

CLUB·METH

To Christ



RODNEY WILLIAMS

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A Tax Exempt Organization

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Jeff Browning, a high school friend stated that he wanted to donate to Club Meth to Christ. Each month I receive a check from him. His gift and those of others are used to keep the ministry going on our shoe string budget. - *Rodney Williams*

Club Meth to Christ

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About the Cover

God revealed to me the picture for the cover of this book — innocent children transformed into meth monkeys, when they reached into club meth for fun and excitement and then weren't able to let go once the trap was revealed. Satan's innocent disguise lures the unsuspecting into the bondage of death.

I later looked at some artwork by Teresa Casey and knew that she would do the cover. I told Teresa over the phone of the vision God had given me. The first time we met face to face, she already had my vision on canvas. Thank God!

So Teresa Casey, an artist who believes that all is for a reason, illustrates the cover. No individual in this ministry will violate the confidence of any persons or organizations to incriminate, convict, or aid in the area of law enforcement. We are committed to staying neutral in these situations.



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I dedicate this book to,
Jesus Christ:
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Charles and Kathy Persons,
Mack McLinnis.

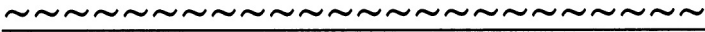


*In God we trust, not with our money,
Tenfold, we tithe our worries,
Expect Him to carry us to the
Land of Milk and Honey.
We stand before the judgment seat,
Dreaming of our streets of gold,
The gavel sounds guilty, for Satan
Have we sold?*



Contents

My Story	11
Club Meth	35
To Christ	51
Back in the World	61
The Valley	63
Enemy Nation	64
Fruit is Promised	65
Jana	66
Bobby's Mom	70
Rain-Man	72
Ferret-Man	75
Ministering to Addicts	77
Change the System	77
Armor of God	78
Drastic Action for a Drastic Change	80
Branch of Praise	84
Stephen	85
My Vision	88
One Year Ago	89
Called to Preach	91



Chris 95
Two Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ . . 96
Club Meth to Christ Ministry is Born 97
Little Debbie 101
Rats have more sense 102
Filled with the Spirit 103
I Was Blind but Now I See 105
Three Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ . 106
Crack Head or Boxer Turtle 107
For All Flesh Is As Grass 108
Consequence Is Death 109
Sweets 111
Trade in a Six Pack for Heaven 113
Graduation 114
One Way 115
Four Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ . . 119

Conclusion 120
Marriage 128
Sweed 130
Sacrifice My Lamb 132
Mr. Jim 133
Six Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ . . . 134



Introduction

It's Sunday, June 30, 2002. I've been watching church services on television and sitting in an uncomfortable position. My feet are elevated in a chair across from me to keep the pain down while my bed sheets are being changed. My leg drained all night from the skin taken from my right thigh for skin grafts. My face, neck, arm, and hand hurt from the second and third degree burns that now inhabit them.

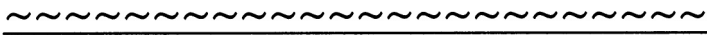
Once again in my life, I've found peace through my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I've regained my family and feel that we'll never be separated again. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, who was sent from God, the Creator and Master of all, I tell my story of the battles that the Devil has won in my life. I tell the story of Victory through Jesus Christ, my Lord. The Holy Spirit writes this book through me to shed light to that person who is in bondage through darkness. The bondage of addiction holds the eyes of a man's heart closed, so life-giving light cannot pass through. God reveals the spiritual remedy through me to break the chains that have held those bound through ad-



diction. If you give Satan an inch, he will become a ruler in your life. If you give Jesus your life, he will give you a life of victory.

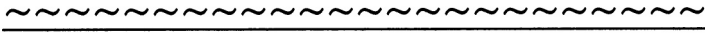
I Corinthians 15:57 - "But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The Bible holds within its pages the Word of God. It has the answers to all of man's problems. Divine Revelation is the answer to every question the world can ever need to ask.

II Timothy 3:16-17 - "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, thoroughly equipped for every good work."



"I send you to open their eyes, to turn them from the power of Satan unto God, and that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them who are sanctified, by the faith that is in me."

*The Apostle Paul
(Acts 26:18)*



My Story

On November 22, 1964, I was born in Singing River Hospital in Pascagoula, Mississippi. I was born to believing parents who struggled to make a living. As a child, I was taken to Church regularly and had a love for the Lord.

Around the age of three, a very sick man sexually molested me. I was ashamed to tell my parents and harbored the pain. I talked to God and walked with God at a very young age. He understood and comforted me in my pain. As I grew a little older, I remember telling Bible stories to the neighborhood kids and rewarded them with Halloween candy for giving correct answers to my Bible questions.

God loved me and let me know that he would protect me and that I would preach his Word one day.

I remember the world also pulling me in at a young age, and slowly this strong, innocent bond between my God and me was deteriorating. I was cursing and behaving like the rest of my friends.

I had been asking for forgiveness at night for my sinful nature. I remember telling God that I was

Club Meth to Christ

separating from Him because I wasn't strong enough to do His will. In my mind, I felt as though I was letting God down. I told God that when I got older and stronger, I would be back. God let His young child leave, but He had a plan already mapped out. God allowed me to wander to the deep, dark jungle of sin. One day, I would wake up in a foreign land, feeding swine. After many years of wandering, my eyes would be opened, and I would remember the Father who loved me back home. When my Father saw me coming, He was filled with compassion.

I had gone to summer church camp for a week ever since I was seven years old. I was twelve the year a friend of mine had his older brother visit the camp. This brother asked me whether I smoked weed. Well, of course I did; I thought every twelve year old did. I was scared to death that someone would think I was scared. As stupid as that sounds, it got me into a lot of trouble through the years. We slipped off to the woods and began smoking this marijuana cigarette. I made it look as if I'd been smoking the past eleven of my twelve years. We finished, and I went to my cabin. I knocked the alarm clock off the table while I was trying to climb into the top bunk. I had a sick, dizzy feeling and was high for the first time in my life.

I remember, at the age of thirteen, drinking

liquor from a bar of the parents of a friend. My parents didn't smoke or drink, and I felt they were uncool. I would go to my friend's house where everyone was drunk or high, and they would appear to be happy. Christmas time in my family was like the Walton's, but Ole John Boy was heading down to the animal house to see some excitement.

During junior high and high school, I stayed in good physical condition even though I would go out on the weekends and drink and smoke weed. I played football until my sophomore year. One night, I watched the varsity game from the bench as my brother was clipped below the knee. He had surgery to repair torn ligaments in his leg and this ended my football career.

I was one of the first students in our area to start karate class at the Moss Point Recreational Department. Due to my insecurity, I always felt a need to protect myself. Karate would become my sport, and I excelled at it like no other. Through high school, I went to church but only on a social basis. My ninth and twelfth grade annuals had the 'Rev. Rodney Williams' on the cover, and people called me Reverend Rod. I remember my talk with God as a child and took the name in total ignorance.

In my senior year, I had my schedule planned so that I would go half a day and be off the rest. I was

going to enjoy my senior year beyond any other.

I skipped school and indulged in the party life too many days. Mother went to talk to the principal and was shown a stack of "excused" notes she was supposed to have written. She became very angry upon seeing that the handwriting differed from her own.

I failed my first semester and had to double up the second to graduate. One month before graduation, my girlfriend was visiting from Long Beach. We had started dating back when she went to Moss Point High School. My friend had a graduation party going on right down the road, and all I could think about was how to get there. It had been raining all day and wasn't letting up. I told Mother and my girl friend that I was sick and going to bed. I lay in the bed fully dressed and waited for them to turn in. It was around twelve o'clock when I slipped out the door and ran in the rain to freedom (i.e., The Party).

When I arrived, they were already drunk from drinking the alcohol from the cup that the quarter landed in. Intoxicated, we found ourselves riding in a new Mustang, on a flooded road, taking two friends home in the country. We stopped and let one friend out at her house. I was now alone in the back seat and my two close friends sat in the front.

On the way to drop my buddy off, we saw the owner of the skating rink standing under the canopy; we couldn't resist pulling up beside him and giving him the moon. Intoxicated with laughter and alcohol, we were traveling at a high rate of speed. I remember my utterance to my friend to slow down, but it was too late. We hit a lake of water in the road and hydroplaned. Bouncing off a culvert, we flew fifty feet in the air. Our flight was stopped by a telephone pole that we hit sideways ten feet up. It took over an hour to cut us out using the Jaws of Life. The ambulance took us to the hospital. Donny was pronounced 'dead on arrival.' My legs were broken, and I was unconscious. A nurse found a slight pulse on Donny. After that accident, Donny remained in a coma in the Neuro Intensive Care Unit for six months.

I eventually went home with a broken left leg, and my right ankle was put together with pins and screws. My right femur was broken in three places. A small piece of bone was knocked out which made my right leg shorter. The teachers helped me with my finals by bringing them to the house. This allowed me to graduate, even though I was in a wheelchair.

Days after graduation, a friend took my wheelchair and me for a ride. He had an ounce of home grown marijuana that he had grown behind his

Club Meth to Christ

house. We smoked a hog leg, another name for a big fat joint. We ended up at the hamburger stand to cure our munchies. On our way up the Helena stretch, we were doing seventy in a 40-mile-per-hour zone. I had a hog leg in my left hand and a burger in my right.

Two cars were coming down the south-bound lane, while we were heading north on a two-lane highway. The first car stopped to make a left turn, but the driver of the car behind them panicked and hit the brakes, which slid them into our left front side. We left the road, running into a ditch, and flipping across the azalea bushes. The windows were down, and I had no control of my legs. I was conscious this time and saw my life flash before my eyes. When we stopped, I was on top of my wheelchair in the back seat. Smoke was coming from under the hood. The week before, Kevin had seen a friend of ours burn alive, trapped in his car. "Are you OK?" Kevin asked. "I think so," was my reply. He yelled back, "Well, you better get out; the car's going to blow!"

Using my arms, I pulled my body through the window and crashed to the ground. People stopped to help, and I was put safely under an Azalea bush. Kevin was telling on-lookers to stay back from the smoking car. I called him over to where I lay and

pulled him in close and whispered, "Get the weed; the police are coming!" He ran and leaped through the window of the smoking car to retrieve the dope. The ambulance arrived, and the paramedic remembered that he had picked me up only weeks before.

I remember using my hands to slide my two broken legs down the hall. It had only been two months since I was senior class favorite, DECA Vice-President, karate teacher, and long distance runner. I'd carried a big ego, and now it was gone. To cover up the insecure feelings I was constantly having, I was drinking and taking pain medication that had been prescribed to me. This gave me a false sense of security, but I was many years from knowing the truth.

My friend who flipped us through the azalea bushes had an attorney in his family. As a result of his help, I received nearly one hundred thousand dollars from both wrecks. I wasn't twenty-one yet, so my mother became trustee over my money.

My casts finally came off, but my right leg was a bit short. I now walked with a bad limp. With some of my settlement money, my mother let me buy a new Camaro to drive to college. My ego was beginning to rebuild, but I had acquired an alcohol and pill problem along the way. I was really partying hard. I felt like a hunting dog released from his pen. My

Club Meth to Christ

parents didn't approve of my lifestyle, so I moved in with my alcoholic uncle. I hired a lawyer who made my brother my legal guardian, and I got about five thousand dollars for school. I had the courts set up a monthly allowance that I used to care for my drinking needs. I wasn't interested in college, but it was a fantastic staging area for partying.

One day my uncle and I were riding around, drunk and looking for something to do. The radio sounded the Mobile Greyhound Park's advertisement, and we began to head in that direction. We knew nothing about greyhound dogs. I hit a race for twelve hundred dollars and became an instant gambling addict to add to my addiction resume. That trip cost me thousands of dollars and much heartache over the years.

Before I left for Perkinson Junior College, I overindulged in vodka and pain pills. My friends couldn't bring me to consciousness, so they dropped me off in my front yard. This would be the first of many near death overdoses that I would experience through my journey of addiction.

I moved into the dorm at college with a roommate who was a friend from high school. He opened the closet to put his clothes up, and there, from top to bottom, were my cases of beer. I tried to calm him by telling him we were in a dry county. As much as

he liked me, within a week, he was gone. I met some unique characters from Stone County who showed me what they did in a dry county. I ended up in a large cow pasture with special instructions on what type of mushroom to pick from the cow patties. We got back to Perk and cooked up a large batch of mushroom tea.

I had this problem. I didn't want to just drink; I wanted to get drunk. I didn't want to be just high; I wanted to be on the peak. When I went gambling, I didn't want just some of their money; I wanted all of their money. This is why I gambled away thousands of dollars and almost lost my life so many times overdosing.

Weiney and I drank two large glasses of the "mushroom tea" while everyone else drank only one. It wasn't long before all hell broke loose. The walls were breathing, and the room was red, as if a thousand red lights were on. Six of us sat on one bed because Satan was sitting on the other. This one boy had horns and looked just like the Devil. Winey flipped out and stayed locked in his room for three days. We survived that night, but the last time I did mushrooms it almost turned into a disaster. We had six people who'd drunk our mushroom tea and were trying to get back to the dorm. I started in the back seat of the car, but our drivers freaked out one at a

Club Meth to Christ

time. I was the last driver and the only hope of making it to the dorm. They were hollering and carrying on so loudly; I couldn't even think. I looked up at the rearview mirror and saw an alien hand instead. While going north on busy Highway 49, I locked the brakes, and we slid to a sudden stop, with traffic everywhere. Cutting my headlights out, I jumped out, about to run. My five fried friends begged me to get back in the car. I finally got back inside, and we made it back to the dorm. Back at the dorm, while hallucinating even more, I discovered an ice chest full of alien eggs, and the six of us ate them. This ended my mushroom career.

My last year at Perk, I turned twenty-one and got control of my money. I went down and paid cash for a sports car on Friday. I had no insurance and had lost my driver's license. I was drunk the following Sunday night and crashed only fifty yards from my dorm.

When I got my money, I was intentionally introduced to some new friends. We went out, and they let me try some cocaine. We went out again and did some more of their cocaine. The next time we went out, they let me know how much my new addiction would cost. In a year's time, I spent almost all of my money on gambling, drugs, and other crazy stuff. I went home and started dating a beautiful girl.

Taking what money I had left, I bought her an engagement ring. She became pregnant, and we were married. We loved each other, but I had a mistress—my addictions weren't letting me go that easily. I was broke now and working for an air conditioning company for minimum wage. My wife produced a beautiful son. Our parents went out of their way to help us. Still, my addictions made me feel like a caged animal. I stayed home, letting the balloon of my addiction swell within me. Then a small argument caused the balloon to explode. Out the gate I went, like a raging bull. I would go on a drug and alcohol binge for days. Tensions would ease, and I'd start coming to my senses, but guilt rained in on my already low self esteem.

I remember telling my wife that a friend and I were going coon hunting. I left her and my one-year-old son at home. We stopped and picked up some Vodka on the way to Mobile Greyhound Park. We got drunk and won three hundred dollars. We headed straight to our coke man's house to buy cocaine. He was out, but he said he knew where he might score some. He returned with an eight ball, three and a half grams. It burned our noses badly after we snorted some, but we got high and forgot about the pain. We began to ride in the car and talk, doing a line around every fifteen minutes. On co-

Club Meth to Christ

caine, you do a line, and you get really high; then, you come down and need to do more. We never came off our initial high, but kept doing big lines out of habit. We both had to get back to our families around daylight because the coon hunt should've been over. So, we lined up the remains of what we thought was cocaine and did it.

What we didn't realize is that we had methamphetamine — not cocaine. My friend told me his heart was about to tear out of his chest and something was not right. I told him this was some of the best cocaine I'd ever done.

About that time it hit me. It seemed there wasn't any blood in my feet because it all had run to my head. I blacked out and ran my Cutlass through the ditch. I thought I was dying! My heart was beating so fast I could feel muscles ripping. My friend took over the wheel, hit the flashers, and sped toward the nearest hospital. He was running all the red lights and telling me to hold on. We got to the emergency room and my buddy said to me, "If you go in there, we could lose our families, and I could lose my business."

I lay on the hood of the car in front of the emergency room and rode out my heart attack.

When divorce came, part of me hated it, but I

knew the destructive force killing me would destroy them if they stayed. I moved into an apartment and still had a good job that my ex-father-in-law had gotten me at the chemical plant.

I was introduced to LSD and Ecstasy; they were the new drugs of choice. I began taking my paychecks and going to New Orleans to buy a large number of Ecstasy wafers. I was eating and selling them in the clubs. I'd party all night, go to work, catch an hour of sleep, and do it all over again. I was over-indulging, trying to destroy the part of me that I hated.

My mother bought me a burial plot in expectation of my dying. I remember being high in the Fiesta Club on Ecstasy, acid, and cocaine. I was trying to sell thirteen hits of Acid — LSD. I was tripping and told them if they didn't shut up, I would eat them all. A guy told me there was no way I could eat thirteen hits of Acid. I immediately threw the thirteen hits into my mouth and ate them. I didn't think I was ever coming down. It was like being stuck on a TV channel and losing the remote control. I didn't fear destruction because deep down I wanted to be punished for not being able to be a normal functioning member of society.

One day, my ex-wife and child dropped by my apartment. I had not seen my child in months.

Club Meth to Christ

Seeing my son gave me, a desperate man, some hope. I went to church and went forward, a broken man, to repent of my sins. I moved into my mother's house, where I found a study Bible and searched the Scriptures. I struggled every day to hang on.

The chemical plant where I had been working went bankrupt at this time. So, I decided to go to school to learn the trade of air conditioning at Jefferson Davis Junior College. When I called, I was told that the class was full for the fall semester. I prayed about it that night, and they called the next day saying they had an opening. I started driving an hour one way to school in the three-hundred-dollar car I'd bought.

My unemployment checks were about to run out, so I would need a job. I prayed about it, and, days later, my teacher asked me if I would be interested in going to work. Keesler Air Force Base was hiring four students in heating, ventilation, and air conditioning. For the whole next year, I attended school for half a day and worked the other half.

I went to church and stayed partially clean during that year. Out of four students, another guy and I were hired full time as government employees. Things were going well, and I was attending church regularly. I was drinking and doing drugs occasionally. I wanted God to help me, but I was prepared to

give Him only a portion of my life. When I realized God wasn't going to give me back my family after my finishing school and getting a good job, I returned to my vomit.

II Peter 2: 21, 22 - "For it would have been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than having known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered to them. But it has happened to them according to the true proverb: "A dog returns to his own vomit," and, "a sow, having washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

Parenting is a huge responsibility, one that I shied away from. Instead of raising kids, I chose to raise hell, and hell is what I almost got.

