

When God Protects the Simple (A Human Interest Story Inspired by Psalm 116:6)

Maria hadn't planned on crying in the grocery store parking lot. But there she was, sitting in the driver's seat with the engine off, keys still in her hand, blinking back tears as early morning shoppers pushed carts across the lot.

It had been one of those weeks — the kind that pile up quietly until suddenly everything feels too heavy. Work deadlines. Unexpected bills. A tense conversation with her sister. And the never-ending feeling that she was supposed to be stronger than she actually felt.

Maria leaned her head back against the seat and whispered, "Lord... I can't do this today."

She didn't expect an answer. She just needed to say it out loud.

Her Bible sat on the passenger seat — the one she grabbed last night when she told herself she'd start reading again. The cover was worn, creased from years of being opened and closed through seasons of hope and heartache.

She reached for it now, not because she felt holy or disciplined, but because she felt lost.

It fell open to Psalm 116.

Her eyes skimmed the page, and a single verse seemed to shine like a small lantern in a dark room:

"The Lord protects the simple." — Psalm 116:6

Maria exhaled. Simple. Wasn't that exactly what she was in this moment? Not strong. Not wise. Not polished or put-together. Just simple — honest — tired.

She whispered, almost embarrassed, "Lord... is this what You mean? Someone like me? Someone who doesn't have all the answers?"

The morning light crept through the windshield and warmed her face. A strange peace — fragile but undeniable — settled over her.

Maybe God didn't need her to be complicated. Maybe He wasn't waiting for her to become stronger or more capable. Maybe what He wanted was exactly what she had in that car: A heart laid bare. A breath of honesty. A moment of surrender.

As she sat there, the knot in her chest loosened. The problems didn't vanish, but the weight shifted — as if Someone steadier was now carrying it with her.

She closed the Bible gently and wiped her eyes.

“Okay, Lord,” she whispered. “One step at a time. But please... stay close.”

She didn't hear a voice, but she felt something real: A quiet assurance that God protects the ones who come without pretense. The ones who stop trying to impress Him. The ones who simply come as they are — exhausted, hopeful, open.

Maria started the engine. The day hadn't changed. But she had.

And for the first time in a long while, she didn't feel alone.

■ [Want to go deeper? Read Part 2 →](#)