

“Volunteers From M.O.M.”

Staff Testimonies of **Moving On Ministry**

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com (Since April 2001)

Letter From M.O.M. –(Published since Oct. 2003)

“I Can Only Imagine”

As you receive this volume of testimonies from **M.O.M.**, we are continuing with more of the testimonies of “How God Changes Lives” as well as some more of our own written articles. We can truly say that the “high” that many of our inmates have been trying to get through the wrong methods, is being surpassed by those putting God in **ownership** of their lives.

Watch our website
www.MovingOnMinistry.com

We are also affiliated with
International

Prison Fellowship

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Fellowship

Bob’s typing is slow and the folding of the newsletters is being done by Bob & Linda because of not having the typing done in time for the board meeting and meetings not

being held due to corona virus.. With the crashing of the computer this last year, we are building a new mail list. We got behind on letter replies and Resources Lists, and may occasionally miss one. Please write back if we do not answer, and write clearly so we can get the mailing information correct.

Intentions & Wishes

The intentions of this newsletter are to allow an understanding of jail & prison ministries. It is our intentions to get input from those incarcerated as well as those “free” to visit. Life experiences of the faith and fellowship from those locked up in the facilities are always desired to let others know of the value of “visitation”. I am certain that each of us have many stories of the miracles God has done in our lives.

Our wishes are that we would have a list of supportive churches and programs that individuals might look forward to attending, once released.

A list of services, such as housing, employment and counseling services, as well as some individuals available for friendly fellowship are also much needed items (Resource List).

God's Word says if a man stumbles, how can he continue lest there be another to help him up. **Ecc. 4:10** "For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him [that is] alone when he falleth; for [he hath] not another to help him up."

Missing M.O.M. ?

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

Letters that Express it All

We like to post real life situations, because God works in real lives and He is the one that gives "Eternal Life."

Sharing Your Testimony

Moving On Ministry

Testimonies

Proverbs 24:17 "Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth."

John **11:10** "But if a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him."

Please help us with input for this newsletter as we strive to serve God. We appreciate any articles or input.

There are 4 parts to an individual's testimony;

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

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

1. Your testimony Your life lessons
2. Your godly passions
3. The Good News

For those of you that communicate with individuals that have computer access, we have added quite a bit to our web site. The “**Resource List**” (80 pages), ALL past newsletters (“**Letter From M.O.M.**”), inmate lookup links, and artwork are available to be viewed or you may download.

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

I would like to add that we have shared many wonderful testimonies. Many individuals are afraid to share their testimony because they are not sure what to write or feel inadequate in their writing ability. God’s Word says in **Jeremiah 17:9** that “**the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?**”

PLEASE Pray that the churches, friends and relatives of inmates would become supporters of this Jail/Prison ministry.

We have downsized the mailing list according to those responding with profile sheet updates

We have dropped to getting 60 to 100 letters/requests per month. Let those on the outside know of how much good M.O.M. does for inmates.

Because we don’t get paid doesn’t mean it’s free. We need support for expenses.



Front Row: Linda K., Chaplain Bob K., Eric S., Bonnie H.

Back Row: Beatriz S., Ray E., Irie E.,

**Missing: George C, Ramona C, Gabe J, Susan J, Omar, Isabel, Mike,
Juan R., Beatrice L.,**

Testimonies

Chaplain Bob;
(6-8)

Beatrice L;
(43 - 44)

Mike E;
(67 - 68)

Sister Linda;
(9-20)

Beatriz S;
(45 - 47)

Omar V;
(-)

Chap George
(21-27)

Irie E.;
(48 - 49)

(-)

Pastor Bonnie
(28-31)

Isabel V;
(50 – 55)

(-)

Olga R
(32-33)

Savannah J.
(56- 59)

(-)

Ernesto R
(34)

Ray E.;
(60 - 61)

Juan R
(62)

Diana R'
(35-37)

Julie J.
(38-42)

Eric S;
(63 - 66)

Testimony of Chaplain Bob;

Many have asked for another printout of the testimony of Bob from past life to volunteer chaplain with jail and prison ministry and evangelism for church commitment.

I would like to share a story of the seeds planted in my life and the insight as I look back.

The greatest influence in my life I would have to say was my earthly father. This man would do whatever he could to provide for his family. The greatest reference of his nature was my mother's dearly love always for him.

When I was probably 8 to 12 years old, I had a Sunday school teacher at Fresno Evangelical Free Church (now 'The Bridge') named **Malcolm Nelson** that worked on planting Godly seed in my life. This was the church that my relatives were "founding fathers" of.. As I look back, I am sure there was the appearance of the seed going dormant, or even dying. As I entered middle school years, I bounced through a variety of churches because of going with friends and relatives. Still, any seed that may have been planted was basically "dead."

As I was finishing my high school years, I started a job in a restaurant where I met **Otis Parks**, who was the dishwasher. He let me know that he was an ordained pastor. I thought I want nothing to do with this man. Otis would take the garbage out to the room to empty and would stay a little longer as he pulled his Gideon New Testament out of his pocket and read for his break. Then (the nerve of him) he would come back in and share with me about God's love for me and God's purpose for my life. I would tell Otis that I did not want to hear about it. I explained that my relatives would use the Bible and religion to tear apart and slay one another. I further explained that my feelings were that he read the Bible in the garbage room and that was where it belonged.

God should have taken my life for a statement like that. I now am thankful that God did not remove my life on earth, because I would not have been going to be in His Heavenly presence. But God had another plan and had not given up on me. I was accepted to California State University Humboldt and moved to Eureka, CA. I have to admit that this was really God's country, but I still did not have a personal relationship with Him. As I looked for work, I found an opening

in the service department of Sears. I was hired to do television and stereo repairs. The manager of the shop, **Bob Oakley**, came to me and let me know that he was a pastor of a local church. Again I thought *“I’ll stay away from him”* but that was not God’s plan. I began to think *“either this man has something real or he is totally nuts.”* I decided that I would ask some questions, and so we would spend lunch together in his Volkswagen and discuss Bible reality.

On January 27, 1971, at the age of 23, I finally told Him, **God I accept you as Lord and Savior and want you in control of my life but (1) do not expect me to go to some God forsaken country like Africa as a missionary, (2) don’t expect me to work with youth, and (3) never expect me to be involved with inmates, jail or prison ministry, I’ll choose death first.**

As I went on in life, thinking I had cut the best deal I could with God, he started to reveal to me that he wanted me to release some of those things “I” was holding on to and fully submit (100%) my life to Him. This happened over an extended period of time and it seems God knew just the right timing and speed for me to grow (you might realize because He is the creator/builder). As I released those fears I had and let God have control of those objects, there continually were burdens being lifted. I now tell people that while people were getting high on weed in Humboldt County, I was getting high on the Spirit.

Two weeks after giving my life to Jesus, I became involved in Eureka, CA. in teaching youth and running a youth group. While dealing with the youth, I noticed one principle that can be applied with our relationship with God. I took a group of youth out gold panning. All day long I watched the young men panning the gold. At the end of the day, I noticed the young ladies had the bottles of gold going home with them. When I asked how that happens, the ladies said that the men did it because of love and labored for the ladies. We actually get to take home the “Gold” at the end of “our day” while God was the one laboring for us all those days.

I had a friend in Visalia, CA. that invited me to do jail ministry with him. I told him that I had told God “no” and he said that was probably a good reason to do it. I have been involved in jail/prison ministry for about 20 years now and can truly say it is my greatest blessing that was almost missed because of “trying” to say NO to God. Later in life, God revealed His progression pattern for me to follow;

- 1. Sin**
- 2. Salvation**
- 3. Separation**
- 4. Sanctification**

5. Soul Winning

6. Stewardship

7. Service

Many people try to separate from the temptations of the world before receiving salvation. Others try to receive all God's blessings (sanctification) before they have separated from the sin of the world.

Read Ephesians 4 thru 6 and see if you can see this pattern revealed. Notice that 1 John displays the same progression, as does Colossians.

Now to get back to the “*but*” three exceptions I *had* to turning my life over to God. “*But #3*” was not doing Jail/prison ministry. Well, I have been blessed with 20 years of involvement as a volunteer with what God has called me to do. “*But #2*” was to not be involved with youth ministry. Two weeks later I was asked to take over a youth ministry in Kneeland, CA (near Eureka, CA). I have volunteered as Sunday School teacher, Youth director, AWANA Club boys director at 2 different churches, and organizer for youth outings. The final one, “*But #1*” was to not go to some God forsaken country like Africa as a missionary. I had made this known to those around me and one Wednesday afternoon, I had a pastor tell me that he thought I would have my passport by then. I said “Oh, you read my testimony in the newsletter.” That evening at our church we had a guest missionary speaker from Cameroon Africa. He then told of being involved with jail ministry too. As I went to talk with him after the service, he said he did not know why, but God told him to give me something – an African Black Mambo snakeskin checkbook cover. Those that know me, know my snakeskin and ostrich boots are a trademark. Four incidents in one day? “*OK, God, I will go.*” I said.

We then met **Bruce Wilkinson** in Tulare, CA, who had quit his ministry of **Walk Thru the Bible** and moved to Africa to start a ministry called **Dream For Africa**. We decided it was time to sign up. I did not know that my wife had been praying for me for 3 years to get involved.

We were truly blessed by the experience. **Ask for the Swaziland Special Edition newsletter.**

Chaplain Bob Kaiser

Testimony of Sister Linda;

Spanish Version:Linda's Testimony(God Bless Ramona for Translation 05-03-20)

Nada mas quiero compartir apoyo a todos ustedes. He leído cartas de mucha alegría, gusto y esperanza en las vidas de la gente. Mientras las respuestas al noticiero MOM vuelven, le doy gracias a Dios por mi esposo y que el es fiel en este ministerio. Bob se encuentra diario en su computadora rectificando y agregando al noticiero MOM del próximo mes. O esta en las lomas haciendo el mantenimiento en su ranchito. O esta en las carseles o prisiones (actualmente horita, a causa del virus COVID 19 nos quedamos en casa).

Cuando leo las cartas llenas de alegría también resaltan los testimonios que cuentan situaciones tristes y como Dios ha llevado sus almas a saber que todo es posible con Dios. Cuando resentimiento, amargura y la ira toman los corazones de las persona. Se revela con acción y palabras que llegan hasta el corazón. Esto es un truco que usa el enemigo para destruirte a ti y a sus seres queridos.

Yo conozco ese dolor, amargura y esa ira y el rencor y tristeza que era sobresaliente en mi vida. Yo nada mas quería un fin desde la edad de 11 anos cuando fui violada y golpeada por un primo mayor que yo. Yo había aceptado a Cristo en mi corazón en 1990, pero no solte las cosas que yo pensaba poder retener en secreto. Todo termino cuando yo acepte a Cristo de verdad, en mi corazón en 1999. Y no nomas, pensándolo, como antes. Verdaderamente solte todo y deje que Dios guiara mi vida. En vez de ver puro negro y blanco. Empese a ver colores hermosos. Y realice que hay esperanza y yo quise vivir mi vida hasta el fondo en todo, todos los días. Dios esta vivo! El me ama y te ama a ti. Acuérdate de esto!!! Yo estoy aquí ahora porque Jesus murió en la cruz para que yo viviera y yo quiero compartir la esperanza con ustedes también. El murio en la cruz por usted también. Dios es 100% real.

Cuando pasamos por tantas cosas tan negativas en la vida. En veces la amargura se acomoda en nuestro corazón. Pero El pone personas en nuestro camino que nos abren los ojos y el corazón. WOW!! Una persona que Dios puso en mi camino, fue Frenchy Stafford. Yo fui modelo en la Agencia de Frenchy Stafford. Cuando llegue a Visalia hace 30 anos, yo no tenia los medios para

pagar la miembrecia a la agencia. Entonces yo hacia el aseo en la casa de Frenchy a cambio.

Si! Pronto conteste el llamado. Pero yo no entendía, ni sabia que Dios la había puesto en mi camino para que ella me apoyara y me ayudara a ver y comprender a la gente y situaciones en una luz distinta. Eso causo una diferencia en mi vida y para el respeto a mi misma; en mi autoestima. Todo esto tambien me dio iniciativa para representarme y hablar en publico. Frenchy tomo el tiempo para enseñarme a modelar y empecé una carrera de modelo en lugares como el mall, la Feria del Condado de Tulare y cantaba también. Cuando ella no podía dirigir los eventos yo lo hacia. Se tomo un simple acto de caridad y amor de Dios para ver el brillo de El en mi vida y lo conocí a El. Le doy gracias a Dios por Frenchy; en paz descanse.

Otra experiencia que me abrió los ojos fue la oportunidad por medio de mi iglesia de dirigir a unas mujeres y señoritas en una pasarela. En la cual modelaron trajes de verano, glamour y trajes femeniles de profesionales. Me reuni con las chicas. Les pedi que apuntaran unos puntos tocante a como debería quedar un traje en su persona, su postura y exprecion facial. Esto les hizo mucha diferencia en sus vidas en relación con otras personas. Hubo muchas lagrimas de júbilo y tristeza. Se transformaron en esperanza ante mis ojos. Las chicas realizaron que Dios las ama y que ellas son hijas de Dios y El nunca les suelta la mano. Pero nosotros si, lo soltamos a El. Gracias Jesus por imprimir tu amor en nuestros corazones.

Cuando leemos Su palabra, la verdad, nos da esperanza y fortaleza para soltar nuestro equipaje a Sus pies. Le pedimos a Jesus que nos perdone. Y creamos en una vida que glorifica al Señor. Tenemos que saber un 100% que somos reyes y tenemos que actuar asegun. Il Ptr 2:9-17 Amen y Amen!

Tristemente, mucha gente va a una iglesia a dejar su carga de problemas en el altar. Para nada mas volver al fin del servicio a levantar su basura y jalarla otra vez mas. Ellos cren las cochinas mentiras que les dijo el mundo y no pueden ver lo que es la verdad. Sus ojos, oídos y corazón están cerrados a la verdad cuando todo lo que han sabido es que “no sirves para nada”. “Nadie nunca te va querer”. “Tu me enfermas”. “Nunca vas a llegar a nada”. “Te odio”. “No eres nadie”. “Como te puede querer nadie después de lo que has hecho?” Y la lista sigue...Hombres y mujeres son tratados haci como el mundo los ve porque eso es lo que se ve en los comerciales y revistas. “Toma las riendas de tu vida”. “Perro come perro”, para sobrevivir en el mundo. “Llevate lo tuyo, o no llegas a nada”. Yo tengo buenas nuevas para ustedes...

Si! Tu puedes hacer la diferencia en tu vida. Si escoges dejar que el Espiritu Santo te guie en todo lo que haces y dices. Dar todo, rinde todo a

Jesus Cristo nuestro Señor para que vivas. Permite que Dios trabaje en tu vida y deja de trabajar en Su contra. No mas, “basura adentro y basura afuera”. Esa mentalidad no.

