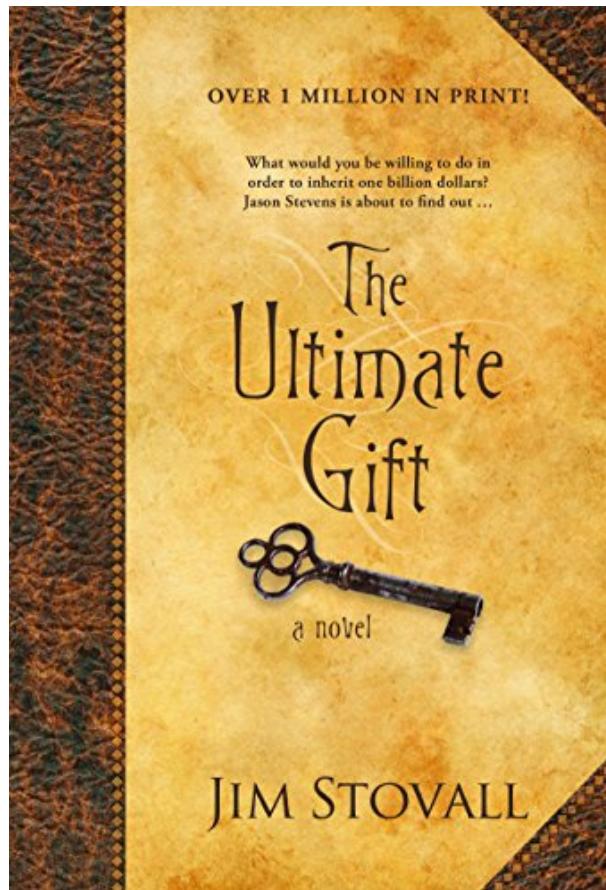
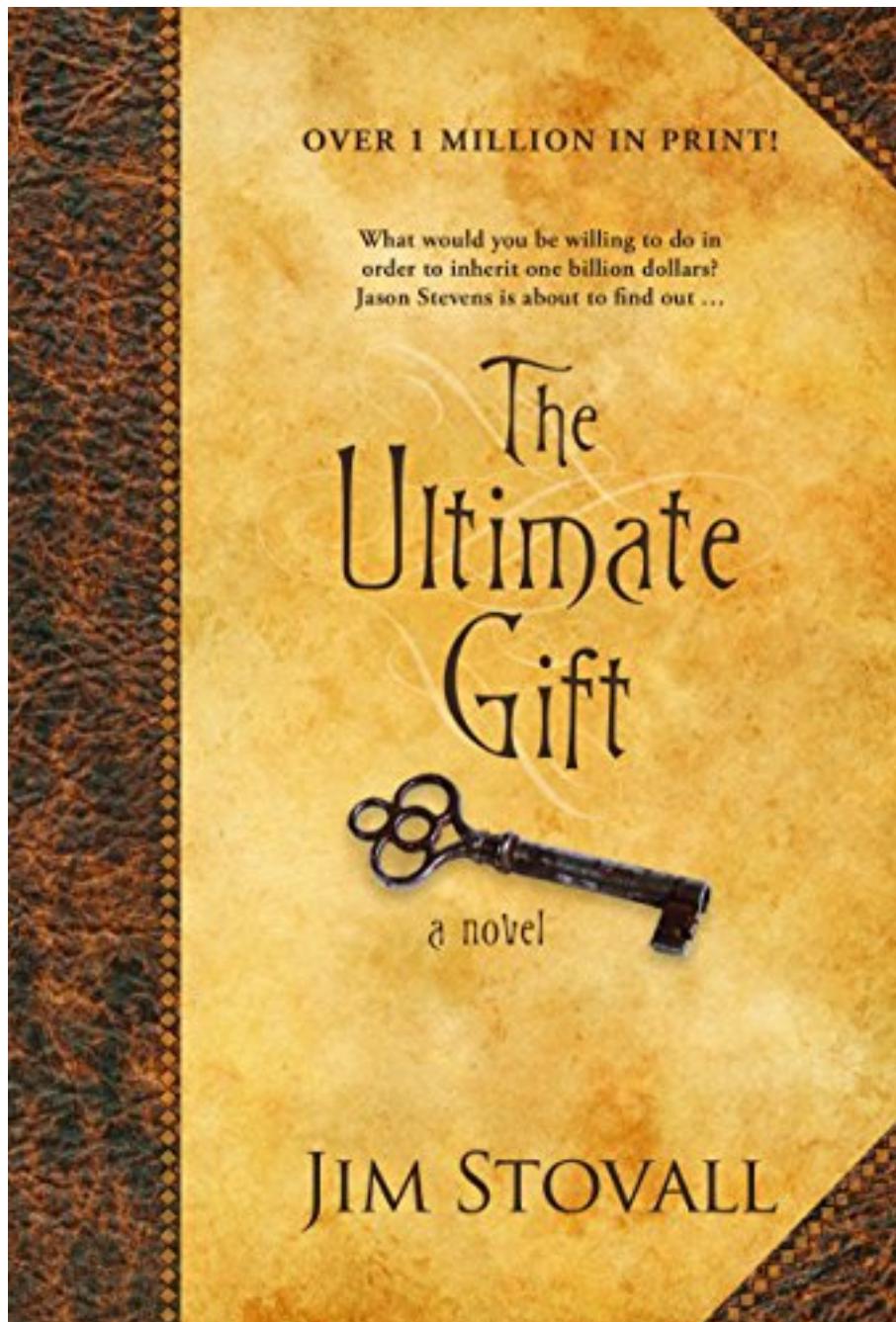


