

(This should always be done in true “Rap” style)

MOLLY POCKETS

Narrator: Once there was a little girl named Molly. She lived in the country and loved to collect things: smooth rocks from the creek bed, dried flowers, old tools, pencil erasers, paper clips.

Molly: (in the background) Ooooh, here's a paper clip to add to my paper clip collection.

Narrator: Molly always picked up bottles or cans to recycle them. She collected big things and little things. She spent lots of time alone and other children made fun of her. But her collections seemed to keep her happy.

Molly's grandfather whom she loved dearly understood her. He had been a collector, too. Since he knew that she loved collecting, he gave her his old carpentry jacket.

Grandfather: Molly, I know this jacket doesn't look like much, but it can help you gather your things. I want you to have it.

Molly: How come, Grampa?

Grandfather: Just because.

Narrator: Sure enough, the jacket was old and frayed and, of course, it was too big for her. But Molly loved it and wore it everywhere. She loved the way it smelled of sawdust and turpentine. She loved that her grandfather had given it to her for no special reason. Most of all, she loved it because it had so many pockets! She could collect more things than ever! She wore it so often, the other kids teased her and gave her the nickname Molly Pockets. They teased her all the time. Even though she didn't say anything, their teasing bothered her. Still, she loved the jacket and continued to wear it every day.

One day Molly was walking home after school. She went the same way every day past the thorn bushes, the old maple tree, the rock wall that someone had built a long time ago and then around the long turn to the farmhouse where she lived. She was walking alone, as usual, when she heard someone crying by the thorn bushes by the side of the road. It was LaKeesha, a girl Molly knew from school. She was bent over and peering hard into the thorny bushes, and was crying.

Molly: LaKeesha, what's wrong?

LaKeesha: My mother gave me some money to buy flour for bread she was going to bake. I had the money in my hand and I was, like, skipping along and I dropped it and it's somewhere in these scratchy bushes. I know it's in here someplace, but I can't find it. I don't know what to do.

Narrator: Molly thought for a moment, and then she had an idea.

Molly: I have just the thing in my jacket.

LaKeesha: Oh, sure, Molly Pockets, like you really have money in that jacket.

Molly: No, not money, something else.

Narrator: What do you think Molly had in her pockets to help LaKeesha look for her money in the thorn bushes? Use your imagination. There is no right or wrong answer.

LaKeesha: There it is! My money! Wow! Thanks, Molly!

Molly: That's okay. Here, LaKeesha, I think you need this more than me.

Narrator: Molly reached into one of her pockets and pulled out a small pouch with a drawstring that closed it tight.

Molly: Next time you have something special to carry, you can put it in this pouch. That way, you won't lose it.

Narrator: LaKeesha quietly took the pouch. She felt bad that she had teased Molly, but Molly didn't seem to notice. She waved good-bye and continued on her way home.

As she came to the big maple tree, Molly thought about how she loved that big old tree, especially in the fall when the leaves turned bright yellow. She never saw such a yellow anywhere. She was sure the tree glowed in the dark, and often wondered how God could create such a bright color.

At the base of the tree, where Molly had often collected the fallen leaves, some older boys were building a clubhouse. They were arguing with each other because they were having trouble getting the old scrap lumber they had found to fit together and they had no tools.

Boy #1: This isn't working!

Boy #2: Nothing fits!

Boy #1: These things won't stay together!

Boy #2: This was a dumb idea, anyway!

Narrator: Now these boys often teased Molly. But today, they were so busy bickering with each other that they didn't even notice her as she passed by.

A little farther, Molly saw a smaller boy she knew his name was Peter sitting by himself and drawing aimlessly in the dirt. He also teased her, but today he just seemed sad. Bravely, Molly approached him.

Molly: What's the matter, Peter?

Peter: (startled) Ahh! Who's that?! Oh, it's just you, Molly Pockets. Why do you want to know? You wouldn't understand anyway.

Molly: I might.

Peter: Nah, how could you? You're just a girl.

Molly: Yeah, but I still might.

Peter: The guys are building a clubhouse and they won't let me help. They said I was to...uh...too...too small.

Narrator: "I know something about being made fun of," Molly thought, but she kept this feeling to herself. She walked slowly over to Peter.

Molly: That's not fair.

Peter: Fair? Who said anything about fair? I'm just too small, that's all. It happens all the time.

Molly: Maybe I have something in my grandfather's jacket that can help.

Peter: Oh, sure, Molly Pockets. What are you going to do, make me bigger?

Molly: No, something better than that. My grandfather used to be a carpenter, you know. This is a carpenter's jacket. I have some tools that might be just what your friends need. Maybe if you go over there with these tools, they'll let you help. Especially if I show you how to use them. Then they'll need you to finish building their clubhouse.

