

# PERUSAL SCRIPT



by  
**Max Golightly**



Newport, Maine

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## **THE FORGE AND THE FIRE**

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Material for THE FORGE AND THE FIRE emerged from a Mormon Festival of Arts vignette presentation in 1974, directed by Max Golightly, assisted by Maxilynn Capell. The experiences are true, and were adapted from stories from the cast and other interested people. The Lamanite play came from the familiar story of the early settlement of Manti, Utah.

THE FORGE AND THE FIRE, as a play was first presented in March of 1975 at Brigham Young University, directed by the author, assisted by Stephanie Griggs. Members of that cast were: Janee Ballantine, Brad Barnards, David Bybee, Pam Cook, Karl Dodge, Karlene Dodge, Phillip Hurlbut, Christopher Kite, Larkin Le Suer, Debbie Renstrom, Rita Riddle, James Roehr, Michael Thompson, Leslie Van Gieson, Cindy Taylor, Rick Van Noy, Bryce Ward and Beckie Wyson. Other contributors with ideas and stories, were Joseph Batzel, Diane Bollard, Christie Lund Coles, Wilma Despain, Deb Hartley, Jean Jenkins, Richard Kirkham, and Steve McKay.

The theme was written to be played in Theatre-in-the-round, but works as well in proscenium theatre. A company of actors, with as few as 5 women and 5 men can alternate in playing roles, or it can be played with as many as 30 in the cast. The flashlight sequences need not follow the prescribed blocking; once the lights are in the actor's hands, creativity will motivate the direction. The show plays better if sounds for all sequences come from the actors themselves. Missionaries should be different each time.

The theme of THE FORGE AND THE FIRE originated with the idea that sometimes we allow our trials and tribulations, our griefs and groans, to dominate and extinguish the fire of real living- -which comes from acceptance of the place of negative circumstances in our lives, analyzation of the good and the bad and their relationship to experience and our comprehension of eternity, because of them. We all have sad, trying experiences at some time or other in our lives; how much better we are able to face life, if we consider them as stumbling blocks on the way up, rather than as harbingers of doom on the way down. Understanding of, appreciation of all experiences in life, with an eye on eternity and sparkle of humor in our eye- -that's the message for you in THE FORGE AND THE FIRE.

## **FORGE AND THE FIRE, THE**

*by Max C. Golightly.*

Variable cast of about 20.

Space setting.

A series of LDS vignettes and songs that testify to the divinity of Christ and his restored Gospel. Powerful serious and hilarious comic playlets are interspersed with a hilarious pair of dutiful missionaries who keep "Knockin' On Doors" Simple sets and costumes make this show easy and inexpensive to stage on a Ward or Stake basis. This show is a must for LDS producers. 2hrs. **Order#2018** Vocal Book available. Piano-Vocal Score available. Partial Orchestra Trak-CD available. (some music is performed live, on guitar or acappella)

**Royalty terms quoted on application.**

## MUSIC

**The Forge and the Fire** by Frank White. Arranged by Lois Johnson

**Three Grains of Corn** by James Roehr and Brad Barnards

**Homely Girls** by Max Golightly

**There is no Death** by Betty Hammond

**The Birth** by Larkin LeSuer

**May My Life Reflect Thy Will** by K. Newell Dayley (Originally written for  
THE FORGE AND THE FIRE, but now unavailable for use) but it has been replaced  
by:

**How Can I Know?** by Max Golightly and Neil K. Newell.

**Sweet Hour of Prayer** by William W. Walford and William B. Bradbury. Arranged by Lois  
Johnson.

## THE FORGE AND THE FIRE

A modern chronicle play

LIGHTS GO DOWN TO DIM, ACTORS ENTER TAKE PLACES. EACH ACTOR CARRIES A FLASH-LIGHT

### FLASHLIGHT SEQUENCE

**WOMAN-1:** (TURNS ON LIGHT, REFLECTED ON HER FACE) Everyone carries a light- -not a flashlight as this is, but an inner light which shines in many different ways, according to what is going on inside. Most of us, if we learn how, can turn it off  
(TURN LIGHTS OFF)

or turn it on

(TURN ON LIGHTS).

Some people even get fairly efficient at it.

(ALL LIGHTS GO ON, OFF AND ON, OFF.)

**MAN-2:** (ON LIGHT) This light is often referred to as “The Spirit” or “The Inner Light,” and you’ve heard it referred to as “The Light Within.” This light is always there- - waiting to be turned on, waiting to help out in dark places.

(LIGHT OFF)

**WOMAN-3:** (LIGHT ON) We often talk about people who radiate, don’t we? We notice some people brighten things up when they are around. And we often refer to someone as a “Ray of Sunshine.”

