SOMEONE CARES PRISON MINISTRY
Quietly Changing Lives

News Letter

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Someone Cares is a faith ministry, supported by God's love and your gifts. It is a non-profit corporation; all donations are tax-deductible.

Don & Yvonne McClure
Directors

YVONNE'S CORNER

Each year that we start, we realize that God has much in store for all of us to do. On the other hand, we realize how Satan would do anything to put a stop to whatever might hasten the soon coming of Christ. Prayer is the answer! I was speaking with an inmate a few weeks ago on the importance of a daily devotional; he agreed that it was a definite part of his daily life. Without even hesitating, he asked "And how often do you pray?"

I answered that sometimes for me, especially in prison, it can be minute by minute. He smiled and said "Yeah, I know what you mean." I have thought a lot about that brief conversation and wondered if we were the only ones who felt like that. I know for a fact that without Christ, I am just a filthy rag, but through Christ I can do all things. Don & I give God all the honor and glory for the great things He has in store for us as Christians. Here's just a short New Year's prayer that I would like to share with you.

Dear Lord, please give us...
A few friends who understand us and yet remain our friends...
A work to do which has real value, without which the world would feel the poorer...
A mind unafraid to travel, even though the trail be not blazed...
An understanding heart...
A sense of humor...
Time for quiet, silent meditation...
A feeling of the presence of God.
And the patience to wait for the coming of these things, with the wisdom to know them when they come.
Amen

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Wow! 2,000!! Amazing!!! How many more years before Jesus returns? We pray that God has blessed you and yours into this special New Year. It sure is easy to say "How much longer?" We enter this new year with, we think, well laid out plans for Someone Cares Prison Ministry. The Pen Friend Program is running wild. It seems every time we match an inmate three more ask to be matched. We extend to you, right off the bat, a chance to join this massively growing ministry. You can write an inmate from the comfort and safety of your home. Your letter is mailed to us and we forward it to your inmate. Your inmate writes you back at our address, the only one he/she ever has. We read their mail for your additional protection and forward it on to you. Just
think-you can help Jesus lead a man, woman, boy or girl to Christ RISK FREE.

OFF AND RUNNING

We are going to start by asking you who are "Faith Partners" to give what you gave last year. If you have never supported this ministry, give it a "MITE." Not only do you help us "Go and Grow" but the IRS lets you write off your giving. AMEN!
Again, we ended the year in the black, $1147. Yvonne and I plan to put on more speaking appointments, so if you would like us to come to your Church (In California) to help you start a ministry, or become part of ours, please call us early. We realize that from far and near you get asked for funding. As important as your financial gifts are, your prayer support is the part that keeps Satan on the run.

RESOLUTIONS ALL YEAR

We don't make resolutions except to go in the directions God leads us and follow HIS plan. We pray we are better at working out details worked communicating with each of you. If you receive this newsletter, there is a reason. Don't ask me, ask God. The year 2000 will see the establishment of a separate Dress-out Ministry... the start of a comprehensive remedial reading program... increased enrollment of inmates in the Bible studies we offer.

Yvonne and I need to take a little time to stop and smell the roses. We have never had a honeymoon or a vacation, so we are praying we find a way to combine both in 2000.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The request to start our Dress-out Program of old is massive. This provides inmates who are leaving prison with no money, free clothes to get started. Claiming God's promises, we ask you to start saving your "quality" used clothes.

THANK YOU, SWEET JESUS

Many years ago we were blessed with an invitation to San Quentin to minister. We met Chaplain Harry Howard who, along with Chaplain Stan Read, became a mentor. He helped put Yvonne and me in the direction he thought God wanted us to go. God provided a helpmate for me in Yvonne. For Harry it was Kay. Harry will see Kay at the second coming as she is no longer with us. You will read next month how, although she is not here, she still remains. What a party that will be-we will see Kay, Clyde and Vera (Yvonne's parents) and all our loved ones. We pray you will be there.

WE MUST MOVE

It started with a cough, then much coughing, then even more coughing. I was allergic to the area we lived in and we had to change addresses. Our PO Box will be the same. We thank Steve and Nancy O'Bosky for all they did for us and we know their home (ours for awhile) will always be used for God's work.
SOMEONE WHO CARED

I was shaking as I walked through the gates of prison, free for the first time in 33 years. I had served all my time so I had no parole, I was free. Don, you and your wife told me God would always provide if you let Him. I went to the bus station and counted my money, $947.00 for 33 years.

I went to the ticket counter and said, "Where can I go for $47?"
He asked, "North, South, East Or West?"
I said, "Pick one."
He said, "South. That will take you to near Chicago."
I said, "O.K."

Three hours later I was in a bus station outside Chicago. I walked down the street and saw a little cafe, and went in. I had the special. A non-prison meal. $3.99. Every time the door opened I jumped.
"Mind if I sit down?" a voice said.
I looked up at a man who had eyes so soft and warm.
"Sure," I said.
"Just out of prison, son?" he asked.
"Yes, how did you know?"
"Been there, done that," said he. "I'm the pastor of a little Mission down the street. Need a place to stay?"
Could this really be happening to me? I told him I did not have much money.
He said, "Don't worry."
I paid for dinner and we walked down the street toward the Mission. He said here we are in front of a large building.
"This is not a mission," I said.
He said, "Follow me."
We went up in an elevator and I was scared of it.
"Here," he said, "is your apartment."
I said "I'm sorry, I don't understand."

