

What Would You Say to Your 8-Year-Old Self?

Recently I watched Disney's *The Kid* again. This is a movie recommended by a counselor friend of mine, and I have heard of several other counselors who assign people to watch it because of its insights into why we can become the adults we are. Bruce Willis plays a not very nice man who meets up with his 8-year-old self, and the two have some important information to give each other.

There is a scene where a friend helps him process what it means to be talking to his little boy self, and asks, "What would I say if little Deirdre turned up, bursting out of her St. Mary's uniform, asking me what comes next?" Suddenly, my eyes welled with tears at the thought: what would I say if little 8-year-old Susan LeClair appeared in my living room? What would I want her to know, after 30+ years of intentionally seeking "wisdom beyond my years," the prayer the Lord instructed me to pray for myself right after becoming a Christian?



Here's my first pass:

"You are not damaged goods. You are not the ugly crippled girl you think you are. God made you beautiful, and He put you in a handicapped body to greater put His glory on display. Your frailty will make your gifts, and your intensity, less threatening to others. When His joy radiates out from you, He will get the glory, and you will love that. It's OK that you had polio. One day, your scars will be beauty marks, and you will see that your ever-present limp simply *is*. It's not a shameful thing. Jacob's limp was the souvenir Yahweh chose for

his nighttime wrestling match with Him.

"Your purity is a precious gift. Don't let anyone steal it from you.

"Your intellect doesn't make you better than anyone else. It's like the color of your hair or eyes. It's just part of the package God put together when He made you. Yes, you're smart. Don't be a show-off about it. That's ugly. And nobody will figure out, especially seventh-grade girls who will leave a deep wound on your soul, that you're desperately trying to cover up a core of shame by proving you're not hopelessly rotten, damaged, not-OK. Speaking of which, you ARE hopelessly rotten, damaged, and not-OK in your flesh, the part of you that operates independently from God. That part of you deserves to die, and one day you'll recognize that and it will be crucified with Jesus. Then He'll give you a new heart and a new spirit that is whole and perfect and indescribably lovely—just like Him. You will realize that all the parts of you that you really like are all gifts from Jesus or His character shining through you.

"Oh, and Mom tells you that since your eyes change color depending on what you're wearing, you have hazel eyes. You don't. They're green. Mom doesn't know everything, but it will take you 40 more years to learn that."

In the movie, Deirdre says she would answer little Deirdre's question by saying, "Baby, don't you worry about a thing. Everything's just going to be great!" If it were me, I'd cup little Susan's face in my hand and reassure her, "Sweetheart, I'm not going to spoil the adventure by telling you how it's going to play out. I can just promise you that because you'll put your trust in Jesus in college, He's going to give you a life so full of joy that you can't begin to imagine it right now. He's not going to make your dreams come true; He's going to give you new and better dreams, and make those come true. There will be pain, but the joy and richness will far outpace

it. It's going to be a delightful life, sweetie. I promise."

What would you say to *your* 8-year-old self?

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"It's Not Your Fault!"

There's a great scene in the fantasy movie "Disney's The Kid" where a middle-aged man, played by Bruce Willis, meets up with his little boy self. The two of them go to their childhood home where the boy learns the horrific news that his mother will die soon, and his father blames him. The grown-up version of the boy knows that he carried the terrible burden of guilt and shame about his mother's death for years. He kneels down, looks his little-boy self full in the face, and assures him, "It's not your fault," lifting the burden from the little boy before he ever has to carry it. These four words, "It's not your fault," are truly one of the most powerful gifts an adult can give a child. This is a powerful truth that children need to hear and they can't tell themselves; only an adult can give them this "special revelation."

Children are naturally self-centered and they think everything that happens to them is connected to them and their choices or their character. Of course that's not true. Stuff just happens, but a child can't know that. A little girl's parents divorce and her world falls apart. She thinks, if I had obeyed more, if I were prettier or more talented, my daddy would still be here. She needs for both parents to say, "This is about us. It's not your fault."

A beloved grandparent dies. Or a pet dies, and a child blames himself. He needs to be told that it's not his fault, and no matter what he thought—like not wanting to visit with his grandpa one afternoon—or what he did—like forgetting to feed the cat—he doesn't have the power to make those kinds of things happen, and it's not his fault.

My friend's son has Tourette's syndrome, and we were talking one day about how to help him handle it. I suggested she make sure he knew he wasn't responsible for it, and she assured me, "Oh, he already knows that." But that night, as she was tucking him into bed, she said, "You know this isn't your fault, don't you?" His eyes got big and it was like a huge weight rolled off his shoulders. With great relief in his voice, he asked, "*It ISN'T???*" My friend had thought he already understood, but we can't ever assume kids own that truth until we give it to them.

And if children don't know that bad things are not their fault, they can take on guilt that weighs heavily on them for years. Others react by wrapping themselves in shame. For example, when a girl is sexually abused, she feels dirty and broken, like damaged goods. She needs to be told, "It's not your fault." Even when those broken little girls are grown-ups, the little girl inside still needs for someone to tell her, "It's not your fault."

Has a bad thing—or something a child perceives as bad—happened to a child you know? Give them the gift they can't give themselves, the truth that will set them free. Tell them it's not their fault.

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