



MY NYSC JOURNAL

Elizabeth Tolulope Egbeniyi

MY NYSC DIARY

(One (1) Year Compulsory Service)

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Email: elizabethegbeniyi@gmail.com

Facebook: Elizabeth Tolulope Egbeniyi

Instagram: [elizabethegbeniyi](https://www.instagram.com/elizabethegbeniyi)

Blogs: <https://botapreneur.com>

<https://goldenteenscorner.com>

Cover Design and Book design by: Elizabeth Tolulope Egbeniyi

(+234) 810 244 8640

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Almighty God, the author and finisher of my faith.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To whom all glory and honour is due, the creator of Heaven and Earth: I say thank you Daddy. Truly, without God, I am nothing. I will always say that God is indeed faithful and I am eternally grateful.

To my beloved parents and siblings: Thank you for your support, love, care, advice and prayers. I know you prayed. You did and your prayers weren't in vain. Dad, special thanks for your help in transporting my loads to and from Ogun State. Mum, thanks for the sacrifice of following me to the park on the days I left for camp and when I collected my certificate.

To David Oduniyi: Words fail me really. You tried. Even before the registration, you were hopeful I would serve in Ogun State. You pushed me to achieve lots of things and also never allowed me get lost inside the cities of Lagos State.

To Corper Rizqat, Corper Dorcas, Corper Tosin and Corper Dotun: What is NYSC without you people? I'm grateful to God for making our paths cross. Thanks for making the service year a memorable one.

To Pastor and Mrs Ajana: I am still in awe of the kind of persons you are. Only God will reward all your labour of love abundantly.

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To my bestie Modupe Odeyemi: Baby girl, you prayed for me and you had my back. I can't love you less.

To Joy Adama: Thanks for being a friend that sticks closer than a sister. You came all the way to Sango Otta to check on me. It's indeed a sacrifice I won't forget.

To Mrs Lizzy Oyebola Yakubu: Thank you for your suggestion(s) ma and for all you do generally. I'm grateful for the gift of you, my queen.

To everyone that made my service year memorable: I say a big THANK YOU to you all. I wouldn't be able to write down all names. For as many as I came across in one way or rendered any kind of help at one point or the other, thank you.

To you reading this book: Thank you for reading. May you be blessed beyond measures as you read through.

INTRODUCTION

I was in the church on a particular Sunday (16th of February, 2020) when the idea to write about my NYSC experience and some other articles dropped on my mind. Right where I was seated, the 7 chapters also dropped and I quickly wrote all of them down at the back of my special book.

I got home and told a friend of mine I was going to share about the faithfulness of God to me during this service year and that was it. I didn't do anything about it afterwards. I was only recording the experiences in my head.

I kept checking the special book every now and then but did nothing.

Exactly 2 weeks to the day of POP, it dawned on me that I had not been so serious. As at then, I had got ideas for 5 other books as well but did nothing. By God's grace, this is to tell you that there are more books (some would be free while some would not) to come. I was busy at the time but I knew it was imperative for me to start writing. Eventually, I woke up exactly on the 22nd of May, 2020 (6 days to the Passing Out Parade Day) to start writing this book.

It was indeed God that gave me the grace to write. I had to write, edit and read over and over again. The determination and encouragement from my friend pushed me to write as well. More importantly, the need to bless lives through my experience and instruction from above birthed this book.

I might not have written exactly ALL that happened within the space of one year but I made sure I wrote the important things. I hope as you read through every line and check through every page, you will be greatly blessed and inspired.

~Elizabeth Tolulope Egbeniyi~

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER 1

PREPARATION AND REGISTRATION

CHAPTER 2

ORIENTATION CAMP

CHAPTER 3

PRIMARY PLACE OF ASSIGNMENT

CHAPTER 4

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT SERVICE

CHAPTER 5

FELLOWSHIP AND RELATIONSHIP

CHAPTER 6

ACHIEVEMENTS AND FAILURES

CHAPTER 7

PASSING OUT PARADE

GENERAL LESSONS

PHOTO SESSION

CONNECT WITH LIZZY



CHAPTER 1



PREPARATION AND REGISTRATION

PREPARATION

I had always wished that NYSC (National Youth Service Corps) program would have been scraped before I finished my study.

The reason isn't farfetched. I had the fear of going far away from home. However, reality dawned on me that it was of necessity that I serve my fatherland. I began to hear people discuss and analyze different states.

Some said they preferred Abuja, Lagos, Kano, Port Harcourt, Ogun and some other selected states. However, if you had asked Lizzy the state she wanted, she'd simply say SHE DOESN'T KNOW. And really, I never knew. I was so clueless of what I wanted.

On a particular day during Taxonomy class held by the Head of my Department, he mentioned a botanical garden in Abuja. He said he knew the woman in charge of the garden and that one of our senior colleagues happened to do his service there and was even retained afterwards. He then said that anyone interested in going there should reach out to him.

I was happy and thought I had finally known what I wanted. Serving at a botanical garden seemed like a good idea and a perfect choice. I'd have the chance to widen my knowledge about plants.

Shortly afterwards, my parents started asking me on what I wanted and I gladly told them about Abuja. They started praying along immediately.

My hope was dashed the day I went to meet the Head of my Department. Although, he accepted to help me call the woman but he said the woman doesn't provide accommodation for Corp Members. She only provides accommodation for internship students.

Whereas, the garden is very far from the city. So, he simply said if I wouldn't be getting a chance to live very close to the garden, I should not be nursing the idea of serving there at all. His reason was that it will cost more to live faraway. Abuja is sure an expensive place to live in and how much is a Corp Member receiving?

Not long after that, my dad also informed a big mummy about the decision. Her own suggestion too was similar to what my H.O.D said. To her, Abuja is too expensive to live except my dad was ready to pay extra sacrifice of providing all I'd need.

That was how my hope for Abuja started reducing. That meant I needed to redirect my prayers and also strategize again. My course

mates started talking about posting. Most of them actually wanted to serve in Lagos.

"Yes, Lagos is a good option. If I can't go to Abuja, Lagos is also a beautiful place to serve"; I had thought within myself.

You may want to ask why I even wanted Abuja or Lagos. It is simply because these states have been classified as the best in the country. There are so many opportunities one can easily grab in these States. Don't get me wrong, other States also have their own potentials.

That was how my love to serve in Lagos started increasing. However, I began to hear the story that Lagos used to be very competitive. Many do work their way just to get Lagos State. I made sure to inform my parents about my new decision.

When the time for registration was drawing close, reality began to dawn on me that Lagos might not actually work out. And I never wished to work out my posting. I'd rather redeploy than work it out from the beginning.

I also believed that God will surely direct me to wherever He wanted me to be. Yes, He has always done that in time past. So, I was rest assured. But at the same time, I had silently wished not to be far from home. If at all I wished to go far away from home, my daddy would not agree.

On many occasions, I teased my dad about the fact that I'd get posted to serve in the North. My dad's reply had always been that it is not possible." Oh daddy, you can't be so sure. If I get posted to the North, I won't love to redeploy because I know I must have been posted there by permission from God." I had always said.

