

# Prison Epistles

## Rescued at Last!!!

Dad was abusing emotionally and physically, I longed for any other friend's dads to love me. One did. He died in a car crash. That was the first darkness and ultimate sadness in my life, losing the only person I felt loved me. So at 12, I smoked weed and was attracted to older men.

One was 21 and he raped me. So then I overdosed on acid and tripped for 9 days and was sent to the nut ward for a few weeks. My parents sent me to live in Washington with a pen pal of my moms. They sent me back pretty quickly.

Got married at 17, started shooting meth. Got cervical cancer and was pregnant. They did a conization and I had 1 percent chance to keep my baby. God was even watching out for me then. I kept my baby and was never supposed to get pregnant again.

Got divorced and my mom and grandmother kept my son. Got married again, divorced and then married again. This time to a very abusive violent man who beat me up so much they started

calling me coon for the raccoon eyes I always had. I'm still shooting meth this whole time.

Against all odds I got pregnant again and got an abortion because I was not going to have a baby by a man that beat me and I got pregnant again. I couldn't get another abortion. That son was kidnapped for a month and the F.B.I. got him back from another state. Got divorced again. My son went to live with my mom. Found out I had cancer again and got a hysterectomy.

Still manufacturing and selling and doing meth. Then I met the love of my life, we were so high, he was pulling a gun on me all the time and finally his best friend shot and killed him in front of me in 1990.

I went full force doing what I was doing, selling stolen guns from the police station evidence room. Riding my Harley with the bandidos. Selling stolen Harley's. It was crazy. Met a guy and lived with him for 5 years. Then I got married again for a year to another violent guy, married again and divorced.

**Got saved when I was 47!** Had a tattoo shop and quit shooting drugs. Sold the shop and just started learning about and falling in love with Jesus. Now I am blessed with a nice vehicle, a Harley, a house and an excellent paying job. **I love talking about Jesus. He's my favorite subject**

Katt, Texas

# RIDDLES?

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## Don't Matter How Deep You Are GOD'S LOVE IS DEEPER

**1. Two fathers and two sons go on a fishing trip. They each catch a fish. Why do they only bring 3 fish home?**

**2. Jack rode into town on Friday and rode out 2 days later on Friday. How can that be possible?**

**3. Name the two days starting with T besides Tuesday and Thursday?**

**4. What is round on both sides but high in the middle?**

**5. What is next in this sequence: JFMAMJJASON\_ ?**

**6. A man was cleaning the windows of a 25 story building. He slipped and fell off the ladder, but wasn't hurt. Why?**

**7. Imagine you are in a dark room. How do you get out?**

**8. Two children, who were all tangled up in their reckoning of the days of the week, paused on their way to school to straighten matters out. "When the day after tomorrow is yesterday," said Priscilla, "then 'today' will be as far from Sunday as that day was which was 'today' when the day before yesterday was tomorrow!" On which day of the week did this puzzling prattle occur?**

TODAY is the day that you can be saved, to feel loved, to accept God's grace. You can't give up, your attitude matters. You can't blame God when your life seems shattered.

You can do drugs, you can do hugs, you can be gangsters, you can be thugs, you can do meth, fill your noses with coke...but the outcome of those things are no joke.

With God...you can laugh, you can love, you can have peace from above. He takes the sick and makes em' well and He ain't jokin' when He talks about hell.

God almighty is our Creator, He don't like no fornicator. Jesus Christ is free flowin', all knowin', mind blowin' and wants us all to go where He's goin'.

Make your mind up, decide now. Wanna go to heaven? I'll tell ya how. Repent of your sins, let go and give in...give Him your heart, a new start, a life apart, from sinners will make you a winner.

He don't like liars, cheaters, repeat offenders or drunk bartenders but it don't matter what kind of life ya been livin', been money driven or spent your life in prison..., we can ALL be forgiven.

Jesus Christ knew that we were lost, that's why He shed His blood on the cross.

