

PSALM 147 FOR KIDS



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

Lila sat by her window, watching the moving truck disappear down the street. Her best friend was gone. 'I miss her already,' she whispered, hugging her stuffed rabbit. The house next door looked so empty now. Tears filled her eyes as she thought about all their games and laughter. She wondered if she would ever feel happy again. Outside, the wind rustled the leaves, but Lila barely noticed. She just sat quietly, feeling very alone.



That afternoon, Grandma found Lila curled up on the porch swing. 'What's wrong, sweet girl?' she asked softly. Lila sniffled, 'My friend moved away, and I feel so lonely.' Grandma sat beside her and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. 'I know it hurts,' she said gently. 'But I know something that might help.' She reached into her bag and pulled out an old, worn Bible with soft golden pages.



Grandma opened the Bible to Psalm 147. 'Listen to this,' she said. 'He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.' Lila looked up. 'That means me?' she asked. Grandma smiled, 'Yes, dear one. God cares about every sad heart, even a little girl who misses her friend.' Lila felt a small warmth inside her chest, like a candle being lit in the dark.



The next morning, Lila followed Grandma into the garden. 'How does God know I'm sad?' she asked, kicking a pebble. Grandma knelt by the flowers. 'He knows everything, Lila. He counts the stars and names them one by one.' Lila giggled, 'That's a lot of counting!' Grandma laughed too. 'Yes, and if He can count every star, He can surely see your tears.'



Just then, a small sparrow landed on the fence and chirped happily. 'Look, Grandma!' Lila pointed. 'Even the birds are cared for,' Grandma said. 'Psalm 147 says God gives food to the animals and to the young ravens when they call.' Lila watched the sparrow peck at seeds Grandma had scattered. 'So God takes care of birds too?' she asked. 'Every one,' Grandma nodded.



Lila crouched down to watch the sparrow more closely. Its feathers shimmered brown and gold in the sunlight. 'If God cares for something this small,' she whispered, 'He must really care about me.' Grandma smiled and squeezed her hand. 'That's exactly right, sweetheart.' The sparrow chirped once more before flying off into the blue sky, leaving Lila feeling a little lighter inside.



That evening, Lila and Grandma sat outside as stars began to twinkle. 'He counts the stars and calls them each by name,' Grandma recited softly. Lila tilted her head back. 'There are so many!' she gasped. 'And God knows every single one,' Grandma said, 'just like He knows you.' Lila hugged her knees, feeling amazed that something so big could care about someone so small.



Before bed, Lila knelt by her window. 'Dear God,' she whispered, 'I feel lonely without my friend. Please help my heart feel better.' She remembered Grandma's words about healing broken hearts. A soft breeze drifted through the window, brushing her cheek like a gentle hug. Lila smiled faintly and climbed into bed, feeling a little less sad than before.



When Lila woke up, sunlight poured through her curtains. She noticed the sparrow sitting on her windowsill again, chirping cheerfully. 'Good morning!' she said, smiling. She remembered Psalm 147 and how God cared for even the smallest bird. Her chest didn't feel as heavy today. She skipped downstairs, ready to help Grandma with breakfast, feeling hope bubble up inside her like sunshine.



After breakfast, Lila decided to write her friend a letter. 'Dear friend,' she wrote, 'I miss you, but I learned that God cares for both of us, even far apart.' She drew a little sparrow at the bottom of the page. Grandma watched proudly. 'That's beautiful, Lila,' she said. 'Sharing hope is one way God's love grows bigger.' Lila beamed, sealing the letter carefully.



That afternoon, Lila helped Grandma water the flowers. 'God takes care of every plant too,' Grandma said, pointing to a blooming rose. Lila sprinkled water gently on the petals. 'And every person,' she added, remembering Psalm 147. The sparrow returned, pecking nearby seeds. Lila smiled, realizing that caring for small things, like flowers and birds, made her feel closer to God's big love.



That evening, Lila sat with Grandma under the wide sky. 'I still miss my friend,' she said, 'but I don't feel as sad anymore.' Grandma nodded. 'That's God healing your heart, little by little.' The sparrow chirped from a nearby branch, as if agreeing. Lila closed her eyes and whispered, 'Thank You, God, for caring about me.' Hope filled her heart like warm sunshine.



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