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Yet I still dare to hope when I remember this: The faithful love of the Lord never ends! His mercies never cease. Great is his faithfulness; his mercies begin afresh each morning. I say to myself, "The Lord is my inheritance; therefore, I will hope in him!" **Lamentations 3:21-24**



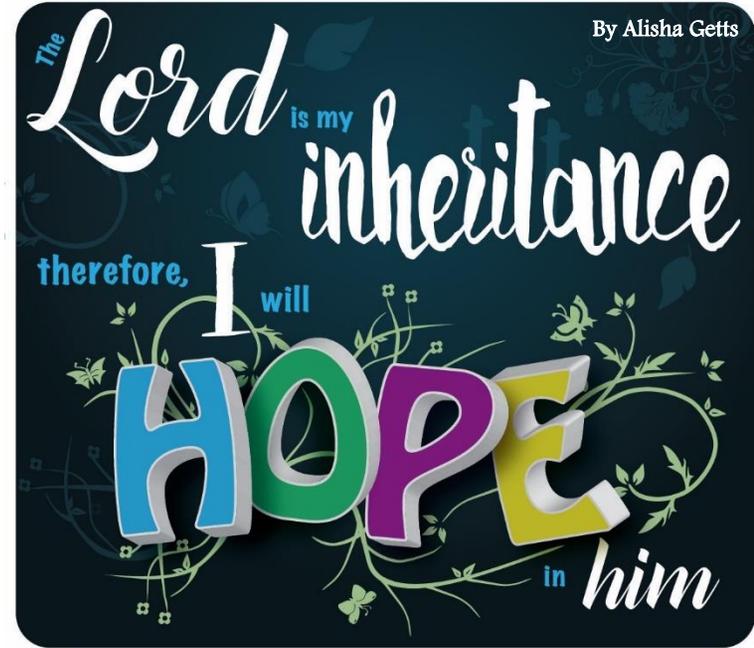
Inspiration for Her

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THE OFFICIAL INSPIRATION MINISTRIES WOMEN'S NEWSLETTER



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Inspiration Ministries is unifying the body of Christ in order to most glorify God and inspire others to accept the saving and satisfying love of Jesus Christ.

Letter from the Editor



No, O people, the Lord has told you what is good, and this is what he requires of you: to do what is right, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God. Micah 6:8

It's amazing, the things God brings us through for our benefit. Before 2016 even began, I wasn't the person that was supposed to be doing this letter... Would I contribute articles for *Inspiration for Her*? Of course! But was I going to be the "face?" Heck. No. Then things changed with the ministry, and God had His way (just like He does every time), and here I am, writing my second "Letter from the Editor" for our women's newsletter. I don't know why God has chosen me for this position. To be the one to ask other women to write and encourage you gals. To be the one to call the Chaplains at your facilities and ask if we can send bulk packages of these for you all to read. To be the one to receive letters from many of you, and to respond to you (albeit slowly, sorry). But here I am, Lord. I know Andy had similar feelings when he was released from prison with the vision for the ministry God had given him. And he wanted to sink into the background, live a quiet life. But God wouldn't let him, nor will He let me. Or any of you, for that matter. God has not called us to be ordinary, but EXTRAordinary. To live loudly and boldly in proclaiming the name of Jesus Christ to all who will listen (and sometimes to those who won't). We often don't feel worthy of the calling God has placed on our life. But that's a good thing. If we did, we wouldn't feel the need to rely on the strength of the One who lives within us. We wouldn't need the power of the Holy Spirit to guide us and speak to us. The Bible is riddled with stories of men and women who felt unworthy, or who would have been "disqualified" by earthly standards. But God doesn't live by earthly standards, Sisters. He lives by His divine standards. I'll take feeling unworthy for God's calling over worthy for the world's calling any day of the week. Especially if it means being able to encourage and inspire women like you to accept the saving and satisfying love of Jesus Christ.

