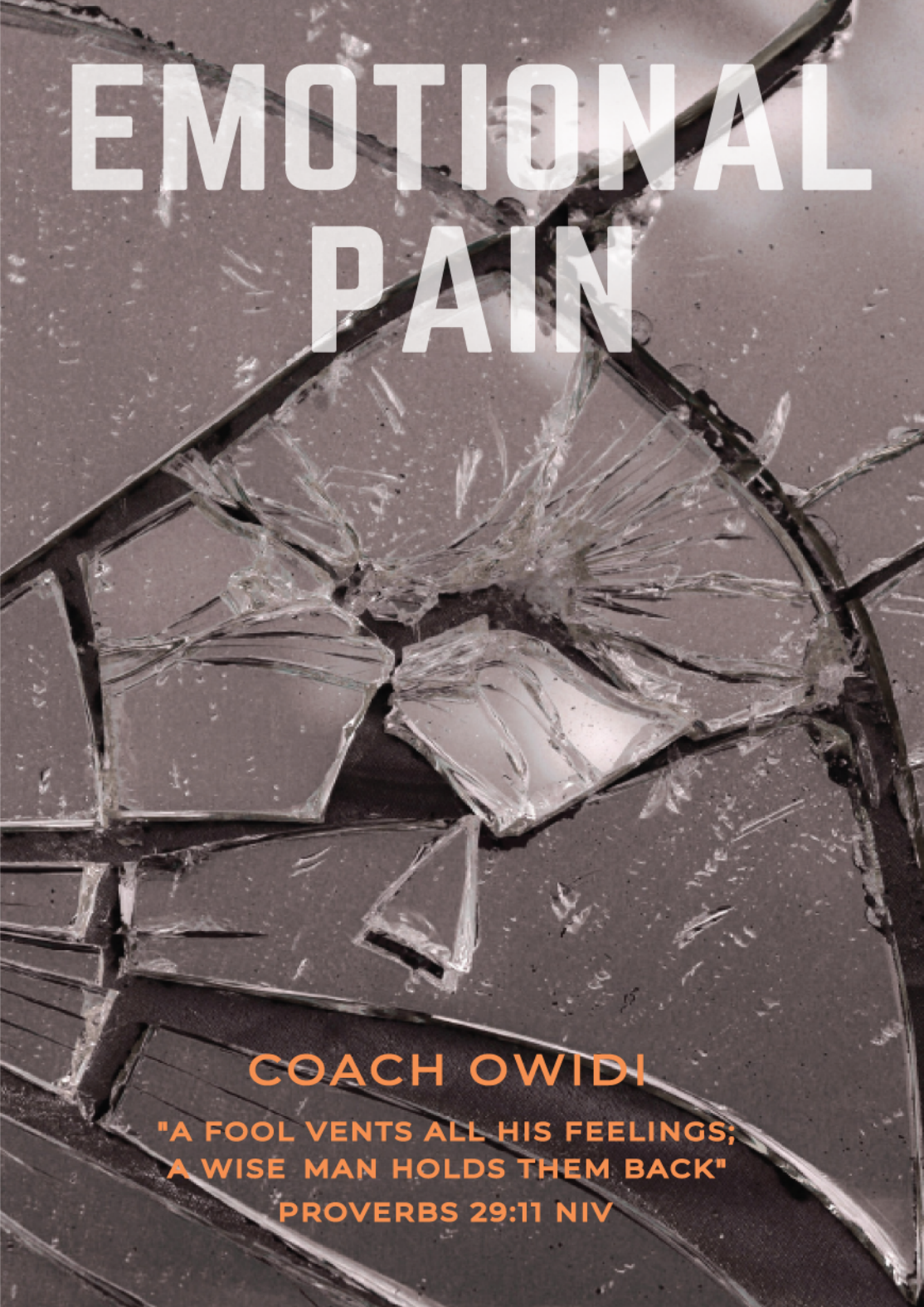




EMOTIONAL PAIN

COACH OWIDI

"A FOOL VENTS ALL HIS FEELINGS;
A WISE MAN HOLDS THEM BACK"

PROVERBS 29:11 NIV

Emotional Pain

The Wounds We Don't Talk About

*A Biblical Path to Emotional Recovery
and Restoration*

Unspoken Emotional Trauma,
Spiritual Numbness, Silent Suffering

By Coach Charles Owidi



The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom
(Proverbs 9:10)

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Are you smiling on the outside, but silently suffering within

Emotional Pain: The Wounds We Don't Talk About is a soul-stirring journey into the hidden hurts we often bury but never truly forget. Written from a place of deep compassion, biblical insight, and coaching wisdom, this book offers a powerful pathway to healing for those silently battling unspoken emotional trauma.

