

The Day A Boy Discovered Jesus's Real Superpower

Intro

Have you ever dreamed of being a superhero?

Of course, you have!

We all have.

We've tied towels around our necks for capes, leaped off the living room couch, and imagined we were soaring through the sky.

We've pictured ourselves with super strength, lifting cars and battling giant robots.

We wonder what it would be like to have laser eyes or the power to turn invisible.

Being a hero just seems like the coolest thing in the world.

And for a young boy named Leo, it was all he could think about.

Hook

Leo even had a superhero name picked out:

Captain Invincible.

He had a costume, too—a bright red towel cape and a mysterious eye mask he'd made from an old sock.

Every day after school, he'd suit up and patrol his neighborhood, dreaming of the day he'd get to fly, be the strongest person alive, and fight all the bad guys.

He thought that's what real power looked like. But then, he learned about the greatest hero of all time, and his superpower wasn't what anyone expected.

Section 1: The First Mission

One sunny afternoon, Captain Invincible was on patrol.

His mission: to defeat any villains lurking in his neighborhood.

He crept around the corner of his house, scanning for trouble.

He peeked behind a big oak tree and then... he saw it.

Not a villain or a monster, but something else entirely.

His friend, Mia, was sitting all alone under the park slide, crying.

Leo's first instinct as Captain Invincible was to find what made her sad and fight it.

Was it the "Sadness Monster"?

He balled his hands into fists, ready for a fight.

But as he got closer, he saw Mia hugging her knees, her shoulders shaking.

She didn't need someone to fight a monster.

She just looked like she needed a friend.

Slowly, Leo took off his sock mask.

He wasn't Captain Invincible anymore.

He was just Leo.

He walked over and sat beside her in the sand, not saying a word at first.

After a minute, Mia looked up, her eyes puffy.

"What's wrong?" Leo asked softly.

"I... I fell off my bike," she sniffled, pointing to a small scrape on her knee.

"And... and everyone laughed."

Leo looked at her scraped knee.

There was no monster to punch, no bad guy to chase.

There was just his friend, who was hurt and embarrassed.

He remembered his mom always said that just listening can be a kind of magic.

So, he listened.

He listened as Mia told him the whole story, about trying a cool trick and wobbling, and how her feelings were hurt way more than her knee.

He didn't say much, just nodded along.

When she finished, he said, "That happened to me once. It doesn't feel good when people laugh."

Mia wiped her eyes. "It really doesn't."

"Do you want to get a bandage?" Leo asked.

"My mom has some with cartoons on them."

A tiny smile appeared on Mia's face. "Okay."

As they walked to his house, Leo felt something strange.

He hadn't flown. He hadn't used super strength.

But he had made his friend feel better. It felt... powerful.

But it was a quiet kind of power he'd never thought about before.

The power of simply being there for someone.

****(Section 2: A Different Kind of Strength)****

The next day, Leo was back on patrol with his red towel cape tied on tight.

As he marched down the sidewalk, he saw his elderly neighbor, Mr. Ben, struggling with something by the curb. Mr. Ben was trying to drag a huge burlap sack of leaves, but it was just too heavy.

He'd pull it a few inches, then have to stop, breathing hard.

Leo's superhero brain kicked in.

This is a job for Captain Invincible! he thought.

He pictured himself flexing his muscles and lifting the giant bag with one finger.

He'd hoist it over his head and toss it into the collection truck with a mighty heave.

Mr. Ben would be so amazed!

But then, Leo remembered what happened with Mia.

The big, flashy superhero stuff wasn't what she'd needed.

He looked at Mr. Ben, who was now leaning against a tree to catch his breath.

The one-finger lift was a pretend power.

But he had real hands and real strength.

Maybe not *super* strength, but enough to help.

He ran over. "Hi, Mr. Ben! Do you need some help with that?"

Mr. Ben looked up, surprised and grateful.

"Oh, hello, Leo. Yes, I certainly do.

This old back of mine isn't what it used to be."

Leo grabbed the other side of the big, lumpy bag.

"I can help you carry it."

"Are you sure? It's pretty heavy," Mr. Ben said.

"I'm strong!" Leo declared.

Together, they each took a side.

They counted, "One... two... three... LIFT!"

They grunted and groaned, and slowly, step-by-step, they dragged the heavy bag to the end of the driveway.

When they finally let go, Mr. Ben smiled, a big, warm, wrinkly smile.

"Thank you, Leo. You were a real lifesaver. I couldn't have done that without you.

You've got some good strength in those arms."

Leo puffed out his chest a little.

He hadn't lifted the bag with one finger, but he had helped.

He had used his real strength to make someone's job easier.

Walking home, he thought about this new power—the power of lending a hand.

It didn't make a big show, but it made a big difference.

This whole "serving" thing was starting to feel like a real superpower.

Section 3: The Quietest Adventure

On Monday at school, there was a new girl in his class named Lily.

She was very, very quiet.

She had two long braids and held tightly to a little stuffed bunny.

At recess, while all the other kids ran around shouting, Lily sat by herself on a bench, just watching.

Leo's Captain Invincible instincts flared up.

A new person!

She needed a hero!

He could do something spectacular, like climb to the top of the jungle gym and shout, "Welcome to our school, Lily!"

