

DABIRA

(A JOURNEY INTO THE
PAST TO SOLVE A
PUZZLE.)

WRITTEN BY

MERCY O ADEBISI.

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A journey to the past to solve a puzzle

BY

MERCY OLUWAFUNMITO ADEBISI

PECULIAR-INSPIRO PRODUCTIONS

DABIRA

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all “DABIRA’S”.

Don’t cease in repairing foundations.

PECULIAR-INSPIRO

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the Triune God, My Father and Friend who has been the source of my inspiration; thank you .This work is a product of divine Revelation I can boldly say.

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The BUD Family, MERCI BEAUCOUP.

REVIEWS

Prof Adegoke Michael Ade: - This is a lifelong message that will definitely transform people's lives. Our God is really miraculous.

Yemi Akinladejo: - Hmm. To God be the Glory. No wonder the Bible says there are friends who stay closer than brothers. This has opened my eyes to the fact that I shouldn't allow negative reactions from unscrupulous people in the world around me to stop me from my Dabira's mission. Thanks Sis; this is an eye opener and God's word to me. Shalom!

Shalom Arogundade : - ...Dabira really inspired and showed me a dimension I never knew, may God increase your greatness in Jesus name (Amen)

Marvellous Jayesimi: - Kudos Ma; this story is really inspired by the Holy Spirit. I'm blessed.

Ogundoro Funmilayo: - Bravo! You have really opened my eyes on some prayer points. Thanks dear.

Rita Tyoor: - Thanks dear Sis I've learnt something I should never ignore. May God give me the grace to toil on.

Pheno Love: - And the Lord won't forget to bless you richly for this stories. If I said that I learnt nothing then I lie. May God give me the grace to be able to stand in the gap for others.

God's heritage Daniel Akpan: - Your story doesn't only inspire but it amends broken breaches, thanks very much.

CHAPTER 1

“Orun Oun aye kun fun ogo re. (The heavens and the earth are full of your Glory.)” I heard Mama Aderinto, my Grandmother sang one evening as I stopped in front of her room.

I opened the door.

I entered.

She was folding her clothes into a small leather box.

“Mama, dinner is ready. Mum and Dad are waiting for you.” I called out as I moved closer to assist her in arranging the clothes.

“I was going to arrange it the other time but I had to quickly get in touch with my Friend who is getting married next weekend.” I explained with an apologetic tone.

“It’s alright my child. I heard your parents also discussing about a wedding program the other time. Is that your friend’s wedding they were referring to?” Mama asked inquisitively.

“Yes Ma’am. Damilola, one of my secondary school friends is the one getting married; but by divine Providence, she’s getting married to someone very close to our family so Mum and Dad are been carried along.” I explained as Mama nodded in understanding.

“Do you remember Mr Samson? He and Daddy grew up together.” I asked.

“Yes... I remember; Omo Aunti Derin (Aunty Derin’s son).” she said.

“Well, I don’t know. But I can recall you’ve called him that several times. Anyway, Damilola is getting married to his Son, Michael.”

“Henn! That’s nice oo. Se iwo ni Alarinaa ni? (Are you the one that connected them together?)” Mama asked smiling.

“No Mama.” I replied smiling.

“It’s alright. Heaven will keep that day for them.” Mama prayed as I zipped up the leather box.

“Amen. It’s just that Dami’s Mum is always reacting somehow to Michael like she doesn’t agree to the union. ” I said to her.

“Since the children are believers even if their parents are not, they should pray about it and Damilola should try to discuss things with her mother.” Mama said as she suddenly stopped as if remembering something but shakes it off.

“Mama, are you alright?” I asked scared.

“I’m fine. I just had a quick flashback but I’m fine.” she said smiling.

“Alright, let’s get downstairs.” I replied as I assisted her out of the room.

As we had dinner, I watched as Mama picked on her food. She had been asking Mum to prepare Moi-Moi for some days but for some reasons she wasn’t eating well.

She was lost in thought.

“Mama, hope no problem?” my father asked his mother pointing towards her plate to buttress his point.

“Hmm... I’m fine. I was just lost in thoughts.” she replied him before turning over to my direction.

“Dabira, how is preparation for the wedding going?” She asked to my surprise.

“Grandma, we just talked about that few minutes ago.” I said gaping at her.

“We did? It’s alright. Hope your friend has prayed well?” She asked causing me to shift inconveniently.

“Yes. You know Dami now.” I replied.

“Yes I do. The thing is each family has their own history. Auntie Derin’s has theirs too. It’s sad that some actually go a long way to affect generations.” she said shaking her head.

“Mama;” I called causing her to look at me. “Which history is that again? I wonder how many stories I have heard of my great grandparents. You still know about Michael’s family? It is well oo.”

“Amin! Hmm; O yemi! (I understand!) ” Mama said shaking her head.

I felt worry tug at my heart.

My 70 years old grandmother could be difficult to understand sometimes but everyone in the family knew she was a serious Christian who never took her relationship with God lightly.

“Whatever is making her this worried must be serious.” I thought as I decided to ask Michael and Damilola some questions myself.

>

Two days to the wedding day, our house was already occupied with guests from Michael’s family who had come from distant places.

I was busy serving a guest when I felt someone touch me gently. I didn't need a prophet to tell me who it was.

It was Mama.

"Dabira, come. Let me ask you something." Mama pulled at my cloth to get my attention.

"Mama, do you need anything?" I asked.

"No. I want to ask you something." She said pulling me further away towards her room.

She stopped outside her room. I watched as she looked around to see if anyone was paying attention to us.

Finally satisfied, she said "Hmm! Dabira, did Damilola confide in you about any issue?"

"Here we go again!" I thought in frustration as I said to her "Mama, let's enter your room."

We entered and I made her sit on the bed as I sat beside her.

"Grandma! You've been scaring me with all these questions." I replied really worried.

"What did you see? Did God tell you anything?" I asked in whisper.

"Not at all." she replied smiling a bit; but suddenly moved closer to me and asked back in whisper. "But did Damilola mention anything as regards a curse?"

"Curse?" I asked baffled as Mama looked at me thoughtfully as I continued. "No. But there is no need to fear. The Bible has said the curse causeless shall not come. So there is no cause for alarm. Segbo? (You understand?) Let me return to what I was doing." I said as I stood to go.

I was out of the room and was about closing the door when Mama called again;

“Dabira, what if the curse has a cause and it’s already in action?” She looked really troubled.

“Mama... It is well.” I said as I shut the door.

