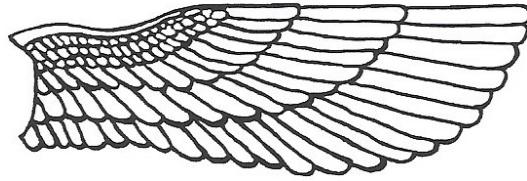
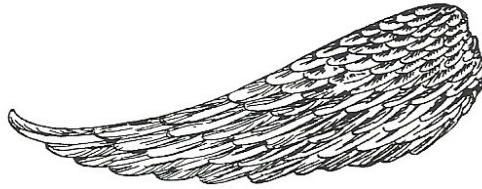
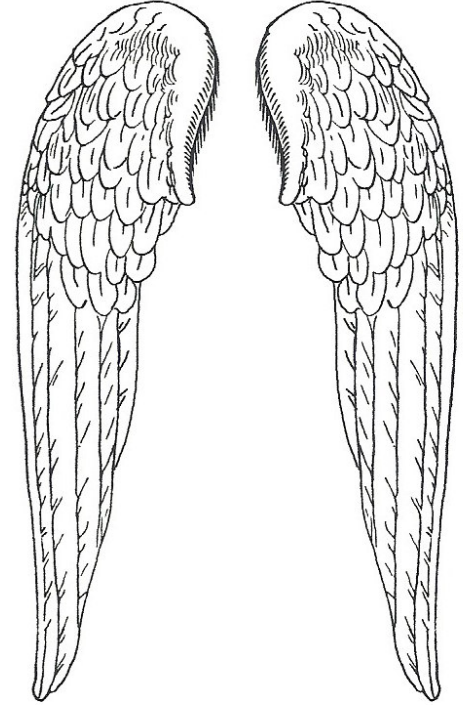


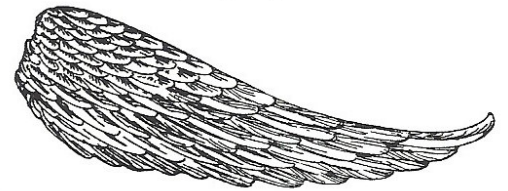
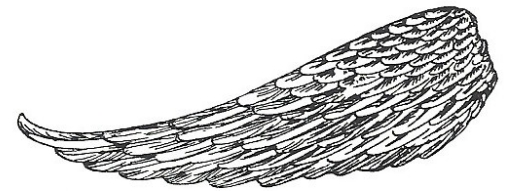
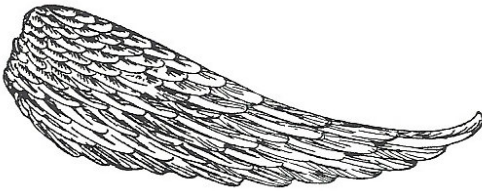
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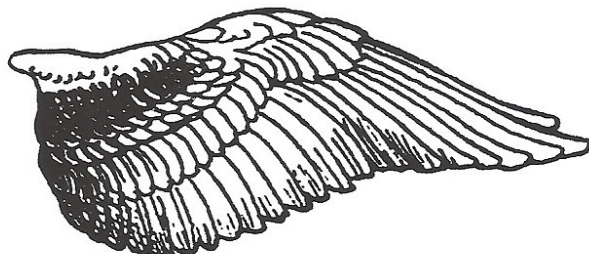
Angel



by:

Wesley J. Allen

8-10-1994



Introduction

Just for fun, and because you might find it pleasurable reading, here is the first speech I ever presented in United Singles Toastmasters. It was to introduce myself to the group.

I became a Toastmaster in August of 1994 and continued with that until April of 1998. I started out in United Singles Toastmasters of Arlington, Texas then went to Arlington Toastmasters for a short time. Some time in the early 2000's I did some time with a Toastmaster group in Keller, Texas.

From the very first I gave all my speeches without using notes. I was growing and developing fast as a public speaker; but I was never any good at impromptu speeches. I still don't have the ability to "think on my feet." I freeze up with fear unless I have a planned presentation.

I have included a jokemaster presentation here for your enjoyment. I presented that to my Toastmaster group months after this Ice Breaker speech.

I put together a book of 31 inspirational speeches and 21 jokemaster presentations in February of 1998. That can be found on these two sites. And you can have my permission to use my speeches in your own speaking groups.

www.PatrioticAmericanMemoryTraining.com

www.InternationalEbookLibrary.com

The Wings of an Angel

Fellow Toastmasters, I just want you to know that someday I'm going to have The Wings of an Angel! It may seem arrogant to make such a statement; but you'll see what I mean. To achieve such a lofty goal I started out in life all wrong. I was born in Chicago, Illinois and raised in the backwoods of central Wisconsin. Some people are said to have come from a dysfunctional family; well, I came from a dysfunctional county. I mean everyone around us seemed to be just like we were, so I thought my life was normal. Looking back I can see how my character was shaped by a childhood of abuse as well as making wrong choices. Well, it was a test and I didn't know the right ones.

