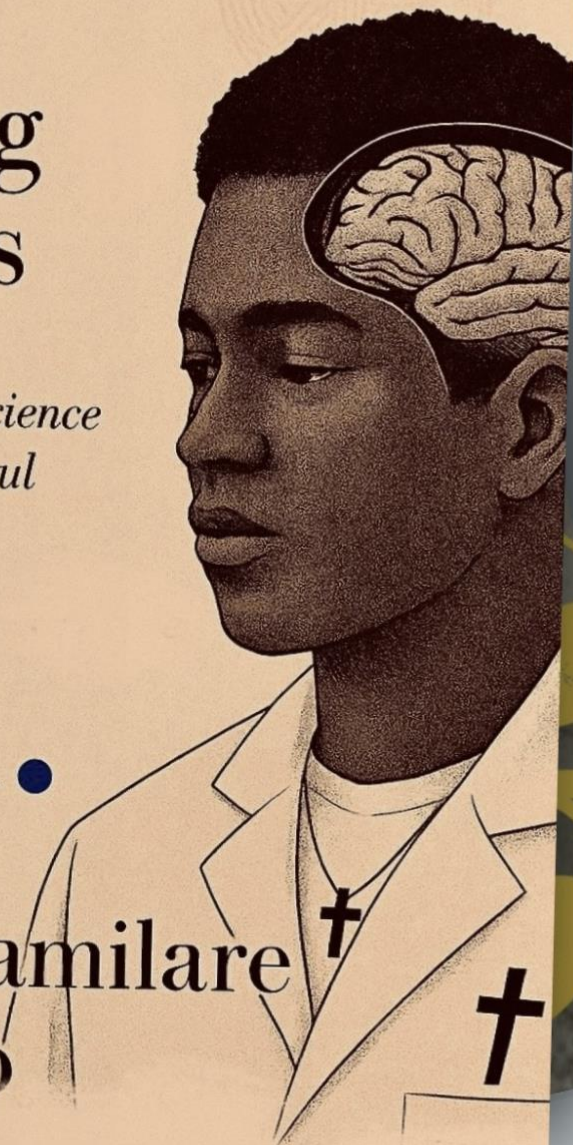


# *The* Healing Process

*Merging Faith,  
Psychology and Science  
to Mend the the Soul*

Oluwadamilare  
Kushimo



# The Healing Process

*Merging Faith, Psychology & Science to Mend the Soul*

A Narrative Journey of Becoming

By

**Kushimo Oluwadamilare Samuel** (Damkush)

B.Sc. Psychology (OOU)

M.Sc. Industrial/Organisational Psychology (In View)

University of Ibadan, Nigeria

*Author of Crypto Wallet and Exchanges: A Beginner's Guide*

**PUBLISHED BY**

*Oluwadamilare Kushimo*

*No2, Temitope Street, Ifo L.G.A, Ogun State.*

**ISBN : 978-978-777-734-3**

## **Table of Contents**

- Foreword
- Before You Begin

### **Part One: The Ache**

1. The Wound
2. Denial & Deflection
3. The Breaking Point

### **Part Two: The Turning**

4. The Opening Up
5. The Resistance
6. The Confrontation
7. The Cleansing

### **Part Three: The Becoming**

8. The Becoming
9. The Integration
10. The Relapse
11. The Rebuilding
12. The Return

- Yoruba Glossary
- You Stayed. That Matters
  - About the Author
  - About the book

## Foreword

I used to think I was just introverted, quiet, private, and withdrawn. But I later discovered it wasn't personality. It was pain.

When I was younger, I was sent to live with a pastor and his wife, as part of a cultural belief that caring for another person's child might invite divine blessing. But instead of love, I met rejection. That experience, followed by the isolation of boarding school, changed me. I stopped trusting. I detached emotionally. I struggled with God, relationships, and even myself.

This book was born from my search for healing. I wrote it while leading others in faith, but I was still bleeding internally. And the more I looked into scripture, the more I realised: our pain isn't new. There is nothing we feel today that hasn't already happened before, somewhere in the Bible, someone's story mirrors ours.

That's why this book follows two lives, Tope and Naaman. Two different cultures. Same human ache. One path to healing: honesty, humility, and surrender.

This is not a book of answers. It's a mirror. A companion. A quiet push toward your healing process.

If you think you have nothing to heal from, time will tell. But by then, it might already be too late.

Start now. You are not too broken. You are not too late.



Oluwadamilare Kushimo

## **Before You Begin**

This book is not a quick fix. It's not a collection of motivational quotes or sermons. It's a story, but not just about Tope and Naaman. It's about you.

Healing is messy. Sometimes loud. Sometimes quiet. Often slow. But always worth it.

In these pages, you'll walk with a woman trying to find her breath after years of silence, and a warrior trying to find his softness after years of armour. Their stories are fictional, yet painfully familiar. You may not have their exact scars, but you've likely felt their ache.

This is not a book you rush through. It's not designed for speed, but for depth. Some chapters may feel familiar. Others may feel uncomfortable. That's okay. Healing isn't linear.

You don't have to read it all at once. Move slowly. Pause when something stirs you. Let the words meet you where you are, not where you think you should be.

Every chapter ends with an Insight Corner (to help explain what's happening emotionally and psychologically), and Reflection Prompts (to gently draw you into your own story). You may want to keep a journal nearby, or simply sit with the words in stillness.

If you're in therapy, spiritual mentorship, or recovery, bring this book into those spaces. If not, let it be a quiet place to start.

And if all you can do today is breathe, that's already enough.

## Chapter 1: The Wound

*“He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.” – Psalm 147:3 (NIV)*

Tope once thought healing was a one-time thing, either you prayed it into being or ignored it long enough until it faded. But that Monday morning, just outside the office restroom, her breath caught like a fish in her throat. She froze, clutching her chest like it would keep her from unravelling.

The world kept moving, heels clicking, phones ringing, cleaners humming old Fuji songs, but Tope stayed stuck. Right there. Pressed against the corridor wall like wallpaper nobody sees.

She didn't notice the cleaner at first.

“Aunty, are you okay?” the woman asked gently, halting her mop mid-swipe.

Tope nodded quickly. Too quickly. She blinked back the sting in her eyes and managed a shaky smile.

“I'm fine,” she said.

She wasn't.

But how do you explain to a stranger that you're not sick, yet your chest is heavy? That you're not grieving anyone freshly dead, yet you feel hollow inside? That your memories choking you in daylight?

She tried to walk back to her desk. But with each step, the hallway stretched longer, like her pain was dragging her feet.

Earlier that week, her colleague Bimpe had suggested it might be anxiety. A month ago, her therapist, the one she ghosted, had called it “resurfacing trauma.”

Tope had laughed it off.

“Me ke? Therapy ke? Ko le werk.”

Therapy was for white people. Or rich people. Or damaged people. Not church girls like her, raised on anointing oil and midnight vigils. She had been taught to suppress feelings. If it still hurt, maybe her prayer life was weak.

