

10 Yr. Anniversary “Letter From M.O.M.”

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

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Volume 80 – Sept./Oct. 2013 (Published since Oct. 2003)

“I Can Only Imagine”

As you receive this volume of **Letter From M.O.M.**, we are continuing with more of the testimonies of “How God Changes Lives” as well as some more 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 also affiliated with International Prison Fellowship
www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Fellowship

Our mailing list has cleared over 750. The time required for designing the newsletters, printing, folding and stuffing the newsletters, applying postage and printing the envelopes has become great. We get behind on letter replies, and may occasionally miss one. Please write back if we do not answer, and write clearly so we can get the information correct. **We would like to know of the impact we are having and also cherish letters from inmates or relatives to the churches to let us know how we are doing.**

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 (Resource List).

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.

Addresses to contact our Ministry Volunteers

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

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

**Stephen "Fuzzy" Brown
So Blessed Ministry
P O Box 275
Lake Isabella, CA 93240**

**Iglesia Puerta de Salvacion
202 Lafayette Ave.
Lindsay, CA 93247**

**Discover Bible School
Attn, Robert
P.O. Box 7175
Visalia, CA 93290**

**Discover Bible School
Attn, Paul
229 Stormy St. NE
Albany, OR 97322**

**Andrea Shannon
8405 Jalima Ave
Norfolk, VA 23518**

**Prison Pen Pals
P. O. Box 120997
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312**

Missing M.O.M. ?

We must constantly remind individuals that we need to be notified of changes of address or facilities. If we get returned mail (about 20 each month), we remove that individual from the files. If you have, or you are going to be moved, please drop us a note to keep your file active. We get mail returned for bad ID #'s, no cell #, and no bed #.

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."

Readily Available Printouts

For those of you that communicate with individuals that have computer access, we have added quite a bit to our web site. The "**Resource List**" (40 pages), the "**Pen Pal Friends**" (12 pages), ALL past newsletters ("**Letter From M.O.M.**"), inmate lookup links, and artwork are available to be viewed or downloaded.

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

Ask for a copy of our **40 page**
"Resource List"

SASE with Postage is needed but verified indigent envelopes will be mailed..

\$.46 for Pen pals

\$.66 for Resources

\$.46-\$1.30 for Newsletter

(Donations Welcome)

Sharing Your Testimony

There are 4 parts to an individual's testimony;

1. What my life was like before I met Jesus.
2. How I realized I needed Jesus.
3. How I committed my life to Jesus.
4. The difference Jesus has made in my life.

The importance is not what you have done, but what God is doing.

1. Your testimony
2. Your life lessons
3. Your godly passions

4. The Good News

I would like to add that we have shared many wonderful testimonies. Many individuals are afraid to share their testimony because they are not sure what to write or feel inadequate in their writing ability. God's Word says in **Jeremiah 17:9** that "**the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?**" When the heart is changed by Christ it becomes the center of where God works from in our life.

Davis Hanson's Story

In 1996 I had become paralyzed on my left side, my arm and leg. I couldn't wiggle my toes or my fingers, nothing! I was in UTMB in Galveston for 4 weeks straight having every test known to man done on me. Finally, the head neurologist of UTMB, Dr. Maggio came in my room and as politely as he could, told me that I had Multiple Sclerosis and that I would never walk again or have the use of my left arm. WOW! I thought my life was over.

I left the hospital in a wheelchair with a big piece of my heart gone from me. Thoughts of suicide ran through my mind. I just couldn't go on living, not like this, in a wheelchair! I had worked all my life, constantly on the go. I would just simply roll my wheelchair in front of a semi passing by, problem over. Somewhere along the line, God stopped those thoughts and I started talking and praying to God. Within 1 ½ years I was walking without a cane and started getting my life back and doing odd jobs. Praise God!

After God had done all this for me, what do I do? How do I repay Him? I go back to a life of iniquity, doing and selling drugs. That's how I got this 9 month sentence I'm doing right now. But still, through this, God has never left me or forsaken me. He placed me in jail to stop my life of iniquity and has opened a glorious door of opportunity to me. Upon my release, it has already been arranged for me to move to Iowa, on a farm, helping this woman and a childhood friend of mine, to raise Black Angus cattle. He has already begun buying calves. He sent me pictures of them. There is also a country church just down the road from the farm.

