PHILIPPIANS 4:19
by Mrs. Paul E. King

"God sent it! Right on time! Don't ask me where it came from: I haven't the slightest idea. I only know He sent me that money in answer to my prayers. Oh I'm so happy!"

Betty Adams was weeping and laughing and shouting, all at the same time, as she gave her "answer to prayer" testimony in the chapel service.
I looked around cautiously, trying to figure out what reaction Betty's words were having on the faculty and student body of Hebron Bible School and, simultaneously, wondering what ever had possessed me that I had enrolled in a school as straight-laced and old-fashioned as Hebron.

Quite suddenly and unexpectedly I had that "sixth-sense feeling" that someone was watching me and, as is usually the case, my eyes fell immediately on the culprit. Well, he wasn't actually a culprit, but for all his friendliness and help, I decided Robb Hendrix had no right to sit and stare at me. Instantly I dropped my eyes and began thumbing through the hymn book on the seat, feeling ill at ease with Robb’s eyes glued on me.

Robb was a great guy. In fact, he was the reason I was at Hebron. We'd been working together at Crowley's Machine Shop all summer and Robb felt it would be "highly beneficial" (his words) for me to enroll in the Bible School for at least one year of my natural life, especially since I made a profession of faith.

"I see good things in store for you, Steve," he predicted, making the picture all rosy and bright. "Especially if you'll mind God and fit yourself into His picture. It may not be according to your liking, not even what you want. . . ."

What I had wanted more than anything else was to be a singer, But I hadn't really thought much about singing in churches and religious gatherings: My intentions were for "bigger" things -- music halls, concerts, the stage. And before I could meet that goal and see my dream fulfilled I would need years and years of college, music and vocal training, all of which was in my planning. Nausea and disgust washed over me as I thought of the four months I had already wasted by listening to Robb and coming to Hebron. What did the school have to offer me? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! I was wasting time by being here.

Instantly, I made a hasty decision: I would pack up and leave -- as fast as I possibly could. Feeling slight relief over my resolve, I leaned back against the seat and closed my eyes.

"I needed five postage stamps and, though no one knew anything about it, God sent me ten -- through the mail. Praise His worthy name!
It was Myrna Harriett's voice. She sounded jubilant.

My eyes flew open in astonishment. Five postage stamps! How cheap could one get! Asking God to send five postage stamps! It was an insult to the Almighty, I was sure.

I felt like storming out of the chapel service and never coming back. But I restrained myself, knowing such action was not tolerated.

In our room that evening I told Robb of my decision, adding, "It's an insult to God: Asking Him for five postage stamps? If I'd done such a shameful thing I'd surely not publicize it. Fanatical? Whew! That's Hebron!"

Robb looked a trifle amused as he faced me and when he spoke his voice was neither censorious nor reprimanding. But I knew just where he stood and what he meant. Among other things, this was what I respected and admired in him: his frankness and openness with me.

"Pride's a deadly thing, Steve," he stated matter-of-factly. "It keeps man from God and..."

"But five postage stamps!" I ejaculated hotly, interrupting his unfinished sentence and pacing the floor. Angrily I headed for the clothes closet and began throwing suits and shirts on the bed in preparation for packing.

"Don't be hasty, Steve. Please!" Robb pleaded. "Generally it's the 'spur of the moment' decision that gets one into troubles and which we regret most. Pray over leaving. Promise?"

I remained adamant. Unmoved.

"Promise, Steve?"

Robb's eyes were liquid pools of pity and compassion. I felt his deep concern. It got to me. Never before had anyone taken this kind of interest in my spiritual welfare and well-being.

"I promise," I said rather stiffly, grabbing the clothes from the bed and putting them back where they belonged.
Robb sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed his chin with his hands. "Someday you'll need Philippians 4:19, Steve," he said kindly. "It'll be there where when that day comes."

"There where?" I inquired without looking at my roommate.

"In the Bible, Pal, where else? I've used it on numerous occasions myself and God never failed to supply my need for the particular moment and occasion. You'll have your day, Steve. Meanwhile, you have a lot to learn. Keep an open heart and mind and obey His voice when He speaks."

I spun around so fast that I caught my heel in one of the throw rugs and nearly fell to the floor. "I... I don't understand," I stuttered. "I'll never bother God for money!" I exclaimed emphatically.

"You will. Someday you will."

I settled down to studying, deciding Robb was "far out" in his statement and feeling snug and secure in my bank account, which was adequate for many years of college, I was sure.

In the ensuing days, I put the disturbing chapel testimonies out of my mind. In a sense, I began to enjoy life at Hebron. Though not fully able to assimilate and digest all that I was being taught, I tried to do as Robb had advised me -- keep my heart and mind open.

