

FROM CRIME TO CHRIST

The Story of Hulan (Kickstand) Danner

We are to bring Christ to the world not the world to
Christ.

Untold millions are still untold.

“Taking Him To The Streets”

Street Church, and Prison Ministry!

JESUS... Take Him To The Streets!

Introduction

For those of us that attend church on a regular basis, or have even grown up always having gone to church, it is not a scary or alien place to be. But for the vast majority of adults and youths around us, that is exactly what church is, unknown, uncomfortable, irrelevant, and certainly not an easy place to walk in to.

That has been the basic premise behind my work on the streets and in prisons with, TAKING HIM TO THE STREETS MINISTRIES, and now with the writing of this book. I will seek to make the church known on the streets and in prisons, comfortable, relevant, and an easy place to walk in to, kind of like going home.

Jesus used parables, earthly stories with heavenly meaning. His best known parable is about a wayward son and a forgiving father, recorded in Luke 15. An earthly story with no mention of God in it. Nothing Jesus ever said made clearer the cost of rebellion, the destructiveness of sin, the need for repentance and faith, and the blessing that waits for those who turn to the Heavenly Father, who never stops loving us and generously restores us to His fellowship. This is the gospel story.

By following the pattern of this parable and others in the Bible, I will put the same elements into the settings of my own world and retell the stories of my life that an audience can identify with, and hopefully understand a spiritual meaning.

This was done through a series of messages that I preached one Sunday a month at Bellevue Church in Gothenberg Sweden. These were evangelistic messages using stories from my life and the stories have gone into this book about my life that I will give away, on the streets and in prisons.

In the New Testament book of Mathew chapter 25 verse 35-40 we read,

35 For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in,

36 I needed cloths and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you visited me.

37”*Then the righteous will answer him, Lord when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink?*

38 *When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you?*

39 *When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?”*

40 *“Then the King will reply, I tell you the truth, whatever you did for the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me.”*

I am a Christian now and want to visit the prisoners by making this book available, for free to all prisoners who would like a copy of it, and would hope that by reading some of the stories from my life and the changes that God can make in a life, will help others to look at their own lives and seek that change for themselves.

GUILT AND SHAME

I was made to feel shame for who I was early in life. My father who always seemed to have a Harley Davidson motorcycle and a nice car, was convicted of postal theft and sent to prison when I was in kindergarten, until I was going into the second grade. This was not common in the U.S. In the 50's. I remember the police going through our house finding guns and things and laying them on the floor of our garage. My father was a member of the VFW (veterans of foreign wars) and always had guns around. They sure made a lot of it though, and policemen where everywhere, or so it seemed to my little mind. I also remember one of our neighbors coming out one day and taking her two daughters inside their house because they were playing with me. This was not a good thing for a young boy to experience. Even then as I look back I can see my life taking a downward spiral.

Shame has been one of my daily companions for most of my life. Lots of people confuse shame and guilt, and see no difference between the two.

Guilt: is simply feeling bad about something you did.

Shame: is feeling bad about who you are. It's feeling bad about yourself, the way you look, the way you think, the way you feel. Shame says that you are bad, inadequate, never good enough.

“No matter what I do it won't be good enough. If people really get to know me, they won't like me.”

Shame is more damaging than guilt. Guilt you can do something about, you can repent, you can

change your behavior. Shame says nothing can be done, as a person I'm defective.

The Lady, Heroin

Heroin has many names on the streets. I have heard many junkies refer to it as a lady and many songs have been written about this lady. I just want to say here that the best way to show respect for a lady is to just leave her alone.

My first experience with the lady came with one of my friends, Billy Eyes. We had been friends since we were kids crawling on the floor of my grandmothers beauty shop, his mother was one of my grandmothers customers in the beauty shop business she ran out of her home. Billy and I had experienced many things in life together, and this drug was just one more of these experiences. Billy will loose his life to this lady in later years, not to the use of the lady herself but to the quest and pursuit of this lady. He got shot and killed for taking change from a coke machine in a gas station. I was not there but I would think his reason for breaking into the machine would be to get more money to buy more of this drug. She was his wife, and he had a life ending affair with her.

It was a warm night in California and I was just out walking. It is funny how life can be so boring and you can just go out walking and end up doing something that will change your life forever. Decisions, I wonder how different my life would be if I made just one decision differently.

I saw Billy driving by and waved. When he saw me he stopped and backed up. He said. "Get in and take a ride with me." When I got in he started telling me about this drug he had been experimenting with and how you could seem like you were sleeping when you were really awake. He also told me about his outfit (syringe), that looked like a toy because it had a babies pacifier on the end. At this time we would take the plunger away and put a pacifier or something like that on the end of the syringe, so we could squeeze instead of plunging. There were other reasons to, but somehow this seemed easier. Isn't it funny, how we will say we have been experimenting with something, so it won't sound so bad when we talk about it.

He asked if I knew this guy that lived a couple of streets over from where we were. I said, I did, so he said he was sure it would be OK if I came along. So away we went and I was introduced to this lady. My first response was, "oh my god Billy this is heroin are you sure you know what you are doing." He told me "look at me, I been doing this stuff for weeks, do I look like I'm addicted to

you.” I looked at him and remember thinking how does an addicted person look, but said, I guess not. He said people only say those things to scare you, it's not really true. So I tried some with him. He was right, I was not addicted from the first time, but it, for many, is not only one time. And every time gets easier, until one day you look at your situation and say to yourself, “if I don't do this today my day is not going to be so good.” That's when you are hooked, or for me it was.

I have known many people that were addicts for many years and kicking that kind of habit can tear you apart. I have also known many people that were on and off addicts and for those it can be so hard because it comes and goes and does not seem to stop. Sometimes they call it chipping, kind of like chopping wood but not really hitting hard enough to chop it, just knocking a chip out of it. So it's not really chopping wood. People will use for a few days then stop before it gets out of hand. Kind of a rule my friends would put on themselves to justify their way of doing things, a rule that would seem to protect them from the physical addiction part of this drug, so it must be OK. Or they only fix the cotton left from somebody else, or say, can you just leave me a wet cotton (cotton is used to draw heroin into the syringe) to somebody and think it won't hurt anything. Maybe they don't have the physical addiction, but they think they can keep doing this and just because it's not the physical addiction part they are not addicts. I think that if a person uses any drug over a long period of time they become addicts, psychologically or physically they are addicts just the same. These people can, and I know many who do, keep this up for many years and don't even see themselves as addicts. What a lie. It comes from the father of all lies, and he has been lying to us all along, but we just won't see it that way.

I started going back to see this guy I visited with my friend Billy. He never, like you hear in the movies about the dealer, said “the first one's free but the next one will cost you.” It was free for a time until it was not enough and I started wanting more. Then he told me if I sold two he would give me one. This sounded good, so I said I could do that no problem.

THEN THERE WAS SHAME!

His name was Mike, he overdosed on some heroin that was bought from me. At the time I said, “The fool got greedy and did too much.” Others said, his friend got scared and left him when he

passed-out, if he would have stayed he could have done something. Still others might say, if his childhood would have been better he would not have been doing drugs, it was his parents fault. Who really is to blame for this young mans death? The blame could be traced all the way back to the garden.

Mike, one more death in sin. The guilt and shame that I did not feel at the time came to me later in life, and my heart breaks for this young mans soul. I am the guilty one. Just as sure as I put a gun to his head, I'm the guilty one. But no matter what we feel guilty about we can leave it at the cross. That is what it's for, we don't have to carry around those burdens anymore. Jesus took all our shame and guilt to The Cross.

Everyone has hidden or secret sins. Maybe it is a sin that no one knows about, and no one needs to know, just leave them at the foot of The Cross and let them be forgotten. Please, can you do that? No matter how awful they are they can be forgiven.

How? The tomb was empty. He had risen. Jesus' followers needed to understand this truth. If he had only died, he would be nothing more than a martyr. There has been many martyred, many great men of God, but Jesus had to conquer sin and death, guilt and shame. So death would lose it's sting so we could live forever with Him. He rose as He promised.

I had used this drug off and on many times over the years, but in these times it would not develop into much of a habit. Like I've already said, I was always only chipping and could always score for someone and get a little for my self, I would say, I only use, I don't abuse, although sometimes I needed to find a way out from this drug. How you say? Just another drug

. I have discovered that these drugs can and do take lives. Either by controlling or ending, they only take. Who is in control of your life? You? For me I let God have control He is much better than I. God is the giver of life. It is His right alone to take life. It is His right alone to give life.

Let me ask you a question. If the God who gave you physical life were to take that life from you, what could you do about it? Nothing. If that were to take place today, where would you go? There are only two destinations, heaven or hell.

How do you get to hell? By doing nothing. Simply by living and dying in your sins you arrive in

the fires of hell.

How do you get to heaven? You come to the Lord Jesus Christ as a sinner asking for forgiveness of your sins. Just pray to Him just as simply and honestly as you can from the depths of your heart.

“God, I believe that you created me. I believe you are the one that gave me my life. I believe that you can forgive my sins and give me everlasting life. I believe that Jesus died to pay for my sins and that He rose from the dead. I trust Him. I don't trust myself. God, I trust Jesus Christ. I trust Him as my Saviour. I receive by faith everlasting life from Him.”

