

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

Once upon a time, in a quiet valley nestled between green hills, there was a small village called Willowbrook. The people of Willowbrook were kind and hardworking, but none were richer than Mr. Goldwin. He lived in the biggest house on the hill, wore silk robes, and had a treasure room filled with gold, silver, and sparkling gems. Every child in the village dreamed of visiting his mansion—though Mr. Goldwin never invited anyone inside.

Then there was Eli, a simple boy who lived with his grandmother in a tiny cottage near the river. Eli didn't have much—his clothes were patched, and his meals were small—but he always shared what he had. He helped his neighbors, fed stray animals, and told the best stories to cheer up the elderly.

One summer, the skies turned dark, and the clouds rumbled for days. Then, without warning, the river that flowed through Willowbrook rose up in a furious flood. Water rushed into the streets, tearing up gardens and lifting carts into the air. The villagers ran for the hills, seeking safety from the rising tide.

Mr. Goldwin looked out his window in horror as the water climbed higher. He shouted for his servants to save the treasure room, stuffing gold coins into his pockets. "My wealth will protect me!" he cried, climbing onto his rooftop.

Meanwhile, Eli heard a baby crying from a flooded home. Without thinking, he waded through the waist-deep water and rescued the infant, bringing the child to safety on a hill. Then he helped an old man who couldn't walk, pulling him along on a wooden door like a raft. He didn't stop to rest, helping as many people as he could.

By nightfall, most of the village had reached the higher ground. Mr. Goldwin, still clutching a sack of gold, tried to cross a bridge that was falling apart. "Help! Someone help me!" he screamed as the current pulled him toward the edge.

Eli saw him struggling and ran to help. "Take my hand!" he shouted. But Mr. Goldwin wouldn't let go of his treasure. The heavy gold dragged him under, and he disappeared beneath the waves.

When the flood finally passed and the sun returned, the village came together to rebuild. The people talked about Eli's bravery and kindness. He had saved lives, not with gold, but with love, courage, and righteousness. He always did what was right.

Eli didn't ask for praise. He just smiled and helped his grandmother plant new vegetables in the garden. As the village grew strong again, a stone was placed in the town square. On it was written:

"Wealth is worthless in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivers from death." – Proverbs 11:4

From that day on, the children of Willowbrook didn't dream of gold-filled mansions. They dreamed of being kind, brave, and good—just like Eli.