, Cannonball, I thank you for your hospitality, but it's time me and my friends got back to our walk on the beach.

Cannonball

Oh, not so fast. I want to see if your answer is right. Three more adds up to...
"EIGHT!"

All

Wooooooowow!

Announcer

And in that instant, the motor burst into life! Ocean Grove, the beach, the fishing pier, all of it... disappeared from view. The Adventurers ran to the side of the boat, but all they could see was water stretching to the far horizon.

Cannonball

Well, ropes and silver spoons,
call me a pirate.

Squawk

Are you a pirate?

Cannonball

Oh, I stole me a boat, and I got me a crew...
I stole me a boat, and I got me a crew...
I stole me a boat, and I got me a crew...
And we're gonna sail on the ocean blue.

Announcer

And that's how the Adventurers wound up far, far away on Cannonball's stolen boat. Tune in next week to find out what happens. Till then, don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas.

EPISODE #23

Announcer

To all in radio land... don't touch that dial... 'cause it's... KIDSTIME!

Fifteen years have passed since your friends, the Adventurers, were lost in the big Sand Castle...
What's different? Well...
Beth, who was always looking forward to her next birthday, grew up and married one of the narrators! And their first child came along just this week.

As for the other four,
Grandpa Wilhelm, Squawk - the bird with x-ray vision, Steve and Little Wonder... well, they were kidnapped, you might say, by a pirate named Cannonball Red.

Others

Cannonball Red?

Cannonball

Yes, but I sing the blues.

Announcer

Now this all might be confusing without a flashback to last week's episode... so... We Bring You Now... a flashback to last week's episode.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Little Wonder

Why do you sing the blues?

Cannonball

Because my boat, which is sitting by the fishing pier, has a problem with its motor.

Steve

Can you describe the problem?

Cannonball

Every so often, the motor stops. Then a piece of paper comes out the side with a question on it.

Grandpa W

What?? A piece of paper comes out the side of the motor?

Cannonball

That's right. And the motor won't start until I say the answer.

Grandpa W

That's the strangest motor I've ever heard of.

Announcer

It was a strange motor, and what's even stranger is that the questions which came out the side always had something to do with the Bible.

Cannonball

And I don't know very much about the Bible, see. That's why I lured you guys on to the boat, so you could answer the questions.

Grandpa W

That means you basically kidnapped us. Of all the low down, mean tricks in the book.

Cannonball

Now let's not get nasty, there. I say, we've got a long journey ahead of us, and we may as well act like friends as best we can.

Squawk

Friends? Did you say friends?
Did you hear her say that?

Steve

I heard.

Grandpa W

Well, Hot Diggety Pickens!
You kidnap us off the Ocean Grove beach, 'cause you don't know enough about the Bible to answer the questions that come out the side of this motor...
and you want to be friends?
Who did you steal this boat from anyway? Some poor missionary?

Cannonball

No, actually, I stole it from a rich missionary.

Steve

Oh... and after you stole it?

Cannonball

Well, yes, then he was a poor missionary.

Little Wonder

But, Cannonball, why did you steal a boat like this one?

Cannonball

'Cause... ropes and silver spoons. I didn't know it had a religious motor on it, throwing out Bible questions every so many miles. I just needed a boat to search for the buried treasure.

Others

Buried treasure?

Cannonball

Ah, yes, why else would a pirate need a boat? For the challenge! The quest!
Oh, I feel a song coming on...
Throw me a rope and a pirate's cap, 'cause I'm searching for me treasure and I got me a map!
Oh, oh, oh... I got me a map!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Announcer

So there you have it. An unlikely crew, I must say. And an unlikely story, but that's the way it was.

Grandpa W

Cannonball, do you mind if we take a look at that map?

Cannonball

Be my guest.

Oh, I got me a boat, and I got me a crew... And we're gonna sail on the ocean blue.

Grandpa W

It's a map, all right. X marks the spot and all. I think the treasure is buried not far from this water.

Squawk

Look at the details... rocks, sand, boardwalks, everything.

Little Wonder

If I didn't know better, I'd say that looks a lot like Ocean Grove.

Grandpa W

Wait a minute. This is Ocean Grove. Look... there's Fletcher Lake, and Wesley Lake.

Little Wonder

And there's even an ice cream cone where Nagle's would be.

Cannonball

You finding anything there, me mates?

Grandpa W

Cannonball, this is a map of our home town. The beach we were walking on when you found us - that's where your treasure is.

Cannonball

Oh, puddlejumps and crabhooks. I've been searching for twenty years, and now I've lost it again.

Squawk

But we were just there last week? Can't we turn around and go back?

Cannonball

Afraid not, my feathered friend. When you answered the question, we sailed... and where the boat takes you next is hard to tell.

Steve

But it's not going to take us anywhere right now. Did you notice? The motor just stopped.

Cannonball

Quick, Grandpa. Grab that slip of paper when it comes out the side of the motor.

Grandpa

Got it. It says, "How many of Jesus' disciples had names beginning with A or J?"

Cannonball

Now see, that's what I mean. How am I supposed to know?

Little Wonder

Well... there was Andrew.

Grandpa W

And Judas, obviously.

Steve

And James and John.

Cannonball

Andrew, Judas, James, John... that's four... "Four!" Nothing's happening.

Little Wonder

Wait. I think there was a second one with the name James.

Grandpa W

There were two disciples named James?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Cannonball

Then Andrew, Judas, James, James,
and John. Five... "Five."
Nope, nothing's happening.

Squawk

Well... uh... there's this one chap in
Matthew and Mark called Thaddaeus, but
in Luke and Acts he's called Judas.

Grandpa W

What? Another Judas too? Squawk,
how did you know that?

Squawk

I heard it once when I was flying
past Thornley Chapel.

Cannonball

Then that makes...

All

Six! Wooooooow!

Cannonball

Puddlejumps and crabhooks!
This boat packs a wallop!

Announcer

Bursting into life, the motor roared, and
away they sailed... though where they went
is anybody's guess. You'll have to tune in
next time to find out.

Until then, all you kids have a great week,
and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas.

EPISODE #24

Announcer

Ladies and Gentlemen in our radio
audience, let me hear you say "K" ...
now "K is for Kids" ...
oh, yes, K is for...

KIDSTIME!

These are the stories of the Five Brave
Adventurers... or at least, there used to be
five. Now Beth has grown up, and she has a
little "adventurer" of her own.

The other four, Grandpa Wilhelm, Squawk,
Steve and Little Wonder... are...

All

Lost On The High Seas.

Announcer

It's a strange story, I tell you. First, there's
a pirate named Cannonball Red.

Cannonball

Yes, but I sing the blues.

Announcer

Then there's a boat whose motor keeps
stopping and won't start again until you
answer a question from the Bible.

Cannonball

And I don't know very much about the
Bible. That's why I lured you guys on to the
boat, so you could answer the questions.

Grandpa W

Well, Hot Diggety Pickens! You kidnap us
off the Ocean Grove beach, 'cause you
don't know enough about the Bible to
answer the questions that come out the
side of this motor! Who did you steal this
boat from? Some poor missionary?

Cannonball

No, actually, I stole it from a rich
missionary.

Little Wonder

But, Cannonball, why did you steal a boat
like this one?

Cannonball

'Cause... ropes and silver spoons. I didn't
know it had a religious motor. I just
needed a boat to search for
the buried treasure.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Announcer

Yes, you heard her right.
Buried treasure... and a map too.
But when they looked at the map?

Grandpa W

Wow, look at this. X marks
the spot and all.

Squawk

And look at the details, rocks, sand,
boardwalks, everything.

Little Wonder

You know, it looks a lot like Ocean Grove.

Grandpa W

This is Ocean Grove. There's Fletcher Lake
and Wesley Lake.

Little Wonder

And there's even an ice cream cone
where Nagle's would be.

Grandpa W

Cannonball, the beach we were on when
you found us - that's where
your treasure is!

Cannonball

Oh, puddlejumps and crabhooks. I've lost
it again. Somehow we've got to get back.
But how do you get back when you don't
know where you are?

Squawk

You mean you don't know
where we are?

Cannonball

All I know is that's north over there.

Grandpa W

How do you know that's north?

Cannonball

Because that's where
the clouds are.

Steve

Cannonball, you tell directions
by looking at the clouds?

Cannonball

Why not? Can you think
of a better way?

Grandpa W

Well, uh, what do you use
a compass for?

Cannonball

To predict the weather, of course.

All

The weather?

Cannonball

Why sure. When the compass needle
points to S... Batten down the hatches, me
lads! S is for Stormy.

Grandpa W

They never taught me that
when I was in Boy Scouts.

Cannonball

Well, perhaps that was a long time ago.
When the compass needle points to W...
Hold on to your hats, buccaneers!
W means Windy.

Little Wonder

Uh... W means Windy?

Grandpa W

They never taught me that
when I was a Webelo.

Cannonball

Well, perhaps you should have stayed in
the program a little longer. Now... where
was I? Oh, when the compass needle
points to N... that means it's
going to be NICE!

Squawk

Uh... you think N means Nice?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Grandpa W

I never heard that, and I went
all the way to Eagle Scout.

Cannonball

You went all the way to Eagle?

Grandpa W

I sure did.

Cannonball

Well, in pirate school,
I went all the way to Seagull.
That's how I learned that S, W, and N
stand for Stormy, Windy, and Nice.
Do you know what the E stands for?

Grandpa W

I have no idea.

Cannonball

It's my favorite... E stands for Even Nicer!
Oh, yes, when the compass points to E,
you know you're in for a good day.

Squawk

Cannonball, now I know why we're
lost on the high seas.

Cannonball

No time to talk now, me feathered friend.
The motor just stopped. Grandpa,
grab that slip of paper when
it comes out the side.

Grandpa W

Got it. It says, "Which one of Jacob's sons
invented a famous sandwich?"

Little Wonder

Did you say, "Which one of Jacob's sons
invented a famous sandwich?"

Squawk

I didn't know there was anything about
sandwiches in the Bible.

Steve

I suppose at the feeding of the 5000,
maybe some of the people made fish
sandwiches.

Cannonball

Yes, but we're not talking about the feeding
of the 5000, me buccaneers. Give me the
answer, or you'll all walk the plank.

Grandpa W

Ho, ho, ho... I think I know.
(whispers to Squawk)

Squawk

Heh, heh... oh, I get it.
(whispers to Steve)

Steve

Oh...
(whispers to Little Wonder)

Little Wonder

Hee, hee, hee, hee...
(whispers to Cannonball)

Cannonball

Har, har, hardy, har, har...
That's a knee slapper.
Fire the cannons, me mates, and
say it together. The answer is...

All

REUBEN!

Announcer

And when they said "Reuben,"
you know what happened next.

All

Woooooow!

Announcer

The motor burst into life, and away they
sailed. When they got to their new spot,
there was a little hint of land on the
horizon. "Land, ho," they said, but what
kind of land was it?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Tune in next time to find out.
Until then, all you kids remember that S,
W, N, and E stand for Stormy, Windy,
Nice and Even Nicer.

And don't forget your friends
who are...

All
Lost On The High Seas.

EPISODE #25

Announcer
Okay, boys and girls, dads and moms,
friends and acquaintances, stop what
you're doing and gather round the radio...
it's KIDSTIME!

Far, far away from Ocean Grove,
somewhere out on the high seas,
your friends, the Adventurers, have just
spotted a bit of land on the horizon.
Cannonball, the pirate, is steering the boat
closer to have a better look.

Grandpa Wilhelm, Steve, and Little
Wonder are standing on deck trying to see
the shoreline of this unknown land.
But Squawk, with his x-ray vision, is seeing
far more than the others.

Cannonball
Land ho, I say. But what kind of land is it?
Ah, me mates, that's the question. I'm
scanning the shoreline. Don't want to
bump into any pirates
in these waters.

Little Wonder
Cannonball? Why don't you want to bump
into any pirates?

Cannonball
Because pirates are mean and nasty,
and they take things that don't belong
to them... like this boat. They might
steal it from me.

Squawk
But didn't you steal this boat
from a poor missionary?

Cannonball
Yes, I did, but that's different.

Grandpa W
Doesn't sound any different to me.

Cannonball
Well, it is different. I had a need.
An honest need. What's a pirate without
a boat? And missionaries are there
to meet needs, right?

Steve
So you took it. You're right, pirates are
mean and nasty, and they take things
that don't belong to them.

Cannonball
That's why I'm keeping a watchful eye.
Don't want to run into any pirates...
No Sirree.

Announcer
So Cannonball, missing the point
completely, kept on scanning the water for
pirate vessels, while Squawk, with his x-ray
vision, scanned the shoreline.

Squawk
Eh, interesting.

Grandpa W
What do you see, Squawk?

Squawk
This changes everything.

Little Wonder
What is it, Squawk? Is it Ocean Grove?
I do hope so. I haven't had a good
ice cream cone in weeks.

Steve
And I haven't been able to ride
my scooter in a while.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Grandpa W

And I keep wondering if Grove Hall has fallen down in my absence. I used to work there, you know. Way back... well, let's not say how far back it was.

Little Wonder

Was that back before the turn of the century, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

Yes, it was, though I can remember doing the laundry there like it was yesterday.

Steve

So, Squawk, tell us.
Is it Ocean Grove?

Squawk

Not by my reckoning, it isn't.
No buildings, no boardwalks... just sandy beaches and low-lying hills behind it.

Grandpa W

Then what did you say was so interesting about it?

Squawk

Because there's a person walking on the beach. And that person... is a pirate!

Cannonball

A pirate? Oh, no. Ropes and silver spoons. Not a pirate. That's the last thing I wanted to find here. Pirates are mean and nasty... and... and...

Others

And they take things that don't belong to them.

Cannonball

Right. How did you know?

Grandpa W

We've heard it before.

Cannonball

Well, turn the boat around, me mates.
We've got to get away from here as fast as we can.

Announcer

But just then, as always happens in these episodes, the motor on the stolen missionary boat suddenly stopped. Grandpa grabbed the slip of paper that came out the side of the motor, but before he could read the question, a voice came across the water from the shore.

JumpClear

Halloo, is that ye... Cannonball?
Cannonball Red, do ye hear me?

Cannonball

Who's calling? Who's calling my name?

JumpClear

Do not ye recognize the voice of your uncle? Why, it's me...
JumpClear the Buccaneer.

Cannonball

Uncle JumpClear, is it really you?

JumpClear

It is, and I'm here to tell you you're in the wrong business.

Cannonball

What? You taught me everything I know about being a pirate.

JumpClear

That I did, for you were my favorite niece, but I've changed my ways, and so should you.

Cannonball

Changed your ways? Uncle JumpClear, what are you now?

JumpClear

Haven't you heard? I'm a missionary. By the way, where did you get that fine boat?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Cannonball

I'd rather not say. Quick, Grandpa, read the question. We've got to get out of here.

Grandpa W

Well, uh, I don't know if I want to read it. This sounds like a pretty important conversation.

Cannonball

Read me that question or you'll all walk the plank.

Little Wonder

That's not so bad actually. We'd land in ten feet of water and swim to the beach.

Cannonball

Oh, puddlejumps and crabhooks. Give me the question. I hope it's easy, or we'll be stuck here listening to my Uncle preach at us from the shore.

JumpClear

Cannonball, do ye hear me? I'm telling you, you've got to change your ways. There is judgment waiting for ye otherwise.

Cannonball

The question. "What's the most famous verse in the Bible?" Oh, how should I know?

JumpClear

God loves you, Cannonball. Have ye never heard of John 3:16? Why, I believe it's the most famous verse in the Bible.

Cannonball

What did you say?

JumpClear

I said it's the most famous verse in the Bible?

Cannonball

No, the reference. Give me the reference!

JumpClear

Look it up. It's John 3:16.

Cannonball

Thank you. As soon as I say it, I'll be gone. Bye. JOHN 3:16.

All

Wooooooooooooow!

Announcer

And just like you knew would happen, the motor burst into life, and the boat sailed away. Where are they now? Tune in next time to find out.

Until then, all you kids have a great week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas.

EPISODE #26

Announcer

Ladies and Gents, boys and girls, pull your chairs close to the radio, and don't touch that dial... it's KIDSTIME!

Captured by a pirate named Cannonball Red, your friends the Adventurers are far, far away, sailing on a missionary boat that doesn't go anywhere unless you answer the Bible questions that come out the side of the motor. Yes, you could say they are...

All

Lost On The High Seas.

Cannonball

Arr, me mates, what a fine day this is. The compass needle is pointing to E, and you know what that means - Even Nicer! I tell you, finer weather for being a pirate has never been seen this side of Saskatchewan Point!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Grandpa W

Did you say Saskatchewan Point?

Cannonball

I sure did. Always liked that name.
It kind of rolls off the tongue. Say it
with me, all. Saskatchewan Point!
Arr, makes you feel kind of good.

Squawk

Saskatchewanahunkahunka-lunkatunk, eh?

Little Wonder

No, Squawk, it's
Saskatchewanahunkaloolylooe...
Oh, what was that name again?

Grandpa W

It's Saskatchewan Point.
And I should know. It was one of my
favorite places as a young lad.
My grandmother lived there.

Cannonball

Well, bring down the mast and
fish with a jackknife for a hook!
Your grandma lived there?

Grandpa W

She sure did. And what a beautiful place
it was... stone walls, a fine apple tree,
and a huge swing in the side yard
that went up so high you could
see the whole neighborhood!

Little Wonder

Oh, Grandpa, that sounds like fun!

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens! Fun doesn't
go far enough. It was way past fun.
It was Hot Diggety Diggety all the way
to Rupert Station.

Cannonball

You know about Rupert Station?

Grandpa W

Know about it? I remember like it
was last week. We rode the train into
Rupert Station, then walked the three and
a half blocks to 18 Silver Tree Lane.
That's where my grandma lived.

Cannonball

Arrrr. Well, toast me a griddle-fried fluke
and hop on the express to Pecansville.

All

WHAT?

Cannonball

Never mind. Listen. My grandma
lived at 16 Silver Tree Lane.

Grandpa W

Then... if your grandma lived at
16 Silver Tree Lane, and my grandma
lived at 18 Silver Tree Lane...
your grandma and mine were
next door neighbors!!!

Steve

I can't believe it. Here we are out in the
middle of the ocean somewhere, floating
around on this strange missionary boat,
with a pirate - no less. And then we find
out your grandmothers lived
next door to each other?

Little Wonder

Hey, maybe you two met years ago?
What do you think, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

Well... no, I don't think so.
I do remember (when I was in high school)
throwing apples over the wall, and trying
to land them in the neighbor's well.

Cannonball

That was you? I always wondered why the
water in my favorite little red cup always
tasted like apple juice.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Squawk

Eh, maybe we're on to something.
Remember anything else, Grandpa?

Grandpa W

Ho, ho, ho... I remember one time. I was
in college, and I was visiting grandma for
a week one summer. There was this cute
little red-haired girl next door.

Little Wonder

Oh, maybe that was Cannonball.
Come on, Grandpa. Tell us more.

Cannonball

Aargggh!

Grandpa W

Oh... let's see. I remember she used to
shoot arrows at us over the wall.

Squawk

Arrows? You mean the kind with those
soft rubber suction cups?

Grandpa W

No. I mean the kind with those
hard metal points!

Steve

She did? Did she ever hit you?

Grandpa W

I got skewered a few times.
My friends called me "shishka-bob"
when I got back home.

Cannonball

Aargggh!

Little Wonder

Cannonball, I'm surprised at you! Were
you a terror when you were just
a little kid?

Cannonball

Yes, I was. That's 'cause my grandma
taught me... Do unto others before they
do unto you.

Grandpa W

Oh, I remember something else.
That cute, little redhead took a sword,
climbed up the big tree, and chopped the
ropes that held the swing!

Cannonball

Har, har... I remember that too.

Squawk

So what happened when everyone
found the swing lying on the ground.

Grandpa W

Actually, they found me lying on the
ground. I was riding the swing
when she cut the ropes.

Cannonball

Hardy, har, har... it's one of my
best childhood memories.

Grandpa W

I couldn't sit down for a week.
In fact, I rode home on the train...
standing up!

Steve

Oh, there goes the motor again.
Why does it stop every week right in the
middle of a good conversation?

Cannonball

I don't know. Grandpa, why don't you grab
that slip of paper and read us the question.

Grandpa W

It says, "Fill in the blank...
Do unto others..."

Cannonball

Does it really? I know this one!
Do unto others before they do unto you! ...
Hey, how come the boat isn't moving?

Little Wonder

Cannonball, did you really think it was,
"Do unto others before they
do unto you?"

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Cannonball

That's what my grandma always taught me. Isn't that right?

Steve

No, Cannonball. The Bible verse uses different words, but the idea is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

All

Woooooow!

Announcer

And if you've been traveling with us these past few weeks, you know that when they said the answer, the boat sailed away. But this time Cannonball had an unusual, questioning look.

Cannonball

Isn't that strange? My grandma taught me the wrong thing. And here I've been following it all my life. It kinda makes you wonder.

Announcer

And now it's time to bid you goodbye for this episode. Until next time, all you kids have a great week, remember always to use rubber suction cups on any arrows you shoot... and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas!

EPISODE #27

Announcer

That's right, boys and girls, welcome to...
KIDSTIME!

Your friends, the Adventurers, are far, far away, sailing on a stolen missionary boat piloted by the daring and dangerous Cannonball Red! Cannonball is looking for buried treasure, which is somewhere on Ocean Grove's

beach, but getting there is the problem, since the boat goes wherever it wants to.

Let's join Grandpa Wilhelm...

Squawk, the bird with x-ray vision,

Steve, the Chauffeur,

Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain...

And the daring and dangerous pirate - Cannonball Red...

as they discuss the situation.

Cannonball

Aaargh! Miles and miles of ocean blue, and not a bit of sand to dig in for treasure. Somehow we gotta get this sailing vessel back to the dock at Ocean Grove.

Little Wonder

Actually, it's not a dock.
It's called the fishing pier.

Cannonball

Dock, pier... what do I care?
All I want is a shovel and a map,
and a place to dig
and a pirate's cap
and a scowl to match my mood.

Grandpa W

Scowl? Why would you want a scowl on a beautiful day like this? Look...
not a cloud in the sky.

Cannonball

Ah, not yet, me lads... not yet.
But just wait. There's a storm coming or my name isn't Rebekah Daisy Milton.

Others

Rebekah Daisy Milton?

Cannonball

You think my parents named me Cannonball Red? No, they wanted something nice and sweet. So they called me "Daisy."

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Squawk

Daisy? Somehow it doesn't fit.

Grandpa W

You can say that again.

Cannonball

It didn't fit when I was a little girl either. When I started pretending my treehouse was a pirate ship, they changed "Daisy" to "Dizzy."

Steve

Rebekah Dizzy Milton?

Cannonball

That's right. Then when I got completely out of control, they said, "That girl is a Doozy." That's how I became...

All

Rebekah Doozy Milton!

Cannonball

Now you know why I changed my name to Cannonball. Aaargh!

Little Wonder

Actually, the name Rebekah is kind of nice. Did you know it's a Bible name?

Cannonball

A Bible name?

Little Wonder

Yes, it's very early in the Bible... in the first book, called Genesis.

Squawk

Oh, yeah. I remember now.

Little Wonder

Tell her, Grandpa.

Grandpa W

Let's see. Abraham sent his servant to find a wife for his son. Do you know the son's name?

Squawk

No.

Grandpa W

It was Isaac.

Squawk

Eh, I knew that.

Grandpa W

So the servant went, and found Rebekah.

Little Wonder

And she was very beautiful!

Cannonball

Well, that doesn't exactly describe a pirate, now does it? I say, give me a scowl to match my mood. There's a storm coming on and it's a Doozy.

Announcer

Now, I know what you're thinking. How can a pirate who tells directions by looking at the clouds, and who tries to predict the weather with a compass... how would she know a BIG storm was coming? But ladies and gentlemen, she was right. About 30 minutes later it looked like this.

Squawk

Eh, dark clouds and high winds.

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens. I didn't know the ocean could get this rough.

Cannonball

Rough? You ain't seen nothin' yet. We're in for a lot more than this. Batten the hatches, me mates!

Announcer

And 30 minutes after that it looked like this!

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Grandpa W

I feel like a cork being tossed about
on the ocean.

Cannonball

Hang on, me mates. She's leaning to
starboard. Oh, Noooo...

Announcer

And just as Cannonball said, "Oh Noooo,"
a huge wave crashed on the deck
and flipped the life boat off the deck.
A second later another great wave knocked
all five passengers into the sea.

All

Ahhhhhhh...

Cannonball

Hang on to the lifeboat, me mates.
It's our only chance.

Announcer

And so five soggy travelers helped
each other into the life boat and watched
as the missionary boat drifted away.

Cannonball

Aaargh! Another ship lost.
How many is that now? Nine?

Announcer

I suppose volumes could be written about
what happened in the storm, but it would
mostly be wave after wave after wave.
Instead we'll take you to a very quiet sea 12
hours later. There were stars in the deep
blue sky, and five very tired adventurers
were drifting in a tiny life boat. Grandpa
and Squawk and Steve had already
fallen asleep.

Little Wonder

Cannonball, you still awake?

Cannonball

Yes. Adrift in the middle of the sea...
a pirate without a boat now.

Little Wonder

Have you noticed
how peaceful it is?

Cannonball

Strange, isn't it?
A storm that big followed by
a great calm like this.

Little Wonder

It is. I guess life is like
that sometimes.

Cannonball

If it is, my life has mostly
been a storm.

Little Wonder

Cannonball, when you were
a child, was your name
really Rebekah?

Cannonball

Yes. It doesn't fit now, does it?

Little Wonder

Maybe someday your life will grow calm
like this sea, and your name will be
Rebekah again.

Cannonball

Maybe, Little Wonder... Maybe.
(don't tell the boys I said that)

Little Wonder

They're all asleep anyway.

Cannonball

Goodnight, Little Wonder.

Cannonball

Goodnight, Rebekah.

Announcer

And so the moon came out from behind
a cloud, and shone down on five sleeping
passengers, drifting on a tiny life boat in
the middle of nowhere. And while they
slept, the gentle currents drifted them

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closer and closer to a strange island. Tune in next time to find out what happens there. Till then, may all your days be calm, and don't forget your friends who are...
Lost On The High Seas.

EPISODE #28

Announcer

Yes, it's KIDSTIME! And if you were here last week, you remember how our five friends fell asleep at last in the life boat. Silently, slowly... they drifted toward a strange island. Squawk woke up first.

Squawk

Er... I say. Where am I? Oh, now I remember. Lost on the high seas. Only now we're really lost. What a fine how-do-you-do this is.

Grandpa W

Ah, what a morning!
I feel like stepping out on the front porch, bringing in the paper, and sitting down to a nice, warm cup of...
Oh, Hot Diggety Pickens.

