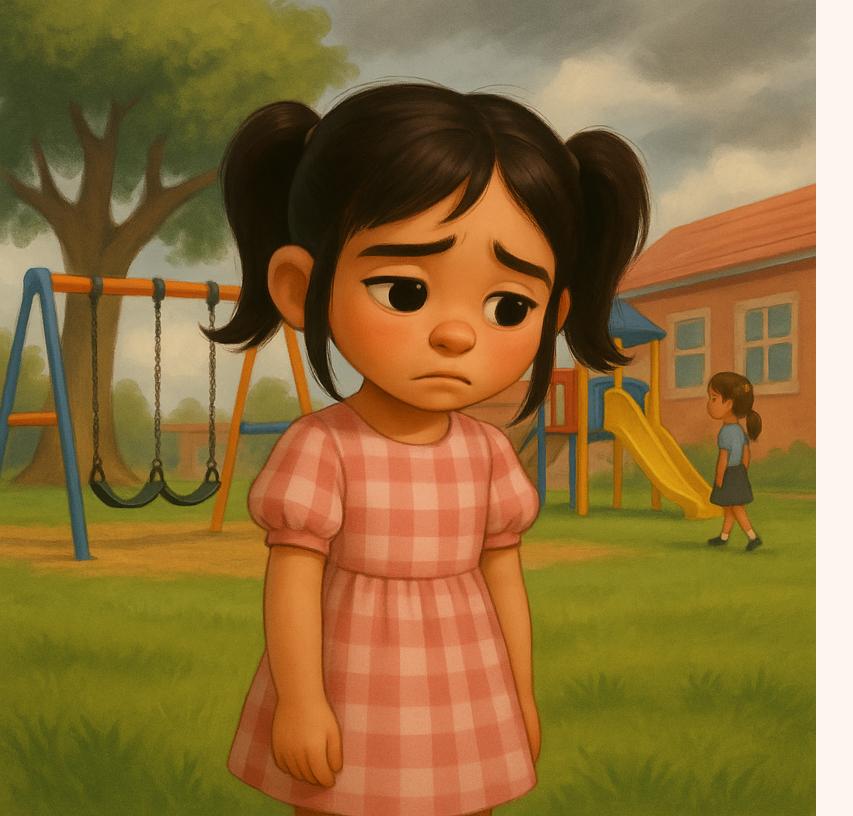


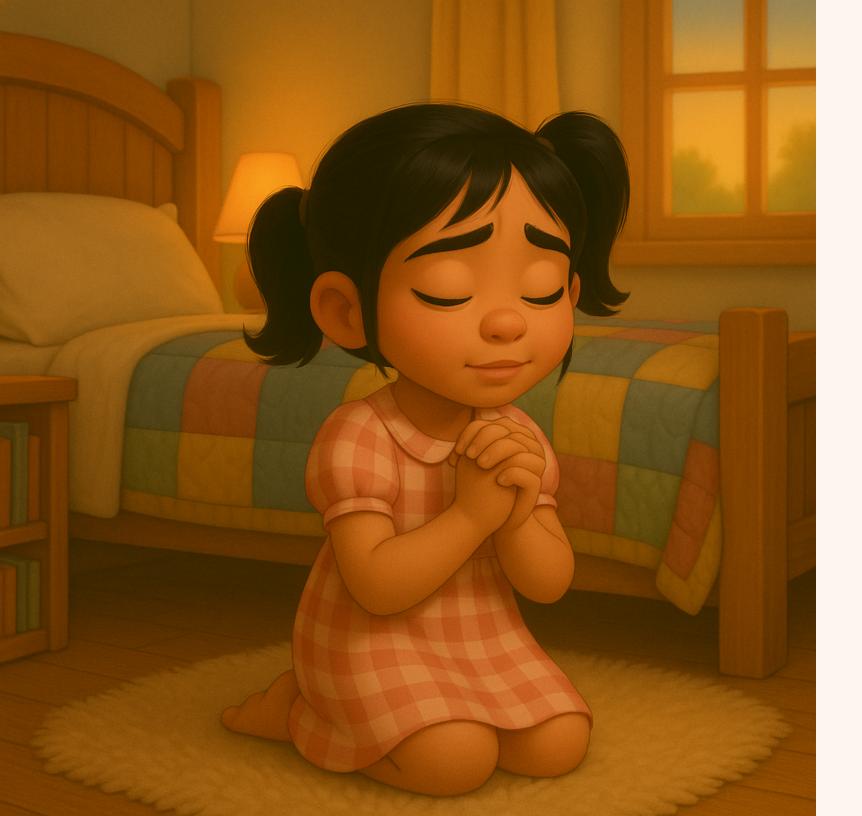
Lily loved sunshine and picking wildflowers bright,
She danced in the garden from morning till night.
Her heart was gentle, caring, and kind,
But this week, a shadow was hard to unwind.



