Color Your Prison
Walls With Love...

by

Dale Lee Gordon
Stop the Violence

By Unnamed- I used to never use my own name because I hated myself...
Written by: Dale Lee Gordon  Copyright 2016
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Written especially for public schools in loving memory of Carole Ann Garton, and her unborn son Jessie James Garton.

Stop The Violence is a program to keep kids out of trouble. Stop the Violence’s primary goal is to keep future generations out of jail and prison's. With a reduced inmate population STV Stop the Violence will cost tax payers less. Schools would have more money for education which will help students in society. To me it just makes more sense to hire more teachers than to build more jails and prisons. We have a choice. We can end this nightmare. Perhaps new schools will be built and our jail and prison systems will collect dust and tumbleweeds. Make them a museum, or shut the doors for ever. Perhaps make them homes for low income families. If things continue then this system will continue to ruin our society. We have taken God out of our schools, military, courtrooms, government and about everywhere else and so we are experiencing all these problems in society. Right now our nation is under judgment and refuses to repent. Because of this we have horrible leadership that is ruining our economy, taking away our rights and has a whole lot worse plans up their sleeves. I am not a great person, but the programs I have worked extremely hard on I think are great. My plan is to do this program all over the United States of America, and other countries as well. (I just Googled and Binged “Todd Jessie Garton” and my website http://stopschoolviolence.homestead.com/ comes up. I am making headway as far as getting Stop the Violence out there to the world. I hope to see more full churches and empty jail and prison cells someday. These websites are written for children and for adults. This website is an oasis of help among a lot of junk written for children and parents to work out problems together. There are many more works to be done in the future. Thank you,
Sincerely,
Dale Lee Gordon

Thought’s from a Holding Cell?
Here I sit locked up in a cell with only my mind for several hours. This was just the beginning. Later I would be in similar cells for days and even weeks. While in these cells you have lots of time to think. Many times I did not even have a Bible. Now I know what a dog in a cage feels like. What happened to my life I wonder? Thoughts race through my mind and you cannot shut your mind down. You ponder many things in life. What happened to the old life, and where did I go so wrong? You think many things. There are what I call the shoulda, woulda, coulda’s. These are the thoughts that haunt you. You know you failed and there is nothing you can do about it now. So you just sit here and think. That is all you can do. What is worse is when in you have a cellmate that hates you. You are stuck with a person that even under the best of circumstances it is hard to get along. The life you once enjoyed is now gone. Thoughts race through my mind. Will I ever be with my ex-girlfriend or not. (She dumped me within weeks of going to jail.) How about my parents’ boat they won, can I ever get to enjoy it. (I finally did and it was a lot of fun.) Though I wrote the X girlfriend continually I received nothing in return. As for me I wrote anyways. I was not going to give up or bail out of a “wonderful” Christian relationship with her, but no matter how hard I tried she got married. You cannot imagine the pain, rejection, and brokenness I felt. Still I could not believe that the worst had happened. I got dumped and it hurt like you cannot imagine. In a rubber room, insane and completely out of my mind, I see words written in milk on the wall. They are, “I was just trying to kill myself.”
cannot recall if I was hallucinating or not, but all of the scratches and scribbles, and what I thought were pictures induced insanity even worse. I recall a trip to hell. When I got to the lowest of abyss of hell Stalin and Hitler came to my cell. They had a silver can in their hands. They dumped it out looking for the keys of hell and death, but they no longer had them. Thank God! In another vision I saw my crime partner Todd Jessie Garton in chains being escorted before The Judge which I saw as Jesus. Sometime later I saw him walk back by. He was very unhappy. Todd Jessie Garton knew he was going to hell. That vision was crystal clear. Now that I have done my time I looked at other people who are doing time. Many people go on missions to help others, building churches, ministering, rebuilding lives, and spreading a message of love. Many of these people give up so much. It’s mainly the riches of our society. They go to live in the dirt along with native people. In doing so, we can learn about love. My ex-girlfriend unselfishly helped orphans in Ukraine.

Though I talk a lot about her in my writings, it just goes to show you the things that we love the most, we can lose so easily. I really had plans to run these ministries with her. These thoughts raced through my mind more painful then you can possibly imagine. Looking back I realize that these thoughts in my mind were idolatry. I loved her more then I loved God and that was wrong! I recall one time I kept her vehicle too long for some reason. Anyhow I knew I was late and she could not get to her language teacher for one on one session. I felt so bad I spent my last few dollars on things for her car. On my mission to prison I worked very, very, very hard. I started my writings even before I ever went to jail. I had even began to read the Bible before that. The problem was I was just out of time and my “silly season” had ended. “Silly seasons,” as I call them are the times while we are playing the prodigal, foolish, vida del loco, or the dope slinging days. Sooner or later these days, the good old days, will catch up with you. You may be well off for a while until the devil retracts his golden hand. I call it golden hand because he tries to offer you all the things you think you need. Just as in the movie “Needful Things,” we later find out those things were not so needed. I know what I need, and all along He, LORD Jesus, was there in those cells with me. Sadly the author of the Bible has been removed from schools, and replaced with the violence, drugs, and pernicious relationships that so often end with unwanted pregnancies. Abstinence is not always easy, and though we make mistakes in the past as I have done, we can rewind the clock and have forgiveness as if we had never sinned. I had planned to wait till marriage, but at the age of 19 in the Philippines that plan failed. After that it was all downhill from there on. You will feel so much better waiting till marriage. Planned pregnancies and children that you want are better than the unwanted. Years ago perhaps in 1998, I wrote that I could give up the old life and spread a message of love. Sometimes we have to give something up. I do not feel I was being punished but rather enlightened. I am where I am needed the most, and that is a place to learn. It is now my turn to give back to the world. My sword, my weapon of choice is a King James 1611 holy Bible, with Strong’s Exhaustive Concordance (now Strongest Strongs). I also read from the Geneva, Bishops, and Wycliff. I have also recently gained an interest in the Septuagint Bible. Written years ago I said, “I know His sword will protect me.” I used what I had often just my mind in a holding cell with nothing at all only memories. These my friends were thoughts from a holding cell.

Gangs
We have gangs because we have powerful adversaries, or so we think. Rather I have one powerful friend. He died for me 2000 years ago and gave me faith, hope, and love. I’d like to introduce Him to you. His name is LORD Jesus Christ. As a gang member, much like the old me I had to have several guns. They could however, not save my soul. I have found ancient Hebrew words are much more intimidating than any physical weapon I ever carried. I now possess a greater weapon and that is what I learned in my studies in jail and in prison. In the United States Marines we were taught rules of engagement for example fire control. We were to put limiters on our firing patterns so that two
Marines would not fire at the same enemy. What is there on the streets? Save one bullet for yourself or so it seems. That was my plan it was a police assisted suicide. I was tired of living and I did not care anymore. When a gang member is killed, don't we want revenge? Revenge leads to more blood and where does the fighting end? All we create in the end is more pain!

The Awakening!
We live our lives in the fast lane.
Driving around in steel chariots rulers of the road we are insane.
Alcohol and drugs won't affect us when we drive?
Then we smash into another car killing everyone but we're still alive.
We lived our lives hard, thinking we will never die.
When we're in trouble these walls don't tell a lie.
Where did we go, what did we do?
All we have are memories of the past our whole life for it's through.

Read this if you still think stop the violence should stop:

Death it's real and you may not want to read this!!!

You don't understand it until you see it. I never saw death close-up as I had seen my friend Carole Ann Garton. It's a site that will forever be etched into my mind. I wished not to speak of it, but people need to know of it. You can see it on TV or and the movies. It is one thing to see death, but it is something else to see the destruction of a human being especially someone you care about. There was blood stained hair spread out on the floor. Her right eye was blue and I did not know why? Her belly was swollen with a lifeless baby. I knew even if she could be saved the baby could not. I did not know the extent of her bodily damages. Her body was limp and motionless. It's one thing to see an animal die, but it's a harder to see one of your own kind or worse yet someone you care about. I cannot say it enough violence has to stop!!!

(Psa 7:11) God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day.

I'm dreaming of the outdoors

I feel the air in my face I smell the flowers. I looked at my imaginary wife’s hair blowing in the wind. Thinking perhaps someday I will be married; that was if I survived prison. In the distance I see clouds on the horizon and the sun is setting. Everything is so beautiful and peaceful. Then smelling something of a foul odor and a toilet flushing I wake up remembering I am incarcerated. Friends though you may be thinking well jail and prison cannot be so bad, think again. I used to think about a lot of things to help pass the time. I thought of anger, rage, revenge, and lost love. Thank God I was locked up for so long because it gave me time to think these thoughts out of my mind. In addition to the negative thoughts I also thought peaceful thoughts. They were of heaven, and heavenly things. I thought of all I would do in heaven. I tried to think of the love, peace, joy, faith, and knew somehow there was hope.

Scroll Down my version of Word 7 I paid over a hundred dollars is not working. Thank you Bill Gates.
Meth Equals Death!

About this poem: Though it sounds harsh it is written mainly for people who are thinking about the life of drugs. I can honestly say the only drug I ever used was alcohol and Jesus cured me from it. I have been sober for a decade now. Please bear with me. In this poem I am not trying to insult you, rather let you know you are loved. It is the reality of life and I don’t paint pretty pictures on the Devil’s candy. No one needs it, especially innocent children. My poems may sound abrasive, and perhaps they are, but I want you to know there is a way out and that is through Jesus Christ my LORD and Savior. This child looks up at his parents, “please don't get high once again!” Is this the pattern to show the child it's okay to live in sin? Were the drugs more important? He was a great kid in school. He had decent parents and a good home. He had a 4.0 grade average, but then something bad happened? Yes you guessed it, it was the drugs. In the process he was permanently expelled in his senior year. Yes the drugs were more important than school. He is only 28 years old but on his way to the pen, that’s prison for short. Drugs are a business and drugs were his business. He was all set up, that is until he stole a car. He got into a high-speed chase. Well you guessed it he got caught. He's going to do three years in prison now. His girlfriend has his child. He wants out, but he can't have it. The drugs put him away. Now he wants to get serious, but who knows what will happen? I hope things work out but I don't know? Three years is a long time! In prison many bad things can happen. My advice to you is don't carry the gun, use or sell drugs, or get into any type of crime. If you can find a good Bible-based church, that would be great. Finish high school, and live a good righteous life.

Scroll Down  Bill Gates wonderful program is not working today….

CHAPTER 1

A SHORT STORY TO SCHOOL KIDS:

Have you ever seen a dead body? I'm not talking at a funeral, but rather a body that has been destroyed by some form of an accident. Anyone who has come onto a gory scene as I have knows what it is like. I'm sure it even affects those that work in human blood all the time. Hospital workers, police and military are perhaps some of the top people to see the effects death, but after a while I think the mind just becomes numb. It would have to or it would just drive one crazy. For me the gruesome death of my friend still haunts me. Let me give you a picture, and yes it is graphic. The Devil, the evil crime partner, Todd Jessie Garton by name, loves blood.

(There is a book about this crime. I have never read it for the longest time. Finally I read it the parts that I could stomach made me sick and disturbed me greatly. The book is called “Kill or be Killed” by Robert Scott. There have also been movies and even a short YouTube which I have included. Here is the YouTube: [http://youtu.be/73NPArMu8ks](http://youtu.be/73NPArMu8ks) One of the movies I believe is called “Toy Soldier” The other which I believe is far more accurate is “Married to a Rock Star” by Cineflix. The YouTube “Bad Company” is not accurate at all but the movie, “Married to a Rock Star” is. I was in the movie “Married to a Rock Star” and I have been seen on TV. I did finally read “Kill or be Killed” by Robert Scott, though parts of it are too disturbing and upsetting for me to read. To the sick twisted husband Todd Jessie Garton blood, guts, and bones being everywhere is Todd’s form of fun. Instead of new buildings, Todd would dwell in houses of hatred even a prison house which ultimately he did. The criminal Todd Jessie Garton will exchange the good for the bad, even destroying that what Todd has, only to replace it later. When this evil man tried to kill his dog KD over chewing up some blinds, I think his wife
who adored her husband knew that she and their baby were next. I wrote the Todd Jessie Garton’s dad trying to say something to the effect that his son was unstoppable. He immediately took that and ran with it saying to everyone how I was guilty. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH THAT HURT ME. At the same time I just told Todd Jessie Garton’s dad basically, here take my portion of that stupid company G&G Fencing which was a total scam. Later I learned in the movie “Married to a Rock Star” that Todd Jessie Garton’s business did not even have valid a contractor’s license. I paid thousands which was far too much money to get into that business, and became very poor out of it. It was as if it was some sick joke, and I should have known better. The foolish thing Todd Jessie Garton gladly accepted all my money without a single problem having the same exact personality as this evil “pastor” Brock Dale Bernstein who owes me well over $35,000. This pastor knowing about my crime would continually tell me that he was not like my crime partner. This wicked man Todd Jessie Garton liquidated things I needed, for example the F250 Ford truck. The other truck, the Ford Ranger he took as well even though I had made almost all the payments on. He could have at least given me the Isuzu, since he had the jeep but the Todd did not care.

I just finished watching the stupid little YouTube called “Bad Company.” They had a picture of the door where we stayed in the Hampton Inn. The room number was 218. I immediately thought of Psalms 21:8.

(Psa 21:8) Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies: thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

In Gematria 218 is The Apostate Heart: “Brother Kills Brother.” Many others too have suffered greatly over my incarceration. Many thought I would never get out, and I often wondered the same. Some inmates wanted me dead and since God would not let them, they would try and torment me to the point of suicide. Now as far as this wicked Todd Jessie Garton; I’ve seen that cold blooded killer in action. He had me in tears after his wife’s death. He was listening to his beloved wife’s music. (It was music she had written and sung with a band. Carole Ann Holman was extremely talented and had she not of been Satan’s wife she could have been a professional musician, archer, and many other things, plus a loving wife. It was almost like everything she put her hand to she excelled at. Carole Ann Holman would beat both that slobbering nutcase Todd Jessie Garton and myself, Dale Lee Gordon on one side and her on the other. Carole Ann Holman was extremely good at tennis. I long for the day when the Saints of God get to trample our enemies asunder.

As wicked Todd Jessie Garton the cold blooded maniac was listening to Carole Ann Holman’s music he was writing down some lyrics, and preparing an emotionless funeral. Satan as an Actor played himself. As Todd Jessie Garton drove on listening to an angel sing; Carole Ann Holman, Todd was just as cold as could be. I had to turn my head to the side of the road because I didn't want to have Todd Jessie Garton see I was beginning to cry. He was playing his wife’s incredibly talented music which was tear jerking, but he just was emotionless. Later that day this massive amount of hate was just boiling out toward me. He chewed me out like a doggie chewing on Jezebel’s bones. Goodness gracious that thing Todd Jessie Garton broke my spirit more than you can possible imagine. Like I say the only care he had was that he successfully destroyed me. This recent pastor Brock Dale Bernstein was the exact same way. The two could have passed as brothers, their tactics were so similar. The only difference was that the pastor’s
ways were much more refined. He broke me financially but he can’t stop me. You would not believe the words of this wicked pastor who just burned me. Brock Dale Bernstein spoke of remembrance of the beginning when he took Adam’s crown. Brock Dale Bernstein said he was given a crown and told whatever you do, do not lose this crown. Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein spoke having the power to read minds, and has described his other powers in great detail. I know what the man is made of.

I was in the Marine Corps four successful years with a good conduct medal and the ranking of Corporal E-4 or non-commissioned officer NCO. I was in during the time of Desert Storm. I never faced combat, other than we were in a combatant situation in the Philippines during a coup attempt. When Desert Storm first happened the first waves of people were sent and they did not need me. So my thought was, why volunteer if they do not need me. I feel cowardly for not going, but I know now had I chosen that path, there's no way I would have found God. That or I would have been killed as an atheist, and the atheistic fools along with unrepentant sinners will be exiting off at the left side of God’s throne. At the time of Desert Storm I was so into the world and it's failing ways, that I could not see the light of God. I did end up going to Kuwait after the war, but not for war. At that time we were like a world police that would keep order to a chaotic world. We were essentially busy like police in a city. We were out there just waiting for a call to go anywhere in the world. Interestingly enough I was one of the Marines in charge of security if we ever had to take prisoners of war. While there in Kuwait, I bought gruesome pictures at the local market of dead corpses that were from Desert Storm’s enemies. Some of the pictures were just of a hand or a head. It just goes to show you what something like the Marines will do to you if you don't have God in your life. I cannot imagine where I would be if I had gone to combat. I had to be a real warrior in the Marines because without LORD Jesus Christ in my life I had nothing, or so I thought. I don't know what I was thinking. Perhaps hell was some sort of hot potato that you pass around. I used to mock God and it got worse as the years passed. As for me I was driven by all the violence in the world. I loved the kill, kill, kill again, and then after that kill some more type movies. When those movies weren't wicked enough I would watch, "Faces of Death." It was real people getting killed or severely maimed. Within those years of the Marines I went from somewhat normal to kill, kill, and kill. My switch was flipped and I never shut it off. I was at the point of thinking that any war could be won with superior firepower, not with a superior God. I fear God and while I was terrified of Him and His power I also do not think that God wants us to fear our way into the kingdom. In fearing God alone, the love in our hearts could be lacking, because we may love out of deed not from a loving heart. I am editing this older book. I used to be all one sided especially about fearing God. However the Bible often uses this language:

(Jdg 6:23) And the LORD said unto him, Peace be unto thee; fear not: thou shalt not die.

It seems as if human life this day and age has no value to it especially after popular games like “Grand Theft Auto,” not to mention the vile junk I used to create. After years I went through and absolutely destroyed all my old idols of filth that were built in Satan’s name. People murder, sell dope, while toting that pistol and God only knows what else. For this reason you really have to respect the police and their jobs. Even the Parole Officers, we have to obey these people. If you do what is right, they will treat you with respect. Those officers of the law, and United States Marines, no partiality intended or discrimination toward other branches of service it is just a
known fact Marines are the best, and the rest of the team, all are putting their tails on the line every day trying to keep the peace. So I used to carry guns. Sometimes I carried three thinking I'd get into some kind of war. I know some are doing the same exact thing because I saw it. “Oh no, we found the gun at Wendy’s in the bushes.” So what why didn't you tell the police? I know what you were up to, because I heard you talking about it. As I stand before God one day as a child of the Most High I will speak the truth, because in front of the throne of God lies are not permitted. Jail and prison life is not life it is rather a slow and painful death. Your body ages through the years, dying daily from a poisonous drug called "sin." Though we are all born with this poisonous drug, we can take an antidote which is called LORD Jesus Christ. When you place Him there in your heart, soul, and mind, not even the bondages of death can keep you from awakening from a long seemingly endless nap. Life is mortal, but through a death in the LORD's hands and at His timing can we gain immortality. As for this life it is not what I planned as a child, but we all know God's ways are higher. Sometimes they are painfully higher. In due time however, you can learn to soar with eagles. It's not impossible, and with God Almighty all things can be done, even for youths who may not yet know the LORD, or understand that He does answer prayers. It may come down throwing out some literature that is unedifying. It could be the music you are listening to may keep a door closed.

**About this sermon:**

I wrote this sermon at some predetermined time back in jail. I was already doing a lot of thinking. I was inside the walls and I needed one thing. That of course is a key. The key I thought I needed was a physical key, but what I really wanted was a gun. The song plays in my head, "I don't need a gun." It's by Billy Idol. Friend there is a key that opens all doors that of course is the Holy Bible. I don't even have to have a Bible in my hands because we convert it to memory. Until that is you forget all you know and then you really need a Bible and your embarrassed you ever wrote such jibber jabber.

In jail and in prison our lives are out of control. Things we would normally consider important or take for granted you do not have that privilege in behind bars. There are four things I can (could past tense) control: The flushing of the toilet, hot and cold on the sink, and the light switch. Not much for the explorative mind there. It is a good thing though. In my insanity I've pushed every button in the cells. After a while they ignored me. I felt like "legion" of the Bible fighting for my soul. This war was in a continuous battle. I saw strange lying visions, and scary things. I was out of my mind and slowly getting worse. I recall seeing this huge chess playing game. It was as if it were God verses the devil though looking back at all the weirdness I think most of those visions were from Satan himself. Since all of this I have had way far out dreams. I went through some extremely hard times, and I succeeded, but only because of God. All of us true Christians suffer, but if there were no suffering, there would be no kingdom. As for me it hurt terribly. That however, is life. As the saying goes, "no pain no gain!" Heaven can be likened to a parcel of land that is given away freely. All you have to do is claim it. In doing so, you want to get ahead of the bunch. Yes it is a mad life, but as with all things, good things come to those who wait. I thought how in the world would I ever get through nearly a decade of prison? We must wait on the LORD and that is a hard thing to do. Our victory in overcoming this world is in Jesus Christ LORD and Savior. Amen…

(Mat 24:13) But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.
And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

Chapter 2 How I survived prison?

And you can too...
You don't have to be the greatest man or woman to survive prison.
Even if you have enemies everywhere God's power is infinitely higher.
God can and will get you through.

I do not know how many of my readers can relate to a man who was once in prison. I recall those last days of freedom before jail. I had my ex-girlfriend’s Bible that she gave me for Christmas. I had begun to read it days before I found out I was heading for jail and prison. That Bible was the one thing that kept the glue of my life together. When I found out I was going to jail, we didn't know it would end up to nearly a decade in prison. My mom faced the inevitable, though my dad tried to stay positive. In that time the lowest moment in my life I asked my dad if he could bail me out. I look back and that hurt so bad. My mom and dad were ready to sell all they had just to get me out of jail for a little time. Little did I know you still would have to do the time. You can't bail out, buy out, or lie out. It's just like at life’s end, you will stand in front of the Great White Throne and there all things will be known. There will be no reversals, no bail, no acquittals, nor any type of mercy to the wicked. At that time I had no clue what would happen, and I was scared to say the least. This wasn't a fear of the LORD, it was a worldly fear. I've felt the fear of the Almighty God, and it puts any type of worldly fear to shame. The fear of the LORD is beyond anything you can imagine. It is beyond terror.

