

True Stories WINTER 2014

Prison Epistles

GOD IS ALWAYS WORKING ON YOU

I used to sell drugs, fight and commit fornication causing children to be born for I thought that's what men did. I didn't grow up with many great men in my life, men I could look up to as loving fathers in my life. At only 6 years old I was being molested by three female cousins who were 12, 14 and 16 years old. Thus I thought I knew all about women and sex and started having many girlfriends in school and on the streets. This resulted in my procreating many kids and leaving many girls with broken hearts.

My father was never around after he and my mother divorced when I was only 12 years old. I began looking at drug dealers and pimps as manly figures. I started smoking weed and drinking beer around the time my father left us. My sexual activities caused a lot of pain, hate and envy.

At age 13 I started breaking the law which led me from juvenile and county

prison due to drugs and violence. Then I finally started to really seek God.

I had looked into truth about Him and looked for Him each time I was sent to jail but finally this time I allowed God to touch my heart and I was changed...not all at once, but a little at a time.

I still have issues that God is addressing in my life and I am looking forward to the great day when I shall be like Jesus Christ, His Son, when I will hate sin and won't want to sin at all anymore...

"Beloved, now we are children of God; and it has not yet been revealed what we shall be, but we know that when He is revealed, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And everyone who has this hope in Him purifies himself, just as He is pure."

(1John 3:2-3)

I encourage all who read this to seek the Lord's forgiveness and accept Jesus Christ as your Savior because He has already paid the full penalty for your sins, and then let Him guide you through life. Don't care about what others may think of you. Think of only you and the Lord Jesus who loves you so much that He died for you! Only He can give you the life that Satan has stolen from you.

"The thief (Satan) does not come except to steal, and to

kill, and to destroy. I (Jesus Christ) have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.”
(John 10:10)

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“My Sabbatical”

Jesus Christ is always working on you in an effort to get you to allow Him to make you God’s blessed child, even when you do not recognize it. Today, I know what it means to be a man of God!!!

I love you, B.R., Texas

**DO YOU HAVE A
PERSONAL
TESTIMONY FOR
JESUS CHRIST,
HOW HE SAVED
YOU FROM THE
GUILT AND
PENALTY OF
YOUR SINS AND
GAVE YOU PEACE
AND
A NEW LIFE?**

Write to...
P.O. Box 782,
Ft Worth, TX 76101

The first five years of my life I lived in North Hollywood, California across the street from Mr. Whippel, the Charmin’ Tissue guy, and The Monkey’s had a house next door to us. Just before my sixth birthday, my parents got a divorce and my Mother moved my two younger brothers, my younger sister and me to a very small town in Oklahoma, where she grew up and where her Grandparents lived. It was quite a culture shock to say the least, even for young kids, to go from the huge metropolis of Los Angeles to a country town with only one stop sign.

My Mother was a public school music teacher. At that time, Oklahoma school teachers were near the bottom of the pay scale for school teachers nationwide and, for a single mother with four young children it was very difficult financially, even with having Grandparents nearby. Because of my experience being poor and growing up struggling as a young family financially, I vowed to become successful when I grew up, so my family would not have to go through similar problems and troubles.

Whatever I did, I worked hard and did my best, whether it was in sports, school or work. I was committed to succeed and I knew it would take hard work and I had no problem doing whatever it took to succeed. After being married and starting a family, I continued to start and build numerous businesses and was very blessed in my ability to lead and direct them. I didn't cuss, I didn't drink and I didn't do illegal drugs, but my drug of choice became money and businesses.

No matter how much money that I made and no matter how many toys that I or we had as a family, including a large home with a swimming pool, monster play land, a large recreation room with every kind of game available, a five car garage that was full, a 30' x 50' steel building that was full, a very nice guest home, a mountain home that slept 22 people comfortably, plus a mountain guest home that sleep eight, a large 41' Allegro Bus motor coach with all the bells and whistles, a BMW 655cci, a top of the line Dodge diesel Mega Cab, a dune buggy, ATV's, motorcycle's, big screens, the latest in electronics, exotic vacations, and toys, and toys, etc ... I still wanted more and continued to focus on business and making more money and looking like I was a real success by the world's standards.

