

**GERALD FADAYOMI**

FOREWORD BY CLAY SCROGGINS

**BEFORE  
YOU GO**

FOLLOWING JESUS  
AND GROWING IN YOUR FAITH  
AFTER HIGH SCHOOL



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Before You Go

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# DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my mentor, friend, and brother Wesley Bender. Thank you for believing in me when no one else did. For showing me what it truly means to follow Jesus and for praying for me, since my freshman year in high school. Because of your investment in me, I know Jesus today.

My Prayer is that your investment will be multiplied in every student that reads this book and as a result his or her faith will continue in college.

# FOREWORD

## BY CLAY SCROGGINS

Ten years ago.

That was the first time I heard the name, Gerald Fadayomi.

Now, of course, you don't just forget a name like that, but that's not why I remember hearing his name. In 2009, I was sitting at a coffee shop with a friend of mine named Wes, who was the National Director of all the YMCA Teen Programs. Wes was, and is, one of the sharpest youth leaders I've ever been around. Because of my respect for Wes and because of the growth that was happening in student ministry at our church, I asked him a simple question: "Do you have any names of youth speakers that would be willing and interested in speaking to our students?"

Not only did Wes answer my question, but he also took it one step further. I'll never forget the certainty and confidence in his response and the wry smile on his face as he said, "Yes, I do. In fact, I'll give you the name of the best speaker to high school students I've ever heard. And once you hear him, he'll be the best you've ever heard too...His name is Gerald Fadayomi."

Because I tend to be more cynical than naïve, I thought, "That's sweet, Wes. He might be the best you've ever heard, but I highly doubt he'll be the best I've ever heard." And as you're reading

this, I'm sure you're thinking the same thing. I don't blame you. As recently as last week, I sat in the back of an arena filled with students and church leaders listening to Gerald speak for the hundredth time and I thought about this story. Turns out, I was wrong. Wes was right.

You see, Gerald is more than just a skilled orator. He's more than just an engaging communicator. He's more than just a terrific storyteller.

Gerald is a man on a mission. Once you read his story, you'll understand what I mean. He's a deep well, but his well wasn't dug out by academia or even by ministry. Gerald's well is deep, because his experience is so completely unique. His life experiences have created for him a depth that very few people his age have.

However, it's not just the depth of his soul that makes him great. No, he could've filled that crater with bitterness, rage, anger, or any other negative emotion, but that's not Gerald. He's worked as hard as anyone I've ever met to become a healthy, God-fearing, Jesus-loving, compassionate, kind-hearted, thoughtful leader. Life has created a deep well for Gerald, but he's allowed God to fill him with a Christ-likeness spirit that makes him a powerful force as a speaker and a writer.

For the last decade, people have told Gerald that he needs to put his story to paper and I couldn't be more excited that he finally has. He could've done it in so many different forms, but even the way he's decided to get his story out to the world speaks to his character and passion. *Before You Go* is a fantastic concept driven by a fantastic person.

There's an epidemic in the global church. Too many students are walking away from Christianity after high school. They're not just leaving our churches, but worse, they're leaving their own faith. Colleges, universities, and emerging adulthood are swallowing them up, spitting them out, and leaving them faithless.

*Before You Go* is definitely not **THE** solution, but it's certainly part of the solution. We're all aware of the problem and we've all got stories to tell. Fortunately, this book is not a diagnosis of the problem. Far better than just a diagnosis, this book is one of the best resources for any student moving on to the next season of life. This book is profoundly practical, wonderfully helpful, super interesting, and deeply rooted in Gerald's own personal story.

You don't just need to read it for yourself, but you need to do whatever you can do to get it in the hands of every high school graduate within your sphere of influence. At this point, there's too much at stake to leave anything on the table. The good news is that once anyone picks up this book, they won't be able to put it down. You might have the whole seat, but you'll only need the edge of it!

