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Deepheart

UNBOUND



REACH YOUR PINNACLE

CREATE FEATHERS OUT OF FAILURES
& TURN YOUR WOUNDS INTO WINGS

PAGE 12

A MAGAZINE FOR PRISONERS, FAMILIES, & ALL THOSE WHO SUFFER IN THESE DIFFICULT TIMES

FROM THE EDITOR

MICHAEL PETER

It was on the way down to Florida, as a 17 year old on a high school break. My buddies and I discovered we could legally buy fireworks in Knoxville, Tennessee. *They were illegal in Michigan.* We were like kids in a candy store picking out M-80's and rockets. But then we discovered the 'mother load' of all stupidity. There it sat on the floor, covered in dust, shining in all its toxic glory, a one-gallon bottle of Moonshine.

"Only got that one left," shouted the toothless gentleman. Smoke from his corn cob pipe engulfed his faint image from across the wooden floor. Surely a genius, smoking in a fireworks shop. *But there it sat like a portal into a vast new world of 'Big Boy Stupid'.* I had an innate knack for stupid. It fascinated me. The bottle was a bit dirty but hey: "what do you expect 'rich boy'?" It was covered in labels: "Flammable," "Explosive," and "Deadly- Drink at your own risk." Would I try it? You bet.

So we scooped up this 'bargain of a lifetime' and headed down the road. Hey, as a 'good' catholic boy, I "reasoned" that I purchased this item to help them poor Appalachian hillbillies in need. I would sanction this in my mind as a school Field Trip for humanity. Father Murphy would love to hear of my good deeds... *leaving out a few things.*

So there we were, three idiots about to drink who-knows-what? "Let's toast to manhood," I shouted. "Ya, and also to our final moments on earth," laughed my best friend. They say there are thousands of taste buds on the human tongue. I think I killed every single one of them all in that first swig.

I don't know why, but the first image that flashed through my head was a gravestone. The second was an Emergency Ward. And the third was a rocket on the launchpad of NASA. They say *when you drink Moonshine, you bowl at the moon.* Shoot. I passed the moon in the first ten minutes. I was well on my way to Jupiter. And no one is convincing me I did not contact aliens. We pulled off that night in no good condition. Could barely see where we parked the car to sleep. Then suddenly, we had the shock of a lifetime, every bone in our bodies shook as we awoke to a train bearing down on us as we were parked in the middle of RAILROAD tracks!!! -Thus is the conclusion of drinking moonshine.

And this is one of my more "tame" stories from years long ago. My point is, if we sat down and talked heart to heart, I know we could find an immediate connection. We would laugh about the crazy times and feel like crying about the ones that left us wondering, "why?". I know that you would detect the sincerity in my words. I would put my arm on your shoulder and tell you that no matter what you are dealing with, there are real answers. If you give me a chance, *I won't let you down.*

I'm no saint, religious dude or noble man. I struggle with the same garbage thoughts, behind my mask, like anyone. But humility let me see the love of God as a Father Whom I never had as a boy. For Him to forgive a scumbag like me, through the work of Jesus, does not make me a church-going Christian but rather the same street fighter, I have always been, who simply switched his defiance FOR the Ultimate Brother.

WHATEVER KIND OF BACKGROUND YOU MIGHT COME FROM, WHATEVER YOU BELIEVE OR DON'T BELIEVE, I KNOW THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO DRAW FROM THE SINCERITY AND OUT-OF-THE-BOX PERSPECTIVE WE OFFER YOU HERE. BECAUSE, WE DON'T KNOW YOU, BUT WE LOVE YOU.

One day when I was just a young man, a creepy dude in a black suit entered my house and sat on my mother's bed. She had just died in my arms of cancer. He zipped closed the vinyl body bag with my mother's

Welcome to Deep Heart Magazine; where our Protocol is "Brotocol". Having worked in multitudes of prisons throughout the world we don't see those in prison as "offenders" or "criminals". Rather, we sincerely bleed for our fellow brothers in the fight of their lives.

It wasn't easy to put this magazine together or get here in front of you. It cost us many miles and far more than money. The heart of a warrior does not come from watching Rambo movies but how we respond to the toll our wounds take upon us. Each article is written in relevant love and prayer for you. The focus of this magazine is to break the religious paradigm and present every man with practical access to the living Jesus.

We are not supported by, nor represent, any group or church. We each work common jobs to save up and support our vision for over twenty years.

dead body inside. He then tossed her over his left shoulder like a bag of potatoes.

I wanted to just smack him in the face. *No one treats my best friend like that.*

I watched in stunned anguish as he drove away in his hearse with her body lying in the back.

This was my intro to gut-wrenching tears, pain, and suffering. Of course, it was not my only encounter with these "monsters"... *I've been shot in the eye, broke my shoulder, tore my knee, tore my hamstring and Achilles, was devastated by football injuries at the peak of my college career, torn up by drugs, jailed, and in fights countless times, and did so many wild things while lost in the party world.* All which led up to the final breaking of my "badass" ego. Finally, I made a defiant resolution that changed the course of my life.

My brothers, we must come to realize that it is not fellow prisoners, guards, or administrators who are the enemy. It is a faceless system built by a brutal world with misguided formulas for punishment rather than redemption. All those who are subject to this place bear the inevitable complications of dealing with such immense tragedy. *So we must help each other, not fault each other.* We are all made in God's image to conquer all things by the grasp of an understanding beyond the norm.¹⁰⁶

(These numbers throughout are references listed on page 26)

Bro-to-col /'brōdē, kōl'

A word we came up with meaning; that, no matter what your background is, or how you see yourself, we consider you as our brother.



BRINGING A CUTTING-EDGE SHOW TO PRISONS

MUSIC, DANCE, COMEDY, MAGIC, MARTIAL ARTS & THEATER

We spent much time trying to think of how we could offer positive help to such a large spectrum of personal tragedy. We came to realize that feeling sad, and even tears, were insufficient. So we created a show of uplifting entertainment and extreme kindness. Our appeal is a compelling event to touch the unique battles our brothers face 'inside the wire', as well all those who suffer. God gave the best He had in His Son. You deserve world-class, and this is our aim.

55 COUNTRIES. HUNDREDS OF CITIES. 220 PRISONS

RISE FROM ASHES

This flamenco dance from Spain, that I designed, is to portray the ancient legend of the Phoenix that is reborn from its own ashes. It is my delight to give this to my brothers, to strengthen their resolve to rise from their own affliction.

RAP & COMEDY

We love to drop our beats for ya and mix it up with our DJ while we play rap to rock, hip-hop, dance, trance, chill, and a whole lot more. I won't tell you that I (left) am the best rapper in the world, but, well, I don't think that would be an exaggeration at all. Probably the double best, to be honest. Lol.

MAGIC

I began learning how to master the tricks of the trade long ago on a ferry from England to France. It is now my joy to bring you a moment of wonder and blow your mind with some Vegas-style magic tricks. It's all about laughter and fun, brother.

FIGHT THE RIGHT FIGHT

When we got our second-degree black belts in Tae Kwon Do, we learned the mental focus of a warrior, that if applied to life, can give us the vision for victory. It requires consistency, and a will set like iron, but the reward is mastery. I combined it with a New York style break-dance to fully express the power that I want to bring to life.

OUR CREDENTIALS

Our credentials are based on our vulnerability, weaknesses, and transparency.¹⁰⁹ We have worked in very dangerous and desperate locations. We have been robbed, beaten, held at gunpoint and knifepoint, hit in the head with a rock, have had numerous broken bones, electrocuted from faulty power, subject to life-threatening road conditions, contracted sicknesses and a debilitating bacteria in a remote Brazilian prison, wrongfully arrested in Morocco, Africa, and were even nearly kidnapped by the Colombian Mafia in Bogotá.



WHERE WE'VE BEEN

Irish step dance

I shattered my leg and was in a wheelchair, the doctors said I would never walk the same again. Even though the pain continues, I studied under a pro from River Dance and now love to perform the world-renowned Irish Step Dance. Our scars can be part of the beautiful tapestry of our lives when we choose to get up and keep "dancing."

RITMO GRANDE

Giant drums and the bow-like instrument of the Berimbau dictate the speed of this artistic fight-dance called Capoeira that we learned in Brazil. When the slaves were taken from Africa, they lost everything, but never lost the deep rhythm they carried inside. Even in chains, they created this incredible dance.

METAMORPHOSIS

I was a crazy, bar-drinking, street-fighting, polish-catholic fullback from Grand Rapids. I was bashed, trashed, and smashed into a 'cocoon' where an inner change began. My wife and three daughters depict this metamorphosis with massive monarch wings and modern rock dance.

Rachel's Songs

I love to sing for you, "my brothers and sons" there in prison. My favorite is an adaptation of a Roy Orbison song "Crying" from the show called "Prison Break." I also love to sing Underdog from Alicia Keys, and Titanium from Sia.

Choose your own adventure:

Let's imagine that you just arrived in Colorado. I pick you up at the airport. We finally got the chance to visit the mountains that we had told you so much about. As we sit by a campfire and look over the map, we decide what we want to do tomorrow... 1. If you would like to go fishing, go to page eighteen. 2. If you would like to go for a hike up a mountain, go to page twenty-four. 3. If you would like to go stargazing, go to page twenty-two.





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Graduate Michael Harris who was incarcerated in Arizona is now a legal administrator/paralegal at Saldivar & Associates, PLLC in Phoenix.

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Oil & Steel



In a classic V8, while idling, each piston will make 50 strokes per second. The spark plug fires once every four strokes. That means there's 6000 mini-explosions per minute at its slowest speed.



Steam engines are thought of as only in trains, but in fact about 90% of all electricity is generated through steam. The first helicopters & motorcycles were also steam-driven.

You may be a 'grease monkey' like me or have no clue to motors. In any case, I think you'll get a lot out of this article. As a professional welder and mechanic, I have come to view life in a very practical manner. I just don't buy into the idea of "blind faith" or emotional hype. If it's not practical, it's useless. An engine breaks, I replace the faulty part, then the engine works. "Voilà!" No religious voodoo needed.

My dad (Michael) spent years to attain a Masters Degree from the most prestigious seminary in the world (Fuller). He thought that understanding Christian theology would qualify him for ministry. But he realized, while accuracy of doctrine is essential, it can feed your pride rather than equip you with the love that the homeless, prisoner, or average person needs. He met many who sought to build their ego and become *untouchable* "preachers."

While traveling the world together, we have heard a million conversations that go like this:

- "All you need to do is say the 'accept christ' prayer."

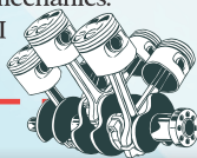
"I already did that. Why is my life still hell?"

- "Well... God works in mysterious ways."

Sorry brother, but that doesn't cut it, we gotta go deeper. The gospel is not a conundrum of guesswork. It is as practical as pushing the gas pedal and going somewhere.

In our travels, it was needed that I learn mechanics. While doing so, I believe that what I

EACH PISTON ONLY USES A SINGLE RAINDROP'S WORTH OF FUEL PER EXPLOSION. THIS TINY PROCESS PRODUCES ENOUGH POWER TO HAUL OVER 80,00 POUNDS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.



As I walk down a cobblestone road in Bogotá, Colombia, 2 smells filled the air: The **OIL** that soaks the dirt lot across the street and the sparks shooting **STEEL** into the air from the man grinding. No other smells could describe me so well.

Except for maybe the donut store on the corner, as the guy deep fries them in fresh hot oil and fills them with vanilla cream... I can almost taste them... but that deserves its own book.



Do you think God would build an engine that He can't fix?



A jail in Brazil allows its inmates to pedal exercise bikes to power lights in a nearby town in exchange for reduced sentences.



The largest engines are in shipping container vessels. They're the size of a 2 story building and consume 1,660 gallons of heavy fuel per hour.



Newton's Laws of Energy:

1st law: Every object will remain the same unless compelled to change by the action of an external force.

2nd: The speed of an object also only changes when it is subjected to an external force.

3rd: For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction.

discovered is a revolutionary new way to help understand the gospel. It offers practical, "mechanical" solutions to replace today's token cliches and emphasis on "charismatic" personalities.

There are thousands of makes, models, and designs, but all engines share the same components like pistons, starters, spark plugs, etc. Popped tires, dead batteries, and broken belts are not *mystery problems*. They are common and easily diagnosed.

Although we are each unique in our histories, backgrounds, and

characters, we still share the same components of a mind, heart, conscience, free will, and human nature. So anxiety, depression, anger, pain, and suffering are not "mystery problems" but are common "breakdowns" in this engine of ours.

Although it has taken me many years to learn how 10,000 auto parts move seamlessly together, it can be explained with just two words:

Combustion and Power Train.

Continued to page 13...

One day in Vegas, I walked into a welding shop and asked the owner if I could work for him for free. Stunned at the proposal, I got his attention. I only requested that he would teach me how to weld. After a month of cleaning the shop and being an assistant, I learned enough for him to pay me \$10/hr. After learning basic welding, it went to \$20/hr. A year later, I bought my tools, started my own business, and made an excellent income.

Traveling as we do, I've worked many jobs. Here's a few pointers to help you become 'master of the interview.'

- ✓ You can buy a cheap suit at a thrift store and get it tailored for under \$20
- ✓ List only your best qualities for that position on a one page resume.
- ✓ Confident eye contact the whole time. Strong handshake. Walk tall. Speak boldly and clearly. Ask them how they are.

- ✓ Many companies will pay for you to get a CDL and be a truck driver. There's currently great demand.
- ✓ Look on-line to find open positions at websites like Indeed.com, but only apply in person. Insist on meeting the manager, don't just leave a resume.
- ✓ Take command of your fear in the interview. Think ahead. Come prepared with the answers to the questions you know they will ask.



Each day after football practice, when Jamal was a teenager, he would run down an alley next to the diner, past the projects where he used to live and crawl under the fence of a vacant lot.

There was an old path there that led to some woods where he had found a beautiful maple tree next to a pond. It was like his magical spot. Jamal would sit and reflect as he wrestled with the deep pain and hurt from hatred, prejudice, and the void of a father that always troubled his mind.

Every time he would run through the woods, doing his football moves, zig-zagging through the trees, dodging his imagined High School opponents. He often wondered if he would get a scholarship offer somewhere. *This would be the means to give his mom what she deserved.*

Everything found comfort when he would scale that tree. Here, hidden from the world, he didn't have to hide the pain behind his big smile. He would take out an old sweatshirt from his backpack that had belonged to his Dad. It was brown and way too big, but it was all he had to remind him of better years when his Dad was by his side. Whenever he wore it around the house, he could see the hurt on his mom's face, she could never forgive his dad for what he did. So he always tried to remember to take it off. *He never understood what had happened between them. He just knew his dad was gone.*

One day, Jamal ran as fast as he could to get to his tree, but when he got to the end of the alley, there was a tall, chain-link fence surrounding bulldozers, construction equipment, and crews. The building was being torn down, and the alley was being permanently walled off. Jamal was devastated. *He knew no other way to get back to his spot, where he felt safe.* He searched around but came up with nothing. For several days, he returned to the fence, hoping to find a way through.

