



*grenepages*

Issue 13

*someone*  
**touch**  
*me*

**dear  
church**

**more than  
conqueror**





Someone Touched Me



Dear Church



When A Blessing Carries You Away...



Rapture! Are You Born Again?



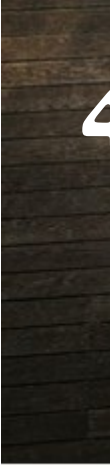
How Be



There Is Room For You



Stars





2

More Than Conquerors

“SOMEONE TOUCHED ME.” There were several people, probably in their thousands pressing on Jesus to get something from him. Some shook hands with him; “oh Rabbi, nice to see you.” Some hugged him; “You are really doing well Mr. Christ, please keep up the good works,” they must have said to him. Some stood afar off; they just wanted to see his face. Some held his hands as he walked along the way. Some were pulling his garments; they liked the colours.

# 13th word

Some wanted to feel its texture. It was a mammoth crowd, all charging at one target - Jesus. Of all that had happened that day, suddenly he stopped and asked; “Who touched me? Someone touched



4

Believers Should Give Under Grace 2



8

The Journey Of Awelewa 12

me.” “I FELT HEALING POWER DISCHARGING FROM ME...”

Of all that charged at Him, pressed on him, shook his hands and hugged Him that day, only one person triggered healing power from Jesus. “Out of everyone here, someone has touched me,” Jesus said.

In this 13th edition of grenepages, our team have been inspired to call your attention to the fact that there is a need for you to pay attention to “Touching Jesus.” Be done with unhealthy traditions that bring no benefits, both individually and as a church. Touch Him.

Welcome once again. You’ll be blessed.



1

The Voice Of A Joyful Bride

*Tobi Slowookere*





Ministering  
Rhythms  
Joan Abimbola  
<https://www.ministeringrhythms.wordpress.com>

**MEDITATION:**  
God's Love not only shows us  
an unending/everlasting affec-  
tion, it completes our total  
being.



# the voice of a joyful bride

*“When that day comes,” says the Lord, “you will call me ‘my husband’ instead of ‘my master.’ I will make you my wife forever, showing you righteousness and justice, unending love and compassion. I will be faithful to you and make you mine, and you will finally know me as the Lord.”*

**Hosea 2:16,19,20 (NLT)**

All my days I'll rise  
Pouring Him love all the time  
I found a life that's right  
A decision I do not fight

He leads me through the miles  
His eyes assure mine  
He speaks no lies  
His words I'll never spite

Yes He paid the price  
Yes I'm His bride  
He brightens my smile  
He wipes my tears when I cry

He's my unfailing might  
My sure victory over all plights  
All for me He took the stripes  
Even now, I'm always on His mind

He keeps my garment white  
He gives me bread and new wine  
When I appear blind, He gives me sight  
He's been there all the while...

Through the sun shining bright  
His love's always on time  
Through the thickest night  
I still find Him kind

He's always by my side  
He washes me clean and bright  
He gives me the water of life  
My spirit, soul and body come alive

Through every hill we climb  
We hold each other tight  
After earth's fruitful vine  
We'll love on in home divine

In me I carry His light  
And gladly, I let it shine  
He is my lifestyle  
My treasure, my delight

Our love daily thrives  
Our love never dies  
Our love radiates beyond the sky  
Our love speaks of the Most High!



## Treasures in Jar of Clay Femi Sobayo

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

There is a super-dramatic event, which I consider life transforming and thought provoking in the book of Luke 8:44-45. We can see one or two lessons from the event.

There was a woman who had a haemorrhage (an escape of blood from a ruptured blood vessel, especially when profuse) for twelve years. Twelve long years mean about 4,380 days. She was weak, she was financially down and she was rejected. Even doctors could not help her situation; they made it worse by ripping her off her wealth. According to the Mosaic Law, she was an unclean person.

One eventful day, she saw Jesus in the midst of people who are crowding him. She then by herself, thought **within** herself... **“if only I can touch the helm of his garment’, I will be made whole”** She did just that! How this weak and sickly woman squeezed herself through the crowd to reach the helm of his garment beats me, but she finally did. Immediately she did, Jesus knew.

