

“Hush,
Gio and
Pookie!”



Once upon a time there were two little monkeys named Gio and Pookie who loved to talk. They talked and talked, and were always making noise, even when their baby brother monkey was trying to sleep.

Mommy Monkey would tell them, "Sometimes you need to be quiet."

But Gio and Pookie would answer, "Mommy, we *always* like to talk!" And they would keep on talking.

Gio and Pookie would even talk when they were supposed to be napping or going to sleep at night, or even when it was time to read quietly.

One day, Mommy Monkey called her two rascally monkeys. "Gio and Pookie, come here, please."

Mommy Monkey chose two branches in the tree. "Gio," she said, "you sit here. And Pookie, you sit there. We are going to have several minutes of quiet time."





“What’s ‘quiet time’?” Gio and Pookie asked. They liked to talk, and quiet time sounded like they were going to have to stop talking, but they were also very curious as to what this time was for.

“Do this,” Mommy Monkey said. “Take your hands and fold them together. Close your little eyes and think about a picture of Jesus. Close your mouth and don’t say anything until Jesus tells you to say something. Then you can repeat what He tells you to say.”

The two little monkeys folded their hands, closed their mouths, and closed their eyes. Pretty soon the two monkeys who loved to talk were sitting quietly, waiting to hear what Jesus had to say.

“I see a picture of Jesus, Mommy,” Pookie said.

“Me, too,” Gio added.

“What is He telling you?” Mommy Monkey asked.

“Jesus is telling me that it’s okay to talk, but that I need to learn to be quiet sometimes, and listen when you tell me to,” answered Pookie.



“Jesus told me that when I’m quiet I can learn new things, because I can hear what others are saying,” added Gio. “I can even hear what He wants to tell me.”

“Thank you, Mommy, for teaching us how to be quiet and listen to Jesus!” said Pookie. “If we had kept talking, we never would have heard what He had to say.”

“I’m so glad,” Mommy Monkey said. “Now you two little monkeys can go play together.”

Gio and Pookie ran off together, hand in hand, happier and wiser than before.

The End.

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