So many thoughts crossed my mind as I returned to my duty post.

The Wedding day arrived and the Church program was successful. Entertainment of guests started and I set to work after making sure Mama sat down in a place where I could keep my eyes on her as Mum and Dad were busy with other things. I asked someone to serve her food but I watched with concern as Mama ate the food slowly. Her attention was on something else.

I followed her gaze.

Mama was looking at the couple who were smiling and laughing.

I turned my attention back to her to see her choke on a bite. She stopped eating and sipped from her water. I waited for her to continue eating but was alarmed when she held her chest as if struggling to breathe.

I dropped the plate I was holding in panic as I walked towards her.

Her attention shifted to me.

Her face was becoming white but she gave me a weak smile.

A smile that said; “This might be the last time I’ll see you, Dabira.”

I moved faster as she closed her eyes and fell back against the chair she sat on.

Someone shouted; “This woman has fainted!”

I reached where she was and shook her in panic.

“Mama.” I cried out in fear.

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“Not today Mama...” I cried as we waited at the Emergency Unit waiting room while the doctors attended to her.

“It is well, Dabira. Calm down.” My mother said as the attending doctor came towards us.

“Can I speak to you Sir?” The Doctor said to my father as he stood up and went with him. My father came back in few minutes.

“Mama is fine.” he said as I heaved a sigh of relief.

“Then what happened?” I asked.

“Her blood sugar is low. We were so busy with Wedding preparations that none of us noticed she had been skipping her meals.” He sighed rubbing his face in regret.

“Oh! I do take her meals to her room since we couldn’t get time to eat together. The women washing the plates were the ones that do pack her plates and none ever told me she never eats.” I explained.

“She’s awake but we will be spending just few minutes with her as we have to get her fruits.” My father explained.

“OK. No problem.” I said as we all moved to go check on her.

>

“Dabira! David! Margaret!” Mama called softly as she smiled at us.

“Mama, you scared me. What’s with you skipping meals?” I asked smiling a bit.

“I was fasting!” she replied softly.

“Fasting? Maami (Mother); you better be careful.” My father said to her.

“What were you fasting about? I don’t seem to understand you.” Mum asked.

“Hmm... Oro Damilola ku ni!(It’s on Damilola’s issue.)”

I gaped at her in shock.

Grandma was fasting and praying for my Friend!

I was still trying to process that information when a nurse came to tell us we had to get mama something to eat.

Dad agreed to go home with me while Mum stayed in the hospital.

I followed Dad out of the hospital lost in thought.

Something was definitely wrong somewhere but I had to figure that out first.

I needed Answers.

CHAPTER 2

Days revolved into weeks; and weeks into months but Mama's health deteriorated along.

Damilola and Michael were doing fine so I soon forgot about them and focused on my work and taking care of Mama.

It was exactly five months after the wedding when one day my grandmother called my dad to her room. I was typing on my phone when my eyes caught Dad come out few minutes later and went searching for something in his room.

I and Mum watched as he went back and forth.

"Dear, Hope there is no problem?" Mum asked.

"Not at all; Mama asked me to put a memory card in her phone and I don't know why. She insists I get it now."

"Hmm! Okay." I said but my mind was still trying to calculate what she would need a memory card for.

Daddy went to her room and came back to the sitting room.

My look told him I was waiting for an update so he said; "She said she wants to do some kind of voice recording. I have helped her set it but she said I should excuse her."

"Ok!! I will check on her later then." I said to Mum and Dad.

I returned to typing on my phone until about thirty minutes later when I remembered her. I went to her room silently hoping to meet her sleeping.

But there she was speaking into the phone with intensity.

She saw me and shooed me off immediately.

“What is mama recording now?” I asked no one in particular as I went to my room with a squeezed face.

At dinner that night, Mama thanked Dad gratefully for the card and talked about how she was able to save the recording herself.

We all laughed over that as I tried to shake off the idea of picking her phone and going through it.

“It doesn’t really matter, as long as she’s happy.” I smiled to myself at that thought.

>

“Dabira!” My Mum screamed out my name one evening.

“MA!” I shouted back as I traced the direction of her voice to grandma’s room.

I got to the room with so much speed.

One look at Mama told me all I needed to know. Her time was up.

“Call your Dad.” Mummy said as I ran out shivering. He was discussing with a neighbor outside. Daddy ran in when he heard his mother was about breathing her last.

I stood at a corner crying silently.

Dad quickly went into action of helping her prepare to meet The Lord.

“Maami, Looks like Jesus is calling you home today. Remember those songs I thought you about heaven. Remember Holiness is your ticket to Heaven. You are seeing Heaven soon. You are going to know Christ more than we have ever known him. Is there anything you wish to tell us?” Daddy said as Mama listened silently.

“Let us meet there.” she said as she looked at each of us smiling gently.

We understood her.

“Of course Mama; God will help us.” Mum said as I began to beg God not to take Mama home yet.

“Dabira, Stop that!” Mama said with one loud voice I didn’t know she had causing me to quiver in fear.

“I’m sorry. It’s just that...” I started saying as I wept.

My grandma was my gist partner. I could tell her anything. She made me see Relationship with God in a better way. She was my mentor. I could tell if she was worried even before others noticed.

How could I let her go so easily?

“David, I need to tell you something.” Mama said whispering as I was dragged out of the room by my mother.

“Dabira...” I heard Mama mention my name to Dad in whisper before Mum closed the door.

About five minutes later, daddy came out of the room holding something in his left hand.

“Dabira, she wants to speak to you.”

I entered.

I sat on the bed holding her hands.

“God, I need strength to talk to her.” She prayed loud enough for me to hear as almost immediately she gained strength and sat up a bit.

Her eyes twinkled in a way I had never seen before.

“Dabira, I know this last month’s you’ve had to put off with my troubles.” She said as I smiled gently.

“Sincerely, I wish nothing will happen to make you understand me but I need you to listen to me carefully.” I repositioned myself carefully.

“Dabira, if something happens, and you feel like you’ve run out of ideas but you feel I may have an answer to it. Just tell your father. He knows what to do. But if nothing happens, don’t bother to seek for any answer. Do you understand me?” she explained carefully.

“Yes Mama.” I replied though confused a bit.

“Dabira, I am so proud of you and I’m grateful for a granddaughter like you. You don’t mind inconveniencing yourself for others. Thanks for taking care of me. Make sure we see in heaven okay.” She said smiling as I started crying. She held my face with one hand as she used the other to support herself.