Through prayer, fasting, biblical counseling, and Spirit-led reflection, Coach Owidi guides readers through the valleys of pain—showing how God meets us in our brokenness to restore, renew, and resurrect hope.

You don't have to pretend anymore. It's time to heal.

This book is for the silent warriors. The emotional survivors. The spiritually weary. It's time to talk about the wounds... and let God heal them.

Preface

We don't talk about it enough

The sleepless nights.

The silent tears.

The constant internal war between appearing “okay” and actually *being* okay.

The emotional pain that hides behind our smiles, our roles, our titles, and our busy lives.

This book was born from the sacred space where my own healing journey began—between whispers to God that I didn't have words for, and the aching silence of pretending everything was fine.

I've sat with women, men, and teens whose stories echoed my own: survivors of trauma, heartbreak, rejection, and

emotional neglect—many of whom were never given permission to grieve, feel, or heal.

Somewhere along the way, we were taught to tough it out, to pray it away, or to simply move on. But emotional pain doesn't go away because we ignore it—it grows. It shows up in our relationships, our health, our work, and our faith.

This book is not just about pain—it's about *permission*.

Permission to feel.

Permission to be honest.

Permission to ask hard questions.

Permission to heal.

As you turn these pages, you'll encounter stories, reflections, biblical insights, and practical tools that speak to the real and raw places of your heart. My prayer is that you'll see yourself not just as someone who's been hurt, but as someone who is deeply loved, seen by God, and worthy of complete emotional healing.

You don't have to pretend anymore.

You don't have to carry it alone.

Healing is holy – and it's available.

Welcome to the journey.

With love and vulnerability.

Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I give all glory and honor to **God**, the Healer of hearts and the Author of restoration. Without His grace, presence, and truth, this book would not exist. It is by His Spirit that the words were written, and it is by His power that healing is made possible.

To **Jesus Christ**, who not only carried my sins, but also my sorrows—thank You for walking with me through the valleys, for redeeming my pain, and for teaching me that healing is not weakness, but worship.

To the **Holy Spirit**, my Counselor and Comforter, thank You for being near in the darkest nights, for speaking in the silence, and for guiding each word with wisdom and love.

To my **wife, Josephine Muthoni**—you are my greatest inspiration and the wisest partner I could ever ask for. Thank you for cultivating a reading culture in our home and turning our house into a living library. Your strength, grace, and love have been an anchor to this vision.

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To the **church**, my extended spiritual family—thank you for your prayers, encouragement, and accountability. You've been a fertile ground for ministry and healing.

To my **family and friends**, who have walked with me through seasons of brokenness and breakthrough—thank you for your support, your patience, and your faith in what God is doing through this work.

To every **mentor, counselor, and coach** who poured into me, and to every **client and reader** who shared your

truth — you helped shape the pages of this book more than you know.

Finally, to **you**, the reader: thank you for daring to heal. This book is for you. May the Lord meet you in every chapter and bring healing to the wounds we often don't talk about.

With deep gratitude,

Coach Owidi.

Dedication

And to every soul silently carrying emotional wounds:

This book is for **you**.

May you discover that healing is holy, and your tears are
never wasted in the hands of God.

"He has made everything beautiful in its time." —

Ecclesiastes 3:11 (ESV)

The Wounds We Don't Talk About

Introduction

When the Soul Bleeds in Silence

Pain doesn't always scream. Sometimes it whispers, hidden behind smiles, worship songs, and busy schedules. Sometimes it sits quietly in church pews, in our homes, in the silent corridors of our hearts—unnoticed, unnamed, but deeply real.

This book was born from that silence.

It speaks to the kind of emotional torment that doesn't always leave visible scars but ravages the soul—grief, shame, rejection, betrayal, childhood wounds, heartbreaks, toxic relationships, and the fatigue of pretending everything is okay.

Though men hurt us, and though we carry those memories, the most dangerous emotional pain is the one within. Because it travels with you everywhere. You can run from toxic people and environments, but you can't escape the pain that lives inside your own soul. It is the mistake you made. The abuse you endured. The names you were called. The burdens you carry alone, so long that you begin to believe: *I am the pain.*

But that's a lie.

This book is not just about pain—it's about **hope**.

