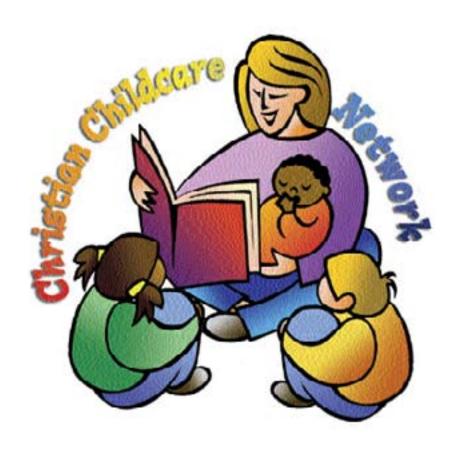


Brown Eyes, Blue Eyes

by Mary Francis McCullough Illustrated by Kathy V. Sealy



This book is dedicated to all preschoolers in hope that they will learn more about God each day of their lives.



I have two eyes, and you have two. My eyes are brown; your eyes are blue.

We are alike—
yet different, too.
God made us both,
He loves me and you.



Of eyes and ears
we each have two.
I have only one nose.
What about you?

Turned-up or long, each does quite well, Think of the many things each can smell.



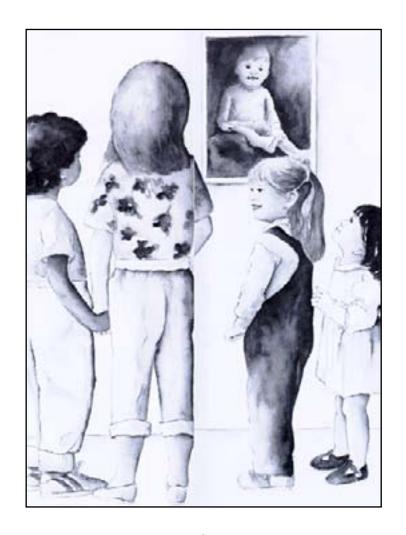
Some feet are big; some feet are small. Footprints in sand can be made by all.



All over us from head to toe, We're covered with skin, as we all know.



It may be red or black or white, But for each of us, our color's JUST RIGHT.



Each of us was once a baby We were very small

Now some are short, some middle-sized, And some are very tall.



I have a name.
It tells who I am.
It may be Yung Sook
or Mary or Sam.



At breakfast I eat with fork and spoon, As Mother hums a cheerful tune.



But some people eat with two short sticks Now don't you think that's quite a trick?



People here and far away,
Like to have fun every day.

I play baseball with my brother.
I play one game; you play another.



When some friends count,

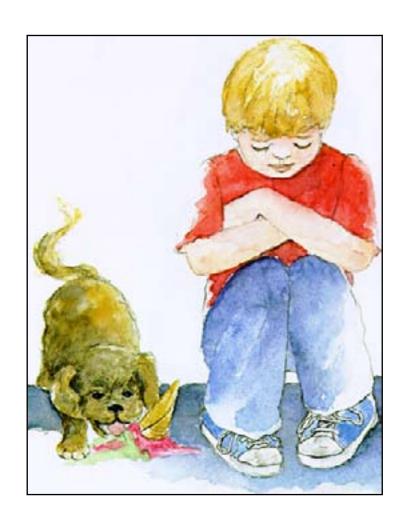
I hear them say,

"Uno, dos, tres."

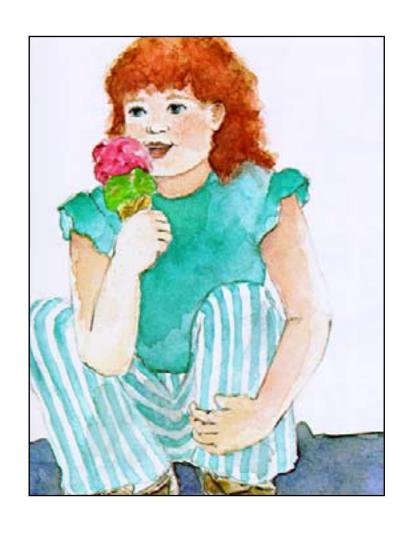
[OO-noh, dohs, trehs]



