

*There was a girl*  
there was a girl



ONOME  
OMODARA

*There was a girl*  
there was a girl

*This book is dedicated to every young person going through a season of pain and depression. Life may be tough and nobody may understand you. But I want you to know that I know someone who understands and I am certain that you are coming out stronger.*

*There* there was a girl

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*Other Books by Onome Omodara*

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# introduction

I want to appreciate you for picking up this book- it means a lot to me. I asked the Lord one morning, *“What will you have me do?”* I wanted to join Him where He was working because that has been my greatest desire.

The nudging to write this book came on me so strong one morning as I was on my way out. I knew it was time to do this after searching my spirit. I therefore write this book for that person, who like me is still struggling to find a path, struggling to find his existence.

As a young girl, I struggled to find my identity. I was confused and lost. But grace brought light and today I am no longer the same.

This book tells a part of my story about how I struggled with low self-esteem. Until I caught the revelation of who I truly was (and still is), my life was a mess. I am not there yet but I am not

where I use to be. This book is short and precise. I hope you can finish it in time and recommend it to another person.

Who you are is a major question you need to answer if you want to truly live a joyous and fulfilled life. I write this book for that person struggling with pains and addictions. I write it for that person who is battling with low self-esteem and depression. God sees your tears and He knows how you feel.

Maybe you are the reason this book was born. I might not be in your shoes but I know how it feels to be the odd person. I know how it feels to be rejected. I know how it feels to be hurt and I know how it hurts when no one understands.

You are worthy of love and you are such a big deal. Hop in with me and read my story. I present to you a part of my story. It is a story of grace.

This book has three chapters. The first two chapters focuses on me and the last chapter focuses on you. You made a great decision by picking up this book. Your story will be sweeter because you are coming out stronger.

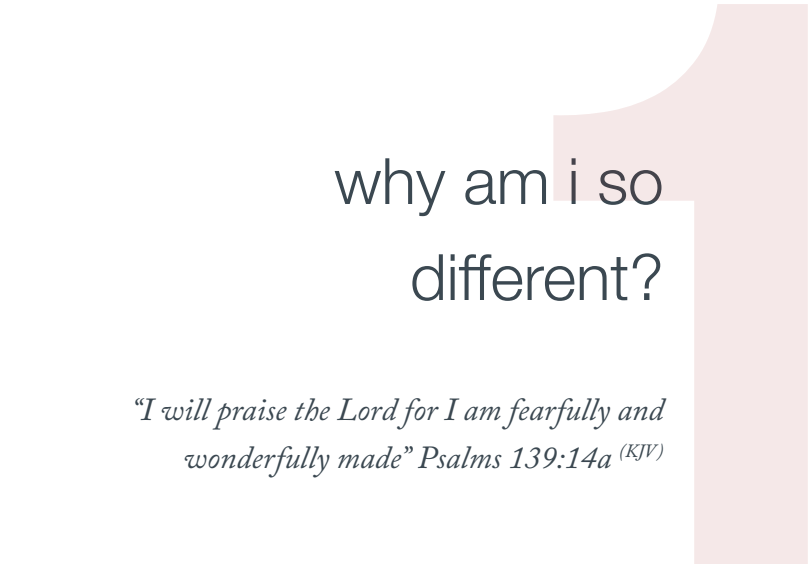
Yours,

Onome Omodara









# why am i so different?

*"I will praise the Lord for I am fearfully and  
wonderfully made" Psalms 139:14a <sup>(KJV)</sup>*

## SEE HER LEGS

**S**ome years ago, I was complaining to my mum about my legs. I wondered why my legs were not straight. My legs are bow-shaped. Because of that, my mates in school would laugh at me and call me different names. I hated myself for a very long time until one day when my mum sat me down to tell me the story of my legs. She said I never walked for two years after I was born and I became a big prayer point. Everyone was worried about that but they kept praying. I was told I never crawled like a normal child.

I started walking at the age of two (2) and because of that it did not even matter if the legs were bowed or straight. All that

mattered was that I could and still can walk. I was so shy about my legs. Each time I was walking, it felt as if everyone was looking at my legs and somehow, I lost my confidence. The only thing about me that got people talking to me was that I was brilliant. Aside that, nothing was working for me as a little girl.

Life was not much fun in my primary school. I was that girl whose voice was not heard. I could remember when I was made the head girl in primary school. Some of my classmates were shocked with this. I was not left out of the shock either. I was the head girl no doubt but my voice was never heard.