I remember going by a friend's house one morning. My friends were standing outside by an ambulance and fire truck. They'd been out drinking and taking pills, but one boy wouldn't wake up. A chilling scream came from within the house and grasped the neighborhood of onlookers. "My son! My son!" Chills ran up my back as this father wept for his dead son. Dear Father, all we wanted was a little fun. I wrote a poem, and it was published in *Treasured Poems of America*:

I'm Still the Coolest

I sit and joke with all my friends,
as I pause and take time to sip my beer.
That boy by himself is so queer; he never joins in to
enjoy our cheer,
But that's OK — I'm Still the Coolest.

As me and all my friends get in my fine car to sit,
I can tell that big joint's been lit.
I turn up the music loud, and all my problems I
seem to forget,
Because, I'm Still the Coolest.

I turned a sharp curve and hit a hole,
off in a ditch to the nearest pole.
Glass burst in my eyes and the wheel in my chest,
I feel like a bird that fell from his nest.
The paramedics move the beer cans aside,
As I feel my helpless body begin to slide.
They bring me outside and I look sort of bold:
I touch each of my friends, and they feel so cold.
I can see a mother crying for her helpless son.
Dear Mother, all we wanted was a little fun.
I glanced back at the accident the color of red,
and how can it be, we're all dead.
But that's OK. I'm Still the Coolest.

I now had a government job that God had provided for me. I bought a new truck to rebuild my ego. A friend invited me to go to Florida—his sister

had a condo on the beach. We got high in a small pool there, surrounded by flesh.

Though high, I didn't feel quite high enough. I forced One-Fifty-One Bacardi down my throat and decided to drive my new truck to the club. I could see the mouth of my friend moving, but I couldn't make out what he was saying for the stereo blaring. I ran the red light, hit a car, turned my wheel just enough to miss what appeared to be a police car, and collided with two more automobiles. My friend wanted to know what to do; wreckage was everywhere. I calmly said, "If it was me, I'd run," and off he went. The officer wanted to do a sobriety test, but I couldn't stand up straight. I was over twice the legal alcohol limit an hour after the crash. I acted like a fool, so they drove me an hour away to the big jail. They gave me an orange suit and locked me up.

Through my lost years, I went places where people were full of drugs, liquor, and pride. Being in the same shape myself, I brawled consistently, sending some to the hospital and receiving praise from the other intoxicated misfits. I went to jail regularly but nothing serious came of it.

One night I got into a fight in a tavern and knocked a boy's teeth out and back to jail I went. I showed up for court, hoping the defendant wouldn't show. Court started, and in walked the boy and his mother, who was an attorney. I was found guilty of

assault, and one week later I received a letter from his mother's law office stating that I was being sued. I was already deep in loans, from my gambling addiction, so I filed chapter thirteen bankruptcy, which, of course, ruined my credit.

Nearly two years later, I found myself in another bar, high as a kite, surrounded by intoxicated misfits. A drunk told me that I needed to stand on the other side of the bar. I bit my tongue and moved to another location. He took my move for weakness and then came over saying that I had to leave the bar. I released my tongue and my right hand; when it connected, his jaw was immediately broken. He spent time in intensive care. He had surgery to put a plate in his jaw and to wire his mouth shut. I was headed back to court and knew if I got sued I couldn't file bankruptcy again. There wasn't any peace in addiction. I had four drunk friends who I used as witnesses to testify for me. I went by their house that morning to make sure they would show. I was my own lawyer with four witnesses. I mimicked the woman lawyer who had nailed me before, and I won.

I remember the parties at the house of one of my best friends. Some friends of ours, who had formed a band, played for their very first time at one of our parties. The band knew only three songs and played them over and over. Three Doors Down would later

sign a record contract, tour the world, and sell millions of CD's.

The parties we had at Lane's house sometimes turned violent from the over indulgence of drugs and alcohol. My best friend, Lane, was built like a bull and loved to get drunk and fight. He won his last fight, was separated from his opponent, and was shot and killed by the defeated foe. He was one of many friends who would be taken by the Enemy.

Proverbs 20:1: "Wine is a mocker, Strong drink is a brawler, And whoever is led astray by it is not wise."

My life centered around my addiction to drugs. I received respect in the drug trade because I tried hard not to lie or cheat the other thugs. My resume helped me pick up a job with a limb of the Mexican mafia. I went off to Louisiana and lived amongst them. These guys were extremely violent to their enemies and let me know that, for a fear factor. They were set up in a ghetto where the police were hesitant to patrol. I was the only white guy around. One white guy drove through to buy some crack and was robbed of his money. They spoke Spanish to one another, and I wished I'd paid more attention in Spanish class. I saw some very sick and helpless people living there. I was asked to give a ride to a girl who stayed there as a prostitute to feed her crack

Club Meth to Christ

addiction. She had lost all hope. I told her there was always hope in Jesus Christ. I was in a deep, dark place but still hadn't totally forgotten the Light.

I was on a run to Houston and hadn't slept in about five days. I had a Mexican guide in the front seat. I failed to stop at a stop sign and ran through a busy intersection. Vehicles were slamming on brakes, and the Mexican was yelling. We made it where we were going, but my passenger told them I was dangerous, and he wouldn't ride with me again. I took off on my own and got lost in Houston for hours. A guy at a store where I asked for directions told me to go through the next light and then I'd see the sign I was looking for. My body was tired, and I could barely focus my eyes. I pulled up to the red light on the far right side of the four lanes. I closed my eyes to give them some relief. All of a sudden, the light turned green and automobiles covered the four lanes charging toward me. I accelerated up onto a huge curb to keep from being run over. This wasn't a four lane; it was an eight-lane highway, and I was on the wrong side going the wrong way.

I had missed so much work; my boss thought I didn't have any family members left because I'd killed them off for excused absences. I was high and disoriented when I left the state to work with the Mexicans. I had told my boss my dad was seriously

ill. The second week, I called my boss to tell him I wouldn't be at work; I'd been up for days. He sounded anxious about when I was coming back to work. I called him back later to tell him my dad had passed away. This bought me some more time. When I finally went back to work, I was a nervous wreck. I'd had little sleep and had been through a living nightmare. After I arrived at work, my boss told me to come to the main shop. I was paranoid that they knew my dad wasn't dead. I walked into the shop where everyone was gathered. My boss told me they were all very sorry about my dad and gave me a sympathy card with money inside. Even though I was standing upright, my spirit was hiding in a crack in the floor. I was being torn from the inside out. Guilt and fear reigned in my life.

I told my mother I needed help, and she took me to Singing River Hospital. I went through their substance abuse program. I gave God more of my life than the time before, but I didn't give Him all of it. I got out of rehab and desperately wanted to remain straight. I did what they told me, went to Alcoholics Anonymous, and listened to a bunch of men who'd been taken captive by the bottle. Seeing that alcohol was just one of my many problems, I went to Narcotics Anonymous too. I liked Narcotics Anonymous because of the variety of sick people just like me. I

Club Meth to Christ

worked the program and would chair meetings when needed. I wanted nothing more than to stay straight. At both meetings, I would tell people, "I am an alcoholic" or "I am an addict." The sermon was, "Once an addict, always an addict." My mother failed to inform me at birth that I was an addict. Everyday was a battle to remind this addict inside of me what he was like when he came out. This is why it is necessary to attend so many meetings and hear war stories about what happened to people when the addict comes out of hiding. Everyday, I was tormented by that monkey (addiction) on my back. I received my one-year chip from Narcotics Anonymous and was feeling proud of my accomplishment.

On Christmas Eve, everyone had something going on but me. I went to an old friend's house and ended up going to a casino. I was gambling when the waitress came by, and I ordered a drink. In that instant, everything I had worked for was gone. I couldn't go back to Narcotics Anonymous and degrade myself with a white chip.

It was during this period of my life that a role model came into our family who made me feel even lower. My sister, Kristi, met Bruce Evans at Faulkner University in 1988. Bruce was there on a baseball scholarship. He graduated with a degree in psychology. Bruce and Kristi married in 1990. When

they exchanged vows, Bruce cried. To me, that showed weakness. I would later discover how wrong I was. He had always had a love for law enforcement and became a deputy sheriff for Montgomery County, Alabama. Kristi was pregnant with twins. She was battling a rare condition that only occurred when carrying twins. While my sister lay in the hospital, I didn't visit. Drugs kept me from birthdays, funerals, Christmas, Thanksgiving, and the hospital. My sister delivered two beautiful girls; the smaller of the two was the only survivor. They would, three years later, be blessed with a little boy.

Bruce got a job with the Jackson County Sheriff's Department, and they moved to Big Point, Mississippi. Bruce was everything that I wasn't. He loved his family and tried to be with them as much as possible. I'd been hardened by my lifestyle and could not love. I looked for excuses to avoid my family and feed my addictions.

Bruce was working three jobs to support his family. I had a good-paying government job, but he had dignity. I walked around with a smile, but inside I was a broken and defeated man. Financially, Bruce had little, but he was rich with honor. On July 18, 2000, at thirty years of age, he was working the night shift. He received a call to go to the county line where George County officers were in high-speed pursuit of a truck. Only moments before, he had

Club Meth to Christ

called to tell his children he'd be by to tuck them into bed. Bruce and other officers set their cars up to try to stop the driver before the truck entered Jackson County and injured someone. The truck slammed in to Bruce's patrol car by which he was shielding himself. The impact knocked Bruce and his car a great distance before the car came to rest on top of Bruce's body.

Blake was looking through the window waiting for her daddy to show. She got excited when she saw what she thought was her dad coming toward the house. Then, excitement changed to apprehension as Sheriff Mike Byrd appeared. He brought with him the message of sorrow that changed childish joy into grief.

Bruce's body was escorted by a multitude of police cars to Union Springs, Alabama. Each town we rode through on this long journey, had police and firefighters standing at attention as we passed. I'd never seen anything like it before, and chills ran up my back. I'd been to drug addicts' funerals and they would have been lucky to have a handful of cars following the hearse. As Bruce's body was buried beside the grave of his infant daughter, I wept.

Proverbs 28:6: "Better is the poor who walks in his integrity than one perverse in his ways, though he be rich."



Club Meth

It was evening and Randy and I had been up on meth for around ten days without eating or sleeping. We were traveling in my truck, and I kept seeing livestock crossing the road in front of us. I didn't say anything to Randy, and he didn't say anything to me. I just kept running through the apparent hallucinations. I stopped in the middle of the road to look at the herd of deer. I watched them eat, and then I realized it was bushes being blown by the wind. We made a decision to stop and recruit a new driver. This ended up being a great idea for me, but Randy was starting to tweak out on me really bad. I decided to get a hotel room and let Randy get some sleep. We did some more meth before we left, and I told Randy we'd be back later. When we returned, I was high as a kite, and my key was in the room. I knocked on the door, and Randy asked: "Who is it?"

"It's the police!" I hollered. My driver tells me not to say that because Randy is already freaked out. It then took about ten minutes to convince Randy that I was not the police. He finally let us in the room, and it was torn apart. He told me a story about how he had been surrounded by the police and was looking for a bug they'd hidden in the room. Randy

Club Meth to Christ

looked to be near a total nervous breakdown as he told his horror story. We laughed at every segment of his story, even though he was totally serious. He was suspicious of our driver and called me to the bathroom to show me something. He pointed at the commode and told me he was ready for them if they came in. My vision wasn't very good, and all I could see was what looked like a large pile of Comet cleanser around the rim of the toilet. "What is that?" I asked.

"It's your dope!" He replied. Then it hit like a ton of bricks. This idiot had put my dope around the rim of the toilet. Within an instant, we went from one tweaked-out person to two.

I got as much meth as I could from off the commode and made a run for the truck. Our driver tried to calm us, but we were two nervous wrecks. Every car I saw was the police, and I was having real doubts about these two characters I was with. I had put together a conspiracy theory before we got to a friend's house. I acted as though I was going to the bathroom and ran to my truck and escaped. Undercover police cars picked up the trail and followed me to my uncle's. I got to my uncle's and went to the barn. I felt sure the police were watching me from every corner, so I hid the meth in a bail of hay. I then went inside and sat down, trying to regain my composure. The phone rang, and it was a friend

wanting me to drop off an eight ball of meth. I retrieved the meth from the barn and headed out, quickly realizing that the undercover police were following me again. I was really scared now, as I thought this whole thing was a set up.

Fearing the worst, before I left, I had filled a thirst-buster glass full of water because I was told the meth would dissolve in water. Up ahead there was a large city mower blocking my lane, and then the conspiracy came together. The police were chasing me to the mower, and then they'd arrest me. I was panicking as I stopped behind the mower and poured the dope into the water. To my horror it didn't dissolve! Suddenly, an undercover cop was coming up from beside the mower from the opposite direction. I stuck my whole hand and arm into the water and stirred frantically. I looked up, and the cop who came from the other direction had left a space just big enough for me to fit through. When I hit the hole, I slid sideways and threw the glass out the window. I raced down the road like a mad man and came to the guy's house trailer. I sat in the driveway, scared to go inside, because I knew the police had set this whole scenario up and had probably called ahead. Eventually, my friends came out and wanted to know what I was doing. I hesitantly went inside. There were people in the trailer, and they were curious as to where the dope was. Acting the way I would if the FBI was interrogating me, I started telling them

about being followed and about the road being blocked by the police lawnmower. I felt people were staring at me; then I looked down and spotted what they were observing. I'd peed in my pants! I got up and ran to the bathroom. I was so embarrassed that I was about to jump out the window until I realized I couldn't fit. I stayed in the bathroom, scared and embarrassed, trying to put together the conspiracy they were plotting in the living room. Then it hit me: this isn't pee. It's water from stirring the dope in the thirst-buster glass.

Matthew 12:43-45: "When an unclean spirit goes out of a man, he goes through dry places, seeking rest, and finds none. "Then he says, 'I will return to my house from which I came.' And when he comes, he finds it empty, swept, and put in order. "Then he goes and takes with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. So shall it also be with this wicked generation."

Methamphetamine became my final curse from the Devil. Nothing compared to the power of hell that was unleashed after I became a slave to meth. I could sometimes go ten or more days at a time without eating or sleeping. I didn't realize that I was on a spiritual fast for Satan. I was hallucinating, but in reality I'd opened the gate for demonic occupation.

The Devil gave the plagues of alcohol, marijuana, cocaine, and heroin. Now he had unleashed the final solution, "METH." Satan and his demons had worked hard to produce a drug cheap to make, and almost anyone with some training could make it. The materials could be bought at local stores. Highly addictive, meth could turn a person into the image of Satan. There is a fast growing group of young and old people who are being converted to meth. They're putting down their old habits, taking up meth, and following him, "Satan."

Ephesians 6:12: "For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

I call this inner circle, Club Meth. The people in Club Meth don't associate with the real world much, because of fear and paranoia. The nucleus of the club is the cook; he receives praise and glory for making the meth that feeds the Club's appetite. The cook has power over the members who are on meth. Girls surrender their bodies for meth, and members steal from friends and family to stay high. The potency and easy availability of meth made it an overnight success for Satan and his clan. Close friends who are on meth can't be trusted. Even the family of an addict cannot trust its loved one. It is easy to recog-

Club Meth to Christ

nize serious club members by their rapid weight loss. Meth will deteriorate body and soul. It will also destroy a person's smile, as it begins to rot the user's teeth. I have witnessed the deterioration of girls who were once beautiful, but who have teeth like an eighty-year-old boxer after becoming addicted to meth. They hold back their smiles due to embarrassment.

We were all in the dark power of bondage, running circles but never getting anywhere. Members got busted by the police and turned in their best friends, just to get back to running in circles.

Compare the members of Club Meth to the monkeys in South America. Large groups of monkeys were devastating the sugarcane fields there in South America. The farmers placed hollow logs around the fields. They filled them with sugar and cut holes just big enough for the monkeys' hands to fit into. When the monkeys reached in and grabbed the sugar, they were unable to pull their hands out. The farmers would come by and kill the stuck monkeys. If they had only let go of the sugar, they would have been free. Like the monkeys, the meth addict is stuck and eventually will die, but he just can't think clearly enough to let go. Meth Monkeys are what we call people who've been up for days. They are really skinny, bug-eyed, and are constantly bouncing their bodies around. They live in a state of paranoia and

fear reigns in their lives. Their teeth gnash together as if stuck between a press.

Matthew 8:12: "But the sons of the kingdom will be cast out into outer darkness. There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Mothers will abandon their children to chase after their god, meth, full-time. If they don't completely separate themselves from their children, they will drag them around in the Club Meth environment. I saw members doing meth with their teenage kids as if they were on a family outing. When an addict's feelings are numb, making him incapable of loving anyone or anything, his/her child becomes just another part of the circle. The children of an addict either run in circles with their parents, are run over, or get left by the wayside. It makes no difference to the member who is under the demonic control of Meth. This is just an easy way for Satan to make more disciples.

The Club Meth parents recruit their children, and the children recruit their playmates. This is one way good kids become members of Club Meth. If a kid's not founded firmly upon the Rock (Jesus), he/she is vulnerable to the Sand (Satan).

When a person is addicted to meth, his character flaws are amplified. If in the past an addict stole,

Club Meth to Christ

after becoming addicted, his mind is constantly looking for an opportunity to steal. If a person lied in the past, after becoming an addict, his whole life becomes centered around a fabricated existence. It amplified my gambling addiction to the point that I wouldn't pay my bills, even if I had a pocket full of money. I would, instead, go to the casino, not to make money, but to satisfy the demonic urge that stirred in me. Often I would win money but couldn't leave because there was a demonic force holding me. Eventually, I would leave, broke and distraught. Depression would rain in with suicidal thoughts, which could be only temporarily satisfied with more meth. It also amplified my violent behavior. Meth made me extremely violent, and, because of the paranoia, I kept a loaded pistol in my pocket with the safety off at all times.

II Timothy 1:7: "For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

I saw members of the Club who kept pistols, assault rifles, shotguns, knives, and bats in their vehicles. They couldn't have used all that weaponry, but it was like a security blanket to help them through the fear that had engulfed their souls. The Devil's dependable tool is fear and loneliness; a person who is an addict can be in a room full of people but still feel isolated and alone. There can be

a room filled with talking and laughing people, but for the addict, no sign of internal peace can be found.

Proverbs 14:12-13: "There is a way that seems right to a man, But its end is the way of death. Even in laughter the heart may sorrow, And the end of mirth may be grief."

