

## **PLAGUE TO PLENTY: THE MUSICAL, A DRAMA OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS**

**Setting:** The drama unfolds on a Saturday morning at South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church (SQUELCh), where SQUELChers are preparing for the funeral of their recently deceased minister, Pastor Methuselah Liepenauer, (pronounced *lee'-pen-now-er*) who passed away the previous Sunday at the age of 103.

### **Cast**

**Henry Roundtwitter**, Property Chairman of the South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church, anchor of the choir's bass section, and 7<sup>th</sup> generation SQUELCh-er

**Eliza Lebensmoody**, (pronounced *lay'-benz-moody*) President of the Church Council, soprano soloist, and Upteenth<sup>th</sup> generation SQUELCh-er

**Helen Hilfrich**, Church Secretary

**Intern Ida Hopewell**, Third year Gettysburg Seminarian assigned for her internship to South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church

### **Notes:**

#### Props:

- "Frogs" can be represented by green balloons (not helium-inflated), tied with string to chancel furnishings, eg, altar, pulpit, font
- Eliza Lebensmoody carries a large manila envelope containing two copies of the song, There's a hole in pulpit
- Intern Ida carries a small Bible and a bushel basket

#### Sound effects:

- A recording of frog sounds, "ribbeting," will play softly at times in background, and louder, as seems appropriate—should not be constant and should not compete with dialog.

Pastor Methuselah Liepenauer's Funeral Anthem, "There's a hole in our pulpit"

- See pages 8-9

## PLAGUE TO PLENTY: THE MUSICAL...THE SCRIPT

### Prologue

#### Henry Roundtwitter:

Good day! Welcome to South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church! I'm guessing you're here because you've heard the story, or at least some of it, and you want to know if it's really true. Well, I, Henry Roundtwitter, Chairman of the South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church Property Committee, captain of the SQUELCh Bass Section—and 7<sup>th</sup> generation Squelcher, can swear that it is true—all of it— because I was here that day, that great and awesome day, the Day of the Plague of Biblical Proportions...which, of course, was also the day of the funeral service for Pastor Methuselah Liepenauer.

Why, I remember it like it was yesterday. I had gone into church that morning to finish getting things ready for the afternoon funeral service, and... there they were! So I rushed out to tell somebody and that's when I found the South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church Council President Eliza Lebensmoody standing all alone in the narthex, just staring at an envelope, staring like she was frozen...

### Scene One

**Henry:** Eliza, what's the matter? You look like you've seen a ghost.

**Eliza:** Scared I *will* see one is more like it, Henry. In this envelope is the anthem that Pastor Liepenauer had requested be sung at his funeral.

**Henry:** The funeral is in a few hours, Eliza! Don't you think you should open it? Maybe even practice it?

**Eliza:** You're right, Henry, of course. It's just that I can't help feeling, well, a little guilty...

**Henry:** His death wasn't your fault, Eliza! Pastor Liepenauer was 103 years old when he died!

**Eliza:** Yes, I know...

**Henry:** And he died doing what he loved doing best, making the sign of the cross at the benediction at the 11 o'clock. '...The Lord look upon you with favor and give you peeeeeeeeeeeeeeace!'.... and over he went. (*Henry re-enacts the pastor keeling over*).

**Eliza:** But Henry, I can't help but wonder if he might not have... enjoyed... a few years of... re....re....re....Oh I can barely speak the word...*retirement*.

**Henry:** It's not *your* fault that he never retired.

**Eliza:** Well maybe it is. You see, every time Pastor Liepenauer ever brought up the R-word, a Lebensmoody was always present as a member of the Council and before Pastor could finish speaking the word "retirement," that Lebensmoody would faint and fall off their chair, dead away. And then an ambulance would have to be called, and that would be the end that discussion. I think the first time it happened with Pastor Liepenauer was about 40 years ago, when my great grandfather, Penrose Lebensmoody was council president. You see? There's always been a Lebensmoody at the SQUELCH helm, ready to faint if the need arose.

**Henry:** I had no idea. Eliza, have *you* ever fainted in council meeting?

**Eliza:** Five times!—it's a family gift, and probably the reason why South Quirkville United Evangelical Lutheran Church has only had two pastors in its 150 year history, 75 years each. The Lebensmoody's have been here since the beginning—we're charter SQUELChers!

**Henry:** Well, I'll be.....But, Eliza, you're done fainting for the moment, aren't you? 'Cause we got a... situation in the chancel. Come see!

*Henry and Eliza go into the church and approach the chancel where frogs cover the altar table, font, and pulpit (represented by green balloon tied to these furnishings. Ribbeting can be heard).*

**Eliza:** Oh, Henry!!! Where did all these frogs come from??!! They're everywhere!!!

**Henry:** Well, not everywhere. Just on the pulpit, the altar and in the baptismal font...

*(As Eliza and Henry take stock of the situation, the church secretary, Helen Hilfrich, enters walking toward the chancel, followed by Ida Hopewell, the church's new seminarian intern. Ida is carrying a bible and a bushel basket)*

**Helen:** *(calling out as she approaches)* The new Seminarian Intern has just arrived! Here she is!..... Oh, my! What are all those frogs doing in the chancel?! The funeral bulletin doesn't mention anything about frogs! This isn't one of that new hymnal's in-no-va-tions, is it?!!! *(Helen circles disapprovingly around the frog-invested area a few times and exits the way she came in).*

**Intern Ida:** Funeral? Who died? And where's Pastor Liepenauer?

**Henry:** Eliza, didn't anyone tell the Seminary?

**Eliza:** Oh, I knew there was something I forgot! I forgot to call the Seminary and tell that Pastor Liepenauer died. I'm so sorry. *(To Ida)* What's your name?

