

THE STRIPEHEAD WHO LOVED

In a land far away, there were 2 tiny towns, Checkerville and Stripeville, one up and one down.

Checkerville folk wore checked hats on their heads, While Stripe-villagers wore only striped ones, instead.

You'd think they'd be friendly, you'd think they'd be kind.
But these people had battle and fights on their mind!

They threw things to knock the hats off of their heads,
They called out rude names which could hurt by what's said!

No Checkerhead knew why they hated Stripes so,
No Stripehead knew why they thought Checkers so low.

One day a young Checker left town for a walk,
And wandered a distance—much more than a block.

Three robbers came at him, so far from his town,
They pushed him and shoved him, and knocked him right down.

They knocked off his hat, they took his lunch money.
They left him in pain—they thought it was funny!

Soon after, the Checkerville Mayor came by,
Saw the Checker all crumpled, with a black and blue eye.

He said to the Checker, "I'd help, but it's noon.
I've scheduled a meeting—someone else will come soon."

He left the poor Checker lying there in a mess,
With his body in pain and his soul in distress.

Soon a Checkerville Doctor trotted by with her bag,
She spotted the Checker, his clothing in rags.

She told him, "I'd stop, but I'm busy today.

Someone else will be by," and she went on her way.

The Checker was worried, his heart full of fear.
Would nobody aid him? Would no one draw near?

At long last he heard someone else passing through—
But this was a Stripehead! Oh, what would he do?

The Stripehead paused, shaken, and started to stare,
He thought, "He's a Checker! I should leave him right there!"

But he realized something that at first seemed quite odd,
"My Creator has made him. He's well-loved by God."

"And if I love my neighbor, the way Jesus said,
I should help out this Checker—not leave him for dead."

So he picked up the Checker, helped dust off the dirt,
And helped him walk back, to get aid for his hurt.

He paid for the Doctor who bandaged the lad.
She called up the Mayor. They were humbled and sad.

For the Stripehead had shown them a glimpse of true love,
The kind that God gives us from heaven above.

He'd helped his own enemy, a shock in itself,
And had loved his Checked neighbor, even more than himself.

Narrator:
There once was a land of If and Because
That sat on the earth as every land does.
And every person who lived in the land
Would search for a person he could understand
Now let us together observe what take place
When If and Because people meet fact-to-face...

1st Circle:
As I walk along this fine sunny day,
A stranger I see coming my way.
Is he a friend or is he a foe?
Not till I look at his shape will I know.
A circle I be and a circle I stay.
A circle is needed for friendship today.
(Enter the Blob.)
Hello my friend, Circle's my name
And finding a friend is my kind of game.
Have you a circle to exchange with me here?
Or are you an alien shape, I fear?

Blob:
A friendly fellow you seem to be.
And circles I need for good friends to be.
What my own shape is, I really don't know
But I hope it's a circle so friendship will grow.
I'm so glad I found you, I'm so glad to see
That such a relationship can possibly be.

1st Circle:
Now wait a minute, oh stranger here
You hasten your happiness too fast I fear.
I told you before our two shapes must match
In order for any new friendship to hatch.
If you were a circle with roundest of frame,
We'd be friends forever because we're the same.
But I see no circle, I see nothing round.
I think that it's only a Blob that I've found.
Now thing of my image, what others might say,
I can't take the risk. Away! Away!

Blob:
I'm so broken hearted, I'm in such despair.
I'm not a circle. It doesn't seem fair.
(Enter 2nd Circle.)

2nd Circle:
A call for a circle, is that what I hear?
I too am a circle, such joy and such cheer!
For now, brother Circle, your long vigil ends.
We've found one another. Forever we're friends!
(Two circles embrace and walk off.)

1st Star:
I am a star, a beautiful star.
Better than all other shapes, by far.
And if you are the fines, I think you will see
That shape you are holding, a star it will be.
If I'd find a star, we'd frolic in fun
And dance and play and never be done.
If you are a star, my friendship you've own.
But as I look closer, I see you're not one.
You're only a Blob! We'll never go far,
Unless you can prove that you're also a star!

Blob:
My shape's not important. Myself is what counts.
Just give me some friendship in any amount.

1st Star:
I've no time for Blobs, so go on your way,
For I think a star is coming this way...
(Enter 2nd star.)

2nd Star:
A star I am, and a star I'll stay.
Oh praise be to stars, it's our lucky day!

