

## HIS MOTHER *by John Cospers*

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A woman struggles to love her difficult mother in law until she sees the Easter story played out on stage and witnesses Jesus providing for his mother.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** This monologue can be edited for time. Choose an actress with charisma and personality who can take the audience from humorous amusement to the poignant finale.

**TIME:** 10 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1F

**THEME:** Loving others, Following Christ's example

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** John 19:25-27

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Service; Sermon Illustration

**CHARACTERS:**

MARIA—a wife and mother

**PROPS:** none

**COSTUMES:** Church clothes

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Unspecified

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*MARIA walks on stage, alone.*

**MARIA:** It was early last fall when my husband came to me with that look. You know the look, right? It's the look every man has that says, "I'm going to ask you for something that will not make you happy." This is the look that said, "Honey, can I go to Chicago to see Van Halen?" when I was eight months pregnant. It's the look that said, "So, Dave at work has tickets to the Rose Bowl, and he wants to know if I can go." It's also the look that said to me, "Honey, I think I'm going to become a hunter."

I'd seen it before, so I knew to prepare myself mentally for something big. I went to my happy place, and then I imagined the worst thing that could possibly come from his lips: a motorcycle. My husband, the man who can barely keep a car on the road, on the back of a Harley. Surely that was the worst he could come up with. I felt confident I was braced for the shock - and just as confident I could talk him out of it. But then he blindsided me with something no woman ever wants to hear.

"Honey, I want my mother to move in with us."

I had to sit down after hearing that one.

His mother. Eliza Rose McGillicutty Strickland, the recently widowed mother of my husband and grandmother of my children. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine he would ask for something so outrageous. Not that Eliza and I had problems. Oh no! Eliza told me on day one—the day we met—that she was not going to be that kind of mother-in-law. She would never meddle in my marriage or my parenting because she herself had one of those mothers-in-law who tried to tell HER what to do.

Of course if I ever needed it, she was there to talk, but ONLY if I needed it.

A week later, I discovered I needed it. Not because I asked, mind you, but she decided on her own that I could use some guidance. The old bat did more to meddle in my wedding plans than my own mother did! When I had my eye on the dress of my dreams at the local bridal shop, she kidnapped me and drove me a hundred miles back to her hometown where a seamstress had labored for years on the dress her "Ronny's" bride would wear. Not wanting to make waves, and thinking it would make her go away, I said, "Yes." Needless to say, my "Yes" only encouraged her, and the next thing I knew, I was walking down the aisle at Eliza's dream wedding.

Eliza never had a daughter, so she felt compelled to dump on me the life lessons that would never be passed on to her own flesh and blood. We had cooking lessons twice a