Our church is behind this book because our church is behind Gerald. We need more leaders like Gerald, shaping and leading the next generation. If you aren't already convinced of this, you will be after you read this book. As you're helping students pack their bags for the next season, make sure this book gets packed. They'll need it. And I promise you they'll be so glad they have it!

## PREFACE

**Q:** Hey, someone gave me this book and told me I should read it before I graduate high school. But I've literally never heard of you, and honestly, books aren't really my thing. Why should I read this?

**A:** I'm nobody important but let me tell you my story. We can just go from there.

Both of my parents are African. Now, when I say African, I don't mean African-American; I mean African-African. My dad is from Nigeria, and his name is OluwaFemi. My mom is from Liberia. Her name is Ekuu. Somehow the two came together and had a kid by the name of Gerald (which ironically, is like the whitest name ever). I'll be honest, I'm grateful for it, because they easily could have named me something like Mufasa. *That* would have made for an interesting childhood. Well actually, interesting might be the perfect word to describe the way I grew up. My parents were never married and because of that there was a lot of inconsistency in my life.

I don't know how far back into your childhood you can remember, but my earliest childhood memories start right around five years old. One of my earliest memories is of standing in line with my mom outside of this strange building. It was late at night and I remember feeling nervous. I didn't know where

we were or what was going on, but I remember my mom being really happy when we got inside. I, on the other hand, was totally confused. Inside, I remember seeing bunk beds all over the room, and it was filled with people I had never seen before. I didn't know how to respond. That's probably because my mom didn't really explain what was happening at the time. But as I think about that night now, I know exactly what was happening. That was the first night I spent in a homeless shelter.

I can't tell you how many nights we spent there or even where we went after that; it's all a bit of a blur. The next clear childhood memory I have is of my mom and I walking through an apartment complex knocking on doors to find an old friend of hers. It was hot and I was tired of walking, but we finally found her friend's apartment... or so I thought. What actually happened was that for several weeks we lived with some lady we didn't know who felt bad when she saw my mom struggling to take care of me. Now I know what you're thinking, *That's crazy*. And it was. But there is something you should know about my mom: She has schizophrenia. Obviously, I didn't know that as a five-year-old boy, and I actually didn't even find out until I was in my early twenties. But knowing that now, helps me make sense of the things that happened in my childhood.

After a few weeks of living with this random lady, we had to move out. My mom went to our church to try and get us some help. They were kind enough to put us up in a hotel for the night, and it was the best sleep I had in a long time. That dream didn't last for long though. The next morning, I woke up to a loud knocking at the door. Panicked, my mom quickly told me to hide

under the bed. When she opened the door, the police burst into our hotel room. Two large hands dragged me out from under the bed, put me in the back of a cop car, and delivered me right to foster care.

I remember it like it was yesterday. You see, when my mom went to our church for help, they knew that the best way to help us was to move me away from an environment that wasn't safe. At the time, my mom just wasn't in a place to take care of me. The irony of the moment is that Mary J. Blige's "I'm Not Gonna Cry" was playing on the radio while I was in the back of this cop car bawling my eyes out, not knowing where I was going, where my mom was, or what was going to happen to me.

I didn't end up staying in foster care for too long. Unbeknownst to me, my mom and dad were in the middle of a custody fight that my dad eventually won. He'd recently gotten married, so when he gained custody of me, we moved in with his new wife to a little suburb in Michigan called Big Rapids. And to be honest, things in Michigan weren't half bad. It took a little while for me to get comfortable and make friends, but after a while, I was right at home.

It was in Michigan that I developed a love for basketball. Of course, this was partially because I thought I was the next LeBron, but mostly because it was the only sport I knew of that you could play inside under the comfort of air conditioning. But after a couple years in Michigan, my mom got back on her feet, gained custody of me again, and moved me back to Atlanta. And during that time with her, things really were a lot better. I made

some pretty good friends, played a ton of basketball, and was doing pretty well in school. I mean, we didn't have a lot of money and I didn't dress as nice as some of the kids in my school, but for the most part, we were happy.

