

Mitchell Weissbach (Category: Poetry)

Up to the Ceiling

Up to the ceiling  
And down to the floor,  
Hear him now squealing  
And calling for more.  
Laughing and shouting,  
"Away up!" he cries.

Who could be doubting  
The love in his eyes.  
Heigho! my baby!  
And heigho! my son!  
Up to the ceiling  
Is wonderful fun.

Bigger than daddy  
And bigger than mother;  
Only a laddie,  
But bigger than brother.  
Laughing and shouting,  
And squirming and wriggling,

Cheeks fairly glowing,  
Now cooing and giggling!  
Down to the cellar,  
Then quick as a dart  
Up to the ceiling  
Brings joy to the heart.

Gone is the hurry,  
The anguish and sting,  
The heartache and worry  
That business cares bring;  
Gone is the hustle,

The clamor for gold,  
Who could be doubting  
The rush and the bustle  
The day's affairs hold.  
Peace comes to the battered  
Old heart of his dad,  
When "up to the ceiling"  
He plays with his lad.

*Edgar A Guest*

Olivia Thacker (Category: Bible Prose)  
A Son Comes Home Luke 5: 11-24

A certain father had two sons, and the youngest of them was not content with living at home. This young man was sure he could do better for himself out in the world, on his own, and he was eager to leave his family to begin a new life.

One day he said to his father, "Father, give me the part of your inheritance that belongs to me!" Fulfilling his son's request, the father divided his belongings and gave the young man his share.

Several days later, the son had gathered all his belongings and left home to live as he wished. He traveled a long distance, into another country. There he became involved in a riotous, wild lifestyle that seemed pleasurable to him for the time.

But as time passed, the son's money and supply of goods began to run low, and there was no one to give him any more. Still he continued in his sinful, reckless way of living until the day when he had nothing left, and his clothing, was rags. Moreover, there was a terrible famine in the land, and it was difficult to find food. Neither did he have a place to live or a bed for rest.

He needed to work, but work was hard to find. Eventually a man gave him a job, feeding pigs. The son was so hungry, he willingly would have eaten the corn husks he was feeding to the pigs, but they were not offered to him. One day, in desolation, the young man realized that even his father's servants had plenty to eat and some left over while he himself was starving. He decided to go back to his father and ask forgiveness for all he had done, and he left the faraway country and headed for home.

While he was still a distance from the house, the father saw his son and ran to him, hugging and kissing him and welcoming him home.

"I have sinned against heaven and in your sight, and I am no longer worthy to be called your son," the young man said.

But the father called for his servants to bring clean clothes, the very best robe, and shoes for his son's feet and a ring for his hand. Then the father planned a welcome celebration.

"For my son was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found," he said.

And just as the father rejoiced over the return of his lost son, our Heavenly Father rejoices over a lost soul that comes to Him.

Dylan Spivey (Patriotic Oration)

Excerpt from Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s I Have A Dream Speech

*Dr Martin Luther King, Jr, delivered this speech at the Lincoln Memorial, in Washington, D. C, on August 28, 1963. He was speaking to a huge crowd of people who had marched into Washington in support of civil rights legislation.*

I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal!"

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood; I have a dream—...That my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character; I have a dream today...

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, and rough places will be made plane and crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day ...This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning, "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring," and if America is to be a great nation— this must become true.

So let freedom ring—from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire, let freedom ring; from the mighty mountains of New York, let freedom ring—from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania! Let freedom ring from the snow capped Rockies of Colorado! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California! But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia! Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring, and when this happens....

When we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! Thank God almighty, we are free at last!"

Joshua Simpson (Category Poetry)  
The World's Bible

Christ has no hands but our hands  
To do His work today;  
He has no feet but our feet  
To lead men in His way;

He has no tongue but our tongue  
To tell men how He died;  
He has no help but our help  
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible  
The careless world will read;  
We are the sinner's gospel,  
We are the scoffer's creed;

We are the Lord's last message,  
Given in deed and word;  
What if the type is crooked?  
What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy  
With other work than His?  
What if our feet are walking  
Where sin's allurements is?

What if our tongues are speaking  
Of things His lips would spurn.  
How can we hope to help Him  
And hasten His return?

