

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made”

Donald came through the front door of his home full of emotions from his school day and gym class was the worst! **(Page 1, Nice solid Oak door, small windows near the top.)** Inside, his mom was preparing a snack and waiting for him to get home like she always did. **(Page 3)** Donald’s bookbag felt heavy and his shoulders sunk extra low on this day. With his head down and his eyes starting to fill with tears, he walked inside and dropped his bookbag near the front door. **(Page 5)** As he tried hard to fight back the tears, he stood there and asked in a soft almost whisper “MOM? MOM! Are you home? Where are you?”**(Page 7)**. His mom was just about to take a seat at the kitchen table to drink her afternoon cup of tea.**(Page 9)** She heard the defeated tone in Donald’s voice and gently replied “I’m in the kitchen sweetie.” **(Page 11, Square table, thick light wood. Modern appliances. Stainless steel if possible for refrigerator and stove.)** As she said that, she slowly took a seat at the table. **(Page 13)**

Donald slowly made his way into the kitchen and slid down into the chair at the table next to his mother. **(Page 15, We see Donald’s front as he enters the room and mom from a side view.)** As he lifted his head and looked into his mom’s eyes, he couldn’t hold back the tears any longer. **(Page 17 Close up of him with his eyes filling up with tears)**

As the tears ran down his face, he took a deep breath and asked “When am I going to start getting some muscles mom?”**(Page 19)** While I was changing for gym class, some my friends started laughing at me and calling me skinny. They were

pointing at my arms and legs were.” **(Page 21, create a thought bubble as if Donald is picturing the incident in the locker room)**

His mom calmly listened, trying her best not to smile and hurt his feelings even more. **(Page 23, Show mom with a face of compassion while she is also visibly struggling to not smile)** “Take a moment, dry your eyes, and look at me closely. **(Page 25) Show Donald wiping his face, drying his eyes)** Son, it may be hard to believe right now but your body is developing at just the right speed. **(Page 27, Show images of Donald’s growth an infant, to a toddler to maybe Kindergarten age)** I understand that many of your friends are growing at a faster pace than you. To live your life always comparing yourself to how others look would not be fun at all. **(Page 29, Show mom seated but speaking sternly while gesturing with her hands as she points at Donald.)**

Donald’s mother paused and reached out to hold his hand. With a look of compassion she asked, “Do you remember the Sunday school lesson from last week?” **(Page 31, Donald is now standing with his eyes closed while his mom is still seated. She is looking up slightly at him. His hand could be gently placed on her shoulder while the other is resting at his side)** Donald instantly knew the lesson she was talking about.

As he stood and closed his eyes, he could still see the image of his Sunday school teacher writing on the board with her bible open in her hand. **(Page 33, Teacher is an older African American female, gray hair and dressed nicely. Skirt suit)** Donald then replied, “Yes I do mom. It came from Psalms 139.” **(Page 35)**

What was the big idea of the lesson son?" asked his mom as she looked deep into his eyes. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made", answered Donald half-heartedly with his shoulder slumped over. **(Page 37, Side view of each)** "I can't hear you" said his mom as she stood up beside him. "God doesn't make any junk, so I am fearfully and wonderfully made" proclaimed Donald as he stood up nice and tall, grinning from ear to ear. **(Page 39, Side view again but stress the difference in Donald's posture.)**

At that moment both Donald and his mother were standing tall next to each other. **(Page 41, standing at the table, in kitchen, still handing hands)** As his mom gave him one of her famous hugs, she whispered into his ear. "Son, promise me that you will never forget that fact. There will be days that you don't feel special, but just remember that you are God's masterpiece. You are a work in progress so sit back and enjoy the journey." **(Page 43, Embracing, Donald head is resting peacefully on his mom's chest, Both of them with their eyes closed.)**