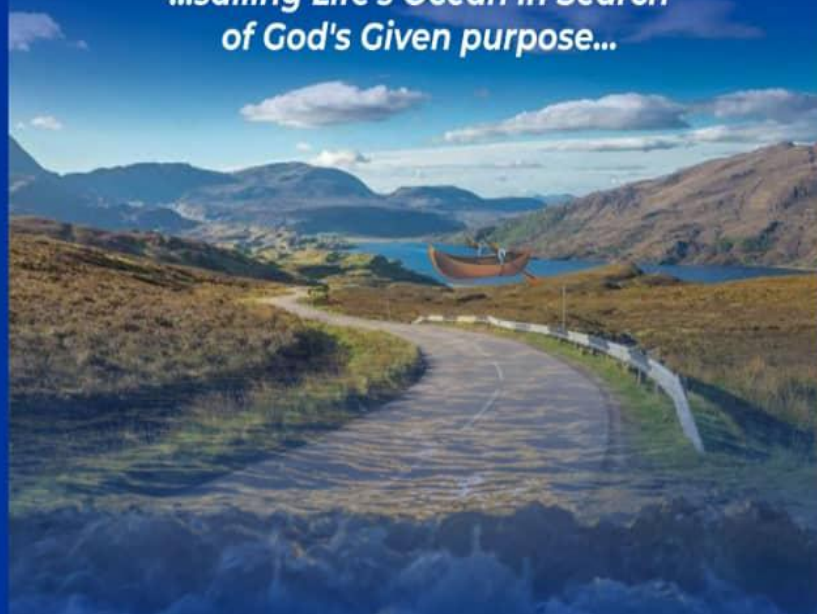
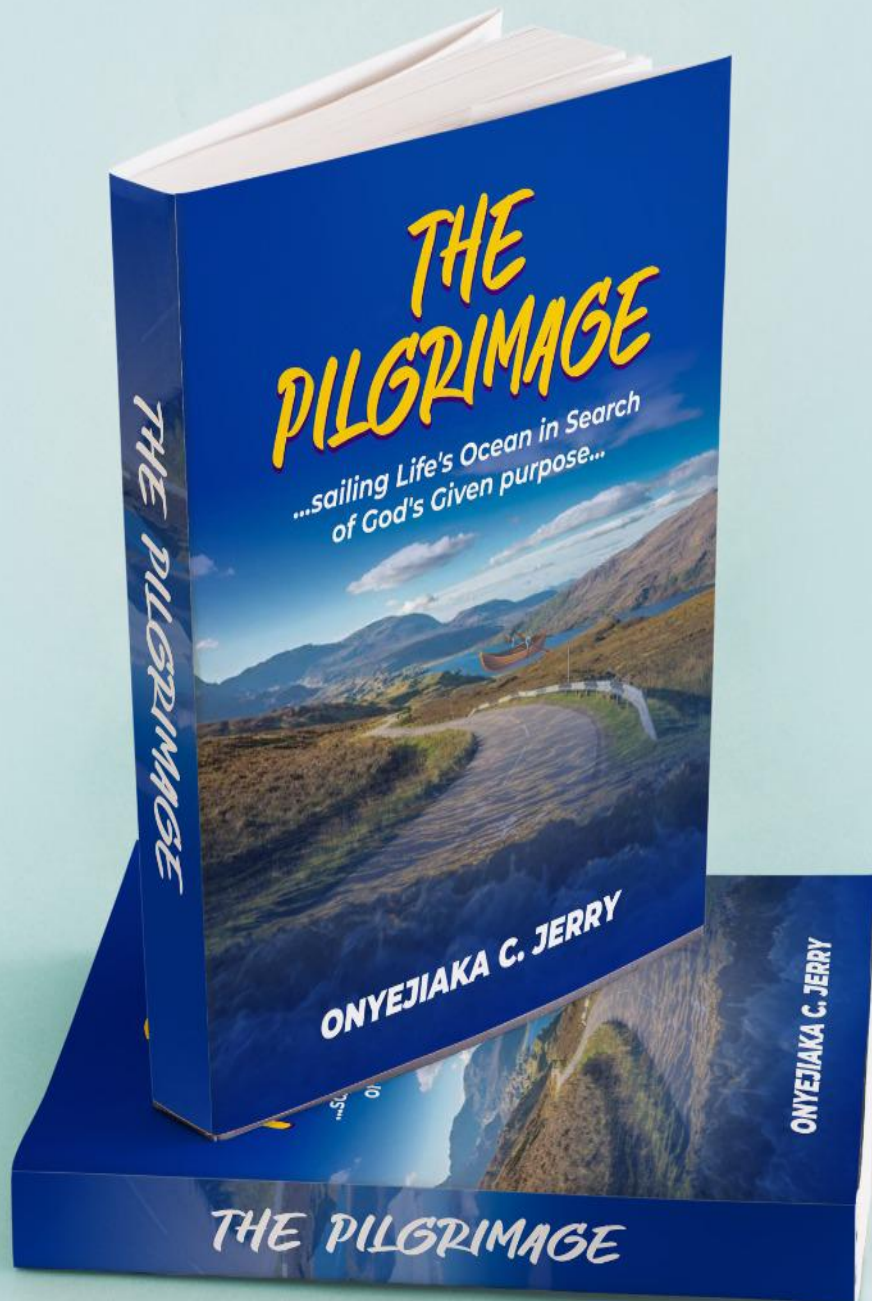


