

“Letter From M.O.M.”

The **Monthly** newsletter of **Moving On Ministry**

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Volume 43 – December, 2008

“I Can Only Imagine”

As you receive this volume of **Letter From M.O.M.**, we have many new writers of articles, we are putting some more of the testimonies of “How God Changes Lives” as well as some 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 control of their lives.

Watch our website

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

We are affiliated with International Prison Fellowship

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/movingon>

and Good News Jail & Prison Ministry Volunteer

www.GoodNewsJail.com

Extreme Makeover

We often imagine how great it would be if some group like “Extreme Makeover, Home Edition” would take on “Moving On Ministry” as a project with the development of Camp Clarius.

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 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.

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.” **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.

Addresses to contact Ministry Volunteers

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**Moving On Ministry
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**Jesus Prayer Ministry
Sis Denise
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**Set Free Prison Ministries
Bible Correspondence Course
P.O. Box 5440
Riverside, CA. 92517-9986**

**Prison Fellowship
Chuck Colson
P.O. Box 1550
Merrifield, VA 22116-1550**

**DON DICKERMAN MINISTRIES
BOX 575
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**Ask for a copy of our complete
“Resource Supplemental Letter”**

For 2008, Bob is doing Bible study at BWDF on Mondays and at MCF on Thursdays.

The Sunday after the 2nd Saturday of each month is Bob and Linda's assigned day for 3 to 4 chapel Services at Corcoran State Prison (“Old” Corcoran). 11/09/08, & 12/14/08, may be skipped because of the chaplain being gone for 6 weeks..

Bob and Rocky have also added the Miramonte Conservation Camp #5 to their list of locations to present chapel services every other Friday.

Bob and Linda did the Bill Glass Ministry in Santa Rita Co. Jail in Oct. 2008. Then in Nov. 2008 Bob and Linda did the Bill Glass Ministry with Bob going to Chino State Prison and Linda going to Glen Helen Rehab. Center for women.

M.O.M. Needs

- Tractor repair or replacement for Camp Clarius development.
- Pen-pals to write inmates
- Finances
- Testimonies
- Development of Squaw Valley Property (Camp Clarius)
- Development of Nevada property
- Development of Arizona property
- Graphics artist for books

Prayer Request

The Mom of M.O.M. (Jeanne) needs prayer. She has many fractured vertebrae in her neck. The doctors have mentioned putting a rod down her neck and putting her in a halo that has screws into the skull to keep it stationary. Please pray for guidance in the doctors and a speedy recovery.

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." Every week we get many letters that state "I love hearing the testimonies." There are so many, we cannot publish them all, and the sad part is – people not involved in jail / prison ministry do not get to read the many letters we receive daily (average 2 to 11 each day) and try to keep up with and answer.

I Know Who You Are, For You Are Me

Youngster, take heed to my words, for my words are not spoken with venom, but words of truth. For I have been a witness to the madness. I have seen and followed that road that says "one lane highway to hell." I have also held that smirk on my face that says "what does he know, he doesn't know me." But I know you for I see my troubled youth in you.

For I have stood in your shoes, and have walked the same streets. I left my name known to my enemy. My name was Gold and Honors in the hood. I was a knucklehead and wild youth running out of control.

The State of California held places to hold and control me from youth camps to C.Y.A. But they didn't work. Those places only bred me more into my mode for violence, My strength for power. I felt nothing could hold me down. I didn't care. I felt no pain, for in my soul I was born into pain. I felt no sorrow. I held my own answers. I was never wrong, nor could you tell me so.

So, as a youngster, I know you look at my scars. These scars ain't from falling off a skateboard. These scars I know the date and places that scar my body. These scars, I hold them proud. I earned them with honor. I look into the eyes of that demon who wanted to drag me down to hell. But I was a warrior. I fought back and survived, for no bullet or knife wound was going to set a date for me with the devil. Not yet, anyway.

Youngster, I've seen the best of the best go down. Men who would take your life, then laugh while eating their lunch. I'm still standing youngster, and I'm getting at you from the S.H.U. but today, instead of those old shoes, I was walking in, now they're traded in for a new pair of shoes that are solid and strong, a pair that will never wear out.

