

## Amondo Duckworth's Testimony

I grew up in one of the most dangerous parts of Milwaukee's inner cities. A Street named First and Keefe. I am the oldest of thirteen children, eight boys (not including myself) and four girls. My childhood was mostly good; I mean I was the normal little kid in the ghetto, flipping on mattresses and shooting bb guns and fireworks. That all changed on June 18, 1989 when a "friend" of my cousin's raped me; as you can imagine the police, social services and psychiatrist became a part of my everyday life. It was then that I began to get into trouble; it started with me smoking wee and led to me becoming a part of the gang culture. By the time I was eleven years old I had started skipping school and was searching for something to heal my pain and someone to release all of my anger on.

It wasn't hard for me to get into the streets, like I said I was searching for something and what I found was a well-known street gang known as the Vice Lords. There was a person my whole family knew, I'll call him Mr. C. Anyway he took me under his wing and schooled me to the streets. We would ride around in his Cadillac, collecting "rent money" (code for collecting drug money).

In 1993 I was thirteen years old and had a girlfriend. I met her while I was with Mr. C. Anyway I began hanging around her and her younger brother, her younger brother became my best friend and if I wasn't with her or Mr. C I was with him. I'll call him Dion, anyway Dion introduced me to smoking primo's (weed with cocaine mixed in) and for about seven months straight that's all I did, smoke primo's. Then one day I got sick and couldn't stop

throwing up, so Dion called Mr. C and he came and rushed me to the hospital. I found out that the person I had bought, what I thought was powder cocaine, from had actually sold me boric acid mixed with a small amount of baby similac; needless to say I never smoked primo's again, but I did continue smoking weed.

In 1994 Dion and I began selling drugs together and Mr. C had rented a house specifically for us to so from. Dion's older brother was also selling drugs, but he was selling them for a guy called Ruthless and he had a reputation for beating up people who messed up his money. It was a Saturday and Dion and I were on our way back from the park when Ruthless began driving beside us. I knew something wasn't right but I hid my nervousness and waited to see what was coming. He rolled down his window and called me over, I walked to the car; he asked me if Rob had been with us. When I answered he pulled a gun off of his waist and said; "you better not be lying" and pushed me away. Then he called Dion over (we stood next to each other), he asked Dion what he asked me, then he told him he wanted to tell Rob something; Dion put his head into the car, the next thing I head two loud pops and felt something wet spread across my face, chest and arms, then Dion fell, he was dead!

That was my first, but unfortunately not my last experience with death. People didn't realize how hard I took Dion's death. I stopped going outside unless I had to, I went as far as not combing my hair or bathing unless I could really smell myself, brushing my teeth hardly occurred and I was always thinking of ways to kill myself. I felt like life had become unfair and not worth living, so I took a bottle of pink pills

but they didn't do anything but make me throw up, so I tried again; I went in the house, gabbbed two knives then sat in the middle of the street. I was sent to CATC (Child Adolescent Treatment Center) and evaluated. I was diagnosed with major depression and post-traumatic stress syndrome.

Throughout the next five to six years I ran the streets and got away with a lot of things. Then in 2001 I was arrested for possession with intent to sell cocaine. I though oh well, I'll do the time come home and stat again, but God wanted to show me his power. In 2002 the judge sentenced me to two years in and two years out, but I ended up doing four years. During that time I was constantly coming across people, who wanted to share the word, but I wasn't ready and I let them know to back off in a very rude way, but God kept sending people my way. I got out on January 16, 2006 and went back to what I knew, hustling and robbing. On April 8, 2006 I was back in jail facing 100 years. I was cocky and knew I would beat the case, but God had a better plan, I was given 15 years on the first count and 20 years on count 2; which meant I would have to do 10 years in prison and when that was done do 12 more years and the rest on supervision. But I was blessed to have everything, but the 10 years taken away. While incarcerated this time I went to a church service and felt like the Pastor was talking to me. After the service I had a lot of questions but I finally decided that I had to give God control of my life because I wasn't doing so good with it.

My walk in God is hard because I've had to learn how to control my old urges and mind frame but it was worth it. I'm still

new to everything and I learn more ever day. I just pray that when I get out God will protect me from, the me, that died in my baptism. I hope that this testimony will touch someone's heart and bring about a change, just as the Pastor changed mine. I am now living my life for God and working daily to mend broken and burned bridges.

I hope this testimony has been a blessing to you. If you would like to read how others in similar situations have experienced the life transforming power of God please write to me at the address below. We now have over 60 testimonies of those whose lives have been transformed by God's amazing Grace. Please send us your testimony as well.

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**“The house is on fire!”** The alarm sounds, and soon the wail of the fire trucks is heard. Within minutes the firemen are at work, struggling desperately against the flames.

But all their efforts are futile. The house is too far-gone. There is no hope.

Yes, the fire alarm went off, the fire trucks came; the house was insured and equipped with all the safety features. Yet the house was lost

Friends, is your soul safe from the fires of Satan and his evil forces? Is your conscience working? Are you listening to the still small voice?

Are you lost? There is hope. Are you burdened with sin? There is relief. Are you struggling? There is victory

The only answer is God. He sent His only Son into the world to die and shed his blood for you and me. He came to bring hope, relief, and rest.

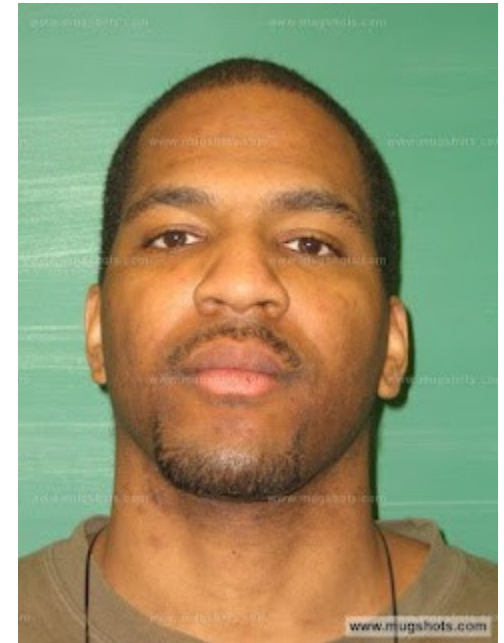
God's word tells us, “The wages of sin is death.” But Praise God! His invitation is “Come unto me” Come just as you are. Repent and follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

Confess your sins and find forgiveness in Christ. “Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord”. Acts 3:19

Oh, what joy, peace, rest, and security you can find. Obey His word and trust Him. Then you can have eternal life and be saved from the fires of hell.

A young Bible Student

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