THE PILGRIMAGE

*...sailing Life's Ocean in Search
of God's Given purpose...*

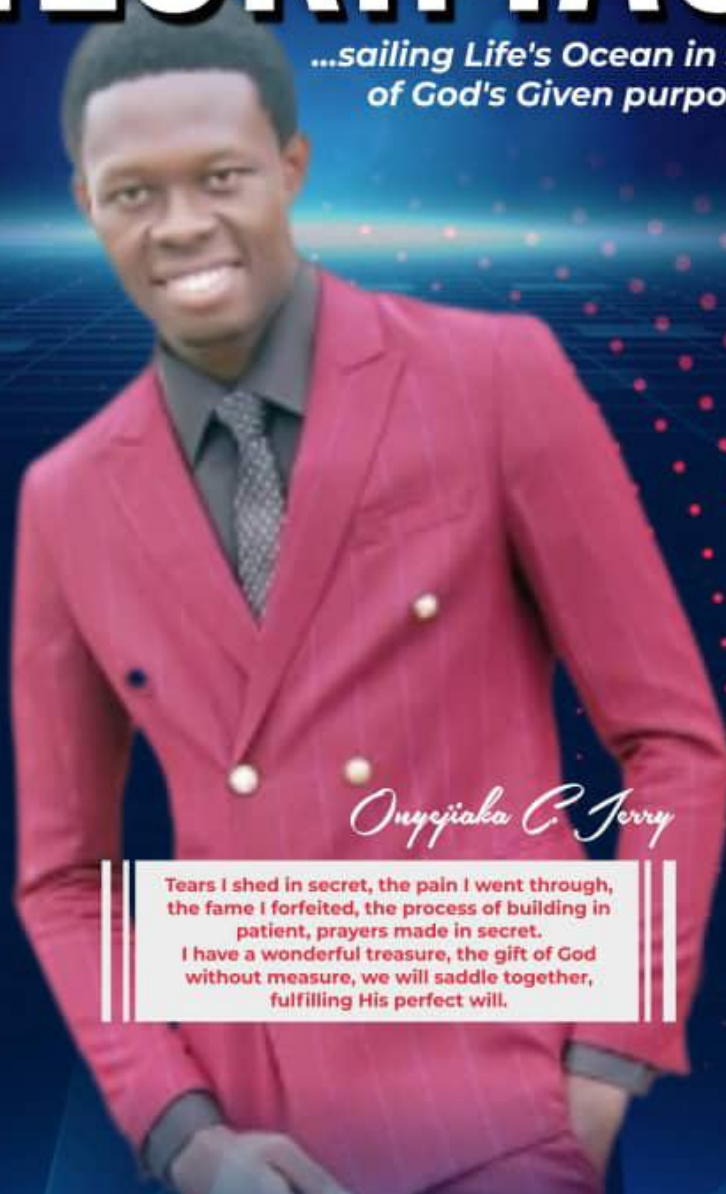


ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY



THE PILGRIMAGE

*...sailing Life's Ocean in Search
of God's Given purpose...*



Onyejiaka C. Jerry

Tears I shed in secret, the pain I went through,
the fame I forfeited, the process of building in
patient, prayers made in secret.

I have a wonderful treasure, the gift of God
without measure, we will saddle together,
fulfilling His perfect will.

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Dear reader,

This is not the story of a young man who suffered and later arrived. I believe that I am still in the process of growth, as no one can outlive growth to remain alive; but this is rather a story of a journey of Grace.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to God Almighty, the source of my inspiration and also to everyone who contributed immensely towards the success of this.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I bless the Lord who has strengthened in writing this book. At a point, impossibility was staring at my face with a grin. I knew what that meant but, I am grateful. The impossibility became possible.

Special acknowledgment goes to my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Onyejiaka for their prayers and support.

I sincerely want to thank the CEO of Heroes Nations and Provost of MOGI GLS, Hero Mike Oladipo for taking his time to mentor and coach young minds in finding their purpose.

Special thanks to Deborah Enamino, Peace Enemilin, Omoabugan Ezekiel Precious who gave me support in one way or the other. Thanks to Dr. Lanre Cole Showers for providing a conducive writing space and my beloved brothers Philip and Daniel for their words of encouragement.

My immense appreciation goes to everyone who supported the vision of writing this book; I appreciate you and love you. God bless you all.

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“Mr. Earthworm! ” This was the name my principal called me

My mum gave me another title “The laziest child of mine”

“Why can’t you be useful? These were beautiful rhetoric’s from my music director to me.

