

WHO'S TO SAY...?

WRITTEN BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY MONDAY

**Who's to say...
That I can't sing?**

**Well, I can!
I will sing my song
anyway.**



**Who's to say...
That I can't dance?**

**Because I can!
I will always move to
the beat of my own
music.**



Who's to say...
That I can't speak?

Yes, I can!
I will continue to use
my voice to speak up
and speak out.

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!



**Who's to say...
That I can't write?**

**Well, I can!
I'm going to be the great
author of my very own
story.**



**Who's to say...
That I can't travel the
world?**

**Oh, but I can!
I will forever embrace
learning about new people
and new cultures.**



Who's to say...
That I can't be a boss?

Sure, I can!
I will continue to lead by
example and serve
others.



**Who's to say...
That I'm not a winner?**

**Well, I am!
I will always continue to
rise to the top and reach
my highest goals.**



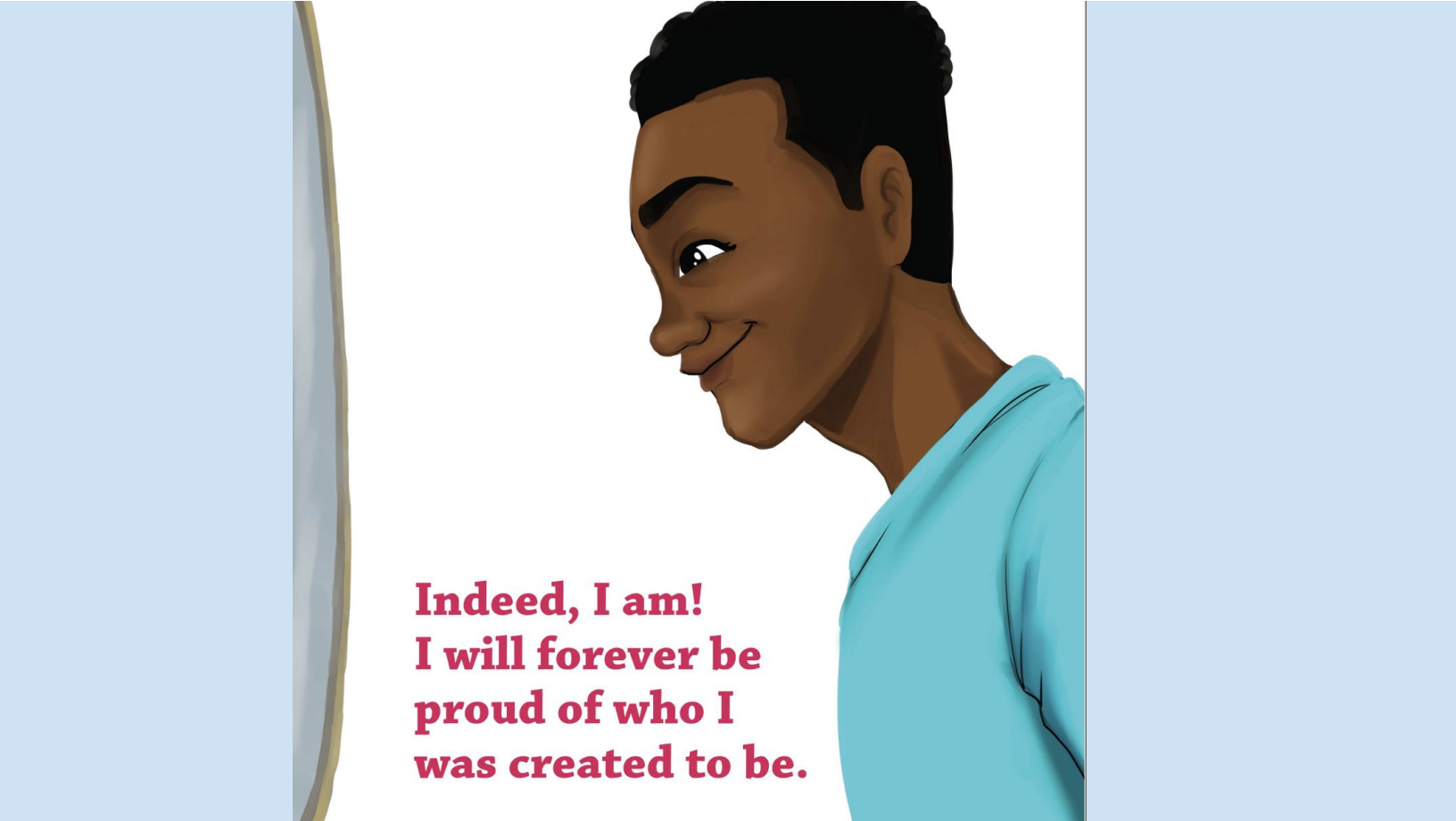
**Who's to say...
That I'm not smart?**

