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# **A Little Miracle**

By Rita Hestand

**A Traditional Play  
Script for the  
Elementary School**

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS:** Narrator, Kelly, Mom, Dad, Reverend Martin, The Mayor, Small group of kids

**NARRATOR:** We needed a miracle, a little one, but still a miracle. It all started last summer, in the middle of baseball season, the biggest uproar in our town's history. It all began when I heard Mom explained to Dad that the Town Council wanted to turn the oldest church in town into a bank and big parking lot. A parking lot! I nearly choked on my cereal.

**KELLY:** But Mom, they can't do that. (turns her baseball cap backwards as a sign of determination.) That's where we play ball every Saturday afternoon. It's the only lot in town left for us girls to play on. If they build a bank it will ruin everything.

**MOM:** I know Kelly, but that's progress, I guess. Only I can't help feeling badly for Reverend Martin, he's been the Pastor for over twenty-five years. He's so old, where will he go? Your father and I are both upset about it, that's the church we were married in, and you were christened in, but what can we do?

**NARRATOR:** I hung my head. I had to admit, I hadn't given the preacher a second thought, and I dearly loved Reverend Martin. I had been too busy worrying over our Saturday afternoon games, but baseball was life to me!

**KELLY:** Can't you talk them out of it?

**MOM:** I'm afraid not, honey. You see the church is practically falling apart, and losing most of its members since they built the new church across town. No, I'm afraid it would take the entire town or a miracle to turn this around.

**DAD:** We'd really need a gimmick to pull this one off.

**KELLY:** A gimmick?

**DAD:** Yeah, you know, like when I'm having free hot dogs and cokes to invite more customers into the car lot. That's a gimmick, to bring people in.

**MOTHER:** A gimmick, or a prayer!

(Later that day, in the backyard, with the girls from the baseball team gathered around)

**KELLY:** We can't give up. Mom says we're the best all girls' baseball team in Collin County. I want all of you to go home and think real hard on this and pray. We can't let the preacher down, and we can't lose our field. There's got to be an answer, somewhere.

## **Scene 2**

**NARRATOR:** That night I couldn't sleep, so I talked to God, the way I do when I'm upset or worried. I knew he was the only one that could help us. I knew I'd have to wait on his answer too, I just hoped it wouldn't take too long. All that week I talked to God and waited. By Saturday night my patience was wearing thin. On Sunday, we went to the new church. I was sitting in the front pew, fidgeting, when it came to me—like some kind of bolt of lightening hitting my brain. I couldn't explain it any other way. The idea lit like a match. I had to see Reverend Martin, so after church, I hopped on my bike and rode over to the old churchyard.

I found Reverend Martin whittling on his front porch. My grandfather used to whittle. The preacher reminded me of him, tall and thin with a thick gray beard that he scratched a lot. Beards must tickle.

**KELLY:** I've been praying for a miracle—to save the church, Reverend Martin, and I think I've got one.

**REVEREND MARTIN:** That's wonderful. Come tell me about it, Kelly.

(Kelly sits on a porch step)

**KELLY:** We could have a carnival—out back where we play ball and raise the money to fix the old church. Then people would come to the old church again and they wouldn't want to tear it down anymore.

**REVEREND MARTIN:** But carnivals cost money, Kelly.

**KELLY:** Not if all the kids and parents pitched in. Our moms could bake cakes for a cakewalk. We could get the butcher to donate some hot dogs and the supermarket to donate sodas. And my dad knows all those people. He does it all the time at his car lot to bring customers in. And we could have a bingo game. My friend Jill has the game. A baseball throw, and a fortuneteller. The whole town would come.

**REVEREND MARTIN:** That's quite a project.

**KELLY:** Not if everyone gets involved. Mom says this church is sort of a landmark. I bet the whole town feels that way. All the girls on our team would help and their parents too.

**REVEREND MARTIN:** Did you come up with this all by yourself?

**KELLY:** I can't take al the credit. I've been talking with God about it, every night. I think he finally heard me.

**NARRATOR:** **The preacher smiled and nodded as though he knew exactly what I meant. The preacher agreed to try, and I**