Una vez que dejes que el Espíritu Santo trabaje en tu corazón y creas y tengas confianza en que es lo cierto. Entonces fajate el cinturón y prepárate para el viaje de tu vida. Dios te abrirá puertas y El prepara la vía para una gran aventura que no se imaginan. Nos podemos caer y allí es donde El Señor nos acuerda que El es la fuerza y es nuestro deber mostrar amor y obediencia, levantarnos y tomar otro paso...Nunca. Nunca. Nunca te rindas. Tu lo puedes hacer. Cuando vemos que un hermano se cae, tenemos que amarlo y apoyarlo. Algun día has orado por tener paciencia? Bueno, yo sugiero que oren por amor sin condición. Realmente! Realiza que tu tienes que respetarte y perdonarte. Porque cuando te arrepentiste y le pediste a Jesús que entrara a tu corazón. Tu fuiste perdonado!!! Efs. 6:10

Una de las faltas, es que no creemos porque el orgullo nos detiene. Después de todo lo que hicimos. Quien nos puede amar? El orgullo, otro ataque del enemigo de nuestra alma. Gente! Escuchen!

En veces ni sabemos que el enemigo es el que nos está atacando. El diablo es como un león buscando devorar a alguien. Es un mentiroso, un ladrón de la alegría y rompe la familia y sus relaciones. I Peter 5:8

Lean su mapa de La Vida: La Santa Biblia. ☺☺☺

En Cristo Jesús, Linda, M.O.M.

Gracias Ramona por traducción del testimonio.☺☺

UPDATE ON 04-21-2020 >>>>had to share again<<<< ☺ ☺

www.movingonministry.com

(This was originally published on March 20, 2010)

Hello Brothers and Sisters,

Just want to share a bit of encouragement with you all. I have read letters of great joy, happiness and hope in people's lives as responses come back after reading the M.O.M. Newsletter. I thank God for my husband that he is faithful in this ministry. Bob can be found daily in the computer room updating or adding to the coming month's newsletter if he is not up in the hills taking care of the property maintenance or out at the jail facility or prison. **(Actually now with the Covid-19 Epidemic we stay home for now....one day it will be over.)**

As I read the letters of joy I also come across some individuals that tell of their testimonies of the saddest situations and of how God has brought them to know that all things are possible with God. When resentment, bitterness and anger take hold of a person's heart it is shown by actions and words that cut right through the heart which is just another ploy of the enemy to destroy you and your relationships. I know that pain, bitterness, anger, rage and sadness, that was so overwhelming in my life that I just wanted to end it all since I was 11 ½ years old and violently raped and beaten by my own older cousin. I had accepted Christ in my heart in 1990 but I did not let go of things that I thought I could keep secret.....It all ended when I accepted Christ in my heart in 1999 and I mean truly not just thinking I did like before....I truly did let go and let God. Instead of seeing plain black and white in all ways.....I saw beautiful color and realized there was hope and I wanted to live life to the fullest in all I did everyday.....God is Alive and He loves me and He loves you. Remember that!!!!

I am here today because Jesus died on the cross for me to LIVE and I want to share this hope with you too. **He died on the cross for you too.** The Lord is 100% true. When we go through so much negative in our lives bitterness sets into our hearts HE sends certain people in our lives and sometimes they are eye and heart openers..... Like WOW! One person that the Lord guided into my life was a very dear lady by the name of Frenchy Stafford.

I used to model for Frenchy Stafford Modeling Agency when I first came to Visalia **30** years ago. I could not afford the fees so Frenchy asked me if I would like to exchange cleaning her house for her.

Yes! I was quick on my response not knowing at the time that God had sent her to me for encouragement that would help me see and understand others and situations in a different light. It made a difference in my life for my self esteem and was a great incentive for me to speak in public. Frenchy took her time to do a one on one session with me and before I knew it I was modeling at several of the malls, Tulare County Fair, singing and fill in for MC when she was unable to do it. It takes one simple act of kindness and love of God that shines through you when you know the Master. I thank God for Frenchy, may she rest in peace.

One of the eye opening experiences I had was when I had the opportunity at my old church to have the young ladies from some of the group homes to model leisure, summer, glamour and work attire. I met with the ladies, had them write down some points to remember regarding clothes fitting properly, posture, facial expressions etc..etc...anyway it made a big difference in their lives about themselves and how they related to others. There were many tears as sadness was being transformed into hope before my eyes. They realized that, yes indeed, God loved them and that they really were God's children and He never let go of us but we let go of God. Thank you Jesus for imprinting Your love in our hearts.

When we read His truth it gives us hope and strength to give up our baggage at His feet. We ask Jesus to forgive us, believe it and live a life that glorifies our Lord. We must know for a fact, 100% that we are a royal priesthood and must act upon it accordingly. II Peter 2:9-17. Amen and Amen!

Sadly so many people go to church to leave their burdens at the altar to only go back at the end of the service to pick up their garbage and drag it back out again. They believe the filthy lies that were told to them and cannot see for they are blind to the truth. Their eyes, ears and heart are closed to the truth when all they have known is "you're no good", "no one will ever want you", "you make me sick", "you'll never amount to anything", "I hate you", "you're a nobody", "how could anyone love you after what you've done?" and the list goes on and on.....Men and women are treated as the world sees them today because that is what you hear on commercials and books: "Take charge of your life", "dog eat dog to survive in this world", "Take home the bacon or you are nothing". I've got news for you..... 😊 😊 😊

.....Yes, you can make a difference in your life by **your choice** of allowing the Holy Spirit to guide you in all you do and say. Give up everything, surrender all

to the Jesus Christ our Lord so you may LIVE. Allow God to work in your lives and quit working against Him. No more “garbage in garbage out” mentality. ☹

Once you allow the Holy Spirit to work in your heart and believe and trust that it is for real then you better get your seatbelt fastened and get ready for the ride of your life. God will open doors and prepare the way for grand adventures that we could not even imagine. Along the way we might fall and that is where the Lords reminds us that He is the driving force and we must show love and obedience and get back up and go another step....Never, Never, Never give up! You can do it! When we see another brother or sister fall we must show love and encouragement to them. Have you ever prayed for patience? Well, I suggest you pray for “unconditional love” instead. Really! It makes a huge difference. Realize that you have to have respect for yourself and “forgive yourself” because when you asked for repentance and asked Jesus into your heart you were forgiven!!!! Ephesians 6:10

One of our downfalls is that we do not believe because “Pride” has a hold on you after all who could love us after what we did? PRIDE! Another attack of the enemy of our souls. PEOPLE!! Listen to me!

Sometimes we are not aware that the enemy is attacking. The devil is like a roaring lion that prowls around looking to see who he can devour. He is a liar and a thief of joy and tears down family and relationships. I Peter 5:8

Read your Map Of Life: THE BIBLE

In Christ Jesus

Linda

Testimony of Sister Linda



What a great God we serve!!

When my husband asked me to share my testimony I had a picture of my mother and father and the small towns of Fowler and Selma California in my mind. We lived in a three room house with only a light bulb hanging from the middle of the ceiling. There was no plumbing, no bathroom but we did have a woodstove. The outhouse was a distance from the house. We drew water from a well until we graduated to a pump. Years later my “daddy” and “mama” added pipes for a sink and we thought we were rich. We grew all of our own vegetables, had to go out to the henhouse to collect the eggs daily and took care of the Coolidge Ranch consisting of irrigating, pruning, picking grapes, driving tractor etc.... It was the neatest experience. It was survival.

We did not get into town very often so when we did it was a treat. We would visit my dad’s family in Tulare and my mom’s in Visalia California. If we went to church it was for a wedding, funeral, Easter or Christmas that I could remember.

The earliest experience of any prayer that I could remember was an elderly lady by the name of Nellie Metzler and her husband Henry. When the Wizard of Oz would come out on TV every year they would pick up all of us kids and take us to their house. Nellie would pray for our delicious chocolate cake and glass of milk while we sat to watch the movie on this big blanket that was laid out for us in front of the “color” tv. Color TV! Wow! To see color for the first time and listen to Judy Garland sing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.” There is just something about that song that stayed with me. I could picture myself singing, seeking for answers that would lead to a beautiful new world where there was no tears and everyone was filled with a joy and love for each other.

I did not realize that “Nellie” was put in my path to pray for me until 1992. Thank God that she was a prayer warrior. She was also the person that gave me this book called “All About Trees” and told me to read and I could travel all over the world anytime. Yes, I do love to read and write and encourage others to do so.

My father was a very hardworking man. He was also an alcoholic which led to the abuse of my beautiful mother. In my teens, during their divorce I started hanging around with people who were eight to ten years older than me. WRONG!!

Selma When I was 12 or 13 years old I was brutally and violently raped by a relative whom I trusted. Being dragged down a dirt field by the hair is like those cartoons shown of cavemen dragging the female. With a can opener to my throat and after fighting for my life I finally stopped when I felt this calm over me as if I was not to move anymore. (I am still alive. Thank you Lord!)

My heart was shattered, my mind was confused and the silent rage filled my being. Every person was a target of my fury. The twig of anger turned into a bush of bitterness. Finding myself “alone” in all of this ugliness I chose to “survive”. I vowed that on one was ever going to hurt me again. I delved in new age not knowing that it was leading to a nightmare of hell. I did not know any other way until the day I accepted Jesus Christ into my life in 1992. Praise the Lord!!

I did not care about anyone but myself. I wanted to belong somewhere so like a magnet all my friends were about in the same boat. I was living a wild and very dangerous and promiscuous lifestyle. Misery loves company. That is so sad that some people live life through a tunnel vision. They cannot see the whole picture.

I had my first child at 16, married at 18, had my second child, divorced by 22 and lived (not married) with my third child’s father for another 7 years. During my first marriage I usually ended up by myself with my children. My husband at that time was a heroin addict of which I would go visit him in prisons all over dragging my children along with me.

I was at death’s door at least 6 times either by being almost strangled, beatings, knifed, or shot, well, you name it, from various relationships. We lived in a little cabin in back of my in-laws. Actually it was my then husband’s grandparents who raised him. Whenever Grandma would hear any screams he would try to cover my mouth so he did not have to confront any of them and yell back to her....”Nothing is going on. We are okay.” [Liar, Liar pants on fire :->]. I would get slapped across my face, onto the bed, his knees would be on my shoulders and I would get called every name in the book as he slapped me back

and forth until I would get away which would land me next to the little frig, get slapped toward the stove then slapped to the floor. It was a never ending story. Usually happening on Friday or Saturday nights after he would come home and I would find matchbooks with from the Rainbow Ballroom or he would smell of perfume. It was always something. (That is if anyone remembers those "OLDIES DANCES".) There were always other women in his life. I was not naive in what was going on all around me. One day I had just about enough and in self defense I grabbed the scissors where I had them up to neck and until I heard "Grandma's" voice then I pulled back and I was safe.....for one day.

Being in and out of prison is no life for children and thinking there was no way out I felt lost and hopeless. I did not go to church besides visit and never got connected. I finally chose to get divorced leading to dead end relationships that were like a revolving door, over and over again.

The relationship I had for seven years was a roller coaster of emotions. I carried all the excess baggage with me everywhere. This relationship was full of arguments, no trust and insecurity. I had one child from that relationship. My son was loved by everyone and was tragically killed with his best friends in a fiery auto accident. He was a marine and home for several weeks when this happened. It involved alcohol. The enemy never sleeps.

Kings James 1 Peter 5:8,

NIV version 1 Peter 5:8

If I had not known the Lord then, even the little that I knew at that time during my life, I shudder to think where I would have been now. I had two more children without their fathers in their lives.

During 1990 I moved to Visalia. The doors were opening in all areas of my life. I started working with the developmentally challenged, office, auto dismantlers and as a merchandiser working all over the valley. God sent several people in my path to encourage me. I was married in 1994, very involved in my church so when I was served with divorce papers it was as if I was going through the grieving stages of another death. I was devastated. In James 1:2-8 the scriptures speak of "when you face trials" not "if", for they will surely come. The only thing you have to rely on is to have faith and trust in God. Like Jeremiah 29:11 and also Colossians 4:17 where Paul writes; Tell Archippus: "See to it that you complete the work you have received in the Lord."

Well we have been given gifts, yes...You! You and I and we have to use them. It is like a nugget of gold. You use it to share the gospel and it increases in value everyday as you go out in obedience for His glory. It could be singing, using an instrument, reading to others, writing, sewing, painting, art, math, woodworking, ironwork, gardening...etc, etc, etc. Those skills are perfected and the giver of gifts will be well pleased..."he that is faithful in little will be faithful in

much” What I am getting at is for you to look back at your childhood. What are your skills and gifts and how have you used them? What did you want to be when you grew up? Did you lose your dream? It has been said that the richest place in the world is the graveyard where people’s hopes and dreams are buried along with them. The time is now! Do not wait a second longer. Pray for guidance in whatever you do. Maybe you will end up in Africa as my husband and I did. You do not know but I suggest you start getting prepared for this great adventure. If that train pulls up at your station I suggest you get on. Don’t let that enemy put doubts in your head or allow him to set these words in your mind and heart like “I’ll wait for the right time”, “Maybe later”, “I don’t believe I am ready yet”, or the classic:

“Look at you! Who is going to believe you, after what you have done!?” That dirty devil is the author of lies, deceit, confusion and the lord of the flies.

I am here today to write this because I know that we serve a great God and God loves me. As a young child I was robbed of my youth, joy and hope. When I realized that Jesus took it all for me I asked Him into my heart. He had to be the Lord of my life for the rest of my life. I asked for forgiveness and gave up trying to carry that heavy load of guilt, anger, sadness and the pity parties that I was the host of and was the guest of honor. Like I said misery loves company. If you want to be a winner you have to hang around with winners. Think back at your life and ask God to guide you from this day forward. Allow your life to be filled with a joy that is so overwhelming that you cannot contain it and share it with everyone. You can have it now. Just ask Jesus in complete submission. (search your heart)

Lord, I am here today because I am a sinner. I repent of my sins and ask for forgiveness of _____ (tell Him now) I accept Jesus Christ as my savior and into my heart. I trust in you from this moment on. Give me a hunger for your word. Guide me in the gifts that you have given me so I may serve and share of You daily and whatever I do and say will be glorifying to You. Less of me, and more of You. I am a new creature in God’s kingdom. I am royalty and will act upon it accordingly. May the words of my mouth encourage others, give me the wisdom to turn away from wrong and the strength to run the race and follow you all the days of my life.

AMEN. (There, was that so hard?)

December 15, 1992 Woodland Drive Baptist Church Office

Pastor Ernie and Margie Martinez
Moving On Ministry

When I accepted Jesus Christ in my heart was the day that I said, "Lord, please take away this ugliness in my heart. I want to have joy and peace in my heart. I am sick and tired of being sick and tired. Then all of a sudden I said; (I was truly tired and desperate so I wanted God to know that I meant business) " Lord if I ever see the person who hurt me I will tell him I forgive him and tell him of Your love." Then I said and if I ever see Nicky Cruz I will thank him for his book "Devil on the Run". Margie gave that to me. The Bible is the living Word. It made this hard headed woman see the light. I got to see Nicky in Fresno and he prayed for me.

Years went by as I noticed so many changes in my life and saw how I viewed "things". My pastor Isidro and Cleo Carrasco said to get rid of things in my house that were not godly and if in doubt get rid of it. I did as instructed. My eyes were open to all of the stuff that I was allowing into my children's lives. I had to ask for forgiveness from my children. I then got rid of all kinds of items and broke all of them up (gods, idols) thousands of dollars of books and tore them up so no one would pick them up. If we give them to others or set them where another would pick them up and use then or read them, it is opening up the window to the darkness for them and we will be accountable.

Well, one day it happened. I was singing at a funeral and low and behold there he was right across from me. There was the man that had shredded my life into pieces. The first thought that came to me was "Okay Linda, finish singing and get out of here." I did get to see tears stream down his face under his sunglasses as I sang "Go Rest High Upon That Mountain" I started to leave when I heard a very clear voice tell me "What happened? I thought you were going to tell him about my love?"

