

# LIVE THE LEGACY

by Bonnie Heidenreich

Setting: The stage is divided into two parts. On one side is a small modern table with a chair beside it; scriptures, a journal, and a pencil are on it. On the other side is a barrel with a large rock beside it (or anything indicative of pioneers). An old-fashioned book and ink pen are on the barrel. The action will take place between Samantha Denise Johnson, a 1997 young lady, and Samantha Jane Cornwall, a 1847 young lady. Anytime identical words are bold-faced by both young ladies, they are to be spoken together, at which point the action fades and freezes on one side, and comes to life on the other.

SAMANTHA DENISE: (*walks in, puts her hand on her head and through her hair and sighs.*) What a crazy day! It was one thing and then another all day long. Every teacher figured their class was the only one in the world and totally piled on the homework. I'm worried about Kelley. I saw her hanging out with Dallas again, and they looked pretty thick. (*sadly*) Then Mike told me about Tricia. (*hangs her head for a moment and looks at her hands*) If that wasn't enough, I just broke my longest nail. Oooh... (*She looks at her nail in pity.*) I can't handle all of this at once! What am I going to do? My brain is fried. (*walks over to a rock, or bed, chair, etc., and kicks it*) There, that feels a lot better. (*Grimaces in pain*) Ow! ( *rubs her foot and pouts*) That does not feel better. Samantha Denise Johnson. You are weird. Somehow, I've got to get all these thoughts out of my head...(*Looks at her table where her journal is*) ..and..down on paper! Hey! What a great idea! I'll write it all in my new journal. Let's see. (*She starts to write.*) I think I'll just start with...**Hello. My name is Samantha...**

SAMANTHA JANE: (*Samantha Jane is writing in her journal and also begins to speak.*) **Hello. My name is Samantha...**Samantha Jane Cornwall. There...that will be a decent beginning for my journal entry. (*Puts her pencil down and muses..*) I am eager to write today, for my mind is turning in circles. It has been such a long, difficult day. Cold, muddy and exhausting. But despite the weather, we must continue to press forward... Walk, walk, walk. When will it all end? (*music starts*) Is there truly a safe place in the mountains waiting for us at the end of the trail? And if so, will it be worth what we're going through now? **I have so many questions, and not very many answers.**

SAMANTHA DENISE: **I have so many questions, and not very many answers.**

SONG: "I'LL LIVE THE LEGACY" (*both Samanthas sing*)

SAMANTHA JANE: (*Picks up her pencil again and begins to write*) Today we only covered five miles. That's because we got such a late start this morning. Several of the families could not decide whether to continue with us or not. Brother Fargo has been busy talking among the Saints. (*puts pencil down again and says to herself*) He appears to be a good man, but seems certain that the Prophet Joseph gave his authority to someone other than Brigham Young. He has influenced many families to turn and follow him. I must say he is very convincing.

Finally, three hours late, at half past ten, Brother Stout announced it was time to go. Most of the wagons left with us, but a few remained behind. Sariah, one of my best friends, stayed with her family. Her father is one who is questioning Brother Brigham. I thought she should ask her father for permission to ride in our wagon, but she would not. (*sighs*) At the dance last week, some of the girls giggled and teased Sariah over

her freckles. I think they're cute, but she was offended. Since that time she has not wanted to associate with any of the girls. And now she is staying behind. I think she is foolish, but I could not convince her otherwise.

As our wagon finally pulled out, I watched her grow smaller in the distance, and wondered in my heart if I would ever see her again. I'm going to pray for her and her family. I have hopes that they might work out their differences with the brethren and join us shortly. But, once a body walks away from something, it's very difficult to retrace the steps. **It's so hard to come back.**

SAMANTHA DENISE: **It's so hard to come back.** I pled with Kelley to talk to the Bishop, or to come back to Seminary, or even to start praying again. But no. She had every kind of excuse in the world. She said Sister Laurison was weird, that the Bishop didn't really care, and that none of the girls liked her. But I know what it really is. She's been hanging around with Dallas and his friends from her English class. She says that doesn't have anything to do with it, but I know better. I don't trust those guys. I've watched what they wear and how they talk. They hang out by the wall across from the school and smoke, and I've even seen some of them in the back of police cars! They like to live life on the edge, and to Kelley, that's real exciting. But I wouldn't be surprised if they were mixed up with a gang. (*shudders*) People like that make the world a scary place to live in. I'll tell you, a lot of those weirdos **are such wild animals!**

SAMANTHA JANE: **...are such wild animals!** It really is very frightening. You never know when you go around the corner whether you'll be attacked by a cougar, a buffalo or even an Indian! As we're each walking along, spread out down the trail, I feel like I'm in the middle of a hostile world, all alone. But there is a time when I feel completely safe. And that is when we're gathered as a group. As we stand by each other or kneel together, there comes a power into our midst, a feeling of strength. And I feel safe. Sometimes in the evening when all members of the wagon train finish their work and we're sitting around the campfire, it's as if I can feel a physical cloak of safety wrap its arms around us. Then I know **nothing can truly harm us if we're together.**

SAMANTHA DENISE: **Nothing can truly harm us if we're together.** I know if I can just surround Kelley with love, she'll come back. I know it. I've got to help her. Somehow she has to see that we're all here for her, that she's not alone.

