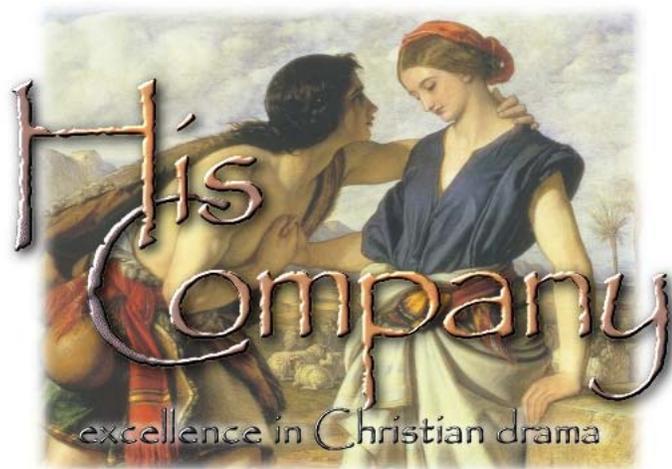


# COMING HOME

## A STORY OF GRACE (A MUSICAL)

by  
David S. Lampel



---

**CHARACTERS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)**

---

	Lieutenant Daniel Patterson, Chaplain USA .....	5
	Meredith Patterson, his wife.....	7
5	The Patterson's son.....	7
	Ephraim.....	9
	Bertha and Edith Crowley .....	9
	Sarah.....	11
	Frank Miller, member of church .....	11
10	Henry (soloist on "I've Got Joy").....	12
	John Foster, Elder.....	12
	Harlan Garrett, member of church leaving the community .....	16
	Portia Garrett, his wife.....	16
	Ilene Jenkins.....	16
15	Edna Miller, Frank's wife .....	17
	Theodore Krueger .....	20
	Elisabeth Krueger, his wife .....	20
	Patty Krueger, their daughter.....	20
	Earl Hollings .....	21

---

20 **ORDER OF SONGS**

---

	If God Be For Us.....	7
	Great is the Glory .....	14
	It's Still the Cross.....	19
25	I Go to the Rock .....	23
	I Go to the Rock (reprise)	
	He's the Only King.....	29
	He's an On-time God.....	33
	He Still Reigns .....	37
30	You're Still Lord .....	39
	I've Got Joy .....	41
	I've Got Joy (reprise)	
	Sold Out Medley .....	43

---

**MUSIC ORDERING INFORMATION**

---

35 All songs are from *Songs for the Soul-winning Church: The Very Best of Mike Speck*  
 Compiled by Mike Speck. WORD Music.

40	Choral Book	0 80689 33217 3	301 0409 01X
	Compact Disc	0 80689 62622 7	301 0522 592
	CD Trax Split	0 80689 64512 9	301 4458 589
	CD Trax Stereo	0 80689 64612 6	301 4459 585
	Studio Orchestration	0 80689 33567 9	301 0850 255

45 WORD's toll-free Order number at this writing: **1-888-483-0014**—or go to [WORDMUSIC.COM](http://WORDMUSIC.COM)  
 [*His Company* does not supply or sell the music literature or Trax that are used in conjunction with its scripts. You must purchase these items either from the publisher, or your customary source.]

---

## DRAMATIC ROLE RESPONSIBILITIES

---

	Size of Part	In Chorus?	Solo?
Daniel Patterson	Large	No	*
Meredith Patterson	Small	Optional	
The Patterson's son	Small (Non-speaking)	No	
Ephraim	Small	Yes	
Bertha Crowley	Small	Optional	
Edith Crowley	Small	Optional	
Sarah	Small	Yes	
Henry	Small	Yes	Preferably
Frank Miller	Medium	Yes	
Edna Miller	Small	Yes	
John Foster	Medium	Yes	
Harlan Garrett	Large	No	**
Portia Garrett	Small	Optional	
Ilene Jenkins	Small	Yes	
Theo Krueger	Small	Optional	
Elisabeth Krueger	Small	Optional	
Patty Krueger	Small	Optional	
Earl Hollings	Medium	Optional	

\* Daniel Patterson could sing the solo on "I've Got Joy," but the assumption is made here that no choral director would wish to limit a solo-quality singer to just one song. Thus, in the script, the solo has been given to Henry.

\*\* The same rationale would apply to Harlan Garrett, who could sing the solo in "It's Still the Cross," but would also be unavailable for many other songs.

---

## BACKGROUND FOR LIEUTENANT (PASTOR) PATTERSON

---

50

In January 1942, about a month after the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, Daniel Patterson—twenty-seven-year-old son of Nathan Patterson, late pastor of All Saint's Community Church in Alden, Iowa—applied for and was endorsed by local committee for the US Army chaplaincy.

55

Fresh out of seminary in 1939, Daniel had taken over as pastor of their home church when his father developed health problems. In early 1941, the elder Patterson at last succumbed to cancer, and his son had begun to minister to the flock on his own, outside the shadow of his father. Then, on that fateful day in December 1941, everything had changed. Suddenly Pastor Daniel was torn—torn between his love for those he was pastoring, and his patriotic devotion to country. For several weeks he struggled in prayer, until he at last concluded that the Lord was calling him to serve a *new* flock: the brave lads who had taken up arms to defend their country.

60

After 30 days of training at the Army Chaplain School at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, Lieutenant Daniel Patterson received several weeks of more-intense training for operating in jungle terrain, before being assigned to the 164<sup>th</sup> Infantry, part of the new "Americal" division stationed in New Caledonia, in the South Pacific. Later that year, On October 13, 1942, the 164<sup>th</sup> landed at Guadalcanal to join the marines in their battle to take that island from the Japanese.

65

Chaplain Patterson served shoulder-to-shoulder with the young men of his unit, digging his foxhole next to theirs, and going along with them into battle. On the night of October 23, they heard the Japanese begin their attempt to retake the Lunga Point airfield—which the marines had renamed Henderson Field. Two nights later the Japanese, yelling "Banzai," hit the 164<sup>th</sup>, running out of the dark jungles throwing grenades, and firing every weapon they could carry. Despite armor, artillery, air, and naval support, the Japanese achieved little more than temporary breakthroughs at isolated points. The men of the 164<sup>th</sup> put up a stronger defense than the Japanese expected from such a green unit, and with the marines repulsed the enemy, inflicting heavy losses. The 164<sup>th</sup> lost 26 killed, 52 wounded, and 4 missing.

70

75 In January of 1943, the 164<sup>th</sup> was assigned to defend the perimeter of Henderson Field, but Chaplain Patterson was asked to accompany the 27<sup>th</sup> Infantry as they attacked a large hill the Americans called Galloping Horse. Three days of fierce combat won victory for the American soldiers, but an early trip home for Chaplain Patterson. While in a jungle depression, comforting an injured corporal, a mortar exploded nearby—killing instantly the wounded soldier, and filling Patterson's legs with shrapnel. Bleeding badly, the chaplain was carried back to the staging area, where he was stabilized, then transported to the airfield. The next morning he was evacuated to New Caledonia, then on to the Allied base at Brisbane, Australia.

80 Recuperating after surgery in the hospital at Brisbane, Lieutenant Patterson ministered, as best he could, to the other patients in his ward. He became the pastor to young men without arms, without legs, with faces and limbs mangled by the machinery of war. He held the dying in his arms, and, ignoring the ache in his own heart, comforted and encouraged those who wished only to die or go home.

