

MOSES AYOMIKUN OLADIPUPO



THE LIFE OF  
**APOSTLE SIMEON  
MOYE OGUNSIKU**

CO-PIONEER & PATRIARCH OF  
CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM, IWOPIN

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## INTRODUCTORY HYMN

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*“It singeth low in every heart,  
We hear it each and all;  
A song of those who answer not,  
However we may call.  
They throng the silence of the breast;  
We see them as of yore;  
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,  
Who walk with us no more.*

*’Tis hard to take the burden up,  
When these have laid it down;  
They brightened all the joy of life,  
They softened every frown.  
But, Oh, ’tis good to think of them  
When we are troubled sore;  
Thanks be to God that such have been,  
Though they are here no more.*

*More home-like seems the vast unknown  
Since they have entered there;  
To follow them were not so hard,  
Wherever they may fare.  
They cannot be where God is not,  
On any sea or shore;  
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,  
Our God, forevermore."*

*---John W. Chadwick (1840–1904)---*

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*“Eternity would be full of regrets for both the righteous and the unrighteous. The unrighteous would regret saying, "if I knew that this is how terrible hell would be, I'd never have committed sin." And the righteous would regret saying, "if I knew this is how glorious heaven would be, I'd have dedicated my life to God more than I did."”*

*--Paraphrase of Apostle Simeon Moye Ogunsiku--*

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# THE LIFE OF APOSTLE SIMEON MOYE OGUNSIKU

By  
**Moses Ayomikun Oladipupo**  
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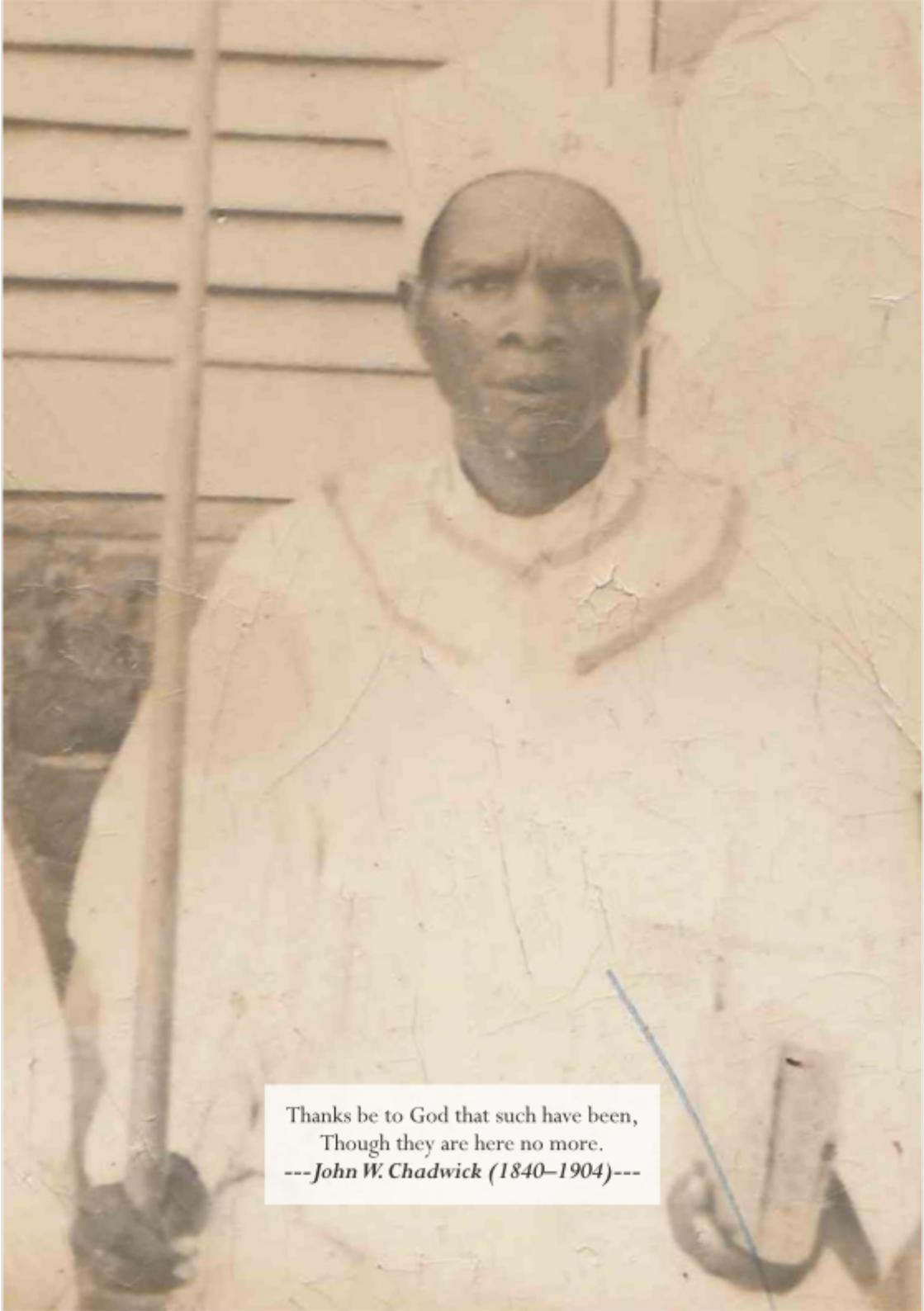
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## INTRODUCTION

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To the glory of God the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I present this book, "THE LIFE OF APOSTLE SIMEON MOYE OGUNSIKU," with a heart full of gratitude to God. In this book I present the life of Apostle Simeon Moye Ogunsiku, copioneer and patriarch of Cherubim and Seraphim, Iwopin, who happens to be my maternal grandfather, to every Christian out there. I hope it blesses your heart richly.

My sincere gratitude goes to God Almighty for the grace to write this book. It is all by his grace and nothing else. My gratitude also goes to my dear mother without whom it wouldn't have been possible to even conceive the book, not to mention writing it. She also graciously granted me much of her time for a detailed interview by which I got all the accounts in this book. Her acute and retentive memory was what made all the accounts of this book possible to all their details. For example, during the interview she had said her father died on a saturday being on the 9th of April, 1969. However, on checking my calendar and taking it back to the year 1969, I discovered that the 9th of April, 1969 was not on a Saturday. When I told her that I checked the day of

9th of April, 1969 and it wasn't a Saturday, I suggested that maybe it was on the 19th of April, 1969 because that was a Saturday, and because it was just a digit different from what she had said. But as I said it our voice crossed because she said immediately that I should check the 5th. When she heard my suggestion she said again, "no, check the 5th." And when I checked the 5th it was on a Saturday. So she knew the exact date with certainty and my suggestion would not make her to start guessing wrongly. She gave every account vividly and clearly.

Like this one, my immediate previous book happens to be a biography also, a biography of Joab, the general of the army of king David. Just as that book was born of my fascination for the illustrious life of the great man, so also was this born of my fascination for my grandfather. I didn't get to hear anything about him directly, that is his life or actions being narrated to me directly, so I didn't have much knowledge about him. But occasionally I hear my mother talking of one thing or the other which he did or said, maybe while on the phone or in a discussion with someone, and the marvellous things I heard of him made me wonder, "what kind of man was this?" When I heard these things I started having the desire to have these great and marvellous things recorded down in a book, but laziness wouldn't let me do it.

I had read a book of the ecclesiastical history of England written by the Venerable Bede (c. 673 - 735) where I also read of amazing things done by noble Christians of the English Isles, but not many of them came close to the life of my grandfather. I thought if these things (as well as many others in other books) were recorded down and have been passed down to us from antiquity and have become extremely valuable for our edification, admonition, example, instruction, and guidance, then the life of my grandfather too ought by all means to be recorded down for the immense profit of the present and coming generations. But laziness still wouldn't let me.

The urge to write this book greatly increased when I began to hear from different quarters extremely silly arguments that the backwardness of Africa is due to the fact that the whites came to deceive us by means of Christianity to leave our traditional mode of worship. By this they try to say that Africa will only move forward when we turn away from Christianity to dumb and wicked practices of idolatry.

I once saw a video that one of such supporters of the foolish argument shared where in one African country (which I don't wish to name) they took oath of office, not with the Bible, but with a snake hung round the

necks of each officer while he recited his oath. He then said this is how Africa ought to do her things. That we are just emulating the whites who brought us Christianity to deceive us, that if men took oaths with a snake round their necks they'd be afraid of going against their oaths unlike when men do it with the Bible. Others said that if people took matrimonial oaths by some idol at a shrine people would be more committed to keeping their matrimonial vow. I laughed at the stupidity of this argument as the very country where this practice was done is so backward. In fact they're out of the back door for backwardness. I then said to him that at least now that that country practices such things, they're now more advanced than America, Russia, and every other developed country which doesn't practice it. Just absurd, yea, indeed devilish.

When we fail in all that we ought to do for the depravity of our minds, of course we'd of necessity need to blame it on something else. When men become thieves, lazy, drunkards, and haters of knowledge, contrary to the admonition of the Bible, we would still somehow find a means to blame it on the same Bible. When we surround ourselves with things and entertainments that wash down morality, we turn a blind eye to them and how they cause men to be depraved, yet we say the Bible's the cause. If

people hate the Bible and Christianity so much, it's fine, but at least they shouldn't lose their reasoning faculty to be pouring such absurdities to discredit the Christian faith and the Bible.

I have been hearing these arguments promoting the idea of Africa returning to her vomit (sorry meant to say her traditional ways) was the way forward for a long while now. I do not believe that those who put forward these arguments are unaware of the realities, horrors, and depravity of many African cultures which involve even human sacrifices, many foolish superstitions, and degrading of humans. I say degrading of humans because they debase men into irrational creatures.

