

“Easter is the One Hat”

by
Bill Price

What	In this monologue, an adult woman remembers an Easter in her childhood where her love for wearing quirky hats showed her a picture of the amazing love of Jesus. Themes: Monologue, Female, Easter, Acceptance,
Who	Adult female
When	Present
Wear (Props)	Modern clothes Optional- have a couple of coat wracks and a trunk or box with lots of hats hanging on them. The actress can use them as props trying on all the hats as she speaks.
Why	Romans 5:8, Romans 8:34
How	The actor should be upbeat at the beginning as she recounts her childhood. At the end she should turn reflective and then excited as she shares the realization that Jesus accepts her as she is.
Time	Approximately 2 minutes

Lights up

Actor: When I was a kid, I was always into wearing hats. I bet you're saying, "That's not so unusual for a little girl". But just to be clear, I'm talking baseball caps, knit caps, hats that belonged to my grandfather, Santa hats...and not at Christmas! The sillier it was, the more I liked wearing it. And I. Looked. Awesome wearing them. But unfortunately, not everyone appreciated my hat-wearing awesomness. Nope. There were rules. Like, no wearing a hat at the dinner table, no wearing a hat with a dress and of course, no wearing a hat to church. I loved my hats. I felt like I could express who I really was when wearing a hat. People said I was "quirky". I kind of liked that. But I hated those rules. If I broke a rule, people frowned. People gave me disapproving looks. So much for being me.

Then one Easter, when my mom brought in my new Easter dress, there attached to the hanger was, of all things, a hat! Now, it wasn't my typical hat. It was white, and round, and had a little brim, and also a band of yellow ribbon around the top that matched the one around my waist. But hallelujah, it was a hat! And I was going to wear it to church! I could do this. Try a different kind of hat. Take the win! So Easter Sunday came and I put on my new Easter dress and I wore a hat to church! And people smiled at me! *(pause)* Back when life was simple.

And now I'm older. I've outgrown the quirky hats. But I do wear different kinds of hats these days. The "Mom hat", "Wife Hat", "Lifegroup Leader hat", "Team Leader at Work hat." Seems like they define me just as much as those hats I wore as a kid. And there were times I felt like I wasn't doing a very good job of wearing any of those hats. It made me feel like such a failure...

Pause.

...until I met Jesus. And I learned that the only hat that truly matters is the one that creates my identity in Him. I can fail at wearing the other hats. I may have a fight with my husband over something silly. I may forget to send a get-well card to the member of my Lifegroup who's not feeling well. I may lose my Team Lead position days, and I cannot make those stupid Bento boxes for my kids! But none of that matters to Jesus. He calls me redeemed. And I am His! He accepts me just like I am. Quirks and all.

Kinda like the Easter Sunday when I wore a hat to church.

Lights out