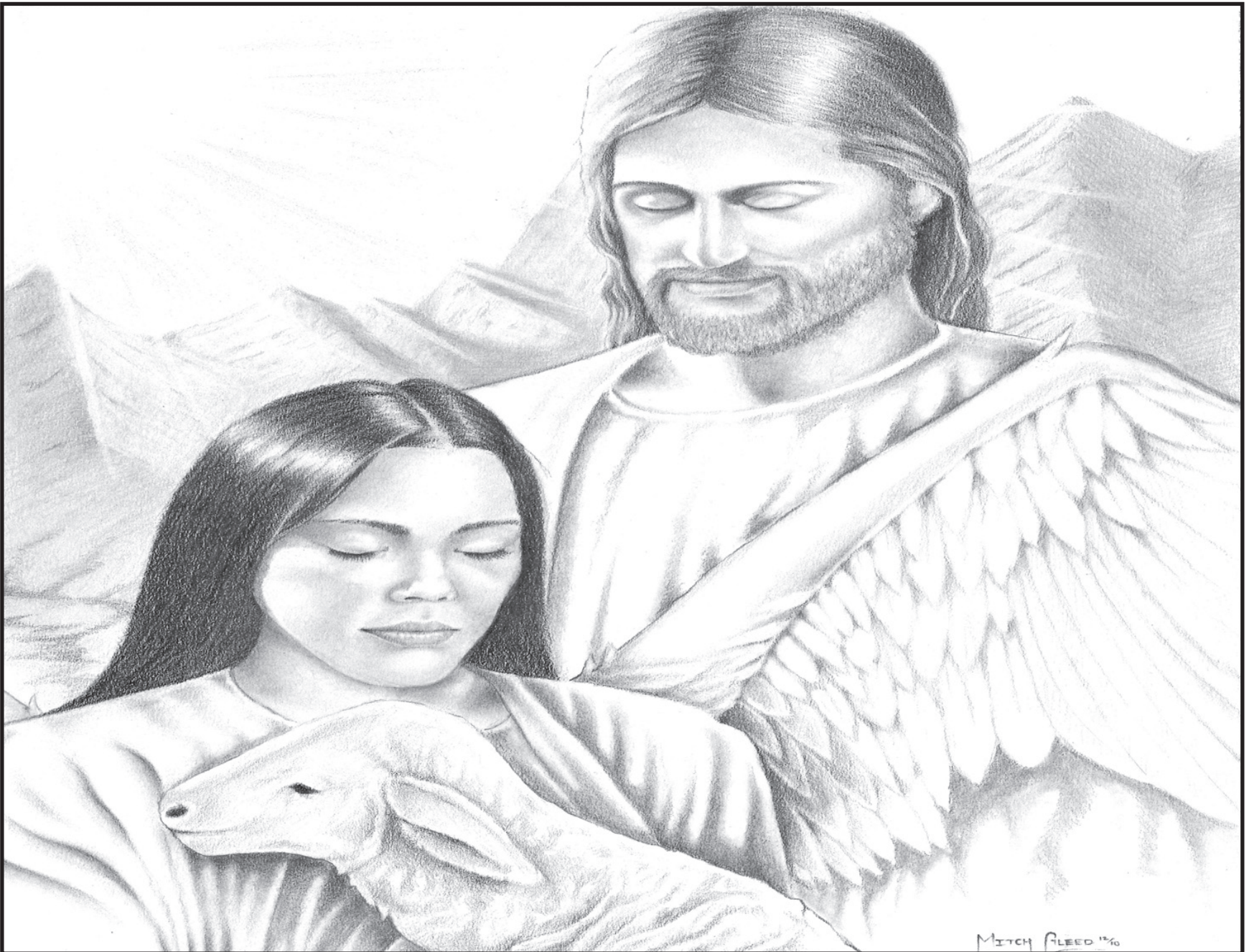


YARD OUT

Vol. 17 No. 3

A PFC Publication



Inside...

*God Uses
Harsh Realities*

*Have Fun
& Fit In*

*Store Clerk
Pulls Trigger*

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.

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Editor: Peyton Burkhart

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COVER PICTURE

"Trusted Angel" by Mitch Glead of
Orofino, ID won Second Place in
Yard Out's 2010 Art Contest.

