



Christian Fellowship Prison Newsletter

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Chowchilla, CA

It has been long but now I can say it's been a pleasant journey for me. I've been incarcerated since June 8, 2000 and on July 7, 2024 or sooner I will be released from prison. I came to live in righteousness and sold out to the Lord wholeheartedly, May 18, 2001 at Lancaster state prison, Lancaster, California. I started not allowing myself to give into the wiles of this world. I started praying more, reading my Bible more, and doing different Bible studies through the mail. I started allowing the Holy Spirit to guide me, and listening more for the Lord to give me directions. As time passed, I noticed that I was fellowshiping a lot more with other Christians around. I started witnessing to those that would allow me to. I found that I was finally at peace with myself. In 2012, I enrolled in Harvest Bible University through the mail. It was a credited college with degrees. I studied with them for seven years not missing a day of study. I received an associate degree, a bachelor degree, and a masters of divinity degree in ministry. I continue to study and talk about the goodness of God. I am willing and waiting to go out into the world and tell others of my testimony and live according to the directions that He directs me to do and to go.

G. P.

Burnet, TX

I'm a parole violator. Back with less than four years left on my 16 - year sentence. Like most people, I thought that being locked up was the worst thing that could possibly happen. Even worse than where I was before. I got arrested again. I had been homeless, living out of my car with an abusive boyfriend, both lost to our addiction to meth. I was arrested while dumpster diving. After watching every female that was in my cell in registration get ISF, I was sent back to SAFPF, and rehab for six months. I actually originally was sent to a nine - month program and couldn't help but think that it was a mistake. I kept praying, and after a little more than two weeks, I was moved to the six - month program where I've been able to enroll in a Christian grief class called Grief Share. I've never been closer to the Lord through all the Bible studies I've been able to do. I've helped others enroll in some and anyone who comes in, I make sure they know where they can get a free recovery Bible and workbook. My once abusive boyfriend is now my sober, hard-working, Christian fiancé. He's got us a place and has a job waiting for me when I get out. While I was locked up this time around, I've learned that it's His will be done and not mine. Something in all the years I've prayed I've never understood is what I needed to be praying for. I am on a closer walk with the Lord than ever before. I

know now that God doesn't punish His children, but He disciplines us in order to keep us on the right path following Him. God bless! **A. M.**

Verse 1
 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a healing stream,
 Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
 In the cross, in the cross
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptur'd soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

Verse 2
 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me;
 There the Bright and Morning Star
 Shed His beams around me.
 In the cross, in the cross
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptur'd soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

Verse 3
 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.
 In the cross, in the cross
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptur'd soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

Verse 4
 Near the cross! I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.
 In the cross, in the cross
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptur'd soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

Fanny Crosby

Ashland, KY

One afternoon, after my beautiful young wife had left me, and I truly believed my life was over, I listened to the lies of Satan, and decided to make sure my life was physically over as well. Yes, I decided to take my own life, to end it all. It was cold, very cold, and raining a chilly rain. The icy water stung my face, feeling like 1,000 tiny razor blades as it hit my skin. I quickly formulated my plan of attack and headed toward the East End. I knew what I had to do. I knew the river would be both swift and cold, too cold to fight against. Should I change my mind, death would be most painful but it would surely be quick. An expedient death is a good death. Today is a good day to die I thought to myself. I began to make my way through the cold December rain in the direction of the 35th Street bridge. Once I reached the center point, I would hurl myself over the railing and into the murky depths of the Great Kanawha River, allowing the frigid current to do its work. No one would miss me, or even notice that I was gone, I convinced myself, especially if I timed the fall for when there was little to no traffic crossing the bridge. Besides, if I miscalculated, and someone saw me take the plunge, I would still be dead before the emergency crews could arrive to fish my lifeless body from the river. I began walking Eastwood along Kanawha Boulevard, after paying my fare and taking the 35-minute bus ride into town. I headed toward the bridge. At this point, I must have been some eight or nine blocks from what I imagined would be sweet release from all the pain and injustice I had suffered in this world. If such was to be my lot in life, I wanted no part of it. I was done. It began to rain harder. I quickened my pace. It wasn't long before the base of the spiral walkway leading

to the pedestrian crossway of the bridge came into view. I was now no more than three or four blocks from the base of the bridge. I quickened my pace, once more, eager to do the deed and be done with it all. The rain was in full winter storm mode, now, mixed with pellets of sleet which hit like bullets as the wind howled and it grew even stronger. A thunderstorm this time of year in Charleston was unheard of: freezing rain, sleet, snow, and even high winds. Yes, but thunder? No! And then it happened... Others would say that in my extreme state of depression, a freak thunderstorm likely triggered my brain to produce audio hallucinations, But I knew what I heard was the voice of the sovereign, Lord God. Like I said, it doesn't thunderstorm in the dead of winter in Charleston, West Virginia... Charleston, South Carolina maybe, but Charleston, West Virginia? Never! "David", the voice said. "Stop!" I froze, unable to move, as if I were paralyzed. When the God of all creation tells you to stop, you stop... You listen... You hear... You obey. Period.

"Look down... take it... pick it up". A large puddle, we call the mud puddles, had formed from the downpour. It was ankle deep. In the middle of the puddle was a card about the size of a typical index card. The puddle was too large for me to simply reach out and take the card, so I had to wade into the water in order to retrieve it.

Ankle deep in the middle of the mud puddle, I pulled the card from the cold water as commanded. I was at once too amazed by two things, though the water was muddy, (hence the term "mud puddle") the condition of the card was immaculate, the card wasn't dirty at all. In fact, it looked new, and though it was raining, and the card was floating in the middle of the water, it was completely dry. Not a

single drop of water was on the card. "Turn it over... Read it." God commanded of me. I did exactly as I was instructed. Turning the card over, I read nine words, which I will never forget:

"God is greater than any problem I may have."

This is the truth I needed to hear, and I heard it straight from the Holy Spirit. Jesus had said, "But when the Spirit of Truth comes, he will guide you into all the truth."

My face grew wet. I am not sure if it was tears or rain. I noticed a small, retaining wall, about 2 feet high, lining the driveway next to me. It became my altar as I cried out to God with all my heart, all my strength, and all my soul. An indescribable peace enveloped me, and I knew everything was going to be all right. I slipped the card into my coat pocket and I rose from the makeshift altar a new creation in Christ Jesus. I heard the clap of thunder as I turned to make my way home. The wind died down and the icy rain changed into a most beautiful snowfall. I have that little card with the big truth tucked away in the locker in my prison cell. It is a constant reminder of the grace, love, and mercy of the Sovereign Lord God, and the true freedom, which is mine through faith in Christ Jesus alone.

"For if the Son sets you free, you are free indeed". **D. M.**

Send your testimony letters to:

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