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The Story He's Writing



One Woman's Journey Into the Father's Love

DEDICATION

First, I dedicate this book to my God, my everything, and my inspiration.
And then, to you, dear reader.

I pray that this will not be just another book.

I pray that the words of this book will come alive in your heart as the Lord intends.

I pray that you will find healing and hope just like Ruby did.

Love,
Damilare

CHAPTER I

THE MEET

Ruby sat quietly, letting the stillness of the morning settle around her. A soft breeze drifted through the open window, brushing against her skin as she closed her eyes. "Since the day I met Jesus, my life has been better for it," she whispered to herself, the words warming her heart like a familiar melody.

What drew her to the Saviour was simple yet profound: for the first time in her life, she felt truly seen. Not observed, not judged, but seen. She could feel His gaze resting gently on the parts of her she had long hidden, and instead of shame, she felt love. A love so deep and immediate that it startled her. It was as though a weight she had carried for years slipped quietly off her shoulders, leaving her lighter than she had ever been.

Life can be burdensome, but with the Lord, the burden shifts. His yoke is easy. Matthew 11:28 had always echoed in her heart: *"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."*

She remembered the moment she answered that invitation, that blessed day fifteen years ago. She hadn't understood everything then; who truly does when they first encounter Him? But she obeyed. She came. And the love she encountered that day was overwhelming. She felt a warmth spread through her chest, a stillness settle over her mind, a certainty she couldn't explain. She knew instantly that 'this Man' would change everything.

That single moment shaped her future. Questions she had carried since childhood found answers. And where answers didn't come, assurances did, gentle promises that grew clearer with time. Her relationship with her Saviour flourished so richly that she had lost count of how many promises had already become reality.

She had grown from uncertain to bold. She was no longer the girl who felt she had to prove herself. She had become a woman who understood the authority her Saviour gave her, a woman whose faith had moved mountains and would continue to do so.

Ruby opened her eyes again, the breeze brushing her cheek. She didn't know what mountains lay ahead, but she knew this: the One who saw her then still sees her now. And that was enough.

CHAPTER II

THE HEALING

As Ruby reflected on the day she met her Saviour, gratitude warmed her heart. That moment had changed everything: the way she saw herself, the way she carried her burdens, the way she understood love. But what she didn't realise then was that meeting Him was only the beginning. The real journey, the slow, tender work of healing, was still ahead of her. And in the quiet days that followed, the Lord began to touch places in her heart she had long forgotten, places she never imagined could be restored.

Ruby sat by her bedroom window, her Bible open across her lap. The late afternoon light spilled gently across the pages, warming her hands as she traced a familiar verse. Moments like this had become her favourite part of the day, quiet, unhurried, filled with the presence of the One who had changed everything.

Her relationship with her Saviour continued to grow, and she was loving every bit of it. A peace she had never known before had begun to settle into her life, soft and steady, like a river finding its course.

Before she met the Lord, Ruby had always been bright, intelligent, and loved by many. She excelled in school, always at the top of her class, always striving for excellence. It gave her joy, or at least, it felt like joy at the time. But now she could see that much of her striving came from a place of emptiness, a quiet ache she never dared to name.

Life looked different now. Better. Fuller. More excellent in a way she couldn't have imagined. She loved the Lord deeply. She loved His Word. She would sit for hours, studying scripture upon scripture, letting each verse sink into the places she once kept hidden. Every moment in the Word added another layer to her healing. The scriptures didn't just speak to her; they came alive.

She had experienced the truth of Psalm 107:20: *"He sent out his word and healed them."* Those words had become her testimony. They brought healing to her soul. They gave her the peace she had longed for.

Healing didn't come all at once. It came one day at a time. One scripture at a time. One surrendered memory at a time. Slowly, Ruby began to find healing for the hurts and betrayals of her past.

One afternoon, she paused at Jeremiah 29:11, a verse she had read countless times: *"For I know the plans I have for you..."*

She read it again. And again.
But this time, something inside her tightened.

If God's plans for her were good, why had He allowed her to be sexually abused as a child?
The question rose suddenly, sharply, like a wave she had tried to outrun for years.

Her breath caught. She closed her eyes.
A memory flickered, a room, a voice, a moment she had buried deep. Her hands trembled slightly as she held the Bible. She wasn't angry at God, not exactly. She just... didn't understand.

But she didn't close the Bible. She didn't walk away.
She waited. She breathed. She let the question sit before the Lord.

As she continued to study in the days that followed, something shifted. She realised her Saviour knew exactly how she felt. That was why, on the day she met Him, she felt so deeply seen. Hebrews 4:15 reminded her that *He is touched by the feelings of our infirmities*. Her pain had touched Him too.

That truth softened her. It steadied her.
It gave her permission to heal.

