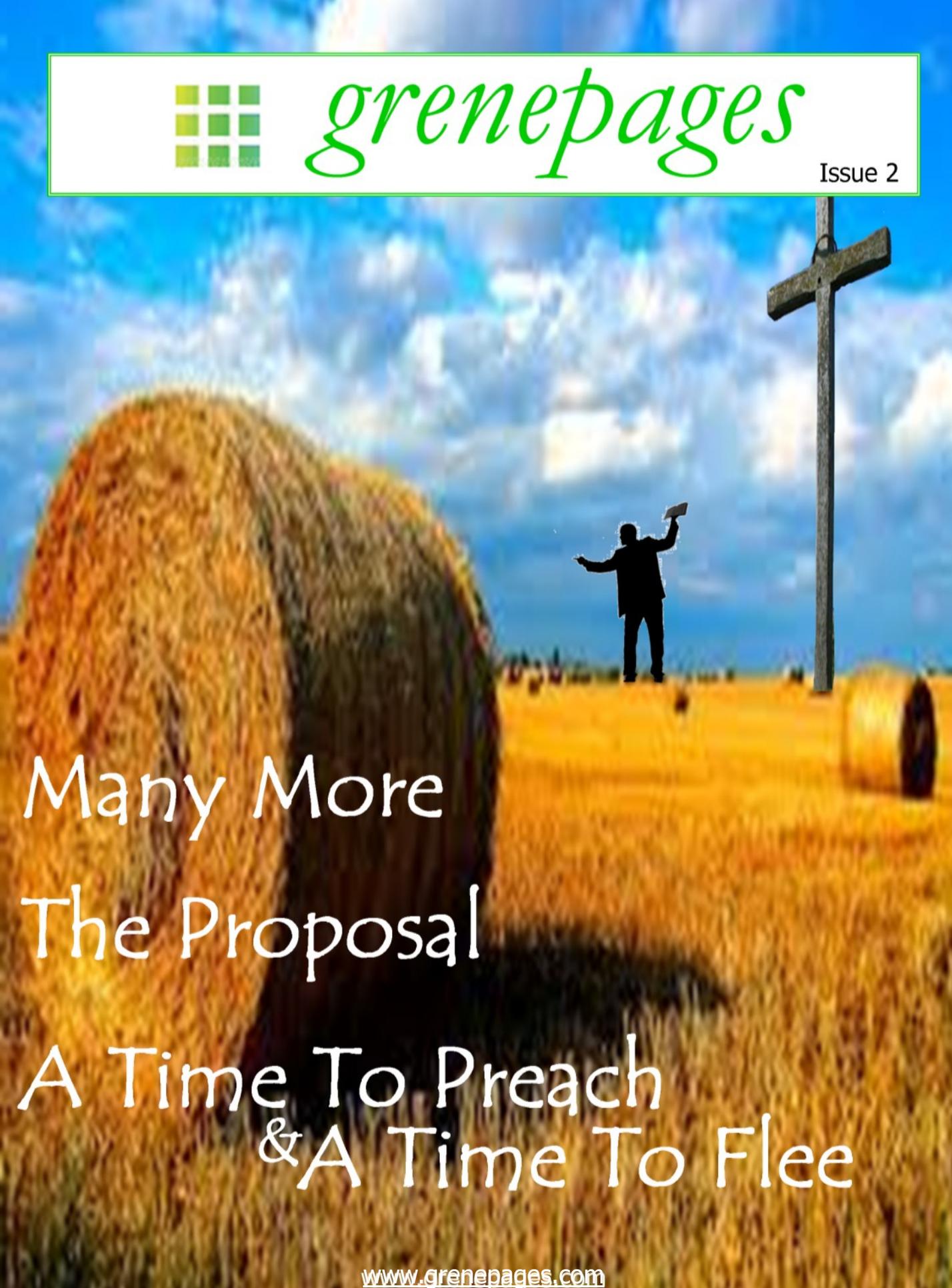




grenepages

Issue 2



Many More
The Proposal
A Time To Preach
& A Time To Flee

Hello!