85 Finally there came a day when he, along with many other American wounded, were conducted onto a hospital ship for the long journey back to the States. And once again, Lieutenant Patterson ministered to those around him. Setting aside his own troubled thoughts and emotions, he became a pastor to the wounded soldiers and sailors and airmen who populated the ship. They put in at Pearl, taking on more wounded from the hospitals there, then continued on to San Francisco. By the time he was helped off the ship in California, the only thing on Patterson's mind was to return to the green fields of the Midwest—to the quiet home so far away from the noise and destruction of war.

90 And on July 3, 1943, Lieutenant Daniel Patterson stepped off the train in Alden, Iowa, and back into the arms of his wife and family, and those most dear to him.

---

### BACKGROUND FOR HARLAN GARRETT

---

95 In 1943, Harlan Garrett is fifty years old, a good-natured, soft-spoken man about whom no one would say a bad word. He is married to his college sweetheart, Portia, and they will soon be celebrating twenty-five years together.

100 Harlan presents himself as the type of person who passes easily and silently through life. He never gets overly agitated about much of anything, and one has the impression that he has always avoided tragedy or strife. One would also guess that he has known the Lord since childhood, and has spent all of his adult life as a strong (if reserved) pillar of the church. Indeed, to the casual observer, Harlan may seem a bit introverted—even mousy. But what few know is that Harlan's life has been more colorful than the impression he gives today.

105 He was born in Iowa Falls, Iowa (just about five miles east of Alden), in 1893. In the spring of 1917 Harlan was one of the first to join a local regiment to fight the Kaiser in France. The draft had just been enacted by Congress, but Harlan volunteered to serve. Early in 1918, as part of the 168<sup>th</sup> Infantry, he was shipped out with the 42<sup>nd</sup> Division—or the "Rainbow" Division, as it was so named by its Chief of Staff, Major Douglas MacArthur.

110 "The 42<sup>nd</sup> Division saw its first action at Luneville in February of 1918. During the next ten months, the Division took part in engagements at Baccart, Esperance-Souaine, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Essey-Pannes, and the final great Allied offensive at Meuse-Argonne."<sup>1</sup>

115 During this time, Harlan had no relationship with God other than a strong resentment toward Him for (as Harlan saw it) having a hand in the death of his best friend during the battle at the Marne. He did not come to know Jesus Christ until after he returned to the States, and began courting Portia in earnest. At her prodding, their dates were usually centered around activities at her church in Iowa Falls, and Portia was instrumental in leading Harlan to Christ before they were married in 1919.

Over time, as he matured in the Lord, Harlan lost many of the qualities that made him an impetuous firebrand in his earlier years, replacing those qualities with ones of quiet, steady resolve—qualities of a true and modest servant.

---

### A NOTE ABOUT THE MIDWESTERN DIALECT

---

120 This script has been written in the dialect of the good country folk of the Midwest. As to the actual sound, while a banker in Des Moines might have a more neutral, universal dialect, and use proper grammar, the typical farmer or citizen of a small rural town will often have more of a southern twang to his or her speech—and use rather atrocious grammar.

125 Some of this rural-Iowa speech has been incorporated into the dialogue of this musical. In some cases, what may seem to be a typographical error on the printed page is, in truth, the way these people actually speak. Don't take it too far, however: These people are not, as a rule, hillbillies—just common folk who've spent more time with cattle and pigs than with book-learnin'. They are the direct descendants of the sturdy pioneer stock that settled this land.

---

<sup>1</sup> Military information for Harlan Garrett gleaned from *History of the Iowa National Guard: World War I*, by CW2 David L. Snook, at [HTTP://WWW.GUARD.STATE.IA.US/PAGES/PUB\\_AFFAIR/HISTORY/WW1.HTML](http://www.guard.state.ia.us/pages/pub_affair/history/WW1.html)

*Time: July 4, 1943*

*Place: Outside the All Saints Community Church in Alden, Iowa*

*House lights down.*

130 *Stage lights up ¼. Lights are raised gradually during Daniel's soliloquy, to just less than full by its end.*

135 *Lieutenant Daniel Patterson, dressed in his army uniform and supporting himself by use of a wooden cane in each hand (or wooden crutches), enters haltingly onto a dimly lit stage.*

*Area lights up on Lieutenant Patterson.*

140 *He is in obvious discomfort from the condition of his legs, but is determined to spend a few private moments becoming reacquainted with his old home town. He has had a restless night after returning to Alden the previous evening. His mother, wife, and son had been at the small station to meet his train, and had greeted him with unabashed joy over his return. And though Daniel was equally glad to see them, his mother and wife quickly understood that their son and husband was now a different man than the one who had gone off to war more than a year earlier. At first sight, his smile was genuine, but his eyes were filled with dark apprehension and pain; his embrace was*

145 *real, but tentative, as if he wasn't sure how much of their affection he could return.*

*Their first dinner together had been awkward, with so much left unsaid. And, after dinner, as Daniel and Meredith had retired, the tension between them was almost that of strangers, not husband and wife. For more than a year Meredith had kept their home, awaiting the day when her husband would return. But the man who had stepped off that train was not the same husband who had boarded it the previous*

150 *year. It was as if in that short period, while her life had progressed at a normal pace, his had accelerated, and in one year he had experienced five—five years that had aged him ten.*

155 *With fitful sleep interrupted by the sheer newness of being home, and the recurring images of a war still lodged in his mind, Daniel rose before dawn, silently dressed in his uniform, and stepped out into the still-sleeping town.*

### **Daniel Patterson**

160 *(looking around, reacquainting himself with the old, familiar surroundings; with warmth and relief, but also a heavy, war-weary sigh; to the audience)*

It's like putting on a pair of comfortable old shoes. I guess you don't know how much of a place is in your blood until it's taken away.

*(pause)*

165 I was born here. My dad was born here. As much as family, a place like this gets into your blood, your system.

*(motioning with his head)*

Just over there, beyond that stand of pin oaks—that's where I learned how to ride a bike. I can still taste the sweetness of that moment, the

170 sweet freedom of being carried along, rolling across the gravel and grass,  
so afraid I'd fall off or run into a tree—both of which I did, of course,  
before the day was out.

*(motioning again)*

And there's my old grade school.

*(smiling)*

175 See the tall bushes running along the west side? They had just been  
planted when I was in the fifth grade, and Mildred Johnson would go with  
me behind those bushes and let me kiss her on the cheek.

*(soberly)*

She's married now—has three kids.

180

*(turning)*

And under that elm is where I sat with Meredith in her dad's '25 Chevy  
coupe and made my offer of marriage. To this day I don't know why she  
said "yes."

*(warmly)*

185

This place is my home. I grew up here. And it used to be whenever I had  
been away for a while, the town felt like opening a closet that smells of  
Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and slipping my feet into a pair of old,  
worn shoes.

*(pause; sadly)*

190

But now I feel a stranger, and the shoes no longer fit. I've come back with  
layers of muck on me, and I'm not sure it'll ever wash off. These people  
are so dear to me, but now they're strangers. They haven't been a part of  
what I've been through, so I'm not sure they're still a part of me.

