



**FROM  
REBELLION**

**TO**

**REDEMPTION**

CALLED, BROKEN, AND SENT



THE STORY OF  
SCOTT MORMON

## **Introduction This Is for the Ones Who Think It's Too Late**

This book is not written for people who think they have it all together. It's not for those looking for a little inspiration or a few good principles to add to an already comfortable life. This is written for the ones who feel like they've gone too far... done too much... broken too many things to ever be put back together again.

This is for the man or woman who lies awake at night replaying the damage. The one who has burned bridges, lost relationships, and maybe even lost themselves along the way. The one who has tried to quit, tried to change, tried to do better—but keeps ending up in the same place, wondering, *"What is wrong with me?"*

This is for those who feel disqualified.

For those who have been labeled.

For those who have sat in cells—whether physical or internal—and believed the lie that this is just who they are now.

I'm not writing this from the outside looking in. I'm not writing theory, religion, or something I studied in a classroom. What you're about to read was lived. It was messy. It was real. And at times, it looked completely beyond repair.

There were moments in my life where hope wasn't just distant—it felt impossible. Not unlikely... impossible. The kind of places where even if someone told you there was a way out, you wouldn't believe them because of how deep you were buried in it.

But here's the truth that changed everything:

There is no life too far gone for God to reach.

No past too dark for Him to redeem.

No person too broken for Him to restore.

Redemption is not reserved for the ones who almost got it right. It's for the ones who got it completely wrong—and know it.

If you're holding this book and something in you feels like your story is over... like you've missed your chance... like you've crossed a line you can't come back from—I need you to hear this clearly:

You are exactly who this book is for.

Not the cleaned-up version of you. Not the version that gets it right tomorrow. You—right now, in the middle of the mess, confusion, regret, and consequences.

This is a story of rebellion, yes—but more than that, it's a story of redemption.

And if God can do it in my life, He can do it in yours.

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## **Chapter 1: Bent Toward Rebellion**

As far back as I can remember, there was something in me that pushed against anything I was told to do. It didn't matter what the rule was or who gave it—I just didn't want to follow it. It was like something inside of me was wired to resist.

And the truth is, I didn't come from a home that taught that.

I had a family that loved me. My dad worked hard—really hard. He showed up, provided, and did what a man is supposed to do. My mom worked hard too. There wasn't chaos in my home like you might expect when you hear a story like this. There was structure. There was effort. There was love.

But somewhere along the way, I chose something different.

I was born and raised in Pleasant Grove, Dallas—a place where there was always something going on. The environment had its own influence, its own pressure, its own unspoken codes. And even at a young age, I didn't just observe it—I leaned into it.

Even in nursery school, I couldn't seem to stay in line. I got kicked out of more than one. Looking back, it wasn't just childish energy—it was defiance. I didn't want to be told what to do. I didn't want to submit. It didn't matter if the rule made sense or not. If it was a rule, I pushed against it.

That pattern followed me straight into elementary school.

In second grade, things crossed a line. I got into a disagreement with another boy, and instead of walking away or even just fighting with my fists, I made a choice that would mark something deeper in me. I took a pencil and stabbed him in the face—on purpose. Not an accident. Not a reaction I couldn't control. I meant to do it.

That was the first real moment where my actions showed something serious was going on inside of me.

By third grade, things went even deeper—not just in behavior, but in mindset.

This was during a time when schools were being integrated, and students from different backgrounds were being bused into our area. Instead of being open to it, I became hardened by it. Influenced by what was around me, I developed a black-and-white way of thinking—dividing people, choosing sides, and rejecting anything that challenged what I had already decided.

I remember one moment clearly. I had a teacher, and instead of respecting her authority, I turned my desk completely around to face away from her. I refused to engage. I called her names—derogatory, disrespectful names—and shut down anything she tried to do.

That wasn't something my parents taught me. That wasn't something I was raised to believe.

But it was something I chose.

At a very young age, I didn't just struggle with authority—I rejected it. I didn't just get influenced by my environment—I embraced the worst parts of it. And I didn't just make mistakes—I began forming a pattern.

A pattern of rebellion.

Looking back now, I can see that this wasn't just about being a “bad kid” or going through a phase. There was something deeper taking root in my heart. Something that would grow if it wasn't dealt with.

And the truth is—it didn't get dealt with.

It only got stronger.

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## **Chapter 2: When the Line Was Crossed**

By the time I hit my pre-teen years, something in me had already started hardening. What began as defiance was now turning into something more dangerous—something aggressive, something violent.

I was around eleven years old when it started to show in ways I couldn't ignore anymore.

I began stealing. It wasn't big things at first, but it didn't take long before it escalated. I remember taking Bowie knives from a local store—more than once. There was no hesitation in me. No real thought of consequences. Just action.

And then came the day that marked a shift.

I remember running down the main street in our neighborhood with one of those knives in my hand, chasing people out—people who didn't look like us, people we had decided didn't belong. I wasn't alone. I had a friend with me, someone who is no longer alive today. At the time, it felt like we were proving something, like we were protecting something.

Looking back now, it was something else entirely.

It was hate. It was blindness. It was a heart already moving in the wrong direction.

I remember those we were chasing ran into a small police substation nearby. And just as quickly, some older guys from the neighborhood came driving down the street, saw what was happening, and picked us up. Instead of stopping us, they cheered us on. They pulled us into the car and got us out of there like we had done something worth celebrating.

That moment mattered more than I realized at the time.

Because something inside me registered that behavior as acceptable... even honorable.

And from there, things didn't slow down—they sped up.

Around that same time, I had my first real encounter with drugs.

Some older guys in the neighborhood had noticed that my dad had Valium. I didn't even know what it was back then, but they told me to get some. I remember asking how many it would take to hurt you, how many it would take to overdose. They brushed it off like it was nothing, said it would take a lot.

So I got them.

But I didn't just bring them—I took them.

On the way to school one day, I took about six of them. And I'll never forget what happened next. When it hit me, something shifted inside. For the first time, I felt something I didn't even realize I had been missing.

I felt like I belonged.

That's the only way I can describe it.

The tension, the edge, the constant resistance—it all quieted down. And I liked it. I liked it more than I should have.

So I took more.

By the time it was over, I had taken thirteen. I ended up passing out at school. They sent me home, telling my parents they thought I was on drugs. But I lied. I told them I had gotten overheated playing sports. And somehow, they believed me.

But the truth was—I had nearly overdosed.

That moment should have scared me straight. And in some ways, it did. I was young, and there was a part of me that knew I had gone too far.

But something else had already taken hold.

Because even though it scared me... I couldn't forget how it felt.

And not long after that, I got my first pistol.

The rebellion that started in my heart was now showing up in my hands.

Violence wasn't just something I acted out anymore—it was becoming part of who I was.

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### **Chapter 3: A Change of Place, Not a Change of Heart**

As things continued to spiral, my home life started feeling the weight of it. Trouble wasn't occasional anymore—it was becoming constant. My behavior, my attitude, the direction I was heading—it was all getting harder to manage.

So my parents did what a lot of parents would do.

They tried to change the environment.

They decided to move me out of Pleasant Grove and into another part of the greater Dallas area—Plano. In their minds, it made sense. New surroundings. Different influences. Better opportunities. A fresh start.

