

Just the Right Size

*Trina didn't
like being different.*

By Richard M. Romney
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(Based on a true story)

"You're so little!" Sasha said. "We should call you Tiny Trina."

Trina tried to smile. The other kids at school teased her a lot for being small. She had been born tiny, and she hadn't grown as fast as the other kids. But she didn't like the name Tiny Trina. She didn't like being different.

"You're so small you might never grow up," Max said as they went outside for recess.

"I know I'm small," Trina said. "But there's nothing I can do about it. Let's go play."

Trina ran to play soccer with the other kids. They kicked the ball back and forth. They were all having fun together.

But soon Trina got really tired. She slowly walked away from the game and sat down on the grass.

Soon her friend Josie came over. Josie was in her Primary class at church too.

"Are you OK?" Josie asked.

"Yeah," Trina said. "I just need to rest. My

lungs get tired when I run a lot. They're not very strong."

Josie sat down next to Trina. They picked grass and made little rings and bracelets. They talked about school and friends and homework.

"I heard what Sasha said," Josie said. "I'm sorry she called you Tiny Trina."

Trina just nodded.

"But I think you're just the right size!" Josie said.

Trina smiled. She handed Josie the grass bracelet she had made.

The next Sunday, Trina got ready for church. She put on her dress and brushed her hair. Then she frowned at her tiny shoes in the closet. She was sure no one else in her Primary class wore such small shoes.

Trina dragged her feet as she walked down the hall at church. When she got to her Primary classroom, Josie was waiting outside.

"We have a surprise for you!" Josie said. "Come see!"

When Trina walked into the room, the other kids and their teacher, Sister Bott, were pointing to a brightly decorated board. It had hearts taped all over it. There were notes on the hearts that said, "Trina has a big smile! Trina has a big heart!"

"Do you like it?" asked Josie. "Sister Bott helped us make it."

"I love it!" said Trina. "Thank you."

"We wanted to remind you of a big truth," Sister Bott said. "Heavenly Father loves each one of us. Short. Tall. Big. Small. That doesn't matter to Him. We are all His children, and He loves every single one."

Trina looked up at the hearts on the board and smiled—big. ●

*This story took place
in the USA.*



ILLUSTRATION BY OLGA LEE