

He was assigned to the Texas State Department of Corrections - Ferguson Unit just off Texas state road 247. The Ferguson unit covers thousands of acres of cattle and farmland. Along the road leading up to the unit is a little community where the guards and their families live. While soaking in the scenery, Maury knew this could virtually be the last glimpse of freedom he would see for years. Ferguson Unit is a maximum-security prison. Tall barbed wire fences surround the facility, with searchlights and heavily armed guards in towers around the prison. But nestled behind the barbed wire, in the midst of the multiple cell buildings, is a little chapel where Maury would attend his first church service-- a place where he would grow into a deeper understanding of, and passion for his meaning in life.

It was in prison that he learned that freedom is one of the greatest gifts of opportunity God has given to us: freedom to do, freedom to be, and freedom to become. He found that he could have unbelievable freedom on the *inside* even while his physical body was imprisoned...

mercy, he was still a convicted man waiting to be sentenced. Armed with the jury's decision, the judge sentenced Maury Davis to 20 years with the Texas State Department of Corrections.

Seated on a cold steel bench, with a leather belt around his waist connected to his chained hands, shackled to another inmate, Maury began the 6.5-hour Texas Department of Corrections bus ride to his new home away from home. My friend Maury said it was one of the most difficult days of his life because he knew that at the end of that journey, he would be in prison for a long time. The emotions he experienced were unimaginable.

As I am writing this chapter, I have just returned from a family vacation where I was severely sunburned because of a bad decision on my part not to wear sun block. I have blisters on my back from the sunburn and I am in such pain, it hurts to even think about putting on a shirt. Just as Maury didn't leave his apartment the morning of January 25, 1975, with intentions of killing another person, I didn't go on vacation with the intention of being severely burned. Although I knew better, I didn't do what I needed to do (put on sun block) until it was too late. It was a cool and cloudy day; I was comfortable, and preoccupied. How many times do we by-pass doing what we know we should do, or do what we know we shouldn't do, only to pay dearly for it later? Philosopher Jim Rohn states that the things we know we should do, and can do, but don't do represent a formula for disaster. He also said the things that are easy to do are also easy not to do... it was easy for me to put sun block on that day... it was also easy not to. Fortunately, I will be "released" from this confining pain in a couple of days. Maury was looking at 20 years in a Texas prison.

swerved all over the road and even drove through neighborhood yards trying to get away... trying to remain free (on the outside). At speeds up to 80 mph, it was a perilous situation for him as well as the officers giving chase. Innocent by-standers at that time of the morning were in grave danger. Something had to be done. One policeman made the decision to end the chase by ramming Maury's car into a tree. Almost instantly, after his car slammed into the tree, he looked up and saw another officer laying on the hood of his car with a shotgun against the windshield pointed directly into his face. All he could hear was that policeman shouting, "Don't move! Don't move!" He was surrounded with nowhere to go.

The chase had ended, but the long road to finding purpose and complete freedom had just begun! His focus now shifted to his internal struggles... Externally, there was no place left to run. The destiny of his external life was going to be dictated by a decision made by a jury and the judge that would sentence him. Maury sensed that he still had some control over the destiny of his life, and that control rested on his personal decisions and actions from that day forward. It was time for him to discover and then to start taking action to live a life dedicated to the fulfillment of what he was born to do. The quest for purpose is primarily an inside job. Maury, though incarcerated, knew he could still exercise his freedom to think, dream and to believe.

The trial lasted one week. Eleven of the jurors voted to give him a life sentence (which wasn't bad considering the state in which he committed the crime)... but one juror, Don McDaniel, commented that God's justice always has mercy. The decision of that one man to plead the cause of mercy not only affected Maury's life, but also the life of his family, and thousands of people Maury was yet to meet. Even with this call for

**From Chapter #3**  
**From a Life Sentence to a Life on Purpose**

On January 25, 1975, 18-year-old Maury Davis, in a drug-altered state of confusion, entered a home in Irving, Texas. The motive was burglary, the end-result... murder. When he walked out of that house that fateful day, a human being was dead and Maury Davis was soon to be a wanted man. In one split second, although he was still a free man on the outside, chains of bondage on the inside immediately incarcerated him. There was no way to *unlive* the previous ten minutes. In one brief moment, his future became influenced by a violent, impulsive action. It was that day in which the choices of his past culminated with present actions to forever change his future. It was Game Day for Maury Davis.

Murder was a crime he couldn't run from... but he tried. Later that day, after spending some time with his girlfriend, he brought her back home to Stafford Street in Irving. Moments after they went inside, he passed out on the couch; probably due to the heavy use of drugs and alcohol he had used to escape the reality of what he had done. He awakened at 6AM the next morning and got in his car parked in her driveway. It was then that Maury realized he had actually spent the night there in her house. When he backed out of the driveway and started to drive back to his apartment, he passed the detectives that were coming to arrest him. Their investigation had led them to her house. The emotional chains that had him bound on the inside were about to be joined by physical shackles on the outside.

His first inclination was to run, and so a high-speed chase began. That bolt to maintain his external freedom lasted 15-20 minutes, involving several patrol cars. He