
Adilla's World™
Can You Hear My Whisper?
A Story About Talking to God
DREAM BIG
PRAY OFTEN
BE KIND
HOLY BIBLE
Girl You Can Do This



Adilla Davis had a **problem.**

Not a giant problem.
Not a call-the-fire-department problem.
Not even a Mom-is-standing-in-the-doorway-with-her-hands-on-her-hips problem.

This was a **little** problem.

But to Adilla, it felt **very, very big.**

She couldn't find her **pink sneaker.**

Not both sneakers.

Just **one.**

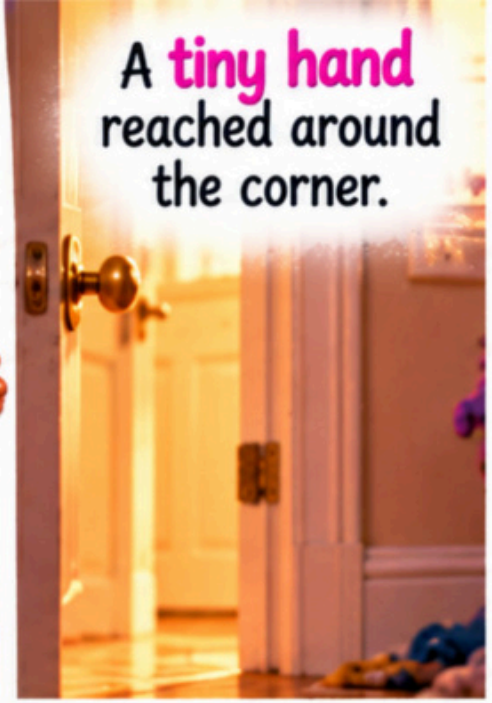

"Adilla!"
Mom called
from downstairs.
"It's almost time to go!"
Adilla sat in the middle of
her bedroom floor and stared
at the sneaker on her foot.
Then she stared at her other foot.
One foot was ready for school.
The other foot was wearing a sock.
"I know!"
Adilla called back.


She looked under her bed.
No sneaker.
She looked behind her backpack.
No sneaker.
She even looked underneath a pile of drawings she had promised Mom she was going to pick up yesterday.
Still no sneaker.


Adilla sighed.
She was always losing something.
Usually her shoes.
"God," she whispered, "please help me find my shoe."
?
Then she stopped. Her eyes got big.
"Could God really hear something that quiet?
She hadn't closed her eyes.
She wasn't kneeling.
She wasn't at church.
Dad wasn't preaching.
Mom wasn't praying.
It was just Adilla...
sitting on her messy bedroom floor...
with one shoe.


hen something
moved outside
her bedroom door.


Adilla looked.


A tiny hand
reached around
the corner.


Then another.


And there was
four-year-old
Sevyn...
...wearing
Adilla's
missing
pink
sneaker.


The sneaker was
so big on his
little foot
that he had
to drag it
across


SHUFFLE.
SCRAPE.
SHUFFLE.
Behind him came Summer, trying very hard not to laugh.
Adilla put both hands on her hips.
"Sevyn."
He froze.
Summer didn't.
She burst out laughing.
Adilla tried to look mad.
She really did.


But then she looked at that enormous pink sneaker on Sevyn's tiny foot...
...and started laughing too.


She pulled it off, slipped it onto her foot...


...and grabbed her backpack.