How's the path to destiny?

We're glad to know you made

that great decision. It is said that the journey of a thousand miles starts with a step. Nobody said the journey of a thousand miles takes just a step. It starts with a step. Your decision was a great step.

Now that you have identified and taken to this path, we highlight in this edition your day-to-day obligations- the WHATs, WHENs and HOWs.

Realize that this is your best time to be saved and save others. There is no better time to do that.

But you should keep a clear mind in every situation. Don't be afraid of suffering for the Lord. Work at bringing others to Christ. Complete the ministry God has given you.

2Timothy 4:5 (NLT)

As an individual, win souls for Christ in every community you are- neighborhood, school, vocation...

2nd Word

Your profession brings you in contact with diverse people. Use that platform for the gospel- find a way to communicate Christ to them.

Work at telling others the good news. Integrate this into your day to day living. Work at it as an individual and work at it as a group. Form or join an outfit that does this with creativity and innovation.

Remember, we are not just trying to get by to live a good life, we desire and strive towards the call is to live a life far exceeding in quality and excellence. The Master is keen on helping in this despite the odds.

In his steps, the Master will see you through.

Once again, welcome to *grenepages*.

This is our second issue.

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**A TIME TO
PREACH AND A
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Tobi Olowookere

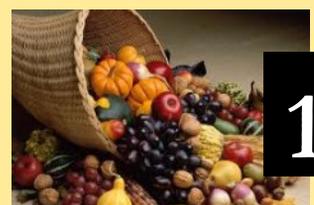
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MANY MORE



Hope
NEXT EXIT

When Hope Seems Gone

For I know the thoughts that I think towards you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope.

Jeremiah 29:11

When

hope seems gone

All expectations seem cut

When the option you see is to give up

Don't forget, the fight for your destiny is still on

When the tears won't stop rolling

When your legs want to quit strolling

And you can't just keep going

Remember, you not moving won't stop the wind from blowing

When you fall

Your countenance dull

When you think you'll never again walk tall

Know that you can still stand taller than all

When you have worked

Yet, things appear worse

When your eyes can see no door

Don't forget, it's only darkest before the dawn

When at a season you were taught to wait

But those days only seem like a waste

When your fears you can no longer weigh

Hear from the Word, with Him there's always a way

MINISTERING RHYTHMS

Gone

with

Joan Abimbola

<https://joanministeringrhythms.wordpress.com>



When you don't feel like seeing through the Word
So 'mad' at Him you call God
When to Him you just can't run
Still find a sincere way to call Him Lord

To Him just try to crawl
He'll carry you till you're strong to walk
And when you start to walk
He'll help you to run

Don't give up
Don't stay dull
Till you win don't stop
Find it, your strength is not lost

Don't stop moving
Don't quit shooting
On the author of your faith, keep looking
You are winning not losing!

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*Looking unto Jesus
the author and the
finisher of our faith;
who for the joy that
was set before Him
endured the cross,
despising the shame,
and is set down at the
right hand of God.*

Hebrew 12:2



How To Receive Your Healing

I have heard Christians argue on whether it is the will of God to heal all sicknesses and diseases. There are other believers who think God uses sickness to punish His children when they sin or make mistakes. Also, I have come across believers who assumed it was not the will of God to heal them because they prayed for healing but didn't seem to get any better. These are just a few of the misconceptions and lies of the devil that have left many believers confused about healing.

God Wants You Healed

If you want to receive your healing by faith, the first thing you need to know and settle firmly in your heart is that God wants you to live healthy every day of your life. If you are sick, God wants you healed. It is never the plan of God for you to hop from hospital to hospital and neither does He want you up today and down tomorrow. If God wants you sick then the scripture that says that we are healed by the stripes of Jesus would be a lie. However, God cannot tell a lie.