I'd been up for days on meth. A girlfriend was over, and we'd done a lot of Oxycontin. I'd done too much, and my body tried to shut down as it tremored and shook out the vomit. Some associates came by the house to buy drugs, and I was delusional. The girlfriend left her pills there and went down the road. When she returned, her pills were gone. Everyone had left except for one friend. I was so high, I couldn't see or think straight. She was crying, wanting to know what I was going to do about her pills. So I drew my pistol out, pulled the hammer back, and stuck it to my friend's head. I told him that he had fifteen minutes to come up with the pills, or I was going to kill him. He was pleading with me not to shoot him. I heard voices in my head telling me to kill him—he deserved it. There was a battle going on inside of me that was driving me crazy. I took the barrel from his head, pointed it toward a deer on the wall, and pulled the trigger. That girlfriend later died from a drug overdose. I was later there to support the friend I had nearly killed that night. I stood by him as he went through the recovery program at the

Club Meth to Christ

Home of Grace, and I watched as he was baptized into Jesus Christ.

Revelation 22:14-15: "Blessed are those who do His commandments, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates into the city. But outside are dogs and sorcerers and sexually immoral and murderers and idolaters, and whoever loves and practices a lie."

I had quickly moved up the ladder in Club Meth and had become a cook in order to satisfy my growing addiction. I mixed the chemicals from a solid to a liquid to a solid, to produce the poison that made up our very existence. I had become a sorcerer whose soul would be cast out into hell fire. The sorcerer is the most respected and tormented in the Club because he has an almost never-ending supply. A friend of mine who was a cook became delusional and went to the nut house. The cook has power over the members; that is a high in itself. I was cooking the poison to kill, steal from, and destroy the club members. The fact that I was consuming more of the poison than anyone else was a real problem. I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown. I'd lost my home, government job, and family-and now I was losing my mind. I was ready to kill or be killed. Something had to give.

A very dim light shone upon my soul, so I went

to my mother and told her I needed help. She got in touch with Jimmy Grafe and Pastor Bill Barton, founder of the Home of Grace. I was taken to the Home of Grace, a Christian rehabilitation camp overlooking Bluff Creek in Vancleave, Mississippi. There I received long overdue rest and food. The meth had reduced me to skin and bones. Every night Satan visited my dreams as I cooked dope in my sleep. I started class and had a head of knowledge of the Bible, so I thought I knew more than the teachers. I'd been there about a week and my mother and sister had spent a lot of money on food and clothing for me.

It was the Friday before Mother's Day, and, after the church service, I went to correct the preacher for an error he had made during his sermon. The Devil rose up inside of me, and I wanted to knock the preacher out. Instead, I took off walking to freedom (meth). My last day as a Club member was one of total hopelessness. I had no hope of getting my family back. A close Club member stole my stockpile of ingredients. I had waited outside of his house only days before with a shotgun to take revenge. I'd lost my home and was living in a place where I didn't feel welcome. Fear reigned in my life and everyone seemed out to get me.

Revelation 21:8: "But the cowardly, unbelieving, abominable, murderers, sexually immoral, sorcer-

Club Meth to Christ

ers, idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

I'd been at a guy's house the night before and cooked meth. His dad showed up about daylight and told me to leave. I had nothing to do but get high all day. That evening, I was at my uncle's house, and they were drunk on whiskey. One employee was going to drive to the store to get cigarettes. I offered to drive the truck since he couldn't stand up straight. I went inside to buy cigarettes at the store. When I returned, the truck was gone. I walked to the guy's house where I'd been the night before and began the final process of turning the meth from a liquid to a solid. We were in a small trailer with no ventilation and the door firmly locked. Paranoia ruled over safety, so I kept the door closed, which allowed the fumes to grow. I was standing over the top of the jars releasing smoke into the flammable liquid and watching the meth drop to the bottom like white sand. It was like a gas furnace being turned on when I saw ignition from the heat lamp. The air surrounding me was on fire; I ran but there was nowhere to go. I was on fire, and I jumped to the floor, trying frantically to unlock the door. Finally the door came open, and I ran outside, still on fire. Once outside, I beat the remaining fire out.

Disoriented, I walked down the road to the house

of some people whom I knew. Their parents opened the door, and with my one good eye, I could see the shock on their faces. They wrapped a blanket around my badly burned body and started toward the hospital with me.

Luke 15:22-24: "But the father said to his servants, 'Bring out the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and sandals on his feet. 'And bring the fatted calf here and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; 'for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'"

The pain was unimaginable, but I remembered a loving Father who eased my pain as a child. I cried out from within to my Father, "Father, I'm back. You can take my eye, my ear, and whatever else you want, but with what's left, Lord, I'm going to serve you." I declared an unconditional surrender on the way to the hospital.

Luke 15:20: "And he arose and came to his father. But when he was still a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

I walked into the emergency room in short pants, no shoes and no shirt; it had been burned off. With my only working eye, I could see skin hanging down about fifteen inches past where my fingernails used

to be. I walked past a familiar security guard, but he didn't recognize me. They shot me full of morphine, put me in an ambulance, and took me to University of South Alabama Burn Center in Mobile, Alabama.

The next hours were some of the worst pain I'd ever felt in my life. My face was black and so horribly swollen that I could have been in a horror show. My sister arrived with a friend and came into the trauma room. My fingers were swollen like Ball Park Franks. The doctor proceeded to take scissors and cut the skin down the middle of one finger. As fluid hit the floor, my sister's friend hit the door. I prayed and accepted the pain because I knew I deserved far worse. The doctors were concerned about my right eye and ear because they were in the area of my second and third degree burns. The Devil himself had separated me from my family, but God rallied them together to comfort His child during this time of trouble.

God blessed me with the most capable burn specialist to help in my recovery. God sent hospital staffers, who were believers, to lift me up. Everyday, I was being taken to wound care to go through the pain of healing the burns.

While I was lying in my bed praying, God told me to write a book. It was the first time I had heard God's voice since I was a child. When I made an unconditional surrender to Jesus, He returned me

from the world back into His presence. It takes childlike faith to hear Jesus. Club Meth to Christ later became the name of the book that the Holy Spirit would give to me through much prayer.

I Kings 19:11-12: "Then He said, "Go out, and stand on the mountain before the LORD." And behold, the LORD passed by, and a great and strong wind tore into the mountains and broke the rocks in pieces before the LORD, but the LORD was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the LORD was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the LORD was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. A still, small voice is the same way He talks to me today."

One week later, while I was waiting in Pre-op for surgery for my skin grafts, my mother, my sister-in-law, and I prayed. A young boy in a bed beside me was paralyzed with a broken back from a car wreck. I could see fear in his face as he waited for the surgery. I then started talking to the boy, and he wanted to know if I could pray to my God for him. I told him that He was his God too, and I prayed with him and his family.

The doctors took skin from my thigh and put grafts on my hand, arm, and neck. While I was in the hospital, Pastor Bill Barton and Jimmy Grafe visited with me. They wanted to know whether I

Club Meth to Christ

would go back to the Home of Grace when I was well enough. I told them "no" because I was never going to do drugs again. I was serious when I committed all to Christ. The problem was that I still had the world in my heart. God delivered the Israelites out of Egypt in three days, but it took forty years in the desert to get Egypt out of the people.

I came home from the hospital but had gotten an antibiotic resistant staff infection that landed me back in the hospital. My veins hurt from the powerful antibiotics that flowed through them for seventeen days before the infection departed. I prayed for God to show me what His will was for me. God healed my burns with a Master's touch.

By that time I found myself abusing my pain medication. I desperately wanted to do God's will, but I was weak. The old sinful nature wanted to rise up again. One morning, I awoke and knew I had to go back to the Home of Grace. God had answered my prayer.

Psalm 30:2-4: "O LORD my God, I cried out to You, And You healed me. O LORD, You brought my soul up from the grave; You have kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing praise to the LORD, you saints of His, And give thanks at the remembrance of His holy name."

To Christ

When I returned to the Home of Grace, something had changed. It didn't take long to realize that it was I. I wanted to be there, and I wanted to receive whatever God had for me. The majority of the people, who came in, didn't want to be there and some were court ordered. I was different because I was ordered by my Lord Jesus Christ.

I read my Bible, prayed, and listened to every message each preacher gave. Devotion was held at breakfast and Bible class was held from 9:00 AM to 11:45 AM. At night, we had church services conducted by area Christians. One night, during a church service, I was praising Jesus in a song and the Holy Spirit came in and filled that empty spot in my heart. After all those times that I'd nearly died trying to reach that peak high through drugs, I'd now reached it through Jesus Christ. For years, I'd kept a head knowledge of Jesus and was fourteen inches from going to Hell. Jesus was finally in my heart.

Romans 10:10: "For with the heart one believes unto righteousness."

I had always believed in Jesus, but so did the Devil.

James 2:19: "You believe that there is one God.

Club Meth to Christ

You do well. Even the demons believe and tremble!"

When I let Jesus into my heart and committed everything to Him is when I became a new man. The old man and his addictions died with him.

Romans 6:6: "Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be done away with, that we should no longer be slaves of sin."

Most people who say they believe in Christ, in reality, do not. One example is the story of a man who stretched a rope across a canyon that was hundreds of feet deep. He took a wheelbarrow and began to slowly push it across the rope with great balance. When he got to the other side, he turned around and came back. The small crowd began to applaud the accomplishment. The man asked, "Do you believe I can do it again?"

"Yes," they yelled.

"Then get in the wheelbarrow," he replied.

Most people say they believe, but refuse to "get in" Jesus and trust Him with their lives. The words trust and believe are interchangeable. I believe George Washington was the first President, but I've never trusted him for anything.

I found the peace I was looking for at the Home

of Grace. I was diligently seeking after the Lord each day. I found myself growing in that childlike faith I had once possessed. While I was walking along the banks of Bluff Creek praising God for His beautiful creation, my spirit pulsated. I was renewing a close relationship I'd severed almost thirty years earlier. I stopped talking and listened as God talked to my spirit. I was learning that it is difficult to have a good conversation with God without ever letting Him talk.

John 10:3: Jesus says: "The sheep hear his voice; and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out."

As a child, I was comforted by the voice of Jesus, but when I chose to walk toward the world, I could not hear His voice for almost thirty years. As I was approaching thirty-eight years of age, I left the world and came back to the warm, loving voice of Jesus. I hope to never be separated from the warmth and love of my Good Shepherd again. Hallelujah!!

To be delivered from the bondage of addiction, you must have a new foundation for your life.

Matthew 7: 24-27: "Therefore whoever hears these sayings of Mine, and does them, I will liken him to a wise man who built his house on the rock: "and the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house; and it

Club Meth to Christ

did not fall, for it was founded on the rock. "But everyone who hears these sayings of Mine, and does not do them, will be like a foolish man who built his house on the sand: "and the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house; and it fell. And great was its fall."

I Corinthians 10:4: "and that Rock was Christ."

If your life is not founded on the Rock (Christ), when life's storms come, you'll hold on to the only foundation that you know, which, for an addict, are drugs. Every physical foundation humans try to use is just sinking sand. We need the spiritual strength of Christ (the Rock) to withstand all the storms of life. People who try to deal with life's problems from a worldly standpoint are defeated from the start. Storms came to both houses. Jesus didn't come to pull us out of the storms of life but to go with us through them.

The reason Narcotics Anonymous and Alcoholics Anonymous have the problem of "once an addict, always an addict" is this—the law of displacement. When water is removed from a jug, air rushes in and fills that space. Likewise, when an addiction is removed from a person, there remains then an empty spot. Something must come in and fill that space. The twelve-step programs just mentioned, remove the

bad but don't replace it with anything. In God's Word, it explains the process.

Matthew 12:43-45: "When an unclean spirit goes out of a man, he goes through dry places, seeking rest, and finds none. "Then he says, 'I will return to my house from which I came.' And when he comes, he finds it empty, swept, and put in order. "Then he goes and takes with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. So shall it also be with this wicked generation."

The reason the demon comes back with seven more wicked than himself is because he wants to make sure he isn't booted out again. The Home of Grace Christian Recovery Program has a high success rate, because they replace that empty space with a steady diet of JESUS. They take away the addiction and fill the emptiness with JESUS. Once an addict, always an addict is true, if the person remains the same creation. Again God's Word has the solution to this problem.

II Corinthians 5:17: "Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new."

Club Meth to Christ

When a person becomes a new creation, the old addict and his desires have passed away. People who ask Christ into their hearts and become that new creation still have dirt (world) to contend with. They will still have to live in this world, and the world is still stored in their hearts. The Holy Spirit will clean the world out of a person. To be filled with the Holy Spirit, one must be filled with the Word of God. It's like having a glass full of dirt (the world) and starting to pour water (Word of God) into the glass. The dirt will start coming out and, eventually, the glass will be full of clear water. This is how a person becomes Spirit-filled. To stay Spirit-filled a person must water his mind with the Word to replace the dirt (world), or it will seep back in. We are surrounded by worldly influence each day, and the Word of God will renew our minds each day to give us the victory in this life and forever.

Ephesians 5:26: "He (Jesus) might sanctify and cleanse her (the Church) with the washing of water by the word."

John 1:1-4: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

Jesus is the living Word and that's where the Christian generates his power. In feeding our Spirit with the Word (Jesus) each day, we are transformed into His likeness. God didn't want us to worship Him through idols made with hands. He gives those who love Him the Holy Spirit, so when others see us, they'll see Jesus.

John 14:9: Jesus told Philip, "He who has seen Me has seen the Father."

John 6:53-58: "Then Jesus said to them, "Most assuredly, I say to you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you have no life in you. "Whoever eats My flesh and drinks My blood has eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. "For My flesh is food indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. "He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood abides in Me, and I in him. "As the living Father sent Me, and I live because of the Father, so he who feeds on Me will live because of Me. "This is the bread which came down from heaven, not as your fathers ate the manna, and are dead. He who eats this bread will live forever."

This sounds bad to the stomach at first, but remember, Jesus is the Word. He's talking about taking the Word of God and digesting it as food for our Spirit. As we eat food, the blood takes it and

Club Meth to Christ

supplies the whole body with nourishment. As we take in the Word, it feeds our Spirit. It's like eating a large meal and being satisfied, but in a couple of days we will be hungry again. Some people come to Church on Sunday to be fed with the Word but go hungry all week. If we are going to experience victory, we must take in daily Spiritual nourishment.

A person who has been delivered from drugs will find that, at his weakest state, Satan will try to come back in and take control. The people at the Home of Grace who relapsed were those who quit going to Church, reading their Bibles, and having fellowship with other Christians. It's like a person driving around in a new car (Holy Spirit) and leaving it on the side of the road. He still has the need to travel, so he purchases a tricycle (drugs) to get around.

If we walk away from the Rock (Jesus), we're heading toward the sand. I had made a commitment to complete thirteen weeks at the Home of Grace. Satan at once unleashed his people who were controlled by his demons to be my roommates. For every sick person who was sent to my room, I thanked God for the opportunity to share Jesus with him. I averaged losing one roommate a week because the demons of darkness cannot stay in a room that has the light of Jesus. I remained consistent in

my Christian walk. Though I sometimes stumbled, I stayed focused on Jesus. I prayed earnestly for God to show me the Truth.

John 8:32: "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

I met a black man who had been an associate pastor of a large church. Satan had entangled his flesh in a web, so he ended up at the Home of Grace. I was astonished at his ability to locate Scriptures in the Bible with such ease. I was alarmed by him at first, and then I was drawn to him by the Spirit. Sometimes I would sit down for hours with him and go over the Scriptures. He told me that the Word was like a seed and it would grow inside of me.

After he graduated, the Word started coming out of my mouth to everyone who would listen. People were drawn to me to hear the Word of God. I was constantly encouraging and having the Spirit in me build up disciples in Christ. The day I graduated, there was a large force for Christ left behind because I had allowed JESUS to take complete control of my life.

Set on Fire With the Cross

*I lived everyday like there was no sorrow.
Destroyed loved ones like there were endless
tomorrows.*

*The Devil set me on fire with the cross;
Jesus gave me the map to salvation—now I'm
not lost.*

*Fun of sin, now I do despise,
Lisp the proverbs to build me wise.
Mighty God, I praise You with the Psalms,
To care enough to pierce Your palms.
Burdened and broken-hearted,
"Blood-drenched,"
Three days, Satan was outsmarted.*

Back in the World

The real test was before me now that I was back in the world. One of my first steps was to join a Bible believing and God-fearing church. I placed my membership at Wade Baptist Church, where Bro. Bill Barton, founder of the Home of Grace, was pastor. I made attendance and participation a high priority. I had found that repeat customers at the Home of Grace were those who didn't get involved with the Church. They also didn't continue in a daily Bible meditation to renew the mind.

Ephesians 4:22-24 "...that you put off, concerning your former conduct, the old man which grows corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and that you put on the new man which was created according to God, in true righteousness and holiness."

The Bible meditation is an antidote to the daily bombardment of worldly corruption to the mind.

Psalms 1:2-3 "But his delight is in the law of the LORD, And in His law he meditates day and night. He shall be like a tree Planted by the rivers of water, That brings forth its fruit in its season, Whose leaf also shall not wither; And whatever he does shall prosper.

Club Meth to Christ

I also shared my testimony of what Jesus had done in my life. People who are lost can't always relate to Scripture, but a living example will grab their attention.

One morning the preacher tells the congregation, "You must ask Jesus to come and live inside of you." After the service a young boy came to the preacher and said, "I'd like to ask Jesus to come live in me, but I'm so small and He's so big, I'm afraid he'll stick out all over." The preacher smiled and said, "That's what He wants." When others see us, they should see Jesus sticking out all over.

Most people will never pick up a Bible, so Christ in us is the only epistle they'll ever read.

II Corinthians 3:2-3: "You are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read by all men; clearly you are an epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink but by the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of flesh, that is, of the heart."

Christmas rolled around, and it was the first time in over twenty years that I really enjoyed myself. There was nothing special going on around me, but the joy in my heart made everything wonderful. I took baby food jars, cleaned them out, and put one hundred grains of sand in each. I then put a bow on

top and gave them to family and friends for Christmas gifts. People would hold them up in the light and ask, "What is it?" I'd tell them that it contained one hundred grains of sand and that each grain represented a year of their life if they lived that long. Then I'd tell them that most people will trade everything they have for those one hundred grains of sand when they could have all the sand on all the beaches in the world through Jesus Christ.

I John 2:17: "And the world is passing away, and the lust of it; but he who does the will of God abides forever."

The Valley

People have the idea that being a Christian is an easy life. There is nothing in the Bible that says the Christian life is easy. Storms of life affect all of us throughout our stay here on earth. I sometimes go from high on the mountain to low in the valley overnight. If I gauged my salvation by the way I felt, I'd be defeated from the start. The only thing that will get a person through those valleys is knowing the truth, that Jesus is the Way—the only Way. When one comes out of the valley, he is stronger than before. When we go through storms of life, it allows us to see what's really in our hearts. In the valley, I still have crazy thoughts, but now I have Jesus going

along with me. It's like walking outside into the cold night air, and finding Jesus standing there beside me and handing me a warm comforter.