*(with resolve colored by melancholy)*

195

This is still home—no place on earth fits me better. But now most of me  
feels like someone standing on the outside looking in—no longer part of  
what is here. I do love them all, but I'm afraid I'm no longer who they  
think I am—no longer who they expect me to be.

*(pause; steeling himself)*

200 But this isn't a place where one parades his feelings down Main Street.  
 We're made of pioneer stock in these parts—no bellyaching allowed. It  
 takes sturdy stuff to carve out a home from the prairie, to settle and make  
 a town bloom where once there was only grass. People in these parts  
 don't waste a lot of time complaining. They just get on with what needs to  
 205 be done.

*(sweepingly)*

And they're not much for celebrating, either—too much work to be done.  
 But then, that's never applied to Independence Day. Roosevelt made it  
 official, but it's been celebrated across America since the day that piece  
 210 of paper was signed. The oats are planted, the corn's in and already knee-  
 high. And mostly it's too hot and sticky to do much more than just sit in  
 the shade and sip lemonade. So around here everyone turns out for the  
 church picnic.

215 *(hearing the sound first, then brightening at the sight of his approaching friends;  
 as Meredith and his son enter from behind him, joining him just as he finishes his  
 speech)*

Brother, say what you will, but there's nothing anywhere like a small-town  
 Fourth of July. 🕒

*Cue music immediately.*

---

220 **IF GOD BE FOR US**

---

*House lights up full.*

225 *The CHORUS and Cast enter from all corners of the stage and sanctuary with great  
 energy and excitement. Everyone is coming for the All Saint's Community Church's  
 Independence Day picnic, carrying picnic baskets, casserole dishes, pies, etc.  
 Everyone knows Daniel—but only a few expected to see him, since no one was sure  
 exactly when he would be arriving home. So as they get closer they greet him  
 230 enthusiastically, the other men slapping him on the back good-naturedly and shaking  
 his hand. (One or two of the older women might embrace him, but not the younger  
 women, or those around his own age.)*

*Those carrying food set the dishes on picnic tables, etc. [Note: It's not necessary to  
 235 literally have sufficient food to feed everyone. Representative amounts will suffice.]*

*If Daniel and his family are dramatic personnel only (non-singers), they can either surreptitiously exit during the song, or occupy themselves somewhere else on stage—such as at the tables of food—depending on the size and depth of the stage.*

240

*Daniel and his family should be back on stage by the end of the song.*

*House lights back down gradually once everyone is on stage.*

---

**AFTER... IF GOD BE FOR US**


---

245 *Even though they are all enthusiastic about seeing him again, and talking to him, the people seem to go out of their way to avoid mentioning the specifics of Daniel's situation—his injuries—as if the word had been spread to treat him as if nothing had happened. This only serves, however, to further disassociate him from them.*

250 *Ephraim, a young, enthusiastic local farmer, approaches and reaches out for Daniel's hand.*

**Ephraim**

*(shaking Daniel's hand)*

Boy oh boy, it's good to see you again, Pastor!

**Daniel**

*(warmly)*

255

And you, Ephraim. How's that new stock doing—the black angus cattle you bought a ways back?

**Ephraim**

*(beaming)*

260

Had ten calves this spring—with one bull calf. All fat and healthy.

**Daniel**

That's wonderful. Mary and the girls?

**Ephraim**

*(beaming again)*

265

All fa— well, uh, why they're doin' just fine, Pastor.

*Daniel laughs good-naturedly, as two elderly sisters—Bertha and Edith Crowley—approach him.*

**Daniel**

Well now, how are the Crowley sisters—my two favorite Sunday School teachers?

270

**Bertha**

*(fussy and a bit bombastic)*

Have you come back taller, young man?

*(to her sister)*

275

Doesn't he seem taller to you, dear?

---

**Edith***(mousy)*

Oh my, don't know how that could be possible. Why, it's only been—

**Bertha***(looking him over)*

280

Well Daniel, you're looking fit as a fiddle and right as rain.

**Daniel***(smiling resignedly)*

It's good to be back, Bertha.

285

*(to her sister)*

How have you been, Edith?

**Edith***(wincing)*

Oh, the arthritis keeps me hobbling, and the—

290

**Bertha***(interrupting loudly)*

It's about time you got back here. The church needs a pastor—a real pastor.

**Edith***(happily)*

295

Oh yes, that would be so—

**Bertha**

And your better half has been pinin'—I can see it, she's been pinin'.  
You're not leavin' again, are you?

300

**Daniel***(quickly; defensively)*

No, no. I'm back to stay.

**Bertha**

Well, that's good to hear, young man!

305

*Lights cross fade to Meredith and her friend, Sarah.*

**Sarah**

It must be wonderful having Daniel back, Meredith.

**Meredith**

310 *(agreeing quickly; betraying in her voice and expression both the profound relief of having her husband back—and a trace of the awkwardness they both experienced the previous night)*

Oh, Sarah, it is. I never could get used to not having him around.

**Sarah**

315 It must have felt like forever.

**Meredith**

*(thoughtfully)*

Knowing he was on his way back, I scolded myself for having it so good.

There are so many other wives who have been without their husbands for  
320 far longer.

**Sarah**

*(agreeing; soberly)*

And some who never will get them back.

**Meredith**

325 It makes me grateful—and a little ashamed.

**Sarah**

Now things will get back to normal.

**Meredith**

*(with a trace of sad longing)*

330 Yes—I hope so.

*Lights crossfade to the men.*

**Frank Miller**

And what should we call you now—Pastor or Chaplain?

**Daniel**

335 As of a week hence you can just call me home for supper. I'll be drummed out and back to bein' nothin' but an Iowa boy.

**Henry**

Not goin' to re-up, Pastor?

340

**Daniel**

*(smiling, but also with a shudder at the thought)*

No, Henry. Besides, the army prefers chaplains that can walk on two good legs. No, the uniform will be off for good soon.

**Henry**

345

Well, preacher, there's a pulpit a-waitin' you here.

**Daniel**

Now, I've had good reports on John and the rest of the elders. Don't think I need to rush back in.

**Frank**

350

*(diplomatically)*

We're all grateful to the board for standin' in. But uh, well— it'll surely be good havin' you back.

*Meredith, from a distance, notices that Daniel is already tiring from being too long on his feet, and sends their son over to him to help him to a place to rest.*

355

*In Pastor Daniel's absence, the leadership of the church (as well as the preaching) has been shared by a rotation of elders. Currently, John Foster is leading the church.*

**John**

*(who has been listening in from a few steps away)*

360

Pastor, I believe I speak for all the elders when I say no one—and I mean no one—will be more pleased to have you back behind the pulpit than the members of the board.

**Daniel**

Thank you, John

365

*(confidentially to John; seriously)*

But I'll speak to you later about it.

**John**

*(nodding)*

Whenever you're ready, Daniel.

370

*(less confidential)*

And now comes one of those official duties. I'd be honored if you'd say grace.

*Daniel considers the offer, understanding that it makes sense for the returning pastor to say the prayer. But knowing, also, his troubled heart, he declines.*

375

**Daniel***(quietly; almost sadly)*

No, John. You go ahead.

**John***(again, understanding)*

380

All right.

*Daniel's son helps him to a place to sit off to the side, away from all the people (where Daniel will be for some time).*

**John***(louder; to get the attention of everyone)*

385

Brothers and sisters, before we have the blessing for the bounty before us, I think it's only right that we first offer up praise to God for the return of our Pastor Daniel.

