

Drama Ministry®

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CHILD OF GOD

by CHRISTINA MORALES

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A mother cleaning up after her children realizes that God cherishes us in much the same way.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The challenge with this particular script is to avoid making the monologue sound too didactic...like a lecture instead of someone's active thoughts. Who is she talking to? Why is she compelled to share this information/experience? The answers to these questions will help you avoid "preaching" and make the material more personal and accessible.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Love, Parenting

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: John 1:12, Romans 8:16, 1 John 3:1

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER

PROPS: Toys, basket or something to put toys in, fuzzy slippers, child's shoes

COSTUMES: Contemporary casual

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Family room

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CHILD OF GOD *by Christina Morales*

At lights up, MOTHER is cleaning up after her child, picking up toys.

MOTHER: I was never one to gush. I thought babies were cute...from a distance—and the farther the better. I thought Barney was scarier than any venomous viper. Kid songs were the ultimate punishment. Then when I became a mother, I gushed. I memorized the schedule on the Disney Channel. I danced to kid music like I had never danced before. A sickening and beautiful transformation took place in me, and there I was—wearing fuzzy slippers and picking up toys sticky with spit...and I loved it. Sometimes I wanted to run screaming down the street, but when my son nestled his head in the crook of my arm, I knew that there is nothing better.

When I looked at that amazing person who toddled like he had a pillow between his legs, I couldn't help but be overwhelmed with joy. When he first learned to walk, I wanted to share his tentative steps with the world like he was the first child to make these colossal strides. His giggles and yelps of delight were the most musical and care-free sounds I had ever heard. And that's how God thinks of you and me.

I've heard probably a million times that I am a child of God, that God is a loving father. To any Christian this is common knowledge, like knowing that gravity exists or that water is made up of two oxygens and one hydrogen. (Picks up child's shoe) Sometimes when we look at the most common, basic things, it's there that we find things that amaze us.

When I take my first steps at a new job, God is cheering me on. When I get a part in the church play, God is the proud father in the audience who whispers, "That's my kid." When I stumble and scrape my ego, he picks me up, brushes off the shame, and holds my hand as we continue the journey.

Watching my son, I am learning again what it is like to be a child in the important ways. God makes us sunsets and mountains out of his immense color palette. He created birds to serenade us with unique melodies. The ocean roars to show us his power. The breeze dances to show us his tenderness. God creates gorgeous miracles daily for our enjoyment, but as I get older, sometimes I forget to see with child-like awe. I remember the first time I held my son's hand as we walked through the zoo. He kept asking, "How could there be so many different animals? What's that one called?" I had forgotten how amazing just going to the zoo was. Being children of God means that our daddy made all of this for us, his children. Sometimes I forget to see. I look, but I don't always see.

Another thing about being a child of God is that I inherit some of his qualities. I am made in his glorious image. He gave me a heart to love and feel and to share. He gave me a mind to ponder, to learn and to grow. He gave me hands to create, to lift up, to offer. He gave me so much—all I can do is give it back to him.

CHILD OF GOD *by Christina Morales*

I never thought it was possible to learn so much from someone who picks his nose and sings while he's on the toilet. Now, if only I could teach him to pick up his toys.

..... *Lights down.*

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