

**Wealth is worthless in the day of wrath,
Righteousness delivers from death
Proverbs 11:4 – A Proverbial Story
By Ted Hildebrandt and Chatgpt**

Long ago, in the sparkling city of Goldwyn, there lived a man named Lord Magnus. He was the richest man in the land and lived in a golden tower that touched the clouds. His floors were made of gold, his chairs of silver and ivory, and his bath filled with melted honey. People bowed when they saw him, and children were not allowed to speak unless spoken to.

In the same city lived a kind girl named Lila. She wasn't rich at all. She and her mother lived in a small cottage with creaky wooden floors and a leaky roof. But Lila had a heart full of love. She shared her bread with hungry birds, helped old neighbors carry water, and always told the truth.

One day, dark clouds gathered above Goldwyn. Thunder roared, and lightning lit up the sky. A messenger raced through the streets, shouting, "The Firestorm is coming! The Firestorm is coming!"

The Firestorm was a legend—giant flames that swept through the land, burning down everything that wasn't pure or good. People panicked. Lord Magnus rushed to his golden tower and locked all the doors. He believed his riches would protect him.

"I have walls of marble!" he said. "Fire won't dare touch me."

Lila, on the other hand, ran to help others. She knocked on doors to guide the elderly out. She comforted crying children. Though her own home was small, she invited a mother and her baby inside to rest. Lila was righteous through and through.

As the Firestorm came roaring into the city, something strange happened. The flames avoided Lila's house. They swirled around it but did not touch it. It was as if a shield of light protected her and all the people she had helped.

But over in the golden tower, fire struck hard. The gold melted like butter. The marble walls shattered. Lord Magnus screamed from the top window, "My money! My tower! Somebody help me!"

But no one could hear him. And even if they could, the fire would not let them near.

When the storm passed, the city was silent. Many buildings were gone, including the golden tower. But Lila's cottage still stood, warm and whole, surrounded by those she had helped.

A wise old woman who survived the storm said softly, "Now we understand the old proverb: *Wealth is worthless in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivers from death.*"

Lila didn't know what *righteousness* meant exactly, but she guessed it had something to do with kindness, honesty, fairness, and helping others.

From that day on, people in Goldwyn told the tale of the kind girl who was richer than gold—and how her righteousness, not treasure, had saved them all.