Do you believe that in your heart? Then trust God and believe the Lord to do what He has promised to do.

My drug use would eventually become anything goes, from hash to weed, pills, uppers, downers to psychedelics. But my main drug of choice would be meth-amphetamines. In my times of running on the city streets, I would see how this drug would take control of my life and the lives of others around me.

Big Daddy from Richmond

Big Daddy was a name given to Dave, a man from Richmond California, by NSIB, (Napa Special Investigation Bureau) officer Mike Roth. This officer will attempt to take me off the streets and also on at least one occasion try to take my life.

Dave, who as far as I knew, grew up on the streets of Richmond, a San Francisco Bay Area city, where he was a gang leader and a street hustler. He came into my town asking people he met who would be good for the drug business he wanted to setup there. The name he kept hearing was Garrol Danner, and he asked if he could be introduced to me. (growing up I was called by my middle name, later I would change to my first name) There were others on the streets at the time who could, and would have done what he wanted, but my name was the one that was talked about at the time. We all wanted to make a name for ourselves.

We met, and this guy was all show, he drove a 1936 Cadillac with outdoor speakers under the fenders, with music blasting. He came into my apartment like he owned it, and I had been waiting for him to come home. After he showed me a big bag of white powder, more speed than I had ever seen in my life, and took from this big bag, three big table spoons of this white powder, put it in a bag and just gave it to me. After this he would become like my dad, and I would, be waiting for him to come home. He told me to spread it around, to almost give it away, don't tell them of the cost, and you can get anything you want from these people. Dave was a person I looked up to as a kind of role model in my life. Role models are people we all seem to need, but we should be careful of those we find, and where we find them.

In my times of crime and punishment, I had to know what I was about, and I had to be careful of those closest to me. They were just like me in many ways. With all I was doing to become successful in my little part of the world, to loose it all if I dropped my guard or turned my back for even a minute. Someone was always waiting to take anything left out in the open, or to take your place in the pecking order. Surrounded by people still I was lonely. I could not trust anyone. I was defeated, I did not understand what the will and strength to do right was. There was no right in my life. It was

just the way it was. However I did it was right. I was insecure no matter how good I was to people, still I had to watch my back. Ultimately I was to come to understand that my sins were to condemn me more than just time in a jail cell.

If you read the New International Bible in the book of, *Ezekiel, chapter 18, verse 20* we read; ***“The soul who sins is the one who will die. The son will not share the guilt of the father, nor will the father share the guilt of the son. The righteousness of the righteous man will be credited to him, and the wickedness of the wicked will be charged against him.”***

But if we read verse, *21* ***“But if a wicked man turns away from all the sins he committed and keeps all my decrees and does what is just and right, he will surely live, he will not die.”***

In the New Testament book of, *Romans, chapter 6, verse 23*, we read the same thing in one short verse, just another way of saying it; ***“For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.”***

I would come to understand that there was hope even for a guy like me and the type of person I would become.

The gift of the Cross is salvation, available to all. No one can take it just because we foolishly turn our back on it. Oh, the devil can tell you, you never had it, or that, you not even worthy of it. But the Cross takes care of all that. He is always waiting to give us His gift for the first time or to take us back. Revelation 3:20 says, *“Here I am! I stand at the door and knock, if anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in and eat with him and he with Me.”* Will you answer the door to your heart and life and receive this free gift, you don't have to steal it, it's free. The door handle is on the inside, only you can open this door and ask Him to come in. If you are not ready please don't do it, but if you hear him knocking, and you are ready. Please welcome Him and invite Him in. Would you humble yourself and come to Him and receive this great gift? Just be honest with God, talk to Him like anyone from whom you wanted so great a gift, and remember He is your God. He is your creator. If you will come in sincere believing faith, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour He will wash all your sins away.

I learned a lot, and lost a lot with big Daddy Dave. The drug was to become my god and take

such a control of my life that when I look back I can see the destruction, and how the devil can use drugs to control and destroy lives.

When I was growing up in the San Francisco Bay Area of the 60's and 70's, my friends and myself seemed to think the drugs we were using, did not even exist in times past. How could older people know anything about what my life, and what the problems I was creating for myself, could be like.

My lifestyle was destructive to myself and those that would come around me, those that I learned that I could get anything from, and those who would do anything I wanted, for what I had in my pocket. I pray for these people and what I did to them, that they would forgive me. Although most of them would not even see the need for their forgiveness towards me. One sinner's sins created sins for those around him.

Officer Mike

I will start by saying that Mike was a good man that wanted to do his job as he saw it, sometimes at any cost. I remember he was always there, like I was his only job. Although there is a lot of paranoia that goes with all the drugs I was using. He would always stop and hassle me. He would ask questions about Big Daddy, and go through my pockets. I always had a big bank roll, mostly twenty dollar bills from drug sales. When I got it back it would always seem light. I thought he was stopping me to help himself to my money. When you are a drug dealer everyone wants to get in your pockets, from the druggies on the streets to the cops to your connection.

This drug (amphetamine) always seemed to find a way to get in my pocket. Early one summer evening I got a phone call at my mothers house from a lady I had seen coming in briefly at a friends house. I suspected she was bringing drugs to him. She asked if I remembered her, I said yes. She also asked if I knew why she was there. I told her that I had some ideas, but did not want to talk about them on the phone. She asked me if I could come to her house in another bay area city. I said I would be happy to and that I could be there in a couple of hours.

When I got to her house there was a party going on. I knocked on the door and was invited in. She asked if I would like a beer or something? I said, " I really could not stay". She said that was OK and just handed me two ounces of speed and said to just bring a certain amount of money back in a couple of days. If I would like to do business with her I could have as much as I wanted, any time I wanted and that I was highly recommended by an old friend, but she did not say who.

I had gotten a ride from a friend and when I got back to his car after not being gone for so long he thought I came back empty handed. But when I showed him what I had He was amazed and said. "You really did not know this person, did not know where this place was, and they just let you have this, and said to just come back in a couple of days for more.?" I said, " that's right".

I was on top for some time from this. I had anything and I could do anything. But like most things in my life, I would mess this up too. I started thinking I was important to these people and started making mistakes. I was using too much and throwing too many parties and paying for everything. People wanted me around and I was liking it. I thought I was the man. But when I would

come back light in the money pocket with a story that I would make it right next time and the next time it would be the same these people started getting tired of my games and gave me a final warning. I did not listen and it almost cost me my life. I was lucky to just walk away.

I was the kind of guy that didn't seem to learn anything from his mistakes and would just do the same things over and over a gain. People always liked me and would give me breaks. This would be my downfall many times throughout my life.

One night I was driving in my car and decided to stop at a local pizza parlor. When I got out in the parking lot I saw cops, not their cars just the cops. Two came at me, one was Mike. They pushed me into a garbage area and started asking me questions about someone taking a shot at a cop, Officer Mike to be exact. I told them, "I don't know what your talking about, it wasn't me." They said it was either me or someone I knew because my car was seen driving away. I told them I always leave my keys in my car and to go and check.

They let me go and told me they would be watching, so don't mess up. Needless to say they got me worrying, this is something pretty serious, especially to the police, when it is one of there own. I let them get to me and started seeing cops everywhere. I did not even know if it was real. I had a drunk driving charge to go to court on but decided I had to leave town and deal with that latter. So one night I left, and thought they were chasing me as I was leaving. The police and the paranoia from the speed really got to me. I had to go get another life.

I went to a town in California called Riverbank, me and my girlfriend at the time did alright there. I got a job and got away from all the pressure from the streets. My biggest problem was my hometown streets. I was too well known, and I had to many influences there.

My next stop was, Rock Springs Wyoming where I got a job in the oil field and just partied all the time. I earned pretty good money when I worked, but the jobs were easy to get and I could always get another one. I went through jobs as fast as I went through money. I could always party. I made friends, I got married and life, to me anyway, seemed good.

Oil-rig workers are called ruff-necks. These men work hard and they play hard. Mistakes can cost lives, so you learn to be a team player and watch out for the other guy. Everyone needs to do his

part.

We were moving an oil-rig to a new location and all of the crews were there, maybe twenty men all working together to set the sub-structure in place and raise the derrick. When you get to a new location certain things are already done. The mud pits and drainage ditches are dug and a surface hole is dug, around seventy feet into the ground and you have to put this big oil-rig on top of this hole. And it all has to fit.

Everything was in place, we had all worked hard and it had been a long day. A worm (a name given to new and inexperienced workers) was playing catch with a double hook and dropped it into the hole. The oil company man got frantic. First I need to explain about this, a double hook is a link of chain with a hook at either end, used to make long chains shorter. When you have something like this in your hole and you try to drill through it the drill bit will spin on the chain causing what should go really fast to go really slow because you will first need to drill through steel instead of soft earth. This is what made the company man so mad. Time is money.

