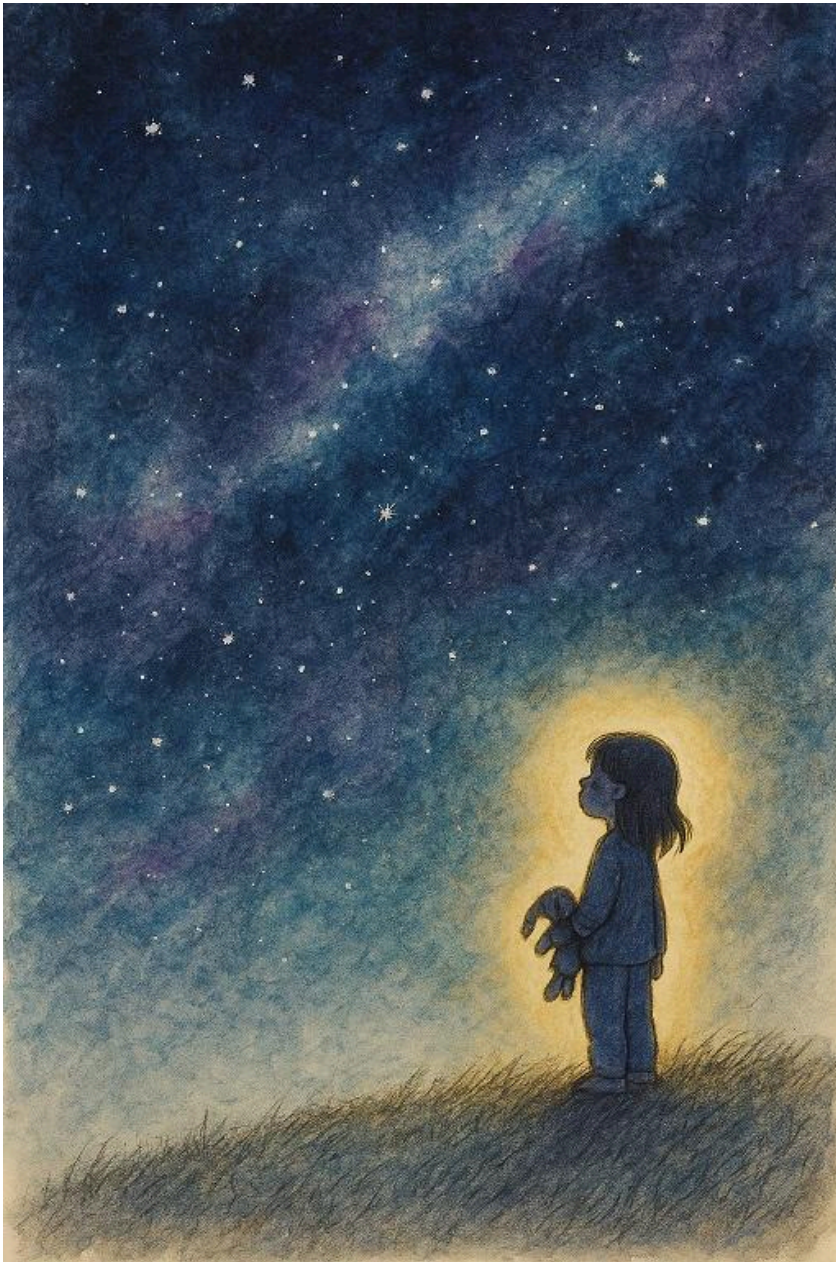


The King Who Listens to Me

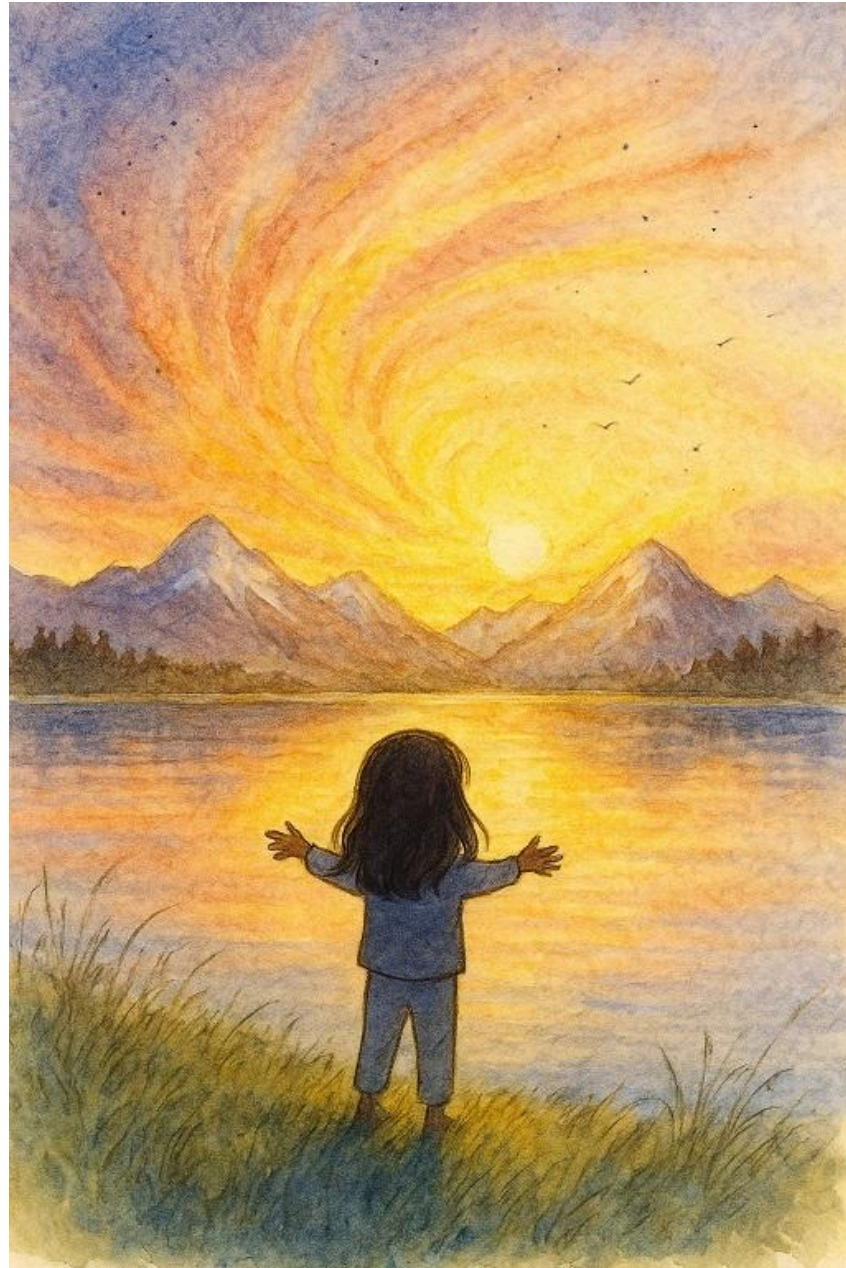
Darren W. Jones

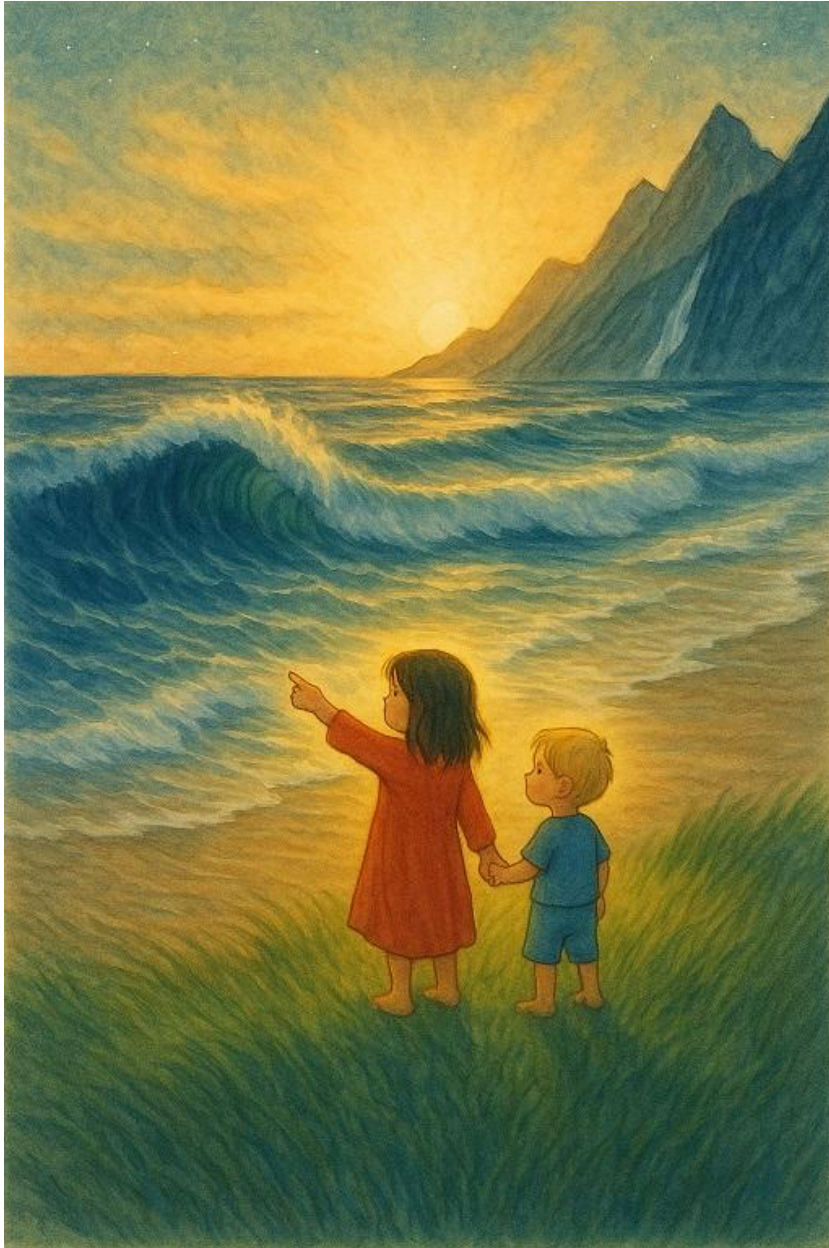
The King Who Listens to Me
by Darren W. Jones
Picture Book Dummy



