

OCTOBER 2022



The Voice of Triumph, Inc.

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Dear Friends in Christ —

William Gurnall (1616-1679) pastored the same congregation for 35 years. He was privy to each man and woman's personal and spiritual joys, sorrows and battles. In the end, all that he learned and passed on is set out in the few short sentences below. You've read them before. Hear them again. Because though written so many years ago, they echo the heartbeat of every soul in this nation:

“The subject of the treatise is solemn: A War between the Saint and Satan. And that so bloody a one that the cruellest war which ever was fought by man, will be found but sport and child's play compared to this. Alas, what is the killing of bodies to the destroying of souls? . . . It is a spiritual War you shall read of. . . . And not at the farthest end of the world, but what concerns you and everyone who reads of it. The stage whereon this war is fought is every man's own soul. There is no neuter in this War. The whole world is engaged in the quarrel, either for God against Satan, or for Satan against God.”

And know for a certainty that if ever Satan's powers and wiles – and he has many – were employed against you and me it is now. He lost heaven, and he has no intention of losing earth. And what is earth to him but the souls on it. If he dared to try for the soul of the very Son of God – and he did – he will try, *individually*, for yours and mine. He is angry now, very angry. The end is near. And having been thrown out of heaven, he does not now intend to lose earth. *If you know you are a child of God, then know this also: Satan's battle for your soul is increased ten thousand times over.* For what is earth, but the individual soul of every man and woman on it. Even Saint Paul shared personally in this battle:

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“. . . WE wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places. . . . (Eph. 6:12).

Aiden Wilson Tozer—usually just referred to as A. W. Tozer—(1897-1963) had a keen understanding of the minds of men—and their weaknesses. He once said, *“You let the devil’s camel stick his dirty nose in your tent, and the whole hump will be in there by nine o’clock tonight.”* In other words, you can’t give an inch to the devil without losing nine yards. Bibles and books are the only way many prisoners are able to stay focused on Jesus. . . .

“I’m in prison. It’s by God’s grace that I’m still alive. I serve Jesus my Lord and Savior. I want to say will you please send me some books to read. Please, I have my own bible but I don’t have any books to read to pass time. I’m serving prison time and need help passing time away. Will you be kind to me and send me some books please. Whoever is reading this letter, God bless you in all your ways of love to each other.”

Because of your kindness and love, we are not just willing and able to send him books—but some to all of these next prisoners as well:

“I’m an inmate in the County Jail. Please send me all the free material you have to offer,

and the book I’m Gonna Bury You. I love God. He is in my heart. And I would like to have a free Bible for my studies. I’m trying to become a preacher. May God bless you all.”

Months ago we sent this prisoner books and a calendar. Obviously, he’s been counting the passing days. It’s understandably one of the main “past times” in prison. He’ll be 62 years old when he is finally released in 2032. No wonder he’s counting time—

“. . . I am writing you because I would like to ask for one of your 2023 calendars, please? I have one of your 2022 calendars, and I really would like to have the 2023. I’m not sure if I am asking you too early, but will you send me one when it is ready? Thank you!”

As is often true, the bold size of an inmate’s handwriting is an indicator of their request—as it was in this instance:

“. . . My name is Christopher. . . , and I was wondering if maybe you could send me a Study Bible in large print. I am a Christian. I really like reading. . . . I’m in prison with no family. . . . Thank you and God bless.”

PTL for letters such as this one—

“Boy did I ever enjoy your book, ‘I’m Gonna Bury You.’ Awesome and powerful is what I say. I’m 40 with 6 children two of which I haven’t seen since 2013 and the others in 2 years. I’ve made some poor choices in life, obviously. But as you, I have learned, “God is Good.” Thank you for sending me this amazing book. . . .”

Thank you for what you make possible! —

“I am currently serving a 12—24 month sentence in the Institute for Women. I’m trying to use this time to grow and strengthen my relationship with the Lord. I know that the stronger my faith and foundation is upon my release the better my chances to succeed are. I would appreciate anything you may have to offer to guide me along this road. . . .”

Other inmates are still our best “hot line:”

“A friend gave me your address and suggested I write and ask for a couple books he mentioned—I’m Gonna Bury You, and

“Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, let not the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him who glories glory in this, that he understands and knows me. . . .” Jer. 9:24

Prison to Praise And if you don't have these, can you send a few that might be something like them? Thank you and God bless you. . . .”

