

“Letter From M.O.M.”

The **Monthly** newsletter of **Moving On Ministry**

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Volume 40 – September, 2008

“I Can Only Imagine”

As you receive this volume of **Letter From M.O.M.**, we have many new writers of articles, we are putting some more of the testimonies of “How God Changes Lives” as well as some of our own written articles. We can truly say that the “high” that many of our inmates have been trying to get through the wrong methods, is being surpassed by those putting God in control of their lives.

Watch our website

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

We are affiliated with International Prison Fellowship

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/movingon>

and Good News Jail & Prison Ministry Volunteer

www.GoodNewsJail.com

The Calling

As we continue to reach out, as commanded in Matt. 25:34-46, we have had individuals reaching back to us. We have had individuals send stamps to donate because they know we do a heavy mailing program each month (usually about 300-350 mailings a month). We recently had 2 inmates send \$20, and one sent us \$100, and those that know the prison system, know that this is like \$1000 donation from the outside. We have had many updating our lists of resources for pen pals. God bless.

Intentions & Wishes

The intentions of this newsletter are to allow an understanding of jail & prison ministries. It is our intentions to get input from those incarcerated as well as those “free” to visit. Life experiences of the faith and fellowship from those locked up in the facilities are always desired to let others know of the value of “visitation”. I am certain that each of us have many stories of the miracles God has done in our lives.

Our wishes are that we would have a list of supportive churches that individuals might look forward to attending once released.

A list of services, such as housing, employment, and counseling services, as well as some individuals available for friendly fellowship are also much needed items.

God’s Word says if a man stumbles, how can he continue lest there be another to help him up. **Ecc. 4:10** “For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him [that is] alone when he falleth; for [he hath] not another to help him up.” **Proverbs 24:17** “Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth:” **John 11:10** “But if a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.”

Please help us with input for this newsletter as we strive to serve God. We appreciate any articles or input.

Addresses to contact Ministry Volunteers

**Moving On Ministry
Chaplain Bob
P.O. Box 6667
Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Moving On Ministry
Spanish Ministry - Linda
P.O. Box 6667
Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Jesus Prayer Ministry
Sis Denise
P.O. Box 7925
Chula Vista, CA 91912**

**Christ First Discipleship
PMB #198
23170 Northern Ave. Suite B
Kingman, AZ 86409-2504**

**Set Free Prison Ministries
Bible Correspondence Course
P.O. Box 5440
Riverside, CA. 92517-9986**

**Prison Fellowship
Chuck Colson
P.O. Box 1550
Merrifield, VA 22116-1550**

**A Helping Hand Prison Ministry
117 North Ave. Apt. #1
Owega, New York 13827**

**Ask for a copy of our complete
“Resource Supplemental Letter”**

For 2008, Bob is doing Bible study at BWDF on Mondays and Thursdays.

The Sunday after the 2nd Saturday of each month is Bob and Linda’s assigned day for 3 to 4 chapel Services at Corcoran State Prison (“Old” Corcoran). 09/14/08, 10/12/08, 11/09/08, & 12/14/08.

Bob and Rocky have also added the Miramonte Conservation Camp #5 to their list of locations to present chapel services.

M.O.M. Needs

- Tractor repair or replacement for Camp Clarius development.
- Pen-pals to write inmates
- Finances
- Testimonies
- Development of Nevada property
- Development of Arizona property
- Graphics for books

From the Mom of M.O.M.

Bob’s mother (Mom of M.O.M.) has requested drawings of what individuals think Heaven will be like. We have extended the contest to run until the end of Oct. 31, 2008, for the best drawing and award a quarterly gift pack for the drawing chosen.

Mom of M.O.M. has also suggested we add a contest for best poem and award a smaller quarterly package, so we will include that contest also ending Oct. 31, 2008. Also for those wanting to contribute drawings for some of our books of poetry, please contact us. We want to publish some of the stories and poems and need graphic drawings for them.

Excuses

The next time you feel like God
can't us you, Remember;

Noah was a drunk

Abraham was too old

Isaac was a daydreamer

Jacob was a liar

Leah was ugly

Joseph was abused

Moses had a stuttering problem

Gideon was afraid

Samson had long hair and was a
womanizer

Rahab was a prostitute

Jeremiah and Timothy were too
young

David had an affair and was a
murder.

