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My heart pounded as I glanced numbly around at my new home.

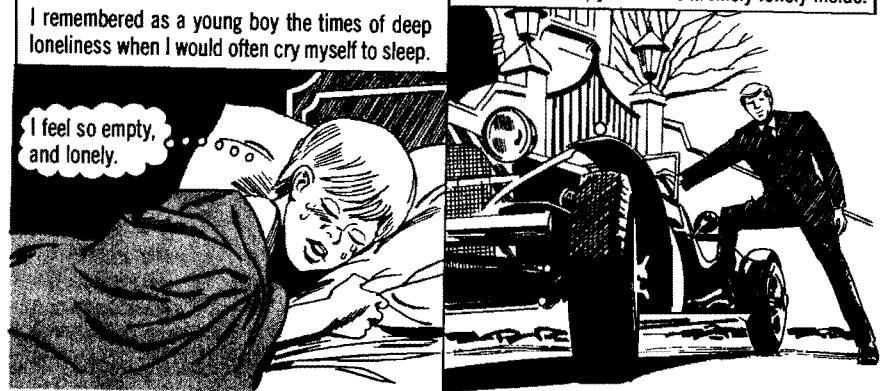
There was no fresh air — the stench was loathsome. And sweat dripped off me onto the stone floor. I could hear the crying and groaning of the other prisoners. The staggering, ghastly, and hideous reality of that endless living death crushed down on me.

All the events of my life raced through my mind as I lay there in that prison cell.

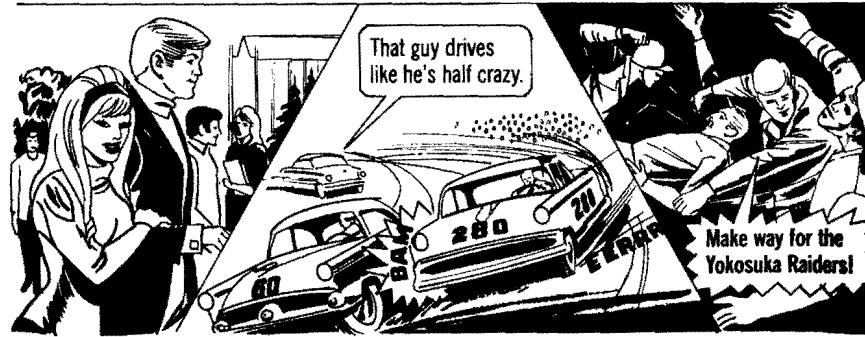
I remembered as a young boy the times of deep loneliness when I would often cry myself to sleep.

I feel so empty, and lonely.

I was raised in luxury and riches. I had no material wants, yet I was extremely lonely inside.



I found it necessary to continually prove myself, to be tops in whatever I set my mind to—whether it was to be the big wheel on the college campus...or the hottest auto racing driver on the Miami racing circuit...or the biggest, meanest and toughest Marine around—I had to be the best.



I always wanted the center stage. Becoming the best and most ruthless criminal lawyer in Miami was only part of my act.

Even though it was to cost me one marriage, and almost a second, I was not going to let anything stop me.



To fill that endless void that lingered within me, I filled my life full of wild parties, drugs, and every conceivable experience that would provide a thrill!

