

Stop The Violence!!!

Introduction

Chapter 1 originally from "Hard Subjects"

Warning- This is the pure truth about incarceration. If it sounds overly harsh, it's because being incarcerated is overly harsh. Incarceration is as cruel as can possibly be. Sometimes the greatest threat is the people in charge and their violence is not toward men alone. Women inmates also suffer. Prisons and jails, any type of incarceration is as cruel as can possibly be. As in all things they work both ways and now that I'm out and it has been a year later for the most part I do not see the majority of the folly in those in charge. It comes from hardened criminals. In one such case a cowardly male inmate hurt a female doctor so bad she had to retire early. He was angry because he did not get the drugs he wanted. Friends I have seen it all. I have seen the people hiding in prison. Hiding in places where they should not have been. You don't mix mental patients with those who are just trying to get drugs and a place to hide.

This prison term was just as long as could possibly be. It's the first and the last time I will ever have my life brutally taken away. Actually my life was taken to lock up facilities seven times. Five of those were behavioral centers the other two were prison. This was from a man Todd Jessie Garton who originally said, "I'll go to the wall for you!" He denied the entire incident even the crime we did together in Oregon. I had to beat it out of him in court and he still lied. Friends I know what it's like inside these walls. As for friends in that awful place I could only count them on one hand. I had planned to write several of them, but I knew all they would want is money and things. I have to take care of myself first. Besides I do not have the time or stamps to waste on people who do not even care. One other inmate wanted my help. God commanded me not to help him. God already gave him one chance and he blew it. He was into God for all the wrong reasons mainly pride. Pride is a major issue among inmates. Many consider Christianity a sign of weakness. All inmates seem to have issues as I did for a long time. Sometimes it takes years to get to the place God wants us. This of course is full submission to God, in loving and serving Him with a pure heart. I know I've heard the "I'm innocent!" stories. Everyone is in prison for some reason. I am not talking of martyrs serving time for being faithful to God. I'm talking about those who serve time for our own folly like me. However unless God Almighty intervenes we could all as Christians be rounded up and put in FEMA prison camps were they will kill all of us and bury us in plastic coffins that will hold three people. Many other countries incarcerate Christians in prisons for their faithful witness. These are the prisoners of the LORD. I've been around a lot of hardened criminals. True friends are rare and I only had few people I could trust over an sentence that lasted 8 years 7 months.

Years ago Joyce Meyer sent in literally thousands of books of her own to the inside walls of prison. Almost all those books are sitting in a land fill somewhere. Her shampoo and soap was sold off or traded as were her books as some of the more evil prisoners held on to Joyce Meyer's books. I had to trade and bargain for them to get all the books Joyce Meyer sent. It hurt me terribly. I read all the Joyce Meyer books I could get my hands on. Those books that Joyce Meyer wrote were extremely helpful especially Battlefield for the Mind. Joyce Meyer's books helped me in overcoming the whiles of the devil. Most male inmates will not even touch a Christian book written by a woman. They feel it is not a woman's place to preach. As for inmates many are just downright mean. I'm just warning you! This is one of many stories I've written to try and persuade people out of crime. Today on the city bus I saw a young man as high as a kite. If he could only see how stupid he looked! He fried his brains on harsh street drugs and became such a mentally ill person that now the government has to take care of him. It reminded me of when I used to get drunk.

Inmates do not like looking in a true mirror, one that does not lie. One inmate was doing something similar to what I am doing. He wrote about inmates and tried to do anti-crime art work. He however, was doing it out of pride and not in love. He called others bad things, and he even called me a homosexual which I am definitely not. I write these stories to try to keep others out of crime. Prison is pure pain. It hurts very badly; I mean suicidal bad! Let me tell you: You cannot imagine spending a quarter of your life locked up behind bars. So here is a short story, one of my own folly and madness. It's a very negative story as it paints the picture of a ruthless hard core truth.