Before there were bugs or beds or bedtime songs,
the King made everything, even time.
He didn't need help. He just spoke.

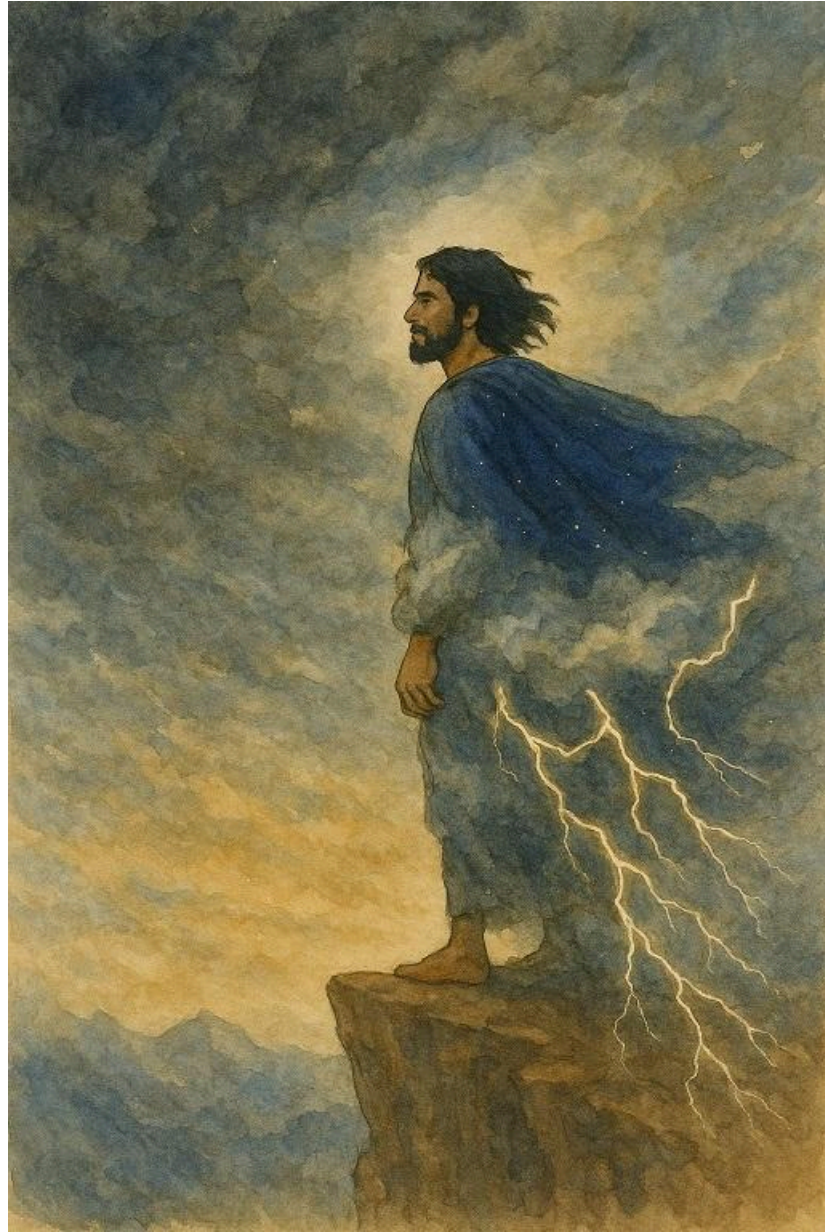
He said, "Let there be,"
and light zipped across the sky
faster than anything ever had.