THE ULTIMATE GIFT (THE ULTIMATE SERIES #1) BY JIM STOVALL



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Review

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He stayed at the window as he addressed Miss Hastings.

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Red was at peace now, but there would be nothing resembling peace in the wake of his death. "And let's call a meeting."

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Clutching his cane, he gazed out the dark window and wondered how well he would be able to tolerate the wolves that had been waiting and circling for days now. Oh, yes, they would put on their sad faces. Some of them. Others would adopt a false solicitousness. No matter. Everything was set into motion now; no man could change it. And he doubted it would change any man, either.

But for a man whose life had gone terribly wrong in so many different ways, he'd had hope all the way to the end.

Hamilton closed his eyes. The older he got, the less he held out much optimism for anything. But maybe, just maybe, he had a little, too.

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THE ULTIMATE GIFT (THE ULTIMATE SERIES #1) BY JIM STOVALL PDF

An inspirational story of what truly matters in life.

What would you do to inherit a million dollars? Would you be willing to change your life? Jason Stevens is about to find out in Jim Stovall's The Ultimate Gift.

Red Stevens has died, and the older members of his family receive their millions with greedy anticipation. But a different fate awaits young Jason, whom Stevens, his great-uncle, believes may be the last vestige of hope in the family.

"Although to date your life seems to be a sorry excuse for anything I would call promising, there does seem to be a spark of something in you that I hope we can fan into a flame. For that reason, I am not making you an instant millionaire."

What Stevens does give Jason leads to The Ultimate Gift. Young and old will take this timeless motivational story to heart.

- Sales Rank: #38233 in Books
- Brand: David C Cook
- Published on: 2007-09-01
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.25" h x .39" w x 5.50" l, .22 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 190 pages

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kind of attitude that got you cut out of the will.

Then he offered a perfectly inappropriate smile. "For what?"

Most helpful customer reviews

367 of 372 people found the following review helpful.

Captivating, Inspirational. Well worth the read.

By Roger E. Herman

I started this book by looking at the Table of Contents. In the Beginning. A Voice from the Past. The Gift of Work. The Gift of Money. The Gift of Friends.

What is this? Is this the kind of book I want to read?