Squawk

What's the matter, Grandpa? Thought we were back in Ocean Grove?

Grandpa W

Yes. For a minute I forgot we were lost on the high seas.

Cannonball

Aaargh. Is it morning already?
I'm in the mood for breakfast.
A BIG breakfast, I say.
And let it be served with style...
Oh... we're lost on the high seas.

Little Wonder

Oh, is it morning already? What a gorgeous day! I'll have oatmeal and toast and... oh, oh... I just realized... we're still...

All

Lost On The High Seas.

Announcer

And you could say that again. But we won't, since we just said it four times. Nevertheless, they were lost, and you know where. Which is why they were very surprised when a voice called to them from somewhere close by...

Me

Ah, friends, welcome, welcome. Not very often we get travelers. But let me say you are most welcome on our humble shores.

All

Whaaaa! Who's that?

Me

"Me." Who did you think?

Grandpa W

We know it's you. Who are you?

Me

I told you. This is "Me."
What else would I be called?

Cannonball

Aaargh! Let me get this straight.
You're Me?

Me

Yes, but I'm not you. Ha, ha, ha.
Funny, isn't it?

Cannonball

Not to me, it isn't.

Me

What do you mean, not to me?
Of course, it's funny to Me. Otherwise, why would I be laughing? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Grandpa W

So.... you're Me?

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Me

Yes, but I'm not you.
Ha, ha, ha.

Grandpa W

I got that part already.
What I want to know is...
How come I can't see you?

Me

Oh, pardon me, I just left out the most
important part... welcome to the
Invisible Island.

All

What?

Squawk

We've never heard of the Invisible Island.

Me

No, and I bet you've never seen it either.
Ha, ha, ha.

Little Wonder

Well, exactly where is this
Invisible Island?

Me

Where is it? It's right in front of you.
In fact, you're about five yards off shore.
I'll pull you in.

Announcer

And then the strangest thing happened.
Though all around them was water as far
as the eye could see, suddenly they felt the
life boat being pulled, and then it rose
right up out of the water, not straight up,
but at an angle, just like they were being
pulled up on a beach... they could even
hear the sound of the boat scraping on
some loose rocks. So there they were... in a
life boat that was about a foot above the
water. They all looked down, amazed.

Squawk

Eh... what a fine how-do-you-do
this is.

Cannonball

Aargh! I've been a pirate almost all my life,
and I've been on many a boat... but never
one that didn't want to sit in the water.

Steve

I wonder - is that chap still here?

Me

Who, Me?

Steve

Yes, you.

Me

I'm not "You"... I'm "Me."

Steve

Yes, I know. But I wasn't talking to "You;"
I was talking to "Me"... (all look at Steve)
Wait a minute. No, I wasn't.

Grandpa W

Hold on, I think I got this now.
I would like to ask "Me" a question.

Me

I'm ready.

Grandpa W

If this is really an invisible island, and it
certainly looks like the boat is resting on
something, then can we hop out and walk
around, like we would on land?

Me

Of course you can.

Squawk

But how do you walk on land
you can't see?

Me

Just like us. We walk by faith,
and not by sight.

Cannonball

I don't know much about faith.

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Me

Then you've come to the perfect place.
Walking by faith is easy. You just take
a step, and then another one,
and then another one.

Cannonball

You mean I have to actually step out of the
boat, not knowing if the land is there to
hold me up?

Me

Correction. You know the land is there.
After all, it's holding up the boat.
You just can't see it.

Cannonball

You mean I have to walk on
something I can't see?

Me

It's not so hard. Haven't you ever walked
somewhere with your eyes closed?

Cannonball

Aaargh!

Grandpa W

Hey, let's give this a try.
Just follow me.

Steve

You mean him... or you?

Grandpa W

I mean "Me"... oh, just forget it
and get out of the boat.

Announcer

And so they hopped out to follow "Me"...
well, him actually, but you know what I
mean. And sure enough, they could feel the
sand under their feet, and then grass a
little further on, and the more they walked
the higher they climbed, till they were 50
or 100 feet above the ocean. Yet they could
still see the water wherever they looked,
and back behind them a little life boat
resting safe on the invisible beach.

Just to be honest, I'm not sure if I
understand this part of the story. But keep
that between you and me.

Me

Did somebody mention my name?

Announcer

Oh me, oh my.

Me

Oh... "My"... that's my sister.

Announcer

We'll figure this out before next time.
Till then, all you kids have a great week,
and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas!

EPISODE #29

Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, you
heard it for yourself. It's... KIDSTIME!

Last week, when we left our friends, they
were climbing up the Invisible Island. Now
I know that sounds hard to believe, but
Grandpa, Squawk, Steve, Little Wonder,
and Cannonball could hardly believe it
either. And yet there they were, climbing
higher and higher, with a view that
stretched farther and farther, and it
seemed almost like they were
walking on air.

Little Wonder

You know, it's kind of strange being lost on
the high seas, but this is even stranger.

Squawk

Yeah, like being lost in thin air.

Cannonball

And yet the ground is so solid beneath us.
I just wish we could see it,
that's all.

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Grandpa W

I know what you mean. I keep wondering if any moment I'll walk into a big rock.

Announcer

But they didn't walk into any rocks, and though they didn't know where they were going, and couldn't see anything except the ocean way down below them, they continued on, following their invisible guide, a chap named "Me."

Me

Oh, am I still in this story?

Announcer

Yes, unless you disappeared since last week.

Me

Well, it's hard to disappear when you're not visible to begin with. But be that as it may, I'm quite willing to make another appearance.

Announcer

And so the five adventurers were led by "Me" up the path and across the island until they got to a place somewhere in the middle, and there the most interesting thing happened.

Me

Now, my friends, I've brought you here for a reason. A very good reason, though you might not see it yet.

Grandpa W

Well, actually, I haven't seen anything yet.

Me

Ha, ha, ha. That's a good one. You have quite a sense of humor. Have you always been like that?

Grandpa W

Funny you should ask.

Me

Ha, ha, ha. There you go again. Well, I'll have to request that you keep the jokes to a minimum, 'cause we're coming to a very serious place on the island.

Cannonball

Serious? Why serious?

Me

Here is where you must face your past, and choose your future.

Cannonball

WHAT?

Me

You heard what I said. I think you know what it means.

Cannonball

But I don't want to face my past. All I want is treasure. That's all I've ever wanted. That and high adventure - the risks, the challenge, searching and finding. And then to retire to some nice little village by the harbor, with enough gold to last me a thousand years, and tell tales of Life on the high seas!

Me

Ah, I thought so. Many a pirate has come to this same place, and told many a tale, but none have come with an ounce of true joy in their hearts. Now, what about the rest of you?

Grandpa W

Well, speaking for my friends here... Squawk and Steve and Little Wonder and I... you might say we're just along for the ride.

Little Wonder

We were sort of captured, if you know what I mean.

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Squawk

Yeah, it's kind of a long story.
You probably wouldn't believe it
if we told you.

Me

Oh, I understand more than you think.
There are many things not seen, and yet
they speak clearly enough. Captured, hey?
How do you account for this?

Cannonball

Do I have to give an account? I took them
'cause I needed a crew. Is there anything so
bad about that? And besides, they knew
more about the Bible than I did.

Me

Why was that important to you?

Grandpa W

Because the missionary boat wouldn't go
anywhere unless you answered
the questions that came out
the side of the motor.

Squawk

And they were always Bible questions.

Little Wonder

So that's why Cannonball needed us...
to answer the questions that
made the boat go.

Me

Is all this true, Cannonball?

Cannonball

Aaaargh! Yes, it's true.

Me

And how did you happen to obtain
a missionary boat?

Cannonball

Oh, how do you think?
I'm not the first pirate that ever sailed
these seas, you know. Okay, I stole the
boat. There... is that good enough for you?

Stole it 'cause I needed it. And I took these
because I needed a crew. And it was all for
treasure... so I could retire someday, with
gold in my pockets, and tell tales of
Life on the high seas.

Me

And did you find Life... real Life
on the high seas?

Cannonball

... No... all I got was
"lost" on the high seas.

Me

Lost... lost... think about it, Cannonball.
Lost. Just as lost as the treasure you've
been trying so hard to find.

Cannonball

I was thinking about it in the lifeboat...
all these years... nothing... frustration...
it's almost enough to make you give it up.

Me

And if you did, what kind of life
would replace it?

Cannonball

I don't know. But this trip has been like no
other, and I've sometimes wondered if
maybe this is my last voyage as a pirate.

Little Wonder

Oh, Cannonball, were you really
thinking that? I kept hoping you would
give it up someday.

Grandpa W

Of course, you'll have to find
another career. You know, you might
make a good teacher.

Squawk

Eh, and you could give that poor
missionary back his lifeboat. You'll
have to apologize for losing
the rest of it.

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Cannonball

Oh, it's such a lot to think about.
So much to let go of.

Me

And so much to find when you do.
Cannonball, your treasure still remains,
but it isn't the kind you thought it would
be. It's an invisible treasure, just like this
island, but it's just as real as the ground
you cannot see. Now, come with me.

Announcer

Then a surprising thing happened. "Me"
led them a little further on, and soon the
ground began sloping down, and they
began to get closer to the water, and then
they noticed something sitting in the
water. It was the missionary boat which
had drifted in to the Invisible Island. You
can imagine how happy they were to see it.

Me said goodbye and they sailed away,
leaving the Invisible Island behind.
Cannonball didn't say very much for a long
time, but what she was thinking will have
to remain a mystery for now.

That's all till next time. Till then, all you
kids have a great week, and don't forget
your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas!

EPISODE #30

Announcer

Well, I have to tell you. After the
Adventurers left the Invisible Island,
Cannonball began to become a different
person. Perhaps it was the talk she had
with that invisible character, "Me."
Anyway, she realized at last that her life on
the high seas had never really been
anything other than "lost" ...
Lost On the High Seas.

So Cannonball was very quiet when they
sailed away from the Invisible Island. But

over the next few days, the others began to
notice a difference.

Cannonball

Hallo, me mates. What a fine day this is for
sailing! The deep blue stretching all the
way to the horizon. Just look at it. I almost
remember feeling this free when I was a
kid on my uncle's boat.

Grandpa W

That was a while ago, wasn't it?

Cannonball

Oh, I should say. Strange... I forgot
that feeling... when all the world
seemed new and alive.

Little Wonder

Tell us about your uncle's boat,
Cannonball. Was it as big as this one?

Cannonball

Oh, bigger. I use to love running from one
end of it to the other. I'd climb up to the
crow's nest just to watch the sunset.

Grandpa W

It sounds like fun.

Cannonball

Sometimes my uncle and I would trade
places. He would climb to the crow's nest
and I would steer the big wheel, and try to
talk like him. It was a game we played.

Squawk

Trading places, eh?
That does sound like fun.
Let's try it. Cannonball,
you be Little Wonder.

Cannonball

... Okay... if you say so.

Squawk

And Little Wonder, you can be
Cannonball Red.

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Little Wonder

Okay. Aaargh!

Steve

She looks more like
Cannonball Blonde to me.

Squawk

Come on, Steve. Say it like
you were Grandpa.

Steve

Hot Diggety Pickens! If it isn't the famous
Cannonball Blonde!

Squawk

Good. Now, Grandpa, you're me.

Grandpa W

"Me" as on the invisible island?

Squawk

No. Me as in Squawk.

Grandpa W

Oh, okay... stoke the fire, boys,
and call me a jackhammer.

Squawk

One more time... a little more emphasis
on "jackhammer."

Grandpa W

Okay. Stoke the fire, boys,
and call me a JACKHAMMER!

Squawk

Excellent. Now, I'm Steve.
All right, let's all introduce ourselves.

Cannonball

Hi. I'm very pleased to meet you.
My name is Little Wonder. I'm the girl
from Sunshine Mountain.

Grandpa W

Isn't this a fine how-do-you-do? My name
is Squawk, and don't try hiding anything
from me. I have x-ray vision.

Squawk

My name is Steve, the Chauffeur.
My car goes 40 miles an hour... downhill.

Steve

Greetings y'all. Grandpa Wilhelm here.
I'd stand up to introduce myself, but
I ain't quite as limber as I was
back in 19 ought and 5.

Little Wonder

Aaaaargh! I'm Cannonball, and I've been
sailing the seas ever since I was a little girl.
And we got work to do. Little Wonder,
go fix us some lunch!

Cannonball

Oh, I love making lunch.
The galley is one of my favorite places
on this boat.

Little Wonder

Squawk, turn on your x-ray vision and
scan the horizon for any other pirate ships.

Grandpa W

You got it, Cannonball Blonde.
I'll fly up to the crow's nest and have
a look around.

Little Wonder

Grandpa, you swab the deck.

Steve

Yes, Ma'am. Right away.
But... where's the swab?

Little Wonder

And Steve...

Squawk

Don't bother me now. I'm writing a song.

Little Wonder

Is it about finding treasure?

Squawk

No, it's for my musician friends
in Ocean Grove.

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Little Wonder

Aargh! Well, drop the anchor and pin my hat to the mast with a fishing hook.
Who are these friends of yours?

Squawk

Something like the Back Porch Nonharmonic Praise Band.

Grandpa W

The Back Porch Nonharmonic Praise Band... I've heard of them.

Cannonball

Yes, it does sound familiar.

Little Wonder

Oh, no! The motor stopped again. Every week this happens. And it won't start up till we answer the question.

Cannonball

I love questions.
Is it another Bible question?
I learned a lot about the Bible in Thornley Chapel.

Grandpa W

I would have gone to Thornley Chapel, but they don't allow any birds in there.

Steve

You're right, Squawk.
In all my days I never saw a bird in Thornley Chapel, but there have been a few at the Boardwalk Pavilion.

Little Wonder

That's enough. Answer the question, me mates, or you'll all walk the plank!

Cannonball

Here, Squawk, read the question.

Grandpa W

It says, "Name two talking animals in the Bible."

Little Wonder

See... now how am I supposed to know that? That's why I kidnapped you guys off the Ocean Grove beach.

Cannonball

Oh, this isn't so hard. One is real easy. It's the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

Grandpa W

And I know another. There was this guy named Balaam, who had a donkey, and the donkey talked to him once with a human voice!

Cannonball

Oh, I'm so proud of you, Squawk. How did you know that?

Grandpa W

I heard it once when I was flying past the Auditorium.

Little Wonder

Then let's say it together.

All

The serpent in the garden and Balaam's donkey. Woooow!

Announcer

So the motor burst into life, and they sailed away, and (of course) they had no idea where they were. But for the first time they were really having fun. And that evening, when they sat on the deck and watched the sunset, they didn't look so much like a pirate and a crew. They looked a lot like friends.

That's all till next time. Have a great week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas!

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EPISODE #31

Announcer

Life on the missionary boat got better and better, and even the weather seemed to be cooperating, for they sailed for days, and though they did not know where they were going, somehow they all knew they were moving in the right direction.

True, they were still...

All

Lost On The High Seas,

Announcer

...but they didn't feel as lost as before, and the change in Cannonball was getting more visible all the time.

One bright day they spotted the same shoreline they had traveled past several weeks before. Squawk noticed it first.

Squawk

I say, isn't this a fine how-do-you-do?

Grandpa W

What is it, Squawk?

Squawk

Well, I was just standing here, looking out across the water, when I recognized something.

Grandpa W

All I see is water.

Squawk

Look over there. See that thin strip of land on the horizon?

Grandpa W

Oh, yeah... now that you mention it, I do.

Squawk

Do you know what it is? It's the place where we saw Cannonball's uncle. Remember?

Announcer

That's when the others joined the conversation.

Cannonball

Ah, what fine weather. Having a little chat, I see. What's up?

Grandpa W

Well, it isn't so much "what's up" as "what's over there?"

Cannonball

Okay. What's over there?

Squawk

Sandy beaches and low-lying hills.

Steve

You don't say.

Cannonball

Oh..... this is starting to look familiar. Squawk, tell me, can you see anybody walking along the shore... a pirate perhaps?

Squawk

I can see somebody holding a book. It looks like he's talking to the waves and the seagulls.

Little Wonder

Why would anyone be talking to the waves and the seagulls?

Grandpa W

Maybe he's reading a story.

Steve

Maybe he's praying.

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Cannonball

No, he's practicing a sermon, I tell you. It's my uncle, no doubt about it. Strange how the boat is heading straight toward him.

Announcer

And so the boat continued sailing while all five passengers lined the deck. Soon they could hear a voice coming across the water.

Colin McGill

It was for you, you know? You. No matter where you've been, or what you've been up to. I should know. I sailed many a rough sea in my youth, but Someone who calms the sea made a difference in me.

Cannonball

Wow! I didn't know my uncle could preach that good.

Grandpa W

Are you sure you want to keep going, Cannonball? Last time we saw your uncle, you wanted to get away as fast as you could.

Cannonball

Yes, I remember. But this is a different day now, and I have some good news of my own.

Announcer

This last statement made everyone wonder what Cannonball meant, but they didn't have time to ask. The voice spoke loud and clear.

Colin McGill

Yes, you. You're the one. The one He's looking for. The one He's calling. It's you He wants to rescue. From your past, your sin, your struggle. Give it up. Sail away in a new direction.

Little Wonder

Wow, this is just like a revival meeting.

Squawk

It is, isn't it?

Grandpa W

I kind of like it myself.

Cannonball

I used to hate it once, but all the hatred is gone out of me now.

Little Wonder

Cannonball, we didn't want to say anything, but we have noticed - you're different.

Cannonball

Yes, I was out on the deck... alone one evening... after we left the Invisible Island... thinking things over... I stopped sailing away that night. Someone turned me around on the inside.

Colin McGill

This is your day, my friend. Your opportunity. Reach for it. Hold on. What's this? A boat? I recognize it. Cannonball, is that ye?

Cannonball

Uncle! It's me! I'm back.

Colin McGill

Yes, I can see that. But you didn't sail away under ideal conditions.

Cannonball

No, Uncle, I didn't. But my conditions have changed.

Colin McGill

Ah... so has my name!

All

You mean you're not YOU KNOW WHO?

Colin McGill

No. That was the name my crew gave me. But God gives new names, you know.

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Grandpa W

Oh, I get it... like Saul became Paul.

Little Wonder

And Jacob became Israel.

Colin McGill

Yes, and I went back to the name given me as a child... only now I'm a child of God.

Cannonball

What name was given you as a child, Uncle? I never knew you except by that old name.

Colin McGill

Ah, nothing famous, nothing fancy... just Colin... Colin McGill. But it's a much finer name than the other one I had for years.

Squawk

Maybe I should try a new name. Uh... how about Hummingbird.

Steve

Squawk, you better keep the name you have.

Cannonball

Uncle Colin, my heart is new. Do you think I should change my name too?

Colin McGill

You had a fine name as a little girl. Do your friends know it yet?

Cannonball

I told them. I don't know if they remember.

Others

We do. "Rebekah Daisy Milton."

Colin McGill

Ah, Rebekah. Such a fine name. I've looked forward to the day when I could call you that again.

Cannonball

Then from now on, I choose the name Rebekah!

Announcer

The conversation went on from there, and continued deep into the night after they had docked the boat, but we must stop here. Still, you can be sure of one thing. Though far from Ocean Grove on the outside, on the inside Cannonball had come home. From that day on, her friends almost always called her... Rebekah.

Tune in next time. Till then, have a great week, and don't forget your friends who are...

All

Lost On The High Seas!

EPISODE #32

Announcer

(commenting on the theme song)
Well, to be more exact, the pirate's name used to be Cannonball Red, but if you were here last week, I'm sure you remember how her name was changed... and her new name is Rebekah.

That doesn't change the fact that they are still...

All

Lost On The High Seas,

Announcer

...but it makes a huge difference in how they feel about it. Their dangerous journey has become quite a lot of fun. Still, there were more surprises in store, and this time it was a happy surprise.

Uncle Colin was the one who discovered it.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Colin McGill

I say, my traveling friends... it was last evening when I decided to have a look around your boat. Tell me about that motor.

Grandpa W

Well, there's not a lot to tell, Uncle Colin. It looks like a motor, but it has a slot on the side, and whenever the motor stops, a Bible question comes out the slot.

Colin McGill

Yes, I noticed the slot. There's some fine print above it that says "Questions." But did you notice, on the other side of the motor there's another slot?

Cannonball

What? There is? Is there any fine print above the other slot?

Colin McGill

There is, me mates, there is. And it says "Destinations."

Grandpa W

But nothing has ever come out that side of the motor.

Colin McGill

No. And nothing ever will.

Little Wonder

Oh. I'm beginning to understand.

Squawk

Eh, what is it, Little Wonder?

Little Wonder

I'm guessing... that's the slot where we put pieces of paper in. Is that right, Uncle Colin?

Colin McGill

Yes, you figured it out.

Grandpa W

Do you mean that all this time we've been sailing around, not knowing where we were going... and all we had to do was write down where we wanted to go?

Steve

...and put it in the slot?

Cannonball

...and presto... we would have been there?

Colin McGill

I believe that's how it works.

Squawk

Well, stoke the fire, boys, and call me a jackhammer.

Grandpa W

Hot Diggety Pickens!

Cannonball

All summer sailing, and we could have been back in Ocean Grove.

Little Wonder

Think of all the ice cream we could have had.

Grandpa W

And all the services we missed.

Steve

And the sounds of summer.

Cannonball

Like children's voices at the beach.

Squawk

Or 20 skateboards riding by at 11 o'clock at night.

All

Oh... I miss it!

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Colin McGill

Well, you know what to do then.
Write the destination down, and put it in
the slot.

Announcer

And that's exactly what they did. Waving
goodbye to Uncle Colin, they prepared to
depart. But Squawk had another idea.

Squawk

Hey, I have an idea. I've always kind of
wanted to see the world.

Grandpa W

You mean we could save Ocean Grove for
last? And put some other destinations
in first?

Squawk

Why not? Everyone write down a secret
destination, and when we get there,
we'll guess where we are.

Announcer

And that's exactly what they did. Grandpa
went first. He put the paper into the slot,
and...

All

Wooooooow!

Steve

It's a port, but I don't recognize it.

Cannonball

I'll ask that man on the dock.
Yo... where are we?

Frenchman

You're off the coast of France.
Come ashore and have some French Toast.

Announcer

But before they could answer, Squawk
dropped his piece of paper into the slot.

All

Wooooooow!

Grandpa W

Where in the world is this?
I'll ask that guy walking along the shore.
I say, where are we?

Italian

You're sailing the coast of Italy.
Come ashore and we'll offer you fettucini
and linguini.

Announcer

But before they could answer, Steve put
another destination in.

All

Wooooooow!

Cannonball

Now this is more like it. Palm trees
swaying in the breeze.

Jamaican

Ay, you like it here, mon.

Little Wonder

Where are we?

Jamaican

You're in Jamaica. Where else can you
drink lemonade in the shade and feast
on island cuisine?

Announcer

But before they could taste any lemonade
or island cuisine, Little Wonder's
destination hit the slot.

All

Wooooooowowow!

Grandpa W

That was a long one. I'd say we went half
way round the world.

Australian

G'day, me mates, and welcome to the land
down under.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

All
Australia?

Australian
How would you like to try a few nights
on the outback?

Grandpa W
No thanks. We're headed for Ocean Grove.

Australian
Jumping kangaroos. Did you know that the
folks who founded the Ocean Grove in New
Jersey also founded an Ocean Grove
right here in Australia?

Announcer
But before they could answer,
Rebekah dropped in a destination
of her own.

All
Woooooowow!

Irish Man
Tip o' me hat, and top o' the morning to
you. What brings you here to the coast of
Ireland? Want to learn to play the
bagpipes?

All
Uh, we were just leaving.

Announcer
So they dropped in the slip of paper that
said Ocean Grove, but just then the motor
stalled. Out came another question. It
read, "Name three others who were
lost on the high seas."

Grandpa W
Oh, that's a good one.
The Apostle Paul is one.

Squawk
I wonder if you could count Jonah. He was
sort of lost down under the high seas.

Cannonball
Maybe Noah. He didn't know where
he was going.

Grandpa W
That's good, Rebekah.
Let's try it.

All
Paul, Jonah, Noah. Wooooow!

Announcer
When the boat stopped, there was water all
around them, and no Ocean Grove. Where
were they? Tune in next time to find out.
Till then, all you kids have a great week,
and don't forget your friends who are...

All
Lost On The High Seas!

EPISODE #33

Announcer
All around them the deep blue of the sea
stretched to the far horizon.
Our five friends...
Grandpa Wilhelm... Squawk... Steve...
Little Wonder...
and Rebekah...

...looked out across the water.

Grandpa W
That's funny. We dropped those pieces of
paper in the motor, and we went all
around the world. But when we dropped in
the paper that said "Ocean Grove,"
we wound up here.

Cannonball
Do you think we should try again?

Squawk
Yeah, let's give it another try.

Announcer
So that's exactly what they did.
But the boat didn't move at all.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Steve

I can't figure this out. Let's review how we got here.

Cannonball

That's a good idea. Where do we start?

Grandpa W

Well, it was Uncle Colin who discovered the other slot on the motor... the one marked "Destinations."

Steve

So we decided that was our way back home.

Little Wonder

Yes, but Squawk wanted to see the world first.

Squawk

Right. So I suggested we each drop in a secret destination.

Grandpa W

My piece of paper took us to France.

Squawk

I sent us to Italy.

Steve

I chose the island breezes of Jamaica.

Little Wonder

I took us to Australia.

Cannonball

And I chose Ireland.

Grandpa W

And that's where we went... to all those places.

Squawk

But now, when we put in "Ocean Grove," all we get is...

All

OCEAN!

Cannonball

Ocean everywhere, and no Grove.

Squawk

To borrow a popular expression, looks like we're lost on the high seas.

Grandpa W

Little Wonder, you're good at ideas. What do you think?

Little Wonder

Well, maybe we can test the motor by trying one of our other locations... France, for instance.

All

Good idea. France, here we come. Woooooow!

Frenchman

Bon Jour. Welcome to France. Are you back to try our French Toast?

Grandpa W

Now back to Ocean Grove. Ready, go!

All

Woooooow!

Squawk

Eh... lost on the high seas.

Steve

I don't get it. France works. But Ocean Grove only gives us the ocean.

Cannonball

Let's try another one. How about Australia once more!

All

Woooooowooooow.

Australian

Ah, back again, I see. Did you want to try a few nights on the outback? Or was it Ocean Grove in Australia you wanted to see?

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

Grandpa W

What did you say?

Australian

I said... are you here for the outback, or did you want to see our version of Ocean Grove? You know, the same people who founded Ocean Grove in New Jersey also founded an Ocean Grove here in Australia.

Little Wonder

Oh, I get it now. When we drop Ocean Grove in the slot, the boat doesn't know which one to take us to, so we wind up in between.