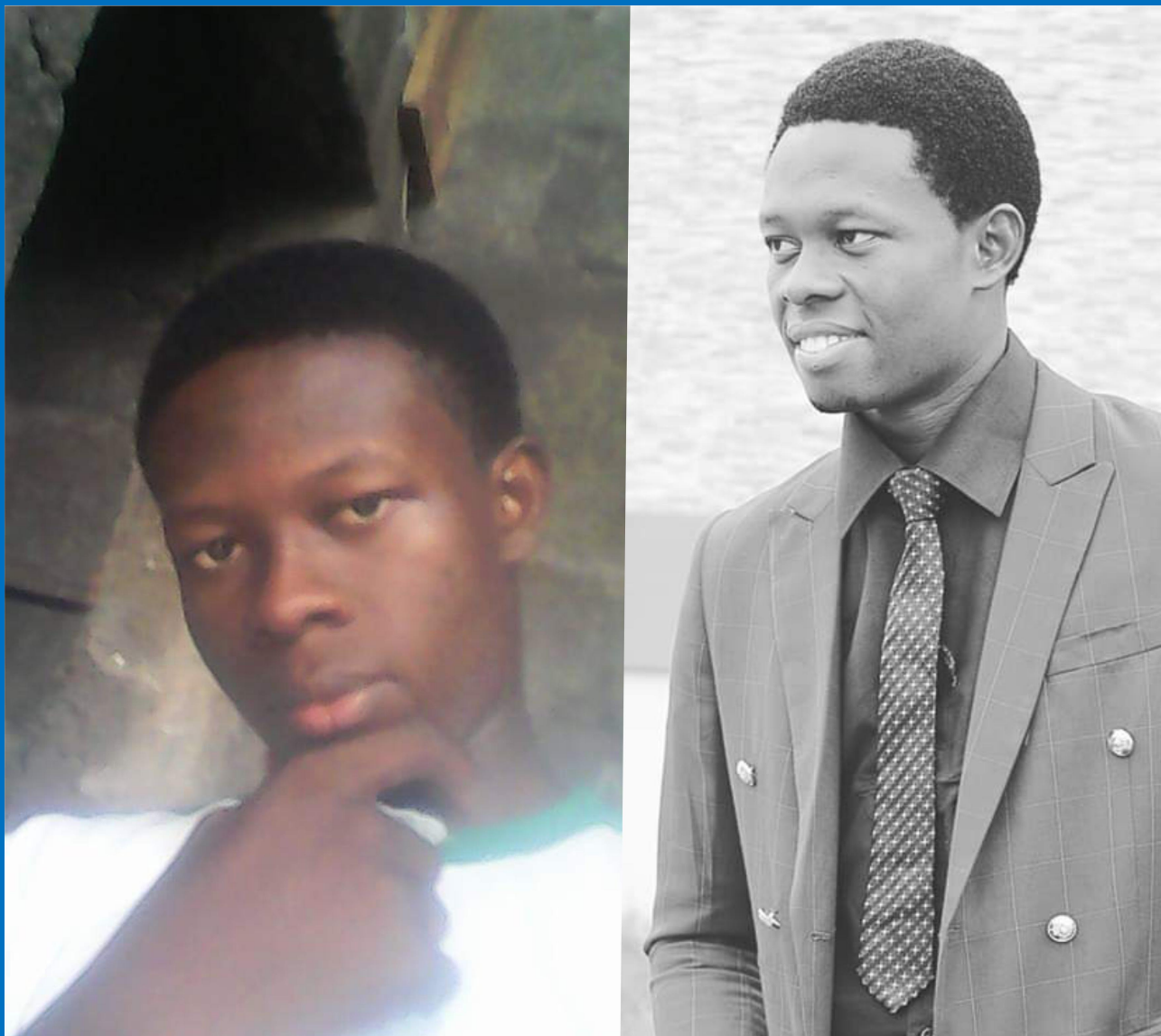
The bitter truth is oftentimes truthfully bitter. The Gutters or the “Ghetto”, whatever you call it was where I grew up. Born into the family of three but never had a life that was free, as the first son of the family living in wishes was my daily dishes, riches were far beyond my reach.

EPISODE ONE

MISERY BEGAT MYSTERY

What you primarily need to thrive in life is in you, not around you. So where, how, and who gave birth to us is not a yardstick for futuristic success.

ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY



Doctor: Push! Push a little more.

Nurse: Madam you can do this.

Mum: arghhhhhhhh! (Sobbing) Finally! The baby is delivered

Doctor: And what do we have here?

Wow! It's a male child. This is indeed a remarkable event.

This is the first male child to be born in this hospital for more than five good years of this hospital history, therefore he is a **PRINCE** and he shall be called so.

This is the mystery behind my name 'Prince Jerry' which I used on most of my social media handles and yet, I have Onyejiaka Jerry on my official document.

Yes, every prince must definitely have a palace and I am definitely going to end up in my palace but the reverse was the case, as I ended up in a small-sized room in an old faded house, a glorified shanty with a nickname "**SMALL LONDON**" where I grew up with two siblings.

