



the
prince
on foot

who
am i?

murmur
ye not

think!

unveiling
the
real
you

BLESSED

Bimbo Joan
MINISTERING RHYTHMS



4

MURMUR YE NOT

Femi Sobayo
TREASURES IN JAR OF CLAY



6

LIFE LESSONS

Adeoye Akinwumi
AKINWUMI'S HANDWRITING(S)



12

HOW ARE YOU?

Toyin Seth-Ogungbe'
TEE=WAI



14

THE PRINCE ON FOOT

Wunmi Falodun
MY LIVING HOPE



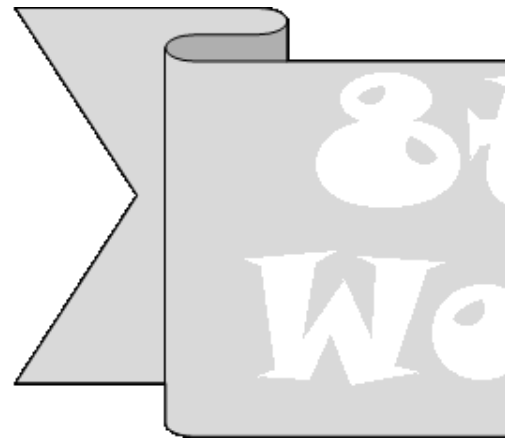
16

WHO AM I?

Tosin Babalola
THE PREVAILING WORD



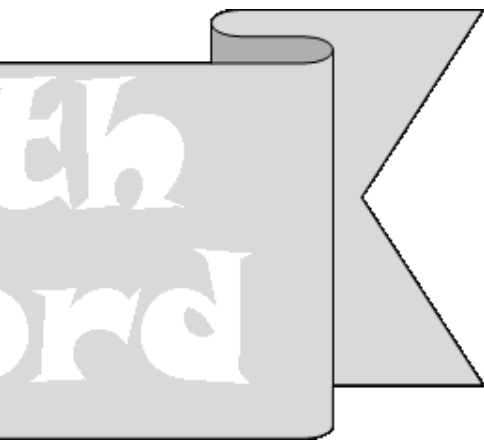
18



Many on earth today are unable to answer the simple question; “Who are you?” When asked, they simply mention their names. The question is not “What is your name?” It is “Who are you?” So you dear reader, “Who are you?”

You would wonder if it is possible for a man to live a whole life without even knowing who he really is. Unfortunately, it happens. Man goes about doing everything possible to be like someone else. Trying to be who he is not, moving farther away from who he really is, experiencing the frustration of not becoming who he wants to be, every day. This edition of *grenepages* is aimed at helping you unveil the real you; getting to become exactly who you were born to be.

Tobi



2



8TH WORD

Tobi Olowookere

8



THE JOURNEY OF
AWELEWA 6

Adeyinka Oresanya

THE DAUGHTER'S INSPIRATIONS

20



THAT TYPE OF
CHRISTIAN

Tobi Olowookere
GRACEDPAGES

22



RETHINK YOUR
THINKING

Ope Rowland
THRIVE

24



THINK

Femi Babalola
FRESH BREAD

27



THE END OF THE
BEGINNING

Tosin Iosef Kehinde
INKED WORDS

Sit down, **THINK**, better still, **RETHINK YOUR THINKING**, ask yourself: “**WHO AM I?**” Never think you are not so **BLESSED**. Maybe all along you’ve been a **PRINCE ON FOOT**. **MURMUR YE NOT**, take the necessary steps and learn **LIFE LESSONS** to become the real you who has been sitting quietly on the inside of you. Be **THAT TYPE OF CHRISTIAN** who knows his true worth like the main character in **THE JOURNEY OF AWELEWA**.

When we get to **THE END OF THE BEGINNING**, and the master asks **HOW ARE YOU?** This way, you’ll get to give him the response he expects. You have lived to his expectation.

Welcome once again to [grenepages](http://grenepages.com).

You’ll have a good time in here.

Olowookere



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

Blessed

"Blessed be God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ."

Ephesians 1:3 NKJV

The blessing of the Lord makes one rich, and He adds no sorrow with it.

Proverbs 10:22 NKJV

Not so much on my dress
May not be found in the press
But it's a great news! I an blessed!

Though great is the test
In God's love I find rest
Nothing can stop this truth, I am blessed!

I won't settle for less
'Will stay with God and not make a mess
No one can curse me, I am blessed!

