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F O R E W O R D

THE EVENTS OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, will forever be etched in our memories. For Brian and Mel Birdwell the etching goes deeper—to body and soul. In an instant, a nanosecond, their lives were turned upside down, never to be the same. The life-stealing thief came with a deafening explosion and a jet-fueled fireball. Brian was on fire, his body screaming out with the pain of being burned over 60 percent of his body.

This is their story—a gripping story of survival and victory, a story of God’s faithfulness, a love story strengthened by the Refiner’s fire.

Brian and Mel Birdwell are warriors. In 1984 Brian was commissioned as a lieutenant of Field Artillery, United States Army. In the Army he would learn about the warrior spirit and learn the truth about freedom—that freedom’s never free. In 1987 this Texas boy married an Oklahoma girl, and they began their “Army life” together. You will hear firsthand about their painful upbringing and personal struggles. Little did they know that God would use these events to prepare them for the difficult days following September 11.

I met Brian and Mel when Brian “got pulled up” to be executive officer to Ms. Jan Menig, my outstanding deputy in the Army’s Installation Management Office. From day one I could see that Brian and Mel were a team, a great Army family—raising their son, Matt, supporting other families, serving in their church, and growing in their relationship with Jesus Christ, their Lord and Savior. Many times Brian and I would talk about how God was working in our lives and share our love for Christ with each other. This, too, would be preparation for the days ahead.

I’ll never forget my first visit to the Burn Unit. I saw Mel before going in to see Brian. We hugged and talked of God’s sovereignty and comfort. Inside I was praying that God would strengthen her and Brian for the days ahead. Although I’d been to war in Desert Storm, I was not

prepared for what I would see when I donned the sterile gear and went into Brian's room in the ICU. He was wrapped from head to ankle in gauze. I was so thankful he was alive but couldn't even imagine his pain and suffering. Little did any of us know what he would endure in over thirty operations and countless therapy sessions. There were—and still are—no words to express my feelings. Brian wanted to know about Sandi and Cheryle, our two wonderful “officemates” who were lost in the fire. These were tough days . . . and there would be many more.

Refined by Fire is far more than a tale of survival, although Brian would tell you he's a survivor, not a victim. It's about two modern-day heroes who understand that freedom's not free!

In the very worst of times Brian and Mel found that God was there for them—and that He was preparing them to comfort others. From this tragedy, Face the Fire Ministries, Inc. was born.

As you read Brian and Mel's remarkable journey, learning to walk with God day by day, your heart will be touched. You'll gain hope and perspective for your own life challenges. You'll find yourself saying, “Compared to what Brian and Mel went through, my problems and challenges are pretty insignificant.” I certainly have.

May God draw you to Himself, speak to your heart, and bless you through this book.

★ *To Brian and Mel:*

I am honored to call you “friends.” Thanks for telling your story. You have challenged me to “press on” and make every day count. God has a purpose!

In His grip,

R. L. Van Antwerp

Major General

United States Army

INTRODUCTION

A Day We'll Never Forget

“Terrorist attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America.”
PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH, September 11, 2001

★ *Brian*

On September 11, 2001, American Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon. I was standing fifteen to twenty yards from the point of impact. It took only a few seconds to change my life forever.

The searing second- and third-degree burns that were inflicted upon more than 60 percent of my body brought months of absolute torture. For weeks no one knew if I would live or die.

But God knew. He had a plan for my life. And no terrorist would be able to work against the purposes of God. My survival didn't happen by luck or mere chance. It happened because a sovereign God had a specific plan for my life. And while I do not understand why God chose to allow me to live when so many others perished, I do know that he was with me.

The course back toward living has been dark, difficult, and agonizing. There have been many moments when I cried out to God, “Why did you let me live?”

The answer always seemed to be *Just wait. Be patient.*

For three months I waited—and endured more than thirty excruciating surgeries, daily debridements, and torturous physical therapy. I waited through the long hours of lying alone with my thoughts and questions, revisiting the events of September 11 in all their horror again and again.

Through my experiences I learned a lot of lessons, the most important one being that God doesn't necessarily keep us from going through our own personal fire. He won't magically remove the hurt and the consequences of decisions made. But he promises to walk through those expe-

riences with us. While he may not take away the pain, he gives us the strength, comfort, peace, and endurance to walk through, to get to the other side, and to be closer to God in the process.