???? Wow! I immediately asked for forgiveness and followed this person home and went up to him in front of all of his friends to ask him if I could speak to him

When he saw me it was as if he had seen a giant with a facial expression that I will never forget. He walked around away from everyone and kept saying "please, don't look at me. I'm not worth the ground you spit on." I told him that I thought about many ways to get revenge but that on December 15, 1992 when I asked Jesus into my life there was a heart change. I told him that I was there to tell him that I forgave him and wanted to be sure that I did not go to my grave or

he did not go to his grave before I told him that I had repented of all anger and bitterness against him and wanted to be sure he knew Jesus too. He cried and said please don't tell me that. It burns like hot coals. He was like a crumpled, broken doll on his knees. I gently helped him up, hugged him and told him "I love you and now the ball is on your court. I serve an amazing God and I want you to know Him and let him be the Lord of your life too. Proverbs 25:22, Romans 12:20, NIV.

Romans 12:9-21

Asking for forgiveness does wonders and heals our heart wounds. It had to be real. It was life changing and the newness and the joy I knew at that moment I could not even describe.

Psalm 18, Ephesians 6:10,

1 Thessalonians 5:16-19

My present husband, Bob and I are growing closer.....The truth isAt first it was a bit of a struggle for me. I would think "forget this" at times. When you are a Christian it doesn't mean that everything is "live happily ever after". It just means that we rely on God to guide us in our decisions especially when we "humans" get to a low point. When the storms come we are not alone, especially in blended families. There is so much more. I could go on and on about God's miracles in my life and the lives of others that I would love to share. You may write me. God Bless you all.

God is good all the time....All the time God is good.

In Christ Jesus, [Linda](#).

Testimony of Chaplain George C.

“The Fish That Almost Got Away”

Who am I? My name is George Castro, I’m a sinner and I was born in 1953. I may have never been arrested by the local police, but I have been arrested by the Holy Spirit. I’m the fish that almost got away. I grew up in a home with only a mother. My father had abandoned us when I was around 6 years of age. I had no fatherly figure or direction of life. I grew up in the dark world and learned to survive as a young man on my own. I was forced to defend myself, which I learned quickly and was good at. I had no idea what I wanted to be when I grew up. Life was kind of depressing, so I started drinking and smoking marijuana at 12 years old. I really liked the high and pleasure it gave me. It was all fun and games. Nobody was getting hurt and nobody cared.

By the time I was in High School I was selling marijuana, working part time after school and during the summer. I had always maintained a B+ grade average and made the Dean’s List. I was living in a dark fallen world and never knew it. I was blinded by Satan and was living a satanic life.

By the time I was in my early twenties I had a hobby as a mechanic. I was still using all kinds of drugs but I was always working. I was a functioning addict. It was my passion to repair what was broken. Too bad I didn’t know that I was the one who was broken. I thought I was too smart to get hooked on drugs and was in complete denial. At the young age of 35, I made a covenant with God. I stopped drinking and smoking marijuana and using drugs. Without the help from God, I couldn’t have beaten the addictions I had. The actual recovery was not difficult when you make a covenant with God. I allowed the Holy Spirit to guide me in the right direction without even knowing that my life was about to change into something I never dreamed of. I believe that God’s hand was on me all the time but I never knew it. Prayers from my mother for over 20 years were finally answered.

After all these years of drinking, smoking marijuana and trying every other drug, I was very fortunate and was never arrested. The day I stopped

drinking at the age of 35, I was tired and couldn't go no more. My body actually ran out of gas and I asked God to take me home. I spoke to God and took complete responsibility for my actions. I did ask God one last question; If He would allow me to live, I would run the straight line. I couldn't have done it without God's help.

My recovery from drugs and alcohol was not complete until I received Jesus Christ as my Savior. I learned to lean on Jesus in my recovery. This recovery process is a lifetime. Every day we are in recovery.

I thought life was good and I had beaten the game of drugs. I thought I had the "*Bull by the Horns*". In reality now that I look back, "*The Bull had me by the Horns*". My heart was not right and I didn't know how to fix it.

From here on is where the game of life changed and life got better. In May 1998, I attended church for the first time as an adult at the age of 44 years old. I hadn't attended a church since I was 10 years old. After the church service I was asked to join hands and pray. I didn't know how to pray and I felt really weird holding hands. Being a wise guy, I was going to hold their hands, just in case I wanted to break loose from the prayer circle and run away. I was very nervous and uncomfortable as the praying started. As they were praying, I had an encounter with the Holy Spirit like never before. I starting crying uncontrollably like a little baby and had clear mucus running down my shirt. I felt like electricity was going through my entire body. I wanted to break loose, but I couldn't. I don't know how long the prayer went on, but when the praying stopped, I knew something was different. The demons had left my soul. It was such an indescribable awesome feeling like I had never felt before. It was a Holy Ghost experience that I would never forget. I have never been the same since, thanks to God.

Church became an essential part of my life and I was plugged in and became a Holy Roller. Something I had always made fun of. Now I was one. God has a sense of humor.

During 2010, I started as a volunteer at the local jail. I was sharing the Word of God with inmates who needed God in their lives. The strangest part of this ministry is that I had never been incarcerated and now I was in jail, preaching the Word and bringing men to Salvation. I would explain to the men

that the only difference between them and I, is that I never got caught. I'm the fish that almost got away. Now I knew that God had been watching over me all those years while I was in the World. God had plans for my life. God knew George Castro when I was in my mother's womb. **Jeremiah 29:11** says it clearly, *'For I know the plans that I have for you,' declares the LORD, 'plans for welfare and not for calamity to give you a future and a hope.*

In 2012, I enrolled in a Bible School and in 2014 I graduated and became a Chaplain. I continued to volunteer at the local jail until the Lord moved me out into a different arena.

In 2013, I attended the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI). Two years later I was put in the position of Chapter President of the Tulare/Visalia CA area. I have been on missionary trips to Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The Lord took me out of my comfort zone.

Today I am volunteering and visiting prisons throughout California with the Bill Glass Ministry, Behind The Walls. Currently I am the Co-Chair Director as part of an awesome local Prison Ministry Group called *Moving On Ministry (MOM)*. My friends Bob and Linda Kaiser are the founders of this awesome Prison ministry. We send and receive correspondence newsletters to and from inmates.

I may have never been arrested by the local police, but I have been arrested by the Holy Spirit. When the Holy Spirit has a warrant for your arrest, you're done. You can't run or hide any more. I'm the fish that almost got away. I have been rescued, reborn, redeemed and accepted Jesus Christ into my life 21 years ago. I was born on the battlefield and will die on the battlefield. I have 30 years sobriety thanks to God. I am a soldier and warrior in God's Army. I am a sinner and repent of my sins daily. I keep the Full Armor of God on and never to take it off. I'm ready for battle every day. I am not afraid of the Devil. He is afraid of me. When I wake up in the morning, an alarm clock goes off in Hell, and Satan says *"Oh no, He's up again"* and the battle starts all over. Sound familiar? The Lord has changed my life totally and my way of thinking. I don't forget where I came from. If I can change, you can too. *"I am not where I want to be, but I am not where I used to be"*. If you have Jesus Christ in your heart today, you have HOPE. We all have tried to live without Jesus and have all failed. **Romans 6:23**, says; *"We all have sinned and fall short of the glory"*. We can't do it on our own so let's stop trying. If anyone needs to make a

spiritual U-turn, then do it. Don't wait any longer. Time is running out. Give God a chance to come into your life for a few months, if it doesn't work out, the Devil will take you back. God wants the rest of your life to be the best of your life.

The next 24 hours is the most important time we have. It may be our last. What are you doing to please God? This is who I am. I'm the fish that almost got away, but the most important thing is that I'm a Child of God and Heaven bound.

Amen 🙏

Chaplain George Castro

Unwavering Miracles

Hello my name is Chaplain George Castro, President of the Full Gospel Ministry in Visalia, California. On March 11th, 2020 my wife Ramona and I went on a Full Gospel Mission trip to Estelí, Nicaragua. We flew out of Los Angeles stopping in El Salvador to change planes and onward to Managua, Nicaragua. This mission trip was to minister God's Word and pray for the sick, lost and demonic. Bringing them to Salvation was the key point of this Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach Mission trip. Our return date was scheduled for Tuesday April 7th, 2020. This was my fourth mission trip to this country and the first for my wife.

This Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach was to be a different mission trip than the others I had attended. There were miracles not yet known to us. God's Hands were over our lives from the time we left Los Angeles to when we landed in Managua, Nicaragua and on our way home to Los Angeles.

We prayed before leaving Los Angeles that God would protect us and return us back home safe, sound and healthy. We landed safely in Managua, Nicaragua and planned to stay with a host family for a couple of days and then we were scheduled to travel to Tegucigalpa, Honduras to stay with another host family. While in Honduras I had plans to visit and minister and save souls at a local prison.

Approximately three days into the mission trip in Nicaragua, the El Salvadorian border closed its borders to anyone trying to come in or trying to leave. This is the country we flew into on the way to Managua, Nicaragua. That same week, I was informed by friends in Honduras that the Honduran border was also closed to anyone attempting to come in or leave. It appeared that God was closing all the doors we had scheduled to visit and minister His Word. We had to stay focused on God's Word but wondered why He brought us so far to have these events happen. This is where our faith kicked in overdrive. We did not know what was in store for us in the next days to come.

This was to be the 21st annual Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach. Approximately 2,000 foreigners from about 20 worldwide countries come to Nicaragua for this annual Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach. There are usually about 20 towns that host these persons coming from around the world. These 2,000 persons on the ground were getting ready to serve approximately 2,000 prayer warriors coming into Nicaragua for 10 days. For the first week in Estelí, Nicaragua my wife and I attended 6:00 am and 6:00 pm prayer meetings at the fellowship hall getting ready for the scheduled Full Gospel Outreach known as The Fireteam or Avivamiento which was scheduled to start on Friday March 20th. The excitement was brewing in our hearts and we were ready to minister and save lives.

On Friday March 13th, 2020, the United States President declared a national state of emergency due to the COVID 19 pandemic. Our prayer meetings continued daily for the Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach that was to begin on Friday 20th, 2020. I had been receiving texts from friends in California of what was happening because of this national emergency. We had to stay in faith that God would iron all things out. We couldn't understand the seriousness of this prophetic event because it hadn't hit Nicaragua yet. Yet some Christians in Nicaragua were starting to run around in fear and were beginning to panic of the unknown pandemic that was on its way to Nicaragua.

On Wednesday 17th, a doctor friend that I had met the previous year had asked my wife if we could go with him to a clinic where he works and share a personal testimony and pray. On Wednesday 18th my wife and I went to that clinic and we shared a personal testimony and prayed with approximately 35 persons waiting in the lobby. The Prayer of Salvation was addressed to all 35 persons who declared the Lord as their Savior. These persons were amazed on what had just happened while waiting to see the doctor. Lives were transformed in the lobby.

On Thursday 19th, we were told the scheduled Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach had been cancelled in the country of Nicaragua. We were kind of shocked that the outreach had been cancelled. The 6:00 am and 6:00 pm prayer meetings were also cancelled. It appeared that God was shutting down all doors to ministry that we had been called to do. So we stayed faithful that God would open doors so we could minister. We did find out that my wife and I were the only ones who actually went out two days before the scheduled Fireteam Outreach and ministered to a small group. **A miracle right in front of us.**

While all prayer meetings and gatherings were cancelled, we took the prayer to the home where we were staying. The prayers were taken to another level of seriousness. I broke out the anointing oil and anointed everyone in the home. I physically blessed their home with anointing oil and prayed for protection. I

explained to them that this prophecy that was written in 2 Chronicles 20:9 ***“If, when evil comes upon us, as the sword, judgment, or pestilence, or famine, we stand before this house, and in your presence, (for the name is in this house,) and cry unto your affliction, then You will hear and help”***.

After the Outreach had been officially cancelled, all foreigners visiting Nicaragua were forewarned to leave the country or face upcoming hardships due to closing of the airport and airlines. The local television news had conflicting stories about airports closing, quarantines, sickness and death. These news events didn't seem true. It just so happen that our host was a travel agent and she attempted to contact the airline we took from Los Angeles to Nicaragua. At this time we discovered we had no flight home due to El Salvador and the airport being shut down.

There was a lot of tension and I knew that fear was running rampant in everyone. I insisted that this was not the time to be fearful, but to remain strong, bold and courageous. This was the perfect time to read **Deuteronomy 31:6, *“Be strong and courageous, do not be afraid or tremble at them, for the LORD your God is the one who goes with you. He will not fail you or forsake you.”*** This was not the time to let Satan do his evil deeds and infect our minds and our judgment. I informed my wife and our host that God was in full control and if God's plan was to keep us there in Nicaragua then we would stay and take it a day at a time. Our host offered us to stay at their home if we got stranded in Nicaragua. On the other hand I was confident that God would get us home safe, sound and healthy. Fear never entered my mind and I stayed faithful to the Lord Christ Jesus.

On Thursday 19th, our host had found an airline that was operating and we purchased two tickets. ***Another miracle right in front of us.*** This was very difficult task finding an airline that was operating. We later discovered that only two airlines were operating at the airport and they were going to stop all flights on Friday March 27th. I paid our host American dollars for the plane tickets because it was worth more than the Nicaraguan money. It was a blessing to her. Our host said she had heard the airport may be closed even though we had bought tickets. She said that's what the news was saying. Other news was that planes were not landing in the United States and if you did land there, there would be 14 day quarantine at a military detention center. The media was putting fear and distress in people's minds.

On Friday 20th I decided to go to the bank and withdrawal some American cash in case we got stranded in Nicaragua. The ATM was not cooperating with us. We were following all the instructions to withdraw money with no success. The person in front of us just withdrew American dollars. All of a sudden there was a lady

dressed in a bank uniform standing behind us and asked us if we were having problems withdrawing money. She said she worked at the bank and would help us. This was around 7:30 pm and the bank had been closed for some time. The young lady helped us withdraw money and she disappeared. God sent this angel to help us. **Another miracle right in front of us.**

On Saturday 21st the television news said that the banks were no longer issuing out American dollars from the banks. Nicaragua was keeping the American dollar in their banks due to the increased value of the American dollar, which was 35 to 1 ratio.

On Monday 23rd we boarded a transit bus early in the morning and arrived in Managua by 12:00 pm. We stayed in a Best Western Hotel across from the Airport.

On Tuesday 24th our flight was departing at 6:00 am. We were shuttled at 3:30 am to the airport to find the airport closed. The shuttle driver said he found it odd that the airport was closed. The shuttle driver was new to the area and did not know the airport opened up at 4:00 am. Once again fear tried to enter my mind, but I depended on God to get us home safe. We boarded the plane onward to Miami and then to Los Angeles. I truly believe we were in God's Hands as we passed through three airports, rode two air planes and two bus rides without contacting any kind of illness.

God knew all the time what we were going through and wanted to see if we were faithful to His Word. **Jeremiah 29:11** says it very clearly, ***“For I know the plans that I have for you, declares the LORD, plans for welfare and not for calamity to give you a future and a hope”.***

When we had left for this Full Gospel Fireteam Outreach, we never knew what we were to face or encounter. This is how we all should be at all times, waiting on the Lord to steer us in the right direction, but we need to surrender everything to Him and all things will work out according to His Master Plan. These are exciting times watching what God is doing to the whole world.

