

Jaquelyn's Poem

by Grace Dvorachek

I've learned quite a lot in the time I've been here...
And some things I wish that I hadn't, I fear.
Who am I, you ask... perhaps you forgot.
But, first, let me tell you about who I'm not:

I'm not the clothes or the shoes that I wear.
I'm not my hobbies, or the name that I bear.
I'm not my quirks, or the things that I say.
I'm not the face you see on me today.

These things are all part of me—yes, that is true—
But the real me is not just the things that I do.
It's the person inside me, the soul I've been giv'n...
What I do's a reflection of what's found within.

That's how God made us... we're not all the same.
We've got different faces; we have different names.
Beyond right or wrong, our choices might vary...
They're part of the differences that we all carry.

And, so, if to be the way you were formed
Seems weird or quite strange to those who've conformed.
Don't listen to them... yes, pay them no heed.
Approval from God is all that you need.

That wonderful, precious, unique child of God
To some of you might look a little bit odd.
But, just remember, when looking at me,
That I am much more than the face that you see.