

**TREE PLANTED BY THE RIVERS OF WATER**

**With Some  
INSPIRING POEMS**

**Dixon Olutade Torimiro, *Ph.D.***

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**DEDICATION**

**To anyone  
who through the reading of this book  
becomes a blessed soul**

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To:

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- Many more spiritual giants whose names I cannot readily mention now, those who have contributed in no small measure to my spiritual upliftment.

Lastly, I give my most profound gratitude to the Almighty God for giving me inspiration and wherewithal to document this my humble experience.

Dixon Olu. Torimiro, Ph.D.

Goshenland Villa,  
CAC Seminary Area,  
Opa, Ile- Ife.  
May 19, 2012.

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## PREFACE

It is always nice to see several individuals with different backgrounds aspiring to worship their creator with a true mind, but in contrary, not all these worshipers have the vintage privilege of serving God in truth and in spirit. This must be due to various false doctrines which are now spreading across churches. It is just too pathetic in this dispensation of grace to observe many self-acclaimed Christians still involving themselves in one old thing or the other.

In the name of Christianity, many have erected buildings only to indoctrinate mild-hearted members of their congregations with various false teachings. Most of the founders of these so-called churches are only out like a hungry lion in sheep's skin to devour their innocent followers. They have nothing to really offer these poor souls. Instead these so-called shepherds only multiply their members' sorrow. Most of churches have already gone commercial: prayers that should be charitably offered are now tagged with fee. But I thank God for the Book of all ages, for it says, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free"(John 8:32).

This book inspired by the first Psalm of King David to edify believers who are heavenly bound. It is fully packed with a lot of author's intimate experiences and encounters with God. It is inspiringly written to revive the spiritually weak, to guide those who want to follow the footsteps of Jesus. It is a treasure for those who thirst and hunger after God's righteousness. It is also a signpost to all who want to **Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.**

The knowledge contains in this book is opened for understanding of all and sundry and it cuts across every aspect of human life. It is really the secret of the believer's success, for those who aspiring to be "like a tree planted by the river, his leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Ps 1:3). If you read this book, there is no doubt there will be a positive change in your attitude towards God and Man. There are series of challenges at the end

of each chapter which may provoke your thought into a positive action. More so, there are series of guides that may lead you as to what to do in order to meet up with these challenges.

May I therefore congratulate you forever coming in contact with this heritage of truth; such is very scarce to come by in this end time. If you really want to be a successful believer, this is exactly where to start no matter your present situation and the circumstances that may surround you. I must also admonish you to sincerely pray in all earnest in order to obtain the same experiences as may be revealed to you in this book. More so, the nourishment in this “manna” will soon manifest in your personal life, through your personal consecration and prayer, if you endeavour to read and practice the teaching of this inspirational message. Your testimony shall soon be greatly published. The grace of God will accomplish it all.

**Professor Dixon Olutade Torimiro.**

## **CHAPTER ONE**

### **THE MAKING OF A BLESSED MAN**

Each time I am opportune to open my Bible to any chapters that carry the word 'Blessed', I usually feel like one of the blessed people. This feeling might not be peculiar to me. You too might have had the same feeling; or you may know some individuals whom the people perceived as the blessed, probably because of their earthly possessions. In worldly standard, a person endowed with riches, sound health and education, successful children amongst many other achievements any man on earth could attain, is of course a blessed person. But surprisingly, most of these people still find it very difficult to content themselves with these earthly possessions. Like Oliver Twist, they still want more. This shows that the blessing of the blessed is not just earthly possessions.

The song writer inspiringly opened his first Psalm thus: "blessed is the man..." Certainly, the Psalmist knew that the deeper meaning of this statement. King David had more wealth than any king of his time. He was mightily blessed, by worldly standard, yet he glorified not in his earthly possession. Nor did he boast in earthly riches. Rather he says "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord" (Ps 34:2). Therefore, for a better understanding of the blessedness of a blessed man, it may be highly necessary to briefly review the life of the Psalmist.

There are no extraordinary events surrounding the birth of David. In fact by virtue of birth, he was the least amongst the sons of Jesse. Therefore, David's blessedness is not a function of his biological birth. What made David extraordinary and blessed perhaps stems from his encounter with God. God attested to the evidence of this encounter, prior to David's anointment as a king over Israel, when He openly warned Samuel not to judge by outward appearance because an outward appearance may be very deceitful. The evidence of a true encounter with God begins with the transformation of heart. Since, human can fake the outward, God focuses not only on the overt but also on the covert, where manipulation is impossible. He sees the heart where

the sign of a genuine encounter resides. He told Samuel to look among the sons of Jess for the one whose inward part-heart- had encountered Him. And after being swayed severally by outward appearance, Samuel finally anointed David, though a boy in the sight of man. But then, the boy, David, the youngest of Jesse's children, had the heart of a regenerated man. God had seen a lot of David's hidden attributes, including his consecrated and caring heart. He could not delay His instruction to Samuel, the prophet, that he should anoint the boy to succeed King Saul, who was chosen because of his outward appearance but was rejected by God because of his stubborn heart.

This little account shows that David was not a stranger in the sight of God. He must have secretly proven himself, probably as a faithful and caring shepherd over the flock of his father. This was also evidenced in his personal testimony to King Saul prior to his voluntary encounter with Goliath. David confidently gave an account of how he confronted and killed a lion and a bear that came to prey on his father's flock. David told the king that he went after them and smote them and delivered the lamb out of their mouths. It is important to note that he went after these beasts and smote them with the jeopardy of his own life. What a faithful shepherd! David's boldness and faithfulness should indeed be an exemplary disposition for present-day believers, especially those who can hardly withstand a slight of cockroaches, let alone taking their stands against the powers of darkness or even taking a minimal risk for Christ and His Kingdom. Many believers usually run away like the priest and the levite, when and where they ought to act like the good Samaritan. **The Righteous is as bold as a lion.**

David was indeed a loving shepherd, perhaps the shadow of 'Our Shepherd' – Jesus Christ. He was, no doubt, a very bold young man, a man of great valour. Task that defied the best trained and equipped professional soldiers in Israel, he accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. No man in Israel could face the challenge of the giant Philistine, except the young man, David. You can read his statement before the Goliath, after he was able to persuade the whole Israel with his testimonies, that he would treat the boastful infidel as one of the illustrated beasts that disturbed his flock.

*“Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear; and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied” (1 Sam. 17:45).*

You can equally imagine the victory in these powerful words muttered by a small boy. He saw the giant as nothing and he knew quite well the identity of his Heavenly Father. So, he was not ashamed of telling the whole nation about his personal experience with that God. David was sure that the army of Israel has a God which is more powerful than any weapon and ever equaled to any task.

Definitely, David was not the one acting; there was a particular force behind him, pushing him to meet up with the giant's challenges. This is an amazing power. While great men, commanders and even King Saul forgot what the living God had done in Israel, cringed in fears and fled before Goliath, the little David recounted the infallible faithfulness of God and dared the bragging giant. In order to banish fear and faithlessness holding the people of Israel, David told his testimony, locating God as the source of his bravery and success. Certainly, David had great faith, which greatly pleased God. ***For without faith, it is impossible to please God.***

Besides faith in God and bravery, David had a broken and contrite heart, which is one of the indexes of the first work of grace, that is, salvation. This attribute came to the light when he fell into sin. David covetously committed adultery with Uriah's wife and eventually sent Uriah to the grave. His responses when prophet Nathan confronted him with the evidence of his sins, however, laid a sound precept for anyone who desires an intimate relationship with God. David profusely cried:

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin *is* ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, *and* be clear when thou judgest. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness; *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free spirit. *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: *and* my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness (Psalm 51: 1- 14)

David, first, acknowledged not only the sins he committed but also the original

sin: **Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.** And with a repentant heart, he pleaded for God's mercy and God didn't fail to forgive him. David then was able to stand before God as though he had never sinned. This is what the New Testament calls justification, the first work of grace. A heart that craves for God's forgiveness was the treasure God saw in David. This heart distinguished him from others, like King Saul who made excuses for his sins and rationalized his disobedience by accusing his fellow soldiers. David had a godly attitude towards sin: He neither accused the circumstance and situation that led to his action nor renamed his action in order to make light its enormity; rather he wholeheartedly accepted responsibility for his behaviour and described it using befitting terms: **...I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight...Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation.** Surely, David's perception of an attitude towards sin indicates that he has had a true encounter with God, an encounter that produced conviction, confession, conversion and justification.

Dear reader, it is important to note that confession alone does not elicit God's forgiveness. In fact, in the Holy Bible, there are five people who said **"I have sinned"**, yet only two of the five obtained forgiveness. The first was Pharaoh the King of Egypt (Ex 9:27, 10:16), Saul the first King of Israel was the second (1 Sam 15:24, 30), the third was David the second King of Israel (2King12: 13), Judas Iscariot the betrayer of Jesus (Mat 24:7) and the prodigal son the man who went to a far country (Luke 15:18) were the fourth and the fifth, respectively. From the list above, only David made it to the mercy seat in the Old Testament. He obtained forgiveness while Pharaoh and Saul were rejected. This is because David's confession wasn't a mere hypocritical urbanity or a make to believe stuff. He clearly understood and satisfactorily fulfilled God's requirements for forgiveness. David knew the uncleanness, guiltiness and enormity of sin. More importantly, he knew the source of purification and justification as well as how to draw forgiveness from this source. This is why he declared **Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.**

From the foregoing, it is crystal clear that sin, either the original or individual, is diametrically opposed to the blessedness of a blessed man. In fact, David nicely spelt out the conditions underlying the blessedness of a blessed man as

follow: **Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.** Hence, becoming the blessed man metaphorically described by King David as “a tree planted by the rivers of water” is contingent on possessing right attitude towards sin. One may, therefore, conclude that David's knowledge of God and encounter with God imbued him with the right attitude towards sin, which is the basis of the blessedness of a blessed man. Moreover, the blessedness of a blessed person consists not just of material possession but, more importantly, of justification and peace with God. This is why the Psalmist cried thus, *Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.*

The trajectory of my own life engenders a similar conclusion as David's life. It is evident in my life that sin is at variance with the blessedness of a blessed man and that God, irrespective of the dirtiness of our background, is ready ever to wash and make us blessed whenever we come sincerely before Him. God has made the provision for our cleansing even while we were still sinners. As the great apostle said: *..God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us (Roman 5:8).* Looking closely at my life, from childhood to adulthood, I could say like the great Palmist: ***Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners...*** The next Chapter chronicles my long Journey to the point of an encounter with God, which I believed is the foundation of a blessed man.