Elijah was suicidal

Isaiah preached naked

Jonah ran from God

Naomi was a widow

Job went bankrupt

Peter denied Christ

The disciples fell asleep while
praying

Martha worried about everything

The Samaritan woman was
divorced, more than once

Zaccheus was too small

Paul was too religious

Timothy had an ulcer

AND

Lazarus was dead!

WHAT IS YOUR EXCUSE?

**Where God guides,
He provides.**

The effect of Interstate Transfer of Inmates

We want to start this article with a letter received. He starts out by writing;

“I want to thank you for the newsletter from M.O.M. It is a pretty good one this time (we hope he means also). Well, anyways, I wanted to let you know that with all of the over crowding in the California prison system, the yard I am on, which is C yard at Corcoran, there are a lot of us that are going to Arizona. The prison here is sending a lot of us off this yard. I might be one of them. Lord willing, I’ll stay here until I come off the closed B status, which is 2 ½ years. Then I pray that I’ll get moved closer down south so I can get visits from my family. As of now, I am too far away for my family to come see me, because of gas prices being so high. It is really hard to raise my son over the phone and through the mail.. Now the prison wants to send me out of state, and it will cost even more to call home. I just don’t understand how this, “so called,” prison system works. I guess the system is made to keep guys in, and for them to continue to return. I have not seen my family since 2005. So please, if you could keep me in prayer, for not going out of state . . .”

Visitation

Let’s start with the fact of visitation. Recovery of inmates requires visitation and the proper type of people around the individual. Making the task of visitation (those that do it know “task” is an understatement) is hard enough with the red tape, scheduling, yard lock downs, and times allotted. Adding a major travel to be planned into this task makes it an even greater hardship. There is the increase cost of

gasoline, the meals for the time gone, the cost of a motel because of the distance traveled.

Cost of phone

So we see that visitation will be sacrificed with the intrastate transfers. Well, there is always the phone. Now what about the phone communication? There is already the imposed surcharge on the phone use. There is the high price per minute of the “prison phone system.” With the interstate transfer, there is the increased cost of long distance. The inmate must usually initiate the call and that means he or she is at the “mercy” of the prison systems fees.

Let’s not just look at the problem, but let’s suggest some solutions. The surcharges need to be looked at. These should not be for a get rich quick scheme for the facility.

How can we get better prices on phone rates? With the ever present appearance of voice over IP (VoIP), we see the ads of “Unlimited long distance for just \$24.95 a month.” Most of the facilities have already started transitioning for VoIP for intra-facility calls.

Mail

Oh well, even if they cannot visit, and the phone calls are too expensive, there is still mail. Except that the mail now has another 2 to 5 days added to it for delivery. There is a greater chance of lost mail or damaged mail. We have one individual alone that we have gotten 5 letters from that were damaged, with two of them with contents totally missing and one of them was just the front portion of the envelope. This is just from one of the individuals that write to us.

How about doing Rehabilitation?

Letters that Express it All

We like to post real life situations, because God works in real lives and He is the one that gives "Eternal Life." Every week we get many letters that state "I love hearing the testimonies." There are so many, we cannot publish them all, and the sad part is – people not involved in jail/prison ministry do not get to read the many letters we receive daily (average 2 to 11 each day) and try to keep up with and answer.

Encouragement

Sis Denise from Jesus Prayer Ministry keeps in constant contact with me & encourages me. I really need that right now. Its hard not to become a product of my environment & fall into the devils plan. I am working on your request for drawings of Heaven, cuz I really need that quarterly package, that's a great incentive. How long of limit does our testimony have? Can you edit and cut and paste? Pretty sure you won't need all of it. OK. Well I'll look forward to mail call. **YA**

Note: The testimony varies with the amount of time spent lost, the amount of time saved, the battles fought, and the learning experiences learned. Write the testimony, and we will edit the print to help keep Gods victory expressed.

A Letter About Anger From God's Words

My brothers, take note of this;

Everyone should be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to become angry, for man's anger does not

bring about the righteous life that God desires.

A quick tempered man does foolish things. A hot tempered man stirs up dissention, but a patient man calms a quarrel, for anger lasts only a moment, but favor lasts a life time and weeping may remain for a night, but rejoicing comes in the morning.

