

**A GIFT FOR MOM**  
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*The lights come up. Pam is dressed in Sunday clothes, standing in the foyer of her church. She reads the weekly bulletin till approached by Susan. She greets Susan.*

**Peg:** Good morning, Susan! How are you this fine Mother's Day?

**Susan:** Prepared for once. Done shopping by Friday. You know how year after year, so many children get mothers gifts? Just to have something to give? Well, this year, I really put thought into mine.

**Peg:** What did you come up with?

**Susan:** Well, you know how easy it is to forget phone numbers? Then you dig through scraps of paper before you finally give up? Or dig through old phone bills?

**Peg:** Tell me about it!

**Susan:** So this year, I bought a small, simple, address book for important numbers.

**Peg:** Practical.

**Susan:** That's not all. I like bright colors, so I bought pretty silk flowers for a table centerpiece.

**Peg:** *(Makes a face)* Well, each to her own.

**Susan:** And for those times when you just need something to fill silence, I got a CD. Nice soft music to sing to, or just listen and work to.

**Peg:** That does sound relaxing.

**Susan:** I also got a really good book for that.

**Peg:** That's about my speed.

**Susan:** And finally, a nice warm sweater robe. To curl up in on cold winter nights.

**Peg:** I'm sure your Mom will love those gifts.

**Susan:** *(Surprised)* Oh! Those gifts aren't for Mom. They're for me. I just gave them to my husband to give my kids to give me. This way, I'll be sure to get stuff I want.

**Peg:** But what about gifts for your mom?

**Susan:** Peg! My mother's been dead for almost ten years.

**Peg:** *(Hand up to mouth)* Oh! I'm so sorry. What a terrible thing to remind you of. And today of all days.

**Susan:** It's really okay. Because today, like every Sunday, I celebrate my mother's life.

**Peg:** What do you mean?

**Susan:** If you could have anything in this world. Something that matters more than anything else. What would you want?

**Peg:** Why, to see my children safe and happy. And know they serve God.

**Susan:** That was the cry of my mother's heart. Through all the years I rebelled against her and God, I'd hear her praying. Every time, she'd remind God He was able to keep that which she'd committed to him, against that day. And she'd remind God I was dedicated to him. And always, she'd remind God He promised to finish every good work He began.

**Peg:** And now, here you are.

**Susan:** She passed away before she saw her prayers answered. But I hope she somehow knows. That her God has become my God. And that if she can see that, I know for her, this will truly be a Happy Mother's Day.

*The lights go out.*