And then high school came along. My freshmen and sophomore years were relatively normal. I split most of my time between school, basketball, and hanging out at the YMCA.

But if you can remember back to your year as a junior, then you don't need me to tell you that things got hard when I hit that junior year. You're prepping for college with the SATs and ACTs and studying through some of your hardest classes in high school. All the work you do for school makes that third year of high school so challenging, but for me, it was a different kind of challenge. Junior year was difficult for me, because it was the year that I got the phone call that would change the rest of my life.

I remember it vividly. I was sitting on the couch around 9:00 at night when the phone rang. When I answered, I could hear the nervousness in my mom's voice on the other line. She told me she wouldn't be coming home that night, but that I didn't need to worry because she would be back the next day. Well, that day turned into a month. Then, that month turned into a year. And eventually, that year turned into three years. You see, my mom's disease had gotten the worst of her again, and it led her to make some bad decisions—the kind of decisions that landed her in jail.

There I was, a 17-year-old boy trying to figure out this thing called life on my own. Here's the thing: I had grown up in the church. Right before my sophomore year, I made the decision

to become a Christian. But once my mom ended up in jail, things changed.

My mom was a Christian, and I remember thinking that if this is what it meant to be a Christian, then I was out. I wanted nothing to do with it. Because if God could allow something like this to happen to my mom and me, then He wasn't the kind of God I wanted anything to do with anymore.

This was a moment in my life that would shape my perspective for a long time. When you're suddenly a teenager with no parents, you start to see the world a little bit differently. It's hard to trust people. You feel so out of control that you want to take things into your own hands. And for me, it made it really hard to believe in God.

From there, I bounced between the homes of family members and friends, until I eventually landed at my grandmother's house in Norcross, Georgia. I didn't have any contact with my dad so that was my best option. I finished up high school there and decided I didn't want to go to college. I'd run into some friends of mine who were throwing parties for a living, so I started hanging out with them, learning the "business," and eventually ended up becoming a club promoter in Atlanta. I did that for three years with some friends of mine, and we actually became pretty good at it. We threw parties in pretty much every club in the city and if I'm being honest, I loved it. We were partying, smoking,

drinking, making decent money, and had a lot of girls around us. And for the first time in my life, I felt accomplished, popular, and like I mattered. In the dimly lit rooms of those clubs, my perspective was still being shaped.

In the third year of club promoting, things took a turn for the worse. I watched three of my friends die from hanging around the club scene. They didn't just die; they were murdered. If that wasn't enough to shake me up, later that same year, a friend of mine took his own life. It was so much loss that it caused me to really start questioning a lot of things in my life. So that summer, instead of sticking with the club scene, I ended up back at the YMCA at a camp called Mission: Atlanta. For that week of camp, I led a group of students serving kids in impoverished neighborhoods. The YMCA had no idea what I was actually doing with my life at the time. Because if they did, there is no way they would have let me lead those students. But I'm so thankful they gave me a chance, because it was during that week that a mom of one of the students I was leading said something to me that would forever change the trajectory of my life.

She said, "Man, I wish my son had someone like you around him more often."

I remember thinking, *No you don't. Lady, you have no idea who I am, and if you did, you wouldn't be saying that to me.* But I couldn't shake that statement off. It made me think a lot about my life. And later that week, it had me lying on the floor of the YMCA in tears trying to process what it might mean for the rest of my life. I looked over at my friend—one of the club guys I'd

convinced to come with me to this camp—and told him we had to quit throwing parties. Just like that. It had to be different. The next morning, I found my friend Sam and told her what was going on. She looked at me and said, “Gerald, I don’t know what to tell you, but you need to listen to this song.” It was “How He Loves” by David Crowder. I listened to the song but was so confused by the opening line.

*He is jealous for me.*

I didn’t get that. Why would God be jealous for a guy like me? My dad didn’t want me. It felt like my mom abandoned me. And just look at all the things I had done wrong over the last three years of my life. Not only that, I had abandoned God. I turned my back on God. I gave up on Him. To me, there was no way God could even still want me, let alone be jealous for me.

