

Hearing from the Holy Spirit

Every Christian who takes his or her Christianity seriously should expect to hear from the Holy Spirit. But what does that mean? Is it literal hearing? How does it happen?

Before I address any of this, I want to introduce to you the Hebrew name of the Holy Spirit. You've seen that I use the (transliterated) Hebrew names *Yeshua* and *Yehovah / YHVH* as well as the more typical *Jesus* and *God*. The transliterated Hebrew name of the Holy Spirit is ***Ruach haKodesh***. This is pronounced ROO-ach HA-ko-DESH. As with many non-English languages, the adjective follows the noun. So Ruach haKodesh, very strictly translated, is Spirit the Holy.

The Ruach can speak to you in a variety of ways. For example, it can be words which you "hear" in your mind. It can be a strong sensation. It can be a very light sensation, what I characterize as a "tap on the shoulder." The Ruach will use whatever method will best get your attention in the situation.

I have already written of several occasions in which I heard from Ruach haKodesh. I will now tell you of seven incidents in which the Ruach spoke to me in very particular ways.

1) The Visitors

My doorbell rang. I opened my door to find two women standing on my porch. Turned out they were Jehovah's Witnesses. One woman asked me something along the lines of, "Are you afraid of the terrible things that will be happening in the future?" "My" response to her was something like, "We're not supposed to be afraid. The Bible tells us of these things specifically so that we won't be afraid."

From that point we conversed for a few minutes, until somehow the subject of the trinity came up. This upset her, and she stated that the word is not in Scripture. I responded that while the word isn't in the Bible, the concept certainly is. As she and the other woman (who never spoke this whole time) turned and left, she said somewhat angrily over her shoulder, "Yeah, but the word isn't!"

And that was that.

You may have noted that I mentioned "my" response. I am telling you this with complete honesty: it felt as if the words were coming from outside my head. No doubt the women saw my mouth move, heard the words come from my mouth. But to me the words were coming from just to the right of my head, as if someone were standing behind me, speaking the words just over my right shoulder. Which as far as I'm concerned is exactly what Ruach haKodesh was doing.

This for me is akin to what is said in [Luke 12:11-12](#):

And when they bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates, and powers, take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say: For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.

2) The Wasp Nest

I was at my mother's house early one morning to take her shopping. Before we left, she asked me to go around the yard and gather any branches and fronds which had fallen overnight, and set

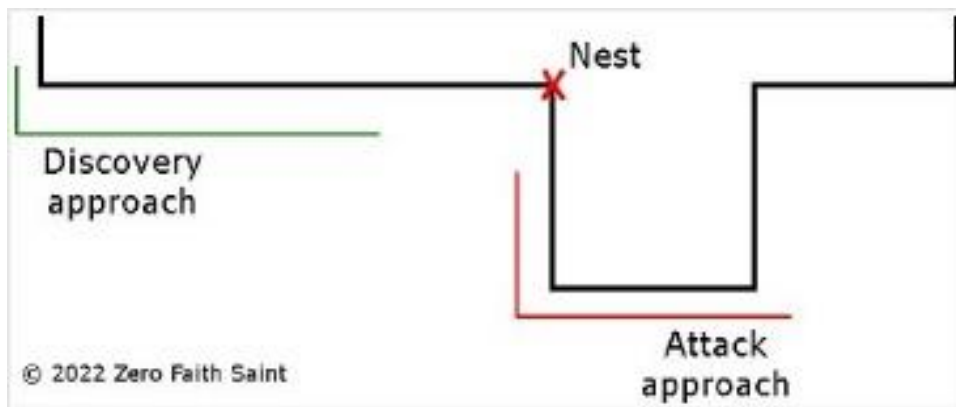
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them out front for the trash pick-up. As I walked around to the back of the house, something in the inside corner of the eave caught my eye.

It was a wasp nest. Usually when I've spotted such nests, they're quite small, "new builds" as it were; typically with only one wasp, rarely with more than three or four. This one was about the size of a lime, with twenty to thirty wasps on it.

