



Henderson, Texas

I'm currently locked up doing 10 years on my fourth DUI. I've been a Christian since 2003 but I was not fully serving God. My perception of being a Christian was all wrong. At the same time, I was praying and asking God to help me get my life together but I was not doing my part. I wanted God to do everything. I got off of drugs in 2009, but I kept drinking alcohol, and getting into trouble behind it. In 2015 I was sent to prison for my third DUI. I did my 5 1/2 years on an eight-year sentence. At this time I was walking with God and for my last three years I was going to seminary through correspondence but my last year and a half I started drinking alcohol inside of prison. I had convinced myself that I could drink and still be a Christian. I got out of prison and six weeks later I got this DUI and I was given 10 years. When I first got to prison this time I had a spiritual awakening, and I haven't been the same since! I serve God with my whole heart now and I'm all in. I have no more reservations. I'm glad that this last DUI happened to me because today I'm more free than I've ever been before. **W.M.**

Tennessee colony, Texas

My testimony begins at the age of nine. That is the first time I was beaten. My parents split up at age 3. Then my two older brothers and I went to live with my father and his new wife.

Everything was fine for a few months until one day my oldest brother had forgot to put a coke can in the trash. My father was a truck driver and was gone as he was on the road a lot. My stepmother took the can and called my brother into the house. I was sitting at the dining room table. As soon as he came in, she began to beat him with the can, and it cut her hand. She beat him even more and very severely. I became afraid and ran. My brother was so badly injured that he didn't go to school for two weeks until all the bruises were gone. Then our chores were assigned. Chores came before everything, even homework. If we didn't have it done in two hours, my brother received a beating. It seemed that the more my stepmother did it the better she got at it and the worse the infliction. One day I came home from school early as the nurse sent me home with a cold and my stepmother wasn't home. I went and got a can of soup and ate it and threw away the can and washed the spoon. I went to my room and began to do my homework. My stepmother came home and saw my jacket on the couch. She came into the room and, while yelling at me, demanded to know why I wasn't in school. When I told her I was sent home sick she accused me of trickery and beat me with the large end of a rose bush branch that still had the thorns attached. Then immediately afterwards I received another beating with the

same rose branch for not doing my chores. After a while, this became her favorite form of torture for my brothers and myself. My brothers and I were put into slavery and when we spoke to our father about it, he didn't believe us. He then started his own form of abuse by beating us with a belt and calling us stupid. He always had to outdo his kids and not once did he try to encourage us to be better than himself. As a matter of fact, he always said he was better than us, and that we would never amount to anything in life. This continued every day until I was 11. I developed a lifelong resentment of my father and stepmother.

My stepmother was found to be a cheater and caught by my father. After a huge fight, my dad threw her out. A few hours later, we went to see my mother. Things changed for the better except that my father was still abusive. I still had my resentments. A few months later we kids were in church and it was Easter. They showed how Jesus died on the cross, and I asked him to be my Savior. However, later that week, I denied Him to my mom when the youth pastor came to share the news with my mom. By age 15 I was working and paying all the bills and threw my dad out of the apartment we were living in. I thought I would never see him or my stepmom ever again. I was wrong. Mom and I went through hard times and by age 18, I was back in my dad and stepmom's house trying to get through school. Eventually I dropped out

due to my dad's pressure. At age 21 I beat my dad up but that didn't help how I felt. A few months later I was in trouble because of my own lusts. I was placed on probation for 10 years. I did five and wound up in prison doing six years. I got out and did well living in Houston. I discharged my sentence, got married, and had a child. I was still searching for God on my own terms through all these years. I wanted to serve him my way. Selfishly! In 2004, I was living close to Houston and wound up doing six months for check fraud. I stayed out a few more years and got a divorce. Then in 2013 I was in trouble again, lonely and depressed, and at the end of my rope. I was done! I was sitting in jail, looking at 10 years in prison for the third time. I started going to church. One Saturday after church I came back to my bunk and was broken. I've had enough of life. If there wasn't anything left after all I went through in life, unless God could do something, I was going to end it. But at this time, at age 43, I wasn't even sure if Jesus existed or was just a myth. But I got on my knees and told Him so and that there had to be something better than what I had gotten in life so far and that I wanted tangible proof that I could see of His existence. My prayer was answered! That next Saturday at church, He showed up in a mighty way! A young man wanted to know how to meet Jesus. I had grown up in a Baptist church, and had seen and answered more than my share of altar calls. The boy was persistent but the instructor kept pushing him off. I heard a voice that said, "You do it". I looked around, and the only person talking was the instructor. And I knew he didn't say it. Again, The Voice said, "You do it.

You show him the way. You've heard it enough." So I did as much as I could remember. That launched my service for God as an evangelist. After class, I came out of the room and was standing with my back to the wall, and a form appeared in front of me, towering over me. I had my head down, and when I tried to look up, I couldn't. This form shoved me against the wall with it's right hand, and a crown of gold so pure you can see right through it, with jewels, and it appeared in its left hand. This it placed on my head. I can still feel it resting on my head. This I know is what makes me a crowned prince of the most high God. Give him a chance and He'll take you places you've never even dreamed of. I'm 8 1/2 years old in Christ. I got out and He provided for me even though I couldn't work and didn't have an income. All my needs were met according to His riches in glory and still are. And 2019 I begin the work set before me - spreading the un-watered-down gospel. Christ and Him crucified, died and buried and rose again for your victory. I and the Lord were so successful in snatching souls that Satan conspired to put me back in prison to stop me, but it backfired on him. I'm still continuing my work here and it's working.

You have heard a lot of I's in the story, but let me assure you of this! John 15:5 says without Jesus, I can do nothing! It's true! If it weren't for Him in His favor and grace, I couldn't do my work! Without Him, I wouldn't be where I am today. I am no theologian or reverend, just a person with a love for God and others doing what I can to fulfill the command given to every Christian. In 2018 I was anointed by a bishop and confirmed as an evangelist by the Holy Spirit! One thing that assisted in my conversation is, I lost my

selfishness. The other, I forgave my father and stepmother. I am free now!

J.B.

Forrest city, AR

I was indicted in 2019 by the federal government for drug trafficking charges. I was sentenced to 70 months in prison. While being incarcerated, I turned to God. I realize that all this time I was trying to fill a void inside me through drugs, money, alcohol, and women that never fulfilled me or made me content. A particular Scripture stood out to me. Romans 8:28. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." All things work together for good, including me coming to prison. I told the judge at my sentencing about my new relationship with Christ. I am no longer that person I used to be, I was given the low end of my sentence, praise be to God, and I am utilizing this time to grow in my relationship with Him, and the knowledge of His word. I am so glad that the Lord accepted me to Him with open arms after being the prodigal son. We have such a loving Father. I am so grateful for His grace and mercy. I now am in the process of trying to begin college level courses to pursue a career in ministry. If God can change a sinner like me, He can save and change you as well. I can't express the joy I have today even though I am incarcerated I have spiritual freedom. Paul and Peter and the prophet Jeremiah all went to prison because they knew God. I came to prison to know God. **F.C.**

Send your testimony letters to:

Christian Fellowship

Prison Ministries

PO Box 135

Fredericksburg, OH 44627-0135