

**Narrator:** Well, needless to say, both of these suggestions were voted down. (*All creation gestures "thumbs down" first with one hand, then with the other.*)

**All:** Forget it! Forget it!

**Narrator:** So all of creation was in quite a quandary. Drama perfectly summed up their sentiments.

**Drama:** You know what our problem is? God is simply the hardest person we have ever had to find a present for!

**Sound:** Yeah! What do you give someone who has everything?

**Sight:** Something to keep it in?

**All:** Forget it!

**Narrator:** Now God happened to overhear all of this, for as we all know, he knows all! Well, when God sleeps he always keeps one eye open. God was very happy with all his creation was trying to do. But they were stuck. And so, on the eighth day, God sent his spirit through all that was, and gave creation one final gift. He gave them the gift of memory. She reminded them who they were and all they had. Suddenly, amid all the vetoes to suggestions, the child spoke up.

**All:** Forget it! Forget it! Forget it!

**Child:** Hey, wait a minute!

**All:** Wait a what?

**Child:** Wait a minute! That's it!

**All:** What's it?

**Child:** Our problem!

**All:** What's our problem?

**Child:** We've forgotten!

**All:** Forgotten what?

**Child:** Who we are and all we have!

**Drama:** You know, the kid is right!

**Song:** What do you mean?

**Drama:** Think for a minute. What's the best way to say "thanks" when you've been given a present or gift?

**Dance:** Use it. Of course, use it!

**Child:** We had simply forgotten.

**Narrator:** And so, all of creation finally realized how they could thank God for what he had given them. Armed with this knowledge, they roused him from his sleep. And on the eighth day, creation declared a festival of thanks. Sounds could be heard and sights seen. Songs were sung and dances moved throughout the entire day. Stories were told and children laughed and cried and clapped at everything that was seen and heard and felt. And towards the end of the festival, on the eighth day, God looked lovingly on all he had made and he smiled. Then he raised his hand to quiet all of creation. He stood and addressed them:

**God:** Thank you, my friends. You couldn't have given me a more beautiful gift. You have made me very, very happy.

**Drama:** Since this is your day, isn't there any one thing we could do, as a group, especially for you?

**God:** Yes, there is. What I ask of you, my friends, is to remember this day and every day after, who you are and what you have been given. I ask you to tell the story anew in each generation, so that all of life may be a festival of thanks.

**Narrator:** And you know, strange as it all seems, the story has not been forgotten. The festival continues and all of creation still knows how to do what it does best.

**Finis**



**Narrator:**

And on the seventh day, God rested. He spent the day looking long and hard at all the beauty that surrounded him. And he was very, very happy. So all of creation basked in its beauty and rested with him. Early in the morning, on the eighth day, while God was still sleeping in, all of creation gathered together.

**Drama:**

I suppose you wonder why I called you all together. I don't think I have to say how much we appreciate all that Mr. Big, good ole Number One, has done for us. If it weren't for him, well folks, God knows none of us would be here.

**Dance:**

Would you get to the point, drama? You have a tendency to ramble.

**Drama:**

Well, I was wondering if we could all throw some sort of surprise "thank you" party for old sleepy head. Our little way of saying "thanks" to you know who.

**Sound:**

Great idea!

**Child:**

We ought to give him something. A present! It's not really a party without a present or some kind of gift.

**Narrator:**

And so all of creation tried to think of something they could give God on the eighth day. They put their collective heads together and thought and thought. Then the child spoke up.

**Child:**

What about giving God an ash tray or a brand new tie?

**Narrator:**

But that suggestion was immediately dismissed.

**All:**

Forget it!

**Narrator:**

Then sight spoke up.

**Sight:**

What about one, huge, gigantic, see-you-through-this-life-and-into-the-next cigar?

**Narrator:**

Now everyone entertained this idea briefly, but then decided it would take too long to make it. So this suggestion was likewise dismissed.

**All:**

Forget it!

**Narrator:**

Next, both song and dance spoke up.

**Song:**

How about a bottle of "After-Creation" cologne?

**Dance:**

Or what about a bottle of our finest cheap Chianti?