

my mother lay in the bar ditch weeping and watching them take me away. I was already on probation and out on two bonds. Now I was facing two life sentences and \$79,500 in fines. This time I wasn't getting out.

A Bright Light!

Sitting in the county jail, an old outlaw friend of mine came to see me. Jack Price and I used to run wild together in the drug world. Now he loved Jesus and was even a chaplain in the county jail. He worked on me the 5 months I was there. I resisted at first, but by the time I pulled chain on my way to prison with 65 years, I had once again turned back to Jesus!

The Rock!

The first two years in prison I grew in the Lord, but also battled with the demonic powers that were still exerting their force in my life. But freedom came to me. For the next 5 years, God greatly strengthened me as I began to memorize His Word and meditate on His ways. I learned how to pray fervently. I wrote letters thanking people for how they had blessed me, confessing to them my sins and asking their forgiveness. In doing so, Jesus became my Rock!

Amazing things began to happen in my life. Prison was no longer a prison, but God had turned it into a private sanctuary for me. I had God's favor everywhere I went. I began to serve the chaplain, teaching other inmates the powerful truths that I was learning through the chaplaincy program.

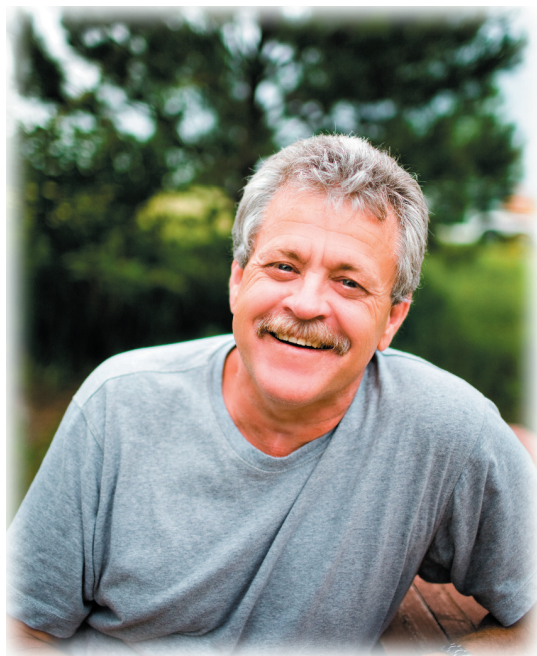
Chaplain Dennis

In exactly seven years, the Lord brought me out of prison and I returned to my home town as a new man in Christ. Jack Price is now with Jesus, but 4 days after my release, God miraculously opened the door for me to go into the jail again, this time as a chaplain, to continue the work with others as Jack had done with me.

Conclusion

Without any doubt, the power of God can set us free. If you're in bondage, cry out to God and begin to experience the power of His grace. And to all you moms, dads, grandmothers, and grandfathers who have loved ones and friends in bondage to drugs ... from someone who has been there, let me urge you ... bring them before God in fervent prayer. God is still on the Throne!

Your brother in Christ,
Dennis Hall



Delivered From Meth!

People don't come out of the meth world by themselves. They must be Delivered! Delivered by the power of God. Sometimes He uses law enforcement, sometimes recovery programs, sometimes family or friends, but permanent freedom only comes by the power of God. I have a website dedicated to delivering people from the power of Meth ... but not only Meth, from all kinds of addictions. Whether you're battling addictions or you're battling for someone you love, Jesus is still setting the captives free! Luke 4:18

Visit my website at:
www.deliveredfrommeth.com

BUSTED

for Cooking Meth!

The story of Dennis Hall



Rejection

Even though I grew up a happy kid full of life and adventure roaming the creek banks and woods, my father often let me know that he never wanted me. But my mother did the best she could filling in as both mother and father.

My Home – The Bar

When I was 14, my mother had taken all the drunkenness she could and divorced my dad. She ended up marrying a man who owned night clubs ... which seems strange since she left my dad because he was a drunk. Raymond also had a reputation as an outlaw. My life as I knew it, would never be the same.

This life was very impressive to an adventurous kid who desperately needed fatherly attention. One of his clubs had a motel with it where the “employees” lived. I later found out some of them were prostitutes. Mother and Raymond lived in the office, while I was given my own motel room. The club was open from 10am ’til 2am so there were all kinds of excitement for a kid like me.

