

PROFILES OF THE FAITH

April 24, 2026

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

I was not raised in stability. My early childhood was marked by poverty, uncertainty, and pain—the kind of environment where you learn too early how to survive, but not how to live. There were moments when hope felt distant, when the weight of circumstances pressed harder than any child should ever have to bear. Yet even in the middle of that instability, there was one constant: God and His church. When everything else shifted, His presence remained steady. The church became more than a building—it became a refuge, the one place where I could breathe and feel something different, something real. At the age of fifteen, I gave my life to Christ. It was genuine and sincere, but it was also the beginning of a battle I did not yet understand, because salvation changes your destination, but it does not instantly erase your past.

Despite my faith, the years of trauma, instability, and unresolved pain continued to shape my decisions. I had not yet learned how to heal from what I had been through. I was saved, but still wounded, and wounds left unhealed will eventually speak. At nineteen years old, my life took a dramatic turn that would change everything, and I found myself incarcerated. What felt like the lowest point of my life was actually the place where God would begin His greatest work in me. Inside that prison cell, when everything was stripped away—no distractions, no masks, no pretending—it was just me and Him. It was there that I encountered God in a way I never had before, and He spoke something to my spirit that would redefine my life forever. The truth of Scripture, especially 2 Corinthians 1:4–7, came alive in a way I could not ignore: that God comforts us in all our troubles so that we can comfort others with the same comfort we have received. In that moment, I realized that God had not wasted my pain. He had allowed me to walk through it so that I could one day help someone else walk out of theirs. My scars were not just reminders of what I had been through; they were preparation for what I was called to do.

What the world saw as a setback, God was using as a setup. Inside those walls, transformation began—not overnight, but steadily, deeply, and intentionally. God began to reshape my identity and show me that I was more than my mistakes, that my past did not disqualify me but positioned me. Before long, He began to use me. I started mentoring young men who were just like me—broken, searching, and trying to make sense of their lives. I was not speaking from theory, but from lived experience, and that made the difference. God did not just change my heart; He gave me assignments. I had the opportunity to help establish five different college programs, opening doors