



I'm Special

Jenny Discovers Her Worth

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FOR MORE INFORMATION AND TO PLACE ORDERS:

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***Unit C2, Thames View Business Center,
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NIGERIA:

***Plot 105 Chris Oyakhilome Crescent,
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***Plot 22/23 Billingsway Road,
Oregon, Ikeja, Lagos.
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CANADA:

***4101 Steeles Ave. West,
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“...the LORD your God has chosen you to be...a special treasure above all the peoples on the face of the earth.”

(Deuteronomy 7:6)

Jenny sat to have breakfast with her parents.





“Mum, remember Betty King?” Jenny asked as she chewed on a mouthful of crunchy flakes.

“Yes I do,” her mum replied.

“She reads very well; I wish I could read like her,” Jenny said.



“Jenny dear, finish up your meal. I'm sure you can read as well as Betty or anyone else in your class,” her dad responded encouragingly. “Hurry now; the school bus is already waiting for you.”

Jenny gave her parents a hug, and ran out to join the school bus.



She sat behind a boy on the bus. At the far end of the bus was Alice, who lived next door. Alice was joking and laughing with her friends. They were all having so much fun.

“Alice's friends like her because she makes them laugh,” Jenny thought. “I wish I could make people laugh like she does.”



When the bus pulled up in front of the school, all the children got off and went into their classrooms.



Mr. Martin was Jenny's class teacher, and once in a while, he would take the class in spelling lessons. He would call up a word, and pick a pupil to spell it.