But now? The ache was louder than her pride.

It was the kind of pain you couldn’t rebuke.

Centuries before, in a different world, a man also stood at the edge of his wound.

Naaman. A name that echoed with military reverence. Commander of Syria’s army. Trusted by kings. Feared by enemies.

But beneath the regalia and reputation, his body was breaking. Leprosy, a disease not just of the flesh, but of dignity. In those days, it was a sentence to isolation, a slow peeling of skin and honour alike.

The Bible doesn’t dwell on how Naaman felt when the spots first appeared. But we can imagine the weight of his silence. He didn’t cry out. He didn’t retire. He continued commanding troops, giving orders, and hiding his skin beneath his robes.

He wore strength like armour, not just the metallic kind, but the emotional kind too.

What finally pierced through was not a prophet, or a miracle, but a servant girl, a captive from Israel. She didn't have power, but she had perspective.

“If only my master would see the prophet in Samaria,” she said one day, “he would heal him.”

It wasn't a prophecy. It was a possibility.

And something in Naaman shifted.

Wounds have language.

Sometimes they speak in flashbacks. Sometimes in silence.

Other times they show up in chest pains and panic attacks.

Tope's flashbacks were vivid, her father's voice booming, her mother sobbing in the kitchen, the way she once hid inside a wardrobe, trembling like soaked cloth in harmattan.

And yet, she had told herself it was nothing.

She was “over it.”

She was just “strong.”

But the body keeps the receipts that the mind tries to tear up.

Psychology calls this somatic memory, where pain is stored not in words, but in the nervous system. Trauma doesn't stay in the past. It hides in the body.

For Tope, her chest-tightening wasn't just stress. It was her body saying, "We never healed from that."

Spiritually, wounds are not foreign.

Scripture describes sin and suffering as wounds, deep, systemic, soul-tearing. Isaiah 1:6 speaks of a people "bruised and putrefying," from head to toe, with no healing.

Yet, God is called Jehovah Rapha, the One who heals. Not just temporary patches, but binds, restores, and renews.

Healing, both biblically and psychologically, begins with one uncomfortable but liberating step: acknowledgement.

That night, Tope sat on her bed and whispered what she never thought she would say:

"I think I'm not okay."

Then, slowly, she picked up her phone.

She typed into the search bar:

"Christian therapists in Lagos."

She hesitated.

The cursor blinked like a silent dare.

But then she pressed Enter.

And in that tiny act, fragile, holy, tremulous, something broke open. Not a miracle. Not a deliverance. But a shift.

A whisper: You're not weak. You're ready.

Naaman, too, stood at a crossroads.

To obey a servant girl's suggestion.

To travel to Israel, a land of enemies.

To meet a prophet he had never seen.

He didn't know it yet, but healing doesn't begin with results. It begins with courage, the courage to say, "I can't fix this by myself."

And that, for every soul, is where healing truly begins.

## **Insight Corner**

Many people underestimate how deep childhood traumas (wounds) go, especially when there's no visible scar. But psychological trauma isn't just about what happened to you. It's about what your body remembers, even when your mind wants to forget.

In Tope's case, her panic attacks weren't random. They were her body's way of saying, "Something's still wrong." When someone experiences trauma (like abandonment, abuse, or rejection), the amygdala, the brain's alarm system, becomes hypersensitive. It starts scanning for danger all the time, even when there's no threat. That's

why survivors flinch at loud voices, feel anxious in tight spaces, or shut down in social gatherings. The trauma may be old, but the body still carries its memory.

Psychologists call this somatic memory, where pain is not stored in words, but in the body. That explains why Tope's chest tightens. It's not "just stress." It's stored survival. Her brain's wiring has created shortcuts: **triggers** → **panic** → **escape**. And until those loops are broken, she'll keep reacting without knowing why.

What makes it even more difficult is that many of us are taught to spiritualise trauma, to pray, praise, fast, and "move on." While faith is powerful, healing often requires us to slow down, name the wound, and work through it with intention. Just like sin can't be forgiven until it's confessed, pain can't be healed until it's acknowledged.

*Before you move on, take a moment. These questions aren't for performance, they're for presence.*

## Reflection Prompts

Identify one place where your pain still shows up, and name it without judgment.

“But acknowledging pain is only the first step. What comes next is often subtle, the silent ways we avoid it. And that’s where Tope lived: not in open wounds, but in quiet distractions.

## **Chapter 2: Denial & Deflection**

*“The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?” – Jeremiah 17:9 (KJV)*

Tope didn’t cry at her mother’s funeral. Not a single tear. Not when they lowered the casket. Not when people whispered prayers and pity. She simply stood, arms folded, like someone attending a stranger’s burial.

Even her younger cousin had sniffled beside her, head on her shoulder.

Tope just rubbed the girl’s back gently, eyes dry, smile polite.

People said she was strong. But she wasn’t.

She was simply numb.

Over the years, she had perfected this numbness. Not out of pride, but necessity. She learned emotions were expensive, they cost too much energy, too much vulnerability. So she rationed them like scarce food.

She wore strength like gele, high, tight, and untouchable. A presentation is more than a posture. Even when it left her scalp aching, she refused to untie it.

Because if she untied it, everything else might come undone too.

On the outside, Tope was thriving.

She had a good job, a sharp wit, and the kind of “I’m fine” that sounded convincing. She sent devotionals in the family WhatsApp group. She answered altar calls occasionally. She even led a prayer session once during a women’s retreat.

But when Pastor Fisayo messaged her after Sunday service, “I sense God wants to begin a deeper healing in you”, she left it on read. The words irritated her. Not because they weren’t true, but because they struck a nerve she wasn’t ready to name.

That evening, she made herself some spicy Indomie and peppered turkey, opened Netflix, and pressed play on *The Woman King*.

Silence. Escape. Routine.

No journaling. No Bible. No therapy talk.

This, this was her real coping mechanism. Distraction.

Tope was doing what many trauma survivors do, avoiding pain through performance.

In her world, silence was strength. Emotion was indulgence. Introspection was a weakness.

She had trained herself to stay busy, stay sharp, stay “together.”

But her body wasn’t fooled.

That morning, the chest tightening returned. Not dramatic. Just enough to make her pause at the bus stop, lean on the gate, and breathe shallow.

She gulped a sachet of cold water. Took Panadol. Shook her head like a stubborn generator. Then moved on.

The security man had noticed. He muttered softly, “Aunty, e rora o. Die die.”

She nodded with a smile. We move.

But pain doesn’t need a transport fare.

It travels light. Rides your bloodstream. Sleeps beside you.

And it doesn’t knock before entering.

Later that night, Bimpe sent a message.

“Hey babe. About what you said earlier... are you sure you don’t want to talk to someone? My therapist is Christian and chill.”

Tope almost typed: “Lol. I’m good.”

But something paused her thumb.

Instead, she opened her notes app and typed:

“How do you know when you’re avoiding healing?”

The answer didn’t come from a voice.

But from a slow, quiet knowing inside her chest:

“When you spend more time looking away than looking within.”

