

I had just got out of prison in May of 2004 and was staying with my mother. I had found a job and I was doing just fine working for BFI. I stayed home at night and spent time with my family. But then times started getting a little hard and I started getting depressed and I started hanging out with old friends who were into drugs. I made fun of them and stated that I wouldn't be like them again, but before I knew it I was breaking into homes just to fit in with them and then I was back on drugs again....running around with crack heads and committing sexual acts with people I didn't know. I began to pray and asked God to come into my life and get me away from the drugs and the sinful acts.

I broke into a home, and things got wild and I prayed and asked God to help me stop the pain and hurt I was causing others by breaking into their homes. All of a sudden police cars came from everywhere! I didn't run, I smiled and said "God, I am ready to go get help and peace of mind. I could have gotten 25 years to life, but, I am blessed. I only got three years. It's a blessing to have God our Heavenly Father in my life.

Albert Ray Mason (Released in 2008 and continues to correspond with us)