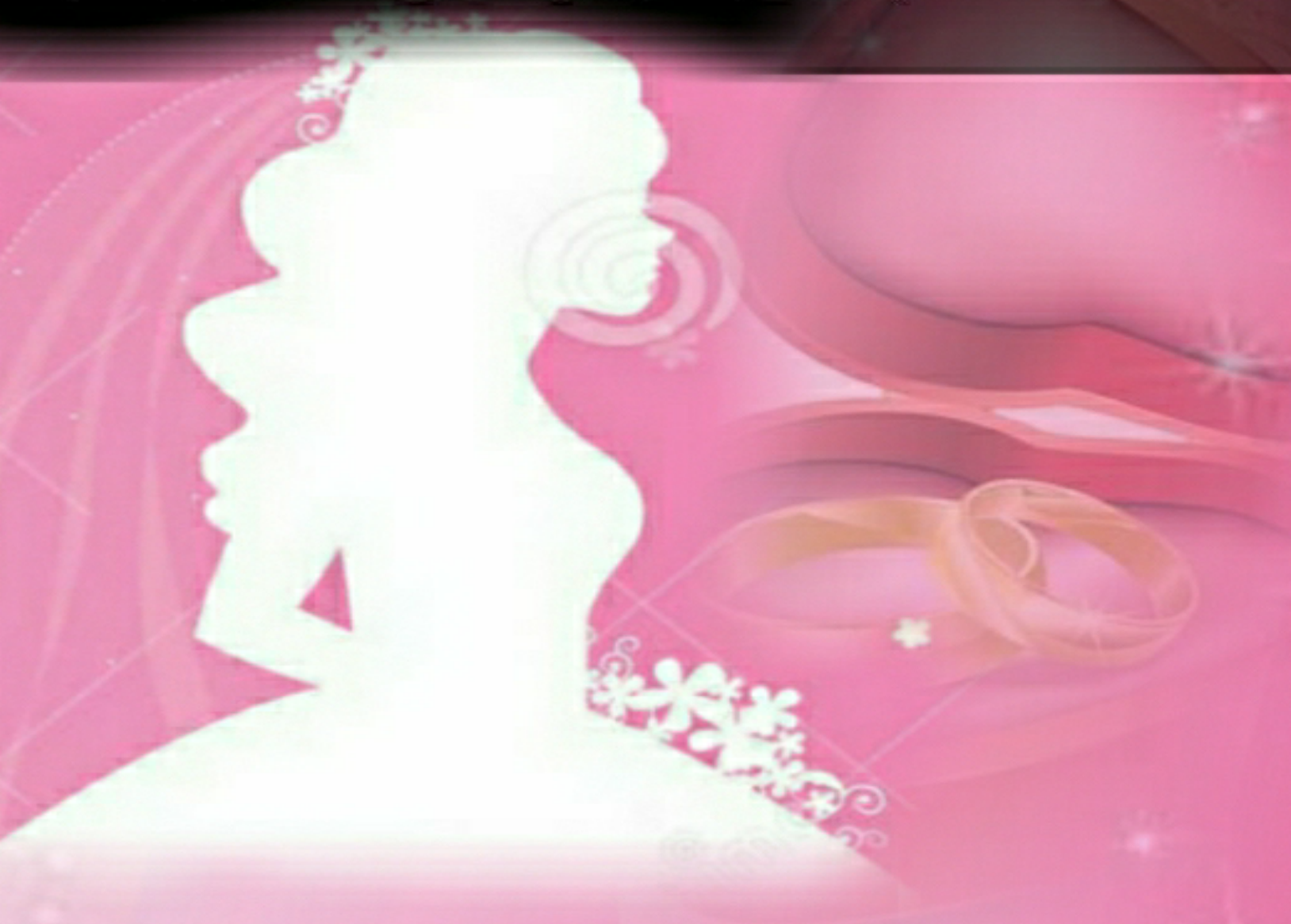


BROKEN!