She stared at that line for minutes.

Didn't cry. Didn't pray.

Just breathed.

Still broken. But less afraid of the wound.

Denial and deflection aren't cowardice. They're protection.

Her "I'm fine" wasn't a lie. It was survival.

Her constant scrolling, laughing, working late, all of it, wasn't laziness or avoidance.

It was a brain trying to stay functional under emotional pressure.

## **Insight Corner**

When people experience deep emotional wounds, especially in environments that don't welcome vulnerability, their minds adapt for survival.

This is where defence mechanisms emerge, subconscious responses that protect us from emotional overload.

For Tope, two primary ones were at play:

Denial – "I'm fine." Not because she truly believed it, but because admitting pain felt unsafe.

Deflection – "Let's not talk about that." An automatic shift away from discomfort.

The brain prefers certainty, even if it's painful, over uncertainty. So it suppresses what it can't handle. The prefrontal cortex tries to stay in control. But underneath, the amygdala is still reacting.

We often confuse avoidance with strength. But emotional shutdown is not a sign of resilience, it's a sign that the body is still on alert.

Healing begins not with shouting, but with noticing. By observing the ways we hide from ourselves, and slowly, gently choosing to stay present.

The mind, when overwhelmed, doesn't always lie, it protects. What looks like dishonesty ("I'm fine") is often a survival script written during chaos. Tope wasn't escaping the truth. She was postponing it, until it felt safe.

But avoidance is expensive. What we deny doesn't disappear, it just buries deeper. Over time, this leads to emotional exhaustion, anxiety, and identity confusion. That's why many people feel "numb," overthink everything, or experience random mood swings. You're not "crazy." You're avoiding something your soul is begging you to face.

But distractions have expiry dates. And when silence grows too loud to ignore, even the strongest masks start to crack. For Tope, the crack came unexpectedly.



## Reflection Prompts

Identify one way you've been avoiding your pain, a habit, a phrase, a silence, and ask yourself gently: what is it protecting you from?

“But breakdowns don’t always roar. Sometimes, they whisper, across centuries, in a commander’s sigh, Naaman

### **Chapter 3: The Breaking Point**

*“And it was so when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes... he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.” – 2 Kings 5:8 (KJV)*

Naaman was a man familiar with pressure. He’d faced wars, won battles, and commanded thousands. He’d negotiated with kings and survived ambushes. But nothing had prepared him for this war, a silent, slow disintegration from within.

Leprosy was not just a physical affliction in his time, it was a slow erasure. Bit by bit, it stripped you of control, intimacy, and dignity. In a world where honour was life, this disease whispered a different identity: unclean.

And Naaman had managed to keep it hidden for a while. He adjusted his robes tightly. Bathed alone. Avoided mirrors.

Only his wife and the servant girl knew.

But the breaking point never asks for permission.

It comes when silence can no longer hold the weight.

That night, in the privacy of his chamber, with the fire low and the bandages peeled away, Naaman stared at his hands. The damage wasn’t just on the skin. It was deeper, in the shame that made him avoid

eye contact, in the helplessness he couldn't share, in the fear of being reduced to a man who needed help.

He wasn't scared of dying. He'd made peace with that on the battlefields. But what he couldn't face was disintegration, becoming less and less, until he wasn't respected, or feared, or even remembered.

And then he remembered the servant girl's words: "There is a prophet in Samaria."

It sounded foolish. Desperate. But then again, that's what he was.

Desperate.

Tope's breaking point didn't look dramatic either. It came quietly, a sigh, a shutdown, a slow leak of strength.

She had survived too many "almosts": almost grieving her mother, almost replying to Bimpe, almost going for therapy. Always stopping just before the breakthrough.

But now? Even sleep was broken.

She lay on her bed, arms across her chest, feeling nothing and everything. A dull ache had settled in her back. Her heart was tired. Her thoughts are too loud. Even worship songs irritated her.

She wasn't angry at God.

She was just exhausted, and that's worse.

That morning, she looked at herself in the mirror and whispered, "I'm tired."

Not loud.

Not dramatic.

Just real.

And that was the shift. Not a miracle. Not a thunderclap. Just a quiet admission.

Breaking isn't failure. It's feedback.

In psychology, it's called the emotional threshold, the moment when the weight inside you tips, and something gives way. The mind, the body, the soul, they all speak louder when we ignore them long enough.

Tope wasn't losing her faith. She was losing her mask.

And masks are heavy when worn too long.

Somewhere in Israel, Naaman finally moved.

He requested a letter from his king, one that would authorise him to go to Israel.

He packed gifts, gold, and garments. His chariots gleamed. His men followed. But under the silks and scrolls, he was just a man... carrying a sickness too big for status to hide anymore.

His journey wasn't heroic. It was humbling.

He didn't go to conquer.

He went to hope.

And that's the true breaking point: when the fear of remaining the same finally outweighs the pride of appearing strong.

## **Insight Corner**

Every human soul has a breaking point, a line where emotional pressure overrides coping mechanisms. Psychologists call it cognitive overload. It's when the prefrontal cortex (your reasoning centre) starts to shut down and the amygdala (your emotional alarm system) takes over.

You forget simple things. You lose interest in activities. Your fuse shortens. You cry randomly or go numb altogether. These are not flaws, they are signs.

We often confuse strength with silence. But the body keeps speaking, even when the soul stops listening.

In African settings, people carry trauma like family heirlooms, dressed in agbádá, but breaking inside. We quote scriptures but never name the pain.

Naaman broke. So did Tope. And neither was a sign of weakness, it was the moment their healing journey truly began.

## **Reflection Prompts**

Ask yourself gently: What am I carrying that no one sees? And what would it feel like to let it fall, even just for one moment?

“For Tope, that crack in her silence became a call. A couch became her altar. And this time, she didn’t run, she reached out.

## **Chapter 4: The Opening Up**

*“Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.” – James 5:16a (KJV)*

Tope sat at the edge of the cream couch like someone still considering an escape plan.

One leg crossed tightly over the other, bag still clutched to her side like she wasn’t sure if this was a therapy session or an interrogation. The room was softly lit, no dramatic Christian décor, no framed Bible verses or deliverance banners, just quiet, earth-toned minimalism. Peaceful, but unfamiliar.

Dr Ijeoma smiled gently. Not the forced kind Tope was used to from church ushers, but one that said, “You can breathe here.”

This didn’t feel like the battlefield Tope had imagined. No holy water. No demon-chasing prayers. Just air. Stillness. Safety.

“So,” Dr Ijeoma asked, her voice calm, “What made you reach out?”

Tope opened her mouth... then paused. The lump in her throat was unexpected. It wasn’t even grief, it was reluctance. She could feel her body fighting the words, like her chest was blocking the exit door.

She considered lying.

She had her script ready: “Oh, just stress. Work’s been mad lately.”

But she was tired of the performance. The head tie of strength she had worn every day was starting to choke her.

She inhaled, slowly, long.

Then she said it:

“I think... I’m tired of acting like I’m fine.