I told my mom about this, and while we were out shopping I bought two cans of long-distance foaming nest spray. My intent was to get out there early the next morning, while it was still cool and the wasps still docile, to soak the nest. As we got home from shopping I felt the slightest urge to take the spray cans to the nest right away. But it was now of course later and warmer, and the wasps would be more active, so I brushed this off. As we finished bringing our goods into the house, I felt this urge again. Much to my surprise (upon reflection) I followed it.

When I was out the first time, I had gone around the long side of the back of the house. This time I went in the opposite direction, to approach the nest from the short sides of the back room, my idea being to "pop out" around the corner and hit the nest before the wasps could react.



I peeked around the corner to get a bead on the nest and "rehearse" in my head the aiming of the cans. But as I did a wasp flew out from the nest. I figured that was it: I had been spotted, and would have to run back into the house to avoid being swarmed. But that wasp went along the long side, while the others remained on the nest. Suddenly I heard in my head, very clearly:

"Go. Now. **GO.**"

I stepped around the corner, raised both cans and soaked the nest for several seconds. No other wasps left the nest as I did this.

And that was it. What could have been a very dangerous situation was (not including time since "discovery" of the nest) done in a matter of minutes.

I did go back out a day or two later to re-soak the nest, then later again with a tree pruner to knock down the nest. But because Ruach haKodesh gave me some gentle urging, and one clear instruction, the main task was completed on Day One.

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3) The Restaurant

Several years ago, a number of friends and I were regularly having get-togethers at a local restaurant; so much so that we developed a good relationship with the owner and several of the staff.

One particular evening we had been discussing a local municipal issue that was coming up for a vote. I happened to check out last that evening, and the owner and I discussed the matter further as I was paying my bill. A woman who was seated near the cashier position overheard us, and expressed her view on the matter, which was the opposite of the owner's and mine.

The owner and I each replied to her, defending our positions. She responded in kind, again defending hers. This back-&-forth didn't go on for very long when suddenly I felt the most astounding and literally physical sensation. It was as if a shaft of energy – I can describe it no other way – shot through my body from head to foot. This was quickly replaced by a “tugging” or “pulling” sensation, as if I were a life-size marionette, with its “main” string being strongly pulled upward through its body.

I was stunned into motionless silence. After a few moments I regained some small degree of clarity of mind, enough to throw a quick wave to the owner and bark “Good night!”, then head out the door.

As I walked from the restaurant back to my truck, the Ruach cleared up the situation for me: the woman was the owner's customer. It's also possible that she was a friend, even moreso than I was. I was clearly getting geared up to be (overly) enthusiastic in arguing the issue with her, to the degree that I may have eventually insulted her, potentially costing the owner not only her patronage but her friendship as well. This of course would also have damaged my friendship with him. The Ruach had to act swiftly and strongly to get me out of there and from in between them.

I just wish I could better impart to you the utter physicality of the sensation that night.

4) The Text

Like many businesses, my current employer offers a free smartphone app to employees to check schedules, request time off, and do other basic administrative tasks. However, at the time I was hired I had only a flip phone which could not download apps. So I used the company's employee website via my laptop.

A few months into my employment, my carrier made the switch to 5G, and I had to get a smartphone. Of course, this meant I could now use the app, so I installed it. The app requires a code texted to the phone to proceed beyond a certain point. I clicked the “Send text” button, and ...nothing. My phone didn't receive a text. I went through the log-in procedure again. Still nothing.

It occurred to me that maybe this was a built-in security feature, that perhaps my phone didn't accept texts from numbers not already in my Contacts list. So, I entered my company's main number.

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Again, nothing. At this point I began to panic. Despite being a nerd and geek, especially regarding tech stuff, I had early on developed a dislike for smartphones as a concept. Now I owned one, essentially without choice, and the wretched thing wasn't even doing something as basic as receive a text.

As my panic and frustration grew, I heard the gentle message, *Check the text*. This referred to texts from my employer received on my old flip phone. I went through that phone's text records, and found three types of entries: texts from our main number; texts from the Hiring Manager... and the security codes for the employee website, listed under a number I had rather generically labeled "Text".

I entered that number in my smartphone's Contacts, went into the employee app again – and received a texted code which allowed me to fully log-in and use the app.