Ruby began to notice small changes in her life, signs that the Word was doing its work. She forgave someone she once avoided. She stopped blaming herself for things that were never her fault. She slept through the night without waking in fear. She even shared a piece of her story with a trusted friend, something she never imagined she could do.

She clung to her Saviour through it all. She embraced the chance to start afresh, just as 2 Corinthians 5:17 declares, *"The old has gone, the new is here."*

For the first time in years, Ruby felt free.
Truly free.
All she did was hand her burden to her Saviour and begin again.

CHAPTER III

THE ADOPTION

In the months that followed her healing, Ruby felt her life settling into a new rhythm. The Lord had restored so much in her heart, and she walked with a confidence she had never known before. But healing does not mean life becomes easy. Sometimes, it simply means you are stronger when the next storm arrives.

And Ruby's next storm came suddenly.

Ruby remembered the day everything changed. She was in the living room when her mum walked in, eyes red, hands trembling slightly. Her brother hovered behind her, silent. Ruby felt the air shift before a single word was spoken.

"Your dad... he's gone," her mum whispered. "He left. He's with someone else."

For a moment, Ruby couldn't breathe. The room blurred. Her heart thudded painfully in her chest. Gone? The word echoed in her mind, sharp and unreal. Her dad had been the steady one, the provider, the man she trusted. She felt something inside her crack.

How do we survive this?

What happens now?

Her dad had been the sole breadwinner. Ruby was in her final year at university; her brother was still in high school. Questions rushed in like a flood. Would they be able to continue school? Would they even be able to afford food? And beneath the practical fears was a deeper wound, the sting of betrayal. She loved her dad. She trusted him. How could he walk away?

That night, Ruby tried to pray. She sat on her bed, knees pulled to her chest, tears slipping down her face. She told the Lord how heartbroken she was. She told Him how afraid she felt, because she couldn't see a way for her family to survive without her dad.

And in that moment of raw honesty, something gentle settled over her heart. A whisper of truth. A presence she recognised.

On that day, the Lord became more to her; He became her Father.

She opened her Bible, and her eyes fell on John 1:12:

“Yet to all who did receive him... he gave the right to become children of God.”

She had read it before, but this time it felt different, personal, intimate, alive. She realised her relationship with her Saviour could be many things. First, He had shown Himself as a Lover and Saviour. Then, as a Healer. And now, as a Father. A Father who would not leave. A Father who would not betray. A Father who would provide.

Ruby embraced this truth with trembling hands and a hopeful heart. She believed, even though she couldn't see how, that the Lord would take care of her, her mum, and her brother.

And slowly, He did.

In the weeks that followed, provision came in unexpected ways. A family friend paid part of her school fees. A distant relative offered temporary support. Her accommodation was sorted without stress. Groceries appeared when they needed them most. God used people, timing, and circumstances in ways Ruby could never have orchestrated.

She was never stranded; neither her mum nor brother.

After university, she landed an amazing job. It became a steady source of provision, a reminder that God was intentional about her future long before she knew she would need Him this way.

And somewhere along the journey, Ruby found the strength to forgive her dad. Not because the pain disappeared, but because her Father in heaven held her heart so gently that bitterness had no room to stay.

Today, when Ruby looks back, she is grateful that she encountered the Father of fathers. She has seen God come through so many times, in so many ways, that she wouldn't have it any other way.

CHAPTER IV

THE RELAPSE

In the years that followed, Ruby often looked back on the season when the Lord revealed Himself as her Father. It had been a turning point, a moment that steadied her, anchored her, and taught her what true security felt like.

But life has a way of shifting. Seasons change. Responsibilities grow. And sometimes, without meaning to, the heart drifts.

Ruby didn't notice it at first.

Life moved on, and Ruby now had a job, a family, and more responsibilities than she ever imagined. Her mornings began before sunrise, her evenings ended long after she wished they would, and her days were filled with meetings, deadlines, errands, and expectations.

One morning, she rushed out of the house with a half-finished cup of tea, her Bible still closed on the table. She paused for a moment, feeling a nudge to sit with the Lord, but the clock glared at her, and she pushed the thought aside. I'll pray later, she told herself. But later never came.

Days passed. Then weeks. Then months.
And slowly, something in her began to unravel.

She started to forget who she was and how she had learned to handle life. Anxiety crept in quietly. Irritation followed. Her patience thinned. Her words sharpened. She became someone she didn't recognise, restless, overwhelmed, and constantly on edge.

There came a day when she snapped at a colleague for something small, something she would normally overlook. The moment the words left her mouth, she felt a sting of conviction. Who am I becoming?

That was her breaking point.

She had allowed her job, her status, and the weight of expectations to define her for too long. She couldn't do it anymore. She longed for the peace she once knew, the calm, steady confidence she had when her relationship with the Lord was her anchor.

