

# “Letter From M.O.M.”

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

[WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com](http://WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com)

[www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon](http://www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon)

**Volume 54** – February 2010 (Published since Oct. 2003)

## “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](http://www.MovingOnMinistry.com)

We are affiliated with International Prison Fellowship

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/movingon>

and Good News Jail & Prison Ministry Volunteer

[www.GoodNewsJail.com](http://www.GoodNewsJail.com)



**Chaplain Bob, Pas Denise,  
and Sister Linda**

## 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

**Moving On Ministry**  
**Chaplain Bob**  
**P.O. Box 6667**  
**Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Moving On Ministry**  
**Spanish Ministry - Linda**  
**P.O. Box 6667**  
**Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Jesus Prayer Ministry**  
**Pas Denise**  
**P.O. Box 7925**  
**Chula Vista, CA 91912**

**Andrea Shannon**  
**P.O. Box 553**  
**Dover, NH 03821**

**Ask for a copy of our complete**  
**“Resource Supplemental Letter”**

For 2009, Bob was doing Bible study at BWDF on Mondays, MCF on Wednesdays, Pretrial on Thursdays. Bob and Rocky had been doing Miramonte CC#5 every other Friday. The load was too much for the amount of individuals attending.

The Sunday after the 2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday of each month is Chaplain Bob, Chaplain John and Linda’s assigned day for 3 to 5 chapel Services at Corcoran State Prison (“Old” Corcoran). Chaplain John has been cleared and did his first Corcoran services with M.O.M. on 12/13/2009.

Mondays are still Bob’s day for ministering at BWDF and Linda tries to go every other Monday to the ladies unit.

We are still looking at doing some services at C,M,C., San Luis

Obispo, Avenal State Prison, and SATF, Corcoran, CA.

---

### **M.O.M. Needs**

- Continued tractor repairs
- Pen-pals to write inmates
- Finances & stability
- Testimonies
- Possible sale of Squaw Valley Property (Camp Clarius)
- Development of Tollhouse property
- Development of Nevada property
- Development of Arizona property
- Volunteers for ministry
- Drawings to publish and share
- 

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Prayer Praise**

The Mom of M.O.M. (Jeanne) has done her first ever cruise at the age of 78 aboard the Carnival Cruise Line’s Elation. Pictures in this issue.

**To see a man’s true character,**  
**Give him power.**

**Abraham Lincoln**

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Heavy Load / Expense**

We have gotten back to monthly volumes and expense has increased for **Letter From M.O.M.**

## 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 we try to keep up with and answer them.

Read the following letters and  
**“See Why We Do What We Do.”**

\*\*\*\*\*

### Experiences from the Cell

Although we can not quickly find the original letters, the following story shows well why it is necessary to do what we do. Bob received the following statements in a letter from a first time writer inmate.

A new inmate wrote to me for the first time and was in one of the local California prisons. He mentioned that he had never written to a Christian organization, but was going to write to us this one time. He explained of the stress and trials in life.

Upon receiving the letter, Bob and Bryon both replied to the individual. We told him of the love that God had for him. We told him of the dreams and goals God would love for his life to take. We told him that when all looks dark and despair (as Satan likes to make it look), that there are those that love him and pray for him.

A little over a week later Brian and I received a combined letter from the individual. He proceeded to explain that what we did not know was that the letter to us was going to be the last thing he did in his life. He was returning to

his cell, after and unsuccessful attempt of suicide. He planned to return to his cell and finish what he had attempted. As he looked at his rack (bed), he found two letters waiting there, one from Bryon and one from Chaplain Bob. As he wrote us back, he explained that he had decided to live, because there were at least two people that cared enough to write him and keep him in prayers.