As a successful guy and family man, I looked good, smelled good, and seemed to really have it all together. Every Sunday, as a family, we would get all dressed up and go to church, then out for the family church lunch, so everyone could see us and see that we were looking good. But inside I was very empty, even though at that time no one could have told me that I needed Jesus, I had a big hole in my heart that only He could fill. I thought I was a good Christian, never missed church, my children all seemed happy, made straight A's and were the stars on their teams and the most popular in their classes. My beautiful wife seemed happy and was always smiling, and I contributed to many philanthropic causes financially and even volunteered and gave of my rare



available time on committee's and boards. I looked like the model Christian citizen, but my plastic and made up world was quickly starting to unravel.

Through a turn of events and one horrible evening, I found myself in the Potter County Jail arrested for murder. The first couple of weeks in the jail, I was so sick physically I really thought that I was going to die and probably wished that I would. Once I was able to start eating again and somewhat function physically, I started crying out to God asking what was going on? How could this have happened to me? What was going on in my life? Did He have plans for me? What was I to do? I had many other questions of this sort. Day in and day out I'd cry out to God, until one day while I was walking in a small fenced in recreation area, I heard the word "Sabbatical", not verbally, but it seemed to be in my spirit. It finally occurred to me that the Lord was giving me that word and even though I was somewhat familiar with the word, I really didn't know for sure what it meant...so as soon as I was able to look it up I did and found that the definition is: "A period of rest for study."

It hit me that the Lord wanted me to take this time and use it wisely for study to get to know Him and His will! I committed at that moment to devoting myself to study and I prayed Ephesians 1:17, " ... for the wisdom to get to know the Lord better." Since that time, I have now taken more than one thousand pages of Holy Spirit inspired notes of plans that I believe the Lord wants me to continue to stay

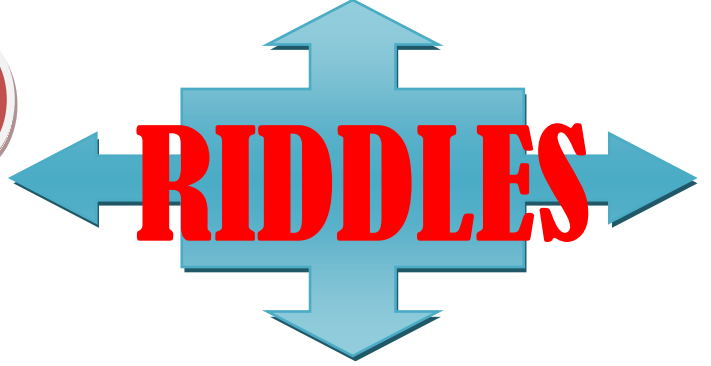
committed to completing during the remaining time that the Lord will bless me with. Even though at times I am impatient and ready to get back in the free world to start on my vows and plans from the Lord, I am very thankful that I have learned so much about my Lord and Savior. Psalms 119:71 says; *"It was good for me to be afflicted so that I might learn your decrees."* I know had I still been living my previous life, I would not have ever taken the time necessary to read and study God's written word nor learn any of the important truths that we all should know well while living this life.

committed and disciplined in staying productive with my time and making choices that facilitate my preparation to be completely ready to accomplish all that the Lord has planned for me to do to serve Him building His kingdom. The last chapter of this testimony has yet to be lived and written, but today I can say that I have a comfort and peace that transcends all under-standing (Philippians 4:6-7), of which I know could have only come from my creator, from my Lord and Savior, and I thank him.

P.G., Wynne Unit, Huntsville, TX

**What you do with the
Lord Jesus Christ
TODAY
will determine what
He will do with you
TOMORROW!**

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1. **1. What asks but never answers?**

2. **2. What tastes better than it smells?**

3. A poor man is sitting in a restaurant. He sees that the man next to him is extremely rich. The poor man says, "I have an amazing talent; I know almost every song that has ever existed." The rich man just laughs.

The poor man says, "I am willing to bet you all the money you have in your wallet that I can sing a popular song that includes a lady's name of your choosing." The rich man laughs again.

Then the rich man says, "OK, how about my daughter's name, Joanna Armstrong-Miller?"

The poor man goes home rich. What popular song did he sing?