Inmates Hate the Truth

Many inmates hated what I was doing. They were very insulting toward what I was trying to accomplish. They do not care about stopping the violence. Rather for them inmates just hit restart. One inmate would just come over and grab whatever it was that I was working on and begin reading it like it was all his business. Those people were so insulting and made me so mad. That same inmate called me repulsive names, laughed and mocked me, as did others. When he heard part of my STV, Stop the Violence, story he was furious. He did not want to hear it because he knew just how close it hit home to him. Those people broke my heart and they will do the same to you if you find yourself behind those cold and cruel walls. It is especially true that they hate you just for being a true Christian with values.

***The True Story- Stop the Violence
Volume One- one of many writings
From Jamestown, to Corcoran, to Vacaville State Prison and Finally Free
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I've written much on this subject in the past. I wrote pages and pages on this subject. Some of my writings, which shall be in later books, are in play forms. Some are even slightly fictitious to follow a certain story line, yet based on fact.

Prisoners hate to see their own folly. Therefore they hated me because I wrote of some of the foolish things they did. Truth hurts! Anyone who knows the Bible knows the truth can set you free, and if not, all your folly will be revealed in the end. See John

8:32, and Ecclesiastes 12:13-14.

(Joh 8:32) And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

(Ecc 12:13) Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole *duty* of man.

(Ecc 12:14) For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether *it be* good, or whether *it be* evil.

Writing this is like showing inmates a video tape of them in the crime's act. They get extremely mad. The inmate I spoke of doing anti-crime art and writings was kicked off the unit because he wrote about real people, even though he used fictitious names. As soon as he was gone, other inmates ripped down all his paintings from the walls. In one of the units I was in A-3 in Vacaville one inmate would come over grab whatever it was I was writing on and begin reading it. Behind bars, your business is everyone's business. There they constantly pester you about your crime. My crime was particularly painful seeing my pregnant friend Carole Ann Holman had to die all because Todd Jessie Garton did not want her or the baby she was pregnant with anymore. When I first went to Jamestown, it's a prison for big boys, inmates demanded to see my paperwork. If they think you've done something out of line telling the truth, a rape or child molester, or a truthful Christian who fears the unseen God, you will get either beat up, but more often killed! When I was in the hospital for mental illness, insanity, on the food menu I saw things like, wired jaw, or other things that could be broken. Let me tell you from experience bones break. Humans are not perfect. You take a beating as I did, you may end up eating your own front teeth. Many inmates are extremely cruel, and I mean cruel! Many know one thing, hatred! It's their own mother tongue. Out on the yard one day, I was confronted by a sick demonic, homosexual inmate.

He hated me and mocked God! "God cannot help you," he proudly and defiantly complained!" He was commenting on my shorts which were a little undersized. He would have liked to have gotten a hold of me but my angels wouldn't allow it. See Psalms 34:7, and 91:11.

(Psa 34:7) The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

(Psa 91:1) He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

As I read this it just makes me furious and hard to forgive. It is like throwing dirt on an old wound. I hope they read this one day and just see how darn mean they really are. Since we live in a Communist nation that hates God I'll say it this way, God hates ommiozzecials (As originally written but since I have done so much other truth on this site I will say God hates homosexuality.) There will be a day of reckoning. Unlike a lot of churches I believe in hell where the Devil will pay. That may sound cruel but it is a cruel world. I am sorry but I have feelings and I have so much bottled up hatred for those men. I wanted so bad to lash out at so many of them and smash them hard, but I knew I wanted to get out of prison worse. Many prisoners are lifers and want you to fight them. They are jealous of your date and the fact you want out. If you fight them you fall into their trap. When you go before the board you may not get out of prison. I walked a Christian walk through that place of hatred and I survived. Prison for the most part was a time for Peace Above the Storm I was living in. "Peace Above the Storm" is a book I read in jail and can be purchased from the Adventist Church. I was in the eye of the storm with hatred on every side. Now it is a time for war: a war of words against the Devil. I am sorry but I