*(everyone loudly agrees; John continues in prayer)*

390

God our Father, by Your grace You've given us a beautiful day to celebrate our nation's independence. And by Your grace, You've given us back our pastor, safe from the trials of war. We give You glory for both. These are hard times, Father. Our sons and brothers are fighting a terrible war—even some of our daughters and wives are helping as well. But our cause is just, and we feel Your strong hand with us.

395

And Your grace has returned Pastor Daniel to us. You have brought him back wounded, but unbowed—broken in body, but whole in spirit.

*Daniel winces at the inaccuracy of John's statement.*

**John***(continuing)*

400

We are most grateful for this, our God. We celebrate our nation today, but we know that its victory or defeat in this terrible war is in Your hands. ☪

*(upbeat, strong; crescendoing)*

So it is You we praise; it is You who deserves all the glory for this good land. It is to Your glory that Pastor Daniel has returned.

405

---

**GREAT IS THE GLORY**

---

---

**AFTER... GREAT IS THE GLORY**


---

410 *After the song, John finishes the prayer by giving thanks for the food.*

**John**

*(silently raising his hands for quiet)*

So accept our praise, O God, and accept as well our thanksgiving for this meal spread before us. May its goodness remind us of Yours, and its

415 bounty of Your unfailing blessings. Amen.

*After all join in the amen, the people quickly set upon the food—until John pulls them up short once again.*

420 *Harlan Garrett and his wife, Portia, are leaving the congregation. Harlan is around 50-years-old, a soft-spoken man who has always served the Lord and his community in small, behind-the-scenes ways. He is known as a man of gentle character, someone who goes through life seemingly untouched by tragedy or strife. He and his wife will be sorely missed by all, and the church has taken the occasion of the Independence Day picnic to bid them an affectionate farewell.*

**John**

425 Just one more thing, folks. I know you're all ready to dig into those casseroles. I can hear Henry's stomach growling from here. Helen, don't you ever feed that man? But before we do, we've got one more piece of business to attend to.

*(looking for them)*

430 Harlan, you and Portia come on up here.

*With some reticence, Harlan and Portia Garrett step forward from the back of the group and stand near John.*

**John**

*(continuing, while the Garrett's approach)*

435 Since Pastor Daniel left to serve our country, I've had to perform only one funeral. It's the first time I'd ever done that—and I hope to never do it again. But I remember thinking at the time that it was both a sad and happy occasion. It was sad that we lost Ron Simmons, a good friend. But it was a happy, joyous occasion that he was now home with the Lord.

440 Well, I feel about the same now. It's sad that we're losing the Garretts to the big city. But it's a happy time for them, since they'll be moving closer to their daughter, Nancy.

So we're taking this opportunity to say farewell, and give our very best prayers and wishes for their new life in Kansas City.

445 Frank, why don't you come and give us some idea of what these two people have meant to our church?

*Frank Miller steps forward and affectionately shakes Harlan's hand, then stiffly but earnestly embraces Portia.*

**Frank**

450 *(sincerely, but not eloquently)*

I'm here to speak up for Harlan and Portia because they'd never do it for themselves. In fact, even though ours is a small church, there's some of you might not even know who they are. They aren't ones to toot their own horns. Too many people in this world are judged by what they look like, or by what they're seen doin', so some of you—especially new ones—might not know that a lot of what goes on in this church—my land, in the whole town—would never get done without the Garretts.

455

*Too modest to comfortably listen to all this, Harlan moves to silence Frank—who, nonetheless, continues.*

460

**Frank**

No, I'm gonna go ahead and speak my peace, but don't you worry: I won't make up a word of it.

Harlan and Portia moved to Alden from our neighbor, Iowa Falls, back in '23, and next year will celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. Harlan was born in Iowa Falls and moved here to take over our General Store when old man Barker died. They joined All Saints at the same time.

465

Now, Ilene had something to say about Portia. Ilene?

*Ilene Jenkins steps forward.*

470

**Ilene***(in a simple, unembellished tone)*

475 I've known Portia for nigh onto fifteen years. I won't say I'm her best  
friend, because Portia's a friend to everyone. But I know her as well as  
anybody.

Portia never sang in the choir or did anything to make her stand out, but  
she grows the prettiest flowers in town, and every Sunday there's a pot of  
'em sittin' on the altar. Whenever there's bandages to roll, or postcards to  
480 write to our boys overseas, she's always at the table—servin' her town,  
servin' her Lord.

*Ilene returns to her place.***Frank**

485 The same pretty much goes for Harlan. He never stood behind the pulpit  
that I know, never led singin' or prayer meetin'. But for twenty years he's  
kept the church building cleaner than my own house.

**Edna Miller***(a strident, irate voice from within the crowd)*

You say what?

490

**Frank***(backpedaling quickly)*

Uh, well now Edna, what I mean to say is that Harlan's done a bang-up  
job doin' a thankless job. Didn't do it for pay—just did it for the Lord.

*(worried for his life; seriously)*

495

You all got to know—Edna keeps a clean house.

*(breathing easier; continuing about Harlan)*

Now, if a wall needs shorin' up, if a ditch needs diggin', if a wagonload of  
trash needs to be hauled to the dump, Harlan's your man—and he don't  
wait around lookin' for thanks. He just does the job.

500

So I want everyone here to know we're losin' two fine people. We wish  
'em all the best—but we wish they weren't goin'.

*Frank returns to his place next to a glaring Edna.*

505 *Everyone applauds and looks to Harlan to say something. But that idea doesn't even occur to him. He and Portia just stand there looking awkward, and a bit embarrassed. Finally, John nudges Harlan and motions for him to say something to the church, then quiets the people.*

**Harlan**

*(reluctantly, almost hang-dog; in a quiet voice)*

I—I don't know what to say.

510

*(with a sheepish grin)*

Well, I suppose I could say... you never mind what Frank just said. We all know he tells tales.

*Harlan awkwardly returns to Portia's side.*

**John**

515

*(expecting more, but not knowing the best way to express what he'd like to hear from Harlan)*

Harlan, these are hard times for us all—hard times for the country. I'm sure we'd all like to hear a word from you.

**Harlan**

520

*(innocently)*

About what, John?

**John**

*(awkwardly)*

525

Not to put you on the spot, but for the last twenty years you've been a witness to this community. Don't you have anything to say before you leave?

**Harlan**

*(modestly)*

Oh, it's not really my place.

530

*Portia nudges her husband, encouraging him to say something that only she knows weighs heavy on his heart.*

**John**

*(encouraging)*

What would you say to us, Harlan?

535

**Harlan**

*(after pausing to consider—and gather his courage; simply, but with conviction)*

Portia and I thank you for the kindness. Neither of us much likes the  
 limelight. The good Lord made us workers—and told us to go roll up our  
 540 sleeves. That's all we do. Then He fills up our lives with blessings—  
 blessings like all of you. And we're well-paid.

*(pausing again, but Portia nudges him to go on; searching for the right words)*

I'm not much for speechifyin'. But if I had to, I guess I'd say just one thing:  
 the cross.

