



grenepages

Issue 4

alive

4th Word

But I have come that they might have life...John 10:10

It is not a world just wary of the thief's coming. It is an already raided place.

Jesus was right on point when he said about the thief, that he comes to steal, to kill, and to destroy.

Daily, sometimes all their lives, men are robbed and killed. Lives are being destroyed.

One would want to ask; “Why is our world still being vandalized?” “Why are we so helpless?”

One should ask rather; “Is the world really helpless?” Truth is, “No.”

The world is not helpless. We do not have to be robbed, killed and destroyed. Man is not doomed to die. We have a saviour. He offers Life, if we would just take it.

He says, “*I have come that they MIGHT HAVE LIFE and have it in abundance.*”

In this edition of *grenepages*, our focus is on the Abundant Life. All articles in here are pointers to a path; the one that leads to life.

Wouldn't you rather choose Life?

Welcome to the 4th edition of *grenepages*. The words in here speak Life!

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**YOUR FUTURE
IS NOW**

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*Today I have given you the choice between life and death, between
choice you make. Oh, that you would choose life, so that you*

The part we hate to hear yet;
A day is set for our last breath
In stillness, down to earth's 'nest' –
To some, eternal rest, to others, distress...

We don't always need a clock cry
Telling us time is not always on our side
We don't always have the might
Yet we always can live as the wise

Life is full of plain sheets
How you live it is the ink
Life is filled with all that
But we've got a choice to

What does your life speak
What's your reaction to
Are you stilled in the hand
Or move with the hope to

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Ministering Rhythms

-Joan Abimbola

<https://joanministeringrhythms.wordpress.com>



*en blessings and curses. Now I call on heaven and earth to witness the
u and your descendants might live! Deuteronomy 30:19 (NLT)*

s
k
make one sick
to live it healed and free

ak
the spills
dship life may give
that you can win?

Those who live life in vain
Are those who wail in the grave...
Those who live allowing no waste
Are those who, even in death, life awaits...

Life is more than the surroundings you see
Life is how you choose to live
Life is more than the air you breathe
Life is what you make of it...



Life: Living or Leaving

A photograph showing four hands reaching up from a green field to form a heart shape against a blue sky with white clouds. The hands are positioned at the corners of the heart, with fingers pointing towards the center.

Living Homes

“Home is where the heart is”
— Pliny the Elder

“For the two of us, home isn’t a place. It is a person. And we are finally home.”
— Stephanie Perkins

Your home is not your house filled with a spouse, children, some electronic gadgets, furniture et al.

NO! It is *‘the place’*; any place, where love flows freely in the heart of the occupants.

You need a home and not just a mansion. Your home can be the best, if you work towards it. However, it would be catastrophic for you to think your ‘job’ [of home building] starts after the wedding ceremony.

VERY CATASTROPHIC, I must confess

There are very few homes worthy of emulation today due to several factors.

No finger is being pointed neither is any praise being ascribed to these 'few'. However, we need to see these ones as a template for building a better home: a Godly home.

There is nothing that says yours cannot be one of these few...

HOME, I have been saying. Yes, HOME!

A man can only take you to his house BUT it will take two of you to create a home.

While a house is a structure with erect walls, a roof, and windows and doors a home is ANY PLACE where there is ALWAYS one CONSTANT inhabitant – Love. 1 John 4:7-8

We know that

'No other foundation can be laid aside that which has been laid... Jesus Christ our Lord.'

May I put forward these questions:

1. Do I want to raise kids or build a family?
2. Do I want to raise them in a house I built or in a home?

3. Am I building on the correct foundation?

4. Will I have a home that my community, Heaven and I will be proud of?

Kids, wife and possessions are just components- bricks, plaster et cetera. If the foundation is anything other



than love, then you might as well start pleading for grace.

A friend of a friend made a statement that hit me hard and got me thinking. He said, *"Some men no longer attend marriage seminars because they have learnt enough about marriage and family life on how to (and how not to) treat a woman by merely observing the way and manner their father treated their mother"*

Awesome!

Although I do not support boycotting marriage seminars, there is a point to ponder in there. Just how many men can boast to be one of such fathers? How many homes can be cited in this direction?

There will be storms. There will be troubles. The home that stands to the end is that which is built on HIM

Your home CAN be beautiful IF you want it to be.

Your home SHALL be beautiful IF you let him in it...

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Inked Words

<https://inkright.wordpress.com>

-Tosin Iosef Kehinde

Real Answers To Real Issues 2



QUESTION:

I know some people who are not Christians but have better character and behavior than many born again Christians. Are we saying they will not make heaven?