am a Marine and it is just a little hard to get that out of me. I feel this power in my body I have never felt before all the time. It is strength and I do not have to even work out. Now that strength is gone because of all that the enemy has stolen from me and being hurt so bad from it. I have been beat up three times all for the LORD and I am sick of it. You don't want to be the next person to even think about taking a swing at me because I don't know what I will do. I have felt like swinging on my Hewlet Packard Vista System many a time. Perhaps that is why I am out of work, because I am still too messed up to work. Also I am on medications I could not normally afford that I get free through the Veterans Administration VA. Low paying jobs and I collide like a Ford Pinto backing into a fire hydrant and blowing up. I hate those jobs and I am really trying to get my life out of the gutter. My body is weaker, though my mind is stronger. Every day I have to see this world I think my anger grows. It hurts to work so hard for something and then have it completely destroyed by the stupid monster Satan. I'm not talking about myself here. I am talking about us all: The body of Christ. Here a friend of mine spends every last penny getting to the Pact Meeting. Not only is his speech taken for granted our church books are thrown into the trash. [PACT Redding has been permanently shut down so inmates that truly want to succeed have even a lesser chance of success.] Our world has become this huge trash dump. I sat there in prison knowing in my heart that with the mind of an engineer I could easily build cars that would get into the thousands of miles per gallon. I had another engine up my sleeve that runs on water. It never needs refueling and is extremely powerful. No one cared. I later learned that many others built such devices using even better technology that were either silenced or even murdered such was the case with Stanley Meyers who built a water powered Brown's Gas engine.

God Sends His Angels

I've been protected by angels my whole life. There were times my alarm didn't go off. I fell in Okinawa onto a concrete floor injuring my left arm. I got lost in Singapore on my bicycle at night. I almost fell off a cliff on a bicycle ride. We nearly got into a head on collision coming back from Reno. The list goes on. All the many times God helped me, yet I never thanked God. I do now! One inmate in jail that lied about his service in the US Marines hated my guts. When I said at one time I just wanted to die, he offered to kill me. There was so much friction between him and other inmates, we wanted him gone and to never come back. We put in a kite to the guards to make sure he'd never return. Sure enough he later did. He was mad as ever. One day he stood in my door wanting to come in and kill me. He commanded to know who wrote the kite. He caught me completely by surprise. I said nothing. He left when he realized my angel kept him from killing me. This man was like Todd Jessie Garton. He was the best of the best as they all are. Force Recon, Sniper, Staff Sergeant, super mechanic, you name it. Even his war stories were just like Todd Jessie Garton's. Truth be known, the jerk who was never a Marine; was someone who would have killed you in combat. You couldn't trust a man like him. He'd be liable to kill you just to take your food or ammunition. I talked to so many that were the best of the best. If they are so great what are they doing behind bars? As for me I was simply a mechanic, and a Corporal, plus I had an honorable discharge. I'm nothing special but never the less I served my country as a United States Marine. It takes a real man (or woman) to join any service let alone the US Marine Corps. You have to be top notch. A lot of people have the desire

to be in the infantry, or Reconnaissance or whatever, but their bodies just cannot handle it. My body couldn't. My knees really bothered me from all the running I used to do. Not everyone can fire high expert on the range. Some people just aren't capable of being the best. Their vision may not be the best, or they learn slowly, or like me they have a bad memory. If I would have been a career Marine I don't know how far I could have made it since I have a very poor memory. It's hard enough just to get a good conduct medal let alone an honorable discharge. God is the only reason I have both. Like I wrote I was lost in Singapore. Too many times God got me out of bad situations. My crime partner Todd Jessie Garton was absolutely pathetic. He was supposedly a PFC who was only in the Corps for eight months. Another DD214 showed him in the Marines for a year or so as a Lance Corporal. He didn't even make it one year. I found out later in the movie by Cineflix called "Married to a Rock Star" that Todd Jessie Garton never even finished Boot Camp for the United States Marine Corps at MCRD San Diego. I think he only lasted a week or two and that is it. He could not confess to his wife Carole Ann Holman that he failed and he lied to her, hence the picture with him in Marine Corps Dress Blues getting married. Todd Jessie Garton used to crack on me terribly. He was just jealous! Even if I could have been in the infantry my poor old body was just wearing out. I really damaged my knees badly in the Corps. Jesus Christ stated it best, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," Matthew 26:31. The Marine Corps is hard on the poor old body which is one reason they like to recruit you when you are young. You have to truly be special to make it. Most inmates who say they were this or that in the military don't even have an Honorable Discharge and more likely the case never even finished Boot Camp. Todd Jessie Garton is too much of a coward and a wimp to handle the United States Marine Corps, besides he cannot take orders. Once he told me the US Marine Corps got rid of the bayonet assault course. That was a flat lie. What are you supposed to do when you run out of ammunition quit? You better fix bayonets and keep pressing on. Todd Jessie Garton was supposedly in around the same time as I, and he said they never had the bayonet assault course. Well that was just another lie. Jewel the musician stated it best in her song, "who will save your soul after all of those lies that you told?" Ironically that was one of Todd Jessie Garton's favorite songs. God sure isn't going to defend Todd Jessie Garton on judgment day nor will he defend Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein who stole well over \$35,000.00 from me when I was seriously ill. Todd Jessie Garton want to be an attorney, defend yourself, but you won't stand a chance in God's courts. I don't know who's law you'll use since there is only one law and that is the King James 1611 with Strong's Exhaustive Concordance. It has proved to be the winner all along.

