

God Created You Perfectly as You Are

A Reflection of His Love



(Ages 12–14)

You reflect God's love simply by being who you are.

God Created You Perfectly as You Are

A Reflection of His Love

The park was calm that afternoon, wrapped in soft sunlight and the gentle sound of leaves moving in the breeze. A large tree stood near the path, its branches wide and welcoming—like open arms.

This was where the book club met.

Noah spread a blanket on the grass while Sofia set three books in a small circle. They called it their “park book club,” but it was more than reading. It was where they practiced living the way Jesus taught—slowly, kindly, and with courage.

Lila arrived last.

She walked carefully, like she didn’t want to disturb the peace of the park. Her backpack sat heavier than usual on her shoulders. She smiled when she saw them, but it was the kind of smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes.

“Hey, Lila,” Noah said, gentle as always.

Sofia shifted over to make room. “We saved your spot.”

Lila sat down, pulling her sleeves over her hands. She loved this place. The park usually felt like a soft reset—like God had painted the trees and sky just to remind people to breathe.

But today her chest felt tight, like she had been holding her breath all day without noticing.

Noah opened the book and read a short section about **Good News**—not just “news” like people share online, but the kind of good news Jesus lived: hope, mercy, and love that reaches people even when they feel low.

When he finished, Sofia looked up kindly.

“What did you think about that scene?” she asked.

Lila stared at the words on the page, but her mind drifted.

Her day at school played back like a quiet movie.

Earlier, she had wanted to raise her hand, but she hesitated too long. Someone else answered. Later, a classmate laughed and said, “You’re so quiet,” like it was a joke—yet it landed in Lila’s heart like a small stone.

At lunch, she sat with people, but she felt alone anyway.

And when school ended, she went home to a busy house where everyone had a voice and a need and a story to tell. Lila didn’t want to add hers. She kept her feelings tucked away like papers folded too tightly.

Now, sitting in the park, the feelings started to unfold.

Sofia waited. Noah waited. No one pushed.

Lila blinked, realizing she had been asked a question.

“I...” she started.

But the words didn’t come.

Instead, her eyes filled. Silent tears slipped down her cheeks—quiet, steady, like her heart had been waiting for a safe place to finally let go.

Noah’s expression changed right away.

“Lila,” he said softly, leaning forward. “Hey... are you okay?”

Sofia moved closer—not to fix anything, not to crowd her, just to be near. “It looks like today was really heavy,” she said.

Lila nodded, wiping her cheeks with her sleeve. Her throat felt thick.

“I didn’t want to make it a big deal,” she whispered. “Nothing terrible happened... but I feel tired inside. Like... I’m carrying a lot, even if I can’t explain it.”

Noah nodded like he understood.

“Sometimes the heaviness isn’t from one big thing,” he said. “Sometimes it’s from a bunch of little things that stack up.”

Sofia added quietly, “And being sensitive doesn’t mean you’re weak. It means you feel deeply. That can be a gift.”

Lila looked down. “It doesn’t feel like a gift at school.”

Noah took a slow breath. “Jesus didn’t shame people for feeling. He noticed them. He listened. And He helped them remember who they were.”

Sofia’s eyes softened. “Yeah. He didn’t say, ‘Stop feeling.’ He said, ‘Come closer, let love help you.’”

Lila pressed her hand to her chest, noticing how tight her body felt.

Sofia spoke gently, like she was naming something holy. “Lila, you are not your environment.”

Noah nodded. “And you’re not your hardest day.”

Sofia continued, “School can be loud. Home can be busy. People can say things without thinking. But you—your true you—belongs to God.”

Lila's breathing slowed.

She wanted to believe it.

Noah glanced at the book again. "You know what stood out to me about the Good News?" he said. "It doesn't mean everything feels easy. It means God is with us through it."

Lila whispered, "But why do I start telling myself stories—like maybe I don't matter... or I'm not enough?"

Noah answered, "Because when our hearts hurt, our minds try to explain the pain. Sometimes they invent disaster stories."

Sofia nodded. "And people spread bad news fast—about the world, about others, about everything. But we don't have to live in those stories."

Lila looked up. "So... I can choose something different?"

"Yes," Noah said. "Changing doesn't mean you were a bad person before. It means you're growing."

Sofia smiled. "God created you perfectly as you are. And because God created you, you're also a co-creator. You can shape what grows in you."

Lila breathed out slowly.

Noah added, "We can't choose every situation... but we can choose our response. We can choose what we feed our minds and what we practice with our actions."

Lila thought of day at school, home, all of it.

"What if I feel upset," she asked, "but I still want to do the good?"

Sofia answered, “That’s one of the bravest things. We don’t ignore our feelings—but we don’t let them drive the whole bus either.”

Noah smiled a little. “We learn where we’re planted, and we make the best decisions we can—decisions that protect our peace and help others too.”

Lila’s tears had slowed, but her face still felt warm.

Sofia spoke softly, “And we can be a light right where we are. Not just when we feel happy—also when we feel shaky.”

Noah nodded. “A field of love. That’s what Jesus builds. One heart at a time.”