He didn't come for those who were saved, He came for sinners like us, with one foot in the grave.

So ya coulda been thrill seekin', evil speakin', 9 day tweekin' or freaky deakin', canivin', drunk drivin, dumpster divin, a man hator, manipulator, mastorbator or drama creator.

You coulda been a pornography watcher, sex stalker, pill popper, wild livin' or anger driven' but it don't matter...our God is forgiven.

Cold and crude, bad attitude, full of pride, bitter inside, a two bit whore or rotten to the core....just shout out and repent to the Lord.

If you've been mean and aggravatin', cold and hatin', the one who laughs at you is satan.

So it don't matter if you've been causin' strife, been a sinner all your life, a liar, a thief, don't practice what cha preach or bummin' money from 7-11,...God wants us all to go to heaven.

And it don't matter if you've been usin, abusin, screwin' or tattooin, if your gay, smoke pot, non stop till ya drop, smokin' crack, made money on your back, shootin' smack or got off track...God will forgive ya and take ya back.

You can make excuses, you can tell yourselves lies...but were ALL gonna meet our maker when we die.

So if you feel you've never done ONE thing right.... do it now...give your life to Christ.

**Katt, Texas**

# 110 YEARS SENTENCE

I was given two life sentences with 110 years. I laid in my cell with tears flowing as **I asked God to take my life and do what He wanted to do with it.** I knew that God had much work to do with my life as I lived in bondage with everything: drugs, sex, and alcoholism. I was a thief. I stole and did drugs every day when I was out. I looked for things to steal, deal, sell or trade. It didn't matter what it was even women I hooked up with...everything. The Devil had my life tied down. How can any man be in so much love with that type of a life being a gangster, enjoying all of it except being caught?

Oh how I hated to be caught. I tried everything to get away. High speed car chases, changing cars, hiding in trees. But they always outmaneuvered me. They got where they would follow me around, wait until I pulled in a driveway, and then block me in with a regular car. I would still attempt to drive through the front yards.

But now here I am with numerous felonies and coming back to prison.

I would of never ever believed that I would have so much time to serve. I wouldn't snitch so I faced my sentences.



God had plans for me but the devil didn't just lie down. He fought for me and fought. I was in prison ad-seg. God gave me the strength along with my love Stella. Stella comes into my mind because sometimes when we stop and think about it, we can remember a person that God very meaningfully used in our life. Someone whose love so shaped our heart at such an important time that our future was completely changed.

Back in the fight with the devil... Next thing I knew I was making every bad decision possible. Back to selling drugs in prison. Smoking K-2. Everyone knew, find SS and look at his eyes that says if anything is on the unit cause I knew how to get it. Just like in the free world.

But I always did a little something in vocational trade schools and built myself

some good things. Bible studies, self help and I ran across something that gave me understanding. Romans 7:15-24. We don't understand why we do the things we do, we want to do the right thing but we don't do it. We don't want to do the wrong things but we do it as well. We do things we despise. It happens so often that it's predictable. We make promises to ourselves, to God and to others but constantly break them. "I'll stop, I really mean it. This is the last time." Our best intentions just don't result in our behavior being different. The reality is if we'd been able to stop our addiction on our own, we'd of done it by now. We don't like who we become, we're desperate. No matter what has gotten us to this place of desperation, **the only way we're really going to live a different life is to experience the power that's greater than our addiction and ourselves. We obviously don't have that power but God does.**

I lay in my cell with my lay-in in a bad mood waiting, tossing and turning all night long, I was angry waiting to go pick up my set-off. I go to the old chow hall and people I know are coming back. "1 year set-off," the guy in front of me says. They call my name and I go to get mine but it wasn't a set-off. I been granted parole F-I-18 to the Carol Vance Unit! I was stunned. 8 years done on 2 life sentences. 110 years ran concurrent. I choked up. I couldn't

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believe it. Chills ran down my body. I was truly blessed.