*And Jesus said, “Who is the one who touched Me?” And while they were all denying it, Peter said, “Master, the people are crowding and pressing in on You.” But Jesus said, “Someone did touch Me, for I was aware that power had*

# someone TOUCH

gone out of Me.” Verses  
45 and 46

There are a lot of lessons one can learn from these golden verses, but for this discuss, let's place spotlight on the question of Jesus **'who touched me?'** and the response of Peter, "the people **are crowding ...you**". I am persuaded that Peter was surprised at Jesus' question **'who touched me'**, because it sounded funny to ask such question in the midst of an unmannerly crowd. Even a CCTV will miss the answer.

One lesson stands clear: touching Jesus is not the same as crowding him as misunderstood by Peter. It is possible we crowd Jesus, without touching him. That is the

biggest surprise some will face on the judgement day. It is possible we are numbered in the 500,000-capacity church as part of the multitudes without having a definite contact daily with the Lord. We can be part of the Faith family but not be faithful. Little wonder Jesus expressed a concern:

*... But when the Son of Man returns, how many will he find on the earth who have faith?" (Luke 18:8b)*

Yes, he may find a church crowd, but would he find you and I still very active in the pure undiluted

Faith? Our Lord is sensitive to our faith in him. It is a very busy world. We cannot afford to miss his touch for a day.

According to Lisa Harper, "God wired us for touch." Medical studies have proven that physical touch boosts our immune systems, improves our psychological states, and can literally save lives. If this is true of physical touch, it is truer of spiritual touch. And if Jesus will meet you in faith when he comes, we must not just crowd him, we must keep being regularly connected to him daily.

who touched me



## The Daughter's Inspiration

Adeyinka Oresanya  
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I shook my head to clear the dangerous emotions coursing through my body and managed to finish up my recitation. Apparently, my slip was not noticeable because a thunderous clap arose and some of the congregation stood up to cheer me on, including my Sara.

I determinedly avoided P.J's eyes as I walked to my seat, so conscious of myself and trying not to slip on my way.

*Awe, what's all this? Get a grip on yourself now. You are a spirit-filled, engaged sister. You shouldn't be caught doing this,* I scolded myself and then resolved to concentrate on the message of the day without my eyes or heart straying.

When the service ended and grace was shared, I greeted the people beside me and picked up my purse, ready to leave.

Sara came to hug me. "That was a great one, dear."

I smiled. "Thank you!"

She leaned towards me and whispered. "We

# The Journey of Awelewa

adeyi

## Episode 12



need to go and greet cute pastor— welcome him into our midst, you know what I’m saying.” She placed a hand over her heart and I laughed, shaking my head.

“Sara, you are never serious.”

“Like seriously jo” she said, pulling me with her but I quickly pulled her back and led us towards the exit door.

Greet who? God forbid! Not today.

With what had just transpired between us, I wasn’t sure what would happen if I came face to face with him. But never in a million years would I admit that to Sara, so I looked for an excuse instead. “We need to get going, Sara. I’m so hungry,” I grabbed my tummy. “In fact, it’s Indomie Bolognese today.”

Sara rolled her eyes. “Awe, you are so boring. How many minutes would it take to greet someone and get to know them, eh, especially someone as cute as that?”

“Remove lust from your eyes and face front,” I replied, gently pushing her forward.

She clucked her tongue. “It’s you that should remove rigidity and

boredom from your life, hian!”

I shook my head but kept silent. I wasn’t really in the position to talk. Wasn’t I feeling the same way like Sara, except that she was more vocal about her feelings?

But, vocal or no vocal, this was not a feeling I could afford to dwell on. I was happily engaged. To a wonderful guy. Who, by the way, was cute also.

I tried to clear the thoughts running through my mind and turned to Sara. “So how did the call with Mr Cute From The UK go?”

Sara giggled. “It went so well. Ife-tokunbo is so lovely even on phone. Something tells me we will be seeing more of each other.”

“Mm-hmm,” I responded. “Just be careful.”

*It’s you that should be careful, Miss Preacher,* I silently told myself.

But then, I braced myself up. There was nothing to be careful about.

What happened in there was just body chemistry. It had nothing to do with my heart because that belonged to Akinyemi and no one else.

Sara waved it off. “There is nothing to be careful about. This thing that I am feeling is real, I know it.”

This time I kept silent. Who was I to preach?

\*\*\*\*

We were polishing off our plates—mehn, Sara could cook some delicious Indomie noodles in a bolognese style with fried chicken; I almost bit my tongue—when Bola burst into the living room, threw her handbag on the couch.

She picked up a throw pillow from the floor and placed it in its right position.”Awe! Sara! Please, you need to help me clean up this place. I’m expecting someone special and he will soon be here. Sara jumped up. “Really? So we are finally meeting the mysterious Obi?”