I listened to my neighbour (at the time of writing these lines) whose father also got converted to Christianity from idolatry tell me about the practices his father told him they were into. He narrated many devilish oppressive ways by which young men were initiated to the cult of their village, but one that struck me was the fact that before you could join the cult they'd put your life on the line and force you to declare what you know is certainly false. How this happens is that they will lead a young man who they wish to initiate into a dark room where he would see a masquerade. When he comes out they'd put a sword

to his neck and ask him, "what did you see?" If he said the truth that it was a mere man dressed up as a masquerade that he saw they'd kill him on the spot. Many of the initiates into this had an evident mark of a cut on their necks because the sword came in contact with their skins and cut them. So to save their lives they must be debased with their lives on the line to declare what they know is false, which is both irrational (something only an insane person should do) and morally wrong. What else could move men to these things than malign spirits which they worshiped as part of their traditions? What else is the practice of forcing men to tell lies if not forced adoption into the sonship of the Devil, the father of lies?

I thank my God that it was in the course of writing this book that I met a number of people who had firsthand experience of traditionalist's barbaric traditional rites and who narrated these things in details. Considering them, I realised they all had so much in common. They were all fiendish and nothing is fitter for those who practice them than eternal flames of hell. But despite these things, these advocates of African traditions are ignorant of the fact that Christianity did save us from these dumb and foolish idols and from the powers of malign spirits. This they are wilfully ignorant of in trying to do the

errand of the Devil. It is written, "For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water." (2 Peter 3:5). Just as men of those days exhibited wilful ignorance, so do these people choose to be ignorant of these things that God is our Maker and Jesus Christ is his Son. Playing on the minds of the gullible, and people who wouldn't take their time to give these things of vital importance close considerations, they try to score cheap points for the Devil.

In my casual observation, it seems to me that the Devil doesn't have many ideas of how to corrupt the Christian individuals and their systems. He repeats a lot of his schemes. He just picks up an old scheme that he has used in the past successfully, cleans it up, tweaks it here and there, and then reuses it on humanity again. For example, the same scheme he used in Eden, in which he successfully convinced the woman that she could be better than what God made her and so used her ambition to introduce sin into the world, the same scheme is being used again through feminism to destroy the home, church, and state. At the beginning she wanted to be like God, several thousands of years later she can't even be a man.

Seeing that is the case, we would save ourselves a lot of stress by acquainting ourselves with the triumphant Christians of bygone years because the battles we shall face shall not be way distinct from their own battles because though we be many and varying from age to age, the enemy is but one and the same. We may not even need to fight him but only remind him of the defeat he suffered at the hands of our triumphant predecessors and that would be all we'd need to do to win another victory. The more we know of triumphant Christian field marshals the better we'd be in waging our own wars triumphantly.

It was therefore needful to present the life of my grandfather that men may be reminded, by means of vivid first hand accounts and not mere hearsay, of all the dimensions by which Christianity both came and was held. It came with power subduing the powers of these dumb gods and men witnessing the great power of Christ turned from darkness to his marvellous light. Not only did it come in power to dispel the darkness from the minds of men, but it also subdued the gods which all crumbled and fell at the feet of Christ like Dagon. As it is written, "And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it." (Colossians 2:15). The case is no different in Africa as it was in the Roman world of then. Christ's entry into Africa was



and is a triumphal entry. He made a shew of his victory over principalities and powers openly so that to pretend not to see it is to pretend to be blind. As blind as the blind gods traditionalists are advocating. Dagon is fallen at the feet of Christ, it is futile to try to raise it up. Save yourself the stress. The account of the life of my grandfather proves all these in the clearest and most vivid terms.

It may seem as though the mission of traditionalists to pull Africa back to her vomit is a harmless agenda that is doomed to fail from inception anyways, so why do anything to resist it? Well, the truth is that for the people who came out of diabolism into the glorious light of Christ, knowing what they came out from and tasting of its vileness, the idea of going back is unthinkable to them. But I do not think the scheme of the Devil is for them, it is for this "Indomie generation" who have little or no idea of the gross darkness of idolatry that this snare would be effective on. For these don't know what it's like and so can be easily snared by the idea that African traditional idolatry is the way to go seeing the clerks of the Devil are well trained in making bad look good. As the apostle Paul wrote, "we are not ignorant of his devices." (2 Corinthians 2:11). We too ought not to be ignorant of the modern devices of the evil one but watch him closely to know his schemes and

prevent him from taking advantage of us and the coming generations.

Furthermore, this practice of casting slur on the Christian faith is nothing new. It's like a stubborn weed that has grown with the plant from the moment it sprung up, and this stubborn weed will remain with the plant till the day of judgment. As it can be easily observed through the writings of the apostles that in their days they had such people who spoke vehemently against the faith to discredit it. Of such people the apostle Paul wrote, "For a bishop must be blameless... that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers. For there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, specially they of the circumcision: Whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake." (Titus 1:7 - 11). Today it's not they of the circumcision that oppose us but shameless traditionalists. The same advice given by the apostle Paul holds true for the circumcision as for the traditionalists. Having such accounts of how our fathers turned from the gross darkness of idolatry to the marvellous light of Christ is a great way to frustrate this wicked scheme being put into execution by the clerks of the Devil in human flesh.

The sad trend however is that in recent centuries is that the damage done by unopposed slur cast on the church has been greatly underestimated by Christians in these periods. It has happened in the past and I'm afraid it is happening again. When Europe and America were sound in the faith and the doctrine of our Lord, critics of the faith went unopposed by men of the Christian faith from my casual observation. One of them was Edward Carpenter (1844 – 1929) who wrote a number of books presenting arguments on various subjects but through it all consistently threw punches at the church and the Christian faith. In one case he wrote, “To-day we seem at the outset of a new era, and preparing in some way for the rehabilitation of the Pagan conception of the world. The negative Christian dispensation is rapidly approaching its close.” And in another place he writes concerning prostitution, “There has been a time in history when the prostitute has been glorified, consecrated to the temple-service and honoured of men and gods (the hierodouloi of the Greeks, the kodeshoth and kodeshim of the Bible, etc.) There has also been a time when she has been scouted and reviled. In the future there will come a time when, as free companion, really free from the curse of modern commercialism, and sacred and respected once more, she will again be accepted by society and take her place with the rest.” To his many direct and indirect

slurs he cast on the Christian faith I've not heard of anyone who ever sought to stop his mouth (as we were commanded) on grounds of religion, things which are primarily assignments of bishops. Oh how contrary such complacency of today's bishops is to the life of the blessed fathers like Athanasius of Alexandria, Bishop Aurelius Augustine of Hippo, Bishop Hilary of Poitiers, and so on, who would have taken the foolish arguments of this Edward the Pagan Carpenter, put it under the spotlight in the view of the whole world, and as they look on rip it to pieces before their eyes.

Today such ideas have been the ruin of religion in the West. So thoroughly evil and godless are the things we hear coming out of the West. And if you'd take it, the war going on in Ukraine as I currently write these lines has a strong religious undertone, the West willing to risk dragging the entire world into a catastrophic world war just because they wish to pull Russia down for its unflinching national devotion to moral values. So such schemes against the church and the Christian faith aren't doomed to die a natural death. They were born in hell and won't go away until it has fulfilled its hellish purpose unless otherwise these evils are cast down, and all these things that exalt themselves against the knowledge of God, and bring them and every thought into captivity

to the obedience of Christ. Only then can their sinister designs be diffused.

So, when I considered these things and saw the immense importance the account of the life of my grandfather would have in dispelling these godless and damnable fantasies, the urge to have it written was even stronger. Seeing these series of benefits of having the life of my grandfather documented in a book, by God's grace I got off my lazy bed to work. And my! What a blessed endeavour this has been. So that was how this book was born.

That said, it is important to note right early on that this book is not meant to endorse or speak against any denomination in particular. My grandfather was the copioneer of Cherubim and Seraphim church in Iwopin and ought to be identified as such, but it doesn't mean I endorse the denomination in any way. To endorse a denomination for any reason and at any time seems to me to be foolishness. A church in good standing today (if indeed we know what good standing is) may be in bad standing tomorrow. I have witnessed churches in good standing backslide to a pitiable level of compromise. I remember when I was a child, our church was to be considered a church in good standing, but at that time my late father was posted to serve in Pakistan and we went with him

and lived there for about five years. However on our return we couldn't believe what our eyes were seeing. Everything the church ever frowned at before we left was now fully practiced, and believe me it has only gotten worse since then. Shamefully worse. Churches compromise all too often. And not that only, sometimes you could see a church take a firm and good stance on one thing doctrine-wise then go against it in practice. To therefore endorse a thing as unreliable as a denomination that can be standing today and prostrate in dust and ashes tomorrow is an unwise thing to do. I endorse Jesus, that if you hold his hands he will lead you to heaven. The same my grandfather did.

Also, as it will be explained to a greater depth in the book, the title apostle is a title given to church leaders in the Cherubim and Seraphim church. It doesn't mean my grandfather made any claim to have seen Christ in person or to have been directly sent forth by Christ. The title apostle is the equivalent of the title of bishop in other churches. I decided to use the term patriarch because though he was the equivalent of a bishop the title wasn't used in his church. I therefore thought it better to address him with the more general title of patriarch. I hope these put the title of the book in proper perspective.

So, dear Christian brethren, one and all, I present to you "THE LIFE OF APOSTLE SIMEON MOYE OGUNSIKU." I hope it blesses you. Thank you and God bless you.

*---Ayomikun*

## IWOPIN - THE BIRTHPLACE OF BABA APOSTLE

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*"The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."*

**(Matthew 4:15 - 16)**

Apostle Simeon Moyo Ogunsiku was born in Iwopin, Ijebu Waterside, Ogun State, South West Nigeria. The date of his birth isn't certain but many of his time believe that he was born about the year 1914. My mum and I believe it should be somewhat earlier than that. Apparently in those times people didn't seem to know their date of birth. Many people who are alive and known to me till date don't know their birth date. So the idea of knowing one's age wasn't and so was the tradition of marking birthdays not common. Both my parents however know theirs, but during the time of my grandfather people didn't know the dates of their birth.

