

# Am I a Child of God?



**By Chloe D., age 14, Idaho, USA**

Sundays were always the same since I came to my new adoptive family when I was younger. Mom did my hair, and I got to wear a pretty dress. Then Mom made sure everyone was ready for church. I loved going to church! My teachers were nice, and the kids in my class were friendly. I loved to learn about Heavenly Father and Jesus. Most of all, I loved the music. Singing songs always made me feel happy.

But one Sunday we sang a song I hadn't heard before. As the other children sang, "I am a child of God, and He has sent me here, has given me an earthly home with parents kind and dear," I felt sad. My first parents hurt me and my sisters. I started to think that maybe I wasn't a child of God.

After church I ran to Mom and asked, "Mom, am I a child of God?"

Mom pulled me into her arms and told me that I've always been a child of God and that He loves me very much.

With tears running down my face, I asked, "Then why wasn't I born to parents kind and dear?" Mom said she didn't know why, but that she and Dad loved me and were glad I was in their family. That made me feel warm and happy inside. I knew what Mom said was true.

Now I love to sing "I Am a Child of God." I am grateful for my new parents who are kind and dear, and I know that everyone is a child of God. ♦

