

# BROKEN, BUT RESTORED



**Philomène Nathalie BELA BELINGA**

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# **BROKEN**

But

# **RESTORED**

**Book – Testimony**

**Philomène Nathalie BELA BELINGA**

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Yaoundé – Cameroon  
Tel: +33652380299 / +237 656195319  
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# PREFACE

In the following pages, you will discover the testimony of a deep personal experience. A story that describes brokenness through a means chosen by the sovereign Lord. This book is not just a chronicle of a painful personal account, but it sheds light on the suffering that many true children of the Lord endure on their journey toward the goal.

Yahweh, who created us, knows exactly what means to use to break us and why it is necessary. The bonds that unite us with those close to us can be complex. Do we not know that the Lord holds our hearts in His hand? He can harden them or incline them in favor or not of His anointed ones. The Lord knows that brokenness can leave scars, but He allows it because He knows He can heal us and shape us according to His will.

Through her story, the author wishes to share not only the pain one can endure when Yahweh decides to break us through those close to us, but also the lessons she learned and especially her journey toward healing. This testimony is an invitation to discernment during the desert season. It is not meant to condemn but to encourage the disciples of

Yeshua (Jesus) who are broken through their loved ones.

I invite you to dive into this book with a spirit of humility and reverence for the Lord Yahshua (Jesus), who uses whatever means He chooses to perfect us according to his will.

Whether you have witnessed the cruelty of loved ones or been affected by it, know that you are not alone and that the Holy Spirit is an excellent comforter. Yahweh is the one who wounds and heals for His glory.

**Rodrigue TAMBOU FOKO**  
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## **DEDICATION**

To my late mother, "Mama Christine," a woman whose testimonies are unanimously positive. A woman with a big heart, a unifier, loving, faithful friend, and an undeniable artisan of peace. An extraordinary teacher.

# FOREWORD

This book is more than a testimony; it is the fruit of a journey both inward and outward, during which, guided by the Holy Spirit, I began a healing process.

It was during a stay in Crete, in the city of Malia, that once at the seaside with my husband and one of my daughters while I struggled to enjoy the moment with my family because I desperately needed the Lord, I lay down on a deck chair and unexpectedly felt a breeze accompanied by an inspiration, a gentle yet insistent thought: *write*. I picked up my phone and began writing in the “Notes” app. As the words flowed, a deep peace settled within me. I began to tell my story that of a woman broken by life’s trials but carried by an inner strength I had not yet fully understood. Each sentence brought me closer to inner restoration. Thus, this book was born.

It is both a testimony of pain and rebirth, proof that even in the darkest moments, it is possible to find rest—provided we lay our burdens at the feet of the Lord Yéhoshoua ha Mashiah (Jesus Christ). Matthew 11:28 – “***Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest...***”

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My hope is that by sharing this story, those going through their own storms may find an echo of their suffering and continue carrying their cross with the assurance of finding restoration in the arms of the Lord, for He is the one who wounds and heals.

I invite you to follow me on this journey the desert crossing of every disciple of the Lord Yahshua ha Mashiah (Jesus Christ).

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# Introduction

In the often deafening silence of blood ties lie truths that are sometimes difficult to express. This book recounts a personal experience during my Christian journey, marked by rejection and slander, not from outsiders, but from those who should have been my most faithful allies: those chosen by the Lord, my own sisters.

Throughout the pages, I will share my journey and the wounds inflicted by cruel acts of betrayal. I will delve into memories of a childhood marked by a tragedy that brought us together. I played the role of mother and sister, even though I was only the fourth of nine siblings. Reaching adulthood after my conversion, which turned my life upside down, I began a journey through the desert, punctuated by fierce opposition from my loved ones.

This story is not only an exploration of pain but also a source of encouragement for those who are born from above and whose difficulties on their journey

are manifested in persecution from their loved ones. If it was done to green wood, how much more to dry wood, says the Word.

My intention is therefore to highlight this reality of suffering when we accept the Lord into our lives and begin to regard the desires of this world as mud.

In order to shape us into the form that the Lord Yeshua (Jesus) desires, He uses whatever means He wants to mold us. Rejection and slander are part of the reality of the way of the cross that a disciple of the Lord walks.

Through this journey, I hope to share the technique that helped me heal from this wound and demonstrate the power of forgiveness, which is an effective weapon in these moments of desert. Join me in this sincere and vulnerable exploration where every word of the gospel and every prayer, every step toward forgiveness is a step toward healing.

# 1. The Eclipse

On the morning of January 9, 1995, as I was getting ready for school, I noticed two adults startled by the sight of me. It was my mother's sister-in-law and her son. After my father passed away, my mother remarried.

