



One of the hardest parts of reentry is family reunification. For some people they have no family left, for others it may be so broken on both sides it seems impossible, and for others, the family is so supportive it hinders growth. For this November issue, we are discussing the action of gratitude in family reunification. It is my honor to kick it off with my story of how nothing went according to plan yet was perfect in so many ways.



A while back I read a story of a visiting pastor who attended a men's breakfast in the middle of a rural farming area of the country. The group asked an older farmer, decked out in bib overalls to say grace for the morning breakfast.

"Lord, I hate buttermilk", the farmer began. The visiting pastor opened one eye to glance at the farmer and wonder where this was going. The farmer loudly proclaimed, "Lord, I hate lard." Now the pastor was growing concerned. Without missing a beat, the farmer continued, "And Lord, you know I don't much care for raw white flour". The pastor once again opened an eye to glance around the room and saw that he wasn't the only one

Gratitude In Action

By Cesar Reynaga

feel uncomfortable. Then the farmer added, "But Lord, when you mix them all together and bake them, I do love warm fresh biscuits. So, Lord, when things come up that we don't like, when life gets hard, when we don't understand what you're saying to us, help us to just relax and wait until you are done mixing. It will probably be even better than biscuits. Amen."

Within that prayer I find great wisdom. It's a reminder for me to stay strong during complicated situations. Because God is mixing several things that I don't really care for, but something even better is going to come out when He is done with it. Amen!

Things in life don't always work out smoothly or how I would like them to. When that happens it's easy to get discouraged. This has happened to me many times since my release from prison three years ago. Learning to stay disciplined and to trust God in those rough times has been a challenge. Over time I have noticed that it has gotten easier to respond to those hard situations by faith.

Reunification with my family has been one of my top priorities since prison. On the yard, I focused my last few years on doing everything I could to prepare myself for this. Exhausted from building my family's hope up over the years only to tear it down yet once more, I was determined to do whatever it took to never break their hearts again. I took advantage of all the classes and programs that the yard had to offer, from recovery

programs, church, Bible studies, and even parenting classes. I wanted to make sure that this was the last time I ever went to prison. My focus was on getting my kids back in my life.

When I started my prison term, my kids had been placed in foster care through DCS due to my fiancée experiencing an overdose. That painful event really motivated me to pursue positive change. I was mentored by Denise McDonald. We corresponded quite a bit and she encouraged me to continue to self-examine and find areas to improve. I took as many suggestions as I could from her and many others. As my release got closer, things that I had planned started to fall apart. One of those was parole denying me to live with my fiancée, even though she was doing much better and now had the kids living back with her. After asking God through prayer and meditation to guide my steps, not wanting to make a bad decision impulsively, I decided to reach out to New Freedom for help. Soon I was accepted and ready to go.

I finished off my term building a new solid foundation. One that would withstand when life hits hard. I did this because the evidence was that over the decades I have reacted poorly to situations and lacked coping skills. Through self-examination, I discovered that this foundation must be built on a relationship with God; my own reliance had failed me many times.

On the day of my release, I went straight to New Freedom and invested 90 more days towards strengthening that foundation. My plans were to go to my family once I graduated from New Freedom. I was eager for my family's restoration. However, close to my graduation things started to shift and did not work out how I wanted them to. The job I wanted was not coming timely and per my PO, I was still not allowed to go to my family.

I started to get frustrated and began to get discouraged. I have learned over the years when I feel discouraged to reach out to my support group and talk about the situation, look for solutions and find promises from God through reading His word. This has been effective many times over the years. Once I graduated from New Freedom, I went into a house manager position for a sober living while working as a landscaper. My plan was to save money, complete parole and then finally go back to my family. However, once again, before long I noticed that things were not going to be that easy.