Here's the clincher! I do not take any medication whatsoever for my M.S. and since that day I first left the hospital in a wheelchair, not once have I returned for medical care for my M.S. or have I seen any doctor for it. My glorious heavenly Father is the only things, or I should say the only One who has said to me, "Your sins has been forgiven, rise and walk." I feel so honored and privileged that God has chosen me to be a vessel to let His glory shine through. I deserve no credit for what has happened to me. All the credit and glory goes to my Heavenly Father and AMEN!

By Davis Hanson

Grateful Inmate Letter

God's Will in my life...many situations and experiences to organize my new value system and to prioritize what I needed to do to sustain God's Love in my life. Even though I did experience some pain and sacrifice at times, I learned these times to be more of an opportunity to trust in God for guidance and to find comfort in Him during every event, encounter or circumstance. Looking back, I see how by applying the lessons I learned in every situation, enhanced and held value to my Spiritual Growth and strengthened my trust and Love through the Lord. And because of this I finally found the Peace and contentment in my mind I always hoped for.

However, I was still responsible for my past and needed to pay my debt to society and clear away the wreckage of my past. My pending DUI was resolved and I was sentenced to 6 yrs. – 3 in, 3 out. I had to turn myself in on June 22. Talk about a test! At first I experienced distress & conflict. But by God's Grace, I continued to practice the lessons I learned in the Course in Miracles and I was able to keep my mind and thoughts focused on God and not myself. I put into practice everything I had learned and been given. I got to a place that I thanked God for this opportunity to spend 3 more years to devote to my relationship with Him. Where at first, I felt grief; I soon begin to feel gratitude. Where at first I felt I was losing my physical freedom, I began to feel I was going to gain Spiritual Freedom.

Upon my re-entry into the DOC (Dept. of Corrections) I was so pleased to find the Course in Miracles offered at Dodge Correctional. Within one week I was reunited with Rev. Mike. When I went to classification I asked to come back to New Lisbon Correctional Inst. for the opportunity to complete the whole program. Even though I completed 150 Lessons previously, I wanted to start over with Lesson 1.

I am now on Lesson 138 and I feel an even deeper connection and relationship with my Creator then I did the first time doing the Lessons. This Course has and continues to set me free from my insane, selfish thinking that kept me in bondage and sick, which affected everyone in my life. If I would have wrote down what I wanted from the Course when I started, I would have sold myself short. I have found a Peace within myself that I never could have imagined. I now know a new freedom and happiness I never knew existed.

My whole attitude and outlook on life has changed. I no longer have a self-seeking attitude. I have gained interest in others that feeling of uselessness and self-pity has disappeared. I no longer regret my past and cherish the lessons from it. I see how my past experiences can now help others. I now realize God is doing for me what I could not do for myself. I am so very grateful for the Course in Miracles. It has taught me God-Dependency, honesty, self-responsibility, forgiveness and gratitude. These are the 5 cornerstones to my peace filled,

happy and content life. Believing my mind is part of God's and that I am very Holy, I have no desires or need to alter my mind with alcohol or drugs. I am truly sustained by God's Love.

S.C., New Lisbon Correctional Inst.

"LIFE'S JOURNEY"

My name is Karl, and I am going to share with you briefly of a journey I chose to take with my life. A life for over 20 years lived with failure, rejection, denial, fear, addiction, and so much more. Any choices or decisions I made were only for my selfish desires, with no regards or concern of who I took advantage of, or whom I hurt, were of no consequence to me. Reality? I did whatever I had to in order to stay out of any type of reality. Unknown to me, this vicious cycle was going to kill me someday.

The double life I call good vs. evil was having its way with me in a never ending battle. My beliefs, my goals, my awareness, my responsibilities, were all destroyed in the addiction of drugs and alcohol. Contrary to being raised by loving parents who never gave up trying to help, the one all important value I lacked was living with Jesus in my heart, and a God to guide me on my journey. The only God of my awareness was that there is a power responsible for everything, everywhere, but where was this God when I needed Him? I've had my share of lost jobs, broken trust, and anything else you can imagine. The only relationships I chose to share were with those who I thought were just like me, and had no worries in the world. Living life in the fast lane continued with no real end in sight. Being influenced, I chose more, thus began my criminal trouble.