I don't know how Iwopin is and haven't been there



except maybe when I was but a very little child. I remember once in a very disconnected memory of early childhood of how I was in a place with my mother and as I ate I choked on a fish bone. About that time also I remember being transported in a boat. But my mum says I was too young to be able to know those things, yet I remember them quite well but with a very disconnected memory. When I say disconnected memory I mean a brief memory of a time and place that I have no memory of what happened before then and have no memory of what happened after. I have few other broken, disjointed, and isolated memories of my childhood, but the time when I began to have a continuous memory of things right up to this time was in 1994, when we relocated to Abuja to join my father and my three eldest siblings. Me, my mum, and my sister lived in Lagos at the time of my birth while, due to transfer from his work place, my father and my three eldest siblings lived in Abuja. It seemed to me that it was during the travel that the fog clouding my memory began to disappear. Probably due to my brain trying to grasp the endless new scenes that kept flooding in through my eyes as we journeyed. Maybe at those early times of my childhood I may have been to Iwopin, and if I'm to present my own firsthand knowledge based on that, I'd say Iwopin is a place where people travel by boats. "Like Venice?" I hear someone ask. "Yes," I

reply, "like Venice." Just joking.

Here is a brief info about Ogun Waterside (where Iwopin is located) from Wikipedia:

"Ogun Waterside is a Local Government Area in Ogun State, Nigeria. It is the only area of the state with a coastline on the Bight of Benin and also borders Lagos Lagoon. Its headquarters are in the town of Abigi. Other towns and villages in the local government include: Ilushin, Lukogbe, Iwopin, Olojumeta, Imakun Omi, Ode Omi, Ibu, Itebu Manuwa, Ibiade, Efire, Lomiro, Oni, Ayede, Igele, Ayila and Irokun among others.

"Ogun is bordered by Ijebu East local government to the Northwest, Odigbo, Okitipupa and Ilaje local government areas of Ondo state to the Northeast, East and Southeast respectively, Epe local government of Lagos state to the West, and the Atlantic Ocean to the South.

"The people of Ogun waterside are Yorubas from three major lineages, The Ijebus, The Ikales and the Ilajes, who largely observe similar customs and uphold the same traditions as other Yorubas, but shaped to a large extent by their amphibious environment among swamps, large waterbodies such as creeks, rivers and

lagoons as well as forests."

So that is Iwopin, the place of birth of Apostle Simeon Moye Ogunsiku.

# PERSONALITY, EDUCATION, TRADE, FIRST FAMILY, AND TRAGEDY

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*"And the man waxed great, and went forward, and  
grew until he became very great."*

**(Genesis 26:13)**

Apostle Simeon was raised as a pagan and lived as a pagan until his adult years. It was from the name of the god, Ogun, the god of iron which they worshipped, that his surname, Ogunsiku, was derived. The meaning of Ogunsiku is Ogun is yet alive. And so, when people bear names with Ogun it, it has to do with the the god of iron. He was just a nominal worshiper of Ogun and did not delve deep into the practice. He belonged to a set called "egbe" which can be understood as an age group. But it is more like a club of idol worshipers that comprises people of the same age group.

Though a pagan he lived a moral, honest, and conscientious life. So honest was he that upon his conversion the people of his age group persecuted him

greatly, not just because they didn't want a member of theirs to forsake idolatry, but because they had need of someone with his integrity and character in their midst. But his resolve in his new found faith was unflinching.

He didn't have early formal education. However, later in life he got adult education where he learnt to read and write, especially in the Yoruba language. Despite not having a formal education he learnt different trades especially farming and fishing in which he was hugely successful. So successful was he that his second wife, my grandmother, had six women working for her in that trade. All through his life he lived in abundance of wealth and was very philanthropic.

From the education and training of my grandfather, I suppose we can see that we need to be able to distinguish the different aspects of education and being learned. I could say 90% of what we call education in our tertiary institutions today is merely the learning of a trade and only 10% actual education. Education is defined by dictionary.com as: "the act or process of imparting or acquiring general knowledge, developing the powers of reasoning and judgment, and generally of preparing oneself or others intellectually for mature life." You can see that

education is not supposed to be just learning a trade. It goes far beyond that and the learning of a particular trade ought to be just a little aspect of education.

When a man goes to the university and studies engineering, that's not really an education but learning the trade of an engineer. We seem to have gotten things mixed up a bit. An education by which man becomes useful to himself and society ought to comprise more of ability to comprehend, ability to know, decipher and hold right values, then a little bit of trade. With the ability to comprehend he can learn a trade even without an institution.

That is why I agree with those in the legal field who don't see people outside their field as learned. They see themselves as learned and others as common men. This is because the legal field requires a highly developed power of reasoning and judgment unlike in other fields. The only problem is that that noble profession is also nothing more than a trade and I don't think there was ever a time in human history that it wasn't a mere trade. And in that trade telling crafty lies (contrary to right values) is commonplace and it takes people with a poorly developed power of reasoning to do anything contrary to right values.

I remember once when my late dad passed on, my mother had some legal tussles to deal with to claim some of my father's benefits. When she tried to engage a lawyer he was vibrating, jumping all over the place, and doing summersaults in his eagerness to help out. A person with a well developed power of reasoning and judgement ought to be eager in the pursuit of justice, and that, it seemed, our lawyer friend was eager to do. But when he learnt about the amount of money involved and that it wasn't up to what he had expected, he lost interest. And we see this trait all over. In pursuit of justice lawyers are docile and become preachers of forgiveness, letting go and letting God, and telling you categorically not to stress yourself in the pursuit of justice, instead of being lawyers to defend the rights of men. But in helping to do business contracts, land contracts and other things that bring quick and easy money, you'd see them active. So that too is nothing more than a trade. A thing you do for money. Of course all the aspects of education are all important and interwoven so that you can't have a whole man without all of these. A whole man ought to be able to make money rather than be a parasite. But it doesn't mean learning a trade of whatever kind equates to being educated.

These same things apply to my grandfather's life. If we are to consider what we call the learning of a

trade in our tertiary institutions an education, then was my grandfather educated right early. With his trade he became very wealthy providing food for his society and family, but it was not by his fishing trade that he proved himself to be a person with a well developed power of reasoning and judgment but the right values he held and practiced, and later by the proficiency with which he administered the affairs of the church. His trade only provided effectively for his needs and that of those around him while he served.

So being very successful, he got married and had two sons. This happened while he was still a pagan. However an epidemic of the smallpox broke out in that region after the World Wars and claimed many lives. Several thousands. This tragedy was due to great wars going on at the time. The bombs that were used on the waters killed many fishes in the sea. Many dead fishes were seen floating at the surface of the waters and decaying contaminated the waters which people relied on for sustenance.

This epidemic claimed the lives of his two sons. The grief this caused was so great for both him and his wife. Though his wife survived the smallpox, she couldn't survive the grief of losing her two children and she eventually died of grief leaving my grandfather all alone in the world.



## CONVERSION

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*"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully."  
(1 Peter 2:19)*

"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully." (1 Peter 2:19)

It was during this time that he lived without a family of his own that he got converted to the Christian faith. After he lost his first wife and sons, there was a man named Odi whose son also was sick and he assisted in trying to seek for a cure to the son's sickness. They took the boy around and couldn't find any remedy to his sickness. News then came to them that there was a new church at a place called Ori Ogoro, which was a bit far from Iwopin. It was about 3 to four villages away from Iwopin, and it's by the lagoon in a riverine area. It was believed that if they should take the man's son there he'd be healed. Upon hearing that and having found no solution elsewhere they resorted to going there with the boy. My grandfather therefore assisted him to the place. When they got there, the people of the church fasted and

prayed and after that he recovered. When he saw such a miracle that a man who had been sick with no remedy elsewhere should become healed instantly in the name of Christ without any herb or magical art, he decided there and then to turn to Christ.

It is quite impressive to see what a magnificent reward from God a man can get from just a simplistic selfless assistance he gave to a man on the verge of losing his own son. My grandfather had lost his own children and wife, and here he was leaving all his comforts to assist a man to save his own son. He didn't think, "well I've lost all mine, if he loses his it won't be all that bad." And my what a glorious eternal reward he got for the compassion he had that led him to go the whole way and through the whole stress in seeking healing for the dying son of the man.

Upon this experience, both him and the man whose son was healed took the Gospel to Iwopin and established a church there. Now the name of the church where they experienced this was called Cherubim and Seraphim. And that was how they founded Cherubim and Seraphim, Iwopin. The man whose son was healed became the head of the church as senior apostle while my grandfather served as his assistant. They ran the affairs of the church for some

years together before apostle Odi died and my grandfather took over as the head of the church. He served as the head of the church all through his life till his dying day.

Upon his conversion, though he was already a moral and conscientious person as a pagan, yet were there many marked changes in his life after his conversion. In the age group which I've mentioned earlier, he had risen to become the second in command of the group. Despite attaining to such a position he decided to leave as he realised that remaining in that group was inconsistent with his new found faith. They vowed never to let him go and tried to bring him back to them but all to no avail. They even tried to get the king involved. They dumped some things at the back of his house and claimed that he stole it and reported the matter to the king. This they did to tarnish his image of integrity. They sought to shake him by all those things to make him regret his choice and possibly make him change his mind. However he didn't let any of those things move him. The truth about the matter later came out and he was exonerated. After that they left him.

Learning this from my mum I was curious if any such people who tried to calumniate him were punished, but she said nothing whatsoever was done against

them. I often get sad that after people do evil and they're found out people just let them go scot free. This would embolden others to do evil because they would be certain that they would go scot free. And guess what? The leader of the age group my grandfather deputed and who probably played a major role in this calumny, by the name of Adetunbo, later became the king of Iwopin. What a reward. Life is sometimes like that.

It is good here to explain a bit the ruinous traits of this age group. This age group of a thing is characterised by pride, unnecessary comparison, competition, and trying to outdo others. If during a celebration of a festival of one kind or the other, one set of age group killed a ram to celebrate, the next set to celebrate it would wish to outdo the previous set, say by killing a cow for the celebration. Then comes the next set again who would wish to kill both a cow and a ram. Apart from that, when within one set they also have competitions, for example if for a festival they choose a particular type of dress that costs, say N80,000, and one of them was not able to afford it, they'll treat him in a humiliating way as though he were not qualified to be in that age group. So you'd see competitions and fightings both within one age group as well as between sets of different age groups. This pride of life therefore has the effect of

making people indulge in ruinous practices of spending beyond what they're able to afford just to appear relevant. Some go as far as borrowing heavy amounts of money just to meet up with the demands of their age groups.

