

THE REAL WAY OUT

A story of struggles and addictions
and how the Cross of Jesus Christ
delivers from them both



JGRUN
TEAM

THE REAL WAY OUT

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Preface

In a society with a ravaging increase in moral decadence, many restrained by certain addictions and other vices seek solutions to their predicament.

The world, and sadly, the Church, seem to proffer a "quick fix" solution to the works of the flesh in men, which only produces "pseudo" victory or freedom for a short while but lacks sufficient power to deliver ultimately, leaving vibrant Christians wallowing in the mud of secret sin and concealed defeat.

ABBA's Dwelling, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, has creatively mapped out the routes in the workings of God's grace that would take a person from the point of filthy helplessness under the bondage of sin and death on a journey toward redemption and righteousness in Christ Jesus and an experience of complete, daily, and continuous victory over sin.

Acknowledgements

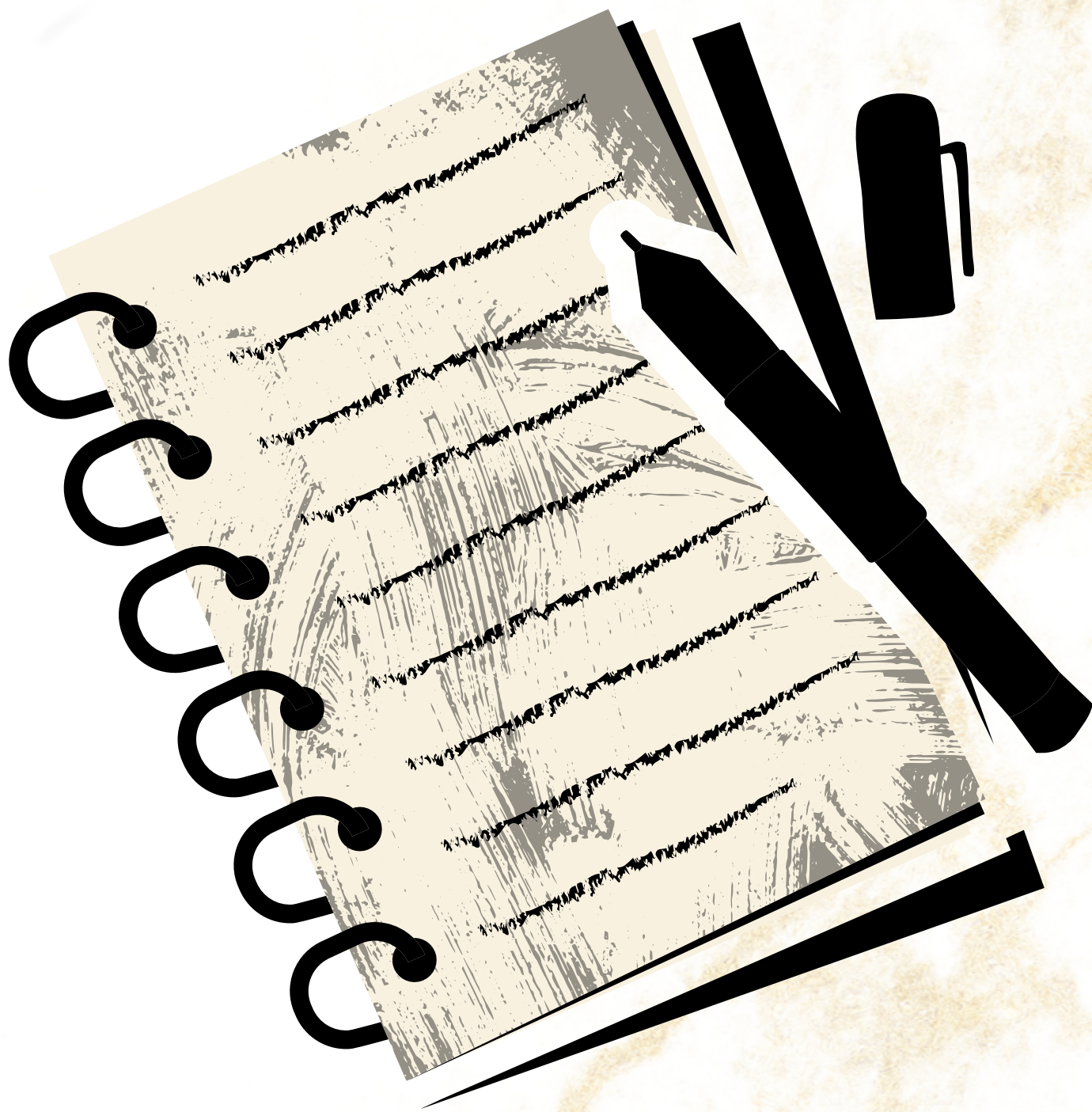
The completion of this book could not have been possible without the help of God and the ABBA's Dwelling team, who, through diligence and patience, compiled and edited this book with great skill and precision.

