



Oti Stories

inspiring faith-based stories

Make it
Rain

OtiStories.com



Are you tired of seeing trickles of your desired miracle? Would you like the fullness of that miracle to rain down on you? Please read this life transforming story...

You can access the narrated version on otistories.com

“Madam, you better bring the money or else your child would die. We don’t run an NGO here. This is a hospital and you don’t expect us to administer your drugs to your child for free”. That was what the Doctor said. After which, he left.

I couldn’t take it anymore. It was a sight that no mother should ever behold. My only child was lying critically ill and there was nothing I could do to help. I didn’t have any money to pay for her medications. I didn’t even have a dime in my pocket, neither did I have any money in my bank account. Having to watch my daughter slowly die, was a tough experience for me.

As I sat down beside her dying bed, I began to have flashbacks on the frustrated life that I had been living up till that point. It was a life of struggles and agony.

It all started when my husband died. We lived happily for 2 years, before he got involved in a ghastly motor accident and died. By that time, my daughter was just 8 months old. We decided that I would resign from my job, to look after her till she starts pre nursery school. While my husband was to take care of things financially, till I get back to work. We didn’t want to employ a nanny.

We didn't want to admit our baby into any crèche. We valued her early stage of formation in her life and we were willing to pay the price to be there for her and ensure she develops in a healthy environment, filled with love and care. We didn't want to expose her to the possible chances of getting abused when we knew it could be avoided. We meant well for her.

After her father's sudden death, I was left with nothing. A house rent to pay, a car to maintain and a baby to cater for. I ran to his people for help but they turned me down, accusing me of not allowing their brother and son to look after them financially. They said I was a lazy, selfish and wicked woman. They even accused me of killing my own husband.

On the other hand, my parents were late and I was their only child. I didn't have anyone to go to and that was how hustling started for me.

I rented a little apartment with the savings my husband had left behind. I sold everything we had including the car just to raise some money for the welfare of my baby. I wanted to hold on to our desire for the upbringing of our daughter, so began to search for a job that would allow me to bring her with me to work.

I finally got a teaching job but the salary was very small. It wouldn't even cover for transportation. I began to sell petty things at home after work, just to add to my source of income. I went to work with my baby, from 7am to 2pm, then worked as a cleaner at a bakery with my baby, from 2pm to 5pm. Then I sold petty items at home from 6pm to 10pm. It was a tough life for me. Most especially as a nursing mother who had to work hard to make money.

Life continued this way till my baby turned 5 years old. But all the while I kept hoping things would get better somehow and that God was going to perform a sudden miracle. She started school at 3 years old and that made it even tougher for me financially although her growing up was a lot relieving. She could walk on her own and the stress of nursing a baby was out of the hustle. So I started to run private home lessons for interested students whose parents were okay with it, and willing to pay for it.

When she turned 4 years old, I was introduced to a particular institution in Port Harcourt, by a parent of one of the kids I did home lessons with. I had noticed that whenever it was 5pm on Mondays, they'd all get dressed and go to this institution.

Most times they'll allow me to join them in their car to the gate of the institution, with the intention of cutting down on the cost of transportation. So from there, I'd usually take a vehicle home.

So one day, I joined them as usual. But, when they got to the gate, they asked me to join them into the institution. They promised to give me a triple of my salary that month, and they also promised to drop me off at my house that evening.

I considered the offer a good opportunity. Few days prior to that day, my child and I had to eat once a day because that's what I could afford till my salary and side incomes would be paid at the end of the month. Most times she'd cry so much but there was nothing I could do. There was no money.

So after I was given that kind of offer, I didn't mind accepting it at all. And that was how I kept joining them every Monday.

At first, I didn't have any idea as to what the institution was about. But after attending twice, I began to feel thankful to God for allowing me to locate a blessed place as that.

It looked like a church gathering but it wasn't. It was more than a church gathering. It is a place that exposes one to the love of God and one's rights and heritage in Christ Jesus. We were taught how to live in God's love, exercise our rights and claim our heritage. Their teachings brought great light to my life. Gradually, things began to get better but the improvements weren't that much.

A year later, that family relocated to another city. I lost the comfort of attending that institution because they often close late and I didn't like the idea of going around in public vehicles with my daughter, late in the night.

3 months after, my daughter fell ill. At that time she had turned 5 years old. I spent all I had on her medical bills but I couldn't sustain it due to my financial restrictions.

I lost my job in the process because I had to skip work to stay with her in the hospital. I lost my private lessons because of the same reasons. I was only spending money and had no source of income, except from my petty trades.

My money finally got exhausted. I had no money to buy her drugs and the hospital had left me with no choice than to watch her die.