545 *(seriously)*

Times change. People change. Towns like Alden and Iowa Falls change  
 over time. This country of ours goes through changes. Our government:  
 sometimes it's Democrat, sometimes Republican. Sometimes we're at  
 war—like now—and sometimes we have peace.

550 Even religion changes over time, but there's one thing never changes—  
 one thing that's always there whenever we look for it: the cross. 🕊

When I sweep the floors on a Saturday afternoon, I'm seein' the cross.  
 When I worship on Sunday, it's the cross. When I go to work on Monday  
 morning, I'm seein' the cross—the cross of Jesus. All the changes in our  
 555 lives seem kinda small next to the cross.

---

**IT'S STILL THE CROSS**


---

---

**AFTER... IT'S STILL THE CROSS**


---

560

*It's time to eat! There's a lot of commotion as everyone begins filling their plates. Meredith brings plates over to Daniel and their son, along with one for herself. Theodore and Elisabeth Krueger, with their young daughter Patty, carry their plates to a spot near where Earl Hollings is already seated. Little Patty takes a bite of her food and immediately winces with pain.*

565

**Patty**

Owww, mommy—it still hurts!

**Elisabeth**

570

*(peering into her daughter's mouth)*

Ted, we're going to have to do something about that tooth.

**Ted**

*(wearily)*

575

Not that too. Where's it going to end. We still haven't paid for all of last winter's heating oil.

**Elisabeth**

We'll get by. We always seem to.

**Ted**

*(knowing better)*

580

I don't know, Elisabeth. With every month we slip further behind.

**Elisabeth**

*(struggling to keep a positive outlook)*

It's just temporary. That new contract's coming in, right? The one from the War Department?

585

**Ted**

Yeah, but it was a low bid. We won't be making much. We just can't seem to get ahead of it these days.

590

**Earl**

*(addressing the Krueger's but without bothering to look at them;  
in a gruff, curmudgeonly tone)*

Aw, just go sit on a rock.

595

**Ted**

*(irritably)*

I beg your pardon.

**Earl**

Go sit on a rock.

**Elisabeth**

600

Earl Hollings, you've always been a cantankerous sort. What's stuck in your craw now?

**Earl**

Nuthin' in mine. But there's a big somethin' stuck in yours.

**Ted**

*(cynically)*

605

Do tell.

**Earl**

Quit your bellyachin' and go find yourself a nice big rock to sit on.

**Ted**

610

And what's that gonna prove?

**Earl**

*(finally addressing them directly)*

615

Listen, everyone needs a place to get their head straight. Could be any place. Could be top of a mountain, could be by a lake. 'Round here, best be a rock left out in a field. About ten year ago I found me one of those rocks. Knew it'd been there all along—planted 'round it every year. But then things hit hard back in the thirties. Seemed like all kind o' things were hittin' hard back then. Every time we turn around, somethin' hittin' us up side the head. Well, one fine summer day I hopped off the tractor and set me down atop that ol' rock. I'd been hit on all sides—first Marla

620

took sick, lost two of my best breedin' sows, then the bank note went south and we were fixin' to lose the farm.

*(pause; remembering the scene from the rock)*

625 Nuthin' in this world prettier than a field o' corn stretchin' off in all four directions—green leaves wavin' in the breeze, the air heavy and wet, makin' it all grow strong and tall. I just set there on that rock, takin' in the view of that rich land, lettin' my head get 'round all those problems o' mine. Pretty soon—like swallows leavin' a barn—those troubles just flew away. It weren't that they were gone for good; Marla was still bad off, the  
630 sows were still dead, and I still owed more to the bank than I had comin' in. But all that pressure in my head kinda backed off. I realized I still had more than I owed.

**Ted**

*(still skeptical)*

635 All that from sittin' on a rock.

**Earl**

Well now, there's more than one kind o' rock, don't you know. I was settin' there with my head settlin' down, and it came to me that I really wasn't sittin' on no boulder stickin' outta the ground. It came to me what  
640 Jesus told those people one day when He was standin' on a much bigger rock—a mountain. He says to them, "People, I'm just like a rock. You build your life on Me, and you'll be just fine. All those storms are still gonna come, but you'll make it through. But if you go ahead and build your life on the shiftin' sand, well, you're on your own—and you're not  
645 gonna make it. You better stick with me."

And that's what I decided that day settin' on the rock. 🙏

I decided things were gonna be okay. Not perfect, and not always easy-goin'. But okay. Cause I was standin' on the Rock. That's all.

650 *With a dismissing gesture, Earl exits on his last sentence as the CHORUS begins singing.*

*Optionally, the Kruegers could exit after Earl, wanting to hear more.*

---

**I GO TO THE ROCK (WITH REPRISE)**

---

655

---

**AFTER... I GO TO THE ROCK**


---

*One of Meredith's friends draws her back into the group. Their son follows along with her, leaving Daniel once again alone.*

660

*As Harlan approaches Daniel, away from the rest of the group, lights down on picnickers and up on Daniel. During this and ensuing scenes with Harlan and Daniel, the picnickers, in light as low as possible, continue eating and conversing as before—but now **silently and in slow motion**. To the audience, time has slowed for everyone else while the two men hold their conversation. The scene of the picnickers is not mechanically frozen, but made less important by the device of low lights (black, if possible) and slow, deliberate (and no unnecessary) movements by the actors. They are never “frozen”—never out of character.*

665

**Harlan**

*(cautiously approaching Pastor Daniel)*

670

Am I intruding?

**Daniel**

*(glad for the chance to talk to his friend, but—after yesterday's travel, and a night of little sleep—the beginnings of weariness are beginning to show through)*

No, no. How have you been, Harlan?

675

**Harlan**

A bit better than you, I think.

**Daniel**

Just as I'm coming back, you're leaving. Doesn't seem right.

**Harlan**

680

A lot has happened in the last year.

*(embarrassed by his rather obvious understatement to someone who has just returned wounded from a war)*

But then, you know that.

**Daniel**

685

Harlan, I expected things around here to be about the same as when I left. But they're not.

**Harlan**

690 Time moves mighty slow in Iowa, but the war has changed even our small  
corner. Maybe not as much as some, but more than usual.

**Daniel**

*(agreeing)*

As if the rest of the world has moved a little closer.

695

**Harlan**

I suppose it has. We all listen to the wireless, hanging on every word  
about the boys overseas—where they're at, what they're doin', how many  
have been killed or wounded...

*(embarrassed, again)*

700

Aw, I'm sorry. I keep stickin' my foot in it.

**Daniel**

*(dismissing Harlan's concerns)*

That's all right Harlan. Frankly, I'm getting tired of people talking around  
what I've been through.

705

*(staring down at his legs)*

I'm all shot up—and that's the truth of it.

**Harlan**

*(hesitantly)*

Do you want to talk about it?

710

**Daniel**

*(shaking his head "no")*

I tried, last night, with Meredith. But it didn't work out. It's like speaking in  
a different language. She can't understand what I'm saying.

**Harlan**

715

I suppose so.

**Daniel**

It'll be the same with anyone here—anyone who hasn't been through it.

*(quickly)*

No offense.

720

**Harlan***(quickly agreeing)*

Oh, none taken, Pastor. I think you're right: It's hard for anyone here to understand what you've been through—what any of our boys have been through—unless they've been there.

725

*(pause; almost sheepishly)*

But you know, I'm a pretty good listener—and I don't tell tales.