We cannot express enough thanks to the JEGRUN Writing Team, without whose unfailing and generous assistance this project could not have been finished, for their pivotal roles in ensuring doctrinal checks and balances. Their encouraging and constructive feedback, valuable comments, and suggestions played a significant role during the preparation of this book.

Finally, to the One who brings all things together in perfect harmony, God, the Source of wisdom and inspiration, be all the glory and honour forever. Amen.

1

New Year's Resolutions?



My name is Miracle. I am the third child out of four girls. Truthfully, it is not an easy position to be in. With sisters who seemed better than me in almost everything, growing up was hell.

Jedidiah – the eldest and the most righteous – constantly wakes us up with her loud but sonorous voice, singing,

*“Just as I am without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me”*

I can say that the hymn haunts me right now as it plays in my head even when she is not singing.

Jared – the prettiest of us all. She is always receiving catcalls anytime she walks on the streets. Not that I am jealous; I’ve been there.

I always remind myself never to turn back when I hear statements like "*Hey, pretty.*" when walking with Jared. To talk about the number of presents she receives would be unnecessary, as I cannot stop screaming in my head, "*IT IS NOT EVEN HER BIRTHDAY.*"

And then there's me. Miracle – the disobedient one, the one always left out. Growing up, I was a typical good girl – church-going and God-serving until life happened. Well, I am 19 now, and my eyes are open. I will share details of my life with you soon, but you should meet the last girl.

Love – a gentle and sweet girl. For her, I cannot help but pray, hoping God answers, that life doesn't squeeze out all the sweetness from her. She is just nine years old. She was three when our father died.

I still can't believe it's been six years since our father left us. It was a painful season for us all, but much more for me.

My dad was my best friend. I felt he was the only one that understood me. He left, and I didn't even get to say goodbye as I was in boarding school then. He was the perfect example of a provider and he ensured we had everything we wanted. He visited me every weekend in school to learn how I was faring. I was his baby. I love and miss him dearly.

After our father's death, Momoh, our mother, was left to cater for us alone. She assumed the role of both mother and father. "Momoh" was the name our dad called her, and we learned to call her that.

I fondly remember how he would ask whenever he came home from work, "*My Momoh, hope*

the kids didn't disturb you today?"

Momoh was a strong woman who was always delightful. Well, until Dad died. I guess the new shoes she had to fill changed her. She became very strict and constantly nagged at us. But even then, she remained very spiritual and continually prayed for us. Some nights, she would come into our room to lay hands on us and pray for us. She's so passionate about Jesus and church.

Tonight was one such night. It was New Year's Eve, and she woke us up in the middle of the night.

"What about you, Miracle? What's your New Year's resolution?" Momoh asked.

I could barely stay awake. I don't know why she had not just gone to church for the usual

crossover service.

"Miracle, Miracle," Momoh called out. "Are you here?"

I raised my head towards Momoh, *"Yes, I'm here."*

"I asked what your New Year's resolutions are. Your siblings already said theirs," Momoh replied.

"Erm, erm... my New Year's resolution?" I knew I had to make up something serious; if not, I would not be let go scot-free. "Well, I want to start going to church consistently like you guys and also be more productive and stop erm....."

At that point, I was talking too much. Was I about to spill out the secret I had held close to

my heart for so long?

Momoh noticed my reluctance and asked calmly but curiously, "*What do you want to stop, Miracle?*"

"*Oh nothing, nothing. That's all.*" I knew I should not have agreed to come to this meeting. I was too sleepy to put my thoughts together.

Momoh decided not to press further. "*Okay, we all have wonderful New Year's resolutions. We just have to work towards achieving them. You can all go back to the New Year. We will be waking up very early tomorrow,*" she said.

I could not sleep anymore as I lay on my bed thinking. Was my sleep interrupted to make resolutions? I was livid. I have been repeating the same resolutions every year but I never achieved any. It was not about attending

church every Sunday, I could always squeeze out time for that. I must keep at it for the first two months, and Momoh would let me off the hook.

The real question was: 'Who wants to see all those self-righteous people?' I call them a bunch of hypocrites. Most significantly, those in the choir, I wonder how God allows them to sing to Him and not strike them dead.

They sing on Sunday mornings, and I meet them at the club in the evening. We drink, party, and go home. I would rather remain this way than join them in living fake lives. I sometimes wish I could tell my mother this truth. I doubt she'd continue going there if she knew what they did.

But in all of this, the church and its hypocrisy are not why I hate New Year's resolutions. It goes much deeper than that. For the past five

years, I have had one consistent resolution. I must take you back to my high school days for more context.