MARRIAGE ON HER JOURNEY



Fruitful E. John

COPYRIGHT PAGE

BROKEN

Written by Fruitful E. John

Fruitful Writes Publications Copyright 2019@
fruitfulcornerstones.WordPress.com

This eBook is for your personal enjoyments only. It is not meant to be sold out or purchased, it is available for download freely on the author's blog. No part of the book may be reproduced without prior permission from the author. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

BROKEN

Chapter 1.....	5
Chapter 2.....	13
Chapter 3.....	20
Chapter 4.....	27
Chapter 5.....	34

WHEN 'SISTERS' GET FOOLED

Chapter 1.....	46
Chapter 2.....	50
Chapter 3.....	54

TWO STORIES, ONE MESSAGE

BROKEN

FRUITFUL E. JOHN

1

I could almost hear his heart beat skipped. His eyeballs widened. His hands freezed. His faint smile disappeared. My eyeballs rolled up and down for the umpteenth time. He adjusted his collar – perhaps to ease off the tension. His lips separated slightly, his eyes blinked, and his lips came together again.

“You won’t even pray about it?” His shaking voice muttered.

“I don’t think that would be necessary. Have a nice day.” The table shook as I made my way up.

The waiter stared. “We are sorry ma’am, your food is being served. It will be here in a jiffy”

“Never mind” I said, stamping my right hand on the table.

My legs grew heavier as I caught a glimpse of the couple on the other end watching. The chair had made such noise as my restless annoyed body got up. His eyes followed as i walked on. The intensity of his gaze could see through a soul. It's no point wasting his time. I gave him a piece of my mind and I don't regret it. Next time, he won't only pray but think through. What nonsense!

"How did it go?" Mum called out from her room. She must have heard me opening the door.

"Oh no!" I mumbled.

Just before I could escape to my room, she got in. "You are not going to snub me now. Are you?" She asked, taking her seat on one of the cushion chairs.

"Now tell me. How did your first date go?"

"Its not my first mum" I replied, taking a seat

"Well, that's the first time I'd be aware"

It would have been a more secret affair If Anthony had not sent the message while mum was watching a movie on my phone.

"So how did it go?" She asked again, her back resting more comfortably on the chair.

"Its not something serious" I replied, looking away.

"Like, he doesn't want a relationship?"

I was getting pissed off already. I hate to be interrogated, especially along this line.

"Mum, what's your interest in this anyway?"

"Rachael, I'm your mum. I should be concern that my 28 year old pretty daughter is not in a relationship yet."

"I'm not stranded mum. I've just not found the right one."

"Well, that's why I'm interested. I could be of help you know"

"Mum, I don't...." I was aiming at diverting the discussion when she cuts in.

"Now, speak up" she said firmly."

I should spill it all out to avoid more time wastage. Mum won't take no for an answer.

"Like I said mum, I'm not stranded. He wanted a relationship. I said No and that's it.

"You said No? Why?"

"Primarily because we are not compatible"

"And?"

"He's not my type."

"And?"

"He's too archaic?"

"And?"

"He's got no future"

Her eyeballs rolled up to meet mine. "How did you know?"

"I asked him mum, he couldn't even define his purpose for living."

"How did he say it?"

"He was saying things like been a light and a salt of the world. All those scriptural jargons."

"I thought you said he couldn't define it."

"Yes mum, he couldn't. He's got no specific plans."

"Hmmm" she said shaking her head.

Tired of her questioning, I folded my arms and stared into her face waiting for the next question. "I shouldn't have started this

conversation" I thought.

"Is he a Christian? I mean is he born again?"

"Yes"

"Did he mention anything about going to pray? Like you praying about it?"

"He did"

"So?"

"I told him it was not necessary. I had made my decision and it is a No."

"Hmmm" she said, her legs making a rhythm as they tapped the tiled floor.

"Are you born again?"

"Of course mum."

"Do you believe in God's leading?"

"Yes ma'am"

"That ends it. Call that brother or send him a text now that you are going to pray about it."

"Its so glaring mum. We are not compatible. There's no need for prayer" I said confidently.

"Well, I'm not pushing this any further. All I want is your word that you'll pray about it. Checking for compatibility in marriage is not complete without a check from the creator himself. Now, tell me, if you're so sure that he's not compatible now. How sure are you that he'll not be the most compatible person in the future? Besides, my daughter, the heart of man is desperately wicked. Only God can know it."

"Mum! I can't marry him." I said pouting my mouth.

She chuckled. "I never said you should. All I'm saying is that you need to pray about this."

The only way to be freed from this compulsory lecture is to agree.

"Its okay mum, I'll pray."

"Good" she said with a smile, yawning as she rose up.

The conversation had ended only if my tongue didn't loose control.

"But mum, he's from Calabar"

Her feet ceased. She turned back. Her countenance changed. Her mouth opened.