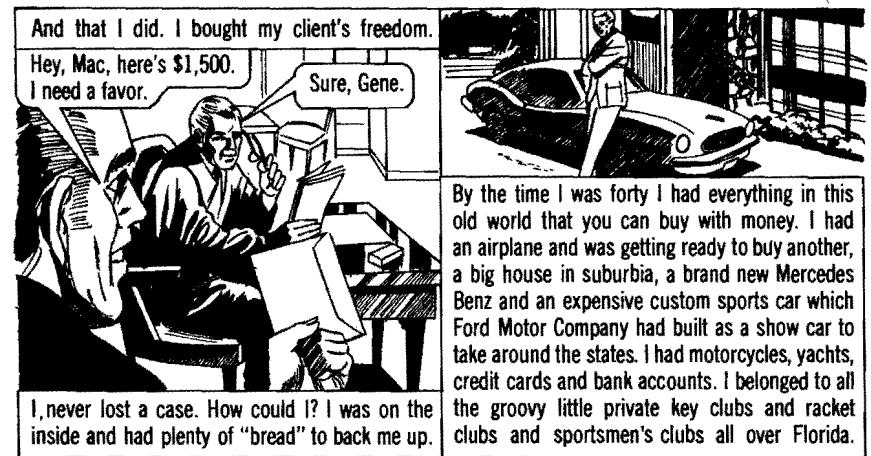
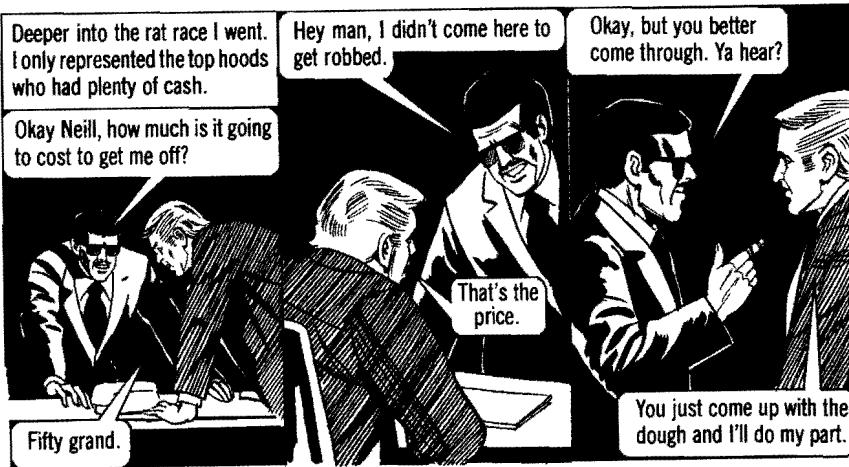


The business I was in was hard and demanding, dirty and corrupt. It was part of the cesspool of life. The pay-off system was part of our way of life—no one was excluded, not the judges, the police, or the court officials. The judicial system was a farce, and everyone wanted in on the action.



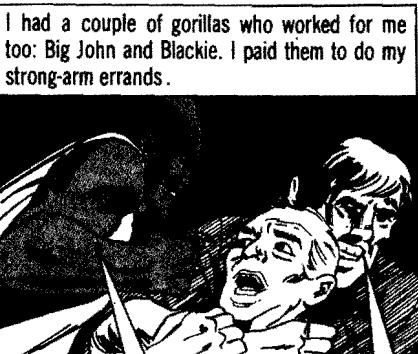
After being exposed to the incredible, impossible and grotesque murders and assaults and rapes and tortures and maiming—I became a part of it—it became my life.





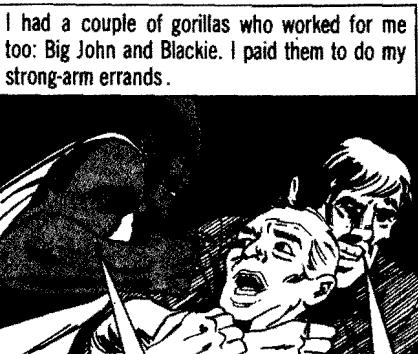


All the big-time hoods started hanging around my office—drinking my champagne and doing all kinds of things.

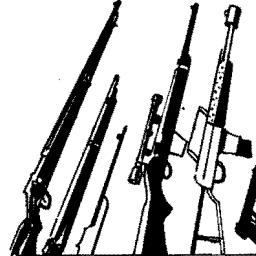


Now we're gonna have to mess you all up unless you pay up.

Yeh! You're ain't gonna look too pretty.



I had a couple of gorillas who worked for me too: Big John and Blackie. I paid them to do my strong-arm errands.



I had an arsenal of weapons that would have made Dillinger drool with envy. I had submachine guns, plastic explosives, pistols with silencers, and a switchblade knife. And I used them all —many times.



Here, try this—I just got it today—it's dynamite!



Jim Miller, a lawyer friend of mine, tried to warn me. Gene, you've lost control of yourself! You can't keep going like this!

Don't worry about old Gene. I know what I'm doing.



This was only one of many absolutely fool-proof, perfect crimes that I took part in. Others included setting up a cocaine processing plant, and even a bank robbery.

