



YOUR  
One-of-a-Kind  
GUIDE to  
the FRUIT  
of the  
SPIRIT

Living  
as  
God's Girl

Wynter Pitts  
AUTHOR OF YOU'RE GOD'S GIRL



Wynter Pitts



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## Let's Be Friends!

**H**i, friend.

I am so excited I get to spend time with you.

What did you do today?

Was it fun?

Oh, I get it. You think it's pretty weird to talk to a book, right?

Well, it really isn't.

I know that reading a book is not the same as hanging out with your friends, but there is definitely something special about spending time with a good book. Really, a good book can be a lot like a good friend. You see, a while ago I thought of some things I wanted to tell you, and I wrote them down. That way we can talk whenever you want. In fact, I've left plenty of space for you to write down your own thoughts too. You may even want to invite a friend to be a part of our conversations and time together.

As you read each page, I want you to take your time. This isn't the kind of book you need to rush through or complete in a hurry. But you *will* want to finish it. I'll be sharing with you so many fun and exciting things, and I want to encourage you to take your time and read every word.

First, I want to talk about what it means to be God's girl and what He had in mind when He chose you to be His daughter. The best part is that I have friends—girls like you—to introduce you to. These friends' journeys are just a few examples of the amazing things God has planned for girls who follow Him.

And in case you're wondering, God has an amazing journey planned for guys too. He loves all His children and wants to give them the best life ever, which is a life with Him forever. But God's plan for guys is going to have to be another book from another friend. This one is just for us.



So, do you know what it means to follow God? Sometimes it's easy to *say* we are following God, but it's not always easy to *do*.

Following God is like a game of follow-the-leader. Well, okay, not really—but if you've played follow-the-leader, you probably know what I mean. I think, though, you'll find following God is way better than any game you will ever play. God is not only the best Leader, but He is also your Father, your Teacher, and your Friend. He is the total package, and

He takes complete care of His girls. His love for you is bigger than anything you could ever imagine, and I want to talk about that love too.

So now that I've told you what I want to talk about, I am officially inviting you to join me. Pretend this invitation came in the mail in a pretty envelope—your favorite color!—with your name written on the front. This invitation is just for you, and our time together is going to be awesome.

Okay, now that I've told you what to expect, you have a choice to make.

You can close this book and not read another word of it. Or you can accept my invitation to keep reading and explore with me. We'll dig deep into all the important and fun things I want us to talk about.

I hope this isn't a difficult choice for you. Remember, I said our time together is going to be awesome. But I'll go ahead and give you a little time to think about it. You're invited, and if you want to know the awesome things I have to share, you have to say yes.

The choice is yours.







## Chosen

**H**ey, that's awesome! I'm so glad you decided to keep reading! I have to say, I think you've made an excellent choice.

I am so excited about spending time with you. Picture me doing a very silly, very happy dance right now. I really hope that reading this book is something you will never forget.

To be honest, I forget things all the time. I forget where I put my glasses, what I ate for dinner, and what page I was on when reading my favorite books. But there are some things I will never forget. For example, I will never forget the day I met my best friend in pre-K. We were only four years old. She started a day later than everyone else because she had ended her summer with a vacation to Disney World. I can still remember her standing at the door, staring into the classroom with a firm grip on her mother's hand. Mrs. Preston, our teacher, walked over, took her hand, and introduced her to the

rest of the class. I remember thinking, “Aww, I want to be her friend.” And guess what?

We are still friends today.

I also remember the first time I got in trouble at school. A special guest was making a presentation at the front of the room. I was really short for my age, so I had a hard time seeing. That’s why, instead of doing what the teacher asked and sitting on my bottom with my legs crossed in front of me, I kept sitting up on my knees to try to get a better view of our guest. I really wanted to make sure I didn’t miss anything. After a bunch of corrections from my teacher, she decided she had asked me to sit on my bottom one too many times. She sent me to the time-out corner, and I missed the rest of the presentation. That wasn’t fun at all.

How about you? What things have happened in your life that you will never forget? Maybe it’s the day you met your best friend, won a talent show, or became a big sister.

Whatever you remember, it probably changed your life forever, and that’s the reason it matters a lot.



In school, my favorite year was the fifth grade. I was ten years old, and many special things happened that year. But I will never forget one day in particular.

The day started a lot like any other day. I woke up, ate two waffles (my favorite!), brushed my teeth, and got dressed for school. I don’t remember exactly what I wore, but it was

probably wrinkled and very comfortable. When I left the house that morning, I had no idea how much my life would change.

Like I did every weekday, I spent the entire day at school. I went to math, recess, lunch, reading, and history. I passed a few notes to my friends and talked to them in the hall in between our classes. It wasn't until the very end of the school day that I realized something different was happening. When my mother picked me up, my fifth-grade teacher, Mrs. Duncan, asked to speak to her privately.

Can you guess what my first thought was?

If you said, "Uh-oh," you're right.

When I saw my teacher motion for my mother to come with her, I was scared. I was so worried! Within seconds of their private conversation, I had convinced myself I was in big trouble, but—and this is the worst part—I had no idea what I had done.

I started to replay my entire day, and some of the craziest thoughts began to run through my mind. Had I accidentally tripped someone? Did my teacher happen to see when I passed a quick note to my best friend during math? Or did someone say I did something I didn't do? I was so afraid of getting in trouble at school, and I was even more afraid of the trouble I would get in at home now that Mrs. Duncan was telling my mother all about it.

