

Witness

Thoughts and ideas for the Tough Word.

Words from a saved sinner by the Glory of Christ on the witness of his Holy Word.

Please brother and sister accept this as it is intended. I was a hard heart, life was cold and meaningless. I was approached by many “Christians” some who could only convict me of my sin. Others who only did it to secure their salvation (little ‘s’ is intentional). I did however receive the gift of God who is forever faithful and who kept lining up his witnesses for me until he found one who was equal to the task. There were many. I am not special in this, for the Lord God loves all his children.

I offer these observations having been on the outside, in a hard place with my heart dead. This is not for all and many Praise Jesus, already have this in their hearts, and the world is blessed with the Love of Jesus in them. It is also not intended to limit God in its purpose. It is nothing for God the Creator of all things to muster a tool for his purpose or soften a heart in His Will.

It is intended as a gift for the children of God who, in their call to Him minister to the lost ones. In every word I too stand convicted in its meaning and seek it as a guide. Let my witness be of you Lord and not of my own dirty shell. Let Your Word ring from my mouth without the color of my thought. To Your purpose Dear God always keep my tongue and my path. Keep my heart white and clean for your great purpose so that I can obey your will forever.

I beg you accept this in this way.

May it bring Glory to the Father who is Worthy of Praise and is my only hope for all to see.

Hello,

We walk in darkness, a living hell.

We are the lost children of our God. Bring us his word in love unconditional and without terms or measure. Even when we walk away remember; We do not need you; We deserve the One who sent you. The One Lord our God who loves all his children no matter where they lay.

Teach us with loving kindness and mercy, blind to our faults. Just as he taught you. Bring us what we deserve, nothing less; Jesus Christ himself. Remembering always, It is He Our Lord God who sent you. Who requires your witness and who saves us to His Glory Only Forever.

Hallelujah!

Amen.

Hello,

My name is John. In my life I have had many Blessings and have witnessed many miracles and wonders; Not the least of which was my Salvation through Jesus Christ my Lord.

I started life as many of us do, a blessed child. Mother, father both grandparents. I had a brother and I have to this day a sister named Vienna. My brother David died in a car accident a while back . I never really knew him, but that is for another time.

At some point my life changed. I was abused verbally and physically. Betrayed by my father and mother as were my brother and sister also. We carry ourselves differently as a result of what happened in those very dark days.

I ended up on the street scrapping to live and fighting for my life. I should say that I always believed in a God, it was just that he was very far away.

The reason I tell you these things is not to gain your pity or seek your help or honor. All my needs are met in my life now through Christ... Praise Jesus!

I write this so you may learn of a child's heart. Who by the Grace of an Everlasting God is able to stand before you.

FEAR

I Pray you have a blessed life. As a child I had the normal fears and then there were others... come into the world of a 9 year old. Do you know me? I'm John. I have a name and a face. I am Lost. I felt all the horrors that follow. It is not fiction it was real. It was my life.

FEAR of being alone in the dark listening for a fathers engine praying he would come "any second now"

FEAR of mommy killing herself by taking pills

FEAR of daddy smashing my face in for asking a question

FEAR of my daddy never coming home

FEAR of dark snowbound nights when my mommy would run out naked into the night to die

FEAR daddy would kill us all

FEAR of beatings early in the morning by daddy when he finally came home drunk or stoned

FEAR of losing David and Vienna to God. They were all I had

FEAR of the wrath of my mommy and daddy

SADNESS

SAD my mom and dad were never happy

SAD my mommy cries while my daddy hits her.

SAD my brother was beaten by daddy

SAD my sister was beaten by daddy

SAD because I was always screwing up

SAD because daddy dragged mommy down the driveway by the car's aerial antenna

SAD because daddy did not care

SAD because mommy did not care

SAD because I was such a bad boy

ANGRY

ANGRY at mommy for hitting daddy and screaming

ANGRY at daddy for hitting mommy and screaming

ANGRY for mommy making daddy go away

ANGRY at mommy and daddy for hurting me

ANGRY because I was different than other kids

ANGRY because daddy forgot to pick me up from scouts

ANGRY because my mommy made us lie in school

ANGRY that my daddy left bruises on my body that I had to explain at school

ANGRY because my little brother and sister had to see mommy and daddy beat each other

ANGRY at my daddy's coolness and my mothers wailing in a horrible way in tears

ANGRY because I was beat up all the time and mommy and daddy did not care

HATRED

I HATED my mommy

I HATED my daddy

I HATED my school

I HATED my life

I HATED being different

I HATED me

I HATED anyone who even looked at me wrong

True unabashed HATRED true and pure in its poison, I really HATED myself.

