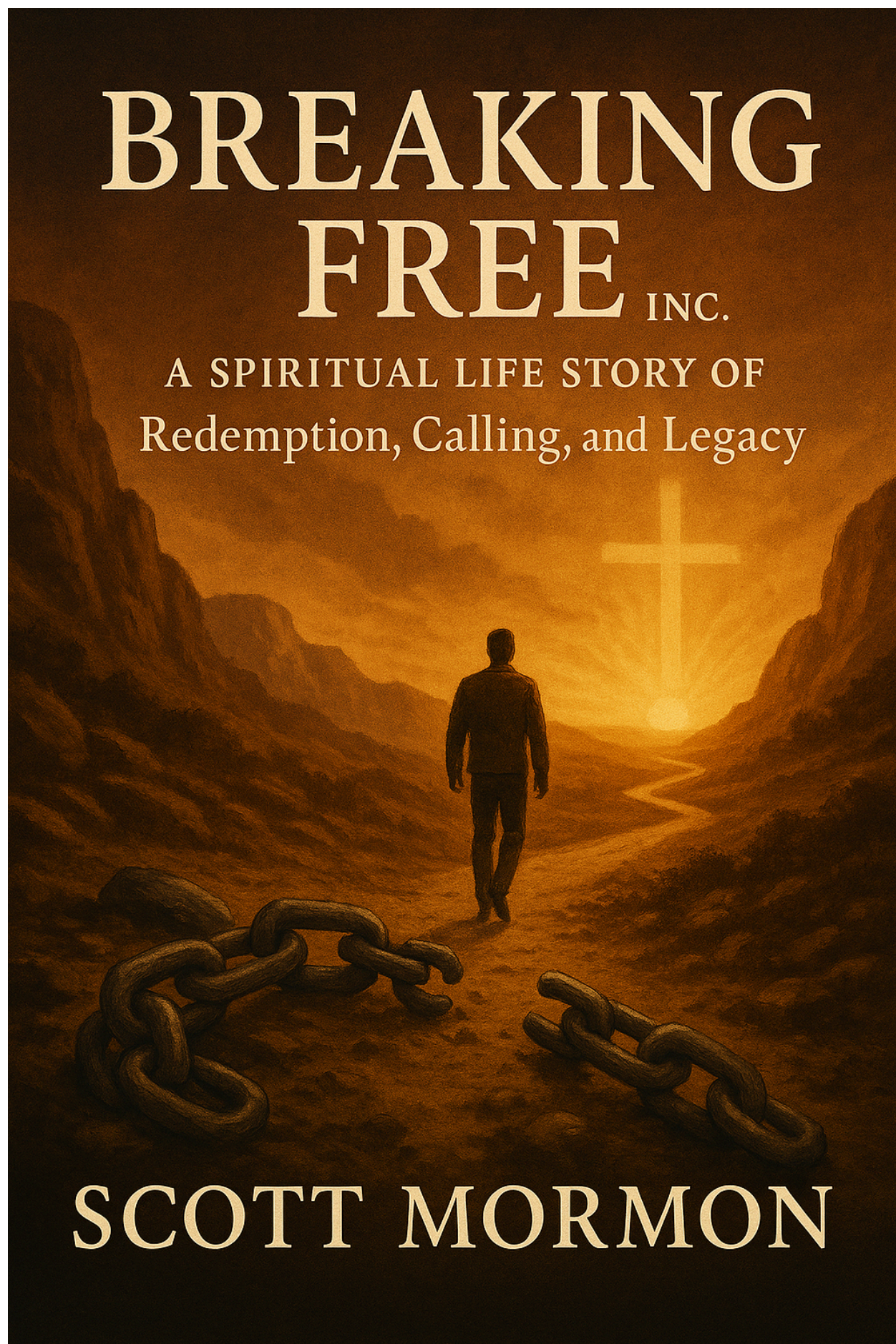


# BREAKING FREE INC.

A SPIRITUAL LIFE STORY OF  
Redemption, Calling, and Legacy



SCOTT MORMON

## **Breaking Free**

**A Spiritual Life Story of Redemption, Calling, and Legacy**

**By Scott Mormon**

***“He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and  
set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.”***

**— Psalm 40:2**

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## **Dedication**

**This little testimony book is for *you*.**

**To the hopeless, the forgotten, the addicted, and the downtrodden—**

**To the one lying awake at night, wondering if change is even possible...**

**To the one who's burned every bridge, wrecked every chance, and believes they've gone too far...**

**To the one in prison—whether behind bars or trapped in the prison of shame...**

**To the one with track marks, tear-streaked prayers, and a heart that can barely keep beating...**

**You are not too lost. You are not too broken. And you are never beyond the reach of God's love.**

**And to every servant-hearted soul who feels called to reach the broken—**

**Whether you're a former addict, a social worker, a volunteer, a single mom, a construction worker, a lay leader, a pastor, a counselor, a business owner, a teacher—**

**Or just someone who can't ignore the pain around you...**

**This book is also for you.**

**God isn't looking for perfection—He's looking for availability.**

**All He needs is a willing *you*—surrendered and ready to serve the hurting.**

## About the Author

Sinner saved by grace. Once lost in addiction, prison, and deep brokenness, everything changed when he encountered the living Jesus in 1988. That one divine encounter didn't just rescue him—it launched a lifelong mission.

Out of that transformation came *Breaking Free Inc.*, a ministry devoted to reaching the addicted, the incarcerated, the chronically homeless, and those so often forgotten by society. For more than three decades, Scott has walked with others through their darkest valleys, always pointing them to the only true source of healing and freedom: Jesus Christ.

Though he has led residential recovery homes, planted churches, mentored leaders, and served internationally in prisons, refugee camps, and orphanages, Scott will be the first to tell you: none of it matters without the cross. The miracle isn't him—it's Jesus.

A grateful father to four biological children and seven adopted children from Costa Rica—and now a proud grandfather to thirteen—Scott's greatest joy is witnessing God's faithfulness unfold across generations.

His passion is simple: to love people back to life, lift high the name of Jesus, and keep serving in the dusty fields—where hope is needed most.

“So if the Son sets you free, you really will be free.” — John 8:36

## **Introduction: The Miracle That Sparked a Movement**

**This book is for the broken—the addicted, the incarcerated, the homeless, and the hopeless.**

**I write to you not as someone above you, but as someone who once was you. I know what it feels like to be trapped in shame, to feel numb inside, and to believe the pain will never end. But I also know the power of being set free.**

**In 1988, after years of addiction and incarceration, Jesus Christ reached into my wreckage and pulled me out. He didn't clean me up to make me look good—He redeemed me so I could live for Him.**

**This isn't a polished memoir or a preacher's résumé. It's a testimony to the power of God's grace. For more than 35 years, I've watched God take shattered lives and raise them up as bold, Spirit-filled leaders. And every transformation has started with one simple, surrendered prayer:**

**"Yes, here I am, Lord Jesus."**

**That moment of surrender birthed *Breaking Free Inc.*—a global outreach ministry committed to going where others struggle to go. From recovery homes to prison blocks, from refugee camps to street corners, we carry one message:**

**Jesus is still redeeming lives.**

**I'm not a man of titles or credentials. I'm just living proof that God still uses the least likely to do the unimaginable. If He could do it in me, He can do it in you.**

**This isn't my story—it's God's story, told through a life He refused to give up on.**

**"But I do not account my life of any value nor as precious to myself, if only I may finish my course and the ministry that I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify to the gospel of the grace of God." — Acts 20:24**

## **Prayer**

**Lord, As I continue writing these chapters, I need You—not just to help me remember the events, but to reveal the truth behind them: Your truth.**

**Guide my heart as I recount the pain, the joy, the breakthroughs, and the battles. Keep me connected to the hurting hearts who will one day read these pages.**

**Let this not be about me, but about what You've done—and what You're still doing through surrendered lives.**

**Give me clarity where memories are foggy, courage where wounds still sting, and grace to tell it all honestly, humbly, and with hope.**

**Make every word an arrow of Your love—pointed toward redemption.**

**I trust You to lead the way.**

**In Jesus' name, Amen.**



Before I ever encountered the love of Jesus Christ, my life was defined by darkness, danger, and destruction.

By the age of eleven, I was already carrying a pistol and running with a neighborhood gang. Childhood innocence wasn't something I lost—it was something I never knew. At twelve, I overdosed on Valium, an early sign that pain and brokenness were already consuming my soul.

At thirteen, I caught my first felony. While other kids were sitting in classrooms, I was learning in the streets—how to survive, how to hustle, and how to bury what I couldn't face.

By fifteen, I was moving from using drugs to selling them—not just on the street corner, but in large quantities. I figured out that the farther south you go, the cheaper the product gets. So I scraped together all the money I could and headed to the Rio Grande Valley near McAllen, Texas, just across the border from Mexico. Down there, drugs were plentiful—and profits were high. I began running large loads back to Dallas, building a reputation, expanding a crime network, and digging myself deeper into the pit with every trip.

Eventually, I got bolder. I started flying illegal products by commercial airlines, taking bigger risks, becoming more reckless and visible. One day, a weapons run went bad. I was moving firearms to the border, but the deal collapsed—and it wasn't long before the Feds got wind of our operation. Surveillance increased. Pressure mounted. One by one, they started picking off the crew. The noose was tightening.

By then, heroin had its claws deep in me. I was no longer a functioning dealer—I was a desperate, broken addict, spiraling out of control. The crime gang I built was crumbling. After a close friend got arrested, I shut everything down. The crew scattered. The money dried up. All I had left was wreckage.

Strung out and empty, I turned to armed robbery to feed my habit. Store after store, gun in hand, chasing quick cash and quicker destruction. Each robbery became more dangerous. I had no fear. No future. No purpose. Just pain.

Eventually, I got caught—stopped by a silent alarm and a fast police response. I was charged with 22 armed robberies. My bond was set at \$1.25 million in Dallas County. I remember finding a salvation tract on my bunk. I read it. But I was so far gone, so numb, that the words barely registered. The same streets that once

welcomed me now abandoned me. I wasn't feared or admired anymore—I was forgotten.

I was sentenced to seven years and thrown into the Texas penitentiary system. They sent me to the Ferguson Unit, a place known on the inside as “the gladiator farm”—a brutal environment where survival meant fighting daily. It wasn't a place for rehabilitation. It was a battlefield where the weak were prey and the ruthless rose to power.

In Ferguson, I didn't find redemption. I found deeper darkness. I became more violent, more lost, more hardened. Gangs. Corruption. Constant fear. I thought I was tough—but inside, I was empty. Hollow. Every day was a war—not just for survival, but for identity. I had become a young man I didn't even recognize.

Prison didn't break me—it forged me into someone darker. It stripped away whatever hope I had left and cemented the criminal mindset I had embraced. I was no longer pretending. I was the thing I once feared: just another lost soul, marching toward destruction.

But God had other plans.

In 1988, due to prison overcrowding, I was unexpectedly released early. I walked out the same broken man who had walked in—angry, addicted, and spiritually dead. But grace was already on my trail. I didn't know it yet, but the chase had begun.

Even in my worst condition—even as a strung-out, violent felon—Jesus had already made a way.

“But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” — *Romans 5:8*

I hadn't earned a second chance. I hadn't even asked for one. Yet, God was already moving. He wasn't waiting for me to get it together—He loved me right in the middle of my rebellion and sin.

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord,  
“plans to prosper you and not to harm you,  
plans to give you a future and a hope.” — *Jeremiah 29:11*

When I walked out of the Ferguson Unit in 1988 due to prison overcrowding, I was anything but changed. I was angry, addicted, and emotionally bankrupt. I still had prison dust on my boots, heroin cravings in my mind, and violence in my heart. I didn't walk out redeemed—I walked out ruined.

But grace was already chasing me.

