



Christian Fellowship Prison Newsletter

January 2026

Vol. 36. No. 1

Mariana, AR

My name is Jonathan. I was born into a biker culture, introduced to drugs, drinking, and women. God was far from the people that I grew up around and I fell in line with them and lived that way. I came to the joint in 2016. In 2018 I found out that my mom had a brain tumor. It was then that I started seeking after God. Since then, God has shown up in my life every day. He has brought my daughter back into my life and answered more prayers than I can count. I couldn't imagine not having Jesus as my Lord! **J.B.**

Tampa, FL

For a long time I've dealt with the urge to indulge in homosexual activities. And if I'm being truthful about this entire situation, I've fallen short a few times. I understand that my thoughts are wrong and without the help of the Most High, I stand no chance of overcoming this battle. Did I pick up my Bible every day? No. But I do try and at least read a page or two a day of "The message of truth" book. I can say that since I was a child I've been aware of God's peace. I was brought up in it. But like the prodigal son, I went astray. Now just like him, I've had a chance to travel in darkness/world, and now I see the error of my ways. It has taken me through some extreme lows, first with my family, then with my peers. I've had no one/no place to turn to but the Most High. And my reconnection with God has been a struggle and it's been slow. But my return has finally begun. I hope my testimony moves people as I move forward in my renewal with Christ! **J.**

Beaumont, TX

Have I always been bad? Since I can remember, I have been a problem child. I always got on my teacher's nerves and would find myself in trouble. The older I got the worse it got. I thought I was a good person, but I always justified my actions to make myself look and feel better. I started selling drugs at 13 years of age again trying to justify my actions. This was 20 years ago and I did six years. Now I'm back and I am 43. God will find a way to get your attention. I am grateful for being locked up because I've never been this close to God in my life. I was on fire 20 years ago, but I got lost in the world. I am glad He got my attention again! I now realize I have a purpose and a mission. I will follow Jesus no matter how dark it gets. I know He is always with me and will carry me through any storm. I love Jesus so so so much! I know who I serve, and I will let my light shine. People will know who I serve. **R. H.**

Carrabelle, FL

I've been incarcerated for almost 18 years now and with game time I have almost 16 left. During a lockdown in the first week of February, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior and have been very serious about what it means on this journey. It still blows my mind. I have committed many sins in my lifetime; among them, murder and homosexuality. I was in fact in a homosexual relationship and it's almost as if God closed that door and opened another with a God-fearing woman. Then at the time of my spiritual resurrection, I was watching a music video on Pando, a Christian app on our tablet by

Bryann T called "No longer mad". In the middle of the video something came over me and all I could do was cry and cry, asking Jesus to forgive me. I realized later that over the past few months, small things had transpired leading me up to this point. Almost like He was softening the hardness of my heart until that final moment of transformation. It was like a switch was flipped, and there I was, a new creation. I still have an attitude that I'm progressively working on. This morning, I was watching Dr. Dharius Daniel's sermon with Change Church and he said, "Jesus isn't trying to teach us how to walk on water, He is trying to show us how to walk on what everyone else is drowning in." It speaks volumes!

J.H.

Tennessee Colony, TX

Growing up at home was good. I had a mother and father who had three children. I have an older sister, an older brother, and then me, the youngest. Also living with us was my grandmother on my dad's side of the family. I never knew what happened to my grandfather. Nobody in the family ever talked about him. I always have been an active kid, but I didn't start messing up until I started kindergarten in the first grade. My brother was in the fifth grade, and we would walk to school together. However, there were times when instead of going to school, we would skip school and just walk around the neighborhood or kick it in an abandoned building or house until school was out and then we would go home. After my brother left for middle school, I continued to skip school, and by the third grade I began acting out in

class by running out of the classroom and disrespecting the teacher. All this, however, led me to be sent to an alternative school. There, I actually did good, worked the program and was able to return back to my original school. But returning did not change my behavior, and I continued to act out, running out of the classroom and never doing any schoolwork. But no matter what, I was still passed to the next grade. This went on all the way till the fifth grade. By this time once again, I was sent to another alternative school, where I once again did good, worked the program and returned to my original school. Only to go right back doing the same thing. However, the school finally had enough and kicked me out. But they were wanting me to continue to the end nevertheless, so I was passed again and started middle school the next year. However, my behavior never changed. It wasn't till I was in the seventh grade that while skipping school I broke into someone's garage and caught it on fire. The next day I was pointed out by a witness and sent to juvenile for the first time. I was 13 years old. I stayed in for a month then was released. Shoved up to court and put on probation for one year. I was also kicked out of that middle school and sent to another alternative school. There I remained until I violated my probation for selling marijuana and was sent to TYC (Texas Youth Commission). On April 17, 1997 I was 14 years old. I stayed there until 1999. I was released at the age of 17 and was required to do one year on TYC parole. However, only a few months out, I committed robbery and I was sent for the first time to an adult county jail in 2000. But within two years I committed murder. I was charged with aggressive assault and was given 18 more years added to my original sentence that I was already serving.

It wasn't until 2023 that I began reading the Bible and with the help of the tablets given to use, I began watching the app called Pando, which is a Christian app. It began to help me understand why Jesus came to this earth and had to die on the cross. And with his understanding, I gave my life to Jesus Christ and have become a new man, discipling others here with me to follow Jesus Christ. **T. C.**

Saint Petersburg, FL

I'm Owen Ginnery Jr. and this is my testimony of how I came to Christ. I was born in December 1983 to Pamela and Owen Ginnery. I was brought up in an impoverished neighborhood/house, had to wear secondhand clothes, welfare assistance, and was made fun of because I was dirty and raggedly clothed. I was a C grade student in school until I met Laura Paden, my wife. What's happened since I met her is four beautiful children and we go to church three times a week. She brought me to God after we lost our daughter Alexis due to complications as her lungs weren't fully formed. I was at my lowest when I lost my daughter. Drinking, drugging, fast cars, and faster women. I didn't believe a God who was still loving and merciful could take my daughter like that. I blamed everyone, doctors, nurses, Laura and anyone else. Me and Laura were together from 5th to 12th grade. We got married in 2003 and have been together since. She's stuck by me in the best of times and the worst of times. Even though I'm currently incarcerated in prison, she writes, visits and always answers the phone. My children all are on Dean's list every year and my daughter Elizabeth is 22 now and in college for criminal justice of all things. Ha ha. Meanwhile, her dad's a criminal. I still can't believe how much easier life is with God instead of going

against God. I see parole in another month and all is going so well. I should be home with my children next year. My wife led me back to the Lord Jesus Christ. **O. G.**

Living Hope by Phil Wickhan

How great the chasm that lay
between us
How high the mountain I could not
climb
In desperation, I turned to heaven
And spoke Your name into the
night
Then through the darkness, Your
loving kindness
Tore through the shadows of my
soul
The work is finished, the end is
written
Jesus Christ, my living hope

Who could imagine so great a
mercy?
What heart could fathom such
boundless grace?
The God of ages stepped down
from glory
To wear my sin and bear my shame
The cross has spoken, I am forgiven
The King of kings calls me His own
Beautiful Savior, I'm Yours forever
Jesus Christ, my living hope

Then came the morning that
sealed the promise
Your buried body began to breathe
Out of the silence, the Roaring Lion
Declared the grave has no claim on
me

Jesus yours is the victory!

Send your testimony letters to:

Christian Fellowship

Prison Ministries

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