"Cala what?" She asked.

2

"Oh I see" she said with a slow nod.

I understood.

What would you expect from a widow whose first daughter had been married off to a man who lived far away in the east? Bola my elder sister had gotten married two years ago to Gozie. We haven't seen them since then. Once in a while mum puts a call across to them to be sure they are still alive.

"Pray about him but be on the look out for another" She said and left.

That's it. My growing guilt disappeared. My heart leaped for joy. I

didn't have to consider this old fashioned brother after all.

That night was one of the longest night I have had in years. My mind raced back to my undergraduate days, then to my service year, then to last year and then now; Men have come and gone. They just never fitted into my ideal.

Kunle, from the south west was born again, had big plans and ambitions but at the moment I met him, he owns just a little bookshop by the road. I hated the idea of been the bread winner of my family. Charles had it all; born again with a good job and a promising future – I only wished he wasn't from the east. Stephen had it all too – only that he was from Benue State. Then Dayo. Oh how I loved him. If only he hadn't told a lie about his occupation, he would have been a good choice.

My eyes caught a glimpse of the clock. It was 2:00AM. I had laid for more than two hours staring at the ceiling as my mind

wandered in thoughts.

I wished I could hear someone tell me what to do. Someone except God. I'm not an atheist. Just that, I didn't want affliction to rise again the second time. Bola had walked this path – this path of God's will. Now, her marriage is nothing to write home about. I had better choose for myself and blame myself if there were any shortcomings than to live in regret that God made the choice. But then, making the choice all alone seems more difficult than I had thought.

"Where do I go from here?"

"Anywhere you want to go"

"Anywhere? There are five different roads"

"Yes. There are five different roads. Just follow your heart."

"Follow my heart? But where am I going to?"

“You don’t know?”

“I don’t know”

“Oh! Find out then”

“Daily as I live, often as I breathe, let my whole life be expression of your grace...” my phone rang. It was the morning alarm.

I sat up, my right hand wiping my face so I could see clearly. My two hands went up as I yawned. “Was that a dream?” I thought.

“What kind of a dream was that? Five roads? I didn’t even see anybody, not even myself. I only heard my voice and a man’s voice. I should find out where I was going? How? I sure need to see Pastor James about this. Oh No! He’ll use this opportunity to torment me with marriage again.”

Clapping my hands together I said a word of prayer. My right hand reached out to my favorite devotional. I opened and my jaw

dropped.

“Loosing your bearing?”

“Oh No! Open Heavens will not add to this confusion.” I thought, dropping it and reaching out for my Daily Manna. Just then, I realized I hadn’t opened today’s page.

“Wait on Him”

“Hmmm” I heaved.

I flipped through the pages of the scriptures. I memorized the memory verse and went back to read the article.

“...Just one blessing from waiting on Him can put a stop to sorrow in a particular area of your life forever...” I was concluding the article when mum’s voice interrupted.

“Good morning Jesus, good morning Lord...”

It was time for the family devotion. I heaved a sigh and joined mum in the sitting room. Contrary to her usual practice of using prevalent issues as the sermon topic for morning devotions, she didn't even mention a word that related to the previous day. I couldn't help but wonder what was going through her mind.

"Be fast. You're almost late" Mum said, standing up hurriedly.

"Late?" I asked.

"Well. Don't tell me you forgot today is Sunday"

What! I pressed my phone's power button to check the time. Its 6:00AM.

"Rehearsal! Gush! I'm almost late"

My bath was faster than usual. I was scattering the wardrobe in search of a matching hat when mum yelled.

"Racheal, Racheal... Pastor Chris is on the line for you."

My head sparked. "The chairman of the marriage committee calling you on a Sunday morning after you rejected a proposal on Saturday?"

"Come on." Mum yelled again.

"Hee - Hello sir"

"Hello, my dear sister. We'll like to see you after the service today"

"O – ok sir"

The line dropped.

"We?" I asked, staring at mum.

She smiled.

3

I stood at the main entrance, holding my chest and breathing heavily. I felt a touch on both shoulders, moving me to the right. Too exhausted to resist, I gave in.

“You ran too fast” the male voice said placing me on a chair.

I opened my mouth gasping for more air. The coolness on my head felt like heaven as he removed my hat, placing it on the chair beside me.

“They just finished prayers.” He said, smiling with a nod.

