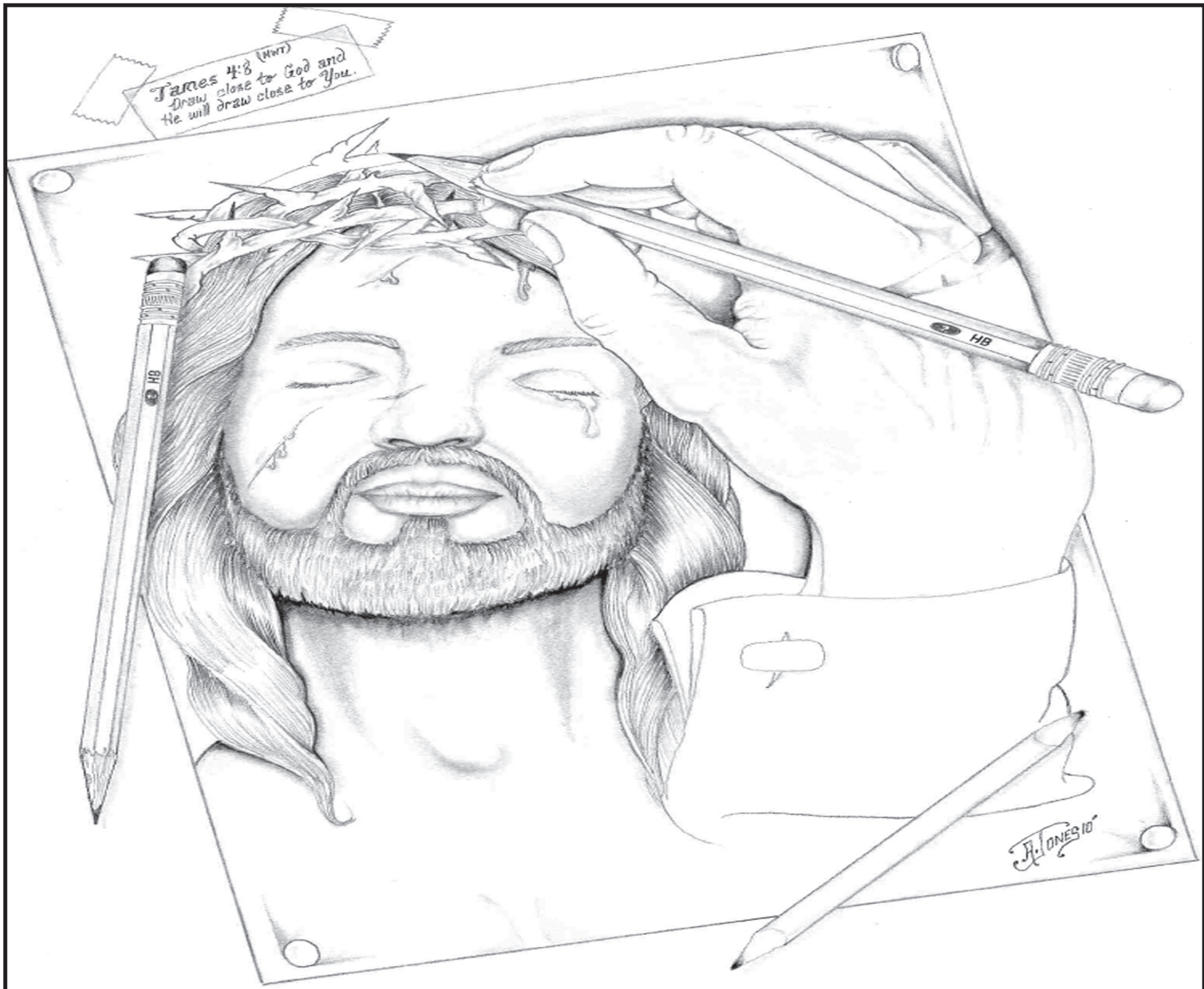


YARD OUT

Vol. 17 No. 2

A PFC Publication



Inside...

*Life Took A
Terrible Turn*

*Raised Hard &
Badly Hurt*

*Talk Fast &
Think Quickly*

and more

Yard Out is published by Prisoners for Christ Outreach Ministries.

All contents are presented from a Christian world view. Such contents reflect the experiences of the featured subjects and not Prisoners for Christ Outreach Ministries or its staff.