**Daniel**

I know you don't, Harlan.

*(pause)*

730

I'm sorry you're leaving. I'm going to miss you.

**Harlan***(after reflecting a moment)*

There were some who said you'd never replace your dad. They were right, of course. He was a fine man, a fine pastor, and only once in a while did I fall asleep during his preachin'.

735

*(seriously)*

But you plowed your own furrow. And even your decision to enlist—people around here respected that. Oh, some grumbled about you abandoning your flock—you know that—but most understood that God was calling you to a new flock. Maybe one that needed you more.

740

**Daniel**

I think it did. It's hard to prove it one way or another, but I think I did some good out there.

**Harlan**

Meredith said you were at Guadalcanal.

745

**Daniel***(nodding)*

Went in with the 164<sup>th</sup>. I was wounded on patrol with the 27<sup>th</sup> at Galloping Horse.

750

**Harlan**

*(surprised)*

What were you doin' up there? I thought chaplains stayed back where it was safe.

755

**Daniel**

No, they taught us at chaplain's school that you do your best business on Main Street. It's not when they're back safe in their tents that they need God—it's in the foxhole, when the bullets are flying past their ears.

**Harlan**

*(matter-of-factly)*

760

It must have been hard.

**Daniel**

I hope I never again get so close to so much death—not until the Lord Himself takes me.

765

**Harlan**

Why were you there, Pastor?

**Daniel**

*(mildly irritated)*

You said it: God was calling me to a different flock.

770

**Harlan**

Yes, but why did you go? Why did you obey?

*The pointed question leaves Daniel deep in thought. Why did he obey the call to enlist? Was it blind obedience—or were there deeper, more personal reasons for heading off to war when he could easily have avoided service. Was it patriotism? Or was it a fear of missing out on a grand adventure. He thought he had been clear on his motives. Now he wasn't so sure.*

775

**Daniel**

*(uneasily)*

Do we ever know why we obey God? To say it's based on faith can sound too simple—too easy. Every day we make choices, and I'm not sure they can all be explained.

780

**Harlan***(gently prodding)*

785 Coming back may be easier if you know why you went in the first place.

*Again, Harlan's curious words have forced Daniel to examine his deepest thoughts, his most private motives.*

**Daniel***(getting a little frustrated by having to answer these pressing questions)*

790 I think it all comes down to the original call. Most every pastor is called to be Christ within a group of people.

*(clarifying)*

795 Not to actually be Christ—you know what I mean. He's called to represent Jesus, to model His behavior, His life. Representing Christ in Alden, Iowa, is one thing; modeling Him to a company of soldiers under fire in a foreign land—well, that's quite another.

**Harlan***(simply)*

So it was a promotion?

800 *At first Daniel stiffens at the suggestion that he might have been seeking a more prominent position—a more dynamic ministry than the one he already had. But then he realizes that there can be honorable promotions within God's kingdom, and seeking them may be acceptable so long as one is not seeking personal glory.*

**Daniel***(after considering this new angle; carefully)*

805 I suppose. In a manner of speaking, I took it as God offering me a job that might accomplish more than I was here.

*(warming to this new thought)*

810 God asks all believers to model Christ. But to some He offers a “promotion”—a chance to even more closely resemble Him. Jesus did the same thing. He was in a safe place, an easy place. He could have taken the easier path, stayed where He was. But, instead, He took the promotion. He came down to earth to more clearly model Himself to His creation. He came down and got Himself dirty, and wounded, until He

815 actually died for that promotion. ☹

*(pause)*

Yes. I suppose I was. I was looking for a way to model God's love in a greater way. Just like He did.

---

**HE'S THE ONLY KING**

---

820

*Lights down to ¼ very slowly on Harlan and Daniel.*

825

*Women of the CHORUS begin song still moving in an almost dream-like state, singing to each other—as if asking each other the question: “Who is this King?” Men follow on second verse in same manner.*

*Lights remain as low as possible, to continue “background” feeling (at Director’s discretion, of course).*

830

*During the song, Daniel and Harlan continue their conversation, but, just as with the CHORUS previously, they do so in darkness, silently, and with few physical movements that would detract from what is happening Center. Their behavior, nonetheless, should be sufficient to show that they are, indeed, continuing their dialogue. They are never “frozen”—never out of character.*

835

*Around m41-43, p98, Daniel and Harlan break off their conversation, putting some distance between each other. Their blocking should suggest that they have broken off their conversation for a moment, possibly out of disagreement, facing away from each other, deep in their own private thoughts.*

840

*At m44, p99, lights up some on CHORUS for emphasis as music builds. Lights down all the way on Daniel and Harlan.*

*At m52, p100, kick up lights one last time, and the CHORUS sings out to audience with strength and intensity.*

845

---

**AFTER... HE'S THE ONLY KING**

---

850 *After audience reaction, if any, lights cross fade from CHORUS to Harlan and Daniel, who, after a moment's break, have returned to their conversation. The CHORUS returns to its previous mode: silent and moving in slow motion, but never "frozen"—never out of character.*

**Harlan**

So you still don't want to talk about it.

**Daniel**

*(patiently)*

855

I don't mean to be rude, Harlan, but I said it before.

**Harlan**

Right.

**Daniel**

860

It's like speaking in a different language to those who've never been through it themselves.

**Harlan**

*(with a new edge)*

Right.

865

*(beat)*

And I said the same thing when I returned from France after the Great War.

*Daniel is visibly taken aback.*

**Harlan**

870

Maybe that gives me the right to hear your story. What do you think?

**Daniel**

I—I didn't know you were in the first war, Harlan.

**Harlan**

*(with a shrug)*

875

It's not something you parade around.

*(patiently, yet firmly)*

Now, one veteran to another— What’s on your mind?

*Daniel takes a moment to gather his thoughts before speaking.*

**Daniel**

880 *(attempting a measure of detachment as he begins his story)*

He had been wounded. Just a boy, really. A young corporal with a bullet in his belly.

*(with crescendoing intensity the further he gets into the story)*

885 The battle had gone on for three days. I was so tired—everyone was so tired. I don’t know how the men kept going. A battle like that, in the beginning, the objective seems so clear, the action so clear and sharp.

But after a while, after a day or two—three days—it’s like watching a movie through the wrong end of a spyglass. The mind becomes so numbed by the crashing and death—just to hold onto a small piece of  
890 sanity, the mind detaches from it all. Bodies cease to be friends—just bodies. So many are wounded, so many needing help, there’s no time for them all.

*(pause; reliving the moment)*

895 I held the man in my arms. I held him there, comforted him. I prayed over him, prayed with him.

*(darker; angry)*

And God answered my prayer with a mortar. His reply was a shower of hot metal that tore life from that young corporal, and forever changed what life I had left.

900 *(calmer; more matter-of-fact)*

I came to as they were loading me onto the plane that took me to New Caledonia. I was in and out of it. Don’t remember what they did there, but after just a short while, they sent me on to Australia—the base at Brisbane. They took a lot of metal out of my legs there—at least that’s  
905 what they told me.

*(pause)*

While I was there I became the chaplain for the ward, of course, helping the men to see past their wounds, their missing legs and arms, the eyes

910 that would never see again. But I was still looking through the wrong end  
of the glass—still detached from it all, just running on autopilot, spouting  
the same platitudes I'd been raised on—same platitudes I'd been using  
for years. A piece of me was gone, you see—still is.

