

Dear Family,

I was given your information & told that you offer a DAIKE'S Bible for indigent inmates. IF we send a 2 pg testimony. Sorry I bypassed 2 pgs by a line or 2. I skipped so much trying to keep it short, but failed. I thank you for your patience on it. I love speaking of how much God has done for me. From death to life.

I'm looking for the Dakes Bible for study purposes. I was able to see one that a brother owned & liked it. IF I was misled I understand, & still pray that my testimony can be used for God's glory. IF I can help you brothers & sisters let me know how. I am indigent so supplies are limited, but, will do all I can for the Family. And, all things are possible through God - Thank God for this truth.

My love & prayers to all there.

Love

Dave

From my youngest of memories I felt awkward around people. I never felt as though I truly belonged amongst them. Yet, there was that inner desire to be accepted and liked by people.

My youthful raising was not bad. In fact, it should've been a really good one if only I'd have allowed it. My mom was loving & had a pure heart. My dad was in the service and we lived in Killeen, Tx. outside of Ft Hood. For 4 or 5 yrs I'd listen to tank artillery go off while at my trailer.

But, it was at this very youthful age that I began to act up. My dad's army friends would party. I was caught (literally) on camera stealing shots of whiskey or beers. It's crazy at how cute it is for a first grader to be caught in such acts, ain't it. But I don't blame that for my future mishaps. I blame that inner demon that had already took a hold of a child's heart & soul.

Fast forward to the 3rd grade and now living in Amarillo, Tx. At this time many things happened in my life. It's where I skipped my first school class - (I sat in the parking lot playing & hiding amongst the cars where parents sat waiting for their kids. I didn't have nowhere to go but I had 2 grandmas & were across the street & a middle school sister to be on the lookout for.

This year I began to act out. I stole cigarettes to smoke, stole vodka from my best friend's mom, stole my first truck. Also, I learned how perverted loving couples could be who learned that they had sexual desires. I had many lessons this year.

In between then and my 6th grade year I didn't get

caught, but stole petty things, drank, smoke, snuck out at night and played with guns. I ended up on probation in the 6th grade for trespassing on a car lot. I was also taken home by school security for invading my middle school 8th grade prom style dance.

In my teens I experimented with drugs & drank. My parents separated after 16 yrs of marriage when I was 12 yrs old. which opened the party door wide up. My pops began to party hard & go outlaw to cover his pain. I dove right into it. And, was on probation 2x before 17.

My actions had the last P.O. sending me to a psyche which did no good. I went to the Pavilion after being arrested on campus for being in a car drunk on MD 20/20. All wanted to understand me but couldn't because I understood not even myself.

I partied & ventured off into sexual practices. I still felt unwanted & alone. I was out of place in my neighborhood as I was a nerdy white kid in a poor hispanic area. I learned how to run the streets and how to fight.

I began my adult record fast. All of a sudden I was getting caught alot. 1994 I went to the county jail. Between '94 & '97 I visited there 4-5 times. In '97 I came to TDC with a 2yr sentence. It turned out to be too easy. And like 2 wks after my release on parole I took off. I hitch hiked from Mexico to Canada. And set in 2 county jails in Washington state.

Upon my return to Tx in 2000 I got arrested on my

parole violation. This trip was much different. I ended up on a highly populated gang unit in medium custody. This is where I got my old nick name Smiley. That demon in me found joy in my fleshly torment. And, even though it was the most violent time of my life people would see me smiling. I felt as though I deserved it.

This period was also when I stepped into the organized world of the Bryan Brotherhood. My goal was to rise to the top of it. I was watched by them but approached while on the Roach unit. This was a bad combination for me. I had tons of internal issues, self-hate, darkness in me. And after my Smith Unit trip (med custody) I became angry, hateful & explosive. We foolishly call this survival here in prison.

The person I became, is who I detest! Upon ~~parole~~^{release} for that first discharge I got into speed bad. I worked but ran the streets. Selling pot, stealing or whatever. This is when I got my 2nd TDC #. 10 yrs for UUMV. This too was a blessing as in my anger I'd swear to kill my wife & his girlfriend if she was with him. This was over an argument where he spoke ill to my mom.

On my 2nd trip I gained status with the gang and left TDC in 2012 as a senior capt. of the brotherhood. (In the eyes of Tr.) I'd actually left them in 2007 with permission due to much internal strife within the group.) But, TDC failed to acknowledge this, so I was still regarded as such.

While on this 10yr trip, I spent 6 1/2 in seg for my affiliations. I began to search for inner peace. I'd looked into Christianity before, but allowed the devil to pull me and

I studied a variety of practices. Buddhism & witchcraft mostly. Neither gave me peace, only confusion & evil powers of magic.

I got my 3rd & 4th (present) TDC #'s not long after my 2012 release. 2013 was my 3rd - another 2 yrs. But, a few wks before my 4th & present # I looked around & silently asked God for help. Asking if life was more than nothingness and drugs and chaos and pain and loss. Well brothers, my God answers!

A few 2-3 wks after my silent prayer, I got arrested & I'd hit bottom so hard that I sat on my cell floor. I cried like a baby. Begging God for forgiveness. Begging Him to either kill me or give me a new life. Yes, I sought Him before & His hands ~~were~~ ^{were} over me. But, He let me break myself into pieces, then He gently lifted me from the pits. He held me & loved me.

See, I'd sought Him before but was not willing to truly submit. To give my life to Him. I sought Him for selfish purposes. And when a celly here asked me "you've done this God thing before & it didn't work, what's the difference now?" Brothers & sisters that's easy - it's all about submission. I can know all about God's Word & still not truly know Jesus. And, I can know all about it & Him but if I don't submit I restrict the power He gives.