She realised she needed to pick that relationship back up. It had taken the back seat for far too long, and her life was showing the cracks.

One quiet evening, Ruby went to her bookshelf and pulled out her old journals. They were dusty from months of neglect. She hesitated before opening the first one, almost afraid of what she would find. But as she flipped through the pages, scriptures she had once clung to leapt out at her again. Memories of God's faithfulness stirred something deep within her.

A lump formed in her throat. Tears gathered.
She felt hope flicker.

She began to pray, not polished prayers, but honest ones. She told the Lord she was tired of trying on her own. She told Him how overwhelmed she felt, how lost she had become, how much she missed Him.

And in that moment, the Lord took her back to where they started, Matthew 11:28: *"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."*

But this time, verse 29 caught her attention in a way it never had before:
"Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls."

She realised something she had never seen:
Rest wasn't just a gift. It was a lesson.
A posture.
A way of living.

Maybe she had been doing everything alone because she had not yet learned humility from Jesus. She had been proud of her achievements, throwing herself into the hustle and bustle of life without pausing to breathe. She had carried burdens she was never meant to carry.

So Ruby made a decision.
A quiet, steady, life-altering decision.

She would take life one day at a time.
She would let the Lord lead at every point.
She would stop running ahead of Him.
She would stop trying to hold everything together on her own.

Her relationship with the Lord belonged in the front seat, not the back.

She didn't have all the answers, but she had found her centre again.
And this time, she would walk with Him, not ahead of Him.

CHAPTER V

THE UNFOLDING

As Ruby settled back into a life of rest and dependence on the Lord, she felt lighter than she had in years. The frantic pace that once consumed her no longer held the same power. She was learning, slowly and gently, to walk with Him again, one day at a time.

But just as she began to find her rhythm, the Lord whispered something unexpected.

Something that stirred her heart in a way she hadn't felt since the early days of her faith.

It was the start of spring. Ruby sat at her dining table one quiet morning, her journal open, a cup of tea warming her hands. She had been reflecting on the past fifteen years, the healing, the provision, the forgiveness, the lessons, the storms and the stillness. She felt grateful, settled, and content.

Then, as she read through Isaiah, a verse seemed to leap off the page with unusual clarity:

"See, I am doing a new thing!" - Isaiah 43:19 (NIV)

She blinked, reading it again.

And then again.

Before she could process it, another verse followed, one she had read many times but never noticed in this way:

"Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. It is nothing compared to what I am going to do." - Isaiah 43:18 (NLT)

Ruby sat back in her chair, stunned.

Forget the former things?

Nothing compared to what He is going to do?

Her heart fluttered with a mixture of awe and disbelief. After everything the Lord had done, the healing, the restoration, the provision, the transformation, could there really be more? Could there be something beyond what she had already experienced?

She closed her eyes, letting the words settle. A warmth spread through her chest, the same warmth she felt the day she first met Him. She knew His voice. She knew His tone. And she knew He did not speak lightly.

For days, Ruby carried those verses with her. She meditated on them during her morning walks. She whispered them during quiet moments at work. She journaled about them late into the night. The more she prayed, the more excitement grew, a holy anticipation she couldn't quite explain.

She didn't know what the "new thing" would look like.
She didn't know what it would require of her.
But she knew the One who had spoken.
And that was enough.

Her Saviour had proven Himself faithful, again and again.
He had kept every promise.
He had never failed her.
He had never left her stranded.

So Ruby made up her mind.
She would trust Him every day and every step of the way.
She would walk into this new season with open hands and an open heart.

She concluded something simple yet profound:
God was far more concerned about her life than she could ever be.

And with that truth anchoring her, Ruby stepped forward, ready for whatever new thing her Father had prepared.

AFTERWORD

Everyone needs a Saviour, a Healer, and a Father, just like Ruby did.
Do you recognise that need in your own life?

The good news is that Jesus is already at the door of your heart, knocking.
You can open up to Him and let Him in, just as Ruby did.

You can begin with this simple prayer:

*Lord Jesus, I now recognise my need for a Saviour.
I believe You can save me.
You took my sins and shame, died, and rose again
all because You love me.
I accept Your love, Lord.
Save me and heal me.*

If you prayed that prayer, congratulations.

Like Ruby, this is the beginning of a journey. I encourage you to start reading your Bible and learning more about God's love.

And don't walk alone; find a community of believers who can walk with you.

THANK YOU

Thank you for taking this journey with me. I pray this story has reminded you of God's faithfulness and encouraged your heart.

Just like Ruby, you are never alone; He is always with you, working all things out for your good.

With love and gratitude,
Damilare

Feel free to reach out with questions, to share your testimonies, or simply to connect, using any of the channels below.

Email: the_reminders@outlook.com

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