We will journey through inner battles that most people hide. We'll explore biblical wisdom that brings light to darkness, truth to torment, and healing to hidden wounds. God doesn't leave us stranded in our emotional chaos. From Genesis to Revelation, He offers a path to healing.

Don't Pitch Your Tent in the Valley of emotions

We all go through the valley.

“Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...” — Psalm 23:4

Notice the word: **walk through**.

You were never meant to **stay** there. The valley is a passage, not a place to pitch your tent.

Yet many do just that—

They settle in the valley of fear.

Camp in the valley of grief.

Build homes in the valley of emotional pain.

Naming it *“This is just who I am now.”*

But that’s not your final address.

God never asked you to deny the valley—but He *did* call you to move through it. To **walk** with Him. Because He’s not just the God of the mountaintop; He’s the God **in the valley**.

And He never wastes a valley — He uses it to shape you, strengthen you, and show you He is with you.

So let me ask you — have you pitched your tent where you were only meant to pass through?

It's time to pack up despair.

Fold up the guilt.

Leave behind the emotional clutter.

And start walking again — with God.

Because resurrection doesn't happen in a tent of sorrow — it happens when you trust the Shepherd to lead you out.

Closing Charge:

Don't confuse the valley for the destination.

Let the pain teach you, but don't let it trap you.

You're passing through — not staying put.

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Chapter 1

Emotional Pain – Energy in Motion

**“The wise avoid all extremes.” – Ecclesiastes 7:18
(NIV)**

“A fool gives full vent to his spirit, but a wise man quietly holds it back.” – Proverbs 29:11

**Let’s try and delve into the Unspoken Language of
Emotional Pain**

Emotional: Energy in Motion

The word *emotion* comes from the Latin "*emotere*," which means *to move out*. So when we say **"emotions are energy in motion,"** it means:

Emotions are natural energy that moves through us — like waves.

When we feel sad, angry, joyful, or afraid, it's energy trying to flow through our body and mind.

If we allow ourselves to feel it and express it in a healthy way, it moves and passes.

But if we block it (by ignoring or denying it), it gets stuck and can cause pain or stress

When Emotions Become the Enemy

There was a time in my life when I thought I was doing everything right. I was leading, teaching, advising, helping others find clarity—but inside, I was drowning in emotional chaos. I didn't realize I was hurting. I didn't realize that what I called "passion" was often just pain in disguise. I didn't realize that emotional pain, when ignored or suppressed, doesn't die—it multiplies.

I found myself shouting at home more often than speaking gently. My children became quiet around me.

They weren't just silent; they were scared. My wife, Josephine—my greatest earthly gift—became hesitant to share her thoughts with me. Not because she lacked wisdom, but because she feared rejection, or worse, control. I had unknowingly become the kind of man people tiptoe around.

Even friends started to disappear. I noticed people would come to me already on the defensive. They felt like they had to prove something before I even asked. I didn't understand it at first. I thought they were being overly sensitive, or just didn't get me. But in truth, it wasn't them, it was me. I had created an atmosphere where my pain led the conversation, not my heart.

I was so focused on proving I had it all together—trying to appear wise and strong, that I ignored my own insecurities. In doing so, I became emotionally distant and hard to reach.

I thought leadership meant always being in control, but I forgot that true leadership starts with connection.

And while trying to protect myself from emotional pain, I unknowingly hurt the very people I cared about. My defenses became walls that pushed others away.

Emotional Pain: Not a Sin, But a Signal

God created emotions. They are part of our divine wiring. Emotions are not the enemy—they are energy in motion. They are signals, not sins. When emotions become overwhelming or destructive, it's not because they're bad, but because they are carrying something unresolved—unspoken grief, unmet needs, or memories still bleeding.

The Bible reminds us not to go to extremes: *“The one who fears God will avoid all extremes”* (Ecclesiastes 7:18).

Emotional extremes—explosions, avoidance, manipulation, silent treatments, are often signs of internal imbalance. They're warning lights on the dashboard of the soul.

But I didn't see them as that at the time. I just thought people didn't understand me. I blamed my short temper

on pressure, or fatigue, or even spiritual warfare. But the truth was simpler and more difficult to admit: I was emotionally unwell. My pain was real, but so was the harm it was causing.

Why We Don't Talk About It

Especially for men, and even more for Christian men in leadership, emotional pain is taboo. We preach about healing and grace, but carry unspoken wounds from childhood, rejection, abuse, or failure. We don't talk about what broke us. We spiritualize our emotions, quoting verses instead of confessing vulnerabilities. We wear strength like armor, not realizing it isolates us.

