

**ABRAHAM CHIGBUNDU:**

**Man Molded By God's Finger of Fire**

**(FROM ZERO TO ...)**

By

Godwin Okafor

## DEDICATION

Dedicated to the memory of Madam Comfort Chigbundu-Njoku, Mother of Destiny.

Also to the memory of Oluchukwu Okafor, my late daughter, who had kept asking me when this book would be completed.

- Pastor Godwin Okafor

## INTRODUCTION

Children, I present to you your Daddy!

Because many have not yet taken upon themselves to set forth all that has been fulfilled in the life of this rare kind of a man, Rev. (Dr) Abraham Chigbundu, I humbly do so now.

This is because I am convinced that there is no one living today, who has more keenly followed the unfolding events of Abby's life and ministry than my humble self.

As his inseparable childhood and bosom friend, we had shared so much together while growing up, that I dare try to put in writing what has befallen him since his entrance into this world.

However, I do not wish to write his entire biography, but only those things, which would enable his children and associates of the present generation, to know and appreciate who this man they have come to call "Daddy Abby" really is.

To appreciate Abby's worth to the Church and his generation, those who see and hear him from the pulpit and television ought to know how the Almighty began molding him.

This work is a tribute and a celebration of friendship!

It is also about what God has already accomplished through this humble servant of His to this present time - his golden age.

Of course, Abby (as we popularly called him then) is about to start the celebration of God's goodness in his life. More is yet to come for him and his ministry.

However, this book is more than a tribute. It is also meant to challenge the present generation of his children and associates to make proof of their own callings and gifting from our liberal God and Father.

Effectiveness in the work of Christ is possible if one hungers and thirsts for excellence. Then one would expect to stand with kings and not with mean men. But one must have to pay the price of being molded by God's fiery fingers. Abby has paid that price! Early in his walk with God, he had hungered and thirsted for the power only the Master could give.

That has been the secret behind Abraham's rise from a rather obscure background, from zero, to this present level of being a household name and a hero, among those who love and respect him.

Abby had made himself available, totally sold out to his Master, to serve his generation without any expectations.

As a solution to the multifarious spiritual problems of his generation, He, who rewards the labour of His servants, has done unto Abby as it has pleased Him.

My prayer is that we, who are blessed to see and hear these things manifesting in this man's life and ministry, should all learn to walk and work with the Master so that we could become worthy vessels for His use, honour and blessings, both now and hereafter. Amen.

- Godwin Okafor  
Lagos, Nigeria.  
March, 2004

## CHAPTER ONE

### A CHILD OF DESTINY IS BORN!

The young expectant mother had felt the kicks from the baby inside her womb increasing at an alarming rate. Her excitement rose, as she knew that the 'thing' inside her was on its journey into the world. Therefore, the powerful kicks the baby in the womb gave her did not bother her. What bothered her instead was the time the baby would arrive. From the stories she had been told, her labour pains might just have started. She had reported the “war” going on inside her to an older and more experienced woman who only looked at her tender face and smiled.

Young Comfort Chigbundu had observed that the older woman's lips had only parted and that she had said something she could not make any meaning from. In fact, the older woman had remarked that the real birth pangs were yet to start. But the young mother to be did not care if the labour pains would kill her; she only wanted to see the thing that had kept kicking and struggling inside of her few months after her wedding ceremony.

“Come down and let me see you”, she would say from time to time, while wincing in pain any time the baby kicked. As the labour pains progressed, she felt the baby's kicks harder. She bore the pains courageously without the usual screams, insults and threats first-time mothers shower on their young husbands whom they vow would never touch them again, forever, after delivering the baby they were carrying!

Suddenly, she let out a shrill cry that attracted observant and concerned neighbours who came to her aid and took her to the birth assistants and she was led to the place where such things took place.

The young mother had heaved a sigh of relieved fulfillment as she held her bundle of joy in her hands. She could hardly remember the long hours she had laboured in birth pangs. It had been between her and her God.

There was no human specialist who could take the delivery of her first baby. She had prayed in her inner being for God to save her. He did, and now her baby lay in her bosom, his head covered with glittering black hair. Her joy knew no bounds.

She had begotten a male child as her first-born.

The restless young husband now hung around his pretty young wife, and now mother of his little boy asking questions, some of which sounded silly to the ears of more mature men around.

Unknown to the young mother, her young husband was scared to touch the tiny baby! He could not afford to carry this fragile thing. He observed the baby's little fingers move involuntarily as the mother tried to smoothen the wrinkles on the child's tender skin. The little baby had quivered at intervals, perhaps to signal the change of environment. The young mother's gaze shifted from the baby's face to the tiny feet. She took a deep breath of fulfillment and raised her eyes to heaven to give thanks to God for His mercies upon her.

Outside, in the courtyard, the women and children sang. Curious young girls, just beginning to grow little breasts, would rush in to gaze at the tiny baby in amazement. They would linger awhile and their giggles could be heard everywhere as they ran around, tickled by playmates.

The child's birth had taken place in the month of May when farmers were almost through with the planting of various crops, so people generally stayed at home till noon to avoid being caught up by the rains, which usually came at that period of the year.

This very day, no one ventured outside as it was the day to celebrate the arrival of little Abby into the Chigbundu household.

The young father's relatives were proud that another man had just joined the family. The joy of the extended family members was visible on their faces: the young man has begotten the heir who would succeed him in his family line. According to tradition, he had fulfilled his ancestral role of replacing himself. He had become a father and was very proud of that fact.

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