

## **TESTIMONY FOR THE GLORY OF GOD**

**By: Roger A Burns**



A recent occurrence proved to me the veracity of the words of Jesus. First when He said, “The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.” (John 10:10) Then He said, “These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” (John 16:33)

On July 18, I had my yearly parole hearing and it was a good hearing, conducted by a man who had previously voted for me to be paroled. My sister, Darla and several of my Christian brothers and sisters attended. In addition, that month or the next month, I was expecting the possibility of visiting with my 82-year old mother who lives in Florida. These positive things were in my life when the old devil decided to rear his ugly, evil head as a thief to steal my joy and my peace. But praise God, I firmly believe in I John 4:4 which says, “Ye are of God, little children and have overcome them [the devil and his cronies], because greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.” Amen!

Here is what happened. On July 27, I was snatched out of my living unit and taken in handcuffs to segregation under investigation of the safety and security of the institution I was in. On July 30, I was sitting in a chair with my hands cuffed behind my back, while being interrogated by three Internal Affairs Officers. I was being accused of typing a threatening letter and/or writing a threatening letter or telling someone to do it or knowing someone who did it or lending my typewriter to someone who did it. I denied all of this and told them all what I had going positively for me so what in the world would be my motive for doing such a stupid thing...I was told that I just had never been caught. It's sad to say, but this is the attitude of many officials who work in prisons. I was told that I was the number one suspect and that if it was found to be true that I would be sent to the super maximum prison in our state (no one wants to go there). They would not listen to my testimony of being a born-again Christian and living for the Lord.

On the following day, I was grilled again and told that the only way I could prove my innocence was to take a lie detector test. I told them to bring it on...because I was completely innocent of all charges and that I had never loaned my typewriter out to anyone...and that my God knew I was innocent. I was thrown in one of the segregation crisis rooms and was never given my address book or my stamped envelopes so I could write home. They acted as if they didn't care if my poor mother had to visit me while I was shackled like an animal. In fact, one of them said, “Your mother can visit you at the Supermax.” Yes, the devil and his minions were doing their best to break me and even tried to bring that “old” Roger to the surface. They forgot that the “old” Roger did not exist anymore. Hallelujah! That was the bad report, but I refused to listen to that, so I

went to my Jesus to hear the good report. His report said I was filled... I was healed... I was free. His report said victory! Praise God!

Now let me tell you how my Jesus took care of me and broke all the weapons they tried to form against me. First, on the day that I arrived in segregation, I looked up towards Heaven and cried, "Why me, Lord?" His reply put me in my place and prepared me for what I must go through. He spoke in my spirit and said, "Why not you?" Yes, this set me straight and I knew that I needed to forget about my self-pity and hear what my Lord had in store for me. I completely surrendered to His will and said, "Here I am, what must I do!"

Jesus showed me that my pride had gotten out of hand due to all the talents that He had blessed me with and reminded me that all that I had came from Him and without Him; I would be nothing at all. Folks, that is humbling to say the least. Then He showed me that I had to watch my "stretching the truth" that I had done many times to emphasize my points of view, etc. How He did this brought to mind Proverbs 6:16-17, which says, "These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto Him: A proud look, a lying tongue..." I have left out the remainder of verse 17 because it was the first two that I needed to hear and then to confess to and repent of. "Stretching the truth, fibbing, etc." in His eyes is lying and to Him this is a great sin. Why? Because the first sin in Heaven itself was the devil's pride and his lying tongue. I made this right with my Lord right then and there and this prepared me for what was in store for me...the devil's all out attack. Amen!



I now had the peace of Jesus within me and I began praising Him and singing songs of worship to Him that whole weekend and I thank God for this because it enabled me to withstand that all out attack on Monday. Jesus began to show His blessing and His move in my behalf just as soon as I surrendered to His commands. A Muslim across the hall from my seg room had me ask the officer why I could not get my envelope and address book so I could write my family and slid a stamped envelope under my door so I could write home. Then on Monday afternoon, another Muslim was released from seg and on his way out, he slid two stamped envelopes and two blank envelopes with money vouchers under my door. "Satan you are a liar and you are defeated," I said as soon as I picked up those envelopes (gave me writing paper, also). Darla immediately got in touch with my brothers and sisters and their churches and later that week, I could sense in my spirit that many people were praying for me. Hallelujah! I was allowed yard privileges in the seg yard Monday through Friday (an hour or more each day), and I was given three showers a week. Praise God! Later that week, one of the seg officers told me that he did not believe that I was involved in anything so stupid and permitted me to take a brand new mattress out of another seg room because the mattress in my seg room was paper-thin and the bunk bed was solid steel. Yes, I thanked him and said "God bless you!"

On the first day after I was placed in segregation, one of the inmates who worked in seg gave me his New Testament because I was not even given my Bible (never received

envelopes, address book and Bible until the day I was released from seg). Nevertheless, Jesus provided all that I needed! Hallelujah! Jesus provided great cards and letters from home while I was in seg...they were so encouraging and uplifting. Amen!

On August 7, I was given the Computer Stress Lie Analyzer Test, which I passed with such a positive response that even the examiner stated that no one had ever been so relaxed and passed so positively before. Thank you Jesus! So, on August 10, I was released from seg and sent back to my original living unit, where I discovered that the room had remained with just my roommate, John, in occupancy [They had not tried to put another inmate in my room all the time I was in seg...that in itself is completely contrary to institutional procedures.] Jesus even kept my room vacant for me for He knew that I wanted to get back with John. My job was not taken from me even though I was in seg and later even my typewriter was restored to me. By the way, when John saw me in the hallway the day I was released from seg, he came running down the hall, threw his arms around me in a big hug, cried, rubbed my head with his hand and said, "I love you!" What a "homecoming" only my Jesus could provide!



Praise God all the rumor mongers were silenced and all those who spoke against me were put in their places. My Jesus was glorified and honored and proved to be indeed the Lord of lords and King of kings. O how I love and adore my Lord! Amen!

My Christian brothers and sisters, feel free to use this testimony in anyway that Jesus leads you. God is in control, Amen!

*Your loving brother in Christ, Roger*