

*"I did not come with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring to you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you except Jesus Christ and Him crucified" (1 Corinthians 2:1-2).*

## The Perfect Breakout

Would you like to break out of your prison? Would you like to be sprung? I'm talking to you convicts, men and women, in prisons, penitentiaries, dungeons, halfway houses, under house arrest, or locked up anywhere against your will, whether you are guilty or innocent. You can **break out**, you can be sprung, for sure, and let me tell you exactly how, the perfect way.

I'm talking about the biggest jailbreak in the history of man.

The way I'm about to show you is guaranteed; you'll pay no penalties and cause no damage to anyone. Indeed, you'll be greatly advantaged in a way you haven't even dreamed of - you'll be free in the only way that counts. And you'll get paid very well for it, better than anybody can ever be paid on earth for anything they do. Too good to be true? It's true, and it won't cost you a cent.

I, Victor Hafichuk, come via this paper to visit all of you in every prison I can, to talk to you about the best thing that can ever happen to you, bar none, anywhere, at any time. I'm talking about a prison break par excellence, the biggest jailbreak in the history of man. Nobody can ever offer anything better than what I'm going to offer you now, and nobody can stop you - I mean **nobody**.

Believe it; I know what I'm talking about because I too have been in prison, an unassailable prison. The most efficient maximum facilities are nothing compared to the prison I'm talking about. There are always ways out of those, but never a way out of the one I was in. I was in for many years and I'm out now for many years, penalty-free; I'd like to show you the way out, too. It doesn't even matter if you're a lifer or on death row.

You will owe me nothing. In fact, seeing I'm out, *I owe you*, and I'm paying now.

You'll have peace, true happiness, and hope fulfilled.

You have no earthly qualifications that can release you, no matter what they are. I didn't, but if I thought I did, those were only obstacles, shackles keeping me chained in delusion and isolation just that much longer.

**There's only** one catch - it will cost you your life as you've known it. You'll take off

your prison garments and toss them in the trash for the incinerator. And now, God willing, you'll be washing up and putting on a brand new suit of clothes, the best tailor-made suit, shirt, tie, and fine shoes. You'll be dressed to kill from now on.

You will be the best of gentlemen or ladies anybody can ever possibly be. You will shed the countenance you've had, the face of bitterness, anger, hatred, resentment, desperation, depression, hardness, hopelessness, self-pity, worry, and fear. All those things will disappear; yes, they will.

In their place, you'll have peace, true happiness, and hope fulfilled - things everybody wants, but seldom gets. If they happen to get them, it's usually temporary and shallow. I'm talking having them for keeps.

**God is bigger than you or your problem or your crime.**

I don't care if you're in for life. I don't care how heinous a crime you're in for. I don't care if you're on death row. I don't care if you're a dead man walking. I don't care if you're the hardest being that ever lived. What I'm offering you can reach you anywhere, no matter who you are or what you've done. God is bigger than you or your problem or your crime.

**This is not** about religion. This is not about joining some church or religious organization. This is not about being forced into, or talked into, keeping some kind of religious observance or duty. No! God forbid!

This is about reality, a reality within that chaplains, priests, bishops, ordained ministers, rabbis, and mullahs **know nothing about**. (Did you know that Jesus Christ had the severest words for the religious, calling those "fine men" snakes and hypocrites?) They are also prisoners, and they need to be sprung, and maybe, just maybe, you will be the one to show them the Way, but first, you need to be sprung yourself.

Yes, I am talking to you, drug dealer, murderer, thief, fraud, embezzler, wife-beater, con artist, rapist, pimp, white collar criminal, prostitute, homosexual, abuser, addict, psycho, rat, punk, maybe even chimo, the vilest of the vile.

**I want to see God stop your life in its deadly tracks.**

If you are a guard or a warden, many of you in uniform and authority are the worst of the worst. It doesn't matter what side of the bars you're on or what kind of badge or uniform you wear; your prison is much rougher and greater than the one you work in and where you presume to hold others.