Tired of tying my emotions like gele every morning and pretending it’s just fashion.

It’s not fashion. It’s fatigue. It’s hiding.”

Her voice cracked.

Not loudly. Just enough to make the silence between them feel sacred.

The AC hummed softly.

Dr Ijeoma didn’t interrupt. She didn’t rush to write anything down. She just nodded, a simple gesture that Tope hadn’t realised she needed.

That silence felt like permission.

And so Tope spoke again.

“I don’t think I ever grieved my mum. She died, and I just... kept moving. Like movement would erase memory.

And my dad? Till today, he’s never said ‘sorry’, not for the beatings, not for the words.

I grew up believing silence was strength. But this silence...

It's slowly killing me.”

She chuckled bitterly. “Even this session, I almost didn't come. I nearly convinced myself to cancel. Something in me still believes I don't deserve softness.”

Dr Ijeoma finally spoke, voice low, like someone handling something fragile.

“It sounds like silence protected you once, but now it's caging you.”

Tope exhaled deeply. It was the first time in weeks that breathing didn't feel like a struggle.

“Yes,” she said.

“It protected me.

But now, it's choking me.”

That evening, she didn't scroll through Instagram.

She didn't binge-watch another series.

She went home, sat on her bed, and wrote her mother a letter.

It started with:

“Mummy, I miss you. But I also feel abandoned. And I hate that I don't know how to feel both without guilt.”

Tears came. Not loud, dramatic sobs. Just wet silence. One drop. Then two. Then a release she didn't see coming.

She held her chest.

Not to suppress the ache.

But to honour it.

And in that moment, she felt something break open, not destruction, but release. The ache didn't leave. But for the first time, it made sense.

Confession doesn't always happen on altars. Sometimes, it happens in offices with soft chairs and neutral walls. Sometimes it sounds like journaling. Sometimes it's a whisper to a friend.

Tope was finally learning that confession wasn't about guilt, it was about freedom.

And she was done being a prisoner to silence.

In James 5:16, confession is tied to healing, not just spiritual, but emotional, communal, and relational.

The early church understood that brokenness is mended through community, not secrecy. That restoration begins when we stop hiding, not when we have it all together.

Tope wasn't just "opening up."

She was reclaiming language.

Reclaiming the right to speak.

## Insight Corner

In many African homes, children grow up learning to keep emotions buried.

“Şe suuru,” they say, be patient, be quiet, be strong.

But strength without expression turns into emotional constipation.

In therapy, the act of naming how you feel is called emotional disclosure. It’s not just cathartic, it has measurable psychological benefits.

Neuroscience shows that naming emotions reduces activity in the amygdala (fear centre) and re-engages the prefrontal cortex (decision-making). This is called affect labelling.

In spiritual terms, it mirrors confession, not for condemnation, but for clarity.

Tope’s sentence, “I never grieved my mum”, was more than words. It was a door opening. A brain rewiring. A soul exhaling.

Because healing doesn’t start with answers.

It starts with honesty.

*In some of our Àdúgbò churches, people were called to the altars to “cry to the Lord.” But Tope was learning: some altars are made of couches, not marble. And sometimes, the crying is quiet, just a slow exhale that says, “I’m still here.”*

## **Reflection Prompts**

- Think of one emotion you've avoided naming, grief, anger, guilt, and write a short note to yourself or someone else that starts with: 'I feel...'

“But healing rarely flows in a straight line. One moment, surrender. The next, resistance. And no one knows this dance better than Naaman...

## **Chapter 5: The Resistance**

*“But Naaman was wrath, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me... Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?” – 2 Kings 5:11–12 (KJV)*

Naaman had made the journey.

Across borders. With gifts, gold, and chariots. His pride was packed between folded garments. His reputation rode beside him.

And after all that, Elisha didn't even come outside.

No welcome. No incense. No dramatic laying on of hands. No prophecy.

Just a messenger... with instructions.

“Go and wash in the Jordan seven times, and your flesh shall be restored.”

Naaman stood there, stunned. This wasn't how healings were done, not for people like him.

He had expected a ceremony, a spectacle. A man of his stature shouldn't be treated like a nobody.

But here he was, an army general being told to go bathe like a village boy.

It wasn't the task that offended him.

It was the humility required.

Tope understood that feeling.

She had started therapy. She had opened up. She had cried.

She thought that meant healing would begin, instantly, smoothly.

But instead, things got messier.

She found herself becoming angry more often, little irritations flaring up. The buried emotions she thought she had “dealt with” started resurfacing again. Her chest tightness came back. She stopped journaling. Avoided her therapist’s calls for a week.

“I thought I was getting better,” she whispered one evening, curled up on her mattress.

“Why does it feel like I’m breaking all over again?”

She didn’t realise that healing doesn’t always feel like peace.

Sometimes it feels like irritation.

Like friction.

Like disobedience fighting for dominance.

A week later, she finally replied to her therapist.

“I don’t know what’s happening. I feel like I’m getting worse.”

Dr Ijeoma’s response was simple:

“You’re not getting worse. You’re resisting change. That’s part of the work.”

Tope stared at the message for minutes.

She felt exposed.

But also, strangely... understood.

Naaman was also at the tipping point between obedience and offence.

He could go home angry, preserved in pride, but still diseased.

Or he could bend. Submit. Wash.

But that meant doing something beneath him.

The Jordan was muddy, unimpressive. He had cleaner rivers at home. Better options. More familiar customs.

“Abana and Pharpar are better than this stream,” he said bitterly.

But healing doesn’t follow preference.

It follows surrender.

This is what psychologists call ego resistance.

When the process threatens our self-image, we pull back. Not because we don't want change, but because change feels like loss.

Tope didn't want to go back to numbing. But she also didn't want to feel raw. Therapy made her feel stripped. Prayer felt hollow. Scripture annoyed her.

She wanted healing, but on her terms.

She wanted God to heal her pain, but not touch her pride.

She wanted to be seen, but not exposed.

And God, like Elisha, didn't play to her script.

One day, sitting on her balcony with her phone in her lap, she opened her notes app and typed:

“Maybe healing isn't about feeling good. Maybe it's about feeling honest.”

Back in Israel, Naaman's servants broke the silence.

One of them stepped forward, voice gentle:

“My father, if the prophet had asked you to do something great, wouldn’t you have done it? How much simpler a thing, just wash and be clean?”

It wasn’t a rebuke.

It was a whisper, the kind that sneaks past walls.

And Naaman, for all his rage and dignity, paused.

He turned.

He obeyed.

He walked toward the muddy river.

And every step toward that river was a death to ego, a walk toward surrender.

Because healing doesn’t always come with holy oil.

Sometimes, it looks like humiliation.

And God isn’t trying to disgrace you, He’s trying to strip what’s stopping grace from reaching you.

## **Insight Corner**

The human brain is wired to protect your sense of self. That’s why change often feels threatening.

Ego resistance happens when help confronts your identity. When healing asks you to look weak, admit confusion, and submit to instructions.