**Intern Ida:** Ida. Ida Hopewell. *Intern* Ida Hopewell....

**Eliza:** Oh, Intern Ida, I don't know how to break this to you—Pastor Liepenauer died last Sunday, at the end of the 11 o'clock service. His funeral is supposed to be this afternoon...But as you can see, we have a...

**Henry:** ..a situation...

**Eliza:** Actually it's more like ....an infestation! I'm sorry, forgive me, Ida, but.... what are you carrying?

**Intern Ida:** A Bible, NRSV, The New Revised Standard Version. I hope that's okay, I mean I have other versions, NIV, NEB, TEV...

**Eliza:** No, Ida, not the Bible. What's *that* for? (*pointing to the basket*)

**Intern Ida:** It's bushel basket. I got this note from Pastor Liepenauer a couple weeks back telling me to meet him here today, with a bible and a bushel basket. He said the basket was for... gleaning.

**Henry:** Gleaning?

**Intern Ida:** Yes, at the Intern-Supervisor team building workshop at the Seminary, I'd told him about how much Seminary was costing and how much I had to take out in loans, and he got very excited and said that he had a very practical skill he could teach me that might help me in ministry over the long haul—gleaning.

**Henry:** Well, whaddya' know! Pastor Liepnauer did always say that he owed his vigor in his advanced age to lots of fresh air, exercise and a steady diet of fresh fruits and vegetables!

**Eliza:** Well, again, I am so sorry you came all this way without knowing about Pastor Liepenhauer's passing. And I'm even sorrier that you find us in this....situation....up to our SQUELCHer elbows in frogs!!!

**Intern Ida:** (softly) Dear Lord, grant me non-anxious presence....non-anxious presence...

**Eliza:** I'm sorry, Ida, What was that?

**Intern Ida:** I was just remembering something I learned at Seminary...about being a non-anxious presence during a crisis.

**Henry:** That's fine advice. Sounds like you've had some good teachers. You didn't also happen to learn anything about frogs, did you?

**Intern Ida:** As a matter of fact...In Dr. Marty Stevens' course on the Book of Exodus, we did learn that when Moses goes to the Egyptian Pharaoh and tells him that God says, Let my people go!, and the Pharaoh ignores him, so God uses frogs to get the Pharaoh's attention...

**Eliza:** God uses frogs...to get attention.....hmmmmm.

**Intern Ida:** And in Dr. Stevens' Hebrew class we learned that the Hebrew word for frog in the Old Testament is made up two different words: one that means "to leap" and another that means "to know." So we could say that a frog is one who knows...oh, my!...who knows when to leap, like a leap-....

**Eliza:** (finishing Ida's sentence)...-knower.....

*(Eliza, suddenly deep in thought, wanders off to the side and opens the envelope, and pulls out the music Pastor Liepenauer selected for his funeral anthem)*

**Intern Ida:** Isn't that a coincidence! Leap-knower...Pastor Liepenauer....Maybe that explains why I liked him right off the bat. And of all the books in the Old Testament, Exodus is my favorite. Let my people go! God as liberator of the enslaved...I can hardly wait to be one of God's proclaimers of liberation from enslavement—enslavement to grief, to despair, to injustice...

**Henry:** (getting caught up in Intern Ida's enthusiasm)...Yes! freed from injustice! Freed from poverty!

**Intern Ida:** (deflating) Well, yes, but...*poverty* is exactly what I'm afraid I'll need liberation from...in fact, I'm not even sure that I can keep studying at the seminary after this internship year. I'm really worried about being enslaved to my education-debt...until I'm 103! (Looking at the bushel basket thoughtfully). But, I shouldn't be so self-centered. I am so sorry for you and the congregation losing Pastor Leipenauer...

(Eliza rejoins the Ida and Henry, in considerably brighter mood)

**Eliza:** Oh, Ida, it's not your fault. And...I'm not even sorry that I forgot to call the Seminary. Because, Intern Ida, had I called then you wouldn't have come and we would have been stuck with these frogs without a clue as to their meaning.

**Henry:** Their meaning? These frogs have...meaning?

**Eliza:** It's just like Intern Ida said. God uses frogs to get our attention when there's some serious liberating to be done!

**Intern Ida:** I said that?

**Eliza:** You did! That and more! That non-anxious presence really works. Your prayerful calm helped me let go of my fear and open this envelope. And now I have! And now it all makes sense! You *(to Ida)* being here...and you *(to the audience)*...and you, especially you *(pointing to the frogs)*!