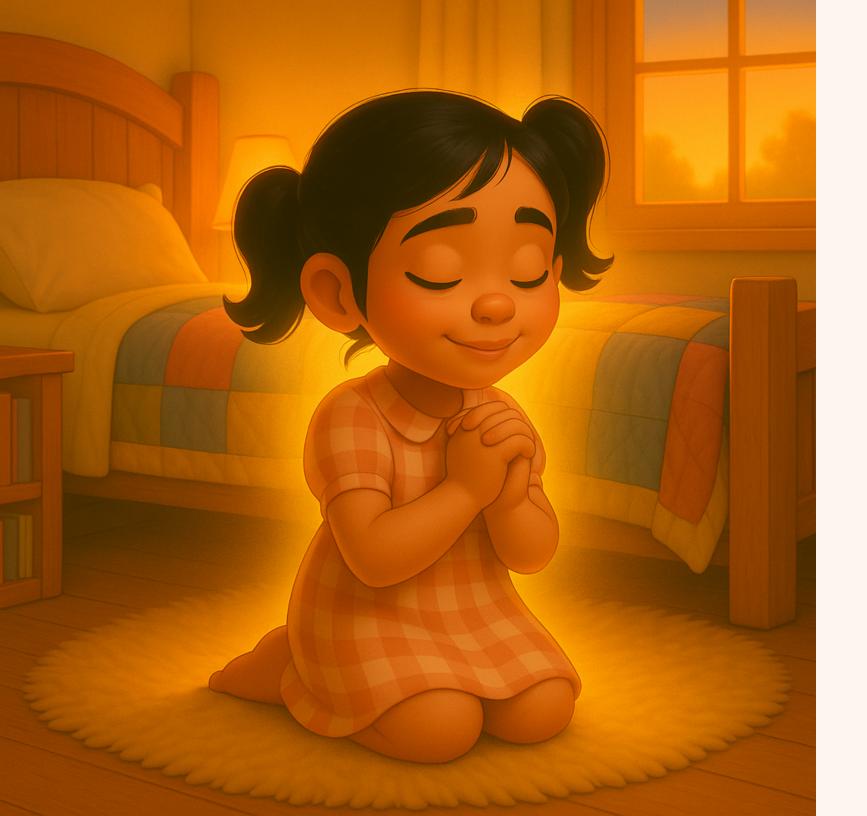
At school, her best friend seemed so far away,
A mean rumor started, and hope went astray.
Lily felt lonely, unsure what to do,
Her gentle heart heavy, and skies turning blue.



At home, she asked her mom with a watery eye, "Why do bad things happen? Why do friends lie?" Her mom gave a hug, soft and sincere, "Let's talk to Jesus; He's always near."



Lily kneeled down, hands folded tight,
She whispered a prayer with all of her might.
"Dear Jesus, I'm sad, please hold my hand tight,
Help me find courage and bring back the light."



A gentle warmth wrapped around her small frame,
A peace so deep, it felt like her name.
Her worries grew softer, her heart felt at ease,
She knew Jesus cared and heard all her pleas.