Sorry, we cannot offer legal advice or provide contact information to anyone, inmate or civilian. Nor can we provide financial help to anyone incarcerated. We are grateful for every inmate who writes to us, but the total number of letters is too many for us to use all such material, nor can we reply personally to each letter. *Yard Out* is published three times a year. *Yard Out* does not have a mailing list. Requests must be made to receive individual copies. Please look in your chapel reading racks for the latest issue.

Thank you and God bless.

All rights reserved © 2014
Publisher: Greg Von Tobel
Editor: Peyton Burkhart

YARD OUT
c/o Prisoners for Christ
PO BOX 1530
Woodinville, WA 98072

Web site: www.pfcom.org

CONTENTS Vol. 17 No. 2

TALK FAST & THINK QUICK
God Turns Inmate's Life
Around With Healing and Grace

MORE ASSORTED TESTIMONIES

COVER PICTURE
"Draw Close" by
Aaron Jones, Vinita, OK
won Honorable Mention in
Yard Out's 2010 Art Contest.

YARD OUT

Vol. 17 No. 2

Start a new life... GET CONNECTED TO GOD

If you feel there is more to life than what you see pass before your cell bars everyday, then YARD OUT has good news for you. You can know that God loves you. You can meet the real Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, sent to earth by God His Father to die for our sins. Jesus showed the love of God by His mission and proved His divinity by His physical resurrection three days after He died by crucifixion. These guidelines from the Bible tell how to receive Christ.

Trust God to create an internal change in you. A power bigger than yourself is available if you ask. "But to all who did accept Him, He gave power to become children of God." John 1:12

Understand your need for change and see that God is giving you a chance to start a new life. "Truly... I say to you, unless one is born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God," John 3:3

Admit your basic selfishness. Be honest about the hidden motives of your heart. "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Romans 3:23

Realize that salvation is God's free gift. Nothing you do can earn it. "Because it is by grace that you have been saved, through faith; not by anything of your own, but by a gift from God..." Ephesians 2:8-10

Express your faith. Believe God will do what He promised. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9

Show your desire to receive Jesus by prayer. "For whoever will call upon the name of the Lord will be saved." Romans 10:13

Talk to God one-on-one. In your own words, tell Him how you felt after reading these Bible verses. Or simply repeat the sample prayer given here with an open and sincere heart.

"God, thank you for loving me. Thank you for sending Jesus to die for me. Please forgive my sins. I'm sorry for all I have done wrong and for all the pain I have caused others. You promise to forgive all who ask, and I ask now that you forgive me. I commit myself to you. Come into my life, Jesus, and be my Lord and Savior. Fill me with the Holy Spirit, and help me trust you for the rest of my life. Amen."

Take a few seconds to be quiet and think. Did you sense God's reality? Or know the presence of His love? Regardless of any feelings, your forgiveness is based on His promise and not your emotions. By talking to Him daily and reading the Bible, you will strengthen your faith and grow to know God better. If you have questions about your new life in Jesus or what it means to be a Christian, please send for our free literature. Write to:

Prisoners for Christ, P.O. Box 1530, Woodinville, WA 98072

Name _____ ID # _____

Institution _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

At a young age, I learned to . . .

Talk Fast and Think Quickly

by Jerry Ritchie

My life is nothing to be proud of. Born to a young set of parents, who married in Mexico, I was raised mostly by my father's parents, because my own parents were too young and didn't know how to raise me. Growing up, my mom's side of the family sexually and mentally abused me. I was also sexually abused by the neighborhood boys.

When I told my parents about this all they did was over look the problem. I became what the neighborhood wanted me to be, their toy.

As time went on, my parents divorced, causing us kids (my brother and an adopted sister) to separate from our dad. My mom remarried a man who was fond of drinking. We moved to his home where his family didn't like me or my brother. Yet our sister was accepted.

When my step dad drank he was very violent toward my mom, even to the point of trying to kill her. At a young age I learned to talk fast, think quickly, and remove the weapon from his hands.

During hunting trips, because of him and his son, I was the target of abuse. But no one would believe me when I went for help. I found out later that they hated me and wanted me gone.

After a few years of this, my mom called it quits on her marriage and decided she couldn't handle all three of us kids on her own. So my brother and me went to live with our dad.

But life wasn't any better because our step mother didn't like us either. Dad never stood up for us. Her kids were always right and I became a slave for my step mom, a parent to her kids and my brother. Well, that's how I felt anyway.

