

“Red, White, and You: A July 4th Monologue”

By
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What A heartfelt July 4th monologue reminding us that our greatest freedom isn't wrapped in a flag – it's wrapped in grace.

Themes: Freedom, Patriotism, Faith, Gratitude, Thankfulness, Grace

Who Speaker – Adult or Teen

When Present

Costumes Patriotic attire – red, white, and blue clothing or something fun like a fireworks t-shirt and Uncle Sam hat.

Props Optional: mini flag, sunglasses, soda can, lawn chair (if performing seated)

Why Galatians 5:1, John 8:36, 2 Corinthians 3:17

How This monologue should be casual, conversational, and reflective with moments of humor. It works well as a Fourth of July service opener or a transition between songs or prayers.

Time 4-5 minutes

Lights up.

Speaker *steps forward, faces the audience, and speaks in a relaxed, conversational tone.*

Speaker: Okay, confession time. I love the Fourth of July. Fireworks, hot dogs, lawn chairs that fold in *exactly* the wrong way when you sit down. And yes—someone always brings potato salad that's been sitting out so long you feel like you're taking your life into your hands just by looking at it. Like, is this lunch... or a science experiment?

But beyond the cookouts and the sparklers, I do try to pause every year and really think about the reason we celebrate every Independence Day—freedom. What it means for me. My family. This nation.

And I gotta say... I'm grateful. I mean, not every country lets you launch small explosives into the sky from your driveway, while holding a sparkler in one hand, and a plate of barbecue, and questionable baked beans in the other. That's not just freedom—that's *advanced-level* freedom.

But here's the thing—and I say this with love in my heart and barbecue sauce on my shirt—there's a better freedom out there. One that doesn't come from a signed document or a government.

Not the kind written in a Constitution... but the kind written on a cross. The kind only Christ can give.

Pauses, then continues in a gentler tone.

The Bible says, *"It is for freedom that Christ has set us free."* That's not just talking about laws or rights—that's soul-level stuff. The kind of freedom that breaks chains you didn't even know you had.

Shame? Gone.
Fear? Defeated.
Guilt? Forgiven.

That's the good stuff. That's the freedom that makes you breathe easier, sleep better, and maybe even forgive Uncle Jerry for accidentally lighting the grill with a Roman candle. True story. Don't ask.

So, this Fourth of July, I'll wave the flag. I'll sing "God Bless America" slightly off-key, and watch the fireworks through teary eyes—not from emotion, just from the smoke drifting our way. But also maybe a little from emotion.

And I'll also pause to remember a different kind of freedom. The kind that doesn't depend on polls, parades, or potato salad. The kind that comes from Jesus.

His freedom covers every mistake. Pours grace over every mess. And reminds me—daily—that I'm not who I was... I'm free to become who He's called me to be.

So as we celebrate with parades and pie and a sky full of fireworks, let's not forget the freedom that never fades.

Because this day isn't just about our country—it's about our calling. It's not just red, white, and blue.

It's *Red, White, and You*. And what you'll do with the freedom only Jesus can give.

Blackout.