



BECOME INVOLVED

Join us for prison letter answering on the fourth Tuesday evening of the month at IMMANUEL FELLOWSHIP CHURCH 3533 East Tolbert Road, Wooster, Ohio

To help provide Bibles, concordances, and Bible courses for those in prison, your support would be greatly appreciated. See the enclosed envelope or send your gift to: PO Box 135 / Fredericksburg, OH 44627

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BECOME MORE INVOLVED WITH THE PRISON MINISTRY, FEEL FREE TO CONTACT US.

Financial Report

March 31, 2022

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Balance 03/31/2022 | \$148,370.82 |
| INCOME | 4,681.19 |
| Donations | 1,984.19 |
| Church Donations | 2,697.00 |
| EXPENSES | (12,147.61) |
| Literature | 5,560.24 |
| Supplies | 961.06 |
| Postage | 5,056.31 |
| Outside Help | 570.00 |
| Balance 06/30/2022 | \$140,904.40 |

Literature sent

April 1 - June 30, 2022

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Bibles | 215 |
| Concordances | 210 |
| Bible Atlas | 9 |
| Bible Dictionaries | 65 |
| Study Courses | 437 |
| Spanish Bibles | 184 |
| Spanish Concordances | 4 |
| Spanish Bible Dictionaries | 24 |
| Loaves & Fishes Magazine | 45 |
| A Life Redeemed Book | 45 |
| Marriage Courses | 5 |
| Letters Answered | 854 |
| Inmate Newsletters | 963 |

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Board Members

Noah Martin / James Martin
 Stephen Martin / Alvin Mast
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Christian Fellowship Prison Ministries

PO Box 135,
 Fredericksburg OH 44627-0135
 Website: cfprisonministries.org

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36

Christian Fellowship PRISON MINISTRIES

REACHING THE BOUND TO FREE THEIR SOULS BY THE POWER OF CHRIST

2022 Second Quarter Report

"And I will give them
one heart"

-Ezekiel 11:19a



DEAR SUPPORTERS - PAGE 1

DEAR SUPPORTERS...

Ants are interesting creatures. It seems like they are always busy. They are found everywhere in the world except Antarctica. I really don't know that much about them but I think they could be a fascinating study. There are over 12,000 different kinds of ants. Some are building underground fortresses in the rainforest, others are tending "milk farms", some are transporting leaves to their nests. You will find others floating downriver hanging on to each other -forming a living raft, or creating a living bridge to cross gaps or shorten the trail for those coming behind. You may find as many as 50 ants clinging to each other and constantly changing positions to create this living bridge. The Dracula ant can move its jaws faster than any other creature. It can strike its prey 5,000 times faster than the blink of an eye, moving its jaws from 0 to 200 miles per hour in .000015 seconds. One huge ant colony found in Argentina was over 3,700 miles wide and had millions of nests and billions of workers. When I think of ants, I think of activity. It looks like they are always moving back and forth and around while doing their jobs, cleaning out the nest, bringing in food, and caring for their young. They each have a job to do. We can learn from the ants. Each one of us has a job to do. Each one of us can help make that "living" bridge so that the message of the Gospel can make it safely to its destination.

In 1 Corinthians 12 it says that "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. To one is given the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith... but all these worketh that one and self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will, for the body is not one member, but many." Not all of us do the same things. We have different responsibilities and different gifts. But just like those ants, each one of us has a job to do. If all of us join our hands and hearts together, a lot can be accomplished and we can be a link in that "living bridge" to get the message out to those who are hungry and thirsty. We don't want to be lazy Christians. Or lukewarm. We want to be workers together in the Gospel.

It was interesting to note that in the last chapter of Romans, Paul told those who were receiving the letter to greet Phebe, our sister, and Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers, and Mary who bestowed much labor on us. There were at least 27 people mentioned by name. Some of these people held church at their house, others served, some laid down their own necks to help Paul, but each one had a part in the kingdom of God and in spreading the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We also want to thank each one of you for the part that you have done to help with the prison ministry. Or maybe you would like to also become involved? There are many opportunities. Right now, I am trying to finish up a letter to an inmate from a PA state prison. He is seeking answers to 10 questions - mostly in reference about the Trinity. He writes, "that he is a spiritual seeker of divine truth against the many conflicting teachings I've been taught in my past. I am now knocking at your door, to seek the correct answer, so that I will be able to learn the real truth. I've presented these questions to my Chaplain here and it isn't quite satisfying to my acceptance. So, I am asking that you please be patient with me in my spiritual efforts to free myself from non-Biblical truths."

