



Karla and the Living God

SolA



Karla sits on the carpet in the dimly lit living room, her eyes wide as she watches a screen displaying images of people from various backgrounds bowing before a stone idol. She feels a sense of confusion and curiosity, wondering why civilized people in a big city would speak their problems to a piece of stone. The soft blue glow of the television illuminates her thoughtful face.



That evening, Karla sits at the dinner table with her mother and father, the plates cleared away. She looks intently at her father and asks the deep, challenging question of how one truly knows they have found the right God. Her parents exchange a loving, encouraging glance before turning their full attention to her.



Her father sits comfortably in his chair, leaning forward to gently explain that while many people search for meaning, the Bible teaches there is only one true God. He describes how this God is the majestic Creator who fashioned the earth and every human being upon it. Karla listens intently, her chin resting in her hand as she processes these new concepts.



Karla looks down at her plate, considering the millions of people in the pictures who sincerely believe in their own idols. She whispers that they all seem so convinced they have found the truth. Her father nods in understanding, validating her observation while preparing to share the core of their faith.



Karla looks up at her father with a sparkle of realization in her eyes as she asks if they believe because He is so great. Her father smiles and gently shakes his head, explaining that there is a much deeper reason beyond just the wonder of His creative power. The warm living room light casts a soft glow over their quiet, bonding moment.



Karla nods confidently, suggesting that they believe because He sent His Son, Jesus, to die for them. She feels a sense of familiarity with this truth, yet she knows there is still more to understand. Her father looks at her with pride, confirming that she is on the right track but encouraging her to think deeper still.



Her father leans in closer and explains the incredible truth that Jesus did not just die, but that He arose again. He emphasizes that no other religion in the world worships a Savior who is truly alive. Karla sits up straighter, her expression filled with awe at the significance of a living, active Savior.



Her mother joins the conversation with a gentle smile, adding that because God is alive, He personally hears and answers their prayers every single day. Karla feels a wave of comfort wash over her as she contemplates the difference between a silent stone statue and the Creator who listens to her smallest whispers. The image captures the serene, peaceful connection between the family members.



Karla sits on the edge of her bed in her cozy room, thinking about the vast world filled with wooden, stone, and golden gods. She realizes that her God is unique because He is living and present in her life. She decides right then that she wants to share this wonderful news with others.



Karla kneels by her bed in the quiet moonlight, her hands clasped together in sincere prayer. She asks her living God for the courage and the words to tell others about the living Savior of the world. A soft, hopeful light surrounds her, symbolizing the peace and strength she has found in her faith.