



MY FATHER'S FARMLAND.

PUBLISHED BY:

DEEP THOTS

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APPRECIATION

I APPRECIATE THE ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE PRIVILEGE GIVEN TO WRITE THIS MASTERPIECE... ALL GLORY TO GOD...

I APPRECIATE MY WONDERFUL HUSBAND, AKINWALE AKINTUNDE, YOU MAKE MARRIAGE LOOK AND FEEL SO SIMPLE, YOUR UNFLINCHING SUPPORT TOWARDS MY MINISTRY EVEN BAFFLES ME... IT MAKES ME KNOW THAT GOD'S EYES ARE ALL OVER ME... THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND, MY TEACHER, MY MOTIVATOR, MY LOVER...AND EVERYTHING YOU HAVE IN YOUR CAPACITY TO BE TO ME...

I APPRECIATE MY PARENTS, DEACON & EVANG. OJERINDE FOR BELIEVING IN ME RIGHT FROM MY YOUNG AGE TILL DATE... You are the best parents any child could ask for...

I APPRECIATE MY SWEET IN-LAWS, PASTOR & MRS ABRAHAM AKINTUNDE. YOU GIVE ME PEACE OF MIND, THANK YOU, DADDY AND MUMMY.

I APPRECIATE MY SPIRITUAL FATHER, DR D.K OLUKOYA. "Daddy, thanks for your fatherly love and interest in me".

I APPRECIATE BISHOP DAVID OYEDEPO, FOR SOWING THE SEED OF SALVATION IN ME, WHILE ATTENDING COVENANT UNIVERSITY.

I APPRECIATE GOD FOR THE GIFT OF STARTING MY DRAMA JOURNEY IN WORLD EVANGELISM BIBLE CHURCH AS A LITTLE CHILD.

I APPRECIATE PASTOR GBESAN ADEBAMBO, PASTOR FEMI ADEMUAGUN, EVANG MIKE & GLORIA BAMILOYE, EVANG KOLAWOLA DAVID OKEOWO, PASTOR JOSEPH, PASTOR DELE., PASTOR AUSTIN...GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

TO THE WONDERFUL GIFTS GOD HAS GIVEN ME... MY CHILDREN, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING THAT MUM HAS TO BE ON HER SYSTEM FOR LONG HOURS WRITING STORIES. GOD BLESS YOU AND MAKE YOU GREATER THAN I CAN EVER BECOME.

TO PROFESSOR LANRE AMODU, THANK YOU FOR CREATING THE OPPORTUNITY TO FIND MY PURPOSE.

I APPRECIATE MY FAMILY MEMBERS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT, APOSTLE & DR FOLASADE POPOOLA, OPEYEMI & TITIOLA ADEJOJU FOR THE EDITING OF THE MANUSCRIPT. TO MY LOVELY BROTHER, ADEFIMIHAN OJERINDE, THANKS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT ALWAYS.

TO YOU, MY READERS & SOCIAL MEDIA FOLLOWERS. IF I HAD NO ONE TO READ, THERE WON'T HAVE BEEN THE NEED TO WRITE... THANKS FOR ALWAYS READING. GOD BLESS YOU...MY PRAYER FOR YOU IS THAT AS YOU GO THROUGH THIS BOOK, YOU WILL FIND GOD ON THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK IN JESUS NAME.

DEDICATION

***I DEDICATE THIS NOVEL TO MY SOURCE, MY INSPIRATION,
MY FOUNDATION, THE GIVER OF THE OIL UPON MY HEAD...***

TO GOD THE FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I AM NOTHING WITHOUT THE TRINITY.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 1

“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND...”

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They were three. Kikiolaoluwa, Idiopemipo and Oluwasomidoba were the three kids of Baba Jenriayegbe. The Trio were simply called Ola, Ope and Oba.

Kikiolaoluwa(Ola) means “I have God’s Wealth in abundance ”

Idiopemipo (Ope) means “I have a lot of Reasons to Praise God”

Oluwasomidoba (Oba) “God has made me a King”

The trio were the children of Baba Jenriayegbe, who was a poverty-stricken fellow. The trio didn’t enjoy any luxury while growing up, coupled with the fact that their mother had died in their early years.

Fate decided to show how cruel life could be on one side of the world when the only person who gave them hope died.

Their father died when Ola and Ope were 16 years old, while Oba was 18. Ola and Ope were twin girls, while Oba was the eldest. Their non-Yoruba speaking friends preferred to call them using the English interpretation of their name. Ola was called WEALTH, Ope was called PRAISE, while Oba was called KING.

The trio’s father didn’t leave a pin for the trio and the few things that they had in their little room was sold to give him a decent burial in the family compound.

However, if Baba Jenriayegbe failed in everything, He didn’t fail in raising his children in the way and in the fear of God.

By the age of 15, the twin girls had finished the New Testament of the Bible Twice, while Oba the eldest and only boy had read it 4 times by the age of 18.

Therefore, after Baba Jenriayegbe’s death, the trio found solace in God and in a very short time, Help and Favour had sought them. This was how it went...

Immediately their father Died and had been buried, Oba (King) called his sisters to a family meeting...

“ Wealth and Praise, I know we are still mourning father’s death, but it’s high time we moved on. Even though we don’t have an earthly father anymore, we still have our Heavenly Father who can take us places. I see this as a way for us to throw all our eggs in God’s basket. As it is, we have no one but we have God. You know the Scripture that says “Arise, shine, for your light has come, and the glory of the LORD rises upon you.”. That Arise means we need to Get up before our shining can take place...We need to Get up and take charge of our lives... So first things first... We need to go on a three days fasting and prayer program for God to reveal His mind to us, and to hand over our lives to God for Him to be our father at this point...

“ 3 days fasting after losing our father?” Ope (Praise)had said looking very surprised

“ Same question running through my mind” Ola (Wealth) said too...

“ This is what we must do and I can assure you, it will yield great results”

The twin girls were definitely not buying into Oba’s idea. Fasting and prayer was not close to what was on their minds, they had just lost their beloved father and starving themselves for 3 days was going to cause further depression into their lives.....

“ How does going into spiritual exercise after losing someone make sense?” Ola (Wealth) Wondered silently...

To be continued ...

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PART 2
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Oba (King) as His name suggests had a way of making people do his bidding. He cajoled his sisters into the fasting and praying program.

Ola(Wealth) and Ope (Praise) joined Oba in the fast and it was a humbling time for them. They wept before the Lord and prayed with all their heart.

They were so broke that they didn’t have money to buy food to break their fast on the third day.

Ola (Wealth) who was the business-minded one, decided to go look for a means of making money. As weak as she was, she walked straight to one of the beautiful houses in their environment. She knocked on the gate and surprisingly to her, it was the Madam of the house that answered...

“ Good Afternoon ma!” Ola had said

“ Yes, Good Afternoon !” Miss Johnson said with a puzzled look for lack of recognition

“ Ma, my name is Kikiolaoluwa and I live down the street, I am not here to beg you for money, but I need money for my siblings and I to eat, so please ma, is it possible for me to wash any dirty clothes you have, to earn a little cash...” Ola had said pleadingly

“ Wow!,... unfortunately I use a washing machine that takes care of my laundry”

“ What about sweeping the compound, I can see your compound needs some sweeping” Ola said with desperation in her voice as she was simultaneously stretching her neck in other to have a good look at the compound.

“ Hold on young lady, is this about you getting money to eat, if it is about that, I can give you some money.”

“ Aww, That is so nice of you ma, but I would love a permanent work, something that will fetch me regular money. My siblings and I just lost our father and my brother asked us to wait on God for three days for God’s guidance, Today is the 3rd day and we don’t have anything to break our fast... That’s why I took it upon myself to do a menial job to get money...so if you give me money right now, it might not be enough to sustain us for days..” Ola said

“ Are you saying, you and your siblings have not eaten for three days, because you were fasting and now you have nothing to break your fast ?” Miss Johnson asked

“ Yes!”

“ Wow!...where do you live?” Miss Johnson asked

Ola pointed towards her house and Miss Johnson told her to take her to their place. She wanted to know the authenticity of Ola’s claims. As Miss Johnson walked behind Ola, Ola knew Oba(King) was not going to be happy with the development. Oba didn’t like asking people for Favours.

Ola had always told him, he was proud, but Oba would say “It is Self-respect, I know my worth, I may not be where I ought to be, but I must not sell myself cheap because of where I am today!”

“ ...eat at my place” Miss Johnson was saying but Ola only heard her last words about eating at her place...

“ I am sorry, I didn’t get you ma...I was lost in thoughts”

“ Oh!, I was saying that if I can verify your claim, then you and your siblings will follow me to my place to have a decent meal...”

“ Oh!, thank you, ma’am, that’s really thoughtful of you ma’am. May God bless the work of your hands and may your children find help wherever they find themselves...”Ola said beaming with smiles

“ Amen..” Miss Johnson said returning Ola’s smile

At that point, they were already in front of the Trio’s room. It was a very small dark room with the only source of light finding it’s way into the room from a miniature window. The rooms had no furniture except for a wooden shelf of books belonging to Oba. They had sold everything sellable, but Oba being an avid reader could not do away with his wooden shelf that housed his books.

They also had two mats on the floor; the twin girls slept on one while Oba slept on the other mat. There were sacks neatly placed in a corner. The trio had neatly arranged their clothes in there...

Oba was lying on the floor reading a motivational book about leadership, but Ope had a small mp3 music player in her hands with her earpiece tucked in her ears... Oba sighted the visitor first and on seeing her, he jumped to his feet wondering what his sister had done...

Miss Johnson looked around and could not believe people could still live in houses like this, Eben, Her security man who she had sent on an errand earlier that morning was not even living in a room as terrible as what the trio was living in..

“ Hello...” Miss Johnson said

“ Good Afternoon ma,” Oba and Ope said looking at Ola for answers as to why they had a visitor in their room...

“ Emmm... Madam lives down the street... I went to her place to see I can get a menial job in other to fix food for us, but she asked to know my house to be sure of how genuine I am “ Ola said...

“ Ok .. Ma., she is very genuine. She is our sister ...”Oba said taking full responsibility as always

“ Oh!, You are a twin!” Miss Johnson said when she noticed Ola and Ope were identical.

“ Yes ma”

“ Wow!, I have always prayed to have twin girls, I totally adore twins... It is well, Your sister has told me about your recent loss and I am very sorry for your loss, but whatever I am able to do, I will do for you, especially for the fact that you know the Lord. What challenged me about her, was the fact that she said you all took it upon yourself to wait upon the Lord after losing your father..., that is a bold step I must say. For that reason, I won't hesitate to show God's Kindness to you..” Miss Johnson said...

“ Ok ma, thank you, ma'am!”

“ So what do you say?” Miss Johnson asked

“Was this woman asking if she could help them?” Oba wondered silently...

“ Yes ma!, we will be glad to accept your God-centred kindness towards us...” Oba said stressing and Emphasizing the “ God-Centered”. His intention was to let the woman know that though they were poor, they were not willing to compromise by doing anything that didn't glorify God...

“ Ok, let's start with you breaking your fast at my place. I will have my maid make something for you!” Miss Johnson said with a smile.

Ola was the first to return the smile, followed by Oba, but Ope was the meticulous one. She was always very careful about trusting people. She was the deep one among the trio, she spoke few words but had deeper insight than the other two...

“ Can't she give us the money and we sort ourselves out?” Ope whispered in Oba's right ear...

Oba gave her a reassuring look, that they would be fine...

Oba, Ope and Ola went with Miss Johnson to her house and

To be continued

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PART 3
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Oba, Ope and Ola went with Miss Johnson to her house and they had the best meal of their lives. They were served hot custard with Fresh Fish pepper soup.

“Of a truth, God is a good God,” Ola thought silently. As she continued with her meal she took the time to look around the house, this was her dream, to be a wealthy woman, she knew someday she would be as rich as this woman. She looked around trying to get more details about the woman, there was no family portrait, it was her picture that filled the whole house. Ola kept turning around to see if she could see another picture...

“ Looking for something?” Miss Johnson said from where she sat

“ Not really ma, I was just admiring your pictures...” Ola said half of the truth...

“ And?” Miss Johnson asked

“ Why don’t you have the pictures of the other members of your family here ma?” Ope blurted out. Ope was a person of few words, but times when she decided to talk, it was straight to the point...

Oba and Ola looked at Ope strangely, with the expression that said, what she just said was uncalled for...

“ Oh that!, I am not married, or better still I have never been married, I have a disorder that can not make me get pregnant, it is called PCOS meaning Polycystic ovary syndrome (PCOS). it is a hormonal disorder, it causes infrequent or prolonged menstrual periods or excess male hormone (androgen) levels. The ovaries develop numerous small collections of fluid

and fail to regularly release eggs, thereby making me Infertile...So I decided to remain single than face the trauma of getting married and waiting endlessly for a child..” Miss Johnson said with a smile and continued with the book she was reading.

The trio could not eat anymore as the words they just heard hit them really hard...

“ How Ironical life was! This woman had enough money to cater for 10 kids in this house but unfortunately she has none, meanwhile, their own father had 3 kids and could not feed even 1” Oba wondered silently

“ What’s happening?” Miss Johnson asked.. “Don’t tell me you are feeling bad, come off it, God has been good to me and I am glad. Not having kids is not the end of the world. I have channelled my energy to helping motherless children. They need me and I need them. I pay the school fees of 10 university students, 25 secondary school students and 54 Nursery and Primary school students. Isn’t that much more than I can ever ask from God... Besides, God has decided to add 3 more to my list. He brought you to me..., So eat up and let’s discuss.” Miss Johnson said and continued with her reading...

Oba was dazed at the level of faith the woman had. He had only read this level of faith in the Bible.

“This PCOS she was referring to must be like the disease the woman with the issue of blood in the Bible had... Excessive menstruation or no menstruation at all...Hmmm, but God can heal her!” Oba thought silently

“This woman must be a true warrior,” Ola thought silently

Ope on the other hand suddenly felt compassion and had tears in her eyes. After their meal, Miss Johnson sat with them in the living room asking them about what their individual visions were...

“ I want to go into politics, I believe that someday I will be the governor of my state...” Oba said

“ I want to work with my hands and make money... I love to do business” Ola said

“ I love singing, I love arts generally, I love to write, sing, play instruments, Draw, make movies and all that... My vision is to be on the big screen!” Ope said with high enthusiasm. Whenever Ope spoke about Art, her face would always light up...

“ Very good dreams I must say, but you know you need education and training to achieve this?”

“ Yes ma, and that has been our limitation,” Oba said...

“ What if I am willing to help, would you accept my offer of help?”

The trio looked at ~~each other~~ ^{one another} surprisingly, amazed at the level of humility the woman had. They were also shocked at how God was set to help them in such a short time...

Miss Johnson fulfilled her promise and got them into private universities after they had written all the necessary examinations. This was two years after they had met her. Within those two years, they had learnt different vocations. Miss Johnson insisted they each learn a craft. Oba became an apprentice at a Mechanic Workshop, Ola started working at Miss Johnson's store as the supervisor, while Ope went to a Music school.

After two years of living with Miss Johnson, they each got admitted into the university to study the course of their choice. Oba went ahead to study Political Science, While Ola went ahead to study Business Administration and Ope went for Mass communication.

Trouble however reared up its ugly head when Miss Johnson's case became critical and She was diagnosed with Cancer of the Uterine lining.

The trio realized their hopes were about to be dashed, as they had just gotten into their second year in the university, and Miss Johnson was the only one they had...

To be continued

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PART 4

“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”

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It felt like a red carpet had been pulled from under the trio’s legs. They had been living a good life, eating good food, dressing well, having someone they could call “Mother”, But all of a sudden their Angel in human form was under serious health attack.

Oba took it upon himself to sensitize his sisters on the need to pray. They started their 3 days fasting and Prayer in school praying for God to heal Miss Johnson by His Healing power...

The trio took the program very seriously, but on the third day, they heard bad news. Miss Johnson’s PA had called Oba that Miss Johnson wasn’t getting any better and needed to be flown outside the country for better health treatment. The P.A told Oba, Miss Johnson asked to see him.

Oba and his siblings travelled down to see their Angel in human form.

Oh my!, Miss Johnson looked like a shadow of herself, she looked so frail... Ope couldn’t control her tears as she kept wailing... Ola and Oba were also tearing up...

“ Why should bad things happen to good people?” Ope kept saying very loudly amidst tears.

Miss Johnson didn’t have the strength to say much, all she said was...

“ I am travelling to get better treatment and I hope to come back soon by the Grace of God, but If I don’t, I want you to take care of yourselves... As part of fulfilling my promise, I have made provision for your one-year school fees. Hopefully, I will return before the end of the session God willing...” Miss Johnson said as her P.A handed over a brown envelope to Oba.

The trio knew this was an indirect Goodbye to Miss Johnson, they knew she was settling them. Looking at Miss Johnson on that bed, the trio knew it would only take God's Grace for her to survive that phase...

Ope hung on to her crying..., Ola did same but Oba faced the wall in tears...

“ God, please for the sake of the good this woman has done, please save her life...”

“ Jesus did a lot of good things, but when it was time for him to leave his disciples for a while, that they may grow... I took him away...” Oba heard those words very clearly in his heart. He froze on the spot. He had never heard God, he had always followed his conscience in doing the right things, but for the first time, He heard God speak to him...

“ Did God know about this sickness, Was God permitting Miss Johnson's exit from their lives?”

Oba Couldn't Help his tears... He started wailing, even more than his sisters...Miss Johnson and her P.A also joined in.

He knew this was time for him and his sisters to brace up. God had given them temporary relief from their pains, but now was the time to grow and take charge of their lives. Miss Johnson was a “ Stop & Rest Inn” on their road-trip.

The trio left Miss Johnson after about an hour because other beneficiaries were waiting at the reception to see her. The Trio understood that Miss Johnson wanted to settle all her beneficiaries before she embarked on her trip as she may not return...

From what the trio gathered, Miss Johnson had sold some of her properties as the treatment of cancer had gulped her finances.

“ No matter how much money one makes in this life, when you are about to die, you won’t take it along with you..” Ola said out loud as she was the one who always thought about money as the ultimate thing to have in life...

“ I will always remember that in my quest for money!” Ola said, still the only one talking as the trio walked towards the park.

“ No wonder Bible states that Vanity upon Vanity..” Oba said...

Ope was the most shattered amongst the trio. All she could think about was her vision of the media. How was she going to fulfil her dreams???

“Why is God so unfair to us, Why????” Ope screamed out in the middle of the road as she broke down crying...

She wanted to die, She wanted life to just end?

“Where were they going from here? What if Miss Johnson did not survive this sickness, how were they going to complete their education? She had only given them school fees for a year, what about the remaining two years...?”

To be continued

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PART 5

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The trio returned to school with heavy hearts. Ope kept casting glances at the bag Oba was carrying on their way back in the rickety interstate bus they had boarded. She was wondering how much Miss Johnson had given them, but her mouth felt too heavy to ask any question.

None of the trio could sleep in their different hostels.

Early the next morning, Oba called the twin girls to meet him at the General Lecture Theatre.

“I have counted the money and it's N500,000, which will pay our school fees for a year, with 50,000 extra for our upkeep, but my question is after this, where are we going to get the next...?” Oba asked

The sound of the birds Chirping around the theatre hall became amplified because, for almost five minutes, the twin girls had no reply for their brother's question...

“God who has started it will complete it...” Ola eventually said

“Hmm... I know that and I have strong faith in God too, but I love to work on the realities we can see. God has been good to us no doubt but I want us to think wisely on what to do!”

“You have something in your mind already, Let's hear it,” Ope said knowing her brother's approach in handling issues.