**In fact, I am!
I will learn all I can while
working towards my
bright future.**



Who's to say...
That I'm not beautiful?



A cartoon illustration of a young Black man with short, dark hair, smiling and looking at his reflection in a mirror. He is wearing a light blue t-shirt. The background is white, with light blue vertical bars on the left and right sides. The mirror is on the left, showing a partial reflection of his face.

**Indeed, I am!
I will forever be
proud of who I
was created to be.**

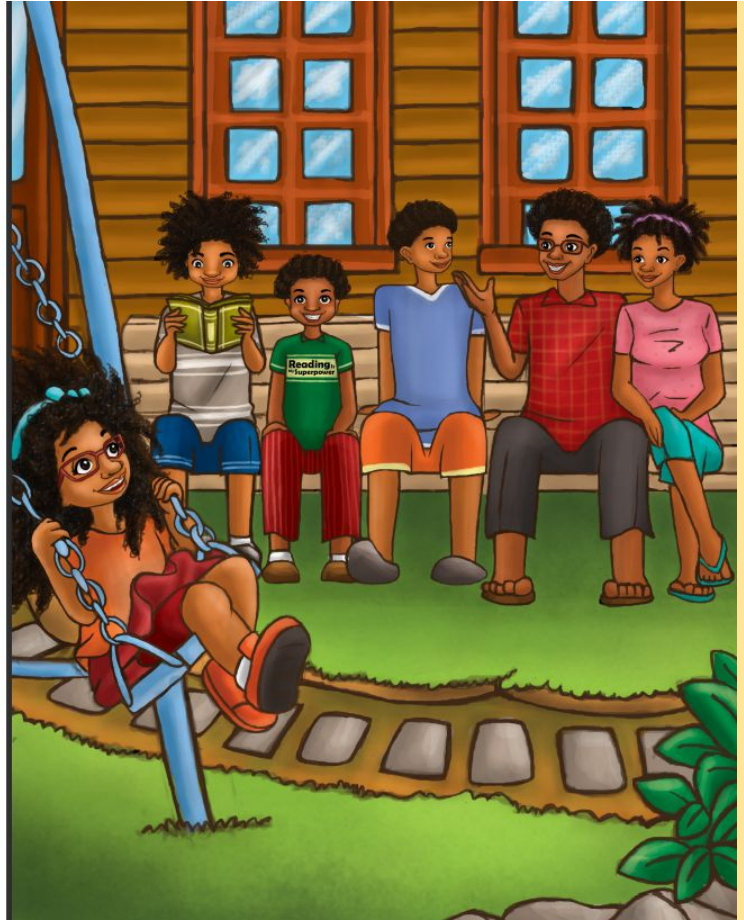
**I am my BIGGEST fan.
I BELIEVE in ME.**

**JUNE PETERS,
YOU WILL CHANGE
THE WORLD ONE DAY**



**WRITTEN BY ALIKA TURNER
ILLUSTRATED BY NAAFI NR**

June's smooth, chocolate skin and head full of curly,
sandy brown hair made her as beautiful as the summer month
she was named after. She made you as happy as you would be on
a perfect summer day on the front porch drinking freshly squeezed lemonade.
June was a fearless giver from the heart and very wise beyond her years
at only ten years old.