In the Marines our motto was Semper Fidelis, always faithful. Marines don't even run together in the joint. Sorry but Marines that have been there in combat will hang with other Marines. Two Marines that were both in the Marine Corps we with me and accepted me. There is nothing faithful about military personnel in prison unless they honestly served, but so many make up huge lies about the service that they never even entered boot camp. Just a few true Marines will even bother to help you. While I was in one unit one Correctional Officer came to me and asked my name. He said a former Marine that works here as a C.O. remembers you from Marine Corps Boot Camp. Once that happened I was moved to another unit that was much safer. It was a Protective Custody Unit, PC for short. While I was incarcerated I rarely got in a conversation about the military or even associate myself with the Marine Corps. I am so embarrassed about the military anymore I won't even wear my colors. That was me when I first got out of prison. Now that I learned that many civilians are not liars I will approach and talk to

people I see wearing Marine Corps emblems. In jail and in prison I learned not to say a thing about my past because so many people never even made it past boot camp. Soon the lying war stories would get in full swing and liars like Todd Jessie Garton would try and out lie you. Pick up your radar because a lie is in progress! Most inmates find out you actually amount to something they do not want to hear it. When I look back on all the lies I had been told it hurts like crazy. Those men made me feel so inferior. Sometimes prisoners are in prison living a lie. I've seen inmates, such a one was a child molester, say things like, my wife blamed me because she was mad at me. One other man said, "Oh the shotgun; we found at Wendy's." Still another complained, "I did not know the drugs were in the glove box!" "I bought thirty pounds of pot but I wasn't selling it." Yes the stories go on, in perpetual lies. When I first came to jail I thought people were my friends. I did not know people yet, nor did I understand the Bible. I still had a lot to learn. I did learn inmates will sell their souls so they can lie. It's not right, but such is life! They would rather tell a lie to keep from paying a high price than to enter paradise.

It also makes me really upset in some cases and thinking to myself, and oh well in other cases. Everyone wants heaven, but they do not know what it is to get there. God has a sense of extreme anger, but he is the funniest all around. On a high note God's anger is not toward true Christians that follow God's Word. God says in Hebrews chapter 12 that God chastens who he loves. If you feel like your life is in a pit of hell like I am in then it is most likely that the LORD loves you and the pain does not last forever. Sometimes pain teaches us and a good lesson can be learned such as with the case of prison. However I still cannot see the benefit of God taking my money through Brock Dale Bernstein except to show a man with an Acer Aspire One can finish a web site under terrible conditions. I am praying for the later rain that God will bless my websites and give me the money I need to make the final refinements to it.

We have to live in the world before we can live in heaven. I know you are perhaps thinking what about all the abortions and miscarriages. There is more to the Bible than what you think there is and I will leave it at that, before you start throwing tomatoes at me. I learned a lot from the Devil and his angels. They all have very big mouths and spill the beans quite often. What they lied about often brought my attention to Bible verses. Now when I read certain scriptures my eyes are completely opened and I can really understand that book. That was my "Uel," wish of God while I was insane. A lot of things I do not know but with a little more leg work I'll figure it all out more.