YARD OUT

Vol. 17 No. 3

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

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God Uses Harsh Realities To Transform Drug Addict

by Veric D. Osgood

I remember situations as a drug addict where I know God really had my destiny in His hands. At least three different occasions I overdosed on drugs and should have never survived, but for some reason I made it through. I saw and knew of death more than anyone should. Even during times when everything fell apart and suicide seemed the only way for me to fix my problems, God's hand kept me from going through with it.

My life was one long drug addiction that started out by smoking pot as early as eleven years old and by 34, I was shooting pills, heroin and cocaine. These addictions took a toll on everything in my life. Every job I had was short in duration and never reached full potential.

I chose drugs over my family and daughters and others. Being a man, I always claimed to be in control and did very well masking my problems. I was quick to point fingers at every(one) but myself.

The only thing I was good at was the very thing that was fueling destruction in my life—doing and dealing drugs.

Approximately two months before my arrest, I was in a very difficult situation. I had run out of dope and money. I was considering suicide. Instead, I prayed to God and asked Him to take away all the pain and suffering.

I wanted to be set free. I said that if He would help me I would serve Him and be faithful every day for the rest of my life. This was a prayer of desperation. I meant every word, even for Him to do whatever it took to get me right.

In my twisted mind, I had a plan that would

suit me just fine. I wanted to be instantly healed from my addictions and my mind restored to normal thinking. But God had a bigger plan for me. He knew what it was going to take to break me.

The next few weeks did not go as I thought they would. The drugs were back and my girl-

In my twisted mind, I had a plan that would suit me just fine. I wanted to be instantly healed from my addictions... but God had a bigger plan.

friend and I continued down a path of crime and self destruction; and my family cut ties with me.

Alone and on the run, we found ourselves doing anything to get high. Even terrorizing people in their own homes. It didn't take long for me to find myself in jail.

I was arrested on serious charges of aggravated robbery and aggravated kidnapping. There was no bail, or getting out in a few weeks. I was in way deep this time.

It took three days for the detoxification to really kick in. It was the first time in about eight years I had gone more than three days without any dope. It's hard to put into words how rough detox and withdrawals were on me because of all the drugs and the seriousness of the charges I faced.

A jail cell is a very cold, dark and lonely place to be when you're that sick. I began to wonder if God even heard me that night when I prayed. Why would He allow this to happen to me?

Before long I was in front of a judge hearing him tell me I was going to prison for 30 years. Something about hearing that can break a man's spirit and make him want to give up. So when I got to prison in 2007, with a broken spirit and broken heart, I was ready to surrender and that's what I did.

I noticed right away this was not your normal "throw them away" prison. This prison had real men of God serving and ministering unlike anything I ever saw. These men came from the same place I did and had done the same things I had done. This is the first time I ever heard a real clear message of what Christ did for me and all my sin.

I gave my life over to God right in the middle of the classification unit. It was at that moment my new life began. Only the discovery of God's love was able to change me. God used the harsh reality of incarceration to transform me.

Sometimes it takes extreme measures and situations to get us to stop and listen to the Truth. This is not the path I would have chosen, but God's perfect plan is what it took for me.

Now my Father in heaven blesses me. My family is being restored and I am taking college classes. If that isn't enough, I have been totally clean and sober since 2007, the same day God allowed me to be arrested and rescued. That's when my mess turned into a message.

Veric D. Osgood, Pikeville, Tennessee

Second Time's A Charm by Donaven Thorn

The first time my eyes looked into my son's eyes, I knew I had to do things right for him. Only a year earlier, I was released from a five year stretch in the pen. Stealing was my forte'. It has been since I was a kid. I was out of control, but at the end of my bit, I found Jesus for the first time.

He and I got very close. So close that people who came into prison wanted me to speak at their church when I got out. So I went to a great church when I got out, and even found a great woman who stood beside me in everything I wanted to do in life.

We got married and she accompanied me to churches when I spoke to teens about my life. Trust me, there was a lot to say. I felt great as I started my own family. My wife and I had three children. I had all I needed to be happy in life.

Later down the road some rumors started about my wife having an affair. Instantly my mind was poisoned. I never looked at her the same and never trusted her the same. I thought others were laughing at me behind by back. So I had affairs of my own, but never really found what I was looking for.

My wife stayed beside me through most of my actions and loved me through it all. I put her through so much and my children too. They suffered so much because I couldn't get my head straight.

Then came the drugs. After the first hit, I was back full force in the lying,

stealing and cheating. I wasn't even the same man anymore. My wife stuck it out even though her family and friends constantly told her to leave me.

Then one day I looked into her eyes and for the first time I saw what I did to her heart. We would never be the same, and my children were in the middle of it all. We divorced, and tried to hurt each other.

