

A script from



“Dear Mom”

by
Far From Ordinary

- What** Being a mom is one of the most thankless and difficult jobs there is, but hopefully this monologue will give the amazing moms in our churches a small glimpse into how much they are appreciated.
Themes: Mother's Day, Family, Children, Parenting, Sons, Daughters, Moms
- Who** 1 Actor
- When** Preset
- Wear (Props)** Shoebox filled with letters
- Why** Proverbs 31
- How** This script was originally written for one male actor, but could easily be adapted for a female.
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

Actor walks onstage carrying a shoebox filled with small notes and letters.

Actor: So my wife and I decided we wanted to have a garage sale to get rid of some stuff, and I was given the honorable task of cleaning out the attic. Awesome, right? I mean there is nothing better than digging through a bunch of junk you didn't even remember you had, and then trying to sell that junk to other people so they can eventually forget about it and put it in their attic. It's the circle of life.

Anyway, I had just set aside a box of lovely mismatched and slightly misshapen plastic dishes, when I came across a shoebox that caught my eye. I figured it was probably just stuffed with old baseball cards or something, but when I opened it, I found that it was filled with notes from my mom. You see my mom used to write me little notes all the time and then put them in random places for me to find. She'd put them in my lunch, but not just in the bag, like in the middle of the sandwich. Or she'd put it in my shoe with a small pebble glued to it so I'd have to take the shoe off and look. Seriously. I mean she was committed to this. She wrote me letters from kindergarten all the way through my senior year of high school and I kept them all in this box. *(Picking a note from out of the box and examining it)* Okay, this is a good one.

(Reading) "Dear Son, don't forget to wash your hands before leaving the bathroom. Love mom."

(Pulling out another note and reading) "Dear Son, I'm sorry the kids called you monkey boy at school yesterday, but remember, monkeys are very smart and if The Planet of the Apes is right, you will be running the world someday. Love mom."

Or here's a good one.

(Pulling out a final note and reading) "Dear Son, don't forget to wear clean underwear today. If you got hit by a car and had on old underwear, it might reflect poorly on my parenting skills. Love mom."

Nothing like having that fall out of your history book as a senior in high school. *(Laughs)* But, you see that was my mom. She always knew how to make me laugh and feel better even when life just wasn't going my way. And yeah, like any kid, I sometimes got embarrassed and acted like they were silly, but honestly I loved them. I loved them because they were a constant reminder that I was her son, and no matter what, she loved me. So...

"Dear Mom, thanks. Thanks for never forgetting my birthday and for always making me blow out the candles twice so you could get a good picture.

Thanks for cutting out every clipping from every newspaper that ever mentioned me, even the ones from college that I still don't know how you got.

Thanks for baking French bread for all of my teachers, even the ones I didn't like. And for the thousands of hours you waited in line at the school to pick me up.

Thanks for sitting through all of my baseball games and basketball games, and football games, and plays, and band concerts, and student assemblies that even I didn't want to be at.

Thank you for loving me during my awkward stages, all 37 of them, and telling me that I was handsome even when my lip was covered in peach fuzz and my voice wouldn't stop cracking.

Thanks for waking up early every morning and reading your Bible on the couch in the living room, showing me what a quiet time really looked like.

Thanks for praying for me, every day of my life, and for teaching me to pray and listen to the Spirit.

Thank you for loving me through it all, even when it was hard. I love you mom. Thanks."

Lights fade.