Time went on. I was going to school, working a job, tending to the kids and paying far more than my share of the household expenses. I often made sure there were gifts for the kids on holidays

while I did without. My stepsister lived a crazy life and got pregnant. I was asked to front the money for an abortion, which I was against. But my step mom had access to my account and I didn't have a choice. At least that's what I was made to think.

I got another job working at a teen club and was out of the house more, away from my step mom and having fun, even though I was drinking more than I should have. I was living the party life now.

By this time my marriage fell apart and I turned to alcohol and sex for comfort. I was living a double life... and slipped further away from reality

By the time I was 20 and met a sweet 16 year old girl. We hit it off well. So well, we where expecting a child. We got married, (against my parents wishes), and I did keep my end of the agreement to let her finish high school. Things were going along as planned. Or so I thought.

My drinking got heavier, and I left my dad and step mom to save my marriage. But my wife was doing everything to rip apart our marriage, and (it finally) fell apart, and my wife took my son.

At that time my brother got a girl pregnant and

he turned to drugs, sex and drinking, and became depressed. In January (that year) he took his own life. I was beside myself (with grief).

Turning to my new comfort of sex, drugs and alcohol, I just slipped further away from reality. I hooked up with a guy and we became a couple for awhile. From this along came a 16 year old that became my new world.

Not being in my right state of mind, I went along with it. That was my downfall. Soon everyone knew about what I was doing, and I couldn't handle it. I attempted suicide. When that failed, I was taken to a mental hospital for three days for help. Then I was charged with sexual assault and sentenced to 50 years in prison.

God started working on me right then and there. Praise God because He had another plan for my life. He led me to an older man who was always reading and studying his Bible. He always had time to answer my crazy questions about God.

One day he found me a Bible of my own. I didn't know where to start, but I found myself in Psalms taking in every word. Before long I was on my knees repenting, confessing and crying out to God for help. I asked God to forgive me and answer the door to my heart. Jesus came in and my new life started.

With Jesus as center of my life, He took me on the trip of a life time. God used me in ways I never thought He would. I was involved in different Bible studies, church activities, and prayer groups. It was strange to me that I was leading them. Inmates and officers were coming to me for prayer and guidance in all areas of their lives.

Before I allowed God into my heart, I had a learning disability and was bipolar, and was always in a deep depression. Due to His healing hands, I was cured and currently hold a 3.8 GPA in college. My whole life has changed because of God.

Looking back on my life, I can see now God was with me during my sinful days. I was just too blind to see Him. Today my life has meaning and new direction because Jesus is my Lord and Savior.

Jerry Ritchie, Huntsville, Texas

Lost in a Concrete Jungle

by William Correa

I left the island of Puerto Rico bound for New York City. I was so impressed by the size of the city that it felt like I was on top of the world. Little did I know that in this city I would become a criminal and a heavy drug user.

I worked all week, waiting for Friday night to go to the clubs and party hard until the break of dawn. Soon I was introduced to cocaine, prostitutes, and a life of crime.

Before long, snorting cocaine wasn't satisfying enough any more, so I graduated to shooting it, and not long after that I was shooting heroin. Being on heroin was like going on a vacation away from the pain and from my self, but I didn't know that in the long run it would lead to so many changes in my body.

I would wake up with pain so bad that it felt like I had tied myself to a car and was getting dragged around the street. I wanted the pain to stop. Looking for an escape, I moved to Philadelphia to start a new life. I was going down hill fast, using crack and shooting speedballs. This habit became so

expensive that I resorted to robbery, burglaries, and anything to get money.

I ended up running from the law and from the drug dealers to the point that I made my home under a bridge in North Philadelphia. I was scavenging all over the city and taking everything that I could make money with.

I was always looking over my shoulder, expecting someone to come and shoot me dead. The Bible says that the sinner runs even though nobody is chasing him. I lived that way for fifteen years.

One day I was sleeping under the bridge when I woke up crying, not knowing why. That night I cried to God and said, "If you are real, take me out of this trash dump!"

Now I'm in the Pennsylvania state prison system. Here I found that the Lord has taken what the devil intended for evil and changed it to good. Today, I'm an active member of the church.

I also have a burning desire in my heart to preach the Word to those lost on the streets. God has given me the opportunity to study in a Bible Academy where my average grade is an A. I'm going to work on a degree in theology.

Thanks to God because He never gave up on me. If you read this testimony and accept Him into your heart, you too will be free from drugs and pain. Most of all, He will give you lots and lots of love.