I wasn't searching for God. I wasn't even sorry. But in His mercy, God was searching for me.

“But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”

— *Romans 5:8*

One night shortly after my release, I was sitting alone planning my next robbery. The streets were still whispering promises of fast money and false respect. But deep inside, I felt a crack—like the dam of denial and numbness I'd built for years was beginning to split. I was exhausted. Empty. Done.

And in that moment, I muttered words I didn't even know I meant:

“If You're real, God... if You can change me—then I'm Yours. I've got nothing left.”

That prayer wasn't pretty. It wasn't polished. But it was honest. And heaven listens to honest prayers.

Within days, a childhood friend—completely unaware of my cry for help—invited me to a church event. I didn't want to go. The last place a guy like me belonged was in a church. But something tugged on me. I showed up... and I encountered Jesus Christ.

I didn't hear a choir of angels. But something real happened at that moment. I can only describe it as deliverance. Years of addiction, pain, hatred, shame—it all broke like chains snapping to the ground. The darkness lifted. It was as if I had been stumbling blind for years, and now, for the first time, I could see.

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

— *2 Corinthians 5:17*

That night, I wasn't just forgiven. I was reborn.

And that rebirth lit a fire inside me that's never gone out. I didn't want to just be free—I wanted others to experience it too. I couldn't stay silent. I grabbed a Bible, held tight to my testimony, and went straight back to the places I used to haunt. Back to the alleys, trap houses, and prison blocks. I preached where I once hustled. I told the truth in the very spots where I used to lie.

I didn't begin with a blueprint, a mission board, or a five-year plan. There were no strategy sessions, no funding campaigns, and definitely no polished ministry model. It started with a divine interruption—a rescue I didn't ask for, from a Savior I didn't yet believe in.

Jesus stepped into the wreckage of my life and lit a fire that couldn't be put out. I didn't walk away from that encounter with a résumé—I walked away with redemption. I wasn't trained, credentialed, or even cleaned up yet. But I had a story, and I had the Spirit of God. That was enough.

So I went. Raw, unpolished, still rough around the edges—I stepped into the streets, into the prisons, into the pain of others. My language was still street, and when I preached, people would sometimes look at me like I was speaking another language altogether. But then the Holy Spirit would move. Tears would begin to fall. Hearts would soften. People from all walks of life—addicts, businesspeople, gang members, single moms, churchgoers—began receiving Christ or returning to Him with a renewed sense of purpose. It wasn't me. It was God, working through a broken vessel made new. I preached with tears. I preached with passion. I preached with urgency—because I knew what it felt like to be lost, and I had finally been found.

For the next three years, I hit the streets with another minister, forming a street team made up of young adults and youth. We hit the streets every week and all we had was the Word of God and a burning desire to reach the lost. We shared Scripture with teenagers hanging out on corners, spoke truth to gang members in alleyways, and even sought out satanists hidden in secluded areas that we heard were doing seances. I ministered to inmates through prison bars, reaching for the very hearts we once shared a lifestyle with.

I watched—again and again—as others surrendered just like I had. Hardened men dropped to their knees. Addicts, criminals, and forgotten souls were transformed into Spirit-filled warriors, bold in their faith and unashamed of their past. God was doing in others what He had done in me—and it was undeniable.

And somewhere in the middle of all that, Breaking Free was born.  
Not because I had a vision. Not because I set out to start a ministry.  
But because God planted something eternal in the ashes of my past.

What began as one man's deliverance became a movement of mercy. Breaking Free Ministries wasn't the result of a board meeting, a church vote, or a slick ministry marketing strategy. It was birthed through surrender, fueled by gratitude, and carried forward by the power of the Holy Spirit.

It didn't begin in a boardroom. It began in a broken heart made whole.  
It wasn't the product of ambition. It was the fruit of surrender.

What started as a spark became a flame. That flame became a wildfire.  
And what God began that night in 1988... He's still doing it today—one life at a time.

***“Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away; behold, the new has come.”***  
**— 2 Corinthians 5:17**

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## Chapter 2: The Boys' Ranch – Shepherding the Fatherless (1992)

After three life-changing years of street evangelism—marked by late nights, raw testimonies, and hundreds of teenagers surrendering their lives to Christ—I began to sense a shift. God was redirecting my path. I didn't know exactly where He was leading me, but I knew that my season on the street corners was coming to an end. That divine nudge brought me to a boys' ranch in Davisboro, Georgia—a place that would radically transform the way I viewed ministry, leadership, and the very heart of God.

This wasn't a career move or a stepping stone. It was a calling.

The ranch housed dozens of deeply wounded teenage boys—most placed in state custody after being torn from homes marked by abuse, neglect, and abandonment. These weren't just troubled kids. They were traumatized. They were angry, volatile, numb to affection—hardened not by choice, but by survival. Many had been failed by every adult they ever trusted. And in them, I saw myself. I remembered what it was like to be lost, addicted, angry, and drowning in pain with nowhere to turn.

I came to the ranch as a counselor, thinking I was there to help them heal. But what I quickly discovered was that I needed healing just as much as they did. I was still learning how to live free. Still walking out my own transformation. And in the tension of their outbursts, their silence, their suspicion, and their desperate need for love, God met me all over again—in deeper, more personal ways.

As I poured into their lives, God was pouring into mine.

*“If you give yourselves in behalf of the hungry and satisfy the needs of the oppressed, then your light will rise in the darkness, and your night will become like the noonday.”*

— Isaiah 58:10

Their brokenness mirrored mine, and somewhere in that shared pain, divine love captured me in a new way and I began to grow. I went there to teach, but I became the student. I learned that healing doesn't just come through sermons—it comes through showing up, day after day, in the mess, in the struggle, in the silence. It comes through presence. These boys didn't need another authority figure shouting rules. They needed a spiritual father—someone who would stay. Someone who would love them the way Jesus had loved me.



That season forever reshaped my view of leadership. I realized that ministry isn't about standing above others—it's about standing beside them. True leadership isn't about position—it's about presence. It's about washing feet, not making spiritual demands. It's about fighting for the ones who've stopped fighting for themselves.

God began to entrust me with more. I moved from frontline counselor to administrator of the entire ranch. Suddenly, I was overseeing the care and rehabilitation of 65 high-risk boys. I was coordinating with judges, social workers, and probation officers across the state of Georgia, and leading a team of 32 staff members. The work was relentless. The needs were overwhelming. But it was sacred. Every moment, every tear, every breakthrough—it was all holy unto the Lord. I wasn't just running a facility. I was being formed—on sacred ground.

Every day brought new battles: fights, trauma, grief, flickers of hope. But in the chaos, God was shaping me—not just into a servant leader, but into a shepherd. A shepherd of the fatherless and the hurting.

It was in that season that I began to truly understand the ministry of Jesus. He was teaching me to lead with compassion, not control. With presence, not power. To set down the megaphone and pick up the towel. To wash the feet of the broken. To see the forgotten through the eyes of the Father. I learned to intercede for boys who had no voice. To believe for boys who had no hope. To love boys who had never been loved.

I'll never forget their faces—their rage, their sorrow, their laughter, and their moments of breakthrough. I carry them with me to this day. Because in those long days and sleepless nights, God was planting seeds—seeds of redemption in their hearts and in mine. And those seeds are still blooming.

That chapter of my life etched one truth into my soul: God never wastes pain. He redeems it. And when we say yes to His call, He doesn't lead us into comfort—He leads us into purpose. Into battle. Into love. Not to impress others, but to carry His heart to the wounded, the forgotten, and the fatherless.

*“A father to the fatherless, a defender of widows, is God in His holy dwelling. God sets the lonely in families...”*  
— Psalm 68:5–6

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### Chapter 3: Church Planting – A Church Without Walls (1993)

Even while carrying the weight of leadership at the boys' ranch, God began stirring something new in my spirit—another unexpected step of obedience. He was calling me to plant a *street church*, not in a polished suburb or some Bible Belt sanctuary, but in the heart of a nearby college town's bar district. It was a place most churches avoided—a hub of late-night parties, brokenness, addiction, and open rebellion. To many, it looked like a place of compromise. But to God, it was ripe for redemption. It didn't make sense by human standards. But obedience rarely does.

We named it Lasting Joy Community Church—a prophetic declaration over a neighborhood drowning in temporary pleasures. These people didn't need more religion. They needed joy. *Lasting* joy. The kind that only comes from Jesus—the kind that satisfies what the world can never fill.

Our gatherings took place in an old theater—once home to performances, costumes, and dim lights. Now, that same stage became an altar of grace. Truth was proclaimed there. Chains were broken. Lives were transformed. But as sacred as that space became, we quickly realized our true sanctuary wasn't inside the walls. It was out there—on sidewalks, behind bars, in alleyways, and under flickering street lights where broken hearts searched for something real. Our church had no steeple. It had scars.

Every Sunday morning, I'd show up early with a broom in hand, sweeping up beer bottles, broken glass, and the wreckage of the night before. It was messy, gritty, and far from glamorous—but it was *holy ground*. Every bottle I swept reminded me why we were there. Each shattered piece of glass was a symbol of a shattered life still within reach of God's grace. This was the mission field God had given us—not just to preach to, but to love, walk with, and never give up on.

To our amazement, the nearby state mental hospital began bringing residents to our services. Why? Because they felt safe. They felt *seen*. In a world that labeled them unstable or unworthy, they found warmth, welcome, and the undeniable presence of God among us. We weren't polished. We weren't impressive. But we were real. And Jesus was there.

One story I'll never forget is Ms. Ruby—the oldest woman with Down Syndrome in the southeastern United States at the time. She was 84 years old, and she quickly became one of our most faithful attenders at Lasting Joy. Ms. Ruby had a

little crush on me because I always made sure to show her kindness and attention. It was innocent, pure, and precious. Every Sunday, she would come get a chair and scoot it right next to me as I preached—smiling, nodding, just happy to be close.

What made this so special to me personally was that I had a little brother named Jeffery, born with special needs, whom I absolutely adored. Jeffery's tenderness, trust, and the purity of his heart taught me more about God's love than any sermon ever could. Long before I ever stepped into full-time ministry, Jeffery showed me the beauty of childlike faith, unconditional love, and the sacred worth of every soul—especially those the world often overlooks.

So when I saw Ms. Ruby's smile or felt her hand on my arm, it reminded me of Jeffery. It reminded me why I do what I do.

But the truth is, while Ms. Ruby and others like her found family among us, not everyone could handle what God was doing. More than once, upstanding individuals from the community—curious about what they'd heard happening at Lasting Joy—came to visit. But when they saw our congregation filled with residents from the mental hospital, the homeless, addicts, and those society called “damaged,” they couldn't reconcile it. They didn't stay.

And in those moments, God was shaping something in me. He was forming the core of my philosophy of ministry—not just for that season, but for the rest of my life.

I chose Ms. Ruby over some very good church supporters. And I'd make the same choice again. Because the Gospel isn't about catering to the respectable. It's about making room at the table for the rejected. It's about seeing the unseen, loving the unlovable, and honoring the forgotten. That's where Jesus is.

We weren't trying to build a congregation; we were building a family. For five unforgettable years, I had the privilege of pastoring the curious, the broken, the skeptical, and the spiritually hungry. We preached outside bars. We prayed on sidewalks and curbs. We baptized new believers who once mocked the idea of God. We didn't have pews or stained glass—we had pavement, passion, an old building, and the power of the Holy Spirit. And over and over again, He showed up.

It was in that raw and sacred space that the vision for Breaking Free began to crystallize. What had begun years earlier on street corners and in alleyways was now maturing into a Spirit-led movement—one that refused to ignore the unreachable. One that believed nobody was too far gone. One that lived out the Gospel beyond buildings, beyond programs, and beyond comfort zones.

