

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a black pen, writing on a lined notebook. The hand is positioned in the lower half of the frame, with the pen tip touching the paper. The notebook has horizontal lines and some numbers (13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18) visible on the right side. The background is a blurred, light-colored surface. A white, torn-edge graphic element is positioned at the top, containing the main title text.

**I can do many  
things**

**My journey into writing**

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# I CAN DO MANY THINGS

*My Journey into Writing*

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## **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to everyone who has in one way or the other encouraged me to write.

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

All praise to the Father, the giver of every good thing, who has blessed me with every spiritual blessings in Christ and has given me the divine “inspiration” to write this piece. I am indebted in thanks to my parents, Mr. Samuel and Mrs. Abigail Bamisile and everyone who has contributed to my life successes.

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## **INTRODUCTION**

Flipping through the pages of my journal, I saw a whole lot of things I had written down years back and I asked myself, how did I get this far? Truly, the question of purpose is not in the amount of words or the number of years spent. Rather, it is in the measure of value we are able to give to our world. I'm glad that, at this point in my life, I can confidently share my experience of how I discovered and have diligently pursued what was a passion for me while growing.

As a young girl growing up, I knew I had many talents and they were so evident. I almost got to the point of missing it all but grace found me. I am sharing this story so that you can pick one or two things from it perhaps you are in the same situation at the moment or you have someone in that shoe around you.

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Welcome on board as we take our flight to explore my journey into writing.



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## **MY COMPANION**

As a young girl, growing up in a family of five, I discovered I was the first child. My parents were averagely okay financially. However, Dad was not always home and mum was always busy too. I would say the home was a little bit comfy especially whenever Dad is not around. My mum is very accommodating and sacrificial. My dad can be accommodating too but he is always a bit tense on us so, we assumed he is wicked up until recent years when we understand he was only trying to be a father.

Just like any home, ours was not without its ups and downs. In fact, our home could be described as a house of commotion on its own as there is hardly a day that will pass by without either a fight or an argument in our house until recently when everyone has grown

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matured.

Of course, as the children, we bore the effect. In fact, at some point, dad started staying late outside and in some cases, he doesn't even come home. This continued for so long and we got used to it. It became normal. This whole thing, perhaps, wouldn't have eaten deep into me if I had friends I could visit. Unfortunately, the rule in my house says "no friends" and you dare not go against that rule else, you regret it. As such, the only time I get to mingle with a few friends is either when I'm in school or in church. I had to become my own best friend and the only way I communicate to myself when I need to is through writing.

I used to have a book where I write whenever I need to talk. In fact, I find it easier to express myself via writing. I remembered there was a

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day I wanted to express my dissatisfaction to my dad about his attitude towards us, I wrote him a letter. I'm laughing right now because I will never forget his response to me that day. Of course, he adjusted even though it did not take long before things went back to normal.

I cannot also forget a day I took the Bible and was copying out the words in it. What was I thinking? I mean...this was what happened that day. A drama just happened in our house and I just needed to wave it off my head. I tried talking to myself but it was not working yet, I needed to write something just to clear my head and that was it. I started copying out the Scriptures. Although, I cannot remember if I finished copying out the whole text because I cannot even find the book any longer.

My point is this: I never saw writing as anything special then. I only saw it as a way of

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expressing myself and talking to myself. I found this in one of my journals. This was written on my 22nd birthday:

*Hmmmm...my birthday sha...this will be the first best of my birthdays in the last 22 years...I seem to have never felt celebrated and loved like I felt today. Though, not multitude celebrated me but the few that did, made it unique. I really enjoyed myself. Kudos to Keji mi who pioneered the whole thing from the studio to Chicken Republic to...I really had a nice time...I love you kid sis...*

It's funny, right? But that is how much of things I tell myself with my writing. That was the only thing that looked like a companion. My writing and I were so close that even when I'm wronged, I go to my book and report the

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person. Here is an instance:

\_\_\_\_\_(name withheld) said to me  
“*se bi o nbeni. O fe graduate  
peluwa, o ofarabale. Se o tan e?  
(Paraphrased – You see your life?  
You were trying to compete with us  
so you can graduate with us). You  
know me now, I will say it anyhow”*

This particular one was when I was in school. Funny enough, I was fond of noting the date and the venue where the event took place. It took God to help me to stop reporting people in my book as I later came to understand that there is a way it encourages bitterness and pain. Hence, I had to throw away some books as a result of that.

I don't only report people with my writing, I

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also pray through my writing. Whenever a situation is trying to overwhelm me and I'm sensing I don't have the energy or the strength or even the right words to use, I resolve into writing. If you ask me the most sincere prayers I have prayed and received answers to, they are the ones I prayed via writing. Here is an example:

*Dear God, I am confused. I don't even know what to do. I am fed up. Please, just lead me through..just lead me though...I don't want to miss it.*

I prayed that prayer when I was in a dilemma. The circumstance I found myself in was so confusing that I couldn't even think straight. Every option was looking like the right one

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then, I wrote that prayer.

