

Overcomers for Christ

June 2015



*The father of a righteous child has great joy;
a man whose father has a wise son rejoices in him.*

Proverbs 23:24

Glory Meeting of the Overcomers for Christ

January 2015 / February 2015



Wade's Testimony - Part Two

By Wade Anderson

Hello family! I pray you all are doing well and not only basking in God's love, blessings and ENDLESS grace, but recognizing AND receiving it all into your lives! AMEN?! As we begin here I want to ask you, "Have you ever seen yourself somewhere in the Bible?" Meaning, have you ever read stories in the Bible and found that you could simply take their name out and insert yours and it would read close to the same way? Me to. You know why that is? Because there are NO perfect people! God CHOSE to and continues to use those very people, flawed people, to demonstrate His LOVE and patience while giving us examples to connect with in our very lives today. I saw almost the exact same story as mine in **Acts 9:1-6,8**. So, I'll call part 2 "**My Damascus Forgiveness**".

As you all seen from last month, all the way to this point, I was STILL getting high. In fact, I had been up runnin' and gunnin' the whole night before all this took place. The morning of April 28, 2007, I came home long enough to pick up my then 8 year old grandson so he could ride with me to a motorcycle shop on Cave Creek Road. I had ordered some parts to complete a project I was working on and he wanted to go with me to get them. As I started the bike, Frank was about to get on behind me when I realized that the strap on his helmet was not latched. I synched the strap down tight and told him, "If it's not latched it won't do any good to have it on!" He saddled up and we began riding up the street when out of the shadows a black Chow dog ran in front of us. With the mag wheels that I have on that bike, the dogs head went inside the wheel. When his neck reached the fork tube it threw his body in front of the tire and ... you guessed it, it was like being on ice. I couldn't turn or get off of his body. I eventually had to lay the bike down. The first thing on my heart and mind was, "Where's Frank, Where's FRANK, WHERE'S FRANK!?" With my head spinning and all but knocked out I was frantically looking when I spotted him up by the curb, taking his helmet off, and looking at me in complete terror. Not really realizing what he was looking at, at the time, I quickly looked him over and seen that he was physically not hurt. I took his hand, and gasping for air, I then realized I was bleeding from the shoulder to the wrist on my right arm. We left the bike lay in the street and headed for the house. By the way, this happened only 8 houses from ours, right at Anderson St., just a couple of houses before we reached Bell Road.

When we got to the house I yelled for Michelle to come take a look at Frank. Needless to say she was in hysterics. I had hit the asphalt more than a few times over the period of thirty years so this wasn't my first rodeo. At first this didn't appear to be anything I hadn't experienced before ... so, the first place that I went was out to the shop. I was really going out there to get 'high' and try to gather up the chain of events that had just taken place. What are you all looking at me like that for!? You know that's exactly how we rolled back then! I didn't say the change had already happened. I said "This was the day it happened." Anyways, I didn't end up getting high because in just a few more minutes I realized the gasping for air was NOT adrenalin or the remainder of last night's run. So, I headed back into the house to wash off all the blood and road rash from my arm. As soon as I turned the water on ... you guessed it, I immediately had to take a leak. It's okay to say that, right? The second I did, I saw that I was peeing what looked like straight blood. "Okay, this IS NOT the same as any of the other times I've hit the ground," I said to myself. Instantly I got on the phone and called a friend to come take me to the hospital. I saw her pull up and I headed from the house across the yard to the vehicle. For some reason, with my left arm holding my side I lifted my right arm towards the sky and simply said, "Hey, if You take care of this I will do the best that I can to take care of the rest of the stuff in my life." I grew up in a time when you shook someone's hand or gave them your word about something and that was as good as or better than any written contract. A time when your word was your promise and people knew your character by the way you kept your word. In other words, A Promise is a Promise! Simply put, I had just made a promise to God. I later wrote a poem titled, A Promise Is A Promise. Today, knowing how many times I had attempted to accomplish this on my own in the past, I wonder who's chain I thought I was pulling when I made that promise that day? This was quite possibly the very first time I'd ever been ALL in.

As crazy as this may sound I went to a different hospital than Frank. Why? Well, it must have been the Holy Spirit because in the midst of all that was happening I somehow knew that if we both ended up at the same hospital, and they put the pieces together after taking my blood, they would probably try to take my grandson from my daughter. The relational fence between my daughter and me had slowly, over the years, been mended. This real lack of responsibility on my part could ultimately have been the axe to cut that nerve to the quick, again.

Entering the emergency room of the hospital and in spite of the lengthy time one usually spends there; they immediately took me back and started trying to figure out what was going on. With no obvious broken bones, the road rash on my right arm was nothing of real interest at that point. "Why was I gasping for air and peeing blood," was my focus? Let me stop right here and say, "In all of this I still NEVER thought for a second that I was in dire straits or dying." Maybe it was stupidity, a lingering drug affect or it was an inner peace telling me that I would be okay? After they had taken several x-rays they realized that the blood in my urine was from what they believed at the time to be a ruptured kidney. They immediately began to prep me so I could be transported by helicopter from there to a hospital that was capable of removing that kidney. By this time Michelle had left Frank with my daughter, and was now standing at the foot of the gurney. As I glanced at her, I saw she had a look of fear and concern on her face. She later told me that I was as gray as a ghost and she

wasn't sure what was going to happen. In the middle of joking and carrying on with the intern, I looked up and said to him, "You don't have to do all of this, I'll be just fine!" At that moment Michelle went and sat down without saying a word. I believe, today, that it was the same peace that I felt inside that spoke to her spirit giving her peace. As they continued to prep me they told me, "Don't worry you can live just fine with only one kidney."

