

Original:

## Chapter 2: Me Too

As the last of 9 siblings, growing up was mostly fun. By the time I came, my parents were no longer as strict so I was able to get away with many of the things my older siblings couldn't.

My amazing and selfless Yoruba parents opened up their home as a hub for many. We had children of close relative living with us. Lunch was cooked in excess because guests would always show up at the nick of time. Sometimes even travellers (known and unknown) would sleep over at our house. Not only were all the 4 rooms usually occupied, our living room was also frequently turned into a sleeping area many nights.

When I was much younger I actually didn't really know which of the bigger brothers were my biological siblings. It was a large family. And for many years, I was always the youngest of the bunch. As much as it was fun, I had some pain too. One pain I had was that because I was always surrounded by many who were much older than me, my opinions were usually not smart enough. I remember feeling like whatever I thought or said wouldn't make sense. I wanted to matter but how do I get to have a say when everyone around me was much older and smarter?

By the time I was a teenager, I could hardly wait to have my freedom, to be able to think for myself and to make decisions for me, to choose whatever I wanted without having to submit to so called wiser counsel from everyone.

While I was trying to matter, many of the things that I was excited about or stressed about were not concerning for people around me. Adults were busy doing important stuffs, or at least that's what I thought. I was the one that always wanted to play and wanted playful moments. I wished someone would pay attention to me in my own way but everyone was busy trying to figure life out.

I was an exceptional student in primary school (elementary) and was good enough in secondary (high school). I remember there was a time this guy came to live in my house, I think I was in the senior Secondary class 2 (grade 9). His Dad was a friend to my Dad and I think his dad was a school principal out in a more rural neighbouring village. Though his accent was not as refined, I noticed he was very smart. He became my big brother for the few months he stayed with us. He would study next to me at the dining table and show me how to solve tough maths questions. I gained more confidence in tackling higher level mathematics just by watching him. That helped me.

However, for some reason by the time I got to UNI, things had begun to go down south. I was still very smart and intelligent but no longer exceptional academically. Prior to gaining the admission into The university, I started the processes involved with traveling to US for studies. Of course I had watch many American movies by this time and would prefer to study abroad. I actually wanted it badly but somehow the process did not fall through. So I reluctantly accepted the offer to study Botany at the Obafemi Awolowo University in the same town I grew up.

The plan was to do the first year as a botany student and change over to study Pharmacy in my second year. Why Pharmacy you may ask. Well, I don't know. Besides the fact that one of my acquired

senior brothers studied pharmacy and I loved it each time he came home in his lab coat and that he gave me my very first Rubix Cube, I don't know any other reason why pharmacy. Anyway, my pharmacy plans never actually come through. In short, I failed my first year of Botany and almost got sent out of school due to my poor academic performance.

Meanwhile, before I was offered the admission to study Botany, a family friend, who was also a teacher in the Accounting department offered me the option of studying Accounting, but the Science student's arrogance in me made me turn down the offer without even considering it.

And, after failing at Science, the same family friend (Accounting Prof) was the one who came to my rescue. I got another chance to start again in the Management and Accounting department I had previously turned down about a year prior.

Well, I wish I can tell you that I was exceptional in Accounting but nah! Not quite. I struggled through my time in the Accounting program. I even failed an essential course (pre-requisite to many others) that kept me in school for another extra year. Any who, I eventually passed and finished with a just-ok result. All along I knew there was more to my life than a career in Accounting. I believed I had more to offer and began the search to find meaning in life. I tried different businesses, I noticed I enjoyed doing businesses. Thank God for my family and friends, I started various businesses before I got married, invested a lot of money, made some money but still I knew there was more.

I remember having visions of how I would be helping people around the world. I remember telling my Dad once that I would one day be on CNN one day. I think that was my own way of saying that my work will become so important and that it would cut across cultures and borders. And I remember how I used to connect well with the story of Joseph in the bible. The great-grandson of Abraham, who knew he was made for a bigger purpose but instead had series of experiences that were completely opposite to what he saw in his dreams.

Fast forward a few years later, I moved to Canada to join the man that loves me more than any other, my sweetheart, Ade.

Beautiful country... it was like a dream come true but somehow harder than I thought it would be. I needed to learn the new culture, I needed to make ends meet, a new baby was soon on the way, everything seemed to be moving faster than I wished and still I haven't nailed what on earth was I made for.

I considered continuing my accounting carrier, I took some classes at Concordia University, but that didn't help either. I tried to find Accounting Jobs and later took some other related jobs. I especially liked my job as a Financial advisor. I was helping people structure their finances. I loved what I was doing but somehow I still felt there was more. I wanted to affect the lives of many people with my unique gifts.

Then Suddenly in 2011, I lost my big brother. I was extremely in shock and didn't believe He was actually gone for real. I couldn't believe that life was so flimsy. This was a big wake up call for me. Life is so short and so flimsy. I began to ask myself the tough questions of life. If this was the end for me, would I be glad to go to my grave and go settle accounts in heaven. Would I say that I have used every gift I was given to make the world a better place? This was a tough time for me. I was grieving

the loss of my brother and trying to wrap my mind around it and was also struggling with answering major life's purpose questions.

