



Bonne Terre, MO

I had a really bad childhood. From the age of six to thirteen I was abused physically, emotionally, and sexually. My family has told me my mother was always mean and abusive to me. She turned me over to my father at seven years of age. Mom was a junkie, Dad was an alcoholic, but my Dad loved me more than anything in the world. The sexual abuse was from a stepfather at six. Then a family member, older cousin and family friend and neighbor. I grew up mean, hating the world. I got baptized again at about 12 or 14, but I always struggled with faith growing up and I was just so mad at the world! People who hurt - hurt people. I was an alcoholic and drug addict at 15. Ran from God, went to prison at 21 still running from God. I lacked faith, I hated everyone. I almost believe I had some kind of demon in me. I kept half-heartedly going to God. So, one day while in prison- in the hole- there was a Bible on the floor. All you were allowed in the hole was your mail and your Bible. I wouldn't read it! To say that the Lord and I were struggling, doesn't even compare with what I was going through. One day I finally was so mad at wrestling with the Lord, I told myself "I'm going to pick up that Bible! I'm going to read it from cover to cover! Find out the contradictions I can find in it! Then I am done with it!" Well, I read it. Needless to say, He won! I accepted him as my Lord and Savior. Something pretty special happened one day. And this is the truth, I'm being honest. One day while reading in the New Testament, someone walked on my cell, came

back, walking backwards. And He said, "Hey dude, you're glowing." How I wish I hadn't run from Him all those years ago. I'm so sick by who I was! All I did was hurt people my whole life. I live every day hurting over my past and those poor people I hurt. It's the weirdest thing to just have one day my heart changed! I had done and regretted so many things I could never believe I could be saved! I had to keep repeatedly going before the Lord and God and begging for forgiveness and to be saved. I still find myself doing it. I just have so much guilt and I'm so ashamed, I'm sickened by it.

I let the Lord use me anyway He can for His kingdom. For His glory! May God the Father who gives us all things, bless you, and in all ways.
D.C.

Woodville, TX

I was born in Israel to Jewish parents, but my sister and I were given up for adoption and taken to America. I followed in the adopted father's footsteps and served in the US Army for 20 years. After retirement I worked in security at a private zoo, where I was brutally attacked by a 300-pound tiger, when the power was accidentally turned off. I ran to warn others but he over took me and threw me to the ground. He broke my right arm; ripped off the right side of my face and my ear; bit me in the neck and broke it in two places; bit me down my back puncturing my lungs, heart and spleen and breaking my back in three places; also bit my leg and broke it in three places. As a tiger was killing me I cried out to God and a bright light came to me and gave me the power to get the tiger off of

me. It was God's angel that was with me giving me peace and I was in no pain. During this ordeal I died three times, once at the scene, once at the care flight to the hospital; and once at the hospital. I was stitched up with over 2000 stitches and hundreds of staples. During all of this I had a vision of the angel holding me by my left hand over the pit of fire of hell and I saw people being burned and being eaten by worms. My life was spared that day by the angel that appeared to me, but not my soul. I was saved several years later by Jesus, and now serve Him and only Him daily!
D.R.

Cuervo, TX

It was Friday night, no work until Monday... Party time. I was locked up but I wasn't going to stop living. I had a few things to indulge myself with... Of course, they were illegal to the rules. Before I begin my so-called fun... I saw this guy walking around the day room, but each time he passed the cubicle he would look at me. I started to be annoyed by it, then the next round he stopped in front of my cubicle and asked if he can say something. "God told me to tell you there is still hope in you." Those words changed my life forever. He left but those words kept nagging me at the back of my mind. I found out who the guy was but still, I couldn't get the feeling or nagging out of my mind. Fact is, I didn't want anybody to know, I didn't even know myself, what was happening. Next thing I know I get a letter from some woman and I ran over to him and told him. I couldn't even begin to understand what this lady wrote me... It was in English but in an alien language of some kind. I

couldn't even pick up a Bible and not get a headache at those times I did try to read the Bible. I wrote her back as best I could but didn't even come close to finding out what was wrong with me. Then one day that guy asked if I want to meet with the lady who I wrote the letter to. I had to think on this and then asked what do I have to do. Did I have to put her on my visitation list or something? He told me I could go to church to meet her... And there's the hook! I knew it! The only time I would go to church was because I was invited and I wanted to pay my respects to God and listen to the words spoken in the service and songs being sung. That Sunday morning I went... met the woman, sat down and about that time the service started. The more I heard the madder I got! At that time, I didn't know it but it was the Word of God convicting right then and there. The other people in that church didn't know anything of me and my pet sins. But God sure did! And exposed those sins to the world or at least the people who were at the service that morning... I felt and looked the same but others saw the change in me... Just like day and night. I was invited to a Bible study. I sat there and listened to what was being shared in the group. I never told anyone that I had given my life over to Jesus but through the mouth of others my family found out and through that my father gave his life to Jesus before he passed on. Not only him but others as well. I thank and praise God for He is mighty!

T.C.

Crescent City, C.A.

From my earliest memory I was raised in the church, learning of God's love, His Word, and communicating with Him through prayer. It was also in my adolescent years that I became curious of the world and fixated on its allure. I found myself growing deeper and

deeper into a lifestyle that had no remorse, and full of pride. When I ran into trouble I would pray because I still knew there was a God, yet only to return to that sad lifestyle once the Lord delivered me out of my trouble.

This went on throughout my early adulthood, until I was arrested for murder. Again I prayed, and even saw God's hand in the midst for the evidence was minimal and it was a cold case they reopened. Even the eye witness recanted and I thought I was going home, but was convicted, yet I knew my case had hope. With all my appeals denied, even in prison, I continued that negative lifestyle without hope or care. It was 2016, my son was graduating high school, and I was in the hole for stabbing someone, when the Holy Spirit awakened me to my awful state. The same pride that governed my life and led me to prison was still the anchor that kept me down. Flashes of moments in my life, destructive episodes of pride that caused me to lose something positive in my life. I saw times when God was trying to get my attention, but I turned my back. At that moment, the realization of me choosing the world over God convicted me. I got on my knees with tears flooding from my eyes expressing my apologies to God, I prayed asking for forgiveness on things I never knew I remembered. I wasn't praying asking for God to get me out of trouble only that He come back into my life. I don't know how long I was on my knees and don't care but I felt it when He cleansed me. A weight was removed and I knew He was with me. I knew I was alright and would never again jeopardize my salvation. From that day three years ago, I have been waiting and trusting in Christ, and He has continued to show me a new life. He has restored my faith, and given me a strength I never knew

was possible. I now understand my purpose to let the light Christ has put in me to shine, that He may get the glory of my transformation He worked in me. This world is not our home we are simply passing through.

S.R

Only a little dewdrop
Sparkling in the morning sun;
But it just reflected heaven,
And it blessed the heart of one.

Only a tiny sunbeam
Shining for a little while;
But it filled the heart of sadness,
And it brought a sudden smile.

Only a little rosebud
Drooping low its fragrant head;
But it cheered the little sick girl
Lying in her little bed.

Only a note of music
Ringing through the gloomy wood;
But it reached a weary wand'rer
And it did a world of good.

Only a word said kindly,
Falling on a wounded heart;
But it brought a rich, sweet
blessing,
And did healing balm impart.

Only a tiny token
From a heart that's filled with love;
Give it, asking God's own blessing;
The effects you'll see above.

-Author Unknown

Send your testimony letters to:

Christian Fellowship

Prison Ministries

PO Box 135

Fredericksburg, OH 44627-0135