

1 May 2020

Dear Prison University Project

Thank you so much for the great care package. What a pleasant surprise.

The pop article teaches us all — even when we already knew a little something of the chemistry, very cool.

Is Ronny Swenart still a sponsor of Patton? Please give him my best. We met Jim Folsom in the mid '70's. A great brother in the Lord.

With thanksgiving in Christ,

Bruce Davis

You may use any of the above.

stabbed to death. I felt concern and sadness for him and his family, but kept trying to deny my feelings and stop my tears. His body and the pool of his blood reminded me of the enormity of my own crimes. This was the first time I felt the sorrow and pain of those I'd hurt. I also felt remorse and shame for my crimes and regretted ever going along with Manson's manipulation. "I have heard of You by the hearing of the ear; but now my eye sees you; therefore I react, and I repent in dust and ashes." - Job 42:5

My former loyalty turned to disgust. I was glad Manson was in prison, and agreed that I deserved to be there too.

The Lord directed me to study His Word, and I began to consume the Bible and anything related to it. Attending church came next, and soon I was the Chaplain's clerk, and started teaching the Bible and assisting in worship services.

The calling to music was confirmed to me when the Lord impressed a prayer group to give me a Martin guitar. The D-35 was dedicated and inscribed, "To the Gospel of Jesus the Messiah, March 1, 1977."

God used those six years in Folsom to anchor me in His foundation and to teach me that His love is greater than all my sin, fear and doubt.

In 1980, I was transferred to the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo, where I became involved in the chapel program and have continued to serve the Lord. Four years later I met the woman who would become my wife. The following year we were married. She is a wonderful, Spirit-filled woman, the crown of my life, and the most loving and honest person I have ever known.

Our marriage carried a high personal price for her. Though supported by a brother and sister, the rest of her family rejected me and our marriage. But, when she had a serious bout with melanoma, her mother came to investigate our situation. During that visit she began to appreciate what my wife valued in me. Our shared love for her daughter became the basis for a growing relationship, which really blossomed when she surrendered to Christ on the occasion of my daughter's dedication.

safe with Christ if you believe: "Being confident of this very thing, that He who has begun a good work in you will complete it unto the day of Jesus Christ." - Phil. 1:6

"I will never desert you (says God) nor will I ever forsake you, so that you may confidently say, "the Lord is my helper; I will not be afraid. What shall a man do to me?" - Heb. 13:5

Receive Jesus Christ and confess Him as the Lord of your life.

You can have God's Power

You need the power promised by God to be a victorious Christian. Jesus said, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but wait in the city of Jerusalem until you are given the power from on high." - Luke 24:49

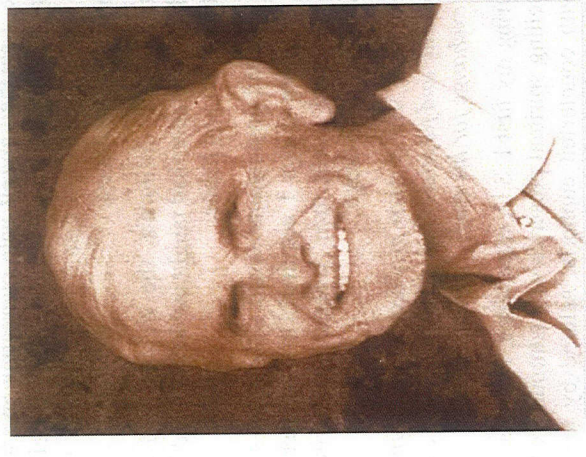
You will receive His promised power the same way you received salvation, simply by asking in faith. God promises to give the Holy Spirit and not a counterfeit. Jesus, teaching on prayer, said, "If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those that ask Him?" - Luke 11:13. The born-again apostles, who had walked with Jesus for three years were not fully equipped to minister the New Covenant until they received God's promise power. You, like the disciples, can be absolutely sure that you require God's promised power.

Jesus said to His disciples, "...you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and to the end of the earth." - Acts 1:8

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A way which seems right

By age nineteen I had little reason to believe things at home would change. My father's drunken outbursts were always verbally degrading and sometimes physically violent, and my mother's attempts to protect my sister and me were largely ineffective. I retreated from them both, feeling



Bruce Davis

rejected, worthless and angry. Behind a smiling façade, I pacified myself with overeating and sexual fantasy. I decided to put distance between myself and those I considered the cause of my troubles. From Tennessee I headed west.

In Southern California, the welding and metalworking my father had taught me led to good jobs, nice things and bad habits.

I believed possessions would satisfy me. However, the more things I acquired, the emptier and more frustrated I felt; then, I began attempting to satisfy myself with drugs.

"For what will a man profit, if he gains the whole world, and forfeits his soul? Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" - Matt 16:26

During my first L.S.D. experience, I encountered a compelling spiritual presence who camouflaged my fears with counterfeit euphoria. Allured by feelings of self-exaltation, enchanted by prospects of personal power, I was very willing to be seduced by an "angel of light." *"...for even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light."* - 2 Cor. 11:14.

As drugs dulled my despair, I accepted psychedelics as the key to happiness. But continued psychedelic experiences began to whet my appetite for the bizarre, and subtly sowed seeds of destruction, which lay dormant for years.

Those seeds were germinated during a ten day stay in a crowded Los Angeles jail cell. A false charge against me seemed reason enough to commit myself to rebellion. This decision was used by a spirit-being, like that of my first L.S.D. experience, who encouraged me to reject the "system" that falsely accused and abused me.