The big shocker came a few weeks after that memorable and unforgettable chapel service. I'll never forget that day so long as I live. I was feeling wretched and low and mean, under mighty conviction. Robb's consistently sweet and holy life, and his daily God-like walk and way of living, were finally getting to me. He possessed something I needed badly, something I said I'd had but didn't have at all. I was feeling low-low. Then the letter came from the bank.

"What's wrong, Steve?" Robb asked kindly when the letter dropped from my trembling hands and fluttered to the floor.

I flung myself across the bed and lay as one in a trance, numb and dumb from acute shock. "You all right?"
Robb's question sounded somewhere near my ear. Above my head.

In a voice that shook with emotion I pointed to the floor. "Read it," was all I could say.

"I'm not interested in your mail, Steve. God knows all about it; that's the important thing. You can turn the whole matter over to Him, whatever it is."

I raised my torso up and leaned its weight on my elbow. "I'm broke, Robb!"

I made the statement without preamble, kind of like a condemned man admits his guilt and accepts the jury's verdict with dazed resignation.

"Shake, we're now on an equal basis."

If Robb meant his statement to sound humorous and light and funny, it wasn't. At least not to me. I jumped off the bed and grabbed him by the shirt collar. "Look, wise guy," I shouted, "this isn't funny. I haven't a dime in the bank that I can call my own. What you see scattered out on the dresser over there and what few dollars are stuck away in my wallet, are all I possess."

"You have Philippians 4:19, Steve; same as I have. But you're not ready for it yet."

"And just what do you mean by that last sentence?" I asked belligerently, feeling sorry for myself and wanting desperately to knock Robb to the floor.

"When you're calm I'll tell you."

"OK. OK. I'm calm!" I exclaimed, bringing my voice down a notch at least.

"Later, Steve. Right now I have an important rendezvous to keep. So long, see you later."

After Robb left, I picked the letter up and reread it in its entirety. My account, it stated, was on the zero figure: All previous bank statements I had
received, which showed an abundance of available cash, were computerized errors.

I developed a sinking, weak sensation as I read the words. I should have kept closer check on what I withdrew, I decided quickly, recalling how I never bothered to consult the figures in my little bank book. But I hadn't needed to worry; Uncle Harley had always kept my bank account well-supplied, and my earnings from Crowley's Machine Shop had added a sizeable amount to it also.

My troubled mind raced from the letter to Robb and back again. Then a familiar sound reached my ears. It was Robb's voice. Yes, it was Robb -- at his rendezvous.

I all but flew out of the room and ran to the stuffy little cubby hole at the far end of the hall. Robb was doubled over in an agony of soul like I'd never seen in all of my life -- for me! I stood awe-struck as I heard him implore God to save my soul at any cost -- to give me something real -- and then to get me on into holiness of heart and life.

Gulping like a drowning man and swallowing several times or more, tears flooded my eyes, blinding my vision. When finally the last big gulp made its gurgling, death-struggling sound in my ears, I dropped to the floor on my knees, loathing and despising my pride.

If Robb heard me, or even knew I was there, he gave no indication of it. His interceding and imploring became more importunate -- more agonizingly imploring.

Sensing my lost condition, my voice joined that of my roommate's. I told the Lord how bigoted I was and how very proud, confessing my hypocrisy and sins to Him and forsaking the same with all of my being. The peace and rest and joy that came to my heart was indescribable and gloriously-wonderful. For the first time in my life I knew what Robb meant when he said he'd been born again. I now experienced this new birth.

The days that followed were glorious days, not financially, but spiritually. My Bible became the Living Word. I feasted on it, claiming its promises and walking in its beautiful light of heart holiness and its "Thou shalt nots."
On a particularly trying and pressing day (moneywise) as I opened my Bible, a twenty-dollar bill lay crisp and clean between the opened pages. Picking it up (almost reverently), my eyes fell to the book, chapter and verse: "But my God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:19.

The room couldn't contain me. I had to tell somebody! I did!

Just then the bell sounded for chapel.

Instead of waiting till everyone was seated and we'd sung a hymn or two, I burst into the service waving the crisp answer to prayer above my head and shouting for all I was worth: "It's true! It's true: God's Word is true: Here's Philippians 4:19. Right on time, too! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

Glory struck the chapel service and revival broke out.

No one knew where the twenty-dollar-bill came from, not even Robb. But in my heart I'm positive God sent it! Right on time, too!

Yes, my day of need came, just as Robb predicted it would, and I'll be eternally grateful to God that my bank account went "dry." I've learned lessons I would never have learned had this not happened to me -- invaluable lessons and experiences, such as my very special account as found in Philippians 4:19.

My Heavenly Father has an inexhaustible supply of ready cash for all of my needs. I mean to keep drawing from this supply. Yes, even to a single postage stamp!