



Salisbury, N.C.

I was born and raised in Charlotte, N.C. and at the age of five I was molested by my babysitter. I never told anyone about the molestation until I was in high school. My young mother, my two younger sisters, and I lived with my grandma. The molestation lasted an entire summer. I had an uncle who kept porn magazines in the cabinet under the bathroom sink. Well one day I discovered these magazines and started to read them secretly (my mother had just taught me to read). My father chose to not be in my life, and my mother was an irresponsible parent with three children by three different men (I can't recall a time in my life she wasn't addicted to drugs or alcohol). At the age of nineteen, having three kids didn't slow my mom down at all. Eventually my grandmother sued for full custody of my sisters and me. Grandma was a church going woman and she raised my sisters and me in church until we found her dead in her bed. I was ten then, and that's when my life started slipping downhill. Grandma had four children and lots of grandkids but my two sisters and I were her "babies". She left us trust funds which enraged my eldest uncle! He took my sisters and me in grudgingly and wasn't very nice so I moved in with my mother a month later. HUGE mistake! Ma and her boyfriend partied every weekend. I watched my mother snort cocaine, shoot cocaine, smoke weed, and get so drunk that

she'd kick everyone out of the house then pass out. I remember my baby sister and I would try to help Ma because she was having seizures (at this time I'm only eleven and my sister is eight). When we moved in with Ma, we stopped going to church. At the age of twelve I lost my virginity to a girl in our neighborhood. Because of my mom's addictions, her boyfriend put us out of his house. So, at twelve I was homeless along with Ma and my baby sister. We stayed with various relatives until my youngest uncle decided to adopt us. That was a blessing and a curse. Under that roof, my sisters and I suffered sexual, verbal, emotional, and physical abuse. Yet, our lives seemed better and more stable than they were before. At age fourteen I tried selling cocaine (unsuccessfully). But by age sixteen I had become an accomplished crack dealer. I dropped out of school in the tenth grade to sell crack full time. I've sired five kids for five women and relationships with them are strained at best. Due to my incarceration my children all grew up without a father. (I've been incarcerated for nineteen years two months so far). My mother died January 3, 2000 and emotionally I couldn't handle it. I had become a child of the devil and so I was being tormented by him mentally and emotionally. I buried my mom on or around January 12, 2000 and on January 27, 2000 I robbed and killed another drug dealer. I was

arrested the next day and eight days later I gave my life to the Lord. I did it out of fear and desperation. I was only twenty-five years old and I was facing the death penalty. I went to church on February 5, 2000 and heard a message on love and forgiveness and I repented and accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior! In the nineteen years I've been saved God has taken care of me and guided me through this journey. God didn't put me in prison, I did, but He's sure getting the glory through my sharing of His gospel. I'm now ministering the Word on a daily basis and teaching people about a true relationship with the Lord! I liken my life to Psalms 107:8-14. "Then I cried out to the Lord in my trouble, and He saved me out of my distresses (Psalms 107:13) Through my salvation and walk with Christ, my baby sister has been delivered from the spirit of homosexuality (to God be the glory!) And she is a Holy Spirit-filled woman of God! Together we're believing Him for our other sister's return to Christ and her deliverance from opioid addiction. May the Lord continue to bless you!

S.C.

Beeville, TN

At a young age I was introduced to methamphetamines of which I became an addict, distributor, and manufacturer. All of my life I have been in and out of jails, youth facilities, and prison - which would allow me time to study the Old Testament and

Jewish Law/Custom. So, all my life I've known about what the prophets foretold about the Messiah, but never read the New Testament. I was released from prison in 2011 and went back to selling and using drugs. I allowed a buddy of mine to use my car, and he got pulled over and fled from the police, while leaving drugs and a gun in the car. Of course, the car was in my name so the police came to my address and picked me up. When I entered the County, I was placed on a Christian faith-based cell block. When I tried to get moved they wouldn't let me. So I made the best of it but still had my girlfriend sell drugs for me while in jail. She would sell to people I told her not to, which led to an argument at every visit. I got tired of all the anger and hurt, and one day after a visit asked God, "If there is a place for You in me, and me in You, You need to show me because I don't believe it." I had a No Bound hold on me because I was a flight risk. But ten days later the officers told me I made bond. So I got out and walked home in the rain crying and talking to God. Come to find out, my mother's husband had a dream that an angel of God told him to get a lawyer and bond me out. So in my young faith I went to every church and synagogue in sight looking for God. I got rid of my cars because they had a bad reputation as "drug cars". I humbled myself and bought a bicycle, and rode it around looking for a job. I went to work at labor force. However, my longtime girlfriend was still using drugs. After about two months of being clean, I was laid off from my job, fell into deep depression, broke weak and started using drugs. Eventually I got back into manufacturing and selling meth. In

January 2012 a friend of mine set me up to be robbed and killed. We were all high, things got crazy and violent and I shot two people. One lived, but my friend that set it all up died. On January 9th 2012 I was charged with murder. Because my case was high profile I was placed in a single segregated cell. The only thing in that cell was a Bible. I felt terrible and called on God to save me. Not from what I had done, but from sin, the devil, and addiction. I opened the Bible to the New Testament to Matthew 11:25-30 and immediately understood who Jesus is. There and then I asked Him to be my Messiah, for Him to come into my heart, and in His merit for God to forgive me. On December 11, 2012 I was sentenced to life in prison. It hasn't been an easy road but my faith in God and Jesus is strong. He's used me to lead many to Him. I am blessed to receive Him as Lord of my life. **F.B.**

Fort Stockton, TX

In 2005, while singing in chapel at one of Texas's prisons, the Holy Spirit came into my life and guided me to study all I could concerning Jesus Christ. In 2013, I came across Shalom Bible College and Seminary in Des Moines, Iowa and started their program and got busy studying God's Word. In 2014, I had an incident with a Spanish/Mexican in a prison shower area. This Spanish guy was reviling me about trying to become a Christian and was really harassing me.... And when he came into my space, I punched him once in the side. This one punch broke a rib, punctured his lung, and he was evacuated by helicopter to the hospital where he died due to loss of blood. Of course, I was arrested by the

prison authorities and told I was facing a conviction of life in prison on a sentence to lethal injection if it was discovered that I used a deadly weapon. I called on my attorney (Jesus) for help with this test of my faith. I remember vividly thinking that Jesus had said "I will never leave you or forsake you". God knows I prayed hard that day. I prayed for Jorge, the guy I had hit because it was not my intention to hurt him so badly- definitely had not wanted to kill him. I was placed in segregation. I was devastated... lost all hope in myself... questioned God... and then attempted suicide. I say attempted, well because after my attempt I awoke from the attempt at precisely four o'clock in the morning, cleaned myself up and sat there crying for being such a failure. At eight o'clock the next morning, a prison official came to my cell and told me that Jorge's wife and two prison chaplains had went to the hospital to get her to claim Jorge's body. The hospital had his lifeless body on a life support machine and although he was legally dead the wife had to give the go ahead to pull the plug. At precisely four o'clock AM when the doctor went in to pull the plug... Jorge's body came back to life! Praise God! Thank you Jesus! Two miracles at the same time. My faith was solidified forever.

P.W.

Send your testimony letters to:

Christian Fellowship

Prison Ministries

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