

# Kingdom Builders Newsletter

Volume 9

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## God is Our Refuge and Strength

*There were those who dwelt in darkness and in the shadow of death, prisoners in misery and chains, because they had rebelled against the words of God... Then they cried out to the LORD in their trouble. He saved them... He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death and broke their bands apart. Psalm 107: 10-11, 13-14*

*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness For His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; My cup runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me All the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the Lord Forever. Psalm 23*

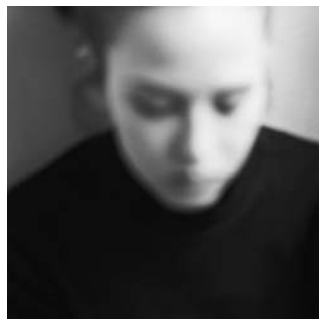
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## Tears for Samantha

It was late evening and I had come to the end of a full day of work and ministry. I stopped by to check on my mother in the senior citizens complex where she lived. Suddenly a woman coming out of the apartment I was passing grabbed and hugged me and with great emotion said hello then kissed me on the cheek. Before I could think, she was gone. Stunned, I proceeded on to my mother's apartment.

Imagine having a full day of stuff rolling around in your head when – out of the blue someone comes, gives you a big hug and kiss and then disappears. As I sat trying to make sense of what happened, I realized that she was not only one of the women that I had visited in jail, but I had developed a relationship with her. At the time I just couldn't remember who she was. After all she was there for only a matter of seconds before disappearing around a corner.



I had no hope of putting the pieces together to remember who she was. My visit with my mother now ending I headed for my car when out of no where the woman appeared again. This time she said, "I am so glad to see you, can I get a ride?"

I recognized that she was high on drugs. I asked for her name and she told me Samantha. The memories came pouring in like a flood. I felt a deep pain for this woman who once expressed so much determination to never do drugs again. It was hard to find, in her eyes, the same person that

I had once spent so much time visiting and writing to during the many months of her incarceration. It had been difficult recognizing her not because she looked different, though she did; it was because she was not the sober determined woman she once was. And I no longer saw the spark of hope in her eyes.

I asked Samantha if she was using. With great indignation she proclaimed that her drug of choice was alcohol. She forgot the long talks we had and her confession to using crack since her teenage years and throughout all but one of her 9 pregnancies. She told me of her 6 living children her youngest was a 10 month old baby. She expressed regret that she had not been there for her children and was hoping to finally be there for him.

She burned many bridges with her family because of her drug use and abuse of their kindness in trying to help her and her children. Her family no longer

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## What if Jesus Said...

Those people are ignorant and I don't want to have anything to do with them.

Why should I have to pay for your mistakes!

They won't listen so, why should I bother?

I am not going to waste anymore of my time on her!

Why should I pray for him?

I don't care what happens to them.

They're not part of my blood family. my race.

I have better things to spend my money on.

I refuse to get involved with those people.

I am tired come back later.

I have more important things to do than to be concerned about them.

## Voices from Prison

*The following letters are from women incarcerated or in rehab. With permission, we share their precious words with you.*

...I (m) also writing you to ask you for prayer my 26<sup>th</sup> B-Day is coming on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of this month and I am here again. But I want that change so bad that I dream and realizing a lot of things, places & people God set in my life to raise me up, but I let the devil tape me down. But now that I have truly found my bottom I don't want nothing else but God. Jamie

I just received your letter today, thank you for the encouragement that you give me. God bless you and your family. Donna



“He that the Son sets free is free in deed!”

Yes, I do read my bible. Please send me more scripture please. Well my birthday is coming up May 4<sup>th</sup>. I will be 36 years old praise God. I want so much to do his will this go round. Sheila, please walk with me. Samantha

...thank you for sharing your zeal, your relationship & your love for the Lord with me. Cathy

I'm leaving for prison this Friday morning. I got 3 years TDC sentence as well as a year state jail sentence. So, I do not know when I'll be released or where I'll be yet. But I know one thing I WILL NEVER turn back...I will STAND in my faith. Teri

I can assure you now that when I get out this time...I will do all that's in my power to be the mother I need to be to my babies. I miss them so much. And I realize that if I had only done what I needed to do then, I wouldn't be here now. I also understand that my children are having it pretty rough without me. Janet

*Please pray for these ladies. Many have children longing for their return. The children desperately need their mothers.*

## Inspiration Today

How do we live as Christians in the days of increasing evil? When love is waxing cold right before our eyes? Where lies and deception is the rule of the day? How do we live when Christians in their dogma separate themselves from other Christians, refusing to work together? How do we live as Christians when the need is so great, but there is only one or two willing to give up comfort and rest to help the streams of hurting people? How do we live as Christians when those in our platoon give up the fight so easily as they proclaim, “it's not my problem”? I know the answer. Those of us with the passion and the calling must rely completely on the Lord. For though we are weak – HE is strong! We will continue to obey God and work in the field for soon it will be night...  
*Sheila Green*

### The Kingdom Builders' Inspiration

*“According to my earnest expectation and hope that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ will be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death.*

*For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”*

*Philippians 1: 20, 21*

*Tears for Samantha  
Continued from pg 1*

wanted anything to do with Samantha.