Let each one of us be a link in that "living bridge" to share the Truth with those who are seeking. -In His service, James Martin



INMATE TESTIMONIES - PAGE 2 & 3



BECOME INVOLVED - PAGE 4

INMATE TESTIMONIES



I was twenty-two when I caught this charge. I was pregnant with my second daughter and knew that I would be facing prison time and that I would not be part of my daughter's life for some years, possibly fifteen years. I was very grieved in spirit, anxious and completely broken when I finally got to prison. I was just so, so broken, so hurt, so worried. I came to the firm conclusion that while in prison, I would seek the Lord with all my heart, because that's the only thing that would give me peace. I knew the Lord before prison, but did not follow Him, which is what led me here. For the first few weeks I was in prison all I did was pray to God, read His Word, and cry out to Him. I just couldn't see the light at the end of the tunnel. I felt broken, hopeless, and the only peace and hope I got was when I read His Word. After a few weeks of going to church services, crying out to God, and staying in His Word, I went to a particular church service, one that would change my life forever. Prior to this service, I kept seeing the verse, "Spiritual blessings in heavenly places" found in Eph. 1:3. In little pamphlets and Scripture cards, it was like this verse kept coming to me, and literally "popping out" to me. But when I walked into the chapel that day, I could feel His presence, and all I wanted to do was worship Him in song and cry. A song came on, and the words to the song were talking about how God's will for our life is best, and how the singer was sorry for not following the Lord. So I'm standing in the pew, eyes closed, hands lifted, crying my eyes out, telling the Lord I was sorry, and repenting, and asking Him to help me; and boom, in that second, I had this vision, this revelation if you will. I do believe I was transported to a "Heavenly place" and everything was white, and all I see is me. I'm very skinny, as if I'd been fasting, and my clothes were torn, like sackcloth, and I was hunched over, with this torn rag in my hands, and the torn rag had tangible things on it, like a sphere, pyramid, cylinder, and cube. These things represented my anxieties, my hurt, my deep pain, my expectations, my shame, and my hopelessness. It was like I knew exactly what each thing was or symbolized as if I could put these spiritual burdens into a tangible, touchable thing. So I'm holding all these things and all I feel in my body and spirit is brokenness and pain. I'm so weary and tired, I feel like I don't want to carry these burdens anymore, so I look down at my dirty, torn clothes and I fall on my knees and place the cloth of things on the ground. In that exact moment, like immediately, I was transformed into the child figure of myself and I FELT it. I was running, my hands wide open. The feelings of loneliness and abandonment and pain were all gone, all I felt was this intense desire to be loved. I was running forward, and Jesus was in front of me. He was so bright and He had his arms wide open, waiting to embrace me. I felt so light, so free, and when I finally reached His arms and ran into them, He embraced me, I felt so much love, I felt complete and whole and loved. All I ever wanted. Eventually I opened my eyes and I couldn't believe what had just happened. But that was a spiritual blessing in heavenly places, how I came to Him heavy burdened, weary, and how when I finally laid it at His feet, He transformed me into a child and loved me and completed me. That vision was the best moment of my life and from there on out my heart has just wanted to feel His love more than anything. -A.B., Ocala, FL

I GREW UP IN FRESNO CALIFORNIA. I joined the military in 2005 and received an honorable discharge in 2009. After the military, I knew I wanted to pursue a career in law-enforcement. I eventually got hired with the probation department in my county and at this point life was good. I bought my first house for my family, and thought I had it all. The house, the cars, the beautiful family, the white picket fence out front - the "American dream". Little did I know I was suffering from PTSD, severe depression, anxiety, and deep insomnia. My drinking began to increase and so did my depression. I became more isolated from my wife and kids, and had this huge hole inside that couldn't be filled. So I tried filling it with more alcohol, more over-time gave me more money, and then began cheating on my wife in hopes maybe another woman would fill that void. Little did I know, this was a hole only God could fill. I continued this way for years. I didn't think I had a problem, because I was still excelling in my career. I bought a bigger home and on the outside life was good, but on the inside I was battling a war that was bigger than me. Eventually I lost everything, my job, my house, my car, and my family; well, it's hanging on by the grace of God. I landed myself with two separate arrests involving alcohol, which I began fighting in court. I was defeated, I felt hopeless, and didn't want to live anymore. But there was this one night I was sitting in my apartment alone, when something inside told me to drop on my knees and cry out to God. So I did. I cried like I never cried before, and told God to please do something, because I didn't want to live like this anymore. A few days later, the cops were knocking on my door with a warrant to arrest me. Little did I know God was working in my life. I was taken to my new cell, a cell that God wanted me in, a cell that was occupied by a Christian brother who brought me to Christ. There's so much more to my story-which would take pages to write, but what I want to say is, all glory to God for the man I am today. I am off all mental health medication, been sober for two years, and have never been happier. God has used me in here, and I know he's going to use me when I get out next year. God bless you all! -S.A. Avenal, CA

*"Little did I know,
God was working
in my life..."*

