



Christian Fellowship Prison Newsletter

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Midway, TX

My name is Kenneth Perkins and I lived in Missouri, but now I live in Austin, Texas. I am currently incarcerated for a 15-year sentence. When I lived in Missouri, I was always in church, but I didn't really pay much attention. Definitely the name of Jesus was not in my vocabulary. I even cursed God at times. I was just a simple man living life and lost when I became incarcerated. I stayed in church and when they called church I went. I would just go to go. At times I look back on it and seeds were steadily getting planted. About three or four years into my sentence I got hooked on K2, which is synthetic marijuana, or that's what everybody says it is. I was on K2 for about three years. I got skinny and didn't really care about my appearance. As I said, I never really missed church. At times I would go high as a kite. I said the sinner's prayer many times but no submission was going on. So as I was high one day, sitting on my bunk smoking, I just got tired of it all and just said, "I'm tired of this. Please help me." As I finished the prayer, my soulmate passes me three cookies and I just started breaking down crying. It's as if God was telling me in that moment, "I got you, my son." That was the last time I smoked. I have been set free and delivered and Spirit filled. Not even a single craving. I have been serving the Father ever since! **K. P.**

Graceville, FL

On December 6, 2025, on a Saturday, the officer called me and said, "Bula, you have a visit." I said impossible, I don't have a family. Well, I was wrong. God was waiting for me. I went up front and I was

told to go to the chapel. It was Celebrate Recovery inside. I walked into work on my anger, but it was nothing like I suspected. When I walked in the chapel and saw grown men worshipping the Lord and the band playing, and the woman who wasn't supposed to be there that day gave her testimony. It was beautiful to me! I like to say that people put up Berlin walls, security walls, and firewalls. Well, I had Hoover Dams. And as a nonbeliever that day, God didn't just touch my heart, He grabbed it. My first reaction was to get up from the seat and walk out. I was glued to the seat and all I could do was cry. When I looked up, I saw a sign that read, "Humble yourself to the Lord and He will exalt you." That's when I submitted myself to the Lord, and I felt him inside me and all around me. I knew that God was real and that the Creator exists. I have been happy and at peace ever since. I know my mother is in heaven looking down saying, "Now you believe". 47 years I have been living on this planet and yes, I believe. I get out November 16, 2030 and I can't wait to go back home to Brooklyn, NY. As a Puerto Rican who grew up in Bensonhurst, an Italian mafia neighbourhood, to tell all my friends that God is real and loves them!

G. B.

Tulia, TX

I gave my life to God the second week of January, 2022. You see I lost my son (42 years old) on June 11, 2021, then 8-10 days later, my oldest sister (72 years old), then three months later, my wife of 45 years on September 28, 2021. It was a hard blow for me. I was on five years deferred probation and I had

one year and 4 to 6 months left to go. I was truly devastated and fell into depression. I started drinking alcohol, doing drugs, and I didn't care anymore. My probation officer, instead of giving me her condolences, instead gave me more grief. She didn't offer me counseling (which I later found out she should have through her office). I stopped reporting and I wanted to die. I wanted to go with my son and my wife. But God - He had other plans for me (Jeremiah 29: 11). I was at home all alone drinking and drugging in my living room. I gave in and started crying from the bottom of my heart. I cried out to God to help me. I wasn't eating or sleeping, just wasting my life away. I cried out to God and He heard my pleas. I had stopped going to church (I played guitar and sang). Pastor Javy never gave up on me. He kept praying for me, going by my house to check up on me. I woke up the next morning and felt different. I felt like a new person. I got up, showered, made coffee, breakfast and went to church. Pastor, and other brothers were so happy to see me that morning. They prayed over me. Thank God and I am enclosing a poem I wrote in the county jail of how I felt that night as I gave my life to God. **A.C.**

Dear God, where are you?

Adalpo Castillo

I was in despair
with no one to talk to
No one my grief to share
My world was torn apart
My life lost its heart

I was looking for solace
In all the wrong places

Looking for comfort
In too many faces

Alcohol kept me company
I was trying to drown my
sorrows
Not caring about tomorrow

Drugs, I was told
Would help alleviate the pain
Yet I found no gain
Just hard harder and hard
harder-
My true feelings to explain

One night, while home alone
I said, "Dear God, where are
you
When I need you the most?"
He answered, "I have been
here all the time.
Through the Holy Ghost."

I know, and I cried
For in Him, I knew I could
confide
I asked him to take me out of
my misery
To come into my life

Dear God, I thank you for that
night
You changed my life
"Dear God, where are you?"
I asked and He answered,
"Here be beside you
I never left your side."

Pearl, MS

I was raised in a loving and Christian home. When I grew up and at the age of 18, I thought I had found the love of my life. But little did I know he led me to destruction. All my life I went to church and was baptized at the age of 12. I met this man at age 18. We dated off and on and I wound up getting pregnant by him. We got married when I was 19. We stayed married five years. In those five years, we had three children. He continued to cheat and ended up getting another woman

pregnant around the same time I was pregnant. My youngest son is only two months older than hers. That was my drowning point. We ended up filing for divorce. I found myself an apartment I could afford and moved myself and my kids into it. I started dating different men, but nothing serious with any of them. I became addicted to sex and one man was never enough. So I started cheating, hurting them because I was hurt. After seven years of doing this, I met a man that was the love of my life. He treated me like a queen. He worked and took care of my kids and I. We got married and had a good marriage. We lived in Alabama at this time and lived there for four years before moving to Mississippi. We moved because my husband's dad had a heart attack and almost died. We thought it was a calling from God because we found a house across the street from his parent's house and we quickly bought it. After the move from Alabama to Mississippi, my ex-husband had started trying to find ways to sabotage me like saying we had no food in the house for stamp fraud, etc. They would come and see that we had food and the case was closed but then in 2014 he found a way to make accusation saying that we were both funding me and my kids and that led me to prison, because it was his word against mine. But while incarcerated, I have found Jesus again. I read His word daily, study His word, read devotionals, and work Bible studies. My kids are grown now. 20, 27, and 25, and have their own lives. I have four grand babies and I still keep in contact with two of the three kids. I have no other choice but sit still and let God work this all out for me. I know that God is with me in my journey! **D. P.**

Be Still My Soul

1. Be still, my soul! the Lord is
on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or
pain;
Leave to your God to order and
provide;
In ev'ry change he faithful will
remain.
Be still, my soul! your best, your
heav'nly friend
Thru' thorny ways leads to a joyful
end.

3. Be still, my soul! when
dearest friends depart
And all is darkened in the vale of
tears,
Then shall you better know his love,
his heart,
Who comes to soothe your sorrow
and your fears.
Be still, my soul! your Jesus can
repay
From his own fullness all he takes
away.

4. Be still, my soul! the hour is
hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the
Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and
fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys
restored.
Be still my soul! when change and
tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet
at last.

Send your testimony letters to:

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