So when fear enters our minds, it gets us off of Jesus; we are paralyzed and fall apart. Remember that fear is not from God; it's one of Satan's tool to get us off of the Christian Highway we are traveling on. To the ones reading this article, I pray that when fear enters your mind, to be strong, bold and courageous and depend on Jesus to get you through whatever you may be going through. I'm looking forward to returning to Estelí, Nicaragua when the dust settles. There is a lot of unfinished work there. Amen, God Bless You, Chaplain George Castro

Testimony of Pastor Bonnie H.

The first thing I would like to start with is that I feel very fortunate to have stumbled upon Moving On Ministry. Bob and Linda along with all their faithful volunteers. They all have such a desire to reach the unreachable and to those who already know Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. More on that later.....

I have a real Zeal for the Lord, our God. That was not always the case. From the time I was growing up, I mostly believed there was a God. But then, there was doubt, and a lot of rebellion. During my career in Law Enforcement, I did not have any desire to read the Bible or listen to sermons. I ran into many pastors and church ladies who came in to preach to inmates, however, I assumed they were wasting their time. My late husband was raised Catholic and me, Protestant. He didn't force religion on me or anyone. However, he would get into some pretty good discussions; he knew his stuff. It was way over my head.

Later on, around the time of the Millennium we got involved with preparing for worst case scenarios, meeting many Christians. One of the couples we were friends with proudly called themselves Born Again Christians. I had no concept of what that exactly meant. Many of the people we ran across were Christian American Patriots who prayed whenever we got together either for meeting or breaking bread. I liked hearing the prayers, but I never understood the importance of prayer.

Another decade passed and I was still oblivious to the Lord. I need to preface that I knew right from wrong, in most cases. I was convinced that since this country was founded on Christian principles and I educated myself on the Constitution, that there really is a God. Our rights were given to us by God, not by man (government).

Throughout the years I managed to get by but missed all the signs and wonders that were right before my eyes. Not only that, I didn't realize how much of a sinner I was. I could out-cuss any man, and my language had a lot of cleaning up to do. I was pretty good at trying to out-tell a dirty joke. But, I always worked hard to struggle through life. I did the social drinking after work and there were times I wondered how I made it home without being stopped, or worse. Somehow I managed to see the light, not realizing that God had His hand on me during all of these stages of my life. I was busy pre-judging those who got arrested for drunk driving or vehicular manslaughter. I think it was when I looked in the mirror and saw the hypocrisy that I was living under, which made me stop drinking Cold Turkey.

It wasn't until after my husband passed away that I found the Lord and realized I needed to have a relationship with Him. There was a void in my life which of course happens when a loved one passes on. A friend of ours gave me a book, "Jesus Calling" by Sarah Young. It sat on my table for several weeks. During one of my self-pity moments I happened to pick up the book and read the devotion for that particular day. That day matched up perfectly with what I was experiencing. As time went on I read the daily devotional each and every day, which lined up with whatever I was going through. This was my first exposure to reading scriptures and understanding the meaning.

Later on I met a man who was friendly, praised God always and was filled with peace, love and joy. We became close friends; he was kind-hearted, always helping friends and family. He would read passages out of the Bible to me, as well as reading for half an hour, each day without fail. He explained some of the stories to me and it really peaked my interest. I believe God put us in each other's paths for a reason. We would go to a friend's house on Saturday nights for Bible studies, occasionally going to different mega churches. In the summer of 2014 I decided to get baptized in our pastor's swimming pool. I was on fire for the Lord feeling the Holy Spirit.

A couple of months later an incident occurred at which time my brother in Christ was arrested, winding up with some prison time. I was devastated losing a close friend as well as still suffering the loss of my husband. After everything sunk in, I started picking up the Bible and reading in the morning, as well as the evening. I learned how to pray and to pray without ceasing. Our pastor was instrumental in ministering to me, so I continued to go to Bible studies on Saturday nights. All I can say is God got my attention and God got me through this hurdle in life. It was God who created me and I had such a hunger to learn all that I could from reading the Bible. I had so much that I missed over the years not knowing who God was and how significant He is in our lives.

I ended up following our pastor and his wife to participate in Bible studies after they moved to Sanger. Later on they found a Pentecostal church to attend. I decided to go with them and fell in love with this church and the people who attended this church. The pastor and his wife ended up moving to another town to pastor a small church and I continued to attend this church in Sanger.

Fast forward, I became a member of this Pentecostal church and my spiritual growth continues to blossom. I continue praying and reading the Bible. I went from never reading the Bible to being on my 7th reading of the Bible. For over 3 years I have studied and decided to pursue becoming an Ordained Pastor. Also, my calling happens to be prison ministry. The senior pastor has been instrumental in my spiritual growth, giving me inspiration and mentoring me. God has been leading me through all the hills and valleys of life to make it this far.

I mentioned my calling to my brother in Christ, who gave me an address of a prison ministry who sends out newsletters to inmates. He claimed that I need to get in touch with them and volunteer. I found the information for M.O.M. and contacted Bob. I expressed my desire to learn about developing a Prison Ministry, and would like to become a volunteer. As many of you, who have been reading their newsletters, know, Bob and his wife Linda are dedicated in spreading the gospel and evangelizing to the lost and broken. They both have a great calling in their prison ministry.

During the last 2-3 years, I have traveled to several of the Bill Glass Ministry Behind the Walls, along with Pastor Bob & Linda, Chaplain George, and many other volunteers, throughout California. It has been a heartwarming experience to realize that there are so many lost souls who do not know Jesus. Of course, there are many who know Jesus but somehow lost Faith, and fell away. I have enjoyed the fellowship with M.O.M., the friendships, the caring they have for everyone they come in contact with and all the faithful volunteers.

I will end this with a plea to all of you who read the Moving On Ministry newsletters. Bob and Linda are so humble in spending all their time and money towards building up this ministry. I pray right now, Lord, that you will add to the prosperity of this Ministry, ten-fold. I also pray that those of you who are incarcerated really try seek the Lord to have a personal relationship with him. It will be the best thing you ever do. We serve a mighty God who loves us all. You who are behind the walls, which is the devil's playground; the only way to break through those walls is having a relationship with God and accepting Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior.

Lastly, if I can find the Lord later in life, you certainly can. I am not sharing this to lift myself up. I am sharing to give God all the Power, Glory and Honor in the name of Jesus. I am praying that you will find the **Courage** to seek out the Lord. It takes a lot of guts, hard work, perseverance and mostly having Faith and Trusting in the Lord. (1 Peter 5-9)

5 Likewise you younger people, submit yourselves to your elders. Yes, all of you be submissive to one another, and be clothed with humility, for "God resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble."

6 Therefore humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time,

7 casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you.

8 Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

9 Resist him, steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same sufferings are experienced by your brotherhood in the world.

Please pray for Bob and Linda, their ministry, all the volunteers. Here are a few prayers you can add to your prayer time.

3 John 1:2 *Beloved, I wish above all things that you may prosper and be in health, even as your soul prospers.*

Deuteronomy 8:18 *But you will remember the LORD your God: for it is he that gives you power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he swore unto your fathers, as it is this day.*

Matthew 5:5 *Blessed are the meek. For they shall inherit the earth.*

Dear God,

We thank You Lord, for blessing our everyday life.

Bless us with financial blessings and peace of mind over our life.

We pray that today, dear God,

That you, Lord Jesus, may set us free from our financial crisis. Amen.

We thank You Lord, for You lead us to walk in Your way throughout every trial we face today.

Thank You Lord, for You give us the strength that we will overcome every trial we face in our daily life.

Hallelujah.

In Jesus mighty name I pray.

Amen and Amen.

With blessings and prayers,

M.O.M. Volunteer - Pastor Bonnie

Testimony of Olga R Ruiz.

Greetings to you all in the name of Jesus Christ.



My name is Olga and I'd like to start by saying that there is no sin greater than the love of God. In 2014 the SWAT team was at my door once again the only thing different was that I was not there but my children were. Shortly after I was arrested and I had no idea where my children were. You see I was in a town where no one knew my name everything about me was a lie. I kept it that way because of the life of crime, drugs and other illegal activities i was involved in. I honestly thought there was no other way to do life. The right way was too far-fetched.

After 14hrs of being handcuffed to a chair, I felt my children were growing farther and farther from me. For the first time in my life I was truly saddened by my actions. I had hurt those that needed me the most. You see when sin takes over it does not care about anyone or anything and it always cost us more than we are

willing to pay. Today, I have some good news, Jesus paid the ultimate price for our sins. We are forgiven!

Our story is not over, and it definitely does not have to stay the same. I was sentenced to 2 years State Prison. After Chowchilla I finished my time in McFarland and I was set free on the inside literally. I did not waste any time. I was determined to unmask those things that kept me going in and out of jails, relationships, and that life of drugs and crime. I had the real Olga back so what better time than now. I gave Jesus a chance, I tried praying and confessing, I started reading his word and applying it. I did a whole lot of crying but I needed it, the word of God says he collects our tears. I figured why not try Jesus? I've tried everything else. I will say this it wasn't easy but neither was the life I chose to live for 28yrs. I have been home for 5 years now and saying YES to JESUS has been the greatest decision I've ever made. God has been faithful and h never left me. I can go on and on about my old life and my new one in Christ if you would like to connect on a spiritual level or would like to hear more please write to M.O.M I would love to hear your story.

Testimony of Ernesto Ruiz

Hi, my name is Ernesto, I'm 36 years old and I was born in Delano CA. First I would like to say to all those who so happen to read this that may God continue to bless you and may you find His favor always in perfect timing. When I was asked to share a brief testimony for the newsletter I prayed and God instructed me on what to share, so I'm believing and hoping that this inspires and uplifts someone. Let me start off by saying that I was a career criminal and have been in and out of prison most of my life. So my C-File is thick and my record does not represent me well. Anyways this last time I got out of prison I gave my life to the Lord and accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior. At first it was rough. Old things needed to die away so all things can become new. I can remember God showed me that I can trust Him in all things. In this particular moment at that time I was struggling to find a job. I was doing great on interviews, passing the drug screens, but when it came to pass a background check...it was "I'm sorry, you just have too much violence on your record". I guess I just had one too many armed robberies on my record but I can remember for about a year I couldn't find a job.

I'm looking at my wife's hard work every day and it was hurting & frustrating that I couldn't help provide and be a man. I remember feeling doubt, discouraged and ready to give up. I found myself plotting and scheming, staking out banks and whatnot. Then the next morning, before I was about to fall back into that pit of Hell and sinful nature.....I prayed to God and said...."Lord, You know my heart and my thoughts. You know what is going on with me trying to find a job. I believe that You blessed me with a beautiful wife and kids because You know that I am able to provide and take care of them. I know that You are the Ultimate Provider but I need a job. I find myself falling into temptation and about to commit crime to make ends meet." I then put my finger on the Scripture of Mark 11:24 which is....."*Therefore I tell you, whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it and it will be yours.*" I prayed this and declared it and I told God "This is what Your Word says Lord and I believe it!" Guess what?..Before I said AMEN, my phone started ringing. I answered it and it was the Visalia Rescue Mission offering me a job!! I am so grateful and blessed to say that I am writing this on my lunch break at my job that is Faith based and represents our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. You know growing on the streets and in prison you don't trust anybody and people earn your trust. This is one situation where I learned how to trust God in my life for all things. My prayer is that you all continue to seek His Kingdom and watch all things be added to your life. God bless you all. Ernesto Ruiz Jr. (God bless Ernesto & family & Visalia Rescue Mission abundantly from all volunteers @ M.O.M.)

Testimony of Diana. Sept 21, 2019

My name is Diana. I've been in Christ 15 years now. Prior to Christ my life was like so many others. Pain, hurt and brokenness and as a result, as Joyce Meyer says: "Hurt people hurt people" and so I did including myself.

☹ Growing up I had a father who drank every day and worked but his idea of parenting and being a father was to make money, pay the bills, put food on the table, drink, hang out with his friends, and yell out commands to us and my mother. ☹

My mother favored my brother and sister which wounded me deeply. I believe this was the entry door that Satan used for my downward spiral. Once he finds a crack his desire is for all hell to break loose but he's a crafty one. Looking back now I see how he uses our pain and brokenness to steer us all in the wrong decisions and direction placing blame on the world and the ones we love using offense and unforgiveness as his greatest weapon of warfare. As a result rebellion entered in and I welcomed her and made her my companion. We began with smoking cigarettes, drinking, drugs and of course these three will always insist on their close relative...sex to come along for the ride too. So it was at the tender age of 14 the trap was set and little did I know then that sin will always take you farther than you ever wanted to go. I began a sexual relationship with my 21 year old neighbor and thought I was in love. (wrong) Lust is what it was and often we mistake the two because we really don't know the difference. We had a girl together of which he denied she was his at first then clearly saw the resemblance but never spent any time with her even now after all these years. ☹

Perhaps he would have been better of denying at least then he would have had an excuse for being nothing in her life??

My parents divorced at when I was 15. It was ugly to experience their hatred for each other. Cutting each other with hateful words every opportunity and the physical confrontations as well were frightening. As kids we got lost in the midst of that battle but me more so. We wined up with my mother in the end and how she went out of her way to love my

brother and sister but as for me looking back I was the object to release all her pain hurts and disappointments all the way back to her own childhood.

All I ever wanted was to be wanted and loved by the ones I wanted it from, my parent's. Unfortunately there was none for me at my home I tried to buy my mother's love with things but all she ever wanted was for me to leave. My father was too busy to look for us. His desire was to spite my mother of which this tactic of his only resulted in putting years between us kids and him which in turn resulted in a Zero relationship and a careless attitude towards him.

So as an adult with child I adopted a careless attitude. My motto was "I'm free, Mexican and over 21. I will do what I want whenever I want with whoever I want." Remember that crack I told you about? With this attitude the gates of my hell were now officially open. Men became a revolving door in my life, addiction was now my master and I, it's slave. Rape chimed in a couple of times. Abortion wanted in twice. In fact she's the worst. Shame and guilt were my constant companions. They spoke so much that suicide made an appearance and began leading the way. That's another story but I will say this; "Suddenly JESUS!"

What's the definition of insanity? Doing the same things over and over again expecting a different result! Twenty-Six years of the 'same old same old' of all that I mentioned above and much more was my circle of life and I hated it! I hated me! Oooohh but JESUS! Did I know Him???... Absolutely not! But He knows you and He knows me. By now I'm sick of my life and lifestyle. If this is all there is I'm thinking then I've had my fill and I'm done. I no longer want to stick it out not even for my children's sake.

Oooohh but JESUS! Although I never knew Jesus I used to say "If your real let me know what it's like to be clean and sober for one day cuz I don't know what it's like anymore. I just want to be normal and unashamed."

Long story short all this is a long story. I get invited to church by a friend who I partied with in the world and has now been set free. I was always on one and because we were friends I went with her and while there I found myself at the altar I don't even remember what if anything I asked

but Suddenly JESUS! As I rose to my feet all the spirits I was a slave to drugs, alcohol, cigarettes and the spirit of lust were gone just like that!!! The spirit of desire for them all were gone! I call it a Damascus experience.

