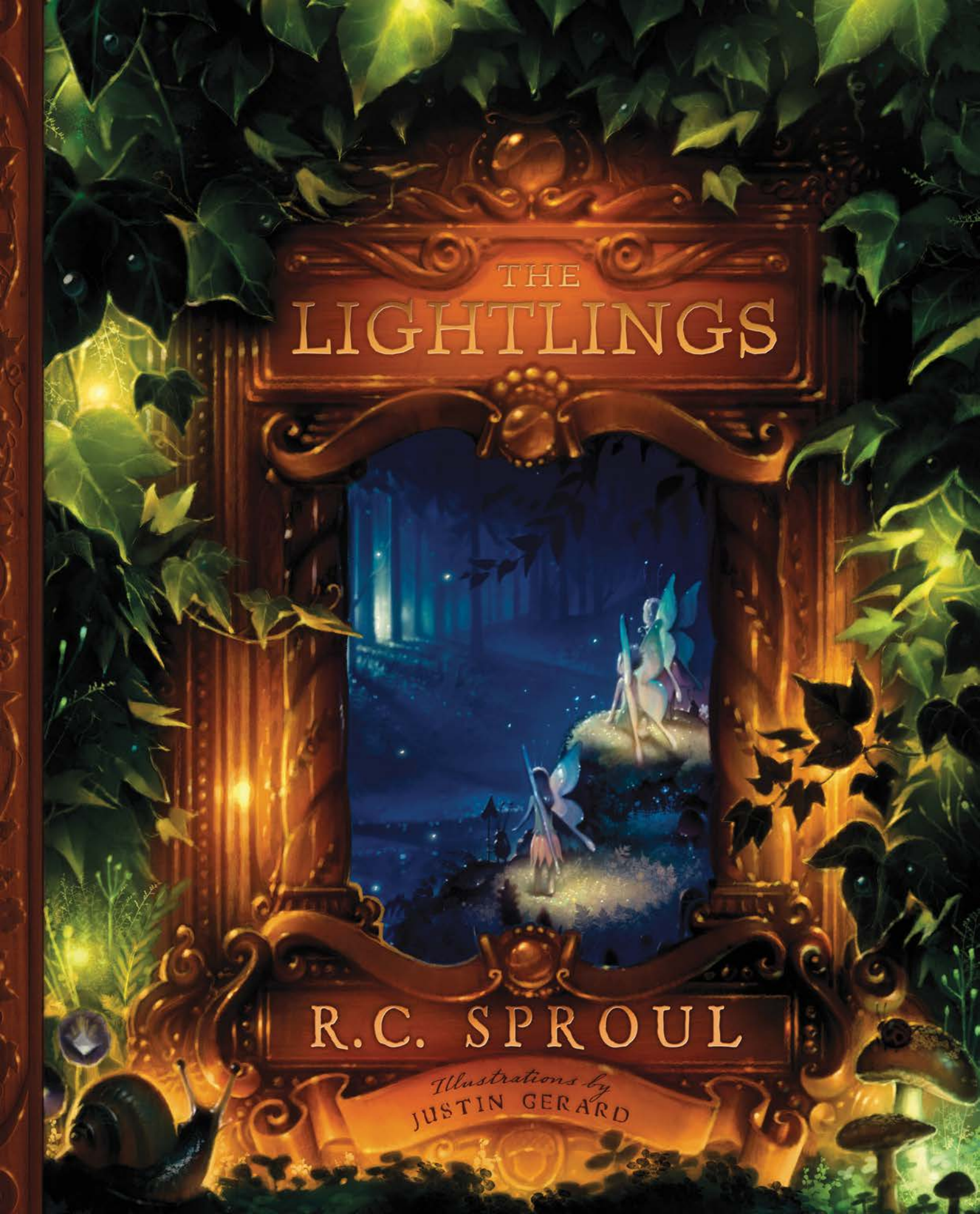

THE
LIGHTLINGS
R.C. SPROUL
Illustrations by
JUSTIN GERARD

*God is light,*

*and in Him*

*is no darkness*

*at all.*

1 JOHN 1:5

# The Lightlings

WRITTEN BY

R.C. Sproul

ILLUSTRATED BY

Justin Gerard

Ligonier Ministries

*To beloved grandchildren:*

*Darby, Campbell, Shannon, Delaney,*

*Erin Claire, Maili, and Reilly.*

-R.C. Sproul

NE EVENING, in a house in a quiet neighborhood, a little boy was getting ready for bed. The boy's name was Charlie Cobb. As his mother was tucking him in, she covered him with blankets to make him warm and cozy. She knelt by his bed and prayed with him. Then she stood, leaned over, and kissed his forehead.

Charlie looked up at her and said, "Mommy, please don't forget to turn on the night light before you leave my room." Mrs. Cobb smiled at him and said, "Don't worry, Sweetheart. I'll be sure to turn on the light. I won't leave you in the dark."

So Charlie's mother gave him one last kiss, finished tucking him in, and turned on the night light next to his bed. Just as she was ready to leave, Charlie said, "Mommy? Why am I afraid of the dark?"

She said, "That's a hard question to answer, Charlie. I think we're going to have to save that question for Grandpa. He's coming for dinner tomorrow. You can ask him then."

"All right, Mommy," Charlie said. "I'll wait until tomorrow and ask Grandpa about it."