*Annie Johnson Flint*

Savon Sharp (Category: Poetry)  
The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

*Robert Frost*

Arvin Shao (category Poetry)

The American Flag

There's a flag that floats above us,  
Wrought in red and white and blue—  
A spangled flag of stars and stripes  
Protecting me and you.

Sacrifices helped to make it  
As men fought the long months through,  
Nights of marching—days of fighting—  
For the red and white and blue.

There is beauty in that emblem,  
There is courage in it, too;  
There is loyalty—there's valor—  
In the red and white and blue.

In that flag which floats, unconquered  
Over land and sea,  
There's equality and freedom—  
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,  
Wrought in red and white and blue.  
It's the stars and stripes forever  
Guarding me and guarding you!

*Louise Adney*

Maritza Sanchez (category: Bible Prose)

Dorcas Comes to Life Acts 9: 36- 43

In the city of Joppa there lived a woman named Dorcas. She was a Christian—a follower of Jesus Christ. Dorcas spent her days helping people. The poor people and the widows especially loved her because she was so good and kind to them.

One day Dorcas became very, very sick. Soon she died.

Now it happened that Peter, a disciple of Jesus, was preaching in a town nearby. The friends of Dorcas had heard that Peter had done many wonderful things in the name of Jesus. "Perhaps Peter could help Dorcas even though she has already died," the friends said to each other.

So two men were sent to ask Peter to come to Joppa.

When Peter arrived, he was taken upstairs to the room where Dorcas lay. Many of Dorcas' friends were already there. The poor people of Joppa were there, too, crying and showing each other the warm coats Dorcas had made for them.

"I want everyone to leave the room," Peter said.

When everyone had gone, Peter knelt down and prayed. He asked God to bring Dorcas back to life. Then he turned to Dorcas and said, "Dorcas, get up:"

Dorcas opened her eyes. She looked at Peter for a minute, and then she sat up. Peter took Dorcas by the hand and led her to the door of the room." Come on in," Peter called to the people who were waiting downstairs. "Here is your friend Dorcas. She has been raised from the dead in the name of Jesus!"

Jesus had gone back to Heaven, but He had not forgotten the disciples; He had sent the Holy Spirit just as He promised He would. The Holy Spirit gave power to the disciples and many people were turning to the Lord.

Alexis Pack (category: Poetry)  
The World We Make

We make the world in which we live  
By what we gather and what we give  
By our daily deeds and the things we say,  
By what we keep or we cast away.

We make our world by the beauty we see  
In a skylark's song or a lilac tree,  
In a butterfly's wing, in the pale moon's rise,  
And the wonder that lingers in midnight skies.

We make our world by the life we lead,  
By the friends we have, by the books we read,  
By the pity we show in the hour of care,  
By the loads we lift and the love we share.

We make our world by the goals we pursue,  
By the heights we seek and the higher view,  
By hopes and dreams that reach the sun  
And a will to fight till the heights are won.

What is the place in which we dwell,  
A but or a palace, a heaven or hell  
We gather and scatter, we take and we give,  
We make our world—and there we live.

*Alfred Grant Walton*



Taylor Nix (Patriotic Oration)

A Father's Prayer by General Douglas McArthur

Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.

Build me a son, whose wishes will not take the place of deeds; a son who will know Thee—and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail. Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high, a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men, one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

And after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, and the meekness of true strength.

Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, "I have not lived in vain!"

Dasjah Neal (Category Bible Prose)

Cradle of Love Exodus 2: 1-10

In an attempt to control the Israelite population in Egypt, the Pharaoh ordered a cruel decree through-out the land: Every newborn Hebrew baby boy must be cast into the Nile River. This terrible decree caused great distress among all the Hebrew people.

At this time a Levite man and his wife were living in Egypt with their son Aaron and daughter Miriam. And the mother gave birth to another son. This family loved the Lord God, and they loved the new baby boy. Secretly, they kept the newborn in their home, hiding him from the Egyptians. But as the child grew and made cries loud enough for others outside the home to hear, the mother knew she must find another way to protect her baby.

