

Titus House Newsletter

Titus House Ministries, PO Box 2376, Tijeras, NM 87059

JANUARY
2019

Meet Gary B.

This is Gary, a brother from another mother. I was down for 16 years for the crime I didn't commit plus no plea bargains. Really you say – Really! It's true! Thanks to Social Services looking for any justification for their cause. I found it's quite common in these cases. Can that happen in America? As a combat Vietnam War veteran I didn't think so. Evidently it's true and I learned once labeled with sexual leprosy it doesn't matter if you're guilty or not we're the escape goat painted with a broad brush of unforgiveness and hatred. Well, I had to get that off my chest as the condition isn't permanent, says my Creator, as He is the only true hope!

During my time I was placed in general population – till the end of my term. At the end of my term I was forced into an S/O pod. Due to a captain of the guard in Santa Fe to protect me? No, to protect him from prosecution. So what hope is there? Plenty through my Saviour and Creator as I prayed to Him.

One night in Hobbs NM I became very discouraged and depressed over my circumstances that grind on a person daily and began to pray in the darkness laying there on my cot in that cold cell. Why am I here? Believe it or not I was shocked and startled at this voice, it paralyzed me as I was actually being answered verbally. He said, "You have been falsely accused and they also did it to me! I said- Father forgive them for they

know not what they do. Your mission is to know me and make me known in truth as I am that I am (Yahuah: pronounced phonetically Yah oo wa).

While there I did in-house parole by the staff's incompetence, or was it Yahuah's design for me, as it later turned out. I was in prison for training by Him -- like

gains which were no bargains at all. Doing my parole inside I stepped out the door a free man, except for registration which I expect will be done away with in Yah's time and help. Yah – short for Father Yahuah, sent me to Don and Alice of Titus House, who kindly helped me a lot in correspondence and out here



slow down, stop, look and listen – I'm your only chance. So quit boo-hooing about the false charges. Don't get me wrong – I tried legally to clear myself over those 16 years as soon as I was getting legal traction they would move me to a different prison, in all 8 different prisons within the state of New Mexico and even to Texas. Each time they would take my legal paper work and conveniently lose it or confiscate it. I never accepted the judgment and never took the plea bar-

currently to adjust. I have been employed at a ranch and various yard jobs. I used to run Woody's Tree Service in Phoenix, Arizona. I help many vets at the VA with their PTSD and their moments of giving up. So don't give up – where there is a will there is a way – "His way." My relationship with Yahusha has carried me through, whether I was in there or out here. Every day, not religion which is man's idea and not His. He's interested in relation-

ship; not substitutes. Yes, my journey is different but similar, but one thing for sure, after my conversion from religion to a real relationship with my Creator – like putting Him first. Without Him life is meaningless, empty with depression, filled with substitutes and drugs.

This letter may sound like all blue sky and fair sailing. But that's not true, because when I fail He picks me up, upon my confession. If I confess my failures He is faithful and just to forgive me and cleanse me from all unrighteousness and restore me – I John 1:9.

That's my story, inside prison and out here, not perfect but growing in Him to maturity. Being perfect in His eyes isn't about being faultless but growing up, maturing, learning about Him. My blood father wasn't there for me, but Father Yahuah is, 24/7 when I turned to His Son Yahusha. If you pray to the right person He will deliver you, Jer. 33:3. Shalom in Yahusha's name. Gary – Isaiah 52:6.



Happy
New Year





A thank you from Mannuel R.

"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Nahum 1:7

Dear Don and Alice, I don't know if you hear this enough but thank you so much for your ministry, and all glory to God for you.

I correspond with a lot of Bible studies and oodles of different ministries and organizations. And now no offense to any of those but none holds a candle to Titus House. Not only do you send me the monthly newsletter you also write personal letters to me. Your letters are not only business about Titus House but you also share your own personal life with me. So I'm not only a subscriber to your ministry, I am a member, I am family. I believe you are up to about

600 plus newsletters mailed out each month, but I do believe and feel as though each one of us are individuals. I feel the prayers and love with each envelope I receive from you. Most of our friends and family say that we don't understand how busy they are out there. They don't have the time to write, yet you two: hand out backpacks, shop yard sales to help us, hand out food, help with jobs, "Circle of Concern", halfway house, numerous Bible study groups, taking care of household and the dogs..... And you make time to write to me? Thank you for sharing God's love with me. Your ministry has been a huge blessing to me, to most people. I am the world's worst person, but thank God that you are willing to willing to step up and stand up for me.