But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our

peace was upon him; and WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED. Isaiah 53: 5 (KJV)

God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Numbers 23: 19 (KJV)

It is not only that God cannot tell a lie; He also does not hover between good and bad. He would not heal some people and make others sick. That would be an inconsistent God.

My friend, it is the will of God for you to be healed. God has made provision for your healing through the stripes of Jesus. If Jesus received those stripes and God still wants you sick, that would mean that Jesus was whipped in vain. You need to settle it in your heart that God wants to heal you. It does not matter what medical science calls the sickness or the disease- there is no sickness that God does not heal. So, do not start thinking the sickness on your body is terminal and so cannot be healed. No illness is exempted from the healing power of God. I want you to boldly declare, ***“It is the will of God for me to be healed***



and live in good health.” Keep repeating this truth to yourself until it takes a firm root in your heart. If you do not settle it in your heart that God wants you healed at all time you will not be able to stand in faith to receive your healing. Say with me, **“God wants me healed, and my healing is settled.”**

If this truth has settled in your heart, you are on your way to living the rest of your life whole, healed and healthy. It is always the will of God to heal you of every sickness or disease. God does not want you sick. He wants you to live in full good health.

You Are Healed Already

I also want you to know that God has already healed you of every disease and sickness. Jesus has already concluded your healing.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: BY WHOSE STRIPES YE WERE HEALED. 1 Peter 2: 24 (KJV)

He personally bear our sins in His [own] body on the tree [as on an altar and offered Himself on it], that we might die (cease to exist) to sin and live to righteousness. By His wounds YOU HAVE BEEN HEALED. 1 Peter 2: 24 (AMP)

Do you see that scripture? It says that you **WERE (HAVE BEEN)** healed by the stripes (wounds) of Jesus. Let me explain what that means. When Jesus was beaten, the wounds on his body were for your healing. Therefore, you and I were healed since the day Jesus was beaten. We were healed by his stripes. Those stripes have healed us more than two thousand years ago. We are not about to be healed, we are already healed by the stripes of Jesus.

The stripes of Jesus healed you of all the sicknesses and diseases that this world has ever known or will ever know. The stripes of Jesus healed all of them. Whether you currently feel sick in your body or not, you have been healed by the stripes

of Jesus.

You are probably asking,

“If I am already healed from all diseases and sick-

nesses, why then do I still fall sick?” That is a good question and I will tell you what happens when you fall sick. When you feel sick, the devil is actual-

ly trying to steal the healing that you have already.

As a believer, you are not a sick person who is trying to get healed. You are a person who has been healed but the devil is trying to steal your healing.

Do you get it? You are healed already. It doesn't matter whether you have malaria, typhoid fever,

diabetes, cancer or whatever name the disease is called, you are already healed by the stripes of Je-

sus. Say boldly, *“I*

am healed by the stripes of Jesus. I

am healed already.”

Keep saying this even if you are on a hospital bed or you

have a sickness that doctors said cannot be healed.

Keep telling your-

self and anyone that cares to listen that you are healed

by the stripes of Jesus. If you keep

standing on this truth, it will run any

sickness or disease out of your body.

You are the healed of the Lord! Shout

with a loud voice, **“I am healed.”**

WORD Alive

Sanmi Akintayo

<http://www.sanmiakintayo.com>





Tee-Wai

Toyin Seth-Ogungbemi

<http://toyeenmakoqungbe.blogspot.com>

I was told to ride on a bicycle, I needed to be guided, yet there was no one to teach me. I was told even the best riders had to fall and be injured many times to perfect the art. Every day I stood before it, walked by it, dragged along on it, picturing myself riding it but too afraid to suspend my feet and dare to truly ride... Plus it was not even my bike!