In silence, emotional pain festers. It becomes anger, resentment, bitterness, or burnout. It sneaks into our parenting, our leadership, our marriages. And eventually, it becomes the lens through which we see the world, and everyone becomes a threat or a disappointment.

And worst of all, it clouds how we see and relate to God.

The Loneliness of Unprocessed Pain

It's a haunting kind of loneliness—being surrounded by people who admire you, yet feeling completely unknown. I was respected. Praised. Trusted to lead. But behind every applause was a tired soul, emotionally isolated and quietly unraveling.

I had mastered the art of serving others. I could show up, organize, execute with precision—and I did it well. People celebrated what I could do, but not once paused to ask how I truly was.

I remember organizing church retreats where others laughed in circles, bonded in groups, and found warmth in connection.

Me? I'd wander. Pretend to be busy. Hide behind made-up tasks. I couldn't sit still long enough to feel the ache inside.

Because to sit... to simply be... meant facing the loneliness I didn't know how to name.

So I kept moving. Kept serving. Kept pretending.
And the more I gave, the more invisible I became.

I now know that it wasn't that people didn't care. It's that I wasn't safe. My pain made me unpredictable. One minute I was encouraging, the next I was sharp, defensive, or emotionally shut down. People weren't sure what version of me they'd meet, so they kept their distance.

The tragedy? I wanted connection so badly. I wanted to be understood, to be close, to feel peace. But I didn't yet know that healing isn't about being strong, it's about being honest.

Healing Begins With Permission

God began to speak to me gently, not through a booming voice, but through the tears I cried when no one was watching. He reminded me that emotions are not a weakness—they're part of my worship. David was a man

after God's heart, not because he was perfect, but because he poured out his soul with rawness and truth.

(The Arusha Breakdown)

It's one thing to feel lonely in a crowd.

It's another to feel rejected by those you serve alongside.

I had traveled to Arusha to help lead a marriage retreat — meant to be a time of ministry, connection, and restoration. But for me, it became one of the most painful memories I've ever lived through.

From the start, there was tension. Opposition. Not from strangers — but from the very leadership team I came with. Cold shoulders. Quiet resistance. Conversations I wasn't invited into. I was already emotionally worn down, and now I was invisible among those I had called family in ministry.

What cut deepest wasn't just the rejection — it was how normal it seemed to them. How no one asked.

But God has a way of showing up through the most unexpected people.

Her name was **Mary** — the hotel manager.

She didn't know my story.

She didn't need to.

She simply saw someone who was barely standing and made room.

She covered my accommodation. Paid for all my meals. I didn't have a cent to my name, and I hadn't told anyone.

That act of kindness from a stranger hit deeper than any sermon. It told me, *God still sees you*.

We forget that leaders break too.

We cry too.

We serve while bleeding.

We create safe spaces for others while longing for one ourselves.

The nights in Arusha were some of the darkest I've known. I cried myself to sleep, if I slept at all.

When Pain Travels With You

(The Loneliness That Followed Me to Arusha)

I traveled alone to Tanzania.

Alone in the physical.

Alone in the emotional.

Alone in the spiritual weight I didn't yet understand.

My wife didn't come with me for that retreat.

But just before I left, she looked at me with deep concern and said,

"I had a bad dream. I saw you in deep pain... but I've prayed for you."

I brushed it off — half in faith, half in denial.

Because it's always easier to hear about pain than to walk through it.

The event was just a week away.

380 couples had registered.

One week out.

No room for backup. No plan B.

And then came Mary.
The hotel manager in Arusha.

She called me directly and said with a kind, but unmistakably firm voice:

"If you're not coming, cancel the event. I don't know how to handle Kenyans. But you – I know you. You must come."

So I went.

With nothing but a stretched soul and an aching uncertainty in my gut.

Because how do you say no when hundreds are waiting?
How do you back out when you're the one carrying the counseling mandate for an entire event?

I went, not knowing that **the event I was organizing would break me before it blessed anyone else.**
I showed up as a leader—well-packaged, poised, and prayed-up.

But underneath the neat shirt and official smile was a man slowly unraveling.

Rejection doesn't always come in dramatic scenes.
Sometimes it's the looks.

The exclusions.

The subtle distance from the very team that should have
had your back.

I wasn't just away from home—I was away from *my*
people... while standing right next to them.

And that, *that* kind of loneliness—where you're
surrounded, yet unknown— it's a pain that echoes louder
than silence.

