

IT ALL STARTED IN THE CHECK-OUT AISLE

by Robyn Berdino

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A single mother comes to the end of herself and realizes that Jesus is enough for her and her son.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Slowing the pace of the script during the serious and emotional moments will make a bigger impact on the audience.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Parenting, Singleness

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: James 4:8, Matthew 6:28-33

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Single Parenting Conference, Worship Service

CHARACTERS: MOTHER: Female, age 20-40

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General or spot

SETTING: General

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IT ALL STARTED IN THE CHECK-OUT AISLE *by Robyn Berdino*

Lights up.

MOTHER: It all started in the checkout aisle...it's amazing how many memories are made in the grocery store! Adam was doing his usual whining...“Please can I have some M&M's, mom? I'll only eat a few, come on, mom, please...?”

After the typical verbal wrestling match...I was feeling quite confident that I had come out on top. Then came the dig. He looked at me with those big brown eyes as he said, “If I had a dad, I know he'd buy me that candy.” *(Pause)* Ouch. How do you respond to that one? I mean, he was growing up and he was getting to that place where he was really starting to notice a difference between our family and other families. Families that were *(Using finger quotes)* “whole” in his little mind...and, as much as I hate to admit it, “whole” in my mind also.

I put my hands on those little cheeks of his and, as much as I would have liked to squeeze them until it hurt, I didn't. As much as I wanted to retaliate and say, “Do you think I wanted it this way? Do you think this is the road I would have chosen for us?” I didn't.

Reminiscing:

You see, I grew up missing something. I desperately longed for love and acceptance and warmth. And when it wasn't there, without even realizing, I sought after it in other ways. I mean, there are people out there wanting to share their love, so why not take them up on it, right? It filled a void, for a short season. *(Pause)* Anyway, it's not what I had planned on. Adam was born seven years ago. A day of mixed emotions. A miracle, no doubt. But the fear was almost overwhelming. We went home to a one-bedroom apartment and I swore to myself that we'd make it. I remember just looking at him for hours, never in my life experiencing this kind of love, or this kind of confusion. I was filled with doubt. How am I going to be everything to this little one? How am I going to be mom, dad, provider, friend, confidant, leader, driver, mender, late-night feeder, supporter...I was just one. And at that moment I became fully aware of the big picture of life. I needed to do it all, and do it all well for this little child of mine.

I remember one early morning, not long after 2 AM as a matter of fact, when I was up with Adam. He hadn't been feeling well that day, and by evening his fever was sky high. I held him and did my best to comfort him...but I crashed. The full weight of my inadequacies, and insecurities, and insurmountable obstacles I'd have to face all hit at once. I called out to God—no, I think I cried out to him with what seemed like a million questions. I wept as I told God that I just wasn't the one for this job. How am I going to do this, God? How am I going to raise a son? How am I going to teach him? What is he going to think about me as he grows up? You said you would provide! I'm so tired, and there's no one else to help. *(Pause)* What am I gonna do?