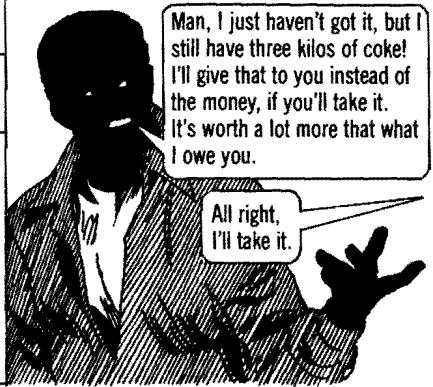
But time was running out.

Big old, burly Henry Rolle got caught with eight kilos of uncut cocaine. They had him dead! A perfect case!

He was trapped and needed my services, so I set a fee that would boggle most men's minds.

I had a little chat with the prosecutor and the trial never even went to court! Money talks!

When I went to collect, Henry cried on my shoulder that he was broke.



I started looking for a buyer. Along came my good friend Jim Stanfill. Good old Jim! I got him out of jail three or four times. I kept him from going to prison for life.

Who's in town that can handle three kilos of coke real fast, safely, and neatly for me, Jim?



Hey, yeh—I know just the guy! He's a big buyer from New York and he has a whole trunk full of money! I've seen it!

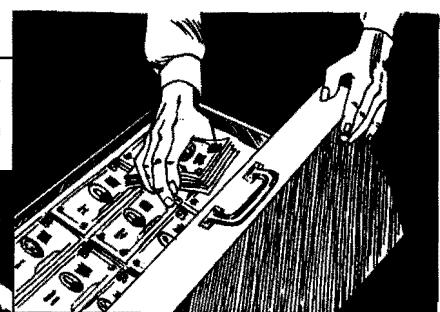


The contact was made.

The setting was in Sally Russell's cocktail lounge. I questioned him carefully to check him out. He had all the right answers. We were both satisfied.



Okay, Casey, I'll see you at my office tomorrow. And bring the money.



He brought a briefcase full of fifty dollar bills. To be doubly certain, I scanned him with an electronic scanning devise before I began talking to him there in my sound-proof office. He was clean. No bugs.

He gave me the money. And I locked it away and ushered him toward the door.



It's right straight above your head in the acoustical tile.

That's good! Hey, that's real smart!

When the transaction was finally completed I felt a great release of tension. I had made a clean deal.

It seemed like another perfect crime, but weeks later I began to smell a rat. Casey began to call me on the phone at the office and at home. Real buyers just never use the telephone and they never ask questions; because that's a good way to wind up dead.



Do you know of any other sellers or contacts?

I began to see cars following me from time to time. I knew the end was near; Casey was a cop, an undercover agent from Interpol. Jim had double-crossed me.



I was stuck. I was caught in my own web and I had to get away. I decided to take my wife, Dorothy, and go down to Central America until things cooled off. After several months of traveling, we found a place to live out the rest of our lives in the beautiful land of Guatemala.

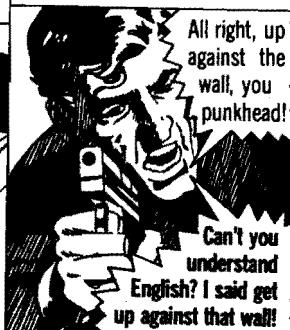
All I had to do was go back to the office to tie up a few loose ends and then we would go live happily ever after in Guatemala. But when I got back the trap was about to close.

Bob Brant, a sharp lawyer friend of mine, was used by the police in my arrest.

While I was entertaining Bob and his girl friend in my office, his girl friend unlocked my steel front door, allowing the police to come in.



They came roaring in like a corny scene out of "The Untouchables!" The Latin federal agent screamed:



It didn't seem real at first.



As a couple of them held me against the wall at gun point and searched me thoroughly, the others started very systematically tearing the place apart. They knew right where to look.

One of the prosecutors of the Federal Strike Force came up to me and said:



When they put me in a cell, I knew I was buried! One of the Federal agents yelled out: Hey, Neill! Did you know that Casey was a cop?



I had called Dorothy to get a bondsman and a lawyer for me. She was able to get a very low bond from a Federal Committing Magistrate who had been a friend of mine for many years.



I was released on bond.  
Baby, I'm just so very sorry.  
I'm so very sorry!