My daddy will simply say that we should just wait and see and that the will of God be done.

To cut the long story short, the love to serve in Lagos State started growing so deep in my heart. The love however reduced drastically when I thought of the stressful kind of life in Lagos.

I once had the opportunity to stay in Lagos for one week before and I concluded there and then that Lagos isn't for me. Sincerely, Lagos is stressful and I do appreciate those that live there. That was how I concluded that I don't want Lagos anymore as well.

But what do I want?

I really didn't know.

On a particular day, I called my dad to just mention any 4 states he would want me to choose. He said he would get back to me and went to pray about it. He eventually called and told me to choose Edo, Kaduna, Ogun and Lagos States.

I made my search about these 4 states though I already zeroed my mind from going to Lagos. I also zeroed my mind from going to Ogun State as well because I felt it wasn't possible for me to be posted there since I've lived and studied all through in the South West.

Out of the remaining 2 choices, Edo state was the only appealing State to me. You know! Edo is not so far like Kaduna.

I started telling people around me that I will serve in Edo State. I was really confident about it. I was just trying to confess what I wanted.

Along the line, someone already told my dad of how great Ogun State is and that his son also served there. However, being posted

to Ogun State wasn't real to me. I would be posted to the North was all I could think of.

That person told me to send my details to someone that could help me work the posting to Edo State that I already fell in love with and that I could always redeploy back to Ogun State if I wished.

One of my roommates also affirmed that Ogun State is a great State. She was even planning to work her posting to Ogun State.

LESSON

I learnt that it is really good to know what one desires per time. It will definitely save one of many heartaches, indecisions and confusions. Know what you want and consult God to know if it is His will.

When you are not decisive, you'll always be tossed to and fro and would also adjust to people's opinions easily.

REGISTRATION

The day of registration eventually came. It was on a Saturday. Before then, people had speculated that anyone who would love to serve in big cities like Abuja and Lagos must make sure to register during the midnight when the portal would be opened. It was assumed that by daybreak, the slots for those states would be filled up.

Lo and behold, something happened. University of Ibadan students couldn't register. It was said that the school had an issue with the results they sent to NYSC. That made most of the students very sad and anxious especially those that wanted to pick Lagos and Abuja.

We were eventually told to wait till Monday. All hope was lost for many. "The only places that would be available to choose by Monday will definitely be the northern states", that was the thought of many.

However, on Sunday evening, we all got the information that our portals were eventually opened.

I remember I was at my grandfather's place (somewhere called Ajibode in Ibadan, outside the school but still part of the University

area kind of) on that particular day. Immediately I got the news, I rushed down to school.

Some of us had earlier planned to do the registration together and by ourselves. So, we had sourced for a thumb-print scanner.

On getting there, they all decided to attend to me first. I was the only female as the other sister couldn't come. Besides, I had to get back home early as the gate that leads to where I was staying closes by 9pm.

We started the registration around 5:30p.m or thereabout but we were just experiencing one issue or the other. At first, it was the scanning machine that wasn't working. Later, we had issues with uploading of my passport as all pictures used were been rejected.

8p.m, we were still on it.

9p.m, we were still there.

I didn't know whether I was to cry or laugh. It was already late and I had not achieved anything meaningful and obviously the gate for

the shortest place that leads to where I was staying would have been locked.

We eventually got the registration done around 10:30p.m. Just like you would have imagined, Lagos was not even part of the options I could pick from. I eventually settled for Ogun State, Edo State, Kwara State and Kaduna States.

After the registration, how I would get home became the next challenge. There was no where I could even stay within the school as the female hostels were locked already. Only the male hostels were still in partial operation. Guys will always have their ways actually. Sleeping in the church was also not an option for me.

The only option left for me was to go through the school main gate which obviously was a longer route that leads to where I was staying. It was really late as well.

I got to the school gate only to meet an empty area. Everywhere was dark and scary. Only few people were moving around. I was only praying to God in my mind to allow me get home safely.

Eventually, I got a cab that took me to a place called Ajibode junction. And from Ajibode junction, I would take the last cab going to Ajibode. Lo and behold, I got to Ajibode junction only to meet no cab but there were numerous passengers who were mostly men.

The bike men that were available said all the cab men had closed for the day and they also weren't ready to go to that side anymore.

Would I now sleep on the road?

I became extremely scared.

Passengers began to jump on any available bike that passed. I was just praying to God to send a bike across my way too. My das and some of my friends that knew I was out were calling me consistently to know if I had reached home. They were praying for me and assured me that I'll get home safely.

After a while, one of the men out of the remaining passengers stopped a bike and asked to join him on the bike. It was one mind with faith in God that made me join the bike. I was just imagining how probable it was that the man had ulterior motives.

I had to just put that thought aside and put my faith in God because really, I couldn't imagine staying behind any longer. As we journeyed, the man asked why I was still outside at that time of the day. He spoke so nicely and introduced himself as Ayo. At the end of it all, he wasn't a wicked person like I had thought.

He got to his destination before me and alighted while the bike man took me to my own bus stop; which was the last bus stop. After alighting, I still had to trek some distance before I got to where I was staying. You need to see how I walked briskly as if someone was chasing me.

On getting home, I couldn't but just thank God for leading me home safely. I can't remember the exact time I got home but it should be some minutes after 11p.m. I doubt if I had ever been that late outside all alone in my entire life. I don't wish to experience such again. My friend (Joy) couldn't sleep till I got home. It was around that time when kidnapping was rampant in the area. If I had known things would work out that way, I wouldn't have thought of going to school at all.

LESSON

It is God that guides and keeps. We need to trust Him all the time. However, never tempt God nor risk your life by doing or being in a situation that could be dangerous.

Although, there might be unforeseen circumstances like mine where you might be in a position of danger or risk. In situations like that, let your faith be in God.

THE POSTING

The day we were meant to check where we've been posted to came very fast. I checked and what I saw baffled me. I had been posted to **OGUN STATE**.

I actually thought it was a dream. I had to check and recheck. It was too real to believe. The same Ogun State I'd thought I will have to redeploy to. Dad and mum weren't home the night I got the posting letter but I couldn't hide my excitement as I rushed to give them a call.

It was later we got to know that the person I'd sent my details to work my placement didn't do anything about it.

LESSONS

1) I have learnt over and over again that God's ways are different from our ways. Imagine how I was busy stressing myself to find my way into Abuja or Lagos State.

2) I learnt to fully trust in God and let Him take the lead. My dear reader, God should be the first and last resort in every situations of our life. Some people might feel informing God about where to serve is a small thing one can handle by oneself.

No! It shouldn't be that way. Every part of our life needs to be handed over to God.

3) Never try to work things out for yourself, allow Him do the working for you.



CHAPTER 2



ORIENTATION CAMP

CAMP PREPS

We got our posting letter on that Friday night and were meant to report to camp the following Tuesday morning. That meant that I had just 3 days to get prepared.

