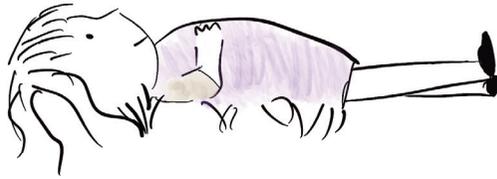


For YOU, in all
your YOU-ness



Little Maisy was on her back
looking way up at the clouds
finding dogs and Cats and dragons
in the streaks and fluffy mounds

Up came her best friend
Miller

with a question on his
tongue.

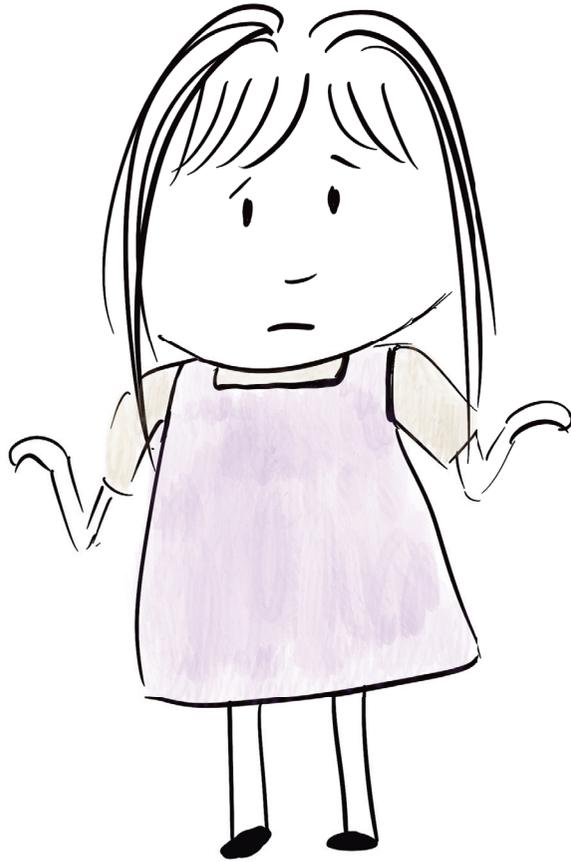
He was always asking
crazy things -
ever curious,
that one



“What do you think your gifts are?”
he asked, brows high up on his face.
“Your special strengths and you-ness
which make the world a better
place?”



Maisy thought, and thought, and thought...
but nothing came to mind.
She knew there must be something,
but her inner gifts she could not find



“What are yours?” she threw at Miller



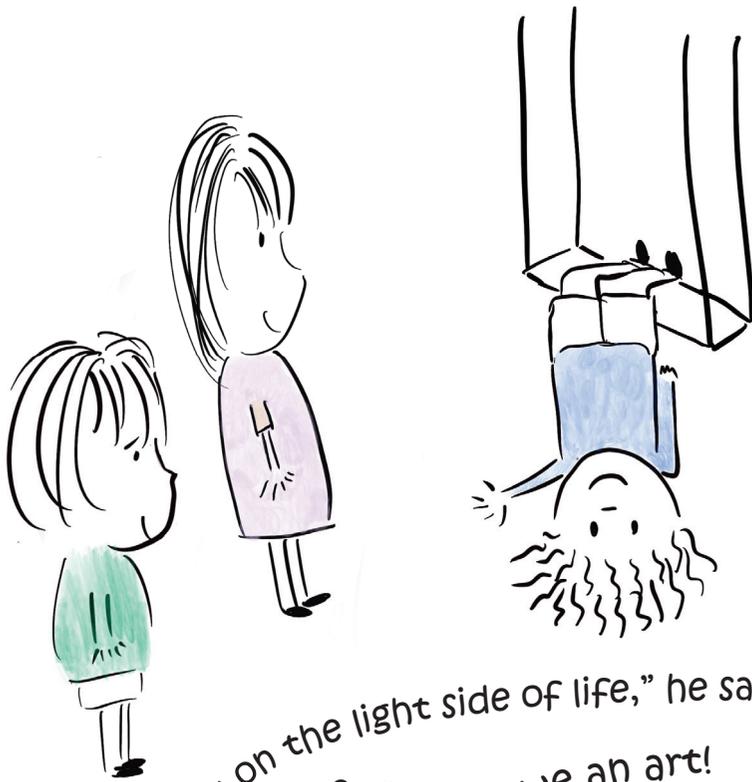
and he answered right away,
“My laugh is so contagious,
you’ll giggle the day away!”

“That’s true,” said Maisy with a grin

“It’s the best laugh in town.

Let’s go ask our other friends
and see what hidden gifts there are around!”

They hadn't walked too far at all
when Dave swung into view
"My gifts?" he said from upside down,
"I'm awestruck, and playful, too!"



