



DramaShare was nominally founded by John & Judy Alexander, beginning in 1985. Neither John nor his wife Judy had, or have, any training in drama nor in theatre, nor did they ever feel any interest in pursuing either. John’s role in the initial development of what became “DramaShare Christian Drama Resources”



is best summarized in the word, “avoidance.” Although life-long Christians and church volunteer leaders, when John, (in his own words), “opened his big mouth at an in-opportune time” in response to a 20’s

something guy, member of Alexander’s college and career group’s question slash comment:

“Look Mr. A, I know you expect every member of C&C to have an active part in ministry in our church, on account’a the pews at the back of the church are sloped toward the door and ya sit in em long enough ya slide outta the door and right on outta church! . . . And even though my singin’ ain’t near as bad as yours, Mr. A, no choir leader of any ministry at our church would accept me, way I sing, and the way I kinda sorta look, what with my earring ‘n’



stuff.”

From that intro the whole story came out of how John & Judy first met:



Seems John, at the time a young, striking, intelligent and sexy 19 year old, (John’s words, never verified), and his parents and older sister moved to the beautiful valley town of Lumsden, Saskatchewan, Canada, and on Sunday morning attended church in the beautiful and majestic Lumsden United Church.

As the story goes, young John doesn’t remember a bunch about the church service that morning, absolutely nothing about how he escorted his family to a pew, (later told to be the exclusive pew



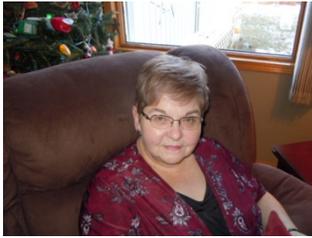
of the leading family in town). To which John later countered by saying, “how was I to know the huge plaque on the seat “Reserved for the first family of Lumsden” didn’t mean us, on aounta, we were the first family to get to the pew”). Nor did John see much about the church itself, strangely the best he can do is remember this gorgeous beauty in the choir, a 15 year old cross between Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable, only, according to John, the choir girl was awesome more beautiful.

Again unverified but the story goes that John was overheard to say, “I gonna get her, she be my wife!”

A bit of a stickler question was . . . how was John, new to this unique kinda town where families who had spent 25 years in town were still referred to as the “new people,” how was he to propose marriage? No problemo! John immediately joined the choir, and as he later reported,



“who was to know a fella’s gotta have some singing talent just to sing in some small-town choir?”



Anyhow the story goes, (in this case verified by multiple sources), situation got so bad, the young beauty, Judy McDonald by name, as it turned out, was urged to marry John in order to get him outta the choir! . . . Seems they tried sending John as far from the mics as they could, even asked him to just mouth the words . . . didn’t help! John tried his best to deflect criticism by laying blame at the feet of the little “O’s” on the music sheets which kept falling off their lines and sometimes even acted silly by holding up a little flag!



Regardless, even though it took John 7 years to wear down Judy’s resistance to the point where, likely completely exhausted Judy and John exchanged vows in that same church. Story again, its been reported John offered to sing Jude down the aisle to the then briefly popular song, “Rhapsody in Chocolate.” To which Jude’s mom said, “Oh Gee, no time!” . . Which brought a tear to John’s face but, strangely, relief to all others.

But we digress . . .

John’s premise had been that anyone “who could walk and chew gum at the same time” surely could handle Christian drama. So the only guidelines for participation are interest in telling others about Jesus, open to anyone who is committed to the ministry, singing voice being optional and the biggie, “don’t make me look stupid in a reused fake beard in a Christmas pageant.”

After making a less than half-hearted offer to initiate a church drama program, John immediately forgot his offer, until, with unaccustomed eagerness, the guys in the group eagerly enquired about starting date.

“Starting date for . . what . . exactly?”

The more John showed he had never revisited the subject, the more adamant the young people were that they expected action.

Meanwhile John was busy in his comfortable office life, but the ghosts of Christian dramas future were circling ever nearer.

