



# *I am Special*

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I am special.

No matter where I go in the world, there is no one exactly like me.

Since the beginning of time, there has never been another person with my eyes, my nose, my hair, my voice and my smile.

I am special.

No one can be found who has my distinctive handwriting.

Nobody anywhere has my tastes – for food or music or art.

No one sees or feels the world the way I do.

In all of time, there has never been a person who laughs or cries in the exact way that I laugh and cry.

And what makes me laugh or cry will never provoke an identical reaction from anyone else.

I am special.

I am the only one in all creation who has my skills, gifts and abilities. Oh, there will always be somebody who is better in each of the areas where I am talented, but no one in the universe has my combination of skills, gifts and abilities.

I am one of a kind.

Through all of eternity, no one will ever look, walk, talk, think, dream or do just as I do.

I am unique. I am rare.

And in rarity there is value.

Because of my rare value, I need not attempt to imitate others.

I will accept, yes, celebrate my differences.

Because I am special.

And I am beginning to realize that it is no accident that I am special.

I am beginning to see that God made me special for a very special purpose.

He must have a job that is designed just for me.

Out of all the people on earth, only one has the combination of what it will take to succeed at this job.

That one is me.

Because – I am special.

*Inspired by Virginia Satir's poem called "I am Special"*