I smiled back. Relief is the right word. The rest of the day would have been joyless if I didn’t meet up with the rehearsal. Serving

God with my voice has been the most fulfilling part of my life.
Somehow, it get my burdens lifted.

"I'm Adebisi. Nice meeting you" he said, reaching out a hand.

It was then I realized, his face wasn't a familiar one.

"I'm Rachael. The pleasure is mine" I replied taking his hand.

"sooooooooooooo" the crescendo note geared us back to urgency.
The handshake was longer than normal. He waved without waiting for a response as he approached the other end of the church. I reached for my handkerchief, gently mopping the sweat off my face, I followed behind.

Today's service was exceptional from the start; the praise-worship was soul lifting, the Sunday school was heart- touching, the choir rendition was superb and the sermon was reviving.

"I wouldn't have forgiven myself if I didn't rope today" Rose said.

"You can say that again" I replied. "Your solo was wonderful" I added.

"Thank you."

"You came late, you must be wandering why there are many new faces in the choir today" she asked.

"Exactly!"

"The choir director invited some of the instrumentalists from the headquarters"

"Wow! I see." "The orchestral rendition was superb."

"Was wandering if I can have two new friends on my friend list?" a voice said jokingly from behind. I turned back. It was Adebisi.

"Your phone numbers?" He said with a wink reaching forth his mobile phone to Rose.

"Thank you" he said, collecting the phone from me.

"You should hear from me soon" He added, walking away.

"Your mum told me you said no" Pastor Chris queried.

"Mum can be so unbelievable." I thought. My eyeballs moved left and my eyes met her gaze.

"Why? If I may ask" Pastor Mrs. Chris added.

I knew compatibility would be the last excuse they would take. My mind raced in search of another excuse.

"I just know he's not the one" I said softly.

"Hmmm" she said, nodding her head pitifully.

"Well. You may be right." He replied. I stared in curiosity waiting for him to continue.

“Another brother is here”

“Another brother?”

“Yes! Actually, in the last three months, about five brothers had come talking to me about you.”

My lips separated slowly and came back together. “About marriage?” I asked.

“Yes, about marriage.” Mrs. Chris cuts in. I called your mum last night and she told me you weren’t taking the whole issue seriously.” She added.

“I am ma.”

“Is it true, you said no to bro. Anthony without praying about him?”
He asked.

My face moved slightly away from catching his gaze.

"I'm quite sure he's not the one sir."

"Oh! How?"

"I promise to pray about others from now on sir" I said repentantly.

"You really need to. Having many suitors and refusing to pray fervently is risky"

"I'll pray ma"

"Well, bro. Banjo should see you soon"

My ear tinkled. The only bro Banjo I knew was the one that had been refusing my every attempt to come closer. He was a tongue-speaking brother whose spirituality I admire greatly. He's a banker and his passion for youths is outstanding.

"Bro. Banjo, the youth director?" I asked.

"Yes." He replied, smiling.

I turned left. Mrs. Chris lips spread widely with an obvious smile. I had no choice. I smiled too.

“Wow!” I thought.

4

"Call her" He said.

I drew the phone from my ear for fear of the loudness of his voice.

"Didn't you say you lost your peace the moment you made up your mind to give Sister Jane a thought? And that God hasn't said any other thing about the whole stuff since then?" He queried firmly.

"I'm scared. She'll insult me again"

"I can understand. But you've got to man up if you want her"

"I'll chat her up on Whatsapp" my timid voice uttered.

"Anthony! Enough of the chats. Pray, call her. It's not the end of the world if she says no again. It's one of those things we endure for love"

“Do you think I should inform my mentor?”

“That you’re trying again? Just call her. You can inform the pastor later” Kanayo said, I could tell he was getting tired of my timidity.

“Alright. I’ll try” I replied sluggishly.

“Be a man. Just this last time” he encouraged.

The line dropped and my heart felt the weight, so heavy a burden. It’s been six months with no positive response. Somehow, I live daily with the hope that she’ll call to apologize for the insults or perhaps give me her word to pray about it. She rarely replies my chats, when she does, I’ll have at least an insult to myself. I know I should move on. I tried to. Sister Jane is a ready option. Just that my heart never cease to bring to mind the confirmations I had about Racheal. It comes like a torment, causing me to loose my peace.

“God! Did I really hear you concerning this?” I said out loud. Thank goodness I was alone.