“Well, I was thinking that we could speak to the management of the school, explain to them our predicament and ask for permission to defer our admissions for two years. In the meantime, we will use the two years to invest

this money wisely and make a profit that will see us through school”. Oba suggested

Ola and Ope exchanged looks...

“ Like stop school and return after two years?... Oba, do you know how old we will be by then?” Ope blurted out...

“ Yes... Oba we are girls, it is easy for boys to study even when they are 50 years old, but we ladies have a plan for our lives... Although your idea is great and I would love to buy into it but will coming back to school be easy for us?” Oba wasn’t sure of the answer too as he kept mute...

“ Let’s do it this way, I will drop out for you both. Give me my own share of the money. I will go do business with it...” Ola said...

Ola was compassionate of the trio, she was always willing to go out of her way for the trio...

“ No, it’s either none or all... We either all defer our admission or not...” Oba said...

Ope had been quiet all the while as dropping out of school was not an option for her. She was the most ambitious of the trio...She put her hands over her ears as she wasn’t willing to listen to the other two’s ranting...

Without saying a word to either of them, she collected the money from Oba, counted out her own part of the fees and returned the rest to Oba.

She stood up and walked away from them...

Oba and Ola knew Ope too well, She had just told them, all the talk about dropping out of school was not for her.

Ope went straight to the Account department and paid her fees without thinking about how she was going to feed or pay for the rest of her years in school...

Oba and Ola didn't know what to do next?

"Should we act like Ope or do what is realistic???" Oba asked Ola who also didn't have the right answers...

Tears flowed down from Ola's eyes as she silently whispered...

"If only Miss Johnson was fine....!"

To be continued

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PART 6
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Ola and Oba decided to drop out of school.

“ You mean, you want to defer for two years?” The Registrar had asked Oba and Ola.

“ Yes sir, please sir, that’s the only way out.” Oba had said

“ Why don’t you hang on, a miracle may happen when you get to your third year. Destiny has a way of sorting itself out, whatever will be will be...” said the unbelieving Registrar. The Registrar was an atheist, so hearing him talk about having faith was quite surprising for the two.

“ You are right sir, but we would love to do our own bit of helping ourselves while we rely on God to do the part we can not do by ourselves...” Oba said

“ Very well then, we will defer your admission.!” He said as the mention of God was upsetting for him

The approval was given to both Oba and Ola to defer their admissions.

However, the student body got to hear about the development and there was a sudden crusade amongst students...

“ Not Ola, No ... Not Ola, Ola cannot drop out of school!”

Ola was the friendly one amongst the trio, she was well known among the student body. Everywhere she went, she was always Favoured...

A money campaign started#[KeepOlainschool](#)... Students started contributing their allowances, Others started calling their parents to send in

money to help their friend whose benefactor was ill and couldn't sponsor her education anymore... The love the student body poured towards Ola was overwhelming. Oba and Ope did not receive such love except a few of their concerned friends...

The students were able to gather another N500,000 for Ola which was to cover her fees for the three years she had left to spend.

Ola shocked everyone by what she did...

Ola had called a meeting of the entire student body and said these words...

“ The love that has been shown to me so far has been beyond my wildest dream. I never thought God Could raise this kind of help for me through your hands. I am sincerely grateful and you all will forever be in my prayers ... Thank you...

I am sure you all know, that we are three siblings in this school. My twin sister and my brother. Our benefactor gave us N500,000 and of which my sister has paid N150,000 as her fee. We are left with N350,000. By privilege and God's goodness, you all have been able to raise N500,000 to settle my own education, but that leaves my brother and sister halfway. Ope needs N300,000 to complete hers, While If Oba uses the N350,000 with him for his own fee, he will need N100,000 to settle up as well...

Which means my siblings need additional N400,000 to complete their education. These figures I have listed don't have our feeding and allowance fee in it. We will still need money for assignments, textbooks and other miscellaneous.

With all these in mind, I came up with an idea which I would love you all to embrace...

I am the industrious one amongst my siblings, I always get whatever I want, it therefore, makes sense for me to sacrifice my education for few years in other to double this money you all have given me, so I don't become a burden to you in future..”

The hall was as silent as a deserted graveyard...

“ In essence, I will crave your indulgence to please transfer this goodwill of yours to my brother, while I take the N350,000 with my brother to go start a business and I assure you all, by the time I get back in two years from now, you won’t be disappointed”...

Everyone was silent...

Ope was tearing up. Oba had his mouth wide open in shock. His sister had not discussed this with anyone, not even him. She had just told him that she wanted to appreciate the student body...

Ola was a girl with a large heart...

Ope was tearing up because she saw who she was not. Her sister had a heart of Gold. She was ready to sacrifice her education for her and Oba.

Everywhere was quiet as it felt like people were trying to soak in the information, but from somewhere in the middle of the Hall, a young man stood up on his feet and started clapping for Ola... Others joined in and from different corners, the students stood up till the whole body of students were on their feet applauding Ola for her bravery and selflessness...

Ola heaved a sigh of relief, she was happy the students didn’t see her as an Ingrate. She knew her plan was going to work... In two years, she knew she would have doubled the money in her hands and even made more...

She received a lot of hugs afterwards but one was special. The first boy who had stood up to clap for her had given her a big and long hug...

“ I wished we had more selfless people like you in the world, the world would be a better place... I respect you!.” He had whispered to her when he gave her a hug...

“ Thanks” Ola had said courteously

“ I will see you around” He had said and left...

Ola was celebrated that day by both students and lecturers who had heard about her decision...

Yet as Oba stood behind his sister who was receiving hugs, he was not sure he was going to let Ola go through with her decision...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 7
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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“You can’t do this...” Oba kept repeating this phrase as he sat with his sisters in the theatre hall after the students had dispersed.

Ope was silent because she knew she couldn’t say anything meaningful at that point. All she did was to continually look at her twin. She was bewildered at Ola’s selflessness...

“ Ope and Oba, someday what I am doing right now will make a lot of sense to you...Let’s get going... I have a lot of packing to do..”

“ Where will you be staying?” Ope managed to ask as it was obvious Miss Johnson may have sold her place.

“ Good question!” Ola said managing to give a smile... “Hmm... I have been thinking about that and the only good idea that popped to my head is for me to get a small apartment beside the school, so I won’t be far away.”

Ope hugged her sister in tears...

Ola didn’t want Ope doing this if only she knew the internal battle she was facing... She didn’t want to break down and cry. She knew God was with them, but everything they were going through was overwhelming. Ola’s eye became teary but she didn’t want to betray the confidence she was trying to instil in her siblings as regards her decision, so she took a deep breath and made sure the tears did not drop. However, Oba saw the tears in her eyes and that made him walk away...

Oba went far away to the chapel, he was torn between a lot of choices.

“ God, tell me what to do? ... My heart wants to stay in school and finish my education, so I can get a good job to take care of my siblings, but my reasoning is saying otherwise...” Oba said as he wept on his knees...

Ope on the other hand as she was walking Ola to her hostel said...

“ I promise not to disappoint you, I will come out in flying colours. Thanks for the sacrifice.”

No one knew what Oba must have heard from God, but on seeing Ola later that evening, he said...

“ Ola, thank you for your bravery and I totally agree with your decision.”

Ola was elated.

The next day, Ola left the school premises very early in search of a mini apartment close to the school premises. After checking out different one-room apartments, she later settled for the cheapest, which was about N75,000 per year. It was in the “ghetto” part of the environment.

Ola settled in her apartment within a few days with great hopes of finding a good business to venture in. She made different enquiries about the nature of the business that was lucrative in the vicinity and she got about 5 different businesses she could venture in.

Ola decided to take the 5 businesses to the Lord in prayer as she did not want to invest the N270,000 left with her wrongly. This was the training their father had imputed into them. Fasting and prayer was a regular thing with the trio as sometimes when they had no food to eat, her father would tell them to turn that day into a fasting day...He thought them the importance of seeking God’s face through fasting and prayer.

Therefore, Ola engaged in 3 days fasting and prayer program and on the third day after observing her vigil, she heard a strange knock at her entrance...

“ Knock Knock!” A strange voice called out to her...

Ola became scared. Who was knocking at her door at 3 am in the morning...

“ We know you are a good girl, so we are not here to harm you, we just need the money with you...” Sukki said.

Sukki was a street urchin in the vicinity, His birth name was Sunkanmi, but he changed it to Sukki, to make it more trendy and “street fancy”. He was popularly known for robbing people, but could not be arrested as his father was the powerful herbalist in the environment. He usually got away with his crimes.

“ The money?, who told them I had money with me... ?“ Ola looked under her school box, where she had kept the money. It was still in the brown envelope Miss Johnson had given them. Ola had collected the N350,000 from Oba and had given him the N500, 000 instead, to pay ahead for him and Ope’s fees.

“ Schoolgirl, open this door... it was one of your school people that told us you have money, and we have been monitoring your movements, so we know you have it with you...”

“Sukki, why are you speaking English to this girl... break this door down now!” Torture, one of the armed robbers said

“ Make we break this door down...” Axe said angrily too...

Ola was scared that she peed on herself...

“ Jesus!, Jesus!” Ola kept shouting as she couldn’t move from the point she was hiding in the room...She had recoiled herself into a corner in the room...

None of the neighbours came out to help. Axe and Torture started pushing the door with their legs...

“ Jesus, Jesus!” Ola kept screaming

But, suddenly she saw the door give way...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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DEEP THOTS

PART 8
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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The door came collapsing right in front of Ola. The sound that followed was loud and Ola hoped someone in the neighbourhood would have at least heard and would come to her rescue. She couldn’t believe the door was down and she was face to face with the robbers.

Ola stayed glued to the spot...and she wished Rapture could just take place at that moment ...

“ Where the money dey?” Torture screamed at Ola...(Where is the money?)

“ Torture!!! calm down, you no suppose talk to school girl like dat nao...” (You are not meant to talk to a learned girl like that!) Sukki said as he walked confidently towards Ola.

Ola felt like a little child about to devoured by a big buffalo...Sukki bent down and spoke quietly to Ola.

“ Hey, beautiful school girl, Where is the money?” Sukki said as he softly caressed Ola’s rosy cheeks

“Hmmm...” Sukki said as he sniffed Ola’s body... “You smell like strawberry ice cream, my best flavour”.

Ola’s best flavour was strawberry, therefore her body cream, body spray was always strawberry flavoured. Ope had always told her jokingly that someday, someone might eat her up thinking she was a piece of cake or ice cream...

Ola wished she had not taken her bath that night before sleeping as Sukki was sniffing her entire body...

Ola knew it was time to talk or else it was going to be her virginity that she would be robbed off any moment.

“The money is under my box”, She said as she pointed towards her box...

The boys rushed towards the box, except Sukki who was looking at Ola with so much amusement in his eyes...

“That’s the money!” Ola said to Sukki in a bid to shift his attention from her...

“Even your mouth smells like Strawberry!” Sukki said

“Oh my God!, Why did you ever create Strawberry, it’s about to land me in trouble!” Ola thought as she knew she had used her strawberry flavoured toothpaste before sleeping.

“I feel like eating you right now!” Sukki said

“Sukki, Sukki, Make we commot, we don carry the money...(Let’s get out of here, we have the money)” Torture said

“I can’t leave just like that, I need to take strawberry,” Sukki said as he had forcefully landed his lips on Ola’s lips...

“Please, Please... don’t please... please I am a virgin please,” Ola said as hot tears came rolling down her cheeks...Fear had taken over her mind.

Sukki was taken aback, but the spirit that drove him was having a better and stronger hold on him than his reasoning...

“Sukki leave this babe, Make we waka!” (Sukki, Let the Lady be, Let’s get going!) Torture said as he dragged Sukki from Ola...

A fight ensued...

Sukki slapped torture...

“ You Dey mad?” (Are you crazy?) Sukki said

“ Sukki, leave the babe, she just talk say she never know man before, no rob her body, the money don do” (Sukki, Let the girl be, She just told you, she is a virgin, Don’t rob her of her pride, the money we have taken is okay)

“ Torture, get out of here ...” Sukki said as he brought out a charm from his pocket with the intention of hitting Torture with it...

Torture stepped back in fear as he knew what the Charm could do to him. It was a paralyzing charm. Sukki had gotten it from his father, whenever they were going to do their evil works, Sukki took it along. Once it hits the target, the target becomes weak like jelly. It usually takes 24 hours to wear off...

Ola didn’t know what it was, but she cared less. All she knew was Sukki or whatever his name was, was not going to have his way with her...

Torture stepped out of the room with regrets in his eyes. He wished he could take the paralyzing charm from Sukki and hit his head with it 20 hot times, but he knew Sukki could have him killed afterwards...

Meanwhile, Ope was having a terrible nightmare in her room back at the hostel. She woke up very restless. She knew the feeling. Something was not well with Ola wherever she was. She picked her phone and dialled Ola’s number...

Ola’s phone rang. Sukki grabbed it and turned it off...

“ Please .. Don’t rape me...” Ola begged

“ I promise to be soft and gentle, Strawberry!” Sukki said as he parted Ola’s legs...

“ Please....” Ola started raising her voice

“ If I were you, I wouldn’t do that, because this thing in my hand will turn you to a dumb girl if I hit it on you...” Sukki said, but Ola wasn’t listening...

.

She raised her voice and Sukki in defence hit her with the paralyzing charm...

Ola became like a lifeless body. She fell to the ground like a pack of cards...Her brain was still functioning but she couldn’t raise her hands or any part of her body, and most importantly she couldn’t find her voice...

At that same moment, Ope felt like something hit her. She suddenly felt feverish, she walked to the fan control and turned off the fan... Her roommate woke up...

“ Ope, What’s wrong?” Tise asked

“ Feeling feverish...” Ope had said

“ Oh!, sorry about that, you should visit the health centre in the morning...”

“ No, I should visit Ola at her apartment, I feel something is wrong with her!” Ope said as she knew the feeling she was having

“ Really?, How do you know that!” Tise asked

“ You can’t understand, there is this bond between twins, that one feels the emotion of the other even when they are miles apart and right now what I

feel is fear,” Ope said as she could not explain in plain English what she was experiencing

“ Ok..., then why don’t you give her a call?” Tise suggested

“ I have but after it rang for a while, it stopped and when I tried calling back, it was switched off,” Ope said as she paced around

“ That’s not a good sign...”Tise said sitting up

“ Yes!... Not a good sign, I don’t know what to do...” Ope said obviously very confused...

“ Pray!, Let’s Pray...That’s the only thing to do when you don’t know what to do...” Tise said

“ I have no strength to pray right now... Honestly, I feel like my strength has been sapped out of me..” Ope said as she sat on the ground

That was exactly how Ola was feeling in her apartment as she laid on the bare cold floor looking at Sukki who was pulling off his trousers... She watched in tears...She couldn’t move one bit and couldn’t defend herself...

She was about to be raped and robbed of her pride she had guarded jealousy for years...

“ God where are you?” Ola cried out from her heart as her voice had been stolen from her...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 9
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Sukki declared war after he left Ola because something went wrong! What?

After Axe and Torture had left the room, Sukki had forced his way into Ola. On satisfying himself, he stood up and said...

“ Schoolgirl, I am sorry but a man has to do what he has to do...”

Sukki ran out expecting to meet Torture and Axe outside but they were nowhere in sight...

Sukki called out in a whisper...

“ Torture, Torture, Axe... Axe, where are you?” He got no response. He wondered where they were.

The money!

Sukki knew Torture could not be trusted with money! Sukki ran as fast as his legs could carry him towards Torture’s house.

As soon as Sukki was out of sight, Torture and Axe came out of where they were hiding.

“ He don go” (He is gone!) Torture said

“ Torture you sure say this thing wey we wan do no go backfire?” (Torture Are you sure what we are about to do won’t backfire?)

“Axe, Na if we no do Wetin we wan do now, Na Dat time, we go see fire” (Axe, it is when we fail to do what we have to do now that we will experience fire) Torture said

Torture had convinced Axe when Sukki was indoors with Ola that, they should betray Sukki. He had convinced Axe that it was bad of them to rob the innocent girl of her money and her pride. He said he didn't want to experience God's wrath. They had agreed that once Sukki left, they would return the money to the girl and lie to Sukki that policemen had accosted them while they were waiting for him outside and since they wanted to cover his evil deed, they gave the money to the officers...

It seemed like a perfect plan...

As Torture and Axe got back into the room, they saw Ola lying helplessly on the floor with her two legs spread wide apart. Her eyes were pouring out tears on its own...

“Schoolgirl, sorry for wetin Sukki do you...Take, Keep your moni, Sukki no know say we come here, so if morning reach wash yourself, run go keep the moni, for bank..” (Schoolgirl, We are sorry for what Sukki has done to you, Have your money. Sukki doesn't know we came back here, so once it's early in the morning, Hurry and keep it safe in the bank)..Torture said pointing the money towards Ola who was looking at him helplessly.

Torture expected her to stretch forth her hand to receive the money, but he noticed Ola didn't move...

“Schoolgirl, Schoolgirl “ he moved closer to her to be sure she was still alive. Recognition of what was happening to Ola dawned on him. Sukki had hit her with the paralyzing charm...

“F**k Sukki..., God punish Sukki” Torture dropped the money and lifted Ola from the ground...

“ Torture... Wetin You Dey do?” (Torture what are you doing?) Axe asked

“ You Dey blind? You no see say Sukki don weak this girl? (Are you blind?, Can’t you see Sukki has made this girl weak?) Torture said as he placed Ola on her bed.

“Enter her kitchen, look for water and salt” (Get into her kitchen, bring water and salt) Torture said loudly at Axe.

Axe dashed into Ola’s mini kitchen and scattered the whole place looking for Salt. He saw a small container with the label “ Sugar”.

He brought it out to Torture...

Torture looked at the inscription...

“ You be mumu... You know read say Na shuga...” (You are a fool, can’t you read the inscription “ Sugar”).

Axe ran back bringing the second container with “ Salt” inscription on it.

He took a bowl and poured water in.

“ Na in be dis!” (This is it) Axe said

“ Mix salt for the water,” Torture said as he looked for a nearby cloth...

Sukki had told Torture in time past, that his father had told him Salt was a neutralizing ingredient. Sukki had told him, if anyone ever hit him with a charm, he should get water mixed with salt and make some incantations in other to regain his strength.

Unfortunately, Torture was confused, he didn't know the incantation. He really wanted to help the innocent girl. Then something else dropped in his heart as he saw Ola's Bible on her Bed.

In his lack of Spiritual knowledge, he picked the Bible and placed it on Ola's chest and as he dabbed Ola with the cloth he had soaked in the saltwater, he kept shouting...

“ Jesus!, Jesus !”

Ope had laid back on the bed crying, she couldn't tell why she was crying but she felt she was about to lose something precious to her...

Tise couldn't pray as she had to console Ope.

“ Ope, I really don't understand why you are crying!” Tise said in frustration

“ I have a feeling Ola is dying...” Ope said

“ I reject it in Jesus name!” Tise said

“ You know what, I am not going to join you in this pity party, “ Tise said as she also started shouting

“ Jesus!, Jesus!”

Micheal had woken up from a frightening dream. He was the boy who had hugged Ola after her speech at the Theater hall.

He had seen the girl, Ola, who had sacrificed her education for her siblings in his dream...

He saw her walking away from the school, he saw her siblings trying to reach out for her, but they couldn't get hold of her hand. He saw her twin sister crying and he also was crying, blaming himself for not helping her...

Micheal woke up frightened, and he suddenly felt he should have helped the Lady.