I started to feel that my new home was now here in Phoenix and that God was instructing me to stay close to New Freedom. I informed my family that I was no longer moving to them and that we would have to find a way to reunite here with me. They did not like it much. But eventually supported me and got on board. Right when things started to line up and go in the direction I was hoping for, my fiancée began to struggle in

her recovery which resulted in her violating her probation and heading to prison. Overnight I went from managing a sober living home to being a full-time dad. I wasn't sure what to do but I knew I had to stay close to New Freedom and my support group. The police department waited with my kids for a few hours and handed them over to me once I was able to go to a lab and provide a clean U.A. God nudged me to not waste time and I grabbed a bag of belongings for my kids and came back to Phoenix. I couldn't take them to the sober living home, so for a week we were homeless floating on by at a nearby hotel. I would go to work for a few hours and come back to check on them. It was hard but, I knew God was making a way.

The day we were supposed to check out of the hotel room, I was still not sure what to do next. I got a call from a good friend of mine and he and his wife became aware of our situation. He invited the kids and me to come stay with him and his family until I found a place for us. A few weeks later I found an apartment and was approved. Some friends helped with the financial cost of moving in while others helped with furniture, and before long the kids and I had a home. It was overwhelming to see the army of support God sent. I am truly grateful for the support my family and I received. God will always make a way; it just doesn't always look like how we think it will. The storms of life will hit hard, but God will use them for His purpose.

This Thanksgiving season I am extremely grateful for the amazing support group that God has blessed me with. This would not be possible without them. It goes beyond a mere "Thank you" and represents a deep appreciation for the kindness, support, and opportunities I am blessed with. When I express gratitude, I not only acknowledge the generosity of others but also cultivate a positive outlook on life. It serves as a form of indemnification, offering a sense of reassurance and balance in my relationships, as it reminds me of the countless ways in which I have been blessed and supported throughout my journey. I will take it a step further and say that it is how I treat our kids, it's how I go out of my way to help others, it's the way I treat my friends that is the most important way I can express my gratitude. Gratitude in Action.

What a blessing it is to have my children living with me. They even leave little notes for me to find around the apartment that say things like, "Dad, we love you... Dad, we are proud of you..." We patiently wait for their beautiful mother to join us. We trust in God's redemptive Power and the work that He is doing in and through our little family. I encourage you to never give up. God is not done mixing yet!





Undeniably Clear

By Emily Spear

It was my two trips to Perryville prison that initially separated me from my two children. It was my inability to maintain sobriety or stability that kept the separation prolonged. I was fortunate that I had family members who were able to take my two daughters so that they wouldn't have to face foster care. Painfully, it was evident to everyone involved that they were better off with them than they would have been with me. Not only was I addicted to drugs, but I also faced other things that go along with that lifestyle, especially for women. I was unable to hold a job for more than a couple of months, and I stayed in an abusive relationship for several years. The last time I had seen my family had been on Thanksgiving. My dad called me the next day and explained to me that it was too damaging and hurtful for my daughters to continue seeing me the way I was, which was nodding off and unable to keep it together even for a couple of hours. As painful as that was, I continued to use. My addiction ended up taking me to homelessness and I became so ashamed of what I had become, there was no way I could even consider facing my family.

I had no contact with them for 2 years. It was just weeks before both of my daughters' golden birthdays that things finally got bad enough, and I had become so sick and tired of fighting every day just to survive that I finally decided I

had to make a change. I ended up getting into a very good treatment program after detox, where I put my all into the program. The main thing that was different "this time around" was turning my will over to God. That meant to me that I had to become willing to listen to the advice of the therapists, the sponsors, the others within the program. I had finally realized that doing things my way had proven time and time again not to work out in the end. I had to let go of my ego and just do what was suggested to me. During that time I also prayed daily for God to make it "undeniably clear which direction I should go" any time a decision was to be made. I stopped trying to cut my own paths and learned how to begin walking on

the ones God had already made for me.

It has now been 16 months since I got clean and sober. I've been working in the transportation department at New Freedom since March of this year, and I have been coming to the Position of Neutrality meeting and Recovery church for many months before that. I was first introduced to them by my then, boyfriend and now, husband who had been working at New Freedom for some time. The reason I mention these is because they have played a monumental role in my new way of living.