My diary stared me in the face. It’s been my companion in times like these. I flipped through the pages again. “These confirmations are too real to be discarded” I thought. Even if I were to discard them, how do I do away with the fact that I sleep and wake up with her thoughts on my mind?

“She’ll probably be engaged by now, Lord.” I whispered.

“Vuuuum...” My phone vibrated.

“Hello darl. Did I offend you?” it was Victoria.

“Victoria is also a good choice Lord. Just take away this emotional torment. Heal me Lord and let me find solace in another” I pleaded.

The doorbell rang. It’s a Saturday morning and I wasn’t expecting

anyone.

"Haaa! Pastor Paul" I exclaimed, opening the door.

"Hello dear brother. I know you'll be surprised to see me"

"I am sir" I replied, offering him a seat.

"I was just passing by the neighborhood and I thought it good to say hi"

"Oh! That's thoughtful of you sir"

"Sister Jane sent me a text two days ago. She said she perceived you were having issues making your intentions known"

"What intentions sir?"

A obvious smile spread across his face.

"Are you asking me?" He asked.

"I thought you were interested in building a home with her" he

added jokingly.

"It's been six months since your last proposal. You should move on"

"I should" I said nodding my head. "I just need to sort out something" I added.

"I see. In anyways don't keep sister Janet waiting for too long. I'm quite sure she'll make a good wife."

I smiled with a nod. He smiled back.

The pastor left and I was left alone in my world to sort myself out. Saturdays can be very boring when you have a whole lot on your mind. I wished I hadn't promised Kanayo the call. My hand scrolled past her contact again and again as my hand shook pressing hard on the screen.

"Krooooooo Kroooo..." the sound from the phone seemed to match

with my heartbeat. My cheeks pressed hard on the screen and the line dropped. I could almost hear the blood pump out from my heart that instance. I feared I would fall for fear.

"There's no going back on this" I thought and dialed again.

"The number you have dialed is switched off..."

"Not now" I thought. She must have considered me a nuisance again. I dialed three more times and I got the same response. My muscles relaxed and my head travelled to the pillow.

"Help!"

I geared out of my sleep. I had dozed off too soon.

"It sounded like sister Rachael's voice" I thought.

"No no no, Anthony, you're not losing your mind. Are you?" I said shaking my head profusely.

I picked up my phone to check what time it was. A message had popped up.

What! I screamed.

5

"You'll be alright" mum said softly.

I took a step and the pain in my knees heightened.

"Careful" she said, moving closer hurriedly. An object hit the tiled floor with an obvious sound as she helped me to the sofa. It must have fallen off her armpit.

"What's that mum?" I asked, supporting my back with a pillow.

"Hmmm. It's your diary, daughter" she replied, settling down in a seat.

She must have seen it under the pillow while she laid my bed this morning. I had forgotten to return it to my wardrobe after recording the dream I had the previous night.

"You have a lot in here" she said, raising the diary up slightly.

I knew it was time for another compulsory counseling session. I relaxed my back in anticipation for her next words.

"Rachael, why? Why are you running from God?"

"I'm not running from God mum"

"You are my dear. It's clear from your diary. All the dreams are all pointing in one direction"

"I know mum. I have plans to see Pastor James for clarity"

"I had better call him now. You've been too far from him this days. Besides he needs to know you had an accident" she said and picked up my phone.

Pastor James got here in less than an hour. He had been my mentor before and after undergraduate days. To avoid been influenced by his God's will ideology, I had intentionally cut down

on communicating with him in recent times. As far as I'm concerned his advice wouldn't be needed. The choice of a marriage partner is mine and I should be allowed to do so without distractions.

"Hmmm" he heaved at intervals, flipping through the pages of my diary. Mum had handed it over to him to shorten the length of her explanation. My heart beat with a consistent rhythm as some cold sensations made through my spines.

"You are scared of God's will?" he asked. My nervousness heightened. My head went blank. I stared childishly hoping he'll see through my fears.

"Is it because of Bola" mum asked and I looked away from her direction.

"From what I see here, you've not had an atom of peace about Banjo since you got into a relationship with him, yet you refused

to call off the relationship?”

Mum’s jaw dropped. “I didn’t see that” she said pointing towards the diary.

“God loves you so much, he spoke to you even when you didn’t ask him, yet you chose to ignore? Do you not know that losing your inner peace in a relationship is a red flag? Oh! you think you could possibly be wiser than God?”