Its count time the same day as I was told of my parole. A woman stops at my door and says, "You're going to Jester 2." WHAT! The same day. It never happens so quick. God knew. He moved Heaven and Earth for His child.

So here I am sending hope and faith to you. Something I didn't have before but I do now.

God's love,  
K.S., Ransey/Carol Vance Units

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## Would God really forgive me for this!

I am 29 years old. I was born and raised in Fort Worth, Texas. I have an older sister, a younger sister and my mom. She did the best she could to raise us but we rebelled from going to church and let our friends influence our choices as we went to high school.

I barely graduated high school due to skipping school and not caring to learn. I lived by whatever I felt was right. I couldn't keep a job due to an apathetic attitude. I found a girlfriend and we moved in together and had two kids. By now I was a manager at a restaurant. Not having a father I didn't know how to be a good boyfriend/father and neglected my girlfriend and kids by working all the time. This led to relationship problems.

I caught my girlfriend in the bed with an ex-boyfriend of hers. He ran away and I confronted her but being enraged and of low character I hurt her and she later died. I was taken to the Tarrant County Jail charged with murder. Guilt ridden and confused I walked around the prison day room noticing a Bible study in progress. When it was over I spoke to a young man who referred me to his mentor. We met and I asked many questions. He told me that he had committed a similar crime and **he found forgiveness and hope through faith in Jesus.** He recommended I read the

How would you like to

# KNOW

**ALL YOUR SINS ARE FORGIVEN!**

**YOU HAVE ETERNAL LIFE!**

**YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO HEAVEN!**

**YOU ARE A CHILD OF GOD!**

Write for

***"How You***

***Can be***

***BORN AGAIN"***

and

***"EVIDENCE  
of Your Salvation"***

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Bible. I had never read the Bible and was very doubtful that God would forgive me for what I did. I was given an easy to read Bible and read it night and day. **I came to realize that I was a sinner and only by faith in Jesus Christ I could be forgiven of all my sins and go to Heaven. That changed my life. I felt a burden lifted from me as I prayed for the first time in my life.**

I continued to seek God through the Bible. My mentor showed me how to lead others to Christ, call prayer calls and Bible studies.

**God is truly good and calls everyone to receive Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior to be forgiven of their sins qualifying them to go to Heaven.**

Will you do it today...right where you are? Call out to Jesus and be saved!

***"The word is near you, in your mouth and in your heart (that is, the word of faith which we preach): that if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation...For whoever calls on the name of the LORD shall be saved."*** (Romans 10:9-13)

C. Evans

## **A Surge of Hate so Intense I just Smiled and Decided to Retaliate Against the System**

I can remember it all and I will never forget...but today I am strong enough to allow God who began His work within my heart to use me as a vessel to reach out to those like myself who for many years have **wandered in the wilderness with no destination in mind.** Falling victim of the accuser (Satan), all his lies and tactics over-whelming my spirit with shame and guilt, depression, anger, resentment, violence, drugs, crime, hatred, rejection, abandonment, severe physical, emotional, and spiritual abuse. I was brought up raised as a Zero.

I can recall my biological father and all his buddies at our house on Fridays partying and playing music. I was still on the bottle and in pampers and I loved being with my father. I recall that these guys would cup their hands around my nose and mouth and blow a lot of smoke into my face. I remember trying to wiggle away. After a couple of times it wasn't bad cause (now I know) I was stoned. I wasn't even two years old yet. They would take my baby bottle and pour something into my kool-aid. I can still see their bottle, it was yellow and square (now I know it was Jose Cuero). It was always given to me to put me to sleep. I would fall and run into walls drunk! On other nights they would be in the garage working on engines. I would catch them busy and



drink out of their beers. My father was always drinking and into heavy drugs, black molly's, yellow jackets anything to keep them awake and wired. I'd see them putting bags of pills into the glove compartment. I thought those were my dad's candies. I started stealing those pills and eating them like candy.