Cannonball

In the middle of the Ocean.

Steve

So that's why we keep going back to that spot. It makes sense now.

Grandpa W

Thank you very much, my friend. You've answered a big question.

Australian

No problem, now if I could just find where my kangaroo went to. G'day, me mates.

Grandpa W

Okay... let's try this piece of paper. It says, "Ocean Grove, New Jersey."

Little Wonder

Oh, I just know this is going to work. Ocean Grove, here we come. Oh, Cannonball... I mean.. Rebekah... you'll stay with us, in Ocean Grove, won't you?

Cannonball

Well, I'd like to, but I have a problem. How am I going to get this boat back to the poor missionary I stole it from?

Grandpa W

Cannonball... I mean... Rebekah... you really have changed!

Cannonball

Yes, my heart's different. It feels like it's brand new.

Little Wonder

That's because it is. It reminds me of that verse. Tell us, Grandpa.

Grandpa W

If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

Cannonball

I like that verse. I'll have to look it up when we get back. But I still don't know how to get the boat back to the missionary.

Squawk

Eh, I think I know. Listen. You know where you stole it from, right? Write a short apology, and leave it on board... then write the destination too. When we get to Ocean Grove, you four step off the boat. I'll drop in the destination, and I'll fly up in the air before the boat disappears.

Grandpa W

Oh, I get it. Good idea, Squawk. The boat will go back where it belongs, and we'll be back where we belong.

Little Wonder

With ice cream for everyone.

Australian

Are you guys still here?

Grandpa W

We'll be gone in a minute. Okay... here goes.

All

Wooooooooooooow!

Announcer

And suddenly, there it was! The fishing pier, the beach, the lifeguard chairs, and the Ocean Vista in the distance.

Scripts - The Adventurers - Lost On The High Seas

(Yeah! Yeah!)
(Hot Diggety Pickens!)
(Stoke the fire boys...)
(Ropes and silver spoons!)
(I'll have a hot fudge sundae!)

They all stepped off the boat, except for Squawk, who held the final destination in his beak. He dropped it in the slot, quickly flew up in the air... and just like that the boat disappeared.

The five friends walked into Ocean Grove, and you know where they went first? To Beth's house to see the little baby, and to tell the whole story.

So the adventure came to an end, but for a pirate whose name was once Cannonball Red, I suppose you could say the adventure was just beginning.

That's all for now.
Hope you had a great summer, and don't forget your friends who are no longer...

All Lost On The High Seas!

(Postscript)
You'll probably want to know what happened to the treasure map. Well, in all the excitement arriving back in Ocean Grove, the Adventurers forgot all about the map, and when Squawk dropped in the final destination, the boat disappeared. So wherever the boat is now, I suppose that's where the map is too.

But Cannonball really wasn't interested in that kind of treasure any more. Like "Me" said on the Invisible Island, "Cannonball, your treasure still remains, but it isn't the kind you thought it would be. It's an invisible treasure." And so it was.

Your friends are enjoying life back in Ocean Grove. Of course, they'll probably discover another adventure someday.

If ever they do, you can be sure KIDSTIME will bring it to you.

