

Home From Camp

By Paul Cain

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

Mom! Mom here I am! Mom!

(Runs to imaginary mom)

O Mom! I'm glad you're here. My bunkmate Jimmy said that last year he 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 Vince and James. Vince was from Philadelphia and James was from Scotland—I think. He talked real funny. I always had to ask him to say something over and over and over again but he didn't mind. He was really good at soccer and you know what? He taught me some new moves with the soccer ball. Counselor Vince wasn't so good at soccer—he liked to go out in the boat and go fishing. One time he took me and Bobby fishing with him and guess what? I caught a fish! It was like 2 feet long or 8 inches or something like that! Me and Bobby wanted to cook it when we camped out but we had to throw him back in... that's OK I'll catch him again next year!

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 James 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 Vince 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 he 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!