### Unknown

\*\*\*\*\*

### Reaching Across the States

I want to share a little testimony with you. I’m serving 24 ½ to 49 years for 3<sup>rd</sup> degree murder and other charges of aggravated assault and gun charges. I have so many worries and problems and I’m calling out for help, but it’s like I don’t get any answer. My father was never around and denied me as being his son, and he’s still not around to this day and whenever I write to my family I can never get a response and none of them can even make it up to visit me and I ask them all the time. Its been like this for about 2 ½ years now and I have a son, he will be 14 years old this month (Dec.) and I always ask about him and ask his mother if she can please bring my son up, but I never get a response from her. Everything is just too much to deal with and it has broken my will and spirit. These past couple of months the only thing I wanted to do is not live anymore, but since I started hearing from you (Chaplain Bob) and receiving the M.O.M. newsletter, it has given me an ‘upliftment’ and the hope and will, not to give up, and to believe that Jesus does exist, and is here to help me. Thank you Jesus and I thank you for supporting me and ministering to me. I close for now and wish you peace.

### Christopher N.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Contemplation Denied !!  
God's Perfect Intervention**

Hey Chaplain Bob, I got your newsletter and it came right on time. You don't know how bad I was. I laid on the floor for 3 weeks, thinking about nothing but killing myself. I even went to the top tier and marked my spot where I was going to jump on 1-7-09. But something happened, we got locked down that day for 24 hours (God did this) and I got your letter (God did this). I got a calm in my soul and I started wanting to live again, but not like I was. Now I'm in prayer group every day, and I look forward to getting right. I pray for mom (yours), and mine is in the hospital. . . . I need a lot of help chaplain Bob. Please help me. I look forward to hearing from you.

You can use anything I write if it will help somebody. I only wish I would have realized 43 years ago what I was doing and took the other road. This has been a long hard way to go, and I wish it on nobody. If you live wrong, you will end up with nothing or nobody but yourself, and probably not like what you have, like me. But if you live right, you'll probably have everything you need and most of what you want, and probably like yourself in the end. God's way is a lot easier. I'm glad I finally opened my eyes and heart.

**Timothy A**  
(My own Cousin)

\*\*\*\*\*

**Appreciation**

"I was staying with my mother. She passed away XXX X, 2003. After she was gone, I lived in the streets, sometimes in orange orchards. I do have brothers and sisters, but I don't know their addresses. . . .I enjoy writing you

because you send me those newsletters and because you write back. Everybody here writes their girlfriends or wives. At least I get mail from you. You seem to care enough about me and write me. That means so much to me. I thought I was alone, but someone cares. Thank you! I would appreciate if you can send the address to the mission in Visalia. I have about 1 year to look for shelter. I've lost all my possessions, but I'm not a materialistic person, I', just trying to survive, that's all. I'm so happy that you keep in contact with me. Thank you. Please send all Christian literature that may benefit me. I'm in a 6 X 9 cell 23 hours a day, but I got me a Bible and I read it daily, even at night. . . . I'm just grateful that I have someone to correspond with, someone who gives me hope. The world needs more people like you Bob. It would be a much better place for all of us."

**Reprinted from Volume 8**

\*\*\*\*\*

**A life Spared**

". . I know without the Lord I probably wouldn't be alive right now. It is because of the great Lord that I have left the dope game. Because of God, I still have my loving family, and I have two years clean from drugs. I read my Bible every day, I study it, and now I'm not in the gang, my life is great, I've accepted Jesus in my life, and there is nothing better. Now I'm filled with joy and happiness all around me. Thank you Jesus – WOOOOO!!! . . ."

**Reprinted from Volume 12**

\*\*\*\*\*

**Another For Different Affiliation**

Well I read in letter #1 ("Changing Affiliation" pg. 4 in M.O.M. volume 19) about an individual who out of nowhere was issued a ducat that

