

Cast List: Pioneer of San Francisco Bay Part 3: Colonizing California

<u>Character name</u>	<u>Skills required</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Size of Part</u>
Narrator (any gender)	very expressive	any	large
Carolyn Joyce	actor	any	small
John Horner	act, sing	under 35	large
Gold Miner	act	any	small
Hickman	act, sing	under 38	large
Stranger/Crony	act (sing?)	any	small
Passerby/Angel	act, sing	any	medium
Politician/Doctor	act, sing	any	small
William Horner	act	under 35	small
Elizabeth Horner	act, sing	under 35	large
Sarah Horner	act	child	small
Father, Stacey Horner	act, sing	under 70	small
Mother Horner	act	under 70	small
Mrs. Kenfield	act	any age	small
William Horner, jr.	act	under 12	small

People who play two parts need to look different for each role.

Passerby can wear a slouch hat, then dress in white as angel

Politician needs to have top hat, signs of wealth. Change to simple white shirt and cravat for doctor role.

Stranger can wear clothes like miner or farmer, farmer's hat; Crony could have white shirt, vest (which is worn under the farmers loose clothing)

Musical Numbers for Production 3

<u>Song Title</u>	<u>Sung by</u>	<u>Voice Type</u>	
Lining My Pockets	Hickman	Baritone or tenor	Good
Old Fashioned Way	Hickman and friends		
	(lead singer with possible baritone and bass backup)		
Loss	Elizabeth, Laura	soprano, alto	
Test of Faith	John, Elizabeth, Father Horner, angel (male)	baritone/tenor, soprano (baritone/bass)	

Pioneer of San Francisco Bay

Part 3: Colonizing California

Narrator: Welcome to our presentation, Pioneer of San Francisco Bay--Part Three.

Tonight/today we share with you the final chapter in the life of John Horner, Bay Area pioneer. In Part 1 of our presentation, you learn of John Horner as a youth, his skills and beliefs as they developed. Part 2 is a depiction of the 240 pioneers who arrived in San Francisco in 1846.

Perhaps you thought that California was settled because of the Gold Rush. Actually, without these early pioneers founding the towns of the Bay Area, there might not have been a gold rush. Let's pick up our story at the landing of the ship *Brooklyn*. (45)

AV1a: *Picture of ship*

AV1b: *see Bill Homer, Richard Cowan, California Saints p. 44, 46*

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It was a happy day for the families aboard the *Brooklyn*, when they could at last walk on land again. They quickly made makeshift dwellings and hurried to plant crops. At that time, the natives were hunters and gatherers, not farmers. There were very few people and little to eat. One pioneer woman, Caroline Augusta Joyce had this to say: (30)

AV2: *Picture of beans for Christmas*

Sister Joyce: My first Christmas dinner was a quart of beans and a pound of salt pork. That was meager enough, but it was a lot for those days. And it was given to me by a kindly steward from a ship resting in our Bay. He would have been flogged if the ship's captain learned he had given this generous gift.

AV3: *Picture of bread*

During those miserable years in California, I would have willingly walked ten miles just for a slice of bread. (22)

Narrator: The colonists on the ship were not alone on the peninsula. It had once been a Catholic mission.

AV4: *Picture of Mission Dolores*

The little settlement was called Yerba Buena.

However, the Mexican War resulted in the annexation of California to the United States.

AV5: *Picture of Yerba Buena (see Bill Homer, p. 44*

U.S. War ships arrived in the Bay to secure the area. Their arrival caused many who were loyal to Mexico to flee—one of them being the priest of the mission.

The settlers set up their printing press, their library and mills and struggled to build roads and houses. After several months there, the settlers decided to call the new town, San Francisco. Names of these early settlers are now streets in San Francisco. 50

But even with all the hard work, there was little to eat as Carolyn Joyce as told you. The settlers lived off moldy bread from the ships in the bay, exchanged because the pioneer women did laundry for the sailors. Eventually the settlers spread to other parts of the bay to seek more hospitable places to live.