4. **What is a word made up of 4 letters, yet is also made up of 3. Sometimes is written with 9 letters, and then with 4. Rarely consists of 6, and never is written with 5.**

("Prison Epistle's" first female testimony)

He Left Me There to Bless Me!

Cursed from birth I was a devil's child, at least that was what I was told! I came into the world August 13th 1959 abandoned by my mother at the hospital. She was not happy at my birth, not only because she was wild and did not want the responsibility, but also because my birth was disgraced in two ways: she was an unwed mother and because her brother-in-law was my father. She was totally disgusted at my birth and at my existence.

In spite of all this the first five years of my life were charmed. My grandfather, who was a preacher, took one look at me and fell madly in love. I was his oldest biological grandchild. "Big Daddy," as I called him, took me home from the hospital and cared for me every waking moment of his and my life!

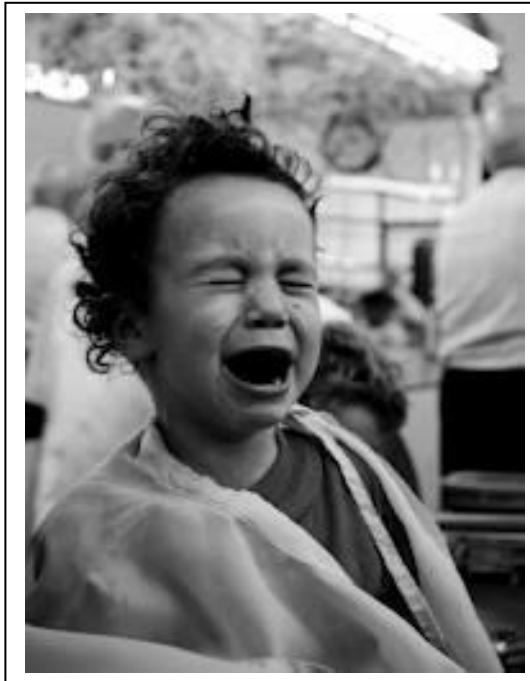
I was later told by my grandmother that everyone in town thought that I was a cripple because my grandfather carried me everywhere. My grandfather always allowed me to sleep between him and my grandmother. They had other children and loved and took care of them, but it was clear I was my grandfather's whole world. "Big Daddy" was the janitor of the black school and every day he would pack a huge lunch with lots of snacks and took me to work with him. I was very shy and would always look at the ground

5 or floor and never spoke to anyone but my grandfather.

As for the first five years of my life I felt loved and treasured and knew nothing of hardship. I did not even know that I had been abandoned by my mother until December 24, 1965. That's the day that "Big Daddy" died. I had a cousin who was also abandoned by his mother, but he was not a shy child and had a relationship with my two aunts and an uncle who were still minor children and were still at home. The day my grandfather died, Christmas Eve, he told us to always stick together because no one else loved us and he would be gone.

That day my panic, anxiety, and

desire to die started because I felt alone. Our home was in total chaos until my grandfather's funeral and when they put him over his grave I began to understand that he was never coming back! After my grandfather was buried the horror began. My mother came and left which didn't bother me because not only did I not know her, I was terrified of her.



I turned six years old and was enrolled in school but never attended. My grandmother began to complain that my cousin and I were a burden. We were neglected. Our clothes were dirty, our hair uncombed and we became servants for the entire household. My grandmother and her children ate good food and wore decent clothing but my cousin and I went hungry and often stole food, sometimes eating onions and

crackers, catsup and bread or whatever else we could get our hands on. My grandmother had no authority in her house. Her children mistreated her and she in turn mistreated my cousin and me. They spent her money and came and went as they pleased and she was helpless to stop them. My aunts began to have children and we became babysitters while my granny worked and my aunts went to school.

My granny and her children never let my cousin and I forget that our mothers didn't want us and if we made what they saw as a mistake or disobeyed them in any kind of way, we were stripped naked, our hands tied behind our backs and whipped with an extension cord. About this time my cousin began to molest me. My uncle, who was cruel and sadistic to all of us, began to molest him and he, in turn, molested me.

