

Intro to Letter:

Every so often God chooses to bless us with something just to let us know He is still in the life changing business and to let us know that our effort in ministry is not in vain. It is these special times we look forward to so much. It is these times that serve to refuel us and charge us for another marathon of ministry. God's timing perfect. For he knows just the right time to send these blessings, when we need them the most. Yesterday, Texas Sports Reach received in the mail the most incredible letter from an inmate we have ever received. In order to share it with you more quickly, I have taken the liberty of transcribing the letter onto the computer and have attached it below. I wanted everyone who supports us and is involved with us in any way to share in this blessing. It is a truly amazing story. It's a little long, but well worth the time.

These are the moments in ministry we cherish. It is for this reason we will continue to "Go." And it is for this reason I encourage all of you to continue to support us, with your prayers and your gifts, and even more so. God is truly at work with this group of men, and He will do many more things like this with us if we continue to be faithful. I wonder how many other "Bob's" there are out there whom we will never know until we get to heaven. Enjoy the read. Share it with your friends and give God the glory. He's the only one who deserves it.

Be sure to read the PS at the end of the letter. What a powerful statement!

5/10/02

Dear brothers in Christ,

I've been meaning to write for some time but for some reason or another have not. However, as we approach the anniversary of your visit here I felt now was the appropriate time.

To help you understand clearly the situation allow me to give "you all" (that's Texan right?) some background. Bob Rogers, known as "Doc" on the street which I acquired because I am a forger, the "doctor of the document," checks, credit cards, birth certificates, drivers licenses, social security cards - get the picture? That's what I did. I set up credit card and check cashing rings, never stealing real people's, all fictitious and made up identities. You see that's how I justified my crimes. I wasn't really hurting anyone.

Bob - like most criminals had a bad drug problem (cocaine and latex methamphetamine). The check rings brought in very large amounts of money, which in turn was spent, on large amounts of drugs. The drugs and money attracted women and "ah him", friends, oh so many friends. We stayed in \$200 a night hotel rooms, dressed the best, ate the best, and drank the best. My ego fully charged and having the best of everything, I was the Fat Cat. Life couldn't get better - right - yea.

I'd been in and out of prison 2 times for crimes like what I was doing, forgery and bad checks, each time perfecting my trade. I was good and getting better. My background in computers and criminal mind became sharper all the time.

Once while alone I took a very large dose of methamphetamine. I hallucinated to the point of believing there were police officers in my house. I locked myself in the bathroom and cut all the arterial points in both ankles and wrists. I would rather die than go back to prison (they'll never take me alive). Miraculously I awoke on my bathroom floor in about ½" of blood. A girl I knew showed up at my door and found me. I was conscious enough to answer the door - completely saturated with blood. I'm sure there was at least a gallon of blood on my bathroom floor and at least a quart soaked into my clothes. Unknown to me then - God intervened!

I spent 3 days under suicide watch in the hospital, then was released to go right back to what I was doing. I went back to jail/prison shortly thereafter when I was caught in a hotel room with 3 women, drugs, and forged documents. While in custody at the county jail I cut my wrist again and was found on the floor of the cell by an officer.

Anyway, I'm going to shorten this up for you some. I again served my sentence, was released and went back to the same tricks. This time after a long crime spree, which was again producing very well, I screwed up again. Pulled over by a police officer in a rental car gotten with a fake drivers license and credit card, while sitting in the car while the police were running a check, I threw the car into gear and tried to escape. I had a good lead on them and turned into a dead end alleyway. I had to jump from the car and ended up escaping on foot. However, I left my cell phone in the car and they traced it back to my home address where the police soon arrived, surrounded my house and kicked in the door. I fled to a room in my basement where I took a razor blade and cut my throat. Swat team finally gained entry and revived me in route to the hospital. Eventually I was sentenced to the 6 yr. term I am now serving.

I entered into the prison, this time, a very sad and broken man. I had gotten word from my brothers that my mother was dying and only had two months to live. I only wanted to die. I sought death with a passion and it fled from me. The mental health people at the prison put me on high-powered anti-depressants, but they didn't work. I walked around this prison looking for ways to kill myself. I had to be sure this time no one would find me and thwart the mission.

I then got word my Mom had died. My suicide mission now had to be done. I was sold on the idea of my worthlessness and failure. I was convinced death was only sanctification. Then...

I think it was a Saturday (side note from Eddie Anderson - it was actually a Wednesday, the last day and last stop on our 2001 trip) in June. I'm not sure. Depression as severe as I was in does that to you. I went to the yard to plan my final demise. I had a foolproof plan for my death. I was going to hang myself in an area not often frequented by

officers. My timing was so that it would have been 2-3 hours before someone would again be in that area and find me.

As I headed for the gate at the yard it closed before I made it through. I was stuck in the yard for another hour before movement again. There was a softball game going on in the yard - some Christian team from the streets. The sky began to cloud up. As I got near the backstop I could hear someone preaching about Jesus. There was a crowd gathered and I couldn't get through. I stood and listened. I wanted to leave - to keep moving, but it was like my feet were stuck in the concrete. This guy kept talking about his messed up life (I think he was one of the pitchers). The clouds grew darker and darker. It started to sprinkle, and then it began to rain. The guy who was talking had joined the crowd and was breaking the people up into groups to pray with them. He walked over to me and said "your tired of this aren't you - I can see it in your eyes." I shook my head yes, it began to pour down rain and I wanted to run but again I couldn't move my feet. I don't know who this guy was but I'll never forget him. As the coldest rain I ever felt drenched us that day, I prayed with this man that oh so simple prayer.

Things have not been the same since. I am alive today because of the work Christ is doing through the Texas Sports Reach. Thank you so very much for being faithful in what God has given you to do. It is my prayer that the God of all things continue to bless others through your/His program. It is truly kingdom work you are doing.

By the way, I'm doing great. About 2 weeks after the Lord came to live in me I stopped my medication and have been wonderful. Of course, my Christian walk has been very trying at times but as the recovering alcoholic and the recovering drug addict say - my worst day with Him is greater than my best day without Him.

I know what we do is all for His glory - but I also know it takes faithful servants (such as yourselves) to bring about His will.

Thanks again for living for the Lord. I have a life that is changed. I've been given the "peace" - the kind that surpasses all understanding.

In Christ,

Robert  
Colorado Territorial Correctional Center

P.S.

I'm on a softball team here and hope you guys show up around here this summer. We won't be so easy on y'all!

Check this out - I have some horrible scars on my wrists and ankles - but Jesus told me "So do I." Wild hey!