

Emily Jane



Once upon a time there was a fairy whose name was Emily Jane. She looked different than the other fairies - her dress wasn't the color of the morning sky, and her wings weren't lacy and gauzy; and because she was different, she was sad. No one made fun of her, or laughed at her, but she knew they thought she had funny legs and hair.



Because she felt different than the others, it was hard for her to make friends. So one day, she decided to run away. She packed a picture of her mama (she didn't really remember her), her blanket from the days when she was a very little fairy, and a picture book she had found.

All she wanted was to find a place where people wouldn't notice she was different; where they would love her no matter what.



All summer long she walked and flew to different towns, looking for the perfect place, but everywhere she stopped, she felt different.



Fall was coming – she could smell it in the air; she could see it in the changing of the leaves. Emily Jane knew it would soon be too cold to stay out at night. Besides, she had become afraid to be outside alone at night; she was just tired of being alone. She was still looking for the place she could call home. Maybe being different wasn't so bad- maybe she should just try to go back where she came from.

The next day, as she was sitting under some flowers, watching the sky, two motorcycles rode up. A man and woman got off and took off their helmets. They were both wearing jeans and vests with lots of colorful patches. They had on flag shirts, and the man was wearing a doorrag. Their faces were dusty and the wind had reddened their faces and blown their hair. 'They look different too,' thought Emily Jane. She watched as they smiled and laughed a lot, and it made Emily Jane happy to see them.





As they walked around, the man stopped and said something to the lady, and then he pointed towards where she was resting. He had spotted Emily Jane! As they walked closer, her heart started beating harder. Even though they looked nice, they were so different than the other people she had met; it made her afraid to look at them. She looked down at her clothes- the lace on her collar and her sleeve was ragged, and there was dirt and dust all over her dress and blanket.

She moved closer to a tree and sat very still, hoping they wouldn't find her. She was so afraid they would make fun of her, or laugh at how she looked. A part of her hoped they would go away and leave her alone, but part of her wanted to reach her arms out to them. She was so tired of being alone...

The man reached down to pick her up and Emily Jane's heart leaped. The woman hugged her very gently and then Emily Jane knew- this was what it felt like to be loved and accepted, not matter what she looked like.





They carried her back to their motorcycles, and the lady opened one of her saddlebags; she pulled a big shoulder purse out and opened it. She put a t-shirt in the purse to make a soft bed for Emily Jane. Then she tucked Emily Jane into the purse, along with her suitcase and blanket. Then she carefully put the strap over her head and shoulder so Emily Jane could be right next to her heart, safe and sound. She was so happy!



They took her back to their house- it was an old white house, with lots of trees in the yard; and best of all, there were lots of dolls and stuffed animals for her to talk to and be friends with. There was a big pink pig wearing sunglasses and a vest; there was a tiger, some angels, and a mouse; there were lots of older dolls that some little girl had loved a long time ago. There were tiny tea sets, and pretty cups and pitchers on the shelves, and there was a piano, with a tiny gold toy piano sitting on top!



The man found a pretty quilt for her, and the lady made her a beautiful new dress; she fixed up her wings and fluffed her hair and made her feel beautiful. The lady didn't change how she looked- she told Emily Jane she was beautiful and special just like she was.



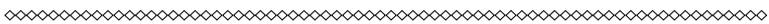
Emily Jane was finally home... and she never had to be alone again.

We hope this Christmas finds you with the people you love, and those who accept you as you are. Jesus loves you! Celebrate His life and sacrifice by sharing that love with those around you. Remember to look at everyone through His eyes.

Romans 15:1-2 We who are strong have an obligation to bear with the failings of the weak...

Matt 25:34-40-34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

“You know, you don’t throw a whole life away just ‘cause he’s banged up a little.” from *Seabiscuit*



A very special thanks to Michelle Allen of Raggedy Pants Designs (www.raggedypants.net) for her doll pattern, Sweet Emily, who was the inspiration for Emily Jane.