One of these was John Horner. He was able to purchase land at Mission San Jose, now part of Fremont, and start his first garden. But at that time an unexpected event occurred. (30)

AV6 Gold Rush

John Horner: News reached us that gold had been discovered at Sutter's mill. Everyone left what they were doing and raced to the gold fields.

AV 7 Gold Rush Miners

We went to the gold fields too, but owning gold was a dangerous thing. People began to steal, even kill each other-- just for a few ounces of gold dust.

That's not the kind of life I wanted for my family so we left. We returned to our farm to find the crops we had planted were ruined. Insects devoured most of them.

AV8 Cow

We had to go to bed hungry and I worried how our family could survive. But I had a strange dream. I saw my garden. In it was a cow. The cow was eating something. But how could that be? The insects had eaten everything right to the ground. (50)

This was such a vivid dream that the next morning I rushed to my garden. And, exactly as in my dream there was a cow, munching away on something. I drove the cow away and poked my fingers into the soil. I was surprised and delighted. Potatoes were everywhere. (25)

AV9 Potatoes

Narrator: People came pouring in from all over the world, thinking they'd become rich in the gold fields. The one thing they didn't consider—what would they eat? John had a potato crop.

AV 9b During above, use next illustrations (miner waves to ship)

Props: Bag of gold, bag of potatoes, scale, silver loving cup

Miner: Excuse me, sir. I've traveled all the way to California to seek my fortune. But all the gold in the world can't fill a man's belly. I'm starving. I'll give you this entire bag of gold for one bag of potatoes.

John Horner: Well, you won't starve now, brother (handing him a bag of potatoes).

Miner: And here's your gold. (offers the bag)

John Horner: That wouldn't be right, taking advantage of a starving man. Before the

gold rush, potatoes sold for this amount (reaches into the bag and removes some gold, places it in a scale). As far as I'm concerned, that's the worth of potatoes.

Miner: (Looks at the small amount and slowly reaches for his bag, totally amazed) So little?

John: Fair is fair. That's how I see it. God made all men equal. And I see you as his son. That makes you my brother. Now go, enjoy your potatoes. (1:00)=5:12

Narrator: Word spread. Soon there was a gold rush at the Horner farm. John put his first earnings to good use.

John: We fenced and planted 500 acres. Grossed 150,000 dollars. That was the real beginning of our success. Entered the first agricultural fair. Here's my silver goblet award to prove it. (Show a loving cup) ¹

Narrator: (taking the cup) First Farmer of California! Founder of California Agriculture. (return the cup to him) Congratulations. (30)

(During the following dialogue, bring in a small desk, a chair and a potted plant.)

John: We started a trading house in San Francisco, then bought land on the Alameda Creek, laid out Union City. Then, purchased a steamboat to deliver our crops to San Francisco. Next, we started a mill at Union City so we could grind our grain.

One thing led to another. Opened public roads from Mission San Jose up along the East Bay and started a stage line to connect our shipping ports to villages along the bay. We kept purchasing land, leasing it out, handling the sale of crops, working from dawn to dusk. Eventually we brought wire fencing from overseas. It cost us \$1000 a mile, but it was worth it! It kept the cows out.

40

Narrator: Unfortunately, gold brought more than miners to California. Soon greedy land speculators and unscrupulous financiers arrived. They plotted to take advantage of the new California citizens. For tonight we will represent them with one man. We'll call him, (pause as if thinking) Mr. Hickman. (20)

Hickman: *(enters office, briefcase in hand. He has grown up. Also wears a business suit but this one is to show off his wealth. His prosperity has made him even more arrogant)* Horner! *(as if they had been old friends)* Remember me? Hickman, from New Jersey. Just arrived in San Francisco. Father set me up with my own bank.

John: *(eyeing him skeptically)* Hickman, you do look prosperous.

Hickman: *(glancing around, admiring the nice office with envy)* I see you've done well.

¹ "John M. Horner—California's First Farmer," *Improvement Era*, April 1951, p. 302.