I'm sure you may get a lot of bad publicity for helping sex offenders but God is blessing us and I know He has many blessings for you. I thank you again for all you do. I thank you for standing up for me and with me. If the devil ever tries to throw any doubt at you and all you do, send him this letter.

Mannuel in Texas Many prayers for Alice and her family.

Note: Mannuel is referring to the recent deaths of my two brothers. Bruce was a former missionary to Argentina, living near Chicago. David was a well known author living in Kansas, traveling to Bruce's funeral and died in his parked car not far from Chicago. Many thanks for your prayers for the two widows and myself. Alice

Older inmates have paid their debts. Are we willing to forgive

Mary Buser August 09, 2018

Passing through the barbed-wire entryway of Otisville Prison, it was the flourishing plot of vegetables that first caught my eye. During the five years I worked in the mental health department at the Rikers Island jail complex in New York City, I saw a lot of things; an organic garden was not one of them. We stopped to admire the tomatoes, zucchini and peppers that peeked out from beneath lush green leaves.

I was with members of Network Support Services, an organization dedicated to the rehabilitation of prisoners, and had been invited to the program's annual awards ceremony. The Network program at Otisville, a medium-security federal prison in upstate New York, supports about 50 older inmates, who are permitted to live in a communal setting on the prison grounds. I was curious about these older men. The men I had worked with on Rikers were mostly young, many facing long sentences in upstate prisons. Now, I would see the other end of the criminal justice spectrum in the faces of those with decades of incarceration behind them.

We entered a flat-topped rectangular building nestled among a grove of trees and stepped into a spacious common area, where dozens of men were getting seated in long rows of folding chairs. Bespectacled and gray with age, they glanced at us with shy

smiles. It was hard to believe the genial men in this room had been convicted of violent crimes earlier in their lives. Afterward, I would learn that James, the enthusiastic master of ceremonies for the day, had shot and killed a rival gang member as a teen.

Settling in, I glanced around the room and did a double-take. Hanging along the walls were crocheted afghans in soft pastels—baby blankets. Before I could ask someone what baby blankets could possibly be doing in a prison, James opened the ceremony. With a stack of certificates in hand, he first announced the names of the organic gardeners. A dozen men bounded up to claim their awards, beaming and bowing as if they had won an Oscar. Next was the language club. James asked four men to stand up and state their native languages, and they rattled them off: "Spanish!" "French!" "Russian!" "Chinese!" James explained that these four gave the others lessons in their native tongues. On Rikers Island, violent divisions formed over racial and ethnic differences. Here, diversity was embraced. The awards kept coming: the breakfast club, the prayer and meditation group, the book club. Every announcement was met with a fresh round of applause, backslaps and bearhugs. Far from the desperation and violence I had known on Rikers, this room was filled with nothing but love. But then

again, these men were clearly not the people they had once been. Finally, the mystery of the baby blankets was revealed. Using donated yarn, the inmates crocheted these blankets, which were then donated to needy mothers in the local community. As James read off the number of blankets sent out, everyone was on their feet, clapping and looking over at the group of us from the "outside world" as if to say: *See the good I am capable of. I am more than one act. See me.* We did not need convincing. We were on our feet, too, clapping not only for their awards but for the resilience of the human spirit, for redemption, for the capacity in all of us for change. I clapped for a program like Network that would care about the forgotten souls who fill our prisons, and I applauded Otisville Prison for allowing this program on its grounds. When the ceremony wound down, slices of a congratulatory sheet cake were passed around. As everyone enjoyed the treat, I noticed longing glances at the surrounding mountains, and eyes riveted to a flock of birds overhead. I began chatting with a friendly man named Alejo Rodriguez, who told me he was the pioneer of the blanket project. "We were all so excited," he said, "and we wanted to see if the local paper would write a story about it. The prison officials here contacted them, **CONTINUE ON PAGE 4**



WHEN WE LIVE FOR ME, MYSELF, AND I GOD HAS A WAY OF GIVING US A REALITY CHECK

Greetings to all men and women behind these prison walls. I write to you with a very humble heart, knowing that it is only by the grace of God that I live. It is mercy that has allowed me to breathe His precious air that we often take for granted.