I enjoyed talking. I was a talking bird (and still am!). But even at that, I still felt unheard. I had my own friends. I was the type of girl boys were not attracted to and I just never bothered about how I looked. As a matter of fact, I cannot even recall being so neat in my primary school. I was just a shadow of myself. I was quite popular in school and that was because I was brilliant but I was desperate to be seen beyond that. I could remember trying to be friends with the popular ones but I still could not fit in and the problem was this: I just never thought I could fit in! My self-esteem was that low.

*Before I continue, I just want to say this,*

*If you are an adult reading this or you have a child, please be careful of the words you speak around that child.*

I say this because words go into that child's mind and shapes him or her. There was a particular day I went to my dad's office with a family friend. After we saw him, we were going back home. While approaching the gate, we met this woman who was my dad's co-worker. I greeted her and she yelled at me "*why can't you straighten your legs?*" "*See how you are walking*".

Really, is it the fault of an eight (8) year old girl that her legs are not straight?

These were the kind of words that went deep into my thoughts and before I knew it, I was so shy about my legs.

## YOU LOOK LIKE A BOY

While I was still coping with my legs, beauty was just an illusion as far as I was concerned. The words I kept hearing was, "*you look like a boy*". I could remember begging my dad to allow me make my hair so that perhaps I will look like a girl. But my dad never granted my request. He just felt I will not take my studies seriously if I had to make my hair.

There was a particular day my earrings got lost. By this time, it had become a norm for me to lose my earrings. So, I did not bother my mum about getting earrings anymore. I just went 'natural' like that. But one day, one of my neighbors called me and said "*better start wearing earrings - you look like a boy*" Jeez! I was still in primary school but that statement went deep into my heart.

I went back home to disturb my mum for earrings.

She got them for me and I went back to this woman to show her. I could remember asking this woman, “*Do I still look like a boy?*” she smiled and said “*You look like a girl now*”. That was all I needed to hear. I couldn’t do without earrings. I wore it everywhere just because I wanted to be a “girl”. I know people who said I looked like a boy meant no harm but I was just a child. If they had known those words were affecting my self-esteem, they would have been more careful about their choice of words.

*Here is my view:*

*“Be careful the things you say to children”.*

They are young and their minds are not matured enough to process some information. Tell them affirmative words. Tell them how beautiful they are. Tell them how much you love them. Tell them how intelligent they are. Use positive words whenever you are with and around them.

## BULLYING

This is a story I do not enjoy talking about. There are some stories I can joke about now but this particular incident affected me up until the time I entered the University.

Remember I had told you earlier that I had a very low self-esteem as a little child in primary school. When I entered secondary school, I was a shadow of myself. My mum would never allow me wear a short skirt. So my skirts were

always 'midis' (three-quarter skirts) and my mates would always laugh at me because of this.

My school uniform was a pleated skirt. My siblings are all boys. Because of this, nobody could help me get the pleats on the skirt well. This made it really worse, the girls in my class would laugh and tease me. I felt like a 'nobody'.

In my SS1, one of my brothers had this female friend whose grandmother was our neighbour there was a time she came visiting. She attended a school where they also wore pleated skirt. She got my school uniform and helped me with the ironing. She did not just iron the cloth, she taught me how to get the pleats right. I could remember resuming school that term with so much confidence. I made sure I started discussions that would make classmates notice my skirt and they sure did. They all praised me for it and it felt so good.

But guess what? The teasing never stopped! They called me different names. Some would gladly send me on errands for them and who was I to refuse? Call me stupid or whatever but I was always at their mercies and it was simply because I was not confident in who I was.

I could remember a particular incident in my SS1. I actually gossiped about a particular girl who had started her period earlier than other girls. The girl I told chose to tell someone else and that was how the news spread. Because of this, the girls in my class brought me out and beat me up. They poured ashes on me. It was a nasty experience.

I know what is on your mind, "*why did she gossip*

*about the girl in the first place?"* How else would I have been noticed? I had to snoop around for news to attract the girls but at the end of the day, it all still backfired on me. I have no excuse for this particular habit. It was picked up just because I wanted to get friends.

*Let me just say this,*

*The world will treat you the way you treat yourself. If you are not confident about who you are, people will toss you around.*

The bullying never stopped until I got to my SS3. I was in the boarding house and there was this girl I feared so much. She was my classmate but I had never tried getting close to her. I felt she had it all and I was not in any way near her 'class'. This particular evening, she wanted to make garri flakes.

