

Foreword by Prof. Simeon Adetunji Dosunmu

DAUGHTER OF ZION



AKINPELU OLUWAKEMI

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BY

**AKINPELU
OLUWAKEMI**

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ISBN: 978-1-300-53473-0

Acknowledgement

I would like to acknowledge my dad, Pastor Agboola Akinpelu, for his counsel, encouragement and invaluable help in editing this book as a skilled writer.

I would also like to appreciate my mum, Mrs. Akinpelu Ruth, who challenged me to continue the work even when I was growing weary.

A very big thank you to Professor Simeon Adetunji Dosumu, who helped with the foreword and made some major corrections.

My appreciation also goes to my mentor, Miss Akerele Deborah, who supported and guided me through this journey to make the book a reality. She practically gave me a push.

Thanks to Pastor (Mrs.) Ndahangwapo Mary, who helped me with the choice of graphics and gave me the liberty to choose.

Finally, I cannot but mention my beloved brother, Akinpelu TeminiJesu, who supported me and made the writing of this second book a seamless experience.

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to the Almighty God, for the wisdom, inspiration and guidance he gave to make this book a reality.

I also want to dedicate this book to my dear parents(Pastor and Mrs Akinpelu) and dear author Miss Akerele Deborah.

Foreword

Foreword by Professor Simeon Dosunmu

Daughter of Zion

Every generation births its warriors—some wield swords, some shape words, and some stand firm in faith's fortress. Daughter of Zion is a tale of trials, transformation, and triumph. It is the story of a soul set apart, a spirit stirred by the sacred, a seeker summoned to serve.

Through the journey of young Mary, we witness wonder and worry, questions and quarrels, faith and fear. She is a daughter destined, a leader locked in life's labyrinth, a child chosen yet challenged. Burdened by expectations, bound by confusion, and battling between duty and desire, she wrestles with her worth, wonders at her calling, and walks the wavering road of revelation.

At the heart of this tale is a mother's mission, is a matriarch moulded by prophecy, propelled by purpose, and persistent in prayer. Monica's love is fierce, her faith is firm, yet her frustrations flare as she fights to forge a future for her daughter. Her story is every mother's story—a plea for patience, a struggle for surrender, a sacrifice for sanctification.

However, this book is more than a story—it is a summons. A call to the called, a whisper to the wandering, a reminder to the reluctant. It sings of submission, shouts of surrender, and speaks of spiritual strength. It urges the unsure to trust, the timid to try, and the tired to thrive.

To the reader who flips these pages, may you find faith in the friction, wisdom in the waiting, and power in the process. May Daughter of Zion remind you that purpose is often paved with pain, but destiny dances on the doorstep of devotion. Step in. Stand tall. Shine bright.

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About the Book

Daughter of Zion is a Christian-themed story about a young girl named Mary, who discovered she had a divine calling. The story follows her journey as she struggled with family dynamics, faith and self-discovery.

CHAPTER ONE

Mary's Family

"Mary," my mum called.

"Oh God, am I the only person in this house?" I said out of frustration.

I am from a family of five - the Johnson family, consisting of David (dad), Monica (mum), Peter (elder brother), Mary (me) and Daniella (younger sister).

I am a 15-year old, SS2 student currently on vacation from school. Chronologically, there is a 3-year age gap between me and my two siblings. My parents have a strong interest and focus on me. They like to send me on errands, advise me and engage me in many chores.

"Yes, Mum."

"My darling, I am sorry for disturbing you, please help me buy some tomatoes and peppers so I can cook stew; I forgot to tell you when you were going out."

"Mum," I replied, "I'm so tired, Daniella is less busy; she can go, please ma."

"No problem my love," Mum responded, "you have tried; you can go and rest."

"Thanks for understanding, Mum."

"You are welcome, sweetheart."

"Mary," my elder brother called as he gently opened my room door.

"Hi, Bro P," I said, as I was fond of calling him, "what's up?"

"I just wanted to greet you. Nothing much, just looking for a gist partner."

We both chuckled. Peter was my favorite sibling and I enjoyed his company. He was so nice, funny and liberal.

"Uhm, are you going to the Youth Empowerment Program in church tomorrow?" Peter enquired.

"Yeah, if I can."