Who Do You Want to Live With?

If you want to spend your whole life around people like this keep living life foolishly! You'll get a life sentence and say to yourself: "Boy I wish I would have listened to Dale. He was right about just how miserable this place really is. Boy I wish I could go home!!!" Let me tell you what: for what I did I should be six feet under and my name blotted out of the book of life. God could have destroyed me long before, but in His great mercy He saved me from a fiery end. I know God knew I could one day be in a congregation helping others. Now that I'm out what can hinder me from preaching? Well it helps to have a car, but God will provide one at the right time. I have one I just can't drive it yet, which really hurts. I'm loaning it to the LORD's work, and I have even named it Samuel. It just hurts to see it getting worn out and I can't even drive it. DMV revoked me because of my mental conditions.

Now I'm going to tell you some hard core facts about prison. People in there have all kinds of bad things happen to them. As for me I took to Jeremiah 17:5.

(Jer 17:5) Thus saith the LORD; Cursed *be* the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the LORD.

I chose not to make flesh my arm. When I saw this verse I decided, "I'm going to let God fight my battles." It came at the cost of letting inmates beat me up twice. (Three times as of 4/7/07 oh well he punched many times as hard as he possibly could but he did no damage) Each beating could have been much worse but God spared me. Sometimes God allows things to happen to try us. See Psalm 26:2.

(Psa 26:2) Examine me, O LORD, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

The second beating was so bad I was literally eating my teeth; praise God, I am worthy to suffer for Him. All three times I loudly praised God and blessed my attackers even as they were beating me. To one I said, "I'll pray for you," and to the other, "God bless you." I haven't seen too many others as thankful. People really hated me including Correctional Officers as well. I carried this non-defensive/offensive attitude my whole time in prison. I'd tell prisoners, "I don't fight." As soon as I told others that everyone wanted to beat on me.

At our parole meeting I saw one of my attacker's, who helped beat me. Not a word was said. I know I didn't want to talk to him no more than he wanted to talk to me. My mental health wasn't helping matters any more. A lot of inmates hate people with any kind of disability or mental illness. More often than not most inmates who claim to be mentally ill are making it up. I've seen it a lot. Many did (do) so much street drugs that they fried their own brains. You cannot be taking medications and self medicating with street drugs and alcohol. Really you should not even use nicotine or caffeine with those types of medications.

In Jamestown State Prison inmates were forcing me to get off my medications.

Then when I went crazy they hated me all the more. My cellmate literally was going to kill me. God had told me to carry every Bible I owned. We were just outside the cell. My cellmate stated something about killing me. I took both Bibles, a KJV 1611, and Amplified and threw them both hitting him right in the forehead. It totally stunned him. The CO's took me off to Corcoran State Prison, because I was insane. Let me tell you prison is no joke, nor is it a game!

As I had originally typed this I was grumbling because I had no computer. I was mad because I could not cut and paste. I was angry because Todd Jessie Garton stole my computer, since he used it to kill. Now here I sit I have a computer. God heard my cries, and self pity parties. I walked prisons yards and long hallways in an unusual manner. I loved inmates and treated others well, no matter what race or color they were. When I was faced with a fight I learned to use the Bible's verses or Hebrew words. Let me tell you the enemy cannot fight the Bible. In the last lockup facility I was in where my sanity was probably the worst we had a person there that was extremely violent. Just so you know this was a military PSYC Ward. I approached from the north and he from the south. We were about to fight but I had read in the Bible in the book of Job that I could approach a Behemoth with my sword. With Sword of the LORD in my hands I approached but he could not attack as he came to me. I told him about the Ten Commandments as he left. Interestingly enough I think the man truly converted to Jesus Christ because his whole attitude toward God and others changed.