There was a list circulating at that time that contained all the essential things one needed to take along to camp. I wrote them out and presented the list to my parents. As I couldn't get many of what were on list at where we live, I had to leave for Ibadan with my mum in order to get some of those things ready.

I made sure all my documents together with photocopies were complete. Let me quickly chip this in: I'd always advise prospective Corp Members to prepare ahead for orientation camp. I had to do a last minute preparation and it didn't help at all.

The white shorts I got were all too shapeless and short for me. I wasted more than #2000 to buy shorts that I couldn't wear. Whereas if I had prepared earlier, I would have sown the shorts from a tailor to suit my size and comfort.

So, for prospective Corp Members and students, kindly make enquiries of things you might need in camp and prepare adequately beforehand. My parents also bought different drugs for me.

Anti this! Anti that!

I mean Anti-malaria drugs, flagyl and all. I was going to an entire new environment where I'd take new foods, water, etc, so I needed to prepare against any reaction although I didn't get to use most of the drugs eventually. Instead, I became a distributor of drugs to people. Some of the drugs stayed for months before I eventually threw them away.

I used flagyl most often. To be honest, camp foods disturbed my system so much; hence, I needed to use flagyl more. One particular thing that I regretted not taking along was pain relief cream.

The morning parades, drills and activities left my body aching that I had to cry at a point. The stress was just too much, camp clinic wasn't so helping as they rarely gave one enough cream to use.

So, dear prospective Corp member, if there is anything you shouldn't miss taking along, it is a pain relief cream. Neurogesic is a perfect option to go for.

Don't forget to take mosquito net along as well. You never know the state of the camp you'll be going to and it won't be nice if you get bitten by mosquitoes and get down with malaria.

On Tuesday morning, I left for Shagamu (the orientation camp). That would be first time I'd be travelling to another State apart from Oyo and Osun States on my own.

I got to camp around 12 noon. On getting to the gate, we had to go through checks of our loads by soldiers at two different points. It was painful to know that I have to scatter my neatly arranged loads. I even lost a pair of my favourite slipper in the process.

When I entered the camp, I met a lady (Corper Duoye) that wore a vest with the inscription of Deeper Life Corpers' on it. She welcomed me warmly and I felt relaxed and I knew I'd not feel lost in a strange land.

I went ahead to get registered for my room. I silently prayed that I get a good place and God did answer my prayer. I had a nice bunk mate and the best set of roommates. After settling down and making sure I locked my bags, I proceeded to get my other registration done.

LESSON

Always prepare adequately ahead for the day of battle, although safety is of the Lord.

CAMP REGISTRATION

I encountered an issue at a point of registration. On my Jamb admission letter, my course of study was stated as Botany and Microbiology while on my posting letter, I had only Botany inscribed on it and they began to question why it was so.

I told them that Botany and Microbiology was initially a single course at the University of Ibadan, it was just some years ago that the courses we're spitted into two. In fact, the two departments still make use of the same building.

However, this people refused to agree and told me to go back to my school and sort it out. I was like 'these people should better be joking.

I inquired from some of my colleagues who were posted to other states and they said they weren't encountering anything of such at their end. The thought of going back to Ibadan was so sickening.

What will I even go back to do? I was sure my department couldn't have done anything about it. Even if they wanted to, that means

they would have to go JAMB office and rectify that. I knew it wasn't going to be an easy or one day job.

That was how I refused to go and was just praying to God for favour. After few minutes, I went back to the same point and you won't believe I was cleared without any further argument. It could have only been God truly. All I saw was DIVINE FAVOUR.

CAMP LIFE

That was how camping life started. I got my khaki kits, boots, socks, etc. People's khaki trousers were so big that it could nearly contain 2 of me but guess what? Mine fitted me so well that I didn't need to slim-fit it. People couldn't believe it. I knew God just favoured me again as I had no #2500 to slim fit anything.

Just imagine!

The tailors at the camp weren't too nice. How could one slim fit clothes that could have been done for the rate of #200 for #2500. The price later reduced as times went by but not lower than #1 000 still.

At this point, let me quickly chip it in again that it is best and advisable to take along things you'd need in camp as much as you can.

You know why?

This is simply because things are extremely expensive in camp and if you're not careful, you can become broke by the end of the third day, whereas, you're meant to stay for twenty one days in camp. I

need to tell you that I carried a bucket from home even though I still had to buy more from camp.

The 21 days in camp looked like 21 years. The regimented life there was something else. One really needs to be prepared in every area for the experience. From the morning devotions, drills, parades, rehearsals, lectures, skill acquisition programs, social activities, religious activities, hostel life were all new things entirely. It was just another world on its own, far different from school life itself. You won't even know what's going on outside the camp.

I could remember how people were fainting on the parade ground. I asked people around me on how people faint because I wished I could faint too. I was extremely tired, exhausted and feeling so uncomfortable under the scorching sun where we were having parade rehearsals for the swearing in. So, I wished I could faint too so that I would be excused from the parade.

Anyways, I thank God for strength.

Also, we were always having lectures upon lectures. Some were boring to me while some were interesting. Many do sleep during

lectures though. I wished I could as well but I knew I wouldn't be comfortable sleeping on a chair.

During one of the lecture periods, the king himself came to give a lecture about the culture of Yoruba land. He also cautioned us to be very careful of night movement as Ogun State is known for observing rituals regularly. And truly, they had one ritual rite even while we were still in camp. After camp, there were always broadcasts of different ritual rites holding at different places in the State. No wonder, it is even called OGUN State.

There was the aspect of Skills Acquisition and Entrepreneurship Development (SAED) Programme. That was what interested me the most in camp. I had learnt baking shortly before I went to camp. So, I decided to learn something else to add my knowledge and I chose Leather works.

We were taught how to make sandals and bags within 5 days and I was glad of the outcome I had. People including my parents and siblings were amazed at the shoe and bag I made. The trainer was such a good one. I'd wished for a PPA posting to Shagamu so I could continue my training with him. Maybe one day, I will still go deep into learning more of bag and shoe making.

Another part of the camping was the various social activities which I never attended. I knew none of what they did would interest me. The one we were forced to go for was the welcome party. On getting to the hall, I discovered that there was no vacant chair to sit on. I got discouraged and quietly went to stay in front of the clinic as we were not allowed to go inside the hostel. It was as if I would freeze to death that night. I think I even cried.

After that day, I always made sure I get back into the hostel before the trumpet will be blown to come out for any social activity. I will crawl into my bed, pull down my mosquito net and lay quietly. Normally, no one was meant to be in the hostel during social activities but I don't know how it happened. All I know is that I stayed in the hostel throughout. At times, soldiers will chase us out but some of us will still find our ways back inside. I loved my State Coordinator though, she is indeed a mother. She was very considerate. She placed priority on the welfare of every Corp Member. Of course, not all can stay late in the cold dark night.