"You know Mum will enforce it on you to go, right?"

"Oh yes, I know."

"I don't know why Mum is so interested in you."

"I also do not know. She behaves like I am the only child."

"Well, I came across her diary, and I just read the first page. I saw 'Prophecy Around Mary's Birth.' So, are you interested?"

"Really!" I exclaimed. "Are you serious right now?"

"Well, we will have to do it in a way that no one finds out, especially Mum."

"So, how do we do that?"

"Well, we will do it in the night, when everyone is asleep, I will silently sneak into your room and then we will read it, okay?"

"Yeah, that's a good idea."

"Mary, could you please blend the tomatoes and peppers? It won't take much of your time, I promise," Mum said as she entered my room.

"Oh, Mum, you told me to rest. I have not rested enough."

"Darling, please."

"Mum, I am not the only girl in this house. You behave like Daniella does not exist. I am so tired."

"My love, I promise this will be the last task."

"Mum, what about Daniella?"

"She just went out to see her friends."

"And you allowed her?"

"Yeah."

"But if it were me, you wouldn't let me go. I am only allowed to go to church programs and school."

"You know what? I will do it," Peter finally said.

"No, Peter, you are a boy. This is a girl's work."

"Mary, meet me downstairs."

"Oh God, why?" I grumbled.

CHAPTER TWO

Prophecy Around Mary's Birth

Peter sneaked in and carefully opened the door. I was feeling sleepy and dozing off when he came in. I sat up when I saw the book.

"Shall we?" Peter asked.

"Yeah," I replied.

He opened the first page, and I saw my mum's handwriting titled:

"Prophecy Around Mary's Birth."

He opened the next page, and we began to read until the last page.

(Flashback)

"This child you are carrying will be a mighty instrument in God's hands. She is a Daughter of Zion," Prophet Paul said.

"What! How do we train her?"

"Focus on her, train her in the way of the Lord, give her your attention, and allow God to use her."

"Ok, sir."

"Jesus!" Monica shouted as she woke up and touched her stomach. She caressed it and looked at it, noticing an injury. It must have been an attack, she thought.

"She had a lot of attacks to kill her and the baby."

"Aaaaaarrrrgggggh!" Monica screamed as she tried to push.

"Everyone leave! This baby must come out right now!"

"Push!"

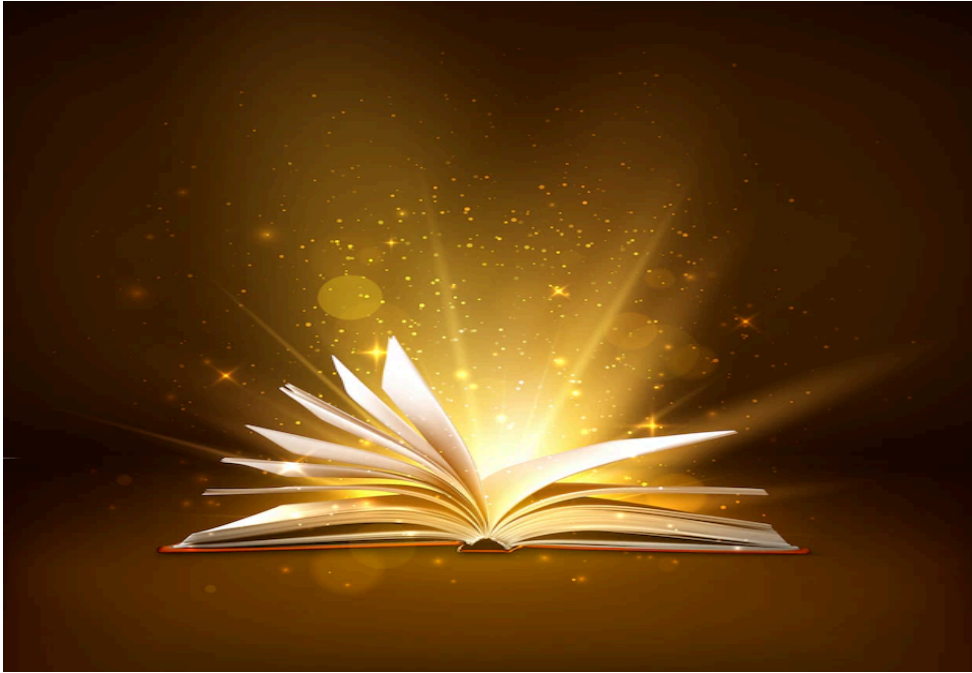
Monica pushed with all her strength, and Mary was born.