(ALL RAISE LIGHTS ABOVE HEAD AND TURN ON, OFF.)

**WOMAN-4:** (LIGHT ON) Are you one of those people who radiate? Have you allowed your light to shine on others? Or have your problems turned off your light? Has the “Refiner’s Fire” blackened your lamp so that it only feebly shines into whatever shadows you have to go through?

(LIGHT OFF)

**MAN-5:** (LIGHT ON) According to scripture, we aren’t promised that there’d be no hurt or pain or sorrow in this life, were we? We weren’t told it would be a bed of roses, either. But we are told time and again, that the things we endure can be understood if we believe in God. The scriptures remind us that we are here to gain experience, so that we are able to understand all things better.

**WOMAN-6:** (LIGHT ON) Life, in a way, is a kind of forge and fire experience for us all, isn’t it? We can better understand what the process of life is, if we learn to interpret our place in what occurs while we’re on this planet. Earth. Our planet. Our Experience.

(LIGHT OFF)

**MAN-7:** (LIGHT ON) You notice we’re asking a lot of questions. Can I ask you another? If I were to ask you to tell me where you hurt, what would you say? You could probably tell me things about yourself that I don’t suspect. (PAUSE) Tonight we’re going to talk about pain and suffering and their place in our lives. We’re going to talk about and sing about things that happen in people’s lives. Maybe we’ll understand more about living.

(ALL LIGHTS OFF)

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(FROM THIS POINT TO THE END OF THE LIGHT SEQUENCE, ALL LIGHTS ARE SHOWN DIRECTLY ON THE SPEAKER)

**MAN-8:** (LIGHTS ON) What is pain?

(LIGHTS OFF)

(SAME LIGHT DIRECTIONS THROUGH TO END OF SEQUENCE)

**WOMAN-9:** Is it the burn on the hand?

**MAN-10:** Is it the searing in the mind?

**WOMAN-11:** Is it the sharpness in the heart, or the cry on the ear?

**MAN-12:** More pertinent, still- why pain?

**MAN-13:** Joseph Smith said: “Man is that he might have joy.” How do we reconcile that with the pain that we experience?

**MAN-14:** Is a man happy because he feels no pain? Some of man’s happiest and most choice moments are when he feels the greatest pain. Psychologists tell us that intense pleasure, mental or physical, has pain in it.

**MAN-15:** Gilbert Raile, in his work, Dilemmas, says that if a man chooses to talk about joy and happiness and pleasure, ignoring pain, he says in essence, that he is going to have a greater struggle than one who is going to discuss pain.

**WOMAN-16:** Pain and struggle are with us- -it is better to recognize that, isn’t it? And if they are with us, it is best to know why both are necessary in life’s pattern. Isn’t it?

**MUSICAL #1A -- (GUITAR)**

**MAN-17:** Five years ago my father died of cancer. The last summer of his life, he was immobilized, suffering from day to day. Finally, when he knew that he was dying, he called my mother and his sister to his bedside to spend the last three hours of his life with him. The two women sat on his bed. My aunt played the guitar and my mother held his hand and they sang hymns. He was filled with pain and yet he was overcome with joy. My father literally died- -singing. Each of us at some time in our lives, experience both pain and joy; the challenge is to make both significant.

**MAN-18:** Isn’t that what life is all about, trying to find out what is most significant, trying to understand the importance of experiences in our life cycle so that they mean something to us in the end? Not so much that we have endured them, not that they have mis-shapen us, but that our spirits have been able to overcome physical pain so that joy can enter in- -making us strong.

**WOMAN-19:** The world looks at suffering as something we must harden ourselves against- -something to be endured so that it can’t be felt. Pass through it, but never let it pass through you.

(LIGHTS OUT. SHE PUTS HER HAND OVER HER LIGHT AND TURNS IT ON)

Like a light shining through.

(ALL DO THE SAME)

**MAN-20:** The Gospel teaches that a man must become like a crystal through which light can pass unimpeded. There is substance in suffering. There is light in it. If a man shuts himself away from suffering, he shuts out the light. Just as joy casts its color through the prism

(ALL LIGHTS GO OUT, EXCEPT HIS OWN, WHICH IS COVERED WITH A YELLOW GEL AND SHINES ON THE CURTAIN UPSTAGE),

suffering also penetrates, leaving its hue

(HALF OF THE ACTORS TURN ON LIGHTS COVERED WITH BLUE GEL)

in their crystal. The color of life has always been green

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(THE REMAINING ACTORS HAVE GREEN GELS. ALL LIGHTS COME ON AND MERGE INTO ONE GREEN SPOT)

**WOMAN-21:** But how do we understand life? How do we understand why things happen in life? Perhaps the answer to that is the greatest gift of the Gospel- -the example set for us by the Christ. Understanding- -that's the secret.