“ But, I was the one who anonymously contributed N100,000 out of the N500,000 that the student body gave her!” Micheal tried trying to convince himself of helping Ola already

“ But you have the capacity to do more!” Micheal's conscience replied

“ Ok. I will do more...” Micheal said as he went back to sleep...

“ Won't you at least pray for her? that's another way of helping!” Micheal's conscience pricked him again...

Micheal sat up and also started calling out the name of Jesus!

“ Jesus!”

Oba had a terrible night as he had over 10 dreams of seeing different graveyards... He woke up trying to do his devotion when he checked his phone and saw Ope's 20 missed calls. He had put his phone on silent.

“ 20 missed calls!” He knew that was not a good one...

Ola knew her strength was coming back to her. The more the robber was calling 'Jesus'. the more strength she was gaining...Strength entered her hands. She moved it..

“ She don move her hand!” (She has moved her hands) Axe said

“ You sure?” (Are you sure?) Torture asked

Axe nodded...

“Schoolgirl, if you don Dey Get strength, tell me!” (Schoolgirl once you start gaining strength, tell me!) Torture said...

Ola nodded her head, and Torture was elated...

“Jesus name Dey work ooo,” Torture said in excitement...

“Torture, Axe...Torture Axe!” Sukki’s voice rang loud from a far distance...followed by sporadic gunshots...

“ Where una dey, bring my moni or else blood go paint street” (Where are you, bring my money or else there will be bloodshed.)

Axe and torture froze in fear...

“ Torture, I tell you, make we carry this moni go give him...”(Torture I told you, Let’s give him the money) Axe said in fear

“ No... No...” Torture took the money and hid it in Ola’s kitchen. He grabbed Axe hand’s and dashed out of Ola’s room...

Ola wanted to tell him “thank you”, but her voice was gone...

Though Sukki had raped her of her pride, she still had reasons to be grateful, she was still alive...

Ola laid on the bed hearing the sporadic gunshots...

“ God, please don’t let Sukki kill Torture and Axe...” the compassionate Ola prayed silently in her heart as still in her pain she was thinking of the wellbeing of another person...,

The battle became bloody... No one could come out of their houses. Sukki had asked for the money and Torture had lied the police officers had taken it from him.

Sukki was ready to let all hell loose... His father did not help matters too. His father told him he would back him up to fight the police...

Sukki kept shooting with the hope the police will show up...

Torture knew what was best for him and Axe. They hideously fled Town...

Ope and Oba tried to get out of school by morning to see Ola, but because of Sukki’s display of gunshots, the school management had ordered the security not to let any student out of the gate...

Ola was all alone in her room.....and all she could do was ask God for Mercy. She wanted to make heaven if death came calling.... and she kept asking God a very important question...

“ God, I fasted and prayed for three days and the only prayer I prayed was that your purpose be established in my life...Is going through Rape part of your purpose for my life?”.....

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 10
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Sukki suddenly realized he had been outsmarted by Torture and Axe when one of the other boys told him he had seen them boarding a bus...

“Axe, Torture blood go flow...” Sukki said as he beat his chest. His intention was to visit their parents’ house and spill some blood. As he made a turn towards Torture’s house, he began to hear sporadic gunshots, which had more effect than his ‘toy gun’...

“Soldiers...Soldiers” Some of Sukki’s boys ran towards him informing him, that someone must have called the soldiers from the nearby barracks.

Sukki knew soldiers were more brutal than police officers. Instinct told him this was the time to bow and run from the stage...He rushed into his father’s power chamber.

“Father, the soldiers are coming... It was Torture and Axe that took the money...I need to get out of here fast...” Sukki said to his father in his mother tongue...

“You are right... You need to get out of here right now!” His father replied Sukki’s father gave him a charm that could make him disappear and in few seconds, he was out of there...

Ola laid on the bed thinking about her virginity, thinking about how she had dreamt of her future husband being the first to ever make love to her... Her father had shown She and Ope their mother’s pant that had her virginity blood on it...He had told them proudly he was the first and only man their mother ever slept with before she died and that was why he couldn’t bring himself to marrying someone else after their mother’s demise.

Ola felt more pain as she thought of how unfortunately she had lost her own virginity not on her volition, but by rape. She felt guilty for a belief she had once had about girls who were raped.

She used to be of the opinion that any girl that was raped, asked for it based on her interaction with the opposite sex or probably her way of dressing, but now she knew better. She concluded in her pain that Anyone who had ever been raped whether by chance or by facilitating it was a VICTIM.

Tears flowed down her face as she tried to gain enough strength to pull herself together. She knew she needed a bath, because knowing who Ope was, Ope was going to be at her place any moment.

“Sukki ending my call abruptly must have raised suspicion in Ope, and I don’t want Ope and Oba seeing me this way! I can’t afford to have them unhappy, it will affect their academics, “Ola get up!” Ola encouraged herself

However, Ola’s Body was not responding to her motivational talk, also her emotions were betraying her...

“ God! Why?” Ola finally screamed out in her heart as she had tried so hard not to blame God or say anything against God since Sukki left

And like a flash, Ola remembered her Father’s words...

“ I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it. But one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead” Baba Jenriayegbe had told his children during one of his Bible study time with them...

“ These words were spoken by Paul the Apostle and it has been my life motto... Oba, Ope, Ola never give up on your dreams until you achieve it. Some flops might come along the way, some unplanned casualties may come to scare you or discourage you from your dreams, you must go past it and leave that experience in the past...

Say this after me loud and clear...MY PAST IS IN MY PAST, I PRESS FORWARD TOWARDS MY FUTURE BECAUSE THAT IS WHERE MY GREATNESS LIES.”

The trio had repeated after their father...

“ Now listen, what does it mean to press?”

“ To exert pressure” Oba had replied

“ To strain” Ope had said...

“ To push” Ola had said

“Good, So whenever you face challenges along the journey of life, you must rise up, because you have not achieved your goal. At that point, you may be weak but you have to push, you have to strain yourself, you have to exert pressure on yourself to move to your desired future...”

“Where is the Bible verse, Father?” Oba the bookworm had asked

“ Philippians 3: 13-14”

Ola remembered that day so clearly as she laid on the bed... At that moment, She knew she had not gotten the answer to why God allowed the rape but she had gotten what she needed to do...She stretched her hand to pick up her Bible and opened to that portion of the Bible...She was using the New Living translation, her version read.

“ No, dear brothers and sisters, I have not achieved it, but I focus on this one thing: Forgetting the past and looking forward to what lies ahead”

Her tears flowed as she understood what God was trying to tell her...

“ Ola, you haven’t achieved your vision of becoming wealthy to help lives, therefore forget what has just happened, it is your past, though a recent past, but you need to press forward.”

With those words dropping into her heart, Ola put in all her strength and rose from the bed. Her tears had no break, it flowed ceaselessly.

Her legs were wobbly, so she laid on the floor and dragged herself to her toilet.

Her strawberry soap suddenly looked like evil, so she took her detergent and took her bath with that instead, sitting on the floor...

Towards Evening, Oba and Ope were able to get out of the school. Micheal had visited Ope at her hostel earlier during the chaos. and handed over N150,000 to her. He told Ope, she should give it to Ola as a gift to invest in whatever business she wanted to go into. Ope was elated but also afraid as she had not heard from Ola.

Ola's Landlady who was an elderly woman had paid her a visit, apologizing for not coming to her rescue when she was being robbed...

" My heart and prayers were with you, but I couldn't do anything as I was scared that ruthless boy could shoot me." She had said apologetically.

She had called a carpenter to fix Ola's door...

Ope and Oba got to Ola's place, and on reaching her, Ola had composed herself but there was a problem...

Ola couldn't speak again...

To be continued

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PART 11
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Sukki found himself in front of a church, the disappearing charm landed him in front of a church. As he raised his head, the first thing he saw was a banner...

“ Theme: No Condemnation in CHRIST JESUS!”

He looked around in fear to be sure no one had seen him appear there suddenly, but what met his eyes was another banner at the entrance of the church...

“ JESUS IS THE ONLY SAFE WAY, ANY OTHER WAY LEADS TO DEATH”

Those words struck Sukki, it meant something very deep to him...

Ope and Oba were happy when they saw Ola seated on her bed...

“ Thank God, You are fine...” Ope said with a sigh of relief the moment she saw Ola...

“ Ope, you can see she is fine...” Oba said and all Ola could do was respond with a smile...

“ Any food in this house?” Oba said going into the kitchen. Ope sat beside Ola, but she suddenly felt something was amiss when Ola didn’t say anything...

“ What is wrong?” Ope asked Ola

Ola wanted to say “ Nothing” but no sound came out of her mouth. Ope jumped back and beckoned on Oba...

“ Oba, something is wrong with Ola?” Ope said

“ What?”

“ Ola say something...” Ope said frantically but as Ola tried harder, no sound came out of her mouth.

Tears flowed out of her eyes as she knew she would have to do the explanation she didn’t intend to do...

Ope begins to scream and cry...

“I knew something had gone wrong with Ola, I knew it... Ola, What happened?”

Ola gave then a sign to please give her a pen and paper, so she wrote with the little strength she could gather...

“ I was attacked by armed robbers last night, I was hit with charm and raped...”

Ope collapsed...

Now, the attention shifted and Ope was the one who needed help... Ola and Oba tried splashing water on her face, but she wasn’t responding.

Ola took the paper and wrote “Hospital”. Oba nodded and they both dashed out of the room, with Oba carrying Ope. As they stepped out, Ola remembered the money and Oba remembered the money Micheal had given

Ola through Ope. It was in Ope's handbag. They both dashed back into the room and picked the different pack of money...

It was around 7 pm and Ope wasn't awake, although she was breathing as she laid on the hospital bed...Oba had been looking at Ola hideously as he was silently blaming himself for his Sister's defilement, but like Ola knew what was going on in his mind, she took Oba's phone from him and typed ...

"I know what's going on in your mind, you think it would have been better if you were the one who was in that room and I was in the hostel... No, don't think that way, because if it had been you, the armed robbers may have killed you."

Oba read the message and could not help but shed tears. If Ola was not ever going to talk, he wasn't going to talk either...He typed on his phone

"You are right... but what are we going to do about your voice?" Oba handed the phone back to Ola and interestingly Ola smiled as the texting thing seemed like fun...

"We can speak to the doctor about it and besides I enjoy this texting thing... Let me enjoy it while it lasts..". Ola handed the phone back to Oba who could not help but smile at the last part of the text.

"Ola! What a beautiful and strong soul, she is as strong as our father" Oba reasoned quietly... Oba took his sister by the hand and walked to the doctor's office. Oba explained the situation to the doctor, who told them she might need to see a speech therapist.

The doctor also advised Ola should take time to rest because of the rape. He gave Ola a pill that would protect her from unwanted pregnancy. Ola complained of soreness in her private part.

The doctor told her it was normal and that she should try to get some ice packs to relieve her of the soreness...

Meanwhile, Sukki was seated at the corner of the church. They were having Evening service. Although Sukki Felt out of place, it felt like something was

pinning him down...He was looking for where to stay. He entered the church with the intention to lie that he was disowned by his father who is a herbalist because he just gave his life to a Christ, but the words of the pastor were piercing him more.

“ It doesn’t matter where you are coming from, it doesn’t matter what you have done, God is opening His arms wide to Recieve you... it has to be today. A time is coming where you won’t have your father or your mother and the only person who will be able to save you is Jesus... Now is the time to give your life over to Christ.” The pastor was saying

Sukki knew it was time to give His life to Christ. He just knew this was it for him. He had been escaping this, but he knew if he missed this, he could be dead soon...

Sukki walked to the front and knelt before the Lord..

.

“ God will punish him wherever he is, He will never know peace in Jesus name. Joy will be far from him all the days of his life” Ope was saying after she woke up from her unconscious state...

Ola had written the whole incident down and explained in details all that happened...

“ You can’t go back to that house!” Oba said

“ And lose a year rent?” The business-minded Ola texted to Oba.

She continued “ I will be fine!”

Ola gave a stern look and Oba knew that whenever Ola gave that look, it was final.

Ola returned back to her house and on Oba's insistence, she bought a strong iron door to replace the wooden door.

Oba and Ope made sure they visited every other day to ensure she was fine, but Ola didn't like the arrangement as she knew it would affect their academics...

She visited a speech therapist and the bill she was given scared her. She felt if she paid that huge amount of money, she won't have enough money for her business...

Her being temporarily dumb was not going to kill her dreams. She had to push forward.

Ola wrote to the Landlady About relocating... and would appreciate if she could have a refund of her rent. Ola explained she had been having nightmares as a result of what happened to her in that room. The landlady was very receptive and in fact, told Ola she would help her get a better apartment ...

The landlady made some calls and surprisingly one of her friends who was a dealer of Eggs wanted to rent a room out. The landlady took Ola there to see if she would like it...

Fortunately for Ola, the house was behind the University where Ope and Oba were. The house also had good security. Ola nodded in excitement and she was all smiles...

The landlady paid her friend and Ola went back with her to pack her things...The plan was for her to move in the next day, but Ola had a strange dream on her last night in that room...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 12
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
©Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Ola had seen herself in her room in the dream and a lady had brought her baby clothes. Female baby clothes to be precise...

“ Take it, it is for your baby OluwaSunmibare” the lady had said

Ola had smiled and said...

“ Aww... thank you...” Ola had replied in the dream

Ola woke up voicing the name in her heart...

“ OluwaSunmibare...OluwaSunmibare” She repeatedly said in her heart. She tried to translate the Yoruba name to English...

“ God has pushed me towards goodness”...

“Hmmm... A baby? Am I pregnant?... the pills...I used the pills the doctor gave me for five days..., but hold on what’s the date?” Ola thought silently as she looked for her phone...

“July 12th... Oh my God, I am 3 days late..” Ola thought in her heart...

“ God please don’t let me be pregnant, I am still dealing with the hurt of being raped, please don’t add pregnancy... I am still trying to see how to feed my siblings and I, please don’t add any other mouth... Who is going to pay for the diapers, baby food, clothes... God please...”

Ola stood up and with firm determination, she told herself she wasn't going to go for a pregnancy test... She believed strongly she would see her period soon...

"But what if I am really pregnant?" Ola reasoned quietly as she was packing her clothes. The landlady had volunteered to help her pack her belongings to the new house with her car

"If I am pregnant, it will be too much for Oba and Ope to handle," Ola thought silently...

"Then it is better I know my fate" Ola concluded in her heart

The pastor of the church Sukki had found himself had taken his case seriously. He had made room for Sukki in the church store and he made it compulsory despite his busy schedule to have daily Bible study with him.

The same night Ola had the dream about Someone giving her a female baby cloth, Sukki also had found something intriguing and haunting to him from the Bible when he was flipping through the Bible...

"Deuteronomy 22:28-29

"If a man finds a girl who is a virgin, who is not engaged, and seizes her and lies with her and they are discovered, then the man who lay with her shall give to the girl's father fifty shekels of silver, and she shall become his wife because he has violated her; he cannot divorce her all his days."

His heart broke as he remembered the strawberry girl... In all his moments of mischief, he had never raped a girl, the strawberry girl was his first, and she was a virgin, unlike all the loose girls he had been sleeping with...

Sukki realized this verse showed that God was not happy with him for raping the strawberry girl and the only way he thought he might be able to correct his error was to marry this girl..., but Would she want to marry a man like him...?

“I was a former rogue who had raped her, I had dropped out of university because of cultism related issues...I am the son of a herbalist...” Sukki thought as he sat on the soft mattress in the storeroom that had been provided for him...

Ola sat at the medical centre shaking, she saw the look on the nurse’s face when she handed over the result to her. Ola knew that look... the look of condemnation...

As Ola opened the result her fear was confirmed. She was in deep soup. She was pregnant...

Ola couldn’t help but cry out at the hospital, she burst into loud tears that attracted people’s attention. She, however, received sly comments that showed people had judged her wrongly...

“Look at her, you should have known this would be the result after enjoying what is meant for adults,” said an elderly woman

“ She is just shedding fake tears before you say, Jack Robinson, she will go for an abortion “A man also said

“ This generation lacks youths with the sense of morality...”

Ola wished she could scream out loud to defend herself... She rushed towards one of the nurses and grabbed her pen and wrote boldly

“ I WAS RAPED BY ARMED ROBBERS”

Ola raised it up for everyone to see as she was crying profusely...

The atmosphere changed, there was silence everywhere, as those who had condemned her felt ashamed...

“ God, who can question your ways...” A lady who had been silent all the while burst out in tears as she knelt before God...

“ I dare not question you, you made a young dumb girl get pregnant after rape, but I have been praying to you for 7 years for a child, and all I hear in my Spirit is WAIT... I dare not question your ways but show me mercy too” The woman kept crying and the nurses went close to console her...

The atmosphere was filled with “Hmmm...” from different quarters... and Ola’s compassionate self suddenly felt pity for the woman.

If only she could swap wombs with this woman. If only the baby in her womb could be transferred to the woman... Or should she bear the child and give her/ him to the woman..?

Ola reasoned quietly as she kept tearing up and asking God why He was allowing all these to happen to her...

Then she heard her conscience say to Her...

“ Skilled and Trusted Soldiers stay at the front of the squad at the Battlefield”

“ What did that mean?” Ola reasoned silently to herself as the woman came close to give her a comforting hug...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 13
MY FATHER'S FARMLAND
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“ Can you come with me to my house?” Banke said as she kept wiping her tears. Ola had written out a summary of all that happened to her and her siblings...

Banke could not believe something like that could happen to a human being and that person could still have her faith strong in God. This thing about her not talking was terrible, she wanted to take her to her husband who was a pastor. She believed with prayers, the poor girl could recover her voice...

However, she was a bit sceptical about the validity of her story. There were a lot of fraudulent people in the country with different stories.

“ Your house? Why?” Ola wrote

“ Yes, with everything you have written, I am led in my Spirit to be of help to you, provided your story is true. I live in a duplex by the Grace of God with 5 rooms, my husband and I only use one room. Actually, we have been looking for a maid, so I could tell my husband you are the new maid... but I promise not to treat you as one... I don't want you aborting this pregnancy... but before I can take you home, I will like you to take me to your siblings at the university you claim they are attending...”

Ola rested her head on the headrest in Mrs. Banke's car.

“ Is this meant to be the next phase in my life or should I go back to my original plan and move in with the Landlady's friend?” Ola kept asking herself...

She closed her eyes and asked the Lord in her heart...

“ I am with you...” Ola heard quietly in her heart

“ Ok, let me take you to my siblings, but please don’t tell them about the pregnancy. It will break their hearts..” Ola wrote.

Mrs. Banke drove down to the university and she was able to verify Ola’s claims. Mrs. Banke told them she wanted to help Ola as she was led to do so. Oba and Ope agreed to the new move feeling comfortable with the arrangement as Ola won’t be alone in a house.

Ola was silent over her pregnancy.

Mrs. Banke went aside to call her husband...

“ Honey, I have seen an orphan who we can help and also serve as the help we need. I have met her family ... I will give you more details when I get home.”

“ So what happens to the business plan you have?” Oba asked Ola

“ Right now, I need to heal from the rape, so this is not the time to start a business. That is why I am accepting her offer to be a maid” Ola wrote before she realized she had written too much

“ Maid?” Ope said in surprise...

“ What I mean is, she is looking for a maid, so while she is still on the search, I can always help around, since she has offered me a place..” Ola wrote

“ Ok..” Oba and Ope said...

“ I pray God be with you...All these will be over soon, by the time we are through with school, we will pay you back for this huge sacrifice. We love you sis” Oba said...