You see youngster, these shoes were given to me by the Lord. Are you surprised youngster? Yes, I said the Lord. For even God has His warriors here in the S.H.U. Take heed youngster, while you can. You still have a choice. Take it before it's too late. God cares for you. Never doubt that those rain drops are God's tears. He's showing you that He cares. He doesn't want to bring you home yet. He wants you to spread His Word, to start His gang, a gang of peace. Imagine a gang with no guns or knives. Your weapon is the Bible. Believe me you'll survive any outcome with this weapon. So youngster, I'll leave you with that, for now it's my turn to go read my Bible. Go in peace youngster, remember, if anyone loves you, believe me, it's Jesus.

R.U.

**Petition for Commitment;
Hear Their Cry**

I am sorry. I know it has been a while since I have written to you guys. But, what I'm writing you for today is I'm writing a group petition for the protestant Christians on XXX yard at XXX State Prison. I would like to find out before I write it. If you are willing to be our part-time chaplain, with a brown card, when chaplain XXX can't be here on his days off. We have not had any church services on the weekend since chaplain XXX went out on medical leave. I hear chaplain XXX may be back on Dec 17 or 18. What the petition is for is to have a full time chaplain and a part-time chaplain on XXX yard. Because the majority of Christian inmates are on XXX yard, about 200-300 inmates that want a protestant chaplain on XXX yard. In the California code of regulations, that's the Title 15, says that when the majority of inmates on that yard of that faith, that same faith chaplain should be on that yard. Chaplain Bob, this has been weighing on my heart for a long time now. I keep praying to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, about this. I think God has put this on my heart to do this with His help, because I know I can't do this alone. I would not like to go against His will. Please keep this in your prayers and pray that the warden will see that the men at this prison, that God has changed them, and this is a very big part of their lives, to be able to have Bible studies, and worship services, and choir practice. Chaplain Bob, I know this is something you have been hoping for and praying for a long time. I know you have been approved to come in the prison with Chaplain XXX. So I hope and pray that since you are

approved for that, this will speed this up. Plus could you help me with anything that may help with this group petition. Please, because I need all the help I can get, Chaplain Bob. We are very grateful for when you and your wife, Linda, come in on the weekend for church service. Well I'll let you go for now. I hope and pray I will hear from you soon

WC

Again, Hear Their Cry

Chaplain Bob,

Hello, and how are you and sister Linda? I pray all is well. As for me, I am very blessed. I just received your newsletter from Moving On Ministry. I really liked the mind boggling in the back. Well, anyways, "praise report" I finally got a visit from my son, and mother. They came up on the train from Southern California. It was a 5 hour ride up and back, we got to visit for about 3 ½ hours before they had to be back in XXX train station. A place called "Friends Outside" picked them up at the XXX train station, brought them to visit, and then brought them back to the station. This is a real blessing.

As you can see, I am still here at XXX, and the Lord has blessed me with a visit, and not sending me out of state. "Praise God!"

It sure has been very messed up, since chaplain XXX has been out. We have not had any services on the weekends, or any on the weekdays. All the other chaplains, Muslim, and so forth, will not step up to the plate for us. So we won't get any services until our chaplain, chaplain XXX, comes back. It sure would be a blessing if you were approved with a Brown Card to run our services, while he was gone. Well,

anyways, I'll close for now. I hope you and sister Linda have a nice thanksgiving. Hope to see you both in December.

May God richly bless you and your family, and your ministry.

A brother in Christ
RB

**Testimony of Sis Denise,
Jesus Prayer Ministry**

Hello my brothers and sisters. I pray this touches your heart as it touches mine as I write.

When I was growing up, there was no love or compassion in my life, just physical, mental, emotional, and sexual abuse in my life. I was always told to shut up, don't show your emotions, and stuff them down deep. I always wanted my dad and mom to love me, but never received it. I started using drugs and drinking at the age of 8 years old, so I wouldn't feel my pain I was feeling.

A biker family moved into our neighborhood, and their daughter was in our class. All of us "black sheep" or our families, we were welcomed by them. Party hardy! Yes, I was looking for love in all the wrong places.

