

## David Basile

October 2003

I was born into a family with two brothers. In the year of my birth, my parents divorced, and for the most part, we were raised by a housekeeper. During my adolescence years I did things to gain attention when my mom was home. As I lacked the love, care and nurturing that comes with the responsibility of having children, I sought out other kids who came from the same type of broken family background. We all shared something in common, and to us, we all learned about life from each other.

My first encounter with the Lord was through my grandmother. she brought me to church when I was young. No lasting impression was gained, as I really didn't understand the Catholic faith at that time. As the years passed, and I grew older, I got into all kinds of trouble. I started using drugs at 12, pills to start with, smoked pot at 13, dropped acid at 13, and drank on the weekends. Of course, I built a nice juvenile record which gave me respect with my peers, as if getting into trouble was the thing to do. My mother, seeing the path I was headed down, moved us from Santa Clara to Beverly Hills in 1967.

Enrolled in Beverly Hills High, surrounded by 80% Jewish kids, and not knowing really what Hitler did to the Jews, left me alone and out of place, especially when I came to school wearing my grubs, fully emblazoned with Nazi insignia. Nevertheless, my reputation landed me a job at the ripe age of 16, as a body guard for the actor Darrin McGavin's son, York. Through him I met people who would lead me down an adventurous path of drug dealing that spanned coast to coast and abroad. But as in all tales of riches made illegally, it was just a matter of time before the law caught up to me. I got arrested for sales of LSD and went to the L.A. County Jail. It was a frightful experience for a kid of 18. I saw beatings and rapes and just wanted out of there fast. Alone and scared, I found the only book in my cell. It was a Bible. I picked it up and for the first time I began to read. I started with the Gospel of John and read and read. I came to the part, "Ask and you shall receive", so I prayed hard and long for God to get me out of jail. I also asked Him for a Sportster. To my amazement, I did get released and did get the Sportster. I made God a promise that I would change. After God heard by prayers, I forgot Him and my promise to change. Instead, I continued on my path until the Feds busted me with a ton of pot. Off to Federal prison I went. There I met a bank robber who spoke to me of Jesus and the love he had for Him. He told me that once you know His word, you can never go back to your old life. I accepted God's word and studied the Bible day and night, and saw my life gain rewards in the form of a date to get out of prison, and a new girlfriend.

Once out of prison, it happened again - I turned my back on God. I met a true Christian girl at work and took her out. Previously, I had a reputation with the women co-workers that centered around sex. With this woman, I chose not to seduce, as I loved and respected her in a different way. She sang Christian songs to me which had me weeping with joy and happiness. I felt that I met the woman who would be my partner forever. I was 28 years of age at this time, and had been using heroin for eleven of those years. This lady I fell for and would give up using if only we could be together. Unfortunately, this lady, who I believed shared the same feelings for me, nevertheless left me for another. I felt rejected and abandoned again, and picked up with my old companion "Heroin" once again.

Time continued to pass by. One relationship after another. I would stop using briefly, only to find that when I started again, the more I used the less I felt comfort and relief. I might add, that during this time of my life, I was also being maintained on methadone. As the relief became harder to get, the burglaries mounted up, and went from a once a week thing to an every day affair. Robbing and copping became the focus of my daily activities. Nothing would stand in the way. Not even murder would thwart me from the goal of getting a fix. After the murder, I remember I was so down that Satan broke through into my heart and I remembered literally selling my soul to him. About 18 months passed before I was arrested

for this murder, and convicted with a 25 to life sentence for first degree murder. Where was God? I had sold Him out, turned away from Him, and look at me now. No way back.

In prison, I saw those who gathered around for chapel. It was all the lops, lames and dames. Would I? Never, as I wanted to run with the dogs. With the dogs came drugs, and drugs took me out of prison. Seventeen more years would pass, living this sickness to its fullest, before I met another lady who would steal my heart and comfort me like no drug ever could. It was Ok for a minute, but who was I fooling, thinking that love like this could last in prison? She had brought me back to Jesus, I had confessed my sins. I got baptized and went to the chapel and became one of the lops, lames and dames. It didn't matter no more, for the feeling that I got hearing the Lord's word was much better than drugs, but the girl left me and once again the rejection and abandonment fell heavy on my heart. For the next nine months and \$15,000 later, I jumped on that downward spiral again.

I stopped using when I chose to do it for myself, not for the companion, love or affection of any other mortal human. I renewed my Love for Jesus Christ, and placed His word first when it comes to making decisions, and He has not left me. I am not alone anymore and I am free from the prison bonds that have held me for the last 20 years, for He is with me. Now I realize that my work for God is to help others see who they are from my life experiences. I don't look for multitudes of people to save, as it takes time just to reach one at a time. It is what I do today with the strength Jesus gives me, and knowledge that Jesus is with me.

**Excerpt from David's letter of 9/20/03** - "I have been doing the Bible study you sent me. My eyes and heart take in your words as they make me understand more clearly just why Jesus died on the cross. Through Him I have been freed, praise be with Jesus! Through you both, may I renew my mind in your words. Again, praise be to Jesus. I have come to accept who I am, and now that I am clean and sober, my relationship with you two is much more meaningful than it was before. Please know in your hearts that God has brought us together, and through you, God is showing me the meaning of being a Christian."

**Excerpt from David's letter of 1/29/04** - "You need to know that because of your presence here through your letters and literature that you have supplied me over the last few months, it has brought me closer to the Lord than I've ever been. I am thankful that God has opened my eyes to understand His gift of grace and how I must do in accordance to His will. I want you to know that the papers you sent, "Resisting Sin and Satan" and "Choose to Walk in the Fear of the Lord", were a wake-up call. Breaking the strongholds that have been with me for so many years is what my prayers are focusing on now."