Orphans they say are people, who lose both parents, but how do you explain having both parents alive and you still feel like an orphan, what difference does it make?

I come from a town in the South East region known as Nmbaitolu, a Local Government from Imo State in Eastern Nigeria. The people are known to be nationalists under the code name of MASSOB (Movement for the Actualization of the Sovereign State of Biafra). Born and brought up in the city of Lagos in Western Nigeria; my early child lifestyle was different from those born in the core Eastern part of Nigeria. Hardly could I speak my dialect but rather, I speak the dialect of the indigenous community.

I grew up hating my dad so badly that I would have killed him instead of a snake, simply because he went into smoking and drinking. He fell into the gutter regularly and as if that was not enough he beats my mother often. We became so popular that any noise in the environment could be traced to our house; we were so predictable. Poverty, hatred and a destabilized home characterized my upbringing.

KEYNOTE:

- ❖ Everyone has a story to tell but please make your story a meaningful and worthwhile experience, by living your best life.
- ❖ You must be determined that your background must not put your back to the ground.
- ❖ The only way to thrive is to strive.
- ❖ Everything that happens to you or does not happen for you has been designed by God from the start, so don't be discouraged. Everything is working as planned by God.

EPISODE TWO

BENDED BUT NOT BROKEN

We can't be careless about how we live our life, but, we need to care less about things in our life that we cannot change if we really want to further and travel farther in life.

ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY



My happiest moments ever were moments spent in school with friends and colleagues because my home was a mini hell. Thank God for mum, who was committed to laying a good foundation for her children. She trained us in the way of the Lord and she did not accept any misconduct. She indeed is a praying woman; I must confess. Getting home late from school would attract a mean punishment as it was like being flogged in Hell.

I attended four private schools during my primary school days. Permit me not to mention names, but the reason for this is not farfetched. My parents, despite their poor living still wanted us to attend private schools, so when the debt increases beyond our capacity and there was nobody to solicit help from, we moved to another school.

Dad was a steelworker also called "iron bender" in our locality while my mum was a street hawker. She would walk long miles daily, struggling to make end means with me on her back. She hawked fresh tomatoes, sometimes oranges depending on the season of the fruit. On One fateful day when mum was hawking fruits (oranges), she entered a shop to sell her goods as usual. She thought that the shop owner actually beckoned on her to come only to be insulted and sent away. The woman almost poured water on my mom. Mum was in tears for days and as

they say, every disappointment is a blessing in disguise. This action triggered my mum to take teaching as a profession.

As a young boy in primary school, I was admired by my teachers for my level of excellence as I would always top the class. One day, something remarkable happened. I got back from school and there was nothing to eat. Mum was sitting, looking very sad and mute at the same time. I understood that there was no food in the house. I hurriedly left for my friend's house without taken off my uniform to collect the money that I was saving with him. I had saved up ₦100 (Nigerian currency) at that time and the money is about to serve a purpose. I collected the money and I ran back home to give my mother the money. With tears in her eyes, she collected the money from me. She was surprised at the wisdom and kindness of her child. That was how my mum made Soup and Eba with just ₦100.

During my final graduation from primary school, a graduation ceremony was organized by the management of my school. In the history of my school, there hasn't been any official graduation ceremony which actually makes that of my set the first.

KEYNOTE:

- ❖ Growth is a process. So be patient and allow it to take its time.
- ❖ Life comes with different faces you need to learn how to enjoy and endure every part of it.
- ❖ Delay is certainly not denial.

EPISODE THREE

BRUISED YET UNMOVED

Failure in life can either be inherited or created. Never
give up on any of them.

ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY



Again, the ship of education hit another iceberg on the sea of life as I had to wait for the whole term, almost a session before getting into secondary school. Delay is certainly not denial. God made a way miraculously and I got admitted into a private secondary school not too far from my glorified shanty.

Paying school fees was definitely a problem. I couldn't count how many times I was sent home but somehow, God made a way. Poverty became my number one motivation. As a motivation, I made a promise to myself that my background will never put my back to the ground.

During my secondary school days, I did menial jobs at the close of school. The ideal of been sent away from school because of school fees made me device means on how I can assist my parents with paying my fees. I usually go to the nearby market in my area to assist those who came to buy goods. I help them transport their good to their desired destination on my head.

I was raised to stay indoors during my childhood days. This reduced my association skill and social life. I had little or no friends, coupled with extreme shyness, but on the other hand, this made me stay focus.

Poverty gave me three heavy punches that left a scar on my face that I can't forget.

Firstly, I recall a day I had to carry goods for a customer during school hours because I had to make some money to pay my school fees and also get some textbooks. As we approach the destination where I have to drop the goods that was helplessly sitting on my head, I saw my colleague in school standing in front of me. At that moment I felt like entering the ground as our faces establish contact. Although I thank God because she displayed her high level of maturity and as a result I didn't feel so bad. Surprisingly, she stylishly went into the shop, doubled the money, gave me and then added some words of encouragement. With her words of encouragement, I became immune to the mockery and uncomfortable painful feelings I receive daily from my mates in school who find pleasure in making jest of my situation.