I was raped at 12 years of age, so the pain I sustained, I suppressed it with drugs, booze, and sex. I was married two times, lived on the streets for five years, still looking for love.

I ended up in jail for protecting myself. Still looking for love, the chaplain came to me and shared Jesus Christ's love. She explained I didn't have to do anything, but open my heart and listen to His knocking on my heart.

I listened to what she said, and finally asked God that I would be called to go out to the yard. The guard came over and called my name for yard time. I went out, got on my knees, and asked Jesus back into my heart, and then I asked God, "Do I have to turn tricks for you?" He said "NEVER," will I have to, my love is free. I am so thankful and honored that I have my Daddy's love, my blood brother, Jesus' love, and my teacher's love, the Holy Spirit. It heals, restores and fills you up! Really, their love is so precious. On that day, September 13, 1989, God delivered me from drugs, homelessness, sex, booze, prison life! I was O/R'd that day. You can receive His love, just ask Him for it

**Love, Sis Denise
Jesus Prayer Ministry**

Just a brief note from DM, one of our "brothers in the Lord," that is an inmate at San Quentin. DM has written us to let us know he is on the production of the "San Quentin News" (California's only prison published newspaper) and that the facility will make available of up to 30 copies to other state prisons, free of charge. We have received the first 4 volumes of the newspaper, and they are great.

For those wanting copies, have the chaplain or warden write to San Quentin State Prison and request to be added to the mailing list.

Poetry Section

FINDING THE WAY

by B. Larue

I've walked the road of life for years,
some parts were smooth and yet,
more places I've found hard and rough
with bumps I can't forget.

I've stumbled, fallen, been confused,
temptations calling me;
eyes fogged by worldly thoughts until
"The Way" I could not see.

But when I found that I was lost,
(a hard thing to confess)
I asked for help to find my way
and got a "G.P.S."

Oh, not a global this or that,
I never get that stuff.
I got God's Perfect Son, and knew
for me, that was enough.

He keeps me on His perfect path.
He'll lead me to the end.
He holds my hand, assures me
like a strong and caring friend.

And here's the part I love the most,
my G.P.S. was free!
A gift of life from God, Himself
price paid upon a tree.

God's Perfect Son was crucified
to wash away our sin
and if we choose a wayward path,
He takes our hand, again.

He leads us back where we should be,
our G.P.S. is true.
It comes with "lifetime warranty"
God-sent, for me and you.

THE SIMPLE JOYS

(unknown author)

They miss so much that do not know
The simple joys of long ago
When life was lived with easy pace
And thankful hearts said table grace
When folks took time to be a friend
A helping hand, so quick to lend
When houses had a front porch swing
(Oh, how we lived that creaky thing)

On summer evenings, friends would call
And they were welcome, one and all.
Mom would serve homemade ice cream
As laughter from the porch would stream
And vendors come to sell their wares,
The fun-filled trips to county fairs.
The concerts at the old bandstand
The music was so very grand.

They miss so much who never knew
Old-fashioned joys, such as I do.
The village church so gleaming white
It's steeple bells that ring each night.
The solace that we all found there
As we met for a time of prayer
Our values were quite different then
Ok time, can't I go back again

We were not much in days of yore
But we had blessings by the score.
Your wealth was found in many things
From which souls contentment springs
Our homes were filled with much love
Deep faith was ours in God above.
How much they miss that do not know
The lovely joys found long ago

I wish that they could share with me
My pleasant trip in memory
Back to the good old-fashioned days
When life was lived in simple ways

God's Path
By R.D. Janoiko

This is to the many
who think about life
and how it's so unfair
dwelling upon
worldly possessions
with no other care
causing yourself
sadness and wrath
which is quickly
taking its toll
robbing you
at God's path
eating its way
through your soul.
Failing to recognize
What it is
That you do have
such a chance to breathe
the chance to live
the chance of life
and God's special gift
and there roaming
like a hitchhiker
but scared to accept
his lift afraid
of the one that gave
His only begotten son
So that you shall live.
Go ahead, hit the bricks
It's not too late
to accept His gift
and to the devil
return that life
that you once lived.
Freeing yourself
From sadness and wrath
Receiving glory by
Following God's path.

