



Visit Our Website: www.setfreechurchofthehighdesert.org — Jesus Loves You!



GOD'S CHURCH
PO BOX 291265 PHELAN, CA 92329
(760) 868-3805

VOLUME 12 , ISSUE 12

DECEMBER—2021

IT'S ALL ABOUT JESUS



Praise JESUS! Its all about Him. As we move into the holiday season we are thankful for everything that God is doing in our lives and in your life. He truly is an awesome God. We trust in the Reason for the Season, Jesus Christ. We thank God for the privileged of serving him and are grateful for the opportunity to be a part of advancing His kingdom.

We know that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. On November 27th, 2021 heaven gained our Men's director Chris Matthews. Chris achieved that crown of life that he had been striving toward for more than twenty years in this ministry. Through out that time he had sown Jesus into countless lives. To some he was a friend, others a brother, to some "papa" and to countless people a Mentor. He was truly a legend in this ministry. He led by example and was generous and selfless. He was truly a beacon of Jesus' light and an ambassador of His love. Truly, now he is standing before Jesus and he is hearing, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Please keep those that are grieving lifted up in prayer because this was completely unexpected and for many this came sudden and hard.

We also would like to keep brother Gary McDonald lifted up in prayer. Gary was a part of us here at God's Ranch for about a year and during that time he unfortunately lost one of his legs. Gary amazed me with his strength and resilience. It wasn't long after he graduated from the ranch that he caught a bus to Kansas City and even got a job. Gary has some other health issues now that he is asking for prayers for. As the body of Christ, please keep our brother Gary lifted up in this time of need. While he was with us he wrote a nice Christmas poem which we are sharing in this edition of the newsletter.

We look forward to the work that God continues to do in us, through us and to us at God's Church. For more information about God's Church or our discipleship ranches, please call (760) 868-3805. JESUS LOVES YOU!

What Christmas Means to Me
By Gary McDonald

On Christmas We're Reminded of Santa and the Presents we receive
But a Holy Child was born in as Stable for All who Believe
He came to save the world of all their sins and shame
His love was so intense for us and that's the reason that He came

God gave us the best present anyone could ever give
The Gift of Life, so it's for Him we must daily live
Our life pleasing to God each and every day
By following after God's own heart, As we read the Bible and Pray

How will we live this life we've been given
To glorify God and spent our eternity in heaven
This star in Bethlehem shone such a Holy light
Just as it shines today, because of God's love so bright.

--Gary Mc Donald

CONTACT INFO

- Mailing Address
P.O. Box 291265
Phelan, Ca 92329
- Ranch Office- (760) 868-3805
- setfreechurchofthehighdesert.org



Word of our Testimony

Testimony-Michael Ledesma

So, I grew up in both the United States and I was partly raised in Mexico-raised by my grandma and my grandfather. They did not speak any English at all, so it was hard for me in school. My teachers didn't really help, and my grandma couldn't help me with my homework. At the same time my older brother was involved in gang life. So, he was not there for me. My Grandfather used to get drunk and beat us and break our stuff. Eventually my grandfather left us too like my mother. The only difference was he chased after the bottle. Eventually I ended up in my brother's shoes and I started hanging outside with the gang and after many painful tests I got jumped in which led to me being full of hatred for everything. I would rob steal and sell purposely chasing money that flew away. Now my grandma was saved and tried to teach me, but since I never had my parents, I made it hard for her. So, I ended up in Group homes. There I experienced a lot of racism. I had to fight to keep my shoes and clothes because black kids did not like me because I was Hispanic. When I started gangbanging, I was 13 years of age. I am 30 now. So, I never liked the group home. So, I went AWOL and ran away. I would hit the streets and run to my neighborhood, where my cousins and the gangs were. Eventually at 14 I committed a crime that gave me some years in juvenile hall. From San Diego to LA county, all those places did was to make me worse. The cops around us were ignorant and abusive toward us. So, we fought for superiority of the facilities. There was a lot of racial tension, kind of like walking on eggshells. Finally, I made it out. When I turned 18, I had made it into CYA camps in Nevada and during the whole time, I never received a visit or any letters, which made me more bitter. So, I made it out, but ended up in prison at 19. So, I became worse beating and stabbing each other, and I hated God for the life I was handed. I have many regrets and giving my life to evil was one of them. I got out of prison at 27, confused and hating and worshipping the Santa Muerte and the enemy. I would drug deal and worship negativity. I did not have a job, so I went deeper into crime. I even got one of my brothers locked up on me and I felt guilty for throwing his life away. I hate it even more. So, I started using needles and

