

True Stories Summer 2017

Prison Epistles

I Am Worth It to GOD!

I was born into a very dysfunctional family. From birth I watched my parents get drunk daily and before the day was over my daddy was either beating my mom with his fists or shooting at her with a gun. I never really understood but for some reason I didn't care what my daddy did. I loved him unconditionally and it didn't matter what he put me through the night before, I loved him.

One day when I was 7 years old my daddy got really sick. By early the next morning we were rushing him to the hospital and soon they were telling me my best friend was gone. I couldn't believe my daddy was gone!! I was so hurt, angry and devastated. As the days went by I was an emotional wreck.

About six months later my mom moved us to another town and in with another man she married. So here I was still angry, hurt and devastated at my dad for leaving me and now angry,

hurt and devastated at my mom for just moving on. I never once stopped to consider the stuff my mom suffered at his hands even though I had seen it all!!

I continued having anger just building up over the years to the point I wouldn't give the man my mom married a chance. So by the age of 13 my mom was drunk all the time. Me and my little brother were on our own and didn't get along with my step dad. Drugs were becoming a big part of my life. Marijuana, cocaine, LSD, Meth, crack and later alcohol. When I was younger I made myself a promise... After everything I saw and heard I would never allow myself to live like that. At age 13 I was already involved in anything and everything I could get my hands on. So here I was already having sex, in love with this boy and doing anything and everything and found out I was pregnant. His mom

and my mom were demanding an abortion. I finally gave in and did something I will regret for the rest of my life and had an abortion. Two months later I was in the hospital with 3rd degree burns where my soon to be father

in law poured gas on an already lit BBQ pit. The fire shot out and got me. I had third degree burns all over me and my

**I'M WORTH
IT TO GOD!
HE GAVE
HIS SON TO
PAY FOR ALL
MY SINS!!!**



hair was burned all the way to my pony tail holder. I blamed myself for all kinds of things saying I caught on fire like that because I killed my baby. When I turned 16 I was out of control and wanted out of my parent's house, so I married the man I had been with since I was 12. I kept doing all the drugs, out of control, just numbing the pain.

I became pregnant again and then here came the abuse, the exact same pattern I grew up with! I had the baby but the abuse got worse and now he was taking it further, shooting at me, putting the knife to my throat and lots of emotional, mental and physical abuse. I had a beautiful baby boy at the age of 17, and 4 years later, I had a beautiful baby girl, but the abuse never stopped.

The day finally came when the cops caught up with my husband's dealings. While he was in jail I decided to pick up where he left off. I started making money and partying more and more. I lost my kids due to the fact I wouldn't stop with my addiction. I either sold or lost everything. I decided I didn't care about anything. I was arrested for selling to a CI (my best friend of 14 years). My husband got out and had a baby with another woman. Finally we decided we were going to work out our problems but neither one of us could get past all that had happened between us. I ended up with his best friend and he ended up with my best friend, but in the end, we were better friends than I would have ever thought. Well I got into trouble and to SAHP I went.

Two weeks after my arrest, my kids were faced with the hardest thing

they may ever go through. They found their dad dead of an overdose and their mom was in jail. At this point I couldn't think of anything but getting home. So I started to fake it till I made it and got down to going home and started off down the same road again. I began seeing that I was on that selfdestruction path. As the days went by, I began praying for God to help me. I had been home 10 months and that monkey on my back called addiction was stronger than ever. I was up to smoking 5 grams a day, every day. I knew I was sick and couldn't help myself. As I prayed for God to help me I remembered I had a warrant out for my arrest for violations of probation. I was running everyday just staying high and crying out to God till the day came and I finally got arrested.

I was so high and don't remember hardly anything, but to look up and say, "Thank God!" and let out a big breath. I wasn't feeling well and slept for several days. When I woke up I started reading my Bible and I can honestly say I realized that I had been lost for 40 years! But now I have found the good Lord and I'm building a relationship with Him. For the first time in my life I'm truly getting to know myself through His Word. I never realized all the things I need to let go of and grieve and cry until now. I've learned I'm truly a wreck but God has grabbed me up and shook me and He is rebuilding me now and showing me I am worth something and He has a plan for me. Amen.