One day a construction worker spotted him outside. Their eyes connected, and the worker nodded with his head, indicating an open gap at the end of the fence. It dawned on Jamal that the guy was helping him, and sure enough, he found

a small gap that he could squeeze through. He dodged through the construction and found a new path that led to an even better part of the forest. Soon he made it back to his beloved tree. He was thrilled.

Jamal was puzzled though, and wondered *"Why would that ol' white dude help a kid like me?"*

Over the next few weeks, they exchanged glances, even smiles, then words, and slowly became friends. The worker, George, was a vet, had done time, and was on the fringes of society, barely making it.

So they had that same mutual "friend" called Suffering. One Tuesday evening after work, Jamal talked George into going up the hill through the woods to see his maple tree. It was in full Autumn glory reflecting in the pond.

Jamal picked up a couple of maple leaves and gave one to George. Jamal was surprised to see George, gruff guy that he was, moved by the sight. They sat on the grass for a moment and joked about a fat duck waddling near the pond. For Jamal, it was almost magic. It was cold, so Jamal let George borrow the sweatshirt from his backpack and explained he never really had a father. Jamal thought he saw tear in his eye and they both knew it was 'a moment'. George put his arm on Jamal's shoulder and said *"It's a special moment for me too, son. I never had a father either. But you know what, we gotta be big in life. We gotta be big."* Later that week Jamal came by the construction site to get his sweatshirt back. George was answering questions from the foreman and things seemed tense.

Jamal tried to get George's attention but he ignored him. He kept the sweatshirt and said sharply, *"Not now, kid. You gotta get out here. Get lost."*



Jamal was hurt that things seemed to change with George. As he walked away he was frustrated, bothered and even a little angry. But as he sat in his tree, he calmed down a bit. In the next couple of days, Jamal didn't see George at the site. The foreman told him that someone had stolen a bunch of equipment from the yard on Tuesday evening and that George had been arrested for the robbery. *After all, he had a criminal past and was the obvious suspect.* But Jamal knew that George had been with him on that Tuesday.

Jamal sat in his tree, contemplating what to do. He knew George was innocent, but didn't want to get involved. *"What if I get blamed? How could I explain sneaking through the site?"* he thought. It could affect his dream to play pro ball. Black dudes always lose in the system. Besides, George just blew him off and kept Jamal's sweatshirt. Jamal wrestled with all these thoughts. He was the only one who knew the truth. *He suddenly realized that George reacted the way he did because he was in the middle of being accused unjustly.* After a time, Jamal knew what he had to do.

He waited outside the courthouse for two hours. Finally, George appeared, beaming, so grateful that Jamal had made the truth known. *"I can't*

believe it. Why did you do this for me?" George said. Jamal smiled and answered, *"I did what you said, George, I became a big man. We gotta be big in life, right?"* George stuttered a moment and said *"I love you, man."* Jamal was surprised and said, *"I love you too, bro".* George went to his truck to get the sweatshirt, but Jamal said. *"Keep it, brother. it's yours."*

Scientific Hope

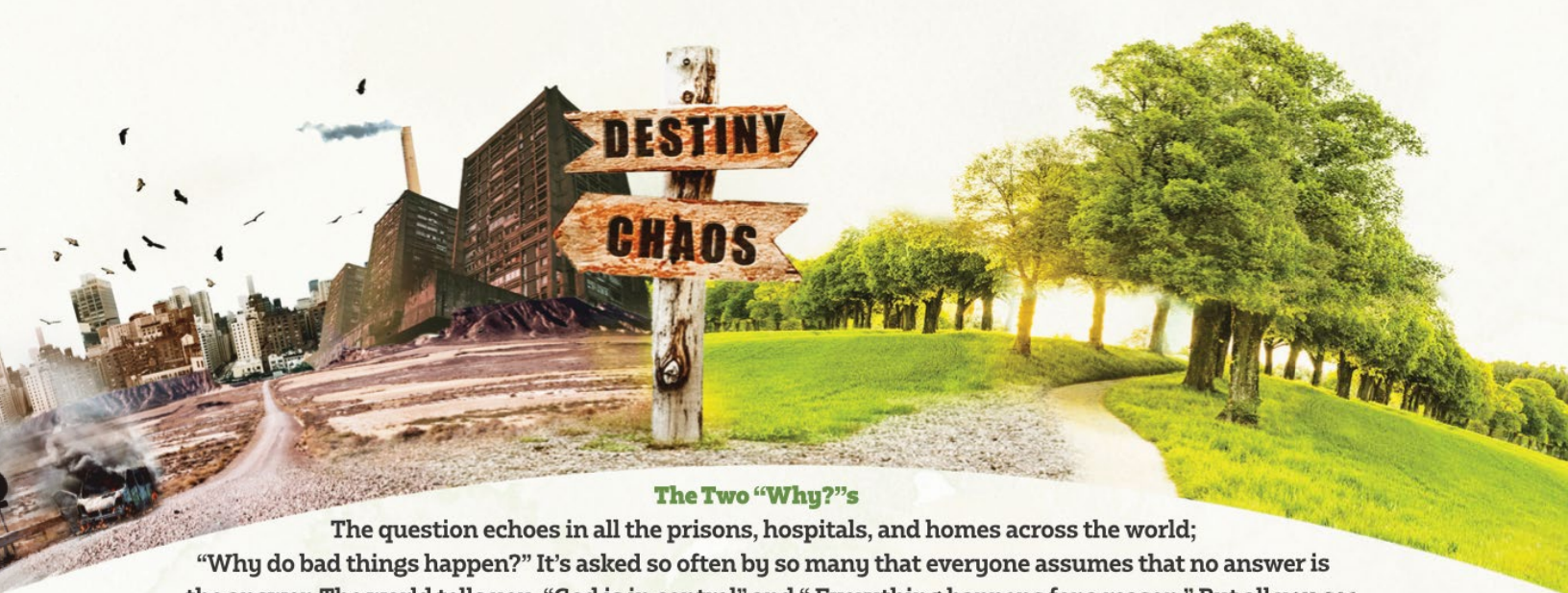
I have degrees in psychology and sociology, and worked for years as a professional therapist in a high rise in Detroit. Beyond the story aspect here, I would like to help you understand something about neurological brain paths. Scientifically, our brain doesn't want to work any harder than it has to, so it always takes the path of least resistance. When something enters your mind, you tend to think about it the same way you always have. *It becomes automatic.* But at any age, we can actually change the physical make-up of our brains, by just one time choosing a thought which creates a new brain path. Then a second time and a third and so on. Before you know it, the old brain path fades away and you have changed how you think.

When we lose a place of comfort, it is easy to settle for nothing. Feelings of sulking, self-pity, anger, vengeance, or apathy, etc, are right there waiting. After a while, they become the inevitable default. But at any time, we can choose to 'be big'. Replace hostility with maturity. Understanding and intelligent love are the paths that lead to a better place.

I learned greater than any therapy or methodology is the power of love to create new brain paths. The most powerful effect on our brain is when we care about someone else and think about what they are going through and dealing with. The tragic outcome of being too lazy to create new brain paths is to never know the quality of life you could be living and who you can become, and what you can give to others.

JAMAL'S PATH

A Story By Rachel Rebekah



The Two "Why?"s

The question echoes in all the prisons, hospitals, and homes across the world; "Why do bad things happen?" It's asked so often by so many that everyone assumes that no answer is the answer. The world tells you, "God is in control" and "Everything happens for a reason." But all you see around you is random chaos and tragedy.

— WRITTEN BY SARAH JOY —

BREAKING NEWS: God is **NOT** in control of this world. He did not cause all the wars, crimes, atrocities, and suffering in history. The Father *deeply* cares about your mental anguish. Right here, right now, He is fighting to give you life-changing understanding.

The Scriptures clearly reveal that this world *belongs to Satan*¹. The devil, not God, is its "ruler".⁶ Remember that story about Adam and Eve? It's true. It ruined you, me, and everything. The reason for the WHY is Satan using his power of sin in us to destroy human lives.

We are such a contradiction. One minute we're bragging about our free will: "I do things my way. Nobody tells me what to do". The next minute, we're whining and blaming God when faced with the consequences of our choices: "Why didn't God stop these bad things from happening to me? I thought God could do anything?!" No, bro, He can't. He is pure. He cannot lie. He is holy. He cannot sin.

God cannot violate your free will, even to protect you from yourself, or He would be contradicting His Own nature in giving it to us in the first place.

GOD DOES NOT CONTROL THIS WORLD BECAUSE HE DOES NOT CONTROL YOU. YOU CONTROL YOU. GOT TO GET PAST THE NOISE AND MAKE SOME CHOICES, MY FRIEND.

The good news is there are *only* two options from which you must choose: a life subject to the random chaos of this world or a life surrendered to the Father's hand of divine destiny in Jesus.

Jesus says, "The thief comes only to... destroy; I came that they may have life..." (Jn.10:10). Two roads you can travel with two very different outcomes: One, you choose to continue doing things "my way". *But Frank Sinatra was wrong*. It will only subject you to the chaos around you. *We all know how that works out*. This is not a "neutral" option. The devil will actively inflict tragedy on you, your family, friends and circumstances, to crush your will, steal your soul, and bring you to hell³³. Or, two, you choose to engage your free will and actively seek God to learn His Ways.



My whole life I thought God must be against me or somethin', Until I learned the facts. I challenge you to do the same, bro. How long ya gonna complain that ya "just don't understand" before ya make the effort TO understand? If ya want to know, ya got to go...to the Word. See page 26 for specific references.

The road the Father wants to lead you down is full of "loving-kindness and truth". You *can* trust Him.

THE SECOND "WHY?"

Now for the 2nd "why", this is me to you, brother. WHY... not choose to give the

Living Jesus a shot? He actually wants for you what you want for yourself: love, joy, fulfillment, peace...etc. He walked in our shoes, a regular guy subject to the same crap of this crazy world. Now, He offers us the Road into His world⁵. It is the Way, not only to escape the chaos, but to find redemption for your entire life.

EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOUCHED AND EVERYTHING THAT HAS TOUCHED YOU CAN BE REDEEMED (Check out Romans 8:28).

Jesus is not asking you to climb a mountain or become Moses, but to do what your conscience has been calling you to do all along: to "Come to Me... and learn from Me."⁸⁰

The Father can only activate His redemption in your life when you surrender to His Son. His divine destiny is a cloak thrown around you when you "go home" to where you belong, with the Father²⁷. Do you know what the word "retroactive" means? That's what redemption is. No matter when you decide to believe God instead of yourself, as soon as you do, He applies that faith to cause all your past to work to the good of your future. His solution to our "Why?" is...wings, His and ours.

So, come on, my friend. Let's quit floating and start flying. No more lazy whining. Take your will and throw a fist in Satan's face. Choose to understand. Seize back your life and give it to God. He **will** reward you with His destiny of perpetual redemption. So now I'll ask You, "Why, why, why... not?"

The Badass Boomerang

BY MICHAEL PETER

Boomerang

/'boome raNG

An Australian boomerang is a small v-shaped object of molded wood with exact angles, so it will automatically return when thrown.



What is so bizarre is that none of my ways were my own. I mean, I did not wake up one day and invent the "The Badass" image. I just marched in lockstep with other macho minions. Whoopee. I was an "alpha dog."

In every country, in every city, on every continent across the



world, the exact same scenario

It didn't happen in one day. MistakeS, and tragedieS over and over. But it doesn't have to end this way. It doesn't require climbing some moral stairs out of hell. With tears in his eyes, a brother once said to me, "I can never go back and make things right!". Oh, yes, you can. I'm not lying. I did it. But it demands the very thing that you think you have to get rid of: BADASS DEFIANCE.

REVERSE DEFIANCE

You need to apply every single thing you learned in your grueling struggles to form that impenetrable badass machine. Defiance can actually be re-calibrated. A true badass has the capacity

one reason or another. From the founding

Wow. What purpose! Just another stray howling at the moon out of the pain of a lonely heart. Like my Harley, I was just a machine of image and noise.

Individual? Hardly. I emulated the exact mannerisms of every other "badass." It was as if someone secretly injected me with Badass Serum. *Who can be the coldest package in the freezer of life?*

THE "MACHINE"

I lived like a machine of high-performance defiance. But also like my Harley, every bolt and screw vibrated loose and was ready to snap under the intense pressure. I was full of frustration and anger. *At who?* Me. I couldn't escape the hell I created. I insisted, "I'm cool. I'm fine. Leave me be." But the truth was, I absolutely hated myself. That 'Badass Boomerang' has catastrophic consequences. The truth is, brother, you didn't sign up for this. This is not what you envisioned as a little kid playing baseball, going fishing, or riding a bike. This is not the way you pictured your life. Look back. So many things made you turn left instead of right.

for brilliance because defiance is essentially the "machine" of THE WILL. It has the "gears" of trained instincts, a tuned mind and precise "performance" of tuned expressions. You meant it for bad. God means it for good. Our will gives us the power 'to soldier,' to win by attrition, any conflict. REVERSE YOUR DEFIANCE. Don't eliminate it. It took you years to "perfect" it. Come out from living under the curse of sin and into the shadow of God's blessing⁵². In about five

minutes, I decided to flip my defiance. In the time it takes to fall off a horse, a badass murderer, named Paul, switched into a lion of God (Acts 9). He exchanged bitterness for blessing by replacing parts in his "engine."

YOU DEVELOPED A SOPHISTICATED MENTALITY TO MANIPULATE, INTIMIDATE, AND DEFY. DON'T THROW IT AWAY. SWITCH IT. USE IT.

Just as in one split second, a crime happens and destroys a life, God can restore it. In one second, you can believe God. *You can utilize all that defiance for evil by switching it for God.* Defy emotional excuses and seize logical calculation. Instantly, He promises to "reckon" you "righteous" if you provide the ONE AND ONLY THING He requires, to make everything about you "RIGHT" (righteous) in His eyes: FAITH⁵⁷. Done. Over. It can be as easy as is up to you.