drinking and fornicating and nothing satisfied the evil. I started having mental issues, hearing voices. They would torment me. I had changed. Through my wickedness I became deranged, crazy. That's when I found the slight thought of finding my way out of my prisoned-up mind. So about two years ago I ended up in God Ranch. I needed something better than me. I had never been baptized until Jeremiah baptized me and after that my voices in my head disappeared. I was dealing with suicide, and I was heartbroken, and God kept me even after I left the ranch. Not many people wanted to deal with me at the God Ranch, still they took me back. I am glad for this place where it showed me kindness other than violence and a life I was used to. So now I am here again, and I thank God that I am not in my muck and mire. Now I am learning peace, humility, love, and kindness. I love the people here and I thank God for the food, the studies, the stories, and laughter I could not get when I roamed the street. Amen

—Michael Ledesma

Testimony-Spenser Simon

Back when I was 15 1/2 years old is when I started using weed with my friends. But I was using only on the weekends. Then it went from only on the weekends to everyday. I started to drink and finally when summer came around and when I got offered Xanax. Oh man that's when all the other drugs came running along. When I take Xanax, I feel untouchable. So, I started stealing from cars, robbing people. I started stealing weed plants from my usage of Xanax from ages 15 to 17 years old. Finally, I got caught and went to juvenile hall for a month. Then I went into a rehab, but I was only in rehab for five months and sober for eight months. Until I got a job at "the habit". I was working there, and I started picking up heroin, again, and finally I was doing fentanyl which then that where my addiction really began. My life living with my mom's sister began to fall apart. I got kicked out of the house for not following the rules. So, I would go stay with my dad and since he didn't know exactly what was going on with me and my lifestyle, I had him thinking that I was just smoking pot. Of course, he hadn't found any of my sacs on me until I was 18 years old. Then I started to

fall hard on my back. My using pattern was more like that I needed my drugs for my wellbeing. To get high and mess around anymore, turned into me a never-ending cycle of mayhem to feel better or normal. I had my parents telling me if I keep doing the path I'm doing this is going to happen. I'm listening to them tell me this and going in one ear out the other telling myself," Man these people are lying to me about this," and saying to myself I got this on my own. I can do whatever I want to do and not get in trouble." From age 17 to 18 years old, being on formal probation for 18 months, a lot happened. Because once 18, I had got ahold of my trust account that was told to be used only for college usage only nothing else. Man, when I saw the amount of money, I think it was 80,000 or 50,000 all I thought about using that money for was drugs and clothing. I did enroll myself into Saddleback College in culinary arts. I started selling cocaine as well as using it by the 8 balls. I would get upset with myself because I was staying up so late at night and then I started getting fentanyl more and more. Once I was 19, my living situation at home was destroyed. I had friends over all the time. I was using drugs at home, growing weed, when my mom told me not to. I felt like I was untouchable since I was the only man at the house. I started thinking everything was about me. It was not until I turned 21 years old, actually five days before I turned 21, that I got arrested and I was taken to the main jail for the first time. Man! I was thinking I wouldn't go back there, but I did five more times. I was kicked out of the house and put into a motel where my evil things started to get more involvement. A lot of other stuff happened in my life where it got me in trouble. If I continued, I could not become a restaurant owner or a chef or go to culinary school, unless I stick with a good fellowship and keep pushing forward with Jesus. Because right now I'm happy with myself at where I am today. I have not great, but wonderful brothers around me. I have this warm feeling in my heart where I feel like I'm finally getting through my addiction. Why? Because I got my new brothers in Christ Jesus, and God helping me all the way to my next destination.

—Spenser Simon



Donate