

THE INSIDE SCOOP



Valentine's Edition, 2008

(better late than never!)



Hello all!

Thanks for being so patient in your wait for this edition of the Inside Scoop! For those of you who are already anticipating the arrival of the next one, you can help out by sending in your poetry, stories, art or anything else that you think will fit with this newsletter. (just be sure to send permission for us to print it)

I don't have much to report to you right now, it's business as usual at The John Howard Society. We will be welcoming a new Executive Director in April, and everyone is quite excited about that. Also, this year The John Howard Society of Manitoba turns 50! We are proud of being able to help support so many Manitobans in so many ways for so long! I will keep you updated as we plan any "birthday" celebrations.

That's all for now,

I hope you enjoy this edition of the Scoop, when you are finished with it, please pass it on to your friends! The Inside Scoop is also on line on our website, check it out at www.johnhoward.mb.ca

The views and opinions in expressed in the Inside Scoop do not necessarily reflect those of the John Howard Society.

No Other Name

Eyes as round as stars,
Lips as sharp as claws,
Nose as cute as teddy bear
buttons,
And a heart as big as a whale,
Her skin as smooth as peanut
butter,
With hair as black as ravens,
No other name she'd utter,
Off those lips, red as wine,
No other name,
Save mine....

J. Acko'bee

Take care,
Shauna Fay Literacy Program Coordinator



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

STUDENT ART

What's Love

Feeling a strange emotional and
sexual attraction,
Warm affection and sexual passion.
Caring about you and supporting you,
I will be by your side helping you.
Good times and bad, I will be with you,
Girl, I expect the same from you too.

Money ain't a thing, I will still be with you,
If I had nothing I hope you'd still be with me.
It's me and you against the world.
If I kissed you goodbye would you cry?
Girl, if I see you cry I may lose my mind.
Girl, you know I want you in my life.

-Abokor Jama



Artwork by Harper

BEYOND WALLS: As Life Unfolds

Open Circles invites submissions of:

Original Poetry, Storytelling, Music, Paintings, Drawings, Mixed Media
for their Art Exhibit being held on Sunday, May 4, 2008 at the Canadian Mennonite University

This is an art exhibit for inmates or ex-inmates to show off their talents and grow as artists.

For more information call Murray Barkman at Open Circle at 925-1912

Registration Deadline: Friday, April 18, 2008 (Artwork will not be sold at the exhibit)

POETRY

Letters

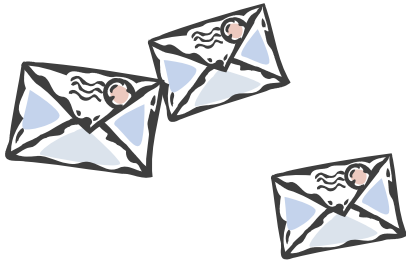
These days are long, like so many others
Alone in these walls without an end.
It's nice to have someone to call a friend.

Your letters are received with joy and pleasure.
I keep waiting for these nights to turn into day,
So that I can read all the good things
you happen to say.

Now don't get me wrong, I know we just met,
I don't expect great things, at least not just yet.
But those pictures you sent, make me think of you
more,
Of how things will be when I walk out the door.

Just give me a chance to show you myself,
Maybe dust off these feelings I keep on that shelf.

Terry Brightman



Higher Power

In this world are many pleasures
And I know there are some good times,
To change an alcoholic into a child of a king,
Yes there's a higher power and I know I have
some bad times.

But Jesus came down from heaven and he
Changed my life around. Yes, there's a higher
Power. Where I know my life will be.

Cynthia Thomas

The Creator Helps All

My time has been long behind these walls,
But I'm happy that I've made all the right calls.
I've been through a lot in my young life time,
The calls I've made hopefully keep me away from
crime.

I know it's up to me to live a good life,
Because right now I have a chance to
put down my knife.

I've become more spiritual and strong,
I can walk away when something is wrong.
Nothing can break my circle and hurt me,
My spirit is high and soon will be free.

I've seen people die and cry,
If I could do something I'd try.

When I ride in my truck I always stop
to thank the Creator

For my life and the gifts he has given to me,
I pray to the Creator for all of us
behind these cold walls.

And hope through this poem he helps you all see.

You can call me and give me a shout,
And you will see what I am all about.

You will someday be freed from these walls of pain,
Always keep in mind that the Creator is there when
you feel insane.

When I'm out I won't forget any one of you,
This is coming from a brother's heart
that beats very true.

Timothy Goosehead W.R.C.