Breaking Free became a church without walls—ministering to the incarcerated, the addicted, the mentally ill, the homeless, and anyone the world had written off. It was never about building an organization. It was always about building the *Kingdom*. And it still is.

And through it all—every soul reached, every life changed, every miracle seen—all the glory belongs to God.

“Then the master told his servant, ‘Go out to the roads and country lanes and compel them to come in, so that my house will be full.’”  
—*Luke 14:23*

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## Chapter 4: Divine Blueprints – Structuring What God Birthed (2002)

With God's undeniable favor, a new chapter began to unfold—one marked by structure, legitimacy, and greater reach. For a while, I tried to fit the mold of a traditional pastor. I wore the title, preached the sermons, and shepherded the flock as best I could. But deep inside, I felt like a square peg trying to fit into a round hole. I wasn't called to simply maintain a pulpit—I was called to move freely, to go wherever brokenness cried out for hope, and to respond in the moment when the Spirit said, "Go."

I found myself outside the four walls more than inside them—on the streets, in jail pods, rehab centers, and halfway houses. I wasn't chasing titles anymore; I was chasing people who needed Jesus. And it was in those raw, unpolished places that *Breaking Free Ministries* took root—not as a plan, but as a calling lived out in real time.

After years of grassroots ministry and relentless obedience, *Breaking Free Ministries* was officially recognized by the United States government as a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. But this wasn't just paperwork—it was a divine affirmation of what God had birthed through surrendered lives and unwavering faith.

The process wasn't easy. In fact, it took more than a year to receive approval. Why? Because the government couldn't comprehend the idea of a church without walls. They kept pressing for traditional definitions—trying to fit what God was doing into their institutional boxes. Finally, I turned the conversation around. I asked, "What's your definition of a church?" Their answer was vague, uncertain. So I replied, "Let me give you mine." I quoted the Great Commission—Matthew 28:19–20: "*Go therefore and make disciples of all nations...*" That, I told them, is the Church. That's our mission. That's our model. After a pause, the official said, "We can't argue with that." And with that, they granted us non-profit church status.

By His grace, our five-year ordination process and addiction counseling certification programs were also fully approved. But these weren't programs born in a sterile office—they were forged in the fire of real-life ministry. They were shaped in jail pods, on street corners, in recovery homes, and in the trenches of broken humanity. They weren't academic exercises—they were tools of transformation, built on one foundational truth: transformed people become transforming people.

Now we had more than a name—we had a framework. We had tools to multiply—not just in number, but in spiritual depth, Kingdom responsibility, and eternal impact. What began with a broken young man taking Jesus to the hurting has grown into a movement touching nations, generations, and lives beyond what I ever imagined.

But let me be clear—this was never about building an institution. It was about advancing a Kingdom that can't be boxed in by walls, stained glass, or denominational labels. It was about being the Church where the pain still lingers, where chains still bind, and where hope still seems far away.

Ministries were being planted. Servant leaders were being raised up and sent out. Families were being restored. Addicts were being set free. And most importantly, the Gospel of Jesus Christ was reaching farther than I had ever dared to dream.

This was no longer my story—it was God's. And He was writing it with ink made of mercy and grace, on pages only He could turn.

“Your people will rebuild the ancient ruins and will raise up the age-old foundations; you will be called Repairer of Broken Walls, Restorer of Streets with Dwellings.”

—*Isaiah 58:12*

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## Chapter 5: Equipped by Grace – Education, Certification, and Calling (2002)

As *Breaking Free* continued to grow and more lives were transformed by the power of the Gospel, I remained fully committed to my role at the boys' ranch. It wasn't just a job—it was a sacred trust. But in order to remain in my position as administrator, Georgia's Juvenile Child Care Licensing Regulations required me to obtain an advanced degree in a clinical field.

At first, it felt like a legal obstacle—or maybe even a spiritual attack. But in truth, it was a divine setup. God was pushing me into a season of deeper equipping. I had the fire, but I lacked the discipline that formal training would demand.

I used to say to others—especially those with seminary degrees—“All you need is the Holy Spirit.” And while that's absolutely true, I've since realized that my resistance to education was rooted in fear. Fear of failure. Fear of being exposed. Fear that my past disqualified me from the classroom, let alone the pulpit. It wasn't a spiritual conviction—it was pride cloaked in insecurity. I was blind to how much I still needed to grow.

But God, in His mercy, was about to educate me—not just through textbooks, but through transformation.

Stepping into higher education felt like wading into deep, unfamiliar waters. I was nervous. The only academic credential I had was a GED I earned while in prison. Outside of that, the only schooling I had completed were about ten college classes I was required to take in order to be ordained into ministry. I'd made it to the twelfth grade before dropping out and diving headfirst into a life of crime. Now, years later, the thought of full-time college stirred up every insecurity—though I never would've admitted it at the time. Could a former addict and ex-con really make it through a college curriculum? Could I keep up? Still, I held on to one truth: *If God was calling me to it, He would carry me through it.*

So I started—one class at a time. I began with the basics and leaned fully on God's grace. What I assumed would be a short-term requirement turned into a nine-year journey of transformation, discipline, and spiritual growth. I earned a bachelor's degree in Theology. And four years later—by the grace of God—I completed a Ph.D. in Christian Psychology in 2002.

But God wasn't done. Because of the deep burden He had placed on my heart for the addicted and broken, I pursued and received multiple accredited certifications

in addiction recovery, counseling, and trauma-informed care. These weren't trophies for the wall—they were tools. Tools to serve better. Tools to fight smarter. Tools to reach deeper. I was being equipped for battles I couldn't yet see.

In fact, when people call me “Doctor” or “Reverend,” I always respond, “*Just call me Scott.*” It's my way of staying down to earth. Titles don't define me—Jesus does. As 2 Corinthians 4:8–9 reminds us, it's not the title, position, or degree that gives us worth—it's God's grace, and the One who empowers us for His service.

During those years, I found myself sitting across from judges, social workers, probation officers, and medical professionals—people who had seen the darkest effects of addiction firsthand. But they also witnessed something different through Breaking Free: real, lasting transformation. These weren't theological debates—these were real people seeing real change. Hardened hearts softened. Cycles were broken. Families restored. Lives redeemed.

I lost count of how many professionals renewed their faith—or came to faith for the first time—during what began as office meetings but ended as divine encounters. I remember one moment in the '90s, standing in front of thousands of law enforcement officers, feeling completely out of place. I was a man in his early thirties with a criminal record—but also with a redeemed heart—sharing the Gospel with the very system that once processed me. Only God could orchestrate that.

Through all of this, the Lord continued to teach me—not just through professors, but through the Holy Spirit, the Wonderful Counselor. He opened my eyes to the emotional and spiritual roots of addiction, trauma, and rebellion. I learned that cycles of bondage are often fueled by unhealed wounds—and only Jesus can bring the healing that breaks them.

The degrees were never the destination. They began as a requirement—but became part of God's larger preparation plan. I wasn't just earning credentials—I was being formed into a vessel fit to serve. The most valuable education I've ever received came not from books, but from walking daily with the One who called me.

Here's what I know now: Education can inform, but only Jesus transforms. Information fills the mind—but transformation changes the life. And all the glory belongs to God, who takes what was broken, breathes on it, and turns it into a vessel for His Kingdom.

**“Not that we are competent in ourselves to claim anything for ourselves, but our competence comes from God. He has made us competent as ministers of a new covenant...”**

**—2 Corinthians 3:5–6**

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## **Chapter 6: Let's Pause and Reality Check – Dying Daily, Rising Again**

**Walking with God isn't a straight line of victories. It's not a sanitized highlight reel. It's a battle-tested, grace-soaked, mercy-laced journey—of falling, rising, repenting, and pressing on.**

**If there's one thing I've learned in over three decades of serving Jesus, it's this: It's not about perfection. It's about persistence.**

**I've failed—more times than I can count. I've made decisions I had to unmake. I've carried burdens I was never built to carry. I've run ahead of God, lagged behind Him, and wrestled with Him more than once. But by the grace of God, I've never quit.**

**There were seasons when the warfare—internal and external—was almost unbearable. Days I didn't feel spiritual. At Night I lay awake wondering, “Am I still the right man for this assignment?” And even darker nights when I cried out, “Where are You, God?”**

**When you've come from the pit, the enemy never stops whispering: “You're a failure. You'll end up right back there.” Even in leadership, I've had to face the lingering residue of my past—and the lies that came with it.**

**Let's be honest—this calling doesn't come with applause. You pour out your heart, and people still walk away. You invest in someone for years, and they relapse. You sacrifice sleep, time, money, and sanity to build something for God—only to be misunderstood, betrayed, or criticized.**

**But Jesus never said it would be easy. He said it would be narrow. He said we'd have to take up our cross daily. He said we'd have to die—to ego, pride, convenience, and control.**

**I used to think ministry meant standing strong all the time. But I've learned: it means falling forward—leaning into grace, depending on the Spirit, and remembering that my strength isn't the source—He is.**

**Every time I stumbled, God met me. Every time I failed, He reminded me: His mercy is new. And every time I stood back up, I realized—He'd never left.**

**I often tell people: “If you don't quit, God will have His way.” That's not just a quote—it's my life story. There were moments I almost walked away. Times I**

begged God, "Please, pick someone else." But He didn't. And when I stayed—when I surrendered in my brokenness—He reshaped me once again.

People ask me all the time, especially in the middle of their own battles: "How can I get what you have? How did you make it through?" They're wrestling demons—desperate for a way out. And I tell them this:

Don't quit. Stay in the fight. Keep coming back to Jesus. You don't earn this with perfection—you receive it by grace. If you fall, fall forward. If you're broken, give Him the pieces. God isn't looking for the qualified—He's looking for the surrendered. If you stay with Him, He'll finish what He started.

"...being confident of this, that He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus."

—Philippians 1:6

That's the narrow road. It's not just doing great things for God—it's becoming more like Christ along the way.

This road has cost me:

- Comfort
- The approval of others
- Misunderstandings from people I loved
- Friendships
- My own ideas of success

But it gave me Jesus. And that's more than enough.

To anyone reading this who feels like they've blown it too much—you haven't. If you're still breathing, you're not disqualified. This road may be narrow, but it's paved in grace.

So if you fall—fall forward. Get up again. Keep walking. Don't quit. To God be the glory.

"Brothers and sisters, I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it. But one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I

**press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me  
heavenward in Christ Jesus."**

**—*Philippians 3:13–14***

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## **Chapter 7: First Breaking Free Recovery Center – “Hope Without Walls” (2004)**

Stepping out in bold, uncompromising faith, we opened the very first Breaking Free residential recovery home in the quiet, rural hills of Georgia. It wasn't flashy or fancy—but it was holy ground. This place was built for young men ages 17 to 25, those desperate to break free from the stranglehold of addiction, chaos, and hopelessness. These weren't just clients—they were sons, brothers, prodigals, and future leaders. And they didn't just need sobriety—they needed the saving, restoring, resurrection power of Jesus Christ.

From the very beginning, we made a decision that still defines our DNA to this day: We would never charge a single dime for ministry.

Jesus never invoiced the hurting for healing. He never billed the broken for deliverance. If this was truly *His* work, then He would be our Provider. Period. And time and time again—through every storm, every setback, and every empty pantry—He showed Himself faithful. He moved mountains, stirred hearts, and opened the windows of heaven to provide for what He started.

That first house became sacred ground. It wasn't just shelter—it was a sanctuary. It was safe. It was where hardened hearts were softened by worship, and tear-stained floors bore witness to countless moments of surrender. There, in the thick of spiritual warfare, young men encountered the living Christ—some for the very first time. They discovered that hope wasn't just a word, and redemption wasn't a fantasy. It was real. It was theirs. And it was paid for in full.