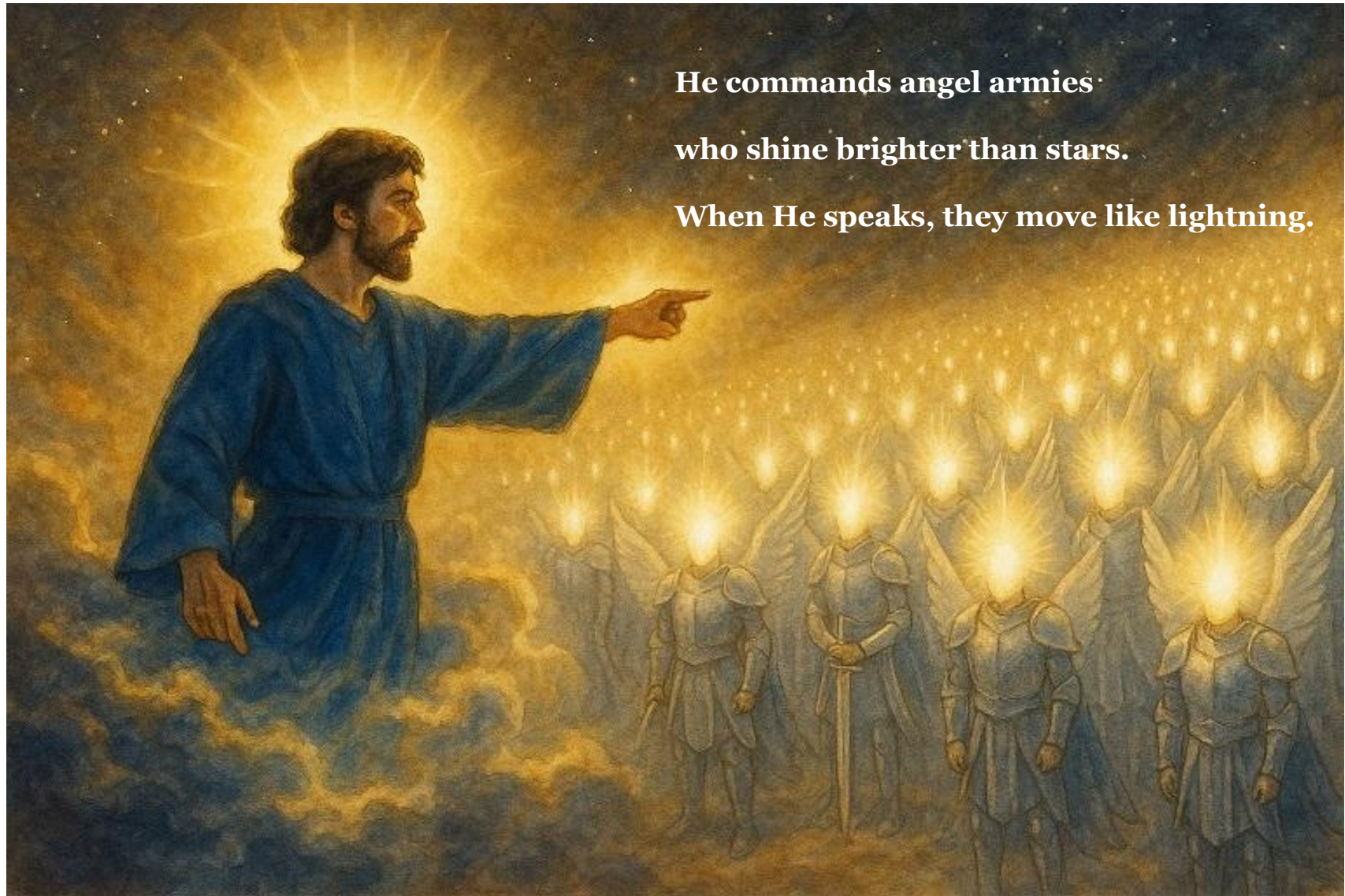




Oceans opened their arms,
mountains stood up tall,
and the Earth knew His name.

He wears the sky like a royal robe.
Clouds curl at His feet,
and thunder claps when He moves.

