

Heart and Soul
Starting A Family

By

James E. Bogoniewski, Jr.

Theme:

This monologue is the third in a series of five monologues which convey the different stresses that women of various ages experience throughout life. This monologue presents the viewpoint of a young mother as she begins a new family. She stresses that no matter what happens, God is always there for you. He adds purpose and meaning to a difficult life. He understands us, our struggles, our concerns, and He ministers to us in a personal way. She also stresses the importance of Bible study and prayer in the midst of a busy life.

Biblical Reference:

Psalm 46:1

God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble.

Approximate Running Time:

10 minutes

Notes:

The actors in this series of monologues are wearing hats that signify the different stages of their lives. The young mother is wearing a visor.

Scene:

There is a stool at center stage. The young mother enters, sits on the stool, and begins to tell her story.

I have to tell you, it's not easy being my age! You can't imagine the things a woman my age has to go through in this world today. I have no time to myself, It seems as if no one understands me, no one really cares about me, believe me, there isn't anyone to talk to over the age of 5, and sometimes I wish I could just change the things that are going on around me, but I realize that's really hard to do.

I have three kids, aged 5, 4, and 2. Yeah, we had them close together. We wanted them to be close to each other, for them to be best friends, and we had no idea what kind of work that decision entailed, and we didn't know how tough it was to have two in diapers, and we had no idea how much sleep we would lose, or what kind of an impact it was going to have on our marriage, but it was worth all of the work so far. I just hope that all of the hard work we've done already and the hard work that's ahead of us pays off and we end up with a close knit family.

My kids are definitely a handful. When Joshua isn't into something, Elizabeth, or Rachel are, and I really dread the times when all three of them have collaborated on some crime or another. Sometimes it seems as if I do nothing but yell at them, pick up after them, feed them, or change diapers. It's always just as I'm sitting down to take a break for myself that things get unusually quiet. I know that the three are up to something and I dread investigating what it is that they're destroying somewhere in the house, but I know the sooner I get there the less damage will be done.

I can remember one particular Saturday morning when my husband and I were taking an opportunity to sleep in a bit longer than the girls. The girls had gotten up and were quietly playing in their room, as they often do. Then I noticed that we couldn't hear them playing in their room anymore and something inside of me just knew they were getting into trouble. As we began to search the house we discovered that the two of them had decided to take a bath in the bathroom sink. They had filled the sink with water right up to the brim, taken their clothes off, gotten into the sink, yeah, water all over the place, and were taking turns washing each other with toothpaste. Their skin was a chalky white where the toothpaste had dried and the entire bathroom was a complete mess. Although I wanted to yell at them for the many things they had done wrong, I just had to laugh at the picture my mind took of them and the mess they made in the bathroom. It was truly funny. Of course, I didn't think it was as funny as I finished cleaning the girls, the walls, the floor, the toilet, the mirror, and the sink - almost an hour later. But moments like that are what make raising children special. Their pure curiosity mixed with their creativity make for a treat every time you let them "get into trouble."

Of course, that wasn't the only time my kids have made a mess. In fact, the word mess is synonymous with my kids and my house. It always looks as if some sort of a natural disaster just swept through our living room. We spend all that money on toys and they leave them wherever they are playing just so that we can trip on them, or just so that one of them makes a lot of noise just as soon as I've gotten everyone down for their naps, waking everyone and ruining all of the work. There are some days when I truly dread hearing someone at the door because I know that my house is a mess and I fear they won't understand and think that I'm a bad mother and a bad housekeeper.

I have to tell you that my husband is wonderful. He has made our family, and our kids, a top priority in his life. He plays with them every day, helps them foster their creativity, their learning, and their relationship with the Lord. He is there to support me whenever I need him and I truly couldn't do what I'm doing without his help. I have no idea how single mothers survive. I collapse in bed at the end of a long day and I'm not doing it alone. I have so much respect for anyone who can raise a family and take care of a household on their own. God must give them an extra dose of everything that I have in order to make it through the day.

Of course, there are many things that my husband can't help me with. He can't be there to talk to me when I really need someone to talk to during the day. There are times when I feel as if there isn't anyone in my world who is over 5 years old. I'm dying to have a real conversation in which I don't have to constantly answer the question "why." I want someone to ask me how I'm feeling, how I'm doing, how they can pray for me, what I really need, and just minister to me on my level.

Those are the times when I really appreciate my faith in God. It adds such a purpose and meaning to my life that I wouldn't have if I was just going through the daily grind until my kids were old enough to go to school. Through my faith I know that the Lord understands the point I'm at in life, the struggles that I'm feeling, and he is more than willing to help me get through them. He's there for me when there is no one else to talk to. I know that he's listening to me and ministering to me in my need. He's closer than any sister could be, and I really appreciate knowing that he's near when I need him most. When I spend time in Bible study and prayer, when I get a quiet moment to myself, I feel his peace and understanding descend on me like a cloud. Suddenly I am at peace with the most difficult situations. I don't know how I could do it without him.

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