## CHAPTER TWO

### CROOKED PAST REVEALED

I was brought up by my aged paternal grandmother who was a nominal Christian. I was baptized right from infancy and got confirmed by a bishop in one of my teenage years and virtually I became a partaker of the Holy Communion. If God was not merciful to me, I should have been afflicted by many sickness and diseases, because of my partaking in the Holy Communion which is meant for the righteous. I was very ignorant of it all anyway, so I took the ordinance very lightly.

My granny always ensured that I followed her to the church every Sunday, against my interest. All I was interested in was to collect money from her for offering which I often spent on sausage rolls. As a small boy, I understood nothing about what I was doing. Although we normally sang a particular Yoruba song during our Sunday School, which forbids us from spending our offering on something else.

The lyrics of the song go thus: ***“owo Jesu o, ema fowo re j’epa mo” (2ce)***, which literarily means: “money meant for Jesus, never you spend in buying groundnut”.

This song was not sufficient to stop me from spending the money. Occasionally, I may put half of the money into the collection tray, most especially when my granny increased the amount. My granny did not allow me to mix-up with the young folks in our area, for the fear that I may be influenced by their stubborn and rascal attitudes. I seized this opportunity to isolate myself from them and I arrogantly considered myself more superior than my peers. So I became tough on my peer group, to the extent that I used to ban them from passing through our compound. No one among them dared violate my order

There was a particular girl who wanted to prove stubborn, though she was a little older and taller. Her thought was to push me aside and make a free passage, but I did not allow her to treat me in such a humiliating way. I did not waste much time, just like a ram reversing for a heavy head boot. I attacked

and we both engaged in a serious fight. It was not too long she lost her stamina. I quickly stumbled on her, like a professional wrestler I gave her a serious pain fall. Before I knew it, her head and right hand were knocked on to the concrete basement beside our house. I quickly got up from her and watched her rolling on the floor in agony. One of her humerus bones had been broken, while she was struggling to get up, I quickly jumped through the window of my granny's store at the main building. I ran to hide myself at the back of our kitchen behind the house, where no one could ever think of.

Later in the day, the girl reappeared in the company of her aged mother. There was already a Plaster-of-Paris on her right hand hung with a bandage tied across her neck. It all dawned on me this time, when I saw the girl. Just as if the ground should open for me to hide, for at least that moment. My granny was around and she had earlier been told about the entire story by one of our tenants for which I had been given a deserved punishment for my wicked act. One could obviously see the sobriety resulted from the punishment on my face. I felt so bad about the incident and I regretted my hostility on the girl.

My granny did not allow the woman to speak before she started pleading on my behalf. I suspected that the woman initially had a plan to deal with me ruthlessly; this was clearly written on her face. But thank God, she helplessly succumbed to my granny's plea. When I saw the whole situation, most especially the calmness in the atmosphere, as if news of a serious accident had been broken, I could hardly look at the faces of everyone around, I immediately prostrated and apologised to the woman and her daughter. It was then I realized that I realized the enormity of my misdeed. I looked at the girl's hand in pity and I felt like genuinely seeking her friendship. The girl was highly cultured, she knelt down for the elders around in appreciation and the mother held her on the left hand and they took their leave. The whole episode went off just like that, but the guilt of my wickedness persisted in my mind. Since then, each time I saw the girl, I always try to greet her first. In fact if she has ventured to pass through our compound, I would have willingly given her the chance, but she never did again.

As time passed by, after the girl's incident, while I continued in my mischievous deeds, I got caught up in the web of my wickedness. It was on an evening of April 1<sup>st</sup>, our maids and myself had gone to fetch tap water in a nearby house, located in a street off ours. Usually, such a day is a special day

in every year, when the young and elderly folks normally make fools of themselves.

On this particular evening, a boy quite older than me came to fetch water, just like us. I did not take time to study his mood if it would be pleasant enough to accommodate my 'April Fool's joke. Immediately he dropped his plastic keg, I quickly put on a serious face, so that the boy might not easily discern my deceit and I told him that his shirt was stained with blood. He could not quickly get the joke and he searchingly looked for the stain that never existed. In the process, I could no more contain the fun and everyone around me began to laugh at the boy. "April fool!!" everyone shouted.

Just as if the boy was mentally demented in reaction to my folly, he at once threw off the rag in his hand. Immediately I perceived that a danger was near. The boy's face was filled with rage and he was infuriated. Like a fiery lion preparing to tear its prey into pieces, his countenance portends danger. Instinct warned me to run for my dear life and I took to my heel. Like an antelope running for its dear life, I swiftly jumped a high fence that stood as an obstacle on my way. But in a twinkle of the eye, the worse had happened: I landed on a concrete floor. Oh! I have even forgotten that someone was after me; I was down there in pain and could not get up. I have already sustained a very severe fracture on my right hand.

People around did not immediately know my predicament. The boy too felt that I was pretending, he pounced on me, like a tiger pouncing on a goat. I hurriedly cried for help. The boy, perhaps, through the agony in my fainting voice, quickly noticed that something has happened to me. He jumped up and found my right hand dangling on the concrete floor. Its bone had been broken and it became bent. In fear, the boy was shivering. It was greatly revealed by his two legs. He did not know what to do.

An elderly woman, the wife of the owner of the tap-water we had come to fetch, quickly intervened. She hastily straightened the crooked hand and set about three to four small ruler like wooden pegs to strengthened the weak bone. These were neatly tied with a big scarf. The first aid treatment administered by this woman gave a little solace to the persisting pain I felt. In pretence, I quickly carried my own pail-full of water as if nothing serious had happened to my hand, while some of my colleagues were still making jest of me, the woman

quickly cut in and instructed our maids to inform my granny about what had happened to my hand. But immediately we trekked a distant away from the house, before we got home, I pleaded with the maids not to tell my granny anything. And both of them agreed to my plea.

At home, just about one hour later, I started feeling a great pain. The hand was already swollen and seriously aching me. My body temperature had risen. I could no longer bear the pain. I felt like seeing someone who could bail me out of the painful situation. I was afraid; I did not know how to relate the entire story to my granny who was already fast asleep. As if it was a miracle, my eyes could not believe it, when I saw the woman who gave me the first aid treatment. She has come to confirm if the maids have told my granny about my broken hand. What a Good Samaritan. She did not even bother to ask them again, when she saw me outside crying. She quickly held me by my second hand and headed to my granny's room.

My aged granny has already woken up. The tiny voice of the Good Samaritan has disturbed her sleep. She could not believe her eyes for what she saw. I could notice it in her heavy eyes. I knew that we have seriously disturbed the old woman. She gathered herself and attentively listened, while the woman related the whole story to her. She found it very incredible to believe; she opened her mouth for quite some time and did not know what to say. When the woman almost completed the story, she cut in and said, "You this boy would not kill me". She was already fed up with my rascality, for a moment, word failed to come, she felt so much confused and did not know how to show her appreciation to the woman. Alas, she stutteringly thanked the woman for her motherly concern and in haste, she saw her off to the main exit.

The whole episode rolled off like a reel of film. My granny quickly engineered all the necessary action and I was already in the hands of a medical doctor in nearby Orthopedics Hospital. In a brisk of time, I had received a Plaster-of-Paris on my right hand, which reminded me of the of pains I had inflicted on the other girl. It was like a horrible flash back. Deep in my heart, I thought that the incident was from God to teach me a great lesson. But then, I could not change my ways.

The heart of a sinner is full of nothing, but evil. This is often manifested in the thoughts, words and actions. This disposition does not only affect adults, but

also infants; since anybody born of a woman is a sinner. I recalled a particular year preceded my teenage-hood, on one sunny afternoon, when I resolved to commit suicide. I considered this devilish resolution necessary when I could no longer withstand the kinds of disciplinary action inflicted upon me by my granny.

On this particular day, it was very close to the noon, my mother came on a visit to see after my welfare, but immediately one of my aunts heard her voice, I was quickly pushed towards the backyard so that she might not be able to see me. I was eventually locked up in one of the bathrooms until she left. I heard her cheerful voice asking of me, I was sure, that she would be very much eager to see me. But to my dismay, she was told that I have gone on a fish hawking for my granny. I was not happy about the entire situation but there was nothing I could do. Later, when she left, I was shown the toys and biscuits she had brought for me.

This particular scene kept on flashing back almost every day. I was totally fed up and I thought that if I should remain in this kind of a slavery environment, then this world may not be worthy of living. I wanted to see my mother, nothing more. A thought came that, if I could not be allowed to see her, why was I then living. "You should hang yourself and die", a voice suggested to me. Definitely, it could not be from God. But I kept pondering the suicide thought, until I finally succumbed to it, and prepared to terminate my life.

On one of the sunny afternoons, I was very moody and so much unhappy. I was bored with the entire situation. If dead could easily knock, I should have gladly ushered it in at least to have myself excused from this boring world. As I was moving on the concrete basement beside our house, several thoughts overwhelmed me. I have not taken many strides when my head touched a dangling strong twine rope. It was an extension of one of the lines we normally used for spreading our clothes.

The thought came again, "kill yourself"! "Hang yourself"! Do it now! My hands uncontrollably went to the tail end of the rope, before I knew it; I have tightly knotted it round my neck. As if I was being hypnotized. I pushed myself off the supporting wall and the concrete basement. It was really a painful attempt, I found myself struggling in space. But while I was oscillating between life and death, one of my paternal uncles, who came to sundry his towel, saw me

swinging loosely with my eyes already bulging out. He quickly came close to me and first carried me to the basement. He could not easily remove the twine rope; it was too overstretched and tightened. In the course of removing the rope, I was already weak and almost unconscious. He used his towel to fan my face and I was completely revived.

“What should have prompted you into this type of suicide action?” the uncle asked me, with a caring and loving voice. “Because I was not allowed to see my mother”, I remorsefully replied. In fact, he could not believe that such a serious action could ever be thought of at my age. “But that was not enough for you to hang yourself”, he softly said. My uncle failed to agree to the excuses I gave. He rebuked me for such my action and warned me against another time. Hurriedly, he lead me to my granny and sternly briefed her about all my hurdles and asked her to take me to my mother, without any further delay.

Just as if my granny has heeded to such an honest advice given by my uncle, she quickly bathed me and I was extremely happy, while she dressed me in one of my best outfits. But to my dismay, instead of her to take me to my mother’s place; she took me to my father’s house. Within me, I was highly embittered, but there was nothing I could do any longer at that instant.