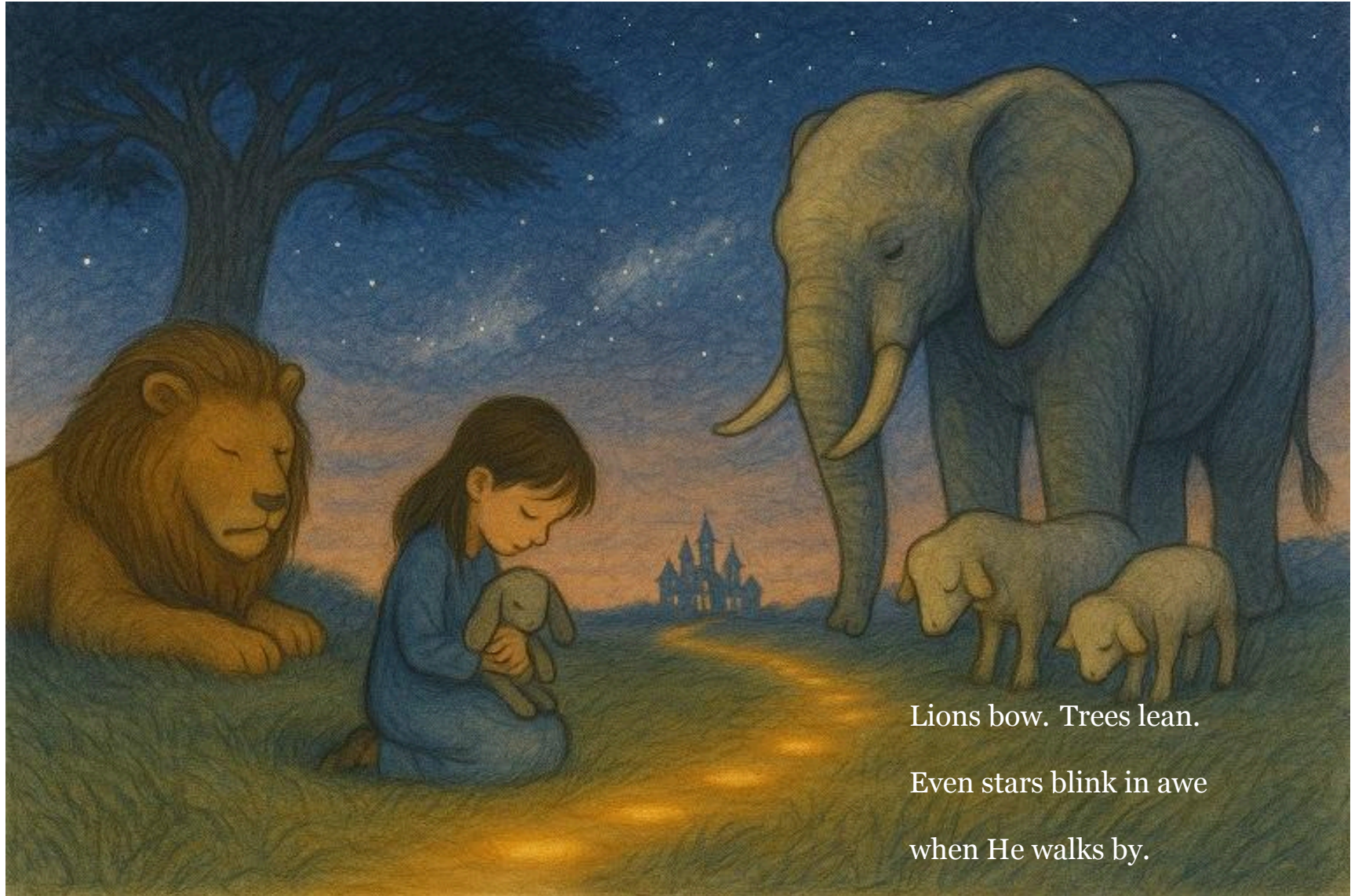




He commands angel armies

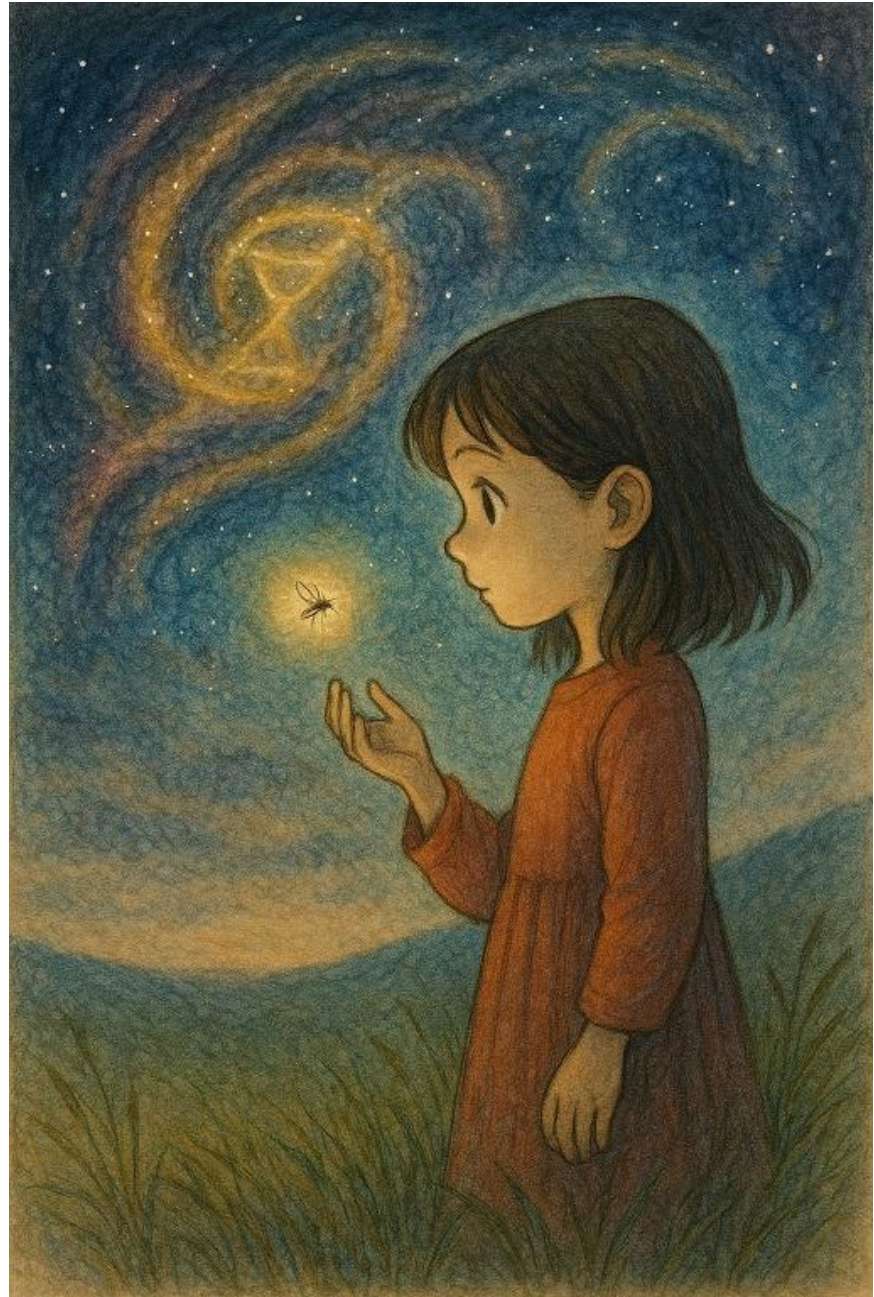
who shine brighter than stars.

When He speaks, they move like lightning.



Lions bow. Trees lean.
Even stars blink in awe
when He walks by.

