

More of me to love

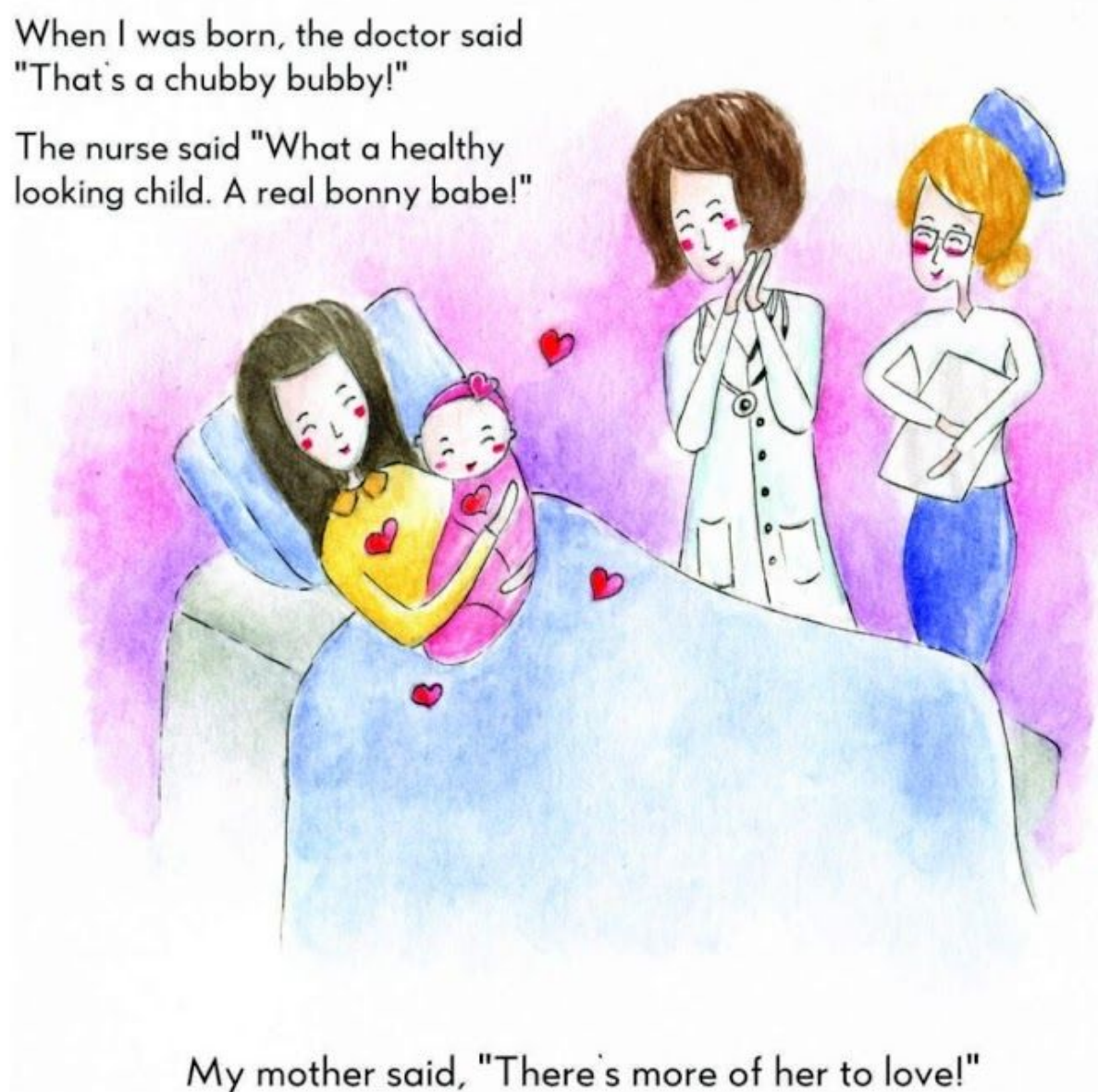
Story by Jade Maitre

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



When I was born, the doctor said
"That's a chubby bubby!"