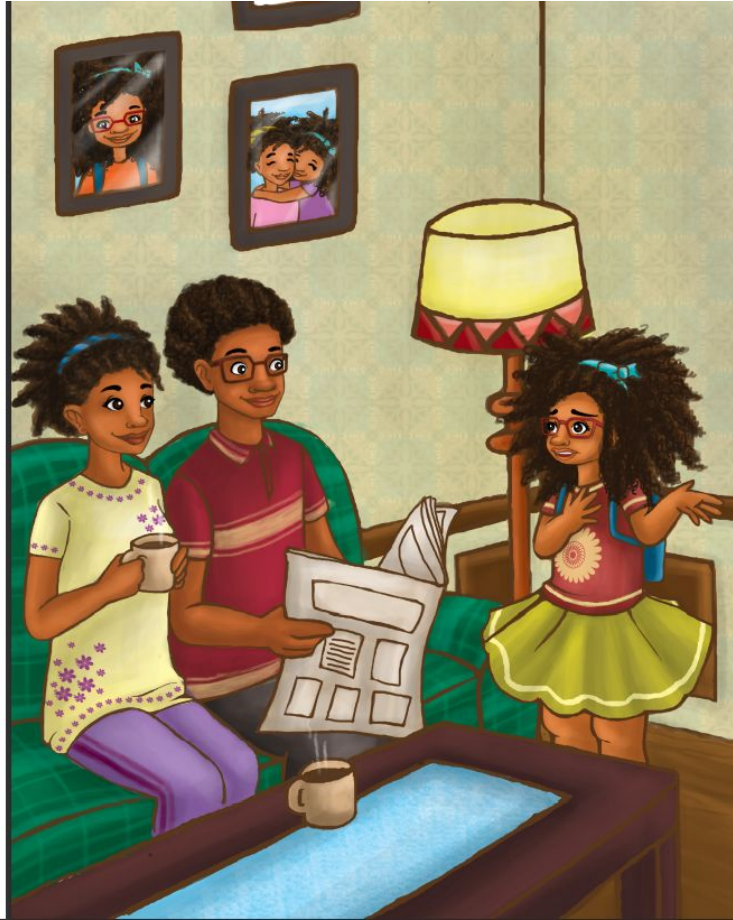
June repeatedly begged her parents to let her walk to school by herself on multiple occasions.

“I am in the 5th grade,” she said. June had always been a very good student. She received excellent grades in school and never got in trouble.

“I am responsible,” she said. June was much more responsible than her older brothers. She did not have to be told to clean her room or to do any of her chores around the house.

“I don’t have far to walk,” she said. June made a strong case, especially considering that her school was only one block away from their home.

Finally, her parents agreed to give her a chance for one week.



On her way to school, June noticed a man on the side of the street asking people for change. She reached into her pocket and pulled out the three dollars her mom had given her for lunch.

Walking very slowly, she thought about what she could do to help the man who seemed sad. June began thinking about what it may have felt like to be hungry or homeless. She was upset at the thought. She knew what she had to do. She approached the homeless man,

“Here you are, sir.”

June placed all her lunch money in the hat that he was holding.



“Bless you, child. You have no idea the difference you are making.
Thank you.”

The homeless man was beyond grateful for June’s kindness.
He continued to say thank you, even as she walked away.

Although now June would have no money for lunch after
giving away all of hers, she felt so good inside that she skipped
the whole way to school, smiling from ear to ear.

Throughout her day at school,
June told all of her friends about what she had done for
the homeless man on the street and how it made her feel.



At the end of the school day, June's mom was outside waiting to pick her up.

Still excited about that morning, June immediately began telling her mom all about helping the homeless man on her way to school.

Her mom simply smiled and explained to June that she needed to be more aware of strangers and that giving away her lunch money was not acceptable.

Her mom began talking in a very stern voice.
"June, I understand you want to help people and that is fine. However, you need to be careful at all times. There are strangers everywhere. Some are good and some are bad. Your dad and I decided to let you walk to school because you proved to us that you were responsible."



June hung her head low. She was sad that she had disappointed her mom.

“Mom, I’m sorry,” she replied.
“I understand what you are saying, but there are lots of people without food or a place to live and I just want to help them. Sometimes when I’m at school, I’m not hungry at lunch and I waste my food.”