In fact, I understand you make more money in one season than I have in my vaults. What do you say we create a partnership. (*opens his brief case, gets out a paper*) With your know-how and my good fortune we could take advantage of all this (*indicates all of California*). (30)

John (*takes the proffered paper, scans it*): Bank loans? Land speculating?
(*hands it back*) There's plenty of land and money here for everyone to have a share.

Hickman (*turns sullen as he puts paper back into briefcase*) Huh! When I heard you were one of the richest men in this state, I thought you'd learned a thing or two, but now I see *you* haven't changed at all.

John: And, neither have you, I'm sorry to say. (*pulls his pocket watch out, checks the time*) Time is money, Hickman. And my money comes from working. Good day.

30

Song: Lining My Pockets (2:02)

Hickman (*exits from office angrily*) You'll eat those words John Horner. You certainly will! (*Stops at a bench on the street and reopens his briefcase*)

THAT JOHN HORNER THINKS HE'S FINE.
DIDN'T GET HIS POCKET CHANGE FROM A MINE.

(*pulls out a paper from his pocket, begins to scrawl a few words*)

WELL, AT THAT GAME TWO CAN PLAY.
I'LL GET MY POCKET CHANGE ANOTHER WAY!
(*passing people on the street as he heads toward a meeting with some politicians and land speculators*)

LINING MY POCKETS WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S TOIL.
(*looks over a passerby*)
SNATCH IT HERE AND THERE. PEOPLE UNAWARE.
WITHOUT DIRTYING YOUR HANDS IN THE SOIL.
LINING MY POCKETS HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY CREED.
A GOOD DEED A DAY IS WHAT YOU SAY? (*indicates the paper in hand*)
I RECOMMEND, PLAIN OLD GREED!
(*enters his own office, as it were. A rough desk and a chair*)
HORNER GIVES HIS MONEY TO EVERYONE IN NEED,
BUT IF FALSE DEEDS SPRING UP LIKE WEEDS,
WHERE'S HE GOING TO PLANT HIS POTATO SEEDS? (*goes to door, Calls to those on the street*)

Hickman: (*spoken as he holds out the phony deeds to John's land*)
Prime land for sale! Fenced and planted!

Passerby (could be a husband and wife). (*Stops to see what Hickman has to offer, looks at the cost of the loan*)

Passerby: That price is outrageous!

Hickman: (*dangling the deed tempting him/them*) On the contrary! Wire fencing, a thousand a mile for the previous owner. It's a steal...truly!²

Passerby: (*takes the deed, digs in his pockets, wife empties her purse*)
A small down payment?

Hickman: YOU HAVEN'T GOT A LOT? I'LL TAKE ALL YOU'VE GOT.
YOU'LL BE OVERJOYED WITH WHAT YOU'VE BOUGHT.
(*waits while passerby signs the loan and takes the deed. Hickman collects the cash*)

I'LL TAKE MY SHARE OF LIFE BEFORE THE RAIN
BEFORE THE ECONOMY GOES DOWN THE DRAIN.
LINING MY POCKETS WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S TOIL.
WHO'LL WIN OUT IN THE END? LET ME TELL YOU FRIEND.
A-VAR-I-CIOUS ME!!!!!!!

Hickman: (*climbs to first level from stage floor, whispers to a man he knows, gives him a paper, and sends him to John*) And now, Mr. Horner, let's see if you take the bait.

Stranger: (*enters John's office*) Mr. Horner.

John: (*working at a desk*) Yes?

Stranger: I understand you were once a poor farmer.

John: That's right.

Stranger: These days, it's hard to get a start. Land is expensive.

John: So I've discovered.

Stranger: I can take out a loan from the bank if I just find a respected businessman to sign for me. Would you do that?

John: (*touched by the man's need*) Why not. I needed a helping hand once. (*he signs*)

Stranger: Oh thank you! Thank you.³ (*Stranger returns to Hickman. Hickman congratulates him, takes the paper, then sends squatters to climb fences*)

² Justesen, p. 10.