**Here's what** I pray and want you to see now: Man by man, cell by cell, block by block, prison by prison, I want you to **yield to goodness**. I want to see God stop your life in its deadly tracks. I want you to get down on your knees, so to speak, in your cell, in the dining hall, in the hallways, in the kitchen, in the recreation room, or in the big yard. I want you to yield up your life to Jesus Christ and call on His Name. He died and rose from the dead for **you**.

I want you to humble yourself, putting away all the things you know are wrong and harmful to anyone, yes, anyone - your family, your best friend, or your worst enemy. Put it all away. I get down on my knees with you and for you now and call on the Lord Jesus Christ, Whom I met in 1972 in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada. On your behalf, I ask Him to save you as He saved me. I ask Him to give you goodness of heart, mind, body, and soul.

Jesus Christ can take the lowest of scum and set him or her on high.

I was, and am, no better than any of you. As human beings, we've all been cut from the same cloth. Oh yes, I know that some of us have been known as the lowest of the low, as scum. But every one of us has that potential, that basic nature, or didn't you know?

Jesus Christ, however, can take the lowest of scum and set him or her on high to become a productive, respectable, honest, just, and good gentleman or a glorious lady, precious princess, saintly queen? Yes, He can; I assure you He has done it for many, and He **can and will** do it for you, if you believe. That's all it takes; it is that simple.

**Faith** is the key to the breakout. Without faith, it is impossible to please God (Hebrews 11:6), and without faith, you have nothing, nothing at all. **However, with faith**, if you believe and obey, you will have everything heart could desire, and I do mean **everything**.

Wealth, fame, power, and success in this world are worthless, believe me. They can disappear on you just like that. Ask the old world leaders; ask those liars, the televangelists; ask sports heroes or movie stars; ask any of the scores of politicians, the movers and shakers. All of these people have been prisoners and need so much, much more than they have or had.

So you get out of prison. What will you do, return to the same old?

Ask any dead man - go to his grave and ask him how rich and powerful he is now, full of

maggots or turned to dust. Ask him if he was able to take any of it with him. Go on, ask him. His silence will answer you as honestly and as loudly as anything can - unless you are stone deaf. But God can take care of even that. He Who made the ear to hear can make it hear again. He can make the dead live. He did it for me, and He can and will do it for you, too.

I don't care how small or how great any of you has been or thinks himself to be. You are nothing, nothing at all, unless what I propose to you happens.

**You there**, the big six-foot-six guy who can bench press hundreds of pounds, you who can take on a bunch of guys at once - you may have muscle power, brute strength, and fighting skills, you may be able to intimidate, impress, and push others around, but when it's all said and done, what do you really have? How would you like to break out and be free, instead of being bound in your prison of dependence on brute force? You won't have to work for something much better.

So you get out of prison. What will you do, return to the same old? But what I propose to you solves every one of those problems, guaranteed.

How would you like to have angels for companions,  
instead of rotting corpses?

You ladies who have given away your bodies to sex and drugs, destroying yourselves... for what? How have your plans worked? Where did your ways get you, except to a dead-end? So you can flirt and seduce any man. So you can sell yourself for thousands of dollars. So what? You'll grow old and it's all gone, and what will you have in your old age but shame, guilt, and regret, if you live that long?

Drug dealer, what do **you** have? Instead of dealing death for worthless bucks, dealing yourself to the grave, how would you like to be free to bring souls back from the dead? How would you like to be surrounded one day by people who, with tears in their eyes and joy flooding their faces, are thankful for what God has done by you for them?

How would you like to have angels for companions, instead of a stack of rotting corpses - men and women you've plundered, along with their children, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and loved ones? How would you like to cease being a corpse or a ghoul? How would you like to break out of your hole of butchery, darkness, and isolation?

**I was once** a lost wretch like you. I was this scornful, ignorant, cocky, self-assured, yet fearful fool whose world was Me - Me as King, Me as Mr. Special, Me as Number One, a hero in my own mind, looking for a chance to happen - and all that time I was nothing, nothing at all. And what's more, I didn't know it, so stupid and ignorant and foolish I was.