(By the way, this entry is itself a gift from Ruach haKodesh. As I was jotting down notes for this series, Ruach reminded me of this event so I could include it.)

5) The Title

I had purchased a truck, and needed to sell my sedan. Eventually a fellow student in the Vocational class I was taking agreed to buy it, and we settled on a time and location to make the transfer.

It was now the day before that transfer, and I still hadn't set out the sedan's title; so I went to the location where I (thought I) had put it – and it wasn't there. I checked another location. No good. Now a mild panic started to set in.

Almost immediately I heard the gently-whispered phrase, *Check the drawer*. Along with that phrase came the understanding of which drawer. I happen to be a nerd and geek, and like many nerds and geeks I collect memorabilia. My mother had bought for me a China cabinet so I could display some of my items. The bottom section was storage, and just inside the main door was a "hidden" drawer, about 15" square but only about an inch deep. It was meant, I presumed, for holding provenance of one's collectibles. In other words, flat paper documents. Yet my internal response to the Ruach's prompt was, *No, I wouldn't have put it there, that would be foolish*.

So I checked this file and that stack of papers and this cabinet and that other location, each time failing to find the title; each time getting more and more panicked; each time hearing that gentle prompt and each time rejecting it.

I finally looked in that China drawer, and there was my sedan's title, right on top of everything else. Had I listened to Ruach haKodesh immediately, I would've saved myself time and a great deal of emotional distress.

[FYI: It's entirely possible I received such help from Ruach prior to this. This incident is the earliest I recall having explicitly heard a specific phrase.]

6) The Mail

I was walking out to my truck one afternoon to head to work. (I have afternoon / evening shifts.) As I approached my truck, I got a prompt from the Holy Spirit to check the mail before I left. I

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ignored it, deciding I'd just check it when I got home that night. (Depending on the schedule of my shift (which varies from day to day), and whatever I'm doing in the house before work, I don't always notice the mailman, so sometimes I have to check the mail when I get home at night.)

It wasn't an issue of being late to work. I leave about an hour before, for a drive that on a bad day takes about twenty minutes. I simply didn't feel like spending a whole extra minute to walk out to my mailbox and back. But the Ruach kept prompting me, and eventually I relented. Among the pieces I found in the box was my county's property tax bill. I mention this event in particular because we were having a very rainy season at the time. By continuing to faithfully prompt me, Ruach haKodesh not only helped me find a greatly important piece of mail hours before I otherwise would have; this also prevented me from coming home to find damp or even soaked mail, most notably that tax bill.

7) The Badge

Like many retail businesses, the place where I work has a "work uniform", which in my case is a simple vest and a clip-on name badge. That badge however is not merely for my name; on its back is a magnetic stripe (like a credit card) which allows me to easily clock in and out of my shift. (Contrasted to using either a computer in the employee training room or the employee app on my phone, both of which require multiple steps.)

One day as I was working at a particular location in the store, I discovered my badge was missing, having somehow become dislodged from my vest. At that time I had somewhat recently returned from a break, so I retraced my steps back to the break room, carefully eyeing the floor, particularly along the bottom shelves, trying to spot my badge. Without success, I went again from the break room back to my assigned work area, hoping to spot my badge from the "other direction".

No good. So I went over to Customer Service to see if anyone turned in a badge. No, no-one had. I returned to my work area, resigning myself (as I was on an evening shift) to have to see someone the next day about getting a replacement badge.

It was at that moment I received the faintest suggestion from the Ruach to check my vest pocket. I initially dismissed this, as it seemed laughable that my badge would fall into the pocket while I was walking around. But I received a second gentle nudge, so I slipped my hand into the pocket ... and there was my badge. However it was that the badge became unclipped from my vest, Abba Yehovah caused it to slide directly into that pocket.

If you haven't yet made Jesus your personal Savior, today – right now – is the best time to do so. You can ask Him in your own words, or use some version of the Sinner's Prayer. Remember, Jesus – **Yeshua** – [turns no-one away](#). And if you do this, it's guaranteed not only that you will hear from Ruach haKodesh, but also that you will learn to recognize it when it happens.

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