On the streets I was on a one way collision course with hell literally. Sooner or later I would have done something terrible and ended up in prison for something even worse, or I’d be dead and in hell. Life is not always what it is cracked up to be. Sickness happens, age sets in, plans backfire, homes and cars are destroyed, and so are the rest of our lives. Perhaps the hardest of all is seeing one that you love suffer something so terribly. I have heard others preach of their child slowly dying. My own father had to see the destruction of a son that was destined for a much better future. So here I was it was too late, but I now knew there was a God because I needed His help. I wasn't exactly sure how He worked, but I just know I wanted to be one of His employees. The other god, the Devil, treats his employees like trash, and tries to get you into a bond you cannot break. It is like you have to sign in blood, and pay with that same blood in the end. We, however, serve a greater God, Yahweh by name, that loves us and will see us through on the other side. He does not say there will be no burden, but rather that:

Matthew 11: 28-30 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy
laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Perhaps you meant to bake a pizza, but spent so long working on that you put into the oven in the end comes out a foo sandwich. Such were the ovens of the day. MY OVEN THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BURN OUT THE IMPURITIES ONLY BURNED THEM IN. MY OVEN TOOK SEVERAL PASSES TO BURN ALL JUNK OUT. Friends, prison will do to you if you let it. You can let prison beat you into the dust of the earth, or shall I say the fine powder that surrounds the prison yard. What prison does to you is what you let it do because you fear man and not God. Friends at the end of life you will not be faced with a man judge like you faced in court, but a massive throne so bright you cannot see the face. That face of course is God's and He rules over all. There is not some simple law library you have to be wise in. It is the law of the Holy Bible that is your judge. Believe it or not we serve a God who has counted every single tear drop, every heartbeat, every atom of food, air, or water that has entered our bodies. He has worked so hard to give you a wonderful life yet so many have forsaken and turned your backs on His great love. I ask you will you reside in His love forever, or will you face hell and death? The question is knocking on the door to your heart... Amen

How I Survived Prison, as a Christian?

Sometimes the things in life that seem to be the most impossible are the things that not only reward us in the end, but make us into that one thing that God had designated us to become. Prison is not the end of the road, but rather The Great White Throne is. Once you get to the Great White Throne nothing can be done to escape its impending doom, or its great reward depending on the choices you made. I do know this: It will be a shame to see the ones we love who will not make it. One thing that will help us is prayer. It is a form of humility that basically states, "Hey God I cannot handle this one myself." God I cannot handle this one myself. My computer is only half working I have no traffic to my site I am broke and I don't know what to do. (As of this hopefully final editing I am working on this file and the entire website on an Acer Aspire One. It is painfully slow and I often have to refresh the RAM and do several reboots to keep this computer running. Dated April 17, 2013.) Prayer is breaking that foolish heart of stone and replacing it with one that is malleable and that can accept constructive help. After all don't we all need help at some point. Perhaps even Pharaoh sought help from the depths of the Red Sea. Did he get it? Well read Exodus chapters 14 and 15 and find out. His stony heart of pride got in the way and too much courage pushed him into the watery abyss. You can do your all to serve God in prison, that doesn't mean you still may take your licks. I did, but I didn't fight back. I didn't face this personally because I was fortunate and I tried to stay off the yard, but if its blacks against whites, either stay out or engage and let yourself get beat up without fighting back. As for me I blessed my attackers, all of them. The first time I praised God so loudly I made sure everyone around me as far as could be reached heard me. When my attacker finished beating me I told him, "I'll pray for you." I had a hand written Christmas card, but they would not let me deliver it. Someday he will see that and say to himself: "What did I do?" Hell care at the Great White Throne as will others in life, the ones that have done us wrong without repenting. I heard about a man in Russia who became a Christian. He was in the military and high ranking at that. They stripped him of his
stripes and made him a janitor. If I recall he lost both his wife and family. After becoming a janitor, others laughed and mocked him to scorn. He would clean the floor and then one of the other personnel would laughingly urinate all over it. Hey we all suffer, and sometimes it is worse than others. It's the pride issue that will get us into trouble and knocks us down a notch on God's ladder, though you may have success in this life for a season. Sometimes we have to be knocked down in order to be lifted back up. So here I survived prison the way many of our biblical heroes have and that is through love and perseverance. We won while the foolish were too entwined into serving themselves a banquet of hatred. Whatever the issues in life, no matter just how hard they may seem, we can overcome them as I have. It may even be death, but we know that the sting of death has been conquered by LORD Jesus Christ. He gives us victory over all things. Though the body may be destroyed by death, if we are truly in Christ Jesus what do we have to fear? I've read the Bible enough to see the Holy Character of God. He loves perfectly, and if all of us understood that better we would have nothing to worry about. God is not the Devil though Satan tries to make me think that. The Bible says it in scripture 1 John 4:8. "God is love."

What more greatness can we ask out of such a wonderful God?

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. John 15:13.

Did Mohammad do that. Hitler, Stalin, Buddha, Confucius, Hindu... ect ect, you get the point. The only God that saves is the one who took his bones with Him when he defeated death victoriously. That my friend is the one and only the LORD Jesus Christ. Some people are still looking for my God's bones, but they can't find them. They have a new Hubble telescope to look into space but some still claim there is no Mighty God. The foolish works of a Russian astronaut looked up to the skies and said that there cannot be a God. I look at my hands and feet and I know there is a God. I know I have a heart because I can feel it beating. My lungs are still breathing because I am alive. I have a button I bought. It says, CIA, or Christ is Alive. I had to think about that several times before I realized, "God really does have it all under control."

Amen...
CHAPTER 3

Introduction:

What to do when the cuffs go on?

"Dale we need you to come down to the office." I went not thinking of what was going to happen. It wasn't what I expected. I still had a few days before I went to jail, they however, were early. This would turn out to be my first introduction to chains. I was a new believer in God Almighty. Just as my parents were coming down the hill... Well at any rate, as I said good bye, something hit me and I spoke up the words of Psalm 23:4 to my parents. "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." This "shade of death," talmawveth for me was jail and ultimately prison. I don't know how I knew the words, since I knew nothing of the Bible. All I can recall is some stupid shirt worn by a devil in the flea market at the Jolly Giant in Anderson California. Those blasphemous words were, "Ye though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for I am the meanest baddest... and so on." I guess I was on auto piloted because I said what I said without hesitation and not even knowing where or anything about that Psalm. Also somewhere in the Bible it says that the Holy Spirit will give you the right words to say at the right time. True to God’s word I have spoken right at many of the right times. My parents rebuked me because it was a Psalm about death. Truth is known it was a verse I did not even know. It just came out and as soon as it did I was filled with the Holy Ghost.

All I felt was pure joy. Steve Grasshoff the investigator was very kind to me and treated me with lots of respect. At any rate my joy was never so great. As I went into the jail at Weaverville, and ultimately Shasta County my joy in the LORD was complete. Guards tried to take it away, and later it was the loss of $***? and the inmates hatred toward me that broke my spirit. While I was in the safety cell out of my mind, a guard came to the door and said, "reality set in?" It wasn't that at all, I was out of my mind. I was mentally in hell and when I think of it was no joke the level of fear that sat in. God sent me into the Marine Corps to learn to be a man even in the worst of situations. All I had was a broken brain, and myself learning what hell was all about. I've Been There! I've been out there? I know what it is to lose everything you've ever loved. I know what it's like to be having questions about God. I know what years of hard atheism can do to a person. I also know the changing power of God. I know what it is to lose your first love to someone who doesn't care.

I wanted to write my first book as like an introduction to myself. It's a story of the things I've done wrong, and even questioning God, can you ever forgive a sinner like me? That answer I learned is yes. Heaven's yes! God can forgive homosexuality, bestiality, rapist and even child molesters. God can forgive that and a whole lot more. The question is are you willing to accept it, change from those vile ways, and move on with life? I hope this book will encourage you. A few of my readers have done some of these things or perhaps had things done to them. I've had close calls myself where others wanted to molest me. That was even before jail. In prison homosexuality was quite common. The people who were the worst of them were those who did not claim to be homosexual. These were the "predators." THE PREDATORS ARE THE BIGGEST HOMOSEXUALS ON EARTH BECAUSE THEY WILL GET WHAT THEY THINK THEY CAN GET (MY GOD IS BIGGER) FROM ANYONE. THEY TAKE SEX AS THEY FEEL FIT AND IT IS SICK WHAT THEY DO. THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE THAT THERE WILL BE NO FORGIVENESS FOR...

Amen
There are a lot of things that the LORD hates, but when we come to the throne of God, it's like those things never even happened. We just have to go to God on the right terms, not with the, "I'll steady the cart myself" as King David performed trying to bring the Ark of the Covenant to Jerusalem in a very unprofessional way. If you know your Bible history you know a man died just for steadying the cart the Ark was carried on. We have to serve God on His terms not with what we feel is best. As an atheist of atheist’s, I did many things against the word of God. I look back and it makes me feel terrible. You get to a point in your life and you realize life is not about serving the flesh. It's not about what we do. I stated to a man in a jail cell years ago, "I'm talking about love." His answer was a humiliating, "I'm not homosexual." That really hurt, but sometimes people do not realize love is not about human sexuality or its misuse. Sometimes all a person knows is hatred, thinking love can only come from a bottle of booze as I did. Perhaps people think love can only come from a needle, a line, or out of a girlfriend.

One woman I know is Paulie. She is so kind and though severely handicapped in a wheelchair she is a very kind Christian that never complains. Her spirit is so awesome and powerful. I’ve been around both healthy and handicapped people who all they do is complain, yet I have never seen as much as a hint of unkindness come off her. She has this unbreakable love for God, life, and every good thing in-between. Thank you LORD Jesus Christ. As for me I complained up a storm when I found out I was going to prison. I was going in a rampage, of anger and hostility. True love is the joy in serving others. In helping others, and letting them know in your own special way without as much as a word that you love them. Wow, my old high was riding a bicycle and looking back knowing, "Wow I just rode 100 miles in a day!" Now it's realizing there is a new Christian way. That my friend is when you help someone handicapped no one else in prison no one gives a lick about to shave or shower or change their clothes for them. It's a total rush when you realize all the old ways are changed, and the new has come. There's a new life now, and it's not found in a glass of wine, or in having a beautiful woman holding you. I've had that opportunity, but thank the good LORD He takes things away. He makes you realize you no longer need to "make love" to a bunch of girly pictures in a jail cell. He takes feelings like that away and lets you see that love is serving a kind couple a prayer, or helping a challenged person with food. Becoming a Christian is happy and loving. I've been fooled into thinking the devil's lie Todd Jessie Garton’s, "you don't want to be around all these happy people do you?" Well as a matter of a fact I do. I don't want to live the life of chaos and anarchy anymore. I wrote the book on it, it's was called, "The World of Total Chaos." In all those years, in thinking life's problems were solved by things like "Marine Corps Mechanic, Role Playing Game Designer, Business Owner, AA degree holder, and Forest Service Fire Fighter." It was all superficial. I was hurting inside because I had no love. I was hollow and empty. Then God stamped "Prisoner" to my list of qualifications.

God striped everything away, but if you’ve ever read Job, He gave it all back. As of 4/13/07 I'm writing in and I am about ready to begin to publish my book. (I lost that all once again due to Pastor and my caretaker Brock Dale Bernstein stealing all my money leaving me with over $35,000.00 in debt.) God has (had) provided all I need. I just got back from the behavioral center to fulfill a vow I made to God. I now have (had) plenty of money and God is taking care of all my needs. I hope you enjoy these writings as much as I have in writing them. Note: As of June 4th 2013 God will bless this ministry again with double what I had before. Another thing is, I like who I am and what I have become and I am no longer worried about the past nor do I worry about what others think. Amen...

God Will See You Through

Way back years into jail I had two prophetic words from the LORD. They were delivered by another inmate and simply the words "have faith." My mom had a dream an angel said to her that everything would be alright. Later there were other prophecies and things that only God could do. I did however, not know that God wanted me in prison. I thought God wanted me out and with S***? Surely I was ready to go. "Not even close Dale." I had major amounts of work to be done, and all kinds of learning, and a battle for my own soul. I learned suicide was not the answer but it had its temptations. Friends think of this.
Here you are you want a second chance. Well you don't think Joseph didn't want his chance. Sure he did. He wanted out of that sewer they called a dungeon. He didn't get a break as sometimes we don't. My parents knew my out date was not until January 28th 2007, but I rebuked not only them, but God Himself. See the words, "have faith," were not you'll get out early. My parents knew that my date was set by God himself and only could be rendered by Him. God uses prisons like furnaces to help us. Friends I have to tell you, you can survive prison. It is called, "obedience." If you obey God you can get out of some terrible situations. It's funny the things we all go through, and I'm not the only one. I read of a helicopter pilot that got shot down in Vietnam. The book was called, "Five Years to Freedom." This man survived some very harsh stuff. Hey people do. Let me tell you I've been in little cells with nothing but a smock that doesn't fit and my own urine to drink off the floor to keep me alive since the guards were not bringing me water. These little cells will drive you crazy real quick. I was already insane and then I went further insane. You have to have things to keep the mind busy. As for me it was the constant attacks from the devils that were possessing my mind. Voices were sounding off continually. I did not know what to think, all I could think was just how mean they are. God has given me a lot of things but the real reward is eternal life. THOUGH THINGS LOOK BAD IF GOD GIVES YOU A PROPHETIC WORD HE WILL SEE YOU THROUGH... AMEN!!!

Today’s log December 6, 2007 (edited once again June 4, 2013)
Today someone went off the deep end of life perhaps trying to go back to prison. He slit our cat’s throat nearly killing at. We all loved our cat. Sometimes though that is the way things go in people's lives that have no love. It's very sad, and I get very discouraged sometimes. It's like when you spend hours cleaning and someone else comes up behind you and destroys everything you work for. I get tired of cleaning up other people’s messes. Life can be very frustrating at times. The little voice in my head continually tells me, “we press on.” Things like this, and other things, can really wear away at the spirit. As if things were not already bad enough, someone comes along and throws a stick in your spokes. Once again, we crash to another low level. It's just like when Todd Jessie Garton made me go to Portland, Oregon with him on the most terrible trip of my life. I was very confused, hurting, and needing my Savior, but Todd Jessie Garton made it too hard for me to find. I was too blinded by Satan's lies. Today the man who nearly killed the cat, got fooled by the devil too.

STOP THE VIOLENCE!!!

Chapter 4  It ends now!!!
Taken from one of my other books...

Poetry and Short Stories

Death: In my own words- it is the destruction of earthly life as we know it. It involves a final judgment, and a fiery end or eternal life in paradise. The choice however, is yours. You can do as you will, or you can bless the one who gave you life in the first place and that is God.

Looking Back, Spring 1998:
Back in the spring of 1998, my lady friend, Carole Ann Holman lost her life to the attack of her wicked husband’s plans. It was at the hand of a brutal husband, a person I call Satan, and the Devil. The person he hired carried out the "hit" at the commands of Todd Jessie Garton. The evil
pathological lying husband had gotten his wife pregnant and she was carrying an eight month his own baby in her womb. This crime was so evil, I literally saw this pregnant woman lying dead in her own pool of blood. I speculate Satan the husband expected me to arrive early to call 911. I just had a flash back thinking about it. People can be very insensitive when it comes to death, because it hurts so much seeing it. Even now people still ask me about it and it gives me flashbacks. I had no clue what they were up to when they did this. Had I known their evil plot, I would have done something to stop it, for example killing the husband to prevent my Carole Ann Holman’s murder. Situations were so bad that at the time as drastic as it sounds, that was the only way to stop the satanic maniac. Otherwise Todd Jessie Garton would have been released from prison and he would have gone on a killing spree and I would have been one of his targets. Everything that happened was absolutely crazy. How can you kill another man, other than as in combat in a war, or police on the streets? This was not a war, nor a drug infested back street neighborhood. There were no friendlies to pick us up, nor anyone to help us had we been wounded. The evil husband did not care. It was like a war for him, and Todd Jessie Garton’s lies were pure confusion toward everyone else. The husband had weaved such a huge network of lies, and now it is finally coming unraveled. Lies have a way of catching up with you at the end. If you live as a liar you will die in the lake of fire.

(Rev 21:8) All liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

On the other hand if you tell the truth, you will be made free. John 8:32.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

Disclaimer:
I do not know how this will all work out. I have a lot of writings to sort through that I wrote in jail and in prison. It will literally take me years to process it all. (I have made very little success on retyping all those works. Many are good writings I just have been so depressed over what pastor Brock Dale Bernstein did to me by stealing all my money shutting this ministry down.) That is how hard I worked to get my life back in order while locked up. Still I did the time, and believe me I was a very angry person about it. I was so angry I said some very bad things to a lot of people. I lost my mind and that did not help. Not to make excuses but I was guilty for my part in the crime. I did what I did and that was not right.

Non-Religious Writings:
Speed

(This is a very offensive poem because it speaks the truth.)
If you are a user you do not want to read this because it is absolute reality!!!
I am the drug everyone needs.
Use me just once you'll be hooked on speed.
I'll take you higher and faster than you could ever go on weed.
I'll make you sell your body and turn you into a whore.
Come on and use me you won't be a bore.
You can go crazy like a mad man, you don't need to sleep anymore.
Speed is for dieting you can can lose so much weight.
You'll have fun getting high until you come behind the iron gate.
How far have you gone before you get behind iron bars?
How deep has the pain set in what are the emotional scars.
How many other drugs have you tried?
To how many people have you lied?
How are your finances, how much did you have to steal?
Are you homeless and starving begging for a meal?
When you come to jail what will be the deal?
Look in the mirror how many teeth have you lost!
Calculate the damage how much did the drugs really cost?
Where are your friends, now that you're behind bars?
Look at the track marks, hair loss, sunken eyes, and the other emotional scars.
I read your poems, I've seen you study, and I know you want a new life.
You're in jail prison, or at the Mission and you won't change I've seen all the strife.
Here your locked up, you drink caffeinated tea and coffee to get high.
When medication rounds come you get your drugs for a low I can't understand why?
As soon as you walk out the door you'll light a cigarette or go to a bar.
When you get drunk you'll drive home in your car.
Pretty soon you'll look for a hit of speed.
It doesn't take long for you to be in the need.
Chasing the dragon, pursuing Satan’s seed.
Perhaps it's acid or heroine or some other drug.
Come on and use me it gives you a little tug.
Your body is like steel it will never give way.
Sharing needles, unprotected sex, thinking you'll live forever life soon swept away.
Ah there's a child here and a child there, but you're so selfish you don't even care.
They are given up for adoption but you are hardly aware.
When you are on speed you tend to forget about things like protection.
You don't have a care in the world about anyone else or your own direction.
Sure when you're on speed you'll have friends.
When you're headed to prison all the friendship quickly ends.
The speed will be waiting for you to get out of the pen.
Will you ever get off, or will you let the drugs win?
So as this poor child looks up to his parents all high once again.
Will he too follow the pattern off into the drugs and their sin?
The Drugs Were More Important: 
or so he thought!

He was a great kid in school. He had decent parents and a good home. He had a 4.0 grade point average, which was until he did drugs. Shall I say the drugs did him? In his folly he got permanently expelled from high school his senior year. The drugs became more important than school. Now he's only twenty years old and headed for the pen. Pen is short for prison. In the process of doing drugs bad things happen. Old ladies get robbed, children get molested, things get vandalized, and people get disease, and imprisonment. Friends we got caught and that is all there is to it. I did a stupid crime and believe me there was no negotiating over my sentence.

So what do you do as a new criminal returning into society? You may be in prison while your girlfriend is raising your daughter. Perhaps your parents are having their fiftieth wedding anniversary but you can't make it because you are in prison that or you get out and no one welcomes you nor wants you around. That hurt me terribly being left out from the family.

Prison is a very sad, lonely, and depressing place to be. It is the closest thing to hell on earth. You'll want out so bad but you know you cannot have it especially when you’re watching TV since it reminds you so often of freedom and the outside world. You may get into rehab, but that is only successful if you are willing to have a true change of heart. I ask folks who have never been there to please get your priorities straight in life.

Broken Cup:
Having a bad day in jail, to say the least!
I had a real bad day. I had to listen to all the tapes of the recordings of my interviews especially the 911 phone calls. It was horrible remembering the day that my life was destroyed. I did not want to think of it. I went back to my cell and threw my beloved unbreakable cup against the door as hard as I could. The door defeated my cup. I used ink to seal it. I've kicked the door with my thongs. The door was the winner in that day as well. Other times I have punched the wall with all my might, screaming profanities as loud as I could. This is not the life my friends. It tears you apart. I am still reaping much destruction from the wake of such evil.

Insanity:

At the time of this writing I had been insane three times. (At least three years of insanity looking back I think it was longer.) During my prison sentence I had been insane for years. Here and there were sanity and insanity mixed together unknowing whether I was sane or insane. I still went to the Behavioral Center in Yuba City, March 7. It was the last insanity run I have to
endure, still I have to take my medications. (In retrospect looking back I went to prison twice. The second round was for 10 days and I have been in five mental hospitals for different periods of time. In times since then I have been partially sane here and there. It is very hard to live with taking all these medications and living with the side effects.

**The Alaskan Trip:**

This is a true story about a Laotian man who tried importing 90 pounds of illegal drugs into the United States from his country to Alaska. As you can see his plans were changed as he landed in jail and later prison. Sometimes a quick buck, isn’t quite worth it if it turns into an early retirement plan with locking doors and concrete walls and a small cell and some person you never even met.

It was 5:30 in the morning and time to depart. He had a long journey ahead, he must get an early start. Thursday night was the last time he saw his kids and his loving wife. He's on a mission out of state to start a new prison life. He tried to get rich, but he didn't know quite what he was getting into. The dogs smelled the imported packages, their noses sure knew. He signed for the packages, and that was all it took. Sinteff knew the wiser, they already had a look. Ninety seven pounds of opium, a lot of people could get high. All day and night he would continually cry. I know his feeling, I felt his pain. Your whole life destroyed over financial gain. Is money so great, selling the drugs, your bodies for a cheap thrill? How about murder for hire, money for the kill? His children will grow up while he's behind the bars. Is money really worth it, fancy homes and fast cars? Three years in jail, I have to say "no?" Long cold lonely years ahead in an Alaskan prison, he just had to go.

**Things I've Learned In Jail...**

Cock roaches move fast and in great numbers. By helping others we solve our own problems. Ice cream makes even the most hardened criminal happy. Everyone has a will to survive. You can learn more Spanish in two days of jail, than in two years of high school. I've learned that by teaching yourself another language you can help a lot. If you pass gas there is no escape from the smell, nor for the people who are literally ready to kill you for fouling the air. Everyone incarcerated is afraid, especially of the unknown, though they do not want to show it. I've seen even both the "biggest and baldest," kill themselves.
THE WEAPONS WE CARRY

Unless you have a business to carry a gun then people carry weapons because they are scared. We carry big weapons to offset the fear in our hearts. When we draw our swords, someone draws blood. Once we to draw blood, we need to draw more. It is like we can never get enough. The revenging of our enemies creates hatred and anger in their hearts. I think all of us have seen the classic, ”Romeo and Juliet.” Violence accomplishes little, love accomplishes much. No wonder God won. For me I have handed my sword over to the LORD and I am now letting Him fight my battles for me.

Killing Pestilent Weeds!

*It's easy and rewarding, not like killing flowers.*

We buy weed eaters to destroy weeds. Weeds are easy to destroy because they look terrible, prick us, and are an eyesore and they are all in the way. Even these prickly things do serve a purpose, such as keeping mountains from sliding into the rivers and eventually into the sea. As for almost any man, I think it is much harder to destroy a flower than a weed. Show yourself as a flower, not for men to be dressed in pink, and perhaps the world will not want to destroy you. However Jesus showed himself as a beautiful flower and look what happened to him. Must have been insane when I wrote this part…

I Regret What I Have Done...