Set Free
By R.D. Janoiko

I'm here trying to
introduce you to God
And to the glory
I've received
Once you get to know Him
You too will believe.
And if you were to look
deep within you would see
The miracles that Jesus
has done within me.
Letting the devil control
my body and mind
eating his way through my soul
that old life I let go.
The devil has been defeated
and no longer has control
Cause it is now
God that I know.
This I wished you could see
So why not come join with me
So that you too
Can be set free

Testimony

By

Mark David Chapman

THE MAN WHO SHOT JOHN
LENNON

The Inside Story of Mark David
Chapman

John Lennon – Ex-BEATLE
Inspired & Talented Musician
Husband, Father...

“I shot him dead...”

“WHAT HAD BROUGHT ME TO DO
THIS?”

DON DICKERMAN MINISTRIES
BOX 575
HURST, TX 76053

“It wasn’t particularly cold that long
December night, but I dressed in a coat
anyway. Pacing up and down in front of
the famed Dakota Apartments in New
York City’s midtown Manhattan, I had
arrived December 6, 1980, with one
horrible plan in mind: *to kill John
Lennon!*”

“Why had I conceived of such a plan?
Did John Lennon really deserve to die?”

“I had no such thoughts as I continued
pacing the narrow strip of asphalt that
formed the driveway at the front of the
building.”

“Another thought that escaped me, one
that would take me years to understand
and would help me confront my darkest
insides: *What had brought me to do
this?*”

MARK DAVID CHAPMAN
Attica Prison – Attica, New York

I was born May 10, 1955, in Fort Worth,
Texas, the son of David and Diane
Chapman. My father was an Air Force
Sergeant, my mother a head nurse. We
moved to Indiana and eventually wound
up in Decatur, Georgia, where I grew up
and received most of my schooling. My
life seemed as normal as it comes, at
least at the first. Sure, there were some
problems, and fights at home, my
running away, and other things that
appeared “average” in homes all across
America.

At age 14, my life had begun to change.
I had tried to go to Sunday School. I
was also a Boy Scout. I did most of the
things that boys do growing up. I was
never in any real trouble. But it was the
late 60's, and I was exposed to drugs and
the “hippie movement.” This was the
biggest thing to ever hit my life. I
became involved with drugs and rock
music. For a time, I quit school. Even
that seemed normal to me considering
the times. But no matter what I did,
something always seemed to be missing.

**IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD
SEEN MY FATHER CRY**

For about two years, I skipped around
trying to find real happiness in my life,
once even being arrested at 3am after a
rock concert, just a block from my
home. When my father came to pick me
up, he cried. It was the first time I had
ever seen him cry.

I traveled alone a lot during the long summers, and once, when I was only 16 years old, I ended up at my grandmother's house near Daytona Beach, Florida. I will never forget that day! It had been a rough one for me – no drugs, no friends, and feeling lonely. I felt **empty** inside, with no purpose whatsoever in my life. I remember I would sleep on the sofa in the living room, and that night I just lay there on the sofa, looking up at the ceiling. I recall reaching my hands up toward it, reaching for something I had heard about, something that might take away all of my pain. It was then, in that quiet, still moment that something wonderful happened – **I met the Lord Jesus Christ!**

A “RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE – NOT FOR ME

About eight months before this, a friend named Jim had invited me to a weekend ‘getaway’ with his church. This was at a youth camp in Northern Georgia. It was the last thing I had in mind for a long weekend, but I went anyway. It was a long drive, but once we arrived I actually enjoyed the place; the quietness of the lake and the small cabins were kind of nice.

That night I was invited to view a film that spoke of KNOWING Jesus, not as just some vague person of history I thought lived in the pages of some old moldy book. After all of the many things I had heard about Him, I was sure that a “religious experience” was not for me. **Sure, I believed in a “Jesus” – didn’t everyone?** I had always suspected that He was watching us from **somewhere**, looking down at His Father’s creation, caring for us in some

distant, cold way, but this had never really intrigued me. But something was different that day. Through all of the Sunday School classes and the Scout meetings, no one had ever told me that I could actually know Him. I never came to focus on the **real** God, One who might be interested in me. I never knew these things were real...until that night alone at my grandmother’s.

