

I'M SPECIAL

In all the world there is nobody, nobody like me.

Since the beginning of time
there has never been another person like me.

Nobody has my smile, my eyes, my hands,
my funny and annoying ways.

Nobody owns my handwriting, my voice.

I'm special.

Nobody can paint my brush strokes.

Nobody has my taste for food or music or dance or art.

Nobody in the universe sees things as I do.

In all time there has never been anyone who laughs
in exactly my way,

and what makes me laugh or cry or think
may have a totally different response in another.

So I'm special.

I'm different from any other person who has ever lived
in the history of the universe.

I am the only one in the whole of creation
who has my particular set of abilities,
my hand print, my genes, my pain.

Every person is my superior in at least one way,
but nobody in the universe has my combination
of gifts, memories and feelings.

There is always someone who is better
at one thing or another.

Nobody can match the "tune" that I play.

Through all eternity, no one will ever walk,
talk, think, feel or do exactly like me.

I do not need to imitate anyone else.

I am special.

It is no accident that I am.

God made only one of me,

For a special purpose, a job that only I can do.

Only one person has the unique and right combination
of what it takes – **and that one is me.**