William Correa, Waymart, Pennsylvania

Gaping Hole of Pain

by Jason W. Miller

Back in the year 2006, I had a stroke from an abscessed tooth. I will never forget the awesome power of God's love as I was a nonbeliever. At the time I was still operating under the laws of my own selfish agenda.

I woke up on a gurney at a local hospital, covered in my own urine. My brain was under intense pain. I was sent out to another hospital, where they determined what happened. I went through two biopsies, and a small titanium plate was put in my skull.

It turns out I had a benign mass in my brain, and a fungal infection. The doctor told me I could be treated with hard core antibiotics but they could either make me go deaf, blind, or kill me. I said, "No way," (refusing the treatment).

Six weeks later, I fell and caught my second state bid. In 2010, I went to see the neurologist about the mass. He looked at me and said, "The mass is gone."

In 2013 I was treated for a neck injury from a car accident. I was taking meds that adversely reacted with me. I got very ill. One night on my rack, I thought I would die that night, or go insane.

While sobbing, I asked Jesus to take the gaping hole of pain from my heart and to fill it. Not ten seconds passed and I felt a peace come over me.

I want to let you all know not only does He love me, but all His children. I humbly implore you to invite Jesus to take the throne of your heart. You will not be disappointed.

Jason W. Miller, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

Special Privileges

by John Stanford Johnson

It was all laid out for me. Growing up, my family was very wealthy. I excelled in sports and academics while attending high school. I was also a member of the Army Reserve.

Therefore, coming up, I was rather popular. But by that time I was dealing drugs real heavy, and secretly putting in work on the streets to compliment the fame.

Then one day trouble started to change my identity. On a November morning at school, I was caught with drugs in my locker. Being that I was a model student the staff and faculty kept it "in-house."

Nothing was ever reported to the authorities. That was all it took for me to think I had special privileges in that little town. Boy, was I wrong.

After that incident, I became reckless with the life of crime. Before I knew it, I was a two time convicted felon with a pending drug, gun, and armed robbery charge that could possibly result in life in prison.

But the good Lord sure had a different plan for my services. (Instead) I received a seven year mandatory sentence which I completed in 2003.

Now I'm back in on unrelated charges. But mind you, the district attorney from the onset tried to give me a "life plea" due to my criminal history.

I've fully given my life to the Lord, and have been saved since March, 2011. And I'm serving His will now. I was blind but now I see that God had a bigger and better purpose for me because I dodged two life sentences solely by His grace.

John Stanford Johnson, Ridgeland, South Carolina

IF DAD COULD SEE ME NOW

BY TINA HERNANDEZ

I am currently in a correctional facility serving 37 years for two attempted murder charges, but as long as that isn't written in stone, any thing can happen. I'm from Texas but caught this crime in Kansas, so I'm all alone in here. I know I have a lengthy time but it could be worse.

It was just by "luck" that I found your newspaper thrown away somewhere. The stories are so moving. I enjoy reading the articles and the art work is fabulous—this coming from someone who can only draw stick people—and the poems are wonderful too.

My father was a pastor in Oklahoma. Last year, he died of a heart attack. He was my peace-maker. I'm telling you this because I had no patience or understanding toward anyone who looked crazy at me. I was a monster.

I was acting out because of my sentence, and took it out on others who tested me. But I would call my dad and he would calm the storm and tell me, "Honey, God has patience with you when you act out, so please have some for others."

So I tried some things he suggested and got back into my Bible and everything started to change for me. I mean the officers noticed my whole attitude changed. My counselors noticed it too. Now I can move around with no problems, with no one asking me where I'm going or what am I doing.

I finally felt some kind of freedom in a maximum security prison. I really started to enjoy life. Reading (in Yard Out) about others going through the same stuff, made me feel like I wasn't an outcast or I wasn't alone anymore. If my dad could only see me now, he'd be so proud that I finally got what he was trying to get me to see before he passed.

He told me many people will come into your life; some good, some bad, but Jesus will never leave your side. In other words, He's got my back and He's just a call away. I had a chance once before and look how bad I did.

But I refuse to lose now. I never knew how good I could feel if I just let God take control of my life instead of trying to control my own life.

Tina Hernandez, Topeka, Kansas

National Inmate Christian Art Contest *Enter Now!*

Prisoners for Christ Outreach Ministries announces its 2014 Annual Art Contest!