As God blessed the work, what began as a single, modest home blossomed into a vibrant, Spirit-filled community—a Kingdom ecosystem of grace, grit, and growth. It wasn't built by contractors—it was built by the very hands of the men being healed, board by board, nail by nail. And every hammer swing was part of their healing.

Together, we constructed:

- A full dormitory to house up to 16 residents
- On-site staff housing for 24/7 leadership and discipleship

- A 5,000-square-foot carpentry and vocational workshop—where men not only learned to build with their hands but to rebuild their lives
- A 4,000-square-foot worship center, where prayer, praise, and preaching rose like incense, daily
- A fully equipped commercial kitchen and dining hall, where community and communion came together
- Dedicated housing for 20 servant leadership trainees—young men called not only to recover but to become restorers
- And a thriving nursery and greenhouse business, where over a million plants and flowers were grown each year—a living classroom where young men learned the connection between hard work and heart transformation

This nursery wasn't just about income—it was about identity. Each seed planted became a symbol of new beginnings. Each flower sold helped keep the lights on, food on the table, and the doors open wide for the next broken soul who hadn't arrived yet. We reminded the young men daily: "You're not just working—you're sowing into someone else's redemption."

We also taught them personal responsibility: *"Your parents or family didn't make the choices that brought you here. They shouldn't have to pay for them either. When you work in this nursery and the community purchases these flowers, you're not just paying the bills—you're paving the way for the next guy who hasn't even arrived yet."*

And something beautiful began to happen—they started to believe it. They began to take ownership, not just of their recovery, but of the ministry itself. Pride—not the kind that puffs up, but the kind that comes from purpose—began to replace shame. They started walking taller, speaking differently, and seeing themselves not as burdens to society but as contributors to the Kingdom.

Over time, many of these same young men stepped into servant leadership roles—mentoring newcomers, leading devotions, sharing their testimonies, and even staying after graduation to serve full-time. They went from the pit to the pulpit, from addicts to advocates, from broken to building others.

**This model—freely given, freely sustained—became more than a method. It became our message. No fees. No manipulation. No guilt trips. Just Jesus, showing up through real work, real grace, and real transformation.**

**But we didn't stop there. Addiction had torn families apart—so we knew healing had to reach beyond just the individual. We built a 12-room guest lodge on-site, where families could come for weekends, take part in family recovery classes, worship together, and join the journey. We didn't just welcome families—we wove them in. They became part of the Breaking Free family.**

**Through prayer, biblical counseling, forgiveness, and revived hope, generational curses began to break. Broken bonds were mended. New legacies were birthed.**

**This wasn't a rehab center. It was a resurrection center. We weren't running a program. We were building a movement—one soul at a time.**

**And every nail driven, every meal served, every bed offered, and every soul saved was made possible by His grace—freely received, and freely given.**

**“They will rebuild the ancient ruins and restore the places long devastated; they will renew the ruined cities that have been devastated for generations.”**

**—Isaiah 61:4**

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## **Chapter 8: Walls Can't Stop Grace-Discipling the Incarcerated (2007)**

Just one mile down the road from our young men's campus stood a state prison—an ever-present reminder of where many of our residents had once been, or easily could have ended up. That facility loomed like a shadow. But God didn't see a barrier. He saw an open door.

As we poured into the lives of young men on our campus, correctional officers began to notice. They would slow down as they passed—some even stopped to watch. They saw lives being restored—not through punishment, but through purpose. Not through control, but through Christ. Eventually, the question came that changed everything: “Can you do this in the prison too?”

But even before the official invitation, something powerful had already begun: correctional officers started visiting our campus to speak directly with the young men. They brought with them the raw, unfiltered reality of prison life—not to scare, but to awaken. They described the hopelessness, the violence, the loss of identity and time. It wasn't a lecture—it was awakening mercy. A warning. A reality check. And in God's providence, it helped stirred many young hearts toward real, lasting change.

Their voices were heavy with frustration and desperation. They had witnessed the revolving door of incarceration—men coming and going with no true transformation. They were weary of systems that only managed behavior but never healed the heart.

What they saw at Breaking Free wasn't a theory—it was the living Gospel. It was real power. It was a lasting change.

Through the help of a godly prison chaplain, God opened the door. But it didn't come without challenges. I met with the warden and presented two non-negotiables:

- We would never charge a fee—not one cent.
- Guards could not sit in our classes, so men could speak freely without fear of judgment or retaliation.

At first, the warden denied the request. The inmates, he explained, were high-risk. It was too dangerous. But after persistent, prayer-covered conversations, he agreed—on one condition: we sign a waiver releasing the state from all liability.

We signed it. Why? Because we knew Who called us. And we trusted that the One who opened the door would protect what He ordained.

We also would never ask for government funding—for the same reason we never charged. If we had, we might've been pressured to water down the Gospel, to compromise truth for compliance. Jesus never charged the hurting for healing—and neither would we.

We preach Christ—crucified for sin, risen from the grave, and soon returning. And we've never looked back.

Ironically, around that time, the state had cut many of its own recovery programs. But God, in His sovereignty, used what once felt like a detour—my Ph.D., earned after a GED in prison—to meet the state's credentialing requirements. That's just like God—turning former shame into holy strategy.

And so we stepped into the prison—five days a week for five hours per day.

What began as a simple invitation became a divine movement. Men encountered hope. They wept. They repented. They worshiped. Chains fell—not from their bodies, but from their hearts.

Within just a few years, we began raising servant leaders behind the walls. Men radically transformed by Jesus started discipling others in their cell blocks. They led Bible studies. They mentored the broken. They carried light into the darkest corners of the facility. Blocks were transformed into communities of grace—because inmates became ministers of the Gospel.

But make no mistake—it wasn't always easy. Many wild, even dangerous, situations took place in those prison classrooms. Some men clung tightly to their rage and bitterness. You could feel the tension some days. But I always knew—we weren't alone. There were men in those classes who had our backs. Men who had been changed by Christ and weren't about to let anything disrupt what God was doing.

More than once, inmates themselves stepped in to calm situations down when others tried to stir up chaos. They stood between conflict and peace. They stood for righteousness. These weren't just attendees—they were defenders of the Gospel. That's when I knew: this wasn't just ministry—it was brotherhood. A

movement had been born, forged in the fire, and protected by the very men it had come to serve.

Breaking Free was no longer just a refuge for the addicted. It had become a bridge to the imprisoned. A movement that declared loud and clear: No wall is too thick. No past is too broken. No soul is too lost.

“The Spirit of the Sovereign Lord is on me,  
because the Lord has anointed me  
to proclaim good news to the poor.  
He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,  
to proclaim freedom for the captives  
and release from darkness for the prisoners.”  
— *Isaiah 61:1*

We’ve learned a powerful truth: Jesus doesn’t wait on the other side of freedom—He walks straight into the prison yard. Where man sees a convict, He sees a calling. Where the world gives up, Christ steps in. And He keeps showing up—day after day, cell by cell, heart by heart. All glory to the One who sets captives free.

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## Chapter 9: Forged in the Field-*Training Servant Leaders (2007)*

As transformation unfolded both inside and outside the walls of the nearby prison, something just as remarkable was happening on our own campus. More and more of our graduates weren't just finding freedom—they were discovering their purpose and calling.

These young men, once bound by addiction, chaos, and hopelessness, now burned with a deep desire to give back. They had tasted the goodness of God, and it changed everything. They didn't want to just move on—they wanted to pour out. To serve. To reach others just as they had been reached.

It became undeniable: God was raising up a new generation of servant leaders—right from the soil of their own recovery.

In response, we launched what would become one of the most impactful branches of our ministry: the Servant Leadership Training (SLT) School. It began as a three-year immersive program combining deep biblical discipleship with hands-on ministry. It wasn't about producing polished professionals. It was about forging humble, Spirit-led men—men who would walk others into lasting freedom.

That same year, the Lord laid another burden on my heart: These men needed to see beyond their pain, beyond their past, and beyond their borders. Many had never even left their hometowns. And yet when asked about missions, their answer was immediate and unanimous:

“If Jesus gave everything for us, how can we not give everything for others?”

So we sent them out. What started as a local leadership initiative soon became an international movement. SLT expanded first to Texas, then to Costa Rica, where our graduates now serve in cross-cultural ministry—bringing hope to the hurting, healing to the broken, and Jesus to the forgotten. With each trip and outreach, they discovered something powerful: the same Gospel that set them free was the same Gospel the world was starving for.

As SLT grew, it evolved into a dynamic, interactive training program—offered both in person and "Real-time online".

Its mission remains unchanged: to equip those called to serve the suffering, the addicted, the incarcerated, and the overlooked.

The program requires a minimum one-year commitment focused on allowing God to develop true purpose and leadership through a structured, Spirit-led process. We make no apologies for this. Quality leadership doesn't come quickly. It takes time. It takes fire. It takes faithfulness.

Leadership without character always collapses. That's why at SLT, character formation is everything. We emphasize spiritual depth over outward performance, humility over hype, and long-term fruit over short-term flair.

We take an internship and mentorship-based approach. Our rising leaders walk closely with seasoned, Spirit-filled mentors. They are challenged. They are encouraged. They are sharpened. Not to become experts—but to become servants. To lead like Jesus.

And just like everything else at Breaking Free, the SLT program is offered completely free of charge. We've never sold the Gospel, and we never will. This mission is holy. This calling is sacred. Freely we have received—freely we give.

To this day, I stand in awe as I watch these men—once shattered by sin, now shining with purpose. Many of them have surpassed me in gifting, wisdom, and impact. And I thank God for that. Because this is the Kingdom way: raising sons who become fathers, disciples who become disciplers, broken men who become builders of others.

“The things you have heard me say in the presence of many witnesses entrust to reliable people who will also be qualified to teach others.”

— 2 Timothy 2:2

May we never forget: The harvest is still plentiful. The workers are still few. And the field is still where leaders are forged.

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## Chapter 10: Homecoming of Hope-Launching Recovery in Texas (2010)

In 2010, the phone calls started coming—one after another. Desperate parents. Worn-out pastors. Old friends I hadn't heard from in years. Different voices, same cry: "We need help. Addiction is destroying my loved one."

But this time, the devastation had a new name: heroin. What had once been whispered in shame-filled corners was now front-page news. A full-blown epidemic was sweeping through Texas—especially in the very communities where I had grown up. One of the hardest blows came close to home. At Plano Senior High School—a wave of fatal teenage overdoses rocked the community. Students were dying. Teenagers were slipping away in bedrooms, bathrooms, and school parking lots. Funeral after funeral. Lives cut short by a poison that didn't care how young, bright, or full of potential they were.

It wasn't abstract. It wasn't just numbers. These were sons and daughters, friends and neighbors—my home community.

And deep in my spirit, a familiar stirring rose again. I couldn't shake it. It was time to go home.

After years of ministry in Georgia, international outreach, and building the Servant Leadership Training (SLT) program, God was calling me back—to the same soil where my own brokenness had once bled out. But this wasn't about nostalgia. It wasn't a trip down memory lane. This was a commission. A burden. A Gospel-driven return.

But I refused to go alone. I gathered a small band of young men—some still in the program in Georgia, others graduates and leaders from SLT. These were residents who had walked through the fire and come out refined. They weren't just students—they were battle-tested brothers. Men who had been rescued and redeemed, now burning with the same passion to go and rescue others.

They left their comfort. They left their families. They left the community that had brought them back to life. Why?

Because the grace that saved them was too powerful to keep to themselves. Most recovery efforts start with a building and then look for leaders.

We did the opposite. We launched the Texas campus with nothing but a team of servant-hearted men, men in the Georgia program overflowing with humility, experience, and holy fire. We had become "top-heavy with SLT leaders" in the

best sense—rich in character, deep in conviction. And that became our foundation.

Then God did what only God can do. We were given a farm to use. Not just a place to stay, but a place to grow—spiritually and practically. That farm became our first Texas base of operations. We didn't just live there—we cultivated the land, sowed the Word, and watched healing take root in the soil of both hearts and harvests.