Till then, all you kids have a great time, and enjoy the bright adventures that are yours!

~~~~~  
The Kidstime Adventure,  
"Lost On The High Seas,"  
had a theme song which opened  
many of the episodes. Here it is.

### **KIDSTIME!** (Theme for "Lost On the High Seas")

There's a boat on the sea  
and it's going somewhere  
Though sometimes it seems  
like it's going nowhere  
And no one on board has  
any idea where they are...  
They only know they were

Walking on the beach  
when a pirate met them  
Lured them on board  
with a Bible question  
Just when they answered it  
that's when the boat sailed away...

Now they're lost on the  
high, high seas  
Grandpa and Squawk and  
Steve and Little Wonder  
Turn up the radio, please  
Give us your attention  
Did we fail to mention

The pirate's name...  
I said the pirate's name...  
I said the pirate's name is  
Cannonball Red...  
Cannonball Red...  
Cannonball Red...  
brought to you by KIDSTIME!

Theme and Episodes of Lost On The High Seas  
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## Scripts - The Adventurers - We Are Not Afraid

### EPISODE #34

Explanation - In October, 2001, we traveled to a church in Allentown, PA. There we met a lot of kids, ate spaghetti, led worship, and presented this episode about not being afraid.

#### Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we welcome you to that radio show your friends have been talking about. It's Sunday night - and coast to coast... It's...

#### All KIDSTIME!

#### Announcer

If you have never heard of KIDSTIME before, maybe we should introduce the characters. First, there's Grandpa Wilhelm... Next comes Squawk, the dodo bird with x-ray vision... Steve, the Chauffeur... Little Wonder, the tiny girl from Sunshine Mountain... and last but not least, Rebekah Daisy Milton. (She was once a pirate, but that's another story.)

They live in a little town, on the coast, named Ocean Grove. And every year in Ocean Grove all the kids dress up in costumes and go trick-or-treating on Main Street, because that's where the stores are, and all the store owners give away gifts and candy. The five friends are getting ready now.

---

#### Rebekah

Oh, Little Wonder, this will be so much fun! Have you ever been trick-or-treating before?

#### Little Wonder

No, this is my first time.

#### Rebekah

Oh, we're gonna dress you up so pretty. And everyone who sees you will say, "Who's that fine little girl?"

#### Steve

Fine little girl is right. You'll look wonderful... not like all those monsters and goblins.

#### Grandpa W

Yeah, the things kids wear on Halloween these days. When I was a kid, we dressed up in old, oversized clothes, put on a straw hat and pretended to be tramps.

#### Steve

That's right. Some of the masks I've seen in the stores are a little more graphic than that now.

#### Little Wonder

Ooooh, that sounds kind of scary. Rebekah, are the other kids going to look scary?

#### Rebekah

Oh, yes, some of them will. But I want to tell you something, Princess. No matter what we bump into out there... We Are Not Afraid.

#### Squawk

Heh, heh. That's right, we're not. We're not afraid of anything... are we, Grandpa?

#### Grandpa W

Nope. We're not. We can take whatever they send us, and know in our hearts that we are STRONG...

#### Squawk

and COURAGEOUS...

#### Grandpa W

and BRAVE...

#### Steve

and UNFLAPPABLE.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - We Are Not Afraid

### **Squawk**

Eh? Speak for yourself, Steve.  
As a bird, I'd rather not be unflappable.

### **Rebekah**

(laughs) Oh, Squawk. It just means  
nothing can shake you.

### **Squawk**

Well, that's me, all right. I remember once  
when I was lost, and danger was all  
around... but was I scared?  
No way!

### **Grandpa W**

That's right, Squawk.  
We Are Not Afraid. Never.

### **Little Wonder**

Rebekah, were you ever afraid?  
Back in the days when  
you were a pirate?

### **Rebekah**

Oh... I have to be honest, Little Wonder.  
There were times... when the storms were  
big and the wind was howling... or other  
pirate ships came and we fired the  
cannons... yes, sometimes I was  
a little frightened.

### **Squawk**

Eh, not me. We are not afraid.  
Right, Grandpa?

### **Grandpa W**

You said it, Squawk.  
Nothing can shake us.  
We're UNFLAPPABLE.

### **Squawk**

Eh, speak for yourself, Grandpa.

### **Little Wonder**

Rebekah, getting back to the monsters and  
goblins - I don't know if I like that.

### **Rebekah**

Oh, don't worry, Little One.  
Just remember what Squawk said about  
being brave and courageous and strong.

### **Squawk**

Yeah, I remember one time when I was lost  
in the Black Forest... flying at night  
through the trees... blindfolded...

### **Steve**

I bet you were scared then.

### **Squawk**

I didn't have time to be scared...  
weaving back and forth at high speed.  
No, I wasn't scared.

### **Grandpa W**

Well, Hot Diggety Pickens.  
What happened?

### **Squawk**

At 80 miles an hour, I hit a tree.  
Shortened my beak by 30 percent.  
I lay there on the forest floor,  
and you know what I was?

### **All**

UNCONSCIOUS?

### **Squawk**

Nope. For once in my life I was  
UNFLAPPABLE.

### **Rebekah**

Little Wonder, I have an idea for you. If  
anything makes you afraid, think of these  
verses. Like... "Let not your heart be  
troubled."

### **Grandpa W**

Or "Be strong and of a good courage."

### **Steve**

Or "If God be for us, who can be  
against us?"

(Grandpa puts on a wig.)



## Scripts - The Adventurers - We Are Not Afraid

### **Squawk**

Yeah. It's fun when you're not afraid of anything. Ahhhhhhhh!

### **Grandpa W**

Squawk, what's the matter?

### **Squawk**

Who is that?

### **Grandpa W**

It's me... Grandpa.  
I put on a costume, that's all.

### **Squawk**

You did? Grandpa, don't you ever do that again! You scared me half to death.

(Rebekah puts on a mask.)

### **Rebekah**

I thought you were never afraid, Squawk.

### **Squawk**

Well, that doesn't count. I was just turning around, and suddenly there he was. Ahhhhhhhh! You guys gotta stop doing this to me. How am I ever going to stay unflappable if every time I turn around you look this scary?

### **Grandpa W**

Well, you could quote one of the verses.

### **Little Wonder**

"Let not your heart be troubled."

### **Steve**

"Be strong and of a good courage."

### **Rebekah**

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

### **Squawk**

Hey, are there any verses with the word "unflappable" in them?

### **All**

I Don't Think So!

### **Rebekah**

Time to go, guys.

### **Announcer**

So the five friends went down Main Street together, and got quite a lot of candy. They saw a few monsters and goblins, but Little Wonder didn't mind; she knew she had nothing to fear. As for Squawk, some of the costumes made him nearly jump out of his skin, but he survived. Perhaps he's still learning how to be brave and strong and courageous.

Guess that's it till next time.

All you kids have a great week, and if you ever turn around and see something scary staring you right in the eyes, remember the verses, and also remember that...

### **All**

We Are Not Afraid!

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

The Kidstime Adventure,  
**"The Sandy Pants Cafe,"**  
had a theme song which opened many  
of the episodes. The lyrics are...

### **KIDSTIME!**

(Theme for "The Sandy Pants Cafe")

Summer's back  
And what that means you know  
Turn the dial  
To listen to the latest show  
Flip it on - it's KIDSTIME Radio

Little town  
Nothin' much there, you know  
Sit around - Watchin' the breezes blow  
That's the way life was in Ocean Grove

But then the storm came in  
It was a knockin' rockin' big storm  
The kind that blows you off track  
Knocks you on your back  
Makes you wish for a better day

All this and more  
You'll find is in store  
Come along, what do you say?  
KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe - oh, yea  
KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **EPISODE #35**

Explanation - For episodes 35 to 46, we  
have some special symbols..

The symbol '\*' means... snap with both  
hands, clap once, then cross forearms and  
snap again.

The symbol '\*%' means...  
snap with both hands, clap once, then  
point both thumbs down.

The symbol '\*^' means...  
snap with both hands, clap once, then  
point both thumbs up.

### **Announcer**

Once upon a time, there was a seashore  
town nobody ever heard of... except for the  
25,000 people who came there every  
summer. It had a name that sounded  
something like Commotion Cove.

### **Studio Voice**

Do you mean Ocean Grove?

### **Announcer**

I suppose I do, though there was one  
summer, many years ago, when you  
probably could have changed the name  
to Commotion Cove, because that's almost  
what happened.

### **Studio Voice**

What did happen?

### **Announcer**

That's what I'm about to tell you.  
But first - this suggestion.

### **Studio Voice**

What suggestion?

### **Announcer**

Ladies and Gentlemen, don't touch that  
radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!

---

### **Steve**

I suppose we should start at the beginning.  
It was early summer... you know, those  
days when you wake up, and suddenly you  
realize you don't have to go to school... and  
the sun is warm but the air is still cool...  
That's how it was for Cindy Mindy... yes,  
unusual name, but we got used to it...  
actually, we shortened it to Cinnamon.  
She's the waitress at The Sandy  
Pants Cafe.

### **Cinnamon**

Oh, what a gorgeous day this is.  
I feel like I'm on top of the world. Hi,  
Steve. Hi, Little Wonder.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Little Wonder**

Is your name really Cindy Mindy?

### **Cinnamon**

Yes, but just call me Cinnamon.

### **Little Wonder**

Okay, and you can call me LW.

### **Cinnamon**

LW? No, you're Little Wonder. I like your name. You should keep it just the way it is.

### **Little Wonder**

Okay... if you think so.

### **Cinnamon**

Hey, Boss. I'm here.

### **Steve**

Oh, the Boss. I haven't told you about him. His name is Antonio Spagonio Linguonio. We call him Spaghetti. He stays in the back mostly... to do the cooking... but he has this bird that thinks the back of this counter (where all the condiments are stored) is his own private "condimentominium"... We call the bird "Meatball."

### **Meatball**

Hey, that's not my name.

### **Little Wonder**

We know that's not your name, but if you hang around long enough with someone named Spaghetti, pretty soon people will call you Meatball.

### **Cinnamon**

You tell him, Little Wonder.

### **Meatball**

Well, I think it's a disgraceful name, especially for a creature of such noble class and high distinction as me. Why, I was the first bird to make a non-stop flight from New York to Paris.

### **Cinnamon**

That's because you got your beak stuck in the wing of Charles Lindbergh's plane.

### **Meatball**

If that's all the respect I get, I'm going back down in my condimentominium.

### **Little Wonder**

Look, here comes Grandpa.

### **Cinnamon**

Good morning, Grandpa. How are you on this fine day?

### **Grandpa**

Oh, not as chipper as I'd like to be. I feel a storm coming on.

### **Cinnamon**

Storm? There's not a cloud in the sky.

### **Grandpa**

Not that kind of storm. A different kind... the kind that engulfs you... catches you by surprise... comes from an angle you least expect. I tell you, I can feel it in my bones.

### **Little Wonder**

Oh, Grandpa. That sounds bad. And this is such a nice day, too.

### **Grandpa**

I know it sounds bad... and you know why? Because it is bad. I can feel it in my bones. This hip of mine has never failed to predict a storm. Mark my words.

### **Steve**

Oh, look who's here. It's Lilyann Breadstick, and her daughter, Cream Puff.

### **Cinnamon**

Oh, Cream Puff!!! Hi, Lilyann. Now that you and Cream Puff are here, I'd say this is definitely a perfect morning.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Lilyann

Hi, Cinnamon. How is everyone at the Cafe?

### Steve

I feel terrific.

### Little Wonder

And I feel wonderful.

### Cinnamon

Me? Schooldays are over, and I'm looking at a great summer.

### Lilyann

How about you, Grandpa?

### Grandpa

Oh, I'm fine as a fish getting flipped on the griddle. I tell you, Lilyann, there's a bit o' wild weather coming, or my hip isn't nicknamed "Barometer."

### Lilyann

A bit o' wild weather? Grandpa, you must be joking. There's not a cloud in the sky.

### Cinnamon

That's what I said.

### Grandpa

I'm not talking about the clouds you see with your eyes. I'm talking about the clouds you feel in your heart.

### Steve

I thought you said you felt it in your hip.

### Grandpa

Listen, Sonny. I've been around Auditorium Square a few more times than you... and I tell you, I have one of the "hippest" hearts around.

### Lilyann

That's right, Grandpa. The heart bone's connected to the hip bone.

### Grandpa

You tell 'em, Lilyann. But I'm warning you all... storms are on the horizon.

### Announcer

Now... freeze the action for a moment. I want you to take a look at this scene, take a good look, memorize these names, look in their faces... because Grandpa was right.

Something was coming that would turn Ocean Grove into Commotion Cove. And Grandpa felt it, because his heart bone was connected to his hip bone. Now, back to the action.

### Lilyann

Well, I hope you're wrong, but if there is a storm coming, how would you get ready for it?

(Meatball appears)

### Grandpa

Pray, my friends. We should all go about our business, but deep inside... the word is "pray."

### Little Wonder

That reminds me of a verse... Pray without ceasing. All right, then, who's in? Lilyann? Will you pray along with Grandpa and me?

### Lilyann

I sure will.

### Little Wonder

And you, Cinnamon?

### Cinnamon

Definitely... count me in! Steve?

### Steve

I think I'll have the pancake special.

### Meatball

Eh, there's one in every crowd.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Lilyann

Steve, we weren't talking about food.  
Will you pray without ceasing?

### Steve

Uh... Sure, why not?

### Meatball

Now I've heard everything.

(Meatball disappears)

### Little Wonder

Then we're in, Grandpa.  
"Cream Puff and the Prayer Warriors."

### Grandpa

That's good, you guys, 'cause with my hip  
feeling the way it does, I think  
we're going to need it.

### Announcer

And so the summer started, but not the  
way anyone anticipated. There were no  
clouds in the sky, but Grandpa knew  
better, because his hip bone was connected  
to his heart bone. Okay, kids, that's all for  
today. Tune in next week, when  
you'll hear us say...

### All

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### EPISODE #36

### Announcer

Once upon a time, there was a small town  
no one ever heard of. If it weren't for the  
25,000 people who came there every  
summer, it might not have been on the  
map. The town's name sounded like  
Commotion Cove.

### Studio Voice

Do you mean Ocean Grove?

### Announcer

Yes, actually, I do. But there was a time  
when it could have been called  
Commotion Cove.

### Studio Voice

And that's why you're telling me  
this story, right?

### Announcer

Yes, you and a lot of others.

### Studio Voice

What others?

### Announcer

All those who are waiting for us to say,  
"Don't touch that radio dial... 'cause it's  
KIDSTIME!"  
(music theme)

---

### Steve

If you were here last week, then you  
remember how Grandpa said there was a  
storm coming - he felt it in his bones. Well,  
I'm here to tell you that seven glorious  
summer days went by, and we've forgotten  
all about storms. Even Grandpa stopped  
talking about it. Where is he now? Out  
back in the herb garden with Spaghetti  
(the guy who owns this cafe), Cinnamon  
(the waitress), and Lilyann Breadstick and  
her daughter, Cream Puff. Meatball, the  
bird, is asleep behind the counter in his  
condimentominium. Little Wonder and I  
were saying how beautiful the day was  
when in walked...

### Little Wonder

Hey, Steve, who's that?

### Steve

I have no idea.

### Jalapeno

Hey, Charlie, good to see you!

**Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe**

**Tabasco**

Hey, Charlie, how's it going?

**Steve**

Who are you calling Charlie?

**Jalapeno**

Oh, come on. Every place like this has someone named Charlie in it.

**Tabasco**

Since you're the only one here, you must be him. (laughs)

**Jalapeno**

Pleased to meet you. My name's Jalapeno Pepper.

**Tabasco**

And I'm Tabasco Sauce.

**Jalapeno & Tabasco**

And we're... '\*... Hot Stuff!!!

**Meatball**

Hey, what's going on here?

**Jalapeno**

Well, knock me over with a fry pan and a spatula. You guys got a communicatin' bird?

**Tabasco**

Yo, "Beak-boy," how's life behind the counter? Are you the one who does all the feather-dusting? (laughs)

**Meatball**

My name... is Meatball.

**Jalapeno**

Meatball?

**Tabasco**

Know what we do with meatballs? We pound them! (pounds him three times)

**Meatball**

Why did I bother waking up this morning?

**Jalapeno**

Move over, Sweetie Cakes. I gotta talk to the boss here.

**Little Wonder**

He just called me Sweetie Cakes.

**Steve**

Yes, I know.

**Jalapeno**

Now listen here, Charlie.

**Steve**

I still don't understand who you're calling Charlie.

**Tabasco**

Don't understand, huh? I get it now. He's the dummy. (laughs)

**Jalapeno** (speaking to Steve)

Look, here's the deal. You got a town here, right? (Tabasco - Right.) And nobody knows about it, right? (Tabasco - Right.) That's why we're here.

**Tabasco**

Yeah, when we get done, Ocean Cove will be "On The Map."

**Little Wonder**

It's Ocean Grove.

**Jalapeno**

Grove, Schmove. We need a place for our headquarters, and The Sandy Plants Cafe is just fine.

**Meatball**

That's Sandy Pants.

**Tabasco**

Pants, Schmants. We'll be back with signs and posters.

**Jalapeno**

'Cause I, Jalapeno Pepper, am running for Mayor.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Tabasco**

And I, Tabasco Sauce, am helping him in his grand quest for Mayor.

### **Jalapeno & Tabasco**

And we're... '\*...' Hot Stuff!!!

### **Announcer**

Without even saying goodbye, they walked out, leaving Meatball, Steve, and Little Wonder a bit shocked. A few minutes later, the others came in.

### **Cinnamon**

Oh, how lucky we are! We have a nice, little Cafe in a town that never changes. Spaghetti is a great boss, and we have the best friends anyone could ask for. Hey, what's wrong with Meatball and Steve and Little Wonder?

### **Lilyann**

Steve? What is it?

### **Grandpa**

Meatball, what's up with you?

**Steve** (in a daze)

Oh, hi. You're here.

### **Grandpa**

Yeah. Where were you?

### **Steve**

Ask Little Wonder to explain.

### **Little Wonder**

It was really weird. Two guys come walking in. First they pounded Meatball. They called Steve "Charlie" and me "Sweetie Cakes." Then they said they were going to put Ocean Grove "Schmove" on the map. One of them's running for Mayor.

### **Cinnamon**

Running for Mayor?

### **Meatball**

Yeah. One's named Tabasco Sauce, and the other is Jalapeno Pepper.

### **Grandpa**

Well, Hot Diggety Pickens!

### **Lilyann**

Grandpa? You know them?

### **Grandpa**

Tell me, did they do this? '\*'

### **Little Wonder**

Yes! That's exactly what they did.

### **Grandpa**

Here we go again. And after all these years. They're back... the Hot Stuff Gang! My hip was right. We're in for a very HOT summer.

### **Cinnamon**

What are we going to do, Grandpa? Is this why you told us to pray?

### **Grandpa**

Yes, my friends. I didn't know what it would be, but this is it.

### **Little Wonder**

Grandpa, we can pray right now.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, Little Wonder. We can.

### **Announcer**

So Grandpa prayed while the rest gathered around.

### **Studio Voice**

Right there in the Sandy Pants Cafe?

### **Announcer**

You got it. Right there at the counter they asked for wisdom and help. You see, you can pray anywhere.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Studio Voice

Even in a condimentominium?

### Announcer

Yes, even there. When they finished praying, Grandpa spoke.

### Grandpa

Meatball, Steve, Little Wonder, Lilyann, Cinnamon, Cream Puff. Listen. Sometimes you have to pray, and sometimes you have to act.

### Cinnamon

What action do we take, Grandpa?

### Grandpa

I need you to help me.

### Lilyann

Grandpa? What are you going to do?

### Grandpa

I'm Running For Mayor!

### Announcer

And if you had walked by the Cafe, you would have seen surprised expressions on their faces. Deep in their hearts, they knew this was going to be a HOT, HOT summer. That's all for today, kids. Until next time, remember...

### All

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### EPISODE #37

### Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, two weeks have passed in the little town nobody ever heard of.

### Studio Voice

I've heard of it.

### Announcer

That's because you live here.

### Studio Voice

That's right, I do. But there are others who've heard of it.

### Announcer

What others?

### Studio Voice

The 25,000 people who visit here every summer.

### Announcer

And how do you know them?

### Studio Voice

Because half of them stayed at the Ocean Vista!

### Announcer

Well, to all those who stayed at the Ocean Vista, and to the other half who didn't...  
"Don't touch that radio dial...  
'cause it's KIDSTIME!"  
(music theme)

---

### Steve

Last week, two men (who thought they were Hot Stuff) walked into this cafe. One was named Tabasco Sauce. The other? Jalapeno Pepper! "Jal" said he was running for Mayor. Grandpa, who felt comfortable praying anywhere, prayed right here at this counter... and then surprised us all by saying he too was running for Mayor. So began the hot, hot summer that turned Ocean Grove into Commotion Cove.

### Cinnamon

Hi, Steve. Hi, Little Wonder.  
Where's Meatball?

### Steve

He's down in his condimentominium looking for some poster board.



## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Cinnamon**

He keeps poster board down there?

### **Little Wonder**

He keeps everything down there!

### **Meatball**

Ah ha! I knew I had some.

### **Cinnamon**

Meatball, where did you find this?

### **Meatball**

In my stash! Everyone should have a stash.  
That's what I say.

### **Cinnamon**

What's the poster board for?

### **Little Wonder**

So we can make signs saying,  
"Grandpa for Mayor!"

### **Meatball**

We want to turn the Cafe into  
Grandpa's campaign headquarters.

### **Cinnamon**

Oh. Did you ask the boss yet?

### **Steve**

No, we just got the idea  
a minute ago.

### **Cinnamon**

Well, I'll ask him. Hey, Spaghetti, is it okay  
if we turn the Cafe into Grandpa's  
campaign headquarters?

### **Spaghetti**

Hey, you a-playing your a-games again?  
Last a-month it was the a-Stokes a-Fire  
Department. The month a-before that it  
was the a-Camp a-Meeting Association.  
Oh, go ahead. I'm a-probably the only Cafe  
owner in da world who has no control  
over his own restaurante.

### **Cinnamon**

Thank you, Spaghetti. This will only be  
for the rest of the summer.

### **Spaghetti**

What? The a-rest of the a-summer? This is  
when I say to myself, "Antonio, Antonio!  
What were you a-thinking when you  
opened this a-place? They change a-my  
name to Spaghetti. They make a-the Cafe  
their headquarters. I think I'll go  
and a-make a-me a calzone!

### **Little Wonder**

Are you sure we should do this?

### **Cinnamon**

Oh, it's all right. That's his way  
of saying "Yes."

### **Spaghetti**

It's a-times like this I think  
I should have a-been a plumber.

### **Steve**

Hey, look. Here comes Lilyann Breadstick  
and Cream Puff.

### **Cinnamon**

Lilyann. Cream Puff. You're here.  
And just in time to help us make posters  
for Grandpa.

### **Lilyann**

Oh, you're making posters? What a great  
idea. But where are the markers?

### **Meatball**

Markers? Wait! I'll be right back.

### **Cinnamon**

He keeps everything down in his stash.

### **Lilyann**

I didn't know Meatball had a stash in his  
condimentominium.

### **Little Wonder**

Meatball is an amazing bird.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

**Steve**

I think Grandpa's an amazing bird.

**Cinnamon**

Yeah. Suddenly deciding to run for Mayor like that?

**Little Wonder**

Lilyann, why do you think Grandpa decided to run for Mayor right after we finished praying?

**Lilyann**

I think it's because he feels there is a challenge he needs to face.

**Little Wonder**

And praying helped him figure that out?

**Lilyann**

Yes, I think so. There's something about being quiet and still before God that helps you understand things... helps you know what direction you need to take next.

**Steve**

I think you're right. He really did sound confident when he told us he was running.

**Meatball**

I knew I had markers. Took me a while to find them though. They were behind my jacuzzi.

**Cinnamon**

Hey, who's that coming in?

**Little Wonder**

Uh, oh. That's Jalapeno Pepper, and he doesn't look too happy.

**Jalapeno**

All right, Charlie, listen up. I need some information from you, and I want it straight, okay? Where is this "Grandpa" dude?

**Lilyann**

Do you mean Grandpa who's running for Mayor?

**Jalapeno**

That's exactly what I mean! I don't take too kindly to competition. I'm Jalapeno Pepper!

**Meatball**

Well, Jal, maybe Grandpa's not here right now.

**Jalapeno**

Listen, Meatball. I'm running for Mayor... and I'm '\* Hot Stuff. And Grandpa is '\*% Not Stuff!

**Cinnamon**

Well, we think Grandpa is pretty hot. He's "Hot Diggety Pickens!"

**Little Wonder**

Yeah, Mr. Jalapeno. Maybe you're the one who's not so hot.

**Jalapeno**

Hey, Sweetie Cakes. I don't have to take no abuse. Where is this "Hot Diggety Pickens" Grandpa?

**Lilyann**

We told you. He isn't here.

**Jalapeno**

I know he's not here. Where is he?

**Meatball**

Well... uh, in a manner of speaking...

**Jalapeno**

Come on! Get it out, Beak-Boy.

**Meatball**

He's on... his honeymoon.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Jalapeno**

WHAT??? Do you mean to tell me that "Hot Diggety Pickens" himself announced his candidacy for Mayor and then left on his HONEYMOON?

### **Cinnamon**

Yeah, he told us he was running for Mayor at about 9:30 in the morning.

### **Lilyann**

At five o'clock that evening, he TIED THE KNOT.

### **Jalapeno**

I don't believe you. Who would want to marry Grandpa?

### **Little Wonder**

Someone who thinks he's Hot Stuff.

### **Jalapeno**

Oh, cut me a break. I'm out-a-here. Tell Grandpa not to dance with me.

### **Steve**

Don't worry, he's already dancing with someone else.

### **Announcer**

And if you had walked by the Cafe, you would have seen Jalapeno walking out very angry. But everyone else was laughing as he left. Guess that's all for today, kids. Until next time, remember...

### **All**

KIDSTIME invites you to The Sandy Pants Cafe!

## **EPISODE #38**

### **Announcer**

Ladies and gentlemen, today KIDSTIME is broadcasting live from The Sandy Pants Cafe. I'm your friendly announcer. If you were wondering what I look like... now you know.

### **Studio Voice**

And I'm Bailey. Hi!

### **Announcer**

And we're here today to find out what's happening in the race for Mayor. Steve, what's going on?

### **Steve**

Well, Grandpa came back from his honeymoon, but then he turned around and took his new bride to a Christian Music Festival. So they're not here this week either.

### **Studio Voice**

Did Grandpa leave any instructions?

### **Lilyann**

Not really. But he did say we could work on his campaign. So that's what we're doing.

### **Announcer**

I understand The Sandy Pants Cafe is now campaign headquarters.

### **Steve**

Yes, much to Jalapeno Pepper's dismay. He and Tabasco Sauce wanted this Cafe to be their headquarters too.

### **Lilyann**

I guess you could say we beat them to it.

### **Announcer**

And I guess you could also say, "Don't touch that radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!"  
(music theme)

---

### **Lilyann**

Well, it seems to me the first question is, "How do we get the word out?" Because not everybody knows that Grandpa is running.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Studio Voice

That's a good question.

### Meatball

Hey... who are you?

### Announcer

I'm the friendly announcer.

### Meatball

Well, what are you doing up here?

### Announcer

What do you think? I'm being friendly, and I'm announcing.

### Lilyann

Actually, Meatball, KIDSTIME is broadcasting live from The Sandy Pants Cafe, and we were just wondering how to get the word out about Grandpa running for Mayor.

### Meatball

Oh. Well, if I come up with any good ideas, I'll let you know. Right now, I have work to do in my condimentominium.

### Little Wonder

I was thinking, how did they get the word out in Bible days, you know? Maybe there's a clue there.

### Studio Voice

That's a good idea, Little Wonder.

### Steve

Hmm. What kind of clue?

### Little Wonder

Well, you know... like when Jesus sent out his disciples two by two.

### Announcer

I get it. Bailey and me!  
That's a team.

### Studio Voice

'\*^ You can say that again.

### Lilyann

And Cream Puff and me!  
We're gonna rock!

### Little Wonder

And I'm ready! Steve, will you come with me?

### Steve

Well... I suppose I better.

### Lilyann

Good! Then we have three teams of two, and we can start today.

### Little Wonder

But where do we start?

### Announcer

Remember in Proverbs... how wisdom, wanting to get the message out, called in the busiest places?

### Steve

You mean we can say "Grandpa For Mayor" in the ice cream line at Days!

### Lilyann

Shout it in the saturday concerts!

### Announcer

Proclaim it from the lobby of the Ocean Vista!

### Studio Voice

Spray paint it on the Great Auditorium!

### Spaghetti

Hey, I've a-been a-listening to you guys, and I don't know about this a-spray a-painting the side of the a-Great a-Auditorium. You might upset the a-Camp a-Meeting Association a little.

### Steve

It's okay, Spaghetti. Bailey's not really going to do it. But wow, what an idea!

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Announcer**

Oh, I can see it my mind.  
Twenty feet high - red letters.

### **Little Wonder**

Grandpa For Mayor!

### **Lilyann**

And we thought of it right here at  
the counter of The Sandy Pants Cafe.

### **Spaghetti**

Antonio, Antonio, what a-kind of a place  
are you a-running? I really a-should  
have been a plumber.

### **Meatball**

Hey, I heard you. Why not spray paint  
the whole town?

### **Lilyann**

Meatball, the spray paint idea was just  
for fun. It's kind of a joke.

### **Meatball**

No, I'm serious, listen. I don't mean  
with paint. I mean with radio waves.

### **Announcer**

You know, he's right. Why didn't we think  
of it sooner? We're on the air at  
this very moment.

### **Lilyann**

All we need is a jingle or something  
to get the whole town singing!

### **Studio Voice**

How about "Vote For Grandpa - He's So  
Cool!"

### **Steve**

That's it. Knock on the wall of Dave's  
Music Shop and ask him to  
give us an E.

### **Announcer**

Yo, Dave... give us an E!

### **All**

Vote For Grandpa - He's So Cool!  
(Yes, he's cool!)

(repeat and include audience a few times)

### **Lilyann**

Hold it, hold it! Wait a minute!  
Isn't that Jalapeno Pepper?

### **Steve**

He's headed right for Dave's  
Music Shop. Shhh... maybe we  
can hear him.

### **Jalapeno**

Yo. My name is Jalapeno Pepper.

### **Salesperson**

Good morning, Mr. Pepper.  
What can we do for you?

### **Jalapeno**

Did you hear that song? The whole town's  
singing it. Well, I want this town  
singing for me!

### **Salesperson**

Oh... then let the north side of town sing  
for Grandpa, and we'll get the south side  
to say "Jalapeno Pepper, Jalapeno Pepper,  
Jalapeno Pepper, '\* Hot Stuff!"

### **Jalapeno**

I like it. Come on, you guys over here.  
Get with the beat!

### **Salesperson and Jalapeno**

"Jalapeno Pepper, Jalapeno Pepper,  
Jalapeno Pepper, '\* Hot Stuff!"

(repeat and include audience a few times -  
then the others get the "Grandpa" part  
going - both parts are going at once)

(Sound of a whistle and siren!  
Officer arrives.)

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Officer

Hey, hey! What's going on here? You're making so much noise, you're disturbing the service down on the boardwalk.

Who are you?

### Jalapeno

I'm Jalapeno Pepper.

### Officer

Are you a member of the Hot Stuff Gang?

### Jalapeno

'\*' Does that answer your question?

### Officer

Do that again!

### Jalapeno

'\*' (officer puts handcuffs on Jalapeno's crossed wrists)  
Hey! I'm a law abiding criminal - I mean citizen. Vote for me!

### Announcer

So the Officer led Jalapeno away to ask him a few questions. But somehow, I think we'll be seeing him again.

### Studio Voice

That's all for today, kids...

### Announcer

Until next time, remember...

### All

KIDSTIME invites you to The Sandy Pants Cafe!

## EPISODE #39

Explanation - In this episode a new symbol is introduced. '\*'&\$ means... snap with both hands, clap once, cross forearms and snap again, touch finger to tongue... then to forehead and make a sizzling noise like "Psssss."

### Announcer

Days passed, and June rolled over into July, and it was hot... hotter than a stack of burgers on the grill at a backyard barbecue... and the little town of Commotion Cove was already living up to its name.

### Studio Voice

Do you mean Ocean Grove?

### Announcer

Well, yes, that's what some people called it. But if you've been listening these last few weeks, then you know that the arrival in town of Jalapeno Pepper and Tabasco Sauce had signaled the beginning of strange happenings. First Jalapeno said he was running for Mayor. Grandpa prayed about it, and then announced he was running for Mayor.

### Studio Voice

Jalapeno didn't like that, did he?

