**Mother Flanagan**

FATHER: And that was my first day with my boys…I knew I had much to learn, and so in those moments of doubt, I would seek the advice of my own mother.

***MUSIC: Embryo song overlays dialogue***

FATHER: Dearest Mother, ahh the night I’ve had. The good Lord placed several boys in my care after an ordeal in court. As I looked into the eyes of these young lads, all I could see was a hunger…they were starving Mother, but not merely for a piece of bread; they were starving for love…or an act of kindness. They needed someone to see them as a boy… and not a thief.

**SONG:**

Father: Mother, you always found the good in me, even when I misbehaved …you gently reprimanded me, and then set me on a course for good so that I too, could see I was capable of something better. I do not believe there is such a thing as a Bad Boy…perhaps just misunderstood boys.

**SONG:**

*Mother reads as Father speaks, then picks up her own pen, as he reads*

MOTHER: My son, you are right when you say there is no such thing as a bad boy. If there is misbehavior, it is almost always a cry for love. When you and your brothers were young, it was the same thing. And if you did misbehave, it was that energy that boys often have, that led you into a boisterous moment where you simply lost sight of your boundaries. But to say that was *bad*, was to *misunderstand* the situation.

**SONG:**

MOTHER FLANAGAN: Carry on with this work the Lord has put before you…and you have my prayers to support you.