I didn't even think about what I was doing, I just did it. I signaled for a truck with long poles a winch and cable to back in to the opening in the sub-structure. I wrapped a chain around me hooked it into the cable and told the truck driver to let me down the hole. I went fast and I didn't have a lot of room. I took a deep breath at the top and held it. I knew there would not be much air down there. When I got to the bottom I could feel the chain with my boot and pushed it to the side of the hole and was able to get it up enough with the toe of my boot and reach low enough with my left hand to get the chain. I got it and started jerking on the cable for the driver to winch me up. It was much slower going up than going down and I really needed some air. I made it to the top and the air tasted sweet. I held the double hook above my head. It was the first thing the men I had been working with saw as I came out of the hole and a shout went up. I was the hero of the day. I had saved us all from what in the oil field is called a fishing trip- when the first thing you have to do when the derrick is raised is fish around in the hole to get something out.

Needless to say the company man was happy to see me. First he gave me a one-hundred dollar bill and a half gallon of bourbon whiskey. He stood back and looked at me all dirty and with mud

everywhere and called me, Dry-Hole-Shorty. He said I would be one of the legends in the Brady oil field of Wyoming and what I had done would be talked about in all the oil field bars in the state. I told him to just keep giving me money and whiskey and I would keep doing what I was doing. I seemed to always be making a name for myself.

One night I was out for my friend Lee's birthday party. I let a guy make me mad (I had a terrible little peoples complex). I knocked him over a counter and through a pie rack in a restaurant where we were having dinner. They called the bouncer from the bar next door to get me out of the restaurant. This did not seem to help matters and only made me more angry, so I put this guy through the double glass doors. My friends got me into Lee's truck and drove me away but I was so mad at this guy for wrecking our party that I wanted to go back and teach him a lesson. I thought the truck was stopped and got out when we were still moving. I tumbled out of the truck and cracked my skull on a railroad track. They took me by ambulance from the hospital in Wyoming to a hospital in Salt Lake City Utah, where they said I was lucky to be alive and that I had a sub dural hematoma and would need surgery immediately. The doctors were able to save my life but it would never be the same, I still have problems from this accident.

With the physical problems and the drinking problem I was developing, my wife could not take anymore and left. I could not handle things on my own, so I went back to California and my family for help. I guess in times like these you always need your mothers loving touch.

God's Love

Love is part of God's Holy character. God's love is not like human affection. Human affection is largely conditional, that is, one will be attracted to or affectionate toward another with the hope of receiving something in return.

The love of God is entirely unconditional. God has nothing to gain from loving man. What could man add to God? What could man give to God? How could God be more complete if man loved Him? God's love is entirely unconditional.

The love of God extends to everyone weather they are lovable or not. Human affection does not do that. Not only does Jesus Christ the Saviour love all men, but God the Father, the God of justice

and judgment, loves all men.

In 1 John 4:8(NIV), the Bible says, *Whoever does not love does not know God, because God is love.* The very essence of God's character, the reality of God's person, is love.

In John 3:16(NIV), we are told. *For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.* Now, it is the world that is sinful and wicked and wrong? It is the world that rejected God, rebelled against Him, and turned to its own way? And yet the Bible says He gave the very greatest of all His treasures, His one and only son, to sinful man, that any who would simply receive His Son as a gift might have eternal life to spend with God.

This is love. God loves you. Can you love Him? If you love Him you will want to be with Him today, tomorrow and for all of eternity. There is only one way that you can do that. God made the way. He is not asking you to make your own way. He sent His Son the Lord Jesus Christ to suffer, to bleed, to die, to bear your sins, to pay your penalty on the cross at Calvary. He died and was buried, but three days later, He conquered death and sin. Jesus Christ the Lord rose from the dead. He is alive today. He is seated at the right hand of His Father in heaven. He is listening just now to hear your call. He is waiting to hear you come and tell Him that you believe that He died for your sins and that He arose from the dead. He is waiting for you to ask Him to forgive you of your sins, to save your soul, and to become your Lord for all eternity.

That is the most important thing you will ever do. What you do with the God that loves you determines what the God that loves you will do with you. Will He let you into heaven, or will He cast you into hell? The only way to heaven is through faith in Jesus Christ.

Back To California and Back to Jail

Coming back to my hometown in California felt good to me at first. But leaving the way I did with things unfinished and many loose ends, I knew I would be going back to jail. It was just a matter of time. I had old friends I wanted to see, but when I did it was like I never left, nothing had changed, they were all doing the same things. There was nothing new, some of the players were new but the games were all the same. I was not sure if I wanted this, to be a part of it, but my past would catch up with me and I would be thrown back in the middle of it all. I knew it would take a strong person to get out, but I knew I was not that person. I would need help.

I was back about a week and went with one of my old friends to see some people in Vallejo, another bay area city. These were also old friends that always seemed to have a small party going on. We were not there very long when I heard a knock at the door and all of a sudden there were cops everywhere with guns drawn and they were telling everyone to get to the back of the house, except for me and the friend I had come with. They put me on my knees in front of an overstuffed chair and one of the plain clothed policemen sat in front of me. He put his gun to my head and started talking about trying to shoot a policeman and how they all felt about it and what he as another policeman should do. He asked me some questions that I really did not have the answers for. He thought I was being tough about it because I would not say anything. He said he should just shoot me and leave. These other cops will not say anything, he told me, as he cocked his pistole and a bullet ejected and dropped to the floor, then he put the gun to my forehead. I just closed my eyes and waited. The silence was deafening, Every sound was magnified. When he squeezed the trigger I heard the click- it had to be the loudest noise I had ever heard. That was it, I opened my eyes and looked at this man and he started laughing and then they all were laughing at me. He opened his hand to show me the clip with the bullets. He quickly put the clip back in the gun and then put the gun to my head again. He said “ stand up.” I did but I was slow getting up. He backed me up to the overstuffed chair and told me to sit, still holding the gun to my forehead.

After I was sitting for a time with him just staring at me, he just quietly let the hammer down and

smiled at me. He put the gun in his shoulder holster, opened the door, and they all just left. laughing, they all got into their cars and left just as quickly as they had come.

I had a warrant for my arrest. I had jumped bail, committed interstate flight to avoid prosecution, or something like that, they had me and just left laughing. I remember thinking “what is really going on?” My running would be over soon but things were happening that I could not understand and I still don't understand a lot of it.

My Arrest

August in the Napa Valley is a beautiful time of year. The nights are warm and you can see life everywhere. The Napa Town and Country Fair is a fun time for all and was happening the first week of august. I thought I would just go and get it over with. The city had built a new court house and on top of this was a new jail. I told my friends that I was with that I wanted to see what it was like. I was tired of running and was ready to go, but wanted to have some fun first. So we went to the county fair. Things were happening everywhere. There was a rock concert in a outside theater, a rodeo in the arena, and an automobile destruction derby later that night. Things were going on all around me. I was not running and hiding and looking over my shoulder. I just didn't care anymore, I was finished running and thought I would get those years of my life back. You never get time back. When it's gone it's gone. I was to loose still more years and a life I can never get back.

I remember walking in to the midway where all the rides were. I saw an old girlfriend and asked if she wanted to ride the scrambler with me. It was a fun ride that went around and around like an egg beater. I didn't notice but there was a lot of cops in this area and they had seen and recognized me. They called in a warrant check and were ready when I got off the ride, but I had not even noticed them. When I was coming through the exit gate from the ride, there they were.

I looked up and in front of me were about ten of Napa's finest staring at me. Ten men in blue all looking happy to see me. They all seemed to have the same smile, kind of like the cat in Alice in Wonderland. One smile that they all seemed to be wearing. After about four years of running, I was ready and just went peacefully. It would be good to get things over with and get on with another new life, whatever it would be.

The jail was nice as jails go but still it was jail. Things were clean with carpets on the floors in the halls and the dining hall. I had a private cell in an eight man tank. We had a TV a shower and two medal tables. There were trusties who would bring a cart with juice and coffee by the cell. If it was not a cross-bar hotel it could have been nice.

After spending the weekend in jail, on Monday morning I was taken down stairs to a new court room, but with the same old judge. He also seemed kind of happy to see me, and said that he knew that I would be around, for some time anyway. On my outstanding charges, and that I was a flight risk, he said bail would be denied. And asked how I would plea. I just said guilty. He sentenced me to one year in the county jail with three years probation. And said “one more time would mean the state prison.”

God will be my judge!

God judges sin, but God saves and delivers the righteous. You and I are not righteous. Jesus Christ is righteous. We must come to Him. We must receive Him. We must believe in Him and trust Him for our soul's salvation.

My friend, you have been reading that I am a sinner, but we all are sinners, and will one day be facing the judgment of a just God. Would you stop running and come to this just God and be honest with Him? He already knows you are a sinner but He is waiting for you to repent of your sins. If you will cast your soul at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, calling upon Him to save you, to forgive you,

He will give you His righteousness, the free gift of eternal life, a full and free pardon from sin.

The Byrd and Undeserved Punishment

I have many stories about my friend Byrd. I think we have been friends since we were about eight years old. We were both short, and we were cool, or so we thought. Byrd would, at a later time, get into a shootout with the police, get shot by a SWAT (special weapons and tactics) team, lose the use of his legs, and then spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair. Then in later years take his own life.