When we learn to truly become humble, when we can put others before ourselves, when we can go second so others can go first, it is a feel that only God can give. In the Holy Bible, it tells us that God's grace is immeasurable and in this broken world in which we live, it is His mercy, His grace and His love that brings us from darkness to light.

Matthew 23:12 says those who humble themselves will be exalted. Here in prison we face many battles that often leave us battered and drained. We face one stumbling block after another and soon all we can do is think of ourselves and forget the rest. It is moments like these that we must remember Matthew 20:28 -- Jesus took up His cross willingly so that we may live. The Bible also tells us in: II Chronicles 16:9 -- The eyes of the Lord move to and fro throughout the earth that He may strongly support those whose heart is completely His.

It is for this very reason I have written these words to all behind these walls. When we think we know God, when we call ourselves Christians, something happens that shows us we still have a lot to learn. This is because WHEN WE LIVE FOR ME, MYSELF AND I, GOD HAS A WAY OF GIVING US A REALITY CHECK.

I am housed at the Estelle Unit in Huntsville, Texas. This is mostly a medical unit. Sometimes we get a man here who has slipped through the cracks and needs help. There is a man here we all call LOCO because he is truly crazy. All day and all night Loco talks to him-

self; he talks loud in the day room, he talks loud in his cell. You can hear other men say, "I am glad he is not my cellmate." You can hear some say, "I could not put up with that man, he is crazy." I myself am guilty of this as well. I told myself, I am glad this crazy man is not in my cell. Everyone refused to try and be cellmates with Olivo. This 26-year-old man had been left out. On Friday night while I was at our NA/AA meetings, I told myself that I was going to my cell and get some sleep. When I got back to the cell block, all of the men in the day room were looking at me funny. I went up to my cell and there stood Olivo, standing in the middle of the floor and talking to himself. The Administration had not said anything to me and it was the weekend so what was done was done.

When I went into the cell, Olivo jumped in his bunk, balled up and kept talking to himself. It was right here at this very moment it hit me like a hammer to a nail. Just as God has loved you, so you must love others. All I could do was hold my head down in shame. I did not have that much, but what I had I was going to share with Olivo and see what I could do to help this young man. Olivo did not have toothpaste or deodorant, not even a bowl, spoon or cup. With a few stamps, I was able to get these small things for him. For three days Olivo sat on his bunk and did not say one word to me; he just talked to himself. On the fourth day he looked right at me and said, "Are you going to hit me too?" I said, "No, Olivo, why would I do that?" In his exact words he said, "Everyone always hits me."

Philippians 2:3, 4 Do nothing from selfish or empty conceit. But with humility of mind, let each of you regard one another as more important than himself. Do not merely look out for your own personal interests but also for

the interests of others.

I look at this scared young man and said, "Olivo, no one will ever hit you again." On Monday I was called to the count room and was asked if I was ready to move Olivo out of my cell. I said, "No, he is my cellie and I will deal with it." Yes, Olivo talks to himself; he can't help it, but with the same love God has given to me, I gave to him. He is more quiet and a little restrained. All I did was humble my heart and share a cup of coffee with him. So I say to all men and women behind these walls, do not think you are above others. Do not look only to help yourself, but look around you. Someone may need a helping hand. Do not think only of yourself when so many are hurting. Do not live for me, myself and I. That is what happened to King Nebuchadnezzar in Daniel 4:28-37. King Nebuchadnezzar thought he had all the power. He thought he was the one who built his kingdom. It was at this very point that God told this king that all he had would be taken away from him. King Nebuchadnezzar lived like a wild animal until he realized that he no longer lived for me, myself and I. It was at this moment that God restored him to his right mind. This king knew he had a real reality check.

