



Fort Worth, TX

I was turned onto getting high of a very young age. Put a needle in my arm at 13 years old and that was the start of a long road. I turned 50 last year, I'm a proud father of three boys, and an uncle to a nephew. Went to federal prison at 34 years old for having the mindset of "if the government can print money, so can I!" Of course, they didn't think the same.

Got out at 36 years old with a zeal for our father in heaven and his son who died on the cross for our sins. My views had done a 180 and his grace and love that surpasses all understanding brought my three boys back into my life, and my nephew, who was 11 years old at the time. Not long after that, I thought I was ready for a relationship with a woman. Because I have been praying that God would bring a lady into my life who would build me up and my family. But I settled for 97% answered prayer. God won't and never will answer prayer somewhat or almost. He is and always has been and always will be 100%. The one and only God of the entire universe! Amen! Thank you Lord!

Twelve years into the relationship I am sitting in jail. I've been here just two weeks and I'm already more content and at peace and I have been in over three years. All these verses have been coming back to me, and I am enjoying

being alive again! God's Holy Spirit has been moving through here, and changing so many lives like I have never experienced before! He disciplines those he loves! This doesn't feel like discipline at all! Only Jesus can do this! Thank you for loving me, Lord! **E.G.**

Dannemora, NY

After spending 2 1/2 years in a county jail, with only 60 inmates, I went to a reception facility to state prison where they had over 300 inmates in just one block! That was a huge culture shock for me. On top of all that stress, I couldn't even get a Bible in there. The CO's at the facility didn't care about the inmates, and would actually go out of their way to make somebody's life even more miserable. After about a week, I was moved to another cell but the CO's wouldn't give me back my legal paperwork that I needed for my appeal. I would walk past my old cell on my way to chow and see my paperwork still sitting on the locker, but the CO's repeatedly claimed they had no idea where it was.

After three days of dealing with this the morning nurse came around with my mental health meds, but the ones I really needed were discontinued without my approval and without seeing a doctor. The CO escorting nurse told me to "stop being a pain and just do my time". Shortly after this, a new block officer came around, so I

politely asked him about getting my legal paperwork back and told him exactly where it was. This guy actually lit up a cigar, blew smoke in my face, and told me he didn't care about my paperwork. At that point, I snapped. As he walked away, I turned around and punch the concrete cell wall as hard as I could. Bad idea, especially since I haven't reacted like that in years! My pinky and ring finger crossed, pushed under my middle finger and I couldn't move them at all. About an hour later, a female officer came up and told me to pack my stuff because I am moving to another cell. I informed her the only place I'm going is the hospital and then mental health. I showed her my head and explained about my legal paperwork. She told me to hold on for a couple minutes. She came back about 10 minutes later and said my new cell was ready and she got my legal paperwork and put it in there for me. Since I was down to one hand, she helped me move my stuff down to the new cell, but she wouldn't let me see the medical or mental health because she didn't want to deal with the hassle of writing it up. I started organizing my new cell and underneath the mattress was a Bible that somebody left behind! The Lord had heard my prayers for a Bible!

During the next week and a half, medical repeatedly refused to see me about my hand. I was then

transferred to another facility that took x-rays less than 12 hours after arriving there. The doctor and nurse determined that not only was one of my knuckles messed up, but I tore a tendon off a bone, which explained why I couldn't move my fingers. They gave me some pain killers to take back to my cell and made me an outside appointment to see a specialist. But this time I was having sharp pains shooting through my wrist into my forearm.

I had started listening to a pastor on the radio in the evenings named Greg Laurie. After one of his sermons, I decided to pray to God, not to fix my hand, because it was from my own stupidity, but to just take some of the pain away, so I can finally get a decent nights sleep. I had the faith that God was able to answer my prayers, I just wasn't convinced that he actually would. I actually slept through the entire night about halfway through my morning wash up, I realize that I wasn't in any pain and I could and move both fingers! Words cannot explain how shocked I was! When I went to my orthopedic appointment, the doctor didn't know what to think since the damage shown on the x-ray showed that it would be impossible to have full movement in my fingers, and not be in any pain! He didn't seem to buy the divine healing explanation, but he had no other explanation of his own for this. A new x-ray showed nothing but old injuries that have a long since healed.

Since this incident, I've been fully involved in church in Bible study groups that have helped me

to grow my faith and understanding of Jesus. I've shared my story with quite a few other inmates, a couple of whom had some divine healing testimonies of their own. I now do a lot of Bible writings for other inmates new to the Bible study that are struggling in certain areas of their life, or in their faith.

Like Romans 8:28 says, God can make a good come out of any situation. My own stupidity in the heat of the moment that broke my hand when lead to a huge growth in my faith, and God using me to assist other inmates in here. I praise the Lord for the opportunities that he's opened up for me from this incident! **D.H.**

Huntsville, TX

My name is Richard Pence. I am currently in prison in the state of Texas. I grew up in a Christian home and went to mostly Christian schools. Until 10th grade when I quit school to go work construction. I went back and got my GED after a couple years and joined the army. I didn't last very long as I did not choose my friends very wisely, and got into trouble about six months after enlisting. I got general discharge under honorable conditions.

I went back home and worked construction. I used drugs on the side, but almost always worked. Then when I was 29 I moved to a different state and got married and had a child. We were married for 20 years in a two way Abusive relationship that finally ended up in me going to prison.

It has ended up being a blessing in the end because it has brought me back to God. I read and study the Bible quite a bit and believe it is the only word a Christian should go by. I am ready to share my faith with others as God would help me too.

R.P.

Bowling Green, FL

I'm constantly second-guessing, Feeling like I'm missing the lesson. Words cannot explain the struggle, So my mouth remains muzzled. As doubt attempts to rain in my mind,
I cannot help but feel as if I'm blind.
But before I put more wood on the doubt fire,
I stand up and declare Satan a condemned liar. I draw the line right here!
To make my point crystal clear.
I'm of what you call a different breed,
Born of an incorruptible seed!
Yes, you see a new creature,
I am the kingdom of God's newest feature!
Brought near by the blood of Christ!
Healed by his very stripes,
Given everything that pertains to life!
When I'm given everlasting life!

G.P.

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