Oba, Ope, and Ola went with Mrs. Banke to her house. Mrs. Banke was living in one of the posh estates in the environment. Her house was more beautiful than Miss Johnson’s House. It was obvious they were Christians as the house had a lot of wall hangings proclaiming God’s names and scriptures.

Mrs. Banke’s Husband was surprised when he saw three youths. After saying hi to the trio, he told his wife to see him privately.

After 25 minutes, Mrs. Banke came out and took Ola to her room...

“ I feel the peace of God in this house and more importantly you will be safe from further sexual abuse,” Oba said...

Oba, Ope, and Ola ate a delicious meal prepared by Mrs. Banke. After 2 hours Oba and Ope went back to school, while Mrs. Banke got familiar with Ola. She promised to take Ola back to her apartment the next day to pick up her belongings and money.

Towards Evening, Mrs. Banke informed Ola they would be going for evening Revival service. It was then Ola realized Mrs. Banke’s Husband was a pastor.

They travelled for about 50 minutes before getting to his church. The service was beautiful. Mrs. Banke’s Husband was the pastor in charge.

When it was time for the prayer session, Pastor Ayo (Mrs. Banke’s Husband) climbed the podium and said...

“ Light shines and darkness can not comprehend it, We have someone in our midst, a new sister in our midst who was hit by a charm recently and that took her voice away..., As I sat down during the Word, it was impressed on my heart to ask the congregation to intercede on her behalf and I believe our Father will restore her voice”

“ Halleluya! “ Chorused the Church...

Ola was shocked at the love and hoped silently God was going to answer...

Ola was called out to be prayed for, but Ola was shocked to see someone in the front row that looked like Sukki...

No! It couldn't be Sukki, but she looked closely and saw that he was the one...Ola walked close to be sure he was the one... And Yes he was the one... Sukki felt the ground should swallow him up... Strawberry was standing right in front of him...

“ Had she become dumb because of what had happened?” Sukki reasoned silently as he bent his head in shame...

Ola looked at Mrs. Banke and her Husband as she felt she was in the middle of a plan... The only thing that came to her mind was to run..run as fast as her legs could take her...

Ola ran out of the church and stopped a bike. Since she was dumb, she couldn't say a word... She just pointed ahead and the bike man said...

“ Junction?”The bike man asked

Ola nodded in the affirmative. She jumped on the bike and hit the bike man to leave...

Mrs. Banke and Pastor Ayo had rushed out to catch up with Ola but she was long gone...Sukki fell to the floor crying...

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
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PART 14
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Ola found her way back to her apartment with the money she intended to use as her offering in the church...

She felt afraid, her mind kept telling her, Sukki was following her.

She wrote her experience in summary and gave it to her Landlady.

She wrote to the Landlady to take her to her friend’s place immediately. She also begged the Landlady not to disclose her new apartment to anyone including her siblings...

The Landlady obliged her and immediately took Ola to her friend’s place.

When Ola got to the new room, all she did was cry. She didn’t understand why she was this unfortunate.

“ Was it possible Sukki had suddenly become a Christian? No... Never, God Could never forgive him?” Ola cried

Her phone rang...It was Ope...

“ Where are you?”

Ola was just crying, she wished she could pour out her mind but she couldn’t speak. If only she had not seen Sukki, maybe she would have recovered her voice that night.

She sent a text message to Ope...explaining all that happened...

Ope replied her...

“ Mrs. Banke has explained all that happened, it’s best you ran... Where are you now? I am at your place and your former Landlady said she doesn’t know your whereabouts. We should go make a report at the police station so they can make an arrest...” Ope had texted

“I am not interested in arresting him, I just want to be far from him. About where I am staying, I am closer to you than you know, but right now I just want to be alone...I will be fine. Give me time alone to be with God. You can still check up on me via chats and video calls...I love you and Oba.” Ola had texted back.

Ope knew Ola too well not to try to argue with her. She knew Ola’s tone of finality even through text.

“ Ok, fine... I understand how you feel, I will always text and chat you up every day... You will overcome.” Ope texted though she did in tears. This Sukki guy was going to pay for what he had done...

“ Born again my foot!” Ope hissed

Mrs. Banke was heartbroken when Sukki had explained to them he was the one who raped Ola and hit her with charm.

“ We may need him to leave the church...” Banke had said with sentimentality in her voice

“ No, we can’t lose him, he is a new babe in Christ..!” Pastor Ayo said to his wife

“ Then do we lose the poor orphan who is the victim here..”Mrs. Banke had retorted

“ We can accommodate both of them in the church, Our God is the God of Peter and the God of Paul, Ola is of the Peter generation, the ones who have always known Christ, while Sukki is of the Paul generation, those who despite

their terrible past, God is willing to accommodate in the body of Christ!” Pastor Ayo had said to his wife in a heated conversation while returning back home.

Mrs. Banke had been calling Ola’s number, Which Ola had given her on their way to church earlier that evening but she had refused to pick up. She and her husband had traced her to her house but met her absence. She had called her sister, Ope to inform her of the situation.

“ I can’t afford to lose this lady..” she muttered silently as her husband was not getting her point.

She felt they could send Sukki to another branch where he could be mentored by another pastor, while they accommodate Ola...

“ God, am I wrong?” Mrs. Banke said to God in her heart...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 15

“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”

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“ We should be mindful of our actions because when we become born again or claim to be born again as a way of escaping the consequences of our past actions, we should know that some of our victims who we have hurt in time past still nurse their pains...This is just a gentle reminder...” Mrs. Banke was saying at the Wednesday mid-week service during her short exaltation.

Sukki knew the message was directed at him. The pastor’s wife was no longer warming up to him like before. She literally would give a malicious look that told Sukki, he was not wanted in the church.

Pastor Ayo was not happy with the way his wife was handling the matter, but there was little to nothing he could do about it.

This was a week after the incident of Ola seeing Sukki in the church, his wife had not been the same. She was highly irritable over little things in the house. She kept insinuating Sukki’s repentance was not genuine.

“ I better leave this church so I don’t cause marital problems between the pastor and his wife.” Sukki thought as he saw the exchange of looks between the pastor and his wife.

When Pastor Ayo stepped on the podium, his first Bible verse of the day was...

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit... Romans 8:1. I totally agree with my wife that we should be careful of our actions like the case of Brother Sunkanmi as most times in our ignorance we hurt a lot of people, but the good news for people like Brother Sunkanmi who have found their way to Calvary... is that, there is no more condemnation for them, because they are now in Christ Jesus.. Old things have passed away....”

“ And all things have become new” the members chorused, but Mrs. Banke stood up instead and walked to the pastor’s office.

Meanwhile, Kikiolaoluwa had done a lot of soul searching. She stayed indoors for a week after moving into the apartment. She cried several times after she had read a text Pastor Ayo had sent to her...

“We sometimes can’t determine our background but we can determine our future. Brother Sunkanmi is a son of a herbalist, he was raised up in that way, so he never knew a better life than that, should we blame him for his parental upbringing???”

He is just a victim like you... You, on the other hand, had the privilege of being raised by Godly parents, which is a red carpet placed on the ground for you. Bro Sunkanmi has decided to join the Christian Folk, I know he has hurt you, but we do worse things to God, and He forgives us over and again... Please, Sister Ola. We want you back in the church as we believe God has great plans for you...Think about it” Pastor Ayo (Mrs Banke’s Husband)

Ola did not like the fact that Sukki had repented but she knew God was happy on the contrary. She remembered the verse of the scripture where the Shepherd went in search of one lost sheep and left the 99 others.

“ One soul really means a lot to God, and Sukki could be this one soul that God went all out for and I, Ola am one of the 99 that are already saved...” Ola had concluded.

She had searched her heart to see if she could return to Mrs. Banke but she felt she couldn’t.

She decided to send a text to her...

“ Good Day Ma, I am sorry for not replying your text all the while, I needed to do a lot of soul searching. Ma’am, I know you have good plans for me, and possibly in the future, I may return to you, but I don’t think I can deal with the psychological trauma of seeing my rapist in church every Sunday experiencing God’s Joy when my hurt isn’t completely healed... Please tell your husband, I have forgiven Sukki wholeheartedly since God has forgiven him, but I need time away from him... Please nurture him into full maturity in Christ Jesus, so he doesn’t go back to his vomit. God bless you, ma’am”

Mrs. Banke had received the message while nursing her hurt in her husband's office. She read the message in a rush and replied...

“What about his baby? will you still keep it?”

“I don't see the baby as his baby, I see the Baby as a different being, so I intend keeping the baby”

“How will you cope financially?”

“Before we met, I had a plan to start a business, I am going back to my plan.”
Ola had texted back

“Ok... God be with you, Don't hesitate to ask for my help anytime you need it and have me in your prayers as well”

Mrs. Banke sat back after she dropped her phone...

“If God Could forgive Sukki, who am I to still have grievances against him and more importantly, If the victim Ola, can forgive him, who am I then?”
Mrs. Banke reasoned and immediately realized her wrong. She stood up and walked out of the office with the intention of going to Sukki and giving him a hug...

She looked around for him in the service, but he was nowhere in sight. She went to the store where he had been sleeping, the room was empty. His few clothes they had purchased for him was nowhere in sight, likewise every other thing that church members had given him had disappeared, instead, there was a small note...

“I had to leave so as not to cause problems between the pastor and his wife. I will always cherish the gift of the few weeks I spent with you. I believe I am spiritually mature enough to walk on my own now. Thanks for the care...” Brother Sunkanmi

Mrs. Banke's hands started shaking on its own volition. What had she done?

“ God I am in soup?”....

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 16
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Ola decided to step out for some fresh air. Her new Landlady was a distributor of eggs. As she got outside, she realized the Landlady was short of staff as she had quite a number of buyers queuing up to buy eggs from her.

Some were impatient and had started leaving the queue, while some were showing signs of exiting the queue at any moment. Ola took her time to quickly study the landlady’s way of attending to the buyers...

Ola noticed she would ask...

“What is your order?” and the buyer will say his/her order and her sales girl will bring the order, then the landlady will act as the cashier at the same time. Ola noticed the Landlady was tired as she kept shifting her weight from one leg to the other. She was on the big side.

Ola saw some empty cartons at a corner, she picked two of it and returned to her room and wrote very boldly “GOOR DAY, WHAT IS YOUR ORDER?”. As she was about stepping out, the Spirit of God ministered to her that some of them may not be able to read English, so Ola wrote in Pidgin, in Yoruba, in Igbo, and in Hausa. She had used a translating App online to translate into those languages...

Ola stepped out and walked towards the Landlady, she had written a small note as well.

“Ma’am you look tired, Let me help you stand to take orders, while you sit to collect your money. I have made placards to ask them what they want”

Ola showed her the placards, and the Landlady was happy. She gave Ola an appreciative smile. She hugged her and limped towards a chair.

The landlady spoke loudly...

“ Please customers, my legs are no more as strong as they use to be, please my daughter will be taking your orders. Though she can not speak, she can hear you perfectly. Her name is Kikiolaoluwa.

Ola did a great job as she had a great smile plastered on her face. In no time, there was no more queuing up as the selling became fast.

Sukki had been walking around aimlessly that day after he left Pastor Ayo and his wife. He was contemplating going back home, but he did not want to lose the new life he had in Christ. As he stood at a T-junction not knowing which way to go, he saw a group of young Christians walking from the left direction towards him. They were carrying different banners, which read...

“ ONCE SAVED, FOREVER SAVED”

“ GRACE COVERS ALL”

“ THERE IS A HIGHER LEVEL OF GRACE”

“ NO CONDEMNATION ONCE YOU ARE SAVED”

“ ONCE YOU ARE SAVED, YOU CAN NEVER LOSE YOUR SALVATION”

A young lady walked up to Sukki trying to evangelize...

“ I am saved already” Sukki quickly said as he didn’t like the Lady’s dressing. He was still trying to put his sexual issues under subjection, he didn’t want this lady tempting him... He had not had sex in weeks which was unlike him.

“ Great!, then you should join us to evangelize, we all are meant to go into the world and evangelize” Grace pulls Sukki along before he had the opportunity to refuse.

Sukki liked the opportunity to evangelize, and since he had nothing doing and nowhere to go, he followed the troop. He looked at the members of this church, they were quite different from Pastor Ayo’s church. They were not modestly dressed, they dressed like the average unbelievers.

“Where exactly are you headed?” Grace asked

“ Nowhere in particular...Just left my former church...”

“ Why?”

“ Personal issues...”

“Like?”

“I was been judged by my past”

“ Welcome home!”Grace

“ Home?”

“Yes... Our Church is the place of Acceptance, Grace...” Grace said.

Sukki felt relieved but he saw something that made him raise his eyebrow. As they were evangelizing, Sukki saw one of the evangelists, stopping by a cigar shop. He bought a cigarette which he lit immediately.

“ Is a believer meant to smoke and drink?” Sukki silently questioned in his heart, but Grace answered like she was reading his mind...

“ I know what you are thinking about, but don't sweat it, because that's why our church is different, Grace covers it all...”

Sukki didn't understand this but it felt good.....

Mrs. Banke refused showing the note to her husband but kept praying throughout the day. She asked God to restore this soul to her...

What made it worse was when she heard in her heart...

“ So if God gives you children, and one offends the other, is this how you will chase one away to make the other happy...?”

Mrs. Banke cried her eyes out throughout the drive home, her husband had not checked for Sukki after service.

He didn't know he had disappeared, he thought his wife was still sulking and that was why she was crying, so he didn't bother asking why she was crying...

If only he knew, Sukki was gone...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 17
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Eight months had passed and Ola was drawing close to her Expected Day Of Delivery. She had successfully hidden the pregnancy from her siblings. For those eight months, she did not give them the address of her new place. She tried to do video calls with them occasionally where all she did was smile back.

Ope had complimented her on several occasions that she was becoming fat and fresh.

Sukki, on the other hand, had been indoctrinated into the new lifestyle of the Church he joined after leaving Pastor Ayo. He had been taught that “All his sins in the past, the present one he was committing and the ones he was going to commit in the future had been taken care of”. Sukki, therefore, was able to continue in the sin of fornication once in a while.

However, the church made dissecting the Word very important. In 8 months, Sukki had read the New Testament 2 times. He was told the Old Testament wasn’t important.

The Senior Pastor of the Church particularly liked Sukki and in no time, he had made Sukki the youth leader. He had given Sukki a three-bedroom flat and a car. The Senior pastor encouraged Sukki to go back to school, and with his connections, Sukki gained admission to do a part-time course in one of the State Universities. Sukki was so happy he had found a place where he could serve God and his sin; past and present was not a big deal.

His pastor advised him to go home to see his father.

Sukki travelled back to his father’s place but met bad news. His father had been hospitalized for about two weeks...

Ola had been having serious contractions for days. She had been in and out of labour for two days. At that point, she had sent a message to her siblings as she noticed she was losing strength. Oba and Ope were shocked to see Ola pregnant. Ope kept proclaiming curses on Sukki. She wished she knew his identity.

Ola gave birth after 26 hours of painful labour. She gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, but suddenly she started bleeding uncontrollably...She passed out.

Meanwhile, Sukki was in the same hospital visiting his father. His father was happy to see him after 8 months...

“ Father, I am sorry for my absence. I met Jesus and I was scared you would disown me ...”

“ Hmmm... Jesus... Destiny can not be averted!” Sukki’s father had said

“ What do you mean Father? Sukki asked

“ Hmmm, Ifasunkanmi, Even as a herbalist, your mother and I had a delay in childbearing for 15 years. Your mother got tired of the concoctions I was giving her and without my permission started attending a Pentecostal church far away from us. In 1 year of attending the church, she got Pregnant and by prophecy, the pastor had told her the baby in her womb would become a pastor and own a big church. So if you have started following Jesus, I am not surprised...” Sukki’s father had said...

“ Me, a pastor?” Sukki reasoned quietly.

He spent a short time with his father and paid the necessary bills.

As he stepped out and saw Ope. He froze on the spot, he thought Ope was Ola. He didn’t realize Ola was a twin. He was surprised she didn’t recognize him, but he thought it was possible she was rushing out to get something... She looked worried...

Sukki stepped back to the reception to find out what her problem was.

“Her twin sister was bleeding after giving birth and she just passed out. The bleeding has stopped but she is yet to gain consciousness.” A nurse said

“ Can I see her please, I am a Christian... I would love to pray for her.”

The nurse initially refused but on second thought, she took him there. Sukki saw Ola lying unconsciously with oxygen plugged into her nose. Sukki sat beside her and knew this was strawberry.

“ How come she gave birth? Was she pregnant after my intercourse with her?” Sukki reasoned silently

Sukki knelt beside her praying for her. He prayed with tears flowing from his eyes. He begged God to please restore the life of the innocent girl...

After about 15 minutes of groaning in prayers, Ope and Oba came in. They didn't know who the stranger was, but they joined him in the prayer.

Sukki decided to end the prayer. As he stood up, he introduced himself as Pastor Sunkanmi. He said he had heard about her from the nurses at the reception and out of compassion he had come to pray for her.

Oba and Ope expressed their appreciation. Sukki asked for Oba's phone number as a way of checking up on Strawberry later. They both exchanged numbers.

Sukki stepped out and when he got into the car, he wept sore.

“ If only his parents had trained him up in the way of the Lord if only someone had taught him about God, maybe His life would have turned out better...”

At that point, he felt he knew what he had to do...

He was going to start up his own church to train and teach people the right way. He had learnt enough from his pastor in eight months...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 18
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
©Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

25 years had passed and all the past sorrows had been forgotten...

Ola was married to Micheal from her University and Sunmibare was having her graduation ceremony that beautiful morning. Ola stood in front of her bedroom mirror with tears flowing as she flashed her mind back to how wonderful the journey had been...

25 years earlier...

After Sukki had prayed for Ola on the hospital bed, not only did she regain consciousness, but she recovered her voice.

Ola on waking up started talking, she was elated. Ope and Oba’s joy knew no bounds as they started proclaiming blessings on the strange pastor who had prayed for Ola. They had forgotten Sunkanmi’s name so they casually told Ola, it was a random pastor.

Sunmibare as a baby was a beauty to behold. She was CUTE.

Ola decided to keep Sunmibare. She only called Mrs. Banke to inform her she had given birth...

“ Are you the one speaking to me?” Mrs. Banke had asked

“ Yes ma, After I gave birth to Sunmibare, I fell into a coma. I was told a pastor had come to pray for me. So, On waking up, my voice was restored.”

“ Halleluya! I am happy to hear from you, so, the baby...?” Mrs. Banke had asked

“ That’s why I called, I have decided to keep her and raise her up... I am sorry ma...”

“ It’s okay... She is your daughter”.

Mrs. Banke had dropped the call. She had wept sore. She had nursed high hopes that Ola would give her the child after delivery. That was why she had maintained a close relationship with her for the 8 months before her delivery. Though they didn’t see face to face, they communicated through chats.

Ola had taken Sunmibare and her siblings to her apartment for the first time.

In the course of the eight months, Ola had worked faithfully with her Landlady, which made her landlady to place her on a monthly salary. It was her landlady who had taken her to the clinic and when the labor was becoming painful, she had encouraged Ola to inform her siblings about the situation of things...

The landlady on Ola’s return had taken over the responsibility of helping her with Sunmibare.

For two years, Ola had served the landlady, before the landlady relocated to Ghana to go stay with one of her children who was established there. Before the Landlady left, she had called Ola to her room...

“ Kikiolaoluwa, you came into my life and made a lonely old woman like me lively once again. Thank you so much, but Aderonke, my daughter in Ghana wants me to come over to her place. She said she doesn’t like the idea of me stressing myself in my old age. She wants me to come over so she can take good care of me, especially my legs...”

“ Ha! Maami “ Ola had said in disappointment. Her new Landlady had become a mother to her...