In God's strength I break off the nest
I soar as one of His very best
I live in His blessings, I am blessed!

To dare the toughest I am set
Everyday brighter are my steps
I live in His spirit, I am blessed!

It's my season to sit at the 'king's desk'
As a very important guest
God made it so, I am blessed!!!

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Treasures in
Jar of Clay
Femi Sobayo

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

Murmur Ye Not

One of the most fundamental differences between those of us in Christ and the rest of the world is our VOCABULARIES. Our words are expected by God to reflect his will and not just the terrible things happening around us. Now that the economists say there is recession, some Christians are also being tempted to see and speak recession into our lives. What are you saying?

When men are cast down, then ...in our own vocabulary, we will say **there is a lifting up**. (Job 22:29)

When men shall say they are sick, the weak in our beloved kingdom **shall say they are strong**. (Joel 3:10)

Until we get to that stage where we declare God's will always and not just what happens to the world economy, understanding

that our sufficiency is in God, we will not glorify God in our words.

The Just Shall Speak by Faith

'There is depression'. 'This country is too rough and tough'. 'Oh Goodness! What's left of our currency now?' 'This job shaaa, I don't just want to say I hate it'. 'This economy is melting'. 'My wife can talk too much'. On and on. complaints! Murmurings!

Unfortunately, many Christians are professional complainers and murmurers. On the job, at home and in the church of God, we join or create a group of grumblers, murmurers and complainers. The job does not pay well, the pastor does not speak with much fire, the economy is terrible etc. To them, there is something bad in everything.

How long shall I bear with this evil congregation, which murmur against me? I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel, which they murmur against me. Numbers 14:27 WEB

Murmuring is a very creepy thing. It does not have to be directly against God, it can be done indirectly. When you murmur against the job he gave you, the wife he blessed you with or the economy in which he intends to make you thrive, you are murmuring against him.

Murmuring is a sly bug that bites even before you notice its presence. It appears like an innocent expression of feeling, yet it kills faith and throws tantrums at God.

The Dangers of Murmuring

Murmuring is a sign of lack of Faith in God. If my daughter trusts me enough that I am all out for her, she will just rest in my work and allow me hold her hands.

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It is a waste of spiritual energy.

It is a grievous sin before God. It shows that you quickly forget what God has done in the past.

It avails Satan a chance to creep in with suggestions.

It is purely rude to God.

*For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Do all things without **murmurings and disputings**: That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; Philippians 2:13-15 WEB*



The Daughter's Inspiration

Adeyinka Oresanya
<http://adeyinkaoresanya.com>

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

Later, I got to know Bukunmi had a girlfriend he so much loved, but she broke up with him without giving him any reason. He didn't take it well at all and had always nursed the idea that they would get back together, because he would do everything to get them back.

That was when I came along.

He didn't love me but he wanted me around. Here was a guy who had just been 'rejected' by a girl and another girl was all over him. It massaged his wounded ego. I was good only for ego massage.

Of course, I didn't see all that at the time. I was in love. I would finish lectures during the day and call him so as to spend time with him. I would prepare special dishes and pack them into lunch boxes for him to take to his room so that he wouldn't have to cook. I would take time to dress up in the evening when going for night reading because I knew I would see him. ... *Mistake number one.*

I was earnestly waiting for that day when he would look into my eyes and tell me, "Awe, I want you in my life." After two months of being together and no show, I couldn't take it anymore. I was drowning in the sea of love and I couldn't afford to die in it. So one evening at the lecture theatre, I blurted out to him, "Bukunmi, I want you in my life." ... *Mistake number two.*

He looked at me and smiled. "I know you are in love with me. I have always known that."

"You knew?" I felt embarrassed.

"Uh-huh. And there is nothing wrong with you being in love with me."


"So?"

He shrugged. "It's okay."

I was confused. Okay what? Okay that you are in love with me or okay, I want you in my life, too, and so let's get into it.



the *Jour*
AWEL
Episode 6



ney of
LEWA

Then, he said, “Right now, my heart is not in its right place for a girl, but you can help me put it back, because you love me and I’m happy you do.”



