

Dear Hope Partners and friends;

Here we are, already in the month of June, time is going by faster all the time, and still so many souls to be won to the Lord. As I write this we are getting ready to go into the Estelle Unit today and Cleveland Unit tomorrow. We are so grateful to you, our prayers warriors and financial supporters, you all share in the ones we win to Jesus and I know the Lord, we well as our ministry appreciates it so much!

Sister Audrey is still in the nursing home and should be coming out shortly. We have started to look into assisted living places but they are so very expensive. Pray for us that we'll find a place or be able to get help at home. Thank God who causes us to triumph always in Christ Jesus!

We are enclosing two letters from the prisoners. I hope you enjoy reading them. If you are interested in getting involved in the ministry with us in any way, or if you would like for us to come to your church to share about the ministry, please contact Sheila Johnson at 832-216-8532 and let her know. Again, we thank you for all your support, and if you have any prayer request let us know and we will pray over them.

Foot Note: We did go into the Estelle Unit on Saturday, June 8, 2013. God poured out His blessings upon us as we were blessed to see about 7 or 8 come forward to be saved and about 18 – 20 come forward to re-dedicate their lives to the Lord. Please pray for these men because life in prison presents challenges that Christians in the free world know nothing about.

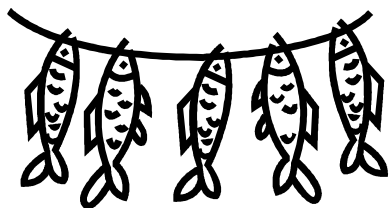
From the desk of Shelia: What a blessing it was to be at the Estelle Unit on Saturday! It is such a blessing to be able to hear that choir sing! I had goose bumps just listening to them! Please pray for the men that got saved that day as they are so young in Christ. Pray also for those who felt the need and followed through with that need to rededicate their lives to Christ. It is such a blessing to be able to work along side of our prison ministry team. If you are not involved in the "boots on the ground" work in the prisons and would like to participate, give me a call.

Robert and Audrey Dubois – Founders/Sr. Directors
Shelia Johnson – Director

And to all of you Dad's out there...



"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." Proverbs 11:30



THE SCARS OF LIFE



Some years ago on a hot summer day in south Florida a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind his house. In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went.

He flew into the water, not realizing that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an alligator was swimming toward the shore.

His father working in the yard saw the two as they got closer and closer together. In utter fear, he ran toward the water, yelling to his son as loudly as he could.

Hearing his voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a U-turn to swim to his father. It was too late. Just as he reached his father, the alligator reached him. From the dock, the father grabbed his little boy by the arms just as the alligator snatched his legs. That began an incredible tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the father, but the father was much too passionate to let go. A farmer happened to drive by, heard his screams, raced from his truck, took aim and shot the alligator.

Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were extremely scarred by the vicious attack of the animal. And, on his arms, were deep scratches where his father's fingernails dug into his flesh in his effort to hang on to the son he loved.

The newspaper reporter who interviewed the boy after the trauma, asked if he would show him his scars. The boy lifted his pant legs. And then, with obvious pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too. I have them because my Dad wouldn't let go."

You and I can identify with that little boy. We have scars, too. No, not from an alligator, but the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret. But, some wounds, my friend, are because God has refused to let go. In the midst of your struggle, He's been there holding on to you.

God loves you. You are a child of God. He wants to protect you and provide for you in every way. But sometimes we foolishly wade into dangerous situations, not knowing what lies ahead. The swimming hole of life is filled with peril – and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That's when the tug-of-war begins – and if you have the scars of His love on your arms be very, very grateful. He did not and will not ever let you go.

What a wonderful Father we have!