By day, we worked with our hands. By night, we prayed under the stars. And somehow, the very dirt beneath our feet became sacred—a place where dead things came to life.

There was no flashy marketing. No clever strategy just like our previous missions. Just a farm, a few faithful men, and a whole lot of faith.

We started taking in young men bound by heroin, meth, and every drug imaginable. We prayed with them. Discipled them. Worked alongside them. Wept beside them. And little by little, hope took root.

The launch of Breaking Free Texas wasn't just program expansion—it was a rescue mission. A response to a cry I could no longer ignore. And like everything else we've done, it was birthed through obedience, fueled by faith, and sustained by grace.

Today, many of those early Texas residents are no longer just recovering—they're leading. They've become disciple-makers, mentors, and ministers. They're reaching back to the same streets they once came from, bringing freedom to the next wave of brokenness. What began with a burden became a movement. What looked like a homecoming became a harvest.

“‘Come, follow me,’ Jesus said, ‘and I will send you out to fish for people.’ At once they left their nets and followed him.”

— *Matthew 4:19–20*

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## Chapter 11: From Orphans to Servants – The Costa Rica Farm Story (2012)

None of what you're about to read—and what follows in the coming chapters—would have been possible without the faith, generosity, and obedience of those God called to walk with us. One brother, who had known me since my release from prison, helped make the land purchase possible. Another stood beside me in the trenches during those early days—shoulder-to-shoulder—praying, encouraging, and helping me navigate some of the hardest moments. Today, he serves as a senior leader within BFI, still helping to navigate what lies ahead. But it wasn't just them.

Over the years, a small, faithful band of brothers and sisters quietly showed up. Men and women who may never be known by the world—but are deeply known by heaven. They gave when no one was watching. They prayed when no one asked. They stayed when walking away would have been easier. Their fingerprints are on every brick, every prayer, every life transformed.

Even my own children played a quiet but vital role. In those early years, they lived alongside these orphaned sisters—helping lay the foundation not just with their hands, but with their presence, sacrifice, and love. They never sought the spotlight, but their fingerprints are part of this story, written in ways only family could understand.

This chapter isn't just my story—it's our story. A testimony of grace, built by the quiet faithfulness of many who simply said "yes" when God called.

Now, one of my greatest gifts from the Lord—and my gift back to Him—is this story. The farm we chose sat deep in the remote mountains of southern Costa Rica. Most would have passed it by. We certainly had other options—better land, better infrastructure, better investments. But they didn't have what this farm had.

Across the dirt road, tucked into a crumbling jungle shack, lived a group of orphaned sisters 19 years of age and younger. All from one family. Their mother had died abruptly. Their father had disappeared. They had no protection, no guidance—only each other and the instinct to survive. They gathered jungle vegetation to eat. Bathing in a river. They slept in fear. No one came checking on them. But they were never invisible to God.

Even in their suffering, something about them shone. I saw it the first time we met them—in the oldest sister's eyes. A flicker of hope. A quiet resilience. They didn't

beg for help, but you could feel the ache for love, for belonging, for someone to say, “You matter, you are safe now.”

They weren’t just surviving. They were waiting. Waiting to be seen. Waiting to be chosen. Waiting for family. And despite having nothing, they radiated something I had rarely seen—even in my own home country: unmistakable joy in the middle of heartache.

So when that farm across the street became available, it wasn’t a hard decision. It was a divine appointment. We knew God wasn’t calling us to swoop in and rescue. He was calling us to move in and remain. To live among them. To plant roots. To build family.

That’s what we did. We brought in SLT leaders—young men who had once been broken but had encountered the Father’s love and redemption. My 18-year-old son and 22-year-old daughter came too, embracing this wild, unfamiliar land and pouring their hearts into the soil of ministry. This time, it wasn’t just about reaching sons caught in addiction—it was about reaching daughters who, though untouched by addiction, were deeply wounded from loss, abandonment, and needed someone to walk with them.

Girls who had never known the safety of a father’s embrace were now discovering the security of their Heavenly Father.

At first, the work was simple and slow. We grew food. Offer shelter. Built with what we had. There were days we wondered if it was enough. But God was never in a hurry. He wasn’t just building a mission—He was building a family. And little by little, it happened.

The girls who once hid in the shadows began to step into the light. They led without demanding recognition. They served without expecting a return. They worshiped with tears and sang with joy. They disciplined younger children, fed hungry families, hosted youth Bible studies, and comforted the broken.

They weren’t trained in seminaries. They were trained in the school of suffering, grace, and fire. They didn’t carry credentials—but they carried scars. And those scars became their anointing.

They didn’t need titles. They carried Kingdom authority.

Then came the moment that still brings me to tears.

My dear brother and I made the decision to give them the farm. It wasn't a reward. It wasn't a donation. It was an inheritance. They had laid down their lives for others. Now they had a place to call their own—not just to live, but to lead. Not just to survive, but to multiply. Not just to receive, but to give.

It was theirs—not just as owners, but as stewards. As daughters of the King. As shepherds of a legacy that was no longer ours to hold.

Today, that farm is alive.

Feeding programs. Children's church. Discipleship gatherings. Community Care outreaches. Laughter echoing where there was once silence. Healing flowing where there was once hurt.

It is no longer just a piece of land. It's a lighthouse without walls. A launching pad. A legacy of redemption, family, and God's Kingdom.

Five out of the six original girls are now married, raising families just outside the farm's gates—a beautiful reflection of God's restoration and provision, especially in a region where there's very little buildable land. One of them—my daughter who serves as my translator—lives on the farm with her husband. She lovingly helps care for the efficiency apartment I occupy during my six months each year in Costa Rica. She also keeps a watchful eye on the livestock and the upkeep of the property, especially when the other girls are at their homes, tending to their families and daily responsibilities. Her heart of service and faithfulness continues the legacy we began—now multiplied.

I've stood on stages. I've witnessed powerful moves of God. But nothing compares to seeing these daughters—once abandoned and afraid—walk in boldness, wash feet, lead with authority, and live out the gospel with joy.

That farm is more than a story.  
It's a miracle that breathes.

And to think—it all began across the street. A farm. A few girls. And a simple yes *God*.

If you give yourself to the hungry and satisfy the desire of the afflicted,  
Then your light will rise in darkness and your gloom will become like midday. The Lord will continually guide you, and satisfy your desire in scorched places, And give strength to your bones; And you will be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters do not fail.

Those from among you will rebuild the ancient ruins; You will raise up the age-old foundations; And you will be called the repairer of the breach, The restorer of the streets in which to dwell.

— *Isaiah 58:10–12*

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## Chapter 12 Light in the Shadows – Prison & Refugee Ministry in Italy (2016)

Several people, in completely different circumstances, kept putting Italy on my heart. I began to wonder—could God be calling us there? The thought stayed with me, especially after one of our staff members in Costa Rica expressed a deep desire to lead a new work in Italy. The idea wouldn't let go.

Then I saw how Italy was in such a strategic location—a gateway connecting Africa, Europe, and the Middle East. Still, we didn't know exactly where in Italy God would plant us. But we did have a trusted friend from the north—the director of the boys' ranch in Costa Rica—so we began our journey there.

The day after arriving in Milan, we drove to La Spezia, planning to work our way south while praying for clarity and confirmation on where to establish Breaking Free Italy. That very evening, something unexpected happened—I led our cook to Jesus after his shift ended. Only later did I learn he was battling heroin addiction.

We continued our journey, driving for days from city to city, but nothing felt right. No place gave us peace. Then it hit me: La Spezia—our very first stop—was the answer. A soul had come to Christ. What more confirmation did I need?

We returned to La Spezia, and I met with the young man again. I shared with him how God had used him to guide us. He broke down in tears and told me his father was a missionary to Brazil. He had been running from God for years—and now, he was coming home. Then he admitted to me that he was a heroin addict. That sealed it. I knew deep in my spirit: this was the place.

That was the beginning. In yet another divine appointment, that same young man helped us find a home—rented to us by a local dentist who quickly became a trusted friend and protector. It was all confirmation: God had gone before us. He was already laying the foundation for what was to come in La Spezia.

None of us could have imagined what God had planned when Breaking Free expanded into La Spezia, Italy. It began with a burden—watching thousands of displaced people flood into Europe, seeking safety from war, terror, and religious persecution. They crossed borders desperate for peace but found themselves ensnared in a new kind of bondage: addiction, homelessness, and systemic neglect. They had escaped one nightmare only to awaken in another.

As always, we brought what God had entrusted to us—hot meals, legal advice, compassionate prayer, and the unshakable hope of Jesus Christ. At first, our

focus was the streets—ministering to refugees in parks, alleys, and temporary shelters. But God soon opened a deeper door, one we hadn't expected: there was a prison in La Spezia.

I was invited in to share my story of hope with the men, and before long, I found myself walking prison corridors—unescorted by guards—sitting face-to-face with inmates tied to the Sicilian Mafia, radical Islamic groups, and international crime syndicates. These weren't petty criminals. These were men the world had written off—hardened, dangerous, and, in society's eyes, beyond redemption.

But I didn't come to condemn them—I came with a story of my own. I came to share the same mercy that had rescued me. These men didn't need another lecture; they needed the truth of the Gospel.

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.”

—John 3:16

I'll be honest—I felt uneasy at first. I had been inside prisons before, but never like this. Here, the guards allowed me to move freely, alone, from one cell block to another. I could feel the eyes of radicalized inmates following my every step—measuring the risk, calculating the value of a strike. But God had gone before me, just as He always does. And in every place of darkness He sends us, His light always proves stronger.

Amazingly, some of the first to respond to the Gospel were Nigerian gang members—towering men, fluent in English, battle-weary from years of violence and incarceration. They embraced the Word with hunger and joy. Before long, they were walking with me through the prison blocks—not as bodyguards, but as brothers in Christ.

Now, don't get me wrong—it was a blessing having these men by my side. As we moved from one block to another, they would quietly spread the word. By the time I entered a new block, another recently converted Nigerian brother would be waiting to walk with me. It was like watching a kingdom chain reaction unfold, one soul at a time.

Everywhere I went, I preached the same message: *Hope is real. Transformation is possible. Jesus still saves.* I didn't water down my past. I told them plainly:

“I wasn't always the preacher walking through the gates. Years ago, I wore shackles too.”

But it wasn't behind bars that I met Jesus. It was shortly after my release—standing at the crossroads of destruction and destiny. The old life was calling: addiction, street hustle, fast money, familiar faces pulling me back. But the Holy Spirit whispered—deep within: “You can go back... or you can follow Me.”

No spotlight. No altar call. Just a choice. And that choice changed everything. Not because I got it all right. But because I said yes Lord here I am. Now, years later, I was back in prison—but this time as a son of the Most High God, sent on assignment. The very kind of place that once held me captive had become the ground where I saw some of the greatest miracles of my life.

Men wept in their cells. Killers chose forgiveness. Former gang leaders laid down their pride and picked up Bibles. They weren't becoming religious. They were becoming free. Because only the Holy Spirit can write stories like that.

“Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, this person is a new creation; the old things passed away; behold, new things have come.”

— 2 Corinthians 5:17

I looked into the eyes of those inmates and didn't see criminals. I saw *mirrors*. I saw the same crossroads I once faced. And I told them what I wish someone had told me earlier in life:

“You may be behind bars, but you're not beyond hope. You have a choice. And Jesus is waiting on the other side of it.”

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## Chapter 13: Hope for Her – A Place of Healing and Restoration (2014)

As the young men's program in Texas took root and began to flourish, another cry began to rise—quiet, yet relentless. While we celebrated sons and brothers being restored, it became impossible to ignore the silence of the daughters. Beneath the surface of every breakthrough, a gap remained—mothers, sisters, and young women still battling addiction, abuse, trauma, and deep wounds of identity. Their pain wasn't lesser. It was simply less visible. But God saw them.