I was reunited with my daughters last Christmas, got married to the most wonderful man I have ever known in July and also gave birth to our very own baby girl that same month. Before I had gotten clean and sober, I had given up hope that I would ever have a life that could be what it actually is today. I remember when I was on the street, seeing soccer moms drive by and actually being envious of them. Just recently my 17-year-old daughter moved in with my husband and I and I have the ability to be the mom she deserves.

I am grateful beyond words that I was able to have this reunification with my family. I have a loving and trusting relationship with my parents, we talk just about every single day. They don't have to worry about what crazy thing Emily is going to do at family gatherings or how many hours late I'm going to be this time.

This Thanksgiving will be the first one I'll have been able to share with my family for many years, and I will truly be thankful for everything God has done in my life, but mostly, for my family, which are the very most important things to me.

To Serve

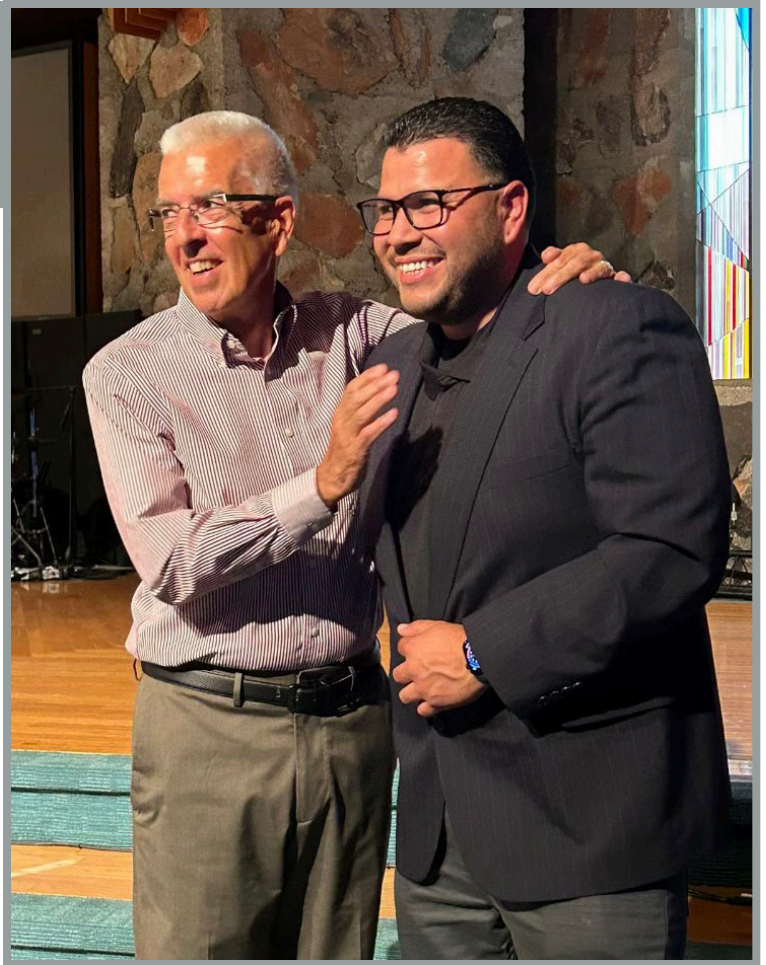
By Jovany Garcia

Hello brothers and sisters! It is an honor to have the privilege to write you today. The last 14 months since getting out of prison have not been the easiest months of my life but I've also witnessed miracles happen out here on the streets. I want to say to each one of you reading this today, the same miracles I've experienced are waiting for you when you get out here. Here is my story of how I came to be where I am today and I can't wait to hear yours.

I had my spiritual experience while sitting in Fourth Avenue Jail awaiting my second prison sentence. This time I was mourning the death of my cousin. I watched my cousin take his last breath as he was murdered in his apartment. At the time, I was so sick that the best idea of what to do was to grab his gun, put it in my waist and run off to hide as I plotted his revenge. Before I could enact my revenge and do something there is no coming back from, I was arrested and brought to jail for prohibited possession of a firearm. As soon as I walked into my cell I knew the man who was in there. He was somebody who helped me during my last prison term as I explored accepting God. After I explained my arrival he suggested that we pray. I prayed that night for two things. Number one: I wanted to get out of jail number two. I wanted a Christian lawyer, who could help bring true Justice. I wanted to answer for my charges, but I also wanted a fair trial.

