

What a Precious Child You Are...

What a precious child dressed in white.
A child of God made it through the
night.

A child born of peace born of mercy mild.
God loves you such a beautiful child.
God knows the things you had to endure.
Saved through the Spirit bound by God's Word.
You are saved through love bought in Christ victory.
Saved in mercy through Christ' blood shed on Calvary.
You are special you are wonderful indeed.
You are called out born of Christ' seed.
If you were a flower I would place you in God's garden.
A child of the King who overcame sin.
Sometimes the enemy may try to sneak something in fast.
Reminding you of dark secrets hidden in the past.
Those are the lies from Satan the enemy.
But God is the truth and He sets you free.
If there were a closet where skeletons were hid.
The sin is in Satan and Jesus hides the sins we once did.
God is love, He is peace, Jesus' love never runs out.
Though we are faced with trials and fears, and yes even doubt.
Christ is the answer call upon his name.
Where love is the answer, He forgets all the shame.
We are born in sin but victory is come.
You are victorious and God has won.

Written by: Dale Lee Gordon January 4, 2018

<http://www.dalegordon.org/TableContents.html> <http://www.inmateministry.org>

The Lord also gave me a word about you last night that he wants you to be a pastor for prison ministry.

February 5, 2018

I thought and thought and prayed. I felt the LORD Jesus Christ moving me in a new direction. I have been to prison and while I have popularity it is nothing to be proud of. I don't see great fame in going to a school, or other gun free zones and taking out as many people as one can. I too rested in the fear of man and fell into a great long-lasting depression. My only hope in life was to murder a man in cold blood by following a devil Todd Jessie Garton. I had become a fool and it led to eight years seven months of prison for the crime of attempted murder. People used to blame me for the murder of Carole Ann Holman. I lost a great friend one horrid rainy day and a child who I wanted to be a godfather to. I looked forward to Carole's son James; obviously Todd Jessie Garton did not. I would not had ever let it happen if I knew Todd Jessie Garton's plans. In fact I would not have done my crime had I known what Todd was up to in the first place. Oh the shoulda, woulda, coulda's, we all talk about in prison.

One thing I noticed is that you always have a functional mirror in each cell just above the stainless-steel sink. It is a perfect reminder that yes it was you that did the crime. They actually changed one out in our cell because it did not reflect perfectly.

Suicide also is a thing prisons love to prevent. They want us to do our time.

So here we live in a world where the only thing we can control is the light, the flush button, (though I believe they put that on a timer) the hot and cold water and that is it. A guard of Correctional Officer is responsible for food and to lock and unlock our doors. An MTA administers our medications. Our world is shaken to its foundations. I know that feeling all too well.

I know what you go through. I know what I have been through. People often make light of it and pretend like doing time is easy. Then one day you see a gurney pass by and next thing you see is a gurney with a sheet over a dead body. That was his end, and almost always that end is in hell, or eternal damnation.

(Mat 10:22) And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

You have to do it all the way even if it means death row or life in prison.

You don't have to be on your own in prison. You can pray for the district attorneys, judges, investigators, inmates, guards, correctional officers, MTA's, other law enforcement and leaders and nations. Often, I saw the opposite. I would see spells being cast, I would see people with special names that were either biblical, or even demonic. Taz and animal were all too common. Interesting enough everyone hated me even the ones who professed to be Christian. One treated me well in the world of hate. He was a Muslim. I respected him too.

I tried to respect everyone. I would tell the truth to Correctional Officers. One time a C.O. unlocked a door with lots of tools on accident. Official prison workers were rebuilding a pod. I immediately ran and told him and he locked that door back up. I became friends with the jail and prison officials. It took years to get to that point but I realized I was the bad guy and they were the good guys. I also knew if I wanted out in my good time it was best to take a beating and praise the LORD meanwhile verbally blessing your attackers at the same time. Inmates stopped beating me almost instantly as my God robbed their power. I relied on the system for help and yes, I became like David running from his own son. I survived. Inmates stopped drilling me with questions and God showed me favor just as God did with Joseph. I read the Bible constantly.

When I first came to jail I could totally see God's handiwork. See it was the last night of freedom I had when I made a vow to God. Truthfully, I did not know who God even was. What I said as I looked under my last star filled night was "LORD if you get me through this I will be a preacher for you." Now God is ordaining me as a jail & prison minister. Whether God gives me money to preach or not is his will. Either way I am providing this newsletter as my gift to God and to inmates and whoever else chooses to read this. It is free for download and I plan to make it in pdf form located at <http://www.inmateministry.org> and <http://www.toddgarton.com/>

When I first entered Shasta County Jail, I went to 3D19. It was all an amazing thing from day one. The Holy Spirit entered me from the start. As soon as the cuffs went on and I was under arrest these words came from nowhere;

(Psa 23:4) Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

and I spoke them out and declared them over my life.

