



Dear Pastor Meechan,

The scent of blood. And a message scrawled in red on the wall: *"I want to die. Let me die!"*

Can you imagine it? It's like the opening scene of a movie. But it is an all-too-real tragic scenario in our chaplains' experience.

On this day, in the Sheboygan County Jail, it's the scene Chaplain Jimmy encountered.

He rested his chin on the narrow, waist-high meal tray slot—the only opening into Megan's solitary cell. It had been two months. Twenty-four hours a day. Suicide watch.

But because of your faithful support and prayers, there is no place too hopeless, no person too broken for the gospel to reach.

Through the small gap, he could see her sitting just four feet away. Her arms bore the tragic story of her pain: fresh wounds, fading scabs, deep scars. *"Feeling myself bleed comforts me,"* she told him.

But the damage wasn't just on her arms. **Megan's entire body had become a canvas of pain.** She cut, bled, wiped, wrote—trying to express what words couldn't capture. **As heartbreaking as it is, self-harm gave her the only sense of control she had left.**

Still, they talked. They even laughed a little. And they sat in silence when the words just wouldn't come—**the quiet ministry of showing up and being present in her pain, sharing in her suffering.**

Breaking the quiet, Megan looked Chaplain Jimmy in the eye and asked, *"Do you think God ever feels discouraged or lonely?"*

God discouraged or lonely? I think her question was asking, "Does God see me, know me, care about me? Does God know what it's like to be hopeless and ruined, afraid and powerless? Is He powerful enough to heal me?"

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Through the prompting of the Holy Spirit, Chaplain shared the truth of Isaiah 53 and Hebrews 12. He told her about a Savior who understands sorrow, who was rejected, wounded, and suffered for us. A God who sympathizes with us in our weakness because He stepped into it for us.

Then Chaplain Jimmy asked Megan, *“Is this suffering Savior compelling to you? Would you like to know Him? To be healed?”*

With tears in her eyes and a radiant smile, Megan said, *“Yes. I want this Jesus.”*

That day, Megan was no longer alone—and she never would be again. Not long after, she was released from solitary confinement. But even more profoundly, she was freed from the prison of her sin.

This is what your gift makes possible: Gospel Encounters.
Thank you!

Please, make a gift today to send chaplains behind bars for the incredible opportunity to share Christ with hurting and hopeless people like Megan.

You are the reason Megan met Jesus instead of giving up. You create space for redemption in the darkest places.

But there are countless others still sitting in solitary silence, waiting for someone to share the way out of their suffering.

Without you, they may never hear that redemption is possible. But with your gift today, you can help ensure that a chaplain is there to meet them in the right place at the right time—with hope and truth of the Gospel and with the love of Christ.

In His Service,



Jon Evans - President

P.S. Right now, countless men and women like Megan wait in solitary silence—broken, forgotten, and desperate for hope. They’re waiting for someone to show up with the only message that can truly set them free. Will you help send a chaplain behind bars today to share the redeeming power of the gospel?