Every tear we shed, God sheds so many more. When we're angry over injustices done to us, God is even angrier. When we grieve, he grieves. God is there with us each step of the way.

I am a survivor—but only by God's grace and compassion. I could never have gotten through this horrific ordeal without depending on Christ and without the support of my committed wife, Mel.

★*Mel*

Before September 11, 2001, we were boring, normal, everyday people. We spent our Friday nights at home watching John Wayne movies and eating pizza. We attended church, got together with friends, and enjoyed our quiet, uneventful life as a family.

This is a true story about the Lord's sovereignty in our lives. Our lives are forever different. The day I went to the Pentagon and saw where Brian was in relation to where the plane struck, I realized that there was no way he could have survived—except for the hand of God protecting him and our family.

We've had many opportunities to speak about our faith. We think it's important to tell our story, because if we fail to do so, then those thousands of lives lost on that day were a waste, not a sacrifice.

Some parts of this book have been extremely difficult for us to write and to reread. We had blocked out so much of the pain that we didn't remember certain events until we began to reread my journal and then discuss and relive the ordeal.

No one can ever comprehend the horror and full impact of what Brian's body experienced, but we can share on the level of compassion and sympathy. This book isn't easy to read—it shows a portion of the pain, suffering, and indignities we endured.

And yet we also pray it shows the hope we have held onto and claimed as our own.

★ *Brian and Mel*

We all face personal fires—those life-changing, traumatic times when the course of our lives are altered. Those are the times when we learn to rely on God—or when we decide to become angry with him and push him away. When we rely on him, he shows us what he’s capable of accomplishing—regardless of the tragedy we may experience, whether it is physical, emotional, or spiritual.

While this book tells our story, it is so much more than that. It is really a story of God’s love, mercy, graciousness, and loving sovereignty in our lives. He is at work in all of our life stories—sometimes he works in big, miraculous ways, and sometimes he works behind the scenes. But he is always working.

That is where our hope lies. Christ provides the hope that we will endure this suffering and emerge stronger because of it.

ONE

Death Blow

★ *Brian*

It was a day like any other at the Pentagon outside Washington DC.

I stepped out of the men's room on the second floor and started down Corridor 4 toward the outermost ring of the building, the E-Ring. The hall of the newly renovated wedge was lit with bright fluorescents in the ceiling panels. Everything was a stark white, sterile, and quiet. No one else was around as I headed back to my office.

It was 9:37 A.M., Tuesday, September 11, 2001.

I took seven or eight steps and was in front of the first set of elevators when *bang!* There was a deafening explosion.

Where had the sound come from?

It wasn't the jackhammers of the remodeling crew, even though I'd heard them frequently in that wedge of the Pentagon. And after spending nineteen years in the Army—being a Gulf War veteran and having more than ten years as an artillery officer—I was familiar with loud explosions, concussions, and other noises of war. This was louder than anything I'd heard in my lifetime. This was the crashing resonance of metal slamming through concrete—a scraping, screaming, high-pitched, thunderous blast.

Everything happened at once, in less than an instant—a nanosecond. Yet everything seemed in slow motion. *Bomb!* I thought as I started to take another step.

Immediately everything around me went pitch black, as if I was thrown into a deep, dark cave. A loud *whoosh* blasted toward me. Fire exploded at and around me, slamming me across the hall, ripping my glasses from my face, and then tossing me limply onto the floor. I heard debris flying around me. The ceiling panels and light fixtures crashed down; the walls shook as if hit by an earthquake. But I couldn't see anything, except for a ring of yellow surrounding me. Then I realized . . . I was on fire!

The pain came instantly. The heat was so intense that the polyester pants of my uniform melted into my legs. My arms, back, legs, face, and hair were alight with flames.

Thick smoke engulfed me, slapping me across the face and threatening to suffocate me. I swallowed it as I gasped for air. My mind registered a distinct odor and taste. *Jet fuel?* I gulped and choked on the heavy vapors and the dust from the building debris as I struggled just to get oxygen.

It was hard to keep my eyes open—the smoke and heat from the fire stung my eyes. I didn't know where the fire was coming from, where the explosion had happened. All I could see was the intense glow of yellow right in front of my face and then around it, total blackness.

My body screamed in pain, but there was nothing to put out the flames.