Let's go back a bit. My father died when I was in second grade (CE1), and my siblings and I were raised by our mother a well-organized and authoritative woman who didn't need to raise her voice to be obeyed. She was everything to us: our anchor, our role model, our reference. As a widow, she did everything she could to ensure we lacked nothing. Every evening, she helped us with schoolwork, and her dictation exercises seemed endless. I remember how she gently woke me up in the morning, her attentive gaze, how she prepared my breakfast, the sound of the broom sweeping the floor as she busied herself around the house, also getting ready for work. There was something

reassuring about our life, a stability that made me feel nothing could ever change.

But one day, my mother remarried a man I knew well my schoolteacher. At first, it felt strange. How could this teacher I saw every day behind his desk suddenly become a member of our family? Then everything happened quickly: their wedding, discussions about our move, boxes stacked in the living room. We moved to another city where my mother was a teacher. This change marked a turning point in my life. Everything was new, the city, the climate, the school. My mother was no longer just my mother; she was also someone's wife. I had to adapt to a new life, a new routine, a new region the western part of Cameroon.

We settled in, and I was enrolled in fifth grade (CM2). My siblings and I adapted quickly, and I began speaking the local language, much to the surprise of my mother and stepfather. I was a curious and alert child, the little tattletale. My brothers often pushed me away to prevent me from reporting their every move. This role often reassured my mother during her monthly trips to the capital, five hours away, to collect her salary. I kept watching and made sure not to miss anything in her absence. This earned me discreet beatings from my brothers. Despite that, I

had a happy childhood, and my mother instilled in us beautiful values like generosity, self-love, and reverence for God.

Then came that fateful Monday, January 9, 1995, a week after her birthday. She had just turned 45 and left this world, leaving us lost. On one side was my stepfather, who had raised us but had no legal claim over us after her death. On the other side were our uncles, maternal aunts, and half-siblings from our father's side, who felt like strangers to us. Our family of seven siblings had to be split up. We were divided like loaves of bread, scattered across various regions of Cameroon. As for me, two of my sisters and I ended up in the eastern part of the country, at our maternal aunt's home.

Back to that pivotal January 9, 1995. As mentioned earlier, I saw my mother's in-law whispering. I sensed their discomfort as I approached them with a smile and greeted them. They told me I had to follow them into town.

In fact, the middle school was located about twenty kilometers away, and my mother thought it best that we stay there during the week. Initially, we were supposed to return home every weekend, but over time, we got used to staying in the village until the

school holidays. My mother became a widow at 33 and was the mother of seven children when she met my schoolteacher—her colleague. It was a difficult stage of my childhood that I never managed to talk about with her. It disturbed me, but in Africa, children don't have a voice, so I kept silent.

My schoolteacher became my adoptive father. He instilled in me the values that shaped me—discretion, wisdom, and more. Upon his retirement, he and my mother decided to build a middle school in his native village, a few kilometers from Bafoussam. Discipline and rigor were the foundation of the school. Success in exams was nearly guaranteed—almost 100%. My mother decided to enroll two of my sisters and me there. I was in 9th grade, preparing for the national middle school certificate.

The two adults mentioned earlier asked me to go call my sisters because our mother was waiting for us at home. This struck me as odd, knowing how much she valued education. I couldn't imagine her pulling us out of school. My heart skipped a beat, especially since my mother was pregnant with her tenth child (the third from her union with my adoptive father) and was full term. Automatically, I called my sisters, and we followed the two adults. Once on the bus,

something strange happened in my heart I felt as if I heard a voice comforting me, telling me that my mother had died but that I would never be alone. I refused to listen to that voice and prayed silently for us to arrive quickly.

We reached the bus station and headed toward the family home. From a distance, I saw my older cousin a strong figure, a resource, a faithful friend of my mother (Edzimbi Dang) who also lived in the same region. She broke down when she saw us. My sisters and I understood: our mother had passed away. A black hole. Nothing. I later found myself in the living room, surrounded by people who had come from all over to support us.

I gathered some strength and asked, "Where is Mom? And the baby?" We were told that our mother had died during childbirth while trying to deliver the tenth child a boy she had always dreamed of. The baby also died. With my father, she had six daughters and one son. She had longed for more boys. In Africa at that time, only boys inherited. So, in a polygamous marriage like my mother's, the more male children one had, the more respected one was in the community. This situation frustrated my mother, and I believe the desire for sons haunted her. We felt it,

and it could have traumatized us. Thankfully, today, every child is considered equal.

When it came time to organize the funeral, my grandfather still alive and elderly asked my adoptive father to bury my mother in her birthplace rather than in her husband's village, for the sake of fairness. He believed that all my mother's children should be able to visit her grave on neutral ground in the place where she was born, not in one of her two husbands' villages. My stepfather understood, and my mother's body was taken to Nanga-Eboko, her native village, at just 45 years old.