Within a few minutes they realized that my shortage of breath was due to a collapsed lung. Acting quickly they took a scalpel and made a slice between two of my ribs. Their calculation was slightly off and they had to slice between the next two ribs so they could push a tube in to inflate my lung. Before they had the chance to rush me to the awaiting helicopter on the rooftop a raging, rushing wind blew in through the hospital to the point that the doors of the emergency room were flapping opened and closed. In less than five minutes, the helicopter pilot called down from the roof and said, "There is no way I can take off in this wind, and we'll have to wait." I want to remind you all that when we arrived at the hospital earlier it was a beautiful April day, just like today. Let me ask, **"What do all of you think just happened?"** Inside of me I KNOW what happened and no one will ever be able to make me believe otherwise. At that very second they began to see that everything on their machines was changing. As I was about to go under I heard them say, "Move him up to ICU and keep him on a guarded watch!" A lot of stuff took place there in that room but I never lost one organ! By the time I left the hospital 5 days later all of the road rash on my arm was even healed down to the size of a half-dollar! When I WALKED OUT of the hospital that day I was both amazed and confused. Whatever happened inside of me had me feeling so alive that I literally could feel every heart beat as if the ends of my fingers were going to begin squirting blood from the tips. WHAT JUST HAPPENED ... was one of many thoughts on my mind?!

Over the next week or so after coming home from the hospital, I couldn't bring myself to go anywhere or even open the door when someone would come to visit or stop to check on me. I was literally afraid that if I left the house I would find myself right in the thick of it all again. That's the way we rolled, remember? There were certain 'ones' that 'loved' us that would come get us and 'help' us get back on the horse again. You ALL know what I'm talking about! At that point, I didn't have a clue what was in store for me so I stayed locked in the house. In that sense I was still a prisoner to that old life and lifestyle. Then one day there was a knock on the door and I felt something inside of me say, "What good are you doing Me locking yourself in the house? Open the door and go!" I opened the door and from that day it has been on!

I know without a doubt that God had a purpose for me to write my testimony at this exact date and time. I've never felt the nudge to do this in the newsletter before now. You've read where I came from and can see that some of the roads in my life I chose, while others were a direct result of other people's choices. I've never blamed my old life and choices on my mom, my dad or anyone else. When I asked if you'd heard the phrase, "The sins of the father are the sins of the son," I was only asking because I was sure you all could relate to that phrase, not to blame anything on my dad or my mom. We HAVE to get beyond the things that people have directly or indirectly done in our lives! **Many times it's only our perception of what we believe they have done or are doing to us, not the truth.** More times than not they too were just living their own selfish lives without a thought of who or what was being affected. Just like the things we've caused or have been a part of, that have hurt others lives, it doesn't mean that we didn't or still don't love them, right? Well, why would we want to make it out to be a one-way street always blaming someone else?! You already know the answer to that question, so I'll let you roll it around in your heart for awhile. I'm sure someone will write and let me know their answer. Each one of us has the opportunity to take our own emotions and decisions by the reigns and turn them around and head them in the other direction. We first have to take responsibility for our own shortcomings or issues and STOP blaming everyone else all the time! WOW! That all came out of right field. I'm not sure who that was for but I'm positive someone must have needed to hear it, and hear it this way.

I'm pretty sure that most of us have heard that the Bible tells us, **"God is no respecter of persons."** (Acts 10:34 KJV) Let me share with you the Message translation of that verse. I'm sure you'll begin to see it all a lot more clearly as Peter explains, **"It's God's own truth, nothing could be plainer: God plays no favorites! It makes no difference who you are or where you're from - if you want God and are ready to do as He says, the door is open."** (Acts 10:34 Message) What I want you to see here is, I am no different than any of you sitting there behind those walls and fences. Everything that God has done in and through my life He'll do with you! He not only has a plan for you too, but He NEEDS each and every one of you to respond to His call in order to get His plan DONE. Listen to what Peter is telling us in **2 Peter 3:9 (NLT), "The Lord isn't really being slow about His promise to return, as some people think. No, He is being patient for your sake. He does not want anyone to perish, so He is giving more time for everyone to repent."**

If those of you that truly knew the ole guy that I was were ever told that this is what I would be doing with my life, I'm sure you would have laughed just like I would have. I know there's one cat out there where I stuck a pistol grip shotgun in his back that would have rolled on the floor hearing that statement. Why? Brother, is it okay that I tell this brief story? I think I just seen you shake your head yes? First off this took place at another location not my immediate home. Anyways, earlier in the day someone had broken into my shop while I was gone and stole a bunch of titles and other various things. (A

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Don't worry about anything; instead pray about everything. Tell God what you need and thank Him for all He has done **Philippians 4:6 (NLT)**

Prayer Requests

I need an apostolic minister to come baptize me in the soul saving name of Jesus Christ and pray me through to the Baptism of the Holy Ghost (Acts 2:38). I also need an apostolic minister to come in here to do a Bible study on Saturday from 12:00 – 2:00 PM. Please keep this in your prayers for me. I want to bring revival to this unit, to wake up the church to the holiness of Jesus Christ. I pray for Jesus Christ to have mercy and bring repentance and the fire of the Holy Ghost ... Amen ... **R.D.**

Please pray for me, that God would continue to guide and strengthen me and give me favor with staff and words of encouragement to others ... God Bless ... **M.M.**

