



grenepages

Issue 9

TIPS & DOWNS

The Day You Lost Your Miracle

A New Covenant

In Case Your Jesus Sleeps On Crossover

Behind The Scenes

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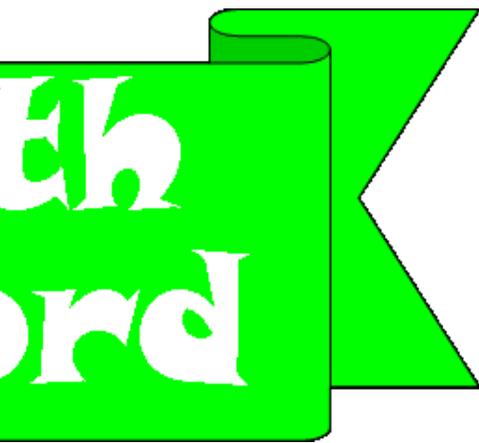
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I'm not sure how the years have been for you. You loved it all through? Were there sometimes you prayed and it seemed not to be working? Some experiences you hope never to have again?

Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you in turmoil within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my salvation. Psalm 42:5

The picture of a wave comes to mind. Moving from one point to the other, it never does so in a straight line. While it approaches its destination, there are

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A NEW COVENANT

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ups and downs. Sometimes from its highest points called the crest, it sinks to its lowest point called the trough. The most important part however, is that point where it reaches its destination despite all.

In this 9th edition of *grenepages*, we share the mind of the psalmist. In the journey of life, there are troughs as much as there are crests. Things will not always go as planned. Do not let your soul be worried. You shall praise him again.

Welcome to *grenepages*!

ookere



**Ministering
Rhythms**
Joan Abimbola
[ringrhythms.wordpress.com](https://joanrhythms.wordpress.com)

Always from the NEGATIVE



A cheerful heart is good medicine, but a crushed spirit drags heavily.
Proverbs 17:22 (NIV)

Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice. Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you.
Ephesians 4:31-32 (NIV)

And over all these virtues put on love, which binds them all together in
perfect unity.
Colossians 3:14 (NIV)



ries up the bones.

*ander, along with
e another, forgiv-
you.*

m all together in

Worries

Fears

Pessimisms...

Negative thoughts – soul's fever

From your heart severe

Frustration

Anger

Guilt

Negative feelings –

Start peeling

Destructive criticisms

Slanders

Curses...

Negative words –

Don't put to work

Love

Faith

Hope

Vibes of gratitude –

Let them reign in magnitude

Go positive

Overcome the negatives

Believe you can win

And by grace you will

Here are better days indeed!



Treasures in Jar of Clay Femi Sobayo

<http://oluwafemisobayo.blogspot.com/>

One Saturday morning, from our living room where the children are playing I heard the voice of my first child calling out to me “Daddy, Zoe is writing rubbish in her book”. The elder sister was calling my attention to her younger sister’s wrong action. She is a little more matured than her sister is and knew what her sister was writing was rubbish and that I am responsible for stopping them from writing or doing anything wrong. I came out from one of the rooms to meet my *efico* daughter to stop writing rubbish in her book. In defence, she said, “Daddiiii, it’s not jagajaga”. Since when did my own small daughter start knowing so much than I do?

When I insisted that she should stop, she taught me a lesson with her response. She said, “Daaddddiiiiii, it’s my book”. “But I bought it for you”, I debated. She said again, “Daddiiii, it’s my book”.

Well, she was right, partly so. I bought her the book; I have transferred owner-



ship of the book to her. But I own her and all that she has. She may own her storybook, but I own her and her things.

This incidence brought three lessons to my mind:

We need to fully understand that we do not own our lives.

As believers, we can get off the track in our relationship with God the moment we get used to thinking in ‘first person’ position; *me* instead of *Him*, our redeemer.

We say things like *this is my home, my life, it is*



my money... We do not just say these things; we also think and act them. My daughter owns her book, but I own her and God owns us. We need to humbly keep up with the truth that God Owns Us. *“I know, LORD, that our lives are not our own...”*(Jeremiah 10:23 KJV)

Except we are guided, we can erroneously but proudly mess our lives up.

With the joy with which she was scribbling

‘jagajaga’ (as she called it) on her book, it was evident that she did not know the definition or impact of rubbish on her book. Sometimes, we do not know how destructive our actions can be. *“There is a way that seemeth right... but the end is destruction”* (Proverbs 14:12 KJV). We do not know what we purport to know. We do not know which way to go. We need a sure guide always.

