

PSALM 144FOR KIDS



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

Liam stared at his soccer cleats, stomach full of butterflies. "What if I mess up, Dad?" he asked. His dad knelt beside him and smiled. "Liam, do you remember Psalm 144? It says God is our strength and shield." Liam nodded slowly. "That means He's with me even now?" "Exactly," Dad said, ruffling his short brown hair. "You're never alone on that field."



That evening, Liam and his dad knelt together. "Let's ask God for courage," Dad said softly. Liam folded his hands. "Dear God, please give me a calm heart and help me play my best." Dad added, "And help him be kind to his teammates too." Liam opened his eyes, feeling lighter. "I think I'm ready," he whispered, hugging his dad tight before bed.



The morning of the game, Liam tied his cleats with shaky fingers. His heart pounded like a drum. "Remember," Dad said, handing him a water bottle, "God gives strength to the weary." Liam took a deep breath. "I keep thinking about missing the ball," he admitted. Dad smiled kindly. "Just do your best and trust God with the rest." Liam nodded, feeling a little braver already.



At the soccer field, players warmed up under the bright sky. Liam spotted his teammate Max stretching nearby. "Ready for the big game?" Max grinned. "A little nervous," Liam admitted. Max patted his shoulder. "We've got this together!" Liam smiled, remembering his prayer. He whispered to himself, "God is my helper," and jogged onto the grass with new confidence.



During warm-ups, Liam practiced passing with Max. "Nice kick!" Max cheered as the ball zipped between them. Liam laughed, feeling his nerves ease. "Thanks for cheering me on," he said. Max grinned. "That's what teammates do!" Liam thought about how Psalm 144 said God helps and protects—and maybe friends helped too. Together, they jogged back to the team, ready for the whistle.

Nice kick!



The whistle blew, and the game began. Liam ran hard but missed his first kick, and the ball rolled away. His cheeks burned with embarrassment. "It's okay!" Max called from across the field. Liam took a breath, remembering his prayer. "God, help me stay calm," he whispered. He straightened his shoulders, determined not to give up, and hurried back into the play.



As the game continued, Liam's legs felt tired, but he kept thinking of Psalm 144. "The Lord is my strength," he whispered under his breath. Suddenly, the ball came his way. He steadied himself, breathed deeply, and passed it smoothly to Max. "Great pass!" Max shouted. Liam smiled, feeling calmer than before, trusting that God was helping him play his best.



Liam sprinted down the field, dodging past a defender. His heart pounded, but not from fear this time—it was excitement. He kicked the ball toward the goal, and it sailed just wide. "Almost!" Max called encouragingly. Liam grinned, unbothered. "That's okay, we'll get the next one," he said, remembering that trying his best mattered more than winning every play.



During the game, an opposing player tripped and fell hard on the grass. Liam stopped immediately and reached out his hand. "Are you okay?" he asked kindly. The boy nodded, surprised. "Thanks," he said, standing up. Liam smiled. "No problem!" As they jogged back to their teams, Liam remembered that treating others with kindness was part of being truly strong.



With minutes left, Max passed the ball to Liam near the goal. "Take the shot!" Max yelled. Liam focused, took a breath, and kicked with all his strength. The ball soared into the net! "Goal!" the team cheered, running to celebrate. Liam laughed with joy, realizing that trusting God and working together had made this moment possible.



The referee blew the final whistle, ending the game. Liam's team had played their best, win or not. Max threw an arm around him. "You did awesome today!" Liam smiled, thankful for his teammate's support. Quietly, he whispered, "Thank You, God, for helping me be brave." He felt proud—not just of the score, but of how he had played with courage and kindness.



After the game, Liam ran to his dad, cleats muddy and cheeks pink from playing hard. "I remembered Psalm 144, Dad!" he said excitedly. Dad hugged him warmly. "I'm proud of you, not just for playing well, but for being kind out there." Liam nodded. "Strength isn't only winning—it's trusting God and doing my best." Dad smiled. "That's exactly right, buddy."

I remembered
Psalm 144, Dad!



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