In camp, only 3 fellowship gatherings were allowed. The NCCF (which is the general Christian fellowship), NACC (Catholic fellowship) and MCAN (Muslim Fellowship). So, it was expected that all Christians (except Catholics) go for NCCF programs, the Catholic go for their fellowship while the Muslim also go for their fellowship.

For the days that I attended NCCF programs, I greatly enjoyed the services. However, some fellowships do have meetings with their members of which I was a part of my fellowship meetings, this came through once in a while though. Not fellowship per say (as the camp itself is against that) but a kind of meeting to discuss and know the welfare of everyone. Corper Peace, Corper Tijani, Corper Emmanuel and Corper Duoye were always making sure I never missed out. I thank God for these ones.

Of course, this is so needed as it is essential to be in the midst of people that will help one not to lose spiritual focus because to be sincere, people get lost just within 21 days of being in camp.

Camp is another place where evil is widely been propagated. It is a place where if one is not careful, one would get lost in the activities and barely have strong personal communication with God again.

I remembered a particular day while seated on a chair, a guy walked up to me and requested that I should allow him sit, then, he would lap me. I was like really?

"I'm sorry, I can't do such", I bluntly told him. His reply was "Are you a Deeper Life member" and I gladly said 'Yes'. Oh how happy I was that day.

That was one of the many things people (could) freely do but I couldn't.

In camp, I was always facing my business and going on my own lane, nevertheless, I still made few friends.

LESSONS

1) Camp life taught me that wherever one find himself/herself as a Christian, one should not lose his/her identity in Christ. Like I said, camp was an entire world on its own. You can choose to misbehave or not.

Be YOU. Be YOU in Christ. Know who you are.

2) Whenever you find yourself, never stay in isolation. Be close to those that will help you grow.

FEAR OF THE WATERSIDE

While in camp, a senior colleague that had once served in Ogun State told me there is a particular place in Ogun State called the Waterside and that was where he was posted to. It happens to be one of most feared places where Corp Members dread going. One will have to cross a river to even get to the place. He said he lived in one of the best houses in the village whereas they still usually see bats, rats and snakes as if they were also human beings.

He also said to get a cab from one place to another itself was another problem on its own. To crown it all, no electricity in the place and networks fluctuate. He mentioned how the ladies that were posted there with him were crying on their way.

"Lizzy, just pray you aren't posted there. You won't enjoy it at all", he said. That was beginning of another concern for me. I had thought since Ogun Camp is the best camp, everything else is sorted out.

The talks about the Waterside also grew widely among Corp Members. Everyone was scared. No one wished to be posted there. Some used it as jokes. I was also anxious. However, deep inside me,

I was praying that God should just favour me and wished to be posted to the State capital.

Some people said those that joined one section or the other in camp were to get the best places in the state while others will be posted to remote places. At that point, I started feeling bad for not being active in any of the sections as if that was what will actually work for me. I need to tell you that I joined the Red Cross but I wasn't active. I only joined to escape parades. So bad!

Day by day, I became more anxious to know where I'd eventually be posted to. The final day came and we were all eager to know our fate. After the whole final ceremony, we were all directed to get our posting letter from our platoon leaders. My hands were shaking as I collected mine. Alas, I saw THE RADIANT ACADEMY, SANGO OTTA. I never knew where Sango Otta was but I was relieved of the fact that I wasn't posted to Waterside.

Many started jubilating while some weren't. Of course, you should know why. Some got places they never wanted. I was so sincerely happy and grateful to God. However, most of my friends from U.I and the ones I made in camp were all scattered abroad.

Let me tell you one amazing thing about Sango Otta. It happens to be the closest to Lagos. I mean Sango Otta shares the same border with Lagos. From Sango Otta, you are just few minutes away to places like Agege, Abule Egba, Agbado Ijaiye, Alakuko, Meiran and some other places in Lagos. Imagine! God brought me close to the same Lagos I had initially wanted.

LESSONS

Truly, God knows better than we do. The future we fear, He knows about it. All we need to do is pray that He directs our paths. Fear of the unknown kills faster than anything.



CHAPTER 3



PRIMARY PLACE OF ASSIGNMENT

MOVING OUT OF CAMP

Deeper Life Corpers' Fellowship had earlier made arrangements to take us to the church campground after collecting posting letters to our various PPA (Primary Place of Assignments). We were there to receive orientation on what and what we were going to meet in the corpers world. And the following day, we were all moved to our various locations. I was glad I waited to receive the orientation as it helped to avoid so many things.

We got to our various locations very late as our bus had to stop at Abeokuta while we entered another one. God just saved us from many uncertainties on that day. It could only have been God. Five corp members were posted to my primary place of assignment and I was the only one yet to report to the place.

You see, when I saw the name RADIANT ACADEMY on my posting letter, I had envisaged it to be a very big secondary school. I even called a friend of mine to inform her that I got a private secondary school. I was really happy.

On getting to Sango Otta, I was told of where to take a bike that leads to my PPA. The bike man as well didn't know the way, so, we were just asking for directions from people.

Immediately we got to the front of the building we were directed to, the bike man said with pity in his voice "Corper, nah this place you dey come?"

The front of building itself was different from what I had envisaged. Tears welled up in my eyes but I quickly dried them up. When I entered the building, I saw small children running around. So, it even a primary school, I wondered.

I was already making up my mind to tell the proprietor to reject me. Not only that, I realized it was a Muslim school. "Really? I can't even cope here" was all I could mutter.

On meeting the proprietor, he asked for my course of study and I gladly mentioned Botany as I had fondly grown to tell people what I studied. He said he was very sure that I had wanted to study medicine and surgery initially.

He started the story of how his daughter wanted to study medicine and surgery as well but found herself in Botany and decided not to study medicine again. The daughter was through with her masters, had got married and was already planning to start her PhD in

Botany. He continued by saying that I should have pursued medicine and surgery by all means.

I started explaining the reason why I didn't even study medicine and surgery again. We talked a lot and I must say the man was such a diplomatic person. Many things that happened afterwards also affirmed that. I couldn't even bring myself to tell him to reject me because the stress of getting another PPA is a whole lot on its own. Besides, I wondered why I will get that school if it wasn't God's will for me. At that point, I had already fully handed everything about my service to God and just do as He bids.

"God, you worked Ogun State for me and sent me to Sango Otta, should I say your will is for me to be in this place?" I wondered.

Remember I told you that the other Corp Members posted to the same place had been there before me. It was when I was still contemplating on what to do the other female Corp Members came in. They had accepted the school as their PPA already. They had even gone to check the house suggested by a corp member already serving there.

When I saw them, I was amazed. Guess what? They were all my roommates back in camp.

Just a day to the end of the camp, I was jumping from the bed of my side mate to the bed of Rizqat. I was telling them of how much I'd miss them and all. But alas, Rizqat had been posted to the same PPA as mine. Not only that, Rizqat's bunk mate in camp, Tosin, was there with us. It was just so surprising to me.

It was there I was told that Dorcas was also in the same room with ours though she was on the other side of the room. She also graduated from the University of Ibadan but I never knew prior to that time.