Byrd and I had been out smoking pot and drinking whiskey for a couple of days and we had just drove back into town and stopped at a gas station for gas. As we were leaving the gas station, a young man on a bicycle drove out in front of us, got knocked off his bike and his bike which was run over by our car. We both got out to see how bad he was hurt. He was in need of a doctor, so we decided to put him in the car and drive him to a hospital. My door was open, so we put him in the front passenger seat. I went to the front of the car to see if I could get the bike out from under it, but I could not. So, not thinking, I said get in, and I will see if I could get the car off the bike. As I was trying to back the car off the bike, a police car drove up behind me and told me to get out and put my hands on top of the car. I told them we had an injured man in the car and needed to get him to the hospital. The officer asked if I had been drinking, and I said yes, but I did not drive the car over the bike. Then he asked who had done it, the injured man in the front seat, or the man in the back seat. I began to see the problem I had gotten myself into. I just put my hands out so he could put the hand cuffs on. I was arrested for felony drunk driving.

After spending the night in jail, I appeared in court to face the charges. The judge asked me how I would plead to these charges. I said not guilty, and that I wanted an attorney. He said the police report said that I said, I was not driving the car that I was found driving, and he said, that I must have been really drunk. I went back to the holding cell to wait for the others to go and come back. I was really mad at the Byrd and was saying in the holding cell that he was driving and I should not even be here. This I didn't say in court, but only to the guys in the holding cell. One of the guys was a kid we called, Youngster, a kid whose car we were using at the time, and that I was supposedly driving. He was there appearing on charges of his own. When the Youngster got back to the Byrd

the story from the holding cell, when told by the Youngster, took place in the court room and Garrol Danner was a rat, and put the whole thing on the Byrd. Being labeled as a rat, in my world was the worst thing that could happen. Word spread fast, and people like to talk, so after that I was tagged with what we called on the streets, a rat jacket.

The Byrd, the Youngster and another friend, came and found me one day in a park. They were being too nice and happy to see me, so I knew what time it was (a street expression for what was going on). When they said, come on lets take a ride and drink a beer, I knew what to expect and said sure. I did not want to look weak too. We stopped on a country road and they said, lets get out and talk. I was thinking what should I say, I knew what people were saying, and decided on the simple truth. I asked Byrd how many times he had been to jail and court in this town. He said more than he wanted to count. So I asked, how many men does the jailer take out at one time. He said, one. I said, how could the Youngster hear what was said in the court room if he was not even there. The Byrd and his friend looked at me with visible anger, and it was hard to tell what they were thinking. Then they turned on the Youngster and gave him a serious beating. When I look back I wonder what they were really angry about. Was it at the Youngster for lying about what had happened, or at themselves for appearing so dumb.

Latter that day as we were drinking more beer and driving around on more country roads, we had an accident, we hit an oak tree, and the car was totaled. I woke up in a hospital with among other things another head injury. When I did go to court I was walking, rather slowly, with a cane. There was nothing I could do but plead guilty and take the punishment. I was sent to jail for one year and given three years probation.

When I look back at this time in my life and think of the punishment I took for someone that did not appreciate it, did not go back and tell anybody, it was a lie, told by the Youngster, or what kind of person I really was for taking the punishment that was not even mine. I can kind of relate to what our savior, Jesus Christ went through for us. He did no wrong, He was crucified for sins not committed by Himself, but buy all of us, who don't appreciate what He did. Unlike in my story we need to say, thank you Jesus, you are truly wonderful for taking my punishment, and make it

personal. He gave His life for our sins, yours and mine, no matter what they are or how bad we think they are. He took our punishment to the cross and we are forgiven.

Meeting Christ in a Jail Cell

This came in my time at Napa County Jail. There were many churches doing jail ministry and many testimony books going around. One book was called “Where Flies Don't Land. The Jerry Graham story.” This book, written by an ex-inmate like myself, told of another man's struggles with life and what all this means. I will meet Jerry Graham at a mission board meeting at a later time and will be ordained into the ministry by the same mission organization, Land and Sea Missions of God. His book really helped, and it planted a seed in my heart.

One group coming into the jail every week was a group from Calvary Chapel headed by two men, Gary Weatherly and Jim Orr. One of the jailers came by asking if anyone would like to come out to a church group, and I thought it would be good to be out of my cell for a while. I remember not wanting these two guys to get the wrong idea about me, so I told them “I don't want any of this Jesus crap.” I just came out to sit next to a girl and if that's OK I will stay. Gary told me if I could behave myself it would be OK. I sat next to a girl I had been kiting (jail talk for sending notes from cell to cell, kind of like a postal system). They played guitars, and sang some songs, the songs were happy and made you kind of feel better, even if you were in jail. They taught from the Bible and made it seem interesting and when I went back to my cell I started checking out some of the things they talked about and read them for myself. The next week I had to go back and hear more. The Jesus in this book only wanted to make things right for people and do good things. Then there were those who misunderstood who He was, and tried to find fault in every thing He did. I could identify with this man. Not that I was good, but I felt misunderstood and all that was ever seen about my life was the wrong things that people had said I had done.

I talked to Gary and Jim, and asked how I could know this was real and true, not just real and true for them, but real and true for me. They told me to talk to God and ask Him to show me the truth. I looked at these two guys and said, “right, talk to God and ask Him. I can't even see Him and I'm supposed to ask Him questions and expect Him to answer?” They told me about praying to God and asking Him to show me something that would show me that He was real. I asked them what that should be. They said. That would be between me and God. So I went back to my cell, really thinking

about what I could ask God to show me to prove Himself to me.

I always thought there was a God, not that He was ever for people like me, but that He was for those other people, you know, good people, christian people, not people like me. I could not be good enough, the way I look, the way I think, the way I feel. If God really got to know me, He would not like me. I new that as a person I was defective.

After a lot of thought and not knowing what I was doing I prayed,

“God I don't know you, but I want to. I'm tired of being hurt, and feeling my hurt can justify hurting others. If you are real could you please get me out of here. I don't know what I will do, but I will try to change. I will try to do things different.”

Well, due to crowded conditions in the jail, they had to let some people go on what was called sheriffs parole. This is an agreement with you and the jail system, that if they let you go before your time is up, you promise not to get into anymore trouble for the next year. And you would have to have a responsible person that they could contact, and that this person would know of your whereabouts at all times. My grandmother lived just down the street from the jail, and she said it would be OK. My name was not on the list to go this time, but somehow it moved up the list and I just made it. I got out.

When I got to my grandmothers house and told her about meeting with these two men and what had happened, and how I was not on the list to get out but somehow it just happened, and that I prayed and asked God to prove Himself to me, she asked if I needed more proof.? I said. “ I don't know, she said, you asked, He will keep showing Himself to you. And He has. I went to church with her and in two weeks I was baptized. That first year was great. I just kept meeting and making good christian friends. One was a girl named Lucy Williams, I was not looking for a girlfriend just a friend and Lucy was always that.

Lucy introduced me to the Calvary Chapel singles pastor Lee Shaw who was a really big help to me in my early walk with the Lord and I will always be grateful to him for the truths he taught and the help he was to me. I moved into a christian mens home, my first two roommates were Dan and Gary. Life was mostly work and fun, we always had something going on. I had no time for the world

and my old life.

Gary Weatherly from the jail ministry, who is the pastor of Santa Rosa Calvary Chapel church, was visiting and speaking one Wednesday night at the Napa church, and he saw me and asked what I was doing there. That he thought I said I didn't want any of this Jesus crap. All I could say is some of it got in, and that I prayed like he told me, and got out before we could meet again. And that God was showing Himself to me in more ways than I thought possible. I think it is great that two men like Gary Weatherly and Jim Orr who were faithful in ministry, could see some of the fruit of their ministry and the change that can be made in a life because of what Jesus did and their faithfulness in sharing that with others.

If you call upon the name of the Lord He will save you and forgive your sins, and having forgiven them, He will forget them. He will remember them no more. It says He will drop them into a sea of forgetfulness. He will cast them as far as the east is from the west, and that is an infinite line that goes on and on forever. He says that having made you His child, He will never forget you. Forget your sins? Yes. Forget you? No. He never will.

When a person is born again, by trusting the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, the Bible says that at that moment the Son of God actually comes to live within the believer. One need not understand this, but God asks us to believe it.

My friend, will you come to God just now and tell Him of your need to have your sins forgiven? If you will do that, God will hear and answer that prayer. He will wash your sins away in the blood of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ. He will give you everlasting life. Then you may begin to walk with Him, talk with Him, fellowship with Him, know Him, love Him and worship Him.

My Walk Back In The World

A Dog Returns To His Own Vomit

In the New Testament book, 2 Peter 2:22, it speaks of a true proverb, a dog returns to its own vomit. This is what happened with me. Don't ask me why, the reasons I would give would only be excuses. I thought I could do both, one foot in the church and one foot in the world. The world won and it all came crashing down.

When I was last a part of my old world things were good, I had control of things, or so it seemed to me. But when I went back, I was not the man with the bag. It was in someone else's pocket and I would be the one being used. I became what we call on the streets a bag whore. I just wanted one more bag of dope, and I would do almost anything to get it. There is a saying, "What goes around comes around", I used to always say this to people I was dealing with. It would mean you can expect what you get, or your past has a way of catching up with you. I never thought I would be saying it to myself.