You've probably noticed that I have a pretty wild imagination. It can be fun sometimes, but it can also create a lot of worry in me.

While Mom and Mrs. Duncan talked, I continued to think and worry. I sat quietly at my desk and watched as everyone

else headed home. I was terrified of the punishment I would receive for whatever rule I had unknowingly broken.

I continued to wait while Mrs. Duncan talked to my mom. I tried to hear them, but they were not talking loud enough. I also tried to read their lips, but they were too far away for me to see. All I could do was wait. And wait. And wait.

When they finished, my mother came over to me and motioned for me to come. I slowly collected my things, anxiously waiting for her to say something to me. She smiled a little, but other than telling me it was time to go, she didn't even mumble a word. I grabbed my mother's hand, waved goodbye to Mrs. Duncan, and walked out of our classroom, down the hall, and out of the school. I was puzzled.

My heart was beating really fast as I continued to try to figure out what I could have possibly done wrong. I don't remember how long it was before my mom finally told me what she and my teacher had actually talked about, but I do remember the relief I felt when I saw the huge smile on her face. Only then did I realize I wasn't in trouble at all. The idea that maybe the sudden parent-teacher conference would mean good news had not even crossed my mind until I saw a happy expression on my mother's face. And what my mother told me was good news. Very good news.



Here's what happened.

A few weeks before this incident, we had taken a big test

at school. It was a very hard test that lasted all week long. It wasn't fun, and everyone—including our teachers—was really glad when it was over. I hadn't thought much about the test since then, and I didn't really want to. I actually thought everyone had forgotten all about it.

Well, I was wrong. It turns out that Mrs. Duncan had not forgotten about the test, and that was exactly what she talked to my mother about. Mrs. Duncan wanted to tell my mother I had done well and she was proud of me.

And that wasn't the only thing.

Mrs. Duncan also told my mother that because of my scores, I had been chosen to participate in a special program at a local college. As my mother was explaining all this to me, I could not stop giggling. I was only in the fifth grade, and I was already going to college.

Okay, well, not exactly.

My mother explained that the program was designed for elementary-school students. A small number of fifth graders had been invited to spend an entire day on the college campus. She assured me it was going to be a special experience, and I believed her.

As I listened to my mother tell me about her conversation, I realized I had been worrying about nothing. I wasn't in trouble. My mom and my teacher hadn't been talking about a punishment at all. Their conversation was the complete opposite of what I had imagined. But I'd spent so much time convincing myself that I had broken a rule, so it never even occurred to me that the entire conversation might actually be good news.



The truth was, Mrs. Duncan was not waiting to punish me. Instead, she wanted to reward me for doing well on the test, so she chose me to do something special.

When I think about Mrs. Duncan, I can't help but smile. I am so grateful that she chose me to participate in that very special program.

Being chosen changed everything for me. I felt special, and I thought more about the choices I made. I didn't want to waste the great opportunity I had been given.



When Mrs. Duncan chose me, I wasn't perfect, and I'm still not. I'm so glad she chose me anyway. Once I knew someone thought I was special, I felt special, and I wanted my behavior to match.

The Bible tells us that God thinks we are special. In fact, He's the One who created us that way. He has chosen us to be His daughters. That's right—God, the Creator of the world, has chosen *you* to be *His*.

In the Bible, Jesus shares a few words about God's decision to pick you. He says,

You did not choose me. I chose you. And I gave you this work: to go and produce fruit—fruit that will last (John 15:16).

In other words, Jesus has invited you to live a very special life with God, and every choice you make matters because you have been chosen.

When I realized Mrs. Duncan had given me an amazing opportunity, I thought differently about everything I said and everything I did. This also happens when we realize that God has given us amazing opportunities too. God wants us to live a life that lets everyone else know how good He is. And He wants our lives to look like His because we are His children.

Your life has a purpose, and God has wonderful things for you to experience and very special things He wants you to do. The best part is that all you have to do is say yes.

It's really that simple. God has everything you need, and He can't wait to give it to you. All you need to do is believe that what He says is true and say yes to trusting Him. (If you're not sure what I mean, keep reading! The beginning of chapter 2 will help!)

Have you ever told God that you want everything He has for you? In other words, have you said yes to God?

God has chosen you, and He wants to give you a special life. But in order to enjoy that life, you have to choose Him too.

Let me explain.

Being chosen by God is an amazing gift.





So think of your favorite gift. How well do you take care of it? When you're not using it, do you store it in a safe place where it won't get ruined? Even though someone else purchased it or made it for you, you are the one responsible for what happens to it, right?

Well, the same is true for your life. God wants you to know that He, your Creator, has chosen you. He has chosen to teach you, to protect you, and to love you. He has chosen to give you the option of living your life according to His design. In other words, you get to take care of the life He gave you. You are now responsible for it.

Like I said, the day Mrs. Duncan chose me for that college program was unforgettable, as were many of the days after that one. I will always remember how special I felt. And that memory will always remind me of an important truth: In order for me to receive the benefits of being chosen, I had to participate. I had to get up and get dressed. I had to show up to the event, and I had to do my best while I was there.

The same is true for you. God has chosen you, and He is waiting for you to participate. He chose you, but He can't use your life to show His love for you if you don't let Him. Saying yes to Him truly is the best choice you can ever make.