Apologies to those who did not attend a boarding school! Garri flakes is a kind of meal we made with garri. To prepare this, grounded pepper, maggi and a little water are added to garri. She asked for volunteers and so I volunteered to get maggi because I was hungry too that night. But unfortunately for me, I could not get maggi for the flakes. So I came back to tell her. She got so angry with me that she started calling me different names. I shamefully climbed my bed to cover myself and I began to weep. That day, I had had enough of that and I was tired of being bullied.

After a while of lying on my bed, I did something. Till date, I do not know where I got the courage from but I



stood up from my bed and approached her. Everybody in my dorm was shocked that night. I knew she would beat me up if we were to fight but I had to face my fear. I faced her and we exchanged some heated words.

That was the end of bullying till I left secondary school. But you know I had wondered to myself why I never faced my bullies earlier. I would have enjoyed my secondary school days more, you know!

What you fear sometimes is scared of you. You need to stand up and face your fear. I know it is hard but do it. Do it afraid! Just do it!





## who am i?

*“But you are not like that, for you are a chosen people. You are royal priests, a holy nation, God’s very own possession. As a result, you can show others the goodness of God, for he called you out of the darkness into his wonderful light” 1 Peter 2:9 <sup>(NLT)</sup>*

I asked myself this question for years. Understanding who I was helped me become a better person. Life will shake you. Situations will come your way. But your understanding of who you are gives you the strength to weather the storms.

### ATTENTION SEEKER

I was dealing with a low self-esteem. As far as I was concerned, nothing should make anyone attracted to me. Everything about me was just wrong. So, I was looking for attention.

I needed people to see me. I wanted to be noticed and this got me into trouble.

Just because I thought I was not pretty enough, I had to look for a means to get people to like me. This made me to opt for a bad decision – Lying! I became a very good liar. That was how I picked up that terrible habit although I have been set free from it now. I had different stories to tell people just to get them to like me.

I lied about who I was. I lied about my parents. I even lied about my health. All I just had to do was tell people a story and some fell for it. So, I became an object of pity. But the bad side was that none of these relationships ever lasted. I got the attention but it was just for a while. Once these people got to know the truth, it became a big turn off for them towards me.

*“If we know better, we will do better”*. This saying is true. I am not proud of this part of my life but it was my past. I became so addicted to lies that I did not know how to speak the truth anymore. I lost the trust of so many people and if only I knew, I would have done better.

In 2013, a friend of mine stopped talking to me and for the first time, I decided to find out why. I wrote him a note and he never replied. Some weeks later, he walked up to me and looked at me in the eyes and said to me, *“the reason I stopped being your friend is because you are a liar and I cannot trust a liar”*. I did cry my eyes out that day and that was my liberation.

That was how I made another decision but this time

around, a good one. I made a decision to stop lying. Every relationship I went into after that incident was founded on the truth and speaking the truth has given me so much peace and freedom.

No matter what happens, speak the truth! Lies will only hurt your real friends and will break their trust for you. When trust is lost in a relationship, it is as good as dead! The ones who will love you will love you still.

*Take it from me:*

*Lies do not win people and even if they do, it is just temporary.*

I am not the perfect person. As a matter of fact, I still make mistakes but I have decided to embrace growth and love who I am. Do not think that loving myself started in a day: it took time. And today, I can say I am confident about who I am.

## VALIDATIONS

When you are not confident about who you are, you give others the permission to define you. I never knew who I was so I waited for people to define me. I became who the church and the society wanted me to be, whereas the “good girl” in me was dying on the inside. I was smiling and laughing but deep down my heart, I did not know who I was.

I waited for people’s validation. When I came back with an average result and my dad got angry, it affected me.

When I missed a choir rehearsal or a church meeting and any of my leaders told me they were disappointed at me, it got to me. I was practically living for the applause of men.

I had my first boyfriend in SS3. The only reason I gave him a “yes” was because he was the only boy asking me out in my school. I never had genuine feelings for him. Plus, all the girls in my class had a boyfriend. So why should I be left out? I said “yes” to him but broke up with him a week later. The reason is simple - the church girl in me felt bad about having a boyfriend!

I moved on to date another guy who was a University student. I met him at a wedding where I was a part of the bridal train. He got my contact and we started talking. I just finished secondary school and I was so lonely. I said “yes” to him but here was the problem: “Uncle” would never call. I was the one making the long phone calls with the money I stole from my mum’s shop (*Mummy if you get to read this, I am sorry. I was just blinded by infatuation*).