But the strangest thing started to happen. The more I listened to that song, the more I heard about the love God had for me. And because of that, my perspective of God started to change. And the more that perspective changed, the more I began to believe that everything the song said about God and the way He felt about me was true.

That song led me to David Crowder’s Pandora station (*Spotify* wasn’t a thing yet, you guys). I started listening to more Christian

music, reading my Bible, and eventually, that song led me back to church. I remember going there and seeing people actually sing the songs that I had heard on Pandora. And not just sing them, but really mean what they were saying. I remember being shocked when we got out of church in just an hour; that was way different than the church I had grown up in! Most of all, I remember walking out and feeling like I could do something with what I just heard.

I kept coming back. Sunday after Sunday, I showed up. And in January of 2011, I made a decision to give my life back to Jesus. I made a decision to follow Him. And this time, it was different. This time, I wasn't going to let anything change my perspective on who I knew God really was.

Fast-forward seven years and here I am as a student pastor at one of the largest churches in America. I wouldn't have ever imagined this for myself, but by the grace of God, I have the chance to invest my life into the lives of some of the greatest students in the world. I learn so much just by being with them, and every now and then, I think they learn a little bit from me, too. I love that so much! I love that I can learn from these students, and that I can pour into them the things I have learned along the way.

And on February 9, 2018, I had a night where I experienced both of those moments in a way that I'll never forget. Night One of our spring retreat was officially complete. Nine hundred students had exited the building and were headed to host homes all over the community to spend the night with their friends before returning to the church the next morning. As I walked the halls

of our church, I noticed one of my favorite (yes, student pastors have favorites) former students standing there in a bright yellow “Event Team” t-shirt. He was volunteering for the weekend with some of our other recent graduates and was about to head back to his parents’ basement for the night.

Now because he was a college student, I knew he appreciated two things: cheap food and late nights. I invited him and a few others to Waffle House that night. (Because no place is better for cheap food and late nights than Waffle House, you guys.) What was meant to just be a good hang quickly turned into a deeper conversation about college and faith. Before I knew it, I was pouring my heart out to these students. I was telling them all of the things that I wished someone would have told me when I finished high school. Things that might have kept me from going down the path I went down those years after graduation. Things that might have helped me avoid making some of the decisions I made. Things that wouldn’t prevent living with some of the regrets I have now.

This conversation with those seven college freshmen led me to write this book. After sitting with them for two hours, I spent the whole drive home processing everything we’d just talked about. And I kept coming back to this thought: *Man, I wish we’d had that conversation before they graduated.* I started thinking about the 200 seniors at my church right now, and how much I wanted to have that same conversation with them right where they are now—before they’re in the midst of college life.

So when I got home, I opened the notes app on my phone, sat in my car, and started writing. And when I was done, I was left with a list of ten. Ten ideas, ten thoughts, ten things I want every high school senior (including you!) to know before they go on to the next stage of their life.

Now before we get to that, here is what I know about you. You are busy. You have senioritis. You are definitely tired of reading. You don't really need another book. What you really need is the CliffsNotes version (because that's how you got through high school anyway). Well, consider this your CliffsNotes version! Instead of taking these ten thoughts and stretching them out into hundreds of pages, I decided to keep it simple. Ten thoughts, 132 pages, and you're done!

In these pages, you'll read letters written from those same college freshmen I talked with that night. You'll hear an explanation from me of some of their thoughts, and I'll even give you a few questions to process along the way. My hope is that this short(er) book will give you some things to think about, allow you some time to process, and help prepare you for what is ahead. I hope that this will help you avoid some of the avoidable hurt, pain, and drama that comes with life after high school. And I hope that it will challenge and stretch you. But most of all, I hope that it will help you grow your faith, find community, and build your relationship with God in a brand-new way!

So, pack up your bags, hug your parents goodbye and let's jump in!