changed his life. You see chaplain Bob, my story is very similar. I came in to the penal system in 2002 thru 2006, at which I was always having to be told what to do. But I was trippin'. I been to the hole and back a few times. Furthermore a lot of times, I, in my mind, was like I want to change my ways but how do I go about it? That is what I recited over and over in my mind. Well, to keep it short, January of 2006, I paroled, to only return back behind these walls 23 days later. Now I found myself in a situation that I didn't like, so I prayed to God to steer me in the right direction. All in all, I knew if I got caught slippin', I would of suffered reproductions. But I had an advantage at the time I was single cell in the hole, so I could make my decision without being caught slippin'. So one night I chose to be my own man and distance myself from these who program. Let me say, it was not an easy thing to do, but I knew deep down I was done with all the drama and wanted to lead a much better and positive life. So from that point on, there is and was no returning. Now I feel as if a huge burden was lifted up off my shoulders. I do as I do and don't have to worry about being told what to do. I'm a free man. To me, this is a start in the right direction. Now look, I can enjoy the privilege of going to fire camp and even parole with a few thousand dollars. Oh yeh, most of all, I have a 5 year old girl, whom I ain't seen since she was 6 months old. Why? Because of my wrong decisions. Now my life is going to be different when I get out, so my goal is to re-establish my life in my child's life as well as obtain a job and find a cool hobby to pass my free time, as well as go to church.

**GR**

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Testimony**

I was raised in a Methodist home – I did well in school until my father died and I let it get the best of me. At 15 I was arrested for false imprisonment, robbery, and false impersonation of a peace officer. My friends and I were using drugs. ‘Having fun?’ They sentenced me to 1 year in Sacramento County Boys Ranch. I got out and did ‘good.’ I taught vacation Bible school and donated time to Power House Ministries in Folsom, CA (prison & homeless ministry). I fell off the wagon once more (3 times actually). I am currently serving 4 years for 2<sup>nd</sup> degree bank robbery. I am back in the Word and not letting Satan get a hold of me again. My celly and I do nightly Bible studies. I've stopped using drugs and foul language, and life is great. One day I picked up the Bible, opened it to a random page and Philipians 4:13 changed my life. ***“I can (and will) do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”***

Thank you for your ministry – Please put me on your mailing list. I would love to have a pen-pal if you have one to spare.

**Cody O**

\*\*\*\*\*

### **NOTE From BOB**

Please note the significance of these small samples of the letters we get every day. These men and women tell of dropping ‘affiliation,’ of needing a mentor when released, of requests for pen-pals, and even requests of a church that will accept them with the Love of Christ, and work with them. **How about You? A part of the solution?**

\*\*\*\*\*

**The 'Cruise' with Jeanne, Mom of M.O.M.**



**Three of us getting on Ship**



**Carnival Elation**



**Ship Atrium**



**Linda & Jeanne**



**Bob & Mom**



**Casino (meaning Place of Gathering) at Catalina. Never used for gambling**



Mom Jeanne at museum



Break Dancers



Ship in Avalon Harbor



Habana Banana entertainment



Avalon Harbor, Catalina



Encinada Break Dancers

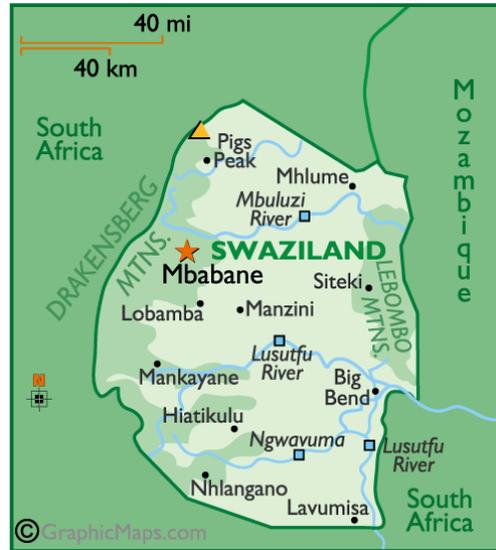


## Swaziland Update 2010

Many of you remember that we did a mission trip to Swaziland Africa in January 2006. We would like to present some past highlights and the current state of the church that was to be built.



Bob & Linda in native attire



Map of Swaziland



Mission Volunteers were busy with natives planting almost 19,000 gardens.