I ask that you pray for my migraines, they are hurting real bad. I have them all day long, they fade away for couple of hours then they hit so bad that I get dizzy, sweaty and nauseous, sick to my stomach. But I try to stay cool with a cold towel and sit in front of the fan and listen to gospel music and the Word of God. It relaxes me. Thank you for your prayers ... **D.G.**

Here is a prayer list; maybe you can please include these people in your prayers. Prayer is so valuable and powerful, thank you! Pray for Tammala, for her and her estranged family to re-connect and get a chance to be reunited in Christ. Also to make her a stronger woman in Christ so she can build parenting skills and see the beauty in herself the way God means for her to and for hope. Pray for Michelle, for her to find Christ and a love for herself she's never known. For the angels of God to direct her and teach her in ways she's become unteachable and to open her eyes to the love, Glory and redemption through and in Christ. Pray for Megan, for her to get the love of the Lord in her life. To light a fire of life and motherhood. To blind her to influences of the father of lies, through addictions, people of false self-desires. To find Christ and know God and be led in Spirit. Pray for Linda, for her to overcome her past hurts and to be able to assert herself through the leadership of Christ in her life into the position God wants for her and her future and the future of her and her broken family. That God grabs her and pulls her to His destiny for her through Christ. For joy and for her health (she has crone's disease). Pray for Janelle, for her new future. To shine a light on her through her life sentence in Federal prison. For her health to be restored and her broken foot to be healed. For her to be able to get the right diet and exercise to help her overcome her weight and diabetes. For Gods will to happen in her life through the illumination of Christ. Pray for Tiffany, for her to really take this opportunity to get even closer to God, through Christ! That His light will direct her in the beautiful future He has reserved just for her! That the Spirit uses her in whatever mission that God can use her influence with the numerous people in so many diverse environments – if that be His Will for her. Pray for me, to not be hopeful except for the decision and direction of God in my life through Christ in motivation in the Holy Spirit ... **C.H.**

Praise Reports

Thank you for all your prayers; prayers full of almighty power! My wife has been going to the hospital for some time now because of her breathing. She goes there to be put on breathing tanks where they drain the fluid from her lungs just to be able to breathe. She also has diabetes and takes a lot of asthma medication. I wanted to let you know that after you all sent me that blue prayer blanket (paper) I came into agreement with the Word of God, laid hands on it and prayed over it as well. After doing that I sent it to my wife on the streets. Right after that she wrote me back and said she is breathing a whole lot better now! Since then she has not had to be put on those breathing tanks to breathe and she feels a whole lot better!! We thank God and praise God! She wanted me to tell you all, "Thank you for all your prayers!" Oh yah, I laid that same paper on myself before I sent it out and today my migraines are almost completely gone! Praise God ... **D.G.**

I just recently received Jesus as my Lord and Savior and have lots of people to thank. My whole life I've been doing things my way and here I am in prison again for the 9th time. Since my incarceration this time, I've lost my kids and mother, too. I've been assaulted and had family problems. But it seems like I've been at peace and made it through all this better than I ever expected. Before I would take everything out on people with rage, but now I just pray and believe in God and put all my trust in Him. **Hebrews 11:6 ... "Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for He who comes to God must believe that He is, and He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him."** I do truly seek Him and know everything I do is only possible through His grace and Jesus Himself. **Psalm 27:2-6** is a big part of my belief now ... **"When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."** Like I said, I was assaulted by several inmates due to a long fight which they did not like the outcome. I came out with just a few bruises on my head. I believe that Jesus was there for me and shielded me from serious injury. My five year old son is out there without any parents right now, but I trust in God that I will make it home soon ... **C.B.**

Overcomers for Christ

From the Inside

I've Always Known God ... It Was His Son That I Lacked a Relationship With By C.H.

Oh wow! I can't believe you wrote me back! Thank you so much! Your card brightened my whole being. I just got out of court, for the second time they pushed back my trial and this time no one even told me, or the jail (where I am being housed) so I was transported and left in a room while other people went through their court proceedings. I was told by a guard that I would not be seen for my trial, with no other information. My attorney couldn't be bothered to find the time to come speak with me either; so it has been one of "those days"! Receiving a card from you was just so awesome.

I have been in prayer so much lately, it's like an addiction - who knew there were positive addictions and that this one addiction replaced my drugs, drinking, smoking and just about all the unhealthy addictions you could dream up, I have suffered from. But now, I don't know when I could find the time to include that junk in my life anymore.

There is so much I'd love to share with you, I hope that's okay. It's just that I have this great fire in my heart and I have "Overcome" so much stuff already that I never dreamed I would. God is just moving mountains in my life! And, you know what? Even though, I'm going through this situation which I feel is deeply unjust to the ultimate at the same time, I'm not scared. Even if I get this bum rap, it's okay because I know God has got major plans for me. Even if it's in prison, or in treatment or in some institution, it will be right where our Father will want me (and can use me). I truly believe I can overcome anything in Christ.

But hey, everyone – even me, in my fresh exuberance of this light shining down upon me, in me and through me, needs other believers to study with, share with, hope with, dream with and build a future that is hopeful, productive and bright! I have learned by my past that I just can't do it alone! You all are so great because you have some practice at this and I am still so new at even wanting to try and establish any kind of relationship with healthy (and I'm assuming mostly sober) people.

I never got to read your newsletter; I just got to see a flier with pictures of previous newsletters in print and pictures of your group being together. You guys just looked so real! Like you've been there, done that, but found a better way. You didn't seem stuffy or pretentious or like you ain't never gone through nothing, but somehow knew all the answers. No, you all looked just the opposite – like you had been through some "stuff" and maybe didn't have all the "answers" but you knew that God was Love and Jesus Saves and you guys were in it together, seeking, learning and praying together, being together In Christ It's just the kind of folks I would hope to know existed, but didn't.