“Forgive me for I won’t be able to see you walk down the aisle. I have to go meet my Saviour.” She said as I shook my head in response.

“Orun oun aye kun fun ogo re ...” (The heavens and earth is full of your glory.) She started as she lay down again. I joined in singing but I couldn’t help but notice her eyes shining brightly.

Mama Aderinto passed on singing and smiling.

>

It was just a week after Mama's death. I was studying my Bible one afternoon when my phone rang.

It was Michael.

I was surprised as we haven't spoken for some time.

Guilt of having not called the couple for some time made me ignore the call.

At the third ring I finally picked up.

"Hello..." a distraught Michael said before I could even greet him.

"Hello... how has been life? I'm so sorry I have not called you for some time now. I have just been busy." I said.

"Oh! I thought you knew about this!" he said.

"Know about what?" I asked confused as I dropped the Bible I held.

"Oh no! Dabira, my wife has disappeared!!!" he said as I stood up in shock.

CHAPTER 3

“Oh no! Dabira, my wife has disappeared!” he said as I stood up in shock.

“What do you mean?” I asked as I cleared my throat.

“I came back from work today and discovered few of her things were gone. I called her but she didn’t pick up. I called someone I know in her place of work but I was told she complained of being ill and left work early. I don’t know who else to call.”

I walked round the room thoughtfully trying to think.

“Have you tried calling her mum?” I asked.

“I did but she hasn’t picked up. You know how she is. We haven’t even spoken since we got married except the one time we visited her and she was still acting cold.” he explained.

“It’s alright. Let me inform my parents. I will call you back.” I said as I proceeded to meet my parents who were in their room.

“Mum, Can I come in?” I asked as I knocked on the door.

“Yes.” Mummy replied from the inside as I opened the door.

“Mum, I don’t understand but it looks like Damilola ran away.” I said causing Dad to look up at me through his spectacles from where he sat.

“Ran away as how? What do you mean?” Mum asked.

“Michael just called me that she even packed some of her things.”

“Ha! That is serious then. How about contacting her mum?” She said.

“He said she’s not picking up.”

“It’s alright. Let me call her myself.” Mum said as I nodded briskly before leaving their room.

I tried calling Damilola five times but she didn’t pick up.

I finally called Michael back dejected.

“Michael, have you heard anything?” I asked.

“I haven’t been able to reach either her or her mother yet but someone told me he saw her at the airport this afternoon.

“The Airport? Are you kidding me?” I gaped in surprise.

“Seriously; I’m so confused.”

I tapped my finger on the table as if counting beats though lost in thought until I asked; “Did you guys have an argument?”

“Actually, we did have one but we’ve settled it. It isn’t something that should make her act like this.” He explained.

“Okay. Mum promised to call her mother. Let me go and find out what she’s got.”

“Alright; thanks.” He said.

“You’re welcome.” I replied ending the call as I ran quickly to my parents’ room. I was about knocking when the door opened and my parents came out.

“Dabira, this is serious than we think.” My Dad said shaking his head.

“What do you mean?” I asked looking from his face to Mum’s.

“Honey, play her the recording.” Dad said to Mum as he moved into the sitting room.

“Recording?” I asked surprised.

“Yes; you had to hear her side of the story too.” Dad explained as the recording played.

“I was surprised when I saw her. I came back from an outing to meet her outside the door. Actually, I didn’t subscribe to her marrying that guy as you all know. She was the one that said he’s the will of God. When she arrived, she didn’t tell me anything. But with her behavior, Michael must have really offended her. Come and see her shouting at me because I mentioned his name. It is astonishing honestly. But I’m happy sha.” She said laughing.

I shook my head in disbelief.

My phone rang at that point and as I guessed it was Michael.

I picked up...

“Michael, I’m sorry. I don’t think I understand what is going on.” I said unhappily.

“Oh! OK, but please where is she?” he asked in concern.

“She is with her Mum. I just listened to her Mum’s conversation with mine.”

“Alright; please send it to me on watts app. I need to hear what she said.”

“Okay.”

“Can you at least hear whatever happened from Dami herself?”

“She’s not picking up.” I said.

“Alright; please try again. I am so confused right now.” He said causing me to pity him.

“I’m sorry. I will get back to you later.”

I dropped the call as I looked at my parents who were trying to follow our conversation.

“Hmm! I need to speak to Damilola. I hope it’s not her Mom that pushed her to do this?” I asked.

“No Dabira. Her mom told us the truth. I am sure of that.”

“Why don’t we call the mother again and find out if Dabira can speak to her daughter?” Daddy suggested.

“Yes, that’ll be okay.” I said as Mum dialed her number.

She picked on the first ring.

“Hello. Has Michael told you what he did?” she asked as if already waiting for us to call.

“No... But please can we speak to Dami.” I said as soon as Mum passed me the phone.

“Who is that?” I heard Dami’s voice in the background.

“Dabira!” her mother replied.

“Let me speak to her.” She said.

“Are you sure you are OK?” her mother retort.

“Mum...” she called put.

“Alright.”

“Hello, Dabira.” Damilola said and my heart swelled in happiness.

“Yes sis, what happened now? Your husband has been worried.” I started.

“He is... Well, he shouldn’t be...” she said; like it meant nothing to her.

“Ha!! Don’t say that at all. What happened to you guys?” I asked as Mum motioned to me to put the phone on loudspeaker.

“Dabira, I don’t even know. I’m just tired of him. I’m tired of been married to him.”

“Dami, are you listening to yourself?”

“Yeah... of course I am... I was enjoying my time with him but honestly I don’t know what came over me yesterday... I just felt like leaving him and I did.” She said as my Mum shook her head.

“Dami. You are coming back to your husband.” I said.

“Dabira... I’m not. At least for now.” she said.

“Are you happy? Do you even miss him at all?” I asked amazed.

“I do miss him... but I’m fine sha.” She said like it didn’t concern her. At this point, my mum motioned to me to change the phone from loudspeaker to normal sound.

“Tor!! This one is deep ooo. Won’t I come to that place like this?” I asked as I stood up and went towards the dining room.

“Don’t come at all. Nobody should even try and persuade me. When I’m ready, I’ll come back.”

“Dami, Can you hear yourself? What happened to your promise that you’ll stand by him? Please didn’t you say his flaws won’t ride your decisions and actions?”

“Leave me alone abeg. I need to clear my head.” She said as she hissed.

“Please, just don’t clear him away from your heart.” I said laughing lightly.