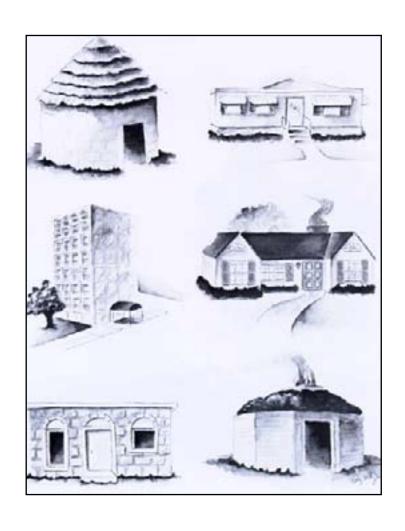
When they hear me,
I always say,
"One two, three."



We each can feel a different way— Mad or sad or happy all day.



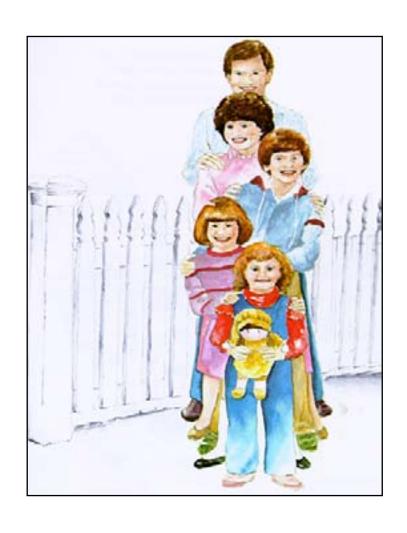
Sometimes you're happy when I feel sad.
Sometimes you're sad when I feel glad.



We all need a home,
I'm sure of that.
Some roofs are pointed
and some are flat.



A home is a place that's warm and snug Where we can find love and a fam'ly to hug.



Some fam'lies are big, and some are small, Do you have sisters or brothers tall?



Some clothes are worn where the weather is hot. Heavy clothes are worn in a cold-weather spot.



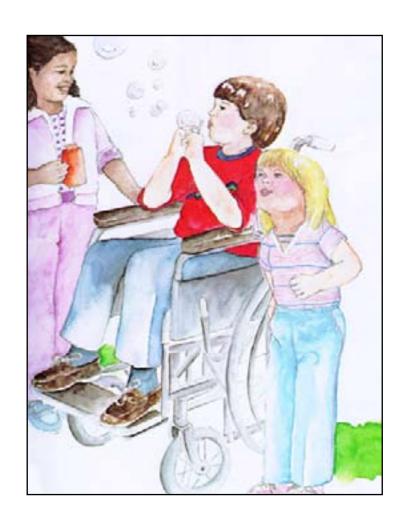
But clothes are just what we see outside, The part that's best are the people inside—YOU and ME!



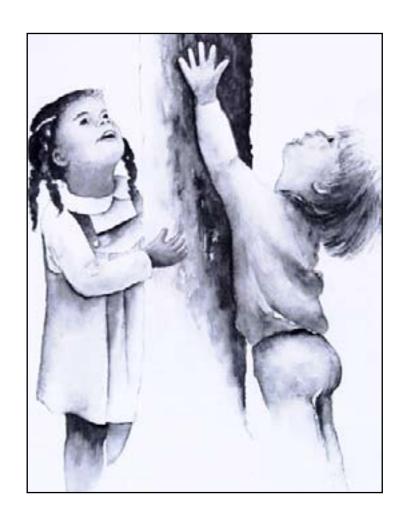
The song of a bird some people can hear, But others must wear an aid in their ear.



Some eyes can see a very small bee; Others need glasses to help them see.



Strong legs can walk and stand up tall,
But some can never stand at all.



It does not matter what we wear,
Or the color of our skin or hair.

Whether our eyes are brown or blue, God made us both, He loves me and you.