Even when we have our lives in order, we should truly care for the lives of others.

The elder sister has her own book intact, yet she called out to me to save her younger sister from defacing her book. We are not just called to be comfortable; we need to reach out to the lost and to the erring. We need to pray for the brethren, watch out for the neighbours and be concerned about the lost. We were brought that same way to Christ.

Know this: GOD is God, and God, GOD.

He made us; we didn’t make him.

We’re his people, his well-tended sheep.

(Psalm 100:3 The Message)



The Daughter's Inspiration

Adeyinka Oresanya
<http://adeyinkaoresanya.com>

Read previous episodes [here](#)...

“Oh my God! Awe, we missed the AMVCA awards. I just saw it on LIB’s now.” Sara came into the living room, *ipad* in hand, and flung herself on the couch.

“Ouch! How did we forget?” I looked up from my phone. She leaned towards me. “Check this out. My love, O.C. Ukeje, won the best actor.” She giggled.

I rolled my eyes and collected the *ipad* from her. “Love *ko*, husband *ni*. The guy doesn’t even know you exist.”

“Whatever! Killjoy.” She pouted.

I scrolled down the page. “But this is great o. *Ivие Okujaye* got the trailblazer award. I love her acting. I think she deserves it.”

“And *Jacqui Bannerman* got the award for best make-up. I’m happy for her.” Sara leaned in to see the pictures again. “Awe, that’s my dream o. To get into movie and TV make up, do great exploits like this lady and *Jennifer Alegruino*. You know there is a hot talk about the wonderful job she did on *Rita Dominic* in ‘The Meeting’? I bet she will have tons of awards this year.” Her eyes had the faraway, dreamy look. I knew she was imagining herself mounting the podium to collect her plaque.

I smiled.

She sighed. “Awe, I can be like these people. These small small jobs and pouty brides don dey tire me.”

“Come on, Sara,” I replied. “Don’t worry now, you will get there. You just keep at it.”

“Of course, baby. All I need now is a gig from my second love, *Kunle Afolayan* and bam! I’m there.” she snapped

The Journey of Awelewe Episode 7



deyi nkaoresanya.com

her fingers.

I rolled my eyes and tapped her. *“All you need now is to attend a real beauty school, build a portfolio, then we can talk about knocking on doors like Kunle Afolayan.”*

“Mm-hmmm,” she replied.

There was a turn in the lock and our heads turned towards the door. We definitely knew who it was—only Bola had the third key. Just about time. Bola had not only spent the weekend out but the whole week and I was beginning to wonder if she had decided to start living with her boyfriend. One couldn't put it past Bola. She was capable of anything.

The door burst open but it was only shopping bags we saw. And then Bola staggering in with the rest of the bags.

Sara jumped up and ran towards her. *“Girl, where are you coming from with all these loads?”*

“Abeg, help me first now,” she replied.

Sara took some of the bags from her and came to drop them on the centre table. Bola also walked to the centre of the room and dropped the remaining bags on the floor. Some of the bags were from Vera's, one of the most expensive shops in Ibadan. I raised my eyebrows.

“Ha,” she murmured as she flopped on the couch. *“It's been a long day, girls.”*

“Babe, what have you got here?” Sara started to delve into one of the uncustomized bags. *“Oh my God!”* She screamed as she pulled out a pair of baby pink Pigalle Spikes peep pumps. Pure unadulterated Loub. And my own jaws dropped.

How in heavens was she... my eyes popped as I realised that it was the same shoes we had seen on *adiba.com* when we were browsing some weeks ago. That was what we usually did on lazy Saturdays, when everyone was around, browse online stores to check out the latest fashion pieces in stock and dream of our next

prized possessions. Even though we knew we would have to save and save to get any thing that caught our fancy.

We had logged on to *adiba.com* and went to the shoe section. This pair of pink Loub's stood out on Sara's *ipad* screen in all its beauty. We knew its price would match its beauty.

Straight sixty thousand naira!

We fawned and fawned over the shoes, discussed what bag and what accessories would go with it and on what dress. Then we took our eyes off and proceeded to the next item. There was no way we could spend 60k on shoes—a rookie banker, an upcoming make up artist, and an unemployed gal.

But here was our unemployed gal, Bola, with no business, no savings, a proud owner of a pair of pumps worth a whooping sixty thousand naira.

