IBADAN VARSITY CHRISTIAN UNION (IVCU-NIFES)

TENURE: MINISTERS OF CHRIST

PRACTICAL DISCUSSION

Anchor Scriptures: Judges 8:17-22, Proverbs23:7, Isaiah 53(TLB), John21:19-25, Acts 20: 26-32, 1Pet2:1-12

As I lay on my bed after the long discussion with Yinka on the subject of walking in the spirit, I was both encouraged and afraid. You would not understand, even my best friend does not. How could he when he is from a strong Christian home. My story is much different.

I grew up with a dad that is an alcoholic and a mother that only used God as a respite for her sorrows. I gave my life to Jesus in the university about three years ago and there was a joy that accompanied it. However, the balloon burst just about some months later when I received a call from home that dad had beaten mum blue-black again. I couldn’t do my quiet time the next morning. Some days later, the lust I had successfully battled in the past came back, and this time I had no defence; I fell flat. So much for all my victory over the flesh!

After then, I found myself in what seemed like a roller coaster. There were days I really enjoyed my quiet time, the worship was fantastic, God’s presence was real, my tongues would go vibrating the room and His Joy was around me all day. And there were days I would hardly spend ten minutes, the scripture became boring and meaningless, I doze off when I try to pray. Then there were days when the moment I think of quiet time and prayer, a lot of other things would take my attention. The cycle seemed unending. At a point, I had to learn ‘Christonastics’ – all the gymnastics during prayers, the running around during programs and all the other nonsense to hide the leanness of my spirit. How I wished my lies were truths like that of my best friend, Yinka. He has changed genuinely so much in the short time we both received Christ and I am just trying to barely keep up.

For one last deliberate moment, I tried to pick my bible one last time to see whether it would make some sense. As I opened Galatians to start studying, my phone rang. Yinka broke the news that I would have to retake a course because I had failed again. I was dejected! I thought, at least I prayed sincerely to God about this; perhaps He doesn’t care about me.

Nowadays, I have perfected my Christonastics. I don’t really remember when last I prayed privately with consistency or had a correct quiet time, in fact the only time I really study my bible is during bible study or meetings. I am beginning not to care anymore, but I really want to be like Yinka; such effortless growth! Perhaps it is because Yinka is “special” or because I am not chosen to walk at that plane, like my teenage church pastor used to say at my home church. I have fought the thoughts many times but maybe he is right? Maybe Yinka is one of the few people God has chosen.