THE ULTIMATE MAN

Few people have any idea of the absolute end of all guilt when true forgiveness is received. When I understood that I could NEVER change my evil nature, and that God NEVER expected me to, I had a rush of freedom greater than any of my drug experience. Countless times, God says our carnal mind is "hostile" to Him and will always be.⁶⁶ *How can a man both hate yet love God?* In this human nature,⁶² forever poisoned by an instinct of hatred for God, I could defy it by a faith to love Him.

shootings, vengeance, gangs, rivals, over and over,



all know it is senseless. Yet, in the blink of an eye,

year after year. It controls men and drives them to do the very things they never wanted to do. Inner pride justifies such

like an animal. All we need to do is change our response.

or a guard it is our own knee jerk instinct.

goal. The enemy is not a rival gang.

with each other for a greater

and start fighting for each other and

to stop fighting against each other

we can change. We can choose

of the city of New York, to last year,

when I was living in a

remote town in Southern Brazil. Fights,

year after year. It controls men and drives them to do the very things they never wanted to do. Inner pride justifies such

My Friend "Poison"

On a visit to a New York prison, a beautiful man called "Veneno" (Poison) came up to me after our event with a tear in his eye and a packet of coffee in hand. I'll never forget our conversation. He said, "I used to run a Brooklyn gang. I had tons of money, drugs, ladies, and everything so many young men dream about. But now I have nothing. I'm getting out of prison in a year, but I don't even want to. I lost everything... my kids, my wife, my life, my friends. The only thing in the world that's mine is this packet of coffee."



Then we shared deeper. We ended up talking about a memory he had growing up in Brooklyn as a little kid riding his bike up and down a street laughing his head off. He said he wished he could go back to that time... before getting into the world of gangs and such hatred and vengeance. "It was all so stupid."

I explained to him that Jesus says that not only can we 'go back' but we must go back.⁷² We may have left being a child, but the child that we once were is still inside us. At any time, we can choose to be simple and look to no one but our Father and trust Him despite our wicked ways. Can you remember such a childhood memory? How can you seize it to overcome cynicism?

Defiance offers the brilliant skill of precision-aligned motives, focus, and resolution with accomplishment. It is the skill of a specialized surgeon to fine-tune the will and eliminate the fluff of emotion. God challenged the manhood of Job (chp.38).

"You tough?... Prove it!"

God said. If you claim "I don't care what others think," it proves to be only steroid defiance if you then cower at the mere vocalization of the five letters most feared in the human language: J E S U S.

Not 'Christ' or 'Lord' or 'God' or 'The Man Upstairs'. You GOT to ask yourself, "Why does just this one word make grown men quiver and run?"

I don't claim to be some heavy, spiritual dude, but you just can't deny that the life of Jesus demonstrated the ultimate Man.

He emboldened my "defiance" and put *nitro* in my machine. No other philosopher or teacher compares. He stared torture in the face and defied Satan himself. Why? His Father's love and forgiveness fill His heart for you and I. *His defiance of man's hatred drove His love to the cross.* Then, imagine how this guy felt to wake up in a tomb. Not bad.

A FACE LIKE STONE

I "learned" to be a "badder" badass, in order to love my fellow badasses. *As I had hated men, I would now "fight" to love them.* Give them the benefit of the doubt. As I had defied social norms for my image, I would do so to stand for Him. One day, I made a cross out of branches struck by lightning across the street. I began to carry a cross downtown for Jesus. Yeah, of course, some people didn't like it. But I haven't stopped in 45 years and in many countries. Hey, I made an ass out of myself plenty, before, in the world.

I've seen so many people, rap-artists, and others, lose their individual **creative edge** by getting religious. Phony religion is an edge-killer. It is a robot-maker.

It's why most guys reject God. They don't want to be a phony. God craves REAL.⁹⁴



Jesus calls us to a cutting-edge attitude, to defy conformity.¹¹⁵ God infuses this fire to actually touch His living Spirit and defy conventional religiosity. *You have something special in YOU like no other.* God wants you to be real.

The results are acceleration in personal revelation from the Father and the courage to be who you are for Him. God told

a guy, "I will make your face harder than theirs and your forehead like stone"... (Ez.3:8).

It is crucial to "see" the delusion of fatcat "preacher\$\$" and 34 million "churches" in contrast to truth in Jesus.

Some men surrender their will to a system, a job, or a woman without knowing it is the kiss of death. They "switch" their badass image for a self-righteous image and lose the edge of everything they learned, and never reach their pinnacle. You must repent of evil but not lose your personality. Paul rebuked Peter for giving in to a religious pretense (Gal.2:11). "They" called Jesus a drunk and glutton because He didn't care about a self-righteous image but love. You are unique, brother. I didn't decide to follow Bible verses or opinions of people to think I am a good guy. A return to darkness is inevitable without real contact with the living Jesus.

I am the same guy, but I just love my Brother Jesus more than anything. He enhances, not suppresses individual personality. As a child, who among us had a father who loved us as we so needed? The Father doesn't erase your past YOU. He uses it for your future YOU. Where you are today is a result of hurt and confusion in your past. The Father is the only One Who knows this and can heal and redeem it.

WHATEVER IT TAKES

Be yourself. *I took Jesus to task, and He listened.* Like two cowboys in a showdown duel, "Take your ten steps God, and I'll take mine. Then we will face each other and unleash what each of us has." You got to be real. That was 45 yrs. ago.

But I have the same attitude today. Just as I didn't care how I hurt people before, I don't care *whatever it takes* to love people now. To forgive. To help. To go an extra mile. To give my shirt, my money. To be big. Forgive⁹².

My dear brother, please, I beg you don't listen to the negative voices. Don't walk this earth a victim. Don't just read Scripture, attack it...HIM; "God. Show me!" There is nothing in any of us that wants God or the Bible. We can only get a desire from Him. So journey into that 20 inch diameter treasure of your brain and heart. The Holy Spirit is waiting to unleash secrets to satisfy your hunger. Refuse to allow all that potential to die in the old "Badass" image, zone-of-no-advancement. Become real; a brother of the living Jesus with no regrets; UNBOUND.

HE DID IT ALL SO YOU COULD NOT ONLY HAVE A 2ND CHANCE AT LIFE, BUT A LIFE OF 2ND CHANCES.



Above: We are repairing the sewage system that was draining into the only yard in a remote prison in the Brazilian jungle. The smell was sickening. The conditions were hard to fathom. The guys were hungry and tired but tough as lions and we created a beautiful bond over several visits. Most never saw visitors because they were so far away. (more on page 15).

"From the bottom of my heart, if I had to serve a few years in one of our prisons, I would rather die" -Brazilian Minister of Justice (2012)

There are 750,000 men and women in Brazilian prisons. All of them overcrowded. Many share a 10'x10' cell with 40 men in 100 degree temperatures for years. Many times not knowing if they are "lost in the system" indefinitely. Stop and imagine that.



In Manila the warden translated for us because we didn't speak the language. The men showed us a song & choreography, that the whole prison created to try to keep spirits up in such a horrendous place. After our show, as we walked around, this one guy was literally wedged into a drainage duct. It was the only spot he could find to sleep and didn't want to lose it. He stuck out a thumbs up and said in Tagalog "Huwag Susuko" I won't give up" with a big smile on his face.

CROSSFIT: When you exercise, your brain releases a chemical that replaces the chemical causing depression. It supplies fresh blood to your muscles and brain, helping you think and move better. So here's a challenge you can do with your buddies or just take on yourself. The "5-10-15"... you do 5 pull-ups, 10 push-ups, and 15 air squats. How many rounds can you do in 20 minutes? Beginners try for 10-15. The World Record is 38.

Can't do that workout? How about this: Starting with 1, add a burpee a day for a month until you reach 30 a day. So, 1 on Day 1, 2 on Day 2, 3 on Day 3...etc. (Don't know how to do a burpee? Find a dude who does and ask them to show you.) It's considered the best, full body, no equipment, workout. Just wait 'til you see the results!



In the Southern half of South America, winter comes in July and August. Many of our brothers share with us how freezing it gets in their cold, cement, and iron cells with no heating at all. The winds and snow coming off the Andes can be brutal. Even a simple blanket can mean the world to them.

This man in Rio told me "One of our biggest issues is it's so hot in here the food often comes to us rotten and we have to dump it out. Like now, most of us haven't eaten in several days." -2019

Right> We are doing the Brazilian dance of Capoeira that came from Africa to Brazil long ago. It is an art-dance that the slaves created to maintain their strength, culture, and rhythm even in captivity.



In Colombia (where Escobar's war waged) a man came up to us in prison, crying, and said he had stolen our camera when we were performing on the street one day, years prior, and was so sorry. He couldn't believe we would forgive without a second thought. We also worked with the army and saw how men on both sides were suffering terribly and both shared in the hope we brought of the Living Jesus. Below we are doing a Tae Kwon Do move with the guys that illustrates focus.



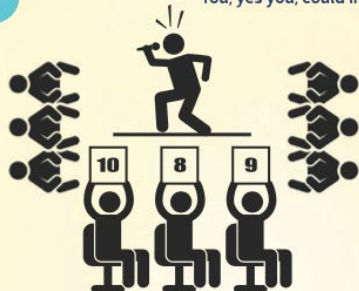
THE RESCUING POWER OF CREATIVE ENGAGEMENT

By Joshua John

You have more neurons in your brain than there are stars in the universe. Thoughts travel at 254 mph. The most powerful computer in the world takes 40 minutes to do what the human brain can do in one second. Your capacity is far greater than you realize, brother. Creativity goes far beyond art class. It is used by great war generals to gain victory over their enemies and by scientists, engineers, and architects to solve complex issues. Creativity is the spark that makes you... you. The more you tap it and think outside your own boxes, the more you will discover how big you can be.

A Spark Ignites A Fire

You, yes you, could initiate a group activity in your prison.



Pick a day of the week or month for a talent show. Tell a group of guys to think of something they want to show off. Pick three judges. Each contestant gets 2 minutes to show their talent. Someone gets eliminated each round until there is a winner.

The first time is the hardest. People are inhibited but slowly everyone will want a chance to have some fun once you break the ice.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY PEOPLE AROUND YOU ARE SO TALENTED AND YOU NEVER EVEN KNEW IT.

Ideas:	Rapping	Comedy-Jokes	Story Telling	Mime Acts
	Poetry	Break dance	Team Dance	Lip Syncing
	Dance	Impersonation	Singing	Acting out ideas

GAMETIME

HEY, WHAT'S UP Y'ALL, THESE ARE SOME CREATIVE GROUP GAMES THAT WE COLLECTED IN OUR TRAVELS. THEY DON'T NEED ANY ITEMS OR SPACE, JUST 2 OR MORE PEOPLE, MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE A LITTLE FUN SITTING AROUND SOME TIME.

- GHOST:** The first player says a letter. The second player must add another letter to the first, having any word in mind they're trying to spell. The other players keep adding on to the word with a letter that makes sense, without wanting to finish it because the player who adds on the final letter to complete the word loses the round and earns a "G." The first player to get G-H-O-S-T is gone. Last one standing wins.
- FACT OR FICTION:** Each player takes turns telling two things that are true about themselves and one thing that is not, the other players must then guess what is fact and what is fiction.
- INSTANT EXPERT:** Someone is given a topic and they have to talk about it for one whole minute. The point is to sound like you do know what you're talking about and convince them you're an expert on the subject, while actually just making stuff up.
- MOVIE MASTER:** Sitting in a circle, one player names either a movie or an actor/actress. If it's a movie, the next person must name an actor in that movie. The next person must name a movie that actor was also in. Continue alternating actor-movie-actor, without repeating. Everyone starts with 5 points. Whoever can't answer loses a point.



RIDDLES:

- The maker doesn't want it. The buyer doesn't use it. The user never sees it. What is it?
- Five pieces of coal, a carrot and a scarf are lying on the lawn. Nobody put them on the lawn but there is a perfectly logical reason why they should be there. What is it?
- If you have me, you want to share me. If you share me, you haven't got me. What am I?
- Your last good ping-pong ball fell down into a narrow metal pipe embedded in concrete one foot deep. How can you get it out undamaged, if all the tools you have are your tennis paddle, your shoe-laces, and your water bottle, which does not fit into the pipe?

Answers: 1. A Casket. 2. A Snowman Melted. 3. A Secret. 4. Fill the pipe with water from the water bottle till the ping-pong ball floats to the top.



In a recent study two groups of 35 participants were assigned one of two "treatments": The 1st group was told to focus on self-care, avoid situations that exposed vulnerability, and improve the self image that they presented to the outside world. The 2nd group was given a set of actions to accomplish that focused on caring for others, doing acts of kindness and offering positive comments to others during the day. After 6 weeks, each participant was given a psychological and physical evaluation. Without fail, every patient in the first group reported a worsening of all their issues. Every patient in the second group showed marked improvement in physical and mental health. (Journal of Clinical Psychology 09/12/2017) .

HUMMINGBIRD DON'T FLY AWAY

The next time you see a bird, just stop and consider the magnificent detail, creativity, and wonder of our Creator.⁸²

- Hummingbirds can migrate alone up to 4 thousand miles.
- Their wings flap 50 times or more per second.
- They are the only birds that hover and can fly backwards.
- Their average weight is less than that of a nickel.
- There are over 330 different kinds of hummingbirds!

There are 46 sets of wings throughout this magazine, can you find them all?

Connecting with your kids

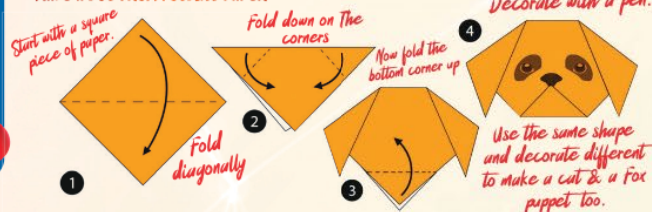
So many tell me that not being with their children is one of the toughest things. But, sadly, many even on the outside, never develop this relationship with their kids either. I've seen how some kids/teens and parents can sit on the same couch and not know what to say. Not a word. People just recycle the same interactions.

But out-of-the-box love can change any dynamic at any time, no matter how stale or hostile things have been or for how long. Don't underestimate what the Father can do if you act in creative faith. Even one moment of reconciliation and LOVE can redeem years of nothingness. Transparency is the substance that builds a child into a future best friend.

Through the mail, during a visit, or whatever moment you might have, here some ideas you can draw from to redeem the time. It's not enough to just say words like "I'm sorry" or "I love you" we must learn to say them with a depth of heart and creativity that will make the difference between generic and something truly special. People say, "I'd do anything for my kids..." well, then do what you have never done; break out of your mold and impress upon them moments of genuine love to be remembered. Don't be afraid, brother, believe.