My father knew that it was very unusual for his mother to visit him at that time of the day. When he saw me, his first thought was that I have committed a great offence that might warrant him to give me a serious punishment. Mama did not allow this thought to go too far, before she quickly told him all that I had attempted to do. He could simply understand. I could see the passion in his face. He knew my entire predicament. He knew that I was very desperate to see my mother. Without using any force, he caringly pleaded with me and with lots of gift, he advised me to follow his mother. He further promised that he would later come to take me to my mother on visitation. I felt so much relief for that moment, and I reluctantly followed my grandmother home.

Since that day, my granny has to soft-pedal and reduce her disciplinary action against me. Whenever my mother called, I was free to see her. She left me to myself. She allowed all my friends to come in at anytime. Occasionally, I would sneak out to cinema halls without taking permission from anybody. Gradually, I became morally bankrupt.

My moral bankruptcy was more prominent in my teenage period when I got admission into a boarding secondary school. I became morally loose and learned a lot of bad habits from my peers. My fallen moral standard degenerated further after my secondary school. During this period, I added iniquity to iniquity. I formed a social club. It was more or less a gathering of the corrupts, an assembly of those who live in the wild desert-land of wasted life and spiritual poverty. Wine, women, cigarette and hip-hop music figure prominently in the club's agenda.

Experiences and ideas I garnered from the club enabled me to form Reggae International Club when I got an admission to pursue a diploma in one of the national agricultural institutes. Although the Club was intended to stand for human right and justice, yet it fell short of God's glory. The club was fashioned after the life-styles and beliefs of late Bob Marley, a popular reggae musician from Jamaica. I mobilized my fellow students, and we quickly contributed money among ourselves to print forms and necessary documents for its establishment. It took us not much campaign to have many financial members. Most of its members constituted the most influential students on the campus. The organization overtook a number of its counterparts and gained a notoriety of a mafia group in the school. I was unanimously elected into the office of Jah Crier, to carry out public relations functions of the club.

As a Jah Crier, it was not long after I assumed this position of high responsibility, I started going about with the torch of Jah. My brain was packed with reggae music, chiefly, those of late Reggae Maestro. The star musician had become my idol, and there was nothing more than to start living a Rastafarian lifestyle: "I don't care life". The emblems and symbols of Rastafarian include dreadlocks, torn-dirty jeans and faded t-shirt with a singlet or 'T'-shirt on top. Their operating colours are red, yellow and green striped. Their regalia were a beret and striped-tag with a pair of canvas shoes. These items were richly appropriated by the group.

I often remember the last reggae night we staged. The entire hall was filled with the puff of cigarette smoked by most of the members. The noise from the high power musical gadget we used was enough to impair our hearing organs. Almost everyone was jumping up and down, 'like a monkey', to the tune of Reggae music. The hall was dark enough to perpetuate any immorality. It was an all night affair. And sons and daughters of darkness really did what they

know best to do. The whole campus was full of praise for the successful reggae night carnival we staged. "It was first ever, in the history of the institution" almost everyone commented.

As a Jah Crier, I have spread the tentacle of the club to many higher institutions in the South West of Nigeria. A re-known first class Oba in Akure was chosen to be our life Grand Patron. I was delegated to link the club with all Nigerian Reggae Musicians; this has given me the privileged to meet with some of the Reggae stars of the time. The entire members of the club appreciated my effort and I was later conferred with a 'Bob'. I felt so much honourably elated and greatly filled with joy. I so much treasured the certificate I was given than anything else. I thought that was the greatest honour, I could obtain for my service for humanity, mostly among the youth. This motivated my strong belief in the organization and I purposively determined to keep on propagating Rastafarianism, wherever I go.

Eventually, my sociality and out spoken attribute endeared me to many students. During an election into students' representative council, I was nominated and eventually elected as an honourable member of the house. Every meeting I attended brought a number of faults into light, to which I could hardly with stand. Our institution's Central Executive Council usually jeopardized the revolutionary action of our council. The students' union president was too weak for my liking and this has rendered the entire union ineffective. The school authority has mistakenly usurped this opportunity to victimize the students and it became nonchalant to the demands of the students, mostly regarding our welfare. The students shared the same water with N'dama, (a breed of cattle), for drinking and other domestic uses. The water situation was contributory to the death of about two of my colleagues, as *post-mortem* reports showed. This incident seriously frightened a number of students.

When the institute's political climate was ripped for revolution, I quickly mobilized the students for rituals of rebellion. It began one afternoon when a lecturer asked one of my classmates to kneel down. Perceiving the order as an undignified, the entire class fixed its eye on the student, urging the student to disobey. But to our dismay, the boy obeyed and we watched him kneeling down. I was highly infuriated. "What a glorified secondary school", I thought within myself. A number of my classmates rubbed their shoes against the floor

in protest. No one was happy about the situation. I felt so much ashamed. My colleagues could hardly wait for the lecturer to complete his lecture, before they started yelling our unprintable comments about the man. It was too much for us to bear.

In the night, at about 11.30pm, I conveyed a meeting with about three other colleagues. I perceived that our reasons and our feelings were almost the same. After the meeting we resolved to strategically instigate other students, during which we would stage a peaceful demonstration to call for a change. Immediately after the meeting, others were assigned to put the students' union president under restriction, so that he might not intervene to sabotage our action. We planned that the security fluorescent light in the corridor of his room should be removed and immediately, two other people should go into the room to cover his face with a big coverlet so that he might not be able to identify them. His room lightening was put-off and total darkness was maintained in the area. No one could bail him out, the three boys have deceitfully changed their voices and they have warned him not to play any prank. More so, he was assured of his perfect self, if he should cooperate. His forceful house arrest became so easy, because he was already asleep and was thus caught aware.

Meanwhile, I have simultaneously rushed to the bell arena, and I continually jingled a vehicle steel realm hung on a wire cable across two wooden posts. It was not long; the entire students on campus have assembled. A great number of them could not say what was happening. I quickly mounted the platform and I began with series of inciting words. Many occurrences that were glaringly known to the students were recalled, after which, I called for a solidarity resolution. Amidst the crowd, a number of the students were shouting "*aluta continua*" which means, struggle continues. Many were shouting action. Alas, the congress unanimously agreed to stage a peaceful demonstration right from that moment. More so, we resolved to call for an improvement in students' welfare; and my classmates specifically called for the termination of the appointment of the lecturer who humiliated one of our colleagues.

The entire plan was not difficult to execute, it was already very late in the night and no one could recognize who was who. The main light was switch off and darkness engulf the whole campus. There was no going back; the students have started with their normal revolutionary enchantment, "Solidarity forever!!

And so so we shall win”. Almost everyone engaged in singing the song. Those who were not singing was either engaging in a serious discussion concerning the issue or expressing their dissatisfaction with the way the students’ union president has sold the students into the hands of authority. I was very close to the back. I was very cautious of my action, I was no more acting as their leader. I believed that I had greatly done the best which the students needed; they have known the reasons for their action and I left the entire situation for a new leader to emerge as a speaker.

The whole students moved to the staff quarters. Many lecturers who could not withstand the angry students quickly took to their heels. The courageous ones confidently stayed to pacify the outrageous students. The students first moved to the principal’s quarter. The students stood there for some minutes persistently singing different types of revolutionary songs. A lot of Fela music were features, prominently, “ITT.” The principal was called a thief and all sorts of bad names. His wife was the first person to appear, and no one was ready to listen to her. They made jest of her and she was asked to go in and bring out her husband. Some of the students felt somehow offended and immediately echoed that the principal’s main door should be broken. Many students were strongly against this opinion while the argument on this was still on, the principal himself appeared. The poor man was already tired; perhaps, it was not long that he fell asleep.

The outrageous students called for apology from him before anything, for sending his wife to them. I pitifully watched the man dancing to their tune. He could not afford any unnecessary dialogue over such an issue. He was quite a simple man. Ordinarily, if any of his colleagues was around, he would not have been able to render such an undignified apology. Despite our rudeness he still addressed us as his children. Many students cried against him for using such an affectionate address, when we were not being treated like his children. Amidst that a student angrily threw a small stone at the man. There was nothing he could do. He tried as much as he could to pick his words in order not to arouse anybody’s anger again. I watched the man in pity and my conscience pricked me against my action.

The entire dialogue went on smoothly until we later come to a resolving end. He successfully met almost every need of the students in his capacity. Although, he could not promise termination of any lecturer’s appointment, but he

assured us that act of victimization and unnecessary humiliation ended that day. He enquired the members of the executive council to come and see him on the issue of students' welfare on campus. We really won on that evening, but within me, there was guilt. It was then I realized the chaos I have caused on the campus.

Later, as usual, the disciplinary committee was set on motion to enquire into the students who engineered the action. No one could be held responsible for it, since the students' union governmental bodies were not involved and the usual consultation and consolidation steps that should precede the confrontational action were not followed. The action was too abrupt and no document of any solidarity agreement could be traced for evidence. So the committee winded-up its sitting without any tangible report. Even though, the committee could not find out the engineer of the chaotic action, but God saw it all.

Dear reader, it is important to state that while I indulged in these vain pursuits and was hailed by my peers, that hell was indeed at my feet, yet I knew it not. For the scripture says: ***There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death*** (Prov 14:12). Deluded and blinded by the prince of power of air, the spirit that is at work in the children of disobedient, I kept gallivanting in the wild-desert land of wasted life and spiritual poverty, adding iniquities to iniquities. My dear reader, I was actually walking down the broad way to hell when Jesus accosted me and opened my sinned blinded eyes. Specifically, I chased a lady not to a social club but to the house of God. My encounter with Jesus while on this downward journey to hell forms the basis of next Chapter.

## **CHAPTER THREE**

### **AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE**

I will never forget the glorious moment, when the whole heavens came down to testify with my poor spirit that I was free to tell the whole world that I am a child of God. Alleluia! The first work of grace has been wrought in my life. The story started when I deeply fell in love with a course mate. The lady was tender in nature with a very small and slim stature and pretty face. Her physique was more or less like that of my mother. It was the type I cherished most as a sinner.

I desperately declared my true love for this lady, through a series of emotional plea, coupled with many love poems. It was not too long before the lady appreciated my admiration and she too extended her hands of sincere friendship to me. Spiritually, she was not better off; she too was a member of a social club and still gambling with the affections of many young men. She used to dance like a cone tossed on a flat ground to any slight rhythm of music. Just like me, she too had already been entangled in unrighteous courtship with a man.