For me, I thought of my first reactions when I first got to jail. It is that we are sorry. Now that we are in need we feel pain. We try to show mercy to let the world know we're sorry. If we put up a good enough show maybe they will let us out? This thought has to go through everyone's minds. I know it did for me. Little did I know my quest was off to prison to serve a decade at 85 percent time. I want to do more, and I hope I am doing it now. I was a typical man, one enthralled by his own success, (a success quickly fading) and yet a man with problems. Many people when they are down start using drugs and alcohol as an escape. As for me, my thinking became corrupt, and I began to think more evil. I was becoming like my supposable friend Satan Todd Jessie Garton I followed well. He spent two years enjoying destroying my life before my fall which led to prison. I had written here back all those years ago sometime between 1998-2000, that my life had been headed for a huge tailspin. Once something is done, in some cases reversal is impossible. If, however, you see someone off into the same path of destruction I was on I encourage you to steer them back on track. I recall a few people on the same path just like I was before jail. They too were convince that it was too late to change from their past. Friends back where I was before I came to jail, I was making minimum wages at a molding factory. I was just barely staying above financial water. Having had to declare bankruptcy two years before because an accident my evil crime partner Todd Jessie Garton purposely caused drove me into a financial hard place. I know what it is like to be in want. I have not had to go hungry, but I do recall having to figure out where money would come from for things I needed to survive. Times were tough and they are much tougher now. For me when I was down and out, it was hard because I did not want to admit it. I had too much pride to sink into the fact that my old life just wasn't
working out. I felt if I accepted a handout I was some sort of failure. I couldn't "belittle" myself at the time. Friends sometimes we need to relearn all that we have in order to get our lives back in order. It's hard to see how wrong a person can be if you're on the top of life. When you are down you feel you are out of solutions such is in my case now. I can see now why some people take the bait of the life of drugs, stealing, or doing wicked things as I have done. Sometimes there may seemingly be no hope or place to turn. Let me give you a place, 1-800-525-LOVE for K-love radio and they have pastors on staff. The internet web site is KLOVE.com. I hope they do not mind me giving it out.

**There are flip sides to every pancake...**
*(Wow this was obviously written during my insanity!)*

When we serve pancakes we always try to put the good side up. We don't like to see the bad side for fear of embarrassment, guilt, shame, and the fear we made a mistake. So why do we serve our pancakes with the good side up? Are we afraid to show aren't perfect, and if so why? Almost every pancake is a little darker on one side. Some are much darker than others. Occasionally you flip over the pancake to see what it looks like on the other side. Some do this before they bite into it. Others eat their pancakes without even looking. The same can be said about life. We all make mistakes. Some burn a few pancakes, some burn down the whole kitchen. (That almost happened in the last house I was living in.) It doesn't mean we can never cook again, it just means next time we need a bigger fire extinguisher. (or the fire department) We all need food for the soul. If we eat garbage we turn into garbage. There is a saying about food, "you are what you eat." It's a book sometimes I call my sword. You can use it without the devastating effects of a gun, or other weapon. Though you may not get an answer immediately, just know someone upstairs is listening. God doesn't always speak through burning bushes, earthquakes, or other ways. It's that still small voice that God gets his message across. I hope this did the job. Usually that is the voice that people hear, after all when your eardrums are shattered what can you do?

AMEN...

**Stop The Violence!!!**

**Introduction**

Chapter 5 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 a 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. 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
July 98 to January 28th 2007

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.
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 hatesommiozzecials (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. Some were bad apples and would stage rapes, and murders. This was rare because most Correctional Officers and Guards 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." From what I heard certain 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 loseneth 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
Stop The Violence
by
Unnamed
I used to think so low of myself I blotted out my own name. Even on the books I wrote I later went back to blot out my name.

Years ago back in 1998 I was convicted of heinous crime. I'm deeply ashamed of what I did. I was into the world, a full-blown atheist and a fool as the Bible defines it. I was a man with the guns who cared for no one. I have a story to tell about this fool headed for hell. It was the stupid crime for no reason a foolish time in a silly season. My life was a mess my crime take a guess, it was the devil whose paths weren't level. Through the Almighty God I survived, through my words I hope this speech comes alive. It's really not cool to live life as a fool, to pack a gun living life on the run. It's a real bad thing to find fame in the wrong way. Everything seems well and fine, such as stupid life of crime. All seems well then you see yourself in the newspaper headed for prison’s hell. What hurts so much is being convicted of the worst part of the crime. Your evil satanic crime mate Todd Jessie Garton, the one full of hate lied. I would hope you'd see the folly of conspiracy. Too many people were involved in one crime. What I did not know was Todd Jessie Garton dropped a dime. He killed his wife Carole Ann Garton and his unborn child Jessie James Garton. I had no idea how someone could be so cruel? All that man did was hate. He hated me, but I was too blind to see. He tried to make me go down for his own crime, so what I told the truth to set me free I dropped the dime. So if he's condemned for hell I don't care God is not a killer as well for God is fair.

So here I sit at night!
It's a sad day when all I can look forward to is to be beat to death. You want to die. You want your lungs to suck the last breath. Dying is harder than you think!? One verse in the Bible rings in my head like a bell. Matthew 24:13 "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." The truth stares you in the face; you can just lie down and die. You want to! You keep telling yourself, "I don't want to wake up in the morning." You wake yourself. Then the same brick walls stare you in the face. The fluorescent light hums at a constant 45 dB at 60 Hz. You don't notice it much in the day but you hear it at night. It's a continual reminder that I'm still here. A good 300 pounds of steel, that is the bed frame, keeps you safely tucked away at night. A huge monstrous behemoth would have a hard time breaking through the cell. Sad enough to say you ain't going anywhere. A mirror stares you in the face to let you know it really is you. Some days you want to cry other days you want to go ballistic. You want to vent your anger on what? A brick wall; I've tried it many times. It makes your knuckles bleed. You can

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.
kick your sink and scream some curse words. The strong sink won't dent in, but you might upset the
neighbors. Before you know it you're venting anger on another person. Curse words fly out like a
heathen. (Or drunken Marine, which certainly never pointed to me.) Proverbs 16 comes
to mind: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that
taketh city." You realize once again I have sinned. Crying out to God saying, "Father forgive me for
my sins!" Other people look at you saying to themselves, “is this the guy who studies the Bible?”
You feel lower than low. Will I ever be worthy of the kingdom of God I wonder what should I do, I
study hard, in Christian stuff? Does anyone care? I realize I'm going nowhere. Court has gone all
wrong. "Correctional Institution," more like, "punishment facility?!" You wake up to another day in
the Devil’s paradise. God's earth is out there only you can’t be there. Outside the jail window you see
people having fun and enjoying life, only I was too stupid to have a life. Now I’m jammed up in
some little spot. Heck I haven’t touched the ground in over two years. I don't know when or if I will
ever again. I've done all I can. People haven't come through. Looking back there really wasn’t much
they could do. I spin circles walking laps every day pondering a new plan. All the other plans had
failed. If I didn't have hope I'd self-destruct. I always kept hope I would be in heaven though to be
honest I did not think I would ever finish my prison sentence. I had hope my former girlfriend would
wait for me. She wanted children and who could blame her for leaving me. Not only could I not give
her the children she wanted, I had a vasectomy through the previous girlfriend, but I was a man of
shame and would never be successful ever again. So what hope? God gave me some talents. I can
draw a real well. I kicked out a few drawings. Pencils are now a security risk. The guard walked
through and saw my pictures how I just started a new one. He took all my pencils. I had to sit there
and take it. I ripped up the picture I started in front of the guard and threw it away. It broke my heart.
Sure I have treasure in heaven. What do I have now? There is a crummy thing they call an ink pen if
you could call it that. It's in a ink tube inside of vinyl a tube. You write about 25 pages and starts
going dead. My artwork is over. My other talent I can design a highly complex things in my head.
How about an engine that gets 2000 miles per gallon? Absurd, not at all, the record is 7000 miles per
gallon. Only this is an inexpensive practical modification to a car or truck big rig boat and many
other engines too. Imagine a world even with free power fuel its vehicles unlimited water and more.
Am I a nut, yes...! I spent four years in the Marine Corps. I sent them everything. They didn't even
respond though I have even newer and better designs now. Many years later as I am editing this
writing in May 2013 I found out that Stanley Meyers created an extremely efficient engine that runs
on water. My engine designs are somewhat obsolete. I found out why the government was not
interested in my designs because they don’t want efficient engines because they make more money
selling fuel and destroying our planet. I read Merlin Carother’s, “Prison to Praise” book. I took his
advice and thanked God for everything. Nothing seemed to work. Later I cursed it all away once
again. (Many years later I now that I am out of prison I realize it is good to thank God for everything.
I learned to thank God for prison and now I am learning to thank God for all the spoilers including
Brock Dale Bernstein for robbing all this ministry ever had. I realize prison was a blessing so I would
learn the Bible and share this great testimony with everyone I can. I realize the money lost was a
blessing because I would have gotten this website out in the search engines while it was not at all
edifying.) Nothing worked from behind those walls of hell and damnation except the sickness called
hate. There are new laws like 85% time. They came into effect at the wrong time. I read in the paper
something to the effect our governor wants to keep real violent prisoners in prison. What can I say,
people change! So I try to move on to new plan. What is it? I continue to write Christian writings and
read the Bible. I'm burned out and want something new yet I lack the choices. So I sit here at night
staring at the concrete floor. I thought about sending a petition to God. I gave up praying for myself.
(You should always pray for yourself as well as others. I had to wait till long after prison to realize
that though.) Sure if I'm sick or in bed, my hand hurts, because I'm writing things Satan doesn’t want
me to say, I will rebuke the infirmity in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I'm used to being alone
now. Before I came here I had a love. It's destroyed now. A 10-year sentence killed things real good. I write her at least three times a month. I haven't gotten a response in almost a year. (I wrote her several times a month all throughout my eight year seven month prison sentence. I never gave up hope until she finally slammed me with a hate letter in the eighth year sentence of my prison term. God finally had to tell me she was gone in the behavioral center in March 2007 in dreams. I always kept the hope up because without hope I’d fall apart. Sometimes though it was hard to give up hope I thank my lady friend crime partner Lynn Noyes for being a friend when I needed one. I later found out that while in jail she was backstabbing me by writing Todd Jessie Garton. Lynn Noyes still loved Todd Jessie Garton. I think she just wanted to go home. She talked about withdrawing her plea bargain. It's hard for us to say you're guilty when some of the crimes you didn't commit. I got blamed of things I never committed, but I left it all in the hands of God and didn’t worry about it. They said I communicated on the computer which I never did. I never even knew how to do that. Certain people thought they knew more than they did. Well they were wrong. They… (The rest of this file was lost in the shuffle and I do not know where it went. Sorry!)

The Evils of Harry Potter

I stayed at a relative’s house for Christmas. Whenever I walk into a person’s house I often look at their book cases and see the types of books they own. Often this tells much about a person’s character as does a selection of DVD’s.

While staying there I noticed the entire set of Harry Potter series. I have always thought Harry Potter to be a wicked and evil set of books. They are disguised as children’s books. In fact one of the local schools here in Redding California was raving how great the books were. While I was in jail Harry Potter had a huge following. There was even a public show demonstrating Harry Potter and all its characters. I was so upset I wrote a paper trying to steer people away from the Harry Potter demonstration. I gave it to a fellow inmate that was getting out of jail in time to make a public objection to the Harry Potter demonstration. Sadly this other inmate was too much of a coward and non-Christian to pass out my flyers. I was very upset when a fellow friend went by and to my dismay I learned he never even showed up. He was just another loser that continually came in and out of jail never learning a thing. I learned my lesson before I even did my crime however I was not given a second chance. In fact the entire book of the law was thrown at me as I later learned from my dad. Sadly what I learned is that most people come in and out of jail never learning a single thing and taking freedom for granted.

While I stayed at my relative’s home for Christmas I had wicked nightmares both nights. The first night I stayed up nearly the entire night even though I was extremely tired. I decided lack of sleep was better than nightmares. The next night I just caved in and let the nightmares happen. Both nights I prayed to the Almighty God but to no avail. I still had nightmares.

The next day as soon as I came home and slept at home I had no nightmares of any kind. In fact things were back to normal and I had victory over my enemies. The point of this article is that there lies wickedness and evil in unsuspecting areas. Though it may not molest anyone else this type of evil attacks even some of the strongest Christians. I have to admit these were some of the worst nightmares I have had in a very long time. Sadly there was no ability or fight in me to stand against these wicked books. I was not unrighteous in any way while there. In fact I read my Bible many many hours while there. It just
goes to show you that sometimes you have to get rid of the evil things before you can get a good night’s rest. amen…

For more great books by Dale Lee Gordon click link below:

www.dalesbooks.org

For great websites also created by Dale Lee Gordon click below.

www.coloryourworldwithlove.com

For more on Stop the Violence and other ministries by Dale Lee Gordon click link below.

www.dalegordon.net
www.toddgarton.com
www.marinesforchrist.com
www.lawenforcementforchrist.com
www.inmateministries.org
God is Love!
1 Thessalonians 5:17
Pray without ceasing
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Color Your Prison Walls With Love

I have struggled extremely hard to make all my works happen. As it is there are still nine boxes of writings at my parents house that have not even touched yet. Much of my works were lost in computer crashes and other disasters that came my way. I have paid thousands of dollars for web hosting, domain names, printing, ink, copyrights, scanning and image rendering, web advertising and more.

When I was in jail doing the above art people thought it strange why I drew the inside of the jail. I knew one day nearly two decades later I would have a ministry that would celebrate the love of God and the reality of the Bible. People in high places would laugh at me over my websites and I think they expected me to fail. At first they were right that I did fail. However failure in my case was not an option. I plan to one day soon overcome the damages that Pastor / Caretaker Brock Dale Bernstein did to me while I was so sick. I intend to beat his plans Brock had to destroy this ministry and bring it back from the dunghills of life.

Since I can only afford two copyrights instead of four I plan to put Stop the Violence and Color Your World With Love Poetry into two books instead of four smaller books. This will affect the price of the donation. If you can’t afford a donation these books are free. If you can afford a donation or even more than what I am asking then that will really help me. I am trying to get my books published into paper form but it is extremely costly. I figure if a homeless man asking for a handout on the street makes over $3000.00 a month, who is using the money on drugs, cigarettes, and booze, you can pay me what I am worth. I do a lot of charitable deeds even in my poverty. I have to be able to declare bankruptcy, if I still can, to prevent all the creditors from taking every dime of profit I receive. Also I am taking care of orphans each month with a lot of money and host their site at: http://www.childrenministriespk.com/index.html I am their sole support and it is extremely hard to take care of them and myself. I used to take care of a widow too until she continually abused my tithe. If God has spoken to your heart donate and also pass this site onto your friends. My computers need to be updated, my car repaired, and a new roof on my parent’s trailer house I live in. I have two bank accounts that are closed due to money I owe them. Friends I am not a bad steward of my money it is just I can’t change the past when an evil pastor stole all I had to live on. Please I beg you forgive a wicked sinner. amen…
Color Your Prison
Walls With Love

By: Someone Who Cares

Visit: www.coloryourworldwithlove.com

First written in mid 2008 edited in 2013.

Former Role Playing Game Designer...

From hard core atheist to total Jesus lover

A story of a man who found the LORD in the impossible place of prison. Faced with prison, and a decade of time at 85% time the tables turned. I survived!!!

Truly Thankful to God,

I am thankful that I spent the last nearly decade of my life in prison. I am thankful for the permanent mental illness that occurred while locked up. I am thankful that God answers prayers even from a place so evil and hateful. I am
thankful that God had enough mercy to save a sinner that was so far in sin and a hard core atheist.

Just as promised God has saved me from the valley of the shadow of death, certainly that is what prison is. Being meek in prison and not playing prison politics is an appetite for destruction. Truly I was blind but now I see. It may have cost a quarter of my life however; God saved me this wicked sinner. Amen and Amen.

Forgiving & Thanksgiving

Sometimes we go through difficult times.

Great songs are, "I need you," by Lee Ann Rhymes.

We may do time.

All for a stupid wicked crime.

We hammer things out on the anvil of life.

HEAVEN'S a hard road, we enter by strife.
We learn to thank GOD in all things.

When someone disrespects you life is challenging.

We get stuck in the road, trapped in a rut.

Satan's sword, how deep must it cut?

There is coming a new day of thanksgiving.

A day of the dead they arise perfect and living.

Though it is hard to forgive others for the things that they've done.

The battle is over and victory is won.

We learned about this victory from God sending His Son.

Look after the rain, to the sun shining.

God writes his signature in the sky in His own handwriting.

The rainbow's end, to us assurance, to the Devil it's frightening.

Forgiving

It's hard to forgive believe me I know all about it. Basic instinct tells most of us that our flesh wants to get even. We judge others while not judging ourselves. You cannot do what so ever you chose and then be simply forgiven of all. Salvation is an everyday thing. I hate to burst your bubble, but why then does the Bible use this kind of language?
Philippians 2:12. Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

And furthermore are the following two verses:

Job 4:8

Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same.

Galatians 6:7

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

I have to be honest sometimes I do not want to give out my website cards. Sometimes I do not want people to go to my website, especially, and I mean especially teens. Often I fear my writings are just too far off the beaten path. Still I know God has anointed me with something. It’s called forgiveness a taste of my own medicine. If God gives you a mission in life you have no choice. It’s so important that if you do not run with such and such you could lose your salvation.
I stayed in God's word daily when I was going through my spiritual battle. It was a lonely war. I hated every day of it, but there was no choice. Has God's mercy and love have been washed down like it's some cheap trinket you find in a quarter machine? Is God's word comparable to the toy you find in a "Lucky Charms," box? I think not! So why are we going around delivering false gospels, and distorting the truth. I will tell you why? We are afraid of the truth because we simply do not want to hear it. We want the gospel of myself, or the Gospel of so and so and such and such. We want freedom and freedom you'll get but it will only be for a season. That is of course a "silly season." Where will we be; I'll give you the answer. It will be off to the left of the Great White Throne.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

Matthew 25:41

Friends this is serious! If you think you can just sit around and be a couch potato Christian you have another thing coming. We cannot do whatever we want and expect to be forgiven.

It's funny how we can look at our past. I messed mine all up. Now I am trying to take a hold of my past and change it. I want my readers to know I am trying to pull the beam out of my own eye, before pulling the speck out of another's. Perhaps I have been a little hard on my ex-girlfriend. It hurt me terribly but as I wrote in another book who cares? We have to let it all go. I have to realize I may see her in heaven, even as a neighbor. If so I have to forgive her, and the same will have to go to her. God will not put up with the foolish family feuds we all have. In heaven's new city God may decide to make us neighbors.
I used to think movies like "Grumpy Old Men," were funny. I know I have talked on this subject before, but I will speak on it again. That kind of attitude is just plain wrong! Even impractical jokes really are not funny. After all who wants a dead fish to rot stinking up your car. Who wants your favorite fishing pole, "The Green Hornet," to be broken. Wow, when I saw that I saw the intense hatred which was no longer funny. At that point they crossed the line. For me after watching it in prison the movie was no longer funny.

One day we will have a chance to look at all the things in our lives. WE WILL BE JUDGED FOR BOTH THE GOOD AND BAD, HOWEVER THE CARDS FALL THEY FALL: JUST REMEMEBER ETERNITY IS A VERY LONG TIME!!! God will insure we have the chance to see all we have done as there will be no lack of time.

I write some things that could be taken silly or stupid, however you look on them. It's like the donkey going foo in Noah's sleeping place which could be course humor definitely with no taste. (That was from another writing.) Was I inspired to write that, doubtfully, or was I insane which happens a lot in my life.

If I have been hard on my ex-girlfriend I am sorry. Sometimes it takes pages and pages to heal from a broken heart. There is another book with 66 books and over 1000 pages describing God's love for mankind. NO MATTER WHAT GOD DOES FOR HIS CHILDREN MANY OF THEM DESPISE AND HATE HIM. ALL THE BLAME IS PUT ON GOD RATHER THAN THE DEVIL. GOD IS NOT A KILLER, BUT RATHER A LOVER AND A SURVIVOR AND IT PAINS HIM TO SEE PEOPLE LEAVE HIS SIDE. THIS WAS PART OF THE BRAINWASHING TODD JESSIE GARTON USED TO DO TO ME.

So it takes God 66 books and then sending His beloved only Son to die for us to show us His great love yet we still do not always see it such as was the case for myself. So it takes roughly ten books to get this woman's past out of my system. I forgive her a long time ago for not sticking to my side when I needed her. After all so many other women did to their incarcerated boyfriends and husbands. I just had to realize she never loved me. The Bible says:
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:8

Sometimes we get angry, but just remember if God wanted robots he would have created them and they would have been emotionless garbage. Joyce Meyer knows what I'm talking about. Not only is she a wonderful preacher she is also a great comedian. Every time I see her she seems to always give you something to laugh about. That is what I wanted out of my ex-girlfriend. That is why I have a wounded heart. I had all these plans to run these ministries yet she did not care. I have finally gotten over her, but a few years back it was not that way.

Forgiving is one of the hardest things in life to do. People have killed others in wars or in their own folly. Still God tells us not to be angry. I have a hurting heart from seeing one of my best friends lying in a pool of her own blood. Do you know how much that hurts me? You can't imagine. To top it off I get sent to prison at the hands of my other three "friends," or as one person put it frenemies, who destroyed my friend behind my back. That day was the day the Devil, set the hook of my imprisonment and my insanity. From then on it was all downhill. I saw some things I loved, others I hated. It was like a struggle not knowing where to turn. One day on TV there was a show on the end of the world. Friends, that was back in 1998. Where are we now? I've said it before I'll say it again God is a God of time. Never try to hurry God as I have done, it doesn't work. God will give you messages that things will work out. I've had many lies done to me, but then God has told me many truths. I want to put it into the following language: Thank you God for sending my ex-girlfriend another man in her life.

SOMETIMES ONLY TIME CAN CURE AN OLD WOUND!
Love and peace forever.

When tears and pain are never.

God's love is never at rest.

God loves you and He loves you best.

Loving God for all He's done.

Welcome to eternity welcome to the fun.

You'll see things you've never seen with the eyes.

Heaven's rainbows are quite a surprise.

This wicked world has passed.

Our God came at last.

Our world so beautiful formed without sin.

Open arms of love a life without end.

Peace, and joy, faith, hope, and love.

Look up to heaven to God above.

Fear and terror we hurt no more.

With the love of God He ended our war.

Satan's candy you thought it to be your friend.

Where did you stand when the world did end.

Not much luck for the foolish sinner.