Do not take revenge, my friends, but leave room for God's wrath, for it is written: "It's mine to revenge, I will repay," says the Lord. On the contrary, "If your enemy is hungry, feed him, if he is thirsty, give him something to drink. In doing this, you will heap burning coals upon his head. Do not be overcome by evil, overcome evil with good,"

But now you must rid yourselves of all such things as these: anger, rage, malice, slander, and filthy language from your lips, for a gentle answer turns away wrath, but harsh word stirs up anger.

A man's wisdom gives him patience; it is to his glory to overlook an offence. **SW**

Welcome

We would like to send a welcome to those individuals that have attended one of our chapel services. We are currently doing services at Bob Wiley Detention Facility, Visalia, CA (BWDF); Men's Correction Facility, Visalia, CA (MCF); "Old" Corcoran State Prison, Corcoran, CA (CSP), and have just started going to Miramonte Conservation Camp #5, Miramonte, CA. We would also like to express a special thanks to Rocky that has been greatly involved, and for prayer requests for Paula, Bryon, and others requesting to join us in sharing the Word of God.

Promotion or Squatter

“Seeking God’s will and filling His calling.” These are hard words for us to understand.

Individuals are seen preaching from the pulpits, leading Bible groups, and participating in ministry. Then we look at their family and see children, grand-children, and relatives lost and going to Hell. God ALWAYS puts salvation as a first priority, and the salvation of the family is the first on God’s list. Many times the salvation is “soft sell” to the family members and the “false” assurance of salvation is felt. These individuals still live their sinful life, but play like (and might even believe) they are saved.

For a person to truly accept Christ as Savior, would be much the same as receiving a promotion at work, or a graduation from school or college. The result is because of a change. There has been a different desire put in the individuals.

Bob has shared with many individuals, that when an offer is put out to accept Christ, the individuals raise their hand, and the individuals come forward to pray the prayer; many times all that has happened is the individuals got some exercise (walking the isle), and got wet (if being baptized).

Salvation is actually not about “receiving” but is rather about “giving.” Bob used to talk about giving God “control” of your life. Control is something that can change back and forth. In reality, salvation is about giving God “ownership” of our life. When something is owned, the owner can do *“what he wants, where he wants, when he wants, and how he wants”* with that item. We see individuals

saying “God I want to ‘receive’ salvation, but never want to have to preach or go on a mission trip.” This is more like, *“God I want what you have, but really just want to be a squatter on your possessions.”* We expect God to take care of everything and we just want use of it.

God’s Word says that when we are saved, *“therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.”* (2 Cor. 5:17). Knowing this, why are we so quick to accept that someone is saved, based just on their statement.

There is a phrase that is used in the Christian circles, *“your walk talks more than your talk talks.”* What this means that what people see in your life has a stronger impact than the things you say. As we study the Bible, we see numerous scriptures that refer to “repentance.” Real repentance always alters the character of an individual. Repentance means you realize you are guilty. Repentance means the world may call you a fool or religious fanatic. Repentance means you may suffer financially. Repentance is a continuing thing – We go on confessing our sins (1 John 1:9,10). Repentance is the predecessor of asking for forgiveness. Repentance can best be described as;

1. Stop what you are doing
We must have change – Old passed away, all things new
2. Turn around
Go the other direction – we were headed the wrong way
3. Follow Jesus
We had to turn around to do this.

Are the prisoners behind the bars, or the ones on the outside?

This article was again stirred because of a letter written to Chaplain Bob. I believe that most inmates we try to keep in contact with, realize that sometimes Bob gets behind in his letter writing. Many times, he spends his lunch hour writing letters. Often, he will come home late at night after one of his Bible sessions, and do some of the letters.

Many of you will remember Natty that is incarcerated in Egypt. We printed his testimony in **Volume 33**, February 2008, of "**Letter From M.O.M.**" Natty had sent some samples of his bead craft that he does, wishing to market them in America, and had sent two items to be given to Karen, the new pastor's wife. We were unable to catch Karen, so the items were left for Karen, at her church office, with a copy of Natty's testimony, and the letter he sent, with his address, to say he wished for Karen to receive the gifts.