I will sleep off many nights and dream of cycling with friends. Days passed... and one of those days, I took the bicycle; today was different, my visit was going to be over by the next two days and I was yet to ride the first bicycle I had close access to. Full of thoughts and mixed feelings, it occurred to me- I had just ridden on it for 30 seconds without realizing and the moment I realized, the fears came flooding in and then I fell. It was a bad fall with a good lesson. The next day, I had a choice to never ride again for fear of falling again, or ride until I never fell again... I chose the latter and I never fell again.

What if they laugh at me? What if he breaks my heart? I am not brilliant, assuming I fail? What if

she falls? What if he is hurt? If I were rich I will have helped the needy, If only I were taller I will have made a great model. If I were shorter, I will have found the right man. If I were less busy, I will serve God more. I cannot wear that pretty outfit I will be too noticeable. We cannot win; we are outnumbered. We have done this before it will likely fail again. If I were richer or born with a silver spoon. If I had been raised properly. If only I could dance, sing, talk confidently. I am afraid I will be unable to do it, I am an introvert. She is rich I cannot be with a girl like her. He is so good looking, what if he does not want a girl like me?

The list is endless, that inner voice that screams 'you cannot', 'what ifs', 'you shouldn't', 'you are not fit', 'not good enough', 'not groomed enough', 'not rich enough' and the voices around that confirm the very things we dread. If asked, we would say, 'I am not afraid, I am only cautious or simply a realist...' In the

[comment](#)

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The Faces of Fear

end fear is what it is... FEAR.

We all express it through the toughest means and at other times in the mildest moments. Whether in panic/fright, traditions/rituals, pessimism/suspicion, anxiety/worry, comfort/security, criticism/blame, concern/trepidation, cautiousness/restraint, excuses/justifications, dismay/depression...

They often say life is short, I dare say it is shorter than short! The many facets of fear shorten the days and double the concerns. To live is to dare death; that in itself is courage! To live is to do the

very things that the dead cannot do. To live is to go past dreaming and live the dreams. To live is to fear-LESS, because in the end we are very small, vulnerable, and weak but we have a God who is bigger than we picture, stronger than we imagine, more involved in our existence than we allow ourselves to believe and He is the one who has given the power to BE! Therefore, I will be what He says I would be!

By the way, I eventually got my own bicycle and along with it the realization that there was no such thing as... IMPOSSIBLE with God!

Kunle came out of the bathroom in his self-contained room, a towel hanging on his neck. He made for the wardrobe, selected his best pair of blue Jeans and a TM shirt.

He was going to rock town with the boys today! Beer would surely overflow; in fact, he was going to put Dapo where he belonged today. That brat was always bragging he could out-drink anyone.

I will show him tonight!

He quickly dabbed Element perfume under his armpits and wrists. He then picked up his wallet and iPhone, and stepped out of his apartment.

The street along Kunle's house was about a kilometre from the main road, so he had to walk before he could get a cab heading to Total Garden, where Cool Spot was.

As he was walking along the road, he noticed a beautiful lady walking ahead of him. Her well-carved pair of legs was what caught his attention. He whistled.

Man, these legs are hot! See her backside! This fish must land inside my pot of soup o!

He quickened his steps in order to catch up with her. When he reached her, he said, "Excuse me beautiful girl, wow, you are an angel walking on planet earth!"

The lady looked at him and smiled. She was dark in complexion with a well-toned skin that glimmered in the sun. Her hair was neatly braided into a bun, and she wore a black knee-length straight

skirt with a shirt tucked in -an outfit that moulded her figure perfectly.

"Really?" she asked sweetly.

"Never doubt it for a moment, Angel." He replied in a low, alluring tone. "By the way, Adekunle is my name, and I bet yours is Beauty or Angel?"

"Oh, you are such a funny guy! I am not Angel neither am I Beauty!"

"Okay then, tell me your name. I am sure it is as beautiful as you."

"Well, Adenike is my name. There, you can see it is not out of this world."