Let me tell you something, I may choose not to be sincere with anyone but with my book, I am always sincere. I write it down as it is. Even when I am at fault, I will write it so, I can talk some sense into myself. Let me share another one with you. You know, there was a point in my life that it looked like I was falling in love with someone but I had many fears. Then, I spoke to myself:

*Rhoda, it seems you already like \_\_\_\_\_ (name withheld). I think that's true and I really wish we get married but I need to know if what I feel for him is really genuine as I wouldn't want to lead him on a false journey. Plus, God is not even saying anything self...*

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*Rhoda.....come off it jorr...if God  
is not saying anything, let it be for  
now...*

I know you are laughing out loud right now. I will stop here before you get to exhaust everything in my journal. Trust me, writing was a companion. It was and is still a therapy for me. If you are looking for a quick way to bring me out of pain, bitterness, hurt or anger, just allow me to write and I will be fine. Mind you, whatever I write at that point may or may not make sense but allow me to do it. A good number of my posts online were products of such moments because in the process of writing, I learn some new lessons that I want to share with my “world”.

The point is this, more than anything else in this world, writing used to be my closest companion. With it, I communicate with



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myself and I communicate with my God. I never saw anything else I could do with it until...I needed to survive!

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## **SURVIVAL**

I finished secondary school and was faced with the question of “what next” just like everyone. Of course, to proceed to Higher Institution now but since I didn’t write JAMB before I graduated like some of my colleagues; I had to wait at home for a year before getting into the university. Why should I sit at home for a year, you ask? I didn’t just sit, I worked. When I finished my JSS 3, I had enrolled in a Computer Institute and before I finished SS 3, I rounded off the programme. That afforded me the privilege of working with a Cafe while I process my admission.

The time came to start applying for different examinations and I began the process. Unfortunately, I didn’t make a very good result despite my brilliancy. Then, the struggle

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began to make many things work. Many water passed under the bridge and in the end, I found myself in the Seminary studying an affiliated course with the University of Ibadan, Nigeria. That sounds perfect and it was all just perfect. But, that was the beginning of my transformation and purpose discovery.

As at the time I got into the Seminary, things were not going really smooth for my parents, financially. The pressure (“bukata”) on them has increased. My siblings too were grown up coupled with the fact that we were now five and there are still others that my dad needed to cater for. As a way of relieving my dad of the stress, I told him to stop paying my school fee. I decided I was going to fend for myself and that opened another chapter in my life.

With my typing skill from the Computer

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Institute, I started typing for people and I was making my cool money. The fact that laptop was not as cheap as it is now such that everyone can afford it made it easy for me because students had to write out their research paper or even thesis and since I have a good typing speed and someone blessed me with a Lenovo laptop, I was doing well.

Soon, I was introduced to another aspect of writing. I started helping people to write their research papers. At first, I was doing it like a charity until someone called my attention to it and made me realize I can actually be making money from it. Being a church girl, I argued and said that is a sin but then, I later got the understanding that I am being paid for my talent and just like that, I became a game master. That way, I sponsored myself throughout my years of stay in the Seminary.

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You are wondering how I spent five years?  
That is story for another day. In a nut shell, my  
companion turned to a means of survival for  
me and...then, came my dilemma.

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## **THE DILEMMA**

Towards the end of my stay in the Seminary, I was faced with the question of “what next” again. My eyes have been opened to a lot of things. At the end of the five years, I would have had two certificates, one from University of Ibadan and the other, from the Seminary. I hear everybody talking about ministry and I asked myself, what ministry do I want to start? Do I focus on the singing ministry? After all, I can sing. In fact, a good number of persons know me more as a singer. While singing is what some know, there are those that all they’ve ever seen me do is act drama. Ask me to come and teach and I will do it perfectly well. Which one should I now focus on? I tried to get a name and start a singing ministry (I’m laughing right now), it didn’t work. It did not even see the light of the day. After many back

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and forth, thinking and brainstorming on what to do and I found none, I resolved to my book and I spoke to God. See how I prayed:

*God, in seven days, I need a clear picture of why I am here. What do you want me to do exactly? I am confused and don't even know which way to turn. Lord, please say something...*

You know, I am laughing right now. I mean...I gave God an ultimatum...waoh! What if I say nothing came after the seven days. I mean, nothing came. That was when my problem compounded. I listened to quite a number of motivational speakers but I was not just getting it but I kept my mute and was doing all that I know how to do until there was light.

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## **THE LIGHT**

I eventually left the Seminary without having a clear cut picture of what He will have me do. Of course, I knew clearly enough, things He does not want me to venture into and I also had the understanding that He has a task for me. With that understanding, I determined to keep doing all I know how to do and I was feeling fulfilled.

