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Inc.**

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Dear Friends,

A line from *Bill and Gloria Gaither's* wonderful song, *It is Finished* says,

"On one side stand the forces of evil, all the demons and devils of hell. On the other, the angels of glory, and they meet on Golgotha's Hill."

These "forces" met for one purpose and one purpose only that day: *the gain of man's soul or its loss. Your life and mine—our very souls—were on the battle field that incredible day. We were the prize.*

Jesus conquered that Hill—and all the demons and devils of hell—that day and ransomed our souls for His Kingdom.

The problem is that Golgotha was long ago and far away, and sometimes we are too quick to forget the cost at which that battle was won.

Or to realize that it is still ongoing at this very hour!

Think on it for a moment: the only begotten son of Almighty

God was sent to Earth just to die for you and me.

And to teach us that the way of the cross—yours and mine—was the way into His Kingdom.

If you've been taught a more "comfortable" Gospel, then you've been led astray from the Truth.

Yes, of course, there is always hope in Christ. But the Bible simultaneously warns us to pick up OUR Cross and follow Jesus—up hill—where the Eternal Light was kindled 2,000 years ago and still burns brightly.

A Light that was fueled by the holy fires of adversity, through which each of us today is likewise purified and made worthy of His Kingdom.

"Then Jesus said to His disciples, 'If anyone desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whoever desires to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake will find it.'" Matt. 16:24-26

I CORINTHIANS 2:9

***I LOVE THIS VERSE!
TO PUT IT ANOTHER
WAY, MY VERY SPECIAL
FRIENDS, WE AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET!***

Dear Child... of Mine

You can't even
imagine what I have
in store for you ...

1 Corinthians 2:9

Love,

Your Father

CHRIST is a poetry by debouk.com

Life goes on, even in prison. And if you've "got a mind to" turn it over to Jesus, it can even get better:

"My name is Joseph. I am a Christian and love spreading the good news of Jesus Christ. I am taking Bible courses and love religious materials/books. A friend of mine in my POD is letting me read a book he received from you called Why I Love the Apostle Paul. And I saw your name stamped inside and am writing to see if you have other religious material you can send me. I am trying to go for my degree in theology and would love anything you can send to help me on my journey. Please. Thank you. . . ."

OH, how grateful I am to all of you and our wonderful heavenly Father! Working together, miracles happen. And so many of these men and women in prison really need a basket full of miracles! —

"Hello, The purpose of this draft is to inquire of you all about possibly sending me a easy to read large print bible. I suffer from autism which makes it hard for me to comprehend the KJV of the bible. And my eyes are also bad when it comes to vision and/or seeing smaller

letters. If you would please send me a easy to read book and bookmark, if you can. Would you all please also write my name on the outside of any books and bibles you send me? Thank you for reading this. I hope to receive the requested items and/or a reply. God bless you! Forever grateful. . . ."

This inmate has been writing us for so long we can no longer recall the number of years it's been. His last prison was a bad place to do time. But he doesn't see much difference in his new one . . .

"Hello there! Me here! Hope and pray all is ok and your day is going well! Here in San Francisco we have been having a hot spell —90's! Onward winter . . . It's time again to ask with a please and thank you for any type of 2025 calendar. . . . Prison buses come in here regularly to keep us full to overcrowded. This place is now called a rehabilitation center. Can't really see any thing different. Same programs. Same gang activities. Can this gang mindset actually be changed . . . ? Take care. In the love of our Lord Jesus."

They call this next prison "low security." But

it looks pretty much the same from the outside as most of them do: tall fences, high guard towers, brick walls, few windows. Only you are likely to make it seem different. The books and bibles you provide don't change the brick walls and high towers on the outside—they change the man or woman from the inside:

". . . I am currently an inmate at FCI (Federal Correctional Institution). I was recently given your information from my chaplain. He did not tell me any more about your ministry. I am interested in learning more about the resources you have available and how I would go about receiving them. I truly am thankful for ministries such as yours and appreciate anything you can send my way. . . ."

**If Satan shouts, "It's an impossibility!"
Listen closely: you may hear God
whisper, "It's an opportunity."**

Her note was written so faintly with a dull pencil I had to use our magnifying glass to read it:

“Gently, ever so gently, the Shepherd calls to me: ‘Come, be mine forever, Thru all Eternity.’ I hear His voice say sweetly, ‘Listen, O! Listen to Me—I’ll love, guide and protect you, Thru all Eternity. Come to the table I’m setting—Come, take of all I provide. YOU are my most precious possession, YOU are the reason I died.’” *D. Neill*

“Hello, I’m an inmate in our county detention center. I’m writing to request a copy of I’m Gonna Bury You by Gene Neill. And if I could receive another book, too. I’m a 19 year old teenager. You’re amazing!”