When John finally “got the message,” he proceeded, trusting that that a cheap How-to book on Christian drama would yield



up all secrets necessary for an acceptable, and cheap, way to keep the kids at bay. Without spending too much. Advice from the “cheap” book indicated: nothing about beards, proof that drama could be a very useful ministry tool to keep parishioners from dozing off in an otherwise uninspiring message from Brother Jackson, so sounds good so far. . . . Except an excerpt from the cheap book: . . “ choose carefully, ensure that all participants display good visual attractiveness, are



artistically inclined, oh and also, “all must possess above average singing ability.” . . . Oh boy! For sure a game changer. . . . Except it seemed the kids in the group didn’t get the memo.



So our hero, John, in an unlikely-to-be-successful bid to save face, announced “they” would just write their own agenda and guidelines. . . . But John, having apparently missed the classes on Basic Youth Leadership 101, didn’t connect the dots that showed when “they” were going to do something, that translated into “Leader” was gonna do it. Cheap resources, (as in free), didn’t seem to be possible, nor in many cases available so John began writing his own. And since his memory wasn’t as great as it never was, John recorded script and methodology on his brand-new computer. And since he was sending info to the people in his



C&C group this all needed a name, so John called it DramaShare. Admittedly that name may have come immediately following a time of prayer. So the source . . . unknown. Was that lightning?

And to John’s credit he did indeed, . . .draw on much support from his dear wife Judy. And so it was, with much hard work and many, many ideas that didn’t pan out, the drama ministry was born, slowly garnering wavering support in a very conservative church not known for risk-taking. John, to his credit, actively peddled the fledgling ministry to all communities in the church. Expecting strong support from the Children’s department, they struck gold in an unexpected area: seniors.



In a meeting arranged with the Seniors group, the overall tone of the meeting being 30 degrees below cordial, John made a presentation and asked for input and questions. After an embarrassing silence the leader of the group said: “Well that was really, really good, and very informative. For sure we will all be in prayer as John and his group seek to spread the good news of Christ to our children.”



John, not entirely buoyed up by the experience, returned to his day job, vowing to set up a final meeting with his youth group to admit defeat. But the pressures of a busy

secular day prevented John from releasing the memo.

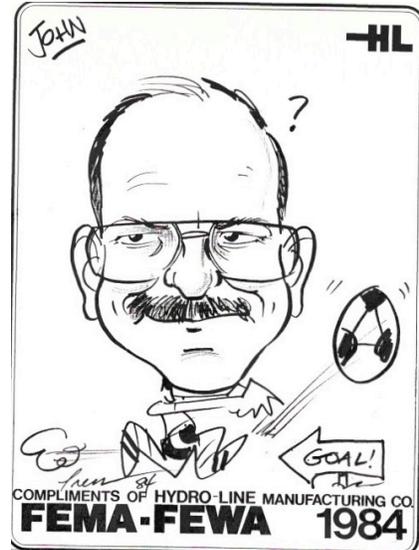
That evening at home John sought solace in the loving arms of his wife, unfortunately interrupted by a phone call from an elderly member of the seniors group, a late 80's lady who regaled John on the not so positive feedback after he had left the meeting, the more positive parts of the two hour, one sided conversation revolving around "how in your incredible ignorance could you suggest bringing drama, the work of Satan, into a Christian setting." After the lady ran out of breath, and John prayed that her heart rate return to normal, John asked for five minutes of her time to lay on her, (not hands), but his vision of what God had laid on his heart. Must have been one of John's rather infrequent five minute interventions as the dear lady became an outstanding advocate of the drama program but also an extraordinary actress. Strange how the project gathered steam, and, inexplicably, also gathered notice in strange places . . like Toronto. (Anyone who has ever been in Toronto will for sure understand.)

But we digress . . .

Unexpectedly a phone call from a major Christian magazine in Toronto asked for details and samples. The resultant article, more unsure than supported did bring much feedback and requests for samples. A good thing? Well, kinda sorta. John had a great job, good pay, but costs were, in John's words, not cheap!



