

later I got my second truck. Then my trouble started.

A Prisoner of the Devil

Since the age of seventeen, I had smoked marijuana, but not to excess. At eighteen, I took a few shots of dope, but this didn't satisfy me. I wanted some trucks, a pocketful of money, and a gang of hoodlum friends. Never did I want to be chained to some habit. At the age of twenty, heroin took her awful hold, and all that I could do was not enough to shake it. I quit, left town, prayed, and asked preachers to pray for me, but I was chained by the devil.

The years from twenty to twenty-five were the most horrible years of existence that I had ever known or read about. My family was gone, the trucks were gone and friends were gone. What once was a good kid was now a hopeless drug addict. After being in jail for vagrancy, theft, felony theft, burglary and possession of heroin, I decided to take "a cure." I spent forty days in a hospital; however, two days after I was out, I had a needle in my arm. There was no cure. The federal man said, "Lady, forget this boy. There is no hope for him. Once a drug addict, always a drug addict. He is chained."

A Problem to Everyone

The city that I lived in never wanted me. Many times some policeman would say, "Jack, go somewhere else." I was often in trouble or in jail for robbing, stealing and writing bad checks. I was a real problem to everyone. One day my daughter came into the house and told my mother that the little girl next door could not play with her anymore, because her daddy was a dope fiend. Yes, no man lives to himself or dies to himself.

I decided that maybe the U.S. Army could help me. After nearly one year, with only eighty-three good days spent in service, I was discharged

with an undesirable discharge. Written across the bottom of the discharge were the words: "Reason for discharge-Narcotic." The army took me in handcuffs to a J.C. Penney store and there bought me a suit of clothes, gave me a train ticket and sent me back to Texas.

Pardoned by Jesus Christ

When I was in jail and the army stockade, I would read the Bible. Many times I went to a chaplain or preacher for help. I attended a Catholic church and later joined a Baptist church. I tried everything that I knew. I prayed every day for God to help me be free from this habit. When I moved from Texas to California, my mother wrote a letter to me telling of a friend who had been saved and was now a pastor for the First Baptist Church of Cypress, California. Out of curiosity, I went to this church. This pastor told me what God had done for him. I went regularly for a month to see if God could do the same for me.

On October 12, 1953, I went down to the altar, and on my knees I asked Jesus Christ to save me from drugs, death and hell. I was not made perfect, but that day my load of sin was lifted, and a desire was put in my heart to live for Jesus.

A Preacher of the Gospel

I had only been saved about three weeks, when I knew that God wanted me to preach. I walked down the same aisle where I was saved and surrendered my life to Jesus Christ for service. For twenty-two years I've tried to preach and live for Him. It has not been a bed of roses, not has it been glamorous. The rocks in my way have been many, but God has brought me on.

Friend...this same thing can happen to you if you are willing to let Jesus Christ take over your life which you have wrecked. – Jack Wood

Dear Friend,

You may not be a dope addict, drug pusher or crook; but you are a sinner and as lost as Jack Wood was when he was chained by the devil in narcotics. Your never-dying soul is presently headed for Hell, and God in love and mercy wants to save you from that awful end. To be Biblically saved is to experience a supernatural spiritual birth (meaning born again) by which you are forgiven your sins, given eternal life and a home in Heaven. Please read carefully the gospel of Jesus Christ in the following scriptures:

You are a lost, hell-bound sinner.

Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned: Romans 5:12

Unless saved, you will end up in Hell after death.

And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: Hebrews 9:27

And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments,...And he cried and said,...send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

Luke 16:23a,b; 24:a,c,d

The sinless Son of God, Jesus Christ, took your judgment for your sins.

Who his own self bare bare our sins in his own body on the tree, (cross) I Peter 2:24a

Christ's shed blood made the full and final payment for your sins.

and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness. I John 1:9

You cannot be saved by your religion, church membership, good works or baptism.

For by grace are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast. Ephesians 2:8,9

Salvation is God's free gift to you through His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6

You must repent of your sin and come by faith to Jesus Christ to be saved.

Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Acts 20:21

I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Luke 13:3

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16

You must personally receive the Lord Jesus Christ.

*That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt (not may) be saved.”...”For whosoever (that includes **YOU!**) shall call upon the name of the Lord shall (not may) be saved. Romans 10:9, 13*

When you are saved a remarkable change takes place in your life. You will KNOW how, why, when and where you were saved...*Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. II Corinthians 5:17* If you don't know that you are saved, or are not sure that you are saved, you can settle that matter once and for all, by getting saved.

Jack Wood could not have experienced victory over his sin had the Lord Jesus Christ not come into his heart and set him free from its devilish control. *If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John 8:36*

Jack Wood was the pastor of Shady Acres Baptist Church in Houston, Texas, from 1975 until 1997 when he went home to be with his Lord. Pastor Wood was an uncompromising gospel preacher with a love for the lost souls of men. The Holy Spirit used him mightily in missions, inspiring many men to enter the ministry, obeying the Great Commission in **Mark 16:15**...*”Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”*

Some of Pastor Wood's memorable sayings (below) were provided for this tract by Pastor Danny Farley who knew him as pastor, mentor and friend.

*Never preach more than one minute per year of age.
30 years = 30 minutes.*

*You are always saying My church...My church...Hey!
It ain't your church, Cowboy!*

*If he makes one more trade he's gonna be walking! (a
bad trader)*

That man can preach the paint off the wall!

*That guy couldn't preach his way out of a wet paper
sack!*

*Teaching builds up the intellect. But preaching lays
the demand at the heart's door! And says, “What are
you going to DO about it?”*

*That sucker is a bigger liar than Tom Tucker, and
they kicked him out of Hell for lying!*

*That compromiser wears two-toned shoes, drives a
two-toned car and preaches a two-toned message!*

*You know what your problem is? You THINK God is
using you...when He is just getting you ready to use.*



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"The Church That Cares For Your Soul"

The Testimony of Jack Wood

From Narcotics to the Nazarene



*“Being then made free from sin, ye became the
servants of righteousness.” **Romans 6:18***

A Prosperous Boy

My life started in 1928, one cold day on December 28. That was a year of prosperity in America, just before the '29 crash. I grew up in a poor family financially, but a family of high morals with no drinking, dancing or anything unclean. My daddy was a hard worker who had some small produce trucks. Every summer I was on one of them learning how to sell produce and make money. The desire to work and make money always had me. When I was eleven years old, I had a horse and wagon, and was pedaling from house to house in Houston. I saved every dime, and when I was seventeen, I left home with a good truck that was paid for. Two years