grenepages

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In the last edition of *grenepages*, we discussed Revelations and its importance to every Christian. This is a follow-up. It's titled "Write and Read"

And the LORD answered me, and said, WRITE the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that READS it. Habakkuk 2:2

God seems to be saying; *"I place visions in your hearts daily, you get excited about them, you thank me for opening your eyes again and again, yet I don't see them become of benefit to you. I can't believe how some of you forget these things completely."*

First, He says, *"Write the vision..."* The faintest pen may be better than the sharpest brain. How many times have you made resolutions only to forget? Learn to write.

Then He says, *"Make it Plain..."* Be specific. Ambiguity sounds like, *"I will close my eyes while looking in a dark room for a black cat that is not there."*

Then He says, *"He that reads will run..."* Every time you read what you have written plainly, you find a fresh energy to actualize it. A vision plainly written is bound to be achieved.

It's *grenepages'* sixth time of making visions plainly written so that we all may read and run.

So keep reading, keep running. We all will get there.

Once again, Welcome!

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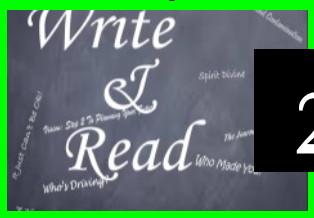

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REAL ANSWERS TO REAL ISSUES 3

But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.
Matthew 6:33

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts.
Colossians 3: 15a

You need not travel far
To ensure all is fine
The first battle to fight
Is who rules your mind

Seek the Lord first
For His Spirit thirst
His voice, be calm to hear
His word study and hold dear

As the Spirit lead, you let
The toughest you can dare
The rough you can bear
The best you will get

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Ministering Rhythms

-Joan Abimbola

https://joanministeringrhythms.wordpress.com

Spirit Divine

You will conquer all plights
You will get the swiftest flight
Not by power not by might
By His Spirit you shall shine

The Spirit of ease
In me plant Your seed
On me place Your seal
Prayers to pray as you seek…

The spirit of God is the Spirit of ease. If we allow Him lead us, He takes away every of our struggles and shows us the way of grace.

A woman, in her mid-fifties came to share a testimony in one of our church services one day. It was an applaudable testimony. Summarily, her testimony was that she had never got pregnant in 28 years of marriage. Then two years ago (about four years now), she picked some instructions from the pages of a book, converted that into faith-powered action steps and kept her expectations positively high. Then, that same month.... she got pregnant! Now, after 28 years, she is a mother of twins...! Praaaaaiiiise the Lord!

I joined in praising the Lord! I was indeed moved! I danced also to *'everybody look-look, see what the Lord has done'.*

But somehow, deep within me, I had questions! Has she really been **waiting** on the Lord for a child for 28 years or she has been **slack, slothful, inactive and faithless** for 28 years? It could be any of the two.

We need to be careful what we celebrate and how we understand what waiting is in the verse: "but *those who wait on the LORD Shall renew their strength;"* Isaiah 40:31 (KJV)

There is a borderline between *'being slack, slothful'* and *'waiting on the Lord.'*

I have heard a number of people use the verse *'I am waiting on the Lord'* as a description of their passive states. To wait upon the Lord is a great demonstration of trust and confidence. It shows a demonstration of dependency on God.

But before we ap-

Before You WAIT...

plaud the *'waiters'*, please let's also wait here to consider whether we are actually *'waiting on the Lord'* or we are sleeping away in irresponsibility! Waiting, whether upon the Lord or upon whoever is not a virtue in itself if you have not done the needful. It's sad that some things we are waiting on him for are also waiting on us to take responsibility.

"From the days of John, the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven has been subject to violence, and the ***violent lay claim to it****".* Matthew 11:12 (Berean Study Bible)

Sirs and Mas, we all need to understand that God has BLESSED us already! If we will be as RESPONSIBLE as we should be in claiming and appropriating his blessings on us, we all will operate effortlessly in full potentials. We are not called to a life of laziness or slothfulness, sitting around waiting, when we have not reached the end of our responsibilities.