I started messing up real bad at the mens home and they had to ask me to leave. It was a sad thing that this drug had gotten control of me again. I lost everything I had, my bank account was empty, the money was all gone. All I had was my truck and no way to make the payments, so it would be gone too, it was just a matter of time. I went to homeless shelters and soup kitchens, when I was not high. But I kept running into all these Christian friends I had made and they were always wanting to help. Call it pride or what ever you want, but I just could not do it to them again. I let people down and did not want to face them.

After being in and out of jail more times, Gary my old friend and roommate from the Christian mens home gave me a place to stay, but I messed up there too, and got another court case for second degree burglary.

In the past I had been sentenced to the county jail many times, but never for more than a year. I had been sent to the California Medical Facility at Vaccavill State Prison for ninety days observation. Then sent back to the county jail for a court hearing and then some months in jail. The judge would always say "the next time it will be the state prison." This time would be that time.

I had been going to a church called Morning Star where Lee Shaw from the old Calvary singles group was Pastor. He and a friend Jim Cannon offered to go with me to my sentencing hearing and I said OK. My mom was there too, although I had never wanted her there before, this time I thought it would be alright. The superior court judge said he could do nothing else and sentenced me to two years in the state prison. As I was leaving the court room and saw my mother, with tears in her eyes, I turned back to the judge and said “ this will be the last time.” He said, “I can only hope so.” I asked Lee and Jim, to take care of my mother and was taken into custody to start my two year sentence.

I could not be trusted but there is one you can trust!

God is not asking you to trust a man, a religious leader, a preacher or a teacher. All of these we know to be just as weak as we are. No, God is asking you to trust Him. He cannot lie. He does what He says He will do. Not only is God asking you to trust someone who is worthy of trust but He is really asking you to do the easiest, of all things.

What does the world have to offer you? Some of you will never become Christians. You have rejected Jesus Christ. You have turned Him away because you don't want to give up some little thing, some little habit, some little pleasure, or some little activity.

You are wrong, and have been deceived. God gives fullness of blessing, fullness of pleasure, fullness of joy, fullness of happiness, and fullness of satisfaction. No amount of things, activities, or pleasures in this world will ever give you such fulfillment. Things can never satisfy. God wants to bless you, and you need only trust Him.

Lets look at a promise made to those who trust in God, from the King James Bible.

Revelation 21:4, *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, no crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.*

You can trust God to care for you. You can trust God to love you, to guard you, to protect you, to bless you. You can trust Him fully.

All these blessings will result from your doing the least thing, the simplest thing, the only thing

God has asked you to do – trust Him. The (NIV) Bible says in Acts 16:31, *Believe in the Lord Jesus and you will be saved.* And John 3:16 says, *Whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.* And then Romans 10:9 says, *That if you confess with your mouth, “Jesus is Lord,” and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved.*

We are all sinners and need to be saved. God says in His word that if you will come to Him and repent of your sins and ask Him to save you, that He will save you.

Do you believe Him? Will you trust Him? He alone is worthy of your confidence and trust.

State Prison

After spending some months in the county jail going to court, then being released on my own reconnaissance. I was sent to Tracy state prison for testing and processing. Tracy was the processing center for Northern California at the time. I don't know if it's the same now, it could be. California has many inmates and many new prisons, some are even private, it is contracted out and like any big business it makes money, creates jobs and pays the bills. They don't try to rehabilitate you, and they expect you to come back. I'm just saying this as someone who spent time looking at things and this is what I saw.

The testing consisted of aptitude tests, like can you see things in one order then put them back in that same order, things like that. I took more tests than I can remember. Then from these tests and your past record they put together points that will tell them what level prison you are suited for. They then ask you to choose two prisons that you would like to do your time in. I did not believe it. It was almost like choosing a college (the school of hard knocks). My choice was Vaccaville or San Quintan, my reason being they were close to my home, family and friends. Then they told me that these prisons did not have high enough security for a prisoner of my level. I remember thinking what is that about?

After more than two months in Tracy, early one morning the guards opened my door and said, inmate "EO5385 roll em up your being moved." I asked "to where" he said "I would be told when I get on the buss" (he called it the blue goose). This was a big blue bus with bars on the windows and "California Department of Corrections" painted on the sides. They put chains on our ankles and wrists,. They called our numbers and names and we were told to get on the bus and to take the next available seat. I got a seat by the window and was thinking this would be OK, until the guy that took the seat next to me was the biggest HELLS ANGEL I had ever seen and I was pressed right up against the window. I new he was a HELLS ANGEL because he had taken off his shirt and he had his patch tattooed to his back. Then a guard came and chained us together, my left arm to his right arm, every time he had an itch I knew it. I thought, this was not going to be a pleasant ride.

The guards looked like army special forces, they wore green and had high powered rifles. A

guard with a clip board, said we were going to a new prison in Corcoran California. Someone asked where it was, and he said, just keep watching out the window, you may need to find your way back.

Corcoran State prison is in the desert in central California, between Bakersfield and Barstow. This prison I was told was the biggest in the U.S. It covers five square miles in the middle of nowhere, it's flat and you can see all the way to the end of nowhere. Old prisons in California were built with one straight building with wings coming off them with usually three open tiers with cells on either side of what is called a freeway up the middle. Most of the office work is done by the inmates, so they kind of have a hand in running things. But not this new security prison, the work was done by the guards and staff. The prison is in the middle, and anywhere outside for five miles in any direction is called no mans land, you would not want to be caught taking a walk out there. Each yard has four or five buildings in what they call a quad facing one central building, where they have the mess hall, the gym, some offices and the prison chapel. This chapel would be the place where I would spend most of my free time, doing bible studies and witnessing to the other men who were seeking answers to life's many questions.

Corcoran is a prison where they keep famous bad boys like Charles Manson and the like. I met murders, high level bank robbers, gang leaders, and some big time drug dealers, some pretty serious guys. They could not figure out why a guy like me would be doing his time in such a place.

By the time I got there I had nine months left to serve of my sentence. I felt lonely and defeated. I knew no one in this place. I felt hopeless. But it was only for nine months. I could do nine months standing on my head.

Hope

There is no hope of you doing anything to save yourself. God sent His Son Jesus to be that hope. If you will put your faith, trust and hope in His blood as the price to pay for your sins, God will justify you because of your belief in the finished blood sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Any other hope, any other belief, will land your soul in hell. The only way you can ever be righteous before God is through the blood of Jesus Christ +. Plus absolutely nothing. Thats it!

Some of you reading this might be Christians, and you might say, "I keep the law." If you say this

it would be obvious that you don't even know the law. Try keeping it and you will miss the mark. You might say, "I keep the commandments." Don't you mean the few you find convenient? Try making it to heaven by keeping the commandments and again you will come up short. From the so called greatest to the least we all fall short of the Glory of God. Don't get trapped into thinking the way I did for so many years, that I could never be good enough so why even try. It's OK you can't be good enough and you don't have to. Jesus has done it all for you because you won't be righteous enough on your own.

Absolute righteousness is the only righteousness that is acceptable for salvation. It is only found in the person of Jesus Christ the Lord. If you can honestly say that all your faith, hope, trust and confidence is in the finished blood atonement of Jesus Christ, by God's grace you can be justified.

If you cannot honestly say that you are a child of God, if you have any doubt, if you are not sure about it, or if something in you wants to argue about it, know this, if you do not humble yourself and trust Jesus as Lord you will bust hell wide open. There is no other hope.

Time in Corcoran State Prison

My time in Corcoran went well as far as time in prison goes. I always seemed to make friends easy, but in this place I was sure it would be different. I was living among men that felt bitterness and anger towards a society that they felt had wronged them. I'm sure that not all of them would say they felt this way but from listening to some of them and from watching, the anger was obvious.

In prison you don't want to seem to be too different from the others, although I did not want to be like a lot of these guys. But, if you are willing to look a little below the surface you will find that we all share a lot of the same hurts and pain. I think it is pretty common to look at things that happen and say, "this is not normal" or "who did this to me." We never want to accept the bad outcome as a personal choice.

Because of problems I was having with my right leg a doctor put in an order for me to have a cane so walking would be easier. And I have to say it was a big help although having it felt more like security. Because I would always lean on my cane some of the men said I looked like a motorcycle leaning on it's kickstand, so I got the name Kickstand.

I met many interesting men in this prison. Typically you will always come across gangs and gang leaders. I came to know a Mexican who was said to be a shot caller, this was the guy who would know when the north and south Mexican factions were going to go to war on the prison yard. If he said, "Hay, Kicker go lock up." I would not ask questions I would just go to my cell. These men would really hurt each other fighting in a war that originally started over a pair of state issue shoes that one man took from another man and this war has been going on for more than fifty years.

The chapel there at Corcoran allowed access to outside ministries that have a heart for prisoners. These people will give their time for those of us doing time. This takes a special kind of person who is really committed to what they do. They can love the unlovely and the shamed, that whether they know it or not were just running from life until they got stopped. For me the only time I would think about how my life was going was when I was locked up and I had to stop running.

Towards the end of my time at Corcoran the prison chaplain said that an out side ministry was coming and that one among them had the gift of prophesy. This is a person that God lets see future

events or the way things will happen. I remember my cell mate and I talking about what a prophet could say about the men in this place. That we were on our way to hell would be a good bet.

