

From the full length play:

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Adapted from Kate Douglas Wiggin By Tracy Wells

REBECCA, *a young woman reading an essay at the culmination of her education, reflecting on the people who have influenced her*

REBECCA

They say the most beautiful flower in the world is a rose—its delicate petals, bright color, and intricate design has been appreciated by societies throughout the world. A single rose given to someone special can convey friendship, faithfulness, and love. But what most people forget when looking upon a rose, is that it also has sharp thorns. Thorns that, if they were to pierce the skin, would draw blood. Thorns that, if grabbed too tightly, would cause pain.

A friend once told me that a flower must bear all sorts of storms. He said that the bitter weather of the world bends its slender stalk, bows its head, and drags it to the earth.

(Smiles and looks down at her paper.)

But the wonderful thing is, no matter the storm, the stalk is strong, resilient, and true. So that's what the Rose of Joy is to me—the sweetness of the petals and the sorrow of the thorns. They're both essential parts of the same flower, for without the sorrow, would you know what joy is?

And I, for one, am lucky to have a whole garden full of roses in my life.

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