Phone calls poured in from desperate families—mothers and fathers pleading for help. Stories of daughters lost to drugs. Women trapped in cycles of self-harm, depression, toxic relationships, and shame so crushing it distorted their sense of worth. These weren't statistics. These were lives—precious souls Jesus died to redeem.

We knew the time had come. We couldn't call ourselves a ministry of freedom while leaving half the battle unfought. For years, the burden for young women weighed heavily on my heart. I couldn't shake it. Everywhere we turned, the evidence was there—broken daughters, abandoned by systems, overlooked by religious establishments, and quietly crying out in silence. The question that haunted me wasn't *if* we should respond, but *when*.

I wrestled with it in prayer, in planning, and in long, sleepless nights, thinking through every angle. How do you create a place that reaches into the specific pain of a young woman's heart—a pain often rooted in violation, identity loss, or generational shame? This couldn't be a copy-and-paste version of the men's program. It had to be something more—a sacred space uniquely shaped by compassion, trust, and the redemptive power of God's truth spoken directly into the feminine soul.

I went over it again and again, sometimes feeling stuck between the vision and its implementation. I sought wisdom, listened to stories, and asked God to show us the path forward. And every time I felt overwhelmed by the "how," He reminded me of the "why."

Because freedom isn't full if it only reaches half the house.

And so, what began as a burden turned into a blueprint. A program that would become *Hope for Her*—a place not only for recovery but for resurrection life.

From a place of prayer, compassion, and conviction, *Hope for Her* was born—Breaking Free’s dedicated recovery and restoration program for young women. Launched in the heart of Texas, this wasn’t simply a “female version” of the men’s program. It was a sanctuary of healing, created with intention to reach the feminine heart. A sacred space where women could process trauma, reclaim identity, break generational strongholds, and step into the truth of who God says they are.

And what we’ve witnessed has been nothing short of miraculous.

We’ve seen young women arrive closed off, with shattered dreams and broken self-worth—only to begin to blossom. Many came in addicted, fearful, and silent. Most had never been told they were daughters of the King. Now, they wear that truth like a crown—not of pride, but of purpose.

We’ve witnessed buried destinies unearthed. Numb hearts begin to feel again. Ashes exchanged for beauty. And like every work God births through Breaking Free, this ministry is offered freely. No charge. No price tag. Because grace is never for sale.

Our role is simple: To steward it, not control it. To pour it out, not profit from it.

And just as we’ve seen young men rise through servant leadership, we’ve watched young women rise too—bold, equipped, and anointed. Leaders. Mentors. Ministers. Their transformation doesn’t stop at personal healing—it overflows into a life of purpose. Today, women who once couldn’t bear to look at themselves in the mirror are now guiding others into freedom.

They are no longer just recipients of hope. They’ve become carriers of it.

What began as a whisper from the wounded has become a chorus of restored voices, singing over a new generation:

“You are not forgotten. You are not disqualified. You are His.”

“She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. She opens her mouth with wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.”  
— *Proverbs 31:25–26*

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## Chapter 14: Casting Nets – Fishers of Men in Costa Rica II (2019)

From the cobblestone alleys of Italy to the windswept shores of the Pacific, God redirected our steps once again—this time, back to Costa Rica. But not to the lush green mountains where our first international mission had taken root. This assignment was different. It was coastal, raw, and marked by both striking beauty and sobering danger.

We were sent to the Pacific side of Costa Rica—a region many imagine as a postcard paradise of turquoise waves and golden sands. But along the southern coast, that surface beauty is shadowed by a harsh and hidden reality: entrenched drug trafficking, generational poverty, gang violence, and a spiritual darkness that clings to the atmosphere like a suffocating fog. It's the kind of place where fear walks openly down the dirt roads, and hope feels like a foreign guest—rare, and never staying long. But that's exactly where the Gospel shines brightest.

We didn't arrive with fanfare—no stages, no slogans, no spotlights. We came with open hands and the name of Jesus. No hype. Just humility. Our goal wasn't to build a brand, but to create a refuge—a place where the hurting could be healed, and the broken could rise. We started with what we had in our hands: old boats.

This second work in Costa Rica didn't begin inside a chapel. It began by restoring broken fishing boats—tools of survival for desperate families. The initiative was sparked not by me, but by the heart of my adopted son—who, in God's intricate design, was the biological brother of the six young girls we had adopted years earlier from the jungles of Costa Rica.

One of those girls—now my daughter, translator, and fearless servant of Christ—approached me with a quiet but urgent plea. “Papi,” she said, “there's someone you need to meet.”

She didn't say much else, but the hope in her voice spoke volumes. She knew that if I saw him—really saw him—I would help. Maybe even adopt him. She later confessed she had been praying for that outcome.

She took me to a crumbling home on the side of a dangerous road. Standing outside was a young man—worn down, eyes heavy with exhaustion, a baby in his arms and a weary woman beside him. The poverty was overwhelming. Yet even in the shadows, there was a quiet dignity about him. My heart broke. In that moment, the Holy Spirit whispered, *“He's yours too.”*

We brought him in. We adopted him. And with that simple, sacred yes, another chapter of redemption was written—not just in our family story, but in the eternal record of heaven. But the enemy doesn't surrender territory without a fight.

Shortly after we committed to planting deep roots in that region—laying the foundation for Breaking Free's next mission—I had an encounter that reminded me of the cost. I was walking down a back road, admiring the wildflowers, when a motorcycle pulled up beside me. The man riding it said nothing. No threats, no questions. He just brandished a gun and stared—eyes cold and hollow, as if carrying the weight of many deaths. His bodyguard stood by. Then, without a word, the man rode off.

Later, my son told me, “Papi... that man is a *sicario*. A hitman. He works with a narco gang out of Panama. He's here collecting money.” I asked how he knew. He answered, “Because he buys fish from me.”

That moment didn't brand my soul with fear—it branded it with fire. This mission was never meant to be safe. It was meant to be *holy*.

So why do we do it? Why risk so much in places like this? Because broken and lost souls are everywhere. And when the light of Jesus walks into the shadows, yes—there will be resistance. But there will also be redemption. Every time.

God wasn't simply planting a ministry on the coast—He was establishing His Kingdom in a land the world had long forgotten. This is the heartbeat of Breaking Free: to go where others won't, to love those others fear, and to believe God for what others call impossible.

Today, a humble but powerful fishing industry feeds the poor and employs the desperate. This is *discipleship without walls*. This is *redemption in action*. This is *casting nets in deeper seas*.

“Come, follow Me,” Jesus said, “and I will send you out to fish for people.”  
— *Matthew 4:19*

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## **Chapter 15: The Jungle Sanctuary – Children’s Church Without Walls**

**In the heart of the jungle—where roads vanish into dirt trails and hope is often smothered by hunger—God gave us a new assignment: feed His children—body, soul, and spirit.**

**As always, it didn’t begin with a grand strategic plan. It began with empty bellies, barefoot little ones, and the unmistakable tug of compassion.**

**Before we ever preached a sermon, we served a plate of food.**

**Before we built a structure, we sat on logs and shared stories beneath the trees.**

**Every meal became a message. Every gathering, a glimpse of heaven breaking through the canopy of poverty. It started small—just a handful of children.**

**We brought rice, beans, fruit, and a few donated clothes. They brought their hunger, their curiosity, and their wide, cautious smiles.**

**What we didn’t realize at the time was that we weren’t just launching a feeding program—we were planting a church. A church without walls, where the pulpit and pews were a wooden log, and the ministry team had muddy shoes. But Jesus was in our midst.**

**Week after week, more children came. Some walked miles along narrow jungle paths. Others arrived carrying younger siblings on their hips.**

**We often walked the jungle trails ourselves, meeting them at key points where the path opened just enough to gather.**

**They didn’t come only for food—they came for love.**

**For the safety of being seen. For the joy that, even if only for a moment, pushed back the weight of daily struggle. We told Bible stories in simple Spanish.**

**We laughed. We cried. We prayed. And little by little, that jungle became a living sanctuary. Not made of bricks or stained glass—but of joy, faith, healing, and hope. A sanctuary built not from blueprints, but from brokenness and obedience.**

**Through it all, the girls we once adopted from these very jungles became more than just daughters—they became partners in the mission, setting an example to the very community that once turned its back on them in their time of crisis.**

**While many teenagers around the world are consumed by distractions, these young women walk out their calling with maturity and passion. They cook meals, prepare lessons, and pray for the children by name—serving not from duty, but from a heart that remembers what it means to be the one in need.**



And their ministry doesn't stop there. They help run the working farm that produces much of the food we serve. They serve faithfully every Saturday at our Children's and Youth Ark gatherings—and remain available throughout the week to respond as needs arise.

Whether it's delivering food to a remote family, checking in on a sick child, or sitting quietly beside someone who's hurting—they are present. Not out of obligation, but out of compassion. Because they remember. They remember what it felt like to be the one in need.

Their stories—once marked by abandonment and trauma—have become testimonies of healing, restoration, and spiritual authority. They are the fruit of this mission, and now, they are nurturing the next generation.

Today, that small beginning has grown into a thriving children's ministry. Every week, dozens of kids are fed—physically and spiritually. They know who Jesus is. They know they are loved. They know they have purpose.

And now, many of their parents—once hardened by survival and skeptical of faith—are beginning to come too. Because when you feed a child, you often reach a family. We didn't wait for perfect conditions, which there seldom is. We simply said yes Lord we will go. And God brought the increase.

Eventually, we were able to build a small, open-air children's church on our working farm—capable of holding up to 175 children. That same farm now produces much of the food we serve. About one-third of the children can walk to the farm each Saturday morning to attend what we now call The Children's and Youth Ark. The other two-thirds? We still go to them—deep into the jungle, where it all began. Because the mission has never stopped reaching outward.

We still meet under trees. Sometimes the rain pours, and we huddle close, lifting our voices to be heard over the storm. But what's happening out there is nothing short of a move of God. Children are being raised up as worshipers, prayer warriors, and future leaders. Not someday—now.

Because we believe this: The Kingdom doesn't begin when you're grown up. It begins the moment Jesus touches your heart—whether you're five or fifty.

“Let the little children come to Me, and do not hinder them,  
for the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to such as these.”  
— *Matthew 19:14*

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## **Chapter 16: Hometown Hope – Love Without Walls in Plano (2022)**

**There's something sacred about returning to the place where your story began—but this time, not as a victim, but as a vessel.**

**Plano, Texas, was once a city I tried desperately to escape.  
A place filled with memories I never wanted to revisit.  
The streets held shadows of who I used to be.**

**But when God redeems a life, He often redeems geography too.  
What was once a pit of pain became a platform of purpose. The same streets that once witnessed my downfall are now the very ones where I declare His glory.**

**As I returned—I couldn't believe it—how a city long ranked among the top ten in the nation to live in could also have people sleeping on sidewalks and wandering in mental torment through pristine suburban neighborhoods. In plain sight were the broken, the forgotten, the addicted, and the mentally ill. The crisis was real.  
And I couldn't look away.**

**So in 2022, we launched Love Without Walls—a boots-on-the-ground homeless outreach that meets people exactly where they are: under bridges, behind shopping centers, in alleys, along sidewalks, and beneath overpasses.**

**Long before the sun rises—often two hours before daylight—we hit the streets with backpacks full of food, hygiene kits, clean socks, water, and most importantly, prayer and the love of Jesus. We don't wait for the hurting to come to us—we go to them.**

**We stop. We look each person in the eyes. We introduce ourselves—or call them by name if we've met before. We offer them a “grace bag” filled with essentials, take time to talk with them, and build genuine relationships. We make sure they're aware of available resources, listen to their stories, and pray with them right there on the spot. And above all, we remind them of this unshakable truth: They are still image-bearers of God.**

**Some wrestle with addiction. Many are deeply entangled in mental illness. Others are simply worn down by life—divorced, bankrupt, betrayed, abandoned. But not one of them is beyond the reach of hope. We've watched tears stream down weathered faces as we've prayed over dirty calloused hands.**

We've seen hardened hearts melt when reminded that someone still cares—and that *Someone* is Jesus.