“ Yes, Kikiolaoluwa, but I have something I want to give you... You have served me well, so I want you to take over the Egg business. Right now, the business worths N1.2 million naira. I know you don’t have up to that, but if you can gather up to N500, 000. I will sell it to you....”

Ola only had N324,000 with her as she was the one who was helping her siblings through school. At that point, Oba and Ope were writing their final exams. Through Ola's work with the Landlady, She had helped Oba and Ope complete their fees. She was the one who took care of their feeding and other fees. She also had to take care of Sunmibare. She, therefore, had only N324,000.

The N324,000 was actually an accumulation of funds from different sources; her personal savings from the salary the landlady had been giving her for close to 2 years, tips from appreciative customers, the landlady's children and most importantly from Micheal...

After Ola had given birth to Sunmibare, the news reached the school as some students had seen Ola in the market strapping Sunmibare to her back. Different rumours kept flying in the school, some speculated she was married, others said she was into prostitution.

Micheal had approached Ope for the truth about what happened, he believed a selfless girl like Ola could not go into prostitution. Rather than tell Micheal the truth, Ope gave Micheal Ola's number.

Micheal had contacted Ola and Ola knowing how he had helped in the past invited him over to the Landlady's Egg shop. Ola narrated all she had been through and afterward, a genuine friendship started.

When the Landlady demanded N500,000, she knew it was only Micheal she could call on. Micheal had helped her pay up the balance.

That was the beginning of Ola's Success story, despite all she had been through...

Ope on the Otherhand, had pursued her music career with strong determination. Ola became her sponsor. Ola who had become very wealthy through her business pumped in money into Ope's music career. After 10 years, Ope had become a household name. However, she was into mainstream music, which Ola was not particularly happy with... She showed

too much nudity in her videos, thanks to her Husband, Lucky who was her manager.

Ope had changed her name to “ Sexy Sasha”. She was always topping the charts with her music as Ope was very hardworking. She gave her music zeal and hard work.

Oba, on the other hand, had also turned out successful, he had gone into politics and after 20 years of active politics, he became one of the youngest Senators in the country, not forgetting he was a local government chairman for 8 years, and the Governor of their state for 4 years, before recently becoming a senator.

God had indeed helped the trio.

As Ola stood in front of her mirror, she quietly said...

“ Thank you, Lord, for the Journey”

Micheal walked up behind her...

“ You are beautiful my love, you don’t have to spend all the time in front of the mirror...” Micheal had said

Ola smiled and said, “ I am not checking out my beauty, I am just checking out that small helpless girl who God has helped to this point!”

“ Well, thank God, but you will need to keep checking her out because she hasn’t become the best she was made to be... I still see great things coming out from her. Right now, she ranks 7th richest woman in Nigeria, she still needs to hit **THE RICHEST WOMAN IN AFRICA...**”

Tears flowed from Ola’s eyes as she didn’t know why God decided to bless her with Micheal. He had been the best thing that happened to her. After she had bought the egg business from her landlady, he had pumped money into the business for her...He was the only son of a wealthy businessman.

They had gotten married after 3 years of being friends and they had 3 other kids together.

“My doctor will be unhappy with us if we are late for her graduation “ Micheal was saying. He was referring To Sunmibare. Sunmibare was graduating from the university with a First Class honours in Medical Science.

“ Big mummy 1, Big mummy 2 said you should come to the living room in a hurry” Oba’s son had rushed into Ola’s room...

Oba’s son, Josiah referred to Ola as Big mummy 1, while Ope as Big mummy 2...

Ope and Oba with their respective immediate families were seated in the living room all dressed to go for Sunmibare’s graduation. As Ola walked into the living room, Ope said...

“ Ola, this is the pastor, that prayed for you at the hospital when you lost your voice, he is the new pastor who came in from Las Vegas to establish his church in Nigeria...” Ope said pointing to a handsome looking pastor on the screen...

Ola froze to the spot...

Sukki!

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 19
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
©Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

“ Sukki...Sukki...a pastor?” Ola became highly hysterical with tears pouring out of her eyes as she was laughing in amazement at who she was watching...

Sukki was looking good, but Ola couldn’t believe he turned out a pastor... His name was Pastor Sunkanmi Emmanuel... Obviously, He had changed his name.

“He is the son of a herbalist, so where did he get the name Emmanuel?, this guy is a scam?” Ola said out loudly...

“ What is wrong? Olami, you know him?” Micheal asked as he saw how wild his wife had become...

“ Yes.... Is this not the useless thing that raped me back then... So now he has become a pastor!”

The entire living room was so quiet if a pin had dropped, it would have sounded like a plane crash....

“Are you saying this is the Sukki that raped you? Sunmibare’s father?” Oba asked

“He is not my daughter’s father, he is only a rapist... A rapist, an armed robber...!”

“Maybe He is changed and now born again...” One of Oba’s Daughters said...

“Change my foot!, Kikelomo, you don’t speak when adults are talking ...”Ola replied angrily

“If this is true, then I will use everything in my power to fight him?” Oba said...

“Then to think that he actually lied to both of us on the day you gave birth....He disguised as a pastor to remove the spell of dumbness he put on you... You said his father is a herbalist, right?” Ope said

Ola nodded

“Then how are we sure, he will not use diabolical powers in his fake church he is about to establish in the country...” Oba said

“Oba, you must use your political power to fight this guy, let them probe him, find out why he suddenly left Las Vegas to establish a ministry in Nigeria... Are you sure he wasn't deported..?” Ola said furiously...

Micheal knew his wife was boiling and he needed them to be on their way for Sunmibare's graduation.

“Honey, can we discuss this on our way, we are running late....” Micheal said...

Everyone got out of the house, Each family wanted to take their individual cars, but due to what was been discussed, Ola, Oba and Ope took one car, while Micheal drove Another car with some of the children. Ope's Husband and Oba's Wife with other children took another car....

In Oba's Car, Oba had started making calls to some of his friends in Las Vegas, to find out more about Sukki's church in Las Vegas.

Ope who had over 8 million followers on her social media platform posted a question???

“This pastor who just came in from Las Vegas to establish a church in Nigeria, Who knows him? Hope Nigeria is not fast becoming a religious dumping ground...? #just saying”

In less than 10 minutes, comments had started pouring in...

“The guy has a soft spot for fair skinned girls...too randy for a pastor...”

“He was charged with rape in Las Vegas and he ran to Nigeria for shelter...#shakingmyhead

“Though very loaded with the word, but some of his doctrines are highly questionable!”

“He is a big time gambler and he encourages his members to do so....”

“If Nigeria knows what’s best for her as a country, don’t let him establish his satanic church there, his church shut down four years ago in Las Vegas on its own after 18 years...Couldn’t fool the people anymore. Heard he was a cultist Wayback In school and was expelled..”

“His members’ way of life is worse than an average unbeliever, they feel their sins have been taken care of by the death of Jesus... They drink, smoke, womanizer but yet raise “holy” hands to God on sundays”

Ope was reading out the comments to Oba and Ola...

“I told you the guy can never be truly saved...” Ola was literally screaming in the car...

“The guy will not establish his church in this country... I swear... I need to call some of my people...” Oba said confidently

Oba took his phone to call a fellow senator, as he bowed his head, he didn’t know there was a big pothole ahead of him...

In what felt like a dream, the car somersaulted three times and eventually rolled off the road....

“My God!” Micheal screamed as he saw the accident take place ahead of him in the split of a second.....To be continued

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**DEEP THOTS NOVELS
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PART 20
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Sukki was observing his hourly prayer, but he noticed his phone was on “fire”...

His phone had been ringing but he refused answering as he wanted to finish his prayer.

Micheal and the other members of the family had parked their cars. Oba’s car was nowhere in sight. Ope’s Husband had called the police helpline and they had promised to contact the Road safety corps in that axis...

Other travellers who had seen the accident also had stopped as they all went into the bush looking for Oba’s car.

Eventually, they saw it after about 5 minutes walk from the road. The trio were literally gone. Micheal couldn’t hold back his tears as he saw his wife in the pool of her own blood...Oba’s wife had stayed back with the children in the car.

Ope’s Husband also pulled out his wife. He was emotionally stronger than Micheal. His name was Lucky. The good Nigerians who had stopped, helped in carrying the trio to the main road...

On getting to the main road, the Road safety corps had arrived with an ambulance... They took over the trio from them and one of the officers quietly told his other officer,

“ I think one of the Ladies is gone!”

“ Shut up! We can’t conclude that..., Let’s get them to the state hospital first..” Micheal heard them...

“ Which one of them?” He was weeping like a baby but Lucky kept holding him back...

“ My man, they will be fine, pull yourself together!” Lucky said

“ My wife is my life, Olami is my life... I knew it, I knew something terrible was going to happen, the moment they started talking about that pastor! Oh my God, please don't let Olami die!” Micheal was weeping uncontrollably like a baby...

Sunmibare was calling her parents, but no one was picking. Today was her day, she was going to be the best graduating student of her set. She wanted to see the smile of pride on her mother's face when her name would be called. She wanted to specially thank her mother for not aborting her pregnancy. She decided to call Uncle Lucky.

Lucky saw Sunmibare's call. He composed himself and went aside to answer her...

“ Hey Sunmi sweetie, how are you?”

“ I am fine Uncle Lucky, Where are you?”

“ We were on our way but there has been a minor accident, and some of us sustained minor injuries. We are trying to get to the nearest hospital. Once we are good, we will join you!”

“ Jesus!“Accident!...Oh my God... Where?”

“ Don't bother your beautiful self about it, just have a beautiful graduation.”

“ Truthfully, Uncle, Does that mean you all won't be here?”

“ Sunmi, you will still have other graduation ceremonies, you still have your masters and Ph.D. graduation, and by God's Grace we all will be there... Not forgetting your wedding...” he joked

“Ok... but why is Dad and Mum not picking up, is the accident that serious?”

“Sunmi, I am the closest to my phone... Just have a beautiful graduation... talk to you later...Love you, sweetie”

Lucky hung up the phone. He was the kind of person who was always calm in the midst of storms and that was why he loved the work of managing people. That was how he met Ope 23 years ago. He had met her as an aspiring musician. He had pushed her to the top as her manager.

He knew Ope could not die because she was his money-bank. She was his investment. He had sealed the deal with her by getting married to her 20 years ago and changed her name to Sexy Sasha. They didn't get their break until 10 years ago after Ola had pumped in money into Ope's music career.

Now, Ope was a household name that had millions of followers.

“God cannot just delete her like that!” Lucky had reassured himself ...

Oba's wife was shaking and crying. She had been having several nightmares for over 4 weeks which she had been telling Oba about. Oba would always wave her aside telling her the dream could never come to pass. Oba's wife; Pelumi was the daughter of a pastor. She was gifted in dreams. For over four weeks she had been seeing 3 graves side by side.

“God, please I prayed and fasted, please don't let this evil dream come to manifestation” Pelumi was saying loudly...

The rest of the children were crying...

Sukki checked his phone after his prayers, it was his right-hand man, the man who had started his ministry with him 22 years ago.

“Hello Austin, What is happening?, What is so urgent?” Sukki said

“ Pastor, what business do you have with Sexy Sasha?”

“ Sexy Sasha?” Sukki asked as his heart race...

Had his secret come out in the open, did Sexy Sasha say anything about what he did to her sister...?

10 years earlier, Sukki had stumbled on Ope’s video. He thought it was Ola, but when he researched her online, he realized she was the twin he had seen at the hospital. He was relieved when he saw that “ Strawberry” was happily married and the girl that was his child was looking good in their family portrait. He decided not to come back into Ola’s life demanding for the child so as not to cause trouble for her, though he didn’t have a child of his own, but Why Austin’s sudden question about knowing Sexy Sasha....?

“She has ignited an online fire against you, check out her page @sexysasha_realbae,” Austin said...

Sukki logged onto her page and he read her post, but what hit him below the belt was the comments that followed. Some were regrettably true, while some were outrightly false.

“God, this is not good... these people don’t know things have changed... please let them know, that things have changed...” Sukki said crying... “ This will sabotage what you are about to do with me..”

As he kept reading, new comments started pouring in...,

“ OMG... Sexy Sasha in a ghastly motor accident a few minutes after posting a comment about this new pastor... Who is this pastor, hope he is not diabolical.???”

“ Sexy Sasha confirmed dead a few minutes after posting comments about Pastor Sunkanmi Emmanuel... Is this a reply from God “ That touch not my anointed” or is this man a Juju pastor??”

Sukki's hands started shaking nervously... He called Austin to find out the authenticity of the story...

“ God, please don't fight for me this way...?” Sukki said as he laid on the floor weeping before the Lord...

Ola, Ope, and Oba had been placed on life support, but Ope's heartbeat stopped...

Lucky didn't want to believe what had happened...He rushed into the room, holding Ope dear to his heart...He knew who he had to call, his estranged mother...

“ Mother, please beg God for me, my wife must not die,” Lucky said to his mother...

Mama Aladura was seated on the top of the mountain praying when she saw her son's call. He had not called her in 8 months.

“What is wrong with her?” Mama Aladura replied, her son...

“ She had an accident....”

“ Accident?” Mama Aladura did not believe her daughter in law could die, just like that, God would have shown her...

She ended the call and bent her head...

“ Baba Mii, What is happening?” Mama Aladura asked God....

And her eyes were opened to see Oba, Ola, and Ope on a journey to father's farmland.....To be continued

PART 21
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Oba, Ola, and Ope were in a big farmland rushing towards a particular farm. They seemed very angry over something. Ope was the one leading the squad.

They got to a very large farmland, and written on it was “Sunkanmi Emmanuel”.

Ola was carrying fuel, which she poured on the few crops on the Land. Ope followed suit by lighting a fire.

The farmland caught fire and out of nowhere, 10 strong valiant looking men appeared. 2 of them spat out water from their mouths and quenched the fire, while the remaining 8 of them rounded the trio.

With hands as strong as a hammer, they beat the trio to coma, and with their long legs, they tossed Ola, Ope, and Oba like footballs and kicked them faraway from Sunkanmi’s farm...

Mama Aladura snapped out of her vision...

“Ha!,” Mama Aladura screamed. She stood up from the mountain while placing a call to her son...

“ Lucky, who is Sunkanmi Emmanuel?” Mama Aladura said to her son...

“He is a guy claiming to be a pastor...”

“ Ha!, he is not just a guy, he is a servant of God, a great one at that, I don’t know what business your wife has with him, but she must have done something against him, which made some heavenly beings to be angry with her... The man has angels working with his ministry, it is those angels that defended his interest...”

“ Ha! Mother!, What can we do, I told them I am bringing Ope to you, my wife is not dead...” Lucky said weeping

“ I am on my way to town already, which hospital are you at the moment?”

“ State hospital!”

“ Ok... in the meantime, let’s find how you can get to the pastor... it is very important...”

“ Why?”

“Lucky, stop your questioning and obey me for once...”

Lucky knew there was a deeper meaning to what his mother had just said. He was the only son of his mother who had three other daughters. He was the rebellious one.

His mother had trained them in the way of the Lord, but he had always wanted to be on the other side of life... He wanted the drinking, clubbing, smoking, womanizing part of life, but his mother would not agree, which made him become rebellious very early always arguing with his mother...

At that point, he knew arguments were not going to solve his problem as Ope had been confirmed dead 5 minutes earlier, but he trusted the God of his mother could raise her up...

Sukki had heard the bad news from Austin. Sexy Sasha was dead, Strawberry and her brother were in a coma...

“God, three souls can’t be lost because of me, please father, bring them back!” Sukki cried in his bedroom.

The kick the valiant men had given the trio landed them before a big gate, that opened up to a large farmland...

A man dressed as a farmer who was the gateman of the farmland saw the trio. He walked up to them and told them to follow him...

The trio walked quietly behind the farmer as they approached a beautiful Farmhouse ahead...

When they got to the farmhouse, the farmer said from below looking up to the tall farmhouse.

“ Father, your children Oluwasomidoba, Idiopemipo and Kikiolaoluwa, the earthly children of Jenriayegbe have arrived...

HIM who was called FATHER Stepped out of His Farmhouse. He looked Ancient but Handsome.

The trio found themselves bowing before FATHER...

“ Oluwasomidoba, Idiopemipo, and Kikiolaoluwa, what are you doing here? I wasn’t expecting you back here so soon, Oluwasomidoba, you still have 56 years more to spend, if you wanted to, while You two girls still have 57 years more to spend, so why the rush back home?”

“ We were cut down by the men watching over Sunkanmi Emmanuel’s farm,” Oba said with regrets...

“ I know, I was just asking you why you let anger, unforgiveness to get the best of you. You caused your untimely return yourselves... “FATHER said
“ We are sorry, we felt he was trying to grow poisonous crops on his farm that will destroy the lives of people since he wasn’t a well-trained farmer,” Ope said...

“ Really? Interesting! Idiopemipo, you seem to know so much about Sunkanmi’s farm, what about your farm?”

“ My farm ?”

“ Yes Idiopemipo, you have over 8 million people eating from your farm, what do you feed them?”

Ope became mute immediately...

“ What’s wrong Idiopemipo?, You have no answers for me... Well, Let’s take a stroll to your farm for inspection. Let’s see if you are better than Sunkanmi.”

FATHER walked down from the tall Farmhouse and the trio followed him... As they moved on and passed different farms, they saw a name that was familiar “ JUMOKE JOHNSON”. The farm was very green with different fruits on it.

“ You remember her?” Father asked and the trio nodded as they remembered the first angel in human form they had met.

To be continued

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**DEEP THOTS NOVELS
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PART 22
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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“She is a good woman, even in her pain, she still bears fruits...” FATHER said and the trio looked at each other surprisingly...

Miss Johnson appeared before them as she painfully tended her plants. Out of tiredness, she took frequent rests, but in no time, she picked herself up, again and again, removing weeds around the plants...

“Oh, you think she is dead, no... my daughter Jumoke is very much alive, I didn’t take her pain away because I wanted to use her as a great example to people on earth. Serving me and working tirelessly on her farm, even with her pains. Her rewards are with me and very great.. The world sees her as a barren woman, but to me, she has a lot of fruits. You three were parts of the seeds I planted on her farm.

She nurtured you till the time I took you away from her. My plan was to plant you with Ayowale and Banke, but Ola blocked the way for you three...She couldn’t stand Sunkanmi.” FATHER said but then faced Ola and spoke to her directly as they walked

“Kikiolaoluwa, As farmers, it is not out of the ordinary to get hurt, or to sustain injuries, when working on your farmland, some thieves may invade your farm and steal something precious, but that shouldn’t stop you from farming...Your being raped is part of the injury you sustained in working on your farm..” Father said but as he spoke, a scene played out before them...

Ola was tilling her ground, she planted a little crop on her ground, suddenly Sukki, Torture, and Axe ran into the farmland and grabbed the crop, in the process, Sukki hit her with a big stick and poured some of the sand on her face...

FATHER continued...

“When you did your three days fasting and prayer, you told me to establish my purpose in your life, and part of your prayer was for Me to glorify myself through you... Ola, sometimes me glorifying myself through men may be painful and uncomfortable for men, but in the long run, my name is glorified in their lives. Olugbala(saviour) my first Son; when he was also on earth prayed that I glorify myself through him. What did he get after that prayer? He was crucified, but note that it was in this crucifixion that I was glorified through him... Now, He sits at my right hand.” Father had said

“You overcoming the rape and coming out strongly was to help other young farmers who may have sustained such injuries to know they can also survive and still make great things out of your farmland ..., but instead you went on a revenge course...”

