

“I love you, still”

As early as 7am on this Friday morning, the 12th of April, I heard a still voice on my way to the shower saying, “My Son, I love you, still”. Looking around there was no one and it had been years since anyone called me “my son”. I lost my parents eons ago, so I wondered if I was still dreaming, I brushed my teeth and rinsed it with Listerine to make sure there was no telltale sign of last night’s alcohol on my breath and I planned ahead for the day’s activities, I looked around my rented apartment to confirm whether there was someone else in the room with me, but I was indeed alone.

An hour later, I drove to work, having completely forgotten my earlier experience and with just one thing on my mind, Danielle...my beloved 9-year old daughter. Today marks the beginning of the third weekend of the month, which signifies my time of visitation as determined by the court. Pending the legal divorce proceedings, the Judge gave me “one-weekend a month” visitation rights.

Mary, Danielle’s mother, and I were married for 6 years, but had lived together for 9. A few months, back I initiated our break up, since Mary claimed to have accepted Christ as her Lord and Savior and she could no longer live with my drinking and weekend parties. I, on the other hand, had begun to detest her nightly prayers and even more so her ramblings, which she referred to as “speaking in tongues”.

I know Mary still loves me and Danielle often tells me her mother misses me, but I don’t feel that I love her anymore and the only love in my heart now is for my daughter.

As for me, life continues. I am still young at 42 and not ready to be committed to anyone or any Church at the moment.

The day flew by and as the office clock chimed 5:25pm, I picked up my suitcase, got into my car and drove towards my former house. As I approached the street, I could feel the familiar scent of the street in the fall, I remembered our long walks with Danielle in spring and the street kids playing in the parks in the summer heat. I felt nostalgic, but quickly

shook it off.

By 6:02pm, I stopped in front of the house and dialed the landline. I preferred calling Danielle from the car. I did not wish to step inside the familiar family home and face Mary. I sincerely wanted my freedom from her. I noticed Danielle rushing out in a floral dress with her Barbie doll in one hand and the other filled with candy.

As she ran towards me I could almost feel Mary's presence at the front door; I picked Danielle up, threw her in the air and placed her gently down on her feet. As I walked towards the house, to fetch her suitcase from her mother, Mary smiled and greeted me cheerfully. My response was an attempt at sounding weary and I faked a tired smile as I took hold of the suitcase and turned back to my car.

As soon as I had Danielle in the car, she launched into her daily conversation, telling me about her new best friend that had just moved into the area and the fact that she looked so much like her and they happened to bear the same surname. I listened and was just about to start the engine when Danielle, leapt out of the car and quickly ran back into the house. I could see her grabbing the phone and jumping up and down excitedly. I could only assume that she was calling her new best friend and wanted her to meet me. Within a few seconds, I saw a beautiful young girl and a woman rounding the corner of our house. Danielle ran to meet them. As the woman drew closer, I noticed something familiar and as I got out of my car, my legs began to give way. Mary was still standing by the door, watching every thing as it unfolded.

Danielle introduced her friend as Margaret, but my eyes were fixed on Margaret's mother. With a shock I recognized my former secretary, Jane, the woman with whom I had had a brief affair just a few weeks after meeting Danielle's mother. The last time I had heard from her was when she told me she had fallen pregnant. I had denied the pregnancy, because I had just met and fallen in love with Mary and she had also fallen pregnant. Jane and I had parted bitterly and now, many years later, it seems that Danielle has a sister!

As the enormity and reality of the situation dawned on me, I realized that I needed God's intervention. My mind went back to the words that I

had heard in my bathroom just a few hours earlier. Could it have been God's voice, assuring me that despite all my past atrocities, He loves me still.

I then realized almost at once that I just could not continue to live my life as I had before. I sincerely needed to give my life to God. I am finally ready to straighten out my life...Please God, help me.

About The Author

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