



Dallas, Tx

I've been on the other side most of my life. Was a street kid from age 13 to 18. I learned the hard way to live. When I was 18 I joined the army, trying to belong, but I was made to do evil for my country. When I got out early, I returned to the life I knew, started selling crack and coke. I seemed to be doing good in the Satan arena. I had a place, car, paid my bills, stayed out of jail. Until I got sick of living in such an evil lifestyle. Some people say sin feels good, but it wasn't for me. The seeds I planted, had brought a harvest of misery. When I finally got arrested for selling at a club, I was tired of this horrible life. At the age of 30, I didn't want anymore. I decided it's enough. One time at church the Chaplain said "If you want to know God is real. Ask him." So I closed my eyes and reluctantly said "Are you real?" Then, I was struck by a bolt of lightning, so much love, from the top of my head down to my feet. I stood up, hands raised, crying, and calling out. I was changed that day. Completely. I walked out of that room, loved like I've never felt before. I had no idea how to live for God. I picked up a Bible out of the trash and tried my best to understand it. It was challenging. But I finally knew someone loved me. Since then, I've learned how God is my Father. He is my friend and wants me to be with Him.

D.S.

Teague, TX

I wasn't raised in the church by any stretch. However, it was my grandparents that got my mother to start attending a small backwoods southern Baptist Church. I was about 13 years old then. I suppose it was at that church that I was introduced to the truth which I absorbed like a dry sponge. I eventually made the decision to accept truth and asked Jesus to save me. Was it real? Maybe it was. There is definitely Scripture to support the claim and many Christians who believe it. However, I'm of the "other persuasion", I believe I fell under the "salvation with fear and trembling". For me, it's been a process, not an instance. Scripture tells us that God lets us fall into our own destruction, in order to show us the truth, both within ourselves, and the truth found within Him. And truth, it's not a form of punishment, but rather a form of mercy. My first fall from grace was in my third year in college. I caught a felony and was sentenced to 10 years. And it was while I was there that God taught me about the depraved nature within me. It was after seven years incarcerated that my new horrifically, annoying neighbor began pestering me about my beliefs, and my faith. And even though this guy was irritating, he was undoubtedly God sent. It was through him that I was introduced to my current theology and I needed

to turn back to the Father who loved me even at my worst. I ended up discharging my whole sentence, but I was "on fire" and excited about finding a new church. But it didn't take long for reality to sink in, "the world" had no love for an ex-con, especially in the church. It became increasingly harder to want to do right because I saw nothing but hypocrisy, and soon after, began falling into older patterns of behavior. Worse, after being judged by my preacher's daughter and losing my job, the only thing I felt I had left was my sin. So I wore it like a tight, comfy overcoat. And I was (am) back in prison, with no sign of hope of release. I suppose I forgot to mention that during my time in prison, I completed a mail correspondence degree program. A seminary program, through a Bible college. I have completed my bachelor's degree in theology, and my master's degree in biblical studies. My studies are really all I've got. My family and the world have abandoned me. Which I believe in no part is coincidence. If you're in a pit of your own making what's the direction to look? I think you'd be surprised to know there's two answers to that, up and inside. And that's where I am today. Taking a look at myself while looking to what I can do to grow spiritually.

R.H.

Tennessee Colony, TX

I was saved as a younger kid. My parents were missionaries in

Africa, so I grew up with church as the main part of my life. As I grew into my teenage years, I had lots of questions, but very few answers were given. I then started rejecting God as I then blamed Him for the things in my life that I did not like. I went all the way into full-blown atheism. Over the years, I sort of settled into a position of agnostic. Fast forward a few years, I got into studying science, which always leads to origin, which leads back to God in the Bible. I said OK no problem, this should be easy to disprove the Bible and God with science. Fast-forward some more years, after countless books, and experts, etc., my efforts to disprove God, the Bible, and creation did exactly the opposite for me. Not only did I prove God is real, but creation as well. I also just proved my original theory that Christianity was just another man-made religion to help them feel better about what they cannot explain. Then I started to realize that as a kid, I was scared of the hellfire and brimstone salvation message that I was told as a kid, which made me make what I call a head knowledge confession instead of a true repentance - fully understanding God's love and salvation. I started to live for God, but like a lot of Christians, still had a good percent of my own selfishness instead of being fully surrendered to God and His will being done through me. That is not the case now, as I am on fire for the Lord and have become dead to myself, and living wholly for God. **B.W.**

Garden City, CA

My testimony starts way back

at the age of twelve years old. A pastor who lived up the street called me and two of my friends over to the side of the curb of our street. He explained to us the reason we needed salvation and led us in a repentant prayer. As I got older, I fell into a world of sin with drugs, alcohol, porn, and other sins. Eventually I met my soon to be wife and we lived together for eighteen years before eventually getting married. Our son committed suicide and that tragic event opened our eyes that we needed to get our lives together. So shortly after, we joined a local church where my wife and I gave our lives to the Lord wholeheartedly. I felt like the prayer I had said when I was twelve didn't come from the heart. When I saw my wife receive the Holy Spirit and how it changed her, I knew this was what my heart desired. In the church service I felt the drawing of the Holy Spirit so I went down and surrendered to Christ that Sunday morning and soon after me and my wife were baptized. What a tremendous feeling to have your sins washed away! My wife and I both experienced that amazing feeling of God's amazing love. I tried to live right on my own, but I soon fell into the temptation of adultery. On a positive note, I'd like to reflect on all the Lord has done for me. We were invited to come and attend a Sunday morning service at the church we now belong to. The church was the church our hearts had been desiring and the Lord answered our prayer. Shortly after becoming members our pastor was giving a sermon on staying in God's will and He would grant your prayer

request. I wanted to truly believe this, but I was doubting. I was sitting there and I bent my head down and asked God to show me what He was capable of doing in my life. Did He ever! Shortly after that He fulfilled a lifelong desire I had. Not only did the Lord answer one request, He answered them all! And He still is blessing me this very day. I couldn't list all the blessings He has bestowed on my behalf and the prayers He has answered on other people's behalf that I interceded for and continues to do so. I wouldn't trade this time incarcerated for anything in the world because it's only brought me closer to our Lord and Savior.

R.C

All the way my Savior leads me,
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see;
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see. – Fanny Crosby

Send your testimony letters to:
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