Or he could organize a super-fast race and dedicate his victory to her.

That's what a flashy hero would do, right?

But as he stood there thinking, he saw the look on Lily's face.

She looked nervous and a little lonely.

A big, loud announcement would probably just scare her.

He thought about Mia under the slide and Mr. Ben with his leaves.

It seemed like the best power wasn't always the loudest one.

So, Leo did something different.

He reached into his lunchbox, pulled out the extra apple his mom had packed, and walked over to the bench.

He sat down a little ways away, so he wouldn't crowd her.

"Hi," he said quietly. "I'm Leo."

Lily looked at him, surprised, and clutched her bunny a little tighter.

"I'm Lily," she whispered.

"I like your bunny," Leo said.

"His name is Patches," she replied, her voice a tiny bit louder.

Leo held out his apple.

"Do you want some? It's really crunchy."

Lily looked at the apple, then back at Leo's friendly face.

A small, shy smile crept onto her lips. She nodded.

"Okay."

They sat there for the rest of recess, munching on the apple and talking about bunnies and their favorite colors. It wasn't a big, heroic adventure.

There was no cheering crowd.

But when the bell rang, Lily didn't look lonely anymore.

And Leo felt a warmth inside him that was better than any victory shout.

He had discovered another power: the quiet, gentle power of sharing.

Section 4: The Secret of the Real Superhero

That weekend, Leo went to Sunday School feeling a little confused.

He'd spent the week discovering these quiet, helpful powers—empathy, service, and friendship.

They felt good, and they felt important.

But they didn't feel like the superpowers in his comic books.

He still wondered what it meant to be a *real* hero.

His teacher, Ms. Ava, gathered the children in a circle.

"Today," she said with a kind smile, "we're going to talk about the greatest hero who ever lived.

Who do you think that is?"

Hands shot up. "Superman!" one kid yelled.

"Spider-Man!" said another.

Leo thought for a moment and said, "Captain Invincible!"

Ms. Ava chuckled. "Those are all great heroes," she said.

"But the hero I'm thinking of is real. His name is Jesus."

She continued, "Now, what kind of superpowers do you think Jesus had?"

A girl in the front row said, "He could heal people who were sick!"

"Yes, he could," said Ms. Ava. "And he could calm a raging storm just by speaking to it."

Leo's eyes got wide. Now **that** sounded like a real superpower.

"But," Ms. Ava said, her voice becoming soft, "Jesus's greatest superpower—the one that made him the ultimate hero—was something different.

It was a power that came from love."

She opened a large storybook with beautiful pictures, showing them an image of Jesus kneeling on the floor, a towel around his waist, washing the feet of his friends.

"In those days," Ms. Ava explained, "washing feet was a job for the lowest servant in a house.

It was dirty and thankless.

But Jesus, their leader and teacher, the Son of God, knelt and washed their dusty, tired feet.

He did it to show them something incredibly important."

She looked around at all the curious faces.

"He wanted to teach them that true greatness doesn't come from being powerful and having everyone serve you.

True greatness—true heroic power—comes from serving others.

It comes from being humble and putting others first."

Suddenly, it all clicked for Leo.

A lightbulb went on in his head.

Mia, crying by the slide.

Mr. Ben, struggling with the leaves.

Lily, all alone on the bench. In those moments, he hadn't needed to fly or be super strong.

He had needed to be humble. He had needed to serve.

He had needed to love. He had been using Jesus's superpower all along without even knowing it.

Section 5: A New Kind of Hero

When Leo got home, he felt different, like he had discovered a life-changing secret.

He ran to his room, but this time, he didn't grab his red towel cape.

That was a cape for flying, and he knew now that flying wasn't the most important power.

Instead, he took an old belt from his dad's closet and created a new kind of superhero tool.

He attached a little pouch, but he didn't fill it with gadgets for fighting villains.

He filled it with things for helping people.

He put in a few cartoon bandages, like the one he had given Mia.

He added a small granola bar, in case he met someone who was hungry.

He even found a little notepad and a pencil, to write a nice word for someone who looked sad.

He looked at himself in the mirror.

He wasn't Captain Invincible anymore.

He was just Leo.

But he felt more like a real hero than ever before.

His powers weren't flashy.

You couldn't see them like you could see big muscles or a cape.

They were invisible powers—the power of listening, helping, sharing, and kindness.

These were the powers Jesus used, the powers that truly change the world.

****(CTA)****

Leo learned that day that you don't need to fly to be a hero.

You just need a heart that's willing to help.

What about you?

What are your invisible superpowers?

Maybe your power is giving the best hugs, or making your brother or sister laugh.

Maybe you're a great listener, or you're good at sharing your favorite toy.

Think about it, and maybe even talk with your family about the special, helpful powers each of you has.

If you want to hear more stories about how to be a hero in your everyday life, make sure you follow along for more!

Conclusion

The day a boy dreamed of flying, he discovered something far more wonderful.

He learned that real strength isn't about how high you can soar, but how low you can kneel to help someone up.

The greatest heroes aren't always the ones who fight villains with their fists; they're the ones who heal hearts with their kindness.

Jesus showed us that the greatest power in the entire world isn't the power to command others, but the power to love and serve them.

And that is a superpower that lives inside every single one of us, just waiting to be used.