Thankfully my hubby decided that I should travelled to Nigeria with my 2 boys to visit my parents after the loss. It was during that trip to Nigeria that I realized I had been living for the people and not for what I was designed for. That was when my childhood dreams started coming back to life.

I quit my job one month after returning home to Canada, My boss had another better plan, got me a job with about 70% increase in pay, better benefit plans and all. How could I say NO to such offer? It was hard but somehow God opened my eyes to a glimpse of what was ahead, I was able to do a comparison of what I saw in my dreams to life of somewhat slavery again to another employer that wasn't going in the direction I felt I was made to go, I couldn't but turn down the offer.

I embraced God fully. Today I look back and give thanks to God. Now my family and I just hop and the plane and go wherever we believe God needs us. It's such a blessing to be influential in other people's journey to fulfilments. And finances is no longer an issue because not only are we helping people to know the love of Christ for them around the world, we also solve real problems that people have and are desperately looking for real solutions to.

Back then I was looking for permission, I was looking for approval. Whoever was in front of me was in charge. No-one knew how weak I was on the inside because I am also a very reserved person and seemed to carry myself in a confident manner that makes people assume I knew what I was doing but deep down it wasn't true. I was seen as highly influential but I was always scared that people will soon find out I am not as strong as they thought I was.

I cared so much about the impression people got of me. I really wanted to be respected and this was the foundation of most of my decisions. For some reason I thought I wasn't good enough and needed to do more to get others to like me.

I shared my story here because this is the foundation for this book. For many years what I was looking forward to a day when I would suddenly have the sceptre, I was looking for someone to come an appoint me to become whom I was born to be. I was waiting for the permission to exist as ME. You will see throughout this book how I continued to search for this permission.

You may find that you relate personally to some portion of my story, that's ok. Just read along.

Have you always know you were made for more? You know you were not designed to have a traditional job and may be you would rather set your own schedule, you would prefer to find a group of people whom you can serve with your God given gifts. If you don't really love the life on the supposed rat race then keep reading.

You are not alone and you are at the right place, at the right time. This book will help you find clarity in the area of why you are here on earth. Many people, like you know quite alright that they were created to make a difference but for some reason are not been able to nail it.

Quick question for you before you continue reading: What if you found out tomorrow morning that you only have 3 more years to live, what would you do differently? Would you be ready to create the space and time necessary to embrace the real reason why you were created?

Pause for a few minutes and think about that. Would you?

Until you are ready to focus, you are not going to be able to become all you were made to be. You won't be able to earn a good living doing what you really love; but don't worry because in this book I am going to teach you how to get there as quickly as possible. It usually takes my clients just 60 days!

The solution is not to please everyone or to try to solve everyone's problems, the answer is to discover who God made you and why. The answer is to boldly embrace whom He made you, in order to become YOU, to take on your permission in Christ. Trust me, your permission is granted! The permission to be you is granted.

And your world is desperately missing that REAL you.

*Here's another way to put it: You're here to be light, bringing out the God-colors in the world. God is not a secret to be kept. We're going public with this, as public as a city on a hill. If I make you light-bearers, you don't think I'm going to hide you under a bucket, do you? I'm putting you on a light stand. Now that I've put you there on a hilltop, on a light stand—shine! Keep open house; be generous with your lives. By opening up to others, you'll prompt people to open up with God, this generous Father in heaven. Matthew 4: 14-16 MSG.*

Edited:

## Chapter 1:

Have you always believed you were meant for more? Known you were not designed to have a traditional job and that you would rather set your own schedule? Would you prefer to find a group of people whom you can serve with your God-given gifts?

There was a time I sought permission, sought approval. I looked to whoever was in front of me to be in charge. Memories of when I was a child, in fear of sounding ignorant when I shared my opinions, held me back from being the person I have become. No one knew how weak I felt on the inside, and I was terrified people would discover I was not as strong and confident as they all assumed I was.

I cared so much about the impression people had of me, and I wanted nothing more than to be respected. This need was the foundation for most of my life decisions. I thought I wasn't enough as I was, and that I needed to do more to get others to like and respect me.

For many years I looked forward to the day when I would have the sceptre. I waited for someone to appoint me to whom I was born to be, for permission to exist as me.

If you found out tomorrow that you only have three more years to live, what would you do differently? Would you be ready to embrace the reason you were created?

You are not alone. Know that you are in exactly the right place, at the right time. This book will help you find clarity in your purpose on earth, and provide you with the necessary tools to become the person you were always meant to be.

The solution is not to please everyone or to try to solve everyone's problems; the answer is to discover who God made you and why. You must boldly embrace whom He made you to be, and take on your permission in Christ. Trust me, your permission is granted! The permission to be you is granted. Your world is desperately missing that real you.