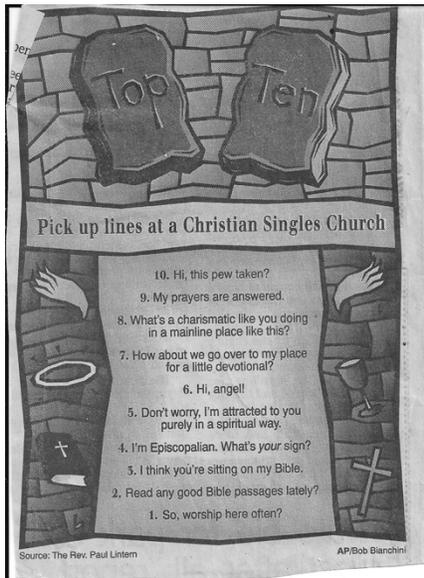
Again came a coincidence, one day at work a young gal from the "Information Services" department came bearing gifts, turned out to be a huge mainframe connected computer. John reacted in his usual kind manner, asking, "What's that and why are you here? I'm busy!"



Turns out the gal was in the but John said, “Thanks but no After a brief one-sided phone strong wish to computerize, around the CEO’s question, A computer or John did an instant 180 and



right office with the right product, thanks!” call from the CEO, John exhibited a whether the motivation centered “What would you rather have John? unemployment.” But to his credit became an advocate. One evening a little while after John came home from work beaming. Which put a smile on his wife’s face, but evaporated with his words, “Honey I think I have found a way to control distribution costs. .



. It’s called the internet.” Really that was the beginning of what became DramaShare. And the end of John’s secular employment and income.



For many months John had suffered through unceasing pain and being unable to sleep. Eventually his doctor’s wife came up with the diagnosis. . . Fibromyalgia. . . John’s foray into the computer brought the

devastating news! . . . A woman’s disease. . . No sleep, not able to stay focused. John was forced to time off work . . . Impossible to diagnose . . . And the guy who used to turn the lights on and off at work suddenly was seen as a malingerer! Questioned, followed by private investigators. And resultant depression.

John looked to anything to keep his mind off the darkness that came. He settled on writing. . . And that brought even more doubts and bad feelings. John could not accept being a “writer,” an “artist” someone who, as everyone knows, was a lazy creep who wanted to live on the hard work of others. In other words, social assistance.

The longer it went on, the more insurance wanted John “exposed” and that was . . . a good thing! John could not abide the negative thoughts of those around him, but he had always loved a good battle, usually winning.

It did something else, it caused the Alexander couple to come closer together, and much closer to their Lord and Savior! Prayer which had always been a staple of the family became a passion. John’s weird sense of humor intensified. . . Ya, that’s it! And as that tough period intensified, John’s old fire returned. Facing a tribunal of local, federal and provincial officials his conduct shone to the point that the federal rep approached John afterwards and wished him God’s blessings and success. A psychiatrist who had been particularly cruel became a “close-to friend” explaining “I know you aren’t faking it but I get my instructions from the insurance company and I’ve got a wife, a family and a big mortgage.”



Settling into a happy and productive ministry, “largest on the net.” John not so humbly explains.

All things became very positive, until the “Big C” cancer took down Judy, bringing emergency surgery, chemo, worse, blood clots and . . .



And some of the most amazing happening unimaginable! Thousands of people around the world praying for “his bride of 55 years!” Long painful times yet the evidence that God was moving worldwide. An African American church in Louisiana holding weekly prayer meetings specifically for Jude. Another in Alabama praying all night the night of her operation.

And the two most wonderful words in the English language spoken by Judy’s incredible doctors, in the world’s best medial system, that being Canada:
CANCER-FREE!

John admits the actual message was “Judy Alexander, at this point you are cancer free. We can’t guarantee it won’t one day return.”

John’s message:

“I will take the beautiful doctors’ statement every day. Yesterday there was no hope. Yesterday there was no tomorrow. Having been blessed by God’s miracles all my life I gladly and gratefully accept the promise of Cancer-free today, God beside me and my best friend bride for the rest of our lives! . . . Tell me, who wouldn’t take that to the bank?”

I have my beautiful bride of 55 years, (as of Friday August 14th). Jude is back where she belongs at my side! My ministry, DramaShare Christian Drama Resources has been decimated by lack of attention while I prioritized being at my bride’s side as she has been at my side all my adult life. And my timing was incredible, launching a new website right at the start of Covid19.

