

December, 2009

Dear Sirs,

Hello there Piecemakers. Hello all. A good day to you. The letter I received and the reading glasses made my day. I'm 50 years old my friends. I've done two prison terms and two or three county terms. I'm tired my friends. So is my dear 71-year-old Mother. Her name is Martha (Martie). She's a real trooper and the most beautiful, loving mother a man could ever ask God for. This is just part of my testimony. It's to lift up others, to let anyone whose faith varies (strays) to let ya all know God is real and though things happen the Holy Spirit comforts and carries us through.

My name is Joe. Hello. This is my story of tragedy. A story of tears, a story of pain and God's hand. I was doing a year at O.C. Musick Facility at the time a low security lock up. About a month and a half into this county term I started getting bad, real bad headaches. I sent medical (snivels) slips to the nurse offices and doctors looked at me (sinus infection they said.) Ibuprofen and water should do the trick, ease my pain. I was praying dear Lord Jesus, O Father in heaven in Jesus' name I pray help me Lord - I am dying, I can feel it. Little did anyone know I had a hematoma bleeding in my head. Caught soon enough, minor surgery. If not treated properly one can die. The blood was pushing my brain against my skull. I felt as if God had forgotten about me. I would call my Mother, her reply would be Joey what should I do for you in jail?

Finally the call came to her. I was to be taken to a medical center in Anaheim. Yes, I fell and hit the ground walking back from chow of which I only took one bite. From Anaheim Medical Center I was rushed to Santa Ana Western Med Center where I was just about dead. Brain surgery emergency.

I woke the next day in a third floor room. Tubes coming out of my head, handcuffed to the bed, I.V.'s in my arms, out of the recovery room having my head and skull cut open. To my left a sheriff gentleman stood watch, to my right my dear mother, straight ahead the window revealed the cross on the top of Calvary Church which is just across from S.A. Western Med Center on Tustin Avenue in Santa Ana. My prayer to the God I thought left me behind was answered, sentence modified due to my medical condition-time served-Amen.

What a way to get released early, ha fellas. But this was only the beginning of my journey with God. From that time and since that time I did what anyone with a newfound faith would do. I opened my heart, Romans, Hebrews, and Corinthians 1 & 2, so many great books in our wonderful book of truth. The Holy Bible: The Way (Christianity) Jesus I soon came to know and believe-Jesus is God. Oh my Lord the most wonderful news, Christ Jesus walked the earth. Jesus wept because He felt the pain of another heart, what more could one say of the heart of God. The Gospel of John I fell in love, my Father, My Maker, I cried in delight.

Well, like any true to the core drug addict after a few years of clean and sober living, I fell again. I was at a weak moment: My father died of Pancreatic cancer. It took him so quick - I was soon after locked up again. I ended up doing another county year while still on parole at the O.C. Main Jail. I was a worker, crew chief kit. Making sure the inmates were fed every day and then cleaning up and preparing for the next coming meal. Considering the fact I was locked up, I had fun. At the end of the county term I started taking an interest in obituaries. It was sad looking at those little pictures, people smiling, and the little stories for the public interest. It became part of my daily activity to look at them and then after a while to only glance at them. I felt that God was telling me, preparing me.

It happened August 29<sup>th</sup>, the day I was released. I was with my little sister Vickie. She was driving me to my home in Laguna Niguel, California. We had just left my Mothers. I hadn't been home yet. Coming down Crown Valley, a right on Greenfield, a left on Rancho Niguel Road only to find the street blocked off-we couldn't get in. God pulling at me, holding me, I felt something. I said to my sister, pull over; I'm going to see what's happening here. I had to, I knew something, something is terribly wrong. It was a one-vehicle accident, one death. My poor dear brother, Michael was dead. Time of death about 4 hours after my release from jail. I had told God before I was released; nothing Father, and nothing ever will separate us.

We buried my dear brother Michael at sea, he loved the water. He was the greatest brother and my dear friend. A week after his death I was in the Salvation Army, Anaheim, A.R.C. a great program if you don't mind working. I don't. I opened a Bible for the first time since his death in the Sally Library-opening it up, eyes closed. The question in my heart, why Father? Why not me? I knew He would answer. He said in Isaiah 57:1-It starts, the righteous perish and no man

takes it to heart. Merciful men are taken away, while no one considers that the righteous is taken away from evil.

True story friends-Let your love be pure as possible. Try harder tomorrow. While we wait for God's glory, His day and ours. The blood of Jesus. Amen.

Piecemakers, this is my testimony. It was hard. I loved my little brother so much. But I trust the hands of God, abiding in faith, hope and love.

Thank you, Joseph Hansen

If you print this please, if possible, send a copy to my dear Mother. Thank you. Oh by the way. I'm going to make a difference. I'm going to help others in God's name. Can you help me help? Please, Thank you. I'm only 50 years. I'm a kid. I can help.