My Aunt hated me around cause I would not sleep and I'd keep my cousins up as well. So I'd get beat for it. No never spanked. I was beat with extension cords, fly swatters (wire), sticks soaked in water, even a short handled bullwhip! I was stripped to my Flintstone underwear and put out on the porch in 20° weather...me and my siblings. I was locked into restrooms and whipped without target as long as it hit me... across the face and all over my body. And that was the good part because I still had to wait for Dad to come home from work. That was a whole lot worse.

I was punished for playing video games and not cleaning, or just taking a tortilla before supper...all sorts of reasons and this always included my brothers too. If we made any noise on Saturday, wow it was just really bad 'cause dad's hung-over! One Christmas I got a real cool police car that had all the sirens, lights, microphone etc. It lasted 20 minutes and my dad slammed it against a wall. I didn't even cry about it. It was cool just to have had it 20 minutes.

It hurt more watching my brothers get hurt and especially my mom. Even though she beat us at will I can still hear her cries for help, "Please no more

please stop, please." I watched her lose tooth after tooth until by the age of 30-32 she just got full top and bottom dentures. And this man had the audacity to feel he really did her a huge favor!

I was traumatized when I started school. If bad words were a language I'd of been very fluent at it. I honestly never knew it was wrong. I also stole anything I liked. I remember mom and dad giving me items at stores and telling me, "Just take it to the car and stay there." I was not worried about getting caught 'cause it was nothing compared to what I'd go home to every day.

I got 2 swats from my first grade teacher for going to get water without permission. This caused me to despise teachers. I would not do what they said. In my mind they were just all like my parents. Me and my brothers lived in fear. We began to run away. We figured it's easier than going through all the beatings. I had two older brothers. We would get into vacant houses or apartments and live in them. We began to burglarize homes for jewelry to sell so we could get weed, but mostly we'd take the food. We would steal electric skillet and cook for ourselves. We stole electrical meters and turned on the electricity. We opened water valves with pliers. I was about 6-8 then.

My first encounter with the law was at 9 years of age for burglary of a habitation. I was put on probation with my parents consent. That didn't slow us down. I found out you can't go to juvenile till you are 12 so I really started stealing.

I'd steal 4 or 6 bottles of MD 20/20 everyday. My brothers and their friends would get weed. Later when I was 12 we robbed a store and the cops were looking for us!

My big brother and friends came up with a plan to get us a car and go south to the Rio Grande Valley. We were all active gang members and into Satanism. I made a pact with Lucifer for my very own soul! We were into this stuff deep, the whole 10 yards. We held rituals, sacrificed things alive with fire. We terrorized neighborhoods to a point that people moved away. We were used to spilling blood and very intimate with death. The plan was to take some of the guys girlfriend's to this old perverts house then once he was distracted and drunk we'd get his keys and go south. Well he caught on so my big brother and a friend beat him with iron golf clubs. They broke 6 clubs on him and we never got the keys. They left him for dead. One of the girls called 911 so they came. The man survived.

The cops took my brother and his partner. The partner started talking so two days later I got arrested. I was questioned and released. That day my brother stabbed a guy while in the juvenile facility. He buried a pencil into some guy's chest very close to his heart. Now he started talking also and gave me up. My brother was 15 and I was 12. He got certified as an adult and I stayed in Juvenile. They left me hog-tied naked on the cold cement (just like my dad did on the porch). It was so cold I began to cry. They would tell me, "Just

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tell us, "You testify against your brother and we'll get you out." I wouldn't do it so they would turn off the lights and laugh at me and tell me, "Freeze, you worthless piece of feces." I just cried until I couldn't cry no more.

Then I felt a surge of hate so intense I just smiled and choose to retaliate against the system. I was completely consumed with this hate and anger. I even told them when they came to antagonize me and call me "cry-baby" I wasn't crying no more. And I told them I was going to make them all regret this night. They eventually started to let me out of my cell.

One day I tricked an officer to go into my cell and I latched him in from the outside. I walked back up the hall and put the other female officer in a choke hold 'till she gave up her keys and I put her in a cell also after I split her eye open punching her. I escaped!