In Africa, when a father dies, it's painful but not the end of the world, as some say. Let me explain in my case, my father died when I was in second grade. He was polygamous, and I didn't have a close relationship with him. My mother was the same age as my father's eldest daughter. Women remain the central figures in the family; all education rests on them. The father is someone we admire, respect, and even fear. There was no physical contact between us. My older sisters later told me they knew him as a loving and affectionate father. I have only a vague memory of him.

However, my adoptive father was different. He spent hours talking with us, giving endless advice. Once my mother died, we had to find a way to place everyone. I'm the fourth child. The older ones chose their new homes themselves. My other sisters and I, still in school, were distributed among family members. We were separated into double pain, because while our mother was alive, we had always lived together. We wouldn't see each other again until three years later, after I earned my high school diploma.

That's when my devotion to my siblings began. Like fingers on a hand, we stuck together. The stronger ones supported the weaker ones in every way possible. Personally, I realized how important my siblings were in my life. Being an orphan in Africa is not easy. An orphan can be very isolated from society, vulnerable, and unprotected. Losing one's mother in Cameroon is like a death sentence akin to capital punishment. The feeling of abandonment is strong in an orphan's heart, as is the feeling of rejection. These two wounds made me develop masks to protect myself from a world I found too harsh and insensitive.

By the time I reached 11th grade, I had decided never to cry again. I no longer showed emotion. Few people could say they had seen me shed tears. Life

had turned me into a cold machine, detached from reality. I made everything into a joke and didn't get attached to anything or anyone except my fellow warriors, my siblings.

All the trials we went through made us stronger. Solidarity was our foundation. When I entered university, without showing it, we built a fortress around ourselves. Time passed, and I never hesitated to be there for any one of them. The years went by, and each of us began building our own families.

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## **2. Away from the Ruins, Toward a New Horizon**

Later, during my second year at university, I met a French gendarme, and two years later, I immigrated to France. Once there, my first instinct was to take a competitive exam so I could start working quickly. I felt as though I could hear the suffering of my loved ones all the way from the Hexagon. Like many people who arrive in Europe, I took the nursing assistant exam, which I passed with flying colors thanks to my strong academic level.

I hadn't planned to leave my country. I saw myself holding an important position there, but destiny had something else in store for me. Unexpectedly, I found myself in exile.

Exile often symbolizes rebirth for immigrants, who tend to carry a powerful inner strength rooted in deep values such as family love, moral duty, hope, and sacrifice.

People who leave Africa for the West bring with them the weight of those left behind. There's a sense of responsibility toward those who stayed behind,

because distance doesn't erase bonds on the contrary, it strengthens them. There's a kind of guilt in succeeding elsewhere while others struggle to survive back home. The pressure from family is palpable. You juggle multiple jobs to pay for a younger sibling's education. You're obsessed with the joy of seeing your loved ones thrive through your efforts. You exhaust yourself and don't enjoy life for yourself. You're constantly torn between building your own life and carrying the weight of others.

I didn't escape this reality. Like every immigrant, I started working with the goal of helping my brothers and sisters succeed. I led a strange double life: physically in France, but mentally in Africa. I thought about them constantly. I dreamed of seeing them succeed. My younger sisters, my nieces and nephews I spared no effort. My only concern was paying for a younger brother's education and improving the lives of those who stayed behind.

Even the birth of my first child couldn't disconnect me from my homeland. Every phone call was a source of anxiety. Whenever the phone rang, it meant there was a problem, and I couldn't rest until it was resolved. My eldest sister married a good man, and we supported her as best we could during her wedding. Another younger sister also got married.

We helped the younger ones through university. One earned her bachelor's degree, another her master's. But once they graduated, they faced the harsh reality of finding jobs that matched their qualifications. And then, as in many countries plagued by corruption, the graduates began to question everything. Frustration set in and I could never have imagined that this would be the beginning of my own problems.

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## 3. From Darkness to Light

My time at university marked a turning point in my youth. Before that, I was a reserved girl, living in her own bubble. I was discreet, almost invisible. I spoke very little and always kept away from conversations for fear of saying something awkward. My world was limited to my siblings and a few friends. The idea of being in a lecture hall surrounded by strangers both frightened and intrigued me.

From the moment I moved into my cousin's student room (since I couldn't afford my own, my aunt suggested I join her daughter in the studio she rented within the university residence), I felt my life would never be the same. Everything was big, noisy, and so different from the comforting environment I was used to. I found myself alone in this student world that made my head spin. But very quickly, I realized that no one was watching me, I was free to be whoever I wanted to be.

Little by little, I learned to open up by asking questions to friends, going out with classmates, and eventually attending parties. The turning point came

with my first nights out at clubs. I discovered that it was the only place where I could drop the cold mask I wore and forget everything about the rhythm of the music. For the length of the night, I felt happy.

During slow periods at university, I found joy in partying. Once I got married, I put myself on pause. Unfortunately, I divorced a few years later from the gendarme. Almost all my salary was going to Africa, and although he had lived in Cameroon for three years and knew the precarious situation of some people around me, it eventually wore him out.