Psalm 23:4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me."

When Jesus is walking with us through the valley, death is but a shadow. I will fear no evil, because a shadow can't hurt me. Jesus defeated death and when a person is in Jesus, He has already won the victory over death for us.

I Corinthians 15:57: "But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Enemy Nation

If a boxer is put in the ring by himself and for ten rounds boxes the air, he doesn't deserve a trophy because there was no victory. To have victory, there must be an opponent. Satan was left with powers on earth to be our adversary.

Judges 2:20-23: "Then the anger of the LORD was hot against Israel; and He said, "Because this nation has transgressed My covenant which I commanded their fathers, and has not heeded My voice, "I also will no longer drive out before them any of the nations which Joshua left when

he died, "so that through them I may test Israel, whether they will keep the ways of the LORD, to walk in them as their fathers kept them, or not." Therefore the LORD left those nations, without driving them out immediately; nor did He deliver them into the hand of Joshua."

God left these enemy nations for His people to be tested—to see whether they would keep the ways of the Lord. God wants His people to be over-comers. Jesus didn't come to pull us out of the storms of life but to go with us through them. The Devil is that enemy nation God has left there for His people to be tested, to see whether they'll keep His ways.

I Peter 5:8: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Fruit Is Promised

I started out with around fifty names on my prayer list. I asked God each day to touch their hearts and have them ready when we brought them the Word—the Holy Spirit and I. After praying, singing hymns, and meditating on the Bible, I was Spirit-filled when I left the house to visit those on the list and boldly tell them what Jesus had done in my life. They weren't blind; they knew the old me and couldn't believe how much I'd changed. They would tell me that I talked, walked, and looked different.

Some said my face glowed. The Spirit of God will make a person glow. Some would try to act smart but couldn't stand toe-to-toe with a man filled with the Spirit of God. Just people seeing the transformation in my life left seed sown.

John 15:5: Jesus says, "I am the Vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing."

If we continue in Jesus, the fruit is promised.

Jana

On Wednesday night, January 22, 2003, I was to give my testimony before the congregation at Wade Baptist. When we had prayer requests, a woman requested prayer for the people involved in a wreck she had just passed on her way to church. A van had collided into the side of a tanker truck. The woman said the wreck looked bad for the occupants of the vehicles involved, and we prayed for them.

I had prayed all day for the Holy Spirit to touch everyone's heart that night as I shared the Word. When I reached the podium, the Holy Spirit took charge and spoke through me. When we finished, we were given a standing ovation. Afterwards people came to me, telling me how my story had touched their hearts, but, in reality, I knew it was the Holy

Spirit who'd reached out and touched them. I rode home full of joy and excitement.

My dad told me that a fireman had called and said that Jana had been in a wreck and was asking for Brother Rodney to come to the hospital. I then remembered Jana, a friend to whom I had been ministering, was driving a van the last time I saw her. Jana was in the bondage that I was now free of, and she wanted help. She'd gone to jail and lost custody of her children whom she dearly loved. Her home and all of her belongings had recently burned. She wanted to let go of this bondage but just couldn't think clearly enough to do it. I called her brother-in-law, who told me that she had been taken to Springhill Hospital by helicopter. I got in my truck and headed that way. I cried out to God not to take her, that she wanted Jesus in her life. After pleading my case before God, I told Him, "Lord, I pray Your will be done." Traveling on down the highway, I started singing and praising my loving God. When I reached the Springhill Hospital exit, a peace came over me, and I knew God would allow her to live. I passed the exit to Springhill Hospital because the University of South Alabama Medical Center was now placed in my mind. If there was any doubt, it was taken away when I pulled into the University of South Alabama Medical Center and saw her father standing out front. Spirit-filled and now confident that God was in complete control of this situation, I walked into the

Club Meth to Christ

waiting room with Bible in hand and told the teary-eyed family that she was going to be all right. I shared with them that on the way there, God had given me a peace and let me know that she was going to be fine. I told them that it takes a drastic action for a drastic change.

I then was able to tell them about being burned up and giving my life to Jesus. I let them know that being burned was a blessing and that this wreck would end up being a blessing also.

Jana's skull was fractured, and she was going into surgery for a blood clot on the brain. The swelling of her brain would cause brain damage or death if not relieved. She had a number of broken bones, but her head was given priority. Even with a fractured skull and her body entangled in the wreckage, she had told the fireman to call Brother Rodney. God was in control of this situation from the start.

We stayed there all night, and I read Scripture to friends and family. The doctors came in after hours of surgery and told the family, "It's a miracle how everything went."

The immediate family was allowed to go in and see her for a few minutes. Her mother asked me to go in her place. We were led to a bed inside the Neuro Intensive Care Trauma Unit. They'd shaved her head, and it was swollen like a basketball. She had tubes and monitors branching out all over. I

didn't recognize her, but I knew God had formed her, and He could put her back together. Everyday, I came to the hospital and waited for hours with her family. She underwent more surgery and, miraculously, got better each day.

On the sixth day after the wreck, they pulled her breathing tube out. She was still badly battered, but she could now communicate. Her mother left Jana and me alone in the room. Jana, with tears in her eyes, spoke softly, "I need help."

I said, "God will help you."

She asked, "How?"

I replied, "Pray and ask Jesus to come into your heart."

She then put her two hands together before her swollen face and prayed with tears for Jesus to help her. She reminded me of a little child seeking the hand of God. Hallelujah!! Hallelujah!! That's the call Jesus loves to hear.

"I need help. I've tried everything, and it doesn't work. I surrender; Lord, I want You to be in control of my life now and forever."

Hallelujah!

Less than a week before, she was on the brink of death and eternal damnation; and now she was recovering with the gift of life everlasting. It took an hour to get from my dad's house in Mississippi to the

Club Meth to Christ

University of South Alabama Medical Center. In the past, my addictions had kept me from visiting at hospitals, but now I couldn't stay away. I came everyday while she was in the hospital, reading the Bible to her while she was asleep. Her body was resting, but her Spirit was alive as large chill bumps came up on her arms each time I read to her.

She was finally able to go home and go through physical therapy. On Sunday, May 4, 2003, she *crutched* down the aisle and became a member of Wade Baptist Church. She was baptized that night, and when she came up out of the water she had a smile from ear to ear.

Bobby's Mom

Monday night I received a call from Bobby, a close Christian friend of mine. He told me to come to the hospital, that his mother was dying. I'd known his mother since I was a child. Close friends and relatives loved her because of the caring nature she possessed.

I went to my room, hit my knees, and planted my face to the floor to pray. I asked God to spare her life or give her family the assurance that she was saved and would be in Heaven. I told God what I hoped for, but concluded by saying; "Lord, Your will be done."

On the way to the hospital, I sang praises to my loving God. When I was pulling into the parking lot, God gave me a peace and let me know she was going to be all right. Walking into the hospital, since there was a shadow of a doubt in my mind, I prayed; "Lord, You told me she was going to be all right, so I'm going in here and speak my faith as your representative."

I know how "doubting Thomas" must have felt when he wanted to place his hands upon the wounds of Jesus to make sure it was really Him. The Spirit had clearly told me that she was going to be all right, but I was looking for more assurance.

I walked into the waiting room with my Bible in my hand and met the grieving family that was gathered for the end. With a big smile on my face, I let them know that God had told me she was going to be all right. Then I told them how God had told me that Jana was going to be all right after her wreck and how He miraculously healed her. We made a large circle with the family and prayed.

The blood vessels in Bobby's mother's stomach had ruptured. As fast as they could pump blood in, it was bleeding out. The doctors had tried for hours to stop the bleeding, but to no avail. Tulane Medical Center was the only hospital in the country that could do that type of operation to mend broken blood vessels. The bleeding had to be stopped before she could be transported. While the family despaired, I

joked and laughed and showed my faith in what God had told me. Then the surgeon came in and announced that he wasn't sure how, but the bleeding had stopped. The family called it a miracle. Tulane Medical was then able to send a helicopter to transport her for surgery.

The doctor came in about thirty minutes later and said the helicopter was delayed because of fog. The family looked toward me as I sat there reading my Bible. I looked up and said, "God stopped the bleeding—He can raise the fog." About thirty minutes later, the doctor returned and said, "The fog has lifted and the helicopter is on its way." She went to the hospital, had a successful surgery, and was back home in a week. Everyone there witnessed a miracle and a greater respect for our Creator was established.

Rain-Man

I passed a hitchhiker on the onramp to the highway, and the Spirit told me to pick him up. I stopped and gave a ride to this short man who was holding all his belongings in a five-gallon bucket. We started talking. He was a really slow-talking, meek man. He reminded me of the autistic man who played in the movie Rainman.

He told me he was on his way to Florida to find work. I began telling him about Jesus and how He'd changed my life. He hadn't eaten, so I stopped and

bought him a meal. He would later tell me that he prayed on the side of the road for God to show him what He wanted him to do. He said after that was when I stopped and picked him up. Even though I called him "Rainman," his real name was Brian. I gave him a King James Bible, and his face lit up like a kid. He had been hungry, but he was more excited about the Bible than the food I bought for him.

We went to the truck stop to drop him out, and I gave him all the change I had. I didn't want to drop him back on the road, so I told him I might be able to get him a place to stay and a job. He said he just wanted a job to buy food. He also needed a shower and had the smell to prove it. On the way up the road, I had no idea what to do with him. I began silently praying, "I got him, Lord; now what do you want me to do with him?" Something caught my eye in the rear-view mirror—the air behind me was filled with paper. I hit the brakes, pulled over to the shoulder of the road. Paper was littering the highway, and it was coming from his bucket. After shoving, pushing, stacking, and then putting a weight on top of what appeared to be graphing paper, I got back in the truck. I was visibly shaken when I looked over at Brian. He was still looking straight ahead, as if we'd never stopped. Brian looked like a kid who didn't have a care in the world and was on his way to an amusement park.

The Home of Grace popped into my mind, and

Club Meth to Christ

I felt in my heart, "God wants me to take him there." When we got there, we were told that we'd need permission from Bill Barton. So we drove all the way back to town to use a phone. I had to ask for fifty cents back from Brian to call Brother Bill. Bill answered, and I told him about picking up "Rain-man." He told me that Brian could stay at the Home of Grace and go through the program if he wanted. I took him back to the Home, and he stayed. My dad went out and bought Brian new shoes, clothes, snacks, and basic essentials. I visited Brian regularly, and we became good friends.

Brian went through the program, was liked by everyone, and took care of the computer room. He turned out to be a mathematical genius. He was writing a book on all the different combinations of patterns on a guitar. It was too complex for me, so I just acted like I knew what he was talking about. That's the reason he had graphing paper blowing out the back of the truck.

Though quiet and one of the most laid-back men I'd ever met, he had a great personality and was highly intelligent. The main thing though was that he accepted Jesus Christ to be Lord of his life. He studies the Scripture diligently to find the truth. Brian was a new creation, not the same broken man I'd picked up, and was ready to start a new life.

II Corinthians 5:17: "Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have

passed away; behold, all things have become new."

Ferret-Man

It was Sunday Morning and the start to revival. I was looking forward to hearing the message from the popular evangelist. I passed a hitchhiker and the Spirit told me to pick him up. His name was Robert and he was homeless. He told me that he prayed to God for help. I told him I could probably get him in the Home of Grace where he would have three meals a day, a shower, and the love of Christ to give him a new life. I got permission to take him to the Home of Grace and then stopped to buy him a meal. He informed me that he was not going to leave his children behind. "What children?" I asked. Then I realized what that awful smell was that was coming from his tote bags. He had two ferrets in the front seat with us in his bags. He told me these ferrets are "bones of his bones and flesh of his flesh." He appreciated my help, but this was not the answer from God that he was looking for. He told me that he was looking for one hundred dollars to get him and the ferrets a hotel room.

It only takes a few seconds for an ex-drug addict to get to the truth. He was living in the woods with ferrets because he is a crack addict and needs the money for a fix. I told him God's answer to his

Club Meth to Christ

prayer is the Home of Grace, and it's his choice. He thanked me, but that was not what he wanted to do. I prayed with him and let him out with a couple of dollars to buy a meal. I had obeyed the Spirit, and God had given Robert the opportunity to break those chains of bondage. It was his choice to continue in that destructive life that he was living.

Matthew 20:16: "For many are called, but few chosen."

It's your choice. These two stories of Rain-Man and Ferret-Man are similar. They were both called but Rain-Man was the only one chosen, because he chose to do it God's way. Rain-Man found victory in Jesus. God provided him with new clothes, food, friends, and a new outlook on life, but, most importantly, a new spirit. God wants us to have productive and joy-filled lives. You must give Him control of your life to have victory.

Your life is like a parade and you are standing watching a small portion of it pass by. God has an overhead view and can see the front of the parade and the end. You should want Him leading your life because He knows what's ahead. Most people are like Ferret-Man and want to live life on their terms. They've become comfortable living in the smell of defeat, which sustains the lusts of the flesh.

Romans 6:23: "For the wages of sin is death, but

the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Ministering to Addicts

When out ministering to addicts, I find that they like the idea of getting rid of the misery that bondage from drugs has cost them. The problem is that for Christ to take away the bondage and the things they hate, they must give up some things they like for this freedom. One girl got saved and got off Meth. She asked me if it would be all right to smoke marijuana. She went on to explain that marijuana didn't do her like Meth, and it wouldn't affect her. The Devil wants us to make that small compromise, so he can get a foothold in our lives again. I told her that if a person will steal a dime, they'll steal a quarter; it's better money. If a person will smoke marijuana, he/she will smoke Meth; it's a better high. No compromise!

Surrender all to Christ and let Him lead you to victory. Our *best* thinking led us to drug addiction. He created you, and He knows what you need to have a joy-filled life.

Change the System

The incarceration system needs to be changed for

people who are involved with meth. Law enforcement spends a lot of time and money to catch the meth users and cooking operations. The problem is that when they catch them and take them to jail, the meth addict will be bonded out and back to his old ways before the ink is dried on the reports. The addict they release on the street is still mentally deficient and is a danger to the public along with him/herself. I've seen people I know go in and out of jail over the years before they finally go to court for the first charges. Then they go to jail and stay in jail because of all the charges that have piled up over the years of *catch and release*.

When a meth addict goes to jail, he's desperate and will hurt anyone who gets in his way. He'll steal from those who love him and abuse the general public. He's demonic-the loved one who lived in that body before, isn't in control any more.

Armor of God

I've seen family members take their addicted loved one back in, and then they can't understand why he abuses them as he does. He looks and sounds normal, but everything that he's telling them is a lie. The old reliable is: "I'm going to get my life straight, and I'm not going to do that anymore." The key word is "I." "I" has no control of this problem or

"I" would have solved it a long time ago. The addict's best thinking has put him where he is. His life is under the control of a demonic spirit or spirits. The word of God tells us of the problem and the solution.

Ephesians 6:12-18: "For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your waist with truth, having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith with which you will be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

You can't overcome an evil spirit with flesh and blood but with the Spirit of God. The first time the meth addict goes to jail, he should remain locked up for at least ninety days. This will not cure him, but it will close the doors of his soul that meth has opened for demonic occupation. He would then be

able to think a little more clearly and have had a taste of the jail reality that awaits him if he goes back to his addiction. He then needs to be sent to a Christian rehabilitation center such as the Home of Grace where the darkness can be replaced with the light of Jesus Christ. Cold is a word to describe the absence of heat. Evil is a word to describe the absence of God. Darkness is a word to describe the absence of light. Jesus is the Light and Jesus is God. So then Jesus is the answer to this problem that confuses so many. Our law enforcement and judicial systems are pushed to the limit. The jails are overcrowded. Locking people up in jail is like putting a bandage on an infection without treatment. God's Word is the cure for this sick generation.

Drastic Action for a Drastic Change

Mark 9:43-48: "If your hand causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter into life maimed, rather than having two hands, to go to hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched-
"where 'Their worm does not die, And the fire is not quenched.'
"And if your foot causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter life lame, rather than having two feet, to be cast into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched-
"where 'Their worm does not die, And the fire is not quenched.'
"And if your eye causes you to

sin, pluck it out. It is better for you to enter the kingdom of God with one eye, rather than having two eyes, to be cast into hell fire "where 'Their worm does not die, And the fire is not quenched.'

This scripture is talking about drastic action for a drastic change. It took my being set on fire, almost losing my ear, eye, and, possibly, my life to open my heart to the truth. I was able to get a glimpse of hell and know that, whatever it takes, I don't want to spend eternity in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

I have one friend in federal prison for methamphetamines. We write letters to each other for encouragement. He has found that prison is a very dark place, but that's where he found the light of Jesus. He says he wouldn't be able to do the years of incarceration without Jesus doing the time with him. It took a drastic action for a drastic change in his life. He'll spend years in jail, but he now has eternal life through Jesus Christ. We both had our spirits broken and were sorry for our rebellion against God.

Psalm 51:17: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, A broken and a contrite heart - These, O God, You will not despise."

Some people have moved too far away from God to be brought back in a simple action. That's why it

takes a drastic action in their lives to bring them back. What a Savior to love us enough to take drastic actions to draw us back into His arms! If you move a block away from your father's house, it will require a simple act of walking back to the house. If you move on the other side of the globe from your father's house, it will require a drastic action in the form of a car ride, jet ride, and so on to get back. When you pray for a drastic change in the life of a loved one, remember that God knows exactly what drastic action it's going to take. It took a drastic action in the life of Saul, who would become the Apostle Paul.

Acts 9:1-6: "Then Saul, still breathing threats and murder against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest and asked letters from him to the synagogues of Damascus, so that if he found any who were of the Way, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem. As he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly a light shone around him from heaven. Then he fell to the ground, and heard a voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why are you persecuting Me?" And he said, "Who are You, Lord?" Then the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting. It is hard for you to kick against the goads." So he, trembling and astonished, said, "Lord, what do You want me to do?"

Saul went from persecuting Christians to changing his name to Paul and becoming one of the greatest apostles of Christ. He experienced a drastic action that, in turn, resulted in a drastic change in his life.

I thank God for my addictions. I thank God for my adversities. I thank God that I was set on fire. I thank God that he put me out because that really hurt. I might never have known how much I needed a Savior if I hadn't been broken.

You can put a frog in a pot of warm water and place it on a burner on the stove. The frog will sit there and enjoy the comfort. As the water gradually gets hotter and hotter, he continues to sit, not realizing what is happening. When the water hits boiling, it's too late to jump out. I feel sorry for some of the people who have good jobs and pay their bills. They're model citizens of this world and are comfortable with this life. They feel they have no need for a Savior. One day their comfortable life will end, and their life will hit the boiling point of hell.

