

THE FIVE GREAT LESSONS!

AGES: Elementary School, Middle School

DESCRIPTION

Throughout the entire run of the show, I am always giving the students things to read and to think about how it relates to the show and how it relates to life. I have found that it makes a difference in my production if all of the students are in tune with each other on and off the stage. Enclosed are The Five Great Lessons that the students ask to see year after year.

FULL LESSON PLAN

THE FIVE GREAT LESSONS!

O N E

During my second month of school, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions until I read the last one: "What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?" Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman some times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Just before the class ended, one of the students asked if the last question would count toward our grade.

"Absolutely." Said the professor. "In your life you will meet many people. All of them are significant. They deserve your attention, even if all you do is smile and say hello." I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.

T W O

One night, at 11:30 p.m., an older African-American woman was standing by the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a lashing rainstorm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car. A young white man stopped to help her, generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960's. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxicab. She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him. Seven days went by and a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise a giant console color T.V. was delivered to his home. A special note was attached. It read: "Thank you for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband's bedside before he passed away. God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others." Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole

T H R E E

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10 year old entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a cup of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked. "Fifty cents," replied the waitress. The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in

it. "Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired. By now people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she quickly replied. The little boy again counted his coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said. The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and four pennies. You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough to leave her a tip.

F O U R

In ancient times, a king had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and they walked around it. Many loudly blamed the king for not keeping the road clear. But none did anything about getting the stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded.

After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the king indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway. The peasant learned what many of us never understand. Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

F I V E

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. She saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and say "Yes, I'll do it if it will save her."

As the transfusion progressed, he lay in the bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheeks. Then his face grew pale and the smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked in a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

Being young, the little boy has misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

You see, understanding and attitude, after all, is everything.