

May 5, 2020

Hey Ken,

I received your letter and the Sanctity of Life prayer points last night. And I thought I would go ahead and answer it. And boy Ken, I don't care about using my "scarce resources" to write you. I don't have anything anyway, but God always finds a way to make sure I have what I need. I sit here daily and listen to the worship station "Air-One", and from what I hear, I really have nothing to worry about. God takes care of me. Anything else I get is a blessing.

I'm glad you will continue sharing the prayer points with me, I share them here too. I circulate them to men here on my new unit.

Yes Ken I was there at the Estelle when you shared at the service. That was a beautiful and very powerful service.

Ken about my transfer to this unit, I believe was a God thing. Here is why I say this and you tell me if you think it is possible.

About a week before I got transferred (which was on the 19th of March) well on March 11th, when my cellie went to work that night, I got down on my knees in my cell, prayed, and cried and prayed and cried some more. I felt as if God had abandoned me. And I was lonely (when you have no one else in your family, and you are your entire family, it is easy to get lonely). I prayed that God will accept me back in his graces, and that I loved him more than life itself. OK, I got a letter from a KOLB volunteer about a week ago, he said he had been checking and monitoring TDCJ, on the coronavirus. He said he saw that this unit I am on has had 0 reports of the virus. But the Estelle's numbers are increasing rapidly. And then all the sudden for no reason I was transferred to here. Now check this out, I am 70 years old, and have COPD (a very severe lung disease). Ken if I had not gotten transferred, today I'd probably already have been buried in a lonesome funeral. But instead God my lovely Father, saved my life. And Ken I believe my fight for pro-life could very well be the reason.

I know that God has put the Holy Spirit in my life, because the Holy Spirit acted in me very surprisingly one day. My daughter and my three granddaughters were coming to see me, it was a Saturday morning and I'm all dressed awaiting to be called out for my visit with them. (This was in June 2011.) I got called out but to the Chapel instead of for a visit. I go to the Chapel and I see the chaplain is on the phone. He sees me, motions me in, and hands me the telephone. It is a lady I don't even know telling me my daughter and 3 granddaughters had just been killed in a car wreck. That shattered me. Well the Highway Patrol found the white van that had run into my daughter's car, sitting on the side of the Interstate where it had just quit. The driver was still sitting in it, so drunk he didn't even realize what had happened. He was arrested. It turned out he was an Executive Vice President of a big company in Dallas. And when he went to trial for killing 4 people, he was given "10 years probation". He was released from jail. 4 months later drunk again he killed three people in another wreck. Well this time the Judge had enough of him. She gave him 25 years for each person in the car. "Stacked." 75 years plus the 10 years

from my family. 85 years. He came to TDCJ in 2012. He came through the Estelle unit on a medical chain. To see the eye Dr.

When two inmates have a connection like that it is on their travelcards. And a lady from Classification caught it when he arrived. He was only going to be here for 3 days. But she notified the warden, who notified me and asked if I wanted to see him. I told him I sure did. He told me I'd be handcuffed, I said I didn't care cause he couldn't handcuff my mouth. The warden laughed and said "No. I wouldn't want to."

The next morning I was taken, cuffed, to Transit. I walked in front of his cell, he looked up and said "Who the H ... are you?" I told him I was the father of the lady he killed and Grandfather of the three little girls he killed. He just looked at me and said "So?" I pointed my finger at him and said "I have something to tell you, and I don't give a S ... if you like it or not." I looked him in the eyes and said (after a slight hesitation) "I forgive you!" I shook my head. I told him that was not what I wanted to say. And I walked away. I didn't go back. I couldn't believe what had just happened. Well 6 months later he came back again for the Eye Clinic. Again I was allowed to go see him. This time he was a different person. I walked in front of his cell (and for some reason this time I wasn't handcuffed), he saw me and smiled and offered me a cup of coffee. I took it. He then stuck his hand out, and I shook it. Before I could say anything, he spoke first. This is what he said:

"I am terribly sorry for what happened to your daughter and three granddaughters. And I'm sorry for my attitude last time I was here. But I want you to know, I knew you didn't mean what you told me. But when I got back to my unit, I cried for three days, I talked to the chaplain and found Jesus in this. I gave my life to him, was baptized and joined a Bible study, and am now a financial supporter to MADD. And I am serious about all this, I had to change."

I looked him in the eyes and told him "Yes I do mean what I said. It was not you who killed them. It was the Alcohol. So yes if you'll accept my hand one more time, I'll say it again."

That was the Holy Spirit working in me then. And it is the same Holy Spirit that is working in my life now. I too have had some changes. But the one thing that has not changed in my life is my concern for all those innocent Babies being killed every single day. I told God a couple years ago that I wanted to "See" an end to Abortions. And I will work against Planned Parenthood till I die. Your story about your [...] touched me to my soul. I know your 12 year old [...] is a very special little boy. Give him a hug for me. Thank you for circulating my last letter to the outside prayer circle. I want them to know, that yes, we are criminals, but we still have hearts that care. And I pray for the people in your prayer circle as I pray for the prayer points. Ken I love you Brother. [...] Ken thank you for caring too. And for caring about me! Please keep me in your prayers. I will continue to pray for you too my friend.

Love your

Brother in Christ