I have memories of it as if it were yesterday. The room was so quiet you could hear a ticking clock. I reached my hands up toward the ceiling, my eyes closed. Something then happened that was very real to me: I met the Lord Jesus! No, this was not some kind of kooky “religious experience” from reading the Bible cover to cover or any other kind of religious thing. I met Him because He was real and I called out to Him. And He received me.

Across the street, the long white limousine had turned and pulled up to the Dakota. John Lennon got out, carrying cassette tapes of the recent recording session he and Yoko Ono, his wife, had just returned from. They had planned to go out to a restaurant, but had changed their minds. Now they were coming up the walkway...and I was ready.

I HAD TURNED FROM MY WALK WITH THE LORD

Life in Georgia was pretty much like anywhere else. I was young and I believed in the Lord...but, as the months flew by and my teen years with them, I grew cold toward God, even though the most wonderful thing had happened to me.

I graduated from high school, moved to Chicago, and then back. I had turned from my walk with the Lord. I guess I thought I didn't need Him anymore. My life basically consisted of working at the YMCA, teaching guitar lessons, and driving around in my 1965 Chevy. I thought at times I was happy, but I wasn't. I knew it deep down inside of me. Something was missing—again—and I had left it on my own.

A great emptiness began to gnaw at me—the fact that my life wasn't what it could be. I had thrown away all of my contentment and I began running from myself. Faster and faster, I ran. I lost my sense of responsibility. As a product of this desperate confusion and blackness, not many years later, a man would end up dead.

I SUNK DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO DESPAIR

More months went by. I continued working at the “Y.” I went away to school, a small college where I eventually had a nervous breakdown. I knew I needed to graduate from school, but as each day went by, I began to feel like a big “nobody.” It was the pressure, I guess. I had just come back from an exciting assignment working with the Vietnamese refugees, and here I was back in school again. It was a real let-down. Often, at night, I would cry together with my girlfriend as we tried to figure out what was wrong with me. I sunk deeper and deeper into despair. I had no peace. I grew more and more troubled inside. My depression would not lift for weeks.

I returned to Georgia and got a job that seemed perfectly suited for me, the

“nobody” I began to see myself as: I became a security guard. I worked long night hours, first at the Atlanta Airport, then at a hospital, and finally at a condominium complex. I was guarding others, yet taking horrible care of myself. I kept wandering around when I should have been trying to get out of the mess, the mess I was slowly losing myself in.

I FELT AS IF I WERE BEING SWALLOWED UP SOME GIGANTIC BLACK CLOUD

I grew more and more depressed. I felt as if I were being swallowed up by some gigantic black cloud. My whole life had reached a point where it became utterly meaningless. I felt LOST!

I was also a “nobody” in a nothing job and I couldn't take it! I began to have fights with my buddy and arguments with my girlfriend. I grew more and more despondent. Worse, I was full of anger and paranoia at those around me. I intentionally distanced myself from those closest to me, even my family. I truly did not know who or what I was becoming or what I had let myself sink into.

Looking back on it all now, it is a wonder I did not try to take my life any earlier. I was a mess. When I was 22 years old, I decided to do just that – end my life. In May of 1977, I sold all of my possessions and bought a one-way plane ticket to Hawaii, where I was going to end it once and for all. I remember the drive I took up the coast of that beautiful island, looking for a nice quiet place to die. I found it. I attached a cheap vacuum cleaner hose to the exhaust pipe of my rental car. I sat in peace, knowing

that soon my miserable life would be over.

It was not to be! A fisherman woke me from my sleep not many minutes after, and I was frightened by what I thought he had seen. I drove back down the highway. I knew I needed help. I eventually found my way to a hospital called Castle. That's just what it was, a "castle" of warmth and humanity, and of people who care about what happens to you.

UNDER THEIR CARE MY CLOUDS LIFTED

I was admitted immediately to their newly-opened psychiatric unit and slept for three days. Soon, under their care, my clouds lifted and I eventually got a job there as a housekeeper. It was a "lowly" job, I felt, but I was feeling steadier than ever and ready to take on the world...literally. About a year later, I reached a goal I had once only dreamed about: I had traveled around the world.