"She's so beautiful and cute, and she looks just like you," David said, smiling.

"You've got visitors," David said.

Prophet Paul came in and said,

"The General is born."



Picture showing: The prophecy book about Mary's birth

CHAPTER THREE

Mary's Unclarity On The Prophecy

"What!"

"HMMMMMMMM, no wonder Mum just focuses on you."

"Me, a general?"

"Mary, I envy you oo."

"Please do not."

"What's wrong?" Peter asked when he saw me frowning.

"I don't really know."

"Or are you feeling unworthy?"

"I don't know. I am just confused."

"Confused? Confused about what?"

"Why me?"

"That is a question for God, not me, right?"

"You know what, I am okay. Thanks. Good night."

"Good night."

I couldn't sleep throughout the night; I just kept thinking.

"Mary, get up! You are gonna be late for church," Mum said as she woke me up around 5am.

"Arrgggh."

"Mary, get up!"

"I am coming, I just need to stretch a bit."

"Get up, darling!"

I stood up and went to the bathroom. I came out 20 minutes later, dressed up, and left my room by 5:45am to meet the others for our morning prayers.

"Good morning, Dad and Mum."

"Good morning, dear," Dad said, and Mum nodded her head.

"In Jesus' name, we pray," Dad said as we commenced praying.

When we finished our morning devotion, we zoomed off to church. As I entered the Teenage Section, my church friend - Favour, whom I nicknamed Favy (as I loved giving nicknames to my friends), came to hug me.

"Hi, Favy! How are you?"

"Hi, Mary, you look so charming today."

"Thanks, you too."

"Yeah, but not as charming as you are," she teased.

When I came back from church around 1pm, I was so tired and exhausted. Since I hadn't slept last night, I went into my room, locked it, went to the bathroom to freshen up, and slept off.

Then, Mum came to wake me up by 2pm, saying food was ready.

"Why can't this woman leave me alone?" I thought. I was very angry.

"Mum, I am not ready to eat."

"Are you fasting and waiting on the Lord?"

"Oh my God!" I said, frustrated, and pretended like I didn't hear.

"Mary!"

"Mum, leave me alone. I am tired. I want to sleep."

"Ok, dear."



Picture showing Mary having a discussion with her mom.

CHAPTER FOUR

Mum and Mary Have A Misunderstanding

slept till 7pm, freshened up, and went downstairs for supper.

"Hey, Mum! Hey, Dad!"

"How are you doing, darling?" my Dad and Mum echoed.

"Great!"

"What's up for dinner?"

"I made some spaghetti with sausages."

"Oh wow! Thank you, Mum."

"Dear, what did you learn at church today?"

(This is a question they always asked me whenever I return from church.)

"I slept off. I was so tired."

"So you didn't learn anything?"

"Yes, Mum."

"What!"

"Mum, I said I was tired."

"You can't be tired for God; you are a Daughter of Zion."

"Mum, I hate that name!" I shouted angrily.

"You don't talk rudely to your mother."

"Why do you treat me like a little child and like I'm the only child?"

"Darling!" my mum said, surprised.

"Don't call me that! My name is Mary, not Darling."

"And I choose to call you that."

"Okay, I am going to take it from here," Peter said.

"Mary, just go in. You must be so tired."

I just went in and cried until I slept off.

In the morning, my brother came to wake me up. This was the first time (as far as I knew) that my mum didn't wake me up. Obviously, she was angry with me.

"Did Mum send you to wake me up?"

"No, I rather did when I observed you were still asleep."

"Thanks."

I went into the bathroom to freshen up, then went downstairs for breakfast.

"Good morning, Mum."

"Now you know I am your mother?"

"Mum!" I said, surprised.

"My name is not Mum. I am Monica."

"You don't expect me to call you by your name, do you?"

CHAPTER FIVE

Calmness After A Turbulence

Monica's Perspective

I was so mad at Mary—the very child I had given so much attention to. I had even made up my mind that if she was the only child I succeeded in raising well while neglecting the others, I would still be satisfied.