And that is also you. That's all of us, until God reaches down and takes us out of the pit we've dug for ourselves ever so attractively, or unattractively. You are in your cells, bound in chains, and admit it, you can't get out - even if your sentence in this world is up and they release you. You're still in chains. And you're afraid... of what, you may or may not know, but you're afraid - admit it. What I have for you is your ticket to freedom and no more fear.

**'Fess up - it's a crucial part of the game plan, one that most refuse to follow.**

I said that faith (believing) was the key out of your prison. Let me add something. You need to get honest with yourself, with others, and with God. You need to come clean about yourself, which is where faith begins.

Don't believe lies telling you you're special. If you're honest, you'll know they are lies. The secret, the door to freedom, is believing what you really are - an ignoramus in all your ways, a proud, selfish, fearful, stubborn, pretentious, egotistic, vain, stupid, deluded loser - yes, loser. That's what you are. Haven't you lost everything? Haven't you royally screwed everything up? Yes, you have, and as long as you deny it, you'll stay in your hole. 'Fess up - it's a crucial part of the game plan, one that most refuse to follow.

Start from there, with honesty about yourself and your "accomplishments" and "abilities." What a loser *I* was! We are *all* losers, **every one of us**, no exceptions, from the highest and the best, to the lowest and the worst. That's the way it is. You've got to start below ground level and work up from there. There's no shortcut or fast track. Looking for those is why we've been in trouble - that's how we get to be convicts.

**I used to** think I was something or somebody. I really thought I was special. I was proud and arrogant, thinking I was handsome, strong, smart, talented, gifted, attractive to women, in short, something special. I thought I had a future of wealth and success. But you know what? I had to be shaken and awakened from the illusions and foolish dreams we have about ourselves. Though I thought I knew so much, I knew **nothing**, not just "so little," but *nothing*.

**I want to see you get a new heart - a real, true inner spiritual heart.**

When I saw Jesus Christ, compared to Him and compared to what He wanted and could make of me, I knew I had an impossible climb ahead of me, if I was to be free. I knew I

couldn't do it. I tried, and I tried, and I failed. I tried again, and I failed again. You see, we can't do it - but He can.

I want to see the spirit of goodness sweep through your prison. I want to see prisoners put their guards to shame with goodness, not just good behavior, but true goodness. Not the kind of "godliness" that makes others want to puke with disgust and revulsion, but the kind that's real, the kind that isn't put on, the kind that comes from the heart, not from the head, the kind from above, not from beneath.

I want to see you get a new heart, I mean a real, true inner spiritual heart - one that says, "I want to do good and only good. As God is my Maker, my Helper and Strength, I'm free of, and finished with, all evil. I'm finished with denial, deception, destruction, darkness, death, and the dungeon.

"I may be behind bars, they may have me here for life, but it doesn't matter any more. I'm no longer in my self-imposed hole. I'm free! I may be a lifer or they're letting me out next month, next week, or tomorrow, but I know I'll never be free until I'm free inside. That's true freedom I can take with me anywhere I go, and nobody can take it from me, even if they beat me, put me in solitary, or kill me. I'm free!"

Jesus Christ died a cruel and shameful public death on a cross for every one of us, to give each of us this new heart. I know because I know Him; He's given me this new heart and set me free.

**Jesus Christ calls on every one of us to be crucified  
with Him... inside.**

Think about this for a minute: You can impose any number of kinds of executions on yourself. You can hang yourself, shoot yourself, guillotine yourself, or electrocute, inject, or bleed yourself. You can jump in front of a train or off a cliff. You can overdose, gas, poison, drown, choke, or starve yourself, but you can't crucify yourself. And that is exactly how Christ died nearly 2,000 years ago, when the Roman crucifixion was the prescribed method of execution in that territory. Isn't that interesting? No man can crucify himself.

And Jesus Christ calls on every one of us to be crucified with Him... inside. This is something He has to do for you, just as they had to do it to Him; and you need to yield to it (this being His grace) as He had to willingly yield to it - He having planned it out all along. People, He was God in the flesh, and He could have saved Himself. He said:

"Do you think that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that it must be so?" (Matthew 26:53-54 MKJV).

