

EPISODE 07

Distraction in the Night

The season of the crusade drew near, and Evangelist Uche found himself under increasing spiritual pressure. For days, he had sensed a quiet but persistent

"Pray against distraction." The instruction came clearly. But he chose not to fully obey it.

— THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CRUSADE

instruction in his spirit. Each time he knelt to pray, the same message came to him with clarity. "*Pray against distraction.*" At first, he acknowledged it, but he did not give it the attention it required. His mind was already occupied. His thoughts moved constantly toward Loveth. He told himself that what he felt was pure and that it could not possibly stand in the way of what God wanted to do.

On the night before the crusade, Uche was deep in prayer in his small room. The atmosphere was intense, and his voice rose and fell as he pressed into the moment. He had locked his door, as he usually did during such times, determined not to be interrupted. Then came a knock. At first, he ignored it. The knock came again, louder this time. Uche tightened his focus and continued praying, refusing to respond. But the knocking did not stop. It grew more persistent, heavier, as though the person at the door had no intention of leaving.

Then he heard a voice. "*Uche, na me… Loveth.*" Immediately, everything changed. Without hesitation, he stood up and moved quickly to the door. The discipline he had held onto moments before disappeared in an instant. He unlocked the door and opened it. Loveth stepped in.

"*Why you come this time of the night?*" Uche asked, closing the door behind her. "*I was reading my Bible,*" she said, "*and I did not understand something. I needed you to explain it to me.*" Uche frowned slightly. "*You for call me.*" "*I no get airtime,*" she replied. "*And for house, dem dey play film. The volume loud. I no fit concentrate.*" Uche nodded slowly, though something about the situation felt unusual. Still, he pushed that thought aside and reached for his Bible. "*Okay, sit down,*" he said.

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THE WARNING HE DISMISSED

They sat close to each other, and he began to explain the passage she had mentioned. His voice was calm and steady as he spoke. Then, quietly, within his spirit, he heard it again. "*Distraction.*" He paused slightly. The voice was clear, firm, and unmistakable. "*Distraction.*" Uche shifted where he sat and continued speaking, but his mind reacted quickly. He dismissed the voice almost immediately. "*This one no be God,*" he thought within himself. "*Maybe na my mind… or something else.*" He continued the study, but his focus was no longer steady. Loveth sat beside him in a short, fitted dress that drew attention in ways he tried not to notice. He spoke the words of Scripture, but his mind was no longer fully present in them. The atmosphere began to change.

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WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

Loveth looked at him quietly for a moment, then spoke in a softer tone. "*Uche…*" He turned to her. "*Kiss me.*" The words came suddenly, catching him off guard. He hesitated. "*Loveth…*" he began, unsure of how to respond. But the affection he had been holding back for so long weakened his resistance. The closeness, the late hour, and his emotions all pressed in on him at once. Slowly, he leaned forward. Their lips met. For a moment, everything else faded. The Bible lay open beside them, forgotten.

Then suddenly, Loveth pulled back. "*I have never kissed any man before,*" she said quietly. Uche blinked, then gave a small, almost nervous smile. "*Me too,*" he replied. "*You be the first person wey I dey kiss.*" There was a brief silence between them. Uche looked at her again. "*You be virgin?*" She nodded. "*Yes.*" He nodded slowly. "*Me too.*" That shared confession created a moment of connection between them, something deeper than what they had just experienced. They leaned in again and kissed once more, this time with less hesitation.

After a while, Loveth pulled away and checked the time. "*I have to go,*" she said. "*If I stay longer, dem go begin look for me.*" She stood up, adjusted her dress, and walked toward the door. He followed and opened it for her. She stepped out into the night, and within moments, she was gone. Uche closed the door slowly and stood there for a while. The room felt different. He looked at the open Bible on the table, then sat down quietly. The earlier atmosphere of prayer had shifted, replaced by something he could not fully explain.

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THE CRUSADE

The next day, the crusade began. The open field was filled with people from different parts of the city. The air carried a sense of expectation, and the sound of worship rose as the program progressed. Uche stepped forward to preach. But something was not right. His voice lacked its usual strength. His words came out, but they did not carry the same fire. His focus drifted, and his mind wandered. He scanned the crowd unconsciously. He had not seen Loveth.

As he continued speaking, a quiet unease settled within him. Then, in the distance, he saw her. Loveth was walking toward the crusade ground. Something shifted immediately. His face brightened, and his energy returned. His voice grew stronger, and his confidence rose. He began to speak with renewed boldness. "*Anybody wey get sickness for your body, come forward!*" he declared. People began to respond. As he prayed, testimonies followed. The sick were healed. The oppressed were delivered. Many lifted their voices as they received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The power of God moved mightily through the gathering, and the crowd responded with awe and joy.

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A QUESTION WITHOUT AN ANSWER

But as Loveth stood there, watching everything unfold, a different kind of thought filled her mind. She observed the miracles. She saw the impact. And quietly, within herself, she began to wonder. "*How all these things take dey happen like this... after last night?*" She remained still, watching Uche minister with power. But her thoughts did not settle. Something about the connection between the night before and what she was seeing now confused her. She did not fully understand it. And somewhere beneath her thoughts, a quiet question began to form, waiting for an answer she had not yet found.

> *"The Bible lay open beside them, forgotten. And yet, the next day, God still moved."*

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