

A script from



## **“My Declaration”**

Monologue Version

by

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**What** What is patriotism, and what does it mean to God’s people? It means not only to celebrate, but to participate. **Themes:** Fourth of July, Patriotism, Independence, Democracy, Freedom, God’s Providence

**Who** 1 Actor (male or female)

**When** Present

**Wear (Props)** No props needed; slide images and music optional

**Why** Ecclesiastes 4:9-12; Matthew 5:14; Romans 13:7

**How** This can either be read from the script or memorized. If read, then it's a good idea to be very familiar with the script so that you are not looking down the entire time.

This piece would work great with music and patriotic images on a screen underscoring it.

**Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

*Actor addresses the audience.*

**Actor:** "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve (their) political bands...with another..." This is how their Declaration begins. With a statement: This is necessary. We will *not* live under the tyranny of foreign monarchs, or anyone else who chooses *themselves* to rule over us. Period. Nice sentiment, but I never gave it a lot of thought. After all, I mean, it was *their* declaration, not mine. Right?

But, oh, when I was a kid, I loved the 4<sup>th</sup> of July...because I loved fireworks! Sparklers—zzzssshhhh! Firecrackers—crack, crack, crack, crack! But I especially loved the rockets! "The rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air!" And then one day I realized what that meant. Rockets, bombs—these were not party favors. These were instruments of war, of terrible sacrifice.

Thomas Jefferson said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots." He knew what was coming. When they signed the Declaration, the founders were signing their own death warrants. Their only hope was to sign *together*. "If we do not hang together," said Benjamin Franklin, "we shall all hang separately!"

So why? Why take such a risk? Were they crazy? Well, yeah, a little, probably. But why face such ridiculous odds? "Because," they said, "we hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." *All*. And "that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." That was the key. Because if God was behind it, then it was worth it. But if He wasn't, well...

They apparently thought He was, and they thought it was important enough to die for. But did I? Listen, I may have liked fireworks, but that didn't mean... Then I suddenly realized, *I'm a part of this!* I have to be—because it won't work any other way. It's not enough to celebrate, I have to *participate* or it all comes apart. I mean, this isn't a thing that happened "a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away," it's a thing that's happening right now! And if I fail to think, to speak, and to listen—"We the people," right?—then I'm declaring my *dependence* on those tyrants who choose *themselves* to rule over us.

Is this the only land God has blessed, the only people He has so endowed? No. But it is *my* land. And God has seen fit to drop me into the middle of this amazing, crazy experiment, and say, "What are *you* going to do?"

*Pondering.*

So here's what I'm going to do: I'm going to celebrate *and* participate in this gangling, tenuous thing, this impossible, beautiful, unwieldy

democracy, this America. I may not be one of its founders, but I *am* one of its *continuers*, and this is my declaration. *(Pause)* My declaration.

*Optional: Consider inviting congregation to speak last line aloud together.*

*The end.*

PREVIEW

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ONLY