And yet another letter from a woman doing 30 years. May God grant that this time turns out to be the best years of her life; for truly, with Him, all things are possible:

“To whom it may concern: If possible I would truly appreciate a copy of ‘Bible Overview.’ It would be great to have as a learning Christian. Thank you and God bless. . . .”

His mother—or maybe his grandmother—must be a Christian because his name is an Old Testament bible name for someone from the tribe of Judah:

“All glory and praise be to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! Over 1500 inmates were moved around to different prisons over the past three weeks. I was one of those. A few months back you sent me two very powerful books—Power in Praise and I’m Gonna Bury You. They have blessed several men as I kept passing them around. I lost them in this great move, but there is a man I’ve been ministering Jesus to who really needs to read them. Would you please send a copy of them to Matthew at this address. I’m also interested in any more you would like to send me. I read them and always share them to improve the spiritual walk of my brothers here. Thank you and God bless all of you!”

There are some excellent translations of the Bible available—from the old KJV to the New King James. This prisoner writes:

“My name is Paul. I would like to receive a bible. A NKJV is my preferred book, but if you don’t have it I’ll take anything.”

Oh, I pray that each one of the prisoners who writes to us comes to realize what a blessing prison can be. They can choose to use the “time” on their hands to make a new life—one built on the foundation that never fails—the infallible Word of God:

“My name is Gina and I’m an inmate. I’ve read I’m Gonna Bury You and wanted to say ‘Thank you.’ Could you please send me a bible (large print if available), and as many books as you can that will help me with my walk with Jesus. Thank you.”

It’s not unusual for the family of an inmate to turn their back on him or her when they wind up behind bars. The good news is that sometimes it causes the prisoner to turn to the only One who is always waiting to welcome them Home:

“. . . I was looking at a book that had your address in it. At this time I don’t have any family talking to me. The reason I’m writing is because I would like to start reading the Bible . . . one that is easy for me to read and understand, as well as a 365 day devotional that will last me a while. . . .”

“When I stand before God at the end of my life, I hope I would not have a single bit of talent left and could say, ‘I used everything you gave me.’” **Erma Bombeck**

The biblical Date Palm is not wild. It must be planted and tended. Its growing, living tissue is in the trunk's center. The bark can be removed, but still the tree grows. *The quality and quantity of the fruit depends on its inner life. So it is with our Christian life. Hardships may come, but if we lean on Christ nothing can stop our spiritual growth. Psa. 92:12*

CHAPLAINS' CORNER

Prisons cost a staggering amount of money to operate. This prison's annual budget is over 24 million dollars, yet it averages a little fewer than 1,200 prisoners:

"Thank you; the boxes are looking good! We have put them out so that the offenders can pick out what they would like to read and hopefully gain some benefit from the opportunity you've provided. . . ."

The Chaplain of a far northwestern prison for adults, she also has a separate section which holds only teenagers—many of whom she tells me can barely read. She needed "teen bibles" to hold their interest and enable their reading. We found some excellent ones—used, but like new. . . .

"Hello Dorothy, I received the Teen Bibles and they are just what I need. . . . Thank you so much!"

The Lord must have put the wind in his sails because he went on and on about how he appreciated what we sent:

"Thank you for your time and for what you do. We're always looking for bibles and books. . . . It's important to us to be able to provide good reading materials for the inmates. We appreciate anything anybody sends. Anytime you have extra materials, please send them to us. I appreciate it so much. . . ."

Praise the Lord for this Chaplain,

obviously well aware of the value of the bibles and books you help us make available:

" . . . Dorothy, Thank you again for the boxes of books. . . . These are an invaluable resource to the incarcerated individuals here. Often, engaging material is in limited supply. Your work to supply engaging, educational, and uplifting materials are a boon in the otherwise mundane lives of many people here. Thank you for your help to me in this vital ministry. . . ."

YOU AND I RUN A RESCUE SHOP

Some want to live within the sound of church or chapel bell; I want to run a rescue shop within a yard of hell. C T Studd

It took two large boxes to fill this chaplain's request. We had to obtain and include an approved donation form in the boxes. In addition to all the bibles and New Testaments, including a few Spanish N.T.'s, you also helped us send along books by Graham, Lucado, Warren, Swindoll, Sheldon, Osteen, Jenkins, Thomas and seven others. Plus a bundle of bookmarks, of course! God bless you!!!

