

When life hurts, the soul finds consolation

Uprooting, trials, and rebirth. A mother, Chizoba, leaves Nigeria with her children to rebuild her life in Canada. Loneliness, material loss, devastating fire. Faith and hope become her pillars, transforming pain into a path of trusting surrender to God. From the darkest ashes, a new life can be born, sustained by grace and love, fraternity and the certainty of her divine filiation.

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August 2023. I leave Nigeria with my youngest daughter, barely four.

Dreams in my suitcase. Hope on my lips. Family left behind—husband, three daughters, widowed father, mother-in-law.

The cold in Canada bites; culture shock stings.

Days stretch long. Nights feel endless. Loneliness becomes an unwelcome friend.

Faith grips tight. Holy Mary, solace of migrants—my anchor.

Each step forward fueled by silent prayers. God -I tell myself- has a reason on every step

We are pilgrims of hope.

Suddenly...

Soon, my twin daughters join me.

Our home feels fuller, hearts less empty. We build a new routine.

March 2024. Disaster knocks.

A fire rips through the night.

My neighbor's scream shatters sleep:
“Fire!”

Instinct takes over—grab the kids,
clutch my documents, race into
darkness.

Our lives spared; possessions lost.

We watch flames eat memories.

Grief overwhelms. Questions surface
—was the move worth it? My faith
trembles.

But divine daughterhood comforts
me.

If all is permitted by God, hope survives.

Omnia in bonum St. Josemaria's words guide us: Never lose the supernatural outlook.

Sleepless nights echo his wisdom. To me and my children.

Loss is sharp. My children mourn their home.

Belongings gone.

Questions linger: What's left?

The Holy Spirit whispers comfort.

Saint Josemaria speaks: "Be content with what enables you to live a simple and sober life. Otherwise, you will never be an apostle."

We detach, slowly, painfully, from material things.

Hope and solace emerge from the ashes.

Weight of kindness

Help arrives.

Fraternity in Opus Dei, support from my colleagues, generosity from the City. Strangers become angels.

Meals, clothes, kindness—quiet miracles. Weight of kindness

We find new bearings in people's embrace.

It's Lent.

We journey with Christ in suffering and hope.

Hearts on the cross. Burdens surrendered.

His mercy soothes despair.

God's hand at work

Few days after the fire, we saw God's hand at work, opening the door to a larger, more comfortable home in a beautiful neighborhood. The move renewed our spirits and filled us with joy. What felt like an ending became a fresh beginning, proof that God's plans surpass our own. Gratitude and hope now define what seemed to be only an end. It was actually a beginning.

Lessons crystallize.

We are children of God—divine filiation must never be forgotten.

Hope belongs only in Him.

St. Josemaria: “No greater tragedy for man than the sense of disillusionment when hope is placed in something other than the one Love which satisfies.”

St. Augustine echoes:

“You have made us for yourself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless till they rest in you!”

Hope and consolation.

God's hands hold us, always, in times of need.

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