A moment that really hit home for me this past month was receiving a letter from a woman who received the first issue of *Inspiration for Her*. **Pause** for just a second: Every once in a while, Andy would have me add names of women to our mailing list to see what the response would be. We also got a few names of women from their friends or family, asking us to add them to our mailing list. So I would add 5-10 names, trusting God to make a connection. **Resume**: Part of this letter read as follows, "I've been receiving Inspiration Ministry's Newsletter since October and I don't know how I got on their list, but I was in a dark cloud when they sent that to me and I was in solitary confinement. I was ranting and raving

about wanting mail so bad. I wasn't specific, but God heard me. As we call it in prison, "God Mail," which I got that night. I was angry at first then I said "This is a sign," so I read it and that night I prayed my heart out and asked God to please give me a sign. I opened my Bible to Joel 2:14, "God may be sending you a reprieve, giving you a blessing instead of a curse." I cried because I felt God's presence and I was what I would call a teeter totterer; I didn't know if I believed or not. My bunky helped me find Jesus. I still struggle because I am a sinner, but I'm trying." I believe this woman was one of those names I "randomly" added a week or so before we sent out that October newsletter. So God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, knew this woman would be crying out for mail WEEKS (really, since the beginning of time) before it happened, and prompted me to add her name to our list, so that two weeks later she could receive it, in the midst of her ranting and raving. In the midst of her need to know God hears her cries. Just as He hears every cry, whether in trial or in triumph.

Another reason this really hit home for me was because we literally have a mailing list of nearly 4,000 between men and women, and we have sent out 50 issues over the past 4+ years. So it's gotten to be a pretty "normal" occurrence for me. Assembling and editing has become one of my "duties" for Inspiration Ministries. Amidst all of my "doing," the Holy Spirit continues to move and communicate and work in ways that I can be unaware of (mostly because I don't pay attention...). That even when I'm not necessarily trying to be, I am being used to facilitate that move of the Holy Spirit, and to communicate the love of the Father to someone who desperately needs to feel it. Me. Lowly Kirsten Foster. Used by God in ways I don't feel worthy of. It really goes to show that no matter where we are, who we are, what our circumstances are. We are not counted out just yet. We aren't crossed off the "usable" list and put on the "unusable" list. So to the woman who says, "Maybe one day I will be able to share what God is/has done through me." I say to you; **that day is today!** Whether you know the Bible well or not, whether you are outgoing or not, whether you are young or not so young, you are never outside the realm of being used by God, of being spoken to by the Holy Spirit, of being redeemed by the blood of Jesus.

I have been stretched in unimaginable ways so far in 2016, and it's only April. I am excited (and admittedly, a littler terrified) to see what God has planned for the remainder of this year and the many years to follow. I am honored to be in the position I am, to provide encouragement to you ladies behind the walls. You are important members of my life, even if I don't know you all by face and name, because you are important, precious members of God's Kingdom. And that's the best membership to have. Talk about an excellent rewards package! And it's all free. Where are you going to find something like that in this world?

The testimonies in this month's newsletter come from very special women in my life. First, Michelle Harvey, my best friend. Out of the billions of people in this world, and the thousands that live in closest proximity to myself, God has placed this wonderful, caring, intelligent, loving, God-fearing woman in my life. With a testimony similar to mine, of growing up in church and knowing all the

right things to do and say, she knows how to speak to my heart without even trying. Her testimony rips my insides out, as I realize that God's faithfulness to her is no different or more than His faithfulness to me. And that same faithfulness is available to you as well. See, God doesn't care about our mistakes, failures, circumstances. He only cares about our souls. And He is a God of steadfastness and perseverance. He is in it for the long haul. Hallelujah!

Second is Jama, a new friend. After just one encounter with her, I knew she was pursuing a heart after God's. And I knew that her testimony, also one of faithfulness, would speak to the hearts of many of you for different reasons than Michelle's. It's genuine and honest and awesome. God is so good!