A wise girl should have run away with this kind of statement from a guy. No ‘I love you, too’, no commitment from him, nada. It was just like the warning sign ‘cars parked here are at owners’ risk’. But stupid and naïve me, my heart swelled with love and desire to repair this guy’s heart and make it available for me. ... *Mistake number three.*

I did the calling, the texting, the seeking after. I felt like the only one in a relationship with myself. Yet I kept on, waiting, earnestly hoping, for the reward that would come my way—the declaration of his love for me. Sebi, love suffers long? ... *Mistake number four.*

When I accused him lovingly that he didn’t use to call me, or text me or visit me, he replied that in a relationship, sometimes, one person knew how to do these things better than the other. It just happened to be me.

Girl, have you ever felt something was wrong in your relationship with a guy, yet you found yourself unable to walk away, like a *Superglue* had been used to fasten your legs to the ground? I felt that way. I was so in love. And confused.

Three weeks after my confession of love, we were studying at the back row of the Lecture Theatre when the lights suddenly went out. Before students could light up their phones or lamps as it were, Bukunmi grabbed me, laid my head on his laps and began to feel me up. When his hands grabbed my bosom, I stilled. The shock I felt was indescribable. I felt violated, cheap, dirty.

At the same time, I felt the scales covering my eyes fall off. And then I knew.

That I was a play thing in the hands of this guy.

That his declaration of love would never come.

That he wasn’t the godly man he professed to be.

That I was actually a fool for jumping processes and still expecting the right results.

When he noticed that I wasn’t responding to him, he removed his hands and I stood up. I pack my books, shoved them into my bag and left without a word.

When I got outside and saw that it was safe to cry, I let the tears flow.

Bkunmi ran after me. “I’m sorry,” he kept saying.

I didn’t reply. I just walked out on him. Out of his life.

Somehow, Folake opened up discussion about Bukunmi after

class some days later. She said Bukunmi told them that I threw myself at him and he had to flee from me so as not to commit fornication. It didn't go down well with her, because she knew I was not that kind of girl and so she needed to confirm. I couldn't cry. I told Folake the truth and didn't care if she believed me or not but I needed to let her know my own version of the drama.

Folake confessed that she knew I was in love with Bukunmi and that he wasn't available, but she couldn't say anything. *"You knew I was in love with an unavailable guy and you didn't say anything?"* My mouth hung open.

"I'm sorry I couldn't say anything, Awe," she replied. *"I seriously regretted the last time I tried to warn a girlfriend that the guy she was in love with was not for real. They both turned against me and de-repped me. I have since then vowed not to ever advise my friends when they are very much in love."*

No, you are wrong. I would have listened, I thought.

I stopped being close to Folake. I didn't want that kind of friend in my life. For several weeks, I was emotionally distraught until I gathered up courage to talk to my God and ask for forgiveness for my foolishness. I laid my mistakes at the cross and proceeded to continue my life and stay away from all forms of silliness and ungodliness in relationships. And He has been helping me till today.

You might be thinking what I thought then—if this guy did all these wrong things, then something bad must be happening to him, he must be reaping all the bad he had done, right?

Wrong.

That doesn't happen in all cases, especially if he had acknowledged his mistakes and repented. You see, what is called grace is so powerful and anyone, no matter who you are or what you have done, can come to it. Old things will pass away and all things will become new.

That is if you allow Christ, He is the Judge of all. This isn't to excuse sin though. You can't eat your cake and have it, and like I said, Christ is the Judge of all. The only reason I was happy and could 'like' his picture was because I hadn't allowed him to take my treasure, my body and my heart, so I didn't feel I had lost anything. Here he was, with a pretty wife and a set of triplets. Three children at once! What if I had allowed him take my body in exchange for his love, where would I be now? How would I feel?

I now clearly understood First Corinthians 6:17 in that light, when it said that when I sleep with a guy whom I am not married to, I hurt myself, my future, in other words, I sin against my body, I sin against myself. So it was all about me after all! Shaking my head, I whispered, *"Thank you Lord."* I said a quick prayer for his triplets and moved on to the next post on my news feed, with a determination much stronger than before.

To keep my body until I have a MARRIAGE bed!
... to be continued.

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I won't settle for less 'Will stay with God and not make a mess No one can curse me, I am blessed!

-Joan Abimbola

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-Femi Sobayo

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-Adeyinka Oresanya

There are people, who grew up with the best of queenly mothers, present, active and available fathers, they attended godly schools, with correct doctrines being churned out from their church altars, but somehow, they were not taking these lessons serious enough.

-Akinwumi Adeoye

We need each other, because in the end no matter the many things that differentiates us, we all are human and have similar needs.