This ministry is gritty. It's raw. It smells like stale clothing and broken dreams. But it's holy and precious to the Lord. It's where the Gospel breathes loudest—not in comfort, but in compassion. Not in stages and spotlights, but in silence and surrender. And what makes it all the more sacred is *where* it happens—Plano.

The very city where I once lost so much is now the place where I find purpose and redemption every single morning. The streets where I once stumbled in shame are now the same streets where I pray, weep with the hurting, and proclaim God's hope and unshakable promises.

God doesn't waste a single scar. He repurposes pain. And sometimes, He sends us back to the place of our greatest failure to become messengers of His greatest mercy.

As ministries grow and leaders gain more influence, there's always a subtle temptation to drift toward ease—to go where the funding flows, where the applause is louder, and where the burden feels lighter.

But the call of Jesus hasn't changed. He didn't send us to build platforms of convenience—He sends us to fields of sweat and dirt. To sidewalks soaked with tears. To the places that demand both grit and grace.

True ministry still happens in the trenches—among the hurting. Where comfort is rare, but Christ is near.

I truly believe one reason God continues to bless Breaking Free so abundantly is because—even now—I remain in the grind. Whether I'm working in the jungles of Costa Rica or walking the streets of Plano six early mornings a week, I intentionally stay where Jesus would be: Among the overlooked. Among the broken. Among the desperate.

The blessing isn't found in ease. It's found in obedience. Not in applause, but in presence. We're not called to simply *remember* the poor—We are called to *go* to them.

Love Without Walls is more than a program. It's a declaration: That no one is too far gone. That mercy wears boots and walks the streets. That Christ still moves in alleys and behind dumpsters. That revival often begins—not inside a

building—but beside a broken soul. That the Church belongs wherever the hurting are.

**“Is this not the fast which I choose: to loosen the bonds of wickedness, to undo the straps of the yoke, to let the oppressed go free... Is it not to break your bread with the hungry and bring the homeless poor into the house; when you see the naked, to cover him?”**  
**— *Isaiah 58:6–7***

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## **Chapter 17: Generation Redeemed – Breaking Cycles Before They Begin (2023)**

**As our ministry deepened—both on the streets and through *Breaking Free Chemical Dependency Services*—God began turning our hearts toward a new kind of mission field: the next generation. The same youth we were reaching through long-term recovery and crisis intervention, we now felt called to reach through prevention. God was expanding our focus—from rescuing the broken to protecting the innocent. What began as a burden soon became a bold, God-given assignment.**

**In 2023, after years of consistent outreach and trust-building, I was officially approved as a volunteer to bring prevention education to over 180,000 students in Collin County’s public schools. This wasn’t just another program—it was a miracle. At a time when biblical truth is often silenced or pushed to the margins, God swung the doors wide open. He allowed us to enter public classrooms with compassion, truth, and the heart of Christ.**

**Students were free to ask any questions—and when they did, I was free to share who changed my life. Time and again, the Holy Spirit set the stage for my God-testimony. To God be the glory.**

**We didn’t bring religion—we brought redemption.**

**Students who had never stepped inside a church were now hearing life-giving messages about identity, purpose, boundaries, and hope.**

**Yes, we spoke about addiction—but we also spoke of destiny.**

**That’s the power of prevention: We reached them before the world could break them.**

**We constantly stay informed on what can legally be shared in public schools. The laws matter—and we honor them. In fact, many teachers and even administrators aren’t fully aware of what the Constitution actually allows regarding the separation of church and state. But here’s the truth: if a student asks me how I changed, I can legally and respectfully share that Jesus became my Savior and Redeemer.**

**That’s not preaching—that’s answering a personal question with a personal story.**

**And when all is said and done, I will always respect the authority in the classroom and the school administration, even if they’re operating under an agenda—or simply out of ignorance of the law. Because the Holy Spirit is bigger than all of**

that. He doesn't need a pulpit—just a willing vessel. It was a Kingdom strategy—cutting off the enemy's plan before it could take root.

At the same time, God was expanding our reach internationally. In the rural hills and crowded barrios of Costa Rica, we launched youth prevention programs in schools, churches, and even on dusty soccer fields. In communities marked by generational poverty and despair, we planted seeds of resilience, truth, and courage. And across cultures and languages, the same message rang out: You matter. You are not a mistake. God has a plan for your life.

And God didn't stop there. From the earliest days of ministry, one thing always gripped my heart: The most desperate voices weren't always the addicts—they were the mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and spouses. Trembling hands. Breaking hearts. Pleading for help.

Many times, they were financially desperate—bankrupt from the countless amounts of money spent trying to save their loved one. Then someone told them about our free programs, which had become known for their excellence, integrity, and spiritual impact. That simple word of mouth often became their lifeline—their lighthouse. A glimmer of hope in the middle of heartbreak.

I often told our team, “Your greatest ministry is the one who calls.” So many times, it was the family member who was more broken, more open to the gospel, and more ready for God than the addict themselves. Love them back to life, and the addict becomes far more likely to change. Get the family strong in Jesus, and the ripple effect can impact generations.

Even today, when an unknown number flashes across my phone screen—I pause. I think. I prioritize. Because I know—it could be someone's last hope, a divine appointment I cannot take the chance to miss. I can't count how many times over the years mothers—especially—have said, “Every time I called in panic and unbearable fear, you answered.”

That voice on the other end wasn't just mine—it was empathy, shaped by the memory of the pain I once caused my own family. It was availability in their hour of desperation. And more than anything, it was the presence of Jesus, showing up in the chaos, offering peace when nothing else made sense.

In 2023, as those cries grew louder, God led us to establish a 30–90 day Christ-centered recovery program specifically for youth and young adults. These weren't just "troubled teens"—they were sons and daughters under siege, battling addiction, trauma, confusion, and despair. Most were in the early stages of the cycle—desperate for intervention but not yet needing long-term inpatient care. What we offered wasn't just sobriety—it was a fresh start, built on structure, healing, and God-given purpose.

But we quickly saw a deeper need: Young people don't suffer alone—their families are wounded too. So we built a comprehensive family restoration track alongside the youth program, offering spiritual care, biblical counseling, and practical tools to help rebuild households from the inside out. Because true transformation doesn't happen in a vacuum. It happens when Jesus enters a home and begins healing it—room by room.

Our outreach kept expanding—reaching at-risk children, single parents, and families in crisis. We brought hope, mentorship, meals, prayer, and presence. Sometimes it was inside a church. Other times, it was on a front porch. Often, it was in places no one else would go. But always with this message: "You are not forgotten. There is still hope."

And here's what we've come to know with absolute certainty: Size is never the issue. It's not about how big the ministry is—it's about how faithful we are to the call. Whether it's one desperate parent or a hundred youth—Every soul matters. Every moment counts. Because in a world drowning in darkness, prevention is light. It's hope on the front lines. It's God whispering, "I see you—and I'm coming for you, before the enemy can." And if we've learned one powerful truth along the way, it's this: There's no better time to reach a heart than before the pain begins.

And now, we're seeing this vision multiply. I always believed God was going to use the girls from Costa Rica in other nations—and now, we're seeing that vision come to life in a powerful way. It's nothing short of a miracle—one only God could orchestrate. Now, through the power of technology and their hard-earned drug and alcohol recovery certification, these young women—who were once rescued, healed, and disciplined—are ministering across borders.

They are now reaching into Spanish-speaking countries throughout South and Central America, as well as the United States, offering Christ-centered hope, wisdom, and practical guidance to mothers, fathers, spouses, and individuals caught in the grip of addiction. Even more remarkable is the trust factor. When someone hurting in the U.S. hears a story like theirs—raw, real, and

redemptive—walls come down fast. There's something uniquely disarming and powerful when healing flows from across nations. It creates an instant connection. A trust that only God could build. What was once a remote discipleship farm is now a launching pad for global impact.

What the enemy meant for destruction, God is using for deliverance. These once-broken daughters are now messengers of restoration. They are answering the call—multiplying the mission. And something incredible happens when someone who's hurting in the U.S. sees one of these women from another country, carrying such a powerful story of redemption. There's an immediate trust—almost unexplainable. The barriers come down. The pain feels seen. The heart opens up. Because when someone who's been through the fire speaks with grace and power, people listen.

It's unbelievable how quickly trust is built when hope walks in from another land, carrying God's light. From being rescued... to becoming rescuers. From orphans... to servant leaders. From Costa Rica... to the nations—and back to the hurting hearts in America.

“Tell your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children to another generation.”

—*Joel 1:3*

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## **Chapter 18: Grace Without Limits – 24/7 Discipleship in Costa Rica**

**What began with a simple, “Yes, Lord, here I am,” on the streets of Plano has blossomed into a global movement. I never could have imagined that surrendering to God’s call would lead me across continents—but here we are, standing on the edge of something truly monumental.**

**In 2025, I was invited to help train the staff of a 100-bed rehabilitation center for teenage boys in the southern region of Costa Rica. This invitation didn’t come as a result of a crisis or a collapse—it was the fruit of a God-given vision. The leadership didn’t simply want to strengthen their program; they saw something deeper. They recognized the potential for long-term, Spirit-led transformation—not just for the boys, but for the entire community.**

**They weren’t just looking for outside expertise—they believed we were divinely called to walk alongside them. This wasn’t something that came through promotion or pressure. It didn’t come through a campaign or a crisis. It happened organically, as God wove our stories together. And in that divine unfolding, it became clear: this was more than a mission—it was a partnership in purpose.**

**I had walked this road for years, discipling young men through addiction, recovery, and restoration in Christ. These boys weren’t just “troubled”—many had been trapped in addiction since childhood. This two-year program wasn’t just about sobriety. It was about identity. It was about life-disciplines, it was about healing. It was about hope.**

**This wasn’t prevention. This was redemption. A second chance.**

**A new story—written by the grace of God, one life at a time. They didn’t call us in to fix a mess. They invited us to help build futures—futures rooted in faith and formed in love. And that’s exactly what we set out to do.**

**Our first step was foundational: training the staff to understand the difference between leadership training and leadership development. Training gives you tools. Development shapes your character. One equips the hands—the other transforms the heart.**

**We weren’t just introducing systems. We were cultivating a culture of discipleship, where the Gospel would be lived out daily through authentic relationships.**

Many of these boys—some orphaned, others abandoned or deeply wounded—had spent their lives under punishment, not pastoring. They had learned to survive the streets, but they had never experienced the guidance of spiritual fatherhood. Now, within a Christ-centered therapeutic community, they were finally encountering something different:

Unconditional love. A love that confronts, but also comforts. A love that doesn't enable broken behavior—but heals the brokenhearted. A love that doesn't just call them out—it calls them up. They were no longer being managed as problems. They were being restored as sons.

From early morning devotions to hard work on the farm, from academic instruction to biblical mentoring and leadership development. And something powerful is happening. Hope is rising like the dawn. Healing is taking root. Lives are being rewritten by the hand of God.

For many of these young men, it's the first time someone has looked them in the eye and said: "You matter. You are worth saving. You are worth fighting for."

In a country where opportunity is rare and trauma is common, some of these young men are now saying, "I want to give back. I want to help others the way God helped me." This is the fruit of redemption. Not just recovery—but legacy.

I often tell them, "Well begun is half done... but well *be-gone* means you're still only halfway done." Starting well is essential. But staying the course—that's what builds a new future. And that's where discipleship shines.