As I had those flashbacks, I remembered a discussion we had at that institution where we were told that

“In praying about a situation, we do not stop praying only when we have gotten an inner peace or assurance within that our prayers are answered. Rather we are to continue steadfastly till we see our desired results”

After my exposure to the teachings of that institution, I began to believe more in the power of praying. I began to give myself to praying but the idea of persistent – consistency in prayer, had never really hit me like it did now. Usually, I would pray and once I feel peace within I just forget about that issue and then cross my hands in wait for manifestations. When it doesn't come as much as I expected, I tend to give up and begin to use my head in calculating the way out of that situation. It has happened to me with several issues and I'd begun to wonder if, I hadn't grown enough to see desired results when I pray or perhaps God was just too slow or incomplete in His doings.

One of the issues I had was the area of my finances. I had heard and believed that wealth is my inheritance in Christ. This has made me pray several times with the boldness that it's already mine. After praying for a while, I usually would get this certain peace within, that it is done. But unfortunately, things would change just a bit, and that would be all.

I would experience just trickles of financial breakthrough for a short while, and then things would go back to normal. That's how the cycle was for me until I had to watch my daughter die, because of lack of money.

Her temperature was very high, she was on her very last infusion (drip) and she hadn't eaten anything other than biscuits. I thought to myself,

"If I seat here, she'll still die. If I go away she'll still die. I have used the past few days to raise money but nothing has come in. My shop is empty. I even tried to prostitute but no one picked me up. Why don't I put this last straw of hope to test? If nothing happens and she still dies then, I'd be at peace that I had done all I could"

I left her bedside and walked to a very quiet and bushy area. It was located very close to the hospital. There I read out God's word on prosperity and began to pray in the Holy Spirit. I was determined not to stop even when I got an assurance within. I was determined to continue till something happened. I was tired of the trickles and was determined to make it rain. I was there for 7 hours praying. Then a call came in. At first my heart skipped a beat, seeing that it was from the hospital. I couldn't take the call, for fear of being told the worst. I quietly walked back to the hospital and there the nurse said to me....

"Madam, we would have to do a refund to you. After you walked in here two hours ago and dropped the money, we went to your daughter's bedside to administer her drugs. But surprisingly we found out that she was already well and sound. You can go home now." She said

I was like....

"Please excuse me... Was I here an hour ago?"

The nurse looked at me strangely and said to me rudely...

"If it wasn't you, then was I the one? Please go to the account department to collect your money madam ."

So, I went there and I was given my refund. It was a sum of 500 thousand naira.

I was super excited. I knew only God had done this. I had heard of stories like this, but I never knew I would ever experience it myself. An angel had come in my form and image to make the deposit on my behalf!.

After we got home, that night I decided to arrange and put the house in order. In the process, I stumbled over a little jotting that I had made at that institution.... It read:

"God has answered every prayer we would ever ask, through the death and resurrection of Jesus. We should stop the act of begging Him and also stop the act of waiting for what He has already done. Rather we ought to pray our answers to manifestations by praying in the HolySpirit. In praying in the HolySpirit we generate and make available the anointing needed for God to execute."

I desired a total financial turn around. Even though it looked impossible to me, my faith had already come alive through my experience at the hospital and also through the short jotting that I had read. Suddenly the 500 thousand naira that I saw as a huge blessing began to look like a trickle to me. I was motivated to continue praying. I began to pray in the HolySpirit for three hours everyday.

After having the understanding that the manifestations of my breakthrough is in my hands and that it was dependent on the anointing I generate while I pray in the HolySpirit, It didn't matter to me how long I needed to pray.

After about 2 weeks, I got a call from the bank where I used to work, before my husband died. They asked me to return to work as a manager of a very big branch. I was told that I would be given a well furnished house, two luxurious cars and a lot of allowances.

It looked like a dream to me. But when I requested from the caller how it came about, she said they had stumbled over a very old document where it was written that I had saved the bank from fraud.

I didn't even know it was recorded. I was only doing my job then. But God had amplified that act and caused me to be remembered, through the anointing and tremendous power I had generated by praying in the HolySpirit.


James 5:16 says... The earnest (heartfelt, continued) prayer of a righteous man makes tremendous power available [dynamic in its working].

So, do not stop generating power. When you pray, you are not just asking God to do your request but you are also making it rain. Do not stop till it rains. As long as it is certain that the key in your hands would start that car, keep turning on the ignition until the car starts. Praying in the HolySpirit would cause supernatural manifestations of your desires miracles. Therefore, keep praying till it rains down your desired miracles. It definitely will.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO

- *access more of our stories ?*
- *find more info about Oti Stories ?*
- *be part of our prayer community ?*
- *sow or partner with me ?*
- *book or invite oti stories ?*

 **otistories.com**

 +2347035524042
otistories@gmail.com