In these moments, your brain's insula (linked to disgust) and amygdala (linked to fear) become hyperactive. You reject not because it's wrong, but because it feels beneath you.

This is what happened to Naaman. He didn't mind doing something difficult, he just didn't want to do something that felt lowly.

And Tope? She didn't resist therapy because it didn't work, she resisted because it made her feel exposed, unguarded.

But that's where true healing begins: when you trade performance for obedience, pride for presence.

God's instructions often come wrapped in simplicity. Obedience may not feel powerful. But it prepares your heart to receive what power alone never could.



## Reflection Prompts

Identify one instruction, habit, or help you've been resisting, not because it's wrong, but because it feels beneath you. What would surrender look like instead?

“Just as Naaman’s cleansing began with humility, Tope’s healing demanded confrontation, not with water, but with words. And it began in a house full of silence

## **Chapter 6: The Confrontation**

*“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.” – Psalm 27:10 (KJV)*

The house hadn’t changed.

Same old portraits, slightly tilted. Same fan, creaking rhythmically like a tired drummer. Same mothball smell that clung to the upholstery. It wasn’t just a house; it was a museum of silence. A shrine of unspoken things.

Tope stood at the threshold of her childhood living room, arms crossed, palms damp. The moment had finally arrived. This wasn’t a random visit. She hadn’t come for a weekend trip or to drop provisions. She had come to speak.

Her father was in his usual position, deep in his chair, eyes fixed on a Yoruba crime documentary. His fingers moved slowly through a bowl of roasted groundnuts.

“Daddy,” she said softly.

He looked up, slightly startled. “You just appear like wákàtí òjò,” he muttered, like thunder interrupting a quiet day.

She almost laughed. Typical Baba. Yoruba men had a proverb for every discomfort.

But today wasn’t for proverbs.

She walked slowly to the other side of the room and sat. Not beside him. Not too far away either. Just close enough for her voice to matter.

“I came to talk... about back then.”

His posture changed instantly.

His eyes returned to the TV. Volume up by one notch.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he said flatly.

There it was.

Stonewalling.

That familiar wall. Built out of pride, guilt, tradition, whatever cocktail of denial that made African fathers untouchable.

Tope’s voice trembled. Not from fear, but from truth trying to push its way out.

“I remember everything.

The shouting.

The insults.

The night Mum cried and you acted like nothing happened.

I was just a child, Daddy. But I was there.

And I carried it... into every friendship, every relationship.

I grew up learning how to survive, not how to feel safe.”

The fan kept turning.

The TV kept playing.

But time paused.

She wasn't just confronting a man.

She was confronting memory.

Confronting silence.

Confronting the fear that if she didn't say this now, she might never breathe properly again.

Her father shifted. His hand froze halfway between his bowl and his mouth.

“That was a long time ago,” he said, not looking at her.

And that, that line, was what she'd feared the most.

Not shouting.

Not denial.

But the emotional distance is disguised as “moving on.”

She swallowed hard.

“It may have been a long time ago.

But it never left me.

I still lower my voice in arguments because I'm scared I'll sound like you.

I still expect pain when someone says they love me.

I have lived my life tiptoeing around people's moods because I grew up tiptoeing around yours."

Her words weren't loud.

They didn't need to be.

They had waited years for their turn.

She paused, heart racing, breath shaky.

"I didn't come to blame you.

I came to free myself."

He blinked. Slowly. His fingers returned to the groundnuts, but he didn't pick any.

Then, after what felt like forever:

"I didn't know it affected you like that," he said. Voice low. Almost fragile.

She didn't expect an apology. Not fully. But that sentence? That soft cracking of the shell?

It was enough.

Not to heal everything.

But to mark the beginning of the release.

She rose, picked up her bag, and turned to leave.

At the door, she hesitated.

"Daddy... do you still pray?"

He didn't turn. But his answer came.

“Sometimes. Quietly.”

She nodded.

“Pray louder.”

“God isn't angry with you. But you and Him... there's healing there too.”

She didn't wait for a reply.

She just walked away, not weeping, not victorious, but lighter.

As though a heavy load had finally been dropped.

That night, back at her hotel, Tope did something she hadn't done in weeks.

She knelt.

Not out of obligation. Not because she felt holy.

But because her soul felt unclenched.

And Psalm 27:10 wasn't just a verse anymore.

It was reality.

“Even when my parents fail...

God will take me in.”

## Insight Corner

In many African homes, speaking up, especially to elders, is seen as rebellion, not healing. Children are taught emotional survival, not emotional honesty.

But healing often begins with trauma narration, the process of telling your story, not to accuse, but to make sense of it.

Tope's confrontation wasn't about fixing her father. It was about freeing herself.

Neuroscience shows that verbalising past pain activates the hippocampus and prefrontal cortex, allowing the brain to move memory from chaos to clarity. This process is called narrative integration.

But it's not just science. It's spiritual, too.

Throughout scripture, healing often began with words.

Elijah was under the tree. David in the Psalms. The woman at the well.

Naming pain is not dishonour.

It is redemption.

But here's the twist: the person you confront doesn't always respond the way you need. Sometimes, they don't apologise. Sometimes, they downplay it. Sometimes, they go quiet. And that's where the second layer of healing kicks in, emotional separation. You learn that healing is not about changing the other person. It's about releasing yourself from the silence.

This is especially relevant in African cultures, where generational trauma is often covered with cultural phrases like “It’s in the past,” or “That’s how our parents trained us.” But trauma doesn’t expire just because time passes. Until it is addressed, it morphs into emotional patterns, perfectionism, avoidance, hyper-independence, and anger. Confrontation is the only way to break the cycle. And as Tope showed: you don’t need a full apology to find peace, you just need the courage to speak your truth.

## Reflection Prompts

If you had 60 seconds to say one honest thing to someone who hurt you, not to fix them, but to release yourself, what would it be?

“Sometimes, the courage to confront others makes room for God to confront you. And for Naaman, that moment came at the edge of an unremarkable river...

## **Chapter 7: The Cleansing**

*“Then he went down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.” – 2 Kings 5:14 (KJV)*

Naaman stood at the edge of the Jordan River, not as a commander, but as a man stripped of his titles. The river looked ordinary. Muddy. Quiet. Nothing majestic about it. In fact, by Syrian standards, it was unimpressive, just like what we call Òdò Elégbin back home, where refuse gets dumped, children played and goats wandered too close.

Yet he was, far from home, facing a command that didn't match his expectations. No prophet had come out. No ceremony. No grand display of power. Just a quiet instruction passed through a servant:

“Go and wash seven times.”

He could have turned back. He almost did. But something deeper than pride held him still, maybe desperation, or maybe the memory of the servant girl's quiet confidence.

And so he stepped in.

The water was cold. Not just physically, but emotionally. Every ripple whispered his smallness. Every splash reminded him that even power must kneel to healing.

He dipped once. Came out the same.

Twice. Still leprous.