**Henry:** The frogs? They make sense? !

**Eliza:** Henry, these frogs are a gift! From God! And if I'm not mistaken, these frogs may even be a little parting gift from Pastor Liepenauer. Look here, Henry, at this anthem our dear departed Pastor "Leap-Knower" left us to sing—and by "us," I mean you and me, Henry. It's a duet!

(Henry studies the music, starts humming the tune and begins to chuckle.)

**Henry:** Well, I'll be..!

**Intern Ida:** Is there anything I can do?

**Eliza:** Absolutely. You can take the offering during the funeral—with that bushel basket.

**Intern Ida:** Okay, but isn't an offering during a funeral a little unusual?

**Eliza:** Can you think of a better way to celebrate the gift of a life of service given to God than by making it possible for the next generations to enjoy that same. This offering is going to go to the Seminary. To help bright gifted future servants of the Good News—like you, Ida!—be freed to answer God's call!

**Intern Ida:** That's really wonderful! But.. what about the frogs?

**Eliza:** If the Bible gives any clues here, then the frogs have done their job when we've learned to leap, leap to free seminarians from their bondage to financial obstacles. And one offering every 75 years can't accomplish that!

**Henry:** Hey, Eliza, you almost sound like a preacher yourself. Have you thought about going to seminary? (Intern Ida nods in enthusiastic agreement).

**Eliza:** Well, for now let's just concentrate on the matters at hand. Henry, you and I have a Pastor Liepenauer's funeral anthem to practice! (Ida takes a seat and listens)

Henry and Eliza sing "There's a hole in the pulpit" (see attached)

## Epilogue

**Henry:** Well, that's the way that day began, that Great and Awesome Day, that Day of the Plague of Biblical Proportions. The real miracle, what SQUELCHers now call "The Plague to Plenty Transformation," happened during the service right after the prayers of the people when Eliza asked God to help keep us mindful of the blessings of ministry and the importance of supporting future church leaders on a regular basis, early and often. While Eliza and Intern Ida passed bushel baskets through the congregation, the frogs on the altar and the pulpit and the baptismal font just hopped up and down and out of the chancel and quietly arranged themselves among the members of the congregation—some in pews, some in the choir loft, others in the nursery care room. Ever since then—now so many years later! , those frogs are still here! If you listen you can still hear 'em..... And the transformations keep a-coming, too.

Starting with that first offering, we send gifts to the seminary to support student scholarships every year—as part of our God-given vision to SQUELCH Seminarian Debt. The first captive we freed from poverty was Intern Ida, who today as *Pastor Hopewell* serves Plentiful Harvest Lutheran Church, a new mission congregation she got started... from seed. And Eliza—she went off to seminary, too, and you bet we helped her get through! You've probably heard of her. She's a bishop now and besides encouraging every congregation to make regular leaps of faith in support of the Seminary, she makes sure every pastor in her synod takes sabbaticals and has a solid retirement plan.

So, you may wonder: will South Quirksville United Evangelical Lutheran Church *always* have these frogs with us? We can only hope to be so blessed! At least that's what our new minister, Pastor Lee Leapready, likes to say. We can only hope! And... so can you! Why, in your own churches, I bet you have more frogs than you realize!

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NOTES:

### SONG TEXT:

**"There's a hole in our pulpit"**

There's a hole in our pulpit, dear Liza, dear Liza.  
There's a hole in our pulpit, dear Liza, a hole.

Then fill it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry.  
Then fill it, dear Henry, dear Henry, then fill it.

With whom shall I fill it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
With whom shall I fill it, dear Liza, with whom?

With a pastor, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
With a pastor, dear Henry, dear Henry, a pastor.

You'd be a good pastor, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
You'd be a good pastor, dear Liza, You! Called!!

With learning, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
With learning, dear Henry, post-college, 4 years!

Where shall you learn, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
Where shall you learn, dear Liza, Where? Where?

At Gettysburg Seminary, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
At Gettysburg Seminary, dear Henry, the Sem! (Seminary)

Seminary costs money, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
Seminary costs money, dear Liza, not cheap!

Then fund it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Then fund it, dear Henry, dear Henry, fund it.

With what shall I fund it, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
With what shall I fund it, dear Liza, with what?

Not manna, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Not manna, dear Henry, dear Henry, from Heaven!

Has manna stopped falling, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
Has manna stopped falling, dear Liza? When? When?

Open your bible, dear Henry, dear Henry!  
Open your Bible, Read Joshua 5:12!

This is bad news, dear Liza, dear Liza!  
Bad news, dear Liza, dear Liza, bad news!

**We need some Good News, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
We need some Good News, dear Henry, Good News!**

**Who preaches Good News, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
Who preaches Good News, dear Liza, Who? Who?**

**A pastor, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
A pastor, dear Henry, dear Henry, a pastor.**

**From where, dear Liza, dear Liza, dear Liza?  
From where, dear Liza, from where?**

**From the pulpit, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
From the pulpit, dear Henry, dear Henry, the pulpit.**

**There's a hole in our pulpit, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
There's a hole in our pulpit, dear Liza, a hole!**

**#**

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