Still full of life, after divorcing my first husband, I got married again. But due to my own actions, my second husband quickly became the enemy of my family he held the purse strings and counted every penny. I wasn't used to being accountable when it came to helping a family member. I exposed my husband, and after the birth of my two daughters, I took parental leave. And with parental leave came fewer Western Union transfers.

My sisters then tried to send me messages supposedly from a prophetess, and I firmly refused to engage in that sordid game. Still trying to save my family, I brought my younger sister to France. I convinced myself that together we could be more

helpful to those back home. But instead of integrating into the society she had immigrated to and despite my advice I discovered that my sister remained in contact with someone back home who was manipulating her using the name of the Lord.

Suddenly, my sister in France became unreachable. When you ignore false prophecies, these disguised fortune-tellers tear families apart and convince vulnerable people that you are the source of their misfortune. She was told that I was stealing her blessings, and her dreams supposedly confirmed it. Hurt by her silence, I began to suffer.

During this desert season, I kept asking myself questions, trying to understand, while also feeling guilty for not being able to send money to my family. In this moment of inner withdrawal, I stumbled upon a YouTube video where someone was interviewing a prostitute. And there, I found the answer to a question I had always asked myself in my youth the question about tithing (the 10% of one's income that is supposed to be given to the church).

It was a preacher explaining that Jesus never taught about tithing, nor did He collect it. He backed it up with scripture, showing that the Lord delights more in obedience than in human sacrifices. My life has

shifted. All my beliefs about Christianity collapsed. I discovered a loving God not a begging one. I discovered the gospel of salvation, which has nothing to do with the gospel of prosperity.

I realized that there are moments in life when everything changes when you understand that you can no longer move forward alone. I had faced seemingly insurmountable trials: the loss of my mother, the struggles of exile, and the weight of responsibility. I was tired, worn out, desperately searching for meaning. I had believed in God, of course I had heard about Him since childhood but believing in His existence is not the same as truly encountering Him. To me, He remained distant, like a sun hidden behind clouds.

The passage from Matthew 11:28 took on its full meaning:

**“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”**

It felt as though those words had been written just for me. For the first time, I understood that Jesus wasn't just a historical figure or a religious icon He was someone alive, speaking to me at that very moment. So, I prayed not as mechanical or memorized prayer, but one from the depths of my

soul. I cried. I laid everything before Him: my pain, my fears, my hopes. And that's when it happened. An indescribable peace filled my heart. It wasn't just a fleeting emotion it was a deep certainty. I was no longer alone. Jesus was there. He had always been there, simply waiting for me to open my heart.

Since that day, my life has never been the same. Not because the trials disappeared overnight, but because I was no longer the same in facing them. I wasn't walking alone anymore I was walking with Him. You realize that all it takes is one step toward Him, and He does the rest.

I was born into a believing family, but I didn't have a personal relationship with God. I went to church because my mother had told me before she died that God is the solution to all problems. But I didn't see Him as a Father. I knew nothing of Jesus' power. My relationship with God was peculiar. My prayers were often confrontational. For example, when I was a student and fell ill, I would look up to the sky and say, "I didn't ask you to take my parents you took them, now heal me quickly. Where do you expect me to find money for medicine?" That's how I dared to speak to this Great God.

That video helped me understand why my heart had always rejected the gospel of famine and prosperity. By the grace of the Lord, I had discernment without even knowing it. Today, I know I'm no longer alone. He is with me. He walks ahead of me like no parent ever could.

***"If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new."*** (2 Corinthians 5:17)

***"But that is not how you learned Christ, if indeed you have heard Him and were taught by Him, in accordance with the truth that is in Jesus. You were taught to put off your former way of life, the old self, which is corrupted by deceitful desires; to be renewed in the spirit of your minds; and to put on the new self, created to be like God in true righteousness and holiness. Therefore, put away falsehood and speak truthfully to your neighbor, for we are all members of one body."*** (Ephesians 4:20–24)

***"We were therefore buried with Him through baptism into death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too may walk in newness of life."***  
(Romans 6:4)

"I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me. The life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the son  
(Galatians 2:20)

**"Do not lie to one another, since you have put off the old self with its practices and have put on the new self, which is being renewed in knowledge according to the image of its Creator. Here there is no Greek or Jew, circumcised or uncircumcised, barbarian or Scythian, slave or free; but Christ is all, and in all."**

(Colossians 3:9–11)

From now on, I read the Scriptures and deepen my knowledge of Christ. Then one day miracle! My sister in Paris called me and explained the reason for her distance. The prophetess had told her that I was the source of all their misfortunes and that she needed to distance herself from me to understand what was wrong in her life.

