

IN SEARCH OF CHRISTMAS

by Daniel Wray



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*A Dickens of a Christmas spoof
of an old-fashioned film noir type detective*

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SYNOPSIS: A woman comes into a detective agency looking for the meaning of Christmas. Chuck Dickens is the name and being a private detective is his game. When Agatha Low hires Chuck for the recovery of the true Spirit of Christmas, the truth is quite surprising.

DURATION: 25 minutes

TIME: Modern Day, or the 1940's.

SETTING: A seedy private detective's office in a seedy part of town.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 4 males, 5-10 extras)

CHUCK DICKENS (m).....An old school private eye in the spirit of an old Mickey Spillane film noir detective. He's tough and thinks a lot of himself, particularly as a lady's man, but he has good intentions. *(82 lines)*

NANCY (f)Chuck's secretary: she is smitten with her boss and a little lightheaded. She is a stereotype as well and should look the part. *(44 lines)*

AGATHA LOW (f).....A middle aged woman looking for the true meaning of Christmas, she has come in to solicit a private eye's help in finding it. Her motives are pure, and she is a pretty no-nonsense kind of a gal. *(58 lines)*

SANTA (m)Stereotypical Mall Santa, he is burned out and overworked. *(5 lines)*

UNCLE MORT (m).....Chuck's uncle who is visiting for the holidays, he is gruff and ungrateful, probably rightfully so. *(7 lines)*

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MR. DILLARD (m)He is a businessman bent on maximizing his profit margin during the busiest time of the consumer year. His goals are very self-serving and embodies the commercialization of Christmas.

(12 lines)

MRS. WHITAKER (f).....She has found the true meaning of Christmas is helping others and sharing the good news of Christ. Humble and sincere, she should portray what we all should remember about the season.

(14 lines)

EXTRAS:

THE CAROLERS.....A chorus of carolers. This can be as few as three or as many as twelve. They can sing whatever carols you choose, as long as the timing is right. They sing every time the door is opened. They don't even need to be good singers, just loud.

CASTING NOTE: While none of The Chorus parts have any additional speaking lines, you may certainly use the characters in the play who have only one appearance (Mrs. Whittaker, Mr. Dillard, Santa, Uncle Mort) to augment the chorus (the 5-10 Chorus) when they are not on stage.

COSTUMING: You can be creative here—obviously, modern day attire is fine, as this is supposed to be set in current times, but if you wanted to go with the 1930's or 40s, you certainly could. The protagonist should embody a private eye, so perhaps a suit and trench coat to go with his fedora type hat would be good, Nancy will need to wear a tight-fitting knee length skirt, so much so that she may shuffle when she walks for comedic effect. Kris Kringle will need a Santa suit, the sloppier the better. Other costumes are at the director's discretion.

SET DESIGN: A simple cheap office set is all you need—a worn looking desk and office chair, a coat rack, and of course a door that can be opened and makes noise when it closes. A window in the wall is a nice touch, and a place for a nail to hold the hat in the first part of the scene.

PROPS

- Flask
- Phone
- Steno pad
- Emery board
- Dictionary
- Calendar on wall
- Roll of fake cash
- Store catalog

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: This is a fun, shorter play, easier to produce with the small cast, but designed to get the meaning of Christmas across to the audience in a fun way. If you'd like to have it open with some detective type mystery music, it's a nice touch. Play up the physical humor and have fun!

AT START: *A desk with a telephone is positioned somewhat center, scattered with various stacks of papers and other desk-related items. There should be a chair for clients on the other side of the desk and one for CHUCK on the front side. Down right is another chair. Up right of the desk is a coat rack. If possible, there might be the suggestion of a window up left.*

A moment for the audience to appreciate the set and then, CHUCK, the famous private eye, enters, down left. He wears a detective/fedora-type hat pulled almost to his eyes and a belted trench coat. He surveys the audience at length, looking cool. Perhaps he makes a big deal out of reaching inside his trench coat pocket, as if taking a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket to place one in his mouth, but instead, taking out a stick of gum and popping it in, chewing at length. Finally, he speaks.

CHUCK: For being full of so many people, the city can be a really lonely place. Especially around Christmas Time. Lonely, and full of problems. That's where I come in. In certain seedy quarters, they call me... *(Pause for dramatic effect.)* the Dickens. My real name is Charles, but you can call me Chuck. I'm a private investigator, a private detective, a private eye. Everything about me is private. I have a private line, I went to a private school, and I have a private practice. I was in the military for a while. You wanna guess my rank? *(Pause.)* Actually, I was a corporal, but that's another story for another time. Anyway, to be a private eye, you've got to be tough. And I am. "T-U-F-F."