As for the guy among us (Dotun), it happened that we got talking a few days before leaving camp and he even collected my number. To cut long story short, they all told me reasons why they had decided to stay. I also reasoned with them and even loved the fact that I will be among people I had already known.

Maybe God had it all planned for a reason and He did have many reasons for that. That was how I agreed to stay as well. At least, I wouldn't even want to go through the path of looking for another PPA all alone.

LESSON

God knows things that are best for us. He is aware of what we don't know. He plans things as He wills.

SEARCHING FOR ACCOMMODATION

The next thing was for me to settle my accommodation and travel back home. The other female corp members had already agreed to get the house they went to check. It happened to be a room and parlour of a face-me I-face you apartment. Tosin and Rizqat had planned to stay in the sitting room while Dorcas wished to stay alone, so she chose the room.

Those were the only available rooms in the main house except for the boys' quarters.

I decided to check one of the available rooms in the boys' quarters for myself but I really didn't like what I saw. It was a room and parlour and obviously was big for only me to stay in. Not only that, the room was so dark even though it was daylight and I couldn't imagine how I'd cope.

Another issue is the fact that one would have to be buying a bucket of water for #10 from a place opposite the building. I didn't even bother checking the toilet and bathroom but Rizqat said they were not so good and that she herself already said she would never bath nor use the toilet in the house. Then, of what use is living in a place like that?

We finally left the place for the secretariat to complete our documentation; something we never thought we could finish that day but God favoured us.

From there, I moved to a sister's place that the Deeper Life Corpers' Fellowship had connected me with. The idea was to stay with her for a while and get my own accommodation sorted out. This sister, Corper Seyi (a senior corp member – batch A corper) was actually staying with her aunt.

This aunt of ours, her husband, children and grandmother were the first family God gave me in Sango Otta. They were too nice to a fault. The husband had even said I should not bother to get accommodation and just live with them but the place was quite far from my PPA. The transport I'd spend in a year would even be enough for a year rent already. Besides that, I had promised myself not to live with anyone during service year. However, I didn't know where to go to in search of a place.

That was how my dad called one of the pastors (Pastor Nelson) who had once been posted to our side for pastoral works before. Pastor Nelson then called two other Pastors (Pastor Ayo, who happened to

be living in Sango Otta at that time) and Pastor Oguntoyinbo (who later was my Group pastor).

Pastor Oguntoyinbo got an option of me living with someone which I never wanted. It was Pastor Ayo that called me 2 days after to inform me of a place he had in mind. He said the place is owned by one of the group pastors in our church.

I didn't initially like the idea as I had said I never wanted to stay with anyone not even any pastor in my church. Lo and behold, we got there and what I saw was beyond my imagination. Apart from the main building occupied by the Pastor and her wife, there were two more apartments from theirs. One is a self contain room while the other is a room and parlour. The rooms were (and obviously still) so beautiful and lovely. The self-contain apartment costs #84000 and I knew I couldn't afford that amount. The landlady asked me how much I know my daddy can afford. I wanted to mention #50000 but I had a nudge to call my dad and ask him. I knew the situation at home then and I knew anything above #50000 is too much for me.

I called dad and he said he could only afford to #40000. My landlady called her husband on phone (as he was at work that day) and that was how he agreed. It was beyond my comprehension. So,

I got a house of #84 000 for just #40 000. All I saw was favour. However, I was asked by Pastor Ayo and my landlady if I really wished to stay. I reluctantly said 'yes' in my mind though I had some reservations.

Number 1 is the fact that I thought I'd be too lonely. Nobody was occupying the other apartment, so I was wondering how I'd cope being alone. It's true that I love being alone but at the same time, it's not like there shouldn't be people around to relate with once in a while.

Well, I said Yes as I had no other option and I set to travel back home immediately.

As days went by, the Corp Members said they got a place for us all. I loved the idea and began to wish I could stay with them. So, we created a WhatsApp group tagged ROOMIES. We saw ourselves as roommates already.

The ladies said they got one fine 2 bedroom flat and that we will just be 2 persons to a room. At that point, Dorcas had also agreed not to stay alone in a room. Since we were 4, it would be nice to just

share rooms together. That will also reduce the cost. Also, the apartment was closer to our PPA than where I got.

That became the second challenge I had. How would I tell them I had gotten another place? Remember I didn't get the initial place by myself. It was through my dad's connection kind of.

I expressed my thoughts to my parents but my dad insisted that I go for the one I had got. He was even happy that the place is owned by a church member. He was like at least, his mind would be at rest that I would be in safe hands.

At the long run, I had no choice but to agree. It was a tough time for me to either choose that place or follow my friends' choice. I told the other corp members and they understood. That was how I just had to agree to stay at where I got.

I had to come to Sango Otta before them. It was during the break session, so there was nothing much to do but I had to come over in order not to miss CDS (Community Development Service) and I was glad I did. It saved me lots of stress afterwards. Actually, whether one is on break or not, CDS must still hold.

Eventually, things happened and at the long run, others couldn't get the apartment they talked about. We searched for other apartments together but couldn't get any still. My landlady had already told me the kind of people she wished to accept as tenants for the other apartment but as the others couldn't get any apartment, I decided to talk to her on their behalf and she agreed.

That meant that the 3 of them had to take the room and parlour apartment that was vacant. It was not as big as the first place they got but far better.

At the end of it all, we still lived together though my own room was different. Even at that, we still called ourselves ROOMMATES and referred to my room as the HEADQUARTER.

And guess what? They also paid less. The room initially was #120000 but they begged to pay #90000. That means each of them paid #30 000 each which means they even paid lesser than what I paid.

The landlord and landlady are such blessed and sweet souls.

Eventually, I was glad I followed my parent's advice. I was glad I wasn't rebellious to do things my own way. There was no one who ever visited me and didn't commend how cozy and lovely the apartment is. To those I even sent pictures and videos of the room to, they also never ceased to commend how I got a lovely place for a cheap price at that. When my dad had the chance to come over, he went back home to tell my mum that her daughter had gotten a QUEEN apartment for herself.

LESSONS

I learnt the importance of heeding to good advice. Talk to your parents. Carry them along in whatever decision you want to take. Be proactive and open minded.

BASIC 5 CLASS TEACHER

The school eventually resumed and I was assigned to be the Basic 5 class teacher. Apart from that, I happened to be one to take Mathematics (Basic 3 to Basic 5), Basic Science (Basic 3 to Junior Secondary School 3), Basic Technology (Basic 3 to Junior Secondary 3).

I thought of how I'd cope initially but God came through for me. The children weren't many. In fact, there were just 6 pupils in Basic 5 and 1 student each in Junior Secondary School 2&3.

Yes, you get the gist now. The school isn't a big one as such. However, one must still teach each class as if you were teaching a larger class. One still had to teach every topic necessary.

Now that I think of it, I'd surely miss my pupils and students. The lockdown came too sudden. We couldn't even take the second term examinations. The children were even asking us if we would be available for them during the third term.