What they were hoping for was a great escape.

But what I came to learn is this:

You can change where you are... but if nothing changes inside of you, you just bring everything with you.

From the moment I got there, I knew I didn't belong.

I felt like a fish out of water. Like I was standing on the outside of something, looking in through a window I couldn't break through. Everything was different—the schools, the people, the expectations. Even the way people dressed, the way they talked, the way they carried themselves—it all revolved around things I didn't understand and didn't connect with.

Money. Image. Status. Material things.

It felt like a completely different world.

And I couldn't find my place in it.

Instead of adapting, I pulled back. Instead of connecting, I disconnected even more. The same rebellion that was in me before didn't disappear—it just went with me into a new setting.

If anything, it grew stronger.

Because now, on top of everything else, I felt out of place... misunderstood... and alone.

What my parents hoped would fix things only exposed something deeper:

The problem was never just where I was.

It was who I was becoming.

And no matter how far you move, you can't outrun that.

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#### **Chapter 4: The Wrong Kind of Influence**

It didn't take long before the same pattern followed me into Plano.

Different place... same pull.

Just like back home, I didn't connect with the crowd that seemed to have it all together. I wasn't drawn to the ones who fit in—I was drawn to the ones who didn't. The ones who felt out of place, the ones who had problems, the ones who were already leaning toward trouble.

And they were drawn to me too.

But there was something different about me compared to them.

Because of where I came from, because of what I had already been exposed to, I was willing to go further than they were. I would do things they only talked about. I didn't hesitate. I didn't second-guess.

And because of that, I became an influencer.

Not in a good way—but in a real way.

I started leading people into things they probably wouldn't have stepped into on their own. I remember one situation where a friend and I found some Valium at his house. I told him to bring it to school. That one decision didn't just affect me or him—it spread. Before long, there were twenty-something students at school high on it.

People got busted.

Parents got involved.

Chaos followed.

And somehow, I didn't get caught in the moment. But it eventually came out that I was the one behind it. And from that point on, it became a pattern.

Parent after parent would say the same thing:

“You can't hang around him.”

My name started carrying a reputation.

And instead of pulling back, I leaned into it.

That label didn't push me away—it pulled me deeper. It gave me an identity. It made me feel like I was somebody. If I couldn't fit in the right way, then I would stand out the wrong way.

At least it was something.

Whether it was getting others involved in things they shouldn't be doing, or having younger kids in the neighborhood growing marijuana down in the woods, there was always something going on. There was always another step, another line being crossed.

And the truth is, I began to take pride in it.

There was a mindset forming in me:

“I'm willing to do what you're not.”

That became my edge. That became my identity.

But what I didn't realize at the time was this:

The same influence I was using to pull people into darkness... was also pulling me deeper into it.

And every step forward in that direction was taking me further away from anything good that had ever been planted in my life.

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## **Chapter 5: The First Felony**

As things continued to escalate, it wasn't just small trouble anymore. It was only a matter of time before it crossed into something bigger.

And it did.

I was about thirteen years old when I had my first real run-in with the law—my first felony.

There was a lot of new construction in the area back then. Empty houses, unfinished builds—places we knew we weren't supposed to be. Me and several guys from the neighborhood decided to go into one of those houses. We rode our bikes through it, went room to room, and just completely tore it up.

We broke mirrors, damaged walls—just destroyed the place.

Thousands of dollars in damage... and at the time, it felt like nothing.

Until one of the guys got caught inside.

And when he got caught, he told on all of us.

Next thing I know, the police showed up at school. A detective pulled me in, started asking questions. I didn't think much of it at first, but he knew what he was doing. He worked me in a way I didn't understand at that age, and before I knew it, I had admitted my part in it.

That moment taught me something—but not the right thing.

Me and another guy ended up going to the adult city jail for a couple of weekends. And even there, nothing in me had changed. If anything, it showed how far gone my mindset already was.

We were in cells across from each other, and instead of taking it seriously, we turned it into a game. Throwing wet toilet paper, making a mess, acting like it was a joke.

I remember writing my name on the wall:

“Scott Mormon was here... felony.”

Like it was something to be proud of.

The next day, everything shifted.

I got called out of school, and my dad told me the judge wanted to see me. He asked me straight up what I had done. I downplayed it, told him I had just written my name on the wall. I didn't tell him the whole truth.

But the judge already knew.

When I stood in front of him, he looked at me and said, “Do you think a felony is funny?”

That moment wasn't a joke anymore.

He looked at my dad—and I knew what that meant. But instead of sending me home, he sent me back.

Back to jail.

We had to go in and clean, paint, and repair what had been messed up. I remember being there while they were processing large groups of people through the system—it felt chaotic, overwhelming, like something much bigger than me.

But even in that moment... something in me didn't break.

Instead, something else formed.

I made a decision—a vow in my mind:

Never talk to the police again.  
Never tell them anything.  
No matter what.

In my thinking, I believed you couldn't get in more trouble than you were already in, so the only move was to stay quiet.

And that became a rule I lived by.

Not a good one... but a real one.

I was put on probation after that. I had fines to pay, and I had to go to work to pay them back. On the outside, it looked like consequences were being enforced.

But on the inside... nothing had changed.

If anything, I was getting more set in my ways.

Because what should have humbled me... only hardened me.

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## **Chapter 6: Training for Darkness**

By this point, something had changed in me.

I wasn't just getting into trouble anymore. I wasn't just reacting or going along with the wrong crowd. I made a decision—clear and intentional.

I wanted to be a criminal.

That's not something I drifted into. It's something I chose.

And once I chose it, I committed to it.

I started studying. Watching. Learning. Not from mentors or anything healthy—but from whatever I could get my hands on. There was a series I used to watch called *The Untouchables*. It followed mafia figures, showing how they operated... and eventually, how they got caught.

But I didn't watch it like everyone else.

I studied it.

Every time someone got busted, I paid attention. I would tell myself, "*Never do that. Never make that mistake.*" I wasn't just watching for entertainment—I was programming myself. Building a mindset that was calculated, deliberate, and set on going further than the average person would go.

Looking back now, I can see something deeper was happening.

There was a darkness I was opening myself up to. I didn't understand it at the time, but I was aligning myself with something destructive—something that fed off the choices I was making. The more I leaned into it, the more it seemed to take hold of me.

What started as rebellion... had now become direction.

And I was moving fast.

At the same time, substances were becoming a bigger part of my life. Alcohol, marijuana—whatever I could get access to. It hadn't yet escalated into the hardest drugs, but that didn't matter.

Because the issue wasn't just *what* I was using.

It was *how* I used it.

Everything I did, I did to the extreme.

There was no off switch. No moderation. No ability to pull back. If it was in front of me, I was going all in. Every time. No hesitation.

I didn't know how to stop.

And I didn't really want to.

That same mindset carried over into everything—crime, behavior, decisions. There were no boundaries anymore. No internal voice telling me to slow down or think twice.

Just impulse... and action.

And the more I lived that way, the more it defined me.

What I didn't realize was that I wasn't just choosing a lifestyle—I was building a path. One decision at a time, I was setting a direction that would only lead to one place.

And I was getting closer to it faster than I thought.

