

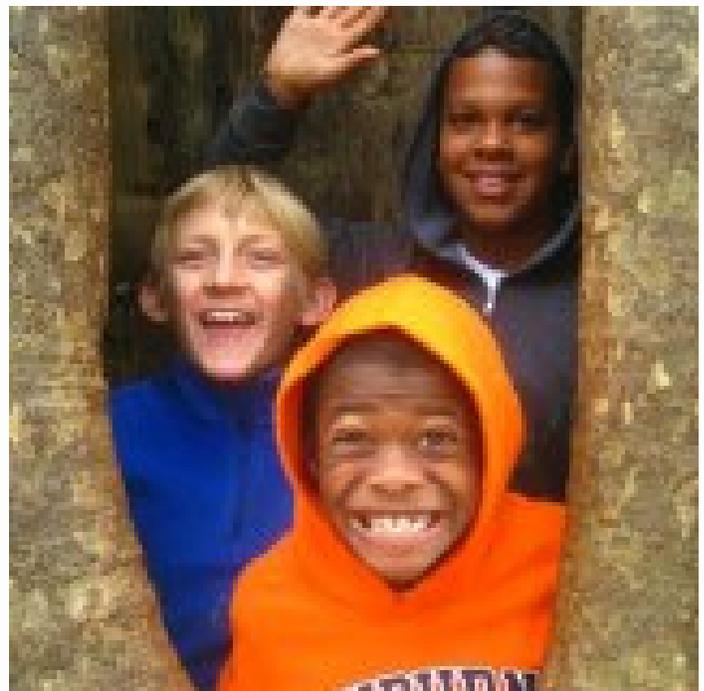
ADULLAM HOUSE IS A SAFE HAVEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF INCARCERATED PARENTS.

*The best way to forget your own problems is to help someone solve his.*

*"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."  
Philippians 2:v.4*

***It's the little things that let you know where they have been.***

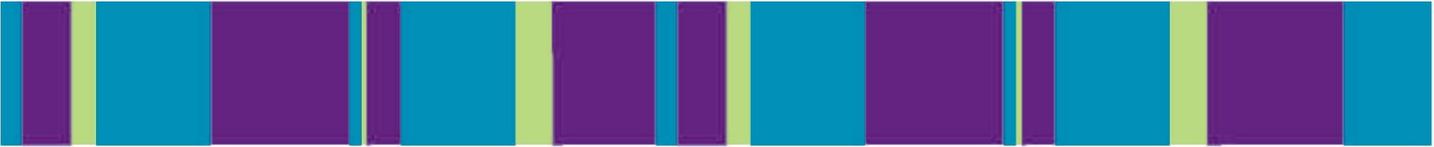
**As Christmas approaches we have talked about nothing else! It starts at breakfast time—about 7 am! "Ms. Angie, Bishop says we are going to get presents at Christmas. Is that true? What will we get?" "Calm down guys! That's a couple of months away." It continues throughout the day.....**



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**On Sunday morning, at the back of a closet, I found three, new, little boys outfits from last Christmas. They hadn't been worn and were still on the store hangers. Wow! Perfect for 3 of our boys for Church! Thank you Lord! A 6 year old, 8 year old and 10 year old. I handed them to one little guy and two little brothers that had newly joined us. "Here, put these on for Church!" A sheepish grin stole over their faces and then one panicked as the cheap plastic hanger broke. "Oh I'm sorry, so sorry!" he said, looking near to tears. "No big deal," I said. "It's only a thin old store hanger. They break easily." His little brother held up the new clothes and said, "How do I get this off of here?" I guess you don't get many new clothes when mom and dad are in prison. I helped him take off the little plaid shirt, knitted vest and elasticized trousers. "Take a picture of us!" they shouted, as we fixed their collars, combed their hair and told them how good they looked. For them, it was a big deal.**



## **A testimony from one of our mothers at Mary's Place.**

*An often-asked question as we travel and speak is “ what happens to the children after they leave Adullam House”, so we asked one of our mom’s, who have recently been reunited with her children at Mary’s Place, to write down her story so that we could share it with you.*

**This is from Mandy.**

‘This morning I woke up, got myself ready, went to my room, retrieved 3 school uniforms and threw them in the dryer and then prayed for God to guide my day and my thoughts. Finally I started to wake up my 3 beautiful children. One at a time they come up to my chair and get dressed and then I fix their hair for school. On a typical day they argue about who goes first—vying for a chance to stay in bed a few more minutes. Usually my youngest bounces out of bed, tells me she loves me and agrees to go before her sisters. While they have breakfast, I pack their lunches and make every attempt to be ready to leave on time.