VENGEANCE

I would protect my brother and sister from that demon that was my father and I would kill him one day for hurting us

I would protect my mommy from that demon that was my father and kill him one day for hurting her

I would kill mommy and daddy one day for hurting me

I would kill daddy for hurting me

I would be in control and I would kill them all and then me and my brother and sister would be safe and happy with my grandma Kless who loved me

DEFIANT

I would HATE and HURT anyone who tried to hurt me

I would tell my teachers to go to hell, when they embarrassed me asking about my bruises

Dam the world. NOBODY would HURT me anymore EVER AGAIN

I was about 9 years old

I was dead inside

I had no trust or love for anyone

A GOOD THING HAPPENED

Hey vacation time! Lets go to grandma Kless' house. I am very happy. Grandma loves me and never ever hurt me, she is the only one who can touch my heart and she has a Catholic Bible on her bed.

Gosh Grandma, this is an awful long vacation and where is mommy and daddy?

Daddy comes and says my life as I knew it to be is over. The final betrayal complete in its destruction. He is going away and we have to stay at grandmas a while.

Part of me screams and dies
Part of me jumps for joy and dies

RESOLUTION TIME

John will never LOVE anyone. I promise myself this.
John will never TRUST anyone. I promise myself this.
John will never be HURT again. I promise myself this.
John will be DEAD to the world and others. I promised myself this.
John has now become the "LONE WOLF" a survivor and a predator.

THE NEW IMPROVED JOHN

Mom is a LOSER
Dad is a demon LOSER
All adults are a bunch of jerk LOSERS
I am only to MYSELF no one else EXISTS.

THE WORLD STARTS LOOKING AT ME... DIFFERENTLY

My clothes are old
My skin is dirty
I smell like urine
I stink of sweat
I am living on the street
There is no HOPE

PAY BACK TIME

I will repay the world for the HATE
I HURT others
I am VIOLENT
I am a THIEF (to eat you must steal)
I learn of DRUGS
I learn about the POWER of SEX
I learn about the POWER of MONEY

I make the sign of the Cross every single time I passed a church like my grandma Kless taught me. She used to say during the bombings in world war two the people would run to the church because the allies would not bomb churches or cemeteries and it was a sanctuary and God lives there. I would say "hey God!" and walk on.

It is official I am street trash, homeless, a burden to society and not yet 15 years old.

Do you know how to reach me?

Let me teach you how to deal with me.

Rules to live by... and I do mean live.

1. Never leave me alone with anything you care more about than you care about me.
2. ALWAYS look me straight in the eye.
3. NEVER talk AT me.
4. NEVER have “private discussions” with others around me. Keep your every action EVERY THING out in the open.
5. NEVER try to “be my buddy” I TRUST NO ONE until I decide. You will know.
6. ALWAYS PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.... ALWAYS
7. Don't try to be cool. I can smell liars. I am a survivor.
8. Don't try to be tough. I can smell fear I am a predator.
9. NEVER forget... I AM A PERSON JUST LIKE YOU.
10. NEVER treat me stupid. I am smarter than you think.
11. If I ask you a question and you don't know the answer, SAY SO. DON'T HESITATE.
12. Be prepared for HARD language.
13. Be prepared for unreasonable actions.
14. Be prepared for my smell.
15. Be prepared to answer awkward questions.
16. REMEMBER I AM WATCHING YOUR EVERY MOVE. Everything, the way you talk, walk, move, blink and smile. EVERYTHING.
17. Your face is a book. It tells me everything about how you feel towards me. A sour look or a roll of your eyes. A sneak gesture to a helper or friend. We are done.
18. Be prepared for me to smoke, snort, inject, drink, urinate on a tree, whatever I want to do when you are with me.
19. Remember I HATE you. You have it all.
20. Remember you will try to hurt me. Nothing is for free in my world.
21. Remember I live here. You fold up the tent and go away just like all the other do gooders.

Does it sound difficult?

Do you think you can do it?

Don't be discouraged!

I know you can.

Greater is He who sends you than that, that is in the world.

Remember, I don't need you. I need the one who sent you. The Great God Almighty to whom there is no limit or boundary.

It takes faith, a lot of love and conviction of spirit. Pray until you are right with it. You can't fake it. You will lose me and maybe I won't get another chance.

Keep it real. Ask Jesus for his Divine Guidance and keep it real!

Now turn the page and see some stuff that will help you reach me.

Some ways to reach me.