The nurse said "What a healthy
looking child. A real bonny babe!"



My mother said, "There's more of her to love!"

As I've grown, I've always known my mother's words to be true. I am
kind and healthy and strong.



There's so much of me to love.



I care about others
and their feelings.
I help when I see
they need help.

I can help
because I watch
for the little signs
that show they
need kindness,
even if they
haven't asked
me yet.





I notice when my friends and family need kisses and hugs.

I am very cuddly.



My body is my own. There are no other bodies like it.
In the whole world, nobody is the same.

Like stars or snowflakes or seashells, every one of us is different
and beautiful. All of us belong, and make the world interesting and
special.



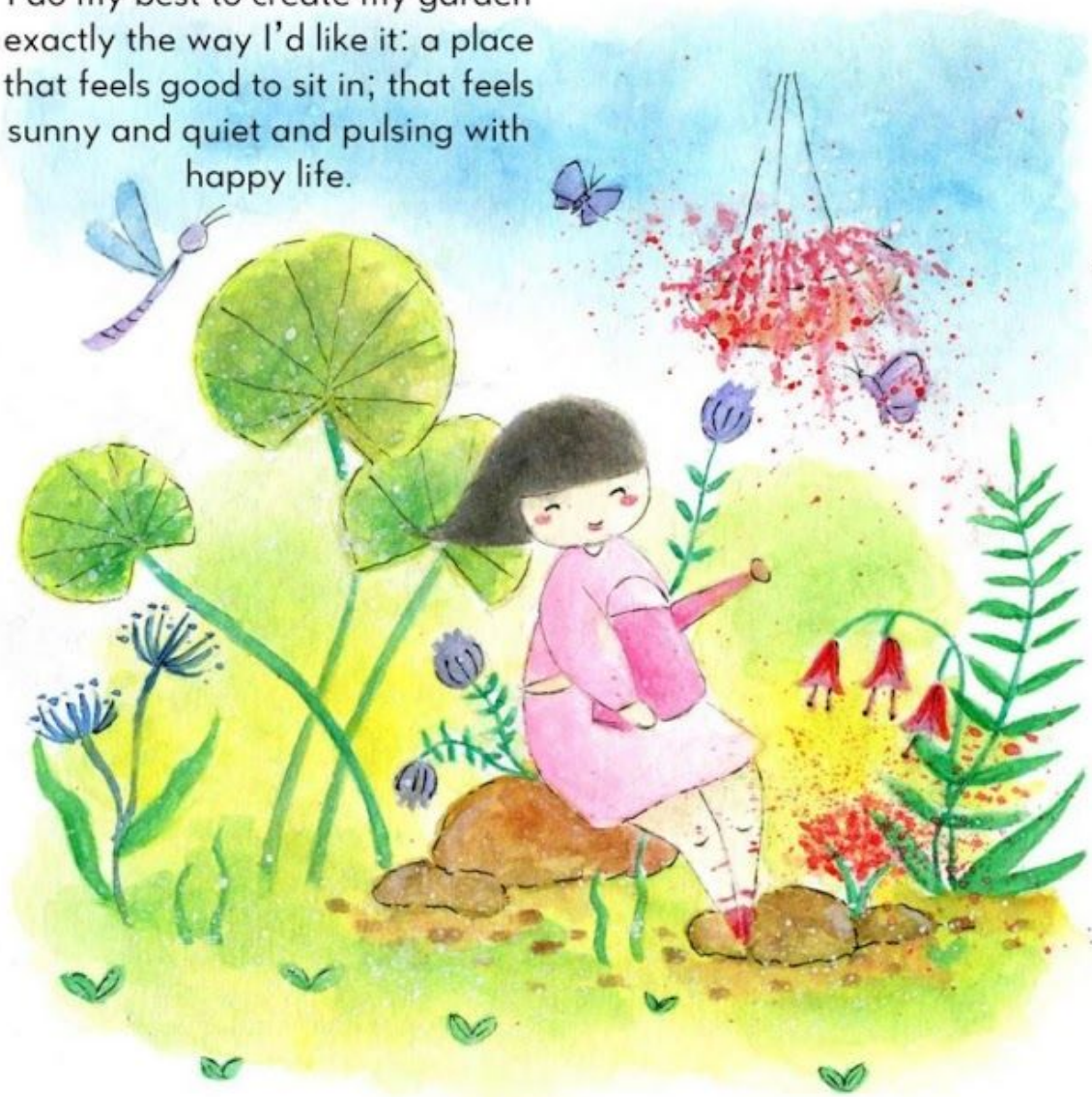


