

Declamation piece essay sample

[Religion](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Hey! Every Body seems to be staring at me..

You! You! All of you!

How dare you to stare at me?

Why? Is it because I'm a bad girl?

A bad girl I am, a good for nothing teen ager, a problem child? That's what you call me!

I smoke. I drink. I gamble at my young tender age.

I lie. I cheat, and I could even kill, if I have too.

Yes, I'm a bad girl, but where are my parents?

You! You! You are my good parents?

My good elder brother & sister in this society were I live?

Look...look at me...What have you done to me?

You have pampered and spoiled me, neglected me when I needed you most!

In trusted me to a yaya, whose intelligent was much lower than mine! While you go about your parties, your meetings and gambling sessions... Thus... I drifted away from you!

Longing for a fathers love, yearning for a mothers care!

As I grow up, everything change!

You too have change!

You spent more time in your pokers, mahjong tables, bars and night clubs.

You even landed on the headline of the news paper as crook, peddlers and racketeers. Now, you call my name; accuse me in everything I do to myself?

Tell me! How good you are?

If you really wish to ensure my future

Then hurry.... hurry back home! Where I await you, because I need you...

Protect me from all evil influences that will threaten at my very own understanding... But if I am bad, really bad...then, you've got to help me!

Help me! Oh please...Help me!

Short Declamation : Five Loaves of Bread

She stood at the bar of justice
A frightened creature wan and wild—
In form too small for a woman,
In feature too old for a child.
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her lovely face
It seemed that years of suffering
Was something time couldn't erase.

" Your name?" asked the judge as he eyed her.

" Is Anna Ruiz, Sir," said the girl.

" And your age?" asked the judge again,

Then girl replied, " I've turned fifteen."

" Well Anna, I'm sorry to say,

That you have been charged today

By your town baker who said,

That you stole five loaves of bread

Do you know that stealing is bad?

And that you have displeased our God?

Do you know that you could be jailed?

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And cannot be set free or bailed?”

“ Your Honor, I know it was wrong,
But day in and out I walked along
Looking for work so I could earn
Even hard jobs, I’m willing to learn.

But fate’s unkind, my father is dead,
My mother is sick and lying in bed,
My brothers and sisters missed six meals,
They asked for food with eyes full of tears.

What could I do to save them from death?
I myself was losing my breath—
So I took the five loaves of bread,
But I’ll pay with services instead.”

There was silence in the courtroom,
That was suddenly filled with gloom.
The women wiped their tears away,
They heaved a sigh and tried to pray.

All dug into their pockets,
And then brought out their wallets
Sounds were heard of golden coins that fall
Into boxes passed around the hall.

The baker stood up and told the judge
“ Your Honor, I’m withdrawing my charge.”

A rich lady gave Anna a job
That helped her and all that she loved.

Adopted from Guilty or Not Guilty

Taken For Granted

“ Christians? Christians?”

Have you heard that call? They’re looking for me. That’s definitely me.
You’re in doubt and Why? You want me to give you proofs? Oh! That’s very
easy.

Who told you to doubt that I am a Christian?

I am a Christian! How?

I went to church. I pray. I have my religion. I read the Bible. I love kids and I
am giving them what they want. I sing gospel songs. Now you’re telling me
that you are in doubt?

How dare you to question me?

Can’t you see? Or Are you blind? I am the true definition of a Christian.
You’re so pathetic; you don’t have the right to question me that way.

What?! You want to ask me more?!... I’ll think about it for a second. Hmhm...
Ok! I’m sure I’ll be able to answer all your questions fluently. Go... Ask me....

You're asking me if I go to church every Sunday?! I told you... I GO TO CHURCH... ahmm b-bu-but not every Sunday. Every other Sunday I guess that's fine with the Lord.

Why?! I-I-I have a project every other Sunday. Yes r-r-right, I have a project. The Lord understands that.

Liar?! I'm not a liar. I'm telling you the truth in fact I went to church last three Sundays straight and Oh my Gosh Cris is in the stage he's starting to play the guitar.

Ooops I slip!

Ok fine. I went to church three times straight without absent b-because of Cris. He's cute, he's talented. And I'm still there for the Lord.

Liar? I'm not a liar. I am still a Christian. It so happen that I don't have any projects that Sunday.

Ahhh! Fake?! I'm not a fake Christian; at least I go to church.

Don't shout! Ahhh! I said I'm not a fake Christian, I-I-I pray... every other day. At least I pray.

No! I said I am a true Christian I read the Bible. I open it... Every time the Pastor is telling me to do so.

Ok stop. Why do we need to argue? I guess I really don't know what Christianity is?

Ok! I go to church not because of Christ but because of Chris! I'm sleeping every time there is a sermon because I only love the music. I don't read my Bible because I guess that's boring. I sing... " Jesus, I surrender I draw nearer, I fall down" but the truth I'm not sincere with that. But I guess my works will be credited in his name. I share my blessings to the poor, i give gifts every Sunday and I have a religion I guess that works...I don't know.

Right, Ephesians 2: 8-9 was right. It is not by works that I will be saved because Jesus is the only way. And I am so wrong I don't even mind his sacrifices on the cross. I am supposed to be there because those are my sins. I forgot my purpose here on earth; you know what, he's been good to me. But I always take him for granted. I'm doing things not for his glory but for my own. I should live for him because he died for me. I'm so ashamed now. But Lord you still forgave me. You're so good. And you brought me to my knees.

Now I'm talking and standing in front of you and I don't care if you are going to laugh at me. I care to tell you things that I believe I must tell you. He won everything in me and he's been waiting for you too... If you believe you have him, you may now shout what Carman once wrote " Jesus is the Champion".