Lila closed her eyes and tried to imagine that.

Not a perfect day.

Not a perfect life.

But a life filled with small choices that spread love—like sunlight spreading across grass.

She noticed something then.

Under the heaviness, there was still a glow.

It had been there the whole time.

It was her heart—still alive, still trying, still capable of love.

Sofia said, “Let’s take a moment to breathe together. Just to center.”

They sat quietly.

One slow breath in.

One gentle breath out.

Lila's shoulders lowered.

Then Noah said softly, "Can we pray?"

Sofia nodded. "Yes."

Lila's thoughts wandered back to home.

She loved her family, but lately everything there felt uncertain. Some days were calm, other days were loud and hurried. She never quite knew what mood the house would be in when she walked through the door. Would everyone be busy? Would someone need help? Would there be tension she couldn't explain?

So Lila tried to stay small. She told herself not to add more. She carried her worries quietly, thinking it was better to hold them than to risk making things harder for anyone else.

Then school made those worries feel even bigger.

The morning stayed with her all day—every pause, every word she didn't say, every moment she wondered if she should have spoken up. By the time she sat in class, her mind was no longer in the room. It was replaying the same thoughts again and again, until she could only see what felt wrong.

She noticed that when she thought about home, she felt uneasy.

When she thought about school, she felt unsure.

And when she thought about both together, her heart felt full—but not in a good way.

It felt like her cup was filled with worries instead of peace.

Lila hadn't meant for it to happen. She just didn't know how to stop carrying everything inside. She didn't yet know that thoughts, when held too tightly, can grow heavier than the moment they came from.

Sofia's voice brought her back.

"Lila," she said gently, "it's okay to notice what's happening around you. But you don't have to bring every worry into your heart."

Noah nodded. "Jesus taught us that we can look at a situation without letting it become who we are. Our problems don't get to be bigger than God."

Sofia added softly, "Your heart is meant to be a place of guidance and light—not a storage place for fear."

Lila breathed in slowly as she listened.

For the first time that day, she wondered if she could acknowledge what was happening—at home, at school—without letting it take over her thoughts.

Noah spoke with a calm, steady voice.

"Father God, thank You for Lila. Thank You for creating her in love—perfectly, just as she is. Please help her feel Your love in her heart and body. Help her remember she is more than her situation."

Sofia continued, "Jesus, our Guide and Model, please walk with Lila. Help her choose the good, do the good, and feel the good—even on hard days. Give her wisdom, courage, and peace."

Lila swallowed and whispered her own words, small but true.

"God... help Your love glow in me. Help me trust life. Help me believe I'm not alone."

When the prayer ended, the park felt even quieter—like the world had leaned in to listen.

Lila opened her eyes.

 **A Moment to Reflect**

Sometimes our thoughts carry worries from one place to another—
from home to school,
from morning to afternoon,
from one feeling to the next.

Take a quiet moment and reflect.

 **Why Journaling Helps**

Journaling helps us slow down and listen to what is happening inside us.
When we write or draw our thoughts, they become easier to understand instead of
staying tangled in our minds.

Journaling gives our hearts a safe place to rest, helps us notice God's loving guidance,
and reminds us that our feelings are not problems—they are invitations to grow.

 **Journal Question:**

1. **Have you ever felt heavy inside even when nothing “bad” seemed to happen?**

What do you think your heart was trying to tell you in that moment?

 **Journal Question:**

2. **In the story, Lila's worries followed her from home to school.**

Are there thoughts or feelings that sometimes follow you through your day?

 **Journal Question:****3. How does your body feel when your mind is full of worries or concerns?**

Where do you notice those feelings most?

 **Journal Question:****4. What does it mean to notice a situation without bringing it into your heart?**

How could this help you protect your inner peace?

 **Journal Question:**

5. **When life feels uncertain, what helps you remember that God is bigger than your problems?**

Write about a time when you felt God close to you.

 **Journal Question:****6. Lila learns that her feelings are not telling her she is bad but inviting her to grow.**

What is one feeling you have that might be inviting you to learn something about yourself?

Now pause.

Place a hand over your heart and take one slow breath.

- What worries can you notice **without carrying them inside your heart?**
- What helps you remember that God is bigger than your problems?
- What would it feel like to let God's love guide your thoughts instead?

Closing Reflection

Write or draw one sentence that reminds you of this truth:

My heart is a place for light, guidance, and God's love—not a place for fear to stay.

The heaviness hadn't vanished completely.

But something had changed.

She felt held.

She felt seen.

She felt like her feelings were not an ending—they were an invitation.

An opportunity to make a change.

To practice new habits.

To speak to herself with kindness.

To thank herself at the end of the day for trying.

To become, little by little, the light she wanted to see.

Noah packed the book carefully.

Sofia squeezed Lila's hand gently, just once.

And Lila stood up with them, breathing easier.

As they walked toward the path, the sunlight stretched over the grass like a blessing.

Lila imagined it spreading—wide and warm—like a field of love.

And in her chest, she felt a steady truth:

God created her perfectly as she was.

And God would lovingly guide her as she grew.