But in many ways we are also the same. We all have hearts, and bodies, and souls. Some of these things we are born with. They make us unique, and create our stories and strengths.



Other parts of us we are not born with. We can nurture these as we grow, like seeds in a beautiful garden.

I do my best to create my garden
exactly the way I'd like it: a place
that feels good to sit in; that feels
sunny and quiet and pulsing with
happy life.



Other people's gardens are different to mine, and that makes sense, because we are all different people and we all like different things.



I am grateful for all the things my body can do. It turns food into energy, which is a kind of miracle.



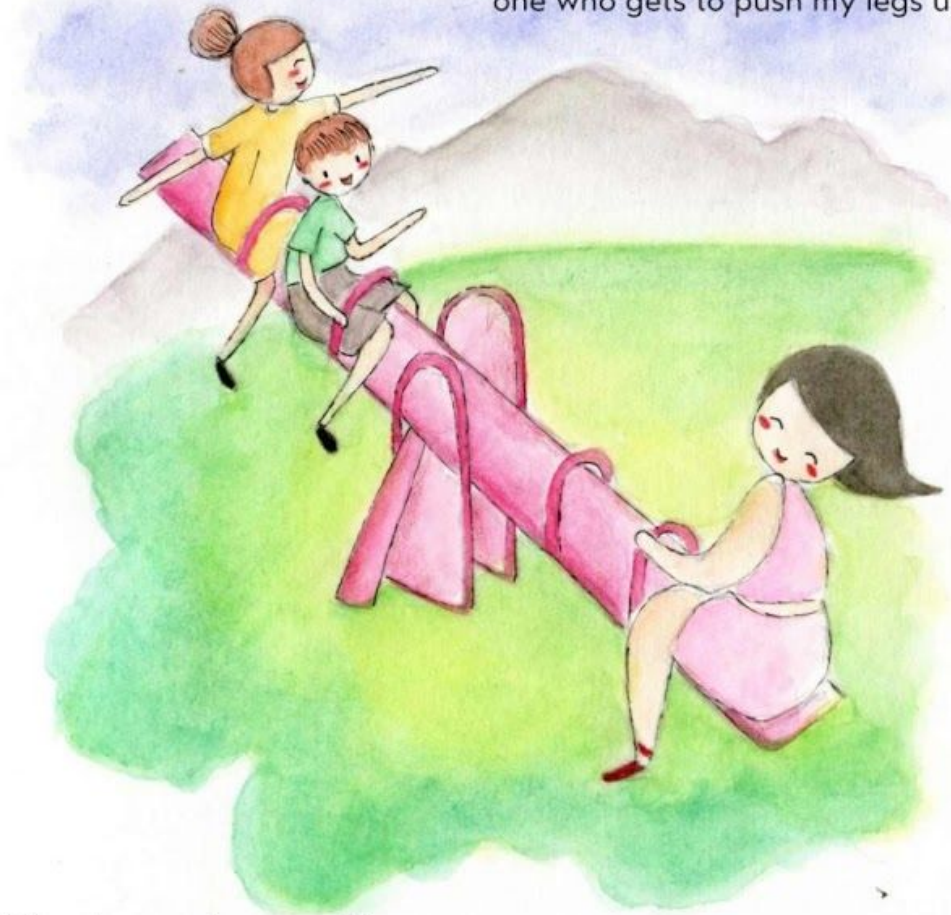
When I move fast, I can feel the blood surging in me, and I know that I am powerful.