Things continued that way until one morning. On the 15th of January, 2018, at about 7:00am (I could give this with so much precision because I had this written down), I was getting dressed for work (as I was teaching in a secondary school nearby) when I felt the nudge within me to pen down a message but because I was rushing up for work, I said to myself, “I’ll do that later” and that was it! That



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was the beginning of my journey into writing officially. That same morning, I penned down the message the Lord was giving me and I got my first message to the world. It reads thus:

### **DO NOT PROCRASTINATE!**

Good morning! Got this yesterday morning and felt like sharing with you. I got a message from God yesterday morning which needs to be penned down but I said within me "I will write it later" and my spirit-man said within me "DO not procrastinate"! That's true, I procrastinate, you procrastinate, we procrastinate, we all do it but it's bad! It's detrimental to our health. Let's learn not to procrastinate anything. That message God is giving you to deliver to someone please do not procrastinate it because the message might be for now and

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not later and that which God is asking you to note down, please do 'cos you might forget. One of my Fathers do say "the dullest pencil is sharper than your brain" and don't forget the preacher says "to everything there is time" so, DO NOT PROCRASTINATE! Brother, don't procrastinate speak to her, propose to her, she's waiting and you too sister, don't procrastinate, reply on time 'cos God is still in the business of changing vessels. His work and mandate won't stop neither will they change, it is only the vessels that will change...

I know it's a long one, pardon me and do not mind my grammatical structure too. This tells you that I didn't just get here in a day. I have committed grammatical blunders; it took men to keep correcting me until I got better.

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Since that day, I have always posted something for my “world” to read. I was doing that every day for months before it was modified into a weekly thing and here I am today, still doing what I know how to do well.

Meanwhile, the journey was not without its own challenges. There were a lot of discouragement from friends and family. The engagement on social media was not even encouraging enough. Sometimes, a particular post may not have any like or comment except mine. One day, I decided I was not going to post anything.

To my greatest surprise, someone came to my DM the following morning and asked why I didn't post anything the previous day, I felt ashamed of myself. In his words, he said “*I waited all day yesterday just to read from you*”

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*but you didn't come up". Then, I asked him if he has always followed and he replied "yes" and said this further: "we may not like or comment but we are following you. You are a blessing if not to many, to at least, one person". I was humbled. That taught me not to be moved by what I can see alone. There are actually people watching and there are people that are being blessed (even though we still need you to like and comment to show us you are following). So, do not give up on that which you know how to do. Keep doing it. One day, it will definitely yield positive result.*

How did that now solve my problem and gave me light? With time, I came to the realization that with my writing, I can actually do and be all that God wants me to do and be. I may not get to be in choir again in my life but I can write songs and give to the choir to voice. I

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may not get to come up on stage and act any drama but I can always write scripts to be act. I may not be able to stand before the whole world to teach but I can always reach the whole world with my writing and this, I have stayed committed to.

Yes, I know I am not there yet but I am still pressing towards the goal. I am grateful for life. I am grateful for growth. I am grateful for process. I am grateful for the gift of men.

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## **MY FINAL WORDS TO YOU**

Where are you? Where do you belong? What can you do? How many things can you do? You have been on the quest for purpose for how long? You are almost freaking out. Please, don't freak out yet. You are almost there. Purpose discovery is not something you do in a day. It is a process. Take it from me or not, you cannot have a full grasp of all that God wants you to do for Him in a day. You know every day, bit by bit. So, don't stop searching. Keep searching and one day, you will fully understand it.

Yes, your own case may be peculiar and not the same like mine. You may not be able to fusion everything you can do into one thing. However, if you search well and lean into God, you will discover how vast the things you can

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do are and which one God is really counting on. That does not mean you won't function in the other areas. For instance, today, I still act drama, I still teach and I still write but I have come to realize that beyond being a companion, beyond being a therapy for me, beyond it being a means of communication for me, writing is one of those things God wants me to do. To now say that I am not only writing to feed the spiritual mind, I also write to make money and that has taught me that when you stay where God has placed you, He will make a way for you right there. Have you forgotten that portion of the scripture that says "show me a man, who is skilled in his work, he shall not stand before mere men. He shall stand before kings." (Proverbs 22:29 - paraphrased).

Finally, just in case you have discovered and

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you know where God wants you to be or which skill of yours He wants to claim for His glory, don't just sit there, be equipped! Go for trainings! Get mentoring! Study hard to show yourself approved unto Him who has called you, a workman that needs not to be ashamed (2 Timothy 2:15) and don't forget that challenges will come that will question what you claim you know and believe in but those who know their God shall do exploit.

**THANK YOU FOR READING.**

**GRACE TO YOU!**

Have you read “**SILENCE**” yet?

You can get it here:

<https://gumroad.com//eXmSz>

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## ***About the Author***

OLADEJO Rhoda Ayomiotan with the pen name "Ayomiwrites" is a transformational writer with quite a number of publications in reputable journals and magazines. She is a purpose driven author with passion for writing and has to her credit a published e-book titled "Silence", a book that addressed justice against social and domestic violence.

Rhoda is a graduate of Biblical Studies and Theology from the ECWA Theological Seminary, Igbaja and earned a Professional Diploma in Education from Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. She is an optimist who believes in positive thinking, hard work, self development and discipline. She is happily married to Michael Oladejo.