“Okay. Can I come over later if not now? We need to really talk.” I asked again.

“Alright...” She said as she cut the call.

“This is too unusual. I don’t even know what to say.” Mum said clapping her hands together as I returned to the sitting room. I shook my head.

“Hmm! Let me ask Samson what he is doing about this.” Dad said as he picked his phone to call Michael’s Dad.

“I don’t understand them honestly. But I thought Dami is supposed to be a Christian. What now happened?” Michael’s father said.

“Well, we don’t understand too.” My Dad replied.

“It will be resolved. But I thought she is different from those other women.” He said.

“Which other women?” Dad asked.

“Never mind... You won’t understand.”

“You better talk now? It’s your son’s marriage we’re talking about here.” Dad said as I waited patiently.

“Okay... Do you remember Michael’s mother just left like that too. We had a small argument and she couldn’t forgive. She didn’t even bother to ask after her son. At least I hoped Dami was a Christian.”

My eyes widened at this new revelation. I had always thought Michael’s Mother was deceased.

“I Know.” My Dad said. “But, you better encourage your son.”

“I will; but help us beg Dami.” He said.

“This is not the matter of begging alone. You had better be praying for him.” Dad said.

“Okay. Thanks.” He said as the call ended.

“I need to speak to Dami again” I thought as I ran to my room.

As I went, Mr Samson’s conversation with my Dad rang in my head.

CHAPTER 4

“I don’t even know. I came back from work and was going to the kitchen when something just told me to take my things and leave.” Dami explained as I asked her what made her really leave.

“Something told you to leave?”

“Yes!! The impression was so strong and I couldn’t control myself. I felt like writing a note for him when I got outside but for some reason I couldn’t enter the house again. It looked like something terrible would happen to me if I did.” she explained.

“Hmm! This is serious.” I said thoughtfully.

“But why did you leave work earlier?” I asked.

“Oh that! I had a lot going on my mind and I was having this severe headache.”

“Thoughts about what if I may ask?”

“Something Michael did. I was seriously pained.”

The statement Mr Samson made about Michael’s mum finding it difficult to forgive came to my mind.

“You found it difficult to forgive him?” I asked.

“Yes, I thought I had; but I was still feeling so hurt.” She said.

“Hmm! Please forgive him, He needs you.” I pleaded.

“I don’t know Dabira; I just feel we need to stay apart for now.”

“Don’t you love him anymore?” I asked.

“I do. The thought that he’s so hurt that I left makes me feel bad. But I just feel like we need to be apart or something bad may happen.”

I sighed.

“Please be praying seriously. This is the manipulation of the devil and you shouldn’t let him gain ground at all.”

“Okay. I need to rest. I’m not feeling too fine.”

“Alright.” I finally said as she ended the call.

I called Michael and explained the situation to him.

“Help me tell her to always remember that I love her and she should be fine. Tell her I said I need her and we can work things out. What hurts is that she’s not even picking my calls or replying my messages.”

“Alright; I will plead with her.” I said.

“Thanks. I’m grateful for someone like you.” He said and I decided to just pray and watch what will happen.

>

One week passed and still there was no act of reconciliation.

Before I knew it Dami told me she had gotten a new job through her mom’s connection.

“Dami, what’s happening? Are you giving up on your marriage so soon?” I asked confused.

“I didn’t say that but time is going.”

“Oh! Dami. This is not fair.” I said shaking my head. “You need to see how Michael asks after you. Do you know what it feels to know

others are been contacted but you just ignored him like that?" I said and I noticed she was silent and definitely listening.

I continued;

"He is praying for you. I am too. So please..."

"You're making me look like a bad girl seriously."

"If you Love him like you claim; if you know he is God's gift to you like you said; you would fight for your marriage. You will fight for your man. But come on you're not taking this serious at all. Where is the Warrior in you, Dami?" I asked as I was really disappointed in her.

"Dabira, I don't understand what is happening but I do care about us. I miss him so much but I just feel like I need to stay away from him."

As she talked, a thought dropped in my heart.

"Do you mind us having a three day fasting and prayer?" I asked.

"That's not a problem." she replied.

"We're starting tomorrow. I sense in my spirit there is more to this issue. I will send some Bible Passages and Prayer Requests to you. Please, do this like your life depends on it."

"Okay; thanks." She said.

Two days of the fasting soon passed and on the afternoon of the third day, memories of my Grandmother came flooding my mind.

I was about remembering something I felt was important when my phone rang.

It was Dami's mum.

"Dami just fainted. We're on our way to the hospital."

My heart almost leapt out of my chest.

PECULIAR-INSPIRO

CHAPTER 5

“Please Ma, give me feedback later.” I pleaded with Dami’s mother before ending the call.

I waited prayerfully as I went to meet Mum in her study to inform her.

I wanted to call Dami’s Mom few minutes later but my mom refrained me.

At exactly thirty minutes later; she called back.

“Dabira,” she called as if whispering.

“Yes Ma.How is she?” I asked.

“She’s stabilized but she’s asleep... But hmm! Something has happened. I don’t know if this is a good news or not.”

“What is it Ma?” I asked in fear.

“She is two months pregnant.” She finally said.

“Wow! Hallelujah! Thank you Jesus.” I screamed with Joy causing my Mum to look at me in wonder.

“She doesn’t know yet though.” Dami’s Mum said.

“Why?” I asked surprised.

“She’s sleeping and considering the situation between she and Michael.”

My heart dropped...

“It’s going to be settled.” I said.

“You know what?” I quickly added.

“I will tell Michael now.”

“Will Dami want that?” her mother asked.

“Of course.”

I ended the call and quickly called Michael.

“Hello, Michael.” I said not knowing how to start.

“Hello, Is Damilola okay?” I smiled as I knew that was what he would ask me first. He was always concerned about her.

“Yes... Actually, she is in the hospital.” I replied.

“What?” he shouted as I heard him stand up immediately and pick up his car key.

“Which hospital? I’m going to the airport now?”

“Calm down. She’s fine. She just fainted because she is fasting.”

“Dami fainted because she is fasting? That’s strange.” he said as I heard him calming himself down.

“Dami can even go on long fasts.” He said.

“Hope she is doing well now? Oh, I miss my wife.” He said as I prepared to drop the bomb.

“She’s fine. Actually, Michael; she is...”

“She is what?” he asked anxiously.

“She is 2 months pregnant.”

“Jesus Christ!!!” He shouted with joy.

“Oh my God! Dabira, I need to see my wife. I need to feel my baby move in her.”