By the third time, his thoughts became louder than the water. What if this is foolish? What if I'm just a grown man bathing in front of his servants for nothing?

By the fifth dip, shame crept in. Shame that someone like him, a national hero, respected by kings, was now soaked, vulnerable, exposed.

But healing often comes at the price of pride.

He dipped the sixth time. No change.

Then came the seventh.

No extra prayer. No prophetic chant. Just a simple act of obedience.

He went under.

He came up.

And everything shifted.

The skin that had once cracked and peeled was now soft, like a newborn. The numb patches had colour again. His chest felt light. The silence around him wasn't awkward. It was sacred.

He didn't shout. He didn't even speak immediately. He just stared, at his hands, his arms, his body.

It wasn't just his skin that had changed.

It was something deeper. Like shame had been washed off too.

Not erased, but redeemed.

Healing doesn't always shout. Sometimes it whispers.

Naaman's transformation was not loud. It wasn't theatrical. But it was thorough. Because obedience, especially quiet obedience, is powerful.

And that's where most people miss it. We expect healing to feel dramatic. But often, it's in the ordinary acts repeated in faith: one prayer, one journal entry, one therapy session, one hard conversation. Again and again. Until the breakthrough comes.

## **Insight Corner**

In trauma therapy, there's a technique called exposure therapy. It involves facing the very thing that triggers your fear, not all at once, but gradually, intentionally. The goal isn't comfort. The goal is to retrain the brain to stop seeing healing as danger.

Naaman's seven dips mirror that. Each one chipped away at the emotional and social resistance he had built. Psychologically, this is how we rewire old trauma responses, through safe, repeated exposure to things we once avoided.

Spiritually, it's the same. God often invites us into process-based obedience. Not because He can't heal instantly, but because He wants to heal more than just the symptoms. He wants to heal our resistance.

In many Nigerian churches, people still seek dramatic deliverance. And while God certainly moves powerfully, most healing still comes through simple obedience. God says: "Confess." We want thunder. God says: "Forgive." We want fire. But real cleansing is often quiet.

## Reflection Prompts

Return to one simple instruction you've been resisting, and commit to trying again, even if it feels small.

“But healing doesn’t stop with cleansing. It keeps unfolding, in habits, in softness, in how you wake up. And that’s where Tope found herself: not healed, but becoming.

## Chapter 8: The Becoming

“And he said unto him, Go in peace.” – 2 Kings 5:19a (KJV)

The sun stretched over Ibadan like a golden cloth being spread across the sky.

Tope opened her window. The air was still. Her breath flowed gently, no resistance, no tightness. She wrapped her Ankara robe around herself, the àdirẹ swirls reminding her of her mother’s quiet strength.

For the first time in years, the morning wasn’t just a routine. It was a gift.

She wrapped her Ankara robe around herself, the pattern laced with àdirẹ swirls. It reminded her of her mother.

She inhaled deeply.

This time, her breath didn’t catch in her chest.

No panic. No racing thoughts. Just breathe.

And for once, the memory of her mother didn’t sting.

It warmed her.

She looked into the mirror.

Her scars still whispered, but they no longer screamed.

And she'd learned to listen to whispers, that soft voice of healing that never rushed, never demanded, just reminded her: you're still becoming.

Her healing hadn't come in one night.

It had come in layers, a phone call, a confession, a deep breath, therapy sessions, worship songs, long silences, and short prayers like "Jesus, please."

Nothing glamorous. Just grit and grace.

But this morning, she felt whole enough to be honest.

Not perfect. But becoming.

**Psychologists call this post-traumatic growth,**

Not just bouncing back, but growing stronger through the wound.

Tope had faced her trauma. Named it. Sat with it.

And now, her brain had learned new rhythms.

Her mind, new thoughts.

Her heart, new grace.

She wasn't the same woman who googled "Christian therapists in Lagos."

That woman was hiding.

This one was healing.

Tope wasn't trying to "return to normal." That version of her had never known peace.

This new self didn't just breathe, she noticed. She said no without guilt. She prayed without performing. She cried without apologising.

That's what growth looked like now: less drama, more clarity.

*Across time and terrain, another healed soul stood still...*

Naaman, once wrapped in armour and shame, now touched his restored skin like a man remembering softness. His hands had held swords. Now they held reverence.

He turned to Gehazi, Elisha's servant, and said:

"From now on, I will worship no other God but the God of Israel."

He had changed gods. Changed direction.

Changed identity.

Not because the water was magical,

But because he obeyed when it didn't make sense.

And that's the thread that connects Naaman and Tope.

Two people.

Two cultures.

Two different kinds of pain.

But one healing principle:

Surrender leads to becoming.

Science calls it neuroplasticity, the brain's ability to form new pathways and break old trauma loops.

Faith calls it sanctification, becoming more like Christ, little by little.

And psychology reminds us:

Healing doesn't mean forgetting what broke you.

It means you're no longer owned by it.

That evening, Tope sat in her new office, a mental health space for survivors like her.

A client had just left.

On her table sat a small frame with a verse:

“Go in peace.”

She'd chosen it deliberately.

Because peace isn't passive.

It's not the absence of pain.

It's the presence of purpose.

Peace is when you know your wound no longer rules your identity.

Naaman mounted his horse, body whole, soul reborn.

Tope locked her office door, lungs full, heart resting.

Both of them, separated by centuries, were no longer just survivors.

They were becoming.

## **Insight Corner**

In psychology, post-traumatic growth (PTG) is the process where a person develops a new sense of self, strength, or spirituality after trauma, not because they ignored the pain, but because they journeyed through it with honesty and intention.

PTG doesn't mean the pain disappears.

It means the pain no longer drives your choices.

You stop reacting.

You start living.

Naaman's transformation wasn't loud. It wasn't recorded with heavenly choirs.

But it was real. Just like Tope's.

Science calls it neuroplasticity, the brain learning a new way to be.

Faith calls it sanctification, becoming more like God, one surrendered choice at a time.



## **Reflection Prompts**

- Affirm one way you've grown through your pain, and thank God for that quiet progress.

“But to become is not just to feel new, it is to live new. That’s where integration begins: when healing becomes identity.

## **CHAPTER 9: THE INTEGRATION**

“Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind...” – Romans 12:2 (KJV)

Tope expected healing to feel like music, loud, liberating, maybe even magical. But instead, she found herself whispering to old habits, “I don’t need you anymore.”

She was learning a new internal language:

“It’s okay to pause.”

“No is a full sentence.”

“Peace doesn’t need proof.”

At a get-together with friends, someone cracked a joke that would’ve normally made her withdraw. But this time, she didn’t fake a laugh. She simply said, “Not funny.” Calm. Honest. Light.

Nobody fought her. The Earth didn’t crack. The room moved on.

And something in her settled.

Later that week, during an early morning walk, she caught her reflection in a tinted window. She looked... steady. Not healed in the “perfect” sense. But real. Whole enough to speak with intention. Quiet enough to hear herself think.

Integration, she was learning, is the process of becoming one whole person, not fragments stitched together by fear, but a self held together by clarity.