Because before you go, you should know....

# CHAPTER ONE

LOVE JESUS  
MORE

**Q:** I go to church every Sunday. Why do I need to read another book about it?

**A:** Well, you have gotten this far and you're still reading it so that has to be a good sign, right? So, while I have you here, let me tell you why I believe there is a difference between loving Jesus and going to church.

*Dear Future College Student,*

*You are in the process of completing or have just completed a huge chapter in your story: high school. This season of your life is a whirlwind of emotions and an important time to reflect on the last four years that have just flown by. While you're frantically fighting to hold onto this time with friends, you're also trying to gather up the necessary tools to survive the unknown territory of college ahead.*

*Change is big, exciting, and sometimes downright terrifying. I get it. But I'm here to assure you of one change that may seem scary in the beginning but can actually be an incredible blessing for your college experience.*

*If you are involved with a church and consider it your second home, then I guarantee that finding a church in your college town is probably at the top of your to-do list. And it should be! But I just want to be the first to say that although finding a place to worship or a Christian community is great, it's not the most important thing. Realizing this was difficult for me when I attended a school outside of Georgia. I thought I needed to find a church and surround myself with good Christian people to be a devout Jesus follower. I thought that if I wasn't involved with a Christian organization, then I wasn't doing my best to serve His Kingdom. After a couple of weeks though, God opened my eyes. I began to realize that my love for Him isn't and shouldn't be confined to a Sunday church service. It lives within our soul and is meant to touch everyone we come into contact with, both inside and outside the walls of a church.*

*Before college, pray that the Lord would strengthen your relationship with Him. Pray that He would introduce you to a child in need of their Heavenly Father. Understand that you are the church. I am the church. We are qualified to love others the way Christ calls us to love. Invite Jesus into your college experience and watch His miracles unfold through you.*

*Cheering YOU on,*

*Lauren Jonta*

When I was six-years-old, my dad gave me the most incredible present. I remember coming down the stairs on Christmas morning and opening the perfectly wrapped gift to find a brand-new Super Nintendo inside. And to top it off, it was fully equipped with the game *Duck Hunt*. Man, I loved that game. I played it literally every day. I was obsessed with it!

But can you imagine if I became so consumed with the gift that I just stopped talking to my dad—the guy who gave it to me? What if I loved the gift so much, I just decided that if I wasn't playing *Duck Hunt* with my dad, then I wanted nothing to do with him. *Worst Son of All Time Award*? Well, the winner would be me!

For as long as you have attended your church, the pastor's goal has been to help you fall more in love with Jesus. They've worked really hard to create retreats, events, programming, Bible studies, sermons, small groups, and more to accomplish that one, specific goal. And that's amazing!

But the danger is that, as a result of all those experiences, you sometimes come to love your *church* more than you love Jesus.

I know that sounds crazy, but it's true. If you could never imagine going to another church, listening to another pastor, or growing in your relationship with Jesus without the safety net of the church you currently attend, then you are focusing on the wrong thing. Let me be clear: I want you to love your church! I just

don't want you to build your faith around it. Because when you do, that faith will fall apart when you leave it. The reality is, where you attend church now probably won't be where you attend when you leave for college or move on to whatever is next for you. In fact, there may not even be a church like the one you attend now anywhere near where you're headed next. But I want you to pursue Jesus either way.

Think about this. Jesus' disciples had no church to attend. Or at least, they had no church building to attend. What they did have was each other. They had the stories of their time with Jesus, and the experiences they shared alongside Him. I mean, they saw Him rise from the dead together! I think it's safe to say that was enough to bond them for life.