### Announcer

No, he didn't. But when he came to tell Grandpa a few things, he found Grandpa wasn't in town.

### Studio Voice

Grandpa was on his honeymoon.

### Announcer

Yes, he was. And the next week he was away at a Music Festival. That was the week half the town started singing for Grandpa, and the other half for Jalapeno. They even disturbed the service on the boardwalk.

### Studio Voice

Sounds like Commotion Cove to me!

### Announcer

But what happened next made it ten times HOTTER than before, which is why we suggest you pull up a chair, and... "Don't touch that radio dial..."

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

'cause it's KIDSTIME!"  
(music theme)

---

### **Cinnamon**

Hi Lilyann, Cream Puff, Steve, Little Wonder... you guys are here early. What's up?

### **Lilyann**

Oh, not too much with us. But Meatball's working on something.

### **Cinnamon**

Okay, Meatball. What is it this time?

### **Meatball**

See that tree out there? I put a microphone in the branches. It's broadcasting on my radio.

### **Cinnamon**

Why would you put a microphone out there in the tree?

### **Lilyann**

That's what we wanted to know.

### **Meatball**

Because that's where the bus stop is.

### **Steve**

You want to hear what people are saying when they're waiting for the bus? Why?

### **Meatball**

You never know. You never know.

### **Lilyann**

Well, look who's back. Let's hear it for the amazing Grandpa!

### **Little Wonder**

Grandpa, you wouldn't believe what happened while you were gone.

### **Grandpa**

Oh, yes, I would. I knew this was going to be a hot summer... I could feel it in my bones. Storm on the horizon... A Big Storm. "The kind that blows you off track, knocks you on your back... makes you wish for a ..." (Oh, we already did the theme song, didn't we?)

### **Lilyann**

Yes, we did, but sing it anyway, Grandpa. We like having you back.

### **Meatball**

Did you know Jalapeno came looking for you?

### **Grandpa**

I heard.

### **Cinnamon**

He couldn't believe you were away on your honeymoon.

### **Grandpa**

I couldn't believe I was away on my honeymoon either.

### **Spaghetti**

Hey, is a-that the a-voice of a-Grandpa I hear out a-there. Well, a-welcome a-back, and I hope you a-know you've got half the a-town singing for you.

### **Grandpa**

Half? Why only half?

### **Spaghetti**

Hey, a-count a-you blessings, my friend. The glass is a-half full, you know. Enjoy it. Just because the other half of a-town is a-singing for Jalapeno... why should that bother you, hey?

### **Lilyann**

Besides, Jalapeno was questioned by the officer last week.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Meatball**

That's true, but right now he's coming down the street with a big smile on his face.

### **Cinnamon**

You're right, that's him.  
I wonder what he's up to?

### **Little Wonder**

He's stopping under the tree. Meatball, turn on your radio. Maybe we can hear what he's saying.

### **Jalapeno**

Jalapeno Pepper, my boy... this is your lucky day. The princess herself arrives by bus. I must be pretty '\* ' Hot Stuff.

### **Cinnamon**

What did he say?

### **Lilyann**

He said some princess was coming.

### **Grandpa**

I have a bad feeling about this.

### **Steve**

Here comes the bus. Let's see who gets off.

### **Jalapeno**

Hello, hello... and welcome to Ocean Grove. I'm Jalapeno Pepper, and I'm '\* ' Hot Stuff.

### **Cayenne**

Oh, hot stuff, my foot. You're only '\* ' Hot Stuff Local. I'm Cayenne Pepper, and I'm '\* '& \$ Hot Stuff Internationale!

### **Jalapeno**

Oh... well, uh... yes... We're pleased you could come.

### **Cayenne**

Well, I'm not pleased I had to. You're bumbling this whole campaign.

### **Jalapeno**

Oh, excuse me, "your hotness."  
What did you expect?

### **Cayenne**

Expect? You're here, right here, and you only got half the town on your side. Grandpa gets half the town while he's away on his honeymoon!

### **Jalapeno**

Uh, yeah... uh... I see what you mean.

### **Cayenne**

If you ask me, I'd say Grandpa is '\* "Hot Stuff."

### **Jalapeno**

Uh... I don't know what to say.

### **Cayenne**

That's right, you don't. But you come with me, 'cause I have a few things to say... to you.

### **Cinnamon**

Wow. Did you hear her tell him off?

### **Lilyann**

I'd say Jalapeno's in trouble. That woman's more than he can handle.

### **Grandpa**

You can say that again.

### **Little Wonder**

Grandpa, did the storm just get bigger?

### **Grandpa**

Storm? A red-headed hurricane just blew into town. We prayed when the Hot Stuff Gang first got here. But this is praying of a different kind now.

### **Meatball**

What do you mean?



## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Grandpa**

I mean there's praying, and then there's praying. And this is definitely the second kind.

### **Cinnamon**

What should we do, Grandpa?

### **Grandpa**

Do? We can stop what we're doing, and go over to the church and start praying.

This is serious, I tell you.  
Hot Diggety Pickens serious.

### **Steve**

Okay... Hey, Spaghetti, we're going over to the church to pray.

### **Spaghetti**

You what? Oh, all a-right. Leave a-me here a-with the whole a-place. I really should have a-been a pastor.

### **Announcer**

And if you had been in town, you might have seen seven friends walking over to the church. Because there's praying, and then there's praying. And with the arrival of Cayenne Pepper, the summer was HOTTIER than ever before.

Guess that's all for today, kids. Until next time, remember...

### **All**

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### **EPISODE #40**

### **Announcer**

So there you have it. It took us awhile to set the stage (five episodes actually), but now I think you've met most of the characters. To be sure, one of the more colorful ones is Jalapeno Pepper. He's the leader of Hot Stuff "Local." He has a sidekick named Tabasco Sauce, and together they manage to create a bit of a

disturbance here and there. Jalapeno is running for Mayor.

### **Tabasco**

Hey, Jalapeno. So how's the campaign going?

### **Jalapeno**

Couldn't be better... couldn't be better. I got half the town singing for me. And even the other half likes me. Hey, how could you not like... (tips hat) Jalapeno Pepper?

### **Tabasco**

I gotta hand it to you, Jal. You've got people snapping, clapping, and snapping again. So... what's today's plan?

### **Jalapeno**

Plan? You don't need a plan...

### **Jalapeno & Tabasco**

...when you're '\*' Hot Stuff.

### **Announcer**

That was before Cayenne Pepper arrived.

### **Cayenne**

Did you say no plans? That's why you're only '\*' Hot Stuff Local. I have plans, and that's why I'm '\*'&\$ Hot Stuff Internationale.

### **Tabasco**

Oh, but we don't want to have plans. It's no fun having plans.

### **Jalapeno**

Yeah, why do you need a plan, your hotness?

### **Cayenne**

Because I plan to rule Ocean Grove through you.

### **Jalapeno & Tabasco**

What? Rule Ocean Grove?

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Cayenne**

Yes! When you become Mayor,  
you're going to do exactly as I tell you.  
I've chosen Ocean Grove to be mine,  
and it shall be mine.

### **Announcer**

And so Ocean Grove faced one of its  
most perilous moments ever,  
which is why we say...  
"Don't touch that radio dial...  
'cause it's KIDSTIME!"  
(music theme)

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### **Cinnamon**

This is the Sandy Pants Cafe. I'm  
Cinnamon. My boss is named Spaghetti.  
He's always saying he should have been  
something else.

### **Spaghetti**

I should have a-been a bank robber.

### **Cinnamon**

This Cafe is also Grandpa's campaign  
headquarters. When he heard Hot Stuff  
was in town, and Jalapeno was running for  
Mayor, he decided to run for Mayor too.

### **Spaghetti**

Maybe I should a-run for Mayor.  
It would look a-good on my resume.

### **Cinnamon**

Grandpa has several friends, known  
unofficially as "Cream Puff and the Prayer  
Warriors." I guess you could say Grandpa  
is a prayer warrior. As for the rest of us?  
We're still learning. And Cream Puff is  
a little young to be a prayer warrior.

### **Lilyann**

Hi, Cinnamon. How's life  
in the Cafe this week?

### **Cinnamon**

Pretty good, Lilyann. How are  
you and Cream Puff?

### **Lilyann**

Oh, we're doing just fine.

### **Spaghetti**

I wonder a-what it's a-like to own  
a hardware store?

### **Cinnamon**

Then there's Steve and Little Wonder.  
Most of the things Spaghetti wants to be,  
Steve has already been... (except for the  
bank robber). Little Wonder is the girl  
from Sunshine Mountain who  
always wears size 3T.

### **Steve**

Hi, Cinnamon. How's the Cafe?

### **Cinnamon**

We're doing well, thank you.

### **Spaghetti**

I should have a-been a piano player  
at a boardwalk service.

### **Cinnamon**

If you haven't been here this summer, then  
you should know that Spaghetti has an  
unusual bird who lives behind the counter.  
We call him Meatball, and he calls his little  
home his "condimentominium."

### **Meatball**

I even give tours. And I have several  
original oil paintings by Monet.

### **Cinnamon**

But I suppose the wisest character around  
here is the man we call Grandpa. He's the  
one we listen to, laugh with, and learn  
from. He has the wisdom of the years, or as  
he puts it, "I've been around Auditorium  
Square a few times."

### **Grandpa**

Thank you, Cinnamon. Yes, I've been  
around Auditorium Square... many times.  
I remember Stokes before  
he was a statue.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Spaghetti

I should have a-been a builder of  
big, wooden Auditoriums.

### Cinnamon

So there you have it... on the one hand, The  
Hot Stuff Gang... sometimes brash,  
sometimes ridiculous... ruled by that red-  
headed hurricane, Cayenne Pepper... and  
on the other hand... Grandpa... with his  
little band of faithful friends, helping him  
in his quest for Mayor, and learning  
about prayer in the process.

### Lilyann

Grandpa, you do talk about prayer a lot.  
Why is that?

### Grandpa

Because prayer is where the battles of life  
get decided, that's why.

### Lilyann

But it's kind of a surprising strategy.  
I mean, Jalapeno and Tabasco and  
Cayenne... they're all about action and  
grabbing everything they can.

### Grandpa

Yes, Lilyann, you're right. And it is one  
approach to life. You know, take while the  
taking's good. Reach out for what's yours,  
and then grab what belongs to others, too.

### Steve

Prayer seems so invisible sometimes.  
When we go to the church to pray, or pray  
here at this counter, we don't draw the  
attention of the crowd like Jalapeno does.

### Grandpa

No, we don't draw the attention of the  
crowd, but we get the attention of heaven.

### Little Wonder

Why do you think Cayenne  
has come to town now?

### Grandpa

Oh, she's up to something. She's always up  
to something. Mark my words. When she  
arrives, you can be sure there's  
something she wants, and she'll  
stop at nothing to get it.

### Cinnamon

Then this is really about two different  
approaches. There's the Cayenne approach  
- grab it for yourself now...

### Lilyann

And the Grandpa approach...

### Grandpa

Well, I don't know if I'd call it the Grandpa  
approach. But you're right -there are two  
ways. One way is all wrapped up  
in human effort, while the other  
way brings honor to God.

### Little Wonder

Grandpa, where did you learn  
about this?

### Grandpa

Well, let's just say I wasn't born yesterday.

### Meatball

Yeah, he's been around  
Auditorium Square a few times.

### Grandpa

That's true. I have.

### Meatball

And I've been around my  
condimentominium a few times...  
and I have a little space left. Does anyone  
know where I can find an original  
painting by Van Gogh?

### Spaghetti

I should have a-been an art dealer.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Little Wonder

Hey, instead of a painting by Van Gogh, why don't you put up a map of Ocean Grove, so we can keep track of what section of town is voting for who.

### Cinnamon

That's a good idea, Little Wonder. This Cafe can be headquarters, and Meatball's condimentominium can be the command center. (others agree)

### Meatball

Okay, I'll start working on it right away!

### Announcer

And so, two campaigns began, but like Cinnamon and Lilyann said, with two very different approaches. As for Grandpa and his friends, I'd say they were off to a good start. As for the Hot Stuff Gang, they were already feeling the pinch. Because a pinch of Cayenne Pepper is all it takes to make a BAD summer even worse.

That's all for today kids. Have a great week, and remember...

### All

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### EPISODE #41

### Announcer

Well, my friends, every storm has an eye, or so they say. And you know what the eye of a storm is? It's that place in the middle where everything is calm and peaceful.

### Studio Voice

Is this the eye of the storm?

### Announcer

You got it, my little Ocean Vista partner.  
This is the eye of the storm!

### Studio Voice

What's going to happen?

### Announcer

Not much. This is the episode right in the middle of the story, and for once in all that long, hot, stormy summer, Ocean Grove felt like the quiet, little seaside town that it was. Everybody say, "Ahhh." (Ahhh)  
And don't touch that radio dial...  
'cause it's KIDSTIME!  
(music theme)

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### Meatball

What a nice day this is! When I woke up, I said to myself, "Meatball." And then I responded, "What?" And then I asked myself, "Do you know what this is?" And I didn't know, so I answered myself, "No. What is it?" And then I told myself, "This is a great day!"

### Lilyann

Meatball, isn't it a bit odd holding a conversation with yourself?

### Meatball

Not really. What's odd is holding a conference with me, myself, and I.

### Grandpa

I remember once I was talking to myself, and I got into an argument. The worst part was - I was losing. Finally I just had to leave the room.

### Cinnamon

I remember once - I said something to myself that I hadn't anticipated. I was so surprised... I was speechless.

### Lilyann

I don't have to talk to myself any more. I just look at myself, and we both know what the other is thinking.

### Little Wonder

Steve, do you ever talk to yourself?

**Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe**

**Steve**  
No.

**Grandpa**  
I can see this conversation is going  
nowhere. I'm going for a walk.

**Steve**  
That's a good idea, Grandpa. As for  
myself and I, we're coming.

**Little Wonder**  
Take me. Take me.

**Steve**  
You want me to take  
me, myself, and I?

**Little Wonder**  
No. I want you to take me.

**Spaghetti**  
Hey, a-guys, how can I a-work back a-here  
with all of yous a-talking to yourselves.  
"Antonio, Antonio," I say to a-myself. Oh,  
there I go... a-talking to myself just like  
a-you. Sometimes I wonder if I'm  
a-really in charge of this a-place...  
or is it me?

**Announcer**  
So Grandpa, Little Wonder, Steve, and  
Meatball left the Cafe, and... they took  
themselves with them. But if they had  
known what was going to happen next,  
they might have stayed at the Cafe.

**Lilyann**  
Well, Cinnamon, it's just us now.

**Cinnamon**  
Yes. You, me, and Cream Puff on  
a perfect Ocean Grove day.

**Lilyann**  
You know, I love it when it's like this.  
No troubles...

**Cinnamon**  
No worries...

**Lilyann**  
Just blue sky...

**Cinnamon**  
And SUN!

**Lilyann**  
And FUN!

**Cinnamon**  
And strange visitors... Now who  
do you suppose they are?

**Diane (Cayenne)**  
Harold, what a nice, little,  
dandy cafe.

**Harold (Jalapeno)**  
Yes, Diane... it's fine and dandy.

**Diane (Cayenne)**  
And Harold, when I find a dandy, little cafe  
like this one, I say, "Ahhh." Everybody say,  
"Ahhh." (Ahhh)

**Harold (Jalapeno)**  
Yes, Diane, it sure is fine and dandy.

**Cinnamon**  
Welcome to the Sandy Pants Cafe.

**Diane (Cayenne)**  
Oh (fake laugh), is that what you call it?  
I can't say I've ever heard of it before.  
Have you, Harold?

**Harold (Jalapeno)**  
No, Cayenne.

**Diane (Cayenne)**  
(whispered fiercely) That's Diane.

**Harold (Jalapeno)**  
I mean... no, Diane, I can't say I've ever  
heard of the Sandy Plants Cafe.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

**Lilyann**

Uh, that's the Sandy Pants Cafe.

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Pants, Schmants.

**Cinnamon**

That's funny. Someone else said "Pants, Schmants" a few weeks ago. Only his name was Jalapeno Pepper.

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
(laughs) Jalapeno Pepper? (laughs again)  
Who would want a name like that?  
Not cool... not cool...

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
Tell me, Missee...

**Cinnamon**

My name is Cinnamon.

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
Yes, whatever... tell me... are you the only ones who hang out here?

**Cinnamon**

Well, there's Steve, and Meatball, and Little Wonder and Grandpa...

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
Oh, Grandpa, I believe he's the one I've been hearing so much about. Is he running for something? Like the school board ... or something?

**Lilyann**

Actually, he's running for Mayor.

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
Ahhh. Everybody say, "Ahhh." (Ahhh)  
Harold, isn't it nice?

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Yes.

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
Here we have a dandy, little Cafe...

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Dandy.

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
...in a quaint, little town...

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Quaint.

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
...with a nice, old Grandpa...

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Nice.

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
...running for Mayor.

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Everybody say "Ahhh." (Ahhh)

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
And one more thing - does this Grandpa... does he have any strategies? What's his plan?

**Cinnamon**

Grandpa's strategy is prayer!

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Prayer!?! (laughs loud and long)

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
Did you say prayer? (laughs a while)

**Harold** (Jalapeno)  
Diane, I can't hold it in. (laughs again)

**Diane** (Cayenne)  
What a quaint, little town with its quaint, old ways. Imagine praying about running for Mayor.

**Lilyann**

Well, we think it's a good idea. In fact, we're praying with him.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

**Diane** (Cayenne)

Yes, I'm sure you are, and that's all well  
and good...

**Harold** (Jalapeno)

Well and good.

**Diane** (Cayenne)

...but my dears, this is a new century.  
We're into promotion, and media, and  
advertising. It's all image now.

**Harold** (Jalapeno)

And the image of Grandpa praying about  
running for Mayor... excuse me.  
(laughs again)

**Cinnamon**

Wait just one minute. We like Grandpa,  
and we'll pray with him, because we think  
he's HOT STUFF!

**Harold** (Jalapeno)

What did you say?

**Diane** (Cayenne)

Come, Harold, we must go now.  
How could anyone who prays be Hot Stuff?  
Bye. It was nice chatting with you.

**Lilyann**

But you never ordered anything?

**Diane** (Cayenne)

Some other time, dearie. Bye.

**Announcer**

And so the two strange visitors left,  
and Cinnamon, Lilyann, and Cream Puff  
didn't know what to say. The one who  
spoke was Spaghetti.

**Spaghetti**

What? They a-came in and a-left without  
ordering anything? What about my  
world a-famous Calzone? Or my  
a-five foot thick a-pizza?

**Announcer**

And so the day came and went... the  
perfect day... the "eye of the storm" day...  
But if the two strange visitors looked a lot  
like Cayenne Pepper and Jalapeno Pepper,  
well... it's not for me to say. And if they  
were there because they wanted to know  
how Grandpa was running his campaign,  
well... that's not for me to say either.

That's all for today kids. Have a great  
week, and remember...

**All**

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

**EPISODE #42**

**Announcer**

As the weeks went by in the HOT, HOT  
summer, Jalapeno's campaign began to  
pick up steam. Cayenne was a crafty  
manager, and she knew how to get the  
most out of public opinion. She recognized  
that Grandpa was a popular candidate, but  
she also knew that people will change their  
votes rather quickly if you hit them just  
right. She walked around the Grove  
looking for something that could give  
Jalapeno the edge in the mayoral race.

**Studio Voice**

Did she find anything?

**Announcer**

Yes, Ocean Grove is a unique town, and  
she discovered something which she  
intended to exploit.

**Studio Voice**

What was it?

**Announcer**

If you really want to know, don't touch  
that radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!  
(music theme)

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## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Meatball**

Hey, look what I made this time. I took one of Spaghetti's biggest bowls, and in the center I put a microphone, see... which attaches to my radio.

### **Lilyann**

Oh, I've seen those. That's called a parabolic dish. Now you can hear what's happening down the street, or in the park.

### **Meatball**

Let's try it. Listen. I'm aiming it toward Auditorium Square.

### **Jalapeno**

I'm Jalapeno Pepper, and I'm hot, hot, hot. (repeats)

### **Grandpa**

That's the voice of Jalapeno Pepper. I wonder what he's doing in Auditorium Square.

### **Cinnamon**

Maybe he's talking to people, hoping they'll vote for him.

### **Steve**

He sounds too happy to be just talking to people. I bet he's up to something.

### **Meatball**

Hey, guys. Just listen.

### **Cayenne**

Oh, Jalapeno. There you are.

### **Jalapeno**

Yes, here I am, all right... the hottest thing to hit Ocean Grove in years. But why did you want to talk to me?

### **Cayenne**

You're the second hottest thing to hit Ocean Grove. Don't forget that.

### **Jalapeno**

Uh, yes, your hotness. Now... why did you want to see me?

### **Cayenne**

Because I found the angle!

### **Jalapeno**

Angle? Now listen, Cayenne. I wasn't aware that you had lost any angles, and I'm very glad and all that you found it... but that's hardly reason enough to call a meeting.

### **Cayenne**

Oh, don't you get it? An angle... an approach... a way that we can get votes... so you can win... and then I shall rule Ocean Grove through you.

### **Jalapeno**

Oh, so it's about votes, huh?

### **Cayenne**

Of course it's about votes! What did you think it was about... Hot Peppers?

### **Jalapeno**

Well, actually...

### **Cayenne**

Amateurs... amateurs. Ugh!

### **Jalapeno**

All right then. What's this angle?

### **Cayenne**

Are you ready? This is beautiful! We're going to exploit Ocean Grove's biggest need.

### **Jalapeno**

Biggest need?

### **Cayenne**

Yes, and you know what it is, too.

### **Jalapeno**

I do?



## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Cayenne**

Of course you do. And you're going to stand up and promise all Ocean Grove that you will address the need... and solve the problem.

### **Jalapeno**

What problem?

### **Cayenne**

Why... Ocean Grove's parking problem, of course.

### **Jalapeno**

What? You want me to solve Ocean Grove's parking problem?

### **Cayenne**

Yes. But don't worry. I have a plan. Now... help me hang these posters.

### **Announcer**

And so Cayenne and Jalapeno began the work of campaigning, for they believed in campaign promises... and getting votes any way they could. Grandpa, surprisingly enough, was quite content to sit in the Sandy Pants Cafe, and talk about more important things.

### **Lilyann**

So what do you think, Grandpa? They're hard at work... hanging posters... making promises.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, they're hard at work, all right. I feel sorry for them. It's the only way they know.

### **Cinnamon**

What do you mean, Grandpa?

### **Grandpa**

I mean there are other ways to victory, and for those who follow the paths of God, victory comes in some very surprising ways.

### **Meatball**

Eh, surprising? Like what?

### **Grandpa**

Oh, the Bible has so many stories. Think of David and Goliath for a minute. Now who would send a shepherd boy against a world-class warrior, and then give the boy a slingshot and five smooth stones?

### **Little Wonder**

I see what you mean. That doesn't sound like a victory, does it?

### **Grandpa**

But it does to God. He sees the end from the beginning. He saw Goliath fall before David ever put a stone in the sling.

### **Lilyann**

So you think Cayenne and Jalapeno are setting themselves up for a fall?

### **Grandpa**

Well, Goliath was big and strong, and he fell... because you see, God was bigger.

### **Cinnamon**

I see what you mean, Grandpa. Goliath thought he was the winner before it ever started, because he saw only himself.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, and the more we see only ourselves, the more we think we're... if you'll pardon the pun... Hot Stuff.

### **Steve**

So Cayenne and Jalapeno are really their own worst enemies. They just don't know it.

### **Lilyann**

I suppose that's true. But don't you ever worry, Grandpa? I mean, here you are, in a mayoral race against someone who's just a pawn for Cayenne, and she wants to rule Ocean Grove.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Cinnamon**

Yeah, and they're already making promises... like solving Ocean Grove's parking problem... you know that's going to attract some attention, and bring in some votes.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, they'll attract attention. Goliath did... with his size and all. And he talked big, too. Just like Cayenne and Jalapeno are talking now.

### **Steve**

But it didn't add up to victory. Still, Grandpa, how can you be sure? There's a lot at stake here. It's our town. What if they win?

### **Grandpa**

The way I see it, they've already lost. That's what faith does. It looks right through the appearance of things... to see what's at the heart of the matter.

### **Little Wonder**

What do you see, Grandpa, when you look at the heart of the matter?

### **Grandpa**

I see Cayenne, and Jalapeno, and Tabasco... three sad people who haven't even begun to find the real meaning in life... all caught up in themselves... playing their games... trying to get what they want when they want it... and destined to fail.

### **Lilyann**

That's kind of sobering, Grandpa. It's like seeing it before it happens.

### **Grandpa**

Yes. And that's the way it is with God. Like I said before, He sees the end from the beginning.

### **Announcer**

And so our friends at the Cafe were all rather thoughtful that day. Even Spaghetti started thinking.

### **Spaghetti**

Wow. That Grandpa is a-quite a philosopher... or maybe he's a man of God. That's a-what I think he is. A man of God.

### **Announcer**

Maybe... you'll want to do some thinking too. That's all for today. Until next time...

### **All**

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### **EPISODE #43**

### **Announcer**

Ladies and gentlemen, it's that time again.

### **Studio Voice**

You mean KIDSTIME?

### **Announcer**

Nope. I mean time for the news.

### **Studio Voice**

News? We do the news?

### **Announcer**

Of course we do. In today's top story, all Ocean Grove is buzzing about the debate between popular candidate Grandpa, and the even more popular Jalapeno Pepper, whose lead in the polls has jumped to an astonishing 75% since he promised to solve Ocean Grove's parking problem (though he hasn't explained how he's going to do it). The two candidates are both arriving at The Sandy Pants Cafe... so don't touch that radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!

(music theme)

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## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Lilyann**

Grandpa and Jalapeno, welcome to today's debate. I'm Lilyann, and I'm the moderator. Cayenne, Cinnamon, Little Wonder, Steve, and Meatball are on the panel.

### **Meatball**

Steve, what does it mean to be on the panel?

### **Steve**

"On the panel" means we get to ask the questions.

### **Meatball**

Oh. For a minute I thought we were going to redo the wall in here.

### **Steve**

Redo the wall? Oh, you mean paneling. No. Shhh.

### **Lilyann**

Our first question will be asked by Cinnamon.

### **Cinnamon**

Jalapeno, you once said that you were going to put Ocean Grove on the map. What did you mean?

### **Jalapeno**

Yo. Ocean Grove is one of the best kept secrets on the east coast. With me as your Mayor, we'll be so HOT, the world will sit up and take notice. My goal is to get everyone snapping and clapping! Come on. Let's see it now. '\*'

### **Cayenne**

And you, Grandpa? How will you put Ocean Grove on the map?

### **Grandpa**

Once upon a time Ocean Grove was just woods and a beach. And then some people set up some tents, and held a prayer meeting... and that's what put us on the

map. I say that's where our roots are, and that's what we need to go back to. I call all Ocean Grove to prayer.

### **Cayenne**

Prayer? This is an election, Grandpa... not a church service.

### **Grandpa**

This is a town... a town with a heritage... a deep heritage... sometimes a forgotten heritage... and I intend to help us remember.

### **Little Wonder**

Jalapeno, how will your experiences in Hot Stuff help you as mayor?

### **Jalapeno**

Yo. In Hot Stuff we get things done. Anyone who gets in our way - we pound 'em. You got it? You better get it... 'cause you'll answer to me otherwise... I've got connections, and now that Cayenne is here, we have the whole weight of Hot Stuff Internationale on our side. '\*'

### **Cayenne**

That's right, Jalapeno. You tell 'em.

### **Lilyann**

Cayenne, I'll have to ask you to keep your comments to yourself.

### **Cayenne**

Oh, whatever, dearie.

### **Steve**

Grandpa, what experiences can you draw on that will strengthen your image as a natural leader?

### **Grandpa**

Well, let's see... I remember when my friends and I got lost in a huge sand castle. Every room had some kind of clue in it, and we had to work our way through, while piece by piece the castle collapsed behind us.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Cayenne**

Ha, ha, ha. (cynical laughter)

### **Jalapeno**

Lost in a sand castle? There's your man, Ocean Grove! He developed his leadership potential while playing in the sand.

Ha, ha, ha.

### **Lilyann**

Jalapeno, this is not the time to respond. Grandpa, you may continue.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, thank you. And then there was another time when my friends and I were kidnapped by a mean pirate who took us on board so we could answer the Bible questions that came out of the motor.

### **Jalapeno**

WHAT?

### **Cayenne**

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

### **Jalapeno**

What was the pirate's name? Blackbeard?

### **Grandpa**

No. Her name was Cannonball Red.

### **Jalapeno**

WHAT? Her name? Let me get this straight. You got kidnapped by a female pirate? Ha, ha, ha.

### **Cayenne**

(laughs) A female pirate. Imagine that!

### **Lilyann**

Cayenne and Jalapeno, you must both refrain from these outbursts. Grandpa, please continue.

### **Grandpa**

All I'm saying is... I've been in some tough places before, and after facing those situations, Hot Stuff is a piece of cake.

### **Spaghetti**

A piece of a-cake? Did a-somebody call for a piece of cake? I have a-one slice of chocolate almond cream left.

### **Cinnamon**

No, Spaghetti. We're in a debate out here. It was just a figure of speech.

### **Spaghetti**

A figure of a-speech? Oh... well... it a-figures.

### **Meatball**

Jalapeno, Ocean Grove is a town with a rich spiritual heritage. What do you know about the Bible?

### **Jalapeno**

The Bible? Oh, come on. I have a Bible.. red-letter, gold edges... I've had it for years. And someday, I might even read it. Till then, I've got other things to do, important things... like your parking problem.

### **Cinnamon**

Oh, yeah... which brings me to my other question. How are you going to solve Ocean Grove's parking problem?

### **Jalapeno**

Uh... hmmm... I don't know yet actually. I was told to make that promise by somebody else.

### **Little Wonder**

What? Did you say you were told to make that promise by someone else?

### **Cayenne**

Enough of this debate. I'm tired of small town politics. Yes, we're going to solve this parking problem. And you know how? By building a combination parking garage, entertainment complex... with my house on the top! And you know where we're going to build it? Where that big wooden building is now.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Grandpa

You mean the Auditorium? You're going to tear down the Auditorium and build a parking garage?

### Cayenne

Of course. It's the only place you got left in your overcrowded town. Come on, Jalapeno, we're outta here.

### Jalapeno

You didn't tell me you were going to tear down the Auditorium.

### Cayenne

Do I have to tell you everything?

### Announcer

And so, Cayenne and Jalapeno walked out, leaving all Ocean Grove listening to their radios in a stunned silence. Finally, Cinnamon spoke.

### Cinnamon

So that's what Cayenne was up to. She wants to build herself a house on top of an entertainment complex with a parking garage... and all where the Auditorium stands now.

### Grandpa

Didn't I tell you, my friends, on the first day? A storm was coming. Well, here it is. My hip was right.

### Steve

And Jalapeno, who's really Cayenne's pawn, is ahead with a 75% lead in the polls. Suddenly the big picture becomes clear.

### Lilyann

Oh, Grandpa. I see it now. This is a lot worse than I thought.