"Shake down's" of a prisoner's cell or person are occasional unexpected occurrences in prisons across America. Usually they're to uncover potential security threats or contraband, including unacceptable books, photographs, etc. A "shake down" occurred (without incident) in this western women's prison to which we sent materials recently. Incidentally, this is one of several prisons where tilapia fish are raised.

Women's prisons continue to spring up and increase in size, bringing more and more women chaplains into the Lord's work:

Interestingly enough, the so-called “weaker sex” seems to be having very little trouble with the inmates. The English poet William Ross Wallace’s poem *“The Hand that Rocks the Cradle is the Hand that Rules the World”* has become a proverb to demonstrate the power of motherhood and how it can bring about sweeping changes. Whatever the reason, the female chaplains seem to be doing well in their job. When I called this lady chaplain to check on receipt of our books, she actually seemed excited about them, saying, *“Oh, Dorothy, I was just about to call you. We got everything—both boxes. And everything is just wonderful. . . !”* Although I don’t expect a “yes” from the Warden, she even went on to say, *“I’m going to ask the Warden if we can take pictures of the women holding up their books, so we can send them to you!”*

On it goes, like the ripples in a stream, carrying the Lord’s work with them wherever they go. *And though only ripples they may be, try throwing a rock in a pond some day and watch the ripples spread out, becoming longer and longer apart. So it is with every book and bible. The ripples increase like the waves, covering a greater distance with every pebble—every book and bible—we toss into the stream we call prison.*

GOD BLESS YOU AND GIVE YOU PEACE,

DOROTHY AND FAMILY

AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE PRISONS INTO WHICH YOU’VE HELPED US PUT BIBLES AND BOOKS AROUND AMERICA ONCE AGAIN THIS MONTH:

Mesa Verde Community Correctional, Bakersfield, CALIFORNIA

South Central Correctional Facility, Clifton, TENNESSEE

Graceville Correctional Center, Graceville, FLORIDA

Bonneville County Jail, Idaho Falls, IDAHO

Jackson State Prison, Jackson, GEORGIA

Maury County Jail, Columbia, TENNESSEE

Sevier County Detention Center, Sevierville, TENNESSEE

Angola State Prison, Angola, LOUISIANA

Federal Correctional Center, Milan, MICHIGAN

SW Virginia Jail, Meadowview, VIRGINIA

Cross City Correctional, Cross City, FLORIDA

Laurel County Correctional Center, London, KENTUCKY

Monroe Detention Center, Woodland, CALIFORNIA

Bartow County Jail, Cartersville, GEORGIA

Luzerne County Prison, Wilkes Barr, PENNSYLVANIA

North Control Unit, Calico Rock, ARKANSAS

Federal Correctional Facility, Oxford, WISCONSIN

California Institution for Men, Chino, CALIFORNIA

Potomac Highlands Regional Jail, Augusta, WEST VIRGINIA

Ferguson Unit, Midway, TEXAS

William Holeman Correctional Facility, Atmore, ALABAMA

Logan Correctional Center, Lincoln, ILLINOIS

Mike Hrabal Ministries

Montana State Prison, MONTANA

Laborde Correctional Center, LOUISIANA



GENE NEILL
Founder

THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH

Post Office Box 177
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~ DATED MATERIAL ~
ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

“VISIONS OF HEAVEN AND HELL”

As you probably know, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, mentioned in last month's newsletter, is not the only book written by John Bunyan. Read on

Billy Bray was born in Cornwall, England in 1794. He was the eldest of three children born to William and Ann Bray. Billy's father died when his children were young, and they were cared for by their grandfather, who was a pious Methodist.

After leaving school, Billy worked as a miner in Cornwall and Devon. During this time, he was a drunkard known to be prone to a bit of “riotous behavior.” In 1823 he had a close escape from a mining accident and later said that he was converted in November of that year by reading *John Bunyan's Visions of Heaven and Hell—a fictitious story of a pilgrimage to the City of God and the inferno of Satan*. Billy became a well-known if somewhat unconventional preacher, his sermons often being enlivened by spontaneous outbursts of singing and dancing. But he didn't restrict his activities to preaching. He also raised two orphans with his own children and generously helped other people with his giving. And during his lifetime he raised enough funds to build three new Methodist chapels. Charles Spurgeon once said that the reading of Billy Bray's conversion was so remarkable it brought tears to his eyes.

Bray himself, in describing the wonderful conversion he had experienced, remarked, “*Everything looked new to me. The people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was a new man in a new world.*” Why should we be expected to settle for any lesser experience when the God of Billy Bray is still the God of today?