I would do anything to get money just to recharge my phone. Then one day, he asked me to send him recharge card. Of course I did. And you know what happened afterwards? He stopped picking my phone calls! That was how the relationship ended.

I met this same guy some months later and he started apologizing. He told me different stories and I was almost reconsidering him again until he said something. Do you know what he said? He said he was travelling out of the country for his Masters and he would not mind impregnating

me so he would know he has a baby in Nigeria! What! Immediately, I knew it was a scam. I never bought into any of his lies. In fact, that statement turned me off completely but I was not bold enough to tell him to his face. We agreed to meet at his sister's place the next day but I never went and that was the end. He called me but I gave him some excuses. None of the excuses I gave him made sense to him. He got angry and that was the last of him I saw till date.

Relationships became my point of succor. I waited for my boyfriend to tell me how beautiful I am. I needed a man to prove to me that I could be loved. So I poured my resources and my strength into making it work but at the end of the day, I got heartbroken.

My love life was a mess. I kept changing relationships. I was heartbroken so many times and in turn I hurt some people too, all because I never understood who I was. I was so broken. I was desperate to find love. I needed somebody to show me what true love meant. There were days I felt useless. There were times I felt I could not be loved and this affected the way people treated me especially the opposite sex.

*Let me tell you this,*

*If you do not love yourself nobody will. A man can only try loving you. Loving yourself is a personal decision.*

I grew up wishing I was like my friends. I wanted to be that girl boys gave flowers on valentine. I was so jealous of my friends who had 'rich' boys asking them out. If only I

knew there was more to life than that. I have had a guy break up with me because I will not sleep with him and because my breasts were small. Today, I laugh at those relationships because I am a better person now and I know better.

I have heard about ladies doing butt enlargement, going through different surgeries because a man said they are not good enough. Baby girl, if he cannot appreciate your shape or beauty, do not be scared. Let him go.

You do not have to change “you” for anyone. If he cannot see your beauty, then he is blind. Another person will notice and appreciate you. The same goes for men. A woman complains about how you look, how short you are, how small your head is and blah blah blah. Please, let her go. Another woman will value you just the way you are.

It took a deep discovery before I found love. It took me accepting myself before I understood what love really meant. I was waiting for validation but what I did not know was that I was made complete and needed no one to give me a validation.

## THE YOUNG WRITER

Studying Computer Science was my worst nightmare. I was never a fan of the computer so studying it was just not my thing. I wanted to be a Pharmacist initially but God always has better plans.

I got admitted into the Federal University of Technology, Akure, to study Computer Science. At that



point, it felt as if my joy was gone. I was never happy. I hated my life. I wanted to do something else so I took the University Tertiary Matriculation Examination (UTME) again to study Pharmacy but I never got the admission. I cried my eyes out. I felt my life was over but what I did not know was that my life was just starting.

I accepted my fate and studied Computer Science. I had to deal with failure. I was not just there. I tried all I could but I did not understand Jack. I did not want to disappoint my parents so I studied hard. This was not in any way reflecting in my grades. Then school life hit me so hard and I had a carry forward (some know it is as a carryover). I cried like my life was over but I had to face my failure. I had another carry forward again but I still graduated anyways. Although it was not the grades I wanted, I believed the future was brighter.

After I graduated, I dropped my pen and interest in Computer Science because I discovered I wanted to go into writing. I discovered I have the gift of writing in my 400 level. A year later, I got my first writing gig and I knew this was my place.

I found joy in writing. I found fulfillment in it and I had to pursue it because I knew that is the only place I can call home. How do I tell my parents I want to be a full time writer? I told them anyways. Although they had issues with the whole idea initially but over time they encouraged me. The rest, they say, is history.

Making a decision to be a writer was not an easy route. It was tough especially when I had to look for a job

and none was coming. I became so depressed I was angry and bitter. I applied to different places but I got no replies on two different occasions my articles were rejected and I was told they were not good enough. That rejection affected me I was so depressed but like David I had to encourage myself in the Lord and thank God for friends who also helped me get over it and today I'm glad I never gave up on writing. Like I said earlier, I am not there yet but I am not where I use to be.

I am a young writer sharing my story and telling you that you should pay attention to whatever gift and talents God has given to you. I tried coding. I tried networking but it was not working. I was not happy. Do not trade wealth for fulfilment. If it is what you are designed to do, you will make it. You will still be wealthy.

My first writing gig was ₦2,000 approximately \$5 but now you cannot offer me that as a writer anymore. I am not there yet and I am not writing to you as one who has got it all. I rather write as a young lady who has made progress as the years go by. You might start so little but do not remain there. All you have to do is to be consistent because the future is brighter.