-Toyin Seth-Ogunbge'

Today, so many believers are losing their rightful positions and giving footholds to the enemy, which he eventually turns to strongholds.

-Wunmi Falodun

Make up your mind today to embark upon a life - long voyage of discovering who you are in Christ and taking advantage of all that has been made available to you through Him.

-Tosin Babalola

A Christian who keeps calm when he is being patronized is the most dangerous; their type goes home to report you to God.

-Tobi Olowookere

It is time we took a closer look at our thoughts and ascertain the influence they are subjected.

-Ope Rowland

The information in the scriptures transforms into a revelation as you meditate. God's word jumps at you. You find a guideword as you seek direction, a password as you seek solution to the problems of life and a watchword when you need inspiration.

-Olufemi Babalola

When this 'beginning' shall come to an 'end' everyone shall move to phase two.

-Tosin Kehinde



Akinwumi's Handwriting(s)

Adeoye Akinwumi

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

Once you wear correct life lenses, you should see lessons everywhere around you, even on the streets and you should pick the relevant ones when you can.

In fact, my Pastor, Reverend Olusola Areogun, would say that, in life, there are several unconscious teachers, but you must choose not to be an unconscious learner.

In the midst of these, there are several unserious students of life. Many times we charge the fathers not to be absent, silent nor missing. We encourage mothers to continue in their queenly quest. We insist they are the role models for their children. The family is the acclaimed foundation of every society. We ensure that teachers at the Sunday school church (children and teenager's church) teach them proper lessons.

In fact, Civic responsibility has been included in some secondary school education syllabus. However, do you know as much as there are lessons everywhere, people upholding righteousness in several quarters, there are still these sets of people that are taking these life lessons unserious?



Those are the sets of people of interest to me in this piece. I will not admit that the society has eventually become sane enough. In fact, it does not seem like it would ever be. Nevertheless, as much as vanity, craze, and perversion are sold for less than a cent on the streets, there is as much wisdom likewise in the streets.

Proverbs chapter one and verse twenty (KJV) says, "*wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets.*" Regardless, some do not take heed to her cries.

There are people, who grew up with the best of queenly mothers, present, active and available fathers, they attended godly schools, with correct doctrines being churned out from their church altars, but somehow, they were not tak-



LESSONS

ing these lessons serious enough.

Some other days, I write about being a vessel of wisdom. I write to encourage us all, to be an instrument of peace, with every medium we have, but today it is about those who have had the privilege of correct trainings all their life, but ended up perverted.

It is as simple as the worst student in a classroom is. The teacher definitely doled out same course materials and trainings. His choice was to neglect the trainings.

The primary inspiration for this write up was marital relationships.

I am Yoruba. I hail from the southwestern part of Nigeria. One com-

mon adage in my dialect is that *“oko buruku se e fe, ana buruku ni o se fe.”* Loosely interpreted, it means, a terrible husband is bearable, but a terrible in-law is unbearable.

I say this, because of the thousands of men and women who have gone ahead to marry people who had excellent parents, with best of character, but their spouses were just wrong on too many levels.

So I have heard it said a couple of times, that *“no be say the guy too okay, but sha I like his family.”*

You see, that is a faulty ideology. I am not suggesting that you do not forgive people’s weaknesses. However, in the face of pertinent life decisions, it is sentimental to forgive a person’s numerous flaws because they have a good resume.

It is like when you get a splendid job because the board was impressed by your resume (the numerous schools your parent could afford and force you to attend) but if your character consistently falls short of the company’s reputation, you are not likely to remain in that company.

So I have met people with such beautiful and cultured families, but he is just the black sheep. What is the point? If he never took seriously, the training he got for over two decades in that family, what is the assurance that he would ever take any more serious in the future?

That is too much of a lifetime gamble! Indeed, just as Socrates said, *“Nothing can stop the man with the right mental attitude from achieving his goal; NOTHING on earth can help the man with the wrong mental attitude.”*

