

Relocation can be very stressful.

But having to deal with emotional upheaval, at the same time, can be even more cumbersome. Yet, the Lord Almighty has a way of reaching out to His children, just to show that He cares. He cares about even the so-called 'little things'.

Having considered that my family and I would be moving from one province to another, and bearing in mind that a close family friend of ours who is recuperating from surgery loves our Nigerian dishes (particularly our Jollof rice), I promised to cook a potful before leaving. Even though my family friend and his wife are wholly Canadian, they just love our African dishes. So, I know that after we move, it may take a while before they have a taste of it again. I hope that the pot I make for them, will last them for a while.

But as some would say, “Life happens when you are making other plans.”

Without any warning, one of my younger brothers passed away. His passing happened exactly six months after his wedding. Suffice to say, this broke me completely. But amidst the support of friends, family and God’s comfort, that I learned new things – even in my grief. I have had to learn to trust God for peace, to accept what has happened and not to question God. I have also had to learn to move on – this has been especially tough.

Despite this heart-wrenching storm, my family and I still had to relocate. And I still felt under compulsion to keep my promise to my friends (to prepare the dish); even though they tried to dissuade me. So, as shippers entered and exited my house to collect the packed boxes that were all over the place, I cooked a pot of Jollof rice. It was our last day in the house.

Although they didn't expect it, I also grilled a bowlful of goat meat, for our family friends. The aroma of the food was tempting enough for the shippers to accept, when I offered them some grilled meat – just to taste ...

Later that evening, I had a witness in my spirit telling me that “All will be well.” I heard God telling me that in the middle of the moving, the packing and the mess, I was able to make a nice dish. He even went ahead to confirm the witness in my spirit by letting me know that He would bring beauty out of this hurt, in the lives of my family and I. He said He will give us reasons to laugh again – I believed Him and I still do.

Even as I write this, I admit that I still feel sad, sometimes. I still miss my

brother so much and I cry unashamedly and I am still trying to process it all. I guess this just confirms my humanity.

I know what God has promised. I also know that His words are “Yea” and “Amen”. I know indeed, that He will give my family peace – even out of this chaos. I am holding tightly to these words.

By the way, our family friends were so grateful, that they hosted us to dinner at their house. The wife had packed the rice into small containers, to put in the freezer. So, the Jollof rice will definitely last them for a while.

I am so happy that I kept my promise, despite it all. And I even got a word from God.

I want to encourage you that, no matter what you are going through – whether it is a job you are searching for, a miracle you need from God, healing, comforting words or total restoration – hand it over to Him. Allow God to turn your mess into a message. And let Him give you peace out of the chaos.

Stay blessed.

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