My mother walked me to the car and I could see the fear in her eyes. The thought of her daughter letting a woman who was obviously high in her car, made my mother very nervous. What was disturbing to me was the fact that there was an elderly person in her complex selling drugs. Samantha did not have a relationship with anyone in my mother's complex other than as the customer of the supplier of her dope.

I assured my mom that I would be OK and that I would call her as soon as I dropped off Samantha. Before driving

off, I watched my mother walk down the corridor to the safety of her apartment.

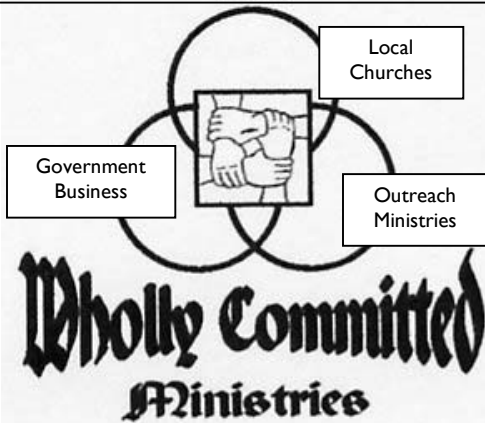
As my worship music played softly in the background I began to watch and listen to Samantha. She was very jumpy and talked in choppy sentences. She said, “My family won't talk to me.” And “I will have nothing to do with men again.” She told me the street she wanted to be dropped off at. I then began to talk to Samantha. I asked her if she was alright. At first, she said yes, she was fine. The quietness in the car became so deafening that it seemed as if the volume of the music had been turned up. Just as abruptly as she appeared earlier in the evening, tears began to flow down Samantha's face and

she said, “No, I am not alright!” She was trying to stop the tears but they just kept flowing. She was trying to remain untouchable, but it was too late. I told her that it was no consequence that our paths crossed that night, not only once but two times. I asked if I could pray for her. As she carefully wiped the tears from her face, so not to mess up her makeup, she said, “yes”.

I prayed specifically for her physical safety and then I prayed for deliverance from the life she was now back to living. Before she got out the car I told her, “Samantha I don't know how much time you have left.” Her reply, “I am not afraid to die.” I watched as she walked down the street and into the darkness.  
*Sheila Green*

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## Someone Needs You



**2007**

**Many are in need of people to show they care!**

*Please consider becoming a volunteer, a sponsor, a partner with Wholly Committed Ministries*

*We are walking with people through the challenging times of life, one step at a time.*

*We can accomplish great things together!*

**Totally, completely and wholly committed to live as Christ**

## A Harvester's Schedule

### Monday

1. Work until 2:30 PM
2. Pick up donated clothes
3. Visit mother
4. Pick up children to take to Dairy Queen for fun time at the park. *Children were part of our Back to School Celebration*
5. Talk to and pray with a couple addicted crack
6. Received emergency calls from three people

### Tuesday

1. Work until 2:30 PM
2. Call from lady released from jail, living in broke down car, has a 17 year old, at risk son. Pickup tomorrow for meeting.
3. Cook food to last for the week

### Wednesday

1. Work until 12:30 PM
2. Jail visits 1:30 – 3:30  
*Gave man released from jail ride into Austin. He was afraid his wife was going to divorce him because he was arrested with another woman, she was in procession of dope. Told him about Jezebel and encouraged him to be faithful to his wife. Talked to his wife on the phone. Prayed with him.*
3. Pick up 2 ladies at bus stop for prayer and needs assessment. *Before leaving, van would not start. A cab driver seeing our dilemma saw someone getting a battery boost and asked to use the cables. Both the cab driver and the person we borrowed the cables from were recently released from jail. (Not a coincidence). The 3 of us continued on to my office, that day's location, Whataburger restaurant.*
4. 7 PM Continue to 1<sup>st</sup> night prayer at St James Church for Global Day of Prayer. *One of the ladies saw two of her estranged sisters for the first time in 3 years (Not a coincidence).*
5. Pick up husband from work; drop off one lady in East Austin the other in Manor before going home.

### Thursday

1. Work until 4PM
2. Emergency Drill – *As a trained CERT member received a call as a drill for a national disaster. Instructed where to report (just a drill) but was very strange to think one day it will not be a drill.*
3. 11:45 AM – 1PM Christian Business Network meeting
4. Back to Work
5. 6:30–8:30 PM CERT (Certified Emergency Response Team) Meeting
6. Visit mom - *unplanned encounter with Samantha*
7. Drop off Samantha
8. Pick up husband from work

### Friday

1. Work until 12:30
2. Jail visits 1:30 – 4:30  
*On my way to the jail got a desperate call from a homeless woman released from jail 3 weeks earlier. She continued to cry, "Please help me!" over and over again. Called her after jail visits said she wanted to see me tomorrow.*

### Saturday

1. 11:30 pick up woman for my office, today, at Denny's, breakfast
2. 3:30 pick up 4 children for a visit with their mother in rehab

### Sunday

Picked up teenagers in East Austin, Round Rock and Cedar Park for Teen Challenge program then on to McDonalds