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'He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, so that we might die to sins and live for righteousness; by his wounds you have been healed'. 1 Peter 2:24

Twelve years ago this month Larry quit his job at Arkansas Department of Transportation and started doing prison ministry full time. It is a blessing to look back and reflect on the people we have ministered to and the places we have been. We've said from the beginning that this is not our ministry, it is God's ministry and we want to be obedient to His call on our lives.

During January, Larry ministered at the Ouachita River Unit in Malvern three days and also spent two days at the Maximum Security Unit in Tucker, AR. Chaplain Davis from the Arkansas Community Correction Center in Texarkana, AR contacted Larry in December to let him know the state was bringing the technical parole violators back to the unit. He asked if Larry and Darryl Fox could hold Bible studies with the men on Tuesday and Thursday evenings like they had before. They have been averaging six men at the studies. We also attended the memorial service for Big Joe, one of the Confederates who passed away on January 5. Larry ministered to Joe when he was in prison and had stayed in contact after Joe went home.

In February, Larry ministered at the Ouachita River Unit in Malvern two days, spent one day at the Tucker Unit in Tucker, AR and made a visit to Texarkana Work Release. We also went to Little Rock for the ABATE Swap Meet and Bike Show. We talked to a couple men that Larry ministered to in prison and on the way home, stopped to pick up the fenders and tanks for our 1970 Harley that Gary Wise painted for us. We met Gary when he was in prison. He has been out several months and is doing great. He blessed us by doing the paint job free of charge. It was encouraging to hear him tell how God is using him to reach some of his friends and family.

Larry, Darryl Fox and I left the evening of March 6 for Daytona Beach, FL. We hauled three old Harleys in Darryl's enclosed trailer. Considering the fact we had snow on the ground when we left, that was probably a wise decision. Early Saturday morning, Larry realized he forgot to pack his blood pressure pills. After a couple calls to our pharmacy, we stopped at a Wal-Mart pharmacy in Port Orange before going to Mike and Brandi's house to set up camp. They said to come back around 4PM. I was thinking this was a small inconvenience but when we went back at 4:00 to get the pills, we had the opportunity to talk to a couple ladies about Jesus and hand out cross pennies and earrings. One of the ladies knew our friend Brother Bert. She works for Goodwill and goes to prisons to teach the men how to apply for jobs and write resumes. The other lady commented on how simple salvation is yet many people that are in church every Sunday can't tell you how to be saved. She said they know more about their church doctrine than the Word of God. On Sunday, we rode around on some of the back roads close to Mike's house so I could get comfortable riding Pearl, the 1970 Harley Sportster that Larry finished building right before we left. The shifter is on the right side instead of the left and that took some time to get used to! We went to a swap meet and ran into our old friend Tommy. When we saw Tommy in Sturgis, he had been sober for a couple months but it didn't last. He was cutting up and joking as usual but if you read between the lines, you can see someone that is hurting. That evening, we stopped at Wendy's on our way back to camp. Right after we went inside, Larry noticed a guy sitting at a table and commented that he looked like Mitch Elliott. It

was Mitch and he was there eating and ministering to a young man named Jeremy. We had never met Mitch but know sister and brother-in-law and wrote to Mitch when he was in prison. Talk about God setting up a meeting!

Monday we rode out to the Speedway, to Black Bike Week and went down on Main Street to buy post cards to send to the prisoners we write to and walk around. We were getting ready to walk back to the bikes and find somewhere to eat to celebrate Larry's birthday when we saw a lady fall as she was crossing the street. She said she had too much to drink and she and her boyfriend had been fighting. We gave her a cross penny and earrings and suggested that she sit down and rest a few minutes. On Tuesday, we rode back to the Speedway to take advantage of the free lunch that the Harley Owner's Group had each day of the rally. As we were leaving, I had trouble starting Pearl so we decided to ride back to camp and leave her there. We noticed Darryl was way behind us when we were about a mile or so from camp. His clutch cable had broken and what a blessing that we were so close to camp. When we got to Mike's on Saturday, we noticed the pipe on his well pump was leaking and we offered to help fix it. Mike wasn't busy that afternoon so while Larry worked on the bikes; Darryl and Mike got parts and replaced the leaky pipe.

Wednesday we spent some time talking to Mountain Man and Shirley; then went out by the Iron Horse Saloon to visit with Angell and see how our friends the Overbeys were doing with their Music For The Soul ministry. Attendance at the rally was down and most vendors we talked to said no one was buying anything. I watched people walking by the Music For The Soul stage stop, listen and walk on by. I'm guessing many of them didn't expect to hear that kind of music at a rally. On our way back to camp we stopped to get gas and spent some time talking to two men from Virginia. One of them had lost his wife to cancer in 2013. He said he knew she was in heaven and Larry asked him if he believed he would see her again and he said yes he did because he was saved too. We prayed with them before we parted ways. Thursday afternoon we had some excitement as we were leaving the Speedway. A man on a bike hit me as I was going through a traffic light. Thank God for those guardian angels! The bike has some damage but I wasn't hurt. The man that hit me didn't stop. We made another visit to Black Bike Week that afternoon. We had a good conversation with a biker from Kansas who is a member of the Gotti Brothers. He said their club rules are God 1<sup>st</sup>, family 2<sup>nd</sup> and job 3<sup>rd</sup>. Thursday evening we were walking around at the Cabbage Patch and Cackleberrys when I was approached by two college students who were doing a documentary on Bike Week. They asked if they could record and film me and I agreed. The young ladies said they were looking for a woman's perspective so I told them why we go to bike week. After we finished, one of them hugged me a couple times and when I asked if she was a believer, she said yes she was.

Friday we spent some time at Robison's Vintage Bike Show and handed out cross pennies and earrings. We went back to camp late that afternoon to start packing. After we had supper we rode to the gas station about 2 miles from camp and handed out cross pennies. This is the only gas station in that area and a lot of bikes stop there. Larry and Darryl spent a long time talking to a biker named Jeff who lives close to the gas station. Saturday morning Spruce Creek Baptist Church had a free pancake breakfast across from the gas station so we ate there. We met the pastor and talked to several members that were helping with the breakfast. This was their first time for the breakfast and we told them not to get discouraged if they didn't have a big turn-out. The pastor invited Larry to speak at their Wednesday night service during bike week next year. We got home early Sunday morning March 15. This year it seemed that we ministered to more believers than usual and I was reminded of Proverbs 27:17 'as iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another'. We enjoyed ministering at bike week and hope that we were a blessing to those that we talked to. We appreciate your financial support and your prayers and hope that you have a blessed Resurrection Sunday.

Larry & Kathy