I'm not sure how long I lay on the floor. It seemed like an eternity, but it was probably only five or ten seconds.

I forced my eyes to open. I tried to get to my feet, but my body wouldn't cooperate. In order to survive whatever this was, I knew I needed to escape—fast.

But which way do I go? Which way to safety? I wondered. I was so disoriented from the blast that I didn't even know which way I was facing after I had been thrown. Was I facing safety or more danger?

It doesn't matter, I told myself. *You just need to get away.*

I tried hard not to panic, yet it was difficult to stay focused when the pain was so intense and all I could see was that yellow ring of fire with the black around it.

Then there was the awful noise around me—as overwhelming and full of static as though someone was strumming an electric guitar at the highest decibel. Fire alarms added to the shrill sound. I was trying not to pay attention to anything except getting away from the fire, but the cumulative noise pierced my concentration. Worse, I couldn't bring my hands up to cover my ears because I was trying to use them to get off the floor.

I tried to stand four or five times, using my hands and my arms to get up. I'd manage to get on one knee, then I'd fall. My legs wouldn't support me, and I had no balance. The concussion had damaged my inner

ear equilibrium. And because it was so black around me, I lost all sense of depth.

I tried desperately to see something—*anything*—other than the oval of yellow surrounding me. But there was nothing. No wall, no doors, no elevator, nothing. It was as though there was nothing to touch except for whatever I was lying on.

Finally the pain was too much to bear. I tried to stand one last time and fell sideways. In my anguish I screamed, “Jesus! I’m coming to see you!”

I knew I was going to die. As a soldier I’d been trained never to give up. But I did. I didn’t try to get up again. Instead, I thought, *Okay, Lord, if this is the end for me, if this is the way I am to die, then okay.*

I shut my eyes and thought about what a horrific death this was. Then I thought about Mel, my wife, and our son, Matt. My mind recalled the events of the morning before I left for work. Did they know what was happening to me? I didn’t want this morning to be the last time I’d ever see them. I remembered saying good-bye to them just a few hours earlier, never dreaming that I might not come home again. What would their lives be like without me around?

This is it, I realized. I won’t see them again. . . .

★*Mel*

For Matt, our twelve-year-old son, and me, September 11 began as a normal day, complete with homeschooling. Earlier that year, because of some classroom situations in Matt’s public school, we had decided to take him out for a year to homeschool him.

While we were working on a science experiment, my friend Joyce phoned. “Mel, a plane just smashed into the World Trade Center!” Matt and I moved into the living room and flipped on the television for a bit. We watched as the second plane flew into the other tower. Matt kept asking me questions, but I could only answer, “Honey, I have no idea what is going on.”

It never dawned on me that what we’d just seen on television might be a terrorist attack.

I wanted to keep watching, but I was also homeschooling. “Okay,

Matt, let's get back to your studies," I told him and turned off the television. We'd just finished an experiment using pie pans and water to show how water evaporates and leaves a residue behind. We were so excited that this experiment had actually worked since Matt and I weren't too great at science experiments. We'd even left the pie pan sitting out to reenact our successful experiment for Brian later that evening when he arrived home.

Matt and I moved back to the kitchen island to work on our history lesson.

Actually, as I thought about it later, I realized how odd it was that we turned off the television. Normally I wouldn't have done that. I would have phoned or e-mailed Brian at work to give him the news. Yet for some reason I had an uneasy feeling about calling him.

We were in the middle of history when our neighbor Sara called. "Is your TV on?" she asked. Her voice sounded panicky.

"No, we're working on history."

"The Pentagon has been hit."

I nearly dropped the phone. I couldn't believe it. I yelled to Matt, "The Pentagon has been hit!" and raced toward the television.

It felt as if I were running in slow motion to get to that television.

I flipped it on and watched in horror as giant flames shot from the gaping hole in the side of the Pentagon. The news showed an aerial view of the flames everywhere and the black smoke spewing from the building.

Then I spotted the Pentagon air traffic control tower and helipad. Behind it I could see the blazing fire and smoke.

I gasped. *Oh no. No, no, no!*

Matt kept saying, "Mom, that's not Dad's side of the building! Dad is on the other side of the building! It's *not him.*"

But I knew the truth. Brian's office was behind that helipad—and his window had flames coming out of it. Brian's department had just moved into that newly renovated wedge of the Pentagon eight to ten weeks earlier. When he'd moved in, I had gone with him to help unpack boxes. I had sat at his desk and watched the rain fall on that helipad. I had looked out that window that now had flames spitting from it.

