




*The
Princess*

W H O F O R G O T H E R N A M E





THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO



The Princess Who Forgot Her Name.

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*To my precious prince & princesses,
Jazlynn, Caleb & Gabyah,
may you always walk in confidence that you are beloved.*



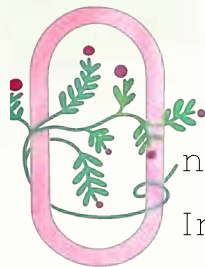


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Letter to parents

Dear parent,

I am so excited you decided to read this lovely book to your child. Within these poetic rhymes, there is an undeniable truth we forget when we experience trauma. I pray this message resonates with your child, but especially with you. That you are unequivocally a child of the most gracious, kindest, and loving King of all. Abuse distorts this image for many of us and the journey of reconciling who He is and who we are is a process. A beautiful process of redemption. I invite you to follow along as you complete the first book in the series.



Once upon a time,
In a castle over the mountain,
Lived a beautiful princess,
Who played joyfully near the fountain.

She laughed and she pL^Ay^ED,

As she t^wirled and she gⁱg^gl^ed

No worry in the world,

As the water, she

rippled.



The rain clouds soon came
And covered the sky



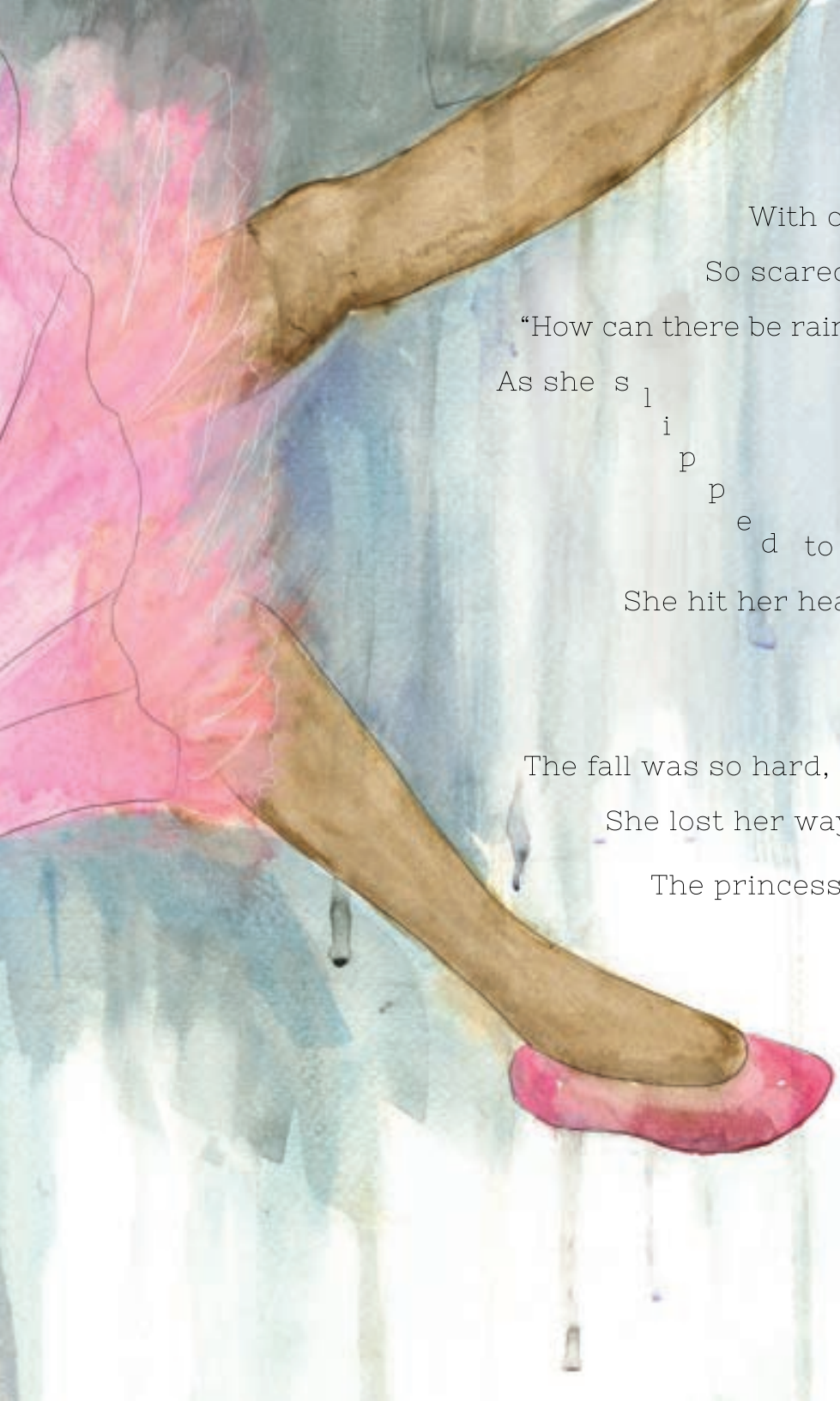


Like a blanket of

Darkness

And left no ground dry.





With confusion the princess
So scared, ran away

“How can there be rain in the middle of May?”

As she slipped
and fell
to the ground,

She hit her head and lost her crown.

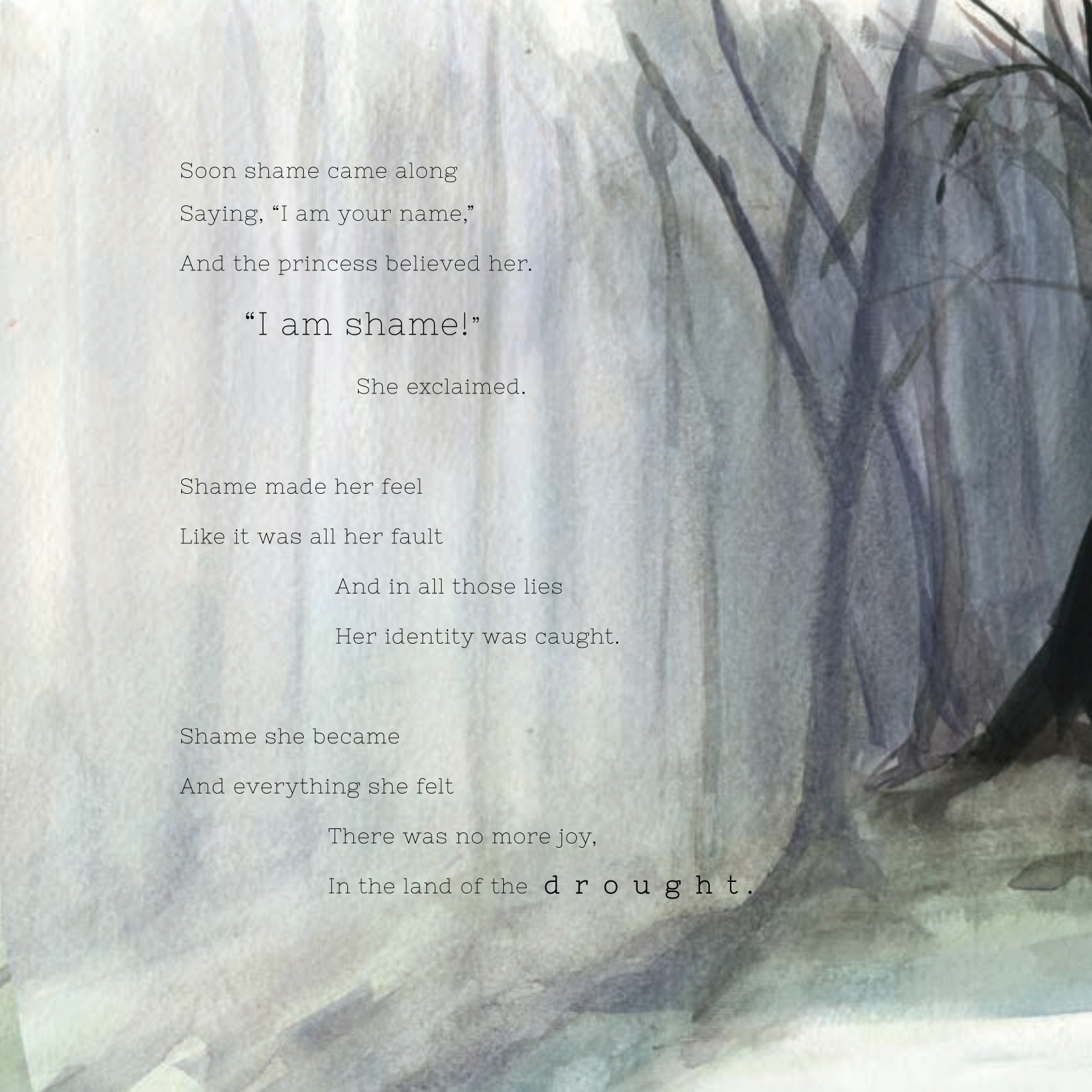
The fall was so hard,
She lost her way.

