

Son addresses the audience.

Son: There were many things my Dad drilled into me as a kid. One of them was to honor my elders. I try to do it in little ways all the time, but here today in front of all you fine people, I want to show what he has passed on to me.

Father: *(Offstage)* Go long!

Son: Like how to play football.

Young Son, age 5, runs out onstage, one shoe is untied.

Father: *(Entering carrying a Nerf[®] football)* Okay, not that long. *(Young Son stops and wipes his nose)* Okay now catch. *(He tosses football to Young Son who tries to catch it, but misses)* That’s okay son, let me show you a play. Now, I’m the quarterback...

Young Son: I wanna be quarterback.

Father: I’m trying to show you something. I’m the quarterback.

Young Son: Why are you always the quarterback?

Father: Because I’m your father that’s why. Now listen. I wanna show you this before you go to school. I’m the quarterback and I’ve got the ball. You are my running back.

Young Son: Your what?

Father: Just listen. I hand the ball to you. You take it. It’s called a hand-off.

Young Son: Then what do I do?

Father: You run with it all the way to the goal line.

Young Son: That’s easy.

Father: (*Sees the untied shoe*) It’s easy if you don’t trip. Let me help you. (*Kneels down to ties **Young Son’s** shoe*)

Young Son: I can do it, Daddy.

Father: You can? Show me. (***Young Son** ties his shoe*)
Aren’t you getting all grown up? (*Looks at watch*)
Hey, little man, we gotta go. Don’t wanna be late for your first day of school.

Young Son: I don’t wanna go.

Father: It’s not so bad. Daddy went to school and he turned out alright.

Young Son: Is that how you got so old?

Father: That’s not a good use of words.

Young Son: I’m sorry.

Father: I forgive you. You gotta be careful. God cares a lot about what you say to other people. Now let’s get in the car. We don’t want to be late.

They exit.

Son: (*To audience*) In school I learned that two and two were four, that vinegar and baking soda make a great science project, and that a hand-off into the end zone is only easy if it’s just you and the quarterback on the field. School certainly didn’t

cover everything and there was a lot my dad still needed to pass on.

*Young Son, age 10, is sitting at home with **Father**.*

Father: Are you okay, son? You’ve been quiet ever since we left church.

Young Son: It’s nothin’.

Father: No, something’s on your mind. What is it? Something happen at church?

Pause.

Young Son: I was just thinkin’. We learned about Joshua today and how he took over Jericho.

Father: *(With gleam in eye)* Yeah, that was one of my favorites when I was a kid.

Young Son: Well, the Israelites killed a lot of people there, huh?

Father: Yes.

Young Son: Why was God okay with killing all those people?

Pause.

Father: That may be a question you’d want to ask your Sunday School teacher.

Young Son: I did. He told me to ask you.

Pause.