

Conversation with God – skit – following Eugenia’s teaching on Mother’s Day

Mom enters from side, assisting son who has arm in a sling. The stage is left as it was when she left with laundry basket, mop and bucket, and dress hanging on door that she was planning to wear tonight on a date with her husband. Mom assists son to chair propping arm with pillows ,etc.)

Mom: Are you comfortable sweetheart? I’ll be back to check on you in a little bit.

(Son nods and Mom walks over to laundry basket and begins matching socks.)

Mom: “Wow Lord, what a crazy day hunh? Who would have thought that I would end up being a mom to four boys?!”

God: I would have.

(Mom looks up, with a questioning look.)

God: I have all the days of your life written in my book remember? I wrote it before you were born. I planned for you to be the mom of those four boys.

Mom: I know you don’t make mistakes or anything, but I’m not sure I’m very good at it. I mean look at today.

God: I saw you...

Mom: I try so hard to do the right things – plan healthy meals, keep up with the laundry, clean the house. And look - these socks are still in a heap. My family ate macaroni and cheese for dinner. I know today wasn’t normal, but none of days are normal.

God: Unmatched socks and macaroni and cheese aren’t really a big deal to me. Don’t let a basket of clothes rob you of being content. I saw you caring for your kid today and encouraging your family. From my view --you did do the right things.

Mom: I wasn’t very patient in the emergency room this afternoon. I really lost my temper with that x-ray guy. I shouldn’t have said the things I did. I’m sorry.

God: I forgive you. I know sometimes you’ll blow it – that’s what the cross is for. It doesn’t change my love for you, you know.

Mom: I am always amazed at your love for me. I sometimes feel like this insignificant woman. I pack lunches, go to work, iron shirts, swish toilets...And yet You, the God of creation, care about me.

God: There is no where that you can go, nothing that you can do, that would ever make me forget you. I am always thinking about you. You are incredibly valuable to me.

Mom: Thank you so much. I don't think I'll ever really understand it...but thank you.
(Looks at dress, smiling) Another week of aerobics will probably help me into this dress anyway.

God: (Laughs a little) It's great that you're trying to take care of the body that I gave you, but mostly I love watching you take care of the inside. When your kids and the people around you see how you love them and care about them, they see Me - and I love that. Besides, your resurrection body, the one you'll get from me someday in heaven, is perfect.

Mom: Do you think you could make it a size 6?

God: It'll be perfect.

Mom: I trust you. Hey I better go check Ben's arm. It's great talking to you. Thanks for loving me.

God: It's one of my favorite things.

Mom: You're so cool.

God: Before you go in there, I just want to ask you one thing. (Mom nods looking up.)
When you're talking to Ben, mention my name, ok? I want him to know me too.

Mom: I will. (nodding) I will. (Walks over to chair, leans over to talk to Ben.)

Lights out.