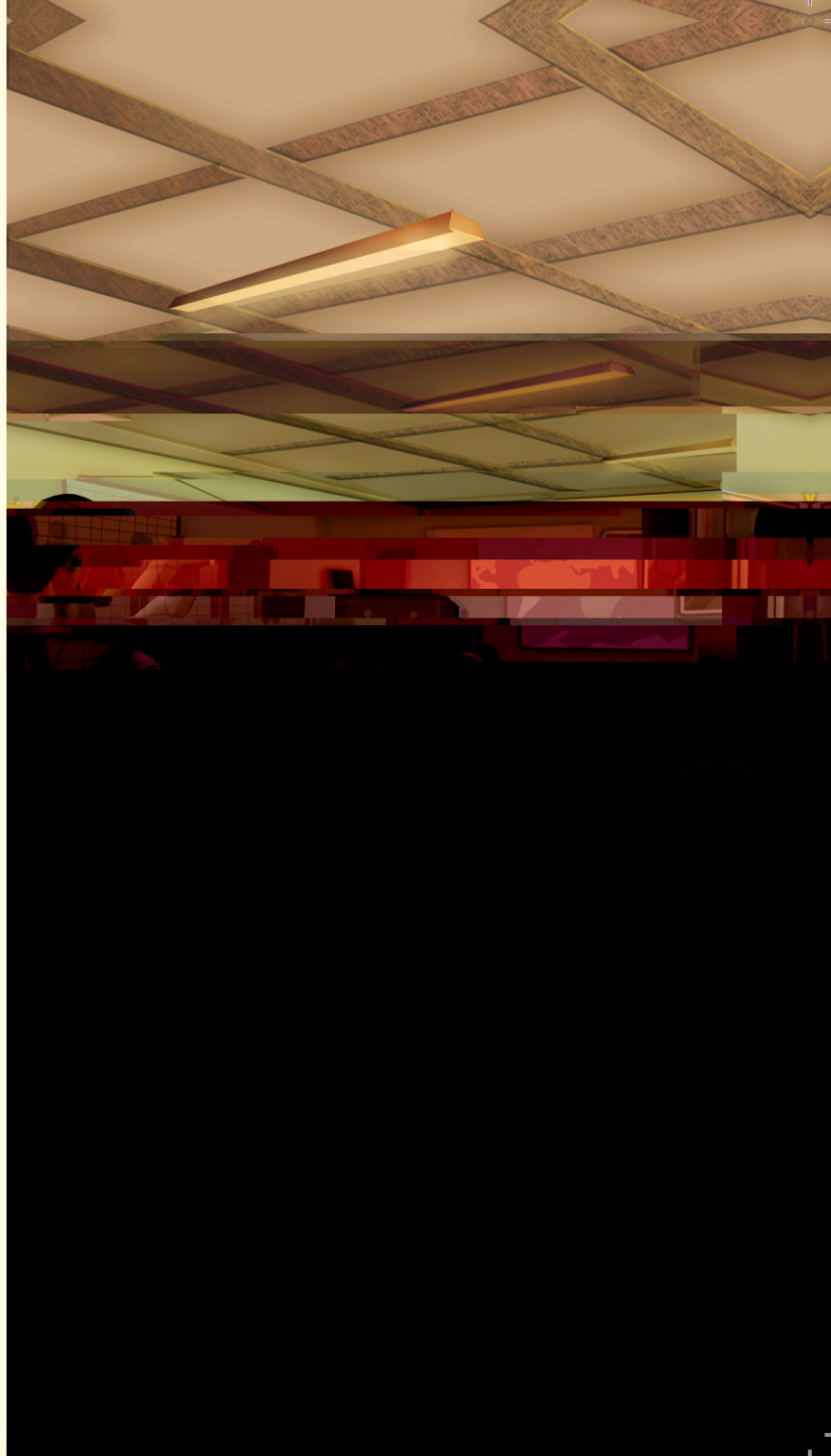


"Jenny, spell the word 'MATHEMATICS'," instructed Mr. Martin.

"Oh dear! I'm not sure I can spell this," Jenny thought as she stood up.

"M-A-T-I-M-A-T-I-K-S," she spelt.

"No, Jenny; that's incorrect," said Mr. Martin. "Who else would like to try?"



Three children raised their hands, and Mr. Martin called one of them up.

“Ok Rachel, let's hear you spell MATHEMATICS.”

“M-A-T-H-E-M-A-T-I-C-S,” Rachel said confidently.

“Very good!” Mr. Martin smiled, and the whole class cheered Rachel.



“Everyone likes Rachel because she can spell difficult words correctly. I wish I could spell difficult words just as well,” Jenny mused.



Then it was time for music lessons. Jenny was eager to sing a new song she had been practising for a while. But Mrs. Thompson, the music teacher, wanted everyone to show how well they had learnt their musical instruments instead.

“What instrument can I play?” Jenny fretted. “I can neither play the keyboard nor the drums!”



“Alright settle down everyone; take your seats!” Mrs. Thompson instructed, “Now let’s listen to George play the flute.”



George played such a beautiful tune on his flute, and everybody cheered him loudly when he was through.

“Excellent, George; excellent!” beamed Mrs. Thompson.

“Everyone likes George because he plays his flute so well. I wish I could play an instrument as good as that,” Jenny thought aloud.




Later that day, the children were on the school field for their sports activity. Jenny and the other girls in her class stretched as they got ready for their 20-meter sprint contest.

"On your mark," Coach Steve called out. "Set."

Then, the whistle went off, and the race began.







Jenny ran very fast and got ahead of all the others except Jessie. Jessie ran much faster than she did and won the race.



Everyone cheered Jessie for winning the sprint, while Jenny stood dejected on the track.

“Why can't I run as fast as Jessie, and win the sprint,” she sighed.