My aunts and my one uncle beat, not only us, but my grandmother also. He was so sadistic that my cousin and I had to fight and the one that lost was stripped naked and beaten. Sometimes my rage rose to the surface and I would win but more often than not I was the one who lost. When I turned seven years old my uncle began to show me his private parts and masturbate in front of me, but the one he physically molested was my cousin who would scream for us to help him at night but no one could or did. I slept with my Granny who had a boyfriend and I had to feign sleep while they had sexual relations. I

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told my cousin who told my aunt and my aunt told my grandmother who beat me and called me a liar.

One day my mother showed up and there was a big fight. My mother took not only me, but my cousin with her. We thought life might get better but we were wrong. My mother was an alcoholic and she lived with an alcoholic man. We were enrolled in school again but we rarely attended. We were servants who lived in the midst of chaotic drinking, fighting and carousing. That was our life.

One day our landlord put us out. My mother told us to sit on the steps until she returned. It was a freezing cold day and we had on nothing but shorts and shirts. We were in Brownwood, Texas, alone and abandoned with no one to turn to. My mother's friend came by

and found us alone and freezing cold in the dusk of the evening and took us to her house. She and her husband had ten children. We were happy there. We wore her children's clothes; we were fed and sent to school. It was our first glimpse of a normal

home. My mother, in one of her drunken rages had pushed me into a space heater. My leg was burned and had gotten infected. The teacher became concerned and talked to the dear lady with whom we now lived, found out we were abandoned by my mother and called what we called the Welfare Department back then.

We were sent back to my Grandmother's house where my mother was now living it up. She beat me for saying that she left us. Our nightmare



started all over again. We were neglected physically, emotionally, and spiritually. I began to fear that I would not live to see twelve years of age. My cousin's mother came and took him away and I was left alone to take the full brunt of all the abuse and neglect.

No one in the family loved me. My mother's sister emotionally abused me because her ex-husband was my father and my first cousin who was also my half brother began to molest me. My mother moved us to a hotel in town where she brought her tricks to the room and had sex with them for money. All I could do was pretend to be asleep day or night. My mother would come home drunk and curse and berate me and tell me how much she hated me. Her favorite thing to say was that she should have cut my throat the day I was born because I was so ugly.

My mother left and I returned to my Granny's house where the abuse, servitude and neglect continued. I began to earnestly fear I would be murdered before twelve years of age. I don't know how I learned to read but I could and that became my way of escape. I read everything no matter what it was.

At eight years old my mother returned and took me to Ft. Worth, Texas. Again, no school. I was a prisoner in my mom's home. One day my mother took me to her lady friend's house and asked me to babysit while she went to the movies. She never returned that night and in fact I was twelve years old before she returned.

This lady had a husband and two children but she began to treat me as if I was her child. Clothes were bought for me and for the first time in my life I

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attended school on a regular basis and began to feel a sense of safety. I had a normal home in every aspect of my life except one. Her two sons were jealous and often abused me. By now I felt like nothing, insignificant and I was very sick although my adoptive parents didn't know it. I pretended to be a well-adjusted child but on the inside I was crying.

My mother returned when I was twelve years old but my adoptive mom took her to court and won. I didn't think my adoptive mom would believe the boys were abusing me so I did not tell her so my abuse continued! I wasn't hers by birth so there was no way she would believe me. There was also sexual abuse that I suffered in that home by my brothers and by one of her brothers. My



mom came in and out. She was allowed to visit. Eventually she showed up drunk

and disorderly. She was known by everyone on that side of town and no longer hiding her bi-sexuality and the other kids treated me badly. At fourteen I was depressed, sick, deceived by the enemy and looking for love in all the wrong places. I had also been trying to commit suicide since twelve years of age. I quit school and hooked up with an older boy who I thought loved me. He didn't love me. He drank, chased women and often tried to beat me up.

God was not a part of my life. My testimony was that I did not believe in

God because He was punishing me for being born. The older boy I was with smoked, drank and did drugs so I began to do the same. I stayed with him until I was sixteen and finally threw in the towel and became homeless. I was taken in by the another family who I had known my entire life. Judy had always been my friend and had always shown me love. Her mother and my grandmother were best friends and so we had always had close contact.

In this home I was shown much love and treated like a beloved family member. Mel, as I called her, would talk to me all the time and tell me there was a reason for everything that had happened to me that I was neither a mistake nor a failure. She said that I was living out a picture of myself that was given to me by sick people and not the picture God had of me. My depression got better and I joined the Air Force. I excelled at basic training and, learning from the structure, I regained some of my self confidence and trust that I had lost in the world, in people and in myself.