"I wouldn't say that," he said. "Ade-ni-ke, I like the sound of it."

"Thank you."

"Adenike, my heart has never leapt for a girl like it did this evening... for you."

Nike looked at him in surprise. "Well, I don't know what to say about that but thanks."

"Seeing you was love at first sight for me. I just knew you are meant for me. Please, I want you to be mine."

"Wow, slow down, man" Adenike said. "Are you for real? You expect me to believe all this the first time I am meeting you? Is that how people fall in love?"

"Why? I really mean it and I believe in it. My parents fell in love at first sight and got married two months later. They are the best couple I have ever seen, till today."

"Really? My own parents



The Daughter's Inspirations

Adeyinka Oresanya

<https://adeyinkaoresanya.wordpress.com>

[comment](#)

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The Proposal

took their time—three years—and they are the best couple I have ever seen...”

They got to the main road and paused by the pavement to continue their talk. Kunle tried to convince her of his love but Nike thought he was the biggest clown of the year.

“Please let me have your phone number.” He pleaded. “I promise not to disturb you, just be your friend till you can’t stop thinking of me.”

“Kunle, you are so sure of yourself, right?” She shook her head. “I don’t usually give people I meet for the first time my contact details.”

“Please, girl. See, I am late for a very important programme that I’ll be anchoring but I can’t leave now unless I am sure I get to talk to you again. Please.”

“Okay, what program is that?” she asked, taking in his appearance.

“Oh, it is an informal setting, a get-together thing for a friend,” he replied. “Please, Nike.”

“05042252627. But please give me time to think, okay? I will reply you when I am done.”

Kunle punched the digits on his cell phone and dialled. Her phone began to ring.

“Well, that’s my number. I will call you soon,” he said.

“Okay. I will be expecting your call.”

He asked where she was going and then flagged down a cab plying that route. She got in to the cab. He paid for the fare, smiled and waved at her.

“I will call you.” He mouthed at her.

Few seconds after the cab left, Kunle’s phone began to ring.

“Hello, Bade? Sorry I’m late, my man. If you saw what I saw, man, you will agree it is worth being late. Cute pair of legs, man.” He flagged down a cab going to his destination. “I am on my way.”

Two days later, Kunle called Nike and they talked for some minutes. He asked her about his proposal and she told him to give her a few more time. Kunle was getting impatient but he didn’t show it. He just asked when to call her again and was told to call back in three days.

Kunle felt like knocking the phone on the floor. Wait, what was the urgency about, he asked himself. He had never been uneasy about a girl before; they were too many to worry about one. Anyway, she could take all the time she wanted as long as it was a positive reply. Still, he would call

her in three days' time.

The third day, Kunle called her again. This time, she asked if they could meet the next day at the fountain side along Amina Road, University of Ibadan, around four in the evening. There, he would get his reply. Kunle readily agreed.

Hanging up the phone, he jumped for joy. Yes! Another success! At least for her to ask them to meet again, it would be a positive one. He just could not wait to brag to his friends about his latest catch. Their eyes would pop with envy!

The following day at ten minutes to four, Kunle got to the gates of the University of Ibadan. Their rendezvous was not far from the school's entrance, so he decided to walk down since he was still some minutes early. This time, he wore a Next T-shirt over a pair of pencil Jeans with a pair of Armani sneakers. He had his hair neatly cut the previous day. He knew that he was looking good and he was sure Nike would think the same.

The fountain side was a cool place to sit, especially in the evening. Benches were placed under the tree to provide shade for people that might want to take a break or meet someone.

When he got there, he pulled out his phone and dialled Nike's number in order to ask where exactly she was. Nike answered at the first ring and told him to turn. She waved at him from the bench where she was sitting.

She was there before him. That was a good sign. He walked up to her.

"Hi, Beautiful," he said, smiling sweetly.

"Hello," She replied, returning his smile.

