9 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand

Matthew 14: 15-20

15 That evening his disciples came to him and said, “It is already very late, and this is a lonely place. Send the people away and let them go to the villages to buy food for themselves.”

16 “They don't have to leave,” answered Jesus. “You yourselves give them something to eat!”

17 “All we have here are five loaves and two fish,” they replied.

18 “Then bring them here to me,” Jesus said. 19 He ordered the people to sit down on the grass; then he took the five loaves and the two fish, looked up to heaven, and gave thanks to God. He broke the loaves and gave them to the disciples, and the disciples gave them to the people. 20 Everyone ate and had enough. Then the disciples took up twelve baskets full of what was left over. 21 The number of men who ate was about five thousand, not counting the women and children.

12 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

The Parable of the Good Samaritan

Luke 10: 30-37

30 Jesus answered, “There was once a man who was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho when robbers attacked him, stripped him, and beat him up, leaving him half dead. 31 It so happened that a priest was going down that road; but when he saw the man, he walked on by on the other side. 32 In the same way a Levite also came there, went over and looked at the man, and then walked on by on the other side. 33 But a Samaritan who was traveling that way came upon the man, and when he saw him, his heart was filled with pity. 34 He went over to him, poured oil and wine on his wounds and bandaged them; then he put the man on his own animal and took him to an inn, where he took care of him. 35 The next day he took out two silver coins and gave them to the innkeeper. ‘Take care of him,’ he told the innkeeper, ‘and when I come back this way, I will pay you whatever else you spend on him.’”

36 And Jesus concluded, “In your opinion, which one of these three acted like a neighbor toward the man attacked by the robbers?”

37 The teacher of the Law answered, “The one who was kind to him.”

Jesus replied, “You go, then, and do the same.”

15 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

A Good Servant of Jesus Christ 1

1 Timothy 4: 10-16

10 We struggle and work hard, because we have placed our hope in the living God, who is the Savior of
all and especially of those who believe. 11 Give them these instructions and these teachings.
12 Do not let anyone look down on you because you are young, but be an example for the believers in
your speech, your conduct, your love, faith, and purity. 13 Until I come, give your time and effort to the
public reading of the Scriptures and to preaching and teaching.
14 Do not neglect the spiritual gift that is in you, which was given to you when the prophets spoke and
the elders laid their hands on you. 15 Practice these things and devote yourself to them, in order that
your progress may be seen by all. 16 Watch yourself and watch your teaching. Keep on doing these
things, because if you do, you will save both yourself and those who hear you.

18 Years & Under Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

Jesus Prays in Gethsemane

Mark 26: 36-46

36 Then Jesus went with his disciples to a place called Gethsemane, and he said to them, “Sit here while I go over there and pray.” 37 He took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee. Grief and anguish came over him, 38 and he said to them, “The sorrow in my heart is so great that it almost crushes me. Stay here and keep watch with me.”

39 He went a little farther on, threw himself face downward on the ground, and prayed, “My Father, if it is possible, take this cup of suffering from me! Yet not what I want, but what you want.”

40 Then he returned to the three disciples and found them asleep; and he said to Peter, “How is it that you three were not able to keep watch with me for even one hour? 41 Keep watch and pray that you will not fall into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

42 Once more Jesus went away and prayed, “My Father, if this cup of suffering cannot be taken away unless I drink it, your will be done.” 43 He returned once more and found the disciples asleep; they could not keep their eyes open.

44 Again Jesus left them, went away, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. 45 Then he returned to the disciples and said, “Are you still sleeping and resting? Look! The hour has come for the Son of Man to be handed over to the power of sinners. 46 Get up, let us go. Look, here is the man who is betraying me!”

19 Years & Over Bible Reading Solo

(Readings are from the Good News Bible)

The Shepherds and the Angels

Luke 2: 8-20

8 There were some shepherds in that part of the country who were spending the night in the fields,
taking care of their flocks. 9 An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone over
them. They were terribly afraid, 10 but the angel said to them, “Don't be afraid! I am here with good
news for you, which will bring great joy to all the people. 11 This very day in David's town your Savior
was born—Christ the Lord! 12 And this is what will prove it to you: you will find a baby wrapped in cloths
and lying in a manger.”

13 Suddenly a great army of heaven's angels appeared with the angel, singing praises to God:
14 “Glory to God in the highest heaven, and peace on earth to those with whom he is pleased!”
15 When the angels went away from them back into heaven, the shepherds said to one another,
“Let's go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has told us.”

16 So they hurried off and found Mary and Joseph and saw the baby lying in the manger. 17 When the
shepherds saw him, they told them what the angel had said about the child. 18 All who heard it were
amazed at what the shepherds said. 19 Mary remembered all these things and thought deeply about
them. 20 The shepherds went back, singing praises to God for all they had heard and seen; it had been
just as the angel had told them.

Grades P-1 Choric Speaking Group

Our Washing Machine **by Patricia Hubbell**

Our washing machine went whisity whirr
Whisity whisity whisity whirr
One day at noon it went whisity click
Whisity whisity whisity click
Click grr click grr click grr click
Call the repairman
Fix it….Quick!

Grades 2-3 Choric Speaking Group

***Sounds* by Katherine Blowen**

"Wheeeeeee!" sings the kettle,
"Come to meeeee,
It's time to make a cup of tea!"

