

Father; Hey son, where are you going?

Son; Outside to play baseball with Johnny and nim.

Father; Can I talk to you first?

Son; But, Dad... can it wait?

Father; Don't worry, it won't take long.

Have a seat.

Son; 'sup Dad?

Father I need you to explain something to me.

Son; Depends on what it is.

Father; Don't worry I have all the confidence in the world, you can do it.

F: Want something to drink?

S: Sure, O.J. will be just fine and dandy.

F: Ok son. [pours him a drink]
Do you know what this is?

S: C'mon Dad! it's my report card.

F: Here, would you read it to me; please

S: Math-C
Art-B
Phy ed- A
History- D
writing- B

F: Sounds like...you missed one or two

S: Noooooo, I think I read themmmmmmm alllllllllll.

F: I don't think you did... Here let meee seeee.

S: Oh; guess I did miss one. Here it is way at the bottom. Don't know why they do that. Why can't they ...

F: Just read it son.

English - F!

Can I go play now?! [he spoke with urgency]

F: No, son. I'm talking to you.

S: But Dad! Johnny nim...

F: I'm sure they love you enough to wait. You're one of the best hitters in the neighborhood.

S: Thanks Dad.

F: Like I was saying. I need you to explain what happened.

S: What'dya mean?

F: Tell me how an honor roll student goes from straight A's to getting C's, B's, D's and F's

S: I got an A in gym!

F: What about the other classes?

S: I dunno...

I guess...

I dunno...

I...huh...

Oh that's what happened; the teacher don't like me.

F: Son, can I ask you a question?

S: Yeahhh, Dad.

F: Do kids pick on you?

S: Not no more. [he spoke proudly]

F: Why is that?

S: I dunno...guess they think I'm cool-now! [his smile wide as a catchers mitt].

F: So in one school year, you went from being bullied to Mr. Popular?!

S: Don't ask me, Dad. I don't know how these things work. Can I go play? Now!

F: In a minute. I want to tell you a story.

S:...Dad...

F: Don't worry - it's a short one.

F: Believe it or not; I was your age-once.

S: I know Dad.

F: Made the Honor Roll since academic stat were kept!

S: I know Dad...

F: Well any way son; one day Dad stopped putting his best foot forward.

S: But you told me not to do that.

F: I know son.
I just got tired of being picked on.

S: Kids picked on you too?

F: Yeah;son.

All my life I was teased for being skinny.

S: Me too.

F: Top of that,kids picked on me for being smart.

S: Me too.

F: Called everything from teachers pet to nerd to geck...
Had books knocked out my hands;I was shoved into lockers

S: I know the feeling.

F: My school supplies were stolen or taken. Other times they were
used to play "keep away."

S: At school kids say I'm acting white.

F: Got that too,son.

S: Didn't it hurt?

F: Yeah son.

S: Makes me wanna hit people.

F: That wouldn't be a nice thing to do: would it?

S: But,I betcha they'd leave me alone.

F: But if you did that you wouldn't be being yourself.
Plus I'd have to put you on punishment.
That reminds me...

F: You know Jesus was picked on too.

S: For real Dad?

F: Yup. They would say...You nobody special;you just a carpenter
son.

Matta fact;you not God,you the devil
You's a liar and the truth ain't in
you.He could have had angels defend Him,
even when friends and family picked on
Him,but chose not to use His power,which
is the definition of meekness. <>

S: My brothers sometimes make fun of me,even when they with they
friends.

F: But you know what through it all son, even when He was
lied on,bullied,and hit He responded in love.

That's what's cool about Him. No matter what people said about
Him;No matter where He was,who He was with or who He was
around.

JESUS WAS ALWAYS -

JESUS.

Peer pressure didn't even affect Him. He was always Himself.

S: So wish I could be like that.

F: We all do son.

That's why we need Jesus; to teach us to love ourself; to be who we are - all the time.

Growing up; didn't love myself enough to be myself. Not valuing myself it was easy for me to be who somebody else wanted me to be.

Thought being smart was the coolest thing. When the teasing started, didn't feel that way so much. I was as they say - uncomfortable in my own skin. Mad I was granted God given intelligence in the first place, I devised a brilliant plan!

S: What was it Dad?

F: It was to stop putting forth effort. I began to do just enough to pass; overnight my grades skyrocketed to the bottom, which shot my popularity through the roof

S: Dad you were popular - that must've been cool.

F: Son you're missing the point. Popularity stopped the teasing but it cost me countless awards, medals, and scholarships That's not cool.

Everytime I gave up; everytime I didn't give it my all; every time I became who someone else wanted me to be - just to be accepted; I was dying a slow painful death; inside Son let that be a road less travelled in your life.

Son love yourself.

When you love yourself nothing or nobody can stop you from being who you are, or stop you from being who God created and destined you to be. As you love yourself you'll love God more. LOVE IS THE MOST DOMINANT FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE.

You'll love the fact that you smart and come to embrace it. You'll feel your best and wanna do your best. When studying and learning an excitement will be there like no other. You'll want to reach out and help those who once bullied you.

S: Like the feeling of hitting a game winning grand slam?

F: Even better. You'll have a joy no bully can take - no matter what he says or does. As you come to love yourself, you will love the fact that God gifted you with intelligence. Bullies taunts won't even have the same effect on you. When they yell, "nerd," you'll just smile and be all happy loving the fact that God blessed you intellectually.

Son you're a good kid and I don't want to see you get in trouble or make the same foolish mistakes I did growing up, while rushing to be grown.

Son grow slow.

S: Thanks Dad.

F: LOVE WHO YOU ARE BE WHO YOU ARE