

# PSALM 134



BY CHILDBOOK.AI

Lila brushed her long blonde hair and put on her pajamas. The sun had set and stars twinkled outside her window. She yawned and climbed into bed, pulling her soft blanket up to her chin. "What a wonderful day," she whispered. Suddenly, she remembered something special. Today, her family had spent time thanking God together. She smiled, thinking about all the good things that had happened.



Lila heard gentle footsteps in the hallway. Her grandmother opened the door with a warm smile. "May I come in, dear?" she asked softly. Lila nodded happily and patted the bed beside her. Grandmother sat down, her eyes twinkling like the stars outside. "I wanted to tuck you in tonight," she said. "And perhaps share something special with you." Lila's heart filled with joy.





"Have you heard of Psalm 134?" Grandmother asked. Lila shook her head, curious. "It's a beautiful psalm about praising God," Grandmother explained. She opened her Bible to the page. "It tells us that God's servants should praise Him, even at night." Lila's eyes widened. "Even now?" she asked. "Yes, even now," Grandmother said with a gentle smile. "God is always listening."



"But why at night?" Lila wondered aloud. Grandmother stroked her blonde hair lovingly. "The psalm was written for people who served in God's temple," she explained. "Some kept watch during nighttime hours. They praised God while others slept." Lila imagined people singing softly in the darkness. "That sounds peaceful," she said. "It is," Grandmother agreed. "And we can praise Him too, right from our beds."







"Can we really worship God anytime?" Lila asked. "Absolutely!" Grandmother said with enthusiasm. "You can thank God in the morning when you wake up. You can praise Him at school during lunchtime. You can worship Him while playing outside." Lila smiled brightly. "And before bedtime too?" she asked. "Especially before bedtime," Grandmother confirmed. "God loves hearing from you always." Lila felt wonderfully loved.



"This morning, I thanked God for pancakes!" Lila remembered happily. Grandmother laughed softly. "That's wonderful! God gives us good food to enjoy." Lila bounced slightly on her bed. "And I thanked Him for sunshine when we went to the park." "Beautiful," Grandmother said. "You see? You've been praising God throughout your day." Lila hadn't thought about it that way before. Now she understood better.





"Can I pray at school too?" Lila asked thoughtfully. "Of course," Grandmother answered. "You can thank God silently during quiet moments. Before a test, you can ask for His help. When something good happens, praise Him in your heart." Lila nodded eagerly. "Yesterday, I found my lost pencil and said thank you to God!" "Perfect!" Grandmother beamed. "That's exactly what praising God looks like."



Grandmother squeezed Lila's hand gently. "God protects us every single day," she said. "He keeps us safe when we cross the street. He watches over us while we sleep." Lila thought about this carefully. "Like a shepherd watches sheep?" she asked. "Exactly like that!" Grandmother replied proudly. "We can thank Him for His protection." Lila felt safe and warm. "Thank you, God," she whispered.





"Let's count some blessings," Grandmother suggested playfully. Lila sat up excitedly. "Family!" she said first. "Friends at school," she added. "My books, my toys, our home!" The list grew longer. Grandmother smiled at each one. "God has given you so much," she said. "And He loves you more than you can imagine." Lila's heart swelled with gratitude. She felt truly blessed.



"Would you like to pray together?" Grandmother asked. Lila nodded and folded her hands. She closed her eyes tightly. "Dear God," Lila began, "thank you for loving me. Thank you for my family and Grandmother. Thank you for protecting me today." Her voice grew stronger. "Thank you for all my blessings." Grandmother whispered, "Amen." Lila echoed, "Amen!" She felt peaceful inside.





Lila snuggled deeper into her blanket. Her heart felt light and happy. "I love praising God," she told Grandmother. "And He loves hearing from you," Grandmother replied, kissing her forehead. "Remember, you can talk to Him anytime, day or night." Lila yawned sleepily. "I will remember," she promised. The room felt filled with peace. God's love surrounded them like a warm embrace.



Grandmother stood up quietly and walked to the door. "Sleep well, my dear Lila," she whispered. "Sweet dreams." Lila smiled with her eyes already closing. "Goodnight, Grandmother. Thank you for teaching me." The stars twinkled brightly outside as Lila drifted off to sleep. Her heart was grateful and peaceful. She knew God was watching over her. Tomorrow, she would praise Him again.





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