The following is the letter Natty mailed on July, 29, 2008 and M.O.M. received on August 22, 2008.

Dear Chaplain Bob and Linda;

Greetings to you in Jesus' name. Thanks so much for your letters of July 6th and the Letter From M.O.M. volumes 34-38.

I appreciate your efforts trying to help raise funds for me through my crafts. I know it is not easy these days, as things have changed in the world, including in America – the major supporter of the poor of the world. Anyhow, the idea is to raise funds thru the crafts, not as a business, just for my coming release from the prisons, as I

may find it difficult for rehabilitation after years of prison.

I thank you so much for the effort you have made so far, and I pray that the Lord will open a new door to my support.

I have not received a letter from the church. Thanks for delivering my message to Karen and Pastor Mike.

Please, your prayers are much needed. Natty

Our concern is the lack of concern to even write a postcard to just say "Thanks" or as was listed in a previous article, sending a postcard saying, "We do not correspond with inmates."

As we see the lack of "simple" reaching out to the lost, the needy, or those seeking guidance, we think of the scripture in Matthew 25:42-46

Matthew 25:42 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

Matthew 25:43 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Matthew 25:44 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Matthew 25:45 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did [it] not to one of the least of these, ye did [it] not to me.

Matthew 25:46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

Poetry Section

Moving On by **Chaplain Bob**

**If God chooses to call me home,
I'll know my work on earth is done.
On this earth I shall no longer roam.
You'll know to Heaven I am "moving on."**

**I did the ministering,
And I've kept the faith.
I've run long and hard,
But have finished the race**

**I've shared the "Good Word,"
With more than just a few.
When you and I came in contact,
Hopefully I shared it with you.**

**As we are called, to plant the seed,
We often don't see the crop.
But God promises the increase in deed,
Whether we believe it or not.**

**He says His word will not come back void
God cannot lie, that is impossible it's true
He promises an increase of 30X, 60X, or 100X.
And He always comes through.**

**So, till you are called home,
And your time has past.
Keep your eyes on the Lord
Keep your feet on the path,**

Testimony

By

Runako Lutalo Ayers

Hello. My name is Runako Lutalo Ayers, a 32 year old, God fearing man, who found and allowed God to come home and reside here inside of my heart in August of 2004. Before I start, I want it to be known that it has been Chaplain Bob and Sister Linda, who's given me the inspiration to come forward with my testimony, plus I wanted to contribute to a "God given cause," to maybe even be an inspiration in someone else's life, to come forward and also share their testimony with us all at M.O.M.

Well, when I look back at my childhood, for the most part, I was a pretty happy child. My mother had me all to herself for the first couple of years of my life.

When I was about two years old, my father came and took me away from my mother. While I was with my father, he showered me with, unconditional love. He had this "child car seat backpack" type of apparatus. He used to always strap it on his back, put me in it, and he'd walk me all around for miles and miles, from early in the morning, until dusk, showing me off to the world, often approaching complete strangers, introducing himself, saying "this is my son right here. His name is Runako." To say the least, he was surely a proud father of his only son! This went on for a total of three years. When I was five years old, a bitter child custody bout took place between both my father and mother.

My mother too my father to child custody court and the judge awarded full custody of me over to my mother. At that moment, my father broke down and began to cry uncontrollably throughout the courthouse. At this time, I became what you would call a "momma's boy." Those are some really precious moments to me. My mother and I were the best of friends. We even had our own song I made up, called "Hold my Hand and Trust Me." Those were the days! My mother and I stayed with my Grandparents for a few years. Then my mother met a guy named "Rudy" who played the guitar in a band. He and my mother got temporarily married for a few years, so I got a home out in Hillcrest. It was a nice two story home and we were happy doing the "family thing." Slowly, but surely, things began to fall apart for my mother and Rudy's marriage. After a few years, they became separated, so she and I moved back in with my grandparents (my mom's mother and father). Then shortly after, Rudy and my mother's divorce became final.

I attended Highland Elementary School from Kindergarten to sixth grade. In 1985, we lost my grandfather to cancer. Years prior to his passing over, he had a massive stroke and half of his left side of his body was paralyzed.

