

Michael Orey's

Testimony

I was and still am what I consider a very different child/person. I was not like the other boys at all. I was very information hungry, especially needing to know how things worked. I was overly sensitive and emotional (I didn't realize this until later). There is a natural gender bias baby boys are held differently than little girls. It's all right for girls to be tomboys but never good for boys to be sissies. Any way I was very sensitive. I used to love to put my head on my mom's knee and she would run her fingers through my hair and talk to me. I'd have my eyes closed and been in Heaven. There was no other place in the world I'd rather be until my Dad came charging at me one day and kicked me across the living room. I was like a 40 pound three year old child when the beatings began. My Dad was an alcoholic who worked, drank, beat me, my sister and my mom and then watched football in that order. Then he drank some more and watched his favorite team the Dallas cowboys. He graduated Austin High School in 1965; he was adopted original ethnic background ½ Mexican ½ Choctaw Indian. His adopted mom, my grandma Orey (may she rest in peace) was mean spirited. My Dad must have experienced some horrible/hideous things in his life because he was running from it then and he is now. He sexually abused me and my sister both from an early age and he forced my mom to do things for him. He must have been abused at the orphanage before he was adopted and he abused young children while he was in Vietnam.

My Dad is afraid of me now that he has moved back to Texas within the last three months and stopped writing me. I was 24 years old when my Dad stopped drinking. He won't admit any abuse happened. As for me I didn't stay so little so long when I was 15 I was 205 pounds, so the beatings stopped. My Dad the coward would start fights with big men then tell them my son will kick your ass (a clever was for him to not get what he had coming).

Anyway I was very mechanical, a perfectionist and super creative. I think I was like 5 at the DMV with my mom with a toy battery operated impact gun and my mom wasn't watching, the lady at the desk said ma'am your son's taking that table apart and it's about to collapse in on him. That defines my early childhood. Without all these distractions I could have been a mechanical engineer by now. I did my first bodywork on cars at the age of 11. I didn't like sports or any other guy things but I loved being around older people because that was where the information was. I had a paper route, washed cars, mowed lawns and worked at Knotts Berry Farm all before my 16th birthday. I was a little Entrepreneur, I bought a 20-inch Free Agent BMX bike, customed ordered one from the factory for one thousand dollars. It took all my money I had saved from the age of twelve. Back then if I saw something I wanted I put my mind to it worked hard and saved and through hard work I'd get it done. I could have gone anywhere.

From the outside we looked like a normal family. I was 14 when I bought my first car for \$2,200. All my money I earned and saved. It was a 1972 Plymouth Road Runner. My Dad and I were just going to go look at it: I drove it home. My mom took one look and said you're not driving that, give me the keys. This was a turning point for me. My mom turned on me as soon as she realized both us kids could cut and run and leave her with her jalopy husband. My sister was older and already had a car. Hard work no longer mattered. If someone could come along and take what's yours and the toughest to belief; a Justice system and Authority figures who abuse their position above you. It was the perfect storm, everything I had worked so hard for wasted my entire childhood to acquire gone, just like that. My childhood taken, my innocence raped; rage and resentment fueled the rest of my life.

I began a life of crime, drug use and dishonesty. I took drugs like I didn't care if I lived or died. I started listening to loud rock music, grew my hair out and had a bad attitude. I was taking what I wanted, I was bent and broke and didn't want to be

fixed. When I got my permit I forced entry into my parents armoire stole the keys pink slip and registration, I was driving my car to school I totaled it a week later. That was the first time I cried in a long time. That car symbolized my escape, my freedom; everything I owned was ruined. This began my cycle of destroying beautiful things. Then I met Mary and we fell in love. My mom and dad finally divorced and my mom moved in with Tom. Mary moved in with me at my mom's house and we all kept our distance. I went through cars and used more drugs. Mary started using hard drugs with me. We never really communicated and we were not compatible sexually. Our relationship lasted 9 months. She may have been pregnant when she left, I may have a daughter somewhere. I got more into pornography, and then I stated fantasizing about little girls, and one thing led to another and I started to molest them. I was no longer in control; I was caught in 1995 got 4 months in county jail. Then in 1999 I did nine months for another sex crime. I am presently serving a sentence for 3 counts of child molestation, 2 counts of false imprisonment and 1 count of residential burglary. There were many other crimes I was never caught for. I hated the Law I had no respect I was resentful.

I no longer feel that way though. I also no longer feel drawn to little children for sex. I have used my time in prison for personal improvement. But number one God has helped me; I've found myself through Him. I know where I want to be now with God. All things are possible! I just finally got to a place in my life where I could no longer keep doing this to others and myself and in real honest evaluation I learned there was more good to me than there was bad. I had something to give back now. I admit my past was what it was and that it was unchangeable, that some people would forever view me as a child molester. But I had work to do, I had a life to rebuild, it was God who showed me. I believe He wants me to start again, not only that but also that He will make the way possible for me. "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Isaiah 30:21. I

began early because I saw that the economy and prison system were against me. My family and friends after ten years slowly drifted away, leaving me mostly alone. But nobody can take away from me the Hearer of Prayer, The LORD is far from the wicked, But He hears the prayer of the righteous, Proverbs 15:29. Proverbs 21:2, Every way of a man is right in his own eyes, But the LORD weighs the hearts.

Today I'm keeping it real with God. Psalms 118:6 The LORD is on my side; I will not fear. What can man do to me! I believe that Jesus is Lord; Romans 10:9 that if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. Acts 2:21 And it shall come to pass that whoever calls on the name of the LORD Shall be saved.

I've been in prison 10 years, I have read my Bible many times, there is fellowship in here and there are good Christian men and women on the streets who love and care for us and God hear their prayers. Christ changed my life! He sees those who come to the prisoner's side and he considers it as if the favor was paid directly to him

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 80 testimonies of those whose lives have been transformed by God's amazing Grace. Please send us your testimony as well. We would also like artwork and poetry to use in this ministry.

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Working on making a book: looking for testimonies of inmates and ex-prisoners.

If you would like your testimony included please send to address above.

Friend of God

Who am I that you are mindful of me
That you hear me when I call
And is it true that you are thinking of me
How you love me it's amazing

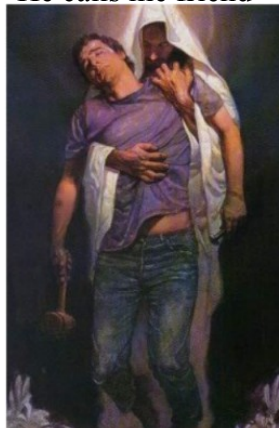
I am a friend of God
I am a friend of God
I am a friend of God
He calls me friend

God Almighty Lord of Glory
You have called me friend

I am a friend of God
I am a friend of God
I am a friend of God
He calls me friend

Who am I that You are mindful of me

I am a friend of God
I am a friend of God
I am a friend of God
He calls me friend



Starting Over Only This Time God is Beside Me!



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