

9 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

The Man with the Paralysed Hand

Mark 3:1-6

1 Then Jesus went back to the synagogue, where there was a man with a paralysed hand. **2** Some people were there who wanted to accuse Jesus of doing wrong; so they watched him closely to see whether he would heal the man on the Sabbath. **3** Jesus said to the man, "Come up here to the front." **4** Then he asked the people, "What does our law allow us to do on the Sabbath? To help or to harm? To save a man's life or to destroy it?" But they did not say a thing. **5** Jesus was angry as he looked round at them, but at the same time he felt sorry for them, because they were so stubborn and wrong. Then he said to the man, "Stretch out your hand." He stretched it out, and it became well again. **6** So the Pharisees left the synagogue and met at once with some members of Herod's party, and they made plans to kill Jesus.

12 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

The Parable of the Sower

Mark 4:1-9

1 Again Jesus began to teach beside Lake Galilee. The crowd that gathered round him was so large that he got into a boat and sat in it. The boat was out in the water, and the crowd stood on the shore at the water's edge. **2** He used parables to teach them many things, saying to them:

3 "Listen! Once there was a man who went out to sow corn. **4** As he scattered the seed in the field, some of it fell along the path, and the birds came and ate it up. **5** Some of it fell on rocky ground, where there was little soil. The seeds soon sprouted, because the soil wasn't deep. **6** Then, when the sun came up, it burnt the young plants; and because the roots had not grown deep enough, the plants soon dried up. **7** Some of the seed fell among the thorn bushes, which grew up and choked the plants, and they didn't produce any corn. **8** But some seeds fell in good soil, and the plants sprouted, grew, and produced corn: some had thirty grains, others sixty, and other a hundred." **9** And Jesus concluded, "Listen, then, if you have ears!"

15 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

Jonah's Prayer

Jonah 2:1-10

1 From deep inside the fish Jonah prayed to the Lord his God:

2 "In my distress, O Lord, I called to you,
and you answered me.

From deep in the world of the dead
I cried for help, and you heard me.

3 You threw me down into the depths,
To the very bottom of the sea,
Where the waters were all around me,
and all your mighty waves rolled over me.

4 I thought I had been banished from your presence
and would never see your holy Temple again.

5 The water came over me and choked me;
the sea covered me completely,
and seaweed was wrapped round my head.

6 I went down to the very roots of the mountains,
into the land whose gates lock shut for ever.
But you, O Lord my God,
brought me back from the depths alive.

7 When I felt my life slipping away,
then, O Lord, I prayed to you,
and in your holy Temple you heard me.

8 Those who worship worthless idols
have abandoned their loyalty to you.

9 But I will sing praises to you;
I will offer you a sacrifice
and do what I have promised.
Salvation comes from the Lord!"

10 Then the Lord ordered the fish to
spew Jonah up on the beach, and it did.

18 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

The Lord's Command to Rebuild the Temple

Haggai 1:2-12

2 The Lord Almighty said to Haggai, "These people say this is not the right time to rebuild the temple." **3** The Lord then gave this message through the prophet Haggai: **4** "My people, why should you be living in well-built houses while my Temple lies in ruins? **5** Don't you see what is happening to you? **6** You have sown much corn, but have harvested very little. You have food to eat, but not enough to make you full. You have wine to drink, but not enough to get drunk on! You have clothing, but not enough to keep you warm. And the working man cannot earn enough to live on. **7** Can't you see why this has happened? **8** Now go up into the hills, get timber, and rebuild the Temple; then I will be pleased and will be worshipped as I should be.

9 "You hoped for large harvests, but they turned out to be small. And when you brought the harvest home, I blew it away. Why did I do that? Because my Temple lies in ruins because everyone of you is busy working on his own house. **10** That is why there is no rain and nothing can grow. **11** I have brought drought on the land – on its hills, cornfields, vineyards, and olive orchards – on every crop the ground produces, on men and animals, on everything you try to grow."

12 Then Zerubbabel and Joshua and all the people who had returned from exile in Babylonia, did what the Lord their God told them to do.

19 Years & Over Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

The Parable of the Sower

Luke 8:4-15

4 People kept coming to Jesus from one town after another; and when a great crowd gathered, Jesus told them this parable:

5 "Once there was a man who went out to sow corn. As he scattered the seed in the field, some of it fell along the path where it was stepped on, and the birds ate it up. **6** Some of it fell on rocky ground, and when the plants sprouted, they dried up because the soil had no moisture. **7** Some of the seed fell among the thorn bushes, which grew up with the plants and choked them. **8** And some seeds fell in good soil; the plants grew and produced corn, a hundred grains each."