FIRST PRIZE \$100 • SECOND PRIZE \$75 • THIRD PRIZE \$50

Mail artwork to:

ART CONTEST

Prisoners for Christ Outreach Ministries

PO BOX 1530

Woodinville, WA 98072

RULES: Entries must be original art work of the inmate. It must be free hand and not traced or copied. Please do not copy images from any other picture. That is a violation of copyright laws. Any medium (pencil, paint, pastels or ink) is permitted. Size should be no larger than 10 by 14 inches. It should have a Christian theme, not contain nudity, and be signed by the artist. Sorry, but COD packages will not be accepted. The art will not be returned to the sender. All entries become the property of PFCOM and may be used for Prisoners for Christ promotions. Only winners will be notified by mail. A news article in the first Yard Out printed after the contest will give the results. The decision of the judges is final. Prize money is awarded to winning inmates via J-Pay or trust fund deposit forms. Entries must be submitted by November 30, 2014. Entries received late will be placed in next year's contest.

----- **CLIP & SEND** -----

Entries must be accompanied by information requested below. Please write clearly. By signing, inmate agrees to all rules and authorizes use of their name and institution for PFC promotions.

Signature _____

Printed name _____

Inmate ID number _____ Location within prison (if any) _____

Institution name: _____

Institution address: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Life Took A Terrible Turn

by Floyd Koontz

As a young child I believed everything I saw on television and heard on the radio. I didn't know people lied and that they did wrong things. I had no way to measure. At nine I gave my heart to the Lord and got baptized in the Clements River near Lodi, California.

As time passed, my mother and father had financial problems and finally divorced. It was hell on us four kids. My mom dumped us off at our Grandma's small 40 acre farm. It was small, but not small in work. Being the only boy, I got elected to do all the work. From 11 years of age to 16, I did what I was told. I went to church three times a week, but when I got to junior high my life took a terrible turn.

I wanted to hangout with the kids, and the kids that hung out were mostly cast off kids. I ran away that year, not because I didn't like home, but because I was grown up and did a man's work. I wasn't mad at anybody. I never even thought about my folks. I just wanted to see the world.

I went and lived with some hippies and discovered LSD, STP, peyote and other psychedelic drugs. As I grew older, I turned to cocaine, meth and alcohol. I had five bad marriages. I worked my butt off. I never missed work, and I never missed my beer either.

As the years passed, one-by-one my friends either died, or gradually disappeared. But I still had my best friends meth and beer. I had them around for 44 years. They never left me. I realized how lonely I was, and how neither dope or booze was worth the effort. There was no love. I tried church, but all I felt was dirty and guilty.

In 2011, a friend in the drug world invited me to his house. When I got there he attacked me with a machete and butcher knife. He caught me flat footed and stabbed me over 30 times. It was nightmarish.

But I survived, and he did not. When I woke up in the county jail, I got on my knees and thanked God for sparing my life. The Lord did a wonderful thing; He filled me with His Holy Spirit. For the first time, my life is full of blessings. Since I got saved, the Lord has changed and transformed me.

I asked Him to forgive my many filthy sins three different times. He said (each time) don't worry about it, you're forgiven. "I've already forgiven you. You don't have to ask any more."

Life has its troubles. But there is nothing Jesus won't do for you if you just ask. Make yourself available to the Lord. He's waiting just for you.

Floyd Koontz, Connell, Washington



Michael Hills, of Coldwater, MI, won Honorable Mention for "The Temptation of Eve" in Yard Out's 2013 Art Contest.



got mail?

Bible Study Correspondence School

Receive Lessons in the Mail

Earn Certificates of Completion

Advancing Curriculum Becomes More Challenging

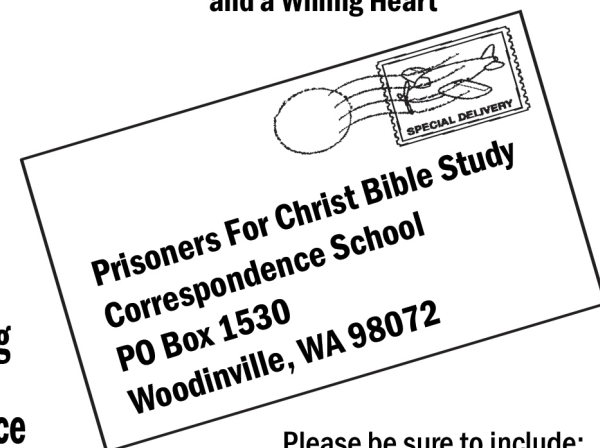
Build Spiritual Strength, Character, and Endurance

Receive Personalized Comments and Encouragement

Trained Volunteers Review and Respond to Each Lesson

Enroll Today!