I was so much engulfed in a lustful love tango with this lady to the extent that I developed insomnia. I could not recall a number of dreams I have had in favour of my companionship with the lady. In fact, I was very much ready to give her all my unconditional love. On one particular weekend, I declared to her, that I would prefer her for my wife. More so, I vowed to her that I was ready to do away with my former girlfriend just because of her. She did not know how to reply, but she invited me to follow her to a church she newly discovered.

I knew that she was not a Christian, though she was kind and very jovial. If any other person had given me such an invitation, even a Christian, I would not have honoured it. But I thought in my heart, if it would only cost me to become a seasonal church goer, at least for her sake, I would go. I was very sure that the invitation was courteously made. Perhaps, she thought that I would turn it down, her countenance said it all.

The lady had a Muslim background. Before, my invitation, a Christian brother had already taken her to the church once or twice. Possibly, she has resolved to continue attending the church. On a Sunday that followed the weekend, I had woken up very early in order to join them for the morning service. But I was so much occupied to the extent that I could not make it. As God would have it, one of my neighbours who happened to be a member of the church intervened and promised me that a bus would come in the evening to convey me for the evening revival and evangelistic service. I quickly re-ordered my programme towards it.

The church was an uncompleted storey building, with a congregation of far less than one hundred people. In the company of others, I was ushered in to a seat, very close to the front row. I had attended many big extravagant churches, but the mode of worship and the orderliness maintain in this small church was far beyond what I had seen in those churches. The glory of God was truly revealed in the countenances of workers on the platform. I did not need anybody to tell me before I knew that the Spirit of God was genuinely there. The music from the members of choir and orchestra was Spirit- filled and highly inspiring. I have never witness such in my life. Testimonies of a few people who testified to the power in the blood of Christ was very thrilling. Then, the work of my own salvation started when a soloist sang a challenging song of redemption, which the last line of its last stanza read thus: *“Go and wash in the blood of the lamb.”*

It was at that point that God opened my spiritual eyes and I knew that I needed to bathe in the blood of Jesus. I could hardly wait for the pastor to round off his sermon before I repentantly went on my knees with my face placed on the 'mourners' bench. I wept bitterly for my sinful past which was revealed to me like a reel of film, amidst the seekers' assistants who knelt on my both sides, I hastily confessed my sins to God and I promised Him that I would never venture going into such sins again if He could forgive me. Most of the assistants were seriously pleading with me to be earnest in my prayers; I could see a number of them crying, just because of my wretched self.

It was a night of business and I quickly understood that salvation was more than mental perception. I seriously desired for it. My cloth was soaked with my sweat and tears, while some of the altar workers engaged in fanning me

manually. It was not too long, bliss of peace descended from heaven on me: my heart was filled with heavenly joy and my face beamed with blessedness and peace. When I could not contain the surpassing peace and joy that surged through my body, I jumped up. Then the brethren around knew that something spectacular has happened to me. It was indescribable. It was really beyond any human imagination, except for someone who had really experienced it.

“Jesus has saved my soul! I am saved! Thank Jesus! I am saved!” were the words on my lips. Eventually, tears roll down my cheeks. It was not tears of sorrow but of joy. The heavenly joy bubbling in my heart! Almost everyone in the church shared the joy with me. My pastor was very glad, I could distinctly hear his prayer, “God who has started this work, shall keep you to the end.” He also asked of my name and later, he said “Bro. Dixon, congratulations! But you should not stop praying for your other two experiences.” For the first time in my life, I understand the meaning of a brother. Just like Jacob who called the place where he victoriously wrestled with God and won his Bethel, the Church where I had this indelible experience is my own Bethel.

On getting back to my school, my friends and other roommates could glaringly read the change that had taken place in my life. I quickly told them how God extended His mercy to me. Most of them could not believe my testimony; they thought that I would soon backslide. In fact some of my friends and associates made mockery of me and my faith. They deliberately created temptations in order to silence my proclamation of faith. Also my own flesh pulled hard on me with the intent to detach me from Christ. Of course Satan, the arch enemy of my soul, opposed my staying saved. My fights with the world, the flesh and Satan and my victories through Christ are the bases of subsequent chapters.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### KEEPING THE TREASURE: STAYING BLESSED

It is one thing to be saved and another to stay saved. A great number of people ignorantly feel that once someone is saved, the individual is saved forever, and cannot lose the salvation. Once saved forever saved is false. Salvation can be lost. No wonder, **Jesus said to the Jews who had believed in Him, If you continue in my word then you are my disciples indeed** (John8:31). “Once saved forever saved” is the most dangerous heresy, which Satan is using to rob many people of their Christian experiences. Staying saved daily is the only guarantee for eternal life.

Salvation is the most precious treasure any human-being can possess. Keeping it takes more than claiming it each day; it should be experienced overtly and covertly in everyday life, till the end of one’s life. It demands our daily perseverance in the face of adversities prompted by the world, the flesh and the devil. The old task master is unrelentingly seeking to dispossess believers of their priceless treasure. The great apostle Peter, whose salvation the devil almost took away, sternly warned believers: **Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.** Similarly, Apostle Paul, who was buffeted by agent of Satan, humbly admonished Christians: Be circumspect, redeeming the time for the days are evil, never give Satan a foothold. And finally our Lord Jesus, whose incarnation and mission were vehemently challenged by Satan the prince of corrupt world, nicely alerted his followers: **Be ye as gentle as the dove but as wise as the serpent.** These cannon warnings from our Lord and His apostles are meant to awake believers who pay less attention to staying saved and oftentimes drift away from the faith.

Dear reader, things that sway us from staying saved may not necessarily assume threatening and dreadful forms; they may even come to us with a kiss, like Judas did, or as a piece of advice from a respected beloved one. Also they could be blasts from our past lives. Irrespective of their forms and shapes, my

dear reader, their aim is to rob you of your joy of salvation, although your carnal stroking and ego may be aroused in some instances. My experiences after salvation, like those of some other believers, appositely bear record to this fact.

I remembered the first encounter I had with my mother when I was newly saved from my life of sins. It was a particular Friday evening; I traveled home from my university campus to collect my monthly allowance from my step-father who was the sponsor of my University education. Nobody at home could quickly notice a change in my life. So they thought that I was still my old self. They all love me for my funny behaviour. Immediately I arrived home, everybody was filled with joy. The climate of the whole house has changed; people were rejoicing and calling me by my various names.

Amidst this ovation, my mother called me into her room. "Tunde, God has rightly brought you. Please, quickly help me falsify a letter, as if you had written it from school, to demand for money, so that I may have a concrete excuse to collect my money from 'Baba-Alajo'. She spoke seductively. I knew that complying with her instruction means committing sin, which displeases God. As I dangled between obeying God or sinning against Him by obeying my mom, I heard an audible voice saying: "don't tell lie, it is time for you to make your stand known. Don't do evil, my child". I quickly recognized the persistent silent voice of God. "Don't tell a lie; don't ever do it". The voice still whispered from within. Just immediately, courage came from nowhere but from God. I humbly told my mother, "I have not come home to collect any money from you, and if I should write such a letter, that would amount to a lie, which is against my spirit". What a courageous reply!

The message obviously was beyond my mother's comprehension. She took it for disobedience and felt so bad. "So you cannot run a simple errand for me", was all she could say. It really pained her to the marrow. She angrily left me in the room. Though, initially, I was emotionally affected, as if, I have done something wrong. But the spirit of God renewed the joy in my heart. I was sure that I have taken the right decision. The whole scene went off like that that night. Nobody knew what had transpired between the two us. I quickly had my supper and retired to bed.

On the following day, she called me once again, perhaps, she has bitterly

pondered on the whole episode overnight and still not convinced on why I should take such a drastic action. “Tunde, I asked you to do something for me and you refused, is it good?” she said with a very soft and persuasive voice. I could notice the tremour in her voice, as if she wanted to cry. It almost worked on my emotion, I could hardly bear it. I did not look at her face, so that I may not be sentimental in my reply. “Mother, don’t you know that it is better for me to obey God rather than human”. With this reply, she gave-up on her request. And without being rude to my mother, I still obeyed God.

Oftentimes, blasts from the past of a believer may become a strong hindrance to the believer's staying saved. Allurements and trappings of power and pleasure may subtly be manipulated to entangle believers, especially those whose past lives, like mine, revolved around politics and pleasure. I could remember vividly a scene in my undergraduate days wherein the old serpent craftily and seriously sought to re-awake the old man that was put to death the day I gave my life to Christ. It was indeed a test that confirmed that ***if any man is Christ he is new creature old things have passed away***. The situation demanded me to either stand with God or join the multitude, including my old political ideologists and activists. It kept me dangling between worldly mounds-operandi and Christian principles.

Dear reader as I have stated earlier on, my past was heavily embedded in campus political struggle driven solely by worldly ideology. Due to my revolutionary and radical approach to solving students'-management relationship problems, I was voted into the post of general secretary of my College’s Students' Association- the position I was occupying till the time I got saved. Before my conversion, I have had several confrontations with the school authority, one of which led to a two week boycott of lectures by the students. My notoriety for revolutionary-oriented struggle made me a strong power-broker in the school. Even when I left the office of the general secretary, my influence on the school's political landscape did not wane. Many students' leaders kept consulting me for advice.

However, it was not quite long I got saved, that God, through His word warned me, ***let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power? Resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation*** (Rome 13: 1-2) I quickly

heeded to the warning and I determined not to embark on any confrontational act again. But then, Satan would never desist from tempting a Christian with those things he loved most while he was still under his control, but experience has shown that any victory over such a temptation is always a victory won forever. He would never come with the same type of temptation again. He knows that if he does, the testimony of the previous victory would form powerful armour for another victory.

Later after my tenure, a very serious issue cropped up to which my co-students were anxiously awaiting my opinion as an ex-leader. They had not really understood the type of Christianity I have embraced; they wanted to hear my arrogant and forceful voice directing them to confront the authority. Just immediately, they asked of my opinion about the situation, God quickly intervened and reminded me of the warning. **You must be obediently submissive to the people in authority**, a voice from within reiterated. Like an inflated tyre, I stood very firm and said, "Fellow students, let us be patient and perseverance in presenting our just case before the college authority, I am sure that without any confrontation, God can still fight for us". With these words, I tried to pacify the students.

With this these pacifying words, a great number of the students began to make jest of me. "He too has become a brother", they yelled. But thank God for oneness in the spirit of God, a few Christians in the group could reason with me. This assertive statement was another bright paint to my Christian life. All the lecturers in our school heard about the incident and were marveled by my being born again; they began to accord to me an indescribable honour.