*(with a chilling clarity of thought)*

915 And I didn't realize it until later that the missing piece was God. I left Him  
somewhere back in that jungle, left Him lying next to the body of that  
young corporal, that innocent young man.

*(pause)*

920 So I've come back a fraud, Harlan. I don't any more feel like a pastor than  
you. It's no longer in me. I understand there's a position open at the  
General Store. Maybe I'll make a go of it there.

*Harlan permits Daniel a few moments to feel sorry for himself before he speaks.*

### **Harlan**

925 Back in '17, once the US decided to join the doings in Europe, they were  
creating new army divisions by combining National Guard regiments  
from different states. I was a very young twenty-four, and just itchin' to  
jump into the fray. I signed up with the 168<sup>th</sup> Infantry, which they attached  
to the 42<sup>nd</sup> Division before sending us over.

930 Our outfit made it over to France by early 1918, and saw our first action at  
Luneville<sup>2</sup> in February. But the big one came at the Marne<sup>3</sup> in  
Champagne<sup>4</sup>, later that year. By then we were a crack outfit—one of the  
first over, and we had seen the most action.

935 The battle at the Marne went on forever—almost three weeks. It was a  
bloody mess. Our part of it was mostly a stand-off. The Germans had  
made a strong push. We stopped them—but that was all. For the longest  
time it was just each side throwin' everything it had at the other. The  
noise alone was enough to drive you mad.

*(with reminiscent braggadocio)*

---

<sup>2</sup> lue-nae-veel

<sup>3</sup> marn

<sup>4</sup> sham-pane

I was a hotshot in those days. Nobody could tell me anything. I knew everything—and made sure everyone knew I knew everything.

940

*(pause)*

It's funny how things work out—how separate events come together at just the right time, in the oddest circumstances, to accomplish something you never even thought of.

945

Billy Eggleston and I had joined up together—the both of us ready to whup the Kaiser ourselves.

*(with growing animation)*

That first war was a terrible thing. So many lives destroyed over petty egos and jealousies. But in the midst of all that horror were two young men havin' the time of their lives. In a very short period of time, Billy and I came to love each other as brothers. We depended on each other as much as any husband and wife. 🙏

950

We were the Bowery Boys from Iowa—that's what they called us. Livin' as if there were no tomorrow. I didn't even know God back then—barely knew He existed. But already He was workin' out the days of my life.

955

---

### **HE'S AN ON-TIME GOD**

---

*Lights cross fade from Harlan and Daniel to the CHORUS.*

*The two men behave as before, but with less movement—almost frozen.*

960

---

**AFTER... HE'S AN ON-TIME GOD**


---

*Lights cross fade from the CHORUS to Harlan and Daniel—who pick up from where they left off.*

965

**Harlan**

Yep, we were livin' as if there was no tomorrow.

*(quickly serious)*

970

Except there was no tomorrow for Billy. One morning we were both feelin' our oats. The stalemate with the Germans had been going on day after day and we were gettin' cabin fever down there in the trench. We just wanted some action, one way or another.

975

So Billy and I started playin' a game of chicken. It was my idea. We'd get about fifty feet apart and take turns drawing fire from the other side. Then the other would pick off the sniper that gave away his position. It worked for a while, but, bein' young and stupid, we forgot that the other side would be doin' the same with us. We stayed too long in one place and the next time Billy poked his head up too high, the German sniper got a bead on him.

*(pause; darker)*

980

I was about as low as the mud in the bottom of that trench—more miserable than I can say. Not only had I lost my best friend, but it was my fault. I was so filled with anger and self-loathing that I didn't know what to do with myself. I didn't even know God, but I figured it had to be His doin'. I couldn't live with blaming myself, so I decided to blame Him.

985

**Daniel**

*(wishing he could say something more comforting, more wise, but only remarking...)*

Did your outfit push forward?

990

**Harlan**

*(shaking his head)*

995 Replacements came in and we were pulled back to Jaulgonne, on the banks of the Marne. It was supposed to be R & R, but for me, it was just more of the hell of that trench, but in a prettier setting. The village, the bars, the girls— it all seemed to make a mockery of what I had lost—what Billy had lost.

**Daniel**

*(simply)*

1000 You had nothing to hold onto.

**Harlan**

Billy had been it. Since the beginning, we had held onto each other. Now he was gone, and I was left like a fish out of water.

**Daniel**

1005 *(as if shaking off the direction of their conversation; with some irritation)*  
Harlan, why are you telling me all this.

**Harlan**

I'm not trying to one-up you, Daniel.

**Daniel**

1010 Then what is it all about?

**Harlan**

*(with a shrug)*

It's about understanding the truth. It's about accepting the world for what it is.

1015

**Daniel**

*(flatly)*

We're called to change the world.

**Harlan**

1020 I don't think so. I think we're meant to represent something different to the world.

**Daniel**

An alternative.

**Harlan**

1025 Yes, an alternative. But it doesn't mean we're immune to the pain and suffering everyone else has to live with.

**Daniel**

*(quickly)*

I know that.

**Harlan**

*(with intensity)*

1030 That's what it means to leave this town—this safe town. And that's what it means to come back to it.

*(expressing a melancholy relief)*

1035 This town is God's grace in a world gone mad. You left here to represent Christ in a very bad place. And you got hurt along the way. So you did what God wanted you to do. You took the promotion, and you did what He said. But the job isn't over. He's not done with you—and you're not done with Him.

**Daniel**

*(darkly skeptical)*

1040 You think so.

**Harlan**

*(motioning toward the people around them)*

1045 Do you think these lives are worth less than the lives of those soldiers? Do you think you were wounded just for them?

**Daniel**

*(angry)*

I don't know why I was wounded.

**Harlan**

*(quickly)*

1050 But He does.

*(pressing home his point)*

Daniel, this town is not a safe haven from all your sorrows. 🙏

1055 It's not R & R from the battle. You didn't go to war to leave this place—  
you went to war to prepare for this place. Here is where God will have  
you serve. Your work here is why He saved your life out there.

---

**HE STILL REIGNS**

---

1060 *Lights cross fade from Harlan and Daniel to the CHORUS. The two men behave as  
earlier: still in conversation, but in slow motion.*

1065

---

**AFTER... HE STILL REIGNS**


---

*Lights down to ¼ on CHORUS; up full on Harlan and Daniel.*

**Daniel**

*(betraying an increasing level of frustration)*

1070

Why are we so easily stopped in our tracks, Harlan? Why is it so easy to give up?

**Harlan**

*(thoughtfully)*

1075

I wondered the same when I got back from France. It was different, of course. You're mad at a friend—I was mad at a stranger. To me, God was a shapeless, mysterious "thing" that lived somewhere up in the clouds—a self-centered tyrant devoid of any regard for man.

**Daniel**

*(quickly)*

1080

But I'm supposed to know better, right? I'm supposed to know that He does care—He does have a regard for man.

*(with disgust)*

Why is it so easy to forget? I feel like a schoolboy who's forgotten the fundamentals—the alphabet, the multiplication tables.

1085

*(with greater emotion)*

How in the world could I forget that nothing He does is an accident? How could I forget that He loves me?