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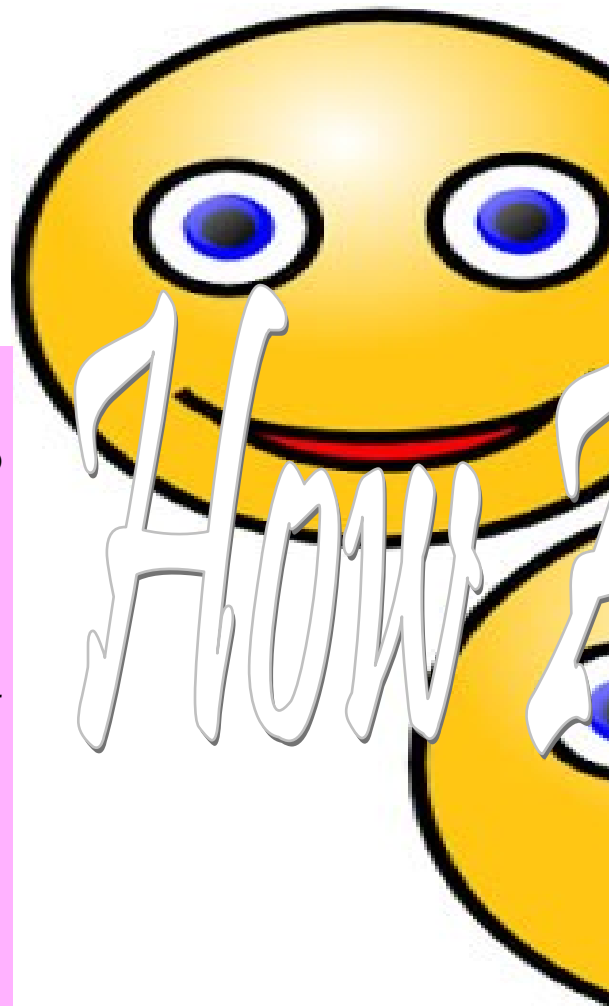




Tze-Wai
Toyin Seth-Ogungbe

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

Completely exhausted she looks through her itinerary for the next day, dreading sleep as the sound of her alarm in the morning reminds her how little she had to sleep and how another day beckons with its needs, demands, choices, challenges and gifts. She wonders why life seems so fast lately and conversations seem so empty. She looks through her phone, scanning the chitchats, gossip, sensual jokes, political comments and internet feuds. Hissing at the emptiness of it all, postponing her replies to her best friend she drags her duvet over her tired body and curls up in her usual style in an attempt to find sleep. The soft tune of her favourite ring tone, jolts her back to reality as she reaches for the phone and reluctantly picks the call; wondering who will call her at this time with an unfamiliar number.



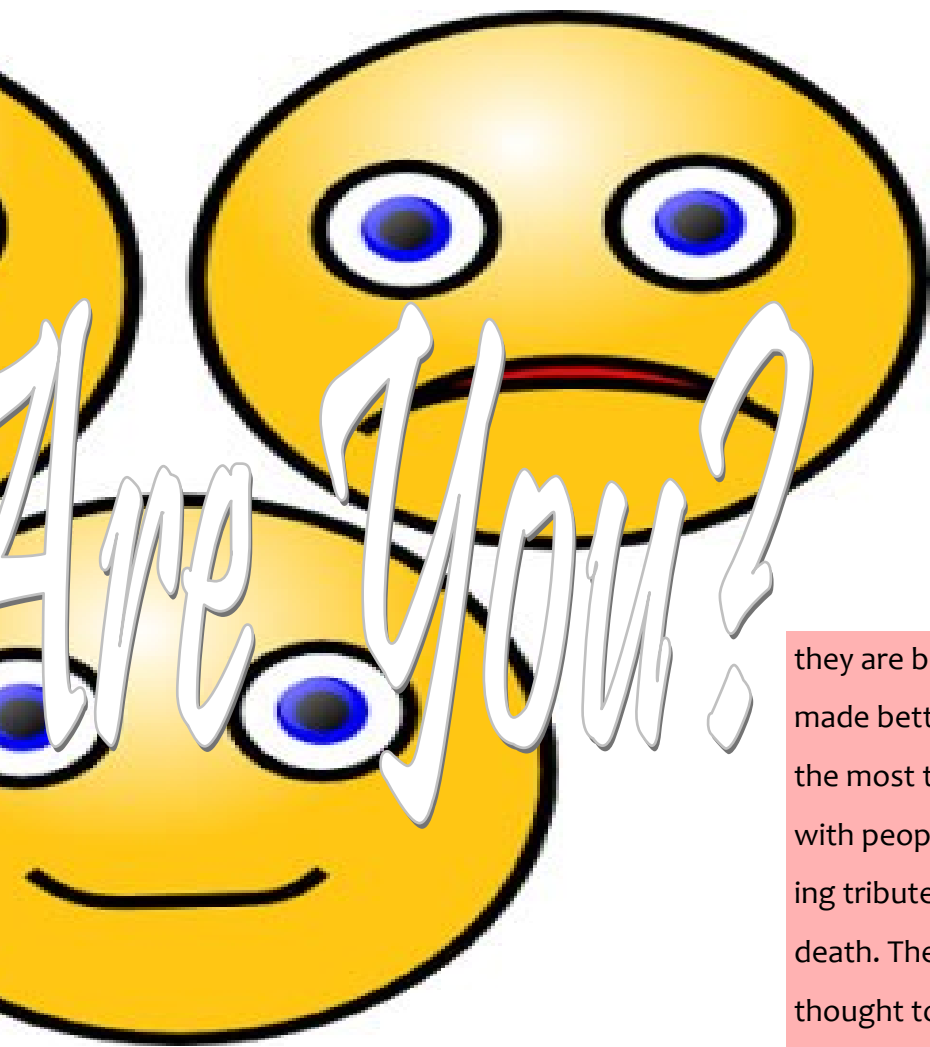
“Hello, who is this please?”