The disciples were so blown away by God's love for them demonstrated through the life of Jesus that they put their lives on the line to prove their love for Him. Look at the conversation Peter and John had with the people who literally crucified Jesus just weeks before:

*The priests and the captain of the temple guard and the Sadducees came up to Peter and John while they were speaking to the people. They were greatly disturbed because the apostles were teaching the people, proclaiming in Jesus the resurrection of the dead. They seized Peter and John and, because it was evening, they put them in jail until the next day. But many who heard the message believed; so the number of men who believed grew to about five thousand.*

*The next day the rulers, the elders and the teachers of the law met in Jerusalem. Annas the high priest was there, and so were Caiaphas, John, Alexander and others of the high priest's family. They had Peter and John brought before them and began to question them:*

*“By what power or what name did you do this?”  
Then Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit, said to them: “Rulers and elders of the people! If we are being called to account today for an act of kindness shown to a man who was lame and are being asked how he was healed, then know this, you and all the people of Israel: It is by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified but whom God raised from the dead, that this man stands before you healed. Jesus is ‘the stone you builders rejected, which has become the cornerstone.’ Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to mankind by which we must be saved.”*

*When they saw the courage of Peter and John and realized that they were unschooled, ordinary men, they were astonished and they took note that these men had been with Jesus.*

*- Acts 4:1-13 -*

There were no bands, no student space, no flashing lights, and no photo booths. Their lives were on the line, and still, their faith was strong and growing every day. Now, I'm not saying you have to risk your life to prove your love for God, but I am saying

Jesus, in and of Himself, should be enough for us to continue following Him.

Even if you can't find a church like the one you have now, you can still find Jesus.

So, what would it look like for you to start thinking about your relationship with God differently? What would it look like for your faith to be fueled by your love for Jesus? What would it look like for you to pursue Him even when it's hard?

I wrote a few questions for you to ask yourself that I hope will help you clarify why you love Jesus. I hope they will guide you toward continuing to pursue your relationship with Him as you move on to the next season of your life.

# QUESTIONS

1. Why do you love Jesus?

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2. What does a personal relationship with Him look like for you?

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3. What is the best time of day for you to connect with God? Why?

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4. How do you best connect with God? (For example, worship music, reading Scripture, journaling, etc.)

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## ACTION STEP

Use your answers and pick a time each day to spend 15 minutes with God. During that time, take 10 of those minutes to connect with Him the way that you connect with Him best. Then, take the last five minutes to pray and thank God for the day.

# A RESOURCE FOR HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

Life is constantly changing and with every new season comes a new set of challenges. As you prepare to leave high school behind and move into a new season of college and “adulting,” this book will serve as a guide to help you maintain and grow your faith in college. In the pages of this short book you’ll find letters from college freshmen, 10 ideas that will help prepare you for what’s ahead, and questions to help you process and apply what you’ve read. My hope is that by the end of this book you will walk away challenged, encouraged, and prepared before you go.

“Sometimes, we treat graduation like it’s the finish line. But the real-world race goes on and you’re running in it whether you want to or not. After you’ve had enough graduation-cap sentimentality, Gerald’s book should be the next thing you read so you’ll be ready for where your next steps will take you.”

REGGIE JOINER - CEO/Founder, reThink/Orange

“As I looked through *Before You Go*, I kept thinking of teenagers I want to read this book now or in the future when they graduate from high school. My own kids are at the top of that list. I’m confident you’re going to have the same urge to get this book to every high school senior or college freshman you know.”

KARA POWELL - PhD, Executive Director of the Fuller Youth Institute and co-author of *Growing Young*

“This book is profoundly practical, wonderfully helpful, super interesting, and deeply rooted in Gerald’s own personal story.”

CLAY SCROGGINS - Lead Pastor of North Point Community Church and author of *How to Lead When You’re Not in Charge*



GERALD FADAYOMI leads the High School ministry (InsideOut) at Browns Bridge Church, a North Point Ministries church in Cumming, Georgia. His passion for the next generation is displayed through his communicating and writing, but is best seen when he is hanging with a group of students at a Friday night football game or a Friday morning FCA. His hope is to inspire the next generation to love God and influence their peers by living life counter-culturally. He is an Atlanta native and loves doing life and ministry with his wife, Kiley Fadayomi.

  @GeraldFadayomi



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