Because this wasn't the worst of it.

Not even close.

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## **Chapter 7: Deeper In**

By this point, I wasn't just experimenting anymore.

I was fully in it.

Looking back now, I can see how my choices kept opening doors. The more I leaned into darkness, the more it seemed to take hold of me. I didn't understand it at the time in a spiritual sense, but I knew this much—I wasn't the same. Something had shifted deeper than behavior. What I once chose... now felt like it was choosing me.

And I kept saying yes.

Around this time, I went to a concert and ran into some older guys I had known from Pleasant Grove. These weren't just guys getting into trouble anymore—they were moving weight. They were dealing in quaaludes heavily at the time.

I reconnected with them.

And just like that, I stepped into something bigger.

Before long, I wasn't just around it—I was involved. I started getting large quantities at a time—hundreds of quaaludes—and bringing them back into Plano. I was about fifteen years old, moving things most adults wouldn't touch.

At the same time, I was still dealing marijuana. I had another connection back in Pleasant Grove—someone I had grown up with—who was moving serious amounts, hundreds of pounds at a time. So I became a bridge.

I would go down into Dallas, get what I needed, and bring it back up into Plano.

New territory. New level.

More people. More money. More risk.

And I didn't slow down—I leaned in harder.

But it didn't stop there.

As I kept going, I started getting connected to people who were manufacturing methamphetamine. That was a whole different level. This wasn't just dealing anymore—this was deeper into the system, deeper into something dangerous.

I began using heavier drugs myself.

What had once been “experimentation” was now dependency. What had once been a choice was now a pattern I couldn't break.

Those guys I was connected to eventually got caught in a small town in East Texas. They ended up with life sentences.

Life.

At the time, it didn't stop me. It didn't wake me up. If anything, it just showed me how serious the game was—and instead of stepping back, I adjusted.

That's how far gone I was.

Everything in my life was escalating—faster, deeper, darker. The connections, the influence, the substances, the risk—it was all increasing at the same time.

And here's the truth I can see now:

I had given myself over to something that was working against everything good God had ever placed inside of me.

The same drive, the same boldness, the same willingness to go all in—those things were part of how I was created. But instead of being used for purpose, they were being twisted and used for destruction.

And I was the one feeding it.

Step by step, choice by choice, I kept moving further away from who I was meant to be.

I didn't feel in control anymore.

I felt owned.

And still... I didn't stop.

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## **Chapter 8: No More Middle Ground**

This is where something shifted again.

Up to this point, I had been moving deeper and deeper into it—but now my thinking changed. I made up my mind I wasn't going to stay in the middle anymore.

If I was going to do it... I was going all the way.

No more small-time thinking. No more just picking things up locally. If it was drugs, I wasn't going to keep buying from Dallas—I was going to go closer to the source. I wanted to be at the top of it, not somewhere in between.

And what pushed me in that direction was something as simple as a story.

I had read a magazine—*High Times*. It was filled with stories about drugs, culture, and people making money moving weight. One story stuck with me. It talked about a couple going into Mexico and buying marijuana for cheap—seventy-five, maybe a hundred dollars a kilo.

That's all I heard.

The same story talked about them getting caught... being tortured by federales.

But I skipped that part.

All I could see was the opportunity.

So I made a decision.

I borrowed a large amount of money and promised to pay it back double when I returned. I got a friend, and we drove down toward the South Texas border. Back then, crossing over wasn't like it is today—you could move more freely.

But something didn't sit right with me.

Even before anything happened, I had a bad feeling. Not because of the story I read—but just being there. The way people looked at us. The way things felt. It was different.

So I made a decision and get out of Mexico.

I stayed on the Texas side.

We started asking around, trying to find a connection. Eventually, we picked up a hitchhiker who said he could help us. He led us to some people, and we told them what we were looking for.

But something wasn't right.

Every time the deal started to come together, they would switch to speaking Spanish around us. I couldn't understand what they were saying, but I knew enough to recognize when something felt off.

And it did.

Looking back, I'm convinced they were setting us up to get robbed.

We had no guns. Nothing to really protect ourselves. Just a buck knife we used to start the car—because the starter was out, and we had to short it just to get it going.

But they didn't know that.

So I made a move.

I told my friend, loud enough for them to hear, “Go to the trunk and show them the guns we brought to sell.”

We didn’t have any guns.

But it worked.

It changed the whole tone of the situation. You could see it in their faces. Whatever they had planned, they backed off.

We ended up walking away from the deal. Part of it was the price—it was higher than I had set in my mind—but more than that, I knew something wasn’t right.

So we left.

Went back to Dallas.

But the bigger thing is this—it didn’t stop me.

If anything, it confirmed something in me.

I realized I could make real money doing this. I realized I could move in these circles and figure it out as I went. The risk didn’t scare me—it sharpened me.

And before long, I started doing exactly what I had set out to do.

I began transporting drugs from the border of Texas. The same connection, and he admitted the other guy we picked up hitch hicking wanted to rob us.

What started as curiosity had now become operation.

And I was moving deeper into it than ever before.

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## **Chapter 9: No Way Out**

What started as small moves had now become something much bigger.

It wasn’t just drugs anymore. It was everything that came with it.

They wanted guns—so we brought guns. The volume increased. The variety increased. Pills, marijuana, whatever was moving at the time—it all became part of it. One thing led to another, and before long, it wasn’t just occasional runs.

It was constant.

And at the same time, my addiction was growing right alongside it.

I discovered that if I stayed high on methamphetamine, I could push myself further than I ever could sober. I could drive straight through—down to the border and back—nonstop. What would normally be exhausting became possible.

Twenty-four-hour runs.

No sleep. No breaks. Just movement.

And when I say loaded, I mean loaded. Everywhere you could think of—packed into compartments, hidden in places most people wouldn't even consider. Every trip was a risk, but by then, risk didn't slow me down.

It fueled me.

We learned the patterns. We knew when checkpoints were open and when they weren't. We watched, adjusted, and moved accordingly. It became a system.

But even systems start to wear you down.

After a while, the driving became too much. So I shifted again.

I started flying.

Commercial airlines—carrying as much as I could pack into luggage. Walking through airports like everything was normal, when everything about it wasn't.

And this is where something else started to take over.

I could feel it.

There were moments when I knew it was time to shut everything down for a while. Not because I wanted to—but because something didn't feel right. You could feel when eyes were on you. You could feel when something was off.

Some of that was instinct.

Some of that was paranoia.

But in that life, the line between the two gets real thin.

Because when you're driving through the middle of the night in South Texas, and you can't lose the same set of headlights no matter what you do—you know.

You know you're not alone.

That's when things started getting tight.

Crime stoppers civilians started hitting hard in every community. Pressure started building. Doors were getting kicked in. People were watching. Asking questions. Closing in.

I remember telling some of the guys around me, more than once:

“They’re on us.”

I knew it.

And deep down, they knew it too.

By that point, I had already started adjusting how I moved. I wasn’t bringing things directly into Plano anymore. I stayed in Dallas, and others would come to me. I was trying to stay a step ahead.

But it wasn’t enough.

Because when the guns got involved, everything changed.

That’s when the feds step in.