He would've chased her,
To the edges of the world,
Although she lost him way before,
The moon's his sanctuary,
Lamenting his personal woes,
He epitomizes the romantic
All he knows is love lost,
The sun goes down on him,
And seemingly rises on her,
The world's at her foot,
At this point it's all taken for granted,
Any minute it could crumble,
Cause Rome crumbled too;
His thoughts wonder,
Like lilies swirling-eddies,
A slow, silent swirl,
He would've chased her,
To the edges
Of any world.

Jesus Signed My Pardon

Jesus signed my pardon
I once was in this prison
This I surely know.
Just like a lost sheep,
Wandering so far, I don't know,
And Jesus spoke to me,
Jesus said I have signed your pardon
You may now go free.
Jesus signed my pardon
This I surely know
Now I'm in the Saviour's hand,
I will have to go.
Jesus signed my pardon
You may go free
In God's hands.

Cynthia Thomas



J. Acko'bee

Maturity...

Maturity is the ability to control anger and settle differences without violence and destruction.

Maturity is patience. It is the willingness to pass up immediate pleasure in favour of the long-term gain.

Maturity is perseverance, the ability to sweat out a project or a situation in spite of heavy opposition and discouraging setbacks.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness and frustration, discomfort and defeat, without complaint or collapse.

Maturity is humility. It is being big enough to say, "I was wrong." And, when right, the mature person need not say, "I told you so."

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. The immature spend their lives exploring endless possibilities, then they do nothing.

Maturity means dependability, keeping one's word, coming through in a crisis. The immature are masters of the alibi. They are the confused and disorganized. Their lives are a maze of broken promises, former friends, unfinished business and good intentions that somehow never seem to materialize.

Maturity is the art of living in peace with that which we can not change.

Aboriginal Organizations (A Lesson in History)

By Sidney Alexander Teerhuis-Moar

One of the first Aboriginal associations was founded around 1540, the League of Iroquois was formed. It was composed of five groups, the Seneca, Mohawk, Onondaga, Oneida, and Cayuga. They had an alliance with the Dutch and English, that permitted them influence on the fur trade. This led to a number of wars with the French, that eventually had them sign a treaty of neutrality with the French in 1701.

By the end of the 1700s, Joseph Brant (a Mohawk) tried to form a united Indian Confederacy, with little success. Tecumseh (a Shawnee) also attempted to mandate a united Indian Confederacy in the Northwest, but he died in the early 1800s. For the next 75 years, Aboriginal leaders, such as Crowfoot, Piapot, Peguis, and Big Bear attempted to mandate various organizational infrastructures, safeguarding Native interests, but to no avail. Not until 1870, the Grand General Indian Council of Ontario and Quebec was formed by Iroquois and Objjwa. Their concern was the government's

implementation of Indian policy.

The Allied Tribes of British Columbia was formed in 1915, to lobby for land claims, but was dissolved by the 1920s. In 1931, the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia was formed along with the Pacific Coast Fisherman's Association. The Brotherhood, still in existence, did not focus on land claims, but concentrated on social and economic issues. These members of the Brotherhood were Protestant.

In 1943 a rival Catholic group, the North American Indian Brotherhood, established itself in British Columbia. Both groups disagreed on certain issues, they both accomplished very little. Ottawa seized on their arguments, and ignored all requests from both sides.

In Manitoba, Aboriginal organizations did not emerge until the late 1940s, called the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood. (the Brotherhood still exists unofficially). Since then the M.I.B. was disassembled and the Four Nations Confederacy emerged.

In 1954 the National Indian Council was formed, but by 1968 the N.I.C. split into two organizations: The National Indian Brotherhood for Status Indians, and the Metis Society for non-status Indians.

The Assembly of First Nations emerged as the dominant Aboriginal organization. In 1982, at the 3rd annual Assembly of First Nations, held in Penticton, British Columbia, a new infrastructure for an A.F.N. was formally adopted by the Chiefs.

The original charter of the National Indian Brotherhood was preserved as a legal vehicle for funding and liability. The purpose of the A.F.N. is to represent all Aboriginal Peoples of Canada.

Another "Red Power" group, the National Alliance for Red Power, focuses mostly on treaty and Aboriginal rights. They are more of an Aboriginal movement.

Should they be elected by Canada's First Nations to represent them? I think so!



Valentine's Facts

Cupid, the childlike, winged deity often associated with Valentine's Day, is the son of Venus, the Roman goddess of love. In Greek mythology, Cupid is known as Aphrodite's son, Eros.

One legend states that Valentine was a priest in 3rd century Rome, when Emperor Claudius II outlawed marriages because he believed single men made better soldiers. Valentine performed marriages for young lovers in secret, and was put to death when his actions were discovered.

Valentine greetings were popular as far back as the Middle Ages, though written ones didn't begin to appear until the 1400s.