I continued to pray and continued to study the Bible with my celly every day. Suddenly I was informed that my bond had been reduced to \$180. I called my mom and asked her to get me bonded out so that I could go home. Fighting my case, Working, staying close to God and living life I was able to function with a smile on my face constantly despite an ankle monitor and a pending almost guaranteed prison sentence. I was grateful to have an opportunity to be back out on the streets and be with my family with a clear and focused soul. We found a lawyer, and when I went into his office it was evident that he was a Christian. God had answered both of my prayers. My attorney was straight with me and told me I would be sentenced to 4 1/2 years. I had faith that it would be alright.

Going to prison, I didn't let up on my spiritual work. Doing time on a lockdown yard, I got to know the Bible intimately. It seemed at times like the words were popping up out of the pages I began to preach with other members of the pod. I never saw their faces but I still witnessed the power of His Word. When I dropped down in custody and got to lower custody Covid began. Outside ministers were not allowed in so God told me to grab my Bible and start ministering. A revelation came during this time; I would have phone calls



My Mentor and I

with my mom and it would seem at times like she was sad like she had a lot on her plate, I'm positive she did. I wasn't there to help. I made a declaration to myself and to God that I wanted her to leave every phone call with me better than she had gotten on. She told me she looked forward to her phone calls with me and that was my way to provide even though I wasn't home.

Upon my release from prison, I decided to attend Alongside Ministries. I was provided with a mentor who was 76 years old, patient, and wise. This man said to me he saw leadership in me. When I looked in the mirror, I still saw the broken soul I once was at times. He encouraged me to be the man I was always meant to be. I started working at New Freedom in pursuit of this mission. I get to work with members daily who are looking for a better life and I feel I probably get more from them than I give. I think one of the strongest messages I have is that providing and serving isn't just about giving material goods to our friends and family it's about giving them hope love and inspiration while also building them up.

Brothers and sisters, that is how I got to where I am today. I am so grateful for every blessing that has come to me and there are many. The only way I can truly show my gratitude is the action of helping others. That's why I work at New Freedom. To serve. I can't wait to meet many of you and hear your stories. Thank you for being there and thank you for the people that you're going to help in the future.

“Family Reunification”

By Andrew Black

After serving 15 years for armed robbery, I am now a PR Coach and proud staff member of the New Freedom organization. Please share with me in this topic of Family Reunification, and think of what it means to you? For me, I can remember a time when I was addicted to illicit substances of abuse, as a father and in my role among family members, and confessing my love to them. To that end, addiction hindered my ability to devote time to my role as a father, brother, son, grandchild, etc. Today, I feel secure in my roles, and in my sobriety, but not without a testimony.

In prison, life was toxic, and challenging, even testing my faith in God. I remember overcoming the first 10 years of my sentence, and seeing that “light at the end of the tunnel.” That was the reminder I noticed eluded my thoughts of reuniting with family. Thought of doing so was intimidating through the extent of my absence. Still, I was looking forward to the opportunity, and ten months ago, during my reentry, the time came for me to see my family again.

Can you think of which relationships are most impacted by your incarceration? The answer to that should give you an idea of who you are rebuilding with, or would like to start rebuilding with. Mine was with my kids: Adrianna and Armida. They are both young adults now, and have fended for themselves for many years. How will I fit in my role as a father now, I

thought...?

My first visit was a divulgence of honesty, inasmuch as admitting my love for them was overshadowed and distorted by addiction. They took a hard look at me and realized that I was being honest and sincere about my faults, and since then our relationship has gotten stronger with each visit. This was my personal approach to reunification, and everyone’s approach is individual to their own situational experience; however, being honest and open in approaching the situation and confessing faults can definitely be received as a genuine

approach. My advice is to be in-tune with how you can approach your loved ones for reunification, and to even utilize the tool you have at your very fingertips...writing!