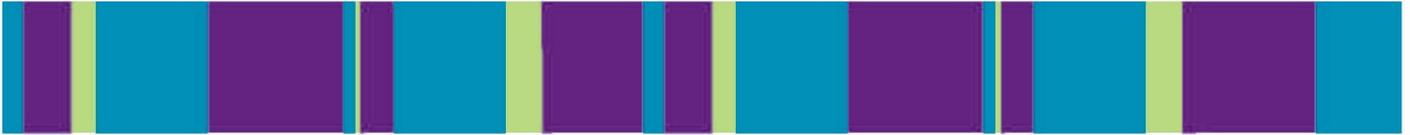
**This was not my life—not until recently.** I grew up in what is now becoming a typical home, divorced parents and stepparents. My father was an alcoholic my entire life. My mother was saved when I was 8 and has never stopped trying to live a better life, based on spiritual principles. I wasn’t beaten, I didn’t live in poverty. My family loved me and I had every opportunity to succeed in life. At the age of 17, I moved out to “do things my way”. I wanted the lifestyle that I was around when I was with my father and “other family”. It seemed fun, enjoyable and completely acceptable. Soon I was partying, living with my boyfriend and taking drugs. Church had no room in my life. Though I went to college in an attempt to better myself, nothing really changed in my heart. After my brother was killed by a drunk driver, my life spiraled out of control. ***I tried to get my life together, but I wanted to live in the grey.*** I wanted both—to be enough of a Christian and a good person, to get by—to not use drugs or get in trouble with the law. My brother had been gone for 4 years when my father committed suicide. I never regained my footing after that. My addiction became the solution to my pain. For the next 5 years I used prescription pain pills daily. My periods of trying to stay clean always failed. It was done on my own will power. I began calling in fraudulent prescriptions because I couldn’t financially afford my habit. Then I got caught. I was in a pharmacy. It was in front of my middle child and two children I was baby-sitting for my boyfriend’s boss. Child Protective Services came and took them and I went to jail. Over the following weeks there was an investigation into my criminal activities and in the end I was charged with 10 first degree charges. I was also on probation for hot checks from my past. The court sentenced me to an intensive treatment program, with 10 years of probation. **The county that I was previously on probation in, sentenced me to prison.**

My sister Nalona, had visited Adullam House when she was a teenager. Even before we knew that I was possibly going to prison, she had felt God leading her back there. Shortly after my sentencing we talked about sending my children, but I was against it. **I went online and found the website, read the testimonials, looked at the pictures and I couldn’t take it any more. I felt God rushing in and telling me this is right.....this is part of the plan and I have a made a way for them to be taken care of while you are in prison.**

I began my sentence in August and I was pregnant again. I lost the baby October the 6th. When I returned to the prison, they put me in a one-person cell for medical reasons. Everything they had given me— my ‘hygienes’, my toilet paper, my socks—had all been taken by other inmates, because my things were all thrown on the floor until I returned from the hospital. I remember thinking, “ what have I done to deserve this?” **I was still so selfish.** WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS? Well for starters, I had singlehandedly demolished every intimate relationship in my life, used my family, lied to everyone around me, used drugs while I was pregnant and had a one year old baby who didn’t even know me because I had spent her entire life in and out of jail and rehab. *That is what I had done, to get where I was.*

The Chaplain called me out to make a phone call to my family and gave me a Bible and some “Spirit Lifter” pamphlets. **And there I was.....by myself with a Bible and some brochures.** The tears threatened to come but I wouldn’t let them.

I refused to allow the pain and grief to register mentally. I decided I would just read the Bible Stories. That was it—no James or Romans—just Old Testament stuff—just something to pass the time.



