



# teen challenge



## INLAND

## EMPIRE

9395 SAN BERNARDINO ROAD  
CUCAMONGA, CALIFORNIA 91730

**ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF HELL!** *By R. L. Stepp*



### BEFORE

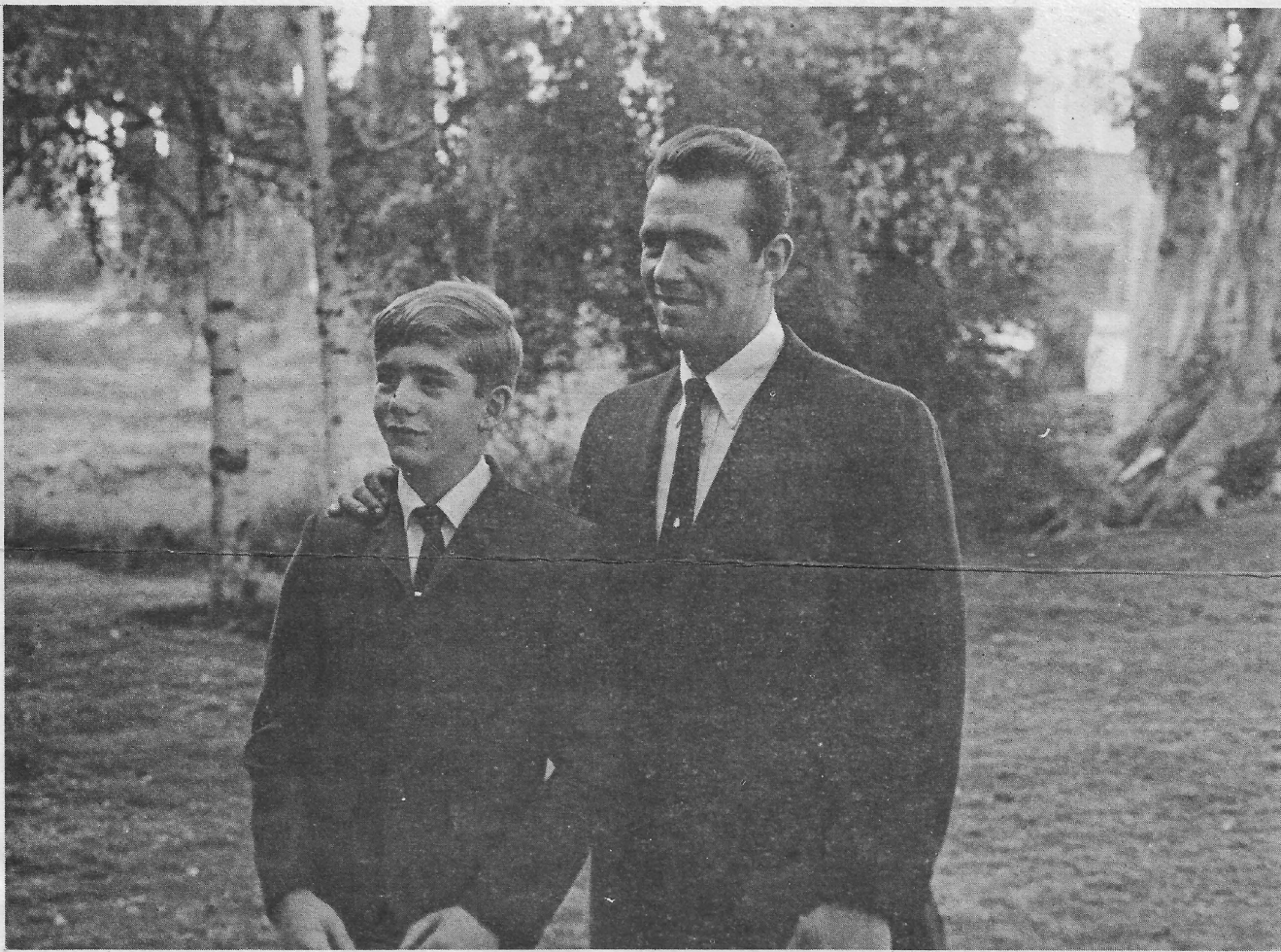
At fifteen he mounted his dead brother's motorcycle and entered the Hell's Angels' hell. Already a father of an infant son, he vowed to live two lives; his dead brother's and his own. Marijuana would be the magic key that would make this impossible dream come true. He failed on the 'grass.' Instead of a double life he found himself on a thirteen year journey into a waste-filled void.

Central Junior High at Riverside gave him the boot. By his eighteenth birthday he had been arrested seventeen times. He was 'busted' for smuggling dope into Riverside county jail during this period for which he was rewarded with a one to fourteen year sentence to the state prison for men. It was his first taste of another kind of hell in the prison yard that was not to end for

a husband and father, he was on his way back to prison; this time as a mainline heroin addict. Solidad, Tracy, San Quentin all echoed with the poison of his captive violence and rage. Wasn't he a Hell's Angel? His reputation demanded that each 'joint' he touched feel the effects of his satanic allegiance.

These were the days of the cold steel blades. A shiv behind the walls became his trusted shield and defender. It, too, failed him! He walked the yard one day without his magazines strapped to his abdomen and another 'con' got to him. He landed blood-smeared and beaten on a hospital bed. He fought for his very life recovering from the multiple stab wounds in his tortured body. Ten of the years between fifteen and twenty-eight were spent in prison. His last hope for freedom perished when he violated a parole given on the pretext of visiting his dying father. He had sought the 'needle' instead. Busted once again and heading handcuffed to spend the rest of his natural life behind the cold gray walls he broke. The thought of the living death that lay ahead finally got to him, and tears moistened the steely-cold eyes of the hate-tempered Hell's Angel. He begged his parole officer for one more chance.

The parole officer had heard of a place called Teen Challenge. It was there in early November 1967 that Monte Spires, sick with hepatitis, weighing less than one hundred pounds, broken in heart and beaten in spirit came through the



## AFTER

Six amazing months of 'happenings' with God have marked his pathway since.

He became a new creation in Christ Jesus three days after entering the center.

In December he spent his first Christmas in thirteen years with his family. A few days later that same month his dad met the same Christ that had transformed his hellion son.

January of 1968 found him, of all places, preach-Christ to twenty-five parole officers in Riverside, the home grounds of his former escapades. These men knew the hellion he had been, and one was heard to observe: "If Teen Challenge can do that for Monte Spires, I'm sold on it."

Youth Training School, Chino Conservation Center, Riverside County Juvenile Hall all presently open their doors in both directions for him. They welcome him in as a different kind of angel now.

March of 1968 brought something new into his life. His twelve year old son who had already

started to trace the trail his dad had formerly blazed joined "Dad" on the Center and the Ex-Hell's Angel had the joy of leading his son to Jesus Christ.

March also was the same month his now healthy muscular one-hundred and seventy pounds was draped with a new "Botany 500." It was the first new suit he had had in all his twenty-eight years.

He has shared that zest for food with others. In that same six months this ex-Hell's Angel, whose only culinary training was cooking heroin, has managed to fatten at least two-score others much like himself. Monte became master of the kitchen as on-the-job-training for his present position of Assistant Supervisor of the Center.

Aren't you glad you have a part in Teen Challenge! Don't you wish everybody did? There are more Montes 'out there' needing Christ. Keep praying as we try to reach them.

*Cliff Morrison*  
Cliff Morrison  
Director