It is very possible that this practice may be in other traditions around the country of Nigeria too and has had the effect of shaping our subconscious to be driven by pride and/or complexes to make us want to prove that we are relevant when we don't have any such thing to prove. This I say because I've had the privilege of relating closely with people of different countries but I don't think that any part of the world has this problem as much as we do. Many people in our country, when they see someone of their age riding in a car and they don't have what it takes to get one, they become sad and where possible they start striving by all means to get a car themselves. This is a ruinous tendency that I see in us.

During the time that the blackberry phone just came out, I remember my brother telling me that he went to an office and saw in deep thought that she scarcely even noticed him. She was just gazing straight ahead in her deep thought when she suddenly asked him without looking at him, "Jola, how much does a blackberry cost?" It appeared that she had seen a

blackberry with someone else and for this reason wanted it so badly as a show of class. I believe you can just glance around you and you'd see how rife this unnecessary comparison is. This is what drives many people into embezzlements of public funds and other forms of corruption. They steal just because they want to belong to a class they can't afford to belong to by honest means.

Even in the nominal Christian fold we still find such practices that are so strikingly similar to the practices of pagans. Especially amongst women. When they have an event they'll bring out a kind of clothes for everybody to wear for the event. If you can't afford it or don't wish to buy it, then shame on you.

There is a Yoruba song I used to hear amongst Christian folks which goes, "Baba je kin to egbe..." which means Father let me be up to my equals, and goes on to say, "so that I can be able to talk in my father's house, in my mother's house, in my aunty's house, etc. let me be up to my equals." That song was common during my childhood days but the frequency of it has reduced greatly. However after I got converted on the last day of 2004, and began to seek the face of God and read my Bible, and know the workings of the Holy Ghost in the heart of a Christian man, I can scarcely say that that is a Christian song at

all. The Christian man has no business trying or desiring to match up to his equals which thing is a thing of pride. We live not to be up to the stature of men but up to the stature of Christ, for piety and righteousness not in pride. We don't regard what men have to say of us so as to be so desirous as to be commendable before their eyes. Our praise and worth comes from God and, in the words of Martin Luther, "the testimony of a good conscience." That's all.

As I said I don't notice this level of pride-based comparison and wanting to belong to a class amongst other people of the world. I can say it is near nonexistent. In fact, deck all your limbs with golden bangles and walk with your head on the ground as a show of wealth and class, no one would even notice you or want to be like you. All that is irrelevant to them. So I believe that a huge chunk of our problem as a nation is rooted in this pagan and ruinous pride. And this ruinous pride is rooted in pagan practice characterised by the pride of life. By extension our problem emanates from the pagan pride of life which works in the subconscious of many. Though many profess Christianity, we haven't washed our minds from the filthiness of vain traditions of our fathers. And because outwardly we profess Christ, Christianity takes the blame for whatever it is that results from this pride of life and complexes.

Seeing this way of reasoning (unnecessary comparison, trying to outdo others, and the complexes that come with these) is of a pagan origin, we need to very consciously wash ourselves from this filth by the renewal of our minds and ensuring that there's no remnant of such pride in us. We can't enjoy the benefits of our most holy faith at any level, as a person, a church, or a nation, if we don't remove such things far from us and imbibe the meekness of Christ. A good medicine I'll recommend in curing this malady of the personality and soul received by vain traditions is the chapter, "MEEKNESS AND REST" from the book, "THE PURSUIT OF GOD" by A.W. Tozer. I prescribe it not as a doctor with insight into the maladies of the soul, but as a layman that has used it and so recommend it having found it to be efficacious. It will work like a good medicine in cutting to the root of this problem and, by prayer to God, cure it.

So my grandfather perceived these things that it wasn't consistent with his faith and was very strict against it. He would have nothing to do with it and when in his church he found anyone identifying with this age group he carried out disciplinary actions against them. His conversion was thorough and gave no room for the residues of paganism.



## NEW LIFE NEW FAMILY

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*"The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell."*

**(Isaiah 49:20)**

The conversion of my grandfather marked the beginning of a new life. Not just of his new found faith alone, but with a new family and new found ministry.

After his conversion, a man, who was the cousin of my grandmother, recommended her to him asking if he'd be willing to marry her, assuring him that if he got married to her he'd like it. To this he agreed and they got married. Everything was done according to the traditional process of marriage. My grandmother too was a widow at the time she got married to my grandfather. He was a widower and she was a widow. Before losing her husband, she had given birth to two children of which one had died. So she got married to my grandfather having one living child. This child however later died also at the age of sixteen.

When he got married to my grandmother they gave birth to seven children, two boys and five girls, my mother being the fourth. However, two of these also died leaving them with only five children that survived them. One died before my mother was born and one after my mother was born. So she was the fourth of seven, and the third of five. In both cases she was in the middle.

Now it'll be good to pause a bit and give an account of how my mother was born. Before her birth, my grandparents had given birth to two children. The eldest was a male and after that a female. They then gave birth to a baby girl who unfortunately died on the ninth day after her birth. The second day after her naming. This grieved my grandparents so much and many people came to their house in their numbers to console them about the loss of their child. In this state of grief a prophet, of whom they knew nothing of before, nor where he was from, came to console them also. It was just my grandparents at home at the time when he came to console them. They were sitting in the house when he came in unawares and greeted them. He told them that God sent him to them to tell them that they shouldn't be sorrowful about the baby that died, that in three years' time, God said he would send another child to them. My grandparents didn't say a word. He went on

to tell them that the name of the child should be called "Oluwasina" and that she'll be a baby girl. At this my grandparents looked at each other wondering why such a name should be given to the child they were to have next. The reason for why they wondered was Oluwasina means God has opened the way and this name was commonly given to boys who were firstborns. Now this was the third, they've had a male as the first, after that they've also had a female, why should a female third born bear Oluwasina? Looking at each other they didn't still say a thing but they each understood the confusion and doubts of their minds. When the man saw this he told them that because they are doubting and contemplating in their minds that how can this be and didn't believe him immediately, they will not be the ones to name her when she arrives.

After this he told them many wondrous things about the child they were going to have which things made them wonder. After the birth of my mother, my grandmother used to tell her that she earnestly prays that all the things the man said would come to pass. However, much of what she was told that the man said never came to fulfilment until after the death of her mother, when my mother was now above forty. But they came to fulfilment including her frequent travels to different countries with my dear late dad.

So after the man had finished saying these things he left. And after this they never saw the man again nor knew where he left to.

My grandmother didn't conceive anymore until three years elapsed as the prophet had said. During that time they were building a house within the churchyard which is called in Yoruba, "Ile Igbebi." That is a house of birth where people were to give birth in. After the completion of the house, my grandmother was the first person to give birth in that place. And as soon as she gave birth and the child began to cry there were jubilations all around, and because the child was the first to be delivered in the building everybody with one accord said, "her name is Oluwasina, we will call her Oluwasina." And so everybody started calling her Oluwasina which was shortened to Sina (pronounced She-nor).

When these things happened, my grandmother recalled to mind the words of the prophet and said it has happened just as the prophet said. After my mum's birth, her parents gave birth to two other children which in turn caused people to poke fun at her calling her "Sina agbede meji," which means "Sina in the middle," which thing was very funny to them. Others would keep asking why her name was Sina so contrary to all reasons of norms. So that's the

account of how my mum got her name.

My grandfather proved to be a loving husband and caring father to his new home, well beloved of both wife and children. Core Christian values reflected in the ways he played his roles as a husband, father, and as a churchman. The simpleness of his ways endeared him so much to his wife. He used to tie his children to his back, something that only women do to children. But he did this despite being a man. He paid close attention to his children and never grew tired of their curiosities and inquisitiveness.

Sometimes my grandmother would scold my mum and even spank her for asking too many questions about things she supposed were none of her business, but his response would be, "Rebekah [for that was the name of my grandmother], let me tell her." Then he would say to her, "sit down." And when she sits down he will explain everything to her in detail. Such detailed answers to her questions is what is responsible for the rich account we have of his life from which this book is now written. So he was never tired of answering the inquisitive questions of his children. He had time to converse with and teach them himself. This is something modern parents (male and female alike) should seek to imbibe.

This does not of course mean that his family was a

happily ever after affair. Every family, no matter how blissful, may have minor issues here and there. Being a Christian now he distanced himself from everything pertaining to the practice of pagans choosing never to eat with the Devil at all, however my grandmother was comfortable with eating with the Devil with a long spoon. Having distanced himself from his age group, he admonished my grandmother to do the same which she did, but she still had the mind of identifying with them from afar. My grandfather rejected the idea insisting a total distancing of themselves from any of those things, saying he can't tolerate it in his house. She however said that it's not that she'd join them for anything but if for example they have a uniform they choose to wear she'd get hers as well. According to her, she didn't want to be left behind, and she did this for the sake of her own relations who still identified with these things. When they do some events they do them in collaboration with the age groups and she didn't want to look like the odd one out. So upon her insisting she continued identifying with them contrary to my grandfather's wish. But he didn't say anything further to dissuade her.

That continued for a while after which she said to my grandfather that she wanted to go into a business which her own mother (my great grandmother) did.

The business was a simple yet brilliant one. There were seasons of the year when kola nuts were in surplus (that is during their harvest) and very cheap and other seasons when it was scarce and expensive. The idea was to buy it in bulk when it was cheap, preserve it, then sell it when it was scarce and expensive. The mode of preserving it was that the kola nuts would be washed with gamaline 20 (a sort of chemical for preservation), then dried under the sun. After that they'd wrap all the kola nuts in kola nut leaves then put them in the ground, cover them again with more kola nut leaves then sprinkle sand on it so that there'd be no trace that there's anything in the ground. That way it was supposed to be preserved for a very long time.

This was the primary business of my great grandmother and she was extremely rich as the business was very lucrative. I like the idea of such a business because it is not the simple buy and sell people do these days to make cheap profit for rendering near profitless services that doesn't solve any problem of man. This required the idea of a method of preservation, the work of the preservation process, and solves the problem of making kola nuts available for consumption all year round. People who seek to make money should at least try to ensure that whatever means they seek to make profit with should

be such as require actual work to be done, and based on an idea capable of solving actual human problems.

