

# I' M SPECIAL

I'm special. In all the world there's nobody like me.

Since the beginning of time, there has never been another person like me. Nobody has my smile. Nobody has my eyes, my nose, my hair, my hands, my voice.

I'm special.

No one can be found who has my handwriting.

Nobody anywhere has my tastes--for food or music or art. No one sees things just as I do.

In all of time there's been no one who laughs like me, no one who cries like me, and what makes me laugh and cry will never provoke identical laughter and tears from anybody else, ever.

No one reacts to any situation just as I would react. I'm special.

I'm the only one in all of creation who has my set of abilities. Oh, there will always be somebody who is better at one of the things I'm good at, but no one in the universe can reach the quality of my combinations of talents, ideas, abilities and feelings. Like a room full of musical instruments, some may excel alone, but none can match the symphony sound when all are played together. I'm a symphony.

Through all of eternity no one will ever look, talk, walk, think or do like me. I'm special. I'm rare.

And, in all rarity there is great value. Because of my great rare value, I need not attempt to imitate others. I will accept--yes, celebrate--my differences.

I'm special. And I'm beginning to realize it's no accident that I'm special. I'm beginning to see that God made me special for a very special purpose. He must have a job for me that no one else can do as well as I. Out of all the billions of applicants, only one is qualified, only one has the right combination of what it takes.

That one is me. Because...I'M SPECIAL.