

THE MAN WHO WANTED A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING

A Dramatic Reading

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Ralph Pyle was a busy guy. He didn't want much. He didn't expect a lot. Not the moon, or the stars, or a home in Malibu. But he did want a little bit of everything. Just enough to know he'd been there.

When he was fourteen years old, he went to God and asked Him to hear his prayer. Ralph said, "Lord, I know that I don't deserve much. But I would like some things. Just a little bit. This is my request: I'd like my own bedroom, some nice furniture, a stocked refrigerator, a boom box, a girlfriend with looks, and a pet or two. Please understand, I'm not asking for everything. Just a little bit of everything."

God understood a person wanting something in this world. So He answered Ralph's prayer. He led his parents to give him his own room, a little refidge all his own, a dog, and one of the cheerleaders on the cheerleading squad fell in love with him. Also, two pairs of designer jeans, a pop toaster, a color TV, a stereo and record collection (not the top of the line, mind you, but square middle of the store), and a boom box for the beach. It wasn't the American Dream, but it was comfortable. Ralph was pleased.

Nonetheless, after a few years of living in the lap of mediocrity, Ralph Pyle suddenly decided he wasn't fully satisfied. "What I need is the right to call some shots," he said. "Not all the shots, just some of them. I don't like people bossing me around all the time."

He journeyed again to the throne of God and set forth his plea. God listened and asked, "What kind of shots do you want to call? Basketball shots? Financial shots? Political shots? People to command and lead? A voice in your church?"

"That's it," said Ralph. "A little bit of all of the above."

Within a month, Ralph was signed up to vote on a special board at his church. He was also asked to represent the student body at the local PTA meetings. He was nominated for a position in his homeroom class. He became an assistant coach on the basketball team. And he got a job at a local restaurant.

Ralph was very happy. But as always, the day came when Ralph sensed that a little bit of wealth and a chance to call some shots weren't all they were cranked up to be. He contemplated his problem and suddenly he realized, "No one knows who I am, except, of course, my parents, and a few of the locals. I think if I had a little taste of fame, just a little piece of it, I would be completed."

Again, he set out for God's throne to lay his request at His feet. At first God didn't understand. "I know who you are," He said.

"But this is different," Ralph said. "I'd like to see my name in print. It would be nice if some people around town recognized me. I'd like them to say, 'There goes Ralph Pyle.'"

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