³ *Improvement Era*, May 1951, p. 340.

(35)

Meanwhile William Horner brings in stack of mail.

John: *(opens the mail)*

William: John, I've been meaning to tell you. I visited some of our farms and found that people have climbed the fences, built shacks for shelter, and claim our property, even claim what we've planted.

John: I've talked to an attorney about that.⁴ 20

William: *(shakes his head, disgusted)* Who was that man that I saw leaving here?

John: I don't know. A man needing help. Like all the others.

William: Others?

John: We should help needy people, William. It doesn't hurt, does it?

William: I guess not. But John, you hand out money to every indigent person who comes by. You can't do that forever.

John: It's just money. I can always work harder and make more. *(picks up a letter on the desk)* Look, William. Brigham Young wrote me a letter.

Wm: Yes?

John: He says, "Get out of debt, while times are good, and keep out."⁵ Suggests we set aside cash in case we have a few bad years. We ought to do that.

William: But we have plenty of money. Business is multiplying.

John: So are the squatters. *(Sets the letter down where it falls off the desk, forgotten. He exits.)*

Politician: Well, gentlemen, with miners pouring in by the hundreds, it's time for us to get a piece of that California gold.

Crony: You don't expect us to go grubbing in the dust like the hoards out there?

Hickman: Well, sirs. *That...* won't be necessary. (1:00)

⁴ Justesen, p. 10.

⁵ Carter, p. 554.

SONG: THE GOOD, OLD FASHIONED WAY
(3:43) = 14:27

THE LOANS THAT WE WILL OFFER
AT AN INTEREST RATE QUITE LOW,
AT A NUMBER SO ATTRACTIVE
WHO WOULD THINK TO TELL US NO.
OUR SERVICE TO OUR NEIGHBORS WILL COME BACK TO US SOMEDAY.
WE'LL GET RICH THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY!
THEY CAN BUY THEMSELVES A MINE
OR A HOUSE. THAT WOULD BE FINE!
THEY WILL SLEEP TO DREAMS OF GREAT PROSPERITY,
BUT THE SMALL PRINT ON PAGE NINE
WILL MAKE THE LAST LAUGH MINE.
EVERYTHING WILL BELONG TO ME!

(Meanwhile in John's office...he is pacing, worried)

Sarah Elizabeth *(runs in hugs her daddy)*. Daddy!

John: *(brightening up)* How's my little angel? I've missed you so much!

Elizabeth *(entering on John's previous line with her child, picks up paper off desk, glances it over, then asks)*: John, what is this?

John: Someone is making false deeds and selling *our* land to unsuspecting buyers.

Sarah Elizabeth: *(clinging to Daddy, getting in the way)*

William: *(attempting to help)* I'll see what I can do. *(taking Sarah by the hand)* Sarah Elizabeth, come with Uncle William.

Bankers and Politicians surveying the results of their planning:

IT MAKES OUR PROFITS SOAR
TO GRIND UPON THE POOR.
WE'LL TAKE EVERYTHING THEY OWN.
AFTER ALL, THEY SIGNED THE LOAN.
IF WE LEAVE THEM IN DESPAIR.
IT IS NOT OUR PLACE TO CARE.
A justice of the court passes them. They tip their top hats as they sing:
WHAT WE DO IS LEGAL ALL THE WAY!

John: *(hands another set of letters to runner. Another one arrives with a note)* Oh, no!

Elizabeth: *(very worried)* Now what?

John: Look at this! *(hands it to her with a sigh, turns away, visibly disturbed, shaking)*
I can't believe it!

Elizabeth: *(she reads, then looks up)* You mean the state is charging *us* tax on land the squatters have stolen?

John: They don't care if we lose *all* our land.

They just care about collecting their taxes.

