



Hearing God

Isn't it amazing that God speaks to us! He loves us! He wants to be in relationship with us even when we think we least deserve it.

I have heard God in different ways and at various times throughout my walk with Jesus and thank goodness I have! Gentle wise counsel in thoughts when I most need it, help when praying not knowing what to say, experience of physical sensations, emotional feelings, occasionally pictures, dreams and sometimes through specific instructions which are hard to understand at the time. However, I don't regard myself as particularly prophetically gifted! Through the above I have come to understand that despite my many flaws and failings God loves me and sometimes I have managed to hear Him!

Sometimes He gives people warnings; some just for us, sometimes for a wider audience . Soon after moving to a new area (Cliftonville in Thanet, Kent) on one sunny Sunday morning I heard God telling me to return home and not attend our local church service. It seemed illogical especially as my husband had not received a similar message but I felt it was important so I told my husband I was returning home, even though at that point I wasn't sure why. My husband continued to walk to church. After entering the house, I couldn't settle and started to wonder why I had felt so strongly to return home. My elderly mother was sitting in the back garden, my youngest daughter was still in bed upstairs as was my sister in law and her daughter. So I hovered in our dining room near to the front door. Suddenly I heard the sound of breaking glass – then silence. I waited trying to process what I had heard and I rang my husband on my mobile phone to say I thought a someone was trying to break in. Then I moved to the hallway where I could view the front door. I watched as the glass panel broke in front of me and a hand came through to open the door handle. A strange middle aged man opened the door and entered the house. He looked at me and I stared back at him. I grabbed a nearby torch and shouted at him to get out of our house. The man turned on his heels and walked out of our house. I rang the police and my husband arrived home having left the church service.

It turned out through finger print evidence that the man was well known to the police and who also attended our local church outreach weekday coffee mornings and evenings – in fact I had even served him coffee a few months earlier although I didn't recognise him in such a different context. It seems he had chosen Sunday morning as he knew my husband would be at church. I have often wondered why my husband wasn't also given a similar message from God, he has heard from God often. Maybe we all wonder sometimes why a certain person hears from God at a particular time and not others? God speaks, God loves us and wants to communicate with us!

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