And Jesus concluded, "Listen, then, if you have ears!"

9 His disciples asked Jesus what this parable meant, **10** and he answered, "The knowledge of the secrets of the Kingdom of God has been given to you, but to the rest it comes by means of parables, so that they may look but not see, and listen but not understand.

11 This is what the parable means: the seed is the word of God. **12** The seeds that fell along the path stand for those who hear; but the Devil comes and takes the message away from their hearts in order to keep them from believing and being saved. **13** The seeds that fell on rocky ground stand for those who hear the message and receive it gladly. But it does not sink deep into them; they believe only for a while; but when the time of testing comes, they fall away. **14** The seeds that fall among the thorn bushes stand for those who hear; but the worries and riches and pleasures of this life crowd in and choke them, and their fruit never ripens. **15** The seeds that fall in the good soil stand for those who hear the message and retain it in a good and obedient heart, and they persist until they bear fruit.

Grades P-1 Choric Speaking Group

Yawn Alert by Harry Laing

In every room
There's always a yawn
Hiding in the corner

Yawns are invisible
Until they find a face
Don't let it be yours

There's one
Moving away from the wall
Looking for someone to try itself on

Don't change your expression
Ignore that yawn

Ignore ...
Ignore ...

We're being attacked by a monster yawn
Aaaarrhhhh

We've created a storm of yawns
STOP YAWNING

STOOOOPPP YAAAWWWNING!



Grades 2-3 Choric Speaking Group

Crocodile's Lunch by Andrew Chant

SLOW

Swims the crocodile;
His body barely shows.

SNAP

Bites the crocodile;
His jaws loudly clap.

HISSSSS

Says the crocodile;
His tasty meal's been missed.

CREEP

Moves the crocodile;
Then suddenly, he leaps!

MUNCH

Eats the crocodile;
He quickly chews his lunch.

SLURP

Licks the crocodile;
He rudely tries to burp.

SNORE

Sleeps the crocodile;
Out of sight once more

Grades 4-6 Choric Speaking Group

School Day by Lesley Gibbes

Alarm clock rings. No time to rest.
Jump out of bed. Get up, get dressed.

Collect your bag. Pack up your lunch.
Apples and cheese. Carrots to crunch.

Say bye to Mum. Race down the street.
Start of the year. New kids to meet.

Hear the bell ring. Run to the gate.
First day of school. Do not be late.

Find your new class. Sit in your seat.
Unpack your pens. Make your desk neat.

Rule up a page. Time for a test.
Science and maths. Just do your best.

Read a great book. Listen and spell.
Add and subtract. Do your sums well.

Put on a smock. Set out the glue.
Cut up and paste. Colour-in too.

Watch the clock tick. Hear the bell chime.
Race out the door. Now it's playtime.

Everyone cheers. It's a sports day!
Time for cricket. Your turn to play.

Run down the pitch. Bowl a fast ball.
Catch someone out. Don't let it fall.

Three o'clock comes. Now your day ends.
Grab your schoolbag. Say bye to friends.

Race home to Mum. Everything's cool.
What a great day. Can't wait for school!

Secondary School Choric Speaking Group

Song of the Dardanelles by Henry Lawson

The wireless tells and the cable tells
How our boys behaved by the Dardanelles.
Some thought in their hearts, 'Will our boys make good?'
We knew them of old and we knew they would!
 Knew they would –
 Knew they would;
We were mates of old and we knew they would!

They laughed and they larked and they loved likewise,
For blood is warm under the southern skies;
They knew not Pharoah ('tis understood),
And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would.
 Knew they would –
 Knew they would;
And got into scrapes, as we knew they would.

They were shipped like sheep when the dawn was grey;
(But their officers knew that no lambs were they),
They squatted and perched where'er they could,
And they saw it through as we knew they would.
 Knew they would –
 Knew they would;
And they saw it through as we knew they would.

The sea was hell and the shore was hell,
With mine, entanglement, shrapnel and shell,
But they stormed the heights as Australians should,
And they fought and they died as we knew they would.
 Knew they would –
 Knew they would;
They fought and they died as we knew they would.

School Choric Speaking Group (under 200 enrolments)

The Kangaroo Doctor by Valerie Warwick

The wombat went to the doctor's
'Cause he had a bad case of flu.
He thought the doctor would help him.
For he was a grey kangaroo.

"Perhaps I should check your pulse rate,"
He said with a glint in his eye.
"Cause what we need to establish
Isif you're going to die."