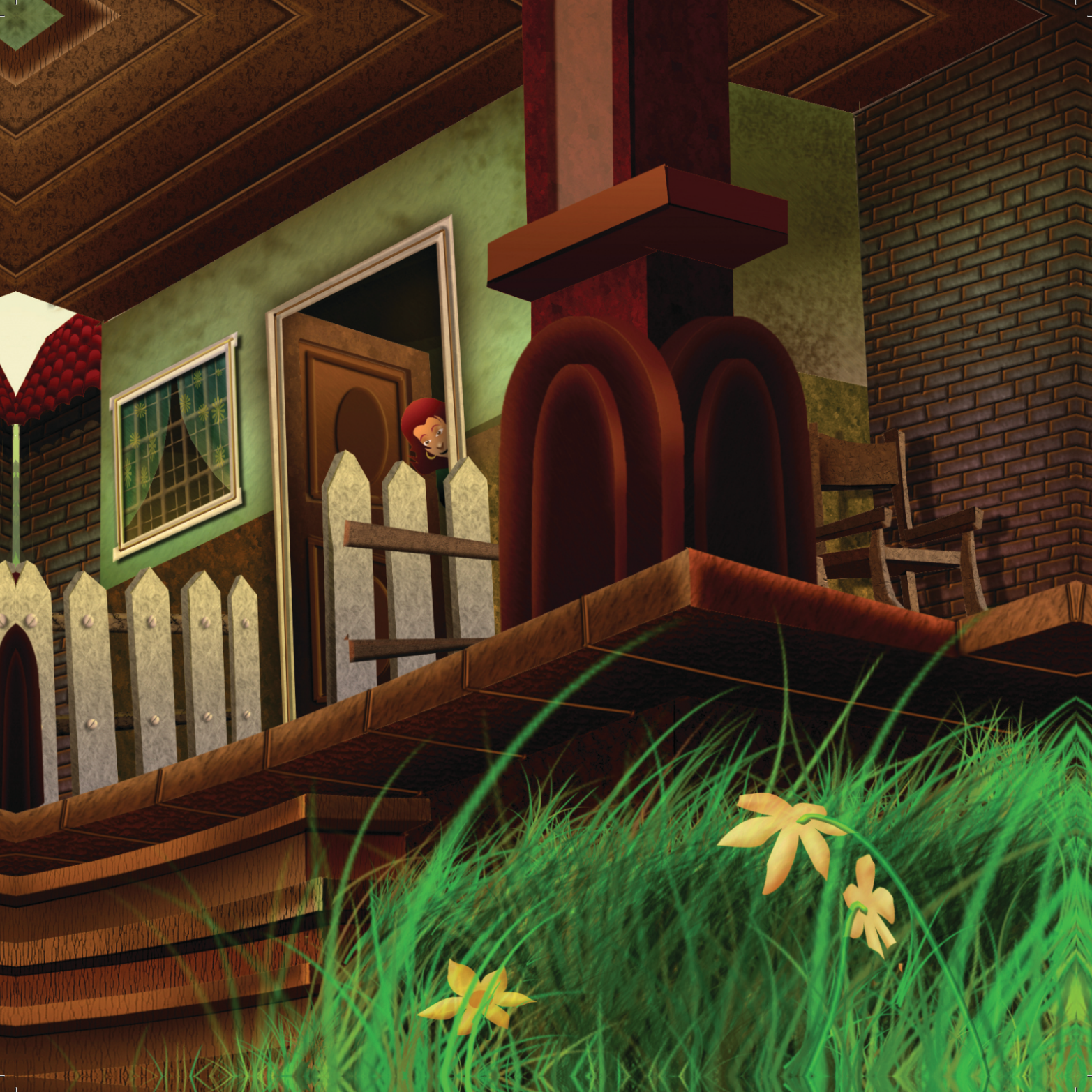


When Jenny returned home from school that day, she had a lot of questions for her mum.



She knew just when to ask her questions - at bedtime, when mum was through with the chores and came into her room to read her a bedtime story.





When Jenny's mum entered her daughter's room to read to her from a new story book she had just bought, she noticed the long look on her face.



“What's the matter, sweetheart?” she asked.

“Mum, Alice always makes her friends laugh,” Jenny started. “I want to be funny like her and make everyone laugh.”

“Jenny dear, you can tell good stories your friends would enjoy,” her mum replied.



“Rachel spells difficult words better than anyone in our class,” Jenny went on. “I want to learn to spell more difficult words than Rachel.”

“But, darling,” her mum gently chided, “No one in your class writes stories as well as you do.”





"I know that, Mum, but during our music lesson today, George played the flute so well, and I don't know how to play any instrument," she pouted, arms folded across her chest. "I wish I could play the way he does."

"But you sing better than any child I know," her mum answered, smiling.

"There's more, Mum. Do you know Jessie ran faster than me today and won our class race...again?!" she huffed. "Why can't I run as fast as she does?"

"But dear," Jenny's mum said, "you skip faster than anyone else in your class, remember?"





Jenny's mum sat her up in bed and said, "Jenny darling, your dad and I love you more than you can imagine. But guess what? Jesus loves you even more, and He loves you just the way you are!"

Jenny's lovely eyes grew big, "Really?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, He does, and He gave you a gift to tell beautiful stories the way only you could," Jenny's mum said.

"Hmmm...I see..." Jenny pondered.

"He also gave you a beautiful voice for singing," Mrs. Jordan continued.

"Wow!" Jenny said excitedly.



"There's more, dear. You do know you have a very creative imagination, don't you?" her mum reminded her.

"Yes mum," Jenny agreed with a sparkle in her eyes. "Jesus gave you that, too," her mum said.

"Really?" Jenny's face began to light up, "That makes me special, doesn't it!"



