

JULY 2024



The Voice of Triumph, Inc.

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Dear Friends,

“ABBA, FATHER!” Jesus cried out in prayer before His crucifixion. I’d never given “Abba” much thought until one day a precious friend mentioned she began her morning Bible readings with, ***“Abba, Father!”*** It was only as she uttered those words that she truly began to feel His presence. For weeks I thought about that off and on. I couldn’t help but wonder what made them that special. **THEN I LOOKED** at ***Mark 14:36*** - and the light began to dawn in my heart. In the darkest moment of human history, the only sinless man to ever walk the earth was about to die the slow, tortuous death of a cross, condemned by ruthless religious leaders jealous of His growing popularity among the people. His wisdom, compassion and demonstration of powers - *which they realized could only have come from God* - threatened their prestige and authority.

Betrayed to the authorities for 30 pieces of silver by one of His own disciples, the remaining eleven slept away the night in Gethsemane, even though Jesus urged them *three times* -

“Watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak” 14:38. And falling to the ground, He cried out in anguish, “Abba, Father, all things are possible for you. Remove this cup from me. Yet not what I will, but what thou wilt.”

“ABBA” was a more personal name than “father,” reminiscent of “Daddy,” the name a young child might use in calling his father today. *But why is this so urgent to us?*

TODAY, our last days may be just around the next corner. A reading of Matthew 24 – the apocalypse in miniature form – makes it clear our days for being prepared are growing fewer. The Storm is gathering. The Enemy grows bolder. Temptations are everywhere. Worst of all, many are growing weary of watching and waiting and praying and are falling asleep. The disciples who failed to heed the Savior’s warning in Gethsemane had another day of opportunity. But how much time do we have? Only a little.

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KNOW THYSELF

WHAT is the meaning of my life? Why have I been given an existence with endowments peculiarly its own? What is my mission in this complex life about me? The Author of my being has made a mistake, or my life is of tremendous significance. His intention in giving me life is of momentous importance and the knowledge of this should be my ceaseless pursuit.

The System Bible

Old Testament scribes would have been aghast to think one day a GENTILE would write more of the New Testament about their Messiah than Jews. But indeed, that's exactly what LUKE did. Why, I wonder. Perhaps Luke's books helped assure many Gentiles of God's love for them, a love which almost seemed to have been denied them before Jesus:

"I am writing because I am in need of a Bible. My brother in Christ gave me your address and told me you guys might possibly help me. Thank you for your time and have a blessed day."

Not many prisoners ask for this type of book. But perhaps the requests might increase if the Lord tarries:

"I am in prison and I was hoping you can maybe send me some books on prophecy and an easy read version of the Bible because I have a hard time reading. . . . I am in prison and I have no one to help me get a study Bible. . . . I love you and the Lord!!"

I LOVED THIS NEXT LETTER! !

"The purpose of this letter is to request some religious material from you. A couple of weeks back I had the privilege of seeing that another inmate received a few items from you after a letter was sent to you. I helped draft the letter. But I was not sure if you all were going to send anything back. I apologize for having small faith. I want to thank you for sending him materials. It made his day and mine knowing you went out of your way to answer that request I drafted. Again, thank you!"

I would personally like to request a couple of religious books from you. I am now serving a two year sentence. I will be released this fall and am going into the Adult and Teen Challenge Program in West Virginia. God, during these past months, has laid all sorts of wisdom on my heart and mind. I am reestablishing my relationship with Him and praying for a reconciliation of peace and spirituality. I feel as though He is changing me inside out. . . . As much as I want forgiveness, I understand I must want accountability and righteous justice also. Do we not serve a forgiving but just God? . . . I look forward to hearing and/or receiving items from you all. Thank you guys for taking the time to read this. God bless you!"

We sent this next prisoner a study bible to read now and to take with him when he's released. It goes with our prayers:

"I would like to have a NIV study bible. I'm young in Christ and really need a Bible so I can learn and understand the word of the Lord. I'm incarcerated here for only a couple more months and don't know where I may be going, so if possible I would like the Bible before leaving. Thank you and God bless."

We couldn't get a bible and book out to this inmate fast enough! They went along with an offer to send additional books if he wants them—

"I would love to have a bible and book to learn more and get right with God. I'm doing 3 years. The more I learn the happier I am. Please send me anything."

Even now, pray: *"The harvest is plentiful but laborers are few. Pray earnestly to the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers. . . . Behold, I send you out as lambs in the midst of wolves. . ."* Luke 10:1-12

“Whoever would love life and see good days must keep their tongue from evil and their lips from deceitful speech” I Peter 3:1. -OR- To put it in more modern language, “Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, in-veracities, insinuations and suspicions uttered against him” Henry Ward Beecher 1880.