Faced with this surreal conversation, I broke down in tears. I asked myself: where did this prophetess come from? Does she know me better than my sister? How can a stranger convince someone who has witnessed

the energy I've poured into improving our living conditions?

Anyway I forgave. I didn't know that the fatal blow would come years later. The prophecy had found fertile ground, and the seed would grow over time...

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## 4. Trapped by False Prophecies

Before I left Cameroon, I was always very skeptical of the speeches given by gurus and so-called men of god with a lowercase "g." I received many comments about this, but they never affected me. I always wondered how someone who was starving could promise glory to others by claiming to possess some kind of power. If you're so powerful, start by helping your own children; start by saving yourself from poverty. This reasoning earned me the nickname "Thomas" among my family Thomas, the disciple of Jesus who always wanted to see before believing.

**"Work keeps us away from boredom, vice, and need..."**

My sisters had finished their studies but weren't seeing their dreams come true, so they needed an explanation. Revival churches became the perfect place to turn to, where the marabout is disguised as a man of god with a lowercase "g."

6,000 kilometers away, in all my naivety, I believed I was still dealing with the same sensible people I had left behind.

One of my sisters contacted me, saying she was tired of living in Africa and things weren't going well for her. She wanted to leave Cameroon. Sometime later, she came to live in France, and as the eldest, I did my part to support her as best I could. Later, she made her own life choices—and I paid the price.

Even 6,000 kilometers away, in a country whereas a Cameroonian singer once said—"real magic is hard work," some immigrants still hope for miracles while sitting with their arms crossed. And the so-called men of god back home, knowing this, keep the myth alive. Prayers to "unlock" situations abroad don't cost the same as prayers for the average Cameroonian.

WhatsApp prayers have a price, as do long-distance prophecies. Knowing my "Thomas" nature, they kept me out of this senseless circus. Their prophet of Baal (false prophet) asked questions about our family, and they answered. Once he learned of my existence, he sent alarming prophecies like: "She must contact us quickly or her life is in danger."

My rational mind made me more than skeptical. From afar, I saw manipulation and greed. I refused to buy the mercy of their god. What followed was a series of prophecies pointing out to me as the source of everyone's misfortunes.

Meanwhile, I never spared any effort for the family back home. I couldn't save money because Africa's problems have a very keen sense of smell, they can sniff out any incoming funds. Then came the nonstop beeps or worse, the most dangerous advancement in technology: calls and WhatsApp messages.

Let's zoom in on WhatsApp. Yes, it brought the world closer, but it also destroyed the lives of many immigrants. Constant communication, dangerous proximity, and an advanced level of gossip because to attract favors, people send messages all day long. Anyway...

The false prophecies began to plant seeds in the hearts of some of my sisters. Thomas, in her naivety, continued to believe in family love. Everyone was good and kind. We were united orphans, inseparable. My husband and children paid the price they were pushed to the background.

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## 5. The Trial as a Springboard

I continued to meet the needs of my family. I even made a career change and went back to school to improve my life. After twelve years working as a nursing assistant, I ended up with damaged cervical vertebrae and pain radiating down my arm. I fought for recognition of a work-related illness but eventually gave up due to the overwhelming bureaucracy. I decided to focus on my studies.

Now, I've learned to live with this invisible, paralyzing pain. I can no longer carry a handbag on the affected side, and even grocery shopping has become a challenge, lifting a pack of water is painful. Twelve years of hard labor for the advancement of my siblings. No savings set aside.

My personal encounter with the Lord brought me fulfillment and answers to my questions. I continued my Christian Walk, and Jesus became my primary focus. I practiced my faith differently—with simplicity and depth. Every summer, I made myself useful

wherever I was needed. I began to see the deception and abuse of authority inflicted on vulnerable people in the name of religion. The name of Jesus had become a business for many.

My family witnessed the work of the Lord Jesus in my life. In 2018, I went on a humanitarian trip and invited some of them to attend Christian conferences held there. Many were touched by the Word and decided to change their lives. I convinced myself that the message of returning to Scripture would finally help them discern and recognize the dream-sellers.

My love for Christ came at a cost. I lost many acquaintances who couldn't understand how a "fun-loving" woman could radically change her lifestyle. No more alcohol, no more parties, no more wild trips. It wasn't easy going from being adored to becoming a persona non grata.

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## 6. The Scandal Breaks Out

I returned from a humanitarian trip to Côte d'Ivoire, where I had taken time to rest and benefit from a spiritual retreat. I had asked my sister to look after my children. During my stay, she became overwhelmed. I was surprised by her lack of patience with the kids. Later, I would understand the reason behind her exasperation.

A few days after my return, we received terrible news from Cameroon. My younger sister, who lives there, had just lost her two-year-old daughter a child I had never met in person. Sometimes when I called, I could hear the little one nearby and would say hello. She bore my mother's name and was full of life over the phone.