**You must be willing to humble yourself and be scorned by others.**

He yielded up His right and good life for your wretched and empty one, so that you might have the life He had - a life of goodness, wisdom, dignity, power, and love. He had it all and gave it up temporarily so that you could have **the very same life** He had. And you can, and will, if you believe what I'm telling you.

No more prison, no more hopelessness, depression, or despair, no more confinement. You'll be free.

**Added to having** faith and being honest about your true self, you must be willing to humble yourself and be scorned by others. You must be willing to be disrespected, despised, mocked, and hated by others. It happened to the Lord:

“And stripping Him, they put a scarlet robe around Him. And plaiting a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His right hand. And they bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And spitting at Him, they took the reed and struck at His head” (Matthew 27:28-30 MKJV).

**Are you willing and able to trust Him to lead you out of your inner prison?**

And He said it would happen to all those who follow Him:

“Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and you shall be hated of all nations for My Name's sake” (Matthew 24:9 KJV).

“Blessed are you, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice you in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in Heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets” (Luke 6:22-23 KJV).

**Christ could have** let you rot in your prison, but He didn't. He paid the price of your debt and release. If you really want to cash in on His victory, it's yours for the taking. Do you believe? Are you willing and able to believe, to trust Him now to lead you out of your impregnable, inescapable, impossible inner prison? Are you willing to submit to Him completely as Lord of your life?

I couldn't do it. He gave me the power to do it, and do it I did. The day that happened, I walked out of my cell. And it wasn't long before I walked completely out of the prison gates, and I was free. The world was mine, I was no longer afraid, I have never looked back since, and it has only gotten better and better. And I can say to you, it only gets better, as long as you believe and obey Him all the way. You can truly be free, prison or no prison.

**This will be the most glorious thing that could ever happen for you.**

Get down on your knees. I get down on my knees before you all and ask God for your breakout. It is the mother of all jailbreaks, believe me. It is real, it is permanent, and it will keep you free forever, even if you're behind bars. I ask the Lord to do this for you, which only He can.

And He will make you to be the king, the queen, the great and glorious person you may have once dreamed, and perhaps still dream, to be. He will do that for you.

When He does, you'll know it, beyond the shadow of a doubt. It will be the most glorious thing that could ever happen for you. You'll be singing the song, "I've got something that the world can't give and the world can't take it away."

And when it happens, I want you to tell the world. I want you to tell your cellmates, your companions, your counselors (who may try to buttonhole you into their brand of religious ways, so beware of **their** prisons), your case workers, guards, visitors, family, everybody. Don't talk, don't say a word if it hasn't happened to you; only talk when it has. Truly, you won't be able to hold it in. You'll want to tell others.

**Things around you** will start to change. Everywhere you go will be better than it was before you came - you'll leave it better than you found it.

**"In my distress I called upon the LORD. And my cry entered into His ears."**

People won't have to watch their backs for you anymore, and you won't have to watch your back for them.

2 Samuel 22:1-7 MKJV

(1) And David spoke to the LORD the words of this song in the day the LORD had delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul.

(2) And he said, the LORD is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer.

(3) The God Who is my Rock, in Him will I trust. He is my Shield, and the Horn of my salvation, my High Tower, and my Refuge, my Savior. You save me from violence.

(4) I will call upon the LORD, Who is worthy to be praised. And I shall be saved from my enemies.

(5) When the waves of death encircled me, the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

(6) The sorrows of hell hemmed me in. The snares of death went in front of me.

(7) In my distress I called upon the LORD and cried to my God. And He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry entered into His ears.

That's the way it is.

When a fish comes, you'll be able to put your hand on his shoulder and say, "Hey, man, it's going to be okay." He may think at first that you're looking for something from him, but no, you'll be showing him the sure way out of prison. He'll have barely entered and springing will be in progress for him, if he believes. Instead of causing others dread and stumbling, you'll be the instrument of hope for many.

Imagine your whole prison being transformed into a bunch of law-abiding, genuine, appreciated, marveled-at, joyful, successful do-gooders. Think of it. It starts with you and Jesus Christ, your Maker and sure Savior and Lord of all. Get down on your knees before Him and begin to be a Lifer!

Let the Spirit of God reach out to, and take, all prisoners.

Victor Hafichuk

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