The Sunday came and we went to the chapel to sing and listen to the preaching. I remember not even thinking about this man or what he might say about the men here. At the end of the preaching this man started talking about a prophetic gift and the function of this gifting. I was thinking, here it comes we are all going to hear what we already know about the wages of our sin. But he started to apologize for not having a lot of prophecies for all of us. He said he only had one and it was almost as a word of knowledge and that it was for me as he put his hand on my shoulder. He said that I would take the gospel into another part of the world. I looked at him and smiled and said, look around all you can see is razor wire and gun towers. I'm not going anywhere for now, although in October if everything works out I will be sent to my county of commitment on parole for three years and I can't even leave the state of California without permission. I don't think this is for me.

The Presence of God and What He Knows

When a person is born again, by trusting the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal savior, the bible says that at that moment the Son of God actually comes to live within the new Christian. We don't need to understand this, but God does ask us to believe it.

Proverbs 15:3 The eyes of the Lord are everywhere, keeping watch on the wicked and the good.

All those times you thought nobody saw you, someone did. All those sins you thought you got away with. Someone observed them all. All those deeds you committed in some secret spot were in plain view of the Lord, you could be no place in this entire universe where the eyes of God could not see. God could see every deed, know every thought, and hear every word. There is no sense in trying to run from God. There is no sense in trying to hide yourself, your thoughts or your deeds from God. It can't be done.

Psalms 147:4 He determines the number of stars and calls them each by name.

I have two friends in California, Jan and Theresa. They retired from their jobs working for some school district in California and bought a mountain top on the coast by the sea. They have no close neighbors and I would go there sometimes to get away. One night my wife and I and three friends,

Tom, Debra and Barbra were out laying under a blanket of stars so vast and seemed so close that you could reach out and touch them. Just one continuous blanket of glittering white that I could never count in a life time. I was reminded that no matter where we go to get away we could never get beyond God. God not only knows how many stars there are, but He also has a name for each and every one of them and knows that name. If God cares enough to count and name the stars, how much more does He know, love and understand us.

God's knowledge not only extends to the ends of the universe, but also to the smallest details. He goes on to say in, ***Psalm 147:5, Great is our Lord and mighty in power, His understanding has no limit.***

In Mathew 10:29, Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground apart from the will of your Father.

On a mountain top in the forest, or in a big city in any corner of this world, there is not one sparrow that falls to the ground without God knowing it. When I was a kid my brother Steve asked me this question. "If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one there to hear it, does it make a sound" ? Steve now I know the answer to that question. There is someone there to hear it. The God who made the forest, the trees, and the sound waves is there.

The Bible goes on to say in, ***Mathew 10:30 and 31, And even the vary hairs of your head are all numbered. So don't be afraid you are worth more than many sparrows.*** God not only knows how many people there are in the world, He knows where we are, He knows what we are doing, thinking and saying, He knows the motive behind our actions, and He has counted the hairs on every head.

It says in, ***Proverbs 5:21, For a man's ways are in full view of the Lord, and He examines all his paths.*** God sees what you are doing, and He is paying attention to it. ***Psalm 139:2 You know when I sit and when I rise, you perceive my thoughts from afar.*** I don't know if you are sitting or standing, but God does. God even knows your thoughts. How could you possibly think that you are going to get by a God like that on judgment day? Do you think that a God who knows your every

thought, a God who knows whether you are standing up or sitting down, would fail to notice your sinning.

OK, your a sinner. I'm a sinner. All men have sinned and fall short of the glory of God. God knows the sins that you have committed in your thinking, and in your acting. He knows the sins that you have committed everyday of your life. He saw them all. Yet the Bible says in, ***Hebrews 8:12, For I will forgive their wickedness and remember their sins no more.*** God can forget what He chooses to forget and remember what He chooses to remember.

When will God forget your sins? When you have come to him confessing that you are a sinner. When you are sorry and repent, trusting in the blood atonement of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ as the sacrificial payment for your sins. The Bible says in, ***Romans 10:9-10, That if you confess with your mouth "Jesus is Lord," and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved.***

As far as the prophesy that was spoken, I didn't give much thought to me taking the gospel into another part of the world. But this prophesy would come back to my memory on a mountain top in Sweden a few years later. I'll talk about the mountain top when I get to Sweden, but first I need to get out of prison.

Getting out of Prison

My time at Corcoran was up in October. Steve and Mary two long time friends from Morningstar church had driven all the way from my home town to pick me up. When they met me at the gate they handed me a bag with street clothes to change into. It felt good to get out of my prison blues and put on other clothes. I would feel out of place and suspicious of people for some time. I would always think that some people could be the cause of me going back to prison. I remember so much anger going through me. That some people do not care what happens to you as long as they get theirs. I hope you get my meaning to this, some people only care about themselves and give no thought to others. This would always go through my mind even with people I didn't know and were not even thinking about me. Here I call it suspicion but it's just one more kind of paranoia that comes with my old life style.

As I was leaving C-yard to be released, the guard and I walked by the chapel and I was able to say my goodbyes to some friends. As I was walking away one man in the bunch asked, "hay Kicker what are you going to do with Jesus"? I looked back and said, "I'm taking Him to the streets". We all knew that the call from the streets could affect us all and the change we were trying to make in our lives but I meant this in a different way.

When a person gets out of prison he is entitled to what is called gate money. Two hundred dollars, that most men see as a bag a babe and a motel room. But this two hundred dollars stayed in my pocket for a couple of weeks. I met my parole officer Larry, an OK kind of guy, but he said my time on parole would be as hard as my prison time. I needed to find a job and stay away from drugs. He could make me do a drug test any time he wanted to, which was usually once a week. I looked for a job but was having no luck at all.

One day I was riding with my brother in his pickup truck and asked him to stop at a Montgomery Wards department store, I wanted to buy a bicycle. I used one hundred dollars of my gate money on the bike and I had one hundred dollars left. When I put the bike in the truck my brother said now what? I told him to drive me to a janitorial supply store I wanted to spend the last hundred on window cleaning equipment. I started a window cleaning business on a bicycle. I went to the down

town mall and and talked with all the businesses about cleaning their windows on a weekly bases for a very low price, if I could get many stores, I could make it worth it to me. Danner's Window Cleaning Service was born. I had a job that would keep my parole officer off my back and me out of trouble.

After a few months of this I bought a hatch back car. Then I could branch out into more shopping centers and got more window jobs. Business was going good.

I started attending a church called Open Door. The first time I went I was with an old high school friend, Tom Hill and his wife Kathy. We were a little late and the church service was already started with an old friend prison chaplain Burt Russell speaking about churches reaching out to prisoners. I came in at this time and Bert looked at me coming through the door and said I guess you are reaching out, here comes one now. This kind of got a laugh from the church, but was not planned. One of the ladies from this church Debra Wimple wrote to me in prison and sent me what we in prison called care packages. Every three months we could receive packages that would have socks, coffee, candy, soap, shampoo, things that we could'nt get so much of in prison. It sure felt good having these packages from the streets. I shared mine with a couple of men who had no one on the streets to write to, or to visit them. Chaplain Burt was right, there are a lot of prisoners that are just forgotten. Men like me, men who hurt their friends and families, their wife or children in some way. Men who get themselves into prison situations need more than just time in a cell. In a lot cases it will take a lot of time and attention to keep them straight. Old habits die hard, and old friends are hard to keep away and in my case it was a constant effort.

My friend Debra from this church told me that someone wanted to sponsor me to the Northern California Christian Singles Conference at Mt. Gilead. I thought this could be good for me. I just had to put a lot of things behind me and go for it. I did not always feel so much like I fit in, but I knew I had to try.

It was great, there were Christian single people from all over California. One of the guest speakers was a man named John Dawson. He was raised in a YWAM missionary family and has written many books, one that I had read was called, "Taking Your Cities for God". I thought this

guy would be interesting to listen to and he sure was. We had a time of worship, and this man had a way of getting people involved and talking. He asked me if I could talk about what it was like to be a Christian in prison. I remember thinking, how would these young people react to a man who has only been out of prison for a few weeks and was still kind of rough around the edges. I was surprised that they were so interested in what I could tell them about becoming a Christian in a jail setting then ending up in prison. I didn't feel that they looked down on me, like I thought they would. The shame and guilt were overlooked and I felt like a new person. The bad was behind me and I was only looked at for the good that God had done in my life and the changes He has made. God is great.

At Open Door Church I also met my future wife Annika. She was from Sweden and was staying with family in California. Annika had met some friends, Kurt and Karen, who had invited her to church. She was always so happy and alive and fun to be around. We both traveled around town on bikes and would meet at Napa Valley Coffee Roasting Company for coffee. We started going to a bible study together at my friends Steve and Mary's house, the people that picked me up when I got out of prison. She decided that she would stay in California for a while and eventually rented a room from my other friends Tom and Kathy Hill. We were spending most of our free time together and one day outside the old Napa Post office on a bench I asked her if she would marry me. She said yes. We went to Sweden, and I met her family.

I had talked to Annika about not wanting to get married if I was still on parole and that this would be like a sign from God. The State Parole Board, was giving early parole releases to parolees that would do one straight year with no violations. I talked to my parole officer about this and he said the Parole Board hasn't given out an early release in Napa county in more than ten years. I said I would pray about it, and Larry said, "go ahead it would take God to pull it off." So I did pray and one year to the day of my prison release my prison number, EO5385 had been discharged there will never be an inmate with that number again.