Dancing for joy after receiving Chaplain Bob's shoes.



Typical home.



Views of the church structure (2006) from the outside – large holes between planks.



The inside of the church was lined with plastic to block some of the elements. Yet, those attending considered themselves very lucky. The children that had walked so far to attend a church service in this make shift building, could be heard to sing the words of Christian songs with great joy.



**Holiness Unity Church  
Pastor Jeffrey Khumalo  
P.O. Box 16  
Msahweni, Swaziland**

Pastor Jeffrey enjoying a ‘Coke’ with Chaplain Bob



The mound where the new church was to be built and the 6" square bricks (rejected) for construction.

Chaplain Bob's question to Pastor Jeffrey was "*Has the new church opened yet?*" Pastor Jeffrey's letter response was; "*Not yet. After hard labour as you may see in the enclosed pictures, the builder told us that the 6 inch blocks we made were not good enough for such a building which measures 15 meters long by 5 meters wide. And more over the church is to be at the top of that small hill which you might have noticed*"

*during your visit to Swaziland. He suggested that we make the 9 inch blocks because those may resist the strong winds we experience these days. That has made us to start making some 9 inch blocks, about 2000 blocks to complete the church. That means we have to buy 350 bags of cement of which a bag costs R80.95 each (\$1 USD = R7.44500) or \$10.87 USD. That means we have to collect about R28,332.50 (\$3805.57 USD) before we start the building.*

**\*\*\* Now for the Challenge: \*\*\***

I know the economy has been tight on America, as well as other countries in the World. This Swaziland church is a project that needs to be finished for the Glory of the Lord. Please share these pictures and the story with others, that there might be a giving to this cause. If you know of churches that can help in even a small way, the address is;

**Holiness Unity Church  
Pastor Jeffrey Khumalo  
P.O. Box 16  
Msahweni, Swaziland**

The donations can be made direct to the church and pastor, or ask for an account to wire funds into. As always, M.O.M. is not looking to have any control or management of this project. M.O.M. just wants the glory to go to God. If you could ever sit in one of these services, as Linda and Bob did, you would be searching the congregation to find where the singing voices of angels were coming from.

For those never having filled what you may have thought God's calling to go to Africa, contact the following to arrange being a part of a mission trip to a land TRULY NOT "God forsaken" as is often thought. Truly the people we met were the warmest, nicest, and loving people. What we discovered was that those that appeared to have nothing, had already given everything to God.

<http://www.heartforafrica.org/>

**Mailing Address:**

Heart for Africa  
P.O. Box 573  
Alpharetta, GA 30009

**Street Address:**

13680 Highway 9 Building G - Suite 400  
Milton, GA 30004

**Phone:**

Customer Service - **(800) 901-7585**  
Customer Service is available Monday - Friday 8:00 AM to 6:00 PM ET.  
Office - **(678) 566-1589**

## Sometimes God Uses Regular People

The following story is a good example of how friends can be seen as God's angels (actually God's helpers) in the things they do and their giving.

**Psalm 55:22** --- you really need to read this.

**"Friends are God's way of taking care of us."**

This was written by a Hospice of Metro Denver physician

I just had one of the most amazing experiences of my life, and wanted to share it with my family and dearest friends:

I was driving home from a meeting this evening about 5, stuck in traffic on Colorado Blvd., and the car started to choke and splutter and die – I barely managed to coast, cursing, into a gas station, glad only that I would not be blocking traffic and would have a somewhat warm spot to wait for the tow truck. It wouldn't even turn over. Before I could make the call, I saw a woman walking out of the "quickie mart" building, and it looked like she slipped on some ice and fell into a Gas pump, so I got out to see if she was okay.

When I got there, it looked more like she had been overcome by sobs than that she had fallen; she was a young woman who looked really haggard with dark circles under her eyes. She dropped something as I helped her up, and I picked it up to give it to her. It was a nickel.