When I sit still, my mind makes pictures and stories in my imagination.



I can create whole worlds in my mind.

When I am on a see-saw, I am the
one who gets to push my legs up!



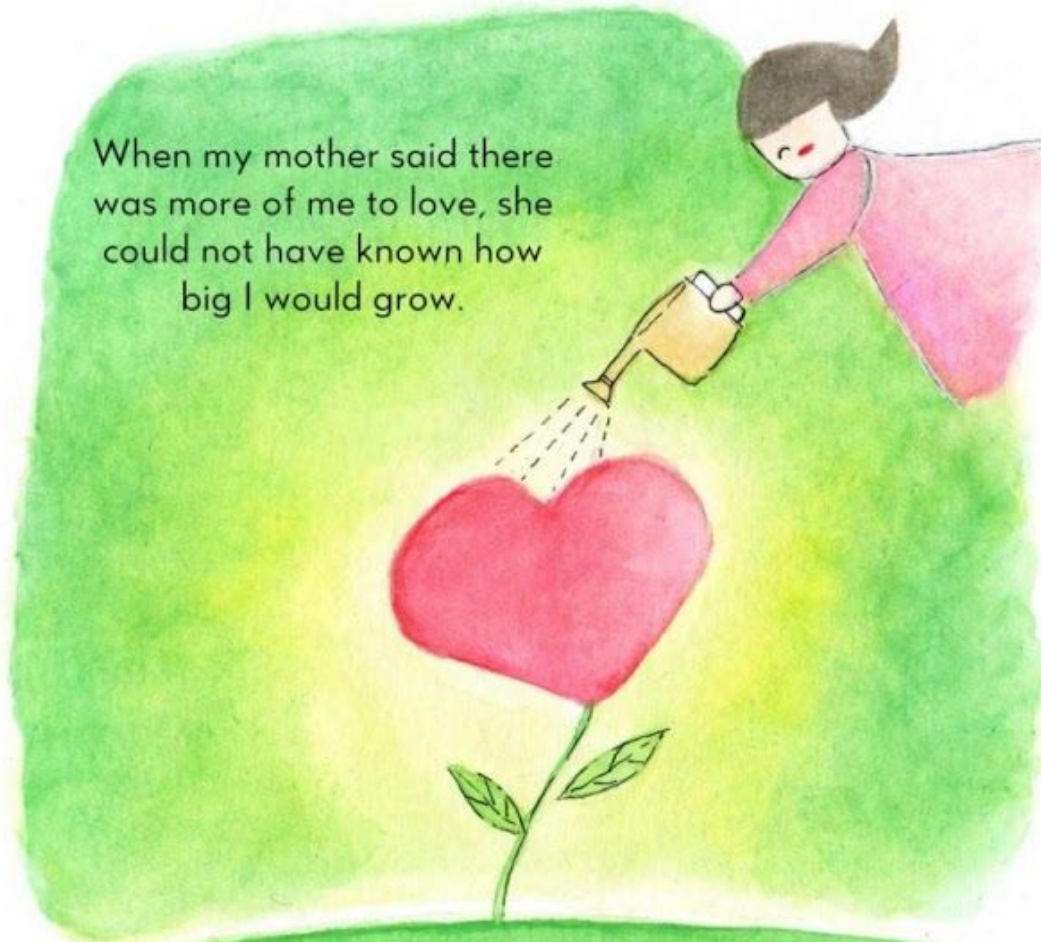
And then I come down, and I see my
friend laughing from high in the air.

I enjoy eating lots of healthy fruits and vegetables, cooking, and inventing new recipes.



In every meal I prepare, I think of how it will nurture my body and soul, as well as those of the people I love.

When my mother said there
was more of me to love, she
could not have known how
big I would grow.



Not in my height, or my age, or any of those usual
things, but in my love.