The five Foolish Virgins waited also, but when the groom came, they could not make it. While waiting, keep doing all that is needed. Keep eating the Word, keep confessing more and more, keep praying, keep learning new skills, keep meeting those you should meet, keep going for personal development programs, keep keeping on as you wait. Waiting in the context of the Word of God does not mean a period of slothful retirement or a period of handling over your responsibilities to God; it only posits that in your pursuit of God... keep your hope in him.

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Treasures in Jar of Clay

-Femi Sobayo

http://oluwafemisobayo.blogspot.com/

QUESTION:

I need your counsel, I just found out that my fiancé has been cheating on me. I really love him, please what should I do?

ANSWER:

The fact that your fiancé is cheating on you is a clear sign that he is not fully committed to you. You shouldn't marry a man that has an alternative or substitute to you. If a man is cheating on you during courtship he will most likely cheat on you in marriage. I will advise you to quit the relationship, it is too early for you to start patching it up. You shouldn't marry a man that you can't trust.

As to the fact that you love him, there is nothing wrong with your loving him, you are supposed to love a man that you are engaged to. However, loving him is not enough; he is supposed to be faithful to you if you are going to have a happy home. Don't marry a man who is not faithful to you. I know some young men whose marriages are under a year and are cheating on their wives. I'm sure you don't want to marry a man like that. I strongly advise that you pull out of the relationship and trust God to bring a man that will be faithful to you into your life. It is well with you.

REAL ANSWERS To REAL ISSUES 3

QUESTION:

I want to ask about money lotteries and sport betting. Is it ok for a Christian?

ANSWER:

I believe Christians should not get involved in any form of lottery or betting. Another word for lottery is "GAMBLE". We are children of God and we don't gamble.

You also need to know that money lotteries and betting are organized form of cheating, and no form of cheating is acceptable by bible standard. Some people lose their money in lotteries and betting while others gain from the loss of others. This is a form of cheating. Neither lottery nor betting is one of God's ways of blessing His people. You should rather work and trust God to bless the work of your hand. As believers, we should avoid looking for cheap money outside God's standard. It is the blessing of the Lord that makes us rich and not any form of cheating, betting or lottery.

God bless you.