It's all right, Honey, I love you.  
I love you.

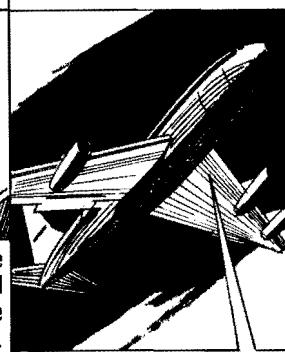
I then decided to jump bail and run.



I made arrangements with Gene Paris, my closest friend. I could trust him with my life. His life paralleled mine quite closely. He was a devout atheist.

I'm really on my way to freedom!

I grabbed a plane and flew to Atlanta.

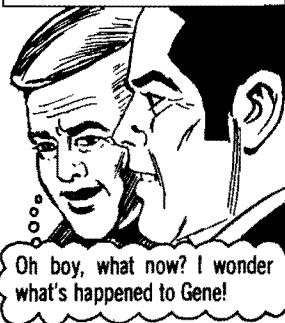


Hello there, Ace!



God bless you, Gene! I love you.  
I'm glad to see you!

This was a new Gene Paris, filled with a new kind of love, a new kind of joy and a new kind of peace, and talking about a God!



Oh boy, what now? I wonder what's happened to Gene!

At the house—as soon as we got inside.



Gene, I've changed. I'm a Christian now. I'd like to pray for you.

Oh dear Father, come help my friend! Come help my friend. Come help my friend.



I had never really heard anybody pray like that before and I had never seen anyone weep as he prayed. It changed my life.

I still didn't believe there was a God. I thought poor Gene Paris was just mistaken. But all of a sudden a feeling came over me that if I would just go back to Miami and plead guilty to all these crimes—everything would be all right. It was a crazy feeling. Absolutely insane. It had no logic to it. It had no reason to it. Yet the urge overwhelmed me.

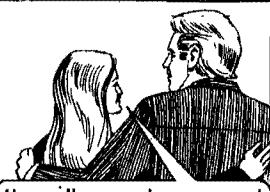
Gene, I know this sounds crazy, but I'm going back to Miami. I'm going to go on back and I'm going to plead guilty. I'm going to confess all the things I've done. Don't ask me why. I just have a crazy feeling all of a sudden that if I'll go back and plead guilty—everything's going to be all right. I know it sounds crazy—but I have a feeling.

Praise the Lord!  
I'm going back with you.

I went back, and I confessed all my crimes. My lawyers thought I was crazy.



Day of the trial. (My wife stood there with me with her arm around me.) I stood there before the judge, pleading guilty to all of the many counts. After I had spoken, Dorothy turned to me.



Honey, I've never been so proud of you in my life.

"I sentence you to fifty years in the Federal Penitentiary."



He sent me out to the Federal Penitentiary in Springfield, Missouri. That's where they send all men they are just going to bury. It's a terrible place, where men suffer agony beyond imagination.

There in prison, for the first time in my life I really saw myself. A broken, lonely old man—a failure—a tragic, decadent, lonely old failure in jail for the rest of my life.



Is there really a God some place? A real God? Does He know I'm down here in this terrible little hole? Does He care?

No man had ever looked me in the face and said, "Gene, there's a real, living Lord Jesus Christ—who loves you and who died for you." My mind flashed back to Gene Paris' prayer:



I knew from the bottom of my heart that he believed there was a real God some place!

Oh, my God, my God! What if I'm wrong? What if there really is a God some place?

So, lonely and terrified and desperate and hot and sweaty and dirty, I threw myself down on the floor of that little cell. And I called out to that God that I didn't believe in. I called out to that God, just hoping that maybe—just maybe—He might be in that great temple somewhere out beyond the stars.



Oh, my God, my God! What have I done! God, I just don't think you're out there. I'm sorry, but I just don't think you're there. But God, if you really are there; if you really are there—somewhere—some place out there, and if you can hear me—dear God, I'm sorry. Dear God, I'm sorry! Just as sorry as I can be. And God, please forgive me. Please forgive me! God, I promise you that if you'll just give me one more chance, I'll never do anything bad again. Never, God.