Numerous trips in and out of jail, in and out of treatment centers, my sobriety episodes were only short lived. Again, I chose to ignore reality. I still believed I was in control and no one was going to tell me otherwise. After all, the only miracle I know is that I am still alive but have a hatred for life.

Finally, God chose to speak to me. My mother's life was taken for what purpose. I thought was only for anger and resentment toward this Higher Power. Such a wonderful mother, who was there for me no matter what circumstances, was taken from me. The attachment we had, and just how precious life can be, was but a blur for me. My vicious cycle of using drugs destroyed emotions; irrational thinking spun me into trouble with the law once again. Consequences were meaningless, for my depression, lost hope and despair were entertaining thoughts of ending my misery by suicide.

In the mean time, I had a bone to pick with my Maker. My dark hole was becoming larger and deeper. By now everything up to this point was the norm

for me. Then this God chose to speak to me once again. This time I was notified by the police that my identical twin brother chose to end his life next to our mother's grave site. A bond that is shared between twins is hard to describe. It's a bond which we shared with our mother and he chose to go and be with her. How on earth can a loving God punish me in this way? He must know that I can't take much more of this misery.

In total shock and total denial I had chosen to end any type of reality. Insane thoughts and emotions were out of control. All I wanted to achieve was to numb everything. And this took me to attempting to take my life. My way, not God's way.

In the following two weeks I tried overdosing with drugs, stepping into the path of a semi-truck and I even tried to obtain a gun. Some way, my Higher Power stepped in each time to spare my life. How dare He plan my life, I'll show Him I'm the boss!

ImageCommitting another forgery to pay for my addiction, God stepped in yet again. My family, my wife, my parole officer and, yes, God knew I was in trouble. I was placed in the county jail being revoked for four years and facing another twenty five years on the new charge. This new fear I chose to have was enough to finish me.

In my suicide cell I had enough fabric to tie around my neck, cutting off any attempts to breathe. I lay motionless under my blanket, unknown to anyone or so I thought. What I failed to understand was how my Higher Power uses others to help. I had been so mentally and physically drained that I passed out quickly and painlessly. I recall thinking, it's finally going to be over.

Then once again, God stepped in. As I lay in my death bed, the most beautiful, brightest light I had ever seen totally surrounded me. Off in the distance, I can see two figures floating their way towards me. Dressed in brilliant white gowns, glowing so bright. I see my mother and my twin brother. All I felt was such a peace moving through me, and as my brother reaches down to take hold of my arm, my mother stops him and says, "He is not ready to come with us." As I watch them turn and float away, I remember feeling very sad. The next thing I know I'm being treated by jail staff.

You see an officer was walking to get another person from their cell and noticed I was lying motionless and found me blue in color unconscious under my blanket. Like my mother, God with His grace and forgiveness never gave up on me, no matter what the circumstances were. A miracle you say? You better believe it! As I look back now, I have been blessed with endless miracles my whole life, and now, forever. The best way to describe my new change is, Peace, happiness, Love, no fear.

Near to ending my four year prison term I have given the control to my Higher Power. What an amazing feeling. Oh yea, that twenty five years on the new charge I was facing? Once again, God said, "No way!" No additional charge time was given. When you have a pure heart filled with Jesus, good things just keep coming.
Just look at me---A Living Miracle!

One day at a time.

"I never could believe in God or anyone else. I always felt that showed weakness. But now I know God loves me and I can't keep going though life pushing Him away. The lessons of ACIM (A Course In Miracles) have helped me open up more. Yesterday's lesson, "*There is nothing to fear*" has been on my mind a lot the last few weeks. Last week I did a 15 minute speech on Fear and how it affected my life. But no more !" **Steve**