I didn’t fully understand it at first, but I could see it happening. One by one, people around me started getting picked up. Guys I knew. Guys I had connected with. Some of them didn’t slow down when the pressure came—they kept going.

And they got caught.

Airports. Roads. Different cities.

They started going down.

I warned some of them. Told them to cool off, to step back for a while. But when you’re in that life, slowing down isn’t easy. For some, it’s not even an option.

And for me?

I was already too deep around 18 years old feeling the heat.

There was no turning back in my mind. No exit strategy. No clean way out.

I was in it.

All the way in.

And the only direction left... was forward.

Even if that road was leading straight off a cliff.

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## Chapter 10: When the Game Turned on Me

This is where everything changed.

At the time, I didn't fully understand what was happening. But looking back now—after all these years, after everything God has done in my life—I can see it clearly.

This is where God started dealing with me.

Not in a gentle way.

In a way that stopped me in my tracks... even if I didn't recognize it yet.

Because one by one, everything around me started falling apart.

They were popping us.

Guys I knew. Guys I worked with. People I was connected to—they started getting picked up left and right. It wasn't random anymore. It was targeted. It was coordinated.

And I knew it was only a matter of time.

So I tried to slow everything down. Pull back. Move smarter. But by then, it wasn't that simple.

Because the drugs weren't just part of the lifestyle anymore.

They were controlling it.

The amphetamines—the meth—they had me wired. On edge. Watching everything. I couldn't relax. I couldn't rest. Everywhere I went, I felt like I needed a pistol. Always looking over my shoulder. Always thinking someone was watching me.

The paranoia was constant.

And it was getting worse.

That's when heroin entered the picture.

At first, I didn't even like it. It slowed me down. Made me tired. And up until that point, I wanted to stay up—I wanted to move, to hustle, to stay ahead.

But something had changed.

The pressure... the fear... the constant tension—it got to be too much.

And heroin did something different.

It numbed it.

As long as nobody was kicking the door in... I didn't care about anything else.

That's where I was.

And that's when I knew something had me.

Because what started as a choice... had now turned into a need.

My habit escalated fast. Hundreds of dollars a day just to maintain it. Just to feel normal. Just to keep the edge off.

At the same time, the pressure from the outside kept building.

Police hitting houses. Doors getting kicked in. People getting arrested. Information moving around the streets. Guys coming to me saying, "They got so-and-so... and they're asking about you."

They weren't just around me anymore.

They were looking for me.

And I knew it.

So now I'm living in two worlds at the same time.

On one side—trying to stay ahead, stay hidden, stay free.

On the other side—trying to stay numb, stay high, stay disconnected from everything closing in.

The drugs increased.

The paranoia increased.

The pressure increased.

And the truth is—it wasn't fun anymore.

What once felt like control... now felt like chains.

What once felt like freedom... now had me handcuffed.

That's the only way I can describe it.

I wasn't running the game anymore.

The game was running me.

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## Chapter 11: The Line I Said I'd Never Cross

By this point, I had committed more crimes than I could even count.

Everything I was doing was a felony. Not one here and there—multiple, every single day. Ten... fifteen... eventually adding up into the thousands over the years. It had become normal to live outside the law. That's just how I operated.

But even in that life, I had lines.

There were certain things I stayed away from. Not because I was good—but because I was calculating. I knew aggravated charges carried serious time. I knew federal charges didn't play around—day-for-day time, no breaks.

So I avoided them.

No more gun trafficking. No major violent charges if I could help it. I stayed in what I thought was a “manageable” lane.

But addiction doesn't respect lines.

And eventually... it erased mine.

My habit had grown so big, so demanding, that everything else started to fall away. The hustle, the dealing, the moving weight—it wasn't enough anymore. It took too much time, too much effort.

I didn't want to build it anymore.

I wanted to take it.

So I made another decision.

Forget making money.

Go straight to the source.

That's when I crossed the line I said I never would.

I started committing armed robberies.

At first, I had someone with me. But even that didn't last. The first one went bad—not because we got caught, but because I realized I couldn't depend on anyone else. Too many variables. Too many chances for something to go wrong.

So I made another vow:

I would do it alone.

No partners. No witnesses. No one to mess it up.

Just me.

And once I stepped into that, there was no slowing down.

One turned into a few.

A few turned into many.

Before I knew it, I was somewhere in the low twenties—armed robberies. Not petty theft. Not small-time crime.

Armed robberies.

Each one pushing me further out.

Further away from anything normal. Further away from anything safe. Further away from anything that resembled the life I once had.

And here's the truth:

By then, I wasn't thinking about consequences anymore.

I wasn't thinking about time.

I wasn't thinking about getting caught.

I was thinking about one thing—feeding the addiction.

That's all that mattered.

And when that's all that matters, you'll do anything.

No matter how far it takes you.

No matter how dangerous it gets.

No matter what it costs.

And that's where I was.

Right on the edge.

Because what came next...

Was everything crashing down.

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## Chapter 12: The Day It All Caught Up

The day finally came.

I was in the middle of another robbery. By that point, it wasn't new. It was routine. In and out. Fast. Controlled. At least that's what I thought.

But this time, something was different.

A silent alarm had gone off.

I didn't hear it. I didn't see it. I had no idea.

I grabbed the money and came running out of the store like I had done so many times before. But the moment I stepped outside, everything changed.

"Halt!"

I heard it.

I looked over—and there he was. A police officer on the side of the building, already drawn on me.

In that split second, everything slowed down.

I had come out fast, and I was now between two cars. My gun was right there. My instinct—everything in me—was to grab it.

And for a moment... I was going to.

That thought hit hard:

*There's nothing to lose now.*

But then, almost at the same time, I looked to my right.

Another officer.

Shotgun trained on me.

No warning. No hesitation.

Just a no-win situation.

In that moment, I knew.

This wasn't another close call. This wasn't something I was getting out of.

This was it.

And something inside of me made a different choice.

Instead of reaching for the gun... I let it go.

I threw it down.

And I hit the ground.

Just like that.

I remember laying there on that concrete, face down, everything in my life catching up in one moment. The running, the hiding, the constant pressure—it all stopped.

And to be honest...

There was a part of me that was almost relieved.

I was tired.

Tired of running. Tired of looking over my shoulder. Tired of living in that constant state of pressure, fear, and chaos.

It had been nonstop for so long.

And now it was over.

They had me.

I remember them surrounding me, weapons still drawn. And I could tell—they knew. They knew they had the one responsible. Up until that point, they hadn't been able to pin it down. I had stayed under the radar.

But not anymore.

Now I was the guy.

And I knew what that meant.

I was going down.

Hard time.

There was no way around it.

But even in that moment—laying there, facing everything I had done—my mind wasn't on the charges.

It wasn't on the time.

It wasn't even on the future.

All I could think was this:

I'm sick.

I need dope.

That's where I was.

That's how deep it had gotten.

They picked me up, put me in the car, and transported me to Mesquite City Jail.

And just like that...

The life I had been running finally stopped.

But what I didn't know yet was this:

The real battle was just beginning.

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### **Chapter 13: The First Crack**

I remember sitting in that cell... and I was sick.

Not just uncomfortable—sick. My body was shutting down from everything I had been putting into it. The drugs, the lifestyle, the nonstop running—it had all caught up, and now there was no escape from it.