I received the news while at work. My colleague saw me turn pale and advised me to go home. My first instinct was to call my sister in France so we could come together and support each other through this tragedy. I was devastated, especially since this was

the third time the child's mother had lost a child. We cried together.

The next day, after work, I went to visit my sister in France, but she wasn't home as usual. I had no idea that a prophecy machine had been activated. The little girl had died on the way to the hospital after choking. But that explanation wasn't convincing. In Africa and especially in Cameroon death is often seen as mystical. A culprit must be found, and quickly.

My sister in France reportedly called the grieving mother and told her, "Go to the village and ask the elders what's going on. We can't let our children die like this without doing something."

Personally, as a Christian, such an idea would never have crossed my mind. Scripture tells us that we who believe have hope. Our sleeping brothers and sisters will rise first at the coming of the Lord Jesus. I thought we were all on the same page.

I continued visiting my sister in France so we could comfort each other. Then one day, she said something completely surreal: "I regularly see you in my dreams, coming to steal things that belong to me and I'm not the only one in the family." I asked her

to clarify the absurdity I had just heard and told her to get to the point. Then she unleashed a barrage of nonsense that you'd only expect from someone deeply confused. Offended, I ended the conversation and left. I was stunned especially because she truly believed it. She told me she was waiting for the Lord to enlighten her because her life wasn't progressing. I held back from telling her that living on social welfare never helped anyone move forward.

Later, she sent messages trying to reframe her words, as if to erase them and convince me not to take them seriously. I thought I was dreaming.

A few days later, I called my older brother in Cameroon to check in and make sure the grieving mother was being supported. He naively said, "I don't understand how their prophetess could say you're the reason the little girl died that you killed her to advance financially." I collapsed.

When I regained my composure, he called back and realized I hadn't known. I called my mother's eldest daughter and exploded. My husband heard me screaming so loudly that he rushed over. He asked what was happening. I tried to reassure him, but I couldn't, I was shattered.

The prophetess of Baal had also predicted that the family would be divided. That was obvious no need for a sordid revelation. From a united family, we had become fractured. On one side were those who couldn't believe it, saying it was impossible because I had always served my siblings. On the other side was the sister in France, calling behind my back to convince everyone of the prophetess's claims. Her arguments came straight from the mouth of her goddess. "Don't you see she's always the one in the spotlight? She's the only one who's stable. Who among us works?" (In France, job opportunities are abundant if you want to work, you just have to cross the street, as a former presidential candidate once said.)

She liked being the only one supporting other financially. Only God knows the sacrifices that cost me. If I had been obsessed with appearances, none of my siblings would have gone to school.

How do you make sense of such a reversal? How do you understand that someone you cried with, laughed with, could turn around and stab you in the back?

How can a stranger to your family, someone who knows nothing of your struggles have so much influence that they convince others so deeply?

How do you recover from such accusations and still love your family more? Only Jesus can fill us with love and compassion for those who hurt us.

After this incident, my family was never the same. Even those who didn't believe the accusations were shaken. The sister in France distanced herself and perhaps that's for the best, as it gives time to intercede for her. She needs rest, reflection, and our prayers, because once you fall under the spell of the "God told me..." specialists...

How can someone for whom you've worked tirelessly at the cost of your own physical health believe in a senseless prophecy and deceitful dreams?

So, what is witchcraft, really? Could it be jealousy eating away at someone who can't reach the goals another person achieves, and who then decides to kill with their words?

**"Wrath is cruel, and anger is overwhelming but who can stand before jealousy?" (Proverbs 27:4)**

I've heard that I'm an unconscious witch someone who shows compassion by day but steals people's blessings at night. I wanted to know: what blessings could a nursing assistant possibly steal from her family? No savings, no investments in any sector.

Can a false prophecy take root in someone who is spiritually grounded?

May the Lord flood my heart with love. May this family be restored. May love triumph gloriously over the hatred sown by false prophets in families.

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# 7. The Journey Through the Desert (Deuteronomy 1–5)

There are two groups of travelers: one that perishes in the desert, and another that emerges victorious.

Deep within me, I've always held onto a reassuring thought—that I am not one of those who give up. It's important to note that through the desert, the Lord seeks to test our hearts, to help us understand the nature of our own thoughts. The desert is redemptive, and often, it's only after coming out of it that we realize its value.

In the desert, there may be humiliation, and that's when the Lord begins to work deeply on our pride. He strips away the things of our past to cleanse us. He removes worldly things—Egypt. The desert helps us grow spiritually, and during our time there, we must deny ourselves. We endure trials for the sake of others and for our own good.

The people of Israel perished in the desert because of lust, idolatry, murmuring, negligence, forgetfulness of God's works and wonders in their lives, and rebellion (1 Corinthians 10:1).