A lot of what has kept me from trying again at life or a future or even believing God still loved me was that I didn't know where to find the "down to earth" REAL people, because somehow through pain, loss, addiction, more pain, broken dreams, and hopelessness, I had surrounded myself with others who were in the same place. It's called despair, and boy are there feelings that go along with a ticket into that carnival, all kinds of them and all kinds of people holding on to such an array of different perspectives and different levels of hatred, some quite a bit more developed than others and oh, so very dangerous! It can become appealing to be around someone who people "respect" or rather "fear", especially when you're sick of being the darn target all the time, because you have been victimized and left to sit in those trappings of that victimization. Social exile, extreme depression, confusion, loneliness that leads to bitterness because you were helpless to have stopped what had already happened in your life.

What could you have done to even pretend to think it'd be any different next time? Once people know they can get away with victimizing you, boy do you get it. You don't even know what hit you until it's too late or feels like it's too late. At least that's how it was for me, and without support or family in the world, no one to turn to ... Gosh ... I just couldn't stop the avalanche of things seeming to just topple upon me and it seemed like one horrific event after another, no time to take a breath before another life changing tragedy would unfold before my very existence!

You know, when it gets to that level of darkness, I had a very hard time believing I was ever going to find the door out of it all. And with the way the world is changing so very fast, right before our very eyes and even if you know you are loveable, regardless of how you have been treated, and you know God is there and that it's humans that make bad happen – not God, you still start to wonder if God knows you are there. I've always known Him; it was His Son that I lacked a relationship with.

Overcomers for Christ

From the Inside

But not NOW! I'm happy to say, it's like a bright light just started to beam upon me, and I began to see my path being illuminated – and every day I'm seeing more and more of that light, in this seemingly dark hour – amazingly I only see light. Isn't that wonderful? And believe, if you will, I have seen quite a bit of the opposite of light in the physical and metaphysical sense of the term, not to mention the spiritual sense. But now I'm looking to see all the light my eyes can stand! And I'm looking forward to the day when the Spirit is in and with me to such an extreme that you'd be hard pressed to not see it in me and flowing out of me in the creative way God uses His Spirit to connect His little children.

Desperate for the Lord

By T.M.

I just fell on an aggravated assault charge and received a mitigated 6 years. I've got about a year in as of now ... I'm a reborn again Christian ... or, at least I know I should be a lot better one than I've been.

It seems that I'm very institutional minded and I'm pretty rough around the edges. I'm 49 years old and been in and out of prison since 1983. I've put a lot of work in for the wrong people, people that ACTED like they loved and respected me when really they just used me.

I'm not cry babying, but, I don't have anyone left out there that gives a hoot whether I live or die. And the only true Friend I have is Jesus! He seems to be the only One that's ALWAYS there when the chips are down and I find I don't have a friend in the world. I work out with this guy named Micah and he has been a real inspiration. He has helped me make some leaps and bounds in the right direction, towards God. I spoke to him about a spiritual mentor, someone on the outside that knows what I'm going through and he sent me your way. Brother, I need a friend and real bad. I've got no more chances; they are going to lay me down if there's a next time. I'm tired and I've lost everyone and everything I have ever cared about. I want peace and happiness more than ever and I'm tired of not being able to trust anyone around me. I'm not getting out until I'm 53 years old and from what I'm told you're the guy I'm needing to talk to ... my eyes and ears are open and I sure could use a friend in Christ.

Finding Peace during Lockdown

By L.H.

We are on lockdown right now and it doesn't do much to relieve tension here. Being on lockdown tends to make us stop and think of many thoughts we would rather temporarily forget. Especially things like our pasts, what we've done to our families or whatever other form of depression that can find its way into our hearts and minds. So actually, lockdown causes more tension. That's why I dug out some old cards and letters that you all have sent me over the years. I figured I could use a bit of positive reassurance that there are beautiful people out there.

For me, I am tired of the life that I put myself into so many times, finding myself back in prison. I have landed here so many times that I have stopped counting. It's hard for me to find peace except in the Word of God. Like so many others I'm sure, I can really relate to Paul in *Romans 7:19* when he said, **"For I do not do the good I want to do, but the evil I do not want to do - this I keep on doing."** Just like many of you, this has had a great effect on my heart. I am certain that there are many of us, locked up or not, that have caused emotional hurt in others due to our selfish behavior. And in some of these instances we may never have the opportunity to ask for the forgiveness of our behavior. But, here's what WE ALL should know, "This doesn't stop the love that we still have for that person." Wouldn't you agree?

Quote Worthy

"You can make more friends in two months by becoming more interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get people interested in you."

- Dale Carnegie (1888-1955) - an American writer and lecturer and the developer of famous courses in self-improvement, salesmanship, corporate training, public speaking, and interpersonal skills. Born into poverty on a farm in Missouri, he was the author of *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (1936), a massive bestseller that remains popular today. He also wrote *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living* (1948), and several other books.