Then we were married in a small Open Door Church in Sonoma California by Pastor Alan Brazell, who spoke about watching us fall in love as we attended his church in Napa Valley.

My window business was doing alright for a couple of years but after our son Jeremy was born

we needed medical insurance that I could not afford with my small business, so I decided I would get a real job with regular working hours. I prayed a lot about where I could get a suitable job that offered medical insurance. St. Helena Hospital seemed to me like a good place to start and what better place for medical insurance than a hospital. I saw job listings in the news paper for the house keeping department at this hospital with a number to call. I called the number and talked with the lady that was the head of the house keeping department. She asked about my work history and my past. I thought, oh no here it goes, when I tell her of my past, she won't want some old convict working around her hospital. But I knew I had to tell her the truth. I told her about my window cleaning business and that I had been in and out of jail most of my life but that God had made a change in me. I just knew this would not get a good reaction but I had to be honest with her after all I was a changed man. What a surprise I got. She told me that her husband had been doing a prison ministry with their church for many years, and that she would not be opposed to giving me a chance. I just had to come to the hospital human resources department and apply for the job and see what they say. I remember praying all the way to the hospital about what I would say at the interview. I wrote an application and was asked to wait for a personal interview. A lady came and asked me to come to her office for some questions. She looked at me and asked. Why she should hire me for this job. This kind of caught me off guard, so I just said, I had prayed about it and I felt that God wanted me to have this job. She just looked a little surprised, and said, in all her years she had never had anyone give that reason. She also said, I can't argue with God you got the job. It was that easy, God had already worked it out.

2 Corinthians 5:17 “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new.

The experience of salvation actually means that in your life things are really changed, you will no longer look at things in the same way you used to, your desires are new, old things will lose their power. One test of this experience will be, has God changed the things that matter? If you still long for the old life, it will seem silly to think about being born from above, don't juggle in your mind. If your truly born again, the Spirit of God will make the change apparent in your actual life and

reasoning, and when a crisis comes you will be the most amazed person on earth at the difference there is in you. There will be no possibility of imagining that you did it. It is this complete and amazing change that is the evidence that you are a saved soul.

I was happily washing windows one day in down town Napa, when I turned to see an old friend standing behind me watching me work. I smiled and asked, "Susan what are you doing"? She just stared at me for a little longer then said, " I want what you have." "I said I don't have anything I stopped using." Then she said, "I don't mean that, I mean there is something about you. What is it you, seem so different". I was able to set and talk to her about why I am different and what a difference Jesus can make in your life.

I came to realize the importance we Christians have in this world that we live in. The only Jesus some people will see is the Jesus they see in you. What an honor!

Moving My family to Sweden and Visit with YWAM

After working at the hospital for a few years and the birth of my daughter Hannah, my wife Annika seemed not to be doing so well. We lived in hospital housing, and she was away from the city and friends, but I thought it could be more. Sometimes a lady will experience something called postpartum depression after the birth of a baby. I thought this could be the problem or she might need her family and friends in Sweden. So I started to pray and seek the Lord about what I should do.

We had visited Sweden one time, and on this visit her family asked what I would like to do or see in Sweden? I told them that the churches here are so big and beautiful, and that I would like to look at some of them from the inside. So we spent one Saturday visiting some beautiful churches in the city of Gothenberg. Then on Sunday we attended one for a service that was beautiful to watch with young girls from different cities wearing folk dresses from their areas. With colors and patterns that would tell what part of Sweden they were from. One thing that I noticed about this big beautiful church was that it was so big, and could sit so many people, but only a few rows in front were being used. This really spoke to me about this Christian nation that I was visiting. I felt that something needed to be done to help fill these pews.

After a lot of prayer I told my wife that I thought the Lord was saying that we should move to Sweden, and that I would be willing to give it a try. So we started to get ready for the move. I didn't give it a lot of thought. I just wanted to do what I felt God wanted us to do. Now I know changing countries is a big step and should not be taken lightly. You need to let God lead.

When we arrived in January of 1996, it was said that this and the one before were the coldest winters in 100 years. Being from sunny California the winters here are very hard for me. I don't think I will ever get used to it. We stayed at Annika's fathers house for a short time then we rented an apartment and started finding furniture and other things for our new home in Sweden. Then I would have to start a Swedish language course. This I thought would be a breeze but boy was I in for a surprise. Learning a new language for me was very difficult and I still have a hard time with the Swedish words and their order. Although it is easy to be American in Sweden. Most people speak

English and are attracted to my brand. On the streets people will stop to talk just because I speak American English.

After we were here in Sweden for a time I was reading through some mail and came across a letter from Youth With A Mission, Sweden. This news letter was mailed to Annika in English and this was, and even to this day, is the only time that we have ever received a YWAM Restenas news letter in my language. The news letter spoke about needing some practical work done, like painting and remodeling part of their eating hall. They were asking for volunteers to help with the work. After being in Sweden about seven months I really needed a break. So I gave them a call to say that I would like to volunteer. We went to spend the weekend in the country by the sea and to help with the work. It felt good to be doing something useful and to learn more about YWAM and Restenas.

The origin of the name Restenas is the word “rist” which means mountain ridge. The mountain that the name applies to is located at Restenas where it can be clearly seen. Restenas is located in the Bohuslan area of Sweden. In the old times Bohuslan was called “Viken”, the home of the notorious vikings of the northern countries.

From 1916 until around 1930 Restenas was a home for orphans and the children of very poor parents. It was managed by a pastor and his wife. And in 1923 the “Association for Christian People's High School at Restenas” was formed. In 1944 it became Restenas boarding school and remained a school until the 1980's when it stopped being a boarding school and YWAM first hired some of the facilities and then bought the area.

From the town of Ljungskile we turned onto a mountain road that took us to Restensa. , suddenly as we came through the trees, there it was, YWAM Restenas a large piece of property with maybe ten buildings, but four that were visible as we came through what seemed to be like a notch cut in the middle of a forest with a beautiful view of the missions base.

The eating hall is named Ekhagen and was built around 1850. In 1916 this building functioned as both living quarters for a pastor and his family and as an orphanage. Around 1923 another floor was added to the building to provide living quarters for the girls at the People's High School.

In 1946 a rebuilding of Ekhagen was started. The plan was to use the ground floor as a dining

hall and kitchen and the other floor as rooms for students. At that time building materials of any kind were hard to find and the builders tried to find the cheapest alternatives. Some time during the 1950's the hall was finished and panels and hooks were put up in the back entrance room. In some way nails from Nazi Germany had been provided, which could be seen by the fact that there was a swastika on the head of each nail. I went together with the maintenance man Par, to look at the work that needed to be done. We went to this room with hooks to hang coats on and he showed me these nails with swastikas on them and he said that they wanted to replace all these nails and then paint the room. Nazi Germany and the sign of the swastika were from a terrible time in our world history, and I could understand their need to take them away.

I worked with a man named Jari, and a man named Phil. It was good to be with other men working and laughing, and my three year old boy Jeremy was a big help. He loved to hammer nails, and really felt a part of the whole project. Phil was from England, with a whole new brand of English and Jeremy loved to learn English words from Phil. They would become good friends and in later times I would find Jeremy riding on the tractor or the riding lawnmower and following Phil as he worked on different projects around the base.

The time there was not all work, we spent some of our time talking with the missionaries that were living on the base. They were all excited about the work, and training that was going on there. We talked about doing a DTS (discipleship training school) there. I have to say I did not fully understand the meaning of this school. I was thinking it would be good training to take back to my local church to have a better understanding of God and the bible. Which it was, but this training was more than that. The school was to get you geared up to work as, and with missionaries in the mission field, but on the short term. You could kind of get a feel for it to see if that was what you would want do with part of your life. What ever that would be would start with this school and the experience of this short term mission.

We left Restenas excited about what we had discovered, and wondering what we should do. Should we go to this school and see where it would lead us? As we were driving back to Gothanberg and talking about what we should do, over the road in front of us was a double rainbow. It was so

beautiful and seemed to answer the question as a sign from God. We would prepare to attend the DTS that was being offered the winter 97 with outreach to Amsterdam Holland and South Africa.

Our Time With YWAM (Youth With a Mission)

We went to Restenas in the winter of 96 at the end of September to just before Christmas when we would travel to Amsterdam Holland to do a Christmas of service. This would be a time of giving instead of receiving. We would see what could be accomplished by giving to street people like the homeless, drug addicts and prostitutes that you would find in the Red Light District of Amsterdam. I think the time we will spend in this city will be one of the turning points of my life and I will discover God's calling for me to help make a difference in the world I live in. I will talk about that later but for now we need to return to Restenas Sweden and talk about this exciting school that we would be a part of.

Restenas would be hosting a mega school of Worship and Spiritual Warfare, going on at the same time as the DTS. I will meet YWAM'ers from all over the world that would be praying and worshipping God at every turn, what a great experience this will be. There would over two hundred and eighty students and staff, some real prayer warriors that I still have contact with to this day. We were so blessed.

