

COOKIES WITH CHRIST

Dami Adedeji



*Dedicated to
Román and Sylvia*

FOREWORD

There is something about the way Dami writes, and reading it is refreshing, like the taste of spring water to a weary soul. But more than that, it is experiential. He shares his journey oftentimes and as you read through, you see the heart felt desire of a soul thirsty for God who would like everyone to join him on this journey of unveiling the Christ.

Piece after piece reveals the love of God afresh, delivered in the delightful serving of words that Dami has been gifted with. He chastises our lethargy and again binds our hearts together in purpose as he shares with us the gospel through his eyes and from his heart. You would find that the Fatherhood of God is a central theme as is the authority of a man in Christ.

Overall, I believe that reading this e-book, will bless you as you open your heart. God prides Himself as being a God that hides Himself and this collection for me serves as a chronicle of a journey and inspiration to rediscover God. It is a first step out of the comforts of religion to bare our hearts before God as children awed by His unconditional love.

It is my privilege and honour to write this foreword and I pray that a fire will light up in your heart from start to finish as it did in mine.

- Eloho Onwah

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~ IN THE BEGINNING ~

Before time began the Lamb was slain.

Behold the outrageous fecundity of his love towards man as he hangs on the cross, his every lungful laced with untold grief, his back and bones bruised and broken by the hammers of hell upon the anvil of anguish, his skin lacerated by the executioner's whip.

He is the quintessential romantic with a twinkle in his eye and a spring in his step, racing through the ravines of death, surging past the stockade of sin and sickness - **all because of you**. He is all together lovely. He is Love and holds all things together by the power of his Love. The kind of love that leaves you breathless and yet at the same time is the air you breathe.

Let your eyes soak in the breathtaking paradox of his persona. All at once He is the roaring lion that ravishes your heart, leaving in his wake a path of righteousness and refreshing for you to enjoy and yet He is the lamb.

Tell me that you are not roused to righteousness by this Prince who is not only charming but is full of compassion, a prince who is of Peace. The galaxies gush in excited metaphor.

The ghettos and grottos squeal surreptitiously as He, the King of Glory, approaches in all his grandeur.

The grand masters of the universe, the gate keepers of the Milky Way doff their hats in adoration. They stand in awe and amazement at his majesty.

I present to you a God who is sure of Himself. He doesn't need offerings and oblations to appease him. I present to you a being who occupies the seat of power not by virtue of election nor by reason of an appointment.

I present to you the very being, indeed, the only being whose reason for existence is in Himself - the all sufficient one, the one from whom all things flow, the one who upholds all things by the word of his power.

He has his hands full of love for you. He is unchanging changer who changes things just because He loves you. Can you not marvel at the Father who races down the road passionately to embrace his lost son? Can you not see the joy plastered on the face of the weeping woman whose sin is forgiven? Hear her words, hear her mutterings, for in the midst of the assault and attacks, in the face of her

assailants, Mercy stoops low to raise her up. Against the backdrop of such a passionate display of tenderness, can you not see the blind man leap for Joy has strengthened his limbs?

He stands at the beginning and with the Word begins a tapestry of redemption. He has seen it all. He knows the outcome for He is Alpha and Omega and everything in between.

It was in beginning all things that He made a way where there seemed to be none. He watched and waited in perfect harmony with the Godhead. Surrounded by what appeared to be the deathly sting of darkness He thought a thought.

As a master sculptor before a slab of amorphous stone, a painter in front of a blank canvas, a minstrel poised before a grand piano... a writer – pen in hand and thoughts all a-flurry – He stood and then He said...

“Let there be Light!”

~ The ROAD ~

There are times when you want to throw away the towel. You want to hang your boots and just call it a day. You know na, those times when you have reached the **end of yourself**, when you know that you can't do anything by yourself. The towel is smelling sef. The putrid fetor of blood and tears is mingled with the stench of sweat of many days. You have slaved away under the sun that has proven itself a scalding taskmaster. Your back bears the bruises from backstabbers and backbiters.

