

GOD REMEMBERS

A Dramatic Reading

**by
Kathryn Kimball**



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

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In front of a drab little house, a small boy in faded overalls rode a stick horse languidly up and down in the hot sand. In his head strange thoughts were buzzing about, and there was a troubled look in his brown eyes.

At the window a young girl stood gazing wearily out across the corn fields lying parched and dry in the hot July sun.

The sight of an old wagon drawn by two wobbly horses brought the girl to the porch. A boy of twelve climbed from the driver's seat and stood silently at the gate.

As the girl came down the steps, the small boy rode valiantly up to meet her.

"Get up here, Jim. Don't you know we've got to take Alice down to the gate? Get up. Get a move on you, you lazy old horsie."

The boy stopped his horse suddenly in dismay.

"Why, Alice, what makes you cry? Don't cry. You just wait till Willard and me gets growed, and we'll buy you the prettiest new dress ever was. You won't never have to wear ragged ones any more, will she, Willard? A lump rose in the older boy's throat and he made no reply.

Alice looked questioningly at Willard. "What did he decide, Willard? Will he let him come, too?"

The boy's lips trembled. "No, Alice. 'Too small to work', he says. He's already fixed it up to send him to the--"

A look of pain crossed the girl's face, and she stood as if dazed. Then, gathering the courageous little horseman in her arms, she sobbed as if her heart would break. A tiny hand patted her shoulder.

"Alice, don't you cry. When Willard and me gets growed bigger, maybe it will rain more, and we'll sell the corn and buy you the mostest new dresses. Why we're nearly growed now! We're most men!"

But Alice would not be comforted. She pushed the boy away.

"No, Gordon, God has forgotten us. He has taken everything away from us."

Gordon thrust his beloved horse aside, threw his arms about Alice and with all his heart he pleaded with her.

"No, no, Alice, He does 'member. Mother told us when she was here that God always 'members, and now I know He'll 'member 'cause she's there with Him and she'll ask Him to 'member us."

Late that evening Gordon rode his horse down the hot sandy road to the highway, where he sat perched upon a bank watching the endless procession of tourists as they hurried by. But only his eyes were upon the road, for his heart was back in the little house where Alice and Willard were striving to solve a problem that was too big for them.

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