. *(Goes to his desk. We see the piles of papers getting higher. Elizabeth and John start going through the papers. They are both very worried.)*

Bankers continue song, posting default notices on John's fences

Via their own office boys:

IF THE DEBTOR'S IN DEFAULT
THAT IS CLEARLY NOT OUR FAULT
THE CONTRACT WILL BE BINDING, CERTAINLY!
IF THE DEBTOR HAS NO COIN
AS IT SAYS HERE ON PAGE NOIN
WE CAN SEIZE ALL HIS PRO-PER-TY

Father Horner: *(enters)* I'm sorry to intrude, but I just heard that the banks are serving notice on their loans. Hundreds of businesses are failing.

Elizabeth: *(reacts with fear and astonishment)* But why would they call in their loans? The banks are stuffed to the brim with gold.

Father Horner: I don't know. It doesn't make any sense. You haven't signed any loans, have you?

John: No! Of course not! *(not realizing the implication)* All I've done is try to give new folks a start. *(thinking on this)* Signed a few notes.

Elizabeth: Notes? What does that mean?

(We see Father Horner, John and Elizabeth as if in animated, nervous discussion)

Bankers congratulate themselves, continue to foreclose:

THEY CAN BUY THEMSELVES A MINE
OR A HOUSE. THAT WOULD BE FINE!
THEY WILL SLEEP TO DREAMS OF GREAT PROSPERITY.
BUT THE SMALL PRINT ON PAGE NINE
WILL MAKE THE LAST LAUGH MINE.
EVERYTHING WILL BELONG TO ME!

WE'LL GET RICH THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY!⁶

Hickman (*enters*): Excuse me. I believe this *was* the J. M Horner Company.

John: *Is* J. M Horner & Company.

Hickman: I have news for you. (*officially hands him an envelope*)

John: (*opens*) What is this? I don't owe you any money.

Hickman: One of those notes you signed. The man's business failed. You owe \$7,000. I have dozens more like that one. You owe a fortune.

Elizabeth: (*incredulous*) Hickman, you threw that man out of his business?

Hickman: That's no concern of yours, Madam.

John: (*stiffly*) I can pay you as soon as I sell my crop. This year is my best ever.⁷

Hickman: You don't understand. There is no money to buy anything.

John: (*astonished*) No money? Your bank is full of gold.

Hickman: Gold I'll take. Carrots and Potatoes, I won't. You could borrow from me....

John: What about a mortgage on one of my properties? We paid 290,000 for this one (*holds out a paper*).

Hickman: I might loan you...uh...(as if generous) 48,000.

Elizabeth: Only 48,000?

Hickman: (*Ignoring her presses the paper at John*) You'll need it, Horner. No one can buy vegetables any more. The people are out of work, walking the streets, penniless.

John: And what will such a loan cost?

Hickman: \$2,000 a month, in advance...of course, that's just the interest.

Elizabeth: (*confronting Hickman*) That's outrageous!

Hickman: (*abruptly turning on her*) What did you say?

⁶ Carter, p. 552.

⁷ *Improvement Era*, May 1951 pp. 340-41.

John: (*crossing between them*) She said, we'll think it over.

Hickman: If you don't cooperate, I can take everything you own, including the house you live in.

John: As I said, we'll think it over.

Hickman: (*mock generosity*) I'll give you until... tomorrow. (*he exits as William enters*)

William (*enters*): I can't seem to get rid those squatters. They just keep coming. (*looks around*) Why the long faces? (1:45)

Mother Horner and Mrs. Kenfield, several children arrive. Kenfields wait outside.

Mother Horner: (*enters*) John, William! It's terrible what's happening. The banks are taking everything. The farms and businesses near us. They're all closed, boarded up. Big FOR SALE signs on them. Mr. Kenfield shot himself in the head when they came to drive him out.⁸ His wife doesn't know what to do.

John: (*shocked, but reacting as he always has, with concern for others*) Where is she?

Mother Horner: Outside.

John, Eliz and William go outside: Elizabeth puts arms around Mrs. Kenfield.. In the background we see desperate people straggling along the imaginary roads of John Horner's lands.