We never suspect how burdened we truly are. But the One who searches hearts and minds knows—and out of love, He leads us out of Egypt. During the desert journey, we have no choice but to take refuge at the feet of the Master so He can sanctify and strengthen us.

Those who emerge victorious from the desert are those who allow the Lord Yahshua (Jesus) to lead them out of the world and purify their hearts. Only then does He use us for His work. His grace purifies us. Our flesh is silenced, and the Spirit of Yahweh cleanses us.

No one can serve the Lord without passing through this fire, whose purpose is to refine us. I draw this parallel to show that it was only after being broken that I understood this trial was willed by Him so that I might clothe myself in humility and surrender to Yahweh alone.

Unconsciously, I had given an enormous place to my siblings, and subtly even unknowingly I had come to see myself as indispensable to my family.

The Lord, who knows and sees everything, wanted to purify me through this breaking. To walk by the Spirit is to walk according to God and that is the goal of every disciple.

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## 8. On the Path to Healing

Amid all this turmoil, I chose to occupy myself by going back to school. After earning my diploma, I was hired at a shelter and social reintegration center. My mission was to help people wounded by accidents.

But how can a wounded person help other wounded people? Isn't it said that a hurt person hurts others? In any case, these missions with vulnerable individuals allowed me to cover up my own wounds and avoid confronting them to begin a healing process. Caring for others helps us forget our own pain.

Eventually, after a sudden end to my work at the center, I found myself alone, facing a mountain that constantly reminded me of my inability to climb it—to rise like eagles do. This species has the ability to soar and spot its targets from afar. Gaining altitude allows us, as humans, to minimize problems that seem enormous when we lack perspective.

Exhausted, I lifted my eyes to the heavens and pleaded for the Lord's intervention, because even the one thing that helped me escape the betrayal of my loved one's work was no longer accessible. Without work, the days can be very long. I had no choice but to go to the feet of the Master to be renewed.

When the Lord creates a desert in your life, you have no other solution but to choose the better part like Mary, the sister of Lazarus in the Bible by sitting at His feet.

So, during yet another moment of weeping at His feet, I heard a gentle yet firm voice say, "**Submit to your husband,**" and the book of 1 Peter 3 rose in my heart. I was in tears, begging the Lord to help me, and then I received this divine instruction, which at first didn't seem to make sense given my situation. What connection could there be between betrayal, rejection by those I loved most, and submission to my husband?

Without overthinking it, I ended my prayer by saying, "Lord, you know my character—help me, because without you, I can't do it." The Lord is the one who gives us both the will and the ability.

Later, through deep self-examination, I came to understand that I had begun serving the Lord with a great deal of pride, which I had mistaken for zeal. After my conversion, I received a specific call to serve widows and orphans. I was so excited to fulfill this mission that I didn't want anything to get in the way. I had pushed my husband and children to the background. I was convinced the Lord was returning soon, and I pressured myself to be at my post no matter the cost.

***“But he was pierced for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon him, and by his wounds we are healed.”*** (Isaiah 53:5)

***“Then Moses cried out to Yahweh, and Yahweh showed him a piece of wood. He threw it into the water, and the water became sweet. There he made a statute and a law for them, and there he tested them. He said, ‘If you listen carefully to the voice of Yahweh your God and do what is right in his eyes, if you pay attention to his commands and keep all his decrees, I will not bring on you any of the diseases I brought on the Egyptians, for I am Yahweh who heals you.’”***

(Exodus 15:25–26)

***"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds."*** (Psalm 147:3)

***"But I will restore you to health and heal your wounds," declares Yahweh, "because you are called an outcast, Zion for whom no one cares."***

(Jeremiah 30:17)

***Then the woman, knowing what had happened to her, came and fell at his feet, trembling with fear, and told him the whole truth. He said to her, 'Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace and be freed from your suffering.'***

(Mark 5:33–34)

So many situations in which our healing is assured by the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was through the Lord's healing process that I realized it wasn't zeal it was oversized ego. The Lord resists the proud. In fact, many women who marry and live their lives "without the Lord" suffer in their marriages when they are the first to be called by the Lord, due to a lack of teaching and wisdom.

Let me explain in my case, my conversion was very intense. Overnight, I imposed a radical lifestyle change on my husband. I wanted nothing to do with

him anymore I had met love (Jesus), and nothing else mattered. I placed him in the “unconverted” category. His words were seen as attacks from the enemy. Even when the Lord used him to warn me, I didn’t take time to discern, because I saw an adversary not someone I was meant to help. With this mindset, I began working with widows and orphans. In my heart, only the Lord, my siblings, and the ministry mattered. When I began to study and meditate guided by the Spirit on 1 Peter 3, all my mistakes started to unfold before me, and I began to understand why I needed to be refined. I had done things backwards.