I was so full of the Holy Spirit I was overflowing with joy. I knew I was "Free on the Inside," just as a popular NirV inmate Bible is named. Just as I write this I hear the words of a song, "chains breaking" and "this is my freedom hand," "who the Son sets free" "soul forgiven;" playing on Air1. God is so amazing.

When I came to jail in mid-1998 I smiled in my jail house photo. They waited several days later to book me again, but this time instead of a smile it was a smirk. When you look at the mug shot in Robert Scott's book "Kill or be Killed" I am the only one in my jail house blues because they didn't want my smiling picture. I still had a lot to learn and I did so, this time in the Bible.

In 3D19 on the concrete desk was placed a "Free on the Inside" NirV and a King James Bible which I immediately opened and started reading. I was having fun and enjoying myself until everyone around me started hating me because I had become a Christian. I was on FIRE for the LORD. To fight off depression I started teaching Spanish speaking inmates English and they taught me Spanish. I also began to cut everyone's hair real nice. It was a skill I learned in the United States Marine Corps.

There is a deep spirit of darkness in jail and in prison. The spirit is so strong and so deep it overwhelmed me. The strong love I had in the LORD had to be overcome by sleep. It is the hours upon hours I did not know how to fill. I would read the Bible 2, 4 and sometimes 8 hours a day, but still there is time. I began to write poetry, skits, plays, stories and more but still there is time. I began to talk to God. That helped but typically there was no answer. I learned however, God speaks through dreams and in the Bible. At some point I began to design automobiles and engines. I was always intrigued with technology. Later I imagined myself on nature walks. I always imagined having this old girlfriend as a wife and that I would never lose her. I would write her letters even up until the time of the end. It may have been under a false pretense but I did it because I believed in love and I never lost hope. Even after the letter toward the end of my sentence that said "I moved on" I still imagined the lie to be true. I kept myself happy developing ministries, being in another location, and yes even believing in love to keep my little world from completely caving in. Yes, I know what you are going through.

I have punched concrete walls so hard my hands bled. I have kicked at metal doors and dented sinks. I both loved and hated. I went through all the emotions. I even went through the suicide blues. There was a time I just wanted to die and I did not care anymore, but fear kept me from it. It had to be the fear of the LORD but it was real and every time that strong demon of suicide attacked somehow, I fell back into God's arms for love. Perhaps the closest I ever came to suicide was with a pencil sharpener cut in half. I even had it all planned out. The thing is I realized I just couldn't do it. I am glad God stopped me because I have learned there is a meaning in life. Whatever condition you are in, whatever happened in life, whatever spells you cast, whatever murders, if you are still alive you have a chance at having a relation with Jesus. And yes, if you are wondering spells were cast on me. Todd Jessie Garton the warlock and my cellmate in 3D19 cast spells on me. I live with that curse even until present. It is not an effective life or productive life. In the end we will all have to bow before LORD Jesus and confess our sins.

(Rom 14:11) For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.

You can't have two masters. You can't serve Christ and Satan.

(Mat 6:24) No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

(Luk 16:13) No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

The bottom line is it is your choice. Heaven or hell, God or Satan, life or death, love versus hate. Those are things that cannot be taken from you no matter where you are. In the darkest hours of my life God was there with me. God got me through the suicidal depression, God ended my prison sentence, and God in his final triumph took away the debt that exceeded one million dollars produced when a man I should have been able to trust stole from me. God has victory in my life because I learned to love God and all the authority powers, that were "supposed to

be our enemies.” I learned not to be anti-social, and realize I was the sinner that got me where I went. Still God forgave me when he didn’t have to. God’s hand of mercy was always there through thick and thin. Now God’s light shines in my face each and every day no matter how good or bad a day I may be having. I am learning to love others. I have sent Christmas cards to the City of Redding Police Department. I bought them my Stop the Violence, Color Your Prison Walls With Love book and sent it to the police department as well. These books are available at Amazon under the name Dale Lee Gordon. They may be also found at <http://www.dalesbooks.org> where you can download them and / or share them for free in pdf format. I know poverty all too well and I can relate to someone who lives in poverty. As a matter of a fact most of the food I buy all comes from food banks. I would love to say life has been well but a man named Brock Dale Bernstein stole all my money. He chose the well watered pastures while I chose the rocky desert lands. In the end one of us will go to heaven the other hell unless he truly repents. The choice belongs to all of us.

(Gal 6:5) For every man shall bear his own burden.

(Jdg 21:25) In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.

Jail and prison doesn’t have to be a dead end. If you live right even with a life sentence you can live in paradise with God. Even now where I believe we are the last generation on earth we can get to heaven. You do however have to realize God is love, but there are consequences for not walking in faith. God hates the sin but loves the sinner that turns from evil. Amen...

Ministry Through The Pen

Written by: Dale Lee Gordon

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Other sites to check out:

<http://www.dalegordon.net>

<http://www.inmateministry.org>

<http://www.coloryourworldwithlove.com> or <http://www.dalegordon.org>