The same so-called "general" that the pastor prophesied about was now growing cold toward God and even shouting at her mother. Did that mean God was lying, or was He just giving me false hope?

I was furious and overwhelmed with a deep sense of failure in motherhood. Had I truly failed in raising even one of my children in the fear of God? I was in a complete state of inner unrest and turmoil.

I had a flashback to when Peter was 13 and had just returned from boarding school for vacation. After eating, he went straight to bed.

"Peter, read your Bible before you sleep," I reminded him.

"Mum, there's no need for that. I'm really tired," he responded.

"I know, dear, just read your Bible, and then you can sleep as much as you like."

"Okay, ma," he said.

I went to the kitchen to attend to a few things, then returned to his room to check on him, only to find him on his phone.

"Peter, is this what you're supposed to be doing? I thought you said you were tired. You just arrived, and this is what you're doing? In fact, give me that phone now!" I said angrily.

He begged, but my decision was final. I went to get a cane, and as I tried to spank him, he grabbed it from my hand.

I was furious and attempted to slap him, but he held my hand. To my shock, he slapped me instead, hissed, and walked out on me.

I stood there in disbelief, my heart shattered. I cried until I had no more strength left.

With a heavy burden in my heart, I prayed and fasted with bitter tears.

"Oh God, if You truly want to use my daughter, Mary, please grant her an encounter. In fact, reveal Yourself to Peter and Daniella. Cause them to know You personally as their God. Save them genuinely and bring to pass all that You have spoken and revealed about Mary."

God answered my prayers. Peter's classmate eventually preached to him, and he finally found freedom from sin and became a child of God. As for Mary, the Lord granted her an encounter. For me, I experienced a momentary wave of peace within.



Picture showing Mary's encounter with God.

CHAPTER SIX

Mum Will Not Be Pacified

Mum, where's breakfast?" Daniella asked.

"Go to the fridge, take some slices of bread, a sachet of milk, Milo and make tea for yourself. You can do that, right?"

"Yes, Mum. What about eggs?"

"Oh, okay. Check the top of the microwave and take some eggs but leave the rest for me."

"Okay, Mum. What about Sister Mary?"

"I don't know. You can check her room."

"Okay, Ma."

Mary's Perspective

I was tired and hungry, but to avoid getting into trouble with my mum, I decided to wash the plates. On my way to the kitchen, I saw Daniella eating. I was surprised because I usually cooked on weekdays while Mum handled same on weekends.

"Who gave you food?" I asked.

"Mummy," she replied.

"Mummy ke?" I said in disbelief.

"Yes, Mummy. You can ask her for your food."

I went ahead and washed the plates, then made my way to my mum's room.

"Mum, where is my food?"

"My name is Monica, not Mum," she said, clearly still angry.

"Mum, I'm sorry."

She pretended not to hear me.

"Mum, so because you're angry with me, you didn't give me food and even locked the store?"

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mary's Repentance

Yes, I am! You are such an ingrate. I gave you all the attention I could, I focused on you like you were my only child, and this is how you choose to repay me? And all you can ask is if I'm angry? Mary, you must be insane for asking such a useless question! If you don't get out of this room now, you will see what I will do to you. Rubbish!"

"But Mum, I said I—"

"Get out now!" my mum said angrily, pointing to the door.

I walked out, feeling very guilty and dejected, and went to meet my brother.

"Hi, Bro P," I said, forcing a smile.

"Hey, Mary. You must have lost some sleep—you look very sad. What is it?" he asked curiously.

"I don't know. I shouted at Mum, and now she's so mad at me. She sent me out of the room, and..."

"It's okay, Mary. We are all human and we make mistakes. But that doesn't mean we can do whatever we want without consequences. I'll talk to Mum on your behalf."

"Thank you so much, Bro P. I'm really grateful."

"No problem, but you have your part to play."

"And what is that?"

"Go and apologize to God and ask Him to show you mercy."

"Okay."

I cried my heart out to God until I felt His assurance, then I prayed that He would touch my mum's heart. After that, I fell asleep.



Picture showing Mary's repentance of her bad behavior

CHAPTER EIGHT

Reconciliation With Mum

Mary, Mum is calling you," my brother said, rousing me from my sleep.

