
BENITA
SEASON 2
(A POWERFUL CHRISTIAN NOVEL SERIES)
WRITTEN BY
ANTHONY IJERE

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EPISODE FOURTEEN

True Help Comes From God

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"My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth."

For several days after Clara's deliverance, Benita could not stop thinking about what had happened. She had trusted Clara. She had listened to her cry on the phone and believed every word she said about becoming born again. She had even felt sorry for her and opened the door of her life to her again. But all of it had been an act. Clara had not been born again. She had been deceiving her.

One afternoon, Benita sat quietly with her Bible on her lap, remembering everything that had happened. She shook her head.

"How could I not know?" she whispered. "How could I be praying and still not discern that she was lying to me?"

She felt embarrassed, but she did not allow the thought to condemn her. Then she remembered Benjamin's words above understanding. She had been learning how important it was to understand the Word of God and not depend only on feelings, emotions, dreams, or spiritual experiences. She opened her Bible and began to read. The more she read, the more she understood that spiritual maturity was not simply about praying for long

hours. It was also about knowing God, knowing His Word, and learning to recognize what was consistent with His nature.

She closed the Bible and smiled faintly.

"I will not make that mistake again."

Meanwhile, Clara had become a different person. After the deliverance, she was ashamed of herself. There were moments when she could not even look directly at Benita because she remembered the things she had done. But Benita did not treat her as an enemy. She continued teaching her, praying with her, and encouraging her to study the Bible.

Little by little, Clara became fully involved in the drama ministry. She became one of the most committed members of the team. Her past experiences in the kingdom of darkness also became useful in a different way. She understood certain

patterns of darkness that Benita had never encountered personally, and she could help them develop dramas that exposed the tricks of the enemy while pointing people to the power of Christ.

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AN ABANDONED CLASSROOM

The ministry began to grow, but there was one problem. Money.

Benita needed a better place because the small classroom they had been using was no longer suitable and comfortable for the number of people joining.

Before they started making use of the current place, she had approached the director of a private school and asked if they could use one of the classrooms for their rehearsals. The director looked at her and smiled politely.

"Madam, I am sorry. We cannot allow that."

"Please, sir," Benita pleaded. "We will keep the place clean."

The man shook his head.

"I understand, but it is not possible."

She thanked him and left. Eventually, she found an abandoned classroom in a government school. The place was nothing impressive. The walls were stained, some of the windows were broken, and dust had gathered in the corners. The floor was rough and dirty. There were old desks piled against one wall, and whenever it rained heavily, water

found its way through the damaged roof. Yet Benita saw possibility where others saw an abandoned room.

"This is where we will start," she told the team.

One of them looked around.

"Here?"

Benita laughed.

"Yes, here."

"Benita, are you sure?"

She nodded.

"We do not have money for anything better yet."

They cleaned the room as much as they could. They swept the floor, moved the broken desks aside, wiped the windows, and created a small space where they could rehearse. That little classroom became the birthplace of many of their dramas.

Sometimes they rehearsed until they were sweating. Sometimes they had to stop because rain was falling heavily through the roof. At other times, somebody would step into a muddy patch and almost fall.

One day, a young man slipped while performing an emotional scene and landed heavily on the floor. Everyone burst into laughter.

He stood up, embarrassed.

"You people should not laugh. I was acting."

Benita laughed. The place was poor, but something powerful was happening there. People were being transformed.

"The place was poor, but something powerful was happening there. People were being transformed."

Their drama team were being invited to churches, youth programmes, conferences, and other Christian gatherings. The ministry was growing, but the problem was that the more it grew, the more uncomfortable the classroom became.

There were now too many people. People would sit on the floor during rehearsals, and sometimes there was barely enough space for everyone to stand.

During one programme, a member of the team knelt down during prayer and immediately complained.

"Something is biting me."

Benita looked down.

"Where?"

"My leg."

She checked the floor. A tiny insect quickly disappeared into a crack.

Everybody laughed.

Benita shook her head.

"We need to leave this place."

That evening, she sat alone in the classroom after everyone had gone. She looked around and spoke softly.

"This place has served us well," she said softly. "But we need somewhere better."

She bowed her head.

"Lord, provide a place for us."

She had no idea how the answer would come.

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SERVE YOUR SUSPENSION FIRST

A few weeks later, Evelyn returned from her journey. Benita had been waiting for the opportunity to speak with her. One evening, she found her mother in the house and approached her carefully.

"Mommy."

Evelyn looked at her.

"What is it?"

"I want to ask you for something."

Evelyn continued arranging some clothes.

"What do you want?"

Benita sat beside her.

"I need help."

Evelyn looked at her.

"Help with what?"

"The drama ministry."

Evelyn sighed.

"Benita, what about it?"

"We need a permanent place. The place we are using is too small and too dirty. More people are joining us now. We cannot continue there."

Evelyn folded one of the clothes.