In 2002, Canadians spent over \$730 million on Valentine's Day cards, making Feb. 14 the #2 holiday for greeting cards, after Christmas. Canadians also spent \$20 million on flowers, and \$144 million on candies and chocolate.



My Crazy Prison Life / Who Wants It

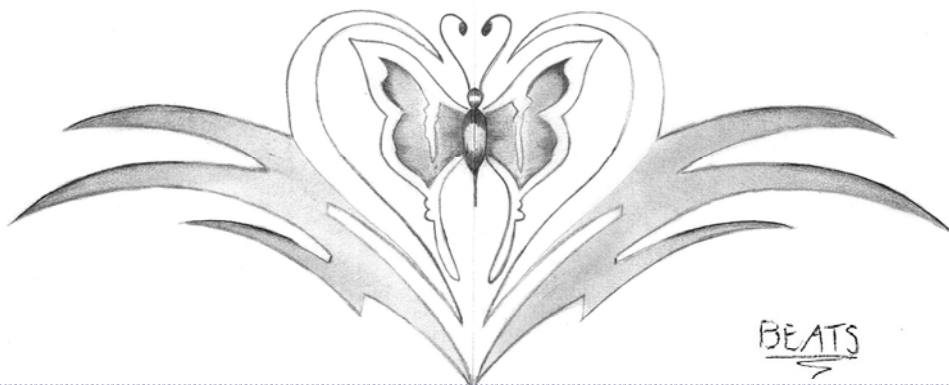
Roberta Owen

Life behind locked doors is unimaginable. For some people it is hard times, for some people it is easy time and well of course for some people it is just a reality check or as some may refer to it is getting your head on straight. Then of course behind these walls you meet and come into contact with all sorts of person! You have your normal people, your wired ones or should I say non-coherent. Then you have the gangster type and of course you have the drama kings/queens, also you have the entertainers and the of course the figure me out ones and just plain simply all of the above!

So of course behind these cement walls you always meet those in charge of these cold walls... meaning the guards. You have cool guards, you have your solid guards, you get the straight by the book guards, and you have the realistic guards, but this is life behind prison walls, the life people choose to live, but a lot of times can't deal with it or accept the fact, that they put themselves behind these cold walls. They learn to blame others for the action which they choose that bring them behind these cold walls. But in reality they know deep down that they are to blame and everyone is responsible for their own actions.

In this life we choose to live, and where it puts us is because, us convicts put ourselves behind these cold walls! Then we sometimes end up finding ourselves with help from others: being guards or other inmates, we learn to see ourselves of better understanding, then when we first came into these walls, these cold lonely walls! A lot of times... and maybe just sometimes and maybe even never we learn the word acceptance. Acceptance for who we are, what we are, what we choose to live...

And choices are pretty much what we make and what we end up living and dealing with in everyday life. So accept who you are and how you brought yourself to be behind these cold lonely walls! Blame of others is not way to accept how and what brings us here. When we leave these walls we remember, and open our eyes once again, what kind of life is this for any person of nature. Good nature. I actually do live this life! Finding myself behind these cold lonely walls, the life no person wants, but ends up with, because of a bad choice, good judgment, but making the wrong one. But this is life behind these locked doors. Very unimaginable!





JUST 4 FUN



Write about yourself!

1. My pet peeve is:
2. Place I'd love to travel:
3. Celebrity who is most like me:
4. Movie star I'd like to meet:
5. What I love about myself:
6. What I dislike about myself:
7. I cry when:

Have some fun with this one, it's yours to play with and discover!

“Youth’s race to cure hunger”

Our Aboriginal youth of today have found a very valuable role model to admire. In this we must honour the work of young Candace Sutherland, 14, whose vision of the plight of others has brought relief. Lately, we’ve seen a lot of this brave little individual in every part of the media for her thoughtful task of feeding the tremendous numbers of the less fortunate on our streets of hunger in our courageous community. Let’s not overlook her considerate donations to the Rural