"I'm coming."

"Good afternoon, Ma," I greeted as I approached her.

"Good afternoon."

"Mum, I am so sorry for shouting at you and disrespecting you. I've already asked God for forgiveness; now I just need yours."

"And you have what you need," she said, smiling.

"Thank you so much, Mum."

"You're welcome, darling."

"Yes, Ma."

"Now go and cook for everyone."

"Okay, Ma."

I left and went to cook lunch. A little while later, Daniella walked into the kitchen.

"I want to learn how to cook. Mum said I'm old enough to start entering the kitchen now," she said.

"Okay."

Lunch took longer than usual to prepare because Daniella bombarded me with a lot of questions. I wasn't surprised, this was her first time being in the kitchen with someone who was cooking. Normally, she only came in to collect her food.

When lunch was finally ready, I dished it and handed her the plates to set on the dining table.

After we finished, we notified Mum and Peter that lunch was ready. They came downstairs and we ate after praying over the food.

When we were done, I took the dishes to the kitchen and was about to start washing them when Mum stopped me.

"Daniella will handle that. You go and rest," she said.

I was so happy. At that moment, I knew that Mum had realized her mistake and had started correcting it.



Picture showing Mary apologizing to her Mum.

CHAPTER NINE

Mum's Hearty Counsel

My alarm woke me up at 4am today because I had to write a school entrance exam. I observed my quiet time and said my prayers. Normally, I woke up for school at 5am, but my mum had requested to speak with me before going for the exams into Great Faith High School (GFHS), a renowned boarding school.

After my quiet time, I went to the bathroom to freshen up, then put on some light clothes. Before meeting my mum, I quickly put some food on the fire.

"Good morning, Mum," I greeted.

"Good morning, my love. I hope you slept well."

"Yes, I did."

"Good. Now sit down—it's time I tell you the history of your birth so you can understand who you are."

I smiled, tempted to tell her I already knew about it, but I decided to listen first.

"You were born to be a general, a daughter of Zion, that's why I call you that, okay?"

I nodded, listening attentively.

"You are not just any child; you are special. I'm telling you this so you will always remember who you are. When you go out there, you will meet many other children, but I want you to keep in mind that you are different.

They may come and tell you things that seem good, but you must discern that not everything that looks good is truly good. When faced with such moments, look them straight in the eye and say NO. Others may, but you cannot.

When I was pregnant with you, I suffered many attacks and injuries. I was told that you were brought into this world to help bring people back to God. Because of this, I gave you all the attention I could, focusing on you as if you were my only child. In doing so, I neglected your

siblings, but now I realize that no matter how special one child may be, every child deserves equal attention.

Please, Mary, you cannot afford to fail God. There is so much ahead of you. Your priorities should be your education and your spiritual life. Mary, others may, but you cannot."

She concluded with a heartfelt prayer for me.

Afterward, I went back to the kitchen to finish cooking. I dished out enough food for myself into my food flask, packed it in a bag, and changed into a fresh set of clothes. By this time, it was already 5am I called everyone for family prayers.

Once we were done, my dad quickly got ready, and we zoomed off to school.

CHAPTER TEN

Prayer in Perplexity

When we got to the school, I went to register my name. I was asked some verbal questions and then permitted to write the exam. As I received the exam paper, I whispered a prayer and began.

I felt anxious because I hadn't prepared. While trying to focus, I started praying in my mind, but a lingering thought kept telling me that this school wasn't meant for me. Despite my uneasiness, I did my best, submitted my paper, and was told I would receive an email informing me whether I passed or not.

On our way back home, I ate my food and started talking with my dad.

"Dad, I don't think I'm meant to go to that school," I said.

"Why do you say that, Mary?"

"Because while writing the exam, I lost my peace, and I don't know why."

"Okay," he replied thoughtfully. "If this is God working, then He won't allow you to pass the exam. But if it is His will for you to attend that school, He will show Himself in that way. Trust Him, okay?"

"Yes, Dad," I responded.

When we got home, I freshened up and went downstairs for lunch. After eating, I suddenly felt an urge to pray, so I went inside my room.