ANSWER:

This is not the first time I am hearing this question. Nobody will make heaven based on character or behavior. The bible is very clear about that.

Jesus answered and said to him, "Most assuredly, I say to you, unless one is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

John 3:3 NKJV

Those are the words of Jesus. It is Jesus that said that no one who is not born again would make the kingdom of God. I am not the one that said it. No amount of good behavior will get anyone to heaven unless he or she is born again. It is well with you!

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QUESTION:

My pastor has attempted to sleep with me on two occasions. Other than this issue, he is a very good man. What should I do Sir?

ANSWER:

Sister, there is one wise thing that you need to do; you should leave his church immediately without further delay.

Flee sexual immorality. Every sin that a man does is outside the body, but he who commits sexual immorality sins against his own body.

1 Corinthians 6:18 NKJV

Do not be deceived by his being nice to you. A pastor is supposed to be a shepherd but he seems to have become a wolf that wants to devour you. Leave the church immediately and find another good church to attend. If you do not leave the church, he may have his way with you. I do not think you want that to happen.

If the pastor is an associate pastor under a senior pastor, you should report him to the senior pastor with evidence to prove your claim. If the senior pastor does not do anything about it immediately, then leave the church. It is well with you.

WORD *Alive*

Sanmi Akintayo

<http://www.sanmiakintayo.com>



When I arrived home today, I dropped my bag on the couch and made straight to the kitchen. I was so famished; it had been a long day and I could not get to eat anything apart from the coffee I took in the morning. I stepped into the kitchen and I wrinkled my nose. Dirty plates and pots were lying haphazardly in the sink. No other person would have done it except Bola, my second flat mate, whom I had been exercising all patience in living with.

Bola was the weirdest person I had ever met. She could not be bothered to wash up her used plates or laundry, even down to her underwear. I remembered when we started to live together, and I asked to borrow her jar of mayonnaise. She was on her way out, so she asked me to get it from the fridge in her room.

When I entered her room, I stood at the entrance for some minutes in horror. Underwear, tops and used plates were strewn across the floor. Even though her curtains and bedspread were lovely, the musty smell that hung in the air tainted their beauty.

Then my eyes caught them and I cringed—

obviously used sanitary pads rolled back into their pink wrappers were bunched in a corner. I forgot about my craving for mayonnaise and left her room. Since that experience, I made it a point of duty never to eat anything Bola cooked in my absence, and I never went back to her room. It had been seven months.

God knew I would not have agreed to have Bola be the third occupant if I had known she was this messy. Sara had introduced us (they had met during NYSC, became friends and lived together in the same lodge) and had talked me into considering her because it was easier to live together with friends than with newcomers. Obviously, to Sara,

her friend, by extension, had automatically become my friend. Sometimes, I wished I had gotten a newcomer, maybe she would not be this dirty but who knew what else this new girl might get on her sleeves. So, I had resigned and lived with it, gently addressing this habit and praying and hoping that she would change.



The Daughter's Inspiration

<http://adeyinkaoresanya.com>

-Adeyinka Oresanya

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the Journey of AWELEWA

Episode 2

ADEYINKA ORESANYA

I ignored the offensive contents in the sink; Sara would wash them when she got home. Bola's habit was her responsibility; after all, she brought her in. I reached into the cupboard and started to put together my favourite after-work meal—sandwich, made with hotdog, cabbage, tomatoes and a generous spread of ketchup—when Sara's call came in.

Wait, did I remember to tell you that Sara's name was not Sarah of the Bible? Do not let the spelling fool you. Her name was Feyisara, a proper Yoruba name. My lovely friend obviously liked how the short form of her name looked like that of an 'oyinbo', it sure made well for her makeup business signature, and so she had stuck to it, and we have come to call her by that.

Anyway, her call came in and immediately I pressed the green button, I wanted to press the red button because Sara was screaming into my ears.

“Oh God, you wouldn't believe what just happened to me, Awe.” She wailed. “I know you would tell me I told you so?”

“Wait, slow down! What is the problem?” I asked.

“Are you home yet?”

“Yes, I am. What—”

“I'm on my way right now,” she cut in. “O God, I'm

beginning to hate men. I hate falling in love, I just...I'm on my way.” The line went dead.

I rolled my eyes. This was the fifth time (or was it?) that Sara had said she was beginning to hate men but she never did. I stopped counting after the third time. I would not bother my head with such frivolity but whom was I kidding? Sara was my friend and I was stuck to her daily drama.

Some minutes later, Sara burst into the living

room and flopped on the couch across from me. I muted the TV and moved towards her, alarmed. Her eyes were puffy, and she was crying unashamedly, very unlike Sara.