The mother made a cradle basket, woven from bulrushes that grew along the river edge. She sealed it with mud and pitch to keep the water out. Then she lined the basket with soft blankets, gently laid the baby inside, and placed the basket at the edge of the river. She instructed Miriam to stay nearby and watch over her baby brother.

Before long the Pharaoh's daughter, accompanied by her maidens, came down to wash in the river. She saw the basket and instructed one of her maids to bring it to her. As the Princess opened the basket, the baby began to cry, and she had compassion for the infant. Just then Miriam approached the Princess and asked, "Shall I go and call a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for you?"

The Pharaoh's daughter instructed her to go find a Hebrew woman, and Miriam quickly brought her mother back to the water's edge. The Princess said, "Take this child away to nurse it for me, and I will pay you wages:

God protected the child by providing safety in the Hebrew home, through orders of the Pharaoh's daughter. When the child grew older, the mother took him to the Princess as she was instructed. The Princess raised him as her own son, naming him Moses because she drew him out of the water.

Because of a mother's love and a faithful God, Moses was kept alive; he later became a servant to God and a great leader of the Hebrew people.

Bryana Kaiser (Category: Poetry)

The Concord Hymn

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set today a votive stone,  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Emeri Johnson (Category: Poetry)  
Fear

How strange that we who are the sons of God  
Should be familiar with the face of fear,

So sure that every cloud will bring a storm,  
So fearful lest tomorrow be not clear.

We shrink from woes which never come to pass,  
Mere phantoms, with no substance and no strength;  
But even if they had, would not our Lord provide  
His strength to meet the need of each day's length?

Children of God, with quaking, craven hearts  
Consumed by the corrosive power of dread!  
... And yet He holds us in His hallowed hand,

And counts the very hairs upon our head.  
What strong firm bulwarks He has built around  
The daily lives of those He holds so dear:

The blessed Holy Spirit in our hearts,  
His guardian angels ever hovering near

Lest we should dash our feet against a stone.  
The unseen hosts of God camp round about.  
We dwell there safely in His secret place,

And still we tremble, wracked with fear and doubt!  
O child of God, it is so safe, so sweet,  
To trust the One who never knew defeat!

*Martha Snell Nicholson*

Jasmyn Harrell (patriotic Oration)

*Ohio Women's Rights Convention*

*Akron, Ohio; 1851*

*Sojourner Truth (1797-1883) was born a slave in New York State and was emancipated by that state in 1828. She traveled throughout the North preaching religion, abolitionism, and women's rights. In 1850 she attended the First National Women's Rights Convention in Worcester, Massachusetts, and the following year she spoke at the Ohio Women's Rights Convention. Her words were transcribed by Frances Gage, the convention's organizer, and printed in the 1878 edition of the Narrative of Sojourner Truth.*

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the Negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon.

But what's all this here talking about? That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place. And ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm. I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well. And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen them most all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? ("Intellect," whispered someone near.) That's it honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or Negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yours hold a quart wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a women. Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him. If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again. And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them. Obligated to you for hearing on me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

*Sojourner Truth Great American Speeches*

Jackson Graham (Category: Patriotic Oration) \_\_\_\_\_

*Excerpt from John F Kennedy's Inaugural Address*

*35th President of the United States (1961)*

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need— not as a call to battle, though embattled we are—but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"—a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease, and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, north and south, east and west, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world. And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

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Imagine how surprised the people in the Temple were when this man ran through the courtyards, shouting and leaping as he went.

"Praise God!" he kept on shouting. He had expected a coin from Peter and John. But the gift he received was a much better gift! That's the way God does things when we are willing to receive His better gifts.

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Elisha Dukes (category Dramatic Bible Prose)  
A Much Better Gift Acts 3:1-11

"Alms for the poor! Alms for the poor!"

The poor man sat by the gate that led into the Temple of Jerusalem. He was crippled, and at that time crippled

people could not find a job. It was hard for even a strong, healthy man to find enough work to feed his family. So a crippled man, like a blind or deaf man, almost always had to become a beggar.

That was the way he did it. All day he sat by a gate or beside a road and asked people for "alms," gifts of money for himself and his family.

"Alms for the poor!" he cried out when Peter and John entered the Temple. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, a time when people went to the Temple for prayer.