You see why my jaw dropped.

"I know I know," Bola grinned. "The Lord is good, girl."

"Huh huh," Sara said, pulling out a matching Louis Vuitton tote bag from another shopping bag. "You can say that again!"

My eyes narrowed and I wondered how the Lord had been good to Bola this time. "Babe, gist me," Sara said, as she delved into one of Vera's bags. "How has the Lord been good?"

Bola smiled. "I met this charming guy, we fell in love and he decided to show me how much he loves me." She waved at the goods before us and shrugged. "Now, this

is true love."

"Hmmm. I thought you were at Kola's place?" I finally uttered.

Bola scoffed and waved it off. "I changed my mind about going to his place. I went to Obi's place instead."

"Obi is this new guy?" Sara asked.

"Yes." Bola smiled again, leaning her back against the couch.

Sara shook her head and smiled back. I shot her a cold look and the smile evaporated.

"I bought you something, Sara." Bola said. She reached into a bag and brought out a bottle of *Hermes* perfume. *Terre d'Hermes*, the label read.

"Wow!" Sara jumped up. "Bola, thank you so much."

"And I didn't bother to buy anything for you," Bola crossed one leg over the other and pointed at me.

"I am not in the mood for sermons."

I shrugged and smiled. Sara was busy opening her gift and taking a sniff.

"So, I called Flora to ask for an update about your interview, and she said you didn't turn up. Again." I said sweetly.

Bola shrugged. "I changed my mind."

I sat up. "What do you mean by you changed your mind?"

"Yea, I don't want to do broadcasting again." Bola replied. "Someday, maybe, but not now."

I shook my head. "I thought you wanted to become the next Toolz."

"Nope. I'm better than Toolz."

"That was not what you said some weeks ago."

"What I said yesterday doesn't matter anymore but what today has to offer." She said. "I'm gonna be a

model now. Obi said I should consider it. I have the looks and figure.”

I rolled my eyes. What is this twenty-five year-old thinking, deciding to pursue a modelling career now, because a guy she met yesterday said so? “Obi is your counsellor now?”

“None of your business. I don’t remember ever choosing you as my counsellor either or my mother for that matter.” She started to rise up. “And I’m done with this conversation. I’ve had a long day.”

“That wasn’t what you said when I was pleading with my friend to help me work out a space for you. Do you know how this looks? What it portrays about me?”

“Whatever, girl! Stop being self-righteous.” She waved me off and walked towards her bedroom, leaving the shopping bags and their contents, obviously for Sara to pack.

“Awe, go easy on this girl. Why don’t you just keep praying for her.”

I turned to Sara and scowled. “What else would you say? Iya oko Bournvita!”

She giggled and stood up, carrying some of the bags.

“Whatever!”

I shook my head and leaned back on the couch. I dropped Sara’s *ipad* beside me in frustration. I couldn’t understand how a lady could be like that, changing guys on a whim. Having her as my flatmate was devouring all of my patience. Coupled with the fact that she was a bad influence on my not-yet-steady-in-the-

Lord girlfriend, Sara, and that influence was frustrating the work I was doing on Sara.

Yet the Holy Spirit kept telling me that Bola was my work, too. And that I would need a lot of patience, the more reason why I have made myself a self-appointed ‘counsellor’. But where Sara is malleable, easily bent to any side (which is why I’m scared), Bola is as stiff as a rock, unbendable, and I didn’t know how far I could go before I gave up on her.

Patience, Awe.

“Lord, I keep hearing patience but I need help. I don’t like these insults I get from Bola all the time. She insults my personality and my dedication to you. She makes me feel I’m a pretender. Please, help me not to react to her in a way that will push her further away. Help me to be the real Christian I’m meant to be.” I prayed.

Laughter erupted from Bola’s room.

Sara’s voice was more prominent. She must be enjoying the Obi gist.

I sighed.

... to be continued.

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Akinwumi's
Handwriting(s)
Adeoye Akinwumi
<http://nikeadeoye.blogspot.co.uk>

My Talent



Talents are icings on our cakes. They are like extras to our ordinaries. Salvation, godliness, holiness and righteousness amongst others are the pillars of Christianity.

Talents are not the same as spiritual gifts, which are listed in the book of 1Corinthians 12:8-10 as; the word of wisdom, word of knowledge, faith, healings, working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and interpretation of tongues.