- Think of a story that has examples and ideas about life. You could write it down, tell it over the phone, or in a visit, even bit by bit. Have them think of a story to tell you.
"Once upon a time, there was a lion caught in a cage. People said it was angry and dangerous but it was also gentle...."
- There is so much sadness in life, but at times, what good does it do to dwell on it? My father taught me how to laugh in even the worst of times, especially laugh at myself. We laugh so hard at times our stomachs hurt. Write some jokes. Think of a little comedy act. It is love to bring someone a moment of happiness.
- Pick a song on the radio and dedicate it to them. Write a poem. Do a rap for them. Draw a picture with your words. Force yourself to express yourself. Think of a game. Give your kid a "scavenger list" of things to spot and tell you about. Or things to do to help someone else in their lives.
- Pray for them. Specifically and intensely. Be creative in what and how you express yourself to God. Some pray in a token manner. Others for half an hour.. an hour. How much do you invest in their future? What about fasting for them?

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Reach Your Pinnacle

BY MICHAEL PETER

Pin-na-cle

/ pināk(ə)l/ Latin: pinna: wing

1. A towering peak, as of a mountain, or rock high above the ground.
2. The word used to define greatness, to be the best. The highest point or the culmination of one's potential.

A "pinnacle" is the highest peak of individual destiny. Ever since childhood we each hope for such fulfillment. But bad things happen and dreams are lost. I know an inmate from a 3rd world prison. He was falsely convicted of a capital crime and headed for Death Row. His hands and feet were shackled as he shuffled past cages with a stench like a zoo and sounds of shouting, crying and screaming. So I'd like to start here, at the bottom of life.

The word "Truth" comes from a Greek word: alethea. It means REALITY. It is an illusion that happiness rules this world. The truth is that suffering rules this world. Injustice, corruption, greed, lust, rage, divorce, drugs, homelessness, orphans, financial ruin, sickness, physical and mental scars are reality². *Every single individual lives in unique pain.* But the abyss of hopeless despair is the same.

I used to say many times *"my life is screwed."* I was nicknamed "WAR" when I played college football. I was deceived by the illusion of happiness until reality released my inner *hell*. Devastating injuries, severe betrayal, and getting arrested numerous times ruined my life. Face down in a jail sewer, I stared into the abyss of my nothingness. Every day I felt as a slain soldier looking for a place to crawl off the battlefield of life.

One night we were downing beers, smokin' 'stuff' and eating cookies that my mom sent in a huge box. All of sudden "BOOM!" My buddies fled like a grenade exploded at our feet. A little book appeared in that box that scared them silly. But I refused to let the refusal of others to be real to keep me from finding reality. I began the path (*seen on the back of this magazine*) to uncover my pinnacle (*pictured on the front*). In great distress, night after night, leg in a cast, that little book tore me up. It contains no "La La Land" of chocolates and flowers but a cross to be carried in a fierce battle over truth and reality. You must fight, like your life depends on it, because it does.

Life is not about "happiness" but survival. Suffering *smashes* our illusions but this can be a good thing instead of a bad thing.¹⁰³ It can switch our path from future agony to uncover the answer *"Where is God?"* You see, my friend, He is the "Offender" I describe above.

A BROKEN MAN WHO COMES TO THE LIGHT DISCOVERS THE TREASURE HIDDEN WITHIN HIMSELF.

When God came to earth, He didn't come in a circus act as a 'fat cat' in fame and fortune.⁴⁶ He chose the bottom of life, so He could lift anyone to their pinnacle in true reality. Not with worldly happiness, religious hype or laws and regulations. Wings are portrayed as a Hollywood gimmick or fantasy. But I'm here as a brother who loves you, like an archer with a loaded bow, to pierce

God is not a Monster spewing wrath but a compassionate Father waiting to give you your greatest gift.³⁶ Wings are the unparalleled capacity to see and act according to divine reality. And by this personal dynamic, we learn how to heal our own wounds and get above and beyond everything we face.

This astounding revelation is absolute truth waiting for you in His Word. My brother, your life can become INCREDIBLE. No past actions or prison atmosphere can prevent His power from doing in you what He did in that tomb. So don't believe the lie; "Not me. Not in prison". You simply need to understand WINGS.

**A MASS-MURDERER WHO ULTIMATELY
REACHED HIS PINNACLE SAID *ONE THING*
PUT HIM OVER THE TOP: "FORGETTING WHAT
LIES BEHIND AND REACHING FORWARD."**

(PHIL. 3: 13/LK. 9: 62, 10:42, 17:32).



through
the lies with
a straight arrow
of absolute truth:

WINGS ARE

REAL! The only way to escape The Abyss.

Everyone knows that the labels men put on men make some feel "better", but degrade the victims with twisted facts and accusations. The truth is we are all offenders, wild dogs and potential drug addicts, murderers,

drunks, etc. and God loves us all. He does not see lust, booze or drugs as hereditary

"addictions" but as the result of isolated pain and our desperate need for love. Depression is not a "personality disorder" but a common struggle resolved by understanding and "seeing" human nature as God does⁹. All thoughts can be deactivated.

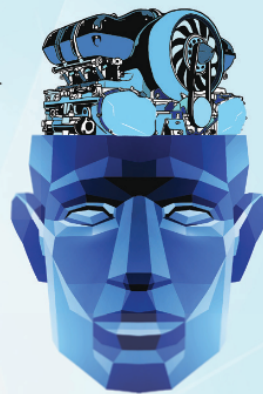
What is your "True Grit"? If you are willing to switch natural instincts for trained responses, you can elevate your 5 senses to see, hear, touch, smell and taste divine reality. My story is not born from an "altar call" or "sinner's prayer". It is born from above, where eagles glide in the freedom of open skies. Jesus says *"Unless a man is born from above he cannot SEE the kingdom of God"*¹⁴. I was in the football stadium of Notre Dame when I RESOLVED to follow Jesus. What is there to lose when you are nothing?¹¹⁷ Jesus says *"the truth shall set you free"* (Jn. 8:32). *I 'died' to take a chance.* Now, I see... therefore... I'm free. Faith is not fairy dust or wishful thinking. *It is calculated resolution and intimate engagement with God.* It's like an instrument that God created. But He leaves it to us to compose our music.

God does not give us wings. We must create them. It has been 45 years that I have been weaving my failures and wounds into feathers and wings. How can Scriptures written so long ago give us wings? They don't. *It is faith that connects us beyond black letters on white pages directly to the Father Who speaks them to us today.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17 >

INTERNAL COMBUSTION

"Having
the first
thought."



Being the Class A 'cheapskate' that I am, I wander junkyards to save a few cents on a car part. I have popped the hoods of many cars destroyed by rust and corrosion. A quick eye-over shows that most did not die from over-use, but because they sat idle for too long. Now in comparison, imagine opening the hood of a turbocharged muscle-car like the picture below. This stark contrast is exactly what this article is about; the difference between mental atrophy and a dynamic "engine" capable of explosive new thoughts.

In prison, mental atrophy is as common as concrete and as grievous as time. My brother, I grieve with you, but the *urgency of now* cannot be overstated for the sake of your sanity and health. The consequences of a lazy mind are catastrophic and will leave our "engine" decaying in the desert junkyards of despair. It's what the system breeds, but you have the mental capacity to beat it. The rust of depression and self-pity is not passive, but merciless and mentally crippling. *Nevertheless there is real hope to recover that engine and reverse the effects of wasted time.*

Like an engine warming up in the cold, we can start simple and slowly. *Thinking has many levels.* Although we process thousands of thoughts a day, very rarely do we ever create our own. It might sound funny, but I can remember the exact place and time *I had my first thought.* I didn't read it or learn it. Nor did I just opine on someone else's thought. It was my own and came from within me.

That thought

carried me for a while, and then it inspired another one. Like that muscle car, the thought was like a vehicle that drove me somewhere else. To say it was an 'explosion' in my mind is no exaggeration. It had a chain-effect. *The mental fog of depression and boring existence was lifted.* It was displaced by a real, exciting creativity. Let me explain, real quick, the basic workings of an engine, and why it's a perfect parallel to the workings of our mind.

1. Intake

When you start an engine, and hit the gas pedal, fuel is injected into the combustion chamber (see graphic below).

2. Compression

When the fuel enters the combustion chamber (cylinder), it's a weak, flammable liquid. But as the piston rises in that chamber, it compresses the fuel. When it is compressed, that same liquid turns into a vapor. This vapor is highly explosive.

3. Ignition

The spark plug then ignites the vapor, and the explosion pushes the piston downward with great force and power. This is called "displacement".

4. Exhaust

Lastly, the fumes from the explosion are pushed out of the combustion chamber, and make room for new fuel.

The piston is connected to the crankshaft, which then turns the transmission and creates motion.

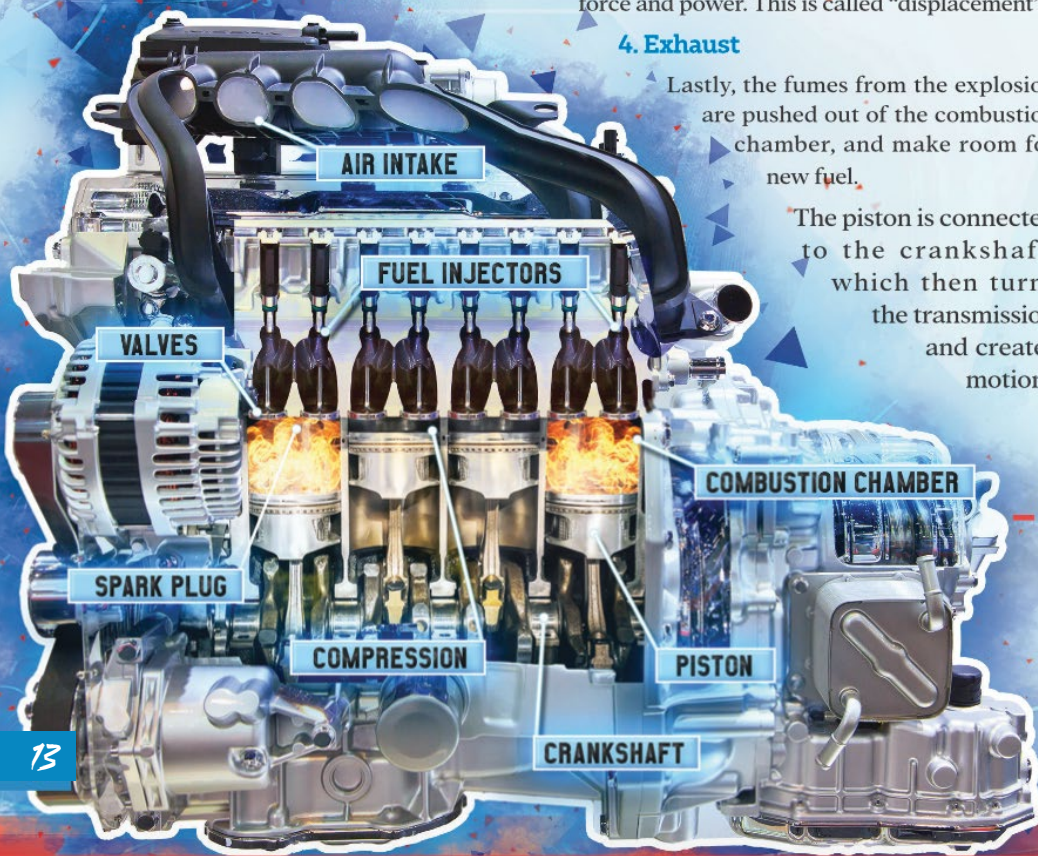
Brother, I realize that in a prison atmosphere, despair makes you feel like this process can't happen. But a thought can come into our "combustion chamber", be "compressed" with intense focus, and it will ignite inspiration and creativity. This automatically pushes the "fumes" of unwanted thoughts out of our minds.⁸⁶ *When something takes the place of another, it's called displacement.* Old and negative thoughts need to be displaced by new, incoming thoughts.⁶⁶

This process is quite simple really. And the beautiful thing is, your mind is the powerful "machine" called the Cerebral Cortex, created to do exactly this. *To move through life with power, we must do this over and over.* All things must come in, be "compressed," "ignited," and let out.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I HAD THAT FIRST THOUGHT, AND MILLIONS OF TIMES SINCE. "COMPRESSION" IS THE WORK OF CONCENTRATION TO GO BEYOND MENTAL DRIBBLE.

Brother, do not settle for the cheap 'watered-down fuel' of common thoughts. Can you tell yourself, *"That's not good enough... I want more, richer fuel... deeper thoughts... compress, ignite?"* It's the fight of life to be focused, and sharp—and surely we fail more than succeed, but God offers His unlimited forgiveness to prevent any breakdowns. *My motivation to do mental work, other than maybe a creme donut with red sprinkles, is that I believe something powerful and unique is actually going to happen.* I'm not talking about a distant recognition that God exists somewhere out there, but rather an expectation that He will personally interact with me and reward my effort of seeking Him with practical understanding.

Vague and generic thoughts about God mean nothing. We can read the Bible until we're blue in the face and nothing happens. But just like compression changes the fuel from a liquid to a vapor, so also the use of our heart and mind change the New Testament from generic to practical. *Unless you incorporate this process, you will find yourself suffocating on the exhaust of your old thoughts.*



POWER TRAIN

The Power Train encompasses every component that converts the engine's explosion into movement. It starts at the bottom of the engine and flows through the clutch, transmission, gearbox, and ends with the axles that turn the tires. Think of the power train as the full mechanical workings of your free will.

Clutch:

I've "listened" to some guys talk for an hour... I leave the conversation and have no clue what they said because I was disengaged. A clutch engages and disengages the connection between the engine and the transmission. It is an incredible mechanism because it has endless degrees of engagement. It is not just all or nothing. Every time we talk, read, or listen, we decide how much we want to engage our heart, mind, creativity, and spirit. Engagement takes an effort of focus. It is far easier to just zone out.

So many men waste a lot of time, "waiting on God." They see Him as a trained dog subject to their whims when they pray. "Jump, God! Jump!" Guess what happens? Nothing. So this is where you must begin to think, "Could part of this be up to me?" Of course, we don't want to consider this, because laziness is the essence of our nature. It is far easier to blame God so that

we can remain "disengaged."⁷⁸

We want to throw everything on God because... well... He is God. He can do anything, right?

No, He can't. God cannot violate the independent free will of His own creation. He created in us this mechanism of the free will, and it would

contradict His holy Character to then go against it and impose His will upon us. This is not my opinion. It's as fixed as the metal and steel of an engine. God cannot change Who He is. It's up to us to "engage" the gears of humility to know Him, see Him, and love Him. When you understand this, my friend, it sheds light on so many things, both past and present. "You mean, God hasn't answered my prayers because I didn't have a clue to what I was talking about?"⁷⁵

Consider the lives of King David, Job, Abraham, Peter and Paul. They did not mumble wishful thinking toward heaven. Rather, they left their comfort zone and engaged God. In return, God engaged them.