My dear reader, after I had overcome temptations of gold and glamour, the devil left me for awhile and later he appear with a temptation of a girl. The third temptation coincided with the period when I was anxiously looking unto God for a life partner. I felt that I was due for it age wise. That cunning task master wanted to use this privilege to rob me of my grace. Before this period, I was very fervent in my prayer and I felt as if I have reached the peak of my Christian race, unknowingly, my prayer zeal was already gone. Then Satan brought a lady into my life. She was fair in completion with a pretty face. She was very kind and her smile could easily hold a man spell-bound.

She was a colleague during my post-graduate programme. She looked so

friendly and she quickly gave me her room number. That was her sixth year in the University and she was virtually more accustomed to the institution's environment. She was more familiar with the Library system, and this motivated me to seek her assistance for my personal orientation. We spent almost every time together and we carried out most of the academic assignment together. Not so long after I got so much used to her; it has become an affair of stigmas and the pollen grain sticking together. She too was very much in fond of me and she preferred my companionship to anyone else.

As it has become my custom to always testify to anybody that comes my way, I invited the lady to the library for a short discussion. She never kept beyond the meeting schedule, and again she appeared putting on her smiling face. I did not understand exactly, what made me to have a special affinity for her. Immediately she sat down I asked about her background, parents and past life. She joyfully disclosed almost everything to me. I also used that opportunity to tell her about my wayward past, and I testified on how God has saved my soul. I testified to her about many changes Christ has wrought in my life. As if I have known that this testimony would be my safety gadget in days that were to come.

My testimony was very strange to her. Though, she has heard of the word salvation, but the experience seemed very much unfamiliar to her. In pretense, she too told me that she has been saved from her life of sins. Though, her mode of dressing was greatly unchristian and the manner of her utterances was far from that of a believer. While we were still discussing, one of her friends was passing bye, and she quickly told me some ill of her and vowed never to greet her again. This brief incident made me to confirm that she was never a Christian.

Her testimony proved that she was a victim of such gathering where people are deceitfully asked to raise up their hands to be saved. Possibly, after their emotions might have been worked upon, such a mental acceptance of Christ without any repentance was, perhaps, what she had mistaken for salvation. She has no testimony of her personal encounter with God. The most obvious of it all, was her whole life which was greatly in contrary to the conduct of her profession.

At the end of my testimony, she felt condemned, and asked me if she was not

saved, “who am I to judge you”? I quickly replied. I used this privilege to step-wisely underscore what the salvation really entails. As I was discussing, a thought came, which I later knew that it was from Satan. It suggested that I should invite her to my church, so that I may later have her as my partner. It was not long, I felt flat to this gesture, and with this motive I invited her for the next service in my church. Perhaps, if I have genuinely invited her without this motive, she would have honoured it, but to my dismay, she turned down the invitation. “Why don’t you follow me to my own church”. She replied with a mockery tone. Even if I was dead in spirit, I would never accept such an invitation to her church, because I have known the difference between a sleep and death.

After this discussion, I still found it very much difficult to flee from this snare set by Satan. Our relationship became so strong, until it came to a particular time when I found myself in a great entanglement. It was like Samson on the lap of a Delilah; if not for God’s mercy my spiritual eyes were already blinded. It was a brush with a dead trap set by Satan. As if God spoke through the lady’s mouth, she called me by my common name and said, “Dixon, is this your salvation”? The statement was more than a sermon. It brought a great revival into my soul. It was then I remembered that a Christian under no circumstance should have anything to do with an unbeliever. Like an antelope fleeing from a lion, I sprang up and fled from her.

My severance from her was not any easy one. It invoked a lot of persecution from her end, despite my personal restitution to her. She called me by many unprintable names and made me centre of ridicule. If that would pay it all, it would not have bothered me much, but it takes me a very long hour of prayers before I could settle the whole issue with God. I suffered a great deal. I was physically and spiritually sick; more so, I lost a number of brighter opportunities which should have been easily acquired by me. Oh, it was a period of devastation I would never forget in my Christian journey!

Having overcome challenges of faith imposed by wealth, wisdom of the world and woman, the devil left me for awhile and later appeared with the aim of destroying my biological life. But thanks be to God who delivered my soul from the hands of the evil one. The next chapter chronicles my encounter with agent of the serpent who bruised my heel and I crushed its head, as the Bible said: ***And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between***

***thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel (Gen 3:15).***

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

### **AN ENCOUNTER WITH SATAN**

There was a particular day I had a visitor from home who passed a night with me. In the night when I was about to sleep, I invited a very close friend for a joint prayer. Then we were three in the room, the friend led the prayer, after which, he went back to his room. I noticed that during the prayer session, that visitor could hardly say, 'Amen'. Later, I spread a mat on the floor to rest my body, while the bed was prepared for the visitor. I wanted to close the window, but my visitor pleaded against it, with an excuse that the room might be too hot, but I left the light on. Just at about 3.00a.m. in the night, a creature like a giant entered the room and I was woken up. I strove to turn my head to look at the creature, but it stretched its hand across my head and restricted and resisted the movement of my head. Its hand was like a human hand covered with claws of a black wild animal.

This was indeed a real encounter with Satan: it was not a dream or a figment of imagination; it was a real encounter. My whole body became heavy. As I struggled by my physical strength, but the iron grip of the devil grew stronger. When all my physical strength was completely sapped away, a small still voice spoke from within me saying: ***“do you know that the name of the name of the LORD is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe?”***. ***Dear reader, It was after the encounter, that I found out that what the small still voice said is a verse in the Holy Bible*** (Prov.8:10). While I was pondering the quote, the Devil responded, “Who was the righteous?” Already within the short moment that I pondered the quote, I had gotten a little strength so I quickly answered the Devil: “the Children of God are the righteous”. Then the beast threatened to destroy me if I mention any name.

With this threat of destruction came an indescribable torment of fear that sapped away the little energy I garnered when the small still voice spoke. As my strength was ebbing, I was almost giving-up when suddenly I remembered bible verses that say: ***“Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every***

***knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father***". (Phi 2:9-10). I then decided to shout "In the name of Jesus", but there was no strength left in me to shout.

At this moment I thought the end has come, since the strength to shout the name of Jesus was already gone. As I was waiting for the eventuality, however, my mind move away from the threats of death , which the evil creature has muttered, and focused a bit on the name of Jesus. At this point I noticed that my strength was coming back, so I quickly wanted to shout the name of Jesus, yet it seemed as if something had blocked my throat; hence it was only my heart that was shouting Jesus as my tongue and throat could not move.

But then, as the shout of the name of Jesus within me saturate my mind, my throat and tongue began to respond gradually, though my body was sweating profusely. At this time the evil creature stood still. As I persisted in the shouting, gradually, with all my power, I managed to call "in the name of Jesus! In the name of Jesus!.....!", but it could not go beyond my throat. Nonetheless, I remembered that there was no other solution- the name of Jesus is my last card. So I continued until the shout, all of a sudden, came out forcefully "In the name of Jesus". The echo of my voice could be heard at a very far distant. And immediately, the room was filled with a perfect tranquility, after the disappearance of the creature.

As the creature vanished, the visitor on my bed sighed like someone just arriving from a spiritual journey and called my names. Then, she immediately slept-off again. As for me, I could no more stay in the room; I quickly picked my coverlet and ran for my dear life and joined my friends who were sleeping up stairs. My friends were surprised as I stood before them, breathing heavily like an amateur who had competed in a one hundred metres race . They enquired for what had happened, but I could not speak; they asked after my visitor; but I remained silent. I later asked them to pray for me and I slept off till morning. Later before dawn, my visitor also came up, but she could not actually tell my friends what had happened to me.

The following morning was a Sunday, as I was seeing the visitor off to the motor park; she mockingly asked me, "why did you run in the night; why didn't you wait?" There was nothing I could say, I knew that she was possessed of evil

spirit. I only took pain to make my intention known to her that if I was not filled with the spirit of God, I would have been dead. This very brief experience took me almost a year of sickness, before I could be completely healed by God.

Dear reader, my encounters with temptations emanating from gold, glamour, girl and ultimately with the god of this world suggest that every Christian should be cautious on how s/he led her/his life. As believers, we should realize that the fight between light and darkness is perpetual and that the utmost desire of the devil is to destroy the believer both physically and spiritually. As a result, no believer should ever think that he has arrived because such feeling would ultimately make one to lose his/her salvation and the blessedness or even his or her physical life. Rather, a believer should learn to resist the devil through both the personal and corporate prayers. In my case, personal and corporate prayers as well as daily encounter with God via the instrumentality of His word were fundamental to my survival, even till today.

Dear reader, as you could see from these encounters, I was challenged when I thought that I had arrived. Complacency subtly makes a believer to see the way to heaven as smooth and broad. However, a Christian way is always narrow; it is not always a smooth. A times, it maybe valley and on another time, it may be mountain. When it appears as a plain, one needs to be extra-careful so that a little bliss of comfort may not put one into an unnecessary slumber. Such may be deadly or dangerous for one's spiritual progress. ***Woe to those who are at ease in Zion (Amos 6:1)***. Therefore, the believer must be on the guard. And one sure way of keeping a glow in the spirit is to share one's testimony always. The power and victory of testimony in my life forms the basis of the next chapter.

## CHAPTER SIX

### VICTORY THROUGH TESTIMONY

To keep the treasure, overcome temptations, a believer needs to testify always concerning the work of salvation God has wrought in her/his life. The testimony of a believer scares the devil and generates faith for victory. The Bible says: ***they overcome him by the blood of the lamb and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death*** (Rev. 12:11). In other words, testimony is God's provision for a Christian survival on his heavenly pilgrimage.

Immediately someone is born again through the blood of Jesus Christ, s/he needs to quickly tell almost everyone who crosses her/his way about the change Christ has made in her/his life. Though, there is always an after effect to this kind of action: people who have heard the testimony of a believer may start watching the life of that professing Christian to see if s/he lives by what s/he professes. On some occasion, it may become a matter of life and death. In such instance, a professing Christian should not count his/her life as something for heaven sake. My experience aptly illustrates this assertion.

Immediately after I rejected my mother's suggestion concerning falsifying a document, my mother kept on watching my daily activities, words and actions. Her aim, as she later told me, was to see if I would live in contrary to my Christian profession. All my siblings too followed suit. What I always observed was that throughout that period, God never failed to supply the grace that would keep me for each day. Though, I was a very young believer, but God granted me an absolute victory over sin daily. There were on several occasions when my encounters with my siblings would be very much unpleasant, sometimes they were very annoying, a times very embarrassing. But within me I have resolved that whatsoever may happen, I would not denounce my profession. Each day, my heart kept on panting after God in prayer for His abiding grace.