Mrs. Kenfield: (*she is crying*) I don't know what to do Elizabeth. One minute we were working hard, things were fine. The next minute our business was closed. Jeb couldn't face it. Nothing left. Not even a roof over our heads! And he... (*she can't finish, overcome by emotion*).

John: (*to son*) William, go fetch some food for Mrs. Kenfield, quickly.

Hickman (*now assigns workers to put his Hickman Bank signs on John's fences.*)

Wm Jr.: Yes, sir. (*exits*) (*We see him try to get food for the Kenfields.*)

Mrs. Kenfield: Can we stay with you?

Elizabeth: I'd like to say yes, but I don't know how long our roof will be there. The banker came to us today.

Mrs. Kenfield: Not you! But you are one of the largest businesses in the state.

⁸ John describes the desperation and heartache people suffered during this time in Justesen, p. 11.

John: Not any more, it seems. Not any more! (1:00) =(17:12)
(*Lights dim as son Wm drags back with a small bag of food*)

Scene 3 – What’s left of John’s office

Lights come up and we see the errand boys now working for Hickman. They rapidly empty John’s office leaving only the desk and a chair behind it. Banker is there, ordering the errand boys to remove the equipment. John and Elizabeth arrive, stare as the boys go by. Hickman seats himself at John’s desk, puts his feet on top languidly and grins triumphantly at the Horners.

John: (*resigned*) All right Hickman, have it your way.

Hickman: (*sitting up*) So you’ll take my offer.

John: But \$2,000 a month interest? 36 per cent?

Hickman: Money is hard to come by. (*stands, dropping his façade of pleasantness, hands John the paper*) Sign!

John: (*signs it*) There! (*hands it over*)

Hickman: (*looks it over with satisfaction*) That will keep a roof over your head, but what about *these* endorsements? (*showing the stack*) What else do you own?

John: Our steamer--paid \$18,000 for it. (*Holds out ownership papers*)

Hickman: That will pay *one* of these—I’ll credit you with \$7,000.

Elizabeth: That’s robbery!

Hickman: That’s business. And I’ll take your mill, your farms, your schoolhouse, and all the rest. You are lucky to have somewhere to sleep tonight. (*grabs the rest of the deeds from John*). Boys!

Errand runners (*enter*)

Hickman: You can take the desk now. (*they do so, and the chair*) Oh, one last thing. That pocket watch you’re so fond of. As you say, time is money. (*turning hard*) I want my money now!

John: (*slowly removes watch and holds it out*)

Elizabeth: That was my grandfather’s watch!

Hickman: Mine now. (to Elizabeth) But then I warned *you* back in New Jersey.

You just didn't listen. Some people dig their own graves!
(sees a paper lying on floor, picks it up)
And what is this? A little unfinished business?
(unfolds it) Let's see here...*(begins reading)*
Ah! A letter---from Brigham Young-- your prophet. Maybe he sent you a little miracle! Let's see...
(reading again) Get out of debt. Set aside cash! *(Looks up at John, grins malevolently)* Good advice. Too bad you didn't take it. Maybe he is a prophet!
(takes the letter, waves it in John's face) Sadly, Horner, no miracle here for you. You've lost your fields. They're mine now! (1:30)

Narrator: So the Horner family sought to eek out a living on a single plot of land. It was hard work under the hot sun. Everyone, even the children had to help.

John: *(In pain)* Ah!

Wm jr.: Father, you're hurt!

John: *(looks at puncture)* It's nothing. That wire decided to burrow into my arm.

Elizabeth: *(wiping her face in exhaustion)* Maybe we should stop. We've been at this all day.

John: If we don't work, we don't eat.

Daughter Sarah Elizabeth: Oh! Mama! *(swoons and passes out. She was actually 2 years old, but for purposes of the play, she can be a few years older)*

Elizabeth *(rushes to her)*: What's the matter, dear? *(Rubs her face, hands.)*
John, she's very hot. Go fetch some water, William, quickly. *(the son)* *(Eliz. fans her with her own bonnet)*

Wm jr. *(dashes out)*.

Other children: *(gather around Sarah, ad lib.)*

John: She's scarcely breathing!

