

God Bailed Me Out

I walked out of the Forsyth County jail on February 17, 1994. The judge released me and told me I was free to go. It seemed he did it against his better judgment because he spoke rather harshly to me as he signed my release orders.

“Young lady, you’ve done a fine job of wasting and ruining your life. Go ahead and finish the job.”

I was jubilant to be free but afraid that maybe the judge was right—that I would die in the streets. I had been a prostitute for more than 13 years, and I was afraid I was doomed to the same destruction as the other women I’d known. Yet I continued working the streets.

I was addicted to crack cocaine, and I believed it was too late for me, that it was impossible for me to change. But a few days before my court date, God met me while I was working in the jail’s laundry room.

I had asked to have the radio tuned to a gospel music station. The first song, “Another Chance,” broke my heart, and I began to weep. I started confessing my sins to the Lord.

I told God how sorry I was for the way I had almost ruined the life He had given me. Finally, I asked Him to forgive me, save me and give me another chance.

What God did for me that day was nothing short of a miracle. Now, 10 years later, I’ve gone to college and graduated with honors. I work as a high school English teacher, and I have the privilege of traveling the globe, preaching the gospel as an evangelist.

Praise God! All the glory, honor and praise belongs to Jesus.