

Dear Friends,

The spiritual father I was speaking of in the previous pages was truly a spiritual “daddy” to both my husband and myself. He was diagnosed with brain cancer in April and went home to be with the Lord in September. We prayed, we spoke “Words of Life”, many were in agreement for his healing and the doctors did everything they could do. He never really responded positively to treatment. It was a very painful time for all who loved him. It became obvious that God was calling him home and I was blessed to have visited him the day before he left. On the drive to his house I was fussing with God. (Yes, I do that!) If you read Psalms and the books Moses wrote you’ll see I’m in pretty good company. God is my friend and I am confident in our relationship. I can be honest with Him about what I’m feeling. I know He knows and understands me better than anyone. I was crying and upset and asked Him, “Why didn’t the Words of Life bring life to my dear one’s body? I knew when I was going through my battle with cancer he was praying for me and I was healed! Why wasn’t he?” The Lord spoke so gently to my heart, “You go back and read the Words of Life. Every word is fulfilled when I call him home.” Of course the first thing I did when I got there was to read them to him and God was right! It is humbling and comforting to realize and know that He is bound to His will, not mine. His Word is TRUE!! My job is to trust Him. Death is not defeat. For my dear “spiritual daddy” it was graduation. I am often comforted now with the vision of him sitting among that great cloud of witnesses mentioned in Hebrews 12:1. He is watching and cheering me on just as he had always done. I share this with you to comfort you. As I have been comforted (1Cor.1:3&4.)

He wants to be YOUR friend,
Jan