"Ayoade has done it again," she sobbed.

I frowned. What was it again?

"I met another lady in his house. This one was cooking in his kitchen this time. Can you imagine? She was cooking for him!" She threw her hands up. *"When she saw me, she gave me the once over and went straight into his bedroom. Awe, we have been courting for two years and I have never been to his bedroom, just because I wanted to keep us. Why would he allow another woman, eh?"*

"None of these is your fault, Sara," I finally said.

"I was so angry that I couldn't contain myself," she continued. "I started screaming at him. He told me to shut up and stay or keep screaming and he would throw me out. He threw me out, Awe, he threw me out!" She broke down into more tears.

This time, the pain was real. I could see it.

Like I did the last four times, I gathered her into my arms and rocked her. *"It's okay, Feyisara. It's okay."*

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To say I saw this coming would be an understatement. Although Ayoade was a fellowship brother during our undergraduate days, he was anything but a 'Bro'. I warned Sara about this guy because his attitudes were nothing to write home about, but my friend was in love, and she was okay with him. Her spirit had said 'yes' and she had gone along with it, until issues started.

The first quarrel had been over phones—Ayoade forbade Sara to touch his phone but insisted on going through hers each time they were together.

The second issue was for Feyisara not to go for her Master's Degree studies now because he ought to go first as the man in the relationship, and he was not ready yet. The third issue was about a lady she had met in his house who had given Sara an attitude. Sara had suspected he was cheating but



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peace, genuine love and respect for our person? Is it the fear of the ticking biological clock or the investment of time and money or the sex that has happened between both parties in some cases?

I thought about this and came to this conclusion: We lack knowledge about genuine love and it is because of that lack of knowledge that we suffer. We lack the concept of love—the one explained by the one who created us. He took his time to explain what love is. He took his time to tell us who and what we are. He also told us what we should not delve into so as not to destroy what we are. We go against these and expect a man to treat us right? I think we sell ourselves cheap. Yea, we really do.

Do not throw your pearls before pigs, or they will trample them under their feet, and turn to tear you to pieces.

The Scripture I read some days ago came into my heart. I think it was Matthew 7:6. Now, I finally understood what it meant. I should NEVER continue to offer what is of value to me (my person, my body, soul and spirit) to those who have no appreciation for it because it will be despised and my efforts will be spurned. Hmm, Light!

I would patiently wait for Sara to wake up and share this with her but in the meantime, I reached out for my TV remote and settled back to enjoy my glass of juice.

he had denied it claiming the lady was a long-lost friend. The fourth was about him being a hot-blooded brother who could not wait until marriage to have sex; he needed to satisfy his urges and now this...

THE DAZZLE AND RING RUSH



Each time, they had fought. Each time, I had admonished Sara to quit the relationship because it was not a godly one. Each time, she had gone back and begged him and they had made up.

"I'm not going back to him, Awe," she said with strong determination in her voice, pulling me out of my reverie. "This is the last stroke. I'm not going back."

In that moment, I knew change has come into her

life. I knew because she said it herself and she meant it.

Half an hour later, after some juice and cookies, Sara laid asleep on the big couch. Sitting on an armchair couch, a glass of juice before me, I glanced at her and my heart went out to her. I remembered my own past mistakes and shook my head, but that is a story for another day.

What kept coming to my mind was the question, *why do we girls continually hurt ourselves? Why do we keep staying in relationships that lack*

This afternoon, I laid on my back, with my leg crossed over the other. Lately, there has been a thriving controversy on whether that posture is healthy for us or not. While Claudia Hammond a BBC reporter highlighted the downsides to the posture in October 2015, Lecia Bushaka of *Medical Daily* five days later stated that maybe the sitting position notable with the British Comedian Kenny Everret in the 1980's, might not be necessarily harmful following some researches.

Anyway, the subject of discourse herein is not health related. It is so far from my training by the way.

As I laid on my back, a quality number of situations flashed across my thoughts, tedious times when I had to walk away from wrong decisions.

Making a wrong decision is never the end to the world. My Pastor; Olusola Areogun reminds me that in fact, making mistakes is a reminder that we are still part of the human race.

Expectedly, this is never a license to making mistakes, but often times than not, we at some points in our lives must have trodden the wrong path to be able to identify the right path.

I write to you today to remind you that irrespective of how long you tarry on the wrong track in life, it will never automatically make the route the suitable one.

I do understand that some life roads are covenant binding and you will definitely need to continually converse with God to find your way out. However, many times than not, we can always stop on our track and correct our mistakes.