To be a good private eye, you got to keep up an image. Most private eyes smoke like chimneys. Truth is, I don't smoke. Never have. Never will. Tobacco's bad for you, if you haven't heard. Ask anyone. So, I don't smoke. Occasionally I catch fire. Working on a case, I mean. But tobacco is filthy stuff. Like booze. Hooch. Juice. The hard stuff. I never touch the sauce myself. *(Takes a small flask from an inside pocket.)* But like I said, we private eyes have an image to maintain. Clients get edgy if they don't see a private eye guzzling the grape. *(Holds up the flask.)* So, I oblige the image. I keep this

filled with Dr. Pepper. I never lose control, but I do burp a lot. (*Pats the flask.*) Sometimes I fill it with Mountain Dew, or Diet Coke. Once in a blue moon, it's root beer. Now, that's something I'd like to see. Not root beer, I've seen plenty of that. I mean, a blue moon. I think it would be... pretty. But don't share that with anyone. If people knew I thought about blue moons, didn't smoke, and didn't drink, they'd call me a Nancy.

Enter NANCY, his secretary, from stage right. She carries a Steno pad, has pencils stuck in her puffed-out hairstyle. She wears heels and a snug skirt that gives her a mincing walk.

NANCY: (*In a sing-songy voice.*) Helllloooo! (*She crosses to her chair, takes out an emery board and begins filing her nails, unaware, as CHUCK describes her.*)

CHUCK: That's Nancy. My secretary. My Girl Friday. Or at least she would be, if this wasn't Sunday. (*Acting macho.*) Like most dames, she's in love with me. (*Shrugs.*) What can I tell you? The macho, tough, fearless, private eye image makes 'em all swoon.

The phone rings and CHUCK dives under the desk. NANCY keeps filing her nails. CHUCK realizes that it is the phone and jumps to his feet as the phone rings again.

CHUCK: Nancy, there's way too much wax on this floor! See to it that the floor is stripped and redone as soon as possible!

The phone rings again. NANCY continues to file, oblivious. After a pause, during which the phone rings again, CHUCK continues to stare at NANCY. CHUCK speaks. The phone continues to ring at regular intervals.

CHUCK: Uh, Nancy?

NANCY: (*Still filing.*) Yeah boss?

CHUCK: The phone's ringing, dame.

NANCY: Yeah, I know! It's so loud! I wish it would stop!

CHUCK: (*Giving the audience a disbelieving look.*) Uh, Nancy?

NANCY: Yeah, boss?

CHUCK: You know, it would stop ringing if you would answer it.

NANCY: Oh, right! *(Puts the emery board in her purse and reaches over to answer the phone as CHUCK looks heavenward and shrugs slightly as if to ask, "Why me?")* Dicken's Detective Agency, may I help you?

As SHE listens to the caller with an occasional, "Uh-huh," or "Yeah," CHUCK makes his way across the stage to down right.

CHUCK: As I was saying, I'm a private detective. I got a seedy office located in a seedy two-story building above seedy _____. *(Insert our main busy thoroughfare.)* in a seedy section of _____. *(Insert your city or town.)* I like it that way. No frills. No extras. *(He takes off his hat and attempts to hang it on the wall. Naturally, it falls to the floor.)* No hat hook.

Takes out a piece of chalk and draws a large hook. He puts away the chalk, picks up the hat and places it on the hook, where it stays. NOTE: There is actually a nail already in the wall which the audience can't see, so when the hook is "drawn," the effect will be that the hat is hanging from what CHUCK has sketched in.

NANCY: *(Kicking one leg non-chalantly and writing something on her steno pad.)* You can't miss it. It's a seedy office located in a seedy two-story building _____ *(Insert your main busy thoroughfare.)* in a seedy section of _____. *(Insert your town.)*

As she speaks, CHUCK walks toward her. She hangs up.

CHUCK: Client?

NANCY is tickled to see him, as though she has forgotten that she is in love with him and just remembered. She gets off the desk and giddily begins to mouth baby-talk, running in place like a nervous racehorse.

NANCY: Oh, how's my widdle Chuckie-wuckie! I forgot I hadn't seen you all day today! Kissie-wissie?

CHUCK ignores her but looks passionately for a moment at her for effect before turning his attention to the audience instead.

CHUCK: *(To audience.)* Skirts. Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. *(Passes by her as she continues to pucker. At the same time, CHUCK takes off his coat and walks to the wall. Without looking, he hangs up his coat, paying no attention to it falling on the floor when it misses the coat rack. He doesn't notice. CHUCK sits, loosens his tie, and props his feet up on the desktop.)* Who was on the Longhorn, dame?