At this time my big brother was in the county jail and he was meeting people who were members of a prison gang. When they heard about him and then about me they offered to bring us into the "family." I was barely going to be 13. I got sent to a TYC facility Brownwood State School. I hurt a lot of officers, a whole lot. That first year I did my very best to assault any correctional officer I could. I escaped from TYC. I would literally live on the streets of McAllen, Edinburg, San Benito, Harlingen. I worked with migrant workers in the fields picking green beans, melons, watermelons, potatoes, onion, peppers

whatever was in season. I would stay out of sight of authorities, make a little cash and buy my clothes. When there was no work I'd just wander around staying close to the railroad tracks. I'd sleep under a shady tree. Right before I was 14 years old I got a bus ticket to Corpus Christi. I got there and walked over the Harbor Bridge by myself. That's the biggest bridge there is in South Texas.

Plenty of nights I slept in barns, garages and yards in the cold and rain. I couldn't always find a vacant house/apartment to stay in. I couldn't go to stores because school was in session so I would survive eating citrus off people's trees. I would always stay real clean. I'd bathe behind stores with any hose available. No one even knew I was hundreds of miles from home.

I remember the first time I walked up to my Dad's home. He couldn't believe I got back on my own. He went and got drunk. He came in all wasted and went straight to yelling and slapping my mom. I had already been fighting a lot by then in state school and juvenile. I walked into the kitchen and I got in front of my dad and I told him, "That's it, Stop hitting my mom." He was not happy. He told me, "Okay, so you think you're a bad character, not cool, but you should have minded your business," and he walked out of the kitchen. I was helping my mom when I heard a lot of rummaging so I went to the bedroom door and peeked in. He had his 12 gauge in one hand and was digging around furiously in the drawers and he



looked up and just gave me a crazy look and sneered. I ran out of the house and into the woods. We were 6 miles out in the country with no neighbors around. He had always been an avid hunter and he hunted me down. I was lying in some brush. When I stood up all I heard was a huge blast and I was knocked to my face on the ground. I felt heat and blood all over my back. It hurt a lot. I crawled deeper into the brush and I heard his car start and him leave. I got up and took my shirt off. It was all bloody. I went inside and my mom was hysterical. She checked my back and told me I was going to be okay. I was lucky in his rush and rage he had grabbed a bird shot which is a lot of b-bs. He always had slug shot in that drawer so I was blessed. My mom took a knife and dug 13 b-bs out of my back, my head and down my arms. He shot me all in the back.

I soon got arrested. I was put in an interrogation cell alone with a desk and a chair. I hurried and put the chair on the table and climbed up into the ceiling to go out on the roof. I was crazy 'cause I fell into the Detective's office! They took me to an entirely new facility in Sinton. The next day I took about 9 kids hostage and broke the TV and VCR and kicked the water fountain off the wall and was doing my best to throw it through the control room window. It was temper stuff. Again I got hurt and left bound naked.

For the next few years it was like this. Pure violence. When I went to court the Judge told the probation department,

"I'm recommending he be released to the custody of his father today." Wow I was so happy. Then my dad stood up in public court and said something I can never forget. He said, "Your honor, you keep him 'cause I don't want him." This man never, not once, ever loved me. He even told them, "I don't want him." So from there on I was really all alone.

I soon turned 17 and was a full fledged member of a legit Prison Organization. I found acceptance and someone who cared for me. I was okay. I soon got sentenced to 4 years in prison at 17 years of age. That four years I stretched into 11 years day for day.

I was putting in all sorts of work for the "Fama." I got put on the "Terror-Dome" or Terrell Unit in Livingston. This was before Death-Row was put there. It's now the Polunsky Unit. I saw my first murder by the second week I was there. They stabbed a rival gang member 43 times two feet away from me. I can still hear the steel hit the concrete as they stabbed his chest through and through. I felt like I was in hell. I honestly never thought I would live to get away from there. I was all around wars. The next 18 years was all about violence. I used to catch my associates reading a Bible and I'd take it and throw it across the dayroom. I was so blind.

