

10 Yrs & Under
Championship

Silent Strong Dad
By Karen K Boyer

He never looks for praises
He's never one to boast
He just goes on quietly working
For those he loves the most
His dreams are seldom spoken
His wants are very few
And most of the time his worries
Will go unspoken too
He's there ... A firm foundation
Through all our storms of life
A sturdy hand to hold to
In times of stress and strife
A true friend we can turn to
When times are good or bad
One of our greatest blessings,
The man that we call Dad.

12 Yrs & Under
Championship

Myself

By Edgar Albert Guest

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all people's respect;
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff, an empty show.
I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

14 Yrs & Under
Championship

Prince Kano
By Edward Lowbury

In a dark wood Prince Kano lost his way
And searched in vain through the long summer's day.
At last, when night was near, he came in sight
Of a small clearing filled with yellow light,
And there, bending beside his brazier, stood
A charcoal burner wearing a black hood.
The Prince cried out for joy: "Good friend, I'll give
What you will ask; guide me to where I live."
The man pulled back his hood: he had no face –
Where it should be there was an empty space.

Half dead with fear the Prince staggered away,
Rushed blindly through the wood till break of day;
And then he saw a larger clearing, filled
With houses, people; but his soul was chilled.
He looked around for comfort, and his search
Led him inside a small, half-empty church
Where monks prayed. "Father," to one he said,
"I've seen a dreadful thing; I am afraid."
"What did you see, my son?" "I saw a man
Whose face was like ..." and, as the Prince began,
The monk drew back his hood and seemed to hiss,
Pointing to where his face should be, "Like this?"