I attended a boarding school for the first four years of high school. We could afford it while Dad was still alive. The first three years were tough because seniors, who thought they had conquered the world just because they had advanced to senior classes, seized every opportunity to torture junior students.

Well, I got lucky a year before I would eventually leave the school, not long after my father died. Right now, I don't know if 'lucky' is the right word.

I met senior Cynthia – a charming, smart, and intelligent young lady. She had just been

transferred to my school, and everyone loved her, including teachers and students.

I remember the day we first met. It was in the dining hall. Her words were so insightful, and her mind was so broad. She knew so much. I knew I was intelligent, but she was much more. I felt I had found a role model.

After eating and clearing our plates, she told me she liked me and wanted us to be friends. All I could think about was walking with the most admired senior in school. I was elated – I would be friends with a popular senior.

Soon, everyone in school knew me as senior Cynthia's school daughter. At the time I met her, I had a lot of material needs. My father had just died, and things were difficult at home, but she understood and cared for everything I needed. I didn't know where she got all the

money, but she gave me whatever I needed.

I remember that chilly evening when she asked me to see her. I was excited as I had many things to share, but she was gloomy when I arrived. That was unlike her. I tried discovering the problem, but she was so reluctant to share.

After much persuasion, she spoke up, *"Miracle, we've been friends for some months now, and you've been a very good friend. I don't know how best to tell you this."*

I was scared. What exactly had happened? Was she going to say we stopped being friends?

I replied calmly, *"You can tell me anything. What is the problem?"*

"I love you, and I need you. I want us to be much more than friends. What do you say

about that?" she said as she drew closer to me.

Her reply came as a shock to me as I didn't understand what she meant. I love her too, but what did she mean about being more than friends?

"I'm confused, senior Cynthia. How can we be more than friends? You want us to be sisters?" I said as I laughed awkwardly.

Not minding my ill-fated attempt to make a joke out of the weird situation, she continued, *"I don't know if you've noticed the way I look at you, it is very different from the way I look at others. You're gorgeous and brilliant. Please, will you be my lover?"*

The reality that I did not want to believe hit me. I'd heard of lesbians, but I'd never met one. I tried moving away from her, but she drew me

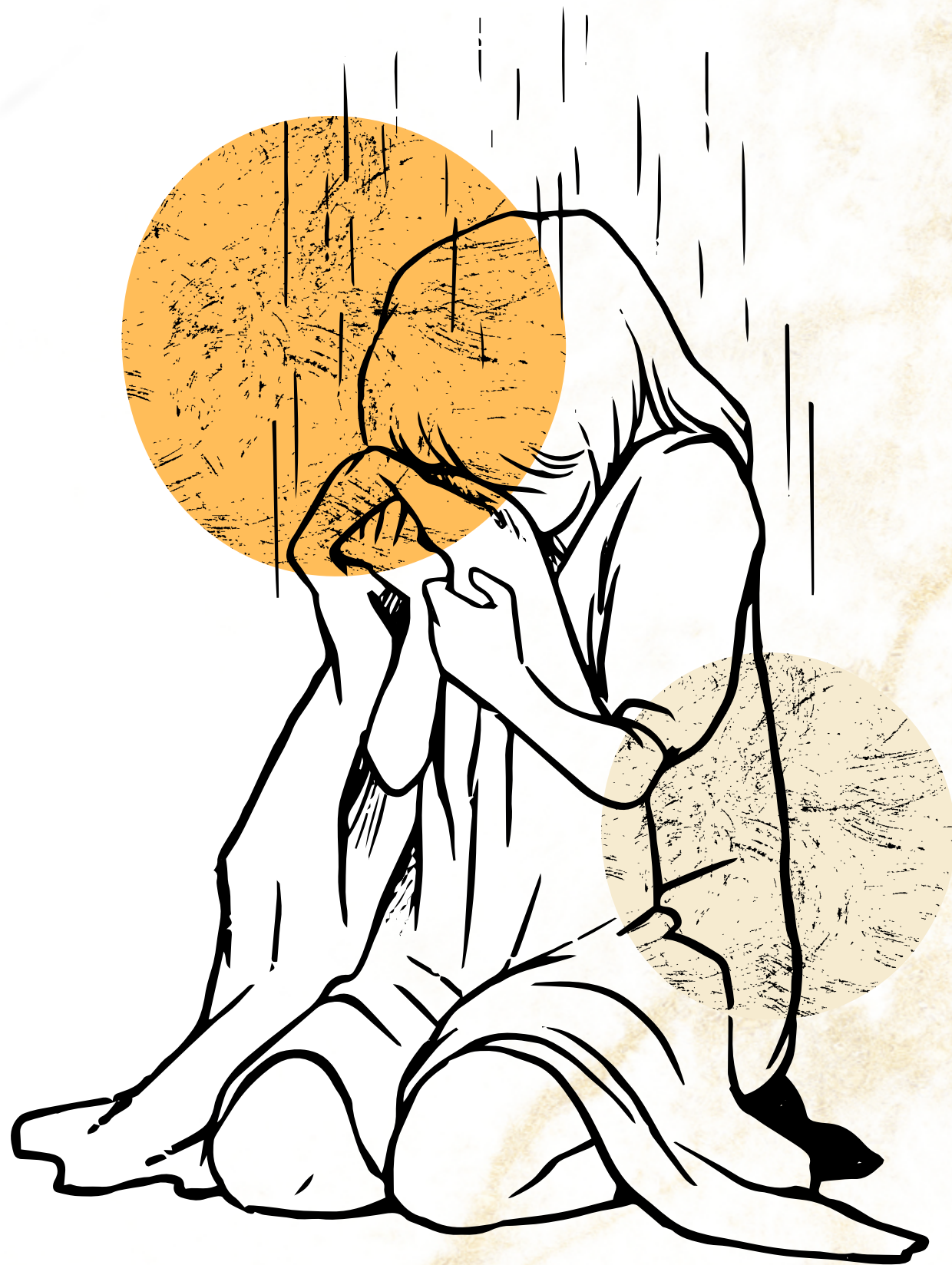
closer and started to cry. This was someone who had been so good to me; I could not leave her now. She moved to kiss me, and I did not resist.