Ola was already shedding tears as she knew she had definitely done something wrong... From what father was saying, did it mean that she was meant to have made a ministry out of her past misery?

“We are here!” Father said as they reached a farm.

Oba, Ola, and Ope jumped back in fear. They were in front of a barren land, with no crops on it, but what was fearful was the fact that the land was filled with blood, the land was smelling terrible, there was a lot of poop scattered all around the ground, dead babies on the land, terrible looking creatures...

Ope tried to run away, but she couldn't move her feet...

“Running away from what you see?, Idiopemipo You can't, it's your farm”

“No.. this cannot be my farm, this is blood on the farm, No crops but blood. I have never killed anyone in my life!” Ope said in fear...

“You think?... Well, let me explain it better... this blood comes from different sources, but you being the brain behind the crimes, you have to be the one to account for them...”

“ Brain behind the crimes? What crimes?”

To be continued...

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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DEEP THOTS

PART 23
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND ”
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“Brain behind crimes...?What Crimes?”

“I gave you a very big farm, to plant good crops to feed millions of people, but you turned around and started working for one of my old workers who I sent away from my farmland. He was a treacherous, double-crossing worker. He wanted to turn all my workers against me...

Like a movie, the trio saw some valiant looking men standing in a circle and discussing in low tones...

“Why must he be in control of all these farmlands, I need your support to become chief, once I can defeat him, I promise to give your multiple portions of farmlands that will be under your control”...the treacherous worker said

“That way we end this authoritative rule of his, you can be our overall leader, while we will still have dominion over different farmlands...” one of the Valiant men replied

“When are we looking at?”Another one said

“Two seasons from now...”

The show ended and father continued speaking...

“Who knows the end of a thing than the manufacturer, he thought he could hide such a plan from me if only he knew that I have my monitoring eyes all over my farmland...”

A scene played again and unknown to the Valiant men who were discussing, the unseen image of FATHER was with them in their meeting...

“You will face Micheal squarely, if we can get him, we can win the battle” The treacherous worker spoke to one of the valiant looking men...

Father kept speaking to the Trio as HIS VOICE was gradually changing from the fatherly voice he was using to speak to the trio earlier...

“They declared war, and I stood in my farmhouse watching how Micheal and his fellow workers took the treacherous worker and his accomplices down. They were cast out... A creature I made for my Glory turned against me..”

FATHER started raising his voice...

“And you Ope who I created for my praise, I created you for My glory, you decided to team up with the one who betrayed me. You started working for him, by making his agenda popular, you used the farm and tools I gave you to plant his own crops which started killing people...” Father said with his eyes showing fire...

As Father Spoke, the trio started seeing Ope’s music videos playing on the screen and the effects on people...

A young boy was watching one of Ope’s videos, and right there in his room started masturbating.

A lady who listened to One of Ope’s music went to her boyfriend’s house. They danced to Ope’s music and thereafter due to the erotic nature of the music, committed sexual immorality. Afterward, she got pregnant. The trio saw the lady seated thinking about what to do, one of Ope’s video was aired on T.V and the lyrics were...

*“Good riddance to bad rubbish
I am clearing it
I am cleaning the toxic
You gave me
Don’t want anything yours with me ♪”*

“ Yes, I am clearing it out... I am clearing this pregnancy out of me..” the young girl said to herself

As the trio watched, the innocent baby was aborted and his blood dropped on Ope’s farmland.

A young boy was also listening to Ope’s music as he was walking on the road. The title was “CASH OUT”. It was a rap song. It was one of Ope’s best-selling music

The lyrics playing was...

*♪ ♪ Cash Out, Cash Out
Babe, it’s time to cash out
Cash out, Cash Out
Money doesn’t drop from heaven
And if it does
Only the smartest will get it
Get it ♪ ♪”*

As the young boy was listening to it, he was in front of a woman’s shop trying to buy something, as he kept singing the song, he hideously took the woman’s purse, and ran. People begin to chase hotly after him, and in a few minutes, Jungle justice took its hold.

He was set on fire.

Ola screamed as she saw the effect of her seemingly harmless rap music...

FATHER bent down and touched another bloodstain, he brought it up and said...

“This particular blood meant a lot to me, but you gave him poison through your songs”

FATHER shook his head in pain and you could see that he was pained about whoever that particular blood belonged to....Ope fell to the ground weeping...

She never knew her music was causing havoc, she thought was just entertaining people....

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
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PART 24
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND
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“He listened to all your songs, he was also meant to be a great farmer, but your glamorous lifestyle made him feel, you were getting it right... you became his role model, he didn’t know how you made some of your money, but he wanted to be rich at all cost...Your songs like....”

Ope’s songs played in front of the trio....

**Get Rich or Die Tryin*

**Poor man be slaving.*

**Anything for the pay.*

“All your songs influenced him to go into a lot of vices, from armed robbery to assassination to money ritual. In his lifetime, before he died, he had killed 179 people in his bid to make money. You knew him as G-MONEY.”

Ope had her mouth wide open, she knew G-MONEY, he was one of those who gave her money for her concerts. He was one of her biggest fans....She never knew he got his money through diabolic means, though she always knew he couldn’t have had all that money through legal means.

“Idiopemipo, do you know how many people’s’ blood are on you?, that you dare speak about Sunkanmi’s farmland?... Sunkanmi’s farmland was as filthy as yours in the past as he was feeding his members with unripe produce as that was the level of farming he knew. The man who trained him in ministry did not give him a complete guide to farming. He taught him what he also knew... Unlike you whose father had taught you well, you had no excuse to plant poisonous crops on your land..”

Ope was the one been spoken too, but Oba and Ola were shivering, FATHER’S wrath was not a good thing, fire exuded out of his body at every of his outburst.

“Sunkanmi didn’t know how best to farm than what he had been taught, he had been taught that there was therefore no more condemnation in Christ Jesus, but they excluded the second part that states that who walk not after

the flesh, but after the Spirit.... They didn't teach Sunkanmi, that the works of the flesh like immorality, drunkenness, Gambling which is a product of Greed, should not be seen in the life of a new farmer..., but recently, Sukanmi came to know the truth and he came begging for Mercy. His once filthy land like yours was swept clean by the blood of the Saviour. Now, his farm which he started growing little crops on, you Idiopemipo came and set it on fire with your filthy hands..."

FATHER'S voice roared throughout the farmland, which was followed by a heavy silence.

Then HE spoke again...

By this time Ope was weeping profusely, she knew what awaited her... She had used her talent against God and had not reconciled her ways with God before meeting with FATHER.

"You who is so full of sin was the first to cast a big stone, Should I begin to list all these other rottenness lying on your field, some of the things your siblings don't even know....?"

Ope's secret sins begin to play in front of the Trio.

Ope committed Adultery with different men, Some were politicians, others Co- celebrities.

" You slept with different men at will, in your few years of marriage with Lucky, you had a divorce, got married to Bonny, you later divorced Bonny and remarried Lucky.." FATHER said in anger

"Have you forgotten how, out of your negligence, one of the fruits of your farmland got rotten and died...?"

A scene played out, and the trio saw how Ope's first baby had died spiritually in the hands of her nanny.

When Ope had her first baby for Lucky, they were so caught up with Ope's music career, she hired a nanny to take of her baby. Little did they know that the nanny was sexually assaulting the baby boy by playing with his genitals.

“Your first son is a Sex addict because of your negligence...!” Father’s voice roared...

Ope wept sore not knowing that was the source of her son’s promiscuity.

“You killed your son from childhood, he is just a living dead man”

The trio also saw a new scene playing out...

Ope taking hard drugs to get high before recording her songs or going on stage...

“You who has secret sins, what level of morality do you have to judge my Son Sunkanmi, who has mended his ways with me...?” FATHER said once again with the voice that roared like that of a lion...

“Get thee behind me, you worker of iniquity and let your farm be given to another who is more worthy!” FATHER said in conclusion to Idiopemipo

Some Valiant looking men appeared suddenly at the command of FATHER’S voice and carried Ope away...

Almost immediately, some other valiant men appeared on her farm and started clearing the mess on the land.

It was done in less than a minute, and a big billboard was placed on the land which read “VACANT, NEW FARMER NEEDED”, while the billboard “OCCUPIED” was removed and broken.

The space at the Top, God had given Idiopemipo was taken from her and Heaven was already looking for who to give her land and tools to...

Oba and Ola wept as they watched their sister taken away from them. This was the point where the closest of friends got separated...

Oba and Ola shivered not knowing how their farm would look like as they heard the Valiant workers shouting...

“Idiopemipo Jenriayegbe’s farmland is vacant, may someone else take her place, may someone else become her husband’s wife, may someone else who

is more worthy become her children's mother, may someone else be given her talents to bring Glory to the FATHER....”

To be continued...

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 25
“ MY FATHER’S FARMLAND ”
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Sukki had been on the floor for close to an hour wailing and crying when he suddenly saw a trance. A fruit fell off its tree.

He knew the meaning, Sexy Sasha was gone...

He wept sore, he asked God to have Mercy and keep the other two.

Mama Aladura felt it in her Spirit as she started weeping, she knew her daughter in law was gone...

“God! I have served you tirelessly in praying for people, don’t let people ask me where my God is ...” She was weeping and asking the Lord for Mercy as she sat in the Taxi that was taking her to the State Hospital.

Michael had called every pastor he knew, asking them to pray for his wife and pleading that if any one of them knew Pastor Sunkanmi Emmanuel personally, they should please apologize to him on his wife’s behalf.

What Ope had intended for evil for Sukki, suddenly started turning around in his favour. The internet was bubbling with comments on how “Touch not the anointed and do my Prophet no harm” was practically happening. Sukki’s followers started going into hundreds of thousands in less than an hour.

Ope started receiving negative comments instead, people started bringing out some of her past scandals and stating that she who wasn’t a saint was trying to ascertain if someone else was a saint... With her death announced, her followers started unfollowing her. In two hours, 2 million out of her 8 million followers unfollowed her...

Lucky saw his life crumbling, with the death of Ope, all he had rebelliously built outside of God was going to go down the drain...

Oba’s wife had called her parents who were on their way to the hospital. Oba’s wife kept asking God to please show His kindness to her. All of a sudden, Oba started jerking, the nurses and doctor rushed in trying to stabilize him....

Meanwhile, Oba was shivering in a jerky way, just like he was doing on the hospital bed in his unconscious state, as he walked behind FATHER. Father had told them the next farm they were going to check out was Oba's Farm...

As they got to the farm, the farm was in three parts, the first part was green, while the second part was dry and barren and the third part was bloody. "You have done a few good things with the opportunity I gave you. Due to your wife's influence in your life, you gave to the general upkeep of my servants, you blessed the lives of men who worked in my vineyard, you supported church projects, and you gave towards different forms of evangelism. Your wife recently forced you to support a Gospel movie project, which is that big tree on your land."

The tree FATHER pointed at was a very big tree, it was a recently planted tree, but it grew speedily and bore a lot of fruits.

Oba's wife Pelumi, had always been passionate about the things of God. She donated to the things of God, she forced her husband on several occasions to support mission work. Oba knew "The Big tree" FATHER was referring to, which had a lot of fruits growing on it, was a movie project he just recently donated to. His wife had read a book and felt the story would be great as a film. She had spoken to the writer of the story about making the story into a movie. Pelumi had forcefully told Oba to donate 20 million for the production of the movie. The movie had become an evangelical success, as lives had been won through the movie...

"Yes you gave generously from the proceeds of the businesses I had given you, but the Position I gave you, what did you do with it?"

At that point, Oba knew trouble was ahead for him as he kept mute....

"You also joined them to fight Sunkanmi, Really? Oluwasomidoba, very early in life I connected you with Kingmakers who gave you a great footing in politics. I started out with making you, a Local Government Chairman for 8 years, what did you do to the funds of the people?..." FATHER said staring into Oba's Eyes.

Oba's eyes brought out tears as he knew the answer to that question, he had followed the system of politics he had promised God not to follow. He had

told God he was going into politics to change the society, and with God's help, he became Local government Chairman, when he was 30 years old.

After he graduated from school, he had become the Personal Assistant to the National Leader of one of the leading political parties. When the party got into power, the national Leader made sure Oba became one of the Local Government Chairmen. He stood up for Oba declaring that though Oba was young, he was wise.

"You authorized payments for ghost workers, which you had a way of sending the money into your personal account. You promised those in your local government, you would make sure electricity was stable, but for 8 years you did nothing. What about your tenure as a governor. You became a disappointment that no one voted you in for your second tenure. You made a lot of Children drop out of school, as you didn't encourage the educational sector. You didn't pay teachers their salaries as at when due, so they started failing in their responsibilities as teachers. It was really disheartening to see that you who people helped to make you pass through school, was the one not caring about the academics of the less privileged populace. You were a BIG failure as a governor." FATHER's voice sounded like many waters...

"You were just adding unto yourself money you didn't need, and depriving those who really needed it, saving money in foreign accounts, keeping money in empty tanks, keeping money in unoccupied houses, burying money in public cemeteries." FATHER recounted as Oba and Ola watched Oba's evil political endeavours playing out before them.

Recently, as a senator, you.....

God bless you...

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde
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PART 26
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Now as a senator, you want to make use of your power of making laws to destroy my son’s farm and my general farmland.” FATHER said in outrage as Oba wept bitterly

A scenario played out before them and Oba and Ola saw few minutes before their accident. Oba was thinking about Sukki as he was driving and trying to call one of his friends...

“It’s high time we made a law that will give us the power to set up a “Church leadership vetting committee”. I can bring it up in the House. So that the government will be the one to determine who becomes a pastor or spiritual head of the church in this country. The Pastor’s personal life will be screened, his past and present to know if he can start up a church in Nigeria.” Oba had thought in his heart as they drove towards Sunmibare’s school...

“Oba, you wanted to instigate the government to make a law that will affect the body of Christ negatively?” FATHER questioned and Oba had no answer whatsoever. His heart cried for Mercy...

“I made you great through people who helped you from their farmland, Jumoke Johnson helped you, KikiOlaluwa helped you, Micheal and the student body helped you but heartbreakingly the best you could do in return was to be stealing the farm produce of people you ought to have helped. You were a thief and a rapist...You dare condemn Sunkanmi for raping your sister, what about you? YOU RAPED THE PEOPLE OF THEIR RIGHTS, their rights to be educated, their right to basic public funds, their rights to life... you made people lose their lives on the bad road you patched instead of repairing....

Another scene in Oba’s Life was playing out in front of the two...

“A&A contractors, you see the government doesn’t have the money to repair those roads, just pour some granite here and there...” Oba said to a contractor who was seated in front of him

“But your Excellency, it will be more economical to fix the roads, as we have been patching these roads every two months...”

“That’s my final word on that, the government doesn’t have money”

“Sir, please I want you to consider the rate of accidents and deaths we have been recording on that road, we need to fix the roads...”

“A&A contractors, people will always die, people will always have accidents, with or without bad roads, but if you are not interested in patching the road, I can call another contractor”...

*“No please sir, I am interested”.*The scenario playing in front of them faded out and FATHER continued...

“Instead of using the advantaged farmland I gave you as a politician and leader to sow good crops and give the people a good life, you took their money and wasted their blood.”

Ola and Oba stayed quiet, as the sound of guilt rang loudly in their ears.

“So Oba, what do you think your judgement should be because by stealing public funds you are not any better than the prostitute, armed robber, or the murderer?”

Oba bent his head in tears as he knew FATHER’S judgement had to be that he should depart from His sight and His position be given to someone who was more worthy.

He saw his case for what it was, God had given him a farm, where he could have fed a lot of people, where he could have saved a lot of lives, provided shelter for people, but instead, he stole from people to enrich himself....

However, from a distance, Oba and Ola saw the big tree shaking and bowing on its own accord...Father looked towards the tree and said...

“The souls of those that got saved through the movie you donated towards are pleading on your behalf, but.....”

To be continued....

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PART 27
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Let’s take a look at Ola’s farm, while you think over what your judgement should be...” FATHER said to Oba as Ola followed after HIM...

Ola’s Land was so large, and thankfully, she didn’t have blood on her land, rather her farm had a lot of rotten fruits. A lot of fruits were overripe and had fallen to the ground thereby causing rottenness.

“Ola, you sowed the seeds of hard work and prayer for fruitfulness on your farm, and you got a bountiful harvest, but you have done what has made your farmland a rotten place...”

Ola looked on, wondering what the rottenness meant, as she had tried to live a good life.

“You amassed wealth for yourself and never gave out. Your crops, your fruits were multiplying, but you didn’t give out... Your reason was simple! You felt you had suffered greatly while growing up and you didn’t want to become poor again. But Kikiolaoluwa, now that you have left the earth, won’t someone else take over your position and enjoy your wealth?

Your land kept producing unending harvest, but you didn’t give out the fruits. Don’t you think I should take this farmland from you and give it to someone worthy, someone who will be able to help some of my other farmers who may not have seeds to sow on their lands?

Kikiolaoluwa, your being blessed was for you to a blessing to others, to my work and my workers, but your case was like that of a nanny who was given food for herself and the children, but ended up starving the children, while eating the food all alone, What do you think should be done to the Nanny...” Father said

Ola knew Father was right, She had attended a lot of finance and money management training seminars, that had made her very disciplined when it came to giving out her money. That discipline was definitely selfishness in disguise.

“All the pains, injuries you went through, Kikiolaoluwa, I permitted you to go through those phases to create in you an understanding of what other less privileged farmers were going through. Like I told you earlier, injuries are not out of the ordinary for farmers. I permitted the rape injury so you could feel, understand and cater for those who might have been raped, I permitted the pregnancy so that you could feel the pain of teenage single mothers. I was expecting that as you grew financially, you would build homes for the less privileged people, but you were less concerned about them.

Kikiolaoluwa, I permitted you to be dumb for a short while, with the high expectations that when your wealth comes, you will care for the less privileged with disabilities.

I made you and your siblings go through financial hardship and educational hardship, so that when the harvest I had prepared for you and your siblings manifested, you would be able to help the less privilege who had financial issues and educational issues.

Rather, Ola You never helped people despite the compassionate heart I made you have, you have been buying properties, saving your money, and getting the public recognition as the 7th Richest woman in Nigeria, who cannot boast of blessing people.

Your Staff don't enjoy the privilege of the wealth you have, your church doesn't, and other workers in my farmland...

Ola, who is worse?

Ola, the orphan who God took from a low position and raised her up to the level of becoming a blessing to nations, but unfortunately, she blessed nobody other than her family and few friends, thereby making her farmland rotten littered with rotten overripe fruits

Or

Sunkanmi who despite having a rough farmland still tried to bless people with the blessings he was blessed with. Sunkanmi had 250 students on scholarship, 80 widows he fed every month, he was a regular giver to the things of God...He did this even when he was ignorantly living in Sin. After

his genuine repentance and his once rotten land had been cleared, he still continued in the act of blessing people...

So, Answer me, who is worse?... Kikiolaoluwa who is more of a sinner?

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 28
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Ola bowed her head in shame, not knowing what to do, it was evident, Sukki was more righteous than she was...

“You humans judge fellow humans by what you can see, but there is much more than what you see,” FATHER said as Ola found herself in front of Sukki’s farm

The land was barren but there was an ancient tree nearby that had over 100 roots that went into different farmlands. One of the roots had found its way into Sukki’s farm. The root in itself was big...

“This was Sunkanmi’s case when he was born. His farmland already had an ancestral root of Sexual Immorality growing on it. His Ancestors had a strong covenant with the marine powers. One of his Forefathers had a mermaid who he entered a covenant with...