The wombat jumped up in horror.
"But I've only got a bad cold."
"I'll be the judge," said the doctor.
"Now sit down and do as you're told."

The wombat started to quiver
And his temperature started to rise.
The kangaroo doctor just grinned,
A look of delight in his eyes.

"Perhaps you should have a needle.
What I'll do is call in my nurse.
For she is the cutest echidna
With needles that gently immerse."

That was enough for the wombat,
He lunged for the surgery door.
The kangaroo tried to grab him,
The wombat avoided his paw.

Safely outside by the gum tree
A kookaburra laughed and said,
"I think the next time you're unwell,
You'd do better to stay in bed."

10 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

Take Care in the Top End by Harry Laing

Down by the billabong the bank is bare
This is the Top End and I'm taking care

The water so still and waterlily calm
So why do I feel a sense of alarm?

One small ripple from a log that's drifting
Two small nostrils slowly shifting

Just a few metres in front of me
The teeth are glinting evilly

He lunges I jump it's a croc **heart stop**
It's a saltwater croc he lunges I jump
And I'm running like crazy towards a tree
But that croc's about to catch up with me

I take a running leap and grab on a branch
The croc's jaws snap like he's missed his lunch

His eye doesn't blink
And his breath really stinks

*Hey croc, you got something better to do?
No says the croc I'm waiting for you.*

12 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

Trout by Brian Turner

The water runs over
And under him slickly.
The bottom is green
And black and dull yellow.

You can hardly see him
For nature's camouflage: trout,
Magnificent trout, darkly
Speckled, toffee brown,

He lies and swings
With the current. He
Pumps like a bellow, slowly.
The water swirls
And purrs over him.

He edges upstream
Till his belly rubs gravel,
Then he drifts back
And swings turning
Downstream, returning
And sinking to nose
Among mottled green and white
Stones; then

He floats upward,
Pouts, takes the fly
From the puckered surface.

Look out, trout.

15 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

Basket Weaver by Peter Kocan

He sits, having long ago
Given up counting the years
That drag past his dull corner
In the therapy workshop.

Rows of baskets testify
How he labours at his craft,
And he will accept your praise
With a wide and ready grin,

Yet nothing truly moves him
Because nothing penetrates:
He has grown grey perfecting
Habits of disengagement.

And now, childlike, he drifts
Into late middle-age, walled
By the known minutiae
Of a gigantic boredom.

But he'd not be different
Or ever care to reclaim
Those dry fibres of his life
Woven into cheap baskets.

18 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

It is Raining on the House of Anne Frank by Linda Pastan

It is raining on the house
Of Anne Frank
And on the tourists
Herded together under the shadow
Of their umbrellas,
On the perfectly silent
Tourists who would rather be
Somewhere else
But who wait here on stairs
So steep they must rise
To some occasion
High in the empty loft,
In the quaint toilet,
In the skeleton
Of a kitchen
Or on the map –
Each of its arrows
A barb of wire –
With all the dates, the expulsions,
The forbidding shapes
Of continents.
And across Amsterdam it is raining
On the Van Gogh Museum
Where we will hurry next
To see how someone else
Could find the pure
Centre of light
Within the dark circle
Of his demons.

18 Years & Under Verse Speaking Championship

Sky Dramas, New England by Sophie Masson

In this quiet, secret land
Of haunted shades and bony hills
It's the bold flashy sky that shouts out
The most dramas.
Ladies and gentlemen,
See the offerings on Skyflix,
A packed program of genres:
Daily showings of sunrise, sunset
Blue and gold days
Black velvet nights pinned and needled with stars.
Extravagant dramas
Of quarrelsome bird kingdoms
Games of feathered thrones
In swaggering jewelled dress.
Musical productions
With beaked lounge suit entertainers
In glorious voice
And predatory glare.
Battlefield dramas
Starring fleets of butterflies
Flights of honey bees
Mosquito snipers
Squadrons of flies
And guerrilla bands of wasps.
But in the dry

The program runs to crime drama
Day after day
Week after week
Month after month
Only one program
Bright pitiless killer sky
Baking the suffering secret land
In a crackling harsh pelt of dead grass,
Stilling bird kingdoms and insect battlegrounds
Silencing musical choruses
And here come scenes ripped out of the headlines:
Empty dams like empty graves,
Pails of smoke from distant fires
Helicopters swinging buckets
Sunsets redder than blood,
Sky is no longer our delight
No longer our entertainment –
It's turned on us,
Become our adversary,
Taunting us with red-herring clouds
Hinting at a satisfying solution
When thunder proposes a new episode:
Just an anti-climax
This is a long-running series.
Who knows when it will end?