Alas! We finished our service during the lockdown. Some of the parents to the pupils and students too were generous. At the end of

it all, I was glad I stayed. I eventually loved the fact that it was a Muslim school and learnt some things from it all.

Through it all, I saw FAVOUR.

LESSON

Build yourself to adjust and fit in to wherever position you find yourself.



CHAPTER 4



COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT SERVICE.

AGRO-ALLIED CDS GROUP

During my documentation at the Local Government, the woman in charge asked for my course of study and I told her Botany. She asked what Botany means. It made me know that not all actually know what Botany is. I explained to her that it simply means Plant Science. And that was how she assigned me to be in Agro allied CDS group. I was happy because I had always loved anything related to Agriculture and of course, plant science is related to some part of Agriculture.

The very first month I got to Sango Otta, the reason was solely so I don't miss CDS days. Schools were on third term break then and we had been told not to come for the summer lesson and just resume by the beginning of the new session.

I was the only one available as my other corp members weren't around. One of them was staying with her sister in Meiran, Lagos for the main time. One lives in Lagos so it was easier to come for CDS from home since it was just once a week.

It was another season of my life. I really got to know what solitude means. I was mostly indoors except on Fridays when I go for CDS or service days when I go to church. I went out once in a while to buy

whatever I needed in the neighbourhood as well. Besides those, I rarely went out. I was new to that environment, so I had to be careful of how much jumping around I do.

At first, there was nothing special about CDS. Most times, we go to the secretariat just having talks over and over. As time went on, we started having one or two programs as projects.

We went to Sango Ota High School for sensitization. We talked extensively to the students about Food Security. There was a time we had to go to the palace of Olotu and some specific places to plant flowers.

At another point, we went to have a lecture on poultry farming. That lecture actually ignited the passion for agriculture in my heart. If God wills, I see myself going into agricultural works in the future.

Another major reason I love going for CDS is because I get to buy Tiger Nuts Drink. I knew about its health benefits but haven't had the chance to drink it before then. You can read up on the health benefits of tiger nut drink and how to prepare it on my [blog](#).

CDS happens to be another opportunity where one gets to hear from different SAED representatives who came to advertise one product or talk about one business or the other.

There was a particular day I went for CDS and someone had to borrow my hand fan. Unfortunately, I forgot the hand fan with her. It was really painful as I hardly do without a hand fan and I had lost one in camp already. There was no how I could have imagined getting it back simply because I did not even know the face of who borrowed it talk less of knowing her name.

To my utmost surprise, the lady kept the fan till the following week and miraculously, we happened to sit together again that day. She was so happy to return back the handfan to me. She said she had been bothered on how to return the fan back to me. I was surprised.

I would definitely miss my CDS friends and the two presidents that were in position. Despite my hiding during CDS, these ones fished me.



CHAPTER 5



FELLOWSHIPS AND RELATIONSHIPS

My service year truly taught me what fellowships, friendships and relationship meant on another level.

PASTOR AND MRS AJANA

I know there are good people but I got to understand better when I met my landlord and landlady (Pastor and Mrs Ajana). My service year wouldn't have been sweet if I hadn't met and lived with them.

Right from the first day till the last day, they were more than amazing. They started off by helping us reduce the costs of the apartments. I remembered how mummy too was so concerned about me staying alone before the other corp members eventually joined me. She had suggested that I should get someone I trust to get the apartment together but who did I know in a strange land?!

Daddy is mostly not at home except on weekends, so we get to see more of Mummy around. They were just angels sent in human form. I could count several ways by which they had selflessly been of help but that alone can amount to a whole book.

I remember a particular day when all of us were hungry without hope of what to eat as our monthly allowance had been expended.

Mummy came around and gave us several foodstuffs even without telling her we were hungry. It was divine that day.

I can't also forget the several discussions with mummy especially the one I had with her a day after my birthday. How she also came through when I was in a tight fix was amazing. They were nice. Really, they were and still they are.

As the lockdown kept us locked down at home, I couldn't stop telling my parents how I would greatly miss these two. Daddy and Mummy, thank you sir and ma. I love you both.

DEEPER LIFE BIBLE CHURCH

Since my landlady and her husband happened to be my church members, I had the opportunity to always follow them to church. But because they were group pastors and have so many districts under them, we get to go to different locations at every service day.

Just like in Redeem church, there is Area with several parishes under it, so in my church (Deeper Life Bible Church), we have Groups with different districts under them.

It was lovely and amazing as I got to meet different people at these different districts. During this period, I had the chance to do some Secretariat works at the Regional level. At that point, I knew better that indeed Secretariat work is my calling.

I used to be in the choir section right from secondary school until my final year when I decided to switch to the secretariat unit. Well, I had my reasons then and I am so happy I made that decision.

Some months after I got settled, I decided to have a particular district where I would be attending and be tagged with. So, I resorted to a district which happens to be under another Group

different from where my landlady and her husband attend. It meant I had to start going to church by myself.

On a particular day there, the pastor's wife at the new district called me and asked why I haven't joined any working unit. From the look of things, I knew the only section I could work was under the Choir Unit as there was no secretariat unit there. She obviously wanted me to join the Choir Unit but I said I didn't want to. I told her I was there before and if I will even go back to the choir unit, it can't be now. I told her the only section I think I will love to be since there was no secretariat unit was the Youth Section. My passion for the teenagers birthed that idea. She directed me to the Youth Leader and I was told to get a letter from my school so as to join the working team without using to undergo discipleship training again.

The letter took longer than I expected. However, I still made sure I always joined the Youth service. I got closer to some of the youths and I became their friends.

One of them saw my jotter which happened to be the souvenir for my convocation and asked if it was indeed me. She had the desire to study at the University of Ibadan as well and was skeptical about how feasible that could be. Some other youths relayed their fear

about the fact that they think University of Ibadan is too big of a school to get in to for them.

I simply told them if they could put in their best and read their books well, they will definitely get to study at the University of Ibadan.

University of Ibadan is just like every other school. It is meant for everyone and anyone that will trust God and read.

I had planned to work at the Youth Session during the Easter Retreat but as you would guess, Corona didn't allow the Retreat to hold. It was such a painful one for me really.

During this period, I also wished I could attend NCCF program at least for once but I didn't as the place was quite far from my place. I could say procrastination was part of what also caused that.

I planned to make use of the second term break to really attend but coronavirus pandemic sent us all home. Really, this corona actually changed a whole lot of programs but in all, I still thank God.

THE REDEEMED CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF GOD

However, there was a Redeemed Church not too far from my place where one of us attended. I followed her to church on one particular Sunday as it rained and I couldn't meet up following my landlady.

I must say that I enjoyed the service as well. The pastor's wife and most of the church members wanted me to be part of them fully. As I could not really achieve that, I decided to go few more times for their weekly programs.

The Redeemed church was another family to me. On a particular day, two of them had to come pay a visit as it had been a while they saw me. Aunt Doyin, Daddy Dominion, Uncle Solomon are some of my Redeemed family I'm grateful to God for.