I have observed a good number of times that even when people are aware that they have made wrong decisions, they struggle to deny reality. However, whether you struggle harder or not, it does not take the reality away.

Have you made a wrong decision in career, in your location, in associations or relationships, in whom you will serve the rest of your life?

Have you of your own accord chosen a detrimental path? You are not obliged to write me back, but you sure know the answer within you. I have good news for you from our Lord Jesus Christ- there is something greater than your past poor decisions. The bible in Hebrews chapter five, verse eight speaks



A person with long dark hair, wearing a dark coat, is walking away from the camera down a dirt path. They are holding a bright green umbrella. The path is flanked by green grass and trees, and a bright light source is visible in the distance, creating a lens flare effect.

Walking Away From A Wrong Decision

about Jesus the Christ who although was a son, yet learned obedience by the things he suffered.

Our lives will follow several patterns; some are of the tribe of Jacob, who may have to have the hollow of their thigh disjointed because they are very strong willed, and there are some others who embrace folly over and again, who make the wrong decisions yet and again.

Nonetheless, you can stop the trend, forget the blame game and halt the presses. You can stop the music. I know from experience that the replay may be on standby in your mind for days that can roll into months and that's again because you are human, but I urge you not to let the devil have the last say. For you we can say you chose a wrong battle, but because of

Christ, it is not lost, you can fight it in Christ, by making a turn around. Do not beat yourself too hard for your folly. Once God has forgiven you by your repentant heart, I ask you to forgive yourself and start on the right road. It does not matter how long you have been on the wrong road, a single day on your path of right decision is immensely rewarding than your years of mistake.

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I commit you into the hands of the Most High God to heal and restore the years the canker-worm has eaten from you.

On Sunday we met to break bread. Paul was discussing Scripture with the people. Since he intended to leave the next day, he kept talking until midnight. (Many lamps were lit in the upstairs room where we were meeting.) A young man named Eutychus was sitting in a window. As Paul was talking on and on, Eutychus was gradually falling asleep. Finally, overcome by sleep, he fell from the third story and was dead when they picked him up.

Acts 20:7-9 GW

His name signifies one that had good fortune—Eutychus, bene fortunatus. Whether he was brought to the meeting in order to be healed or he was just an attendee, we know that the meeting was meant to do him some good especially due to the Word, which Paul was preaching.


Many Christians go to church, having the same intention but somehow, along the line -like Eutychus- we become distracted with things by which we ultimately are destroyed.

That the man Paul **'kept talking until midnight'** does not justify Eutychus' act of sleeping. We must do whatever we can to maintain focus when it comes to the things of God. Yes, you are married... You have a job that takes much of your time... Your leadership role in church is so demanding... You have children to look after... You are a student and you have many books to read. None of these should ever justify your act of turning cold feet towards the things of God (things that bring spiritual progress).

Despite the **'many lamps (that) were lit in the upstairs room where (they) were meeting'**, this man was still bent on sleeping off. There might be people around him who tried to call him to order and maybe he just did not listen. Just like when people begin to call you up to know why you were not at rehearsals, the prayer meeting, church service and you do not have logical explanations but you just continue in your absenteeism. That is the Eutychus spirit at work and it always heads toward self-destruction.

Distraction creeps in gradually into an individual's life **'Eutychus was gradually falling asleep'.**

For this reason we must pay closer attention to what we have heard. Then we won't drift away from the truth.



The Prevailing Word

-Tosin Babalola

<http://tosinbabalola.blogspot.com>

DISTRACTIONS

Distracted Unto Death

Hebrews 2:1 GW

To drift is a gradual process. When a man begins to drift/is distracted from the Word of God (prayer and fellowship), he begins to die (experience dryness).

The problem at the all night meeting where Paul preached was that Eutychus made a wrong decision of sleeping off. Sleep in the life of a Christian connotes spiritual dormancy or stagnation, better put, ‘spiritual retrogression’. The will of the devil is to get people to the sleeping position where they begin to lose appetite for spiritual things and they become sense-ruled Christians. His desire is not only to make them sleep but to make them fall.

The ultimate goal of the devil is to see Christians

become so distracted that they fall and are taken up dead.

I urge you to remain focused on God and His word in the face of (legitimate) distractions for this is the way to prosper in God.

All good athletes train hard. They do it for a gold medal that tarnishes and fades. You're after one that's gold eternally. I don't know about you, but I'm running hard for the finish line. I'm giving it everything I've got. No sloppy living for me! I'm staying alert and in top condition. I'm not going to get caught napping, telling everyone else all about it and then missing out myself.

1 Corinthians 9:25-27 MSG

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