So it was a great one, however, my grandfather advised her not to go into it, not being in support of it, but she went ahead still and bought several drums of kola nut with all the money she had and did all that was required for its preservation. My grandfather said nothing further against it. Then she sat back and waited for when it'll be scarce to start selling it. But when she uncovered the kola nut, lo and behold, all she met there was powder. The whole thing was devastated by insects. Upon beholding this in great horror she screamed, "No! There is nothing left! Motayo's father has killed me!" The name of their first son was Motayo, and the tradition in many parts of Nigeria is to call people with reference to their first children. For example if Mr. John has Benjamin for his first son, he'd not be called Mr. John but Benjamin's father. My grandfather hearing her exclaiming and lamenting asked her quite coolly, "did you see a knife or cutlass in my hand? How can you say I have killed you?" Her response was, "you told me not to do this business but I went ahead and did it! We are in debt!" My grandfather responded again, "I told you not to do it but you said you will do it. I didn't stop you and you did it on your own." From that moment on my grandmother never went against



the wishes of my grandfather. When he says "sit" she sits, when he says, "don't go" she won't go. And so through this business tragedy their relationship became more cordial.

To this experience my mother said, "it is good for a wife to obey her husband's instructions no matter the circumstance. As she has accepted him as her husband, she should just give him that respect. She will see how God will be blessing her. And if a man does not respect his wife, he'd be struggling and struggling.

I think this serves as a good model for Christian men. The Bible says the woman should be subject to her husband, but what if she chooses not to for some reason? Should the man tear down the house? No. For the subjection of a woman in a Christian home is a voluntary subjection.

My grandfather was also deeply revered by his children. Just a simple mention of the name of any of his children and they'll stop whatsoever they're doing to listen or attend to him. This was not done to avoid punishment of any kind but out of reverence as he rarely beat his children. He however did discipline his children when they committed actual wrongs worthy of discipline, but he didn't do it himself. Being a

senior churchman and having ushers to attend to him at all times, he'd call one of the ushers to do the thrashing for him. So though magnanimous, he was a strong believer in discipline and did discipline his children when the need required.

The instruction they gave to their children was that of holiness and honesty. Two key instructions they emphasised upon their children were, "don't steal and don't lie." And their training had a great impression upon their children. They were completely sincere and honest to their parents even when they were guilty of something grievous. Their disposition towards their children therefore was that of trust and confidence. They trusted their children so much and were confident that they would always be at their best behaviour. Even when someone brings a bad report about them they have confidence that there is either a reason for their actions or they must have been misunderstood.

In one of such instances a report was brought to my grandmother that my mother had thrust her finger in the eye of her classmate causing serious injury to the eye. The eye which was affected was all covered with blood. This report was brought by the woman whose daughter's eye was injured. My grandmother's response was, "I cannot say she did it or she didn't

do it, until she comes, when she comes I will ask her. When I ask, I know that she will not say anything but the truth.” This particular girl whose eye was injured was one of three girls who were notorious for fighting. Being known to be good fighters she tried to pick on my mum and not knowing how to start a fight she said to my mum, "I know you're not a troublemaker, but when someone looks for your trouble you will give it to them." My mum was silent and said nothing. Then she went on, "but I know you cannot do anything to me." And my mum, perceiving the challenge, still didn't say anything. She then dared my mum saying, "I dare you to touch my eye." To this my mum responded, "if you want me to touch it I will." She then said, "if you don't touch my eyes you are a bastard." Upon hearing this my mum was furious and said, "open your eyes. If you open your eyes I will touch it." She then opened her eyes, probably expecting just a touch of her eyes at the worst, but my mum thrust her finger into her eyes with so much force that the whole eye was covered with blood. She couldn't go to school couldn't go to school.

Just as it is today, to call someone a bastard was a grievous insult, but it was far more grievous then than today. To call someone a bastard was rightly perceived as a serious insult to her entire family. In

the very moral setting of then, once you call someone by that name it is considered a big issue and you'd be asked to provide the real father of the person so insulted. People don't get away with such acts of insults easily.

When my grandmother saw the seriousness of the injury she was alarmed and said to my mum, "this is a serious thing you have done, there's nothing I can do." Soon the father of the girl came also. Apparently the father was the head of a church in another place and on friendly terms with my grandparents. Calling my grandmother he said, "If it were not for the good relationship I have with your husband who is my elder, I would have known what I would do." My grandmother then said, "before I can say anything about this matter, Sina, what happened?" Then my mum narrated the whole story. When the parent of the girl heard that she had challenged my mum with such vulgar terms, they were alarmed and her father said, "you mean she called you a bastard? You are a true child of your father for what you did." Saying this he turned his back and began to leave. My grandmother said, "Is that how you're going to settle it?" Probably expecting only a more lenient compensation for the injury done to his daughter than what he had in mind before learning of what truly happened. His response was, "settle what? It is even

if she didn't do it that I will know that she's truly a bastard." So, though this was an extreme case, they never believed that their children would act outside of what they have been inculcated with and that their actions would be guided by reason.

The moral life of the village was high in general. Acts of moral wrongs were not tolerated and were punished by one means or the other. If a child was caught stealing in the school, they'll take a snail shell, punch it, and hang it round the child's neck with a rope. And all the other children would start singing, "come and see the eyes of a thief. The eyes of a thief are very dry." And when humiliated in such a way people would distance themselves from you. Such a reputation, once lost, would be hard to regain. For this reason people kept themselves from acts of moral wrong as much as possible.

My grandfather and his wife were purposeful in bringing up their children in the fear of God. They lived a very generous life towards others and were loved of everybody. Even when Al Majirees come around begging for food, my grandfather will welcome them to his house and ask to be served so he can eat on the same plate with them. This was usually repulsive to my grandmother whose response would be, "no, there are many plates in the house,

I'll serve you differently." But his response would be, "no, as they, though beggars, we're born, that is how I was born. As they congratulated their parents, so were my parents congratulated." And saying so he'd insist on eating with them.

As he was hugely successful in his trade, he lent a helping hand to people generously. One day he was passing by a house when he saw a man sick and coughing. For the fear of his sickness being contiguous his family wouldn't let him into the house. They abandoned him outside the premises of the house and didn't even bother to give him food to eat. They literally left him to die. So when my grandfather saw him, he said, "Sile," for that was the man's name, "what happened?"

He responded in a hushed and shivering voice, "I'm not feeling fine! I'm not feeling fine!"

My grandfather asked him, "have you eaten?"

Upon realising that he had not eaten my grandfather brought him home with him. Not only did he eat that day in my grandfather's house, but continued living there and fared at my grandfather's expense for a very long time after which he relocated from Iwopin to Lagos. He felt so indebted to my grandfather for his

life. When he later learnt of the demise of my grandfather, he became so close to his eldest son (the eldest brother of my mum) and lent a helping hand where possible.

There was another man whose occupation was tailoring. He too lived with my grandfather a long time before relocating to Ijebu Ode where he was from. Ijebu Ode is not very far from Iwopin and happens to be the birthplace of my own father. This man was the one who later taught the first son of my grandfather how to write numbers. He said it was a sharp knife he used scratching a wall to show him symbols of each number. When my mother's eldest brother finished modern school (an equivalent of secondary school today), after several years, he went to Ijebu Ode to look for a job. When he got a job he now sought for a house to rent, so someone took him to a house that was let out for rent. He took interest in the house and paid for it. The owner of the house asked him to fill in his details on a form. As he filled in his details, he wrote his name as "John Omotayo Ogunsiku." The owner of the house looked intently at him for a long time. After a while he said, "Okanlawon?" for that was the name he was known by.

He was surprised at how the man knew his name and

asked, "where did you know me?"

The owner of the house said, "are you not the son of baba apostle?"

The owner of the house happened to be the tailor that lived with my father for so long and taught him (my mother's eldest brother) how to write. When the owner of the house confirmed who he was he exclaimed and called everybody around to come and see. At this time he had married and had children who came out to see. He immediately refunded the money back to him saying, "I can never collect house rent from you." He then explained to his wife and the people around who my mother's elder brother was to him and the favour my grandfather had done to him. He then said to my mother's elder brother again, "as long as you are in this town, this is where you are going to live and I will not collect one kobo from you for rent." He asked him therefore that when he got home, to Iwopin, he should tell my grandfather that he saw such and such a person.

There were many stories of this nature of the many favours he did to people and how indebted they felt towards him. For his generosity, compassion and kindness, he was loved by so many people.



Another thing worthy of note about my grandfather's personality was his ardent love for hymns. He could hum hymns the whole day, from morning till evening. There is a particular hymn my mum said he hums everyday but she doesn't know it. Even on his dying bed he was humming and singing away.

## LIFE IN CHURCH LEADERSHIP

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*"Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger..."*

**(Acts 13:1)**

Now we shall look at the life of my grandfather as a church leader. As we had said, he was the co-pioneer of the Cherubim and Seraphim Church, Iwopin. Seeing he was one of the two people who brought the church to his village, he didn't rise to leadership by a slow and steady degree. He started as the deputy head of the church and after the death of his superior he took over the affairs of the church and led the church for many years before his death. His predecessor only led the church briefly till 1954, one year before my mother was born, as she was born 1955. He probably only led the church for about two years before he passed on.

I think the apostle Odi who was the first head of the church held that position on account of his age. With him my grandfather served very submissively and

loyally. The man himself was very devoted and active in his role as the leader of the church. He didn't delegate responsibilities as such to subordinates. He actively led the church until the time of his death when he officially handed it over to my grandfather.

One of the first things to note about the leadership of my grandfather is that he was very disciplined. As we had said, he was strict in raising his own children and commanded the respect of his children who revered him deeply. This also extended to his leadership of the church. He never tolerated lateness to his church from his members. His church service starts at 9:00am on the dot, and he sees to it that all his members must be in by fifteen minutes to 9. He never practiced what is called "African time" for such practice is no African. It is the bad, irresponsible and dishonest practice of being unpunctual and should be described as such, not given the name of "African." That was not in my grandfather's way of life at all.

