

Toastmasters Samples
(Scripts)

Unpacking the Gift of Today

(Prop: A very elaborately wrapped box with a hidden time-glass inside)

Now speaking about Christmas... i know we are all adults here, but if you could ask Santa for any gift this year, would you? Who wants a promotion? A brand new Maserati? A puppy? How about a vacation to the Bahamas? Wow! Or perhaps some of us might just be happy to just have a little more time with our loved ones.

Whatever your heart desires... you have already been given an opportunity to receive that. And that's not because Santa has gotten a bonus paycheck that he's willing to share with all of us, but because... for every single day of the past few years of our lives, like it or not, we have been receiving a very precious gift. Would you like me to show you what it is?

Well... the answer is inside this box.

Is it more valuable than a Maserati? Yes! Does it cost more than a castle? Well... I don't even think you can even place a price tag on it, because.. this gift is more precious than any currency in the world. Wow! I'm sure you are all eager to know what's inside now.

So, let me unpack it for you.

When I was barely two years old, I watched my mum's belly grow bigger and bigger. I was fascinated. There's another person living inside of her, I was told. My sister. The one I had always been asking for. A friend to play with me. To hug, to love, to protect. Even before she was born, I loved her with a passion. We were to become the best of friends. My mum gestured for me to come closer, and I would place my head on her belly, and listen to the sounds of my sister's tiny body moving inside her womb. I was told that she had to take time to grow and so, I waited eagerly with anticipation for her birth.

Mummy's tummy just grew bigger and bigger. I was a little worried, because it was a little bit like a balloon and I thought maybe it would... but it didn't. Then one day, she didn't come home. She was away for a couple of days, and one day, as I was playing. I noticed her at the door. So I ran to her.

Huh... her belly was no longer big. But my sister was nowhere in sight. I tried asking my mum about it, silence. Mum? Dad? Grandpa?...

,,, Everyone brushed off my questions. No one spoke a word. And no one ever did for the longest time. Just like that, the trace of any existence of my sister was gone from my life, forever.

She may have had a short life, but my unborn sister made her impact on my life by showing me how fragile life was. She didn't even have a chance to live past the first day of her life. And that's tragic. Can you imagine never having the chance to get to know the people whom you love

today? Can you imagine anyone you love right now, not being given the chance to even live? By the plight of nature, I was robbed from ever being given the chance to hold my sister, let alone braid her hair, or even celebrate our first Christmas together.

This gift that we have all been given today ... is Time. I don't know what will happen tomorrow, but today, you and I woke up, and that means our gift has arrived. Whether we have noticed it or not, it has been arriving for every single day for the past few years of our life. There are 24 hours in a day, and we have all been given the free choice to do whatever we want to do with it. Work towards a promotion, be successful enough in your job to buy a Maserati, or even take some time off to bring your daughter to Disneyland, or have satay and spend some time with your mum.

The most precious currency in the entire world is not money, nor are they property or possessions. It is time. I don't know how much I have left. But today I received it, and that's why, I'm sharing a little of that gift with you, and you too, by listening to my little sharing, have also shared a little of that gift of time with me. And I sincerely thank you for that.

As much as I wish I could exchange some time of my life with my sister, I can't. And that's why, I'm done with thanking today for granted. If I can't give her my gift of time, then I better jolly well make sure I live twice as hard of what I have been given, so that she will live the potential of her life through mine.

So, this gift since receiving it this morning, how did you spend it today? And how will you spend it, for what's left of today?

Thank you. Toastmaster of the evening.

God's Mouthpiece

Last month, when Jacky spoke to me about speaking, I started praying. Lord, what do you want to say to your people? It's only 5 minutes, but just 5 minutes with you Lord, can change a person's life. I waited, and I prayed. Then I hear the Lord's gentle whisper, tell my children, I want them to be my mouthpiece. I want them to be carriers of my presence and my voice. Turn to one of your neighbours and say, "You are God's masterpiece". Now, turn to your 2nd choice of a neighbour and say, "You are God's mouthpiece."

You must be asking, "Who? Me? How can I speak for God?" Funny, because that was what Moses said. You say, hang on! Moses is a great guy! He parted the water and led the Israelites out of Egypt! Me? I can't even part the water in my bathtub. What are you talking about? Yet, when God appeared to Moses in a flaming bush, he wasn't anybody. Moses had just fled from Egypt after murdering an Egyptian man. The only label he had to his name was "Murderer". By the grace of God, I believe none of us in this room has murdered anyone yet. Yet surely, God can use anyone to be his mouthpiece.

I first experienced this up close 5 years ago. I woke up one day to discover that I couldn't see. I started to panic. My left eye hurt. And every single bit of light to me was like piercing a fine needle through my eye. Even the dim bed side lamp felt like agony. I stumbled through the darkness, and fumbled through my belongings, trying to call for help. Even the phone's light was excruciating, but I managed to call my parents, and they rushed me to the hospital. I was warded instantly. Their verdict was all the same - they couldn't figure out why, and when they tried to shine lights into my eyes, whatever problem it was congested it so badly, that they couldn't even shine the light to see the back of my eye. Because of that, no one could figure out what to do. They could only ward me, and just keep doing tests.

Every day, the doctor would meet me, and ask if there was any improvement. There wasn't. My eyes still hurt. My vision was still blurry. I had to constantly put drops into my eye. One of it felt like it was constantly burning my iris. Again and again, the cycle repeated. But nothing improved.

I even met a guy who also suddenly lost his sight. He had been in the hospital for months. And there was no improvement, no signs of recovery. He had almost lost hope. Overnight. And I was only 23. A designer by trade. The loss of my sight, would mean the end of my career. Possibly, at the rate it was going, it might even be the end of my life. I kept praying, but the lack of results was pretty discouraging.