**GUITAR MUSIC OUT**

**SOUND: SOFT DRUM ROLL,  
SEGUES INTO  
MUSICAL # 1B -- THE FORGE AND THE FIRE**

**SOPRANO SOLO:**

*This is the age of the refiner's fire.*

**COMPANY**

*This is the age of the Forge.  
This is the time to thrust with all our might  
The sickle in the harvest field of white.  
The forge and fire.*

*This is the time of our redeeming light,  
Where we must prove and inspire  
That noble purpose in our lineage bright - -  
That exaltation in His Holy Sight;  
The forge and the fire.*

*The green fertility of every spring  
Is laid in pain from the winter,  
But should you have no opposition  
Then you make the supposition  
That there is no sin (That there is no sin)  
If there is no law (If there is no law)  
If there is no right (If there is no right)  
If these things are not (If these things are not)  
But there is God  
But there is God  
There is a God  
There is a God,  
A God.*

*And in that great millennial day of peace.  
We shall look back to this test  
And finally when we come to win the prize,  
We shall be ever indebted to*

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*The forge and the fire.*

(THE LIGHTS ALL GO DOWN A FEW BEATS WHILE THE ACTORS GO INTO NEXT SEQUENCE)

**MUSICAL #2A -- KNOCKING ON DOORS**

**COMPANY:** *Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure,  
So- -we knock on the doors,  
We knock on the doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)

(*KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*)

*Ba-bum-bum!*

**WOMAN:** (OPENING IMAGINARY DOOR, PEERING) Yee- -ees?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : Good afternoon! We'd like to talk to you for a few moments.

**WOMAN:** Ah, yes!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : We're missionaries from the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

**WOMAN:** Ahhhh- -yeee- es!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : I wonder if we could come in for a minute or two and explain a few things about the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

**WOMAN:** Ah! Yeeesss! (CLOSE DOOR)

**MUSICAL #2B -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS (REPRISE)**

**COMPANY:** *Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure,  
So- -we knock on the doors,  
Knock on the doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)

(*KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*)

*Ba-bum-bum!*

**MAN:** (STRANGE, FOREIGN LOOKING, PEEKS OUT DOOR) Dere's no wan home, here.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : Sir, we're missionaries from...

**MAN:** (RAISING HAND TO THE SQUARE) I'm sorry, sirs, but I kent shpeak wan intelligible word of English langwidge.

(HE DISAPPEARS, MISSIONARIES LOOK BLANKLY AT EACH OTHER)

**MUSICAL #2C -- KNOCKIN TAG**

**COMPANY:**



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*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure*

THEY EXIT

**WOMAN:** My father had a mental breakdown and was for many years in an institution. I really loved my father; it was pretty hard to take when I realized that he didn't know who I was. He was always courteous and kind, but after he'd talked to me for a while, he'd whisper to my mother, "When's my little girl coming?"

When the mind goes, the body seems to go, too. I watched the image of my father fade, but every once in awhile, he'd look right at me, deeper than other people did, and he'd smile. At times like that, without words, my father would say a great deal. They were special times, the more precious because they were rare, and I found myself looking harder at him, watching his eyes, perhaps communicating more, because I had to wait for the mental idea to come. And then, even when he didn't know me, he grew to trust me.

Some thing beyond love developed between my father and me; it was a painful experience, but something beautiful grew out of it. Sometimes now, I find that same wordless communication happening, unexpectedly, expanding my sensory perception beyond mere words. From a painful experience, a depth of understanding I might never have known!

**ANOTHER WOMAN:** We were members of a wagon train from Ohio to Salt Lake City, camped in the desert one evening, enjoying dancing in the circle to a fiddler's music. We were shocked, then terrified when we discovered that our two-year old daughter, Jennie, had wandered from our wagon and was lost. We spent the night and most of the next day searching for her.

It was November and winter would soon be setting in. To stay on the prairie when the snows came, might mean hunger- -freezing to death, and though the members of the wagon train were as disturbed and mystified as we were, we knew they were anxious to be on their way. My husband wanted to stay behind while the others went on, to search further; finally, as the last of the searchers returned, and after much praying, he gave them leave to move on.

Looking back, I don't know how we left without Jennie. What had happened, seemed impossible- -more than we could endure! As our wagons left the campsite, we sat in our wagons, looking back for as long as we could see, shedding copious tears. There was an ache in our breast that would never go away.