**Then I began to read about the cave where David found shelter and protection, called Adullam.**

*And I let it all go.*

*I thought of my children and the baby I lost. I thought of the family I had hurt and greatly disappointed. I cried until I didn't think I had any tears left. But I kept reading my Bible and my pamphlets because somehow it made me feel better.*

Then one day I was washing my clothes in a sink, with no soap and hanging them up to dry and it dawned on me—I felt happy. There was a song on my lips and I felt peace. That in itself was a miracle for me. For those few minutes I didn't feel tormented, guarded, defensive, resentful or full of shame. **That in itself was the most precious thing God could ever have done for me.** It had been so long since I had ever experienced any reprieve in my agony, that it was breathtaking. That's the only way I can explain it. Sure I still had plenty of guilt, pain and shame, but over the next year in prison, I allowed God into my life, allowed Him to have all of that; to wash me in His love and forgiveness and to make me whole again. Thanks to the prayers of others I knew that the change I needed was God—that He was the answer to everything. How humbling for me, that God met me there and gave me a comfort I could never have imagined possible. Jesus filled me up, gave me confidence and the Word of God showed me that my life was not over. He has so much in store for me and my girls. **He will restore what I had destroyed and would do for me what I could not do for myself.** Fear of the future left me. I was excited and for once in my life, knew that I was capable of living a different way.



I was released from prison this past July and moved to Alabama. My sister was still at Adullam and I learned that they were starting a transitional home for their mothers coming out of prison. **I couldn't believe how God had made a way for me to start anew; to be with my children and the chance to get on my feet in such an incredible environment.** I am surrounded by people who love God and wanted to love me and continue to love my children.

My girls are Chloe, age 6, Emma, age 4 and Joleen, age 2. When I first came my youngest had no clue who I was but within a month she was running down the hallway at school yelling **“mommy”!** I live in a beautiful home (Mary's Place) with a wonderful woman called Brenda who inspires me and keeps me on my toes. My girls and I share a room and in case that sounds cramped—there is still plenty of room for “tumbling competitions” in the middle of the floor!

The girls attend **Adullam House Christian Academy**, play soccer and love our Church. They are surrounded by people they love and my middle girl still calls Pete and Angie, “Mom and Dad”. I am deeply thankful that my children were loved by these people so much, that they would refer to them as parental figures. *Most of all my children talk about the things of God. They are so much more moldable and trainable than when I left them.* We have grown into a family and I have grown so much spiritually. You could not put a value on what this place has done for me.....**it's immeasurable.** But isn't that how it's supposed to be when God works in your life? Beyond measure!!'

*Mandy continues to live at Mary's Place with her 3 little beauties. Please pray for a job opening for her as very few businesses will hire anyone with her record. She has searched very diligently. We would like to have a coffee shop/thrift store where can employ our mothers and avoid this hurdle each time one of them is released. Pray that God would provide us with a building locally for this purpose.*

## ***Making it work!***

*Our new school is amazing!* A recent visitor from Britain said “this is the most beautiful school I have ever been in!” **Mary’s Place is changing lives forever.** Our new nursery is complete *after 7 years of praying it into existence.* But none of these ministries can pay for themselves. All of the recipients of this ministry, our babies, our children and our mothers, are **dependent** on us to provide food, clothing, utilities, shelter and school needs. *As we grow, so do our expenses.* As we approach Christmas our needs are vast. We know that we still serve the same incredible God who brought Adullam House into being and we know that *His methods are people.* ***Please pray*** and see



how God would have you give this month.

-Perhaps

**you**

can help make it work for these kids this Christmas!



## ***I had a Hand in Adullam House .***

**Needs List for the month of December 2012**

- **100% Juice**
- **Clorox disinfecting wipes**
- **Spray disinfectant ( such as Lysol)**
- **Laundry detergent ( H.E.)**
- **Infant and Children’s Tylenol**
- **Trash Bags ( 13 gal. and lawn bags!)**
- **Disposable paper products (including toilet tissue)**
- **Pull ups for children over 60lbs**

### ***Remember!***

When buying office products at **Office Depot** you can now designate **A. H. C. A.** as the School you would like to benefit from your purchase!

Adullam House admits children of any race, color, national and ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges, programs and activities generally made available. It does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, national and ethnic origin in administration of its admission policies, educational policies, athletic and school-administered programs.

PG 4

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