"Baaaaaa!" is what the
Lambs all say,
As they gambol and play in the fields all day.

"Cluck-cluck-cluuuuck! There's an egg!"
Says the little hen,
As she lays one more in the chicken pen.

"Mmmmmaaaaaaaarr," says the calf
Who is very new,
She's really saying "How do you do!"

"Ribbett … rrrrrrrribbett,"
Says the frog,
As he leaps around from log to log.

BUT – have you seen a snowflake fall?
They don't make a sound at all!
They fall on the ground, so soft and light,
Pure and fragile, all silvery white.
And on the trees hang icicle spears,
Like sharp … crystal … icy … tears …

Grades 4-6 Choric Speaking Group

***Storm* by Elizabeth Swados**

Boom! Thunder!
Boom! Thunder!
First the lightning,
Crack!
It's frightening.
Then the **BOOM**,
Thunder,
Outside my room
BOOM, the thunder
And the rain pours,
Like nails on the roof
And **POOF!**
Out goes the lights.
What a night
BOOM, Thunder!
Night of fright,
Night of wonder,
BOOM, Thunder!

Secondary School Choric Speaking Group

***The Listeners* by Walter de la Mare**

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grass
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

School Choric Speaking Group **(under 200 enrolments)**

***An Australian Lullaby* by Margaret Scott**

Up in a gum tree gaunt and high,
A baby possum swings neath the sky.
While the grey old sea croons a lullaby:
"Sleep, little possum, hush-a-by,
Swinging under the star-lit sky."

The Moon-man has silvered the wattle-trees,
That softly sway to the evening breeze;
Put out your lamp, dear Moon-man, please.
Lest some wandering hunter sees
Little grey possum nursed by the trees.

Mopokes have hooted a last good-night,
Ere they swoop away on a noiseless flight.
Little grey possum fades from sight
(or is it because my eyes are shut tight?)
Dear little possum, good-night, good-night.

10 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

***Spaceship* by Annette Kosseris**

What is that blinking light up in the sky?
It's moving so fast, zig-zagging so high!
It sped to the left, then flew to the right.
Oh! Where's it gone now? It's right out of sight!

There it is! There! Look at it zip!
It looks like it's riding a slippery dip!
It could be a spaceship – I'd better get dad.
I wish we had a big helipad.

It IS a spaceship! I'd love a ride!
The door is opening … There's no one inside!
The curtaining near that screen just flapped …
Help!… HELP!... I'm being ZAPPED!!!

Heeeeeeeeeeeelp!

G O o d - B y e

12 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

Old Man Platypus **by A B Patterson**

Far from the trouble and toil of town,
Where the reed beds sweep and shiver,
Look at a fragment of velvet brown -
Old Man Platypus drifting down,
Drifting along the river.

And he plays and dives in the river bends
In a style that is most elusive;
With few relations and fewer friends,
For Old Man Platypus descends
From a family most exclusive.

He shares his burrow beneath the bank
With his wife and his son and daughter
At the roots of the reeds and the grasses rank;
And the bubbles show where our hero sank
To its entrance under water.

Safe in their burrow below the falls
They live in a world of wonder,
Where no one visits and no one calls,
They sleep like little brown billiard balls
With their beaks tucked neatly under.

And he talks in a deep unfriendly growl
As he goes on his journey lonely;
For he's no relation to fish nor fowl,
Nor to bird nor beast, nor to horned owl;
In fact, he's the one and only!

15 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

The Witches Song **by Ruth Bedford**

"Hoity-toity! Hop-o'-my-thumb!
Tweedledee and Tweedledum!
All hobgoblins come to me,
Over the mountains, over the sea:
Come in a hurry, come in a crowd,
Flying, chattering, shrieking loud;
I and my broomstick fidget and call —-
Come, hobgoblins, we want you all!
I have a pot of a mischievous brew;
You must do what I tell you to;
Blow through the keyholes, hang to the eaves,
Litter the garden with dead brown leaves;
Into the houses hustle and run,
Here is mischief and here is fun!
Break the china and slam the doors,
Crack the windows and scratch the floors,
Let in the cockroaches, mice and rats,
Sit on the family's Sunday hats;
Hiding and stealing everything little,
Smashing everything thin and brittle;
Teasing the children,
Tickling their heels —
Look at them jumping! Hark to their squeals!
Pinch their elbows and pull their hair,
Then out again to the gusty air!
Flutter the birds in their sheltered nests,
Pluck the down from the ducklings' breasts,
Steal the eggs from the clucking hen,
Ride the pigs round and round the pen!
Here is mischief to spare for all —-
Hoity-toity, Come at my call!
Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
Come at my summons —- Come to me!"
Thus said a witch on a windy night,
Then sailed on her broomstick out of sight.

18 Years & Under Verse Speaking Solo

***We Are Going* by Oodgeroo Noonuccal**

They came in to the little town
A semi-naked band subdued and silent
All that remained of their tribe.
They came here to the place of their old bora ground
Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.
Notice of the estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.
Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring.
'We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.
We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.

We are the lightning bolt over Gaphembah Hill
Quick and terrible,
And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.
We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.
We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.
We are nature and the past, all the old ways
Gone now and scattered.
The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.
The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place.
The bora ring is gone.
The corroboree is gone.
And we are going.'

18 Years & Under Verse Speaking Championship

The World Is Too Much With Us **by William Wordsworth**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.