(PAUSE)

We never knew what happened to her.

I often wonder if I could bear that hurt again. Could you?

**MUSICAL #3A -- KNOCKIN'**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure,  
So- -we knock on the doors,  
Knock on the doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)  
(*KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*)  
*Ba-bum-bum!*

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** (KNOCKS, WAITS, KNOCKS AGAIN) Hmmm.

**COMPANY:** Try again.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:**  
(TRIES AGAIN)

**VOICE FROM WITHIN:** Can't you see the sign?  
(THEY LOOK AROUND FOR SIGN)

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** Sign?  
(AN ACTOR PANTOMIMES A SIGN)

**COMPANION:** (READING) No solicitors!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** But we're not soliciting. Can we speak with you for just a moment or two, mam?

**VOICE:** We are! Go away!  
(THE MISSIONARIES EXCHANGE LOOKS)

### **MUSICAL #3B -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure,  
So- -we knock on the doors,  
Knock on the doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)  
(*KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*)  
*Ba-bum-bum!*

**MAN:** (OPENING DOOR) Yes?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** We're Mormon missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

**MAN:** Yes, I know.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** You know?  
(LOOK AT COMPANION)

**MAN:** Yes, I know.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** How did you know?

**MAN:** You look like Mormon missionaries.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** What do you know about the Mormon church, sir?

**MAN:** Quite a bit. We have one of your books- -The Book of Mormon.

**SECOND MISSIONARY:** What did you think about it, sir?

**MAN:** It was very interesting. We enjoyed it a lot- -it was...nice!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** Did it have any effect on your lives?

**MAN:** Yeah. Yeah, it did. We were glad to have such a book.

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**SECOND MISSIONARY:** Did you have any questions about anything?

**MAN:** No. It was interesting.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** Have you read the part where Brigham Young rides the white buffalo, sir?

**MAN:** Oh, yeah! Yeah, we did.

(WORKING UP A LAUGH)

That was very funny! Very goooooood!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** Well, thank you for your time, sir.

**MAN:** Yeah. Yeah, sure! Anytime. Anytime at all!

(CLOSE DOOR)

**MUSICAL #3C -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS**

**COMPANY:** *Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,*

*Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

*Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -*

*That's one thing we know for sure,*

(CAROL ENTERS, BEGINS TO PANTOMIME DOING DISHES. IN ANOTHER AREA, PETER APPROACHES DOOR, KNOCKS. CAROL WIPES HANDS ON IMAGINARY TOWEL, GOES TO DOOR, OPENS IT.)

**CAROL:** Hi, Peter!

**PETER:** How are you, Carol?

**CAROL:** I'm fine. Is this an official visit or d'you just come on your own?

**PETER:** Well, I don't know how official it is, but I kinda wanted to talk to Lorna, if she's home.

**CAROL:** (BECONING HIM INSIDE, CLOSING DOOR) She's probably asleep. D'you want me to wake her?

**PETER:** Golly, I don't know when I can get back to see her.

**CAROL:** Okay. Make yourself at home.

(EXITS, CALLS OUT IN THE BACKGROUND) Lorna! Are you'wake? Your home teacher is here.

**LORNA:** (FROM OFF) Okay.

**CAROL:** Just a few secs, Peter. I've gotta go get some margarine. See you later.

(SHE GOES)

**LORNA:** Hi. Where's the other one?

**PETER:** He's gotta big Math test in the morning.

**LORNA:** Did you want to see me or something?

**PETER:** Well, yeah. How are you?

**LORNA:** Fine. Just fine.

**PETER:** I thought we could have a little visit. You're a hard one to catch at home. You're the phantom on our beat.

**LORNA:** Type-casting. Not much on around here, so I'm usually gone.

**PETER:** Well. How's...everything?

**LORNA:** (CALCULATED) Fine. Just fine, Peter.

**PETER:** Keeping up with the academic grind?

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**LORNA:** Sure. It's kinda boring, but I don't enjoy much of anything around here. If my job comes through, I'll be going to work.

**PETER:** Can you handle that? On top of school and classes and things?

**LORNA:** I'd drop school.

**PETER:** That means you'll move.

(SHE NODS HEAD)

Just like that?

**LORNA:** You make it sound desecratory.

**PETER:** We've missed you at church, Lorna. Your apartment misses you at home evening. A couple o' girls told me they thing you're bombin' out in school.

**LORNA:** Look, Peter. I wish you'd quit treating me like a degenerate sinner because I leave Sunday School early, or don't go to Relief Society. You'd think the only thing this church is interested in, is getting people to meetings!

