

What It Really Means for the Holy Spirit to Be Your Comforter

Do you need God's comfort in your life now? We all do from time to time. And there are areas in life that we need His comfort and strength even more. If this is where you are now in life, allow me to encourage you to seek His Spirit, the Holy Spirit. He is the Comforter of God for you.

I am coming to the first-year anniversary of my dad's passing from this earth. And his passing was very painful for me. And yet, God blessed my time with him during his last days above and beyond that which I could have ever asked of my heavenly Father. Our time together was so rich and full; we talked about everything and anything. We prayed together and talked about what it would be like in heaven. And he asked me, "What's going to happen to me when I die?" And he wasn't talking about eternal life, we had already prayed together for forgiveness and making sure he was in right standing with our Lord and Savior. He was asking me about the death process. And I quickly answered him just like I would answer you, "Dad, according to the Bible, God is just going to take your breath away." And I demonstrated it to him at his bedside, I breathed in and I breathed out. And I told him, "Then you will be with the Lord."

We did not see eye-to-eye on everything in life, especially when it came to God's healing power. And I had to forgive him and release him to his own will and belief on all of this. I also had to forgive his pastor and the denomination that took such a hideous stance against the power of the Holy Spirit to heal today. And from my perspective, this was the hardest part of his death. And this is one area I had to call down upon the power and strength of the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. My dad

would not allow me to override his will in this, and never permitted me to lay hands upon him for his healing. Do you think this was easy for me? I'm a healing evangelist, I have seen more amazing healings than books could ever contain, and yet I was not allowed to pray for my own dad's healing. Like I said, I needed the power and the strength of the Holy Spirit, my Comforter.

My dad grew up with the belief that you never questioned the doctor's advice. You did exactly as he or she said. But in the end, my dad confided in me that he regrets having done everything his doctor said. He wished he hadn't. At least he was honest with me in this.

My last visit with my dad was precious to me and painful at the same time. I had to return to Guatemala, and my brother brought me to see him before dropping me off at the airport. I woke him up and just chatted and hugged him as I tended to his needs.

It wasn't until later that I had realized that I was ministering to my dad at his feet, similar to what I share about in *Greater Than Magic* about how my dad, without knowing it, taught me how to minister to the Lord and to worship Him.

When my dad would come home from a hard day's work, I would kneel at his feet, untie his boots and take them off for him. And as I was ministering to my dad's needs, he would pick up his little girl and love on her. And it was by this daily time spent with my dad as a young girl that I learned how to sit at the feet of my Lord Jesus and spend time with Him and minister to Him and worship Him.

My dad's last words to me when it came time to say our final goodbyes was, "Becky, no matter what happens, remember that I will always love you." I went home to Guatemala and within three days, he had passed on to his home in glory with the Lord. And I was told that when my dad passed, he went quickly,

just as he and I had discussed.

I returned to the States for my dad's funeral and after that weekend's service, and my husband, children and grandchildren left, and my brothers and their families had left, I was alone in my parent's home. I was feeling very sad at that moment and asked the Comforter to show me my dad. And he did in a vision, not once but twice since then. My dad was not in his late 80s anymore. He was not a teenager, but was more like in his early 30s. He was walking in the woods, which was an everyday event for him, as my parents owned quite a bit of wooded property. It was a summer day, and the light was golden and warm and there he was, standing and looking at me with a gentle smile.

Before leaving my parents' house for the last time after my dad's funeral, while waiting for my brother to pick me up to bring me to the airport, I knelt down on the floor in what was once my bedroom (and still was, all these years later) and cried out to the Comforter, the Holy Spirit for His grace to get up from my knees and walk forward in His grace. And He was faithful to me in this, and still is.

We all lose people we love at one time or another in this life. And it's not easy to say goodbye to those you love. But I want you to know you do not have to walk this alone. Call out to the Comforter for His grace to help you through this great loss in your life.

"But the Helper (Comforter, Advocate, Intercessor—Counselor, Strengtheners, Standby), the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name [in My place, to represent Me and act on My behalf], He will teach you all things. And He will help you remember everything that I have told you" (John 14:26, AMP).
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