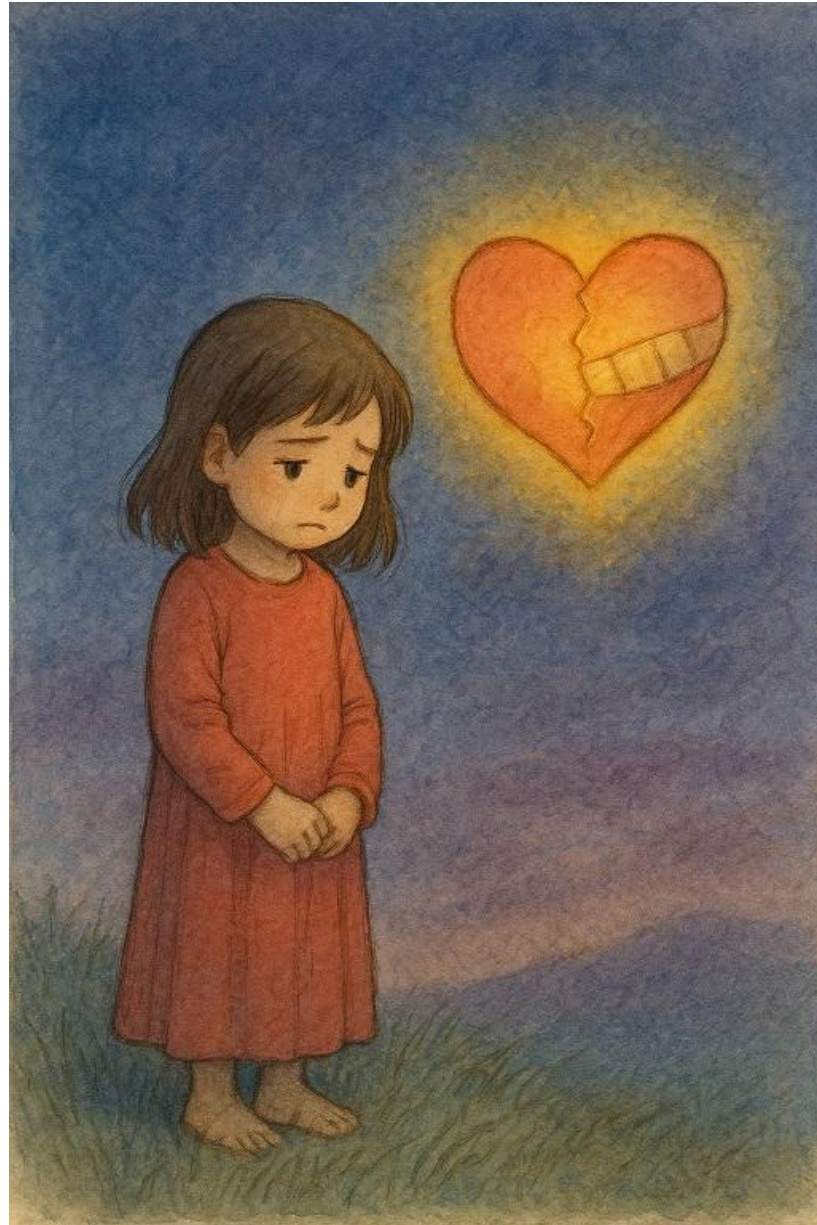
He made time, and space, and every tiny gnat.
He never gets tired,
and He never needs to try twice.



Nothing is too big for Him.

Nothing is too messy or too hard.

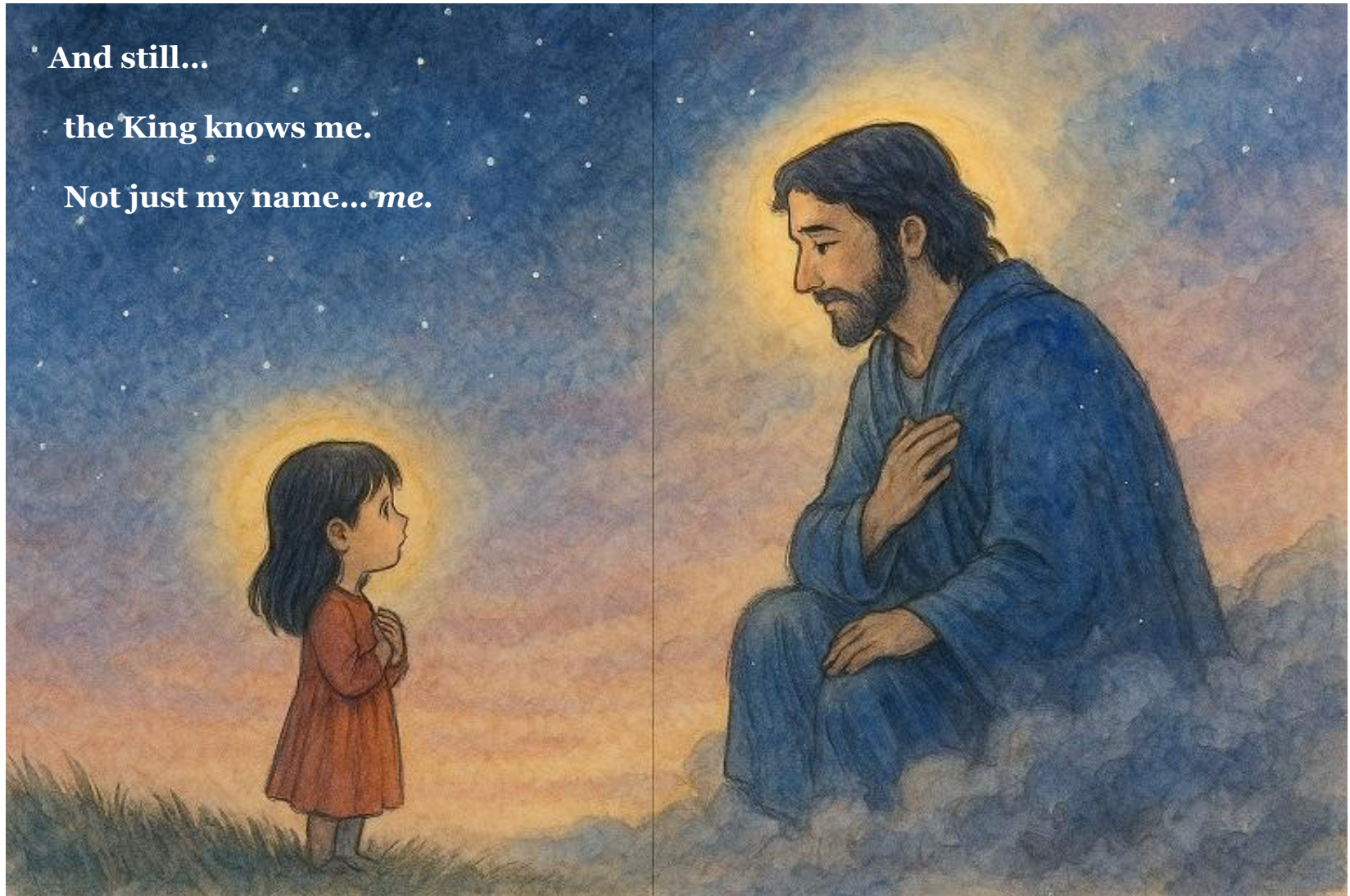
He can fix anything, even hearts.

