

A script from



## **“Mom's Messy Mission”**

by  
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- What** It's been said that being a mom is one of the toughest jobs in the world. But sometimes, as moms, we often wonder how we're actually contributing to God's command to go out and make disciples. Themes: Moms, Parenting, Children, Perspective, God's Will, Purpose
- Who** Mom
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Couch  
Phone  
Basket of laundry  
Add toys and things that show small children are around
- Why** Psalms 149:4, Matthew 28:18-20, Acts 17:26-28, Colossians 3:23-24
- How** Be conversational and don't overact the dialogue. Really make it seem as if you're sitting and chatting with a friend. Make it personal.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

*Begins with mom in the middle of a phone conversation. In front of her sits an unfolded basket of laundry.*

No, I'm serious, she dumped the whole box of crayons in the toilet. And not the little one, either...the BIG box...yeah...96 shades of toilet-clogging fun. What? Oh no, I'm not saying this was worse than the 2-liter soda bottle explosion with your kids last week. Oh, it was EVERYwhere, wasn't it?! The look on your face when it happened...I'm not gonna lie to you, that was hard to watch. Hold on a sec...

*Lowers the phone and shouts to a child in the distance...*

Sweetie? No, baby, don't do that to the cat. No, honey, the cat doesn't know you're playing. That noise she's making? No, the cat's not singing, it means she's unhappy. Right, and take the hair bows off her tail, please. Thank you!

*Back to the phone.*

Do you think she's too old for me use one of those kiddie leashes on her? I mean, is it SO wrong to tether her to my arm for the next, I don't know, 14 years or so? Sure, her dating years would be awkward, but it builds character. Alright, well, I gotta get dinner ready soon. And if the past is any indicator, this laundry probably won't fold itself, so...okay, talk to you soon. Bye. *(Hangs up phone, begins to fold laundry and talk to audience.)*

*(Sighs)* Well, here I am again, visiting with a familiar friend...endless baskets of unfolded laundry. To me laundry is like an extremely rare-cooked steak. Just because you call it done, doesn't mean it is. There's never a point when you're finished, is there? Though I suppose this never-ending laundry is a constant reminder that we've been given clothes to wear. Not to mention the blessing of family to wear it. God has been more than good to us.

I'm truly blown away by His faithfulness. You know, I was reading in the scriptures last night, and I got to the part where it talks about how God *delights* in us...which only makes me want to delight in Him more!

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!*

**ENDING:**

See, if God is sovereign enough to design the time and place in which I live, then maybe...just maybe...He's sovereign enough to plant me among people who need to know Him. And when I step back and look at the people He's entrusted to me, I realize...I AM making disciples. Little dirty-faced, sticky-handed, messy-haired disciples. Every time I choose patience over irritation, every pot I scrub, every towel I fold...it's all worship if it's done like I'm doing it for Him. In my obedience to Christ, I'm teaching my children to walk with Him, too.

So if this is Your call on my life, then lead on, Lord. I'll follow. Right now my path to holiness is littered with Legos and broken crayons. And smells like peanut butter. *(Realizes how quiet it's been)* And is quiet. A little TOO quiet. Excuse me...*(picks up basket, begins to walk off stage)* ...Sweetheart, what'cha doin'?...*(to self)*...Oh, please tell me she's not trying to paint the dog's toenails again...

*Lights out. The end.*