

## Kairos Inside Testimony Letter

Greetings to you in the glorious name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I am a servant of Christ even though I am doing life in prison. It is my joy to share with you a brief part of my testimony when The Lord opened my eyes to the truth.

I was on the verge of committing suicide by killing as many correctional officers as I could before being taken out. The darkness that had invaded my mind, heart, and soul was so powerful that I was convinced that death was my only refuge. I was so deeply tormented by guilt, shame, and loneliness that I believed that there was no hope and I just wanted it all to end.

Until the day when a very odd but happy encounter occurred. Unknown to me someone had put my name in for Kairos and I was selected. The Kairos weekend just happened to be a few days before I would go on my rampage. I decided it could wait until after Kairos.

On the first day of Kairos I remember telling all of the volunteers, "All I want are your cookies, not your religion." For the first three days I listened to all of the talks from the outside team. I tried to be patient and kind as they demonstrated God's love in action, not just words.

On the third day of Kairos I was given a gift of unimaginable worth. It wasn't money, or food but it was what I needed more than anything. It went much deeper than the physical, it went right to the heart. I was given a bag of letters. Letters of encouragement and grace, from complete strangers. Each letter was full of love and prayers, for ME! I couldn't believe it. To be honest I was so overwhelmed with emotion that after reading the first three I had to go the restroom to cry. I received over 120 letters that day. As I continued to read them God's love began to break through the darkness of my heart. The light of His love was almost too much to bear. His glorious light illuminated my dark murderous heart.

The next morning around 2:30 AM, I couldn't sleep so I read some more letters and ate some more cookies. I stopped and cried out to God, "If you are real show me a miracle." Nothing happened. Again I shouted, "If you are God then let me know it, show me a miracle." It was then when God spoke to my heart. He said, "Son, you are reading your miracle." It was true since my mom died three years ago, I have not received one single letter. My mom was the only person who ever wrote me.

I cried out to The Lord early that morning while in my cell and He saved me. But I want you to think about this, where would I be today if you hadn't taken the time to write those letters or bake those cookies? It's been almost two years since I've given my life to Christ. I have never been so happy and content. Even though I am doing a life sentence I have seen God use me in this place to bring others to the saving knowledge of Christ. I no longer want to die, I want to live and I want to serve Jesus with my whole heart.

Thank you volunteers who come into this place regularly to bring the hope of God's love to us. You remind us that there are brothers and sisters in Christ who care about us. You bring the love that most of us never knew. God Bless you.

Your brother in Christ,  
B.