OPINIONS

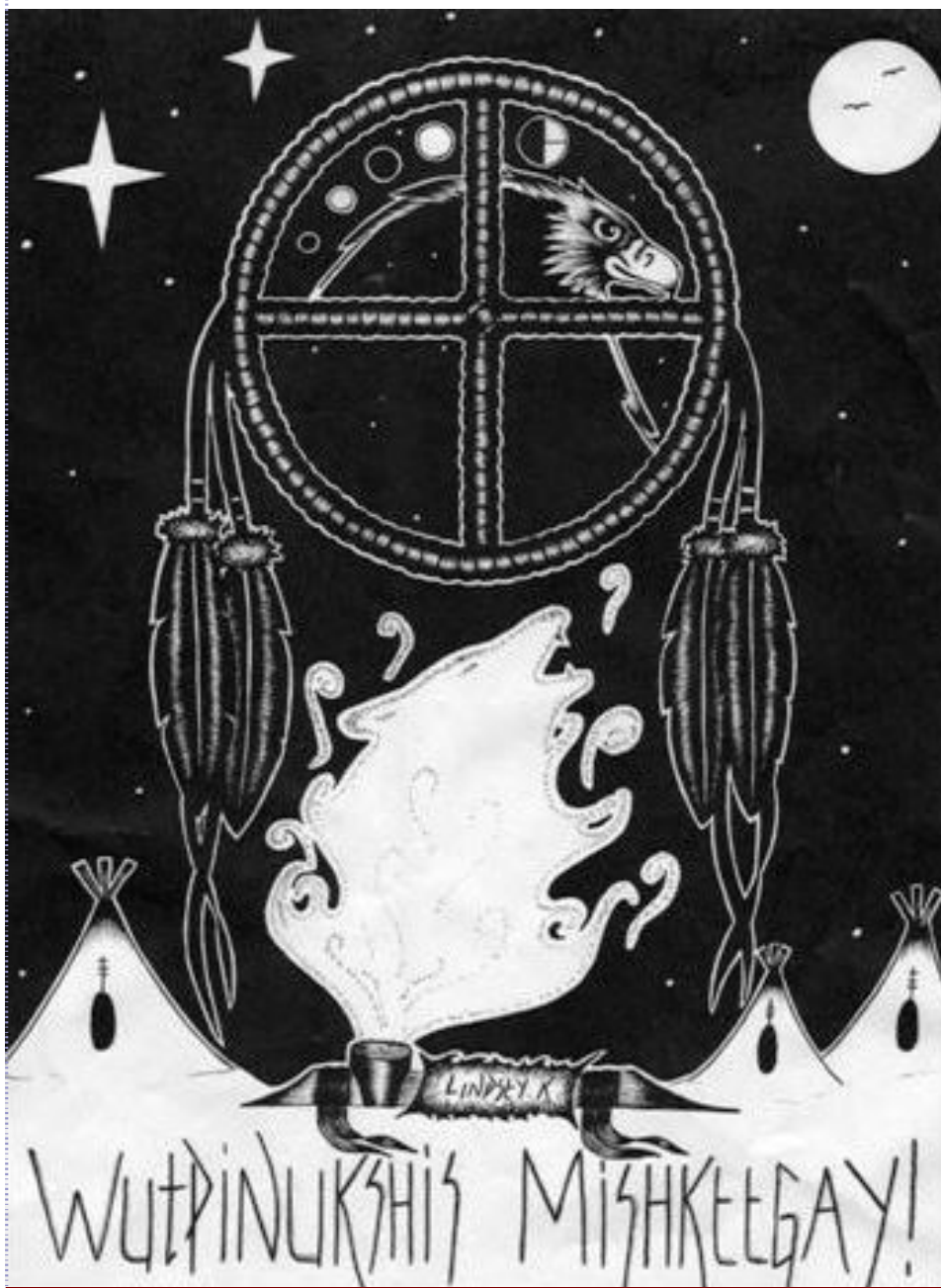
Municipality of Lac du Bonnet. The food banks in the surrounding area owe a debt of gratitude to this brave young woman.

I wish her well in the completion of her studies and future competitions. Also it would be fair to her if we gave attention to her gifted athletic prowess, and encourage her to pursue greater heights in her present field of skill. May she overcome her competitive rivals in order to achieve the glory

each athlete strives for in their chosen sport.

In conclusion, this compassionate action should prove that the never-ending battle of hunger is slowly becoming a minor struggle for some in our proud city and province. In that we should do our part to lift the burden of many, for in the future, others will look upon our community with hearts held high. Finally, I believe the smiling faces of appreciation of the mouths fed to be a just reward for this young hero.

by Fabian Twohearts



Show off Your Talents!

Send your artwork, stories, poetry, and letters to:
The John Howard Society's INSIDE SCOOP
583 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 1Z7

Or see Shauna, JHS Literacy Coordinator in WRC



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

Mom

Stephanie Rose Shorting

If only you could see the life I
chose
And for what I do "Only God
knows
For to God" I do pray
For him to help me change my
wayz.
I wished to him to lead a better life
And to be "That beautiful wife."
I want to live a long healthy way
And to change my life in every
way
I wanted to see my babies grow up
big and strong
And for me to teach them right
from wrong
I want to live a long healthy life
And to see my kids live their life
I want to change, I swear I do
And for how that will happen, "I
have no clue."
I have no family to guide my way
And for that to happen, to God I'll
pray.
Let them see "For how I am lost
I fear for my life Mom"
It will cost
I need you to take me away
From the life I live today.
If you do love me lots
Help me change
These evil ways.

Love you, Mom