The words pierced through like a saw on a carpenter’s wood, making a forward and a backward rhythm in my heart. My head remained bowed as I wrestled with my thoughts. Somehow I wished he didn’t see my secret.

“By the way, I saw a note on restoration from backsliding, what’s that about?” he asked and my breath ceased. My mouth would not move, neither would my head. I stared at the floor hoping I could do that forever.

"I hope you didn't commit fornication?"

"No sir"

"Almost?" he asked nodding his head expectantly.

"Foreplay" I whispered to myself and tears gathered in my eyes.

"By that you mean some kissing and smooching stuff?" he asked.

I nodded in the affirmative trying my best to avoid meeting his gaze. A part of me wondered why mum was unusually quiet.

"For how long has this been going on?" he asked.

"Started a month after I said yes sir"

"So when did you repent?"

"Three days ago."

"Hmmm..." mum heaved, adjusting herself on her seat. She must have travelled back from her wander world. "You were not even

afraid. Hell Rachael, hell!" she exclaimed and I hid my face the more.

"Pastor" she said turning towards the pastor. "She was coming from his place three days ago when she had the accident. She would be in hell by now if God didn't have mercy" She continued, her voice starting to shake.

I raised my head slightly. Guilt overwhelmed me. I had not only failed myself, I had failed God, my mum and my mentor. Banjo had all I ever wanted in a man, I didn't want to loose him. He asked for it and I gave in.

Mum's tears flowed freely as if a tap of it had been let loose. I must have hurt her more than I imagined. "I'm sorry mum" I said, attempting to go on my knees.

"Don't" she said, her two palms facing me. "You'll hurt yourself" she added.

"You lost your bearing the moment you decided to do this without God. You lost sight of his vision for your life when you decided to ignore his promptings. No wonder he told you to find your destination yourself. As long as he was concerned, you were no more living for Him but for yourself. You should put that relationship on hold. You need a retreat. You need to wait on God. Let Him show you your destination afresh. Ask Him what He wants to achieve with your marriage and your life. Then cooperate with Him and let Him lead"

My ears straightened as his words penetrated it. I knew Anthony was supposed to be. I knew it and I still do.

"Mum!" I called. "I think Anthony is the right one"

"Hmmm..." She heaved. "Let the will of God be done" she replied to my amazement.

"We can't conclude yet" Pastor James announced. "You still need

to pray more"

"Forgive me daughter. I'm sorry I gave you restrictions"

"She should know better than allow that influence her trust in God"

Pastor James replied.

Indeed I should have known better. The voice of God should be highly esteemed than every other voices. He prayed with us after I promised to put the relationship on hold. I withdrew into my closet pouring out my every thought to God. He gave me His word - a broken spirit and a contrite heart he won't despise.

Things must be made right. I took my phone and texted Banjo. I had repented and he needed to repent too. More so, i need to put the relationship on hold as i promised. He did not reply until two hours later. -

"I don't know why you are making me feel like a sinner. For God's

sake we didn't have sex. There's no sin in what we did. Its normal. There's no need to put the relationship on hold!"

My eyes blinked at intervals as i read his reply. Instantly I knew what to do. This has to come to an end. Ready to type I paused, searching my head for the right words. Just then a message came in.

"Hi. Heard you had an accident. Hope you're getting better. I would have shown up but I couldn't. I got a call from the embassy that my visa had been approved and I needed to be in Abuja to complete the process"

I held the phone firmly to prevent it from falling. My whole body shook. I should call it a shock. My fingers travelled through the keyboard only for the text to be erased. I typed again and I erased it. I was short of the right reply.

"I'm praying about us" I finally decided. His reply came in few

seconds. He must have been waiting for a response.

"Praying about what?" I read and my heart beat increased. I could almost hear the rushing of the blood from my heart.

"Your proposal"

"Praying about my proposal after seven months of hostility?"

"Late? You're engaged?"

"Yes!" I read and my heart jumped into my mouth.

He is. He's the right one. I saw it more than three times. I heard his voice. My heart never left him. I fought it. I fought loving him. Now he's gone. I lost him.

"Late? Yes. Engaged? Almost. Its late to say you're praying. I was expecting a yes by now"

My eyeballs widened. My lips gained strength. My heart leaped. I

smiled. I laughed. He heard me. He heard my prayers.

Not everyone will have a second chance but at whatever junction we realize that we've missed the way, he'll always be there to turn situations around for our good. Mums and relatives would always have their opinion about who we should marry. People like Adebisi will always be there to complicate matters. Sinning visioners having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof - men like Banjo would be positioned by the devil to prevent us from getting God's perfect best.