Oh, there is power in testimony! Dear reader, it was about a year after I rejected my mother's suggestion that I should lie that my mother began to yearn for the same gracious work, I had experience: she too became thirsty and hungry after the Lord's righteousness.

Before this time, she has weathered through a lot of vicissitudes of life. She could see sand and called it money. She would work like a workaholic from Sunday to Saturday but she had nothing to show for it. Her wretchedness and miseries were instead on the increase. On many occasions, I would intentionally pay her a visit on Sunday in order to share the words of God with her, but she would be so much occupied with her fruitless labour. Many times, I would almost cry in the course of telling her the importance of accepting Jesus and joining a bible- believing church. But, in protest, she would give excuse that without working everyday she would not be able to feed herself and her Children.

However one day her eye was opened and she beheld the emptiness of life without Christ.

"Tunde, where is that your church? Please, care to come and take me to the place on the following Sunday", she requested with a great seriousness. I did not need to contest it or have any iota of doubt in my mind. Who knew since when she has been contemplating on such a bold decision? The day she has requested for was a boxing day – a December 26. I knew that many unpleasant events since the beginning of the year must have necessitated such a resolution. She had tried a lot of shamans, divination, *Juju* and many other mystical assistance from both Islamic and non-Islamic practitioners, but then her situations never improved. She had gone from one prophet to the other, but her sorrows were multiplied, perhaps, she has purposed the following year for 'Tunde's Church. I, therefore guessed, her quest to go church must be a trial survey. More so, I knew that it was an answer to my prayers, because on several occasions, before this time, I had many vigils amidst friends for this purpose.

Though, the request was very much unexpected, because I had already lost hope about her salvation. On getting home, that day, I quickly knelt in prayers, to thank God for answering my prayers. It was in fact, my Christmas package

for that year, it was highly surprising. I was very optimistic that God would surely meet with her heart.

On the Sunday following the Boxing Day, I woke up and dressed up early, thinking that my mother would still be in bed, I left immediately for her place hoping to wake her up and to get ready for the Sunday service. However, on getting to her house, I saw that she was already dressed up waiting for me. My heart leaped with joy. We exchanged greetings and left for the service.

After the service on that boxing Sunday I had not even asked before she declared to me that she has discovered a place of true worship her heart had since desired. God has spoken to her in many ways. Without any human intervention, she surrendered her life to Christ: she was convicted of her sins and converted to Christ. Like the *Zacchaeus* of the Bible, my mother made a number of restitution.

Dear reader, think about the pains of that moment when I was faced with either compromising my faith by telling lies for her sake or obeying Christ by sharing my testimony of salvation. Compare the pains with the joy that surged through my mother's heart and mine after the Sunday service. Certainly, the joy of salvation surpasses the excitement of sin, just as the eternal reward of salvation surpasses the ephemeral pleasure of sin. Also the crown of glory exceeds the thorns of the cross. My dear reader never back off the path of salvation because your trial will soon become your testimony. And your testimony and godly confession in the midst of your trial can win many souls for Christ. Beloved, remember that trial is actually the process through which testimony is produced. And your testimony is an antidote against the venom of the old serpent.

As a very powerful weapon, testimony must be zealously guarded. Someone proclaiming righteousness in an unrighteous world must definitely know that s/he is proclaiming enmity for himself. A Christian stand will definitely be a sight of offence to an unbeliever, since the views of the two are diametrically opposed to each other. Certainly, a believer needs power to be able to keep her /his testimony. Keeping your testimony through the power of the Holy Ghost is the very concern of the next chapter.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### HOLY GHOST FOR SUSTENANCE

Keeping the treasure, takes more than a theoretical precept and a mental acquaintance with biblical verses and characters, it requires an uncompromising partnership with the Holy Ghost. According the Holy Bible, it is *... Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the LORD of hosts* (Zech4:6). A born-again Christian must realise the place and role of the Holy Spirit in his or her pilgrimage. Paul, the great apostle, knew and experienced the priceless sustenance of the Spirit in his life and ministry. Little wonder, when all odds seemed to be against his life and ministry, he declared unequivocally: *“...For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day”* (2Timothy 1:12). Also, when he was writing to the Christians in Ephesus where the temple of Diana, the great goddess of darkness, was located, Paul admonished: be not filled with wine, but be ye filled with the Holy Ghost.

Dearly beloved, the earlier a believer realises the place of the Holy Spirit the better. Because the Holy Spirit is the believer's ever present helper. In fact, becoming a born-again Christian and leading the life of a believer wouldn't be possible without the Holy Spirit. In other words, new birth happens via the power of the Spirit and worshipping God in the spirit and in the truth is only possible through the power of the Spirit. Hence, a believer cannot offer an acceptable sacrifice without the power of the Spirit.

A believer encounters the Holy Spirit in two-folds: First at the new birth, the Spirit brings about conviction. Jesus said: “Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, **he will reprove the world of sin**, and of righteousness, and of judgment: Of sin, because they believe not on me; Of righteousness, because I go to my

Father, and ye see me no more; Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged” (John16:7-9). Dearly beloved, my conviction and conversion which you had read in the earlier chapters is basically the work of the Spirit. I was not convicted by human philosophy nor any human law court; rather the efficacious power of the Holy-Spirit opened my sin blinded eyes, and I wept for and turned away from my wretchedness.

At the new birth, the Holy-Spirit quickens human-spirit which died when the first rebellion occurred in the garden of Eden :*And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience (Eph.2:1)*. It is this work of the Spirit that Jesus referred to “being born of the Spirit”. **No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost** (1Cor 12:3). This is the first encounter every believer had with the Holy Spirit. This is the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit in the life of a believer. This is also known as the “Spirit within you”. Prophet Ezekiel described this transformation and indwelling presence of the Spirit in the following terms: “A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. **And I will put my spirit within you**, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do *them*” (**Ezekiel 36:27**). In the same vein, Jesus said, “And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; **for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you**”( John 14: 16). This is the promise of the gracious indwelling of the Holy Spirit so that each believer will be constituted the temple of the living God.

Secondly, the Holy Spirit comes upon a believer to prepare him/her for effective service in the Kingdom. This is often referred to as the Baptism of the Holy Spirit or the Spirit upon you. Prophet Joel nicely captured the experience thus: **And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh (Joel2:28)**. Similarly Jesus said “And, behold, **I send the promise of my Father upon you**: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high” (Luke 24:49).

Beloved, it may be amazing to read that our Lord Jesus, though God in human flesh, had experiences that aptly illustrate these twofold encounters with the

Spirit: Jesus was born of the Spirit, for the Holy Bible said “And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the “Highest shall overshadow thee: **therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God**”. Again, the spirit came upon Jesus at the River Jordan: “And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, **and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him**: And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased” (Matt3:16). Dear reader, it was after these encounters that Jesus came saying: “**The Spirit of the Lord is upon me**, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord” (Luke 4:18-19).

My dearly beloved, it may be highly rewarding to pursue and ponder the immeasurable power of the Holy Spirit that works in the life of a believer. Because Jesus at the point of his departure from this world said, **but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you**: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth” (Acts 1:8). This is the enduement with power from on high upon the clean, sanctified life, and is evidenced by speaking in tongues as the spirit gives utterance. This power enables the believer to flow in the supernatural. It enables the believer to keep the treasure and stay blessed despite flaming darts of the devil.

In my Christian pilgrimage, I have seen the twofold manifestation of the Holy Spirit: Of course, my conviction and conversion from sin were wrought by the Spirit within and the same Spirit came upon me afterward during one of our Church meetings. The latter is known as the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It is the same experience the apostles had in the upper room. It is an amazing experience. This encounter worth waiting and praying for as the apostles did in the upper room. I recall when the Spirit came upon me in August 1988, I felt such an indescribable awesome power and peace rippling through my whole being, and I was speaking in a new language. This experience persisted for some period of time, after which I kept on praising God and speaking in tongue as the Spirit gives utterance.

Dearly beloved, It is important to note that the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, as my encounter with the Holy Spirit in 1988 has shown, is not a mere religious ecstasy. It is the coming of the same Spirit that came upon Jesus at the River Jordan that came upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost, which raised Jesus from the dead at the resurrection. It is this same Spirit that quickened me when agent of Satan buffeted me and put thorns in my flesh in early 1990s.

Dear reader, the incident you read under the caption “encounter with Satan” is incomplete if I fail to mention how the Holy Spirit who spoke as a small still voice during the encounter eventually quickened me when the enemy struck me with infirmity, two weeks after the strange visitation. In accordance with the Holy Bible -... **if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you (Rom 8:13)**, the power of the Holy Spirit attended to me when it seemed that the devil had gotten an upper hand as well as the last say in my life.

Two weeks after the strange visitation, I became sick to the point death. Yet the name of the illness could not be ascertained; except that I emaciated and lost weight and occasionally collapsed and passed out and was revived through prayers. Worse still, this period coincided with my final year examination period and the National Youth Service Corps (NYSC).

About a month after the inception of the strange illness, the probability of taking the next breath became slimmer every passing moment. My room-mates, sensing the immanency of the eventuality, rushed me to my mother in Lagos. My mother then took me to our Church headquarters in Lagos. The Church in line with the injunction in the book of James Chapter 4, called on the elders and prayers were made for me. I recovered miraculously and went back to Ogun State University and completed my first degree education. After the completion of first degree I was posted to Akwa-Ibom for the NYSC, but then, my health deteriorated again. And when solution could not be found anywhere, I was taken to Lagos, and I got redeployment letter to our Church headquarters. It was in the headquarters that I continued my NYSC, though in sickness and infirmity. However, during this period, I grew in intimacy with the Holy Spirit. I noticed that my rate of convalescing is in proportion to my intimacy with the Spirit. To the glory of God before the service was over, I had regained my health. Thus, the service I began in sickness, I finished it in

sound health. Praise God! The Spirit of Him that raised Jesus from the dead has quickened my mortal body, without any medical or the so-called scientific intervention.