FATHER held Ola’s hands and together, they saw a man from a very distant time in the past when men wore leaves as clothes... he sat with a beautiful Lady beside a stream. They spoke in a language Ola had never heard before, but Ola was able to understand the language because she suddenly began to hear the conversation in English...

“How come you have not told me where you are from? We only meet by the stream, and ever since I met you, I notice good things have been happening to me. Whenever we meet by the stream I catch more fishes. It shows me you will be a good wife that will bring me prosperity, should you agree to marry me.”

“You can’t marry me...My kind cannot marry your kind”

“Your kind? What village do you come from”

“I am a mermaid, down here is my home”

“You are joking”

The lady’s feet changed into a mermaid’s tail... The male lover jumped back. His female lover transformed back...

“I knew you were going to run away from me...You never loved me in the first place” the female lover said

The male lover dropped his fishing net and ran very far away from her, only for her to show up ahead of him...

“You don’t love me anymore?”

“Please, let me be, I am no more interested!”

“Never, you can never say that, I have loved you, and you must love me in return, I have made you prosperous.”

The Scenario cleared away immediately and FATHER kept speaking...

“The marine spirit was not ready to let go of him, you know some of the treacherous workers that were sent out of my farmland established thrones for themselves in places, one of those domains is the water, some of them started living in the waters. The female lover was one of the treacherous beings. Like her, the treacherous beings take up the form of humans to get the attention of humans and form covenants with them...

FATHER took Ola to another place, this time around, a man dressed as a herbalist carrying a huge sacrifice is speaking to the mermaid Spirit by her Stream. The male lover had been carried on a bamboo made stretcher, he looked very ill...

“The only way he can be healed is for him to get married to me and throughout his lifetime, he must always come to the stream to make love to me once every 5 days. The day he misses it, the sickness will return. Secondly, his children and generations unborn must also be married to me. It is a covenant that must never be broken...or else this sickness will not depart from him and his generation”

The Mermaid said and when the lover nodded in agreement, she cut the lover's wrist and licked the blood...

“As long as blood flows in you and that of your lineage, you and your generation are bound to me.” The mermaid said.

Father and Ola returned to Sukki's land.

“That was the kind of root that Sunkanmi met planted on his farmland before he was given birth to, everyone in his lineage had serious issues with perverseness. Sunkanmi grew up with this innate longing for sex every 5 days, though he was a gift from me to his mother, but the root on his farmland had to be uprooted before he could fulfil the destiny I had for him.

You were meant to be his road to freedom. Through you, I made him get connected to Ayowale. I delayed Ayowale and Banke's childbearing so they could have time to help Sukki spiritually.

Ayowale had started weeding out the evil weeds in Sunkanmi's life, he had not uprooted the big ancient root of sexual perverseness before he ran away from Ayo”...

As FATHER was speaking, Ola stood there watching everything play out, what was happening was just like how the Bible stated that Whatever God said, He saw it. As father kept talking, Ola Saw Sukki's farmland with a lot of rottenness on it and the big ancient root was still present.

Ola saw Pastor Ayo weeding out things from Sukki's land, he was clearing the rottenness from the land, but as he was approaching the big root, Mrs Banke appeared with Ola on the farm. Ola on seeing Sukki started eyeing him

maliciously. Ola made Mrs Banke stop her husband from pulling out the big ancient root.”.

The scenario cleared away...

Ola looked at Father and with regrets in her eyes, she placed her hands over her head, as she realized Sukki’s promiscuity was as a result of his ancestral evil bondage that Pastor Ayo should have uprooted from his life before he ran away, he was also a victim like she was... His Ancestors had also raped him of a good life...

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 29
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Ola watched on in regret as another scenario played out in front of her.

After Ola had influenced Pastor Ayo’s exit from Sukki’s land, Sukki sat helplessly on his farm.

While sitting down very confused, Another farmer walked up to him, telling him he could continue farming without uprooting the ancient root.

Ola watched as Sukki started planting on the rottenness and not regarding the big root. The root kept getting bigger and bigger. The rottenness on the ground increasing as well.

Sukki started planting regardless of the big root.

At a point, the Big root that had taken the form of a big tree crushed all the crops Sukki had been planting...

Ola wept sore as FATHER kept watching her... She saw what her unforgiveness had caused another human being.

She knew she was the cause of Sukki’s fornication even as a pastor.

He ought to have had his deliverance and the purging of his land, as soon as he had met Christ. Pastor Ayo would have helped him to pull out the big root from his land... That must have been Pastor Ayo’s Assignment in his life, but unfortunately, he did not fulfil that assignment...

“Well, he did...” FATHER said as he obviously had been listening to Ola’s thoughts...

“What Banke didn’t know was that Sunkanmi’s deliverance had a lot to do with her conception. My plan was for Ayo and Banke to help Sunkanmi clean his land before they could rest in their farm, but since they had not completed

that task they had to wait for another 20 years before they had the opportunity of meeting Sunkanmi Again....

“Mrs Banke’s infertility had something to do with Sukanmi’s salvation?” Ola wondered silently as she was seeing God for who He was... He was a divine strategist, a deep God, who is too wise to be completely understood...

Meanwhile, Austin had driven down to Sunkanmi’s house. He had been calling Pastor Sunkanmi’s phone for over an hour and he refused answering the call.

Sexy Sasha’s death had raised different eyebrows and knowing who his Pastor was, he knew Pastor Sunkanmi would be disturbed.

Sukki had met Austin in the Church he had joined after leaving Pastor Ayo, and they had become best of friends.

Austin respected Sukki because he knew God’s hand was upon him. When Sukki had pulled out to start his ministry, he had followed him willingly.

He and Sukki had relocated to Las Vegas to start the ministry. They had pulled a lot of crowd as the gospel they were preaching was a gospel that gave allowance for people to continue their sinful lifestyle. He and Sukki were deeply involved in all forms of immorality until Sukki had received a call from a Nigerian Number.

That Day, he and Sukki had been drinking alcohol in Sukki’s house after Sunday service. Sukki’s phone rang and on answering the call, the caller identified himself, Sukki’s countenance changed...He stayed silent on the phone for 15 minutes only saying “Yes Sir, Yes sir.”

After a while, he burst into tears....

After Sukki dropped the call, Austin kept asking who was that and what was wrong...

All he said was...

“Austin, we have missed it!”.

Sukki knew who was knocking. He had been lying on the floor weeping uncontrollably for over an hour, asking God for Mercy...He stood up to open his door.

On seeing Sukki's swollen red eyes, Austin knew his friend and pastor must have been crying before the Lord.

“I knew it”

“Do I have a choice?”

“You know it's not your fault, some of these celebrities think since they have a large following they can run their mouths against God's Anointed”

“She was only trying to air her feelings and warn her followers from following the wrong guy!”

“Is she God?”

“I actually raped and got her twin sister pregnant 25 years ago!”

Austin froze ...

“So you see why this is on me?” Sukki said as Austin relaxed into the chair he was sitting on...”

“Nemesis had a way of catching up with people” Austin reasoned bitterly.

To be continued

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PART 30
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Pastor Ayo was the one who called Sukki 4 years earlier when his ministry was making waves in Las Vegas leading people astray.

Pastor Ayo and his wife had just celebrated 28 years wedding anniversary.

After he retired to his room that night, he had wept sore before the Lord...

“Father, I have never questioned you for not blessing my home with children, as I kept encouraging myself that Your time is the best, but father, today I saw my cousin’s daughter, she is 27 years old and has three children already... My cousin is now a grandfather while I don’t even have a child of my own...My Father! is it your will for me not to have children...?” Pastor Ayo asked soaking his bed with tears

“You can’t move to a new class, if you failed the previous one, you cannot have children of yours until you have raised the child I committed to you”.
FATHER said

“The child? Father, I have over 12 orphans leaving with me as we speak!” Pastor Ayo answered cautiously for fear of offending God...

“ I know, but you lost a very important one 21 years ago. I gave you a battered son to help nurture, but you lost him. Since you and your wife failed in nurturing that one for me, I can’t entrust a bigger destiny into your hands. He is lost and until you find him and raise him up for me, then will I give you the child you desire...” Pastor Ayo heard the Lord speak to him.

Sukki’s image flashed through his mind, but confusion set in, as Pastor Ayo had been seeing Sukki online. He had seen that he was already a pastor in Las Vegas and that had been a great consolation for him and his wife, but here was God telling him, he was lost.

“ My Father, the only person that fits this description is Bro Sunkanmi who graciously is now a servant of God, I can’t remember any other child you gave me that is lost...”

“ Go and listen to his messages” Pastor Ayo had heard the Lord say to him on a final note. He heard no more that night.

Pastor Ayo had picked up his mini-laptop immediately. He searched online for Sukki’s messages. He had only listened to 3 of his messages when he knew what God was saying...

Pastor Ayo saw that Sunkanmi was a half-baked minister.

He knew he had to do something about Sunkanmi, but he understood trying to correct a grown-up child would not be easy.

He prayed and fasted for 7 days asking the Lord to prepare Sunkanmi’s heart ahead. He was able to get his personal contact and after Sunday service, he reached out to him...

“ Good Afternoon, Pastor Sunkanmi Emmanuel, I am Pastor Ayo who led you to Christ about 21 years ago...”

“ Yes Sir”

“Ok Sir, I thank God for what God has been doing with you, but the Lord told me, there are certain things that need to be uprooted out of your life sir. As we speak, the Lord is telling me, you are smoking and drinking, which should not be so, Because once we are in Christ, there are certain things that we need to drop, Colossians 3:5-9 tells us the deep truths that the devil hides from us... I am reading from my Bible, it reads...

“ Put to death, therefore, whatever belongs to your earthly nature: sexual immorality, impurity, lust, evil desires and greed, which is idolatry. Because of these, the wrath of God is coming.

Verse 7 which is where you must have missed it states “ *You used to walk in these ways, in the life you once lived.*

Verse 8 gives the command “ *But now you must also rid yourselves of all such things as these: anger, rage, malice, slander, and filthy language from your lips.*”

Verse 9 reads “*Do not lie to each other, since you have taken off your old self with its practices*”

Verse 10 reads “ *and have put on the new self, which is being renewed in knowledge in the image of its Creator.*”

Pastor Sunkanmi Emmanuel, a new man in Christ can not be a fornicator on the side, you can not be comfortable committing the sin you used to commit when you were the Old you...

Ultimately, at the end of this journey on earth where we are all strangers, the gate of the Lord will be opened and only the righteous will walk through the gate to be with the Lord.., Psalm 118:20...Only the righteous Bro Sunkanmi, Only the righteous will enter through the gate of the Lord...” Pastor Ayo had said

At that point, Sunkanmi had started crying... All the while, he knew his brand of Christianity was not 100% perfect but he couldn't help the lust in him, and as a way of feeding his lust, he permitted his members to live their lives carelessly, with the teaching that Grace covers all..

“Pastor Sunkanmi, I will leave you to think about all that I have discussed with you, but should you want to speak to me, you can reach me on this same line...”

After Pastor Ayo dropped, Sukki had looked Austin in the eye after Austin asked why the tears, he told Austin...

“ Austin, we have missed it...”

“ How? what?”

Sukki had returned Pastor Ayo's call the next day. He opened up his struggles and Pastor Ayo wasn't selfish with his words...

“An untrained teacher can not produce trained students, Pastor Sunkanmi, You are a doctor that needs treatment, who is trying to treat sick patients, You need time away from your flock, so you can get things right...”

Sukki had returned to Nigeria the week After, Pastor Ayo and Mrs Banke received him well. The first night they had a vigil, the presence of God came down heavily and Sukki was slain in the HolyGhost. The Spirit of God came upon him and he stayed on the same spot for 3 hours crying and sobbing...

Sukki knew what was happening, God was performing a spiritual operation on him, God was taking out all that needed to be taken out of him...

That night was the night of turn around for him. When he woke up, he felt anew, he longed for righteousness.

He stayed in Nigeria with Pastor Ayo for 6 months before returning to Las Vegas, but when he got back to Las Vegas...

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

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PART 31
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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When he returned to Las Vegas, he felt like a stranger in his own church. Austin had done a good job of keeping some of the members in church but some of them had disappeared because Pastor Sunkanmi was not around for 6 months.

He couldn’t stand the atmosphere of Godlessness he felt in the Church. As he stepped on the altar to preach, he started crying instead. Members were surprised and perplexed, not sure of what was wrong with their pastor...

Austin got up to the altar and silently asked Sukki to return to his office, but Sukki stood his ground. He controlled his emotions and spoke...

“A man can not give what he doesn’t have, and most times a man’s ministry can be defined by his level of exposure and Spiritual depth. I say this with regrets in my hearts that for over 18 years of pastoring you, I have not fed you with the full portion of the gospel. I have only taught you a part of the gospel that I knew. Also, there are lies I have told you, which I didn’t know they were lies until recently. The past six months gave birth to the new and more informed me. The new me that realizes, that God is a righteous God and for those who want to be referred to as “His children” must make deliberate and conscious effort to flee from sin every time.”

The Church was extremely quiet. Sukki preached for one hour on the importance of consecration and sanctification.

The reactions were mixed, some appreciated him, while others insulted him, saying the 6 months he had spent in Africa must have affected his senses.

After two months of trying to change the Church doctrines and teachings without getting the positive result he expected, he felt he still needed more time with God.

He returned back to Nigeria and sat with God under the pastoral Mentorship of Pastor Ayo for two and a half years. Within those two and half years, he grew spiritually in fasting and prayer.

Austin however, could not handle the Church well, so the church in Las Vegas closed down on its own.

After two and a half years of intense spiritual purging, deliverance, Spiritual growth and mentoring, Pastor Ayo ordained him a pastor.

“ So what next?, What do you perceive the Lord is asking you to do, because I know by revelation that you are called to head a church ?” Pastor Ayo had asked Sukki one sunny Friday afternoon.

“Daddy, I saw a revelation before relocating to Las Vegas 18 years ago. I saw a man giving me a map, and he circled a location that started with LA..., I woke up not remembering the other letters. I automatically guessed it was LAS VEGAS, that was why I relocated there..”

“ Ok, then we need to query the revelation and find out what God has in mind for you...” Pastor Ayo had said

After months of prayers, Sunkanmi had the same revelation and the map was given to him again, this time he saw it well spelt out ... LAGOS.

Sukki woke up weeping, he woke up regretting how he had wasted 18 years in LAS VEGAS, because of his lack of Spiritual insight and growth. His Spiritual vision was not very clear back then because of his sinful life. He had mistaken LAGOS for LAS VEGAS.

That was the point, he decided to relocate finally to Nigeria. Austin and his family returned to Nigeria to join Sukki... Sukki was not married, so he didn't have a problem relocating.

“Now do you see the reconciliation journey Sunkanmi took, which was unknown to you, Ola, yet you judged him based on his mistake with you 25 years ago?” FATHER had taken Ola through Sukki’s reconciliation journey...

“And Guess Where He is more righteous than you, He is wailing and weeping for your return.”

Ola saw Sukki praying with Austin in his room...

“Father, please let your Mercy that triumphs over judgement speak over Mrs Ola and Senator Oba’s life in Jesus name...”

Ola couldn’t stop her tears... Sukki was more righteous than she was...

FATHER looked towards where Oba was and some valiant men brought Oba before HIM. Oba and Ola stood before him shivering...

“Now my judgement to you both...” FATHER was saying to Oba and Ola when a voice kept crying from a distance and running towards them...,

To be continued

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PART 32
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Mama Aladura had gotten to the hospital and when she saw Ope’s dead body, she started wailing...

“Baba mi(My father) this is not fair, how can you take away my Joy, when I am always making other people joyful... I have laboured in your vineyard, for 18 good years. I have been labouring day and night on the prayer mountain praying for people. People bring their problems and I table it before you in prayers. Father, you never disappointed me, but Why my daughter in law..” Mama Aladura had created a scene in the hospital as she was screaming at the reception...

The same thing was happening in the farmland, it was Mama Aladura’s voice that stopped FATHER from declaring His judgement upon Oba and Ola...

Mama Aladura had held on to father’s feet, weeping because of Ope.

“ Eunice, you caused it, you neglected your farm, helping others plant, water and ensure the growth of their own seeds while leaving yours”

A scenario played out...

Mama Aladura praying for different people,

“ *Your son will not become wayward in Jesus name. Madam concerning your son, we will hold 7 vigils to draw his heart back to God.*” Mama Aladura was telling a woman

“ *Sir, I assure you as the Lord Liveth, your daughter will not marry wrongly*” Mama Aladura was telling a man

“ *Ma, your son has no option than to fulfil his divine destiny,*” Mama Aladura said to another woman...

The scenario dissolved to reveal another scene, of Mama Aladura sitting on the mountain with a list of people's names in her front...

“ I pray for Mrs Ajewole’s daughter, you shall not be wayward, I pray that your relationship with that fraudster be dissolved”

Mama Aladura prayed on over 25 different names...

As the scenario disappeared before Ola and Oba, they saw Mama Aladura's farmland... It was split into two, one part of it was very green, while the other half was barren and dry. Surprisingly, Mama Aladura was moving from one person's farm to the other, helping them water their plants while leaving her own unattended to.

FATHER spoke...

“ She is weeping when it is too late, most times, you humans blame me and others for your misfortune when in the real sense, you caused it. Eunice was doing the work I sent her, which was to be an intercessor... that explains the green part of her land, but she neglected her children's spiritual growth and needs.

I didn't ask her to stay on the mountain praying for people, but the monetary rewards she was getting made her stay there... I wanted her to stay at home, take care of her own plants and still intercede for people I lay in her heart, but she made it her business by jumping from one person's farm to another...

She prayed for other people's daughters to be happily married, but her own daughters are wrongly married. She prayed for other people's sons not to turn out wayward, but her son Lucky was the one who pushed Idiopemipo to write and sing terrible songs because she did not nurture him well on her farmland” FATHER said

“If she had been mindful of her own plants, she would have seen this death coming. I never hide things from my servant, a message was sent to her, but she was too preoccupied to decode the meaning of the dream..” FATHER said as he faced Eunice

“ Eunice, Idiopemipo's farmland has been given to someone else..”

“ Please Father, for the sake of your son Jesus Christ, I know I have erred in different ways, please let Ope live”

“ No, but to be fair to you for the sake of the name of my son you mentioned, I will give her farm to her daughter, the gifts she could not use well, I will give it to her first daughter, so it is your duty to make sure her daughter uses the gift and talent well....” FATHER said with a tone of finality and faced Oba and Ola.

Oba and Ola had silently hoped father would forgive Ope because of her mother in law, but it seemed FATHER’S mind was made up. Father had said Sheryl, Ope’s daughter would take up her music career. Sheryl was 18 years old and was a replica of Ope in looks and character. Sheryl was given her mother’s farm in addition to her own.

Oba and Ola watched as the Valiant men removed the “ VACANT” billboard and replaced it with Sheryl’s name...

Mama Aladura knew it was over, as she left FATHER’S feet.

She snapped out of her few seconds trance and she got the message, She had heard in her Spirit that her daughter in law, Idiopemipo was gone, but her granddaughter Sheryl would take over where her mother had stopped.

Mama Aladura had tears flowing down her face, as she knew that was the end of Idiopemipo’s journey, there was no point shouting and screaming over spilt milk...

Meanwhile, Sukki placed a call to Pastor Ayo...

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PART 33
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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Meanwhile, Sukki placed a call to Pastor Ayo informing him about what was happening, he heard little Iyanuoluwa crying in the background. Iyanuoluwa was the miracle baby God had given Pastor Ayo and his wife, Mrs Banke after 30 years in marriage. It was shortly after he returned back for the Spiritual Mentoring that Pastor Mrs Banke got pregnant after 29 years in marriage.