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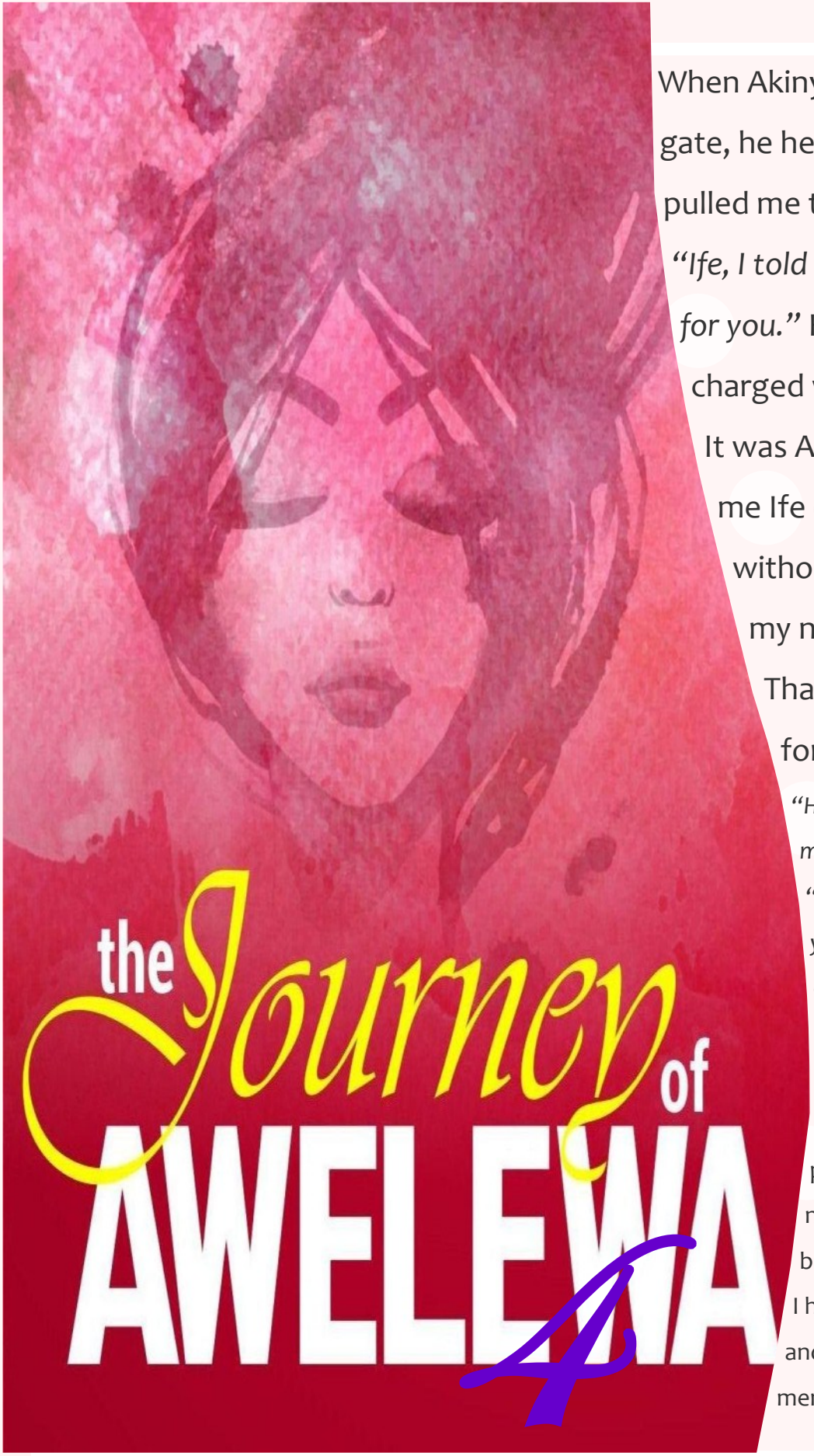
WORD Alive

Sanmi Akintayo

http://www.sanmiakintayo.com



When Akinyemi opened the gate, he held my hands and pulled me towards the house. *"Ife, I told you I had a surprise for you."* His voice was charged with excitement.

It was Akinyemi that named me Ife (which means love) without being present at my naming ceremony. That was his pet name for me.

"Huh huh?" I replied. *"So, tell me about it."*

"Nah, nah, you've got to see it yourself." He opened the door and led us to the extra-large sitting room whose enormous space had been toned down by the complete set of dark brown furniture Akinyemi had just bought.

I had helped pick the cream and beige curtains to complement the walls and rug. His TV

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was on, connected to the PlayStation. A big white box was sitting at the passageway to the kitchen. Akinyemi was leading me to it.

"I have wanted this for us for a long time, and you will keep it for us," he said. *"Surprise!"*

I looked into the box and I screamed, snatched my hands from him and backed away.

Akinyemi was alarmed. *"What's wrong, Ife?"*

"No, no, we—I can't stand it." I shuddered. *"We have to take it back!"*

His forehead creased into a frown. *"Ife, it's just a puppy. It's harmless."*

"No, you don't understand." I shook my head violently. *"I hate dogs!"*

"But it is a puppy," he repeated.

"And puppies become dogs!" I threw my hands up and went to perch on the chair nearest to the door.

He came to sit across from me and held my hands. He didn't say anything, and I knew he was expecting me to explain what came about my hatred for dogs, so I told him.

At age ten, I had witnessed a rabid dog tear off the skin of a playmate so deep that he ended up in a hospital and stayed there for days.