"I look on the light side of life," he said

"I make finding awe an art!

I delight in all the little things
to keep me bright and young at heart!"



Soon they passed
their good friend
Alice,

Drawing figures
under a tree

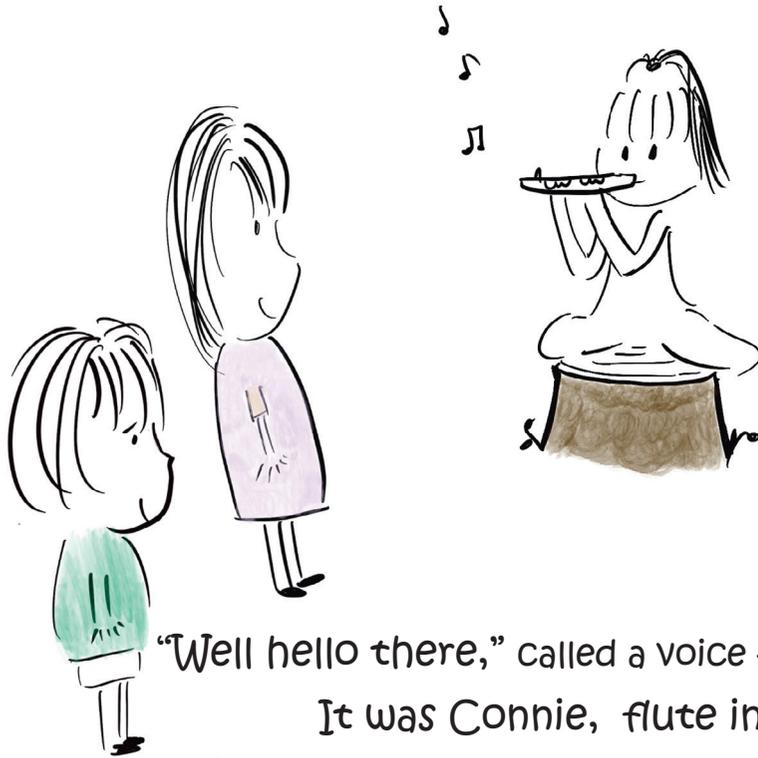
“We’re asking about
gifts,” said Maisy
It’s a difficult one for me.”

“I’m empathetic,” said Alice, with a smile

“I put myself in others’ shoes,
listening with kindness and attention
to help them flip their blues.”

She put a gentle arm around Maisy
and gave her a little squeeze
“You’ve got endless gifts, you know,” she said
“That’s what everybody sees.”





“Well hello there,” called a voice from not far off
It was Connie, flute in hand
“Gifts, you say? This music, for one!”
And she played from her tree-trunk stand.

“The gift of memory, too,” she said
“When things are not so clear,
I remember what’s important,
and what to release into the air.”



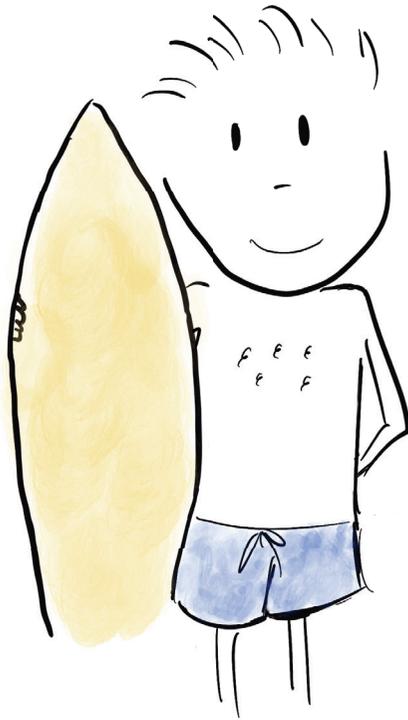


It was then that Maisy's
Dad jogged by,
surfboard
under arm,

“What do you bring to this world, Dad?
Your very own kind of charm?”

He thought for just a moment
before his eyes became alive
“I tinker and make things with my hands,
So tiny babies can survive.”

“Oh, weird jokes and riding waves as well,”
and he held up his steezy board
“One day I’ll make one of these myself!
And set some new world records.”





Soon they stumbled upon
Maisy's Mum,
getting ready for a dive
Maisy asked her about
her gifts
and she paused and
thought for five.

“I know exactly how to be silly!” she said,
“There’s always a funny side.
I make anywhere feel like home, as well,
with whatever I can find.”



“And you, my little Maisy?
You’ve got gifts coming out your ears!
You’re kind and brave and honest
and wise beyond your years.”

“Those strengths are yours to spread around,
sprinkle them everywhere you go
and the more that you can own them,
the brighter they will glow.”



“But the biggest gift of all?” she said,
throwing her hands up to the sky,
“You’re you! You overflowing with your you-ness,
and you don’t even have to try!”