You stare at the sun one last time. Each morning it arrives in its fiery chariot and drags you wickedly through the hustle and bustle that is hopelessly wired into your DNA. You can't fight and even if you could you would fall flat on your face in defeat. Your fists are clenched in sheer disdain. Perhaps, the one who dares to call himself the "Divine Intelligence" has placed your destiny on reverse.

Like chicken wings, you are trapped on the devil's saucer – a delightfully prepared meal for the hounds of hell.

WAIT. What happens when you travel for miles on the road called 'self' and then you come to a point where to move an inch forward would send you plummeting to your death and you can't go back, turn left or saunter right? What happens when all you have ever known to be true and sure comes crashing down on your head like a house made of straw and menacing bricks?

Clearly there is a road that seems bright and cheery. There is a street that is wild, wide and welcoming. There is a pernicious path that is seemingly palliative but yet waxes strong with garish gruesomeness.

The end thereof is destruction? You cannot say so about the one whom we have surnamed Anointed One. He even without mincing words shows us his business card and emblazoned in blood red and sky blue colors are the words "I AM THE WAY".

Can we trust Him enough to travel the path that he paved with his blood? Can we dare to take a detour from the road trekked by the masses and venture into **Grace 316 Avenue?**

You say you don't need a Saviour? You say this is for losers who don't know their purpose in life. Don't you realize how utterly empty your life is? You suffer from an acute case of eight-to-five-osis. Your faith is restricted to meal-side or drive-way prayers or the Sunday-Sunday medicine. Your pursuit of worldly wealth has eaten away at the fabric of your family. Your life is but a festering cyst masked by the fading fragrance of vainglory.

In my journeys I, the Traveler, have come upon many a weary soul whose eyes reflect the deep darkness in mine. I have seen the tears that ladies have cried, days after their innocence was stifled and ravaged by a raging phallus.

I have heard grown men weep and seen the agony of the gray-haired as their families are emaciated by greed and the despairing scuttle for a plot of land. I have stood in street corners and watched my sisters ply their trade, bartering their bodies to pay their bills. From the hallowed halls of cathedrals to the mundane markets I have seen and still see.

How many times do we reach the end of ourselves and instead of throwing ourselves on the Lord we walk back to the beginning trying to achieve some measure of happiness by ourselves?

I, myself, have been pummeled by dreary days and noxious nights. Life's woes nearly destroyed my sight. But somehow through the fog I catch the glimpse of a wooden cross. Not the tawdry crucifix on your neck, not a talisman nor a charm but the Triumphant Christ on a cross before the whole world.

I have reached the end of Self-boulevard and I knew I couldn't turn back. I have torn the mask that plastered my face and tossed my burdens at the foot of the cross.

It was at times like that, at the end of my rope that His voice filters in through the darkness and directs me down the road of righteousness. It is that same voice that calls out LIGHT in the darkness. When my own filthiness threatened to suffocate me rarefied air from Zion weighty with mercy comes along and fills my lungs with life.

That is why I walk down this path unafraid. That is the reason I tread this road excitedly. For the WAY leads me by Himself.

~ Like A,B,C ~

A light flickered in
the night sky,
Bethlehem winds
wrapped their
fingers round the
couple.
Centuries of waiting
had come to a
head,
Death finally would
be crushed by the
one foretold,
Eve's dream in
Mary's womb,
Fires of passion
stirred the angelic
host,
God in flesh made
manifest in the
house of Bread,
Hell turned and
tossed,
Iniquity boiled and
raged, for
Jesus the Light, the
child was to be born
tonight.
King! The shepherds
gathered round,
Looking with awed
attention at the
Lamb of God,
Men from the east
with their spices and
jewelry,

Near his cradle they
worshipped,
Opening their
treasure chests &
hearts
Poised in adoration
of the Son,
Quietly musing on
Micah's prophecy,
Regarding the
goings forth of the
Eternal One
Sweetly he slept, his
little heart beating
This was Papa's plan
for the planet
Unrelenting in His
pursuit of His people
Vanquishing all of
evil with a child
With a son on whose
shoulders the
governments rested
X marked the spot
and Emmanuel
tabernacled with
men
Young and old
visited by Grace
and Truth.
Zoe for all

~ BY HIS STRIPES ~

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