

I Don't Want to be Different!

I want to be like everyone else. At school, my friends swing fast across the monkey bars. at recess. But, Mom says I should not. **(Color the aardvark while you think about how he cannot swing on the monkey bars either. That would be funny to watch!)**

When I go to my neurologist (brain doctor), she tests my arm muscles to see how strong they are and how fast they react. The doctor has me hold my arms straight out, while she presses down on my hands. I am supposed to push back against her hands so she can't push them down. Instead of mine both being strong, one is weaker.

One day, I decided to cross the monkey bars so I could be like my friends. They weren't bullying me. They encouraged me, thinking I was just scared. As soon as I started across, my weak arm grabbed the ring and I fell. I tried to be strong but I started to cry. My arm hurt so badly. One friend ran and got my teacher. She took me to the nurse, who called my mom to take me to the doctor. I had a broken arm the doctor said while I chose a blue cast. **(Color the shark your favorite color)**

All kids want to be like the other kids. Because I have Epilepsy, sometimes I want to be the same and others I am OK with being different. God created us all different, and He is quite creative. He doesn't want His creation to be the same. He made aardvarks, zebras, and sharks.

Mom warned me because she didn't want me to get hurt. And, even though I don't want to admit it, I sometimes have limitations. God also made all His creation with limits. A shark can't walk, an aardvark can't smile and a zebra needs to stay in a group for safety from predators.

Should I be thrilled with all I can do, or be bummed about the few things I cannot? God wants me to think more about my blessings. Instead of not wanting to be different, let's be proud of how unique God made us. **(While you think about how unique you are draw the stripes on the zebra)**