I asked a God I didn't believe in to give me one day of sobriety instead He gave me the rest of my life free and free indeed is what I am today. ☺ I can lay my gift down and walk away from it any day I want to but I'm so grateful I chose to cherish every day of my life. There's more Good News as a living example my children have come out of this generational curse too. I encourage you all. Believe, do what is right in the sight of the Lord, be a living example and the personal reward you will experience in time will overwhelm you beyond your wildest dreams. The blessings will be more than you can stand as your new life in Christ affects all things especially those you love. I will share this with you. When I first found Christ He told me this; " I need one person in the family to work with and hit it out of the ball park will you do it? But I need you to be the one to finish the game." I said yes with no regrets. Has it been easy? No, but I can do all things with Christ Jesus!! What's funny to me is I don't even like baseball, but I understood what He was asking of me, so together we're slamming it out of the park!! Batter up my friend! God bless you all. Never give up! Play it to the end. Winners have to cross the finish line. Your sister in Christ Jesus

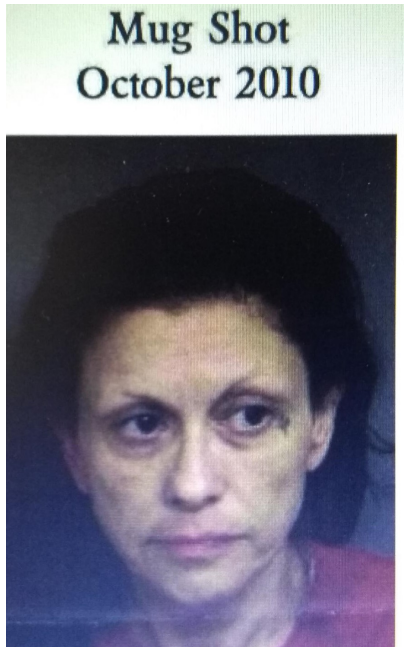
Diana Ruiz :) ☺☺☺☺



I had to add this. Think of each bat as your favorite scripture ☺☺☺☺☺☺
Like Diana says..... BATTER UP MY FRIEND! Thank You LORD! ☺
(Diana is on our ministry team at M.O.M. and a great inspiration to all)

Testimony of Julie J.

Wow! I can't believe I'm going to be 50 years old in 7 months. And to think the devil had me believing I wouldn't live past the age of 22. I started using drugs when I was 13 years old. I started with drinking then it progressed to cocaine then acid and PCP. Then at 19 years old I started using heroin. Heroin led me to a whirlwind of crimes including prostitution, assault, robbery, forgery, check fraud, burglary and possession. I think you get my point 😊. In between all of that I lost my kids to the system. ☹️☹️



Before Christ.....WAIT..... NOT THIS GIRL SATAN!!! I AM A DAUGHTER OF THE KING MOST HIGH!! With Christ in my heart!!! 😊😊😊

At 14 years old I was already doing jail time and finally got sent to prison at 28. From the age of 21 to the age of 40 I didn't stay out of jail/prison for more than 6 months at a time with 19 years of my life doing time and 27 years of addiction. I couldn't even see past all of that. I thought my life was a waste, that I would die early and no one cared about me. That was all a lie from the enemy. Now that I look back at it all I see where God had his hands on me the entire time. All those bullets that flew by my head, all the beatings I endured by tricks or boyfriends, or the time I almost froze to death outside. The time that I went to the hospital they couldn't believe I was alive because my temperature was so low: it was all GOD. 😊😊

THE SURRENDER...

My boyfriend and I were homeless and we had been homeless for about 2 years. Sleeping behind trash cans, under carports or wherever we could. If we hustled up enough money we would get a hotel room. In March of 2011 we were staying in a run-down hotel and I had serious health issues going on. I could hardly walk without being out of breath and almost fainting. I had been hemorrhaging for 6 months straight. My boyfriend went out to hustle some money and called me about 2 hours later to tell me he got arrested. As I hung up the phone, I thought to myself, what am I going to do? Who is going to buy my cigarettes, dope and lottery tickets?? That night some of our homeboys came over and paid for my hotel room and they did that for a few days. I finally decided I couldn't keep relying on them anymore and I needed to figure something out. My niece came over and told me she was taking me to my kid's house in another small town nearby. My son and my ex lived with his parents. I knew I couldn't stay there because I was at my ex-in laws' house. As the sun went down my son asked if I was ready to leave and I said yes, still not sure where. We got in the car and as we got to the city I was living in he asked me where I wanted to get dropped off at. I looked at the area and said "just drop me off here on the side of the road". His response was, "I'm not leaving you on the side of the road", and I told him "it's not a secret that I'm homeless. I have been homeless for 2 years now so don't worry about me I'm going to be fine". He told me he would take me to my daughter Angie's house but he was not going to leave me on the side of the road. My daughter wasn't home when we got there so I sat on the steps of their apartment complex and waited for her to get home. I remember this day like it was yesterday. When she got home she sat me on the couch and she was sitting on the other couch with my grandson on her lap. My grandson was about 5 months old. She said, "Mama I'm going to let you stay here...but you have to make some changes in your life! You need to take care of yourself. Look at you, you can't even walk to the bathroom without holding on to the walls. Your gonna die if you keep living like this. I don't want to tell Jordan (my grandson) stories about you because you're dead, I want you to make memories with him. I love you and I need you in my life. I need you to be my Mama and I need you to be his Nana". At that moment it was like a light bulb went off in my head. I said, "You're right, I quit". She said, "just like that you quit??" I had told her and my family the same thing a million times before, but this time it was different. She then went on to say, "you have to go to the doctor and find out what's wrong with you", and I agreed to go. That was March 11, 2011 and I never used since that day.... But that's not the end to my story. The next couple of weeks was emotionally draining. I cried a lot! My boyfriend Eddie would call me from jail and I would tell him all the things I was dealing with. He would lift me up and talk positive things to me. I remember him telling me one time, "Julie if you start thinking about positive things happening in our life, then positive things will start to happen". He then told me he started doing a bible

study with our local Chaplain. I was in shock but after I got off the phone I was thinking we just might have a chance now. ☺ I told my daughter to please help me bail Eddie out of jail. I promised her if she co-signed to bail him out we would figure out what we needed to do and would not have to stay with them. The next day she told me she would go ahead and help me bail him out when I got my check. Meanwhile, I went to the doctor and found out I had three large cysts on my uterus and I needed a complete hysterectomy.

On April 1, 2011 my daughter and I bailed out Eddie. She dropped us off at the same hotel where we started.....and it was like the devil was knocking at our door. Everyone at the hotel knew we were back, and one by one they came knocking on our door asking us if we wanted to get high.....And.... one by one we kept saying “No we don’t use anymore.” and they would respect us and leave. On the third day Eddie told me we were not going to stay there anymore. I was confused and asked him what do you mean and why. He said if we stay here we will be spending our last 60 dollars and tomorrow we won’t have any money. That means we won’t have money for food or cigarettes. “And I’m gonna end up having to steal again so we can have money. Which means I’m gonna need to get high again in order to steal and we’ll end up in the same cycle as before. Then I’ll end up back in jail and there will be nobody to take care of you.” At that point I was like.... “Oh.. ok.” I was still sick and could hardly walk. We took off walking to find a place to sleep. A couple of blocks over was a Savemart. Behind Savemart was a trash can inside a concrete wall with a gate. We decided we would sleep there. We crawled under the gate, opened our suitcase, took out some of our clothes and laid them out so we had something to sleep on. Then we used some other clothes from our suitcase to cover ourselves. I fell asleep pretty quickly. I woke up because I could hear Eddie crying. This is a man who never showed emotions like this. ☹☹

I asked him what was wrong and he said, “I’m sorry I didn’t think it was going to be like this. I thought when I got out of jail since we were both sober and we are really trying.... I thought everyone was gonna want to help us but truth is we burned our bridges everywhere and no one wants to help us.” I told him, “Where’s your faith now? When you were in jail I would live off of all the positive things you would tell me. I need you to have that same faith you had before. You know the only thing we haven’t tried is this JESUS thing. We need to give our lives to God and see what happens. That’s all we have left.” At that moment I didn’t know what I was doing but I said, “God if you’re real I need you to show us if you are who everybody says you are we need your help. I’m sorry for everything I’ve done. Forgive me for all my sins. All my life I’ve lived Julie’s way but Julie’s way isn’t working. I promise, if You help us I will tell everybody for the rest of my life what You have done for us. So please come into my life. I give my whole life to You.” Then I elbowed Eddie and told him, it’s your turn, and he did the same.



Everything I could think of I did was wrong; I was asking for forgiveness in my heart and mind. All night we kept waking up and crying, remembering things I needed to be forgiven for. The next morning, we woke up early and walked to a little store to buy coffee. As we sat there on the cement curb our phone rang. It was a friend of ours who asked us if we were okay and told us about a church that would help us with a room for a few nights. We were grateful for the

information and walked to the church. Again, we ended up at the same hotel. We stayed there for two nights and the morning we were going to check out, a different friend called us. She asked us if we were still sober and we said yes. She told us she has a place for us to stay for a few days. She said the lady who lives there is at work all day, but her kids live there and they all use drugs. She said they are really discreet and would only use in private. We were thinking how great this was and asked her where it was. Then we had to figure out how to get there. She said "Don't worry about it, I'm going to pick you up and take you there." At this point we were sure this was God and had decided we need to start going to church. When we got there, it was just like she said. The house was full of people and kids. The mom was at work and the adults were doing their thing in their rooms.



We met the mom briefly when she got home. The house was pretty chaotic and needed some cleaning so we cleaned the next day so the mom would have a clean house to come home to. We also bought groceries. We slept in a small room on a cot bed with another couple on the other cot bed. It was a full house! The deal was we could only stay at the house for 3 days. After the second day the lady came into the room and told us she knew we were supposed to leave the next day; however, she was impressed that we helped with the house and said we were having a positive influence on her kids so she decided we could stay as long as we needed to. Eddie found out about a job program and started going there. He is a truck driver but he needed \$500 to get his license back. Meanwhile he needed to find a job just to get us on our feet. I received SSI for Moving On Ministry

mental health reasons and that's what we were living on. The job program helped him make a resume and job search. After the first week he asked me if I would go to the job program and help out the two people who were running it. I started volunteering there and ended up there for 2 ½ years. After a few weeks I got in touch with an amazing woman I met a long time ago in county jail doing Bible Studies. We restarted our friendship and she began to guide me and share Jesus with me. One day she told me her husband said he wanted to help us by giving Eddie the money he needs to get his license back. Again, we knew it was God. The very next day this man who neither one of us knew came to the job program place, prayed with us and handed us an envelope with \$500 for his driver's license. We both looked at one another and said "PRAISE GOD!" Two weeks later Eddie got a driving job. By this time, we knew we needed to move out of the house we were living in and started looking for a place to live. We found this little small hole in the wall one-bedroom apartment. We moved in that apartment with the same suitcase we had been dragging around for 2 years, one pillow and one blanket. We started building a relationship with our kids and parents. We didn't promise anything to them, we just started showing them. After a while my youngest daughter started staying three days a week and we decided we needed a bigger place so we moved into a small two-bedroom home. At that point we decided to get married; if we were going to serve the Lord we needed to do it the right way. August 4, 2012 was the day we were married and it was the best day of my life. Not long after we got married, Eddie's son Julian came to live with us. So once again we moved, this time into a beautiful three-bedroom home in the suburbs. In 2014, my daughter Angie's husband was deployed to Iraq and she needed to move back home from Washington so again, we moved into a bigger home. Here we are now in 2019 buying this amazing four-bedroom home that we have been renting for the past five years.

The night we fully surrendered our lives to Jesus He completely delivered us! ☺ It has been far from easy; some days were easier than others but we learned to totally rely on Jesus for everything from bills to illnesses to kids to parents. ☺ We started this Jesus journey sleeping behind a trash can. Since that day we have received a multitude of blessings and I have kept my word by sharing with everyone what He has done for us. We give GOD all the praise and glory, we are only where we are today in life because of Him. *And they have defeated him by the blood of the Lamb and by their testimony. Revelation 12:11*

"Lord, I lift up Eddie and Julie to the Feet of Your Throne. Look after them, guide them daily for Your Glory, Wake Your Intercessors around the world to pray for them. Thank you Gracious Father In Heaven for their powerful testimony. AMEN (Note from Linda: This is an amazing couple, against all odds, CHRIST WINS!)

Testimony of Beatrice Lopez

June 24, 2020

Dear all who want to see and know a life full-filling change:

I was born in Fresno Ca., raised in Oaxaca, Mexico and also in Santa Maria Ca. At age 28 I got saved by God's grace. I had lived in Santa Maria with my family and after 15 years we decided to move to Visalia following my brother there.

My sister-in-law was going to a small church that had just started their ministry. From time to time she would invite my kids to go to church. At first it was ok, but then it went on too often that I started to wonder why? For a few years I thought myself to be a Christian but continued going out doing things that I should not do or say things without fear. I had no conscience and nothing that would tell me that I was wrong.

On the other hand God called me but I kept refusing to listen. After a couple of years that my kids were going to church I decided to surrender and go too. Everyone was so nice and so different. I thought that it was an act. I then went to one of the ladies ministry events that were held. I heard the preaching hammer into my heart and I had no control anymore and just broke down and cried. I accepted Jesus as my savior. I repented from being an awful daughter, a bad mom and a horrible wife. I had no respect for anyone. It was I and only I. Only I and no one else could make decisions of where to go or what to do in my family or in any of my families. That was the day that my world flipped upside down. I clearly remember how God keeps his word and whatever you do there are consequences and I mean in "everything" you do. That will be another story. I am single and have three beautiful grown kids. God saved me from losing them and going to jail for ten years. I will explain in the next letter. Sincerely,
Beatrice L

*(Well after reading a bit I asked her for next page ☺see below for next letter
☺☺☺)*

After I came back from the ladies event, I had made a determination of beginning to live as God wanted me to be. Sadly at that point my ex-husband started seeing someone from work and was cheating on me. The disappointment was so much more than I could handle... I was more upset

because I realized that I had lost control over my marriage. I confronted her at my house. I had lost it. I kicked him out of the house but he didn't wish to leave. One day he was supposed to meet me after work but he never showed up. I knew where he was so I decided to go to her house.

Big mistake. ☹️ I knocked on the door at her house and he came out. ☹️ He was telling me "Why are you here!? I told you I didn't want anything to do with you! Leave me alone." aahhh previously...he was the one who didn't wanted to leave the house. ☹️ We started arguing and one thing after another led to bitterness. I ended up in jail for domestic violence for a scratch I made to his face.

Now that I think back I am embarrassed to have acted that way but on that day, I don't know how I made it home since while I was there I drove onto something that made my tires flat. Well, a few minutes later the sheriff arrived and took me into custody. ☹️☹️☹️☹️ Anyways, I praise God because only He does miracles, Only He restores the broken and only He saves. (Amen to that)

There's more to it. Now, he respects me and if I need anything, he does the best to fulfill it. Sometimes she gets upset but hey that's his problem not mine and she is the one who got together with a married man. On the other side I am so blessed and happy knowing that I have a King that loves me and takes care of me. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:"


Ephesians 2:8 KJV



Note from Linda: Beatrice is a great role model as she faithfully attends church (now only by conference call during this time of pandemic) and is active in her ladies activities. Although she was disappointed in herself with her actions in the past she now has let go and let God go before her in all she does and says. Her son was in Bible College for 3 yrs in Mexico and just got home since school had to close during this worldwide situation. Her youngest son is home schooled at this time during this world pandemic as well. Her daughter is now married. Beatriz has been through much but she courageously lives day by day following the Lord's footsteps.....Her ex is helping her as much as he can now. She has a full-time job and she thanks God for all she has. We at M.O.M. are so happy for her to be a part of this ministry and all the Glory belongs to the Lord. 😊😊😊 Can I get an AMEN! AMEN! 😊

Testimony of Beatriz S

In the 1980's I became a single parent raising two little girls on my own. I was going thru, sadly, a domestic violence marriage. I felt that I had no way out. I was raised as a Catholic and was told that when you divorce you no longer can receive communion. ☹ I was crushed! ☹☹ I thought that God did not love me and I was so hurt. The father of my two daughters abandoned us, I felt so alone and I didn't know what to do.