NANCY: Oooo! I wrote it down.

CHUCK: Thanks loads, babe, that helps a lot.

NANCY: *(Checks her steno pad.)* Mrs. Low. Agatha Low.

CHUCK: *(Taking his feet off the desk as he gets excited.)* THE Agatha Low? From the society pages in the _____? *(Insert your local paper.)*

NANCY: I dunno. Sure, maybe.

CHUCK: Well, was it or wasn't it?

NANCY: Aw, Chuckie! You know I don't read!

CHUCK: Well, what did she want?

NANCY: She said she's got a case for us. Some real work!

CHUCK: Work, huh? This close to Christmas?

NANCY: Well, you bet, Chuckie! In fact, she said it was ABOUT Christmas!

CHUCK: Is that right? When did she say she was comin' by?

There is a knock at the door.

NANCY: *(Pause.)* Soon?

AGATHA walks through the door.

CHUCK: And there she was. She walked through the door like she had the deed to the place. Quite frankly, if she had asked for it, she would have.

AGATHA: Would you be a private detective?

CHUCK: Darling, for you, I'd be the Pope.

AGATHA: But I'm not Catholic.

CHUCK: Then I'd convert. What exactly can I do for you, Ms...?

AGATHA: Low. Agatha Low. And you are?

CHUCK: Smitten. (*Kisses AGATHA'S hand.*) The name's Chuck. Chuck Dickens.

NANCY: Hmpph!!! (*NANCY stomps off in jealousy.*)

AGATHA: The Dickens, you say? And you're a private eye?

CHUCK: The privatest. What can I do for you?

AGATHA: Something's missing.

CHUCK: Can you be more specific?

AGATHA: Of course I can.

CHUCK: Yes?

AGATHA: It's Christmas.

NANCY: Not yet!

AGATHA: It's missing.

CHUCK: Missing?

NANCY: No, it isn't! (*Points to the Calendar.*) It's right there!

AGATHA: The day is there. But Christmas is missing.

CHUCK: Not sure I'm understanding you, doll face.

AGATHA: I've looked everywhere, Mr. Dickens. Christmas is nowhere to be found.

CHUCK: Eau contraire, mon ami. (*To audience.*) That's French. Means "You're outta your mind, doll." The dames love it when you speak French.

NANCY: Oh, Chuckie! You're speaking French again!

CHUCK: Oui, babe.

NANCY: Oooooo!

AGATHA: Mr. Dickens, that doesn't change the fact that Christmas is missing.

NANCY: (*Pointing to the calendar.*) It's right here, I tell ya!

AGATHA: Mr. Dickens, it's the meaning of Christmas that's gone missing.

CHUCK: The meaning of Christmas?

NANCY: I'll get a dictionary! (*Heads for the other room.*)

AGATHA: Yes, Mr. Dickens. Christmas has no meaning.

CHUCK: Well, of course it does, doll. In fact, this might be the easiest case I've ever had to solve.

AGATHA: Really?

CHUCK: You bet. (*NANCY returns with the dictionary.*) Nancy, forget the dictionary. (*Tosses it over her shoulder.*) I need you to get Kris to come up here. Toot sweet!

NANCY: Chuckie, again with the French!

CHUCK: And the tooter, the sweeter!

NANCY: Oooooooo!

CHUCK: Chop-chop! I need him up here so that Ms. Low here can know the meaning of Christmas.

NANCY: You got it, Chuckie!

NANCY scampers out the door. As she opens the door, THE CAROLERS, begins singing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". CHUCK slams the open door behind her.

CHUCK: Darned Baptists... (*Substitute whatever denomination of church you are.*)

AGATHA: Who exactly is Kris?

CHUCK: Oh, you'll see, Ms. Low. Tell me, how did you hear about us anyway? Business Card? Yellow pages? Word of Mouth?

AGATHA: No, Mr. Dickens. I was walking by on the sidewalk and saw your sign.

CHUCK: Ah, so it's true what they say about real estate. Location, location, location.

AGATHA: Yeeeeees, I suppose so...

CHUCK: At least I know our advertising budget is being put to good use.

AGATHA: Oh? Where do you put that money?

CHUCK: Right now, it's in my shoe. Next to my gum. (*Meaningful look at the audience, to see if they get it. If there is no moan, he continues.*) Get it? Gumshoe? (*If no groans, he might say something like "Tough Crowd..."*.)