Secondly, something astonishing happened in my school. When the principal wanted to award outstanding students who were performing excellently in the school, they came up with a nomination plan where every student had to pick their choice or preferred student in different categories, ten categories in total. I was nominated in five categories and I was the top

nominee in those five categories. I was therefore informed by my principal about this nomination, and he told me I had to pay **₦1000** to claim the awards that will be given, with a 24 hours payment deadline. The situation of things at that time was so bad that my parents couldn't afford a thousand naira, and at the same time, they couldn't get someone to borrow them due to accumulated debts around. So, that was how I was dropped and I lost all five awards. However, I witnessed the award ceremony with tears rolling down my cheeks.

Thirdly, I recall coming back from school on one fateful day only to see my mum with our luggage outside the house. Our house has been sealed up by government agencies. The tears in my eyes knew no bound. The only option we had at that point was to put-up in a neighbour's quarter. This pain was double considering I only had my school uniform on me and we couldn't go in to pick the rest of our luggage due to the government seal. As if that was not enough, a couple of weeks later, our only source of sustenance, which was my mum's school; where she gets monthly salary to support the family was sold out by the owners. ***So we became homeless and helpless, but never Godless.***

At this point, my determination level got stronger. I must return the punch back to poverty.

One remarkable event that is a landmark on the journey of finding my purpose happened in my secondary school days. A day came when I was in Senior Secondary School One (SS1). There was an opportunity to partake in a debate competition on the National Television, known as Nigerian Television Authority, (NTA). Two students were to be selected to present a letter to represent the school. Nobody would have looked my way being an extremely shy person, AKA "Mr. Earthworm".

When it was time for the audition, different students came up with different write-up on the topic to be addressed. Being a hardworking student, I went home secretly to research the topic but I lacked the boldness or should I say charisma to come out. While audition continued, on the last day of the audition, here is "Mr. Earthworm" sitting at the far back, holding his piece of paper where he was sitting, but too shy to speak out or express his opinion. Thanks to my English teacher who decided to walk around the hall that day. While she was walking, I never knew she was coming towards where I was seated. All of a sudden, she saw Mr. Earthworm holding his paper so tight and

then she said, "Hey! Boy, what is that you are holding?" Not even waiting for my reply, she went straight for my paper.

Five minutes glance into what I wrote; she was amazed at how a boy with so much knowledge will be hiding at the far back of the class. Surprisingly, she dragged me out like a man pulling his goat to be slaughtered after giving me a heavy knock on my head. In the front of the students who came for the audition, I was asked if I could defend what I wrote, and say it out just the way I wrote it. I said yes in absolute shyness and lack of confidence. Although, they would have given my write up to someone else, due to the fact that there was not enough time to deliberate on it but then, they decided to take the risk and I was told to act as a supporting speaker.

I felt so bad when my principal said to me, "Remember today is your birthday. If you decide to spoil it, I will make it a bad day for you".

However, not to make the story too long, the next morning, I find myself on National Television debating.

This is the same debate I didn't partake in the audition in school. As far as I recall, I was about the last speaker to speak.

Amazingly, I don't know what exactly happened, but I discovered for the first time in my life shyness disappeared and the compère had to call me back and expressed her amazement at the quality of speech I delivered.

When it was time for the judges to call out the results, my head, hands and legs were shaking. When I couldn't bear it anymore, I had to bend my head under the table, sweating profusely under the air conditioner. As the result was called out, my school did not only win the debate competition, but I also emerge as the best speaker for the day. For me, this was truly a point of Purpose Discovery.

I kept asking myself every day after that remarkable day, "So you could talk, and people will appreciate it? So you could impact life with your speech?"

There and then it became clear to me that I have a lot of work to do on myself. After that, I have gone for several competitions where we won as a team, and just as I was about entering my ultimate class I was awarded the post of the head boy. Imagine, "Mr. Earthworm".

Wow! It seems things are beginning to make sense as I've made a name for myself, but then the reverse was the case.

KEYNOTE

- ❖ You may sometimes be scarred by life but never discard your vision
- ❖ You may be rendered homeless but never for once be Godless.
- ❖ Your storyline and your glory lane are mutually inclusive

EPISODE FOUR

Show me a man who is hungry to win and I will show
you a man who is unstoppable

ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY

**DISCOMFORTED BUT NOT
RELEGATED**







This monster called delay surfaced again as it took me five years to get into the university. Well, the norms for a fresh secondary school graduate was to go into the teaching profession but for me, I would rather prefer a job where I get my pay on a daily basis so I can extract my expenses and then save up the rest.

Weighing all the options I had. I went back to carrying load where I made between **₦1000** to **₦1500** daily. At a point, I had to pick up a job but then, I wasn't enjoying it. I had to quit and go back to my old job. I would discipline myself and save up to **₦1000** each day.

Finally, I got admitted into the University after writing JAMB (Joint Admission and Matriculation Board) for four times. This was like a dream come true because it was unbelievable that at last, I could gain admission into the higher institution considering that, I never failed my JAMB but then, I couldn't explain the mystery behind not gaining admission.