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Foot's Bible Study Notes

1 Kings 3:3-6:38

When given the chance to have anything in the world, Solomon asked for wisdom - "an understanding mind" - in order to lead well and to make right decisions. We can ask God for this same wisdom. (**James 1:5**) Notice that Solomon asked for understanding to carry out his job. He did not ask God to do the job for him. We should not ask God to do for us what He wants to do through us. Instead, we should ask God to give us the wisdom to know what to do and the courage to follow through on it. (**3:6-9**)

Throughout most of his reign, Solomon applies his wisdom well because he sought God. The fruits of his wisdom were peace, security, and prosperity for the nation. Solomon's era is often looked upon as the ideal of what any nation can become when united in its trust in and obedience to God. (**4:20-5**)

Solomon drafted three times the number of workers needed for the temple project then arranged their schedules so they didn't have to be away from home for long periods of time. This showed his concern for the welfare of his workers and the importance he placed on family life. The strength of the nation is in direct proportion to the strength of its families.

Solomon wisely recognizes that family should always be a top priority. As you structure your own work or arrange the schedules of others, watch for the impact of your plans on families. (**5:13-14**)

Acts 6:1-7:29

The Word of God spreads like ripples on a pond, where from the single center, each wave touches the next, spreading wider and farther. The Good News still spreads this way today. You don't have to change the world single handedly. It is enough just to be part of the wave, touching those around you, who in turn will touch others until all have felt the movement. Don't ever feel that your part is insignificant or unimportant. (**6:7**)

When we witness for Christ, we don't need to be on the defensive, instead we can simply share our faith. (**7:2**) When faced by a confusing array of circumstances, remember this: 1) God is in control - nothing surprises Him. 2) This world is not all there is - it will pass away, but God is eternal. 3) God is just, and He will make things right - punishing the wicked and rewarding the faithful. 4) God wants to use you (like Joseph, Moses, and Stephen) to make a difference in the world. (**7:17**)

Psalms 126:1-127:5

God's ability to restore life is beyond our understanding. Forests burn down and are able to grow back, broken bones heal. Even grief is not a permanent condition. Our tears can be seeds that will grow into a harvest of joy because God is able to bring good out of tragedy. When burdened by sorrow, know that your times of grief will end and that you will again find joy. We must be patient as we wait. God's great harvest of joy is coming. (**126:5-6**)

Too often children are seen as liabilities rather than assets. But the Bible calls children a "gift from the Lord" - a reward. We can learn valuable lessons from their inquisitive minds and trusting spirits. Those who view children as a distraction or nuisances should instead see them as an opportunity to shape the future. We dare not treat children as an inconvenience when God values them so highly. (**127:3-4**)

Proverbs 16:26-30

There are those that hunt and live for scandal, these people can't wait for the latest gossip so their words can spread it like wildfire. People like this are very destructive, simply reacting to the smallest piece of information without truly looking into the situation for the truth. As Christians, we need to leave this kind of behavior behind and become more compassionate and supportive of those around us and not be so quick to destroy.

Gossip, we are all guilty of having gossiped about someone or something at one time or another. At the time, it is usually a spur of the moment thing where we really don't think about what we could cause or who we could hurt when we do it. The end product of gossip always ends up hurting somebody which makes it wrong in God's eyes, for He doesn't want us to hurt anybody. Let's try to remember that. The next time you think of some juicy morsel that more than likely will hurt someone just keep it to yourself.

"Foot" Notes

Hello fellow strugglers, thought I'd share some thoughts with ya'll. For years, others have asked me if I'm ever getting out and the typical reply should be, "No." But I always reply that, "I'll be right here until God wants me some where else." That being said on February 6, 2014, a group of us were rolled up and moved to a privately run prison. So, apparently, God wanted me somewhere else ... Ha Ha!!! And in the short term (3 days), my living situation is a total upgrade. So, it would seem God truly does look after drunkards and fools (since I've been clean since 2002, it would seem I now fit in the latter category). Ha Ha!!! I guess I'll close this by saying, "Keep the faith brothers and sisters for ya' just never know when our Lord and Savior will throw us a bone," that is above and beyond the abundance of daily blessings He bestows on us.

story we won't get into.) After I returned to the shop and witnessed what had happened, I became furious. Later that night there was a knock on the door. Still flaming hot inside, being on high alert and not knowing the cat standing on the other side of the door, he immediately became a suspect. Like I said earlier, perceptions are not always the truth. He merely jumped in the truck with someone to come over and neither one of them knew what had happened that day. I did figure out who had been there so obviously I didn't know who I could trust at that point! I'll bet you he will witness to the change. **RIGHT BROTHER?!** Before we move any further I've got to say that even that incident was used for God's glory later on. Several years down the road, God placed each of us back together again. When we started this newsletter he was one of the first 35 people on the mailing list. Not knowing his real name before this and only his nickname we both began to correspond back and forth. As we built this new relationship it took almost two years before he had an epiphany that the "Duck" he has been writing to might be the "Duck" I just told you all about. When he wrote and asked me I realized he was right, he explained every little detail; I was the guilty "Duck". (Happy face, sad face, HAPPY FACE!) I told you this to let you all know that when God has a plan for something to happen He WILL use what we might consider the most unlikely people or resources to get the job done.