I rolled my eyes.

Bola frowned. “Obi?”

It was Sara’s turn to be confused. “Oh, sorry. I thought the someone special was your boyfriend, Obi.”

“Arrgh,” Bola puffed. “Obi is bygone. Since when? I’ve dumped the fool.”

I sighed.

Sara’s jaws dropped. “Seriously? Ha Bola, you this girl. What happened again?”

“Help me clean and I will gist you.” Bola replied.

Sara packed out plates and ran into the kitchen. Even though I was totally against Bola’s lifestyle and wasn’t too happy with how she carried on, I stood up to help. It was the Christian thing to do. Besides, I wanted to hear the story, too.

Sara came back with a broom and a dustpan and began to sweep. “Okay, so what happened?”

Bola began. “Arrgh, that ass—”

“Language!” I promptly interrupted.

Bola rolled her eyes. “I forgot Miss SU is around. Anyway the son of a—”

“Language!” I repeated.

This time, Bola eyeballed me but complied. “I thought I had finally found the guy for my life but clearly I missed road again.”

“What happened,” Sara asked.

“He asked me to meet him at his place one day, said he had something for me.” Bola hissed. “I was so excited because I thought he had a gift for me or something. When I got to his place, the fool—” she eyed me “—had two ladies in his house, half naked. Can you imagine? He wanted me to join a foursome with an anal on top.” She placed her arms akimbo and mimicked Obi. “‘It’s fun, you will enjoy it, I promise’.” She hissed.

My jaws dropped as I gazed at Bola.

Sara dropped the broom as she burst into laughter. Bola and I turned to stare at her.

“Sorry,” she stopped laughing, “really, what were you expecting? A guy that spoils you with all those expensive things would expect something expen-

sive too now. You can't get something for nothing, you know, even the free gift of salvation requires something from you—faith.” She looked at me for validation of that statement.

I merely smiled as I returned the remote control to the TV stand. Now that was one of the moments I was proud of my girl.

“Whatever,” Bola pouted, dismissing Sara’s words off. “I mean, I’m up for some loving sex,” Bola eyed me again, “but experimental sex? Nah! I love my body too much for that.” She flipped her hair back. “I just walked out on the guy and that was the end of our relationship. I don’t need that kind of guy in my life.”

Sara shook her head. “That was a tough one, Bola. God really helped you o. You could have been raped.”

“Me ke?” Bola exclaimed, pointing to herself. “Nobody can ever try that with me.”

Sara looked at her as if to ask, ‘what planet are you from?’

I chose to be silent. Thank God Bola had the sense to walk away from that kind of nightmare. Foursome? Some people could be so careless with their lives. What fun could possibly be there in having sex with three people at the same time? All I could see was STDs and high risk of HIV/AIDs not to talk of a dead relationship with God.

I shook my head.

A phone began to ring. It was Bola’s.

“Hello, baby. You are almost here?” She smiled.

“Okay, I’m coming out of my building now to meet you.”

Silence.

“I love you, too,” she said.

Once again, I found myself staring at Bola. For all the time I had known her, this was the first time I would hear the magic word from her. The way she spoke softly, addressing this man, was so different that I looked forward to meet this guy.

Something was definitely brewing and it was worth watching out for.

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Akinwumi's  
Handwriting(s)

Adeoye Akinwumi

<http://nikeadeoye.blogspot.co.uk>

# there is

# NOW

Only three years ago, I did not know about Victoria Orenze. In a couple of months I have heard her name over and over again and then I finally saw her when she worshipped at the Church I attend. I thought to myself, there is always going to be a room for you if you want.

You know years ago, it seemed like Jim Lyke had acted all that there is to act in English Nollywood movies, but then the Soji Ajibade, the Uti Nwachukwu sprang up and are doing fantastically well, and we have never mourned the times of Jim Lyke.

My very intelligent Uncle said to me recently, whether you like it or not the next generation is going to force you off the stage at some point. I am just saying that you don't have to worry that Chimamanda Adichie has written all that is to be written in books, that Frank Edwards has sung all that is to sing, or that Oluwatobi Ogundele has styled all that is to style in *aso òkè*; if you start NOW, you will still carve your niche.

# Room for you

And one amazing thing about God is that he created your audience when he created you. It does not matter how well you explain the awesomeness of Pastor Poju Oyemade, some people will never be enthralled by him. And they do not have to! Don't worry about how your father drooled over King Sunny Ade or Ebenezer Obey or Wole Soyinka or Isaac Kehinde Dairo, take your place on time, *ìgbàlonígbánlò*.

