God’s people had decided they didn’t want him to be their king.

They thought they could be their own kings

They thought they could be as good as God.

When they had found somewhere to live

They said to each other

‘Let’s make a tower so tall it reaches up to God in heaven’

And so they started to build a tall tower…

They were pretty pleased with their tall tower

So they said to each other

‘Hey! This tall tower will make us more famous than God!’

God looked down at their tiny little tower,

And God said

‘They want to build a tower up to me

But they don’t want me;

They want to be more famous than me’

And God was sad they these people wanted something so bad.

So God stopped the bad thing from happening,

He stopped them from building the tower

By making them speak in different languages.

‘Huh?’ said everybody ‘Qu’est-ce qui se passe?’ (French)

‘Was ist los?’ Said somebody (German)

And somebody else replied ‘¿Que esta pasando? (Spanish)

‘Fasheng shenme shi’ said everybody else (Manderin)

‘Museun il ini?’ they all asked. (Korean)

No-one understood what anyone else was saying!

They couldn’t build their tower anymore

God had stopped their bad plan.

People left their tower and scattered across the whole earth

They had failed to build their tower up to God.

God had a plan of his own:

His people wouldn’t need to build a tower up to heaven

God’s king would come down to them

God’s people wouldn’t always be scattered

But God’s king would bring all different people back together

And God’s people wouldn’t want to be more famous than God

One day all of his people would sing the king’s name:

‘Jesus’