1. Pray continually for me.
2. BE REAL
3. Always do what you say you will. ALWAYS.
4. Never find fault. NEVER.
5. Tell me about you and how you got here. Even if I seem not to care much about it.
6. Remember I'm watching for a double cross.
7. Never push. Gentle nudges are OK!
8. Never say " I Know How You Feel" You don't have a clue.
9. Keep coming back. Even if I act like I don't care. I do care, its a test.
10. Let me walk away. Let Jesus bring me back.
11. Keep telling me Jesus Loves me!
12. I may be afraid a little because of all this God stuff. Follow the Spirits Divine Guidance.
13. Watch your face. No frowns or disapproving looks. UNCONDITIONAL LOVE.
14. Be Long-suffering.
15. Reach me where I live. If I smoke carry a lighter. Maybe if you are willing buy me a pack of smokes. Save my soul, we'll get around to the body soon enough. I need a friend.
16. Treat me with respect
17. Remember it is JESUS I need not you.
18. If I hurt your feelings, tell me.
19. If you want to cry, cry. KEEP IT REAL..
20. Remember I may want to believe you but I won't at first. In fact I might think your a stupid idiot and full of smoke. Keep after it. Walk the Walk and I will see the truth of you as God softens my heart. After all he did send me to you.
21. NEVER QUIT ON ME. EVERYONE ELSE HAS. I NEED JESUS SO YOU GIVE IT TO ME AGAIN, AGAIN ,AGAIN, AGAIN ,AGAIN, WITHOUT END FOREVER. ALL IN JESUS NAME.

Turn the page there is more....

Some ways to reach me... continued

22. When I ask you why you care. Tell the Truth!

23. Don't hold too tight... I'll bolt. If I do remember number 10.

24. Remember "I'm OK" and your just one of the "Beautiful People" who have it all.

25. Finally, remember what it is all about, JESUS. I have lots of buddies. I need a friend that will love me unconditionally, forever. I don't need handouts I get enough heartless charity. I need that clutch person who will be there. It is hard for me to trust but when I do you will know.

NOW BACK TO JOHN
Turn the page...

COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD

A man in his late 40's offers me a job at the University Of New Hampshire's kitchen. He does this on the side of the road. He looks past my smell, ragged clothes, my age, my language. He pays me more than minimum wage even if I never get it right the first or second time. He tells me about himself and cared about me for real. (I do not remember his name. I left him and the job without a word. I will remember his love and kindness and that he believed in God Forever and told me so)

A Farmer named Terrell who had an old potato farm with a saw mill and an old tractor with no brakes. He took me off the street gave me some of the hardest jobs I ever have had (he made me pull down a large chicken house with just a short pry bar and I cut about 8 cords of wood and dug potatoes endlessly) he never let me quit. He paid me a dollar a day and fed me. He had his wife Bea and would joke about how Tea made Bea pee... He also told me about the railroad and the depression and how God helped his home. I hated him and loved him at the same time. (I left him too without a word)

A Security Guard at Sears who knew I was a thief but did not call the cops. He took back what I had tried to steal and told me to "GET TO CHURCH"

The Kindness of a Christian Police Officer in Concord New Hampshire who would "lock me up to keep me outa trouble" and never a charge was brought. He was always looking over my shoulder. Every time I would even think about messing up, I would look up and he would be there.

A guy named Al Rizzo who was a grocery manager who knew I used to steal food to eat from his store but still gave me a job without a permit. Paid me a fair wage and worked my fanny off.

A demented old scrounge who spoke old English, who told me part of his story while he shared his food with me.

A big fella who put me up in his box under an overpass and kept me safe in the city until I learned the ropes. He never asked anything of me.

A train yard worker who let me live in the unused cabooses in the train yard in the winter (they had wood stoves) in New Hampshire "As long as I kept 'em neat" I was very young.

A Sunday School Teacher who was a Monk who taught me the way to make the sign of the Cross when I was 5. That was after all, everything I knew about God until much later in life.

A homosexual man who gave me a ride home in the freezing cold even after I told him I did not want to have sex with him. Even his heart was warmed by God for me.

The thousands of people who picked me up while I was hitch hiking cross country that didn't kill me or treat me badly but had mercy instead on a poor lost kid.

My Grandparents who always loved me regardless of my sins towards them. My Grandma Kless who never hurt me and to whom I was her "Little Angel" It is her heart I walk with.. I miss you.

COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD continued...

My Beloved wife who showed me what love of another person was again. Her patience and faith in me has helped bring me to this place .

Most important ... God the Father for his love even when I did not know him and for his mercy when I disobeyed him.

The Lord Jesus Christ, who loves me no matter what I am or where I come from. He has granted me Salvation through his sacrifice and Grace , Thank you Lord Praise your Holy Name!

Please brothers and sisters I ask you for the sake of the lost....

Without God we are nothing, Let your love shine Like those who answered Gods call for me . It will be remembered and it does make a difference.

I love you all, thank you for your love and service of Christ Jesus.
You can touch a heart.

Remember the Miracles and wonders I spoke of seeing?

Look at me here before you.... In peace with Christ. No other miracle could be more clear.

I love you but most important Jesus Loves you.