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

THESE PRISON WALLS

Though these Prison walls seem gloom and dim.
I put my Faith in God, I'll always love HIM.
Each new day is better than the day before.
Now I have God to guide me ever more.

Hebrews 13:3

LIVE FAST DIE YOUNG...

seems to be the moto of so many young people. In a matter of days I have seen articles on an 11-year-old who stabs and kills another 11-year-old. A 15-year-old rapes and kills a young girl. A 14-year-old kills father and sister. No fear, it seems, of being caught or where they will go. I need to repeat: many criminals are sent to prison as punishment, not for punishment. The Bible does not defend crime, nor do we. Sending children, even some very hardened ones, to an adult prison makes no sense. Not sending them to prison also make no sense. I have watched young people going into the system, being just bad, coming out rotten. I have seen abused youth learning what real abuse is. The war on drugs has been lost; incarceration for rehabilitation has almost never been. With the massive cost to send anyone to prison, there must be a light at the end of the tunnel.

HIS NAME IS JERRY

Jerry was sent to prison at age 18 for selling drugs, a crime he did. Although street-wise, he was not prepared for the horror of prison. He was sucked into a gang right away where he learned the fear that his life was going to be controlled by gangs first, prison second. Jerry did five years, all of his sentence, plus a year and a half for a thing he did in prison. He got out of prison on a Friday with no job, no place to stay, and no money. Monday he was back in jail for a robbery/murder.

HER NAME WAS JANET

Janet came from a middle-class family where both parents worked. She started getting into trouble as a youngster - shoplifting, drugs, curfew. After several arrests, she and her boyfriend robbed a store, and killed a clerk. Janet received 15 years. She, too, found out about the hard life in prison. She, too, got involved with a gang in prison for protection, the dues paid with her
body. She over-dosed and died on purpose.

**VOICE OF PROPHECY**

God will bless us once more with a five-day appearance on Voice Of Prophecy radio. Appearing on Christian radio is a real thrill for our ministry. We invite you to join us each day, at the time listed in your area. This program has kept us growing, and in some cases going. The Pen Friend Program has become massive and we again ask you to ask your Church to put an appeal in the Church bulletin to write an inmate or two.

**PEN FRIEND PROGRAM IN ACTION**

"Dear friends," writes Morrie, "I joined your Pen Friend Program eleven years ago and thought you might like an update. I have written 56 inmates: 41 males, 15 females. Thirty-three got into Bible studies, some through VOP, some through Amazing Facts, some through my church. Thirty of the 33 completed studies. Twenty-one have been released from prison, of which 8 still write me. Three more will be out this year. Two will be executed soon; one has been already. One thing I have learned-prison is a Hell on earth. With the amount of money it costs taxpayers to keep men and women in prison, little is done to help them improve their way of life. I can assure your readers that this has and will be a positive experience for me and my church. It kept me in my Bible a lot, as this group came from 18 different church backgrounds."

**STEVE**

In a way I had forgotten about Steve Ewell. He was a High Priest in the Satanic Church when we met him. It took no time to befriend him, but a long time to convert him. Christians hear about Witches and Satanists but do not fear them; we should. We spent time in Marion, Illinois doing a Prison Ministry program and we were asked about Steve. He is out of Prison well seeded with Jesus and a church. He warns others about the dangers that entrapped him. God is so good!

Yvonne reminded me of one time a warlock (male witch) came into the Chapel and I laughed at him. That was twelve learning years ago. I take things like that a lot more seriously now.

**NO GOD? KNOW GOD!!**

When I came to prison I thought I knew it all. I was tough, I had no fear and a short sentence; do it standing on my head. I was coming back from the commissary with a lot of stuff for my needs. A young kid stopped me and said, "Give me your stuff."

I said, "Say what, punk?"

He said, "Give me your stuff or I'll cut your throat."

I put down my stuff to take him apart when I felt the shank deep in my back from behind. I woke up in the hospital with a lot of pain. I had been stabbed 7 times.
Now I had a real problem. I knew who stuck me, a gang banger. If I hit him they would hit me and so forth. If I did not hit him I'd be known as yellow by the other gangs. I'm not so tough after all. The code of prison says you get even, or we will.