Be fryin in hell, we'll be enjoying the wedding dinner.
Peace, peace and mercy mild.
Enter God's pearl gates, be a one true child.
Live life in peace with brother and sister as well.
Don't be afraid of the devil and end up in hell.
It's hard to face the facts of the things we've done wrong.
The truth comes out, and eternity is long.
We chose our place.
For it is God in the end we face.
Chose your God, I chose mine.
Do you really wish to drink God's cup, His fury His wine?
Love can be the one war not to lose.
When it comes to God's love be careful who you chose.
Love is the answer to all we desire.
A love so strong such passion such a fire.
God our Jehovah-jireh, He's all we need.
Read God's word listen take heed.
Stories of endless love no death no pain.
No more medications just to keep me sane.
God and His undying love all I need.
So many are invited, yet so many won't take heed.
The Bible is your pathway it is your key.
Prison is a long time. I know I have been there. God is listening and I assure you He does not have His earplugs in. I learned the hard way there is no forgiveness to this wicked judicial system. Still learn to love them anyways. My attorney told me I would never be an evangelist. I guess she does not know the power of the internet. Oh well love them all anyways.

_Disclaimer: Some of my writing style is way off the beaten path of what normal Christianity is. In prison, you have a lot of time to think of the Bible and its many truths. This book is the honest truth about life I suggest reading it first as a parent before sharing it with children. For the book world call it PG 13._

Dream Log

12/16/07

Last night’s dream I saw a pillar cloud of lightning. It appeared from dark clouds off in the distance. I felt God’s love and his great power. Next I saw the tree in front of our house with the same lightning and this time fiery lightning as well. It was a dream to let me know that God still is reassuring me He is coming and that it will be soon. Amen and Amen...
My Fear:

Just what Is It I am doing God?

LORD SINCE I BECAME A CHRISTIAN BACK IN 1998,

I JUST DID THE VERY BEST I COULD...

LORD LET ME KNOW MY FAULTS, PLEASE.

My mind is gone wrong and it’s hard to correct. I don’t always know what I am doing especially with my writings. I just do the best I can, but the devil really put his two cents in. I know the calling you have put upon me. You have given me a great job and I am just putting my best effort forth. I just feel like I will never be good enough for you. Life is hard, and I feel wrong for asking what I am asking for. Today I bought a vehicle, but I cannot drive it because...? Well I will get pestered to death for rides that I just cannot afford to make. Not only that my license got revoked. I also found out between getting back my license and all the costs I would not be able to afford to drive it anyhow. I am loaning it out to a lady friend so she can get her college degree and she also uses the car for her daughter’s work driving her around spreading
the word of God. The car has been lent out for the LORD’S service so in honoring God I named
the car Samuel.

Time passed and as one would know the car was abused to a great deal and my parents
had to go to get it back. It became a nightmare. The car I loved dearly and now I no longer
even own it. It was absolutely heartbreaking. God did it to me for a lesson. It was to show me
just how painful it was to watch His only begotten Son die on the cross. My lesson was to see
the destruction of something I loved so dearly to me in the hands of a person who did not care.
It got rode hard lots of rough miles and from a practically new condition it is not anymore.
Every time I rode in it to church it hurt me terribly watching its abuse and the driver never
listened to a word I had to say. It was like God pleading for His Son yet having to turn His back
on Him to save humanity. In the end it was my father who can be likened to my Father, who
demanded the body of the car, though still running, it too needs some resurrecting work done
on it. I know a lot about cars and that car was tortured. It was over-revved, lugged, and just
plain hammered. So many times I just wanted to cry, but God gave me specific instructions,
just let it go. It was just like the death of Jesus beatings after beatings though the car tried to
show its love by continuing to run. It was a 97 Geo Metro LSI 5 speed, four door; the perfect
model. It was the car I always wanted and never was able to even drive it. Everyone was like,
“why are you doing this, they are not treating you fair.” I would try to explain that God gave
me specific instructions on what to do and just letting the car die. Three times we almost got in
wrecks. In one day the starter hit the flywheel twice while running, and that was after I tried to
tell them to take it easy on the car. In the end it was a mercy killing, not letting the car
completely die, just as with Jesus none of His bones were broken and He died fairly quick on the
cross. The pain was wondering if when I would receive the car that it was destroyed. In the
end I never even got as much as a thank you card for letting the lady borrow my car for seven
thousand miles and over half a year. In fact I think she hates me because the car got taken
away. In all that time I had to do the maintenance, putting a considerable amount of time and
my own money into it. The daughter will has kindly stepped up to the plate and offered to pay
for a portion of the repairs which is kind, but it won’t heal my own scars nor will her payment
even begin to pay for all the damage. God made sure to let it hurt enough to make me feel
what He felt about his only Son who He loved so dear. Let me tell you that whole episode hurt.
Every time I see that car from now on it will be like the Father looking into His Son’s nail scared
hands. The car is now an eyesore rusting and rotting and hurting me each and every time I look
at it.

I now have a petition to God that I don’t like living off of SSI. (I am on pension from the
Marines now which I earned and I don’t feel bad about taking it.) I desperately need this
money since I do have a lot of hindering mental issues. Life is like a battle, and sometimes we only have one chance. I have made the mistake of going too far too fast only to dig myself into a hole I wasn't able to escape. Thank goodness God was there. I've lied, cheated, said things inappropriate in my writings, and failed as a human being. Still I am a child of the Most High God. I love Him and when He says "type" I type. The problem as I just found out it was the Devil telling me to type. He is so sneaky! I realize now the role the Devil played so much in my original writings. The Devil would get into my mind and make me feel like I was some kind of prophet which is very far from the truth.

I fear I may be hurting people rather than helping. I do not know. I just know had my life been absolutely perfect then no one would be able to relate to me. How can you relate to someone who is absolutely perfect? Well you can when you figure that man was LORD Jesus Christ and He did His all for humanity. I think however, it goes deeper. We have to look in the mirror and see what we are according to the Bible. That my friends, is the scale we will be measured and weighed out on. I feel so terrible I feel like I must work very hard to serve others. Look up those characters in the Bible and their tribulations, and time and life goes on. The door of salvation has not closed just yet. I feel my calling to let people know there is a better way and that of course is through Jesus Christ our LORD and Savior. He is love. I know I am not supposed to say the things we do, but I helped a lady yesterday when she was down and out. We could have just driven on by but I felt God pulling at my heart. I'm in the hole so bad and I don't even care. God is already providing and He continues to provide. I have not made a penny on these writings. I don't know if I ever will, but still God is faithful and just. What He promises in His Word I believe. When I was with my first Parole Officer he drove me to Redding. He told me first that he did not want to be lied to. I couldn't lie so I just shut up. I did as God said and I gave over $200.00 away within the first month in tithes. I had nothing and I was broke and I wasn't going to tell my P.O. or he'd be very angry with me! On the other hand look at Saul when he disobeyed Samuel's words. He lost everything and sometimes we only have one chance and God only knows He has forgiven me several times and even cleaned up several of my disasters. I fell apart in jail and even in prison. When I dealt with mental problems I fell apart even more watching my whole world fall apart around me and it is very hard. We do, however, become stronger.

I do a lot of things. I supported K-LOVE with all I could give them. I supported our church. Now I support orphans in Pakistan and Kenya, but I have given so much I cannot survive and take care of myself. This month June 5, 2013 I have finally given God an ultimatum that I cannot afford to support the orphans anymore. God will have to take care of them, by taking care of my debt first. I do all I can do for the body of Christ and still I feel short of my goal. Lately I am so overextended I can barely do a thing for others.
In the end which I will cover later, I loaned a pastor of the “faith” house I was living at over $35,000.00 in which he never repaid me. In the end he provoked me to anger. Though I never had any bad intentions, other than wanting my money back in a peaceful way, I got angry when driven to insanity and sent him some not so nice e-mails. He was purposely pushing me to the point I would erupt in fury. I sat in prison for ten days after this Pastor and caretaker Brock Dale Bernstein repaid me with evil. I find it interesting because the Bible states:

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

Revelation 2:10

I ask you as you read these writings to keep an open mind knowing I did all I could do. I make very cheap meals grain types of meals sometimes with textured vegetable protein, fruits and whatever else I can possibly afford on a very tight budget. The less money I spend on food the more I can spend on God. (The pastor I mentioned ridiculed me to no end about the money I spend on these books. He also called me extremely greedy. I am sorry but I wasn’t the one buying shrimp and steaks every other night.) I want my readers to know I am dealing with some extremely serious issues and I feel I have to talk about them. What good would it be to tell you I’ve never had demonic nightmares waking up screaming like a girl? What about the common things in life we all go through. It may sound sick and nasty but we are all human beings created in His likeness. We all pass gas and occasionally when we’re not careful we get a taco. I’m sorry but that is life. We need to be human, and I know some humans have to wear depends. I have helped people with them in prison. I have cared for the elderly and sick in prison only to be hated in return. One man had a hurt back. He was in so much pain he could not move. He had to urinate in a bottle because he could not make it into the bathroom. So I carried it for him. As soon as he got well he got into hating me with such intense hatred I could not believe it. So are the words of the Bible.

Matthew 7:6 Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.
So what such is life. I went over to a brother’s house from our church. I couldn’t help notice the placemats left over from the previous tenants. They were of Disneyland cartoon figures. They had these perfect little bodies which were beautiful, but who passes for one of them? We all have our weaknesses, and we need them. I am addicted to my own flesh. Hey at least I stopped messing around with women. Love between a man and woman is awesome. I saw someone, the wife was rubbing her leg against her husband's leg and I thought to myself, "wow they are in love." I never had that, not even with the last girlfriend. It gets even better and better and you just learn to love more. Occasionally Satan may throw a curve ball. You swing but miss: Boom cancer! You know what nothing is so strong that God and you can't overcome.

There are actors and there are hypocrites. Actors, well they perform a task set in an exact perfect order. A hypocrite will act a certain way then turn around and do something completely different. I was one such hypocrite because I did not believe in God. I wrote K-LOVE, actually I know this was inspired by the Devil, and I asked if they could put my first book (it wasn't even ready) on their web site and charge for downloads of .50 cents for them and the same amount for me. I was so hurt knowing this evil sin I had done in not trusting God. I was desperate. I did not have the money to live on. I should have known God would provide which God did. I just did not know how. Now I stand at another cross road wondering which way to turn. God I'm out spending my income and I'm going to be in trouble. I tithe more and then a little more. (I am in trouble. I gave too much in tithes.) I look back as I edit this book and the Devil was corrupting my mind terribly. God told me, not in words but thoughts, my success would not be by money or fame.

I have no internet service so I have to have a PO Box which is another expense. (I finally got on the internet, but believe me I paid for it.) So here I stand. I expect to walk somewhere and get slapped in the face for being a bad influence. I only want to do the very best job I can in serving the LORD Jesus Christ. I fail I fall short, but I'm still a child of God. Today I wondered, God, am I doing it all wrong? Please forgive me? LORD God Almighty I call upon your Holy Name please forgive me of all my sins. I love you God. Wow, at the exact time I wrote love the radio played it. At this same time K-LOVE is playing a song about loving the LORD with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength.

I just want to let my readers know I feel like I have failed you miserably because I write the way I write. I'm just someone who cares and I can't change that. Granted I've changed from an evil monster to a Christian, but I can't please everyone. Jesus Christ didn't please everyone either. Moses didn't please a whole generation of whiners. Bad kings ruled unwisely destroying the nation of Israel. I want to help people.
Years ago I was in Sonora California with one of my parent's busses. I walked out of the hamburger joint. A female worker was in front of me. She turned and saw me walking toward the bus. She thought I was following her and she took off in a hurry. Myself scaring her really made me feel bad: I didn't want to put fear into her. Why should any of us want others to fear us? Those are the scare tactics of Todd Jessie Garton my crime partner that he used on me to get me into a life of crime.

On March 7, 2007 I went to the behavioral center and I was seriously out of my mind. I did not realize just how messed up my head was until afterwards. I tried to kiss a woman there and I don't know why. I really don't. Later I tried to touch her. It was something to do with energy or so I thought. She screamed out, "don't touch me!" I wondered what was I doing and I did not understand myself. So much happened there! It was perhaps some of the worse insanity I ever experienced. (No it got much worse so many times later.) Satan was losing and he knew it, and I was just battling him all I could. Still to this day I do not know what all happened there. I kept hearing this voice telling me that the trip to the behavioral center represented the end of the Devil. All I could think of was power and how I needed more to defeat the Devil. After all there is a point in life where you get tired of fighting and you just can't take it anymore. IN THE END, HOWEVER, IS A REWARD BEYOND COMPREHENSION. FOR NOW I AWAIT THAT GREAT DAY!!!

AMEN
WHAT IS GOING ON???

My crazed life.
A stupid man no wife.
Foolish things we do.
Emptying our closets with truth.
I wonder what is wrong with me.
God is so real to me.

Sometimes I do not understand?
I do not get this life?
I feel like a total failure,
that I have done it all wrong...

I write about love but to me it sounds like hate.

God I pray over this keyboard, what should I do.

A little voice responds, “keep writing!”

LORD IF I HAVE FAILED YOU I AM SORRY! Please God correct me.

LORD I once spoke of an ex-girlfriend. It was the hardest breakup for me ever. Just figure this if a person cannot be faithful to you for a few years, even a decade compared to eternity, she never loved you. Perfect love is patient and kind as I was once told. Life hurts, but then that is life. I should do better. I feel I will never be good enough for you. Please examine me LORD, I know I love you. When you told me to tithe K-LOVE an amount that was so much
money I do not know how to do it I did. I realized later it was Satan draining my finances trying his all to destroy my life.

   LORD I took a selfish man to the gas station for $20.00 in gas and smokes. I was madder than ever because I sat there looking right in the eye knowing he was lying his tail off to me. He sat there promising me this and that and I knew I’d never see my much needed money again. These people don’t realize as they bulldoze over us they are breaking our hearts as well as our banks. As for me in life I get to the point I’m just sick of fighting. If I say “no” they will promise me this and that and I’m tired of it.

   I saw this man on two separate occasions later. He promised me this and that. Last time I even prayed over him. If I see him again I am just going to tell him to keep the stinking money.

   I wrote a book I entitled “Love.” I should have saved the files. I may have them burned to a disk somewhere or on an archive on my hard drive, but it was all the people who burned me. If the book was named hate it would have been appropriately named. One lady read it and she was so mad she tore it up and threw it in the trash, then lied about it. It really hit home and she hated it because she saw the hypocrisy in her own life. She is a very hateful woman, a controller, manipulator, and a thief. She took money from me when I was real down, but would curse the pastor who robbed me. She hated me for a time for even writing that book. I changed it but I think I just should have renamed it. Hey people will do you wrong and often in the name of Jesus and Christianity.

   Getting burned by Christians is one of the first attacks the Devil will throw your way. He is an expert in that field, and he is great at using other “Christians” to use you. Be prepared!

   These books are meant to be self help books, but they are also about using a sledge hammer by means of a book. (I once threw my Bibles in the face of an enemy, in prison. He was my cellmate and was going to kill me in the cell, so before the door opened as soon as he pronounce me dead I smashed the Bibles upside his melon.) There are days when even God hates.

   (Psalm 7:11) God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day.

   God gave me commands and lots of them. Looking back I think it was the Devil’s game of speaking in my head to destroy me. None of the challenges I cared for. They were commands of hate and of war. When I was on Jamestown Prison Yard, there was a day of hate
when I sounded off as loud as I ever did words of condemnation. When I got up on March 7/2007/ at 7 a.m. that was the ultimate time of war! I wasn’t playing. I knew exactly what I was dealing with and I knew the exact time and there was no delaying of time. I have gone around two years as sinless as possible without cursing and wrongdoing. I knew I could take no more as Satan was challenging me so much.

I speak of things that make absolutely no sense at all. YOU MAY EVEN THINK I AM CRAZY, WELL IMAGINE THAT I HAVE BEEN THERE. There are a lot of things I don’t even know about but I just obey God in the best of ways I can.

If some things in my book sound like anger and hatred just know I’ve had a crumby life. Life is like Marine Corps Boot Camp. You have to be torn all the way down before you can be built back again. I knew from day one before I even went to jail, Christian Self Help books were what it was all about. I was dealing with a money issue, and I got covetous at first trying to get my ex-girlfriend back. I failed because money can’t buy love. LOVE IS A FREE GIFT FROM GOD. If I sound crazy it just means I am crazy. I, however, am not going to let mental insanity keep me from one of my many life’s dreams of being an author and an artist. I may no longer be a role playing game designer, but I am a Christian writer.

Lord I want to apologize if I have done anything wrong. I am just not going to let a broken noggin keep me from writing. All I want is God to shut me down if I get out of line.

GOD BLESS

**MY LIFE:** by me? Someone who cares.

You want to talk about funny on just as I had written this and was choosing the size and font for the title there was a song playing on K-LOVE. It was titled "My Life." Boy if God doesn't have a hand in my writings then I don't know what to think? I can't tell you just how many times that has happened.
Runnin through the store.
Lookin for pizza and smothors.
Not a whole lot of wealth.
Eatin a little chocolate ice cream for better health.
All kinds of food.
All lookin good.
Tasty treats.
Buying scrumptious meats.
Just out of prison.
Now I'm obeyin God and listnen.
God speakin to me.
God set this captive free.
Now I know the path way to heaven.
It's not easy to eat sour grapes and leaven.
Workin hard late at night.
Payin Jehovah God with silly rhymes I type.
I've been told my written mucho poor.
My grammar ain't any better and me poems don't quite score.
Done some folly in my past.
Sins to the bottom of the sea they were cast.
People laughin makin fun of me.
Ha, ha, jokes on them now I'm free.
I'm eatin pizza and drinkin root beer.
We tried preachin Jesus Christ, but who did fear?
Now you're kneelin before my LORD.
Confessin sins, for us is a great reward.
Left prison I'm outside the iron gate.
Don't care much about that place of hate.
People laughin sayin I wasn't worth a dog gone thing.
Sung my heart out in high school, teacher let me know I couldn't sing.
Blew the trombone played it well and loud.
Felt so miserable I had to become a Jar Head, one of the few the proud.
I dug a pit and fell in it.
I tell some stupid stories ya want ta hear it?
No one wants to hear my silly words.
My voice too yucky I'll have to sing to the birds.
Used to listen to stupid music it played too loud.
Afraid to preach my silly madness, might bore a crowd.
Silly me,
God disagrees.
Don't always understand the word's God's sayin.
Stupid Devil twisten words and misbehavin.
I just want to preach.
Givin children a chance, I've got a lot to teach.
Satan's the jerk as you will learn.
He drew up plans, so God made the place where he will forever burn.
Love verses hate, who will win?
A proud Pharisee, or a stupid man like me full of sin.
Years passin like gas, gettin older.

Witnessin for God gettin a little bolder.

So here I am free at last.

Felt like eternity behind bars but that time has passed.

Had many God hatin cellmates I couldn't stand.

I went to war using the Bible, I had the upper hand.

People laughin at me tellin me I'm nothin.

The wicked will never be free from hell and always wantin.

So here's the deal, I'm glad I took the pain.

Hurt like heck I was literally insane.

I have a website which is all I need.

Together we can destroy Satan's glory, and Satan's thorny weeds.

So thank you LORD Jesus I bow down to you.

I hope my website gives hope for the hopeless to get through.

Perhaps you'll hate me, some will.

I write honestly I hope you can tell.

Some things are difficult and scary, some are not.

I'm a stupid man, so much I forgot.

At any rate.

I hope I'm not one of those guys that you hate.

I'm real sorry LORD God for all the stupid things I did.

I was a stupid atheist, and a 28 year old worthless kid.

God saw me when I should have been sent to hell.

Now God has given me love to the fill.
I like to put people to sleep, snore as I write my boring words.

Thank you LORD God Almighty, you have loved, and you have heard.

AMEN...

**Color Your Prison Walls With Love!!!**

God hates the crime, but then I had to do the time.

With the LORD at the helm, how can we not win?

Our walls of concrete and steel not much pleasure.

Just something good at meal can be a simple treasure.

Good people wind up in prison why?

We thought we'd load up on treasures in the blink of the eye.

Good people sometimes stray away and do not understand.

How can an atheist look up at the stars and not see the Promised Land.

God says, "I know you're in a cell."

God knows you are not yet tormented and not in hell.

Don't paint your walls with girly books, white pride, and swastikas.

Finding the love in God and in the love that everything He does.

God is neither at fault nor to be at blame.

When others are out to kill you call upon God's Holy name.

Jesus been to chains as well.

Staring hard into the loaded barrels of infinite hell.

God burns off the impurities he heats the clay.

God calls you out from the world, and shows you a new way.

You know by now that the devil will lie.

You are sitting in a cell as I once was contemplating suicide wondering why?

Amen...
Chapters - Book 1 Color Your Prison walls With Love

Chapter 1

TAKE AWAY KEY...

NO LONGER FREE...

Chapter 2

HOW TO SURVIVE IN PRISON!!!

Chapter 3

The Come Back Kid!!!

Chapter 4

THE GREEDY FLY

Chapter 5

HOW TO GET OUT

AND STAY OUT!

Pre-Christian books:

First Book 1993, Road Rebels, failed miserably


Both were serious mistakes and became a curse from beginning to end. Perhaps my dreams came true and with The World of Total Chaos I became the best role playing game designer, for I got too good, and so the good LORD stopped me.

God is love. So why shouldn't we follow and be love also?

Copy write 2016
If you wish to use this in schools there is a download site where several resources can be downloaded for free. Note that some sections are not suitable for children. About all I ask is that you do not take it over and publish it yourself. As it ended up I have this as a non-profit ministry other than this book being sold addition to the books.

I played with a gun.

I was a fool on the run.

Playing wrongly with Satan's toys.

I had been a foolish boy.

Blaspheming and laughing at God's higher love,

God sent His Son, His spirit like a dove.

It doesn't matter, big or small.

Black, Mexican, even white.

God loves us all in His own image His sight.

Alleluia...
An unhappy, soul piercing, mind boggling investigation goes wild. You don't like what they say, or the pictures you see. You don't like the fact they carry the guns and you don't. "The bell has been rung," painfully one investigator said. It was the twist of the knife in my back. They had done their homework, and it was quite obvious. Nothing was amiss. Every clue, every bread crumb, led the way to iron doors. The one crime mate who did the actual shooting sold me out completely. It didn't matter he still got 50 to life. That means he will never walk this earth again.

Within a week, for whatever reason, they gave me time perhaps to try me to see what I would do before I was incarcerated. Very scared I hung out with my mom and dad. Both of them knew Todd Jessie Garton was a very wicked man. My dad's first words were Todd Jessie Garton is pure evil. I feel Todd Jessie Garton is beyond that. I feel Todd Jessie Garton is a devil. Todd Jessie Garton was, he is, defeated now and cannot do much other than respond to letters. Todd Jessie Garton was the meanest, stupidest, most worthless, pile of garbage ever.

It really hurts to know that you have lived a certain amount of years only to fill a money bag with holes you did not know were there. My life quickly self destructed as soon as the cuffs went on. As I went to jail I learned how little you can actually get done. Your life is controlled by the inner walls of and the outer electric fence. My point is, it is not a game and escape is impossible as you will soon learn. One man kept insisting he was so strong and powerful that he said; "These walls can't hold me in!" He even told me he cracked a wall by punching it.

