

“Easter is Mushroom Soup”

by
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What A newly married woman recounts her first Easter with her in-laws and their different and unexpected menu, drawing parallels to the fact that the first Easter was also unexpected.

Themes: Easter, New Life, Monologue

Who Ann, a newly married young woman

When Present Day

**Wear
(Props)** None needed

Why Romans 6:4

How Ann should always be facing the audience, even when she is ‘talking’ to her mother-in-law AND when she is pretending to be her mother-in-law.

Time Approximately 2 minutes

Ann enters and addresses the audience.

Ann: Easter is mushroom soup. It didn't use to be...for me anyway. I remember walking into my first Easter dinner at my new in-law's house. I smelled the mushroom-like soup and honestly my first thought was, "I gave up a leg of lamb for this?"

Easter, in my world, my Italian-good-food-world, always meant a leg of lamb. Along with mashed potatoes, a nice ham, green beans, tossed salad—all this after the pasta course—obviously. Easter was supposed to be a feast of delicious, *traditional* food. Well, all of that changed when I married into a family with Polish roots. Don't get me wrong. I love my in-laws, and I relish the different customs that my husband grew up with...except their Easter menu: White Borscht Soup.

Slight pause.

Mid meal my mother-in-law asked me how I liked the food.

Awkward smile.

What was I supposed to say?

I mean, I know what I was supposed to say: "Delicious! So great! Thank you!" But I have no poker-face. I couldn't pull off a lie, not with the pressure of the whole family staring at me. So, I tried to say something that was true but...kind.

As if she's talking to her mother-in-law.

"Ummm it's different. Uh not exactly what I expected, but umm yeah it's, it's different."

She puts her head in her hands. Then once again addresses the audience.

I should have lied.

Slight pause.

My mother-in-law smiled back at me and said

As mother-in-law.

"Hmm different. Unexpected. Kind of like the first Easter."

Once again addressing audience.

I just nodded because I had no idea what she was talking about. I doubt Jesus would have allowed this soup at the last supper. I mean for a final meal. *(beat)* I digress.

Slight pause.

Anyway, as our Easter meal continued, I started to look around the table. It wasn't just the food that was different that year. Easter was different. I had a husband. I had a brand-new family. I had entered a new life. It was then that my mother-in-law's words started to make sense.

Slight pause.

Jesus, the Messiah, was different. He wasn't exactly what the Jews thought they were waiting for. The crucifixion, for the disciples, was...unexpected. But the miracle of the resurrection brought all of them...and all of us...together as a family and gave us new life.

Slight pause.

Different. Unexpected. Kind of like the first Easter.

Slight pause.

Now when I have the Easter White Borscht, I don't think about—well, I try not to think about my mother's leg of lamb. Instead, I remember that God often works in ways that I don't always understand. He works in ways that are different and often unexpected, but like the resurrection His ways always bring new life.

Lights out.