DEEPER LIFE CORPERS' FELLOWSHIP

I can't but mention the Deeper Life Corpers' Fellowship as well. In Ogun State (I don't know of other States), Deeper Life Corpers' Fellowship is simply referred to as CFF (Corpers' Christian Forum). This is simply because it isn't just for Deeper Life members alone, it's for all.

It happens to be that only the state capital which is Abeokuta does have the regular worship program while in other places in the State; Corp Members meet once in a month for meetings under the umbrella of CFF. So, it means that other Corp members in other cities and regions within the State need to attend the mother church but meet once in a month for meeting.

However, I couldn't believe I never went for any of the meetings but don't look at me as a bad person. For the first few months, it happened that I was not always available at Sango Ota for one reason or the other during the time when the meeting is always been fixed at.

At another time, I was at the Region for some secretariat work. At another time, I didn't have the transport fare to get to the venue of

the meeting as it was a bit far from my place (I knew that shouldn't have been an excuse though).

In short, I was not really active in the Corpers Fellowship but was always attending the Mother Church. And yes, the Redeemed Church was another haven for me.

However, in March, the State Overseer organized a 2-days program for Corp Members, Medical Interns and Final Year students at the state capital (Abeokuta). I knew I needed to be there as I had started feeling guilty for not attending the Corpers' meeting.

Many things almost hindered me from going but thank God I went. The send forth for Batch A corp members and handing over service were also inculcated into the program.

During the handing over and choosing of new executives, I was beyond stunned to hear my name as the Financial Coordinator for my zone. I almost screamed. I had never imagined it. I had said while coming for service that I didn't wish to be an executive during the period. I just wanted to be a worker, nothing else.

I hadn't been attending the meetings so I thought I wouldn't even be an executive. So, it was like a dream to me. It looked exactly as the scenario that happened back in school.

I was in 100-level and it was the day for handing over service. My friend and I had just gone to really know what and what would be done. We were clapping and laughing as names were being called only for me to hear my name as the Financial Coordinator for my Centre.

I thought I heard wrongly and had to ask from my friend if it was indeed my name that was called. "I was just in 100-level", I thought. That was how I had to be the Financial Coordinator till the end of my study in UI.

So, when I heard my name that day again as the Financial Coordinator for my zone, I had to agree that indeed, God himself fished me out again. I was wondering how it happened but I don't know.

"God, this is the second time of being a Financial Coordinator. I have counted your money severally and here is another opportunity. Please, let not money be my problem in this life. Let me not also be

tempted by money like Judas Iscariot" was one of my prayers afterwards.

However, shortly after that program, the lockdown started. It was saddening that my tenure couldn't carry out much activity.

The idea of online programs came in later on as that was the only way to do something. On the sisters group, I was made the PRO. Though I became extremely busy during this lockdown, I couldn't reject the work because I simply wished to do something.

NEIGHBOURS

We had wonderful neighbours both at home and our PPA. I can't mention them all here but I appreciate and will miss everyone. One thing I truly learnt is that there are really good people in this world.

I will not forget to also mention that I got advances and proposals from men which I kindly declined. Some of them saw me as a rude and a proud person.

MY ROOMMATES

My journal won't be complete without talking about my roommates. We won't stop being called roommates. On many occasions, I had to even sleep in their rooms while they also slept in my rooms separately at one point or the other as well.

We had so many lovely times together that I can't even say them all. We cooked together, had serious discussions, played, got each others back, prayed for one another and helped one another greatly in one capacity or the other.

It was such a sweet experience with these ones. Truly, I was glad we eventually had to stay together.

Some days before POP, my eyes were full of tears as I thought of how we would have to go our different ways. Indeed, we meet to part and we part to meet. Twenty children cannot play for 20 years.

Corper Rizqat, C.E.O of all things footie is a Muslim lady but despite that, she is such a sweet soul. Living with her was beautiful. Even my landlady fondly calls her sister Olayemi. She is the mama

gbogbogbo, small but mighty. This lady really captured my mind and that of people around me.

Corper Dorcas is the mummy Wonderful in our midst. We call her mummy Wonderful because she could hardly talk without mentioning WONDERFUL. Truly, her life is wonderful and I have told her I will name her first child Wonderful. I remember the first day we met at the PPA, she was not really giving attention and I thought 'this one will be a snub like that'. My thoughts about her were wrong though as we got close and I later knew she was having pains the very first day I saw her. That has taught me again never to give assumptions based on the first interaction of meeting someone.

You might feel someone is like this and when you get close, you understand that the person is something else.

As for Corper Tosin, her sanguine nature is on another degree. Even though at the beginning of this year, she wasn't really staying with us again as a result of a program she was doing, she still remains someone I will forever cherish.

I love you all dear Corpers and roommates.

Corper Dotun is the male corper among us and he lived in a different place. Dotun is just another special kind of person I've ever met in my life. He didn't see me as a strict and 'no-go-area' person. I appreciate you Dotun.

LESSONS

There is beauty in friendship, embrace it.

Fellowship with people of like minds.

Build healthy and long lasting relationships with people.

Never be a lone ranger nor be isolated.



CHAPTER 6



ACHIEVEMENTS AND FAILURES

ACHIEVEMENTS

During my one year of service, I can say I had so much sweet moments; achieved and also failed.

One of my achievements is that I could boldly say I travelled to Lagos, Ijebu Ode, Abeokuta, Ibafo and Mowe all by myself for the first time in history. Don't laugh at me please. It was such a great achievement for me.

People that know me very well will attest to the fact that I rarely go to places by myself. Most times, I had always wished I could but my daddy will never agree. But on many occasions during this service year, I would have got to where I was going before I informed my dad that I was there. He was always surprised and he had to eventually agree that I am definitely a big girl now.

My dad's elder sister happens to be living in a place called Meiran in Lagos. This place is just about 25 minutes journey (this is even because of the bad road) from Sango Otta. You won't believe my dad said I shouldn't go by myself and that I should allow someone to come and pick me up.

I secretly asked my aunt for the address and off I went to the place. I had got there before I called to inform my dad. I told him, It is God who preserves and not by how best we try to protect ourselves. What if I had been posted to a faraway place and had to embark on nothing less than 15 hours journey. Truly, I am happy I discovered this new me during this 1 year.

Many thanks to David Oduniyi, he was one who made sure I never got lost inside Lagos. He was always giving appropriate directions of where I needed to go. On one occasion, he had to leave his place of work (Jumia company) to take me on a tour round Agege and Ikeja. I almost got lost inside Agege that day.

I can confidently say I know Agege, Ikeja, Berger, Oshodi, Igando, Meiran, Ikorodu, Ketu amidst other places in Lagos.

I also got to enter BRT for the first time during this period (smiles). See how God works. Even though I didn't get the Lagos I had initially wanted, I still got to tour round this Lagos. Isn't God amazing? His ways are past finding indeed.