She was a remarkable sight in her high-waist skirt and a short-sleeved shirt with frilly fronts. Her legs were bare just like the first time they met. Those pair of legs... electricity ran through his body.

"You are beautiful, babe," he said. "I can't wait to hear what you have for me."

"Really?" She smiled. "Okay, what if I said I have been thinking of you since the day we met?"

"Then I would say I am the luckiest man on earth," he replied.

Nike laughed.

"So?"

"What if I said yes to your proposal?"

"What?" He jumped from his seat. "Wow! I am indeed the luckiest guy walking on earth!"

Nike smiled.

"I can't wait to show you to my friends." Kunle pumped his fists in the air. "I am the proudest guy in the world!"

"Come to think of it, Kunle," she said, her voice as calm as ever. "Do you know that the same way I delayed replying you is the same way we delay Jesus' proposal of salvation. We delay accepting his sacrifice for us, his act of love towards us, on the Mount of Calvary."

Kunle was taken aback by the turn of conversation. His eyebrow bunched into a frown. "Well, I understand that, but what has that got to do with us?"

"You know how sad you felt before now and how happy you appeared to be when I said 'yes' later?" Nike replied. "That's the same way Jesus and the hosts of heaven rejoice the day you say 'yes' to Jesus and His offer of salvation."

Kunle just sat there, staring at her.

"Jesus loves you, Kunle and he is really asking you to receive his offer of love." She paused. "I am actually not interested in an affair with you, but I am very much interested in the salvation of your soul!"

Reality dawned on him. The girl he was pursuing was a 'Jesus person'. How on earth...?

"See that car over there?" She gestured to a navy-blue Toyota Matrix parked by the quiet road leading to the Post-Graduate School. "That's my husband sitting in there, waiting for me. I am married with two kids."

Kunle's mouth fell open. "But... how come? You are so young... and so beautiful."

Adenike smiled. "I am young and beautiful, I know. But, I also know that my youth and beauty is for the praise of God's glory only, and for the enjoyment of one man who has found favour in God's sight to have me, my husband."

"My God! How I wish a few of the ladies out there knew this."

"God is working ways by which each person comes to the point of realization. Your own time

of realisation has come. This is your chance to return to God, please take it. Life is too short to spend it as a plaything in the hands of the Devil.” Kunle pondered on this for some minutes. His heart was pricked. He had never seen the gospel portrayed this way. Though he never missed church every Sunday, he knew his lifestyle rarely professed Christianity.

So many times this call had come to him, and he had refused it. Now it was coming again through a habit he did not want to give up. Is God that interested in him for these incessant calls to salvation to come his way from all kinds of angle, even the one he least expected? But why? He himself knew he was so bad, beyond redemption.

“Kunle, God loves you so much, I know this for sure.”

He looked at her and shook his head. “Adenike, you don’t understand. My sins are so grievous, I know that even God himself would have given up on me.”

Adenike smiled. She took out her BlackBerry from her purse and searched through the E-Bible. Then she leaned towards Kunle and showed it to him.

“See, the Book of Isaiah chapter 1 verse 18 says, ‘Come now, and let us reason together, says the Lord. Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ Can you see that?”

Kunle became sober immediately. He bent his head and pondered on what he had just heard. After some minutes, he raised his head and said, “No one has ever shown me the love of God this way. I want to taste of his grace, too.” He shook

his head. “I know the life I am living isn’t good but I didn’t have the courage until now to say I accept Jesus and his offer of salvation.”

“Kunle, are you sure about that?”

“Yes, I am sure. I accept Jesus’ love for me,” he replied confidently.

Nike raised her head up to the sky. “Oh, thank you, Jesus.”

She turned to him. “Okay, please just repeat after me... Jesus, I thank you for your undying love for me. I acknowledge that I am a sinner but your blood is enough sacrifice to cleanse me from my sin. I repent of my sins today and I accept you to be my Lord forever. From now on, you reign. Thank you, Jesus.”