"Ever since then, I vowed never to have anything to do with dogs," I concluded.

"I'm so sorry to upset you. I didn't know." he rubbed my palms in his.

"It's okay," I replied.

"Funny I had a completely different experience." His eyes became dreamy. *"A dog was my childhood playmate. I love them so much. I have always dreamt of having them in my home, as playmates for my children."*

I didn't say anything. What was there to say?

"Ife, can I help you to have a better experience with dogs?"

He didn't mean what he just said, did he? Well, I think it's time we lay it on the table.

I shook my head. *"Akin, you know how you don't tolerate iru, onions and stock fish in your food? Well, that's the same way I don't—"*

"Come on, it's not the same thing, Awe," he cut in.

"Really?" I was getting irritated. *"In fact, you are right, it's not anywhere near the same thing. You don't shiver when a dog is near you and you haven't experienced one tear off the skin of a child."*

"That's not what I meant, and you know it."

"No, I don't. I don't like dogs and I can't ever have them in my home."

The Daughter's Inspiration

http://adeyinkaoresanya.com

-Adeyinka Oresanya

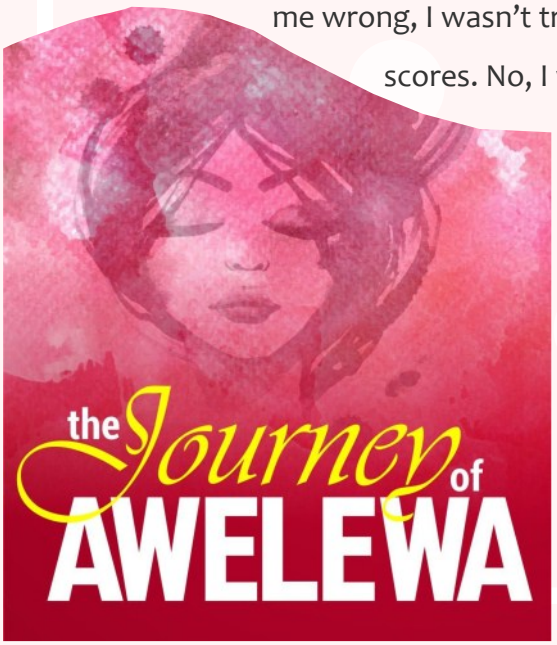
There, I said it.

The look that crossed Akinyemi's face cut into my heart. I felt like taking my words back, but I didn't. *"Okay, I will give it out and,"* his voice was barely a whisper, *"No… no dogs."*

I nodded, but now the feelings I had bordered on guilt. I felt like the bad guy here. When the loud silence became too uncomfortable for me, I informed him that I was leaving. He didn't persuade me to stay. I wished he had, though I would still have insisted on leaving.

He saw me off to the car without a word. We said our goodbyes, and I crept into the car with a heavy shoulder. As I eased into the road, I began to judge my actions and his reactions. Should I have insisted on no dogs? Shouldn't he have understood my feelings and fears? Should I have brought up the iru/onions/stock fish issue, and compared it to my fear of dogs?

That was when my confidence returned! Don't get me wrong, I wasn't trying to keep scores. No, I was only trying to make him understand how much I couldn't stand something. You needed to see the scrunched face of Akinyemi the first day I cooked for him when he visited my apartment. You see, I was a foodie and I loved cooking, experimenting with all kinds of spices (local and intercontinental) and ingredients. I preferred the local ones though. So when I wanted to cook *efo elegusi* for my fiancé, it was just natural for me to add generous amounts of *iru*, onions, stock fish, *ponmo* and *ede*, so that when he would lift a morsel of semolina into his mouth, it would be accompanied with a host of heavenly things.



I tasted the soup and patted myself on the back. *Good job, Awe!*

I proudly dished the food and brought it to my darling. He took a sniff and winced. I asked what was wrong but he said nothing. I sat down and began to devour my own serving.

