Life of David

Part 1

Prologue

There is no small stir among the angels as we make the final preparations. I can’t remember the last time I saw so many rulers and authorities gathered in one meeting. This is big. My legs trembled as we stepped aside to allow two cherubs to enter the hall. I think that’s the closest I’ve ever been to a cherub. They are even bigger than I thought.

Scanning the room, I get chills when I see some of the members of the council. All the chief princes are here, including the archangel. There are authorities, powers, rulers, thrones, dominions, cherubs, and seraphs.

I can only think of one other time the Almighty has called together the entire heavenly council. It wasn’t long after the devastation of the fall and the Almighty’s curse. Humans had plunged into such depths of evil that the Almighty destroyed all but Noah’s family. At that time he gathered the whole council to announce his plan to prevent mankind from ever becoming that evil again.

The plan was to call a man out of Ur, give him the name Abraham, and through that one man, bring salvation to millions. And through those millions, God would preserve humanity from ever again becoming as evil as they did before the flood.

I would never, ever question the wisdom of the Ancient of Days. But I have to admit—it doesn’t look like that plan is working. Yes, Abraham’s descendants have become a nation and the Word of the Lord is being revealed through them. But when I look at that nation, I don’t see many who trust in or love the Almighty at all. They are even more wicked than the people around them. From what I can tell, this is the worst they’ve ever been.

Everyone is doing what is right in his own eyes, and it’s chaos. They recently had a civil war over a woman they raped to death, then cut into pieces and put in the mail.

We are all assuming this meeting is about what’s next in the Almighty’s plan. It seems the period of the judges may be over, and we think this meeting must have something to do with God raising up another man.

His name will be David. I know that because he’s already been mentioned twice in the Scriptures, though he hasn’t even been born yet. An entire book in holy writings is devoted to his arrival—the story of the marriage of David’s great grandparents.

The voice of God sent shivers up my spine when he began. There is no experience that compares to hearing that voice. The sound at once strikes fear and promises shelter. It quickens the pulse and places at rest. It threatens and soothes. It is food for the mind and drink to the soul, and it captivates my entire being.

It captivates—and confuses.

“I will put an end to this cycle of evil and bring deliverance,” he announced, “by closing a womb.”

Hannah’s Prayer: Dawn from Desolation

“Hannah, take her!” Peninnah’s shrill tone grated on Hannah’s ears. As always, her request sounded more like an order, as if Hannah were a slave.

Hannah walked back up the hill she had just descended and took the six-month-old from Peninnah’s arms. She carried the child in her right arm while steadying Peninnah with her left. *Such a city girl.* *How is she ever going to make it across the wadi?*

Across the wadi. The journey to the feast in Shiloh was arduous, but … a smile crept across Hannah’s face. *Those coins!* She drew a deep breath. *This time, it will be different. I just know it. This nightmare will be over.*

Hannah looked at the baby’s dark, fuzzy hair, and it once again broke her already bruised heart. The child had her mother’s eyes—the eyes of … that woman. …