To ensure his members come early he took some disciplinary actions against those bound to come late. If any of his members was not in church by fifteen minutes to 9, he and his elders would send his ushers to their houses who, upon getting there, would go as far as pouring a bucket of water into whatever it was they were cooking that was making them bound to be

late. For this reason everyone ensured that they'd be in church at fifteen minutes to 9 so the church would start at exactly 9am.

This did not mean they obeyed the instructions of my father and his elders out of fear only, but also out of reverence. Nobody disobeyed any of his instructions. His words were their command, and this was because of the way he himself lived his life. He didn't demand discipline from others and lived a lax life himself. I believe also there is a power that righteous men command (especially for meekness) that whatever word they speak goes with power. This we see particularly in apostle Peter as we can't read anywhere in scriptures where he was contradicted after speaking. I expressed my thoughts on this in my article titled, "**THE COST OF POWER.**" It's available on my blog ([blog.ayomikun.com.ng](http://blog.ayomikun.com.ng)). You can use the search box to locate the article.

We must remind ourselves that the term apostle was the equivalent of pastor or bishop in the setting of the church he led. It is not a title he bestowed upon himself. While I don't know what exactly qualifies someone to be an apostle, I know it was a title reserved for the disciples of Christ and apostle Paul. All such have the uniform quality of having seen Christ in person and having been sent forth directly

by him. The disciples of Christ were sent forth directly by Christ on several occasions and especially in the great commission, and apostle Paul was directly sent by Christ in a number of Revelations. Since all those who were called by the name apostle in scriptures have these in common, I believe that this is what qualifies one to be an apostle. But whatever may be the case, I believe it is not an ecclesiastical title that one can attain to by ascending through any church system.

Such titles were designated to different people occupying different posts in the church where he served. There were other titles below and above the title of apostles. There were other positions like deacon, deaconess, rabbi, etc. Then you have apostle, assistant apostle, senior apostle, special apostle, and so on. One could start in the church as a convert after which you'd be observed for his lifestyle, commitment to church service, etc. Then you will become a full member. To become a full member there were certain criteria, for example you must renounce your previous religious practices and/or faith and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Only full members were baptised. Then one could join a group in the church like the choir, ushers, and so on. Later you will become a leader in the church, and over time you will start having titles, like rabbi, deacon,

apostle and so on. So we can see that these titles didn't suggest that those upon which they were bestowed had any of such apostolic privileges.

So my grandfather didn't by any means claim to have seen Christ in person or to have been directly sent forth by Christ. As a matter of fact the titles fell out of favour with him over time. When they wanted to bestow upon him the title of senior apostle he flatly refused to go for the ordination saying it is not by titles that one would get to the kingdom of God and that what was important for him was his relationship with God. So he simply maintained the title he had held from the start till his death. Herein is an emulatable virtue. He did not place denomination over his personal relationship with God despite being highly placed in that denomination. Where he perceived that something may not be consistent with the Bible, he didn't bother resisting or creating a scene, but he maintained his right standing with his God in spite of the norms of his denomination.

The mode of church service was quite conventional. It started with an opening prayer after which they did some Bible readings especially from the book of Psalms. Then they sang and worshipped. Their mode of singing was both of hymns and rhythmic music. After that the choir would minister. Then the sermon

would be preached. The service came to a close after the sermon, but people would stay behind singing and dancing till evening and their clothes would be soaked in sweat.

Here a commendable virtue of my grandfather is evident. The church he led had for a practice the life of dancing and party-like worship, but he himself maintained his love for hymns in his personal life. To be an ardent lover of hymns in a setting that makes use of rhythmic worship just shows that the love he had for hymns was strong. Love for hymns and the practice of rhythmic worship don't go together so well. They're like fire and water. A friend of mine told me of how in his church they had thought of introducing hymns into their worship for in the past they used only rhythmic music, it didn't take long before the hymns were out of use again. Not that hymns are boring, but it takes a truly spiritual person to enjoy the essence of it and love it so much that the influence of rhythmic music can't quench it.

The doctrine of the church was drawn out of the Bible but had its own pertaining to the church. Mose Orimolade was the founder of Cherubim and Seraphim who set the doctrines of the church in order. They believe in the Trinity, they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, they believe in heaven and hell. Heaven

reserved for those who believe and serve Christ faithfully, and hell to the sinners.

They practiced and believed a Christian home ought to be monogamous. For this reason all the men were married to one wife. However, those who got converted being married to more than one wife were allowed to keep their wives, unlike what is obtainable in some churches of today that would demand that a man must divorce all his wives save one upon his conversion. Something I don't know which part of the scriptures it is founded on. Like my grandfather had only one wife at the time of his conversion, so he had only one wife all through.

One of the many teachings of my grandfather was that eternity would be full of regrets for both the righteous and the unrighteous. The unrighteous would regret saying, "if I knew that this is how terrible hell would be, I'd never have committed sin." And the righteous would regret saying, "if I knew this is how glorious heaven would be, I'd have dedicated my life to God more than I did."

He also was a firm believer that people ought to take clear sides. He used to say if you want to serve God, serve him, and if you don't want to serve him, leave him. You cannot be sitting on the fence. It was this



firm belief of his that made him disagree with my grandmother having anything to do whatsoever with her age group. He doesn't believe in serving God and keeping some level of friendship with the things of the world. He related with non-Christians very well and even entertained them in his house, but that doesn't mean he would have anything to do with their practices.

His manner of teaching was not mere telling people what is written in the Bible and giving his own twist to it as we see everywhere today that makes you wonder, "which Bible translation is the preacher using that did such a bad work in rendering the accounts of the Bible in such a bad way?" He was a Bible scholar and thought the Bible from a scholastic point of view, giving answers to things of the Bible that are hard to understand, putting them in order to his hearers. He was a thorough student of the Bible and this made his leadership an effective one.

According to the system of the Cherubim and Seraphim, church leaders, particularly apostles, were supposed to receive salaries, however my grandfather refused this too. He just won't collect it. Despite being a church leader he continued his fishing profession which fetched him a lot of money and did the work of the Gospel for free. Rather from the abundance of

his wealth he always gave to the poor and needy. Like apostle Paul he could boast, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:33 - 35). And again, apostle Paul wrote, "Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labour and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you." (2 Thessalonians 3:8).

The life of my grandfather was so much in consonance with the life of the apostles as opposed to that of the preachers of today. After Paul communicated his doctrine to the apostles in Jerusalem, he said, "And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision. Only they would that we should remember the poor; the same which I also was forward to do." (Galatians 2:9 - 10). The manner of life of the apostles was that of giving and giving, not collecting and collecting as we see today. This was the second way my

grandfather showed that he won't place his denomination over his personal relationship with God, his conscience, nor the Bible.

His generosity also robbed off on his children. As he was so open to helping people generously, my mum told me that whenever people came to her and said they have a need or they don't have what to eat, she'd dip a big bowl into the food stuff in the house and give it to them in abundance. And I have noticed that for myself that my mother is not just very generous but too generous. As funny as it sounds, her generosity gets me angry at times.

Through the noble ministry of my grandfather there was a widespread conversion to the faith. This happened both by his own life, his labour in preaching, and the miraculous signs that happened through him. He personally used to go from church to church, village to village to preach, organise revival programmes, and strengthen people. During these trips a lot of people get to turn to Christ as a result. As a part of his leadership responsibility in the church he used to go for their annual conference in Lagos which was held probably every first week of December. This conference lasts for one week.

Accompanying his ministerial labour were diverse and

frequent miracles. Many times when there were outbreaks of diseases it wouldn't affect him and all the members of his church. Before they occur it will be revealed to him in a dream, he would hold a fasting and prayer in the church with his elders, and when the outbreak starts it won't affect his members at all. When people saw these things they began to turn to Christ in mass, both pagans and non Christians of other faiths who happened to be living around alike.

There was once a non-Christian woman of the village who was very sick and they took her to all the places they thought she could find healing but she didn't recover in any way. After doing all they could they brought her to my grandfather believing that she would get healed should he pray for her. The son-in-law said to my grandfather, "baba, if you can pray and my mother-in-law should get healed, I will turn to Christ." My grandfather then fasted, prayed, and God healed the woman completely. Seeing this the family turned to Christ. After his conversion the man saw radical changes in his own life. He used to drink and engage in things that were both harmful and immoral before, but after his conversion he was able to quit them all, became more responsible and was now able to take good care of his family.

There was also a man whose children were dying and the manner in which they died was very mysterious. If he had a child, they would live normally and in health, but the moment his wife conceived another child, the living one would mysteriously die within two months. So they only lived as long as she did not conceive. He had lost six of his children this way. So when his wife conceived again, the living child fell sick and he knew it was going to end in death. So he started taking the child around to different ritualists looking for a cure by fetish means but found no remedy. Eventually he brought the child to my grandfather. At this time from the previous places he had taken the child to in search of a remedy, they had fixed heavy metals around the child's neck, ankles, wrists, and other parts of the body. When they brought the child, my grandfather organised seven days' fasting and prayer. On the seventh day when they were supposed to pray, the father of the child fled saying he can't stand and watch another one of his children die in his presence. When the man had gone my grandfather asked them to break off all the metals from the child's body. And after the fasting and prayer, the child was healed. The child that was conceived also was born without the previous one dying. From that time on the man had five children who are still alive till this day. When this happened the man turned to Christ.

There was also an outbreak of cholera. This time he seemed not to have had a dream beforehand, but immediately it started he declared three days' fasting and prayer in his church. The way the fasting and prayer went is that people would fast and then everybody would come to the church and pray. The prayer usually starts between 7:00am to 9:00am and ends at 3pm. After this they'll round off the prayer and everyone will go back to their respective homes. So the cholera was so severe and killed people so rapidly that four people living together can die in one day, and when the rest witness it they'll all flee away. So it killed a lot of people, but in the church of my grandfather not a single person died or even fell sick.

His ministry was full of many of such miraculous occurrences which had the effect of turning people from the darkness of paganism and false religions to the blessed light of Christ. We shall see more about the direct conflicts he had with the pagans of his time and place, and how he overcame them.