As Kunle repeated it after her, he felt a peace descend upon his soul. He felt as if he had been relieved of a burden. The feeling was priceless.

After the prayer, Nike congratulated him and asked for the church he attended. Kunle told her, and she advised him to see his Pastor and explain what just happened to him and to join the foundation class of the church because he would need follow up. Kunle promised to do so.

“Let’s go to the car so you can meet my husband. We actually interceded together for your salvation since the day I met you.”

“Really? So there are still Christians like you on earth?” He shook his head. “Thank you so much, Adenike.”

“You should thank the Lord Jesus. We are just his stewards and friends,” she said as they both walked towards the navy-blue car.

“Come now, and let us reason together, says the Lord, Though your sins are like scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; Though they are red like crimson, They shall be as wool.”

Isaiah 1:18 NKJV

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

John 3:16 NKJV

“Just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love; having predestined us to adoption as sons by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, by which He made us accepted in the Beloved.”

Ephesians 1:4-6 NKJV

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thrive

Ope Rowland <http://operowland.blogspot.com>

Oh, what a day!!

Commentaries and documentaries saturate the airwaves. Editorials and paid adverts are also published in the print media. Rallies are held at different locations, serving as platforms for articulated speeches. What of the workshops and symposium here and there. Some even walk the streets in branded attires.

When you ask, "What is happening?", "What is all these about?"

You are told, "It is the international day of QQQ." QQQ could be Peace, Labour, Women, Science, Climate, Food, Energy, Cancer,...

An international (day) observance, also known as an international dedication or anniversary is a period of time to observe some

issue of international interest or concern. This is used to **commemorate, promote and mobilize for action**. Many of these periods have been established by the United Nations General Assembly (UN) and her sister organizations.

The biggest and oldest organization- **the Kingdom**, has set aside a day to celebrate the most important theme in humanity- **salvation**- a day to **promote the Gospel and mobilize sinners to respond**. How often do we **commemorate** this special day, which happens to be today?

Today is world salvation day; every day is world salvation day!

Psalm 96:2 **Sing to the LORD; praise his name. Each day proclaim the good news that he saves.** (NLT)

What A Day!

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Over the years and more

recently I have watched and heard creativity as it brings melody to my heart. There are lots of awesome talents and gifts within the body of Christ.

God gave us GIFTS to ease our journeys in life. I stumbled on a very old record of Dr Bola Are and I agreed the costumes in the video are primitive now, but this music did

liven our spirit as we carried out our daily assignments years ago.

GIFTS are meant to make our spiritual walk worthwhile, but they are not the underlying substance. I will encourage you to seek the face of

God and stay in a spiritually sensitive zone enough so that you can find where you have that unique anointing. I have been privileged to put

pen to paper a number of times, for me, it is a lot of hard work to write subjects outside the Christian circle. I just find it more difficult. No matter

how much opinion I have on a subject I still find it awesome when I read another writer put the same subject in another context.

However, GIFTS are not the central focus of our calling as believers. The starting point is salvation, sobriety, vigilance and lots more.

The problem with some is that they accentuate GIFTS than necessary. I watched with keen interest as a woman led deep "Alujo" Christian Hip-hop or whatever it is tagged in a particular Church simply because it was a harvest ceremony and the whole place



was filled with sheets of dollars.

It is okay if we have it happen in a party using godly songs to enjoy a birthday ceremony and the likes, but I am worried about how it is supposed to be a Church event.

I appreciate GIFTS, no matter how un-nurtured, but that is not the underlying reason of Jesus' walk to Golgotha.

God has given us GIFTS to make our race swifter and sweeter but that is not the fundamental basis for our Christian calling. Don't get unnecessarily obsessed about your or others' gifts, DO

THE CARRIER OF THE GIFTS HAVE THE LIFE OF HOLINESS?

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THE CARRIER OF THE GIFTS HAVE THE LIFE OF HOLINESS?