One inmate, as did many others, claimed to be God Almighty. They wanted respect by being called biblical names. These people were nasty and mean, having no

godliness to their character. One man insisted he was John the Baptist. He was a devil. (I'll explain more in *The Mystery of God* a book I will never publish.) He was one of the child molesters I spoke of earlier. Now once a child molester may not always be a child molester. I don't mean to condone them just their actions. How a little child turns these wicked child molesters on I do not know? I spoke with many child molesters in jail and in prison. This child molester was with me in 1C in Shasta County Jail. He really felt bad and convicted that he told others and they had him role up his stuff and move to another pod. When one CM or child molester in prison introduced himself to others, he was John. I was supposed to help him to lie his way out of prison and go on talk shows for him. When I first agreed to help him, God gave me a huge shot of fear. He also gave me Psalm 7:4. (Psa 7:4) If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me; (yea, I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy:)

(Psa 7:5) Let the enemy persecute my soul, and take *it*; yea, let him tread down my life upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust. Selah.

I may have helped him were it not for the pride issue he had or the fact he vowed a vow unto God yet did not pay it. I vowed and paid my vows, even to this day. Sometimes you can agree with your adversary while you are in the way. Later you decide that it is time to be honest and serve God. Sometimes the only good thing to do is to let things happen a certain way. At the proper time the truth will come out as God allows.

Sometimes as hard as it is we just have to play right along. Matthew 5:25-26.

(Mat 5:25) Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

(Mat 5:26) Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

As these other inmates played biblical characters, they all hated me. They all wanted to fight me but I gave them no respect, nor fear as they all wanted. One such inmate I cornered just saying one word, "Ebenezer" continually as loud as I could. It was the only Hebrew word I knew. Ebenezer means- stone help. When I read it in a book I knew I had to use it. This devil had no power over the mighty words of God's language. Other times I used Hebrew in a like manner. Each time it rendered the adversary powerless, and prevented fights. The evil one's kryptonite is the Holy Bible. I had other confrontations as well. One cellmate, one of the many worst, had planned to get high and drunk. First he threw a punch coming an inch or less from my eye. Then he began saying he'd pay me a couple of soups thinking he'd just have his way with me. I decided it was time to get out of that cell. I had to go to the suicide watch unit, because it was the only way I could get a move. I had to do that on three occasions. Finally after years I got to the unit I wanted. It was a closed wing unit. We had our own chow hall and everything.

Later in the Behavioral Center there was a person there that I wanted to clobber so hard. He poked me three times in the chest and I was just about ready to beat him hard, but I kept my anger all bottled up inside. Now I am releasing it and it feels good.

Others Weren't So Lucky!

Others weren't so lucky! There were a lot of problems in both jails and prisons.

Some of the guards and CO's are the problem themselves. They stage rapes, and murders. I was talking to one woman who had been to jail. She said the female cops would fondle her. One male inmate in prison spoke of being raped by a staged event they

quite literally called, "The Sex Show." Black Correctional Officers were letting black inmates rape white men. It's crazy, but if you are as true to God then the, "wicked one toucheth him not," see 1 John 5:18. I am sure white CO's do the same???. I can see my anger all over the pages of these writings, however I can also see the seriousness of what prison a form of hell on earth really is. God was teaching me in prison what true Christianity is all about. God made me give away a lot of things. I had to bless others with something I owned. Sometimes I'd have to give up a last stamp, or something very valuable that I could not replace. One time as I was wearing a nice pair of shoes, God spoke to me(I later figured out that God probably never spoke to me but only on a few occasions. Many of the voices were the Devil's taunting challenges), "nice comfy shoes aren't they. Give them away." It was hard but I did. I gave away lots of other things as well. I think God talks to a lot of people; it's just that they don't always want to hear the things God says to us. The Bible tells us in 1 Thessalonians 5:19, "Quench not the Spirit." You may hear from God, then not want to hear from Him for His words are hard. God tries in such manner to reach us, however, if we don't want to hear it could be the last time God speaks to us. God often will say, "who do you love more, me or your possessions?" I