“Mom,” Matt said, increasingly looking scared, “that’s *not* Dad!”

“Honey, I pray you’re right,” was all I could say. I felt in my heart he wasn’t right. But what could I say to him? “No, Matt, you’re wrong”? I knew that no matter what happened, I had to be strong for my son. I couldn’t fall apart.

Yet all I really wanted to do was to start screaming. For us, for Brian. Instead, with a calm that was not my own, I said, “Matt, honey, let’s pray for Dad.”

I’ve never prayed so hard in my life. We prayed for Brian to be safe, for him not to be in the office, for him to be out running an errand, retrieving documents, in a meeting, even getting a doughnut for his boss! Something, *anything*. Just please, *please* don’t let him be in his office.

After Matt and I prayed, I tried to call Brian’s office, and the phone rang and rang, as if nothing had happened and yet all of the people were suddenly gone. It was creepy. Then I called Brian’s cell phone. While I knew he wouldn’t have his cell phone on because it didn’t work inside the thick walls of the Pentagon, I was hoping against hope that, for some reason, he might have turned it on. When I got his voice mail, I hung up.

We were glued to the television set. The more I watched the gruesomeness, the enormity of what had happened, the more my heart told me this wasn’t going to be a good outcome. I sat on the couch and knew that if Brian had been sitting at his desk or in his department, he was now standing at the throne of God. We would never see him again.

My mind battled between staying calm and going hysterical. I knew I couldn’t think the worst or I would fall apart. So I called my friend Debbie Vance, who attends our church, and explained that I was sure we were in big trouble. Then I asked her to come over. I needed a friend for comfort and support, someone just to sit with me. I also asked her to call our church and tell our pastors that Brian was in the area of the Pentagon that had been hit and to ask them to pray for him.

While we waited for Debbie to arrive, Matt started to melt down. He became overwhelmed with the realization of what was happening and began punching the walls in the dining room. He cried. He yelled. He groaned. He paced back and forth around the house. And he kept telling me, “No, Dad’s okay. It’s not his side of the building. He’s fine. *Fine.*”

It was gut-wrenching to watch him. No twelve-year-old should have to go through what our son did. No mom should have to watch, helpless. It was agonizing to feel so intensely powerless.

While we waited for any word, I phoned Brian’s mom, his brother, Wade, and my best friend, Karen, in North Carolina. I told them that Brian’s area had been hit, but that was all I knew.

That was the most difficult—not knowing. I was watching my husband’s office burning and had no idea where he was or how he was. I needed to know what had happened to him. I needed to know he was alive.

Just then the doorbell rang. It was one of my neighbors, who wanted to offer support but didn’t know what to say. We stood awkwardly silent at the door for a few minutes, then I told him I needed to get back to the television, to see if the newscasters had any more details.

Finally Matt couldn’t take it anymore. “I have to get out of here,” he said and ran out of the house.

I called my sister, Connie. I was pretty calm talking to everybody else—I was able to give them what details I knew to get through the conversations. But as soon as Connie answered the phone, I started to sob.

“I don’t know how I can do this without Brian,” I cried. “I don’t think he’s going to survive this. What am I going to do? How are Matt and I going to go on? How is Matt going to go on without a dad?” We both sobbed uncontrollably on the phone. But when Matt returned, I wiped my eyes, told Connie I needed to go, then tried to pull myself together.

We waited and watched TV for another two hours. While we waited to hear news of Brian, Matt took several walks. And all the while I kept praying—praying for the best but thinking the worst.

★*Brian*

I’d stopped moving. *This is the end*, I thought. I was still gasping for air; it felt as if I’d opened an oven door and was breathing in the hot air. Yet I wouldn’t struggle anymore—even though the fire and pain seared through my body. At that moment the building became absolutely quiet to me. I didn’t hear the shrill, blaring sounds still screeching around me.

I lay on the floor and wondered when my soul would depart from my

body—and what it would feel like. While I didn't know exactly what to expect, I knew it had to be better than what I was currently enduring. As I focused on eternity, I was enveloped by an absolute silence, an absolute peace . . . as if what was happening in the building wasn't really happening. I was separated from everything going on around me. God was in that place with me—it was just him and me. And while the pain was excruciating, I felt indescribable peace.