My Story by Don Wood

I grew up in the Tri-State area of Georgia, Florida and Alabama. In the area then, we dealt mostly with farming, cattle and horses. There were rodeos everywhere and dad worked as a cowboy for several farms. We lived in a clapboard house, with no electricity most of the time, but we knew livestock. Dad was hardworking and honest, but developed a bad drinking problem and became abusive to use, his family, when drunk. This led to problems between him and me, as I grew older. My grandmother feared one of us would hurt the other, if not worse one day. At 17, I joined the Army Ranger Battalions, shipped out to Southeast Asia, Malaysia, then Africa, and later South/Central Americas. In my 12 years, I saw and fought in many countries, and was wounded in two. Upon release, I earned a degree in History and Business, subcontracted for a while, then finally took the chance and started my own underground utility company in Northern Virginia. My mother and grandmother had gone to be with the Lord while I was away fighting for my country. My dad drank more than ever, and my sisters had their own lives. I had nothing to keep me in the Tri-State area. After a year or so, my company was doing very well. I married, bought a parcel of land and built a home. I had finally attained the American Dream of my generation, a long way from that dirt poor South Georgia boy.

In December, 1995, a son was born to me, Connor Mackenzie. From his first breath, he and I shared a bond beyond anything I had every known before. I have never been more fascinated, in awe, or afraid of anything as I was of him; so tiny, so precious. He was born with his right leg shorter by half than his left leg. Thus my quest for help began. I grew more attached to Connor each day. He was doing something different every day, learning something new. I was fascinated with all he did.

In April, 1996, I was charged with crimes in Florida that I didn't commit. I hired a lawyer, was placed on bond, and went back to Virginia to raise my son, continued

my quest and ran my company. I searched this country, Europe and parts of the Orient for help. Finally, in October 1996, I received a call from the Shriners. They advised me of a hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, that may be able to help. I called the hospital and set an appointment for November 17, 1996. Baltimore would be great; it was only 2 to 2 ½ hours away from my house, if it didn't turn out to be another big disappointment.

On the day of the appointment, Connor and I set out. Before long we were into the Beast; D.C. rush hour traffic, A.M. style, eight lanes of fury. We became way behind schedule, so I called the hospital to explain. They said not to worry, to get here as soon as I could. Finally we made it. After x-rays, tests, etc. they told me it would take a while, but they could help. I was ecstatic. We set the surgery for later that month; it would be the first of many.

On the way home, Connor was holding my little finger, something he had done since the day he was born, and played with a stuffed bear that I had brought with us. I was surfing the radio channels and heard, "do you want to be the best dad you can be?" Of course I did, who wouldn't? So, I listened. They spoke of Christ, his relationship to the Father and the Church; using examples of Godly men and fathers from the Bible, and how to use these principles to be a good and Godly father yourself. There arose in me a longing I had never felt before. I started weeping, crying my heart out, and not knowing why. Connor was smiling, still holding my finger, and playing with his bear. We were in the belly of the Beast, Friday P.M. rush hour, and it was angry today. At the end of the program, it was stated not to delay accepting Christ, forgiveness and eternal life. Then I could be taught to be the best father I could be by the best father of them all. I knew I needed to, right then and there. I started for the emergency lane, here at the busiest stretch of the Beast; eight lanes of snarling, angry, swirling traffic between it and me. Somehow, somehow, we made it. Once, there, I put on the flashers, looking down at my son, Connor, who was still holding my finger, and as solemn as you have ever seen an 11 month old. I cried out to Christ, everything in me calling out to him; body, soul, spirit. I begged forgiveness for things I had long forgotten. Then, He came! Christ came! I felt a peace and calm I never knew could exist. I looked down upon my 11 month old son and had all the approval I needed in his angelic smile. We went home.

Upon arriving home, I told his mother of all that had transpired. She was happy for Connor, but seemed to take no notice of what I said happened to me. Later, we found out she was suffering from Post-Partum Blues and Manic Depression.

I was likened to an empty vessel, longing to be filled. I prayed, studied, and questioned everything. I became a nuisance to several ministers. A few weeks later, Connor's mom filed for a divorce. "You have changed," she said. Of course I had, but for the better. But there was no stopping her. I still had Connor five to six days a week, living out all I had learned before him. This continued until September 2000.

September 2000, I was going to trial. I had given this to the Lord. I was innocent. We're taught from an early age in America, justice serves the innocent. We're taught to trust that. I flew down on a round-trip ticket after promising my now almost five year old son that, "Daddy will be back soon." That's the only promise I have ever broken to my son. We lost the trial, then the appeal. Then, the lawyer left due to lack of funds. I had already spent over \$140,000 with him. I am still fighting the Behemoth that is the Florida Legal System, alone.