Part of prison is hitting the reality of it all. You can do the time or let the time do you. When you realize you cannot escape, or get a pardon, or an acquittal, or even bail, that there is no way, you lose hope. For me I never lost hope even though I was being lied to every single
day by Satan’s voice in my head. I had hoped for Jesus Christ’ return though it was not His time yet. Instead I did my time wondering why such pain and why so many years? I had plenty of time to ponder over the evil I had done, which seemed insignificant compared to the other inmates that had all kinds of skeletons in their closet. Those lies catch up with you in the due process of time. Inmates do not realize the effect of the truth. It is extremely valuable because in the end no lie will be left unturned. The Bible tells us in the book of James 5:16.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

People in prison will often tell one another what they have done, but often won't tell the authorities. When they get ratted on by another they get all mad.

I'm not a teller but rather a survivor. Even the evil one, Todd Jessie Garton who I refer to as a devil, was a rat. All of them did their all to try to blame everything on me. The day I realized the magnitude of Todd Jessie Garton’s lies it broke my heart. I had been fooled by a con artist and a liar. Later on when I was in the movie, “Married to a Rock Star,” where unlike the book they actually got their facts right. While Robert Scott wrote “Kill or be Killed” a good book that reads well, he promoted Todd Jessie Garton and demoted my rank in the United States Marine Corps. I found out the greater lie from Todd Jessie Garton that he never was in the United States Marine Corps because he never finished boot camp. I did not know this until Cineflix reviled in episode 202 “Married to a Rock Star” where one of the men they interviewed said Todd Jessie Garton never finished Marine Corps boot camp.

I had been asked had I ever told Todd Jessie Garton a lie. I thought and thought and I don't think I ever lied to him. I treated him as a friend because he was my “friend” or so I thought. I know Todd Jessie Garton’s home is hell, likewise to the rest of the wicked Norman Daniels III and Lynn Noyes, but they did it to themselves. I know in this life alone that Todd Jessie Garton made his own stay in hell a lot worse thinking he would be the ruler over it and somehow be the victor. Todd Jessie Garton really thought he was a powerful man. Friends, and God, correct me if I am wrong, but love conquers all. Though some people may think they are all this and that and are invincible. The thing is even flies and worms do not like to die. When you hook a fish you see just how hard they work to fight the inevitable. They do not want to be in the frying pan any more than any of us want to be. Suicide is to a permanent solution to a temporary problem. Some have no fear of suicide, but as for me there was always something telling me to press on. I came very close to killing myself several times, not knowing
the final outcome amen... Thank God for me living and that I did not commit suicide. I am seeing the light from God on why so many horrible things happened in my life.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Romans 10:13

When you call upon the name of the LORD and not in vain, the Bible promises you will be saved. To do so you have to believe it. For one unless you know exactly what you are saying you could be casting a spell or invoking a curse. I make it a point to bless the police and curse the wickedness such as bars, tattoo parlors, and the like.

You do not have to fight in jail or in prison or anywhere else except of course combat. Just remember fighting is not always the answer. God will see you through, but you have to call upon the name of the LORD and a way that gives great honor and glory of Him. Other inmates said that while we were in prison, they saw a man speak of the LORD saying he was a Christian and no one could touch him. He took the LORD's name in vain because he was not a Christian.

At one point I was in a cell with a very evil man, and I didn't want to fight him. Because I trusted in God and read the Bible, God spared me from fighting or him fighting me. This had become an extremely violent situation because this other inmate and I were on such bad terms.

When a man's ways please the LORD, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. Proverbs 16:7

I have done things both right and wrong. If I approached God the wrong way, the enemy could get through my shield, and body armor. If I do what I am supposed to do, doing it well, then Jesus gives me the full armor of God.

Amen...
HOW TO SURVIVE IN PRISON!!!

Chapter 2

So you know, you’ve finished you’re job in jail. Hopefully you told the truth. Lies are like when in the Marine Corps boot camp and the drill instructors locked all our combination locks together. You had to find your lock and do it in haste because you thought you would turn it to the unlock position and outsmart the drill instructors. This time saving method cost you a great amount of time in the end. If you think trying to figure the locks out sounds frustrating try jail and prison out. In jail there is absolutely nothing to do and it seems that people have major attitudes. I passed my time in sleep due to being heavily over medicated, since I had serious sanity issues. I read the Bible, and Christian books, and I have (Had no clue, when I returned to my parents house I saw, it was a lot.) no clue how much writings I did for God.

I returned to my parent’s house in October 2007 and I had about seven boxes full of writings. I knew prison was not my home. I knew I was never coming back so I was making up the ultimate back up plan. I thought I could get pardoned but that was a lie from the Devil. It backfired giving me hope. The Devil shot himself in the foot once again by giving me hope in dreams and visions that I would get the ex-girlfriend back. In some of the darkest of times I focused my mind on love and heaven. I was getting all kinds of hate mail, not usually literal but rather verbal, from inmates. They tried their all even daily spiritual attacks but they lost.

When I get into something I take it full force working on it hard and steady trying to get it all done. I was that way with my role playing games that I would design, spending all kinds of work time and energy on them.

I’ll tell you how I survived: First before I went into jail I vowed a vow to God. It was under perhaps the very last stars I’d seen for nearly a decade. As I looked up to the stars, knowing in my old atheistic heart, that truly there is a God. I vowed my vow to God not knowing what it was I was doing, or even knowing who this great God is. I told God something to this effect; "God if you get me through this I will be a preacher for you." I don't recall if I mouthed out the words or if it was just a thought. What I somehow knew, though very little about God; I soon learned He is a loving God that forgives. I knew somehow I would get through my time and that things would turn out well.
The Christian girlfriend who I had planned to marry in the fall had given me her Bible earlier that same year for Christmas. That Bible was the life saver to get us through these very hard days that was until they came and got me for arraignment. I had taken the Bible to the Big Bar Ranger District, as I was slowly but surely breaking the iron and satanic chains to Todd Jessie Garton. For the first few weeks in jail I was so happy just to have broken those chains to Todd Jessie Garton. I knew his lies held no water and that he could not send anyone after me or my family. Sadly going to jail and later prison was what it took to break free.

Some of Todd Jessie Garton’s first words were, "The food here is terrible, & I'll go to the wall for you!" That was never his intention to tell the truth. I guess he figured I was so stupid and weak I would never testify against him, nor would I turn on him. He thought he was so tough and cool, but none of the lies he told were ever to hold any water. His words on our murderous trip to Portland Oregon were, "If either of you turn on me I'll kill you." Todd Jessie Garton kept us all in line by fear, and not only that, but in fearing what was all a huge network of lies. Todd Jessie Garton was essentially an actor, a liar, all bad things, and what I refer to as a devil himself.

The Devil has earned a very bad reputation that is he is so evil and destructive. Most people do not realize just how evil the Devil truly is. I don't give any respect to the enemy, but that you have to study your side in a battle and the enemy's side as well. That of course means reading the Bible. There are important reasons that the second coming hasn't happened yet, but just know God can be trusted. God ended what I was going through, and blessed me. God answers prayers and delivers people from difficult circumstances.

I am not any good at many things, but this game of Stratigo which is a military strategy game. I don’t want to play it again because I won and I don’t like to mess with success. It would be like winning a huge amount gambling and then trying to win more. Anyhow, I won it because I guess I just know how to win in certain things that really matter. As far as Monopoly, it is boring because it is just a race of luck once you figure it out. Other board, (Snoooorrreeeee) games are similar. You have to recall I spent ten years working on a role playing game. I know a little about strategy.

You may die in prison, but do you know that is better than to live in prison. In fact it is better to die in prison for God than to live in prison and go to hell so long as it is not suicide. I thought for sure I would get killed in prison. I did not. Even my brother thought I would not make it. I knew about that vow and I believed in God though it got scary at times. When I realized what the people in prison were, I knew that their thoughts were to torture me. They didn’t just want to kill me, that wouldn’t be enough fun. They wanted to torture me. It is scary, but no one can trust in the flesh. No one can stay awake for ever. Sooner or later you have to sleep. I was in the Yuba City Behavioral Health Center for just over a month right after prison.
There all kinds of things were happening. God will show you things in dreams. There was a man there named Stupid and Mean (Names altered, I call him that because he hit a female worker there.) who was a total jerk. I call him “jerk,” because he was very mean, even hating God. The Bible says of those who hate God:

(Proverbs 8:36) But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death.

This book was written before I wrote my book on forgiveness. I understand forgiveness, however a man doesn’t hit a woman and this man constantly wanted to fight me. A few times I about snapped. One time he jabbed his finger into my chest three times in a row trying his best to provoke me. I was so mad, but I just let it go. In the rooms, they were rooms and not cells, Justin killed me but God resuscitated me. I was having some really weird dreams there. Then one dream happened. I dreamed Stupid strangled me to death. That was one thing then Stupid, called me a very bad name I won’t repeat. That was the second dream. I was raging mad, but once again I let it go. Later they moved me into the next room. Justin was mad and wanted to get me back in the room with him. They wouldn’t let him. Ha ha, jokes on you I’m still alive and writing about your stupid folly and your stupid name!

Another time just recently two men tried to send me to prison but failed. I prayed and God delivered me. These were men I helped both greatly. I used to fear hell, but now I thank God for the evil place, because:

(Isaiah 57:21) There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

While I was there I got beat up by another inmate there, an even different one than Stupid and Mean. He came right up to me without warning me and just started beating on me as hard as he possibly could without producing an ounce of damage. He was mad as could be swinging as fast as ever. A lot of fights happen that way. It is called "sucker punching." They attack you without warning and begin pounding away so rapidly that you cannot even defend yourself. They are cowards, and do not care. Nor do I care when they land in hell. I took three beatings since I have been locked up. Each time it happened I never fought back. With each attack I praised God thanking Him for the attack. I forgave my attackers trying to be as repentant as possible. On the second attack as I was quite literally eating my front teeth I told
my attacker, "God bless you." He stopped after just a few blows. That attack was so bad they had two inmates standing guard to see I took the beatings I was supposed to, but the beatings stopped as soon as I praised my attackers forgiving them. The first attacker was around Christmas time. I sent him a Christmas card though the correctional officer would not let it go down there.

The more I worked for God the more things on Jamestown level three yard started going sour. I was losing my mind very quickly and getting very tired. Ultimately I could not sleep for nine days in a row. It was slowly driving me into a complete state of insanity. The other inmates forced me to stop taking my medications. I had been off my medications for over a month and I was getting real bad.

In the hole I wrote a pastor at the SDA church here in Redding. I told him to pray for me that I was going to give a sermon: (as it ended up I laid down a curse for wicked people in the name of the LORD). At any rate, when I went out of the hole I thought to myself, "wow maybe this wasn't the right thing to do." God disproved that theory real quick. It was time and God wasn't playing. God began scaring me with the fear of the LORD, and the damnation of hell. As I was in the chow hall working God brought me to the window. He told me to look up into the sky. Two jet streams crossed paths in the form of a cross. The next words were, "you were willing to take a bullet for the Marines in the Philippines but not for me." He was quite serious. I went to church on the Sabbath. As soon as I got there my bladder was past full and I had to run back to the outside toilet clear on the other side of the yard. God then began speaking that if I did not do this my life would be over and be I'd be in hell. This was one off my scariest things I had ever done in my whole life. I sounded off like a trumpet the best I could on the yard. It was as if God went quickly to work. The yard was quickly locked down and one inmate approached me very angrily. He said, "what happened on the yard." I replied, "I had to give a word for God on the yard." His answer was angrily, "that's probably what happened." He was all bent out of shape and no doubt told others why the yard was locked up. When I was on that yard, and I'm laughing now but it wasn't funny then, God made me give off a bunch of words. The devil was fighting as well throwing in all his lies wanting me to say such and such, but as it ended up, I think God had the upper hand. It was a weird day. I was angry and so was God. God was tired of seeing all these people hating and fighting one another. What were they fighting over? I was just an easy prey. As for others it could be that they came from a different county, or that they have different eyes, or that they have different colored skin.

Years later I told my brother about the incident on the prison yard about me sounding off and laying down curses on evil people. My brother said, he heard about a man yelling curses on the prison yard in Jamestown. I then told my brother that was me. He had a whole lot more respect for me knowing I did not cower to the instruction of God.
Apparently they made a big stink of it all because my brother heard something about it from friends. He said something like that. No one knew it was me. Anyhow I fiddled on smokes for prisons along with pornographic material which was cursed. I cursed both of them in the name of the LORD and they got taken out of prison. No one needed it anyways. There is power in words. I know this all too well. Words can make alive, or they can bring down to the pit. If memory serves me right I mentioned something about putting the Ten Commandments up in court rooms.

I have mentioned it over and over, that inmates hated my guts. Even some in charge hated me as well. People in jail and prison were so mean to me I just could not understand. Looking back it was the “White Pride” gang that wanted to recruit me. I was blonde with blue eyes and they wanted me to be a Nazi Skinhead. I was like a fish out of water in prison. I was on a shore drying out, as if I was left to die. I had to get out of that place or I knew the inevitable.

The truth known, you may not survive in prison. God only knows I should not have. You may not survive either if you take into account what I have written. At least you will not be cowering before God on judgment day. If you die by the hand of another inmate; what is worse life behind prison or paradise with God in heaven. After what I did telling the truth in court, and telling the truth when inmates fought they should have killed me many times over. God however, had other plans for me. I suggest telling all the truth in court. One day this world will not matter anymore. You will be a hero standing high with God rather than a fool who cowered and told lies.

(Rev 21:8) But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

So much had I hoped Jesus Christ would just walked in and finish everything off. God's plans were a little more subtle. Just like the other times I had to do what I had to do. Later that day I found the verses I needed.

(Psalm 66:1-2) Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.
I can recall talking to a very young man in jail. He got hooked on methamphetamines. In the process of the high he wound up doing some shameful acts with a girl that was less than 18. His paperwork charged him as a child molester. That looked real bad. My paperwork looked about the same, for telling the truth about Todd Jessie Garton in court. I’ll be danged if I do more time and let him walk after what he did to me and all the others. Everyone wants to see your paper work so they can decide if they will beat you up or kill you or whatever evils they do.

I have paid so much for Todd Jessie Garton, both financially and in pain. Just recently I nearly had a man fight me at the Mission because he simply thought I was in Protective Custody pod in jail which I was not. He wanted to kill me there. My last words to him which caused him to walk away were, “God bless you.” That is my point, you do not have to be in love with your enemies, however if you treat them with a little respect, it is amazing the things that will happen. The Bible even tells us:

(Pro 16:7) When a man’s ways please the LORD, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

I had kept my paperwork for a time just to have my ex-girlfriend’s address. I then handed it over to someone else to throw it away. I had continued writing this woman though she was through with me long before, even within the first few months of jail. I never did hear from her again nor do I care to. Relationships failing are parts of things that prison does for you when you’re locked down and out. People that you had planned to marry leave. Old "friends" forsake you. It seems that even your whole family unravels. I was so wrong about my family. They loved me all along more than I ever knew. Ignorantly I began to rely on the prison family. That was very, very stupid because they all hated me anyways, and were thieves and liars. You can’t trust any of them. I tell you though Correctional Officers trusted me. I would tell the CO’s things like you unlocked the wrong door. Heck I would even evangelize to them. I got sick of preaching to inmates because they did not want to hear it. Many wanted a flexible God that would cater to their needs and ambitions. They wanted to go to church once get saved perhaps read a chapter of the NIrV (Freedom on the Inside Bible) and walk out prison doors a free man. When I learned I could say the words “In the name of Jesus Christ...” I expected a Jeanie to pop up and heal. Well God does heal. Often it is at the hand or the advice of a doctor. People need to realize when you fry your brain on drugs, and put all kinds of poisonous chemicals into your body, you are doing irreversible damage. You can’t blame the LORD for this nor can you blame God or the judge and DA for jail or prison. Sometime in 2015 I wrote DA Greg Gaul of Redding California and told him I loved him and I thanked him for prison. I let him know that prison
helped me and that I used that time to grow in the LORD’s service. We can’t be bitter toward God or the police or investigators. They did not do the evil act I did. Inmates act like your friends and it is extremely confusing. I had a lot of respect for them but most of the inmates I respected did me wrong. Many wanted to destroy me. One man Larry conspired against me with Todd Jessie Garton. They made up all kinds of lies. He played some major mind games as did others. I sent Larry some writings, which he never told me they could not even read. I had my mom send Larry some of my sound equipment to record my writings on and sell them. There were a few problems. First off Larry, after months of doing nothing for me decided he wasn't going to give the stuff back. I got my writings however, he stole my tape decks. That was one of the things that destroyed my chances of success. Even now, for no reason, someone stole my recording walkman I had planned to use for recording this book and others on CD. It makes me angry that so many people have tried so hard to put stumbling blocks before me and destroy all I have done. Make no doubt it is the work of the Devil. I left prison’s nightmare on January 28, 2007 and now as I edit this book I am nearing my 9th year anniversary. It has taken this long to heal from the damage of Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein stealing all my credit cards when I was so ill.

Looking back Larry was my enemy and I later saw him in prison. Larry was one of the many people I met in jail and prison who had done it all and seen it all. It got so bad I would never even tell people about some of my achievements. If you did, then they would start lying, and making up stories. It got to the point, "Anything you can do I can do better!!!" It made me feel terrible. Those people hurt me emotionally and physically. Todd Jessie Garton was even meaner. He'd come around and throw things away that I needed or just steal right in front of me. He just did not care, and that was his whole attitude. I cannot believe I used to be his best friend. Actually I can! What I can’t believe is what did I do to make him my worst enemy? I gave him literally thousands of dollars over a two year period. I bought him a gun which he glued a crucifix to. I bought him a bunch of tools, and some very nice CD's that I would have loved to have myself. He stole my entire portion of the business from me. He did not care. What I look back at was all the things he said and did in plain sight. I mean I could of and should have caught in the act of his thefts and lies, and just evil. It however, is written:

(2 Thessalonians 2:9) Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders,

What I say I say not to condemn inmates. There are a lot of good people behind bars and this book might even help them. I know however that not all of my books were received
well when I had the money to print a few up. Many were torn up and thrown into the garbage. Many inmates will live to see LORD Jesus Christ riding high in the clouds and if they heed to my advice they may be with God in heaven. Many homeless too will be there at the wedding dinner of the Lamb of God. God has a lot of respect toward people of all colors and all classes, the question is do you have a respect for God?

I lost most of my property I had in storage. That hurt me terribly. My photo albums are gone, even the one’s from the Marine Corps. A lot of things were gone. I’m not mad, just angry at the entire situation. I lost so much it is not even funny. One time long ago deep in my old prison writings I said harshly and uncaring if a person got away from a natural disaster with his life and loved ones he should be happy. It was as if the Devil heard what I had said and took all my beloved earthly possessions away from me as he did to Job.

You think about things in prison: The shoulda, woulda, coulda, and what you could have done differently. Then you find out the plans God has for you and whatever you have gone through is all worth it. One thing you can do, as I did, is minister to others. I ministered to inmates and prison employees. I did not like to minister to inmates because many of them got angry at the Name of Jesus.

The thing to survive in jail or prison it is not about today. It’s about heaven, and nothing is worth losing your salvation. You want to invest in LORD Jesus Christ to save your soul and living in ungodliness is not the way. So I challenge you become a hard core Bible thumper, and do what’s right in the eyes of the LORD. Take God seriously knowing He’s in charge. What is meant to be is meant to be. If the board turns you down it’s not God's fault. Just remember God is always good. I know I went to the board several times. I always thought that in a three minute visit how can you actually get anywhere? It’s not like the board is willing for you to give them manuscripts of your Christian walk and improvement since you've come to prison. In most cases they just don’t care. LET ME RESTATE THIS: THEY DO NOT CARE AND ARE THERE STRICTLY FOR SHOW. I'M SORRY TO PUT IT BLUNTLY BUT THEY ARE NOT THERE TO GET ANYONE OUT. ONLY THE PRESIDENT AND GOVERNOR CAN PARDON AND THEY WON'T PARDON ANYONE UNLESS HE IS A PERSONAL FRIEND. I REALLY THOUGHT IF I WORKED HARD ENOUGH THE SYSTEM WOULD LET ME OUT. I WAS WRONG, VERY WRONG!!! I don’t want to sound ruthless but in a way, and for some, it is job security keeping so many inmates in prison.

Just remember God knows. I had dreams that made me think that I was going to be saved from all things. That was a lie. It was a lie by Satan to try to defame God's Holy character. At that time most of my dreams were by the devil. There were times I had some real scary dreams, but God has his reasons. There were reasons that I went to prison, mocked, and had all kinds of levels of fears put upon me but then I realize I could not be scared or you’d melt in fear.
So here what I am telling you is that prison could be a dead end and I mean it literally. It is not the time to be a perverted homosexual, waste $100-200 in junk food a month, or read worthless worldly books rather than the Bible or Christian materials. The harder you work for God, the harder He will work for you. It took me a while to figure this out but I did. God wants you to trust in Him, which is hard when you're on a narrow road at night when it is raining, the lights are out and you can't see a thing. Proverbs 3:5-6

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Psalm 119:105

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have to tell you the truth: Prison is what it is, the most hellish place on earth. I worked and worked, but it was God who released me on my out date. I thought due to all the lies things would work out much better. I was however wrong. It's like when the enemy used all his power in the form of a cellmate Darrel Martin. He cast spells on me, and though I still do not understand it all I know I live with mental illness to this day. I have never used a drug other than prescribed medications. I did abuse alcohol 18 years ago as of 2016 and haven’t touched it sense.

When this spell was cast I went completely insane. I completely lost reality because of all the things going on in my head. Sometimes bad things happen to good Christians. That however, is life and we accept life as it comes. Just keep in mind God is good no matter what happens!

Amen...
Chapter 3

THE COME BACK KID!!!

Would you believe that the devil tells lies? I do because he lied to me every single day when I used to work with him. He treated his very best friend as his worst enemy. He was hard on his wife, but he was worse to me. He was just terrible. I've met him before... and perhaps latter. Like I said I don't know just how many forms of the Devil was played in or around my life and all of our lives. I trust in God. God holds your hand and carries you through the difficult times in life.

I’ve seen lies of the Devil, Todd Jessie Garton or his many other forms that are so greedy they will sell their souls for anything. They are so greedy they sell whatever they have even their own souls to gain. Power is what they want. People can easily become fools like Al Bundy and fool time. They set the standards for how we should live. "Everyone Loves Raymond," I can’t stand his arrogance and for fools like him.

It seems TV has programmed us on what standards to live our lives. They teach us fornication and now even gay lifestyles are acceptable. Tim Allen the main actor of "Fool Time," (Tool Time) talks of power constantly. He doesn’t know how to use it. Real power is in the LORD Jesus Christ. He is the one who wields the sword, the power of the living Almighty God. Tim Allen treats others horribly in my opinion. His partner he works with is what I think is a decent person. He has a good spirit to be mocked daily, as the audience is being cued to laugh. It just makes me mad when Tim starts to put down another man’s mother and that is deemed acceptable. Because a person is overweight we tend to laugh at them. First off that is rude and totally unacceptable. We don’t know what a person is going through or if they have health problems or what. I am overweight and I know a lot of it is my fault for not eating correctly plus depression plays a major role in being overweight.