Stacy Kelly. Lockhart, TX

**SEND YOUR TESTIMONY TO
P.O. BOX 782, FT WORTH, TX 76101**

God's Spirit and Word are Alive and Can Change You!

I was raised Roman Catholic and attended every service on Sunday, went to prayer meetings and was even an altar boy for awhile. But I really never had a relationship with Jesus. He was just someone I heard about at various times. I had a rough childhood raised under a very strict Catholic deacon. I became rebellious all the way. "What



have I not done wrong or bad?" should be the question. My family was growing weary of my ways. I had cousins that were doing whatever they wanted but they were not on my level.

I had an older cousin who wanted to take me to a street revival but I was not for it. However, after being persuaded and begged I went just to shut him up. I figured, "Why not? I've tried every other crazy stuff. What's one more?" I was with my people and at about half a block away and I saw how things were and automatically said, "I ain't doing this. You go without me." Everything inside me was trying to make me stay put and not even budge. My

people started tugging a little on me and I was resisting to the fullest. Well after awhile I finally just said, "OK fine;" just to get them to leave me alone.

We got over to the crowd in the street and I remember feeling different, sort of like not to worry about this, it's OK. Well, when the evangelist got to me I went with it, thinking I'm crazy enough to do other things why not this. Yes, I accepted Jesus Christ and tried to put a little heart into it because that's what I was feeling to do. Well lo and behold I was changed and all of a sudden I was acting like everybody rejoicing and smiling and singing.! It was weird compared to my old lifestyle. Some of my friends even drove by and saw me and I didn't feel bad. It was completely good. I wasn't embarrassed at all.

Well I've been off and on since them. But the Lord doesn't let me stray too far for too long. I know God is real He showed me a lot of times in big and small ways.

In His love, M. D., Huntsville, TX

EARN CIRCIFICATES!

**MAILED
BIBLE STUDY
COURSES**

NOTHING TO JOIN

Name: _____

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

Changed from
SELF to SERVENT
by the Living Christ

I was raised in Krum, Texas, born in 1965. My Granny and Dad raised me and my 3 brothers and sister in the 1970-1980's. We were poor by society's standards but my Dad was a good provider and Granny Franks was a rock for our family. We all attended school in Krum and went to church. Education and religion was never at a loss in our family.

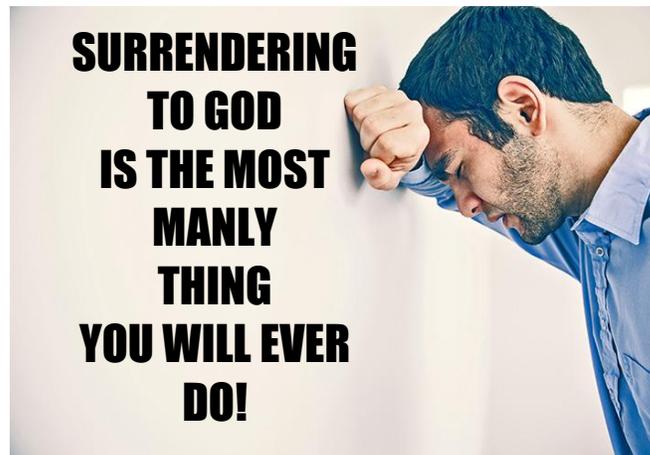
In 1980 I took a job riding cutting horses in the spring after school and through the summer. I stayed on at the ranch until 1983 when the FBI busted what was the largest marijuana

smuggling operation in America's history. After living as a teenager in the limelight of men like Rex Cauble, Texas oil millionaire Les Fuller, the model for the Marlboro Man commercials and

"Muscles Foster," trainer of six time world champion cutting horse, Cutter Bill, I completely lost time for church and Jesus seemed a million miles away.