I began to learn a bad lifestyle that would take many years and a lot of hard lessons to overcome. I soon earned the attention of my stepdad although I was scared to death of him. I never saw him much since he was in the club from 10 ’til 2. Most of the time I wasn’t allowed in the club except to clean when it was closed, but he occasionally let me come in during the afternoon hours, so I got to know many of the people and was getting a lot of attention from them.

When I turned 16, he bought me a car so I could drive myself to school. This led to a whole new life of independence. Since my mother worked until 2am I never had any accountability, so I would come and go as I pleased. Except for money, I was not held down by anything.

Stealing from Raymond

I knew Raymond carried a great deal of money. This was in the 70’s, and he always had between \$10,000 to \$20,000 on him. He carried all the twenties, fifties, and hundreds in his billfold and the smaller bills in his front pockets. He had so many hundreds that I thought he’d never miss one or two. One morning before I left for school, I snuck into their room, quietly got his billfold from the pocket, took a hundred or two, then made sure his comb and everything else was put back just right. This went on several times a month for well over a year. I was popular among my friends to say the least, not only because of the money, but also because I was stealing beer and alcohol out of the club the days I cleaned.

Prescription Pain Pills

The next 25 years of my life was a selfish roller coaster between partying and periods when I worked very hard. My whole purpose in life was how much fun I could have no matter what it cost anyone else. It began innocently with beer and alcohol and 25 years later it ended with me as a crank junkie, sharpening needles on a striker pad of a paper match book cover.

I had a terrible accident when I was 37 years old that almost cost me my leg. They would have cut it off if it had not been for my determined mother. It took two years for me to learn to walk again after several surgeries. For the first time I was introduced to prescription pain pills. I now had a leg that would get me all the pills I wanted. I became so addicted that at one time I was taking upwards of 50 pills a day of some of the strongest pain pills they make, a synthetic heroin.

It was a nightmare of horror. I was tiptoeing on the edge of hell and didn’t know it. I destroyed innocent lives, family relationships and friendships. I had burned every bridge so that I had no one left in my life except my mother, and I had broken her. Her son who had so much potential and such a bright future, who only a few years earlier had been on top of the real estate world climbing his way to success, was now a junkie living on the streets with whomever would give him a hole to crawl into.

Grandma

The only thing I had going for me was that many years ago at an old-time tent revival, my Godly grandmother had handed me over to the Lord God Almighty. And little did I know, I was about to meet Him.

Saved at Re-hab

Between 1997-2000 I was in and out of jail a dozen different times on various crimes always related to alcohol and drugs. My mother pleaded with the authorities not to send me to prison, so they gave me one last chance and sent me to a

Christian based rehab center for six months.

After almost getting myself kicked out, I finally came to the end of myself. The head of the facility, Major Deberry, continued to love me in spite of myself and I finally came to Jesus and was gloriously saved.

A Building Without a Foundation

Major Deberry knew I needed to become grounded in my new life in Christ and wanted me to stay, but I thought I could now make it, so I returned home with high expectations. And I did make it ... for a few months that is. I enjoyed the powerful presence of God and experienced the miraculous working of the Holy Spirit in my life. But I was enjoying the experiences and not building a foundation for my new life by learning the teachings of Jesus. (See Matthew 7:24-27)

I needed to learn how to forgive, how to respect those in authority, how to conquer anger, jealousy and gossip, how to get free from immoral thoughts and practices, how to conquer addictions, how to speak words of encouragement and much more. These powerful Truths would have been a Rock for me to plant my feet on and would have kept me from falling. But without them, it was only a matter of time before the enemy once again brought me down.

An old friend who had lots of money came to see me. I told him about Jesus, but rather than me bringing him to Jesus, he brought me back into the world. It wasn’t long before I was back in the bars drinking and looking for women and then back in the drug world. This time I plunged into that dark world of sin deeper than I had ever been before.

My Darkest Day

On August 26, 2001, after being up for a month straight cooking dope, the highway patrol along with the sheriff’s department kicked in the door to my shop, arrested me for manufacturing and trafficking in methamphetamine and once again hauled me back to jail. On that dark night,