TO MOTHER FROM DAUGHTER

This short program is to be given after the close of chapter.

The Mother is seated in a comfortable chair reading a newspaper.

Pianist plays softly the song "M-O-T-H-E-R" (A Word That Means the World To Me.) Music ceases.

Daughter enters. She may be the daughter of the mother or just a younger person. She hesitates at the door of the Mother's room.

DAUGHTER:  (Softly)

Yoo-hoo!

MOTHER:  (Looking up from paper.)

Mary! Come in!

DAUGHTER:

Oh, you're reading your paper. Just let me sit here till you finish. (Seats herself on a footstool near the Mother.)

MOTHER:

I was reading the account of the last meeting of your Modern Mothers' Club. I'm glad you are president this year. It makes me quite proud of you.

DAUGHTER:

We learn a lot at these meetings. I don't know how I could get along without the information on bringing up children and running a home that I pick up there and from other sources. Only yesterday, when I lost my temper with Junior, I wondered how you ever brought up all your family without any of these modern helps. I don't suppose you had many books or magazine articles on the problems of family living, and I'm quite sure you didn't have all of our time and labor-saving gadgets. How did you ever do it?

MOTHER:

Oh, I think you're giving us too much credit. Of course, we didn't have much time for reading, and our work was harder, but we didn't get outside the home and do all the fine things you young parents do for your church and community. If we attended the regular church service, our chapter meetings, and visited among our relatives -- well, that just about covered our away-from-home activities. But you do all these things and so much other worthwhile work, too. And I'm glad you can, for I believe the world is growing better through your efforts.

I found a little poem in my Eastern Star magazine that I like very much. Let me read it to you. (Picks up magazine.)
A daughter is God's promise
Of better days ahead,
A rainbow driving out the clouds
Of gloomy fear and dread.

No roses in the garden
Can ever be more fair,
Or shed a sweeter fragrance
On the summer evening air,

Than just a winsome daughter
With loving words and smiles
To give us hope and courage
And shorten weary miles.

So here's to all our daughters
From Adah's time till now;
And for the joy you've given us
Stand up and take a bow!

DAUGHTER:

Oh, that's nice! But I found one I like better. I clipped it from a paper and put it in my pocket. Here it is. Listen!

Rises and stands with her hand on the Mother's shoulder as she reads.

A toast to the Mother who has given her best,
Who in difficult times has met every test;
Whose heart shares the sorrows, the pleasures, and joys,
As they come all through life to her girls and her boys;
Who blesses us all with her courage and love,
And guides us with wisdom that comes from above.

And because we are grateful for what you have done,
For the care you have given, the good times and fun,
For the cookies you've baked, the mending and patches,
For kissing the pain from the hurts and the scratches,
For kindness and goodness that seems never to end,
We salute you, dear Mother, our best earthly friend!

May you have all the good this world can bestow,
May happiness find you where-ever you go,
May your days overflow with peace and good cheer,
May God bless you and keep you forever, my dear!

Mother and Daughter leave the stage arm in arm.

(Reading the poems should be practiced until they can be read smoothly.)

THE END