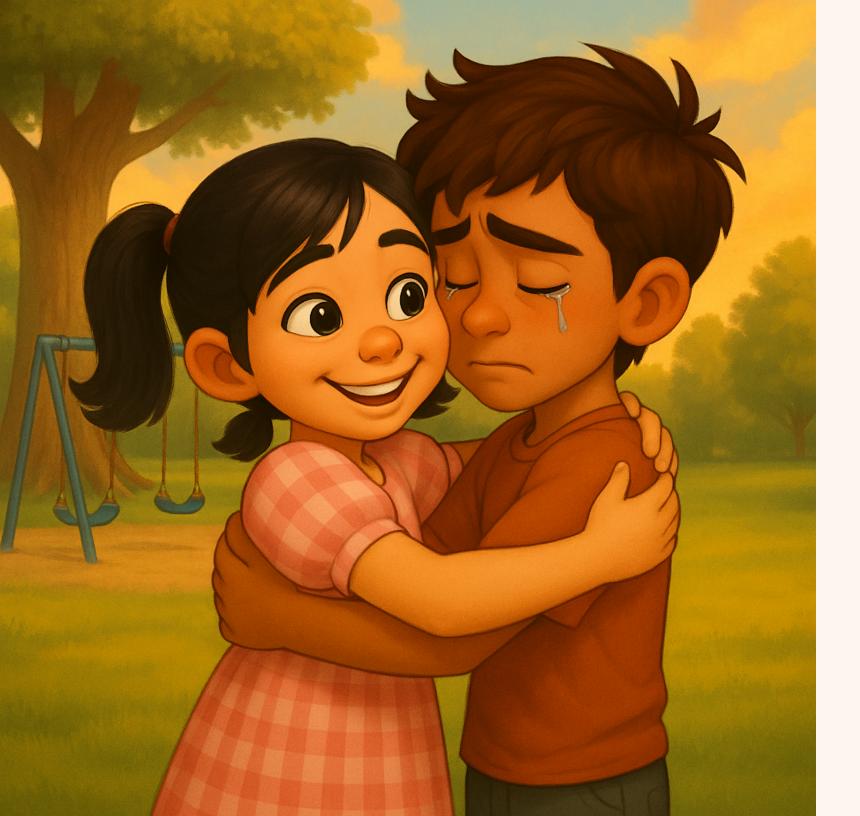


The next day at school, though fear tickled her feet,
Lily remembered prayer could not be beat.
She spoke kind words to the friend she adored,
With courage from Christ, her spirit restored.



The mean old rumor faded away,
Lily was brave in a gentle way.

"We all make mistakes," she softly said,
Her kindness like honey, warmly spread.



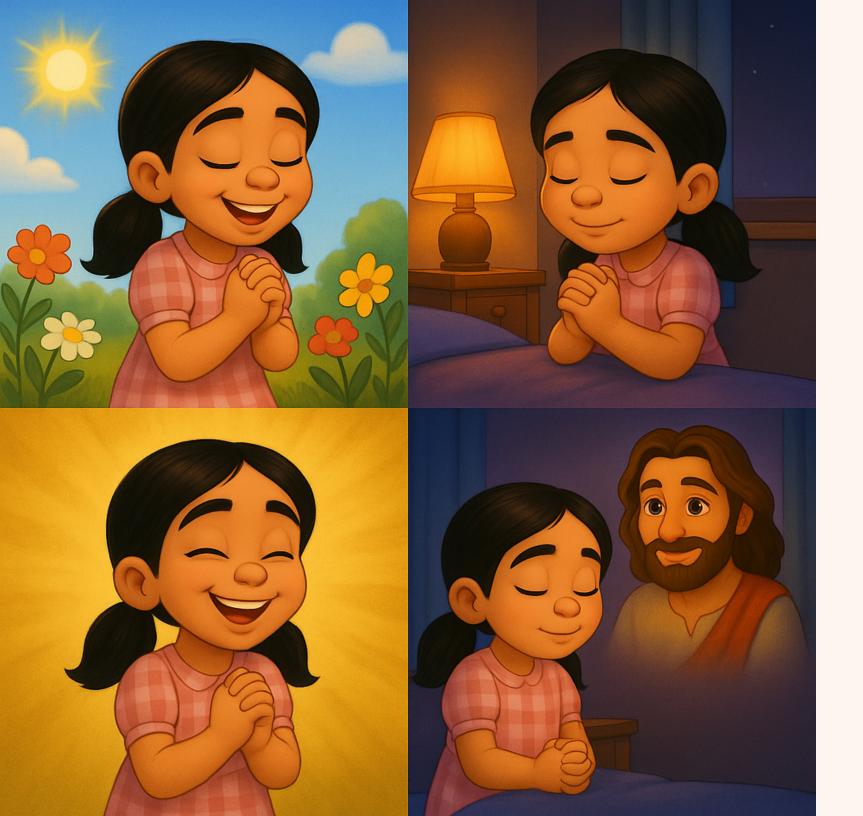
Her friend apologized, teary-eyed and true,
He smiled at Lily and whispered, "Thank you."
Lily forgave him, embracing with grace,
The love of Jesus shining on her face.