All You Need is a Pencil, a Bible,
and a Willing Heart



Please be sure to include:

- Your Name & ID #
- Institution Name
- Institution Address
- City, State, Zip

Inmates write

Pen Letters

Dear Yard Out;

Someone recently gave me a copy of **Yard Out** and I really enjoy it. So have others in the dorm who have passed it along. One morning I was called to the chapel and told that my father died in his sleep. It was one week shy of the first anniversary of my mother's death. Three things helped me get through that time. I knew my parents were together again, and someday I would join them on those streets of gold. And I knew they knew I loved them and was grateful for all they did. Thank our Lord for family who stood by us. If someone close to you was called home, the empty feeling in your heart would be worse if you never told them how much they meant to you. If unforgiveness exists in your life, change it today. Make that call. Write that letter. Break the ice. Pray for the courage to reach out in love, and be a peacemaker.

William J. Maitre, Jr. Raiford, FL

While attending a church function called "Powerhouse," I picked up your newspaper. Once I got time, after final lock down, I sat on my bunk to check it out. I couldn't put it down until I read the whole thing. Oh my gosh, I love this paper. Well, God bless and keep up the good work.

Larhesa L. Hill, McLoud, OK

I really enjoy our paper. It has brought me great joy behind these walls. I read about what God has done for some who are locked away. God gave me a wonderful woman, a God fearing woman, who showed me I was living a life headed nowhere, having a hard time trying to get by. And I was sick with medical problems. I didn't want to ask God for anything. I figured He had done

enough by coming into my heart. I was taking 22 pills a day and had to self cath six times a day. One night I asked God to take it all away and to heal me. That was around 8 p.m. At 12:01 a.m. I had the urge to go to the bathroom for the first time in 8½ months. And you know what? I have not used a catheter since. I'm down to just three pills a day now, and have never felt better. God gave me what I needed. I know He isn't done. I can't wait to see Him and tell Him face to face thank you and what a great God He is.

Gary Polley, Central City, KY

I came across a copy of your newspaper when a fellow inmate I talk to through the cell's vent, gave it to me. I'm currently in maximum security on 23 hour lock down. I was sent to prison once before but never picked up the Bible because I didn't want to be one to study the Bible only while locked up. After my release I made something out of my life. I got married and had two kids. I also had a great job, a house and car and stayed out of trouble for almost ten years. But something was truly missing, and I didn't know what it was. Now I've been incarcerated 13 months. At first my family was here every visiting day. Then my wife started using drugs and since then everything fell apart. Child Protection stepped in for my children, and I lost everything. All that encouraged me to continue studying the Bible. I found what had been missing in my life. It was the Lord Jesus Christ. Even though things aren't going so well on the outside, I know God is good. I have found the Lord and He is in my heart and when I walk out of here, my Bible and the wisdom the Lord gave me are going with me. My daughter and son love their daddy and will be happy to study the Word (with me).

Glae Roland, Kent, WA

Your newspaper is amazing and joyful to read. It's an inspiration and hope for people to turn to God for a better life. I do remember as a young child being innocent. But the darkness found its way into my path. Now I have conse-

quences and, really if I didn't commit the crime, I wouldn't have found **Yard Out**. So I'm thankful I grew closer to our Creator. I do apologize to everyone and most important to our Savior Lord. To all my brothers and sisters in prison, know it's never impossible to break the chains, it's just your choice to find peace. Let Jesus Christ back into your life. Listen to your heart and not your head.

H. T. Smith, Atlanta, GA

I'm a former atheist. I have 20 felony convictions from four armed bank robberies. My atheism came from my revolt against God whom I said "did not exist." Hatred in its true form can blind one spiritually and morally. I lived with it the first part of my life. What did I do to deserve this, I pondered as an abused child? The seeds of hate were planted deep in me and I chose to vent via a life of crime. I'm now free from the hate as the bars melted away. Thank God for entering my heart through Christ and for destroying the hate.

Michael Hunter, New Castle, IN

God got my attention in 1993. I was in the hole and got baptized with handcuffs, shackles and belly chains. But I backslid until 2009 when I got baptized without all the hard wear. I've been a knucklehead all of my life, done three numbers in California, and finally came to prison for life. I am very much full of life because I turned my life around with Jesus. I may never see the street again but I am free in spirit with God, who never gave up on me. Jesus is now in my life full time.