After all, He chose both of us! Even though this cat was now on the 'inside' and I was on the 'outside', we were now spiritually reconnected. God might use a bizarre incident like I just explained or any number of examples. I might add that neither of us was looking to do what we are doing today for the Lord. But, according to **Acts 10:34**, "It made no difference who we were or where we were from. Evidently God knew we NOW wanted only Him in our lives and we were ready to do as He asked, so He opened the door." By the way, as I've said earlier, this individual has been a partner in this ministry from the very beginning of this newsletter. He's a warrior, a sold out for Christ Jesus soldier by the name of "FOOT"! **By the way, he wasn't involved with the incident I mentioned earlier.**

Listen what Paul has to say, in **1 Corinthians 1:26-29** (NLT), about who is called and why they are called and for what reason. **"Remember, dear brothers and sisters, that few of you were wise in the world's eyes, or powerful, or wealthy when God called you. Instead, God deliberately chose things the world considers foolish in order to shame those who think they are wise. And He chose those who are powerless to shame those who are powerful. God chose things despised by the world, things counted as nothing at all, and used them to bring to nothing what the world considers important,"** WHY? **"So that no one can ever boast in the presence of God."** I'm not throwing anyone else under the bus with me, this time, but I'm sure that I was a qualifier for one of those slots before I came to follow Jesus.

As I mentioned this past April marked the 8th year 'anniversary' of my 're-birth' date. But honestly I don't ever sit around thinking or waiting for that date to roll around. I do my best to keep my head up and my eyes focused on Jesus knowing that walking with Him He'll pick me up when I fall. All I have to do is reach up, not give up, and grab hold of His hand! AMEN?!

Remember where I had just left the hospital and I was still dazed and confused? Even though I knew something had definitely happened inside of me, and still in a whirl, I felt somehow it all had something to do with that promise I made. Every once in awhile I would run in to some of the old crew and they seemed to be even more confused than I was because I was always so pumped up. Some of them would say to me, "Duck, there IS something different about you. When are you going to start working on scooters again? Are you sure you aren't getting high?" I wasn't so drawn to ride my motorcycle so I let it sit. Instead, I began to cruise the streets on my bicycle with a REAL STRONG desire to tell people about Jesus. When I felt that urge I would say to myself, "You don't know that much about Jesus! What are you going to say? Who's going to listen?" So I started reading my Bible to see Who Jesus was. As I did this I began to think, "Hey, I've heard that somewhere before," or "Why does that sound so familiar?" And then it hit me! This was the same stuff I thought I wasn't learning between the ages of 10 and 14! Then my eyes and heart fell onto these Scriptures in **Isaiah 55:10-11** (NLT), **"The rain and the snow come down from the heavens and stay on the ground to water the earth. They cause the grain to grow seed for the farmer and bread for the hungry. It is the same with My Word. I send it out, and it ALWAYS produces fruit. It WILL accomplish ALL I want it to, and it WILL prosper everywhere I send it."** This was telling me that everything that I had pushed to the back of the roll-a-dex (what I refer to as the memory bank) was now making its way into the light again.

Oozing with baby Christian zeal and confusion I wanted to know from God what was happening, what was I supposed to do, where did He want me to be and was I ever going to ride my motorcycle again? I'm just being honest! A lot of you knew that Harley Davidsons were my big 'G' god, up to this point, and riding was a HUGE part of my life. So really that wasn't a crazy question for me to ask. What I was really concerned with was, did I somehow get riding motorcycles tangled up in that promise I made?

When I laid the bike down in the accident I ground down the right corner of the front fender, knocked the headlight off, broke one brake line to the right side brake caliper, gently dented the right front corner of the gas tank, folded the brake



side of the forward controls into the exhaust pipe and mangled the corner of the Titan saddlebags I was running. As you can see all of the damage was on the right side of the bike.

A year or so prior to this accident I had changed the paint job on my bike. I went from a tangelo orange with gold flames to a black base COVERED with skulls! The skulls were done in a flip flop/chameleon gold paint on EVERYTHING except the front end and the mag wheels. Since 1993, I'd been putting my whole being in to making this a machine you would HAVE TO CHASE to see the gas tank! One day I was outside where the bike was parked and while I was wiping it off I thought I would pray and ask God again where we stood with the bike. You do realize that it's mainly the right side of a bike that you notice when it's on the kickstand, right? That's the side I'm wiping when all of a sudden I felt something inside of me say, "Leave the dents and scrapes, and hand paint that poem, A Promise Is a Promise, in white paint, over this side of the gas tank. That promise over all these skulls will represent your testimony." Almost with tears in my eyes, I grabbed a lettering brush and a bottle of white model paint and wrote the entire poem over that paint job and being pleased, I went in the house. A few days later I was reading where Joseph said to his brothers, in **Genesis 50:19 -21 (NLT)**, "**Don't be afraid of me. Am I God that I can punish you? You intended to harm me, but God intended it all for good. He brought me to this position so that I could save the lives of many people. No, don't be afraid, I will continue to take care of you and your children.**" Instantly I felt like it was God speaking to me directly. What I heard Him say was, "Don't be afraid Duck. All the things that you have done against Me I'm going to turn them ALL around and use it for My glory. I'll guide you to those I've prepared ready to receive Me. So go, I will continue to take care of you and your children." I felt this so strongly that I went right outside and lettered the Scripture address **Genesis 50:21** and "**Don't be afraid, I will continue to take care of you and your children,**" on the right side of my front fender, in white paint. I thought to myself, "How crazy is it that Genesis is the first Book in the Bible and this is the beginning of my new walk. It's appropriate this verse be on the front leading the way." Finishing I walked around to the left side of the bike and instantly I got it! Look here at **Isaiah 1:18**, "**Though your sins are like scarlet, I will make them as white as snow. Though they are red like crimson, I will make them as white as wool.**" The Blood of Jesus is the only thing that can cleanse us of our sins and make us as white as snow! That was the reason for the white paint. God had let me know that my past was not only forgiven but also forgotten! In a sense He was saying, "Let's do this, together!" HALLELUJAH!