I know in my life I have faced many challenges some I wish not to speak of. It was as if the Devil was challenging me all the way, and God and the Devil had an ongoing wager. In the end I know that God is prospering my life and making a way in the wilderness.

AMEN...
THE GREEDY FLY

CHAPTER 4

Bbwwuwwuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu...

Get out of my face, stupid thing with no grace.
Stop bugging me, stupid flee.
Greedy bugs must be high on nature's drugs.
Is it the poison oak, you go to sleep then the bugs awoke.
Eating a piece of chocolate cake,
look in the icing to one other who's life forsake.
Stupid fly, had to die, got so greedy that you wonder why?
Ruined many meals, it's a real bummer for the bug that steals...
Sometimes I want to pout, I swat at that angry meat bee without a doubt.
Need to have a prison, for way ward bugs and stupid beasts that wouldn't listen.
You think Noah would have closed the door, before the insects that love the war.
Stupid beasts, say your prayers still they try to have a feast.
Do bugs pray before they eat, if they don't will they be in the judgment seat?
Is there a Bible for every dog gone bad thing that crawls or dies.
I wonder if animals tell one another lies.
I think in eternity there will be many a surprise.
Can you imagine serpents, mosquitoes, chiggers, ticks?
All bowing down before the Great White Throne taking their licks!

Will they be reemployed to stir up hell?

Get their payback for the ungodly infidel.

Don't forget to visit Jezebel.

God has his reasons to warn us.

To reframe our bodies from anger and fuss.

I command the evil bugs in the name of the Almighty God.

Don't give an ounce of rest or pleasure to the fool the Devil who once held iron rod.

It hurts; life that is. We don't even know what will happen tomorrow for this world is so unpredictable. You just have to have faith and sometimes that is hard. It took nearly nine years for God to answer my prayers, but the fact is that He did.

This last round of prison in which I vowed to go, I was out in ten days. I prayed on the verse out of Revelation every single day:

(Rev 2:10) Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

If I got out in ten days what does that make the person that sent me there??? He was a pastor and a preacher if you could call him that. Thirty five thousand dollars later I am holding the empty bag. Both the men that did me in this last round had ulterior motives that were evil. How do you fight someone that stole your money ruined your credit, and ultimately did his best to destroy your life? Well there is nothing you can do. There is however a very powerful God, LORD Jesus Christ whom I love and serve. He weighs the scales in a balance a true balance and takes care of things we have no business even trying to mess with. This last trip to prison all I had wanted was my money back, however he did not want to pay. He knew he was in the wrong because he took advantage of a person, myself when I was clinically insane.

The Devil put me through some very, very, hard times. That thing will work you and drive you hard, but we know God is greater. God is the victor: My crime mates Todd Jessie
Garton, Norman Daniels III, are liars, murderers, and thieves as is the Devil. I do believe Todd is a devil. He lied to me about God when I needed God the most. He used to make up his own version of the Bible and the character of God and the Devil. Todd Jessie Garton made the Devil into the good guy and God into this wicked master that had already cast me out. Todd used to say you wanted to be in hell with your Marine buddies not in heaven with all the happy people. Todd would get me to watch the “Spawn of Satan” both in cartoon and the real version.

It's hard to imagine that someone would go so far as to destroy their wife and own child. Even at first after the investigators interviewed me: I asked, “Are you trying to tell me Todd killed his own wife and child. I could not believe it. Carole Ann Holman was such a wonderful person. I cannot even imagine what was going through Norman’s mind. He was the friend of the husband Todd. I know what I was going through in Portland Oregon. I was scared and I felt awful about myself. I was obsessed with a spirit of confusion and for all I know a demon. I knew murder was wrong and it was as if Todd was somehow getting me to justify it. Satan had to have his blood even at the cost of his wife and unborn son. This crime was insane. I was a fool following a fool’s folly.

This last trip to prison I feel the Devil was taking his licks as well. God blessed me for my faith in wanting to return to prison just to feel pain for my LORD. I recall walking home one day in Shasta Lake City California and I told God, “Father increase my pain.” Now I tell God increase my blessings and help guide my directions and bless my friends and family. Since I left prison everything has been working real well in my life.

AMEN...
CHAPTER 5

HOW TO GET OUT
AND STAY OUT!

So many people get behind the bars and make a lifetime ordeal of it. It's like the people of Jesus day. They wanted to stay with Him so they could be miraculously fed. “Pay the groceries God,” was the thoughts and minds of the people. They did not care, what was being said. Ezekiel 33:30-33

30 Also, thou son of man, the children of thy people still are 1 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.

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 1 shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness.

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.

33 And when this cometh to pass, (lo, it will come,) then shall they know that a prophet hath been among them.

You have to respect the authority no matter how much it hurts. You can't hate like you used to. I try to wave to every single police officer I see. I want them to recognize me, the old ex-prisoner that I used to be, as a new convert. When I was at Yuba City Behavioral Center, I
told the staff, “if you need any help ask me.” I said something to the effect, "I'm on your side." The inmate "Jack the stripper,” they put him in a dress as I called it, like costume because he kept going into the safety cell. His sur-name is Jack the Ripper and he was going around tearing up books and other stuff.

At one time I saw him going into a woman’s room to rape her. I told one of the workers there and quickly got him out of there before he had time to do anything. So what, I stand for what is right. You had better, because what is wrong will not get you to where you need to be and that my folks is heaven. Had I let him rape her without telling the authorities I’d be in big trouble with God. Often we do not think of things like that, but it is important to God.

Sadly and you can say I am lying but I have been in prison too long, most inmates would have let that woman get raped. It would have been at the cost of them not being a rat. At some point you better figure out where to draw the line. What he could have done would have made a conspirator to the crime a rapist. Here a lot of people start to throw my books down.

I am on the law’s side now. I do not carry a weapon other than a John 3:16 Magnum, (code name for my Bible) and I know how to use it. I flip open the trusted pages of my Bible or recite from memory words that outweigh any type of weapon formed against us. If you really want to survive prison you can. I do not mean just doing your time, I mean doing time with Jesus for Jesus. He will bless you as He always does just not always at your time nor the way in which you expect. The thing is unless you get off your duff and return the favor, if the shoe fits, God will take that blessing right back. I have seen it happen when one person blasphemed God right after he was healed of a leg shorter than the other. He was angry because that meant he would have to walk again.

I am sorry but when God does something major for you, you better bless him. I bless God in more ways than one. I do not write these books to put my light under a bushel. I am planning on putting this one on my website for free, and doing all I can for God and humanity. I however, need God’s favor as well. It takes money to run ministries and unfortunately it doesn’t happen for free. WHEN YOU SEE CHRISTIANS ASKING FOR MONEY OFTEN IT IS NOT OVER GREED, THOUGH SOMETIMES IT IS. IT IS BECAUSE IT COST MONEY TO EVANGELIZE. MAKE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT YOUR MONEY IS GOD’S MONEY. I GET TIRED OF PEOPLE TELLING ME THEY HAVE NO MONEY. WRONG, WE ARE OFTEN SELFISH TAKING CARE OF OURSELVES JUST AS CAIN DID. IF THAT RUBS YOU WRONG I DO NOT CARE. I AM ON PENSION FROM THE US MARINES AND DISABLED. PLUS I OWE MONEY MY “PASTOR” NEVER REPAID ME FOR. BEING A CHRISTIAN I WANT TO REPAY THE BILL EVEN THOUGH I DIDN’T RUN IT UP. THAT HOWEVER, IS WHAT JESUS DID. HE PAID YOUR BILL EVEN WHEN YOU DIDN’T HAVE MONEY TO PAY IT. AMEN…
I need to write the police here telling them a formal apology for doing all I had done wrong. (I took care of that.) I look back and I feel bad over all the things I have done. It's so easy to get such a bad record. Restoring that financial and criminal record is hard.

In the past I used to be into guns. Well I don't do guns anymore. I don't need a gun, I have a bigger and more powerful weapon and that is the Holy Bible with Strong's Exhaustive Concordance.

Guns can get you into trouble real quick, though they can save lives too. The thing of it is you may not be the quickest draw, the best shot, or the greatest at martial arts. That is trusting in a physical thing. Relying on God is a totally different class of weapon. You can use it, not in vain, and to get you through a real hard time and it worked for me.

If you want to survive the revolving door to prison you have to get ready even while you're in jail. If you wait too long, it may be like in Noah's day. You see board after board being fit together. At the last day, as Noah and his family are doing the final works and the animals are walking along, it's too late. As my old song goes, I don't listen to it anymore I just remember the lyrics, "it's too late, too late, too late for love."

When you go to jail it is time to get to work. Buckle up and get serious for things are coming down to the line. That is what I did. They told me I'd never stay out. They told me I'd give up on God after a few weeks. They said all this and that in cruel mocking. They simply hated me. You cannot imagine the pain of sitting in a cell with absolutely nothing. Then there are those with something either Christian literature or a Bible, and though that is all they have in a simple cell they do not even care. One of my cellmates, told me, "oh you can get a Bible anywhere, I read 'Left Behind' I'm a Christian." He paid several stamps for just a little bit of tobacco. In the processes he tore writings right out of the Bible from the book Revelation to roll his smokes. He must be "Saved?" That and with, “Cheap Grace,” as we call it in our church. I was so mad at him especially all the hurtful painful things he said to me. Once again a lot of people hate my books, but I really don't care. I am not into pleasing people: I am into pleasing God. This Bible burner was so mean to me. I'd go potty and he'd sit there and wave at me. He got all mad at me because I had gas. Then he probed into my past and found out I testified against Todd Jessie Garton. My crime mate sent me to prison; I was not going to let him off the hook. I told Todd Jessie Garton in a letter this is all out revenge. (Prepare yourself for what you are ready to hear.) I wasn't playing, I hate his guts. I can do this because I don’t feel Todd is human but a devil in human flesh. I was so mad. He hurt me so badly and just laughed about it. He destroyed my life and what hurt the most was the lost love I had with the girlfriend I was going to marry. (I don't even care about that woman anymore. Thank God I was finally able to let that relationship go,) I was Todd Jessie Garton’s friend and he just trashed me. Once I ran out of money I ran out of a “friend” and that as I mention elsewhere was Pastor Brock Dale.
Bernstein. I wish I had friends like me. Todd took a trip to Oregon with his wife. I took his dead car and got it running again. I spent a lot of my own money and time in it. The rest is far too painful to write about. To summarize he used that car to get every last dime out of me.

I am sorry God I tried not to think of him as an enemy because I have love, while my dad said it best Todd is pure evil." He was the tornado, earthquake, and volcano that tore my life completely apart. Todd Jessie Garton is powerless now and growing weaker and weaker by the day. Amen...

**Fighting With Others:**

Sometimes we do silly things. Pride steps in and before you know it you could be going to blows with an enemy. It is not worth it, but it happens so fast. When you get out of prison it's easy to get back into sin. I'll be honest with you; you need to get involved into a good church. Your church can be like a family outside of a family. They are there to help you in time of need. As for me I enjoy the Seventh Day Adventist church as my favorite. I've tried a lot of churches and that suits me best. The SDA church honors the Forth Commandment by going to church on Saturday and that I love.

God is what has really helped me. If you work hard, I can assure you God will work hard in return to help you out. He is a loving God that knows no harm. For whatever reason, the reason God has not returned, He is surely up to something great. We do not know all the secrets of God the one thing God is planning on is having the perfect family picked out. Sometimes it takes a while to make things work out. The main thing is He will not let us down. God had another inmate write all over this one cell's walls "trust me," along with several verses. I knew God had those words down for me, because it was all I needed to hear at the time I needed to hear it. When you are in a little cell like that for hours on end you begin thinking about different things. It was such a small holding cell waiting for the prison bus, however at least I was by myself. Too many people in such a small space and you start fighting with others.

The spirit of pride is good and bad. Too much pride and you will get lost because you wouldn't buy a map. Not enough pride and when attacked you won't have the ability to sound of praise to your enemy: “God bless you,” to the attackers as you are eating your own teeth. Fellows thanking God is where it is at. Thanking is not just in simple words but in deeds. It's actions, and sometimes that means in tithes. ONE OF THE GREATEST WAYS TO HONOR GOD IS WITH OUR TIME... When we tithe we still have to maintain a budget. At first I fully outspent myself. When my Parole Officer picked me up to bring me to Redding I didn't say a word. He
asked if I was nervous about going to the home. I was a little, but the main reason I didn't talk
was because I spent nearly all my money in tithes and I didn't have enough money for the basic
necessities. That and I was concerned about having to get a job. My P.O. told me up front "do
not lie to me." I just avoided the conversation because I knew he'd ask and I was afraid to tell
him the large amount of money God told me to give away. I had too many irons in the fire to
go back to prison over a lie.

Tonight we had a sermon on "humility." James 1:19 sums it up perfectly.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:

Here it was August 13, 2007 and it was like a bomb went off. We talked on pride. It was
a hard subject. Believe me I know because I just came from prison several months ago. Pride
symbols were tattooed all over the skin of many inmates. Nazi symbols were everywhere.
Everyone hated everyone. Here you had me, lowly in spirit very quiet and beat down in pride.
Pride, or shall I say self confidence can get you through some hard situations. Now all that
pride has been beaten out of me literally, though there were many times I had to fire it up and
be a Marine again. It becomes a time of war and not of peace. Those inmates drug me down
daily with hateful remarks. After a while it just plain hurts and you don't feel like anything
anymore. Soon after you are encountered by the scum of the universe, the very devils you had
written about in your writings. It is a time to do the best you can, or perish in hell's flames
forever. The thing is I already knew it was coming, because I knew that evil wants to stir up the
beautiful things of God. I had written about it in my writings however, it occurred different
than what I expected.

The Bible speaks of a time for everything. They do not call Marines the few the proud
the meek. We are Jar Heads, Devil Dogs, and Leather Necks. Christ Jesus beat that thing the
Devil and soon there will be much better days ahead.

Tonight I tried to mention the folly of loving yourself over loving God. It reminded me of
someone at the behavioral center whom I asked who do you love more the Pope or God? We
cannot carry around pride, except when we need it and God knows there are those times. God
sent me to prison as a warrior; I just got beaten down many notches trying to hold my cool
when everyone was so mean to me. You know you get used to the Marine Corps training and
you become that position. The pride sets in and you think you can do impossible things without
the presence of God. Fellows when an attack comes on it's time to get the vocabulary down
right and up with praise to Jesus. If you resort to fists what do you think will happen? One of you will get beat up. Fighting in this world is not like the movies. Bones break, especially teeth. I almost got my nose broke I was being punched so hard, but I blessed my attacker instead.

If you want to get out and stay out you better cross your "t's" and dot your "i's." Larry in my last unit told me some very blasphemous, stupid things. He was playing God and I did not like it. So were others, and I know there is the one true God and it is not him or the others who played God. This other person was too stupid, mean, arrogant, and prideful. (I was very angry when I wrote this: sorry.) I had to tell him straight up in a letter a, "thus saith the LORD." If memory serves me right I warned him about his salvation. It's too late. He spoke so many blasphemies. Grated I don’t mean to say you can’t be saved, but when a person goes to far with God, God ends His grace. Hitler could not be saved after all the atrocities he committed. Judas Iscariot was not forgiven when he gave back the silver coins. Often we preach in churches we can be saved at any point but that is not what the Bible teaches:

(Isa 55:6) Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

The thing is in heaven we will all have to be on the same team, "TEAM GOD." Never will there be endless wars, famine, plagues, and more. If you play chess and you lose, who cares? The entire earth is going to be made new, and where ever the LORD plans to take us. We get to travel in the New Jerusalem, to worlds all over the place. It will be so much fun. Think about it, there will be no more foolish things like; Fool of the Hill, Simpsons, Married With Children, or that stupid wrestling. I hate much of what I see on television. I used to like all that stupid stuff including South Park. I hate all of it now. It takes a while but you change. I know I did.

You can stay out of prison. Take any doctor prescribed medications, and work closely with the doctor at the Parole Office. Also treat your P.O. with all due respect. In other words agents get upset because they do all this work to help us out but they still can only reach a small portion of inmates coming out of prison. One of the persons that goes to those meetings, I am a friend of. He tells me that almost everyone goes back to their old ways. Here are a few things I suggest:

GIVE NO LESS THAN A TEN PERCENT TITHE WHEN YOU FIRST GET OUT!!! STOP SMOKING, DRINKING, USING EXCESSIVE CAFFEINE. DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX UNLESS YOU ARE MARRIED OR PLAN ON GETTING MARRIED. IF YOU GET INTO A GOOD GROUP HOME, STAY WITH THE PROGRAM. TAKE ADVICE FROM PEOPLE IN CHARGE OF
YOU. MAKE IT TO ALL YOUR APPOINTMENTS BY TRYING TO GET THERE EARLY. GET INTO A GOOD CHRISTIAN CHURCH THAT WILL SUPPORT YOU, LOVE YOU, AND FORGIVE YOU. VERY IMPORTANT!!! TRY TO SHOW UP A HALF HOUR AT LEAST TO YOUR APPOINTMENTS AT THE PAROLE OFFICE.

Those vices, the ones that will trip you up, causing debt to increase and all your money earned goes to feed habits. Live God's ways as best as we can. Decide to marry another person of the opposite sex rather than one night stands. The best thing however, as I am finding is to wait on a spouse. Do not rush into a relationship but rather a loving relationship that honors God. By that I mean the opposite sex.

OTHER IDEAS ARE:

Get cheap used clothes, buy healthy, and eat right, buy the best food for the price shop around for food, use coupons it's amazing how much you can save have one set of Sabbath or Sunday church clothes, used also for job interviews, get resume made at Employment Development Department, at the same time look for work, get food at local food bank. Humble yourself to get a low paying job, remember you just came out of jail, or prison and you have to build yourself up slowly but surely. Also low paying jobs are quick and easy to get and can get you back on your feet sooner. Be careful in using credit, (NOT LIKE ME). Don't do anything foolish like accept merchandise that you will have to return favors or get caught in receiving stolen property. Use bus services instead of having a car until the time comes when you can afford one. Avoid buying anything stupid like a Harley Davidson, which I nearly bought. Thank God it was already sold. Get rid of all old friends that you know can and will lead you into trouble. Avoid contacts with prisoners and inmates that can drain finances and lead you down the wrong road. Avoid stupid clothing or cars that look like trouble. Call in to your Parole Officer to check in and keep your house in order in case he or she stops in without warning. As for everything else, try even the small things like using all cross walks, and use common sense.

Not everyone I know does this formula for success. Many still smoke which from my understanding is very hard to quit once you start. The problem is that it drives us bonkers; the things that we are addicted to.
My success has been in a new found love in helping others. At first I was extremely tight about money. Now I have nothing to worry about, and I am almost fully back on my feet. I am planning on eventually publishing one book or more sets of books that will be in book stores soon. I figure if J.K. Rowlings can do it so can I. The difference is I serve LORD JESUS CHRIST. Try to beat that!

SOMETIMES WE HAVE TO LEARN TO BE PROUD,

BEFORE WE CAN LEARN TO BE HUMBLE!
The good LORD does not always answer prayers. When he doesn't it can turn out to be a horrible nightmare, but God does have his reasons. In the following verse God told the Israelites that he would only hand the land over to them little by little. For in taking over the land all at once the land would be overcome by vicious beasts. Let us examine the following verse with the Geneva notes:

Deuteronomy 7:22

And the LORD thy God will put out those nations before thee by little and little: thou mayest not consume them at once, lest the (i) beasts of the field increase upon thee.

(i) It is to your advantage that God does not accomplish his promise as soon as you would wish.

God does not always give you ice cream with your cake on your birthday. In fact he may not answer the very prayer you wished for. It is often to our best interest that we wait for our rewards in the end. If God answers all of our prayers in our timing our hearts could grow cold and our love for our Savior may dim. This happened time and time again with the Israelites throughout the Old Testament. Eventually God would bring their temple they so cherished to the ground. He did this twice and the Jewish nation suffered as the USA is suffering now because our stiff necked attitude toward the LORD. Our once Christian nation has all but kicked our LORD the Creator of mankind out of all things. It is getting to the point we can no longer worship our Creator without persecution. So many hate our God though they may proclaim him. But just remember:

(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.
Also keep the following verse in mind:

(Amo 4:12) Therefore thus will I do unto thee, O Israel: and because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.

amen...

Why does Hollywood try to tell us they are the only beautiful and successful ones...?

Hollywood and the media tries to continually tell us what is right and what is wrong. They try to tell us living with multiple divorces and unwed sex are keys to happiness. As they show them on hundreds of tabloid magazines they are people always falling apart. They are lonely, hurting and empty despite how many dollars a person can make. Even the richest king to ever live King Solomon ran into the same problem. In the Bible in the book of Ecclesiastes he kept repeating, "all is vanity." See he lived that life too with all the riches and all the women only to discover how truly empty he was inside. Money fame and so called beauty will get you nowhere without God.

I find the most beautiful women all over as I walk Redding's streets. In fact I find it hard not to see so much beauty and it would make it difficult to chose the one to call most beautiful. Women can be so beautiful in so many ways. One woman could be judged beautiful because her skin is black while another is beautiful even to her old age. One woman in particular our pastor's mother in law is 98. She is a very beautiful woman. My mother is a beautiful person. She sings me songs every time I call. I try and sing back but I don't know the words. Beauty is found everywhere and when they tell me it is some foul rich girl in Hollywood I tend to look away. Beauty is not in being skinny as a rail but with a little meat on the bones. So next time you look in the mirror tell yourself just how beautiful you are. If you are a man tell the mirror how handsome you are. God knows you are beautiful just the way you are. Just think if you say you are ugly you are then saying God is a bad artist. amen...
Who You Are in Christ!

You who have entered this site and have gone to this page and are reading this, much can be said about you. You are a great person, and as Britt Nicole states you are gold. I encourage you to view the rest of these sites. For many years I could not see myself of any value. It hurt me dearly. After prison Brock Dale Bernstein and others stole all my money. It hurt terribly and I wondered if God even loved me anymore. I often felt like the whole world hated me. I felt I let God down because I had been a bad steward of my money. The money God gave me to optimize my site was gone and I felt I failed God. One day I felt God saying in my heart you did good. Fact is if I had that money I would have built these websites all wrong and they would not be where they are today. In addition to that my job was to prepare the sites in faith and to get them out when God is ready. God is giving me this money back on Rosh Hashana 2013 at the time God decided to get these sites into the search engines. amen... Well I have to keep praising God even in bad times and times of destruction. I wanted to take responsibility for this debt but years later and much interest later I learned it was an impossibility. So God never rewarded me. God has sort of explained to me not through any kind of voice but more from Bible verses God has given me that my payment will not happen in my lifetime.

