

## Branden Frady's Testimony

My name is Branden Frady and I am a prison inmate who has been incarcerated for more than 14 years altogether. I have been sentenced to prison for credit cards and theft.

It was four years ago when I was living in an old, cold and loud prison cell that our Father in Heaven got ahold of my life.

Here is my testimony and my hope. Ever since I was a child, my life was torment. I was sexually abused as a small child from age 4 ½ to age 13 by a next door neighbor.

When I was in school, I was so violent and disruptive that a teacher knew something was very wrong and took an interest in me and let me help her with her which was all handicap. She was the sweetest black woman I have ever met in my life. As I am white so that meant a whole lot to me growing up. I was getting into a lot of fights too. Sometimes I would flip out for no reason at all.

When we moved from Killoen Texas at the age of 13 to Eckton MD, my hometown I tried to commit suicide by hanging myself and was placed in Delaware State Hospital called Meadow Wood. I stayed there for 6 months before they released me to a boys' home called Edgemeade in upper Marlboro Maryland. When I turned 16 I left Edgemeade and moved in with my girlfriend, Amber, and her mother.

During this period of my life I was also plagued with severe depression. I have four brothers and three sisters. I am very close to my sister that lives in Delaware Ohio.

If it was not for her, my step father, mother, friend Linda, my half-brother Waford Bryant (who is also locked up here with me) and our Father in Heaven, I would have ended my life by now.

I feel hopeless and my periods of depression were more intense than ever. I was even more rebellious and began to cut out of school yet my step father Arnold tried to help as best as he could. I started using heavy drugs to control the way I was feeling inside.

Because of my abuse as a child when I turned 18 I got my first prison sentence of 15 years. I done a total of 8 years and two days in the Maryland prison system. I got out in 2009 and moved to Tennessee with my Mother and step Father. I got locked back up for the same charges 5 ½ months later and done 5 years. I got a year left then I go to Federal prison for 48 months.

Looking back it is a horrible nightmare and I would do anything to start over. When I was in Riverbend Prison in Nashville there was a Chaplain named Kayla there that I started talking to about Catholic and that's when I really started believing the Catholic Faith to this day even though she is no longer a Chaplain at Riverbend. She is now a private investigator for the Federal Public Defenders office where my attorney is also at and we stay in contact. I got the best Federal Public Defender, her name is Caryll and I never had a public

defender that has helped me as much as she has. Even though my case is completed and I was sentenced to 48 months she accepts my phone calls and sends me cards for Holidays. That truly means a lot to me, to know there is still good people in the world.

There is a verse in the Bible "you came unto me in prison", I love that verse because I have had a lot of people come into my life since I have been in prison.

I finally converted over to Catholicism about four months ago and that is a blessing for me. I have asked God to forgive me for all my sins. I pray all the time. I'm still working on my depression and doing stuff to hurt myself, all I can do is pray about it.

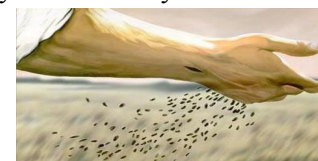
My life is different now, I can feel the difference. God is good, all the time God is good.

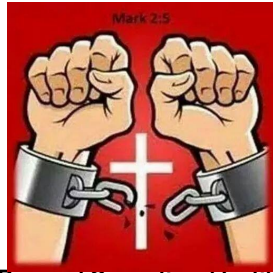
God will forgive anyone, he has forgiven me. He sent his son to die for our sins. Who else would do that for us? No one!! I hope you enjoyed reading my testimony.

Braden Frady

I hope this testimony has been a blessing to you. If you would like to read how others have experienced the life transforming power of God please write to me at the address below. We now have over 100 testimonies of those whose lives have been transformed by God's amazing Grace. We also have over 100 Contracts. Please send us your testimony as well.

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I was raised in a lower class environment as a child and given the standard education in Christianity. Even though I understood on an intellectual level, I never truly understood or felt in my heart a true relationship with God. At a very early age I was introduced to the gangster mentality, and so began my personal little crime spree. It lasted almost 20 years. During those years I was involved with everything from prostitution to extortion, from armed bank robbery to international smuggling. It was all quite grand and glamorous, the Devil's work always is in the beginning. It never can last because Satan is ugly as is all he puts his hand to, and I had become a part of that ugliness. The last two years of my spree were spent on street corners trying to sell the only thing I had left. But most times using a gun because what I had left wasn't worth paying for. I suffered from severe drug addiction, "gangsteritis," but most of all complete spiritual and moral bankruptcy. I had hit bottom. I really don't want to get into the things I saw or did or what was going on out there. Trust me when I tell you it was beyond the most horrid of nightmares. What I do want to tell you about is the night God touched me and I awoke from the horror of what was my life.

I had gone to the dope house to collect money and drugs. When I walked into the back room, I saw a very young girl being used by three men. In payment they were throwing little pieces of crack cocaine onto the floor. I stood watching as she crawled around naked on the floor, shaking and crying, searching for the drugs. I was sickened, disgusted, and seething with internal rage. I felt the gun in my hand without even realizing I had taken it from my pants. To this day I believe the only thing that saved me from committing murder that night was God, and that I

couldn't decide who should die, her, them or me. I began to walk. I didn't know where I was going. I didn't care. I was lost. I remember sitting down on the curb and thinking, "Some work of art you are, a gun in your jeans, a pocket full of dope, cash in your sock, and so sick and miserable death would be a blessing. Maybe it was me who should die." It was at that moment I surrendered and my darkness became light, so bright, so complete. The light of God filled me with warmth, love and peace, and I heard a voice that has no words but speaks directly to your heart. It called to me over and over again, "Have you had enough? Are you ready?"

I sat for a long time, though it seemed only a moment. I've come to realize God is timeless and when you're in His company He eases the burden of time, a definite bonus in prison. So finally I picked myself up from the curb, totally confused because I knew beyond a doubt what kind of person I was and God doesn't visit "BAD" people, does He? About this time a friend pulled his car up next to me and called my name. I got in the car and he asked did I want to go home. I told him where I lived was never a home. He took me to his house. No sooner was I through the door before I was smoking dope. But the funny thing is I couldn't get high; no escape! I really didn't understand until my friend walked into the room. He looked at me, shook his head and said, "Oh Julie haven't you had enough? Aren't you ready? God's waiting you know, and there's no moment so dark that he can't make light." At first I thought, "This guy must have seen what happened on that curb." But he hadn't. In that moment I knew with all clarity that this friend, who I had never known was a Christian, did not happen along by accident and that what he said was the repeating of a divine message sent just for me alone. I knew no matter who or what I was, God loves me. I knew He was reaching for me because my pain and shame were so great I couldn't reach for Him.

I took hold of the Lord's hand and now where He heads I follow. In the beginning it was a very hard path. I had over a dozen felony warrants for my arrest, but in His love I need have no fear. Our first walk was to BCI, Florida State's Max. Security Prison. Often I've cried, but as time goes by, the way gets easier and the scenery more and more beautiful as I learn to see the world thru the eyes of Jesus. I still reside in BCI and I'm all right with that because I'm never alone and I'm still walking with the Lord.

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