Our school started with I think eleven students meeting for the first time in one of the leaders homes. Where we talked about what we could expect to learn and what would be expected from us. Mostly along with the teaching we would have to live together and learn about one another, so we could work as a team. We would have teachings on, foundations of faith, God's father heart, worship and praise, relationships, cross culture communication, missions and evangelism.

During this time I will go through some real trials and soul searching, with questions like, am I doing the right thing, will this be good for my family, how do I deal with the negative response from family here. Many thoughts went through my mind as I took my family on what in the end will be remembered as one of the best adventures of my life.

Early one evening I was up on what we called Prayer Mountain, sitting under The Cross that was erected there. Just talking to God about my situation. I was praying please God I need to know what I should do. I heard three distinct noises at the same time, a jet, a fishing boat and a tractor. I opened my eyes and all three of these were lined up right in front of me. On the top was the jet, under that in

the inlet from the sea was a fishing boat and on the road that went to and from a farm was a tractor. All lined up perfectly and as I read this picture that seemed to say, go (the jet), fish (the fishing boat), and sow (the farmers tractor). I thought of the book I had just read by Loren Cunningham, Is That Really You Lord? Where Loren gets a vision for world missions, a world map with waves of young people. Mine wasn't a vision but three objects that were really there and all lined up. I thought, was that really you Lord? I had to go down to tell my wife Annika what I had just seen from the top of the mountain. Was that God or just something that happened? I didn't know but it sure was making me think. Then there was a knock at the door to our room. When I opened the door standing there was a young man from Scotland named Mark, that we had met from the prayer school and he was looking excited. He told me that he was learning about listening to God in his school and that he felt God was telling him that he needed to find me and wash my feet and that he had never done anything like this before but felt it was because God was trying to tell me something too. I just looked at him then sat down and took off my shoes. Looked up and said OK God I hear You. I could do the outreach and know that God was really listening to my prayers.

If I would only listen for His answers and know that He would be with me and my family.

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Dear Hulan,

Your name is the name I was given to pray for during your DTS! Before the school even started I had these two thoughts come to mind:

1. I have always been impressed with a man who was willing to pick his family and follow the Lord. Many people give you a hard time claiming it is irresponsible, not good for the children, etc, etc. But I remembered the promise God gave to Abraham when he did the same and felt the promise was for you as well: "Now the Lord said to Abraham, "Go for yourself (for your own advantage) away from your country, from your relatives and your fathers house, to a land I will show you. And I will make you a great nation, and I will bless you (with abundant increase of favors) and make your name famous and distinguished, and you will be a blessing (dispensing good to others). And I will bless those who bless you (who confer prosperity or happiness upon you) and curse

him who curses or uses insolent language toward you; in you will all the families and kindred of the earth be blessed (and by you they will bless themselves).”

Genesis 12:1-3 (Amplified)

2. The second thought was of Joseph – whose family gave him a hard time and caused him to be in a place of struggle for years. Yet God was faithful to Joseph and in the end it was Joseph who ended up being able to bless and help his brethren.

I'm not sure what your family or friends think of what you are doing, but whatever, I sensed the Lord was pleased with your obedience and your blessings will overflow to more than just your family! I will continue to pray for you Hulan. Bless You, Your Intercessor!

Some times God speaks to us through His Word, through others, or through nature or what is going on around us (like the jet, the fishing boat and the farm tractor), we just need to pause, look and listen. He is always there!

I have come to know that every step I will take has already been orchestrated by God! He knows where I am, what I'm doing and most of all He knows my heart.

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Amsterdam a Christmas of Service

Amsterdam is a beautiful city even in the cold of winter. The YWAM base is in an old seaman's hotel named Deport next to the Red Light district. In this area of Amsterdam the laws have been lifted if you will, and drugs and prostitution are not a crime as long as it is kept to this one part of the city. This has been an attraction for young people, for obvious reasons, and for tourists who would want to say of their vacation time in Amsterdam, been there done that. For me growing up in California in the sixties and seventies, my friends and I would talk of how cool it would be to go to this place where the things we were doing were legal. I could relate to the kids I met there, kids that found out that life on the streets there was the same as anywhere else. When the money runs out and your on the streets hustling and homeless, and in a foreign country, life really sucks.

We would do ministry to street people and the homeless, and the women on our team would also do ministry to the prostitutes through what was called, Silver Threads and Golden Needles. YWAM operated a coffee bar in the district where the homeless and those on the streets could have somewhere to get out of the cold late at night and have a sandwich and some coffee and maybe a conversation with someone that cared. On Christmas eve when many people in this world are with family and friends, there are so many with nothing and nobody. I know what it feels like to think that nobody cares about what happens to me as long as I'm in, or that I come from and stay in this one part of town.

I would learn and think about how to work with deeply troubled and lost people, in prisons and on the streets. This is where I came from, who said you can never go back. You can if you want to make a difference and try to change this world we all have to live in. The sun rises on the good and the bad. If I don't try to make a difference it would be all the same, as if I had just stayed in my old life.

We would do soup runs into some areas. Hot soup is great when it is cold out, and I love this kind of work. Then one day we would go to the train station and this time would change my life and ministry, I hope for ever. I will experience street preaching for the first time and would discover that I could be of use to much more than street people and prisons. I could have an effect on anyone on

the streets of any city. Why limit myself, this could be a much broader scope. This Bible based, Old and New Testament method of preaching will have an impact in any area of the world that I know of, and reaches the most people in the shortest time at the least expense.

My friend Gerald Sutek has said in his book, *Street Preachers' Manual*; “ There can be little doubt to any serious student of the Bible that we, even in the twenty first century, are under a command to proclaim the gospel “publicly” and “from house to house.” When you consider that virtually every Bible preacher from Noah to John was a street preacher, and that more than 90 percent of all sermons preached in both the Old and New Testament were preached in the public forum, you wonder why anyone would discourage public preaching, and why preachers, pastors, and others do not try to attempt to employ this undoubtedly Biblical method of gospel evangelism.”

In the area just outside of the Amsterdam train station the teams gathered to do skits and dances. I don't do these things so well so when one of the leaders asked if I would like to try street preaching? I just said OK how do I do it. He demonstrated one time, then told me to be bold and tell a little about who I am, what I'm doing and how God can change a life. Then let the Holy Spirit do His work. I think God used this time to really let me witness the effect this simple to do ministry can have. I just as he said, told something about myself and the DTS I was doing, my old life and a couple of scriptures from the book of Romans. That was it. I went back to talk to the leader and suddenly people came to ask questions about this changed life and three men got saved. The Holy Spirit worked through something as simple as a simple mans words, there is nothing special about me, just the God I serve.

Then our out reach went on to South Africa, where the Lord used me as we did ministry to police departments and The Christian Policeman's Association. Where I would tell them that in all the times that I was ever arrested, I would know when I was being arrested by a Christian policeman. Then I thanked them for their part in rescuing me. After speaking to a large group of policemen in Durban South Africa, one of the policemen came to me and with tears in his eyes said, “I really needed to hear that.” I say, “God bless Christian policemen all over the world, you really do make a difference.”

Epilogue

Our time in South Africa went well for all, we learned about working together as a team, and this was great for me, to learn to share the burden. We all came back from our outreach fully charged and ready to serve, but now we would need to talk about where and how. Some wanted to go on to other schools to learn to serve in specific areas of ministry. For me I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to go to troubled people in prisons and on the streets, to anybody that would pause and listen. I wanted to preach on the streets, to be a street preacher. I will explore any type of street evangelism and try anything, and I have come up with some of my own.

I was with my family one day going to visit some of my wifes family in another city outside of Gothanberg. As we were riding along, going to the city of Lerum, we exited the freeway. Again I was asking God what I should do? Should we stay in Sweden or go back to the U.S.? Again I wanted an answer from God. There on a road sign was my name. It said, Hulan Motet. I was surprised. My family always told me that my grandfathers mother had made the name up. But here it was on a road sign in Sweden. I asked Annika, “ what does this sign mean.” She just said, in a mater of fact kind of way, “it means this is the exit for Hulan.” There it was another picture that seemed to say, Hulan this is where you get off.

Sweden is where I want to be, for now any way, unless I get another picture from God. I do a ministry here called, TAKING HIM TO THE STREETS! The name came as I was leaving prison, when the man asked? “Hay Kicker, what are you going to do with Jesus?” And I looked back and said. “I'm taking Him to the streets.” The prophesy was true!

From Crime To Christ

Stories from the life of Hulan, Kickstand, Danner

A life of street hustlers, drugs, money and violence. Of time in the California jail and prison system and meeting Jesus Christ in a jail cell. And of his call to the streets of Sweden from prison.

My stories bring memories of smells. Like the smell of cooking heroin makes me want to throw up, or the pleasant smell of corn tortillas in Mexican friends homes. Hotels, motels, bars, parks, streets and cities, jails and prisons. The hate you feel for what they are doing to you. The smell of the holding cell, the court room, the judge, the secretaries, the elevators and freedom, everything has its own smell. Drugs, weed, speed, reds, yellows, opium, heroin, bennies, young people, old people, dead and dying people. For me smells always bring memories to my mind. Some good, some bad. Have you ever known anyone who felt the need to apologize to the world for dying in public. To apologize for the stinking mess they would leave for someone else to clean up.