Finally, Rebecca. Becca is a traveling music missionary with her husband, Joe, and their two kids. Andy and I have had the awesome opportunity to get to know them over the past few years and have seen God transform their lives to become even more fully dependent on Him as they live out His calling for their lives. You may even get to see them come in to worship with you behind the walls!

Recharged to Inspire others,

Kirsten Foster

Inspiration Ministries

His Faithfulness

by Michelle Harvey

God's faithfulness is my testimony. My parents were saved when I was two. Though I loved Jesus very much and felt like the Gospel was quite familiar, I remember I wanted to make my own decision to accept Jesus when I was seven, while given the invitation at VBS. I grew up in a strong Christian family. But I give the glory to God, who, in His faithfulness, continually draws me to Him.

I attended a small Bible college near Rochester, New York. "Week of Prayer," in January, kicked off our spring semester. We would have a week with a special speaker, multiple services throughout the day, and plenty of time for prayer. At the conclusion of one of the evening services, we were finishing with worship. As I pictured myself looking into the face of Jesus to adore Him, I was amazed and overcome by the love I felt from Him flowing toward me. I had never felt His love like that before. Oh, I knew the truth. I knew quite clearly in my head that He loved me. But this love I felt was so different. It was a love for ME. Not because He had to. Not because I'd earned it. Because He *wanted* to. He loved ME. No one on earth could have conveyed His love like that. Only He could break through my heart, my humanness, my mind, and let me feel and know *inside* my innermost being His love for me. The scripture, "we love because He first loved us" began to truly come alive that night. Because of the love He showers over and in and through me, I am able to love Him in return and love His people. *Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.* Not just because the Bible tells me so, but because His Spirit broke through my outside and enveloped my heart inside.

Hold on to Hope

by Jama Reimschisel

I am beyond honored and overwhelmed with the chance to share God's redemptive and beautiful, undeniable, and unconditional love with you ladies. My prayer is that you feel His desire and longing for you to run into His arms the way He longed and called me into His. He will run after you and He will never stop. You are His prized possession. My story began with being born November 13, 1988. I was born into a Christian household. I have two older sisters, both of which have struggled of course, but haven't lost their locked eyes with Jesus. I was a passionate follower of our Savior to the point of being harassed by the kids in school. I was the outcast and was taunted for my faith and walk with the Lord. Yet, through it all, I never would waver. It was more of an honor to be persecuted for my faith than anything. Unfortunately, Satan hates anything God loves and his desire and passion is to steal, kill, and destroy. I believe full-well that Satan hates the children because there is nothing greater than the innocence of a child.

My path of destruction started at 14, the middle ground of still being a child, but entering the world of high school. It was semi-formal night and I remember getting all dressed up in a pretty pink, sparkly dress, hair and makeup done perfectly. I felt so pretty. When the time came, my friend and her boyfriend showed up, but without my date. She handed me the ticket and said when they went to pick him up, they found him on the couch with another female and he said he'd be staying there rather than coming to the night's festivities. Instantly grief entered into my very being. That was a blow I wasn't expecting. That's the night I started my 9-year eating disorder journey that consumed my life.

Later that year, I began hanging out with a female senior. One night I stayed with her she had one of her "best guy friends" over, to who she warned me not to get too close because he couldn't keep his hands to himself. That night, he picked me up when I was sleeping and took me into another room and molested me, later calling me names and kicking me off the bed, as if I had asked for all of that to happen. That night I felt the presence of God leave me and darkness seep in. Little did I know God was dancing over me while I was unaware. I only knew I followed Him and He seemingly left me. I told this "friend" what happened, but nothing was done about it, so I just kept this dark secret. This started my journey of anger and spitefulness towards the God of love.

At 15 I started to hang around this other girl who was everything but good. I became out of control, but that was mediocre. She invited me into a world of complete disaster and I followed her every word and move. My first bruise was by a guy she introduced me to. This same guy ended things with me because he lost the bet that he could have sex with me. Bam! There was another blow.