At that moment, everything came into focus for me: the crying woman, the ancient Suburban crammed full of stuff with 3 kids in the back (1 in a car seat), and the gas pump reading \$4.95.

I asked her if she was okay and if she needed help, and she just kept saying, "I don't want my kids to see me crying," so we stood on the other side of the pump from her car. She said she was driving to California and that things were very hard for her right now. So I asked, "And you were praying?" That made her back away from me a little, but I assured her I was not a crazy person and said, "He heard you, and He sent me."

I took out my card and swiped it through the card reader on the pump so she could fill up her car completely, and while it was fueling, walked to the next door McDonald's and bought 2 big bags of food, some gift certificates for more, and a big cup of coffee. She gave the food to the kids in the car, who attacked it like wolves, and we stood by the pump eating fries and talking a little.

She told me her name, and that she lived in Kansas City. Her boyfriend left 2 months ago and she had not been able to make ends meet. She knew she wouldn't have money to pay rent Jan 1, and finally in desperation had finally called her parents, with whom she had not spoken in about 5 years. They lived in California and said she could come live with them and try to get on her feet there.

So she packed up everything she owned in the car. She told the kids they were going to California for Christmas,

but not that they were going to live there.

I gave her my gloves, a little hug and said a quick prayer with her for safety on the road. As I was walking over to my car, she said, "So, are you like an angel or something?"

This definitely made me cry. I said, "**Sweetie, at this time of year angels are really busy, so sometimes God uses regular people.**"

It was so incredible to be a part of someone else's miracle. And of course, you guessed it, when I got in my car it started right away and got me

home with no problem. I'll put it in the shop tomorrow to check, but I suspect the mechanic won't find anything wrong.

Sometimes the angels fly close enough to you that you can hear the flutter of their wings...

**Psalms 55:22 "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."**

\*\*\*\*\*

## Virtue; Truth and Love

There is a virtue of telling the truth but there is a need also to do it in love. Many times individuals do not accept what we may tell them as love. The statements we say may seem offensive. We do not mean statements to be offensive to the individual, but rather to point out the traits and habits that are offensive to our Lord.

Chaplain Bob often uses the example of a family taking a trip and stopping at a rest stop. The adults go to a table to have a snack and one of the children starts to wonder off towards the high flow of freeway traffic. Then the father notices the child about to get out in the busy freeway. The question is, would the father softly request for the child to return? Or would the father scream as loud as he could for the child to return to safety. Probably the father would run out to the child screaming and grab him by the arm and drag him back thru the gravel, to safety. Now, for the onlooker, they may comment "**Look at that mean man yelling at that child and dragging him thru the dirt.**" The onlooker did not see the eminent danger the child was in. Many times we need to be as loud, direct, and forward as this father was.

We need to set goals to achieve what we need to accomplish. We may realize what the final goal is, but we need to set short term goals as steps for the final goal.

Perhaps we say, "***I am going to be a better Christian.***" We commit to "***I'm going to attend church regularly.***" . . . Forsake not the assembling of yourselves . . . "***I am going to do things putting Christ first.***" Do all things as unto the Lord. Perhaps we need to realize Christ's first 30 years, to understand his last 3 years on earth.

## Improving on Nothing

Have you ever faced this kind of moment – a moment filled with opportunity and yet you let it slip away? Have you ever known you should go to the right, but you went to the left? Has it ever been in your power to do good, but you chose instead to do nothing? You didn't choose to do evil, you chose to not get involved – you chose to be neutral, to be a non-participant, you just choose instead to do nothing. For years the dominant focus on Christianity has been on the elimination of sin from our lives. Yet on the whole, I find the choices between good and evil to be pretty clear in the minds and hearts of those in relationship with Christ. Is it not here that we become paralyzed? Once I am willing to turn from my sin and live a life that honors God, what do I do next? How do I distinguish between all the good choices in the world?