I have also witnessed the power of the Holy Spirit healing people. I know a great number of old people who have received divine healing. They have testified that they have never been to hospital nor tasted a single pill since they were born. More so, I am one of the several living testimonies to the healing power of God. A number of testimonies have further proved that God can heal all ailments, and cure all diseases. No matter the forms, the names or how deadly or terrible it may be. Tuberculosis, insomnia, various forms of cancer, epilepsy, Lunatic, leprosy and several others, God alone can heal all. My beloved, is any of your family members or friends oscillating between life and death? Do you know that even now your loved one can be healed?

Beloved, it is important to note that the importance of the Holy Spirit in the life of a believer can never be over emphasized. The role of the Holy Spirit is not limited to divine healing; He often reminds me of many promises of God and victories won for me by God, mostly, when I am confronted with any distasteful experience. He is my comforter; when I come across any cross road, and He is my ever faithful guidance. He is my dependable prayer partner, the very one praying according to the will of God. On several occasions, I would love to pray without knowing what to say, it is this same Spirit that would pray with me, with an unspeakable burden. For the bible said though, the enduement is to witness about the goodness of Christ; but I can testify that He is also the power against any evil spirit that may want to befall any Christian. Has a spell been sent against you or your beloved one, my dear reader? Behold the power to undo the works of the wicked ones is available to you today. Acquaint now yourself with the Holy Spirit, and the rest will become a history.

Furthermore, the Holy Spirit plays a crucial role with reference to entrenchment of peace in the families. I recall how the Spirit enabled my mother to reconcile with her brother's wife. Before my mother had an encounter with the Holy Spirit via new-birth, she had vowed never to have anything to do with her sister-in-law, due to a misunderstanding that occurred between them. Both had been keeping malice for over a decade. There was no peace between them, and this was virtually extended to their children, in fact, if not for God intervention, it would have been inherited by several generations

of posterity and it would have been kept till eternal hell.

Immediately my mother came in contact with that Prince of Peace, the first thing the Spirit of God reminded her was to go and reconcile herself with the sister-in-law. This simple requirement took her almost a whole year of a futile effort. She saw it as humiliation on her part and she could hardly see the necessity of her reconciliation with her offender before she could be granted pardon for her sin. It is in fact a basic godly injunction that a profession of Christianity must follow peace with all men. It will be very ungodly for God to have any association with anyone who harbours malice for his fellow human. So anyone who sincerely desires peace must think of peace and he must seek peace from the right source.

To my mother, the feud between her and the sister-in-law was like a fight between an elephant and hippopotamus, both of them were filled with pride and it would take chances for anyone of them to willingly bow out. It would amount to a great humiliation! But there was more to her than that, she could no more resist the promptings of the Holy Spirit. On several occasions, she would weep on the mourner's bench to no avail. Her tears could not change the injunction of God. After several promptings by the Spirit, she eventually surrendered and went to put her way straight with her offender. "The God I am serving has sent me to you", she opened her speech before the woman and the woman watched her speaking with the greatest surprise. Her entire voice was filled with all seriousness and full of sober reflection. "Our long feud has been obstacle to my salvation, please; forgive me all my wrongs against you. I have come for nothing but peace among us". She spoke with an unconscious emotionality. Her eyes were bulged out and red with tears. As she yet spoke, the convincing power of the Holy Spirit came upon her sister in-law. In fact, it became as if the sister-in-law had been anxiously waiting for this moment. She too quickly rendered her own apology and accepted my mother's. And all of a sudden, the two ex-enemies found themselves in a warmth embrace with tears of joy, peace and reconciliation rolled down their cheeks.

Dear reader has the enemy sown strike and enmity in your house-hold? Even now, you can recover peace! Just yield to the Spirit, pray and take a step towards reconciliation, and you will be amazed how the Spirit will turn things around to the glory of God the Father.

There is an exercise for you in the next page.

### **CHALLENGE NO 1**

1. Do you really want to be identified as a blessed man of God?
2. Would you want to have such a Bitter crooked past life experienced by the author before you attain the status?
3. Why not seek your Salvation now?
4. List four attributes of King David which proved that he was really saved.
5. List at least seven things that the Holy-spirit does in the life of a believer.

### **WHAT YOU MUST DO**

1. Acknowledge that you are a sinner; Romans 3:23; Luke 18:13
2. Repent of your sin; Luke 13:3; Acts 3:19
3. Confess your sin to God; I John 1:9
4. Forsake your sin; Isaiah 55:7
5. Believe in God's only begotten son; John 3:16

### **CHALLENGE NO 2**

1. Are you prepared to keep the treasure you have got through the experience of salvation?
2. Now, that you have read about the importance of sanctification and Holy Ghost Baptism. Would you pray to have these experiences?
3. If you have not been given your testimonies, the experience of the author in this chapter should be an inspiration to you.
4. Ponder on the number of souls you have won for Christ.
5. What do you know about restitution?
6. Who are your friends and which associations do you keep?
7. Anything you achieve without prayer can never stand. Do you always pray?
8. How often do you meditate in the word of God?

### **WHAT YOU MUST DO**

1. Kneel down and ask Jesus Christ to sanctify you with His precious blood.
2. If you are convinced of your sanctification, pray further for power for service, that is, enduement of the Holy Ghost. You are not to compel

yourself to speak in tongue; the spirit will give you the utterance. Beware of counterfeit of the spirit!

3. Don't stop giving your testimony when you find yourself in a new environment. You may win a soul for Christ!
4. Always pray and read your bible every day. Through these two, you speak to God and God speaks to you, for a smooth running two-way communication.

# **INSPIRING POEMS**

## **The World of Vanity**

The world is just a marketplace,  
with vain products on racks displayed.

The surviving patrons briskly pass,  
with moment like dream in a slumber.

The prize is sure in the life beyond,  
with audit of life in celestial shore.

The exit gate will soon be opened,  
for us to end and leave for home.

## **Would you join me?**

I have heard of the land,  
In the far away strand,  
'Tis the land flow' with milk and honey,  
There, my heart desire, I'm tired of being here,  
would you join me? 2ce  
to go.

'Tis in the Holy book,  
no sin shall enter in.  
in the land, holiness is the key.  
There, Christ is the king and the saints from below,  
would you join me? 2ce  
to go.

## **Oh, What a Glorious Day!**

When my soul is found,  
amidst the dirt of sin.  
My redeemer through His bountiful grace  
strength forth, His mighty hand,  
with blood to wash me whole,  
Oh, His glory first revealed!  
What a glorious day!  
What a glorious day!  
My Saviour makes me whole,  
Oh, what a glorious day!

When my soul is saved,  
amidst the sting of death,  
my Saviour through His divine book,  
shine on, His powerful light  
with truth to lead me on,  
Oh, His doctrines first understand!  
What a glorious day!  
What a glorious day!  
My Saviour lead me on,  
Oh, what a glorious day!

When my soul is ripped,  
amidst the Church of saints,  
my Lord through His mighty trump,  
catch up, to azure above,  
with Groom in the cloud to meet,  
Oh His Lordship first shown!  
What a glorious day!  
What a glorious day!

My Saviour in the cloud to meet,  
Oh, what a glorious day!

**Over, over, our work on Earth**

Soon, our warfare will be – over,  
On this lan-d which man con - trols,  
The to - ll of death will say it all,  
Over o'er, your work on earth.

Chorus:     Over, our – toiling of days,  
              Over, our – watching of nights,  
              Over, over, hour of pray – ers,  
              Over, over, our work on earth.

Soon, our orientation will be on,  
At the feast on the azure above,  
The trumpet sound will say it all,  
Over o'er, your work on earth.

Soon, our king-dom will be ours,  
Establish here for peace and justice,  
The milli-neal reign will say it all,  
Ours, ours, the governing of earth.

## **Jesus and Man**

A man can see you off, but  
Jesus will see you through

A man can escort you, but  
Jesus will pilot you.

A man can accompany, but  
Jesus will be with you always.

## **Rivers of Life**

Rivers of life flow with breeze of time.  
Sources of which no man can tell  
We think over the time it's hot  
The cool it blows we fail to speak  
The coast of which we stay to dine  
Oh, we are to loom in joy  
In breeze that brings a glimpse of sleep.  
A far we go in dream of good.  
So the body in a state of rest  
Off we lost in thoughts of life.  
The time we wake refreshes the thoughts  
On, we flow with rivers of life.

## **Life, but Here and There**

Life, but here a must and once,  
Blood and breath shall keep it on.

Life, but here for a time and tide,  
In this cursed and sinful world.

Life, but here for a while and moment,  
Star-like shall it come to pass.

Life, but here for young and old,  
Ups and downs the paths to trekked.

Life, but here a stage and season,  
To right the wrongs in faithful souls.

Life, but here a place and path,  
To see and treck all in faith.

Life, but here a gloomy of vain,  
To them that behold the mansions beyond

Life, but here a kingdom of peace,  
To them in hope abide in grace.

Life, but here on earth below,  
Till cock crow to take the breath.

Life, but there in heaven at last,  
Glorious body shall keep it on.

## **An Endless Road**

You are the road, upon which I trek  
Where you end, is where I stop  
So rough it is, so smooth I feel  
The hills I climb will sooth the pain  
The valleys descend, is solace of life  
Each time I fall, you lament my weakness  
Each time I stand, you gain my confidence  
The sun that shines, reveal your beauty.

The rains that fall, descend your blessings  
The stars that twinkle, express your kindness  
The moon that blooms, explains your love  
The road that ends, is a way for another  
The endless road, I can trek for life.  
A day and night, a record of hope  
The ups and downs, knowledge of peace  
The more I trek, the great I become.

## **Mother, Mother**

Mother, mother, where are you?  
Your strength and sweat you'd not withhold  
All I know, you care for me  
Like broody hen does for her chicks.

Mother, mother, this is you  
Your work for day seems unending  
Your rest I know is in my sleep  
Cock - a - doodle - do, you're awake

Mother, mother, how are you  
Your black and shine hairs have gone so grey  
All I care, you deserve a rest,  
for you to live and reap your fruits.

Mother, mother, this is you  
Your leisure I know you spend on kneels,  
When it's time to cross the bridge  
Mother, mother, still pray for me.

## **My Mother in Love**

She could not say why  
She could only say when  
She could not say how  
She could only say where  
All about her love for my father

She could not stop her dream  
She could only stop her sleep  
She could not stop her thought  
She could only stop her speech  
All about her love for my father

She could not learn to forget  
She could only learn to forgive  
She could not fail to tell me  
She could only learn to be cautious  
All about her love for my father.