The princess forgot everything

Including

Her

Name.



Soon shame came along
Saying, "I am your name,"
And the princess believed her.

"I am shame!"

She exclaimed.

Shame made her feel
Like it was all her fault

And in all those lies
Her identity was caught.

Shame she became
And everything she felt

There was no more joy,
In the land of the **d r o u g h t**.





Along came shame's brother,

F E A R was like no other

Bringing terror and sorrow

And no hope to recover.

Now the princess believed

That her name was now **F E A R**

And she lived crippled with panic

Year

After

Year





What the princess didn't know

Was the


KING

Had ordained

That they look for her everywhere

Come sun or come rain





When she came before the

KING,

And He asked her to stay,

She said,

“NO, I am shame,

And you should stay away!”

His eyes glossed with tears

As he saw all her fears,

And she pushed Him away

Holding

On to

Her

Pain.





“Oh, sweet girl,
That’s not your name.
You are my little girl,
That I lost in the rain.”

“I have called out for you
To bring you back home,
So you can reign next to me
Right next to my throne.”

“Shame and Fear
Are not your friends
And they lied about you
But no other name defines you

So let

Me

Remind you,





You are

BELOVED,

The

Apple

Of my eye

That is your name

My daughter of value so high.

Come sit at the table

Where you will always be

Next to my side

Safe,

Joyful,

and free.”

So

BELOVED

Accepted her name

And got back her crown

And the King gifted her with

A ring and new gown.



So, listen dear child

The

KING'S

Love is so great

No matter what happened to you,

Healing your heart is never too late.





The End

QUESTIONS

The following questions can be used to go deeper in conversation with your child about the topic of this book.

1. What do you think the “storm” in the book means? How do you relate?
2. Have you ever felt like the princess, confused and scared after “something bad” happened?
3. The princess ran away. Where do you run to? Video games, toys, movies, etc.? What helps you forget?
4. Does remembering make you feel ashamed?
5. Whom do you think the King represents?
6. How does it make you feel to know that Jesus cares for you?
7. Ask Jesus the following: “Jesus, what is the truth you say about me?”
(Remember, Jesus can speak through his written word, a picture in our mind, a word in our mind, or a feeling.) Let Jesus speak His truth to your heart.
8. Remember to speak that truth over yourself every day (parents, read that to your child every day to create a new pathway of truth and identity over the lies that shame and fear speak.





PRAYER

Dear Jesus,

*Thank you for reminding me who I am even though I come to you feeling shame and so much fear. What happened to me was not fair and I don't understand why it happened. I know that even though I don't understand why, you will bring redemption to me from this, I pray that your truth will be etched into my heart that I am your daughter, and there is nothing I have to do to earn it. I receive your name for me as a **BELOVED** daughter and refuse to live by any other name.*

Amen.

