

From NARCOTICS

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"My family was gone, the trucks were gone,
and friends were gone."

to the NAZARENE

"...on my knees
I asked Christ to save me
from drugs, death, and hell."

*"Being then made free from sin,
ye became the servants of righteousness."*

Romans 6:18

A Prosperous Boy.

My life started in 1928, one cold day on December 28. That was a year of prosperity in America just before the '29 crash. I grew up in a poor family financially, but a family of high morals with no drinking, dancing, or anything unclean. My daddy was a hard worker who had some small produce trucks. Every summer I was on one of them learning how to sell produce and make money. The desire to work and make money always had me. When I was eleven years old, I had a horse and wagon, and was peddling from house to house in Houston. I saved every dime, and when I was seventeen, I left home with a good truck that was paid for. Two years later I got my second truck. Then my trouble started.

A Prisoner of the Devil.

Since the age of seventeen, I had smoked marijuana, but not to excess. At eighteen, I took a few shots of dope, but this didn't satisfy me. I wanted some trucks, a pocketful of money, and a gang of hoodlum friends. Never did I want to be chained to some habit. At the age of twenty, heroin took her awful hold, and all I could do was not enough to shake it. I quit, left town, prayed, and asked preachers to pray for me, but I was chained by the devil.

The years from twenty to twenty-five were the most horrible years of existence I had ever known or read about. My family was gone, the trucks were gone, and friends were gone. What was once a good kid was now a hopeless drug addict. After being in jail for vagrancy, theft, felony theft, burglary, and possession of heroin, I decided to take "a cure." I spent forty days in a hospital; however, two days after I was out, I had a needle in my arm. There was no cure. The federal man said, "Lady, forget this boy. There is no hope for him. Once a drug addict, always a drug addict. He is chained."

A Problem to Everyone.

The city I lived in never wanted me. Many times some policeman would say, "Jack, go somewhere else." I was often in trouble or in jail for robbing, stealing, and writing bad checks. I was a real problem to

everyone. One day my daughter came into the house and told my mother that the little girl next door could not play with her anymore, because her daddy was a dope fiend. Yes, no man lives to himself or dies to himself.

I decided that maybe the U.S. Army could help me. After nearly one year, with only eighty-three good days spent in service, I was discharged with an undesirable discharge. Written across the bottom of the discharge were the words: "Reason for discharge--Narcotic." The army took me in handcuffs to a J.C. Penney store, bought me a suit of clothes, gave me a train ticket, and sent me back to Texas.

Pardoned by Jesus Christ.

When I was in jail and the army stockade, I would read the Bible. Many times I went to a chaplain or preacher for help. I attended a Catholic church and later joined a Baptist church. I tried everything I knew. I prayed every day for God to help me be free from this habit. When I moved from Texas to California, my mother wrote a letter to me telling of a friend who had been saved and was now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Cypress, California. Out of curiosity, I went to this church. This pastor told me what God had done for him. I went regularly for a month to see if God could do the same for me.

On October 12, 1953, I went down to the altar, and on my knees I asked Christ to save me from drugs, death, and hell. I was not made perfect, but that day my load of sin was lifted, and a desire was put in my heart to live for Jesus.

A Preacher of the Gospel.

I had only been saved about three weeks, when I knew that God wanted me to preach. I walked down the same aisle where I was saved and surrendered my life to Jesus for service. For twenty-two years I've tried to preach and live for Him. It has not been a bed of roses, nor has it been glamorous. The rocks in my way have been many, but God has brought me on. This same thing can happen to you if you are willing to let Jesus Christ take over your life which you have wrecked. -- J.W.

GOD'S SIMPLE PLAN OF SALVATION

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;"

(Romans 3:23)

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

(John 3:16)

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us..."

(Titus 3:5)

"...except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

(Luke 13:3)

"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

(Romans 10:13)

"...Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved..."

(Acts 16:31)

"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:"

(John 1:12)

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

(2 Corinthians 5:17)

If you have decided to trust Jesus Christ as your Saviour after reading this tract, please write and let us know.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

State _____ Age _____



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