

When the Holy Spirit Foils the Enemy's Destructive Plans

We all know the Holy Spirit is our Helper. We know He leads and guides us. We know He is our peace. We know He shows us things to come. We know He is faithful, trustworthy and He has our back.

I got a deeper revelation of all of these realities on a recent ministry trip to London and Spain. I was having the time of my life establishing a New Breed Revival Network field office in the United Kingdom with Ryan LeStrange. The glory of God was rich. The fire of God was falling—and in the midst of all this supernatural fun I got a check in my spirit.

It wasn't a still small voice giving me an instruction. It was just an impression in my spirit—a knowing that something wasn't quite right. I felt an urgency to check the safety of my passport. It wasn't in the pocket in which I always secure it. It wasn't in any of the other pockets either. Rather than panicking, I decided to embrace the glory in the meeting and deal with it later. After all, what could I do in that moment? So kept this to myself and jumped in the river of revival.

When I got back to the hotel, I searched through all my bags diligently. The passport was nowhere to be found. I looked under the bed, in every drawer and in places it couldn't possibly be just in case—but to no avail. At that point, I texted one of my intercessors back in the States and asked her to pray and start researching my alternatives.

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Not surprisingly, it wasn't an easy road from there. I had to

rush to Birmingham, about three hours away, the following day. Trains were late. Traffic was out of control. The night meeting ran over because the miracle healing power of God was flowing. We wound up finding a passport photo station around 11 p.m. and finally returned to the hotel sometime after 1 a.m. I had scheduled an appointment at the U.S. Embassy the next morning at 8:30 to get a new passport and printed out all the necessary documents but I would need to leave by 7:30 and navigate my way through the London Underground to make it happen.

Or so I thought. The Holy Spirit knew that despite the best advice given me, I would never get to my next assignment if I left the hotel at 7:30. He woke me up with a sudden flash at 6:40 and an urgent unction to rush out. I showered as fast as I could and fled toward the Underground with five hours of sleep and no idea how to get where I was going—and no train tickets. But the Holy Spirit is faithful. Two men in the lobby gave me their payment cards with more than enough funds to get to the Embassy and back 10 times!

It took me over two hours on the Underground and on foot to get to the Embassy, where I learned I had to walk another several blocks and hire a service to store my laptop. I was late for my appointment and stood in a long line with confident expectation that somehow I'd get emergency travel documents in time to travel across London and catch my flight.

When God Does a Money Miracle

All was going well, until the credit card machines at the Embassy went down. I do not carry much cash, and was told I could not get the passport without hard money. I had counted my money the night before and it was about \$100. I needed \$135. I counted it that morning and it was \$132. I was still short \$3 but a man in the Embassy sowed \$3 into my life and I was soon on my way to the airport. For all the bogus money miracles false prophets propagate, this one was genuine and

had a purpose—provision in a pinch to deliver me from the enemy's plans.

I ran into other obstacles at the airport with my luggage but thankfully a red-haired security worker showed me Father's favor and allowed me to cut through the seemingly mile-long line of people moving through the checkpoint. I never would have made it otherwise. (I always say, we redheads have to stick together.) I walked onto the plane in just enough time to take my seat and make my flight to Amsterdam. Actually, we're about to land there now as I write these words.

My host in London, Oscar Guobadia, was amazed the incident didn't frazzle me. The peace of God that passes all understanding was guarding my heart and mind in Christ Jesus. After all, He gave me an unction to search for the passport two days before I headed to Spain. Clearly, He had a plan.

Remember, the Holy Ghost has a purpose in everything He does. He doesn't reveal things to your heart or mind so that you can worry, fret or fear. He doesn't show you what's to come so you can stress out and stay up at night. In this case, He made sure I had ample time to get a new passport and make my flight. He is faithful to alert us. Our job is to stay sensitive enough to His Spirit to follow His lead. {eo}