“Actually, she doesn’t know about it yet.” I explained.

“Oh well, she’ll be a bit disappointed you broke the news to me and not her. She had always fantasized and practiced how she’ll break the news to me when she takes in.” he said as I smiled.

“I’m planning to go to Ibadan tomorrow though.” I said.

“Please, let’s go together.” He pleaded.

“Hmm! I don’t think that’s okay.”

“You can come in two days time. I need to talk some sense into her head.”

“Oh!! Okay. Just greet her for me. And help me make sure she’s okay.” He said as I smiled.

Dami called me few minutes later.

“Dabira, I’m carrying his baby.” She said so happily.

“Yeah; you are.”

“Mum said you would tell him. How did he react?”

“See you, he was so excited henn!!”

“Awwn!! I missed seeing the look on his face. I have always wondered how he will feel if he knows I’m carrying his child.”

“He was so happy my dear; He really misses you.”

“I miss him so much. I don’t know what came over me; I need my husband with me here. With no shadow of doubt, I love him so much.”

“Don’t worry you’ll see him in two days time.”

“Oh really?” she asked excited.

“Yeah. And I’m coming tomorrow.”

“Wow. I can’t wait to see him. He needs to come speak to his child.”
She said as I Laughed.

“So, were you able to pray for the last two days?” I asked in a serious tone.

“Yes. I can only say God helped me. Honestly, since the first day, I have felt a great intense love towards my husband. I felt like just coming home that day but I just wasn’t ready.”

“That’s God at work.”

“I want to hear his voice.” she said softly.

“Please, can’t you call him? I’m not the one that said you should become “runaway bride.”

“No, I’m not calling him. Let him miss me very well.” She said laughing so hard.

“Alright! I will deliver your message.” I said as I ended the call.

I later remembered that for the first time in a long time I finally heard Dami say she loves her husband.

It was still the third day of our fasting so I moved to my room to pray.

I finished the prayer in Two hours and went outside the compound to buy Bread to take with tea.

“Eku irole Ma (Good Evening Ma)” I said to the Old Woman in the shop not too far from our house.

She was bowed down; her attention focused on something.

She looked up at me from where she sat; and I noticed it was a phone that was in her hand. She waved her hands at me as if telling me to be patient for some time.

Like a flash!! I saw my grandmother with her phone in hand shooing me away...

Like a flash!! Mama’s last conversation with me came to my mind.

“Dabira, if something happens, and you feel like you’ve run out of ideas but you feel I may have an answer to it. Just tell your father. He knows what to do. But if nothing happens, don’t bother to seek for any answer.”

This statement boomed in my ear that I shivered on a spot. I turned back from the shop and ran back home.

“Daddy!” I screamed as I got back inside the house.

“What is it?” he shouted back from his study room.

“Grandma.”

At that he came out of the room; Mum hurried out of the kitchen.

“What are you saying? Where did you see grandma?” Dad asked confused.

“No.... I Mean... She said I should ask you for an answer.”

“Who said so?” Mum asked confused.

“Grandma; she told me before she passed on.”

“Oh!! Yes... what is it?” he said looking at me suspiciously.

“Do you remember Mama was acting strange before the wedding? She was asking me many things. It was as if she knew this would happen. I mean the Michael and Dami issue. Something tells me what we need to know as regards them is that answer. And Mama said it is with you.”

“Okay. But are you sure you need an answer?” he asked before he continued.

“She said to make sure it isn’t because you are inquisitive.”

“Daddy, I understand.” I said.

“Alright; Go to the sitting room and calm down. You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” he said as he went to his room and Mummy pulled me silently to the sitting room...

Immediately Daddy entered the sitting room, I stood up but he motioned to me to calm down. In his hands were Mama’s phone and a small paper. He unwrapped the paper and there the memory card was.

My eyes followed as Daddy inserted it in the phone and switched it on. I felt like collecting it from him but I calmed myself down.

“Sit down and stop shaking.” Daddy said as he pressed play;

“Dabira mi !” boomed Mama’s voice from the phone in daddy’s hand as he handed it to me. That voice I had missed so much...

“You’ve missed me? Pele oo... Omo mi!!(Sorry, my child.) Don’t worry we’ll see in Heaven.

Does that mean all my speculations and thoughts are right; seeing you are listening to this now. I hope the couple has even spent like years together before this came on.”

“Mama, go to the main point” I said thoughtfully.

“You’re saying “I should go ahead” right? I will now, so listen attentively as we travel to the past together...”

PECULIAR-INSPIRO

CHAPTER 6

“Oluwa etobi, etobi ooo...eto bi. (Lord, you are great. You are great)”

I sang as I packed the plates out to the backyard to wash.

“Bami” as I called my Father had gone to the farm with my elder brothers while my Mother had gone to the market.

I was the last child of the family so taking care of the house when the rest went to the farm was my day to day routine.

I sighed!

I hated moments like this; as I would be the only one in our compound which was one of the only two compounds in the secluded area.

“Baba Derin” as my father called our neighbor, lived in the other compound with his wife and daughter.

The atmosphere was cool!

The Leaves on the tree danced as if been conducted by the wind.

The birds chirped on...

“Wo.. O ti se te lenii!! O ti gun igi koja ewe!! (Look at me; you’ve crossed your limit today.) ” I heard someone shout out in anger from the next compound.

I knew who it was as this was not the first time such would happen.

“Mama Derin and Baba Derin has started again ooo..” I said hissing as I heard slaps and shouts.

I stood up in panic.

My father was the one that always pleaded on Iya Derin's behalf but on this day, he was not around.

I couldn't even consider going to the farm to call him..

"What should I do now? This man will kill this woman." I thought as I tied my wrapper well and removed my slippers.

I tiptoed hurriedly outside our compound.

I turned!!

I went towards their compound, creeping silently towards the small wooden fence. I prayed that I wouldn't be caught peeping as I reached the fence.

I stretched over the fence to have a better view of the hut where the noise was coming from.

"That is Iya Derin's hut." I said silently to myself as...

"Gbam!!" the wooden door fell down suddenly causing me to jump in fright. I looked on not having recovered from the shock, to see Baba Derin pulling Iya Derin out of the hut by her hair.

I heard her whimpering as she pleaded "Baale mi!! E je bure. (My husband, Please exercise patient.)"

"I have had enough!! Baba Bola is not around so scream all you want. You are on your own." He said as she held to his leg pleading.