At New Freedom I am constantly writing, and privileged to use opportunities to share my experiences to encourage members, and want to encourage those of you who are currently incarcerated through correspondence. Sharing ideas and assisting the population is inspirational, because staff see members achieve goals as the reintegrate into the community with a recognizable force. Coming to work and seeing this reinforces my own achievements because we all inspire each other, and I can hardly wait to see you get reestablished with your family, and community. If community for you is life in prison, don’t

hesitate to feel as if your as much as this as everyone else, because home is where the heart is and we are one letter away. New Freedom is here to stay!



Rejoice with your family in the beautiful land of life

Family Is More Than Just Blood

By Cheryl Sheridan

A few days prior to my first day working at New Freedom, I was living in Manchester, England, where I was born and bred, accent and all. What brings a Brit all the way over to a whole other country across the ocean to work for New Freedom? It was, in part, a journey to find out who I was, what I believed in, and who I wanted to become. I grew up with an alcoholic mother and left home at a very young age. I went from one abusive relationship to another and had my first son at 18 years old. I settled for less than I was worth and lived with psychological, emotional, and physical abuse for a long time. I tried creating parallel families out of friends I found in equally bad and much worse situations. Then lost those members of my new “family” through their drug issues and mental health challenges. Their lives had come to an end, but in a way, they played a part in saving mine. After all of that, that’s when I subconsciously started to fight for my life and discover not only where I came from but where I was going.

Becoming a mom at a young age and having been through enough trauma and abuse to last a lifetime, I began to reflect on what happened. I watched my dad stick by my mom and I always had him to turn to when things became ugly with her. He helped me find compassion in my heart to try to understand Mom and why she was the way she was. My dad was just as much a victim of her abuse as I had been, but my mom suffered abuse as a child too. I tried to understand that maybe that’s all she had known, maybe alcohol was her escape from it. It was a vicious cycle and it had to end with me. Perhaps that is why I let others treat me as they had, it was all I had known.

Dad told me at one point that he had some cousins here in the States and asked me if I could find them. I did and we began forming a relationship. We eventually decided to do DNA tests to find out more about our heritage and ancestry. We asked the entire family to participate including my kids and my dad. I found out I was mainly Irish, which was a surprise to me as my mom was Italian, I expected that to be my main ethnic background. When my dad’s

results came back, he was just 8% Irish. My mom had no Irish DNA at all. My dad’s results didn’t match mine, or my son’s. I didn’t match with my dad’s American cousins, yet my dad did.

The answer to my confusion was staring me in the face but I don’t think I wanted to see it. Turns out, the one saving grace in a life of abuse wasn’t even my biological dad. Nobody in my family knew, and my dad explained to me that Mom had an affair with a neighbor. He told my mom prior to my birth that she would need to end things with him and that he was going to bring me up as his own. Nobody could ever know and we would be family blood or not. This revelation brought back a lot of negative feelings towards my mother. I spent the next few weeks not knowing who I was anymore. My dad was heartbroken at the thought of me seeing him differently and possibly losing me and my children. Then I realized, he loved me regardless. That makes him my dad no matter what. As for my mom, she couldn’t look me in the face for a long time, but once again, I forgave her. Maybe this secret coming out explained a lot about my childhood. Maybe now they could both breathe a sigh of relief instead of carrying such a big secret. Maybe it was finally my time to find out who I was and be happy.

I had always wanted to be for someone else, the person I had needed so badly as a child. The person maybe my mom needed. The person my friends needed. I wanted to be the person who could show someone who had only ever been judged or cast aside, that someone believed in them. That someone cared. So why did I fly across the pond to be here at New Freedom? That’s why. To be a part of this place where pure and beautiful souls can finally know that they are loved. We love others as a family regardless of blood relation and that is exactly my story. It’s who I am and who I want to become.





My Family

By D.B.

