

EPISODE 09

Love, Loss, and a Hard Separation

After the crusade that evening, the atmosphere was still charged with testimonies and excitement, but the sky had begun to change. Dark clouds gathered quickly,

> *"She is not for you." Those four words broke him completely.*
>
> — GOD'S ANSWER TO UCHE

and before long, a heavy rain started to fall. Uche and Loveth were on their way home when the rain caught up with them. It was not a light drizzle. It came down in sheets, soaking everything within moments. They tried to move faster, but it made little difference. Within minutes, they were both completely drenched.

Loveth's clothes clung tightly to her body because of the rain, and she felt uncomfortable and exposed. She wrapped her arms around herself, shivering slightly as the cold wind followed the rain. "*Your house still far?*" Uche asked, raising his voice over the sound of the rain. She nodded. "*Yes, very far.*" Uche looked ahead, then back at her. "*Come,*" he said. "*Make we go my place first. When rain reduce, you fit go.*" She hesitated briefly, then nodded. The rain was too heavy to argue.

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THE WARNING HE IGNORED AGAIN

When they arrived at Uche's house, he quickly opened the door and let her in. The room felt warmer compared to the cold outside. He returned shortly with a set of clothes. "*You fit change with this,*" he said, handing them to her. Loveth took the clothes quietly and went inside to change. When she came out, she looked calmer, though the situation still carried an unusual tension. Uche tried to focus his mind, but something within him was unsettled.

Again, deep within his spirit, he heard the warning. "*Distraction.*" The voice came clearly. "*Tell her to go.*" He paused. But his emotions were stronger than his obedience. "*It is just rain,*" he told himself. "*Nothing will happen.*" Outside, the rain continued heavily, and the night grew colder. Loveth sat down, pulling the wrapper closer around herself. "*It is still raining,*" she said softly. Uche nodded. "*You can stay till morning,*" he replied. That decision changed everything.

WHAT THE NIGHT BECAME

The night stretched slowly. They talked at first, trying to keep things normal, but the silence between their words carried something deeper. The closeness, the shared feelings, and the unusual situation created a tension neither of them fully resisted. They moved closer. They held each other. What began as comfort slowly crossed boundaries they had once promised themselves not to cross.

THE MORNING AFTER

Morning came quietly. The rain had stopped. Loveth prepared to leave, her face carrying a mixture of emotions she could not fully explain. Uche stood by the door, watching her. Neither of them said much. She left. When Loveth got home, the atmosphere was different. Her mother was waiting. The moment she stepped inside, her mother's eyes fixed on her sharply. "*Where you dey come from?*" she asked. Loveth hesitated. Before she could respond, her mother's expression hardened. "*I know,*" she said firmly. "*You went to that boy's place.*"

Loveth tried to speak, but her mother cut her off. "*Pack your things and leave this house,*" she said. Loveth froze. "*Mummy, please...*" But her mother did not listen. Her father stood nearby, silent but visibly disappointed. "*As long as you are still in that relationship,*" he said quietly, "*do not come back here.*" The words hit deeply. Loveth pleaded, her voice breaking, but it made no difference. Within a short time, she gathered her belongings and left the house.

THE PAINFUL DECISION

With nowhere else to go, she returned to Uche's place. When Uche saw her standing at the door with her bags, he was

shocked. "*What happened?*" he asked. "*They sent me away,*" she said, her voice weak. Uche stepped aside and let her in. They sat down together, the weight of everything pressing heavily on them. "*I cannot keep you here like this,*" Uche said after a while. "*We are not married. It is not right.*" Loveth nodded slowly, tears filling her eyes. They both knew he was right.

They cried together, not just for the situation, but for what they were losing. After a long silence, they came to a painful decision. "*We have to end it,*" Uche said quietly. Loveth nodded. "*You are my first love,*" she said, her voice trembling. Uche looked at her. "*You are my first too.*" Those words carried both comfort and pain. They sat together, holding onto the last moments of something they had hoped would last. The next morning, Loveth prepared to leave. She carried her belongings and stood at the door. There were no long speeches. Only tears. She walked away slowly, leaving behind a silence that filled the entire room.

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GOD'S ANSWER

After she left, Uche could no longer hold himself together. He sank to the floor and cried deeply. "*Lord, why?*" he asked. His voice echoed in the quiet room. "*I prayed. I fasted. Why did this happen?*" Then, gently, he heard the response. "*I warned you about distraction.*" Uche closed his eyes tightly. The truth settled heavily on him. "*But why did you allow her to go?*" he asked again. There was a pause. Then the answer came clearly. "*She is not for you.*" Those words broke him completely. He cried harder, mourning not just the relationship, but the realization that what he had held onto so strongly was never meant to be his.

The next day, he went out again for ministry. He preached, but not with the same strength. His words came quickly, without depth. He prayed for a few people and ended the

program earlier than usual. His mind could not stay focused. Everything reminded him of Loveth. Days passed. Loveth called him several times, but he did not answer. He was not ready. He needed space. Later, he tried to call her. She did not pick. He sent messages. She did not reply. Both of them were hurting. Both of them were trying to move on, yet something still pulled at their hearts. But quietly, beyond their emotions, God was working. Closing what they could not close on their own. Separating what they could not separate.

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A PRAYER OF SURRENDER

One night, Uche knelt down again to pray. His voice was softer now, more careful. "*Lord,*" he said, "*if she is the one for me, bring us back together.*" He paused. "*But if she is not… help me to let her go.*" The room was quiet. And for the first time in a long while, his prayer was no longer driven by emotion, but by surrender.

> *"For the first time in a long while, his prayer was no longer driven by emotion — but by surrender."*

✦ **Watch Out for the Next Episode** ✦