Naaman, too, was in transition. After the river, he had returned to Syria, not as a commander seeking war, but as a man carrying wonder.

He no longer rushed orders to his servants. He asked questions. Listened.

He now took walks alone in the early evening. Not to escape the noise, but to hear the silence.

He even prayed.

Not in Hebrew. Not like Elisha. But with honest words. Soft ones. Words he made up. Words that made him feel both exposed and safe.

Healing had softened him.

Integration was making him whole.

Paul didn't say "be healed", he said "be transformed by the renewing of your mind."

Elijah didn't need fire again. He needed clarity.

That's what integration brings, not adrenaline, but alignment.

A rewiring of thought, a shift in identity, a decision to walk differently.

The transformation doesn't come with deliverance oil. It comes when you start asking, "What kind of person do I want to become now that I'm no longer bleeding?"

## **Insight Corner**

Healing is not complete until the mind forms a new narrative. This is what psychologists call integration, the process of taking painful past experiences and weaving them into your identity in a healthy way.

In trauma research, integration happens when memories move from the emotional centres of the brain (like the amygdala and insula) into the language and reasoning centres (like the prefrontal cortex and

hippocampus). In simpler terms: pain stops being something that controls you, and starts being something you understand.

Therapy helps with this. So does journaling, reflection, prayer, and emotional honesty in relationships. The goal is not to erase what happened, but to own your story without shame. This is a key step in trauma recovery called narrative reprocessing, the ability to tell your story differently, with power.

Social psychologist Dan McAdams says, “We become the stories we tell ourselves.” Integration is not just healing, it’s storytelling. And your new story must be based on truth, not trauma.

Healing is not just an emotional shift, it’s a mental remapping.

To integrate is to say:

“That was a chapter in my life. It shaped me. But it no longer defines me.”

You are not fragmented anymore.

You are not in survival mode.

You are learning to be present, whole, and safe in your skin.

You are not just healing.

You are becoming integrated.

## Reflection Prompts

Choose one old belief that no longer serves you, and gently release it like a worn-out garment.

*You are not a project anymore.*

*You are a person.*

*And you are becoming whole, one choice, one thought, one breath at a time.*

“But even integration doesn’t erase the old echoes. Sometimes, healing speaks. Other times, it’s silent, and relapse enters like a whisper.

## **CHAPTER 10: THE RELAPSE**

“But he himself went a day’s journey into the wilderness... and requested for himself that he might die, and said, ‘It is enough.’”—1 Kings 19:4 (KJV)

Tope was doing better.

She was praying again. Attending therapy. Laughing more.

She even started replying messages within the same day, not because she had to, but because she wanted to.

Healing had become her rhythm.

Then came the curveball.

She ran into someone from her past, the one who used to manipulate her emotionally in secondary school. She hadn’t seen him in years. Just one conversation, casual, polite, fake. But beneath her nods, her muscles remembered. Her mind didn’t need time to panic, it reacted instantly.

That night, she lay in bed and thought: “Maybe this whole healing thing was just a phase.” She ghosted her therapist for two weeks.

Went quiet on friends.

Stopped journaling.

Scrolled aimlessly.

She felt tired. Not the kind sleep fixes, but the kind where even trying felt like lying.

Healing had started to feel like performance art. And she wasn't in the mood to act.

Across centuries and scripture, Elijah, the prophet of fire, had just called down the heavens at Mount Carmel. His ministry was at its peak. His enemies were exposed. Miracles had happened.

But then Jezebel threatened him.

And Elijah ran.

He ran far, into the wilderness, and collapsed beneath a broom tree.

“I've had enough, Lord. Just let me die.”

No thunder. No anointing. Just a man of God, exhausted and scared. The same man who shut down Baal's altar was now shutting down emotionally.

Elijah, the man of fire, fell into silence. The prophet who once shut down heaven now shut down emotionally.

His meltdown wasn't unbelief. It was depletion. That's how trauma works: even when God is still near, your body doesn't always feel it.

So when Tope couldn't pray, couldn't text, couldn't move, heaven wasn't shocked.

God didn't say, "I healed you already."

He just whispered, "Rest."

Relapse doesn't mean healing didn't happen. It means healing is still happening.

Elijah's God didn't shout. He didn't send fire again.

He sent an angel with warm food and water. Then later, a whisper.

That's how God responds to breakdown: not with shame, but with stillness.



## **Insight Corner**

In trauma recovery, relapse is a checkpoint, not a punishment.

The brain stores old pain in automatic pathways. These include emotional shutdown, overthinking, withdrawal, or emotional numbing. Under stress, the amygdala hijacks the nervous system and pushes you back into familiar survival patterns. Even when you've made progress, old neural roads are still there, and it takes time for new ones to become dominant.

This is why relapse feels disorienting: "I thought I was over this."

But relapse is not a reset, it's a reminder. A cue to pause, rest, and re-centre.

In psychology, we talk about compassionate relapse response. It means treating yourself with kindness during setbacks, not punishment. This approach strengthens the prefrontal cortex, helping the brain regulate emotions more effectively next time.

Elijah wasn't rebuked for his meltdown. God fed him. Let him rest. Then spoke, not through fire, but a still small voice. Science and scripture agree: in your lowest moments, what heals isn't shame. It's gentleness.

Tope's relapse wasn't the end.

She returned to her therapist. Started praying again, not loud, but real.

She stopped trying to be impressive and started trying to be honest.

Elijah didn't die under the tree.

He got up. Ate. Walked.

So will you. Maybe not fast. Maybe not loudly.

But you will walk again.

## **Reflection Prompts**

Offer yourself the grace you would give a friend, and remind your soul: this is not a failure, it's a checkpoint.

“And when your knees stop shaking, and your soul begins to exhale, you rebuild. Slowly. Intentionally. Like Tope.

## **CHAPTER 11: THE REBUILDING**

“And the Lord said unto him, Go...”– 1 Kings 19:15 (KJV)

Tope’s room looked the same. Same shelf stacked with half-read devotionals. Same vanilla-scented candle. The same Beautiful Nubia playlist was humming from her speaker.

But something had shifted. She wasn’t cleaning to fix anything. She was cleaning to feel. To be here. Fully. But something had shifted. This time, she cleaned it not to feel in control, but to feel present.

She rearranged the books, took down the old quote, laminated, peeling at the edges:

“Be strong no matter what.”

It had served her once. But now, it felt like a performance script.

In its place, she taped a handwritten card:

“It’s okay to rebuild slowly. God is not rushing you.”

Elijah stood in the cave, shivering. The fire had come and gone. The earthquake, too. But God wasn’t in the drama this time.

Then came the still small voice.

“Elijah, go back.”

Do not go forward. Do not go higher.

Go back, not to chaos, but to calling.

Back to the hard but holy work of anointing others. Back to mentorship. Back to the mission.

His healing wasn't a retreat. It was a return.

Healing had shaken them.

Relapse had softened them.

Now came the quiet courage: rebuilding.