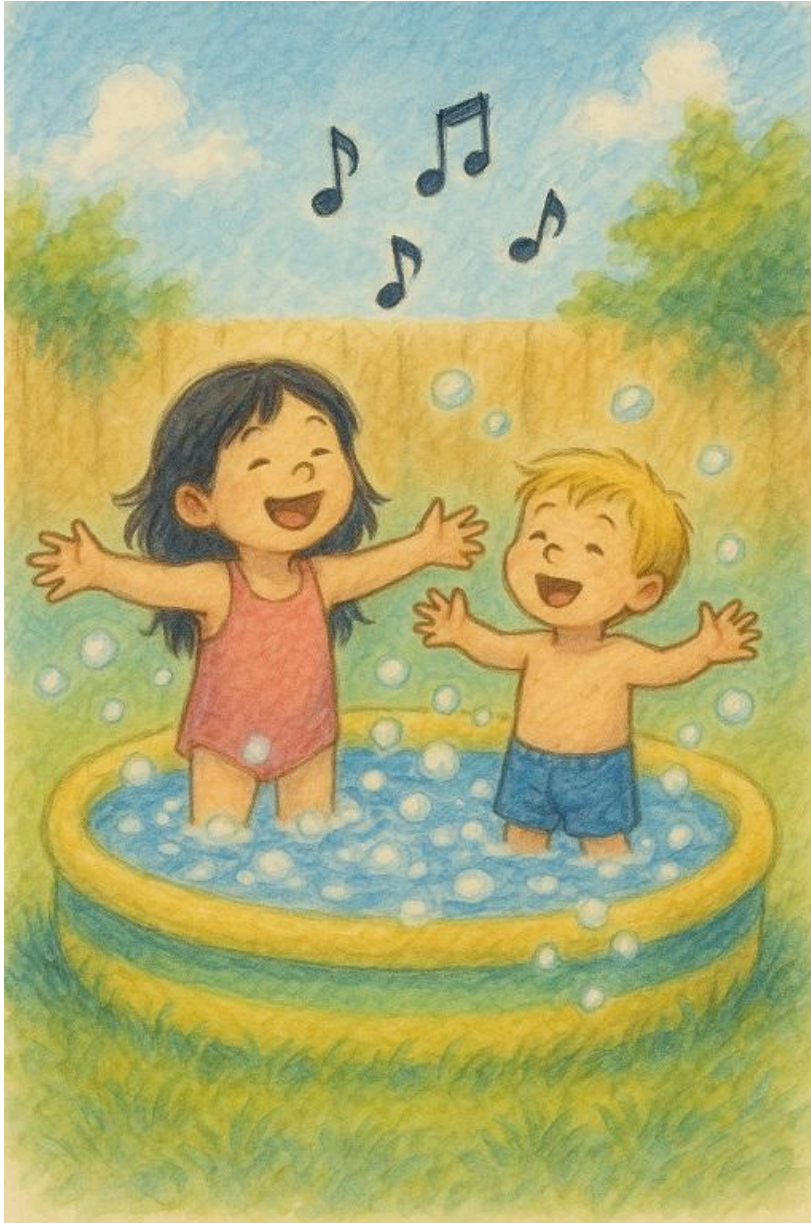


And still...

the King knows me.

Not just my name... *me*.



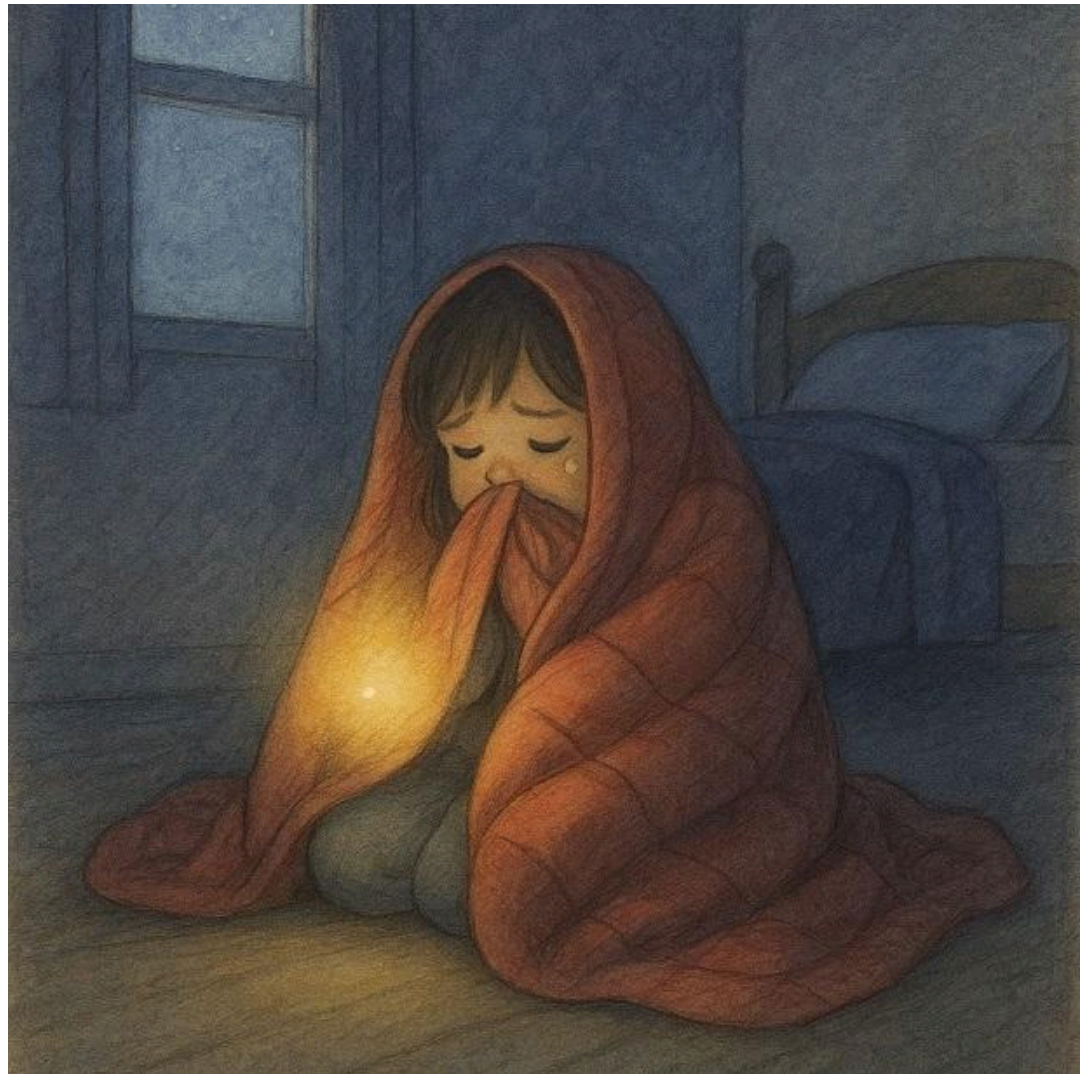


He knows my laugh.