This was the beginning of my troubles. It was easy for us to continue being lovers as no one suspected a thing. But, our ship was hit by a storm when Momoh decided it was better to withdraw me from the school as she couldn't cover the bills. With that, I left the school.

But now, the desire remains in me. What will deliver me? New Year's resolutions?

2

*A Silent Cry
For Help*



I laid on the bed that Jared and I shared. She had been blabbing about something for the past thirty minutes, but I was barely paying attention to her.

"Miracle! Miracle!! Are you even listening to me?" she asked.

Truthfully, I was not listening, but I had to make her happy.

"Yes, I am," I lied.

"Then answer me, do you remember your crush from primary school?" she asked.

"No, I do not remember having any crush," I replied. I could not remember having a crush on a guy.

"How can you forget Victor – the guy that lives close to the house, the guy you wrote letters to..." she said.

The name clicked. I remembered him very well. I stopped her from continuing, *"Ohh. The one that replied to my letters with 'Not interested.'"*

Both of us started laughing.

"So what about him?" I asked.

"Well, since he returned from university, he has been asking after you. I think he is now interested," Jared replied mischievously.

"Well, that's his problem because I'm no longer interested," I told her.

Jared moved closer to the side where I laid on the bed, and said, *"Seriously, Miracle? The*

same boy you kept stalking, and you even beat up girls that showed interest in him? That's unbelievable."

"Are you serious? Are you asking me to consider dating someone I had a crush on in primary school?"

"Yes!!!" she screamed into my ear, laughing.

"You don't even rate me at all. I have moved on. Please don't make this an issue. I know I liked Victor, but he never showed the slightest interest in me. Now he's interested in me? What rubbish. Let me sleep abeg."

My tone was sharp, and Jared knew it was wise to leave me at that point.

I had gotten to a place where I had no interest in boys and was so close to hating them. I heard

several stories of guys breaking ladies' hearts.

Jared hasn't been lucky, as she has moved from one relationship to another. It's either she suffers verbal abuse or physical abuse, and it affects her mental health. But being with ladies was different. There was this softness that women have that makes it so pleasant to be with them.

Senior Cynthia was good to me, and so was Olivia – such a sweet girl. Let me introduce you to her.

After leaving the boarding house, I stopped hearing from senior Cynthia. She did not call me, and I also could not reach her. I thought something must have gone wrong with her phone. I never heard from her again. It was

difficult for me as I couldn't find a replacement for Cynthia. Every girl in my new school seemed to have an interest in boys. Well, except for the 'church girls' who believed that being in a relationship was a waste of time.

One hot afternoon, while walking home from school, I noticed a young girl, who looked the same age as me, walking alone. She looked so pretty, and I developed an instant liking for her. I decided to say hi to her.

As we exchanged pleasantries, I realized we were in the same class but in different groups, which explained why I had not seen her around. Our class was huge, and we were divided into six groups. We only met together with students who offered similar subjects. Olivia offered different subjects from mine, and we had only three subjects together.

We became very close friends, and I made sure not to make it evident that I wanted more than friendship. I kept waiting for the right time. Three months after we became friends, I noticed she never showed interest in guys like the other girls, so I asked her why. She then confided in me how her stepfather abused her from nine years old until she was twelve. He told her he loved her and that *that* was her only way of proving that she loved him too.

