

The
Holy Spirit,
My Best Friend

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My Difficulties His Lesson Plans

The Holy Spirit revealed His presence in unexpected ways. Within all the brokenness, He revealed Himself as a source of comfort and strength in challenging times.

I remember one particular day when I went with my mother to buy milk. As soon as we entered the shop, I realised this was beyond what I could handle. The store doubled in size due to double vision. The number of shelves and products doubled. I could not determine if the person walking towards me was the actual person or their mirrored reflection. The overwhelming sensory input forced me to stand still with closed eyes, using the coffee tins behind me for orientation. It required every bit of my remaining energy to do this.

While waiting, my mother hurriedly went to get the milk. Panic started to set in as a few minutes went by. Where is my mother? When is she coming?

Unexpectedly, within a split second, I sensed Him say: *“Dinelle, you do not know where your mother is. You do not even know where you are in this shop. But I know exactly where you are in the Pick & Pay of your life. I am not confused or lost about where you are in your life.”*

I was stunned. I was so focused on my distress in the shop that He was the furthest thing from my mind. But, at that moment, I realised He was as real as the coffee tins behind me. The Holy Spirit was a Person, gentle and compassionate, not just a mere power. There was no doubt in my mind; I knew He was communicating with me.

Throughout the car ride home, I felt the painful strain in my eyes and the familiar nausea, but most importantly, I sensed the Holy Spirit’s presence. I was surprised that He made Himself known in a shopping centre when I wasn’t even thinking about Him.

He had shown up once, and it intrigued me. The Bible says we will hear a soft voice behind us, telling us where to go or what to do (***Isaiah 30:21***). I was intrigued by the gentle character of the Holy Spirit and wanted to know more. He caught my attention, and His introduction sparked a desire to learn more about Him. Sadness and anger were now replaced with hope and curiosity.

In the days following, my focus changed from lying on my bed, moping about all the misfortunes in my life, to wondering who this amazing person was. My mind was filled with

questions about Him, talking to Him about the amazement He made me feel in the shopping centre. This introduction was only the beginning; He was determined to continue making Himself known, and He had no limits on how He would do it. He even creatively used my dreams at night.

There is one such dream I will never forget. That night, I dreamt of a man in a wheelchair trapped in a room. Another man rode a wild horse outside the room, as if in a rodeo contest. The man confined to the wheelchair also strongly desired to ride horses outside. Suddenly, the room was filled with an abundance of butterflies. They circled, searching for a way out, unaware that the open door was next to them. In the dream, the man, while still in the wheelchair, suddenly could ride and tame the wild horse, while still in his wheelchair.

I woke up with the same intense longing to engage in meaningful activities as the man with the wheelchair in my dream. I instantly knew there were millions of people like me, trapped in some disability, who yearned to live a whole, meaningful life. It was emotionally overwhelming, and I knew something had to be done. I, and others like me, could not merely make 'peace' with our lives and carry on with no purpose.

Without me realising, God was creating a yearning that would inspire innovation. I was determined to reclaim my life and live with purpose once more. Giving up when plans made failed was not an option. This did not mean that feelings of despair

would not visit often. Unbeknownst to me, the Lord would use those moments to reveal more about Himself.

Little did I know that in February 2024, while writing this book, I would watch a movie on Netflix called *Walk, Ride, Rodeo*. It was about a young woman, Amberley Snyder. She loved and excelled at rodeo competitions. Then, a car accident left her paralysed from the waist down. It was an autobiography about her life. The remarkable thing was that she was still in a wheelchair but was doing barrel racing during rodeo competitions! I was literally watching my dream playing out in reality! You can check out Amberly Snyder's Facebook page called *Walk, Ride, Rodeo*, where she can be seen in her wheelchair with her horses. God never ceases to amaze me!

After the wheelchair dream, it became an obsession to find one meaningful task I was able to complete. One day stood out. Frustration had set in because double vision stopped all my attempts to complete whatever little task I had in mind. That day, I decided to paint a wall in my office. The wall was big, and I reasoned it would be impossible for me to make any mistakes. After painting only one square metre, my overwhelmed body told me to stop. Sit down.

At that moment, rage boiled in my heart. Pent-up emotions from the past year and a half exploded as I lost my temper. Yelling and screaming, I hit my fists against the silent wall like a child in a meltdown. Exhausted, I collapsed onto the carpet, my back against the wall, crying. Suddenly, I was very

aware of the Holy Spirit's presence. He made it clear that He didn't like my lack of control. Like a weeping child, I replied, "*Yes, Lord, but...*" and poured out my heart about everything in my life that I cherished and had now vanished forever. Throughout, He remained silent, simply listening. He offered no judgement, criticism, or interruption. He truly *listened* to me. I knew I had His full, undivided attention.

Eventually, when my rage and distress turned to silence, I heard Him say: "*Dinelle, what do you have left?*"

I felt drained, tired, and ashamed. In the empty chambers of my heart, I searched for what was left of my once energetic life.

"*I can listen, Lord,*" I softly responded.

Then came His next question: "*What can you do with what you have left?*"

What a question to ask. Now, the Lord had my undivided attention. I couldn't stop thinking about his question the entire week. Somehow, without realising it, I was surrounded by people with disabilities. A lady whose foot was amputated, and a man whose leg was amputated at his knee. Another lady suffered from retinitis pigmentosa and nearly lost her vision. Among the group was Gerhard, who happened to be completely blind. With no idea what to anticipate, a single phone call was all it took for them to agree to gather at our house.