

Michael Speck, Jr.

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I got your address from my cell-mate Gerald Beldon, here in Pleasant Valley State Prison. He said you would send me a Bible and Bible study materials. Here's a brief history about my life. My name is Michael Speck, Jr. I've just turned 25 on Dec. 18th and I'm from Hemet, Calif., but was born in Texas. I've lived in Hemet since I was 7 years old. I grew up in a drug-addicted family where my step-father beat my mother and where my mother beat me, both physically and mentally. At the age of 11, I started smoking cigarettes and pot, and by 13 I was using speed. By 17, I was using a needle. My whole life has been drugs, crime, gangs, and this is my second time in prison. I first came to prison in 2000 for first degree burglary for two and a half years. I paroled Dec. 23, 2002, and I tried to do right. I got a job, met a great woman with 3 boys. Life was going okay. From when I first got out of prison, I mean as soon as I got in to town at my parents' place, I had people trying to get me to sell drugs and do crimes for them. I turned them all down and said I was going straight. Life was going alright for about 2 months, then I just couldn't take not having enough money for bills and the kind of lifestyle that I was used to. Well, by the middle of March, I lost my girlfriend, job and was right back to my old ways. On April 1st I got busted for a weapon, a whole new charge, and sentenced to 32 months at 80%. As soon as I got to prison, I ran into some buddies from the street, and before I knew it, I'm in trouble, went from level 2 to 3, and from 32 months at 80% to 32 flat, sitting in a cell all by myself for starting a riot.

Now here's the best part...I got some mail one day from this place called International Prison Ministry. It was a Bible. Now, I've been to a few churches in my life, but none ever said I was going to hell. Well, this place said I was if I didn't give my life to Christ. I'd never really thought about hell before until then. Well, I started reading that Bible, and before I knew it I felt somebody in that cell with me. Next thing I knew I was on my knees praying to the Lord to forgive me of my sins. All of a sudden that void I'd had was full...full of a peace I've never had before. I was so happy, even happy that I was in prison, in a cell all by myself. Later on I came to find out that it's the Holy Spirit who is with me wherever I go. So, on Dec. 23, 2003, I accepted Christ Jesus as my Lord and Savior. All I do now is read my Bible. I have two different Bible courses I do now. I haven't gone to yard at this new prison, because we're on lockdown, so I don't know how things are going to turn out, because I'm a new person with new ways. I've seen and been a part of some things in prison that have given me a reputation that I don't want anymore, so I don't know how things are going to turn out. But no matter what, I know I'm not alone, and I can't wait to step into that chapel and be among fellow Christians and give my testimony.