But, allow me to go back a little bit, back into that cell from the moment of my arrest (yes before that too) God had His light upon my path. From the empty 2 man cell I got to every instance He showed me He was there. While on that floor I

asked God to teach me to trust Him. (Any old outlaw or sociopath can attest to no trust in people's circumstances.) To give me a new life that had love & peace. To make me into a new being. I also made Him a promise that day "God never again will I walk away from you. Whether I feel your presence or not."

I'd love to say that on my true birthday of 2013, May 21st it all was miraculously new. The flesh was still very present. BUT my spirit had found its rest. I knew fully of the spiritual warfare that Paul spoke of. I'd preach the word one moment, try to fight the next. I'd preach it then practice sexual perversion ~~and~~ But, I didn't let go.

See, we're taught to have patience & love with others yet we somehow forget to do so with ourselves. God taught me this, too "Don't give up on yourself." "Have patience I got you my child." I was also taught to not worry about fixing myself, but to focus on Him & He'll do the cleansing.

His blessings began immediately. In a short time I was given a trusty job in the County kitchen. Even though a bump occurred due to mistaken identity, blessings came from it. I believe the temporary (2wk or so) loss of my job was God testing my faith in Him, in many areas. My faith held & I confessed to all that God had me & my job was coming back.

Not only did it return but, I had favor with authority. Before I left the county I had trust that I'd never had before with authority or myself. I was a baker who had access to anything I needed and was allowed to go off property for various reasons. Cleaning a gun range, working with the outside brusher crew on public projects & cleaning a college football

stadium every other weekend.

Let me remind some. My case was a state jail felony for poss. of an I.D. It was enhanced (twice) ~~for~~ to a 2nd degree felony due to my past. My attorney had me a offer of 10 yrs. TOI I was mad at that & said no. I went back to work & asked for help.

When he called a few days later I simply said "Jesus, it's yours, tell me what to do." I was told to take it to the judge which would leave me risking the max time. Yet, I knew it was of God because I felt peace.

Long story short, the trial was difficult in some aspects, as the DA was very good. Every ordeal on record was brought up. A whole pitiful life of chaos was exposed. From my juvenile to my recently dismissed pistol case was brought up. The judge told me that he seen sincerity in me but due to my past he gave me the max of 20 yrs.

I felt broken again & asked God why He'd allow me to get what I got. Family, He knew what it'd take to truly rebuild me. The only other thing I asked was for me to be allowed to keep my job. I was unaware of it until that night at church (for outside trustees) that I was a flight risk & should've been rolled immediately upon return. Any thing over 15 yrs was not allowed to remain trustee w/out a special review. Do you see God's hand here.

Not only did I get to keep my job but after that is when I found higher favor. I got the stadium job & the other off property jobs as a "flight risk", after my sentence. And, I got to keep going to "crump church", where the outside trustees & a few

picked regular trustees got to attend. I got to see Godly love in the eyes of a LT (Mr Morris) as he explained that I should've been sacked & not allowed there. I saw trust & love from the kitchen Sgt who told me sweetly "Dale, I'm not worried about you"

I sought for God's love to enter into my heart & learned true compassion. How to be strong while remaining humble & meek. I now know a taste of true strength, within ^{myself} us. God also gave me an answer on my purpose when out of nowhere people would come up & talk to me. Looking for insight, guidance or a willing understanding etc. (Remember I never felt that I fit in so I spoke with very few, especially on the open heart level)

I used to write poetry, commentaries & songs that were full of anger & darkness. Now, it's all for God! My walk is for the One who heard the prayer of a lost sinner. For the One who brought me out of the pit & furnace, into His holy realm. I pray to be able to work with people (especially the youth) once out again. But, am doing as I can while here. Even here I have God's favor with work & c.o.'s.

I've had only 1 fight in 2 yrs of TDC - (a special rarity). And, God's hand was in it, too. The brother learned of a tumor that he didn't know of in his head. Allowing time to do as needed for it - And, the pain I felt made me swear to myself to do my best to never use my hands violently again.

At this time I'm in a Faith Based Derm. Taking 2 classes here, A Bible study & 2 off wing classes. A prayer & praise class & a ministers class. I see God's continual work everyday & pray to be used for His glory.

My best suggestion is this, if God calls, submit. He lays

before us daily the choice of life or death. Choose life. Choose Jesus; submit to the Spirit's guidance. Ask to be renewed; if you have to, ask Him to teach you to trust Him. He will. He's smiling upon you with His arms wide awaiting for your sincere embrace. He loves you; so do I. Be with God and live for Jesus. And, one of the most important things is to look forward. Don't allow the devil to use your past against you. Allow God's sacrifice on the cross to cleanse you. His blood erased your past debts; covers every scar. Please trust Him.

In Brotherly love

Doh

II SAM: 22: 2-24

JOB 36: 22-26

Jer: 30: 10

ISA: 43: 18-19

Philippians 3: 7-15

IF God can save me after I've committed every sin against Him. I've done every (nearly) sin I could while destroying my life. Yet, He heard the pleas of a true heart. IF He will do this for me, then please go to Him for your peace. I finally know the peace & love I

so dearly sought. And that initial little demon is no longer in control. But, the One & Only Living God of Life, life does not have to be filled with violence, chaos, pain & destruction. Give life a chance. Give Jesus your heart.

Joshua 1:9 - have I not commanded thee? Be strong & of a good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest

↑
This verse has brought me far.