Elizabeth; Sarah Elizabeth, darling...Sarah!.

Sarah: Mama! *(very faint)*

Wm jr.: *(returns with cup of water)* Here.

Elizabeth: Drink this. We need to cool you off. *(holds the cup to her lips, but the girl is dead)*.

(Audible gasp)

John: *(takes the cup, hands it back to Wm., crumples by his only daughter, taking her hands, buries his head on those little hands and sobs)* Oh Sarah, Sarah!

Elizabeth *(Looking upward, as if trying to reach into heaven)* Oh, God, Dear God! I can't bear this. It's too much!⁹ (1:00)

Lights dim, music begins. Family moves off to side, in a huddle of grief. Lights dim on them, center on Elizabeth.

Song: LOSS (2:54)

Elizabeth: *(clutching herself for comfort)*

LOSS IS SUCH A HEAVY THING--
SO HARD TO SAY GOODBYE.
I THOUGHT I'D MISS THE FIELDS OF GRAIN,
OUR LOVELY HOUSE, THE TREE LINED LANE.
OUR HOPE OF SAVING THEM WAS VAIN.
NOW SARAH'S DEATH, THE FINAL STRAIN.
MY FAITH IS TREMBLING AGAIN.
MY FACE IS WET WITH FALLING RAIN
THAT TUMBLES FROM MY EYE.
WHY DID SHE HAVE TO DIE?

Laura Goodwin dressed in white enters, reaches out her hand. The family have bowed heads and do not have eyes to see. Laura first comforts Elizabeth, then reaches for Sarah who rises and takes Laura by the hand. As she leaves, Sarah turns to get one last glimpse of her mother, runs, kisses her, then returns happily to Laura:

YOU HELPED ME ONCE, MY CHILD TO LOVE.
NOW GOD HAS SENT ME FROM ABOVE
TO SOOTH THE TEARS THAT FALL LIKE RAIN,
FOR YOU WILL SEE YOUR CHILD AGAIN.

(Bring in small cot to represent a bed. It could be covered by a quilt.)

Narrator; Little Sarah was lovingly welcomed into heaven by those who had died before, such as Laura Goodwin, a friend from the ship, Brooklyn. But John and Elizabeth's trials we not yet over. John contracted Tetanus, an excruciatingly painful and incurable disease.

Elizabeth: Doctor, what's happening to John?.

⁹ Carter, p. 554.

Doctor Robbins: It's not good, Sister Horner. He's got lockjaw.

Elizabeth: What chance does he have?

Robbins: (*looks down, takes deep breath*) Next to none.

Elizabeth: Oh, please, doctor. Can't we bathe the wound, apply poultices...

Robbins: Sister Horner, I would love to tell you that those things would help, but they won't. The poison is inside, growing, causing his muscles to cramp. Those spasms will become worse everyday. Once the muscle cramps, there's no relief until the muscle's completely spent. But as soon as it recovers, the spasm will return again. The pain is excruciating. It would be better if God took him, than to endure the agony he will suffer. Pray for his death. That's all anyone can do. I'm sorry! (*he leaves*)¹⁰

Children: (*two stay with John, others come to Elizabeth*) What happened?

Wm jr. What did the doctor say?

Elizabeth: (*trying to be brave*) That your father will suffer a lot of pain and we need to keep him comfortable.

Wm jr.: Who will run the farm? What about the mortgage?

William: I'll take over, young man. But I'll need your help. Need everyone. Except your mother. She must care for John.

Wm jr.: Isn't there anything that we can do?

Mother: (*wraps them in loving arms while Father comforts Elizabeth*) Pray for him, son.
(1:40)

Music segues into prayer, family members embrace each other for comfort. John turns away in desperate prayer, begging for help.

Song: Test of Faith (5:52)

John: OH, DEAR FATHER, HEAR ME NOW.
IS THERE HOPE FOR ME? PLEASE, SHOW ME HOW.
IF I LEAVE THEM, WHAT ARE THEY TO DO?
WHERE ARE THEY TO GO? HOW WILL THEY GET THROUGH?