I would not exactly classify talents as amongst all these. Talents are the extras that edify the church of God and the kingdom of God at large. As a Christian, the ultimate goal is to edify the kingdom of God.

I have heard of people, who the grace of God came upon to play the keyboard without any formal or informal training.

Let us talk about playing out a script or acting out expressions as your talents. You must understand that unbelievers act drama without knowing Jesus Christ. Therefore, acting can be anybody's talent if God bestows on him or her. What makes it a ministry is when

its primary and secondary goal is to propagate the gospel of Christ.

We have established that our underlying allegiance is our call to salvation. Therefore, as we strive to take our place fully in our father's kingdom, we should give our all, spend ourselves and search within us to see what the icings on our cakes are.

Let me say that some people already knew what their icings were before giving their lives to Jesus Christ. If you are such person, now that you have surrendered to Him, you must align your totality to His will.



y Ministry,

My Destiny

However, if you discover your talent after confessing Christ, then, it's all good. You can weave your talent into your ministry.

Many people who can act can also do other things such as singing or playing instruments or some other things. As many as you can do, do it altogether to the glory of God. Give yourself to it fully.

You are not allowed to act drama for mere show, that is, so you can be

'seen', which will be carnality.

You must deal with every form of vainglory and flesh before you take on any drama role.

You must see the drama ministry as your own way of preaching the word of God, and you cannot do that, living in sin.

Finally, if you are not convinced that you are fulfilling destiny while you are in the drama ministry, then maybe you should not be doing it.

If God has fully invested into you the measure of grace to act out the word of God, then he will hold you accountable for it, when he returns to call us home. Just as in His parable in Matthew 25:14-30.



Inked Words
Tosin Iosef Kehinde
<https://inkright.wordpress.com>

To be is to exist, to continue. It signifies a state.

To be **steadfast** is to **be** resolutely or dutifully firm and unwavering. It means to **stand firm**.

When 2Corinthians chapter 15 verse 58 says ‘... *be steadfast, immovable...*,’ it was trying to lay emphasis on the level of standing at which we should be operating. That implies there are various levels of ‘standing’ with some being more sure than the others. Some might be shaky; others might be unbalanced et cetera. The word *immovable* says something very important: take a firm stand such that you would be able to withstand any [and every] force trying to displace you.

A man standing on quick sand cannot be sure of his stance when compared with another man who is standing on a rock. This tells us that we need a solid ground to be steadfast. We could recount the stories of Joseph, Daniel, the three Hebrew lads, Papa Paul et al. These men stood their ground despite the overwhelming opposition and were able to overcome because they had a good foothold – Christ Jesus. Papa Paul laid emphasis on this in his letter to the *Colossians* ‘... let your **roots grow down** into Him [Christ] and let



your lives be **built on Him**. Then your **faith will grow strong...**’ [2 vs 6-8].

“... roots go down...” = depth

“... built on Him...” = base or foundation

In addition, we humans have two feet, which are necessary to achieve balance. You might be able to stand temporarily with one foot but you would easily fall over with the slightest push. This same analogy can be applied in the spiritual. Remember we have been warned ‘*He that THINKETH he stand...*’ This is a very succinct warning that reminds us that



ndfast...

even our two feet are not enough to ensure we stand nor can they guarantee that we shall remain standing! Thus *'...I am warning you ahead of time, dear friends. Be on guard so that you will not be carried away by the errors of these wicked people and lose your own **secure footing...**'* [2 Peter 3 vs 17]

The phrase *stand firm* is more like an order or a command. The Boys' Brigade Nigeria has a very similar motto: **Sure and Steadfast**. It tells of total commitment. Trying to stand with just one foot is synonymous to a doubting mind: your trust is

divided, so is your faith. You receive NOTHING!

Now I need to draw your attention to something very conspicuous yet which is scarcely noted: trees and leaves. Trees bud and bloom in the spring (rainy season). New leaves emerge. In the fall (commencement of dry season), we see that the trees let go of these leaves. Now the reasons are simple: the leaves are used to excrete water AND the leaves are a weight! Letting go of them ensures the tree is able to manage what little water is available as well as reducing its weight and foliage.

Note that other trees also let go of their leaves, thus reducing the 'obstructions' to the wind-flow and this results in more ferocious and violent wind heads. In letting go of the leaves, such a tree is able to ensure that greater wind speeds neither blows it over nor up-roots it.

The storms of life are seasonal and it takes determination, wisdom and understanding of the times to be able to stand firm and weather the storms.