My Granny died in 1983 and left a hole in my family and my heart that could not be filled. She was my best friend in life. The Jesus she had taught me about was supposed to love and comfort me but I did not let him so all I

felt was sadness. My life began a downward spiral that would bring me to meth addiction and prison for the next 35 years. My Granny told me I'd be a preacher one day, but I could not see that happening to a guy as messed up as I was. I tried to continue the legacy of the smuggling gang, dealing in large amounts of methamphetamine and weed. Running meth labs and guns was what I did best. But Satan is a liar and in 1988 I was sentenced to three 32 year sentences, two 5's and a 4 year sentence all in one day (a total of 110 years). The 32 year sentences were all to run concurrent so I hoped to be out in a few years. Twelve years later I left prison mad, mean and bitter. Not even looking for Jesus at all. The year was 2000.



I was determined to build up my legacy so I worked at UNT in Denton and bought horses. I started my own ranch in Pilot Point, Texas training, boarding, and sales. This time I was busted by the Feds and went to Federal prison until 2013.

In 2014 I found my Dad dead at home and 28 days later my last brother would die. God had my attention and I was listening. Ten months later after my release from federal prison I was busted again. It was then that I got serious and surrendered my life to Jesus. At first I wondered about Jesus if He would even talk to me? I was determined to change my life and I had to know if He was for

real. I felt isolated and all alone and I gave my all to the study of God's word. I wish I could tell you I had a thunder bolt conversion, but it was not that way. I discovered Jesus Christ was real when He gently and quietly took away my cravings for meth after 35 long years. I began to talk about the Bible. I'm not talking about walking around quoting chapter and verse scriptures all day. I'm talking about being a real witness for Jesus Christ. The men around me started calling me "Preacher" and I could feel the love and comfort of Jesus in their words. I could see my Granny smiling and I knew that *"all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose"* (Romans 8:28). You see, my Granny was right and Christ can use all my experiences, strengths and hopes and all my weaknesses and failures too, to bring glory to His name.

I always thought that the drug smuggling was to be my legacy but the Lion of the tribe of Judah came and He had an ace in the hole. When I actually gave my life over to Jesus Christ, I did not care what other people thought or how I would impress others with my life anymore. No one even tried to ridicule me, but instead they lovingly called me "Preacher" and God gave me a testimony for the Kingdom of Heaven.

I'm still doing time but it's never been like this before. This year marks 29 years incarcerated and from prison I've started ministering to help inmates gain a better understanding of Jesus Christ. Because of men who are part of the body of Jesus Christ, I have grown spiritually closer to my Lord, learning His

truths through diligent study of God's Word.

I would not be a very good "Preacher" if I did not ask you to surrender your life to Jesus Christ today. It's my job to tell you about Him and call you into the Kingdom of Heaven. Just go somewhere quiet, alone and get on your knees and pour out your heart to Jesus, confessing your sins and believing that He is the Son of God, who died on the cross for you and rose the third day. If you just now did this you are saved and I want to welcome you into the Kingdom of God. This is one talking donkey that loves you with all my heart.

Gary Don Frank, Palestine, TX

COMPASSION

Compassion comes from deep in the heart.

It is one of the fruits of knowing and accepting Jesus as Savior and Lord.

Today so many try to hide their true feelings from others.

We have a society where being tough is believed to be important, to fit in with the "In-Crowds."

We need to allow our compassion for others to surface.

Real compassion comes from God, truly caring for others.

Having an open heart for others can cause hurts and pains.

However, the world would be a better place if all would allow themselves to feel compassion for those around them.

Reach out when possible to give a helping hand, a word of comfort and understanding. Just care for others!

This is true compassion.

Donna Khan, Lockhart, TX

RIDDLES

1. Light makes me disappear and darkness kills me.

What am I?

2. Sometimes I'm high and sometimes low,
and I creep between your toes.
My orders come from the sky,
I make men fall and rise.

What am I?

3. Can you name three consecutive days without using the words Wednesday, Friday or Sunday?

What Are They?

4. What comes up and goes down but doesn't move?

What am I?