"So what do you want me to do?"

"I want to rent a place."

"How much?"

"I am not sure yet."

Evelyn looked at her daughter.

"And you want me to pay?"

Benita nodded.

"Yes, Mommy."

Evelyn became quiet.

Benita continued quickly.

"I also want to take it further. We want to start making Christian movies. We can act the dramas and record them. We can put them online. People from different places can watch them. I believe God wants this ministry to reach many people."

Evelyn stared at her.

"You have already decided all this?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to sponsor it?"

"You told me you would support me."

Evelyn's face changed.

"I told you I would support you when you began to have sense."

Benita's excitement disappeared.

"What do you mean?"

"I am not giving you money for this ministry."

"Why, Mommy?"

"Because you have refused to listen to me."

Benita stared at her.

"I am not doing anything wrong."

Evelyn shook her head.

"Go and serve your suspension first."

"Mommy, I did not sleep with anybody."

"That is what you keep saying."

"It is the truth!"

Evelyn raised her voice.

"Then prove yourself by serving the punishment. Until you complete it, do not come and ask me for money for this your ministry."

Benita's eyes filled with tears.

"But you promised me."

Evelyn looked away.

"I am your mother. I know what is best for you."

Benita stood quietly. She wanted to remind her mother of everything they had discussed before. But something had changed inside her. She remembered what Benjamin had taught her. She did not have to fight every battle with words. She quietly walked away. When she entered her room, she closed the door and sat on her bed. For a few moments, she stared at the wall. Then she began to smile.

"Lord, You told me You would raise sponsors."

She opened her Bible.

"Is my mother not one of the people You will use?"

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STRANGERS

She thought about it. Then another thought came to her. She remembered the story of Saul. Saul had gone looking for his father's lost donkeys. When he met Samuel, Samuel told him that the donkeys had already been found. Then Samuel told him that he would meet certain men who would give him bread. They were strangers. Saul did not know them. They were not his relatives, and they were not people he had planned to meet. Yet they were part of God's provision for him. Benita suddenly sat upright.

"Wait."

She quickly reached for her Bible and found the passage. As she read it again, her eyes widened.

"Strangers!"

She stood up.

"God said strangers!"

She began walking around the room.

"He did not say my mother. He did not say my friend. He did not say somebody I know."

Her voice rose with excitement.

"He said strangers!"

She laughed.

"Glory to God!"

She lifted her hands.

"Hallelujah!"

She suddenly understood something that had escaped her before. Her mother's promise was not her source. Her mother could change her mind. People could promise and fail. People could have good intentions and still become unable to help.

But God could raise someone she had never met. She quickly opened another passage. Psalm 121 came to her mind.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

She paused.

"My help comes from God."

She read the verse again.

"My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth."

Benita smiled.

"My help does not come from man."

She took her notebook and wrote both Scriptures down. Then she knelt beside her bed.

"Father, I believe Your Word. If You said You will provide, then provide. If You said You will raise strangers, then raise strangers. I will not worry about who You will use."

"He did not say my mother. He did not say my friend. He did not say somebody I know. He said strangers!"

— BENITA

From that day, something changed in her. Evelyn would sometimes wake up in the morning and find Benita smiling. One morning, Evelyn looked at her suspiciously.

"Good morning, Mommy."

Evelyn frowned.

"What is good about the morning when you have not served your suspension?"

Benita smiled.

"The morning is good because God is still God."

Evelyn stared at her.

"You are becoming very stubborn."

Benita laughed softly.

"No, Mommy. I am only learning to trust God."

She walked away. Evelyn watched her. She did not understand how her daughter could remain cheerful after everything that had happened.

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YOUR SOURCE IS NOT YOUR MOTHER

Benita later called Benjamin.

"Benjamin."

"Yes?"

"I discovered something."

"What did you discover?"

She told him about the Scriptures she had read and what she believed God was telling her. Benjamin listened quietly. When she finished, he laughed.

"Now you are beginning to understand."

"I believe God will provide."

"He will."

"What if nobody comes?"

"Then you keep praying."

"What if it takes a long time?"

"Then you keep praying."

"What if everybody disappoints me?"

"Then you remember that God does not disappoint."

Benita smiled.

Benjamin continued.

"You have to learn something. Your source is not your mother. Your source is God. Your mother can be a channel, but she is not the source."

Benita nodded.

"I understand."

"Good. Now keep working. Do not sit down waiting for money. Continue the ministry with what you have."

"I will."

"And keep praying."

"I will."

Benjamin prayed with her before ending the call.

"Father, You have given her the vision. Now provide the resources. Raise men and women she does not know. Let the right people find her. Let nobody manipulate her because of money, and let every provision serve Your purpose. In Jesus' name."

"Amen," Benita replied.

"Your source is not your mother. Your source is God. Your mother can be a channel, but she is not the source."