The choice of who to marry does not only affect you. It affects generations unborn. It will tell on your children, it will tell on your purpose in life, it will tell on your world. Therefore, trust in the Lord with ALL your heart and lean not on your own understanding. In the choice of a life partner acknowledge Him and He shall direct your path. THE END

WHEN
" SISTERS "
GET
FOOLED

1

I could not believe my ears. My prince charming is too cool headed for this.

My phone beeped. It was him.

"Hello Sweet, was wondering if we could eat out tonight at our usual venue. Please reply ASAP" - the text read.

Almost immediately I blurted out - "You are not talking about Bro. Isaac, the head of the protocol department, are you?" I asked.

"Yes, I am". She replied with a nod.

"Ruth, believe it when I say I don't understand what you mean" - I said with a confused look.

"What part of what I said don't you understand?" She asked.

"The part where I said Bro. Isaac is showing interest in me or the part where I said Debby is trying to snatch him from me." She said.

My ear tinkled again. This time with a sharp pain from the right side of my forehead.

"He cannot possibly be messing up with me and my friends." I thought.

My phone beeped again - "I'm waiting for a reply, Love"

All thanks to Mavis Beacon, the great typing tutor, my fingers ran through the keyboard - "I'm having a slight headache. Maybe some other time" - I replied.

"I'm sorry Ruth, it was a message I needed to reply immediately" I apologized.

Without waiting for her reply I asked - "So what do you want me to do now?"

"Yeah, I need you to stylishly warn Debby to be careful of ensnaring him. You know, Bro. Isaac is a jovial brother and he can be funny at times..."

Her phone beeped. She smiled.

"He's the one" - She said.

"Bro Isaac?"

"Yeah, just take a look at this" - she said handing the phone to me.

"Hello Sweet, Was wondering if we could eat out tonight at our usual venue. Please reply ASAP" - the text read.

I couldn't believe my eyes. The exact adjective, the exact words, the exact message.

"So are you going?" I asked.

"No. I'm not. I really want us to conclude on this. I love Bro. Isaac

and he loves me too. I don't want sister Debby allowing the devil to use her disrupt this beautiful relationship." She concluded.

Her phone beeped again. The message popped up - "I'm waiting for a reply, Love".

I handed the phone back to her. As she typed I couldn't help but wonder if this was happening for real.

"Debby is our friend. I think we should invite her over. What do you think?" I asked.

"That's a good idea" She replied.

"Let's watch a movie to pass away time" she added.

2

The noise of a dragging feet shifted my focus from the movie. The door opened slightly. Her eyes were red, her countenance sober, her breath heavy.

Debby!

"Are you alright?" Ruth asked with concern.

"You look terrible, what's the matter?" I asked.

She kept mute. In no time, some drops of tears rolled down her face. My mind started racing. I hoped she hasn't lost her only surviving sister.

"Debby, whatever this is, you just have to talk to us" Ruth yelled.

She was running out of patience.

"I met sister Margaret down the street" She muttered.

"The one in the choir?" I asked.

"What about her?" Ruth asked.

"She's getting married next month" Debby managed to utter.

I always knew her wedding would be soon, she's been going out with one brother she has refuse to disclose.

"What has that got to do with your countenance?" I asked.

"She's getting married to my Bro. Isaac, the one I've been going out with for a while now"

My jaw dropped. Ruth sat up. Debby's tears would not dry up.

"I had thought he wanted a relationship with me. You can't imagine how much I have spent on this brother and his siblings."

She added.

"Oh my! The same Bro. Isaac in the protocol department?" I asked.

She nodded in the affirmative.

Chai! I can't believe this. That a spiritual sister like me would fall flat for a game-playing brother like Isaac? How could I? How could I allow myself to be carried away with his sugar-coated tongue? Why didn't I stop him when he was been romantic without defining the relationship?

"I just hope we are not mixing things up here" Ruth interrupted my thoughts.

I could read through her confusion.

With such pain in my heart, I stared at my heartbroken companions.

"We Sisters need to receive sense"- I said breaking the silence.

"I guess I just have to get over it sooner than later" Debby said, wiping off her tears. "Why am I here" she asked.