No place to run.

No way to numb it.

No way out.

Just me... and it.

When they put me in that cell, there was a small piece of paper sitting on the bed. Just something simple—typed out, nothing special about it.

So I picked it up.

At that time, I didn't have what you would call a real awareness of God in my life. I knew God was real—I wasn't denying that—but I didn't think He had anything to do with someone like me.

In my mind, God was for other people.

Not me.

But I started reading it anyway.

It was talking about God... about having Him in your life... about something deeper than just religion. I didn't fully understand it, and honestly, I didn't even think it applied to me.

I didn't think God was going to get me out of jail.

I didn't think He was going to fix my situation.

But I remember, in that moment, doing something I hadn't really done before.

I called out to Him.

Not to get me out.

Not to change my circumstances.

Just to help me.

Because I was broken... and I knew it.

I was sick, physically and mentally. Everything I had built my life on had just collapsed, and for the first time, I didn't have anything left to stand on.

And as I sat there, something came back to my memory.

Just a few weeks earlier—right before all the robberies—I had taken a friend's mother to church. She couldn't drive at night, and she asked me to take her. I didn't think anything about it at the time.

But when I got there... something hit me.

It was a Pentecostal church. People were expressive, vocal, calling things out, talking about real-life struggles. And I remember sitting there thinking, *"This is too real."*

It actually scared me.

I remember thinking, *"They're going to call me out."*

Like somehow they knew what I was dealing with... like someone was going to stand up and say, *"There's a heroin addict in here."*

And I couldn't handle that.

So I left.

I took her home, and I walked away from it.

Not in rebellion exactly—I just couldn't connect the dots. I couldn't see how any of that had anything to do with me.

But now...

Three weeks later...

Everything had fallen apart.

And here I was, sitting in a jail cell, holding a piece of paper talking about the same God I had just walked away from.

I didn't fully understand it at the time.

I didn't realize what was happening.

But looking back now, I can see it clearly:

God had already started moving.

Even when I wasn't looking for Him... He was coming after me.

And that moment in that cell—that simple piece of paper, that weak, desperate prayer—it was the first crack in something that had been hard for a long time.

I wasn't changed yet.

Not even close.

But something had started.

And God was just getting started with me.

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## **Chapter 14: Reality Sets In**

After a few days in Mesquite city jail, they transferred me to Dallas County Jail.

And that's where it really hit me.

I remember sitting in that cell... sick. My body is in full blown heroin withdrawals . I was coming off everything, and there was no relief. No escape. Just the reality of where I was and what I was facing.

And then I met my cellmate.

Out of all places, out of all people, this guy ends up in the same cell as me. He was a believer and had been saved about five years earlier, back when he was in a penitentiary in New Mexico. Now he was sitting in Dallas, facing an old murder charge.

But something about him was different.

He knew the Bible. Not just a little—he had spent time in it. You could tell he had gone through something and came out different. In a place like that, you notice things like that quickly.

And in that environment, you stick with what you know. He was one of the only white guys in there, so naturally, I gravitated toward him.

But the reality of my situation didn't take long to show itself.

I remember another guy in the cell throwing a newspaper at me and saying, "Hey white boy... you're in some deep trouble."

I picked it up.

And there it was.

My name. My charges. Everything laid out.

Bond set at \$1,250,000.

That's when it hit me.

Not slowly... all at once.

My life is gone.

There was no getting out. No quick fix. No way to talk my way around it. I knew enough by then to understand what I was looking at—the rest of my life incarcerated in prison.

This wasn't a slap on the wrist.

This was real time.

And the place I was in made that even clearer.

I was in a pod with about eighteen inmates. And these weren't small charges. Every person in there was facing something serious—murder, rape, aggravated robbery. This was the level I had stepped into.

And now I was sitting in the middle of it.

I was maybe twenty-two years old. Young... but already so far gone. Sitting there, physically sick, facing a long prison time, surrounded by men who were living out the consequences of the same road I had been running.

There was no pretending anymore.

No image. No reputation. No control.

Just reality.

And for the first time, I had to sit in it with no escape.

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### **Chapter 15: The Seed Was Planted**

By the time I got into Dallas County Jail, something had already happened in me.

The seed had been planted.

I believed in Christ.

That part was real. After that moment in the cell, after the gospel tract on the bed, after crying out to God—I knew He was real. There was no question in my mind anymore.

But knowing He was real... and walking with Him?

Those were two completely different things.

And I didn't understand that yet.

I tried, at first. For about a month, I really did. Talking with that cellmate, listening to what he was saying, trying to process it all. But I didn't understand the difference between trusting God and still relying on myself.

Everything in me had been built on survival. Control. Instinct. Doing whatever I had to do to make it through.

And that environment didn't make it any easier.

The cellblock I was in was rough. Constant tension. Constant nonsense. Jailhouse politics, gangs, pressure—it was nonstop. There was no quiet place to figure things out. No safe space to grow in Christ.

So before long...

I chose to go right back into what I knew.

There was a young Hispanic teenager in there, probably about sixteen years old. Somehow, I ended up looking out for him. In that environment, that meant something. He trusted me enough to let me hold onto his money—the kind of jail money you use to buy things inside. Of course he bought things for me to protect him.

But things turned fast.

He got beat down by some guys from another gang. And when that happened, everything connected to him became an issue—including me holding his money.

When the guards locked the block down, they started asking questions.

“Where’s the money?”

I had it.

And it didn’t take long for the gang who beat him down to figure that out.

From that moment on, everything shifted again.

Survival mode kicked in. I clique up with a violent Vietnamese man and he managed to break a metal strap from a bed and make a huge sword like shank. That was my faith and all I knew.

The same mindset I had on the streets came right back to the surface. There was no room for weakness. No room for confusion. You either handled things... or you got handled.

So I did what I had to do.

Just like I always had.

And that’s where the real struggle showed itself.

Because I knew God was real.

But I also knew I couldn’t live both lives at the same time.

I couldn’t walk with Him... and keep doing what I was doing.

And instead of choosing Him...

I went back to what I knew. Faith in myself.

I didn’t turn my back on God completely—but I pushed Him to the side. I told myself I’d deal with that later. Right now, I have to survive.

So for the next several months, leading up to my trial...

That’s exactly what I did.

I survived.

But deep down, something had already started.

And even though I wasn't ready to fully surrender yet...

God wasn't done with me.

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## Chapter 16: Mercy in the Courtroom

Then came the trial.

And the only way I can describe it... it felt like a circus.

This wasn't a small case. They brought in two of the top prosecutors in Dallas County to go after me. That alone told me what I was up against.

They weren't playing.

Before it ever went to trial, they made me an offer.

Forty years... if I would just plead guilty.

But in my mind, I was already calculating time. I knew how the system worked, or at least I thought I did. I told myself, *Why take 40 when I would do 15 flat? Why not take my chances because a life sentence was 20 flat?*

So I refused the deal.

I rolled the dice.

They ended up convicting me on seven armed robberies. That was enough. They didn't need everything—they just needed enough to get the time they were after.

And the judge I stood before...

She had a reputation.