*Here's another way to put it: You're here to be light, bringing out the God-colors in the world. God is not a secret to be kept. We're going public with this, as public as a city on a hill. If I make you light-bearers, you don't think I'm going to hide you under a bucket, do you? I'm putting you on a light stand. Now that I've put you there on a hilltop, on a light stand—shine! Keep open house; be generous with your lives. By opening up to others, you'll prompt people to open up with God, this generous Father in heaven. (Matthew 5: 14-16 MSG.)*

## Chapter 2: Me Too

As a child, my home was full of family, friends, and unknown travelers of all ages. My selfless Yoruba parents opened their home as a hub for many. Never knowing how many visitors to expect, lunch

was cooked in excess, bedrooms were always prepared, and our living room was frequently turned into an additional sleeping area.

The youngest of nine siblings, growing up was mostly fun. By the time I was born, my parents were not as strict, and I got away with a lot. Unfortunately, being the youngest in a large, extended family also meant my opinions didn't matter as much. I remember feeling that I wasn't smart enough and whatever I thought or said wouldn't make sense. I just wanted to matter, to be able to think for myself and make decisions for myself, but how could I have the freedom to make my own decisions and choose what I wanted without having to submit to "wiser" counsel? How do I get to have a say when everyone around me is much older and smarter?

As a teenager, many of the things I was excited about or stressed about were not concerning for the people around me. The adults were busy trying to figure out life while I was still wanting to play and have playful moments, and I wished any of them would just pay attention to me.

I was an exceptional student in primary school (elementary) and good enough in secondary (high school). When I was in Secondary class 2 (grade 9), the son of a family friend came to stay with us. He would study next to me at the dining table and show me how to solve tough maths questions. He was very smart, and I gained more confidence in tackling higher level mathematics just by watching him.

By the time I got to UNI, the coursework was much more difficult. I was still very intelligent but no longer academically outstanding. Prior to gaining admissions into Obafemi Awolowo University, I applied to study in the United States. To prepare myself, I watched many American movies and there was just something about America that called to me. I wanted it so badly, but it did not happen.

Upon hearing that I would not be heading to the US to study, a family friend, who taught Accounting, offered me a spot in his program; the scientist in me wouldn't even consider it. Reluctantly, I accepted the offer of admissions to study Botany at the university in the same town I grew up.

I planned to study botany my first year and then switch to pharmacy in my second year. I only chose pharmacy because of fond memories associated with one of our many house guests who also studied pharmacy. Like an older brother, I loved it each time he came home in his lab coat; he even gave me my very first Rubix Cube. Unfortunately, that plan didn't work out, as I failed my first year of botany and almost got expelled due to my poor academic performance.

After failing at science, the family friend that taught Accounting came to my rescue by offering me another chance to enroll in the Management and Accounting department.

While I wish I could say I was exceptional in accounting, I struggled through the program and failed an essential pre-requisite course that required an extra year of schooling. I eventually graduated and began a career in accounting, but I knew there was something else out there for me and that I had more to offer.

I began searching to find meaning in my life. With the support of my friends and family, I started various businesses and invested a lot of money, but I still knew I was meant for something more.

I had always connected with the story of Joseph in the Bible. Joseph knew he had a higher purpose in life but experienced many trials contrary to his dreams. I would have visions of helping people around the world, and I remember telling my dad that I would one day be on CNN. That was my way of saying my work would become so important it would reach across cultures and borders.

A few years later, I moved to Canada to join my sweetheart, Ade. A beautiful country, it was like a dream come true, but harder than I expected. With a baby on the way, I needed to learn a new culture and find a way to make ends meet; everything seemed to be moving too fast and I was still struggling to find my purpose.

I considered continuing my accounting career and took some classes at Concordia University. I eventually landed a job as a financial advisor that I especially enjoyed. I was helping people structure their finances, and while I loved what I was doing, I still wasn't satisfied. I wanted to use my unique gifts to affect a wider array of people.

After the sudden and unexpected death of my big brother. I was in extreme shock and denial – he couldn't possibly be gone. A pivotal moment for me, it made me realize how fragile and fleeting life could be. I began to ask myself the tough questions: if this was the end for me, would I be satisfied with the life I led?. Could I say I used every gift I possessed to make the world a better place? While grieving the loss of my brother, I sought to answer these questions.

Thankfully, my husband suggested I travel to Nigeria with my two boys to visit my parents. It was during that trip I realized I had not been living to my full potential. Being in my childhood home, surrounded by my family, the dreams I had as a child stirred within me.

Upon returning home to Canada, I quit my job. I was offered a significant increase to my salary and better benefits to stay, but I knew I had to decline. God had opened my eyes to what life could be, and I could not continue to be a slave to a job that did not fulfill my purpose in life.

I embraced God wholeheartedly. I give thanks to God every day for the life I now lead with my family, going where we believe He needs us most. It is such a blessing to be an influential guide in another person's journey to fulfillment. Not only are we helping people to discover the love of Jesus Christ, we also strive to solve problems and empower others to help themselves.