The children I loved so much were torn and didn't know who's side to take. I didn't help by constantly playing head games, and using drugs. I was horrible to my family and somehow felt I was the victim in all of it.

One day I found myself sitting in the county jail with no memory of the night before. The charges were stacked up so tall I couldn't see daylight. I instantly blamed it all on the people in my life for driving me to that point. I was facing a life sentence for all my crimes.

I cursed God, and even threw a Bible at a jailer. I wanted to die, and in some ways I did. I was angry and alone. No one wanted to be in my life, and to be honest now that I look at it, who could blame them.

I got seven years on a plea agreement and did about half of it angry at everyone. I found myself on a level five yard, locked in 22 hours a day with no hope of seeing light until my sentence was up.

I had enough. It was the point where I cracked. I fell to my knees in that dirty old cell and cried to Jesus once again. He lent me His shoulder and I soaked it good. I haven't seen my family, but I know I'm not alone and I feel alive in such a way that I cannot describe. Thank you Jesus for finding me in the dark. This is only the beginning of my walk with Him.

I praise Jesus for the victory in my life. I'm glad I came here now, to meet with Him again with a sober, clear mind and soul. I'll never forget it.

Donaven Thorn, Kincheloe, Michigan

Store Clerk Pulls Trigger

by Roy Abrams

Walking around the jail block, I faced over 80 years in prison for robbing four stores on a drug high. Other men were getting sentenced to 20 to 40 years, and the D.A. told me any sentence less than 20 would go to trial. (Hearing that) my body and soul completely shut down.

My lawyer told me by the time I got released, everyone in my family would be dead. I felt unbearable pressure. I was at rock bottom. All hope was gone.

I began to pray, pray, pray, "Lord, help me" in Jesus name. My soul yearned for God. The Bible gave me hope, and something within me started to happen.

I knew the Lord had heard my cry. On prayer and faith, the judge sentenced me to 15 years with eligibility for parole in five years. Not only did I receive a blessing on my sentencing, God sent a message by the jailer that turned my life around forever.

The officer asked if I robbed a certain store. I paused and replied yes. If I would've lied I would have lost my blessing. He responded; "Did you know a man at the front counter with a shot gun pulled the trigger at close range with the intent to kill you?"

At that moment, a light awoke in my spiritual being, and I haven't been the same since. My whole life has changed to live in this universe giving God all the glory.

I know I could have been shot dead, and lying in a cold grave today. But God saw fit for me to live. While still in prison, God has anointed me in the word of life, the Holy Bible. And I enjoy reading *Yard Out*. I've grown stronger through the years from the testimonials. I continue to seek God because His message is clear. Thank you, Jesus, (I'm alive) and have a story to tell.

Roy Abrams, Rockspring, Georgia

Have Fun and Fit In

by Trung Huynh

I grew up in the hood of Los Angeles. My family was poor and we were on welfare. I was born in Vietnam and came to America when I was five years old. Life was good until I turned 13 years old.

I started to join a gang because all my friends were in it. I wanted to have fun and fit in. I got locked up at the age of 15 for robbing a jewelry store. Because I was young, they gave me a break. I did five years and got out when I was 20.

Two years later, I met my wife and we got married. I had two kids, two houses, and a nail salon for 18 years. One day I got in a big fight with my wife. I needed to get away so I moved to Tennessee to help a friend with his business. But I missed having my family.

I started going to bars and drinking. One thing led to another and I started smoking crack. In two months I smoked \$20,000 in crack. Now I'm locked up again for bank robbery. One day, to get out of my cell, I went to church. Something happened that day. God planted a seed in me. I couldn't believe God still loved me after all the things I did.

Today I go to church everyday and I just want to tell you God changed my life. Now I have to save my family because I'm the only one who is a Christian. I once was lost but now I'm found. God gave me another life.

Trung Huynh, Henning, Tennessee

"Be With Dad In Prison"

by James Hermanson

I never really went to church on the streets, but once or twice I went to a Seventh Day Adventist church. My first fall in prison I tried Christianity but found nothing in it. I felt since I didn't feel what other people felt when they read the Bible it wasn't for me. So I gave up. Then I tried paganism: nothing there either.

After getting out and having a son, my wife and I started going to church to see if we could find what was missing in our lives. But I found myself back in jail. I lost everything; my son, my wife and my life. I took it out on everything (and everybody). But the problem was me.