My little sister told me about a church where they love God and Praise Him! (I didn't know what that meant) I went with her one Sunday morning to the Cathedral of Love Church and as I was approaching the church I

heard beautiful music.  Music that I had never heard of before. Wow! The song was, "There Is Power In The Blood" and I was amazed to see people singing and lifting their hands up in the air praising God!! To see men's hands raised in worship was so beautiful to me. I saw such a humbleness and a love for God that again I had never seen before. What I had experienced and seen before was a man beating a woman(me ☹).

I love music  therefore the gospel music was strongly ministering to my heart. 

I was once a Battered Broken Woman. The Lord spoke to my heart and I heard my name three times! "Beatriz I love you!! " ☺☺ I knew then that He loves me for who I am, a single mom so broken and lost. I began to cry. At that time and moment I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior! To this day my second favorite song is "He Knows My Name" and I do Answer when You call. Jesus then became so real to me. I then became a Blessed Beautiful Woman of God! I continued to attend that church and taught Sunday school for children ages 3-10. This was God's doing. (I prayed and asked God "What can I do?" (When you pray and ask He will show you!) ☺☺☺) My girls and I continued attending that church. Later on in years I became a member of Cathedral Church Worship Team. I loved it! I learned so many beautiful Christian Gospel songs that



edify your spirit. The Word of God is Hope, Peace, Love and Strength to me. My girls were fed the Word of God and also grew in the faith. The Lord showed me the way so I learned to trust Him. The very first scripture I learned was "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

I then became involved in the Women's Ministries with the incarcerated women, involved in Bill Glass Weekend of Champions Events, Bible Studies and currently going to Bob Wiley Detention Facility for women's prayer & Bible Studies in Tulare County and for teaching and praying for women at the Women's Shelter. If it had not been for God coming into my life when He did, I would not know where I would have been today! I owe it all to Him. Thru it all I've learned to trust in Jesus. I've learned to trust in His Word! My birthday was in June and a poem & a drawing was sent to M.O.M. It has such beautiful words and the beautiful drawing by "Ernie Sanson" Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life. John 14:6, It was such a blessing!
 ☺ Taste and see that the Lord is good! Psalm 34:8 ☺☺☺☺

I came from a loving family of five children. My father was a hard working strong man with Strength and Integrity! My mother, the Queen of our hearts, was the heart of our family. She had such an extravagant love for her children and my dad. Growing up in my home with my siblings there

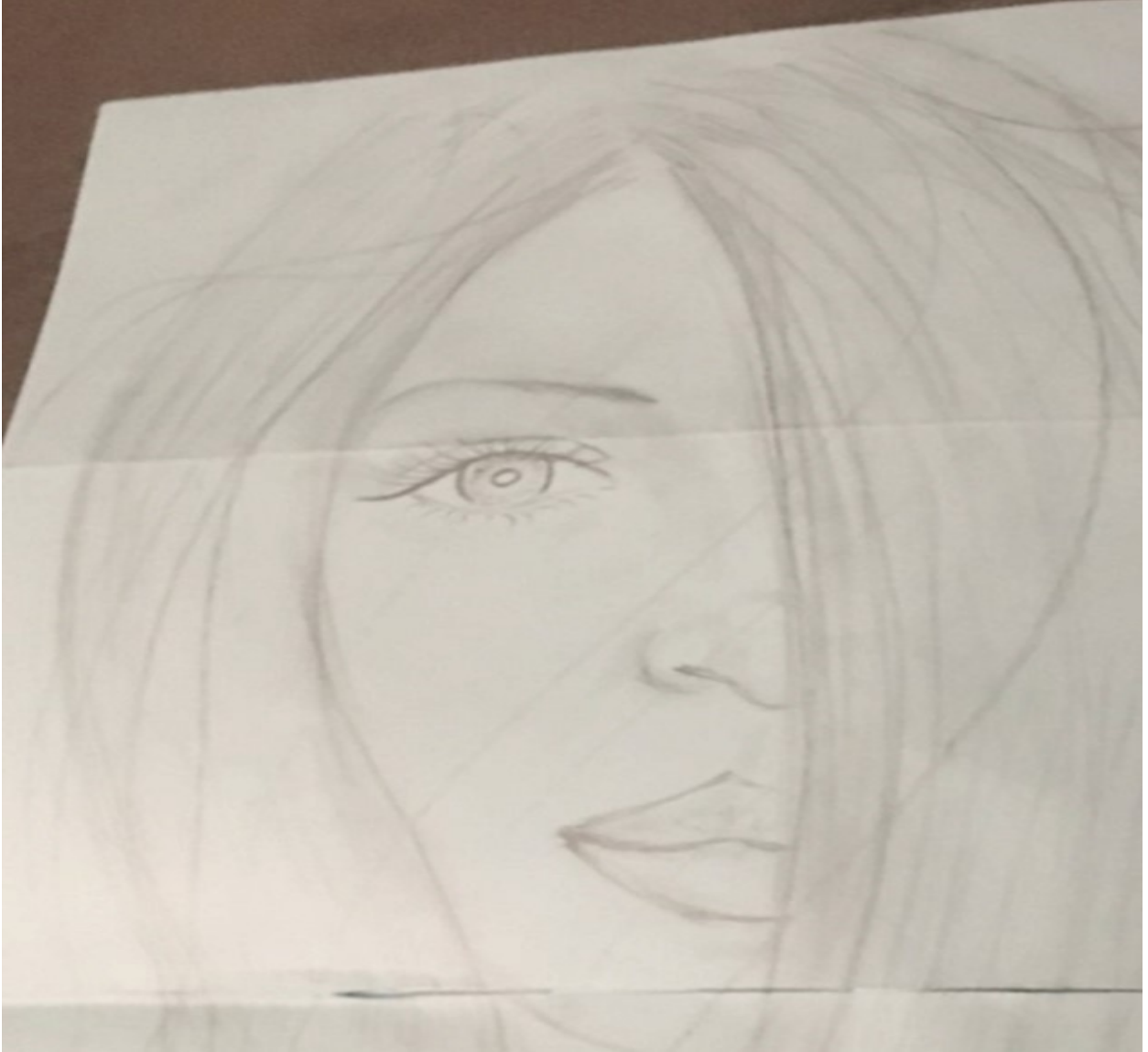


was always love, respect, laughter and lots of music. My parent's taught us how to enjoy life to the fullest!, especially the Love for

music. From Beatriz S. **I ♥ 🎵**

(Note from Linda: Beatriz and I have sung for our family's celebrations. She is my "Prima" (cousin ☺) We are the oldest of each of our family. Her dad and mom were my Godparents, my Nino and Nina. May they rest in peace, I loved them very much. Beatriz was so right on regarding my Nino.

He was truly respected. He was a man of Integrity. I have learned much from her. She is very knowledgeable in scriptures. Beatriz also sends out the M.O.M. monthly birthdays.)



Praise the Lord! We love music especially praising the Lord!)

God Bless you Ernie Sanson for your beautiful art as you made my Prima's day!!! 😊😊😊😊😊😊

Testimony of Irie E.;

ROAD TO VICTORY: BY DEE (Irie) 11/19/16

My name is Dee, a volunteer of M.O.M. as a member of the Body of Christ. A bit about me from the past; I was raised in a single mom home with one older brother. My biological father abandoned my mom before my birth (to date I have never met the person). I began drinking at the age of 12 and experiencing drugs at 15. I struggled with these issues off and on throughout all of my entire adult life. I found myself in abusive relationships and moved in with a boy at the age of eighteen. I had two children early on and a mostly unhealthy marriage. After 12 years of a terrible marriage I divorced and the drug abuse completely ruled my life. Running around with more abusive men and committing crimes of which still to this day I am so ashamed of. I was eventually arrested and charged with identity theft in California. While out on bail I went with my (then) boyfriend and cousin in a car cross country delivering pounds of meth to Iowa. It was there that God finally said, “**STOP!**”. We were arrested and charged federally for the amount and crossing state lines with narcotics.

I did nearly 4 years in Iowa away from my children and family. While incarcerated my brother was killed ☹️☹️ and my mother had already passed away from breast cancer. ☹️☹️

I was literally an “orphan” at 31 yrs. old. It’s only by the Grace of God that I did not ‘self-medicate” with the overly prescribed drugs in prison. It was difficult, but...what I learned is feelings though sometimes are sad or angry are a gift. They also do change but... genuine “Joy” remains always! 😊😊😊😊

I came to know M.O.M. several years ago when I was incarcerated. Well, let me back up just a bit. I actually knew Linda long before my downward spiral that landed me a federal charge in the State of Iowa when my life was actually in California in 1998. I used to attend church with Linda. As the years past I separated myself from the Lord and eventually ended up doing nearly 4 years in Federal Corrections. One day out of the blue I received this heaven sent letter from Linda @ M.O.M. I can’t express how my spirit was lifted. This letter was affirmation that God was with me & that I had “sister & brothers” in Christ praying for me before I even realized it.

While I was serving time federally, I also had charges pending in my own hometown in the State of California. I can honestly say that I know who I am in the Lord and I know who I never want to be without; HIM! AMEN! That is my prayer for every individual who sleeps on metal bunks and has to drink out of a faucet connected to their toilet. :) LOL!

NOTE: Dee was the Board of Directors Secretary for M.O.M.

I was eventually extradited to Tulare County. I was waiting several weeks for my court date. We had several volunteers sharing the love of Christ and giving hope. One day as the volunteers were passing by from cell to cell.....I looked out my little window to the face of an angel. It was Linda !! I remember that day so vividly we didn't even speak just faced each other and cried. Even as I write this my eyes are filled with tears of joy! That was approximately 13 years ago. It was that day that I knew I had to give the same hope to women (and men) just like me who felt lost, alone, hopeless, and lost everything. M.O.M. continued to send words of encouragement along with the Chaplains from the institutions I past through. I kept digging into the Bible and eventually the words became more clearly and the Holy Spirit literally lit inside me. I was released from prison in 2009. Though my walk with Christ is stronger than ever it still presents it's challenges and here I am today. ☺

I have remarried since coming home and both my children came to live with my husband and I. My relationship with them is more than I could ever hope or pray for. They are young adults now and I'm so blessed by all that God has restored. (Joel 2:25) " I will restore to you the years that the locust have eaten! "

I soon was in contact with Linda again and my husband and I began volunteering. We are now actively being obedient to the Lord and sharing the love of God. It is my honor and privilege to spread the gospel with you now. I could be here till eternity sharing all that He has done and my testimony goes beyond these few paragraphs. The one thing I wish to impart with all is this: "There is nothing that you have done or will do that could ever keep you from the love of God. His mercy, grace, and compassionate love is greater than our sin! He will meet you right where you are & take you far beyond what you could imagine. "1 Corinthians 2:9"

(p.s. I also cried typing this up.....Linda) Praise God!

Testimony of Isabel Valdez Vela

At age 4 I knew what the feeling of being molested was. The sensation overtook my body more times than I could remember. To help me get thru it, or to understand it; I called it "sueno cheese". Everything in my life that I loved was taken from me, my favorite shoes, my best friend, my favorite doll (my only friend), my favorite cousin and my dog Lobo. My mother (may she rest in peace), would beat me and make me kneel on the bottle caps of glass Pepsi bottles with my nose against the wall for a countless amount of time. She would make me wear a diaper with nothing else on in the front yard where neighbors could see me. I was screaming and yelling at her that I was sorry for wetting the bed and I wanted to go inside. My mother would use a white leather braided belt to hit me. My legs would bleed and swell. Every finger of hers' had a gold ring on it that would end up to bust my lip or make my nose bleed. I would be grounded for months at a time, kept secluded; no TV, no friends, no going outside for a month, 2 months, even for three months at a time. ☹ ☹

At age 7 I fell to my knees and begged the devil to take me as his bride. Why? Only God knows. I never knew or heard about the devil, nor of God.

The first time I saw a man's sacred part of his body was one New Year's Eve when my uncle took me into the dark to look for "leña" (meaning wood) and it was pitch dark, but God gave me eyes to see and discernment to know I was in danger. I began to walk away and ask for us to go back. My uncle hesitated, asking me to go to him but when I began to walk away he followed lifting his pants and zipping up his zipper. My sister got mad at me when I returned and she saw me crying and begging her for us to go home. (she never knew the reason why.) ☹

The eldest of us three girls grew up hating me. She detested me and I never understood why. She was the oldest, prettiest..... and my parents adored her, and hated me. She was in Levis and I was in boy's clothes, or anything that wouldn't cost my mother much for me. As we grew up, she made it known to everyone that I was jealous and envious of her. I copied her in everything and she hated me more for it, but in my mind my response

to her would be: "Why would I want to be like you when your kids hate you and seek me. When your husband is next to you but texting me? When you're at work he goes out of his way to look for me at my work"— words that I kept from her so as to not give her that pain. My mother and my ex-husband never stepped in to help. They let the situation continue. I had to ignore him and smile and pretend everything was ok for the sake of family.

An uncle thru marriage fell in love with me. One Halloween as my children were waiting to go trick or treating, this uncle showed up in my car he was fixing so I can take it on a test drive. I didn't want to but he insisted. As he drove, he pulled over on the side of an orchard with the excuse of needing to use the restroom but leaned over and tried to force himself on me. I pushed him off. We drove back with him telling me I'm beautiful. I stayed strong. I smiled as though nothing happened. I had to for my baby's sake that were waiting to go trick or treating. But.... It didn't end there. He soon learned where I worked. He was there almost every day asking me to go away with him. Asking me what time my shift was over. I continued to have to see him eat me up alive with his eyes as my aunt sat next to him. I have his snickering smile engraved in my mind. ☹️☹️☹️

My smile grew bigger as I drowned more and more inside while trying not to show my family that they were getting the best of me. I knew all of this was wrong. This wasn't love and family, but then ...if it wasn't, I must be deserving this????? ☹️. I must be asking for it, and if so, I have to be strong enough to receive it. Living my life thru tv shows, movies, and affection I would only place myself in that beauty for only a moment to help me escape and remain strong with that warmth that was so far from me, but blazing in my heart. I learned how to clean because my mother wanted the house clean. I learned how to cook, how to comb my hair, how to do my make-up, how to walk in heels, now I know... by the guidance of the Holy Spirit. There was no one around to teach me what I know. Just knew it. How to change a tire, self-diagnosis, clean a wound and know when it comes to Discernment.... The List is greater than I can mention now.