When my grandfather left us, all that was left, was me, my mother, and my grandmother. My mother worked hard for years at "Mare Island Navel Shipping," struggling hard to bring food to the table. She was often gone

working hard. Most of the time, I was always in school. I became infatuated with martial arts, so I went out for Karate lessons for a short while. I found a few other guys who shared a love for Karate in school, so we became buddies, started hanging out, and slowly, but surely, I began to start using what I was taught in Karate class on other kids in school.

I started getting in trouble in school fighting and I started getting suspended as well. When my mom would get home from work, she'd "paddle my behind" until it was sore. I'd be good for a while, then I'd be back up to the old "tricks," again getting into trouble some more. This went on for a few times. At home, my grandmother and I were an unbreakable "item." She loved me and spoiled me rotten (she's one of the sweetest women who's ever stepped on the face of the Earth, I miss her so much). She and I had an unbreakable bond. Time flew by and before I knew, I was almost out of Elementary. I suffered some extreme childhood traumas (prior to now, I've never spoke of what I'm about to confess). At nine years old, I was sexually abused (two times) twice by my then sixteen year old female cousin (who was my cousin through marriage). She told one of her friends, who stayed a few houses down from my grandmother's house. My grandmother babysat her a few nights, and she tried to make me perform some "unspeakable acts" on her. I ran like crazy, and threatened to "tattle" if she didn't leave me alone (I believe she got the hint).

Three more years went by and yet, again I was sexually abused at the tender age of twelve years old, this time by a complete total stranger (I've told people about this experience over the

years). This encounter wasn't cool and it really messed me up. I took the blame and thought that it was all my fault. This incident crushed my loving mother. I was my mother's only child. Honestly, in ways I think my mother took it harder than I did. My mother took me to seek counseling and it really didn't help me with healing, because I mostly shut down and "withdrew" myself from the help they were trying to provide for my unpleasant trauma I suffered coming up as a child. Like I said, I felt I was to blame for what happened to me when I was a child.

Junior high school came around and I did pretty well in all of my classes, seventh through ninth grade. I had a couple of fights there in between, ut over all, things were cool. In junior high, I began to hang around "hip" kids, the "cool" crowd. I began to "dibble and dabble" in the realm of drugs. "Mary Jane was my claim to fame." Marijuana was my drug of choice. I went "girl crazy," and became a "party animal." Nevertheless, each and every party I ever attended, I was the "center of attention." I was the "life of the party." My peers loved me. They called me a few different names, "Nak\$tar," :Knock 'um out Nako." "Nak 'um out," or just plain old "Nak." The best one of all was my mom's personal nickname, which was "Naky Bear."

I liked my mom's nickname the most. My birthname is Runako Lutalo, which means "Handsome Warrior" in the Bantu tribe in Swaheli, the native language in Africa. As I stated earlier, I believe my mother took my childhood trama harder than I ever did, because she would always be on the phone crying. Then she started drinking a lot, for the most part, unhappy about what happened to me, and over things going on in her

personal life. Around ninth grade summer is when my life began to spiral uncontrollable. At this time, I had already been adopted by my neighborhood gang. Coming into contact with my first firearm, I went gun crazy. One of my gang members was shot behind me, beating up this other guy from the other side of town. It was a retaliation shooting. On a different occasion, I was shot by enemy gunfire in a drive-by shooting. The bullet to this very day, is lodged deep in my left leg, resting behind my left kneecap.

While all this “madness” was taking place in my life, I was on the run, away from home., I jetted out at the age of fourteen (I still attended school daily), my gang member home-boys and I put some money together and bought an arsenal of drugs, guns, and firepower. We all had a variety of gun’s and “amo” and an assortment of narcotics. We were dealing it all – weed, meth, heroin, and cocaine. We were all youngsters making a lot of money, fast money, thousands almost over night it seemed. I’ve never had so many clothes, cars, different cell phones and beepers, money and girl friends like that in my life at such a young age, during this time of the “good Life” (or what I thought was the good life back then). Boy, was I wrong !!!

It wasn’t all “roses” from the age of fourteen to eighteen. My life was a “revolving door,” to the juvenile judicial system. I began catching cases. It seemed like every time I blinked twice, I was back on the “inside.” I went through it all, you name it. Juvenile hall numerous times, group homes, county boy’s ranch two different times, the California Youth Authority for a “90 day” observation, the county jail, and state prison. At the tender age of eighteen, I caught a lot of time in 1994.