I had meticulously planned this course. This had brought me through the doors of a travel agency where I met my future wife, Gloria. Life seemed simpler then: I had a good job, I had traveled the world, and to share it all with, I had a wonderful spouse. But, although I had gotten back on my feet, I was still deeply in need of therapy. At the time, however, I did not know this. We could never have known how different our lives would become the following year, 1980.

John walked past me. I believe he recognized me as the man who earlier had approached him and had asked for his autograph. He had been very patient with me. Now, as he walked toward the

door of the security office, I withdrew from my pocket a .38 Special revolver and fired it at his back. Such a coward, I was. He stumbled into the office, Yoko right behind.

I HAD LOST MY MIND

My life took a real downswing after I quit the housekeeping job and became the printer for the hospital. Long hours over the printing press began to take its toll. I was lonely and soon grew deeply depressed. I found myself again drifting from friends. Days went by and I began to feel horrible again...sick.

I began drinking to escape these feelings. In short, I had lost my mind. After an argument with one of the nursing supervisors, I was asked to leave the hospital. I tried to find a job, but couldn't. The only think left that I felt capable of doing as the "nobody" I thought I had become was another security post. It was the beginning of the end for me...

As John Lennon lay dying, the doorman came up to me and grabbed my wrist, shaking the gun from my hand. As it fell to the asphalt, he kicked it across the driveway and told me to leave. I turned to him and said, "But where would I go?..."

WHAT I DID WAS HORRIBLE

Simply put, the death of John Lennon was no one's fault but my own. I wasn't on drugs; I wasn't the crazed fan some people tried to label me in an effort to understand. I had become so lost inside myself, so self-deluded, so desperate for an answer, that when I saw an opportunity to become what I thought

would be a “somebody”—however misguided or perverse—I decided to end the life of a man I did not even know. I had become a true psychopath; I did this coldly and without thought for others.

Today, I am not the same Mark David Chapman. I am not perfect, but I am close to the Lord now. I now understand why I did what I did, and the grief it caused. No, I’m not “copping out” or trying to gain sympathy. What I did was horrible, something never to be forgiven – except perhaps by God. I feel I have understood His forgiveness in my own life. I think He loves me for reasons of His Own, and I accept them. I deeply regret taking this man’s life.

When the doorman asked me to leave the building, I remember that I had said, “But where would I go?” I now know. I have the Lord Jesus Christ. He is all I need in here, in prison, in life, in anything. If only I had turned to Him then. He is the one friend who will never leave you, or fail you. I know. He will FORGIVE you. I know.

Mark prayed a similar prayer to mine or to anyone who is saved today. Here are his closing words to you...

DON DICKERMAN

That is why He died for us, for anyone who is willing to call out to Him. As I have done, will you recognize that you are lost without Christ? I urge you to make Jesus your Savior today! Don’t fool around. Life is too short. Call on Him today!

“Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” Isaiah 1:18

“Whoever comes to Me, I will not turn away.” Jesus

“I am standing at the door of your heart; if you can hear My voice, and will open that door, I will come in to you.” Jesus

If you would like to receive Jesus as your personal Savior, please pray this prayer: **“Jesus, I confess to You that I am a sinner and I need You in my heart. I call out to You now. Please forgive me for my sins and make me a new person in You. Thank You for coming into my life.”**

Friend, wherever you are, in a prison cell, or even the “outside,” if you prayed this prayer sincerely from your heart, you are saved. Jesus has come into your life and will never leave. Trust in Him today!

Read the Bible; it is God’s Word. Read the book of John. Your life will never be the same from this day on, for He is Life!

