

The Five Dollar Miracle



Edna was one of my old girlfriends that I had dated in high school. When I dedicated my life to Christ, my new wife and I had begun going to church where Edna and her family attended at the Gospel Lighthouse Church in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, Texas, J. C. Hibbard was our Pastor and we loved his faith teaching because he practiced it. Now, after graduating from high school, and getting



married to her husband Bob, Edna worked for the Dallas Police Department as a clerk and radio dispatcher and I worked next door to her building in the Engineering Office of the Dallas Water Department. Since we lived and worked close to each other, it made sense for us to, often share a ride to and from work. When I had begun serving Christ, Edna and I would often talk and share things that God was doing in our lives, Bob, her husband, would listen to us talk and often, offer his opinion, we were all young in the Lord, and His ways, but we were learning together.

As God will often do with young Christians, He was dealing with and teaching, each of us daily with regard to our finances at the time. I was attempting to learn about tithing and giving and had lots of questions with regard to how to go about it. Edna was a more experienced Christian than I, and had lots of advice for me. My wife and I had many financial needs as most young married people usually do, but I had made up my mind that quite simply, I wanted to be dependent upon God to be my source and not man, but I was quickly learning that this kind of faith-type thinking had a cost attached to it.



An example of what I mean is that, as a young boy, I had known a very dedicated minister and his family. Brother Kinard, a dedicated man that had this kind of extraordinary faith, he pastored a church in El Paso, Texas, where my grandmother and I had attended together. Several times during his life, without any financial support whatsoever God had led him on a walk around the world. When he left, he would take no money, and only the clothes on his back. He walked around the world the first time, in the late 1940's just after World War II. As a young man, years later, as he passed through Dallas, I had even met him during one of his journeys and was able to take a part in providing him dinner, some clean clothes, a place to rest, and a way back to El Paso but that is another story. He made more than one trip around the world by faith. He preached Christ, witnessed Christ, and taught Christ wherever he went, and that's all that he would say about it. I knew his family well, played with his children, as a boy, and I knew that, this was the kind of experience with God that I admired and wanted for myself, but it had a price. This was the same kind of faith that our Pastor, J. C. Hibbard preached to us at the Gospel Lighthouse Church, and it was that kind of faith that I wanted.



Bob, Edna's husband, had privately told me that he wanted to be exactly like me in his faith-experience with God but Edna, even though she tried to be otherwise, was always using other people as her source and not God. By this, I mean that even

though she tried to believe God for an answer to her needs, she would often give in to temptation and drop a little hint (I call it "Poor Mouthing") to mom and dad or to the pastor who had all helped her in the past. She was hinting and hoping to get what I've always called a Pentecostal handshake with a few extra dollars in it for her. Many times, it apparently had worked for her, because she often did it, according to Bob then, she would talk about, how God had so graciously, provided for the need for her and Bob, to us and to others. My thoughts have always been, and still are that, if God wanted me to have something, He would help me to get it. All I had to do was prayerfully express my need to Him and to Him alone, and if I was obedient to Him, and what I wanted was OK for me, it would materialize. If it didn't materialize then, I really didn't need it anyhow, and that was the bottom line to it all. Manipulating other people to get what I need from God was simply not, trusting God as my resource and I didn't want to do that. I explained this to Bob and to Edna and they both agreed with me at the time, but old habits like using mom and dad as a source were hard to break for Edna. It is not always easy to trust God, but if you want it to work for you, you will need to stand up to His test or it will not happen. This is where Edna kept tripping up and I think that, she knew it, and really wanted better than what she was getting for she and Bob.



One morning, I was driving Edna and I to work, and Edna was telling me about a living room suit that she had seen and wanting God to help her to buy. Well, because I knew that, she had just divinely, with the help of God (tongue in cheek) bought a living room suit two months previously, and I knew that they hadn't fully paid for it yet, I asked her, "Why did she feel that she needed another, as she and Bob hadn't paid for the other living room suit yet?" Glaring at me she said, "Awe, you and Bob are just the same, always discouraging me from making things better for us. Mom and Dad helped us with that first living room suit but I've been trusting God for His best for Bob and I and this is the one that I've been trusting Him for."

It was at that point, that I began preaching to Edna. I told her that "I personally, wanted more than mama, daddy or the preacher as my source in my experience with God". I told Edna about Brother Kinard's kind of faith and how he wouldn't share what he needed with anyone but God and that, this was the kind of faith that I wanted in my life. I explained that when my wife and I got something from God, that I wanted it to be from God and God alone and not mom, & dad, or the preacher. This offended Edna and she didn't want to talk anymore but I just kept talking;

We were downtown now and the traffic was pretty thick all around us, and we were waiting for a red light to change. I told her that, "just this morning I had, had a need and that I was going to depend on God to provide for me or it wouldn't happen." Edna ask, "What kind of need?" I said, **"I've mismanaged my money, I'm short this week but I'm believing, for God to provide me with what I need to make it to the end of the week without borrowing from anyone. Always borrowing is a bad Christian testimony. So, I put the pencil to it and figured out that, I need exactly \$5 to make it to the end of the week without borrowing.** (\$5 was a lot of money then) I told God that, "I had not managed



my money wisely and that, *I needed His help,*” I told Him that, *“if He would forgive me, I would try and do better”.* I know that I could have gone to the Credit Union, or my family, or a friend and probably get it, but I want it to be from God, with no poor mouth hinting, allowed. Then, I said in a very loud tone of voice to her that, **“If God has to drop it out of the sky to get it to me, He’ll do it,** and if my need is legitimate, He’ll get it to me and I won’t need to poor mouth to mama or the preacher.” “Good luck!” she yelled at me defensively, “I hope it works for you.”



At the time, I was about three or four car lengths back from the intersection, the light was getting ready to change to green but out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of something floating down from the sky, it was across a parking lot on my left high above a small building in the next block over, and the wind was whipping it around as it twirled downward. “Could it be?,” I thought, remembering what I had just said to Edna. As the light



changed, I pulled forward, and to the left stopping in a loading zone out of the way of the traffic, and I got out of my car and walked around in front of the car and looking upward at the piece of paper floating in my direction, I waited, and waited, and waited. Something witnessed in my heart to stand still not to move and God would do the rest, because Edna needed to see what was about to happen, I quickly, looked at Edna through the front windshield, and held up one finger and said wait, I’ll be back in just a minute. And then, YES!, it was a five dollar bill that someone had dropped, probably from the top of the nearby Southland Life building observation deck. Or, had God somehow, simply provided Ron Underwood’s need in a way that would help Edna understand what I had been talking about, yes!, I think so. Not moving from my spot where I was standing, I simply reached up and took it as it floated down to me and I said, “Thank you Jesus!” out loud for Edna and anyone else to hear, Edna’s mouth and teary eyes were wide open. Edna, crying said, “Oh! Jesus! I want that too.”



Edna and Bob eventually, moved out of town and we have not maintained contact. I am sure that the memory of that five dollar bill floating down out of the sky to me was something to be remembered in Edna’s mind and I can tell anyone that, it was certainly a milestone to me. The Pastor Kinard/Hibbard, kind of faith in God is something that does work and believing for the promises of His Word are rewarding, especially as I grow older as a Christian. It is good to believe in and accept God’s good promises as your own but there is a price, are you willing to pay it?



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