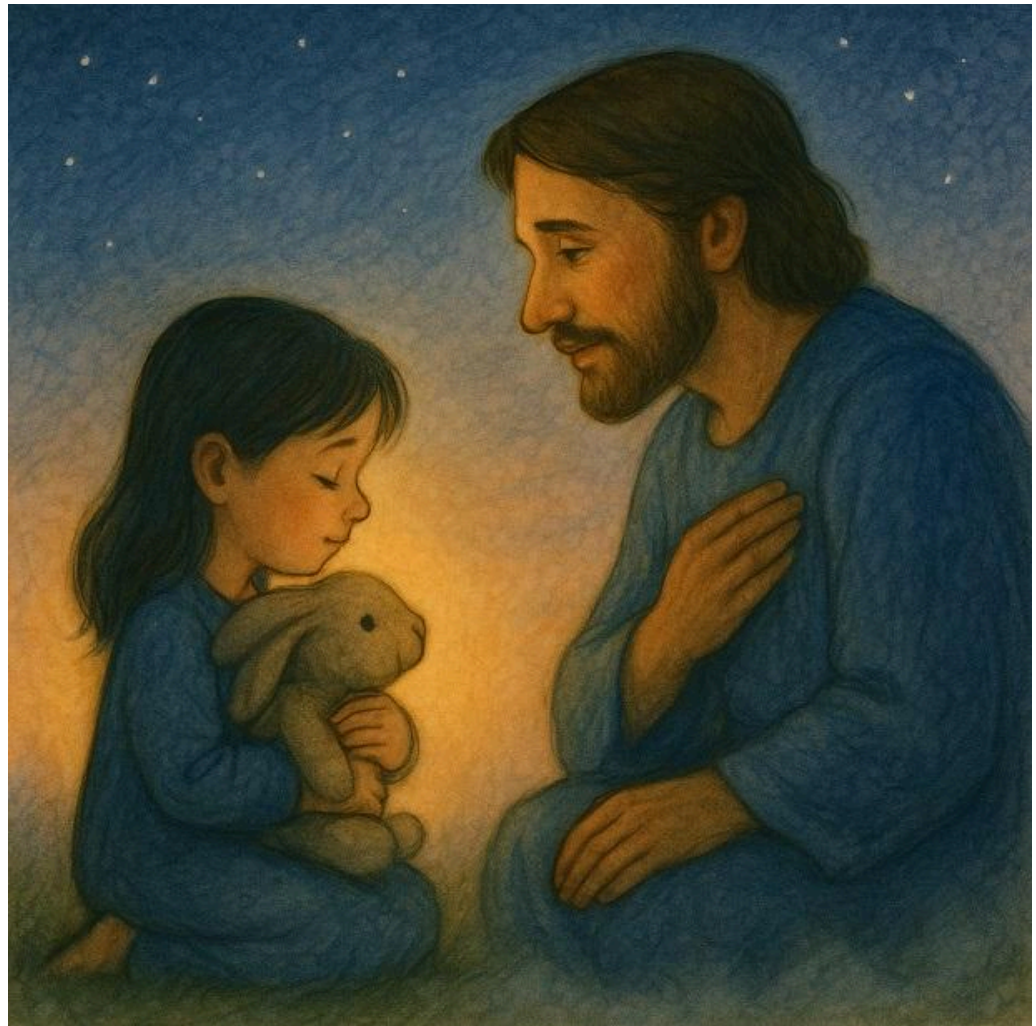
He knows my freckles.

He knows the silly song I sing in the pool.

He sees when I cry in my blanket.
He hears when I whisper,
even if no one else does.



When I pray,
the King leans down
like I'm the only voice in the world.

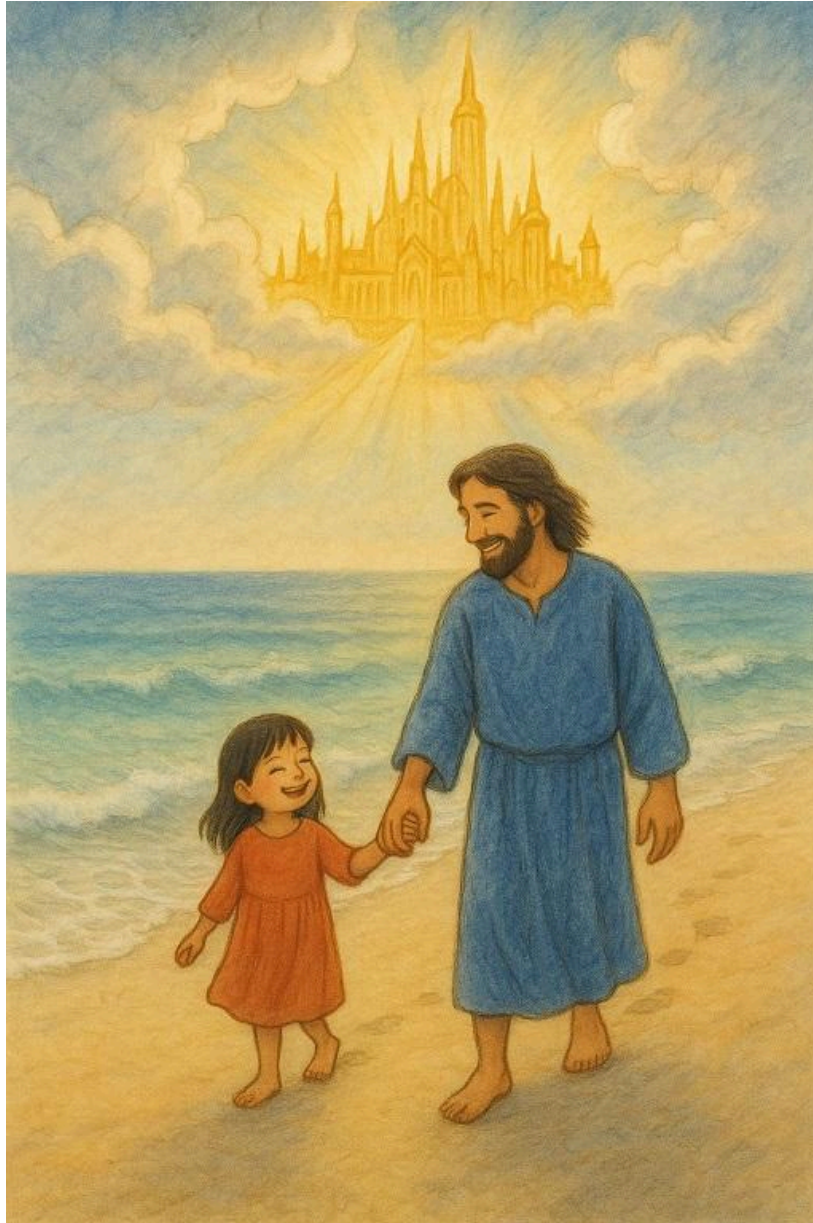




The stars hold their breath.

