

a script from



WORSHIP

“Cross-Stitched: a Monologue”

By
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What Monologue. After vowing to never attend another disastrous Mother’s Day service, Jason returns many years later to show that a Mother’s Day service is about more than just mothers.

Themes: Hope, Love, Sacrifice, Guidance, Unconditional love, Nurturing

Who Jason (adult male)

When Present, Mother’s Day morning

Costumes Contemporary casual

Props Tote bag
Framed cross-stitch patterns
Podium (stand)
Vase
Flower

Why Ephesians 1:11, Romans 8:28, Proverbs 31:25 - 29

How A range of emotions are shared, such as loss, humor, admiration, love. Give close attention to the bridges between emotions. Remember, a well-placed pause can often be more powerful than words.

Time Approximately 3 minutes

Jason enters from stage left carrying a tote bag and wanders slowly down center as if he’s seeing the church for the first time. He stops, sets the bag down on a nearby chair, and addresses the congregation in front of him.

Jason: This is the first Mothers Day service I’ve attended since I was a child. (*looking around again*) The last one was in a church similar to this one. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was actually my step grandmother – my *childless* step grandmother, no less – who felt the need to bring me to church. (*painfully*) My mother, like usual, was spending her Sunday morning sleeping off whatever she’d consumed the night before.

My Sunday School teacher gave each of us a flower—a white rose—to present to our mothers, and we all marched in (*pointing to an aisle*) at the end of the service to do so. The flower was a thank you for the love and care our mothers gave us and I... I had no one to give mine too. Then and there I vowed to never go to another Mother’s Day service again.

Pausing to gather himself before continuing.

Less than a year later, my mother left for good, and I was shuffled off to live with my step grandmother. (*reminiscing*) Grandma didn’t talk a lot, but she was always cross-stitching. (*reaches in the tote bag and pulls out a framed cross-stitch*) The first thing she ever made me was a framed cross to hang on my wall. In fact, at first I was convinced that since it was called “cross-stitch,” all cross-stitching must be variations of “crosses” of some sort.

Smiling at the memory while returning the frame to the bag and pulling out and returning each of the cross-stitch patterns he mentions.

She was always cross-stitching *something* for me. She made other framed pictures... a cute little home... a church... a Bible... all things that represented stability to someone without an anchor.

Looking back up at his audience.

Know what she presented me with for my thirteenth birthday? She'd taken My favorite shirt and cross-stitched a little cross and alongside that, she cross-stitched: “Ephesians 1:11.” I appreciated the time Grandma spent making that for me; however, wearing a shirt with a Bible verse stitched onto it, *did* make it challenging for a thirteen year old to act like... well... a thirteen year old. I could almost hear the comments... “Sure, he acts all high and mighty *wearing* a Bible verse, and then he behaves like *that*?”

I really didn't even understand the verse so I asked Grandma about it. She just smiled and said, “It means that you are part of God's plan.”

Pauses and smiles.

I didn't think too much about her words until a few months later when she asked me to fetch her cross-stitch hoop. I did a double-take. (*reaching into the bag and pulling out a hoop containing a completed pattern*) “Grandma,” I exclaimed, “what happened?” (*showing the back side to the audience*) I had no idea what I was even looking at. “That's why I like cross-stitch,” she said. “The bottom is the mess in life that's impossible to understand, and the top is a reminder of what God can make out of all the chaos—as a part of His plan.”

Pausing while putting the hoop back into the bag.

There was that phrase again...God's plan...

Completes putting the hoop away.

Grandma passed away a couple of weeks ago, and I inherited all these cross-stitch pieces, (*indicating the bag*) but there was one I'd never noticed before. (*reaching into the bag to take one last cross-stitch*) This particular one hung on her bedroom wall. It simply read: Psalm 113:9.

Looking up directly at the audience.

Know what it says? “He settles the childless woman in her home as a happy mother of children. Praise the Lord.”

(appearing to choke up a bit) I suddenly realized that my grandmother raising me was not the only part of God’s plan...me being *chosen* to become Grandma’s child... was also part of God’s plan!

Putting the frame back into the bag.

I think that’s why it was time for me to attend a Mother’s Day service again. I realized that you don’t have to be a *physical* mother to have the spiritual qualities the Bible emphasizes in raising little ones around us. Qualities like love, guidance, sacrifice, compassion, nurturing, care, unconditional love... can be used by a variety of people in God’s plan. *(turning to the tote bag one final time and pulling out a white rose, holding it towards the congregation)* So... to *all* of you who continue practicing those Christ-like qualities as an inspiration to all those young ones around us... Happy Mother’s Day!

Places the rose into a vase on a nearby podium, picks up his tote bag, and exits.