"Oh Lord, I don't really know what to pray about, but according to Romans 8:26, 'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.' So Lord, I pray and ask that Your perfect will be done in my life. Let not the enemy prevail over me. Lord, help me. In Jesus' name, Amen."

After praying, I scrolled through my phone, replying to messages, when Peter knocked gently and entered.

"Hey Mary, how was it?" he asked.

"I don't know. I just finished praying about it, you know..."

"Okay. I'll join you in praying. As soon as you left, I lost my peace. There's something about that school that we need to unravel through prayers, right?"

"Yeah," I nodded in agreement.



Picture showing Mary spending time with God.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Dream

After checking my messages, I went to the kitchen and started preparing dinner. As I brought out the ingredients and was about to begin cooking, Daniella and Mum walked in.

"Mary, that won't be necessary. Daniella and I will take care of the cooking tonight and all through tomorrow, so you can go and rest, okay?" my Mum said, smiling.

"Okay, so I'll just watch you both take over the cooking," I replied playfully.

While they were cooking, my Mum started asking me questions.

"How was the exam? Do you like the school?"

"Honestly, if it were up to me only, I don't like the school. And as for the exam, God will intervene."

"What do you mean by 'God will intervene'? Was the exam hard?"

"Not really hard, but I didn't study."

"Okay, oh. Let God's will be done in your life."

"Amen, oh."

After dinner and night prayers, I went to my room. A few minutes later, Peter came in.

"Mary, are you ready?"

"For what?"

"For prayers."

"But we just prayed now."

"I mean prayers about the school."

"Oh, that. Yeah, I'm ready."

We began praying. After worshiping God, we launched into deep prayers, seeking clarity. We prayed from 10pm till midnight, and God answered us through dreams.

When we were done, I went to sleep, and I had a dream.

"DAUGHTER OF ZION."

I heard a still voice calling me. When I turned toward the direction of the voice, I saw a bright light—so intense that it almost blinded me. Immediately, I fell to my knees, knowing it was the Lord.

"Yes, Lord," I responded.

"THAT SCHOOL IS NOT FOR YOU. STAY WHERE I HAVE PLACED YOU. LIBERATE THE STUDENTS FROM DARKNESS AND SPREAD MY WORD TO THEM. GREAT FAITH HIGH SCHOOL IS FOR DANIELLA. I HAVE ASSIGNED HER TO GO THERE, AND I WILL USE HER TO SHARE MY WORD AND SPREAD LIGHT TO THOSE IN DARKNESS. YOU BOTH HAVE A ROLE TO PLAY."

"Yes, Lord. Your will be done in my life, for Your wish is my command."



Picture of Mary and Daniella in the kitchen.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Affectionate Advice

I woke up at 6am, had my quiet time and prayers, and was about to go to the bathroom to freshen up when I received a message.

It was an email from GFHS stating that I did not pass the exam and that if I still wanted to enroll, I would have to repeat the class. After reading it, I went to the bathroom, freshened up, and headed to the living room. I was about to go to the kitchen when my dad stopped me.

"Good morning, Dad," I greeted.

"Good morning, Mary. Before you wash the plates, let's have our morning prayers. Go wake up the others," he said.

I went to wake everyone up, and we all gathered for prayers.

After the prayers, I shared the news with them about my dream and the email.

Then, I went to wash the plates and prepare breakfast.

While doing that, Daniella came in.

"Let me assist you," she offered.

"Okay, no problem," I replied.

While preparing the meal, I decided to talk to her.

"Hey Daniella, you heard about the dream I had, right?"

"Yes, I did," she responded.

"Very good. Are you prepared?"

"I guess I am," she said.

"I'm not the one who's going to give you a motivational speech—that's Mum's job. My job is to pray for you and make sure you're prepared. Daniella, life is not a bed of roses. It has its good sides, but it also has its challenges. And for you to be used by God, you must pay the price. Let me be honest with you—it's not going to be easy throughout the journey. But no matter what, do not compromise, okay?"

"Yes. But I hope you know you're already doing Mum's job?" she teased, and we chuckled.

After we finished cooking, we ate and then prepared for school. Since boarding schools resume on Sundays, we packed our belongings and everything needed. Later, we all gathered in the living room and had a long discussion. After lunch, Mum called me and Daniella to talk to us.