Most of the people passed by the beggar without giving him a thing. After all, this fellow had been sitting here by the gate each day for many years. Some days they gave him a coin, and some days they didn't.

Peter and John stopped. Peter stared at him, while the man kept on crying out for alms.

Suddenly the man realized that Peter was staring at him. He stopped his noisy cries. But he would not look into Peter's eyes.

"Look at me!" Peter commanded.

Slowly the beggar looked up at Peter. His eyes looked into Peter's eyes. Then he slowly held out his hand for the coin he thought Peter would give him.

"I have no silver or gold coins to give you," Peter said quietly. The man's eyes dropped again. He was ready to start crying out for alms.

"But I have a much better gift," Peter went on. "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, get up and walk!"

As he said this, Peter reached out his hand and lifted the man up to his feet. The man trembled as he stood, but suddenly he felt strength coming into his legs. He took one step forward, then two, then walked about, shouting with joy. Before long he was leaping about as though he had never been crippled.

"Praise God!" he shouted. "Praise God for healing me!"



Keren Danso (category Bible Memorization)

Psalm 34:1-15 New American Standard Bible

- <sup>1</sup>I will bless the LORD at all times;  
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
- <sup>2</sup>My soul will make its boast in the LORD;  
The humble will hear it and rejoice.
- <sup>3</sup>O magnify the LORD with me,  
And let us exalt His name together.
- <sup>4</sup>I sought the LORD, and He answered me,  
And delivered me from all my fears.
- <sup>5</sup>They looked to Him and were radiant,  
And their faces will never be ashamed.
- <sup>6</sup>This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him  
And saved him out of all his troubles.
- <sup>7</sup>The angel of the LORD encamps around those who fear Him,  
And rescues them.
- <sup>8</sup>O taste and see that the LORD is good;  
How blessed is the man who takes refuge in Him!
- <sup>9</sup>O fear the LORD, you His saints;  
For to those who fear Him there is no want.
- <sup>10</sup>The young lions do lack and suffer hunger;  
But they who seek the LORD shall not be in want of any good thing.
- <sup>11</sup>Come, you children, listen to me;  
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
- <sup>12</sup>Who is the man who desires life  
And loves length of days that he may see good?
- <sup>13</sup>Keep your tongue from evil  
And your lips from speaking deceit.
- <sup>14</sup>Depart from evil and do good;  
Seek peace and pursue it.
- <sup>15</sup>The eyes of the LORD are toward the righteous  
And His ears are open to their cry.

Braelon Canada (category Bible Memorization)

Colossians 1: 9-14 New International Version

For this reason, since the day we heard about you, we have not stopped praying for you and asking God to fill you with the knowledge of his will through all spiritual wisdom and understanding. <sup>10</sup>And we pray this in order that you may live a life worthy of the Lord and may please him in every way: bearing fruit in every good work, growing in the knowledge of God, <sup>11</sup>being strengthened with all power according to his glorious might so that you may have great endurance and patience, and joyfully <sup>12</sup>giving thanks to the Father, who has qualified you to share in the inheritance of the saints in the kingdom of light. <sup>13</sup>For he has rescued us from the dominion of darkness and brought us into the kingdom of the Son he loves, <sup>14</sup>in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins.

Arica Clark (category Bible Memorization)

Psalms 15 New American Standard Bible

<sup>1</sup>O LORD, who may abide in Your tent?  
Who may dwell on Your holy hill?  
<sup>2</sup>He who walks with integrity, and works righteousness,  
And speaks truth in his heart.  
<sup>3</sup>He does not slander with his tongue,  
Nor does evil to his neighbor,  
Nor takes up a reproach against his friend;  
<sup>4</sup>In whose eyes a reprobate is despised,  
But who honors those who fear the LORD;  
He swears to his own hurt and does not change;  
<sup>5</sup>He does not put out his money at interest,  
Nor does he take a bribe against the innocent  
He who does these things will never be shaken

Danielle Burton (category: Patriotic Oration)  
Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl

Wednesday, 13 January 1943

Dear Kitty,

Everything has upset me again this morning, so I wasn't able to finish a single thing properly.

