



## Whiteville, TN

To my family in Christ... My name is Jimmy, and here is just a peek of what my life was like before I gave my life wholeheartedly to my Lord and Savior. I grew up with alcoholic great grandparents (both sides) grandparents (both sides) and alcoholic parents that were 14 (mom) and 19 (dad) when they conceived me. I grew up with alcohol in my hand all the time. If they set it down, I was drinking it! My parents got divorced when I was 10, so I started really drinking then. I'd say at least a six pack a day. Alcohol was always around so no one ever was the wiser. Dad was abusive to mother also. At 15, I had a motorcycle wreck. It crushed my skull and I was in a coma for a week. The doctor said it was an absolute miracle. I got out of the hospital and started cocaine, alcohol, acid, and women, all of them to massive amounts! Car wrecks-uncountable. A few off of huge mountains! I live in the Smoky Mountains of East Tennessee. Jail lost track 15 years ago! Sadly, I beat women, trafficked them, and led very good, beautiful women astray! My whole entire life was way beyond a mess! My grandpa used to sell my grandma to his "friends". A very cruel man. But he got saved, became a Baptist preacher, and started several churches. Mind you, I was a very observant boy. I had seen some very terrible things in my life! I didn't see how people survive such stuff. Until

December 8, 2019 when I was sitting in jail again at 49 (my birthday is 12/15/1969) fixing to hit 50, and asking God to take me and do His will because mine isn't working and never has! I was drinking 30 beers a day for over 25 years, and when he set me free that day, I had no DTs, or hallucinations or anything! I've been completely off of drugs and alcohol for four years. That is only because Jesus died for me! There is probably 30 more pages of my messed-up life, but that's all past! I am looking ahead for my crown in heaven!

**J. A.**

## Carrabelle, FL

My name is Andrew Lamb. I was born in Ohio and came to Jacksonville when I was two years old and was raised there. Growing up, I was always getting into trouble. I was raised around gay women, my whole life, and never had a father figure. So I ran the streets and often got into everything you could possibly imagine. From getting into fights to shooting objects with my BB gun - windows, birds, cats, it didn't matter to me. At the time, I was just running wild - to say the least. I went to church for a short while when I was around I'd say seven or so, but I didn't go for long. I was too worried about living life on my own terms. My mother often dated crazy girlfriends. They'd often be fighting through the middle of the night, and everything would get broken that

was glass. I changed schools three times in one year, and looking back I believe that's part of the reason I never really paid much attention in school. I went through so much and the only way I knew how to deal with all the anger and hurt was to just do whatever I wanted to. Whether it was right or wrong. By the time I was 12, I started smoking weed and drinking. My family had always been odd and on drugs. They were either on pills or alcohol. My mom, grandma, sister, and her brother, all were on pills really bad while I was growing up, so that's all I really knew. Around I'd say 14 or 15, I started taking pills. I'd steal from my mom and my uncle, and I remember I'd go on for days at a time not really knowing whether I was coming or going. I remember having this pair of shorts that I used to wear around the house. They had like 20 burn holes in them from me being so messed up and falling asleep while smoking. My mom, her brother, and my grandma all lived in the same house, and they went to the doctors every month. That's where I got a lot of the pills from. Xanax, pain pills, lorcet, Percocet, all kinds of narcotics. I took whatever I could get my hands on. It didn't matter as long as I'd get high. when I met my daughter's mom, we both were 17 and she was into pills as well. I think that's why we hit it off so good with one another and over the years. My addiction got worse. There were so many times that I

don't know or remember how I even got home. I'd work hard and party harder. My addiction got so bad at one point, that I was spending all my money on drugs. I've OD and almost died, I've hit a telephone pole head on going 55 miles an hour. I woke up with a breathing tube down my throat one time. Another time I fell asleep on the interstate going over 70 miles an hour, and hit the back of an enterprise truck. Through all of this, God has been with me, and I never paid him any mind. I've always believed in a God, but again I wanted to do things my way. I also struggled with depression and anxiety as well, and I knew that I needed help with my addiction, but I just kept it to myself, and I didn't want to put myself out there like that. Long story short, it took me to lose everything I had, and hit rock bottom. I lost my mom, my uncle and others in my family, all because of drugs. Even my relationship with my daughter and girlfriend at the time. I had my own place, a good job, my car with rims on it, but I lost it all because of my love for drugs. I am currently serving a life sentence without the possibility of parole. As crazy as this may sound, coming to prison saved my life, because I should be dead with the lifestyle I was living, but God had other plans for my life. And after being locked up for eight months, I gave my life to Christ and surrendered. I gave him the keys because the path I was on wasn't working. God has changed me in so many ways, and I've overcome my addiction. Since then, I've signed up for my GED. I go to chapel twice a week, and I've started getting my teeth fixed. I am

currently trying to repair my relationship with my daughter and I surround myself with positive people. I also enjoy helping others when needed. My message goes out to those who are or have struggled with addiction. I've been down that road way too long before and it will chew you up and spit you out and ruin your life. I pray and hope for others that they don't make the same mistakes as I did. If I had only got the help I needed and accepted God in my life, I just know I wouldn't be here. But I do believe that everything happens for a reason, just am still not sure why this had to happen to me. So, if you, or you know someone that struggles with addictions, please, I encourage you to talk to someone and get help before it's too late. I never had anyone to talk to and I thought I knew it all and didn't need anyone to help. Well, you can see it got me nowhere, and by the grace of God, I am not 6 feet in the ground. There is just way too much to list, but God's changed me to the person that I am today. If He can change me, then He can change you as well. Amen. I want to thank one of my best friends, he's my mentor, brother in Christ, and none of this would be possible without him. Mr. Mickey Parks, I want to thank you for all you are doing in my life as well as others. Romans 12:2 Don't copy the behavior and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person by changing the way you think. Then you will learn to know God's will for you, which is good, and perfect. I use to always worry about what I didn't have or what the next person had that I

didn't have. Like having nice things and so on but now I don't. See, it's not about how much money one has or what you don't have, it's about how much God you have in your life. When you have God in your life, what more do you need? Everything will fall into place, trust me, I do it all the time and I wouldn't have it any other way. Having God in my life is priceless and then some. It's made me become a better person, and let's just say money can't buy that. So always stay humble and kind in all you do and to one another. Chase your dreams and never settle for less than you deserve. God is good all the time. He never changes. He's always the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow and forever and ever.

Amen. **A. L.**

**Father I Stretch My Hands to Thee  
By Charles Wesley**

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee, No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath;  
What pain, what labour, to secure  
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power;  
Now all my wants thou wouldst relieve in this,  
The accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift!  
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;  
O speak, and I shall live!  
For here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,  
Could I but see thy face!  
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,  
And taste thy pardoning grace!

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