Prisons aren’t built to resemble Holiday Inns. One reporter described the interior of this women’s prison as having “long, windowless hallways, cold, gray-colored floors and shiny steel bunk beds with thin mattresses. The jail cells used for segregation are filled with stifled air, bright fluorescent lights and an echoing silence.” I haven’t been there, and online photos assure me I don’t want to go—

“... I am currently an inmate. . . . I am in need of a study bible and a girl in my Celebrate Recovery group gave me your info and told me to write you for a bible and any other resources you can send me. Thank you and God bless you!”

I guess I’m a softie because I was touched by what this inmate wants to do with his current worn prison bible:

“I attend protestant services here in prison, and I have an old bible that is falling apart. A brother from service told me you supply inmates with bibles and books. If so I would like to receive a bible and book please. I would like to retire my bible and send it home. Thank you so much and God bless you. . . .”

A “field minister” is a prisoner who has been selected to help other prisoners. Something like an assistant to the true chaplain:

“I am an inmate. . . . Since being incarcerated I have made Jesus Christ my Lord and personal savior. . . . I need to study and learn God’s Word so as to be a righteous servant to the Lord. I was given a

Bible marker by a field minister. On it was Psalms 119 and an offer from you for free bibles and books. I am very much in need of a bible and would also be interested in any Christian books I might receive. . . .”

Our bookmarks are like traveling salesmen! —

“I found one of your book markers stating to write for free Bibles and books. I have been trying for some time to get a New King James Study Bible and a Websters dictionary. If you can help me, please send to the below address. Thank you. . . .”

A few years in the Word and one day he might just be writing his own book:

“This is to inquire about your plausibly sending me a KJ bible and more books. I’ve read I’m Gonna Bury You and Power in Praise. Thank you so much for sending these. I need more! Thank you for being the blessing you have been. Please send me a couple of bookmarks. Everyone is loving on the amazing bookmarks and I keep giving them away. . . . Had I controlled my temper I would not have felonies on my record at such a young age. By the grace of God . . . I am learning so much. . . . Please pray for me. . . . Thank you all very much!”

This is our first letter from a new facility:

“Thanks for all you do to help us. I’m asking for prayers that He will make me ready to serve Him when I get back home, as I am serving Him here, and also for I’m Gonna Bury You and other books you can send. . . .”

“In the beginning”** earth was **chaos** — “without form and void” — and **darkness** was over the face of the “deep.” There was no light; no man to hold communion with God; only a misty darkness in some sort of pre-primeval period. **And then the LIGHT came and dispelled the darkness (Gen. 1:3 and John 1:5). And through HIM we have our eternal hope.

CHAPLAINS’ CORNER

The old chaplain, whom I knew, has joined the Lord on the other side of the Jordan, but his replacement was happy to accept our materials:

“Yes indeed, we can take whatever you can send. I’d be pleased to get some of your offerings from you. Hardback are fine. . . .”

For the second time in a month, I received a 9 p.m. call from the West Coast. This chaplain was calling to thank me for a special book we had sent him:

“Ms. Neill, I’m so grateful for you. The Blackabys are such good teachers of the Word, and the book you sent me is now in the Chapel where all of the inmates have access to it. I haven’t personally read it yet, but I expect to be using it in my Sunday teaching classes. We’re still waiting on the full box of additional books you sent, and I’ll let you know when we receive those....”

NOTE: All southeast Tennessee mail goes in and out through the distribution center in Chattanooga. Some problem which is not being made public has caused a three week plus back log of boxes and large parcels.

This Chaplain is serving “all who will come” from almost 2,000 male inmates! We sent him a solitary book he wanted, and he happily accepted a larger box of miscellaneous bibles and other books:

“Hello, Dorothy, Thank you for your donations. The incarcerated will love it. Could

you please fill out this donation form again and resubmit it. The first did not load correctly. . . .”

There’s a first time for everything! Smile. I accidentally called the wrong prison, and I wound up talking to a chaplain in a prison just down the road from the one I wanted. I didn’t discover my mistake until I had offered him books and bibles. At that point he told me I had the wrong prison, but that if the offer was open to other chaplains he’d be happy to take me up on it! Of course it was open. And then I got the right chaplain and another “taker!”

I don’t hear “ma’am” very often anymore; it seems to belong to a by-gone era:

“Good afternoon ma’am, We received the boxes. Thank you so much for the donation. . . . The Bibles are greatly needed and being passed out. . . .”