Galatians 6:7-8: "Do not be deceived, God is not mocked; for whatever a man sows, that he will also reap. For he who sows to his flesh will of the flesh reap corruption, but he who sows to the Spirit will of the Spirit reap everlasting life. People get so caught up in building a nest egg for the future they don't realize that the day they were born they started dying, physically. If one

builds upon flesh, he will die. If one builds upon Spirit, he will live forever.

Revelation 3:17: "Because you say, 'I am rich, have become wealthy, and have need of nothing'-and do not know that you are wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked."

Branch of Praise

Lying in my bed late at night, unable to sleep, I heard a lone bird start singing with all of its heart. I'd wakened that morning to a multitude of singing birds, but this one bird was singing its heart out. The other birds were home in bed and his only audience was his creator and an eavesdropper who couldn't sleep. I thought of that multitude of birds singing that morning, as the Church. I felt that lone bird couldn't sleep for the joy in his heart and just wanted to sing a melody to his creator. I was moved by the Spirit to write Branch of Praise.

Branch of Praise

Bird, sing your beautiful song of flight,
None others can hear, for it is late at night.
God looks down upon your branch of praise,
And accepts it more than all those given through-
out the days.

Stephen

I went to the hospital and visited a friend of mine named Stephen. His liver was in bad condition after years of drinking. His prognosis wasn't good, and the doctors said it would kill him if it didn't change. The first time in years that I'd seen Stephen was at Bobby's house when he came home from the hospital. He asked me to pray for him, so I put him on my list and had prayed for him for four months before I saw him again in the hospital.

The next three weeks, I went to visit, share Jesus, and pray with him. During this time, he asked Jesus to come into his heart and save him. God hadn't spoken to me to let me know Stephen would live, so I told Stephen that I'd see him in heaven if he did die. One day when I returned from the hospital, I went for a walk. While walking, the following scripture was placed in my mind:

Matthew 17:21 - "However, this kind does not go out except by prayer and fasting."

This surely was a sign from God that if I prayed and fasted, Stephen would be healed. I was fired up. If need be, I'd be like Jesus and fast for forty days and nights. I spoke of my faith to Stephen, how I felt God had given me the word, that he would heal him through prayer and fasting.

Club Meth to Christ

I surely was hungry, and I hadn't even fasted for twenty-four hours yet. When I hit day two, I'd convinced myself that Matthew 17:21 didn't mention how long to fast, so I ate. I went back to visit Stephen after eating. The doctor entered his room and said; "You have at best a week before you slip out of consciousness and expire after that." There was nothing left they could do but make his last days as comfortable as possible. The news shook everyone in the room, including me. I told them with confidence that God was going to heal him and then prayed. I began to fast and pray, which lasted twenty-four hours; this time, I'd go to the hospital, pray, and speak my faith that God was going to heal him. I would fast one last time for twenty-four hours.

The family had lost all hope except for my continued assurance that God was going to heal him. I'd read to Stephen and his family a Scripture to give them hope.

Isaiah 38:1-5 "In those days Hezekiah was sick and near death. And Isaiah the prophet, the son of Amoz, went to him and said to him, "Thus says the LORD: Set your house in order, for you shall die and not live.'" Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed to the LORD, and said, "Remember now, O LORD, I pray, how I have walked before You in truth and with a loyal heart, and have done what is good

in Your sight." And Hezekiah wept bitterly. And the word of the LORD came to Isaiah, saying, "Go and tell Hezekiah, 'Thus says the LORD, the God of David your father: "I have heard your prayer, I have seen your tears; surely I will add to your days fifteen years.

Stephen got worse, but I continued to pray and speak my faith. I went to visit Stephen and his eyes were rolled in the back of his head. His body was yellow and badly swollen. He was moving from side to side, loudly moaning and groaning. The pain he had was unbearable. I had a sudden thought that maybe he'd be better off dead. I quickly brought that thought under the obedience of Christ. I prayed and asked God to heal him and to comfort him and his family. I regained my composure, as I placed God healing him back in my mind.

Later that night I got a call from Bobby, and I hoped this was the call to tell me he was miraculously healed. Bobby informed me that Stephen had passed. I went to my knees and planted my face to the floor and cried, "Lord, Your will be done." Then the Spirit showed me that Stephen had been miraculously healed. He wasn't in pain anymore and now was in the presence of his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

I John 5:12-13" "He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life.

These things I have written to you who believe in the name of the Son of God, that you may know that you have eternal life, and that you may continue to believe in the name of the Son of God."

My Vision

Jeremiah 1:4-5 "Then the word of the LORD came to me, saying: "Before I formed you in the womb I knew you; Before you were born I sanctified you; I ordained you a prophet to the nations."

The Allies defeated Nazi Germany, but not before nearly twenty million Jews and Christians were exterminated. The military leaders took the citizens who just looked the other way and lined them up. They were marched through the death camps and shown the bodies of those who'd suffered while they did nothing.

Jesus returns, but not before over forty million babies were exterminated in America through abortion. The Angels take the American Christians and line them up. They are marched through the abortion clinics and shown the bodies of those innocent babies who were aborted while they, the Christians, did nothing.

One Year Ago

It's June 19, 2003. One year ago I was set on fire for Christ. The stories you've just read are only a small part of what God has done in my life within this year. When you are truly born again and Jesus lives through you, change is eminent. The void in my life has now been filled with the joy that comes from a personal relationship with Jesus. I'll never be alone again, and when I die physically, I'll go and live with my Lord and Savior forever. Hallelujah!! That's why the Apostle Paul wrote:

Philippians 1:21 - "For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

A born-again Christian is in a win-win situation, and we can't get those odds anywhere else.

In John 8:32 Jesus spoke to those who had believed in Him and said, "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

This verse is often quoted to people who are in bondage, but in reality those who have heard the truth are sometimes still living in bondage to certain sins. I wanted to know how Christians could still be held in bondage in certain areas if Jesus (Truth) had set them free. Then God referred me back to John 8:31, "If you abide in My word, you are My disciples

indeed." This scripture means that if you continue in God's word, then the truth will set you free. The death of Jesus on the cross sets a believer free, but his own mind holds him in bondage because it thinks as it did in the past. God gave me an example of what He was trying to show me. I had a tire that continued to go flat on my truck and took it several times to patch the leak because I couldn't afford a new one. The air continued to leak out, and I stopped almost daily to put fifty cents in the pump to replace the lost air. This continued for about three months before God blessed me with enough money to get a new tire. Even though I was set free with the new tire, I found myself pulling in to the pump to get air. I had been set free with the new tire, but my mind was still in bondage to the habit of stopping for air. However, there is a way out of this type bondage. The continued saturation of your mind with the truth will replace the lies that hold you bondage. (32) "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Prior to my conversion to Christ, I lost many years, I hurt many people, and I made a lot of enemies. Now, I have some of those same people coming and embracing me in friendship.

Proverbs 16:7: "When a man's ways please the LORD, He makes even his enemies to be at peace with him."

All those years in bondage, I held on, thinking I would lose something in my life if I let go. I felt I'd be letting go of the good times. When I did let go completely, that's when the good times began in my life. The joy and excitement in my life now are immeasurable. I never thought I could be so happy. God wants you to have a joy-filled life, but you must lose the life that you're living now and give Him complete control to find a new life. That's what Jesus says:

Matthew 16:25-26: "For whoever desires to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake will find it. "For what profit is it to a man if he gains the whole world, and loses his own soul? Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Called to Preach

I prayed daily, "Lord, what do You want me to do?" One day He answered, letting me know that He wanted me to go full time into the ministry. I knew this plan involved school, which would require money. I didn't have a job and obviously didn't have the money. I prayed for God to give me a job and show me the school to attend. The following day, I called about an air conditioning job I'd found in the paper. They gave me directions to the University of

Club Meth to Christ

Mobile. When I got close, I realized it would be fifty miles one way to come to work and almost turned around. I was able to view the beautiful campus after taking a wrong turn. Once I located the maintenance shop, I filled out a job application. When leaving, I read on the center entrance wall, Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom. When I arrived home, my sister confirmed my deduction that this was a Christian college. This took place July 28, 2003.

I felt that God would combine my getting a job there with going to school. On Saturday, August 9, 2003, I still had not received a call about the job I had applied for. I was praying for God to show me what He wanted me to do. Schools were starting in the new fall term, and I felt that starting school that semester was out.

I stopped by Bobby's house, and, while I was there, he turned on the radio. The first thing I heard was, "It's not too late to register for classes at the University of Mobile." I knew right then that God wanted me at the University of Mobile.

At church the next morning, I went before the congregation and made it public that God had called me to preach. After much prayer, on Monday morning I headed back to the University of Mobile to register. I was going on faith because I lacked money. After the fifty-mile ride, I hurried into the admissions office. Admission counselor, Matthew

Blair, told me to fill out the admission form and that I would need thirty dollars to get started. I took the form and went back home because I didn't have the money.

I prayed about it when I got home. My mother called me to see how things went that day. I told her about my thirty-dollar detour. She told me she'd give me the money, so I went back the following day and started the admissions process.

Sunday, three days before school was to start, I prayed on my way to church, "Lord, I haven't been accepted yet, and, furthermore, I'm broke. It doesn't look good, but I know with You, Lord, all things are possible." When I got to church, we had a guest speaker and a guest leading the music. When I looked up front at the guy playing the guitar and singing, it was Matthew Blair, my admission counselor. Hallelujah!

I talked to Matt, and he told me they were waiting on my transcripts. On Tuesday, a day before classes were to begin, Matt called to tell me I'd been admitted and that my tuition for the semester would be over \$4000. I told him what God had told me, and that I was going on faith.

He said that he'd go to financial aid and see what he could do, that maybe I could start school

Club Meth to Christ

late. He called back and told me he'd gotten me some money and if I could send off and get FAFSA (Free Application for Federal Student Aid) back in time, he could get me in school this semester.

On Thursday I had Cindy, a friend of mine, send off for my pin number on her computer. On Tuesday we got it back. We filled out the loan papers and sent them off that same day. On Wednesday I was on my way to church when God told me that I had mail. (By this time, school had been in session for a week.) I stopped by Cindy's and told her what God had told me. She said she had just checked it, but she got back on the computer to check again. YOU GOT MAIL! Cindy screamed. FAFSA had received and approved the loan within twenty-four hours. Matthew called and said he'd never seen one come back that quickly. Thursday, August 28, 2003, I began classes, one month and one day after my first visit to the campus. I have a small faith but realize I worship a large God.

On Sunday, November 30, 2003 my relatives and my church family came together at Wade Baptist Church for a very special time in my life. I, along with four other brothers in Christ, was licensed to preach. This was a wonderful event and, once again, showed that nothing is impossible with God.

Chris

My friend, Chris, was diagnosed with cancer in the summer, and I began visiting and witnessing to him about Jesus on May 9, 2003. He was not too interested at the beginning but there were Christians all over Jackson County praying for him. He began going to Maryland to get chemo treatments in a last ditch effort to save his life. Each time he came back, he told me of the pain that he had suffered, and I told him that Jesus would comfort him in his pain. His mother was a Christian, and he saw the strength that she was receiving through Jesus Christ. He began depending and trusting Jesus to help him get through his pain. On Wednesday, October 8, 2003, he surrendered his life to the Lord Jesus Christ. He was baptized (immersed) on Wednesday, October 15, 2003. On December 4, 2003, Chris went to be with his Lord.

In my past life, I could have offered him only temporary comfort for his pain through drugs, but now I was able to offer him Jesus, who comforts the soul forever. I was given the privilege to give his eulogy in front of a couple of hundred people at Wade Baptist Church. Filled with the Holy Spirit, I began by saying, "It's not if, but when you are going to die. Chris could not choose when he was going to

die, but he was able to choose where he was going after his death." I then gave his testimony of how God through Jesus Christ had saved him from eternal damnation. Chris did not want any of his friends to die and go to hell; and through his death and testimony from the grave, they heard the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Two Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ

It is now June 19, 2004. It has been two years since I was set on fire for Christ. I will be a junior at the University of Mobile in the fall. I now have a new set of Christian friends, and the list continues to grow. God has given me the opportunity to preach in churches in Alabama on Sundays, and He has allowed me to give my testimony at Christian recovery centers in Alabama. I also have given my testimony at several churches in Mississippi. God had given me the opportunity to preach several times at my home church, Wade Baptist, and also preach at the Home of Grace a couple of times each month. Each time I speak for Jesus, my strength is renewed. I have seen God change so many lives, and it's the greatest experience I could ever have. It amazes me that God would want to use me as His vessel and

give me a small part in His gigantic plan. God told me when I was a child that He would protect me and that I would preach His word one day. I remember my life being so dark and so helpless that death seemed like the only way out, but in my darkest hour, God was there. Even with all the terrible things I did through the years, God never stopped loving me. He was just waiting on me to come to my senses and come home.

On Tuesday, December 28, 2004, after finishing the first semester of my junior year, I was asked to come and give my testimony on radio station WOSM 103.1 "The Gospel Giant." This was just another door that God had opened for me to declare the good news.

God plucked me from the fire because He had a plan for my life. God has a plan for your life too, but you must give Him complete control before He will reveal it to you. Jesus is real and alive and waits for you to invite Him into your heart. He's waiting on you to turn from your sin and come home to a loving Father through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Club Meth to Christ Ministry Is Born

God had told me in the hospital almost three years ago to write a book. I had no idea how to write a book, but I had faith that with God all things

Club Meth to Christ

are possible. When I was at the Home of Grace being transformed from a drug addict to the likeness of Christ, I would tell people that I was planning to write a best selling book. God had told me to write the book, and by faith I knew God would show me what He wanted in it. I told people that it would be a best selling book because God does not put out junk. Through prayer and more prayer I slowly produced a manuscript of the story of my failed life and how after a complete surrender, God began to put me back together. God gave me what I hungered and thirsted for—purpose.

The writing, editing, copyrighting, publishing and all the troubles that came with it were rewarded on February 18, 2005, when I had 1,000 copies of *Club Meth to Christ* published. They went quickly and there was a great response from the media. There were several newspapers in Mississippi and Alabama that did stories on it, and I also received airtime on the radio. WLOX News did an interview with me that was seen on television around the Gulf Coast. On March 1, 2005, I had 2,000 more copies published with larger print and better bindings. Nicole Patrick of NBC news Channel 15 of Mobile, Alabama got in touch with me; they were doing a story on the devastation that methamphetamine is having on our society. We got together and she did a story on the

methamphetamine epidemic and used my story as the centerpiece. The special report was called Club Meth and it aired on Friday night April 29, 2005. God again had opened another door to get the message out.

Because of the NBC news report, I was able to give out the Club Meth to Christ website that I now had (thanks to Joe, a computer programmer whom I had ministered to at the Home of Grace). I received e-mail from Paul Thomas who is the probation officer at the Poarch Creek Indian reservation in Atmore, Alabama. He asked me to come and speak at the reservation. I came and spoke in the morning and that evening to everyone who wanted to come. I was asked to come back and speak at a children's camp and tell them of the consequences of making wrong choices. I was able to tell them about the dangers of drugs, but at the same time, the love of Jesus Christ. They now send some of the people from the tribe, in need of help with drugs, to the Home of Grace.

Mark 10:27: "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible."

I will be putting an ending on Club Meth to Christ after May of 2006, when I graduate from the University of Mobile. Some have suggested that maybe I should have waited until that time before I published and distributed the first 3,000 books of

Club Meth to Christ

Club Meth to Christ. However, Satan isn't waiting; he wants to destroy all that fail to call on the name of Jesus. God has given me today, and today is the day that I must share the truth of how the Lord Jesus Christ set me free.

Club Meth to Christ is now in many jails and prisons as I receive letters from all over. I continue to write letters and have my friend, Vance, mail prison ministries to each one. Vance understands the importance, because he too has been set free from the bondage of methamphetamine and has become that new creation through Christ Jesus. I also minister inside the prison system to those who have been pulled out of society and locked away. We must reach these men and women with the life changing Gospel of Jesus Christ. The prison system breeds anger and hate through the veins of its inhabitants. The full fury of this anger and hate is unleashed in our communities when they are released and no transformation has taken place within them. Jail-house religion is common-place; most inmates I come in contact with have a head knowledge of Jesus but fail to have Him in their heart. They need more than Bible's thrown in their cages. They need the love and prayers of Christians. We need to show them Christ instead of just telling them. This is what Jesus says;

Matthew 25:43-46: "I was a stranger and you did

not take Me in, naked and you did not clothe Me, sick and in prison and you did not visit Me." Then they also will answer Him, saying, "Lord, when did we see You hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and did not minister to You?" Then He will answer them, saying, "Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to Me."

And these will go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into eternal life.

Little Debbie

I called a lady that I knew who had a problem with pain medication to see how she was doing. When she answered the phone, immediately I knew by her slurred speech she was under the control of the pills. Like all drug addicts, she thought she had the whole world fooled and that it was her own little secret. She told me that she had been to church every Sunday for a couple of months and had only missed once due to a hurricane. I was impressed! After a little prodding she admitted that she was still taking her prescribed medicine, so she could bare the pain and make it through the day. "Rodney," she said; "I have been praying for God to give me the opportuni-

Club Meth to Christ

ty to go visit jails and rehabs and to help people by telling my story. Why do you think God's not given me the opportunity to do this?"

I quickly replied, "I go to visit the jails all the time and each inmate has a tremendous story to tell about how he got there. But I don't want to learn how to go to jail. I'm not interested in having a person with a dollar ninety cents in his pocket telling me how to make a million dollars. God isn't going to send you out to tell people how to get set free when you're still under the bondage of pain pills. You want to give others the directions on how to walk through the minefield, but you're still standing in the middle of it.

Matthew 7: 3-5: "And why do you look at the speck in your brother's eye, but do not consider the plank in your own eye? Or how can you say to your brother, 'Let me remove the speck from your eye;' and look, a plank is in your own eye? Hypocrite! First remove the plank from your own eye, and then you will see clearly to remove the speck from your brother's eye."

Rats Have More Sense

I watched an educational program one-day about rats. When food was mixed with poison, the rats

would still come in and eat the poison-laced food. However, when one of the rats fell out from the poison then the others would quickly become alarmed and flee the area. The rat poison manufacturers learned from this experiment and now make the poison in the food to react slowly or over a long period of time. They do this so that when the rat falls dead he will generally be somewhere away from the poison. This will keep the other rats from becoming alarmed and relating the death to the food. In much the same way, I have seen people fall out, me being one of them, from a drug overdose and the party never stops. I remember being in cardiac trauma of some sort after over indulging on cocaine and ecstasy. My body was going into convulsions and I could not move. The so-called friends I was with stole my cocaine and while I lay there, they continued ingesting the poison that had dropped me. When the rats saw one of their fellow rats fall out from taking the poison, then they had enough sense not to consume anymore. The grace of God kept me alive that night, but the unbelievable reaction of others to my condition was typical of the sick behavior of an addict. Rats truly have more sense than a person under the influence of drugs.