Things just kept becoming more and more clear in regards to the whole paint job. Let me explain. Two of my most favorite things to say (mottos) were, "Second place is the first loser" and "Opportunity is always in the fast lane". So, if I'm always in the fast lane that's the lane close to the yellow lines, right? Anyone that is passing me is OBVIOUSLY going the opposite direction on the other side of that yellow line and can't really focus on any of the bike at that speed. When I pull up to the light, in the fast lane, what do people see? The vehicle right behind me sees only the rear fender while all the traffic coming along side of me are looking straight over at the right side of the bike causing them to read the white lettering on the side of the tank and the front fender!!! Whether they roll their window down at the light or stand in a parking lot where it's parked and read it they always ask, "Hey, what's that all about?" From there the door is open to share the Gospel and how God has changed my life through what Jesus done for us all on the Cross!

You all know this is not the end of this story, stay tuned for next month's issue and see where we are all headed ...

What Others Are Saying...

"I was very touched when I read the praise report what Michelle's mother was preparing for  because she had been writing it on my son's birthday. This message really means a lot to me. I am in the habit of passing on these  newsletters to other believers. I know that they will also be blessed when they read them." - R.A.

"I wanted to touch base with you and let you know that I have been moved and enclosed is my new address change so I can continue receiving my newsletters and praise reports. Also, at this time I would like to thank you for your time and love that I have felt from you. I would also like to give a special shout out to Foot and thank him as well for his Foot Notes." - M.M.

"Hi, May God Bless you all. Thank you for your card and kind, caring and joyful words! You are all in my prayers as well. Thank you for your "Overcomers" magazine. I read them and pass them on to other brothers and to whoever wants to read them. Praise the Lord Jesus Christ (Passing the "Word"). Let God do the watering and bring the rose bud to bloom, through the Holy Spirit, by the Word of God, to feed the body, soul and mind, (Praise God). Do know that it all brings my spirit up, I even write some of the Bible verses to my loving wife and family and friends that come over and have Bible studies. She got into a motorcycle accident 14 years ago and it paralyzed her on her right side. She has to have a 24 hour caregiver to help her around the house. She has come a long way; she kept exercising, working out and going to physical therapy. I love her ... God will always come first in my life, my beloved wife comes second, my family and friends come third and fourth come my brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus." - D.G.

Overcomer's Testimonies

I grew up in a home of seven brothers and two sisters. I grew up learning that my father raped one of my older sisters, and as a kid seeing my father hit my mom when he would be drinking beer and something else hard to drink. Then my father got killed one day coming home from work on October 27, 1975 at 1:15 a.m., and after that I grew up seeing my mom was hurting and that she was suffering from something I could not understand at the age of 10 years old. But I learned that back in the 70's my mom could not handle paying the rent on her own, and that she was suffering from a mental illness. At the same time my older sister was placed in a mental health hospital because of what my father did to her. As the days went on my other sister ran away from home and was raped by a guy and then ended up in a Foster Home, and as I got older my brothers only cared for themselves, when they wanted money they would take my mom's money and that would also cause my mom stress. When my illness would take place she would go to talking to herself, and some of my older brothers would hit my mom and would let people in the streets hit my mom. Then when my mom would get set out on the streets, my brothers would run off and care for themselves and their friends that did not even care for them. As for me and my mom, we had to go and stay at the Salvation Army and walk the streets. At the age of 10 years old, I was forced to leave school and go to the streets and work to help my mom get back into an apartment that her and I could handle paying the rent on. We slept on the floor a lot.

But as I turned 18 years old, I made sure to it that no one would hit my mom ever again. But as I worked on the streets there were times in my life I was running in and out of jail, and when I got out I would hear that my mom was living on the street again and my brothers wouldn't even care to help their mom, sad isn't it? But when I got out of prison in 1997, I got a job and got a one bedroom apartment and went to get my mom. In 1999, I met a girl and her kid that needed help off the streets. She ran away from her son's father, so I talked with my mom about helping this girl and her son. As things were going well I ended up working a job and running my own painting company on the side. So, I was trying to buy my mom a house before she passed away.

However, my mom and I did not know this girl was a lot of trouble, but one thing I came to find out that she was carrying another kid from the same father and as one thing led to another I ended up having a kid with this girl. As she was carrying my son, I had to get another side job. I was a repo-man and as I would go looking for cars that the bank wanted. This girl's father gave my telephone number out to her kids' father and he would call my house looking for trouble. When me and this girl would have problems she would run back to her kids' father and then run back to me. One day me and her kids' father got into a fight. I was forced in to putting my mom in a nursing home. Me and the girl and the kids up and moved to Florida because I was wanted by the Chicago police for aggravated battery. We lived in Florida for four months, we lived as a family, and I was working building homes. When the Chicago police found out where we were at they came to get me to take me back to Chicago. I came to learn that this girl went right back to her kids' father's house the police told me. But I learned the hard way, this girl had problems and she did not love me, she only wanted me to take care of her and her two kids while at the same time being with another man. As I was being a fool, I lost everything I worked so hard for.

When I was in the Cook County Jail, my mom came to visit me. She told me that my sister went and got her out of the nursing home to live with her, my mom said all they wanted was her S.S.I. payments to help them pay their bills. My sister did know that our mom had a mental illness, talking to herself, and after they used my mom for her money for eight months they turn right around and put my mom in a hospital. Before my mom went into the hospital, my mom came to see me, and as she was talking to me, I looked into her eyes and she said, "What is she going to do without me?" She said, no one in my family would help her. So, she told me to give my life over to the Lord and He will see me through it and help me find a true caring Christian person to encourage me and be willing to help me in my needs, even if it is one time a year and to be thankful to God and the person God helps me find.