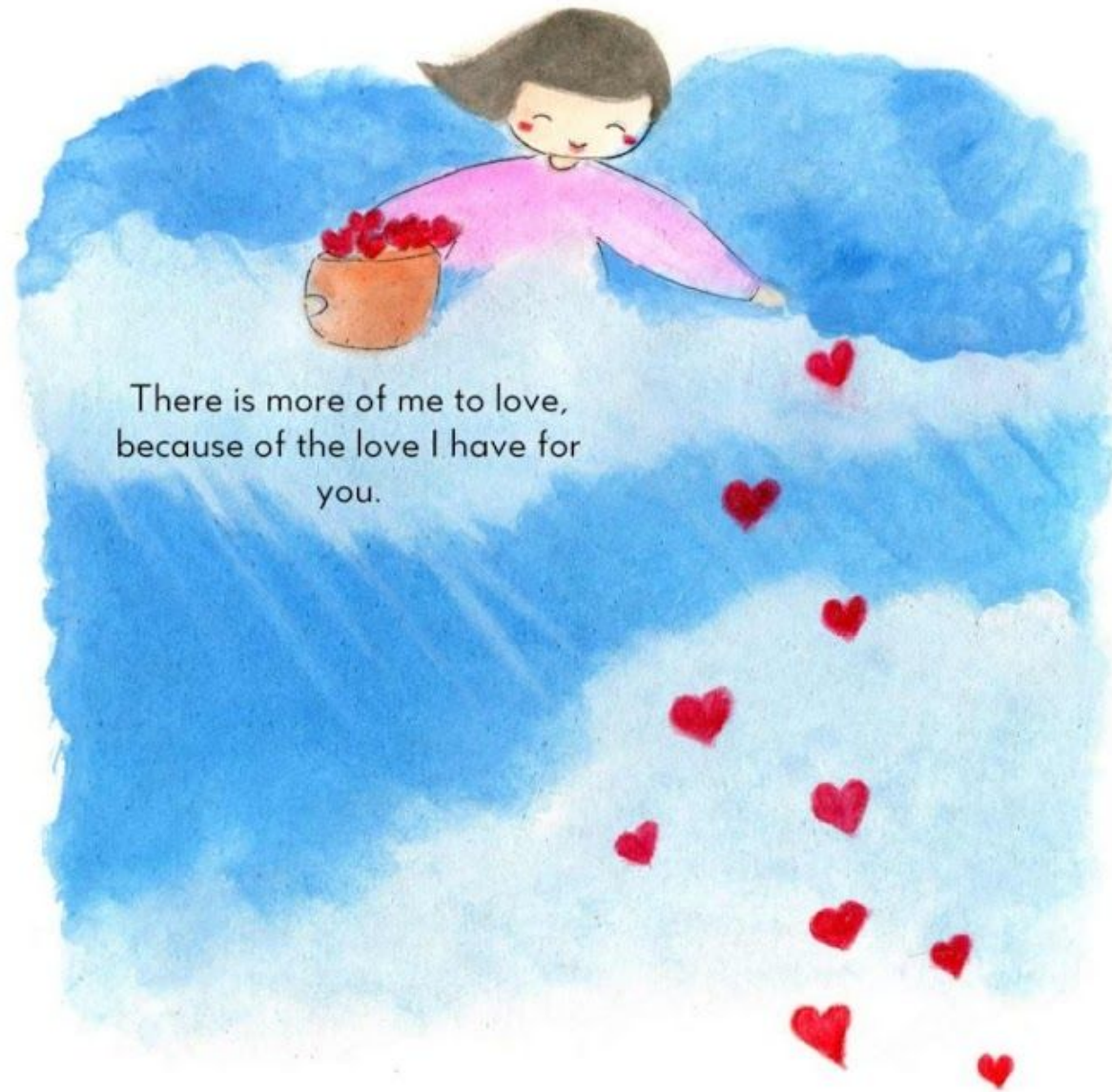
When I am kind to others in this world, my love is so big
that it blooms from me like a flower opens itself to the
sun. I imagine everyone feeling warm from my love, my
colour, my special soul.



And this love enfolds all of us...



because in loving you, I feel happy too.



There is more of me to love,
because of the love I have for
you.