

LINES ON A PRISON WALL Pacing back and forth in his prison cell, Leo D'Arcangelo was deeply disturbed - who wouldn't be, facing what was ahead of him? As a boy of eleven, he had picked a lady's handbag on a crowded trolley car. That was the start.

Five years of stealing followed before his first arrest at sixteen in a Philadelphia department store. Shortly after release he started mainlining heroin. Then began the seemingly endless arrests: November 1954, for use and possession of drugs, January 1955, for picking pockets. Shortly after, in Los Angeles, Leo was arrested for jumping bail.

As he paced in his cell he noticed a few lines crudely scrawled on the wall: "When you come to the end of your journey and this trouble is wracked in your mind, and there seems to be no other way out than by just mourning, turn to Jesus, for it is Him that you must find." This started him thinking: "This is the end of my journey. What have I got to show for it? Nothing except a lousy past and a worse future. Jesus, I need your help. I've made a mess of my life and this is the end of the journey, and all the crying isn't going to change my past. Jesus, if you can change my life, please do it. Help me to make tomorrow different." For the first time Leo felt something besides despair.

*For God so loved the world,
that He gave his only begotten Son,
that whoever believes in Him
should not perish,
but have eternal life.*

JOHN 3:16