5. This is an unusual paragraph. I'm curious as to just how quickly you can find out what is so unusual about it. It looks so ordinary and plain that you would think nothing was wrong with it! It is actually highly unusual though. Study it and think about it, but you still may not find anything odd but if you work at it a bit, you might find out. Try to do so without coaching!

What is It?

6. I am black when I'm clean and white when I'm dirty?

What am I?



**Don't count the days.
Make the days count.**

Aspire to Inspire before you
Expire!

God has no grandchildren.

No man ever played a song
that others could appreciate
when he was tooting his own
horn.

The Lord Jesus Christ said...

"For this cause I was born, and for this cause I have come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Everyone who is of the truth hears My voice." (John 18:37)

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. **He who believes in Him is not condemned; but he who does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.** And this is the condemnation, that the light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For everyone practicing evil hates the light and does not come to the light, lest his deeds should be exposed. But he who does the truth comes to the light, that his deeds may be clearly seen, that they have been done in God." (John 3:16-20)

"MY SABBATICAL"

The first five years of my life I lived in north Hollywood, California, across the street from Mr. Whippel, the Charman Tissue guy and "The Monkeys" had the house next door. Just before my sixth birthday, my parents got a divorce and my mother moved my two younger brothers, my younger sister and me (ages five and under) to a very small town in Oklahoma, where she grew up and where her parents 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 one stop sign!

My mother was a public school teacher. At that time, Oklahoma school teachers were near the bottom of pay for school teachers nationwide, and for a single mother of four young children, it was very difficult financially, even while 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.

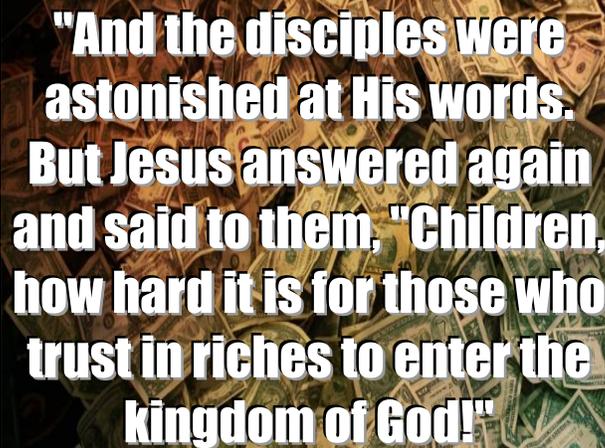
Whatever I did, I worked hard and did my best, whether it was sports,

school or work. I was committed to success 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 mountain home that slept 22 people comfortably, plus a mountain guest house that slept 8, 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,

motorcycles, 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 great 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



"And the disciples were astonished at His words. But Jesus answered again and said to them, "Children, how hard it is for those who trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God!"

(Mark 10:24)

all dressed up and go to church, then out for the family church lunch, so everyone could 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

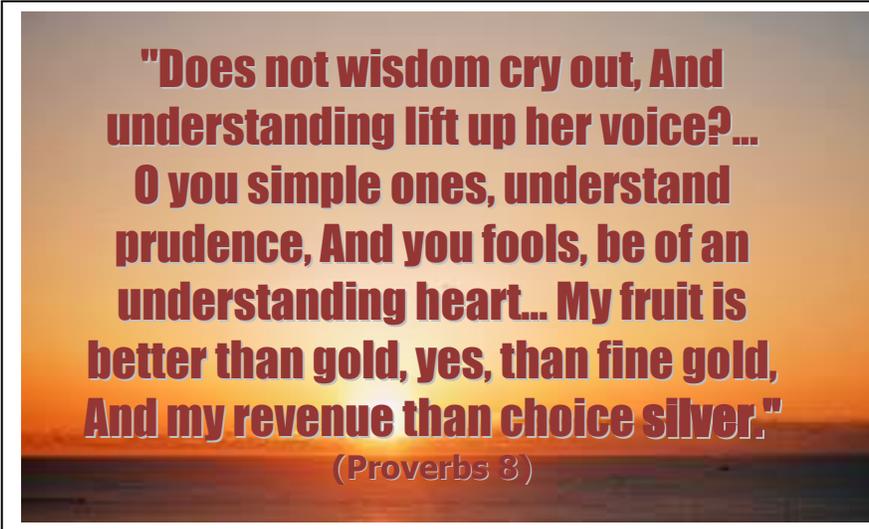
He could fill. I thought I was a good Christian, never missed church, my children all seemed happy, made straight A's and were stars on their teams and the most