Until one day, a nurse caught me secretly crying after trying to put on a strong front for visitors who had just left. And she said, "Aiyo, why you cry. Let me share with you something." When she was pregnant, her child was diagnosed with a problem. They told her to abort it, because if she was born, they said she would be a vegetable for life. But that family held on, and prayed. "Today," she declared with renewed confidence, "my miracle baby is 3 years old. She was born

completely healthy, and now, she can even dance! If my God can do it for me, He can do it for you!”

The word testimony - is “do it again”. God, you did it once, you can do it again. That gave me faith, and I continued to pray and give thanks to the Lord. Slowly but surely, my sight returned. At some point, the doctor said, your eyesight is now 90%. Unless you use steroids, it will not improve. My faith was so strong then that I declared, my God is good enough, he will restore me completely! Today, my left eye is now 6/6. Fully restored, fully recovered.

At that time, I desperately needed to hear from God. And her testimony was His answer. Hebrews 13:8 says, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. Who here still believes that God speaks today? When you speak, when you share of God’s goodness, when you share His Story, you are shaping History.

If that nurse did not share that testimony with me, I might not have the faith to believe for my healing. Her words saved my eye that day.

Just the other day, I was with brother Lawrence and he was sharing with a toastmaster about how he had triple failures in his life. A divorce, bankruptcy, and even amputation of his legs. “Wow, I don’t know how you could overcome all of these. If it was me I would have already leapt off the building.” Do you know what happens when you share your story? Your words could save someone’s life. Because you have gone through it, you have a way to lead others out of it. The greater your suffering, the greater your anointing.

So today as you stand here, and wonder. “Why am I here? I’m not a preacher, I’m not a pastor. Why do I do this toastmasters thing? I believe God has called you here for a reason. As you practice, and as you share, you are equipping yourself. You are preparing yourself for moments like these.

For whether you are called to a large audience, or even, just the audience of one, I believe God has called you to be His mouthpiece. Does God still speak today? Yes. Through His children, through you. You know how God works. He could shift an entire mountain, just to reach one person. But the more you practice, the better you get.

Your words could really change someone’s life.

So today as I stand before you, may I encourage you to keep speaking, keep sharing, and keep changing History!

Excuse me, are you a creative?

(Roleplay)

Sandra: Mummy?

Mum: Yes sweetheart?

Sandra: You know that big paper you keep behind the door? Can I have it?

Mum: Sure sweetheart, what do you need it for?

Sandra: Well... you and Daddy are always talking about how expensive cars are! COE, ERP... and even when you drive, you go PPP (mimics a horn)! If I can fold a really big plane, you and Daddy could sit on it. You could go anywhere!!!

(Speech begins)

Good evening Mr President, Toastmaster of the evening, fellow Toastmasters, and dear guests. My name is Sandra and it's such a pleasure to be meeting all of you.

May I just have a raise of hands, how many of you have a son or a daughter? (sees show of hands) Aww, that's a good deal. And when they were young, weren't they always telling us the most adorable things? Even without us telling them to be more innovative and creative, they already seem to have it in them. With so much more to spare!

So how strange is it that although we all started as children as well, most of us wouldn't even consider ourselves creative. The truth is, all of us have a creative side in us, we just haven't discovered it yet!

When I was in school, that was also the last word I would ever use to describe myself. I often looked at my classmates' drawings in awe and envy. How I wished I could draw like they did! Me doing my very best got me a C. C for consistency. That was what I got every single time. The only time I got an A was because I got smart, and outsourced. (pause for effect) I got my dad's help.

When I first started school, I faced a very serious problem. I wasn't very good at memorising and got easily bored. Most of the time, information came at me like a giant elephant. Big, heavy, dry and very slow. Have you ever experienced classes like that? Every single time my teacher spoke, it would be like someone changed the channel to a foreign language. And the worst thing was, there wasn't even any subtitles!

I was in trouble man! How do you survive in school at that rate? I've got exams! This is the end of the world! So I did what every smart kid would do, I went to the wisest people on earth. My parents! They may not always know everything, but like every parent's love for their child, they gave me the very best they could.

(Go to flipchart and reveal words)

In an attempt to help me, my dad often had to use patterns and stories to help me memorise things. For example, the Chinese word "拿", which means take. He taught me that 拿 was a combination of a loud man with funky hair, a unibrow and a big hand. (Mimics loud man) "I take it! It's MINE."

That did the trick. I was in primary school when he taught me that. And that stayed with me even until today. And since then, I have been using my similar visual tricks and ideas on how to memorize things. Other times, I would use stories, jingles or even songs.

My mum also shared with me the power of visualization. That helps when we need to focus and pay attention, even if the other person, is somewhat of a bully. I used to have a really sarcastic teacher and he picked on me so very often. I used to really get upset and affected about it. Yet after I learnt that I could imagine him as anything I wanted with the power of my mind, he didn't seem that scary after that. After various attempts and realising that he could shake me no longer, that teacher eventually gave up his bullying ways.

In the end, my greatest problem became my greatest gift. I may not have retained half the formulas I learnt in school, but those techniques I learnt ended up being some of the best tools I have today.

God surely had a sense of humour, because now I have been working in the creative industry for almost 7 to 8 years. Today, I am part of a creative media team of 9. Although I'm often looked upon as the creative specialist and problem solver, I find my greatest success is in helping others discover their own creative potential.

Creativity is like a muscle. It's just like playing the piano, or learning a sport. The more we practice, the better we get at it. It isn't an exclusive thing. We all have the power to create and we shouldn't be afraid to use it.

So if today, if someone would come up to you and ask, "Excuse me, are you a creative?"

What would you say?

Thank you, Toastmaster of the evening.