On the streets and in the jails, they called her "**The Iron Maiden.**" And not without reason. She was known for handing down heavy sentences—quick and without hesitation. Later I found out she had been personally affected by violent crime earlier in her life. She didn't tolerate it. Not even a little.

So everything was stacked against me.

So I took it to a jury of my peers.

And that's where something unexpected happened.

Because I had no real record—nothing that reflected the life I had actually been living—they presented me a certain way. My lawyer, a court-appointed attorney who took an interest in my case, built a picture for the jury.

A good kid... who got hooked on heroin... and went bad.

Now the truth is—that wasn't the full story. Not even close. By that point, I had lived a life far deeper in crime than what they were presenting.

But that's how it was framed.

And somehow... it worked.

When the verdict came back, I couldn't believe it.

The judge couldn't believe it.

They gave me **seven years** on one charge.

And **ten years probation** on each of the other six.

Seven years... when I was expecting decades.

Seven years... when I could have easily been buried under time.

It didn't make sense.

Not from where I stood.

But later on, I found out something that changed how I saw that moment.

Someone on that jury knew my dad.

They knew he was a good man.

And without even saying it openly, they influenced that jury to give me a chance.

A chance I didn't deserve.

A chance I hadn't earned.

Looking back now, I can see it clearly:

That wasn't luck.

That wasn't coincidence.

That was God.

Because if I had gotten the time I should have gotten... if I had been buried under decades in prison... I honestly believe I would have crossed a line I couldn't come back from.

My heart was already hard.

My conscience was already fading.

And where I was headed next...

Would have pushed me even further.

God showed me mercy in that courtroom.

Even when I didn't recognize it.

Even when I hadn't surrendered.

He gave me a window.

And what happened next...

Would show just how close I still was to losing everything, not my freedom but eternity.

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## **Chapter 17**

### **The Gladiator Farm**

When I got sent to the Ferguson Unit, I understood fully what I was walking into.

They called it the "**Gladiator Farm.**" And that wasn't just a nickname. It was earned. Fights every day. Blood every day. You didn't just do time there—you survived it.

The moment I stepped onto that block, instinct kicked in.

I started sizing everything up.

Who's where. Who's with who. Who runs what.

I saw the lines immediately.

Blacks on one side. Hispanics on another. A small group of whites scattered in between.

Everything was divided. Everything was territorial.

And the moment I walked in... it was already on.

There were guys from another gang who recognized something about me—something tied to what had happened back in the county jail. They started yelling across the block, calling things out, saying that is the white boy who had his money, stirring it up in a flash.

And right there, first day, first moments...

I knew.

This is showtime.

No easing into it. No observing from the sidelines.

You either establish yourself... or you get swallowed up.

So I made a move.

I looked over at the Hispanic side. I had hung with that culture. I understood it. I knew how to move in it. And in that moment, I spoke up—loud, aggressive, making it clear where I stood in that situation. You ..... are pissed off because I protected that teenage Mexican.

The reaction was instant. I banked on the hatred between the blacks and the Mexicans.

Tension shot through the whole block. Mexicans stood up.

For a second, it looked like everything was about to explode right there. All the different cliques standing up, shifting, watching. You could feel it—one wrong move and it was going to turn into a full-blown riot.

Then a couple of the Hispanic guys came up to me.

They looked at me, trying to figure me out.

“Are you Mexican?” they asked.

I told them no.

But I dropped some names—people I had been connected to back in Dallas, down in the Rio Grande Valley. People they knew. People that carried weight.

And that changed things.

They looked at me different after that.

One of them saw a tattoo I had from down in the valley of Mexico. That was enough to at least give me some credibility. Enough to not be dismissed.

Then one of them looked me dead in the eye and said something I'll never forget:

“If something goes down in here... you fight with us.”

That was it.

No contract. No discussion.

Just expectation.

And just like that—my first day in the penitentiary—I was already being pulled into something bigger than myself.

Not trying to stay out of trouble.

Not trying to lay low.

Right back in the middle of it.

Because that’s all I knew.

And the truth is... at that point, I wasn’t trying to change.

I was becoming exactly what that environment demanded.

Hard. Reactive. Ready.

And every step deeper into that world...

Was taking me further away from anything God had started back in that cell.

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## **Chapter 18: The Riot**

Three days in.

That’s all it took.

We were in the day room waiting to go out in the fields early that morning. I believe it was cotton season. Just another day on the outside looking normal—but inside, everything was already building.

You could feel it.

Tension doesn’t stay hidden in a place like that. It just waits for the right moment.

And then it happened.

Out of nowhere, one of the black guys stood up on a bench and started shouting across the rows—calling out to the Hispanics. It wasn't just words. It was a signal.

And just like that...

Everything exploded.

Benches started flipping—heavy wooden benches, getting kicked, broken apart, turned into weapons. The whole place went from controlled to chaos in seconds.

A full-blown riot.

No warning. No time to think.

And in that moment, I didn't hesitate.

Because I had already made a decision days earlier.

If something went down... I fight with them.

So that's what I did.

No second-guessing. No stepping back. In that environment, your word is everything. You do what you say you're going to do—or you don't make it.

So I went in.

And in a situation like that, you're not seeing everything clearly. You're catching pieces—watching your back, reacting, moving. It's survival, moment by moment.

But I remember this.

At one point, I looked up and saw every white guy climbing up the bars near the door. Getting out.

I didn't fully understand it right then. I was too locked into what was happening around me.

But later, it made sense.

They opened that door—and anybody who wanted out could get out. That way, they knew exactly who stayed.

Exactly who was fighting.

It was a setup to identify everyone involved.

And I stayed.

Then the guards came in.

Tear gas first.

Then force.

They flooded the place—beating guys down, shutting everything down hard. By the time it was over, it was a mess.

Blood everywhere..

Chaos turned into control again.

And that's when reality hit in a different way.

Because when it was all said and done... there were no white guys left in there.

Just me.

They pulled me out and marched me down to the warden's office.

I'll never forget it.

Big black man, Warden Martin sitting behind that desk. He looked at me and said something that stuck:

"You're the only white boy in there."

He called me by my number.

Not my name.

My number.

And I didn't say anything.

What was there to say?

They wrote me up. Gave me a case. Locked us all down.

But something bigger had just happened.

In three days...I had already crossed over.

Not just into prison—but into a mindset, an identity, a survival code that was going to define the next several years of my life.

And I knew it.

This wasn't temporary.

This wasn't something I could just ride out.

This was the beginning of a whole new level of darkness.

The next several years...

Were going to be hell.

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## **Chapter 19: The Price of Respect**

It didn't take long.

Within weeks, I had already made a name for myself.

And in the penitentiary, nothing matters more than one thing: Respect.

Not the kind of respect you earn in the world outside—but a different kind. A survival-based respect. A reputation that tells people whether they can test you... or whether they better not.

And once that line gets tested—you don't get to ignore it.

You answer it.

I had a cellmate. Bigger than me—by a lot. Probably around 220 pounds. The kind of guy who didn't mind pushing limits just to see what someone would do.

At first, it was small things.

Disrespecting the cell. Leaving his trash in floor. Not following the basic code that keeps things from turning into problems. Urinating on the commode, I told him once. Then again.

But in that environment, when someone keeps pushing after you've addressed it...