Transmission:

Automatic transmissions (below) are extremely "intelligent." They combine a variety of gears to take the engine's constant power and apply it to the specific need of the road (mountains, hills, rough or smooth terrain).

INTELLIGENCE IS NOT PHILOSOPHICAL THINKING THAT COMPLICATES SIMPLE THINGS. IT IS THE ACTIVE USE OF COMMON SENSE TO RESOLVE COMPLEX PROBLEMS IN SIMPLE WAYS SO THAT THEY CAN BE APPLIED IN REAL LIFE.

No matter your level of education or background, you have the ability to ask and answer your own questions like, "Can the living Jesus actually resolve my conflict? How does what I just read apply to me, right here, right now? Does He have

a way for me to deal with that guy? How could I forgive him? What new thoughts can displace my despair?"

Gear Box:

How a vehicle is used will determine its gear ratio. It's like the personality of the car. A truck designed for towing will have a high gear ratio for more torque. Trust me, I've blown my gear box many times. Race cars have a low gear ratio for top-end speeds. Jesus does not want you to lose your personality and become a lame, religious robot, or a passive wimp. The goal is not a "christian" image, but to be yourself.

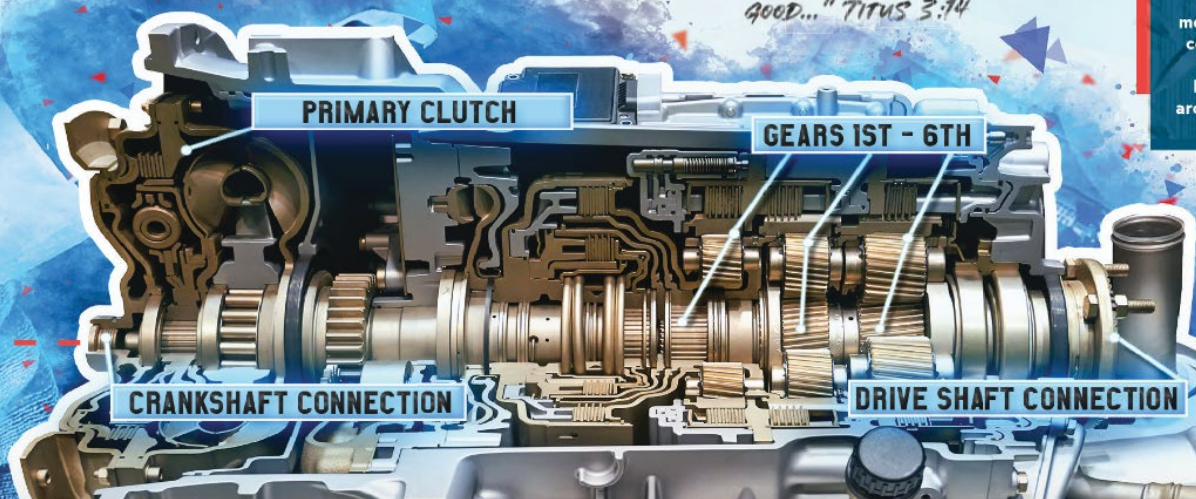
Axles:

The full weight of the vehicle falls on the axles. If the weight has not been calculated properly, they will break as the pressure increases. There are so many heavy things you face and carry, brother. If you try to bear it alone, it's just too much. Jesus promises that His Holy Spirit will come to make your load light. No matter how heavy your load, His "Axle" can bear it.⁸⁰

So, my brother, we must fill the tank with quality fuel, start our engine, put it in gear and then, before you know it, you will be cruising down the highways of hope. And if you find yourself 'broken down', remember, it's not a mystery problem. It's simply a lack of compression or engagement.

"...LEARN TO ENGAGE IN GOOD..." TITUS 3:14

COMPRESSION
+
FUEL
=
EXPLOSION



The fastest car on earth reached 763 mph, in the Al-Jafr desert in Jordan, and it was the first land vehicle to break the sound barrier officially.



An engine is a complete process. Once started, it will run itself until you force it to stop. It charges its own battery and fires its own spark plugs to allow it to continue. It only needs the fuel.



The first car was made in 1886 by Karl Benz (think Mercedes-Benz). It used only 3 wheels and 1 cylinder yet had all the essential details still to be found today in most internal combustion engines. It sold for around \$800.

TRAVEL OUT OF TIME

WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH FAITH SHALOM

Breaking the Paradigm - It was a hot summer day in Southern Brazil (see photo on page 9). We were standing at the front gate, waiting to get into a prison that was at several times its capacity and the building had been condemned twice. We spent hours trying to convince the Head of Security to give us an opportunity to get in and perform for the men. There was an intense gang war that had resulted in unspeakable atrocities. He stood shaking his head, "You don't realize how bad these guys are. They are beyond hope." But he finally agreed to give us a shot accompanied by an array of 15 armed guards dressed in full battle gear and several attack dogs. We spent several hours with the men. After seeing the response, he texted us later that day and said, "Today, you broke the paradigm."

Many say to us, "You don't understand the horrible crimes they have committed." We say to them, "You don't understand the power in the cross." All of us put up walls inside our own minds that establish a fixed paradigm of life's patterns. These walls eliminate the possibility of experiencing new things; supernatural things. In other words, what I'm saying, bro, is you don't have to settle for the misery of predictability. The past is not the future. All 'paradigms' can be shattered. I have seen this wonder many times. This is the power of the cross. This is the love of your Father. "For the word of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God" (1Cor.1:18).

Hello, my dear friend, my name is Elizabeth. The common thinking about the cross is that it is a nice symbol from the past, like a good luck charm, but it really offers no nitty-gritty help. Yet the Scriptures reveal the cross is "the power of God." So what does this mean?

People attach a stigma to a crime and say it defines your future. The cross offers the power to be free from such condemnation. By the end of reading this, my hope is that you will "boast" in the cross (Gal.6:14). It is not about something you have to do but realizing that by doing nothing, you are doing everything necessary. You can accomplish far more by "traveling" to this "place" than by doing any physical accomplishment on the planet.

So, my brother, let's go. Put aside your "locked in your time" thinking. You don't need anything but your heart. *Because we have to go back to the past in order to find your future.*

The Travel Package

There is much involved in traveling. The best option is to let an agent do all the work to design a specific "travel package" to suit your personal needs, all figured out, so you can become fascinated with the destination.

This is the "travel package" God offers. *Everything included.* He is not blind or deaf. He knows every single detail of the impossibility of your situation. Past, present, and future. He has seen all you have suffered throughout your life. All the hurt.

Paradigm

/ˈpərəˈdɪm/

A philosophical or theoretical framework of set assumptions, patterns, laws, generalizations, and ways of thinking.

All the obstacles. As your "Agent," He guarantees to supply everything you need if you go along with His plan. Nothing from your past can eliminate you from receiving this, my brother. It is like winning the lottery. The fact that YOU are here right now, reading this, is destiny.

Going To The Past

Just picture this: Jesus is walking about various cities and touching people from all sectors of society. He has the mindset of a Suffering Servant, to wash men's feet with His personal love. He turns the other cheek to men's hostility and dwells with the poor, though He could dazzle the rich.

As Jesus is working in His carpenter's shop, He imagines the pain from the nails that He pounds into wood going through His own hands and feet. He carries this mental anguish that no one understands, nor could any man bear. He knows He is the only One who can become the Sacrificial Lamb. So He says, "I go to prepare a place for you."⁵⁶ He goes to a garden and falls to the ground, actually sweating drops of blood. There, He cries out, "Abba, Father."⁵⁵ He is arrested and sits all alone in a jail cell.

Walking step by step, Jesus staggers up the hill, willing to carry the cross that would become the very altar upon which He would sacrifice Himself. You were on His mind at this moment. It was for all your sin for all time. In three hours hanging from a cross, Jesus reached the pinnacle of His purpose and revealed the One power that enabled Him to do so, in His cry "Abba, Father."⁵⁵ Here, Jesus experienced and explained to the Father every "syllable" of our weakness, failures, grief, and guilt. He begged, "Father, forgive them" (Lk.23:34).

The Father heard and answered Jesus with the profound time-shattering event of the resurrection. It is in the realization of this love, that is the power of the cross, that can take you beyond yourself. It is touching the Father. It is touching eternity.

THE FATHER WILL LOVE YOU, AND WE WILL COME TO YOU, AND MAKE OUR ABODE WITH YOU. (JOHN.14:23)

Jesus purchased this living revelation of God as your Father, with the price of His very blood. "Abba" is the Hebrew word for Daddy that expresses a love so profound it is able to overcome even death.⁵⁷ So, how much more all your issues? This is the prime gift of the Holy Spirit Jesus promises to send you.



He is waiting to translate your deepest groan, my brother, into this capacity of ultimate communication. Only Jesus knew, from having been with the Father in heaven, that for you to know such a One, was worth whatever it cost Him.

When Jesus walked out of the grave, it was one small step for man but one giant step for mankind. He rolled back the stone clock of death and actually gave us instant access to eternal life, here and now. His past is your future. He now offers you everything you need to touch every aspect of your suffering with this power.²⁶ It is knowing this love that compels us to stand outside barbed-wire walls and knock on prison doors with this “total package” of His “Prime Destination”. It is the true escape from your circumstances.

The Translator

When you travel to a new land, the first thing you face is a different language. So what is the language of God's land? Guys often ask us how to pray. *Talking to God is a language of desperation.* One real heart cry is better than a thousand token words. Prayer is YOU, saying YOU... to Him. Just talk from your heart. Begging is good. A broken heart is where Jesus meets us and translates our feeble whispers to the Father.³¹ So “go” to the cross and call on the Father on the grounds of why, and what, Jesus did what He did.³⁰ The Father will hear you if you pray in the work of Jesus.³¹ He is your Agent; the Translator, the Mediator, and the Interpreter (Read John 17).

Brother, the truth is, we all feel like a dark abandoned warehouse inside. But it is essential for us to come to this place of humble transparency. There's just nothing in us for God. We live in a “house” of fallen flesh. We wake up each day with a groan of grief and sadness, like an orphan separated from his Father. No one else can hear it, but everyone has it. We “moan like doves” and “growl like bears.”¹³ Adam's sin left us with this void.⁹

My brother, when you are sitting alone in the silence of this pain, and you don't know how to define what you are feeling, you must go a step further... call out to Jesus. You must allow your despair to drive you to Him.

My family and I feel desperate in many countries because we can't speak the language. We must force ourselves to do everything we can to connect. Prayer (*your groan*) is the same.

It is your ‘passport’ to the Prime Destination. When Jesus was separated from His Father, He became as a fellow desperate orphan to teach us to turn our groan, from that of an orphan into that of a son, “*Abba, Daddy.*”³⁷

IN YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE, THERE ARE MANY ROOMS. ALL THE DOORS ARE OPEN. IT IS A MANSION OF COMPASSION.

The Holy Spirit will help you understand this language that is “too deep for words.”³⁵ My brother, the Holy Spirit is the difference between being carnal and defeated, or spiritual and victorious. He brings “light” to see into the cross, not as an empty doctrine, but as the mercy of God to empower you to change. To know God as your Father contains the ultimate “catharsis” to mediate all your pain into the peace that passes all understanding.⁸⁴

He is waiting to run out to meet you with an intimate hug and tender eyes of the Father you never had but always craved. No questions about your sins of a ‘prodigal son,’ only that you will let His Spirit clothe you with the robe of eternal adoption.²⁷ Here, your search for a future in this world ends. You have been found by His love in His Holy Spirit. You find your ‘home’ of security, of belonging.

Some guys say, “*I just can't forgive myself.*” This may sound pious, but is unbelief.⁵⁵

Get this, brother, the greatest apostle, Paul, had murdered women and children. How could he even talk about ever making things right again in his life? *But he said, “I have been crucified with Christ... the life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith.”*⁴⁴ He did not live in the torment of guilt because He had “been to the cross.” All his sin, past, present, and future was already washed away.

It is not about trying to be right. *It is about “reckoning” yourself dead with Him on the cross.*⁵⁷ Forgiveness is complete. No matter what you've done, or how many times you do it, “*It is finished*” (Jn.19:30). The cross covers the sin of every man's future. No ‘cleaning up your act’ to put on another image and be your own hero. The god of ego is “crucified” on the cross, and you prove the Son of God is the only Hero of your future. Join Him in His walk to the cross so you can join in His walk away from the tomb.⁶⁶

One of the men who first landed on the moon said, “It is a magnificent desolation.” *Actually “seeing” that you are nothing is a magnificent place where you realize your desolation is His manifestation.*⁴⁹ Allow your suffering to be immersed in His. This will displace despair with joy, and confusion with understanding. Let your *paradigms* be shattered. We have seen the living Jesus change men, throughout the world, in the worst of conditions, inwardly and outwardly. No longer, “*an eye for an eye,*” but “*love your enemies.*”⁹² Please, my brother, travel where few men dare to go. Open the Door to a new world (Jn.10:9). Jesus is waiting to be your *Agent* to take you where all things past end, and all things new begin.

Much love to you bro, your friend, Elizabeth



*Stop the clock, leave the wrist watch,
in fact, leave it all behind.
It is time to take the eternal
journey and travel deep inside.
Be unbound from everything,
count it all as loss,
and all paradigms will be broken with God's
love proven in the cross.
For it matters not the ground you live on,
But that you are standing on the
grounds of His forgiveness.*

*Your brother is running
and feels out of breath,
he has so far to go, yet
inside, he has got nothing
left.*

*Yours can be the hand of
strength to guide him,
the words of courage to
stabilize him.*

*The presence of friend-
ship to come up behind
him.*

*Running alongside to
reset his pace,
you will soon find that
you are the
one who is winning the
race.*

Elizabeth

A HAND UP THE HILL

It's 92 degrees in Tucson, Arizona in the fall of '06. Heat radiates off the pavement. I shuffle along mile 23 of the 26.2 marathon. Every step slower than the last. My heart sinks when I look up and see the steep hill just ahead. "No way. It's too much. I can't do this". Muscles burning, shoulders hunched and head pounding, I trudge up it. Runners that I had passed, not a few miles ago, are now passing me. I want so badly to straighten up and just run, but I can't. *"Giving up isn't so bad. I've come so far already. Nobody will know or care. It just hurts too much to go on."* The hill just won't end.