“June, baby, you have a heart of gold. Maybe we can come up with another way to help. Until then, young lady, no more talking with strangers. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” June said reluctantly.

June did not really understand why her mom was so upset, but she agreed that she would no longer give lunch money away or talk with strangers.



Every night at dinnertime, for as long as June could remember, her family would take turns talking about the good things that had happened that day. June loved doing this. She always had something incredible to share and that evening, was no different.

"June-baby, it's your turn," her mom said.

She began by telling her parents that she was sorry for talking to strangers and giving her money away. She also shared with them that she had figured out a way that she could help people.

"Mom, Dad, I want to make lunches for the homeless and give them out."

"June, what you just shared with us is amazing. Your dad and I would love to help. We can make a whole day out of it and invite the neighbors and your friends to join us," her mom proudly responded.

"Count us in June," Jay said.



June was elated by all the support she had received from her family.

After dinner, she grabbed her pen and notepad.

Sitting on the couch, she wrote down all of her ideas.

At the top of the page, June wrote:

JUNE'S FEED THE HOMELESS DAY

Her parents sat down on the couch and asked all about her plans and how they could help make it a great success.

"Mom and Dad, I would like to do this in the park on Saturday.

We could give out sandwiches, bottled water, and fruit to all the homeless people."

June told her parents what she wanted everyone in the family to do.

"Dad, will you make the flyers? Mom, will you get all of the neighbors and our friends involved? I will ask my brothers to help me fix the lunches."

"June-baby you have this all figured out. I'll get started," Dad said.

"So will I," her mom responded.



A few days before June's big event, she went with her brothers around the neighborhood. They passed out flyers to everyone and made sure to give each homeless person one too.

June noticed the man she had helped sitting at the bus stop.
"Hello sir. I would like to invite you to my event at the park this Saturday,"
she said as she handed him a flyer

The man looked over the flyer and immediately looked up, smiling at June.
"Young lady, I told you that you would change the world one day.
I will most certainly be there."

June smiled at the man and waved goodbye.



It was finally Saturday morning, the day of:
JUNE'S FEED THE HOMELESS DAY.

June and her brothers had been up all morning making lunches.
Her parents were steadily packing the car with everything they needed.
Rachel, June's best friend, showed up early to help along with the neighbors.

"Is everyone ready?" her dad enthusiastically asked in his loud voice.

"Yes, sir!" was the response from everyone there.



JUNE'S FEED THE HOMELESS DAY



As June, her family, neighbors, and friends pulled up to the park, they notice the long line of homeless men and women already waiting.

"Wow! Dad, did you do that?"

June asked while looking at the large banner that read:

JUNE'S FEED THE HOMELESS DAY

"Yes, June-baby, I did,"

"Thank you, Dad, thank you. I love it."

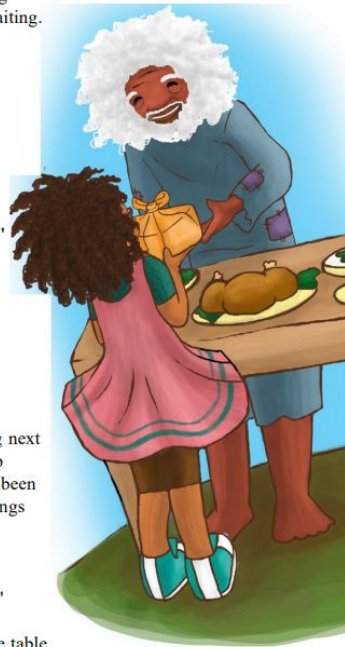
All of June's family and friends began passing out the lunches. Everyone was pleased and very impressed that such a young girl could have a big heart. June could not stop smiling.

"Hello young lady," a man said, standing next in line for his lunch. June looked up and noticed that it was the man she had been giving her money to the last few mornings before school.

"Hello sir, I was waiting for you. I have a special lunch just for you."

June handed him a big bag from under the table.

The man looked inside and smiled at June. "Bless you."
"I told you that one day you would change the world."



The End