I flipped to the back cover of the book for insight to the contents. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to read the last will and testament of Howard 'Red' Stevens.." "Red Steves was a self-made man who gave his family everything-and ruined them in the process. Now, as his estate of oil companies and cattle ranches is divided among the greedy and self-serving relatives, one member is singled out for something special: Red's great-nephew, Jason. In a darkened room, isolated from the rest of his family, Jason is confronted by the image of deceased great uncle on a video monitor"

I began Chapter One out of curiosity. It was a story, not a touchy-feely book, like I feared. The narrative comes from an eighty-year old attorney who is reading the will of a very successful long-term client who had become a close, dear friend. As part of the inheritance, the old man's grand-nephew, a spoiled brat sort of young man, is given a special bequest. Each month he is to return to the attorney's office for a learning assignment. If he stays with the program successfully, meeting the approval of the attorney, he gains the Ultimate Gift. If he quits or doesn't meet the grade at any time, he loses his opportunity for the Ultimate Gift. As the book progresses through the chapters, the young man, Jason, transforms from an insolent know-it-all to a much different person. The series of learnings, prescribed each month by the old man by videotape, gives a new meaning to Jason's life. Each of the gifts, a learning, is described in Jason's words as he gains new realizations.

I found myself surprisingly captivated by this book. I couldn't put it down. No, it's not a mystery or thriller, but it certainly held my attention. I can think of a number of people I know who would surely benefit from this book. One will receive my copy shortly as a very meaningful gift.

A word about the author. Jim Stovall has overcome blindness to become a national champion Olympic weightlifter, a successful investment broker, and entrepreneur. He is co-founder and president of the Narrative Television Network, which makes movies and television accessible to our nation's 13 million blind and visually impaired and their families. With revealing more about this man's incredible background (see page 124), I "got" that this is a man to be listened to. You'll gain the same feeling as you read The Ultimate Gift.

79 of 80 people found the following review helpful.

Read the book, watch the movie - both will inspire!

By Dan Panetti

I received this book as a gift shortly after watching the movie by the same name - I was greatly impressed with the movie and anxious to read the book (since everyone knows that the book is always better than the movie). This book is no exception to that rule - an outstanding read and it was as easy to read as the movie was to watch. This is a novel, a work of fiction that drives home some real life points! The premise of the book is about what's really important in life - is it what we build with our hands or the money and worldly success we achieve, or is it something more than that, something that isn't tangible and can't be bought or sold for any amount of money? In his final will, a dying wealthy man tries to communicate from the grave the true meaning of life to a family member who up until this point hasn't got a clue!

I would think that this book could probably be read to children in upper elementary school and could be read by 7th or 8th graders on their own. The book should be read by parents first so that they can engage their children in conversation along the way. While the book isn't overtly Christian, you'll find that the lessons taught in this novel are very similar to the wisdom shared in the Book of Proverbs and throughout Scripture. Stovall isn't preaching, but he sure can drive a point home with this story; and these twelve "gifts" passed from one generation to the next are essential for each and every one of us to learn as well.

While some say that the movie isn't as good as the book, I say that they are a pretty good compliment of each other. The movie takes various liberties with the book to get this message on screen, but you won't be disappointed with either. The book is written to provoke thought and discussion and families should use them as tools to teach valuable life lessons to their children - Red Stevens would have wanted it that way!

66 of 68 people found the following review helpful.

THE ULTIMATE GIFT -- a book that gives you inspiration/challenge!

