

“Chronicles of the Messy Wonderful Life Entry 6: Superpower”

by
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What A woman chronicles her life as a mother of two young and relentlessly energetic boys. She honestly recounts the difficult challenges that face every mother, yet continually concludes that through each obstacle the immeasurable treasure of Motherhood is always worth it.

In this entry, Mom discusses the amazing ‘superpower’ God has granted women, showing them how to love instinctively, protect and nurture their children.

Themes: Motherhood, Life, Children, Women’s Event, Sanctity of Life, Pro-Life, Monologue.

Who Mom– a mother of young children

When Present Day

Costumes and Props Knives
Cutting board
Random vegetables (lettuce, carrots, bell peppers, celery)
Bowl
Dish Towel
Dishes
Dying potted plant
Paper Towel
Band aid
Cup of water
Two large spoons
Apron

Why Psalm 127

How Mom should speak directly to the audience, breaking the 4th wall.

Props will help the monologue come to life but are not absolutely necessary to the success of the monologue. This monologue can be done with a bare stage and no props.

Time Approximately 6-7 minutes

The stage is set up like a kitchen. There is a long countertop containing dishes, a cutting board, knives, a dish towel, paper towels, a dying plant, a cup of water, two large spoons and vegetables to make a salad.

Mom enters stage right, tying on an apron. She addresses the audience and moves behind the counter as she speaks.

Mom: There are black bears that live in the woods behind my house. I'm a little afraid of them. I've been told that they're harmless, that they can smell me from 100 yards away and that I'll probably never actually see one. I'm less afraid of being out in the woods and seeing a bear in my path. I'm more afraid of one of my kids running into a bear cub, because I know that once a Momma bear fears for her cub...

She picks up the knife and shows it to the audience with a smirk.

...she's no longer harmless.

Mom grabs the cutting board and some lettuce and begins to cut it up.

I've never been exceptionally brave. I mean, I think I do daring things, like try new adventures or travel. But as far as scaling a mountain or riding a bull or even trying the bungee-jump-rollercoaster-thing...it's never been my cup of tea. I don't even wish I could do those things. Actually, I often wonder why people do those things! Why jump out of a perfectly good airplane? I don't get it.

Mom lays down the knife and grabs a dish towel and a bowl. As she says her next lines, she dries the bowl with the towel and places the lettuce into it.

But there is something superhero-ish about becoming a mom. Instincts that you didn't know existed suddenly emerge. It's like there's another set of DNA that comes alive when you become a mother. DNA that instinctually tells you to run into the fire rather than away from it.

Mom grabs another vegetable and begins to cut again.

My sister grew up afraid of large dogs. Actually so did I. My sister got married six years before I did, and she had four adorable little girls. One day a large stray was chasing her youngest daughter, and she charged that dog. She can still claim that she's afraid of dogs, but her actions proved otherwise.

Stopping dinner prep, she puts down the knife as if remembering.

I remember thinking she was fearless.

She once again places the cut vegetables into the bowl.

When my first son was born, I remember sitting in the hospital and wondering if I could actually do this. Could I raise a human being? Be responsible for keeping him fed, watered...alive? If I'm being honest, up until that point, I hadn't been able to do that with a fish...or even a plant.

She looks at her dying plant and touches it. She then grabs her glass of water and with futile effort pours some water into the pot. She addresses the audience.

How was I supposed to take care of this eight pound human life... especially once my husband went back to work? Then it was all going to be on me! I was scared.

She starts to cut another vegetable.

Not to say I didn't, or don't still make mistakes, but he's been fed and watered and alive for six years now. By the grace of God, I'm doing it. I don't always know how. There are days when I'm so tired. I never before realized how long my eyelids could stay open.

She accidentally cuts her thumb.

Ouch.

She sucks on the cut, while grabbing a paper towel and putting it around her thumb. She then looks for a band aid and finds one in a drawer beneath the counter. She places the band aid on as she says the next lines.

I didn't go into the medical field very specifically because I didn't think I had the stomach for everything that was required of doctors and nurses. However, when the stomach bug hits, this internal nurse instinct takes over and my stomach somehow survives the clean-up.

She grabs a new knife. As she says her next lines, she puts the cut vegetables into the bowl. Then she grabs one final vegetable, chops it on the cutting board and also places it in the bowl.

God has designed the female body to grow, birth and feed a new life. This is amazing. It is the closest thing, in my opinion, to a superpower. There are some who would disagree with this statement, try to belittle the miracle of motherhood, or even portray it as a weakness rather than a strength. I think those are futile lies. Any mother knows the truth. Motherhood is a super-power given by God, part of his design, to help create, sustain, and cherish human life.

She grabs some spoons and mixes the salad. Then looks directly at the audience.

PURCHASE

I'm not a great cook. I hate cooking, actually. And my boys are always hungry. Always. They are seemingly bottomless pits.

Beat.

I hate cooking, but I love being a mom.

She puts the salad down on the counter and moves in front of the counter, directly facing the audience.

And I've learned after six years of being a mom that motherhood is a gift, and—even if I have to chase a stray dog, or even when the stomach bug hits, or even when everyone is constantly hungry and I'm tired of being the chef—even then, being a mom is always worth it.

Lights down.

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