Never! I promise! And God, if you...if you're really out there...if you could just somehow let me start my life over—somehow God—if you could just let me start my life over—brand new

—God, I'll stay here in this little cell and I'll do this whole fifty years! Or I'll go home with my kids if you want me to. God, I'll do whatever you want me to do. But God—if you're really out there—and if you can really hear me—God, if you can really hear me, please come help me! Oh God, come help me! Oh God, come help me! Oh God!



At that moment the entire room was filled with love and the presence of God.

And I actually heard Him speak to me...in a beautiful, deep melodious voice that was just filled with love.



Gene, I love you, and I have waited a long time for you. But if you will really give me your life, I will give you my life.

God, I don't know what you want of me here in this prison. And I don't know what you want of my life. But I make you a promise right now that for the rest of my life—every second, every minute, every hour, every day—I'm going to try to be just as much like your Son, Jesus, as I possibly can. Father, I know I can't be just like Him, but I promise you with all my heart I'm going to try! I promise you, Father.

I could feel Jesus taking over my life. I could feel His Spirit coming into my being, giving me His strength and power and comfort! Enriching my life with the presence of His Spirit! I was really happy for the first time in my whole life!

I knew in that instant that God loved me. He really cared!

That same day God miraculously provided me with a Bible. And God was so good to me. He created a series of miraculous events. Several weeks later Judge Atkins ordered me back to Dade County, and there he resentenced me to just four years, and I was sentenced by another judge on additional charges. Then also God answered my prayer to be transferred to Elgin Federal Prison Camp, which is one of the better Federal Penitentiaries. Later I was provided the opportunity to begin working on my master's degree in Theology at the Liberty Bible College in Pensacola, Florida, through tape recordings which they mailed me. And I was provided with a job in a private office in the prison where I could

pray and study the Bible as long as I desired. I read it through from cover to cover 50 times!



God enabled my wife and children to move near the prison where I could have fellowship with them.

Then that wonderful day came. Two years and thirteen days later.



Okay, Neill,  
get your  
gear together  
—you're  
goin' home!

Dear God, did I hear him right? Did he say,  
"You're going home?"

I had never asked God to let me out; but now God was opening the gates for me! Free at last! Free at last! Thanks to God Almighty, I was free at last!

On that brisk November morning, I walked out the front door of that prison camp a free man. There, waiting for me, were my wife and children and more than two dozen lovely born-again Christians. From there we drove right over to the Gulf of Mexico, where I was baptized. Many tears of joy were shed by everyone and we praised a glorified Jesus Christ.



Since that time I have dedicated myself to a full time faith ministry for the Lord Jesus Christ.

This booklet has no ending—only a beginning, because in God's kingdom that's the way it is. Life for me and my family has become—ever since that infinite moment on the filthy floor of that tiny solitary cell—an adventure to end all adventures...a thrilling and vibrant and laughter-filled calliope excursion down an endless lifetime of love and joy and peace in the Holy Spirit. There's only one thing that really matters, the King of kings—the Lord of lords—the Lamb of God—Jesus. All else is folly—meaningless. And thus for me—for the rest of my life—as one of my dearest Christian brothers so poignantly put it one day long past "...forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the High calling of God in Christ."

And God has a great future for you. We have all become rebels against our heavenly Father, but since Jesus Christ died as our sacrifice God is able to forgive our sins and promise us eternal life. He wants to do that for you. I realize now that the reason God answered my prayer in prison was because I was so utterly sincere and earnest in my prayer. After a thorough study of the Bible, I now realize that this is really the only kind of prayer that God gives heed to. He states this through the prophet Jeremiah in these words. "You will seek me, and find me, when you search for me with all your heart" God is even now waiting to hear the cry from the innermost depths of your heart. God bless you!

Gene Neill

P.S. God may not speak audibly to you, as He did

to me. Very few have heard his voice. He deals with each of us differently. But if you seek Him in all sincerity, His Spirit will indeed witness to yours that you have been accepted. See Romans 8:16. The greatest assurance will come as you read His Word, the Bible. Keep looking up! The future is so wonderful—beginning with today.



God is now using Gene Neill in speaking engagements across the nation. His complete book entitled, "I'm Gonna Bury You!" is a best seller and is being made into a full length feature motion picture. Gene's book and cassette are available in Christian book stores, or directly from him.

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