NANCY: *(Emerging again, with Santa Claus in tow. Again, THE CAROLERS sing. This time, she shuts the door.)* Here you go, Chuckie! Kris Kringle, just like you asked.

CHUCK: Thanks, Dame. *(To AGATHA.)* Satisfied? That'll be \$150.

AGATHA: For what?

CHUCK: For producing, not only the Spirit of Christmas, but the embodiment as well. Santa Claus himself.

SANTA: *(Nodding to AGATHA, then unenthusiastically.)* Hey.

CHUCK: *(Pausing for laughter, I hope.)* Hey? *(Pause.)* Hey? That the best you can do?

SANTA: For twenty bucks? Yeah, that's the best I can do.

CHUCK: Seriously?

SANTA: Look. You try wearing this scratchy beard and listening to whiny children begging for things they don't need for ten hours a day and see if you can do any better.

CHUCK: *(Digging another ten out of his pocket.)* What will another ten get me?

SANTA: *(Holding out his hand and taking the ten. Unenthusiastically.)* Ho, ho, ho. Merry Christmas.

CHUCK: *(To AGATHA.)* There you go!

NANCY: That always sends shivers up my back!

AGATHA: Excuse me? If anything, you are making my point that the spirit of Christmas is missing!

CHUCK: What? *(Takes the money back from KRIS.)*

SANTA: Hey! Bah-humbug then!

NANCY: I like that one too! *(SANTA turns and storms out. THE CAROLERS sing briefly as the door is open, stopping when it shuts.)*

CHUCK: Nancy, is my Uncle Mort still out in the foyer? *(Pronounced foy-yea.)*

NANCY: Oooo, Chuckie! French again!

CHUCK: Settle down, there, gorgeous. Anyway, go send him in here if he's here.

NANCY: Anything for you! *(Exits and THE CAROLERS sing. Again, CHUCK closes the door behind her, and they stop singing.)*

CHUCK: That's really annoying. *(To AGATHA.)* I think I know what you're looking for, doll.

AGATHA: I don't think you have the slightest idea.

CHUCK: Ok, I'll admit, I may have been way off with the pseudo-Santa, but I think you'll agree with me on this one.

AGATHA: You said he was your uncle?

CHUCK: That's right, beautiful. My great Uncle Mort, in from out of town for the holidays.

AGATHA: I don't see how...

Enter MORT. Again, THE CAROLERS sing, then MORT slams the door behind him, and they stop.

CHUCK: Ah, my favorite Uncle! *(Goes to hug him and he backs off.)*

MORT: Get your hands off me, you Sam Spade wannabe!

CHUCK: Whoa, looks like someone got up on the wrong side of the sofa bed!

MORT: I'm glad you brought that up, you cheapskate! Why couldn't you put me up in a motel or something? My back is killing me!

CHUCK: Sorry to hear that, Uncle Mort. I'm just glad to have you in town.

MORT: Whatever. What did you want?

CHUCK: Well, I was about to explain to Ms. Low here that family is really what the holidays are all about.

MORT: Family? I'm still looking for proof that my sister didn't find you on the street! When are you going to get a real job?

CHUCK: *(Laughing.)* Oh, Uncle Mort! What a jokester!

MORT: I'm not joking. And why are you in such a tacky office anyway? When are you going to...

CHUCK: Ok, Uncle Mort, never mind! You can run along now.

MORT: How about some money for lunch. You don't have a thing to eat in that tiny little apartment of yours!

CHUCK: Whatever. *(Hands him some money.)* Knock yourself out. *(Pause.)* Please.

MORT: *(Looking at the money and turning to leave, sarcastically.)* Great. Maybe I can get something off the value menu. Thanks a lot.

CHUCK: *(Moves him to the door and pushes him out.)* Bon appetite!

THE CAROLERS sing briefly as NANCY comes through the door., before CHUCK shuts it behind her.

NANCY: Ooooo! Is that you speaking French again, Chuckie?

CHUCK: (*Ignoring her.*) Ha ha ha. That Uncle Mort. Quite a character!

You don't get to see family more than once a year, thank goodness.

That's the true meaning of Christmas, Ms. Low.

AGATHA: Really?

CHUCK: (*Shaking his head.*) Oh my, I hope not. Nancy, go get Mr. Dillard.

NANCY: You sure, Chuckie? He's kinda busy this time of year...

CHUCK: Exactly. And pretty full of the Christmas Spirit, if I might add.

Tell him it will be worth his while...

NANCY: Ok, Chuckie. Whatever you say! (*Exits in her cheerful way.*)

THE CAROLERS sing until CHUCK shuts the door. Then he opens it slightly and they start again, then he shuts it. He does it again for comedic effect.