I looked up after some minutes. My darling was pushing the soup around the bowl, and using the palm oil only to accompany the semolina. He was obviously struggling to eat the food.

My mouth fell open. *"Akin, what's wrong? Is the soup salty?"*

He managed to smile. *"Um… no."*

I was embarrassed. *"Then, why are you messing with your food? Don't you like my cooking?"*

"I'm so sorry, Ife. I didn't mean to." He was really uncomfortable. *"Um… it's just that I don't eat food with iru, onions and fish. It irritates me, and I would have to take Tom-Tom to settle my tummy."*

What! Guy, are you kidding? I practically live on onions and *iru*!

"Wow, I have never met someone that hates efo elegusi that has iru and stock fish," I finally said. "I'm so sorry; I wouldn't have put it if I knew you didn't like it."

Lie, I wouldn't have cooked it at all. How in heavens would I cook vegetable soup without *iru*? What kind of soup was that?

"I'm okay, Ife," he said. *"Thanks for the meal."*

I packed up the bowls and dumped them in the sink, disappointment eating at my soul. I eventually got the Tom-Tom for him and since that day, I only cooked rice (or Semolina or Eba) and plain meat stew whenever he was around. He would sing my praises, I would sing *hian* inside of me. Who sings praises at plain stew? My fiancé, obviously.

Till now, I still didn't know how we would go about it when we eventually get married, and we would have to eat from one pot. However, I knew that when we got there, we would cross the bridge.

Now thinking of it, Akin asking me to learn to love dogs was like me asking him to keep eating food that would not satisfy him. After all, he was going to take Tom-Tom after the meal. However, that would have been so selfish of him. Was it also selfish for me to stand my ground on having dogs or not having dogs?

The Scripture admonishes us to forbear one another in love, that is, to put up with one another, showing tolerance. However, what is the boundary between sacrificing as a selfless lifestyle and sacrificing in unhappiness? Where do we draw the lines between things we can learn to live with and things we can never tolerate?

It pained me to ask my darling to give up his childhood love but then I knew I could never tolerate dogs and I didn't even want to try. Was I committing a sin this way?

With the confusion in my heart, I made my way home. I hope it wasn't too early to declare to you that my relationship was drama free. I just hope with all my heart that regrets stay far away from it.

... to be continued.

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This was an opportunity of a lifetime; I needed someone to pinch me as it all felt like a dream. So here was my chance… finally! I had barely slept through the night for fear I may lose track of time and miss this prospect. I could hardly eat, a few spoons and I felt so full. The excitement had filled me up and I just needed today to be perfect. A day before, I had asked my closest friends to go shopping with me so I could pick the perfect dress.

Quite satisfied with my eventual choice and general look, I rushed before my standing mirror one last time, I couldn't help but notice one hair strand standing loosely across my eye brow so I gently put it back in its place to keep from ruining the entire weave I had spent four hours and a good sum making yesterday. Brushed up and good to go, I pick my bag and I felt like a million dollars… literally. Rehearsing my winning smile as I walked out to get a cab I giggled to myself wondering, "*If only they know all the effort I had put into this look.*"

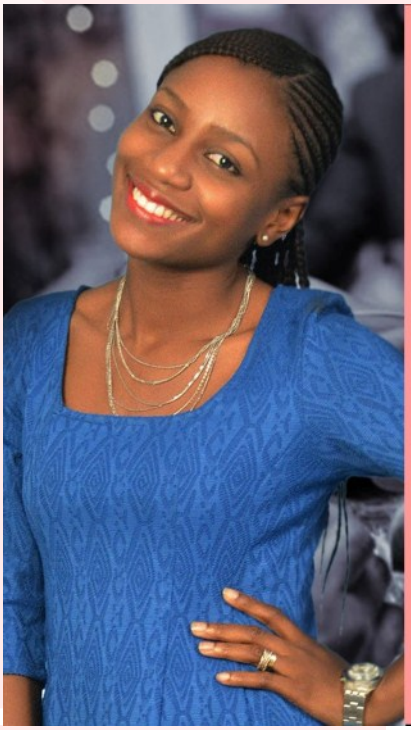
Frustration was fast crawling in on me as my feet hurt from the heels I had put on having stood for the last 45 minutes with no cab in sight. Another bus was approaching and I was contemplating settling for the bus to move me closer to my destination if nothing else. "*I will simply use their rest room to put my look back in place,*" I thought to myself. In no time, I was seated in the bus and headed to my destination and the day was looking as bright as it started again. God must have heard my prayer against a traffic jam. It was a smooth ride so far.