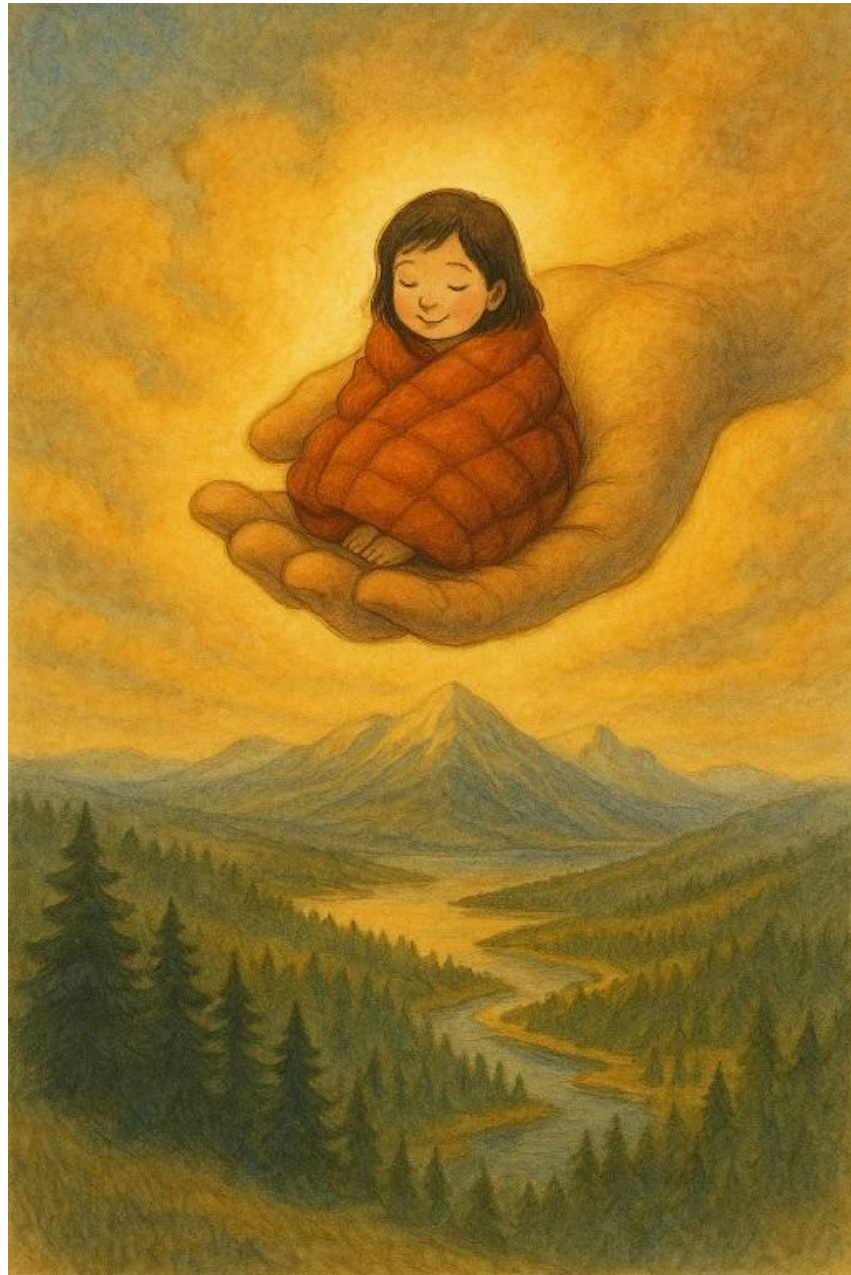
The angels stop singing.

Because the King is listening to *me*.

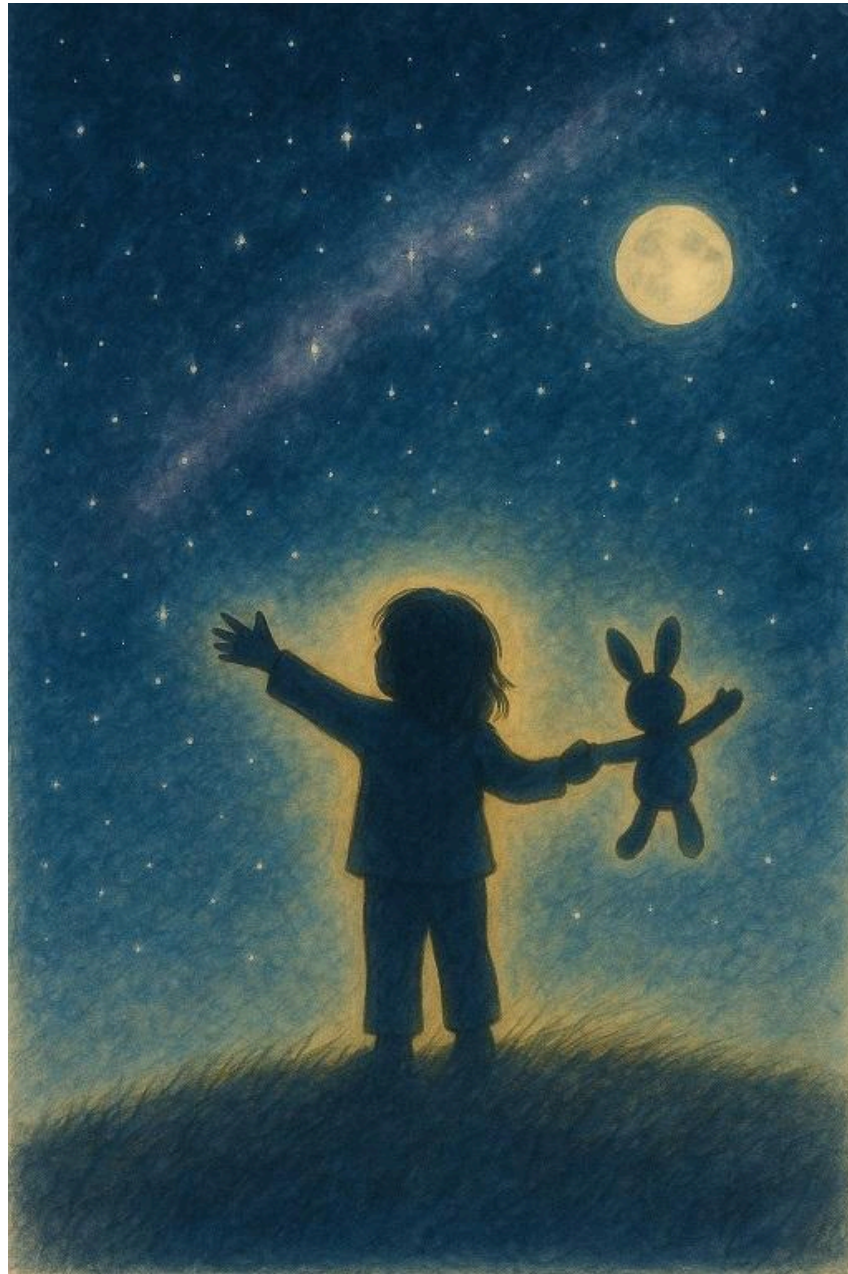


Not just a King in heaven,
but *my* King.
Right here. Right now.

He's bigger than everything,
but never too big
to hold my prayers in His hand.



Before I even speak...
He hears.
And He loves to listen.



End matter, author bio, or notes available upon request.