

## 62 Inmate William O. Poloc



Name: William O. Poloc  
Age: 47 years old 3<sup>rd</sup> January 1954  
Status: Married 3 children  
Prison No: 140226-P  
Dormitory: 13-A  
Crime: Robbery with Homicide  
Sentence: Life Imprisonment  
Served: 13 yr. 6 months  
Detained: Since 1988  
Family: Address: 207 C. Michael St., Lower Engr's Hill, Baguio City, Philippines 2600

Dear Guys;

Greetings in the sweetest name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Hey guys! If you ain't be doing right now or maybe something's gonna be fussing you over, just put on your stuff, get rid of those hanky-pankies from your mind and do allow me to drive you into a footing you can be able to size up...."Who you are, what you are, and where you are".

Guys, just do me a little favor by going over these few lines. You know I really mean business. I don't want making any "tse-tse buret-tse" (exaggerated stories) with you neither I go roaming around the bush because I know in some degrees you're indeed a spoiled brat like me before. Well. If my A, B, C, would hit you directly below the belt, that's gonna be a sure sign that I made an impact... No pain, No gain. Right!

On August 22<sup>nd</sup> 1989, I was sentenced by the court to suffer the penalty of life imprisonment for committing a crime of robbery with homicide. Qualified as and insular prisoner, I was then immediately transferred from Baguio City Jail to the National Bilibid Prison. Maximum Security Compound,

Muntinlupa City. The place is a couple of hundreds kilometers away from my home. The legendary hell inhabited by hardened criminals coming from different places of the country. Killings, stabbings and rumbles are common activities and a daily experience caused between gangs before.

My early years in prison were indeed a mess. I could hardly adjust myself with the unusual and unpleasant environment. The climate was too hot for a country boy like me. I felt sick dealing with different people around. People who know no other things but to invent tse-tse buret-tse just to deceive others. Sometimes I become morally inclined when my family comes to visit. After all, I am back again to my abnormal situation. Life in prison for the past eight years was a bitter experience in my life. Until one day that was in June 1995 I happened to attend a fellowship of born again Christians. I just don't know what prompted me to get assembled with these enthusiastic people. It was my only first time to join worshipping God demonstrated by dancing and clapping of hands. I really felt irritated and thought to myself that these people had gone all insane. I just wanted to step out of that rumpus place but there was some thing from within that's gonna be pulling me to stay over. Eventually I tried to relax myself and with curiosity, observe the next event that would take place after the singing. Mean while a man rose from his seat, positioned himself at the pulpit, and confidently delivered his message. I could not understand why at that very moment my attention was focused on the preacher's message. It was a message of hope, a hope for sinners like you and me. A hope that isn't temporary a lasting one authenticated by the blood of Jesus Christ. I was deeply moved and had been responsive by the preacher's message. It was very interesting and encouraging, however, intimidating. In my perception, I sensed that the preacher was emphatically hurling the message to me. But how did he come to know my spiritual needs? Besides it was only the first time we met each other. Nevertheless, whatever the intent of the preacher in delivering his message, I don't care. I don't care if it hurts me, being a sinner. I am drawn by his message and like it. I wanted to grasp everything he's trying to say. Finally, the conclusion of the preacher ended in a simple statement of challenge, which says. "Brothers, true hope can only be experienced through faith in Christ".

As I lay on my bed in my little room that very night, the message flashed back in my mind. I tried to recapture and meditate everything he said and found out my self that I am one of the worst sinners living against the will of God. And as a result, I deserve the menacing punishment of hell. The glowing presence of the preacher's message that morning became real into my mind. I was convinced that through faith in Christ was the only way to elude the consequences of being a sinner.

It was on the evening of June 1995, that I decided to accept Christ in my little room. Dragged by my will and emotion, I cried to God for the forgiveness of my sins. I asked God to give me a new life. The following day I felt like being a new man, I perceived that there was joy, peace and hope stimulating over my whole being. After a couple of months I committed myself to a church and was baptized. I really felt God was working in my life and wanted to equip me with his word. So I enrolled then in a Theological Institute and by the grace of God I was able to finish a 4-yr. course Bachelor in Theology. At the same time I endeavored to be active in every spiritual activity by preaching God's word to other churches here in prison, evangelism, and sharing God's word to my co-inmates.

Lots of them were surprised to see the changes that miraculously transpired in my life. And this led some of them to come and accept the Lord as their personal Savior.

People over here call me a doctor. I remember a certain Englishman by the name Michael Clarke. Every time he had a problem he used to consult me asking for a prescription. Of course I have got to give the best spiritual medicines that will heal him. In fact that is the reason why they call me the doctor. Roam now on, Muntinlupa the former grave of the living dead became the center of evangelism for Christ. Missionaries and Evangelists from different places thronged the place to preach the Word of God. Consequently lots of my co-inmates arose from their graves (spiritually speaking) they've come to accept Christ as their Lord and personal Savior.

Guy's! Have you considered the questions? Who are you? What you are? Where you are? . The Bible says that we are all sinners, therefore, each and every one of us deserves death (torments in hell) but because of God's loving-kindness he gave us the antidote in the person of Our Lord Jesus Christ to save us from the impending wrath of God.

Guy's it is time for you to think it over. You're in danger; you're in need of a Savior. Salvation is now! The Bible says that ... do not boast about tomorrow, we do not know that day may bring forth. (Prov. 27.1)

If any one cares to write to me it would be my pleasure to respond. C/o my family home address.

September 9<sup>th</sup> 2001.