It's not about the issue anymore.

It's about what you're going to allow.

And I knew that.

Because if you let it slide, even once, it doesn't stop there.

It gets worse.

So when it happened again—and he made a comment back at me—I knew.

This is it.

No more talking.

Showtime.

I hit him first.

Hard.

Caught him clean in the mouth, and I remember seeing the blood and he then spit his tooth out on my bed. That was the moment everything went from tension... to full fight.

And it wasn't easy.

He was bigger. Stronger. He tried to take it to the ground, tried to wrestle. And in a confined cell, that's dangerous. You don't have space. You don't have options.

At one point, I remember thinking:

This could go bad.

Real bad.

But somehow, I got the advantage. Got on top of him. And in that moment, everything in me shifted into survival.

I had gotten a pair of steel-toed boots—contraband. Not something you're supposed to have in there.

And I used them.

One kick.

Hard.

When it landed, everything changed.

He rolled and growned.

And the sound that came out of him wasn't anger anymore—it was something else. Pain. Shock. Something breaking.

And I remember looking at him... and realizing this had gone further than I expected.

His face... the blood... it wasn't normal.

For a moment, I thought:

He might die.

That's how serious it was.

An older guy on the run saw what was happening and called it in. They came in, pulled us out, and started moving him toward medical care.

But he didn't even make it far.

Right there, near the dayroom, he collapsed.

And everyone saw it.

They saw how he looked.

They saw what had happened.

And in that environment... that moment changed everything.

Because from that point on, I wasn't just another guy trying to survive.

I had a reputation.

And that reputation brought a whole new level of "respect."

But here's the truth:

That kind of respect comes with a cost.

Because once you're known for that...

That's who you have to be.

Every day.

No backing down. No softening. No second chances.

And without even realizing it...

I was becoming something I never intended to be.

Harder. Colder. More willing to go further than before.

And that was setting the stage...

For the years that were coming.

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## Chapter 20: Becoming What I Lived In

After that, it didn't slow down.

It escalated.

One case after another. Trouble stacking on top of trouble. I wasn't just reacting anymore—I was participating fully in the system that surrounded me.

I started making shanks.

Not small, makeshift ones—but serious ones. Weapons that could do real damage. Some bigger, some smaller, moving them through places like the laundry so they could be used where needed. It became part of the routine.

That's how far in I was.

One thing after another, cases started piling up on me inside. Ten... eleven... I lost count. It didn't even shock me anymore. It just became part of life.

At the same time, my identity kept shifting.

I started getting tattooed—gang tattoos, covering my body. Marking myself with the very life I had stepped into. What once would have meant something serious now just felt normal.

Every day was the same.

Wake up. Stay alert. Move right. Watch everything. Respond when needed.

Day in. Day out.

And somewhere along the way... something happened.

I became institutionalized.

People might hear that and think it takes decades.

But it doesn't.

Not when your mindset is already wired the way mine was.

Because in my mind, I wasn't doing seven years.

I was preparing for more.

I lived every day thinking they were going to bring me back to Dallas. That they were going to reopen the other robberies, add charges, stack more time on me. So instead of holding onto hope of getting out...

I accepted where I was.

This became home.

Not because I wanted it to be.

But because I believed it was all I had left.

And when you accept that...

You stop resisting it.

You stop questioning it.

You become it.

That's what happened to me.

The system didn't just hold me.

It started shaping me.

And the longer I stayed in it...

The more I looked like it.

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## **Chapter 21: What It Did to Them**

Somewhere in the middle of all that...

My parents still came to see me.

I remember my mom making that trip. I think my dad came with her that time, but what I remember most... is her.

And where we met wasn't normal visitation.

It was cages.

Literal cages inside the visitation area. You couldn't touch anyone. Couldn't get close. Just separated, locked in, talking through barriers. That's how serious the environment was—different gangs, different tensions, constant threats. They kept everyone apart for a reason.

And that's where she saw me.

Not the son she raised.

Not the kid from home.

But who I had become.

I remember standing there... and instead of just talking to her, instead of just being present in that moment, I was still locked into that mindset.

Pointing different people colors out in the room. Talking about them. Using vulgar, hateful language. Speaking in ways that had become normal to me—but were completely foreign to her.

It didn't even register in the moment how bad it was.

That's how far gone I was.

But she saw it.

She heard it.

And my dad did too.

And I remember... that was it for him.

Something in him said, "*No more.*"

He made the decision:

"He told my mother we're not coming back up here."

Not because he didn't love me.

But because it was destroying my mother.

Watching her son... turn into something she didn't even recognize anymore.

Something beyond words.

And the truth is...

She wasn't wrong.

Because by that point, I had become so shaped by that environment, so hardened by that life, that I didn't even know how to turn it off anymore.

That was just who I was.

In that moment, I wasn't thinking about how it affected them.

I wasn't thinking about their pain.

I was just living in what I had become.

But looking back now...

That moment says everything.

Because it shows just how far I had gone.

Not just in crime. Not just in prison.

But in my heart.

And what it was doing to the people who loved me the most.

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## **Chapter 22: How Far I Had Fallen**

There's a point you can reach... where things that should shock you... don't anymore.

And I had reached that point.

I remember one morning, we were moving through the routine—heading out, going toward breakfast. And something happened that, at one time in my life, would have shaken me.

A man got hit.

Not just hit—stabbed over and over again.

Right there, in front of us.

Twenty times or more.

And the truth is... what stands out to me now isn't just what happened to him.

It's how I saw it.

Because my first reaction wasn't, "*This is wrong.*" It wasn't, "*This has gone too far.*"

My thinking was twisted.

I was angry... not because it happened...

But because of *where* it happened.

I remember thinking they should have done it out in the yard. That they would have accomplished what they were trying to do if they had just done it differently.

That's how far my mind had gone.

Violence wasn't the problem anymore.

It was just strategy.

That's what I had become.

And because of that mindset, I moved in a strange place inside that system. I had relationships across lines that normally didn't mix. People who wouldn't normally stand together... would stand around me.

But that kind of balance doesn't last.

It only takes one moment to break it.

And it did.

There was an incident—a Mexican gang from El Paso hit one of the white guys I was connected to. And something in me snapped.

Not hesitation.

Not restraint.

Just reaction.

The kind of reaction that comes from years of living in that mindset—where everything is settled one way.

Force.

What followed set things in motion that I couldn't stop.

Tension built. Lines were drawn. And before long, guys I had been around were being moved out—shipped to other units. Broken apart.

And I was left there.

Alone in it.

But even then... it didn't slow me down.

If anything, it pushed me further.

I remember being out in the fields not long after that. Something didn't feel right that day. You learn to sense things in that environment. You can feel when something's about to happen.

I told a couple guys around me, "Stay close. Something's off."

And I was right.

We were being moved on trailers through the fields when it started.

Fast.

Sudden.

The Mexican that hit one of our gang was sitting right across from me.

I reacted without thinking.

I went straight into it—strike after strike, fully committed, no hesitation. In that moment, it was pure instinct. Survival. Control. Everything I had become... all at once.

And then everything escalated.

People started jumping out and across the trailers, jumping from one to another. It was like something out of control—spreading fast, turning into something bigger than just one moment.

