

A script from



## **“A Father’s Day Poem (Sort of)”**

by  
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<b>What</b>	A dad has been writing a poem over the course of his children’s lives about the struggles and joys of fatherhood. <b>Themes:</b> Father’s Day, Parenting, Children, God’s Grace
<b>Who</b>	Dad- middle aged
<b>When</b>	Present
<b>Wear</b> (Props)	Folded piece of paper
<b>Why</b>	Proverbs 20:7
<b>How</b>	Keep the dialogue conversational. Be careful not to rush through the lines, but give yourself time to process each thought.
<b>Time</b>	Approximately 4 minutes

*A middle-aged man walks to the center of the stage. He pulls out his wallet, and from his wallet extracts a folded up piece of paper. On the paper is a poem. He looks at the poem for a moment, then looks at the audience and speaks directly to them. He is very "matter-of-fact."*

I wrote this years ago, in a fit of...well...not exactly passion...more like exhaustion. A fit of...well, more like a resignation...a "resignation of exhaustion". That would be a good description, I guess. It was my first Father's Day...as a father, that is. I'd had quite a few as a son, but...you know, that's...different. So, anyway...I wrote it that year, the year my daughter was born. She was four months old on Father's Day. I wrote it, and then I folded it up and put it in my wallet

*He looks at the poem again for a moment, and then, without looking up, he begins to read it aloud, reliving the exhaustion of being a new father.*

Daddy. Father. Old Man. Pop.  
I just want to make it stop.  
See, I'm not ready for this yet.

Crying. Pooping. Screaming. Whoa.  
It's not the way I thought it'd go.  
I guess I really wasn't set.

I thought I was. But, no, I'm not.  
Exhausted. That's the best I've got.  
You've worn me out, Petite Brunette.

You weigh a mere eleven pounds.  
But, still, you've got me dancing round,  
And round and round your bassinette.

You mostly want your Mom. That's fine.  
She's got your dinner. Yours...not mine.  
I'm stuck with some old stale baguette.

"It gets easier," they say, "This Daddy Stuff"  
"You'll sort it out. It's not that tough."  
Well...maybe. Seriously? You're wet?

*He looks up at the audience and grins.*

It was a pretty rough start for me. (After a beat) It **got** easier. Sort of. (Referring to the poem) I wrote **this** part, on Father's Day, when she was eight. (After a beat) And her brother was five. (After a beat) And her little sister was three.

*He looks down at the poem again and reads it, without looking up too often. He gets progressively more tender through the verses of this next stanzas.*

Father. Old Man. Daddy. Pop.  
I feel just like a traffic cop  
With clown cars bouncing off the wall.

I'm home from work, to breathe a bit.  
Then someone throws a hissy fit.  
And I'm breaking up a toddler brawl.  
They're ganging up. It's three on two.  
How can I win? What can I do?  
I know! I'll give **my** Pop a call.

He answers. "Happy Father's Day," says he.  
"And same to you," I say, "From me."  
And then...I just...begin to bawl.

"I'm such a failure," I confess.  
"I can't get the hang of this, I guess".  
He stops me. Fast. And then he says this, y'all.

"Son. You're doing fine. You love 'em well,  
Those kids of yours. And time will tell.  
You'll see. Our God is in it all.

*He looks up at the audience, and, after a long beat, he looks down at the paper, and then he speaks...slowly, and calmly.*

I haven't written anything on this for quite a while. Got busy, I guess.  
Then I got a new wallet and I took this out and put it in my desk drawer,  
and sort of forgot about it. I was digging through my desk this week.  
Found it. Decided to add something, again...for Father's Day. *(He looks at the paper for a moment)* I've got two teenagers now, and an almost teenager. I still feel like I have no idea what I'm doing. But...that's alright. *(He reads, this time with more humor in his manner.)*

She's driving. You'd think I'd be a nervous wreck.  
I'm not. We've practiced. She's got this, I suspect.  
And hey...I'm loosening the reins.  
They're tight still, on her brother. See  
He hasn't shown me yet he's ready to be free.

*(With a chuckle)* But he **sure** is ready to complain.  
*(With a chuckle)* He'll be okay. It takes a while to find your wings.

My job's to guide him, even though it stings.  
My job's to love him, even in the pain.

And the baby...well...she's sterling in my book.  
Her brother's talents, her sister's looks,  
And, thank God, she's surely got her mother's brains.

Three fine children, God gave me, in His grace,  
To keep me on my knees, to help me know my place.  
To keep reminding me to turn to Him again.

So...I guess it's Happy Father's Day...to me.  
And my present? Well...I guess I want to see  
That nothing done in love has ever been in vain.

*Lights fade.*