Heavenly Father Loves Me

BY SHIRLEY ADWENA HARVEY

It doesn’t matter if my eyes are
Are blue or green or brown,
Or if I’m from the city
Or a little country town.
It doesn’t matter if my skin
Is yellow, brown, or white,
Or if I’m short and chubby
Or grow to reach great height.
It doesn’t matter if I’m smart
And get good marks in school,
Or if I find it hard to learn
Or follow all the rules.
I know that I am special—
As precious as a lamb—
And Heavenly Father loves me
Just the way I am.