Filled with the Spirit

I have always heard old timers talk about drink-

ing spirits. They referred to a person who was drinking alcohol as one who was drinking spirits. There is a SKYY vodka and the company's name is SKYY SPIRITS INC. I always took it as an old wive's tale, but now I realize the old timers were smarter than I gave them credit.

Ephesians 5:18: "And do not be drunk with wine, in which is dissipation (loss); but be filled with the Spirit."

The word of God in verse 18 does a comparison with being drunk with wine (alcohol) and being filled with the Spirit of God. When a person is drunk on wine, he/she is under the influence or under the control of that spirit. A person under the influence will drive his car off in a ditch, become ten foot tall and bullet proof, say things that he would not normally say. A man might come home and beat his wife or she might beat him, depending on the wife. The spirit is what controls a person. God commands us to be under His control and that is under the control of the Holy Spirit. That's why verse 18 says to be filled with the Spirit. This is a continuous action. To stay drunk a person must continue drinking the alcohol; to stay filled with the Spirit, a person must continue drinking the living word of God. The problem with most Christians is that they have sobered up and are being controlled by the world instead of the living God.

Store up the word of God in time of Ease,
so you'll make it through in time of Squeeze.

I Was Blind but Now I see

I was walking one night down a dark road and came upon a large snake. I stopped, hopped and moved frantically out of the way. Then I realized this was just a crack in the pavement. The darkness had impaired my seeing the truth. The road we walk in this world is dark, and the fear that our next step may be our last prevents some people from reaching their purpose in life. That fear will cause some to look for courage in the spirit of alcohol or the spirit of drugs. Satan uses fear as a tool to limit or hold people in his grip. His deception will make one think that the spirit of alcohol or drugs will open the eyes to the heart and bring light to a dark soul. The truth is that these spirits will begin to blanket their heart, the first few blankets will bring comfort. Soon the blankets will accumulate and the comfort will turn to suffocation as the life is smothered out. The cloud led Israel by day and a light by night. This was God's way of preventing them from walking in darkness. Jesus is the truth and the light, when you follow Jesus you will not walk in darkness. The closer you get to Jesus the more light you receive. I was blind but now I see. Walk in the light of truth, because fear comes from lack of understanding.

Three Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ

It is now June 19, 2005. It has been three years since I was set on fire for Christ. I will be a senior at the University of Mobile this fall, where I am majoring in Religion and minoring in Communication. I will be receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in religion, May 2006. I took a year of Hebrew my junior year and will be taking a year of Greek this coming senior year. I have now brought the message of Jesus Christ to people numbering now in the thousands and have seen God change the lives of many that have surrendered their life to Him. I have preached and given my testimony around Mississippi and Alabama. I've been working to get the message out to the youth that there are consequences for our choices. You can choose to jump out of a building's ten-story window, but you can't choose your consequences when you hit the ground.

God has also brought me together with the Taylor family who minister through music. Their band is called Red Roots, because they all have red hair, plus they are serving the Lord Jesus Christ who shed his blood for them. The now fourteen-year-old triplets, Natalie, Nika, and Nichole Taylor makeup the band and each plays a variety of instruments. God has given them a great talent as they play to the

Lord before I bring the message. I thank God for my new Christian family whose purpose it is to serve King Jesus.

Crack Head or Boxer Turtle

On Sunday July 17, 2005, I looked through the kitchen window to see a boxer turtle. His neck was stretched out as he tried frantically to reach his head over the green and get to the sweet red center of a watermelon that my dad had put in the back yard after cutting it and discovering it was bad. I watched and laughed at the little fellow as he tried every way possible to get to the sweet prize. I finally had seen enough and went outside and turned the watermelon up on its side and leaned it upon the trunk of a small fig tree. The turtle was exuberant as he ran in head-first to his dessert.

The next evening while getting a glass of water I looked out the window and noticed the turtle was gone and the watermelon was no longer leaning upon the tree but was upside down. I started to leave and then had a thought; I had to go outside and take a look. I lifted up the watermelon and there was the boxer turtle shining, glossed over with melon, from the tip of his nose to the back of his shell. He had eaten a tunnel of red melon that caused the green rind to fall over his shell and trap him. I came along

and was able to lift the green rind off to free him. The turtle was lured in by the thought that there was something in that watermelon that would make him happy and fulfill the desire that had taken over his thinking. In making a rash choice to charge into the melon, he failed to see the consequences that awaited him as the melon fell on top of him and trapped him. There was no way out in his own power. No amount of will power was going to set him free. The only chance he had was that a power far greater than his would set him free and that power happened to be me.

The same can be said about an addict who is trapped in the bondage of addiction, but in addiction there is only one power strong enough to set you free and His name is Jesus. We all make choices that affect the outcome of our lives and the lives of others around us. God gave each person the freedom to choose. If you love someone, you want him/her to choose to love you. The same is true of God. He never forces His way.

For All Flesh Is as Grass

For all flesh is as grass,
and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.
The grass withereth,
and the flower thereof falleth away.

Are you going to the gardeners' house to be re-

newed, rise the light of glory bloom, never ending
afternoon.

Flesh flower smells sweet all night,
things change at dawn of light.

Blade and petal meet the ground;

Gardener coming, trumpets sound.

Sprout the new seed that's been cast,
raise flower to everlast.

Consequence Is Death

I thought getting straight would take me away from all the death and dying, but I was wrong. I went and talked to the son of a friend of mine who was deep into the bondage of drugs. He was high as a Georgia pine and was slurring his words while telling me he hadn't done anything in over a week. There was no talking to him; he had everything under control. A week later they found him dead on the floor from the drugs. I always wonder if perhaps there was something I could have said.

A friend of mine had a twenty-year-old son named Cody that was hanging around some other boys cooking methamphetamine. As often happens when cooking meth, there was an explosion, which sent the three burning boys running down the road. Cody and one of the other guys would die from their burns a few days later. I was asked to speak at his

Club Meth to Christ

funeral where I gave my testimony and let them know that this is not the way it's supposed to be. Young men in the prime of their lives are not supposed to die like this. There are consequences for wrong choices. Cody's mother asked me to carry his picture from the funeral and show the young kids that I would come in contact with the true reality of drugs. It hasn't stopped. The people I used to run with are still dying regularly from drug overdoses and other related occurrences. Some of the people that I've ministered to at the drug rehabs who went back to their old habits have highlighted the obituaries. Right now, I'm hoping to find a girl that was a good friend of mine years ago who now is out prostituting herself and begging for money to feed a crack habit. Satan will turn beauty into ashes. A friend of mine said he recently saw her in the hospital all beaten up and described how bad she looked. He doesn't remember the once beautiful girl that I knew who had everything going for her. Satan promises you a good time and what a time it is until it's time to pay. Satan came to steal, and to kill and to destroy. Worldly men are attracted to pretty women and will use whatever worldly bait it takes to get them on the hook. After they have them on the hook, they drag them into their boat (world) and the fish (woman) is out of her environment. A fish out of water will soon deteriorate and stink. Some will take the one who is on their hook and put them on the

street using their body as a hook to catch men and scale them of their money. These women are commonly known as hookers. The King James Version of the Bible calls them whores.

Sweets

I find that a lot of parents don't understand the addiction problem. They can't see how someone could do something that kills or sends you to prison and know what it's capable of doing and continue to do it any way. You can feed a baby bad tasting baby food and they will eat it and not have a problem. The first time you give them baby food that is sweet or tastes better, they will not want to go back to the bad stuff. A dog will eat old dry dog food, but the first time you give them the taste of table scraps, you'll find it hard if not impossible to get them to eat that dry dog food again. A person who has never tried drugs will have no problem going and living a normal life without drugs. A person who gets the taste of drugs will have a hard if not impossible time getting back as if nothing ever happened. They've gotten a taste of something that appears to be better than what they've ever known. That's why you see so many normal functioning people get an injury and the doctor will prescribe them pain medication. They get a taste of instant feel good and many never go back to functioning normally again. They slowly

Club Meth to Christ

begin to spiral out of control. I've seen people get excited about injuries or fake injuries to get the doctor to prescribe them pain medication. The drug addict knows the specific doctors who will freely write the prescriptions to feed their addiction. These small groups of doctors are legally destroying lives that they swore an oath to protect. I emphasize that these bad doctors are a small percent and their motive is generally greed.

I have been delivered from drugs, but my problem now is that I have a sweet tooth. I walk by and I can't help eating candy, cakes or ice cream. I know that I'm putting on weight, but I just can't seem to stop eating these sweets. What I'm showing is this very mild form of addiction that most possess. Gorging on sweets; you say, well almost everybody does that. People receive a pleasure or high from the sweets. If you had never experienced eating these sweets, you could walk by and never be bothered with craving them. If a person has never experienced drugs the first time then they will not be craving them. In other words, they have not acquired a taste for it. We must educate our children with the truth and keep them from seeking that first taste which will become a ticking time bomb in their life. Kids need to hear from people who have experienced the reality and can make it real to them. Too many teachers and parents read their kids statistics about drugs but don't really understand and kids pick up on this,

which turns them off. The "just say no" campaign for children is a good thought, but just like a little child, they want to know why? We need to be able to show them why.

Trade in a Six Pack for Heaven

Club Meth to Christ had not been out long and people were selling books from the church, beauty shops and some stores. I received a letter from Baldwin County jail from a girl named Rochelle. She was in jail for methamphetamine charges and told me she had read Club Meth to Christ right before she turned herself in. She would later tell me about the day before she was to turn herself in that she had enough money for a six pack and walked to the store to get one. She wanted to catch a buzz before going to jail. When she got to the counter, the cover of Club Meth to Christ caught her eye and she put the beer up and bought a book. We wrote back and forth before she was released and allowed to go to the Home of Grace for women in Eight Mile, Alabama. She wrote and asked if I would send a couple of books for the other women there to read, and I did. Mrs. Littleton, the founder of the Home, got in touch with me and asked if I would come out and speak one night. So I went and gave my testimony and have been going the third Monday of each month ever since. It amazes me how God has things all planned out and how

people can't recognize His work. They would rather say; "you're really lucky." I think it's easier to say; "praise God", "thank you, Jesus."

Graduation

On July 28, 2003, I had gone to the University of Mobile looking for a job and one month and one day later, God had miraculously made me a student there. I worked hard in my classes but was weak in certain areas. I found that when I was my weakest, God was strongest in my life. The struggles and trusting God paid off on Saturday May 6, 2006. I found myself standing in line, dressed in a black gown with over three hundred seniors inside the Mobile Civic Center. I remember coming to concerts here as a young man, smoking dope and raising hell right where I was about to walk. They gave us the sign and we went in for the program. It seemed like forever before they called my name, and I quickly went up to get my handshake from President Foley and receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in religion. With God, all things are possible. I've never seen my family as proud as they were today. When God put His hand on me, the prodigal (wasteful) son, I became the producing son.

John 15:5- Jesus said, "I am the Vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him,

bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing."

One Way

John 14:6: Jesus said to him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me."

I run into so many people who have their own picture of salvation. They have put together a plan that sounds convincing and rational. I had an old friend tell me that when he stands before God, that God will see that basically he was a good guy and let him into heaven. While out ministering, I will tell people God's one and only plan but most have their own idea as to how to get to heaven. I can tell you that I know how to rebuild a car engine. I have seen and heard many engines run. I've seen thousands of cars and trucks that are being moved up and down the road by an engine. I may truly believe in my heart that I know all I need to know about car engines. It would not take long after I began the rebuilding process to figure out that I know absolutely nothing about a car engine. I have never read any books or been shown the process of building an engine. With my knowledge of engines, this car will never get on the road. That's how a lot of people think about God's plan of salvation. They have seen

Club Meth to Christ

or heard bits and pieces of religion and then they put together their own plan of salvation—a plan that will fit together with the lifestyle they want to live. Just like the car that will never get on the road, that person will never get into heaven. God is a God of order, and he has given us one plan through his son Jesus Christ. God did not say, pick any way you want to go and shop around for the best rate. He tells us that Jesus is the only gate.

Matthew 7:13-14: "Enter by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and there are many who go in by it. Because narrow is the gate and difficult is the way which leads to life, and there are few who find it."

God would not have sent Jesus to die such a horrific death on the cross if there was some other way to bring sinful man to a holy God. Sin has brought about the penalty of death upon mankind and death means separation. When Adam sinned, he brought about spiritual death upon mankind. God told Adam, "In the day that you eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, you shall surely die." Adam ate from the tree and lived for a long time after because God was talking of a spiritual death and not physical. This spiritual death or separation from God has been passed down to all mankind. God put into action a plan to reconcile sinful man back to

himself. Man was not able to satisfy the judgement of a holy God. So God became man.

Let's say an ant bit you and then continued casually walking across your arm. You would become angry and crush him. Let's say that before crushing the ant that you had the power to become an ant. You then are able to walk up to the fellow ant and explain to him in the ant dialect that his life is in jeopardy. That even though he can't see or completely understand the magnitude of the person he is standing on, that he is in danger of death if he does not turn and go in the direction that you will show him.

God is so great in magnitude and splendor that our minds just can't grasp that he created the heavens and the earth and everything in it. Because of sin we are in danger of being crushed but God became a man (Jesus) and came and told us of the danger we are in and provided us with a way out. Jesus (man) who knew no sin could pay the penalty for man's sin upon the cross. Jesus (God) could come up out of the grave in victory over death and offer salvation to mankind. Jesus is the way for man to have victory over death and to live forever with our loving God and creator.

God sent his only begotten Son to earth to lay down his life for the world. Jesus was without sin

Club Meth to Christ

and this made him the only legitimate sacrifice that would satisfy the wrath (anger) of God. Jesus bore the sins of the world upon the cross and gives his righteousness to those who repent (turn from) their sins and trust Him. Jesus has become the bridge from sinful man to holy God. Jesus is the high priest for mankind and priest means bridge builder. When a person comes under conviction from the Holy Spirit that they have sinned (rebelled) against God, than they with a sorrowful heart repent or turn from their sin. They ask for the forgiveness of God and put their trust (faith) in the Lord Jesus Christ that His divine blood has now washed away their sins. This releases the saving grace of God and immediately that person becomes an adopted child of God and receives eternal life. Jesus through the Spirit of God comes and lives in and through the new believer. God commands that a new believer be baptized (immersed) in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. This is a picture of dying to the old man and coming out of the grave a new man.

John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Four Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ

It is now June 19, 2006. It has been four years since I was set on fire for Christ. It has not been easy living the victory in Christ, if it was easy than everyone would be doing it. I would not trade my freedom in Christ for anything. I have a better time now than I've ever had in my life. I have been set free from Club Meth and the bondage of sin. No matter what hardships I might face now they can not compare to the misery and hopelessness that I felt under the bondage of alcohol and drugs. I have recently preached at a small church a couple of times and have been asked to pray about becoming their pastor. They know my past but they can also recognize a changed man full of the Spirit of God. My prayer is for God to use Club Meth to Christ as a vessel to show others that there is a way out of the misery that sin has caused. God through Christ Jesus can set you free and begin to fulfill the plan and purpose that you were created for. God created each person with special gifts and talents to be used for His glory. Always remember, no matter what you've done in the past, Jesus loves you and waits for you to turn from your sin and turn to Him.

Jeremiah 29:11: "For I know the thoughts that I

think toward you, says the LORD, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope."

On July 5, 2006, I accepted the call to be the interim pastor of Pathway Baptist Church.

Conclusion

I was ordained at Pathway Baptist Church on Sunday July 16, 2006, in the trailer turned-church building. Mike Barton presided over my ordination service in the packed trailer. When I received the call of God to Pathway, I was not keen on the idea, but God made it clear that this is where He wanted me. The church leaders told me that they could only pay me \$600 a month since Pathway was such a small church. They could have paid me even less, and I would have taken the job because this was where God wanted me. Soon afterward, I was voted from interim to full time pastor. The church building was actually a trailer on three acres of land. The trailer had pews going down the center and a pulpit at the end of the room. I moved into a small room in the back end of the church (trailer). The church body had every intention of building a new church building and already had the dirt ready for the plumber to begin work. The problem was that the volunteer

plumbers had not shown up in almost a year and the project had been at a standstill. Early the next morning after my ordination, I walked in and around where the new church building was to be constructed praying for God to build His church. The following morning Catfish Charlie and three of his Mexican workers showed up and began the plumbing. Park-view Baptist Church from Wisconsin was down on the Mississippi Gulf Coast on a mission trip to help rebuild after hurricane Katrina. The job they were to work on was postponed and through God's providence, He led them to frame up our church building. Within three weeks of my ordination, the slab was poured and a thirty by one hundred foot metal building was erected. Greg Davidson from Wade Baptist church led a crew of electricians and did all our electrical. God provided the workers and the money as we had need. On March 4, 2007 in less than eight months after accepting the call to be pastor, God had us in our new building. There was a sign in front that had very few letters to use on it. I went on an immediate search and purchased a box of letters. I was now able to put Pastor Rodney Williams and the times of our services on the sign. Catfish was inspired and came and bricked around the sign to make it more presentable. God was moving because I had trusted His plan instead of mine.

Club Meth to Christ

On March 4, 2007 in less than eight months after accepting the call to be pastor, God had us in our new building. The month of March started out with a full calendar of speaking engagements. On Thursday, March 1, I went to D'Iberville High School for Youth for Christ and gave my testimony. God poured out his Spirit and produced five professions of faith. The next night at a Christian Rehab a man named Robert gave his life to the Lord. On Sunday March 4, 2007, we had our opening service in our new church building with around 100 people there. I remember being called to pastor on July 5, less than 8 months before with only a trailer and a hand-full of people present. The next day Hansel and Linda Gray and I went to Tupelo, MS and stayed at his brother Robin's house because he had arranged some speaking engagements. Tuesday morning we went to Tupelo Christian Prep School where there was a well groomed group of high school students. I gave my testimony and rushed over to American Family Radio Station and did a national talk show "Today's Issues" on Club Meth to Christ. I thought it could not go any better than this, but the next day on our way back to the house we had a public school scheduled. This school was the complete opposite from the one we had been to the day before. The principle told us that they had a problem with gangs, drugs, sex and so on. They were ready to give us the time we

needed to bring the message. A young man named Mark of Fellowship of Christian Athletes was there and he introduced me. As I began to speak, the Holy Spirit began to reach out to hurting hearts. The students there were in need of a message of hope. Mark gave a very unique invitation. He told them about going out to feed his Labrador retriever a delicious dish of sliced steak. He stands at the door and calls; "Come here boy, I have you a steak." The lab paid no attention for he was chasing after a butterfly. "Come here, please come boy, I have something special for you." His dog continued to jump in the air and try to eat the butterfly. Call after call, begging and begging him to come. His dog, finally exhausted, stopped. He looked at Mark and then he looked at the butterfly; he looked at Mark and then he looked at the butterfly. Tired and ashamed, the dog finally lowered his head and came slowly toward Mark, expecting to be punished. When he arrived, Mark excitedly hugged him and kissed him and gave him the treat he had been trying to give him all along. He used this as an example of man chasing after the butterflies of the world that cannot satisfy. People have been exhausted by the world but never satisfied. Jesus stands at the door and calls for us to come to Him and eat and be satisfied.