I also made sure I invested in my baking skill. I bought some equipment I know I'll be needing for my cake business. There are still more to buy and I hope to get into full time baking very soon.

I am also glad I saved a little. Too little but I'm happy I did. My dad and my friend (David) were the ones always on my matter about that. They just couldn't let me be. They were always reminding me of the necessity for saving. To be sincere, it wasn't easy saving from the initial allowance of #19 800. The money wasn't even enough to spend per month. My saving started while the allowance got increased to #33 000. Truly, I was most grateful for the increment.

I can also say that I got more clarity about BOTAPRENEUR and GOLDEN TEENS CORNER during this period. I put so many things in place and I'm grateful to God. I was happy I had the time for myself and was able to do some things.

The last two months of my service year was during the lockdown and as there was no going to work, I ensured that I used the opportunity to apply for online courses & programs, take some training and work on some of my project works.

FAILURES

Yes, I did fail woefully in so many areas. However, I'm grateful to God for how He also raised me up. A lot of times, I had to cry in the corner of my room. I need to say that I also missed some many opportunities because of my nonchalant attitudes.

I also learnt the lesson of speaking out and expressing myself in a hard way. After the batch B2 Corp members left camp, the campus fellowship agreed that one lady should stay with me till she gets her accommodation just like I also did when I first got there.

She started staying with me by September 9th, 2019. I had thought she would get everything sorted out within a week but it took longer than I expected. I need say that it was an experience I can't forget. I cried so much and I couldn't sleep in my room for days. The lady had to leave by October 29th (exactly a month and 20 days after).

It was a long story that I wouldn't love to talk about. All I can say is it happened probably because we just didn't understand each other. I learnt so many things already and I am grateful.

My landlady had to sternly warn me never to bring anyone to stay with me again. Despite all, I needed to beg the lady though I didn't see the need to do that. I needed peace to reign and I might have had my faults though.

Even after she left, I could still notice that she was resenting me. If she gets to read this book, I'm humbly saying SORRY once again. Peace, I love you and truly I do.

LESSONS

Strive to do the best you can do per time. Shun procrastination. Be diligent in whatever thing you do. Make use of any good opportunity around you.

When/if you fail or make a mistake, don't beat yourself over that. Kindly learn from your failure or mistake and move on.

CHAPTER 7



PASSING OUT PARADE

PASSING OUT PARADE (POP)

The lockdown due to coronavirus outbreak made me to leave Sango Otta for home exactly on the 22nd of March. We had not even started the second term examination then. I had plans of all I wanted to do during the second term break. I had places I needed to go. All were put to a stop.

I never knew the lockdown would extend till the end of my service year. When I got the news that there wouldn't be the official passing out parade, I was heartbroken. Nevertheless, I am grateful for a happy ending. Truly, man proposes, God disposes.

I had to go and collect my certificate as there might be the need for me to tender my NYSC certificate for any particular application. The collection of the certificate was a smooth one to the glory of God.

While waiting for bikes that could take us (my roommates and I) home, a particular car that was passing stopped. The woman asked for our destination and took us to the bus stop leading to our place. She said it was our day and congratulated us.

As congratulatory messages started trooping in from different platforms, it made me realise over and over again that indeed I was done with the service year. I am grateful for FAVOUR and pray for more of FAVOUR.

GENERAL LESSONS

- 1) Always involve God in every aspect of your life even to the seemingly little aspects.
- 2) Trust God and worry less.
- 3) Ensure to carry your parents along in decisions you want to make. If it seems like your parents advice are not so good or godly, inform your spiritual leaders.
- 4) Never put your trust in man. Never try to work things out yourself.
- 5) Be YOU wherever you find yourself.
- 6) Never lose the identity of who you are.

7) God always have greater plans for us. It's good to have plans but subject your plans to His.

8) There is beauty in friendship. Embrace good friendship. Cultivate good friendship. Show yourself friendly and live peaceably with all men.

9) Make use of whatever good opportunity you have at hand.

10) Life is short, live your life to the fullest in God.

11) There is nothing that doesn't have an end, only eternity doesn't. So, use the limited time you have wisely.

12) Whatever you have to do at any point, do it on time.

13) Shun procrastination. It kills.

14) Be dutiful. Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all diligence.

15) Cultivate the habit of gratitude.

16) Learn to live with all kinds of people. Develop a large heart.

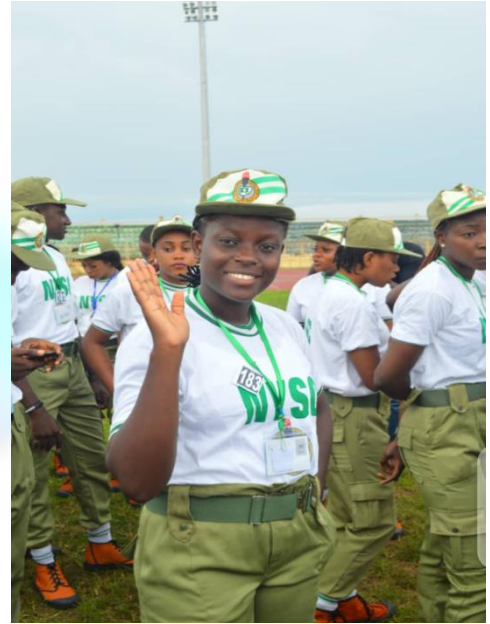
17) You shall always be remembered for what you've done. So, live a good legacy wherever you find yourself.

18) Know God. They that know their God shall be strong and do exploits.



PHOTO SESSIONS

SOME OF THE PICTURES TAKEN IN CAMP



ROOMATES & I



**CORPER DORCAS WITH THE
JUNIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL
STUDENTS**



**I & MY CHILDREN (BASIC 5
PUPILS**



FINAL CLEARANCE & POP PICTURE



CONNECT WITH LIZZY

Thank you so much for reading through till the end. I hope you were able to pick one lesson or the other.

I love feedbacks and I will be greatly pleased to hear from you. You can reach out to me on WhatsApp via this link <https://wa.link/3qiewp> to drop your suggestions, reviews, comments and how you've been blessed.

I am also a health & lifestyle blogger and teen coach. Kindly check out www.botapreneur.com and www.goldenteenscorner.com

Kindly follow me on my social media platforms:

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elizabethegbeniyi – <https://instagram.com/elizabethegbeniyi>

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This e-book is free and for everyone. Kindly direct anyone who desire a copy to download from www.botapreneur.com. Please, don't share directly.

You can as well download my first book titled 'THE JOUNEY' on the blog.

Thank you so much.

You're cherished.

ABOUT THE BOOK

This book is the record of Elizabeth's experiences during her one year compulsory service under the NYSC scheme.

It shows the need to completely trust God and allow Him work out things for us.

May you be greatly blessed as you read through.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Elizabeth Tolulope Egbeniyi is a health and lifestyle blogger, plant scientist, teen coach, volunteer, baker, budding entrepreneur and most importantly, a child of God.

She is an ardent advocate of using herbs for healing and health.