



***DREAMS
OF HOPE***

proudly presents:

Love Makes A Family

Sunday, May 23 @ 4 PM

Brew House (Southside)

Dreams of Hope, a community based performing arts youth group,

(Spring 2004)

Once

by Emma Blackman-Mathis

Once, on a white piece of paper with blue lines
I wrote a poem about a dog
Because that was my favorite animal
And my teacher gave me an A
And I told her I loved her
And I went home to my mom and dad
Because they both lived here then
And they were both so proud of me
And that night, my daddy tucked me in
And cuddled me
And I asked him why he tucks me in after my brothers
And he said so he could be with me the longest
And I felt so loved

Once, on the pages of a book
I read a story about a little girl and her family
And it made me sad, because her family was broken and little
And I wanted to share my family with her
But I knew I couldn't
So all I could do was feel bad
And I told my mom and she told me it was ok
And I felt a million times better
That was the year they started fighting
And I would just sit up in my room
And cry
Because I didn't want my daddy to leave
He was my hero

Once, on a little scrap of paper I drew a picture of a happy family
And I started to cry
Because it made me remember how we used to be
Before my dad moved down the street
And I wanted so badly to run to him
I wanted him to walk in and we could all be happy again
But I knew that he didn't abandon me
And when I saw him that night, I told him I loved him
One million times and more
And just hugging him made me feel better
I knew he would always be there

Once, when I was marking times as the runners came in during one practice
I thought about love
And how I knew I wasn't like all of the other little girls
Because every time I saw her
I got that little bit of excitement

And I wanted to sigh about her like they did about boys
But I didn't know what to do about it
So that day I made a decision
And I told her about me being gay
And she said she had figured it out
And then I told everyone how I was
But not specifically who I loved at that point
And I felt so
Freed
And I told my parents
And my mom was so happy for me
And my dad and his girlfriend were proud
And everything fit for once

Once, on two sheets of paper that were scribbled on and smudged
I wrote my first love letter
To the first person I ever came out to
I wrote it to her
Because it was about her
And I wanted her
Even though I knew I couldn't have her
I wanted her to know how I felt about her
And on a sheet of paper quite like those
She told me she hated me
And that she had used me
And that she never even cared
She left me broken
She left me whimpering and huddled in a corner
But I stayed true to myself

And once, when my first real girlfriend and I were face to face
I told her that I loved her so deeply
And that love would never go away
But we couldn't work
We both cried about this
And it still hurts
But I have to start drawing my lines
And it starts with those thin little blue ones on that white piece of paper

And between these new lines
I realize that my dad is still there
And that he will always be my hero
And my mom still loves me
And I will still be able to talk to her
Because I know I still get sad about the fact that my dad doesn't live with
me anymore
And I know I still feel bad about the little girl with her broken family

But I also know that the family of the people I love
Love me back
And this is what I have
And that is what I want
The love
Between the lines
And the love on the lines
Because love makes a family

The Farmer In The Dell

by Dreams of Hope

Characters

Teacher

Kid A

Kid B

Kid C

Class

Sitting, children singing and acting out 'Farmer in the Dell.'

CLASS: Farmer in the dell
Farmer takes a wife
Wife takes a kid . . .

Fade out singing.

TEACHER *sitting on chair, children at feet listening to story.*

TEACHER: There's something I noticed about this book. It shows that the farmer is man, and that he takes a wife. Can you only be a farmer if you are a man?

CLASS *looks around and at teacher questioningly.*

TEACHER: How many of you know a woman who gardens?

Most of CLASS (*raising hands*): I do

TEACHER: Well, a farm is like a big garden. So, do you think a woman could be farmer?

CLASS: Yes.

TEACHER: We can read the book again and put a woman into the story as the farmer.

KID A: It's a woman farmer and she can take a wife, too.

KID B: Oh, that's like Derrick's two moms.

Stand up, rewind to singing, and sing:

CLASS: The Farmer's a woman
The farmer takes a wife
The wife takes a kid . . .

TEACHER: Something I noticed about this book. It shows that the woman farmer *takes* a wife. Is it nice to *take* people or is it nicer to ask people to do something?

CLASS: To ask people.

KID C: Say please!

TEACHER: OK, let's say please. Now, what about this word "wife"?

Independence Day by Dreams of Hope

Characters

Father	Mother	Gay Daughter	Girlfriend
Brother	Cousin	Uncle	Aunt
Grandmother	Grandfather		

Setting: Backyard picnic. Table or bench set up, lawn chairs, and a small outside grill.

FATHER *and* GRANDFATHER *are standing around the grill. FATHER is cooking, while GRANDFATHER is watching closely. GRANDMOTHER is sitting peacefully in one of the lawn chairs.*

GRANDFATHER: Don't burn them now.

FATHER: I won't, Dad.

GRANDFATHER: You couldn't if you tried, that's a wimpy fire.

FATHER: They'll be fine, Dad.

GRANDMOTHER: Are we at the zoo, Clark?

FATHER: No, Ma, you're at our house for the 4th of July . . . and my name's not Clark.