I thought if I got back to the Bible my family would welcome me home. I was right, except for my ex-wife. She left me and took my son with her. But my mom and dad took me in, and I was into the Bible every now and then, which I thought was good enough. I got my son back on weekends and he looked up to me. I was on cloud nine and was doing good. Or so I thought.

Once again I started falling away from God and the Bible and once again I found myself in trouble. This time it cost me 25 to life. After I got to the county jail, I turned back to the Bible and got on my knees to pray. I still did not feel that "thing" all other Christians talk about.

Once everything was set, I went to prison to start my time. One day I received a letter from home. My heart about stopped. My son had taken a pellet gun and shot my dad in the face while he was sleeping. When asked why he did it, he told the judge, "I thought if I killed my grandpa I could be with my dad in prison."

That night I got down on my knees with tears in my eyes. I asked Christ to open my heart to His true understanding and to take my son's hand and lead him to the light of Christ. I did not get any fuzzy feelings, no bright light from heaven came over me. But I knew deep in my heart that God was really listening to me this time.

My son is now at a place called Northwest Academy. He is reading his Bible and has turned his life over to the Lord as I have. At 41, my life on the streets may be over (I'll be 65 when I go to my first parole board), but my son's is just beginning. I pray in the name of our heavenly Father that my son follows in my footsteps in Christ and not in crime.

James Hermanson, Carson City, Nevada

National Inmate Christian Art Contest

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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 _____

A Child's Voice by Jeffery A. Shockley

As I looked out the tiny window in my prison cell just the other day. A tear rolled down my cheek, as if I heard the things my child might say. I saw a little boy there sitting on the ground. I went to say "Hello," when he said, "My daddy's not around." As I got a little closer, a frown grew on his face.