### Grandpa

And yet, faith looks not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen. Come.

### Announcer

And so the Cafe stood empty and silent after the big debate. If you want to know what happened next, come back next week. Till then...

### All

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### EPISODE #44

### Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to tell you about a hot summer...  
a HOT, HOT summer...

### Studio Voice

How HOT was it?

### Announcer

Hotter than Jalapeno Pepper, Cayenne Pepper, and Tabasco Sauce all mixed together.

### Studio Voice

WOW! That's HOT!

### Announcer

It was! Ocean Grove was sizzling. The streets were sizzling. The beach was sizzling. The race for mayor was getting hotter every week. So, unless you want to burn your hands, don't touch that radio dial... 'cause it's KIDSTIME!  
(music theme)

---

### Cinnamon

Hi. This is The Sandy Pants Cafe. I'm Cindy Mindy, but you can call me Cinnamon. I'm the waitress here. My friends will be along any moment now. But before they arrive, it's important for you to see something else that happened just this morning. It went about like this.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Cayenne**

Oh, I say, this is one of the best summers of my life. When your name is Cayenne Pepper, you can go anywhere and heat things up.

### **Tabasco**

Yes, Cayenne, you have. But you also cooled things down a bit.

### **Cayenne**

Cooled things down? I never cool things down.

### **Jalapeno**

You did this time, your hotness. Promising to fix Ocean Grove's parking problem was a winner! Announcing your plan to tear down the Auditorium and build a parking garage in its place? Whoa, baby.

### **Spaghetti**

Whoa, baby, is right! When I a-heard that I a-dropped a calzone.

### **Cayenne**

Hey, no problem. I pulled a few strings, and now it's smooth sailing.

### **Tabasco**

Pulled a few strings?

### **Cayenne**

Yup. I've spoken to some key officials around here, and they changed the rules.

### **Jalapeno**

They did? What rules?

### **Cayenne**

Listen. In this election... KIDS can vote!!! Even babies can vote. I talked them into it. Applied a little heat, you know.

### **Tabasco & Jalapeno**

How do we get the kids on our side? (Cayenne holds up candy.) CANDY?

### **Cayenne**

Come on '\*, let's go campaigning.

### **Cinnamon**

And so they left... and started giving out candy all over town. Then my friends arrived.

### **All**

Hi, Cinnamon! What's new?

### **Cinnamon**

You're never going to believe this. You better sit down.

### **Spaghetti**

That's a-right. You never a-going to believe a-this. Antonio, Antonio, get ready to a-drop another calzone.

### **Cinnamon**

Cayenne, Tabasco, and Jalapeno were in here this morning... talking strategy. Guess what? They've changed the rules. In this election, every kid gets a vote. And they've started handing out candy so every kid will vote for Jalapeno!

### **Lilyann**

Well, of all the low-down underhanded tricks. Cayenne will do anything to win.

### **Grandpa**

That's right, she will.

### **Steve**

She'll say whatever she has to.

### **Grandpa**

That's right, she will.

### **Cinnamon**

She'll tear down ancient landmarks.

### **Grandpa**

That's right, she will.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Little Wonder

Grandpa, you talk as if you know her. Have you had any run-ins with Cayenne before this?

### Grandpa

Have we had run-ins? Let me tell you about run-ins! I knew she was behind this, as soon as Jalapeno and Tabasco showed up going '\*'.

### Lilyann

And now with this latest turn, we don't even know who's ahead.

### Meatball

We don't, but I know someone who does. Friends at the Cafe, I have hired a world-renowned consultant.

### All

WHAT?

### Meatball

Here he comes now.

### The Consultant

Grandpa, Meatball, Steve, Little Wonder, Cream Puff, Lilyann, and Cinnamon... This is how it is. When Grandpa and Jalapeno first decided to run, the town was split 50-50. Then when Jalapeno promised to fix Ocean Grove's parking problem, he jumped out to a 75% lead. But when Cayenne announced her plan to tear down the Auditorium and put up a parking garage, Jalapeno's popularity fell back to only 25%. Now that kids can vote, and they're handing out candy, we're back to 50-50 again. In fact, it's so close that we did a person by person poll across the whole town, and you'll never guess what we found out...

### All

What? What is it?

### The Consultant

As it stands now, the deciding vote will be cast by..... Cream Puff!

### All

(Look at each other) CREAM PUFF???

### Spaghetti

WHAT? I just a-dropped a pizza.

### Cinnamon

Oh, Cream Puff. How special!

### Lilyann

Yes, but Grandpa, doesn't that make you a little nervous? You're winning ... by only one vote.

### Grandpa

No, I'm not the least bit worried. Remember, all summer long we've talked about prayer, and how God's ways are different. It wouldn't surprise me to win by just one vote.

### Steve

But that's not much of a mandate from the populace... winning because of Cream Puff's vote.

### Grandpa

Listen. When God chooses you for something, or gives you a job to do, or calls you to a place somewhere... you go because He calls... you don't need a mandate from the populace.

### Little Wonder

So you're not thinking about popularity?

### Grandpa

No, not popularity, not notoriety, not fame nor fortune... nor what this town's history will say about me... none of these things matter.

### Cinnamon

What matters then, Grandpa?  
What matters to you?

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Grandpa

The important things... love for Jesus...  
peace deep in the heart... holiness...  
following God where He leads, and  
staying true till the end. That's  
what matters to me.

### Little Wonder

You tell 'em, Grandpa.

### Spaghetti

Keep it up, brother. Maybe I should  
a-change the a-name to  
The Sandy Pants Cathedral.

### Grandpa

I didn't mean to preach a sermon. I just  
believe some things matter more than  
others. This race for mayor is rather  
small in the big picture.

### Lilyann

You know, Grandpa, you're right. But I'll  
say one thing. You sure surprised me this  
summer. Your way of running for mayor  
isn't what I would have expected.

### Grandpa

No, but I wouldn't trade it... even if  
Cayenne offered me all of Hot Stuff  
Internationale.

### Meatball

She won't do that. But she might offer you  
a big chunk of the Great Auditorium!

### Spaghetti

If she does, I'll a-put the Hope-Jones a-  
pipe organ right here in the Cafe. Whoa,  
baby! One a-blast and I'll be dropping  
calzones all over the place.

### Announcer

And so the collection of friends laughed  
and learned a few more things, and  
Grandpa's way of looking at it kept them  
all relaxed. As for Cream Puff, she was  
quite content to just sit there and listen. I  
don't think she had any idea how

important she had become. Well, that's all  
for today. Till next time...

### All

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

## EPISODE #45

### Announcer

At last the long awaited election day  
arrived. All over town people were turning  
out to vote. It was probably the only  
election in Ocean Grove history  
where everyone who was eligible voted.  
And EVERYONE was eligible.

### Studio Voice

Even little kids and babies?

### Announcer

Even little kids and babies.

### Studio Voice

Wooow! Cooool!

### Announcer

Yes, for the first time that summer,  
something was actually cool. Everything  
up till then had been simply  
too hot to handle.

### Studio Voice

So what happened on election day?

### Announcer

If you want to know, don't touch that radio  
dial, 'cause it's... KIDSTIME!  
(music theme)

---

### Cinnamon

Yes, everyone turned out to vote... which  
meant they all showed up at one of three  
places. Those who wanted Jalapeno (who  
was running on the "parking ticket")  
voted at Jalapeno Headquarters.



## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### Lilyann

Those who preferred Grandpa, realizing they might lose their beloved Auditorium, all showed up and voted in Auditorium Square.

### Steve

So... the only ones who voted at The Sandy Pants Cafe were the ones who hang out here all the time.

### Spaghetti

I a-voted for Grandpa first thing this a-morning. I consider it my civic a-duty. That and a-making calzones.

### Cinnamon

I voted right after Spaghetti. I've never voted before, but with the new rules introduced by Cayenne, I feel privileged to participate. I cast my vote... for Grandpa!

### Little Wonder

This was also my first time voting, and to be honest, I had a little trouble reaching the levers, but by standing on a step-ladder, I was able to do it.  
Grandpa for Mayor!

### Meatball

I wanted to vote, but unfortunately there was nothing in the rules about birds voting, and so I had to sit in my jacuzzi and imagine the day when birds will be allowed to take their rightful place in society.

### Steve

I voted next, and Grandpa after me. Then it was Lilyann and Cream Puff's turn. But before they could go into the booth, Grandpa started telling one of his Bible stories.

### Grandpa

You know, I was just thinking. Sometimes it looks like your losing, even when you're winning.

### Cinnamon

What do you mean, Grandpa?

### Grandpa

Well, you remember, when Jesus died... the disciples didn't really see it as a victory... not at first. It looked like Jesus lost. And yet, it was the greatest victory earth has ever seen.

### Lilyann

Grandpa, why did you say that?

### Grandpa

I don't know. It just crossed my mind, that's all.

### Lilyann

Well, it's an interesting observation, but this doesn't look like a loss today.  
This is your day to win.

### Steve

Yeah, you're ahead in the public opinion polls by one vote - actually Cream Puff's vote - so as soon as Lilyann and Cream Puff do their thing, the rest will be history.

### Little Wonder

Yes, and I for one will be glad when it's over. This has been a rather HOT summer, with Jalapeno and Tabasco.

### Meatball

Yeah, and Cayenne wanting to tear down the Auditorium and build a parking garage in its place.

### Cinnamon

You were right, Grandpa. Way back at the beginning of the summer, you told us we needed to pray. Only we didn't know why, or how close this race would turn out to be.

### Lilyann

Well, it will all be determined in a few minutes. Come on, Cream Puff. Time for you and me to cast our votes for Grandpa. This is history, you know. Are you ready?

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Announcer**

But just then, the last thing anyone expected to happen... happened. The doors to the Cafe burst open... and in stormed THE HOT STUFF GANG!... with water guns!

### **Cayenne**

All right, don't anybody move!

### **Grandpa**

What's going on?

### **Jalapeno**

Thought you were going to win by one vote, did you?

### **Cinnamon**

What are you doing?

### **Tabasco**

We're kidnapping Cream Puff!

### **Lilyann**

My baby... you can't take my baby!

### **Cayenne**

Don't worry, sister. We're not kidnapping her for long.

### **Jalapeno**

Ha, ha, ha. We won't even be taking her out of this cafe.

### **Tabasco**

We only need her long enough... to VOTE!

### **Announcer**

And while our astonished friends looked on... Tabasco took Cream Puff, our little friend who hadn't said anything all summer... our little, beloved Cream Puff... the one whose vote would determine the next Mayor of Ocean Grove... Tabasco took her... and marched into the voting booth... turned a few levers... and when he came out, the awful truth descended on the scene like a dark storm cloud. Cream Puff had voted for Jalapeno.

### **Jalapeno**

HA, HA, HA.  
And it was so easy!!!

### **Tabasco**

Here's your little Cream Puff.

### **Cayenne**

How does it feel to lose by one vote, huh?

### **Jalapeno**

Bye, Grandpa.

### **Tabasco**

Bye, Auditorium.

### **Cayenne**

Hello, parking garage.

### **Hot Stuff Gang**

'\*' HOT STUFF... WAS HERE.

### **Announcer**

And then they were gone... just like that. Hardly anyone had moved. No water had been fired. I doubt if the whole thing took even three minutes. But what a difference those three minutes made. There was a stunned silence in The Sandy Pants Cafe. Finally, Spaghetti spoke.

### **Spaghetti**

Well now, who a-would have thought it? Cream Puff gets a-kidnapped right here in my own a-store. I would have a-dropped a pizza, but I didn't have one available.

### **Announcer**

After that no one spoke. Weeks of working together, thinking and praying together, listening to Grandpa... while holding on to the slimmest of margins... it had all evaporated in the blink of an eye. Hot Stuff had stolen the election by kidnapping a baby. It was almost too much to take in.

### **Little Wonder**

Grandpa, maybe we should go back to the church and pray.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Grandpa**

I suppose that's the best thing we can do.

### **Meatball**

Wait. Before we go... Lilyann still hasn't voted. We may lose by one vote, but let's not lose by two votes.

### **Lilyann**

What difference does it make now?

### **Cinnamon**

Maybe Meatball's right. Let's make sure we've all done our part.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, then we can pray knowing we were faithful to the end.

### **Announcer**

And so Lilyann voted, but not with the same enthusiasm as the others. It was strangely silent in the cafe, and all up and down the lonely streets outside, as seven friends made their way over to the church. I suppose it was the darkest moment they had known all summer long. Well, it's not a very nice place to stop, but that's all for today. All you kids have a great week. And remember...

### **All**

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

### **EPISODE #46**

### **Announcer**

The day after the election dawned bright and beautiful, and all Ocean Grove awoke buzzing with excitement. Everyone wanted to know who was the winner. That's why they were all listening to the news.

### **Studio Voice**

What was the news saying?

### **Announcer**

The news wasn't saying much of anything. You see, we're the news.

### **Studio Voice**

Oh, yeah. We are.

### **Announcer**

The whole town was in suspense. But what could we do? So... we did what they all do. We talked to an expert. Mr. Consultant, what do you think is happening right now?

### **Consultant**

Well, it appears that those counting the votes are doing recounts right now. We predicted this race would come down to one vote. I imagine they're making sure they get it right before announcing the results.

### **Announcer**

So... we keep waiting. In the mean time, here's a little music for you...  
(music theme)

---

### **Cayenne**

Oh, whatever can be taking them so long? Ocean Grove isn't that big of a town. They could have counted the votes five times by now.

### **Jalapeno**

They probably are counting them five times. Hey, it all hinges on one vote.

### **Cayenne**

Yes, but I'm getting tired of waiting here on the bus stop.

### **Tabasco**

Well, it was your idea to stand here, where we would be in full view of The Sandy Plants Cafe when the results are announced.

### **Jalapeno**

That's Sandy Pants.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

**Cayenne**

Pants, Schmants!

**Lilyann**

Look at them... Jalapeno, Tabasco, and Cayenne. What do you think they're up to now?

**Grandpa**

I rather suspect they wanted to stand in full view of The Sandy Pants Cafe when the results are announced.

**Cinnamon**

You mean they would rub it in like that?

**Grandpa**

Yes, I'm afraid they would.

**Little Wonder**

Listen. The news is back on.

**Announcer**

Ladies and gentlemen, it appears we finally have a breaking story. Over to you, Mr. Consultant.

**Consultant**

After counting the votes seven times, it has been determined that Ocean Grove's next mayor... winning the election by only one vote... is...

**Studio Voice**

GRANDPA!!!

**All In The Cafe**

(cheering) Yeah! All right!  
Grandpa, you won! You won!

**All On The Bus Stop**

WHAT??? Grandpa???

**Cayenne**

I demand a recount.

**Jalapeno**

You can't demand a recount.

**Tabasco**

They just counted seven times.

**Cayenne**

Well then, who voted for Grandpa?  
Was it you, Jalapeno?

**Jalapeno**

No way, your hotness. I voted for myself!

**Cayenne**

All right, Tabasco, was it you?

**Tabasco**

No way, your hotness. Cream Puff and I both voted for Jalapeno. What about you, Cayenne?

**Cayenne**

Me? How dare you question me? I rule Hot Stuff Internationale with rage and fury. I wasn't going to let Cream Puff cast the winning vote... no, no. When she voted for Jalapeno, that tied things up... you understand?... because I still hadn't voted. It was my vote that was going to determine it, and I pulled the lever next to Pepper with such force, I nearly ripped it right off the machine.

**Jalapeno**

What did you say?

**Cayenne**

I said I pulled the lever next to Pepper with such force, I nearly ripped it right off the machine.

**Jalapeno**

But Cayenne, if you pulled the lever next to Pepper, you pulled the lever after my name.

**Cayenne**

Yeah. What of it?

**Tabasco**

The voting booth went... Lever... Jalapeno Pepper... Lever... Grandpa.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

**Jalapeno**  
Cayenne... you voted for Grandpa!

**Cayenne**  
Oh, Noooooooo!!!

**Tabasco**  
You were so angry, you pulled  
the wrong lever!

**Cayenne**  
Oh, that's the worst thing that could  
happen. I'll probably get demoted from  
Hot Stuff Internationale. Oh, Nooooo!  
Somebody take me away... take me away...  
take me away...  
(Bus pulls up. Cayenne gets in.  
Bus drives away.)

(Officer enters, blowing whistle.)

**Officer**  
Hello, gentlemen. I have some things to  
discuss with you... about stealing votes,  
and kidnapping a baby.

**Jalapeno**  
Uh... stealing votes? (fake laugh)

**Tabasco**  
Did you say kidnapping a baby?

**Jalapeno**  
Not Hot Stuff. No way. If we found  
anyone stealing votes...

**Tabasco**  
or kidnapping babies...

**Jalapeno and Tabasco**  
WE'D DRIVE THEM RIGHT  
OUT OF TOWN!

**Officer**  
Interesting you should say that. I'd like to  
have a word with you... in the Cafe?

**Jalapeno and Tabasco**  
Sure, Officer. You first. You first.

(Officer steps into Cafe... but Jalapeno and  
Tabasco leave quickly on scooters)

**Officer**  
Grandpa, I'd like to congratulate you on  
becoming Mayor. Now if you'll excuse  
me... I have a couple of people  
to drive out of town!  
(Officer chases them, blowing whistle.)

**Announcer**  
And so Cayenne left on the bus, and  
Jalapeno and Tabasco were chased out  
of town by the Officer. As for Grandpa,  
he stayed in the Cafe with his friends.  
And you know what he did? He asked  
them what they had learned in the  
long, hot summer.

**Lilyann**  
Grandpa, I learned there's more than one  
way to run for Mayor, and that God's way  
to victory is sometimes down an  
unexpected path.

**Grandpa**  
Yes, Lilyann. God's ways are higher than  
our ways, and His thoughts are above  
our thoughts.

**Little Wonder**  
And I saw how prayer is not very visible to  
the world, but the results are seen  
by everyone.

**Grandpa**  
Yes, Little Wonder. Prayer is in the secret  
place, but the rewards are out in the open.

**Cinnamon**  
I saw how Cayenne tried to grasp  
everything... all she could... all for herself...  
and she wound up with nothing.

**Grandpa**  
That's good, Cinnamon. What we grab for  
ourselves, we lose. Live life with an open  
hand. Give freely wherever you can.

## Scripts - The Adventurers - The Sandy Pants Cafe

### **Meatball**

I noticed that just because you think you're hot stuff doesn't mean you really are.

### **Grandpa**

Yes. Sometimes we have to learn that one over and over again.

### **Steve**

I saw how breakthrough victories are sometimes preceded by storms.

### **Grandpa**

Yes, my hip told me there was a storm coming... it was a big one.

### **Spaghetti**

And I learned that when Grandpa's hip starts a-predicting a storm... then you should buy a big broom... 'cause you're going to be a-dropping pizzas and calzones all over the place.

### **Cinnamon**

What did you learn, Grandpa? Did it surprise you at all when they stole Cream Puff's vote?

### **Grandpa**

It did surprise me.... shook me a little. But I saw that no matter how many times you've been around Auditorium Square, and how many times you've prayed and trusted God in the past, you still have to trust Him for today.

### **Announcer**

And so the long summer... the Hot Stuff summer... the Cream Puff votes for Mayor summer... finally came to an end, and life around Ocean Grove returned to what we call "normal." You know what normal means? It means the Great Auditorium still stands. It also means... when you visit the Great Auditorium... you won't be able to find a place to park.

That's all for today, kids. Hope you enjoyed your stay at The Sandy Pants Cafe.

### **All**

KIDSTIME invites you to  
The Sandy Pants Cafe!

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# *Cinderella*

## SCENE #1

### THE CASTLE ON THE HILL

#### **Song of the Storyteller**

Someplace, sometime, and who can tell  
Exactly when the story comes around...

#### **Narrator 1**

Once upon a time in a beautiful country, where trees grow tall, and rivers flow peacefully on their way, a stately castle rose like a dream on a hill beside a little town. The town had all the usual places - a village square, dress shop, flower shop, a food market and an art store, for artists painted the scene often. Something about a marble castle rising behind an everyday town inspires the imagination.

#### **Narrator 2**

In this colorful setting, filled partly with wonder, and partly with ordinary things, our story takes place. You might not have expected it, actually. Surprise is one of the treasured elements of life, and if everything was expected, surprise might never be known or felt. Still, surprising as it was, all the pieces were there at the very beginning.

#### **Narrator 3**

I don't suppose it would hurt to tell you a secret. There's a girl in this story who carries in her heart the sweet purity of her mother and the noble integrity of her father. She was born far away, but on a dark night an attack by warriors from the west took the lives of her parents. At the last minute she was sent away, with a letter and a box filled with money, to friends in a distant land, but an unfaithful servant intercepted the rescue, and sent her instead to one of his relatives.

#### **Narrator 4**

The relative's name was Nona Greadmore, and, seeing the opportunity to step up into high society, she decided to keep both the child and the money. Purchasing a manor on the edge of a beautiful town, she moved there with her two daughters. But the money, which seemed so plentiful at first, slowly dwindled, and in order to keep up appearances, she raised the child as a servant girl.

#### **Narrator 5**

High on the hill behind the village stands the castle of King John IX and Queen Anna Rose. They rule the land well, with wisdom and love. Their son, Prince John X, has grown up to be a strong, young man in charge of the castle guards. Each morning you can hear them going through their drills up on the marble courtyard.

(Curtain opens.)

#### **Song 1 - A Story to Tell**

What if you had a story to tell from  
way back in the days when there were  
knights - knights in shining armor  
Holding their shields high in the sun  
Marching shoulder to shoulder  
Swords lifted high over everyone  
Enemies fear whenever they hear  
the sound we make  
The sound of the trumpet and the  
earth that shakes beneath  
We are the warriors defending  
the Castle on the Hill  
Mighty warriors of Prince John  
Mighty warriors of Prince John

The story we tell, remember it well  
begins in a castle high above the valley  
where high on the castle wall  
A king and a queen look over the scene  
ruling the land with wisdom  
freedom and justice for one and all  
And they have a son whom everyone  
knows will be - the heir to the riches and  
the kingdom and the throne

## Scripts - Cinderella

We are the warriors defending  
the Castle on the Hill  
Mighty warriors of Prince John  
Mighty warriors of Prince John

Left... March... 1... 2...  
Right... Thrust... Block... Thrust  
Lend your hand to a cause that's just...

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

Close... Now regroup...

1... 2... 3... 4...

Mark your spot and hold to the line...

Attack\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

Step to the left... Jump... Thrust...

Close... Now regroup... Hey

March... March... March and then

Thrust... Block... Thrust again...

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

1... 2... 3... 4...

Hold the shield, raise the sword

Enemies fear whenever they hear  
the sound we make

The sound of the trumpet and the  
earth that shakes beneath

We are the warriors defending  
the Castle on the Hill

Mighty warriors of Prince John

Mighty warriors of Prince John

March... March...

March 2 3 4

March... March...

March 2 3 4

March... March...

March 2 3 4 (fade out)

(As the guards march off, the King and  
Queen walk across the stage to speak with  
Prince John.)

**Queen**

You're doing a fine job with the castle  
guards, son.

**Prince**

Thank you. We're working hard.

**King**

I remember the day you first learned to  
hold a sword.

**Prince**

That was a long while ago.

**Queen**

How time flies.

**King**

You've grown up brave and strong, John.  
We're proud of you. Ever thought about  
becoming an ambassador?

**Prince**

Not really. I like it here, working with the  
castle guards each morning and visiting  
the village in the afternoon.

**Queen**

Disguised as one of your own tutors?

**Prince**

Hey, if they knew I was the prince, they  
would treat me differently. I want to know  
them as they really are.

**King**

It will make you a better king someday,  
understanding people like that, but it does  
seem strange that up here in the castle,  
you're Prince John, and down there in the  
village, you're Mr. Pops.

**Prince**

(laughs) You won't tell anyone?

**Queen**

No. It's your secret, and we'll help you  
keep it.

**King**

But if you change your mind about being  
an ambassador, let me know. It might help  
you meet a royal princess.

**Prince**

You're picturing a wedding?



## Scripts - Cinderella

### King

We're not rushing things, but it has crossed our minds. Whoever the right girl is, somehow you'll have to meet her.

(The scribe enters.)

### Scribe

Your majesty, a letter has arrived from friends in a neighboring kingdom. Would you like to read it in the library?

### King

I'll be right there. (turning to the prince) Think about it, John. You might talk with your mother. She's good at these things.

(The King leaves.)

### Queen

We're not pressuring you, John. But like the scribe said, we do have friends in neighboring kingdoms. Some of them have daughters.

### Prince

I know. But at least for the moment, my heart's here. I like teaching.

### Queen

And you're good at it. But someday you'll be king, and having a faithful companion by your side... that's a good thing too.

### Prince

Do you remember meeting dad?

### Queen

Yes.

### Prince

What did you say to him?

### Queen

The usual things... but then I found I didn't have to say anything.

### Prince

You mean he did the talking?

### Queen

No. He looked at me, and then... he didn't say anything either.

### Prince

Just silence?

### Queen

Oh, John... sometimes...

### Song 2 - No Words to Say

There are no words to say  
when Love comes

Try your best - there are no words to say  
For when the heart has opened  
to find another close

Then the world changes all in one day  
And there are no - no words to say

There comes a day - a day in your story  
There comes a day the heart only knows  
When on the path you'll find her  
standing close to you  
And love, opening up, like a rose  
Will tell you things the heart only knows

And I could sing how winter's cold  
can never touch the flame  
How everything else changes while what's  
true remains the same  
But words would fail before  
my song was done  
Have you ever tried to hold a candle  
up against the sun

There are no words to tell the wonder  
If there were words the wonder  
would cease

Silence knows its moment when  
Love alone can sing

The song born of love, joy and peace  
And you will hear the music

When you do, be still  
Reach out your hand and bring her home  
To the Castle on the Hill

(Curtain closes.)

## Scripts - Cinderella

### SCENE #2

#### NOON AT GREADMORE MANOR

(This scene begins with the curtain closed. Cinderella is busy working in the kitchen. After the narrators speak, Madame Greadmore enters.)

#### Narrator 6

The world is filled with contrasts. There are places where children grow up like Prince John did, surrounded by love and care. And then, there are other places, not very far away, where young hearts just as valuable grow up neglected and scorned. Down the road from the castle, around the bend and across the village square, stood Greadmore Manor. It had once been a beautiful dwelling, but it was darker and less inviting now, perhaps because the expectations of those who lived there had grown darker also.

#### Narrator 7

But one girl lived there whose heart was like the sun shining bright on a summer morning. She didn't know how she came to be there - no one knew that - or at least, if anyone did, they weren't telling. She only knew that's where she was, and so she set about the work of living this moment, one day at a time. On this particular day, she was working in the kitchen, preparing the noon meal.

#### Cinderella

(singing to herself as she works)

#### Madame Greadmore

(entering) What's that noise I hear?

#### Cinderella

You mean the soup boiling?

#### Madame Greadmore

Actually, I was referring to your singing. Let's have a little less noise and a little more punctuality. My daughters will be here any minute.

#### Cinderella

The soup's hot, and the bread is almost done.

#### Madame Greadmore

"Almost done" isn't acceptable, Cinderella. When my daughters walk through the door, the noon meal is to be on the table. Do you understand?

#### Cinderella

Yes, Ma'am.

#### Madame Greadmore

(suddenly changing her tone) And here they come now, my pride and joy.

#### Renata

Hello, mother.

#### Elsa

What's for lunch?

#### Madame Greadmore

Elsa?

#### Elsa

Greetings, Mother.

#### Madame Greadmore

That's better. Now, come into the dining room and tell me, how was your morning?

(The curtain opens and they enter the dining room. Cinderella serves them, going back and forth to the kitchen as needed.)

#### Renata

Actually, it was rather uneventful. A few people walked past the flower shop, but no one bought anything.

#### Elsa

Does that surprise you?  
(holding her nose) Flowers?

#### Madame Greadmore

And you, Elsa?

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Elsa**

My morning was B - double O - triple O - booring. I sewed fabric strips together while Crumble Bonnet talked. I couldn't wait to get home for lunch.

**Madame Greadmore**

Is that what you call the Dress Shop owner? Crumble Bonnet?

**Elsa**

She deserves it.

**Renata**

(looking at the soup) Vegetable soup again? Mother, can't we at least have something interesting when we come home?

**Madame Greadmore**

Just eat it.

**Elsa**

"Interesting." Now there's a word for you. I wish this town had a little more of it.

**Madame Greadmore**

You think this is a boring town?

**Elsa**

Double O - triple O - booring.

**Renata**

You have to admit, not much happens here.

**Madame Greadmore**

(speaking to Cinderella as she brings something to the table)  
What do you think, Cinderella?  
Do we live in a boring town?

**Cinderella**

(pausing next to the table)  
The people are interesting.

**Elsa**

Leave it to Cinderella to find something good.

**Renata**

That's because you go to their houses to clean their fireplaces...

**Elsa**

...and tell stories to their children

**Renata**

... and pet their doggies and kitties

**Elsa**

...like you were a princess or something.

**Renata**

Now there's a laugh.

**Cinderella**

All I said was the people are interesting.  
(Cinderella returns to her work.)

**Elsa**

Well, keep your interest to yourself. Me? I've got real work to do. Back to the dress shop.

**Renata**

And me... back to the flower shop.  
Bye, mother. See you at supper.

**Madame Greadmore**

Bye, girls. Have an "interesting" afternoon.  
(The daughters groan and leave.) Now, Cinderella, for your afternoon... I've added two more houses to the list. Here it is.

**Cinderella**

(surprised) Two more?

**Madame Greadmore**

Excuse me. Are you complaining?

**Cinderella**

No... it's just... I already have fourteen.

**Mrs. Greadmore**

So... now you have sixteen. Fireplaces need to be cleaned, and we need the money. Do the work well, and be back in time to prepare dinner.

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Cinderella**

Yes... I will.

**Madame Greadmore**

And... I've got things to do.  
See that I'm not disturbed.

**Cinderella**

Yes, Ma'am.

(Madame Greadmore leaves. Cinderella carries the dishes back to the kitchen and the curtain closes. Vladimir, the mouse, enters the kitchen, eating a piece of cheese.)

**Vladimir**

Did your list get longer?

**Cinderella**

Oh, hi, Vladimir. Yes, it did.  
Hey, what is that you're eating?

**Vladimir**

It's real good cheese... from the castle.

**Cinderella**

They gave you that at the castle?

**Vladimir**

They didn't exactly give it to me. I took it.

**Cinderella**

From the castle kitchen?

**Vladimir**

No, from the castle garbage. Maybe the queen didn't finish her ham and cheese sandwich.

**Cinderella**

Vladimir, be careful. We have cheese here, you know.

**Vladimir**

(smiles) Not like this.