At age 12, her mother took her to be with her aunt. That was where she realised her stepfather had taken advantage of her and deceived her. Since then, she developed a deep hatred for the male gender. As she recalled this event, she wept.

As I tried to console her, I understood we were both seeking love. I cried too. The compassion I felt for her made me love her more. I could not

help myself. At that moment, I expressed my interest in her. Surprisingly, she had no problem with it, and we started dating.

We were always seen together in a classroom after school hours. People always thought we studied together – well, we sometimes did, but we often did more than study. We had fun.

This relationship continued until our final year in high school. We were both intelligent students, so our studies were not affected. With Olivia, things got worse. We watched pornography and masturbated to separately please ourselves when we could not meet.

After graduation, Olivia moved back to be with her parents. We only got to talk over the phone occasionally, and we gradually became distant.

I am yet to get admission into the university, so I am mostly at home doing nothing. I have since found my comfort in pornography and masturbation, and I cannot deny that it felt good. That's why I could not imagine why Jared would ask me to be in a relationship with a guy when I've got all the satisfaction I need - a life of pleasure without heartbreaks.

But things started getting worse as I also lost interest in girls. The hurt I felt from being separated from Senior Cynthia and Olivia made me wonder if there was any point in being with anyone.

I developed a strong addiction to masturbation as my mind began to grow extremely wild. I also could not stop thinking about the videos and pictures. It became so difficult to think straight and see people normally. My addiction was so bad that I started to hurt myself.

The pleasure I once felt is no longer there as I can no longer reach that point of satisfaction; but I cannot help myself. It is safe to say that I have been possessed by a spirit looking for a time when I am alone to pounce on me and fulfil its pleasure through my body.

So, I decided to stop staying at home alone. Momoh often says there are spirits in things, but I never believed her. *"Could it true? Could it be that there's a spirit behind the pornographic videos I watched that has now possessed me? What is wrong with me?"* I thought to myself, feeling distressed.

I sincerely desired a way out. I was previously passive about it, but now, I needed to get serious about it. But I couldn't share my experience with anyone. Momoh would kill me, and Jared would not understand. Every girl

has her own troubles - I guess this is mine.

Returning home from the store one afternoon, I saw a sign beside a building that read, "Free therapy sessions: Freedom from masturbation." I thought of going in to check out what they do, but then I decided against it, so I ignored the sign and went home.

But the next day's event made me rethink my decision.

Everyone had left the house when the urge to masturbate returned. I tried to control it by doing other things but could not. So I gave in. It hurt so bad that I started to bleed. I was possessed and knew this would be my end if I did not find help soon.

After cleaning up, I returned to the building, entered the first office I saw, and met a

calm-looking lady. Her name was Natasha. She welcomed me. She gave me a glass of water and introduced herself to me. I narrated my ordeal to her. She cried with me and encouraged me. She shared her experience and gave me her phone number to call her anytime I desired to watch pornography or masturbate.

She deleted the videos I had saved on my phone and helped block the sites I frequently visited. She gave me some books to read and encouraged me to register for their foundation's skill acquisition program. I had always wanted to learn baking, so I registered.

The next day, I started learning how to bake. The training was so intensive, and we finished by six p.m. daily. When I got home, I either helped Momoh in the kitchen or read the books I was given.

For one week, I didn't masturbate or watch pornography. Whenever I had the urge to masturbate, I called Natasha. I felt so free, but my happiness did not last for long.

One day, Momoh announced that she would travel with Love – the lastborn. I had no issue with that as that meant more freedom.

It was Wednesday, 8 p.m., and I just returned from training. I cooked jollof rice, ate, and relaxed as I read my book. The usual spirit returned and I began to feel the urge so strongly. I tried to call Natasha, but her line was not going through. I tried repeatedly to reach her, but I could not. I couldn't hold myself anymore, and I succumbed. I was back again to my trouble.

When the deed was done, I lay on the floor, bleeding and crying. There, I went to sleep

thinking, "*Could therapy sessions save me?*"

3

*A Glimpse Into
The Light*



I was walking down a road when I saw a crowd gathered. This was not a usual sight. I was intrigued and decided to move closer and discover what was happening. The scene was disturbing.

A tattered-looking young man was in the middle of the crowd. He looked like he had been dragged there. Two people held his hands, and they seemed like his parents. Even more interesting was that this man and woman were in tears. They wept bitterly as the child begged them,

"Mummy, I won't repeat it. This is not like other times. I've truly changed. Please, daddy, I don't want to die," the boy pleaded.

He tried running away from his parents' grip,

but they held him firmly. They told him, "*We must hand you over to the elders.*" And they did.

The mother ran away from the scene when they handed him over, weeping bitterly. I stood there in absolute confusion. I didn't understand what was going on.