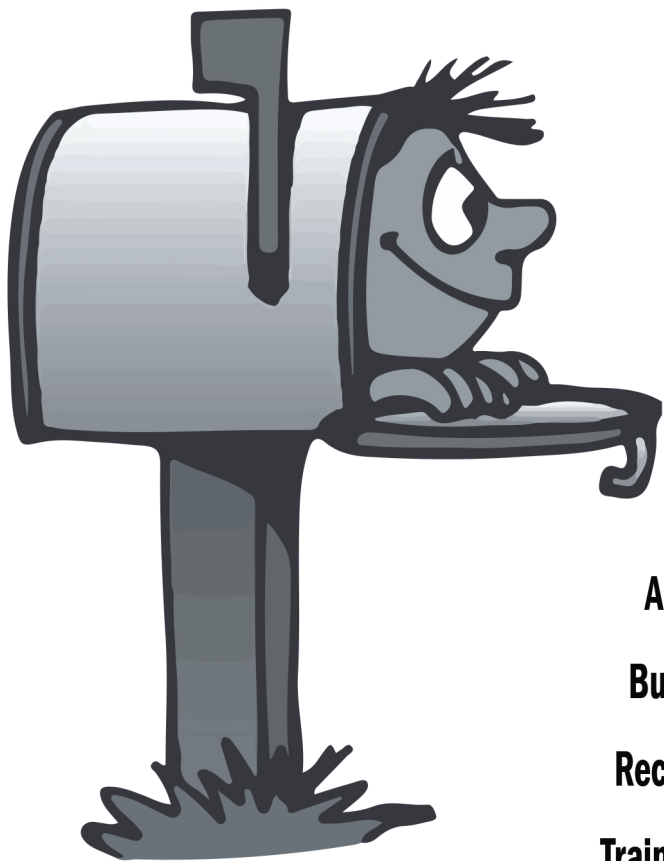
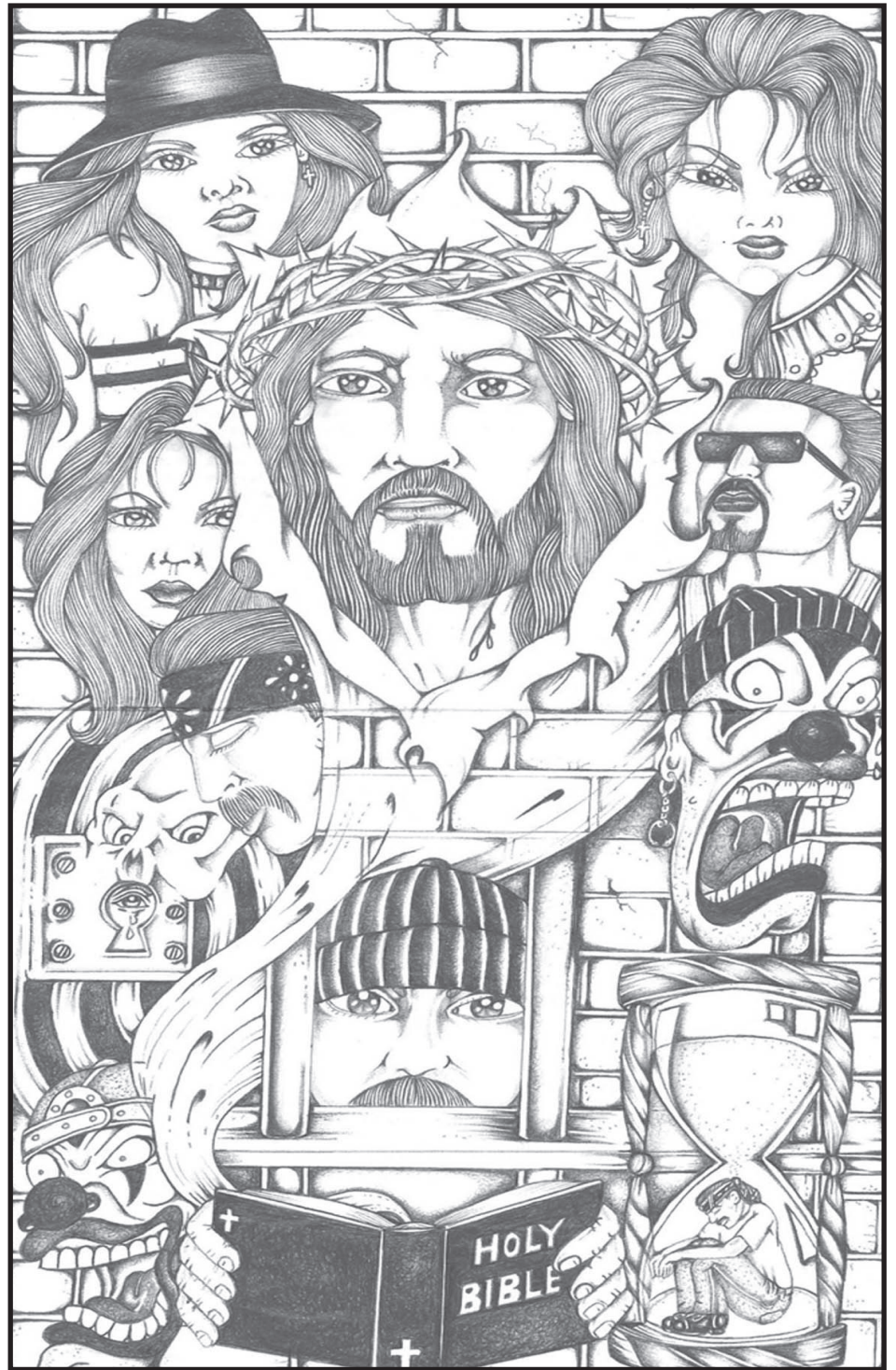
"My mom has found another to take my daddy's place." I knelt right down beside him, to help him with his strife, he said, "I'm just a little kid but he's been missing all my life." I tried to say "I'm sorry," but he didn't understand my plea. I told him who I was, but he said his daddy wasn't me. I got up to walk away, but he pulled me to his side. He said, "If you ever see my dad, mister, please tell him I said hi."

There was a little girl, a young woman probably by now. To get back into her life as "dad," I not exactly sure how. She struggles everyday, growing up without me. Growing up in this type of world without her precious daddy. She has my facial structure, her eyes are soft and brown. I could see the pain inside because her father's not around. "There been no father in my life, to teach me right and wrong. A father there beside me to tell me when I am strong.

There's been no father in my life to teach what I should know. Like when I go out on a date, how far that I should go. There's been no father in my life to celebrate my growth, and when he's proud of me, it's 'I'm daddy's girl,' my oath. There's been no father in my life, it seems the whole world can see. I try to stay strong but I really miss my own daddy." As I sit here in my solitude, my eyes forever moist. Listening to the whispers, the whispers of my children's voice.

Jeffery A. Shockley, Labelle, Pennsylvania

Jesse Covarrubius, of Midway, TX, won Honorable Mention for "Let the Demons Out" in *Yard Out's* 2010 Art Contest.



