

A script from



“Remembering Mom”

by
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- What** Danielle discovers that a pair of tulip bulbs, forgotten in an old pot under the kitchen sink have started to bloom, despite being left in the dark. The strange occurrence helps her to finally deal with the grief she’s hidden away over the decades after losing her mom, buried deep down in part because of the busyness of raising her own family.
Themes: Mother’s Day, Grief, Healing, Motherhood
- Who** Danielle, mid 50s
- When** Present, Mother’s Day
- Wear (Props)** A few photographs,
Small pot of planted tulips
Pail with 2 dozen or more fresh cut tulips
- Why** Matthew 5:4; Isaiah 41:10
- How** Danielle doesn’t need to be played with melodrama. She’s spunky and real. The fresh cut tulips are meant to be given to members of the audience in some way upon completion of the drama who’ve lost a mother. It’s a powerful “take home”.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

Danielle sits at a table with a coffee cup and a few loose photographs. A small pot of planted tulips sits on the table. There's a pail on the floor filled with two dozen or more fresh cut tulips of all different colours.

Danielle: My mom died when I was barely 19, just married and about to start a family of my own. I was devastated, she was my rock! I took care of everyone through that time, except myself. My dad. My two younger brothers. My little sister. To survive the grief that hit me so hard, I just pushed it down. So deep it almost became a secret from myself.

She holds up a photo of a young girl. Then another photo, this of a young boy. She holds them in the air like they are stars to wish upon.

And before I could stop to think, new life filled my empty space. First our daughter, Rebecca, came and then our son, Ethan.

Diapers and birthdays, school and piano lessons, scraped knees and pen pals. The days sped by quickly. Our lives started to orbit around our kids' lives and our world seemed complete. The pain over my mom's death and the emptiness of her absence seemed to slip away, and I was a happy woman. A good mom. We had a happy life.

Fast forward 25 years. We were in Hawaii seeking some Aloha, when it all started to catch up on me. It was our last family vacation together. Rebecca was finishing her final year of her nursing degree and Ethan was about to enter his first year of University and ship off from home. The nest was soon to be empty.

At one of the beaches, Rebecca came out of a wave screaming. When I caught up with her I saw the welts across her body. She'd been stung all over by jellyfish. Thick, red lines criss-crossed her body.

She said the pain was like swallowing a hot pepper and getting the juice in your eyes and not being able to stop the stinging pain, only endure it. "It burns mom, it just burns," she said to me. "Like it's all I've got on my insides."

It was a rough few days. She stayed out of the sun. But thank God the stinging stopped. It was a memorable family vacation, and when we got home, Ed and I to our house, just the two of us...suddenly the loneliness and loss came back.

But unlike Rebecca's marks from the jellyfish, this wasn't temporary. I realized it was forever. And instead of anger turning within me it was a deep—the darkest—fear.

With my kids gone, I missed my mother all over again. Was I crazy? Here I was, a grown woman with my own family and all I could think about was my mom.

It felt too dangerous to bring these wounds into the light. And then fear morphed as it played with my mind. What if Rebecca lost her mom like I did? How much time was left for *me*? Year after busy year of happiness and then suddenly life was bitter. It stung.

And then a pair of tulip bulbs sorta saved my life.

"Tulip Bulbs Save Woman in Dramatic Rescue!" That wasn't the headline in the morning news. One morning the tile backsplash needed a good scrub. I was feeling around the cupboard for the bleach and got onto my hands and knees to look. When I stooped down I saw the little bloom.

I don't even remember putting them under the kitchen sink. There was no light shining into that cupboard and yet they bloomed.

"Well isn't that the strangest thing," Ed said when I showed him, cupping the little pot in my hand like I'd found a kitten.

And it that moment I realized something that changed my heart, bloomed it with life like those forgotten bulbs. God works that way, doesn't he? There can be healing, growth, even in the darkness: I don't have to hide the pain I feel from mom's death underneath the cupboard. And I can't hide it from God. He wants me to bloom.

She stands up and picks up the bucket of fresh cut tulips.

It's been a long time since I talked with anyone about my mom. But this year that's going to change. Tulips were her favorite. So I'm bringing fresh cut tulips to church on Sunday. And I'm going to give them out to anyone who's lost a mom.

We can be sad and happy and thankful to God all at the same time, together.

She exits. The end.