I waited to see the light of that tunnel into eternity, which I'd heard so many people with near-death experiences discuss. So I waited.

And waited.

But the light never came.

I lay there waiting, with my face toward the ground. While it may have taken no more than two minutes, it felt like hours. I had no sense of time or space. I started to think, *Okay, Lord. Come on. Let's get on with this thing. What are you waiting for? I'm here. I'm ready.*

Suddenly, on the left side of my face, I felt something trickle past my eye and run down my cheek. It wasn't a huge gush, just a small stream. It wasn't warm, so I knew it wasn't blood. It was cold; it was water. Somehow I had landed under one of the working sprinkler systems, and the sprinkler began dousing the fire that was consuming me.

My face was the only place I could feel the water. Because of my sensory overload, the rest of my body was reacting as if I were completely numb, so I didn't know if I was wet anywhere else. I just knew I was no longer on fire.

Smoke still swirled around me; nothing had changed. But with the touch of that water, everything changed: My courage was renewed to try to escape again.

I opened my eyes. My face was pointed toward the ground. As I looked around at floor level I could see large pieces of sheet rock, splintered two-by-fours, glass, aluminum framing, ceiling panels, lighting fixtures, electrical wiring everywhere.

I could see the floor because the smoke was still above me, so I glanced behind me. It was black. Then I looked in front of me and saw a dim light in the distance, down a long stretch of corridor. It was like being out at sea and seeing a fog lamp but not the source of the lamp; you just

see the effects of it. While I couldn't see where the light was coming from, I could see its effects on the floor.

I knew I was in the corridor, in close proximity to the point of impact. I sensed that I was still close to the bathroom.

Somehow I was able to get some of my bearings. I squinted down the corridor behind me toward the E-Ring and could see the total darkness.

Suddenly I was reoriented. The fire was out around me. *Okay, I'm not dead yet*, I thought, *so now I need to get to medical attention—quickly.*

The rest of the corridor filled with black smoke. I knew now I had to move rapidly toward the light, which I figured was toward the A-Ring, toward the inner court of the Pentagon. Since I was between the D- and E-Rings, the A-Ring was at least fifty yards away, half the length of a football field. And everything was completely dark.

I took a deep breath, coughed, and tried to get to my feet again. This time it didn't seem to take as much effort. I reached out my arm and located a wall beside me, which I used to hoist myself up. I determined I was lying next to the far wall, across from the bathroom.

I still had trouble balancing, and I bounced into the walls. But slowly I began to stagger, stiffly groping my way down the corridor, over the rubble, and toward the light.

There was enough light for me to see the damage to my arms. I saw a large chunk of skin dangling from my left arm. Mostly my arm was black. Not only was I burned, I was covered with ash, dirt, soot, and debris.

My survival instincts clicked on again. I tried not to think about what I'd seen hanging from my arm.

In the meantime I struggled to breathe. My lungs had been burned from the intense heat, and I had inhaled aerosolized fuel. I could taste the jet fuel in my mouth. I breathed in smoke, choking and coughing. Even though I was breathing, my body was still being deprived of oxygen, as if I was holding my breath. It felt like someone had knocked the wind out of me. I tried to suck in the oxygen, but I just couldn't get any.

My adrenaline kicked in. I realized that while I was no longer on fire, I was still in serious trouble. I started to stagger more quickly—almost frantically—over or around the debris. Once I started moving down the corridor away from the smoke, there was still enough light for me to see

more of the extent of the damage from the concussion and blast. Flimsy ceiling tiles flapped around, and other light fixtures and electrical lines dangled dangerously.

I knew I had to walk straight down the closed corridor; I couldn't enter any of the other rings to reach safety because each ring could be accessed only with a special security badge. I wasn't cleared for those rings, and anyway, my badge was cooked.

As I worked my way toward the B-Ring, I noticed I couldn't see the escalators at the end of the corridor in the A-Ring.

This is bad, I realized. The fire door between the B-Ring and A-Ring had been closed. Behind me was the point of impact. To my front, the fire door. To my left all access doors were locked. To my right everything was still covered by the renovation plywood from the areas under construction.

There was no escape.