I was going to call a friend over when Don walked up to my bed. "What's the other guy look like?" he said.

"Who are you?" said I.

"God sent me to make sure you don't do something stupid."

"Who? I don't know GOD."

"You will," said Don.

"You are crazy, man! I'm not about to be a Bible thumper."

Don then said it straight. You have these choices

(a) Hit the guys who hit you;
(b) Don't and you will get hit again;
(c) Go into protective custody and become chicken
(d) ask God for help.

All of a sudden my choices were: count on God, or the years for different things would add to my sentence, or I'd die. Not so tough, but I got to know God. I found out later Don went to the guys that hit me and said "If you want to bail out, I will not sic God on you." He also let it be known I was not chicken, be well advised. That was eight years ago and I write this the day before my release. Scars have healed and now I know that I know God.

FOR SALE

We have a 25ft Tioga RV, a tow dolly, and a 1989 Ford Festiva for sale. The Ford gets 47 miles a gal and we use it as a tow car. The RV has a brand new engine (less than 1500 miles), a new refrigerator/ freezer, new holding tank, almost new tires and muffler. It sleeps 6, has a microwave, oven and stove, toilet and shower, and a huge generator. It is in California. We want $8,000 for the lot.

DEAR DON & YVONNE

You don't know us, we don't know you, but God bless you both. A month ago our son came home from prison and we did not believe anyone could change as much as he did. He met you both at Avenal years ago, and again at Delano. You helped him find himself and that is a person we now really love.

We feared and hated the son who was sent to prison. In fact, we were blessed when he was caught. I guess he reached out to us several times, but we had blinders on. Not only has he come home, he has a really good job and goes to church, and studies his Bible.
Last Friday he said, "Let's have family worship." We did not even know what that was. Well, he had prayer and a short Bible study. The enclosed check is not for what you did, but what you do. George says "HI, and God Bless;" we do, too. Barbara and Ralf Jensen.

YVONNE'S CORNER

It is so much fun sharing and witnessing to others, whether it be while shopping or in prison. I love people. I have always been a people person. While I was trying to make the Bible more interesting to the prisoners, I decided we would do the alphabet and see what we could come up with, and this is what we did:

A: Ask and it shall be given.
B: Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me.
C: Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.
D: Delight thyself in the law of the Lord and He shall give you the desires of your heart.
E: Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be made low.
F: Fret not thyself because of evil doers.
G: God is our refuge and God is our strength.
H: He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might He gives strength.
I: I am the resurrection and the life.
J: Jesus Christ, the same today, yesterday, and forever.
K: Know ye that the Lord, He is God; it is He that hath made us.
L: Let not your heart be troubled.
M: Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.
N: No man cometh unto the Father except by me.
O: Oh, magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His name together;
   Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good.
   Oh, that men would praise Him.
P: Peace I give; peace I leave unto you.
Q: Quench not the Holy Spirit.
R: Rejoice in the Lord always.
S: Surely goodness and mercy shall follow you.
T: They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.
U: Uphold me with thy free spirit.
V: Verily, Verily I say unto you, if you do it unto the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me.
W: Wait upon the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart.
X: Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.
Y: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou are with me.
Z: Zion (Jerusalem) heard and was glad.

I am sure you could do it many different ways. This is just an example that we did in prison, May God Bless each and every one of you and have fun with the Bible!

JEAN'S JOTTINGS: JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU
After the morning service at their church, the Pastor and his 11-year-old son would go into their town and hand out Gospel Tracts. This particular afternoon, the boy bundled up in his warmest and driest clothes and said, "OK dad, I'm ready."

Pastor dad asked, "Ready for what?"

"Dad, it's time we gather our tracts together and go out."

Dad responded: "It's very cold outside and it's pouring down rain."

The boy gave his dad a surprised look, and asked "But dad, aren't people still going to Hell, even though it's raining?"

Dad answers, "Son, I am not going out in this weather."

