

Janie's Seventy Times Seven

By Christine Blockburger /Rewritten as a play by Amanda Yannes

(Source: <https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/study/friend/1997/09/janies-seventy-times-seven?lang=eng>)

Cast:

Mom

Jimmy

Janie

Janie: Mom, Jimmy took my crayons again and broke one. (*Stamps foot*) I wish I didn't have a little brother!

Mom: Now, honey, I know you're upset. But is that the way to talk? I'm sure that Jimmy didn't mean to break your crayon.

Janie: But I told him to leave my things alone, and he took them, anyway. I already warned him, Mom. Now I'm going to break one of his toys!

Mom: Let's talk about this first. What do you think the Savior would do?

Janie: (*folding arms defiantly*) Well, He said to forgive someone who does something mean to you. I already did that. I forgave Jimmy for getting into my stuff and told him to keep out of my room forever. He didn't Mom. He's wrecking all my stuff, and now he has to learn a lesson.

Mom: Let's get out the scriptures and see exactly what Jesus said about forgiveness. (*Flips through Bible*) Here it is.

Janie: (*looking at Bible*) It says to forgive seventy times seven. That's way too many times. It isn't fair at all.

Mom: Wouldn't you want the Savior to forgive you more than once? Think about it. Maybe you could try teaching Jimmy how to take care of things. Jesus Christ said to do good to those who offend you—even your enemies.

Janie: OK. I'll forgive him seventy times seven. But then he's really going to get it!

Janie: (*Goes to her room and gets a notebook and pencil. Does multiplication.*) Four hundred and ninety times! (*Turns page*) I'll keep track of the number of times I've forgiven Jimmy on this page. (*Makes two slashes*) That's two. Only four hundred eighty-eight to go.

(*Later that evening. Jimmy is looking at one of Janie's favorite books. He accidentally rips a page while turning it. Angry, Janie grabs the book.*)

Jimmy: Don't be mad, Janie!

Janie: (*gritting her teeth*) I'm not going to be mad, even though you took my book without asking. (*Thinking*) Do you want me to read it to you?

Jimmy: (*smiling happily*) Oh, yes!

Janie: (*in her room with notebook, smiling*) Well, that was nice. I can't believe he asked me to read that story to him twice! And I can't believe I did it! (*Making another slash*) That's three.

(*The next day*)

Janie: Jimmy! Get off my bike!

Jimmy: (*toppling off bike*) Owww!

Janie: You're supposed to be riding my old bike. Why are you using my new birthday bike?

Jimmy: I can't go very fast on that old squeaky bike. (*Whining*) Please don't be mad at me. I was trying not to hurt it.

Janie:(*sighing and dusting her brother off*) Well, my new bike won't do you much good. It's so big that you can't reach the pedals if you sit on the seat. Let's see if Dad can oil the other one.

Janie: (*in her room with notebook*) Well, that's four. Only four hundred eighty-six to go!

(After dinner)

Janie: I'm drawing a picture for Grandma. Do you want to draw one with me? Jimmy: Ok! Thanks!

Janie: *(to herself)* I might as well ask him. He'd just get into my crayons, anyway.

(Friday night. Janie and her mom are playing a board game. Jimmy is finishing a bedtime snack at the same table.)

Mom: It's time for bed, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Aw, Mom, it isn't fair. Janie gets to stay up later than me just because she's older! *(Frustrated, he jumps to his feet, accidentally knocking the game over.)*

Mom: Jimmy, you need to apologize to your sister!

Janie: It's OK, Mom. He didn't mean to. *(Turning to Jimmy)* How about if I read you a story before you go to bed?

Jimmy: Sure! *(Goes off to bed without a fuss)*

(Saturday, cleaning day.)

Janie: *(organizing her desk, picks up her notebook, stares at it thoughtfully, finally opens it and rips out a page.)*

(Later)

Mom: *(holding wrinkled paper)* Janie, I found this paper with "Number of times I've forgiven Jimmy" written on it and several tally marks. Did you mean to throw it away?

Janie:*(sheepishly)* I guess I don't need that anymore. It's funny, but Jimmy doesn't seem as annoying as he used to.

The End