I have lost over \$100,000 in income, investments and time.

The trials of 80 years have left their mark on me. (Fortunately, I was born on February 29th so I am only 20 birthdays old).

I have been a professor at the prestigious University of Saskatchewan, sharing with 4th year Commerce students who seemed to enjoy and gain from my “real world” look at business. And they didn’t seem to lose anything from the fact I only have a Grade 7 formal education.

The DramaShare ministry has, without accepting one dime from grants or any source other than memberships and scripts, reached over 12,000 churches, colleges, schools, professional theatres and missionaries in 73 countries around the world. I have written



over 2,000 scripts, some good, some adequate and a bunch of awesome scripts written by the Guy upstairs. We have over the past 35 years enjoyed our 100+ volunteers giving freely of their time and talents. A shoutout to Karl Wagner. We have traveled all over North America in our gorgeous luxury motorhome/office where we live full-time. And we have traveled internationally to fun places like British Virgin Islands and Poondunck, Saskatchewan at minus

40 degrees. . I got the opportunity to preach to the US troops leaving for combat in Iraq, most



merely children unashamedly crying desperate tears. I had the honor of being guest speaker at a convention of Christian professional actors, directors and executives, me, who has not yet attended my first theatrical training session, who had accepted the gig without realizing who the participants were, living in fear that someone would ask a question, yet when they did the answer to their question which might as well have been in Greek . . . and the answer was there! (Which frightened me even more, until I realized this was not my ministry it was God's!)



And guess what, God was in attendance at every one.

And, if God so desires, the awesome DramaShare ministry will survive.

And as I realized at many events where I was approached by people much more experienced than I, God does not need

John Alexander or anyone else to bring about "His kingdom come." His will "will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

God will tell me when my "best-before date comes up!"

And when it does I pray I have learned enough to accept it gracefully. More likely I will be the bald guy chasing down God and screaming, "No, no, just one more conference, one more year, one more script, one more . . . OK, it has been one awesome ride!



"Thank you Jesus! But one request, will you please show me that skit you did where you drew that line in the sand, offered some good throwing rocks to some bystanders, said 'K guys, who goes first as the lead sin-free guy on the playbill?"

That one I would pay big bucks to see!

Curtain down please!

John & Judy Alexander live somewhere in western Canada, usually Saskatoon, SK in summers, Victoria BC in winters. They are nomads living in their Newmar motorhome/mobile office from which they serve a worldwide audience with their DramaShare Christian Drama Resources website, www.dramashare.org

Alexanders who are blessed with 3 children, Dan in Calgary, AB, Susan and Patti of Saskatoon, each having a perfect family of a boy and a girl, and one great grandson. They can be reached by email at contactus@dramashare.org or in North America toll-free 1-877-363-7262

Keys to Pictures:

Page 1, our wedding, and our 50th anniversary,

Lumsden SK United Church where we met, My Pop & Momma were instrumental in starting the United Church of Canada in 1925. The United Church of Canada started as a Bible preaching denomination but along the way became a social consciousness agency, which is good to have

but a Christian church must be following Christ. And my father was hurt, my mother several years later left the denomination in tears, was baptised full emersion at 93.

My Pop in 1944, can you look at him and not feel warmth, love?

*Uncle Jim Heslop, Salvation Army member died in WWII rescuing 3 men, Medal posthumously
Page 2: my bride after chemo, Crystal Hill School where Mom attended, church was held, (or in our living room), I'm not sure who they are LOL,*

"Standing Alone" is a painting by American artist whose tender art is becoming highly sought. I contracted with Billinda Brandli DeVillez to paint from an old picture of our barn, she even included the hen house. I expect you to visit her page and support her art as I do. <http://billinda-brandli-devillez.pixels.com> Email billinda2005@yahoo.com

Cecil McDonald, Jude's dad, dreamed of being jockey, weighed 100 lbs soaking wet, 5'0" but tore the muscles in his arm, making his dream a pipe dream. He apprenticed as a baker, his hot-cross buns and "real" bread made many ladies green with envy. Low education, he had a few recipes on cards but most in memory. I have never met a human who was so instantly affirming of me. The first time Jude took me upstairs to meet her folks, (yes, Chris, she was born above a bakery, son-in-law private joke), Cec went into the bedroom, brought out a shotgun, I was ready to declare "I wouldn't dare injure your daughter!" but he swore he was making conversation LOL, and he was.