1090

*Daniel ends in turmoil over the deep conflict taking place within him. He is a pastor—a pastor who, though still young, has counseled others in similar situations. He knows better. But this time he is so far down inside the experience himself, that he has lost his way—misplaced the means by which to pull himself back out. Does he accept defeat, relinquishing his place of responsibility, or does he accept these new-found flaws within himself and press on with the course set before him.*

1095

*He finally decides that the Lord will have to make the decision. He (Daniel) will throw himself before the mercy of the Throne and let the Lord do as He pleases with his life.*

**Daniel**

*(recovering; with resolve; struggling to lower himself to the ground)*

1100 Help me to my knees, Harlan.

**Harlan**

*(trying to stop him)*

No, pastor, there's no need—

**Daniel**

*(proceeding anyway; firmly)*

1105 You can help me—or you can get out of the way. Will you help me to my knees, Harlan? 🙏

---

1110 **YOU'RE STILL LORD**

---

*Harlan helps Daniel painfully kneel against the rock or bench on which he had been sitting. Then Harlan joins him, and the two men pray together.*

1115 *Lights remain up on Daniel and Harlan as they come up on the soloist, set off from the rest of the CHORUS.*

*At m20, p181, lights up on rest of CHORUS <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.*

1120 *At m67 (at bottom of p187), Daniel and Harlan rise to their feet and embrace each other strongly, both smiling with relief and joy as the lights kick up full.*

1125

---

**AFTER... YOU'RE STILL LORD**


---

*Lights remain up on both CHORUS and Harlan and Daniel.*

1130 *Now everyone in the CHORUS is privy to the conversation (if not the exact words) between Daniel and Harlan.*

**Harlan**

*(gently, but with his voice heavy with emotion)*

Pastor, your flock is waiting.

1135

**Daniel**

What makes you think they'll take me back.

**Harlan**

*(with warm assurance)*

Oh, they already have. Remember, we all have our jobs to fill, and they've just had a promotion.

1140

*Daniel looks at Harlan quizzically.*

**Harlan**

Everyone here in this small church in this tiny town has been promoted. They've just been given the opportunity to love you—to love you back into God's grace.

1145

**Daniel**

*(with a deep sigh of regret)*

Harlan, I'm going to miss you. Here I've finally gotten to know who you really are, and now you're leaving.

1150

**Harlan**

*(shrugging off the sentiment)*

Aw, I'm just a simple shop keeper, ploddin' along like everyone else.

**Daniel**

*(chuckling resignedly)*

1155

Okay, you win. I guess we've both got secrets to keep.

*Daniel's son comes over to help his dad return to the group, as Harlan quietly slips back into the crowd (and exits). Several of the men of the church eagerly welcome Daniel back.*

**Henry**

1160

*(grinning broadly)*

Pastor, you look like you've just seen Gabriel himself!

**Daniel**

*(beaming)*

Well Henry, maybe I have. Just maybe I have.

1165

*(expansively)*

If I had legs, I'd be dancing!

**Henry**

Well then, lemme do it for you, Pastor. I've got plenty of joy for both of us.



1170

*Cue music immediately.*

---

**I'VE GOT JOY (WITH REPRISE)**

---

1175

*During the song, Daniel participates, physically, as best he can. Even if he doesn't sing along, he can enthusiastically join in the joy spreading through the crowd.*

---

**AFTER... I'VE GOT JOY**


---

1180

*Lights down on most of stage as area lights up on Daniel, apart from rest.*

**Daniel**

*(to the audience; with warm joy)*

1185

Can you smell it? Can you smell it in the air? It's the Fourth of July, and the sun's up high and the temperature's even higher. There's the smell of hot dogs and hamburgers, and gallons of lemonade. Young girls are in their summer dresses, and young men are playing ball. The kids are down at the creek catchin' frogs and crawdads, and their moms will tan their hides for getting so muddy in their good clothes.

1190

*(more seriously)*

And the whole town smells of old shoes and Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It smells like home again. This morning my town seemed so far away, the people lost in the fog that rises from a dew-soaked field. But they had never moved, and all my fears were for nothing, because they didn't care about the load on my back—except to lift it away. I love these people—because they love me.

1195

*(introspective)*

And I guess it's true that I still love my God—because He still loves me. He never stopped. He never moved away. I was the one who had stepped away from Him, but He came after me, never let up. He and I have a lot to talk about. And we will.

1200

*(with crescendoing joy)*

But through His people He just told me that I've still got work to do. He just told me there's still room for someone with scars, someone who's made some bad mistakes. And if God's willing to have me, who am I to say no! He's wants all of me—and all of me is what He's going to get! 🙏

1205

*Cue Trax immediately.*

*Lights up full.*

1210

---

**SOLD OUT MEDLEY**

---

*On the Intro, Daniel joyfully returns to the welcoming arms of his wife and son, and the people of his church. As much as he can (physically), he joins in with them on the song.*

1215

1220

---

**AFTER... SOLD OUT MEDLEY**

---

*(Director's Discretion)*

## HIS COMPANY SCRIPTS

### USE & COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Permission is hereby granted for copies to be made of this His Company script so long as the following conditions are met:

- ☛ All copies will include the script title page with copyright notice.
- ☛ The total number of copies per script will not exceed number of characters, plus director, plus any necessary technical personnel.
- ☛ Copies will not be made for, nor distributed to, other churches. Please recommend that they obtain their own free copy at the His Company web site ([HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/)).
- ☛ The script, or copies thereof, will not be sold or leased to others.

His Company scripts, while distributed at no charge, are copyrighted. We appreciate your cooperation in following these few guidelines. If you have any questions regarding the use of this script, please contact David S. Lampel at 515-462-1971, or leave a message at our *Support Center* at [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/)

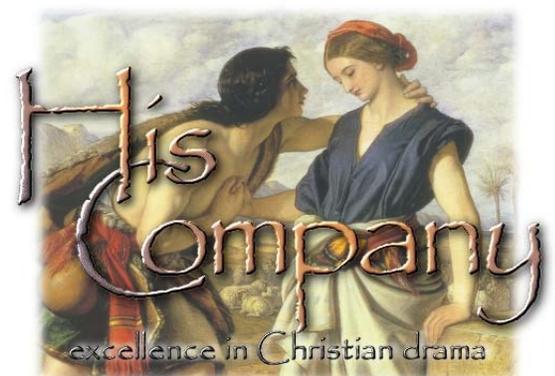
### Contributions

Our first priority is to ensure that our resources get into the hands of those who wish to use them—and always for free. We do not charge for any of our resources. Our first and most important payment comes from the Lord—in the privilege we have of serving in His name.

But if the Holy Spirit is speaking to you, and you would like to contribute to this work, we want you to know that your gift will be very much appreciated, and will be put to work covering our expenses. To express our appreciation, we have prepared some special “thank-you” gifts for those who contribute. Visit our *Contribution Page*, at [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/CONTRIB.PHP](http://DLAMPEL.COM/CONTRIB.PHP), for details.

### Upholding Your Performance

We would like to hear from you when performances of this His Company script have been scheduled, so that we (and others) can be lifting you and your production up to the throne in prayer. Post as much information as you can about your production at our *Support Center* ([HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/))—and may the Lord use this resource for His glory.



His Company logo illustration: *Jacob and Rachel*, by William Dyce  
Script Edition: 2004/5