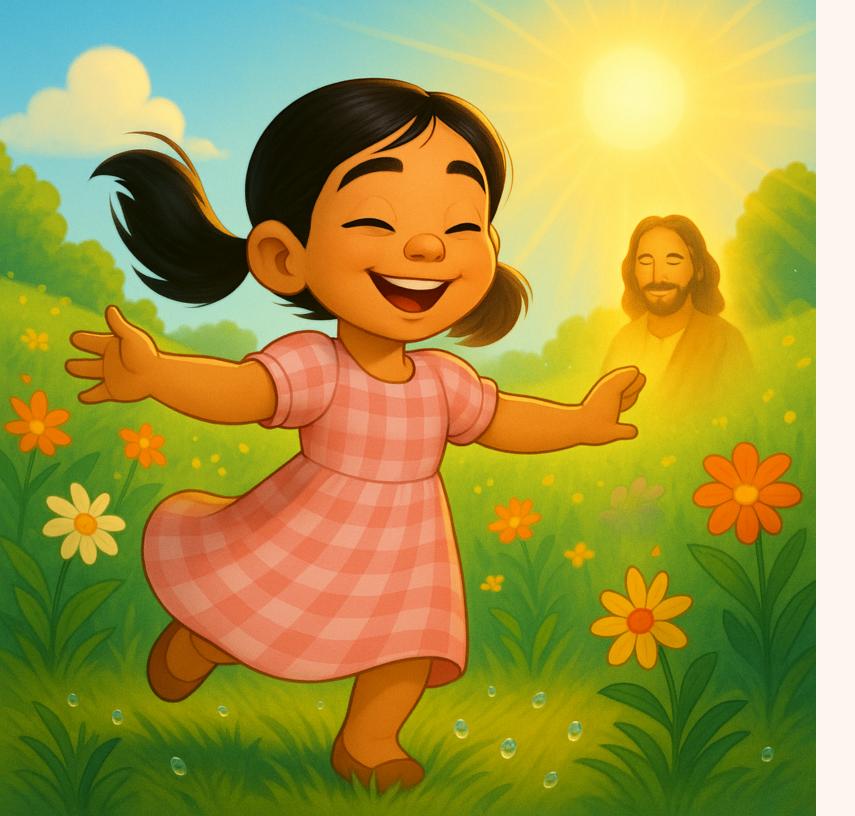
Later that night, Lily smiled at the sky,
She thanked God for hearing every shy cry.
Her heart felt lighter, no longer so sore,
She knew God would love her, forevermore.



Prayer, Lily learned, is more than a sound,
It brings heaven's comfort whenever it's found.
Christ's gentle healing is always so near,
A whisper of love that calms every fear.



Now Lily prays when joy fills the air,
Or when she's frightened and needs special care.
She feels God's love, so gentle and strong,
A magical friendship where she truly belongs.



Lily still dances in sunshine and dew,
With Jesus beside her, there's nothing she can't do.
With prayers in her heart and God as her guide,
Lily's spirit blooms, joy never to hide.