**Cinderella**

Well, as long as you found it in the garbage

and didn't steal it from the kitchen.

**Vladimir**

Cinderella, I never steal. Before I was a castle mouse, I was a church mouse. Bye.

**Cinderella**

Bye, Vladimir.

### SCENE #3

#### AFTERNOON IN THE VILLAGE

(A soloist begins the next song. The curtain opens after the first verse to reveal the park in the center of town. All kinds of activities are going on - artists are painting pictures, dresses are being sewn, flower arrangements are being made, bakers are kneading dough, etc.)

#### Song 3 - Heart of a Princess

There is a princess living in the valley  
She doesn't even know her name  
The whole town calls her Cinderella  
for her work as a servant girl  
cleaning fireplaces  
And you and I, we might not have seen it  
You and I, we might not have known  
She was a servant girl  
living in the valley  
Serving all with the heart of a princess  
She has the heart  
The heart of a princess girl

(Curtain opens)

Everyone knows there's a reason  
for the story  
Even if the reasons are unknown  
Living life without father or mother  
she was raised as a servant girl  
never knowing she was  
Born the child of royal inheritance  
Born the child of royal degree  
She was a servant girl  
living in the valley  
Serving all with the heart of a princess  
She has the heart  
The heart of a princess girl

## Scripts - Cinderella

And by, all the years went by  
Never knowing why - it was hers to be the  
Child without father or mother  
Walking down the road  
With a bucket for water  
And a rag on the end of a pole

(Song stops... dialogue begins as Cinderella enters... the villagers speak with her as she moves across the stage... then the song continues.)

**Aiyana - Voice in the Village**  
Hi, Cinderella. How are you today?

**Cinderella**  
Quite well, thank you.

**Aiyana**  
We'll be seeing you later?

**Cinderella**  
Your house is number four on my list.

**Aiyana**  
I'll leave some of your favorite  
cookies on the counter.

**Cinderella**  
Thank you.

**Leila - Voice in the Village**  
You're stopping by our place too, right?

**Cinderella**  
I'll be there.

**Leila**  
Darby and Schmootz will be waiting. You  
know, if I let them off their leashes, they'd  
go home with you.

**Cinderella**  
That may be true.

**Darren - Young Boy in the Village**  
Hi, Cinderella. Are you coming  
to my house?

**Cinderella**  
Yes, I am.

**Darren**  
Will you have time to play?

**Cinderella**  
We'll see. I have two extra houses today.  
Maybe if I work fast. I better run, okay?

**Darren**  
Bye, Cinderella. See you later!

There is a princess living in the valley  
She doesn't even know her name  
The whole town calls her Cinderella  
for her work as a servant girl  
cleaning fireplaces  
And you and I, we might not have seen it  
You and I, we might not have known  
She was a servant girl  
living in the valley  
Serving all with the heart of a princess  
She has the heart  
The heart of a princess girl  
She has the heart  
The heart of a princess girl

(Mr. Pops enters. The villagers  
gather around.)

**Kaelyn - Voice in the Village**  
Hey, Mr. Pops is here.

**Villagers**  
(Mr. Pops!) (All right!) (Yeah!)

**Braxton - Voice in the Village**  
Mr. Pops, what you got today?

**Gwennan - Voice in the Village**  
Something to teach us?

**Mr. Pops**  
I sure do. What would you like? History?  
Geography? Or... the way stuff goes.

**Villagers**  
(The way stuff goes!) (The way stuff goes!)

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Mr. Pops**  
Okay. Everyone in?

**Villagers**  
(Yeah, we're in.) (Count on us.)

### Song 4 - The Way Stuff Goes

**Mr. Pops**  
The sun goes up and down  
The moon goes up and down  
From the east to the west of town  
You may as well write it down  
A bunch of stuff goes up and down  
"Your turn"

**Villagers**  
The sun goes up and down  
The moon goes up and down  
From the east to the west of town  
You may as well write it down  
A bunch of stuff goes up and down  
"Let's try it"

(Tap dancing, beach balls  
being tossed, etc.)

**Mr. Pops and Villagers**  
The saw goes back and forth  
The needle goes back and forth  
The clock swings back and forth  
The geese fly south then north  
A bunch of stuff goes back and forth  
"Let's try it"

(Tug of war, and gymnasts  
going back and forth...)

**Mr. Pops**  
And oh, doesn't it make your mind  
kind of go split-fancy  
over the hill, start dancing  
You could be one of the happiest  
people of all  
And oh, doesn't it make your feet go  
rumble-a-toe-tapping  
don't want to be caught napping  
You can sing it winter, spring,  
summer and fall

Winter, spring, summer and fall - hey!  
Winter, spring, summer and fall...

**Mr. Pops (and Villagers answering)**  
Ah, time for a little rest, hey?  
Strike up the band!  
The spinning wheel goes round - "Yeah"  
The wagon wheel goes round - "Yeah"  
The hands on the clock go round - "Yeah"  
I'll tell you what I've found - "You tell us"  
A bunch of stuff goes round and round  
"We already knew that"

**Mr. Pops and Villagers**  
So this is what we found  
A bunch of stuff goes round and round  
A bunch of stuff goes back and forth  
A bunch of stuff goes up and down  
It isn't hard to show - and we think  
Everyone should know  
That's the way - that's the way  
That's the way stuff goes  
Round and round, back and forth,  
A bunch of stuff goes  
up\_\_ (yeah)... and\_\_ (yo)...  
down\_\_\_\_\_ Hey!

(All leave except Mr. Pops  
and two villagers.)

**Basil - Voice in the Village**  
Mr. Pops, how do you know  
so many things?

**Mr. Pops**  
Oh, I've had a good education.

**Basil**  
Will you come tomorrow? I enjoy  
school in the park.

**Mr. Pops**  
That's good. I like teaching.

**Amethyst - Voice in the Village**  
Is it true you're a tutor for the prince?

**Mr. Pops**  
Where did you hear that?

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Amethyst**

Oh, around. Do you really know the prince?

**Mr. Pops**

I suppose I do.

**Amethyst**

Will you do something? Will you tell the prince I said hi?

**Basil**

For me, too.

**Mr. Pops**

I'd be glad to. I'm sure he'll appreciate it.

**Basil and Amethyst**

Thank you. See you tomorrow.

**Mr. Pops**

Bye.

(The two villagers leave and Cinderella comes back across the stage, walking home.)

**Mr. Pops**

Hello. I don't think I've met you.

**Cinderella**

I'm Cinderella.

**Mr. Pops**

My name is Mr. Pops. I teach in the park every afternoon. If you'd like to be part of our class, you're invited.

**Cinderella**

I would love to, but I clean fireplaces, and then I go home to prepare dinner.

**Mr. Pops**

Oh, I see. Well, can you read?

**Cinderella**

Yes. I learned by reading recipes.

**Mr. Pops**

Suppose I bring you a book? You may read it, and when you're finished, I'll bring another one.

**Cinderella**

You have books?

**Mr. Pops**

I have a whole collection. What would you like? History? Geography?

**Cinderella**

I'll try history, I guess.

**Mr. Pops**

Then I'll bring one of my favorite history books to this park an hour before sunset. Can you come then?

**Cinderella**

If I can get away. I'll try. I gotta run now, or I'll be late.

**Mr. Pops**

Okay, hope to see you later.

**Cinderella.**

Bye.

(Cinderella leaves. Marcello, the Head Guard, enters.)

**Marcello**

Mr. Pops? The prince has requested to see you in the castle.

**Mr. Pops**

It's okay, Marcello, no one's around. What is it really?

**Marcello**

Your mother, the queen, sent me to tell you dinner is almost ready... and... it's your favorite!

**Both**

Pigs in a Blanket! Woohoo! (clap)

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Mr. Pops**

But I'm coming back an hour  
before sunset.

**Marcello**

What's up?

**Mr. Pops**

I met a new student. She's busy every  
afternoon, but she'll read a book  
if I bring one.

**Marcello**

Well, if anyone has books, it would be you.  
I'll come too if you like.

**Mr. Pops**

Sure, that would be great. But now...

**Both**

It's dinner time - (clap).

(Curtain closes as they walk offstage.)

### SCENE #4

#### DINNER AND THE GUEST

(This scene begins with a closed curtain.  
Cinderella is preparing the evening meal in  
the kitchen. Renata enters, carrying  
flowers.)

**Renata**

Hey, Cinderella, where's my mother?

**Cinderella**

She hasn't come down yet.

**Renata**

Take these and put them in a vase.

**Cinderella**

They're very pretty.

**Renata**

Well, they're not yours.

**Cinderella**

Whose are they?

**Renata**

No one's. They were left over; that's all.

(Cinderella takes the flowers.  
Renata leaves. Elsa enters.)

**Elsa**

Where's Renata?

**Cinderella**

She went upstairs, looking for  
your mother.

**Elsa**

Uh, flowers again. I hate 'em.

(Elsa turns to go, but, as she is leaving,  
Nona and Renata enter. The conversation  
begins in the kitchen, but soon the curtain  
opens and they move into the dining  
room.)

**Madame Greadmore**

Dinnertime, dinnertime... best hour of the  
day. The sun still up, the work of the day  
done, and I get to find out what's  
happening in the lives of my two treasures.

**Elsa**

Mother, you're treating us like little  
kids again.

**Madame Greadmore**

You were once, you know.

**Elsa**

Not any more. Besides, there's nothing  
to tell. Another boring afternoon.  
B - double O - triple O - booring.

**Madame Greadmore**

Elsa, your storytelling is enchanting.  
And you, Renata? I see you didn't sell all  
the flowers.

**Elsa**

(holding her nose) I sure wish you had.



## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Renata**

Well, it was a boring day, but then, just before closing, a lady I've never seen walked over to our part of the market

(A knock is heard at the door.)

### **Madame Greadmore**

Now who is that? Don't people know not to come visiting at dinner? Cinderella, answer the door and tell whoever it is to come another time.

(Cinderella goes to answer the door.)

### **Elsa**

Knowing Cinderella, she'll probably invite them in.

### **Madame Greadmore**

Don't invite them in.

(While Renata is speaking, Cinderella acts out the part of meeting the person, looking over her shoulder as if unsure of what to do, then welcomes the guest in.)

### **Renata**

Anyway, I was saying, it was a slow afternoon. Then a lady came in, and I knew she was high society. She's staying in a house across the park, and she asked about help cleaning. I told her of Cinderella and... oh, she's here.

### **Madame Greadmore**

What? Oh, pardon me, Ma'am. I nearly always answer the door myself, but... my servant girl ran ahead. I don't think we've met.

### **Governess Duvanne**

My name is Governess Duvanne.

### **Madame Greadmore**

I'm Nona. These are my daughters, Elsa and Renata.

### **Governess Duvanne**

I met Renata this afternoon. She sold me a fine bouquet of flowers.

### **Elsa**

(holding her nose) Hope you like 'em.

### **Madame Greadmore**

Well, isn't this a treat? Come sit down. Have you had your dinner yet?

### **Governess Duvanne**

Yes, thank you, I have.

### **Mrs. Greadmore**

Some dessert, then? You'll stay a few minutes, won't you?

### **Governess Duvanne**

I have a few moments.

### **Madame Greadmore**

Then it's all settled. Have you met Elsa in your travels through town? She works in the Dress Shop.

### **Governess Duvanne**

I haven't been in the Dress Shop yet, but when I need a dress made, I'll visit.

### **Elsa**

We have many fine fabrics. I'm sure you'll find something you like.

### **Madame Greadmore**

So, Governess Duvanne, what brings you here?

### **Governess Duvanne**

I'm staying for a short time in a house across the park. I need a little help cleaning, and I thought you might advise me.

### **Madame Greadmore**

We can do more than that. Cinderella, come here, child. This is my servant girl. She cleans fireplaces all around the village. I'm sure we can arrange something.

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Governess Duvanne**

You're Cinderella?

**Cinderella**

Yes, Ma'am.

**Governess Duvanne**

When you finish at the other houses,  
would you come by my place  
on your way home?

**Cinderella**

Yes, Ma'am. I'd be happy to.

**Madame Greadmore**

Then it's all settled... except for the cost...  
we haven't discussed that.

**Governess Duvanne**

Oh, I'm not worried about the cost.

**Madame Greadmore**

I didn't think so. Cinderella will do a fine  
job for you, won't you, dear?

**Governess Duvanne**

I'm sure she will. I must leave now. Dessert  
was very good. Thank you for your  
kindness. Cinderella, I'll see you  
tomorrow afternoon, all right?

**Cinderella**

Yes, Ma'am.

(Madame Greadmore walks Governess  
Duvanne to the door.)

**Madame Greadmore**

May I walk you to the door? We're  
especially pleased to make your  
acquaintance, Governess. You  
may stop by whenever.

**Governess Duvanne**

Thank you.

(Governess Duvanne leaves. Madame  
Greadmore walks back to the table.)

**Madame Greadmore**

Well, isn't this a fine turn of events. Miss "I  
Got Money To Burn" arrives, buys flowers  
from my very own Renata, promises to get  
a dress made from my court jester, Elsa...

**Elsa**

Thanks, Mom.

**Madame Greadmore**

...and gives Cinderella some more work,  
not caring about the cost. What a day!  
Think I'll go for a stroll down "Wealth Be  
Mine Avenue." Come, Renata. Come, Elsa.  
We're going for a walk.

**Renata**

Do we have a choice?

**Madame Greadmore**

I said, "We're going."

**Elsa**

Then... I won't waste any time deciding.  
Lead on, oh greedy one.

**Madame Greadmore**

Elsa, show some respect. I'm your Mother.

**Elsa**

Don't I know it!

(The three leave. Cinderella is beginning to  
clean up when The Mouse Gang  
tumbles in.)

**Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Cinderella, we're here, and we're ready to  
help! Anything we can do?

**Cinderella**

Oh, thank you, Somerset. I could use  
some help tonight.

**Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Busy day?

**Cinderella**

Yes, two more houses now.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Vladimir told me.

### **Cinderella**

But a good thing happened too. A teacher named Mr. Pops is letting me borrow a history book. He's bringing it to the park an hour before sunset.

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

An hour before sunset? Child, you better get going. We'll stay and clean up. What do you say, Gang?

### **Mouse Gang**

Your wish (salute) is our command.

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

See? We've got it covered.

### **Cinderella**

Thank you. You have no idea how much this means.

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Vladimir, you go along, and take good care of her.

### **Vladimir**

Your wish (salute) is my command.

(Vladimir and Cinderella leave. The Mouse Gang gets to work cleaning the kitchen.)

### **Song 5 - Many Thousand Hours**

Many thousand hours in the kitchen  
and counting

That's how she spends her years  
No one else in the kitchen to notice  
her accomplishments  
Or once in a while a tear

Many thousand hours till there's  
no use in counting  
The minutes come and go  
At a steady pace first the months  
then the years go by  
Neither fast nor slow

Cinderella, we can't do everything  
But we can save you a minute  
here and there

Run along and have a good time  
We'll do the work around here

Taken all at once who could ever  
accomplish it

One job at a time it flows  
Each day unmistakably like the one  
just before it  
And on and on it goes

Walk over to the cupboard and back  
Bring the bowls out, bring them back  
Pull the plates out, put them back  
Hang the cups up on the rack  
Work a day, work a day, no slack  
Work a day, work a day, work!

Cinderella, we don't know everything  
But we know you have a job  
that never ends

Run along and have a good time  
You have a Mouse Gang for friends

Many thousand hours in the kitchen  
and counting

That's how she spends her years  
No one else in the kitchen to notice  
her accomplishments  
Or once in a while a tear

(Curtain closes.)

## **SCENE #5**

### **THE PARK AT SUNSET**

#### **Song of the Storyteller**

Someplace, sometime, and who can tell  
Exactly when the story comes around...

#### **Narrator 8**

Many thousand hours in the kitchen and  
counting... the mice were right... except for  
this... no one was counting. Cinderella  
wasn't keeping track, and nobody around  
seemed to notice... except the mice... they

## Scripts - Cinderella

understood. And that was important, for Cinderella's heart might have broken a thousand times if not for the understanding she received from her little friends. Once again, on this evening, they had come through.

### **Narrator 9**

There are some moments which are just about perfect. The sun is shining, the air is a little cooler than in the heat of the day, and the clouds shine with bright colors as the evening comes. This was the picture as Cinderella and Vladimir made their way down the tree-lined street, and over to the park. Marcello and Mr. Pops arrived first.

(curtain opens)

### **Mr. Pops**

What an evening this is, Marcello.  
Take a look at that sunset.

### **Marcello**

It's a good one. Two great things  
on one evening. the sunset...

### **Mr. Pops and Marcello**

...and pigs in a blanket. Woo-hoo! (clap)

### **Marcello**

So tell me about your new student.

### **Mr. Pops**

Her name is Cinderella. She cleans  
fireplaces every afternoon. I guess that's  
why she's not around when I visit the park.

### **Marcello**

You actually found someone who  
doesn't know Mr. Pops?

### **Mr. Pops**

I guess so. But I'm glad I met her. She may  
be a smart girl with few opportunities.

### **Marcello**

You have a way of reading people. Perhaps  
you're right. Here she is now.

### **Mr. Pops**

Good evening, Cinderella. I'm glad you  
were able to come.

### **Cinderella**

So am I. I was busy... but I have some great  
friends... of the mouse variety... and they  
stepped in to help.

### **Marcello**

And... this is one of them?

### **Cinderella**

Yes, this is my good friend, Vladimir.

### **Mr. Pops**

Pleased to meet you, young Vladimir.

### **Vladimir**

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Pops.  
And you too, Marcello.

### **Marcello**

Thank you. How do you know my name?

### **Vladimir**

From my visits to the castle.

### **Mr. Pops**

You've been in the castle?

### **Vladimir**

Lots of times. I eat the cheese in the castle  
garbage. It's very good.

### **Mr. Pops**

Probably the cheese the Queen doesn't eat.  
She takes it right out of her sandwich  
and leaves it on the plate.

### **Cinderella**

Mr. Pops, you mean you actually  
eat with the Queen?

### **Vladimir**

I didn't know a tutor got to eat  
with the Queen. Wow!

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Mr. Pops**

Well... yes, actually... I do. But perhaps we're getting off topic.

**Marcello**

I should say so. Mr. Pops, why don't you and Cinderella take a look at that book.

**Mr. Pops**

Yes, thank you, Marcello.  
That's a good idea. Cinderella, would you like to see the book?

**Cinderella**

I would love to.

(Mr. Pops and Cinderella sit down on a park bench, leaving Marcello and Vladimir to continue the conversation.)

**Vladimir**

Wow, that's awesome!

**Marcello**

A history book?

**Vladimir**

No, a tutor who eats lunch with the queen.  
Maybe someday I could eat lunch with the Queen.

**Marcello**

For a mouse, you have very high ambitions.

**Vladimir**

How wonderful it would be! She could hand me the cheese, and I wouldn't have to go digging through the garbage. (pause)  
Hey, Marcello, I have a question.

**Marcello**

What about?

**Vladimir**

It's about the drills you do every morning with Prince John.

**Marcello**

You know about the drills, too?

**Vladimir**

Sure. My question is about the part that goes...

Left... March... 1... 2...

Right... Thrust... Block... Thrust  
Lend your hand to a cause that's just...

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

That's where I get mixed up.  
What comes next?

**Marcello**

Well, you have to do this.  
Close... Now regroup...  
1... 2... 3... 4...

**Vladimir**

Close... Now regroup...  
1... 2... 3... 4...

**Marcello**

Stronger. More energy.

**Vladimir**

Close... Now regroup...  
1... 2... 3... 4...

**Marcello**

That's better. Keep your sword pointed like this.

**Vladimir**

Like this?

**Marcello**

Yes. Now strong.  
Close... Now regroup...  
1... 2... 3... 4...

**Vladimir**

Close... Now regroup...  
1... 2... 3... 4...

(Mr. Pops and Cinderella stand and walk over to Marcello and Vladimir.)

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Mr. Pops**

Looks like you have a student too.

**Marcello**

I think you're right.

**Vladimir**

Thank you, Marcello. Next time Cinderella comes to see Mr. Pops, I'll come and you can teach me some more, okay?

**Marcello**

It's a deal.

**Mr. Pops**

From now on, it's the four of us.

**Cinderella**

Thank you. Vladimir and I appreciate it. I'll take good care of the book. I promise.

**Mr. Pops**

I'm sure you will. Next week, I'll bring you a new book.

**Vladimir**

And, if you happen to remember, maybe a nice, big hunk of cheese?

**Mr. Pops and Marcello**

(laughter) It's a deal.

**Cinderella and Vladimir**

Bye, thank you.

(Cinderella and Vladimir leave.)

**Marcello**

You know... for a young mouse, he has a valiant heart. You almost wonder if he could grow up to be a castle guard.

**Mr. Pops**

For a young girl, she has a beautiful heart. You almost wonder if she could grow up to be a queen.

**Marcello**

You never said anything like that before.

**Mr. Pops**

I never had a reason to.

**Marcello**

One other thing... Vladimir knows who Prince John is, and he knows who Mr. Pops is, but he hasn't made the connection. If he figures it out, your cover will be blown.

**Mr. Pops**

We'll have to be careful from now on.

(Curtain closes as they walk offstage.)

### SCENE #6

#### THE DISCUSSION IN THE CASTLE

(Takes place in front of the curtain... the King is thinking when Flip Top enters.)

**Flip Top**

Oh, hi, King. What's happening in Marble Plaza?

**King**

Not much. Just thinking.

**Flip Top**

Hey, I got one for you! What did the little, sleepy prince say when the royal knight in shining armor tucked him in?

**King**

What did the prince say?

**Flip Top**

He said, "Thank you, Good Knight!"

**King**

Flip Top, I don't need jokes right now. I need a solution.

**Flip Top**

To what?

**King**

My son doesn't want to be an ambassador.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### Flip Top

So, you have other ambassadors.

### King

But how will he meet a princess if he never visits another kingdom?

### Flip Top

Ooooh... got pain on your brain 'cause the prince got no bride by his side? Is that it?

### King

Got any solutions?

### Flip Top

Do I have solutions? Ooooh, sure can doooo.

(The Queen enters.)

### Queen

Here you are. You must have something on your mind. This is where you come to think.

### King

It's John. I just want him to meet some royalty somewhere.

### Queen

I spoke with him. He's not really interested in visiting other kingdoms.

### Flip Top

Why should he? He's got a marble roof over his head, a nice place to conk out for the night, and Pigs in a Blanket. Wooohoo! (clap)

### Queen

The reason is... his heart is here, working with the guards and teaching in the village.

### King

But he won't meet a princess on the village square.

### Flip Top

Wait. I got it! I got it!

### King

What?

### Flip Top

Don't ask. It's still coming. Ooooooh... ooooooh... sure can dooooo... why that's it!

### Queen

Flip Top, what are you thinking?

### Flip Top

Every year you host the Autumn Festival, right there on the Village Square. It's like a town picnic... but this year... forget the picnic... a Grand Ball... in the Castle... and every young lady for miles around will be invited. You see? If the prince won't go there... we'll bring 'em here!

### King

Hey, Flip Top!

### Queen

What a wonderful idea. Say, Flip, why don't you call the Scribe and the Herald.

### Flip Top

Sure can do! Sure can dooooo! (Flip Top tries to find the opening in the curtain.) Hey, King, maybe you need a few more openings in the royal curtain. Oh, forget it! (He dives and rolls under the curtain.)

### Queen

Who would have guessed?

### King

Flip Top comes through.

### Queen

With an "oooh..." and a

### King and Queen

"Sure can doooo."

(The Scribe and Herald appear.)

### Scribe

You called, sir?

## Scripts - Cinderella

### King

Yes, we have a royal decree! It's called the  
Autumn Festival Invitational  
Proclamational! Ready to write?

### Scribe

(pulls out parchment and a huge pen)  
Sir. I'm ready.

### King

Be it forthwith declared and proclaimed...

### Queen

that on the happenstance of the  
Autumn Festival...

### King

which has heretofore been rather  
picnic-like in nature...

### Queen

that this year, we shall host in the Castle...

### King

a grand and formal ball...

### Queen

to which every young lady is invited.

### King

May it be signed, sealed and heralded.

(A blast from the Herald.)

### Scribe

Shall we spread the news immediately, sir?

### King

Yes, let it be known in lands far and near.

### Queen

With one exception.

### Herald

You mean the wicked barbarians  
from the west?

### King

Yes, don't invite them. But everyone else  
must hear the news!

### Scribe

It shall be done, sir. Come on, Harold,  
we've got work to do.

### Herald

It's not Harold. It's Herald.

### Scribe

Don't bother me with vowels.  
Let's get started.

### Herald

Here?

### Scribe

Always start at the beginning...  
and don't confuse the two.

### Herald

Huh?

### Scribe

(clears throat, then speaks with an accent)  
Be it forthwith declared and proclaimed...  
(Herald blasts the trumpet)... that on the  
happenstance of the the Autumn Festival  
(blast)... which has heretofore been rather  
picnic-like in nature (blast)... that this year  
we shall host in the Castle a grand and  
formal ball... (blast)... to which every  
young lady is invited...  
(BLAST)

### Herald

...unless you're one of the wicked  
barbarians from the west.

### Scribe

Yes. In that case...

### Scribe and Herald

Foggedaboutit.

### Scribe

Next stop... the village. Come on, Harold.



## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Herald**

(as they are leaving)  
It's not Harold. Oh, foggedaboutit.

### **SCENE #7**

### **ALL OVER TOWN**

#### **Narrator 10**

The news went through town like wildfire. Everywhere people were talking. A grand, formal ball in the castle? Nothing like this had ever happened before. Farther and farther the news went, out across the land and into the neighboring kingdoms.

#### **Narrator 11**

But nowhere was the excitement more intense than here in the little village at the foot of the hill. Everyone was working together, and the summer days flew by with dreams and plans and preparations.

(During the next song, the whole summer goes by, and a number of important ideas are presented. The curtain opens to reveal the townspeople hard at work... the village square is filled with activity... Elsa is at the Dress Shop, Renata at the Flower Shop... the Castle section of the stage shows the King and Queen and other Castle officials working with paper and pen keeping track of deliveries, correspondence, etc. The Greadmore kitchen is first a place for Cinderella and Madame Greadmore to talk, then later the location for The Mouse Gang to bring fabric and start sewing. At one point, Governess Duvanne, walking through the village, orders a new dress for her niece. The Guards also march through, carrying supplies from the dock. Mr. Pops, Marcello, Cinderella and Vladimir arrive near the end of the song to show that the book project has continued through the summer as well as Marcello's teaching of Vladimir about the Guard Drills. When the song ends, nearly everyone is somewhere on stage.)

### **Song 6 - So The Summer Went By**

So the summer went by  
And the news of the proclamation  
Spread across the land  
Like sunshine across the sea  
Kingdoms far and near  
Responded to the invitation  
On the evening of the Autumn Festival  
Reserve a place for me  
Ah - - - - Reserve a place for me

(In the village square... Mr. Pops  
walks through)

### **Coralie - Voice in the Village**

Mr. Pops! Have you heard about  
the Grand Ball?

### **Mr. Pops**

Grand Ball? Tell me about it.

### **Tameryn - Voice in the Village**

It's going to be wonderful.  
Right in the Castle.

### **Brenna - Voice in the Village**

Everyone's invited. Will you be there?

### **Mr. Pops**

If everyone's invited, then I must be  
invited too. Maybe I will be there.

### **Deveron - Voice in the Village**

I hope so, Mr. Pops. It won't be the same  
without you.

The mood in the village square  
Is filled with anticipation  
Nothing like this before  
Has happened in the little town  
Everywhere you turn  
The picture is preparation  
All want to be part of the story  
When history is going down  
Ah - - - - History is going down

(Action shifts to Greadmore Manor.  
Cinderella is working in the kitchen.  
Madame Greadmore enters.)

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Madame Greadmore**

Cinderella, great news! I have four more houses for you.

### **Cinderella**

Four more?

### **Madame Greadmore**

This will help pay for my new dress. Oh, isn't it wonderful?

### **Cinderella**

Well?

### **Madame Greadmore**

Don't stand there chattering, child. There's work to be done. (Madame Greadmore exits. Cinderella picks up her bucket and rags and walks out into the village.)

### **Colette - Voice in the Village**

Cinderella, I'm so excited about the Grand Ball. You're coming, right?

### **Cinderella**

I would like to.

### **Colette**

Don't miss it. This is "once in a lifetime."

(Governess Duvanne enters.)

### **Governess Duvanne**

Cinderella, may I see you a moment? Here comes Elsa, too. What perfect timing!

### **Elsa**

What can we do for you, Governess?

### **Governess Duvanne**

I'd like to have a beautiful dress made... for my niece. She's coming to the Grand Ball.

### **Cinderella**

That's wonderful.

### **Elsa**

What size?

### **Governess Duvanne**

That's why I asked you to stay, Cinderella. My niece is about your size.

### **Elsa**

That makes it easy. Stand still, Cinderella. (Elsa measures Cinderella with a measuring tape as the dialogue continues.)

### **Governess Duvanne**

You'll like my niece. You even look a little like her. I know you'll be good friends.

### **Cinderella**

I look forward to meeting her.

### **Elsa**

I promise, Governess, your niece will have the finest dress money can buy. That is, if money is no object.

### **Governess Duvanne**

Make it as pretty as you can.

### **Elsa**

I knew you'd say that. You can count on us.

(Cinderella leaves to go to her work. Action shifts to the members of the Mouse Gang, who are all assembled in the kitchen at Greadmore Manor.)

### **Vladimir** (running in)

Listen, everyone.

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

What is it, Vladimir?

### **Vladimir**

Governess Duvanne just ordered a dress for her niece.

### **Friesla the Mouse**

I didn't know she had a niece.

### **Vladimir**

Well, apparently she does, and her niece is coming to the ball. And... Madame Greadmore is having a dress made too.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Gouda the Mouse**

Where are you going with this?

### **Vladimir**

Don't you see? Everyone's getting ready - except Cinderella. Tell me, what's she going to wear to the ball, if she goes at all?

### **Ragusano the Mouse**

You know, Vladimir is right.

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

If Cinderella needs a new dress, we'll have to make it. Everyone search. Bring back whatever fabric you can find.

### **All Mice**

(salute) Your wish is our command.

(Mice scatter and reappear shortly, each one with fabric pieces. They act out sewing the pieces together. The Castle Guards march through with boxes of all kinds.)

Heave Ho! Guards to the docks  
Supplies for the festival arriving  
Lay down your sword and pick up a box  
And march with your head held high  
Shoulder the load and come down the road  
With the colors of the castle flag flying  
If all goes well, listen time will tell  
Maybe Prince John will have a bride  
Ah - - - Prince John will have a bride

(Guards and villagers leave. Mr. Pops, Marcello, Cinderella and Vladimir enter. During the following dialogue in the castle, Mr. Pops is sitting with Cinderella on the bench, looking at a new book. Marcello is teaching Vladimir more of the Guard Drill. There are no words spoken... only actions.)

### **Queen**

Flip Top, how many crumb cakes do we have?

### **Flip Top**

One hundred thirty-nine, Ma'am.

### **King**

Make it one hundred forty.

### **Queen**

Scribe, how many bushels of apples for applesauce?

### **Scribe**

Twenty-nine.

### **King**

Make it thirty.

### **Queen**

And how many plates of vegetables?

### **King**

Anna Rose? This is a Grand Ball. Who needs vegetables?

### **Herald**

To which I heartily concur. (Blast)  
But there is one thing you can't have enough of, and we all know what it is.

### **All Castle Voices Together**

Pigs in a blanket! Woohoo! (clap)

(All voices and parts reappear and are part of the finale.)

So the summer went by  
And the news of the proclamation  
Spread across the land  
Like sunshine across the sea  
Kingdoms far and near  
Responded to the invitation  
On the evening of the Autumn Festival  
Reserve a place for me  
Ah - - - Reserve a place for me... Yeah!

## **SCENE #8**

### **THE EVENING OF THE GRAND BALL**

### **Narrator 12**

Yes, the summer went by, but everyone knew the end of summer marks the

## Scripts - Cinderella

beginning of Autumn, and this year, the Autumn Festival had captured the imagination.