Right when I'm about to stop, I feel a touch. Another runner, instead of passing me, has slowed his pace and put his hand on my back. He is pushing me up the hill. Doesn't say a word. Just pushes a little harder. Absolute stranger. Before I know it, we're at the top. I'm stunned. *Someone saw me struggling. And stopped to help.* He gives me a nod and takes off. More than that, he gives me a second wind. My legs start to work again. I run. The finish line is just ahead. The crowd cheers. I actually sprint the last mile. Looking up at the timer, I realize I reached my goal... *by a couple of seconds*; by the difference that a slight push up a hill would make. Never saw that guy again. He never knew the difference he made.

What about us, my friend?⁷⁸ Can we see another "runner" struggling to "run their race"? Could you...would I... be their *hand up the hill*?²⁰

-Sarah

Seeing Beyond

It is so hard to see someone's *real* character. Too often we get stabbed in the back or ripped off by someone we trusted. If you knew their character beforehand, it would be so much easier to make a money decision or put your trust in someone. If you saw a friend defend you when you weren't there, forgive you when you got angry, stick his neck out for you and take the blame for something you did... you would see his character. You would then know he could be trusted no matter how things felt at the time. He was a true friend.

When we see a picture of nature we instantly share the same thought: *"Oh, how pretty, I wish I could go there..."* and that's about it. Very rarely do we go beyond that.²¹

But, my brother, this is a portal into seeing the very character of the One who created it. In all things that God has made, His profound trustworthy character can be seen. He speaks His personal love to the one who listens. Will we still our hearts and minds to hear Him? To see His unmerited kindness in the most insignificant flower... to behold His magnitude in the mountainside.²² Abraham simply looked at the night sky and it was enough for him to realize he did not know or comprehend God, but that God's character was good and could be trusted. That gaze at the stars gave birth to faith. Abraham discovered a true friend and in turn, became the friend of God.¹¹⁶

Abraham

REACH YOUR PINNACLE

-Michael

Continued From Page 12... Feathers are found in the "I see" moments of Biblical revelation. Jesus says *"My burden is LIGHT..."*.⁸⁰ This is epic. You can exchange feelings of grief for this truth. Simple choices. God can lift you above things that once held you down.¹⁰⁴ We must 'displace' our abyss with truth. Wings become our "new creation" with joy unspeakable.³⁰ This is the purpose of the Holy Spirit.⁸³

This stuff is not 'out there', my brother. It requires we 'child up' not 'macho up'. Come on, bro. Use your heart and intelligence. When you hurt someone or are hurt by them, humility is reconciliation.⁹² You have hurt God, and been hurt by Him. The wounds that break you also provide the wisdom to learn to "see" and build wings. We can heal pain by a decision of faith; to touch, taste, feel, sense, and see the reality of the living Jesus.

The strategy of hell is to take advantage of self-pity and ignorance, and thus cripple our mind with confusion and hostility. Our will falls limp, and we give up. But we can turn off the dripping faucet of negativity by engaging our will, intelligence, and heart to get a grip on the truth. Jesus conquered Apollyon, who is the architect of The Abyss and every hellhole on earth (Rev.9:11). So He can cover every aspect of your struggle. This is exactly WHY I dare to fly.

If you won't try wings, you can't deny them. "Oh, but you don't understand how bad I got it". You're right. No one can, but the Father does. His love can make the worst "offender" UNBOUND.

In conclusion, my brother, check out the look of unflinching courage on the face of an eagle. This is the attitude we must build within, to find wings here and now. God cannot lie. He swears to help you find your wings in The Pinnacle of His Son.

In the cold shivering of this brutal world, the Father calls you by name. He yearns for you to

understand the language of "Abba! Father!"¹⁵ Like a majestic eagle on high, His silent voice screeches across the blue skies...

"Why do you say that the

justice due you escapes My notice'...Lift up your eyes and see Who created the stars...because of the greatness of My power not one is missing...

Behold, the Lord God will come to you with might...

His reward is with Him...Like a shepherd He will

gather you under His arms...though you grow weary and tired and stumble badly yet

those who EXPECT the Lord to come

will mount up and ascend on

high with wings like eagles'

(Isaiah 40).





*if you were here,
could you be here?*

Photo by Abraham, Bow River, Jasper, Alberta, Canada 2019

Choose your own adventure; Option 1 Lakeside Fishing

The sun had barely broken the horizon and magnificent beams of light cut through the pine trees, lifting a lingering fog. We begin to make our way down a secret path to the fishing lake. We arrive at the place where the stream feeds into the lake. The reflection is astounding, a perfect mirror of stillness. It is so quiet you could hear an acorn drop.

I bait the hook for you as I show you how my Dad taught me to do it. "You got to choose the juicy looking ones." You laugh, "Sounds like you might be in the practice of snacking on night crawlers yourself!" I laugh back, "The truth is I used to be terrified of these things when I was little until I caught

my first fish! There you go, cast it far. So, now we wait. Patience has its reward. Although this is not always the case in fishing". We persevere through a bunch of snags, plenty more worms, and many more snags!

All of a sudden, you feel a tug on your line as the bobber dips. You stand up excited, it tugs harder as you set the hook. It pulls hard as your rod bends, and you start laughing as you reel faster. I almost fall in as I reach with the net to pull out your trophy fish... a gorgeous 16-inch rainbow trout! "High five, here's to patience makes perfect." Let's go cook it up!

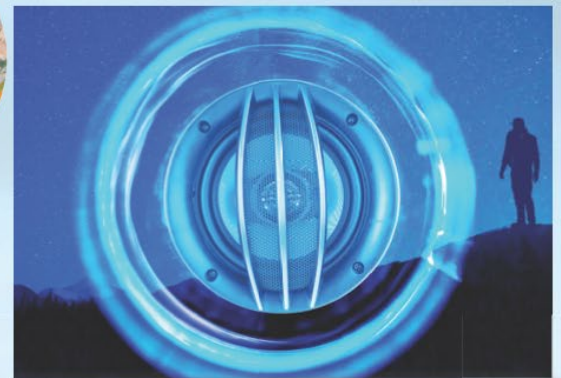


Don't eat it bro, it looks a little fishy to me. Pun intended. hehe



I'M SO TIRED OF BEING THE GUY EVERYONE AVOIDS. I KNOW MY WAYS ARE KINDA WEIRD AND IT IS SUCH A BUMMER. I WISH I COULD TRADE MY "LABEL" FOR A BETTER ONE. MAYBE LIKE A THUG. THUGS ARE 'COOL'.

HEY, BROTHER. YOU'RE NOT ALONE, MAN. I'M WITH YA. WHAT IF I TOLD YOU, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE? YOU THINK YOU KNOW, BUT YOU DON'T. WILL YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU?



Louder Than The Noise

I was driving fast in São Paulo, Brazil. I was deep in thought about a guy named Jaire in a prison in Indiana that I was writing and what he was going through. I really love that guy. The stereo was at full volume. I came to a stop sign and realized I didn't even hear my favorite song that was blaring. *It dawned on me: Thoughts are "louder" than any noise.*

If you can get 'lost in thought' caring about someone else, then you can escape negativity. Every day we face so much noise of lies and pain. We can't turn down that noise, but we can turn up the mind. Music fills the ears on your head, but *you* generate the sounds for the inner ears of your heart.

—Abraham



Laughing in a Cemetery?

On a fall morning run in Asuncion, Paraguay, I saw an old rustic cemetery. I stopped and sat on a bench for a moment and thought about life. It was cold and there was a heavy fog. Suddenly, in the distance I heard the sound of men laughing. "What on earth?" I thought. It sounded so strange to me. I got close enough to see a group of guys. They had their thermos full of coffee and keys jingled on their belts as they made small talk and casually went about their "normal" work. Then I realized... *they were digging more graves for incoming bodies!*

No one ever really talks about death, brother, but at that moment, it hit me so hard. *We are all dying... and ever so quickly.*³⁴ So let us not let anything hold us back. Let us change, forgive, believe, learn, care, and fully live. More than anything, it made me stop and really commit my life to Jesus. Talk to Him with simple words from your heart. No regrets. *Today, tomorrow, in the yard or on your bed.* Ask Him to save you from hell and give you His life.³³ *Of course, just saying this, doesn't mean anything... unless it means something, then, it means everything.*¹⁷

—David

A SENTENCE WITH PROMISE

By Mercy Ruth

My mom was 8 months pregnant with me when, in the course of my parents ministry on the streets, a corrupt cop threw her up against a fence and handcuffed her behind her back. This trauma caused me to turn in the womb and to ultimately be born feet first. My Dad later joked that I was a warrior-baby, and a battered warrior must always land on her feet. He named me Mercy Ruth and said mercy would always be my weapon of choice. Never could I have imagined, over 30 years later, that this would involve working with "Lifers." I don't have any sophisticated title or knowledge, but as your friend, I bring you a new perspective and a mercy born out of the fires of suffering and experience.

then, and now, that He is dead. Irrelevant to time and space, your time, and your space, (little space). "They" say what matters is what you've done. That you "deserve" to be where you are because you are a "danger" to society. But they don't know you and they surely don't know Him. So "they" are the ones who are irrelevant. *Yet "they" are the ones who put you here.*

Let me ask you an absurd question. Can you say "That's ok"? "I have a better way...to make my stay... His way". Wow. What would that say? About you? About them? About Him? It would say everything. It would nullify the system and give you back the rights to your life. *Of course, this would mean that you have no life... but His.* Because such a thinking requires total trust. This is how He takes care of us. Surrender. In the worst and the best of situations. Because there is no way anyone can survive in this world of "They". Inside here or outside there. Even if they put on the smile and pretend "Everything is ok". It's not and "they" know it. Liar, liar, pants on fire.

**JESUS SAID "THEY HATED ME
WITHOUT ANY REASON" (JOHN 15:25).
THESE FEW WORDS ARE MY GO-TO.**

When everything is against me, as it is everyday as I serve Him, I focus on WHY they hate Him so. It makes me find myself... in Him. *This One Whose only desire is to love you and me and tell us the truth of why He was killed by crucifixion by "they" who put you here.* Why did they do it?

They don't know you, brother. They just don't know... anything. Not about justice, not about crime, not about people, or doing time. Don't get mad at me. Don't hate me. Just a question. Can you forgive them? Cuz if you can... YOU WIN. "Ha, ha. Can't get me now. I rule over you... 'Them'". No matter how much guilt you feel, it's over. His judicial blood atonement dropped the gavel "FORGIVEN. INNOCENT." on all guilt and sin.⁵¹

I have walked through some of the most horrible places in over 50 nations and seen excruciating suffering. From blind and homeless Guillermo, sleeping in his urine, to Carlos, homeless after his legs were severed when he fell asleep on a train track. I have worked with victims on both sides of the Colombian cocaine

war and thousands of "Lifers" and orphans in third world slums. As well as veterans trapped in the prison of a broken body, trying to manage physical injuries and an injured mind, abandoned by the very country they served.

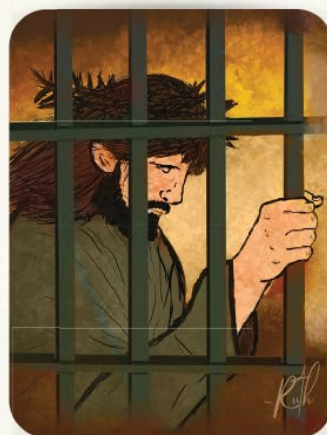
I spent time in a wheelchair in extreme pain, unable to pay for the rod and eight screws inserted into the shattered bones in my leg. I have learned that at the same time pain takes away our "happiness", something far deeper is offered. The choice of a *Deep Heart*. It is the prize reward of the Father. Because life is not a matter of *where* we are, but *who* we choose to become wherever we are. *I have seen men decide to laugh and love when their circumstances dictate they should cry and hate.*

Last September, I was talking to Jeffrey in a maximum- security prison in Colorado.

He broke down while telling me that when the gavel slammed, it was like the sound of his own casket closing. I said, "Jeff, listen to me, you are going to make it. Not only is your life not over, but it can finally begin. You think, 'I am done living', but God says 'no, you are done existing, now start living... My life. Reach your pinnacle.'"

So, check this out. This is what *got me* when I began to probe Jesus. That He offers this absolutely exclusive living revelation of Himself, to anyone as insignificant as me here, or you there. He offers a rich expansion of all that is true, and right, and real, and most of all, eternal, intimate, and personal LOVE, simply at the asking and seeking. It nullifies, undermines and betrays, all "they" say.

This means that here and now, in this "gigantic" hell-hole in which you find yourself, God can plant in you the One seed, of the living Jesus, to create you into an oak tree; or if you prefer a cedar tree; maybe a sycamore; I don't know. It's up to you and Him. Anyways, it's all about receiving The Seed.



A divine seed. That will grow and engulf you. *The key is John 12: 24-25 and Galatians 3:16-19.* Like a microscope, your heart must see into the details of these verses. In His "sentence" of a broken seed Jesus promises new life (2Cor.1:8-10). I know, it's tough to figure out. But it's a divine absolute and will change everything.

You get to grow into a Tree House of revelation where "they" can't touch you. Like M.C. Hammer said, "U can't touch this." It's what makes a man a man. Or, better said, makes a man a new man... into "a new creation." Wow. What a thought. Not any ordinary man of the "they" world. But of the One they hate. Jesus says, "MY kingdom is NOT of this world" (John 18:36). Heaven is not weird angels and floating ghosts in white gowns. It is a very real and beautiful place with music, trees, a river, a banquet of food, a city that's gates are always open, and no crying or pain. Jesus was desperate to communicate how awesome heaven is because He came from there, knew what it is like, and is going back there. The hell of this world is what is weird. Heaven is "normal" (Read Rev.21). A criminal who hung next to Jesus on the cross was the first one there. Jesus said, "today you will be with Me in paradise." No "church," sinner's prayer, or moral achievement.

Yes, walls keep you in, but they also keep you from becoming entangled in that "dream" out there that is really a nightmare where you lose your soul (Mt.16:26). Cuz maybe you are a "son" whom God allowed to be set apart cuz He wants you for eternity. Ok, ya, maybe this seems "out there" and not exactly what you want to hear right now. *But isn't this exactly the ultimate question?* How important is the here-and-now compared to the then-and-there of eternity? I mean, how crucial is a house and a wife and a job and money and stupid stuff

when forever and ever and ever in *heaven* is at stake? Ok, granted. It's the now of now, the time, the seconds, days, months, that cause the pain of "Obbbb...I can't take this". But hold off one more second, brother.

Problem 1. So it's the confines of the walls of this cell. You can't stretch your legs, you can't hug someone or have them hug you, or talk to someone. But the same guy who told me, "I'd do anything to be with someone" after being with them, told me, "I don't care what happens, I can't be with them. I have to be alone."