"Come on, remove your hand from my leg." he said as he pushed her hand away causing her to fall to the ground.

He went back inside in anger.

I watched in pity as the woman struggled to stand up. I cheered her on within me and she almost found her balance when suddenly a bag was thrown out through the door pushing the frail woman back to the ground.

“Ha!!” I said almost screaming as a tear escaped my eyes.

Another one was thrown out and another and another keeping the poor woman to the ground.

She was gathering her strength to stand up when he came outside with a broom and started beating her again; “Get out of my house. I have had enough.”

At this point, I was already crying profusely; holding the fragile fence like a lifeline.

“Please.” she pleaded heavily with tears.

He didn’t stop beating her.

I couldn’t take it any longer. I moved to go inside the compound to stop him when she said “Don’t come!”

I stopped...

Baba Derin stopped...

“Who are you talking to?” he asked with a smirk on his face.

“Don’t move.” she said again weakly.

She had seen me.

I slowed down with defeat as my tears took another level.

“You are talking to anjonuns (spirits) abi? I should have known you are a witch? I have had enough. I won’t ever forgive you for making my only son drown in the river.”

“Baba Derin !! You are sending me away because you can’t forgive me for that.”

“Baba Derin, was it my fault?”

“I went to wash cloth and he crawled off! Would I have watched my son drown to death?” she asked as I pitied her.

“You are always saying you are sorry. You should have drowned with him that day? And you haven’t given birth since then...” He said kicking her again.

She wasn’t giving up!!

“With all the beatings and anger, please has your son come back from the dead?” She said laughing mockingly at first before shouting out at him; “Has he?”

She broke down in tears again.

He moved in anger and went inside.

I saw him first; coming with Cutlass in hand.

I wanted to scream her name but it looked like my mouth were glued together.

She saw him too...

She stood up hurriedly.

“Baba Derin, Ayafi ti okunrin yin oba se obinrin re loku; Obinrin yin o ma fi yin sile ni.. (Except if your males don’t do anything to hurt their spouses; your wives will always leave you.) You won’t even need to send them away. They will leave of their own accord.” She said in anger and tears.

“Iro lo pa !! Esinsin re ole duro segbe osusu owo mi! Esinsin re aku! (You lie. You can’t compare a Bunch of Broom to an housefly; your housefly will die)” he replied angrily.

“Except if I was really guilty and unconcerned as you said; it will start happening from your time sef, if you marry another wife when I leave; if you offend her and she can’t forgive you she will leave. They will always leave you. You will all die in loneliness...” She said shouting and screaming as she packed her bags and dragged it behind her.

I couldn’t stop crying...

“Egun re!! (This is a Curse)Ha!!” I shivered at the thought of what she said happening.

I looked back at Baba Derin as he hissed and even swept off her footsteps mockingly...

“That’s how their steps will be invisible and cleaned off when they leave. You won’t even know where to search for them.” she added again.

“Yepa !!” I shouted again causing Mama Derin to look over to where I hid.

She had probably forgotten I was there as she looked at me silently.

“Ko radada radada re lo..... (Go with your problems.)” Baba Derin said at her.

I started crying and pleading with her from afar to be patient.

“Derin!!” she whispered to me from afar.

I understood what she meant.

I shook my head as she looked back at the compound she once lived in in tears and turned.

“Except if they don’t commit the unforgivable...” she said again stamping her leg on the ground as if affirming her declarations.

I followed her with my eyes till I couldn’t see her again.

I had seen enough.

I shook my head as I crawled back silently to our compound..

I sat down against a tree and began to analyze everything I had seen and heard.

“That’s a big curse ooo. Yepa! All the men will not understand what is happening to them when their wives are leaving.” I said as I shook my head.

“Don’t ever forget today...” a voice said in my ear audibly causing me to look back in fright.

I was alone.

I started singing again to focus on what I was about doing originally.

“Bola ...” My father’s familiar voice from outside the compound caused me to rise hurriedly.

I moved to collect the sack he carried from his hand but he noticed my swollen eyes.

“What is it?” he asked holding back the sack he wanted to give me.

“Aunty Derin's Mother has gone.” I replied crying and shaking my head.

“Are you sure? Because I remember seeing someone like her going towards the river.”

“River?” I asked back in shock?

Her conversation with her husband boomed in my ear.

He had said she should have drowned...

“Oh no!” I said as I ran out of the compound.

I feared the thought that came to my mind as I ran with all my might.

My Father ordered my brothers to come after me.

I got to the river.

I looked around.

There they were on the shore, all the bags she carried.

I noticed her slippers beside the luggage's.

I traced her footsteps and watched it fade into the river.

It was too late.

She had drowned herself.

I sat down crying seriously as my brothers arrived with my Father trying to catch up with them.

They understood immediately and my father ordered them to search for her body.

She was dead already.

Her face frozen with anger and pain.

I couldn't take it anymore, I cried out in pain.

“Don't ever forget this day.” The voice said to me again as my father pulled me home with him.

Baba Derin felt no remorse at all.

Aunty Derin wept seriously as I delivered her mother's silent message to her.

I couldn't recover from the shock of her death for days as the event played in my head and mind for days.

Because of Baba Derin's Resentment and Uncontrolled Anger, Mama Derin was pushed to her death!

Because of Baba Derin's Resentment and Uncontrolled Anger, generations have to suffer from Mama Derin's declaration!

Life continued and I soon got over the incidence.

Aunty Derin soon got married to a Chief's son and her father also remarried. She was happy with her husband and son Samson, so I was grateful the curse wasn't real at all.

It was however shocking when one day Baba Derin's New wife left with her two children and was never found.

Baba Derin later died of heart attack.

I later got married to a young man in the village and gave birth to David. Coincidentally, along the line he and Samson became friends.

As the boys grew up into men Samson got married but mysteriously his wife left him too.

On deep thoughts, the curse didn't affect Aunty Derin since she was a female and married out of the family but every female that married into the family and has an argument with her husband will leave the man stranded.

So Dabira, I guess Michael is left stranded now.

My child, the solution is simple; that curse needs to be broken now or else it is still as potent as ever. It was a declaration made with pain but Jesus Christ has borne the pain already for them.

“Omo mi!! (My Child), handle this issue with wisdom and divine leading. Remember, a voice told me never to forget what happened. I didn’t understand then but God knew a generation would come that would accept him and would need help. God depended on me thus far; he is now depending on you.

You know what?

How do you go from here?

