

# **BROKEN BUT BLESSED**

For every PAIN there's a PURPOSE

EUNICE KEMUNTO MARUBE

## BROKEN BUT BLESSED

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Published by Eunice Kemunto Marube, Edmonton, Canada

ISBN 978-1-77354-038-2 (Paperback) ISBN 978-1-77354-039-9 (EPUB)  
ISBN 978-1-77354-040-5 (MOBI)

Publication assistance and digital printing in Canada by



I dedicate this book to brothers and sisters out there who are struggling with brokenness of every kind. Whether your brokenness comes from family, relationships, career or finances, you do not have to stay broken.

Your blessing is around the corner.

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# Foreword

The journey that my sister and friend Eunice has taken, especially in the last six years, is one that is truly remarkable. This is the story of that journey. It is not a pretty story, yet it's a beautiful story. Eunice has held nothing back in sharing it with you, so that you will see that no matter how far you run from God, you cannot hide from Him. He is everywhere. Waiting. Patiently.

To me, this is a story about God's unending love and patience. I remember the day Eunice confided in me about the state of her marriage. She was desperate and broken. Instead of trusting God to guide her, she took matters in her own hands. That is when she started running from God.

All the choices she made thereafter led her deeper into despair, until eventually there was only one place to go. Back into His loving arms. In the midst of that desperation, God was patiently waiting for Eunice. When she decided to stop running, He was right there, where He had always been.

I have always wondered why God puts up with our foolishness. In our rebellion against Him, why is He so patient with us? Through Eunice, I have learned that God doesn't just show patience, He *is* patience. It is how He

defines Himself. When Moses went up to Mount Sinai, the Lord descended in a cloud and proclaimed, “I am the Lord God. I am merciful and very patient with my people” (Exodus 34:6).

Friends, whatever you are going through in your life, no matter how far you feel you have run from Him, there is NOTHING that the Lord cannot forgive or repair. Let Eunice’s story remind you to call out to Him in those moments of desperation. Run to Him. Let Him fold you in His arms and show you the way out of the mess you are in. He will fix whatever is broken in your life and bless you beyond your expectations.

*Sandra Muchekeza*  
Friend

# Preface

I was working for an owner-managed accounting firm in the city of Edmonton during tax season. It is a busy time for accountants helping multiple individuals and corporations file their personal and corporation taxes. The owner of the accounting firm worked in close collaboration with me to get the year-end financial reports and taxes done promptly. We had a good working relationship, no issues, no warnings, and no indications whatsoever that my work was unsatisfactory.

One Monday morning, she called me to her office and I went in smiling. I knew, as usual, she was to debrief me on the week's assignments. But this time it was different. She asked me to close the door behind me; which I did.

She began the conversation by asking me to submit the files I had worked on the previous week. She then went on to say the time spent working on those files was way beyond the budgeted time. This was a surprise to me because on assigning the work she had not attached the budget time to it, neither had she been concerned about my performance in working on any files previously. She went on to say she was going to cut back my salary effective immediately; and that she would start re-training me because I did not understand basic accounting.

Now this statement confused me. I am a licensed accountant and have been practising for twelve years. How could it be that I did not understand basic accounting? I listened to her with a hard lump in my throat. Tears began to well in my eyes. I felt disrespected and unappreciated. She continued to say she had seen better accountants than me over the years. That dug a bit deeper.

This was one job I had purposed to keep for a decade. I had indicated to her up-front when I got hired that I was planning for a long term career with her firm.

I went back to my office, unable to control the tears that now rolled down my face. I bowed my head and prayed with a heavy heart. I asked the Lord how He wanted me to react to this situation.

I heard Him say, "Focus on me, I will add everything else unto you."

I replied to Him that I was already focusing on Him: I mean, I prayed every morning and asked Him to order my steps before I went to work. I always asked Him to help me work in excellence as if I was working for Him. I had asked Him to give me wisdom, understanding and insight on each task that I did at work daily. I wondered how else He wanted me to focus on Him.

I heard the Lord saying loudly in my spirit that He wanted me to work for Him exclusively at this time. Write a book, write songs, and sing.

I packed up my bags and left a note for my boss saying that I was leaving for the day — it was around 1:00pm. She had a client in her office at that time so I could not speak face to face with her.

I prayed and asked God to confirm that what I was doing was the right thing. One hour later, my boss called me on my cell phone but I was not able to pick up the call because I was driving. Also, I felt it wasn't the right time to speak to her as I was still very emotional.

The following day, I woke up debating on my next move regarding my job and praying for instruction from the Lord. I checked my emails that morning as was my daily routine, only to find an email from my boss saying that since I had walked out of the office, she no longer needed me to go back, and that she was going to forward my final pay by email transfer.