The LORD does not always answer prayers the way we hope or wish. God's timing is not our timing. So many of us may want our prayers answered on what may be our time or even better God's time. Debt cancellations happen every seventh year (next one is Yom Kippor 2015). While I knew this I still thought God could do something for me as I am struggling just to get by. God tells us in His Word:

(Isaiah 55:8-9)  For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

Popularity

When I was growing up I was never popular. For a time and in certain grades the teachers hated me and made fun of me in front of other students. One teacher even assaulted me. During my
senior year my best friend became class president and totally forgot I existed. To this day he has never talked to me again. Other not so popular kids wanted me to hang out with them. They were into parties drugs booze and sex. One friend got me to have parties at my aunts house when they were gone. He used me. Other "friends" used me as well. Whether you are popular or not the people you hang around can be good or bad. Just remember being popular isn't important but doing what is right is. While I had to leave home to get a decent education I tried my best to learn. After that I joined the Marines, then went to college on my GI-Bill. Then later things went downhill and before I knew it I was in prison. Now I try to owe the world an apology through these websites. Still I know many will be divided and not everyone will forgive me.

Dale Lee Gordon

Saving Yourself for Marriage...

Exo 20:14  Thou shalt not (k) commit adultery.

(k) But be pure in heart, word and deed.

Above Verse King James w/ Geneva Notes

In this day and age the most popular thing is to go play and not be married. Not only does this go against God, but it creates problems. For example what are you going to do if you have a baby? Will you abort it or will you abuse the child. I know many parents that never should have had children. I know one who smokes pot and then is breastfeeding her child. Her child is all messed up because he is ingesting marijuana. Also you need to have plans for making money to support children. You can't just live off welfare. I think there are a lot of things to consider before jumping in bed with another. In addition to all that it is better to just wait. I wish I would have waited because all I had were harmful relations that bring up bad memories.
One might think I am a person with all my duckies lined up and in order, but I am an average no-body that suffers like so many others do. I suffer from severe mental illness and deep depression and anger over my past. I am lonely and heartbroken and I feel like God has abandoned and forgotten about me. While I am trying to recover it is impossible on my own apart from God. I have bills stacked to the highest heaven and though God has promised to be a blessing I do not know why the time has lingered on. I need God's grace and mercy and I can tell you if any of you have ever questioned God you are not alone. I am continually wondering why God does as he does and why my prayers seem to go into a garbage can. While I do not want to sound negative about God I am wondering where God's blessings are right now. My life was severely cursed back in 1998 and now 16 years later the curse remains strong as ever. Please do not take this wrong but I like many who suffer am wondering where is God in all the middle of this. I need you now Jesus and I cannot wait any longer. Must I remind you God you promised me relief and now it must come to pass. We live in dark wicked times. We kill babies and call it legal under the name abortion. Drugs are so commonly used. People make a mockery of God tearing down a veteran's memorial, removing all Bibles from everywhere they were once placed. We no longer swear in on a Bible in court nor do we study the Bible in schools. While we need to get not only this nation but the world back to God we are failing. The Harbinger series was written but still America has not repented. We have fallen from our first love Jesus. Many pastors are reading from corrupt modern Bibles instead of the time honored King James AV. Pastors are more into themselves and money fame and whatever else. Pastors need to look into the book of Ezekiel to see what a pastor needs to do. We are failing by telling people they are saved and many fall further into sins. We must warn others as I am doing now that there is folly in believing one is once saved always saved. Truly it is not over until we stand before the Great White Throne of LORD Jesus Christ. amen...
You must read this it is extremely important: At least the first paragraph. This is from www.lawenforcementforchrist.com

I have seen firsthand the wicked evilness of inmates. Todd Jessie Garton never head a goat head and pictures of Satan in his house. He was craftier than that. I never saw him actually practice black magic but he was a wizard and very evil. The spells Darrel Martin and Todd Jessie Garton cast on me in the summer of 1998 have affected me horribly and I live with the consequences of their spell casting to this day. You need to have Jesus. All law enforcement and military both need Jesus because the enemy casts spells and prays to Satan for power. I just want you to be aware I have sat in a lot of cells with a lot of demons and they want you to fail. Their hearts are so into evil and the black magic they practice is so real. No, I know the Devil has no power at all in comparison to that of Jesus. It is through Jesus we gain victory over powers of evil. Without Jesus Christ in your life a wicked spell from an inmate could harm a love one or even yourselves. Pray daily several times a day. You should all pray for your family and loved ones at morning and at night especially when you get to work or on your way to work as you start your car. Also pray as you are leaving work and coming home. Pray also at night before you go to bed that you sleep well and that you don't have nightmares. You may think this is all trivial but the powers to be hate you. If God doesn't answer your prayers right away keep praying and get right with God and read the Bible preferably a King James but if you are a beginner read a modern Bible so you don't get discouraged. If you think inmates just sit around and talk think again. Be careful even touching inmates’ stuff because it could have curses put on them. Inmates are always thinking of evil and you are their target. People like Todd Jessie Garton practice evil and they pray for your harm. As a former criminal I pray for your protection when I hear sirens. I pray success and safety for the police and for the criminals to have justice be served. I pray for your protection and for your enemies to be caught, shot, or in prison to rot. In eight years, seven months I got respect from a handful of friends. Two were Marines and one was a black man. Whites hated me because I wouldn't conform and fight. Blacks hated me because most are just pissed off. I'm half Irish and I never even thought the first Irish settlers were slaves. No offense to black police officers but this BLM thing has gone way too far. Why they dwell on poor me and how they need more entitlements is pardon my language but B.S. Mexican's are so segregated within themselves, Bulldogs, Southerners, Northerners, Pisces what the heck. I had one choice White Power. I chose to run by myself and with God and all my friends in law enforcement. You have the guns and you earned my respect after all once a Marine always a Marine except this time my only weapon is the Bible. I recall
defending my judge and DA’s in prison and my cellmate hated me. He kept telling me who I could run with and who I couldn’t. I knew already I couldn't and wouldn't conform. I think a rat is a prisoner that goes around telling other inmates what so and so did. The bolder I got with God the more and more I worked with law enforcement. I just want to let you know I love all of you very much. LORD Jesus I pray right now for all law enforcement that you keep their families safe, keep them safe on the go, at home and at work. Amen.

I created Law Enforcement for Christ years ago as one of many other sites I later dropped. For a while I decided that I had too much information and that it needed to be in books: One day I may drop them again but that all depends. What I want to explain is that I am on Law Enforcement's side. I lived lawlessly and Righteously and the law of love, what I learned, is far more powerful than the law of hate. Just seeing, the coward he is; Todd Jessie Garton’s prison mug shot with beard and bald head is the face of evil I never want nor wanted to be.

I realize now after years of Christianity I still get no forgiveness from certain law enforcement, including one rather cold law enforcement pastor, that you can't change. [I love Steve actually I love them both now. I had to have a real change in my life and I realize I must be more loving.] I am here to tell you I love you so much and that is all forms of law enforcement including Border Patrol. You don’t have to love me and that is not what I expect but rather please forgive me. I don’t know what to write to you or speak to you other than when I was 19 I stood at the gate of Lower MEF Camp at night with 30 rounds in my M16A2 Service Rifle with a jungle in front of me I wasn't a kid anymore. The NPA was out there and I didn't know what to expect. Our ammo, bayonets, and body armor, was on another ship because some butter bar thought he was wiser than us enlisted. I know I heard explosions off in the distance and no fear of prison, inmates, or locking steel doors can ever produce fear like that.

Every time I hear sirens, I pray for law enforcement. I pray for all first responders. I know police men and women everyday just like in combat; don’t know from one day to the next if they will return to their families. It seems every time I go to the GNRM (Mission) here in Redding people are bad mouthing the police. I get so sick of hearing it. I want to rebuke them for saying such evil of police. Police aren't bad. They do a job that a lot of times they probably would rather not do. I know you don't go home and laugh at the homeless or get off because you locked up a man sleeping under a tree. We, and I include myself, made our fair share of mistakes which put us into the situations that we are in now. I can't change the past, I can change the right now, and my future is in God's hands.
Right now, I am stuck in the mud and after thrashing and beating at this slick goo I can't move forward. The point I am in right now is such a point that only God can move me out of. No amount of work, money, love, or studies can get me out of the self-hell I have created. Perhaps you too are stuck. Perhaps a sound marriage failed, money fails, health of the job gives out, or we lost the oval office for the last eight years and you couldn't do your job. BLM has put a hit on you and it pisses me off. You are just trying to do your job but your job has become hell. Yes I know there are bad cops but if you were a bad cop you may not be reading this not unless you want a change.

Well right now I am running out of time and I can't edit all this. I know my speech is crass. I speak as a US Marine because next to reading the King James cover to cover many times I survived some serious trials. I know what keeps me alive, and yes, a little metal music would help but I fear listening to any of that old music as there could be demons embedded into the lyrics. I don't know if God can cleanse any of that old music but there are times, I sure do miss it. I know I like to stay alive and with energy and right now it's Klove and Air1. I'm tired and I'm mad but like you I face battles all the time myself. I know you would like to think for a man like me it's all peaches and cream but it is not. Much of it is the battlefield for my own mind. I have to fight my own sanity, which despite my medications, a lot of times is in question. It seems when dealing with people a lot of times I cannot discern good from evil. I like to look beyond the bad and see the good in a person, and it is a snare to my soul. I am sorry for my sins against so many police, my victims, that thank God were never harmed, countless man hours; not to mention money spent trying to convict evil Todd. This is my love letter to you. I don't have time to read on and edit more. Tonight, it is 11:13 pm and the Marine Corps birthday which I was unable to celebrate. (That is November 10th, 2017.) I have a little more time but there is so much more to do. I will sign off here. Please read part of the next two paragraphs. If you dare to read on after that do so at your own risk to feelings and or sanity since at the time of writing this, I may have been mentally ill.

I love you.

Dale Lee Gordon
I know a lot of things and while I was once pawned off as a fool and the gavel swung with the verdict "GUILTY!" I too was thrown into a lion's den and I think a lot of people, decided surely this is the end of Dale Lee Gordon. Gates slammed shut and time wore on and so did my beloved King James Bible as I wore many Bibles out. People wondered, some prayed, many others preyed Satan laughed and rejoiced. Many inmates mocked, some saying why doesn't he fight back? As I ate my own teeth in thoughts, we will get him now, truth and GOD's Word prevailed. I said "GOD bless you" to an evil satanic inmate. It robbed his power and I stood up with plenty of blood on my face, walked between the inmates who stood guard and approved my execution, and went and did the impossible once again. I told the truth and it got me out of what would have been my death sentence in Jamestown State Prison. (Romans 10:13) For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

I thought about things for years and things were entirely my fault. I hung around wicked people even till today. "Friends" would seem to come out of the woodwork but they were not friends. A lot of people were sent by Satan. I did my part in the crime and that was a anti-social and Satanic act. I am in the wrong and I have been trying to repent for the last 21 almost 22 years. What the judge DA and investigators did was an act of love and forgiveness on their part. It was a high-profile case and they had to do what they did. Not only that in my severe insanity I wrote hate letters all over sinning against God and man and it destroyed my defense. I am convinced I may have had time served without even any charge made after over three years in jail. The insanity was produced by an inmate named Darrel Martin who played God against me along with spell casting by Todd Jessie Garton. This has caused permanent brain damage even till this day. I'm not making excuses I am telling the facts. I never did a drug not even tobacco though I abused alcohol 21 years ago it will be 22 years the end of this month. I watched demonic movies one after another even in jail before I realized this is where demons come from. It was a combination of a lot of things and Todd didn't help any matters. Truth known I told Todd Jessie Garton too many times we can't do this. Not only did I know murder was wrong but that we couldn't get away with it. Still all in all Todd manipulated me it was I in the jeep headed to Portland one evil weekend and I paid that crime in full. Todd did not hold my hand and drag me to Portland though he did have to call my boss and tell him my mom was having a heart attack so I would have to leave. He will be in hell and that is Todd Jessie Garton's own sins. There were a number of people on my side. One investigator Steve G. once talked very kind words to me and I knew he did not want to see my destruction and that was even after all the hate mail I sent. When Steve and Mark booked me Mark drove. Steve for whatever reason, and I will not ever forget this showed a huge act of mercy forgiveness and
love. In the police car that was two door Steve had the seat all the way back and sat with his knees in his chest in total misery. I had all the room and I know this was no accident. People in law enforcement loved me. CO's treated me so kind and with so much respect. Billie was so kind to me and I gave her a lot of poems at her current work. She remembered me along with another former guard that is so kind to me. I have been healing for a long time and these sites I am fixing today 6/5/2019. I thought a few weeks ago if I were the judge, I probably would have given me 25 to life. The judge gave me a second chance. He knew what he was doing and I wasn't so forgiving for a long time. Time goes on and I realize his act of love and mercy as the judge kept the Feds from coming after me, he really had no choice. I talked to DA Greg Gaul in the court house years later when I was there supporting someone in trouble. He was so kind. He might have thought oh no that's Dale Lee Gordon but I was kind to him. I remember all the times thinking I needed to rearm but I thought a lot of things. I have Jesus and God and they protect me. I don't have a gun and I don't need or want a gun. I recently dealt with a crazy drug addict but I used the Bible as a weapon. With it I didn't raise anything against him even a fist. The King James Bible had all the authority I needed. I am sorry it took so long for me to heal. Still there is more healing to be done. Things are changing in my life. I'm becoming a Marine again thirty years later. I have been thinking about what I learned 30 years ago. This part of me had died for so many years and now I realize a Marine is just and with honor. Yes, we are proud but meek at the same time. For a police officer you are a hero. The things you do each and every day make a difference. Yes, a lot of people hate you and I once did too at first but I had a lot of emotions to go through. I thank the judge and DA for not giving me a lighter sentence because I don't know if I would have really learned to love again. Prison's hard walls of hate taught me love. I didn't evangelize to a lot of inmates because they have another god. I mostly preached to law enforcement about Christ. Most responded so kindly. They showed me favor and love. One CO was a man I went to boot camp with. He couldn't reveal his name so I don't know nor do I remember names or people in United States Marine Corps boot camp. He remembered me and a CO asked me what platoon I was in and he verified who I was. I started working with CO's in prison. One time in a fight I told them exactly what happened and who was involved. Another time they were doing repairs in a dorm and there were tools that could be used as weapons everywhere in that dorm. I told the CO he accidently opened that door. He was so pleased with me because he could have been fired or worse. I am on the side of the police. I realize God gave them the guns and the skill to use them. Inmates don't have the skills they just have attitudes where they try to get you to fear them. I remember one liar inmate in Shasta County Jail. He claimed to be a Marine but hated me. Later I verified that he was a liar. Marines run with other Marines in prison and they have respect. Yes, there are reasons Marines land in prison. For me it was a failed attempt of police assisted suicide. Things happen and even God understands. For me I realize I shamed the Marine Corps. In jail I realized all the pastors that came to jail were lying to us about salvation. Yes, you can be saved
but after reading the King James Version of the Bible several times cover to cover I knew cheap grace was a lie. I had to do things like love the guard’s CO's, DA's judges, and yes even evil inmates who I would forgive if attacked and rely on God to fight for me. With my mouth I blessed my attackers all three times. You know very well about respect and it is the law enforcement that earned it. They didn't do a wicked crime as I committed. I was wrong they were in the right. At the same token what gives one sinful inmate the right to judge another inmate. Did not Jesus Christ our LORD and Savior talk about having a beam in thine own eye while trying to pull a speck out of someone else’s eye. I broke the law and our system is fair. There are no innocent inmates in jails and prisons. Sometimes we are in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe you should have drank at home and not at a bar. Maybe you shouldn't go to the ATM at midnight. Maybe as a lady you shouldn't dress inappropriately walking around late at night. Drugs are choices and booze is a temporary fix. Cigarettes kill people. Life deals with choices and the biggest choice you will ever make is choosing LORD Jesus Christ to be your LORD and Savior. The time is at hand and the world, TV, beer, lusts, pornography and other vices are lies. The Bible is the truth. You don't have to go to church because half the pastors are lying to you anyhow: More probably. Bibles have been altered and though a lot of people don't like the "thee's" and "thou's" the King James is the best Bible around it just takes a Strong's Concordance with Greek, Hebrew and Aramaic words to fully understand it. Get a Bible today one that you are comfortable reading. Start with the New Testament book of John. A lot of things to a beginner you may not understand like giants in Genesis 6 but believe it or not governments lie. NASA tells lies. Evolution is a lie. FEMA camps are not lies and we all need to stand our ground because even Bush and Obama told a lot of lies. Not to get off the subject but where does your trust stand. How about in LORD Jesus Christ the perfect LAMB of God who died for your sins. He never told a lie and the Bible, well depending on the translations are not lying to you. No I'm not reading Bill on the hill's Passion Bible. Fame money, cars trucks, power and more are idols are temporal things. Time is a temporal thing. I study times and I keep track of times and seasons. One good thing about Darrel and Todd is I have pension from being disabled and I have a lot of time. I know about how God gives us certain abilities and talents. I have worked my time and my money. I have fought the fight of life and I know our LORD is coming soon because I've crunched the numbers. I don't know the date or hour but I know we have to be ready at all times. The Bible talks about being ready because God never promised tomorrow. I plead with you accept Christ today and don't wait. Call upon Jesus Christ now with your tongue. I'm not leading in words anymore because its your mouth and your words that will save you and a walk with God and time spent with him. Call on Jesus Christ today. Cry out to him say Jesus take the wheel of my life and come into my life and save me. Don't wait till tomorrow because the sun may not rise in the morning a morning coming but we don't know. The shofar will sound and your decision yea or nay has been made. At that point you are facing life or eternal damnation. There is no more serious
decision to be made. If you want stop here because I am stopping here. I don't know what is
on this site because to be honest I can't keep up with all I said here. Just for the LOVE of God
make peace with him today amen.

While Satan rejoiced, it was a dream of mine to one day preach and more than that a vow to
GOD Almighty. There are reasons no one knows and now I will tell of them. I made a vow to
GOD to be a preacher for Him. It was freedom's last night ever back in 1998. I told God not
even knowing who he was, "If you get me through this, I will be a preacher for you." This was a
prophecy fulfillment sealing the words of the P.K. Penny Fisher. At my eight-grade graduation
she sounded off, "Dale Lee Gordon will be a preacher." The crowd laughed hysterically,
thinking the atheist "never" but there was silence in heaven...

While some people say there are bad people in law enforcement I say, "Not so!" Praise GOD!
Looking back (I'm updating this March 23, 2014.) no one set me up except evil inmates. I just
find it impossible to believe any Correctional Officer meant me harm. The problem is we as
citizens tend to believe that someone because they are in a position of authority is bad because
they rule over us. I have been ruled over all my life in the Marine Corps and in prison. Praise
GOD because one day we will have a king to reign over us and that KING is Jesus Christ. Now I
bless every law enforcement officer not just because I want them to remember me but because
I love them and I pray for them. amen

Over the time period of April and May 2010 the law enforcement officers were all extremely
kind to me. They treated me with respect and dignity as I was facing tremendous hardships in
my life. They were kind but dealt in honor and decency. I later wrote a letter to Redding Police
Department thanking them for their good service and included a prayer. I saw it is time to start
respecting those in authority and pray for them and give them respect making their jobs easier.

On a further note: My serious mental illness has often reduced me to a point of being down
syndrome. It is hard to write well and do anything inspirational at all when in these poor states
of mind. In addition to that just dealing with folks like Pastor Brock ripping me off for tens of
thousands causes a new pain I live with every single day of my life. I went from being a US
Marine, and eventually had a job working for the US Forest Service to being seriously
handicapped. Please keep this in mind that my mental state has been severely reduced to say
the least. While I personally take the blame from my crime, mental illness has not helped me at all. Just so you know I take my medication now daily and will continue to do so.

In all things I say Praise GOD for allowing Satan to get at me in the past!

Dialog with a friend, proving myself as the guilty sinner.

Thank you for the wonderful email. Times are getting very bad. Southern California votes in these ultra-liberal governors, senate, and congress members. They all hate God and they are making even harder on Christians. Be of good cheer though because it means the end is coming soon! I'm really not ready to be shipped off to a FEMA camp. If I am martyred that is one thing but to be tortured that would be hard.

You know **** I believe the road to heaven is narrow just as Jesus stated. So many people are into this Jesus thing for themselves, for power, self-promotion and money. The time is right to be serving God with all our hearts. I think your ministry is good because you focus on God. I mean yes, I was wife hunting for the longest time, but I think God wants us to serve him first. Also, I want you to know I quit pornography many many years ago and I have never looked back. That site supernaturally, accidentally got erased. It had no solutions and offered no way out. I was serving two masters which was totally out of line. In dreams I was going to hell and I saw it as plain as day. I don't even have a desire for it anymore. It was God's fear that he allowed Satan to nearly kill me in a dream that forced in one of the worst nightmares of my life.

There were other things going on too. It was like through all the insanity Satan used it to attack me. I was weak and though things were all my fault and I own up to those mistakes now. I should have realized Brock was a liar and would never pay me back except with evil. So many things in my life I was the guilty one. Owning up to my mistakes was hard and humbling. I am even attempting to forgive the evil ones in my life. When I should have turned right, I turned down the devil's path and I later paid for it. All in all, though God kept me a virgin for the last twenty years which I am very proud of: I know I lusted with my eyes which was in a way as Jesus described was just as wicked or perhaps even more wicked. I believe demons were invading my life and the biggest point of attack was through the pornography. I have repented
and given my heart more to the LORD. I am still dealing with anger issues and an unholy tongue, and other areas I sin, but I try not to mock God anymore. I just can't keep blaming others for my mistakes. Sally was a huge error, and I should have put my foot down as I finally did and gotten away from her. Sadly, enough this last summer the sin repeated as I let a single mother become my friend. She stole many things from me and it was my fault for not listening to good instinct. I know I have to forgive others like Kathy for destroying my car. I have to learn I can't help everyone especially those who don't respect help. Many people throughout my life gobbled me up and spit me out. There were so many mistakes on my behalf over the years. Sadly, I lost a lot of very valuable time and money over this last 11 years. In prison I dealt with some very hard issues and I handled them with wisdom in order to not lose my soul. I believe I got complacent and lost my way after prison. In prison I faced many hard temptations but I passed that test. I know insanity didn't help and I didn't ask for it but I have to take God out of the judgment seat. What I did 20 years ago was wrong on a massive scale and I deserved all the years of hard bondage in prison. I reaped all the problems from the wicked seeds I sowed and it was all based on a fear of man and too much foolishness. Even the Bible described my foolish characteristic in Psalm 14:1 and 53:1. I was the fool who said "no God!" What I did, all my sins, were wicked as hell and I deserved eternal damnation in hell. It was my prayer that saved me even as an atheist in the midst of a wicked wicked crime that saved me. God heard my cry even as an unspoken prayer was in my head in a very bad night in Portland Oregon. God heard my cry as I spoke to him under the stars in my last night of freedom.