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 my rare available time on committees and boards. I looked like a 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 I was going to die and probably wished that I would. Once I was able to start eating again and somewhat functioning 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 God have plans for me? What was I to do?...and many

other questions of this sort. Day in and day out I'd cry to God until one day while I was walking in a small fenced in recreation area, I heard the word, "Sabbatical," not audibly, 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 out 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 for ... *"the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him"* better (Ephesians 1:17).

Even though at times I am impatient and ready to get back in the free world, I am very thankful that I have learned so much about my Lord and Savior. Psalms 119:71 says; *"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, That I may learn Your statutes."* 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 we are living this life.

The last chapter of my testimony has yet to be lived and written, but today I can say that I have a comfort and peace that transcends all understanding (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. Gillette



- 1. Shadow**
- 2. The Tide**
- 3. Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow**
- 4. The Sun**
- 5. The letter "e" is the most commonly used letter in the English language. There is no "e" in this paragraph!**
- 6. A Blackboard**

CONTROLLED BY SATAN'S WHISPERS

Listening to Satan's whispers was how I lived in Satan's playground of sin. In August of '08 I came home from serving time in prison where I had not had any toxins in my system for some time, but after 2 months that changed. I responded to Satan's whisper that only

one beer would not hurt me and besides it was a holiday time. Boy, was I wrong!

Coming home from prison I had the dream every man wants. I had a car, a home, children, a dog and a wonderful wife. What more could a guy want? I had married my "precious queen" and she laid the foundation of our home. I was a "stay at home dad" playing with the kids and the dog while my wife worked.

Now, remember what God has said *that "the thief (Satan) comes to steal, kill and destroy"* and that's just what he was doing in my life. I lied to my good loving queen almost every day about my drinking but she could tell just by looking in my eyes. Even though God had given me His precious daughter to be my helper, lover and wife, I still was not satisfied. I was not eating right but I thought I was in control. I began looking for what I was missing in a can...a can of beer.

God is faithful and He was sending out warning signs that something was about to happen in my life, but I didn't listen to Him. I was arrested but made bail. For 5 months I stopped drinking. We were going to church and doing well in our marriage but then I again listened to Satan's whispering and went back to drinking.

My daughter by a previous relationship died and I did not get the opportunity to even say goodbye to her and tell her that I loved her. I was blaming others for my problems. I again went to jail and this time was looking at some hard time. At that time I was the only one working and bringing home an income. Now I left my wife with no

money and the rent almost due. My wife had had a very difficult background and now she felt like no one loved her.

About that time in prison I read in a booklet that said I needed to admit that I was powerless over alcohol and my life had become unmanageable. A prison guard heard me saying to myself in a shower, "What must I do to be saved?" When I got out of the shower I had a conversation with the guard about my drinking and how it had led me back to prison. At first I was trying to recover for all the wrong reasons. I had asked God to save my marriage and help me stop drinking and lying to my wife, but then I saw that God Almighty was trying to give me full forgiveness and a new life! Finally, I allowed God to recover me and things changed.

I had tried it my way and every time I did I wound up back in prison. So I decided to try it God's way. On July 18, 2011 I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior and Lord and what a journey it has been for me since then! It has not all been an easy road. I have had to learn to trust Him with all my heart. I needed to learn to love God as He loves me and put Him first in everything. I had to believe in His word to guide me in life. I had to learn forgiveness. I made a list of all the people I had harmed and I made an effort to make amends with them...most of all my precious queen, my wife.