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



A Time To Preach And A Time To Flee

Many great qualities characterized the very good life of the biblical Joseph.

I personally think he was a hero. His, was a life worth emulating in almost all things. Chief among the things that made Joseph whatever he became, was the fact that he understood that there is time for everything. Not only was Joseph well brought up to do good things, he knew very well, how not to do good things with a wrong timing.

A fateful day in Joseph's life showed this very clearly. Perhaps what many people do not know about Joseph was that he was a preacher. While he grew up, he tried to influence his immediate environment by speaking up against evil, leaving out nobody, not even his boss' wife. Before that fateful day we all know about, there had been an almost day-to-day occurrence in the house where Joseph served. There had been moments of preaching and encouragements to do away with evil. Each time, Joseph would take his time to explain to the woman who was obsessed with him how adultery was a sin against both God and man.

"And after a while his master's wife took notice of Joseph and said, "Come to bed with me!" But he refused. "With me in charge," he told her, "my master does not concern himself with anything in the house; everything he owns he has entrusted to my care. No one is greater in this house than I am. My master has withheld nothing from me except you, because you are his wife. How then could I do such a wicked thing and sin against God?" And though she spoke to Joseph day after day, he refused to go to bed with her or even be with her."

None of the preaching seemed to find a place in the ears of a woman who was madly 'in love.' The truth is, many times they don't. The day then came, a day that could have witnessed the end of Joseph's destiny, when Mrs. Potiphar made up her mind; no matter what the preacher-boy did, she was going to have him by all means. Hopefully, if he could get him to start telling his everyday story; *"Madam, you see... with me in charge, my master does not concern himself with anything in the house..."* she would silence him with a kiss and in

the process take off his work knickers...

Joseph was not the first to serve in that house.

Some of the other servants had come with the same opinion about adultery; only one tactic had brought all of them down. They all suddenly forgot they were preaching, as soon as Madam dipped her hands into their cloths.

What she had never noticed about Joseph was that fact that unlike all other servants, Joseph knew how to do the right thing at the right time, and the same was going to apply to this.

“And it came to pass about this time that Joseph went into the house to do his business, and there was none of the men of the house within, and she caught him by his garment, saying, “Lie with me...””

Her expectation was that Joseph would stand and give his usual response. *“Madam, you see... with me in charge, my master does not concern himself with anything in this house...”* Madam had a clear-cut picture of how everything would go. He would start preaching, quoting the bible, then he would sit, reducing the resistance, and then she would silence him. Many of the previous preacher servants had at that point turned to ‘beasts’. What she did not know was that Joseph knew his timing perfectly. There is a time to preach and a time to flee.

“And she caught him by his garment, saying, “Lie

with me:” and he left his garment in her hand and fled and got him out.”

It is not a bad thing to preach, but Joseph understood that was not the time to preach, it was a time to run. He was not going to lose his life in the process of saving another. Joseph understood that while preaching, he could end up laying down his life on the altar of adultery, and that would have been the end of a glorious destiny, yet to unfold.

Ecclesiastes said very clearly, that

there is a time for everything under heaven. Even good things done at the wrong timing could end up haunting a man’s life. Most times, it is never about whether a good thing was done or not, it is always about when it was done. It was a good thing to preach to Mrs. Potiphar, but that day was not the day to preach, it was the day to flee. With her desperation, Joseph would only have ended up sleeping with her rather than preaching.

It is good to mix and preach to people anywhere, but ensure that in the process, you do not lose your own life.

You may be called to preach in brothels. You may be called to preach in the beer parlors. You may find your ministry seat right in the den of sinners. Those are great fields to harvest for God. What you have to be careful about is the fact that even preaching has its perfect timing.

Jesus once had to find his way out of Nazareth. He had intentions to preach, but that day, the only thing the people wanted to do was to kill. He had to flee rather than preach. He knew quite well; there is a time to preach and a time to flee.

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