



Everything was so noisy. Where could Luke find peace?

So Much Noise!

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(Based on a true story)

Luke groaned. Everything was so noisy. His brothers, Tadd and John, were arguing again. Even from down the hall, he could hear their shouts through the door of their room. And his sister, Lizzie, had her music turned up loud again. *Thump. Thump. Thump.* He could always hear the steady beat of the low notes.

Luke tried asking his brothers to stop. “Go away,” Tadd told him. Then Luke asked Lizzie to turn her music down. She just turned the music up louder.

Luke wanted to go outside where he could think. But it was raining.

There was one quiet place where Luke could go, though. Yesterday his parents gave him a room of his own—one he didn’t have to share with Tadd and John. It was in the basement. It was just big enough for a bed and a table. But in his room Luke could close the door and escape from the noise.

Luke went downstairs to his new room. He looked around at the boxes he had brought down earlier. He saw a picture of Jesus

sticking out of a box. Luke had gotten that picture on the day he was baptized. Looking at it always made him feel peaceful.

Luke took the picture out of the box. He set it on the table. Then he knelt down to pray. “Heavenly Father,” Luke said, “sometimes it’s so noisy here. Please help me find some peace.”

Luke lay down on his bed. He thought about Jesus. He’d learned in Primary that Jesus could always be close to him. And the Holy Ghost could always bring peace.

Soon Mom and Dad would be home from work. They would talk to Tadd and John. The fighting would stop. For a while. They would

talk to Lizzie. Lizzie would turn her music down. For a while. Until Mom and Dad were gone again.

But for now, Luke lay in bed. He looked at the picture of Jesus. “Please, Heavenly Father,” Luke whispered. “Please help me to feel peace no matter what’s going on in the rest of the house.”



Later, there was a knock on his bedroom door. “May I come in?” Mom asked. “How are you doing?”

“Tadd and John were fighting again,” Luke said. “And Lizzie plays her music really loud.”

“I know. It’s hard, isn’t it?” Mom said. “Dad’s talking to your brothers right now. And I’ll talk to Lizzie tonight. But first, I wanted to see how you are.”

“I’m OK. I’m glad I have this room,” Luke said.

“Me too,” Mom said. “I see you put a picture of Jesus on the table.”

Luke smiled. “I did. And He’s going to help me make my room a place of peace.” ●

This story took place in the USA.

Write or draw a way you can feel peaceful in your home.