**“Wives, in the same way submit yourselves to your own husbands so that, if any of them do not believe the word, they may be won over without words by the behavior of their wives, when they see the purity and reverence of your lives.” (1 Peter 3:1–2)**

**“To the rest I say this (I, not the Lord): If any brother has a wife who is not a believer and she is willing to live with him, he must not divorce her. And if a woman has a husband who is not a believer and he is willing to live with her, she must not divorce him. For the unbelieving husband has been sanctified through his wife,**

**and the unbelieving wife has been sanctified through her believing husband. Otherwise, your children would be unclean, but as it is, they are holy.” (1 Corinthians 7:12–14)**

Here, the apostle Paul emphasizes that the presence of a believer in the marriage brings a special grace upon the family.

**“A wife of noble character who can find ? She is worth far more than rubies. Her husband has full confidence in her and lacks nothing of value. She brings him good, not harm, all the days of her life.” (Proverbs 31:10–12)**

**“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.” (1 Corinthians 13:4–7)**

In a spiritually unbalanced marriage, divine love becomes a powerful weapon and a source of strength. Many women who marry before their conversion fall into this trap, and some end up divorcing—only to regret it later. We serve an Elohim

of balance, and it is no accident that we are women and not men. My role was to be a helper to my husband; a servant of the Lord submitted to her unbelieving husband according to the Word.

The path to healing began with accepting my mistakes and understanding the just nature of our Lord, who cannot call us and then contradict Himself by allowing us to treat our husbands as insignificant. In this sense, the apostle Paul says that the unbelieving spouse is sanctified by the believing partner. This balance is essential in marriage.

I became aware that the Lord calls us as we are and shapes us so that we become instruments He uses with pride. Once I took that step, I began to reconsider the people the Lord Yahshua used to shape me as instruments He needed to bring me to perfection.

From that point on, I experienced the Word that calls us to pray for our enemies. Praying for our enemies' clothes us with the same merciful character as our Lord. He loves humanity but hates sin. The Lord wanted me to submit because submission is not self-denial or self-erasure. It is an opening, a laying down of arms, an invitation to build a refuge with the one Yahweh has placed by our side.

In the days that followed, I no longer spoke of my brokenness with bitterness. Instead, I entrusted it to the Lord while interceding for my loved ones. As I healed from this trial, I began to build my home with wisdom and continued serving widows and orphans but differently. I came to understand the Lord's priorities in our daily lives and the conditions for fulfilling the specific calling He entrusts to us.

**Yahweh is perfect and consistent how magnificent is His name!**

# Conclusion

As I write these final lines, a wave of emotion washes over me. Though this story is rooted in rejection and slander, it is above all a tribute to resilience and to the acceptance of suffering that every disciple of the Lord Jesus must face on their journey toward the crown.

Despite the trials, every disciple eventually develops within themselves a kind of death to self, which brings a strength from above. And it is through this strength that we remain standing. The beginning of healing is the willingness to walk the path of forgiveness.

It is tragic that family an environment meant to be synonymous with support and kindness, can sometimes become a place of suffering. When the Lord chooses a particular means to break us, it becomes difficult to become the vessel the Potter desires us to be. Yet beyond the wounds, I discovered a fundamental truth: the power of forgiveness.

Today, the path of forgiveness I've chosen is the most certain therapy I needed. Love forgives all. And forgiveness sets us free. I've chosen to turn the page not in forgetfulness, but in acceptance. When my family has needs, I let myself be guided by the Spirit and help meet those needs out of simple obedience to the Lord, without expecting human recognition. This makes me feel lighter.

This testimony is not a way to take revenge through truth, but rather to acknowledge that the Christian Walk is not a smooth journey. Carrying one's cross and following the Lord means accepting that a disciple must go through suffering. The only difference from world suffering is that we have hope and we suffer differently.

### **Yahweh wounds and heals!**

May this book be a voice for all those walking through the desert, and for those whom the Lord has chosen to shape through their biological family. Whatever means the Lord chooses to refine us, let us keep our eyes fixed on Him and not despise the tool or the instrument let us stay focused on the Master.

This conclusion closes the book on a note of strength and hope a hope to rediscover family unity despite

the hardships, because in the end, **all things work together for the good of those who love Elohim.**

# **BROKEN, BUT RESTORED**

## **Broken, but restored**

**In this poignant testimony, Philomène Nathalie Bela Belinga recounts her life journey marked by pain, rejection, and betrayal by her own family. An orphan from a family for whom she went out of her way to please, she thought she was surrounded by love and unwavering support, but her walk of integrity with Yéhoshoua (Jesus) turned everything upside down.**

**Her choice to walk according to the Lord's principles turned into a path of suffering, rejection, and slander. These burdens were imposed on her by those she loved most, her own family. In these pages, the author presents a powerful story that shows that, even in the face of human rejection, God's love is stronger than anything else.**

**This book is a testimony that reminds all those who are going through times of rejection and persecution that the light of faith can triumph over the deepest darkness.**



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