

Pastor, Pastor, Prisoner, Orphan

Yellow UPDATE Feb 2018

UPDATE

Hello Again,

I have GOOD News about my CASE, but BAD NEWS about my family.

I got word yesterday that my grandfather is dying; my father's father, Rev. Luther Cox. "Papaw" is what I called him. He and I were very very close.

The doctors say his body is just old and shutting down "naturally." There is nothing they can do.

But death is NOT natural! Death is NOT "just a part of life." God meant for us to live forever in this perfect world, with Him.

It wasn't until sin infected us, and the earth was cursed, that death crept into our bodies.

Death is the enemy of God's life giving plan for us. That is why Jesus has vowed to defeat Death. He will come back and fix this earth, and all that Death has done to it, and to us, and to Papaw.

I've sent you my most precious picture in the world. It's four generations of God fearing men: My papaw, My father, me, and my only son. It was taken at my father's church, just before I was put in prison on these fake charges.

Writing from prison to explain to my son that Papaw is dying was one of the hardest things I've ever done. But I explained to him that the blood is passed down from a father to his children. That the blood that warms his veins was given to him by me, and that I got my blood from my father, who got it from Papaw. So Papaw's blood is still alive, in us.

When I was about my son's age, Papaw took me fishing. We were catching trout in the mountains of Colorado. It was late in the day and we were about to go home, when Papaw lodged a fishhook in his finger by accident.

The barb went deep in his flesh. It was stuck! Blood was everywhere.

Papaw showed it to me and I nearly panicked. But he was calm and brave. We both knelt down in the tall grass by his tackle box as he spoke.

"Get those pliers, son, and when I push this hook the rest of the way through my finger, I need you to snip off the barb so I can pull it back out."

The calm confidence in Papaw's voice drove all fear out of the air. I held his bloody hands in mine as he slowly pushed the hook deeper into his flesh, until it came out the other side, piercing the skin with a jolt. His blood was deep red, and warm, as it trickled onto my childish hands.

"Okay, go ahead," said Papaw. I nestled the barb into the cutting jaws of the pliers, then squeezed with all my might. There was a sudden metallic CLUNK, the pliers lurched, and the barb tip fell into the grass. Papaw exhaled deeply and easily pulled what was left of the fishhook out of his finger. Then together, we rinsed his blood from our hands.

I felt like a man that day. I was Papaw's equal, and companion, not just a boy.

Another time I was at Papaw's house. We had just picked a bunch of apples off his apple tree, and Mamaw was going to bake them into an apple pie. So Papaw and I were on the back porch peeling them for her.

Papaw had a way of doing it where he spiraled around the apple with his pocket knife and removed the whole peel in one long curly ribbon. I, on the other hand, was just making a mess with my dull, clumsy, kitchen knife.

Papaw noticed, and pulled me close to him. He handed me his sharp Old Timer pocket knife, which he carried all the time. "Use a sharp knife, and turn it like this," he said, taking my hands in his to show me.

A few apples later I was getting the hang of it when I slipped and cut my finger bad. Papaw's razor sharp pocket knife had gouged deep under my skin. Blood was all over the patio, the knife, and me. I thought I'd be in trouble. I thought he'd take his knife away from me.

But he did not. He took me to the hose, rinsed the blood off my hands and off the knife, then folded it up and gave it to me.

"You can keep this pocket knife, son. Now that it's cut you, you'll always respect it."

I almost cried. Papaw believed in me, in spite of my mistakes. He held up my hand and inspected the fresh wound, then chuckled, as he held his finger next to mine. I instantly recognized the scar on his finger from the fishhook. "Boy look at that! We've got matching scars now," he exclaimed as he compared our fingers.

I've kept that Old Timer pocket knife all my life, just like I've kept that scar on my finger. Papaw gave me my blood at birth, but he brought it to life in moments like these, when we were together.

Now he's dying. And all I want is to sit by his bedside, with my son on my knee, and show him our matching finger scars, as Papaw tells the story one last time.

Instead, I'm locked in this tiny cell; the innocent political prisoner of Obama and the crooked Deep State. They won't even let me call my dying Papaw.

Take a long look at the picture I sent you. My father and my Papaw are both pastors. I'm a prisoner. And my son's practically an orphan now. This family photo shows the downward trajectory of America. It goes: Pastor, Pastor, Prisoner, Orphan.

What happened to our country?

We HAVE TO fight this corruption. And we HAVE TO WIN!

There's a chance that I could get out in time to see Papaw one last time, if Trump pardons me. Or if he orders an investigation of the corruption. But we need to ask him. Will you help?

Please take my story and this news article to your pastor. We need a coalition of preachers to plead my case to the president. Will you get your pastor on board to pray and seek justice in this?

There is some good news in my case. The Appeals Court threw out HALF of my charges! The Court wrote, "We conclude that it is clear that no rational trier of fact could find the Defendant guilty" (13-30,000 Dkt 159)

But if that's the case, they should have thrown out ALL my charges! Right? They act like they're giving me a half-off discount for being innocent! It's maddening! At least it shows we are winning, little by little. Can I count on you to send me another donation? Please?

We're pushing the US Supreme Court to fix this injustice the rest of the way. We're also going back to my trial judge and asking him to fix it. On top of that, we're going to fight for a reduction in sentence that would just let me right out of prison. So that's 3 separate legal battles going at the same time. A win on any one of them will get me out and rebuke the corruption. Will you send \$100 to help? I need to raise at least \$30,000 for these last 3 battles by the end of the month.

Everything costs money. I'm fighting like a gladiator. But YOUR financial support is the reason I'm winning. YOU standing by me with your prayers and your dollars is why this battle is halfway won right now.

PLEASE DON'T ABANDON ME NOW. I'm counting on you. Victory is in sight. Will you make your past donation really count by doubling it now that we're on the home stretch?

If you don't want "Pastor, Pastor, Prisoner, Orphan" to be the story of America, then we have to finish this fight strong! We have to beat back the corruption, NOW! For the love of your country, will you double your donation today?

I'm fighting the good fight and getting good results. If you stop sending money, the crooks will just run me out of gas, and corruption will have won. We can't let that happen. Not now. Not in America. Not for my children.

Please, can I count on you to stretch to donate as much as you can, this month? Together, we are doing a good deed by stopping evil. I promise I won't give up. Please don't give up on me. My family needs me back. America needs us to finish this.

I need you,

--Schaeffer Cox