

PSALM 135 FOR KIDS



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

Noah put on his shoes and ran outside. Grandpa was waiting by the gate with a big smile. "Ready for our walk?" Grandpa asked. Noah nodded excitedly. They started down the path together. The morning sun felt warm on Noah's face. Birds sang cheerful songs in the trees. "Where are we going today, Grandpa?" Noah asked. "Somewhere special," Grandpa replied with a wink. Noah loved these walks with his grandfather.



As they walked, Noah looked around carefully. He saw tall oak trees reaching toward the sky. Colorful flowers bloomed along the path. A squirrel scampered up a trunk. "Grandpa, everything looks so beautiful today!" Noah said. Grandpa stopped and smiled. "You have good eyes, Noah. Tell me what else you see." Noah pointed at fluffy white clouds. He spotted a red bird on a branch. "God made all of this," Grandpa said gently.

**God made
all of this.**



Noah thought for a moment. "Grandpa, why did God make so many different things?" he asked. Grandpa sat on a nearby bench. Noah sat beside him. "That's a wonderful question," Grandpa said. He pulled out his small Bible. "Let me show you something special. It's called Psalm 135." Noah leaned closer to look. "What does it say?" he asked eagerly. "It tells us about praising God," Grandpa explained.



"What does praise mean?" Noah asked. Grandpa smiled warmly. "Praise means telling God how great He is. It means being thankful for what He does." Noah nodded slowly. "Like saying thank you?" he suggested. "Exactly!" Grandpa agreed. "The psalm says to praise the Lord because He is good." Noah looked at the trees and birds again. "So we should thank God for making these?" "Yes, and for much more," Grandpa said.



Grandpa turned the Bible pages carefully. "Psalm 135 reminds us that God created everything. He made the heavens and the earth." Noah's eyes grew wide. "Even the mountains we can see far away?" "Yes, every mountain, every ocean, every star," Grandpa confirmed. Noah tried to imagine it all. "That's so much!" he exclaimed. "God is very powerful," Grandpa said. Noah felt small but safe. "And He made me too?" "He certainly did," Grandpa answered warmly.



They continued walking down the path. Noah noticed a toy car someone had left behind. He picked it up. "Someone made this toy," Noah observed. "That's right," Grandpa said. "People can make things with their hands. But can this toy move by itself?" Noah shook his head. "No, it needs someone to push it." "Exactly," Grandpa explained. "Things people make can't do anything on their own. They have no life or power."



"But God is different," Grandpa continued. "He is alive and powerful. He doesn't need anyone to help Him." Noah watched a butterfly flutter past. "The butterfly can move by itself," he noticed. "Yes! Because God gave it life," Grandpa said. Noah understood better now. "So God is more powerful than anything people make?" "Much more powerful," Grandpa confirmed. "And He loves us too." Noah felt happy knowing this.



They reached a small hill with a beautiful view. "Noah, Psalm 135 also tells us that God cares for His people," Grandpa said. "Who are His people?" Noah asked. "Everyone who loves and follows Him," Grandpa explained. "Does He care for us?" Noah wondered. "Yes, very much. He watches over us every day." Noah felt grateful. "That makes me feel safe," he said. "God is always with us," Grandpa assured him.



"Can we praise God right now?" Noah asked suddenly. Grandpa's face lit up with joy. "What a wonderful idea! How would you like to praise Him?" Noah thought carefully. "Thank you, God, for the trees and birds and sunshine," he said aloud. "And thank you for my grandpa," he added. Grandpa put his hand on Noah's shoulder. "Thank you, God, for Noah and for teaching him about You," Grandpa prayed. They smiled at each other.



They started walking back home together. Noah felt different inside, like his heart was fuller. "Grandpa, can I read Psalm 135 when we get home?" he asked. "Of course," Grandpa replied happily. "We can read it together." Noah skipped a few steps. Everything around him seemed brighter somehow. The trees, the sky, the path—all of it made him think of God. "This was the best walk ever," Noah declared. Grandpa chuckled softly.



When they reached home, Noah ran inside. He got a glass of water and sat down. His heart felt so thankful. He thought about everything Grandpa had taught him. God made everything beautiful. God is alive and powerful. God cares for people who love Him. "I want to remember this," Noah said to himself. He decided to praise God every day. It felt good to be grateful for God's goodness and greatness.



That night before bed, Noah looked out his window. He saw stars twinkling in the dark sky. "God made those too," he whispered with wonder. He closed his eyes and thanked God again. For his home, his family, his grandfather, and all of creation. Noah understood now why Psalm 135 was so special. It reminded people that God deserves praise every single day. Noah smiled peacefully. Tomorrow he would find new things to thank God for.



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