While all this was going on I was praying. Prior to the time I got admission, I had a dream that I would have died if I had gotten admission much earlier. This dream was the antidote to my

pain because the delay in admission was a mystery considering my excellent performance back then in secondary school. It became a reality that God's ways are not our ways, He has a perfect plan for us and delay is not denial.

I wanted to study medicine as a kid but then, I got admitted to study Biochemistry. During the years I spent before gaining admission, God helped me and I was able to develop my entrepreneurial skill which turned out to be my lifesaver in the University.

I picked up the teaching profession to teach music. I would have loved to take English or Mathematics or any other regular subject but then, the entrepreneurial side of me influenced most of my decision as music was a very cool way to make money. You teach once in a week, four times a month and make between **₦10,000** to **₦15,000** Naira, coupled with the fact that I could combine this with two or three more schools and make more money for myself.

The adverse effect of this was that I will have to miss classes for completely two to three days a week. Well, I survived this in my first year due to my wonderful roommate who will always

support me with his books but then, in my second-year, reality dawned on me that I had to quit the job so I wouldn't fail in my courses. Focus is the hallmark of success.

I Identified with the Campus Fellowship. What's important for me was to get a Campus Fellowship where I will build my spirituality. The first fellowship I attended absorbed me immediately and they made me their keyboardist. In one of the church meetings, they came up with a plan to start paying instrumentalists, but money was not the goal of joining Fellowship. I left church everyday asking myself if I was really going to church. So I had to quit the fellowship in order to find another fellowship where the word of God was preached in truth and in spirit.

This was around the time I was seriously in dire need of money. In fact, at some point I couldn't pay my school fees but I thank God for some of my very good lecturers who loved me and helped me. Maybe I would have withdrawn from school

I started organizing free tutorials for younger grades students from my second year. I started menial jobs like writing. I was at the same time a street agent, helping those who needed

accommodation to get accommodation. The money I made from these businesses I used some in buying free past questions and materials and gave them to those who attended the class. I created a bio-data form where I will collect the data of the students to monitor their academic progress which helped me in mentoring quite a lot of students. My biggest hit then was when a lady who was running her Master's program saw me teaching in class on a fateful day class. While she stood by, she enjoyed every bit of the teaching and after the lecture, she invited me for a talk where she gave me the opportunity to come and lecture students who were also running their Master's program and were preparing for their forthcoming exams.

Honestly, this was unbelievable for me as I felt inferior. "How can I, a third year student be asked to lecture Master degree students who were about writing their final exams?" This was a game changer for me.

Backing down on challenges was never my style so I took up the task. I picked up relevant textbooks, studied and prepared for the lecture; I was in the class that day to lecture. I taught and I was paid handsomely for the lecture.

I was called several names some will call me Mentor, Father, Teacher, Professor, Director, Pastor, etc, depending on what side of me they first saw. I choose not to get distracted by those names because I know there were more things ahead.

This time, several responsibilities came on me. I was the Academic Director of the Fellowship and the Department, and I needed to give my support to those at the faculty level and beyond my faculty, Thank God I had friends from other faculty who supported the vision and many were impacted through this tutorial session. We conducted mock exams, seminars, talk shows. A lot of testimonies came through that means.

Gradually, I began to lose The "Earthworm Status" as I became friendlier, social and Godly, now seeing life from a different perspective. It became done on me that I needed to build myself both in career and entrepreneurship.

One lucky evening, I was going home and as I began to ponder on what I could start as a business; so many business ideas in. I stumbled on an idea on how to professionalize the old job I was doing in connecting students to their desired career. So I started this and unbelievably, I made my first million. With this, I supported some of my friends in paying their school fees,

assisted my family, paid my tithe, and also purchased a landed property.

And then, I invested the rest in my business. Today Rent Naija is already a glowing and growing business. I believe it's only a matter of time it will get to compete with international brands in the real estate industry.

During my undergraduate days, I attended seminars, trainings, workshops and I had my first flight trip as an undergraduate and I became the ambassador of South Africa at the Nigerian International Tertiary Institution Model United Nations **2017**, I served as the Rapporteur of the African Union and the General assembly.

Crowning this up was an actualization of a vision I had long nursed, which is to establish an organization that will impact the lives of young minds in my generation. This became a reality as I met another young lady who had the same vision but had lost courage due to the discouragement from people she was seeking advice from. She has sought advice from several persons which only ended up frustrating the vision she had.

In one of the conference meetings I attended, during the panel session, I saw this worried lady who was walking towards my direction. She came and sat close to me and we exchanged greetings and she rolled out her worries in the form of questions. She was asking about the possibility of starting an NGO and having the Maiden Edition of her program within a space of three months before her graduation. Immediately, I told her yes! And that it is possible, but the possibility of this vision lies in the hands of the vision bearer, not in the hands of the vision hearers.