Remember that this curse has a trigger because Mama Derin kept saying; “Except if he does not offend her.” meaning Dami didn’t forgive her husband for something. Unforgiveness then opened the door.

Start from there first. Forgiveness before any other thing can be done.

Dabira, I trust you. May The Good Lord be with you always. I wish I can tell you more but hurry and stop the devil from causing more calamities.

>

The voice recording stopped as I looked up to Mum and Dad’s thoughtful face with teary face. I had cried all the while.

“No wonder Michael’s mum’s left.” Mum sighed!

“No wonder Samson said he thought Damilola was different.” Dad added.

“He was already connecting the dots but since he isn’t a Christian, I guess there wasn’t much for him to come up with a conclusion.”

“What is the next step Dabira?” Dad asked noting I was still silent.

I looked at both of them silently as I held the phone like a lifeline.

“I’m going to Ibadan to meet Damilola first thing tomorrow morning. This is a battle that needs to be fought without delay.” I said.

“And Michael?” asked Mum.

“I think it’s better I send this to him and tell him to begin prayers immediately. I’ll also tell him to put his going to Ibadan on hold till next week.” I explained as I stood up.

I almost tripped as I hurried to my room to get my phone.

I chatted him up and sent the recording to him.

“You better let’s start fasting and prayer though I don’t think Dami can fast. God that revealed this will solve things.” I added quickly to the message before sending.

I dropped my phone and moved to pack some few things I would need during my stay in Ibadan.

CHAPTER 7

The next morning, Dad dropped me off at the Airport and I took an early morning flight to Ibadan. The flight was an hour flight so I had contacted Dami's Mother before leaving our house and she was waiting for me when we landed at Ibadan.

We exchanged greetings and she asked after my parents.

"They are doing well, Ma. How is Dami doing?" I asked.

"She's doing well. She was still sleeping when I left home. I didn't bother waking her."

"Okay Ma. I can't wait to see her." I said smiling as I dropped my bag in the trunk of the vehicle.

"The same goes for her also. She even cleaned the room you'll be sleeping in herself. I have not seen her happy like that in a long time. Thanks for being there for her." She said as she held my hands gratefully.

"Oh!! Dami is my friend, Ma and she deserves the best. The Devil just wants to manipulate things, but God is in control." I said as we entered into her car.

"It is well." She said.

"Amen ooo." I said as I looked around the airport while she drove out.

Silence filled the vehicle throughout the journey and I used that moment to pray that my coming to IB would be a Blessing and a Fruitful one at that.

We soon got to the house and I settled into the visitor's room. Dami was still sleeping but I asked to be let into her room.

She was staying in her former room.

I opened the door and entered. Cuddled around a pillow, sleeping soundly was my friend.

I smiled.

I had missed her.

"This is not where you should be, sweetie. It's time to take back what's yours." I said to her like she could hear me and left her room.

>

"It is written in Nahum 1:13 that "For now will I break his yoke from off thee, and will burst thy bonds in sunder." Thank you Jesus because it is the set time for every yoke to be broken. As it is written let every yoke clasped around Damilola, clasped around Michael be broken in the Name of Jesus."

That was me praying the first night I arrived IB. Dami was there with me too in the sitting room as we fired Prayers up into Heaven.

The next day, I contacted Michael and we started fasting and Prayer together. We shared Prayer requests. Dami couldn't fast but we prayed together. At Midnight's we woke up to pray too.

Prayer became the daily routine in the house for that whole week.

At a time, the Holy Spirit led me to tell Damilola to lay her hands on her tummy and use her unborn child as a contact to the coming generation and speak into their lives.

We sang; we prayed; we studied the Bible.

The Holy Spirit took control and indeed we knew there was Victory already.

Throughout this whole time, Michael and Dami rarely spoke but I knew something was already been done in the Spiritual realm. It was a time of dealing for each of them.

>

“Thank you Jesus because Chains are broken. Thank you Jesus because there is liberation. Thank you Jesus the battle has been won. Thank you Jesus because every Stranger has heard our voice and are out of their hiding places.”

“Thank you Jesus because as it written that you will deliver us out of the hand of the wicked and out of the hands of the terrible so it has happened.”

“Dabira and Michael have been delivered; their generation has been delivered from the hands of the terrible man.”

“Thank you Jesus because you have come against the destroying mountain and you have stretched your hand and made it a burnt mountain.”

“Thank you Jesus because the Holy Spirit has lifted up a Standard against the enemy that came in as a flood.”

“Thank you Jesus because Michael and Dabira are far from Oppression, they are far from terror and they need not fear.”

“Thank you Jesus because gatherings has been scattered and powers have fallen and failed for their sake.”

“Thank you Jesus because no weapon that is formed against them shall prosper and because every tongue that rise against them in judgement shall be condemned.”

“Thank you Jesus because there is Dominion; Thank you Jesus because the yoke has been broken.”

“Thank you Jesus because indeed what God has joined together, no man; no curse; no power; no principality can put asunder. “

“Thank you Jesus because there is Victory. For in Jesus name we have prayed.”

“Amen.” chorused Dami and I.

It was Saturday and the last day of the fasting and Prayer. We were in her room. Indeed, without any shadow of doubt there was Victory as the word of The Lord even confirmed it.

>

“Dabira, I want to go back home tomorrow after Service at Mum’s Church. So prepare as we’ll be going together.” Dami said to me as we had dinner that night. I smiled.

“It’s alright. After the Service we’ll be leaving. I will inform your husband.”

“No, don’t tell him. It’s a Surprise.” She said her eyes glowing with excitement.

“OK.” I smiled.

Though little did she know that a surprise was in store for her.

PECULIAR-INSPIRO

CHAPTER 8

The early sun was just coming up.

The trees swayed softly to the cool breeze.

I walked on in the garden.

I was happy but I was looking for something or someone.

I didn't stop; I moved towards a small cottage.

There he was sitting; he looked like he was waiting for someone too.

He saw me and smiled.

He stood up and stretched out his hands. They beckoned me to come.

I ran into his arms.

"My sweetheart!" He said softly as I smiled.

>

A hand pulled me closer and my eyes stared open.

"So, it was a dream" I thought within me as I readjusted myself.

Someone was bending down in front of me. The person's hands held me close. My eyes were not clear yet as I was not fully awake yet.

"But it can't be Dabira. These hands are muscular." I thought.

"Sweetheart!" I heard again. But I knew I wasn't dreaming this time.

My heart beat increased in response to that voice. I recognised the voice.

“Dami!” That baritone voice that had always caused my knee to be weak called softly in my ear.