Club Meth to Christ

Colossians 1:19: "For it pleased the Father that in Him all the fullness should dwell."

God designed it that all the fullness is placed in Jesus. Anything outside of Jesus cannot satisfy. I've spoken to thousands of drug addicts and not one has ever told me he/she has been satisfied with drugs. I remember the old Hee-Haw song that said, "I searched the world over and thought I found true love." People are deceived into thinking they have found true love in the world, but they are still not satisfied because all the fullness is placed in Jesus. Jesus and Jesus alone can satisfy your hungry and thirsty soul.

Mark made a call for those who wanted to surrender their lives to Jesus Christ to stay behind and for those who needed help dealing with any personal problems. There were thirty students who stayed and called upon the name of the Lord. Three students came forward to tell me of sexual abuse going on in the home. This was nothing like the school where I had spoken the day before. These were real tears and real hurt and real Holy Spirit comforting. The testimony of my molestation as a child was used to let these youth know that they are not alone. God turned what I saw as bad into good.

Romans 8:28: "And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to

those who are the called according to His purpose."

The second Sunday in our new building, Joe Spears came forward, repented and asked Jesus to save him. Tuesday, March 13, at the Home of Grace eight people came forward and gave their lives to Jesus. I was experiencing a mountain top victory. The first thirteen days of March, I had seen God move and witnessed forty-five professions of faith.

2 Corinthians 12:7: "And lest I should be exalted above measure by the abundance of the revelations, a thorn in the flesh was given to me, a messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I be exalted above measure."

The thorn for me would come in the form of a severe toothache. The pain had set in on March 14 and I would get my tooth surgically removed on the 15th and down the mountain I tumbled. I went through the sickest thinking and clouded mind imaginable. I was in the valley and was being tormented from the inside out. My brother Allen brought me home from the oral surgeon. We stopped by the pharmacist and picked up my prescription. I would get home and look at twenty, number ten loritabs and a refill. This was one of my past addictions that I brought into the house and lay

Club Meth to Christ

beside my sickbed. I got up and flushed the pills down the commode and tore up the refill paper. It would be a good thing, because I developed an infection and the pain was unbearable. If I had kept the pain pills close to me as badly as I was hurting, I would have taken the whole bottle. I went through days of internal torment, but on the outside I tried to show a smile. I wanted to quit Pathway Baptist for numerous reasons. On Saturday March 24, I was still in a gloom of darkness and on my way to the post office. I passed a guy who was on the side of the road, and I told God that when I came back through if he was still there that I would pick him up and witness to him. I came back through later and he was still there. I stopped to ask him where he was going, and he held up a sign that said Meridian. I told him I could take him to Highway 98. I began sharing my testimony and he then told me that he was a drug addict and was on his way to Meridian, to East Mississippi State Hospital to get some help. I ended up taking this drug addict, Gayle, to get some food and helped him get admitted into the Home of Grace. Ten days later on Tuesday April 3, I preached at the Home of Grace Chapel. The message was on the "The Cross of Jesus." Three men came forward to surrender their life to Jesus and Gayle Miller was the second one down the aisle. The next day after meeting Gayle for the first time on the

side of the road, Satan pushed the thorn in a little deeper. My thinking was sick, and the thought was that since March 1, I had seen forty-five people come forward and make professions of faith. After a raise, I'm still only making \$800 dollars a month and look what a preacher I am. I was full of pride. This went on all day before I called Brother Bill Barton to tell him about those at the Home of Grace that made professions of faith. He tells me he's proud of me and that God is going to use me but to stay humble and not get ahead of myself. It was God speaking through Brother Bill, rebuking me of pride and telling me to be humble.

1 Peter 5:6-7: "Therefore humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you."

Monday, March 26, I was to go to the youth detention center, and all day I wanted to cancel but did not. I was still in a darkness and despair that few would understand. My friend Bruce Bosarge was to go with me and give his testimony. I told Bruce of the thirteen days of abundance and thirteen days of torment because of my tooth. I said today is March 26 and things are about to change. We went to the youth detention center and Bruce gave his testimony of surrendering his life to the Lord Jesus Christ. He

told them of the freedom from addiction he has now and how God has called him into the ministry. God again would move and eleven professions of faith were made that night. Trust the LORD when all you see is dark and all you feel is hurt and despair.

Proverbs 3:5: "Trust in the LORD with all your heart, And lean not on your own understanding."

Marriage: June 23, 2007

I had been praying for a Christian wife for around five years and I kept seeing women that I thought were the one. God kept letting me know that none of those were the one He had for me. I was anxious and wanted to jump ahead of God several times but God kept me at bay. Jennifer and I would first meet when I was teaching a singles' class at Wade Baptist and going to University of Mobile. Jennifer was a drug addict who had gone to jail and had been placed in drug court. She had two daughters out of wedlock, and they were one and two years old. She would come to me for counseling and I told her that I wasn't a counselor but that she needed to surrender her life to the Lord Jesus Christ. I did not have any attraction to her when we first met. The following Sunday morning she was in my singles' class and from that day forward she began to seek God with all her heart, and I began to see God

transform her life. She was transformed from a drug-addicted caterpillar to a Spirit filled butterfly. She came in one Sunday and said God told her to quit smoking, and she put them down and never smoked again. As Jennifer became more like Christ, she became more beautiful to me. Jennifer and I began to date and minister together. I graduated and became pastor of Pathway Baptist Church.

On December 22, 2006, I asked Jennifer to come and help me work on the new Church building. I told her she would have to sweep out the building. She came over and really did not want to work but came to hang out with me. I would relieve her by letting her know I had already swept the church. I then took her on a tour of the building where the volunteers from Parkview Baptist Church from Wisconsin had hung our sheetrock. I took her on a tour of each room and when we came to the outside of the pastor's office, we stopped and prayed. We then turned the corner where I had a dozen roses sitting on a table and a sign above written on poster board:

Jennifer,
I LOVE YOU.
Will you marry me?
- Rodney

I then asked her to marry me, got on my knee

and placed the engagement ring on her finger. She was totally euphoric. Saturday night Jennifer called me and told me that while she was praying and looking at the roses I had given her, God spoke to her: "The years you and Rodney were living a sick and depraved life, I was growing this rose for him to give to you." I told Jennifer when we were first having feelings for each other that we needed to do it God's way and not our way. We both had done it the wrong way by having sex outside of the marriage covenant of God which was sin (rebellion) against God. We both agreed that we wanted to do it God's way. We struggled with it but on June 23, 2007 it paid off because Brother Bill Barton, my mentor and founder of the Homes of Grace, performed our marriage ceremony inside Pathway Baptist Church. We were not hanging around long for the reception because we were excited about the honeymoon. God truly blessed our honeymoon and honored our obedience.

Sweed

I sat by a friend of mine named Sweed at the Friday evening service at the Home of Grace. I had come to hear a good message from Brother Wayne Myers and attend graduation later. As brother Wayne began to preach, the Holy Spirit began to

move with power. Sweed had not been at the Home of Grace long and I knew him from my past life. His whole life was consumed by the bondage of drugs. He apparently had a bad cold as he sniffed and snorted through the whole sermon. I strained my hearing to grasp every word that came from the preacher's mouth. The invitation was given but no one went forward to give his life to Jesus. Sweed came to me after the service and told me he had cried all the way through the message. I told him that was because the Holy Spirit had him under conviction. He said he wasn't ready to surrender his life to Jesus. I would get word that he left the Home of Grace soon after. It would be several weeks later that I read his name in the obituary column. He died when his heart gave out from the crack cocaine he was high on. He was so close, yet so far. For him it was a matter of not one inch but one decision. He could not let go of the love that was killing him and will now spend eternity in the lake of fire.

1 John 2:15-17: "Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father but is of the world. And the world is passing away, and the lust of it; but he who does the will of God abides forever."

Sacrifice My Lamb

One of our ministries is to go once a month and cook and serve the homeless at Our Daily Bread. Our Daily Bread is a Christian outreach that serves lunch Monday through Friday to the homeless and needy. A few churches come in and cook on Saturdays so the homeless will have something to eat on the weekend. We have been coming and cooking and serving on the third Saturday for around three years. On Saturday July 21, 2007, we had a special treat for the patrons. Catfish Charlie, a member of my Church, came and cooked his famous river catfish and preached to any one that would get within earshot of him. We showed the love of Christ as we talked and gave the gospel to the patrons. We had built a relationship with most because of our consistency in ministering each month. I was taking out the garbage as we were cleaning up after lunch. I heard a guy hollering at me and I turned around and saw this rough looking guy with hair down past his behind coming toward me. My first thought was he wanted to bum some money or just take my money. He came and questioned me about my testimony and about being set free through Christ. I talked to him for about thirty minutes about the Lord and what he has done in my life. His name is Gordon and he

wanted a Bible and a copy of Club Meth to Christ, which I give him. I also gave him my business card and told him if he is serious about help that I will get him in a Christian rehab. I would later get a call from Gordon and with a voice of urgency he told me he was ready for help. On August 3, Jimmy Grafe and I picked Gordon up in his van and took him to a Christian rehabilitation called City of Refuge in Lucedale, MS. Jimmy and I talked to him about the unconditional surrender to Jesus that was required to be set free before dropping him off. Gordon would give his life to Jesus and get baptized and be transformed into that new creation in Christ. On Wednesday October 3, the men from City of Refuge would come to my church and give testimonies. I was looking for Gordon but did not see him. This young guy comes up to me and hugs me and tells me thanks. I said, "what happened to you." Gordon had his hair cut above his ears and was shaved and looked like a totally different person. He said, "Jesus told me to sacrifice my lamb and I obeyed and cut my hair."

1 Peter 2:21: "For to this you were called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that you should follow His steps."

Mr. Jim

I had walked to the home of a friend of mine on June 19, 2002, after being burned from the meth

explosion. It was the night I surrendered my life to Jesus. His mother opened the door of the house to let me in. Her husband, Mr. Jim, drove the car that took me to the hospital and dropped me off. Several years later Mr. Jim would get in a bad car accident and was in a coma in the Intensive Care Unit. I heard about it and went to visit and pray over him. He would eventually come out of the coma and get a regular room but could not walk. He told me when he got out of the hospital he was coming to church. He did just that. On Sunday August 5, 2007, as I gave the invitation he came slowly down the isle on his walker and gave his life to Jesus. We would build a special platform to get him into the baptistry and I would baptize (immerse) him on Sunday August 19.

Six Years Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ

It is now June 19, 2008. It has been six years since I was set on fire for Jesus. If you see a turtle sitting on a fence post, there is one thing you know. He did not get there on his own. When you see my life now, there is one thing you should know, I did not get here on my own. God has lifted me out of the pit and set my feet on solid ground. Everyone that knows my past should see and glory in what God has accomplished. I can do nothing without Him (Jesus). In a few weeks I will have been pastor

of Pathway Baptist Church for two years. On June 23, 2008, I will have been married to Jennifer for a year. God has given her a job with Pregnancy Resources of Mississippi, teaching abstinence in the schools and youth groups. Through her work, God has opened doors for me to minister in places I could never get into before. She goes many places ministering, including going with Mack McInnis to the Stevens Center, helping bring addicts to faith in Jesus. The choices our young people make today will affect their future. We want them to know the hidden consequences of doing it the world's way and also the blessings in doing it God's way. My wife, Jennifer, is a jewel to me and Club Meth to Christ Ministries which is reaching thousands with the message of Christ. My prayer has been for God to touch countless millions through the ministry.

Club Meth to Christ Ministries has become incorporated and awaits our official non-profit status. Our goal is to point people to Christ who is able to make them free. We send out free books to men and women in prisons all over the country. We also distribute free books into the schools as the doors open. I am thankful to those who have and will support Club Meth to Christ Ministries, so we can reach countless millions for Christ. My God is unlimited, exalted above all, and therefore we need to set lofty goals for the ministry he has made for us to work along side of Him.

Mark 10:27: "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible."

Non-profit Status

Jennifer and I believed that God was leading the ministry toward becoming a non-profit organization. We were operating as a non-profit, but we were not officially listed as such with the federal government. We wanted those who supported the ministry to be able to receive tax deductions for their donations. I thank God for those who are faithful to support the ministry. Club Meth to Christ ministry is helping prisoners across the nation and educating young people to the dangers of drugs. It also teaches our young people about sexual integrity, which is found only in a three way covenant of a husband, wife and Jesus.

Jennifer works for Pregnancy Resources of Mississippi. At their annual banquet, she shared with Mack McInnis about the desire for the ministry to become a 501c3 non-profit organization. Mack jumped straight into action and introduced us to his lawyer. God again was in control and put us in contact with the right people. After months of paper work sent between the lawyer, the IRS, and the ministry, we were ready to have a board meeting.

The first meeting of the board of directors was held at an old florist building in Moss Point, MS on

July 23, 2008. The board was made up of four Christian men: Mark Taylor, Jimmy Grafe, Hansel Gray, and Mack McInnis. They have shown a great desire to take the Gospel to the ends of the earth. The letter from the IRS came in August 2008 telling us that our 501c3 nonprofit status was approved. "With God all things are possible."

Brother Bill Goes Home

I had been preaching at the Home of Grace for women in Eight Mile, AL, on the third Monday of each month for several years. Brother Bill Barton, the founder of the Home of Grace in Vancleave, MS, and my mentor, came there and preached Monday, June 16, 2008, after the Red Roots finished playing. Mrs. Dorothy Littleton the director and her husband came out that night and we had a great time in the Lord. Mrs. Littleton and Brother Bill had been friends for many years and both had a great respect for each other. This would be the last time for me to see Brother Bill alive on this earth, because on July 3, 2008, he went home to his reward (Jesus) in heaven. He is greatly, but only temporarily, missed because I will see him soon when my number is called up yonder. Brother Bill Barton was truly a reflection of the Lord Jesus Christ in his life of humbly and faithfully serving others.

Unshackled

In the summer of 2008 my wife, without my

Club Meth to Christ

knowledge, sent a copy of Club Meth to Christ to the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, IL. She sent a thank you note with it telling them how much she has enjoyed their radio program "Unshackled." Unshackled, www.unshackled.org, is the longest running radio drama in history where they dramatize true life stories of people who have been set free from various powerful and sinful addictions. They have the stories translated into ten languages and played in over 2,000 radio outlets in the U.S. and around the world. They contacted my wife and told her they were interested in possibly dramatizing my story. Flossie McNeil, director of Unshackled, called and interviewed me. They did a complete check including references to make sure that my story was legitimate. When my story was confirmed to be accurate and true, it was placed with many other stories. A council went through these stories and prayerfully selected the ones that they would use.

After the selection, writers composed the script so that the professional actors could dramatize the story.

On August 15, 2008, Flossie called to let me know they would be doing my story. They would make it into a two part story. The first week they did a thirty minute program and part two the following week for thirty minutes. They produced the first part on Saturday night, August 23, 2008 in Chicago. We were not able to attend, but had plans to make it to Chicago for part two.

On Tuesday night, August 26, Jennifer and I both spoke at the Hope House in Pascagoula, MS. There, Gary and Teresa Pierce give disadvantaged kids hope in Christ. We left the next morning for Montgomery, AL, where I was interviewed on Faith Radio. We then went to a home for girls, where they had been placed because of various problems. We were able to minister to these girls and tell them about our former bondage and the new freedom we found in Christ. Some shared their horror stories of abuse and family depravity that they had survived. That night I spoke at Mt. Carmel Baptist Church in Union Springs, AL. The next morning, Thursday, August 28, we spoke at a boys home in Montgomery and later spoke at another boys home in Selma, AL. Our hearts were broken by the stories of suffering and sexual abuse that these young people had endured.

The testimony of my abuse and the freedom through Jesus was used by God to bring some of these young people to trust Jesus as their Savior. These young people were burdened with guilt that these bad things that happened to them were their fault. I explained that they were not to blame for what was done to them.

We got home late Thursday night and packed for our Friday trip. Jimmy and Nancy Larson picked up Jennifer and me around 4:00 am and took us to the Mobile airport from where we flew out around 6:00 a.m. to Chicago, IL.

Club Meth to Christ

Saturday evening, August 30, 2008, we took a train and then walked to the Pacific Garden Mission. We met Mrs. Flossie McNeil the director of Unshackled. She is a beautiful and brilliant Christian lady who had an awesome testimony of what God had done in her life. We toured the mission where they provide food and shelter for around one thousand homeless people a day. They also lead people to the Savior, Jesus. Then they disciple them to be productive Christians, which in turn, makes them productive citizens.

We went into an auditorium and were seated and watched the professional actors re-dramatize part two of my story. They came across the stage with a sign that read "quiet please" and the audience knew not to make any noise. Watching an actor play my part was an awesome experience. They had sound effects that went with the different scenes it was great. At the end of the story, Flossie introduced me and had me come up and speak to the audience.

On Sunday morning, December 7, 2008, part one of my story was broadcast in English. The following Sunday, December 14, they aired part two of my story on Unshackled. We took both thirty minute stories and put them on one CD. We give these away free to young people hoping that they will see the true consequences of sin and that freedom comes through Jesus Christ.

Church on the Street

After sending a book to Church on the Street ministry, Don Landy contacted me. He wanted me to speak at Church on the Street the next time I was in the Atlanta area. I soon got in touch with him because I was going to TyTy, GA to perform a wedding ceremony. Jennifer and I arrived in downtown Atlanta on Thursday, October 9, 2008, and got a hotel room. When we got into the city we saw people living under the overpasses and walking the streets, carrying their belongings with them. That evening Don took us to dinner, and then we met at a large parking lot. They pulled in a trailer which was for food preparation and serving. They began to put out chairs as the band set up. The others began to get the food and drinks ready. Before dark the street people began to come in and take seats and some were carrying their belongings.