My new life began when I got out of prison. God has a way of putting you in a position to succeed if you are paying attention and being aware. That's what He gave me on this day in 2020. I went to parole orientation not knowing what to expect. I had never been to parole orientation because I hadn't been out in 31 years. While I was there, I ran into one of the guys who has done a lot of time and was a mentor to me on the yard. I had known him for years and then we looked up and we saw each other. He didn't expect to see me and I didn't expect to see him, especially in a situation where he was a speaker at the orientation

I started meeting the people he had with him and they were all from a place called New Freedom. It felt like there was something special about what they were talking about and their attitudes. I had never heard of New Freedom before. I was staying at a halfway house and I needed more than what was being provided for me. I did time for decades and essentially, I was released and told to figure it out on my

own. Sink or swim. Luckily, I had God, I was content, and I was ready for whatever was to come. That is the awareness and attention from before. Although I didn't have an inkling my life would change forever at a parole orientation, it did. A couple of the guys drove me to the UA spot for my first drop being out of state custody. On the way, they told me about this meeting called P.O.N. that happened every Thursday night with one of the founders of New Freedom. They suggested I go and partly out of skepticism, I wanted to see firsthand what all the talk was about. They told me someone would pick me up.

I'm standing on the corner and I see many cars passing through but I didn't know which car would be for me and having just got out I still felt anxious about almost everything. I see this white truck pull up which to me at the time looked like some kind of presidential truck of importance. This little lady jumps out and she tells me, "I'm Denise, you must be DB?" I confirmed she had the right guy and we were on our way. By this time I'm nervous as hell. I get in

there with the assumption I don't know anyone. I get introduced to Denise, her husband Joe, and a brother sitting on the other side. I heard her say this is Buchanan and it clicked in my head. I'm like, "Wow, big Buke!" I reached over and he wondered if I even remembered him. Of course, I remembered him! He was the big bully youngster from back in the day who found Jesus and went from a violent tyrant to the sweetest man on the planet. We get out at the store and we are crying with tears and all types of stuff.

Bucannon ended up passing away from Covid and I love him and miss him. It was these moments I will never forget, and I tell you that story because that was how I was introduced to my new family at New Freedom. From that time on I never left. They were and we are never perfect but they have been there for me no matter what. What is family for? Family is to love but also to love you in times of need. I never had a so-called family that would give me all the tools, all the knowledge, and all the stuff I needed to be sent out to the world as an ex-convict and succeed. It was meant to be.

I'm the clothing manager here at New Freedom and I'm responsible for clothing hundreds and hundreds of guys and women who come through the door. We welcome everyone home because home is where your family is. It gives me a feeling like never before to be of service. I have many titles and it all boils down to being of service to our brothers and sisters who are looking for a family unit to love and support them through life. Many of us never had that and it's amazing to be in such a position I can be that for someone else.

We love you and we are waiting on you to come here and we are going to welcome you home with open arms just as it was done for me. God bless to you all. Love y'all.

Generational Changes

By Joseph Sterzick

I came from a family that was broken before I was even born. Everyone including myself has been caught up in drugs and addiction for as long as I can remember. We all did some messed up things to each other. Things that most people would have cut ties with their family a long time ago for but we always have come back together. Through grace and a lot of hard work, we are in a much better spot today and I personally have hope for the future. One major difference today is that I have proof and evidence that the path I am on works because so many people have done it at New Freedom.

It hasn't been long since I graduated from New Freedom's program. When I finally got to prison, I wasn't doing anything positive for myself. In all reality, I used drugs just as I had on the streets and was killing myself with it just as I had before. It makes me sick to my stomach just thinking about going back to that lifestyle. For me, prison just magnified what I already felt and experienced using on the streets only I couldn't hide away in a hotel room or plot ways to make extra money. That being said, all of that wasn't the only reason or even the main reason I quit using in there.