recall telling God, "I love you." I was rebuked! God responded, "If you love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15. God, or perhaps Satan, made me destroy a very nice walkman and wrist watch just to prove I love Him. Twice I had to put a pen in my eye to as well to prove my love for God. God stopped me. It was like the first time was not good enough so God made me do it a second time just to make sure I'd do it. I was even tested that I should electrocute myself on 115 volts electrocuting my private parts. God tries our love with more than just words. Actions are what he wants. (1Sa 15:23) For rebellion *is as* the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness *is as* iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the LORD, he hath also rejected thee from *being* king. (Hos 4:6) My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me: seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children. Anyone can say, "I love you God," yet not everyone can prove it. Sometimes loving God can come at high price, as an example of the tithes I give. If however, you are your own god, who do you love?

Know this friends, prison is a permanent place. I tried to outsmart the system. It's impossibility. Prison is an inescapable hell on earth. Let me tell you it hurts real bad. Almost everyone I know gives up all hope once the bus enters and the iron gate shuts and seals their way in. So I ask you today put down your swords of steel and pick up a Bible today. You'll find by stopping the violence, and learning love, you'll be a much happier person. In prison you cannot bail out, escape, or run to God, if you are pretending to be a Christian. The man who I was supposed to help, the one who played John the Baptist, I read over his file and writings as he commanded. He was a child molester, but one with absolutely no pity or remorse. He talked about his penis, and how God did this and that for him. His first beef, crime, he had no words of "gee I really messed those children up and I'm sorry." It was the story of; well I was an abused orphan with a very bad upbringing. I was brainwashed by Satan, yet it still did not give me an excuse to try to murder someone. I feel very bad and ashamed at what I did the crime in Oregon. It hurts me terribly just to think of it. I still have the image of dead pregnant Carole Ann Holman, my friend, in my mind. That pain will never go away and every time an inmate brings it up again it's like I have to relive that entire scene all over again. You know what really hurts and it hurts even more now that I am out: I will never see her in this world ever again. I can't visit my old friend Carole Ann Holman and she is gone out of this world.

If you think you're on the road to prison, I implore you hit the brakes. Hit them quick! This is not life. It's a precursor to a fiery end, which no one wants. That my friends: death outside of God, is a one way ticket to a certain condemnation. The Bible tells us; "all they that hate me love death," Proverbs 8:36. Friend's death without knowing Jesus Christ is a one way ticket to the wrong place. I am glad I survived prison. I feel much stronger and happier than I've ever felt in my whole life. As hard as the time was I'm glad I did it. I just want you to know prison is an inescapable, unloving, totally unforgiving, and difficult place to survive. As for me I thought I'd never survive prison. I think you all need to hear this. I'm hoping these words will one day persuade you from ever getting into the life of crime. You don't want prison's madness. If you're lucky, I mean lucky, you'll just get killed. People do not want to kill you, they would rather torture you instead. They want you to be their toy. If you don't know God inmates will know you in a carnal way. **MANY INMATES ARE VICIOUS HOMOSEXUALS.** Some are straight but inside they love each other, which means they hate each other. Many are so mean they do not know what they want. Friends you want to know the truth about prison, and if you think I'm lying, go ahead find out on your own. You'll find out prison is just as bad if not worse. Prison is all about extreme violence, hatred and pain. Almost no one gives you anything for free. My last cellmate, one of the better ones, burned me for a good \$40.00 set of pencils plus an extension cord I could have used. He wanted other stuff as well. He'll just turn around and sell it for coffee. I did several very nice drawings for this inmate yet still he wanted more and more. Coffee is a subject in itself. For most inmates it's their form of dope. They get high drinking so much of it. Sometimes they drink in excess of ten cups a day and if you think I am joking you believe me I am not. Once they run out they'll do anything to get a fix. They will sell their last stamp, or yours, just to get a shot of coffee. When the coffee runs out they get mean and mad. I've had inmates take several of my stamps which I desperately needed and use them for their own coffee. Wow, let's talk for a second about toilet paper. It's a must have need. My last cellmate would literally go through a roll of toilet paper a day. He'd run everyone out including myself. I had to end up using paper bags. It was a terrible selfish waste. Among other things I was my cellmate's human powered remote. I don't mind helping others, yet a please and thank you are so very kind. I ended up putting up with a lot of things knowing I had a release date. As a child I sat in your seats. I know what it's like. I'd go to the kid's group for the fun, but when the preacher began speaking I'd just shut him out. The man had a great message, but I would not hear it. I only hope the same is not happening as you read this message. Are you a picture of the old me, I hope not! (Eze 33:30) Also, thou son of man, the children of thy people still are talking against thee by the walls and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the LORD. (Eze 33:31) And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they shew much love, *but* their heart goeth after their covetousness. (Eze 33:32) And, lo, thou *art* unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not. (Eze 33:33) And when this cometh to pass, (lo, it will come,) then shall they know that a prophet hath been among them.