Relieved, I thanked God for this closed door because I knew in my spirit that the Lord's hand was in it. In answer to my prayer, He had given me the confirmation that I needed to go ahead and obey His voice. This book you are reading is my response in obedience to the Lord's voice.

Many times, Christians think that once you follow Christ, the journey will be smooth and without struggles. We learn and grow through pain and struggles. In fact, the question we ought to ask whenever we go through

pain and struggles is, “What is the message?” instead of, “Why me?”

In my journey of life, I have learned through experience that whenever I face a setback in the natural, it is a set up in the spiritual. Every time I faced an extremely difficult challenge, I realized that I experienced a greater blessing soon after; although it never felt like it while I was going through the struggle. I cried out to the Lord, it hurt, my heart broken; but in the end I found comfort in knowing the Lord was doing a new and better thing.

I would like you, dear reader to remember and always believe that for every **PAIN** there is a **PURPOSE**.

## CHAPTER ONE

# Sanctified Before Birth

I have come to realize that the call of God can happen at a very early age. I was not born in a home where Christianity was particularly practiced. My mother was a non-practicing Adventist and my father was a non-practicing Catholic. What I remember as a young child is the prayers of my grandmother as she recited the Mary, mother of God, prayers... with her rosary.

At the age of eleven, I joined children in my neighbourhood and followed them to church Sabbath after Sabbath. At the time, I thought it was fun. I already had four siblings, and being the eldest of them, I was my mother's helper for babysitting, cooking and housekeeping. Having the chance to get away and go to church on Sabbath was a rare privilege for me. Soon I found myself joining the children's choir, which was known as the "Kariokor Pathfinders".

I loved singing in the choir. We had cool green and white uniforms with yellow neckerchiefs on our necks and green sashes across our shoulders. The sad thing was that I could not afford to buy the uniform. My parents did not see the value of it at the time, especially because they were not attending the church themselves. As the

Lord would have it designed, a couple of church elders volunteered to buy me the uniform. This was exciting because I now felt complete as part of the choir.

As I continued being active in the choir and singing at different church functions, I began to stand out and word went round in the community. Soon the word came to my parents, who received congratulatory remarks from the neighbours for their child's singing at church.

My parents were now curious about this church that bought their child a uniform, and this singing being talked about in the community. A visit from the church elders aroused my parents' curiosity more, and they wanted to attend this church too.

This is how my mother came back to church and to Christianity. She was baptized and joined the fellowship soon after, and started attending regular church services. My father joined about nine months later and was baptized as well.

*Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee*

*to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth.*

*See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.*

JEREMIAH 1:4-10 KJV

God's call of Jeremiah preceded his birth. **Formed**, **knew**, **sanctified** and **ordained** are significant words that show how actively God was involved in preparing him for ministry. **Formed** reveals that God is the ultimate giver of life and that He is intimately involved in the birth process. God **knew** him even before he was formed in the womb, implying foreknowledge grounded in God's sovereign purposes. **Sanctified** means he was set apart for God's special purposes.

Jeremiah's reluctance to assume ministry came from the perception of his youth and his inability to speak. Moses experienced a similar sense of inadequacy:

*Moses said to the Lord, Pardon your servant, Lord. I have never been eloquent, neither in the past nor since you have spoken to your servant. I am slow of speech and tongue.*  
*"The Lord said to him, "Who gave human beings their mouths? Who makes them deaf or mute? Who gives them*

*sight or makes them blind? Is it not I, the Lord? Now go;  
I will help you speak and will teach you what to say.*

EXODUS 4:10-14 NIV

The Lord can use anyone including children to carry out His mission and purpose on earth. No child or adult should be discouraged by their age or status. God uses whoever He chooses at the time that He appoints. He has promised to give His power and the words we need at the appointed time.

I remember the story of a friend whose seed of faith in Jesus was sown in her as a child at age four by a friend in kindergarten. This lady had never heard of Jesus before. One day she was playing with her little friend who began telling her that Jesus loves her. She was curious to know about this Jesus, and to date she is a Christian because of the seed that was sown in her by another child at such a young age.

## CHAPTER TWO

# Remember Your Creator in the Days of Youth

As a teenager my love for Christ grew even more. I enjoyed church activities and church was where I had the most fun in life. I specifically enjoyed how we sang spiritual hymns with so much zeal at Pangani Girls' School where I attended high school. I sang in the church choir and a few other small singing groups, such as JICS (Jesus Is Coming Soon), HB (Heaven Bound) and a few other duets and trios. Singing was my favourite activity in the entire world.

I was baptized at age sixteen. During my baptism, I felt a strong presence of the Holy Spirit and indeed confirmed the words of John the Baptist during the baptism of Jesus. I felt as though the Lord was saying the same words to me that He had said to Jesus; "This is my daughter with whom I am well pleased."

