

11/15/64

My name is Clay , born July 10, 1962, in Long Beach, Ca. I grew up in Bellflower, Ca. My parents were not spiritually orientated people when I was young, however, my Grandma did take us to Sunday School from time to time. I'm sure that God was working in my life way back then, but honestly, I don't remember much. My parents divorced in 1975 when I was 13 yrs. old, and it devastated me. I was given a choice, who do you want to live with? My answer of coarse, was both! How do you ask a child to choose between parents? From that point on, my life was never the same. The whole Love issue was portrayed in my opinion, to be just a game, and my insecurities set in. I experimented with alcohol, and drugs, and was easily influenced into doing whatever was wrong. I never ended in Juvenile Hall, or Youth Authority, but did land myself in the County Jail. Did I ever cry out to God when I was in trouble? Certainly! Did I believe in God? I questioned Him, so I can't honestly say that I believed in Him.

In December 1994, I decided I had had enough, and I went into a Christian Rehab home. Well Satan didn't like that, and my inner demons eventually got me using drugs once again. The Love of my life was Heroin. April 1, 1995, I overdosed, and was arrested on my current term in Prison. Had I had enough? No way! Misery loves company, and I was it's best friend. I continued to use drugs in Prison. December, 2002, it all caught up to me once again. I was busted trafficking narcotics (Heroin) into Prison. Again I cried out to God for help. Was I sincere? I thought I was. I told God that if He'd help me, spare me the Life sentence that I'd probably receive, I'd do whatever it took to change my life. I'd read the Bible, and go to Church.

Well, He did His part in answering my request. I received only a three (3) year sentence added to my already twenty-two (22) years. I lost 180 days on my Prison write-up, and had to do a nine (9) month SHU term. During my stay in the Administrative Segregation, a Pastor came by, cell to cell, asking guys if they wanted a Bible, or spiritual literature. When he knocked on my door, I acted like I was asleep, then yelled out, "No!", and off he went. Minutes later, conviction hit me. What are you doing? You promised God that you'd change your life, He gave you what you asked for! You've got to follow through with your word to God! The next week, I was waiting for the Pastor, there was no way, unless he didn't come, that I wasn't going to get a Bible. Well, he came as usual. When he got to my door, we met face to face, and he asked me if I would like a Bible, or? and I immediately said, "Yes, I'd love a Bible". He slid it under my door, said, "God bless you", and left. As soon as I picked the Bible up, I broke down crying.

That day is close to two (2) years ago, and I've never looked back. Do I make mistakes? Certainly, but when I do, I feel miserable, and I do my best to correct each mistake so I can learn from them. I'm finally able to say, (1) I Love God, (2) I Love Myself, and (3) I'm learning to Love others. I look forward to all that God will teach me!

My favorite verse in the Bible is: Proverbs 3:5-6, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding, in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths".

My life is far more pleasant now that I'm allowing Him to direct me, praise God!

*Clay*