Immediately, courage came in, and in a space of two to three weeks the NGO was founded which was named Made Easy Organization, an organization that focuses on personal branding, leadership, public speaking, proposals, and grant writing. We have the maiden edition of the event which brought together young minds that are willing to discover and develop their God-given skills. This event was published in the newspapers and got several persons in the school environment talking about the impact of that program in their life.

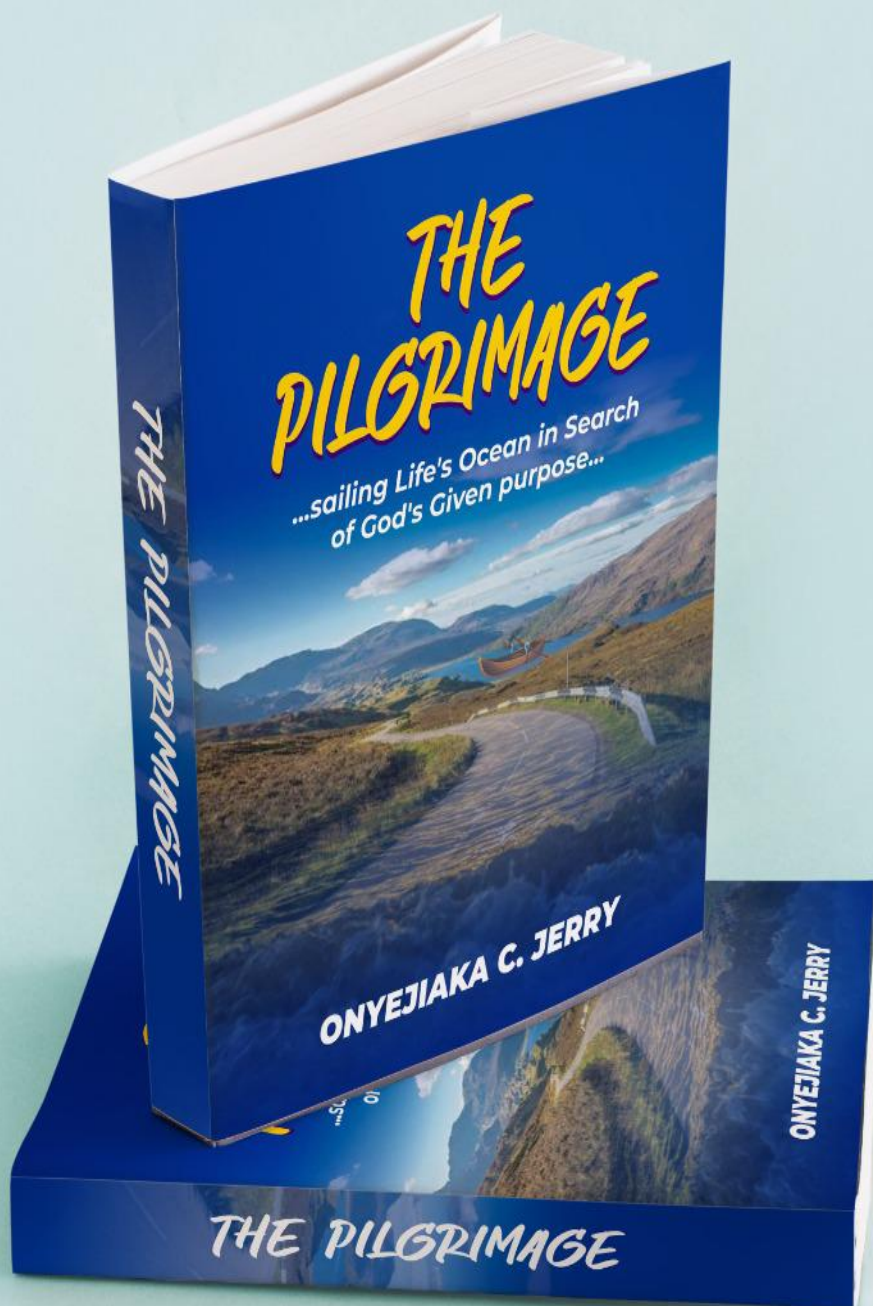
The summary of my undergraduate days was a life spent selflessly serving God and serving humanity. At my convocation ceremony, I couldn't express the kind of love I found, as many lives who have been impacted, friends and family friends colleagues came to celebrate with me with a lot of gift items.



The Publication of the Maiden Edition of Made Easy Organization on News Papers

KEYNOTE

- ❖ There is great virtue in delay sometimes I call it glorious delay.
- ❖ Learn to seek the will of God in all you do.
- ❖ Keep pushing regardless of how little your effort may be on a daily basis.
- ❖ The Return On Investment (R.O.I) of selfless service is unimaginable.



EPISODE FIVE

VISION FOR NIGERIA AND AFRICA

The greatest mistake in life is the one which we learned nothing from or applied what we have learned to tackle current life challenges.

ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY



“So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts”. Psalm 90: 12,

Nigeria is in a dilapidated state. She is like a woman whose beauty fades as she grows old.