Larry Young, Tecumseh, NE

Letters sent to Yard Out must be accompanied by the release form found next to the "Headed Your way, Yard Out" cartoon on the last page. Signature is required for use of the inmate's name.

Contents may be edited. Send material to:

Letters to the Editor

c/o Yard Out

P.O. Box 1530

Woodinville, WA 98072

Divine Intervention

by Alex Hernandez

I've been in prison now for fifteen months. It's my very first time. I was born and raised in a very Christian home. I am very grateful that my upbringing introduced me to God.

But what I was lacking was a true relationship with the Lord. I lived my life taking God, my wife, parents and the rest of my family for granted.

When I came to prison, I was afraid, ashamed, depressed, worried, defeated and shocked. The very first day, I joined a prayer group and Bible study and learned the Scriptures quickly. It started being the source of serenity and strength I needed to overcome everything that happened to me.

In retrospect, it seems as if prison was the best thing that could have happened to me. Why, you ask? Because the Lord knew this was the only way I was going to finally open my mind and heart to receive Him.

God gave me three revelations. First, that I can't live life without a close and personal relationship with Him, because He loves me so much. Second, that there is a purpose in life for me, and that is to serve God, by being a drug and marriage counselor, to help point those in need to the Lord.

And last, I feel God wants me to think of myself last. I figure if I only seek my own salvation, I may lose it, but if I seek the salvation of those around me, I'll find God's grace and my own salvation.

Alejandro Hernandez, Los Angeles, California

RAISED HARD & BADLY HURT

BY JOHN YORK

I was raised a small town, country boy from Oklahoma, and was raised to never show my emotions. Well, anger was the only emotion allowed. My mom never wanted me for reasons that I am not sure about. But she let me know almost everyday until I was allowed to leave home.

I was the second oldest in a four kid family. My big brother could do no wrong cause he was oldest. My sister could do no wrong because she was the only girl. And baby brother could do no wrong because he was the baby.

That left me. I was the work mule and punching bag. I had calluses on my hands when I was five. What I didn't know then was that I was getting calluses on my hands and my heart.

We never went to church, but I knew right from wrong. I'm not going to whine and pout about how hard I was raised. But God has been with me all my life. He has kept me from getting too badly hurt. He has saved my life countless times.

It just took me 45 years to realize how close God has been to me all my life. He is my hero, and the only one I want to be like. Thank you God for everything in my life.

John York, Helena, Oklahoma

Prison Poetry

My Mother Prayed For Me

by Dennis Mathis, Sr.

My mother said a prayer for me, one God could only hear,
and that is why my life was spared because she made it clear.
She asked the Lord to lend His ear, to hear what she would say,
she bowed her head and closed her eyes as she begin to pray.
She asked Him to take care of me, and please keep me from harm.
She asked if He would guide my life, with His everlasting arms.
She told Him of her love for me, she explained it from her heart,
she knew that God would understand, a mother's love never parts.
She put her heart into this prayer and God could feel her pain,
and God knew He would answer her, and send me home again.
So God stepped in and saved my life, He would not let it end.
But He knew that I must pay the price, the price for all my sins.

My life is on the right track now, as everyone can see.
I owe it all to God and Mom, because she prayed for me.

Dennis Mathis, Sr., Lincoln, Illinois

Dear God

by Jason Carl Bishop

It's hard to find ways to serve you, especially locked behind bars.
I read the Good Book to others, and offer a prayer in the yard.
I get in where I fit in, trying not to make a stir.
But everyday I find someone who wants to hear your word.
So please Lord, give me strength, I only want to glorify you.
Ready in and out of season, as it says in II Timothy chapter four verse two.

Jason Carl Bishop, Windham, Maine

Face Up To Reality

by Eric Tessner

Since the beginning man has known death, but it was not always so.
Before Eve took that bite, Adam didn't need to hoe, nor did he sow.
But after their short meal, they knew right from wrong.
They realized they were naked and not very strong.
They didn't want to face their weakness and blamed all but themselves.
But like us, they had a choice, and like some of us, they chose hell.
The reality is we're responsible for the choices we make.
God doesn't force us, He let's us choose which road we take.
We all want to play the blame game, when we take the wrong turn.
While treading down that path we forget just how bad fire burns.
And when we see how lost we are because we didn't follow the map.
Making excuses, we come up with reasons to blame God for our mishaps.
Face up to reality and admit where you went wrong.
God's mercy, grace and love is so very, very long.
But only through the Son is reality made right.
There is no other way, without Him you'll always lose the fight.
So follow Jesus Christ, He knows all the right trails.
If you go off on your own, you're bound to end up in hell.