By Joyce Schwarz

The Ultimate Gift teases its readers on the front cover (of this edition at least) by asking "What would you be willing to do in order to inherit one billion dollars...Jason Stevens is about to find out" ...it's a novel but reads like a true life story. Written by inspirational speaker Jim Stovall who is much more than an author - an athlete, investment broker and co-founder and president of the Narrative Television Network (NTN) which makes TV accessible for 13 million blind and visually impaired people. Yes, the author is blind. But not about life. He is a true humanitarian who found an amazing tale to tell to let us know about what the ultimate gift really is. Basically Jason Stevens the nephew of Red learns of his uncle's death and is at the lawyers for the reading of the will. One by one the beneficiaries receive their just desserts and portions of the multi-billion dollar estate. Jason instead receives a challenge to a year long quest of discovery. And as the table of contents says...a voice from the past challenges him to discover about The Gift of Work, the Gift of Money, The Gift of Friends, The Gift of Learning, The Gift of Problems (yes, problems), The Gift of Family, The Gift of Laughter, The Gift of Dreams, The Gift of Giving, The Gift of Gratitude, the Gift of a Day, The Gift of Love, and of course the Ultimate gift. The adventure takes him to a cattle ranch, to a diner, to a hospital and beyond and the people he meets along the way are fascinating. What is more important though is Jason's discoveries. A cross between The People You'll Meet in Heaven and The Secret this is an amazing book. And I have to tell you the movie adaptation is fabulous...okay some reviewers say it is like a Hallmark Hall of Fame TV special-- but it is more special than TV. This book is especially appropriate at a crossroads in life. It is the perfect high school or college graduation gift. It is a great retirement gift. It is a terrific gift for someone who got laid off or fired. It's a great gift for a widow or a widower. And of course for a favorite niece or nephew. Lovely sepia tone illustrations add to the wonder of this edition. A look in-depth into others' lives and souls. Amazing tale....start reading this on a tough day ...or any day -- maybe now ! Enjoy! James Garner stars in the movie and he's terrific!

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THE ULTIMATE GIFT (THE ULTIMATE SERIES #1) BY JIM STOVALL PDF

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Chapter One
Charlotte , North Carolina
Present Day

"Sir . . . he's gone."

Theophilus Hamilton stood near the large glass window that framed a world he hardly understood anymore. He didn't turn around but instead let his gaze fall to the busy city below. A deep sadness tangled his words, so he took a moment to compose himself. The inevitable had finally come, but it didn't make it any easier.

He stayed at the window as he addressed Miss Hastings.

"Contact family members, the various corporate boards and business interests . . ." He sighed. There was a lot to take care of. Now wasn't the time to mourn. And Hamilton knew that perhaps he mourned more for what Red had endured in life.

Red was at peace now, but there would be nothing resembling peace in the wake of his death. "And let's call a meeting."

"Yes, sir," Miss Hastings said. She turned to leave the room, then stopped and turned back to Hamilton. "Sir, I am so sorry for your loss." She pulled the heavy oak doors of his office closed.

Clutching his cane, he gazed out the dark window and wondered how well he would be able to tolerate the wolves that had been waiting and circling for days now. Oh, yes, they would put on their sad faces. Some of them. Others would adopt a false solicitousness. No matter. Everything was set into motion now; no man could change it. And he doubted it would change any man, either.

But for a man whose life had gone terribly wrong in so many different ways, he'd had hope all the way to the end.

Hamilton closed his eyes. The older he got, the less he held out much optimism for anything. But maybe, just maybe, he had a little, too.

His mind wandered back to the first time he'd ever heard Red's voice. It had been a phone call, placed to Hamilton right after he'd graduated from law school.

"Am I speaking with Theophilus Hamilton?"

"Sir, yes--Yes, sir. This is he."

"Name's Howard Stevens. You can call me Red. I need a lawyer for a few business ideas I have, a few still in the dream stage."

Hamilton smiled now. Red Stevens and his dreams. He was at peace. But Theophilus understood peace would not be a part of his own immediate future.

* * *

The day couldn't have been grayer. Hamilton stood near the pastor, surveying the five-hundred-plus mourners who clustered around the shiny mahogany casket of Red Stevens. Flowers, bright and white, were

the only color among a graveyard filled with stately, above ground tombs and important people all dressed in suitable dark clothing, every single one carrying a black umbrella.

Their faces reflected more aversion to the rain they were forced to stand in than to the death of the man they were here to lament. Behind the mourners and down the hill a little, Hamilton spotted one pink umbrella, which was doing a poor job of protecting its keeper from the rain, since the young girl wasn't putting it over her head. Instead, she seemed to be the only one embracing the moment, with her face tilted upward to the sky as it bathed her in wetness.

Hamilton sighed. Oh, how he wished there could be more of that kind of goodness and innocence in the world.

