

## *Saving Grace, How Sweet the Sound!*



This is my testimony. It includes the reason why I am here, in prison alive and trying to tell others there is a plan of salvation before it's too late.

I grew up in a good home and was taught about Jesus and the Bible and right from wrong. I went to church, participated in Bible School, youth group and even sang with my family in front of the congregation. During my teenage years, I got bored with church and lost interest in going. I started hanging around with the wrong crowd where everyone was doing drugs, partying and having what seemed to be a good time. I felt as if my Christian friends really didn't care about what I was doing, so I decided to try this new lifestyle. As time moved on, so did my drug usage as it became steadily worse. My parents continually found drugs and alcohol in my room and eventually put me into a drug rehabilitation center. Actually, they put me there twice, but the first time, I put a guilt trip on my natural father and talked my way out of it. The second time I stayed for the complete program for five weeks. However, after only a week out of the program, I started hanging around the same "druggie" friends and doing drugs just as bad and getting worse.

I got into trouble with the police for minor drinking, disorderly conduct, etc. Eventually, I conned my way into moving in with my natural father. I knew I would be able to get away with everything at his house and I did. I steadily got worse. Every time I went to jail, my dad would bail me out. Every time I was too drunk or needed a ride home, he would come and get me even at 2 a.m. Near the end of high school, I started studying the occult. The drugs had warped my mind so much that I lost all contact with God. I was in Satan's grasp. I finally decided to sell my soul to Satan. Nothing mattered anymore. No one cared (so I tried to convince myself), so I didn't care. Then I traveled fast and deep into Hell.

I was sacrificing animals, cutting myself up and committing my life to Satan. Then I met a woman in Florida and brought her back to live with me. She, too, was involved in Satanism. So, she helped me along my path to **destruction**. Eventually, I lost her and the thoughts of killing myself kept entering my mind. My life was a mess and I felt like I was never going to amount to anything. I was depressed and I couldn't stop. I killed my friend and I didn't know what to do. I was confused and hurt. I decided to kill my father and then myself. But when the time came to kill myself, I couldn't. I had a shotgun to my head but couldn't pull the trigger. I didn't know what to do. I ran away.



I finally turned myself in to the police. At first, in jail, I decided I would start going to God for my problems. After about two months, I got right back into Satanism. Satan conned me right back into his deception. That continued for about four years. Then all of a sudden, I started getting these thoughts in my head. "Look at yourself." "Is what you're doing getting you what you want?" I pushed the thoughts away, but they continued to come back.



Finally I stopped and listened and didn't like what I was hearing. I got scared that God was going to crush me and throw me away. I literally got scared out of my wits. I threw all of my satanic things away. I knew that God was calling to me and that He still loved me. I knew that God would open my eyes and let me see myself for what I really was. I started praying, asking God to forgive me and asking, "Am I able to come back to God after all I've done?" I asked for forgiveness and dedicated my life to Jesus. After I did that, I felt as if I just got rid of a heavy load off my back. From that moment, I knew my life was in Jesus' hands and my mission began... my mission of letting others know about Jesus Christ and what He had done in my life. Now, I am determined to let God work through me to teach those that are lost around me and I can see tremendous things happening because of God. We (the Christians here in this prison) have put together a Christian newsletter to hand out to the other inmates so that we can share what Jesus has shared with us.



I wish it wasn't necessary for me to go through all of this to realize how important Jesus is in my life. Jesus has taken a once fool and turned him into a loving person and I want others to know what Satan is trying to do so we can stop him and lead others to Jesus before it's too late. Jesus has shown me that no matter what I've done, He still loves me and has a place for me in His Kingdom. I think we all need to realize that we are in the end times, Jesus is

coming soon and I feel He has allowed me to come back before it's too late. Thank you Jesus for your loving kindness and your patience in my life.

People need to realize what is happening here. We get involved in drugs, the wrong music and Satan subtly puts crazy thoughts into our minds. We think that we are in control and then all of a sudden, the floor opens up beneath us and we fall. We hurt ourselves, our friends and our family and we don't even realize it is happening. We continually look for answers in all the wrong places and Satan is right here to help us... straight to HELL. I have thought and thought about what to do. But then God stepped in and started thinking for me. **Now I know where I'm headed and that's UP!!**



Until we realize that Jesus is the only answer, we are going to continuously be blinded. No matter what we have done, God still loves us and is waiting for us with His arms outstretched welcoming our return. I am doing an eighty-year sentence for murder because I fell away from God thought I had all the answers to life and let Satan guide my steps. I can be happy here, serving this sentence, knowing that **the sentence waiting for me in Heaven is ETERNAL LIFE with Jesus our Lord!**

**Your Brother in Christ Jesus!**  
**Sonn**

