



Crawford, FL

My name is Khalil Charles Glasgow. I was born on October 9, 1999 which means I am 25 years old. Out of the 25 years I have been living, I spent over a decade, stuck in addiction, living in sin, and definitely my temple doing all kinds of wrong. Growing up was not that pleasant, especially without a father. I had my mother and she did her best, but I needed a protector, a role model, and someone who could help me through the struggles of a young man. Lacking a father can affect a child's environment so much. At age 8, I was molested by my cousins during a summer vacation on the island of St. Vincent and the Grenada's which is the birthplace of my mother and grandmother. That took a big toll on my mental health and my sexual desire and appetite. Which played a role in the reason why I participated in drinking alcohol at the age of 11. In the islands there is no legal drinking age. My trauma mixed with daddy issues in a little splash of alcoholism did my decision-making no good and neither my behavior. Not to mention that same year I started following my youngest aunt and smoking tobacco. Two years later, I started smoking marijuana with my cousin in the islands. Slowly overtime I addicted and started committing crimes to obtain money for alcohol and weed or to purchase shoes. I disgraced, disrespected, and shamed my family by living this lifestyle. Eventually, the way I was living lead me to the county jail in Leon County on March 11, 2021 that is where I fell at the foot of lacrosse and cried out to God for help. But it

was only to get out of jail. So the first nine months of my relationship with God I couldn't hear for from him and had no desire to study his word and delight myself in his law. I just wanted to read the Bible and pray to state that I read my Bible and scratch it off and imaginary to do list, but my heart was far from him. Until around November 20, 2021 one night when I was sitting watching television high off marijuana and intoxicated by buck when reality hit me that I wasn't truly living for God and that no matter how much I get under the influence, my charges weren't going to be dropped, and I truly surrendered. Since then I have been truly serving God and his church with all my heart, mine, soul, and strength in their entirety. through doing so God bless me in the outcome of my court case, and I am on the verge of the end of my five-year bid. During the five years I have been inside of the county and prison, God helped me through my deliverance in the transformation that came by my renewed mind to reconcile relationships with my father, my mother, the mother of my son, and with my older cousin. On top of that, I have seen him do miracles, signs, and wonders in prison through my body when I present it as a living sacrifice, which is holy and acceptable to God. By God's grace, I am going to continue this walk when I get out on June 9, 2025.

K.G.

Beeville, TX

My name is Dominique M Aliston. I'm 37 years old and I'm from San Antonio Texas. I was not raised in a Christian household. I

was raised to do witchcraft. In my heart, I always knew that was the wrong path for me. Ever since I was a kid, God put purpose in my heart. When I was 11 years old, my babysitter asked if I wanted to go to church with her. I told her I would have to ask my mom. I asked my mom and she said that it was my choice. I went and while everyone was praising God, I felt weird or out of place. I asked Miss So, "Why is everyone praising God?" she said, "Because Jesus died for our sins. I wasn't understanding, so she called some guy over there to explain it to me in the middle of the service. I understood, so the guy made the invitation and I received Jesus. I went to church a few more times after that and then backslid up until the point of 27 years old. I was locked up for possession/with the intent to deliver a firearm. while I was in the county jail, I pray to God and asked him to show me which way to serve him. You had Islam, Buddha, Hindu, etc. The next day, a piece of the roof caved in and fell on my head. Water started leaking on me and I told the guard and they moved me to a place in the county jail that I didn't even know existed. It was for people that were recovering from recent surgery. They locked me in a cell and I was so upset. I was still trying to collect all the money people owed me. We were not allowed to come out of the cell because people were

working on the kiosk. I heard a knock on the wall. I didn't feel like talking, so I told him that I wasn't friendly like that, but what's up? He told me to make a fist. Now I'm like this guy is crazy! The way he was talking, it sounded as if he was mentally retarded or had a speech impediment. I made a fist and he said that's about the size of the brain tumor he had in his head. I felt bad after that because I was rude to the guy. The whole time I had been locked up people were trying to get me to go to church in the county jail. My answer would always be the same or so I thought. This time was different. There was no getting out of the cell for anything. If I didn't go to church, I might go crazy. I contemplated suicide, but what would I kill myself with? I asked how I could get out of the cell and he said go to church. I had never been so open to church although it was just to get out of the cell. Or was it? I went and there was a short lady named Miss Lucy. She was about 5'2" and filled up with the love of God. She put some praise and worship on and I started getting watery eyes. When I got back to myself, the guard said, are you Alston? I said yes, sir. He said you're moving back to the tank. Immediately, I remembered that I had prayed to God and he showed me how to serve him. The only way I would have went to church was to get out of the cell. when I moved back to the tank, they put me into bunk 11 that is right in front of where they do Bible study. I gave my life to Jesus. I committed to reading my Bible, but it was so hard to understand. I didn't let that stop

me but just kept praying and reading. I prayed for God to send someone to help me understand the word. There was a guy that left, which means a bunk opened up. I knew that would be the bunk. God would fill up with my teacher. A guy came in with his head wrapped, mouth busted, and arm in a sling. When he would woke up, he saw me reading, and said are you still reading? He asked me where I was at and started quoting scriptures. This man ended up giving me my foundation in Christ. God had quickly taught me to trust him. When I was on the bus ride to prison, I made my mind to walk away from my gang. This could have meant bad things, but God was with me. I fell to a pod that had a Bible study and grew tremendously. I took over Bible studies and prayer call when brother David left. God has given me a vision to start a discipleship program, homeless, camp, emergency, housing, etc. May God bless you all! **D.A.**

Dermott, AR

I grew up in the Catholic Church. My want to serve God was manipulated by a priest, and I was abused there. I lost my faith for a lot of years and have been lukewarm at best until recently. Fast-forward to 2022, I moved my family back to Arkansas from North Dakota. Within several months of being here, I had a divorce filed against me, my children ripped for my life, brought up on charges that I now have to prove my innocence on, and have no support network and nobody out of these walls. Then I remembered something

before my arrest, I spent every night, missed some days, praying with my children and teaching them about God. I was attacked by my mother in law for this and ridiculed in front of my children. The fuel for my fire. She told me in front of my children that I was not Christian and was more devil. But I'm a child of the most high and no less. A sinner still very much, but forgiven and saved by grace. Now my ex mother-in-law's hatefulness was actually her being used by God to pole-vault me to do more, be more and live more than I've ever done before. But according to first Peter 2:9, I am a chosen person, a royal priesthood... God's special possession. I'm aware that my God knows I'll make mistakes. He's not expecting perfection, but he's expecting perfect persistence. Persistence and doing his will! I pray for God's will to be done, and that he will commit a mighty act in my situation and use me and my life and story for his glory! Did I mention he has saved me twice now from heart attacks? I'm 42 and have three stents, and take a dozen meds a day, but I'm still here. Even after a widow-maker. This is my story, he isn't done with me yet!

J.R.

**Send your testimony letters to:
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