
Subject: Fathers

Posted by [GWB](#) on Mon, 21 Dec 2009 17:53:05 GMT

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In light of our task of overcoming, as mentioned on the "Asking for prayer" thread, I would like to share something about the role of fathers.

I had an awesome, Godly father here on this earth. He was always loving, tender, kind and gentle. That relationship has, undoubtedly, touched my relationship with my Heavenly Father in a positive, powerful way.

Out of five siblings, I was Daddy's little girl. I believe my father made all of his children feel this way. The longer I live, the more I realize this fact. In saying this, I have learned to embrace my Heavenly Father in the same way. I am my Heavenly Father's girl (Daddy's little girl; Abba).

When my earthly father was alive, he would acknowledge anything I did wrong with a sad and confused look towards me or the other siblings. It was as if he was asking, "Why?" His expression was not condemning or troublesome other than the fact that I was disappointing him.

He had given us everything a young baby boomer family could want, in light of love and acceptance. My father's name is a good name, to this day in our small town. Those, who really matter, know that our family was given the goods to succeed. Did we have money? No. Were we members of the local country club? No. When my father was young, he was a track star. He passed onto his children the baton of a Godly heritage. Was it a tough handoff? Absolutely! Having had such a good example, it is now something I strive to walk in everyday. It is not easy, but just like my earthly father, His grace and mercy is sufficient.

At one critical point in my life, my father's death, I had a dream. The Father has always used dreams to show me things. Also, there is a huge difference between common dreams and dreams from Him. They are like night and day.

In reality, there is a field separating some family land and other community developments. At the end of this field is a beautiful cemetery. In the dream, my father was standing beside a very large statue that sits in the cemetery, of Jesus praying before His crucifixion. He was looking back and forth between the statue and the family land; he seemed very distressed. It was the same look on his face when we would disappoint him when he was alive. Upon waking, I knew that my earthly father, as well as, my Heavenly Father was always concerned about the spiritual choices of their children. My Dad did everything he could to teach us the boundaries we have spiritually. I knew when I was "pushing the envelope."

Let me make it clear that my father did not come to me in a dream after death. That is occult and an abomination before God. We also know that people are either in heaven or hell after death and

entities can imitate the dead when given the opportunity. It was just a scene I was observing in a dream.

I believe that I will be judged according to the Light I have received. I have been given much. As of late, it has made me walk lightly upon this earth. Every word I have spoken, and written, will be flashed before me like a billboard. Every thought, motive, and action will be there as well, especially towards my brothers and sisters in Him.

Dr. Freeman always stressed that we could pray for grace and forgiveness. I do every single day, especially when I know I have "pushed the envelope" and have disappointed Him.

My hope is in Him and the power of His might. I cannot overcome, in this world, by myself, just as I could not raise myself in this earthly life without guidance from an earthly father. However, through His Word, prayer, learning His voice, and desiring to yield to Him, it is done by faith.

For me, therein lies the answer to overcoming; desire. I desire to be like my Dad and Abba; Father. How to walk in the difference between religiousness and genuineness will be tantamount to being an overcomer. I also believe that the fear of disappointing Him and shaming Him will be as well.

When my Dad died in the living room of our childhood home, I hugged his chest and did not want to let go. What an anchor he was to all of us; an ever present help in time of trouble. I looked up at his face and I saw that he was in the glory of heaven. It was a comfort that I will never forget when I miss my Dad.

I miss my Heavenly Father too. I get tired of being separated from Him. I want out of this mess called earth. The promise of eternally being with both, my earthly father, and my Heavenly Father, is also, what gives me the desire to continue the battle of overcoming. I also know that He has much for me to do here, and believe for, and that it is not about me. It is now about His will. When I am faithful to see things this way, it puts all people walking this earth and situations into perspective.

I want to encourage all of us. He loves us so much, regardless of our mistakes and blunders. His love is unconditional and merciful. What a mighty God we serve and what a wonderful Heavenly Father we have until we are face to face with Him and our loved ones. It will all be worth it.

Blessings,

GWB

"Be still and know that I am God."

Subject: Re: Fathers
Posted by [GWB](#) on Fri, 30 Nov 2012 10:29:05 GMT
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When Satan tries to whisper in my ear, I remember that I am His favorite. He is fond of me. Satan hates this bond because it is so powerful. It breaks all of his wicked plots.

You are His favorite, too!

Subject: Re: Fathers
Posted by [GWB](#) on Fri, 30 Nov 2012 12:44:54 GMT
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While I am on the subject of being a Belovedâ€™s favorite, I want to share what my grandmother pulled off for years and years.

When I was growing up, we had a large family, as well as, a huge extended family. The matriarch of this bunch was my grandmother; Mamaw. Mamaw was a strong and determined woman with a huge personality. She never met a stranger. We all loved and adored her.

There were always siblings or cousins around and it was hard to find time to be alone with her. When I did find those special "alone time" moments, Mamaw would always tell me that I was her favorite. This continued until the day she died. This always made me feel special in a huge family.

The funeral home was packed with people to send her off to heaven. Somehow, most of the cousins were standing by her casket. One spoke up and said, "You know, she always told me that I was her favorite." Necks began to jerk and twist while looking at each other. Another cousin defensively exclaimed, "Mamaw told me that I was her favorite, too!" One by one we were putting the pieces of the puzzle together. During all of our lifetimes, she told every, single one of her grandkids that they were her favorite! We ALL fell for it too! No one knew that she was telling each grandchild that they were her favorite our entire lives! LOL

I am carrying on that tradition with my own grandkids. I find the time to whisper, "You are my favorite!" in their ear. Oh, the smiles and twinkles I get when I tell them that!

We are Father's favorite, too. He has the same capability that Mamaw had all of those years! lol We are all different and unique, but we are always going to be His favorite. Once you realize this and grab on to this experience with Him, it will bring power into your life to overcome and do anything He wants you to do because you want to please Him. Maybe another way to express how I feel about "us" is that He has my back, and I have His. "Faith works by love." Galations 5:6 I am not sure, but maybe this is what that verse means.

You know that you are protected and loved. You want to make Him proud. I do believe that He is proud of us, at times. Why not? He is a Father! Sometimes, after being successful after trials, I know He is smiling and winking at me, just like my Mamaw and my earthly father did. He knows that I will step off of a cliff to please Him. Walking by faith will make you do that sometimes. But, I know that Father is going to be there to catch me, every single time, because I am His girl!

Again, YOU are too!!!
