

God's Creation

by Susanna Martinez

Hi boys and girls, it's my opportunity once again to bring you the story of this Sabbath.

Now, in our classroom we've been doing a lot of work with pumpkins. I don't know if you noticed, but pumpkins come in all different sizes and colors, which made me think of this book, *Eyes That Kiss in the Corners*. This book talks about a little girl whose eyes are not quite like everyone else's. What made me think about this? Because God made us all different shapes and colors. He likes us to be all beautiful, no matter what color or shape our eyes or our bodies are.

It says, some people have eyes like sapphires and lagoons, with lashes that lace trims on ballrooms, sweeping their cheeks as they twirl. Big eyes, long lashes. Not me. I have eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea. My eyes are just like Mama's.

Mama's eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea crinkle into crescent moons. When she comes home from work, she scoops me in her arms, eyes sparkling like starlight, and tickles me until we laugh ourselves onto the floor. Do you like it when Mommy comes home from work?

When Mama tucks me in at night, her eyes tell me I'm a miracle. In these moments when she's all mine, flecks of dancing gold tell me I'm hers too. My Mama is my sun in the sky, and her eyes are just like Amma's.

Amma's eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea don't work like they used to. But she sees in all the ways into my heart and can even read my mind. Her eyes are filled with so many stories, I can fall inside them and swim until time stops. I see Gimson and the Monkey King sitting on the lotus, serene. Babbles of leeches on trees and mountains that reach for the sky. My Amma never ages, and her eyes are just like mine.

Mimi's eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea blink against the window until I get home from school. They disappear beneath her two-tooth smile when I walk in the door. She totters after me and gazes up at me like I am her best present. I hope she looks at me like that forever, because when she looks at me in that Mimi way, I feel like I can fly. Mimi's eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea are just like mine.

My eyes crinkle in crescent moons and sparkle like the stars. Gold flecks dance and twirl with story whirls in the cooling pools, carrying tales of the past and hope for the future. My

eyes find mountains that rise above and look up when others shut down. My lashes curl like the swords of warriors, and through them I see kingdoms in the sky.

My eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea are a revolution. They are Mama's and Amma's and Mimi's. They are me, and they are beautiful.

This book reminds me that no matter what color or shape we are, we are beautiful because we are God's creation.

Okay, boys and girls, I hope you remember that. Let's bow our heads.

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank you, dear Lord, for creating us so beautiful just the way we are. Help us to always remember and see your creation in us. Help us to always be a light wherever we are at. For we pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

Bye boys and girls. See you next time.