God loves me and has given me HIS grace because there was no way I could earn it. It is God's love, and because of that love, God rescued me from hell. I deserve hell. In fact, I don't deserve any goodness at all from God. I was a very wicked man and I even deserve the demonic possession I still live with even to this day. I look around in this house. It has problems, but there is food piled up all around because of God's blessings at the food banks. I have every Bible I need including the Bible DVD I just got in the mail today. I have time and I have money. It is not a lot after the tithes I pay to both Shamah's orphans and my web ministry. I am still waiting for the later rain but I know I am already blessed but I also believe the LORD wants to bless me more.

I stopped self-condemnation especially after I realized that God does in fact forgive sins and that while he wants me to be a better steward next time, he is not mad at me. It's almost as if God forgot my sins as far as the east is from the west. I am realizing though I still have faults and they are bad that I am in fact a Christian. God is not condemning me. God forgave me.
What I have to realize is that insanity, poverty, and the basest living is a blessing from God and not a curse. God truly loves me and has loved me through the storms of life. Amen.

I am thinking of putting this email on one of my websites. I can remove your name if you want, but I think I should use this as an example on how to experience a loving relationship with our Creator. In addition to this I want to pray for the salvation of all my enemies that they will experience a working relationship with Jesus as I believe I am doing now. Amen.

Your friend,

Dale

Response from friend:

God often humbles us to get our attention and it worked with you. Praise God for that! And He'll keep you humble too as a way to keep down the sinning. God wants sin out of our lives and I see it all over the Bible but I often find that the average Christians have no clue what sin is. They know murder is sin but don't know lying is and fornication. I try to point everyone to the Bible as the ultimate source for the Christian. And thank God that He saves us even though we are sinners. Praise God for the victories over sin that you have had!

GOD Bless RDP And All Law Enforcement

By Dale Lee Gordon

I appreciate so much your kindness throughout the years. Back in 1998 I was wrong very wrong as I did a crime attempted murder. I told all truth and, in the end, truth set me free. Truly the
only person I did not respect and for no other reason than she said she would defend me for the money and that I would not be an evangelist. That was my attorney.

People need to learn to respect the law and appreciate what law enforcement does. Each and every one of you were kind and respectful especially this year when I was having major problems. The law enforcement tried to help me the best they could and they did. That is what so many people do not realize is the law is there to help us and not to hurt us.

I want to pray for all of you:

I ask that the Good LORD guide and direct all of you. I ask that the Good LORD keeps all of you safe and protected. You all deserve respect and I respect all of you. I learned from prison crime does not pay and while I became bitter and harsh in jail, prison taught me to love again. I am learning battles can be won but not with hate but rather love. I ask that GOD be with each and every one of you. I ask that if you must use force then GOD be with you. If the enemy uses force that GOD would weaken them. May the Good LORD grant you a strong hedge of protection against all attacks and let wicked plots be turned to folly.

I know it is hard for all of you as I am a former US Marine so I know what it is to face continual challenges. I just want you to know I love and respect all of you and appreciate your kindness though I have not always been with a sound mind. I try to love because my mother originally instilled love in my heart. GOD is love and if any of you are unbelievers, I want you to know GOD still loves you and he wants you to turn your heart over to Jesus the one true GOD.

I know that most of you are real and good people. Others try to teach me that there are dirty cops but I fail to believe that. I uphold you highly and respect all of you as dear to me. People do not realize how wonderful you really are but you are truly awesome indeed. And may the GOD of all peace please bring this world to a speedy end so we can go home with you Jesus.

AMEN

A Strong Respect for the Law

Sheriff
1525 Court St.
Redding, CA 96001
June 24, 2014
I want all of you to know the deep love and respect I have for you. It took me several years to realize I was in the wrong and you were in the right. I remember defending all of you one time in a prison cell with an evil cellmate. He was incensed that I called you friends and not bad guys. He became furious when I told him I would not join white pride or hate blacks. See I grew up in a good home where my parents taught me right from wrong. I was not inherently evil though I used to be an atheist. I was as the Bible quotes in Psalm 14:1 the fool:

Psalm 14:1 To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

There are many fools in this world even professed Christians. They lie to get ahead and even use churches and use church people. They are phonies or as the Bible describes lukewarm.

(Rev 3:16) So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

I have done a great deal of studies and I know we are living in the end of days where Christ will come back soon. First I want to tell you of this Jesus I serve. The Bible says of Him that he is love:

(1Jn 4:8) He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

God’s yoke is an easy burden. Oh, great treasures can come at the hand of Satan but they only last for a season. I call this the “silly season.” Once this season ends, Satan retracts his golden hand. You lose everything and for many an inmate they find themselves sitting locked up in a prison cell. The problem with almost all inmates is they become hardened and bitter blaming everything else on others. I hope you see that I am a different type of inmate. Long years behind bars taught me to love. I found that love in reading a King James 1611 Bible with Strong’s Concordance. Often in prison I would put myself in peaceful places believing with my whole heart things would be better someday. They were happy places. In prison it soon became evident to me that the people holding the guns were the smarter ones. As a former Marine I thought of POW’s and how you longed to be free again so I did not participate in the foolish non-sense of the other inmates. I learned from our M60E3 class that “I’m up he sees me I am down,” were good words to live by. In other words, get away from the evil ones as quickly as possible. I did so typically by lying to the inmates while telling the truth to the Correctional Officers. One time for example a C.O. opened the wrong door by accident and I told him and he realized his error and relocked it. I was always on the C.O.’s sides telling them the truth about fights and things like who started it. Inmates hated me and called me bad names. At three different times I got beat up but I always blessed my attackers verbally as they beat me never fighting back because I had love for my enemies. I quickly realized if I fought back things would get worse and I would not only lose my out date but good time too.

The whole time I was locked up I fought serious mental illness. It caused me to do extra time but I do not blame the system but rather the man Darrel Martin a demonic man who fried his brain on meth. He even told me he was God but God is love. The spell he bound on me overcame me and messed up my mind to this day. For long periods of time going in and out of sanity I could not prevail over the demonic forces attacking me. I read the Bible for many hours each and every day but nothing at all except proper medications which thanks to the VA I have been blessed with overcoming.

I learned from my dad that the system was put in a bind where the Feds wanted to come after me because of my insanity and crazy letter writing which I did not wish to do. Satan had other plans.
though God worked them out for good anyways. In a poem I sent to my parents in an email this morning I stated:

I am your son proud and true.
You have been kind you helped me through.
You have been there when I was difficult unkind.
Fighting demons out of my mind.
Thank you for your kindness forgiveness and love.
God never abandoned me he helped me from above.
I know times have changed I have moved on.
Thank God I have won the demons are gone.

Just want to let you know the medications I receive have stabilized me. I love Jesus and I pray for all of you. I pray every time I hear sirens or see a police officer in a bad situation. Police often get a bad rap because people don’t respect authority but know I love you. amen

Your friend and brother in Christ,

Dale Lee Gordon
11075 Campers Court #38
Redding Ca. 96003

Criminal to Christian

Years ago, back in 1998 I did a major crime in Portland Oregon. Many people especially the criminal minded do not like to speak of how they made mistakes. I made a huge mistake the crime of attempted murder on a man’s life I never even knew. It was a wicked and hateful crime one where I was a fool. My heartless heart was empty and void of all love. I did not understand the value of human life, but prison taught me that love wins any war. Love and truth set me free from a prison cell. When other inmates lied I stuck to the truth. I learned the love the police officers have in them and gained a true respect for all law enforcement. I learned to pray for them even when inmates taught me forgiveness was wrong. I was in a cell with a man one time who told me to hate the DA’s and judges and all law enforcement. He said I was wrong for loving black people and warned me unless I hung out with “my own” I would be killed. I learned Satan is a liar and Law Enforcement are mostly Christians on GOD’s side. In court I told all the truth and what I failed to tell all I later wrote the judge and told all I could tell. I knew from a wise woman’s words that the truth would set me free and I adhered to truth at all times I could.
Prison can be inescapable because if you do wrong you can lose your good time and ultimately gain a life sentence if you are a violent inmate. I learned that inmates were wrong but could rarely admit it. Lies in prison were rules you must live by but I adhered to truth. I read GOD’s Word daily the Holy Bible even studying Greek Hebrew and Aramaic; original Bible languages. I learned to appreciate the guards and love them for who they were and respected them even though I was hated for doing so. People would call me a ratt or a snitch but I dealt honestly because I know Jesus will Judge us accordingly. (Rev 21:8) But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death. I appreciate all those who judged me for my crime. They judged fairly and honestly. I love people like DA Greg Gaul and McGregor Scott, and the investigators, and all others. I even learned to forgive Todd Jessie Garton even though I could not read the entire book Robert Scott book “Kill or be Killed,” because I learned the others tried to pin the crime on me. I learned to love and not to hate. While prison mostly teaches hate I learned complete love and respect. I learned to love others even forgiving Muslims and others who we do not look up to. I love the Muslim people, Buddhists, atheists, even Satanist and all others. Recently I forgave a pastor of River City Church who used GOD and his Pastoral license to rip me off for all I ever had to live on in excess of $35,000.00. I wish him well and pray for him now. I pray for those who hurt me and I repent of all the people I have harmed.

I recall in prison blessing each of the three attackers who meant to kill me. I verbally blessed and forgave as they beat me. One attacker while eating fragments of my own teeth I managed to say, “GOD bless you.” He almost immediately stopped beating and I got up and walked away. In prison I used to evangelize to the guards and even brought one Muslim MTA (nurse) to Jesus because I loved him when he hated me. In life we have to forgive one another and if I have hurt anyone I am sorry. We need to be kind and without legalistic views. Don’t be quick to judge but rather quick to love. Stop judging because when you do three of your fingers point your direction. Amen Dale Lee Gordon www.bible-heaven.com My Parole has ended and I am now a free man again.

Sad to say my forgiveness toward Brock and Todd was short lived. They hurt me so bad when I was there best friend.

The section below is from www.inmateministries.org
HERE IS A SECRET TO HOW I SURVIVED PRISON'S NIGHTMARE AND GOT OFF PAROLE.

Love
in
LORD
Jesus
Christ
&
serving him alone...

There are three problems I have noticed among inmates. One is un-forgiveness: (Especially toward police and DA's, judges, police and jail and prison guards. These people are my best friends. I needed prison and it gave me plenty of time to reflect on my character and get right with God and man. I needed time to read the Bible.) The next problem I see is lying and having as Jesus stated "the beam in thine own eye," always looking for someone else with worse sins. The other problem is not being responsible for our own actions. The judge didn't try and kill someone yet I tried. I have to take my sentence however long and painful and forgive those that did what was right in the first place. I realize I have to love Todd Jessie Garton, because he enabled me by putting me in a place where all there was, was time to get right with God. I have to love Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein for stealing all my money after prison. Yes, Satan has come
against me and by Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein stealing all my money I have shown what a good
steward I am with very little. Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein obviously needed my money a lot
more than I did. I forgive him and Todd Jessie Garton and love them for what they did to me.
What they did for evil turned out for good in God's plans. God works things out for those that
truly love him. I think we all need to take out less time for hating and more time for loving and
the world would be a better place. Besides in the end it is love in God and love for fellow man
that will get us to heaven. I advise you if you don't already have a Bible get one and begin
reading it and God will bless you as he has blessed me. So, what I lost a lot over the years God
will give me the increase soon enough and God will have taken away my shame and my
complaint. God is love and he loves you! Be like him and be that love also. Amen...
What a Precious Child You Are...

What a precious child dressed in white.  
A child of God made it through the night.

A child born of peace born of mercy mild.  
God loves you such a beautiful child.  
God knows the things you had to endure.  
Saved through the Spirit bound by God's Word.  
You are saved through love bought in Christ victory.  
Saved in mercy through Christ' blood shed on Calvary.  
You are special you are wonderful indeed.  
You are called out born of Christ' seed.  
If you were a flower I would place you in God's garden.  
A child of the King who overcame sin.  
Sometimes the enemy may try to sneak something in fast.  
Reminding you of dark secrets hidden in the past.  
Those are the lies from Satan the enemy.  
But God is the truth and He sets you free.  
If there were a closet where skeletons were hid.  
The sin is in Satan and Jesus hides the sins we once did.  
God is love, He is peace, Jesus' love never runs out.  
Though we are faced with trials and fears, and yes even doubt.  
Christ is the answer call upon his name.  
Where love is the answer, He forgets all the shame.  
We are born in sin but victory is come.  
You are victorious and God has won.  
Written by: Dale Lee Gordon January 4, 2018
The Lord also gave me a word about you last night that he wants you to be a pastor for prison ministry.

February 5, 2018

I thought and thought and prayed. I felt the LORD Jesus Christ moving me in a new direction. I have been to prison and while I have popularity it is nothing to be proud of. I don’t see great fame in going to a school, or other gun free zones and taking out as many people as one can. I too rested in the fear of man and fell into a great long-lasting depression. My only hope in life was to murder a man in cold blood by following a devil Todd Jessie Garton. I had become a fool and it led to eight years seven months of prison for the crime of attempted murder. People used to blame me for the murder of Carole Ann Holman. I lost a great friend one horrid rainy day and a child who I wanted to be a godfather to. I looked forward to Carole’s son James; obviously Todd Jessie Garton did not. I would not had ever let it happen if I knew Todd Jessie Garton’s plans. In fact, I would not have done my crime had I known what Todd was up to in the first place. Oh, the shoulda, woulda, coulda’s, we all talk about in prison.

One thing I noticed is that you always have a functional mirror in each cell just above the stainless-steel sink. It is a perfect reminder that yes it was you that did the crime. They actually changed one out in our cell because it did not reflect perfectly.

Suicide also is a thing prisons love to prevent. They want us to do our time.

So here we live in a world where the only thing we can control is the light, the flush button, (though I believe they put that on a timer) the hot and cold water and that is it. A guard of Correctional Officer is responsible for food and to lock and unlock our doors. An MTA administers our medications. Our world is shaken to its foundations. I know that feeling all too well.

I know what you go through. I know what I have been through. People often make light of it and pretend like doing time is easy. Then one day you see a gurney pass by and next thing you see is a gurney with a sheet over a dead body. That was his end, and almost always that end is in hell, or eternal damnation.

(Mat 10:22) And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

You have to do it all the way even if it means death row or life in prison.
You don’t have to be on your own in prison. You can pray for the district attorneys, judges, investigators, inmates, guards, correctional officers, MTA’s, other law enforcement and leaders and nations. Often, I saw the opposite. I would see spells being cast, I would see people with special names that were either biblical, or even demonic. Taz and animal were all too common. Interesting enough everyone hated me even the ones who professed to be Christian. One treated me well in the world of hate. He was a Muslim. I respected him too.

I tried to respect everyone. I would tell the truth to Correctional Officers. One time a C.O. unlocked a door with lots of tools on accident. Official prison workers were rebuilding a pod. I immediately ran and told him and he locked that door back up. I became friends with the jail and prison officials. It took years to get to that point but I realized I was the bad guy and they were the good guys. I also knew if I wanted out in my good time it was best to take a beating and praise the LORD meanwhile verbally blessing your attackers at the same time. Inmates stopped beating me almost instantly as my God robbed their power. I relied on the system for help and yes, I became like David running from his own son. I survived. Inmates stopped drilling me with questions and God showed me favor just as God did with Joseph. I read the Bible constantly.

When I first came to jail I could totally see God’s handiwork. See it was the last night of freedom I had when I made a vow to God. Truthfully, I did not know who God even was. What I said as I looked under my last star filled night was “LORD if you get me through this I will be a preacher for you.” Now God is ordaining me as a jail & prison minister. Whether God gives me money to preach or not is his will. Either way I am providing this newsletter as my gift to God and to inmates and whoever else chooses to read this. It is free for download and I plan to make it in pdf form located at http://www.inmateministry.org and http://www.toddgarton.com/

When I first entered Shasta County Jail, I went to 3D19. It was all an amazing thing from day one. The Holy Spirit entered me from the start. As soon as the cuffs went on and I was under arrest these words came from nowhere;

(Psa 23:4) Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

and I spoke them out and declared them over my life.

I was so full of the Holy Spirit I was overflowing with joy. I knew I was “Free on the Inside,” just as a popular NirV inmate Bible is named. Just as I write this I hear the words of a song, “chains breaking” and “this is my freedom hand,” “who the Son sets free” “soul forgiven;” playing on Air1. God is so amazing.
When I came to jail in mid-1998 I smiled in my jail house photo. They waited several days later to book me again, but this time instead of a smile it was a smirk. When you look at the mug shot in Robert Scott’s book “Kill or be Killed” I am the only one in my jail house blues because they didn’t want my smiling picture. I still had a lot to learn and I did so, this time in the Bible.

In 3D19 on the concrete desk was placed a “Free on the Inside” NIrV and a King James Bible which I immediately opened and started reading. I was having fun and enjoying myself until everyone around me started hating me because I had become a Christian. I was on FIRE for the LORD. To fight off depression I started teaching Spanish speaking inmates English and they taught me Spanish. I also began to cut everyone’s hair real nice. It was a skill I learned in the United States Marine Corps.

There is a deep spirit of darkness in jail and in prison. The spirit is so strong and so deep it overwhelmed me. The strong love I had in the LORD had to be overcome by sleep. It is the hours upon hours I did not know how to fill. I would read the Bible 2, 4 and sometimes 8 hours a day, but still there is time. I began to write poetry, skits, plays, stories and more but still there is time. I began to talk to God. That helped but typically there was no answer. I learned however, God speaks through dreams and in the Bible. At some point I began to design automobiles and engines. I was always intrigued with technology. Later I imagined myself on nature walks. I always imagined having this old girlfriend as a wife and that I would never lose her. I would write her letters even up until the time of the end. It may have been under a false pretense but I did it because I believed in love and I never lost hope. Even after the letter toward the end of my sentence that said “I moved on” I still imagined the lie to be true. I kept myself happy developing ministries, being in another location, and yes even believing in love to keep my little world from completely caving in. Yes, I know what you are going through.

I have punched concrete walls so hard my hands bled. I have kicked at metal doors and dented sinks. I both loved and hated. I went through all the emotions. I even went through the suicide blues. There was a time I just wanted to die and I did not care anymore, but fear kept me from it. It had to be the fear of the LORD but it was real and every time that strong demon of suicide attacked somehow, I fell back into God’s arms for love. Perhaps the closest I ever came to suicide was with a pencil sharpener cut in half. I even had it all planned out. The thing is I realized I just couldn’t do it. I am glad God stopped me because I have learned there is a meaning in life. Whatever condition you are in, whatever happened in life, whatever spells you cast, whatever murders, if you are still alive you have a chance at having a relation with Jesus. And yes, if you are wondering spells were cast on me. Todd Jessie Garton the warlock and my cellmate in 3D19 cast spells on me. I live with that curse even until present. It is not an effective life or productive life. In the end we will all have to bow before LORD Jesus and confess our sins.
(Rom 14:11) For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.

You can’t have two masters. You can’t serve Christ and Satan.

(Mat 6:24) No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

(Luk 16:13) No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

The bottom line is it is your choice. Heaven or hell, God or Satan, life or death, love verses hate. Those are things that cannot be taken from you no matter where you are. In the darkest hours of my life God was there with me. God got me through the suicidal depression, God ended my prison sentence, and God in his final triumph took away the debt that exceeded one million dollars produced when a man I should have been able to trust stole from me. God has victory in my life because I learned to love God and all the authority powers, that were “supposed to be our enemies.” I learned not to be anti-social, and realize I was the sinner that got me where I went. Still God forgave me when he didn’t have to. God’s hand of mercy was always there through thick and thin. Now God’s light shines in my face each and every day no matter how good or bad a day I may be having. I am learning to love others. I have sent Christmas cards to the City of Redding Police Department. I bought them my Stop the Violence, Color Your Prison Walls With Love book and sent it to the police department as well. These books are available at Amazon under the name Dale Lee Gordon. They may be also found at http://www.dalesbooks.org where you can download them and / or share them for free in pdf format. I know poverty all too well and I can relate to someone who lives in poverty. As a matter of a fact most of the food I buy all comes from food banks. I would love to say life has been well but a man named Brock Dale Bernstein stole all my money. He chose the well watered pastures while I chose the rocky desert lands. In the end one of us will go to heaven the other hell unless he truly repents. The choice belongs to all of us.

(Gal 6:5) For every man shall bear his own burden.

(Jdg 21:25) In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.

Jail and prison doesn’t have to be a dead end. If you live right even with a life sentence you can live in paradise with God. Even now where I believe we are the last generation on earth we can get to heaven. You do however have to realize God is love, but there are consequences for not walking in faith. God hates the sin but loves the sinner that turns from evil. Amen...
Ministry Through The Pen

Written by: Dale Lee Gordon

February 12, 2018

Other sites to check out:

http://www.dalegordon.net
http://www.inmateministry.org
http://www.coloryourworldwithlove.com or http://www.dalegordon.org

This portion is from a Craigslist ad:

AN ACTUAL CRAIG'S LIST
PERSONALS AD
To the Guy Who Tried to Mug Me in Downtown Savannah night before last.
Date: 2017-01-17, 1:43 am. E.S.T.
I was the guy wearing the black Burberry jacket that you demanded that I hand over, shortly after you pulled the knife on me and my girlfriend, threatening our lives. You also asked for my girlfriend's purse and earrings. I can only hope that you somehow come across this rather important message.
First, I'd like to apologize for your embarrassment; I didn't expect you to actually crap in your pants when I drew my pistol after you took my jacket. The evening was not that cold, and I was wearing the jacket for a reason. my girlfriend was happy that I just returned safely from my 2nd tour as a Combat Marine in Afghanistan.
She had just bought me that Kimber Custom Model 1911 .45 ACP pistol for my birthday, and we had picked up a shoulder holster for it that very evening. Obviously you agree that it is a very intimidating weapon when pointed at your head ... isn't it?!
I know it probably wasn't fun walking back to wherever you'd come from with crap in your pants. I'm sure it was even worse walking bare-footed since I made you leave your shoes, cell phone, and wallet with me. (That prevented you from calling or running to your buddies to come help mug us again).

After I called your mother or "Momma" as you had her listed in your cell, I explained the entire episode of what you'd done.

Then I went and filled up my gas tank as well as those of four other people in the gas station, -- on your credit card. The guy with the big motor home took 153 gallons and was extremely grateful! I gave your shoes to a homeless guy outside Vinnie Van Go Go's, along with all the cash in your wallet.
[That made his day!]
I then threw your wallet into the big pink "pimp mobile" that was parked at the curb ... after I broke the windshield and side window and keyed the entire driver’s side of the car.

Earlier, I managed to get in two threatening phone calls to the DA’s office and one to the FBI, while mentioning President Trump as my possible target.

The FBI guy seemed really intense and we had a nice long chat (I guess while he traced your number etc.).

In a way, perhaps I should apologize for not killing you ... but I feel this type of retribution is a far more appropriate punishment for your threatened crime. I wish you well as you try to sort through some of these rather immediate pressing issues, and can only hope that you have the opportunity to
reflect upon, and perhaps reconsider, the career path you've chosen to pursue in life. Remember, next time you might not be so lucky. Have a good day!

Thoughtfully yours,

Semper fi,

Alex