Before I bring this chapter to a close, it is worthy of note that in the case of my grandfather and throughout history, miracles and signs were done by the preachers of the Gospel when they were required

to either turn the hearts of men to the glorious light of Christ or to strengthen the faith of the brethren. Not just for anything like the way it is being presented today. Miracles for promotion, miracles for security, miracles to recover a lost phone. God is not in that kind of silly business. He can occasionally do miracles in such lines to prove his love for his own and strengthen their faith if it is required to do so. But where miracles don't strengthen the faith and don't convert, God doesn't do miracles, and I personally don't see any reason why he should.

It is for this reason that miracles are also called signs and wonders, as apostle Paul says, "For I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me, to make the Gentiles obedient, by word and deed, Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the gospel of Christ." (Romans 15:18 - 19). The miracles were wrought to make the Gentiles obedient. The means by which they were made obedient mentioned here were word, deed, signs and wonders, and the power of the Spirit of God. All these things were for one purpose; to turn the Gentiles to Christ. So the miracles of God were signs to convert men to Christ, not to turn his children into celestial pets. When a Christian who believes firmly in

God experiences miracles, would it make him turn further to God? No! If he errs, the simple word of admonition would restore him because he already believes. So there is no reason why God should be doing miracles in his church except it is for the strengthening of our faith.

I am a Christian for example. My grandfather was converted from paganism to the blessed light of Christ, raised his children as Christians in the ways of God, and they in turn raised their own children as Christians. I know God and I'm confident that he is God and can do all things, what strengthening of faith can I gain in seeing the dead rise? Will I get more converted if I should see a mountain cast into the sea? I don't need these things and so there's no reason why I should be experiencing miracles, say miraculous healing from a sickness. If I get miraculously healed, it will make me grateful, but it won't make me believe in God more, for I know before now that he is able to do more than I can imagine.

So let's not get God wrong. The lack of miracles doesn't mean his powers have diminished in any way. And seeing miracles are meant for conversion and strengthening of faith, it is silly to be going from place to place as a Christian in search of miracles.



You won't find miracles from God this way. All you'd get is counterfeits. For God is in the business of saving souls and preserving them for blissful eternity, not in entertaining and tickling people with miracles. If you find yourself in a problem that you think requires miracles, the biggest miracle would have been to prevent the problem from occurring in the first place, and if God didn't do that, it means there's a purpose for it. So our aim as Christians is to serve God in all humility and not to be going in search of miracles.

The ministry of my grandfather required much miracles to serve as signs to the pagans around, and so God poured forth miracles in abundance which effectually turned men to Christ.

## ENCOUNTERS WITH PAGANS

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*"For ye, brethren, became followers of the churches of God which in Judaea are in Christ Jesus: for ye also have suffered like things of your own countrymen, even as they have of the Jews."  
(1 Thessalonians 2:14)*

Now we come to the encounters of my grandfather with pagans. As we had said, after his conversion he faced many persecutions from which he escaped and was vindicated. All through his time as a church leader he still encountered the persecutions and challenges from the pagans in Iwopin. This time not directed at him but at the church. These things happened both when he served as the deputy head of the church as well as when he served as the actual head of the church.

While he was still the deputy head of the church, there was an idol procession that is usually done in Iwopin. The name of the idol is Muwaro and only men were admitted into the secret society of men that worshiped that idol. The practice in the village at the time is that when they are about to start their procession everybody is to go indoors except the

worshippers of the idol. Everybody in the village complied with them because if they didn't something mysteriously bad would happen to them. So when they want to start the procession they'll first start beating their drums and chanting at their shrine that sounded something like, "hor hor hor hor." Then everybody would run indoors and lock their doors. And the idol was so powerful that all through the procession the very ground would be shaking violently. So when people run indoors they must pull off every single thing that is hung on the wall and place them flat on the ground. Even everything that is resting on the wall and everything that can easily fall off a table or something must be placed flat on the floor, because if they didn't, the violence with which the ground shook would cause them to fall and break. And this shaking would be felt all the way from Iwopin to Ijebu Ode, which has a linear distance of about 46 kilometres from Iwopin according to Google map, so much that anytime there's a procession of Muwaro the people in Ijebu Ode would know that there is a procession of Muwaro going on.

Now the church was intent on simply complying with the norms and endeavoured to let her members stay indoors during the procession. So whenever the procession was on they chose not to hold church services so that their members won't be hindered from

coming. However, these pagans wanted to use their procession to hinder the church completely from holding her services. To avoid the clash, the church leaders would go to the palace of the king of Iwopin that they are having an important program and so inquire when they want to do the procession, the king being one of them. When they say it is going to be in the evening, the church would choose to hold their service in the morning. However, the moment the church bell rings in the morning and members have started coming for worship, they'll start chanting in their shrine to begin the procession so everybody will run back to their homes. When that happens, they'll deliberately let their procession drag on till evening so that the church service won't be able to hold that day. And when they say it will be in the morning, they'll not do their procession till evening when the church rings her bell.

This went on for years but the patience of the church leaders wore out and they came together saying, "enough is enough. We cannot keep running for these people. We have given them a long rope. When they say it is in the morning, we would leave them. It is when it is in the evening when we want to start our service that they'll come out with their idol. And if it is in the evening they start in the morning and do their procession all day. This year, we shall confront

them." So with this resolve, the pagans thought to go against their agreement again. So the moment the church rang her bell they started beating their drums, shouting, and chanting. As usual everybody fled indoors and locked their doors. But the church elders stood their ground. The elders were there, the choir members were there, and my grandmother too was there with the church elders. So when the procession started, the church elders and choir started singing the hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers" in Yoruba. Then these pagans came out having white wrappers round their waist.

So as the church elders and their company continued to sing they couldn't bring out the idol for the procession. So they ran quickly to call the king, probably hoping to put fear in them. The king ran to the place shouting, "hey! You allowed a woman to see members of our secret society?" The king of course knew the pagans were at fault but was instead trying to pin the fact that a woman was amongst them on the church as a wrongdoing on their part. But that didn't move the elders and their company, for they had been patient a long time and had put up with the naughty manners of the idol worshippers.

So this issue became a serious one that resulted in several court cases. When they would not get a fair

hearing from the king of Iwopin, they appealed to the king of Ijebu Ode to intervene. This was because the king of Ijebu Ode was superior to the king of Iwopin. But when the case wasn't resolved there too, they took the case to the king of Lagos as the king of Lagos was superior to both. This system of monarchical hierarchy was a traditional one and was in place before the arrival of the colonial masters. It was in Lagos they got a fair hearing. The king of Lagos told the pagans that they were clearly at fault for going against their own words and agreement. He also told them that it was wrong of them to be deliberately seeking to prevent the church from holding her programs when the church had been considerate enough not to organise her programs at times that will clash with their processions. And also commended the church for putting up with their naughty ways for such a long time. He then passed a verdict that they must stick to their agreements. At whatever time they say they're going to hold their procession, they must stick to it and let the church have their time of worship without hindrance. The king that gave this verdict was king Falolu Dosunmu.

Now, it is good to note here, especially those who claim that the way forward for Africa is to turn back to these dumb idols, how that justice was far from the ways of these pagans. Even a little child set to

preside over such a case would know that if a man should give his word, it is absolutely wrong to go against it. But for the malice, lack of character, prejudice, and faulty reasoning of those who presided over the case it dragged on until it got to the king of Lagos. Now this king Falolu Dosunmu bore the same name as one of his predecessors who was simply named king Dosunmu. This first king Dosunmu was noted to have welcomed the noble missionary, Thomas Birch Freeman (1809-1890), courteously during his visit to Lagos for the work of the ministry. It was written of his missionary tour around the regions of South West Nigeria, "In late 1854, he returned to Abeokuta and then to Lagos, where the Wesleyan Missionary Society had set up station two years earlier. In Lagos, Freeman was cordially received by the European missionary, Gardiner, the Lagos king, Dosunmu and the English Consul, Campbell." This happened about a hundred years before the time of this verdict. So kings of Lagos at those times seemed to have had a favourable disposition to the Gospel of Christ which may have been responsible for the fair hearing they got. Under the influence of these dumb idols recommended by some, justice could not be found, and what man doesn't know that justice is the pillar of civilisation?

So that's how the case was closed. It was a great

victory for the church because the king of Lagos was the highest judgment seat to appeal to. Beyond this I don't think there was any other place to seek justice. And it was good that God delayed their victory until they got to Lagos so that the victory would be final and sealed. And not only was this a great victory in court, but the power of this Muwaro became really weak after the verdict was passed. After it, whenever the procession was on you couldn't even feel the impact of it from few kilometres away when initially its impact could be felt 46 kilometres away and the ground didn't shake anymore.

There was another set of idol worshipers in Iwopin in those times. They had this masquerade called "Awini" and had two processions. One was every year and the second was every three years. They had a path that they followed from their shrine straight to the king's palace. So a small mock house would be made within the vicinity of the king's palace and when they arrive at the palace they'll break it down with their sticks. This signified that they were above the law and that not even the king could do anything against them. Their processions were characterised by theft. When the procession is on everybody would have to take all their things into their houses or cover them up properly, else they'd go with them.



So after the Muwaro incidence, as an act of provocation they changed the path of their procession and chose to be coming through the church premises on their way to the king's palace. At this time my grandfather had assumed actual leadership of the church. Now, the church had a perimeter fence made of bamboo round the church premises. So they'll come and pull it down, pass right in front of the church then head to the king's palace. The church leaders spoke to them asking why they chose to be going through the church premises and tried to dissuade them from it, but they would not be dissuaded. They kept pulling down the fence and going through the church premises to the king's palace.

So one year, my grandfather said it was time to confront them. So he made an arrangement with all the members and elders that they should all come to the church to withstand the pagans when they tried to make it through the church premises. They all gave their consent and assurance that they will be on ground on that day, saying they were solidly behind him. But when the day arrived, for fear of the pagans, all of them gave excuses as to why they couldn't come. Some said they overslept and didn't know when the time passed. Some said they went to check their traps. Others said they went to the lagoon to check their fish nets. Only one elder came with

him that day. So he stood with that church elder on the path by which they went to the king's palace. So when the pagans came, they pulled down the Bamboo fence again and started making their way to pass by the front of the church and go to the king's palace when they met my grandfather and the elder. So my grandfather told them that they won't use that path anymore on their way to the king's palace. They said they were going to make use of the path whether they liked it or not. But my grandfather insisted and didn't move an inch for them to pass. The elder that was with him didn't say a word but stood firmly by him and looked on while the hot debate was ongoing.

