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As it turned out, though, it was already too late and my opportunity had already passed. Shortly after my conversion to Christianity the seeds for evangelism were planted when the Lord revealed to me that that is the fate of many well-intended people who keep ignoring the warning signs and putting off His window of time allotted to them for salvation. It is like the timeless proverbial warnings; the road to hell is paved with good intentions and; no good deed goes unpunished! They will be horrified and utterly devastated when they discover that time has run out and judgment has come, unexpected, and like a thief in the night, as prophesied in the Bible. Like those people, I, too, heard the inner voice of God saying; “Now is the acceptable time, Ellis, today is the day of your salvation, turn back to Me now while the door is still open.” And like them, I procrastinated one day too long, ignored the warnings, and learned; It is a terrifying thing to fall into the hands of the living God (Hebrews 10:31)! I went to a back bedroom to try to get some sleep. Shortly thereafter, I heard what sounded like a huge explosion. It sounded like a bomb going off in the

house. People were screaming and bodies were flying. Without a doubt, it was hell on Earth. It was a covert operation executed by the Kansas City SWAT team all decked out in full camouflage, gas masks, and semiautomatic weapons, which they would not hesitate to use if necessary. Billy clubs were flying with force, beating down thugs who tried to run or fight back. They completely destroyed the house and whoever tried to resist in a matter of seconds, hauling everyone in that house to jail. It was, without a doubt, the scariest day of my life, and to this day I'm still amazed that no one was killed.

The DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency) spent the rest of the day and part of the next week gathering evidence from the crime scene. The house had been under surveillance for months, and by all accounts they had an open-and-shut case with everything they needed to send everyone there up the river for many years. I knew there was no way out of this one. I was told it was a federal case that carried a mandatory sentence of fifteen years to life if convicted. I later discovered I was charged only by the state of Missouri, but the charge still carried a multiyear sentence if I was convicted. They had all the evidence they would ever need to do just that. They had chemicals, they had a lab, and they even had a small amount of meth, along

with fingerprints and used needles with DNA and other evidence they had gathered from garbage cans in front of the house. Although they wouldn't find my DNA on any needles, the DEA knew I had been living in that house for the past several days, and by all estimations, my life truly was over this time!

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