

## CHAPTER 1

# The Cherished Gift



Promise was a small vibrant town in the east that was surrounded by rolling hills and green pastures. It was known for its friendly citizens, bountiful harvests, and rich timberland. Those who lived there, as well as visitors far and wide, declared it to be the most beautiful land on the face of the earth.

The Towb family lived in the town of Promise. Their family had lived there for ten generations. They were considered special because the father, Gibbor the Wise, was chosen from birth to be the Keeper of *The Book of Wisdom*. This book was handed down from his father, who was entrusted

with it by Gibbor's grandfather; and so it was for many generations.

*The Book of Wisdom* contained ancient wisdom on how all people were to live in order to experience true peace, joy, and prosperity. The citizens throughout Promise loved Gibbor the Wise, as he was called, and sought him out daily for divine wisdom for their lives.

Gibbor and his wife, Dovie, had a son called Chival, who would one day be entrusted with *The Book*, as this was the family tradition. Queenie, Dovie's mother, also lived with the family on their beautiful estate called Emerald Hills. It was called this because their home sat upon a beautiful knoll surrounded by rolling hills. The Towb estate was made up of thousands of acres of plush green pasture land and luscious fruit trees of every kind. It also contained a forest of ancient oak trees with underground springs and babbling brooks running through it. A vibrant river called Gihon ran through the town of Promise, and meandered through their property as if it were writing a song in the heart of their peaceful land. Emerald Hills

was renowned throughout the land and was the most valued piece of acreage in Promise.

The Towb family was grateful for all their blessings, and knew they were stewards of the gifts that had been bestowed on them. Dearly loved and respected by the people throughout the land, they seemed to have everything their hearts desired. Except one very important thing—the gift of a daughter. Gibbor and Dovie longed for a precious baby girl to complete their family. Over the years, they prayed and waited patiently until finally the glorious day had come—the gift of their precious baby girl had arrived.

In preparation of their long awaited gift, Gibbor had hand-carved a wooden bassinet from an oak tree he cut down in the forest. He spent many long hours in his workshop sanding the wood from the ancient tree. He did not want his baby girl to get a splinter in her delicate, soft skin. As he sanded the ancient wood, he fervently prayed for his daughter, and spoke blessings from *The Book* over the wooden bassinet where she would begin her journey.

With great excitement, Queenie and Dovie made a layette out of soft, pure white cotton fabric. With tender loving care, they embroidered delicate pink rosettes around the edges of the fabric of the bedding. They also draped yards of sheer white netting, and then gathered it together with strips of pink satin ribbon sewn at the top. They hung the canopy from a silver hook in the ceiling that caused the fabric to cascade over the tiny bed and envelope it in a heavenly delight. When they finished their labor of love, they proudly proclaimed that the entire ensemble was fit for a princess!

From the time the tiny baby girl was born, her family would look upon the infant in amazement and say: “Simply beautiful!” The child’s beauty was not just her fair looks. A soft light and an irresistible joy seemed to radiate from her. Gibbor and Dovie knew she was a gift from above. The infant was no ordinary child, for she was fearfully and wonderfully made. They would stare at their daughter as she slept in her bassinette. She had the most beautiful, serene expression on her

delicate face. It came naturally that they would name their precious baby girl, Beauty.

But, her daddy called her his Little One.

I will praise You, for I am fearfully and  
wonderfully made; Marvelous are Your  
works, and that my soul knows very well.

Psalm 139:14