One of the most beautiful aspects of this center is its 24/7 community rhythm—a family-style atmosphere I've cherished since my early days working at a boys' ranch in the 1990s. Juvenile ministry is never easy. These boys are some of the most misunderstood and least prioritized in the recovery world.

I've heard it time and again: "They're not ready yet." But my response is always the same: "I don't want them to *get* ready—I want to meet them *right where they are*." These boys don't need another program. They need to be fathered. They need to be mothered. They need to be pastored—not processed.

That culture of care...The slow, faithful walk of real-life discipleship...  
The tangible presence of God woven into daily routines... It's all here again.  
And I am deeply humbled to be part of it. In His providence, God has placed me

just 30 minutes from the only center of its kind in Costa Rica—a place that has become my second home.

I'm here supporting a dear friend and his wife, who have led this transformative work faithfully for over 21 years. With a blend of Italian precision and Christlike compassion, they've built one of the most remarkable juvenile rehabilitation communities I've ever seen—marked by dignity, discipline, and divine purpose. Soon, they'll be returning to Italy, and I've been asked to help carry the baton—to help steward this work into its next chapter.

We're not just continuing a program. We're carrying a legacy. Together, we're building not just for today—but for generations to come. Not just for the boys we serve—but for their future families. Not just for sobriety—but for purpose in God's Kingdom.

This work isn't glamorous. It's gritty. It's slow, steady, often hidden. It's filled with spiritual warfare and silent victories. But it is sacred. Because every time a young man stands up and says, "I want to follow Jesus," the kingdom of darkness loses ground. And through it all, this truth remains unshaken: God's plan never fails. And as long as He gives us breath, we'll keep building—one life at a time.

"They will be called oaks of righteousness,  
a planting of the Lord for the display of His splendor."  
— *Isaiah 61:3*

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## **Chapter 19: Beyond Borders – A Global Movement of Recovery (2025)**

**What began as a whisper in the heart of one desperate young man has become a global echo of redemption.**

**Breaking Free was never about building an empire—it was always about building people. It was forged in obscurity, born in the trenches of addiction recovery, street ministry, prison discipleship, and sacrificial service among the extreme poor. It started with one desperate “Yes, Lord,” and grew through a thousand more. Each surrendered moment, each step of obedience, became a stepping stone. And God, in His unfailing faithfulness, did what only He can do: He multiplied the mission beyond anything we could have imagined.**

**Today, the message of true freedom knows no borders. It’s crossing continents, breaking generational chains, and breathing life into some of the most desperate, forgotten, and spiritually barren corners of the world. But this story isn’t just about growth or global reach. It’s about purpose.**

**Why we go. Why we serve. Why we give it all away.**

**Because when Jesus sets someone free, it doesn’t stop with them—it ignites a holy fire for reproduction. Freedom, when truly understood, received, refuses to stay silent. It births a burden to see others experience the same healing, the same grace, the same transformation.**

**Our 1,200-hour, Christ-centered recovery curriculum—anchored in addiction recovery, family restoration, identity in Christ, and servant leadership—was not written in a classroom. It was birthed through spiritual warfare, real-life discipleship, and divine revelation from the Holy Spirit. Shaped in the trenches, tested by fire, and refined through years of ministry on the streets, recovery centers, and behind prison walls, this message is no longer confined to Texas.**

**It’s being translated, taught, and transferred across borders and cultures—becoming a tool of transformation in the hands of frontline addiction recovery warriors across the globe.**

**I’ve said for decades: the most effective tool for reaching souls is not the open church door—it’s launching Christian regeneration centers that deal directly with addiction, followed by family recovery classes. When families get whole and**

healed, they don't just settle down—they rise up. They become an evangelistic powerhouse. Because nothing preaches like a transformed life.

The truth is: addiction is rampant worldwide, but real help is almost nonexistent. Churches are often overwhelmed or under-equipped. Governments can't legislate healing. But when Christ-centered recovery meets desperate need, revival begins.

From rural Africa to Italy, from Central America to the underground church in parts of Asia, local leaders are rising up—equipped with the same biblical tools and Spirit-led principles that helped rebuild broken lives back home.

Through translated manuals, real-time video training, virtual equipping sessions, and ongoing personal mentorship from afar, the message is spreading faster and reaching farther than we ever dreamed. What once seemed like isolated efforts are now becoming outposts of revival—each one carrying the DNA of redemption.

And now, at Breaking Free Costa Rica, we've opened up guest cottages—a place of both vision and rest for those called to the hurting. Whether you're a ministry leader, missionary, or just someone searching for God's next assignment, we invite you to come see it firsthand. Walk the land. Meet the boys. Witness the transformation. Or simply come away for a while to seek the Lord in a quiet, serene place where the Spirit speaks and fresh vision flows. Just show up—we'll take care of the rest. Pura Vida style. And at the heart of it all is a simple, powerful truth: Recovery is not just about getting free—it's about becoming who you were created to be.

Breaking free has always been drawn to the hard places—those regions and communities labeled *too far gone, too corrupt, too dangerous*. We call them EGR Zones: Extra Grace Required. But we've learned something in those places: the darker the setting, the brighter Jesus shines. Technology has become a divine bridge. What once was limited by geography is now multiplied by connection. Through online platforms, we are planting ministries, training leaders, and sharing the wisdom forged through years of frontline experience. What began as a quiet work in obscurity—one life changed at a time—has become a global Kingdom force, transforming lives, communities, and generations.

I remain fully in the work, rotating between Texas and Costa Rica two months at a time—fully present, fully committed. On paper, it doesn't make sense. But the Kingdom of God rarely does. The world measures success by structure, salaries, and scale. We measure it by surrender.

And here's something that still surprises people:

Breaking Free is 100% volunteer-run. Not a single staff member receives a paycheck.

That's not an oversight—it's by design. It's part of our DNA. We believe God is raising up leaders who burn for purpose, not for position. Our model attracts the called—not just the credentialed. It keeps our focus clear, our overhead low, and our dependence on God absolute. There is no room for ego—only space for grace.

Today, I often find myself sitting at the table with leaders of ministries that operate on multi million-dollar budgets. And more often than not, they're the ones asking us, *"How are you doing this?"* They're shocked to learn that every branch of Breaking Free—from administration to street outreach, from prison ministry to global missions—is sustained by volunteers who simply said "yes" to Jesus.

It's not built on money. It's built on faith. On sweat. On sacrifice. And on the unshakable belief that God always provides for what He ordains.

"Ask of Me, and I will give You the nations as Your inheritance,  
And the ends of the earth as Your possession."  
— *Psalm 2:8*

This is more than a program. It's more than a model. It's a movement. A movement of sons and daughters rising up in freedom. A movement beyond borders, beyond fear, beyond what we ever thought possible. A movement fueled by grace, carried by the Spirit, and aimed at the heart of God's global purpose.

And our response—our only response—is this:

All glory to God. Amen and amen.

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## Epilogue: A Personal Word About Family

Through every trial endured, every triumph celebrated, and every miracle witnessed, I thank God for the gift of family.

I am a grateful father of three beautiful daughters and one amazing son—each grown, each walking with Jesus, and each pursuing their unique calling with purpose and passion. Their lives are proof that God not only redeems the broken but restores generations.

I've also been blessed beyond words by my *adopted family in Costa Rica*—one son and six daughters—each one a living testimony of God's redemptive grace. They didn't just enter my home; they became part of my heart. Watching them heal, grow in faith, and rise into their God-given purpose has been one of the greatest honors of my life.

In addition to my biological and adopted children, I've had the privilege of spiritually fathering many others over the years—men and women who found hope, healing, and purpose in Christ and are now walking in freedom and leadership. Each one is a living stone in the spiritual house God continues to build.

And now, I'm the proud grandfather of thirteen amazing grandchildren—each one a precious reminder of God's generational faithfulness and favor.

They are not just part of my story—

They are God's legacy through my life.

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## **"To the Waiting Parent, Faithful Spouse, or Praying Grandparent"**

If you're reading this as a parent, grandparent, or loved one whose child isn't walking in the light right now—don't lose heart. Keep praying. Keep loving. Keep believing.

I am living proof that no one is too far gone, and no story is beyond redemption. God is faithful, even when we can't see it yet. Sometimes the greatest miracles are the ones that take the longest to unfold.

Hold on. Hope in Christ never disappoints.

Just don't quit believing.

**"Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved—you and your household."**

**— Acts 16:31**

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## **To the Ones Who Made This Possible**

Finally, I want to express my deepest gratitude to every person who has helped make *Breaking Free* what it is today. To those who've donated time, resources, finances, and faithful prayers—you are the unseen foundation beneath every testimony shared in these pages.

You've helped carry this mission forward with love and sacrifice.

I may get to tell the story, but you are part of every chapter.

Thank you for walking with us, serving beside us, and believing in what God is doing.

Together, we are breaking chains, building lives, and raising up a legacy of freedom that will outlive us all.

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## **The Story Continues — Still Breaking Free**

***Breaking Free* is not finished. This little book remains open-ended—because God is still writing new chapters.**

**As long as chains remain... As long as addiction, despair, and darkness still grip hearts... As long as forgotten, hurting souls cry out for hope...  
Breaking Free will go.**

**We'll keep showing up—in the hard places, the hidden places, the hopeless places—carrying the unshakable truth of the Gospel with boldness, compassion, and faith.**

**This isn't just a mission—it's a movement of mercy. A call to bring freedom where hell has tried to hold ground. And I believe, with all my heart—The best is yet to come. More lives to rescue. More leaders to raise up. More nations to reach. More miracles to witness. So don't close this book expecting a final page.**

**The real story is still unfolding—in prisons, on streets, across borders, and in hearts that dare to believe freedom is possible in Jesus.**

**From dark places to divine purpose, the mission continues: Reaching the lost. Raising the broken. Releasing the captive.**

**Every day, God writes new testimonies through surrendered lives. And we're not done. We press forward—still breaking chains, still breaking barriers.**

**This story may fill pages, but the real work continues. I'm still breaking free. Not from addiction, but from comfort. From fear. From anything trying to hold back what God wants to do through a willing life.**

**As long as there's breath in my lungs and grace in this mission, I'll keep saying yes Lord here I am.**

**And for those reading this—you are part of the next chapter. God's not finished. The best is still ahead.**

**Still Breaking Free—one life, one soul, one miracle at a time.  
“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.”  
— 2 Corinthians 3:17**

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## **Need Help? Just Reach Out**

**If you ever find yourself struggling, in need of guidance, or simply needing someone to talk to, please don't hesitate to reach out. You're not alone.**

**I'd be honored to listen, pray with you, or help you take the next step toward healing and freedom.**

**You can call me directly at (972) 890-5290 or (214) 501-6000**

**email- [scottmormon@gmail.com](mailto:scottmormon@gmail.com). Web-site- [www.bfinc.org](http://www.bfinc.org)**

**No pressure. No judgment. Just grace.**

**we're here.**

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## **One Final Note**

**I've spent countless hours writing and praying through this. The Lord God, through His precious Holy Spirit, gave me the inspiration to do this on a recent Shabbat. Over the years, several publishers and writers have asked me to compile my story for them, but I always said no—I just didn't feel led.**

**I say all this to make something clear: what I've written here has been deeply personal. I've reviewed it over and over again, and I'm at peace with it. You may notice grammatical flaws or imperfect sentence structures. Please forgive me for that. I realize now this process was less about producing a perfect manuscript and more about reflecting on my own journey—seeing the many mistakes I've made over the years, yet also recognizing the God who rescued me through it all.**

**I believe He is preparing me for the fourth quarter of my life. And I sense that everything until now has simply been preparation for what's still ahead.**

**God bless you.**

**“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you a future and a hope.”**  
**— Jeremiah 29:11**

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