**PETER:** I didn't mean...

**LORNA:** My roommates give me the fisheye because I sleep in on Sunday morning- -that makes me sick! As long as everyone fits into the category, no one says a word, but just do something a little unusual and people start putting the old finger on you. I'll bet if the Lord came back to this place, He wouldn't recognize it!

**PETER:** Is moving away, going to change how you feel about all that?

**LORNA:** It might, yes! I'd like to live around people who won't be disgusted with me for not wanting to sing in the branch choir. After the experience I've had this semester, I'd prefer to live around people who might accept me for what I am and not ostracize me because I'm not perfect yet!

**PETER:** You think you can trade problems here for happiness somewhere else- -just by changing locations? They'll be the same problems, Lorna.

**LORNA:** Yuck! Can't you and Dale and the Bishop and everyone else get it into your heads that maybe I just don't dig it around here?

**PETER:** I suppose so, Lorna. But I don't believe that we can blame everyone for what a few do. We're just really concerned about you and want to help.

**LORNA:** I'm so tired of sweet spirits all the time, Peter.

**PETER:** I wasn't trying to be- -sweet. I suspect you would like to see more tolerance and understanding in this church- -more acceptance of people. So would I. I'd like to be more tolerant of myself, but wouldn't we all? You know what I've learned, Lorna? If a man wants the world to fit into place, he puts himself into place first. He prays for help in putting sins and shortcomings behind- -cleans up his own house. Then he goes to work and helps his friends. That makes sense, doesn't it?

**LORNA:** I guess it does, Peter.

**PETER:** A man knows he can't save the whole world, any more than he can feed the whole whole world. There's got to be more than marching and shouting slogans, and singing about love and beauty- -that's for sure.

**LORNA:** I'm glad to hear you say that.

**PETER:** Praying, and maybe making another quiet commitment to Christ is a good place to begin, isn't it?

**LORNA:** (AFTER A MOMENT) I hate to have all this nice speech wasted on me, Peter. I don't mean to cut you down after all your concern, but I'm not really unhappy about things. I'm not!

(PAUSE)

Was there anything else you wanted to say?

**PETER:** No- -just that.

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**LORNA:** (STANDING) Just the wrong time, Peter.

(SHE OPENS THE DOOR)

**PETER:** Yeah. Goodnight, Lorna.

(HE GOES. SHE SHUTS DOOR BEHIND HIM)

Oh, wow, man! You sure blew that!

(LOOKING UP)

Can't I just once use my priesthood to get through to somebody?

(HE GOES. LORNA STANDS STARING AT THE DOOR)

**LORNA:** (ALMOST INAUDIBLY) Goodnight, Peter. Thanks- -for caring. Oh, God, don't let me be so mean and ornery. Help me a little!

(SHE FORCES HERSELF TO HER KNEES)

If you'll help me, maybe...

**MUSICAL #4 -- SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER**

(DURING THE MUSIC, SHE BEGINS PRAYING, SILENTLY AT FIRST, THEN ALOUD. PETER HAS ARRIVED HOME. ANOTHER AREA OF STAGE, PETER ENTERS OWN APARTMENT, GOES TO ROOM, KNEELS AND PRAYS. AT END OF SONG, PETER LOOKS UP REFLECTIVELY. LORNA LOOKS UP WITH A NEW HOPE ON HER FACE)

**QUARTET:**

*Sweet hour of prayer,  
Sweet hour of prayer  
That calls me from a world of care  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known.  
In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief  
And oft escaped the Tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.  
And oft escaped the Tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.*

*Sweet hour of prayer,  
Sweet hour of prayer  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
I'll cast on Him my every care  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.*

LIGHTS OUT

**WOMAN:** When my handsome and vital husband was pronounced a hopeless cancer victim at 42, I questioned justice, God's wisdom- -whatever there was to question. We had two young children who needed a father. We had struggled as all young couples do, and life was beginning to look rather bright economically. Now we must accept the fact that there was no future at all for him. I watched his fight to live, growing weaker in his desperation, then his ultimate surrender. I watched him grit his teeth with pain, talked with him about nothing, feigned light-heartedness, counting the minutes until his next shot. I saw the bewilderment in the eyes of his children and in his own.

I cursed, I cried, I prayed- -and he died! So many people came...so many kind people, trying as I had done so many times, to say the right things to comfort me. One old friend took my hand and said: "How blessed you are! You have so many experiences in life the rest of us may never have."

