

When Praying in The Holy Spirit Could Mean the Difference Between Life and Death

Early on the morning of Wednesday, February 9, 2022, I had a decision to make. I could go back to sleep for a couple more hours and get up just in time to begin my work-from-home job at 9 a.m., or I could do something I'd only done maybe once before: forego those extra two hours of rest and ride with my wife to drop off our three children, who each attend a different school.

The bed had rarely felt as cozy and comfortable as it did that morning, because it was only about four and a half hours earlier that I'd crawled into it after an extended time of uninterrupted prayer and communion with God. The previous day, my wife's therapist had recommended that I ride with her when she went to pick up the kids from school. That was because Jennifer had been dealing with suicidal urges – the professionals call it suicidal ideation – for about two weeks, and that Tuesday morning her urges had reached a point that the therapist thought it best that I ride with her that evening as a precautionary measure.

The therapist didn't mention a need for me to tag along for the next morning's school drop-offs, nor did she give any instructions on how to proceed beyond Tuesday evening.

But when I woke up on that Wednesday morning, I felt the still, small voice of the Holy Spirit prompting me to ride with Jennifer, even though she assured me she was OK to drive alone. Before we get into what happened next, let's tap the brakes for a moment and backpedal to the wee hours of

Wednesday morning.

I stayed up late Tuesday night planning to get some writing work done, but when I sat down in front of the computer in my home office, I couldn't shake the foreboding feeling that Jennifer was in real trouble. So instead of working, I worshipped – for the better part of two hours – while also praying in the Holy Spirit.

At one point, I felt the presence of the Lord so strongly, and I was so broken about Jennifer's condition, that I got down on the floor on my knees and buried my head into my office chair. I'm not sure exactly how long I stayed in that position, but my spirit was grieving as it never had before. Yet it was in those dark moments that God reminded me He was with me, because His Holy Spirit prayed through me in such a way that I had no control of the words proceeding from my mouth.

About six hours later, I learned that my quiet time with God was His way of preparing my heart and mind for that very day. Immediately after dropping our last child off at school, I asked Jennifer again if she was OK. It was then – and not a minute before – that she confessed she had a plan to take her life shortly after the final school drop-off when she could be alone.

Now more than two months later, the Lord has touched Jennifer in a profound and life-changing way (which I'll describe in detail on another day). She's thankfully in a much better headspace, and she's even started talking about writing a book about her near encounter with death – and how the Lord stopped her. God has certainly touched her in a mighty way these last few weeks, and I couldn't be more grateful.

I also couldn't be more grateful that the Holy Spirit led me to ride along on the morning of February 9. Had it not been for His prodding – and me being attuned to what He was telling me to do, and then obeying – the outcome likely would have

been very different that day. It could have been the worst day of my life and the last day of Jennifer's life.

But praise be unto God and the resurrecting power of His Holy Spirit who "Himself intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words" when we don't know how to pray (Rom. 8:26, MEV). I didn't know how to pray in the early morning hours of February 9. I just knew I needed help from heaven.

Thankfully, that help came from the One who Jesus said "the Father will send in My name [to] teach you everything and remind you of all that I told you." That One is "the Counselor, the Holy Spirit" (John 14:26, MEV).

If you take anything from this article, I hope it's that getting alone with God and worshipping in sweet solitude provides fertile ground for the Holy Spirit to pray through us. And when He does, it could even be the difference between life and death. {eo}

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