I got married and again made a huge mistake in judgment. He was a drinker, a womanizer, and also physically abusive. I stayed with him six years and finally realized he was sicker than I was. He ruined my life, my career and also destroyed the sense of self that I had found.

After leaving the Air Force, I moved back to Ft. Worth and started college. I could do the work and excelled at it but my husband was jealous, unsupportive, and set about to sabotage everything I did as it related to school. I became depressed, anorexic and suicidal. By now I had a number of unsuccessful suicide attempts and did drugs to survive.

I got divorced and set out once again on my own, lost, lonely and filled with a sense of failure and self loathing. I never wanted to have to ask anyone for anything. So I worked. I didn't know it but I was filled with ungodly pride and prided myself on my self-sufficiency. I thought it was a good thing. I met another man and fell in love. After a year of courtship we got married. I became a housewife, had children and tried to live a normal life but I was sick still although I didn't know it.

My husband was a good provider and was not physically abusive but he secretly drank and when I found out I became disillusioned but decided things could be worse. After all, he wasn't as bad as my mom or my ex-husband. He took me on trips, gave me all the things I never had and drank. He finally began to be emotionally abusive when drunk and my depression and desire to die came back. By now I was a city mail carrier and excelled at the job. I loved the freedom of it and also knew I was called to do it. My best friend Judy, moved to Ft. Worth and we reconnected. She came to visit me and we had a wonderful visit. When I offered her marijuana, she politely refused and told me she was a "born again Christian." I put away the



drugs and we finished the visit and she left.

I was stunned by her revelation but I did not show her that. She started me to thinking about the God I disavowed as well as hated. She never put me down or made me feel bad, she just loved me as I was and like the sister she called me. One day at my house I asked her why she served a mean, hateful, vengeful God. After all we used to party, drink, do drugs, chase guys and have fun and God didn't want anyone to have fun! She told me how one day in Austin, Texas when she was at the end of her rope and had decided to kill her children and herself that God had sent a lady to witness to her about the love and forgiveness of God. She told her how He had sent His Son to earth to die for all of our sins and how life could be better if you accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior.

Judy invited me to church and I went but I thought everyone there was faking. My husband went also but began to drink again right after joining the church. I really felt that God loved and forgave them but not me. I went to church to please my friend, Judy, not really believing that God could love me or forgive me. I also still believed that He was punishing me for being born.

My heart was so hard and wounded and I was so sick I didn't feel that anything of God's word got into my heart. But I was wrong! Some of His word did get into my heart. I didn't feel any different and could not accept that God loved me. I quit church but my friend continued to love me and pray for me. I was at work delivering mail and two guys robbed me. It was a frightening experience. All my abnormal behaviors came back. I became frightened of



everyone and everything except my husband and children. I ate two days a week, cried all my waking hours and had horrendous nightmares. I finally quit sleeping and began to watch for disaster. I stopped eating, stopped sleeping and began to plan my death. My husband told me there was a place for people like me and convinced me to go to treatment and I went and stayed for sixty days.

In treatment I learned about what had happened to me and how all my abnormal behaviors were my mind's way of coping with trauma. I learned that I wasn't the only person in the world who had been horribly mistreated and I learned that it wasn't God who did it to me but the people who were supposed to love me and take care of me.



After treatment I returned to work where I was as mean as a viper to anyone who tried to befriend me. I could not afford to let people in, it hurt too bad. There was a minister at work who was also my supervisor. He was different from anyone else and didn't pay attention to my meanness or rages, no matter what I said he smiled and was friendly. One day he came to the route to inform me that my favorite uncle (who had never hurt me) was found dead in his bed.

I was distraught, angry at God and raging about how God was punishing me. Sam said to me, "No God is not punishing you. People punished you for being

born, not God. You should seek Him and get to know Him for yourself." My reply was, "I am already lost. God won't hear me. I have cursed Him, denied Him, and shut Him out!" I expected Sam to say that yes, you are going to hell but (unlike others who fulfilled my expectations of God and told me I was going to hell) Sam said to me, "God understands what happened to you better than you do. He loves you, will forgive you and reveal to you His plans for your life." For the first time ever I saw God in a different light and began to believe that maybe my relationship with God and myself could be different. Sam continued to witness to me and then one Sunday I went to church with my friend, Judy.