"It sure does," her mum replied. "That's why you shouldn't be so concerned about the things you can't do. Instead be happy with the gifts God has blessed you with, and always thank Him for them. You're special to God, to your dad and me, and to everyone around you. And that's because there's no one else exactly like you in the whole world!"

"Gee, thanks Mum!" Jenny smiled.

"You don't have to be like anybody else," she added. "You don't have to be like Alice, Rachel, George, or Jessie; just be the best of who God has made you. He made you special."





“Best of all, Jesus loves me
just the way I am, and that
makes me very special!”



With a wide grin on her face, Jenny said, "I may not know how to play a flute, but I can sing very well.

I may not know how to tell jokes, but I can tell good stories.

I may not spell difficult words right, but I can create new words from my imagination.

I may not be the fastest runner in my class, but I sure know how to skip fast!"



"It's time for bed, my dear," Jenny's mum said, stroking her hair. "Sleep now so you can be up early for a great day at school tomorrow."

Jenny smiled, "Thank you, Mum."

"Good night, honey," Jenny's mum said, and kissed her goodnight.

Jenny closed her beautiful eyes and said, "Jesus loves me just the way I am."



And, just as she drifted off
to sleep, she whispered,
"I am special."



What The Bible Says

**These verses show you how special you are.
Read and memorise them.**

- (1) "...I am fearfully and wonderfully made..." (Psalm 139:14)**
- (2) "For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works..." (Ephesians 2:10)**
- (3) "But you are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, His own special people..." (1 Peter 2:9)**
- (4) "...the LORD your God has chosen you to be a people for Himself, a special treasure above all the peoples on the face of the earth." (Deuteronomy 7:6)**
- (5) "...he who touches you touches the apple of His eye." (Zechariah 2:8)**
- (6) "...you are of more value than many sparrows." (Luke 12:7)**

A Lesson For You

You may be different from other kids; you may not have the same talents as they do. But that doesn't mean you're not special.

You are because:

God sent Jesus to die for you.

God created you in a wonderful way.

God created you to be just like Him!

God gave you a unique talent which you can use to bless others.

You are valuable to God.

You are God's child!

You may not have the talents some other kids have, but the ones you have make you special.

So, thank God for the talents you have, and ask Him to show you how to use them to bless your friends, and those around you.

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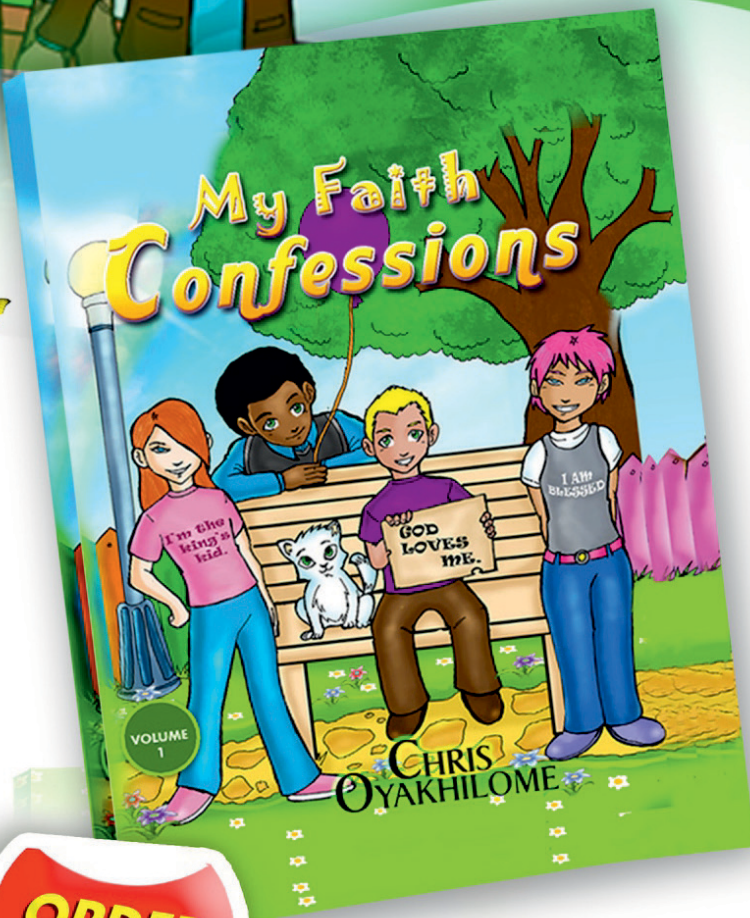
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