About four years ago my sister went to prison and she took her time much more seriously than I had. She really pulled it together and when she got out she devoted herself to living

a better life. She had a plan and started acting on it. She had figured out how to live life without drugs and she believed that other members of the family could too. My brother, my mom, and I all went to prison right around the same time just after my sister. My brother was doing state time like me and my mom was in the Feds. I started getting newsletters and correspondence from New Freedom about their program and it all came together at once with encouragement from my sister. I started to take the lessons they had me complete and everything they were talking about at New Freedom more seriously. I wanted to take a chance at drastically changing everything I had known about life and make a generational change for the better.

I decided to commit to New Freedom. I knew I had to stay ticket-free, and I had to have a clear mind before getting released if I was to even have a chance at succeeding. My brother got out before me and he also went to New Freedom. We didn't get the opportunity to speak but hearing encouragement from others who came before helped solidify my choice.

When I got out my brother had just a couple of weeks left before

graduation. We both had some experience working in the trades and we both took tiling and flooring while at New Freedom. Once I graduated I moved into the same Sober Living house he lives in and we are both on track to one day start our own business. Mom got out of prison around the same time as well and she is also doing really good. We all used and ran on the streets together and now we are all getting clean and reentering from prison together. I couldn't be more proud of how far we have come.

Not only did I get to reunify with my blood family, I earned the love and respect of what I would consider to be my new family at New Freedom. I still stay in contact with many of the people that were there when I was and I still go to P.O.N. on Thursday nights. There are so many things that create stress getting out of prison and I couldn't imagine doing it on my own. Luckily we no longer have to.



Answering Prayers

By Anonymous

I would love to share my story with you. It is a story of a brokenhearted mother, who was once lost without her son. I was sentenced to 22 years. When I knew I was signing a plea to serve this sentence, I also knew my rights to my son would be severed. I signed my rights over to a family who told me that if I signed the adoption papers they would never take my son away from me. Sadly, the day the adoption was finalized was the day I would never see or hear anything about my son. I came to prison as an angry person. I had so much hate and confusion I was lost and felt helpless. My son was to grow up without knowing it was out of my control, or if I even loved him.

It was a struggle just to wake up every day or even go on at times. It was unbearable. I didn't want to face life without him. I had no purpose so I turned to the one person who would give me strength, God. I began to go to church and pray to God that he would bring my son back into my life. One day, I went to Crown of Glory, and Pastor Rick and Sarah prayed over me. They told me if I trusted and believed in God, he would bring my son to me. I never lost my faith or hope. I believed one day my son would be back in my life, and I would see him again.

In the meantime, I needed to do something to let my son know that there wasn't a day that went by that I didn't think about him. I started to journal for him and let him know how much I loved him and how I prayed he was OK. I wanted him to know how much I needed him to be a part of my life. As years past, it didn't get any easier, but I never gave up that hope. The wait was agony. I had a hole in my heart that was empty and nobody could fill it. There were times I would get angry and for a slight moment didn't think God was hearing my prayers. I had



*"We delight in the beauty of the butterfly, but rarely admit the changes it has gone through to achieve that beauty."
- Maya Angelou*

to remind myself it's all in God's timing, I just had to do my part and believe and trust in him that he heard my cries.

I'm happy to say 16 years later my prayers were answered on December 22, 2022. My son emailed me. The day I received his email I fell to my knees and thanked God for his mercy. My son reached out to me and said he's been wanting to reach out, but really didn't know what to say. He said he wants to work on our relationship and be together again. I waited 16 years to hear my baby boy say those words. When I came to prison, my son was 2 ½, he is now 19. When I say, it's all in God's timing, no matter how long it took, I never lost my faith and hope that God would reunite me and my son.

Since then, my son has come to see me and we talk on the phone as well as email each other. I can't describe the feeling I feel today. I will say this, my journey without my son was far from easy but it was worth the wait. It's amazing.

For you ladies and mothers, don't give up your faith and never lose hope. God will restore your relationship with your kids. He will heal the brokenness you have of not knowing your kids. Continue to be the best version of yourself. Just remember it's in God's time.

By the way, when my son came to visit me, I was able to give him his journals, and he now knows I never stopped loving him. God is good. Put your trust in Him, He is faithful. Amen.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control. Against such things there is no law.

Galatians 5:22-23