I made terrible mistakes, which I hope none of you will repeat. I can't tell you the value of just walking down to a pay phone, or going to the store to buy an ice cream. Just having the ability to cook for yourself is a blessing in its own. Just eating food with flavor is a huge blessing. Here I can chose the food I want and eat when I want even adding spices. It's nice to call home and you don't have to give your firstborn to make the

call. It's also nice not to hear the same old message interrupting your phone call every few minutes. Now I can visit my family and not have to tell them a painful goodbye, or be locked in a visiting room. I can now pace without having limited room. Yes I'm still trying to sell you a new life in Jesus Christ our LORD. Don't you want it? I've lived as an atheist. That old life is not fun: nor worth it, especially in the end. It's an appetite for destruction. Sooner or later you'll fall and fall hard. You get a serious spanking and you'll learn life is not all it's cracked up to be. You may think you're cool now, I did! Years of prison makes you think. If you're smart you'll take a thorough examination of your life as I did. For me it took years to get where I am spiritually now. I'm no longer full of hatred, as I was to enemies and the system itself. I had to get rid of all the hatred. It was hurting me more than it hurt others. As you can see reading some of these old writings bring up a lot of pain like you cannot believe. I am sorry but it really hurts thinking of all the dirty deeds that were done or the ones that they wanted to do. I have even prayed for people that really did me wrong like Todd Jessie Garton, Norman Daniels III, and Lynn Noyes that stayed faithful to her lover Todd Jessie Garton all through her jail time. See Romans 12:18-21. I pray those mine enemies would find Christ Jesus as I have. That was the old me the new me could care less about any of those three. (Rom 12:19) Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but *rather* give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. (Rom 12:20) Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. (Rom 12:21) Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If someone makes you angry do your best to walk away. Who cares what others think of you! Worry about what the good LORD thinks of you. When you get to the place of true Christianity, you realize God is all that matters. In the end it's God Almighty who sets us all free. Psalm 146:7, "The LORD looseth the prisoners." Amen to that folks!!!

Doing Time In Rhyme

A quarter of life taken.

Please God, from this nightmare awaken.

LORD set the captives free.

LORD you have won in victory.

God you rescued me from that awful prison.

LORD when I called on your name you did listen.

LORD you are God you are great.

Right on time, you did not wait.

For those who were prepared to meet thy God.

The wicked tried to win by fraud.

They will do time in a horrible place forever.

Taken from the righteous, God will sever.

As for me I chose life.

In a place of peace with no more strife.

The battle is over the battle is won.

Satan's sword broken, run out of bullets in his gun.

God won the gift of paradise.

Everything is free, our Father paid victories price.

Drugs & Your Body

In both high school and college I took chemistry. I know enough about what certain chemicals do and I cannot imagine just how a person can put such chemicals into their body. You are literally putting a foreign substance which is not made by people that know chemistry, and probably do not even have a high school diploma. That would be about equivalent to rather than go to the grocery store go to the gas station to fill your belly on a tank of 87 octane gasoline. Do you think it would work? Well for some I think it would. You are flesh and blood, and flesh and blood is not meant to handle such foreign chemistry. It is bad enough that I am taking all the medications that I take, but at least they come from a drug store and are approved by the FDA. I mean how many of you when you buy drugs test the product or see if it is approved and sealed? Think about such things before putting all this junk in your veins.

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