Later, I went to meet Peter.

"Hey Bro P," I greeted.

"Hey," he replied.

"Any gist for me?" I asked playfully.

"Mary, God has given you a new assignment—to spread the gospel and He is counting on you. You can't afford to fail. He needs you, but He can do without you. He can always raise an alternative. For you to manifest the prophecy over your destiny, you can't just sit back and expect it to happen. You have to pray it into reality. Mary, don't let anyone take your crown, okay?"

"Okay, Bro P. Thank you so much," I said sincerely.



Picture of Peter, Mary and Daniella's brother.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Manifestation of Destiny

I woke up, did my quiet time, and then went to Daniella's room to wake her up. To my surprise, she was already awake, doing her quiet time. I could tell she was ready for school, so I went to freshen up, wash the plates, cook, and then call everyone for prayers.

After prayers, I ate and then went to dress up. My dad got ready, and we zoomed off to school. I felt energized and ready for my assignment.

When I arrived at school, after arranging my things, I went to join my friends at our usual meeting spot after resumption. We were all given the opportunity to share our experiences during the vacation. My friends excitedly talked about their travels, visits to exciting places and various events.

When it was my turn, I told them that I had stayed home throughout, but I had received something far more

exciting. Without hesitation, I began telling them about Jesus. Though I didn't immediately see the impact, I knew that God had started working. From that moment, I made it a habit to share the gospel with everyone I could. As for Daniella, when I spoke to her, I discovered that she had already won many souls for God. He was working powerfully through her. There were moments when I felt discouraged because I didn't see the kind of impact I had expected, but in His love and mercy, God comforted me. He reminded me that He was still working and that assurance strengthened me.

I became so full of zeal and passion for God that I unknowingly neglected my academics. When I realized this, I stopped preaching for a while and withdrew from evangelizing. But one faithful day, God spoke to me: "Do My work, and I will do your work."

That message reignited my passion for preaching. When the exams came, I hadn't studied as much as I should have, but I trusted God—I knew I wouldn't fail.

Temptations arose to indulge in examination malpractice, but I refused to yield.

When the results were released, I was shocked. I had taken first position in the entire class! People were surprised, and when I was called forward to give a speech, I didn't hesitate to preach. From that day, I earned the nickname "Mary, the Preacher" or "Mary, the Mother of Jesus." But that did not stop me.

Daniella's case was similar, she also came first in her class. God was truly faithful.



Picture showing Mary the soul winner.

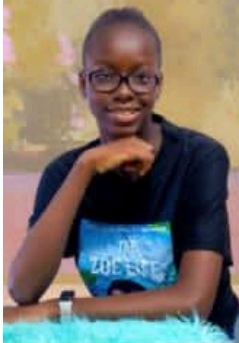
Themes in the Story

1. **Family & Responsibility:** Mary feels burdened by her mother's attention and expectations. She struggles with being treated differently from her siblings, which leads to conflicts.
2. **Spiritual Destiny & Prophecy:** Mary's mother has a prophetic vision about her daughter's birth and believes she has a divine purpose. Mary and her brother Peter secretly read about this revelation, leaving her feeling overwhelmed.
3. **Rebellion & Repentance**
4. **Faith and Divine Guidance:** Mary begins to understand her spiritual calling through prayers and spiritual experiences.
5. Overall, Daughter of Zion is an inspiring, coming-of-age Christian novel with a strong message about faith, obedience, and family.

ABOUT THE BOOK

"Daughter of Zion" is a poignant and inspiring Christian story that follows Mary's transformative and often challenging journey of self-discovery, spiritual growth, and obedience to her divine calling, as she navigates complex and sometimes painful family dynamics, personal struggles, and prophetic revelations that ultimately shape her understanding of faith, identity, purpose, and the unfolding plan God has for her life.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Meet Akinpelu Oluwakemi Glory, a vibrant 13-year-old with a heart full of passion and purpose. The second child in her family, she shares a special bond with her older brother, TeminiJesu. Her life is a beautiful blend of faith, ambition, and creativity, as she strives to live every day for God's glory.

Oluwakemi is a powerhouse of talent and energy! She sings with joy, reads with curiosity, writes with imagination, cooks with flair, and dives into learning new languages with enthusiasm.

