

# THE KINGDOM THAT NEVER GROWS OLD



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

JahJu held his soft yellow blanket tight. It had fuzzy edges and tiny holes now. Mama smiled and said, "This blanket is getting old, JahJu." JahJu looked at it, then up at Mama. "Old?" he asked. Mama nodded gently. "Everything changes someday, little one. Even blankets." JahJu hugged it closer, wondering if everything really had to grow old.



Mama pulled out an old photo album. "Look, JahJu, this was you as a tiny baby." JahJu pointed at himself, giggling. "Baby me!" Mama laughed and turned pages showing him growing bigger each year. "You keep changing too, sweet boy." JahJu touched his own cheek, feeling grown-up already. He wondered if he would look different again next year, like Mama said everything did.





Outside, autumn leaves drifted down from the trees. JahJu chased a golden leaf across the yard. "It fall, Mama!" he shouted happily. Mama caught up and knelt beside him. "The leaves change color, then fall, then new ones grow back in spring." JahJu watched another leaf spin down slowly. "Leaves get old too?" he asked. Mama smiled. "Yes, but spring always brings new ones again."



JahJu tried to slip on his little red shoes, but his toes wouldn't fit. "Too small!" he said, frowning. Mama laughed softly. "You grew again, JahJu. Let's find bigger shoes." At the store, JahJu picked shiny blue shoes instead. He wiggled his toes happily inside them. "New shoes!" Mama tied the laces and smiled. "Just like the leaves, you keep growing and changing too."





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That night, Mama opened a big storybook. "This is about a kingdom that never grows old," she said softly. JahJu snuggled close, eyes wide. "Never old?" Mama nodded. "Long ago, someone wrote that the sky and earth wear out like clothes, but God stays the same forever." JahJu yawned, imagining a kingdom that never wrinkled or faded, shining bright and strong, always exactly the same.



Mama carried JahJu outside to see the night sky. Stars twinkled above them, tiny and bright. "Do stars get old, Mama?" JahJu asked, pointing upward. "Someday even stars will fade, little one," Mama said gently. "But God's kingdom never fades, never wears out, never ends." JahJu stared up longer, wondering what a forever kingdom might look like, brighter than every single star above them.





The next morning, JahJu tugged Mama's sleeve. "Does everything get old?" he asked seriously. Mama sat him on her lap. "Clothes wear out, toys break, leaves fall, and people grow up," she said. "But some things never change, like God's love and His forever kingdom." JahJu thought hard, then smiled. "I want to see it, Mama." Mama hugged him tight. "Someday, sweet boy."



In the garden, JahJu found droopy flowers bending low. "Flowers sad?" he asked, touching a petal gently. "Flowers grow, bloom, then wilt away," Mama explained. "But look, the sun still rises every single morning, never missing a day." JahJu looked up at the warm sunshine, feeling comforted. "Sun never old?" Mama smiled. "The sun changes too, but God's promises never do."





JahJu's favorite wooden train slipped and cracked on the floor. His eyes filled with tears instantly. "Broken!" he cried, holding up the pieces. Mama knelt beside him, wiping his cheek softly. "Toys can break, JahJu, but my love for you never will." JahJu sniffled, then hugged Mama tightly. "Love not old?" he whispered. "Never," Mama said. "It stays exactly the same, always."



Before bed, Mama and JahJu knelt together quietly. "Let's thank God for His forever kingdom," Mama whispered. JahJu folded his tiny hands carefully. "Thank you, kingdom never old," he prayed softly. Mama smiled, tucking blankets around him snugly. "That's right, sweet boy. Heaven and earth may change, but God's kingdom stays forever the same." JahJu closed his eyes, feeling safe and warm.





After a gentle morning rain, JahJu spotted colors arching across the sky. "Rainbow, Mama!" he shouted, pointing excitedly. Mama lifted him up to see better. "Rainbows remind us of promises that never break," she said. JahJu watched the colors glow brightly against gray clouds fading slowly. "Like the kingdom?" he asked. Mama nodded. "Yes, just like God's forever kingdom, always faithful and true."



That evening, JahJu hugged his worn yellow blanket one last time. "Old blanket, new blanket, still love," he said, smiling proudly. Mama laughed and kissed his forehead gently. "Things change, JahJu, but you are always loved the same." JahJu snuggled close, whispering happily, "Kingdom never old, love never old." Mama held him tight beneath the quiet stars, thankful for a love that truly never ends.





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