Volunteers, including myself, began to walk around with pitchers of tea and fill their styrofoam glasses. Most seemed to be dehydrated and wanted several refills. They greeted each other and seemed to be in upbeat moods. A few made drug deals as if we weren't even there. One fight broke out in the street and the police were called. The band began to play contemporary Christian music and the crowd continued to socialize and act a little unruly. The band finished and Don welcomed everyone and then introduced me as the speaker. Again the crowd was unphased by the Church on the Street program. I

Club Meth to Christ

began to speak and I could not put two sentences together for the demonic presence that was pushing against me.

Second Samuel 22:5-7 "When the waves of death surrounded me, The floods of ungodliness made me afraid. The sorrows of Sheol surrounded me; The snares of death confronted me. In my distress I called upon the LORD, And cried out to my God; He heard my voice from His temple, And my cry entered His ears. "

I was prepared, prayed up, and in the middle of a spiritual battle in a parking lot in downtown Atlanta, GA. I uncomfortably stopped and prayed for God's help. When I said amen, the Holy Spirit moved across the crowd and I began to speak with God's power. I began to share my past bondage of addiction that they could relate to. I could see the people in the crowd begin to give attention and others putting their fingers up and hushing the others. I was speaking their language, and the Holy Spirit was giving them understanding. It reminded me of Paul in Acts 21, when the mob was beating him and he was rescued by the soldiers and about to be carried into the barracks. He asks the commander if he can speak to the crowd that wanted to kill him. Paul is given permission and begins to speak in their beloved Hebrew language.

Acts 22:2 "And when they heard that he spoke to

them in the Hebrew language, they kept all the more silent."

I shared my past bondage of sin and then the most important part in my life where I turned from my sins and decided to follow Jesus. A man standing on the front row fell to the ground weeping. The invitation to turn from their sins and turn to Jesus for eternal life and freedom from the bondage that gripped their lives was given. Around fifteen people stepped out of the streets and into the Savior that night. What a great night as they began to flow back out to the darkened streets. Each were handed hotdogs and candy bags with gospel tracts as they returned to the streets. We also distributed Club Meth to Christ books to many of them.

The next day Don Landy took Jennifer and me on a tour of First Baptist Church Woodstock where Johnny Hunt is the pastor of around 16,000 members. Church on the Street is just one of many ministries they support. We then went to TyTy Georgia, and I performed the wedding ceremony on October 11, 2008 for Bruce Bosarge and Amanda Wilson. Later Bruce and Amanda Bosarge would move to Mississippi and join Pathway Baptist Church. Bruce became one of our first deacons at the age of twenty four. Bruce and Amanda recently returned from Kenya on a three week mission trip and they live a daily life of sharing Jesus. Bruce is a graduate from the Home of

Club Meth to Christ

Grace who decided to die to self and follow Jesus.

Luke 9:23-24: Jesus said; "If anyone desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whoever desires to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake will save it. "

Class Reunion

It had been twenty five years since I was pushed across Moss Point High School football field in a wheel chair to receive my diploma. Because of my alcohol and drug addiction, I had stayed away from events such as a class reunion. The MPHS class of 1983 was having their 25th class reunion and I felt the Lord wanted me to go. I registered and was asked if I would speak at the Sunday morning service at the close of the reunion. I had a good time seeing old friends Friday and Saturday night of the reunion. Sunday morning, November 30, 2008, was the closing service and I was allowed to speak. I shared how I went into great depths of sin after high school but how Jesus went through great depths on the cross to save a miserable wretch like me. Darlene Carter, a class friend and director of the Moss Point visionary group, asked me to come speak in February. On February 11-13, 2009, the program called the "Sounds of Knowledge" went through the whole Moss Point school district. They had a musical group from Atlanta, GA who came and performed.

What the Lord Has Done

After getting the students attention, I was introduced and came out and shared my testimony. I spoke about choices we make and how they will affect our tomorrow. Also, I shared about the bondage I became entangled in by my many wrong choices and then my turning to Jesus.

His death for my sins, burial and resurrection gave me new life and set me free. I handed out books and "Unshackled" CD's to all the teachers and staff in the schools. The reason we have school shootings, violence, sexual immorality, drugs, alcohol and disrespect toward elders is because we have turned out the light. We have in the name of freedom removed God and His Word from our schools. In the name of freedom we have lost our freedom to be directed by an all knowing, all loving God. The schools teach our students that we evolved from matter and that there is no creator God and therefore no one to give an account to for our actions.

On January 12, 2009, I was giving my testimony in a school in south Mississippi and was asked to not give any mention or reference to God. I was told it was okay to talk about my addiction but not to mention God. I told them I had no testimony apart from God (Jesus Christ) who alone set me free. America does not have an outward skin problem but an inward sin problem. Jeremiah 17:9: "The heart is deceitful above all and desperately wicked..."

Revival in Carthage Texas

I traveled to Carthage, Texas, where I preached a revival at Deadwood Methodist church. I stayed at Pastor Mervin Scott's house and met some really great people while I was there. Several of the local denominations had come together to host this event. The revival began on Thursday July 16, 2009, and would end Sunday morning, July 23. I met a young man named Joseph who was in a wheel chair and was paralyzed from the neck down. He had a mouth piece that directed the movements of his motorized wheelchair. He told me of how he had been addicted to drugs and was living a crazy lifestyle. He was staying with his dad who did not know how to handle his out of control son.

One night Joseph came in high and passed out on the bed. His dad snapped and came in his room and shot him in the back of the head with a pistol. He then turned the gun on himself and his dead body fell on top of Joseph. Joseph went through a struggle for his life, but by a miracle of God, he lived but was paralyzed from the neck down. Saturday night was youth night where several youth groups came and played volleyball and ate. The service was held in the youth center (Gymnasium). After the music, I shared my testimony of death to life through Jesus Christ. Darwin Smith played an invitation song as I invited those who would turn from their sins and accept Jesus as Lord and Savior to come. I saw the wheel chair begin to slowly come forward as Joseph

came and accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior.

John 5:24: Jesus said; "he who hears My word and believes in Him who sent Me has everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but has passed from death into life. "

He did not get out of his wheel chair that night and walk nor will he in this life time. One day, he is now assured, he will walk the streets of gold.

Revelation 21:21: "And the street of the city was pure gold, like transparent glass."

Karalena Gray Williams

I was busy in the ministry and having a baby was not something I had given much thought. I had a son now that was twenty-one years old and in college. I had, because of the bondage of sin, failed as a father in his case even though God showed mercy and protected him. I also had two beautiful step-daughters ages four and five at home to help raise. Jennifer, my wife, let me know God had another plan because she was pregnant. I wanted a boy, but God again had another plan, because the ultra sound revealed a girl. On August 28, 2009, God blessed me with a beautiful and healthy girl. I would not trade her for any boy in the world; she is my little Karalena Gray. We will love and bring her up to know God's word. One day she will have to make her own decision to follow or reject Jesus.

Club Meth to Christ

Psalm 127:3: "Behold, children are a heritage from the LORD, The fruit of the womb is a reward."

Washington Trip

My wife Jennifer works for Pregnancy Resources of Mississippi whose primary role is to save the lives of unborn children from abortion. Since the January 22, 1973, Supreme Court ruling of Roe vs. Wade, America has murdered over 52 million babies, which is almost 1/6 of the population of America. Jennifer, Karalena, and I flew to Washington D.C. on January 20, 2010, because Jennifer was selected by Heartbeat International to take part in "Babies go to Congress." I carried Karalena as we met with Congressmen and sometimes their assistants. Jennifer and a couple of women gave their testimonies about abortions and how pregnancy care centers are good for America. Some of the women had their children with them that had been saved from abortion. January 22, 2010, on the 37th anniversary of Roe vs. Wade, we met at a noon rally held on the Washington Mall, just west of 7th Street West, or midway between the Washington Monument and Capitol Hill. They estimated there were around four hundred thousand marchers from all around America and various nations. Jennifer, Karalena, and I were allowed in the staging area where all the speakers and dignitaries were who would lead the march at 2:00 p.m. We met and marched with Alveda King who is Martin Luther

King's niece. She is a strong pro-life supporter because she knows that abortion is the number one killer of African Americans. We marched to the Supreme Court and as far as you could see was an ocean of people with one common goal and that was to save the lives of babies. God brought judgment on Israel for the shedding of innocent blood and God will also bring judgment on America.

I Kings 24:3-4: "Surely at the commandment of the LORD this came upon Judah, to remove them from His sight because of the sins of Manasseh, according to all that he had done, and also because of the innocent blood that he had shed;for he had filled Jerusalem with innocent blood, which the LORD would not pardon."

Eric

The first time I went for treatment at the Home of Grace in 2002, I met Eric. I returned to the world and would soon be burned by a meth explosion. This is when I surrendered my life to Jesus and became a child of God. This is when God began a transforming work in my life. I returned to the Home of Grace soon after leaving the burn center. I sought God with all my heart and received the filling of the Holy Spirit. I began writing the book God had told me to write which is "Club Meth to Christ." I let Eric read the first part that I had written. Eric graduated and I would graduate. I stayed

Club Meth to Christ

on the straight path and Eric took the wide road of the world. I did not hear from Eric for almost seven years. Eric went to prison for several years, and after a fight in the Greene County Correctional facility, he was placed in locked down. I ministered in lock down at the same facility for a couple of years before he got there. He was locked down in a small cell just big enough for a mattress and commode and a couple of feet of walking space. He was shackled once a day and taken to an outside cage for an hour and then returned to his cell. This is an everyday event. Eric was locked down and had no communication except for a Bible. One day someone came by and slipped a "Club Meth to Christ" book under his cell door. He began reading the story he had read around seven years earlier at the Home of Grace. He fell under conviction because at this time he and I were at the same point in life and both had the same opportunity to follow Jesus, but he chose the world. He made the decision to look back no more and surrender his life to Jesus.

Luke 9:62: "But Jesus said to him, "No one, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

I received a letter from Eric after he gave his life to Christ and we began communication. He was released from jail at the beginning of 2010 and went straight into the Mission of Hope for a three month Christian rehabilitation program. He graduated on April 22, 2010. He began leading music at our church

on April 25. He was voted in as Pathway Baptist interim music minister on May 5, 2010. He now leads a praise band from the church and travels with me to minister.

Eight Years

Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ.

Today is June 19, 2010. It has been eight years since I was set on fire for Christ. My testimony began eight years ago when I died to myself.

Hebrews 9:16-17: "For where there is a testament, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. For a testament is in force after men are dead, since it has no power at all while the testator lives."

The first publishing of *Club Meth to Christ* had only sixty nine pages. Each time we have re-printed it, I have added a little more showing how God was transforming my life. As you read through my story, I hope you can see the spiritual development as God has molded and matured me to be more like Christ. The more like Christ I become, the more I see how far I am from being like Him. He is holy and perfect in every way. Eight years ago I was a walking dead man separated from God by my sin.

Romans 5:12: "Therefore, just as through one man sin entered the world, and death through sin, and thus death spread to all men, because all sinned."

Club Meth to Christ

I had no hope of ever breaking free from the bondage of drugs, alcohol, gambling and numerous other sin addictions which ruled my life. Nothing I tried could medicate this pain, sorrow and hurt but instead lowered it into a deeper cavern. The night I was badly burned became the turning point where I hated the old man, which was the old me. I hated him enough that I was willing to crucify him by turning from my sins with all my heart and turn to Jesus by faith. I was then able to receive the free gift that he graciously offered to me from the cross which is the forgiveness of my sins past, present and future.

Hebrews 9:22: "And according to the law almost all things are purified with blood, and without shedding of blood there is no remission (forgiveness)."

The removing of the curse by Jesus becoming a curse for me

Galatians 3:13: "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us (for it is written, "Cursed is everyone who hangs on a tree")

In short, Christ took my place on the cross. He became my substitute. He who had no sin willingly received punishment for my sins.

2 Corinthians 5:21: "For He made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him."

I followed in obedience with water baptism (immersion) which pictures a death, burial and resurrection.

Romans 6:4-5: "Therefore we were buried with Him through baptism into death, that just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been united together in the likeness of His death, certainly we also shall be in the likeness of His resurrection."

I now serve Jesus my King, not out of force, but out of love. In the German concentration camps they could force the captives to do whatever they wanted. The one thing they could not force them to do was love them. God does not force us to love him but captures our heart with His great love toward us.

Romans 5:8: "But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us."

1 John 4:19: "We love Him because He first loved us."

I willingly and lovingly serve my King, Jesus. One day I will bow before Him personally and give an account of my faithfulness as a Christian. I hope to hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Eleven Years

Since I Was Set on Fire for Christ

It's January 2014 and Club Meth to Christ Ministry is preparing to order another 10,000 books. Last June 19, 2013, was the eleventh anniversary of the day I was set on fire for Christ. I have enjoyed my new life in Christ and I have people ask me, "Do you ever crave alcohol or drugs?" I tell them, "No, not since I became a new creation in Christ and began to walk in the Spirit." I tell them that when I was a child, I played with GI Joe action figures and loved them. Today I can walk by a GI Joe and not even be tempted to play with it. I see it for what it is, kids' toys. Today I can walk by alcohol and drugs and not be tempted because I see them as they are and that is childish, lustful, lures of Satan. When I see a man or woman high on drugs or drunk I don't envy them, but have compassion (with *suffering*) toward them. This past eleven and a half years the Spirit of God has taken the Word of God and transformed my life. He has renewed my mind which means to make new or to give me the mind of Christ. Of course, I'm not there yet by any means. When I speak I like to tell them, "I'm not where I want to be, but I'm not where I used to be." God has brought me a long way, but I have a long way to go yet.

In August of 2013, my daughter, Karalena Gray Williams, turned four years old and in November of 2013, my son, Samuel Corbin Williams, turned one year old. My daughter Lauren recently turned ten

and India turned nine years old. Jennifer and I have a full time job raising children and we thank God for it. Jennifer will receive her Master's degree from University of South Alabama this May.

Club Meth to Christ sends books across the nation to jails and prisons. People have sent us hundreds of letters about being saved or God working in their lives. I personally read each letter, write responses, and send them books. I get great joy in seeing the Lord Jesus touch and change lives. If you have an address of someone in jail, prison, or know of someone who needs a book, send Club Meth to Christ Ministry their address and I'll send them a book free of charge.

The 700 Club

I received the email on March 16, 2013:

Subject: Greetings, from the 700 Club

Hello Mr. Williams,

My name is Renelle Roberts and I am a researcher for the TV show, The 700 Club. I have recently read your book and would love to schedule a phone interview with you this week. If you are interested, is there a contact number I can call?

God Bless,

Renelle Roberts

Researcher, the 700 Club

This was the beginning of a long process of interviews and reference checks so they could verify

Club Meth to Christ

my story. They brought my story before a board and the board approved it. Renelle called and told me they were going to use my testimony on the show. She told me it could be months before they came to film the interview.

On Tuesday, July 23, Amy Reid, a 700 Club producer, contacted me. She told me they would be in our area the next week and checked to see if they could schedule an interview with me. On July 31, 2013 Amy showed up at my house with a film crew and began to film my testimony. They filmed some shots of the family and then traveled to the Home of Grace for lunch. Josh Barton took the film crew on a tour of the campus and they filmed several scenes there.

Things were quiet for almost six months until Amy Reid sent this email on January 13, 2014:

Rodney,

We shot the meth lab explosion/fire last week in 12 degree weather. We definitely felt your prayers! I am in the post production part of the process now, editing and choosing music. Thank you for your prayers and your patience!

Amy

When we received Amy's email, we sent out this press release:

Club Meth to Christ, a local non-profit ministry, will be featured on the 700 Club show Tuesday

January 28, 2014. The 700 Club features major news stories and in depth investigations from a Christian perspective. The show is aired daily and viewed by millions worldwide. Rodney Williams, a South Mississippi native and author of the book *Club Meth to Christ*, was selected to recount his struggles with addiction and the healing he found in Christian centered recovery. Williams went on to start *Club Meth to Christ Ministries* and reaches out to others struggling with addition or in prison. He also works with several youth drug prevention efforts. This is the first time Williams has been the subject of international television. In 2008, Williams was the subject of an internationally aired radio drama, *Unshackled*. Williams provides copies of his book at no cost to those in prison or drug rehabilitation facilities. For more information visit www.clubmethtochrist.com.

The 700 Club aired my testimony on Tuesday, January 28, 2014. I sent Amy the following email:

Amy,

Subject: 700 Club Story

Thank you, it was great and had a great response. I got a lot of emails and they were all positive. I look forward to receiving the DVD. Keep up the good work, God is using you.

In Christ

Rodney Williams

Club Meth to Christ

This was her reply:

Hi Rodney,

Thank you for the feedback! We had a great response also — 566 people called in to receive salvation or to rededicate their lives to Christ! God is using you and your story!

In Christ,

Amy

My prayer from the beginning was for God to reach countless millions of people because I did not want to limit God. He is truly answering this prayer.

Revelation 12:11

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony."

Rodney Williams became a full time Evangelist
July 5th, 2014.

Jennifer Williams went home to Jesus,
May 16, 2023.

Rodney Williams is still a full time Evangelist
in 2025 and married Amber Christine.
They direct Club Meth to Christ ministry,
which is a 501c3 non-profit.

Rodney's story of freedom through Christ has
reached millions around the world.

Methamphetamine use is epidemic in America as it enslaves millions each year, destroying minds and lives through its chemical deception. *Club Meth to Christ* reveals the truth about methamphetamines and the evil power that's behind its existence. This is about a real-life battle of addiction that lasted for over twenty years of my life. My addictions included alcohol, gambling and a wide variety of other drugs, which took me to Satan's final solution, meth. Nothing could compare to the power of hell that was unleashed in me after I became a slave to meth. I was hallucinating, but in reality I had opened the gate for demonic occupation. *Club Meth to Christ* will take you through my own personal experiences as well as reveal the Power that set me free.

Rodney Williams
Club Meth to Christ Ministry
P.O. Box 365 Escatawpa, MS 39552



Jesus is still performing miracles today. What he did in Rodney's life is truly a miracle. I thank God that I have been able to see the work of Jesus through Rodney's life. I believe this book is truly inspired by God and can be an effective tool that God will use to help others find the Truth.

Jimmy Grafe



Rodney,
I read your book. It is an extraordinary story. You did a wonderful job telling your marvelous experience. I would recommend your book to anyone. It was heart warming. My wife and I are proud of you.

Bill Barton,
Founder of the Home of Grace
Christian Recovery - 1965



*Rodney Williams and
Bro. Bill Barton when
Rodney was licensed to
preach the gospel.*