She is fast losing her global relevance. Most of our founding fathers rather than helping are involved in blame games which have not helped, but worsen the problem we have. It becomes foolish if we continue to blame our parents or the government for any misfortune we face. We must take the bull by the horn by being responsible.

Today's problem cannot be solved at
the same level of consciousness that
created them,

Albert Einstein.

Below is the poem I wrote on her **59th** Independence Celebration of Nigeria.

Nigeria!

My great country

Located on the map of Africa like the trigger on a gun.

Endowed to be the giant of Africa and crowned with natural resources.

Oh! Hear the sound of jubilation...

Alas! We gain independence, see the flag flying in the sky.

The sound of the trumpet here and there.

The military display is very excellent.

Independence speech about to be delivered.

"There is hope for our land, Nigeria."

The stories our fathers told us...

This **59** year old pregnancy is far too long for child delivery.

Hope....! Hope....!

Where are you?

Our fathers died without seeing you, now I am getting old myself. When will you finally come?

Maybe I am getting the picture wrong.

Wait! Let me ask, who is Nigeria?

Nigeria is our government.

Nigeria is a large geographical area located in West Africa.

Hmm!

Nigeria is our flag.

Nigeria should definitely be our country.....

Haha

This is what our fathers had in mind and they died without seeing hope.

Who then is Nigeria?!

I am a Nigerian and you are a Nigerian.

Wow! I have been forced to believe that hope is coming when I am hope myself.

It is high time I take responsibility knowing that Nigeria will never be better until I decide to be better myself because I am Nigeria and you are Nigeria.

Now that I know that I am a Nigerian.

It is time for me to fight, to strive, to push through life obstacles... till I gain my independence.

This fight is not about burning the neighbourhood or fighting my colleagues of the opposite religion, or of a different ethnic group, or destroying government properties.

This is the time to fight my limitations.

It is time to fight my fears.

It is time to fight my obstacle.

Till I win.

Because if I fail to win as a person, then we lose as a nation.

But if I win as a person, then it becomes a collective victory.

Conclusively, until we strive to gain our personal independence, only then can we collectively gain our independence as a nation.

KEYNOTE:

- ❖ The change we seek is seeded in us.
- ❖ It is insanity to expect a different result with the same approach that causes the problem.
- ❖ The change we seek to happen in our nation is delayed because of you.
- ❖ Responsibility is first personal before generally does your part sooner or later others will follow suit.

EPISODE SIX

VISION FOR NIGERIA AND AFRICA

You are the only person that can stop you

ONYEJIAKA C. JERRY



Don't let the fear of losing be greater than
the excitement of winning.

Robert Kiyosaki

It is imperative to point out that, freedom in life is only earned by "fighting", though our fight differs from person to persons. For some like me, the fight may be poverty, unstable home or for others it may be sickness or bad habit, but we must fight

However, victory in a fight is not always determined by the "size of the man in the fight", but by the "size of the fight in the man".

In life, no one is born a winner or a loser, but rather a chooser.

The question is how far are you willing to go to put an end to the suffering you are facing right now? Bear in mind that Godliness and integrity must come first.

So keep fighting, keep pushing, keep dreaming and keep daring.

One day, your fear will begin to fear you. You will take charge of your territory if you don't give up.

Taking cognizance of the fact that nobody is born useless, every one of us has a different story to tell. Some persons have gone through worse situations than I went through. One question that I keep asking myself whenever the temptation to give up comes to my mind is "Are there people who have gone through worst situation than I? Are there people who know nobody, have fewer resources than I do and still made it to the top? If you are sincere, you will find out the answer is yes! Yes, someone did.

I have missed more than 9000 shots in my career. I have lost almost 300 games; 26 times I have been trusted to take the game-winning shots and missed. I have said it over and over again in my life and that is why I succeed

Michael Jordan

If we understand the fact that we are debtors, though our debts differ, we will do everything possible within our power to pay as much debt we can before we die.

Onyejiaka C Jerry

If this is the case, I dare not give up. We all, including you reading this book are debtors to your generation. We must all decide to die empty.

Perspire to acquire the desire which you
admire. Never retire in other not to expire

Pastor Dr. Kumuyi

KEYNOTE

- ❖ You need to keep your faith to get to your fate.
- ❖ Everything we fear, fears us, so don't give up.
- ❖ Vision is key in any race find it and keep it

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Jerry Onyejiaka is a business and a passionate leader who believes in helping people find their God's given purpose. A development expert, experienced founder with a demonstrated history of working in the real estate industry, skilled in business development consultancy, digital marketing, creative writing, business advising, and team management.

He is the founder of Rent Naija, a firm that connects accommodation/ property finders to their desired property by leveraging on digital tools. He started this firm with less than **20\$** in mid-**2018**.

He is also the co-founder of Made Easy, a firm that focuses on personal branding, leadership, public speaking, proposal and grant writing.

His professionalism has caught the fancy of many noble elites in the society ranging from educationists, Nollywood actors, politicians to mention a few, in and out of Nigeria.

He loves and teaches music with skilled knowledge in four musical instruments. He is a child of God.