Elizabeth: (*coming to his side*) OH, MY DARLING, DO NOT GO.
HOW CAN YOU LEAVE ME? I LOVE YOU SO!

¹⁰ Interview with Dr Bill Sullivan regarding first hand experience with tetanus patient.

IF GOD TAKES YOU, TAKES YOU FAR AWAY.
HOW CAN I GO ON, WHEN I HAVE TO STAY?

Duet: MY BELOVED (OH, MY DARLING) I WON'T GO (DO NOT GO!)
I WON'T LEAVE YOU (PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME)
THIS I KNOW (I LOVE YOU SO!)

John: GOD WILL GUIDE ME THROUGH THIS VALE OF PAIN.

Both: HE HAS SUFFERED MORE THAN THIS

John: I'LL BE WHOLE AGAIN.

(John groans, collapses from pain as music blends into Father's Field. His wails of agony punctuate the rest of the number until Father Stacey Horner comes to pray for his release).

Elizabeth *(desperately, unable to bear his pitiful cries)*:

FATHER IN THE HEAVENS
HEAR THY DAUGHTER'S PLEA.
PLEASE SPARE MY LOVE. GIVE HIM BACK TO ME!

(she crumples onto the edge of bed as John is wracked with another spasm.)

Music continues, growing in exquisite agony of sound.

Horner family: *(slowly gather in as John is muscle by muscle , excruciatingly debilitated)*

Father Horner: Elizabeth, don't keep him here any longer. Daughter, let him go!

Elizabeth: *(nods, but is too grieved to speak)*

Father Horner: *(places hands on John's head)*

FATHER, SEE THY SERVANT AS HE LIES IN PAIN
LORD, TAKE MY SON, SO HE CAN RISE AGAIN.
OH THAT THOU WOULDST SPARE HIM THIS DREADFUL AGONY!
THY WILL BE DONE.....

Music changes, interrupting his prayer of release, melodic lines soar skyward with passion, Then reaching a high pinnacle, Angelic visitor enters and sings:

GOD HEARD YOUR PRAYERS AND SENT ME HERE
THIS TRUTH TO BEAR, THAT HE IS NEAR.
YOUR TIME TO DIE HAS NOT YET COME,
YOUR WORK ON EARTH IS NOT YET DONE.
YOU CARED FOR THEM, YOUR FELLOW MEN,
YOU GAVE THEM HOPE TO LIVE AGAIN

BECAUSE THY LIFE TURNED OUT TO BE
LIKE HIM WHO WALKED IN GALILEE,
HE SENT THESE WORDS. OF PAIN, BE FREE.
MY SON, YOU'VE DONE IT UNTO ME.¹¹

¹¹ Matt. 25:40.

(Angel)
Be thou healed. In the name of Jesus Christ,
rise up, John Horner. You... shall walk... again.
(he steps away to the side, stretches forth his hand.)

Scene focused on John and his withered hands while lessening on Angel)

Elizabeth: *(looks up, sees John's withered hand release it's pain induced grip)* Look!

Lights widen to include family in a soft glow.

Family: *(stare with amazement)*

Elizabeth: caressing the hand, kisses it tearfully) =(30:08)

Narrator: It took many months to recover, but one day John Horner did walk again.

John: *(rise gingerly from the bed, try to walk, limps)*

Cast: (other cast members rejoicing at the sight, they all exit)

Narrator: And that concludes the story of one of our Bay Area's founding pioneers.

John: (interrupting narrator) Not yet. I have one more thing to say. Listen to the words of the prophets and heed their counsel. If you are asked to do something, do it when you're asked. Even when times are good. If you wait until disaster strikes, it will be too late.

Narrator: You're right, John. That's good advice no matter when and where we live.

John: (limps out)

We hope you have learned more about California history today and can better appreciate the heritage we have. Please tell your friends about our presentations. They will be shown every (days of week) from July until Sept 1.