I lost my baby sister that year and a few months later my big brother as well. I remember them coming to my cell and pulling me out to tell me. I just looked at the pastor and said, "Please...you seriously woke me up just to tell me my

brother's dead." I told them, "Don't bother me with nonsense anymore." A few months later I lost my Grandma. I eventually got out in 2007. I never changed. I got worse.

I became a real bad alcoholic. I still had one baby sister. We became roommates and we had a blast. None of it mattered 'cause I always knew I'd end up in prison again and I did.

One day I caught chain to my unit, I was D-pod, 17 cell, 2 section, 1 row. They came to pull me out. My sister died on her own birthday. I went to that cell and just looked out the door. It was real déjà-vu. I was in that exact same cell almost 17 years back, exact section and exact same view and another lost family member. And it sunk in. This sort of stuff has got to stop and **I realized these steel doors and iron bars are not going to change. It was me that was going to have to change.**

I looked up and saw a "dove" in flight. It was a piece of an illustration board cut out and glued on top of the doorway. I've seen that dove all my life. It's related to the bible somehow. **I just sat on my bunk and I prayed and wept. I begged for forgiveness. I asked God to help me somehow. I just started talking to Him like He was my friend.** I told him, "God, if you accept me and you can help me change I promise I will give you my very best not every day but every minute of every second of every day." I promised from then on I'd open a Bible and read. I started praying every day letting God

know, "Hey Dad I don't know where to start so you lead the way." I would just open my Bible and read. And from then on the Lord has led the way.

I love myself now. I don't have the need of resentment. I let go of the past. I learned that forgiving is a daily struggle. I had to love and learn to be loved. **The father I always wanted revealed himself to my heart** and I know now I was never alone. I will never forget the past but neither am I bound to it anymore. Today I am free on the inside. I left the "Fama" after 18 years and I devoted my life to God. I am locked up but I'm not a prisoner. I am a child of God!

It's not easy but it was never easy. My comfort today comes from doing God's will. I have been able to get out of Segregation. I've been involved in Seminary studies. I am lucky enough to serve others in Bible studies daily.

**Today I am truly happy.** I don't have much but you're welcome to it. My attitude is completely opposite of before. I have my ups and downs. But I surround myself with God's children and we stick together. We edify one another. We do our best to minister to others. We praise God for every breath we get. I almost died 3 times in the past and was brought back. But that's nothing compared to being born again and actually living my life for God. To live to serve others has made the difference. God has each of us here for his own reasons. **None of us are here just to live. We are here to serve the Body of Christ. None of us is**

**exactly alike. You are one of a kind and you and only you can fulfill your role in God's plans.** I am here in prison and I have full access to the ones who are lost. I am here today by God's appointment. My ministry allows me to relate to not just convicted felons but the very crème of the crop, prisoners who are all ex gang members. God allowed me to endure the past to prepare me for this moment to serve Him here. I'm far from acting like a saint all the time, but I'm still serving God. **It all starts when you sincerely submit to God's will and invite him to take the wheel.** Amen.

Roy Vela, Huntsville

## RIDDLE ANSWERS

1. **The fishing trip consists of a grandfather, a father and a son.**
2. **Friday is his horse's name!**
3. **Today and tomorrow.**
4. **Ohio.**
5. **The letter D. The sequence contains the first letter of each month.**
6. **He fell off the 2nd step.**
7. **Stop imagining**
8. **The two children were so befogged over the calendar that they had started on their way to school on Sunday morning!**

# Prison Epistles



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at Last!!!**

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YEAR  
SENTENCE**

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**RIDDLES**

**GOD'S LOVE IS DEEPER**

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**HATRED  
AGAINST  
THE SYSTEM**  
But now I'm truly happy!

Page 5

**Would God  
Really Forgive  
Me for This!**

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)

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INTERNET

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