Page 3: In their DNA Alexanders are involved and at FCL I urged people to do so, even when it makes us dress silly. For the annual Pioneer Days contest my family and I would scour garage sales the weekend before, finding unique stuff to create a pioneer motif, once a drunk, another time a prospector. I won every year until FCL decided to cancel, but this time I was wearing my show cattle hat and boots and the suit I wore for business for a couple of years until my kids wouldn't allow me outta the house unless I gave it up, (one of my employees used to call me his "Purple Boss."

Dan, now an oil & gas executive in Calgary, & Sue, now doing an excellent job at Leon's Furniture, (whose TV commercial is in my opinion the very best ever with "Layon's the upper crust store," I appreciate excellence in well thought out advertising), my beautiful chosen children.

C&C group doing "air band" who met in our living room on Wednesday night, (and often every night ending in letter "Y")

Valentines day at Croft School with buddies Paul & Eddie, isn't the guy in the middle cute?

FEMA poster from a conference in (I think Hollywood Fl). My major claim to fame in sports was I was for a while president of the Youth soccer association in Saskatoon and introduced indoor soccer there at the youth level, my regret is we spent more time on selects than the kids who just played for fun. As president I suggested we bar parents from the fields, wasn't widely supported Our gorgeous motorhome built by Newmar, the best of the woefully built units on the market. I write occasionally for RV magazines.

The two little pigs. OK, so I had pigs for pets, wanna make sumpin of it? My Gramma Heslop (late 90's) who was the only grandparent I ever knew lived upstairs with us. I, at her instigation would get me to sneak the pigs upstairs and in bed with her. I inherited her sense of humor.

Our daughter Patti was, and is, a blessing. We were told we couldn't have children so adopted the perfect family, boy & girl. 5 years later Patti spoiled our perfection. To get even I passed along my heart situation, (Sudden Death Syndrome or HOCUM) and she wears a difibrallator. She was the very accomplished Children's pastor at a large Saskatoon church, was forced to retire. But she is now on the Board, and is the power behind the active Read family: husband

Chris is Facilities Director at the church, Alex is in the last year of U of S, Education, Jenna is in 2nd year U of S and 1st year Operations Manager at DramaShare. People say Jen has my mind for business, I wish she would give it back. C&C Christmas party, a sample of the people, Sam our 20 year old cat, was our constant companion, miss him terribly

My favorite place in the world (next to Saskatoon I guess) is Victoria BC on Vancouver Island, we park a couple of feet from the ocean, just across the Bay from the legislative buildings and also Cruise ship dock (where Jude and I, dressed in Victorian costume) meet the incoming tourists, strange how often visitors sense we are Christians, and we never push it.

*If you don't come to Victoria you will have missed likely the most photogenic place on earth . . . except for the gorgeous Rocky mountains, the awesome prairies, the charm of Quebec, the awesome Maritime provinces, the **incredible** Northwest Territories & Yukon & Canadians!!!*

There is no country on earth that comes even close, (and I have visited a lot of them!), the clan. Gramma Zander my incredible Mom, known as the Butterfly Lady, with Susan & Patti, Right up to her death she crocheted little butterflies with magnet for fridge mount and always had a supply in her purse. When she went out to eat, whether to McDonalds or "the Ritz" she would seek out hurting people and give them a butterfly and a tiny little Bible verse. At her funeral there was a complete section of people, waitresses, clerks, taxi drivers, young parents all holding their special butterfly, the sign of new hope. One day I'm gonna be like my Momma!

A DramaShare workshop in Atlanta. . . . and at our 50th anniversary party we proudly wear our sweaters from Sask Roughriders, the real football, Canadian Football League (as opposed to the NFL which as I understand is short for No Fun League. PLEASE I need my CFL!!!