

# DADDY'S HANDS

A Dramatic Reading

by  
Kenneth G. Hayes



**Wetmore Declamation Bureau**

**Box 2695  
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**[www.wetmoredeclamation.com](http://www.wetmoredeclamation.com)  
Email: [speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com](mailto:speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com)**

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(A woman, early thirties, standing above her father's grave with a rose in her hand.)

(Remembering) My little rose...the most beautiful thing to have...the most generous gift one can give...the most treasured symbol of love and God gave me a life supply of it through you...my little Rose. (Sets rose at head of tombstone. To grave) Do you remember saying that, Daddy? I still remember. I never told you just how special that was to me, but I will cherish it forever. (Pausing. Upbeat. Looking around) It's a beautiful day out. Look, the sun is shining, and over there, the birds, they are chirping. And boy! The grass is as green as ever...(disgusted) and long too!...ooh, Daddy...just look at this (picking grass away from the grave)...you can't even read your name 'cause the grass has grown so much...I do wish the yard help would take better care of you while I am away...(brushing away picked grass)... there... that does it...(smiling for just a moment) your face-lift is complete! (Sad once again)...but I guess it doesn't matter, huh.

(Sighing, then standing) Things are pretty good with the family...Thomas Christopher is getting real big. He's right over there...in the car (pointing right). (Up-beat) Can you believe it has been three years since he came into the world? He is growing up so fast! He is starting to talk up a storm...He eats like a horse...his favorite food is fried chicken, of course...just like his grandfather...and he runs all over the place causing as much trouble as he possibly can...I need roller-skates to keep up with him. He is a beautiful little boy...His eyes are as blue as the Pacific Ocean and his hair as white as snow... (remembering) just like you Daddy...I wish you were here to see him...his hands are just like yours too... Big and strong, but without all those lines and calluses.

(Pause—with a gentle giggle)...Remember the time at church when I was sitting next to you as you were holding my hand and I shouted: "Daddy! You're holy!" How was I supposed to know that the holes I saw were from broken blisters from a hard day at work. I was only five and I practically believed you were God Himself and I had just discovered how to prove it to everybody...show them that you were 'HOLY'. (Chuckle) Boy, did Pastor Jim ever get a chuckle out of that. Maybe he was just a little bit nervous that the congregation would ask you to do the baptizing...you would have been great if you had. I thought you were going to be so mad at me, but you just smiled and told everybody, in your gruff voice, "That's my little Rose!"

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