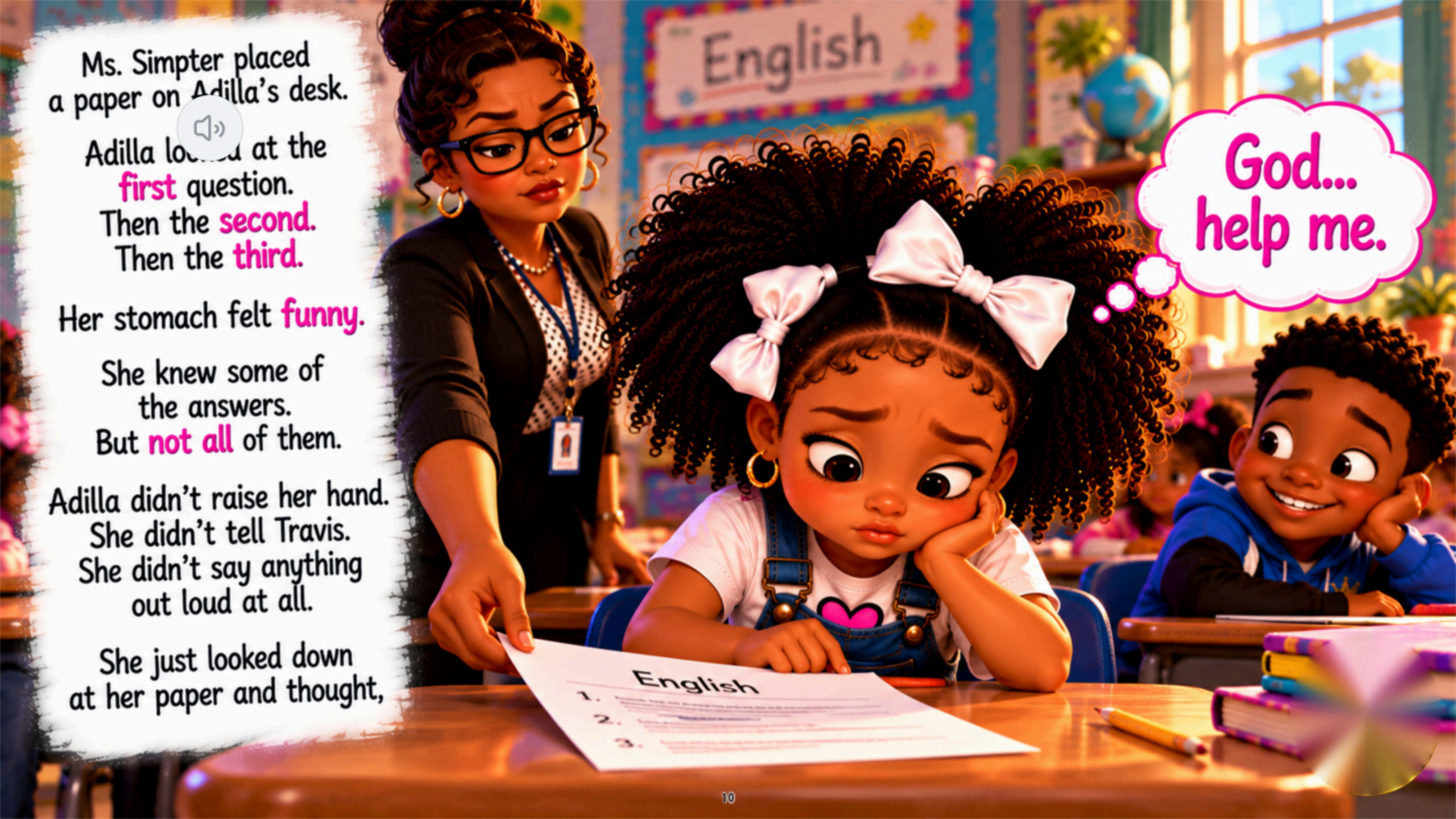

As she hurried downstairs, Adilla whispered,
"Thank You, God."


And then she wondered again...
"Did He hear that too?


Meanwhile at
Ardendale
Elementary
ARDENDALE
ELEMENTARY


t Ardendale Elementary, Adilla forgot all about the question.
ARDENDALE ELEMENTARY
English.
At least until Ms. Simpter said something terrible.
Something awful.
Something Adilla was certain no fourth grader should ever have to hear.
READ LEARN GROW
English
GOOD WRITERS


Adilla sank down in her chair.
English
Travis looked over at her and grinned.
He knew.
Adilla would rather talk about the moon, the stars, or practically anything in the whole wide world...
...than nouns, verbs and whatever a dangling participle was supposed to be.
Nouns
Verbs
Dangling Participle?



Ms. Simpter placed a paper on Adilla's desk.

Adilla looked at the **first** question.
Then the **second**.
Then the **third**.

Her stomach felt **funny**.

She knew some of the answers.
But **not all** of them.

Adilla didn't raise her hand.
She didn't tell Travis.
She didn't say anything out loud at all.

She just looked down at her paper and thought,


That was it.
Three little words.
Nobody heard them.
Not Travis.
Not Ms. Simpter.
Not the girl sitting
across from her.
But Adilla
remembered
that morning.
Please help me
find my shoe.
English


English
And somehow, talking to God inside her heart made her feel like she wasn't sitting there by herself.
So Adilla took a breath.
She read the first question again.
Then she tried.
English
1.
2.
3.


Later that
afternoon...


Adilla noticed a little girl
sitting al
Everybody else was playing.
But the girl wasn't.
Adilla didn't know
what had happened.
She didn't know what to say.
And since Adilla wasn't much
of a talker anyway, walking
over and asking a hundred
questions definitely wasn't
her plan.
She just watched for a moment.
Then quietly, inside herself,
she said,

“God...please help her.”

Adilla didn’t know exactly what the girl needed.

But she figured God did.

And suddenly Adilla realized something.

She had talked to God when she needed a shoe.

She had talked to God when she needed help.

She had talked to God when somebody else looked sad.

And she hadn’t made one long prayer all day.

Not one.





That night, Adilla climbed into bed.

Dad appeared at her doorway right on time.

"Ready for tonight's joke?"

Adilla grinned.

Dad always had a joke before bed.

Always.



After the joke—and after Adilla finally stopped giggling—Dad kissed her forehead and turned toward the door.

"Dad?"

He stopped.

"Yeah, baby?"

Adilla thought for a second.

"Can God hear a whisper?"

Dad smiled.

"He can hear you even when the words never make it out of your mouth."

Adilla's eyes widened.

"Even then?"

"Even then."

After Dad left, Adilla pulled her blanket beneath her chin.

She didn't say anything.

She just thought about her day.

Her shoe.

Her English work.

The little girl sitting alone.



Then Adilla smiled.

Because maybe prayer **wasn't only** something that happened when everybody bowed their heads.

Maybe prayer didn't have to be **big.**

Maybe it didn't have to be **long.**

Maybe talking to God could happen right in the middle of an **ordinary day.**




Adilla closed her eyes.
And this time
she didn't even whisper.
"Goodnight, God."
And somewhere
inside her little heart,
Adilla knew—
He heard
that too.


Memory Verse
“Pray without ceasing.”
1 Thessalonians 5:17
(KJV)


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