I know it is hard here in prison, but hold on to your faith. It is when you lose faith and go your own way and start to LIVE FOR ME, MYSELF AND I that GOD WILL GIVE YOU A REALITY CHECK.

ALONZO DIZON

*Happy
New Year*



Circle of Concern

The Circle of Concern is a group of concerned registered citizens, family and friends that meet together on the 3rd Sunday of each month. We are meeting this month on January 20, 2019 at 4 pm—6 pm. We will be having a potluck. We meet at

Foothills Fellowship Church, corner of Tramway and Candelaria on the far east side of Albuquerque. We encourage and try to help each other. It is a safe place to share our strengths and struggles. We hope you will join us. If you are planning to attend call Don at (505) 315-7940.



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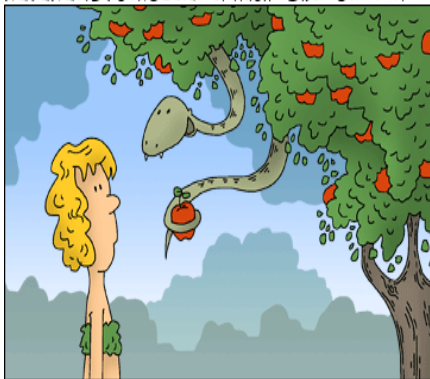
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Hebrew 13:3 - Continue to remember those in prison as if you were together with them in prison, and those who are mistreated as if you yourselves were suffering.

Remember if you change your address you need to let us know if you want to continue to receive this newsletter

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(See Genesis 3)

12-30-2013

REMEMBER THAT NEW YEAR RESOLUTION YOU MADE TO TRY NEW THINGS?

Older Inmates

and sure enough, a reporter called right away. I got on the phone with him and told him all about how we learned to crochet and about the mothers. And you want to know what he said? He said to me, 'You mean, nobody got stabbed?'"

The local newspaper had no interest in a story about the prisoners who crocheted baby blankets.

"It doesn't matter what we do," came a voice from the back. "It will never matter."

"It does matter," I said. "It always matters." Yet even as I said this, I thought of John MacKenzie, who at 71-years-old came before the New York State Parole Board in 2016 for his 10th time. MacKenzie was a model prisoner by all accounts, had earned several degrees and had set up a novel program for victims of crime. Yet once again, he was denied freedom due to the "nature of the crime"—a murder committed in a drug-fueled state when he was in his 20s. Giving up all hope, Mr. Mac-

Kenzie went back to his cell and hanged himself.

Like John MacKenzie, these men can grow, mature and pay for their crimes with the bulk of their lifespans, but the one thing they can never ever do is change the nature of their crime. Their only hope is our forgiveness. As the men quietly filed back to their cots for the afternoon "count," I was reminded of Christ's words about forgiveness. When Peter asked him, "Lord, how many times shall I forgive my brother when he sins against me? Up to seven times?" Jesus answered, "I tell you, not seven times but 77 times."

The message is clear. Yet forgiveness remains one of the toughest virtues to embrace, and perhaps nothing is harder than forgiving the most reviled and disdained among us. But if we are to realize the full breadth of our humanity, then we cannot ignore the hopes of those who have atoned, paid their debt and now wait on us. To do less would mean not only turning our backs on them but turning away from God's call for us to forgive, no matter the cost.



The pictures above are from Titus House annual holiday party on Saturday, Dec. 22nd at Furrs Cafeteria. Manny Armijo opened in prayer. Forty-three folks had a great time of singing carols with live music from Art Garcia, magic show, door prize, auction, speak-

ers from Liberty and Justice and ACLU, great food and meeting new folks and a visit from Santa. David and Bea drove 360 miles round trip from Tucumcari. It was a combination of registered citizens, pastors and children. I think next year we may be

forced to find a larger venue. Thanks to all who made this event possible. Thanks to our good friends at Furrs who even gave us free drinks. Thanks to Ann of Wings For Life for a large supply of gifts which were given away as door prizes.