

PSALM 147 FOR KIDS



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

Maya and Liam sat in the grass, watching the sky turn pink and gold. "Look how many stars are coming out!" said Maya. Liam grinned. "I bet nobody knows how many there are." Maya smiled. "God does! The Bible says He counts every star and calls each one by name." They looked up together, feeling small but happy, knowing the same God who made the stars loved them too.



The next night, Liam tried counting stars with his fingers. "Ten, twenty... I lost count!" he laughed. Maya giggled. "That's okay. God doesn't lose count. Psalm 147 says He knows them all." Liam looked amazed. "If He knows every star, He must know me too." Maya nodded. "He knows your name, Liam. He cares about you just as much as the biggest star in the sky."



At the park, Maya and Liam found their friend Sara sitting alone, sniffing. "What's wrong?" asked Maya gently. "I fell off my bike and scraped my knee," Sara said, wiping a tear. Liam sat beside her. "It's okay to feel sad. God cares when we hurt." Maya added, "The Bible says He heals the brokenhearted." Sara looked up, feeling a little better already, just knowing someone cared.



Liam ran to get a bandage for Sara's knee while Maya held her hand. "There, all better," said Liam, sticking it on carefully. Sara smiled through her tears. "Thank you." Maya whispered, "God heals us too, even when it's our heart that hurts." Sara nodded, feeling warm inside. "I like knowing God cares about scraped knees and sad feelings." They sat together, comforted and calm.



Later, Maya's mom read them a verse from Psalm 147. "He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds," she said softly. Liam repeated it slowly. "That means God fixes hurts, big and small." Sara smiled. "Like my knee!" Maya laughed. "And like sad feelings too." They said the verse together three times until they knew it by heart, feeling proud and peaceful.



The next day, Liam's grandpa showed them tomatoes growing in the garden. "Who makes these grow?" he asked. "The sun and water," said Liam. Grandpa smiled. "Yes, but who made the sun and water? God did. He gives us food to eat every day." Maya picked a tomato carefully. "Thank You, God, for our food," she whispered, feeling grateful for something so simple yet so wonderful.



Dark clouds rolled in, and rain began to fall gently on the garden. "Oh no, we'll get wet!" said Sara, covering her head. Liam laughed. "But the plants need this rain to grow!" Maya nodded. "God sends rain so everything can live, just like Psalm 147 says." They watched the raindrops fall, splashing happily instead of hiding, thankful for something that seemed like a small miracle.



After the rain stopped, birds hopped around, pecking at worms in the wet grass. "Look, even the birds get fed," said Liam, pointing. Maya smiled. "God cares for animals too, not just people." Sara watched a sparrow fly by. "He must be really busy taking care of everything!" Liam grinned. "But He never gets tired. He's powerful enough to care for the whole world."



That evening, thunder rumbled far away, and Liam jumped a little. "That sounds so strong!" he said. Maya nodded. "God is even stronger than thunder. He made the mountains and the sky." Sara looked amazed. "He must be the strongest one ever." Liam smiled bravely. "And He uses His strength to take care of us, not to scare us. That makes Him even more amazing."



The next morning, Maya noticed a little bird with a hurt wing near the fence. "Poor thing," she said softly, kneeling down. Liam remembered something. "God cares for the weak, not just the strong." Sara gently placed the bird in a small box with grass. "Just like He cares for us when we're weak too," she said. They felt thankful for a God who was both powerful and kind.



That afternoon, the three friends sat under a big tree and made up a little song. "God cares for me, God cares for you, He made the stars and the sky so blue!" they sang, clapping along. Sara giggled. "That was fun!" Maya smiled. "Praising God feels good, doesn't it?" Liam nodded happily. "I want to praise Him every day, not just today."



That night, Maya, Liam, and Sara looked up at the stars one more time. "God knows every star, heals our hurts, and gives us food and rain," said Maya. Liam grinned. "He's powerful and loving." Sara nodded. "I trust Him now more than ever." Together they whispered a little prayer, thanking God for caring about everything, big and small, promising to trust and praise Him always.



Spark Your Child's Imagination

and create a personalized book in which you are the main character



BECOME A BOOK
HERO



CHILDBOOK.AI