Narrator: Peter's face lit up when he saw what Molly offered. She quickly taught him how to use the tools and he ran off to try to join his friends.

What do you think Molly gave Peter to use? Take a few minutes to talk about or draw your ideas.

Molly continued on her way home. She was just thinking that this had been quite an afternoon when she noticed April, with her head in her hands and looking very sad, sitting on the old rock wall.

Molly: What's wrong, April?

April: Oh, Molly Pockets, you just wouldn't understand.

Narrator: Molly had heard this before, but it seemed that she understood better than people thought.

Molly: You never know.

Narrator: April just sat there for a moment. She never took her chin off her hands. But soon, she decided to tell Molly what was bothering her.

April: Well, my cousin just left. She was visiting from the city. Her parents are rich and she was showing off all her stuff. She had this special necklace that she said was made of gold. I don't have any necklace at all. I know it's not that my mother doesn't love me. It's just that she can't afford to give me nice things...I'll never have nice things.

Narrator: Now this was a tough one for Molly. Twice on her way home, she had helped someone by giving them things from her collections. These were things she liked because Molly liked everything she collected but they weren't things that really mattered to her. April was sad because she didn't think she'd ever have nice things. Molly knew that she could help, but in order to do so, she'd have to give up something very special to her. She thought maybe she had done enough to help people already.

Molly went back and forth in her mind. Then something she remembered about her grandfather made her reach inside her jacket.

Molly: Here, April, you can have this. It's my most special thing, but I want you to have it.

April: How come?

Molly: Just because...

April: But, Molly, you hardly even know me.

Molly: I know, but I know what it means to feel sad, and I want you to have it so that you don't have to feel sad anymore.

April: This is beautiful. How can I ever pay you back?

Molly: (shrugging) You don't have to pay me back. I just want to give it to you.

Narrator: What do you think Molly gave to April? What do you think it was about her grandfather that caused Molly to want to give away her most special thing? Was it really for "no reason"? Talk about or draw your ideas.

As Molly left April and headed around the bend to the old farm house where she lived, she had mixed feelings. She felt good about helping people, but she was also a little sad and mad, too because she had given away so many things that she really liked, especially her gift to April. She even felt a little stupid. She didn't tell anybody in her family that night and she went to bed wondering if she had done the right thing.

Early the next morning, Molly left home to walk to school. The sun shone brightly as she rounded the big bend. As usual, she was alone. As usual, she wore her grandfather's jacket. But this time, her pockets were lighter than usual. She remembered what she shared the day before. Again, she felt mixed feelings because she knew she would miss those things.

As she came upon the old rock wall, April was waiting for her.

April: (*calling out*) Molly! Can I walk to school with you?

Molly: (*surprised*) Sure.

Narrator: Molly was surprised. April had never walked to school with her before. As the two girls walked along, April started jabbering away about how she was going to write to her cousin and tell her about the gift that Molly had given her. She couldn't wait to brag about the fact that someone had given her a gift "for no reason." She was sure that no one had ever done that for her cousin and it made April feel really special.

It made Molly feel special too. "Just because..." she said to herself, "just like my grandfather did with my jacket."

When they passed the old maple tree, Peter came charging up to the road.

Peter: (shouting) Molly! Molly! Here are your tools back. These were great and I was the only one who knew how to use them right. Boy, your grandfather must have been the coolest guy. Hey, can I walk the rest of the way to school with you?

Molly: Sure. Hey, could I see your clubhouse?

Peter: Uhhh. I don't know.

April: Oh, yeah! Me, too?

Peter: Well, I'll have to ask the other guys.

Molly and April: (exasperated) Oh, boys!

Narrator: The three of them walked on talking about tools and gifts and grandfathers. As they passed by the thorn bushes, they heard someone calling out from down the road behind them.

LaKeesha: Molly! Molly! Whew! I was afraid I'd be late. I didn't think I'd catch up to you.

April: We better hurry or we'll all be late.

LaKeesha: Wait. Molly, I brought you something.

Narrator: LaKeesha opened the pouch that Molly had given her. She reached in and pulled out a piece of cinnamon-nut bread and handed it to Molly.

Molly took a whiff and the nutty aroma smelled wonderfully sweet and delicious.

Molly: Wow, this smells good.

LaKeesha: It's got nuts and cinnamon in it. It's my favorite. I wanted you to have a piece for helping me yesterday. C'mon, we better get going.

Narrator: The four children hurried on to school, talking and laughing. It was a great day. Molly didn't have any mixed feelings anymore. She knew that she had done the right thing. And besides, no one had called her Molly Pockets all morning.

Molly shared some of her special things with her friends, for no reason, and without expecting anything in return. Is this actually what happened? Talk about or draw how you think the four children looked when they arrived at school.