



DISABILITY NIGHT by Leah Corbyn

- Start with a poem about being thankful for being able to do things that children in wheelchairs can't do and the lesson that they can teach us about being understanding etc. The poem is as follows:

*I am the child who cannot walk.
The world sometimes seems to pass me by.
You see the longing in my eyes to get out of this chair, to
run and play like other children.
There is much you take for granted.
I want the toys on the shelf, I need to go to the bathroom,
oh I've dropped my spoon again.
I am dependent on you in these ways.
My gift to you is to make you aware of your fortune our
healthy back and legs, your ability to do for yourself.
Sometimes people appear not to notice me, I always notice
them.
I feel not so much envy as desire, desire to stand upright, to
put one foot in front of the other, to be independent. I give
you awareness.
I am the child who cannot walk.
I am the child who is mentally impaired.
I don't learn as easily, if you judge me by the world's
measuring stick.
What I do know is the infinite joy in the simple things.
I am not burdened as you are with the strife's and conflicts
of a more complicated life.
My gift to you is to grant you the freedom to enjoy things as
a child, to teach you how much your arms around me mean,
to give you love.
I am the child who is mentally impaired.
I am the disabled child.
I am your teacher. If you allow me, I will teach you what is
really important in life.
I will give you and teach unconditional love.
I gift you with my innocent trust, my dependency upon you,
I teach you of respect for others and their uniqueness.
I teach you about how very precious this life is and about
not taking things for granted.
I teach you about forgetting your own needs and desires
and dreams.
I teach you about giving.
Most of all I teach you hope and faith.
I am the disabled child.*

- We then split into two teams and had relay races but the girls had to wheel themselves in wheelchairs.
- We then had a relay where the girls had to put on a shirt and button it up using the opposite hand that they write with, then run down to the opposite end undo the shirt with the same hand and pass it to their team mate and the process went through all the girls.
- The girls then had to try and catch a ball using the opposite hand that they write with.
- They then played the ball game over and under using only one arm.
- The girls then had a go at writing their name by holding a Texta between their toes.
- They then had another relay race in the wheelchairs.
- We finished the night off with another poem titled - "Heavens Very Special Child"

HEAVEN'S VERY SPECIAL CHILD

A meeting was held far from Earth
 It was time again for another birth.
 Said the Angels to the Lord above -
 This special child will need much love.
 Her progress may be very slow
 Accomplishment she may not show.
 And she'll require extra care
 From the folks she meets down there.
 She may not run or laugh or play
 Her thoughts may seem quite far away
 So many times she will be labelled
 "different", "helpless" and "disabled".
 So let's be careful where she's sent.
 We want her life to be content.
 Please Lord, find the parents who
 Will do a special job for you.
 They will not realise right away
 The leading role they are asked to play.
 But with this child sent from above
 Comes stronger faith, and richer love.
 And soon they'll know the privilege given
 In caring for their gift from heaven.
 Their precious charge, so meek and mild
"IS HEAVEN'S VERY SPECIAL CHILD."