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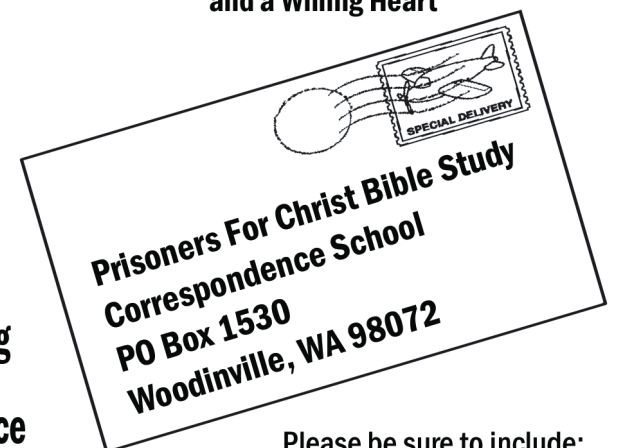
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Inmates write

Pen Letters

Dear Yard Out;

I recently found your paper and was pleased by the poems and letters that I read. I'm a recovering addict and I've turned my life around and become a born again Christian. I'm 50 years old and I've been coming back and forth to prison since 1987. I never gave God a chance even though I believed in Jesus, because my family is a church going family. I struggled with a big lawsuit and my drug use caused my mom to lose our house. She worked hard to get us six kids out of the projects and into our own home. I ended up with nothing. My mom forgave me, but I could never let go of the guilt and pain. I loved Jesus so much that I didn't want to put my problems in His hands. I finally gave it to Him and I know that God forgave me. I feel much better and my family and friends are back in my life because they believe in me.

David Moreland, Brooklyn, CT

I got one of your papers from a friend and I just loved it. This paper showed me how much God loves people in prison like me. You don't know what that means to me. I thought God was not going to forgive me but now I know He will. That is the good news your paper gave me the moment I started to read. I'm going to share this with others who might be hurt and broken.

T. W., Indian Springs, NV

I love to read ya'lls newspaper. I get a lot out of *Yard Out*, and I do love to read. I've been living for the Lord going on three years now. I love to write and I love to make jokes too. Like: "I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather. Not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car." Or, "I ask God for a bike, but I

know God doesn't work that way. So I stole a bike and asked for forgiveness." Well, there you go. I hope ya'll like them and I'll be praying for you too.

Gary Couch, Hardwick, GA

I just want to thank our Heavenly Father for you allowing the Spirit to work in you and establish a newspaper full of encouraging, inspirational articles written by brothers and sisters who are growing in their faith. It's amazing to hear about the power of God. He can move individuals and turn them from the path of destruction and lead them to a new road of life and righteousness. It's a blessing just to know about these things. Your newspaper proves that the Holy Spirit dwells (in prison). I'd like to tell my brothers and sisters to continue to be encouraged and "always say a prayer" (ASAP). Stay focused on His word, keeping it close to their hearts, because God has written His book and there is no erasing His pen ink.

Darius A. Prince, Sr., Milton, FL

This is my first time reading *Yard Out*. I like the letters very much. My mind was so confused by Satan's lies. So I cried out to God to make Himself real to me. I rededicated my life to God. I made a firm decision to choose right thoughts according to the Lord. Many thoughts would be unthinkable. We must think as Jesus did. If we walk in Him, He gives us His Spirit and mind. Death is the result of a mind of flesh and life is the result of a mind of the Spirit. Just let go and let God. I see life so much clearer and I've become a much more kind and secure man.

Dwain Calahan, Los Angeles, CA

I read your newspaper and found it pretty powerful for such a small paper. God is with you all. I read of those inmates who blamed God for not being there for them, but in reality, God never left them. They just weren't listening to Him. So He stood back and waited to pick each of us up off the ground and give us a second chance. Which all we need is a second chance. But if we keep falling and not asking for a second chance,

God will decide where He'll send us. Satan is waiting for those who refuse to take advantage of the freedom of a second chance. And if someone doesn't take advantage of freedom when it's given, the results may not be so nice. By the grace of God, He never forgets us. Let us not make another mistake. Choose God; for our families, our futures, and our lives. God is the only way.

Alfred Sanchez, Blythe, CA

As I sit here enlighten by the spirit of Christ, I am writing to tell you all how thankful I am that a publication like your's exist because it truly gives brothers and sisters that are behind bars a hope and a glimmer of the power of Christ. So sincerely from the bottom of my heart thanks for all your hard work and your efforts. Please continue your marvelous works.

