

A script from



“Journal of a Mad Easter Mama”

by
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What A Mom tries to keep up with the busyness of Easter to make it special for her family- dying eggs, an impulse Pinterest project, sewing her daughter's Easter dress. But once the worship music begins on Easter morning, all the busyness fades away.

Themes: Easter, Bunny, Focus, Family, Moms, Busy

Who Mom

When Present; Easter Sunday

**Wear
(Props)** Journal
Mom can be dressed in Easter Sunday clothes

Why Matthew 11:28

How It is best to have this dialogue memorized so that you don't have your head down in your book.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Mom begins reading from her journal to the audience.

Mom: February 15th - Dear Journal, I went to the grocery store today and was shocked by the pastel explosion of stuffed bunnies and ducks, baskets and eggs and candy galore. For crying out loud it's February 15th, I haven't even finished gaining my Valentine's Day weight. Somehow I made it through the sugary gauntlet, dodging frosted cupcakes and marshmallow bunnies. I approached the checkout with the swagger of a nutritionist, proud that my cart contained at least two leafy greens and a bag of apples. But at the register I faced the most difficult obstacle, my Easter candy nemesis- a box filled with those colorful, foiled wrapped, cream filled chocolate eggs of awesomeness. As the cashier placed the last of my groceries in a bag, she spoke the words that doomed my daily calorie count, "Ma'am, the chocolate eggs are just 3 for a dollar."

February 20th - Dear Journal, I set up my sewing machine on the dining room table today. I'm going to get an early start on Sarah's Easter dress since the pattern is a little complicated. I like to challenge myself, but there'll be no late nights like last year. I was a little surprised though, when Kyle, my little entrepreneur, set the "tame your tongue" money jar down beside me and said, "It's the honor system mom, and I'm counting on you. Just 10 more bucks and I can get my game." Where does he come up with this stuff?

February 24th - Dear Journal, Mary Gardner, head of the Eggstravaganza Easter Egg Hunt, called today and asked if I would be on the planning committee. I hesitated a bit and explained how, with the four kids and all their activities, I stay pretty busy. "You know me," I said, "I'm not a very good multi-tasker." We laughed together over some of my parenting snafus. According to Mary, I still hold the Sunday morning "Child Left Behind" record at the church, five years and counting. Mary has an outstanding long term memory. Anyway, she told me not to worry, she had plenty of responsible adults to help with the children and that my job would officially be "head egg stuffer." Mary assured me that anyone could do it.

Still February 24th - Dear Journal, Mary Gardner just called back. She wanted to remind me NOT to leave any stuffed eggs in a hot car because the candy will melt. Bless her heart, she really believes in me.

March 5th - Dear Journal, today I decided to try a Pinterest project. It's a really cute bunny surrounded by Easter eggs for the front yard. I just need a wooden pallet, paint, and some of those googly eyes. After a little convincing, Scott agreed to help. I think this project will be something fun that we can do together.

March 8th- Dear Journal, had to run to the store for more band aids. Turns out wooden pallets are pretty rough. You wouldn't know it looking at the finished project on Pinterest. Anyway the splinters in Scott's hands have finally festered and, with some tweezers, I think I can grab them this time. That's if Scott will stay still. He sure put up a fuss with the needle. The good news is the bunny is really cute!

March 19th- Dear Journal, busy day today. Made great progress on Sarah's dress, passed out Good Friday invites throughout the neighborhood, and after a lengthy debate I drove Kyle to get his new game. I disagree that "nuggets", "drats" and "fiddlesticks" should be off limits but Kyle argued any word spoken in anger is a no-no. Scott, our mediator, agreed and then asked me to apologize to the sewing machine.

March 23rd- Dear Journal, had an interesting chat with Mrs. Morgan, my long time neighbor and fellow church member. All four of my kids pass through her kindergarten Sunday School class. Mrs. Morgan stopped by while I was getting the mail. I asked her if she and Pebbles, her miniature poodle, were enjoying the beautiful Spring Day but she ignored the question and seemed fixated on my new Easter Bunny yard sign. Finally, Mrs. Morgan, in her brisk no nonsense manner, asked when we had gone *(using air quotes)* "secular"? It pained her to see my generation so easily swayed by market driven commercialism. I had no idea my bunny and eggs would be so controversial. Somewhere in our conversation the question of my kids salvation was raised. That's when I realized that between Scott's splinters, Mrs. Morgan's sincere concern for our spiritual welfare and the unintentional atheistic message conveyed by my bunny, I have no business picking Pinterest projects. I spent the next 20 minutes assuring Mrs. Morgan that my kids love Jesus, no we had not left the church or changed denominations and that yes, we'd be happy to take her candy filled plastic eggs up to the Eggstravaganza when we go.

March 26th- Dear Journal, it is the night before Easter Sunday and I completely forgot to buy eggs to color. The boys were a little disappointed but Sarah was devastated. Turns out, though, that Idaho potatoes take dye really well. Love my husband. He's a problem solver.

March 27th- *(Change this date to fit the current year's Easter)* Dear Journal, another Easter has come and gone. Eggstravaganza was a huge success bringing community and church together. Sarah looked beautiful in her dress, and Scott pointed out that her blue stained hands really brought out her beautiful eyes. And when Mrs. Morgan saw us enter the worship center, she fairly flew out of her pew to wrap her prodigal child in a hug.

It seems she was ready to put the bunny incident behind us. I was ready to put it behind me too; the bunny, the baskets of eggs and candy, the dress...our Idaho potatoes. When the beautiful music began, all the busyness faded away and I was finally able to give my undivided attention to just- one- task: worshiping my risen Lord and Savior.

There are times, in my humble opinion, that multi-tasking is overrated.

Lights fade.

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