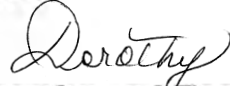
It’s “only” a jail (three different units), but their daily population averages 1,700 inmates—that’s 30,000 arrests each year! I needed some information on an inmate in order to decide what to send him. And sure enough, one of the Chaplains was able to help me. And not only that, but she wanted to know if we could help her. Inmates are allowed to take books with them, and the chaplains are in constant need of bibles.

IN 739 B.C. Isaiah wrote, ***“I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. . . . and I heard the voice of the Lord saying, ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?’” (Isa. 6:1,8,9).*** And Isaiah replied, ***“Here am I! Send me!”*** And indeed he did go—and prophesied for over sixty years!

But why is this 1,285 year old chapter of importance to you and me today? **Perhaps it may be because in one way or another God is still asking us the same question: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"** Our hearts may want to answer, **"Send me!"** But then, the Talmud (Jewish ceremonial and civil law) says Isaiah was martyred by being sawn in half during the reign of Manasseh, king of Judah" (Hebrews 11:37). That's unlikely today for most of us; but then, the days grow shorter; time is running out.

"So let us not grow weary in doing what is right, for we will reap at harvest time, if we do not give up" (Gal. 6:9). God bless you all for "persevering" as many who came before us have done!!

Love,



Dorothy and Family

**HERE ARE SOME OF THE PRISONS AND JAILS TO WHICH YOU HELPED
US SEND BIBLES AND BOOKS AGAIN THIS MONTH**

Raymond LaBorde Correctional Center, Cottonport, LOUISIANA
Florence McClure Women's Center, Las Vegas, NEVADA
Graceville Correctional Facility, Graceville, FLORIDA
Mobile County Metro Jail, Mobile, ALABAMA
Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, INDIANA
Sampson County Detention, Clinton, NORTH CAROLINA
Kern Valley State Prison, Bakersfield, CALIFORNIA
Reception Center, Orient, OHIO
Bonneville County Jail, Idaho Falls, IDAHO
Metro West Detention, Doral, FLORIDA
Anchorage Correctional Complex East, ALASKA
Delta Regional Unit, Dermott, ARKANSAS
Stafford Creek Corrections Center, Aberdeen, WASHINGTON
Wicomico County Detention Center, Salisbury, MARYLAND
Fishkill Correctional Facility, Beacon, NEW YORK
Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, LOUISIANA
Reception Medical Center Main Unit, Lake Butler, FLORIDA
Kern County Jail, Bakersfield, CALIFORNIA
Louisiana Correctional Institute for Women, Baker, LOUISIANA

"Imagine yourself as a living house. God comes in to rebuild it. At first you understand what He is doing. He's getting the drains right and stopping the leaks in the roof, etc. You knew those jobs needed doing so you aren't surprised. But then He starts knocking the house about in a way that hurts abominably and doesn't seem to make sense. What on earth is He up to? He is building quite a different house from the one you thought of - throwing out a new wing, putting on an extra floor, running up towers, making courtyards. You thought you were being made into a decent little cottage: but He is building a palace. *Why? Because He intends to come and live in it Himself.*" C. S. Lewis



GENE NEILL
Founder

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~ DATED MATERIAL ~
ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

NOT MY USUAL TRIP TO WALMART

I FINISHED unloading my bags of Walmart groceries into my vehicle's trunk, and as I reached up to slam down the trunk a scripture flashed through my mind: *"I was hungry and you gave me something to eat."* Odd, I thought, as I turned to push my cart back to the cart return area. And there he was: *a stranger*. Unshaven, a hole in his dirty T-shirt.

He was what we usually refer to as a beggar. They're not uncommon in Walmart's parking lot. He was quiet and polite and simply told me he was one of several people his company had laid off, and he had no money for food or gas for his car. *I couldn't forget what had just run through my mind as I slammed my trunk*, and without thinking, I said, *"Get in my car; we're going to lunch."* He looked stunned for a moment, then quietly got in my car. I drove a mile or so to Cheddars Restaurant because I had a Christmas gift certificate for it. As we pulled in, he said, *"I've never eaten here."* To which I replied, *"I've only eaten here once."* Burgers and tacos are my usual lunch.

We chatted quietly as we ordered. *I never mentioned anything religious*. But I finally told him we'd spent a few months in China. *And he instantly queried, "Evangeliz'n?"* That gave me an opening to say a little about our ministry. We finished eating, and I drove with him back to Walmart. I keep copies of Gene's book in my car and handed one to him along with another Christian book as I let him out of my car. Pulling out what cash I had in my purse, I handed that to him also, saying *"God bless you!"* He looked stunned, and then began repeating the phrase, *"God bless you!"* back to me, over and over again.

I don't think God is a stranger to him any more.