SONG: "YOU'RE NOT ALONE"

SAMANTHA JANE: (*sitting with both elbows on the table, pining*) Oh, I wish I had a mirror. Cynthia Warner has one and her hair is never out of place. (*gasps with a sudden thought*) But if I had a mirror, I might know what I look like. (*touches her nose and cheeks*) Mama says I'm pretty enough, but Charlie Calloway doesn't hardly ever look at me. (*smiles shyly*) Well, sometimes he does. (*stops in horror*) Ohhh...I wonder what he sees. (*looks down at her hands, then lifts her skirt above her shoes*) Rough hands, worn out shoes, frayed calico and patches! **How can anyone ever like me when I'm wearing these rags?**

SAMANTHA DENISE: **How can anyone ever like me when I'm wearing these rags?** If only Mom would let me buy those cool Mossimo jeans I saw yesterday at the mall. But no, she says I look fine in the old jeans I already have. What a copout. Well, I think my clothes are dull! They're so out-dated! I wish she understood.

For example, take prom last week. I sat there looking at all the other girls in their classy dresses and, boy! did I feel out of place. I don't think it would have been too expensive to buy a new dress. It didn't look

like it would take much material to make one, either. They were totally short, and most of them were either sleeveless, strapless, or showing lots of skin...whoa! Now that I think about it, I guess I'm glad I felt out of place. It's hard to not be like everyone else....but I'd be in deep water if I was. I don't think I'd want to trade places with any of them..

*(starts to write again)* There was another drive-by shooting last week. And one of Mike's friends in the other high school died from an overdose. But worse than that was.....oh, I can hardly think of it. Tricia....I was in summer school with her just last year....*(slowly)* but I guess she thought life wasn't worth living... Oh...**It's so hard when somebody young dies.**

SAMANTHA JANE: **It's so hard when somebody young dies.** Lars Pedersen was just eleven years old. But age doesn't seem to matter when it's typhoid. Sister Porter's twins only lived for two weeks. Sometimes I wonder how we can bear to go on. I went with Papa to help bury those little babies on Thursday. Mama says we have to stay close to Sister Porter to help her through these hard times. Mama's been sitting with her every night this week. Melinda Porter, her daughter, is nearly my age. Papa says she's not doing well either, and I think I need to go help her. I guess that's how we are able to go on. We put our arms around one another and we hold tight. How else can we be strong? *(Both girls walk off stage.)*

SONG: "**SHE IS MY SISTER**"

SAMANTHA DENISE: This is Samantha Denise checking in again. After I wrote last night, I felt better and decided to go see Kelley after school. We are going to have this cool activity at Mutual, and I wanted to invite her to come with me.

At first, I thought nobody was home because all the cars were gone, but Kelley answered the door and said her parents were out of town. She was just leaving to meet Dallas and his friends at a party. I told her that I could come over in the morning to talk to her, if that would be better. "Samantha..." she said. But her voice died off. She was looking at me funny and then I knew. I knew what kind of party this would be. She wouldn't be here in the morning. Suddenly, I couldn't pretend any longer. "Oh, Kelley... Kelley! Don't do it! You can't do it!!" I threw my arms around her crazily thinking that she couldn't leave as long as I was holding onto her. But somehow the love I had always felt for my friend burst forth and I began to cry. I guess that was okay because she was crying, too.

My fingers are hurting from so much writing, so I'm just going to say that we talked for a long time that night, and she missed her party. Whew! I guess I didn't know her as well as I thought I did. I didn't understand some of the problems she was facing. That is going to change! I'm going to stick by her and help her out. I'll draw her into our circle with love. Deep inside, she really does want to make some changes. She just needs a friend...and that's me!

SAMANTHA JANE: Once again I write in my journal, but this time I have good news. Sariah is back! When the wagon with her family in it caught up to us, I could hardly believe it! I ran to her and hugged her and we were both laughing and crying. She told me that the day we pulled out, she felt very empty. Her family felt the same, so they prayed together and then took turns reading scriptures. Each scripture they read seemed particularly meant for them. One by one, they could not read more because of the tears that were falling. God was talking to them through His holy book. They could hear it, and they knew what they must do. By 6:00 the next morning, they were packed and gone.

I told Sariah that her children and their children and generations to come were rejoicing because of her decision.....She was quiet for awhile and then said she'd never thought of it quite like that before. Sometimes we get so mixed up with the minutes and hours of today, that we forget the decades and even

centuries that are surely coming tomorrow as a result of those minutes. We must leave a legacy for others to live. Yes. **A legacy....**

SAMANTHA DENISE: **A legacy....** A legacy! Why does that word keep going around in my mind? I looked it up in the dictionary and it means a gift left to someone else. It's the name of the film in Salt Lake, so it must have something to do with the pioneers. I guess they did leave us a gift, a legacy, that is. They left their testimonies and a tradition of faithfulness. It must have been really hard to go through everything they did back then. But just imagine where we would be if they had failed. I guess that's the same thing I told Kelley last night. It's kind of hard to go through what we're going through, too! (*slowly*) But just think where our children and their children will be if we fail? We have a legacy that we can leave for those that follow, a gift of obedience and courage. And we can live that legacy now, today. We can be as faithful as the pioneers were. I know we can. Our lives can be a legacy of faith. (*Both sing again the chorus of the song "LIVE THE LEGACY".*)