### **Narrator 13**

People talked about it in the shops, and in their houses, and when they passed each other on the streets, and though they didn't know it, in other villages down the road, and in kingdoms far away, the same thing was happening.

### **Narrator 14**

Then one day, they all woke up on a bright morning, with just a little hint of fall in the air, and everyone knew without being told... this is the day... the day of the Autumn Festival, and the excitement was unbelievable.

(Takes place in front of the curtain.)

### **Flip Top**

Hey, King? What's happening in Marble Plaza?

### **King**

Just thinking.

### **Flip Top**

Thinking? This is no time to think. This is a time to act.... greet people... dance... and eat. Did you know, in the castle kitchen there are hundreds of crumb cakes, thousands of dishes of apple sauce, and millions of "hogs under the covers?"

### **King**

Hogs under the covers?

### **Flip Top**

You know... pigs in a blanket. (softer) Shall I add a "Woohoo?"

### **King**

Flip Top, it's not food I'm wondering about... it's whether this whole idea's gonna work or not.

### **Flip Top**

Still got pain on your brain 'cause the prince got no bride by his side? Listen, it's not really my line, but I got good news.

### **King**

What is it?

### **Flip Top**

Think. Somewhere in this wide world there must be a wonderful girl just right for your son... just one... but that's all he needs, right?

### **King**

Yeah?

### **Flip Top**

And you've invited every girl for miles around to come to the Festival tonight.

### **King**

Yeah?

### **Flip Top**

So... if you only need one, and they're all coming, then that one girl is going to be here.

### **King**

Flip Top, you're right! Whoever she is, she'll be here tonight! I better go and get ready. Thank you, Flip Top. Thank you.

(The king runs off.)

### **Flip Top**

Sure can do.... sure can dooooo.

(Flip Top falls down and rolls under the curtain. Scene switches to Greadmore Manor - the curtain opens and the Mouse Gang enters the dining area with the dress they made and a nice box to put it in.)

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Okay, quiet everyone, quiet. Nona, Renata and Elsa just left for the ball.

## Scripts - Cinderella

I want to congratulate you. As a result of your hard work, we have a wonderful dress for Cinderella. Look! (She holds the dress up. The mice answer with oohs and ahhs.) Now, we'll put the dress in this box, find Cinderella, bring her here... and watch when she opens the box.

### **Mouse Gang**

(Good plan! ) (All right! ) (Let's go!)

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Remember, quietly.

(The Mouse Gang leaves to find Cinderella. Madame Greadmore, Renata and Elsa return unexpectedly.)

### **Renata**

Oh, Mother, how could you? We were right on time, and now look at us...

### **Elsa**

Late... double-late... and triple-late... because you forgot your handbag.

### **Madame Greadmore**

I'm sorry, girls. In the excitement, it slipped my mind. I must have left it under the table.

### **Renata**

A whole summer of preparation, and now we're late because of a handbag under the table.

### **Elsa**

What's this?

### **Renata**

That box wasn't there when we left.

### **Elsa**

What's in it? (She opens the box.)  
It's a dress! (She lifts it out.)

### **Renata**

It's beautiful. Do you suppose it's Cinderella's?

### **Madame Greadmore**

I didn't think she was going, but it must be hers. Who else could it belong to?

### **Elsa**

Mother, if Cinderella wears this, she'll outshine us all.

### **Renata**

Wait. I recognize some of the fabric. Isn't this a piece of the same pattern you're wearing?

### **Elsa**

It is. Well, of all the sneaky little cheats. Cinderella didn't even ask if she could take those scraps.

### **Renata**

It's not fair to have that dress show up at the ball.

### **Elsa**

No, it isn't.

### **Renata**

Mother, what are you going to do?

### **Madame Greadmore**

Girls, girls... I'm surprised at you. This is a beautiful dress, and it's definitely going to the ball... in my bag.

(She stuffs the dress into her handbag. The girls laugh. Elsa throws a rose into the box, closes the lid, and they all leave. As soon as they are gone, a mouse peeks in, looks around, and motions the rest of the Mouse Gang to enter. They are leading Cinderella by the hand. She has her eyes closed.)

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

That's good. Keep your eyes closed and keep coming. Don't look yet. (They lead her to the box on the table. All gather around so they can see her expression.)  
Okay, open your eyes... now!

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Cinderella**

You made me a box. It's very pretty.  
Would you like me to open it?

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Yes, but before you do, we would like to  
say something.

### **Mimolette the Mouse**

Cinderella, we know how much time you  
spend serving others, and how  
busy you are.

### **Chontaleno the Mouse**

And we wanted to do something nice  
for you.

### **Bonchester the Mouse**

So we worked together, and we hope  
you'll like our gift.

### **Cinderella**

Thank you for your thoughtfulness.  
Shall I open it now?

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Yes, now.

(Cinderella opens the box.)

### **Cinderella**

A rose? It smells nice.

### **Brinza the Mouse**

A rose? Isn't anything else in the box?

### **Cinderella**

I don't see anything else.

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Where's the dress?

### **Cinderella**

Dress?

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Cinderella, we made you a beautiful dress.  
And it's gone. (Vladimir enters.) Vladimir,  
where have you been?

### **Vladimir**

In the castle, scouting it out before  
Cinderella gets there. Wow, you should see  
what the place looks like!

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

You haven't seen Cinderella's dress,  
have you?

### **Vladimir**

Isn't it in the box?

### **Cheshire the Mouse**

It was, a few minutes ago, but it's gone.

### **Vladimir**

Did anyone come into the house?

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

I don't think so. Madame Greadmore and  
her daughters left a half hour ago.

### **Vladimir**

A half hour? Are you sure? I just saw them  
crossing the park.

### **Crescenza the Mouse**

I think I know what happened. I think they  
forgot something and came back. And then  
they saw the box... and... you can  
guess the rest.

### **The Mouse Gang**

(The Mouse Gang is heartbroken.) (How  
did this happen?) (It was so beautiful.)

### **Cinderella**

I'm sorry. I wish I could have seen it.

### **Wellington the Mouse**

Everyone hide! Someone's at the door.

### **Governess Duvanne**

Hello, is anyone home?

### **Cinderella**

I'm here. Governess Duvanne, I thought  
you'd be at the Grand Ball with your niece.

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Governess Duvanne**  
May I come in?

**Cinderella**  
Sure. Is there something I can do for you?

**Governess Duvanne**  
No, precious one. Sit down. This is my chance to do something for you.

**Cinderella**  
What do you mean?

**Governess Duvanne**  
Cinderella, look at me. Are you good at believing things? Things that seem like they couldn't possibly be true?

**Cinderella**  
Maybe. I don't know. What is it?

**Governess Duvanne**  
Well, first, my real name is not Governess Duvanne.

**Cinderella**  
It isn't?

**Governess Duvanne**  
No. And I don't have a niece either.

**Cinderella**  
You don't? But... you ordered her a dress.

**Governess Duvanne**  
I ordered it for you.

**Cinderella**  
For me?

**Governess Duvanne**  
Yes, it's here in this package. And it's beautiful. I had it made so you could go to the ball tonight.

**Cinderella**  
Thank you. I don't know what to say.

(The Mouse Gang reappears, having overheard the conversation, and they are all overjoyed.)

**Governess Duvanne**  
I see you have friends.

**Cinderella**  
This is the Mouse Gang.

**Governess Duvanne**  
Well, your friends ought to hear this too. You see, there's more. Your name ... is not really Cinderella.

**Cinderella**  
It isn't?

**Governess Duvanne**  
No. You were born into a royal family many miles from here, to a wonderful dad and mom, and they named you "Marisse of Windswept Hollow."

**Cinderella**  
Marisse of Windswept Hollow? I don't understand.

**Governess Duvanne**  
When you were very young, your royal home was attacked by warriors from the west, and in the battle your parents lost their lives. At the last minute, you were sent away with a box of money to friends in another kingdom.

**Cinderella**  
How do you know these things?

**Governess Duvanne**  
Because... I was your nurse, and I helped rescue you and send you away. But, sadly, I entrusted you and the box to the wrong servant, and instead of delivering you to the friends we intended, he took you to a distant relative of his, who spent the money, and then raised you as a servant girl.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Cinderella**

This is all kind of overwhelming. I mean, are you sure it's me? Could it be someone else somewhere?

### **Governess Duvanne**

I know it's you because of the box.

### **Cinderella**

This box?

### **Governess Duvanne**

No. The one by the fire. Would you bring it to me? (Two mice bring the box and set it on the table.) This is the box we sent you away with. I remember it. All the money's gone, of course. Madame Greadmore spent it. But what she didn't know is the box has a hidden compartment. And what I'm hoping... yes, here it is, all untouched.... your mother's jewelry.

### **Cinderella**

It's beautiful, and what are these? They look like shoes made out of crystal.

### **Governess Duvanne**

Your mother wore them on her wedding day. I imagine they would fit you now. And here's the certificate.... the official announcement of your birth.  
Do you see the name?

### **Marisse**

Marisse of Windswept Hollow.

### **Governess Duvanne**

Marisse... look at me... do you believe me now?

### **Marisse**

I guess so. I don't know what to say.

### **Governess Duvanne**

Marisse, there is so little time, and there's one more thing you must know. The friends of your family, to whom we intended to send you, were named King John and Queen Anna Rose.

### **Marisse**

You mean?

### **Governess Duvanne**

Yes. All these years I've hoped to find you, and I never guessed you were growing up right under the shadow of the Castle on the Hill.

### **Marisse**

What shall I do?

### **Governess Duvanne**

Take this beautiful dress, put it on, add the jewelry that was your mother's, and wear the shoes she wore on her wedding day. Then when you arrive at the Castle, tell King John and Queen Anna Rose that you are Marisse of Windswept Hollow. They will recognize your name, and will welcome you.

### **Marisse**

How shall I ever thank you?

### **Governess Duvanne**

Marisse, you have no idea how much it means to find you. I must leave now. Time is running short.

### **Marisse**

You're not coming?

### **Governess Duvanne**

My part of the story has reached its happy ending. But your part, Marisse, your story is just beginning. Leave behind your name and your place. Take your new name, and go to the place where you truly belong.

### **Marisse**

Thank you. Thank you so much. (They embrace, and then Governess Duvanne leaves.)

### **Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Marisse of Windswept Hollow... what a pretty name! Marisse?



## Scripts - Cinderella

**Marisse**

Yes?

**Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Are you listening?

**Marisse**

(kneeling down)

Oh, Somerset, I'm kind of in a daze.

**Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

(kneeling down beside her)

Marisse, look at me. She said time is short. You must forget your name and place, and accept your new name, and find where you truly belong. Are you willing to do that?

**Marisse**

(pause) Yes... I am.

**Somerset Brie - Mouse Queen**

Then come... I'll help you get ready, all right?

(The Mouse Queen leads Marisse offstage. The other mice follow. The curtain closes.)

### SCENE #9

#### DANCING IN THE CASTLE

**Narrator 15**

So it was on the night of the Autumn Festival, the night everyone had looked forward to for weeks, the night everyone had dreamed and planned for, on that night... something else had happened... something completely unexpected. Somewhere down in the valley, a girl whose heart had always been true found out at last the truth about who she was.

**Narrator 16**

You can imagine how she felt. It's not that her heart wasn't ready. Her heart had been pure and free, just like a child, all along. It's just that so many years of doing things someone else's way, had dimmed the horizon. And now the sun had come up so

quickly, it was almost too bright to look at. But her good friends, the mice, were there to keep her steady, and the Mouse Queen helped her get ready for the Ball.

**Narrator 17**

If you had stood outside the castle on that moonlit night in autumn, you would have watched a girl walking silently up the path leading to the castle steps. She was wearing a beautiful dress which was a gift, and jewelry which had once been her mother's, and shoes which shone like crystal in the moonlight. But most important of all, in her heart she carried the wonder of a new name.

**Narrator 18**

The interesting thing is, no one in the castle had any idea all this had happened. They were in their own world, busy with their own thoughts and ideas, and they were dancing the night away to the music of Mr. Pops.

(The curtain opens in the middle of the song. Mr. Pops is leading everyone in a group dance. The choreography may be traditional, but it doesn't have to be. It could, for example, have hints of ballroom dancing mixed with line dancing, and at times even look a little unusual. The King and Queen watch from one side. Nona, Elsa and Renata are watching from the other side. Some guards are standing at attention around the edges while others, if needed, may be part of the dance.)

**Song 7 - The Way Stuff Goes (Reprise)**

And oh, doesn't it make your mind  
kind of go split-fancy  
over the hill, start dancing  
You could be one of the happiest  
people of all

And oh, doesn't it make your feet go  
rumble-a-toe-tapping  
don't want to be caught napping  
You can sing it winter, spring,  
summer and fall

## Scripts - Cinderella

winter, spring, summer and fall - hey!  
winter, spring, summer and fall...

(All dancers fall down.)

**Mr. Pops**

Ah, time for a little rest, hey?

**King**

Anna Rose, I don't see anyone who  
looks like a match for our son.

**Queen Anna Rose**

I know what you mean. We'll have to  
keep watching.

**Mr. Pops**

(walking over to Nona, Renata and Elsa)  
Would you like to join in our dance?

**Madame Greadmore**

You call that a dance? Not in my book.

**Renata**

I'll save my dancing for the prince,  
thank you.

**Elsa**

Me too. The big fish, or nothing at all.

**Mr. Pops**

Okay, but you're missing out on the fun.

**Renata**

(as Mr. Pops is walking away)  
Did he say fun? I wouldn't dance with  
Mr. Pops if they gave me half the castle.

**Elsa**

You got that right. Hey, I have a name for  
him... "Book Brain with a Cane."  
(Renata and Madame Greadmore laugh.)

**Marcello**

Mr. Pops, why don't you let me take over  
while you go find Prince John. People will  
soon begin wondering where he is,  
and whether he's going to show up at all.

**Mr. Pops**

Perhaps you're right. I'll look around  
for him.

**Marcello**

Okay, everyone at the ready.

Strike up the band!

(can be sung or spoken...  
dancers answer each line)

The spinning wheel goes round - "Yeah"  
The wagon wheel goes round - "Yeah"  
The hands on the clock go round - "Yeah"  
I'll tell you what I've found - "You tell us"  
A bunch of stuff goes round and round  
"We already knew that"

So this is what we found  
A bunch of stuff goes round and round  
A bunch of stuff goes back and forth  
A bunch of stuff goes up and down  
It isn't hard to show - and we think  
Everyone should know  
That's the way - that's the way  
That's the way stuff goes  
Round and round, back and forth  
A bunch of stuff goes up\_\_ (yeah)  
and\_\_ (yo)...

(The song stops unexpectedly. Marisse  
arrives at the Castle and walks in. The  
dancers move back to the edges of the  
dance floor, and all eyes turn to look at  
Marisse. The Queen is standing  
near the door.)

**Marisse**

Hello. Am I too late for the Grand Ball?

**Queen Anna Rose**

No. You've arrived at a wonderful time.  
Come in. May I ask your name?

**Marisse**

My name is Marisse... Marisse of  
Windswept Hollow.

**Queen Anna Rose**

Marisse? What a pretty... Did you say...  
Marisse of Windswept Hollow?

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Marisse**

Yes.

**Queen Anna Rose**

Would you wait here? (calling to the King)  
John, would you come here for a moment?

**King John**

Yes, Anna Rose, what can I...  
(he looks at Marisse)

**Queen Anna Rose**

There's someone I'd like you to meet.  
She just arrived.

**King John**

Welcome to the Castle on the Hill.

**Marisse**

Thank you.

**Queen Anna Rose**

And John, her name is Marisse...  
of Windswept Hollow.

**King John**

Marisse of... Windswept Hollow?

**Marisse**

Yes.

**King John**

Marisse, my name is King John.  
This is my wife, Queen Anna Rose.  
And over there, just coming in, is our son.  
Would you like to meet him?

**Marisse**

Yes, thank you.

**Queen Anna Rose**

You may walk over and introduce yourself.

(Marisse walks slowly across the floor.  
Prince John comes from the other side. He  
looks at her without saying anything.)

## Song 8 - Something More

**Prince John**

I've waited all my life for a moment  
just like this

But I didn't know what I was  
waiting for

**Marisse**

There was a dream in me I thought  
could never be

But that's a dream and this is  
something more

**Prince John**

Where is love planted and how  
does it grow

**Marisse**

Or is it something that no one can know

**Prince John and Marisse**

Is it something no one can know

**Prince John**

Will you dance with me?

(Marisse curtsies. They dance while  
the King and Queen sing.)

**Queen Anna Rose**

You thought she wasn't here and then  
before your eyes

The missing one comes knocking  
at the door

**King John**

He comes into the room and there  
to his surprise

She walks to him across the ballroom floor

**Queen Anna Rose**

If love is a river then where does it flow

**King John**

Or is it something that no one can know

**King John and Queen Anna Rose**

Is it something no one can know

**Prince John**

There's a place I want to show you,  
high on the castle wall. You can look  
down across the whole village.

It's right over here. Come.

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Marisse**

What a beautiful scene. And such a clear,  
moonlit night.

**Prince John**

I haven't even asked your name yet.

**Marisse**

My name is Marisse... Marisse of  
Windswept Hollow.

**Prince John**

That's a very beautiful name.

**Marisse**

Thank you. What's your name?

**Prince John**

Nothing unusual. Just John.

**Marisse**

Prince John?

**Prince John**

Yes.

**Marisse**

I've never met a prince before.

**Prince John**

And I've never met a princess.  
Where are you from?

**Marisse**

A long, long way from here.

**Prince John**

You are real, right? I mean, you're not  
going to suddenly disappear, are you?

**Marisse**

No, I'm not going to disappear.

**Prince John**

I've waited all my life for a moment  
just like this  
But I didn't know what I was waiting for

**Marisse**

There was a dream in me I thought  
could never be  
But that's a dream and this is  
something more

**Marisse**

Do you see how the moonlight plays with  
the shadows? It almost looks like people  
walking through the gardens.

**Prince John**

Where?

**Marisse**

Down there. See?

**Prince John**

(He looks for a moment.)

Those are not shadows. Those are  
warriors. The castle is being attacked.

**Marisse**

What?

**Prince John**

Marisse, promise you'll do as I say. Find  
the safest place you can find, and don't let  
anyone know where you are until  
this is over? Do you promise?

**Marisse**

Yes, I promise.

**Warriors** (charging in)

(We want Marisse!) (We want Marisse!)  
(Gasps from the startled crowd as they  
back up to the edges of the stage.)

**Head Warrior** (yelling)

Don't anyone move! Give us Marisse  
and we're gone!

**King**

This is treachery... attacking in  
a time of peace.

**Head Warrior**

Give us Marisse!

## Scripts - Cinderella

### Prince John

(charging in) Castle Guards to Arms!

### Song 9 - A Story to Tell (Reprise)

Left... March... 1... 2...

Right... Thrust... Block... Thrust

Lend your hand to a cause that's just...

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

Close... Now regroup...

1... 2... 3... 4...

Mark your spot and hold to the line...

Attack\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

Step to the left... Jump... Thrust...

Close... Now regroup... Hey

March... March... March and then

Thrust... Block... Thrust again...

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

Ah\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_

1... 2... 3... 4...

Hold the shield, raise the sword

Enemies fear whenever they hear

the sound we make -

the sound of the trumpet

and the earth that shakes beneath

We are the warriors defending

the Castle on the Hill

Mighty warriors of Prince John

Mighty warriors of Prince John

Mighty warriors - mighty warriors

of Prince John

### Prince

Guards, chase them out of the land. Go!

(The Guards run offstage and down the

aisle. One guard finds something

and returns.)

### King

Is everyone safe? Is everyone

accounted for?

### Queen

(pause) May I ask... where is Marisse?

### Antonio the Guard

Look, I found something. It's a glass shoe.

### Prince

A glass shoe? This is one of the shoes

Marisse was wearing!

### King

Where did you found this?

### Antonio the Guard

On one of the side paths leading away

from the castle.

### Queen

Oh, John. That means....

### Prince

The warriors may have found her.

(to Antonio) Come, we're going after them.

### King

(to all the guests)

The ball is over. Everyone look for Marisse.

(All exit the stage as though looking or

calling for Marisse. The curtain closes.)

## SCENE #10

### PREPARING FOR WAR

(This scene takes place in front of the

curtain.)

### Narrator 19

It was a dark moment in the Castle on the

Hill. The joy and wonder of the Autumn

Festival had given way to treachery and

then to loss. The girl whose name the King

and Queen had recognized... she was gone.

The one the Prince knew to be his bride...

she had disappeared into the night.

### Narrator 20

The thoughts of everyone were with

Marisse. Had she been captured and taken

away? The warriors fled on horses, and the

prince and guards chased them into the

western mountains, but they returned in

the early morning hours with sad faces...

no one had seen the girl.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Narrator 21**

If they had known what had happened, their hearts would have been at peace, for Marisse, promising to find a safe place, went running down a back stairway in the castle, and stepping through a door, discovered she was alone in one of the castle gardens. When the door closed and latched behind her, making it impossible to get back in, she realized there was still one safe place where no one would know who she was. That place was Greadmore Manor.

### **Narrator 22**

When Nona, Renata and Elsa returned home after the ball, Cinderella was there, playing the part of a servant girl and listening to their stories. But no one knew where Marisse was, and back in the castle, preparations were being made for war.

### **King**

Have all the letters been written?

### **Scribe**

Yes, one for each of our allies.

### **Queen**

War is a terrible thing. To think yesterday was such a happy day... and now this.

### **King**

If it was just the attack, we might have forgiven them. But it seems they got Marisse. For her, we must go.

### **Queen**

I know.

### **King**

Are all the messengers ready?

### **Marcello**

Yes, sir, they are.

### **Scribe**

Sir, your signatures.

(The King signs the letters as the dialogue continues.)

### **Vladimir**

(peeking around corner from curtain opening)

Marcello... pssst... Marcello... over here.

### **Marcello**

Vladimir?

### **Vladimir**

I have an urgent message for you. Tell Mr. Pops to meet Cinderella in the park an hour before sunset. She has information about Marisse.

### **Marcello**

What?

### **Vladimir**

Mr. Pops, an hour before sunset, in the park... bye.

### **Marcello**

(to the King) Sir, where's the prince?

### **Herald**

In the armory, with some of the guards.

### **Marcello**

May I suggest we hold the letters until this evening?

### **King**

Why?

### **Marcello**

A girl in the village may have some information about Marisse.

### **Queen**

Who is this girl?

### **Marcello**

A servant girl named Cinderella.

### **Queen**

Was she at the ball?

## Scripts - Cinderella

**Marcello**

No, I don't think so.

**Scribe**

If she wasn't at the ball, maybe she saw something when Marisse left.

**King**

I hope you're right. Hold the letters until we check this out, but all other preparations must continue.

### SCENE #11

#### IN THE PARK AGAIN

**Narrator 23**

And that's the way it happened: all the armor was polished, the horses made ready, provisions assembled and packed. All afternoon they worked until the sun began going down in the west. Then, hoping against hope for some good news, Mr. Pops and Marcello made their way around the bend and into the park.

(The curtain opens. The park is empty as they enter.)

**Marcello**

No, I have no idea what he meant. He said Cinderella had information about Marisse. That was all.

**Mr. Pops**

Cinderella wasn't even at the ball.

**Marcello**

I know, but if she wasn't there maybe she saw something the rest of us didn't.

**Mr. Pops**

If so, she's a hero. No one else saw anything.

**Marcello**

We'll find out soon enough. Here they come.

**Vladimir**

Hi, Marcello. Hi, Mr. Pops.

**Mr. Pops**

Good evening, Vladimir. Cinderella, would you like to sit down?

**Cinderella**

Yes, thank you.

**Mr. Pops**

Your young friend, Vladimir, came to the castle today and said you had information about Marisse.

**Cinderella**

Yes, Mr. Pops. I sent Vladimir. I need you to tell the prince something.

**Mr. Pops**

Something about Marisse?

**Cinderella**

Yes.

**Mr. Pops**

(removing disguise) Cinderella, this may surprise you, but the one you thought was Mr. Pops... is actually the prince.

**Cinderella**

(surprised) Prince John?

**Prince**

Yes. It's been a little unfair, I know, but I wanted to teach in the village without people knowing who I was.

**Cinderella**

Oh, I never guessed. I really thought you were a tutor.

**Vladimir**

That was a pretty good disguise, sir. I've been in the castle, and I never knew.

**Marcello**

It was a secret known only by a few.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### Prince

I'm sorry about the surprise, but if you really do know something about Marisse, and you want the prince to know, now would be the time to say it.

### Elsa (heard offstage.)

Yes, I know where she is. I saw her heading for the park. I hope she isn't talking to that ridiculous Mr. Pops.

(Nona, Renata, and Elsa enter.)

### Renata

She's there on the bench. And you were right... Mr. Pops is there too.

### Elsa

That doesn't look like Mr. Pops.

### Madame Greadmore

Cinderella, what are you doing talking with Mr.... are you... the prince?

### Prince

Yes, I am Prince John X.  
And I am also Mr. Pops.

### Renata

Mr. Pops is the prince??? Ohhhhh...

### Elsa

And you wouldn't dance with him if they gave you half the castle.

### Renata

You called him "Book Brain with a Cane."

### Renata and Elsa

Ohhhhh.....

### Madame Greadmore

Girls, silence. Cinderella, come at once.  
We're going home.

### Marcello

No one leaves yet. Cinderella claims to have some information about Marisse.

### Madame Greadmore

How could she? She wasn't even at the ball.

(The King's voice is heard offstage.)

### King

"Mr. Pops" is in the park now.  
Let's see what's going on.

(The King, Queen, Scribe and Herald enter from one side. The Mouse Gang silently comes in from the other side.)

### King

Mr. Pops, we came to...

### Queen

Son, what happened to your disguise?

### Prince

Cinderella says she has a message for the prince. I decided the disguise was no longer needed.

(The Queen very gently takes over the conversation.)

### Queen

Child, do you know anything about Marisse? She came to the ball, and then disappeared suddenly. My son, Prince John, loves her. Do you know anything?

### Cinderella

He... he loves her?

### Queen

Yes, dear one, he does. Now... do you have anything to tell us?

### Cinderella

I do. But this might seem hard to believe.

### Queen

Try us and see.

### Marisse

Marisse... is me.



## Scripts - Cinderella

### Prince

What did you say?

### Marisse

I said... Marisse is me. I didn't know that was my real name until yesterday.

### Queen

What do you mean?

### Marisse

Governess Duvanne told me my real name was Marisse of Windswept Hollow, and that she had been my nurse, and that after a battle I was sent away to friends in a distant land.

### Madame Greadmore

Cinderella, you're having delusions. I apologize, your majesties. I'll take her home now. Come, Cinderella, at once.

### Queen

No, wait. There is a resemblance. Look me in the eyes a moment. Do you have anything to help us know that what you're saying is true?

### Marisse

I have my birth certificate... and if it helps... here's the other glass shoe.

### Prince

You really are Marisse, aren't you?

### Marisse

Yes.

### Madame Greadmore

Cinderella, I still don't know what you're talking about. You have work to do at home. Come at once.

### King

Excuse me a moment, but am I to understand that you have been raising Marisse of Windswept Hollow all these years as a servant girl?

### Madame Greadmore

Come Renata. Come Elsa. Since we are not wanted around here, we're leaving.

### Vladimir

Not so fast.

(Vladimir and the Mouse Gang, doing a piece of the guard drill, slowly drive Madame Greadmore toward Marcello.)

Attack\_\_\_ Ah\_\_\_\_\_

Step to the left... Jump... Thrust...  
Close... Now regroup... Hey  
March... March... March and then  
Thrust... Block... Thrust again...

### Madame Greadmore

Ah\_\_\_\_\_

(Marcello grabs Madame Greadmore and takes her away. Renata and Elsa follow... moaning.)

### King

(to Vladimir) Good job, young knight.

### Prince

His name is Vladimir. (Vladimir bows.)

### King

Looks like we have some new recruits for the Guards. Speaking of which, I guess we can call off the war. Scribe, would you do the honors?

### Scribe

Yes, sir. Come on, Harold.

### Herald

It's not Harold. It's Herald.

### Scribe

Don't bother me with vowels. Come on.

### Herald

(salutes) Okay, Scrubb.

## Scripts - Cinderella

### **Scribe**

I'm not Scrubb. I'm the scribe.

### **Herald**

Hey, don't bother me with vowels either.

### **Scribe**

(looks at Herald, but doesn't answer...  
then deliberately)

Regarding the war... (BLAST)

### **Scribe and Herald**

Foggedaboutit!

(The Queen motions the court officials  
away. The Mouse Queen motions the mice  
away. Only Prince John and Marisse  
remain on stage.)

### **Prince**

Marisse, to think we sat on this bench  
so many times...

### **Marisse**

And we never knew.

### **Prince**

Did you really read all those books?

### **Marisse**

I did... but I didn't realize I was borrowing  
them from the prince.

### **Prince**

My mother says when love comes, you  
don't always know what to say.

### **Marisse**

Is that how you feel now?

### **Prince**

(taking her hands) Yes.

### **Marisse**

Me, too.

(All motion freezes and the song begins...  
the prince and Marisse leave their places to  
participate in various pantomimed scenes

from the play... each scene unfolds,  
and then stops, those characters freezing...  
gradually the stage fills up with the various  
play scenes... as the song ends, the prince  
and Marisse are back where they were  
when the song began...)

### **Song of the Storyteller**

#### **Song 10 - Somewhere, Sometime**

Someplace, sometime, and who can tell  
Exactly when the story comes around  
Some words that rhyme, a heart that's true  
A story line that touches me and you  
And paints a picture bright as dawn  
Paints a picture bright as dawn

And who can tell what Love will bring  
When once the curtain has been  
opened wide

A few more lines, a song to sing  
And then the word that changes everything  
And makes the picture bright as day  
Makes the picture bright as day

There was a girl, her heart song seemed  
forgotten by the world  
No place to sing, nowhere to shine  
No storied past, no hills to climb  
Through leaves of fall, winter's cold  
Flowers of springtime, summer's  
haze of gold  
Each and every day the same  
Never even knew her name

Then autumn comes, and on its path  
Bright truth forever sets her free at last  
To be the one she'd always been  
When days were dark, and all her  
dreams grew dim

And how could she who played her part  
Even when it meant a broken heart  
Know that in the end she'd find  
Love would write the final line  
Give her one last hill to climb  
Someplace, someplace, sometime  
Someplace, someplace... sometime

THE END

## Scripts - Cinderella

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### Curtain Call

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The Ocean Grove Children's Show - 2007  
Book and Music - Steve Mugglin  
Some supporting names suggested by  
Jennifer Fitzgerald, Director  
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