Aleph Segura, Susanville, CA

Wow! Your testimonials and poems are some of the most beautiful and heart felt words I have ever read. I'm locked up for 22 years for a crime I didn't commit. I know, another innocent guy, right? But the truth is the truth and it will still set you free. I had no idea where my life was going until one day I picked up a *Yard Out*. I have been thanking God ever since. But the one thing I never gave up on was my Lord and Savior, and for that He has blessed me. I am about to have my conviction overturned. I've overcome the odds and you can too. Don't ever give up on God. He will open doors in your life too.

Conway Turnbough, Helena, OK

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

THE GIANTS CAME BACK

BY PEYTON BURKHART

The 30th anniversary of the movie "Ghost Busters" was celebrated this year. The ground breaking, supernatural thriller was popular with audiences not for the scary scenes, but because of the Gross Factor. Ghosts used a slime attack, covering adversaries with green, slimy ectoplasm to avoid capture. Yes, they puked on their would-be captors. Movie goers groaned, sickened by the visual, while laughing through their popcorn.

And when the ghost buster team confronted their worst fears, it was personified by a terrorizing giant version of the Mr. Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. Funny that humor would work in a horror movie. That was the creative genius of the producers. Nobody had laughed at a giant marshmallow monster before. As giants go, maybe the Marshmallow Man isn't so scary bad. But in reality, worst fears can actually present problems of gigantic proportions.

Non-mythical versions of modern day giants may be active on the earth today, wrecking havoc in ways that slime their victims and disturb the peace in spiritual ways—giants, not of the Paul Bunyan or Jack and the Beanstalk variety, but of the Biblical Goliath type. David, hero king of the Old Testament Hebrew army, took care of that bully in short order. In 1 Chronicles

20, another invasion of giants, all relatives of Goliath, again threatened the security of Israel. Valiant warriors rose up to defeat those giants as well.

This illustrates a Christian principle—that believers must face giants of their own. These invariably show up as schemes of the devil manifested as powers of the dark world and "spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms." Paul, the apostle, encourages us in his letter to the Ephesians to put on the armor of God. Each weapon counters a specific attack.

The belt of truth dispels error and lies. The shield of faith protects from fiery arrows of doubt. Righteousness, peace, salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, are all needed. Warfare is afoot. Arm yourselves brothers and sisters.

Not all giants are noticed immediately. Some may start as little problems or small treasures not surrendered to God. Ignored or justified long enough, they grow into issues that are not so easy to deal with.

Many space alien movies use a similar story line. First the suburban family notices a noise in the attic. They discover a fuzzy little creature, adopt it as a pet, and even give it a cute name, like Peaches. But eventually the creature grows and suddenly the cat is missing, then the annoying teenage neighbor is missing. Suddenly, Peaches is a giant mutant monster with teeth the size of steak knives. Peaches may have started as a cute little pet, but he grew up and he's standing in the corner of the kitchen with a fork and bottle of A-1 Steak Sauce waiting for you to turn your back.

Peyton Burkhart has been editor of Yard Out for 18 years. He is from Woodinville, WA.

Prison Poetry

The Truth

by Kiyoshi A. Higashi

I was deceived by the devil and my hateful, clouded perception,
viewed the world with evil eyes, never striving for perfection.

I was blind to the Lord's blessings and all His affection.

With a heart fueled by the devil's misguided conception.

But the Almighty set me free when He answered my prayers,
to set me loose from the evil of all Satan's snares.

He made a promise to love me, help me, and guide me,
and I feel safe from the evil now that God walks beside me.

I can't look back now that I know there's no other way,
and to all the lost souls just know, it helps when you pray.

Kiyoshi A. Higashi, Monroe, WA

Triumph

by Troy Feaster

If I do not mourn, forgive me, for I am glad within.

I glimpse that everlasting light who banishes all sin.

If I do not weep, then pardon me, my tears have found their joy.

What once had loomed dark over me has finally been destroyed.

If I offend, then mercy I ask for you to give.

Have you not heard that when we die is when we truly live?

And if you long, then follow, and with me sing this praise.

For He who suffered on the cross is now the one who's raised.

Troy Feaster, Una, SC

Thank You

by Chris Stubblefield

Oh God, my Lord and Savior, who comforts when I cry,

I can't seem to thank you enough no matter how hard I try.

You give me peace through hardship, you give me strength when weak.

Even though I fail you Father, it's my broken heart you seek.

Your grace, you gave so freely, the truth you wrote on my heart.