Who's Driving?

"*What's that sound?*" A lady by my right asked looking somewhat worried. "*Sounds like the tyre,*" another commuter replied. While still trying to process their conversation, the conductor tapped me saying, "*Aunty come down fuel don finish and we wan change tyre*"… "*Say what?*" I asked in utter shock. As I stepped down it occurred to me we were on Third Mainland Bridge, the car was out of fuel and it was 9.45am. How was I to give my presentation at 10.00am?

As if reading my thoughts, the driver shows up looking something between drunken and sleepy, explaining to us disinterestedly how the conductor was going to go get fuel and come back in no time. At that instant, it occurred to me for the first time that I had ticked every other box to make this presentation except the most important. I had not bothered to know who was driving. "*Mogbe*" I said aloud with my arms on my head.

I challenge you today to identify whom/what is driving your life. It's not enough to talk the part, look the part and act the part. Let God drive you, you can never go wrong on his side!



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Tee-Wai

-Toyin Seth-Ogungbe'

http://toyeenmakogungbe.blogspot.com/

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IT JUST CAN'T BE OK!

There is a zone, a familiar zone; it needs not so much hard work. It's a place where nothing thrives other than living on past glory and mere wishes or daydreaming characterised by being just okay. Okay with every and anything. Okay with mediocrity. Okay with neither make us rich or poor, "*simply give us our daily bread*" and we will be just fine; it's okay. This zone is the comfort zone. Nothing grows in this zone. Things that once blossomed get to this zone and either die a silent/natural death or depreciate.

Now, in my humble opinion, if you ever want to be relevant in life in this present age and time, that prayer, "*Neither make me or poor, simply give me my daily bread*" Proverbs 30:8 (emphasis mine) ……..is not for you. I'm sincerely tired of seeing people merely going through life and surviving rather than thriving and saying things like, "*I just want to live a quiet life, be*

happily married, raise my children and probably my children's children and enjoy life". Really? Any average individual can do that, but there is more! There is always more in God!

We just can't be comfortable with the status quo or status quo ante, we shouldn't be.

I'm provoked in my spirit, and the aim is to get you fired up too. The other day I was watching a programme on TV. I love to read biographies and autobiographies etc. I also love to watch people talk about themselves, their achievements and accomplishment, what drives them, how they're able to do what they do so well and so on. So on this programme, different people were being interviewed, and they were celebrities (so to speak). These people were talking in retrospect about their first day at their different universities, I was honestly enjoying the programme, they shared life experiences and talked about their drives, passion and purpose until it was a particular woman's turn. This was what she had to say: *"oh, my university days, we dressed to kill, we represented, and we partied and had fun."* I was dumbfounded and flabbergasted, who says that on international TV? What a shallow mind, I thought to myself.

Let's face it, you'll not find one great person who is complacent. You won't! Something drives them, something bigger than them; in fact, someone propels them constantly.

Whether or not we make it, it's just okay. Whether or

not we progress, it's okay. Whether or not we advance, it's just okay. However, it cannot just be okay! It mustn't just be okay!

We need a different spirit, the type Caleb had, that caused him to excel in Numbers14:24. You need a different spirit; you can't be like others. It is this different spirit that propels people, no matter how laid back they may seem.

Your dreams, vision and purpose must be bigger, greater and brighter than you. If you're the smartest in your group, you're in the wrong

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