1st Star:
O star, O star, what double delight!
These shapes that we're holding, they match us just
right.

2nd Star:
At last we're together, so happy and proud.
Together we'll surely stand out in a crowd.
So Blob, adios! Farewell and goodbye!
You just don't fit in, and don't ask us why.

Blob:
Alas, I am broken. What worse could I do?
Than being rejected by each of these two.
(Enter 1st Square)

1st Square:
Through this crowd I now will stare
To see if perhaps there be somewhere a square.
Pardon me there, but some time could you lend?
If you are a square, I'll be your true friend.

Blob:
Oh surely, dear brother, our shape's not the same,
But I'm a sweet person, and what's in a name?

1st Square:
Your shape's not a square and you talk to me so?
I can't believe all the nerve that you show.
If it's a friendship you want, then friendship go get.
But not from a shape with which you don't fit!
(Enter 2nd Square.)

2nd Square:
A call for a square? I'll soon be right there!
A square I am and a square I'll be.
I'll join you in friendship, of square, just ask me.
Because our fine corners do each number four,
We'll stay close together forever and more!
(They both exit.)

Blob:
I'm torn and I'm frazzled, what worse could there be,
Than being rejected by each of these three.
(Enter 1st Triangle.)

1st Triangle:
I'm wandering to and I'm wandering fro,
In search of a three-sided shape just like so. (points)
For if I could find one, I know we would blend,
For only a triangle can be a true friend.

Blob:
Hello there, dear fellow, I've heard all that you've said
I can't help but think, to you I've been led.
For you need friendship and I need the same.
So on with the friendship and off the game.

1st Triangle:
Now who is this talking? What shape do you hold?
You seem sort of strange, just what is your mold?
You sure are not pretty, you shapeless disgrace.
Why, you're just a Blob, it's all over your face!
I've no time for you, you pitiful one.
This senseless discussion is over and done!

(Enter 2nd Triangle.)

2nd Triangle:

A call for triangles? Well I'll fill the need.
We're made for each other, it must be agreed!
(They exit together.)

Blob:

No one understands poor shapeless me,
Cause I'm just a Blob as you can well see.
If I were a circle or maybe a square,
Then I could be having some fun over there.
Why can't all you shapes just notice and see,
That I'm just as miserable as I can be.
With no one to laugh and be good friends with,
I'm beginning to feel just a little bit miffed.

Narrator:

Now just at this moment comes into this place
A man who is different in style and in grace.
He's quiet and thoughtful and listens quite well,
Observing the stories that our characters tell.
Now with me return to our tale if you can,
And witness the ways of "In-Spite-Of" Man.
(Enter In-Spite-Of Man.)

In-Spite-Of Man: Hello, will you be my friend?

Blob:

Oh, no, can't you see...
I'm not a circle or square, so please leave me be.

In-Spite-Of Man:

Friend, once again to you I will say,
Will you not be my friend on this fine day?

Blob:

Your humor's not funny. I'm wise to your jokes.
You're here to make fun like the rest of these folks.

In-Spite-Of Man:

Now what is the problem, my poor little man?
You seem so distressed, I just can't understand.

Blob:

I've run the whole gamut, I've pleaded and cried
To have the, accept me and love me inside.
But each time I seek them they look at my shape,
And quickly reject me, it's like hearing a tape.
"You're not the right person, you've got the wrong
shape,
The people will gossip, the people will gape."
If this shall continue from day unto day,
Alone I'll remain and depressed will I stay.

In-Spite-Of Man:

I think a great lesson's been brought to your
sight.
These shapes find it hard to accept you "in spite".
They're all so possessive and selfish inside,
They wallow in vanity, ego, and pride.
But there is an answer I've found to be true,
And I've come to offer this answer to you.

Blob:

I don't understand all you're trying to say,
But you're the first person I've met here today
Who seems to accept me in spite of my form
You break all the rules of the shape-seekers norm.

In-Spite-Of Man:

Your wisdom is growing, I think you now see
Love puts no conditions on you or on me.

Narrator:

Our moral is simple, I'll share it with you.
It's all in the bible and known to be true.
The world offers values which dazzle our eyes,
It mixed the truth with ridiculous lies.
And we here are seeking the true meaning of
This life that we're living. This word we call "love".
The If and Because folks are caught in a bind,
For they only accept their very own kind.
They love folks "because" and they love people "if",
But few have discovered the "In-Spite-Of " Gift!