A man stood beside me with grey hair all over his face. I guess he was about 70 years old. I turned to ask him, "*Please, sir, who is this boy? Why did his parents hand him over to these people? Who are these people, and why did the mum run away? What is going to...*"

The aged man put his hands on my shoulders, indicating that I should calm down. I stopped talking.

He said, "*This young man has been so*

stubborn and disobedient. He has committed a lot of atrocities in the land. He has been jailed several times for different crimes; molesting young girls, stealing, taking drugs. He has refused to change, and the law of the land demands that if the parents have been so distressed because of him and can't handle him any longer, he has to be handed over to the elders."

"So what is going to happen to him now?" I asked with so much concern.

The man's face suddenly changed. He had a severe and highly frightening look. *"He has to be stoned to death."*

I woke up very scared and with a lot of

questions. *"What kind of dream is this? Why would someone give up a son he loves to be stoned to death?"*

I tried getting up and realised that I had slept on the floor. Just then, the flashes of what had happened before I slept ran through my mind. Yes, I did it again. I thought I was free from masturbation, but here I am.

I gathered myself to have my bath. After having my bath, I called Natasha to tell her what had happened, as she was the only one I could talk to. She felt so bad that she had not been available when I called her earlier. She encouraged me not to give up. She assured me that with time, I would be free.

After I dropped the call, I ate, read for some hours, and then went to sleep again. I forgot about the dream I had earlier.

Momoh and Love soon returned from their journey, and the cycle continued. Some days, I was free from masturbation; on other days, the spirit overpowered me so much that I had to yield. I craved true and total freedom.

On this particular evening, I helped Momoh in the kitchen as usual. We made jollof rice and chicken. After cooking, we ate together while watching a movie. When we were done, I left for my room. I tried so much to sleep, but I could not. I was so restless.

Then, I decided to go through some of my old books. While at it, I found Hamlet, my favourite storybook by Shakespeare. As I read through it, it brought back some memories from high school. I placed the book beside my bed and lay facing upward as I thought about how my life had turned out.

I thought of how great my life would be if only I could stop masturbating and get admitted to study medicine as I wanted to. I would take my studies seriously, as usual. I'd never give room for any relationship, whether male or female.

I didn't even want to get married anymore. I just desired to be successful, make money, and maybe adopt kids because I love children. Just then, the thought of Dad crossed my mind. I may consider getting married if I find a man like my dad.

I remembered Momoh saying, *"If a man could be so loving and caring, imagine how loving God is."* But if He is as loving as people say, why would He allow me to endure all this pain? I know I haven't been serious with Him, but since He created me, He shouldn't have allowed me to masturbate or even meet Cynthia.

If I hadn't met Cynthia, maybe my life would be better. With these thoughts, I slept off.

I was crying as I dragged a young lady. She was the same age as me. I kept pulling her down a road. I was taking her somewhere, but the place was not in clear sight. The lady kept crying for mercy, but I wasn't interested. I would not even look at her face. I held her tightly so she would not run away.

With tears, I kept saying, "*I am done with you. I cannot continue to live with you. I must hand you over to the elders.*" She looked up at me as if to say something, and I also looked down at her. She was me.

I was so terrified when I woke up. This was very similar to the dream I had earlier. Why was I dragging myself down that road, and where was I dragging myself to? I felt like I knew the final destination, but I just could not put a name to it.

Just then, my alarm rang. I picked up my phone to check the time, and it was 6:30 a.m. I could hear Momoh's voice in the sitting room singing her worship songs with Love as usual.

She was tired of waking me up to join the family in morning devotion. I never stood up to join, and even when I joined, I slept throughout. But today, I felt that I had to join them.

I stood up from my bed and walked to the sitting room. I could see Love's questioning eyes as I sat down. Momoh couldn't hide her happiness either as it was written all over her

face. After the worship session, Momoh picked up her Bible to read from it.

"Let us all turn our Bibles to Mathew 27: 35-39," she said.

"The soldiers nailed Jesus to a cross..." Love read out loud.

The Cross! Just then, it clicked. I now remembered the dream I had. I was dragging myself down that road and what stood at the end of the road was a cross.

"Momoh please, what happened at the Cross?" I asked.

Momoh smiled at me and began, *"At the Cross, our Lord and Saviour Jesus was crucified. He had on Him our sins. The judgement for our sins was death, death by crucifixion. There He*

took your sin and nailed it to the Cross."

"What is the implication of this?" I asked.

"It means anyone who comes to Jesus recognizing what He has done on the Cross, confessing his/her sins to Him and accepting Him as Saviour and Lord will be saved. He/she will be washed by the Blood and will receive the nature of Christ and also have the power to live a victorious life – a life free from the chains of sin," Momoh replied.

By now, I couldn't hold my tears. The picture of the cross that stood at the end of that road was so clear, and I saw my sin nailed there. I fell to my knees.