He sought drugs, booze, and a Chevy truck but none of it gave him what he thought. *Consider... 85% divorce.*

Ok, so Problem 2. You just crave basic freedom. Well, again, everybody lives in "lockdown". Whether it's an apartment or house, for their ENTIRE life, everybody sits in one house, in front of a TV getting old.

Problem 3. You miss basic food, a warm shower, clothing, etc. Well, if you take those issues to the fullest, none of them take away pain, hurt, regret, and suffering. So, in or out of prison, Jesus is the only One Who resolves matters that matter. Brother, can I ask you one more absurd question? Maybe call this one "childlike." Could you see yourself possibly "pretending" to be absolutely content, even happy, where you are? Even to the "crazy" point of being able to sing, hum, tell yourself jokes, and expand your phenomenal brain? Even if your cell mate or a guard has an "attitude," to love and forgive them? And build a prayer life that could change the world? You could have more impact than "renown" ministries... but no credit.

WHAT IF ALL YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH HAS LED UP TO THIS MOMENT. WHERE FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST?

I know that this is really "out there", something "they" could never imagine. Cuz "they" are trying to punish you, and that would vex them silly. There are scores of men around the world in the exact same situation as you are, and far worse. And most, if not all, react to this 'hell' the same. So what if you, knowing the character of the living Jesus, chose to break the paradigm? Not just for your sake, but like Job, to defy "them" for His sake. That His power IS real. That He IS alive today. And that "they" will be seen for what they are and you for what you are when

Jesus returns "Tomorrow" (Mt.24:43).

We all have scars, my precious brother. Some are visible, but the most painful are invisible. **For those who choose faith, scars make them soldiers and wounds make them warriors.** Character is not sold in the market or found at a yard sale. It is born from the divine seed out of the ground of the crucible of affliction (Rm.5). Our wounds can break our greatest threat to making it to heaven: EGO (1Cor.1:27/2Cor.12:9). **So our scars are not a complication but can be the qualification.**

Paul said, "I can do *all things* in Christ..." (Phil.4:13). And he said this, not while winning a football game, but while in a prison where he eventually died. Freedom is not determined by where we are on the outside, but rather who we are on the inside.

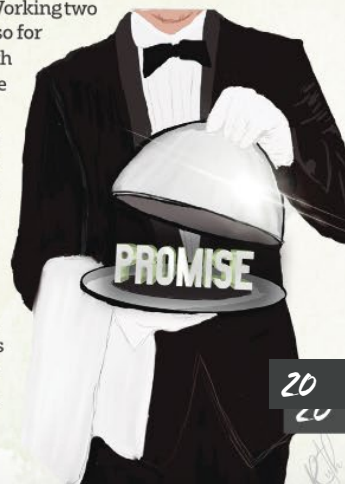
You are not forgotten by me, by us, or by God. Despite dealing with pain in my leg, I cherish being able to run, and when I am out there alone on the road, I pray for you. *That I will see you on the other side of death, and there, on golden streets, we will embrace and rejoice for eternity. We made it!*

To Be A Servant

My family and I all work as waiters and waitresses in Las Vegas to earn the money we need to be here. It can be grueling. Working two or three jobs, waiting on demanding people for sometimes 16hr shifts is a challenge. But you are worth it, and I gladly do so for the privilege to intersect your life. I remember one time I served the boxer Floyd Mayweather and 30 guys who were with him. I wanted to make them happy, so I paid close attention to each detail and plate I served. It was a lot of work because he was a demanding dude, but it went good and he left a nice tip.

In today's society, the idea of being a servant is looked down upon. When we were in Japan we learned of the Samurai warrior who had to first learn to be a servant of a master in order to become a master. Becoming a servant is about learning an inward disposition of a student, to learn how to learn. Only then can we learn how to master ourselves, fears and failures. The pinnacle for Jesus was to be a Servant for the Father so we could receive the promise of new life (Is.42).

In the old days, some servants loved their masters so much they became a "bond-servant"; a servant who is freed but chooses to stay because he loves the master. This is what Jesus conveys in Philippians 2. I love being a servant, to my Lord, to my family, and to you. It carries the promise of His reward of becoming more than I am. He who goes the "extra mile" for his brothers, wins the race (Mt.5:41). To care about someone who just insulted you is the sign of a master of himself. Many times while serving, I learned to treat even the most obnoxious guy as though I was serving Jesus. He commands us to see Him in the "least of brethren".⁹¹ This is the kind of leader men will follow into any "battle." The kind of man who chooses "one-way love". Not looking for the reward of men but of God; "Him who sees in secret".⁹²



Thoughts From Our Brothers

in prisons around the world. We asked, you answered.



"I create whole worlds through writing. Even when I'm angry & want to destroy, I instead do it on paper & not in real life."

- Thomas Molina Jr

INDIANA



"When I was little, both my younger brothers got stung by a bee, one hot summer day. They ran into the house crying to me and my mom. Being the protective big brother I was, I immediately ran outside and started stepping on every bee I could find landing on the dandelions. It wasn't long before I was stung too, and when I was, I ran back into the house crying, as well, to let my little brothers know that even their bigger brother felt pain and eventually it would go away and make them stronger. The sting of being separated from my family and loved ones hurts, but in the end it too will go away and I'll walk out of this place being much stronger and the brother and son I had always been."

- Michael Hodges

IDAHO



"DON'T follow your feelings. Feelings will come and go."

- John Gintner

NEBRASKA



The raw power, the rattle in my chest when the thunder rolls is enough to put life in its proper perspective, no matter how big and strong I might think I am, the product of an event that didn't even last a fraction of a second leaves me humbled. Even as I stand there, put in my place, still holding tight to this newfound sense of humility, I stare at this angry mass moving in my direction, I can feel my heart rate increase and my palms start to sweat. It leads me to ask myself the question, what's so scary about this storm? I come to the sudden realization that the storm is not the source of my fear. The storm is a representation of my own fragility. So, I still myself with the thought that the only thing that I was promised at birth was death as I turn my face to the sky in the midst of the madness and enjoy the display of God's wonder.

- Jonathon Jones

MICHIGAN



"Once, my son looked at me, and said, 'Dad, I think you're sick. But it's okay, 'cause you can be better when you change your mind.' That conversation struck me as odd at first. We were at the lake having fun. But it was this that later led me to consider Jesus and change."

- Eric Patten

INDIANA



"It isn't painful to forgive the people that have hurt you but it is painful to not forgive them."

- Brett Nisly

NEBRASKA



"Imagine yourself as a farmer, and your field is your 'mind'. If you till the field yet fail to plant anything, what will happen? Weeds will grow, and the person that you were will emerge again. You must plant something in order for something to grow. Your harvest depends on your plant; you can only receive product based on the seed planted. My foundational steps of change are: Recognize (reality); Replace (put something else where once negative things ruled); Repeat (feed the 'new' you), you have to nourish the ground if you want the seed to grow."

- Alfonso Harris

INDIANA



I used to think kindness meant weakness but that couldn't have been any further from the truth. Care, kindness, & love inside these walls is what every man desires and craves. But the mass majority are just too full of themselves to get out of their own way and learn how to both receive and show the kindness that exemplifies true strength.

- Victor Hernandez

INDIANA



When life takes everything away from you, and you lose it all, what remains is your character.

- David Eugenio

PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL



Make Prison Taffy - Mix one non-dairy creamer container & one Hawaiian punch kool-aid singles together & add approx. 6 tablespoons of water. Knead the mix with the water for about ten minutes (as if it was dough). When finished, tear or cut a piece off and enjoy.

- Brett Nisly

NEBRASKA



Featured Poem:

The Night Watch

"In the watches of the night...
I search for You with weary eyes,
when will You come and bring
me the perspective of Your love?
In the watches of the night...
I put my heart under the beacon of
Your light,
I take a journey through the thoughts
of Your mind,
In the watches of the night...
Lord, that you would hear my deepest
cry,
Take from me all my groans, and inner
sighs,
In the watches of the night...
Do You not watch me in the night?"

- Elizabeth

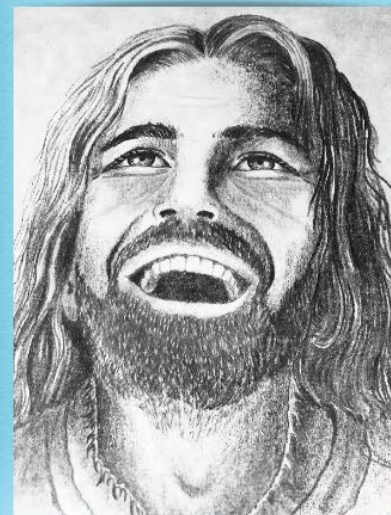
Featured Quote:

This quote comes from Alfonso Harris in Indian.

"THE PAST IS OVER,
the Future isn't promised.
ALL I HAVE IS
right now."

Featured Image:

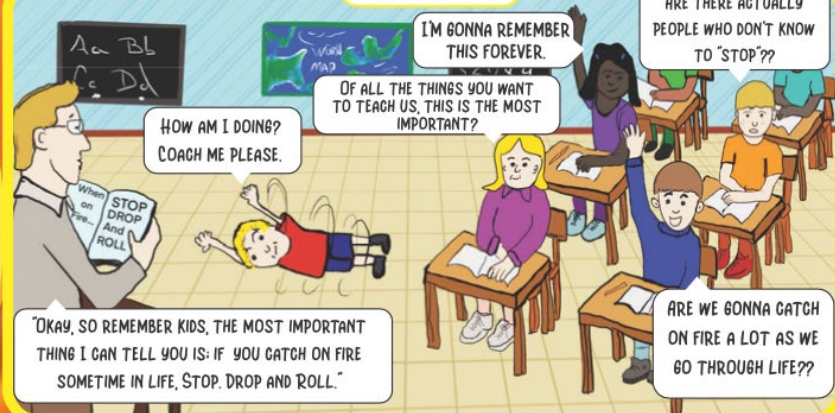
After watching our show, a prisoner drew this and gave it to us the next day. While serving a 30 year sentence, he said "for the first time I can see Jesus as Someone Who can bring joy into my life here." We have since printed thousands of copies and distributed it all over the world, as far as Asia. Mario Fernando Suarez, Mendoza, Argentina.



TRUE STORIES OF MICHAEL



OUT OF LINE



KING KEVIN'S CASTLE



Choose your own adventure: Option 3

It is a new moon, so the sky is pitch black. We walk out into a giant field with high grass. There is a coolness on the breeze with the song of a loon in the distance. We take turns pointing out constellations like the Orion, the Pleiades, the Great Bear, Big Dipper, and Little Dipper. Then we just stare off in silence as it feels only right to let the vast array of sparkling stars do the talking. "Whoa, did you see that!!! It was like a giant comet! It flashed so bright, like a silver paint stroke across the sky!!!!" "It figures! I have to sneeze the exact moment the comet chooses to fall!" We both laugh, as I tell you how I always seem to "miss it". You say that odds are, there will be another shooting star in the course of my life. "Thanks, I appreciate the positive outlook". A crescendo of crickets' rhythm hums nearby. "This night sky just seems to swallow you up, huh? Really brings a sense of peace to everything inside your head. Just think, God calls each of these stars by name, how is that for attention to detail? I can't even remember the names of my siblings," I joke. "So how much more is He fully aware of the smallest matters we each deal with in life? Look, on the horizon! The moon is rising!"



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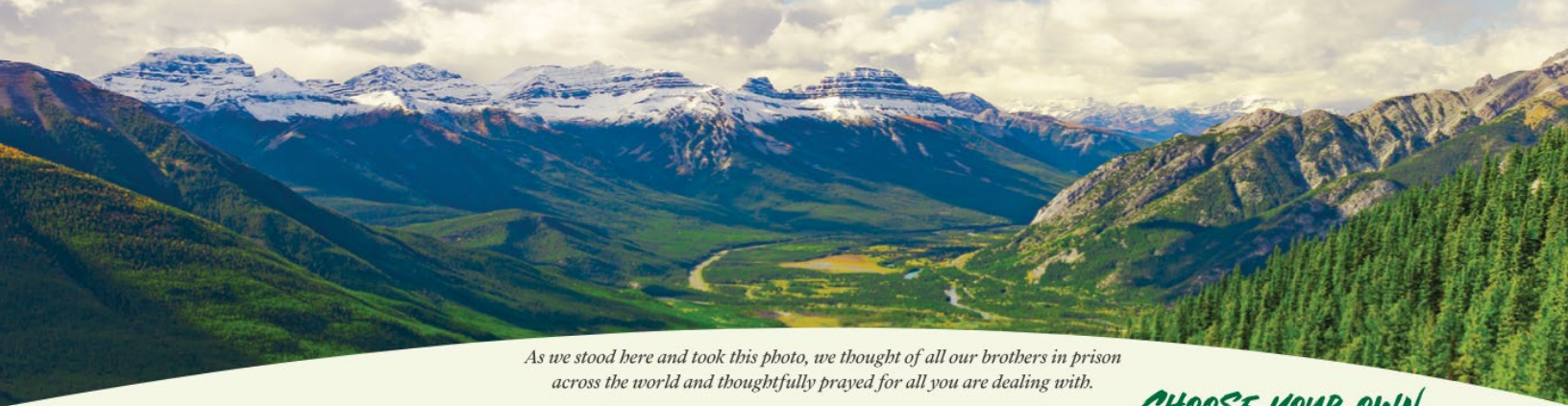
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As we stood here and took this photo, we thought of all our brothers in prison across the world and thoughtfully prayed for all you are dealing with.

THE G.O.A.T

Can you be The G.O.A.T. even in Prison? I don't mean the scapegoat or a billy goat. I'm talking about the Greatest Of All Time.⁷¹ The answer is an absolute yes. So roll with me here, and let's see how that could actually take place.

When we think of the all-time greats, names like Michael Jordan, Tom Brady, or Mohamed Ali come to mind as being the very best. If we were to put it in the category of military endeavors, no doubt George Washington and General Patton top the list.

I think at some point we've all laid on our beds and dreamt of a situation where we could be the greatest. *But if we want that dream to become a reality, then like the names above, you too will have to identify and study your adversary in order to conquer.* You may think your opponent is someone or something out there, but are we not each our own greatest enemy?

Think about it for a second: *who has held us back or done us more harm than we have done to ourselves?* I'm talking about something in us called *self* and *ego*. It causes us vexation. We do and say things we don't even understand (Read Romans 7:14-21). It makes us bitter. It makes us justify what we have just done wrong. This is the back and forth torture of pride. He who could conquer this adversary, truly, would be the greatest.

How To Win

That leads us to the inevitable question of how do we beat this enemy within? Is it through the endless study of lofty philosophies? Do we need moral reform to try and better ourselves? No brother, because if the enemy is *self*, bettering *self*, would only make *self* stronger. We can't conquer *self* with more *self*.

