

PSALM 141 FOR KIDS



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

Ethan and his friend Liam built a tall block tower at recess. When it crashed down, Liam pointed at Ethan. "You knocked it over!" he shouted. Ethan felt his cheeks grow hot. "I didn't touch it!" he said, but Liam wouldn't listen. The other kids stared, and Ethan wanted to shout something mean back. His hands clenched into fists as anger bubbled inside him. He walked away quickly, biting his lip to stay quiet.

An illustration of two young boys in a park. The boy on the left, wearing a red cap and a striped shirt, points at a tower of colorful blocks. The boy on the right, wearing a purple shirt, looks on with a sad expression. A speech bubble from the boy on the left says "You knocked it over!". The tower is made of red, yellow, and blue blocks, with a red triangular block on top. Several blocks are scattered on the grass around the base of the tower. The background shows a lush green park with trees and flowers under a blue sky with clouds.

**You knocked
it over !**

All the way home, Ethan replayed the moment in his mind. He imagined saying something sharp to Liam, something that would hurt. His stomach twisted with frustration. "It's not fair!" he muttered to himself, kicking a rock down the sidewalk. He wanted to prove he was right, no matter how mean the words sounded. But a small voice inside reminded him of something his grandmother once said about words and hearts.



When Ethan got home, his grandmother saw his frown right away. "What happened, sweetheart?" she asked, kneeling to his eye level. Ethan explained how Liam blamed him for the fallen tower. "I wanted to yell at him," he admitted, staring at his shoes. Grandmother wrapped an arm around him gently. "Let's talk about what to do with those angry words," she said, guiding him to the porch swing to sit and think together.



Grandmother opened her worn Bible to Psalm 141. "David asked God to guard his mouth and heart," she explained softly. "Set a guard over my mouth, Lord," she read aloud, pointing to the verse. Ethan listened closely, curious. "Why would he need a guard?" he asked. "Because words can hurt, just like actions," Grandmother said. "When we're angry, we need God's help to choose kind words instead of mean ones."



Set a guard
over my mouth, Lord.

That evening, Ethan knelt beside his bed with Grandmother. "Dear God, please guard my heart and my words," he prayed quietly. "Help me speak kindly, even when I'm upset." Grandmother smiled and squeezed his hand. "That's exactly what Psalm 141 teaches us," she whispered. Ethan felt a calm settle over him, like a weight had lifted. He knew tomorrow he would see Liam again, and he wanted to be ready this time.

Dear God,
please guard
my heart
and my words.



The next morning, Grandmother helped Ethan practice calm words. "Instead of yelling, try saying how you feel," she suggested. Ethan repeated, "I felt upset when you blamed me, but it wasn't my fault." "That's much better," Grandmother said, nodding proudly. "Words spoken gently can still be strong and true." Ethan practiced a few more times, feeling more confident with each try. He tucked the words into his heart like a shield for the day ahead.



At recess, Ethan spotted Liam standing near the broken blocks. His heart pounded, but he remembered his prayer from the night before. Taking a deep breath, Ethan walked over calmly instead of storming off in anger. "Can we talk?" he asked gently. Liam looked surprised but nodded slowly. Ethan felt proud that he hadn't let his anger take control, even though his hands still trembled a little with nerves.



"I didn't knock over the tower," Ethan said calmly, looking Liam in the eye. "I saw the wind blow through the window and tip it over." Liam blinked, surprised by Ethan's steady voice. "I was scared and just said the first thing I thought," Liam admitted quietly. Ethan nodded, remembering how anger could make anyone say the wrong thing. "It's okay," he said. "I just wanted you to know the truth."



Liam looked down at his shoes, feeling bad about blaming his friend. "I'm sorry, Ethan," he said softly. "I should have thought before I spoke." Ethan smiled, remembering his grandmother's words about guarding hearts and mouths. "It's alright," he replied. "We all need help choosing our words sometimes." The two boys shook hands and picked up the scattered blocks together, laughing as they rebuilt the tower even taller than before.

I'm sorry,
Ethan.



That afternoon, Ethan told Grandmother everything that happened at school. "I stayed calm, just like we practiced," he said proudly. Grandmother hugged him tightly. "You let God guard your heart today," she said warmly. Ethan grinned, realizing how much better things turned out without angry words. "Psalm 141 really works," he said. Grandmother laughed gently. "It's not magic, sweetheart—it's God helping us choose wisely when we ask Him."



From then on, Ethan made a habit of praying before tricky moments. Whenever he felt upset or frustrated, he whispered, "God, guard my words and my heart." It didn't mean he never felt angry, but it helped him pause before reacting. Grandmother noticed the change and smiled every time. "You're learning something powerful," she told him one evening. "Choosing kind words takes practice, but it's worth it."



God, guard
my words
and my heart.

Weeks later, Ethan and Liam were the best of friends, building towers taller than ever. Whenever disagreements popped up, Ethan remembered Psalm 141 and paused to think before speaking. He knew his words could build up or tear down, just like the block towers. With God's help, he chose kindness again and again. Grandmother often reminded him, "Your words are treasures—use them wisely, and watch friendships grow strong."



Spark Your Child's Imagination

and create a personalized book in which you are the main character



BECOME A BOOK
HERO



CHILDBOOK.AI