This time my heart was open. I began to really listen to the sermons. I began to believe that God loved me and that I had value. As I attended church, more and more of my depression lifted and I discovered I had a gift for teaching the word of God. My only problem was that whenever I would suffer some kind of disappointment I would leave God. I now know whenever we can't feel God's presence we have moved, not Him. My biological mother was back in my life and she was still sick and I again let her color my view of how I saw God.

But God did not leave me and I learned that my abandonment and trust issues were interfering with my relationship with God. He was not like my mother, father, or anyone else who had hurt me. I had to put the responsibility of my abuse on the people it belonged to, not God.

One day sitting in church I felt like I heard a voice which said God loves you so much that He gave all that He had for you. I began to feel like I could hear this

voice all day, every day. It wouldn't go away. One day driving home from work listening to Christian radio, I heard: ***"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son so that whosoever would believe would not perish but have eternal life."***



It was John 3:16 and God had been speaking to me, I heard the voice of God in my mind and it changed everything!

That has been over twenty years ago and since then I have had a totally new outlook on life. The bad memories are not gone but they don't hurt anymore. I discovered their purpose and that healed my spiritual wounds. Nothing was magically fixed but I have learned Philippians 3:13-14: *"I count myself to not have apprehended, forgetting those things which lay behind me, looking forward to those things which lay in front of me. I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of Christ Jesus."*

God straightened out my life and I now walk in newness of life. My oldest child serves God and her country. I have a husband who, although he is in prison, accepted Christ with the help of a minister who came to the prison. Now

he too is walking in newness of life. Wherever I go I give my testimony.

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I thank and praise God for that minister and his wife who have taught me and my husband what the love of God feels like and what it feels like to have two godly parents who love us unconditionally. To anyone who has lived the same horror that I have I say *"seek ye first the kingdom of God and all other things will be added to you"* (Matt. 6:33). In this way God will give you back the years that the canker worms ate up. God loves you.

What God has done for me He will do for you too. I have victory, I have eternal life, and I have purpose on this earth. There is nothing like the love of God, finding your eternal purpose and knowing you will be with Jesus Christ in heaven forever.

How has doing it your way worked for you? Try Jesus. He will never fail you!

L.D., Killeen, Texas



If you always do what you've always done, You'll always get what you've always gotten!

YOU are on heaven's "Most Wanted" list.

I asked the Lord how much He loved me and He opened wide His arms...and died!

Someone asked me if I was willing to die for Jesus Christ and I said, "Yes!"

The Lord asked me if I was willing to live for Jesus Christ and I said, "....."

No one can withdraw from the influence of God's revelation without altering his morals.

If you are not RIGHT with God, you will be LEFT!

Don't let the bad actions of the SHEEP turn you away from the love of the SHEPERD!

Before you cross to the other side, be sure you to come to the cross on this side!

If a man is not STRAIGHT with Jesus Christ, he is CROOKED with himself.



- 1. An owl**
- 2. The tongue**
- 3. "Happy Birthday"**
- 4. "What" is a word made up of 4 letters.
"Yet" is also made up of 3.
"Sometimes" is written with 9 letters.
And "then" with 4.
"Rarely" consists of 6.
And "never" is written with 5.**

True Stories

Winter 2014

Prison Epistles

**DO YOU HAVE A
TESTIMONY
FOR CHRIST?**

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Page 2

**"My
Sabbatical"**

What it did
for me?

*"Prison Epistle's" first female
testimony*

**HE LEFT ME THERE
TO BLESS
ME!**

Page 5

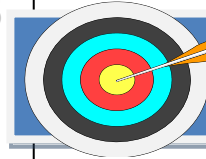


RIDDLES

Page 3

**GOD IS ALWAYS
WORKING
ON YOU**

Page 1



**SHORT
SHOTS**

Page 11

The Lord Jesus Christ said, "You MUST be born again."

Some Christians who are only
and sufficiently a part of the
church the Lord is building, of
which all and only His children
belong (Acts 2:47)

**P.O. Box 782
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