In summary, there is no disputing the fact that we need a good dose of commitment and determination to remain steadfast. All resources need to be devoted to this task. Be on high alert; putting on the whole amour of God.

Shalom



Conceive The Big Picture



Writing The Book, not the Plot



Write Until You Run Out of Ink



Write a Book!



The Chipping Wren



I Love to Write!



Meditating Teen-Bood



The Power of Choice



The Progress



Give



Measuring Dues



What a Day!



What a Wonderful Thing To Be Gladly



May, May



A Book is Paved with a Thousand Miles



Face it, FEAR



Let's Not Be Afraid of Writing



Real Answers to Real Issues



Who Has The Third Core?



A Trip to Michigan City



The Journey Of Awelewa



The Power Of Choice



Little is The Needed Much



The Available Becomes The Able



Day And Night



The Power of Writing



What a Wonderful Thing To Be Gladly



The Journey Of Awelewa 2



The Journey of Awelewa



Spoken Word



What a Wonderful Thing To Be Gladly



Writing



Writing



Writing - How?



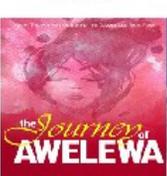
What a Wonderful Thing To Be Gladly



The Journey of Awelewa



How to Write



The Journey of Awelewa



Map Your Way to Freedom To F



Do it



How to Write - The Writing You Want



Writing - How?



How to Write - The Writing You Want



Writing - How?



How to Write - The Writing You Want



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



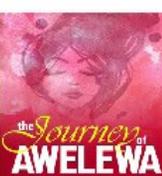
Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



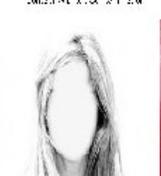
Writing - How?



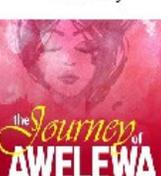
Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Writing - How?



Consciously Make It Happen



Writing Past the Finish Line



It's the Devil but You are the Sinner



What is Destiny?



The Drugging Vigil



I Have No Mart



Maximizing Teen-hood



The Path to Destiny



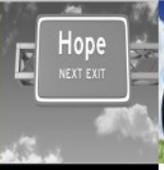
The Proposal



Gifts...



Maximizing Desire



What A Day!



We Are Not Just Trying To Get By



More More



A Time to Preach and a Time to Flee



Faces of Fear



How To Receive Your Healing



Real Answers To Real Issues



Who Has The Third Cord?



A Trip To Marland China



The Journey of Awelewa



The Power Of Choice



Little Is The Needed Much



The Available Becomes The Able



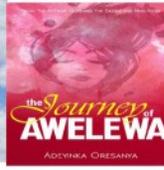
Day And Night



Life Living Or Leaving?



Real Answers To Real Issues 2



The Journey of Awelewa 2



Distracted Into Death



Spiritual Stretch



Where Have You Laid Him?



Living Homes



Get Breathing



Your Future is Now!



Walking Away From A Wrong Decision



The Secret Is The Secret



Hey Ladies!



The Journey of Awelewa 3



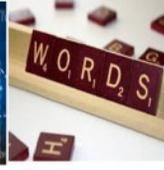
Mysterious Ways, His Purpose To Fulfill



Countdown



Prayer: Step 1 To Planning Your Future



My Words, My World



How Positive Is Your Vocabulary?



When Made A Stand older



It's Now Trendy To Be Busy



When He Comes...



Of Prophecies And Fulfillment



At Least Do The Least



Spirit Divine



Vision: Step 2 To Planning Your Future



Who's Driving?



Real Answers To Real Issues 3



Who Made You?



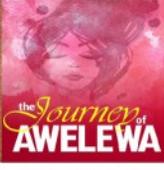
Before You Wait...



To Have And To Hold



It Just Can't Be Ok!



The Journey of Awelewa 4



Contact With out Contamination



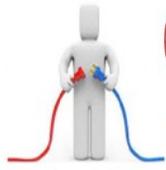
Spread Your Wings



Surviving A Difficult Time



Miracle...



Connecting To The Real You



Everyone Else's Opinion



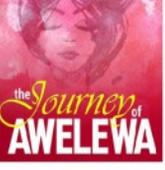
The Errors Of Presumed Pathway



Let Your Words Become Flesh!



The Identity Crisis



The Journey of Awelewa 5



What Is It A Name?



It Is Time To Manifest

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