## LOVE FOUND ME

*"Then Christ will make his home in your hearts as you trust in him. Your roots will grow down into God's love and keep you strong. And may you have the power to understand, as all God's*

*people should, how wide, how long, how high,  
and how deep his love is”*

*Ephesians 3: 17-18<sup>(NLT)</sup>*

I grew up in the church but I never had an encounter with Christ. I was active in church but I never knew what being in a relationship with the father meant. I answered different altar calls that I lost count of and answering altar calls became my hobby. A relationship with God was what I actually needed.

Life was a bit tough and I was not satisfied with the life I was living. I was thirsty, empty and dry. I wanted to do what my friends were doing, I wanted to be ‘wild’ but somehow my conscience would never allow me. It felt as if someone was watching me.

In 2013, I decided to take God seriously but still, I was on and off. Today I was born-again tomorrow I just wanted to be by myself. I think it was because I felt life was ‘hard’ on me or because I thought God never cared. But either way, I was not interested in the church thing.

After I graduated from the University, I went for my National Youth Service Corps program. I wanted to serve in Lagos or Oyo but I found myself in Taraba. I was later redeployed to Imo. It felt as though the universe was against me but that was the beginning of my change of story.

Getting to Owerri, Imo state, the church girl in me never allowed me stay at home and not to go to church. I fellowshiped in a church and that was the end of a kind of life and the beginning of another. God’s love found me and

I understood what being in a relationship with the father meant.

I entered a love walk with the father and I understood what grace meant. I knew I was broken but His love kept chasing me. The girl in me felt she was not qualified but the father was interested in me even in my broken state.

God reminded me of how much He loved me. His love is reckless and I have seen Him kick down walls just to find me. I am not near perfection. I was dirty and I did not even know who I was but in Christ I found my identity.

I realized I am special, beautiful and made after His image. The fact that He loves me was enough to keep me going. I can tell you that God's love gets me emotional all the time. His love has moved me to tears a lot of times because I ask myself if I really deserved Him.

He never said life was going to be fair but He assured me of victory and with this assurance I live each day.

## THERE WAS A GIRL

*“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to his purpose”*

*Romans 8: 28 (KJV)*

Until I met Christ and entered a relationship with Him, I lived in shadows. I realized that I am who God says I am and that is why what anyone says about me plays a very insignificant role in defining me. Rising to be the confident

person took time. I had to soak myself in the word of God and allowed what God says about me be the ultimate.

Something happened to me and I will like to share it with you. Some weeks back, I took a very bold step. I decided to go on low cut. While making up my mind about it, a part of me told me I would look like a boy and I would not get the right attention. But I had to shut my ears to every negative thought and cut the hair anyways.

I got different comments from different people. Some felt it was nice. And just like I had thought, some still said I looked like a boy. But none of those comments got me.

I knew the 'me' of three years ago would have gone to get wigs by all means. I would still make my hair but at the moment, I am confident and I would gladly rock my low cut. When life hits me, I find my succor in Christ knowing that all things are working together for my good!

There was a girl who was battling with self-esteem. There was a girl who needed validations to define who she was. And there was a girl who allowed life's challenges define her. But today, she is a lady whose definition is in Christ the one God loves so much!





let's talk  
about you

I know yours might be tougher. I do not know how you feel and I cannot assure you that I know exactly how you feel but I can tell you that I can relate with you. Life might be so tough right now you might even wonder if God really loves you.

I know that feeling. I know life has challenged you but I am here to tell you that you are not alone and that in all of these things you are strong. Do not allow situations define you. Do not give up because this is not the end.

I know you are depressed and I know nobody understands you. I have spoken with people and I can tell you that people are

going through a lot. But do you know what? God's love is bigger than all you are going through right now.

I know you have messed up. Everyone keeps judging you but I can tell you that God loves you just the way you are. The Bible contains records of men and women who were broken, men and women who were rejected but God used them anyway. They shook their generation. Rahab was a top 'runs' girl but grace found her and she was listed in the book of faith (Hebrews 11). Moses was a murderer but God used him. David was a fornicator and murderer but mercy found him. The list is endless.

I am here to tell you that you are not the worst. God loves you even in your broken state. When God called me to write and help people, I wept and argued because I felt I was not good enough. I felt I was too broken to be loved. But my flaws never mattered to him. My soul is so precious to Him.