I am a mother of six, with children from 3 different men and yet I did not know or feel what true love was. ☹️ To question and realize there was

such a thing as "true love" did happen because you see it in others but realize that's just something "you'll" never have, something you're not worthy of or you would already have it and be living happily ever after. ☹️ I imagined never feeling enough and insecurity is all I knew. Never feeling contempt yet always ready to run. The fear of losing the one you're with not because you love them, but because you don't know how to let go. Imagine knowing and receiving in your heart that you were meant for only one and then feeling hopelessness in ever having this because here I am with six children. Why after six kids am I receiving this and desiring this more? Because that life was BEFORE Christ! I was not ready to receive Him, and the treasures He had stored for me. That was the seed He planted in me. Giving back to me what the world took from me. My second chance to obtain and receive my true desire... my purity In Mind, Body and Soul, He gave me Him. His forgiveness, His cleansing, His redemption, my Husband, my new battle field and my "ONE". Keeping me for only HIM, for the one I am meant to be with, with no tarnish or stains. I have been tested and spoken words as sweet as honey. I have been lied to, deceived, hurt, broken, and thru it all, kept pure in my mind, body, heart and soul for only Him. This is a marriage by and in Faith, because by sight... we were never meant to be. I received what it feels like to HAVE to let go and not want. Be strong to walk away, but your heart still holds on. To be angry and hurt, broken and let down and still have your breath taken away by His "accidental" touch. This only comes with Christ. A marriage bound in Heaven, cannot be undone on earth even by the two bound. My marriage is proof of that.

In the 6th grade I was molested by my sister as we lay on our living room couch hidden underneath a white sheet. Sadly things were never the same as she would hit me and make me cry. I was her slave, and she was my babysitter every day from 3:30pm-10pm with the threat that if told my mom, my mom wouldn't believe me and she would do the same to me tomorrow. My mom already hated me and I believed my sister and kept quiet. God saw me one day, weaker than most other days. I would be sitting watching Star Trek with her yet fearing but preparing for every commercial where she would have me against the wall in a position where I

tried to cover my body as best as possible while she would hit me and making me cry. That day my mother walked in and my sister never hit me again. She got wiser. The taunting, the mental and emotional anguish, fear and distress "was" for real. This silent aggressor that no one else would see was after me and tearing at me with a weapon no one saw, but I felt it so strong. I feared my home, my family more than anyone in the world and no one was there to help. ☹️ ☹️

During a 7th grade project I went over to the house of a male student that I was partnered with for a project. My best friend waited outside then left unknowingly that inside he was holding me down with his weight being more than my strength ☹️ ☹️, I fought, I screamed and he finally got off of me. I feared walking past that house for many years until Christ overcame that fear in 2016. I spoke of the incident to my counselor after knowing I was not the only victim. The case ended up going to court with the victims against him. Two officers arrived at my home looking for my mom. I was home alone. They handed me a letter and said I had to give it to her or she would go to jail. I was scared. I opened it and read that it was a subpoena to have me appear in court for this matter. I ripped it. My mom couldn't know about this. It would anger her and she would beat me. I never spoke of it until a second notice came in. I was right. ☹️ She was angry and blaming me for even going there even if it was for a school project. It wasn't his fault even though there were multiple victims. It was mine. ☹️☹️ (my thinking)

My children were my salvation. My family consisted of my babies and I, even though I was married. In my mind there was always a wedge between us and him. This was because Christ was not in our home. How could He be? I didn't know Him. I had never heard His name. I remember my baptism, first communion, and Quincienera, but never had I heard the name Jesus Christ. I remember sitting in the very front of Saint Anne's Church during service and listening but never receiving what was said. I was an empty vessel just filling a seat. I remember looking up on the man hanging from a cross and desiring to massage his hands and feet. I didn't know who he was or why he was there but I knew He was hurting and I wanted to heal him. Now with Christ I envision my husband with my kids all in one accord. No wedge needed to keep us apart. He's not in my life out of need, a place to

runaway to, protection or a home. It doesn't need to be him and our kids or him and I or my kids and I. It is "US". This completion of life only comes with Christ. No running away, seeking to fulfill a void while having someone in your life because they are your completion to life.

The night the pain grew too much to bear was after realizing that no matter what I did my babies were never coming home. I walked from Second St in Porterville to Saint Anne's Catholic Church and falling to my knees before the Virgin Mary. I cried "Mother to Mother help me please, because I'm losing my babies and I do not know what to do." Until this point, I still had a little Hope for my babies. But I was in a war thinking I was still at home.

Focused solely on having my ex-husband admit that he had hurt my baby girl, so I can turn him in, so I could face my daughter one day and say I kept my promise. I investigated... and he's paying for it now as I had promised her when we spoke about this. I told her we needed enough evidence so he could not get away. What better than his confession? Knowing he's against you always having the upper hand, knowing he was the enemy and manipulator of all manipulators. We were at war every day, and no one saw. My smile hid it well. God prepared my smile for this fight good versus evil my whole life. I saw him at his best for 7 years, and everyone he manipulated was eating out of his hands believing him saying he was wearing Orange when his t-shirt was black. The detective that cleared him once and said he was innocent AFTER speaking to him face to face, was the same detective arresting him the next day, only to release him three days later with no charges. Thru my investigation came three attempted kidnappings on my life, of which two of those God has given me discernment that my ex-husband was a part of it. I was raped and it was by his acquaintance. I spoke to an officer as I was being taken by ambulance to the hospital and told them I was being poisoned, they ran a toxicology, it was clean even from drugs, but him leaving the gas on as I slept, will not show up on a toxicology report. Thru my tiredness I saw him pull the stove away from the wall and turn the gas back off leaving the front door wide open. But I still couldn't leave... I didn't have the answers. He was free... but my babies weren't home with me. But if he was guilty why was he free? Was he smarter than

them? Did he convince them? I still don't know. What comfort can I give my baby girl? That Christ lives, and He dwells greater in her and me than He that is in the world.

I am now an advocate for those who have gone through many trials and sadness. Praise the Lord! No matter what I know that I've been blessed with God's ministry to live the hurts and receive His victory over and over with every case He sends our way. I may relive my hurt with every case we receive. The abuse, the rape, molestation, babies kidnapped by those your supposed to trust and keep you safe, the system that breaks you and leaves you for dead, the addiction, the loss of loved ones, homeless, no food, no knowledge of where to go, abused physically and mentally, loss of pregnancies, desire to conceive, abandoned, betrayed, lied to, thief, but God never wastes a hurt because shortly after I receive these hurts thru those we meet, we receive His victory and do not dwell in what my Lord has already overcame. Now we have the strength of a Savior to stand against those giants. To shine His lights and truths where no man dare tread like our homes, our justice system, our police departments, public defender's and lawyer's offices. We bring justice to the broken and left forgotten by those under Oath to God to protect and serve. Walk with us, My Husband and I, as we walk together in one accord bring Christ to the broken, Hope to the Hopeless, prayer to the unbeliever, love to the unlovable, healing to the sick, closure to the lost and Justice to those that choose to hide in their mistakes and wrongdoings instead of redemption and freedom thru Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior.

So help me God, my Father, should my words not be true in Jesus Mighty Name. Thank YOU! Amen.

Our Fathers Home

Advocates

Omar and Isabel Vela

ourfathershomehebrews135.com

Testimony of Savannah Roy

My journey began sixteen years ago, in Visalia, California. I was 14 years old, a new believer, ready to become a missionary. My hometown is a place I love and a place of comfort. A place where everyone in town knows my family and the iconic purple lady I call Grandma.

With my renewed faith I wanted to see the world. I wanted to find my purpose in serving others. I saw elders in my family enjoying life the way I wanted to when I grew old with kids and grandkids. The only constant for me was going to church on Sundays to escape the adversity of my struggles at that time. I met my Dad at the age of 13. I wanted to forgive his absence. But time makes a heart grow cold. ☹️ If God really loved me then why was I alone? A question we all face in life at some time.

The youth group at my church was offering a mission trip to England for 15-19 year old students (who could afford to pay their own ticket). When I approached my Mom with the idea, she did not take me seriously. I can recall her laughing and saying, "Yeah if YOU raise the money then you can go".

Well for anybody who knows what it feels like to be recently baptized, the surge of energy and the desire to fulfill your purpose with God outweighs any obstacle in your way. That is what I felt the day I was baptized on March 23, 2004. And that flame never wavered. My heart has been on fire for Jesus even through the darkest struggles in my life, when I thought I wouldn't survive to see my first born.

I struggled with some health issues towards the end of high school. It almost affected me being able to graduate. Even though I had been an honor roll student all of my life yet priorities change when you are a kid with adult responsibilities.

I worked my first job making smoothies and had a promotion waiting for me on my eighteenth birthday. 😊 I worked my way through college and graduated before my daughter was born on Father's Day 2011. (As I mentioned before, I met my Dad when I was 13 years old. So having my first born, on a day I never before recognized, that's God's timing and He makes no mistakes!)

Becoming a Mom and a wife changed my life for the better. 😊 I forgot all about my self-centeredness. It all began when I met my husband, (of 12 years now) Jacob. He was as lost as I was and yet he still saw something in me that I

could not see in myself. He thinks I saved his life by bringing him to Christ. But, from my perspective, he was my “mustard seed” if you will. He gave me hope when I was hopeless. He was baptized in 2013. ☺☺☺ Having a marriage that is rooted in Christ is like a seed that grows in concrete: Stand tall, eyes to the ‘Son’ and thrive. He has overcome so many of his own battles and putting up with my imperfections and flaws. He helped me to mend the relationship with *both* of my parents. Today my children are so close with their grandparents and I am closer with them as well.☺☺ God heals all wounds that time cannot.

At the end of the day I am truly blessed to have such a life hand picked out by God. From the mountain I see every morning at sunrise to the last freckle on my child’s nose. The Creator of the universe is alive and well. He lives here in our home. We always keep an extra chair for Jesus at our dinner table. Our five and nine year old pray for every last thing from ‘Nana’s house to be protected’ to ‘help the doctors find a cure’ and ‘protect our dogs from fleas’. ☺ Our kids pour their heart out into prayers and know to depend on Christ alone. We stick to the core values of Christ. We are made to be loved.

I had faith in him and he had faith in me. I began focusing on the need to make a better life for my daughter, which includes parents, grandparents and Godparents. I want her to have a rock solid faith on a solid foundation and for her to know that her parents love her unfathomably and unconditionally. Nothing she could ever do could take that away.

That is how our Father loves. He loves with an Agape love, an unfailing and an unfaltering love.

Even after a seizure and lapse of consciousness landing me in the hospital with my second pregnancy, I had to give up my job as an after school teacher and give up driving because of my condition. Total shock for a busy person like myself to have to ‘relax’ and sit home basically doing nothing but wait for test results and a (un)diagnosis. I felt as if I burdened my family with my disability because I could not work or play with my daughter as much as before.

During the days that God picks, pulls and prunes my life I cannot see what the long term plans are. All I know is that I am here for a purpose, to deliver this message to who is reading this right now. God has a plan for me and he has a plan for you. ☺

Today I have a beautiful family and all mine. My children are ages 9, 5 and 6 months old. My daughter still remembers when I had the seizure and went to the hospital. My five year old remembers what it's like to go to a real grocery store. My little one will never know life without all the extra (Covid) precautions. He has lived his life in 100% quarantined.

Grow where you're planted and move that mountain! 😊😊😊

It took nothing more than a mustard seed of faith to leave, pack up and move to southern California. I came here with so many unknowns. Where will we live? Where will I work? Who will teach the kids?

My husband was offered a promotion of a lifetime that we just could not refuse. *When God gives you that opportunity you don't say No.* "It takes a village to raise a child" is a common philosophy among parents and teachers across the board. We are all a child of God. Therefore we must contribute to our village, the Kingdom of Christ. We reap the seeds we sow. Continue to spread your faith. My husband and I have been in M.O.M. ministry for six years. I have my pen-pal I write to that is like a sister to me. We must not forget those brothers and sisters because we are all one mistake or one paycheck away from being in a misfortune. Imagine if you woke up with only the things you thanked the good Lord for yesterday?

We are now happily planted in Riverside. Our view is a mountain called Mount Roubidoux with a most beautiful and peaceful view of a huge cross of Jesus that sits atop of it. The landmark that God showed me was proof that I was home. 😊 (Well, my temporary home). We have to step out of our comfort zone in order to let God work through us. He has so much to bless us with and yet we go about our busy lives often too busy to look up at the 'Son'.

I thank God for every breath and every step I take. Each and every life matters. You impact everyone you come across whether you realize it or not. If you are reading this, then you matter to me. May God Bless you all and please wear your mask! 😊 [Matthew 17:20](#) [Thank you LORD!](#) 😊😊

He told them, "Because of your lack of faith. I tell all of you with certainty, if you have faith like a grain of mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move, and nothing will be impossible for you (Note from Linda: I am so happy and teary-eyed as I type this up. 😊😊 I love Jacob and Savannah and how God has laid their path before them and how much their interactions have encouraged so many people. Make a difference!

(note from Linda: they are loved so much)



Mt. Roubidoux with huge cross on top.

Testimony of Ray Escarsega

My name is Ramon Catarino Escarsega. I am from a little town called Hanford, CA. I come from a Mexican–American family. I was raised by two great parents. They were hard working and good hearted. My mom and step-dad (Carlos), who I called “Dad”, raised me to be respectful and hardworking... NOT a criminal! Sometimes my parents worked 7 days a week to support all 5 kids. There 4 (big) boys, my sister, and any other family members that lived with us at any given time. I love my parents and I especially miss my dad Carlos. He passed away in 2004. Sadly, I was incarcerated at the time. Thankfully my mother is still going strong at age 73. I had a normal childhood; well I guess as normal as any other kid. I played sports, went camping, fishing, and played outside until the streets lights went on. However, at 12 years old things started to change. I started experimenting with drugs. First it was weed and alcohol.

Eventually experimenting would lead me to KJ, cocaine and methamphetamine. All of my older brothers and cousins were involved in gangs. I started fighting, parting all night long and just hanging out. My uncles and cousins were drug dealers. I was drawn into the excitement, power and respect. My family was known around the “Barrio”, (that is neighborhood in Spanish). By the time I was 16 years old, drive- by shootings and gang fights were the thing to do. My gang was the biggest and baddest gang in my town (So it was thought). By the time I was 21 years old I had been in and out of jail for stupid things (Mickey Mouse time). I had managed to have my own place by dealing drugs and holding a job. My job was just a front in case the law was watching me; and they were... I started dealing powder cocaine and by 22 years old I was known as the “crack dealer” in my town. At 23 I got into the “Meth Game”. Now that was some serious business and money!! Meth is an EVIL drug, (well they all are), but the fast money and power will blind you. And NO Jesus! I did NOT want to hear about Him!! I grew up with some Catholic Faith. A couple of “Hail Mary’s” for prayer throw a few dollars in the basket and I was good. At least so I thought...I was also selling a lot of weed; (Chronic) was its name by the streets. With my connections, friends, and associates from selling the weed and meth, doors began opening to a whole new way of life. I was now learning how to deal in mass quantities. The money was rolling in and I thought I was living life to the fullest. I was partying up and down California. My fast life leads me to associate with Mexican Drug Cartel members. Some would become very good friends of mine. Since I am a very private person, they trusted me, and I trusted them. I lasted this way for 4 years. But when you play hard, you “pay” hard. Right when I thought things were going so great, so perfect...”BOOM!”

It all ended on May 2, 2001. Myself and 32 associates were arrested. 18 of us had cases by the Department of Justice (D.O.J) and 14 by the state of California. Just like that I was sitting in a Federal Holding Facility in Fresno, California. They attempted to scare me with a life sentence based on my affiliation and associates. My attorney (well really God) fought my case and I learned how to pray REAL QUICK! When in trouble; don't we always run to our Lord and Savior? He is so good to us! After fighting my case for 21 months (in county jail ... UGGHHH!), I was given a sentence of 10 years in federal prison. Reality check for me!