A full-scale riot in the fields.

And I remember the guards—on horseback—closing in.

Weapons ready.

Everything about that moment said one thing:

This could end right here.

No warning. No second chances.

Just force meeting force.

And for the first time in a long time...

There was a moment where even I could feel how close it was getting.

How far it had gone.

How out of control everything had become.

But even then...

I wasn't stopping.

Because by that point...

I didn't know how to.

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### **Chapter 23: A Prayer in the Darkness**

After that riot... they locked everything down.

The whole block was on edge.

You could feel it in the air—something big had just happened, and now everybody was waiting on what was coming next. In places like that, retaliation, transfers, or worse... it's always right around the corner.

I remember them coming down the run, pulling people out one by one.

And in my mind, I already knew what that could mean.

Transfers... or hits.

Because when things go down like that, sometimes they don't just move you for safety—they move you because something's already been set in motion.

And I knew I was on the radar.

They ended up pulling out the guys connected to what had happened. I remember sitting there, watching it all unfold, knowing how close everything had come.

How easily it could've been me laid out.

Or worse.

And even in that moment... I was still hard.

Still posturing.

Still talking like nothing could touch me.

That's how deep I was in it.

But then something shifted.

Not outwardly.

Internally.

For just a moment... reality broke through.

All the noise, all the violence, all the chaos—it got quiet inside me.

And I realized something I hadn't allowed myself to face:

I could die in here.

And not just physically.

Everything about me—who I was supposed to be, anything good that had ever been planted in me—it was all slipping away.

And in that moment...

I called out to God.

Not loudly. Not publicly.

Just inside.

“God, I know You're real... and if You give me another chance at life... I'll get it right.”

I didn't know what that meant.

I didn't know what it would look like.

I had no idea that one day I'd be doing what I'm doing now.

But I meant it in that moment.

It was real.

And then...

I shut it back down.

Because in that environment, you don't show that.

You don't let people see weakness. You don't open that part of yourself—not when you're that deep in.

And the truth is... I didn't even know how to live that out anyway.

So I went right back to what I knew.

Survival.

Reputation.

Control.

I remember even talking to one of the officers, almost challenging the situation, like I had something to prove. That mindset never left—it was always there, ready to rise up.

But something had already happened.

Even though I buried it...

That prayer was planted.

Time went on, and things shifted in a different way.

After a few years, I started realizing something—I might not be getting more time. They might not bring me back and stack more charges like I had always expected.

So instead of escalating...

I went quiet.

Incognito.

Stopped drawing attention. Stopped catching cases. Started moving differently. To the point where they eventually made me a trustee.

That's a whole different world inside prison.

I went from riots and chaos...

To tending 1000s of pigs.

Literally.

Feeding them. Cleaning up after them. Day in and day out.

And looking back now, it's almost like something out of the prodigal son story—even though I didn't fully see it at the time.

But don't get it twisted...

I hadn't changed.

Not really.

I just adjusted.

I learned how to move smarter. How to stay under the radar. Even to the point of still finding ways to bring things in—smuggling, using what I had access to.

The lifestyle was still there.

Just quieter.

Hidden.

Controlled.

But that prayer...

That moment where I called out to God...

It didn't go away.

It was buried.

But it was still there.

And the truth is...

The day was coming.

When God wasn't going to let me ignore Him anymore.

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## **Chapter 24: Set Free... But Not Free**

Then the day finally came.

Release.

After everything—years inside, all the violence, all the chaos—you would think that was the moment everything changed.

But it wasn't.

Because the truth is... I wasn't free.

I remember being called into the office before getting out. They were warning me, talking to me about what had happened inside, the reputation, the things tied to me. But even while they were talking...

My mind wasn't on changing.

My mind was already planning.

I had connections waiting on me.

I had people I had already lined up. There was another guy getting out around the same time, and we had a plan. We were going to move, set things up, and go right back into it—bigger, more organized, more strategic than before.

I wasn't thinking about a new life.

I was thinking about a better system.

I made my way back out... and it didn't take long before things looked exactly like they used to.

And right back into it.

Connections calling me. Opportunities showing up. Large amounts of drugs coming back into my hands almost immediately.

It was all still there.

Waiting on me.

And I stepped right back into it.

That's the part people don't always understand.

Just because the doors open... doesn't mean you're free.

Because I walked out of prison...

But prison didn't walk out of me.

The mindset was still there. The hunger was still there. The addiction... the identity... the system... it was all still alive in me.

And if nothing changed...

I was headed right back to where I came from.

Or worse.

But here's the truth I know now: **"For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."** (*Romans 6:23*)

That's where I was headed.

Death.

Not just physical—but spiritual, emotional, everything.

I had earned that road.

I had walked that road.

But God...

Had something else.

Because freedom isn't walking out of a prison gate.

Freedom is something only one Person can give.

**“So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.”** (*John 8:36*)

And I wasn't there yet.

Not even close.

But I was about to be.

Because what happened next...

Wasn't me finding God.

It was God coming after me.

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### **Conclusion: From Bondage to Breaking Free**

When I look back over everything you just read...

It's hard to even recognize that man.

The rebellion. The violence. The addiction. The prison. The darkness that didn't just surround me—but lived inside of me.

I wasn't just lost.

I was gone.

And if there's one thing I know for sure, it's this:

Left to myself... I would have never made it out.

Not physically. Not mentally. Not spiritually.

The path I was on only led one direction.

**“For the wages of sin is death...”** (*Romans 6:23*)

And I was walking that road fast.

But what I didn't understand at the time...

Was that even in my darkest moments—**God was there.**

When I was in that jail cell reading that bible tract about salvation... He was there. When I cried out to Him in fear and desperation... He was there. When I made promises I didn't know how to keep... He heard me.

Even when I buried it... Even when I went right back into the same life... Even when I hardened my heart again and again...

God never let go.

Because freedom wasn't going to come from me trying harder.

Freedom was going to come from Him stepping in.

**“So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.”** (*John 8:36*)

And that's exactly what He did.

Not all at once.

Not in a way I expected.

But in a way that completely transformed everything.

The story you just read...

That's not the end.

That's just the beginning of what God had to break... So He could rebuild something completely new.

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👉 **If you want to know what happened next...**

How God took a life that was fully given over to darkness... And turned it into 38 years of ministry, purpose, and calling...

Continue into:

***Breaking Free Inc.: A Spiritual Life Story of Redemption, Calling, and Legacy***  
*By Scott Mormon*

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That book picks up where this leaves off.

It moves past the past... And into what God can do with a life that is fully surrendered to Him.

Because no matter how far someone has gone...

There is a God who still redeems.

There is a God who still restores.

And there is a God who still calls.

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# BREAKING FREE INC.

A SPIRITUAL LIFE STORY OF  
Redemption, Calling, and Legacy

The cover features a central illustration of a man in silhouette walking away from the viewer down a dirt path in a valley. The path leads towards a bright, glowing cross in the distance, with rays of light emanating from it. In the foreground, two large, broken metal chains lie on the ground, one on the left and one on the right, symbolizing liberation. The overall color palette is warm, dominated by oranges, yellows, and browns, creating a sense of hope and spiritual journey.

SCOTT MORMON