I grew up without any love or encouragement. Well, I did receive a little encouragement from my dad once: He encouraged me to become a pilot... He brought home 35 cords of firewood and told me to get out there and pile it.

As a result of my upbringing I was emotionally immature. I had a low self-esteem. I didn't know how to have true love and intimacy. I thought to be accepted I had to perform, and I worked my life away and sacrificed to please others.

In high school I was an honor student, but I dropped out at age 17 and moved to Aurora, Illinois just to get away from home.

At the time I got married, at age 19, I would have described myself as a "beer-drinking, cigarette-smoking, foul-mouthed, cussing, backwoods country boy who dressed like a dusty old goat roper. If I even had Angel Wings in mind, I certainly wasn't ready for them, though there were some good things about me.

I married a beautiful girl, as pretty as a Spring Flower. Joanne and I had our first date on New Year's Eve of 1973. We had kissed once on the stroke of midnight and were immediately enmeshed for the next 17 years. In June of 1974 we were married; and by April of 1980 we had 5 kids. First Ginny, then Barbie, not only were they beautiful but brilliant honor students as well. In the middle is my eldest son, Richard William Allen. We felt certain that with a name like that he would surely become President of the United States. Now? I'm not sure what happened. And then the youngest, Dennis and Duane, identical twins. They are the thrill of my life. All our kids are natural born Texans. Joanne and I weren't born in Texas, but we got here as quickly as we could.

Five years into our marriage we became Christians and started doing some good with our lives. We had also met Earl Nightingale, Zig Ziglar, and a host of other motivational experts. I began my lifetime self-improvement program. I became a positive thinker. I also met Billy Burden and became a memory expert. At least that's what some people call me. I don't really fit the definition of an expert: an expert is a has-been, and a spurt is a drip under pressure.

Three years into our marriage I became a carpenter, the same as my old man. I really didn't want to follow his footsteps. I hated the way my dad was, and the way he treated us. He built houses and I build furniture. We had rent houses all over town, which over doubled my income. In the upper echelons of society people talk about having 6-figure incomes: Well, I have a 7-figure income- if you count the two behind the decimal point. I was very active with the Church and I was taking classes at TCJC Junior College. Now I'm a High School drop out with a 2-year degree. I graduated with honors. I'm working on a Bachelors Degree in Psychology. I intend to counsel criminals and others who came from backgrounds like mine.

For the last 5 years I have been single again. Dysfunctions stemming from a childhood of abuse have their greatest impact in adulthood. I recognize those things I did wrong in my marriage and I am on an intense life-change program now. All my fears and inhibitions are leaving and I am learning how to love. My acceptance is no longer based on performance. I am loved for who I am. My life is better than it has ever been. I can now describe myself as a vivacious young buck filled with vigor and vitality. I am moving forward. The best half of my life is still ahead of me. Toastmasters is part of my life-change program. I'm going to become a Golden-throated Toastmaster because that will help me in other parts of my life. I am some steps closer to being ready for my Angel Wings.

Since singlehood began I have become a writer. And let me tell you, life began for me after divorce. I have written over 60 poems, and 30 other writings including essays, articles, and short stories. One of my dreams is to write comedy. I am still a carpenter, just like Jesus was, not at all like my dad. And nothing bad ever happens to a carpenter...because we're always knocking on wood. In addition to my job at Shaw Manufacturing, where I have worked for the last 15 years, I do Artistic Wood Creations in my own little shop. I do many things to show people the beauty of God's creation in wood. My life is busy. God has put many people in my little realm of existence who need my help and the benefit of my experiences. I want more than anything else to be worthy of Angel Wings, and I am... because... I belong to God.

by: Wes Allen
8-10-94
969 words
7 minutes

Jokemaster Presentation

I want to tell you about 4 intricately timed pieces of machinery with all their parts working together beautifully. The first is a friend who is a beautiful blonde with long flowing hair, slender and nice with curves in all the right places, perfect physique, intricately woven together.

She just bought a brand new Harley Davidson 1200, 4 cylinder, dual carbs, shaft driven, shiny black, polished chrome, built for power and speed.

She stopped to examine my new, teal green Firebird. It is squeaky clean, polished to a shine, streamlined and sleek, 8 cylinders timed for power and speed.

The 4th intricate machine is the driver of the Firebird, me, what you see is what you get.

After my blonde friend examined every inch of my beautiful teal green Firebird she said, "Let's race!" Since I have become a tiger rather than a whiner I said, "Rouuuer, You're on Babe."

We lined up side by side on a 5-mile straight track. Since the motorcycle is lighter and powerful the blonde shot ahead like a turbo boost, long hair flying in the breeze.

Now, my little Firebird feels real good about itself since it got paid off, and it's a screaming machine. In no time at all I buried the needle, and flew past her at the speed of light.

When I looked in my rear view mirror I didn't see her behind me; and I thought, hmmm that's strange. I went back to see what happened, and there was the Harley all mangled and twisted.

She got up and was dusting herself off and fixing her hair. And I said, "What happened?" She said, "You passed me so fast I thought I was stopped and I got off to see what was wrong."

295 words – 2 minutes