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### **Oh, What a Friend!**

I have a friend, oh, not a friend,  
For it is more than a friend.  
Her position is like a sister,  
But her dispensation is more than one.  
Blood relation is not her match,  
For none is yet up to the task.  
This evidence is what I know,  
In exhibit of her real love for me  
My groaning is read on her frowning face  
My joy is beam on her smiling face.  
Her only dream is my golden crown,  
She owns the match that rekindles my hope  
She spreads her piece to wipe my tears  
Our thoughts and speeches are ever the same  
She goes with me in the sailing of mind,  
Oh what a friend,  
That's more than a friend.

## **Still Birth on June 12**

A child was born on June 12  
His father was a khaki Boss,  
A gun ruler for grievous 8 years,  
A symbol of mirage and uncertainty,  
His mother was a true democrat,  
An admirer of all and Sundry  
A friend of tribes and religious groups.  
A lover of peace and party of progress,  
A great achiever and cheerful philanthropist  
A district patriot and international guru,  
A threat to saboteurs and enemy of oppressors.  
A succour to oppressed and hope for masses  
Her personality is a symbol of unity and faith  
Her name is an attributes of wealth and blessing  
Her gesture is an intimate experience and perseverance  
Her campaign was equity and poverty eradication  
Her slogan was hope '93  
The mid-wives all over watched the child crying  
But a dosage of decree laid him to rest  
Foul! Foul!! Mid-wives proclaimed  
Horror! Horror!! The mother aggrieved  
A flimsy reason; the mother is at fault,  
An after thought, the nation reacted,  
The military clique has secret to keep,  
No! No!! They should quit the scene,  
Democracy is a child we want,  
Masses cried for peace and justice  
Patriots feared for National Unity,  
Human right activists arose in sedition,  
World powers sanctioned for democracy,  
Believers prayed for divine intervention,  
By his power, the gun-man annulled,  
Interim arrangement; will suppress the truth,  
When the father needs to step aside,

The wound forever will nation nurse  
Foul! Foul!! We keep singing,  
When democracy was drugged to death.

### **Hail, African Youth**

Hail, African Youth!  
For how long we speak her development,  
Neglected pivot of her rural economy,  
Battered destitute of poverty situation.  
Overwhelmingly rich with glaring virtues;  
Love for adventure and preference for boldness,  
Great in knowledge and might in strength,  
Prone to innovation and less conservative,  
Fear no failure and fast to learn.

Hail, African Youth!  
For how long would she be developing,  
Amidst the circumstances against her being,  
No job! No food! No shelter! No clothing!  
Sparingly grip by fear of future.  
Arise, the elders of her continent!  
Your songs shall be to hail the youth,  
To guide and lead for her to see,  
That your work today shall ever live.

### **Herrsching! Herrsching! Beautiful Herrsching!**

Herrsching! Herrsching! Beautiful Herrsching!  
Countries meet to share her glory.  
Her fields are green with works of nature.  
Bavarian farmers are worth of praises.  
In Union she acts to show the world,  
Her concerns for future across the globe.  
Youth in the world 'll sing her praises,  
for with her they meet to share and smile.  
Alas, they part with strength of hope,  
singing a song shaping the 'future'.

### **My Wife in Appreciation**

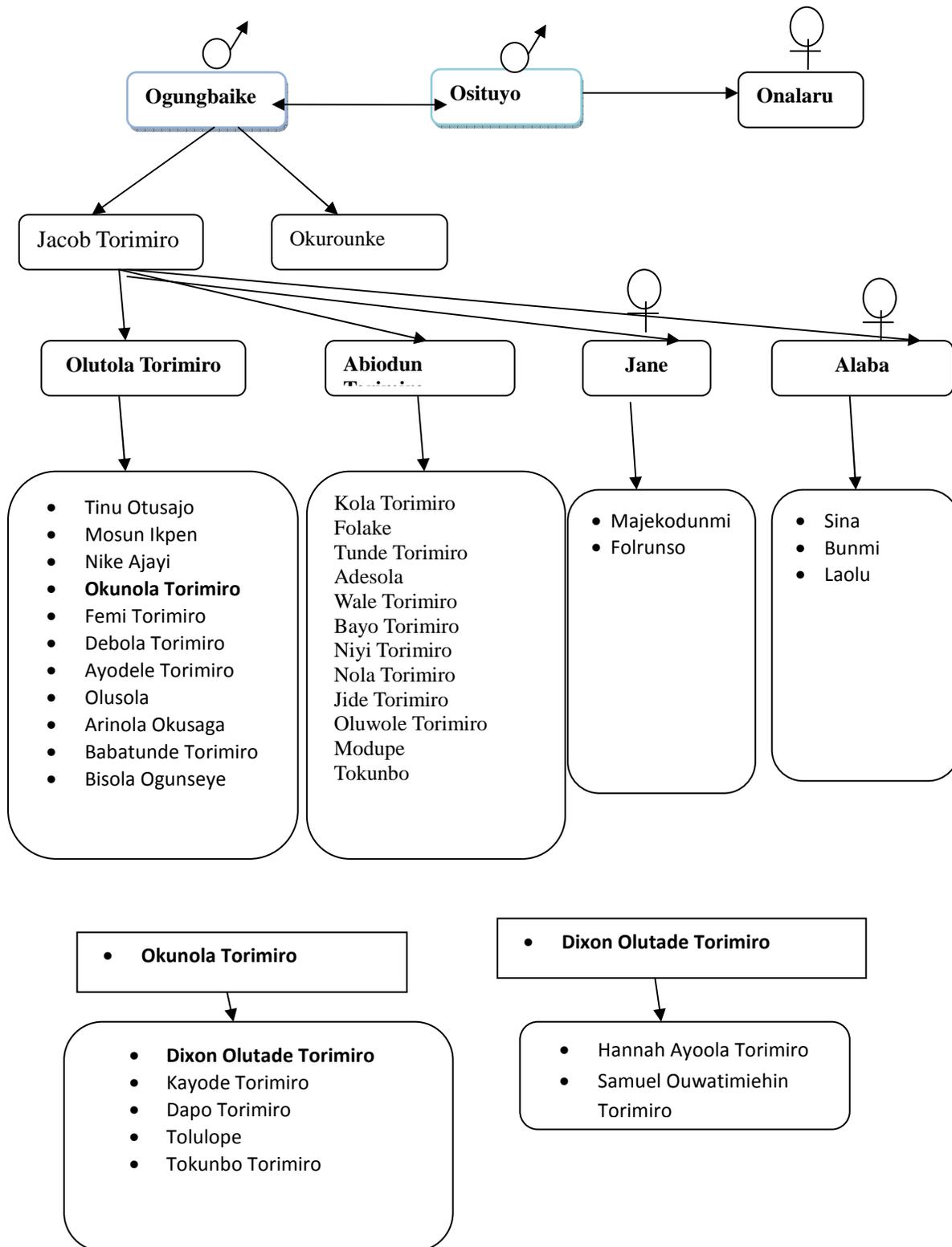
If I have to live my life all over again,  
Please know that you would,  
always be my loving husband.  
Thanks a million to your caring attitude,  
loving kindness and romantic gestures.  
For each year that passes,  
I thank the Lord for making me worthy of your affection,  
and the joy of a good home, second only to our home above.

AN EDITED VERSION OF TORIMIRO'S FAMILY EULOGIES

EULOGIES IN IJEBU DIALECT	INTERPRETATION IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE
Ọmọ m'ẹjì <i>Ìsọnyìn</i>	An <i>Ìsọnyìn</i> child with the knowledge of rain
Ọmọ Kòbódé Ọ̀gòbirò	The pure child of <i>Ọ̀gòbirò</i>
Ọmọ Balógun Dodondawa	The child of a brave General
Ọkànsoṣo àràbà tí mi igbo kìjìkìjì	The one and only biggest tree that shakes the forest
Ọmọ Lẹgán	An indigene of <i>Lẹgán</i> village
Ọmọ onilu arinrin tán	Of an inestimable might
Ọmọ èmò Isonyin	A wonder son of <i>Isonyin</i>
O la owo, o la ọmọ	Prosperous in money and children
Ọmọ ẹlẹhinkùnle àrà	A child with beautiful backyard
Timáa gbohùn aṣéké	That can discern the voice of the liars
Ọmọ Awùnrèn ojèpà	The son of <i>Awùnrèn</i> that consumes groundnuts
Ọmọ Onisapodo meji	With a dual indigeneship of <i>Isapodo</i>
Ikan ni ife ikan ni Isonyin	One in <i>Ife</i> and one in <i>Isonyin</i>
Ọmọ Balogun Kujènro	The son of General <i>Kujènro</i>
Ọmọ agbele se ọna bi Ọ̀yìn bó	He locally manufactures artifact just like the whites
Ọmọ Ajilo' gba aṣọ	He is wealthy in wearing apparels
Ọmọ Aloṣọ ma lo tànná	He changes cloths on a daily basis
Ọmọ Ológò lẹgè	A child that is gloriously fragile
Ọmọ Ológo seri àgbà	Glorious in testifying for the elders
Ọmọ okólé owo eṣukunẹ	He built an inexhaustible treasury of money
Ọmọ méjì igan	A rain friendly <i>Igan</i> child

Source: My Uncle- Dr S.E.A. Torimiro, an illustrious son of Isonyin

## DIXON OLUTADE TORIMIRO'S FAMILY GENEALOGY



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Professor Dixon Olutade TORIMIRO- an Agricultural Extensionist and Rural Sociologist, whose 50<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary was celebrated on 19<sup>th</sup> May, 2012, had his spiritual foundational experiences in the Apostolic Faith Church. He was born again on February 7, 1988, sanctified February 14, 1988 and received the Holy Ghost Baptism in the early August of the same year during the Church's camp-meeting at Lagos. He has exceptionally benefitted from God's endowed mercies, favours and compassions through his academic, professional, employment and marriage endeavours. Torimiro's life is a living testimony to how God can take someone from miry clay of dunghill and set him high in the king's palace. He is happily married to Mrs. Mojisola Helen Torimiro (Nee Jegede) and they are blessed with two children- Ayoola and Timilehin.

## **ABOUT THE BOOK**

*Tree Planted by the Rivers of Water* is a reflection on the early Christian experience of the author when he was picked up by God from the miry clay of dunghill with many covenants which He has kept to the letter. Most of the poems were inspired during the critical times of the author's life in the early nineties. It is being published as testimonies to the glory of God and edification of any Christian. Since it is a fulfillment of God's faithfulness to a Christian, it could as well be a very good motivation to any Christian on his/her birthday. The Eulogies of Torimiro's family is a mark of the author's love, passion and tribute to his country home and his people.