The pastor, hunched under his own black umbrella, cupping his little black book, was doing his best to uphold the sanctity of the moment. "Though the skies may weep," he said, "the Bible assures us that 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'"

No one--near Hamilton, anyway--looked as though they cared at all what the Bible said. Red's two sons, Bill and Jack, stood just three feet away, oblivious to the idea they were supposed to appear sorrowful.

"I wonder who the old man negotiated with for the rain," Jack said with a cynical smile to Bill, Red's oldest.

"Well, it's a sure bet he's laughing, watching us get soaked."

"Yeah, well, now it's his turn," Jack said.

"There's not a person here," the pastor continued, "whose life in some way has not been touched by Howard 'Red' Stevens."

Hamilton watched Jack and Bill glance at each other and roll their eyes. Jack, the playboy of the family, pulled up the sleeve of his coat and looked at his watch. Bill glanced down at some sort of organizing device or cell phone in his hand, then quietly put it back in his pocket. It was all Hamilton could do not to say something, but that wasn't his way. And it hadn't been Red's either. He'd let his children become what they'd become. He'd tried a time or two to step in and talk some sense into any of them who would listen, but they never listened unless he was talking in the language of dollar signs.

Hamilton's gaze found its way back to the little girl, who seemed intent on getting wet. He wondered why such a young girl felt the need to wear such dark lipstick. She couldn't have been more than ten years old, but her lips were stained the color of wine grapes. What was the world coming to? But he smiled as the mother suddenly noticed the umbrella to her side and rushed to put it back in its place, much to the young girl's disappointment.

"Red often quoted Malcolm Muggeridge," the pastor said to a crowd growing more agitated with every wet minute that went by, "saying that 'every happening, great or small, is a parable by which God speaks to us; and the art of life is to get the message.'

May the message of Red Stevens continue in the hearts of those he leaves behind."

The pastor seemed to sense he was losing their interest. He turned to Bill. "Bill?" He gestured toward the casket.

"Uh . . . yes," Bill said, stepping forward. Reaching into his coat, he pulled out a small canister. "Even though Dad moved his corporate offices from Texas many years ago, for tax reasons, he always said he

wanted to be buried under Texas soil." He opened the canister and shook some dirt onto the casket, then stepped back.

Somebody touched Hamilton's elbow. He didn't have to turn around. He knew it was Miss Hastings, assuring him he was right for keeping silent and avoiding a scene.

Suddenly the loud rumblings of a car caused the entire crowd to turn as a vintage 1971 Dodge Charger R/T slowed on the small cemetery road below. What little dirt was left on the casket fell off as the ground shook from the revving engine. Hamilton could hardly stop himself from throwing up his hands in disgust. But then again, neither could the other mourners, whose mouths hung open at the sight of the yellow-and-black muscle car roaring to a stop in front of them.

The young man getting out of the car was apparently the only one who hadn't gotten the family memo about what kind of etiquette was expected. He flung the car door open, nursing a cigarette and likely a bad hangover, judging by the state of his clothes and hair. Some hideous rock-and-roll song thumped against the backdrop of the rainstorm, until he turned it off and rose out of the car. He wore black sunglasses and an expression that might've been worse if they could see his eyes. Beside him an expressionless young woman appeared in a taut black dress that spoke to the idea she might be at the wrong social event.

"Is that him?" Miss Hastings whispered.

"That's him." Hamilton sighed. He watched Jason Stevens walk up the small hill, dismissing his cigarette as he tossed it aside into a puddle. He also dismissed his girlfriend and two others who had crawled unsteadily from the backseat of the car, walking ahead of all of them and heading straight for his mother, Sarah.

"Mom," he said.

Even with all the Botox she'd managed over the years, his mother was able to lift her eyebrows high in a frightful expression of embarrassment and shock. "You're late!" she said in a sharp tone.

Jason Stevens propped his sunglasses on top of his head, glancing around at his family members with the kind of attitude that got you cut out of the will.

Then he offered a perfectly inappropriate smile. "For what?"

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