I made it into the prison system in 1996, I arrived at San Quentin State Prison when I was 20 years old, then shortly there after, I arrived to “Old” Corcoran State Prison, California’s “second” most violent and deadliest prison, state wide.

For the most part, let’s just say that I truly had to make a choice to grow up and I mean grow up fast, like grow up “over night!” Let me tell you, prison life here at Corcoran State Prison back in 1996 (3B yard, level 4), wasn’t no joke and nothing to fool around with; prison riots was jumping off left and right, fights, stabbings/stickings, mutual combats, melee’s brawling group fights, assaults on staff, lockdown after lockdown, more drugs were probably in here than on the streets. I say guys making a fortune, buying their girl friends and wives cars, homes, businesses, and supporting their children from here on the “inside.” I was like “WOW” taking it all in.

When I first came in, I was “taken under the wing,” by a “triple O.G.,” of the infamous Black Gorilla Family (BGF), or better known as “Jama,” a structured prison organization that has the ties from the “inside” and also out to society as well. Back then, I was still “young and wild,” twenty-one years old, I quickly earned my way up in rank to a “seven star general,” (I was young and ambitious), which is “top dog.” By twenty-three, years old, I was lacing youngsters, giving them the “scoop” on survival here within the confines of this “concrete jungle.” I made sure each one of my young protégés were “groomed” and well “laced,” educated with all the teachings that were handed down to me from when I first came inside of that brotherhood. That cycle took place over and over, time after time, again and again, I started

“kicking back” in the late 1990’s. I was in school and earning substantial achievement of academic awards.

For different things like “written expression,” comprehension, etc. I started getting on “fire” with trying to find myself. I was doing pretty good to. By twenty-seven, I was done with the whole “seven star general” outfit. I was more on a theology and “philosophy” trying to find myself type of mission. From my childhood into my pre-adulthood, my father was “in and out” of my life. In August of 2004, two months after my twenty-eighth birthday, I was told of my beloved mother’s bout being diagnosed with tongue cancer (she was 47 years old at that time). This is the time when I began going to each Sunday church service and Thursday Bible study – getting to know and learn about my Heavenly Father, and Jesus Christ.

I just threw the towel in the ring and said “God, all of this is too much to bear, I need your help, your guidance, your healing power, your protection, your care and your understanding, because Lord, I can’t do it without you and whatever you do, please heal my precious mother from cancer, however, I place my all in your loving hands. May your will be done! (Praise God)

I did this week after week, month after month, and finally year after year My old comrades still wanted me to roll with them, which I couldn’t, I was adhering to my “calling” My only vice I was struggling with was rap, hip-hop, music with hostile lyrics, which I can now say is no longer a part of me. It is no longer my forte. Its all about “R&B”

and “Gospel” music for me these days. After two years into my adventure living for the Lord, He called my loving mother to go home with Him, up in Heaven on Monday, January 9th, 2006, between 3:00 and 3:15 PM. She was 49½ at the time. Accepting this reality wasn’t easy for me. I was a “momma’s boy,” my mother’s only child, so when she departed this earth, I too felt a piece of me died with her, but it truly helped me find myself (Thank God).

And I can truly say that when you loose someone as close as a parent, a child, a brother, a sister, A niece, a nephew, or a true sincere friend, healing comes in time. I’m here to say that there is “sunshine” at the end of the “rainbow” and before you do become stronger in due time. Also, God will never put too much upon your shoulders to bear all at one time. In fact, He will bring certain things inside of your life to bring you closer to Him, our mighty all loving God we worship, cherish and share works in the most mysterious realm of ways. He is shelter, our refuge, and our salvation, oh what a divine, glorious and gracious Lord and Savior we serve. Thank you Jesus, Hallelujah !! I encourage each and everyone of you who reads my testimony, to trust and believe in God; God is the key and the answer to any and all situations. May God’s divine wisdom and grace be unto you all, in Christ Jesus. RLA

I dedicate this testimony to my mother, Ruth Yvone Bray, the precious woman who gave me life.