The men and women who write to us for free books know we have nothing to gain, except the privilege of showing them Jesus in us. And He is all they need:

“Someone in my barracks just got a book from you. I have been studying the Bible from age 7. But I have fallen in life several times. I have two bibles, but I am writing to ask if you would send me a concordance or a dictionary. Please send whatever you are able to help me in my study of the Lord's Word. The Lord bless you and watch over your ministries. And thank you.”

Gene's book is good for times like this man is going through. But then, Gene's story is just one more “P.S.” to the greatest book of all—the Word of God:

“God bless. . . . I want to ask if you could send me the free book I'm Gonna Bury You. I'm going through a lot and like to read about people overcoming situations that seems like there is no way out. Please pray for my family, friends and me.”

We don't know this chaplain and have no idea how he heard about our “resources.” But God has some amazing ways of making sure His lost sheep get to the “pasture”:

“I'm writing to hopefully receive the book I heard about. I've been incarcerated and

was told by the chaplain that you have resources available. I appreciate your time and anything you may be able to send. Thank you!”

What he needs to find out is whether there's a real God out there somewhere who loves him. And the “certain book” he's asking for will definitely reassure him *there is!* —

“. . . I am writing this letter today because I was told by a friend that if I write you I could get free Christian books. There was a certain book called I'm Gonna Bury You. . . I really need some religious materials! I'm so sorry to bother you but I need to find out! . . . If I could get a reply as soon as possible that would be wonderful! . . . Your brother.”

Surely our Father looks down on His world and sees that it is decadent, lost. Yet even now, when one struggling outstretched hand in the crowd catches His eye, He reaches out to take hold of it through the bibles and books we provide:

“I'd be eternally grateful for your prayers and a copy of your book I'm Gonna Bury You. I can use all the inspiration I can get. Thank you so much.”

I remember, in times long past, when we would not receive a single request for materials from a woman in jail for months. Those times are gone:

“Hello, my name is Terri. . . I am currently incarcerated and writing in hopes you may have a complimentary Bible and Bible study materials or some spiritual books you could send to assist in my spiritual growth. Anything you could do will be greatly appreciated. . . .”

“For thus says the LORD of hosts: ‘Once again, in a little while, I will shake the heavens and the earth and the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, so that the treasures of all nations shall come in, and I will fill this house with splendor, says the LORD of hosts.’ Haggai 2:6,7

CHAPLAIN’S CORNER:

I was somewhat amused when—for the first time I can remember in the years of the ministry—the person who answered the phone at this prison did not transfer me to the chaplain as I requested. Instead, she asked me the purpose of my call. And when I told her it was to offer Bibles and Christian books, she quickly and emphatically responded,

“We will be happy to receive Bibles and Christian books! . . .”

I don’t know whether to laugh or cry when the voice on the other end of the line says, *“We’ll be happy to take all of your books and Bibles,”* then tells me I have to fill out their Donation form, listing each book by name. It’s happened. But PTL this prison was happy with just the form and basic information: *“Fill it out, email it to us, and we’ll get it okayed and email it back.”* I’m waiting — 126 books, *plus tracts, calendars and book-marks* packed and ready to go!

It is a sad thing when I call a prison knowing there are enough men behind the bars there for it to be the size of a small town. But at least this chaplain’s response to my asking if they could use materials was —

“Everything. All of it. We have almost 2,000 men here! And if you have anything in Spanish, we’ll take that, too.”

