

The Playground Miracle (Upbeat & Comedic)

Setting: A backyard or stage. The boy is holding a slightly deflated soccer ball or wearing grass-stained sneakers.

Tone: Energetic, funny, and enthusiastic.

(Run on stage, out of breath, tossing a soccer ball up and down. Stop and face the audience with wide eyes.)

Okay, so I used to think God only lived inside churches. You know, where you have to wear the itchy button-down shirts, sit super still, and try really, really hard not to drop your change when they pass the collection plate. I thought He mostly liked quiet places and organ music.

But today? Today I think God was definitely hanging out at the park by the soccer fields.

We were playing recess soccer—which is serious business, by the way. It was the last play of the game. The score was tied. I got the ball, and I ran as fast as my legs could go. I tripped over my own shoelaces—classic me—but right as I was falling, I just kicked my leg out and thought, *“Please, God, just let it go in!”*

And guess what? It went completely wild, hit the goalie right in the helmet, bounced off a tree root, and rolled right into the corner of the net. GOAL! Everyone went crazy.

Now, my brother told me that was just “luck.” But I don’t think so. I think God likes fun. Why else would He make things like platypuses, or gravity, or monkeys that do flips? If He wanted the world to be boring and quiet all the time, He wouldn’t have given us kneecaps to scrape or dirt to dig in.

I figured out that praying doesn’t have to be this big, formal thing where you use words like “thou” and “art.” You can just talk to Him while you’re running down the field, or when you’re eating a sandwich, or when you’re just happy to be alive.

So yeah, He’s the King of the Universe and everything. But I think He’s also a pretty good coach.

(Drop the ball, kick it forward, and run off offstage.)