It is terrible outside. Day and night more of those poor miserable people are being dragged off, with nothing but a rucksack and a little money. On the way they are deprived even of those possessions. Families are torn apart, the men, women, and children all being separated. Children coming home from school find that their parents have disappeared. Women return from shopping to find their homes shut up and their families gone.

The Dutch people are anxious, too; their sons are being sent to Germany. Everyone is afraid. And every night hundreds of planes fly over Holland and go to German towns, where the earth is plowed up by their bombs, and every hour thousands and thousands of people are killed in Russia and Africa. No one is able to keep out of it; the whole globe is waging war; and although it is going better for the Allies, the end is not yet in sight.

And as for us, we are fortunate. Yes, we are luckier than millions of people. It is quiet and safe here; and we are, so to speak, living on capital. We are even so selfish as to talk about "after the war," brighten up at the thought of having new clothes and new shoes, whereas we really ought to save every penny, to help other people, and save what is left from the wreckage after the war.

The children here run about in just thin blouses and clogs; no coat, no hat, no stockings, and no one helps them. Their tummies are empty, they chew an old carrot to stay the pangs, go from their cold homes out into the cold street, and when they get to school, find themselves in an even colder classroom. Yes, it has even gotten so bad in Holland that countless children stop the passers-by and beg for a piece of bread. I could go on for hours about all the suffering the war has brought, but then I would only make myself more dejected. There is nothing we can do but wait calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end. Jews and Christians wait, the whole earth waits; and there are many who wait for death.

Yours, Anne

*by Pocketbooks of New York*

Mic-Albert Bataille (Category: Bible Memorization)

Ephesians 3: 14-21 New International Version

For this reason I kneel before the Father, <sup>15</sup>from whom his whole family<sup>[a]</sup> in heaven and on earth derives its name. <sup>16</sup>I pray that out of his glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, <sup>17</sup>so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith. And I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, <sup>18</sup>may have power, together with all the saints, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, <sup>19</sup>and to know this love that surpasses knowledge—that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God. Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us, <sup>21</sup>to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, for ever and ever! Amen.

Obed Acheampong: (category: Bible Memorization)  
Psalm 96 New King James Version

- Oh, sing to the LORD a new song!  
Sing to the LORD, all the earth.
- <sup>2</sup> Sing to the LORD, bless His name;  
Proclaim the good news of His salvation from day to day.
- <sup>3</sup> Declare His glory among the nations,  
His wonders among all peoples.
- <sup>4</sup> For the LORD *is* great and greatly to be praised;  
He *is* to be feared above all gods.
- <sup>5</sup> For all the gods of the peoples *are* idols,  
But the LORD made the heavens.
- <sup>6</sup> Honor and majesty *are* before Him;  
Strength and beauty *are* in His sanctuary.
- <sup>7</sup> Give to the LORD, O families of the peoples,  
Give to the LORD glory and strength.
- <sup>8</sup> Give to the LORD the glory *due* His name;  
Bring an offering, and come into His courts.
- <sup>9</sup> Oh, worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness!  
Tremble before Him, all the earth.
- <sup>10</sup> Say among the nations, "The LORD reigns;  
The world also is firmly established,  
It shall not be moved;  
He shall judge the peoples righteously."
- <sup>11</sup> Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;  
Let the sea roar, and all its fullness;
- <sup>12</sup> Let the field be joyful, and all that *is* in it.  
Then all the trees of the woods will rejoice
- <sup>13</sup> before the LORD.  
For He is coming, for He is coming to judge the earth.  
He shall judge the world with righteousness,  
And the peoples with His truth.

Dear Parents,

Below you will find the selections for the 2010 ACSI Speech Meet that I have selected for your student. Students were to be able to pick their selection but not their category in class, but because of the snow, we were not able to do this. There are four categories that we are preparing for, Bible Memorization, Bible Prose, Patriotic Oration and Poetry. Each student will need to memorize their selection. We will have an in house competition in school at the end of March and those who have won the in house competition in their category; they will represent our class in the ACSI Speech Meet at the end of April.

Students will need to memorize their selection. The competition is not timed. They cannot “act” but use facial features, voice inflection and small gestures to get their point across. Questions? Please let me know,

Blessings!

Mrs. Todd