As I mentioned my dad died in 2004 of cancer. This was so sad for me. If I was out I could have hugged him one more time and told him how much I loved him for caring for me as if I were his own blood. He truly loved me. Instead I was selfish and doing time. I told God "Just let me get home and I will do right by You Lord and my mom will be proud of me one day.

During my years of incarceration I did my best to stay clear of trouble (whenever possible). I won't go into all the details of the hate and evil that encircles the prison walls. However I did work and learned good skills that sustained my living. I also got my GED. That was a huge accomplishment for me. I had to move around different facilities for various reasons. Federal Penitentiaries will have you all over the country. That can be pretty difficult and lonely sometimes. When my date came I was released from Seagoville, TX and headed home for a two day trip on a bus. That is its own "Hell".

I entered into a co-ed halfway house on January 11, 2009 in Fresno, CA. That is when my life would change forever. I met a beautiful young lady (Irie). She too had been released from Federal prison. (Although I do not recommend dating this way), God made things work out for my good. I was finally released from the half-way house in July 2009. I had a full time job, a car and building a strong relationship with the Lord.And that young lady; well she became my wife in June 2010. She introduced me to different people and branches of the 'church' which also included M.O.M. (Moving on Ministries). That's how I'm here now. ☺ We have two adult kids, two dogs, bought our dream home, and now I am going to be a first time grandpa!!

I owe it all to the Lord! Thank you Jesus!

God Bless,

Ray

Testimony of Juan Ramos

Testimony of Juan A. Ramos 08/23/2020

There was a point in my life where sadly I was lost, addicted, institutionalized and sick. To top that off I was diagnosed with Leukemia ☹️ ...a death sentence. ☹️ The only thing I had to do was to look up to Heaven and ask Jesus Christ to heal me which I did from the sincerity of my heart. I repented and He forgave me when I asked Him to come into my heart as my Lord and Savior of my life on May 9, 2004. 😊😊 A life changing decision! Since that day to now, Praise the Lord, I am still attending my home church Centro Alabanza which is Praise Center Church in Visalia, CA. for the Spanish Service. Now I am Servanting at Alter Counseling when someone receives Christ, the Good News Jail and Prison Ministry, the Bill Glass Prison Ministries, JDF Juvenile Hall and Pine Manor Home.

The Lord spoke to my heart in 2004 and said if I wanted to know more about Him then I should go to college. During my journey in 2014 I attended Summit Bible College until 2017 when I graduated with an Associates of Biblical Studies and Bachelor of Theology in Pastoral Leadership of which I am now an Ordained Minister. Praise God! 😊😊

I then received a Credential from Cary Theological Seminary Institute of Chaplain in Lindsay, CA. I also attended COS learning ASL and Social Welfare & Social Work. Matthew 28:18-20 "Then Jesus came to them and said, "All authority in Heaven and on earth has been given to me. 19 - Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Spirit, 20 - and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age."

I now also serve the Lord by taking the Word to the world on YouTube: [JRamos Ministry "God's Word" - YouTube](#)
ALL GLORY AND HONOR TO OUR LORD "JESUS CHRIST".
AMEN AND GOD BLESS MY BELOVED. JUAN A. RAMOS 😊

Testimony of Eric Smith

I accepted the Lord on August 21, 1988, at a college Bible study group that I had been attending with friends for 2 years. I grew up and was raised in a wonderful home with dad, mom and my one brother. I was one of those kids that was small in stature and just wanted to fit in with the rest of the crowd while growing up. I never got into drinking or drugs and was what you would call a good kid. So my testimony is not about how bad my life was before I accepted the Lord as my Savior but of the things that the Lord has given and shown me since that time.

After college I did get married to a woman that had some very bad anxiety issues in which she took a lot of medicine for. She hid this from me until we got married to one year from the day we met. It was a bad situation that only got worse and after 11 years we got divorced. My heart was broken through and through and I was at a very low point in my life. But.... that is when God got a hold of me and sent me on a journey that I never could have dreamed of.

My first adventure was in 2009 when I went on a trip to Israel with a large group of Christians from several other churches. We toured the country for eleven days. I got to experience the Bible opening up in real life right before my eyes. The big events for me, was seeing the town of Nazareth, where Jesus was raised as a child. I experienced sitting in a wooden boat in the middle of the Sea of Galilee with perfectly calm water. Our guides told us that this was exactly the conditions of the Sea when Jesus rebuked the storm. I got to be baptized in the Jordan River just as Jesus was baptized. I experienced sitting up on top of the Mount of Olives, where many years ago, my very own brother prayed for me to receive the Lord as my Savior. And without him knowing, I did it the following week.

I saw Golgotha on the top of which Christ was crucified and I then got to see the inside of the tomb where his body was laid, the stone sealed and where his body was raised to Glory in Heaven.

In Jerusalem I got to sit on the Southern Steps of the Old City where Jesus actually sat and taught the elders of the city. This is one place where Biblical scholars agree that those steps were indeed the original steps of the Old City and they agree that Jesus did in-fact sit on those actual steps and preached. It was a very emotional thing for me to sit where they say Jesus himself actually sat. (wow!)

My next adventure was to take a cruise in 2011 of the Mediterranean Sea to follow in the footsteps of the Apostle Paul. We went to many different countries and saw many places like the astounding remains of Ephesus and the large amphitheater that seats thousands of people. Yet it was designed that if you went to the top row of the theater you could clearly hear the speaker on the platform down below. One of the final places we went to and the one place that I wanted to see and experience the most was the remaining, fully in tack, prison cell of the Apostle Paul in Rome. His prison cell was a large pit that was dug into the ground with a hole in the top of the roof about 15 feet high. The only way in and out was by a rope. Escape was impossible. Scholars believe that Paul wrote many of his books in the Bible from that very prison cell. My Life Verse is Philippians 4:8, written by Paul in that prison cell.

My next adventure that God gave me was taking mission trips down to the small county of Belize. A wonderful couple, Jim and Debbie Tucker were missionaries living there in the heart of the jungle serving the small towns and villages with the Gospel of Christ. In all, I took 5 1-week trips down to Belize to help them and the people of Belize. We did various work projects, which included building a bathroom for a small church in a small village that had no electricity. It was hard work that was done in mostly 90 degree temperatures with at least 80% humidity. But these trips were trips of a lifetime to experience how some people live in this world without cell phones and instant communication to news, sports, and family in the palm of your hand. These people are just trying to survive and provide for their families as there is no government assistance of any kind for the citizens.

One of the things that Jim does every Tuesday night is go to the town of Bullet Tree. There is a self-reporting drug and alcohol treatment facility for men there called Remar. The men work during the day on a small farm to help pay the expenses of housing, feeding, counseling, and medicating them. Jim does a bible study for them to encourage them and help them to see that they need Jesus in their lives to help overcome their addictions. On one of the trips, the Lord put it upon me to teach the study. I am not a preacher and have never taught the Bible to anyone, let alone a group of men like that. But the Lord led me strongly to do it. With the permission of Jim, I took to the pulpit. I had spent many weeks writing up my teaching and did not know how it would be received. I spent the first half of the teaching talking to the guys about some of my life experiences and how the Lord has helped me do things that I never thought I could do. One of those things was performing the funeral service for my best friend's dad who had passed away. The Lord led me, helped me, and gave me the calmness to perform the service, as if I had done a hundred of them before. Then I moved to the last part of my teaching, presenting the message of the Gospel, telling them who Jesus was, how they could be forgiven for their sins, and be promised eternal life with Jesus in Heaven. There were 22 men in the room that I was talking to. When I asked if anyone would like to receive Jesus as

their Lord and Savior, 10 men raised their hands. It was an incredible experience given the fact that I wanted to give the new believers a bible if anyone actually raised their hand. I wanted to take 2 Bibles with me, but the Lord put the number 10 in my head and would not take no for an answer. So I took 10 Bibles with me and gave out all 10. I prayed with all the new brothers in Christ and then our group departed for dinner. As we left the facility, all I could hear in my mind was, "Well done, my good and faithful servant". As a footnote to this teaching, I got a phone call from Jim about a week after we returned. He let me know that one of the men that came forward to accept the Lord was found dead in his bunk 5 days after my teaching. I was shocked and did not know what to say. But Jim had the answer. He told me that when I get to the gates of Heaven, that man will be waiting to greet me

The last of the 5 mission trips to Belize was completely the opposite of the one before. I wound up getting severely ill with a parasite. I truly believed at one time that I was going to die. I had a constant fever of 102+. The men on the trip that were with me took turns of 2 hour shifts at night constantly checking my temperature. If it hit 103, the guys got me up, carried me to the shower, and held me in under cold water to get the temperature down. Those were some really horrible showers for me, but it was what needed to be done. On one of the trips to the hospital, I was sitting in a small room on a plastic chair waiting for the nurse to come get me and give me an IV, as I was dehydrated. I was so weak, I could barely hold my head up. Across from me were two women with an infant child. They were frantically trying to give the child some liquid medicine, and the child was not cooperating and not drinking the medicine. That's when I heard the Lord tell me, "Pray for that child". My mind was saying, "Pray for the child? What about me? I am the one who is almost dying here." And then I heard it again, only louder and stronger. "Pray for that child". So I said OK. I could barely speak myself, let alone the fact that I don't know Spanish. So I got the attention of the mother, pointed to myself, then put my hands together, and lastly, pointed to her child. I then bowed my head and said a prayer that I cannot remember one word of. When I finished my short prayer, I lifted my head and opened my eyes. What I saw was shocking. The child had settled down, stopped crying, and I watched the child drink down the entire syringe of medicine. The mother looked at me with tears rolling down her face. At that moment, the nurse came and rushed me away to get my IV. I learned two very big things that day. One, always be ready for the Lord to use you, even when you are at the lowest point in your life. And two, never under estimate the power of prayer.

My latest adventure in life that the Lord has me involved with is a ministry that has put me in prison. Literally. I am involved with a wonderful ministry called Moving On Ministry, or MOM for short. It is a ministry that helps serve those that are incarcerated in prison. One of the things we do is connect with the Bill Glass Prison ministry and join other men and women that go into prison yards and share the gospel message of Christ to men and women that are broken in

mind and heart. To help draw their attention to our group, we ride in on our Harley's and make a lot of noise. There are lots of men in prison that are there for a crime they committed many years or even decades ago that are no longer that person whom committed the crime. Those are the ones we try to reach to let them know they are not forgotten and their lives are valuable in the eyes of the Lord.

In closing, I will leave you with my Life Verse: Philippians 4:8, whom the Apostle Paul wrote while in the prison cell in Rome.

Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are noble, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there is any virtue and if there is anything praiseworthy, meditate on these things.

This is not about the power of positive thinking. This is about trying to live your life focusing on God in everything that you do, and having the knowledge that God will be leading you down the path that he has set for you.

God Bless you all. ☺

Eric S.

(NOTE from Linda. WOW! Amazing how God puts people or situations in our path to grow and share His Love and Hope in all ways and for us to remember no matter what it is His Timing. What a blessing Eric!)

Testimony of Mike Evaro

I grew up in Yuma Arizona. My parents spoke Spanish and we had a big family of nine boys and three girls. I am the fourth of the youngest. My mom was always home being "MOM". (There was enough to keep her busy at home) We moved to San Diego and I learned to surf all my life. I loved it! When I was 9 years old I started smoking weed when I saw my brothers try it. So..... I tried it.

My father was the famous Henry B Evaro AKA "Lopez The Bandit". He was a professional boxer for 19 years. In Yuma Arizona on Fourth Ave there is a billboard dedicated to my dad. His friend, another boxer, was Armando Ramos AKA "Mando". In Palm Springs on Palm Canyon Drive there is a restaurant bar called "Sammy G's" where my cousins Jimmy and Jerry Evaro on my dad's side sing.

My dad started to work at the Boys Club where he mentored kids and one of the boys actually joined the U.S. Olympics. He was a hard worker and was hardly ever home. When I would wake up dad was already gone to work in his suit and tie. He worked at El Monte at "Mazda of El Monte" which was the 1st dealership in the U.S. from Japan. My dad's friends from the famous actors "The Untouchables" would buy Mazda for their kids from him.

In Baja when I was 13 my father's friends were Parnelli Jones, Mickey Thompson and the Mears Gang which were all racing families with Formula Cars and Off Road vehicles.

The one thing for sure our home was huge and it was two story. So for Christmas time our living room was filled with twelve bicycles and so many gifts around the tree that there was hardly any room even though the house was large.

My mom never cursed, never drank and always helped the underdog. May she rest in peace. "Lord, please tell her I love her." We were living in Chula Vista by the mountains and every morning we would open the patio door and look down at illegals staring up at us as they ate. She would have pots and pans full of all kinds of food ready for all to eat as they would trudge along. My mom was very giving and a very loving woman. All of my sisters are doing God's work and my niece Kasey Butler (so proud of her) attends Face of Crossroads Church with Pastor Chuck Booer where she sings and very beautifully may I say as she does the Lord's work. My mom would have a prayer room and every day she would pray for all of her boys.

My brother and I were owners of a glass shop until in 2005 the economy took a crash. I got behind on paying \$40,000.00 in taxes.....so..... I took the so

called "easy way out". My best friend Gilbert and I would go down to buy crops of weed in duffle bags and we would go from one house to another house in Jamul. At night time we would cross the border from Mexico thru Mexicali. One day our four-wheel drive truck was stuck and there was a house close by and we asked the old man if he could help us to get it out and he could have a motorcycle we had on it. Well we went to where the truck was stuck and I forgot to actually use the four-wheel drive to make it come out. Well I tried it myself and lo and behold the truck was out....we gave the motorcycle to the old guy anyway. We would hear bullets from the Federales and we drove toward a house with light and all of a sudden realized it was an Army Military Camp and all of the lights lit up all over and sirens and we took off fast. Close call.

One day my friend I grew up with, thinking I was going to stay at a gathering with all the guys and not go anywhere else, laced my beer with a date rape drug. My friend was so shook up when he looked for me asking everyone where I was at. They told him "but Mike left".....then that is when I was in my accident. I broke seven ribs and they had to drill into my head and finally pronounced me "DOA" for 1/2 hour. God had other plans.

I moved to the Central Valley in November 2009. I came down with stage four colon cancer. Devastating news and all I can remember was that I wanted to commit suicide. I ended up going to the Cancer Center in only my boxers crying and disoriented but the knife I had to end my life I left at home. Pastor Mark Wilson from Sierra Baptist Church in Visalia picked me up and took me to Kaweah Hospital. From there I was taken to Cypress Mental Hospital for three weeks. I had 11 inches of my colon taken out and chemo of 12,000 miligram treatments.

Today I am an amputee and just wait daily as to what God has in store for me. I am blessed as I work today as a distributor for Black Living Water Product which keeps me alkalined and helps keep me cancer free. It alkalined my blood and cancer cannot survive in an alkalized state!!!
I AM NOW CANCER FREE....THANK YOU JESUS!!!!!!!!!!

In 1999 I accepted Christ at R.J. Donovan Prison (San Diego, CA) in "Building 16". Recently I went back with the Bill Glass Ministry event at R.J. Donovan Prison and also as a volunteer with Moving On Ministry, 32 years later to "Building 16"!

"IF THAT ISN'T GOD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS ! "

TRUST THE LORD WITH ALL YOU'VE GOT, HE HAS A PLAN FOR YOU! ☺