Because I had been molested by a white man, I thought they were all bad. So, I began gravitating towards black guys. I realized later on that it isn't the color of a person's skin, it's a matter of the heart that defines us. Those guys were

everything abusive and cruel. But we accept the love we think we deserve, and settle for those who accept us the fastest. Guy after guy I would bounce around, never having sex, but becoming mentally and emotionally attached.

I was 18 when I got my first “real” boyfriend. I was his rebound after just breaking up with his girlfriend of two years. She actually sat down with me and said, “I don’t care who he is with... but *you?*” Another blow. My eating disorder had been bulimia, but that day it shifted to anorexia. Though I was his rebound, he cheated on me for many months with his ex, but in my want to not believe it to be true, I was intentionally ignorant. During one of his drinking binges, he called me and said he would beat the living (crap) out of me if I were in front of him. In my mind, I had done something bad that I needed to be punished for, even though I had done nothing wrong. I called up a guy who had longed for sex with me but didn’t want me to be a virgin when it happened. I knew if I made him made enough he would beat me. Well, he did the unthinkable. Rape. That night, I contemplated running off the road but the “what if you survive” question kept running through my mind. I had to remain cool, calm, and collected. Another secret to burry. Then he sent me a horrible message on Facebook asking a crude, degrading question.

I ended up getting back together with my ex, until the night before Thanksgiving of 2007 when he saw that message and started saying the cruelest things to me. Thanksgiving day I stayed home in a hopeless despair and swallowed Tylenol, one right after the other. A family friend had gotten this prompting to visit my parents’ house and found me in a bad state. I was in the ICU for two days, then went to the mental hospital for five days. I began to lose my hope with God more and more, distilling to this abyss of anger and hate. It only got worse. Then, in 2008, I went to a facility called Mercy Ministries. It is a place for girls to get healing from their past. It was a six-month program. God spoke so much to me there. I was so confident in my walk with Him that when I came home, I challenged Satan. “Come get me” I vocalized. What a fool I was to do such a thing. He came after me and wrecked my life and world ten-fold.

While working at a ranch resort in Colorado in 2009, things got darker by the minute, and I attempted suicide again. By that time, I completely turned my back on God. Alcohol became my god, sex my outlet, and anger became more fervent in my life. My parents finally shared that I wasn’t just spitting in their faces, but also in God’s, and that I was going to need to move out. Within two weeks of moving out I was raped again, by a previous coworker. He was so drunk that he had no idea what he had done. A week later I started dating a man who was treacherously dangerous. He enticed me to commit suicide, so I tried again. How is it that I was so unlovable? I was manipulated and tortured by this man who seemed to have sold his soul to the devil, yet when it ended I was devastated. I drank myself to the intoxication level of 0.38, and the hospital called my parents, warning that I was very, very sick. They didn’t know what they would be walking into in the hospital. Death was always knocking on the door, and that is exactly what Satan wanted. He wanted me dead; gone; no more. For the rest of the year I

was attempting time and time again to die, and was in and out of the mental hospital for 30 days in two months.

The series of events that followed were over the course of six years, where I was never without someone with me in my apartment. I feared being alone; night time was when bad things happened. I had night terrors, dreams of demons. I couldn’t be alone in that apartment when such bad things had already happened. Instead, I allowed in physical forms of demons, in the form of very abusive men. I was thrown up against a wall, choked, held down, kicked so hard I had a footprint across my stomach. I was emotionally torn down, my mind broken, called dirty things, spoke to in a disgusting manner. One night I was jumped at a club, and saved by a drug dealer whose only consistency was being inconsistent. I continued to be abused in the most demeaning and demoralizing ways in future relationships.