GRANDMOTHER: What did you say, Clark?

GRANDFATHER (*loudly*): He said his name isn't Clark, you old goat!

GRANDMOTHER: That's nice, Clark.

GRANDFATHER *just shrugs towards* FATHER.

MOTHER (*rushing on stage*): Alright, our in-laws are going to be here any minute, oh and Liz doesn't want you to embarrass her in front of her new friend.

FATHER: She always has a new friend, where does she get all these new friends.

GRANDFATHER: What's wrong with having a few friends?

MOTHER: Oh nothing, it's just that they always seem to be very close and . . .

BROTHER (*entering*): Get ready, they're here.

AUNT, COUSIN, *and* UNCLE *enter. UNCLE lags behind and joins the group around the grill; COUSIN starts to talk with the BROTHER; AUNT rushes to the table and places a huge bowl on the table.*

AUNT (*with an annoying melody*): Hello Helloooooo! I brought the potato salad!

MOTHER (*pretending to be excited*): Hello! How was the ride?

AUNT: Fine, fine. (*To BROTHER.*) Come give your aunt a hug. (*Grabs BROTHER and gives him a big exaggerated hug, then pinches his cheek.*) Would you look at his face, how adorable. Now where's the other one?

MOTHER: Oh, she went to get her friend who's joining us. She wants everyone to meet her and wants to tell us something.

AUNT: Oh, I love surprises.

GRANDMOTHER: Who's birthday is it, Clark?

GRANDFATHER: It's no one's birthday, it's the 4th of July!

GAY DAUGHTER *and* GIRLFRIEND *enter*.

AUNT: Hellooooo!

GRANDMOTHER: Happy Birthday!

GRANDFATHER: It's a 4th of July party!

GAY DAUGHTER: Hey everyone, we just came by to say hello, and head back out.

MOTHER: Head back out? You just arrived.

GAY DAUGHTER: Well, we both decided that we shouldn't celebrate the 4th of July.

FATHER: Why not? The whole family is here.

UNCLE: Plus, we celebrate our independence.

GAY DAUGHTER: Well, not everyone gets full rights that they deserve.

BROTHER: What are you talking about?

COUSIN: Yeah, this is the land of the free.

AUNT (*noticing the tension building*): Would you look at that table setting, how cute!

UNCLE: Who doesn't get full rights?

GAY DAUGHTER: Gays, Lesbians, Bisexuals, and Transgender people.

AUNT: When do the fireworks start? I love watching fireworks.

FATHER: That's because they don't deserve rights.

GIRLFRIEND: What?

MOTHER: You don't have to worry about that because you aren't any of those, isn't that right dear?

COUSIN: Do we really want to find out?

AUNT: Who wants some potato salad, huh? Mmmmm, doesn't it look good.

GAY DAUGHTER: Mom, Dad, everybody . . . I'm bisexual.

FATHER, UNCLE, GRANDFATHER: What?!?

BROTHER: You're bisexual? That's pretty hot; wait, you're my sister!

MOTHER: I think I need to sit down. (*Falls back into a chair.*)

GRANDMOTHER (*notices MOTHER who has fallen in the chair next to hers*): Oh, hello dear, nice party isn't it? When do we sing happy birthday?

AUNT: Perhaps this isn't the best time to do this.

GAY DAUGHTER: I might as well get it over with.

FATHER: I did not raise any bisexual.

GRANDFATHER: I did not raise any father to raise any bisexual.

BROTHER: So wait, you like girls and guys?

MOTHER: That's enough.

GRANDFATHER: You're letting the food burn.

GAY DAUGHTER: There's more.

COUSIN: You mean there's more?

UNCLE: It's not like you have a girlfriend or anything.

GAY DAUGHTER: Her name is April.

GIRLFRIEND: Hey. (*Waves.*)

Everyone except GAY DAUGHTER and GIRLFRIEND fall back into a chair. GRANDMOTHER starts to sing "Happy Birthday". Mother stops her half way.

MOTHER: No mom, we just heard about our daughter's friend.

GRANDMOTHER: Oh, that's nice.

BROTHER: No, grandma, she swings both ways.

GRANDMOTHER: What do you mean?

UNCLE: She's interested in members of the same and opposite sex.

GRANDMOTHER: I still don't understand.

AUNT (*loudly*): For heaven's sake! She likes both men and women! She's a bisexual!

GRANDMOTHER: Is that it? So am I.

EVERYONE BUT GRANDMOTHER: What!?!

GRANDMOTHER: I was quite the looker back then, and I got the eye from both guys and gals. I even had a few girlfriends, but I fell in love with your grandfather, he was the guy for me, so I married him. We all fall in love with someone, even if they're a girl or a boy. Just don't tell your grandfather, it'll be our secret.

GRANDFATHER: I'm right here you unpredictable dinosaur.

GRANDMOTHER: Who are you?

AUNT: Well, this has been one crazy day hasn't it? Why don't we all get something to eat and maybe we can talk about it some more after we have settled down a bit.

GRANDFATHER: Chef Boyardee over here burned all the food.

AUNT: I hope everyone likes potato salad!