What Mary didn't know was that her insistence saved the
retreat.

And saved *me*.

What my wife didn't know was that her prayer covered a
man who nearly gave up the night he arrived.

I was the organizer.

The counselor.

The one meant to pour out peace, clarity, and healing.

And yet, I was the one bleeding on the inside.

Little did I know that the weight I carried there was not for others only – it was for *me*.

That trip would change me forever.

On one of those nights, I had made up my mind – I wasn't going to make it through another day. I was done with the retreat, ready to go home the following day, early morning.

Then came **Elder Jeremiah, a good friend of mine** who stood close enough to notice. Asking, I explained, He reminded me why I was there. That this wasn't about being noticed or praised. It was about obedience. That sometimes, we don't serve because we feel strong – we serve because we're still willing, even with trembling hands.

Some friends approached me. They could see something wasn't right. They offered quiet prayers. I had asked for prayer, but couldn't find the words to explain the storm. Because how do you speak of pain you don't even fully understand yet?

That retreat didn't just expose my wounds—it revealed my heart.

It showed me how deeply I had buried my own needs beneath the applause.

It reminded me: *God will send a Mary before the breakdown swallows you.*

It was more than rejection.

It was a revelation.

And I carry it still—not as a scar of shame, but as proof that even in the silence, God speaks

Healing began the moment I stopped hiding my pain behind my purpose. I started journaling, praying with my emotions instead of around them, and letting silence do what sermons could not.

I had to reintroduce myself to my own heart—and then offer that heart, whole or not, back to God.

When Obedience Becomes the Healing

When I returned home from Arusha, I didn't feel better.

I didn't come back with closure.

The rejection still echoed.

The loneliness still lingered.

The tears had stopped falling—but the pain had only settled deeper, quieter.

But I made a decision:

To obey God even when my heart wasn't ready.

I turned to **Matthew 18**—the chapter that speaks of forgiveness, confrontation with grace, and the heart of God for the lost and hurting.

"Then Peter came to Jesus and asked, 'Lord, how many times shall I forgive my brother or sister who sins against me? Up to seven times?'

Jesus answered, 'I tell you, not seven times, but seventy-seven times.'"

— Matthew 18:21-22 (NIV)

And like Peter, I had my doubts.

"God, how do I forgive people who didn't even ask for it?"

"How do I obey when my heart is still bleeding?"

But I heard the Spirit whisper:

Because I said so. Because that's what Jesus did.

So I chose to **live out forgiveness**, not because it felt good, but because Jesus **commanded it**.

"But if you do not forgive others their sins, your Father will not forgive your sins." —Matthew 6:15

Obedience became my lifeline.

It was no longer about feeling healed.

It was about following the **Healer**, even when I limped.

I started confessing—not to forget what happened, but to refuse to let it define me.

To release others, even when my emotions still wrestled with it.

"If anyone wants to be my disciple, he must deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow me." — Luke 9:23

That denial of self wasn't glamorous.

It felt like dying — daily.

But that's where life began to grow again.

Not from feeling better.

Not from being vindicated.

But from **obeying Jesus**.

I wasn't trying to be super-spiritual.

I was just desperate enough to trust that **God's Word** was more trustworthy than my wounded heart.

I didn't always feel strong.

But I walked in His strength.

I didn't always feel peace.

But I clung to His promise.

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

Obedience Over Emotion: The Hard Road to Restoring Brotherhood

Let's be honest—this is the hardest part for most Christians.

Choosing to forgive.

Choosing to reach out again.

Choosing to talk about what hurt.

Choosing to take responsibility when you could just blame.

Choosing to obey when everything in you screams, *"Just move on!"*

It will never be easy.

Your pride will fight it.

Your wounds will scream for justice.

Your mind will rehearse every reason why it's not worth it.

And your emotions will beg you to stay silent, distant, and safe.

But here's the truth:

It's the hardest decision you'll ever make – but also the most powerful.

Obedience doesn't always feel like strength at first. It feels like dying.

Dying to ego.

Dying to the need to be right.

Dying to the false safety of bitterness.

But on the other side of that death?

Resurrection.

Resurrection of peace.

Resurrection of relationships.

Resurrection of identity.

Resurrection of joy that can't be shaken.

The path of obedience may be narrow and steep, but it's where healing lives.

It's where Christ is.

And when you take that first trembling step, heaven stands behind you.

One of the most difficult yet life-changing decisions I've ever made was to take the first step toward healing a broken brotherhood.