Finally, on October 31, 2014, as I watched the eyes of my then-boyfriend, who I was living with at the time, go from blue to black, I cried out to God, “God, save Your daughter. Save Your child! I can’t do this on my own anymore! I’m not smart enough. Save me!” It was from that moment on that I saw Him everywhere. Jesus said, “If you draw near to Me, I will draw near to you.” If you want to see God, you’ll see Him. I did the Serenity Prayer every day. “God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change” – I knew I couldn’t change this evil man or his family. “The courage to change the things I can” – I can change myself and I can change what I’m going to do about the situation. “And the wisdom to know the difference.” – Let me not forget these things. God opened a door for me to get out and get an apartment of my own. On May 14, 2015, I moved out of that house while he was at work. I cried out to God in desperation and He heard me, He is MY SAVIOR. From all my sins, rebellion, anger, bitterness, and resentment.

He saved me from the pit of my despair. In all that wreckage, in all my negativity and everything bad I have done in 13 years. God was constantly calling me to Him. He was there all along, saving me from the worst. How many battles did He fight for me while I was unaware? All those times that I could have been beaten senseless, all the times I could have easily died... He was my Savior, saving me all the time-every second. The Lord is close to the brokenhearted. He rescues those whose spirits are crushed. He gives us strength and we rise up like eagles. We walk and we do not grow faint. He has kept us here. You. Me. We. He has kept us alive, because we are not finished. Jesus didn’t die just to save us from our sins, He died for God to get the glory. We are blessed to be a blessing which in turn blesses God. He created us to thrive, to be princesses and daughters of His Holy Kingdom. We are marked by blood. Here is the thing, ladies...When God created us, He placed a void in our hearts that can only be filled with and by Him. We will walk around endlessly attempting to fill it with everything BUT God and we remain empty. There is nothing that can fill that void besides our Creator. He gives us the freedom the moment we are conceived to choose to fill that void with Him, or continually remain empty and hopeless. I have found hope. Endless hope. Only HE is the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE. Hold on, ladies. Hold on to Hope. Jesus SAVES.

How Love Endures Part 1

by Rebecca Congleton

Love is patient and kind. Love is not jealous or boastful or proud or rude. It does not demand its own way. It is not irritable, and it keeps no record of being wronged. It does not rejoice about injustice but rejoices whenever the truth wins out. Love never gives up, never loses faith, is always hopeful, and endures through every circumstance. 1 Corinthians 13:4-7

When I was about 26 years old, I started writing the story of my life. I titled the rough draft, 'How Love Endures.' The initial 30 or so pages contained all the ugly guts and gore of the chaotic, secret life of fear and shame I had lived as the wife of a pathologically lying, porn devouring, sexually violent, drug addicted, church-going, monster. There was only one problem with my story. See, I was trying to write it from a place of healing and forgiveness, a place of wholeness and peace, but I couldn't possibly. I was still married to him, and he was still frequently standing over me, screaming, "You make me want to kill myself," chasing me around the house, in the dark of night, threatening to hold me down and choke me, if I didn't satisfy his appetite for perversion.

I was off to a good start, but I got stuck on the second chapter, which was to follow the one that ended, "I thought he was going to kill me." There isn't anywhere to go from there if you're still trapped in your nightmare, hiding under your daughter's bed at 2 a.m., because you're hoping and praying the "devil" won't come in and look for you there. I was anything but whole or healing.

Let me back up just a little. I grew up in rural Indiana. My mother was kind and giving. She had been an alcoholic before I was born, but found sobriety through Alcoholics Anonymous, where she met her second husband, my stepdad. My father wasn't interested in sobriety, so all of my memories of him involve beer cans, slurred speech, and rowdy friends who showed up late at night. I mostly lived with my mom, until third grade when she moved to a much smaller town forty miles away, and my dad manipulated me into believing I had to stay with him. Needless to say, there was no talk of faith or the Bible or Jesus in our home. However, my dad's parents were devoted Christians, and they did take me to Vacation Bible School and other church events from time to time.