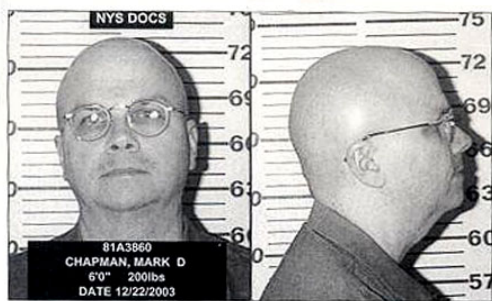
“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.” Jesus

I hope this has been helpful to you. God Bless You,

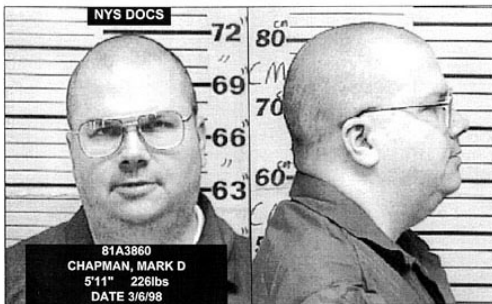
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Priority in Battle

As we read testimonies, we realize that “God is capable” to change anyone. We often want to say “I don’t believe it” or “How could God forgive that person?” As we look at the Story of David in the Bible, we see a shepherd that was in complete following of God and stepping out in full faith. Then as his life progresses, he slowly becomes defiant to God and continually turns away. God’s door was still open to David when he determined he was headed the wrong way and turned back to seeking God.

When we realize that David sought Bathsheba, was guilty of fornication and adultery, which led to being guilty of murder, God was there to forgive him, because he was the one that God had chosen to be the lineage line that God’s Son would be born through. The devil was determined to break the family line from Adam, to Abraham, to David, to Joseph, but God was in control.

The Antidote to Sin

It becomes easy to say “no” to something when we have already said “yes” to something better. We do not seek the “lesser” when we have the “greater.” We need to put the fruit of the spirit into the individuals, so that they do not have to seek the desires of the flesh.

Godly Grief

Godly grief leads to repentance. Grief has the appearance of sad, but the final result is joy and glad.

Looking at the Facts

Many that have seen Chaplain Bob share a message with a group, know of the “boldness” the message is presented (not saying the boldness “he” presents it with, but rather the boldness “He,” God, presents it with). The importance is not in the messenger, but rather in the message (the Word of God).

I do not come to please any man, I am here to please God.

Luke 6:22 Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you [from their company], and shall reproach [you], and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.

God has commissioned “man” for a purpose. There is a purpose for the “church.”

When we use the term “church,” in reality, we are talking about the gathering of Christians that are the true followers of Christ. The church is called to train up the people as disciples, to go out and reach the lost. This process takes time and needs dedicated individuals that are called of God to fill this teaching.

Acts 11:26 And when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.

In teaching about becoming disciples, the parents have the responsibility, and their first ministry, to raise their children to be a blessing to God.

Proverbs 22:6 Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

You will notice that the scripture does not say the child “will come back,” but rather says “will not depart.” The child that is departing from the truth, is because the “train up” portion is not done. The child is as the branch that needs to be grafted into the vine. It needs some pruning, it needs some watering, and it needs some protection from the elements. The child needs to find these truths, and this is only done by pointing the child in the right way, with no wandering to and fro.

If we worry more about being “friends” with the “world” and the “lost,” rather than concern of their eternity, we do an injustice to them and to God.

Luke 6:26 Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! For so did their fathers to the false prophets.

We must say as in **Romans 1:15**, *as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you.*

Romans 1:16 For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

(an unashamed individuals proudly displays that which he loves)

Romans 1:17 For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith.

*As we follow the verses in Romans, we can see the **5 steps to a reprobate mind.***

Romans 1:18 For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness;

Romans 1:19 Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed [it] unto them.

Romans 1:20 For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, [even] his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse:

Romans 1:21 Because that, when they knew God, they glorified [him] not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. (**Step 1**)

Romans 1:22 Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools,

Romans 1:23 And changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four footed beasts, and creeping things. (**Step 2**)

Romans 1:24 Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonour their own bodies between themselves:(**Step 3**)

Romans 1:25 Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen.

Romans 1:26 For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even

their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature: (**Step 4**)

Romans 1:27 And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet.

Romans 1:28 And even as they did not like to retain God in [their] knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; (**Step 5**)

1:21 Glorified Him not
1:23 Image brought down to man
1:24 Uncleanness / lusts
1:26 Vile Affections
1:28 Not retaining God

And the following are the results of the path followed away from God.

Romans 1:29 Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers,

Romans 1:30 Backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents,

Romans 1:31 Without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful:

Romans 1:32 Who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.

**Inmate Art by Ken Johnson
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