Soon after my release, I met Charles Manson and The Family. His engaging style, plus the offer of sex and drugs, made his invitation to join the Family easy to accept. The Family gave me a sense of belonging, which satisfied my craving for love and respect. *"There is a way which seems right to a man, but its end is the way of death."* - Prov. 76:25. At the end of Spring in 1968, the Family moved to an old movie

ranch and I returned to Tennessee.

My father, I later learned, had become a Christian, which explained his efforts to befriend me. But, before I could understand the change, he died from a stroke. Still resentful, I refused to attend his funeral. I did, however, attend the settling of his estate, took my share and again ran from the reminders of my past.

I turned twenty-six that fall aboard a Portuguese freighter. Hashish, Hess's *Siddhartha* and Joplin's *Ball and Chain* did a lot to fill the time until the Açores anchored off the Biscay Bay in the Spanish Basque port of Bilbao.

Spain and then Portugal led me to North Africa. But even Tangiers' abundant drugs were unable to satisfy me. I drifted to Gibraltar and then to England.

In London an invitation to a lecture introduced me to the Scientologists. I was attracted by their hospitality and began to study their New Age philosophy. These ideas eventually lost their charm and soon afterwards I was back in California. Manson and one of the girls met me at Los Angeles International.

"Get out---This is trouble!" My gut warned me when I first saw them. I ignored the warning and returned to the old movie ranch, the point of my previous departure. *"Suddenly, he follows her, as an ox goes to the slaughter. he does not know it will cost him his life."* - Prov. 7:22-23

During my absence, Manson's mantra of "free love and drugs" had turned to one of racism and violence.

A few weeks later, I drove with others to the home of Gary Hinman. He was a former Family acquaintance we intended to rob. We did not believe Gary's plea that he had no money, so the robbery turned into a murder. When I heard of Gary's death, my gut warned, "Get Out!" Again, I ignored it. I was not present at the time of the murder; however, having driven the car and being in the house, I was implicated. Later, I took part in the murder of Donald Shea. This time, Manson insisted that I decapitate Mr. Shea. I could not do it, but I did cut his right shoulder. Soon after, I was indicted for conspiracy to commit

murder and became a fugitive.

Being a fugitive from man was easier than being a fugitive from God. Because of my relatives' prayers, I saw the hopelessness of my situation and after months on the run, I accepted prison as inevitable and surrendered to the authorities on a rainy day in December 1970. *"Man's steps are ordained by the Lord, How then can a man understand his way?"* - Prov. 20:24

The Truth

Fall of 1974, my second year in Folsom Prison, awaiting a drug delivery, a thought invaded my mind, "You will never get high again." I was first amused and stunned with unbelief when the drugs arrived and I actually refused my share. I felt powerful when I realized my bondage to drugs had been broken.

Later, at a water fountain, God spoke into my mind, "Look at the yard, what do you see?" I saw everyone as if they were cloaked with death. I said, "I don't like this." Then He explained, "This is the result of your choices." I suddenly understood the death I was seeing on the others was really my own. I need help," I admitted. That simple statement brought a marked sense of peace.

Some days later, I picked up *The Late Great Planet Earth*, thinking it was a science fiction. Realizing it was not science fiction, I was about to discard it when the Voice said, "You said you needed help." "So what," I scoffed. He replied, "This claims to be help; read it and if it does not help, then throw it away." Doubtfully, I continued. I wanted to deny the obvious truth of the fulfilled Bible prophecies the writer presented and God's requirement that surrender to the Lord Jesus was the only way to salvation. *"...there is salvation in no one else; for there is no other name under heaven that has been given among men, by which we must be saved."* - Acts 4:12

Finally, I agreed God's way must be better than my own; mine had definitely wrecked my life.

Later, lying in bed, I muttered, "This God stuff is crazy I'm probably just talking to the walls." He reminded me, "You've done far worse than talk to the

walls." I knew then that resistance was futile. Even so, in a last ditch effort to justify myself, I tried to make God respond angrily to me like my father had, so my "surrender" was surly and disrespectful. "Okay God," I said, as if giving Him His big break, "You say you love me; I don't love you. You say you want to help me; I don't believe you. But, if you are willing and able, then do anything you can." Surprisingly, I awoke the next morning having had the best night of sleep that I could remember. *"When you lie down, you will not be afraid; When you lie down, your sleep will be sweet."* - Prov 3:24

Over the next few days I was amazed by His love as my entire outlook began to change. I had been born again just like Jesus said, *"Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."* - John 3:3

God accepted me like I was, but He loved me too much to leave me that way. Big changes were coming. *"...if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation, the old things passed away; behold new things have come."* - 2 Cor. 5:17

His Life

Years on the psychedelic roller coaster had destroyed my peace of mind. God began His restoration by giving me an attitude adjustment, a spiritual heart transplant. *"Moreover, I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you; and I will remove the heart of stone from your flesh and give you a heart of flesh."* - Ezk. 36:26

Then He began to focus on particular parts of my life. My faith and respect toward God increased when He instantly delivered me from tobacco. His gracious act let me see the difference between His strength and my weakness, between His righteousness and my crookedness. Right then I admitted to deserving death for my sin; He let me see that only Christ's sacrifice had satisfied His judgment against me. I said, "Lord, if you will have me, then I am yours." God continued to change me.

Next came the racist attitude I'd adopted. I saw a black man named "Bad News" just after he had been