Let's look through history and think: what precedent is there of anyone who ever conquered *self*?¹¹⁷ No "teacher" or "prophet" ever clearly spoke about this except for Jesus.⁶⁵ Although He was entirely God, He did not come to earth riding on a heavenly horse, surrounded by myriads of angels. *He humbled Himself and came to serve.* He took on the exact same nature of *self* that you and I have, so that He could conquer *self* and give us the supernatural power to do the same.⁵³ Jesus created a new paradigm by which we could become the

Greatest Of All Time. Unlike all religions, Jesus did not say that we are basically good and need to try and

become better. Rather, He taught us we are entirely wicked and need to realize we're nothing. When I read this in Romans 3:10, it did not offend me but freed me from having to deny what I already knew about myself. It is a good thing to admit you are bad, but it is a bad thing to claim that you are "good."

It's in losing ourselves, that we become great, not in finding ourselves.⁴⁸ This is unheard of in American Christianity and thus causes turmoil and confusion. Their constant striving to become better takes them only further away. God promises to make the humble great, but He will oppose the proud.

We Are Wrong

None of us think of humility when we think about becoming great. We see it as pathetic and weak. It does not appeal to the "macho" in any of us. *But what if I told you it could give you the power to dispel any fight with a few words?* Wouldn't that make you great? *The greatest warrior is he who prevents his enemy from even drawing his sword.* Imagine if you could conquer a man twice your size and win him over as a friend for life. What if it gave you the divine wisdom to make your enemy laugh and put a smile on the meanest dude you ever saw?

Not because you became a weak, "Christian" nice guy, but because you are freed from yourself. Humility is the power that frees us from the bondage of always trying to prove we're right. It removes bitterness and releases us to become NEW. It can mend broken relationships and repair lost time. *You can accomplish more in a moment of sincere humility than in a lifetime of pride.*⁷⁴

Simple words like "I am sorry," "That's right," and "I was wrong," "Please, forgive me," "I don't know, Lord, but could you teach me?" make a real GOAT. There is a huge difference between saying, "I don't know everything" and "I don't know anything." True humility has a beginning but no end. It is to realize God is right and we are wrong. Period. To become the GOAT is to abandon ourselves and walk His path with a child-like humility. Jesus says, "Whoever then humbles himself as a child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven" (Mt. 18:4). So yeah, you can become The G.O.A.T. no matter where you are.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE: OPTION 2

I found the perfect trail. It goes to the top of a 14,000ft peak; they say it is the best view in all the Rockies. The switchbacks are steep, but your pace is impressive. I am hyperventilating, but you whisk by as if we were going downhill on a ski slope. "Okay, who is the 'guide' here? I am supposed to be in front! I thought you said you were out of shape?!!!"

The air is so fresh and much thinner as we get into higher elevation. We start climbing over rocks and loose gravel, so we have to use our hands to keep our balance. You point out a tiny little chipmunk scurrying to the shade. I laugh as I tell you how I love being around chipmunks because they make me feel so much more superior. We laugh as we both agree that you and I are not the type to fit in with the crowd and how solitude can actually be a powerful advantage in life. Slowly, we start to see above the tree line and realize we are in for a killer view. "Whoa, this is gonna be phenomenal!" you say. "Do you see from this perspective, that as high as the heavens are higher than the earth so great is God's compassion and understanding toward us?!"

In every direction there are towering snowcapped peaks and vivid white clouds that are so close you feel like you could touch them; they dance and shift as they race toward the horizon. Off to the east, there is a thunderhead illuminated with frequent lightning strikes, shadowed by a thick rainfall veiled with a faint rainbow-like a ladder into heaven.

The town we left from is just a tiny pin drop in the sea of green forests, winding rivers, rock formations, and endless mountain ranges. "So this is the glorious dimension God gives you within when you can get yourself to see 'above' all other obstacles!" There is a majestic hawk with a massive wingspan gliding effortlessly on the breeze and we feel as if we are flying with it.

WHO'S THE GIANT?

WRITTEN BY
DAVID (DJ) STEPHEN



I talked to a guy in a New York prison that was actually at the Muhammad Ali vs Sonny Liston fight in 1965, the fight of the famous "Phantom Punch." He said it was the experience of a lifetime. I was on the streets in Las Vegas, outside the MGM, when Pacquiao vs Mayweather happened. The energy surrounding it was palpable.

So, what is it that makes the heart of a champion? Is it found in the DNA? How do we measure the *fight* inside us?

Boxing is one of the oldest and toughest sports in the world. No other sport like it. No teams or complex equipment to hide behind, just a man and his will in the ring.

Let me tell you about the most lopsided bout in history. Vegas would have gone crazy for the odds. Not heavyweight or welterweight, no, more like featherweight vs giantweight. It was between a simple kid and an absolute monster. An actual 9'9 tall, 4 feet wide, giant. Try to measure that out in your mind and envision what that would've looked like.

We all know the story of David vs Goliath, but let's put it under a "microscope" and "see" into the heart of this champion (1Sam.17). He was young, small, and had no real training. So everything a fighter would normally base his confidence on, David did not have. He could have allowed his circumstances to beat him long before Goliath ever could. But the secret that he found in the fields of solitude superseded the circumstances.

Now, don't skip over this because I'm going to tell you a very familiar word, one that's often thrown around by people who don't really know what it means. But, I tell you, it is the very heartbeat of hope.

Faith. *Practically, what does it really mean?* Everything in our lives seems so determined by tangible things, that invisible things often scare us. Yet faith is simply perceiving as fact that which is unseen¹. Our senses of sight, hearing, and touch can only perceive outward things. But faith is a decision that comes from within.

It is the one thing that *we* can give to *God*. It starts with a simple, childlike "Yes. Lord, I believe you" and this becomes the impetus to slay a giant.

All odds against him. A nation hung in the balance. And then, as if in a cinematic warp moment, David was hit by the taunts of Goliath, and with eyes of faith he looked into the future and 'saw' himself standing over Goliath's dead body with vultures circling overhead. Then, warped back to the present and said, "I'm gonna kill you, dude... and cut off your head."

He chose to "see" beyond what was seen. He walked with the swagger of a faith-believer and fought a fight that he had already won. By faith, he saw the victory and by his heart, he achieved it. *This is fighting the good fight of faith* (1Tim.6:12).

It's not wishy-washy guessing or a random shot in the dark. For there are many who insist they have faith yet remain common. It's like saying you own a Ferrari while riding a bicycle down the expressway. Genuine faith perpetually generates new life. It is the nucleus of action, an energy of hope, love, self-sacrifice and rebirth.

Faith is as real and as effective as unseen gravity. It grounds us to the firm foundation: Jesus. It is to reckon that God's promises are more credible than our lies; what we think, feel, or see. Faith is living, not for the temporal, but for the eternal.¹⁵ In life, we will face giants that scare us and will feel too small and weak to win. But in the same amount of time it takes to fear or doubt, we can choose to "see" the victory Jesus accomplished and with the heart of a champion, win by attrition.

Graffiti we saw in São Paulo, Brazil

ON THE STREETS

AROUND THE WORLD

In February of 2020, 15 million people went to the 'block parties' of São Paulo to celebrate carnival. We hit the streets with our massive, custom & handmade banners with carefully thought out messages to help others come to know Jesus as a Person, not a building or system, as we do around the world. We were welcomed and overwhelmed with people wanting to understand more, were on media around the country, and gave out more than 30 thousand pamphlets in 10 days.



"A CHAMPION IS SOMEONE WHO GETS UP EVEN WHEN HE CAN'T"
JACK DEMPSEY

"GOLIATH SAID WHAT?!"



DAVID - KING OF ISRAEL - WAS NOT A "PRETTY BOY"



WRITE YOUR STORY

Some people think "I don't know how to write." Especially those who have grown up in the rough and tumble of the streets. But we hope to inspire you. All you have to do is pick up a pen and a piece of paper. *Start to write down whatever your thoughts are.* Just a little effort to get started. There are no rules. Maybe it's just for you, or maybe you can paint your thoughts with the colors of words into a picture to inspire your family or someone around you. Maybe a story, a biography, a poem, or a rap.

Generic words are plentiful but if you draw from your heart like a deep well, you can release your mind and heal past memories with a new, refreshing perspective. King David was a soldier, he killed tens of thousands of men, yet he wrote 150 psalms to the Lord

from his heart that was "composed like that of an infant child". He had no idea who would ever read them.⁷³

Use the Scriptures like fuel to ignite your thoughts. Take Luke 15 or Matt.6 and write something with your own reflection. God's Spirit can lift you into places you can't imagine.

How far can you see? Can you see that your work in writing could save someone on the outside that no one else could reach? Could your words be the wings of hope that you send out to reach a shattered soul? Could your pen be the key that allows a "prisoner" to escape the cage of their pain? Who knows who will read it and who it will help.

I recently started learning how to draw and created many of the illustrations throughout this magazine (-Ruth). I have found drawing can be a beautiful and therapeutic expression. I would encourage anyone to see what you could draw, and if you keep at it, you'd be surprised how far you can get in a short time.

*Forget the past and times gone by.
Regret won't last if you let faith fly.*

-Ruth & Elizabeth

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES & STUDY

The Scriptures referenced throughout the magazine are listed here by number.

Example: "44" would be Galatians 2:20. Also, use this as a topical study to help you get into the Word.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1. Why do bad things happen? | 35. The Holy Spirit can help you: | 69. Mark 2:17 |
| 2. 1John 2:15 | 36. Jn.14:1-14+26/15:26/16:7 | 70. Luke 5:8-10 |
| 3. James 4:4 | 37. Romans 8:15-27 | 71. How to be the greatest: |
| 4. 2Corinthians 4:4 | 38. 1John 2:27 | 72. Matthew 18:2-4 |
| 5. John 18:36 | 39. Luke 11:13 | 73. Psalms 131:1-3 |
| 6. 1John 5:19 | 40. Acts 1:8 | 74. Isaiah 57:15/66:2 |
| 7. Luke 4:6 | 41. Galatians 5:22 | 75. 1Peter 5:5-6 |
| 8. Why we do the things we don't want to do: | 42. 1Corinthians 15:45 | 76. Luke 22:26 |
| 9. Romans 3:10-18 | 43. The Practical Work of the Cross: | 77. John 13:5 |
| 10. Romans 7:14-25 | 44. Galatians 2:20 | 78. 1John 4:20 |
| 11. Ephesians 2:12-22 | 45. 1Peter 2:21-25 | 79. Dealing with Depression: |
| 12. John 3:19-21 | 46. Isaiah 53:1-12 | 80. Matthew 11:25-29 |
| 13. Isaiah 59:9-15 | 47. John 3:14/Num.21:9 | 81. John 10:10 |
| 14. Discovering the Love of the Father: | 48. Matthew 10:38 | 82. Matthew 6:9-34 |
| 15. Mark 14:36 / Galatians 4:6 | 49. 1Corinthians 1:18-29 | 83. John 7:17+37 |
| 16. Hebrews 2:10-18 | 50. Colossians 1:13-22 | 84. Philippians 4:4-13 |
| 17. Romans 10:9-10 | 51. Hebrews 7:23-28 | 85. John 6:35 |
| 18. James 4:8 | 52. Deut.21:23/Gal.3:13 | 86. 2 Corinthians 10:3-5 |
| 19. John 16:27 | 53. Philippians 2:5-11 | 87. Healing relationships: |
| 20. 1John 4:10-12 | 54. Matt.26:38-39 | 88. Matthew 18:21-25 |
| 21. Romans 1:18-20 | 55. Finding real forgiveness: | 89. Luke 6:27 |
| 22. Psalms 19:1 | 56. Acts 3:19 | 90. Colossians 3:12-24 |
| 23. Understanding how to change: | 57. Romans 4:1-14 | 91. Matthew 25:35 |
| 24. John 3:3-8 | 58. Colossians 2:14 | 92. Matthew 5:44, 6:14 |
| 25. 2Corinthians 7:10 | 59. Psalms 130:3 | 93. The true church vs hypocrisy: |
| 26. Phil.3:7-14 | 60. Hebrews 9:12, 26 | 94. John 4:24 |
| 27. Luke 15:11-32 | 61. Why God does not expect us to try to be a "good person" | 95. Acts 17:24 |
| 28. Luke 18:10-14 | 62. Romans 3:20-28 | 96. John 9:39 |
| 29. Isaiah 55:6-11 | 63. Galatians 2:16 + 3:10 | 97. Mark 7:6 |
| 30. 2Corinthians 5:17 | 64. Romans 1:17 | 98. Matthew 7:24-27 |
| 31. Psalms 51:1-19 | 65. Mark 10:18 | 99. John 14:23 |
| 32. Micah 6:8 | 66. Romans 8:1-8 | 100. 2Timothy 3:1-5 |
| 33. Luke 12:5 | 67. Romans 10:4-13 | 101. John 2:19 |
| 34. Romans 6:23 | 68. John 6:29 | 102. The hidden reward in suffering: |
| | | 103. Romans 5:3-5 |
| | | 104. 1Peter 1:6-9 |
| | | 105. James 1:12 |
| | | 106. Rom.8:28, 37 |
| | | 107. Luke 6:20-23 |
| | | 108. 1Peter 2:19-25 |
| | | 109. 2 Cor.12:9 |
| | | 110. Hebrews 4:15 |
| | | 111. Hebrews 11:1, 6, 24 |
| | | 112. Growing Salvation within: |
| | | 113. Mark 4:3-32 |
| | | 114. Luke 14:26-35 |
| | | 115. Matthew 11:12, 17:20 |
| | | 116. Genesis 15:5-6 |
| | | 117. John 12:24-25 |

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Join the Fight

Jesus says, "... Whatever you do for these brothers of Mine, even the least of them, this you do for Me..." (Matt.25:35).

This is the first edition of our magazine. Our goal is to offer comfort, encouragement, and transformation. The demand is overwhelming. Deep Heart is a small, family-run, public charity, creating our own programs, performances, and printed materials, in their entirety. We offer everything free of charge and depend on the Lord to supply our needs. We have worked long hours at various jobs to fund our mission from our savings. We are excited by our recently received 501c3 status. If you have the means or know of someone that does, to help us produce and distribute this magazine, or would like us to perform somewhere, please get in touch with us. Any help would be greatly appreciated. For more information, please visit:

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Don't give up the fight!

DEEP CALLS TO DEEP AT THE SOUND OF YOUR WATERFALLS: ALL YOUR BREAKERS AND YOUR WAVES HAVE ROLLED OVER ME. PS42:7

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*In the dark forest
of broken dreams
you can discover a new
spectrum of who you are
and explore the hope for
a brilliant future.*