SCRIPTURES FOR COMFORT

We leaned on these verses for comfort and strength through the dark days of Brian's hospital stay.

"Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous! Do not tremble or be dismayed, for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go."

Joshua 1:9

He keeps the feet of His godly ones, but the wicked ones are silenced in darkness; for not by might shall a man prevail. Those who contend with the Lord will be shattered; against them He will thunder in the heavens, the Lord will judge the ends of the earth; and He will give strength to His king, and will exalt the horn of His anointed. 1 Samuel 2:9-10

Now I know that the Lord saves His anointed; He will answer him from His holy heaven, with the saving strength of His right hand. Psalm 20:6

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the defense of my life; whom shall I dread? Psalm 27:1

The Lord is their strength, and He is a saving defense to His anointed. Psalm 28:8

The Lord will give strength to His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace. Psalm 29:11

The Lord looks from heaven; He sees all the sons of men; from His dwelling place He looks out on all the inhabitants of the earth, He who fashions the hearts of them all, He who understands all their works. The king is not saved by a mighty army; a warrior is not delivered by great strength. . . .

Behold, the eye of the Lord is on those who fear Him, on those who hope for His lovingkindness, to deliver their soul from death and to keep them alive in famine. Our soul waits for the Lord; He is our help and our shield. For our heart rejoices in Him, because we trust in His holy name. Let Your lovingkindness, O Lord, be upon us, according as we have hoped in You. Psalm 33:13-16, 18-22

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46:1

Ascribe strength to God; His majesty is over Israel and His strength is in the skies. O God, You are awesome from Your sanctuary. The God of Israel Himself gives strength and power to the people. Blessed be God!
Psalm 68:34-35

My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. Psalm 73:26

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the Lord, "My refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust!" For it is He who delivers you from the snare of the trapper and from the deadly pestilence. He will cover you with His pinions, and under His wings you may seek refuge; His faithfulness is a shield and bulwark.

You will not be afraid of the terror by night, or of the arrow that flies by day; of the pestilence that stalks in darkness, or of the destruction that lays waste at noon. A thousand may fall at your side and ten thousand at your right hand, but it shall not approach you. You will only look on with your eyes and see the recompense of the wicked. For you have made the Lord, my refuge, even the Most High, your dwelling place. No evil will befall you, nor will any plague come near your tent.

For He will give His angels charge concerning you, to guard you in all your ways. They will bear you up in their hands, that you do not strike your foot against a stone. You will tread upon the lion and cobra, the young lion and the serpent you will trample down.

"Because he has loved Me, therefore I will deliver him; I will set him securely on high, because he has known My name. He will call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will rescue him and honor him. With a long life I will satisfy him and let him see My salvation." Psalm 91

The Lord reigns, He is clothed with majesty; the Lord has clothed and girded Himself with strength; indeed, the world is firmly established, it will not be moved. Psalm 93:1

For the Lord is a great God and a great King above all gods, in whose hand are the depths of the earth, the peaks of the mountains are His also.
Psalm 95:3-4

Splendor and majesty are before Him, strength and beauty are in His sanctuary. Psalm 96:6

On the day I called, You answer me; You made me bold with strength in my soul. Psalm 138:3

O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, You have covered my head in the day of battle. Psalm 140:7

The way of the Lord is a stronghold to the upright, but ruin to the workers of iniquity. Proverbs 10:29

By wisdom a house is built, and by understanding it is established; and by knowledge the rooms are filled with all precious and pleasant riches. A wise man is strong, and a man of knowledge increases power. For by wise guidance you will wage war, and in abundance of counselors there is victory. Proverbs 24:3-6

Trust in the Lord forever, for in God the Lord, we have an everlasting Rock. For He has brought low those who dwell on high, the unassailable city; He lays it low, He lays it low to the ground, He casts it to the dust. The foot will trample it, the feet of the afflicted, the steps of the helpless. The way of the righteous is smooth; O Upright One, make the path of the righteous level. Isaiah 26:4-7

And He will be the stability of your times, a wealth of salvation, wisdom and knowledge; the fear of the Lord is his treasure. Isaiah 33:6

“If anyone is thirsty, let him come to Me and drink. He who believes in Me, as the Scripture said, ‘From His innermost being will flow rivers of living water.’” John 7:37-38

And my God will supply all your needs according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:19