In 2005, Connor's mom remarried again, supposedly to a Christian man, I was happy for her. Up until that time, Connor and I spoke on the phone at least once a week. We exchanged letters, pictures, and the like, every week or so. Since she remarried, I've heard from my son once, 2007, Christmas, a card. In it my son wrote, "I carry you in my heart always." I wept. Who wouldn't? I continue to write to him every few weeks to let him know I still love him. I still have everything he ever sent to me.

Through God's strength, I still cling to Christ, though all others seem to have forsaken me. I continue to study, ponder and question. Every day I ask why? But I haven't heard an answer as of yet. In my last letter to Connor, I told him to be sure to find Christ and accept him as Lord and Savior, for if I didn't see him again in this life, I would be there to take him home in the next.

The day I found Christ, my dad had a light stroke. He stopped drinking that day. I was able to lead him to Christ the day before the trial.

If you wish to glimpse the unconditional love of god, look to the younger children. They will display it every day. I know Connor did. He loved me whether I always got it right or not, it shown in his eyes and his smile every time he saw me. Praise our most wonderful, loving God.

By Don Wood

Welcome to My World

Welcome to my world,
A resort of sorts you see,
Where doors lock behind you,
And fantasies are free.....
Where calendars mean nothing,
And the months turn into years,
Where rivers could flow,
From all the fallen tears.....
It's just one big warehouse,
Filled with all human race,
As soon as one leaves,
There is another to take his place.....
So "Welcome to My World,"
It's not where I want to be,
I **pray** for the day,
They set me free.....

By **Robert Murphy**

Old Ed.. this is a great story!

It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean.

Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favorite pier. Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of the sun is a golden bronze now.

Everybody's gone, except for a few joggers on the beach. Standing out on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts...and his bucket of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier.

Before long, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there tossing shrimp to the hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, 'Thank you. Thank you.'

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave.

He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place.

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like 'a funny old duck,' as my dad used to say. Or, to onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportant ... maybe even a lot of nonsense.

Old folks often do strange things,
at least in the eyes of Boomers and Busters.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida. That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name: Eddie Rickenbacker . He was a famous hero in World War I, and then he was in WWII. On one of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived,

crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun . They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive. Every day across America millions wondered and prayed that Eddie Rickenbacker might somehow be found alive.

The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft...

Suddenly, Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and his starving crew made a meal of it - a very slight meal for eight men. Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait . . . and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued after 24 days at sea.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull... And he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

PS: Eddie Rickenbacker was the founder of Eastern Airlines. Before WWI he was race car driver. In WWI he was a pilot and became America 's first ace. In WWII he was an instructor and military adviser, and he flew missions with the combat pilots. Eddie Rickenbacker is a true American hero. And now you know another story about the trials and sacrifices that brave men have endured for your freedom.

It is a great story that many don't know...You've got to be careful with old guys, You just never know what they have done during their lifetime

SPECIAL NOTE:

Starting August, Birthday cards will be designed by Bro. Jose Bello in Soledad Prison. Sister Carol Ann will continue addressing and mailing the cards

No “Plan B”

By Chaplain Bob

(inspired by Eric Smith)

God created Adam,
He made it look simply.
Put him in charge of the animals,
There was no “Plan B”

Adam appeared lonely,
As God could plainly see.
I’ll create for him a woman,
There is no “Plan B”

God created Adam
Then He created Eve.
Male and female created them,
There is no “Plan B”

God said in the garden,
You can eat free.
But not of the tree of life,
There is no “Plan B”

Lot lived at the gates of Sodom,
Where he should not be.
His wife became a pillar of salt,
There is no “Plan B”

God told Abraham and Sarah
Their offspring would be as sands of the sea
They would bare Isaac their son,
There was no “Plan B”

Sarah offered Hannah, to conceive,
a son by a hand maiden was her “Plan B”
Ishmael was born,
But not what God said was to be.

Hannah and Ishmael were run out.
In the desert, they both were set free.
They had to be removed,
There was no “Plan B”

God asked Abraham,
To sacrifice Isaac, his son.
He was to be the source
Of future generations.