CHUCK: So, Ms. Agatha. Family may be overrated, but I think you'll be satisfied when you see Mr. Dillard.

AGATHA: Mr. Dickens, I really don't think that a person is who I am looking for.

CHUCK: Well, if I were to say that, I wouldn't have much of a business, now would I?

AGATHA: I just mean, I think the spirit of Christmas is a little more difficult to find. Believe me, I've been looking for years...

CHUCK: In that case, my fee just went up. You're about to see what you've been looking for.

AGATHA: Again, Mr. Dickens, I don't think that....

NANCY enters again, and THE CAROLERS are singing "Silent Night," stopping when the door closes.

NANCY: Here you go, Chuckie! Mr. Dillard, just like you asked!

CHUCK: Thanks, doll! Ms. Low? I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Dillard!

DILLARD: Nice to make your acquaintance, Ms. Low!

AGATHA: Pleased to meet you, I'm certain, Mr. Dillard. But I'm afraid I don't know what you can do for me...

DILLARD: Oh, Ms. Low! It's Christmas! I can make all your dreams come true!

AGATHA: You can?

DILLARD: Absolutely! And this week only, everything is on sale! Buy one, get one free!

AGATHA: What are you talking about?

DILLARD: I'm talking about our once-a-year Christmas sale! Nothing says Christmas more than giving!

AGATHA: I suppose so, but...

DILLARD: And you can't give unless you buy something to give! That's why nearly everything I have, hats, gloves, purses, scarves—take a quick look at my store catalog...

AGATHA: Mr. Dillard, I know that Christmas is a time for giving, but that's not what I'm looking for... (*Hands the catalog to NANCY.*)

DILLARD: Nonsense! We also have jewelry, houseware, electronics, and books—anything you could ever want to purchase for your friends and family. And all at half off!

NANCY: Hey! I just bought one of these \$30 scarves last month and the regular price was \$15!

DILLARD: (*Trying to recover.*) Aaaaand they're on sale right now for only half of \$30, or \$15!

NANCY: But...

DILLARD: Anyway, what can I get for you, Ms. Low. Just say the word—I'm certain I can find it for you!

AGATHA: I'm sorry, Mr. Dillard, but I really don't think you have what I'm looking for...

DILLARD: Nonsense! I have everything! Just name it!

AGATHA: (*Pause.*) I'm looking for the meaning of Christmas, Mr. Dillard.

DILLARD: And that's what I have! In every size and color!

AGATHA: I'm sorry, Mr. Dillard. I'm not going to buy anything from you.

DILLARD: I see. (*To NANCY.*) Hey, I came up here to sell something. That was the deal! What do YOU want to buy, missy?

NANCY: Are you kidding? On what he pays me?

DILLARD turns to look at CHUCK and puts out his hand.

DILLARD: I ain't runnin' a charity here... *(Sticks out his open palm.)*

CHUCK: *(Handing DILLARD a 20 and DILLARD then exits—again, THE CAROLERS sing when the door is open, then stops abruptly as it shuts.)* All of a sudden, I'm having déjà vu...

NANCY: *(Striking an amorous pose.)* Oh, Chuckie! There you go with the French again!

CHUCK: Turn on the fan, Nancy. *(Then, as if inspired.)* Hey, that gives me an idea! Hey, dollface, go grab Ms. Whittaker, could you?

NANCY: Awww! Ok, Chuckie. But I'm getting awfully tired! *(Exits.)*

THE CAROLERS sing.

AGATHA: Again, Mr. Dickens, I don't think you're understanding what I'm looking for...

CHUCK: I'll admit, I think I missed the boat those last couple of times. But I think I finally know what you're looking for!

AGATHA: Actually, Mr. Dickens, I don't think you can find what I'm looking for by summoning another person up here.

CHUCK: I think you're wrong, Ms. Low. Wait until you meet Mrs. Whittaker. She is what Christmas is really all about.

AGATHA: But Mr. Dickens, I think you're completely missing the point.

CHUCK: Wish I could tell you that was the first time. *(Pause.)* But elucidate me.

AGATHA: Look. Christmas is supposed to be more than all this commercialization and costuming. It has to be!

CHUCK: Since when?

AGATHA: Since ever! But all you see anymore are crowds of people fighting for the best deal and worn-out folks stressed to their eyeballs about trying to get everything done by the time Christmas gets here.

CHUCK: Isn't that what Christmas has always been?

AGATHA: No! At least I hope not! That's why I've come to you for help.



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