You won't rebuild your life the way it was.

That version was shaped by survival.

Now, you're building as someone who has faced the mirror.

Who has knelt in the wilderness.

Who has bled, and rested, and heard God whisper your name.

This next version of you will not be perfect.

But it will be rooted.

## Insight Corner

After trauma or major life disruption, the human brain enters a phase psychologists call post-crisis reconstruction. This is where your emotional energy is no longer spent on avoiding pain, but on creating safety, meaning, and new patterns.

The brain's neuroplasticity allows for this shift. When a person begins to act differently, setting boundaries, expressing emotions, and reclaiming lost habits, they build new neural networks. It's not just symbolic. It's biological.

In this phase, rituals become powerful tools. Cleaning a space. Rewriting your schedule. Changing who has access to you. These aren't shallow lifestyle changes, they are grounding behaviours that teach your nervous system: "We're safe now."

Elijah's return wasn't just obedience, it was therapy.

Doing sacred work with a healed heart doesn't just change others, it rewires you.

The same is true for Tope, and for anyone rebuilding. It may look slow on the outside. But inside, new circuits are firing, new confidence is forming, and a new identity is taking shape.

## Reflection Prompts

Name one habit or routine that helps you feel safe, and let today be the day you return to it.

*This isn't a restart. It's a re-rooting.*

*And you're allowed to rebuild, brick by brick, breath by breath.*

“But the truest sign of healing isn’t in how you rebuild for yourself, it’s in how you make space for others. And that’s where Tope now stood.

## CHAPTER 12: THE RETURN

“Go back the way you came...”– 1 Kings 19:15 (NIV)

The fan above hummed lazily. A half-drunk cup of zobo sat on the table.

Tope sat across from the girl, eighteen, shoulders tense, voice thin like soaked paper. She didn’t speak at first. But Tope didn’t fill the silence. She had learned that safety whispers before speech ever arrives.

She reminded Tope of herself, not in face, but in ache.

The girl struggled to speak. But Tope didn’t interrupt.

She let the silence stretch. Let safety speak first.

Then, when the words finally came, they were jagged, unfiltered.

As the girl spoke, Tope felt a lump in her throat, not of sadness, but remembrance. This wasn’t just ministry. It was memory.

She had once sat in this same office, not as a therapist, but as the one who couldn’t speak either.

Somewhere in ancient Israel, Elijah stood behind Elisha.

The prophet had finished his wilderness walk. He was no longer running. No longer shrinking.

Elijah didn't throw his mantle like a man tired. He laid it like a father would a blessing.

“You take it from here.”

Not as an escape. As extension. Elijah didn't just return to duty. He returned to discipleship.

Because true healing is never selfish. It always finds someone else to serve.

Tope walked the girl to the door. Gave her a journal. Wrote one line inside:

“You are not crazy. You are not alone.”

The girl smiled.

And for the first time in a long time, Tope felt whole enough to pour.

This is your return.

Not to the pain, but to purpose.

Not as a victim, but as a vessel.

You do not owe the world perfection.

But you owe the next person a voice, a hand, a light.

Healing is not for hoarding.

It's for holding space for others.

You are not just a survivor anymore.

You are becoming a safe place.

## **Insight Corner**

In psychology, generativity is the stage where healing overflows. You no longer live to protect wounds, you live to bless others.

In African culture, the deepest honour isn't how much you gather, it's how many lives you touch. Elders who pass wisdom, not just wealth, are the true legacy-bearers.

Science supports this. Altruism increases dopamine and oxytocin, hormones of trust, bonding, and emotional regulation.

Elijah's final assignment wasn't another miracle. It was a man.

That's legacy. That's healing matured.

## **Reflection Prompts**

Think of one person who needs the healed version of you, and decide how you'll show up gently for them.

## Yoruba Glossary

<b>Yoruba Word</b>	<b>Meaning (in context)</b>
Ko le werk	Nigerian Pidgin–Yoruba blend for “It won’t work” (usually used sarcastically).
Wákàtí òjò	Thunderstorm or rainy season; used to describe emotional turbulence or chaos.
Gele	A head tie, symbolising performance or presentation, especially among women.
Ojà	Load or market goods; metaphorically used for emotional burdens.
Àdúgbò	Local or street; often associated with passionate, open-air preaching.
Şe suuru	“Be patient” or “be strong”, phrases often used to suppress emotional expression.
Agbádá	A traditional wide-sleeved robe; used metaphorically to represent dignity or ego.
Àdirẹ	Traditional tie-dye fabric is a symbol of cultural pride and generational memory.
Òdo Elẹgbin	A dark or murky stream is a metaphor for something that looks ordinary but holds power.
Ó n bọ wá yá	“They are slowly recovering/returning to life”, often said of someone regaining strength.

## **You Stayed. That Matters.**

Dear Reader,

If you've reached this point, it means you didn't just read, you showed up for yourself. And that alone is healing.

You made space for truth. You let some things sting. You paused when it got heavy. That's not weakness, that's courage.


This book isn't the end. It's a beginning. Maybe your next step is journaling, therapy, or simply learning to say "I need help." Whatever it is, take it slowly. Gently. Without shame.


Healing is not a straight line. But if you've made it here, you're already walking it.

Thank you for letting this book hold space with you.

With respect,

Kushimo Oluwadamilare Samuel (Damkush)

 [kushimooluwadamilare@yahoo.com](mailto:kushimooluwadamilare@yahoo.com)

 +234 810 132 2672

 [LinkedIn](#)

## **About the Author**

Kushimo Oluwadamilare Samuel (Damkush) is a Nigerian psychology researcher, faith-based mental health advocate, and storyteller passionate about the intersection of trauma, healing, and spiritual growth.

He holds a B.Sc. in Psychology from Olabisi Onabanjo University and is currently completing an M.Sc. in Industrial/Organisational Psychology at the University of Ibadan. He also has a Postgraduate Diploma in Theology and has served as a Deacon in RCCG since 2018.

His healing journey began personally, navigating silent emotional wounds while leading others in faith. Today, he uses his voice to help people name their pain, integrate their faith, and pursue emotional wholeness with clarity and courage.

He is also the author of *Crypto Wallet and Exchanges: A Beginner's Guide*.

When he's not writing or teaching, Damkush enjoys gaming, meaningful conversations, and exploring how psychology and theology can coexist in African contexts.

## About the Book

The Healing Process is a raw, faith-rooted journey through emotional pain, silent trauma, and spiritual recovery.

Told through the lives of Tope, a modern Nigerian woman masking her wounds with performance, and Naaman, a biblical general hiding his shame beneath honour, this book explores how true healing often begins, not with miracles, but with honesty.

Blending storytelling, psychology, and scripture, it offers a path toward emotional wholeness, especially for those caught between spiritual passion and unspoken pain.

Inside you'll find:

- Culturally grounded narrative
- Practical psychological insights
- Reflection prompts for personal healing
- A fresh biblical lens on trauma

This is not a quick fix. It's a mirror, and a quiet invitation to become whole again.