I had a strange, awkward, sad, anxious childhood. I have always been a very emotional person, and I struggled to handle worry or stress in a healthy way. I believe that inner anxiousness is a big part of why the thumb-sucking habit of my infancy became a compulsion I had trouble fully overcoming until late in elementary school. My parents didn't recognize the gravity of the situation, and I eventually had to mature enough to conquer this embarrassing habit on my own, but by that time, I had caused permanent damage to the shape of my upper jaw and bite. I have a fairly pronounced overbite still to this day.

Kids can often be cruel, so of course, I was the victim of some horribly harsh bullying in my early years and into high school. I don't think I ever felt beautiful, not even for one day, until much, much later in my life.

Low self-esteem, combined with drug experimentation, a rebellious heart, and the deep, deep longing to feel loved, all created the perfect storm. When I was 16 I met a guy who was 21. He showed interest, and that was all it took. It was just flirty fun for a couple months, but then something changed. I started to really care about him. I saw that he came from a troubled home, and he was sensitive and sometimes kind. My heart got fully involved in my "fun."

A little while into our relationship, with its many dramatic turns, I sat talking to a friend one night, telling him about all of the wild things I'd done and impressing him with my fearlessness, or so I thought. When my friend had heard enough, he turned to me and told me he had recently been "saved." He said he had given his life to Christ, and he wanted to share with me how I could do the same. It only took a little convincing, and I was bowing my head and closing my eyes, repeating a prayer, and honestly feeling something change deep inside me.

This could have been the beginning of a beautiful, effortless, peaceful walk with Jesus. The kind of new life they write sweet family friendly movie scripts about. It could have completely turned my life around, and it did in a way, but there were so many choices to make, and I wasn't very good at making them.

For example, I chose not to walk away from a dangerous relationship. I chose instead to plead with God to let me marry that man, the first one to ever show an interest in me, and I don't think I would have walked away, even if God had physically met me in my bedroom, looked me in the eyes and said, "Don't do it." I was sure I was supposed to be his wife, to help him learn to love Jesus too, and to save him from a life of sin and chaos. How wrong I was.

Very soon after our I-dos, I was 18 and he was 23, the violence started. I still remember the hole he punched in the wall of our first little rental home. That hole was about a half an inch from where my head had been as I crouched against the wall. I remember the sinking feeling when we moved out a year later, realizing the landlord would see the hole and know my husband didn't love me.

The cycle of abuse I endured was textbook. Something would trigger his outbursts of anger and cruelty, he would nearly kill me, then he would cry a thousand tears, snot all over his shirt sleeve, beg me to forgive him, and treat me nice for a couple months. Then it would start all over again.

So there I was, 26 years old, a four-year-old daughter, and a husband who pretended to be a nice guy on Sunday mornings. I had walked out my faith wholeheartedly, but on the inside, bitterness and hopelessness ruled my thoughts.

That book I was trying to write, the one about finding wholeness and peace on the other side of trauma and heartbreak, the one I was going to call, 'How Love Endures,' yeah it was little more than a cry for help. My husband publicly feigned repentance of his violence on a regular basis, so in an effort to look even more like a changed man, he told me it was OK to let our church friends read what I was writing. I started passing the first chapter around to anyone who would glance at it, hoping someone would get to the place where chapter two was supposed to begin and realize I needed help, I desperately needed help...

God Could Never Use ME

by Sharon Brooks

Such is the confidence that we have through Christ toward God. Not that we are sufficient in ourselves to claim anything as coming from us, but our sufficiency is from God, who has made us sufficient to be ministers of a new covenant... 2 Corinthians 3:4-6a

Many people have the wrong idea about church and “church people.” I’ve heard comments about churches being full of hypocrites. Others think church is full of “perfect” people who never sin. Some feel they aren’t good enough to go to church. All of these statements are FALSE. Let me explain.

Today’s churches are full of people no different than those of Bible times. Some who have been abused, like Joseph in Genesis 37. Others who were afraid, like Gideon in Judges 6. In Joshua 2, read about a prostitute named Rahab. David was an adulterer and even arranged for the murder of a man in his army. Noah got drunk and Jacob was a liar, schemer, and manipulator as you can read on Genesis. This is just a small sample of imperfect people who God used in great ways.