Eric Tessner, Columbia, South Carolina

Love

by Jesse Ortiz

A new commandment I have given to you
to love one another, as I have loved you.
To give of your time and show that you care,
to let them all know that you will always be there.
To cry when they cry, and to share in their pain,
to comfort their hearts, all in my name.
To open your doors, to the one who is in need
and to the one who is hungry, I want you to feed.
To pray for the sick and lay hands on them too,
to show them the love that I have shown you.
This is my will, and I hope that you see,
the love you show them is the love you show me.

Jesse Ortiz, Marana, Arizona

His Grace

by Roy Gardner

May God smile upon our path, the way that we should go.
And may He give us living joy and let His blessings flow.
Let's give attention to our Lord, as He speaks His love.
Pray do not let our minds and thoughts keep us from above.
Let's fix our course upon the Lord while on this stormy sea,
Put all our trust in Him we must! Sure will our compass be.
Lord, take the "I" the "my" and "me" and strike them to the ground.
Fill us with "Thou" and "Thy" and "Thee" and send us glory bound.
We cast our egos at your feet and pray your spirit start,
our prayer within, free us from sin, that we be pure in heart.

Roy Gardner, Kirkland, Washington

All About You Jesus

by Mark Hogan

There was a woman near a well, not much about her to compliment.
Yet by the end of your conversation, she knew you were heaven sent.
On a roadside there was a blind man, he heard you were passing by.
When the visit was over, he could see heaven, earth and sky.
Near the old city of Damascus, a murderer raged with hate.
After you appeared to him, he took salvation into the gates.
Sitting in prison was a writer, who enjoyed telling stories.
You filled his heart with your Spirit, now his pen declares your glory.

Mark Hogan, Grafton, Ohio

My Armor

by Nokima

Your love is my shield, your will is my sword.
Your Spirit, my courage, my armor, your word.
I run to the foe, and enter the fight,
not doubting the win, nor your awesome might.
I battle with Satan, each day that I live,
needing all the power your mercy can give.
One day I will rest away from all harm,
at home in heaven in your peaceful arms.
Andrew "Nokima" Amicon, Avon Park, Florida

Lost and Found

by James Martinez

Holy heaven up above, fiery hell below,
Lord take hold of my soul for I leave you in control.
Living in a world full of hatred, full of sin.
I want to confess it all but don't know where to begin.
I know you will be there if I call out your name,
but I run from my past 'cause I feel so ashamed.
You sacrificed your life so that I may be forgiven.
I know it's all true for in the Bible it is written.
I feel so lost like a needle in the hay.
Show me your light so I may find my way.
Surrounded by evil as I sit locked in a cell,
I fight the temptations so I don't spend eternity in hell.
The start of a new life, the end of the old,
I feel the warmth of God's love as I shake off the cold.
Never give up on the Lord, He will carry you through strife.
For whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life.

James Martinex, Beeville, Texas

Crying Tears of Pain

by Sierra Steen

How broken you must feel, to tear the scars and break the seal.
Your body is burning through the rain,
your pleasure is buried beneath the pain.
Where is your faith, you lost little child,
no wonder you're crying when I thought you smiled.
It's sad to see your soul is blind, I pray one day your heart will find.
Don't ever forget what I know you knew, salvation is close, I see it too.
When all you need are eyes to see; take my hand and walk with me.

Sierra Steen, Kenai, Alaska



In the Presence of the Lord

*I have finally found a way to live,
just like I never did before.
And I know I don't have much to give
but I can make it even more.
Everybody knows the secret,
everybody knows the score.
I have finally found a way to live,
in the presence of the Lord.
Yes, in the presence of the Lord.*

James Kist, Bellefonte, PA

Headed Your Way
YARD OUT!

YARD OUT WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU!
Testimonials! • Letters to the Editor! • Poems!

If selected, your material will appear in *Yard Out* and copies will be sent to you when the paper is published. Please provide the information requested below:

Name: _____ ID No. _____

Institution _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Sign below to permit the use of your name and institution if chosen for publication.

Legal Signature: _____

This coupon must accompany all submissions. Material is subject to editing by *Yard Out*. It is expected that such material is the original work of the sender. No payment is given for items used. Sorry, but material will not be returned.

**Mail to: Yard Out c/o Prisoners for Christ
PO BOX 1530 Woodinville, WA 98072**