Stop struggling with Him. Let His love lead you. Find your way back to Calvary where Christ bled for you. You are a big deal. Forgive yourself. Yes you made a mistake but that was your past. God does not remember your past anymore. So let it go. Let the reckless love of God find you today and lay all your burdens at His feet. Let grace find you.

I will share with you the lyrics of a song that helped and strengthened me during my moments of pains and hopelessness. It is titled "Reckless love" by Bethel music. Listen to this song wholeheartedly and I can bet you will understand how deep God's love for you is.



## Reckless Love

*by Bethel Music*

### **Verse 1**

*Before I spoke a word, you were singing over me*

*You have been so, so good to me*

*Before I took a breath, You breathed Your life in me*

*You have been so, so kind to me*

### **Chorus**

*Oh, the overwhelming, never-ending, reckless love of God*

*Oh, it chases me down, fights 'til I'm found, leaves the ninety-nine*

*I couldn't earn it, and I don't deserve it, still, you give Yourself away*

*Oh, the overwhelming, never-ending, reckless love of God, yeah*

### **Verse 2**

*When I was your foe, still your love fought for me*

*You have been so, so good to me*

*When I felt no worth, you paid it all for me*

*You have been so, so kind to me*

### **Bridge**

*There's no shadow you won't light up*

*Mountain you won't climb up*

*Coming after me*

*There's no wall You won't kick down*

*Lie You won't tear down*

*Coming after me*

*Lyrics by A-Z Lyrics*

## GROW AND GLOW

*“As new born babes, desire the pure milk of the word that you may grow thereby”*

*1 Peter 2:2 (KJV)*

Getting born again is not the end. I can say it is the beginning. My self-esteem did not jump on me immediately I got born again. It was a deliberate decision. I had to make efforts about growth. I was and I am still intentional about my relationship with God.

If you love somebody, you want to spend time with them. You want to know more about them and that's the same thing you should do with God. Study His word to know more about Him. Pray about everything. Speak with Him every time even when you are cooking that Indomie. Converse with Him like you would with a friend. God is not far: He is right by your side and He is reaching out to you.

God is always speaking: we are the ones too busy to hear. Listen and obey. With growing comes glowing.

## BUILD GOOD RELATIONSHIPS

*“He who walks with wise men will be wise, but the companion of fools will be destroyed”*

*Proverbs 13:20 (NKJV)*

You cannot grow and succeed all by yourself. You need a community and you need real friends. People you can pray with and talk to. I am a product of good relationships.

My story is not complete without some amazing people.

You need to build relationships with people that can challenge and push you forward. You need godly friends and I will advise you prayerfully select your friends. Don't pick anybody anyhow. Your growth in life is influenced by your relationships.

Challenges and trials will come will come to shake your faith. You need strong people who can help you and be there at such times. Even Jesus called the twelve disciples! Start building godly relationships.

## YOU ARE A BIG DEAL

I look forward to hearing your testimonies. It is time to get up and move on. You are a big deal. You are the reason why this book was born. That is how much God loves you!

## Talk To Me

Life was not designed to be lived alone. There is no point wallowing in pains when you can talk to somebody. A lot of people are committing suicide and that is never an option for you. The Bible says you have the mind of Christ and so you have the capacity to do more.

Do not sulk alone, let us talk and pray about it. Send me a mail on [onomewrites@gmail.com](mailto:onomewrites@gmail.com) and we will take it from there.

Connect with me on my social media handles:

Facebook: Omodara Onome

Instagram: @onomewrites

Twitter: @onomewrites

You are a big deal, the world awaits you!

I love you!

Yours,

Onome Omodara

## About The Author

**ONOME OMODARA** is a passionate writer and speaker who centers on Relationships and Inspirations.

Her passion is to help singles live in purpose and find joy and fulfillment even while waiting and to see them walk into their glorious marriage.

Her vision is to raise a generation of singles who will chase God, purpose, purity and become better people in all spheres of their life.

Her goal is to please the father each day.

She has a blog, [www.onomewrites.com](http://www.onomewrites.com), where she shares her thoughts with the world. It promises to be a worthwhile adventure.

She's a simple lady who found grace and is passionate about everybody living their God-ordained life. You can call her the father's daughter!

Also by Onome Omodara

*The Beau*  
*Single Without Wrinkle*

*You can get “single without wrinkle”  
by following this link:*

<http://www.onomewrites.com/single-without-wrinkle>

## **Credits**

Designed by Abiodun Bada

Edited by Pro Written-Words Artists

Illustration by Pimchawee

*there was a girl*