

PSALM 137 FOR KIDS



BY **CHILDBOOK.AI**

Jayden stood on the sidewalk watching movers carry boxes into a big truck. His soccer ball sat beside him. Everything he knew was being packed away. His best friend's house stood across the street, but his friend was at school. Jayden felt a lump in his throat. Mom touched his shoulder gently. Dad rolled up the garage door one last time. The house looked so empty now. Jayden picked up his soccer ball and held it tight.



The car rolled down the highway for hours. Jayden pressed his face against the window. Trees and towns blurred past. He thought about his old classroom and the park where he played. His stomach felt tight and strange. Mom offered him crackers, but he shook his head. Dad turned on music, but Jayden barely heard it. He closed his eyes and imagined his old street. Everything felt wrong and confusing.



The new house had tall ceilings and creaky floors. Jayden walked through empty rooms that echoed. His footsteps sounded lonely. Boxes were stacked everywhere with black marker labels. He found the box marked with his name and sat beside it. Nothing felt like home. The walls were the wrong color. Even the air smelled different here. Jayden hugged his knees and wished he could go back.



Jayden

That night, Jayden lay in his sleeping bag on the floor. His bed frame wasn't set up yet. He stared at the ceiling, missing his old room. He missed his friends at school. He missed his teacher, Mrs. Lopez. He missed the library and the playground swings. Tears slipped down his cheeks. He wiped them away quickly. Mom and Dad were working so hard. He didn't want to make them sad too.



The doorbell rang the next morning. Jayden opened the door and saw Grandma with her warm smile. She carried a basket of muffins and gave him a big hug. Jayden felt a little better. Grandma looked around at all the boxes and whistled. She rolled up her sleeves and winked at him. Together they started unpacking his room. She made the work feel lighter somehow.



While folding his clothes, Jayden spoke quietly. He told Grandma how much he missed home. He said everything felt wrong here. His voice cracked when he mentioned his friends. Grandma stopped working and sat beside him on the floor. She took his hand in hers. Her eyes were kind and understanding. She didn't tell him to cheer up or look on the bright side. She just listened carefully.



Grandma said she wanted to share something with him. She told him about people in the Bible who were taken far from their home. They had to leave Jerusalem, the city they loved. They were brought to a strange land called Babylon. There they sat by rivers and cried, missing their home. Jayden listened closely. Those people felt just like he did. Grandma said their sadness was written in Psalm 137.



Grandma explained that God understood when His people felt sad. He didn't tell them their feelings were wrong. The psalm showed that sadness about missing home is real and important. Jayden looked up at Grandma with watery eyes. She smiled and nodded. It's okay to feel sad, she said. God wants us to be honest with Him. We can tell Him everything we feel, even the hard things.



Grandma suggested they pray together. Jayden nodded and closed his eyes. Grandma prayed first, thanking God for keeping them safe. Then Jayden prayed in a whisper. He told God he missed his old home. He said he felt scared in this new place. He asked God to help him feel better. When he finished, Grandma squeezed his hand. He felt a small peace inside.



Over the next few days, Jayden kept praying. He told God about his lonely feelings each night. Slowly, small good things happened. He discovered a park two blocks away. The mailman waved at him each morning. A neighbor's dog wagged its tail when Jayden walked past. These weren't big things, but they felt like little gifts. Jayden started to notice them more and more.



At the park, Jayden brought his soccer ball. A boy about his age was shooting baskets nearby. The boy dropped his basketball and it rolled toward Jayden. Jayden picked it up and tossed it back. The boy smiled and said thanks. His name was Marcus. They talked about sports and school. Marcus asked if Jayden wanted to play sometime. Jayden grinned and said yes. Maybe this place could feel okay.



That evening, Jayden helped Grandma finish unpacking. He placed his favorite photo on his dresser. It showed his old friends smiling. He would always miss them and his old home. But Grandma reminded him that home is also where people love you. God was with him there and here. Jayden could carry his old home in his heart. And slowly, this new place might become home too. He smiled and believed it.



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