— BENJAMIN

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FIVE YEARS

Not long after that, Benita's ministry began attracting more attention. People were hearing about them. Some were coming to watch their rehearsals, while others were inviting them to minister at programmes.

One afternoon, a young man came looking for the drama team. He had heard about Benita from someone who had watched one of their presentations. He followed the directions he had been given until he reached the old classroom. He stood outside and looked inside before calling Benita on phone.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Am I speaking with Benita?"

"Yes, this is Benita. Any problem?"

"I came to see the drama ministry."

Benita looked around.

"Where are you?"

"I am outside."

She stepped out.

The young man pointed at the classroom.

"Is this where you people rehearse?"

"Yes."

He looked at the building again.

"Are you serious?"

Benita laughed awkwardly.

"Yes."

He smiled.

"I thought you people had a proper place."

"We are working towards it sir."

He looked at the dirty floor.

"I wanted to join the ministry, but honestly, I cannot stay in this place."

Benita felt embarrassed. She lowered her voice.

"I understand. We are also looking for a better place."

"How much will it take?"

Benita thought about a particular place she had seen.

"Maybe around three hundred thousand naira for one year."

The young man looked at her.

"For how many days?"

Benita laughed.

"Not days. One year."

He smiled.

"Oh."

Then he asked, "You said three hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"For one year?"

"Yes."

He nodded.

"Okay. I will pay for five years."

Benita froze.

"What?"

"Five years."

She stared at him.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

He brought out his phone.

"Give me the account details."

Benita stood there speechless.

"Wait... You mean you want to pay for five years?"

"Yes."

"Wow!"

The young man smiled.

"I believe in what you people are doing."

Benita quickly gave him the account details. A few seconds later, her phone vibrated. She looked at the screen, and her eyes widened.

₦1,500,000.

For several seconds, she could not speak. She looked at the young man.

He smiled.

"Check it."

Benita checked again. The money was there. One million, five hundred thousand naira. She had never held that amount of money in her life. She looked at the phone again and then suddenly shouted.

"Jesus!"

She covered her mouth.

The young man became worried.

"Are you okay?"

Benita laughed and cried at the same time.

"God has done it!"

She stepped backward, and her knees suddenly became weak.

"Benita!"

She fell to the ground.

The young man rushed toward her.

"Somebody help!"

Members of the drama team came running from inside.

"What happened?"

"She has fainted!"

"Bring water!"

"Move back. Give her space!"

Benita lay on the ground with tears still running down her face. But something else was happening, something beyond what anyone around her could see.

"God could raise someone she had never met."

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A VOICE BEYOND THUNDER

In the realm of the spirit, the scene changed. The darkness around her seemed to disappear. A tremendous sound thundered through the heavens.

BOOM!

Benita saw lightning flash across a dark spiritual landscape. Then another thunderclap shook everything. She looked ahead. The place was strangely familiar, and her heart began beating faster.

She had seen this place before in a dream she had when her dad sent her out of the house years ago after her WAEC because she went to visit her friend Eric.

Then she saw two women standing together. The woman was standing before her grandmother. She looked disturbed.

"She has been disvirgined," the woman said.

Benita watched in horror.

The woman pointed toward her.

"Look at the blood."

Benita could not move.

The woman continued speaking.

"No one in that family reaches twenty three without being disvirgined. When it happens, the covenant begins to operate."

Benita's heart pounded. She remembered the strange vision from years before. This was the same woman. And she was actually repeating the same thing she said years ago in her dream after she was disvirgined by Eric.

Then suddenly, the atmosphere changed. A massive thunderclap came between the two women.

BOOM!

The ground shook pushing the two women apart. Benita covered her ears. Another thunderclap followed. Then a voice came from somewhere beyond what she could see. It was powerful and carried authority. It sounded like the voice of God.

The voice echoed through the entire place.

"When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

Benita froze.

The words echoed again.

"When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

That was Psalm 126:1.

She began to tremble. The thunder continued to roll.

The two women disappeared into the darkness and Benita stood alone. Then she heard the voice once more. This time, the words seemed to penetrate directly into her spirit.

"When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

Suddenly, everything went dark.

"When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

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AWAKE

Benita slowly opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was a white ceiling. She blinked and tried to move. A strange smell filled her nose. She turned her head slowly and saw that a drip was attached to her hand. She was lying on a hospital bed.

"Where am I?" she whispered.

A nurse standing nearby turned toward her.

"You are awake."

Benita looked around.

"What happened?"

The nurse smiled.

"You fainted."

Benita closed her eyes as the dream came rushing back. Then she opened her eyes again.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion..."

The words escaped her lips.

Then the nurse looked at her strangely.

Benita stared at the ceiling and said, "Thank You Jesus."

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End of Episode Fourteen

"When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

WATCH OUT FOR THE NEXT EPISODE

WRITTEN BY

ANTHONY IJERE

t.me/anthonyijere