The conversation lasted for a long time and was full of threats which didn't diminish the resolve of my grandfather one bit. My mother and some other members who were around stood very far off and watched the face off. The pagans wore costumes of different colours that hid their faces but had little holes through which they could see around. Each man held a cutlass, but the head of the procession wore a white costume and had a special glistering cutlass in his hand. So after the face off dragged on he raised the cutlass in the air to use it on my grandfather but he could not bring his hand down. Though his cutlass was raised up my grandfather and that elder remained steadfast and didn't give in. When after a while that

the leader of the procession saw that he couldn't use his cutlass on my grandfather, they turned their backs and started going back.

So when one of the members that had promised to be around to confront the pagans saw that the whole face off ended in victory and they had begun to leave, trying to hide his cowardice, came running to where my grandfather was with a look of resolve shouting, "where are they? Where are they?" When one of the pagans saw him and the boisterousness with which he came, he gave him a clean cut on his arm, just below his shoulder. When they had given him a cut they left. To me, that was a just reward. To be a coward and go back on your words is bad enough and such a defect in one's character should make one contrite and silent, but to pretend to be brave and come in with resolve when it was certain that the face off was over was hypocrisy. So the cut he got was fair enough to teach him not to be hypocritical.

My grandfather was so touched by the resolve of the elder who stood unflinchingly by him even in what could have meant death that he prayed earnestly for the man and blessed him with many blessings, and when he was about to die handed the church over to him with many instructions to guide him. This man is

still alive today at a grand old age of almost 120 years at the time of my interview with my mum.

Some members of that group of pagans, infuriated by the outcome of the face off, threatened to come at night to burn the entire church down to the ground. They uttered many other threats which they never carried out. But these people that uttered these threats didn't live up to a year before they all died. Not a single one spent up to a year.

While my grandfather was still the deputy head of the church, some people broke away from the church to start a new church which I don't think is advisable to name, but the name was very Christianly. They tried to pull people away from the church with the intent of destabilising the church. The brother to the deputy of the head of the breakaway faction tried to induce the wife of the head of the church to whom my grandfather was deputy to join them because she was his sister, but she refused saying, "this is my husband, I can't abandon him." That's to tell you how evil their minds were. This deputy of the breakaway faction was a first cousin to my grandmother. But they did succeed in pulling away some people after them but could not succeed in pulling people in the leadership away. Though they had been a part of the church and had broken away with a Christian name

they were into a lot of diabolical practices. To further destabilise the church they tried to use their diabolical means to send a smallpox spirit by Shokpono (the god of thunder in Yoruba) into the midst of my grandfather's church. But as was common with my grandfather, it was revealed to him in a dream, so he fasted for three days. When they eventually sent the smallpox spirit, it backfired and a grievous smallpox broke out in the midst of the breakaway faction and was so grievous that many of them died. One of the survivors almost lost his voice and his whole body was full of sores and blemishes. It was concerning him that my mother asked her mum why he was speaking with a hushed voice. This was one of the times my grandmother was angry about my mother's inquisitiveness. She had asked her "why is this man speaking this way?" Mimicking how he spoke.

This reminds us that people can, by a very godly name, perpetrate what is evil in the service of the Devil. It reminds me of what Luther once said that goes thus:

“In the year 606, Emperor Phocas, the murderer of that good and godly Emperor Mauritius, and the first erector of the Pope’s primacy, gave this temple Pantheon to Pope Boniface the Third, to make thereof what he pleased. He gave it another name, and

instead of All-Idols he named it the Church of All-Saints; he did not number Christ among them, from whom all saints have their sanctity, but erected a new idolatry, the Invocation of Saints.

"In my chronicle I expound the name of Bonifacius thus: Bonifacius is a Popish name, that is, a good form, fashion, or show, for under the colour of a good form and show he acted all manner of mischief against God and man.

"As I was at Rome, I saw this church; it had no windows, but only a round hole on the top, which gave some light. It was vaulted high, and had pillars of marble stone so thick that two of us could scarcely fathom one about. Above, on the vault, were portrayed all the gods of the heathen, Jupiter, Neptune, Mars, Venus, and how else they are called. These gods were at a union, to the end they might fool and deceive the whole world; but Christ they cannot endure, for he hath whipped them out. Now are the Popes come, and have driven Christ away again; but who knoweth how long it will continue?"

My grandfather also experienced this kind of deceit, how that by the pretence of good and holy intentions men would seek to do mischief against the work of God and against man. But by the grace of God the

plan of the Devil failed, he was publicly disgraced and his messengers became a thing to laugh at, and rather the name of God was glorified. Men therefore need to be careful not to allow themselves to be deceived by the mere name or appearance of a thing lest they join themselves to the Devil while thinking they are seeking God.

I could safely say that most times (if not all) that people break away from a parent church, it is for evil. At best the motive may be good but when the motive is good it is not usually entirely pure. So people should be very wary of the concision. The Bible warns us of it where it is written, "Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision." (Philippians 3:2). Concision means to break something into smaller parts. And Jesus prayed, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are." (John 17:11). We can see through these verses how that concision can't be of God, and to break the body of Christ can't be his will, not even if the break away party have for their name, "Holy Father Eternal Heavenly Church." All we do must be aimed at bringing the church together. Of course not to condone heresy in the bid to unite the church. We must aim at uniting the church in the purity of his word. All that divides his church is not of him. I

spoke in detail about these things in my book,  
**"UNITY IN PURITY."**

After many years of eventful and meritorious leadership with victorious encounters, my grandfather later fell sick and had to relocate to the house of my great grandfather. It was there he spent his last days.



## LAST DAYS ON EARTH

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*"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."*

***(Revelation 14:13)***

So when my grandfather was about to die he knew well ahead of the time that his hour of departure was at hand. So nine days to the time of his departure he told his family and people around that he will be traveling in nine days' time. My mother was fourteen at the time, so she took her little bag, packed her clothes with the intention of traveling with him. When he saw this he said to her that she cannot travel with him on this journey and that even her mother cannot travel with him. This puzzled my mother because there was no journey he embarked on that her mother didn't go with him. He traveled often for revivals and programs and she always went with him. So what kind of journey was he embarking on that not even her mother could go with him. So she insisted with resolve that she must travel with him on this journey.

It is worthy of note that in their journeys the children were not left alone. Being a church leader they lived in a community kind of house. So church members were always around to take care of the children in their absence.

He then sent my mother's immediate elder sister to travel to Lagos to call his eldest son and inform him that he wants to travel, that he should come. He said that he wants to eat the last food from him before travelling so that he can bless him. So when he got the message in Lagos, he travelled home. On arrival he went to the market to buy live catfish, killed it, cooked it, and served it to my grandfather. When he finished eating he washed his hands and wiped them with a white handkerchief as his habit was. Then he said to him, "Omotayo, oya kneel down." When he had knelt down he laid his two hands on his head and prayed for him. After this he prayed for all his children in like manner. After this, the following day his eldest son departed for Lagos again.

During those last days he still carried out some church leadership roles. There was a member of his who couldn't go to church for months because of some family issues, so he called them to him and settled everything. As the days approached he started

counting the days to his departure saying, "it remains four days," "it remains three days," etc. Three days to the time he said now to the congregation that he will be travelling in three days and that he wanted to have the last service with the church before he traveled, so they rang the church bell and everybody assembled at the church. The church was packed with people and the usual service was held but everybody was crying. My mother became puzzled as to why everybody was crying if it were just a journey he wished to embark on. He had been traveling and no one cried, but they were all sorrowful in this case. But she didn't know that he meant he was going to leave the earth permanently for a better land. After the service everybody went back home.

From the time he knew that his time had come to leave the world he kept the elder that stood by him in the face off with the pagans close by him all the while and told him, "I don't want you to go anywhere. I want you to stay." So the man stayed with him in the house and was provided for. Only at night would he go back home to return very early in the morning. During this time my grandfather had very intimate discussions with this elder, instructing him about how to handle the affairs of the church. The man also had many questions he had to ask which my grandfather gave him answers, presenting

him with different possible scenarios and what to do in each case scenario, the steps to take and how to handle different challenges. All these he explained to the man alone and no one else with him.

So when the day arrived, 5th of April, 1969, on a Saturday, about 9:00am he told everybody around that the ushers that were going to usher him away on his journey had arrived, that they had reached the lagoon of the village which is called "Osa" in Yoruba. He said that everybody should be careful what they say and do.

At that time a nephew of his was on his way to see him, so he quickly sent people to tell him that he shouldn't come now because he just finished smoking, warning him sternly not to come anywhere near the house, that if he came a terrible thing would happen to him. The nephew then said, "how did baba apostle know that I was coming when I've not even come near his house?" This he said because my grandfather knew in his spirit of his coming, not that he was told of his nephew's coming by anyone. So wondering how he knew he desist from going to see him.

When he had ensured that everybody was at their best behaviour, he said to the elder, "all the sheep that God gave me I didn't lose a single one, except

the children of perdition. And as you have followed me with all your heart, God will follow you. Where I didn't reach you will exceed." Then he told the elder to kneel down which he did. Then he prayed for him earnestly while the man wept. When he was done praying and officially handing over the care of the church to him, he said to him, "you may go home now." But the elder insisted on staying with him.

He then said, "the ushers are coming, I can travel anytime. I can leave at any time now." So about seventeen minutes to 9:00pm, he said, "the ushers have come now." He then said, "o welcome! Welcome." Then he began to sing the Yoruba version of the hymn, "Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above," by Henry Francis Lyte, which goes:

*"Pleasant are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe.  
O my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fullness, God of grace.*

*Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High;*

*Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast!  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.*

*Happy souls, their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.*

*Lord, be mine this prize to win;  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me."*

After he finished the hymn he laid down straight on his bed and gathered his feet on his bed. Then he said, "Jesus, thank you! Jesus, thank you! Jesus,

thank you." Saying this he breathed his last.

And so was the end of Apostle Moyo Simeon Ogunsiku. The stalwart bishop of Iwopin of extremely loving memories.