"I want Jesus to save me. I want freedom. I want peace. I want a new life, His life," I continued crying.

Momoh drew me close to herself. *"Thank you, Lord Jesus, for this day. I have continuously prayed that this very day would come. You are worthy and always answer the prayers of your children. Miracle, Jesus' arm is wide open to receive you. He loves you so much that He died so that you will be free,"* Momoh continued.

"Say this after me: Lord Jesus, I come to You today. I confess that I'm a sinner in need of Your mercy and forgiveness. Today, I receive You into my heart as my Lord and Saviour. I receive the nature of Christ and the power to be Your child. Wash me with Your Blood and grant me a new heart. From this day, I live for You. Thank You, Lord Jesus, for hearing and answering in Jesus' name, I pray. Amen."

I repeated those words. There was a particular joy that filled my heart. I felt like I had made the best decision of my life.

4

*No Longer A
Slave*



Later that morning, I told Momoh everything. From Senior Cynthia to Olivia, and these relationships' effects on my life. I expected my mum to be so angry with me, but instead, she opted to tell me a story.

"There was a gorgeous young girl called Dinah who had gotten admission to study in our university," she began.

"After a few months, she started receiving text messages from a particular strange number. They were messages from a secret admirer, describing how beautiful she was and how much he loved her and could not wait to make her his. Subsequently, he upgraded and sent her flowers with cute 'I love you' notes.

At first, Dinah ignored the messages as she

didn't know who they were from. Over time, she gradually began to develop a liking for the sender. She decided to reply to his texts, asking who he was and how they could meet. That same evening, her secret admirer came knocking.

Dinah recognised him as David – the most handsome and popular guy all the girls on campus couldn't stop talking about. She was captivated by his charm and his style of dressing. He captured her heart that moment, and that evening sealed the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

After some weeks, David started demanding sex from Dinah. Young and naive, she thought this was a way of proving her love for him, so she gave in to his demands. Within a few months, Dinah found out that she was pregnant. She informed David, and he asked

her to abort the baby as he wasn't ready to marry.

Though scared for her life, Dinah agreed to abort the child since she assured David loved her.

They continued dating for a while, and then suddenly, David stopped calling her. When she tried calling him, he didn't take her calls. Dinah tried to reach him, but all her efforts proved futile. So she decided to see him at his lodge. On getting there, she entered his apartment with her copy of his key, which she owned because she often went over to cook for him.

She opened the door only to meet the biggest shock of her life. David was with another lady. She couldn't believe her eyes and froze on the spot. David ignored her and even asked her to

leave and close the door behind her. Dinah left his place shattered and disheartened.

From that day on, she could no longer concentrate in her class. She couldn't live without David. She thought of all she had done for him.

She had lost her worth; at this point, she had a damaged womb because of the many abortions she underwent. She decided to reach out to him again. At least, if he were repentant, she would take him back. She called several times, but he didn't pick up, and when he finally did, he called her a cheap whore and asked her never to call his line again as it was over between them, and then he ended the call.

Dinah couldn't take it any longer. The very man that had taken her virginity called her a cheap whore. She became suicidal and thought

of several ways to end her life. She knew doing this in her room would be difficult because of her roommates.

One evening, she dressed up and told her friends she was leaving for fresh air. She took a cab to a bridge close to a river in the city. She decided to end her life this way so that even if they found her body, she must have been dead by then, as people barely travelled that way.

Dinah arrived at the location, dropped her bag, and climbed the bridge. She had decided to end it all, and as she threw herself from the bridge, a hand caught her and pulled her up. She struggled to release herself from the grip, but the person was much stronger than she was. He carried her out, picked up her bag, and took her to his car.

He forced her in and sat with her in the

backseat while instructing his driver to drive. Dinah kept crying till they got to his house. He carried her out, led her to the sitting room, and ordered his maids to care for her. He told them to give her food and watch over her.

Dinah couldn't sleep through the night. She kept thinking of David and how she could escape the house to end her life, but the maids kept watch of her, and there was no escape. She slept off.

In the morning, the man came to her room. She was much calmer than the previous day. He introduced himself to her as Joe. He asked who she was and why she wanted to end her life. Dinah narrated everything to him. He listened patiently, sympathising with her, and while she cried, he said nothing.

Dinah told him she couldn't go back to school,

and that he should have allowed her to die there as she couldn't do anything meaningful with her life. Nobody would want to marry a woman without a womb, and she could no longer concentrate on anything productive. Joe tried convincing her to go back, but she didn't heed.

He allowed her to stay at his place until she got better. His maids took care of her, and he reassured her that she could continue with life as beautiful things were waiting for her in the future.

After some weeks, she felt much better and agreed to return to school and continue her studies. Whenever she met David with other ladies, she felt the pain in her heart but didn't speak to him. She eventually graduated and got employed in Joe's company.

