

Because God Cares

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Sometimes God has to find people to show His love for others. We'd like to think that a bright light from Heaven, with an angel, would float down from above, and personally help those in need.

Uh... nope. Here's a news flash- it comes through us.

In order to show God's love, there must be people to care about people. So many of us like to say we love God or Christ, yet when God puts a person in our paths to help, we refuse. We get so prejudiced, looking for the worst in people, as if that's an excuse to not help.

And it's quite common in jails and prisons. People just won't get involved in inmates' pleas, because they think we're all trying to con them. So God has to pass by those people, and find guys in prison or jails to show His love to the captives.

Why? Because God cares.

In county jail, several years ago, I was in an isolated cell beside a 17-year old kid named Dante. Yeah, he's in jail, but when you talk to him, you can tell he's not one of those hard-case juvies. He was in the "hole" (isolation),

because he talked trash to an officer. Over the period of time, I got to know Dante, and we talked about stuff.

See, with me, I don't talk about drugs, gangs or violence. I know NOTHING about that. I try to keep my conversations positive, funny and hopeful; inspiring. I tried to encourage Dante, and it was working. He actually wanted to stay in isolation, so that we could continue to talk. When we went out on "the yard", you could tell he was trying to act tougher than he was. In the juvenile cell he came from, there wasn't very many kids there, so he was the "tough guy". Still, around me, he was like a little brother.

After awhile, they sent Dante back to the juvenile hall. A week or so later, we still came out together (isolation and juvies), but I noticed he changed. He seemed more... stressed. More juveniles were in the cell, and some were clearly more dominant. He had gone from "Alpha male" to "Omega male". He was, sadly, being preyed on- something I had seen quite often when it came to juveniles.

One day, I was sitting outside, against the wall, when the juveniles came out. Dante saw me, and came over, and sat down beside me. He asked, "Is there anyway you can talk to the Lieutenant, to get me moved back to the hole?" There was no question, the kid was scared. I didn't have a lot of pull, but I knew some officers... and I could pray. So I did.

A day or so later, I was in my cell when I heard them

move not one, but two people to two isolation cells. I didn't know who it was, until I heard a familiar voice call me:

"Thanks bro! I love you!", followed by another guy.

It was Dante, and another juvenile I knew. They were moved from the torturous juvenile hall to the isolation cells. They were very happy, thanking me for helping them.

in truth, I credit God. Sure, I knew the Major, Captain and Lieutenant, but I think it was my prayer that saved him. Dante's a good kid, I see the best in him. And I'd have to believe that God saw that too. But for Dante to get the help he needed, somebody had to DO something. He came to me, in great stress, needing help. It was like a baby brother looking up to his big brother for help- and the big brother looking to his Father.

The last words I heard from Dante, as I left county jail (the day the Feds picked me up) were, "I love you bro!" Dante never forgot what I did for him, and that remains with me. Why did I bother to help him? He's just an inmate, most would say?

I helped him because God cared that much for him, to put him in my path.

Who has God put in YOUR path to help? Will you care for them, as God does?