“Daddy, I want you to join me in prayers for...” He narrated all that happened in the past few hours.

Pastor Mrs Banke on hearing fell down before the Lord, praying for Ola...She and Ola had lost contact and she had not heard from her. She had only seen her and her siblings on T.V. She had thanked God for their lives on how God had helped them, especially when Oba became Governor of their state. She didn't try to re-establish a relationship with them as she felt, she didn't add anything to their lives the time she had the opportunity to do so...

Now was the time, she felt she could do something, she felt the trio could not just end their lives that way considering their earliest struggles in life. Pastor Mrs Banke posted on the church's social media page asking people to intercede for Oba and Ola as it had been officially confirmed Ope (Sexy Sasha) was dead.

Different voices were raised up at the same time...

Pastor Ayo, Mrs Banke, Sukki, Austin, Micheal, Pastors, Sunmibare & her siblings, Pastor Ayo's church members were raising their voices on behalf of Kikiolaoluwa in particular.

Pelumi(Oba's wife), her parents, her children and the men and women of God who had ever eaten from Oba's table courtesy of Pelumi's seed sowing, all raised their voices in intercession for Oba...

At the same time, on the farmland, “the big tree” on Oba’s farm was shaking, bowing and shouting Mercy...This was because the writer of the story, which Oba and Pelumi had donated towards making her story into a movie, posted on her social media page ..,

“Please help raise a voice for the Executive producer of our recent movie, he is presently in coma. If that movie ever blessed you, just take a minute and join us to cry unto the Lord for Mercy...”

Thousands of people raised up prayers in response to the post...

As FATHER was about to declare His judgement...Thousands of voices that sounded harmoniously like a choir kept shouting “ MERCY FATHER” on behalf of Oba and Ola... To be continued

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PART 34

“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”

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Oba and Ola saw as different people raised their voices on their behalf, especially Sukki. Ola wept putting the blame on herself for her selfishness and lack of forgiveness...

FATHER was moved by the voices, but HIS mind was made up, He wanted to transfer Ola’s wealth to someone else. He wanted to give the wealth to someone who could use the money to bless lives... FATHER gave wealth to people he trusted to use it for the less privileged, widows, orphans and most importantly for His House and all that had to do with Evangelism.

Ola realized what FATHER was about to do, by virtue of her selfishness, she had acted wickedly to people. She didn’t give people money, She believed anyone who didn’t have money was lazy. FATHER was about to take her wealth and give it to a righteous person, no wonder the Bible stated

*“ Good people leave an inheritance to their grandchildren, **but the sinner’s wealth passes to the godly.**”* Proverbs 13;22

As Ola watched, she remembered a message one of her pastors had preached in a church service which she felt the pastor was trying to push them to drop their money...

“ We must have deep passion for the things of God, please note that God has blessed you, for the good of the house of God...God made Joseph a Vice President In Egypt, to go ahead of the Israelites so that he will be able to help the children of God during the famine. It was through Joseph’s presence in Egypt that the Children of God were given the best place in the land...You have been blessed to be a blessing to the body of Christ, Your talent, your money and position is for the good of the body of Christ...”

Ola remembered turning her deaf ear to the rest of the sermon... But at that moment she realized the man was right, despite Joseph suffering as she did, he still forgave his brothers and blessed people.

FATHER must have read her thoughts as he said...

“ If there is anyone I am going to show Mercy to, it will be to Oba, for the sake of His wife who has done a lot of good to the body of Christ with Her prosperity...”

Oba knelt down thankfully as He knew the political evil he had done did not make Him qualify for Mercy, but Pelumi’s influence in his life was about to earn him another chance in life...

“But what about Ola?” He reasoned quietly as he could not bear to look FATHER in the eye...

He had lost one sister, couldn’t God have mercy on Ola, though she was the one who landed them in this mess because of her unforgiveness...Oba reasoned in tears as he heard...

“ This is my judgement.....” FATHER said with a tone of finality in His voice
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PART 35
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“ Please Father, I have lived amongst humans, I have worn the skin of humans. I know how it feels when a human is hurt... I remembered crying to you to let the cup pass over me. I can say for a fact that I know the hurt and pain Ola must have felt when she saw Sunkanmi... but I know what you want is that humans should learn to forgive one another, which was why I prayed to you before leaving the earth that “ Father, forgive them for they know not what they are doing”.

I know Ola is guilty of not learning that part of Godly living but please for the sake of my death, please give Kikiolaoluwa another chance... Please father...Remember the good works of her parents...Your son Amos Jenriayegbe was a good and godly man.” The SON said to the FATHER.

While the Son spoke to the FATHER, everywhere was quiet, Father looked without saying a word...

FATHER wept...

FATHER Loved all His creatures, but most of his creatures did not Love Him...

His son knew the Love FATHER had for mankind was deep, so His son said one last sentence that made Father have a rethink about His judgement...

“Deal with Ola and Oba according to your Love and not according to their sins...”

Ola felt like he fell into his body...

Pelumi was holding her husband’s hand when she felt his hand move... She had been speaking in tongues continuously for the past 30 minutes with tears flowing down her face...

“Jesus!” She exclaimed...

“Oba, Oluwasomidoba... Can you hear me...”

“Yessss” Oba responded weakly...

Oba looked around the room and he was grateful, he wasn’t in the farmland again. God had given him a second chance... Hot tears flowed down his face...

What about Ola? Did Ola make it? He looked around trying to find out if Ola was in the same room...

“O...la?” He tried to say to his wife...

“In the next room...” Pelumi replied

“Alive?” He asked

“She is still breathing, but not yet awake..” Pelumi replied

“Lord, please....” He remembered every little detail of what he had seen...

Pelumi fell to the ground rolling on the ground in tears...

“Thank you father, for not putting me to shame... Thank you for making all my seeds speak for me... Thank you...Thank you for not turning me to a widow, suddenly”

“Pastor Sunkanmi?” He asked his wife

“We don’t know where he is, Micheal has been trying to reach him...” Pelumi rose up

“God, please give Ola a second chance, please” He said quietly

“Please take me to Ola’s room” he managed to say...

“You need to be calm, you cannot just rise up and walk up to her room...” Pelumi said...

Oba obeyed Pelumi...

Ola didn't wake up for days. Oba sat by her side for days praying she would wake up...

Sukki decided to pay them a visit, though in fear, because he didn't know what to expect. When Oba saw him, he knelt before him asking him to forgive them for trying to play God concerning him. Sukki also apologized for the wrong He ever did to his family...

Sukki asked for permission to be alone with Ola...

"Oh Lord, for the hurt I caused her in the time of ignorance, Please let her live, Forgive her for her unforgiveness towards me, I got my punishment of living a promiscuous life, I have not been able to settle down in marriage for over 25 years, which I pray daily to you about, but Mrs Ola has a wonderful family who loves her... Father think of our daughter together, she would be devastated to lose her mother...Therefore, please let her live...For the sake of your call upon my life, let her live in the name of Jesus Christ, your son.

Kikiolaoluwa sneezed and came back to life...

Sukki jumped back in fear, in awe of Who God was...

He fell to his knees weeping...

Father had released both of them that day...His judgement had been...

"For the sake of my son, Jesus Christ, I release you to go back to your bodies, but Kikiolaoluwa, you will remain at the gate until Sunkanmi comes to pick you up at the gate..."

Oba and Ola had walked towards the gate of the farmland, Oba had been allowed to pass through the gate. Ola watched as Oba disappeared into a faraway light... Ola had to wait for Sunkanmi to come pick her up. She waited

and waited until she suddenly saw him coming towards the gate of the farmland...

Sukki held Ola by the hand and took her towards the light....

“ Thank you...Jesus...Thank you..” Ola said faintly as she saw that she was back to life. She saw Sukki weeping, and she wanted to tell him, she was the one who ought to be crying..., but she didn't have the strength, she only managed to say...

“ I am so...rry”...

To be continued.

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

+234-8151103646

PART 36
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
©Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

“We are gathered here together to pay our last respects to our beloved Sister, mother, friend, daughter, celebrity who is presently resting in the bosom of our Lord, Jesus Christ,” the pastor said during Idiopemipo’s funeral service.

Ola could not stop her tears, she knew her sister was not resting in the bosom of our Lord, Jesus Christ as popularly proclaimed. She had been banished from His presence for using her God-given gifts against her creator.

Oba and Ola had discussed what they had seen and they were surprised that they had both seen the same thing. They both rededicated their lives to Christ and vowed to judiciously use the opportunity of the additional years they had gotten from God for His glory.

Oba and Ola exchanged looks as the pastor said Ope was resting in the bosom of the Lord Jesus, Ola decided to use the opportunity to speak the truth...She wrote a note to the pastor that she would love to say a few words

After about 5 minutes of the pastor preaching, Ola stepped to the podium and said...

“ I know if my Sister Idiopemipo were to be here today, or better still, if she could have sent us a message from where she is, I believe these are the words she would have loved to say...

Number one, ***Live your life like you don’t own it, Always remember God created you, hence He is the one who owns the copyright to your life***

Two, Live your life pleasing God in deeds and with your talents because He was the one who gave you the gift in the first place...

Three, Let not the love of money, fame and power push you away from God, because when your time is up on the earth, you will leave all that behind, and that God you have pushed far away from is the same God you will have to face without a choice...

I am sure if Ope could send us a message from where she is, she would love to tell all parents to remember to water their children every day, before watering their career, and businesses, because at the end of the day, your children are the plants that will grow into big trees where you as parents will hide in your old age from the sun and rain of life...

I am sure Ope would have loved to tell Sheryl her daughter, that nothing pays that serving God with your skills and talents.

Kikiolaoluwa said this looking towards Ope's celebrity friends who came to grace the occasion. She continued...

I am sure Ope would have loved to tell Robin, her first son, that life is too short not to make the right choices.

I am sure Ope would have loved to tell my daughter, Sunmibare that our background should never make us turn our backs to our creator..." Kikiolaluwa said

"As Idiopemipo's twin, I know a thousand things my sister would have loved to say to everyone seated here, but I will summarize in one sentence...

She would want to tell you this...

" In all that you do, in all that you have, and in all position that you find yourself, do everything to Love the Lord your God, obey His

commandments, and live every day of your life in Christ, bearing in mind that after death is judgement.”

Everywhere was quiet, a lot of people had graced the occasion, including celebrities, politicians and Ola felt that was a great time to win souls.

The funeral had people thinking, Ola didn't tell anyone if Ope made heaven or not, but she had made them look inward, and forced them to do a self-appraisal.

It was a solemn day for all of them.

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

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PART 37
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
©Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Sukki got married to a beautiful lady. Sukki was 47 when he tied the knot with Morise, who was 42 years old. She was one of the Spiritual daughters of Pastor Ayo and Mrs Banke. She was a former prostitute who the Lord saved through Pastor Ayo and Mrs Banke.

Morise became born again through Pastor Ayo when she was 30 years old, and With the help of God, she went through a lot of spiritual exercises to cleanse her from all unrighteousness and be fit for the masters’ use.

Sukki started his church 6 months after Ope’s death. The church grew speedily in no time. The church was well attended as Pastor Sunkanmi taught the Word with depth. A one time herbalist’s son, rapist and half baked preacher, who surrendered himself unto the Lord, received Mercy and became a useful tool in the hands of the master.

Sukki was formerly introduced to Sunmibare, and a great friendship sprang up between Father and child.

Morise during her wayward years had her womb removed, so giving birth was not part of the plan for Her and Sunkanmi.

She had told Sunkanmi about it before marriage and Sunkanmi had said...

“ We are products of a man who God delayed his childbearing to cater for us, so why don’t we also make ourselves available for God to be used to become parents to orphans ... Let’s reduce God’s stress...” Sukki had said jokingly and together with his wife, they opened a foundation named “God’s Special ones”

They built a twin duplex beside their house, to house these orphans. They made it a duty to act as full-time parents to them, checking on them daily, except they were out of the country for ministrations...Sunkanmi’s Life turned out better than how anyone thought it would.To be continued....

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE
Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde
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PART 38
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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“She is the C.E.O of TRUTH INC. and over 24 other businesses.

She is the Initiator of the “Girl Rise & Walk Program”, a program that caters for sexually abused girls.

She is the Initiator of the “Dumb but not Dumb foundation” A foundation that caters for vocally impaired citizens.

She is a philanthropist who has over 20 orphanages scattered across the country...

She has a housing scheme for pregnant teenagers who need shelter for the period of pregnancy...

Please, With a clapping ovation, we would like to invite Mrs Kikiolaoluwa Micheal Oluwadunsi to please step on to the podium to receive the honorary award of the “THE WOMAN OF THE YEAR.” The master of the ceremony said

As Kikiolaoluwa walked towards the podium with her husband walking side by side, she felt the kind of Joy she had recently started feeling.

“God told me sometime back under very harsh conditions, that my being blessed was a privilege given to me, so that I could be a blessing to many nations. Before that, I made money for myself, buying houses, having fleets of cars, travelling all around the world.

I was happy but I never made heaven happy. After realizing my wrong, I made attempts to change my ways. Prior to that, My aim was to be the richest woman in Africa, and I thought I could achieve that by hoarding all I had, little did I know that God’s word in Proverbs 11: 22 was true. It is written that “Give freely and become more wealthy; be stingy and lose everything.”

The moment I started giving, the less I struggled to be rich. The moment I realized my wealth was to make God known, the more I became richer, the more I invested in seed sowing, in helping the poor, the orphans, the more I became richer, and today without struggling, but by putting smiles on

people's faces I have gotten two awards in just one year. " THE RICHEST WOMAN IN AFRICA & THE WOMAN OF THE YEAR."

I have learnt that the world we live in is God's Big Farmland, and we all have our individual spaces, which I will like you to see as individual farm spaces. I have learnt to plant good crops on my farmland.

I thank God for teaching me this big lesson and every other lesson I got to learn, I am grateful for the privilege to be a blessing to a lot of people.

I thank my wonderful husband, who stood by me, from way back when I was nothing. His love shows me what life should be about, "LOVE, ACCEPTANCE & HELP" even when the person has nothing to offer back.

My husband met me, when I had been raped, I was pregnant and poor, and yet he choose to love me and marry me. That is true love that we all should possess for one another.

I thank the organizers of the Award, thank you, this is very thoughtful. I return all Glory to God, for the privilege.

I am grateful, that I am privileged to show forth God's wealth (Kikiolaoluwa)" Ola said this as her acceptance speech.

PART 39
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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It was a very big concert and all the tickets had been sold out... It was the live Concert of Sheryl; THE SAVED SINGER.

Ope’s daughter took after her mother musically. She even used her mother’s stage Acronym “SS”. Ope was Sexy Sasha, but Sheryl, though called “SS”, made it clear to everyone that it meant SAVED SINGER.

Mama Aladura, left the mountain praying business and sat at home raising Ope and Lucky’s children. She invested in them Spiritually. She even took it further by praying for Lucky and her daughters, believing that it was not too late for them despite their ages.

God, being Merciful worked on her daughters’ marriages and on Lucky’s salvation.

Lucky became genuinely born again, and he devoted his musical experience towards making Sheryl a Celebrity for God.

At 24, Sheryl had become a household name, doing the opposite of what her mother did during her lifetime.

Lucky later got married to a widow, and they lived happily ever after.

Oba, become a popular Christian in Politics, which explained why his party was voted for by most Christians when he was nominated to be the Vice President candidate for his party.

After Oba had escaped death, his orientation changed, instead of waiting for the government to do things for the populace, he spearheaded public projects by himself. With the money God had blessed him with, he did mini road constructions in his locality, he motivated wealthy citizens to sponsor poverty alleviation programs for the less privileged. He bought free textbooks

for public school pupils. He bought Buses and made it a FREE public school bus for the less privileged children.

When he was nominated as the Vice President candidate for his party, Heaven and earth rose up to make sure he became Vice president.

He served as Vice President for 8 years and President for Another 8 years serving the populace with all of his heart and mind.

Ola drew many to Christ through his exemplary leadership. He was loved by all, including the citizens who were of the other faith.

God really made him a King (Oluwasomidoba.)

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

INSPIRED BY THE HOLY ONE

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

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PART 40
“MY FATHER’S FARMLAND”
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It was Sunmibare’s wedding, Sunmibare was getting married to the President’s son. When Oba was Vice president, Sunmibare was a regular visitor to the Office of the President. It was on one of these occasions that the son of the Presiding President saw her with Oba’s son. It was attraction at first sight.

They had exchanged numbers, and from that day, a great friendship developed. Sunmibare was a very smart girl, who was already a surgeon. The young man fell in love with her and in no time, he and Sunmibare became friends.

In two years, both families had approved of their marriage.

Sunmibare’s wedding was attended by the “Who and Who” of the society, she got wedding gifts that would last her a lifetime; gifts of cars, houses and money.

Sunkanmi was present to officially hand her over to her husband. Micheal had insisted he did the honours. He jokingly said...

“I was only a caretaker, I know I will get my reward for that in Heaven. Pastor Sunkanmi is her Father..” Micheal had said

Sheryl was the official musician of the Day, though she was one of the bridal train.

When it was time for the father and daughter dance, Sunkanmi could not control his emotions, as he kept crying...

“God thank you for still bringing out beauty from my ashes, thank you for turning my mess to blessing. Thank you for loving me when I was unlovable. Thank you father”. He said in his heart as he danced with his daughter...

Ola watched Sunmibare and Sunkanmi as they danced together, Micheal held her hand comforting her, but she smiled at Micheal telling him, She was fine. Silently, in her heart, she spoke to her father...

“Thank you for making me smile, thank you for making Sunmibare push me towards Greatness. Sunmibare; the product of my being raped that was meant to bring me shame has brought me honour, God has used her to make me sit with dignitaries.

Thank you, Father, for Everything. Now, I know that you know and see everything, you have the end of a matter in your hands, so no matter what we go through, we should never try to play God, rather lay low letting you have your way. Thank you for beautifying my farmland despite my several hurts.”.

THE END....

If this story has blessed and touched your life, remember to say a Word of Prayer for the Author, **Mrs. Opeyemi Akintunde née Ojerinde**, the writer of this story **as INSPIRED by the HOLY SPIRIT**...May God never depart from her Life and Home...

And for your free gift of Love to her and the ministry in other to publish or produce more of these life changing stories and movies, your gifts are welcomed in cash and Kind...

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Remember the Law of Sowing and Reaping in all that you do,

"Be not deceived; GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (Gal 6:7)"

DEEP THOTS (Of the LORD)

Totally Inspired by REVELATION from the MOST HIGH

Written by OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE (née Ojerinde)

Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PEACE!!!!!!

DEEP THOTS NOVELS



ABOUT THE BOOK

Kikiolaoluwa, Idiopemipo (Identical twins) and Oluwasomidoba faced hardship while growing up. They lost their parents early in life and as they journeyed through life, they had to make different choices that led them to their great destinations. However, on the day of their joy, their past SCAR comes up staring them in the face and since they had gotten the power to fight back, revenge was their desire. Unfortunately at that point, the 'evil' one they wanted to fight back at, suddenly became untouchable because of the valiant men... My Father's Farmland is a story everyone living has to read... Too much revelation, too much insights and answers to a lot of questions about life trials...



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE is a Media Enthusiast; A Writer, Actress, Film Director and Film Editor. A graduate of Mass Communication from the prestigious University, Covenant University, Otta, Nigeria.

She is the founding president of DEEP THOTS MINISTRY INTERNATIONAL. She is popularly known for producing short christian movies, especially "MY WEAKNESS".

she is happily married to Pastor Akinwale Akintunde, who is a Regional overseer at The Mountain of Fire and Miracles Ministries and they are blessed with wonderful children.

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