It says, "I love you, child, I loved you from the start."

Lord, I have nothing to offer, there's nothing I can give.

"My child, I gave my Son up, the debt was paid; now live."

If I could see through your eyes the man you love so dear,

those eyes that see me hurting, those eyes that have no fear,

I would see the man you died for, the one you desire me to be.

Help me look through my own eyes, Lord, and see the man you see.

How can you love me so much, Lord, you see all my sin.

There's nothing good inside me, Lord, I am filthy from within.

At my best I can't repay you, there's nothing I can do,

But turn my eyes to Jesus, and say "Lord, thank you."

Chris, Stubblefield, Shelton, WA

Imagine God's Love

by Miranda Caldwell

It's hard to imagine, a life that has always been.

It's harder to imagine a life with no end.

Everything on earth, always dies and goes away.

There's only one thing you can depend on to stay.

God will always be and God has always been.

God had no beginning and God has no end.

Imagine God's love which will always be.

God puts it right out there for all to see.

A love so dependable, it can never end.

A love without blemish and without sin.

A love with no end and no limit in sight.

A love from His heart, with all of His might.

Although this world is filled with death and sin.

God sent His Son so we could live again.

You know that God's love is true.

God sent His only Son to die for you.

Miranda Caldwell, Nashville, TN

Wish To Go Home

by Carl Delcour

Back breaking labor and tiresome days,

he knows he's a prisoner in a three layer cage.

His hands are like blisters, the pain won't abate.

He suffers in prison for the mistakes that he's made.

He's cuffed and he's tired, he feels all alone.

At time he goes crazy and curses all hope.

Though his mind cries out, his heart can't relate.

He questions himself for the mistakes that he's made.

Again he goes back, will this pain never end?

He's lost all his loved ones, and he misses his friends.

His kids are at home, they can't see his one wish,

"Lord, take me home to my family and friends."

Carl Delcour, Tipton, MO

Love

by Mutume Mutwale

Love is like a double edged sword.

Love can make you or break you.

Love can give you hope or leave you hopeless.

It can make you happy or bring you misery.

It can push you to both extremes of life.

Love can heal you or wound you.

Love can motivate you or discourage you.

The thin line between love and hate is

obsession, far from love but close to hate.

Love is the greatest gift we can ever give or receive.

Let us love one another as Christ loves us... unconditionally.

Mutume Mutwale, Beattyville, KY

Shadow in the Dark

by Tavaré' Castillo

I was told to test the spirit and the patterns of the heart.

Motivations are deceiving, like a shadow in the dark.

In the multitude of words there lies a reason hard to see,

a hidden inspiration whether good or bad it will be.

Expressive body gestures give out clues to be discerned,

the content of a face can say a lot more than its words.

The devil lurks behind disguises, suspicious to the eye,

and pride confesses through illusions, moving by surprise.

When habits form a tragic norm, relationships are torn.

A massive storm where love is worn before it's fully born.

The humble heart is diligent, through turbulence it's tossed.

The driving force behind it is the hope that no one is lost.

Tavaré' Castillo, Abilene, TX

Nothing to Fear

by Billy J. Finey

On my knees in my prison cell

hoping things with my family are well.

No letters or phone calls answered in weeks.

I'm sorry to say but my spirit feels weak.

So I start praying harder as I start to cry,
asking "God, would you please tell me why?"

Praying and fasting like God says to

when there's something you want Him to do.

The Bible says to trust in the Lord with all your heart,

and not to give it one little thought.

So at His feet I lay my burdens down to stay

as my Father washes all my worries away.

Ask and it shall be given, seek and you shall find.

So with a gentle hand that's soft and kind,

my load is lighter and my mind clear,

and I now know that I have nothing to fear.

My head grows heavy and my sight grows dim

as I go to sleep dreaming and thinking of Him.

Billy J. Finey, Grafton, OH

"Rise"

by Julio Perez

*There's nothing I haven't been through,
I've been there through it all.
But winning is no more than this,
to rise each time you fall.
I've traveled many miles,
I have walked those lovely roads.
But happiness lies within our hands
and always there to hold.
I've broken many hearts, I've shed so many tears,
I run away from all my pain, but now I face my fears.
I've seen the eyes of death and
I've seen them many times.
Death walked right there in front of me
if not he was behind.
But I made it, thanks to God, I made it through it all;
for winning is no more than this,
to rise each time you fall.*

Julio Perez, Herlong, California

Mitch FLEED '96

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