I was shocked, then angry and finally, perplexed that he would say a thing like that at such a time. But I couldn't forget his words; they would come into my head at the strangest moments. But little by little, through other struggles equally difficult, I felt the strength that only experience can give to us, and I understood- -came to realize how true that statement was! "How blessed you are!" he had said, "You have had so many experiences in life the rest of us may never have. "I was blessed, tragic and unhappy experiences remain tragic when we hold on to them in that way, when we do not try to understand them and accept their place in our lives. When tragedies are given the proper perspective- -not a dominant place, it leaves room for healing and for good things to grow and flower there.

#### **MUSICAL#5 -- THERE IS NO DEATH**

##### **SOLO:**

*There is no death  
There is no death,  
The stars go down to rise upon some fairer sphere.  
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine forever, they shine forever more.*

*There is no death,  
The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away,  
They only wait through wintery hours  
The coming of the May.*

*And very near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless Universe is life.  
There is no death.*

#### **MUSICAL #6a -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS**

##### **COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,*

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*Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure,  
So- -we knock on the doors,  
We knock on the doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)  
(*KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*)  
*Ba-bum-bum!*

**MAN:** (OPENING DOOR RUDELY) Yes?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** We're Mormon missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, sir.

**MAN:** Did you make an appointment with my wife?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** No, sir.

**MAN:** (TURNING TO GO BACK INSIDE) Okay.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** Sir?

(MAN TURNS AROUND)

What do you know about the Mormon Church, sir?

**MAN:** What do I know about any church?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : Uh...

**COMPANION:** You have a lovely garden here, we were just admiring it.

**MAN:** It's my wife's.

**COMPANION:** It certainly is- -lovely...lovely!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : Yes- -it's a very nice garden!  
(LOOK AT COMPANION)

We're Sisters from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sir.

**MAN:** Yeah. You already went through that. What else is new?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : Would you let us talk with you for a few minutes?

**MAN:** My wife isn't home.

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** : Could we just talk with you? Explain about the gospel of Jesus Christ?

**MAN:** Look, no doubt you've got a good line. You look like you oughta have. But Suzy needs a bath, the baby needs changing, the stew's on high and I'm in the middle of canning cherries. Come back later and make an appointment with my wife, huh?

(CLOSE DOOR. MISSIONARIES LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

**MUSICAL # 6b -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure.*

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(LIGHTS UP ON BISHOP COUNTING MONEY. HE HOLDS UP FAST OFFERING ENVELOPE, SHAKES OUT COINS, LOOKS IN ENVELOPE AND THEN AT THE SLIP. COUNSELOR COMES IN, SEES HIM FROWNING)

**COUNSELOR:** What's the matter, Bishop?

**BISHOP:** Oh, nothing. I'd just like to know how they can prepare a meal on 17 cents!

BLACKOUT

**MUSICAL # 6c -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)

*(KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK)*

*Ba-bum-bum!*

(SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDENTS FILING OUT OF CLASS)

**STUDENT:** (TO ANOTHER) Boy! That land of milk and honey sure must be a sticky place!

**MUSICAL # 6d -- KNOCKIN'**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES:** (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)

*(KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK)*

*Ba-bum-bum!*

**YOUNG BOY:** (KNEELING AT BEDSIDE) And I cleaned my room for my mother, spaded the flowerbed and put the toothpaste away seven days in a row.

(PAUSE)

Do you think NOW, I could have that motorbike?

BLACKOUT

**MUSICAL #6e -- (IN DARK) KNOCKIN'**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure.*

**MEL:** There were twelve of us- -singers and actors, members of the United States Army, stationed in Germany during the occupation after World War II. We traveled from area to area singing hymns and solos for Worship services on Sunday, for service men and on other evenings, entertaining in the Red Cross Clubs with skits and



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specialty numbers. We were known as The Chapeleers, under the direction of Chaplain Lloyd Barker, a minister of the Baptist faith. I was the only Mormon in the group but at the time, I had drifted away from the church.

The Chapeleers were attached to the 16<sup>th</sup> Armored Engineers Division in Herrenberg, housed in a comfortable large home previously belonging to a prominent Nazi. We traveled around fulfilling our singing obligations for General Patton and his men- -at his request. Because of heavy scheduling, we kept hectic hours, and were excused from most of the labor duties. This disgruntled many of the men in the regular cadre, who were hostile toward us. They referred to us as “The chaplain’s boys,” or the “goody-goodies”, which didn’t help us feel comfortable in the division.

We had returned from seven grueling days performing and traveling, and were given three-day passes to Stuttgart. I had chosen to stay at the house, resting and catching up on my letter writing. That Saturday afternoon, a new replacement for our group had just arrived from the States; I helped him get settled and he was unpacking in his room, when we heard a commotion downstairs and went out on the balcony which overlooked the front room. A Staff Sergeant, quite drunk, was down there, with two men and two frauleins.