I have wonderful Christian friends who were once drug users and pushers, abused and abusers. Some who were raped or abandoned, and others who spent time in prison. I could go on and on and include myself in some of these as well.

The fact is, only one person qualifies as the perfect person, and His name is Jesus. The rest of us are all in the same boat. I don’t know about you, but I am very suspicious of anyone who says they have never done anything wrong or have never had any problems in this life. If they say their marriage is perfect and their children have not given them any trouble, I wonder what planet they are from. To me, that is not the real world most of us live in.

When I went through a divorce, I was in a pretty low, dark place for quite a while. Only by God’s help and the help of many others am I now doing well. When things in my life got back to some semblance of “normal” (although I’ve heard it said “normal” is only a setting on the clothes dryer), I had another talk with my pastor. He had been totally supportive throughout my ordeal but I knew he had no first-hand experience with anything I went through. I understood he had helped in any way he could. However, he could not understand what it felt like. He didn’t know what the pit that pulls you in and keeps you from seeing any way out. Had he ever cried himself to sleep, not knowing how he would feed his children? Did he stay up at night, wondering how he could keep a roof over their heads? I was grateful he has not been dealt those circumstances in life. I also knew it would take someone who had to be able to reach other women. I asked him to use me when the next woman comes to his office not knowing what to do. Give her my number and share my story so she would know she is not alone.

God can use you as well. I encourage you to read the stories in the Bible of the imperfect people God used to do amazing things. He can and will use your story to help other women if you allow Him to.

Just say to Him, *Here I am, Lord. Use me.*

he’s always changing me

by Amy Slone

Remember when you were like, eighteen, with all the makeup and teen magazines? When you just knew that you knew everything? You looked your future self square in the eye and thought for sure by now you’d know. You’d have the big questions answered and the big dream all figured out. You just knew at this stage of life you’d know what it meant to “have it all together” and you were certain you’d be amazed at all the “togetherness” you were going to have.

And then you learn you didn’t know. You didn’t know and it’s ok. It’s ok to still be searching and growing inside these tiny kingdoms we’ve built. We don’t get here, to this place of bigger numbers, and suddenly acquire a knowledge of the secrets for middle age. We may know better things; we may search in good places now; but no magic thing happens. We still feel small and new inside these bodies made for aging. We still feel young and sometimes even unsure of what’s next.

But, after all this time of growing and learning and in all the shaping and refining that’s still to come, this is the truth I’ve stored up deep in my quiet places: He floods these kingdoms we build with messages of grace and love, every time His words collide with our broken hearts. Every time His loyalty collides with our rhythm of running. Every time His healing collides with our need to be healed. He specializes in hijacking our beliefs; especially the ones we have created about ourselves. *I’m too late. I’m not good enough. I’m incapable.*

All this time... a lot of me is still the same. All this time... a lot of me has changed. My place of bigger numbers has proven one thing only; given one key that unlocks the only truth...

I am always His. I am never alone. He is always changing me.

Write to Inspiration Ministries

Here at Inspiration Ministries, we are committed to corresponding with anyone who writes us! We have several women volunteers standing at the ready, waiting for letters to arrive. We would love the opportunity to get to know you better, and to encourage your spiritual growth via personal letters.

If you would like to have the newsletter sent directly to you, please send us your name, DC#, and institution name, and we will add you to the mailing list. We have ministry sponsors, so this comes at no cost to you! Also, if you know of anyone else, either behind prison or jail walls, or in the free world, that could use a little inspiration, please send their information as well.

Last, we would love to include articles written by our readers, because who better to connect with incarcerated women, than other incarcerated women. We have found testimonies to be the most powerful tool in bringing others to Christ, and we would love to share the good work of the Lord with other women around the country! We look forward to hearing what God is doing in and through you!