

Hey, my loves!

Earlier this week as I was driving home, I saw a former high school classmate of mine. We caught each other up on what has happened in our lives some (none of your business!) years later since we last saw each other. As we parted company, I began to think back on my high school years. They were **HORRIBLE** for the most part! I was one of those girls with whom **none** of the guys wanted to go out! First of all, I was taller than many of them (5'9" was pretty tall for a girl at one time in life!). As if that wasn't bad enough, everyone seemed to be "developing" but me! The only thing I was developing was a stronger resemblance to Olive Oil! I **hated** the song "She's a brick house" because everyone was a "brick house" **but** me! I was more like IHOP! I was flat, had no shape, skinny with big feet and toothpicks posing as legs! So of course, folks had a *ball* "bussin" on me. I suppose it was in high school that I reached the point where I could admit (but only to myself!) that the saying "Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me", was the biggest lie going! It **did** hurt...and I didn't know which was worse: having to pretend it didn't bother me, living with the dread and fear that another day would bring more laughter at my expense or the way it made me feel about myself. Needless to say I didn't appreciate me very much. I lacked confidence and a realization of my value, worth and yes, beauty...that is, until I read Psalm 139:14 "I will praise You, Lord, for I am fearfully and **wonderfully** made; Marvelous are Your works, and that my soul knows very well." You see, I was a Christian in high school (which made me fit in even less!), but I began to believe what others said about me, what others set as the standard rather than what **God** said and set! I became my worst enemy because rather than bringing "...every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ..." I began to dwell, think on and accept as truth the lies spoken rather than follow the advice of Phil. 4:8 (look this up!). Now, don't misunderstand: it was true my legs were skinny, my feet were big, and my neck was long! What **wasn't** true was that there was something **wrong** with me because of these things, that I was unacceptable, that I was somehow flawed, less than because of them. The lie was that these things determined my character and my worth.

Perhaps you in one way or another can relate to what I'm talking about. You're the brunt of insulting jokes, picked on for one reason or another: your looks, your challenges, your awkwardness, your stuttering, your not hangin' with the crowd, your being different, your accent, your clothes, your decision to walk away rather than fight, your choice to not be a "rider", be/talk "gangsta". My love, you need to know that you are "...**wonderfully** made..."! You are one of God's **marvelous** works! You are so valuable that He came and died for you! You are so priceless and precious that He wants to have a personal, intimate relationship with you not just for now but all eternity! He thinks of you **constantly** (Ps. 139:17, 18 look this one up too!). And He loves you endlessly! (Jer. 31:3) "Yes, I have loved you with an everlasting love..."

You have an enemy (Satan) who wants to wear and tear you down so that you doubt who you are and Whose you are! He doesn't want you to reach your full potential nor fulfill your purpose in God! But you have a Savior Who will build you up and strengthen you (Jer. 31:4) "Again I will build you and you **shall** be rebuilt!" (Isaiah 41:10) "Fear not, for

I am *with* you; be not dismayed, for I am your God. *I will strengthen you*, Yes, *I will help* you, *I will uphold you* with my righteous right hand.”

Child of God, realize you got it goin’ on, you are all that and a bag a chips with a Pepsi on the side, you are off the chain, outta pocket (or whatever ya’ll say now!).

‘Til next time, my loves, be strong in the Lord, know that you are royalty, that you have a purpose and that you are *wonderfully* made, a *marvelous* work!

LOVE YAS!

Ms. Robyn