He told me this apartment was owned by a friend who had died, leaving it to the mission. He was to find someone who really needed a lift in life and let them use it for six months free. Thank you, Jesus!
We prayed and Pastor Tony left me after we arranged to meet in the morning. A nice apartment, furnished, even a TV. I took a bath and turned on the TV. The phone rang, almost scaring me to death. Hello is Mr Brownlow there? I said I had been given the apartment to use by the Mission as the owner had died.
"I'm sorry to hear that. You by chance don't happen to be a carpenter?" the person on the phone asked.
I said I had been before I went to prison and did do it while in prison.
He said, "Would you like a job? Pays $13.50 an hour."
I said, "I just got out of prison does that make a difference?"
"No!"
In a few short hours I had traveled, eaten, found a place to live and gotten a job.
We got this letter two years ago. George Serson still works for the man who blindly hired him, has his own apartment, and goes every Sunday to the Mission Church. He spent Christmas this year visiting his Pen Friends Bob and Carol Johnston.

"Because Someone cared, I cared. And because Someone cared to share, I care to share also." Please join us to help others in the right direction it takes a little effort but the rewards can be great.

COMA

Her name is Jackie and she is 20 yrs old. Due to a terrible automobile accident she is in a coma. Only the Lord knows when she will come out of it. They seem to think she hears things so I thought it would be nice if all of you sent her a Christmas card and her parents could read them to her. The parents, just as a result of this accident, accepted Christ. Address:

Jackie Ledbetter
15711 Rosaline
Ivanhoe, Ca 93235

If we are new to you, see www.someonecares.org
God Bless You and Yours

Ruth went to her mail box and there was only one letter. She picked it up and looked at it before opening, but then she looked at the envelope again. There was no stamp, no postmark, only her name and address. She read the letter:

Dear Ruth,
I'm going to be in your neighborhood Saturday afternoon and I'd like to stop by for a visit.
Love Always,
Jesus

Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special. I don't have anything to offer."

With that thought, Ruth remembered her empty kitchen cabinets.

"Oh my goodness, I really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner."

She reached for her purse and counted out its contents. Five dollars and forty cents. "Well, I can get some bread and cold cuts, at least."

She threw on her coat and hurried out the door. A loaf of French bread a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk...leaving Ruth with grand total of twelve cents to last her until
Monday. Nonetheless, she felt good as she headed home, her meager offerings tucked under her arm.

"Hey lady, can you help us, lady?"

Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans, she hadn't even noticed the two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags.

"Look lady, I ain't got a job, ya know, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street, and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting kinda hungry and, well, if you could help us, lady, we'd really appreciate it."

Ruth looked at them both. They were dirty, they smelled bad and frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to.

"Sir, I'd like to help you, but I'm a poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him."

"Yeah, well, okay lady, I understand. Thanks anyway."

The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley.

As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart.

"Sir, wait!"

The couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them.

"Look, why don't you take this food. I'll figure out some-thing else to serve my guest." She handed the man her grocery bag.

"Thank you lady. Thank you very much!"

"Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering.

"You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one."

Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders. Then, smiling, she turned and walked back to the street...without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest.

"Thank you lady! Thank you very much!"

Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door, and worried, too. The Lord was coming to visit and she didn't have anything to offer Him. She fumbled through her purse for the door key. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox.

"That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She took the envelope out of the box and opened it.
Dear Ruth,

It was so good to see you again. Thank you for the lovely meal. And thank you, too, for the beautiful coat.

Love Always
Jesus

'TWAS THE NIGHT JESUS CAME

'Twas the night Jesus came
And all through the house,
Not a person was praying,
Not one in the house.

The Bible was left on the shelf without care,
For no one thought Jesus would come there.
The children were dressing to crawl into bed,
Not once ever kneeling or bowing their head.

And Mom in the rocking chair with baby on her lap,
Was watching the Late Show as I took a nap.
When out of the east there rose such a clatter,
I sprang to my feet to see what's the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and lifted the sash.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But Angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.

The light of His face made me cover my head,
It was Jesus returning, just like He'd said.
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the Book of Life that he held in his hand,
Was written the name of every saved man.
He spoke not a word as he searched for my name,
When He said "it is not here" I hung my head in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love,
He gathered to take to his Father above.
With those who were ready He rose without sound,
While all the others were left standing around.

I fell to my knees but it was too late,
I waited too long and thus sealed my fate.
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight,
Oh, if only I'd know that this was the night.
In the words of this poem the meaning is clear
The coming of Jesus is now drawing near.
There's only one life and when comes the last call,
We'll find out that the Bible was true after all.....

JESUS LOVES YOU!!! _ _ _ _ _

A NEW YEAR
A NEW CENTURY
A NEW MILLENIUM

JEAN'S JOTTINGS:

We're in the most awesome era of history. No one else on earth will experience this trinity of events after December 31. The planet is rocking and rolling with the final events of fulfilled prophecy. Jesus is tired of tarrying and we long to go home. It's time to rescue the perishing, care for those dying in sin, and bring them into His fold. Pray each day for Someone with whom to share God's love. Plant a seed of kindness and reap a rich harvest of His blessings. Be a Pen Friend through Someone Cares. Have a wonderful New Year!!

Someone Cares Home Page