Several months later, Joe told her of his intention to get married to her. She was shocked. Joe knew her story and still wanted to marry her.

After much thought, she accepted his proposal, and they started their relationship. The love she experienced with him significantly differed from what she shared with David. Even though he knew her past, Joe never took advantage of her. They eventually got married, and she was now officially welcomed into his home. Everything Joe had was now hers.

A couple of months later, she received a text message, and on checking it, she realised it was from David. He begged her to return to him. He claimed he was sorry for all he did to her in the past. She deleted the message, but he kept messaging her and even sending her pictures from their time together. She deleted

the text messages but didn't inform her husband about them. She was concerned that he might not be happy that she even had David's contact.

Joe travelled for one of his business trips, and one evening while he was away, Dinah was watching TV when someone knocked on the door. The maids informed her that someone was looking for her and identified himself as David, her boyfriend. Dinah froze. She wondered how he got her address.

She went to the door, and as she opened the door, there was David, dressed in his best attire, still looking handsome as always and holding a rose flower in his hand, smiling at her.

I'll stop the story here. Miracle, were you able to pick anything from my story?" Momoh

asked.

“Hmmm.... Hmmm.... I'm shocked that after all David did, he still had the guts to come back to beg her. He didn't come back when she needed him, but after she had gotten married to someone else. He even came to her husband's house? Such audacity!” I replied.

Momoh smiled and said, *"My girl, that's the same way the devil is. You've given your life to Christ. Embracing His love, looking up to Him, and building yourself in word and prayer won't discourage him from coming to you. He will come to find out if you truly know who you are and Who is living inside you.*

Miracle, you must never forget what happened to you this morning. You must continue to behold the Cross. You must be conscious of Who is living inside of you now. Temptations

will come, but the revelation of Who lives inside you and what He did for you will keep you. And my dear Miracle, do not keep David's phone number on your phone; don't make the same mistake Dinah made."

"What do you mean by that, Momoh?" I asked.

"Miracle, a lot of young Christians end up going back to sin because they don't burn the bridges that can lead them to their past. You have to burn every bridge that can lead you back to your past completely. Maybe, there are some phone numbers you need to delete or some videos or books you need to do away with. You must guard your heart by the help of the Holy Spirit," Momoh said as she ended the conversation with me that morning.

Days passed, and as Momoh rightly said, "my David" visited. One evening, I was alone at

home after returning from the training. I felt the Lord wanted me to continue going there as it kept me occupied. Momoh had told me earlier that going there didn't work initially because I was trying to deal with the root of sin with the wrong tool. According to her, every effort to deal with the nature of sin by activities is always futile. The only answer to the root of sin in man is Jesus.

As I read the Bible that evening, the spirit that always caused me to masturbate came in. I felt it enter the room and strongly wanted to go with it. But the Voice within me raised my favourite scripture – 2 Corinthians 5:17, which I had been meditating on.

I began confessing it, *"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed, behold all things have become new. I am now a new creature, I have the nature of Christ in me*

which cannot masturbate."

As I continued proclaiming the word, the spirit gradually exited.

I got up, picked up my phone, and ran out of the room. I called Momoh and told her what had happened. She was delighted. She thanked God, reassured me with the word, and prayed for me. At the time, she was already on her way home, so we kept talking on the phone till she got home.

And from that evening, my freedom from masturbation was sealed. I have since continued working out my salvation with fear and trembling. I am beginning to realise what God wants me to do on earth.

I recently got admission into the university, and I plan to preach the gospel of Christ and share

my story with young people like me.

This is my story, and I genuinely hope that if you are struggling with any form of addiction, you realise from my story that only Jesus can save you. Come to Him today, and you will gain rest for your soul.

ABOUT THE BOOK

Follow the alluring story of Miracle, who, trapped by certain circumstances, was seductively introduced to lesbianism and masturbation. It became the beginning of an unending and degrading illicit affection that she struggled to tame.

After several attempts with what seemed like “fake” victories and inevitable personal failures, she embarks on a life-changing journey, never to return. She found THE REAL WAY OUT.

ABOUT US

This book is a JEGRUN publication, written and compiled by ABBA's Dwelling.

JEGRUN, which stands for Jesus Global Revolution, is a group of young people from diverse denominations and nations passionate about revival and seeking to become arrows of Calvary whom God will use to confront His enemies at the gate in this end time.

JEGRUN hosts a weekly online program focusing on young people's areas of interest, such as discipleship, marriage and relationships, and career development.

ABBA's Dwelling, as a part of JEGRUN, seeks to share profound spiritual truths through the lens of creative writing and interesting conversations.

For further enquiries, counsel, or prayer, please reach out to us through any of these platforms:

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