I was still missing something. I needed to understand more of what God wanted me to do, how He wanted

me to live and love Him. At a time when I was especially troubled, a dear Christian brother by the name of Will gave me a post card that offered a free non-denominational Bible study course (*see coupon on page 3 of this publication*). I decided I had nothing to lose so I filled it out and sent it in.

I received the studies and returned the answer sheets faithfully for about 2 months. Then I received a letter from the minister asking me if I would like him to come and visit me. I asked, "Lord, why would this man want to come and see me?" I was scared and anxious, but I wrote and told him "OK." Satan began whispering again, "this preacher does not care about you but just about himself." I called on the Lord to help me resist these words. God caused me to remember that He had never misled me and I could trust Him.

To my surprise, when the minister came I felt God's love in the room and lost all my fears. First we got to know each other then we started studying God's word. When I got back to the dorm I told brother Will about the time I had and we both praised the Lord for it. God had helped me with many other problems in my life and He was now helping me to understand His word better.

I still had a lot to learn and through regular pastoral visits and letters the minister helped me with a lot of my issues. I truly believe that this preacher loved the Lord and me too. Now I understood what God wanted me to do in my life. Before I was living only



for myself but now I live for God, my Redeemer for He now lives in me and I thank Him for it.

I never had a real childhood and that was part of the reason I was in and out of prison. Now I am *"born again,"* like the Bible says. I have a new spiritual life since I asked Jesus Christ to save me. 1Corinthians 13:11 says *"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."* I have now put away the things that I had wanted like drinking and lying that lead me to prison and being away from my lovable wife and with messes, sadness, hurt and pain.

I want to encourage you to trust in the Lord and remember that God already knows your heart so please don't try to play with Him. Give up listening to and serving the devil. If you surrender your life to Jesus Christ He will make you a new man like he says in 2Corinthians 5:17, *"If any man be in Christ he is a new creation, old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."* Do you see what the Lord is offering you if you give yourself to Him by trusting in His love that He demonstrated for you when He went to the cross in your place to pay for all your sins? All your sins will be forgiven!

My sister raised me. She was like a mother to me. After high school I got a place of my own, was drinking 24/7, into drugs and smoking weed, with girls

and thought life was just a big party. All that while I was looking for love, real love, but in all the wrong places. I blamed my mom for the way I turned out until the minister helped me to see that I made a lot of choices on my own, so I was the one really to blame. He helped me to forgive my mom. I saw that I could forgive her, but since she has not changed in her ways I do not have to trust her.



One of my downfalls was that I was allowing my mom to interfere in my marriage. In Ephesians 5:31 God had written these words for us, *"For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall be joined unto*

his wife and they shall be one flesh." I was not doing this in my marriage before, but now that I belonged to God and could understand and live according to His word, I changed this and found the peace that living for Him gives.

Looking back, my life was filled with unrighteousness and I don't want to live that way again. I want the better way of life that God has for me. I still cry sometimes at night because of the way that I left my wife when I got locked up. But, I am under the care of God now and this trip to prison saved my life and my marriage and maybe the lives of others. I also cry sometimes now because I love God and He has showed me mercy instead of justice. He has given me a new beginning and I look forward to living it with my special queen, my wife again.

The Lord loves me and He loves you too. What I gave up was the Devil's playground. What I gained was salvation and a life of peace with God. I am still locked up now, but I have peace because I am in God's hands. I am now a winner no matter what comes in life. God has showed my wife a new husband and I truly love her.

Ask yourself if you are tired of the outcome of your life as you have been

living it. Then trust in God. Try His way by surrendering and calling on Him to save you from your sins and from yourself. You will be fully satisfied with what God will do to and for you.

Here is a verse that I really love and appreciate, "*Resist the devil and he will flee from you,*" James 4:7. I am a witness of what God can do for you if you will only let go and let God in your life instead of following Satan's whispers. *Jacky Ray Davis, Richmond, TX*

True Stories **SUMMER 2017** **Prison Epistles**

SEND YOUR TESTOMONY FOR JESUS CHRIST TO...

P.O. 782, FT WORTH, TX 76101

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
Ft Worth, TX 76101**

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