

A script from



“Dear Dad”

by

Far From Ordinary

www.ffoministries.com

What This sincere monologue puts words to the feelings so many of us have for our fathers but aren't always great at expressing.

Themes: Father's Day, Dads, Parenting, Children, Sons, Daughters, Family

Who 1 Actor

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** None

Why Proverbs 23:24

How This monologue can be performed by a male or female.

Time Approximately 2-3 minutes

Actor (or actress) enters and addresses the audience.

Son: Dad, daddy, father, pop, pops, poppa, my old man, friend. It's appropriate for dads to have so many names because they fill so many roles. Provider, guider, disciplinarian, and baseball coach. Math tutor, wrestling partner, driving instructor, and reluctant explainer of the "birds and bees". Financial advisor, shop teacher, wise sage, and teller of the worst "dad" jokes imaginable.

Dad, I know there were no instruction manuals for raising me and assembly was definitely required. That probably took longer and cost more than you ever thought it would, but I hope you know that it was worth it.

(Beat) It was worth it because bit-by-bit, piece-by-piece, you were shaping me into who I am today. And it wasn't just the big things you did for me. Sometimes the smallest actions left the most lasting impact.

(Beat) For example, I remember that every time I asked you what a word meant, you would make me get the dictionary so we could look it up together. As annoying as that was at the time, I see now that in those brief moments you were teaching me that how you go about solving a problem can be as important as the answer itself.

When I fell down and you told me to "rub some dirt on it", though maybe not the soundest medical advice, and definitely not what mom would have said, you were teaching me that sometimes you have to move forward even when it's painful.

When you punished me for disobeying, yet still took the time to remind me that you loved me, you were teaching me that discipline and love are not mutually exclusive, but distinctly intertwined.

And when I saw you praying and reading your Bible on a Friday evening, you were teaching me that the Christian life isn't isolated to Sunday mornings and Wednesday nights, it's a daily walk with the Lord. You taught me how to be humble before God and bold in faith before men. How to lead a family, and how to follow a Savior. How to live for Christ and how die to self. That's what you taught me.

This is not to say you were perfect. You weren't. But you were there, invested in my life, and I am eternally grateful for everything you've done for me. You are my dad, my father, my old man, my friend, and I love you.

Exit.