

Home From Camp

By Paul Cain

Summary: A camper returns home and tells her parents about her experience at camp and how she met Jesus Christ.

Mom! Mom here I am! Mom!

(Runs to imaginary mom)

Oh Mom! I'm glad you're here. My bunkmate Jenny said that last year she heard that some kid came home from camp and his parents had moved away! I don't think that really happened. *(Pause)* Oh I had the funnest time at camp! It was the best!

My counselors were Felicia and Marie. Felicia was from Philadelphia and Marie was from Scotland—I think. She talked real funny. I always had to ask her to say something over and over and over again but she didn't mind. She was really good at soccer and you know what? She taught me some new moves with the soccer ball. Counselor Felicia wasn't so good at soccer—she liked to go out in the boat and go fishing. One time she took me and Andrea fishing with her and guess what? Yuck! I caught a fish! It was like 2 feet long or 8 inches or something like that! Andrea wanted to cook it when we camped out but Counselor Felicia made us throw it back in... good riddance!

Mindy was the farm director. She had the funniest looking sheep and goats. We all thought there was one that looked like Captain Johnson.... Do you know him? He's the DYS...and he is a very nice man and he is very silly!

Anyway—you know what? We won cabin inspection every day except Pioneer night—I think it was Thursday—That was the day the Cabin #5 kids came over and messed up our room. Any way...we got an ice cream party for winning the most days and we got to stay up late on the last night. Counselor Marie ate a whole box of ice cream—can you believe that? I tried to eat a whole box, but I threw up!

You know what? Me and everyone from my cabin became Christians this week! Isn't that cool! After we had ice cream, Counselor Felicia told us another story about Jesus

and said He wanted to be our friend. And if we asked Him to, He would live in our hearts and forgive us of the bad things in our life.... that's called sin—did you know that? Anyway... we all accepted Jesus and she told us we had to tell people when we got home so I'm telling you. OK?

Can we have bug juice with lunch? Don't worry—it doesn't have real bugs—I think. *(Walking off stage)* Why was it called that? I don't know. But all we had to do was raise the pitcher and a waitress came and filled it up. If I raise up my hand at home will you come.... Oh never mind!