Despondent, the boy asked, "Dad, can I go-please?"

His father hesitated for a moment then said, "Yes, you can go. Here are the tracts; but be careful."

"Thanks Dad!!!" And with that, he was off.

The boy walked the streets of the town, going door to door and handing everybody he met a Gospel Tract. After two hours of walking in the rain, he was soaking, bone-chilled wet, and down to his very last tract. He stopped on a corner and looked for someone to hand it to but the streets were totally deserted. Then he turned toward the first home he saw and started up the sidewalk to the front door. He rang the bell, but nobody answered. He rang it again and again but still no one answered. He waited, but still no answer.

Finally this 11-year-old trooper turned to leave but something stopped him. Again, he turned to the door and rang the bell and knocked loudly on the door with his fist. He waited, something holding him there on the front porch. He rang again, and this time the door slowly opened. Standing in the doorway was a very sad looking elderly lady.

She asked softly, "What can I do for you, son?"

With radiant eyes and a smile that lit up her world, the boy said, "Madam, I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I just want to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU, and I came to give you my very last Gospel Tract which will tell you all about JESUS and His great LOVE." With that, he handed her the little paper, and turned to leave.

She called to him as he departed----"Thank you, son! And God Bless You!"

Well, the following Sabbath morning in church, Pastor Dad was in the pulpit and as the service began he asked, "Does anybody have a testimony or want to say anything?"

Slowly, in the back row of the church, an elderly lady stood to her feet. As she began to speak, a look of glorious radiance came from her face as she said, "None of you in this church knows me. I've never been here before. You see, before last week I was not a Christian. My husband had passed on, some time ago, leaving me totally alone in this world. That cold and rainy day, it was even more so in my heart as I came to the end of the line where I no longer had any hope or will to live. So I took a rope and a chair and ascended the stairway into the attic of my home. I
fastened the rope securely to a rafter in the roof, then stood on the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. I stood on that chair, so lonely and broken-hearted. I was about to leap off when suddenly the loud ringing of my doorbell downstairs startled me. I thought "I'll wait a minute, and whoever it is will go away."

I waited and waited—but the ringing of the doorbell seemed to get louder and more insistent, and then the person ringing also started knocking loudly. I thought to myself again, "Who on earth could this be? Nobody ever rings my bell or comes to see me." I loosened the rope from my neck and started for the front door, all the while the bell rang louder and louder. When I opened the door and looked, I could hardly believe my eyes, for there on my front porch was the most radiant and angelic little boy I had ever seen in my life. Oh, his SMILE! I could never describe it to you!!! And the words that came from his mouth caused my heart, that had long been dead, to LEAP to life as he exclaimed with a cherub-like voice, "Madam, I just came to tell you that Jesus really does love you." Then he gave me this Gospel Tract that I now hold in my hand. The little angel disappeared back out into the cold and rain, and I closed my door and read slowly every word of this Gospel Tract. Then I went up to my attic to get my rope and chair. I wouldn't be needing them any more. You see, I am now a happy child of the KING, and since the address of your church was on the back of this Gospel Tract, I have come here to personally say Thank You to God's little angel who came just in the nick of time and, by so doing, spared my soul from eternity in hell."

There were now no dry eyes in the church, as shouts of praise and honor to the King resounded off the very rafters of the building. Pastor Dad descended from the pulpit to the front pew where the little Angel was seated. He took him in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably.

Probably no church has had a more glorious moment. Probably this Universe has never seen a Papa that was more filled with love & honor for his son-except for One. This Father also allowed His Son to go out into a cold, dark world. He received His Son back with joy unspeakable, and as all of Heaven shouted praises and honor to the King, the Father sat His Beloved Son on a throne far above all Principality, or Power, and every name that is named. There may be SOMEONE reading this, who is also going through a dark, cold, lonely time in your soul. You may be a Christian, for we are not without problems. Or you may not yet know the King. Whatever the case, and whatever the problem or situation you find yourself in, and no matter how dark it may seem, I want you to know that I just came to tell you-JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU. Via the Internet

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