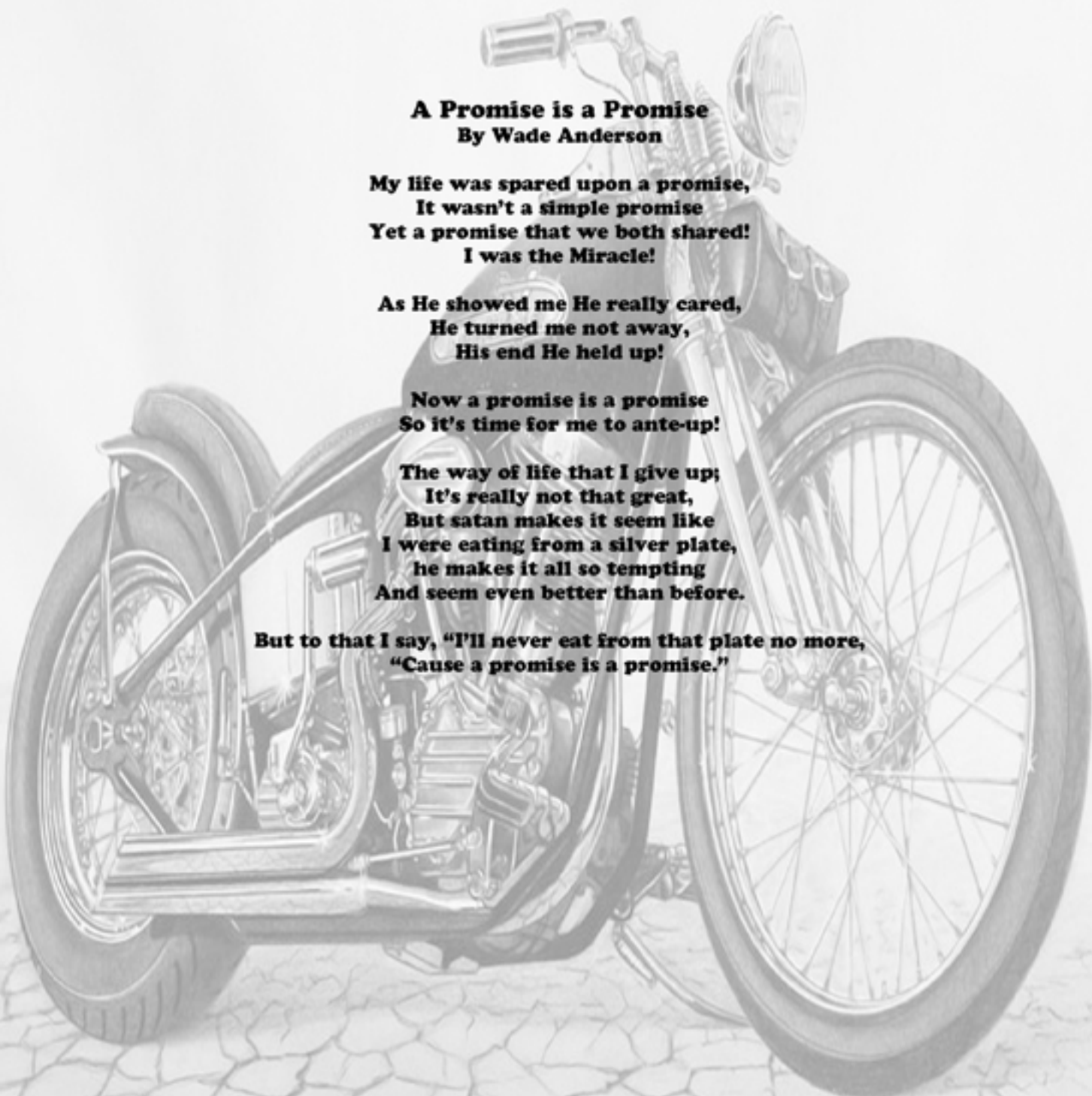
After that visit I seen it, God and my mom were letting me know it was time for my mom to go home to be with the Lord. -
M.R.

Ministry Tithes & Offerings

It takes the body of Christ working together to create, print, assemble, and mail this newsletter every month. We thank each and every one of you who have sown a seed into this ministry. None of this would be possible without the generous financial support from people who believe in this ministry. By sowing your financial seed into this ministry, you are helping us reach out to those incarcerated by offering them hope, love, and encouragement. You are investing in reaching lost souls, encouraging new believers, and spreading the Word of God. **"A man's harvest in life will depend entirely on what he sows." – Galatians 6:7**

Any tithes or offerings that you would like to make to the Overcomers for Christ ministry, please make your checks or money orders payable to Living Word Bible Church, in the memo section put 'For Overcomers for Christ'. Mail them to Overcomers for Christ P.O. Box 42023, Phoenix, AZ 85080. Your donation does qualify as charitable contribution on your taxes. If you have any questions, please call or write Wade Anderson.

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A Promise is a Promise
By Wade Anderson

**My life was spared upon a promise,
It wasn't a simple promise
Yet a promise that we both shared!
I was the Miracle!**

**As He showed me He really cared,
He turned me not away,
His end He held up!**

**Now a promise is a promise
So it's time for me to ante-up!**

**The way of life that I give up;
It's really not that great,
But satan makes it seem like
I were eating from a silver plate,
he makes it all so tempting
And seem even better than before.**

**But to that I say, "I'll never eat from that plate no more,
"Cause a promise is a promise."**

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