

A script from



“Specificity”

A Ramble on Thanksgiving

by

Curt Cloninger

- What** Bob's writing thank you notes, but totally missing the point. Are we being intentional with our thanks?
Themes: Gratitude, Thankfulness, Thanksgiving, Blessings
- Who** Narrator
Bob
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Small desk
Chair
Note cards
Pen
- Why** Psalm 136:1
- How** Be sure that your dialogue is conversational and thoughtful (really think about what you're saying...make it personal).
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

The Narrator stands, and speaks to the audience, as to one person. He describes his neighbor, Bob, who sits at a table on the opposite side of the stage, casually writing one word on a sheet of paper, then stuffing it into an envelope. Bob repeats this on many envelopes, writing one word on a piece of paper, folding the paper, then sliding it into an envelope. The Narrator references Bob as he speaks to the audience.

Narrator: I've got this neighbor, Bob. He's a little...unusual. Well...he's a lot unusual. So, anyway...a while back Bob turns fifty. Bob's wife, Kim, throws him a big party. A blowout. Lots of people...from Bob's office, neighbors, his family. Great food. Good music. Lots of presents. It almost felt like a kid's birthday party, there were so many presents. And there was actually good cake. And no clowns.

So a few days after the party, I walk next door to see Bob. He's sitting at his kitchen table. He looks...busy. Doesn't hear me knock. So, I just walk in.

The Narrator now crosses the stage to Bob, and engages him in conversation.

Narrator: Hey Bob. You busy? Bob?

Bob, who is still scribbling his notes, doesn't even look up.

Narrator: So...some great party the other night, eh Bob?

No answer from Bob, who is still scribbling. Distracted, Bob now looks up and talks to the Narrator.

Bob: What? Oh...yeah. Great party. *(He goes back to scribbling.)*

Narrator: So...Bob. Whatcha doing?

Bob: *(He's back to scribbling. Looks up and talks to the Narrator)* Huh? Oh, um...I got all these presents, you know...at the party. And, Kim...she, uh...she told me I should write thank you notes. So...I'm doing that. Notes. "Thanks". *(Bob shrugs)* You know.

Bob opens up a note, writes "Thanks" on it. Puts it in the envelope. Licks the envelope. Seals it. Looks at the blank cover of the envelope, then puts it in the pile with the other "finished" envelopes.

Narrator: *(As Bob continues his scribbling)* So, Bob...you, uh...you planning on maybe...addressing any of those? Putting a stamp on 'em...maybe...mailing 'em?

Bob, still scribbling, doesn't look up.

Narrator: *(After a long, awkward beat)* Okay, here's a wild thought. Maybe you could actually write a name on the note, to... you know... match the thank you with a person.

Bob: *(Thinks about that, with a quizzical look on his face, then responds)* Nah. This'll work. I'm saying thanks. And, as far as mailing 'em, putting names on 'em... I mean, what's the point of that? It's the thought that counts. Right? *(He thinks for a moment)* Okay, I'll tell you what. Maybe I'll take my "thanks" out to the back yard and... I don't know... scatter 'em around a little. Let 'em sort of "float out into the cosmos".

Narrator: Uh...yeah. Well...listen. It was good talking to you, Bob. I, uh...I gotta run.

Bob continues to scribble and stuff envelopes. The Narrator crosses toward the other side of the stage, but turns to watch Bob for a moment. He then crosses to the side of the stage he started from and talks again to the audience.

Narrator: Before I walked back home, I watched Bob for a minute. And I'm thinking, "This guy's nuts. Who, in their right mind, would just scatter thank you notes to the wind, not even addressed to anybody."

But, that's when it hit me. Bob's not the only one that does that. I do that myself...a lot.

This...this saying thanks, it's uh...it's gotta be...well...

I heard a preacher once talk about "specificity". Big word. But, I think his point is that when I say "thanks" I'm not saying "thanks" to some nebulous cosmic force...or Mother Nature, or my "lucky stars." My "thanks" is specific. Or, at least, it should be.

I don't want to be like Bob. I don't want to just...toss my "thanks" out into the cosmos. Maybe you don't either.

So let's be specific with our "thanks". Let's put a stamp on it. And a name. The Bible says, "Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good. His love endures forever."

Just something to think about.