

Dear Friend,

If the Lord leads you to send a love offering for my Skid Row and Prison Ministry, please send it to:

Heavenly Manna Inc.

8942 Willis Ave. Unit 9, Panorama City, CA 91402

My tax I.D. number for your records is 93-1112647.

May God abundantly bless you.

In His love,

Mel

### TESTIMONY OF BOB BAILEY

I'm Bob Bailey. This thing called Life for me all started October 23rd, 1944 at 4 in the morning. That is when I was born into the wonderful Bailey family. A wonderful mother that is. I have never met anyone as kind and loving as my mother. As a 20 year old woman, she had no idea what she was getting into when she married the likes of Jimmy Bailey (my daddy). His daddy was a drunk, his granddaddy was a drunk, and my daddy became a drunk. My daddy's brothers were drunks, or should I be nice and say alcoholics? Mel Novak who ministered at a prison that I was in called this a "family generational curse." He made sense. Yes, I know the destruction (first hand) that alcohol can bring. I grew up in fear. Many times, my daddy would be drunk and beat us with a wide leather strap, or slap or hit us with his iron left fist. Not much fun growing up, would you say?

As soon as I turned 15, I got my driver's license. I would drive daddy around town from beer joint to beer joint and watch him fight his drinking companions and put them to sleep. It was my job to wake them up. Before I was born, 2 of the men he put to sleep with his left fist never did wake up. One more died later. At 16, I had had enough so I ran away to Austin, Texas, almost 600 miles away. At 17, I went back home, if that's what you want to call it. I did the same thing I was doing before, driving my daddy around while he got drunk.

Soon I joined the Marines. After getting out of the Marines, I could whip my 3 older brothers. No longer was I afraid like I used to be. Then I saw myself becoming like my daddy and I hated it. There was that curse that had to be broken. Although I knew I would never be as tough as daddy (nor did I want to be), I began to hate who I was. When I was in that prison, at a chapel service, I asked the Lord Jesus to forgive me of my sins and I invited Jesus into my life. I also asked Him to break that family generational curse. Mel, thank you for encouraging me to follow Jesus.

My life has not been perfect since then, but I know that I would not trade my life with Jesus for any ride through life I would have had without Him. The joy I have when I come to God and feel the spirit of Jesus within me. Nothing can compare with having the spirit of Jesus in you. I have not returned to prison and pray the Arsenal prayer Mel handed us. I know that He is preparing a place for me when I leave this world. Until then, I know that He has great things in store for me. I must keep the faith and do the best I can to live for Him and receive the blessings of the plan He has for my life. Thank you for your prayers and God bless you all. Do the right thing and ask Jesus into your life. **YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU DID.**