(LIGHTS UP ON DOWNSTAIRS AREA, WHERE THE MEN WITH THE THE WOMEN  
ARE SERGEANT (CALLING UP)

Hey, you- -Sergeant! You one of those Goodie-goodies?

(LAUGHTER)

**MEL:** What do you mean by that?

**SERGEANT:** You one of those Chaplain’s boys?

**MEL:** What do you want, Sergeant?

**SERGEANT:** (FEIGNED INNOCENCE) We just brought you some comfort, so’s you’d know what life’s all about.

**MEL:** What makes you think I don’t know what life’s all about? (LAUGHTER FROM THE MEN) You know it’s against regulations to bring women into the barracks?

**SERGEANT:** This is some barracks! None of us have anything like this!

**MEL:** You know what I mean.

**SERGEANT:** We knew you’d be lonely here, and thought you oughta have some fun with us! Where’s your buddies? They all gone into town?

(HAYES COMES OUT ONTO THE BALCONY)

Well, now- -ain’t he purty!

(LAUGHTER)

You got a girlfriend?

(MORE LAUGHTER)

Maybe you need a boyfriend.

(SAME)

Hey, now! Maybe you’d like to have one of these frauleins here. Just for your very own- -initiate ya in the good old comforts!

**MEL:** Sergeant, you’d better leave now, and take those women with you, before I call the Sergeant of the Guard.

**SERGEANT:** ‘Fraid you’d have a bad time doing that, wouldn’t he, fellows? I happen to be the only Sergeant of the Guard around.

(SNICKERING)

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Hey! You wanna slug o' schnapps? Cognac? How about some Vino? Well, your mistake!

(DRINKS)

Come on, Sergeant, loosen the ole skin!

(STUMBLES UP THE BOTTOM STARIS. MEN LAUGH AGAIN)

**MEL:** What is it you want, anyway, Sergeant?

**SERGEANT:** (GETTING UGLY) We want you, buddy-boy! You don't know how the other half lives, and we're going to teach ya! You all alone except for Cutie-pie there?

(LUNGES UPSTAIRS, FALLS AGAIN. MORE LAUGHTER. ALL FREEZE)

**MEL:** I knew I couldn't talk them out of whatever they were planning, so I had to do something. I pulled Hayes into my room and we began pushing furniture against the door.

SOUND: SHOUTING, POUNDING ON THE DOOR. THREATS.

I told Hayes not to say anything- -to get under the bed if they broke in. I told him I was going out the window, that I'd run to the Company Headquarters two blocks away and find someone who could help. I let myself out of the window, somehow got over a six-foot fence before they had bettered the door down and were leaning out of the window- -shouting at me.

**SERGEANT'S VOICE:** Run after him! Don't let him get away!

(SOUNDS CONTINUE, GRADUALLY FADING)

**MEL:** I ran hard, but it was getting dark and in my panic, I headed in the wrong direction. It had begun to drizzle and I slipped and fell, injuring my knee. Two of the men were still behind me, shouting at me as I limped toward the old church and up some steps behind, that led up into the hills and off into the darkness of the orchards. I ran until there was no more path, and stopped, struggling for breath.

(SOUNDS OF GASPING)

I could hear the men far off somewhere in the dark below, cursing and shouting, and I was shaking. Then, in the darkness, surrounded by the gnarled apple trees, I began to get my breath. The shouting had stopped and it was completely quiet. Suddenly a panic seized me- -the kind those of you who have been afraid of the dark will remember. I was alone and I was helpless and I could sense a terrific force of evil near me. I began to feel, rather than see, the form or shape of what seem to be a great shadowy form standing near the trees seven or eight yards away. It beckoned to me and made a kind of hissing sound, as if trying to speak. I tried to say something but my tongue would not move.

(SOUND: HEAVY, LABORED BREATHING IN BACKGROUND. CAN BE MEMBERS OF CHORUS)

I finally managed to form words: "Who's there? Who is that?" I peered into the darkness, mortally afraid, sensing everything evil concentrated there. I watched it twisting and moving, as if trying to reach me, the mass of its body distorted. I was near fainting.

Then I remembered, for no reason that I could logically explain, a time in one of my Sunday School classes when I was a Deacon. The teacher had been talking about the power we have with the Priesthood over Satan, if we learn how to use it.

**VOICE OF TEACHER:** If you ever are faced with an evil force or feel the presence of Satan, pray aloud in the name of the Savior, Jesus Christ, that the evil presence leave you- -and in the name of Jesus Christ- -through the authority of your priesthood.