I am waiting for when 90% of my music collections will be sung by people in my network. I enjoyed listening to my friend's personal worship moment. I asked her to simply record her moment of worship for me, no studio effect, nothing. I trust her and her commitment to God.

I am going to make do with the graces and talents in my network because they are God's intentional gifts to me.

**There is always room to spend your calling.**



Word Alive  
Sanmi Akintayo

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In the part one of this teaching, I spoke about two key things that should guide our giving as new covenant believers living under grace. The first is that we should give as we purpose or decide in our hearts (2 Corinthians 9:7). There is no place for forcing people to give under the covenant of grace.

The second and very important consideration in giving is the leading of the Holy Spirit. Each one of us should learn to give, as we are led of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is our number one guide under the new covenant (John 16:13). Having established these points, there are a few other things that will enhance our understanding of how we should give as believers in

# how believers should give under *grace*

## 2



Christ.

First, our giving should never be considered as an obligation without which God will punish us. Let me say this loud and clear, God will not punish you for not giving. Yes, He won't. Most people give with the negative motivation that God will punish them for not paying tithe or for not giving offering. That mindset doesn't line up with the foundational truth of the new covenant, which predicated on grace. All the punishment that anyone of us can ever get as been put on Christ. God is not going to punish you for not giving. It is good to give to your church, a ministry, or humanitarian courses and I encourage it. However, you should give because it is the right thing and it is in the spirit of grace in Christ not because you are afraid of being punished by God. In fact, when we give, we are living out the grace of God in our lives.

Grace is generosity manifested to humanity. What other better way is there to manifest the grace, which we have in Christ than through generous and kindhearted giving? Giving should be an outflow of the grace of God that is operational in our lives. If we understand the grace of God under which we live,

we will be far more generous givers than trying to give to avoid the consequences of not giving. I would rather give as a manifestation of the grace of God in my life than giving out of fear of consequences. When we begin to give as people under grace, the world will see a new breed of givers that their giving goes beyond comprehension and explanation. They will see an outflow of the grace of God under which we are living in Christ.

If you get the point I am making here you will never give again as a way of avoiding some punishments from God and you will become the best king of giver possible. It is grace at work. Grace is not bound by the law and is not limited by fear. Under grace, we can spread our wings and allow the generosity of God to flow to the world through us. This is the very essence of the gospel of Christ. Living generously and free of fear is a true definition of grace.

The point I am making here is not whether to give or not to give. It is very clear that grace is the true foundation of giving without holding back. The point I am making is that we should give as ones under grace and giving through grace but not as people under the law who are trying to give to fulfill the law and avoid the consequences of not giving. Since we are saved by grace through Christ, our giving should also be done through grace in Christ. When you grasp this truth, all fear will disappear from your heart and your giving will come with fulfillment because it is flowing out of grace. You and I should be grace givers.



The Prevailing  
Word

Tosin Babalola

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Rapture is true but have we ever wondered how real it will be? Imagine the pilot in a flying aircraft disappears, drivers in moving vehicles, trains and ships vanish, surgeons evaporate in the middle of crucial sessions and their ward coats fall to the ground like pack of cards, guards of prison doors disappear, keys and chains dropping on the ground so loudly and more. Imagine the chaos, people running around and confused, suddenly realizing that they have been LEFT BEHIND.



rapture  
are you

e!

# Born again?

Definitely, there will be blackout, electricity will cease and then looting with everyone trying to gather as much food that can last a life time (if that is possible). Government will not be able to help; it will be nobody's duty/responsibility to save another person. The tribulation will be so intense; there will be wars and natural disasters.

My thoughts went on and on and on, then i thought to ask you again, are you Born Again? If you are not, please receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour; accept that He died to take away your sins and that He rose again so that you will have eternal life. Just believe it in your heart and confess it with your mouth and that will be all.

You say Tosin, are you preaching? Please we are talking about a devastating damnation that is about to come upon humanity, especially as we approach the end of days. ES (Eternal Security) or no ES, just get them saved first. Almost every preacher preaches Eternal Security (Salvation); somehow they get to wrap it up in a theme - for some preachers the theme is 'We are the RIGHTEOUSNESS of God' while for others the theme is 'Love' or 'Prosperity' or 'Healing Power' 'Renewal of the mind'. Anyhow they choose to say it, ES is embedded somewhere in it. ONLY Christians will be raptured. Are you one?



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