The next day, just as Charlie's mother had promised, Grandpa came for dinner. Before they moved to the table, Charlie went and sat on Grandpa's knee and said, "Grandpa, may I ask you a question that's really bothering me?"

Grandpa smiled and said, "Of course, Charlie, tell me what you'd like to know."

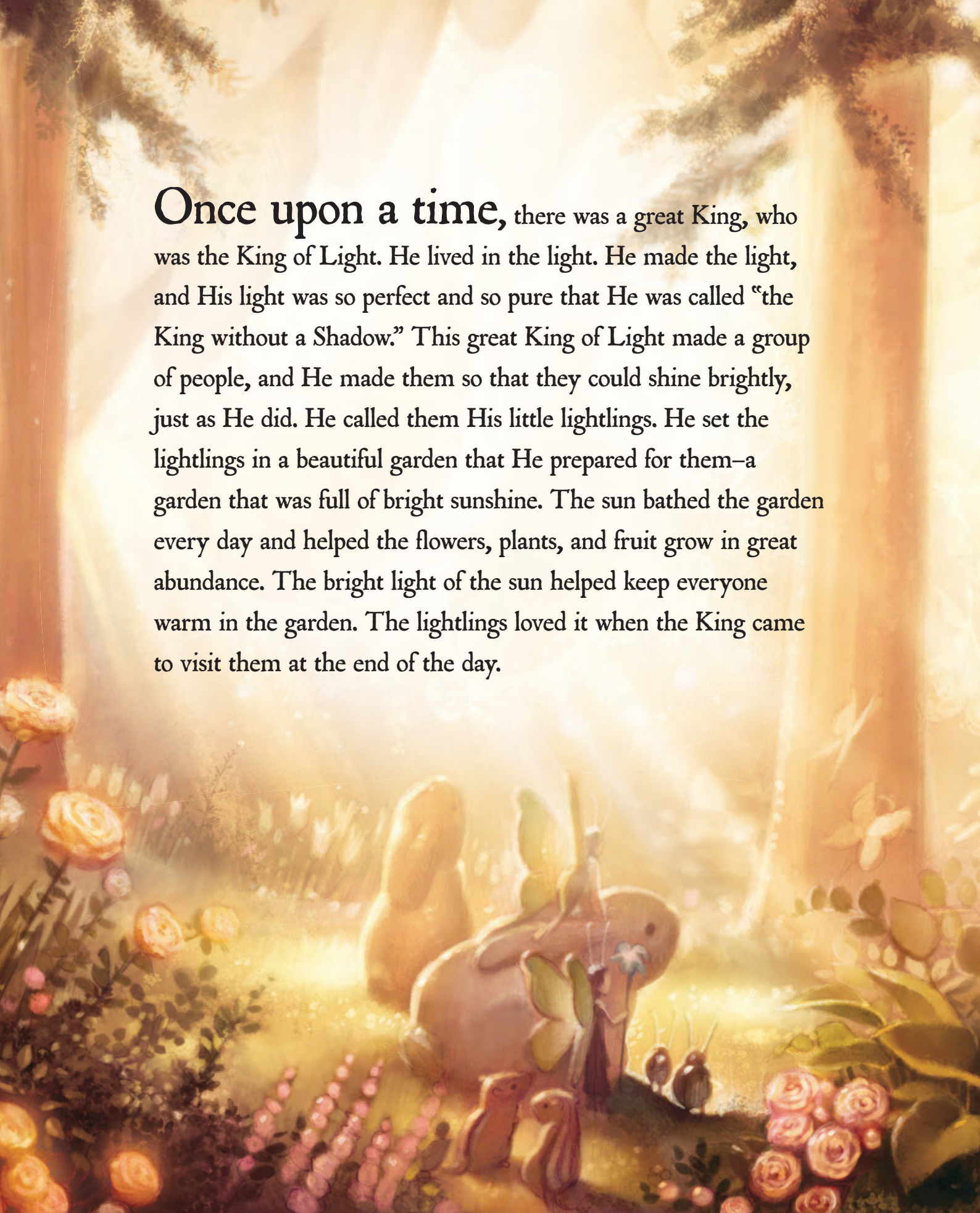
Charlie said, "Grandpa, why am I afraid of the dark? And why do so many people I know seem to be afraid of the dark, too?"

Grandpa looked at Charlie and said, "That's a very good question. But you know, not only are lots of people afraid of the dark, many people are afraid of the light."

"Afraid of the light?" said Charlie. "Why would that be?"

Grandpa said, "To understand that, I have to start at the beginning – in fact, at the very beginning."

Charlie loved it when Grandpa told him stories. So he curled up next to Grandpa and waited for him to begin. Grandpa started his story the way he always did:



**Once upon a time,** there was a great King, who was the King of Light. He lived in the light. He made the light, and His light was so perfect and so pure that He was called "the King without a Shadow." This great King of Light made a group of people, and He made them so that they could shine brightly, just as He did. He called them His little lightlings. He set the lightlings in a beautiful garden that He prepared for them–a garden that was full of bright sunshine. The sun bathed the garden every day and helped the flowers, plants, and fruit grow in great abundance. The bright light of the sun helped keep everyone warm in the garden. The lightlings loved it when the King came to visit them at the end of the day.

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the deep truths of the Christian faith to everyday life.

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