I chose **obedience**—not because it was easy, but because the Word says, *“Obedience is better than sacrifice”* (1 Samuel 15:22).

Rather than waiting for apologies or pointing fingers, I took responsibility for my wounds and my healing. One by one, I reached out—setting appointments to sit down, talk honestly, and revisit what had broken us. Not to rehearse pain, but to understand each other, to express how things could've been handled differently, and to create a platform for a better tomorrow.

But it wasn't smooth.

One person, in particular, kept avoiding me. It would've been easier to say, *“At least I tried.”* But something in me refused to settle. I kept resetting the appointment. I didn't want pretense; I wanted **full restoration**.

Eventually, we met. We spoke openly. We didn't just talk—we listened. We saw the event from different lenses. Apologies were exchanged, and we agreed on steps toward a healthier future.

What changed everything?

Obedience and boundaries.

Even when others struggled with their character or past patterns, they began to understand and respect my boundaries. And from that came peace.

Running away or making excuses would have just given the enemy a foothold. When we avoid dealing with our issues, we unknowingly partner with Satan's agenda to divide and conquer.

The Bible is clear:

"If they have known the truth and then turn away, they are worse off than before."

It's like a dog returning to its vomit or a washed pig going back to the mud (2 Peter 2:20-22).

That's what disobedience does—it turns us into captives. We call Him *Lord, Lord* but deny Him with our lives when we refuse to walk in truth and reconciliation.

Unity doesn't always *feel* good, but it's *right*. It must be fought for—not based on emotions, but **based on the obedience Christ modeled**. He didn't just preach love; He **lived** it.

We are children of the Most High.

We carry more power in obedience than we realize—but like the Israelites, we often live in unnecessary bondage simply because we won't obey.

The call is simple, but it's not always easy:

“Make every effort...” (Hebrews 12:14)

“The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force.” (Matthew 11:12)

This isn't about striving to earn victory—it's about stepping into the victory that's already ours.

When I finally surrendered to Christ in this area, **He restored my peace, my relationships, and my dominion.**

Not because I've arrived—but because I've decided to keep showing up in obedience.

Day by day. Tear by tear.

Walking through valleys and shadows—with Him.

And in that obedience, **He continues to bind what was once broken.**

Reflection Points

- What would healing look like—not for your image, but for your soul?
- What emotion have you been avoiding because it feels too overwhelming or vulnerable to face?
- Who in your life has been wounded by the pain you've buried instead of bringing to God?
- Have you mistaken shutting down emotionally for being spiritually “strong”?
- If image didn't matter, if only your soul did, what would true healing look like?

Prayer of Emotional Obedience and Honesty

“Father, I’m done pretending. I’ve worn strength like a mask, silence like armor, and I’ve called it faith. But deep down, I’ve been afraid, of pain, of confrontation, of not being enough. I’ve led on empty. I’ve protected my image more than my soul. And I’ve hurt people because I was hurting too.

So here I am, raw and open. I give You my unspoken grief, my silent disappointments, my quiet rage, my loneliness masked as busyness. I bring it all. Not to be pitied, but to be healed. Not to be fixed, but to be restored.

Help me walk in obedience, even when it breaks my pride. Help me reach out again, even when I feel rejected. Teach me to feel without fear and to speak without shame. I don’t want to carry this into tomorrow. I want to be whole—for real, for You, and for me. In Jesus’ name, Amen.”

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By Coach Owidi

Mental Health Relationship Coach

+254724994066

coachowidi@gmail.com

EMOTIONAL PAIN

EMOTIONAL PAIN: THE WOUNDS WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IS A powerful invitation to break the silence around emotional suffering and embrace the biblical path to healing, wholeness, and restoration. written with raw vulnerability, spiritual depth, and coaching wisdom, coach owidi speaks to the silent warriors—those carrying unseen wounds from trauma, rejection, heartbreak, or emotional neglect. This is more than a book; it's a sacred space to finally say, "I'm not okay"—and begin the journey toward healing with god. inside these pages, you'll find:

- tools for emotional recovery rooted in scripture
- real stories that validate your pain
- spirit-led practices for healing and renewal
- permission to feel, grieve, and be restored

You don't have to fake it anymore. You don't have to carry it alone.

God sees. God heals. healing is holy.



Coach Owidi, a certified mental health coach and christian mentor, has served in the ministry for 25 years, teaching, counselling and guiding others through life's trials. He blends biblical truths with practical coaching to help singles, couples and divorcees find healing, hope and purpose.