My eyes flew open and there he was in front of me.

He pulled me so close that I could feel his breath against me.

“Michael.” I called softly.

“Yes; Beautiful, it’s me.” he replied gently.

“Oh!” I said as I looked at him very well. I had missed him. I had missed his voice. I had missed his arms. I had missed everything about him.

“Why did I leave this man? What was I looking for?” I asked within me.

“Michael!” I called again as I sat up.

He stood up a bit and before I knew it I jumped into his arms.

“I’m sorry, Sweetheart. I’m sorry for leaving like that.” I said as I wept softly against his neck.

“Baby, it’s alright. I’m sorry too.” I shook my head in agreement as my eyes caught my Mum and Dabira at the slightly opened door.

Dabira winked at me.

“Thank you.” I mouthed as she nodded and closed the door gently to excuse us.

“Sweetheart!”

I had missed him calling me that.

“Yes.” I replied as he released me gently and made me sit down.

“Hmm; I had to surprise you this way this morning. I wanted us to attend Service here together with your Mum. So here I am.” I looked at his face, into his eyes. He was speaking with so much Love.

“I have really missed you, Dami. It was just like a part of me was tore away from me when you left. Please don’t ever do that again.” He said.

“No, sweetheart.” I said. “No, I won’t. I have missed you too.”

“So, how are my two favorite people doing?” he asked making me confused for some seconds.

“Two?”

“Yeah. You and the Little prince or princess in your womb.”

“Oh!!” I said blushing. “We're doing well. Though it might take sometime for he or she to get used to you.”

“And whose fault was that?” he asked tapping my nose playfully.

“Hmm. Never will we let the Devil drive a wedge between us again.” He said with a serious tune.

“Yes. Never, I love you Michael. I love you so much.”

“I love you too. It’s like I just realized that.” He said moving close to plant a peck on my head.

“Oh yes. I am never going to let the enemy take this man from me again.” I thought within myself.

The precious one in my womb gave a kick as if in agreement.

CHAPTER 9

“Dabira.” My Mum called me excitedly one evening.

“Yes Ma.”

“It’s Dami; Michael called to say her water broke. She has been rushed to Dr Adeyemo’s Hospital.”

I changed my clothes quickly and joined Mum and Dad as we all rushed into the vehicle and drove to the hospital.

This was about six months after their reconciliation. We had all returned to our State together and they had since been doing well.

We got to the hospital and met Michael pacing round the waiting room.

“Michael.” I called causing him to look up at us.

“Dabira, they won’t let me in. Her Mom is with her though.” he said making me pity him.

“His actions are even more than the person who is in labour.” A nurse passing by told us causing everyone to laugh.

“How do they expect me to calm down? Dami is in there screaming her lungs out. My wife has become a prayer warrior inside that labour room.” He said as my Dad patted him and pulled him to a seat.

I started praying where I stood. Mum took a seat beside my Dad as we waited. Michael clasped his head between his legs, stamping his right leg on the floor in seconds forming a rhythm.

A cry came out of the Labour room announcing the baby’s arrival.

I moved from where I was; Michael also stood up hurriedly.

The Doctor came out of the closed room smiling as Michael rushed at him.

“You have a daughter.”

“Thank you Jesus. How is my wife?”

“She is alright. Your wife is a strong woman. I brought up the idea of a Caesarean section at a point but she screamed at me that there was not such agreement between her and God.” The doctor said looking back into the room.

“Oh, thank you Lord. Can we see her?” I asked.

“Oh yes. Come in.”

We entered the room with Michael taking the lead. He couldn't stop gazing at his daughter as she had her first meal in her mother's arms.

We sat down gently as Michael took a seat beside the bed and said “Thank you Sweetheart.” Dami smiled at him in reply.

“Can I hold her?” he asked stretching his hand forward.

“Of course but that is if she doesn't protest.” Dami said as we laughed. She gently handed her over to him. The baby protested with a cry.

“Shh!! Dabira's don't whine.” He said causing I and my parents to look up at him.

“Dabira?” I asked.

“Yes. We agreed on that.” Dami replied smiling.

“Dabira! You are a blessing to the people around you.” She said looking at me.

“This Child will be a blessing.” She prayed as we replied “Amen.”

“She will raise up the foundations of many generations. She will live to be a Repairer of Breaches. She will be a Restorer of paths to dwell in. This child is a messenger with a message for her generation.” Dami said holding her husband hand’s and looking at her daughter’s face.

“Amen!!!” We all Chorused...

THE END

MY NOTE TO YOU;

If someone around you was in Dami and Michael's shoe; can God trust you to reveal secrets to you?

If he reveals it to you, what would be your disposition to the information?

Will you go on your knees and fight on behalf of that person or face your business and say it is the person's problem?

The fact remains that Dabira played a very important role in Michael and Dami's marriage.

Do you know that another person could have been used for them if Dabira just acted unconcerned? That person God trusts you to help; if you don't arise to the task he'll replace you. For every Elijah already giving up, there are 7000 more prophets that can be used.

We will not be replaced in Jesus Name. (Amen.)

Singles should also not forget to learn from the Couple. They were insensitive and let sleeping dogs lie. They didn't even know there was any sleeping Dog around. It reminds us of the fact that in preparation for Marriage, it is necessary to deal with some root problems lest they rise up unexpectedly. It reminds us to pray that our Spiritual Senses always be at alert.

For the prayers "Dabira" has inspired you to pray, I thank the Lord.

For the messages you have gotten from "Dabira" I bless his name.

Please feel free to send the testimonies of how this story has blessed your life by contacting me at adebisimercyfunmito@gmail.com or drop

them in the comment section of my Facebook posts @ Mercy Oluwafunmito Adebisi. You can also message me through Facebook or Messenger.

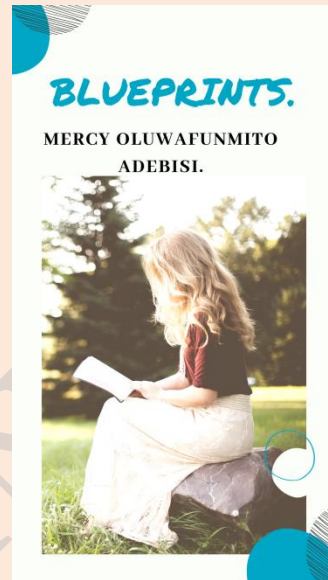
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Shalom!

Also by Mercy Oluwafunmito Adebisi

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