Abraham was willing,
His faith was strong as could be,
God stopped his knife,
That would have required a “Plan B”

God told Noah to built an ark,
To save the animals and family.
From the coming flood
There was no “Plan B”

God said to Mary,
You’re going to conceive.
Bare the Son of God
There is no “Plan B”

Jesus will be born in a manger,
Though the Devil will try to deceive.
Jesus will be born mankind’s savior,
There is no “Plan B”

Of inmates from jail,
Only 11% get parole free.
And 88% return to prison,
There is no “Plan B”

Freedom is not being on the outside,
As many think it to be.
But it comes from the inside,
There is no “Plan B”

If we look at God’s plan,
As it always should be,
We realize He never gave
A “Plan B”

If I want salvation,
Jesus it’s got to be.
He’s the only one that saves,
There is no “Plan B”

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,**

WHEN I SAY I'M CHRISTIAN

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I'm not shouting I'm clean living."
I'm whispering "I was lost,
Now I'm found and forgiven."

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I don't speak of this with pride.
I'm confessing that I stumble
And need Christ to be my guide.

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I'm not trying to be strong.
I'm professing that I'm weak
And need His strength to carry on.

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I'm not bragging of success.
I'm admitting I have failed
And need God to clean my mess.

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I'm not claiming to be perfect,
My flaws are far to visible
But, God believes I am worth it.

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I still feel the sting of pain.
I have my share of heartaches
So I call upon His name.

When I say....."I am a Christian"
I'm not holier than thou,
I'm just a simple sinner
Who received God's good grace, somehow!

Author is unknown and submitted by Tim Lee Fletcher

Let go

to “let go” does not mean to stop caring, it means I can’t do it for someone else.
to “let go” is not to cut myself off, it’s the realization I can’t control another.
to “let go” is not to enable, but to allow learning from natural consequences.
to “let go” is to admit powerlessness, which means the outcome is not in my hands.
to “let go” is not to try and change or blame another, it’s to make the most of myself.
to “let go” is not to care for, but to care about.
to “let go” is not to fix, but to be supportive.
to “let go” is not to judge, but to allow another to be a human being.
to “let go” is not to be in the middle arranging all the outcomes but to allow others to affect their destinies.
to “let go” is not to be protective, it’s to permit another to face reality.
to “let go” is not to deny, but to accept.
to “let go” is not to nag, scold or argue, but instead to search out my own shortcomings and correct them.
to “let go” is not to adjust everything to my desires but to take each day as it comes, and cherish myself in it.
to “let go” is not to criticize and regulate anybody but to try to become what I dream I can be.
to “let go” is not to regret the past, but to grow and live for the future.
to “let go” is to fear less, and love more.

Submitted by **Eugene DeShazor**

Letter of M.R.

I’m presently housed in Administrative Segregation, known as the “Hole”, housed by myself. Well, I do everything by myself, because of a mistake in life I done a long time ago. To be honest I got involved in a prison political gang.....known as the Nuestra Familia, or Nortenos.....I got validated as one back in 1995 and up until a few years ago I disassociated myself, mainly. I dropped out of the gang life style which is way better this way.....so, now I’m still paying the price. Even after stepping back.....my little set program I have in here is OK. I’m up about 5:00 AM and I do a little exercise, clean up and have breakfast. I do a little more cleaning; then I read or write. Friday and Sundays..... I go to the yard. Monday, Law Library and this is if I’m lucky and get placed on the list to go. The other days I’m just in the cell that I occupy at the moment in time. So, I keep myself pretty well pre-occupied as long as I stay strong in the mind and don’t let this place or the walls close in on me, I’m OK. A lot of other guys take mental health meds and that’s just so they can escape from here.....I tell myself I do not need no kind of mediation to go on and I’m doing just fine.....Today, Saturday, the weather is real windy. I hope it’s not like that when I go outside tomorrow even if the weather is not nice I still get my yard time.....Well, I’m going to close this letter. By **M.R.**



*Concentrate on the 4 dots in the middle
of the picture for about 30 secs.*

*Then, take a look at the wall and
start blinking your eye.*

*You will see a circle of light....
continue looking at that circle.....*

what do you see?

DEEDU