“It’s Gina,” a pleasant and familiar voice replies at the other end of the call. Scanning her head, she recalls it’s her childhood friend whose number she has since misplaced and a smile replaces the irritated look she initially had.

“Gina what’s up?”

“I’m fine,” she replies excitedly.

“You have been on my mind dear, so I thought to call. How are you?” Hearing those words makes her begin to cry



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and she cannot seem to hold back the tears hard as she is trying to.

“Did I say something wrong?” Gina asks a little taken aback.

“No Gina, you said everything right. Thanks for asking me that, no one ever does lately. They tell me either what to do, what am not doing or what I can do better.” The conversation goes on for another hour. Sleep finds her with a smile on her face that night.

The world is so full of pain, hate, anger, and agitations lately. Everyone is talking, lashing out on the other person because they somehow feel

they are better off, know better or have made better choices. We would spend the most time seeing everything wrong with people, put up pictures, and touching tributes at the announcement of death. The irony is not lost on me, and I thought to remind us to ask someone today how he or she is doing and really, truly care enough to listen. We need each other, because in the end no matter the many things that differentiates us, we all are human and have similar needs. Someone can choose life over suicide because you noticed. Another can take that chance because you challenged. Someone can heal because you felt his or her pain. Love can be born today because you stopped longing and started speaking...

Please ask today!



My Living
Hope

Wunmi Falodun

<http://www.mylivinghopealternatives.org/>

When my godson was born, he was exclusively breastfed (please clap for his mum). However, as he grew a bit older, people from church and all around started giving him gifts of sweets, biscuits, chocolate and so on. He was not old enough to take those things, so his mother ended up giving some of them away to kids that were old enough to have them and whenever I was around, I used to target those things. It was normal for him for example to come back from Sunday school with a parcel that he cannot even partake.



The Prince On Foot

Therefore, I used to descend on those things, and I would tell him, *“For now, this is how you pay me for taking good care of you, changing your diapers and being a good godmother to you, later on you’ll do the big things, but for now, this stick of sweet is the fruit of my labor over you.”* The little human would not care, simply because he did not understand what I was talking about.

My little chap grew in wisdom and strength as the days went by, and I began to notice certain changes. Whenever he had a stick of sweet or biscuit and I tried to take it from him, he would fight back, he would struggle and sometimes even scream just to call his mother’s attention. Wow! At that point, I knew he was aware of certain things. He even went as far as struggling with me for things that belonged to me. He finally became aware of his rights and privileges; he knew what belonged to him and knew that as

my son, he had a right to my things.

This reminds me also of another story I heard about a certain man who was lodged in a five-star hotel on an official trip. Because he could not afford to pay for the food, he went on hunger strike not knowing that his five-star three square meal had already been paid for. Only for him to later find out that everything had been paid for; he just needed to ask. Ignorance lengthens captivity.

That is exactly how it is for us as believers. Everything we need for life and godliness as already been provided for us in Christ Jesus, we need to be aware and we need to mature. You can never partake of a thing you are ignorant of, and ignorance is costly. Ignorance is never a good enough excuse; it works to/for our disadvantage. Ignorance will make a prince walk on foot for hours upon hours while his servants ride his horse.

Today, so many believers are losing their rightful positions and giving footholds to the enemy, which he eventually turns to strongholds. You are a royal priesthood, now is the time to take your rightful place.

I wish you the best of God.

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