We’ve sent books to this next prison before. So I was surprised when a chaplain I don’t know told me they were now only accepting new books. That’s expensive! So I wrote their other chaplain, whom I do know, and told her the problem. She called me immediately. *“Your books are just great, Dorothy; send the shipment addressed to me. I’ll get them in the hands of the inmates.”* And off they went to Hawaii. *Mahalo Ke Akua!*

You can describe a prison ministry in many ways, but one of them is definitely not “boring”— In asking me for certain types of literature for Maximum Security, this chaplain specified the size of the New Testaments and Bibles. *They could be hardback, which is unusual, but with limited dimensions—*

“We can take hardbacks in Confinement here,” he said, *“if they’re small enough to fit through the bars, which are very narrow. If somebody decides to use a book as a ‘weapon,’ we want to make sure they’re lightweight.”*



There are some 6.5 million adults who have a family member currently behind

bars. The costs of incarceration are staggering—both for the county/states and for the inmates—and they often contribute to an inmate’s return to prison. As a man whom I know put it, there’s only one solution to all of these difficulties:



“. . . You see, there’s a real risen Lord Jesus Christ who has a kingdom all His own. Where we can go and take all our problems and cast them on Him. And He’ll take them. For He cares for us. A real, risen Lord Jesus who is the same yesterday, today and forever! And who will never leave us. Not even until the end of time.”

The man who wrote those words—as you may remember—was my husband (page 268, *I’m Gonna Bury You*). And he ought to know, because the day he got out of prison we had six cents in our pocket—and on what God added to that we went around the world for 40 years, ministering the glorious gospel in as many countries.

And since Gene slipped away for a rest, you and I and the other Neill family members have continued what he began to do. Thank you and God bless you for your help!

And may His peace abide with you all—

The NEILL Family

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PRISONS AND JAILS INTO WHICH YOU HELPED US TAKE THE LORD’S GREAT LOVE AND JOY THIS MONTH—

**Calcasieu Parish Sheriff’s Office, Lake Charles, LOUISIANA
Jefferson County Jail, Rigby, IDAHO
Holmes Correctional Institution Bonifay, FLORIDA
Wyoming Women’s Center, Lusk, WYOMING
Forsyth County Jail, Winston Salem, NORTH CAROLINA
Wallace Unit, Colorado City, TEXAS
FCC Yazoo City—USP, Yazoo City, MISSISSIPPI
McCormick Correctional Institution, McCormick, SOUTH CAROLINA
Panama City Jail, Panama City, FLORIDA
New Day Recovery, Shreveport, LOUISIANA
Mike Durfee State Prison, Springfield, SOUTH DAKOTA
Sand Ridge Secure Treatment Center, Mauston, WISCONSIN
Pear River County Jail, Poplarville, MISSISSIPPI
Gregg County Jail, Longview, TEXAS
SCI Greene, St. Petersburg, FLORIDA
Gwinnett County Jail, Lawrenceville, GEORGIA
Fayette County Jail, Connersville, INDIANA
Marquette County Jail, Marquette, MICHIGAN
Coastal State Prison, Garden City, GEORGIA
Florida State Prison, Raiford, FLORIDA
Cook County Jail, Adel, GEORGIA
Monmouth Correctional Facility, Freehold, NEW JERSEY
Lake County Jail, Tavares, FLORIDA
Orange County Jail, Hillsborough, NORTH CAROLINA
Los Angeles County Jail, Los Angeles, CALIFORNIA
Montgomery County Jail, Christiansburg, VIRGINIA**



GENE NEILL
Founder

THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH

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THE UNWANTED BOY

Ben W. Hooper was born Bennie Wade in rural *Tennessee* in 1870, the illegitimate son of Sarah Wade and Dr. Lemuel Hooper. Teased unmercifully, he learned to live and fight with his fists and tenacity. Even so, he would sometimes slip into church and slip out just before the closing. Caught by the pastor one Sunday morning, who looked at him, hesitated, then said, *"I recognize you. You're a child of God. You go out there and claim your rightful inheritance!"*

Ben later said, *"I left the church a different person; it was the beginning of my life."*

When Ben was nine, his mother married Dr. Hooper, who adopted Ben. The boy proved to be an apt student. He graduated from College, studied law and was admitted to the Bar. He served two terms in the House of Representatives and later served as assistant U.S. attorney for the Eastern Tennessee District.

Prior to the 1910 gubernatorial election, prohibition and the related issue of machine politics were at the center of political strife across Tennessee. Republicans nominated Hooper, who won the next two elections and enacted a string of laws greatly benefiting the men, women and children of Tennessee. Afterward, he served as chief land purchasing agent for the Great Smoky Mountain National Park.

Ben Hooper died in 1957. But Tennesseans still remember him. His autobiography, *The Unwanted Boy*, was published posthumously in 1963.