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## **“Daughter, Breathe”**

By

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(inspired from a story by Rene Gutteridge)

<b>What</b>	In this easy to stage yet powerful monologue, the Storyteller shares a moment in her life when God breaks through unexpectedly, in the smallest of moments, and in that moment, rest returns and hope is restored
<b>Themes</b>	Rest, Restoration, Stress, Hope, Women's Retreat, Hope, Peace, Breath
<b>Who</b>	Storyteller: Adult woman
<b>When</b>	Present Day
<b>Costumes</b>	Dressed casually
<b>Props</b>	None
<b>Why</b>	Matthew 11:28-30
<b>How</b>	Empty stage. Consider using media during specific times during the piece: for example, digital pictures of a store, sunroof with sunlight shining through it, car wash, a sunny sky, etc. In addition, use whatever creative set design, lighting, non-distracting video clips, or music that enhances the message of the work.
<b>Time</b>	3 minutes

At curtain, **Storyteller** enters. Let the moment extend as she makes her way into the performance area.

During the monologue, **Storyteller** should utilize the entire space to keep the audience engaged.

After a few beats, **Storyteller** addresses the audience.

**Storyteller:** *(reflective tone)* Moments. Important moments never captured because of the tyranny of the urgent. The need to push, accelerate, and drive, with no space for error or missteps.

*Pause.*

If I could look back, I would see moments that were presented to me fall away like leaves drifting from a tree. Moments never caught or examined and always brushed aside by the velocity of my journey.

It happens to all of us. But on this day, my haste was interrupted. Or, better yet, intercepted.

I was walking out of the grocery store one afternoon, in a typical hurry for no good reason, when the bright sun hit my face, and I heard, "Daughter, breathe."

I stopped. Did I hear that right? Then, again. "Daughter... *(pause)* Breathe."

I might have ignored the moment like so many times before. But not this time. My spirit heard it so clearly.

"Daughter. Breathe."

The Son hit my face. S- *(with emphasis)* Q-N that is.

"Breathe."

So I did. I took a big, long breath of beautiful sunny air.

I then asked myself. When was the last time I breathed deeply?

Pause.

I've been holding my breath for a good, long while, I think. Living on shallow breaths of survival. Shallow breaths of, "What's next?"

Timid little puffs of air. Rushing here and there so something won't catch me. I guess.

"Breathe. My daughter."

I opened my car's sunroof. I hardly regard the thing, unless *(with a smile)* it's to make sure it's closed when it goes through the car wash. *(a beat)* Yep. *(back to original tone)*

But it's a window to the heavens. But when had I actually looked up long enough to care it was there? I had always rushed past that, too.

The sky was extra blue. Like a heavenly bonus. The air felt very clear and clean. In the middle of the city, at a busy intersection and just yards from a gas station, it smelled perfectly fresh.

Maybe it was just my perspective because the Son... *His* Son... had hit my face.

I paused. I pondered His goodness. His promises. His salvation for me, a sinner who has no power to save myself.

"Daughter."

When I think on His great mercy and His amazing grace, it's astonishing. From the beginning of time, it's been astonishing. And in my everyday rush, *(finger quotes)* "astonishing" gets lost.

But not today.

This moment, welcomed in.

A lot released in just a little time. A joy spread through me. I didn't have to force the smile on my face. I decided to capture it.

Me and my *(with emphasis, looking up)* Son roof.

*Pause.*

*(addressing audience now)* Is your breathing shallow? Are you gasping for air, missing moments that count, running to... or from... something?

Time to seek the Son. The breath of heaven.

Tune into that small, still voice, which whispers.

*Pause.*

Breathe.

*Lights down or exit.*