

Never Give up, Keep Trusting God

"Tell me, what is the essence of serving God when He cannot grant me my heart's desire?"

This was the conclusion I made in December, 2006. As far as I was concerned, I had every justification to just stop serving God and that's exactly what I did. I gave my life to God and started serving Him faithfully on 1st January, 2005. This was two years after I graduated from secondary school. I was the best graduating student my school in 2003. I had a very good senior secondary certificate exam result and I was not in doubt of a very bright future for myself.

However, things took a twist after secondary school. I couldn't secure admission in my first two years of attempt. In 2005, I decided to enroll for the Cambridge Advanced level exam to aid my entrance into the university. During this period, I was already born again, serving God faithfully to the best of my ability. I usually pray like heaven would fall down. I had a very close relationship with God. I hear God's voice and I was a prophet to many. God used me to perform signs and wonders to the glory of His name. In the fellowship, I was the Prayer Coordinator and everyone called me 'Daddy Prayer'. I was also NOT lazy. I was intelligent and hard working. I ensured I was balancing my academic, spiritual and religious life. I was so passionate about God.

After the Cambridge exam, result was not satisfactory. I couldn't get enough points to get me into the course of my choice at the university. I was offered another course which I rejected so it doesn't distract me. Little did I know that my journey to getting admission was still long.

On returning home, I continued to serve God as faithfully as I could. Evangelism was my passion and to the glory of God, several souls were won to God. It became so shameful for me that after 4 years of leaving secondary school, I was still hoping for admission. I stopped going outside so my secondary school classmates won't see me. Some of them already graduated from Polytechnics and colleges of education, while a few who went for 4 year courses in the university already graduated.

Surprisingly, these were people I taught Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. I even coached some of them for the postsecondary exams. Now look at me, still trusting God for admission.

Was it prayer, I prayed. I claimed all of the available promises of God and even claimed the ones that weren't written in the Bible. My Pastors held vigils on my behalf. They even conducted deliverance for me in case there were village people hindering my progress. My mum's tearful prayers will be a story for another day. Two events took place that blew my mind away and made me to just stop trusting God;

One, there was this guy who was my classmate, he came one day to invite me for his convocation ceremony at the University. I was happy for him but I was miserable inside.

This guy wasn't even a Christian. "What then is the essence of being born again and serving God when I couldn't be better than

those who are not?" This was the question on my mind after he left. Few days later, the second event took place; There was this girlfriend I had when I was still a sinner. She was 3 years my junior in secondary school. I broke up with her when I became born again. I told her old things had passed away and that she was part of the 'old things'. I did not even know she had got admission into the university shortly after leaving secondary school; so she called me one evening to check up on me and told me the good news. After she told me about her admission, I congratulated her. Then, she asked me where I was and I told her I was still at home trusting God to answer my prayers. Oh. This girl finished me with the words of her mouth; she told me I was just wasting away and that I had better do something else with my life because I was getting old. After that call, I was not the same again. Depression set in and I was contemplating suicide! "Why would God treat me like this?", I asked.

It was a long period of sleepless nights in which I soaked my pillows with my tears. I cried and cried and cried. If I don't go to school, the only option left for me at that time was to go back to the village and farm with my parents. Oh! I cried! So, I decided to give up on God! No more praying! No more going to Church! I decided to travel every church day so I won't participate in what's happening in church. I just decided that my life should be on auto run; anything that would happen, let it happen. That was my resolve. I blocked my Pastors' phone numbers so none of them could reach me. This continued for some months until one faithful morning;



Suddenly I felt someone touched me; I jumped up from the bed, then I heard a clear loud voice, "Foolish child, don't you know that even if you stopped serving Me I will still be God?".

I trembled at the voice and spontaneously went on my knees to ask for mercy and forgiveness. I repented and rededicated my life to God. That day, I looked up to heaven and said, "Oh Lord! Even if there's nothing for me in this world, as long as I have You, I am satisfied. Let admission never come, let fortune be far from me, as long as You are with me, I will be satisfied". From that day, I started serving God NOT because of what He would do for me but because I love Him. I began to enjoy unusual peace of mind and joy. God became my portion and I was happy.

I kept on working hard towards my dream and about a year later, God made a way. I got admission into the university in grand style. I am still serving God because I love Him and not because of what He is going to do for me. Fortunately, God owes no one; He has blessed me beyond my wildest dreams or imaginations. Are you going through difficult situation and it seems breakthrough is not anywhere in sight? Hold on tightly to God. Let God be your Portion; you're always safe with Him. Keep trusting Him.