You would think that having unlimited options would be the platform for freedom, but that is often not the case. *We have put so much emphasis on avoiding evil that we have become virtually blind to the endless opportunities for doing good.* We have defined holiness through what we separate ourselves from rather than what we give ourselves to. I am convinced the great tragedy is not the sins that we commit, but the life that we fail to live.

### **You cannot follow God in neutral.**

God has created you to do something. It is not enough to stop the wrong and then be paralyzed when it comes to the right. God created you to do good. And doing this requires initiative. There is a subtle danger of hiding *apathy* behind *piety*. Getting rid of the sin in your life? Great! Now it's time to do something.

*Apathy* – absence of suppression of passion, emotion, or excitement (oh hum, whatever, I don't care, . . .)

*Piety* – reverence for God or devout fulfillment of religious obligations (respect, honor, praise, . . .)

James, the half brother of Jesus, once concluded that if you know what is right to do and you do not do it, it is sin. He gave us God's perspective on inaction – what we could perhaps call living a passive life. Have you ever stopped to reflect on how your life would be different if you chose to go right rather than to the left? If you chose to get involved, to get your hands dirty, to risk failing in an attempt to do something meaningful? Can you look back on your life and remember moments that would have changed your life forever had you made different choices? Some choices have a lifetime of momentum; other moments appear mundane and later provide to be monumental. Every moment is priceless, unique, and unrepeatable. And within the countless numbers that make up our lives, there are divine opportunities awaiting us.

This may seem too simple, but the abundant life Jesus promises is ushered in through the choices we make in the ordinary moments of life. Even those who change the world, who make a difference in history, who live life rather than simply watch it, have at least one common characteristic among them: **they do something.** *They just don't watch; they just don't think about it; they act.*

When we react, life invades our space, intrudes on our comfort, interrupts our apathy, and forces us to respond. But to react is different than act.

We *react* when we are forced out of neutrality. We *act* when we refuse to stay there. If there is one secret to seizing divine moments, it is that you must take initiative

## Poetry Section

### Dying to Old Life

There is death all around me  
Death in the streets  
Death in the homes  
There is death from drugs

Death from guns  
There is death from drinking  
Death from aging.  
I see death in the vacant lots

In the homes boarded up  
And the stores now moved out.  
There is death in nature  
And death to the changing seasons.

But, unless the seed falls to the ground  
And is buried, it cannot bare fruit.  
Only if I die to my old self through You  
Will I find true life – Amen

**Runako A. 9/09**

\*\*\*\*\*

### Your Love Has Set Me Free

Lord I feel your presence  
And, too, I hear your voice  
Helping me to make a way  
And helping with each choice

Lord, I sometimes waver  
And, too, I sometimes fail  
I sometimes wander far astray  
I sometimes loose the trail.

Still you're there to guide me  
With patience, you are true  
Knowing my transgressions, lord,  
Won't take me far from you.

Lord, you are my sunshine  
The blue sky in each day  
The beauty that's quite plain to see  
In a very special way.

Lord, you are the answer  
The warmth I feel inside  
I know throughout eternity  
You'll be there at my side

Your love, Lord, my true blessing  
Your gift, from you to me  
No earthly chains can hold me, Lord  
Your love has set me free.

**David Marsh 10/09**

\*\*\*\*\*

### I Refuse

I refuse to be discouraged,  
To be sad, or to cry.  
I refuse to be downhearted,  
And here's the reason why.  
I have a God Who is almighty,  
Who is Sovereign and Supreme.  
I have a God Who loves  
And accepts me for Who I am.  
He is all wise and powerful;  
Jesus is His name.  
Thought everything else is changeable,  
My God remains the same.

I refuse to be defeated;  
My eyes are on my God.  
He has promised to be with me  
As through this life I plod.  
I am looking past my circumstances  
To heaven's throne above.  
I give thanks to Him in everything;  
My eyes are on His face.  
The battle is His, the victory is mine;  
He will help me win the race.

**Brian M. Vest**

\*\*\*\*\*

Inmate Art  
by  
"George Aginaga" (2006)