**MEL:** Trying to control my voice, I pushed the words out:

(SOUNDS OF HISSING AND BREATHING WILL GRADUALLY DIMINISH THROUGH THE FOLLOWING)

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I command you- -whoever you are, to leave my presence...in the name of Jesus Christ! I command you to leave me now- -in the name of Jesus Christ! I command you in the name of Jesus Christ and with the authority of the Holy Priesthood, to leave this place!

I don't know how long I kneeled there with my eyes closed, waiting for something to happen, hearing the pounding of my heart. Ultimately, I realized that it was no longer too dark to see, that the form near the shadows was no longer there.

There was now another presence with me, a presence that comforted me, compelled me to move to where the concentration of evil had been. I reached out and touched the tree, and the tears came. Thanking God aloud, I stood there for a few moments and then walked calmly back to the steps and down to the house.

The men had gone away with the women, and Hayes was safe. I told him about my experience in the orchard and though he thought it quite a story, he never said that he didn't believe me. I had never doubted believing that I had seen the power of the priesthood in action on that September night in Germany, in 1945. That was the beginning of my real conversion to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

**MUSICAL #7 -- HOW CAN I KNOW?**

**SINGER (OR SINGERS)**

*How can I know that my Father loves me?  
Why should he know that I care?  
Why is our world in such terrible straits?  
Our prople in such despair?  
Where is the light in the night He promised?  
Where is the sun in the sky?  
Why do we languish and vainly question  
And why does His peace pass us by?*

*Somewhere there must be an answer!  
Somehow there must be a way  
To be steadfast, to be trusting in His glorious comfort.  
Stay ever faithful and loving,  
Childlike, constant, loving  
Ever-trusting when we pray.*

*There is an answer to solve every doubt.  
Search in your heart for your share  
Of sweet repentance,  
Of endurance strong,  
Knowing His love will be there.*

*There in your hearts is the light He promised;  
Promises still and still gives.  
Joy to the soul and the doubtful He strengthens  
If we believe that He lives!  
We must believe that He lives!*

*We must believe that He lives!*

(A SIGNIFICANT PAUSE)

**MUSICAL # 8a -- KNOCKIN' ON DOORS**

**COMPANY:**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure,  
So- -we knock on the doors,  
We knock on the doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.*

**THREE VOICES: (AS SOUND FOR KNOCKING)**

*(KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK)*

*Ba-bum-bum!*

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** (TO WOMAN WHO OPENS DOOR) Good morning, Ma'am. We're Mormon missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

**WOMAN:** (DELIGHTED) You are? Wonderful! I know who the Mormon missionaries are! We've heard all about you around here, all about your wonderful church and how you boys give up two years of your life to the Lord! It's remarkable!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** (GREATLY ENCOURAGED) That's great! Super! Have you been visited by the missionaries before?

**WOMAN:** No, I haven't, but I've been hoping to have you knock on my door one of these days. I have friends who have, and we have one of your books. I haven't read it yet, but I'm going to- -one of these first days! How long have you boys been doing this? You do it for two years, don't you? That's what most of them put in, isn't it?

**COMPANION:** Elder Jamison has been out almost two years, ma'am, but I've...

**WOMAN:** Oh, it must be difficult for you- -being away from your families, especially hard during these holidays, isn't it? Your parents write to you, of course, don't they? But it isn't the same as being home, is it?

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** No, Ma'am, but...

**WOMAN:** And our own refrigerator isn't like your mother's, is it? I know it isn't! You're really going to appreciate everything a lot more when you do get through, aren't you? You'll have a lot of catching up to do!

**FIRST MISSIONARY:** Well, Ma'am, you see, it's...

**WOMAN:** I'll bet you both have nice girlfriends waiting, don't you! Of course you do! Handsome young sluggers like you! You know, I wouldn't mind spending six months, or even a year- -doing what you're doing- -if I really felt it was worth it- -the way you do, I mean. But two years! It seems like forever!

**COMPANION:** Sure does, Ma'am, but we...

**WOMAN:** Ah, yes, but you're young- -your whole life ahead of you! That makes a real difference, you know.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

Well, it's a lovely day for what you're doing, isn't it?

(CLOSES DOOR GENTLY WITH SMILE)

Have a nice day, won't you?

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(MISSIONARIES, NON-PLUSSED, EXIT)

**MUSICAL # 8b -- KNOCKIN'  
COMPANY**

*Knockin' on doors, knockin' on doors,  
Gotta spend the mornin' knockin' on doors.  
Don't you know the Gospel's restored- -  
That's one thing we know for sure.*

**19 more pages of the show until the end**