At this time, we were cautioned about the battle between good and evil that constantly faces Christians when they made a serious commitment for Christ. We were taught how to fight battles through continuous prayers and daily asking for the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Honestly,

being in a boarding school where I focused on studying, and nothing else, Christian life came easily.

I cannot say the same though about my fellow students. Other girls had started having a taste of the world and the battle was on. Some snuck out of school to go clubbing and drinking, only to be caught by the dormitory captains, reported to the school principal and suspended from school for a long period of time.

Others became pregnant during the short breaks we took after semesters, only to come back and face the wrath of the inspecting nurse. There was a routine at the school where the school nurse would squeeze the nipples and press the womb of every girl to test for pregnancy symptoms immediately after we came back from holidays. Some girls, through ignorance and so forth, fell victim of being pregnant during this time. They faced mandatory expulsion from the school.

One of the challenges I faced as a young girl in a boarding high school was the financial hardship that I experienced growing up. My father, who worked as an accountant, had slid from his faith in Jesus Christ and had become an alcoholic; he abandoned some of his responsibilities in providing for our family. My four brothers and I had a rough time obtaining enough school fees and much-needed school supplies. My mother, who ran a small grocery business, could hardly afford to give us everything we needed.

I remember one time when school semester was resuming; I had school fees in arrears from the previous semester and therefore I could not be re-admitted to the next class. My mother, who had now developed a good relationship with the church members, approached some of the church elders for help and they came to our aid. Among themselves they did a mini fund-raiser and a considerable amount was raised. To date, I respect these church elders and we have maintained a strong family friendship.

We had school visiting days each semester where each of us girls were visited by our parents. I did not look forward to those days. I watched other girls being visited by their rich parents in cool cars and with lots of “rich man’s” foodstuffs, not to mention the amount of pocket money they would receive from their parents.

Mostly my father did not show up for visiting day. He would be gone drinking, or would be home recovering from drunkenness. My mother would come to visit me with a humble meal consisting of some of the groceries from her small business. When she left, pain would remain in my heart, wishing things were different. She encouraged me to work hard so that I could provide a better life for her and myself in the future. This was my main motivation of having a serious approach to life both in Christianity and in my studies.

I became a dormitory captain and chair-lady of my high school church group, in grade twelve. My prayer life began to take a hike at this time. I loved private prayer times. I built a firm foundation for my faith during these years. I sometimes preached when we did not have a special guest invited or when our patron/chaplain was unable to attend church services. During this time, I learned leadership skills and the challenges of being held responsible for others' actions.

My faith and that of the other girls was encouraged. One significant memory I have is that of the music album that we released as a high school church choir. Some of our favourite verses and hymns were:

*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,  
while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,  
when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.*

ECCLESIASTES 12:1 KJV

*Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever  
ye do, do all to the glory of God.*

1ST CORINTHIANS 10:31 KJV

## VERSE 1

*There'll be no dark valleys when Jesus comes,  
there'll be no dark valleys when Jesus comes,  
there'll be no dark valleys when Jesus comes,  
to gather His loved ones home.*

## REFRAIN

*To gather His loved ones home,  
to gather His loved ones home.  
There'll be no dark valleys when Jesus comes,  
to gather His loved ones home.*

## VERSE 2

*There'll be no more sorrow when Jesus comes,  
There'll be no more sorrow when Jesus comes,  
There'll be a happy tomorrow when Jesus comes,  
To gather His loved ones home.*

## VERSE 3

*There'll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes,  
There'll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes,  
There'll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes,  
To gather His loved ones home*

I completed high school in 1998 at the age of eighteen. I excelled and was due to be admitted to the University. At that time, we had a break of almost two years before we could join university.

In 1999, while waiting to join university, I continued working for the Lord. Weekends were very special to me

because I got to sing at church and meet with my fellow youth for choir practices and evangelism. One time I was elected youth leader at church. We only had a few youth members at that time, but through the Lord's guidance and our zeal for the things of God, our youth membership grew to sixty. We sang in many different churches as a youth choir, and visited with the sick, the bereaved, the homeless and those who had various other needs. We did not miss any opportunities to let others know about the goodness of the Lord whom we served. Our happiness was only derived from serving Him.

*Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance.*

PSALMS 33:12 KJV

The same year, I was called to serve the Nairobi Station territory as the Assistant Youth Secretary, a role that allowed me to interact with many other youths within the province. I worked with many other church leaders of various ministries to affirm the youth in serving the Lord. During this time, I interacted with a youth leader who held the position of Nairobi Station Youth Secretary. As his assistant, we met a few times and we gradually became fond of each other. I admired his physique but also his sense of humour.

Time went by so fast, and before I knew it, it was time to join University and I had to step down from my duties as a youth leader. I was admitted to Kenyatta University in Nairobi, Kenya.

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