Without thinking through the question I replied "We are here to discuss our foolishness because your Bro. Isaac which is my Bro. Isaac is also Ruth's Bro. Isaac and he's getting married next month to sister Margaret."

"What!" They both exclaimed.

"This brother must have taken us for a fool" Ruth declared angrily.

"Oh Yes! He did. We made it quite easy - we were gullible and the relationships were not clearly defined" - I replied.

"Gush!" Debby regretted.

3

"Its over" He said calmly.

My heart jumped into my mouth. It was a costly joke or so I thought.

"You don't mean it" I replied, smiling sheepishly.

His look gave the reply. His face as serious as never before. This was no joke. He meant it.

"This can't be over. Its just a month and a half to our court wedding." I added firmly.

Few minutes of heated argument and the verdict was passed. A verdict that involved calling off a relationship that is meant to be consummated in a month's time. This is exactly what Bro. Kunle

did to Sister Betty three months to their court wedding.

"This is not happening to me." I thought.

"Please Bro. Isaac, don't do this. Jerry is just my childhood friend. There's nothing going on between us." I pleaded.

With a tender voice, soft enough to calm my tension he called -
"Sis-ter Margaret!"

My vocal chords won't allow me respond. I stared in curiosity, waiting for this costly joke to end.

"Just admit it. Admit that this has been a game all along. You never loved me. You never did" - He added.

Was i hearing well? Game? What game? With who? This and many more questions stormed my mind. I didn't know which to voice out at the moment.

What?" I asked, spontaneously jumping on my feet.

All I did was ask about what sister Debby told me. That he - my would be husband - was dating her and her friends and now what I hear is game.

What game? I asked again - my voice loud enough to raise the roof.

"You knew, I wasn't serious, didn't you? So you got yourself an alternative." - He said calmly with his hands making the gesticulations.

The turbulence on the inside of me increased. I thought affliction would not rise up the second time. I thought things were different in church.

My eyelids moved up and down as I stared with bitterness flooding down my spines.

"Don't give me that look sister, He said interrupting my thoughts. I

sincerely thought we could end up together but you see, four months ago I discovered we weren't compatible. That was why I delayed informing the Pastor."

Oh my! This brother is a crook. Never knew there were game players in church? He planned his games well. He was busy sampling me while I thought I was in a relationship. No wonder, he wouldn't be chanced to come see my father, he only talked with him on phone. I must be a real fool.

"The same reason while I decided that our parental consent would be two weeks before the court wedding. Since the church wedding would still be four months away. So you see, I think we both really need to separate and pray through..." He continued.

I shook my head in amazement as the tears flowed freely. I was ashamed of myself. If the head of the protocol department of a church can do this to me - the exact thing I experienced as a

sinner. Of what use is church?

"I'm sorry if I hurt you." He said.

The struggle with my high heeled shoes wouldn't get me out faster. I held them in my hands walking as fast as my legs could carry me.

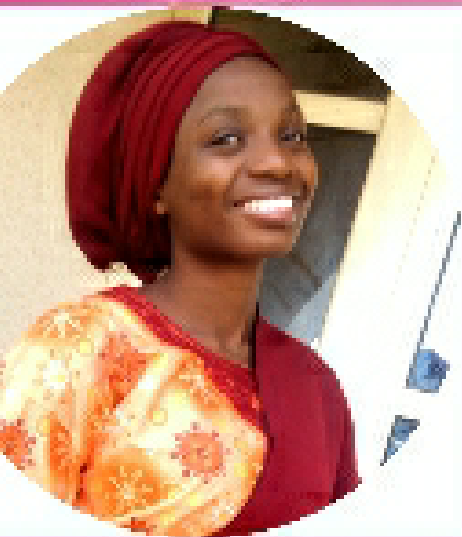
The journey back home was longer than normal, my index finger often wondering about my lips. What exactly was I regretting? The time, the resources, the disgrace or my insensitivity?

THE END

TWO STORIES, ONE MESSAGE.

- He proposed
- She said No
- His heart broke
- Her heart broke
- Marriage on her journey **BROKEN**

When Christian brothers become
instruments of heart break,
When Christian sisters become
gullible,
WHEN SISTERS GET FOOLED



Fruitful E. John is a passionate youth counsellor, a public speaker and a writer. Her desire to see marriages fulfil God's purposes has driven her to write stories and articles to help singles choose right as a foundation for a purposeful marriages. Visit her blog www.fruitfulcornerstones.WordPress.com for more inspiring stories.