

PSALM 139 FOR KIDS



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

Noah bounced on his toes. "Six more days until the beach trip!" he said, grinning at his grandmother. She smiled back, stirring soup on the stove. "It will be wonderful, Noah." He had packed his bucket and shovel already, dreaming of sandcastles. The calendar on the wall had a big red circle around the special day. Noah could hardly wait to see the ocean waves and feel the warm sand between his toes.



The phone rang loudly. Noah's grandmother spoke quietly, then hung up with a sigh. "Noah, sweetheart, the beach house flooded. We cannot go this weekend." Noah's smile disappeared. "But I was so excited!" he cried, plopping onto the couch. His shoulders drooped and his eyes filled with tears. Everything he had planned felt broken now. He hugged his knees tightly, wondering why things always seemed to change when he wanted them most to stay the same.



"It's not fair," Noah mumbled, wiping his eyes. His grandmother sat beside him gently. "I know you're disappointed," she said softly. "Plans change, and that's hard." Noah sniffled. "I don't know what to trust anymore." His grandmother wrapped her arm around him warmly. "Let me tell you something special from the Bible," she said. "It's called Psalm 146, and it might help your worried heart feel better." Noah looked up, curious despite his sadness.



Grandmother opened her old Bible carefully. "Psalm 146 says we shouldn't put all our trust in people or things," she explained. "Even good plans can change, Noah." He tilted his head. "So what should I trust?" She smiled kindly. "God, sweetheart. He never changes like plans do." Noah thought about the beach trip disappearing so suddenly. Maybe trusting something unchanging could feel safer than trusting things that could break or shift.



"Toys break," Grandmother said, "friends move away, and yes, trips get canceled." Noah nodded slowly, understanding. "But God is different?" he asked. "Completely different," she said. "He's always the same, always faithful." Noah looked at his sandcastle bucket sitting forgotten by the door. "So even when plans change, God doesn't change?" His grandmother squeezed his hand. "Exactly right, Noah. That's something wonderful to hold onto."



"What does faithful mean?" Noah asked, still curious. Grandmother thought for a moment. "It means God always keeps His promises," she said. "He never lets you down." Noah remembered feeling let down about the beach. "Never ever?" he asked quietly. "Never ever," she promised, smiling. "People try their best, but only God is perfectly faithful, every single day, no matter what happens around us."



Grandmother continued reading softly. "This psalm says God helps the weak," she explained. Noah scrunched his nose. "Like when I fell off my bike?" he asked. "Exactly like that," she nodded. "When you feel small or unable, God gives strength." Noah remembered how scared he'd felt that day. "I prayed then too," he admitted. Grandmother smiled proudly. "See? You already know how God helps us when we're weak."



"God also cares for people who are hurting," Grandmother said gently. Noah thought about his disappointment over the trip. "Like me feeling sad?" he asked softly. She nodded, touching his cheek. "Yes, exactly like that, Noah." He felt a small warmth inside his chest. "So God cares about my sad feelings too?" "Absolutely," Grandmother said. "Nothing that hurts you is too small for Him to notice and comfort."



"There's more," Grandmother said, turning the page. "God provides for those in need." Noah remembered dinner tonight, and clothes, and his cozy bed. "Like our food and home?" he asked. "Yes," she said warmly. "God provides in big ways and small ways, even when we don't notice it happening around us." Noah looked around their kitchen, suddenly grateful for everything that was already there.



That night, Noah knelt beside his bed. "God," he whispered, "I was sad about the trip. Help me trust You instead of just plans." He paused, thinking of Grandmother's words. "Thank You for helping the weak and caring when I hurt." Noah felt his worried thoughts growing quieter. He climbed into bed feeling lighter than before, like a heavy backpack had been gently lifted off his shoulders.



The next morning, Noah found Grandmother in the kitchen. "I prayed like you said," he told her, smiling. "I feel peaceful now, even about the trip." She hugged him tightly. "That's the beauty of trusting God, Noah. He gives peace that plans alone never could." Noah nodded, feeling calm and steady inside, like sunshine breaking through clouds after a storm had passed.



A week later, they rescheduled the beach trip. Noah packed his bucket happily, but this time felt different. "Even if plans change again," he said, "I know God stays the same." Grandmother smiled proudly. "You've learned something wonderful, Noah." He looked at Psalm 146 in her Bible one more time. From now on, whatever happened, Noah knew exactly where to place his trust—always in God.



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