

3-24-24

MARY

CVSP

Before I took my first breath in this world I had already lost my father to man's most evil creation, the gun. My mother was young, mildly educated, and dealing with the trauma of losing your child's father to violence. The toll that it took was never spoken on but definitely evident. During the twenty-two years I spent outside these walls, before incarceration, I endured many things. There was a recurring dream that I would have throughout my adolescent years, in which, the devil would be chasing me in a helicopter. I knew that by having this dream, he was trying to destroy me; the "firstborn son who opened the womb." Over the years I was alcohol poisoned at the age of three. I was verbally abused, physically abused, emotionally, socially, and even sexually abused. The abuse came mostly from woman, so the trust issue regarding my relationships with woman, was deeply rooted.

I accomplished many things throughout this same amount of time as well. I graduated from high school, ~~excelled~~ excelled in the JROTC program, and entered the U.S. Navy as an E-3. In Navy bootcamp I was in charge of my division of eight-eight people. A lifestyle of partying (alcohol, drugs, various women) eventually led to my demise. I left my duty station one day and never returned. They discharged me with an Other Than Honorable Discharge and my spiraling continued downward after that. Trying to maintain that lifestyle, I started to commit burglaries to obtain revenue. These burglaries went from non-violent to "home invasion" robberies. The drinking got worse, a way

to mask the feelings of anxiety and depression that I started to experience.

I remember being out and preparing to conduct some criminal behavior, and I had this overwhelming feeling of ~~the~~ grief. I cried out and said, "Lord I don't want to live like this any longer!" I went home, got on my knees, and started to pray. I cried, I cried, I cried! I repented for all my sins, accepting Jesus Christ into my life. (I was no stranger to him, I grew up going to church)

I have been incarcerated now for 15yrs. I told my Lord God that I would serve Him no matter where I am and I meant that. That does not mean that I have been perfect but it does mean that I wake up each day seeking Him.

Yes, there are consequences to actions, that is LAW...  
But by the GRACE and MERCY of Elohim  
And the blood shed on the cross by the "unblemished Lamb,"  
Jesus Christ,....

I have been REDEEMED!

(Favorite Verse) ↓

" Trust in the Lord with all your heart,  
And lean not on your own understanding.